

The Complete Works

Kenneth Goldsmith

Uncorrected Manuscript

2018

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No. 111 2.7.93-10.20.96

A, a, aar, aas, aer, agh, ah, air, ãr, are, arh, arre, arrgh, ars,
 aude, aw, awe, Ayr, Ba, ba, baa, baaaahh, baar, bah, bar, bard, bare,
 barge, barre, Bayer, beer, bere, beurre, bier, bla, blah, Blair, blare,
 blear, bleh, blur, boar, board, Boer, boor, bore, bored, Boz, bra,
 bras, Brer, brrrr, bur, burr, C.O.R.E., ca, cah, car, card, care, caw,
 cha, chaar, chair, char, chard, chaw, cheer, cheere, Cheers, Cher,
 chiere, choir, chord, chore, Claire, claw, clear, cleere, coeur, Coors,
 cord, core, corps, course, crawl, crore, cur, curr, curs, czar, d'or,
 da, dãr, dare, daw, dawed, dear, deer, derre, dire, diur, door, dor,
 dore, dour, draw, drawe, drear, droor, duh, dure, dyere, e'er, ear,
 eere, eh, Eh?, eir, 'er, Er, er, ere, err, eyr, fa, fã, fair, faire,
 far, fas, faugh, fawe, fayre, fear, fer, fere, ferre, fier, fiord, fir,
 flair, flaw, fleer, floor, flour, floure, foiah, for, fõr, force, Ford,
 ford, fore, fors, four, IV, foure, fra, frere, frore, fur, fyr, ga,
 ga', gah, gair, gar, gaw, gear, geere, giour, gnar, gnaw, goore, gore,
 gourd, grah, grarh, gras, graw, grrrr, Grrrrr!!, guard, gyre, ha, haah,
 hah, Hair, hair, hãr, hard, hare, harr, harre, haw, hawe, hear, heer,
 heere, heir, her, here, herr, hir, hire, hoar, hoard, horde, hors,
 hour, heure, huh, Huh?, hurr, hwor, ia, ier, ire, ja, jaar, Jah, jar,
 jaw, Jaws, jeer, ka, kar, ker, kir, kna, knar, knarre, knur, Kurd, la,
 La!, lair, lard, lare, laud, law, lawe, lawed, Lear, leer, leh, lere,
 lier, Loire, loore, lor, Lord, lord, lore, lough, lourde, Ma, ma, mar,
 mare, Mars, Maude, maw, mawe, mere, mha, mire, mirre, moi, Moor, moor,
 moore, more, mors, moure, mwa, myre, myrrh, na, nah, nahhh, Nair, nar,
 nard, naw, ne'er, near, nerd, nha, noir, nor, nur, nya, nyeh, o'er,
 oar, oor, oore, or, ore, our, oure, Pa, pa, paar, paas, pah, pair,
 paire, par, pard, pare, paw, pear, peer, per, perr, perre, pers, pier,
 poire, por, pore, pour, poure, prayer, preyere, pshaw, pur, purr, qua,
 quaa, quaer, Quah, quaire, quar, queer, quire, R, r, Ra, raa, rare,
 raw, rawe, rear, rer, rere, rh, roar, ruhr, sa, saar, sard, sarge,
 saugh, saw, sawe, scar, scare, schmeer, schwa, score, scour, sear,
 Sears, seer, sere, serr, Shah, shard, share, Shaw, shawe, shear, sheer,
 shere, shire, shmeer, shore, shour, shoure, shur, Sir, sir, sire, slaw,
 slur, smear, smeer, smore, snare, sneer, snore, soar, soor, soore,
 sore, sour, spa, spar, spare, sparre, spear, spere, sphere, spoir,
 spore, spur, square, squaw, stair, star, stare, steer, steere, stir,
 stoor, store, straw, sur, sure, svãr, swa, sward, swear, swere, swoore,
 sword, swore, t'a, ta, taa, tar, tare, Tarr, Taur, taw, tawe, tear,
 tear, teere, ter, tha, thair, thaire, thar, thaw, their, ther, there,
 they're, Thor, tor, tore, tour, toure, trois, Tsar, 'twere, tweer,
 Tzar, ugh, uh, Ur, ur, urr, urre, vair, var, veer, Vuh, wah, War, war,
 ward, ware, wear, weer, Weir, weir, wer, were, werre, wher, where,
 Where?, whir, whirr, whore, whurr, wir, Wire, wire, word, wore, worre,
 wors, worse, ya, yaar, yard, yare, yaw, yeah, year, yeer, yer, yere,
 yheere, yoore, yore, you're, your, youre, yr, yre, Za, zha, Zsa;

II

A door, à la, a pear, a peer, a rear, a ware, A woah!, Abba, abhorred, abra, abroad, accord, acère, acha, Ada, ada, add a, adda, adore, Aetna, afford, afire, afore, afyre, ah air, ah car, ah ere, Ah Ha, ah ha, ain't tha, air blur, air bra, airfare, alder, all ears, all yours, alla, Allah, aller, allya, alpha, alswa, ama, amber, ambler, AmFar, amir, amor, Ana, ana, and ka, and uh, and war, anear, Anka, Anna, anvers, apes ma, appeere, aqua, ara, arbour, archer, ardor, ardour, are our, are there, Are there?, Are uh?, arm bears, armoire, armor, armour, arrear, as far, ashore, asper, ass tear, asthore, atcher, atma, au pair, au poivre, auntre, aura, austere, Auxerre, aw arrgh, aw awe, aw war, award, aware, awed jaw, Ayler, bazaar, baba, babka, bacca, baga, bagba, bagger, baiter, bamba, bancha, baner, bang your, bania, banker, banter, bar burr, bar straw, barbed wire, barber, barbour, bare rear, bare tears, Barère, batter, baxa, be here, be square, Beans Dear?, beau-père, beaver, BeavHer, bedder, bed sore, beeba, beemba, been there, beer blare, beer blur, beer here, begba, beggar, beggere, Bel Air, Bela, bela, belcher, ben wa, Ben-Hur, bencher, bender, Bernard, Bertha, bestir, beta, betcha, betta, better, better, bever, beware, bezoar, bibber, bicker, bidder, biddler, bider, bien sûr, bifore, Big Star, Big Sur, bigga, bigger, bim-ba, bird's rear, bismar, BiStar, biter, bitter, bittre, blabber, black tears, blah corps, Blair's blare, blanca, blare blur, blaster, blather, blazer, bleahhh, blear corps, bleeder, bleeper, blender, blinder, blisker, blisper, blister, blix, blobber, blonder, bloomer, blooper, blubber, Blue Cheer, blumba, boarder, Bob Weir, bobbeh, bobber, bocher, bodda, Boer War, bolster, bolter, bombard, bonder, bone spur, boner, bonker, bonkers, boo-bear, boo-ya, booba, boober, boobser, boogah, booger, boomba, boomer, booper, booter, bopper, border, borer, bossier, bouncer, bower, bowser, bowyer, Boy Bar, bra war, bracer, brassiere, brawler, breeder, brella, bressler, bret noir, Breyers, briar, briber, Bronx cheer, brooder, brudder, bruise, bruncher, brupper, b2, Bubba, Buddha, buff bare, bukra, bulla, bullaire, bum steer, bumba, bumpa, bumper, buncha, burgher, burglar, Burma, burr bra, bushwah, but for, But where?, buy more, buzz her, buzzer, c'est moi, c'mer, Cya!, cadre, Caesar, camphor, canard, cancer, candour, cap sure, captor, capture, car care, car chair, carder, Care Bear, care core, care corp, Carla, Carter, Car Wars, cash mere, castor, cat rear, catarrah, cater, catter, cawmpore, cedar, cellar, cena, censor, censure, centaur, center, centre, certa, Cessna, cessor, chafer, chaffare, challah, chalwa, chamfer, channa, chatter, chauffeur, chaw claw, chazzer, cheater, check here, cheeper, cheer cares, cheese squares, cheetah, Cher's cares, Cher's chair, Cher's claws, chessner, Chester, chigger, chitter, chittor, choker, Chola, cholera, choller, Christ air, Chrysler, chucha, chukker, chunder, churchhaw, churner, chutzpuh, cider, cigar, Cinda, cinder, cipa, cipher, citta, clabber, Claire's chore, clamber, clamor, clangor, clangour, Clark Bar, class war, claw care, claw fear, clear chair, clear claw, clear core, cleaver, clever, climber, clinker, clister, cliver, Clockers, cloneware, cloture, cloystre, clumper, cochlear, Cocker, cocker, coda, codger, coffer, cofre, cogger, coiffure, coker, cold sore, Cold War, coler, coleslaw, colmar, color, coma, comma, compeer, concord, Concorde, conga, conger, contour, Contra, contra, Cooder, cooked rare, Cooper, cooper, cooser, cooster, cooter, core care, cork hair, corkears, corlears, corner, corsaire, cosa, còtière, cougar, coulda, cova, cower, crapper, creepers, cremor, CrestCare, crica, crier, critter, crosier, crucor, crupper, culler, cumber, cuppa, cure her, curer, curler, curse her, curser, cursor, cusser, cussièr, Cyber, d-

va, da d'or, daazah, Dada, daf'a, dagger, daggere, dander, danger, dapper, dare da, Dark Star, darkers, Darn her!, darner, datsa, dauber, daunger, dawdler, dawna, dawta, De La, de la, deaf ear, dear da, death's door, deathmare, debar, deedaar, deedah, deemster, deer claw, deer ear, defer, deffer, déjà, demure, denture, deor, depper, derma, desir, despair, Despair!, detour, devoir, Dexter, dhamma, dharma, Dia, diaper, dicer, diddler, dide er, die or, dier, differ, Digger, dil daar, dinker, discard, discharge, discord, dispeir, Diva, do or, dobra, doctor, dodder, doddler, doer, doesna, dogger, dogma, dogstar, dokma, dolor, dona, Donna, donor, dontcha, doodler, door door, doota, dosa, dosser, douceur, doucker, douh, dower, downer, downpour, doxa, drachma, drakester, draw dare, draw door, dressler, droga, drosser, drummer, Du Bois, du'aa, dual air, ducha, dude awe, Duh huh?, dukkha, duma, dump core, dunder, dunker, dunna, duper, dwiema, e'er ere, E.R., Ea, eager, eahta, ears hear, Easu, Ector, Eeeaaarrgrhh!, egger, eider, either, elder, eller, emir, endha, enquere, ensure, enta, enter, epha, équerre, era, error, eschar, essa, ether, Etna, Eua, euchre, ever, evere, ewer, Exmoor, explore, eye sore, faagher, fader, fadre, Fafner, fairhair, fala, fare war, farter, farther, Faster!, fata, father, fatter, fatwa, fautor, faux pas, faux-frère, fava, favor, Fayva, fear fair, fear for, fearr, feather, feature, Fedders, feeder, Feederz, feeler, Fela, felawe, felt ya, felt your, feltcher, fencer, Fender, feoffer, feower, fetcher, fetor, fetter, fever, fewer, fewere, fibber, fiber, fibre, ficker, fiddler, figger, figur, figure, figyah, fikner, Fila, filcher, film noir, finker, finkler, firer, fish spear, Fisher, fisher, fissure, five years, fiver, flacker, flamewar, flasher, flatter, flava, flavor, fleecer, fleeter, flesher, fletcher, flexor, flicker, flinker, Flipper, flirt more, flisher, floater, floor fur, floser, flosser, flosseur, flour pour, flubber, fluffer, fluor, flusher, fluter, flutter, fly-er, fodder, fogger, foie gras, Fokker, fonder, fongster, foobar, for a, for fear, for Ford, for hours, for score, for sure, for theirs, for where, for years, forbear, forbere, foreswear, forster, forta, fother, foulard, 4 hours, four hours, four score, * * * *, four stars, foxcore, foyer, fracas, frackker, fracture, fragor, frakker, framföör, freaker, free air, free ear, freeker, freer, freeware, frena, Fresca, fresher, friar, Fricka, fricture, frigger, frikker, fritter, frogger, frokker, fubar, fuchsia, fuck yeah, fucker, führer, fulgour, fulla, Fuller, fuller, furfur, furor, futter, fyner, fyngre, gabber, gaffer, Gaia, gaiter, galore, gammer, gander, Gang Starr, ganger, ganja, ganza, gaoler, gatha, gather, gator, gauster, gay-floor, gaydar, gayler, gazer, geder, geezer, gelder, gendre, genre, gerner, get more, getcher, getchya, geyser, ghower, gibber, giber, giga, gilour, ginour, ginza, gipser, girls spore, glacier, glader, glazier, Glover, glover, glower, (glowers), gnaw gear, gnaw gore, go for, Goa, Goddard, gofer, goiter, gola, Gomer, gonner, goober, goofer, gooper, gotchya, gots 'ta, gotta, grabber, graffer, grandeur, grappa, grava, grease yours, gretter, grindcore, gringa, grinner, grouper, grumbler, gruyère, guapa, gufa, guffaw, guillar, guitar, Gullah, gummer, gunfire, gutter, Guv'ner, Gyeah, haaardcore, hacker, hadda, hadde heer, hair war, halter, Hamas, hammer, hamster, hang fire, hangar, hä'r/där, harbor, harder, hardware, harsher, hash her, hat hair, hatter, have a, haver, haveta, haviour, hawser, hear ear, hear-hear, hear her, hear there, heartsore, heater, Heathers, Heck yeah!, Hector, hector, Hedda, Hee-Haw, heere ther, heh heh, heifer, hell naw, hella, hellfire, hellza, hemmer, her ear, her ere, her err, her fur, her hair, her hare, her heir, Her huh?, her purr, her sour, her tears, here there, herefore, Herr R., Hester, heter, Heung Hwa, hey yeah, higgler, high near, Himmler, hipster, hir fir, hir gere, hire her, hirer, hit her, hit more, hither, hits more,

hittar, hiver, hiya, hjälpa, hoker, holla, holler, holour, Homer, Homère, Honda, hoo ha, hookah, hooker, hooper, hoopla, hoosier, hoote fyr, hooter, Hopper, hopper, hopur, Hora, hora, horror, hoser, hosmer, hostler, hot jaws, hotspur, Hotter, hotter, howler, huckster, huffer, hugger, huja, Hula, hula, hum zha, hummer, humor, Hunger, hunger, hunner, hure-sore, hurrah, hushta, husser, hustla, Hustler, hustler, hutter, huzza, hwfla, hydra, hyer, hyndre, hyster, I swear, I were, I'm a, I'm sure, ibère, ichor, icker, ickster, iddler, idear, idler, ilder, ilker, illa, implore, in awe, in for, in-feere, in-ga, Ina, Inca, incher, infare, infer, infra, inga, Inka, inna, inquire, insure, inure, Ira, irk bear, irour, isa, Isère, isher, Ishtar, ista, iter, itz da, iuma, iwere, J.R., jabber, jachère, Jack Parr, Jack Straw, jackdaw, Jaeger, Jagger, Jah's ire, Jaipur, jaja, jajka, jama, jammer, jangler, Jasper, jasper, jaunder, Java, java, jawmer, jayar, Jeepster, Jenga, jenna, Jephtha, jerker, jester, Jew-Bah, Jew's ear, jewper, jibber, jigger, jitneur, jitter, Job's tears, jobber, jockey, Joglars, John dear, John Deere, joola, jossa, josser, juggler, Jr., junior, junta, jutter, kaaba, Kaffir, kaha, kanske, karma, Kashmir, Kasia, kater, ke la, kebbler, kecker, keekka, keener, keester, keever, kepere, kervere, ket-craw, kew-kaw, Khaddar, Khmer, Kia, kicker, kickshaw, kidder, kiker, kilgour, kinda, kinder, King Lear, kipper, kissar, kiva, klezmer, klin zha, Klingsor, knabber, knacker, knatter, kneddler, kneeler, kneppar, knibber, knicker, kniddler, knobber, knockers, Kode IV, kona, kreekar, kreska, ksha, kubla, kultour, Kultur, kunna, kurwa, Kutcher's, kutter, kvetcher, Kwaanza, l'hiver, la-la, laaba, laboure, labra, lacker, lacquer, lagger, lakh ha, Langer, langer, langour, langua, larva, laser, Laughtears, Laura, laurer, lava, law lair, lay her, layers, Layla, Lazar, lazer, leader, leap year, leaper, Lear's lair, Lear's law, Lear's leer, Lear's lore, Lear's ma, lecchour, lecher, lecheur, lecker, Leda, Lekcja, lemma, lemmer, lenger, lentor, leper, Lester, letcher, lether, letter, lettre, lewdster, leyser, Lhasa, Libra, lick her, licker, licour, lifeguard, light-year, like a, limber, limner, lingua, liquor, Lira, lira, listra, Lite beer, lither, litre, litter, Liz Phair, Liza, llama, llana, lock-jaw, lodestar, Loire lore, lollere, long hair, longa, longer, loofah, looper, looser, looter, lop-ear, loser, lotta, (louder), lovyere, lower, lubber, lucre, lufa, lula, lulla, lumber, Luna, lunaire, luppas, luster, lustra, Luther, Lycra®, lyvere, ma's maw, ma's mire, Ma-a-aritha!, Mazda, maffler, Magda, magma, mahseer, maister, maja, major, make ya, malar, mama, mamers, mandir, maner, manere, manga, mǎnga, manner, manor, markhor, Mars Bar, martir, martyr, massa, masser, masseur, masta, mateere, matere, matter, mature, Maya, maya, mayor, mayster, mazer, Mecca, meddler, meister, mejor, memoir, men are, Mensa, mere Moor, mester, Middler, middler, mighta, mikra, millere, mindre, minor, mirror, mishear, Miss Furr, mitzvah, mizra, moa, moaner, moider, Moishe, molaire, molar, momzer, Mona, monger, montoir, moo-ahhh, moocher, mooder, moolah, moona, mooner, mopar, more mas, more mire, more myrrh, motor, mouser, mower, moxa, mudder, muddler, muffler, mugger, Mugler, Mullah, mummer, mumper, murgner, murmur, mutha, mutter, mwa mwa, Myda, mynheer, Myra, Mysore, myster, nabla, nada, Nadia, nadir, nafors, naguère, nah neer, naker, nallya, NAMBLA, namoore, NaNa, naphtha, NASA, Nassau, nasza, nat fer, nǎwgra, ne eir, neer moor, neer Nair, near beer, nectar, neddler, nefas, nefer, Neils Bohr, Nestor, nether, neuter, neutra, nevere, New Knorr, nibbler, niddler, nig-grah, nimmer, Nina, nipper, no dear, no fair, no fur, no more, No where?, Noah, nogger, noier, nombre, not hear, not here, not there, nouka, Noverre, now here, now or, nowa, nowher, nowhere, nuclear, nude there, nuker, nullah, numbah, #, number, Numbers, nummer, nutter, ober,

obla, ocker, odder, oddler, odor, odour, œuvre, of ours, ogre, oh dear, oh ya, oldster, Olga, on ah, ona, One huh?, lder, onester, onycha, oodler, ooga, Ooor-der!, oopure, ooser, ooter, oother, or for, or here, or lore, or more, or o'er, or oar, or ore, or there, ordre, orta, orther, ostler, other, otter, oughta, our air, our awe, our ear, our fear, our hour, our peers, oure boor, ouster, out deh, outbar, outdare, outh, outpore, outpour, outta, over, owher, owler, oxter, oyster, oystre, P.R., pa's paws, paca, packer, pair peers, pallor, Palme D'or, Palmer, palmer, palmere, palter, pampa, Pampers, paneer, pap smear, papir, pare pear, parlor, parterre, pastor, pasture, Pat Smear, patzer, pauncher, pauper, pauvre, paw's paw, pawpaw, pay per, pear pair, peddler, pee air, pee-er, peeper, peer prayer, peer smear, peever, peka, penner, pepper, per paw, per pear, per prayer, perdure, perqueer, perspire, pervers, petar, petard, Peter, peter, peuchère, pew-hire, pfra, philter, phooka, phreeker, phucker, piaffer, pica, pictcha, piddler, Pierre, piffer, pig's ear, pigger, pilfer, pillar, pimpgear, pincer, pincher, Pinchers, Pindar, pinner, piper, piss poor, piss, piwa, pizda, placard, platter, pleather, plodder, plotter, ploughshare, plucker, plumper, plunder, plunker, po/theor, poacher, poczta, podder, poestcher, poger, poivre, polar, polestar, pomster, pon ya, pooah, poocher, poofta, Pooh Bear, pooja, pooka, Poona, poona, pooner, pooper, poor pa, poother, pop smear, poplar, poppers, poser, poseur, posture, pother, potnah, potter, poudre, pounder, pouter, powder, power, poza, praca, praise Jah, prajna, prankster, prater, prechour, Preema, premiere, preter, pretor, pri la, price war, pridda, prier, primer, prizer, procure, proffer, proper, prosta, proud-pear, Prussia, Psalter, pshaw, psywar, ptaszka, pucker, pudder, pukka, Pumas, pumbaa, punna, purdah, putter, pyler, qaraar, quacker, quæstor, quagga, quagmire, Quaker, qualtagh, quanta, quaqua, quarkbar, quarta, quarter, Quasar, quasar, Quasha, quave-mire, ¡Que Va!, queder, queer care, queer pair, queer prayer, queer purr, queer's drear, queer's fears, queer's hair, queer's paws, queer's piers, queer's pores, queer's scores, queer's sneers, queer's snores, queer's sores, queer's spas, queer's squaws, queer's stares, queer's stars, queer's swears, queercore, queers ne'er, queers saw, queller, quencher, quequer, querrou, quetoure, quever, quibbler, quicker, quiddler, quiller, quintar, quinter, quiser, quister, quiver, quivver, quizzer, quota, quoter, quissor, Radar, radar, raga, rager, ragga, rah-rah, rajar, Rama, rama, rammer, rancour, raper, rapture, rare queers, rare raw, rarer, rashers, Rasta, raw pears, raw peers, raw rear, raw roar, raw Shah, raw war, rayere, rear guard, rebar, rebore, record, recur, redder, reddler, reefer, refer, regard, rehear, Renta, resh pair, reszta, retard, reward, Rhoda, rhumba, rhymmer, Rhymes? Nah, Riddler, riddler, rigger, Right here!, rigor, Rikers, rimmer, riwa, roaster, robber, rom zha, romper, root beer, rooter, ropa, Rosja, router, rower, rubber, rucker, Rul-Rah, rummer, rumor, runner, rupture, rush hour, rusma, rustler, ryver, saber, sadder, saddler, saga, säga, sailor, Saint-Père, saker, salter, salver, sambre, sancerre, sang froid, sangha, sapor, sapper, Sarah, sarsa, satire, satyr, saunter, saviour, savour, saw scars, saw scores, saw seer, saw Shah, saw stars, Say aaaahhhh!, scalper, scamper, scanner, scare scar, scatter, scenester, schamer, schemer, Schiller, schlepper, schmata, schnacker, Schneider, schneider, schnikker, schnorrer, school year, schooner, schwartz, scissors, sclendre, scoah, scoffer, scofflaw, scoler, scooper, scour, scowler, scrambler, scratch yours, scribbler, Scribblers, Scripture, scripture, scummer, seashore, secure, Seder, See Hear, see here, see saw, See ya!, seen seer, Sega, sellere, Selma, sencer, senior, serca, settler, Sévère, sewer, sexer, Shah scare, Shah seer, Shah's scars, Shah's Sears, shamer, shammer,

share prayers, share scores, share sores, shareware, shaver, she saw, she sure, sheer sore, shia, Shicksa, shiksa, Shikse, shimmer, shimper, shiners, shinner, shit raw, shit tears, Shiva, shiver, shkewers, shlechter, Shoah, Shocker, shofar, shooter, Should? Huh?, shoulda, shoulder, shrimper, Shriners, (shudders), shuldres, shunder, shyster, shyvere, sicker, SIDA, siddler, sike soore, siker, sila, sildder, silver, simar, simmer, simper, sinner, sista, sistaz, sitter, sizer, Sizzler, skatter, skeeter, skewer, skimmer, skincare, skinner, skipper, skitter, skriva, skulle, skunk wear, slabber, slack jaws, Slacker, slacker, slam der, slater, slather, slaughta, s/laughter, slaughter, Slayer, slayer Sleeper, sleeper, slender, slither, slobber, slubber, slugger, slumber, smaller, smartbar, smatter, Smatter?, smear tears, smegma, smelter, smiler, smiter, smoother, smother, Smush her!, smylere, snarter, sneither, sniffer, snigger, snooper, snuffer, so far, so there, sock-er, socour, soda, soder, sofa, software, sola, solder, soldier, sollar, somer, somere, sooner, sooter, soper, sore rear, sore shares, sorta, sorter, soter, souffert, sour sore, south paw, spammer, spanner, spare air, spare hair, spare shares, spare snores, spare sores, spare spears, spare spheres, spare spores, spare tears, Sparta, spear smears, speeder, speller, spend more, spera, sphincter, Spicer, spicer, spider, spiller, spinner, spinster, spitter, splatter, splendor, splinter, splitter, plotter, spoiler, sponger, sponsor, spooler, spooner, spotter, spreader, sprota, spunda, spurshers, sputter, spyder, sqincher, squabblor, square spheres, square tears, squasha, squatmore, squatter, squeaker, squwaker, Sr., sraka, stabber, stammer, star four, stare there, stark stare, Starla, steer clear, Stella!, stencher, stetsa, stikker, still stir, stinger, stir straw, stir their, stokker, stomper, stoner, store straws, store where, strata, straw fire, streaker, streetcar, streeter, strictures, structures, struma, struttor, stubber, stud-gear, stupor, stutter, suah, sub la, subter, succour, sucker, suffre, Sugar, sugar, suiter, sukha, sulfur, summer, sumpter, Sun Ra, sunner, super, supper, surmah, suster, sutler, sutra, swaller, swiss chard, syna, szkoda, t-square, Taadaa!, taak fyr, tabor, tacna, tadger, tagger, taka, take care, tala, Tampa, tamper, Tangier, tanhaa, tanner, Tantra, Tanya, tartar, tata, tater, Tatler, tatter, taubah, tawer, tazer, tchotchke, tear air, tear hair, tear here, tear tear, tear tear, tear tears, tear there, tearer, teaser, teeter, teether, Tekwar, temper, templar, temptour, tender, tendre, tenner, tenor, tensor, tenter, tepor, tercia, t/error, terror, terser, tessere, tether, tethere, tethers, tew-taw, tewter, th ... ir, Thalia, thar-vore, that're, The Air, The Cure, The Doors, the snare, their hair, them thar, there are, there there, therefore, these tears, theta, they're there, thider, thikke knarre, thither, thonder, thrasher, three cheers, three four, three R's, three stars, Thriller, trimmer, Thumb gears?, thumpa, thumper, tiar, tidder, tiddler, Tigger, tighter, tikker, tilde, timber, time-share, Times Square, ting ear, tingler, tinka, tinkler, Tippa, Tipper, tipper, titter, to err, toaster, todder, toddler, Tonga, Tonka, too pure, tooter, toother, tootser, tootsuh, toper, torpor, t'other, totter, toucester, tounge, tourer, tower, traitor, trala, Tramps huh?, trappure, trasher, trawa, traytour, tree ear, trekker, tremor, tresoor, tresor, triere, Trigger, trigger, trishna, trocar, troika, trompour, trotter, trzeba, tuba, tugger, tumor, tuna, tundra, tungla, Turds here!, tusker, tuta, tutor, tutta, tutter, Tuumba, Tuva, tuyere, twaddler, twang bar, twanger, twatter, tweener, tweeter, twia, twiddler, twigga, twinna, twitter, two curs, twofer, tygre, Tyra, u r, udder, ulna, ultra, Uma, ummer, umpa, umpire, Una, unbar, unda, Up yours!, usure, Utah, utter, uurraahh, uva, vacker, valor, Vanna, vapor, Var ah?, varder, varför, varna, Veda,

Vedder, veneer, venture, verger, Verver, verver, Vesper, Vesta, vexer,
via, vibester, vicar, Victor, victor, vigor, Vista, vista, Viva, viva,
vizla, voder, voila, vooba, voola, voucher, V.R., vulgar, vulture,
vulva, wa/ga, wabblers, wader, wafer, waffa, wah wah, waiter, Wajda,
wakes our, walka, wallah, wanker, wanna, war whore, war years, warmer,
waster, water, waver, waza, wazir, we are, We are?, we're your,
weather, weaver, wee hours, weeper, weesa, weezer, wefer, Weimar, Weird
huh?, well dear, well yeah, welsher, wencher, went there, Went where?,
wera, were there, were years, Werther, wet chaw, wetter, wetware,
wfter, wha' ga', whacker, whadda, whapper, what'cha, whatta, whether,
whethers, wheelchair, wheezer, where there, wherefore, whether,
whiddler, whiffler, whiggler, whimper, (whimpers), whipper, whisker,
Whistler, whistler, whither, whittler, Who cares?, Who ma?, who wore,
Who's there?, whooper, Whopper, whopper, whopstraw, whore rear,
whuther, why-vore, why-waw, widder, widdler, wigger, wilde fyr,
windore, Windsor, winna, wire-haired, witcha, withther, witter, wivere,
wivver, wltur, woare, wobblers, wodur, woer, woofer, worn tire, worra,
wotcha, wrencher, writer, wucha, X-tra, Xenia, xulture, Ya-Ya, yabba,
yah sah, yaller, yander, yank yours, ybore, ydrawe, yeah here, yeah
sure, Yeah where?, Years' War, yeddler, yellor, yia, yiddler, Yoda,
yoga, yonder, Yonkers, you are, youghta, younker, Yowza!, yslawe,
yucca, yuga, zaffar, Zaire, zeehere, Zen? Yeah, zenga, zeugma,
zhittler, ziddler, zillah, Zima, zinger, zither, zonder, zoospore,
zooter, Zsa Zsa, zuder;

III

A few hours, A is for, a keeper, a kipper, a layer, a liar, a lotta, a nice pair, a real bore, a sao la, a tout faire, aahistah, aawaarah, aawaazah, aaYandah, abattoir, abaya, Abelard, abscissa, accrever, achatour, achaura, Acura, acushla, acute fear, ~~Eæa~~, aflutter, africare, afro-hair, Agharta, ahimsa, Aïda, air fouler, airbladder, airfare war, Aktorka, Al Fatah, Al Roker, albacore, Albert Speer, Alcina, Alcoa, Aldona, aleconner, alegar, Alfalfa, algebra, Algenzir, all cower, all dogs are, all men are, alnagar, aloha, alzheimer, ambrosia, amoeba, an or a, Ananda, anaphor, ancestor, and aah-aah, and beaters, and better, and bigger, and bleepers, and blippers, and bloppers, and blotters, and die or, and dumber, and eft sire, and farther, and fingers, and further, and last year, and longer, And Peter?, and rubber, and tear bears, and the raw, and therefore, and thinner, and uh huh, and what's more, Aneta, angina, angora, angular, anither, anitya, Ann Landers, annicca, aorta, apehanger, apnea, approwour, arbiter, arbor or, arch-slacker, Arcita, are farmers, Are you sure?, Are you there?, area, armpit hair, aroma, around here, arsch ficker, Aruba, asanka, ass dancer, ass eater, ass kisser, ass ripper, ass spunda, assever, at alpha, atazir, athanor, attacker, Attica, au contraire, au pair's peers, A Rebours, au sommaire, auncestres, austere stare, avant-garde, avant guerre, avatar, Aveda, avidya, aw poor queer, axilla, azalea, azure air, Ba's pressure, babeblyther, Baby Bear, back breaker, back burner, back to where, back whacker, Backstabbers, bad actor, bad manners, bad mutha, badania, bag-o-wire, bagbiter, bah and pa, balboa, ball blinder, ball buster, ballhooter, Balthusar, banana, bandanna, bandoola, bannister, Bar Mitzvah, bar brawler, Barbara, barber chair, bare raw rear, bare rear scar, barf rivers, barf-o-la, bariah, barooga, barrier, barrister, Bart Homer, Bas Mitzvah, bassmaster, bastard wear, batterer, Battista, bazonga, be all yours, be Buddha, be indoors, be me fear, be prepared, be water, Bea Arthur, bear devour, Beckmesser, Beck•Loser, Become more?, bed wetter, bedswerver, Beefeater, beep-beep yr., beggestere, behaviour, behind bars, belch chaser, Belle Cordière, belleslettres, bellweather, Belshazzar, Ben Dover, bend my ear, bent over, beobachter, beop twa, Beretta, Bern Porter, beslubber, Best Seller, best beggere, best bidder, Bette Midler, better pour, (bewildered), Bic shovers, Big Bertha, Big Bopper, Big Brother, big dipper, big hoo-ha, billig/dyr, billionaire, Billy Shears, Billy Squier, Binaca, biosphere, bip-boom-ba, bird watcher, bird-butcher, biretta, bisy cure, bitchier, bitter teere, bitumba, black baller, Black Caesar, black future, black members, Black Panther, blackadder, blackamoor, Blade Runner, blah blah blah, blanc-manger, blast the chair, blondes preferred, blood and gore, bloodletter, bloodsucker, Bloom. Better, blow chowder, blue baller, blue-collar, boastbusters, Bob Barker, Bobbitteer, body jar, bogtrotter, Bonanza, bonebreaker, boneheader, bonesetter, bong water, Bongwater, boot lover, boot-licker, bored to tears, boudin noir, boy wonder, boys don't wear, bra-burner, bra rasta, Brad Majors, brain your blurs, brain-banger, brainflower, Braun Eva, Breakfast Squares, breast cancer, breast teacher, breastsummer, breathe no more, brief flutters, brigadier, brouhaha, brounfella, Brown Sugar, Bruce Weber, Brunnhilde, bubbula, Budweiser, buff bare fear, builta, bull bucka, Bull or bear?, bullbeggar, bum tickler, bumfodder, bump fighter, burletta, burn rubber, burn usa, burn water, Burning Spear, burr bra blare, bury her, bush tetra, Bush Tetras, bushbeater, bushbumper, butt leather, butt tuba, buttbanger, buttburger, buttscriber, by the ears, cabala, cabbala, cabbalah, cadaver, Caesar's share, Cagnes-sur-mer, calfslobber, call letters,

calubra, camcorder, came later, camembert, can't clear their, candela, canned laughter, cantata, cardholder, carnivore, carve the air, cassava, cassia, caste no bar, cat color, cataphor, catheter, Cha Cha Cha, chafferer, Chairman Ma, Chanukah, charaagaah, charisma, chaunting clear, cheap labor, cheap sneakers, cheesy shore, chelaundre, Cher's clear claws, Chestnut Mare, chewbacca, Chicana, Chief Bender, Chihuahua, chilbladder, childes mooder, chilly here, CHiPs circa, choke-collar, chondria, chopped liver, chowchilla, Chuck Yeager, chuleta, chunkmeister, cimeter, cinnabar, circular, citing ear, clam chowder, clam slammer, clammier, clancular, clapperclaw, clavier, Claw 'n' Paw, clean the floor, clear chair core, clepsydra, climacter, clit clapper, cloaca, clod-hopper, close the door, closet queer, clown slapper, coal porter, cobweb air, cocksucker, cocktail hour, cockteaser, cognisour, cola war, colander, colcothar, cold shower, Cole Porter, colporter, come colors, concolour, confessor, conscience clear, consessor, contessa, coon shouter, Cop Killer, cop-sock-er, copayva, copula, cordwainer, cornea, coroner, corridor, coryza, coup de coeur, coup de gras, cow-tipper, cows and beer, CPR, crapola, crapshooter, Crayola, crazier, creamy prayer, creancer, creep hanger, crème de la, Cremora, crepehanger, Cristes mooder, Croatia, croix de guerre, crotch grabber, Cruella, crumbsucker, crush under, crystal clear, cucumber, cuddapah, cullendar, cult hardware, culture czar, cum grinder, cumbrella, cunctator, cupola, curb feeler, cures not wars, cuspidor, cut punter, Cut Your Hair, cylinder, cynosure, Czarina, D.A.R., dadua, dallier, dambuilder, damp fritters, dancing bears, dapifer, dare enter, dare to care, dark sucker, darsana, Darth Vader, darwaazah, dating Cher, Day Tripper, de-nosed squire, dead mother, dead Santa, deaded on da, debenture, debonair, decanter, December, decenter, deep thinker, deewaahah, Def Lepper, deflower, deforsor, dehorner, dejecture, delator, delenda, Delilah, delyvere, demeter, Demi Moore, demurrer, den showers, depressor, der Alte, derriere, desirer, deve vine law, devotchkas, diahre, Diana, dibbida, Dick fingered?????, Did you hear?, didapper, digiqueer, dikelouper, Dinty Moore, dip blatz beer, dirt dagger, disfavor, disfigure, dishumor, dismember, disodor, distemper, ditch croaker, dizbuster, do a beer, do better, do dinner, do-gooder, do kia, Do or Dare, Do you care?, doc hopper, doe a deer, dog flogger, dog pressure, dogeater, dogg catcher, dogwater, don't bodda, don't bother, don't matter, doomy ugh, door to door, doowhatcha, dope dealer, dotted hours, dove-seller, down under, downpressor, dragged under, draw a dare, dreamcatcher, droopy drawers, drop catcher, drop chowder, dry humor, Dubliners, duckwalker, duenna, dulia, Dustbuster, dyrea, E E Yah, eager ears, ear acre, ear of air, earth mama, earth-cigar, earth-shatter, East Coker, East River, eat me raw, eat spiders, eavesdropper, Ebola, ech oother, edea, edgy stars, eek of heer, eerier, egg under, eggs over, either ear, Either/Or, Elektra, Elijah, elixir, emgalla, emplougheda, empyema, en rapport, enamour, engender, enna caar, enta da, entendre, envier, epocha, Epstein-Barr, erector, errata, Escada, escheater, estover, et uxor, eunioia, even here, even more, everclear, evermoore, ex-Kaiser, ex-kisser, ex-Tonka, exacta, excheator, exchequer, exophor, extensor, extra clear, eyelid stars, ezinesters, Fa-cé-la, face dancer, face sticker, facula, fair is fair, fallow deer, far fewer, fare the wors, farfisa, farrier, farthermore, fartknocker, fartmeister, fat for years, fatal flaw, FDR, fear era, fear for Cher, fear for years, fear of hear, fear of here, feel better, fellmonger, femina, femmier, fer ne ner, fer suckers, ferreter, ferula, feuterer, fewterer, fibula, figua, filacer, file under, filled with fear, find funga, find sucker, Finistère, finisterre, firecracker, first in war, firstkeefer, fiscal year, fish finger, fish ladder, fish on sheer,

fistular, fit upstairs, five-finger, flagwaver, Flaming Star, Flatliners, flatterer, flea powder, fleshmonger, flip-floppers, floodgater, floor waltzer, flosolver, flowmaster, flycatcher, folia, food to care, foot of air, footlicker, for better, for fever, for her fur, for your years, forced laughter, Formica, forther moor, forty years, four fewer, Frank Stella, Frank Zappa, frankfurter, Franz Kafka, Fred Astaire, free from flaws, freeloader, french cruller, french tickler, friendly fire, Frigidaire, frog eater, frosty hoar, fruiterer, fryzura, fuck gender, fuck roller, fucks like a, fudge over, fudge packer, fumiter, funkateer, Funny na?, furmenger, furthermore, fuschsia spore, Fynystere, gag order, Ganesha, ganginggear, gannoker, garden claw, Gargantua, gas chamber, gas guzzler, gas huffer, gay basher, Gaye Bikers, gayola, gazungas, geargrinder, geek culture, gefilte, geistiger, gel weller, gelchasser, Gen Xers, ger-laughters, geraflour, Gere's hamster, Gerhilde, germ warefare, German for, get higher, get it here, get over, get some gear, gheebat or, gibbier, gill-hooter, gillofers, gingefere, Girlina, girly gear, girnigaw, giz fizzler, gladua, glass boner, glass slipper, glaucoma, glaze-over, glue sniffer, go figger, go ga-ga, Go gamma!, go get her, go Goya, go-nowhere, goatsucker, god butter, God flowers, God is pure, God Jr., God's shoulders, Godly Fere, Godzilla, gold-digger, Goldfinger, Golgotha, gongoozler, good-natured, goodbye pa, goode fader, Goodfellas, goodlooker, gossamer, gowater, gracias, Granada, Grand JewBah, Grand Puba, granola, gravediggaz, Gray Panthers, Green Acres, green father, greffier, Grenada, grimgribber, grisamber, Griselda, griz better, grogquaffers, grrrl gubner, Guernica, Guinevere, gum on chair, Gummi Bears, gun powder, gunfodder, gwaan mega, gym butter, gym manners, ha ha ha, had mouse-ear, Haggadah, hair curler, hair dresser, hair dryer, hair farmer, hair in paw, hairy years, hakama, half gainer, Hamburglar, hanaper, hand tripper, hand warmer, handwringer, Hans Hotter, haranguer, hardcore gore, harde fader, hardkisser, harpsichord, has big ears, hatcheller, have hooters, He of Haws, he's a whore, head cleaner, (head lowers), headbanger, headhunter, headshrinker, hear her clear, hear her hare, hear her heir, hear her here, hear her huh, hear her purr, heard hearer, hearing ear, heart breaker, heath brunner, heelflipper, Hegira, Heil Hitler, Heimweher, hellcrusher, hellebore, hellhamster, hello deh, hellraiser, hemina, hence they are, hennaed hair, heora, her error, her fair hair, her for fur, her sour hair, her sour tears, herbivore, "here" here, here here, hereafter, heretofore, hernia, Herr Boobser, herrubber, hers all hers, Hershey Bar, heve of harre, Hey meester!, Hey Rama, Hey tiger!, Hezbollah, high ladder, higher cares, higher chairs, higher cheers, higher doors, higher drawers, higher fares, higher fears, higher laws, higher lores, higher paws, higher prayers, higher scares, higher scores, higher spheres, higher stairs, higher stars, higher tears, higher tors, higher whores, higher years, Hildegarde, him of her, Him or her?, hip-hugger, hir leyser, hitmaker, hizzoner, hlonipa, ho and uh, hoggaster, Hogge of Ware, hold the wire, Holy War, home pepper, hommes d'affaires, homocore, honda twa, horrorcore, horsecourser, horsefeathers, horselitter, horsepower, horseshitter, horsesitter, hosana, Hot Tuna, hot and tired, hot mooner, house burner, house nigger, housesitter, housholdere, however, Howitzer, Hrimthursar, hubby dear, hucksterer, Hudsucker, huge goiter, Hugh Hefner, Hugh Kenner, hum under, hyena, I ate her, I dodder, I gots ta, I-lighter, i sabbah, I saw her, I smell ya, I suffer, I Tina, I wonder, I'll Be There, I'll grease yours, I'll scratch yours, I'll tell ya, I'll yank yours, I'm all ears, I'm all for, I'm flattered, I'm gonna, I'm not sure, i'm she/her, I've been there, ich liebe, idea, idler hours, if ever, Ikea, ikura, imbower,

immature, in a rear, in arrears, (in despair), in either, in order, in-over, in somma, in the raw, in the rear, in their hair, incerta, incestor, incisor, incumber, Indeed-la!, indenture, India, infanta, ingestar, inhale air, Inkatha, inneaw, inner core, inner ear, inner sphere, innerwear, inquire here, insincere, insofar, interfere, iota, is not shared, is a raa, issima, istia, it figures, it layer, it seems clear, it's not fair, Is that fair?, jabberer, jabberjaw, jabita, Jack on fire, Jack Spicer, Jack the bear, jam lover, Jane Fonda, Janyvere, japanner, Jataka, jaw-dropper, jawbreaker, Jean Renoir, Jehovah, Jersey hair, jeux de guerre, jewier, Jil Sander, jinricksha, jizz Edgar, Joan Rivers, Jocasta, jock fodder, Joe Mama, Joe Strummer, jogelour, John Jr., jojoba, Jolt Cola, jornada, Joshua, Joujouka, journ-chopper, joyce either, Judge Wapner, jugglemeat, jugular, juniper, Jupiter, just make her, justaucorps, ka-bhookha, kabala, kabbala, kabbalah, kachina, karuna, Katie Beers, kavanah, kavehazs, kazonga, kerana, ketubah, khemara, kibitzer, Kibumba, kicked upstairs, kid leather, kierowca, kill a score, Kill Rock Stars, Killdozer, Killing Floor, kiltula, kimona, kinder ear, Kiss covers, kiss paper, Kiss: you are, kitty fur, klammerer, Knee-Clubbers, knock the tar, knock-knobbler, know future, Kojaka, koncepcja, Konstrukcja, kookier, która, kukula, Kurt Schwitters, kvetcher, L.A. Law, La Bamba, La Bruyère, la-de-da, La Scala, La Strada, la-volta, label whore, labor law, lack manner, lackluster, laissez faire, lakhs and crores, lamb's-quarters, Lambada!, lamia, lamina, landlouper, landlubber, lane changer, lank taper, lap dancer, last hurrah, Latina, LaToya, lavender, lavolta, Laws what laws? Le Tigre, lead-eater, leak better, leftover, Legionnaire, legwarmer, lenger dure, leotard, les affaires, Lesbia, Lesley Gore, less is more, léthifère, lewica, lewisd'or, lief and deere, Life Savers, like rock star, like they were, linear, linia, lisps whispers, (lit is there), little sir, lobola, log roller, log sewer, Lolita, Look who's here!, loot and lore, Lord Haw-Haw, loud and clear, loutish boor, lovecurler, lovelier, low hangers, low rider, lower tar, Lucifer, Luftwaffe, Lumnia, lung butter, luvafair, lyf may dure, lymytour, Lypsinka, Lyvia, ma as mare, ma rigpa, ma to Mars, mâchefer, macula, Madonna, Mafia, Mahatma, mainpernor, mainstream more, maître-clerc, make-overs, mal de mer, mallomar, malsama, Mama Weer, man falters, man-o-war, man quart thwar, manchewer, Manchua, mancurser, mandater, mandator, manfearer, manfeather, manfeeler, manfluffer, manfucker, mangraber, manhater, manhatter, manhooker, manjoola, mankicker, mankissar, manlicker, manmoa, manmuffer, manmurmur, manmutha, manneuter, mannogger, manodor, manover, manpamper, manpeter, manphucker, mansapper, manshamer, manslapper, mansmatter, mansnacker, manspooner, manstuffer, mansucker, manswaller, manswhiskers, manteaser, mantiger, mantonguer, mantua, mantweener, manumpa, manunder, manurer, manvacker, manwaller, manweaver, martial law, Masada, masala, Matsuda, matted-hair, Max Factor, Max Fleisher, Max Klingler, Max Yasgur, Mazepa, Mazzy Star, me marva, me-tooer, me wall ears, meander, meat cleaver, meat over, meat water, meatmeister, Medea, Medina, medular, mégathère, Mehr Baba, Melanctha, melisma, members here, remember, menorah, merenda, Messiah, met a mere, metamere, metaphor, metayer, meth-jitters, Meyerbeer, mezzuzah, miasma, mic checka, Michael Kors, Mick Jagger, micraner, mid-career, militia, Milk Momma, milk maker, milk plasma, millionaire, mimmina, min nama, mind wanders, mind your hours, mine yours our, minever, miniver, minky star, Minolta, minutia, mirror-clear, Misella, misfeature, mitella, mixmaster, mo' better, Moc lustra, mock oyster, modena, modern myrrh, moll-buzzer, moniker, monkey paw, monoha, mooder deere, moon data, moon starer, moonplastered, Moonraker, more and more, more major, more moolah, More More More, more per paw, more workers,

moreover, mother's fears, motte de beurre, Mount Pisgah, Mouseketeer, mouthhonor, Mr. Meer, Mrs. Muir, much better, muchel moore, muckraker, muddier, muff burger, muff tougher, muffineer, mulciber, murmurer, Murphy Mur, Murphy's law, mush-faker, mushier, Must you purr?, mutterer, muy guapa, my asthma, my center, my father, my potnah, My Sweet Lord, N'Dea, nadeeah, nags bridler, nah naw ne'er, nail biter, name either, naraza, Naropa, nasal sore, Nausea, nausea, near the far, nebula, neckbreaker, neither here, net-cha-cha, never fear, new offer, newer noir, newly poor, neither nor, nihaoma, nimgimmer, 9 fewer, Nirvana, nirvana, Nivea, (no answer), no answers, No Future, no matter, no odor, no order, no paper, No Quarter, no sugar, no threat there, no wonder, noisemaker, nonjuror, noon oother, nor either, Norm-from-Cheers, nosebleeder, nose odor, nosepicker, nostrils are, not appear, not bitter, not we theirs, notepaper, nothing here, November, Noxema, nullipore, number for, number four, nummular, nuttier, nya nya nya, oakier, ocular, ociffer, octalpa, October, odd number, Odessa, odlegla, oedema, of others, off center, off color, off kilter, oh brother, Oh mother!, oh yes there, old geezer, old timer, on vapors, on welfare, onager, onatra, ondoar, 154, one less car, Ooh-La-La!, opaquer, opera, oppressor, or a car, or aura, or bugger, or fewer, or herefore, or later, or therefore, orator, orb chipper, organza, osela, osier, ossature, our affairs, our ardour, our era, our error, our shoulders, out number, out of beer, out of doors, out wankers, outnumber, outridere, over here, overslaugh, Oxota, ozæna, pa's peepers, pacemaker, Padua, page-turner, pagina, Paideuma, painkiller, pairs of pores, pairs of prayers, pajama, pancaker, Pangæa, pannier, Pantera, papater, paramour, pargetter, pariah, parwhobbler, pass over, Passover, patch figures, Paul Anka, Paul Revere, Pauly Shore, pay cashier, pay per paw, payola, peacemaker, peach melba, pearldiver, peas and wars, pedicures, pee pleasure, pee pressure, peer per peers, peer pleasure, peer pressure, pen-pusher, pengilla, penumbra, perfecta, Peter Pears, petitfor, Petrouchka, phan of Phair, Phasipha, Phil Spector, phobia, phunk wucha, piastre, pietaster, pig gelder, pig patter, pigfucker, pilaster, pilferer, pill-popper, pillover, pimenta, pinafore, pinch-hitter, pinking shears, pinot noir, piqueerer, plaisterer, planétaire, plethora, plough-jogger, plumpeters, plunderer, pneumonia, poema, poetaster, poetlore, poindexter, poire poires poivre, Polaka, polar bear, poleclimber, polega, polisser, pollaver, pollenger, polymer, pomewater, pommes de terre, pompadour, pontoon pair, pony-hair, pooge tower, pool filter, poombukar, poompumar, poor fella, Poor Fucker, poor pa's prayers, pop era, pop losers, PopLlama, pork nowhere), porte-cochère, portreyour, posoka, pot sticker, pot-wabblers, Potiphar, pour over, poure scoler, pourparler, praktisour, pralltriller, prawica, prayer hater, precentor, precut squares, predator, preferer, premature, presbyter, Price Chopper, prikasour, prince rinser, process hair, profiteer, prolétaire, promocja, pronoia, propunger, protracter, prude suckers, prune shitters, pubic hair, pudenda, pudgala, pudina, Puella, pull over, pulled over, pullover, puranpur, Pure Guava, Purina, purpestore, puss snagga, pussy fur, Put'er there!, pykepurs, qabbala, qabbalah, quacksalver, quasida, Que pasa?, Quebecois, queer horror, queer's sore rear, queerly clear, querestar, quicksilver, quinola, quinona, quintons here, qwalester, r racer, rabbit ears, rackrenter, radar whore, Rahula, raisin squares, Ramada, ramraider, Range Rover, Rannnn-queeeeeet Beerrrrrr, rapid fire, rare error, rare or raw, rare scar raw, Rated R, raunch somewhere, raw error, Raw Power, raw rear queer, raw rear scar, Raymond Burr, rear ender, Red Lobster, red snapper, red zinger, redubber, reefer here, refer here, rejigger, rémunère, Revolver,

revulva, Rhett Butler, Richard Gere, Rig Veda, right rapture, right-wingers, ring finger, Ring Of Fire, ring raider, ring stinger, Ringo Starr, Rip Taylor, risktaker, Ritz Crackers, rixdollar, rm -r, RoadRunner, Roc Weiler, Rock Lobster, rock-thrower, Rococo "R", roll over, romola, Ron Vawter, Roseanne Barr, Roshumba, rottweiler, Roy Rodgers, ruin her, rump ranger, running scared, runt stunter, Rush Limbaugh, Russ Meyer, ryzyka, Sai Baba, salad bar, saliva, salt cellar, saltier, Sam Sarah, same manner, samsara, sandever, sans secours, Santana, savannah, savoirfaire, saw raw queer, saw raw rear, saw raw scars, saw sheer shore, saw sheer sphere, saw sour sore, say "Answer", say for sure, saynomore, scapula, scapular, scatterer, scence from a, schmoozolla, school bagger, scimitar, scole-matere, score a rear, scoria, scout's horror, scouts honor, scratch on chairs, scrofula, scrotineer, scrutator, scuffed the floor, scumfucker, scummier, scumsucker, se sexta, 2nd for, secular, secunda, selfchewed ear, sell it there, semaphore, senatoure, Seneca, September, sequester, sequoia, severed ear, sex-power, sex worker, Shah's raw scars, shapechanger, share spare spore, shave the poor, she-bopper, she was war, shed a tear, shed lustre, (sheds a tear), sheep snickers, sheepbiter, sheepchanger, sheer cold sore, sheer pleasure, sheer terror, sheet litter, shrifte-fadres, shigella, shillelagh, shirt lifter, shit hitter, shit juss' tha, shit on here, shit stacker, shoe-gazer, shoplifter, shorter hair, shot calla, should whether, shower prayers, shriftefadre, shunyata, sick and tired, sickener, sickinna, side of slaw, sieze Cæsar, silana, siliqua, Silk Skin Paws, silk slammer, simsala, Sin harder!, sincere tears, sine qua, sinecure, Singapore, sinister, sinoper, Sir! Yes sir!, sis boom bar, sisseizor, sit down here, sitting here, skankier, skeevier, skin chamber, skinnier, skirt-chaser, skool breakers, skritch of whirr, skronk rocker, skrunkier, skule's over, skunkier, Skynda pa!, slabberer, (slamming door), slaverer, sleazier, sleep eight hours, sleepwalkers, Slim Fast bars, slipping sear, Slouch either!, slow bumpers, slow learner, Slowfinger, small wonder, smatterer, smell color, Smell the fear?, smotherer, snail-darter, sneeze stanza, sniper fire, snowthrower, snubblitter, so there here, (soap dealer), soap ewer, sober cheer, soft shoulder, sole for Tsar, solitaire, some wafers, somewhere where, somrother, sonata, sonneteer, sore shoulder, Sothic Year, soul brother, soul sucker, sound sleeper, sour flowers, space grinder, space hopper, SpamburgerTM, spanking sheer, spanking sphere, spankmaster, Spare a queer?, Spare a share?, Spare a spear?, Spare a tear?, spare queer tear, spatula, spatular, speed reader, spelunker, spillover, spimenta, Spin Doctors, spin doctors, spinning snares, spit-bender, splattered jaws, splitting hairs, sprat-weather, spray-splatter, spunk stopper, square and fair, square twista, squeeze rubber, squillionaire, St. Elsewhere, StairMaster, stammerer, stand and stare, starchamber, Starfucker, starhooker, Starpower, stars slither, Starsailor, star-shower, stars appear, start a fire, stays far clear, steak au poivre, steel benders, Steinbrenner, stepped over, stick to your, sticking a, Stigmata, still stir their, stinkfinger, Stiv Bator, stomacher, stone ponder, stop and stare, strappada, streaks and bars, street walker, streetsweeper, strip poker, studmeister, stuffed derma, stuffed Easter, stumera, subbloomer, subboomer, subbusser, subilla, sublunar, subsuber, subsummer, successor, sufferer, suiftliker, sulfur steer, sultana, sum of 4, summer air, summunder, sun cracker, sunblister, sunupper, Super Star, suppressor, sure i'm sure, swanwater, swashbuckler, swastika, sweet and sour, swingebuckler, Swiss wristers, swore saw scars, swore share sore, swore so there, sycamore, syllabaire, ta and ka, taa of twas, tailgater, Tallulah, Tamaashaa, Tamikah, tangled hair, Taqaazaa,

tarrier, Tawana, tearier, Tears For Fears, tears to spare, teatator, Ted Turner, Teekala, tempura, tendencja, tequila, terrier, test var star, thanallya, Tannhäuser, That bad huh?, that like were, The Bell Jar, The Breeders, the chopper, the clapper, the curdler, The Diggers, The Figures, the flavor, the former, the humpers, The Idler, the Jamna, the kicker, the last straw, the latter, The Order, the other, The Player, The Rambler, The Scriptures, The Slider, The Spinners, The Swimmer, The Tackster, the thinker, their genre, their thawed tears, them flowers, Theodore, therbifoore, there but for, there figure, there somewhere, there under, thereafter, they're there for, thgither, thick lover, thick member, thick wrapper, thick zippers, thigh higher, thighmaster, thighrubber, thighs thinner, think cobra, thinning hair, thirst quencher, l3er, this odor, those of ours, thou art there, though more air, thought thinker, three and four, 3/pHair, three-sheep-square, throw dinner, thrown pasta, thump verger, thunderer, Thurston Moore, tibia, tienda, Time Warner, timekiller, timepleaser, tinged with tears, tip-teerer, tit torture, titty bar, Tituba, titular, to be fair, to be here, To Celia, to die for, to expire, to titter, to write far, to-gidere, toad-eater, toe-curler, tongue shower, tongue twister, tons of cars, tooth ninja, Toshiba, Tra-La-La, tra-la-la, transfigure, transgender, transgressor, translator, transponder, Treblinka, tree-hugger, treeslayer, trench warfare, TriBeCa, trifecta, trillionaire, trivia, Trotula, Troubadour, trout trouser, truchella, Trump Tower, truth twigga, truth-seekers, tuft of hair, Tums Ultra, Tupperware, turd burglar, turdlicker, turn and tear, turn monster, twa handa, twee twy twa, tweeze no more, tweezed kipper, 24, 2 x 4, uhh uhh uhh, ulega, un deux trois, Uncola, under fire, underspore, unke aa, unquota, untold hours, up a chair, up-lifter, upāya, ureter, Uriah, ursākya, USAir, usenda, usura, usurer, utterer, uvula, uvulva, Uwaga!, Va Tosca!, vacant stare, vagina, vairs azure, vanilla, vaporer, varia, vavasour, veer no more, vein drainer, Velveeta, verb rather, verge of tears, Vesulka, vibrator, vice versa, vichyssoise, newspaper, Vin Scelsa, Vince Foster, Vinnia, virtua, visionnaire, viva la, Vladimir, vodka were, volupeer, voluper, voobaha, (vuh-ji-nuh), wadada, waheena, wahoodler, waiting for, wallflower, wallpaper, walls have ears, WankStoppers, Ward Cleaver, warm moisture, warmaster, warrior, Warszawa, wassailer, wasted years, watch out for, watch the wear, wave-lover, wayfarer, Wayfarers, we are your, we don't care, we're hella, weaselmire, weed-killer, weep bubba, Weight Watchers, well sorta, well uh-huh, wellwisher, were nowhere, were: nowhere, wet getter, wet sneakers, wet whiskers, What a dur!, What suckers!, whatever, whenever, Where? O where?, where there are, Where to score?, Where's Bhabha?, wherefore here, wherefore there, wherever, which wristers, whip whippa, whipped simmers, whiskey sour, white-collar, Who was Ra?, whoever, whomps you are, Why? What for?, Why bother?, whytowre, wich-waller, wid sucker, wife beater, wife-modir, Will Shatter, will expire, wimp factor, wimpfheimer, windover, window roar, windsucker, wine cooler, Winona, wiseacre, wit wither, witcracker, (with a sneer), with a "wa", with fly stars, with pleasure, with razors, witlether, witsnapper, wofuller, Wonder Bra, word monster, wordmeister, word worker, worm burper, worrier, Worcestershire, wrench a tear, wrist watchers, wrongdoer, wygoda, x-factor, x-pander, Xhosa, xpelair, xplora, Y'wanna?, Ya Honza, ya gotta, yeah er ah, yeahyeahyeahs, years squandered, yeer to yeer, yehuda, yellow fur, yellow star, yer madders, Yes massa!, yi terror, Yo c'mere!, yo mama, Yo-Yo Ma, Yom Kippur, you are a, You betcha?, you betchya, you're cooler, your butter, youre devoir, yours mine ours, youth culture, yuoor footoore, zazima, /zh/ occurs, zillionaire, zip sniffer, Zooropa, Zoot Allures, Zozima;

A beard of stars, a bissel here, a bissel there, a bisseleh, a bocher a, a bowe he bar, a brief flicker, a cappella, a dollar here, a dollar there, a fear affair, a female deer, a few fewer, a great grinner, a kitchy choir, a language tires, a moll a mere, a new chapter, a nipple or, a pair appears, a pair of peers, a pair of piers, a pair of queers, a pair of sheers, a pair of stairs, a pair of stares, a pair of stars, a prayer of peers, a quarter here, a quarter there, a queer ashore, a ray of slurs, a rule stands there, a stair of pears, a star of pears, a stare of pears, a stare of peers, a tender square, a ultima, a whip a chair, a world of fear, a year later, a-weem-o-weh, abasia, Abba-aper, acacia, acca bacca, acid-dropper, act together, Adam Verver, add some commas, admire rigor, Adolph Hitler, adore a ware, adored once more, adult diapers, adulterer, Afrikaaner, after burner, after dinner, against the hair, agar-agar, age and hunger, aghina, ah ha uh huh, aikidoka, air inventor, Airstream trailer, aisle sitters, aissaoua, akalika, Al and Tipper, Alan Alda, Albert Ayler, Alfred Adler, Ali Baba, Ali McGraw, Alice Cooper, Alisaundre, Alka-Seltzer, All foam. No beer, all for Hannah, all mouth no ears, all tempa Cheer, all that glitters, all this anger, all women are, Allah Akbar, Allah and beer, alma mater, almacanter, altacocker, alterna-bore, altipaltar, Altisidora, amateur hour, amber beaver, ambidexter, America, Amerikkka, amphisboena, Amy Fisher, an up-lifter, anal cleft, anaphora, anarchia, anathema, and a fly-er, and cha cha cha, and dear reader, and fishfauna, and forever, and furthermore, and let's be fair, and not Goozbar, and right-wingers, and she was war, and slammed the door, and the downers, and the trip la, and the uppers, and they are ours, and whatever, and yellow fur, Andrew Kritzer, anesthesia, angry scowler, Anil Kapoor, anklebiter, Anna Wintour, annotator, anonywar, Anselm Kiefer, answer: boogers, antecessor, antechamber, anti-Netters, antinowhere, antichimber, anticlosure, aphasia, apishamore, apocrypha, aporia, apparitor, appear austere, appear aware, appear unsure, *aqua pura, Aqua Velva, Arabella, Archie Bunker, architecture, Arf! Woof! Arf! Buh!, arietta, armourbearer, arseholia, art as dogma, Arthur Brenner, artificer, Arts & Leisure, arugula, as is a raa, ask your doctor, asses eres, asshy heerers, Astoria, at unawares, Atalanta, athanasia, atom-eater, au pair ardor, Aunt Jemimah, Auntiwallah, aura appears, auricula, auricular, austere aura, Author! Author!, auto de fer, autopia, auxiliar, Avicenna, aware aura, axiliar, Ayatollah, B.F. Skinner, ba-ruh a-tah, babes boobs and beer, babes with boners, Baby Boomers, baby buffer, Baby Busters, baby fever, babykillers, baby-kisser, back burn churner, back seat driver, back to nature, bacteria, Bad Behaviour, bagsy platter, baked Alaska, balaclava, bamarama, Bambi Butcher, bang the Buddha, bankrupt banker, bar area, Bar Sinister, Barbarella, Barbarossa, Barbwah Wahwah, barefoot doctor, barely aware, bark which yields there, Barney Miller, Barry Cuda, basket-weaver, battacuda, batter better, batter's bitter, Baywatch watcher, be regular, beat the beaver, Beaver Cleaver, because it's there, bedawbeda, bedroom caper, bedroom humor, beef for dinner, been that done there, beeper owner, before her door, before never, before somewhere, behind closed doors, beleaguerer, belladonna, belly bomber, bellytimber, ben-wa biter, (bends his finger), beta-blocker, beta-tester, Bets 'n 'Tiffah, better banger, better beware, better cheddars, bezonata, Big cadaver!, big hed 4 da, big leg Emma, bill me later, billow breaker, Billy Liar, bimbo sucker, binocular, bird aria, bird on a wire, biscuit flipper, bit poppier, bite me right here, Biter?

Bider?, Bitterella, bittre salte teeres, black curly hairs, Black September, blackouts are pure, Blark Barooga!, bleecher creatur, bleed your diddler, blood-and-plunder, blood sweat & beers, blood sweat & gears, Blood Sweat & Tears, bloody wanker, blow pop colors, blow the chauffeur, blow the shofar, blubber lover, blue chair white chair, blue jay bloomer, Bobby Fischer, bodhichitta, Bodhisattva, bonnyclabber, booby picture, boogie monster, boola boola, booty carta), bore your butter, Boris Becker, bossa nova, bottom hula, bottomfeeder, bouncing beaver, bounti killa, boxerella, boys with back hair, boys with long hair, Brahmacharya, braid nostril hairs, braid your dog's hair, brandy sniffer, bricks and mortar, broken vert bar, bromopnea, brownie batter, Bubbabrother, buccinator, Buddha cigar, buddy banter, bug bus backfire, buju wanna, Bulgravia, bulimia, bummer comma, bumper snicker, burnedout wankers, (bursts into tears), Burt Lancaster, But is it fair?, but they loucester, But wait - there's more!, butthead tooter, Butthole Surfers, buttsteak dinner, buzzer beater, by armored cars, Ca Plane Pour Moi, cachexia, Caesar's cancer, Caligula, call in favors, call'd the anter, camarilla, came a cropper, can opener, cancer cluster, candle basher, candy striper, candy wrapper, canicular, canzonetta, carcinoma, care if they're there, carnivora, carpet cluster, carrot waxer, cashier drawer, Cast(r)a Diva, cat hair or scare, Cat Scratch Fever, catechiser, causes cancer, ceiling painter, cervical smear, chamber-pot chores, change your color, Charles Aznavour, Charles Baudelaire, Charlie Parker, charming features, chatter-water, Chaucer scholar, chauri chaura, Che Guevara, cheb i sabbah, check out nowhere, check the flavor, cheeba cheeba, cheese together, Chester Shaver, chicken center, chicken licker, chicken-peeper, child molester, chink-a chinka, chiromancer, chirotonsor, chitter chatter, chlamydia, Cho'gyam Trungpa, choke horsepower, Christian Dior, Christian LaCroix, Christian Slater, Christmas mummer, Chubby Checker, chubbychaser, chuck a pizza, chumbawumba, ci R specters, Cicciolina, cindicator, circle the square, City Slickers, Civa civa!, clappermaclaw, Clare the Cleaner, Claude Montana, cleanse all Karma, clear chair corp care, clear to the core, Cleopatra, clever Trevor, Clitermystra, clitter-clatter, Close Encounters, clothes encounters, Coagula, coagula, Coca-Cola, Colonel Sanders, colored fella, come on Martha, come on the air, come on wit da, Come Together, compurgator, coniakker, conquistador, conspirator, contemplator, contra SIDA, contrayerva, conventicler, conycatcher, cooked rare cold sore, cooler color, copies of Jaws, corpuscular, Cosa Nostra, cosmic motor, couch patater, Count Chocula, counter offer, countercaster, coup d'etat, couplebeggar, coventicler, cover your ear, Cowabunga!, crack a few laws, crank catheter, cranked up bikers, crawling order, cream collector, creamsourer, creamy coozer, creamy layer, Creature Feature, creepin on ah, crime and despair, Crispin Glover, crispy critters, criticaster, crooked fuckers, cross your fingers, crotch cricketeer, crusty leather, cry in my beer, cryptic slaughter, Cucamonga, cuggermugger, culture vulture, cum catheter, cum together, cup and saucer, cupcake slobber, curricula, curry favor, curryover, cushion creeper, cut a stinker, cut creator, cuticular, cyber dogma, cyberhipster, cyberia, cybersangha, Cyndi Lauper, D'yer Mak'er, Dakshineswar, Dalai Lama, Danny Glover, dare to care dear, dats my potna, Dave Dellinger, David Tudor, dead don't bodda, deaf in one ear, deaky doodler, dear car owner, Dear John letter, Dear MadamSir, death warmed over, death with honor, Debra Winger, decomposers, dedicator, deep dish pizza, deeper water, deepseepeeper, defer further, Deianira, demand better, Dennis Hopper, dental bothers, denture wearer, depadepa, deprecator, derriere lures, destroy desire, devour power, Dexter Pointer, dhobi wallah, diahoah, diamonds shatter, Diane Sawyer,

diarrhea, dickhead kicker, Did I ever!, Did I ever?, Did you burn her?,
Did you ever!, Did you ever?, Die Walküre, dikephobia, dil deewana,
dingdong tender, Dinky LaLa, dipper slipper, disc disorder,
dishonourer, disincumber, Disraeli Gears, divide by fur, divine nectar,
divulge dinner, do a runner, do call hearers, Doctor Sloper, doctor's
orders, dolphin waxer, don't do colors, don't lose your hair, don't
quote me here, done that been there, Donna Summer, doo-dah doo-dah,
Doogie Howser, doppelganger, doubleheader, down on uppers, Down with
winter!, Dr. Bronner's, Dr. Pepper, Dr. Sphincter, drain the monster,
draw & quarter, Drew Barrymore, (drinks some water), drop a litter,
drop your trousers, drug-frayed nutter, drunk-ass spunda, duck and
cover, Dulcinea, dumb and dumber, dyslexia, e'er ere aware, E-Z
Cheddar, eager buyers, eager ears hear, eaper weeper, ear x-pander,
earlyfouler, earnest sink hair, eat a beaver, eat boar shit boar, Eat
fork fucker!, eat more shit more, Ed Wood Jr., Eddie Munster, Eddie
Vedder, Edgarator, edge to center, edible deer, Edit? What for?, EE Yah
EE Yah, eerier hair, Eeyore Eeyore, egg-shaped members, eggscumuddher,
18-wheeler, eke blockbuster, Eldridge Cleaver, electric chair,
electrosphere, Ella Ella, emendator, Emile Zola, empire builder, empty
temper, empyreuma, encendedor, end at alpha, endeavourer, Endless
Summer, engendrure, enough chatter, ensurancer, entrepreneur, Epcot
Center, epiphora, equangular, Ere were sewers?, Eroica, erotica,
Esperanza, Estée Lauder, et cetera, ether feather, ethnic cleanser,
euania, eugeria, euphemasia, euphoria, euthanasia, even after, even
number, ever chipper, ever clever, every color, every ten years, evil-
doer, Evil Homer, Excalibur, exterior, extirpator, exurbia, Exxonix,
eye of Shiva, eye opener, eyed voyagers, Eyeful-Tower, eyelash whisper,
eyesore eyesore, EZ Wider, fadanuf fa, failing writer, Fair Isle
sweater, Fallingwater, Fannie Stancer, Fantasia, far out number,
fargobawler, fasgrolia, Faster Faster, fat black mamas, fat slow
bumpers, fat square twista, fatwa fever, Fawltly Towers, fecal matter,
Felix Unger, female flowers, fens or chapters, Ferris Bueller, ferver
fever, fetch the paper, fetus filter, feuerzauber, fever hovers, fewer
Hoovers, fewer readers, ficklefinger, Fierabras, Fifth Grade trauma,
fight cow slaughter, fill lip in star, filled with desire, filled with
water, final front ear, final frontier, Find Her Finer, finger their
pair, first trimester, fish breaks water, fish that's fresher, 5:44,
five percenters, five year fever, flame-broiled Whopper, flat as a
board, flattened fauna, flavors rather, fledden for fere, flesh fedora,
flips brief flutters, flopperoola, flounce and flutter, flying colors,
flying saucers, flying toasters, foamy features, foot in the door,
fopper stopper, for beginners, for forever, For forever?, for forty
years, for four summers, for good measure, for theirs for ours, for
whatever, forgive a pear, foriverer, former better, former latter,
former smoker, fornicator, Forrest Sawyer, founding father, 4 more
years, four stiff-standers, 48 Hours, Fox Base Alpha, Frampton Peter,
Francois Voltaire, Frank O'Hara, Frank Sinatra, frauleinstrapper,
Freddy Fender, Freddy Kruger, Free John Sinclair, free no sugar,
Freedom Rider, freeze frame is flaw, i!Frequency Clear!~, fresh gulls
pucker, fresher fuchsia, fresher fuhrer, from Toastmaster, fruitti
cancer, Frutopia, Fry-O-Lator, fuchsia fever, fuchsia fuhrer, fuchsia
furor, Fuck Sinatra, Fucking Ada, fuffenheimer, Fuller's failures,
fumppinhoffer, fumumsteiser, funicular, funkee geetar, fur retailer,
future Fuhrer, future leader, gagging finger, gaiter grabber,
gallinipper, gallow-clapper, garlic-eater, Gary Cooper, Gary Gilmore,
Gary Glitter, gas sufferers, gaser faster, gather gathas, gauzy vapors,
gavingooper, Gay Enola, gay Mafia, geddat a here, gee-whizzy star,
gender bender, George Bernard Shaw, George Steinbrenner, gerbil lover,

gerkin jerker, gerland for hire, gerund-grinder, get cheap labor, get happier, Get Yer Ya-Ya's, ghettoblaster, Gift of nature?, Gilda Radner, gilli dander, gillyflower, Gimme Danger, Gimme Shelter, Ginger Rodgers, girl gangbangers, glad he ate her, gladiator, glazed yehuda, Glenn or Glenda?, gloomy rager, go Speed Racer, gobblehooper, God is nowhere!, godzillionaire, goggle-gripper, going bonkers, going nowhere, Golda Meir, Golden Slumber, golden shower, goldfish crackers, gonkulator, gonna wanna, gonna water, gonorrhoea, good for one fare, Good Friday ears, GOPer, gorgonzola, gormandizer, gotta outta, gouda power, grainy texture, Grandpa Munster, grass all over, Gray's Papaya, grease releasers, Great White Father, Greatest Schtschuptar!, green-eyed monster, greener pastures, (grins) that's for sure, Gris-Gris Ya-Ya, groovy other, grows more and more, grunion runner, Guide to Kulchur, gurudeva, gutta-percha, hair remover, hajemoosa, hakenkreuzler, half an answer, halfseasover, halo benders, hamesucker, hand encounter, hangs in the air, hankie soaker, Hannah Weiner, Happy Easter, harbor anger, hard drive failure, hardcore cadre, hardee har har, Harder! Faster!, hare rama, hari hara, Harley Krishna, harmonica, Harper's Bazaar, Harry Wiener, hasenpfeffer, hate each other, HATEFUL shit here, hatha yoga, hatopia, have fallen ears, have to have her, he has never, he roars roars roars, he stick hindra, He was extra!, Head and Shoulders, headed monster, hear eager ears, hear her hare there, hearing impaired, Heather Locklear, hegemonster, heir to her hair, Helen Keller, hell for leather, hella power, hella-lather, hellivator, Help Me Honda, Help Me Rhonda, Helter Skelter, Helvetica, hennaed fissure, Henry Miller, Henry Winkler, her hairy hare, her mother's fears, her tender years, her terrier, her tour ends here, here even here, Herman Munster, hermanator, heroina, Hesperia, hexangular, hey big spender, Hi howareya?, Hialeah, Hiawatha, hiba kusha, high-ho Silver, High Plains Drifter, High six figures?, Hill Anita, hilly creamer, Himalaya, Himmler's karma, hip hip hurrah, hiphopera, hiphoppier, hipocentaur, hippiater, hippometer, hips off kilter, hir cote-armures, hir yelow heer, Hiroshima, hoffenpfeffer, holding it dear, Hollywood Squares, holy water, home don't matter, honeydripper, Hooch and Turner, Horch die Hörner, horns of a hare, horror Hora, Horse Cock Phepner, horseshit diva, hot and feather, hot dog hider, hot patater, Hot Rod Mama, hover over, how fat you are, How many squares?, howsoever, HUB-a-hubba, hubba-hubba, Hula Hula, hula hula, human armor, human bothers, human flavor, human watcher, humans on Mars, Hundred Flowers, hung hemp banners, hungry drinker, hunka hunka, hunkamunka, hush-a-hush-a, hyperaware, hyperbola, hysteria, I am nowhere, I choose neither, I dare Ida, I don't know - pure, I feel older, I hate Brenda, I hate niggers, I hate wiggers, I hear a sore, I like that yeah, I lived on air, I remember, I shot J.R., I think therefore, I think we are, I want paper, I wish I were, I would I were, I'll Take You There, I'm a-flutter, I'm a Pepper, I'm not Shakespeare, I'm a loser, I'm all for a, I've lost my flair, I've seen fatter, idea here, if you prefer, ignavia, ignores ant wars, Ike and Tina, imitator, immortal fear, implant rupture, imprimatur, (in a mortar), in for King Lear, in hot water, in mortal fear, in the future, indagator, inferior, infiltrator, inheritor, ink jet printer, inlineskater, inner outer, inner prowlers, [insert picture], Insha Allah, inside trader, insomnia, instant coma, instant comma, Instant Karma, instant water, inter-stellar, intercalar, interceder, intercessor, intercessour, interior, Interiors, interlunar, interstellar, Intifada, iouea, ira ryrah, irregular, is another, is as it were, Is it Kosher?, is way over, Islam's purdah, Isn't it queer?, istoria, it don't matter, it's a killer, It's Alright Ma, it's my pleasure, itchy sofa, izquierda, Izvestia, J.J. Walker, Jack The

Ripper, jacks are better, jacks of color, Jacques Derrida, Jake La Motta, jam when ever, James Blood Ulmer, Jammy\$, jangly but far, je ne sais pas, je ne sais quoi, Jeffery Dahmer, jelly powder, Jenny Holzer, Jerry Springer, Jesus I fear, Jewier hair, Jewish Mother, jhuggi dweller, jilts a juggler, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Connors, Jimmy Hoffa, jipijapa, Jockey for her, Jodie Foster, Joe Consumer, Joe Janitor, Joe Montana, John Dillinger, John Lee Hooker, John Travolta, Johnnie Walker, Johnny Thunders, johnny-wopstraw, Judas-colour, Judiaca, jugful of tears, jugg mugg cha cha, juggi baba, juggling chain saws, juice the Juda, Juliana, juice producer, Jungle Fever, Junior Junior, junior snooker, just a gesture, just romance her, just the weather, just to "be sure", Kali Yuga, Kampuchea, Kaspar Hauser, Kennebunker, kennel killer, Kenneth Anger, Kenny Rodgers, Kevin Bowser, Kevin Costner, keys and dreamers, Khovanshchina, ki yi terror, kia ora, kickin terra, kiddie lidder, kiddie litter, kill all lawyers, kill for Wagner, kill your teachers, Kilroy was here, Kim Basinger, kinda hunker, kittly-bender, klin zha kinta, knaves and traitors, knirps for moisture, Knock knock who's there?, knuckle under, komiex zha, kookaburra, kooks everywhere, kosmokrator, Krishna Krishna, krispy kritters, kuvelata, Kwaanza leap year, L'état c'est moi, labia bear, Lackawanna, Lana Turner, language was there, lap lung butter, large inhaler, Large Professor, Larry Kramer, Larry Sanders, lassa fever, last hired first fired, late in Sleeper, late intruders, late-night noodler, later memoir, law enforcer, Lawrence Weiner, laws or old laws, lean hyena, (leaning over), learn from the air, learn from the fire, Lech Walesa, leg or armor, legs with razors, lei si sbaglia, lenticular, lesbianna, less is a bore, lesser matters, let a beeper, let's play doctor, lettuce water, lex non scripta, lhasa asa, Liberia, lick the wrapper, lie detector, life and doxa, life goes on bra, life is hard here, life is unfair, life preserver, like ... uh like uh..., likewise I'm sure, Lindisfarne, linger longer, liposucture, Lipstick Killer, liquid bummer, Liquid Plumber, litter ateur, little death chair, little use here, local color, log a golfer, logic schema, lollybanger, Long Dong Silver, long hair Mullah, long hot summer, lonely corners, Lord & Taylor, Loretta's scars, lotsa matzoh, Lotte Lenya, lotus posture, lotus-eater, Love Hangover, love of labor, Love of Summer, low fat fiber, Lubavitcher, Luciana, Lucy Porter, Luke Skywalker, lukewarm lover, lulla lulla, lunar laughter, lung disturber, lung wart holders, lunisolar, lured to linger, lusts on fingers, M.C. Hammer, Mack the Finger, macronympha, Mahalia, mahamudra, Mahayana, make an offer, make love not war, male cheerleader, malingerer, mama mia, mammalia, Mamusia, Man Of The Year, maranatha, Margery Daw, marijuana, marinara, market-betere, Marshall Tucker, Martha My Dear, Martin Buber, master blaster, Max the Mumbler, May God save her!, Mayor Mayer, MC Solaar, MCCers, me anymore, meat more shit more, Meat Is Murder, meat was over, mediator, mediocre, meditator, megamerger, Meistersinger, melanoma, Melt-OPleasure, Melt-O-Rama, melted magma, Men: Be Taller!, mental letters, menticulture, meritmonger, merulator, meshuggener, meta-meta, metabola, metal smashers, Metallica, Methusaleh, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mickey Mouse ears, Midnight Rambler, might have had more, Milarepa, milky mama, Millard Fillmore, minnesingers, mira mira, Mirabella, mirror mirror, misbehaviour, misdemeanor, misremember, Miss Pamela, missing matter, Mister Twister, misty burgers, mixie cover, Mm! Mm! Pycha!, mobile murmurs, mogilalla, moisture meter, moisturizer, mona leisure, Mona Lisa, money changer, money grabber, monkey fingers, monocular, monsterama, moon boot lover, morbidezza, more Legionaries, more shit more bore, moronic boors, moterfuccer, mothafucker, Mother Russia, Motorola, motzi-matzoh, move your readers, (moving center),

moving forward, Mr. Fischer, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mister, Mrs. Doubtfire, much much bigger, much much longer, much much softer, much much stronger, much-sought-after, mud sweat & tears, Muddy Waters, mufti leisure, mugging laughter, multangular, Multiculture, multocular, musical chairs, mustermaster, muthafucka, mutton dagger, muzzle loader, my bad manners, my flessh so deere, My Sharonna, my suster deere, myn beard myn heer, myrthe and solas, mystic patter, Nacirema, name your pleasure, ne plus ultra, ne'er moor ne'er moor, necktie lover, necromancer, nectarous cheer, need to be here, neeta's natter, neither cause nor, neither here nor, neither hither, neorama, Nessun Dorma, Neuromancer, Neurotica, neuter poker, Neutrogena, never before, never ever, never gonna, never gotta, never grind gears, never hadda, never wanna, New World Order, newer flavor, newer longer, Niagara, niddling platzer, Nift-O-Rama, Niki Taylor, 9+ fracture, ninnyhammer, 96 Tears, nitrous trousers, Nixon's daughters, no I see scars, no more mister, no more weather, no new offer, no one answers, (no pork nowhere), no rock water, No slouch either!, no Virginia, No where? Now here, no world order, nobody cares, noggin-power, nomenclator, nomenclature, non-believer, non ponenda, non-sequitur, noodle nipper, nope me neither, Nosey Parker, not anymore, not to knock ya, not tonight dear, not winter are, nothing matters, novilunar, Now or Later, now or later, now read louder, nuclear tikka, nuclear winter, number cruncher, numbers runner, numbskull scooper, O Tempora, objects thicker, obscene gesture, ocarina, ochre color, octangular, Odor Eaters, odorama, of a reader, of course we are, of course you are, offer expires, Oh Calcutta!, oh fat eater, oh oh uh huh, oh-ho and uh, oil and water, O.J.'s lawyers, Okinawa, olden showers, Oleanna, oleaster, olivaster, on one or more, on our backdoor, On The Corner, once returner, 1. Bend Over!, one bite later, one book a year, one cooling tear, one hit wonder, one inch master, one iota, one llama, one needs others, one smart feller, ones should suffer, open water, Ophelia, opificer, or a coma, or a comma, or dog-paper, or extenders, or tiers of oars, or whatever, oracular, orange flavor, Orangina, orbicular, order a car, order with pores, Oscar Meyer, Oskar Schlemmer, ostentatour, other factors, other posers, other quavers, other silver, our rat data, out of order, overeater, overnurture, Owen Wister, owly black tears, own a peter, ox-an over, oyster eater, pa ta and ka, pa's paws appear, Paddington Bear, paid thick zippers, painful master, paint-by-numbers, pairs of papas, palm and spellers, panca-sila, pancake maker, Pancho Villa, panometer, panorama, pap smear schlepper, Papa Wemba, paper flower, paperstainer, parabola, parallel bars, parameter, parampara, paranoia, parapherna, park a tiger, partner's partners, pata pata, patch it over, paternoster, pay the piper, paying Peter, peanut bladder, peanut butter, pebbledropper, pecking order, peculator, pedicular, peever peever, peninsula, penny loafers, pentangular, penultima, people are rare, people-hater, pepper the air, Pepsi-Cola, peptic ulcer, per capita, per customer, Perestroika, perfect posture, perform pooja, perform rumor, perimeter, perry-dancer, perturbator, pesky critter, Pete the Puma, Peter Fonda, Peter Sellers, peter meter, peter parka, Petey Wheatstraw, pettifogger, pfra tacna, phallic order, pheasant plucker, phenicopter, philanderer, Philip Sober, philliatier, philosopher, Phitonissa, Phoenix River, phreaks and hackers, Phyliss Diller, piacular, piamatter, pianosphere, pickler tickler, picks up pet hair, piece-of-entire, pied-a-terre, pierced labia, Pierrot Lunaire, pillow biter, pinky finger, piss and liquor, pitter patter, <Place your add here>, plaster caster, plastic flowers, Platform sneakers?, play it by ear, playing poker, please place stamp here, plodding plunker, plow cholita, plump comforter, po on a spire, poetic ear, poetic roar, point

of finger, Pollack-Krasner, polly minor, Pollyanna, polyemma, Polyester, polyester, polyfusia, poodle petter, pooja figures, pool for fingers, poop-in-pepper, pooper scooper, poppa-loppa, poppa-stopper, pork rocketeer, posit answers, post-fear era, postwar era, postwar order, potwalloper, pound the Preacher, pour one's over, Powderfinger, power center, power failure, power luser, pozzuolana, pozzy-wallah, pre-Safe Sex years, Preach on sister!, precognita, predecessor, prepare for prayer, presencechamber, preteen daughter, pretzel pleasure, pretzel power, Prick Up Your Ears, prim and proper, prima donna, (probing gentler), procureteur, procure proper, progenitor, promulgator, prophesier, props over here, Prosperina, provocateur, prozac lobster, prudish snickers, prudy sisters, prying neighbors, psilosopher, Psycho Killer, psychodrama, puckerupper, pudding lovers, puke fall over, pull my finger, (pulling finger), pulling Peter, pumping plasma, punk-ass suckers, punk rock pasta, puny creature, purple vapors, Pussy Galore, Pussy Power!, put it in here, pytania, python pumper, quacker-backer, quantum tantra, Quaouauh!, quarter pounder, Queen Latifah, queene Medea, queer cinema, qui cum patre, quia-quia, quinquangular, quintasencia, quite a quacker, rabiator, Rachel Hunter, Radio 4, raison d'être, Rajaraja, Ram-O-Rama, Ramakrishna, ramrod rudder, rare seared tuna, rarefied air, rather never, ratifia, rauvolfia, raw=war, raw queers poured prayers, raw rear queer scar, raw rear sour sore, Ray Liotta, Raymond Carver, Raymond Chandler, RC Cola, reading matters, real agenda, rectalgia, rectangular, red and blister, red oktoba, red tooth powder, reign is over, remove your door, Remy stinger, Reno loner, reticular, Rhodoclia, Richard Serra, Richard Tyler, Richard Wagner, right back atcha, right by figure, Right on brother!, right this way sir, Right Will Mentor!, rings no answer, ripe aroma, rise to vote sir, Road Warrior, Robert Chambers, Robert Hunter, Robin Quivers, Rockefeller, Rockville Centre, Rocky Horror, Rogue Warrior, roll her in flour, Rolling Thunder, rolling writer, Roman Empire, romper stomper, roof brain chatter, rose aroma, Rosh Hashanah, rot the others, Roto-Rooter, rouse the neighbors, rub her rubber, rubber dubber, rubber knickers, rubbernecker, ruby slippers, rude young peacher, rumor monger, rutabaga, Sabbathbreaker, Sail On Sailor, saints and sinners, Salad Shooter, salad spinner, salade niçoise, salamander, Sale-O-Rama, Sally Silvers, Sally Struthers, salmon slammer, salmonella, salon tanner, salt and pepper, Salt 'N Pepa, same time next year, samensteller, Sandinista!, sanguifier, Saturnalia, Satyagraha, saucy sisters, sausage smuggler, saw raw rear scars, saw sheer sphere spore, sawed-off fingers, sayonara, says another, scads of stoners, scars with no fur, scattered showers, schlepper for years, schpringentester, schwartza rhumba, scolopendra, score sheer pleasure, screaming lawyers, screwed by the hour, scrotania, sculpts his shoulders, second nature, second-order, seedy ant-bars, sell singchana, semiquaver, semi-whisper, send a dollar, senocular, sent to pasture, septangular, sequestrator, Serta sleeper, serve God with fear, sesquialter, seven the yer, seven wonders, severe weather, sex and anger, sex and power, sex in Tulsa, sex offender, sexangular, Sgt. Pepper, shady bowers, shag the Sherpa, Shah's raw rear scars, shake the Quaker, shakes and shivers, shaking Quaker, Shantideva, share agenda, shared reservoir, she blisseth hire, she's a stoner, sheep disorder, Shirley Blehar, shit as treasure, shit boar eat boar, shit media, shit more eat more, shit more meat more, shittle-come-shaw, shoe and Hagar, shoeface whacker, Should I shower?, (shouting louder), shun of pow were, shutter shutter, Siberia, sick wid sucker, sicker longer, Siegfried Wagner, sight for a year, Sigmar Polke, signifier, silence desire, silent stinker, silk seats insphered,

silver livers, silver sliver, sina feza, Singapore whore, singing
sprinkler, sinsemilla, six feet under, size queens beware, skimming
Chaucer, skins together, skitter skatter, skunkish bitter, slack-jawed
slaver, sled dog manners, slept with greaser, slinger of slurs, smacked
some kidder, small breasts have their, smaller color, smaller sucker,
smegma cracker, smelly colors, smitten sister, smoking letters, Smooth
Character, smooth without hair, smothered under, Smothers Brothers,
snap the fingers, snapper down here, Snooze-ORama, snow dad armor, so
are the stairs, So size matters?, so there here where, so there we are,
soap opera, soapy water, social climber, sofa not chair, soft and
tender, softness enters, solar mower, solo-starrers, Somalia, some
people are, some sinister, sometimes I hear, sonatina, Songs For
Drella, sonnetslinger, sound in the air, sour cream and prayer, Space
Invaders, spacy murmurs, spare sulfur steer, spark to the fire, sparre
and rafter, spelling error, sperm in a jar, sperm of color,
spermatophore, spigot scepter, spinach straggler, Spindarella,
spirulina, splitter hammer, spokescharacter, sporknifeaw, sporon
layer, Spot on fella!, spout to offer, spunky crowbar, square cut
punter, Sri Yukteswar, SS Fucker, star caviar, stars still stir their,
(starts to snicker), state of theta, steatoma, Stephen Foster, Steven
Tyler, Stevie Wonder, Stikker Stokker, Stolichnaya, stoneth yonder,
stoner stud-gear, stool lamina, stop her now sir, stop the drug war,
Stopperrobber!, store prebendar, Stormy Weather, stranger-rangers,
Stratocaster, stream enterer, street fairs keep cars, stretch out a
paw, striking power, string on finger, strip the world bare, stupendous
snores, superbooster, suah cova, sub-Sahara, suburbia, such a liar,
sudsy weepers, sugar sucker, suited stencher, summer pleasure, sun
worshipper, sunny and chair, sunny blunders, super duper, superfecta,
(superior), superior, superlunar, supernova, supersucker, support
(counter), sure beats pizza, sure she's drier, surer-fire, surrebutter,
Susan Powter, sushil sharma, Suzanne Somers, swallow water, sweaty
clinker, sweaty pepper, Sweet Hitchiker, Sweet Melissa, sweet
surrender, sweeter sweater, swimming beaver, Swiss wrist watchers,
synonyma, system folder, T suppresser, T.V. dinner, tabloid fodder,
taboobreaker, taco tickler, take huge choker, take it as far, Take my
picture!, take off zebra, taking over, tally-wacker, tantric
tchotchkes, Tanya Tucker, tar and feather, tasty popcore, tata gata,
Tathagata, Taxi bubbler, Taxi Driver, tear out your hair, Teeny Bopper,
teeter-totter, teetotaller, Telecaster, TelePrompter, Temper temper!,
10 wives prefer, ten year tenure, Ten Years After, ten years after, 10
years later, tender flower, tennarpinscher, teoria, Terminator, terrier
hair, terrier tears, test the waters, text ideetur, texture workers,
teyelleyer, thank you brother, that meant loser, that of others, that's
an order, that's kind of where, the barrier, the bile pister, The Bride
Stripped Bare, the buck stops here, The Carpenters, the coast is clear,
The Cockateer, the cold shoulder, the comfy chair, the crack of beers,
the cracks of rears, The Deer Hunter, the diluters, the dirt master,
the girl next door, The Godfather, the gondola, the great ickster, the
horned screamer, The Last Supper, the letter "r", the life after, The
Mad Hatter, The Marx Brothers, The Mouse That Roared, The New Yorker,
The Pound Era, the reader hears, the room is awed, the same letter, the
scent of her, the "seeded" draw, the skinwalkers, the slim reaper, the
third gender, the unseen seer, the voice quaqu, The Watchtower, the
... whatever, the who don't care, The Wonder Years, the working poor,
The Yakuza, Thelma Ritter, there is therefore, there's no future,
there's no Jews here, therefore ignores, therefore see here, therefore
shower, therefore they're there, therefore wherefore, thermonuclear,
these issues are, (they go further), they were lovers, thighs stepped

over, thin idea, thin Jewish hair, thin tastes better, think of
grammar, think yourself hear, Thinking Fellers, thinking of fear, third
leg trouser, thirty diners, this is not here, thistle sifter, those
looking for, thread and better, 3.14, through the back door, thrust
reverser, thumb me over, thumpabumpa, thunder-chunder, thundershower,
thy cataphor, Tia Juana, tickle torture, Tiger Tiger, tight together,
'til the wee hours, time-traveler, Tiny Dancer, tiny saucers, tits and
leather, tittertotter, titties and beer, toasterover, To become more?,
To Lucasta, To My Readers:, to pile Ossa, (to the others), to-ga to-ga,
toenailia, toilet paper, toilet trader, toototaler, top banana,
toreador, torture chamber, tot could totter, touch the torah, toujours
l'amor, Tove Me Lender, tranny chaser, tranquillizer, treading water,
treat u better, triangular, triluminar, Tristan Tzara, trosper's anger,
troublemaker, trouthe and honour, Tupac Shakur, turnip twaddler,
twanging wobblers, two years later, ufaratztah, un-best-sellers, Uncle
Cheeba, Uncle Fester, under Alla, under oure boure, under-under,
underminer, understrapper, up on downers, up the chalwa, up the timbre,
Upstairs Downstairs, upstart pikers, Urania, Uri Geller, use a blender,
use and acquire, use it after, vain and bitter, vancouver, Vanity
Fair, venerea, vermicular, verse & chapter, Victoria, vieuphoia,
viewer/voyeur, vin ordinaire, Vintage Voola, viral finger, virtue
entire, vodka slammers, vomiting fire, vote Dik Shandar, vox the voder,
vurdprucessur, waa-waa flavor, wacker lacquer, Wagner tubas, waiting
for hours, walking papers, walks with flavor, wall of guitar, walla
walla, wanger hangar, warfare/wordfare, wariata, warp drive stomper,
washer dryer, way forever, way too sober, we are aware, we begin here,
we feel better, we have therefore, we hear nowhere, We Try Harder, we
were: nowhere, we're halfway there, we're here we're queer, wear what
ever, webcore webcore, Wee knt dlk here!, weenie slacker, weighs just
over, welfare worker, well I'll be a, weller manner, wet all over, wey
is slider, whack the stinger, whap the other, Whassa matter?,
Whasamatter?, What is matter?, what's needed here, What's the matter?,
whatsoever, whatta aura, wheelchair hair war, wheeler-dealer, when I'm
older, when you die here, whencesoever, where the boys are, where war
whores were, Where will I wear?, Where's the sniper?, wheresoever,
"whether"/"weather", Which 44?, Which is longer:, which wrist watchers,
whichsoever, whiffs of Dada, whiny letters, whipped kitty fur,
whippersnapper, whirlwind feelers, whisper filter, Whistler's Mother,
whistling whispers, white phobia, white-shoe member, white-trash
platter, Who cares who cares?, Who cares who wears?, Who shot J.R.?,
Who the fuck cares?, Who's keeping score?, whoo ha yo gares, whosoever,
Why are we here?, Why do you care?, "Why?" I wondered, Why is this
here?, wicker whacker, wide and rubber, Wieland Wagner, Wildman
Fischer, will be all yours, William Faulkner, William Shakespeare,
William Shatner, Willliam Kunstler, Willy Wonka, wind chill factor,
windshield wiper, winter's layers, Wish You Were Here, wisteria, wit
shield wipers, with skin like hers, with whispers drear, wolf corridor,
Wolfgang Wagner, wolfie howler, womanhater, Wonderama, woodland
creatures, word inhaler, word warrior, work and proser, works on paper,
world of power, worldly pleasures, worth waiting for, Wow and Flutter,
wrinkle smoother, write the future, writing for hours, wrung best-
sellers, Wu-Tang Clanger, X offender, Xantippa, x-citing ear, y'know
dem star, ya-ya henna, yabba dabba, yabbayabba, Yannick Noah, Yass
zotnyzor, Yeah but who cares?, yeah whatever, yeahyeahyeahyeah, yellow
matter, yin and yenta, Yitzhak Shamir, Yorba Linda, you are not here,
you said you saw, You stinking cur!, you've washed over, young and
tender, young for his years, your menorah, your term honor, your
vichyssoise, youth in Asia, Ypolita, Yudhishtira, Yuma puma,

Zachariah, Zima Yoga, zipper bothers, Zippo lighter, Zooma Zooma,
Zoroaster, Zsa Zsa Gabor, zukie tappa, zumba zumba;

A baby better, a basic error, a big fat liar, a biscuit mixer, a blind pig sampler, a castrated deer, a-caterwawed, a class A splinter, a closed mouth gathers, A Current Affair, a dodgy geezer, a dulcinea, a few months later, a flair for fanfare, a flea in his ear, a full head of hair, a given letter, a glazier's glacier, a goat of terror, a great deal for pears, a hint hits harder, a horse from the rear, a little later, a little note here, a little note there, a lusty winter, a major factor, a moid a bobbeh, a penny for your, a pile of papers, a play of mirrors, a real crowd pleaser, A Self Called Nowhere, a sensitive ear, a sheet of paper, a sight for sore ears, a toxic shower, (a word I've never, A.B.C. powers, abracadabra, abracadaver, abscotchlater, Abyssinia!, academia, accepts whatever, accurate cursor, acquired ideas, acroteria, act now pay later, actual letters, adminicular, adversaria, affects a puba, afraid of crackers, afternoon anchor, aharmonica, air indigo bra, Alapalooza, aischrolatreia, 'alf a mo Kaiser, Alfred E. Packer, all cops are unfair, all men hate to hear, all of a clister, all sex and thunder, all shot no powder, Allas! What wonder!, Almost Cut My Hair, aloglagnia, alone athwart a, alone together, alpha and beta, alter the altar, alter the future, alterna-alda, alterna-boner, alterna-booger, alterna-duffer, alternaleper, alterna-lobster, alterna-loser, alterna-poser, alternapouter, alterna-sphincter, alterna-sucker, always a pleasure, amateur kisser, Amber Valletta, ambient sleeper, ambulance chaser, AMC Pacer, Anaktoria, anal visitor, Anastasia, anautarchia, and a pattern here, and a wallflower, and claim some corners, and dumb and dumber, and every color, and here's the kicker, and human bothers, and I cleaned her ears, and inferiors, and into ploughshares, and the winners are, (and then more laughter), and then there were four, and there were rumors, and with ideas, and you your water, Andy Warhola, Anglophilia, angry and bitter, animal dander, animal lover, animal matter, animal welfare, Anna Livia, annoys an oyster, annye camara, another author, another era, another order, another trucker, anti-Big Brother, any gas faster, any mass slaughter, anywhere but here, anywhere near her, anywhere near here, appear hours after, appeared in the air, Apple computer, apple turnover, applying surmah, après la lettre, aprosexia, aqua-net-cha-cha, arbor or bowler, archphilosopher, arcubalister, Ardah was martyred, are just ideas, are neither better, Are you my boxer?, Ariel Bender, arrogant trampers, ars erotica, art sure no stinter, as good as ever, as it should whether, asafetida, aseptic splendor, Asian babe blather, ask questions later, assassinator, asshole Luftwaffe, ass-holes are tighter, asylum-seeker, at whatever hour, ataraxia, attack of asthma, attention grabber, authorized dealer, avant la lettre, baby worm letters, back to Africa, back to my center, Back To The Future, backward beat counter, bagpipes for lovers, baket lasagna, Balenciaga, baloney bopper, banana buffer, BananaRammer, bar proprietor, Barbara Kruger, Barbara Walters, bark instead of fur, barythymia, battle of the bras, Bay City Rollers, Bayreuther Blätter, be a wallflower, be careful out there, be from the water, be specific sure, beautiful sizzlers, become what you are, becoming warmer, beefsteak bludgeoneer, Beelizabubba, best-seller - later, bestial arenas, beta and gamma, better editor, Better? Much better, better not bitter, Bianca Jagger, big bottom hula, bigged up the chalwa, Bigger & Deffer, birds of a feather, Black Note forever?, black is a quicker, black thighs stepped over, bleepers and beaters, bleepers and bloppers, blispers and bliskers, Blobbymania, blond in the bleachers, bloodthirsty butchers, bloopers and beaters, blow for all I care, bluggy earwugger, blur are face dancers, Boadicea, Bobby Bonilla,

boiled football leather, bonus recliner, boom shakalaka, booths for two or more, booty behind bars, boundaries are blurred, bowling for dollars, bra before butter, brain transplant donor, breast magnolias, breathe underwater, breed altogether, Brian De Palma, bring me my slippers, Brother Wayne Kramer, brothers wed sisters, brown that just lays there, bucking the culture, buffalo butter, bugs and squirrels gnaw, Bullamakanka, bulldagger swagger, "Bullhead" or "Ozma", busboys bent over, business with pleasure, but even here there, But hey what the fuh?, but no vaginas), but this is the hour, butt the merrier, butterflies flutter, Buy Now Lay Later, Buy now! Pay later!, cake mix and flat beer, California, call the CrimeStoppers, called the Queen a whore, calorie-counter, Camille Paglia, campy leftovers, can't boogie no more, canceric clister, capital letter, career hyena, Carrol O'Connor, carrying member, cast the net wider, cataphor over, catatonia, Catherine Sloper, Catholic Finger, cats sleep anywhere, caveat emptor, ceiling inspector, cellar of horror, cellophane wrapper, centuriator, ceramide partners, certified Kosher, cervical muffler, chaka & pliers, change at Jamaica, cheap plastic pasta, Cherry Garcia, chews up space man ta, chiffon taffeta, Chippendale's dancer, Chita Rivera, (choking back the tears), chronic ideas, cigarette hunger, circular scripture, circular sculpture, circular stricture, circular structure, circular wonder, Clan of the Cave Bear, classical meter, clean shaved cloniger, clear headedness clear, close but no cigar, clothescheck and soda, clovered and clobbered, coagulator, cock and superstar, coconspirator, coffee achiever, coffee is cheaper, collective anger, coloratura, Come on! Fondle her!, (comes a step nearer), comes the evil year, confirmed my worst fears, committed writer, complaint as culture, composites concur, computer failure, computer hacker, condoms and barbed wire, consumer fodder, contrast and compare, cookin' cucumber, cooking on water, copycat murder, Corny Kelleher, corroding humours, Cosima Wagner, costa da costa, Could it be better?, cover to cover, crawdaddie stomper, Creedence Clearwater, cricker gun lighter, Crimson & Clover, cross chunky mosh core, (crossing to center), cruising on vapors, crunching parts of her, crush with eyeliner, cry like a river, Cry Me A River, cup full o' tumor, curio seekers, cursor disappear, curvilinear, cut a hair in four, cut slice gash root beer, cutanddry grammar, cyclopædia, d-gorgeous d-va, Da-nuh na na na!, Dada qua Dada, (Damn he's EVERYWHERE!), dance'all selecta, dancing dogs and bears, dang depadepa, Daniel Ortega, darker & darker, Dasher not Dancer, data processor, Davis Angela, day-glo lowrider, De Soto stale car, deadlier daughter, Dear Abby Dharma:, death of the author, death without borders, dehumanizer, deliver power, Demeulenmeester, Denim these trousers!, denunciator, dentonians cheer, depopulator, desiderata, desktop publisher, devoid of chapters, Did you come yet dear?, Did you eat dinner?, Die Meistersinger, Die Puffitinter, different answers, digging the fucker's, Dinosaur Jr., dirty derriere, disjecta membra, disseminator, divide and conquer, do not come in here, do not feed the deer, do unto others, do whatcha gotta, Do you remember?, Do you see auras?, Does anyone care?, Does music matter?, dog in the manger, dog shit as treasure, doing Derrida, don't know no better, Don't Make Me Over, don't talk to strangers, Donna Shalala, Doting on Divas, dotted with color, double entendre, down an idea, down for whatever, Dr. Joyce Brothers, dread thick in the air, drilled into your ear, drink myself sober, dropping Dracula, Drown In My Own Tears, ducks on disclosure, duk-ki yi terror, dung clay and creeper, During daylight hours?, e-literature, ear of wanderer, ease your system here, easy big fella, easy on the ear, eat less sleep better, eat more shitty boar, eat more to shit more, eating disorder,

echolalia, Eddas or Sagas, ehipassika, 8 inches or more, either eider or, ela man howa, Eleanor's bumpers, electric guitar, elucidator, emancipator, en la pagina, encryption software, end of an era, endure the hunger, enter a culture, epetai-zana, equivocator, era usherer, Erik Estrada, europera, every rote gesture, exasperator, excludes all others, exempli gratia, expression falters, extender thunder, exterminator, facing the alba, fagioli basta, fail as The Buddha, Fairy Godmother, fake brick wallpaper, fall into winter, Family Affair, famous designer, fan da see-eck-la, farts from the tuba, fashion dictator, fast it's a killer, faster and louder, father and farther, father and feather, father and fuhrer, father and further, fatter and balder, faulty landing gear, fawning behavior, fawning lackluster, fear for the winter, feeling of failure, Feeling the jitters?, feet in my face snores, fellow fishwrappers, females are rendered, ferreted fractures, Festung Europa, fetus a favor, fickle-ass finger, fiction is a bore, fifty grand a year, Figman & Sitter, fill the fucking floor, fin de siècle, fire extinguisher, first the rectal pear, forty-free frevvers, flagpole varnisher, flaming lips cover, Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours", flocculent zephyr, flopping like flippers, flora and fauna, flower brigadier, flowers need water, fluffer meets nutter, follow my mother, follow the leader, fondle the Friar, foo bar and foobar, foot in the white door, footprint provider, footsteps bathroom door, footwear test center, For Cristes mooder deere!, for ever after, for fuchsia furor, for me O Partha, foreskin formula, four-foot-wide path clear, four star caviar, Franklin Urethra, free trial offer, fresh fish oil furor, friends are no longer, friends depict toner, fringes and fingers, from sill to flower, from the ... whatever, frozen sea water, fuck a school lecture, Fuck you too you whore!, fucked up frizz texture, Fucking Madonna?, Fuddnuddler Brothers, full Danish hardcore, further and further, ga pa ta and ka, gagging bumfodder, Gandhi Mahatma, garbage compactor, Gaudier-Brzeska, Genifer Flowers, gentiannella, gentlemen prefer, geodæsia, George Santayana, get it together, get your filthy paws, get your rear in gear, gialalina, gimme an F cheer, gimmews of a spur, give a pig a chair, give 'em the finger, give me jizz Edgar, given up sugar, glad car and cur bore, (glass sprays to the floor), globularia, glorious hangers, go fuck your mother, "Go get the butter!", God dam Van Dammer!, God snaps his fingers, God! You look older!, God's eye on Goa, Goethe or Schiller, goiter forever, Good morning neighbor!, Good. Nibbling the ear, gossipy chatter, GracefulPhatSheba, grammiticaster, grandma's pacemaker, grawed on her lover, Grecian Formula, green rust on copper, (grunts once or twice more), gum stuck in your hair, gunpon-tooth ninja, H is for Hector, Ha Ha Ha aH hA!!, hadeharia, half-eaten lobster, half-finished sodas, hallelujah square, hamarthithia, Hamburger Helper, Hamilcar Barca, hang on a tick sir, Happy Together, harder and longer, harderthanallya, Harlem Globetrotters, harrowing teeters, has no point either, has signs on both ears, hasta la vista, hasta mañana, hates new ideas, Have you tried McSquared?, having the pleasure, he's scratched up Slayer, head under water, heartsore algebra, Heave a Havana!, heavy pigfucker, heir bin ich Vater, Hell and Maria, hella raw flavors), hellbent for leather, hemavathamma, Henry Kissinger, heptacapsular, (her eyes filled with tears), her later memoir, her more star power, her slender fingers, her sour sulfur hair, here's how to order:, hey look me over, hi you're on the air, high on tequila, his voice fells the bear, hither and thither, Hitler's plastered hair, hogs to a slaughter, Home of the Whopper, Homeric laughter, homophobia, hoodrat prudesucker, hoold thy pees doghter, hooly blood honoure, hooting ondatra, hormone don't pay her, horsehair suspenders, hot dogs \$1.00,

hot fuckin' Tina, Hot Fuckin' Tuna, hots for Demi Moore, hottentot
tutor, hotter or harder, How did that get there?, hummers oops
drummers, hunting the slipper, hurrah and huzzah, hymnophobia,
hypertext browser, hypochondria, I am just not clear, I am the illa, I
asked him whether, I began to tire, I believe in whirrs, I can break a
pear, I can do no more, I change underwear, I despise actors, I don't
remember, I don't want to bore, I dream teenagers, I Got The Power, I
grow I prosper, I had the answer, I hate my father, I hate my mother, I
hate my sister, I hate your mother, I have a spot here, I I everywhere,
I is another, I is for Ida, I pushed it too far, I really don't care, I
saw what I saw, I solemnly swear, I still have the scars, I took a
tonga, I want a new car, I was free to hear, I was unaware, I will not
keep 4, I wonder whether, I would polish their, I loved who you were,
I'll drive. Bend over, I'll come back stronger, I'll have a rootbeer,
I'm a great lover, I'm moving to Mars, I'm A Believer, I'm losing my
hair, (I've seen you out there), I've stolen all their, Ice Ice Baby.
Brrrrrr, icing each other, idiolalla, if brains were water, if one
keeps aware, if sounds and words were, if sounds like "ba" are, if the
shoe fits wear, if their meanings were, if you deal with tar,
illicitator, illiterate, impulse to titter, (in a loud whisper), in
absentia, in awe of Job's tears, in bed with saucers, In full bloom.
Better, In Living Color, In manus tuas!, in short - I fucked her, in
their own manner, in there and we hear, inamorata, incinerator,
increments never, incunabula, Indian giver, infundibular, ink
predecessors, inner and outer, insidiator, interotica, interpolator,
interscapular, Is a superstar!, Is it cobweb air?, Isabel Archer, it
becomes sincere, It Can't Happen Here, it can't happen here, it just
India, it might be a chair, it tastes like flowers, it was a pleasure,
it's a mess in there, it's not square to care, It's Now Or Never, it's
really out there, it's so bright in here, it's the last frontier, it's
your tax dollars, itchy to bugger, J. Edgar Hoover, Jacko Tear Jerker,
jag förstår inte, Je ne fucking quois, Jean-Baptiste Molière, Jello
Biafra, jerk the Jehovah, Jerry Garcia, Jesuit boxer, Jesus blood
never, jimmy protector, jingo or junker, jizzy yehuda, Joan LaBarbara,
Josef Mengele, Jostlin' the Elder, joy knob kielbasa, jugular letter,
just roll a bomber, kevo bo beeva, konsiderata, Kalifornia, Karen
Carpenter, karmic wadada, keep up the shit raw, Kenny fucks spiders,
Khaddi or Khaddar, khidri tai-gensa, kill it then and there, kill the
messenger, kinesthesia, Kinetic Honda, kissing a smoker, knee grows
everywhere, know your endorser, knowledge is power, La Dolce Vita, La
Favorita, La Giocanda, La Traviata, Lady Godiva, lalochezia, lamp of
life lobster, language barrier, Lankavatara, lap dance hernia, last
year's lost dollars, lateblooming boomers, leaden-eyed despair, learn
from the water, leave it forever, legends and losers, lend me ten
dollars, Leo Durocher, Leon Klinghoffer, Lesbopalooza, let loose beef
rashers, let me turn monster, let your yeah be yeah, Let's Stay
Together, lick chops and basta, licorice wicker, life as theater, life
is something more, light as a feather, light from a dead star, lighter
& lighter, lighthearted letter, like oil on water, like the ul-cheaper,
lingering finger, Lionel Tiger, lips sing in labor, lipsanoteca,
liquor is quicker, liquor store world tour, literature tires, Little
Jack Horner, little lambs no more, live teddy bears are, living in la-
la, lobster thermidor, Lollapalooza, long before others, look to the
queen there, Loosen up! Who cares?, looser and looser, losers from
winners, lost years lost dollars, Louis Althusser, Louise and Thelma,
lousy freeloaders, love is fer suckers, love is the answer, lover's
lips after, low on Pop you lair, Lucrezia Borgia, lure away lawyers,
lux et voluptas, ma bella luna, Ma! Pa! Whoops-a-la!, Maceo Parker,

Macintosh Quadra, Magic Eye Picture, Mahabarata, Mahatma Minor, make bread without straw, make go-go putter, makes my cat purr ear, makes my mouth water, male nostalgia, mama pajama, Man of La Mancha, man sal taa of twas, man-eating ogre, manage to expire, mantuamaker, manila lila, manual labor, Mao more than ever, Margaret Verver, Maria Shriver, Mario Lanza, Martin Heidegger, Mary Tyler Moore, masala dosa, Mass in B Minor, Mastercard/Visa, Max Factor factor, Max's Kansas-a, meatball regular, meatball regulars, Meatloaf for dinner?, meatplow cholita, Medea culture, meet more shitty bore, megahadoota, Men In Aida, mental enema, mescal endeavor, messier affairs, metal detector, Metal Militia, mi Uzi weighs a, Mi Vida Loca, microphone bleeder, mid-knacker snacker, might-have-been-tingler, Miller High Life beer, mind over matter, "Minds" says another, Minivan Drama, mirage disappears, Mission of Burma, Mistress Formika, mixer cum grinder, moist expenditure, mom's in a dumpster, moneyscrivener, Moon Unit Zappa, more and more water, more better faster, more cars than you are, More fudge Miss Taylor?, more fuel for the fire, more - I don't know - pure, (more on this later), more than mascara, more workers prefer, Mother Teresa, mother's aorta, movers and shakers, Mph. Snrph. Whassup? Huh?, Mr. Cashdollar, muddier waters, mugged by gorillas, music is of more, music to my ears, mutated member, muzaffarnagar, my afro's on fire, my bugged out desires, my dad went gaga, my dear I don't care, my former dealer, my friends go ga-ga, my jaw is lava, my work for others, Myra's ma to Mars, Naked Jennifer, Nancy Sinatra, narry unfit ma, nasal-stop cluster, Nature or nurture?, naugahyde is yours, Naughty by Nature, ne in noon oother, Nebuchadnezzar, neither here nor there, neither hither nor, neither spoken nor, neither will wither, never returner, New Line Cinema, niblets of faffner, nickel anymore), nickel bag flyer, nifty slurpee straws, 9mm, 1984, 1994, no city dust here, no rat droppings here, no solicitors, no will is required, NoBrain worshipers, nonmelanoma, none whatsoever, nor both nor either, not intended for, Novice drug user?, now - a disclaimer, now for the answers, now he is no more, now to describe her:, Now what's the matter?, nowhere near the car, nowhere to nowhere, nut meat inner core, nymphomania, O young Lochinvar, O Ypermystra, O.J.-ometer, obiter dicta, obnoxious hugger, obtusanfular, octonocular, odor can linger, odor of under, odorivector, of bear gallbladders, off as jock fodder, offending odor, oh no fashion beer, oh-ho and uh-huh, oh-ohoh yeah-yeah, Oiling his wah-wah?, older and wiser, Oliver Twist ear, olla-podrida, on parking Karma, (on the verge of tears), once every four years, Once Were Warriors, once were worriers, one for my master, one inch of Shakespeare, one way ticket yeah, one who goes nowhere, one-eyed trout trouser, oneeyed worm wonder, one well timed lunar, onion ring answer, only then and there, opanayika, optional feature, or a pair of pores, or four floppolas, or it's here somewhere, or scary monsters, or Tuva singers, or ubber-dubber, orategama, order the quarter, order whatever, others consider, others the other, our diarrhea, our future leader, our summer hours are, Our world? Our future?, out of hym and here, out of the thin air, over computer, over Ebola, over exophor, over or under, over sampled bars, over with creepers, overexposure, Oy! Do I suffer!, Oy oy vay iz mir!, oysters or spiders, pa pa he slep pa, pa's queer prayers shower, pacificator, padded labia, pain as a teacher, Pallas Athena, Pamela des Barres, pansy bulldaggers, paper hair curler, paper sack puncture, parallel structure, Paramahansa, paramimia, pardon my blooper, paronychia, party is rubber, passion and grandeur, Passover seder, past tense singular, pat trip dispenser, pause to consider, Pax Britannica, peculiar career, pee-ee and pee-er, peel back the layers, peep show booth swabber, penal pullover, pentacapsular, people bring dollars,

people everywhere, people look thinner, People of Color, people who are pure, Perfumania, perpetuana, persistent desire, person of matter, person singular, Peter Pan's Shower, Peter The Dealer, pharmacopoeia, Phi Beta Kappa, phlegmphenomena, Picasso Trigger, pick of the litter, pig on a platter, pinball pocketeer, pioneer leader, piping elixir, piss and golden hair, piss and vinegar, pister impostor, pit bull terrier, Pitcher or catcher?, pity thy father, plastic slipcovers, please explain further, please respect others, please take a number, please warm my wiener, plies her with vodka, plucking the feathers, plumbers and surfers, (plus a few ringers), poetry matters, poker in the rear, Pollux and Castor, poop ship destroyer, pork on Yom Kippur, possessing neither, post-dubya-dubya, Pound America, power to shower, powerhouse schnauzer, pre-op-cock-sucker, pre-op-cop-socket, prenasal wheezer, prepare for pa's prayers, prevaricator, prospopoeia, prick me prick me yeah, Pride=Power, prioritizer, problem child squealer, Professor Longhair, prognosticator, prolegomena, prose literature, proves nothing Voltaire, psychedelia, punched a promoter, push him out of doors, put under coasters, [put your band name here], python siphoner, quacks blue quacks make her, Quadrophenia, Que Sera Sera, Queen of Corona, Queen Victoria, Questa o Quella, question all answers, question and butter, question the answers, quinquarticular, Quit licking my ear!, R is for Rhoda, racist opera, raddest thing ever, radiant beaver, radical gesture, rah rah sis boom bah, raw queer's rear sour sore, razza-matazza, really remember, rectilinear, red and pink flavors, redoubled vigor, refrigerator, regular viewers, regurgitator, relive the laughter, reread another, resartus sartor, retroflex timbre, Richard Carpenter, rivers of Russia, roast beef or water, robbing foreigners, Rocket To Russia, rocks are God's sculptures, Rome's days are numbered, rose color stroof hire, rotten to the core, row your ass back where, rubber pudenda, rubber spatula, ruined your summer, Russia (in Asia), Sabin Danziger, sac room spectator, Sachchidānanda, sacrificator, sailing on a prayer, Salami Lama, salted voobaha, same as it ever, sassy savoir faire, saturnalia, sausage and peppers, save your saliva, saw a sight-saver, saw sheer raw rear scars, saw sulfur structure, say "Ding!" at each floor, "Say su-gar." "Su-gar.", Scarlett O'Hara, scarrier sister, scaryarea, schizophrenia, schleprock propeller, scopophilia, scratching the boarders, screwed by the dollar, scrotum self-repair, scrub your corona, Seconds of Pleasure, seen on Pavlov's door, Seinte Petres soster?, seller of horror, semen and fiber, semicircular, sensitive paper, sensor and censor, sermocinator, setdown secular, severed at shoulder, sewer area, sex bombs in trauma, shake a brown bomber, Shakti and Shakta, Shann matched Tabaqah, she said she was tired, she smells like a bar, she's a cop-sock-er, sheepskin seatcovers, sheer raw rear scar scare, sheketz or shiksa, shifting up a gear, shit from shinola, shit more to eat more, shit on his fingers, shit shave and shower, shit the media, shit-like camcorders, Shiva! Oh Shiva!, shiver me timbers, shock of a tazer, shoe in my armchair, shoot the scene over, short turns and encores, shortly thereafter, shout 1-2-3-4, show me a 'footer, side winder binder, siempre viva, signing off the air, Sigourney Weaver, silly in 5 years, sim-sala-bim-ba, Simone deBeauvoir, sincere idea, Sinead O'Connor, Sister Golden Hair, (sits lost in wonder), sitting on the floor, 60654, Skullapalooza, slap a gag order, slaves of the future, sleazy old geezer, sleeping in a jar, sleepy ketubah, slide finger under, small breasts are chicer, (smelling his finger), smells getting sweeter, Smoke On The Water, smoker is quicker, smoking a kisser, snares supernova, sniff watch and finger, sniffing my finger, sniper in Nassau, socute-ya-wanna, so grease out nigga, social caliber, soft-

handed slumber, some girls may require, some months it is yeah,
somebody's shoulder, something or other, sonic transducer, sooner or
later, sorry wrong number, sort of this thing where, Sound familiar?,
space-age bachelor, Spare a spatula?, speed the pavement tore,
spiderland washer, spill a lot of beer, spines all-a-shiver, split when
its right for, Sport? Of what color?, spring into summer, Squirrel-Nut
Zippers, S. Anthonies fier, staggering pleasure, stained teeth and
fingers, Stand and Deliver, standard procedure, Star Spangled Banner,
Star Spangled Bummer, star of home father, stately Wayne Manor,
statement of number, stay high forever, steaming hot kanga, Steely Dan
rather, Stephanie Seymour, Stiff Little Fingers, still life with
matzoh, stoked on the jester, stones on another, stooty club culture,
stop dissing Hammer, Straights of Gibraltar, Strain Andromeda,
strapping apehanger, stream of ideas, stress table manners, stretching
the borders, string of a reader, stringing together, stroking the
thighs sir, structive behaviors, strung out on downers, studded dog
collar, stuff it deep up there, stump in the gutter, substance abusers,
suburban humor, suck the nipple sir, sucking on the stairs, sucking the
preacher, (suddenly bitter), suffer ye thus far, suffering minors,
sugar magnesia, summam scrutemur, summer's idler hours, sunlight on the
floor, sunny dinosaurs, super sarena, super valvular, super waheena,
superdopower, superior airs, supine spectators, supple and tender,
surfing to Mecca, sweat out the digger, Swinging Neckbreakers, syllabic
order, syllable counter, synaptic hardware, tabula rasa, tailor
retailer, take a cold shower, take an enema, Take two. Feel better,
takin' a growler, tamale tooter, tarzan tarzana, technophobia, Teenage
Lolita, tell me this before, tell within ten years, tenure for
teachers, terrier terror, testificator, "that buzz in your ear, that
particular, that Von Bargaen flair, that wall has more ears, that we
never wear, that's what Poot is for, that's going too far, that's the
mind killer, that's what they're there for, The Allman Brothers, (the
audience roars), the Bay Area, The Best Joke Ever!!!!, the best of the
year, the bigger picture, the cat's pajamas, the chunky sputters, the
cooked and the raw, the core idea, the corpuscular, the Counterculture,
the deserving poor, The Dhammapada, the dream is over, the epicenter,
the game starts over, The Great Dictator, The Happy Hooker, The
Hasheesh Eater, the head of Tuna, The Hillside Strangler, The
Honeymooners, the human shredder, the kick and the snare, the makeup
master, the meat was over, The Merry Pranksters, the morning after, the
name came later, the new is old here, the next Nirvana, the nineteenth
letter, the old left hander, the pain is still there, the party's over,
The past was better!, The Power Broker, the pumpkin censor, the Queen
of Sheba, the reader over, the reader under, The Reign of Terror, the
remote stops here, the right to arm bears, the second day their, The
Second World War, the smell of poppers, the smell of worn tires, The
Sperminator, the Sphinx of Giza, the supreme mantra, the tripping
spider, the tosser-saucers, the unheard hearer, the unthought thinker,
the verbal junk store, the vice of manners, The Vietnam War, the way to
enter, the weather is here, The Wings of Desire, the worst is older,
their lonely corners, their predecessors, thejedimaster, then hey
whatever, then you're a loser, there are areas, there are no answers,
there is nothing here, therefore wherefore here, they don't do colors,
they just want sneakers, they taste good to her, things are what they
are, things will get better, think for the younger, think of a color,
thinner and thinner, 39¢ more, (36 Chambers), this is a pleasure, this
way the viewer, those pajamas were, those were some lean years, thou
madest Eva, thrasher more hardcore, three days of fever, three four
shut the door, Three Musketeers Bar, 3-speed back shaver, through a

haze of tears, thus to transfigure, tighter & tighter, time was whatever, times without number, tither and tather, to eat more shit more, to lie at death's door, to please of others, to see I need ears, to shit more eat more, to the Kiss covers, toasterover there, tobacco whacker, Tom and John Metzger, tonight in Russia, Tony the Tiger, too fair to the fair, too much mascara, tool-and-die workers, torn ear lobe repair, tornado bowler, torturing readers, tough rough wet whiskers, Tougher Than Leather, toward transgender, tower of torture, Toxic Avenger, trendy truth-seekers, trial and error, trigger your pleasure, Tropic of Cancer, troughs of lasagna, Trout Mask Replica, truculent hamper, tuna turn flounder, turkey hamburgers, turkish fig peddler, turning a corner, turning to flower, 24 before, 24 hour lure, 20 years younger, twinkles will appear, two claws fave software, two degrees off square, two in together, two patties smothered, two-tone boys of ska, U is for Una, "Un anata wa?", under erasure, under fudge packer, under her tenure, under or over, under the veneer, under the weather, underwear drawers, undreamt of butter, unknowable (duh), unruly wazir, Until fathead here!, until he seesaw, until then stay pure, uphill gardeners, urethra cleaner, usa el poder, using the structure, utterly-utta, V is for Victor, Vagina Diner, valium coma, van full of grandpas, Vancouver cougar, Vasco de Gama, velvet urethra, velvet uvula, verbal arena, versificator, vertical structure, Vesti la giubba, victims clamber their, Victor D. Brenner, Viva Sativa, (voice comes up stronger), (voice growing fainter), vomiting cobra, von Bitter Rucker, Vulturuvvarnar!, vulvamorphia, Waco gun dealer, Wagalaweia, Wagner's operas, Wagnermania, wake-and-bake nature, walk under ladders, walking on water, walrus lisps whispers, Waltzing Matilda, War and Santana, warm cancer cluster, was I ere I saw, we ask no quarter, we don't know whether, we really don't care, we sing together, we're still sleepwalkers, we're taking over, we're talking cheese here, Welcome Back Kotter, well listener here, well served its master, well the world showed her, were barely aware, were black curly hairs, wet sari number, wetter and wetter, wetter the bedder, wetter the better, whales and bats order, What a jerk right? Yeah, What causes thunder?, What is Nirvana?, what makes the answers, when glances linger, when I made sculpture, when I'm sixty four, when in charge ponder, when in doubt ignore, when in doubt power, where Jews purge their tears, where oars are fingers, where the sneeches are, where where over there, whez ma web-shooters, which I remember, which therefore ignores, whimpled hosanna, whirr verbalizer, whispers and whiskers, White Castle Sliders, whitetrash-o-rama, whithersoever, Who gets the finger?, Who stole my water?, who what why when where, Who you callin' a...?, Who's doing better?, Who's minding the store?, whomever and where, Why Centrum Silver?, Why look! It's a pair!, Why should we bother?, will weather warfare, Willie's weed-whacker, wind on the water, Winners and Losers, Winifred Wagner, Winona Ryder, wirrywisloker, with standard dual air, withdraw your member, without the ever, Wo ist Brünnhilda, women libbers are, Woodstock '94, woodsy aroma, Woody and Mia, woolsey expander, words on the cover, words tossed together, wrenches the jerker, Wrestlemania, wristy leg spinners, writers are better, Xeramide Pur, xerox candy bar, Y U I Orta, yeah free your mind sure, yeah hacha hacha, yearning and desire, years in the litter, yellow Jewish stars, yes after dinner, "Yes" is the answer, yidishe mama, yogurt has culture, Yoknapatawpha, yoo in the butchers, you blondy liar, you can kiss: you are, you get the picture, "you had to be there", you have just entered..., you have no h00ters, you hurt I suffer, you suck the flower, You sure? Sure I'm sure, you're getting warmer, you're moving forward, you're not a failure, you're quite the scenester, You've Got

The Power, Young Black Teenagers, younger and tanner, your cheap aroma,
your friend Tom Brokaw, your guts for garters, your Mazda dealer, your
poor daddy's ear, yours for \$2, youth lasts for ever, yu idiot yah,
Yugoslavia, Z is for Zilla, Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah;

VI

A book of dates and fears, a boy's first manicure, a cheap tawdry affair, a cigarette later, a cynical press corp, a day or so later, a diller a dollar, a double-beat meter, a double-meat beater, a friend lost his father, a glass for Elijah, a good stiff enema, a herb used by fullers, a jar full of fingers, a Jew lost a quarter, a Jew snaps his fingers, a Jonestown survivor, a kick for good measure, a knife through a picture, a Korean thump sir, a lifesized replica, A Night In Tunisia, a night like forever, a nonunderwired bra, a pack of rug-munchers, a pan found its cover, a pillow of pasta, a pleasure for either, (a prattlish metaphor), a pricey hardcover, A Rainbow In Curved Air, a rubbing together, a sawing at his core, a slight of milk matter, a smiley face sticker, A spasm in the fore?, a splatter called nature, a spoken word lingers, a stay-bit and dinner, a stream of world hunger, a tear became a tear, a thing leads to others, a thoughtful onepager, a very soft creature, a white Stratocaster, a word may start a war, a yarmulke of hair, ablutomania, Abraham Zapruder, absolutely splendor, abusing the daughter, accuracy factor, activists live longer, actually I'm sure, add half an hour and moore, Adobe Pagemaker, adventures in failure, Afrika Bambaataa, after Ten Years After, again felt a desire, air-conditioned mecca, airbladder gossamer, Al broke up with Sarah, albacore ahimsa, all dogs are Chihuahuas, all for one and one for, all I can do is stare, Allah is everywhere, almost like you're right there, almost obscene gesture, almost second nature, along with Sun Crunchers, alterna-bla bla bla, alterna-messiah, alterna-ratchet jaw, always Coca-Cola, Am I a GenX'r?, Amish undertakers, ample expenditure, Amritsar Massacre, an autistic corner, anal cleft (cleft ear), ancient architecture, ancient paranoidias, and a semi-whisper, and as a teenager, and he said nothing more, and he sits into her, and here's a refresher, and it might reappear, and it will be all yours, and left a goat for hire, and my hwa calendar, and no maybe never, and please - don't quote me here, and rub it all over, and sheep on the pasture, and that is a pleasure, and the rocket's red glare, and there was a cold war, and therefore jell faster, and things will get better, and to end at alpha, and with charming chutzpah, and withered roses IV, and you're in a dumpster, andorra la vela, androgynous last year, Andy Warhol stutters, anemic cinema, animal abusers, animal enema, Anita and Kia, Anna Karenina, antepenultima, anyway I'm over, Aoxomoxoa, appear before your peers, appears to be a pear, appearslept through lectures, aquatic naysayer, Arachnophobia, archaic ideas, are better than others, Are my nostrils bigger?, are neither better nor, Are you scared of failure?, armpit hair aroma, Arriba! Arriba!, Arthur Schopenhauer, as we have done before, asleep upon a chair, assari virassa, asslicking minky star, asti-nasti-vada, at the top of stairs, aum blows upon vapors, aura appears aware, author from another, authority structure, avoid breathing vapors, Azzedine Alaïa, babushkaphobia, back with Smooch and Hoover, Backside boneless ones? Yeah, ball busting Bar Mitzvah, banana bandanna, bang your head on the floor, banister canister, barbaralalia, Barcelona bona, barebosomed blackamoor, bargain basement upstairs, barking makes my throat sore, Barney The Dinosaur, Baron Bets and Ginger, bastards with bushy hair, bathe in the morning air, be formless ... be water, be Sure to be drier, be your own transmitter, beaker kicks the server, bear with you than bear ya, beat the hell out of her, Beef. It's what's for dinner, before I was aware, before they can conquer, begin to get longer, being themselves obscure, bellybutton butter, beluga caviar, Ben and Ilene Dover, better Betty Botter, better late than never, better than a leper, better than another, better than

the Boomers, betwixt a brown-noser, Beware! The end is near!, bidua a gymbyre, Biff's Toxic SwillBurger, bimbos are everywhere, bionic jellybear, bitter in its satire, black amputee Buddha, black snow and foul water, black sugar white sugar, blinking owly black tears, blippers bleepers bloppers, blissfully unaware, bloody diarrhea, blown out of the water, Blows Against The Empire, blue collar bird watcher, blunted bumpkin buskers, Bob The Anal Fissure, Bolshevik Behaviour, bootblack wickerwhacker, bored to a bellwether, both knew how to shower, Boy what a bagbiter!, branded a rat killer, brief but bitter affair, bright-eyed brown-faced youngsters, bring that to me wall ears, brodie knob & spinners, Brush-a brush-a brush-a!, buddy-buddy banter, bug bit the big black bear, bumb blaster Kings cocker, bump into walls and doors, bunker down and not hear, burn more heat more shit more, Busier than before?, busyness to cover, but folks still chew gum here, but he remains bitter, but his pecker got sore, but I wonder whether, But wait! It gets better!, Butthead Metallica, by its very nature, by just quick erasure, cajun chicken pizza, call her Grandma Dada, called by the same letter, camembert crumbsucker, Can I take your order?, Can poetry matter?, Can we share the snapper?, can't fish in waters where, can't pronounce New Yorkers, cannabidulia, cannabis sativa, cardboard is tastier, card-carrying member, career-minded Yupsters, Carlos Castenada, carnivore disorder, "castrate" literature, cat "the can of tuna", catatonic no more, Catholic catheter, Cats. Now And Forever, caves always have flat floors, CBS no greater, cchheecckk yyoouurr dduupplleexx sswwiitttcchheerr, cerebral adventures, certainly Baudelaire, Charybdis and Scylla, checks take two weeks to clear, cheese except limburger, cherry-just-to-sucker, chew pork chops on clipper, Chihuahua buttscrubber, China Cat Sunflower, Chinese water torture, Chock full o' Bad Sectors, chocklet and venila, choking on warm-weather, chopped liver biosphere, chunky Taxi bubbler, Church of Euthanasia, churning milk of dharma, cld sit here forever, clear away the clutter, cocoa a cappella, coger de picua, color commentator, coloured inferiors, Come on snoozarama!, comedy of errors, comedy of t/errors, comma comma comma, commit no nuisance here, commuting with nature, complete self-surrender, composer-performer, consummate a summer, continuous moisture, contrary by nature, control your food triggers, controlled spasming bladders, copyrighting bothers, corporate and sincere, corridors of power, cosmic dance of Shiva, coulda woulda hadda, cows do it in leather, crazier I'm gonna, creeping on the under, creeps of literature, creepy polyester, crock kluge hack win feature, crumpled up newspapers, cubic craponia, Cuchulain and Emer, culture victims clamber, da ga pa ta and ka, Dada Dalai Lama, Daddy's little Hitler, daloonga daloonga, darker and crunchier, das all datsa a endha, date for female power, dayglo black-light poster, Dear Ru: A hymn to her, Dear SMadamir, death before dishonor, debonair fistula, deconstruction worker, Deeper! Harder! Faster!, delirium tremors, Della call Ed Stella, delusions of grandeur, Delusions Of Grandma, Dem trk a go ganhaaaargh!, demisemiquaver, denuded petit four, deodorant buster, despair of their fathers, destined for the butcher, destructive behaviors, deviant behavior, Dial M for Murder, Diamonds Are Forever, diaphanous lustre, Did she have big hair? Nah, Did u ever lder?, Did you fall down the stairs?, die before you retire, difficult fifth stanza, ding dang depadepa, disgruntled taxpayer, dishonesty is fear, disorder is order, disposer of desires, dissected descriptors, divers do it deeper, Diwali in Jaipur, do a Technicolor, do not drop on the floor, Do you accept Visa?, Do you care to go there?, Do you solemnly swear?, Do you think you matter?, do yourself a favor, do-re-me-fa-so-la, doctors without borders, Dodo Mamarosa, does a widower stare, Does

it have a motor?, Dolce & Gabbana, domestic magenta, Don't you need a Masters?, Doña Francisquita, door: \$25.00, doublemeat halfgainer, Dr. David Acer, Dr. Frank-n-Furter, drag as we are once more, (drawing a bit closer), dred affects a puba, drink straight shots of water, dropped hot dogs spilled warm beer, drugs and not winter are, dry as the Sahara, Dude awe you're such a dear!, duh duh diarrhea, dye all your underwear, Dyed a pet strange colors?, dyslexic ejector, 'e dunno where 'e are, E=mc2, eaten prairie oysters, eating it up blood raw, eating out of pure fear, echoes between the ears, eentsy weentsy spider, eerier terrier, eevy ivy over, eggs over Ebola, ego-diarrhea, El Sayyid A. Nosair, electric banana, electric Hot Tuna, electric shock collar, Electric Warrior, Elizabeth Taylor, elliptical slobber, empty signifier, (endorsed by Paul Anka), engendred of humour, ephiphenomena, ercedekenes curs, Ernest Fenollosa, eros was in the air, Essays of Elia, eternal consoler, Europa Europa, even digests paper, even the walls have ears, ever gonna wanna, everyone is Shakespeare, everything disappears, everything ends in tears, everything stays in here, examine your zipper, expanding a slaughter, expat bohemia, experienced fingers, explicit prima pars, explicit terciã pars, explore booger furor, extinction agenda, Extra Large Professor, eyeballs broken fenders, eyes too close together, faces strung together, facial diarrhea, fãces strung together, faith in the idea, fart in a colander, fasts are for the inner, Fat Free Mozzarella, Fat Free PromiseUltra, fatty among others, fear the heavyweight tier, Ferdinand de Saussure, fertility downer, 53-under-par, Figg Next-Wave-New-Wavers, file under: fudge packer, filling out questionnaires, filthy undertaker, finding a new mother, fine this muthafucker, Firecat And The Teaser, first person singular, fish eye self portraiture, 5 daily departures, flattery or butter, flatter the bejabbers, (flawless booty carta), Flirted with your in-laws?, flour power jawbreaker, "fly" meant move fast in cars, fonkiest shit on here, food clothing and shelter, For anything. Ever, for by my cylinder, for other procedures, forever hereafter, form has no point either, former signifier, Formica delenda, 40 Below Trooper, four orders of friars, Francis Ford Coppola, freaky deaky doodler, Free love. Dick. Lotsa hair, fresher and much finer, fresher fuchsia fever, Fridthjof's foster father, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, frigger in the rigger, from Cecca to Mecca, from nowhere to nowhere, from spectator to star, From what is most paper?, fry your face in butter, Frowning Atahuallpa, fucks like a school lecture, full refrigerator, fun from rear run from fear, funding for the Contras, Funky Cold Medina, G-string in C-major, Gab gab gab. Yar yar yar, galaxy don't you dare..., Gama's Islamiya, ganger a good goer, garden claw gun fodder, gargle with hard liquor, gender euphoria, George Washington Carver, George Washington slept here, Geraldo Rivera, gesture of the writers, get off my log sewer, Get it here. Sell it there, Get the hell outa here!, get up during dinner, get your shit together, gettin' paid thick zippers, getting where there where here, gin pinches is the law, Girl From Impanema, give cycles to the poor, give it a good five years, give thanks to my maker, give the next line after, glass dish on the counter, glowered through greasy hair, go deep into the fear, go for the jugular, go straight to the shitter, God Bless America, God does not see color, Godman Held in Mysore, going down the sewer, golly gee whizbangers, Gomez and Morticia, good varna bad varna, goosey goosey gander, got mugged by gorillas, gracefully surrender, Grandma and Maria, grease my palm I'll grease yours, greens and orange flavor, grew thinner and thinner, guerrilla theater, gulping down consumers, H.M.F. Pinafore, Haggadah militia, half a pint of porter, hallmarks of a culture, hand in railroad euchre, hand is a huge blister, hand-to-hand

encounter, hard to eat a stranger, Harlem Needs More Golfers, harmonic onager, harmony of the spheres, Harry Connick Jr., Has he gotten older?, hate songs in E-minor, Have a nice day. Take care, hay fever sufferers, he could roar from his rear, ... he one man ... another, he puffs on fat cigars, he slept with his fathers, he's a real insider, headbanging lovecurler, heal old scars straighten hair, heat more shit more burn more, heavies bimbo sucker, heelflipping elixir, Hello. Anyone there?, hello gentle readers, helots in the Empire, her dry sense of humor, her fingertips a claw, here comes a regular, here endeth the scriptures, here's one for the gipper, Hero and Leander, hierofastidia, high balla o dalla, High John the Conqueror, high low dolly pepper, hip-hop in the speakers, hippie hating trucker, hipsmackin' handringers, his penisolate war, his subject - his future, his tongue was muscular, Hit her now while I'm here!, "Hitler" as in Hitler, HMOphobia, hoggaster of color, hold chopsticks near the far, Hold the elevator!, Holy Modal Rounders, hona mama mona, hookalicious strummers, hope you pick a winner, Hostess cupcake slobber, Hot-Slay Rap For Sitter, houpur waggas til and fra, How did he wind up there?, How do you read flowers?, how round are rare flowers, How soon will they get here?, howitzing kazonga, human margarita, hung like a kielbasa, hyperaware of her, I admire her rigor, I am God. Hear me roar, I am no Mahatma, I am not the doer, I am sad however, I am the new Buddha, :-D I am wearing garters, I am your worst nightmare, I can only answer, I can't breathe anymore, I don't lie anymore, I dream suburbias, I gazed a gazley stare, I got hit by a car, I Gotchya uh huh huh, I gots 'ta get over, I guess it's why were here, I had my coathangers, I had no idea, I hate South Dakota, I have to bleach my hare, I like you with no hair, I made sure I made sure, I mean ... what else is there?, I posit my gender, I saw yet another, I shall keep him from fur, I shatter and splatter, I shot my teddybear, I strongly urge others, I use all the others, I used to watch "Rhoda", I want my own gender!, I want to be Buddha, I was on some rah-rah, I will not be ignored, i wish it were summer, I wish you were a beer, I wonder what I'll wear, I would have to uurraahh, I xeroxed a mirror, I'd walk a mile for a, I'm a salmon cutter, I'm a scraggly acre, I'm a white trash loser, I'm bossy around here, I'm dammed if I'll shavia, I'm dying of hunger, I'm feeling much better, I'm losing my center, I'm not a fig-plucker, I'm sure I'm not Ada, I've done this work before, I've had it up to here, I've had two Queens before, iatramelia, Ich bin ein Berliner, ickey-cooey lover, Idaho Alaska, idea I hear here, idea of desire, ideas with fly-er, if indeed it was her, if we're still together, if you saw what I saw, Ike and Tina Turner, Il Duca d'Alba, illegal-sized paper, Illinois enema, impeachment with honor, impeccably tenored, (in a menage a trois), (in an intense whisper), in fact almost never, in some dusty corner, in the car there are four, In this year. Out this year, incisor metaphor, Indecent Exposure, infer from the structure, information sewer, inital inertia, innocent bystander, insincere moon data, interlace the fingers, introverted hackers, invisible structures, Ipecacuanha, Iraqnophobia, is at an end I hear, Is it any wonder?, Is it native paper?, Is this literature?, Is your boss a wanker?, it is free and so are, it is the day of Thor, it just SEEMS like longer, it pays to Discover®, it talked with its master, it's not clear any more, it's a Stepford wife bra, It's Cheaper To Keep Her, it's my word against theirs, it's no laughing matter, it's not literature, it's the great white hunter, Jack Straw from Wichita, James Gibbons Huneker, Jenifer Juniper, Jeru the Damaga, Jesus Christ Superstar, Jews are the purveyors, Jews have nothing to fear, Jib-Job-Jeremiah, joyous Nazifiers, Judy Blume's Forever, juega la guitarra,

June is a blazing fire, Kabuki for seniors, Kafka was a momma, Kaposi's sarcoma, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, keep it to a dull roar, keep on truckin' mama, Keep! Keep! Stand! Stand! Jossa, kindle the boy thither, kiss my aura Dora, kit-kat stuff is butter, knight in shining armor, knocking heads together, know you where you are sir, knowing your own murder, Kramer Vs. Kramer, l'aspirapolvere, la-dee-dee-la-dee-da, labels generate fear, ladies leave your clothes here, laid hold on your fingers, last laugh of Lucifer, last year when I talked here, Lasts four beats. Lasts for years, lately I keep scissors, latter-day avatar, laughter is heard farther, lavender mezuzah, layers of words that were, laying four or fewer, leather and prunella, left handed screwdrivers, Lenny Bruce's pusher, Leno LaBianca, let me suck you before, let the buyer beware, let's grow old together, lick my legs I'm on fire, lights action camera, like a duck to water, like a fish to water, linear houselitter, lingering limburger, linguistic crapola, linguistic fiesta, lips sources of power, Lithium's area, Little Polly Flinders, living decomposer, living morning quiver, Loggins and Messina, logical agenda, lose the sense of structure, love muffin hand warmers, Lucifer metaphor, Luke I am your father, Lush cover caughtletter, luxurious texture, machine wash cold water, machines and their users, Magilla Gorilla, mainstreamers don't bother, make it better faster, (make me wanna holler), make people mad at ya, make the bladder gladder, making hardtimes harder, Mama stroked his dinger, mammary mania, many a panne of bras, many-headed monster, mass over this patter, massage the Minister, masters of disaster, material structure, McRibbed for her pleasure, measured by a measure, megalomania, melanoma later, memorizing numbers, men who kiss each other, mercurochrome slather, mess with the menorah, messing up my future, metallic sonatas, Michigan Militia, Midnight Train To Georgia, Misery? A mirror, Miss Pearl's sweaty pepper, mixing oil and water, mobile mediator, molasses in color, Mommy's little monster, monkeys grin and chatter, mooly mooly moolah, moonplastered furdoodler, morbid myopia, more abhor shitty bore, more German than ever, More meat with your soup sir?, More Park's sausages ma, Morton Downey Jr., most killer afterhours, Mother Superior, Mother's Little Helper, Mr. Motivator, Mr. Daddy figure, muffin on your shoulder, music and cowslaughter, my aunt has hairy ears, my boyfriend's banana, my Dad died last summer, my dog's better than yours, my emancipator, my judgements of color, my mead my ambrosia, my third leg is fatter, my way's better than yours, mystery meat lover, naked Crisco twister, naked people feel more, Nappy Headed Nigguh, narcissistic nature, Natural Born Killers, natural disaster, nature over nurture, Nazi sympathizer, nebulous spimenta, need another order, netsex hubba hubba), neuter nuclear odor, never ending saga, Nevermore Nevermore!, new advanced formula, new lime green wallpaper, new plastic ideas, new values like plunder, newly-clothed emperor, Nietzsche Neener neener!, nixes sex in Tulsa, no excuses ever, no matter - I don't care, no message expressed here, no morality here, no one can say for sure, no success no power, no that's what breaks are for, no wonder enigma, No. 1 risktaker, nocturnal revelers, non-cooperator, non-mattress mambo-er, none it fell down the stairs, not better just taller, not to think yourself hear, (nothing cool like Santa), nothing lasts forever, now I'm getting Skinner, now move up one letter, now seditious fakir, Now sir what make you here?, numeric nirvana, nurturing and nuclear, of fyve and twenty yeer, of upper !/4, of various colors, of what a waste you are, off manual labor, official verse culture, oh my ears and whiskers, okay I've read somewhere, okay laugh point fingers, on the name Jehovah, once the hair hits the floor, ond wombe and honda twa, 1) booty behind bars, 1-800 number, one hand

and a Clapper, 1. Pictures with Santa, !/3fats and fillers, onomatopoeia, Onward Christian Soldiers, oompa-papa oompa-pa-pa, Open wide and say aaahhh!, opera composer, opinions of others, opposite Jane Fonda, or a stinking fella, or inverted commas, (or me for that matter), or one hour we're aware, or one need go nowhere, or our lingua franca, or something or other, or they taste like manure, or your HomeEc teacher, oral air freshener, oral pear anal pear, orangultonia, orbital voobaha, orchestra conductor, Orchestral Manœuvres, order whatsoever, Oscar de la Renta, other factors measured, other sounds such as "ma", "Our minds" says another, our parents were never, out of sight for a year, out of the hot thin air, Oven Stuffer Roaster, over and overture, padded derriere-wear, palooka's papayas, (Panting.) The Corpsechewer!, pap smear culture odor, paranormal matters, paronomasia, parts a lot easier, passion for the powder, paste boogers shoot rubber, paterfamilia, peacemaking pacemaker, peacemaking pancaker, pebble crusted laughta, Pedro Almodovar, Percodan with Dove bars, perhaps I'd be worth more, Person X-Whenever, persona non grata, personality flaws, pertaining to winter, Philip's Milk of Dharma, Picasso Paloma, pick up on my weesa, picture of the power, pink pencil eraser, pink pig big pig patter, pinnacle of power, pity thy cataphor, plastikman is a prayer, play dead and roll over, poetry and power, poetry is of more, (pointing to the corner), Polka Polka Polka!, Polly wanna cracker?, Polvo's thermal treasure, poor me nobody cares, poor pa's queer peers appear, post your little poopers, pot pussy and peppers, pray for us on Hester, precious little "here" here, pressing on the bladder, prestidigitator, pretentious behavior, primer mi carucha, primitive enema, Prisoner of Gender, probably Alaska, pseudo-internetters, psychotic skitterer, pubic hair pinking shear, pudding rats rude sackers, Punjabi by Nature, punk rock all together, puntage to the hose R's, pure pop meets high culture, Purple People Eater, put your hands together, questions as it answers, Quick - spell America!, quicker quacker-backer, quintessential butter, quintessential loner, Rabindranath Tagore, race is not a factor, radiant behavior, ranch: where cows are murdered, rape pillage and plunder, rat-fink predecessors, ratio in rolla, rats in the pool filter, read in a linear, read in any order, read it and weep bubba, read it at your leisure, read-headed sapsucker, reasons are for sippers, rectal thermometer, red groovie screamed mega, Red Hot Chili Peppers, red Nevada vendor, rediscover wonder, Reeses Peanut Butter, regular protester, rejection of power, relatives in colour, Remember Pearl Harbor!, remember the rumors, replaced by the tuba, Republic Banana, resembling the quagga, resisting the closures, reverse diarrhea, ripple in still water, Ritz cracker lung butter, roach belt plus egg stoppers, Robert MacNamara, Robert Smith of the Cure, Rodney Bingenheimer, rolls rot in wax paper, Rolywholyover, roping like a roper, rotating pincetter, rubella umbrella, semen is another, sex is not the answer, sherbert-wastes of Mars are, Shiksa (Shikse Shicksa), stage diving from the bar, sadistic gym teacher, safe for use in dryers, safely eating dinner, said one to another, salamander boner, Salsa Salsa Salsa!, salt and pepper shakers, Sammy Davis Jr., sand in her underwear, Sandwiches or hipster?, sap-vessel in moisture, Saturday Night Fever, Saturdays at the Ear, save ourselves with water, sawdust between the ears, say an eye for hire sir, say it with dead flowers, Scene four. Open the door, scratch-and-sniff air fouler, scratch my back I'll scratch yours, screwing up wa/ga here, scribble scream and ponder, seat of the sheet slitter, seducing down the door, see saw Marjorie Daw, see you in September, semidiameter, senseless with a hammer, separate but better, sequestered wallpaper, sequitur pars quarta, sequitur pars tercia, seraphic predator, serio-converter,

serious outsider, 714 Rorer, seven seven footers, sexy as blank paper, sha-la-lala-la-la, Sgt. Barry Sadler, shake your moneymaker, Shall we have one later?, she-bird of his feather, She Came From Planet Claire, "she has shaved her beaver", She Loves You Yeah Yeah Yeah, She Was A Visitor, she's licking my finger, sheer funk I feel in air, shit happens door to door, shit more heat more burn more, shitty meet shitty bore, shoot down an idea, shooting polar bear sir, show me your fur mirror, Siddhartha Gautama, similar problem hair, Simon Bar Sinister, Simon Boccanegra, simulated picture, Sing Sing vs. Rikers, six miserable years, skillful storyteller, skimming for ideas, skinheads are dicks with ears, skinny ribs newly poor, sliding signifier, slightly off on center, slosh is softer this year, slumbering resisters, smack clothing and shelter, smegma mozzarella, smells like Magic Marker, smiley glasses-wearer, sneekemuthafukaz, snoop droopy dogg water, so don't give me orders, so he knows that you care, so nobody betta, So you love pizza huh?, society's pliers, Sodom and Gomorrah, Sofia Coppola, some people are better, someday when she's younger..., Sounds kind of sappy huh?, soup and human flavor, space annihilator, Space Shuttle Challenger, space wig with banana, spare pair of underwear, Spencer doesn't sugar, spend more buy more get more, spent some unhappy years, Spikey-Haired Dad-Haters, spiritual asthma, spiritual hunger, spotted with nameless scars, "St. Paul's" becomes "St. Pauw's", standing forks are richer, star topull up a chair, starr'd nocturnal flowers, starring Robert Wagner, Stars and Stripes Forever, stars brighter than they are, stealing from here and there, steel cornucopia, Steve and Edye Hitler, (still under the covers), stolen from Africa, stop searching forever, string bottom suspender, stroking their thick members, stud-muffin's love and tears, Studio 54, stumping tally-wacker, stupid and stupider, subject: Bloated Ass eh?, subtropics and vulva, Suck one fuck the other!, suckers or gold-diggers, sucking golden showers, suffocating pressure, sugarbitch god mama, summation hum under, summer's first blockbuster, (summons a messenger), Sunday dinner torture, sunshine on my shoulder, Super savings offer!, superstar car washer, support bacteria, surfing in Nebraska, surging latent power, survivor and driver, sweet potato hunter, "Sw-e-e-eet so-ong o-of bi-i-irds a-a-a-a fa-a-a-ar", swell beyond bone culture, T3 has 4 members, Take Me To The River, take your wet dreams elsewhere, takem-suckers-mulah, tango with two fingers, Tantra in Calcutta, tantric-egg-yoke posture, tearier terrier, Teenage Mutant Ninja, tell us what to look for, tend to run together, Terra Incognita, terrier carrier, tetanus-diphtheria, Texas' bad livers, thank you Dr. Zizmor, thank you for small favors, thanks man see you later, that smell of a new car, that virtues shed lustre, that's not shit it's feldspar, that's what your type prefers, the absence of color, the backwash of strangers, The Beggar's Opera, the best fart test by far, the big enchilada, the blessings of summer, the boom of busting chairs, the boos of a bokeler, the career of a deer, the circle drawn in air, the columns of text are, the documentmaker, the dog gets the shivers, the dust in the corner, The eternal Alpha?, The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, the good smell of Beulah, the good stuff kids go for, the Gossard Wonderbra, The Great Wall of China, the hard etc., the Heimlich maneuver, The Holy Hemp Sisters, the January thaw, The June Taylor Dancers, the King Kong of tenors, The Living Theater, the McCarthy era, the meat of the matter, The Menendez Brothers, the mink with yellow fur, the more the merrier, the 90's are still here, the number of letters, the other Ivana, the piffer on your pier, the power of numbers, the poynt of his desir, the price of the stemwear, the rebirth of super, The result? Snap powder, The Rich Jew of Malta, the second

horse is air, the sexecutioner, the sight of a spider, the smell the smear the claws, the space between fingers, the speed of sound in air, the squish of wet sneakers, the strain became a tear, the time will be all yours, the tube will squirt water, the urine was Al Gore's, The Vietnam Era, the voice heavy with tears, The wetter the better!, the world is my oyster, there is no need for fear, There was nobody there!, (there's a knock on the door), there's no real calendar, there's the teeth mark right there, therefore more sinister, (they absolutely roar), they all go together, they are French prose writers, (they look at each other), they must think like oh yeah, they only think they are, they suck one another, thighs of the beholder, things went smoothly for hours, think of a new color, think of your last lover, 3654, thirty-nine in number, 39/Smooth capture, this book of trivia, this has happened before, this is America, this is his deepest flaw, this is Mr. Hitler, this is what I live for, this is your shit right here, those old-fashioned rhetors, through the hair of Shiva, through tough rough wet whiskers, thrust into the bladder, thunder in the winter, Thus Spake Zarathustra, tic toc side job evar, time and space surrender, times ants the grape master, timorous on Timor, titubic enema, to dilute or water, to tell of sunny hours, to which did he refer, to work without reward, toast without tempura, tone-y up the timbre, tootle him with vigor, Tora! Tora! Tora!, tourniquets of desire, total wellness dogma, totally girl powered, track language to its lair, trademark: lips to die for, transcendently yours, transfigured sequoia, Tristan and Isolde, trouser anaconda, try horse tranquilizers, tuna before tender, tupperware pudenda, turn into a tumor, Tweety and Sylvester, 20% tipper, twisted honeydripper, two bodies of water, 2gether 4ever, 2 girls \$19, two socks short of a pair, ultra waterproofer, Uncle Geoff and Ayler, underground xulture, unleashing the horror, unrequited desire, up his litlan finger, uterus as tracker, vagina dentata, valuable manure, Velveeta 'n Salsa, venting empty anger, verbal diarrhoea, Verona Arena, very very clever, via negativa, virtual salad bar, Visions of Johanna, vivisected valor, Waldorf Astoria, walking your pet llama, Wanna be a member?, war wore their dress shorter, waspy and angular, water architecture, waterlogged Christ figure, waterproof vibrator, waves as waves are water, (waves hand and disappears), we are confined nowhere, we are very bitter, we burn in sticky floored, we do it for sugar, we got a grrrl gubner, we have touched eachother, we like every color, we love his character, we must hang together, we must learn to endure, we must think in meters, we saw Jerry's daughter, we want to be outlaws, we will therefore shower, We've been doing Panthers?, we've been lucky so far, weasel boy's departure, weather at any hour, weela weela wila, Welcome To My Nightmare, Well Endowed Female Stars, well he interloper, were never here never, Were "sports" beneath Pindar?, What a good boy you are!, What are you doing here?, What are you waiting for?, What did O.J. order?, What is a scapular?, What is going on here?, What is the Kabbala?, What is your greatest fear?, What makes a man start fires?, What more could I ask for?, What more could one ask for?, What will make it firmer?, What's an Ali McGraw?, What's wrong with this picture?, What's your favorite color?, when he screamed "No Future", when hell freezes over, when I am no longer, when I moved their over, when I walk up witcha, when in doubt don't bother, When will hell freeze over?, Where do we go from here?, Where you there? Did you care?, whether at any hour, which seems to run counter, white hot sticky gopher, White Male Paranoia, Who does Ross Perot's hair?, Who's listening out there?, whose arms are vairs azure, Why can't we sit down here?, Why can't women ever?, Why God can't get tenure?, Why I Hate NPR, Why the hell am I here?, why the Roman Empire,

why we are like we are, Whyamnwecnttlkher?, Wilhelm Richard Wagner,
William Edgar Borrah, William Pitt The Younger, William the Conqueror,
witch-hunting right-wingers, (with a helpless gesture), with its cool
minty core, with no control or care, (with slow happy wonder), with
style and a hooker, with the feel wet liner, with their snoots in the
air, with your nose in the air, withdraw your jamlover, without the
letter "r", woke up late in Sleeper, words of silent power, wrong title
wrong trailer, X-Wynona Riders, Y'all come back now. Hear?, Yabba Dabba
Doo Squares, yadda yadda yadda, yank my chain I'll yank yours, yeah
that's right do it ... yeah, Yeah where? Yeah here. Yeah sure, yo baby
pull over, yo - I'm smooth like butter, yo-yo with saliva, you can
thank me later, you can't fall off the floor, you can't shovel water,
you don't need a weather, You got an eraser?, you have no idea, you
kept us waiting here, you know you know you are, you little vomiter,
You see what I did here?, you unna arresta, You want to go back there?,
you win a hangover, your hand smells like tuna, you're a dirty fucker,
You're so zero number?, you've all been waiting for, your attention)
refers, yours is a growl-counter, youth culture catheter, Yukio
Mishima, "Zoom Zoom" says the rider;

VII

A baby eating razors, a baby in a blender, a baby in the nuker, a bitcher and a moaner, a bloated Sun will expire, a carnival of reefer, a cyclical enema, a Detroitcentric answer, a face ravaged by despair, a horizontal structure, a juggler a conjurer, "a leap of faith" is required, a little butter closer, a little dabba do ya, a lock of Elvis' hair, a man walks into a bar, a noise annoys an oyster, a portrait of my desire, a predigested figure, A Rainy Night In Georgia, a size 10 Woolly Bugger, a small mammal with big ears, a sorry state of affairs, a stranger in yukatta, a way to spot a liar, accommodation collar, acquire other ideas, actress/model/whatever, adaptive gonkulator, add some sliced paranoia, Addicted to your partner?, addition to your chancre, ah Satan sees Natasha, Ahhh. So that's what tears are for!, Ain't that right my bald brothers?, Akira Kurosawa, all and all is all we are, all apes are sprayed with water, all inspected have no fear, all is fair in love and war, all my bras have underwires, all previously acquired, All right! I'll cook you dinner!, Alois Schicklgruber, Am I my brother's keeper?, ambush fickle-ass finger, amor vincit omnia, amusement parks are a bore, an awed whisper reached my ears:, an endless sense of wonder, an eternal amoeba, an evening to remember, an old piece of vagina, an unctuous footlicker, analytical quiver, anarchy should be the law, and a' wi' ane anither, and along came a spider, and and continues past beta, and archaic ideas, and armpit hair aroma, and becomes in fact duller, and bring your icky sister, and danced the skies on laughter, And Dante's no slouch either!, And forever and ever?, and I set my face on fire, And if so — what a future!, and it's a him or a her, and Jill came tumbling after, and no hair is anywhere, and nobody shops better, and now death is everywhere, and now this is a pleasure, and partridges antlered deer, and some of us just live here, and that bed spreader better, and the ape flees in terror, (and the high cost of sneakers), and the plate gets the honor, and the slithy toves did gyre, and there oughta be a law, and there you are in a car, and there you were with your hair, Andrew Wyeth nails Helga, Angie Xtravaganza, animal tranquilizers, another opening there, another suit to mother, another x-citing ear, answer that you cocksucker, anti-haircut haircut hair, Any other ideas?, are either in the curve or, are our agony and awe, Are you a heavy reader?, Are you strapped for ideas?, Aren't you Mr. Cloistered?, arise the Ayatollah, Armed with barrels of laughter!, art is life made to order, artificially flavored, as different as they are, as far as I remember:, as if he writes on water, as passionate as pasta, as sweet as a love letter, as the end is drawing near, as x-pected another, as your engine revs higher, asked with sadness and wonder, ass bunker down and not hear, assassinated nature, asthmatic intifada, at most 200 readers, at the expense of spooners, atone-ness with whatever, Attention K-mart shoppers!, Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour, ba da ga pa ta and ka, baby you can drive my car, Back door huh? Good idea!, Back In The USSR, back over him to make sure, back to where we were: nowhere, backside ollies indy airs, bacon and cheese together, bacteriophobia, bald in the blink of a hair, bag quick we're taking over, Barney ties me to a chair, Bartelby The Scrivener, be a woolsey expander, be done with the profiteers, beauty's class of '94, becalmed in stagnant waters, because you got a pussy down there, Been a long time Jennifer?, begin to smell the paper, beginning with ideas, Bewaaaaare the monster. Bewaaaaare, beyond the period there, beyond the rabbit era, big buildings will premature, big muscles are not required, Bill Gates fought and won a war, biological warfare, birth is supple and tender,

black we like every color, black-tea and a banana, blew 'em out of the water, blood does not become water, blood hair semen and fiber, blut iz dicker fun vasser, body odor of under, bones and leather nothing more, boots last longer than sneakers, bottom-crawling scum sucker, Brad please let's get out of here, brand new doggie underwear, bring it on motherfucka, bring me back to my center, brings us back to where we were:, brothers be shooting brothers, Buffy The Vampire Slayer, Build an army of the poor!, bullets bouncing off dentures, bullish on America, buried under goat's manure, burning ants with plastic straws, busier and busier, but in hers only humor, but please say x cubed over, but she's holding up better, But what about all those years?, But will the truth destroy her?, but winter and rough weather, buttscrubbing narrowcaster, by the third and last day their, cabbage predicts a future, cabbalistic buttleather, cables instead of doll hair, Caius Julius Cæsar, calculus for your fingers, Calcutta penny loafers, call it elitist chutzpuh, call now for a free brochure, call on the muse Terpsichore, Camillo Count di Cavour, Can I borrow your mother?, Can we all fit in your car?, cannabilistic hipper, capacity to conquer, car after car after car, car-crazy baby boomer, carbo-loaded with pasta, care'n-eat is the next bah, caretaker of my career, Carnatic singing sisters, carnivoric sapsucker, Carthago est Delenda, 'cause we're faster we're smarter, certain social caliber, changers and rearrangers, Charlie Wheeler for Sheila, Che Gelida Manina, Chestmen of America, chick painted pink for Easter, Chinese ladies never swear, Choose Abort Retry Ignore, Christ did a cow shit in here?, Christmas comes but once a year, Cindy may be shifting Gere, cirrhosis of the liver, Class Struggle or Surrender!, close your eyes can't happen here, cock black as hairy murder, coherent for that matter, collecting sounds in a jar, Colt 45 Malt Liquor, comb the knots out of your hair, coming to prayers in a car, commas are separators, compare yourself with others, complete this line: "Caviar___", compulsory volunteers, conditioning formula, Confirmed: A Strong 4th Quarter, conquering fear and desire, convince me of my error, corrupt matter from a sore, covered over with creepers, crawl inside euphoria, creasing construction paper, creates a phallic order, crews without guns are goners, crows and frackles line the wires, crunchy technowitchdoctor, cucumberish dehorner, culture oughta dismember, Curck KoBANG rules forever, cypripareunia, Dante's inamorata, dark sucker solid power, darkening the vowel "ah", days whose hours are replicas, dead rats in the pool filter, deals with such a character, death murder or whatever, Death to the examiners!, den de boyz slam der geetars, Depressed In America, Der Fliegender Holländer, Derrida? Which Derrida?, describe the beauty found here, description never occurs, dharma dharma everywhere, dialects lack the alvedar, diarrhea is water, dickery dickery dare, Did someone fart in your car?, Did you see the drummer's hair?, didn't return for two years, die of overexposure, dig up some new ideas, ding-a-ling-ling-a-ling-sir, dinnerretention impaired, dipped in a grungy batter, dirtying one's hands further, discharge from the urethra, disco tour of India, discordiansolitare, disposable enema, Do contests need a winner?, do not crouch or bend over, do not rime with here but ere, do not send me chain letters, do the fetus a favor, do this that and the other, Do you have some flea powder?, Do you pee in the shower?, don't laugh at least it's paid for, don't bite the candy striper, don't bite the thermometer, don't call me whitey nigger, don't drool on my Integra, don't get any ideas, don't get carried away here, dookey's suffering minors, double performance power, doughnuts equalize nature, down but is not anymore, Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray Soda, dreaming ambient sleeper, dropped out of sight for a year, drown in a glass of water, Du sahest

der Walküre, duck ya head flips brief flutters, dummies hoodrats prudes suckers, durational works require, dyslexics tend to think more, e coli bacteria, E lucevan le stelle, each thing is at the center, easy to use anywhere, eat the apple drop the core, eerier terrier hair, eider down color matter, 8 out of 10 wives prefer, Ein Reich Ein Volk Ein Führer, Ein teurer spassoder mehr?, Electric Aunt Jemima, electric nuns dead badgers, eliminate its gender, Elvis impersonator, Emerson Lake and Palmer, empathy signifier, employ the vernacular, endure summer's idler hours, energy=matter, England's Newest Hitmakers, envious emulator, erase what is not desired, erotica as genre, ethyl meatplow cholita, Ever have to be somewhere?, ever the provocateur, every half hour on the hour, everyone else however, exception to these rules are:, exceptional receptor, excitement lusts on fingers, executive producer, executive wellwisher, explicit secunda pars, eyedrops and breath freshener, face that only a mother, fairer than the evening air, fake fur and slut's underwear, fecal matter is out there, feeling better who you are, fellow substance abusers, Femi-Nazis Everywhere!, fertility translator, Festspielhaus closed – no tenor, filed in manila folders, filth from the creamy coozer, first banana encounter, fishing: where fish are murdered, Flame all you want. We'll post more, fleet-footed zebra courser, for dogs and cats I care na', for once I picked a winner, For 20 years? 20 years?, 45 lucky crashers, four score men and four score more, Franco has murdered Lorca, frat rats became rock-throwers, from Mecca to Medina, from one word to another, from repeated exposure, fruit flies like a banana, Fuck him. Give him a dollar!, fuck it let's go drink some beers, fucked by the fickle finger, fuma a little mota, funky niblets of faffner, Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear, galloping mudheaditirs, gargles in the rat race choir, genocratic juniper, gentle as the falling tear, Gentlemen of Verona, Gerald Ford is no longer, get every inch of pleasure, get happier get higher, give within two hundred years, give your enemies cancer, glock cocked and ready-to-fire, God is good. He answers prayers, goddess of toilet paper, goes up and stays up for hours, Goethe's Theory of Colour, going for the jugular, Gonads! Swollen o'er the years, Good Morning America, googoostoopidzillionaire, gorgeous strawberry-blond hair, gotta give it to Grandma, gray-flannelled Bodhisattva, great swirls of melt-o-pleasure, green's my favorite color, grimgribber gogglgrabber, grind the faces of the poor, gum can't be bought anymore, half of the words here are hers, handcuffs only stretch so far, handle it and get over, happily ever after, Happy Hour isn't over, hats are faux fur and feathered, have his soup made with water, Have you done it in the car?, Have you simply gone too far?, haven't worked for the past year, he gave the cop the finger, he sold his soul to Santa, he spent his 33rd year, he thinks my vision is blurred, he was sticking to the air, he would whisper in her ear, Hee-you-o-ooo-o-ooookah!, heed the call of Africa, Hello dear. It's your mother, Hello! I'm a signature, help stop spillover better, her black hole in Calcutta, her own anal visitors, her soulful sour sulfur hair, her tearier terrier, here where there are areas, Hey Gandhi! Where's your trousers?, his roots go deep in water, his skin was like sandpaper, (his voice coming back stronger), History of Nostril Hairs, Hitler: Hans brring ze chainsaw!, Hold on! I know CPR!, holein-the-Ozone-Layer, homage to bad cinema, homely girl hates the mirror, honey-tongued Donna Summer, hooked on acid designers, horizon of our land'or, horizontal lambada, horse trappings out of order, House of Xtragavanza, How do you kill a leper?, How much did you make last year?, How much do you make an hour?, how now wit with a wander, how shiny your pages are, humiliating others, I accepted the major, i am sick of cheesy shore, I am woman hear me roar, I ate her

nonponenda, I came I saw I conquered, I can't even remember, I can't take you anywhere, I could have been anywhere, I couldn't go up the stairs, I don't change my underwear, I don't think that would ever, I don't work there anymore, I feel afraid to call her, I fell moaning to the floor, I forgot what it stands for, I got in on the ground floor, I guess it doesn't matter, I hate the Pope Suchocka, I have bent over backwards, I have to fluff my shower, I have very bad posture, I just don't know what they are, I just haven't washed my hair, I know but little grammer, I like my version better, I look so big on paper, I love hospital corners, I oughta see my orta, I pawsit that if you paws, I really had an "Aha", I screwed as never before, I set a whole choir on fire, I sit alone in this chair, I sit here and I don't care, I smelled it in my water, I steal it from everywhere, I sure is glad you got star, I think of Eustacia, I think the tree's on fire sir, I think the worst is over, I think you can do better, I thought I deserved better, I understand his anger, I wanna be a lifeguard, I Want To Take You Higher, I want to chow down papa, I want you meningita, I was told that I was uh, I was trained as a sculptor, I wish I had a toaster, I wish I'd met her sooner, I won a million dollars, I write in order to hear, I'd walk a mile for her fur, I'll wait another half-hour, I'll warm the wax in your ear, I'm a silent seducer, I'm a massive steamroller, I'm a wetta you better, I'm getting a hot flash here, I'm Gonna Git You Sucka, I'm not a player hater, I'm still alive Sylwia, iambic pentameter, iambic tetrameter, Ideas - to become more?, (i.e. unpleasant to her), if a bunch of Linda Blair, if all the world were paper, if dogs ever take over, if I hadda I mighta, if I wasn't a writer, If I Were A Carpenter, if it's New York or New Year, if Socrates had stood here, ignore alien orders, imagine an idea, ime iloliemi, imperative singular, In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida, (in a self-conscious manner), in all the hip clothing stores, in one form or another, in one way or another, in order to be proper, in the exact same manner, in the form of a finger, in the form of a shower, in the form of usura, inches in diameter, inky-pinky skinny ma, insanity your honour, [insert picture] THE AUTHOR, interior of Africa, interpol diarrhea, interrupt right about here, introductory offer, irregular jargoneer, irregular revolver, is like kissing a smoker, is not here and doth not hear, is outlawed only outlaws, isolate them that's for sure, it is finally time for, it keeps the meat together, it makes the week go faster, it must do this in order, it was rice and dead rooster, it will seek a new owner, it would be real fine crackers, it's a case of kill or cure, It's A Family Affair, it's an ocarina sir, it's easier to snicker, it's getting tight around here, it's gonna rain forever, it's like he took off ten years, it's like your nose takes over, it's not going anywhere, it's not that I would have cared, it's simple - jugg mugg cha cha, it's the way that the words are, Japanese body odor, jasmine and body odor, jj the bigga figga, Joe-Fed-Up-With-Pop-Culture, John Cardinal O'Connor, Julius Oppenheimer, jump the circle shot the door, jumpa bus and skip the fare, just a spoon full of sugar, just the sampling I've made here, Just you watch. The End Is Near, keep away from flame or fire, keep your eye on the comma, keeping in mind the dangers, keeping time with the singers, Ken to Ken token gesture, kerplunk the following year, Kick me in the balls! Shit yeah!, kill someone wearing a fur, kill your parents and teachers, Killer Bees Cross The Border, Kinda like Suzy Kwan eh?, kinesthetic jawbreaker, Kissinger the dirt master, kitty kittle a boiler, Klein bottle for rent - inquire, koffundschnplitterpoluter, La Isla Pat Morita, La Pasionaria, lace and its manufacture, lack of a parent figure, lackluster euthanasia, Lady Chatterly's Lover, large white eagle terrier, late later and much

later, late of Pablo Fanques Fair, laughing at the foreigners, Lawrence of Arabia, lawyer oh I mean liar, leave a box between the doors, let us break bread together, let's all be weird together, Let's get the hell out of here!, let's make dinner together, Let's Spend The Night Together, liar liar pants on fire, lick my legs that's what matters, Life Liberty and Oprah, Lifesize Pumpkinhead Creature?, like a fucking movie star, like a gooey computer, like the bed of a fakir, limit one per customer, Linda Evangelista, lions and tigers and bears, lips look real only better, LIRR conductors, listening to Frank Zappa, little pitchers have big ears, log sewer taking over, look at what a mess you are, look the old bitch is back – yeah, looking for ink jet soldiers, Looking For Mr. Goodbar, lose fluorescent Christmas cheer, lost a family member, lost in my own food to care, lost my pocket protector, love matters not hair color, Love Will Keep Us Together, Lovie sissie forever!, (lowering voice even more), Lucia di Lammermoor, macing a perfume tester, made him a living creature, made when the world was still pure, Madonna's Erotica, Magical Mystery Tour, Mahmoud Abouhalima, major crunch going on here, make peace with your bartender, Make war not sex – it's safer!, manhandle the Monsignor, many things went together, Marijuana Use Higher, marriage ended her career, Mary Ann and The Skipper, may you live long and prosper, maybe break some bonehead jaws, maybe spilling the water, Maybe the cream cheese turned sour?, meanwhile back in the shower, meatmeister cop and speeder, melanoma no longer, melting his strings everywhere, Melville's Marginalia, Merchant Ivory tower, Meryl Streep wearing rubber, message to the messengers, mi casa es su casa, mine are 5 times funnier, miscellaneous shanker, miscellaneous under, misinformed hysteria, mkdir matter: cat>matter, modern art for another, monks accustomed to wander, more ignorance less desire, more water for Kibumba, most babies smell like butter, morning becomes Electra, Muffy! Drop that dried pig's ear!, multi-gazillion \$, murder a fur coat owner, music of elevators, must be 18 or older, muted acid Messiah, Mutual of Omaha, my cold mad feary father, my jock-strap holds up the stars, my mind has lost its order, my name is Forest Sawyer, my subconscious says never, my throat filled with saliva, my world ends at my finger, namoratnatrayaya, narrowly appraising her, National Enquirer, natural lemon flavor, naught or what should be taught her, neaheaheahear, neither hither nor yonder, (nervously fingering hair), never worry never fear, News Weasles. Good idea, next up: Gramps has Alzheimer's, Nicenquick. Ontop. Pube. Ahhh, Nixon Now More Than Ever, no esta intercourses, No hope or glory or duh!, (No it ain't Crystal Waters), no odor whatsoever, no order whatsoever, no thanks – I don't eat sugar, nobody does it better, nobody reads anymore, nobody's safe anymore, nomadic attic dweller, nonsensical adventures, nonunderwired wahoodler, not a 900#, not a fart it will cost ya, not Arnold Schwarzenegger, not coke or mack or harder, not if you're moving forward, Notes Of A Grouchy Eater, nothing kills hard-ons faster, (notice the even number), now frequently we wonder, now there's a twisted sister, now you know pork is butter, Now who was Japeth's father?, nudity taking over, O is to compare lobster, O.J. Simpson In White Car, O.K. speak to you later, obituary writer, obsession with "forever", Officer Faces Ouster, oh moon of Alabama, "Oh" said pussy. "That's not fair.", oh you know how women are, oh you're no fun anymore..., one author from another, One Bourbon One Scotch One Beer, one boy loves vacuum cleaners, one cut two cut three cut four, one day I got the visor, one day this will be all yours, ! 2cup chopped bell pepper, one is the magic number, one may say of the bearer, 1-900-HOT-LEATHER, one thing leads to another, only in America, only one ball and some hair, only Superman's father, only to

rediscover, only wear polyester, ophys for real propeller, or a change of underwear, or a fat flapjack flapper, or a slight boo-boo somewhere, or a squirting seminar, or a student in flippers, or cynic philosopher, or it's a stick of butter, or its lack of sense bothered, or perhaps blind is better, Or we could play Dueling Ears?, original moniker, Original Ray's Pizza, oshkosh nitro kadia, our glasses filled with water, our intelligentsia, out there in exurbia, Overture For Imposter, ownership whatsoever, Pamela Zarubica, papa ponna and ranna, park my car in Harvard yard, parties oppose each other, Party? Party? Party. Where?, passed all the water served here, past regrets and future fears, pat fish is alas wider, pathetic little wanker, (patting her on the shoulder), Paul Revere and The Raiders, Paulina Porizkova, Peaches en Regalia, Pears en Apologia, peeling a fine green banana, people coming together, People get on your nerves? Yeah, people who know say "Honda", people who need people are, pepper in the dogwater, Pepperidge Farms remembers, perhaps we've suppressed it or, perpetual outsider, pH Level: # pHair, phalanx of particulars, Phantom of the Opera, Philip's Milk of Magnesia, pick crow pick and have no fear, Pimp-mobile or Low-rider, pipe snipe recipe and choir, Plastic Fantastic Lover, playing the Tickle Monster, please don't take my air mister, please sir you're a dadua, pleasure is to give pleasure, poetic satyagraha, Poetry=Loser, poets and philosophers, (pointing long slender finger), points fed upon each other, pointy cornered square burger, polish it behind the door, Porky Pig in bondage gear, possession is half the law, postpetroleum guzzler, pour the poison in my ear, pouring oil into the ears, precipice of dementia, prepare to meet your maker, pressure picture area, procure proper underwear, professional amateur, pry the DIRTBAG off of her, Psycho Sushi Dishwasher, psychobetabuckdowner, pubic hair : black hair, puke ego-diarrhea, pull my strings and I'll go far, pull people tight together, pull the wrong pig by the ear, purple perpendiculars, put Prancer out to pasture, put wall handles on the doors, Rabelaisian humour, rainbow colors in order, rat turds in a bag no flair, rats live on no evil star, really chump hare rama, rebuild the Ozone Layer, red leather yellow leather, red red meat's stark bad livers, Refrigeratorwcker, remixed remastered restored, remove it from our shoulders, resonance of ideas, reverberations linger, rewards for bad behavior, Right Guard will not help you here, rise take lame female Kate sir, rise with redoubled vigor, Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, Rudy Giuliani's hair, (running hands through matted hair), ruptured pustules by the score, s.t.a.r.c.a.r, said the two to the tutor, same baby three weeks later, same different both neither, same room different filter, samiam the gooks chokebore, Sanitation Engineer, Sarah Jessica Parker, Sasiand the three sphincters, save the trees eat a beaver, Savoir Faire is everywhere, say it with a hernia, Say mother! Want another?, scholar vicar and cigar, scintillator detectors, scratch and scratch and scratch Mother, scum-bag multi-millionaires, self-destructive behaviors, self-folding like a flower, sequitur pars secunda, Seventies high school stoners, sex is the best three letter, share ancient paranoidias, share the laughter and the tears, she drew the mirror nearer, she is in pursuit of her, she knows I'm looking at her, she needs orthodontia, she was one of the bangers, she works for the Grand Poobah, she's got a big kahuna, Sheena Is A Punk Rocker, shiny floor from all corners, shit all those empty-v-er, shit on a silver platter, shit splashed on some sinister, shovel dirt on the embers, sick minds transcend all borders, sickle cell anemia, sick's sick's fore Warne He cater, Signed Sealed Delivered I'm Yours, sing a song of Juniper, singular insignia, sip potent cut mimosas, 6. I have no more answers, small in stature big in hair, small timid woodland creatures,

smoke another cock cigar, smoked pot during the last year, smoking dank or whatever, smoking pot is much cheaper, snuggle beneath the covers, so strong is his twisted draw, So this is my life. Uh-huh, So whaddya want? Wicker?!?, So what are you waiting for?, soap made from the placenta, solar mica war and far, some boobs are bigger than others, some fetch coffee for others, some of them are head-hunters, some of you may remember, some sections may disappear, some thinkle peep I'm under, (sound: scraping of chairs on floor), spacey and rich in texture, Spam encourages flamewars, Spednovitch "Kashmir Sweater", spiders discovered in hair, spiritual skyscrapers, Spit it out ye wee bugger!, Spray humans with roach killer?, spread with ample vagina, stale in 1994, starvation builds character, stepmother as stepmonster, (sticks her finger in her ear), still nothing comes from nowhere, stilton brie edam cheddar, stomach overflow error, stop stealing my ideas, Strawberry Fields Forever, stuckin-the-'70s-ers, subject symbol metaphor, subscriber buys a saucer, suburbs of toenailia, successful thistle sifter, (suddenly straining her ear), sunset possessing neither, Super Mario Bros., supremacist hamburgers, Sure. Where's a can opener?, Suzy is a headbanger, Swami Vivekananda, sweep the dust behind the door, sweetheart facilitator, swelter of roasting desire, sword crossed T.V. antenna, T.V.'s most popular star, Taco Bell: Cross the Border, tak the gesarne of a hare, taking off a semester, tapioca Tupperware, taste unshakable structure, tear in eye your dress you'll tear, tear the roof off the sucker, televisional powers, ten times fast it's a killer, Teriyaki Tongue Lasher, tessellated orbchipper, than let it rot the others, thanks for the cheese and crackers, that accounts for the pressure, that I am getting nowhere, that's right a purloined pig's ear, that's what you see when you hear, that's why they call 'em butt-lers, the adjectives of color, The Aesthetics of Power, the ancient name for China, the Asiatic cancer, the barbour and the bocher, The Best Of Leo Sayer, the book provides another, the bulb is a dark sucker, The Care Bears Maul Some Campers, the chain of "guru-power", the cheese slid off his cracker, the commitment is not there, the cow's lips sing in labor, the death camps of Bosnia, the devil can cite Scripture, the ego of Madonna, the elder Mr. Mercer, the eternal ragpicker, the essence of the weather, the first and only odor, the former and the latter, the fyr the eyr the water, the grass is always greener, the great emancipator, The Greatest Story Ever, the hammer sings the nail hears, the hammer sings the nail tears, the head goes to the hunter, the holy womb of Gaia, the "I" of the beholder, the idiot polar bear, the iron is a banger, the Jewish Camarilla, the Jews should pray for Hitler, The latest word on skin care?, the lower self or desire, the lowly Moose of Failure, the major and the minor, The Mamas and the Papas, the man that walks like a bear, the meat was in the weather, the newbies and the lurkers, the older was not newer, the only tape of Linda, the peeee or the pee-er, the pig flew up in the air, the power of the letters, the powers of plump peters, the price of sound in the air, the puppet works from up here, the queer career of a deer, (the room erupts in laughter), the sentence as a picture, the smell of burning cat hair, the snow melts the dirt appears, The Sorrows Of Young Werther, the stars grew out of the air, the state of being kosher, the sudden dropped carriers, the tallest man made structure, the tuxedo of desire, the value of [] to flour, the warmest bed is mother's, the water in the water, The Who mirage disappears, the wife of William Shakespeare, the wind blew into the air, the winter of their despair, the wiser the waywarder, the wonder from down under, the word for masturbator, the work proceeded over, the world hates the informer, the young body collectors, then do yourself a favor, there are few

however, there are questions to answer, there is no crisis corner, there is no goal only gears, there's a joke in there somewhere, there's a Mr. Hitler here, there's comedy everywhere, there's something stuck in my ear, these are the criteria:, these fragments you have shelved (shared), they are French philosophers, they got wind that I was there, they tell us that women are, they wear now things everywhere, they'd edit "motherfucker", they're sexy but not vulgar, things get worse under pressure, things resemble their owners, things that don't go together:, think of a better color, think of a perfect future, think of several numbers, thinking I had the answer, third person plural neuter, 30 days hath September, this can't go on much longer, this is not literature, this isn't fun anymore, this like drugs 'cause it wakes our, this was sexual desire, three dimensional tuna, three words: Sean Penn Piñata, three-tiered tower of wonder, THROW OUT YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, thunder thighs etc., thus from ill to ill did lure, Tiananmen Massacre, time sits solid for four hours, tip sexy as blank paper, 'tis the last rose of summer, to both writer and readers, to break the pentameter, to convey truth to others, to fetch a pail of water, to pronounce the letter R, To the fucking 10th power!, today also is over, today's lithe tongued true schoolers, toss a gray hair in the air, town cops were teenage losers, trading on nostalgia, trancy ambience renders, transformational grammar, trip and really remember, trousered up like a fucker, tumblers in the nebula, turn the worms mix in manure, (turns away and moves center), 25 or 64, 27 rue de Fleurus, twinkle twinkle little star, two sheep short of a sweater, Un Ballo in Maschera, unconscious of disaster, Understanding Media, understatement of the year, understood understander, underwear exchange letters, URA fucking loser!, urine or body odor, use of the term "survivor", use of U.S. usura, Vanna White's Seven Drawers, Vaseline Intensive Care, veins that are close together, ventilated remainder, verging on literature, Victory or Valhalla, Vietnam Era Over, vinegary ass finger, waiting for the Messiah, waiting for young thin flowers, Walkmans Jeeps Benzes Jettas, (wallows in piss and liquor), Was he destined to suffer?, Was it er um ever square?, Was the weather a factor?, was upset by what he saw, water entering the ears, water water everywhere, we are in some way freer, we can catch a bite after, we don't surf and we don't care, we don't have all the answers, we found a place on the wire, we gather others scatter, we got a big problem here, we got a lot of offers, we gotta get outta here, we have all been here before, we have no new ideas, we must all hang together, we should have him for dinner, we'll have his balls for garters, We're happy consumers now!, We're here! We're queer! Chacha-cha!, wear your seat belt - it's the law, weeping willow hanging o'er, Weimar stinks of Swastikas, welcome to America, well I know one thing for sure, well that's OK it hangs there, well they're getting sleazier, What a beautiful boxer!, what a deaf man doesn't hear, What are you doing with yours?, What do you think of Wagner?, What does it signify here?, what endures is what matters, What if for the entire year?, What makes you so much better?, What sounds are you going for?, What underwear do you wear?, What was the date of the year?, What's a Jewish dilemma?, What's black and eats bananas?, What's that blue thing doing here?, What's a tall drink of water?, What's it like to remember?, when a walrus lisps whispers, When is a door not a door?, When You Wish Upon A Star, when you're out in 2 to 4, Where are we going? Nowhere, Where does it go? I utter, where love and Lassie conquer, where the cold waves had toucester, where you were a foreigner, whether or not it seems clear, while combing his auburn hair, whips make vows and I might dare, whistlers whispers and whiskers, Who fuck 10 extra workers?, Who knows? Who cares? Why

bother?, Who made the salad? Caesar, Who needs honey when sugar?, Who sets the parameters?, Who slew the minitaur?, Who were the hitless wonders?, Who's in the CD player?, whom I beseech to favor, Why? Because I'm your father!, why buy: you can kiss: you are, Why did I sodomize her?, Why did the tree fall over?, Why do my numbers never?, Why is brassiere singular?, Why is the universe here?, Why work like a slave for years?, will make my batter better, win a trip to Jamaica, wisdom from literature, with boots on I feel secure, with fellow hate-club members, with stylish ethnic footwear, with the mints from #4, with their wares and carts and cares, woody face would gel weller, words as slave sound as master, wrapped in brown cigar paper, writing a simple letter, writing under erasure, x-citing ear x-pander, x-rated fairy finger, yams and zeppelins appear, Yawn. Don't cover your mouth. Roar, yawn for the hearing impaired, years later at 84, yehudabenyehuda, Yes! He has no banana!, yes we have no bananas, Yoda uses bad grammar, you are a child of nature, you are never alone here, you can (and should) grow older, you can almost hear her purr, you can control how good your, you can kill yourself later, you can smell it in the air, you can't hurt me anymore, you can't stay high forever, you have a right to be here, you know who from you know where, you may be my lucky star, you may never recover, You really don't remember?, "You smell nice" "Oh thank you sir", "You speak with conviction sir", you're dirty and sweet oh yeah, your Chef BoyArDee hotter, your little dog had catarrh, your prune looks like a liver, Zen? Yeah. Right. At the MOMA!, zip to do with cosmic laws, zip zop zoop abba zim ba, zircon-encrusted tweezers;

VIII

A beer does not come with in-laws, a Bohemian reformer, a bridge from nowhere to nowhere, a bunch of crap thrown together, a dog will not bite his brother, a few kernels short of an ear, a fly betty is really your, A frog in a liquidizer!, a giant Nintendo nightmare, a K in a six-pointed star, a leader not a follower, a little light in his loafers, a man's best friend is his dogma, a mother-in-law is fever, a number of destitute Moors, a pack of pathetic wankers, A panic in a pagoda!, a patch may defeat the weaver, a precise statement of number, a radiant node or cluster, a roebuck in its second year, a Roland for your Oliver, a side bar on straight male culture, a single kiss cool like water, a slut nixes sex in Tulsa, a steady stream of scumbaggers, a thirst for a burst of flavor, a very un-Bagsy platter, a walk under the summer stars, A Whole Days News In A Half Hour, a woman who inhales colors, a woperson of noncolor, (a word I've never heard before), abnormally white in color, (about what I couldn't tell ya), abrupt halt of stupendous snores, absence makes the heart grow fonder, absence of a sense of humor, absorbing stories people share, AC/DC and Def Leppard, Academy Award Winner, accepting words for what they are, accountants are good with figures, actors do it on camera, add mashed potatoes for structure, adds a lot of spark to the fire, aesthetic fellow travelers, after all it is Yom Kippur, after combing these sources for, afternoons in Utopia, agents do it undercover, Aha! The rhymeless rhyme appears, ain't got no stinking Listserv here..., Al lets Della call Ed Stella, Aladdin's Anal Adventure, alcoholik drunk-ass spunda, all be different together, all Futures and Pasts begin here, all in the service of number, all India into zillahs, all lime and salt no tequila, all the children they could devour, All this stuff here in the hangar?, all you can eat at Red Lobster, alligators in our sewers, Always Crashing In The Same Car, amaryllis sillyrama, ambiguous spot pawning hair, ambulance drivers come quicker, America etc., American Gladiators, an electric dog-polisher, an empty hand brings bad odor, anaesthetic elevator, and a nice girl's pad beats the floor, and better ones in the future, and curved again and snuffed the airs, and drain your nuts dry to the core, and enjoy it in another, And her dog was cured of cancer!, and I took my temperature, and I'm like outta here - later, and if that three-toed sloth's a bore, and it all does go together, and it's black like every color, and now a word from our sponsors, and spending the night with tuna, and talk about hanger-on-ers, and that is a fact of nature, and the opinions of others, and the rest is done with mirrors, and then came the moviemakers, and three quarters of another, And what other questions are there?, and with more power than Hoover, And you should see what's under there!, and your photos prove you were there, anna pimu kumi panna, annoys a moister oyster more, anorexia nervosa, another funtastic summer, another month another scare, anteloping interloper, antithetical theater, Any Supermodels out there?, anywhere is better than here, apes corralling human bothers, apupapin papupata, aracial and nongendered or, archdrude of the common era, are more than just a Nena for, Are we having fun yet Marla?, Aristotle was a bugger, Arrid. Get a little closer, as earwitness to the thunder, (as opposed to the real answer), as pure as a salamander, ask dumb questions get dumb answers, ask smart questions get no answers, at one time my breasts were insured, atom does hummers oops drummers, attend to some good idea, Australian butt chug moon river, babysitters charge by the hour, bad breath of scholarly nowheres, bailiffs always come to order, bamboo shoots under the fingers, banana peels in pool filters, banisterial barrister, Baptists do it under water, barbers do it with

shear pleasure, based on an actual letter, bassists do it with their fingers, bastards who give you evil stares, Bayreuth: Hitler's court theater, Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar, because language is free like air, because smaller is friendlier, beheaded on Nero's orders, bemused by the stink I am yours, better than her bitter butter, Betty Botter bought some butter, between these lips covered with hair, big hangnail for healing power, bigga mic from extinguisher, birds will shrivel up in mid-air, bits of food in my computer, black and white and dead all over, black and white and red all over, blame it on the bossa nova, blender blinder bonder blonder, blood flow over our gray matter, bodies are now washing ashore, Bolivian marching powder, bootleg like a mother fucker, boring after-dinner speakers, BosniaHerzegovina, bosses I got jump form cellars, both are called by the same letter, (both nearly laugh but recover), bought a bit of better butter, boy yu a go dead don't bodda, bread and butter for my supper, Brecht takes a piss in G-major, bring me his head on a platter, bristles studs acne and leather, brushing my teeth with a finger, buff and small smoking red letters, bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar, bumpa thumpabumpa thumpa, but "later" never came later, but a bit of better butter, but her sister ussessed to boosester, but i'm always a little more, but let us leave the matter there, but she said this butter's bitter, but what is sweet now turns so sour, but you made 2 common errors:, butchers do it with their chopper, c'mon baby light my fire, can be outwitted by a jar, Can I borrow your menorah?, Can you see the hole in my ear?, can't get enough of Brooke Astor, candles: primitive dark suckers, cannabidulic kavannah, canonical older master, "Cantor Don Goldberg! Are you there?", Captain Kirk pick pocket gangsters, carpenters hammer it harder, capture sounds out of the thin air, carving up her legs with razors, casting bread upon the waters, catterfly and butterpillar, caught in a midsummer downpour, chicken helps bind shit together, chiggers are included on your, Chow mein haggis sake vodka?, Christ that's Beaver Cleaver's mother, Christian the Kosher Kielbasa, Christians who observe Passover, churches churches and liquor stores, clad punk ing it all in and there, Cleopatra's nose as factor, Clinton Seeks More Aid For Russia, clock doesn't have all its numbers, closed captioned pizza delivers, coating the inside of glassware, coming back at the next number, commands your attention) refers, como palo de goleta, comparative literature, comtemplating America, consider and reconsider, consider good cow consider, constant phone calls from my mother, constantly testing my center, constipated in India, Cool girls and who you think they are!, corrects structurizes restores, cosmic vibratory power, couldn't call it literature, couldn't say what the "composer", create a plan that delivers, cryonicists stay stiff longer, cut an onion down the center, cut-off penises and world wars, daddy got a stinky finger, dancing about architecture, days whose hours are shorter than ours, dazzling bowers of soft retire, deliver Oscar caliber, Delta is ready when you are, Der Walletemptyung Meter, Dhammacakkappavattana, Diarmuid and Grania, did damage on the 3 and 4s, Did I ever? Did I ever!, Did I ever? Did you ever!, Did you ever! Did I ever!, Did you ever? Did I ever?, Did you ever? Did you ever!, Did you finish sewing my bear?, dig a ding dang depadepa, digital slaves of the future, dinkus simmers in late summer, discharges corroding humours, dive into an icy river, Do food makers get fan letters?, Do me a big favor will ya?, do not whine to the Postmaster, dock doesn't quite reach the water, Does anyone sing anymore?, Does it speak to you anymore?, don't ask me I only work here, don't believe everything you hear, don't even think of parking here, don't know why you may not know where, don't write without the letter "r", Don't you just love non-

sequiturs?, downhill skiing in Iowa, Dr. Kildare fell down the stair,
drew their swords and shot each other, Droopy Dawg strung out on
downers, dropping molten lead on water, dry is the way of the future,
e-lec-a-tric-a ba-nana, eating a masala dosa, (echo) "Brad I fucked
your sister", echoic of lunar laughter, effective sunspot remover,
egotism is the killer, eh the memories don't matter, 82% grilling more,
ejaculating fervent prayers, electric dreadlock de-tangler, electricity
in the air, electronic people finders, 11.896 years, emanating waxy
paper, empty sockets for this slicer, ends 'n' sides were folded over,
enraged eunuch double standers, Et tu Brute? Then fall Cæsar!, Eros?
Sidney my end is sore, every absence of a comma, every day has many
colors, ex-New York Doll Johnny Thunders, except rain and marijuana,
excursions into the nether, excuses for bad behavior, expander fawning
lackluster, experimental everywhere, exposing her je ne sais quoi,
eyelids to rest a detour for, F.T.W. the letters, Fascist jock itch
deep down trauma, fat and stupid like Rush Limbaugh, Father Devine's
Riviera, feed a cold and starve a fever, Feel sorry for MY boyfriends?
Hah, fiend castration should be his cure, 50 Ways To Leave Your Lover,
50 Ways To Love Your Lever, fill air sickness bag with coleslaw,
filmfare and a Mona Lisa, finders keepers losers weepers, finita la
commedia, flattery will get you nowhere,
flippenflappenmuckenschpredder, fluffer nutter peanut butter, fluffy
and then fluffy no more, for breakfast there'll be blood and fur, for
mutual oral pleasure, for suddenly I am nowhere, For what you ask?
Because its there!, force llamas in frilly attire, foreskin 500
formula, Fred Gwynn? As in Herman Munster?, free versions of the same
flavours, from Dan even to Beer-sheba, from lawmakers to lawbreakers,
fruity Dinosaurs: Meterva, "Fuck the porridge" said baby bear, fucking
get your act together, full of life love and without fear, furnishes
the motive power, geezers versus whippersnappers, gender doesn't seem
to matter, Generation Twentyslackers, gentlemen back to your corners,
(gestures and the man disappears), get a smear and denigrate her,
getting back to the subject here:, give me to drink mandragora, give
the people what's familiar, glory glory hallelujah, (glowingly) in
Vanity Fair, gluing a quarter to the floor, go on Babette - get up the
stairs, gone the way of the space hopper, gonna roll you like a pita,
goodness gracious great balls of fire, Got any Id Mr. Santa?,
grandmother's orgasmic seizure, Green Grass And High Tides Forever,
guess I'll roll another number, Hagen possibly a Himmler, hairless arm
pumping in the air, hand lotion inside of an air, (hand shaking while
reading letter), hands across the water (water), Harnessing God to make
odors?, Harriet Tubman would never, Have you been fucking Madonna?,
Have you done it packed in rubber?, having skipped through all the
letters, He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother, he asked about the lasagna, he
blew his mind out in a car, he bore her to the sandy floor, he had --
diahre--dyrea--, he had to be a Mahatma, he was a motherly father, he
was furnished like a hunter, he's got James Joyce pecs and he snores,
he's got the hand me down Pumas, he's got sentences to die for, he's
talking about Madonna, head spinning snares supernova, Headless Body In
Topless Bar, hell anytime for that matter, Hell's Angel: Mother Teresa,
Hello Muddah Hello Fadduh!, hello Teenage America, hemidemisemiquaver,
hence I must be meta-meta, her later memoir however, her pathetic
poetic roar, her virginal exterior, here I sit in shitty vapor, his
pathetic poetic roar, Holiday in Cambodia, Honk If You Hate Bumper
Stickers, honor someone who pulls on her, hope you die before you
retire, hot air over our area, hot and attractive crossdressers, how
absurd to think opera, How do you like your eggs father?, How many
"Immortals" are there?, How'd you like to be Madonna?, How'd you like

to mow my lawn? Huh?, How's that for animal humor?, humans are the stumps of nature, humming Deep Purple's Highway Star, I am your whirleds pro grammer, I bleed into your reservoir, I Can't Believe It's Not Butter!, I confess my ashamed desire, I coulda been a contenda, I couldn't have been lonelier, I curse all father-confessors, I didn't go to Bar Mitzvah, I do not have breast or udders, I don't believe in God either, I don't fucking care whatever, I don't like the top bananas, I don't think Nazis are clever, I feel the same when you are near, I fell guilty beyond wordsa, I glued the rice-men to their doors, I got blisters on my fingers, I guess it must be bad karma, I had the answer to their prayers, I hate my life and I hate yours, I have not the slightest desire, I hope Neil Young will remember, I hope this shit holds together, I just had a good idea, I just love Bill Cosby pictures!, I like my meat medium rare, I live the life of a waiter, I love my car I miss my car, I Love You Just The Way You Are, I masturbate in the shower, I pounded teardrops to the floor, I quit eating sugar butter, I rolled my eyes and scuffed the floor, I saw a fishpond all on fire, I saw a house bow to a squire, I shit you not on those either, I still like only life better, I suppose was such another, I think I've spotted a trend here, I think we are a big culture, (I told you they were popular), I took like a dick to water, i touch myself and i am there, I turned into Daniel Webster, I want to kill my co-workers, I was in awe of my daughter, I was okay in the winter, I was the drunk who was drunker, I wish I could lipread better, I wish I had Leukemia, I wish I wasn't alive ... Aaahhhhh..., I wish my neighbors were wilder, I wish that my room had a floor, I would put no hyphen in there, I wouldn't want to fuck with her, I'll hold this shit in forever, I'll see your big Jew nose later, I'll be wrapped around your finger, I'll ignore your cheap aroma, I'm a Pepper. You're a Pepper, I'm becoming a real longhair, I'm having all my plants neutered, I'm a persistent promoter, I'm as far from it as ever, I'm getting frustrated with her, I'm going to buy a sneaker, I'm just following my orders, I'm melting like an ice cream bar, I've been sick about this for years, I've become painfully aware, I've got the Dr. Hfuhruhur, I've had it in my ear before, I've seen you where you never were, i.e. Edward the Confessor, i.e. the colors cost him dear, iambic Evangelista, ideas are just ideas, idiots are minding the store, if any word is improper, if I put it in my batter, if I was black and I lived here, if it's fried it ought to be fired, if p occurs then q occurs, if wishes were horses beggars, if you get cold grab a sweater, if you see one movie this year, if you're a Thanksgiving dinner, imagining utopia, impels starryeyed voyagers, improbable phenomena, in anything there's no future, in English no less (remember, in favor of abstract thinkers, in my breast water is water, (in no particular order), in one ear and out the other, in reality I got hair, in the echelons of power, in the presence of the bearer, infinite space between her ears, infundibular jawbreaker, ink and twelve ounces of paper, <Insert witty end remark here>, instead of such says another, instead of this brainless jabber, intermittent diarrhea, invent a better pacemaker, irresistible like desire, Is Chookette and Strawberry there?, is getting to be quite a bore, Is Mr. Softee a scofflaw?, Is my time better spent elsewhere?, Is this a glass of water? Ears?, it ain't over 'till it's over, it doesn't cost you anymore, it even comes with its own lure, it feels like we're leaving Cuba, it fell to earth I knew not where, it is hard to eat a stranger's, it seemed like a good idea, it tastes exactly like sugar, it tells us who and how we were, it was a has-been idea, it was a nice little seizure, it was fun even for an hour, it will make my batter bitter, It'll get worse. Don't worry dear, it's a great time to be

silver, it's a skill like any other, it's always gooiest before, it's been a rough couple of years, it's Buster Fucking Poindexter, it's coming out in '94, it's getting quite stuffy in here, "[it's] just a nigger with flavor", it's just pig – pig on a platter, it's like a pop tart but better, it's not my problem anymore, It's not very Granginette here!, It's pretty but what is it for?, it's time to taste what you most fear, Italian Scandal Spreads Further, Italy in autumn my dear, Jacky shall have a new master, jagged thumbs of polyester, Joan River's late husband Edgar, John is cuter ask your mother, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, July determines November, jump up and down puke fall over, just the taste you've been looking for, Kelsey is frying his liver, kethas epetai-khemara, keyboardists use all their fingers, Kf7 14 g4!, Kick out the jams motherfuckers!, kite fliers keep it up longer, knock knock knockin' on heaven's door, kook-a-rama-shama-lama, Kool-Aid is all the same flavor, Krakatoa East of Java, La Divina Commedia, ladies may have a fit upstairs, Lance Loud meets the next boy wonder, late last night and the night before, (Laugh together.) Ha ha ha ha, Leave Yourprick alone! I don't care, left scratches or nail marks on her, let them drink their piss and their tears, Lick your plate. Offer to lick theirs, life without bears would be unbearable, like a kid in a candy store, like a seed turning to flower, liminates from the area, limiting claustrophobia, little flowers Fiorella, lock your door and trust your neighbor, Look! My name in the paper!, Look ma! I'm roadkill! Ha ha ha!, loud's bigga b were pulled over, lounging in bed with another, love and sex are earth and water, love is the source of the fracture, lower decker knacker strapper, lumber plumber bier but brier, M-M-M ... it's real angora, ma I don't want to fight either, Madhuri's "Throaty" "Yaarana!", make my stomach muscles quiver, make stick figures I II and IV, make the magic yours forever, make-up can make you look older, making milkshakes with a hacksaw, mall rats and suburban stoners, man this shit's not yellow it's clear, man who rides the screaming gasser, Marc Bolan as a teen-ager, margrave bey cham hetman wazir, May I see a show of hands here?, meet expenses they're everywhere, Meine Ruh' ist hin/Mein Herz ist schwer, men who have pierced ears are better, men tend to pull their partner's hair, mentally we're still sleepwalkers, Mickey's girlfriend's hands: Minny paws, might as well get a Mengele, Mighty Morphine Power Rangers, milliseconds before the "ah", mofussil or interior, Molly McButter and Butter, Mom and I looked on in horror, momentary taste disappears, monkey ends up wearing diapers, Montezuma met a puma, more and still less is no better, More flavor in every flavor, more shit to earn more shit to bore, morning after the night before, mors certa hora incerta, most of us have heard this before, mothers gather fathers scatter, movement within a set structure, Mrs. Simpson's white Akita, Mrs. Upper-suburbia, much much softer much much longer, must be 21 or older, my big brother the porno star, my 15 minutes are over, my cold-blooded mother-in-law, my heart says yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, My Life In Flux – and Vice Versa, My size? Or bigger? Or smaller?, N.O.C.D. – not our class dear, name rank and serial number, name the three daughters of King Lear, name three of the seven wonders, Nancy Reagan meets Ms. Manners, nationalism then slaughter, Negro league baseball wing-walkers, new basin tub and tile cleaner, New Millenia from Mazda, new mushroom swiss quarter pounder, new sourdough bacon cheeseburger, newspapers snowdrifted the floor, nice house but not much furniture, nihilistic entrepreneur, nippleless girl says "I'm all ears", no bad hair days for a whole year, no better than it was before, no but if you hum a few bars..., no comment from her hairdresser, no dear you are much prettier, no dummies hoodrats prudes suckers, no lady Rich is very poor, no more no more no more no

more, No muff tougher! No thigh higher!, no one stays on top forever, no ownership whatsoever, no payments until December, no purdah before your brother, no pussy wetter or tighter, no time to wallow in the mire, No unsatisfied customers!, No you can't! Look how small you are!, nobody calls me anymore, nobody else has my mother, Not elation. Fear. Cold hard fear, not just your average stool here, note to electronic readers:, nothing's rated G anymore, now that I'm here I'm full of fear, Nya nya my suit's better than yours!, O.K. take the can of tuna, obsessive caloriecounters, obvious and love the obscure, of course long before you mature, of dry sandpaper-lids you wear, often misreadings are better, Oh no! They're taking us upstairs!, Oh Shit! There went North Korea!, oh shit we're gonna be stuck here, Oh small bird! Please come over here, ol' jackal bedackle McGraw, Om Om Om Sa Ra Wa Buddha, on the horns of a dilemma, once you get past Lisa Lisa, one can't do without the other, one damn thing after three others, one is driven by the other, 1 is the loneliest number, one line better than another, one man's asshole is another, one now clinging to my shoulder, one page better than another, one razor-nail will disinter, 1 teaspoon red-wine vinegar, 1 2 3 4 back 2 3 4, ooga ooga ooga chaka, open flap slide finger under, or it is what it was and more, or you may leave it forever, our love will last a zillion years, our thirstiest towels ever, out in the middle of nowhere, over dover dover rover, over the counter painkiller, over the hill Swedish porn stars, overheard in a coffee bar, padded girdles posterior, panasonic human flavor, particularly insular, parts of it might resound in your, patterns of language reoccur, pear is contrary by nature, pendulous pant muscle driver, Peter Peter pumpkin eater, pHine. Solid few weaknesses here, pick your poison and be prepared, Pickle Fever out of the jar, pickles hammering on guitars, Picnic On A Frozen River, pioneer of literature, Plastic Surgery Disasters, Playboy does the days of the year, playschool tic toc side job evar, (Please don't throw me in the briar), please use words with the greatest care, please warm my emancipator, plus three times the square root of four, poetry is a good genre, poets don't really have power, poets should go to India, (Points.) The mirror up to nature, poked in a pew by a Quaker, poontang doesn't mean you're cooler, poor pa's queer peers appear for prayer, Prancer and Dancer meet Lancer, prawns with tremendous character, pray at the porcelain altar, press a number of wishing floor, pretending to pick up pawpaws, proof God has a sense of humor, prostate pressing on the bladder, pull a heart string of a reader, pull up a chair during dinner, pump up the volume on your hair, put one word after another, questions coming from everywhere, quiet streams tear away the shores, r into a jihad fever, Ramones-on-Prozac formula, razors with no real agenda, Reach is now better than ever, (reader please put your book down here), reading reading heathen heather, Record Heat Wave City Swelters, redwood sauna: several tiers, remember to boil your water, remembrance could be a torture, repetition is not the law, report on trivial matters, Representation was cheaper?, retracting to a doorway sour, returner never returner, right now I'm having amnesia, Roman hands and Russian fingers, run for the hills motherfuckers, Salamanda Palaganda, Same guy in front of the front door?, saw her standing there 'neath the glare, saw the flaws in Western culture, say a day without the ever, says hello to this gaping jaw, says one Hollywood insider, says one thing and means another, scattered reports of sniper fire, scouring their brainpans with blotter, See this pussy? It can be yours!, see ya wouldn't wanna be ya, seeing homeless people suffer, Senile Bag o' Bones: Alzheimer's, sense of disenfranchisement or, separate but the merrier, Seven Dicks for Seven Daughters, seven octaves and a minor,

sexuality engineers, share your body with the Other, she a slut and a homewrecker, she acts like she's still on welfare, she gimme good stinkyfinger, She ought to have been your mother!, she reads only Jewish authors, shell-toe Adidas disaster, shine up your shoes and cut your hair, shit happened we just don't know where, should silence any prayer haters, sick of the world and its pleasures, sister of a sainted martyr, situation-specific fear, 6 inches in diameter, 69 positions better, skin and blister = sister, Sledge Hammer (110 square), slowly sticking to each other, smarter than the average bear, Smile! You're on Candid Camera!, snuggling is a good idea, so much depends on the liver, so she bought a bit of butter, so that I can push it under, so there here where her sulfur sphere, so we've put our heads together, so you're only getting a hair, some combinations of letters, some people like cupcakes better, someone who brings meat to dinner, something bugs you about the air, "something" followed by "phobia", somewhere in the mid-six figures, Songs in the Key of Disaster, sorrow makes the bones grow thinner, sperm is the loneliest color, spread toothpicks all over the floor, spring into summer with Fayva, sprinkled stardust on her oyster, squeezr Myprick in there somewhere, standing on the cast iron shore yeah, stepping stones to utter failure, Still Crazy After All These Years, stinking fish and bread and butter, street vendors change hot dog water, stress: the extinction agenda, strikes me as slightly insincere, stripped paint right off the furniture, stuck in a refrigerator, student poet and housebreaker, succulents for the amateur, sugar-sugar-and-moresugar, super duper pooper scooper, superficial philosopher, superheated propaganda, Susan B. Anthony dollar, swallowing slime and saliva, sweet and sticky text characters, sweet dreaming ambient sleeper, Sweetheart did you lock the back door?, take a long walk off a short pier, take an end and be a duffer, Take my picture! Take my picture!, (takes a moment to remember), talk of empowering nature, talking 'bout the Midnight Rambler, Tarkin brags about the Death Star, teacher hit me with a ruler, Tear down the walls motherfucker!, Tengo na Minchia Tanta, teriyumaa teriyaata, tests without syllabic order, th'enchaumentenz of Medea, that is a different matter, that moved you that moved you to tears, That Obscure Object of Desire, that's where my money is momma, the accumulation of years, the act you've known for all these years, the baby with the bath water, the Beatles are more popular, the best haiku writer ever, the better bedwetter letter, the booty factor was lower, the boys pulled out in muscle cars, the cheese of a week-old pizza, the comfort-king velvetliner, the compensation is meager, the dambuilders encendedor, The Dark Hole by Mister Sphincter, The Devil Went Down To Georgia, The dog is peeing on the car!, the dumber people think you are, the end is near it's crystal clear, the freedom to pursue texture, the golden rule is for suckers, the guests wore garlic in their hair, the hairiest Ken Doll ever, the hand gets tighter + tighter, The Heartbeat of America, The Joy-Permeated Mother, the kookier the crazier, the labor market grows tighter, the last Emperor of Russia, the loser is the consumer, the mass production of texture, the more explicit the better, the mud brings people together, the musical phrase remember, the muthafucka got big ears, the next day I got the blond hair, the next day I took the green hair, the next line I still take shit for, the nicest kind of wife killer, the original mess maker, the plot thickened when the Sarah, the Pope tells people "no rubbers, the pulsing marginalia, the purpose of a pulmotor, the rabbi holds up two fingers, the rebirth of supernature, The Roman Saturnalia, the smell of burning cow manure, the smog of post-buju wanna, the solution of Vedanta, the stamping over of under, the stars are ours and ours the stars, the stinker's working up

a chore, the sudden surge of superstores, The TFactor Fat Gram Counter, The Talismans of Shannara, the telephone fills me with fear, the thinness of writing paper, The 13th Floor Elevators, the two men who were the teasers, the viscera of a dead deer, the wait seems to take forever, the white box with the black letters, the whole roller-coaster saga, the wife wails and the dog whimpers, the words are becoming softer, their astronomical allure, their ministers act as censors, there are no pockets anymore, there are people in India, there is no beginning and there, there is no power no water, there is some sort of meaning here, there may be mud before my door, there's celebs crawling everywhere, there's nothing wrong with this dollar, thewisermiserdemelza, they all died sooner or later, they are one soul in one trouser, they hold dough airplanes together, they jammed me with a coat hanger, they know that in sauerkraut bars, they'll do your head right in your car, things do not need a creator, think in the exact same manner, 36 hits over 2 hours, this bustling cultural Mecca, this is an Aerosmith cover, this is her favorite aria, this payphone will not take quarters, this weekend read my first (!) Shakespeare, this work has fallen on deaf ears, though Easu saw I saw him saw, thrust gently into thy nether, tigadigadigadiga, tinsel is really snakes mirrors, tips for wanna-be ezinesters, tissue culture for crossandra, To be so swank so debonair!, to that bitch in the white Honda, tofu puff and tempeh burger, Tokio and Yokohama, tonight we talk to a cinder, took her out and tried to win her, tortoise turquoise chamois leather, trains you to smell your pants before, Transcend the language barrier?, try not to yawn when you get there, Turn off yu idiot sound yah!, tutti-fruitti cancer clister, 25th Century Quaker, twice if they speak to each other, two indispensable things are; Um do you believe in karma?, umpa umpa umpa papa, Un deux trois/Can you tell me wha, Una Furtiva Lagrima, underlings are worse than masters, unintended words or letters, "unreadable for our readers", upper decker flopper stopper, urinate on the transformed pair, use a napkin to start a fire, Vad betyder det här/det där?, vavasourial propunger, velvety soul outfit appears, vernacular spectacular, (very gently crooks forefinger), victor over inner prowlers, vile Jew-hating propaganda, visit not miracle mongers, Volunteers of America, walk up and down the isles and stare, Walter tries so hard to please her, Was that supposed to be clever?, was written the death of Ector, water does not swallow water, we are all that ever we were, we are coerced time travelers, we are two bodies of water, we are working against closure, "We change our minds" says another, we don't have any idea, we humped beneath a sycamore, we imply that the former are, we really do need a structure, we say urine is a liar, we'll beat any competitors, we'll go our way and you go yours, we're gonna do a phonebooth tour, we're hella country over here, we've got your tickets to the stars, well I don't reverse procedure, Well why else would you say "Ah ha!?", were herded into a cooler, What are we talking about here?, What are your hopes for the future?, What do elephants use sheep for? What does the future hold in store?, What has this done for your career?, What if my cat is run over?, What if there wasn't any beer?, What is it to be where you are?, What is left for me to prove dear?, What is red and full of feathers?, What is Woody Allen short for?, What kinds of cognitive structures?, What makes this unfamiliar?, What more could a fellow ask for?, What more could a housewife look for?, What? Over? Did you say "over?", What sex is your child's teddy bear?, What should poetry do? Should? Huh?, What the fuck am I doing here?, What the hell else could you ask for?!, What verb means to spend the winter? What's blue and sits in the corner?, What's green and sits in the corner?, What's his relationship with her?,

What's red and sits in a highchair?, What's red and stands in the corner?, What's so great about Alzheimer's?, What's the most lifelike sound ever?, What's the opposite of ooh-aah?, What's the word I was looking for?, whatever you hurt I suffer, when daffodils begin to peer, when gold must do more than glitter, When is the honeymoon over?, when it comes to dropping flavor, when they wag they wag the whole rear, when we see it we feel better, whenever never takes flippers, where the beautiful people are, which brings us to the near future, which ends will attract eachother, (which I never did earlier), which in a Proustian manner, which your pelvis will thank you for, (which you shall hear more of later), while browsing through a used bookstore, While in his bath cried "Eureka!", white supremacist's hamburgers, Who are your favorite writers?, Who was the Big Mac named after?, Who'll command U.S. Peacekeepers?, Why are you sitting on the floor?, Why don't chickens wear underwear? Why is it so freezing in here?, Why not buy a goddamn big car?, why sports don't matter anymore, why the Romans drank wine not beer, wine coolers look like juice sparklers, wipe that shit-eating-grin off your, with the collapse of that structure, wolfie howler angry scowler, words are not free from ideas, working makes me feel much better, write explanation on a beer, Would you draw me a bad picture?, write the words closer together, Xaviera Hollander, Yes there were Yuppies. But who cared?, You are going to Australia!, you are not what you thought you were, you are one deaf motherfucker, you are what you are searching for, you are you are and there you are, you can bet your bottom dollar, you can see them out for dinner, you can't miss what you can't measure, you cannot dream things lovelier, you could be swinging on a star, you don't have to wine and dine beer, you folks can hear the rest in here, you had to pull off a sweater, you have kids love God and shiver, you haven't any idea, you know that shit is so over, you know that what you eat you are, you make me be an outsider, you may know roosters from friars, you now own 19 Juice Tigers, you people all stick together, you see talent is a vampire, You think he has body odor?, you too can be a "timewaster", you try to take what isn't yours, you're helpless and you couldn't care, you're so completely what you are, you're weird but you belong somewhere, young enough to be her daughter, your brains will ooze out of your ears;

A brilliant original thriller, a camel may replace another, a face is that which covers over, a grade A dingdong you can tender, a guest is like rain when he lingers, a hole made in one stroke less than par, a laminated gavin goober, a little phrase or letter-cluster, a look made just for now through summer, a man only hits what he aims for, a memory for things that never, a new comedy by John Waters, a papier-mâché Gregor Samsa, a permanent radiant beaver, a pork sausage at a Bar Mitzvah, a projecting spout from a gutter, a scandal involving an oyster, a similar female aroma, a solitary state of affairs, a thousand year old piece of matzoh, a tree is good enough for a beer, a wanderer that walks with flavor, a watermelon Now And Later, Able was I ere I saw Elba!, accepting people for what they are, accomplish work on the computer, acidophilus bacteria, action performed without regard for, admiring my brand-new slave collar, admittedly these people are rare, after lunch lick an all day sucker, ain't blamin' you for nothing no more, ain't nothing synthetic or pop here, Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, alphabet soup and human flavor, alright hold tight I'm a highway star, also advertised as a "muddler", alterna-colostomy odor, although a horse happens to be there, American Express Optima, amorphous androgynous last year, amps and crossovers under my rear, an erection like the Trafalgar, An' how 'bout you Fauna? Y'wanna?, analyze it with Wiener filters, and able for to helpen for a shire, and after cutting behind my ears, and bundled and nibbled and kissed her, and causes bats to attack users, and extinguished her burning desire, and forty whores took down their drawers, and he had no fodder to give her, and I put 2 and 2 together, and language grew thinner and thinner, and Mick Jagger is a grandfather, and nothing on earth could remove her, and now she is sadder Budweiser, and people you don't really care for, and Rocky collapsed in the corner, and the tragedy didn't end there, and therefore you're a debased writer, and they all smash into each other, and they really felt like it was theirs, and though we both had been much thinner, and turned all his cream into butter, and we all had fat dooky ropes ears, and we have a jar full of fingers, and we took him up on his offer, And what is the meaning of Sofa?, and when I do sweat I don't shower, and when we morris on another, and you know what trouble poets are, anna paalua laulaa panna, Another Infected Dick Sucker, another man's tidbit smells sweeter, another Safeguard season is here, another skates the mediocre, anytime anyplace anywhere, anywhere from six months to a year, apart from your stiff-as-starch features, Are there limits to what is proper?, Are you going to Scarborough Fair?, arteries into your fresh-water, as a unifying formula, as Aristotle himself declared, as famous as the unknown soldier, as far as the eye can see there are, as he lay in a drunken stupor, as I became farther and farther, as if he had been saying a prayer, as important as every other, as rare as the mink with yellow fur, as soon as I finish this chapter, as time went on I began to tire, ass stacks that would make go-go putter, at that moment my life seemed smaller, at the tone the time will be all yours, attention-deficit disorder, attribute it to my bad manners, auction your date off for silverware, August 9 1974, automatic head detonator, avoiding basic human desires, B size D cup order the quarter, B.F. Skinner's 1934, baby don't you go and cut your hair, baby voiced ethereal whispers, backyard writing on the computer, balance the aquatic naysayer, banging on metal in odd meters, Barbriere di Siviglia, Barney's head on a silver platter, Baruch (or Benedict) Spinoza, Battle Ends And Down Goes Charles Father, be fair murder a fur coat owner, be outside of my

meaningless hours, beat the water it is still water, beaten and bitten in the fingers, because the sellouts are everywhere, Been hit by a thrown chalk eraser?, before my book lay a tender square, before you bag her sheath your dagger, being what they are (they go further), belltoll.nov after a two-bota, besides it was good for his liver, Better Bodies of America, better good and a little rather, Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, black is a quicker quacker-backer, blam blam your pointers point your pointers, bleak and frustrating that the readers, blippers bleepers bloopers and beaters, body language in Somalia, Bounty the quicker picker upper, boys do it in front of every door, branch of bauhinia racemosa, breath as intoxicating matter, bridge players try to get a rubber, bright as Alaska in December, brings us back to where we were: nowhere, bubble-gummy sweet like gob-stoppers, Burning Airlines Give You So Much More, but she's so butch I could go for her, but her figure could not be bettered, but if the salt have lost its savor, But not on every issue Ma-a-arthu!, but only delusions of grandeur, but they are happy to be indoors, but violence is not the answer, But what about all those years squandered?, But will it play in Peoria?, but you must listen to daddy snore, but you're still fucking peasants as far, button-holing and the self-absorbed, Can we add some wow to your water?, Can we get an instant replay here?, Can you materialize flowers?, carbonized vegetable matter, carefully selected volunteers, carpet cushion what carpets should wear, carpet layers do it on the floor, Cavalleria Rusticana, Ch ch. What's missing? ur, changing colors is for beginners, check your pants for free shot undergear, cheezy pseudo '60s gorilla, choose suicide and be the master, Chuck Norris' white enchiladas, chutney ferreting dirt box divers, clearly Fred Flooney is a liar, Closed Captioned for the Hearing Impaired, coitus upon a cadaver, combining honey with the hammer, come for the clams stay for the poker, come here and sit over my shoulder, come hither come hither come hither, coming up with a good idea, complaining is our lingua franca, Completely shaved off your pubic hair?, conceives an aversion for the ear, consideration in the dogma, Constantly putting their fingers where?, constants of a youth's life in Gaza, Corn syrup is good. War is badder, Crisco stays moister and chewier, cub by cub petch by petch slaw by slaw, curiouiser and curiouiser, curse yourself for the fool that you are, D-d-d-d-d-d-d-dammer!, dad blasts in happiness forever, daddy godus and human flavor, damn clock is always out of order, dealers like pizza deliverers, Dear Anne and Jackson - I cut my hair, dearer clearer freer and nearer, death becomes a very good teacher, death before copyrighting bothers, debunking the myth of the rock star, dentist offices in the future, desire for a tight derriere lures, desperately seeking a sitter, devil got brother killin' brother, Dharma Dharma who's got the Dharma?, Did he pick the dog up by the ears?, Did you ever try cleaning your ears?, discerning placement of the comma, do all you can to appear larger, Do I make myself perfectly clear?, Do I sound hurt? Cynical? Bitter?, Do we have any big drinkers here?, Do you think she's the next Messiah?, "Do you want a ride son? You look tired", doctors and gravediggers are partners, Does your mouth guard taste like banana?, doesn't get half the skirt Kissinger, don't be a fucking prima donna, don't buy this gum it tastes like rubber, don't force it get a larger hammer, don't forget - the call costs one dollar, don't get "warm fuzzies" from computers, Don't use force. Use a bigger hammer, Don't we have to learn something new here?, Donne I suppose was such another, draft that makes cheap boys even cheaper, each era will have its own Wagner, eat the cheese in a way that's unfair, (Editorial: Muthafuckas, egg into elephant and fingers, 88 lines about 44, Einstein didn't much fuss with his hair,

(embellished with hella raw flavors), Emma was a fashion dictator, encourage dissent help dissenters, endemic career paranoia, enjoying every bud of pleasure, especially under the covers, "Eureka!" cried Billy. "Eureka!", Evan Dando Can Bite Me Right Here, even the teacher's like wah wah wah, ever more bitter in its satire, every second seems to last an hour, Everybody is a superstar!, Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere, everything continues forever, everything dies sooner or later, everywhere you look: Big Mac wrappers, Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa, Fat Nip's beautiful little sister, Fergie and Andy back together, 50% off footwear for her, finally getting to the point here, finding a new jungle pullover, finished are the desktop metaphors, \$5.00 mail-in rebate offer, flattery will get you everywhere, flesh is like a piece of white paper, floods of nudity taking over, footprints that don't exist anymore, for a while I didn't have a car, for best results: wash in cold water, for long as I could remember, for my hair to last just one more year, for ten years before just to "be sure", forget the crowd cheers I live off fears, from Philip drunk to Philip sober, fuck gender-fuck open up genre, Fuck him! Breakfast was MY idea!", G-L-O-R-I-A Gloria, galloping financaphobia, gentle as a passive steamroller, getting high on Marks-A-Lot markers, giggle switches and tickle chargers, giving other people the power, God deliver me from the handlers, God is man's stupidest idea, Goddamn it I did love Mick Jagger!, goes with the flow - he's a bed wetter, gold fronts and dreads are in your future, Goneril Regan Cordelia, good night to the rock and roll era, Grandpa always said "It don't matter", great mounds of media everywhere, Greg Peter Jan Bobby and Marcia, gritty spacey and rich in texture, ha-ha's don't feel necessary here, hacking mounds of macadamias, hallucinatory severed ear, hanging up while ollieing over, hangover: fuzzy and familiar, hap-shit will not travel very far, hateful television newscasters, have me drowned in the nearest river, Have these birds been on T.V. before?, Have you always been so muscular?, having to read in a linear, he is now a devoted golfer, he had been a teenage balboa, he put The Club on the bedroom door, he slept with invisible structures, (he snorts in his own swinish manner), he who has not tasted the bitter, he who would track language to its lair, he wove himself into the texture, He's just too old. He should know better, heart and soul Satan holds my future, helping the wealthy grow wealthier, hella gross chicks all lustin' after, hello you have lovely fluffy ears, Henrich Himmler S.S. ReichsFührer, her folks they said our lives together, hey look me over lend me an ear, Hey! Only a faggot boos mister!, hey stranger better late than never, hey there's something hinkley - er hinkey, "Hi Hitler'" rather than "Heil Hitler", his life leads him lower and lower, "His pee-pee was made of red-pepper!", homorganic nasal-stop cluster, homosexuals work together, hop house or safely eating dinner, hot red heat-seeking missile moisture, How did Bassanio win Portia?, How do you confuse Helen Keller?, How do you get it out? With a straw!, How many times do we have to hear?, how know something about dirty pair, (Hulk Hogan and a bunch of others, human infants and other creatures, hurled the biscuits and threw the java, Hurry up! This room rents by the hour!, hydrating long lasting lipcolour, hyperactive female powercore, I a lone she-bird of his feather, I am paid squat for my slave labor, I asked knowing damn well the answer, I believe that gay rights are neither, I bet they raise your rates every year, I buck I snort I whinny I tear, I don't have Simcity anymore, I Don't Wanna Be Called Yo Niga, I dream of Jesus and nine others, I found this remark very obscure, I got out in 1984, I got tha fever for tha flavor, I had a dentist who was over, I had glass sticking out of my ears, I had to go and see the doctor, I hate you.

Who do you think you are?, I haven't answered my phone in years, I hit him with my bag of quarters, "I" is dropped unless the reader hears, I just want to mow down panhandlers, I like to fart in elevators (: -), I never sang for my grandfather, I often dress up like my hamster, I own my own body but I share, I put out a large stack of paper, I rapidly read printed matter, I rarely shoot down an idea, I seem to not bother anymore, I shot an arrow into the air, I slick up my hand with warm water, I still haven't made up my mind here, I think I was always a writer, I think the 9 thing would be better, I thought it said "shake" instead of "stir", I wanna floss with your pubic hair, I whispered a malt liquor mantra, I will always be the sore loser, I will gladly do all your pleasure, I wish I was in El Salvador, I worked on this for over a year, I'd have to suck it up with a straw, I'd like to see a nude opera, I'd rather go naked than wear fur, I'll tell you more if you turn over, I'm sure it's backed up on tape somewhere!, I'm trying to be less popular, I'm getting that bartender's finger, I'm gonna show people who they are, I'm in no condition to answer, I'm in the middle of something here, I'm jes' gettin' warm like hot butter, I'm looking for the 7th caller, I'm mighty sorry I'm tied to her, I'm not worried about lung cancer, I've been living on tictacs and hair, I've got work to do maybe later, ideological agenda, If a cow laughed would milk come out her?, if it returns it's yours forever, if it wasn't for Boris Becker, if that's true then my pricks's a kipper, if two magnets are brought together, if you can get here you can get there, if you can't go over go under, if you compare yourself with others, if you don't mind it doesn't matter, if you fart say "Whooaa what a ripper!", if you love someone set them on fire, if you sit your hiney in that chair, if you want your child to be sober, if you wish more light see manager, If You've Got The Time We've Got The Beer, Imadick. Imadick! Enema, Important! It's time to reorder!, inept idiot savant soldier, interactive multimedia, interests change as do tastes in peers, inventories of the megastores, Is anybody really not bored?, Is it cool to be a complainer?, Is that it? Wake me when it's over, It blows a man up like a bladder!, it could happen in 100 years, it don't even ask for erasers, it fits because it's 4 times bigger, it has to me become much richer, it is not real but is really there, it was far too big to where you are, its insensate worship of matter, it's a moppsikon floppsikon bear, it's everything you've been thirsting for, it's exactly what you want to hear, it's gettin' a bit nippy out here, it's gonna be really hard to hear, it's impossible to disappear, it's not nice to fool mother nature, it's the coolest Hersheys Bar so far, jacking themselves off polyester, janitors do it with a plunger, jeg talar inte (mycket) svenska, juicy visualizaria, jump the gun Mother Superior, just get a boob job and get over, just when you thought the worst was over, juxtaposed with saner subtler fair, keeps tender veggies fresher longer, kissing the black man round the corner, Koresh talks to negotiators, L.A. is such a fucking failure, language subjugated by number, Lao-Tsu vs. The Atman Brothers, Lastly through a hogshead of real fire!, laxative tablets work like nature, leads to liberation from all fear, leaving many questions unanswered, Leeza's got mumbo-jumbo monsters!, let them eat their MTV manure, Let us begin yes? (one to five *'s), let's go check the payphone for quarters, lick a stamp and address a letter, Licked or sucked a black woman's fingers?, like a bridge over troubled water, like a hog I knew in Iowa, like the afore mentioned Vanilla, likening sex to starting a car, lips can be made to appear fuller, listen to how quiet those dogs are, Liz Taylor. Growing old is tough eh?, Look at my toes. How pretty they are!, looking past the Postmodern era, low paying unorganized labor, lowest-common-

denominator, LSD as mescal endeavor, LSD in the drinking water, Lucia was holding a dagger, Lysol use #134, magical mystery magnesia, mandatory attire: underwear, mating call of the barking spider, may be too intense for some viewers, may be varied in any manner, maybe I should join the mainstream more, maybe we should lie to each other, maybe you should shake the camera, Meat Mercenary Bambi Butcher, melted Rocky Road : diarrhea, men who like pink are philanderers, men would like monogamy better, Middlemarching to euphoria, Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa, mind like a seed turning to flower, mirror mirror bigger deceiver, misanthropy is still supreme law, Mister Bones slept with his shit-kickers, monkey poops in sink off camera, monolithic vertical structure, more boring moments with Mr. Gore, more than a matter of conjecture, Morro` ma prima in grazia, mostly tha psychotic skitterer, Mr. Master Manipulator, Mrs. Fischer's for little pishers, (music: tempestuous and somber), My America by Ed Anger, my crayons all melted together, My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama, my karma ran over my dogma, my mother has never put vodka, my new devotion to crystal-clear, my wife enjoys fucking me over, Myself (addressing Ramakrishna):, nationalities lose their borders, nature abhors a vacuum cleaner, needs or wants at that particular, Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, New York's nastiest home phone numbers, nice undies ultra bidet delta, night after night and the night before, Nina Pinta Santa Maria, (1900 was not a leap year), no answer is also an answer, no artificial dyes or colors, no chance of screwing up wa/ga here, no civilization could endure, no excitement and few visitors, no faggot no fairy no fruiter, No! I won't kiss you for a dollar!, no longer plays in Peoria, no matter where you go there you are, no one would disagree with him there, no special effects dollars saved here, nobody says "My oil is not clear", non narrative and non linear, Not as confident as you thought huh?, not just leather Timberland leather, not just Visa Citibank Visa, not the sharpest knife in the drawer, (not to mention an evil sniper), not too much crawling through sewers, not venturing to posit answers, now change that number to a letter, now for a moment let's consider, now that's protecting the consumer, now no one can see elves anymore, now or later it doesn't matter, now you can say darker and darker, Nuke something. How about the otter?, Oberammergau Bavaria, oberder shoder boder hoder, obviously comes from a school cheer, of a flutter of flower-like hair, of course she passed with flying colors, old people from Texas eat spiders, On The Phone: Sue - Simpson Admirer, On what occasion did Jupiter?, once returner never returner, once used an imperfect French Letter, one drop short of an empty bladder, One small slip and it was all over!, one sub short of a party platter, Oof boom er-tum tootle yum tad-dah!, oppress the earth and bind her labors, or eternal sex with Rush Limbaugh, or here I sit in funky vapor, or the odor of mammalia, oracular articulator, order must be placed by cardholder, originally we were nowhere, others fear pleasures or a butler's, our only audience is our peers, our thinking in every area, our wines leave you nothing to hope for, out of the pot and into the fire, out the door to their lonely corners, outrunning the black wave of despair, Over-Do-It PostProseProcessor, over-the-shoulder-boulderholder, overall it's post-sex-metalcore, Painful or pleasant? Painful master, pals sing: Kimba - Ah! glad to see ya, Paramahansa Yogananda, parody of a popular prayer, part of me likes consumer culture, pencil as handheld word processor, people are strange when you're a stranger, people hunting money and power, people will want to use it after, people with full refrigerators, phrases such as "I hate my father", picked paper out of public sewer, play the saxophone underwater, plie' ya later alligator, poetry reduced to souvenirs, Pope John Paul would

be more popular, pot clears the mind and soul – class clutters, preferred means of removal: tweezers, pressing clitoris makes it quiver, pretty please with orange vanilla, previous precious fuchsia via, Principia Mathematica, print up a single jillion-dollar, project an alcoholic aura, proto-enchanter of enchanters, put one foot in front of the other, putrid stench and dazzled onlookers, putting the mind on it takes the ear, radioactive alligators, Range-Roving with the cinema stars, ready to join the AntiMensas, realizing your own needs and desires, reden iz gut sheigen noch besser, referring to a glass of water:, regard women as inferior, relax Mom I'll love you forever, releasing a handful of glitter, reluctant media Rottweiler, remove unwanted hair forever, repetition is always better, right past her fuming incense stencher, rocks off humiliating others, roly poly bandbajawallah, Roseanne Says Husband Never Beat Her, roundy shim sacking mount of hooter, rubbing your thighs a few times never, sacred cows make the best hamburger, said she "You mean that ain't your finger?", Sally sells seashells by the seashore, Same guy in a pot of hot water?, sausage saddle smells like shinola, scarlet letters for sex offenders, seamless mix of cock and superstar, seemed like such a no-brain idea, seemingly haphazard procedure, self consciousness about my career, Self Portrait In A Convex Mirror, servants groupies and dykes to the rear, 17.673 years, 70.4% water, sex as an unnecessary chore, sex manuals without the software, sharpen pencils until they split hairs, she calls me by the name of master, she knows what to do with used rubbers, she said she was the magic momma, she'll be scrubbing bubbles on all fours, she's got Jesus' beeper number, shoot him before he hits the water, show a kid how to pull a trigger, shows you where our priorities are, Sick and tired of being sick and tired?, signs are sometimes taken for wonders, silently closing her bedroom door, simply the simper of surrender, sit in the dark touching each other, skinhead interior designers, skinheads are stars and stripes forever, Skippy reduced fat peanut butter, sleep is the great democratizer, slender dancing and young fruit-sellers, slurping and sucking golden showers, SMIT makes it all so much easier..., Snuggle the fabric softener bear, so anyway I've said it before:, so motherfucker be a learner, so this <ethnic> walks into a bar, so to speak "penetrating her core", so we can blame it all on Nietzsche, solid power units wring dark hours, some mirrors are kinder than others, some outstanding liberal shaker, some people are better than others, some pleasantries about the weather, some prefer one others the other, someone high on the power ladder, someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, sonat-obstruent-sonat clusters, sorry sir that's my interior, speed has destroyed my point of finger, spray it: that boy: you can say: act your:, standing proud I won't give in to fear, start hanging out with Earth Wind & Fire, step lively and watch the closing doors, (still terrified but a bit calmer), stop saying "Three minutes to Wopner", Stop shouting please you're hurting my ears!, struggle for sense logic and structure, sturctures strictures sculptures and scriptures, sucking hot dogs (cow eyes and lips – ugh), suffer and understanding either, sung by poets and philosophers, superdopepowertoolsproducer, Superior Catholic Finger, superiors and inferiors, swallows certainly sleep all winter, sweaty Indian polyester, sweet shaker of the water-cooler, syllable-torturing melismas, take a sad song and make it better, take care of those who take care of prayer, take kindly the counsel of the years, take note of what I say – but no more, talk of overpowering nature, Tchaikovsky's jealousy of Wagner, terminal cash disaphilia, text and the text only and from there, thank you and God Bless America, that he was cleped Perkyn Revelour, that kind of dog smell on my finger, that leak better

be from the water, that ther nys erthe water ir ne eir, That'll be \$1.04 eat here?, that's 3 long tired medicated years, that's roly-poly bugs over here, (that's why I'm moving to Montana), the age of hide the tears with laughter, the atmosphere becomes more and more, the attitude is getting better, the basic model was hard but fair, the big black bug bit the big black bear, The Black and Decker Pecker Wrecker, the blackest bluegum you ever saw, the boys like it best when they pucker, The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, the container in which an archer, the cool ecstasy of black leather, the corruption of signifiers, the cruelty of factory labor, the day I left I burst into tears, the door is opened the dog enters, the ears don't hear what the mouth utters, The Economy: Pain and Candor, The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, the first rule: find a distributor, the fuzzy buffaloes stand and roar, The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, The Heathen Chinees Is Peculiar, the image is not an idea, the integrity of "secure" air, the internet as a choke-collar, the itch of Virginia's copper, the La-Z-Boy Eterna-Lounger, the late Brigham Young was no neuter, the latter sense is the commoner, the lexicographer's easy chair, the lower jaw of a woodpecker, the meaning of these lines is obscure, the message of the eyes is quite clear, The New York Times creates the culture, The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia, the original allnight bender, The Osmonds circa '74, the other line always moves faster, the owner died and out went the store, the person with style never compares, (The prize: trophy & room freshener!), the problems of race class and gender, the Quilted Quicker Picker Upper, the roof the roof the roof is on fire, the same for cool non-glowing matter, the self as a stream of ideas, the sight of a warm cancer cluster, the stomach keeps a secret better, the top insects found living on Cher:, the tormented and the tormentor, the 21st century whispers, the used condoms you find are not yours, the ununderstood understander, The Web is the world's best timewaster, The whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa?, the whole neighborhood smells like lighter, the woman behind the enigma, the word recidivism refers, then my tongue pushes through my sphincter, there are so few rainbows anymore, there are women who will suffer for, there is no reason why you or your, there was no need of America, there's a hole in the ozone layer, there's gonna be some changes 'round here, there's jerks and good people everywhere, there's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya, they came on crutches and in wheelchairs, they classify clouds by their color, they're a little too deep for pasta, things vanish as soon as they occur, Think Locally Act Globally? HA!, thirty more days of hot dry weather, 33-25-34, this is a restricted area, this is the right book baby ... uh huh, this is the sale you've been waiting for, this puts me in touch with my future, this shot will send the gossipmonger, this sparkling young farter from Sparta, this will make quite a family jar, 365 days a year, time has narrowed the parameters, time to empower the teenagers, tipsy flutters of last week's mutters, to catch fish and not touch the water, to form a non-Crayola color, to go where no man has gone before, to have lived the life of these liner, to restore the joie to her vivre, to seal moisten flap and fold over, to touch the beard of Martin Buber, to walk and talk with you everywhere, toes hurt after a night of patter, told ma 'bout Mamie Eisenhower, Tommy Tune: Boy Choreographer, toomany-people-on-the-water, too much sun will give you skin cancer, trading one rhythm for another, trailer park with impotence is pure, tremendous treasures beyond compare, trimmed at the cuff with costly gray fur, troublemakers please respect others, try not to forget your phone number, Try not to smear my make-up will ya!, (turning at length slightly recovered), (turns away and walks slowly to door), twelve stand-ins for Plato's cave

dwellers, two bowls that rub or touch each other, \$2.18 WickerBurger,
 250 items so far, 2 wet girls for every 1 caller!, Uber Alles
 California, uh guys I can't find the page numbers, unless you'd rather
 be taken here, upwardly mobile meditator, use all three bullets on a
 lawyer, used to be thought a typical star, useful as piss on a forest
 fire, V is for Vaark no longer so 'ard, victims of death silence and
 bonfire, Video Killed The Radio Star, visions of weasel boy's
 departure, vote for the planet with your dollars, W9A2R7M4, waiting for
 the new South Africa, Walter Cronkite's favorite color, wander not into
 electric chairs, war seems to suit us Germans better, Was he a black
 guy? They're all black there, watch out I just might rip out your jaw,
 watching guys give him the once over, watching the tracers hit the
 water, water is waves as waves are water, watermelons make lousy
 dinner, we are here to be entertainers, we are marching to Pretoria, we
 are our own little subculture, we can count our peers on one finger, we
 can discuss what it means later, we cannot undertake that task here, we
 didn't liberty spike our hair, we don't have no stinking badges here,
 we modulate the very ether, we took suffering to be pleasure, we want
 is a man of such stature, we want to be the voice of the bored, we
 won't play nature to your culture, we're getting soaked by the cold
 splatter, we're gonna tell you what our plans are:, we're still free
 here in America, Welfare Mothers Make Better Lovers, well uh-huh and
 oh-ho and uh-huh, wet needles straight back to the viewer, What do you
 call a bear with no paw?, What do you call 50 anteaters?, what I'm
 after I think is a bra, What is a jackknifed tractor-trailer?, What is
 the purpose of blue sky laws?, What is the use of holding it dear?,
 what systems of order are good for, What was he doing with the dog's
 ears?, What would you do for a Klondike bar?, What's red and hangs four
 feet off the floor?, What's that constant buzzing in my ears?, when he
 at a turn slid against her, when I couldn't drink myself sober, when
 the colors change for the better, when the white pinks begin to appear,
 when told of the death of his mother, Where do drugs fit into the
 picture?, Where do you see yourself in 10 years?, Where do we keep all
 our chainsaws Ma?, whether the purpose of the author, which wrist
 watchers are Swiss wrist watchers, while mouthing my boyfriend's
 banana, while silling by my windowflutter, while supplies last in
 selected stores, while Titian was mixing rose-madder, Why aren't you
 making fine china?, Why can't you give me a straight answer?, Why
 didn't you tell me this before?, Why don't you do yourself a favor?,
 Why fast starve and suffer pains austere?, Why would I want to pull
 your finger?, with O.B. there's no applicator, with 701.3 per, with
 symptoms increasing in number, With your system why eat pears my dear?,
 with lashes like that she's a killer, witless liberal donkeybiters,
 women are lighter than dishwashers, Wonder where they get that idea?,
 Word of the Month: ∞††≤ TETRAHYMENA ≤††∞, Words are free. And they
 last forever, words that don't translate into dollars, worry in the
 exact same manner, writing books that no one will ever, yee haa oh shut
 up you pig fucker, yellow pencils with pink erasers, yes but I have
 delicate features, yes Virginia there is a Santa, you admit that you
 have a temper, you are beautiful and angular, you are firmly ensconced
 from the rear, you are the king of non sequiturs, you are the past
 present and future, you can't make cheesecakes out of feathers, you get
 a virtual antenna, you got the right one baby uh-huh, you might as well
 go shoot your mother, you must twirl a pin deep in your ear, you want
 more 'cause I got more in store, you wear plus-fours mine are minus-
 fours, you're gonna need that sense of humor, Young and Depressed In
 America, young Isaac burning for Rebecca, your brother is but young and

tender, Your sphere. Osmotic. Undulant. Pure, your toilet paper has
page numbers, yrnp under an pfra tacna;

A bald girl brags of her cousin's long hair, a big chunk of his foot and his sneaker, a body and a mind free of all cares, a brain like a BB in a boxcar, a Christian style method over the saw, a crank with armor will never harm her, a dog a plan a canal: pagoda, A dog! A panic in a pagoda!, a feller is lower than the cellar, a fireball exploding in a bugbear, a group of vision-seeking edge dwellers, A is for Amy who fell down the stairs, a lovyere and a lusty bachelor, A man a plan a canal Panama?, a radical departure will occur, a rather mediocre conductor, a red wheel barrow glazed with rain water, a remarkable true-life adventure, a saver is better than an earner, a tear slides ruining my eyeliner, a tin mug for a jar of gum Nita, Abelard's famous inamorata, absolute self-control and composure, abusing the daughter in a dumpster, accurst be he that first invented war, acting like you're stupider than you are, afraid of the opinions of others, agitated by the winds of desire, (albeit with a Valium coma), all abandon hope ye who enter here, all alone at the '64 Worlds Fair, all liberals are fascist dictators, all men are afraid of eyelash curlers, all previously acquired ideas, all the men and women merely players, all those things that are not included here, (all ninety-nine of you muthafuckas), "Allas" quod he "that day that I was bore!", Alouette gentile Alouette, alright it's Emerson Lake and Palmer, an army of bagel-crazed teddy bears, An Eden in ancient America?, An hour later you're hungry for power!, an incredibly new fresh rush of air, an instant later a Fiat Spider, an off-rhyming encyclopedia, and as for my hair I'm glad it's still there, and bathed every sap-vessel in moisture, and everywhere I turned language was there, (and he makes one hell of a french cruller), And here's a hard brown cock for a quarter!, and his knacker went off like a cracker, and I'll be sleeping out in the guys were, And if we were all eyes how would we hear?, and more than I have time to type in here, and my poetry is going nowhere, and not having the impulse to titter, and now on to more important matters, and our love become a funeral pyre, and that's the reason there was a cold war, and the cabbie went looking for his fare, and the forests will echo with laughter, and the poets turned into gang members, and there's a chance that things will get better, and to quickly pass over this matter, and to think of all that talent squandered, and turne I wol agayn to my matere, and we pretty much destroyed their flowers, and when mat mouth starts it really motors, and when she got there the cupboard was bare, and you thought your old job was forever, Angry Housewives vs. Happy Hookers, anishallower than they really are, annoys a noisier moister oyster, another adores power lawn mowers, anyone with ideas with fly-er, Apologia pro Vita Sua, apologies for the horrid grammar, appropriation becomes another, Are my balls showing? So what if they are?, Are you available for Bar Mitzvahs?, Are you lonely and want your profile here?, Are you sure I don't know you from somewhere?, argue about politics whatever, as a student she surpassed her mentors, as frendly as he were his owene brother, as opposed to all external order, as smidgens of elf droppings filled my ear, as when two rams are butting together, as-salamu alaykum my brother, assume the power of those in power, at any moment it might reappear, at home the talk is of worldly affairs, auditors like to examine figures, aura ashore appears to be aware, awarding a sperm whale 9.9 for, B is for Basil assaulted by bears, baby you can drive my slut's underwear, bad ones now better ones in the future, bake it bake it hammer hammer hammer, because I'd doubled my age in a year, because of your fucking marijuana, becoming superior to one's peers, been using her head as a mass driver,

Beetlejuice. No just kidding. It's Heathers, before you attack her wrap your whacker, being longer and stronger and moister, Ben Franklin with the kite getting over, Bernard Flapdoodle has nothing on her!, Beryl Grey is a star S-T-A-R!, best reason to trip a rollerblader, big 'ol 180 flips going super, bitter people have a sense of humor, black eyes cut-off penises and world wars, black-framed glasses and pocket-protector, blinking cursor and weary-eyed verser, blow jobs in the toilets from the extras, Body of a boy! Mind of a monster!, bolt cutters to break the joints bolt cutters, bondage trousers accepting cucumbers, bordello red on the interior, bought van followed The Grateful Dead on tour, breakfast and lunch is a good idea, Buddha really had his shit together, bum bum bumblebee bumblebee tuna, bushbrothers ambush fickle-ass finger, but although he was a philosopher, but by night I'm one hell of a lover, But is it fair? It is certainly fair!, but mocks the steady running of the hour, but nature is not easily devoured, but some of us are long peninsulas, but the thought that we are beyond the law, but there's a buzz out of friendship laughter, But what can you do? Pressures are pressures, butt trumpet as primitive enema, Buy a lava lamp. Stare at it for hours, By The Time I Get To Arizona, by turns self-indulgent and self-aware, call Psychic Friends Network 24 hrs, Can I imagine the pain? Smell the fear?, caused a sensitive fellow to quiver, Cheryl as knob: a woman with no hair, chicks dig me - I wear colored underwear, children of the same age play together, chu-chus shoops wyongwyongs yeahyeahyeahs, chunky is chunkier thick is thicker, cigarette lighters and calculators, coffee vacuum insulated server, cold air is coming down from Canada, Confessions Of A Wannabe Gangsta, constantly twitching my index finger, construct a new encyclopedia, Coolio Biggie Smalls above the law, Could you shove it a few inches higher?, couldn't pee his way out of a paper, couldn't pronounce "Ich bin ein Berliner", courgettes have eaten my petunias, create their own private space that differs, crosspollination for extra flavor, cunnilingus is a real tongue twister, cut hair get high cut hair get high cut hair, Cyrano could pen better love letters, dark party bars shiny Cadillac cars, death is life's way of telling you you're fired, definitely her natural color, deprivation and craving no longer, Der Ego booster und Linenshooter, devoted his spare time to "soap sculpture", "Dick" I said between bites of ambrosia, Dictionary Of Received Ideas, disconnecting yourself from mass culture, dissapees dissa disuh disappears, Do I look cute here with my computer?, do little children have a hernia, do not underestimate the power, Do whatever you want. You don't matter, Do you have any brothers and sisters?, Do you know where some Yellow Fingers are?, Do you think of yourself as a jester?, Does it feel sticky after you clean your, don't be a loner cover your boner, don't do things like have smelly green sneakers, don't you worry it's only a shower, don't go among tombs nor smell bad odor, don't know how to take no for an answer, don't over react if I come back poor, double-speed munchkins oh-oh-oh yeah-yeahs, Drool drool drool drool drool drool ... My payola!, dropping a curtsy she cut a caper, drugs became an escape from the pressure, each of these smallest rhythmical measures, early release for serial numbers, "Eat your veggies bitch!" or "Flower Fucker!", eclips'd her crescents and lick'd up her stars, egg ranch: where unborn chickens are murdered, Ego withering epithet: "Sinner!", Einstein once asked with sadness and wonder, either of the higher or the lower, Emily Dickinson worse than ever, emphasize how glad you are to see her, endure no light being themselves obscure, Enter The Wu-Tang (36 Chambers), Equal Opportunity Employer, especially when Ren bites the blister, even minded in success and failure, even to the most unlearned

reader, every cranny is hopping with texture, eyeballs char eyeballs
water from the pair, fanstasy alternating with despair, farting in a
crowded elevator, fear is the great incapacitator, feeling somewhat
despondent I called her, female qualities of love and order, fewer
sipon seofon beop eahta, find out why people have waited years for,
(finds himself in a tight little corner), (finger daily@xi.uleth.ca),
flagellate yourself with a wet printer, Flipper? Was that supposed to
be clever?, flower blomma blume flor fiore fleur, fluid oozing from
stem joint to blister, folks with beating blood are beating the air,
follow-up: happiness ever after..., for a few days I tried being
clever, 42,000 Jews from Treblinka, four thousand holes in Blackburn
Lancashire, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Frank: Portrait of a Cereal Eater,
Franz looked at the orgasm from afar, fresher fish that's fresher and
much finer, Freud's connections with countless molesters, friends
applaud the comedy is over, from Deep Throat to Studio 54, from
dripping faucets to flapping banners, fuck you both I'm in the crummy
center, Gamp is my name and Gamp is my natur', gasoline-powered turtle-
neck sweater, gentle helpful chaste conduct everywhere, George Clinton
and Bill Clinton together, get him out of this place he will rot here,
Get the fuck out of here! Party's over!, Get this Vanilla Lice shit
outta here!, gettin' laid and gettin' paid thick zippers, getting
sucked off by winos for quarters, giant yellow slabs of melting butter,
give 'em a nice big fax tone in the ear, Go Cry On Somebody Else's
Shoulder, go out and get yourself some grass-killer, go out through the
motion sensitive doors, go Upstate and get your head together, God is a
concept by which we measure, God is honest. He don't take payola, God!
This is a tasty little sucker!, gotta run the cat's caught in the
printer, grant me a respite of two or three years, great green globs of
greasy grimy gopher, Guess I have some growing up to do huh?, gunpowder
for trees and lemon leather, hairball blocking the drain of the shower,
Has anyone ever Spamized a car?, he gives ear rings to those who have
no ears, he made him a coat of many colors, he replied with a yawn
"It's inertia.", (he that planted the ear) (shall he not hear?), He's
no pitcher. He's a belly itcher!, Hehehehhahehaeohaoh! Helter
Skelter in a summer swelter, hewers of wood and drawers of water, hey
babe take out your fuckin' retainer, Hey Frank what are we doing this
summer?, hey let's be nostalgic about last year, hiding out in the
Xerox backwater, highlighted in yellow magic marker, hip ptomaine
poison choose thine pleasure, hit the open man Little Grasshopper, hope
you're as good looking when I'm sober, How can you be anywhere else but
here?, How do you make a hormone? Don't pay her, How do you spell
"onomatopoeia"?, How long do you plan to be "almost there?", How long
is this gonna be sitting here?, How To Be Very Very Popular, hugs don't
feel as good on the computer, I absolutely adore living here, I am not
afraid of the computer, I am obsessed with being immature, I am sick
and tired of the cold weather, I approach this work not as a writer, I
believe in getting in hot water, I can eat my weight in cocktail
wieners, I can't believe she gave her your number!, I cannot in truth
very well answer, I could have been a brilliant Erica, I don't agree
with fucking with nature, I don't want to point any fingers here, I
don't have time to deal with you posers, I don't know what I'm doing
anymore, I don't need another Jewish mother, I dread looking like that
when I'm older, i final position lose it before, I forgot to increment
the counter, I get along quite well without commas, I have always taken
nature's orders, I have only fleetingly considered, I have to stay home
and see if I snore, I haven't been too encouraged so far, I hope you
find what you are looking for, I learned how to curse from my
grandmother, I love what you do for me Toyota, I love your brain she

said in her letter, I mean you wouldn't tongue him in the ear, I must do what is best for your daughter, I myself haven't yelled a line in years, I never became a Sanskrit scholar, I never saw Star Wars and I don't care, I never thought that I would end up here, I never watch commercials anymore, I prefer to remain an enigma, I refused to embrace diet cola, I said "Give me a bladder por favor", I said "I'm going to buy some sugar", I saw darkness where I saw light before, I say "Beeehhhpeeeehhh. Beeehhhpeeeehhh – ehhh? Beeehhhpeeeehhh – ehhh?", I should be allowed to glue my poster, I think I can take it a lot farther, I think I could have written it better, I think perhaps I failed as a father, I think you want Material Culture, I thought I told you to wait in the car, I thought it was a 900 number, I too can scatter proverbs like showers, I try to catch my breath. Then I say "Eehhhhhh", I want to spend more time with my blender, I was there but I wasn't really there, I will sympathize with the outsider, I wish my husband's penis was bigger, I'd like it to be a bit heavier, I'm being sent to the moon by NASA, I'm on fire. Can I run through your sprinkler?, I'm a goddess but I'm not your mother, I'm afraid I shall have to use butter, I'm filling the cracks that ran through the door, I'm looking over a four-leaf clover, I'm smelling it all the way over here, I'm sorry I have to repeat it here, I.V. attached filled with Dr. Pepper, I've actually seen her burn water, I've become an obsessive note-taker, I've got a feeling a higher power, I've got an itch honey. Lower. Lower, I've never had a headache last 12 hours, I've never known anybody like her, I've painted myself into a corner, if you want to look twenty years younger, if you're breathing up in your chest you're scared, imagine please: morbid myopia, imperfect erring mortals as we are, imperfections in the sheets of paper, in July the water boils in the jar, in six feet which are called hexameters, in the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure, inducing unconsciousness in strangers, inserted out of the common order, interior is another matter, Is it better than working 40 hours?, Is it the message or the messengers?, Is that going to wreck your computer?, Isn't one word as good as another?, it is a virtuous deed to pull hair, it was the 31st of March this year, it was very very expensive there, it's morally wrong to allow suckers, it's not just reality that matters, it's on (Dr. Dre) 187um killa, it's where your lady friend is on all fours, it's getting to be that time of the year, it's only a year and after a year, it's time to get live live live like a wire, Janet get that condom out of your hair!, j'adore je a window I do not care, Jeepers creepers where'd you get those peepers?, jogging shorts getting shorter and shorter, just don't bother me with your holier, just stringing bits and pieces together, keep a collection of teeth in a jar, kill the past kill it dead write the future, killing raises fears over the future, Kinda makes you wish you had a job – huh?, kneejerk phobias and pack behavior, knock at a door and you'll hear an answer, know the mother and pick up the daughter, language as music of sense in our ears, lateblooming boomers (late-booming bloomers?), lawyers are scarier than dinosaurs, leaving the note that she hoped would say more, let me begin again I've gone too far, let's talk about frozen diarrhea, Life Is The Only Thing Worth Living For, liquidation of the British Empire, listening to the chorus with one ear, lived a little red hen and a rooster, living in Buttfuck Louisiana, Long Island thinking I had the answer, Longevity? I'm dead in the water, look I have no idea who you are, looking at that which is no longer there, loving purple-helmeted warrior, Luis Angel Firpo the prize-fighter, M-my wife don't allow me no butter, made it possible to hear with the ears, making-happy-la-dee-dee-la-dee-da, man at his birth is supple and tender, masculinity and the rule of law, massacre and

slaughter in Rwanda, Master! Master! My dick's caught in the door!,
mathematically arranged gestures, May I be excused Ms. Motorola?, Maybe
but Jesus was a Rottweiler!, me chuckling in a malicious manner, men
are like portable heaters that snore, men are not monogamous by nature,
methylenedioxymethampheta, missing persons paraphernalia, more than 6
inches in diameter, more twenty somethings with bad facial hair, Mr.
Duck's basal-cell carcinoma, Mr. Four and a Half Inches is here!, Mr.
Puffy gives up to the farmer, Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter,
music major/boner extraordinaire, my dear I don't care a great deal for
pears, my eyes begin to get that glaze-over, my heart is grown as moldy
as my hair, my mom knew Mickey Dolenz's sister, my year would be good
just like Goodyear's tire, naked people feel more - I don't know -
pure, name all three well-known German composers:, ne'er mind that
hallucination of yours, never had any need for another, never
understood what was gowater, new linear cultural ideas, newspaper taxis
appear on the shore, 1974 Chevy Nova, 1968. Survivors and War, 90% work
10% pleasure, no I can't pronounce Melanogaster, No. It's Mary Poppins
in a wheelchair, no more virginity for that matter, nodding out over
and over for hours, not available in all areas, not only in terms of
"yogic powers", not opposed to praxis but to doxa, not the famous
irrational number, not to the future but to the fuchsia, nothing annoys
me more than complainers, nothing is real not even the star's hair,
notice to AT&T customers:, now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher,
now we put the Madam inside the Sir, off staying away from one another,
offer a heifer run with the halter, Oh I gotta hide! Look who's over
there!, oh no that guy will never disapper, oh now this is really going
too far..., Oh! The vulva's dilating doctor!, On A Clear Day You Can
See Forever, on first looking into Chapman's Homer, 1 and a 2 and a 3
and a 4, one cannot step twice into the same river, one line always
ending like another, One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor, one old
Oxford ox opening oysters, 1 part Mr. Clean to 10 parts water, oompah
oompah stick it up your jumper, or even Dickinson's four-line stanzas,
(or the rest of the world) needed was more, order your food by colors
and textures, ordinary steerable dish radar, our sun is a lousy boring
small star, out over the bodies splayed on the floor, overpaid
oversexed and over here, P-A-RT-Y? Because I gotta!, pancake-eating-
peace-loving pacemaker, parse this sentence: John hit the barrier,
parties are designed to make you bitter, (patting foot nervously
against the floor), peaceniking knickknocking pancakemaker, people over
40 tend to lie more, people remain nomadic by nature, pesky mosquitoes
that buzz in your ear, Pete Briggs is a pink pig big pig patter,
phrases such as "I hate my father" or, playing with the ease of Charlie
Parker, please sign me up for the other gender, poetry has an essential
nature, Police Discover Crack In Australia, pom-piss equinical
posterior, Poor: Economically Unprepared, portable stereos devour
power, pot of gloss vanilla vibe your lover, pray that you may never
have to endure, pray to Azazoth or Zoroaster, probably the earliest
flyswatters, pure theory must provoke peels of laughter, Q is for
Quinton who sank in a mire, quasihemidemisemiquaver, quiet mind is
ready for whatever, R is for Rhoda consumed by a fire, red epoxy
polyester powder, Red lost case Ma. Jesse James acts older, remember
the rumors you used to hear, renowned for punishing boys with long
hair, "Repulsion" is showing on my finger, Riff how do you finger-fuck
your sister?, romance with literature from afar, S is for stupid which
some of us are, said a doleful young man with a stutter,
saippuakauppias (soap dealer), save the world for conventional warfare,
scrap the rollers the mousse and the dryer, see my back is sensitive to
trauma, see ya soon (funerals B-days dinner?), seek out restaurants

that use real china, self-proclaimed Cyberpunks are everywhere, Send no money. You will be billed later, shading within a garment may occur, shamelessly hamhanded politicore, sharp as a stick but not small in stature, sentences serve to describe how things are, she looked so beautiful I could eat her, she really is no fun whatsoever, she's licking my warm emancipator, she said "Just like a man only longer", she said "They're behind the couch." And they were!, she's the world's sexiest undertaker, sheepskin seatcovers little lambs no more, short-haired animal with no visitors, shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater, sim sewer rebuild fabulous sewers, singing "dollar dollar bill y'all" in the shower, 6 of one !/2dozen of the other, smell of grape juice signifies banana, smells like used dishwater but tastes better, smiles with one eye and cries with the other, Smoke ball-point pens. Burn all your waste paper, "Smoke On The Water..." "Slow Walking Walter...", snakes grew upon her head in place of hair, so hairy she shaves with a weedwhacker, so he wrote her a letter to thank her, so I sing a song of love Julia, so now we have the fake indy cola, so she tried it and shouted "Eureka!", so there here where her sulfur sphere stares her, So You Want To Be (A Rock 'n Roll Star), some lady says: please enter your number, something worthwhile instead of mopping floors, Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture, Sophia Loren in vintage Dior, sore as shitty left handed screwdrivers, Sounds dangerous. You have no idea, spank this likepunk rock it's only a car, spending all afternoon skimming Chaucer, sports jackets may be worn but no trousers, squirted from the groin of Tina Turner, star to pull up a chair during dinner, stipulations is the answer either, such is the parable of samsara, Suede Charlatans Elastica Pulp and Blur, suffers from Clue Deficit Disorder, sugar-laden saturated color, sweet oiliness to come together, take a long honest look in the mirror, teach yourself how use a catheter, tearssharp as diamondscolld as glassHard tears, tell within ten of the correct figure, that I don't really want to speak to her, that paperclip that blew into the air, that part (of his body) is all shattered, that Rice Crispies won't even talk to her, that thereafter nobody emplougheda, The Ayatollah of Rock 'n Rollah, the bad guy is always the foreigner, the beating of a high school janitor, the best thing about the Persian Gulf War, the dignity of manual labor, the fetid pile of insect saliva, the garbage of Gaza: all yours Yasir, the goosey grain and the sunflushed sleeper, the government doesn't work anymore, the greatest collection of words ever, the highs will be a little bit higher, the investigation of ideas, the less you talk the better off you are, the longing for the Authentic Other, the lows will be a little bit lower, the mind may be dipped in any color, the more points you get the stranger you are, the most utterly bitchin' thing ever, the most powerful powerstick ever, the new theory is that men don't mature, the next up-and-coming sonnet-slinger, the now Cindy Crawfordless Richard Gere, the phone rings and I can't bear to answer, the pronunciation of the vulgar, the second and then the third will occur, the shells that she sells are sea-shells for sure, the sun shines brighter after a shower, the system of salvation by silver, the transcendental sound of Nirvana, the true the real the hard etc., The ultimate head-to-toe make-over!, the victory of left-wing storm troopers, The Zen room? Shit let me put my joint there!, Then his dingus shot off in his zipper!, then you're gonna have sticky underwear, there are no typographical errors, there is grasping because there is desire, there / is / no / love / in / this / world / any / more, there is no such thing as a bad mother, there is rhythm that moves the eye over, there was no leaf upon the forest bare, there's a kind of spiritual hunger,there's a lot of waiting in the drama, there's

a popular myth in our culture, these two numbers have long been considered, they are Yuppies – smart-ass power-lunchers, they call them “urine tests” but know better, they say we’re 98% water, they’re not exactly knocking down my door, thicker members stroking on forever, things are O.K. and they’re getting better, think of Valhalla as Hitler’s bunker, this country’s obsession with “forever”, this done on some pretext or another, this insane cathedral of ideas, this is the longest three pages ever, this monstrous volume could rouse the neighbors, this music reminds me of last summer, this question doesn’t get us anywhere, thistle the successful thistle sifter, time in American history your, to absorb it grows longer and longer, to her that is not here and doth not hear, to his horror he finds it full of hair, too many hoes and not enough hookers, too old to cut the mustard anymore, topped with our creamy schizophrenia, (troubled pats his shoulder tentatively), trust your doctor to have all the answers, try not to be afraid of legwarmers, trying to pick up salt with a plunger, ultimately wins the reader over, uncovering layer upon layer, underwear drawers that we never wear, upon entering the tensebarriers, used to be Dada now is Derrida, used to diddle himself with a conger, usually between the cracked bulghur, vesihiisi sihisi hississa, vinyl rubber and their cling-fit sisters, voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir, wait a second I need a letter here, walk a month rather than jump a river, walked past the wig store danced at the Fillmore, was in love to the point of dementia, Was mom a virgin when you married her?, Was that a penguin I just ran over?, we are not formed as notes of music are, we can’t talk about anger or water, we don’t sell left handed toilet plungers, we drop them in the tubs with hair dryers, we never saw you in bed together, we shun ideology and dogma, we’re left objectivizing each other, We’re short but we’re hung like horses. We are?, well you know I hate to be a downer, well you’re still white but now I can see ya, Western individuated culture, Whassa matter? Just get your ears lowered?, What are some of the signs of a liar?, What are your thoughts about marijuana?, What do you call fish bones? Skele-tuna, What do you think about getting older?, what Freud meant by “infantile amnesia”, What is a byproduct of dark suckers?, what is once well done is done forever, What is something red? What is something “ah?”, What makes one band better than another?, What makes one sound better than another?, What makes one word better than another?, What part didn’t you understand? The buh?, What the hell is a radio picture?, What the hell is a sonic transducer?, what she wanted was eternal glamour, “What should I be looking for?” I inquired, what thynges it is that wommen moost desire, what you are is forever who you were, What’s blue and thrashes about on the floor?, What’s red and white and bubbles all over?, What’s the difference between a Hoover?, What’s the difference between earth and air?, What’s the matter you don’t like hamburgers?, What’s the point of worrying anymore?, What’s your favorite brand of underwear?, when I feel my finger on your trigger, when the oak leaves are as big as mice ears, when you die only one of six numbers, when you make what you love make it smarter, when you think of grandma think of grammar, where bananas meet other bananas, Where could she go? She was already there, Where did I leave the word for “spatula?”, where eyes inevitably distract ears, where the head and the neck are the stopper, Whether Hoffa Whiter whites : Tide or Cheer ?, (which had I thought a few baffling features, which lies not calm in eyes or braided hair, Which living person do you most admire?, which was filled with the heaviest mortar, white delta against the purple feathers, who admonished a giddy young spinster, who condemns a fictional character, who was laying his gal with a cheater, who was lonely and wanted a

futter, who was nicer by far than her sister, who was raped as she knelt at the alter, who was raped in the woods by a drover, Why is one line better than another?, Why is one page better than another?, Why is one thought better than another?, Why is one word better than another?, Why is there a dick on this man's shoulder?, Why not fail students with the right answers?, Why reject some thoughts and accept others?, Why stand up straight when you can fall over?, Why wouldn't a system like that work here?, Will that be allowed in Neutopia?, Will they fill my ass with Liquid Plumber?, winter in her winter haunts she wanders, with a glug-glug here and a handshake there, with thick glasses and a bad comb-over, with Vitamin A and moisturizers, Women Are From Venus Men Are From Mars, women never have anything to wear, wooly boogers on our damp pajamas, works best if told while in a swivel chair, Wow! That girl has some pipes and so much more, "Yeah but bacon tastes good!" John Travolta, Yeah every fold is a new adventure!, yeah I'm O.K. I'm still hanging in there, yellow cigarette stained teeth and fingers, yes I did when I was a teenager, yet in the cellar my pet still swelters, yisgadal v'yiskadash smai raba, you are now running on reserve power, you boogied all night in a cheesy bar, you can see this ain't "moon/spoon/June" stuff here, you can't start at the top of the ladder, you could make more money as a butcher, you ever cut your grass and find a car, You get a lot of famous people here?, you have to notice sooner or later, you know I don't need a straw anymore, you know what I am going to say here, You know what I hate? Indian givers, you push the button you choose the lover, you see a shoe we see America, you smell - let's take a shower together, You swept the floor? What a good boy you are!, you will be awarded some great honor, you will die if you smoke marijuana, you'll feel silkier than ever before, you're a superstar yes that's what you are, you're getting warmer younger and tanner, you're out there in the middle of nowhere, You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here, you're so fine I would drink your bathwater, you've paid your dues for a couple of years, your dog is aging faster than you are, your Jure Man Fewer err and Chance sell err, your mother is like a football player, your operas but certainly not ours;

A baby covered in Funnel-Web spiders, a baby run over by a lawn mower, a baby that was hit by a snow thrower, a baby that's been playing with a chainsaw, a blow passes on a spoken word lingers, a bocher a shadchen a moid a bobbeh, a brontosaurus is a salamander, a collection of language I'd like to share, a convention of Amish undertakers, a fascinating magikal egresore, a food for today: Hershey's Brownie Sampler, a food particle the size of a chana, a grain of salt demystifies the pepper, a hundred or more milliseconds before, a long perfect loop was formed by my seizure, a lot of ideas are just ideas, a new face on the many-headed monster, a noisier noise annoys an oyster more, a one-bit brain with a parity error, a person with pinkish eyes white skin and hair, a polar bear is a rectangular bear, a red tara sadhana for your father, a rhyming dictionary extraordinare, a "saucy nomad" is just a wanderer, a square cut punter not a punter cut square, A Supermarket In California, a thing of beauty is a boy forever, absorbs 30% faster than water, after that came the parts devoted to fear, after thirty years disgruntled shoe seller, after two decades of icing each other, again we turn on our air-conditioner, Alas! The lens of life is smeared with butter, all Domino's pizzas are made with liver, ALRIGHT EVERYBODY! COFFEE BREAK'S OVER!, alternative Cyberspace Utopia, Alvin Toffler will do it in the future, American dreamer star of Karuna, amoral pixies and confused carnivores, an alphabetic and syllabic order, an' asked if she had any cooties in there, An eternal question. And now the answer:, analogies are rocks in my underwear, analogies in writing are like feathers, and all the men and women merely players, and as you step into the morning shower, and every day we'd read from the book of Cher, and he fines you every time you slam the door, and I ask if that is a good idea, and in the end nothing makes sense anymore, and just having persistent gonorrhoea, and now again we are having the pleasure, and now for the part you've all been waiting for, and others have concepts that cut across ours, And that crazy new contraption the blower?, and the New York Daily News gives it four stars, and they're coming to take me away ha ha, and we were damn near blown out of the water, (and yet arriving at different answers), another fig leaf for another era, Anthem For The Retarded Teenage Hipster, antiSemitic witch-hunting right-wingers, Anuruddha's Abhidhammattha-Sangaha, anything you can do I can do better, apology alternatives to flowers, appearance electronically altered, Are any of you serious listeners?, Are you the selfappointed chair-person here?, Aren't I a lot cuter than Bob Barker?, Arrgh! I'm trapped forever! Aaaigh! Flee run fear!, aslong as it's black we like every color, as one who has often been caught in this snare, as such I envisioned this work as a score, At the copy machine: reproducing huh?, Autumn Likely To Quit Soon Over Winter, barbers do it and end up with soaping hair, baseballs with delicious chocolate centers, beam me up there's no intelligent life here, beautiful black ladies for phone talk & more, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, because it was stapled to the koala, been dialing the wrong number for an hour ---->, before you blast her protect your bushmaster, bent out of shape by society's pliers, biocidal fries and a flouty burger, biological warfare is all we are, bit by bit daily life becomes such that there, blame the woman blame the drink blame the weather, Bloody Ethnic Feuding Gets Even Grimmer, blue is just not a natural food color, (book in my hand is sufficiently obscure, Boy did my bomb pop. She opened it right there, breezing over a chunky Taxi bubbler, brilliant sisters vs. do-nothing brothers, Buddha laid his finger on the heart's desire, but before my

pen runs dry altogether, but it will become clear to any reader, but little inferior to the others, But Moses gets the rebound ... he shoots ... HE SCORES!, but she's hard-edged and ballsy and I like her, but t D if revolution engenders, but you are so strong and well just so super, by calling the winter a "shitty summer", by odor in chronological order, Can a guy in a bear suit nail Madonna?, Can you believe that goddamned little bugger?, Can't someone just cure my Scanophobia?, carrier of eerier terrier hair, cause I'm Pete The Puma Minnie The Moocher, cellular representation is cancer, Charges Link Trash Industry To Mafia, cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger, Chicken legs! Women drivers no survivors, "civilizing the electronic frontier", class struggle or executive producer, Coleridge did and certainly Baudelaire, compliments of suicidal amoebae, conceive him as a great white caterpillar, Conclusions You Can Come To When You're So Bored, contemporary crock pot markets an air, continuity that excludes all others, crowned A capital A with a crown over, cyber-banging vulgar display of power, da da da dada da da dada da da, daffodils that come before the swallow dare, deadpanning like a truculent sixthformer, destroying culture in the name of culture, di epeleh falt nit veit fun baimeleh, Did you see my money while you were down there?, dirt is very dirty indeed dirtier, distinguish between genres and formulas, distorted excursions into the nether, Do they run over any alligators?, Does it feel sticky after you clean your floor?, Does your mother know you represent Hitler?, doesn't have two neurons to rub together, don't ask what the little wastebasket is for, Don't consider yourself great. God is greater, don't worry you won't feel this way forever, "dropped a couple bills on all that cool gear", Duchamp spent his whole life trying not to bore, dying for oil in Saudi Arabia, each generation enjoying a higher, endless amounts of linguistic crapola, enjoys listening to telemarketers, Ethnically Homogenous Area, Every Bible Gets Dusty After Easter, every comma in my work is my comma, every man deserves a secret phone affair, every woman should visit the breast center, everybody's so sensitive around here, exclusion from society and favor, Excuse me! Do you know if we can park here?, excuses to raid the refrigerator, experience a natural disaster, extremists threw sandals at one another, Facism = Bayreuth = Wagner, falling asleep in the arms of your mother, 50% less fat than most candy bars, finally got hand unstuck from pickle jar, finding a quiet and rock solid center, finding relief in fondoo-acheese melter, five virgins want to be deflowered by her, flash and sizzle of babies dead all over, fleas and unchecked flatulence both of which are, foliated detail of stool lamina, for long-term success try these motivators:, for he told a plump girl she was skuinea, for millions this life is a sad vale of tears, for those about to rock we salute you FIRE, forced to embrace a red-hot metal pillar, Ford Taurus America's best selling car, form is the possibility of structure, four out of five get it before they are four, Furtwängler - Hitler's favorite conductor, get a doggy bag quick we're taking over, get into the groove boy you've got to prove your, give the finger to the rock-and-roll singer, Great gift sale! \$25 and under!, green loogi attached to the inside of your, growing up female in the mass media, Had sex with someone whose face you never saw?, ham chicken or something brown that just lays there, has no owner and nothing can interfere, Have you smelled old beer on furniture before?, he quoted his old friend Jerry Garcia, he relates with a tinge of nostalgia, he sighed and said "There is so much to yearn for", he told me what I thought I wanted to hear, he was her gopher and say did he go for, he who brought the butter dish to Balshazar, he's being hyped as the new Henry Miller, he's leaving on that midnight train to Georgia,

here we are again and I've been here before, Hey hey nihaoma. Hey yeah yeah nihaoma, Hey ... I'm a loser baby ... so why don't ya, Hey I've just had a fantastic idea!, Hey somebody farted. Let's get out of here, hipness is bigger than General Motors, hippie influences on your bandanna, his legs were like pieces of hardened leather, historians merely repeat each other, homosexual dogs can't cross a river, how can you tell when sour onion ring answers, How do you confuse a stupid person? 4, How many legs has a bowlegged spider?, humuhumunukunukuapuaa, hyperaware of her hypochondria, I accepted the major and the minor, I am demanding your selfless support here, I am quickly becoming an idea, I am the beast who will slaughter your mother, I am the demon who rots in the corner, I am the moth I killed in infant desire, I believe that this is a condition or, (I can't do it for a nickel anymore), I can't keep my eyes open any longer, (I could give two shits about your disclaimer, "I couldn't call him a 'poet' - that's for sure", I don't know where they are but I know they're there, "I don't pay for my sex" replies the panda, I don't want to live in this world anymore, I feel like Eva Gabor in "Green Acres", I find it difficult to forgive a pear, I forgot to remember to forget her, I give the impression that I am secure, I hate that the paper towel dispenser, I have an answering machine in my car, I have grown so old and neutral I don't care, I have never read half a page of Homer, I have no good reason to die of despair, I have often thought of swimming in water, I haven't read a Judy Blume book in years, I hear the mill rumbling but I see no flour, I hope that this improves my parking karma, I intend to reopen in the future, I just stood on my head and my neck is sore, I knew this would happen sooner or later:, I know who's on the phone before I answer, I remember up high wallpaper borders, I remember we'd all pile into the car, I say Hallelujah brothers and sisters!, I stood on the stairs then my mouth hit the floor, I think I'd like to become a birdwatcher, I think I'm growing another nipple here, I think their ears are a different color, I think we have mid-summer insomnia, I think we're in for a bad spell of wether, I told the undertaker undertaker, I want to fuck her where she has too much hair, I wanted to assassinate December, I was not aware she ever did swimwear, I went to her house. The closets have no doors, I wish everyone could trust one another, I wish I had bought Adidas not Pumas, I wish I was an Oscar Meyer Weiner, I wish they all could be California, I wonder what the feel of these pages are, I work exclusively on the computer, I'd rather slit my wrists than date anymore, I'll def be there - Puma T-shirt long blonde hair, I'll bet her thighs are as flabby as ever, I'm deadly on the eyes an astro-spyder, I'm giving up sex for my new found pleasure!!, I'm finding that I prefer my toast darker, I'm going to have myself stuffed like Trigger, I'm gonna wash that man right out of my hair, I'm not saying that to kiss your ass either, I'm only reporting the sounds that I hear, I'm taking my teenage son to a stripper, I'm thinking of Ted Berrigan and others, I've been scheduled for transplanted karma, I've got the start of a pretty big boner, I've got to be very very together, I've had two children since my first encounter, I've never known anybody who likes her, if he were her child she'd make sure he'd never, if I could have just been a capon's liver, if I had money I'd like to eat lobster, If it is entertaining even better!, if nude dancing is outlawed only outlaws, if shit happened once it will happen twice more, if there are no questions there are no answers, if you can remember when life was simpler, if you have nothing to do don't do it here, if you knew what you were doing you'd be bored, if you're going home ride home with someone sober, if you're horny and you know it beat your bars, important rules for the wealthy investor,

impossible to tell one from the other, in a way that is both direct and obscure, in the soap-operas heard in Gomorra, indeed life on earth is nearly half over, influences outside the home don't matter, Info-deformation shared mental triggers!, [insert pointlessly huge ASCII logo here], <insert your local white trash neighborhood here>, inspired by the beauty of America, international express yourself counter, introducing new Tide with grease releasers, inwardly ejaculating fervent prayers, (Is everybody ready?) Well dibbida, Is he the victim or the victimiser?, Is-it-a-parody-or-is-it-sincere?, Is it hard? No but you should look it over, Is it time for a colorful metaphor?, is only reverberation of the air, isa ala myy myymalaasi - father, Isn't fun like the best thing to have ever?, it comes from here (pointing long slender finger, it is a world for cerebral adventures, It must start somewhere. Might as well begin here, it separates the men from the ... whatever, it was well received although no one was there, it'll be sweeter if you wrap your peter, it'll all be the same in a hundred years, it's a condition he states named apnea, it's a classic case of "you had to be there", it's always there taunting you faster faster, it's hard to find better prices anywhere, it's kind of boring to read - there's no pictures, it's not good to sleep with your mother either, it's one of those confusing gray areas, it's out there just waiting to be discovered, Ivory and Massengil right away sir, Jack Spicer might keep me puzzled forever, James Chaney Andrew Goodman Mickey Schwerner, jerking off while working on the computer, Jerry off on eternal space jam guitar, Jim Thomas Park Jr. has "Anal Vapors", Join in the fun and copy me into yours!, jump in time to the immediate future, Jupiter and Juno and Zeus and Hera, just like my Aunt Lottie used to put in hers, keep it down - my mother is a light sleeper, kit'n/ and /kuhl'r/ not /kit'n/ and /kuhl'r/, Knight Ridder To Get Rid Of More Reporters, knowing yourself lets you understand others, let me dip my ladle in your vichyssoise, like a line drawn across a sheet of water, like masturbating 10 times a day or more, list each cheek separately by bank number, listen with credulity to the whispers, locked up in a broom closet with Pauly Shore, locking people up because of eyebrow hair, lofty cushy effete ivory tower, look what silver girl is doing for gray hair, looking to God for answers is premature, lose all the weight you want for \$7, Lost: small apricot poodle. Reward. Neutered, low-land drinks its water and that of others, "m" typically lasts a hundred or more, Martinis at lunch. Rob Roys before dinner, Material Girl grilling tuna burgers, maybe you'll earn the reward of my collar, message sent thank you for calling Skypager, millions of passengers are sprayed every year, Minny and a Minny and a ha ha ha, Misssing In Action and Prisoners Of War, mistakes are oft the stepping stones to failure, money is only one way of keeping score, Monitor lizard or T.V. monitor?, more anti-Semitism in Austria, moshers mopers and psychedelic swayers, most anybody knows about the future, Mr. Fishmeister meet Mr. Fishmonger, my airline encounter with Stevie Wonder, My Anal-lucious ass is ready for ya!, My dad went gaga. And goo-goo. And aah-aah, my hair gets longer as the beat gets stronger, my mind is generally in the gutter, my mother's miniature finger wrapper, my name is Ira I'm an engine driver, My People Were Fair and Had Sky In Their Hair, my plot to take over the world if thicker, my potential-acquaintance-rape-survivor, my tongue hides as my dainty head hits the floor, My wife's a gem. Marriage ended her career, national upgrade complete 12/94, Nazi sympathizer likes a kielbasa, Nazis portrayed as the scum they truly were, needlessly God knows he meant to frighten her, negotiate self-destructive behaviors, neither a panhandler nor a Laplander, neither real nor unreal nor both nor either, never answer a question with an

answer, New Probe Into Amy's Claim Joey Raped Her, Nietzsche on acid indeed!: Melt-O-Rama!!!!!!!, No Fear Mossimo Stussy Yaga wearers, no personal checks under \$20, nobody but nobody does it better, nobody has time for mourners and cribbers, not a player but a quiet onlooker, not for use in automatic dishwashers, not knowing how to program your VCR, nothing compares to the smell of real flowers, notice that your works are more like each other, Now i hate everyone. People are losers, now put down your Spookey Grogan candy bar, of bad poetry and Italian sodas, Oh good! It's my Channel 13 umbrella!, oh I need to be slightly numb in order, oh my such good apple pie sweet as sugar, Oh well! back: put a galley: round the b.: sir, one avant-garde overtaking another, one hot pepper short of an enchilada, one hundred million billion zillion dollars, one moment reinvented at another, one two three four clean it up and make some more, 1 2 3 4 cretins gonna hop some more, one two three four getcher booty on the floor, 1 2 3 4 we don't want your fucking war, one who likes to nibble on a woman's ear, onto the nipple ring finger puke of our, open defecation by jhuggi dwellers, open here to experience Nautica, opposed to each other but need each other, Or have they gone the way of the snaildarter?, or jet culture has its own pecking order, or whatever gets you wetter or harder, others see a crass literary prankster, over and cover asunder and under, over and over we flatten the clover, Owww!!! I'm so hot!!! Clint and Arnold together!!!, partly because I consider them filler, Partnership For A Drug Free America, paying outrageous sums for bottled water, Peace. Love. Happiness. They call me Sunflower, people often confuse my work for others, people who are pure like people who are pure, perhaps we make our own personal traumas, (personally I blame the guidance counselor), picture yourself on a boat on a river, pink indicates a tendency to squander, poorly armed and seasoned only in terror, prevent dark from entering the dark sucker, Pussy cat pussy cat what did you do there?, Queen Liliuokalani once ruler, raises as many questions as it answers, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The equalizer, ramps have actually been very under, red hearts orange stars yellow moons green clovers, reinstate the Oedipal triangular, remove one joint per day (first feet then fingers, Richard Wagner and the Holy German War, rock 'n roll dancers proved internal cancers, Rocky takes it up the ass doo-dah doo-dah, rot-corpse Sumatran art amuses proctor, (running as the privileged super-user), say good-bye to unwanted stains forever, Say Hallelujah Brother! Hallelujah!, scatter oneself over a wide area, "selling" culture by hawking "shares" in Wagner, send bizarre things you think can give you cancer, seriously wishes to be considered, served by a single elderly retainer, she bird-dogs every little thing you give her, she is just enjoying the cool air up there, she likened the breath to a windshield wiper, she sippeth sweet flowers to keep her voice clear, she uses a VCR for a beeper, she's definitely wearing her Wonder Bra, she's such a sucker he don't wanna fuck her, sheer ignorance and good old fashioned godfear, shimmering with muscle-pumps close to his core, shitty food shitty music lame-ass dancers, Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, simply because I am not a composer, sit quietly until the next thought appears, slack jaws and fear but in hers only humor, sloppy follow-up with vile disco flavor, small particles of glass stone etc., Snap snap grin grin wink wink nudge nudge say no more?, so I guess the gas station is Nirvana, so many egomaniacal writers, so we can appropriate it for use here, some girls give me children I never asked for, some of you might think that a drastic measure, sometimes I wish it was 20 years later, sooner or later love is gonna getcha, South Africans Hail President Mandela, squares may look distant in her rear view mirror, staring at his thinning hair by

his right ear, step up to a dependable answerer, streechup lip 2 la-di da-di I-lighter, structure has no point form has no point either, stumble upon glorious formal structures, sub limb in all stoning of a blast femur, success is an interval between failures, such and such a day of such and such a year, suffocation and fun in my desk drawer, super absorbent premium cat litter, superior and inferior street fairs, sure just put it in the accumulator, Teddy the Elf with the Detached Retina, teeters on the precipice of dementia, that I kissed Winona Ryder in a bar, "That is who I am!" replied the de-nosed squire, that moment with a preconceived idea, that sound of large bubbles bursting in water, that's why we're all writers frustrated writers, that's right those fat slobs need another order, the artworld and its universal blinders, the awful urge to dress younger than you are, The CBS Evening News with Dan Rather, the chicken oriental salad and more, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the emphasis is on the particular, the future is closer than ever before, the good news is that most people get better, the hardness of egotism disappears, the important thing is that it's full rear, The Little Old Lady From Pasadena, the loss of one pet dog after another, The NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw, the #1 ingredient was sugar, the only thing to do is to sit and stare, the personification of malt liquor, the question remains attached to the wrapper, the realm of the professional amateur, the reptile was once supposed to live in fire, the resident rasta men slinging buddha, the results in no particular order:, the scene is a dark jungle in Africa, the shot calla is creeping on the under, the sky is falling ... no I'm tipping over, the Tao Te Ching is I Ching's older brother, the time for exploitation is way over, the van driver and I smiled at each other, the walls are covered with see-through wallpaper, the way the cobweb part holds it together, the word "incandescent" doesn't exist here, their humble petition and sad demeanor, their split became official last December, there are two ways to enter a gas chamber:, there faster always the best way to get there, There was a lady in the men's room! I swear!, there's a definite lack of apathy there, they are just as unlovable as we are, they tell us that women are getting smaller, think of a color you never saw before, think of it as one word: Thejedimaster, Think that's circumference or diameter?, thinks $E=MC^2$ is a rap star, 35 minutes have a Buddha-nature, this is AC I have OJ in the car, this isn't fair of you to pick on Hitler, this situation sounds all too familiar, those lazy hazy crazy days of summer, those of us who worry about the future, threaten to nail my boss's feet to the floor, time seems to be a recurring problem here, To boldly shit where no one has shit before!, to consider this curious world with care, to get success sometimes you've got to suffer, to go until we can't go any further, to look upon all women as your mother, today is the last day of your life so far, today's art star is tomorrow's bartender, toes twitching in the cold sadly crossing years, toll free number available to members, tomorrow is after all a new future, took myself out of the game altogether, touch the torah o mess with the menorah, travel with Dreyfuss and get a lion's share, treasure treasure I love you without measure, (trying desperately to keep back the tears), turns dry frizzy hair into smooth shiny hair, twelve males reclaiming their inner warrior, twenty four before my love and I'll be there, twenty four thousand nine hundred characters, two shots of hot milk to ease your system here, unreal utopia of fluffy Nina, Urgggg! Young hung and full of frenzy that's sugar!, variants of this story are told elsewhere, veined sweetmeat in lumps resembling a ghower, VooDoo you do something like burn someone's hair, Wagner got the same way in his later years, walls that have been pre-prepared with wallpaper, Was it just me or was

it too crowded there?, Was Napoleon really small all over?, watching all the babies going out the door, water loses weight as the weight of water, we are your digital slaves of the future, we get into a daze and we just sit there, we had a great sympathy for each other, we had lives everything was very ordered, we mourn the passing of our beloved peer, we shall obey were she ten times our mother, we would be better off without it/him/her, we're all stuck in our room with diarrhea, we're busy beating up this postal worker, We're stupid and ignorant. It's our nature, we've always been in those shoeboxes downstairs, wear a stench suit and be admired from afar, (weeping still more violently than before), Were monks the original New Age droners?, What about the brains of a philosopher?, What are the backward lyrics in "Ya Honza?", What do you call a Chinese 69-er?, What do you wish to bid on them Lorena?, what has been said here has been said here before, What is red and white and squirms in the corner?, What is the trait you most deplore in others?, What language is used by the largest number?, what pained me the most: the plague in India, What's Danish and runs naked through the butchers?, what's good for the goose is good for the gander, what's good for Ugoose is good for Uganda, What's old wrinkled and smells like Ginger Rogers?, What's pink wrinkled and hangs out of your trousers?, whatever your losing virginity year, When asked "Do they tear?" He replied "Here and there.", when he took refuge in a cave near Mecca, when I lay my head down on the amoebae, when my tongue put a ring of coat hanger wire, when the passages begin to get longer, when you smoke pot it kind of opens the doors, where anti-Semitism ever flickers, Where did you get the flower in the bower?, whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, whether he was Jesus Christ or another, which aroused the envy of Joseph's brothers, (which shows a lot of skin but no vaginas), who having been brought forth from boundless Mother, Why are our days numbered and not say lettered?, Why do you put a baby in the blender?, Why is there no way to submit an answer?, Will it be viewed as a joke in the future?, winning the coach says is like staying sober, Without doubt how can one be a true seeker?, without so much as a dash or a comma, women do not know anything about cars, words as sources of suffering to others, Would you like to see my boa constrictor?, Would you think about selling these in your store?, wouldn't be prudent to shit at this juncture, yet he still prefers to walk up flights of stairs, Yoda Penelope The Jedi Master, you are all I long for worship and adore, You are nothing! URA fucking loser!, you can't always judge a seat by its cover, You can't do that. Don't you know people live here?, you could learn a big lesson from this dog here, you don't need a license to live with a beer, you fuck with the mop I'll fuck with the monster, You go figure. Or rather you go figyah, you have to trust the fact that you're a writer, you inherit the shit of your ancestors, you know that's not enough postage anymore, You see this in Oprah Winfrey. Look at her, you were in a car crash and you lost your hair, you're about as punk rock as The Go Go's were, you're all mixed up like pasta primavera, you're twisted depraved and rotten to the core, you're putting your groceries like together, you've never had cereal like this before, your hair is too long to jewball anymore, your physical body will not reappear, zealous railing got to be that much better;

A big corporate multi-national monster, a boy that will last practically forever, a certain phase of my life just might be over, a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, a dwarf race in equatorial Africa, a few shafts from his analytical quiver, a former Buddhist and alleged tree-hugger, A grinding at his gut. A sawing at his core, a how-to-manual on torturing readers, a left ear a right ear and a final front ear, A maiden is like velvet – come on fondle her!, A man a plan a cat a canal Panama?, a modern pastiche of archaic ideas, a Moslem soda water manufacturer, a mucker named Tucker had struck her the fucker, a perfectly perforated piece of blotter, a really dumb message about aphasia, a sound not actually present to the ear, [a] the study of words [b] the study of wars, A Toyota! Race fast safe car. A Toyota, a trippy late night addition to your chancre, a vote for the oat is a vote for free pizza, a wall indicating that we can't go on here, accept he e-liminates from the area, Actually the alphabet is not numbered!, admired the radical gesture of the writers, after having learned there isn't any there there), after the Beats and before the acid-trippers, Alice Toklas the rugged dance'all selecta, all standards were eradicated in favor, alpilla beltilla ciltilla deltilla, anaphor and cataphor over exophor, And beyond the roots? Perhaps such sound as thunder?, and black is the most sophisticated color, And chicken? Yes we had chicken legs for Easter, and Flash Gordon was there in silver underwear, and God says that we should start shooting eachother, and I can feel baby breath against my shoulder, and i danced in the mud and the blood and the beer, and if you want some fun – take Obladi Oblada, and in the end we're in the same boat that they were, and it's a shame the way they make me scrub the floor, and may change places with flaky for some speakers, and now nekked they shiver oh how they shiver, and the little one said "Roll over! Roll over!", and the most exciting thing is his pajamas, and the third provided a kind of bathysphere, and then the inner silence will simply appear, and this becomes a reference book well sorta, and we all know that starvation builds character, Annabella Lovabella Pullabella, announce that you are going to take a shower, another day spent listening to Frank Zappa, answers a calm-yet-commanding semi-whisper, Any way you want it! The wetter the better!, Are you beginning to notice a pattern here?, Are you content to be a hollow victrola?, Aren't you a little short for a stormtrooper?, aromatherapy paraphernalia, as far as the eye can see there are underwires, as I held the limbless body between tweezers, as the phrases become longer I struggle more, as we say in England "Who's got hard the shoulders?", assuming also been very popular, at 12 she was carving up her legs with razors, at last the taste of bacon and cheese together, back stretched connection as of the bow and the lyre, basically it's a Chuck-E Cheese with liquor, be careful now you know sugar melts in water, be superior and know your interior, because a Macedonian had ravished her, because I make fun of men and male behavior, because we can easily count a million stars, before I found Marc Bolan as a teen-ager, before you utter a word you are the master, beginning to crack the code of literature, being less carnal he became less self-centered, belly laughter over jokes that you make after, between the blue and the red the blue looks redder, bigger than Disneyland and a whole lot closer, bikinis bring people and people bring dollars, Billie is playing yo-yo with his saliva, Birkenstocks worn with wool socks (without is cooler), bit of butter better than her bitter butter, blond woman passes with a bird on her shoulder, blow in his ear and he'll follow you anywhere, blue should not be massed

together in a picture, book readers miss out on K-Tel record offers, Bust open the ham and pass it around will ya?, but alas the pear is contrary by nature, but for an older woman she's put together, but his mind is all the while on the pain he bears, but in this pit of rue I suffer the quagmire, But maybe you can stop the e-mailing Spam huh?, But the boys who wouldn't stop shouting "I want her!", but three days later you feel like death warmed over, butt bustin' bellies & hipsmackin' handringers, by 1982 I was really bonkers, By the way boyz and girlzz did u ever lder?, calls that sounded like this now sound this much clearer, "Can you feel it?" a voice would be screaming somewhere, cause he ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, cause if my mind's tore up then my body don't care, chronic maldistribution of rectifiers, coined "pet" names for your partner's genitalia, colors like the smell of trout in my pajamas, comes in 2nd for the most obnoxious hugger, common wood screws can make a child look like a deer, Confessions of An English Opium Eater, construct thru interaction with other centers, couldn't face sex without a cigarette lighter, cranky loners and hyperactive teenagers, current opium of the people: youth culture, data and interactivity everywhere, David Geffen: 51 year-old billionaire, deep as her dimples reflecting in a mirror, deliver de letter de sooner de better, deputy dog dig a ding dang depadepa, distilled into "You disagree because you fear, do not drive or machine heavy operators, do the bulldagger do the bulldagger swagger, Do vegetarians eat animal crackers?, Do you believe this is the wave of the future?, Do you know the importance of a Skypager?, Do you mind if I interrupt right about here?, Does that mean poisoned Cheerios cause breast cancer?, dogs in the backyard writing on the computer, don't light up as soon as you're being pulled over, don't scramble for more because you stink like a bar, don't send so many cakes to the Ayatollah, don't start thinking of what other words have "under", don't expect to find anything too profound here, don't follow leaders and watch the parking meters, don't give me that brother brother brother brother, drag artists trannies leather queens and sex changers, drink your coffee - there are people in India, dumb with generation next whoever they are, each thing is as important as every other, echo over double feature "Fuck your teacher", ego-dirt ego-puke ego-diarrhea, Elsie's back (And she's more mooooveous than ever!), et cetera etcetera et cetera, <Ethnic> Genitalia are <size descriptor>, even the birds and the bees understand it yaar, eventually the Who mirage disappears, everyone fucking wants to be superior, everyone's dreaming of all they've got to live for, EXPLICIT TERCIA PARS. SEQUITUR PARS QUARTA, falsetto (φαλσεττο) "There goes my career as a singer!", feeling optimistic about human nature, felt sad because Skywalker killed the Emperor, 50 girls for stripping machine operators, finally learn words to "The Star-Spangled Banner", first with delight then with diminishing pleasure, for gods hate the obvious and love the obscure, for instance I switched over from briefs to boxers, for somebody who's supposed to be big on bras, generalizations are of little use here, Genesis Exodus Leviticus Numbers, get a tattoo and hide it from your gym teacher, Gilligan's Island as a modern day Chaucer, Gloria Steinem not Julia Kristeva, God is real unless declared as an integer, gotta protect little girls from those ideas, gravity is a myth the earth is a sucker, Gun upon gun ha! Ha! Gun upon gun hurrah!, hard to believe two days ago this was torture, he was then asked what his view was of the future, (he's got everything - all the fame wealth and power), he's not even a blip on the screen anymore, he's up there with Jesus in a big purple chair, heavily punctuated and full of chapters, Heidegger Heidegger was a boozy beggar, hella "janky" (a word I've never heard before), her

conscious mind like a seed turning to flower, her figure described a set of parabolas, here chew on this broken glass for a while longer, Hersheys the great American chocolate bar, Hey baby can you suck the chrome off a bumper?!?, Hey Ma what's for dinner? ShopRite has the answer, Hi Mary Ann? This is Kenny. Is my dad there?, high pitched peals of virus squeal laughter everywhere, his concentration didn't return for two years, his statement gave me a feeling of nausea, hit 'em again hit 'em again harder harder, hit a wall and splattered into a plethora, Hitler's sexual abuse of Wieland Wagner, holds you emotionally captive for two hours, How about a cereal made of lawnmower?, how I met my fate in a cafeteria, How much better is one color than another?, hyperaware of her narcissistic nature, I always feel uncomfortable everywhere, I am apt to keep thinking about it for hours, I am not claiming that I have all the answers, I can't figure if they hate Americans here, I decided that I would work with the sound "ah", I didn't mean to sound so awful and bitter, I don't debate intellectual bombthrowers, I don't have a boyfriend but I do have flashers, I don't usually mix business with pleasure, I don't want to hear it if it's not for my ears, I doubt that you will find what you are looking for, I feel like I just ordered a world regular, I felt my Giant Beef Hot Dog begin to stir, I grieved like I had lost a family member, I had just assumed that it was lost forever, I have this urge to paint myself gold all over, I have to be on the next train to Bermuda, I have to laugh when I think of the first cigar, I have trouble reversing around straight corners, I hear it but I don't believe it - no filler, I kind of fucked up the Secret Santa this year, I love to cook and I love to eat even more, I only learn what to do when I have failures, I remember a time when life had more zelter, I switched from Coke to Pep now I'm a connoisseur, I take pride as the kind of illiterate, I think I love you but I wanna know for sure, I think they still have Grateful Dead concerts somewhere?, I think we do a great job in America, I used to be indecisive now I'm not sure, I was down with Fidel Castro imagine ma!, I was the last one to get screwed. Take the back door, I washed a sock. Then I put it in the dryer, I whack off in the coffee cups of your mothers, I wish I had enough sense to swim as I hear, I wouldn't want to fuck with her tranny chaser, I'd lay money on them over the smog monster, I'm a Boogah you're a Boogah we are Boogahs, I'm a kleptomaniac K-Mart shoplifter, I'm not an incredibly talented writer, I'm just beginning to pull my teeth together, I'm looking at a fortune in orthodonture, I'm mad as hell and I can't take it anymore!, I'm not a victim of my own life anymore, I'm not gonna let them catch the Midnight Rider, I'm not into screwing other people over, I'm not on anyone's side. I'm a describer, I'm sorry I just couldn't get it together, I've never tasted anything like this before, if a woman is pregnant she will deliver, if I happen to have the hots for Demi Moore, if only I had a first person singular, if that's the case you do the fetus a favor, if we'd all been living in California, if you close the door the night would last forever, if you've dieted and failed many times before, if you've got the will now you can have the power, in a degree we learn to love one another, In just a short while your whole life could be better!, in lanes he would linger and play at stink-finger, inserting the penis into the vagina, Is the truth as titillating as the whispers?, Islamic Salvation Front of Algeria, it almost seems like none of us date anymore, it assaults me daily with painful reminders, it consisted of small timid woodland creatures, it is a pleasure that I am getting nowhere, it is still the best book I've read in twenty years, it seems that the turkey will only go so far, it shines on my eyes like a cigarette lighter, it was a

pleasure and now this is a pleasure, it was another miserable Passover, it'll fatten up the resume a bit more, it's about time we had a mensch for a leader, it's all there served to me on a silver platter, it's good to talk about troubles that are over, it's not like anything we've ever had before, it's not wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am it's the whole picture, it's really disgusting and stuff the things you hear, it's true lingering finger (lingering finger), Jeff was prepared to fall on the sword for Tonya, just generic garden-variety losers, just put a few drops on the offending odor, keep America beautiful swallow your beer, kids eat free at Friendly's every day after 4, Lady Madonna trying to make ends meet - yeah, large box of colloidal oatmeal in bathwater, laser surgery for soft tissue procedures, later they will go home and subscribe to obscure, lexicographic irregular jargoneer, lick the salt shoot the fold bite the lime sip the beer, life cannot be lost and it cannot disappear, life is never bare when you have someone who cares, life is something more than a system of letters, lighthearted letter leads to contagious laughter, like a bowling ball without a liquid center, like every dream Mudstock couldn't last forever, located on level 3 above finger 4, Lord I'm one Lord I'm two Lord I'm three Lord I'm four, make sure not to accept a bag from the bagger, making you so mad you'll want to cane your mother, mama nazi dips to taste the putrid tuna, many of our "founding fathers" were slaveowners, Marlboro and other popular brands sold here, may roughly be compared with s as in pleasure, meditating on the Mall of America, melopoeia phanopoeia logopoeia, Michael Jackson Sleeps In Hyperbaric Chamber, Mick Jagger and I just really liked each other, Mmmm that was great! It's just what the doctor ordered!, money has reckoned the soul of America, money is doubtless a big important flower, most of these people have been yo-yo dieters, move over Rover and let Jimi take over, Mr. Abramson said "What is going on here?", Mr. Adams said "I hope I made myself clear.", Mr. Ahmet said "Complex and without error.", Mr. Alt said "If I could just get it up there.", Mr. Altman said "Ran into a real buzz saw.", Mr. Avendano said "But if we get there.", Mr. Baldwin said "It's the right thing to do sir.", Mr. Bangor said "To help prevent the future.", Mr. Batheja said "They should reconsider.", Mr. Behar said "Controversy on the floor.", Mr. Belcher said "But that may be premature.", Mr. Benvenisti said "It was not all there.", Mr. Benzinger said "It's got to go somewhere.", Mr. Berger said "I can't stand it anymore!", Mr. Bernstein said "We feel just like prisoners.", Mr. Berringer said "Without a grandfather.", Mr. Berry said "Profitable endeavor.", Mr. Bigargara said "I could not wait for.", Mr. Biggiola said "We didn't stress ah - ", Mr. Blakeslee said "Coupled with milder winters.", Mr. Boggs said "We were very good together.", Mr. Bono said "I realized it was a war.", Mr. Borne said "We're giving jobs to people here.", Mr. Bowley said "We are getting ever more.", Mr. Brian said "We are now much much better.", Mr. Browne said "Got to me but now it's over.", Mr. Bucci said "Pain and horror of others.", Mr. Burger said "Well there oughta be a law!", Mr. Burnstien said "Oh Christ! The baby-sitter.", Mr. Camdessus said "I Paulus the ducha.", Mr. Capua said "During the course of our.", Mr. Cárdenas-Piñero said "I don't care.", Mr. Catterson said "It's that time of the year.", Mr. Chen said "Exhausted after a few hours.", Mr. Chon said "To do and not to do in bear.", Mr. Christian said "They didn't have an answer.", Mr. Christopher said "Not only was never.", Mr. Clearer said "Is that they are no longer.", Mr. Cleaver said "The time has come to stop her.", Mr. Cobber said "I'm always coming back here.", Mr. Condino said "Salaries are higher.", Mr. Cone said "That is what I'd call an affair.", Mr. Connell said "This is sicker and sicker.", Mr. Conway said "We know there was something

there.", Mr. Coolidge said "After than it was before.", Mr. Costa said "I saw it in the center.", Mr. Cousins said "And I would sign that paper.", Mr. Cowan said "The middle of Julia.", Mr. Cowler said "The message we sent was clear.", Mr. Crans said "Scratching is one of life's pleasures.", Mr. Crumb said "It's America's worst nightmare.", Mr. Custer said "If I may have the floor.", Mr. Cuyler said "You should look at the line score.", Mr. Danner said "And partridges antlered deer.", Mr. Davenport said "Now I'm a survivor.", Mr. Delaney said "Child rather child rather.", Mr. Dennehey said "Now we must stay indoors.", Mr. DeStefano said "Better and better.", Mr. Dickens said "This one is a nail-biter.", Mr. Dietzsch said "No. I don't think you should either.", Mr. Dimitrova said "I missed something here.", Mr. Donneger said "Ah! The most popular!", Mr. Doran said "I'll have lobster thermidor.", Mr. Dov said "Our believers saw many shares.", Mr. Dowdy said "It's what I've been waiting for.", Mr. Dunn said "Yes sir. Whatever you say sir.", Mr. Eisenberg said "Oh yes and the failure.", Mr. Ell said "It's been one of the most bitter.", Mr. Ellington said "Sorry I have cancer.", Mr. Enquist said "10% of the workers.", Mr. Erlich said "In 10 or 20 more years.", Mr. Evans said "Near future doesn't require.", Mr. Fenn said "Neither produced any major.", Mr. Fish said "For a leader than that leader.", Mr. Fiske said "No violation of the law.", Mr. Fixx said "If you end the utopia.", Mr. Flem said "I can't agree with you more sir.", Mr. Fong said "Of course the ultimate factor.", Mr. Foxx said "The other misjudged the other.", Mr. Fracture said "Well I learned once I got here.", Mr. Franco said "Something we have to fight for.", Mr. Francois said "Documenting the sadder.", Mr. Franklin said "Well I wouldn't say never.", Mr. Gary said "The attraction of water.", Mr. Gelda said "Fuck it let's go drink some beers.", Mr. Genra said "Other punitive measures.", Mr. Germain-Robin said "Becoming richer.", Mr. Ginsberg said "I'm older - a grandfather.", Mr. Glick said "Which nearly caused a civil war.", Mr. Golden said "He was my troubleshooter.", Mr. Goldman said "Is there not a message here?", Mr. Goles said "They'd arrange all the media.", Mr. Goma said "I don't know whose idea.", Mr. Gomez said "An idiotic gesture.", Mr. Gontar said "Then it was much easier.", Mr. Gorlick said "I always watch the paper.", Mr. Grafton said "Not even very alter.", Mr. Greenwoody said "I dream of being her.", Mr. Greg said "Sit in a tub of ice water.", Mr. Griffin said "I get the chills all over.", Mr. Grossinger said "No altruism here.", Mr. Grossman said "Hunch is that my hunch seems spared.", Mr. Gulledge said "We don't want to fight the war.", Mr. Gyle said "Were I the identifier.", Mr. Hacker said "Well I don't think I ever.", Mr. Hals said "I turned into a pariah.", Mr. Hammaker said "Try to work together.", Mr. Hanekon said "Where are the dun-colors?", Mr. Hanrahan said "Store volumes and papers.", Mr. Hansen said "Sir sir sir sir sir sir.", Mr. Harachi said "Never a misnomer.", Mr. Hayman said "Let's keep them all together.", Mr. Henrisi said "You may not remember.", Mr. Henshaw said "We had to start all over.", Mr. Herrera said "Can has been there before.", Mr. Hillers said "Here are the criteria.", Mr. Hoffman said "Awakening where long hair.", Mr. Hubert said "The buzzing of cicadas.", Mr. Hudjuk said "The atmosphere was prepared.", Mr. Humer said "Will not accept any more.", Mr. Humphries said "It's quiet for the summer.", Mr. Hyman said "Was a key infiltrator.", Mr. Jackson said "Either handles the other.", Mr. James said "I'd like to vote on this matter.", Mr. Jarr said "Absolutely no idea.", Mr. Jones said "Society of onlookers.", Mr. Joyce said "This game lasted three or four years.", Mr. Kaiser-Brown said "This is one huge nightmare.", Mr. Kasten said "Really what does it matter?", Mr. Kathryn said "I loved the bagel pizza.", Mr. Kellog

said "Those who have usurped power.", Mr. Kent said "We're really cooking on water.", Mr. Khin said "I'm concerned for their behavior.", Mr. Kimble said "Get those niggers and those queers.", Mr. King said "Now we have to start it over.", Mr. Kinsella said "Past has a great future.", Mr. Klein said "We don't know what the problems are.", Mr. Kohliner said "He came to Ukiah.", Mr. Kolbien said "An amusing idea.", Mr. Korin said "When there was no theater.", Mr. Kors said "Now I joke my four o'clocks are.", Mr. Kucha said "In the first half of this year.", Mr. Kuntzel said "Well I felt very secure.", Mr. Lai said "Now we have security here.", Mr. Lamberton said "Where labor is cheaper.", Mr. Lamekin said "Echoing the mantra.", Mr. Landowne said "And it's all nice and kosher.", Mr. Lansing said "Water's hotter and hotter.", Mr. Lars said "Who on earth would consent to wear?", Mr. Laurens said "We believe in our dollars.", Mr. Lawrence said "My brother a deft needler.", Mr. Lax said "Offer hope for speeding youngsters.", Mr. Lefevre said "We're all the militia.", Mr. Leiberthal said "Which weren't considered.", Mr. LeSmith said "We were breaking down the doors.", Mr. Lenti said "Hey cut it out old timer.", Mr. Leona said "Let's look at the charts sir.", Mr. Leonard said "A question of behavior.", Mr. Lesh said "As far as I know however.", Mr. Levine said "Forever a prisoner.", Mr. Lifferton said "The closer the greater.", Mr. Lifhauser said "And you don't know either!", Mr. Lind said "This is more than I had hoped for.", Mr. Lloyd said "No matter what you remember.", Mr. Lofton said "And that's what I will work for.", Mr. Lopez said "Removing the dictators.", Mr. Lovegrove said "Majority flagwaver.", Mr. Lowe said "Natural and much easier.", Mr. Lurisa said "Get your ass over here!", Mr. Lutto said "Sometimes in less than eight hours.", Mr. Mack said "I appreciate being here.", Mr. Malai said "They destroyed my computers.", Mr. Mancuso said "Two tricks in each red suit.", Mr. Mants said "A little piece of brown paper.", Mr. Marks said "I don't know what we're waiting for.", Mr. Marr said "There must be some way out of here.", Mr. Martin said "He gave me 16 gray hairs.", Mr. Mayor said "I had to show to enter.", Mr. McCaig said "I wouldn't blow my brothers.", Mr. McCaskill said "For the first time ever.", Mr. McCoy said "Believe it or not there are.", Mr. McDowell said "No longer a member.", Mr. McLalaney said "What am I here for?", Mr. Mere said "It's something to consider sir.", Mr. Merker said "Two or three fish for dinner.", Mr. Messina said "Facing twenty-five years.", Mr. Milanov said "Each knot in the cincture.", Mr. Mill said "I really made some money there!", Mr. Miranda said "There's no exact answer.", Mr. Mixon said "As we do we get older.", Mr. Moatamar said "We are not with hammers.", Mr. Mock said "I want you to meet my daughter.", Mr. Morgan said "You can only go so far.", Mr. Mosbacher said "It may still be out there.", Mr. Moss said "But that's why I'm a professor.", Mr. Muharem said "Just like any mother.", Mr. Muraca said "One way or the other.", Mr. Musimano said "If I had stayed there.", Mr. Mustapic said "But that didn't matter.", Mr. Myamar said "I have only one fear.", Mr. Neal said "His friends and family were there.", Mr. Nesbitt said "We have all been here before.", Mr. Nillson said "And stuff it in the freezer.", Mr. Ninova said "Suicide with honor!", Mr. Norris said "In my opinion what's here.", Mr. Norton said "Or is he a defector?", Mr. O'Brien said "Maybe it was the war.", Mr. O'Neill said "We'll get to that one later.", Mr. O'Sullivan said "That would cost extra.", Mr. Ohr said "Back to the way it was before.", Mr. Orr said "Bred suspicion in the others.", Mr. Ottalo said "One after another.", Mr. Owen said "They really did a number.", Mr. Pagnozzi said "I couldn't agree more.", Mr. Palmer said "I can go one step further.", Mr. Paltrow said "Mute fishes in the water.", Mr. Parmer said "Somebody call the butler.", Mr.

Pastroran said "Get a new idea.", Mr. Patchett said "And it cost me a lot more.", Mr. Patrick said "Doesn't have enough power.", Mr. Patruzzi said "I think for a dollar.", Mr. Perchuck said "Revenge is not very fair.", Mr. Pereci said "About what kind of ah?", Mr. Perry said "We don't have your horses here.", Mr. Peters said "Your tax dollars to pay for.", Mr. Piazza said "This movement is for uh.", Mr. Ponner said "I think we are the future.", Mr. Pons said "A sign of allegiance to share.", Mr. Popovic said "Why don't you come over?", Mr. Porter said "Don't have the whole idea.", Mr. Potts said "I don't really care to answer.", Mr. Puligny said "How he can stand it there?", Mr. Rafik said "So therefore what is required.", Mr. Ravitch said "The spirit of the letter.", Mr. Raviv said "Had a hand in these matters.", Mr. Reed said "And that is one criteria.", Mr. Reese said "A reflection on a simpler.", Mr. Reich said "Never take no for an answer.", Mr. Reiner said "And I would creep down the stairs.", Mr. Reinn said "That's not quite what we're after sir.", Mr. Rich said "We wish them a joyful future.", Mr. Rickson said "Nonassumption by fathers.", Mr. Rico said "I started to hear whispers.", Mr. Rob said "If it were it would have never.", Mr. Robbins said "We're now about where we were.", Mr. Roberts said "One hand washes the other.", Mr. Rodgers said "The conditions exist for.", Mr. Rollansky said "Once an adulterer.", Mr. Rosenbaum said "In the years I've been here.", Mr. Rosengarten said "I'm gonna getcha.", Mr. Rowe said "Very well. Very well for sure.", Mr. Rubins said "They did me a real favor.", Mr. Rusche said "What do you make of this matter?", Mr. Russo said "Considerably better.", Mr. Schoener said "Death probably came faster.", Mr. Schonfield said "Romantic melodrama.", Mr. Scott said "Finders keepers losers weepers.", Mr. Segui said "They assumed I was older.", Mr. Shea said "The worst of the dying empire.", Mr. Shekel said "May I call a recess sir?", Mr. Shotzer said "Very very low numbers.", Mr. Shubin said "It really is not yet clear.", Mr. Silash said "Gets more strikes on the teaser.", Mr. Sloane said "Sister of a sainted martyr.", Mr. Sloe said "Tartar the slack and tithe the furs?", Mr. Sole said "I was beaten in a hangar.", Mr. Solmon said "The more I came closer.", Mr. Solter said "Because I know where we are.", Mr. Somer said "This is getting us nowhere.", Mr. Spinoza said "Yes but what's a censor?", Mr. Starck said "Parents had the right idea.", Mr. Starkey said "How will this effect us sir?", Mr. Steiner said "You're no fun whatsoever.", Mr. Sublig said "This is the worst case ever.", Mr. Sur said "And yet we beat them with timber.", Mr. Svoboda said "Can't we start all over?", Mr. Sweeney said "I'll have to tell the barber.", Mr. Sweet said "It's definitely not a czar.", Mr. Swier said "I think music sounds good here.", Mr. Switzer said "Burned without even a war.", Mr. Sylvia said "I guess it's been sorta.", Mr. Tamay said "I'm for the concertina.", Mr. TarpenningSangster said "But officer...", Mr. Taylor said "Grave and imminent danger.", Mr. Thompson said "I can't take this anymore.", Mr. Thresher said "If you know what to look for.", Mr. Ticker said "We showed the troublemakers.", Mr. Tithier said "In fact almost never.", Mr. Trandekov said "Couldn't stand it either.", Mr. Trumball said "But I feel nostalgia.", Mr. Tudor said "Order them to surrender.", Mr. Tulippe said "It wasn't my idea.", Mr. Turn said "Especially spectacular!", Mr. Turnball said "They have their own agenda.", Mr. Vale said "Not being a perfect father.", Mr. Vassmer said "We got to like each other.", Mr. Vaughn said "Perhaps it could be one later.", Mr. Versure said "They will become me-tooers.", Mr. Volk said "Proposes that a reservoir.", Mr. Watanabe said "We had meetings yeah.", Mr. Wefer said "For inborn defects rewire.", Mr. Wells said "I hold political power.", Mr. Wentzel said "Whatever I can do sir.", Mr. White said "I think I can do no better.", Mr. Whitman said

"We're a containing structure.", Mr. Wilklow said "Ah yes. From good ol' Asia.", Mr. Williams said "I didn't want to Nokes here.", Mr. Workman said "Do you have any answers?", Mr. Yang said "You always give the same answer!", Mr. Zollner said "Nothing makes sense anymore.", my name is Chris and I was born under a star, My old girlfriend used to do it a LOT longer!, my theory (it's no hypothesis anymore, my tongue dabs the tears away and pats my shoulders, neo-Nazi groups such as England's Skrewdriver, never have I been in this position before, New Wave nuggets '70s TV timewasters, New York's prime product seems to be paranoia, 9 out of 10 rottweilers prefer Jehovah, 1985-release of "St. Elmo's Fire"), 99\$\$/100% pure, nitrous oxide and animal tranquilizers, No but I'll blow ya for that toaster over there!, no ceasing until we get to the first beer store, No more money! I can't take another dollar!, no one knows how to put paper in the printer, nobody goes to that restaurant anymore, not intended for use on another brother, not just a little hormonal paranoia, nothing unusual about sheep and hamsters, nothing's gonna change my clothes ever anymore, now get your meaty paws away from the buzzer, now there's a question that ought to get us somewhere, Objects In Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear, objects of desire that once defined their eras, of course {NAK} (sense 2) i.e. "I'm not here", oh my sagging gonads aching pulsating sore, "Oh!" she exclaimed "It's like a dick but much smaller!", On the next Phil: Real Incest and Real Survivors, on the other hand you have different fingers, On the Phone: Charlene Stepfather Raped Her Mother, one doesn't spoil a shirt because of one corner, one-eyed night crawler in the turtle-neck sweater, 150 ducats to buy a fresh pair, one ounce of mother is worth a pound of preacher, one voice tries to quell a chorus of leaf blowers, one who comes from nowhere and one who goes nowhere, only in dreams are the carrots as big as bears, only in the sense that she's younger and thinner, or a cock to Aesculapius in order, Or a fabulous two weeks in Norway brochure!., or it's a slogan posing as an idea, or should I say no ownership whatsoever, or signed on for more causes than he had time for, or the pause that comes between lightning and thunder, (or ">>>>" ">>>" etc.), ordinary perception is full of error, Oscars come and go; the dish remains forever, others are in trouble for robbing donut stores, our lives are so busy we're on planes here and there, (peeling back the skin on his thumb with forefinger), People can just flame away at me. I don't care, people dumping their shit all over each other, people think you are 40 and you really are, perfect awareness is perfect paranoia, permission granted but not to do whatever, perplexing strange curious odd funny weird queer, Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, pHukkit. Get this Vanilla Lice shit outta here!, picard data and worf not riker troi and yar, Picking them up in the air. Attached to the ears, pissin' in corna's and messin' wit my don't cares, pizza girls deliver & bakers knead it more, plasticity plasticine and helikopter, please include name number and daytime phone number, please phrase your answer in the form of an question, please phrase your question in the form of an answer, pointless crap nuked to the torturing hellhamsters, posterity is a form of the spectator, Pre-Integrated PreNirvana Hamburger, primary's yellow went off with flying colors, quite unlike anything you've ever heard before, R is for ring and rung and yet rong would be wrong, real banana baked into crunchy oat clusters, recommended for ages 16 and over*, red rover red rover let Kenny come over, relax laugh and lose control of anguished bladders, releasing animals destined for the butcher, rocking back and forth in an autistic corner, Satan oscillate my metallic sonatas, Satan told me he loves me and is glad I'm here, save the Earth by separating your newspapers, Say did we go

to different schools together?, Scarsdale saynomore saynomore saynomore squire!, scrapping it with 3 of the meatball regulars, (scratching the crack of his ass with his forefinger), sees likeness to President's genitalia, Selectively Perceptive: Mental Explorers, service of ideological agenda, seven buckets rest in shade where it is cooler, shut up in a tower for stealing a flower, since I was 13 I've been Winona Ryder, sitting like a detached cyber-Buddha somewhere, smiling over here but not smiling over here, smoked up a bag of elephant tranquilizer, so he sat on a chair till he died of despair, So how would you like another margarita?, so I pulled on her hair got her legs in the air, "So. What do you have coming up in the future?", solid & pretty but I like the skronk better, some starched pressed and shaven handsome jock recruiter, someone has mentally deflowered me somewhere, something of a questioning nature in the air, sparsely punctuated and devoid of chapters, spreading my opinions like a Singapore whore, starkle starkle little twink who the hell you are, starting again at zero - from here it is clear, subject John predicate hit object barrier, sugar crystals thrown into a glass of water, Sunday morning is everyday for all I care, Sunday night here is like Sunday night anywhere, sure there's a great power in coming together, taste vinyl as she drills me with the black leather, telling us she's proud of her age and her figure, 10th graders 24% marijuana, thanks to Cybertrim I've changed my life forever, that Dinkus - he's always grabbing somebody's ear, that eye-opening-fill-the-kitchen aroma, that insufferable bossy Becky Conner, that is true but the complete answer goes deeper, that is what makes him into a philosopher, that reminds me I must take my malaria, the answer to the question "When?" might be "Never!", the bigger the better the tighter the sweater, the butch and the bucker the candlestick fucker, the butcher the baker the candlestick maker, the butterfly silhouette of her labia, the cow therefore was removed from the agenda, the creator the preserver the destroyer, the days of Emily Dickinson are over, the divorce between intelligence and labor, the draw-er would have preferred to be a writ-er, the first thing that happens is that the bone splinters, the following 30 seconds may not inspire:, the importance of a man's feminine nature, the Landers sisters and a case of malt liquor, the MacDonalidization of America, the most colossal leg pull in literature, the most compelling factor could be Madonna, the mouth of which is covered over with creepers, the Muffin Man becomes the blindfolded player, the order of the day is maintaining order, the potential awards are too great to ignore, the prospect of incredible freedom that stares, the regal python and the boa constrictor, The Ring will not be the music of the future, the scent of Rose or the smell of your own finger, the sea which lies between Greece and Asia Minor, the simultaneous presence of all centers, the system of salivation by saliva, The Tao Te Ching is the new Premiere of China, the transition from "b" to "ah" or "p" to "ah", the vicar is quicker and thicker and slicker, the welter of ideas picked up from others, the worst new cereal of 1994, their plan was to wipe out Asia and Africa, there are many types and sizes of dark suckers, there are some things that would gag even a vulture, there are things in the world that engage one's anger, there was a time when Americans lived in fear, There's spiders in my hair! THERE'S SPIDERS IN MY HAIR!!, they wouldn't slide in and out if I wasn't there, they're just like black people screaming at each other, they're the bikinis that disappear with water, they've been working on their tans a little longer, things could be a whole lot more interesting here, this "White Panther" rhetoric to Allman Brothers, this is good and it just keeps on getting better, this is my vacation so don't give me orders, this is

poetry from real life literature, this is probably going to take forever, thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, to move the cabin push button for wishing floor, To Wong Foo Thanks for Everything. Julie Newmar, today I experienced an infinite sphere, Toto I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, toward the end it gets deeper and heavier, trancezendance and many nameless gettogethers, translations matter from one word to another, 20 30 40 50 60 Deader, two diverse examples of diverse disorder, 2:45 remaining in the 4th quarter, two o'clock at the smartbar yelling "Sabrina!", under and under say the bells of Condoover, understand the lie you live and take it from there, until society is made a bit safer, use only in well-ventilated area, Vaseline sir? Orangeflower?... Lukewarm water?..., vegetarians are sprouting up all over, Venn ist das nurnstuck git und Slotermeyer? Ya!, virtual simulations of flying saucers, Wagner in effect defined total theater, Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor?, we are an enigma to our predecessors, we are getting nowhere and that is a pleasure, we don't need no water let the muthafucker, we especially like to get stoned when we're bored, we have been falling out of love with each other, we have nothing but contempt for worldly pleasures, we need more women in politics and in law, we saw weasel boy's stinking Heimlich maneuver, we'll put a link to yours if you put one to ours, we've all been in trouble one way or another, well I think I'm doing it in the right order, What are my words and what are the words of others?, What else can I say? God let him never prosper, What is the post-cooked weight of your quarter pounder?, What sort of world is this i.e. what's the matter?, What were the last words spoken on the Challenger?, What's better than tying babies to your bumper?, What's got 100 teeth and holds back a monster?, What's small red and can't get into elevators?, What's small red and can't turn around in corridors?, when aiming for the common denominator, when my grandpa died all I got was his sweater, When People Were Shorter and Lived Near the Water, when they've tortured and scared you for 20 odd years, When was the last time you told Mom that you loved her?, when we start to notice this life becomes lighter, when you die here distribute free copies of Jaws, where black is the color and none is the number, where Finnegans Wake fuses with hip hop culture, where men drink beer and piss all over each other, whether a climatic movement or the closure, whether anything was accomplished is not clear, While hot tubbing groped someone under the water?, while I sit at home thinking the neighbors cat sure, while the Jews wore yellow stars to the gas chamber, while this slab sees them going full on meth-jitter, Who do you hire to build an ivory tower?, Who let this fucking 2-bit Cuddle-shrink in here?, who like to pile each on the heads of the others, Why can't anything just be an even dollar?, Why listen to it? Because it pleases the ear?, Why not Pond? Come are too intense. Pond are better, Why on earth did she marry the man who raped her?, Why'd you throw that chair at Geraldo Rivera?, willpower it's not an issue of willpower, winds out of the northwest at 18 m.p.h., with its blue light and amyl-nitrate atmosphere, withdraw your jamlover from my niddling platzter, woke up in the middle of the night drenched in fear, Wonder Bread bag shoes and singing Helter Skelter, writing skills improve but some problems still linger, Yeah it's my inner child man. Fucks me up hardcore, you can get up to vice president and die or, you have a piaster you're worth a piaster, you know the urge to want to kill the messenger, You know who you are you deadmeat motherfucker!, you may be a lover but you ain't no dancer, you put your bra on backwards and it fits better, you sometimes work undercover as a sofa, You want anarchy? Go live in Nicaragua, you will develop a craving for bananas, you'd be showing your penis to a

court of law, you'd swear the juice is laced with cottony fibers,
you've handcuffed yourself to the refrigerator;

A dog may bark but his legs will never grow longer, a good place to meet a man is at the dry cleaners, a great-grandchild nibbles of the liver of another, a holy man long white beard and hair sits in wicker, a light-reddish colored metal of brittle texture, a piece of string or a sunset possessing neither, a simple task carried out by the right hemisphere, a Sylvia Plath with the ego of Madonna, a war correspondent is never a cheerleader, abjuring power and devoting ourselves to pure, absolutely nothing to do for twenty-four hours, after shaving wipe face with Jack Russell terrier, afterward there's a kind of spiritual hunger, air guns are at their best when you're in a moving car, all brought to you in NBC's surrealist color, an ecstatic parade of nocturnal revelers, an empty glass into which anything may be poured, an Ewok dies and the camera lingers longer, an explosive debut of comet near Jupiter, Anarchy a threat on the electronic frontier?, And a shot in the butt. See the scar on my finger?, and also in many different kinds of metre, and changes made in the past will alter the future, and critics are calling it Whoopi's best work in years, and fuck you all if you can not accept my anger, and his continual sulk poisoned the atmosphere, and I'd pour syrup and beef filling all over her, and last but not least for all you beginners out there, and makes the language of power appropriators, and most of all our sixvery special makeovers, and Mr. Cocoa Tea is impeccably tenored, and nobody will be reading my book anymore, and since you can't change your face why not change your razor, and somebody says "fuck you man he had a point there", and they don't even turn each other "on" anymore, and this diamond ring doesn't shine for me anymore, and when the movie version came out I was shattered, another dizzy romp with Pedro Almodóvar, another triumph in her illustrious career, any word or sentence ending in the sound of "ah", Arbitration Law Called Biased In Union's Favor, Are you tired of all that stultifying palaver?, Are you tired right now? Do you even know where you are?, Artist's Heirs Sue Cafe Over "Picasso Pizza", as a unifying formula is the measure, as soon as I get an answer you'll get the answer, as I continue drawing the lines become harder, Asks "Is it a bug?" The reply: "No it's a feature", assembly line workers do it over and over, (assuming of course the nonoccurrence of Rapture), At a Burger King near you. He just loves them Whoppers, at every point receivers are also transmitters, at the words "come on boys" the rest skip off to find her, at times coming across like Pearl Jam in a blender, awaken the next morning wondering where you were, banish the idea of the capture of power, barbed wire looks nice wrapped around the front end of a car, be an X-girl put those baby barrettes in your hair, be sure to stay healthy - you can kill yourself later, because I'm sick of searching for the toilet paper, Beer doesn't grow hair where it shouldn't. Beer doesn't care, beg your date to tattoo your name on his derriere, beware of the words contour creepy polyester, bit down on tin foil and felt my whole body shiver, Bon Scott died in 1980 - found dead in his car, boys with dark hair preferably at least one pierced ear, brain sex never deals with peoples of other cultures, bring up a sample of an office water cooler, Brothers and Sisters the war of the past is over, but don't seem to me to have an enormous future, but as my mother always says "Life isn't fair dear!", but it seems a little stale in 1994, but it wasn't Jehovah that turned the boy over, Carlos Casteneda is a flamenco dancer, carnal relations with an underaged VAX cluster, carnivorous imperialistic oppressor, Casualties of love: The Long Island Lolita, 'cause they all kick boom (in no particular order), chemotherapy interrupts our roast beef dinner, Cheryl said "There's no

such thing as an ugly flower", chumbawumba huggy bear and tounge man together, city starts to drag as we are once more hot and tired, cognition is non-binary and non-linear, composite words when their components denote number, cranial cavity filled with neutronic matter, daddy's like a guy who lost his stomach in a war, dangling medallion could get caught in open blender, dar del ala para comer de la pechuga, damn it I'm tired of all this newfangled silverware, description is more valuable than metaphor, Did anyone notice that T3 has four members?, Did she really run an escort service for the stars?, Dionysius Exiguus conceived the idea, disclaimer after disclaimer after disclaimer, disrupt local mass transit with campaign of terror, Do I give anything to the culture I explore?, Do you find yourself being "morbid" in your humor?, Does anyone really want to be a wallflower?, Does your riding mower cost more than most people's cars?, doesn't have the sense God gave an animal cracker, Don't all those studs on your jacket ruin the leather?, don't be a boo-boo bird in God's flock of team players, don't be a fool you've fallen into this pit before, don't point at me daddy-o I cut off your finger, Donald Trump Donald Tramp living in the Men's Shelter, Dr. Jack Kevorkian the suicide doctor, drink boiling urine from Satan's crooked member, enjoy rubbing oatmealed water over each other, equal attention to soup cans and electric chairs, Eric dressed as cop: Whatever you say officer!, even flatter or nasty truth ... 20 years younger, every day I see things that I've never seen before, everyone who walked by knew to what that sign referred, everything gladly reverts to its own true nature, Explicit prima pars. Sequitur pars secunda, Explicit secunda pars. Sequitur pars tertia, Farewell thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowm summer!, February licks and kicks yet it smells of summer, fellatio refers to an Italian dagger, finally got tickets for last leg of the Dead tour, Fire Island sounds awful! I'll probably never go there!!!!, flies all green and buzzing in this dungeon of despair, fly me to the moon and let me play among the stars, for confession is of course something exterior, for one we are loathe to use the word "I" anymore, for the neighborhood pastor tried fucking through plaster, for the sake of vile usury and filthy lucre, forget vodka with a twist try some twisted vodka, form is never more than the extension of culture, from Cecca to Mecca from Mecca to Medina, from its particular form under particular, get rid of Aunts: Zap does the job in 24 hours, ghost of Alanon drifts to Lithium's area, give a man a free hand and he'll run it all over, "Give me half meatball half mulch." "Half what?" "Onion dumpster", glances at the vast array of sheep snickers and says "Sure", go out and talk to people you really don't care for, God we are pale and we are shod like tractor-trailers, "God does not play dice" strikes me as slightly insincere, got a love hangover I don't wanna get over, Great gift idea! Carve holes in the ozone layer!, Guglielmo Marconi (1874-), guilty of wearing black in the hopes she looks thinner, Had the symptoms of Russian fingers (rushin' fingers)?, had been building for long as I could remember, Harry Houdini took his name from a clockmaker, Have I seen her before? Do I know her? Will I score?, he did not know Cato for his mind was untutored, he had diah (*crossed out*) diahoah (*crossed out*) dyah, he leans forward and whispers "I love you" in my ear, he said to me "Kenny I think you've been here before", he said to me "When I read your work the voice I hear, he spoke of the idea of pain as a teacher, he was far too much of a misanthropic loner, heere folwen the wordes bitwene the hoost and the millere, Hey you only live once. Bad music lives forever, Houston Stuart Chamberlain meets Cosima Wagner, how Capitalism bankrolled the counterculture, how far my mouse travels each day in kilometers, How

long did the rain of the Flood continue to pour?, How much are you willing to pay for nostalgia, How much can you take using feathers and my fingers?, How was the Grand Canyon formed? A Jew lost a quarter, howlin' and a' growlin' an a' sniffin' at the air, huge quiet motionless dogs with bark instead of fur, I always thought it was Schubert's Unfinished Mars Bar, I am able to work anytime or anywhere, I am an equal opportunity abuser, I am an optimist. That is my raison d'être, I am at home in the world. I can jive anywhere, I can't believe I have to bring an appetizer, I can't believe this year is already half over, I can't even remember picking up the scissors, I don't know which smells worse - the fart or the charred ass hair, I don't care a bean if I tag behind with plain fare, I don't even know what I believe in anymore, I don't want to be her and I don't want to do her, I drink only vinegar vinegar vinegar!, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career.", I Guess I'll put some jeans on make my lips look redder, I have found it unnecessary to sleep for years, I have no one to blame but myself but everywhere, I have seen the future and it's still in the future, I have some hard code. I want to try your compiler, I haven't lost my mind - it's backed up on tape somewhere, I hear nothing except the blood rushing through my ears, I intend to be here sir for at least twenty years, I just heard on the Weather Channel - hell froze over, I know the guy who writes all those fat bumper stickers, I like all women regardless of race or color, I like being able to put words down on paper, I like the openness and predetermined structure, I love you dearly but I can't take it anymore, I mean it's not good for your jeans to kill your father, I mean some of this shit is thicker than Dinty Moore, I miss the first ones because I am holding my jaw, I must follow the people. Am I not their leader?, I never dreamed that I'd be here with all you slipper, I prefer to be a policeman not a soldier, I really hate feeling superior to others, I so wish we was still clawing fur on each other, I still miss you baby but my aim's gettin' better, I swiped the new fall colors at the Clinique counter, I think it is the most democratic idea, I think it's kind of deceitful to the consumer, "I think the latter" was his rhetorical answer, I Touch The Earth The Earth Touches Me by Hugh Prather, I used the same generic form over and over, I very much like the idea of hemp paper, I wept at the end of the penultimate chapter, I would rather exercise than read a newspaper, I wouldn't piss in his ear if his brain was on fire, I'd say my Dirt Devil is the pick of the litter, I'll have to go back to Viva and sell singchana, I'm attending the opening of my garage door, I'm giving nuisance lessons at a convenience store, I'm not a pheasant plucker I'm the pheasant plucker, I'm not going to spend my life being a color, I'm sick of plucking pheasants 'till the pheasant plucker, I'm surprised they don't weigh veg in light years over here!, I'm waiting to see if I'm already a winner, I'm simply responding to what's already out there, I'm stopping to go to the bathroom more than ever, I-told-you-so-but-who-amI-I'm-just-your-mother, if Kurt Cobain had only learned his lesson sooner, if you can't say something in three minutes don't bother, if you could go anywhere to pick your parents where, if you eat the crusts of your bread you'll get curly hair, if you have no dough you are alone as a finger, if you're not happy with your skin try Starting Over, in a time ruled by outlaws in a time ruled by fear, in the quiet little suburbs of toenailia, information is scrambling up R the world somewhere, information and entertainment superpower, insufficiently appreciative of Wagner, Intel486 SX microprocessor, interesting orangey stench and a good lather, intoned in her nose in a very seemly manner, irritants galling bladders yielding stones and ulcers, Is silicon for the hair a boon or a horror?, it all depends

upon how rough my calluses are, it is upright not fallen on its face in despair, it made my adolescence a little easier, it seems that the focus of the park is getting air, it seems that the Japanese cannot show pubic hair, it was almost like Margaret Mead in Samoa, it wasn't for pleasure he adopted this measure, It wasn't much to look at but when she bent over, it's a nice little niche in the middle of nowhere, it's all available for all to use and acquire, it's fine if you're masturbating while brushing your hair, It's his first nomination. For anything. Ever, it's OK but I'm not jumping out my drawers, it's the end of the road for Mr. Energizer, "Itchiness is the fuel of victory" — Albert Speer, Just how do you DEFINE a "poet in "mid-career"? Just how many hair follicles are we talking here?, Just what do men and women do in bed together?, Kali Yuga and other space annihilators, kozmik tryb m so cataclysmic that it ruptures, kur ... umm ... mein ... errr ... oh shit I could never remember, learn from the air learn from the fire learn from the water, let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars, let the state and society remain what they are, let's meet some of the folks who just ruined your summer, life is like a joss-stick it stinks and then it's over, like an insidiously sly bosomic viper, like the other discourses of a given culture, like vapors rising from the holy womb of Gaia, Look out Whitey! Black Power's goin' get yo' mama!, luck factor or purva janam ke karam factor, Make the most of your legs and they'll seem even longer!, make your mother sigh she's old enough to know better, many little notes for all to share (for all to share), mating call: gold chains nestled in abundant chest hair, matter is the phantasmal play of phenomena, maybe I'll just kill myself I just don't care no more, maybe we can stop splitting hairs about who sucks more, meaning subjugated to numerical order, megalithic mono-pose anyway I got there, Michael Admits That He Slept With The Babysitter, middle char is tilde right char is broken vert bar, monstrosity brain-damage screw bug lose misfeature, more higher in favor of a cougar encounter, more may happen in an hour than may happen in years, more than a passing interest in obscene pictures, Morton TV dinners and dead bodies for supper, most of us fail to take our wellness temperature, my nose-crease yields spaghetti I've blackheads 'round my ears, my pay purrs awl due glad den with wrapped words fare as hear, my tennis wasn't the problem it was my bladder, N do I need Apostrophe T need this torture?, nature and man some prefer one others the other, nervous overbred dogs especially those killers, never put your thumbs between two of your back grinders, never puts the cap back on the mango love butter, New York City cab driver scented air freshener, No. I went over the hump where it didn't matter, not enough brains to get anywhere near the gutter, not responsible for typographical errors, nothing needs to change I like things just the way they are, Now get sotted you nasty little fox molester!, now it's 1984 knock knock at your front door, now somewhere in the Black Mountain hills of Dakota, Now spelling does knot phase me. It does knot bring a tier, obsequious type makes glib speech about new leader, of course no one believes in all those myths anymore, oh my God he's got 20 candles up his tweener, oh shit my heart just doesn't feel in it anymore, OK here's an example of non-sequitur:, one can be amused by putting them back together, one day I'm sure she'll egg me on to kill a neighbor, one of childhood's principle elements is sugar, one of my students is a lesbian pot maker, one ounce of LSD 50 gallons of water, or just peel off that annoying case of skin cancer, other pleasant and dedicated no kill shelter, "Our society is always racist" he declares, owner surrenders of dogs is "no time to care for", packing deep bowls continuously for the brothers, parents have a ski house and they're hardly ever there, Pearl Jam You're about as punk

rock as The Go Go's were, people who constantly mess with things that are not theirs, permanently-affix sticker with magic marker, physically and mentally we're still sleepwalkers, pick an animal that begins with your new number, placed on a thinly frozen lake with a chihuahua, popular as Stevie Wonder with a flame thrower, primally sexually stripped down and muscular, pronoia or the opposite of paranoia, Prozac Nation: Young and Depressed In America, "Punish your audience ... they love it." — Ian Hunter, purge & slouch like the seven-minute elevator, (puts a pen in the electric pencil sharpener), reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder, reality is relative to the observer, reciprocators punish nonreciprocators, (screams in terror as he feels himself overpowered), she does not care and does not know why she does not care, she doesn't really like it when strange women hold her, she sighs. "What always happens. Everything disappears.", she's an Indy rocker and nothing's gonna stop her, ship jobs to thirdworld lands where he can get cheap labor, signifies a spiritual readiness for prayer, Simple Simon broke my hymen going to the fair, siphoned trigger shed shod shred come to gagging finger, Sir John Suckling French lick stormy Petrels god of fire, skirt-chaser music doesn't have to be caviar, slammin' Cadillac dogs you probably a cracker, smoggy cities are needed to make carbon paper, so black that they used her as the background for Star Wars, so don't fear if you hear a foreign sound in your ear, so fat you haveta roll over twice to get off her, so she went to the doctor who prodded and shocked her, So soft. So luxurious. So wonderful to wear, so we woke up this morning and we were no longer, So what's the most interesting human behavior?, some books are objects that rarely require a reader, some feathers and bells and a book of Indian lore, some mornings it's just not worth chewing through the leather, some people keep on chasing their tails year after year, Somebody had to put all of this confusion here!, spirituality cannot be faked only shared, spread styrofoam balls all over your lawn for winter, stand in one spot with your hands on the back of the chair, stands out as an island of welcome Bohemia, stare at your thumb and say "I think it's getting larger", stream enterer once returner never returner, Sufi dancing is like square dancing only rounder, summer heat and rotting garbage: fuel of the future, teeth are so yellow I can't believe its not butter, tell me tell me tell me come on tell me the answer, that simple co-appearances being another, the afterworld appears to have some charming features, the Bermuda Triangle got tired of warm weather, the big question is: Does the Sheik wear a yarmulke?, the bullet passed through his mouth broke his teeth and lodged here, the cantaloupe near the antelope's interloper, the cat likes fish but she doesn't want to wet her paws, The Dalai Lama walks up to a hot dog vendor, the dark roky days of November and December, the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, the fucking New York Times cares for nothing but dollars, the Internet is not just some bundle of copper, the joke — for someone who's supposed to be big on bras, the man in the crowd with the multicolored mirrors, the more machine-like we can be the better we are, the next one will be shorter and hopefully sooner, the peanut butter with the jelly in the same jar, the resemblance is true even in particulars, the scariest people in the world sell crappy cars, (the scene is conducted in low intensive whispers), the slutty bitch's last name is very similar, The Stone Temple Pilots they're elegant bachelors, the telephone will ring when you are outside the door, the television cries those quiet Nick at Nite tears, the very attempt to order sound in the mind's ear, The worker produces sound effects like "hm" or "ha!", the world's confusion between author and character, there are billions of dollars in search of the future, there

can be no right or wrong no winners or losers, there has ever been
crime-scene tape on your bathroom door, there is as we have been told
precious little "here" here, There is no normative sexuality is there?,
there is no section that is better than another, there's a big dilemma
about my big leg Emma, there's a giant electronic audience out there,
these six matchsticks been bred to be perfect para, they've got all the
different flavors of girls out there, things that don't go together:
poetry and power, think of your imagination as an antenna, this is 59th
change here for the N or the R, this should come as no surprise to
regular viewers, this subway car smells like the inside of someone's
ear, this work is not really dependent on computers, Those pimentos in
the olives – how do they get there?, thou shalt not hump the couch when
company is over, though lip allegiance was paid to the law of karma,
tibi gratias agimus quod nihil fumus, time passes things improve in a
new millenia, to remind themselves that they're Moslems or whatever,
(to the tuneful accompaniment of his guitar), today the Mac has become
a grownup computer, tommyknockers tommyknockers knocking at the door,
Touchwood but I think I am. Actually I'm sure, Try cleaning those fat
ass lips! I can smell them from here, two brief phrases interpret as
you like: lawn mower, upon returning to New York I was seized with
fear, very gentle vibrations moving in the ether, visual artist into a
committed writer, "wahoodle" = Doneganese for "comb-over", walls of
crystalline purity push on these structures, "Ward I think you were a
little hard on the Beaver", was a neighborhood bully who had set cats
on fire, WASP (white male): Insensitive Cultural Oppressor, water-
filled surgical tubing jammed in a drawer, We ain't on no terms. Shit
is squashed and shit is over, we are discussing the body odor of under,
we get an initial first impression or picture, we have no leverage
being on a lower tier, we know that she has a bright future ahead of
her, we wear twice the amount of t-shirts in the summer, we're going to
apologize for the rare error:, wearing her face that she keeps in a jar
by the door, weight down to 135 – lost 40 pounds this year, well
there's always potted chicken up in the Berkshires, What do you call a
deer with no eyes? No idea, what I liked was the way many things went
together, What is a stripe anyway but a streak of color?, What Italian
composed twenty-seven operas?, What portion of an iceberg floats above
the water?, What will people make of our new Ultralite® VersaTM?,
What's it like missing the entire month of November?, What's the
difference between a barrel of water?, What's the difference between a
Jew and a Pizza?, When did you realize that you had this kind of
power?, when floating at a certain pulse we say "We are there!", when
the student is ready the teacher will appear, when the wife wears the
pants the husband washes the floor, which brings this sentence to the
point where we can refer, which Hercules secured as one of his twelve
labors, whipped out a half ounce and announced he was a dealer, (who
also went by the strange name of John Gardener), who didn't sound like
a constipated yodeler, Who is your favorite historical character?, Who
the devil is in charge of the music in here?, Why do millions of
Americans sneeze and suffer?, Why do my toes curl when I encounter
minor flaws?, Why should I write about this affair any longer?, wildly
vivid dreams last night of home paranoias, Will I simply sit here and
discuss literature?, women sometimes are the type who hate to muss
their hair, words and phrases butted up against one another, words
whose sound pronounced resembles the sound of laughter, Work fascinates
me. I could sit and watch it for hours, worrying about "what's coming
up" in the future, Would you eat Jello that had come out of people's
ears?, Would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here?,
writer and reader writer as reader as utter, writing the words to a

sermon nobody will hear, ya' know that outfit would look great on my
bedroom floor, Yes I Really Am a Movie Star bumper sticker, you
intimidate petty authority figures, you make friends at that boring
show you drove so far for, you never know where you're going until you
get there, you think a hot tub is a stolen bathroom fixture, you think
Dom Perignon is a Mafia leader, you think the French Riviera is a
foreign car, You'll see! It's a beautiful way to face the future!,
You've been leading a dog's life. Stay off the furniture, your booty
must measure 30" or under, your lucky number is 3234554, your parents
prayed that the world would be made to suffer, zippo w/o the z only
with more pizzazz more;

XIV

A baby combing it's hair with a potato peeler, a beer doesn't get jealous when you grab another beer, a bit of serious trance in the form of usura, a glossy picture of things I had never seen before, a lot of what I have written isn't true anymore, a man is shipwrecked on a desert island for ten years, a number is being recited – it's a long number, a picture of Houdini locking his keys in his car, a rapist a robber a prostitute a crack user, a thing is nothing but the complex of its characters, A 20th century man. The guy has no future, a wildness whose glance no civilization could endure, admired as such by some reviewers attacked by others, aesthetics as a story of high moral endeavor, Alfred Hitchcock had a dog named Philip of Magnesia, All other decades are "in." Cash in on nostalgia!, Also who was I hoping to impress with this gesture?, always try to do things in chronological order, an Academy-AwardWinning-Actress-of-Color, an agile ambush like apes corralling human bothers, an unctuous substance with a luxurious texture, And his poems I hate his poems! They stink! I can do better!, and I should be allowed to blurt the merest idea, and it's just a box of rain I don't know who put it there, and like saying "Big Bamboo" ten times fast it's a killer, and sounding a lot like the guidance counselor in Heathers, And to think I didn't even have to buy you dinner!, and waited patiently about till Mary did appear, and we all got a complimentary bumper sticker, And we're not going to remain silent any longer!, Another Abortion Doctor Killed In Pensacola, anything may happen and it all does go together, aquatic animals of a lower order with pores, Are we gonna keep watching dead bodies over dinner?, arms are so short he has to tilt his head to scratch his ear, as a member of American popular culture, as I go on the lines are becoming harder to draw, as x-pected another x-citing ear x-pander, ask the boy in the ceramic jar before he gets fired, at least the truly stupid are blissfully unaware, at one point I caught two guys pointing at me with a sneer, at the apex of your spirit there is a little door, be assured I'll not call you a sheketz or a shiksa, because he gave more offense people said he was greater, boogie woogie woogie woogie 'till you just can't boogie no more, books are timebombs that explode when opened in the future, Booze-oVision as America's new Art Populaire, borrow positive feelings from your successful future, both of the above being in C eh N eh D eh, bring me your puny handful of sperm on a blue platter, Buddha Moses Jesus Mohammed Krishna and Rama, burning midnight crosses jarred peace of mind on your front yard, but by this point I am too lost in my own food to care, But I only nibble on it. I make the holes bigger, but the real curiosity here are the two covers:, but this one little boy had gotten an old enema, but unless we go to extremes we won't get anywhere, by stuffing their cock-holders with proxies for stockholders, Can you spare some change so I can get something to eat sir?, champagne : taste as wallet : Coca-Cola, Cheryl's Biennial article in Harper's Bazaar, Clinton To Scale Down Program To Oust Iraqi Leader, CM-PX used to be down but is not anymore, Collect all 14,052 action figures!, constrain me to do something I never thought of before, Cool Site of the Day nothing! Where's my Cool Site of the Hour?, cracked black chair held together by bands of duct tape silver, critter I was molested by this CUTE babysitter, Daddy's money brings – he's a loser and a bum – Hitler's, David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar, dehydrated water with instructions "just add water", Describe yourself in five words. A straight up mother-fucker, despite my illusion that I was a total loner, digg'n in my heart I find a human generator, Do you accept Jesus Christ as your

personal savior?, Do you have a problem opening the milk container?, don't put a head on top of the head that's already there, don't sleep or you'll find me gone just an image in the air, Don't you get that destroying the man doesn't work either?, doomed to live out its shelf-life as a permanent fixture, eating bags of money with an almost obscene gesture, empty wine bottle cold as Hoboken in November, (entries are deleted after 30 more are entered), eventually I began to look for another, except that I know that I want to make my meaning clear, Excuse us while we slip into something more ooh-la-la!, exposing oneself while hiding inside a character, far above the helix itself twisted and coiled over, Fierce! A stay up all night emotional rollercoaster!, 15% of Americans wish Dennis Hopper, fifty of the sixteenth and seventeenth hundreds of years, finally stopped Grandma from sliding down the bannister, finding out what a "took" (rhymes with "Luke") is and why you wear, follow-up with "silent-butdeadlies" and "pull my finger", for they're still feeling the effects of that parsley of yours, freakin' hate it when the end of the joint burns your fingers, Frequent heartburn. Isn't it time you talked to your doctor?, from "desire": desirable admirable from "admire", from stinky litterboxes to feline leukemia, functioning less from the ego and more from the center, Gawd it's way too early to be in an elevator!, go over to Alix's tonight to watch the Oscars, good news from afar can bring you a welcome visitor, Gripes (p.242 of 304), had one hundred eyes and what was done with these eyes after, had probably not heard such sincere words for many years, hardcore heads still wear boots in the searing heat of summer, harrowing teeters on the precipice of dementia, he added "Today Los Angeles has turned the corner", he and I were as much alike as two drops of water, he first thought of space - vast blue and extending everywhere, he may not be a great actor but he will be a star, he spent his 33rd year no esta intercourses, he started making these ugly threats about my daughter, he was goin aah ha ha ha ha buh buh buh buh buh, he was raised as my brother and married my wife's sister, He would fain taste sugar instead of becoming sugar!, Hello Alice ... what's the matter? Are you in chains? :)(Haw haw!!), her legs outstretched shimmering with the last shocks of pleasure, here and now you're an overeating cellulite monster, here is a list in case you ever see any others:, Hey you know what they say if it bleeds it can be butchered!, ("Hideous Q-Tip") beautiful (echo "ugly") sister, his fingers so many explanation points in the air, hon you've got to push this boob up to make it stick out more, honesty a sense of humor and a big hot member, Hoops Hunk Shaquille Tells TV Beauty Holly: It's Over, How do you get 10 dead babies into a Tupperware?, How do you know if a woman is wearing underwear?, how fabulous to be making history together, Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof Aiulella!, I always longed for the Norman Rockwellian father, I became a vegetarian at age 24, I can't believe that this hasn't occurred to me before, I can't help you anymore you can't hurt me anymore, I could have been on the moon. I could have been anywhere, I coulda been your father but the dog beat me upstairs, I do not sniff the coke I only smoke sinsemilla, I do not want to be a woman all the time either, I don't know the meaning of apathy and I don't care!, I don't feel like singing - not without Fraülein Maria, I filleted a bulimic belligerent purger, I got a call through a telephone tree to attend her, I haven't told her yet but I am going to tell her, I hope I don't get confused with Camille Paglia here, I just don't know what there is to care about anymore, I just want to curl up in a cave and sleep all winter, i loved who you are i think before i loved who you were, I might be a slut and a whore but I'm not a liar!, I really didn't want to go so I didn't bother, I over

romanticized people when I was younger, I should think of something else than what's between my fingers, I think Barry Manilow is one cool motherfucker, I think this is getting tired. Level it and start over, I vote for poetry ... it will last longer than flowers, I was fifteen when I got turned on to marijuana, I went around with a bucket and plucked all my plants bare, I will be drooling over images of Ron Silver, I wish I had one ounce the compassion of my father, I'm uncomfortable when I'm alone or with others, I'm a smoker I'm a joker I'm a midnight toker, I'm afraid that the winter has laid hold on your fingers, I'm not alone in fashion dork girl world. None of us are, I'm not trying to be noticed but I won't be ignored, I'm only 108 pounds but I'm full-figured, I'm so amazed that people can do that to each other, I'm so sick of Dennis Hopper being Dennis Hopper, I've been accumulating shit for just about 10 years, I've been rich and I've been poor. Believe me rich is better, I've never written a letter to any food before, I've often thought about reading books cover to cover, if he were any more stupid he'd have to be watered, if I had only been born twenty-five years earlier, if it's not challenging it might as well be wallpaper, if people were really religious dogs would have owners, if they read at all it is GQ or Vanity Fair, —if you cut here you'll probably destroy your monitor —, if you don't know about drug programs in your area, if your grandmother had a beard she'd be your grandfather, ill-bred children are always displaying their pest manners, in addition to creating new oysters or spiders, in any case I don't see what which has to do with where, in deep shit already and ready to go in "deeper", in the actual use of expressions we make detours, in the service of ideological agenda, instead of jumping from one conclusion to another, Interviewer: What do you call that hairstyle? George: Arthur, invest in real estate — they're not making it anymore, Iraqi forces go on alert at Iran border, Is getting there faster always the best way to get there?, Is there anything else your wife doesn't use anymore?, it is finally time for some cerebral adventures, It makes you wonder doesn't it? Just how normal we are, it meant a lot of breaks pretzels and Domino's pizzas, it might be a woolsey expander fawning lackluster, it was a man who had never seen a woman before, it's going to make you feel like you've never felt before, it's hard having a crack-head as a family member, it's just how things are going — getting smaller and cuter, it's only another arrangement of that which you are, it's time to break through the myth of scarcity — it's over, jokes in the mirror may be funnier than they appear, Juanita es una muchacha Americana, just over 100 pounds has long legs and flowing hair, just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water, Kato what is going on in that little brain of yours?, Kinda like Suzy Kwan eh? Kinda like Fu Manchu eh?, knowledge knowledge is power power is danger danger, ladies are requested not to have children in the bar, language is free — a collection is easily acquired, liar liar liar you're a liar liar liar, life is a fleeting thing that you have no control over, life is much merrier with a Jack Russell terrier, like bubbles blowing and slowly sticking to each other, like that ex you can call for sex when you're at your lower, listening to the same opera over and over, Love of Summer soon tweaked it's way into Hate of Winter, love which comes from a sense of at-oneness with whatever, lovers of the color blue are wonderful sex partners, make it easier for cops to squeal on one another, makes the hair whiter because he's trying to be grayer, Mama stroked his dinger Daddy got a stinky finger, March started off with the bombing of The World Trade Center, marginals and mutants began to fill up those fissures, Mary had a little watch she kept it in her garter, maybe more

attention should be paid to the dark side here, maybe someone who has an ego bigger than their hair, maybe they'd value it more if they knew it was worth more, Miles Davis's "Bitches Brew" wailing on the speakers, monolithic vertical structure to which all cowered, more job advertising than any other newspaper, morning trippers sat dazed and confused around huge bonfires, my baloney has a first name it's O-S-C-A-R, my greatest joy is a quiet nap my only desire, my ideas aren't flowing like when I was younger, my soul is a circle whose circumference is nowhere, mystic journeyman and biohazard plus wax blender, nagged by an emptiness of not belonging anywhere, never fails to elicit compliments and cash offers, never saw so many saws as I saw in Arkansas, no I have a wife and frankly real sex is far better, no one could stop laughing at me with a turkey baster, no supreme fiction will bring all the fragments together, noisy music from the unemployed foreigners next door, nothing better to do than emulate table decor, nothing defines us the way rock 'n' roll did the Boomers, on the day that you were born the angels got together, one presupposes the other and explains the other, one time we put detergent in their family's sprinklers, one was a dictator the other is a dick-toter, opacity of language opacity of color, out of the hot thin air between his cupped hand and his ear, parking restricted to 60 minutes in any hour, Pay attention! Pay attention! Pay attention! Right here!, pay for all the software you've pirated over the years, people who need people are pathetic muthafuckers, People who piss here are self-absorbed fascists. Piss upstairs!, Perique Turkish Virginia Burley Latakia, personalities are more important than agendas, pick your poison and be prepared to be taken over, playing horizontal "The Price is Right" with Bob Barker, please do not send me any more of your literature, practice tubing and enough cleaner for ten urethras, present your entire talk in iambic pentameter, purple perpendicular speak to whoever is there, quintessential loner and perpetual outsider, quite a lot to achieve in one little wisp of a bra, reading begins when the eye receives the words as pictures, render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, Roy Cohn fist fucking Jean Genet in the judges chamber, Save-a-hoe had better strap on his cape the shot calla, seven years after the explosion of the Challenger, she opened up the pearly gates and bared the pelvic floor, she rolls her own tampons and kickstarts her own vibrator, she says if I'm good she'll give me the other one next year, show as much as you can then leave the boys panting for more, simultaneous ejaculation by two or more, sing psychedelic praises to the depths of the china, so he huffed and he puffed and he blew down the house of straw, so we went sappy and decided on a heart transfer, So you see we don't understand what we're saying either!, so you shave a cunt hair off here and a cunt hair off there, some loser who can't tell twisted pair from Twisted Sister, some tropical fish and checkered polyester trousers, some will wonder just as much about the cause of thunder, some women care more about the compact than the powder, sorry just switching to Philip Glass and Ravi Shankar, steel tool eisteddfod described in English literature, straightness seems to be implied by the notion "linear", stray catalog or Chinese menu stuffed under the door, stuck together by the sweet and sticky text characters, such a goy my son-in-law he'd eat pork on Yom Kippur, suddenly so many questions coming from everywhere, suspect as an English professor passing on tenure, take your best shot because in my dreams I am your father, Talk about pathetic! It's a Saturday night and I'm here, targets the specific concerns of the eye area, teach your parents again how to program their VCR, terror invited repression which provoked more terror, that is no continuity going on forever, that's a new one on me

– constipated in India, That's right sir. Could I have your daytime telephone number?, the bear asks the rabbit: "Does shit ever stick to your fur?", the best long distance service is about to get better, the closest he could get to saying her name was "buh-juh", the creatures imagine themselves to be the creators, the disturbance of the water caused by a propeller, the filling is free to squeeze out all over your fingers, the first question they asked us important than agendas, the freedom of frolicking in a bath of brown water, the future defined as "as soon as I get a scanner", the future will come and it's gonna be a lot bleaker, the homogenization of American culture, the ice cream truck in my neighborhood plays "Helter Skelter", the litany is growing tedious and seems better, the more you are "nice" the more you accumulate anger, the Narcissus generation enters the opera, the neighborhood kids refer to him as a "rock wilder", the pathetic Bundys and their yuppie-bourgeois neighbors, the road to the cemetery is paved with sufferers, the sections will continue to differ in their nature, the show today is about pathological liars, The show was totally cool. There were pickles everywhere, the spirit rides an individual on the shoulders, The War The War The War The War. What happened in the War?, The world becomes source material. Take what is required, The world is boring and we are the kings and queens of bore, the worst example of the Dean Martin inheritors, their behavior improved so their parents bought them a car, Theophilus Thistle the successful thistle sifter, "There are people who say it's crazy" he said. "I wonder...", there is no reason why you or your loved ones should suffer, there is no result that is special or particular, there was a hand there a leg there and a foot over there, thereby diminishes his love and increases his fear, they just don't make good roles like this for women anymore, they picked up his diarrhea with shreds of newspaper, they take the honey and the dough and put it together, they're not fun to do when you have sore ankles that's for sure, think about it for a minute and give me an answer, this attempt at a novel is a gimmicky failure, this is the way we scrub the floor scrub the floor scrub the floor, (This message brought to you by your local dairy farmers), this novel sprawls and meanders just like its characters, this week's lecture: underwater life by Peter Fisher, This will be the suicide of my "career." What career?, those who tortured started wars promised glory turned out whores, though common people have no great insight into virtue, three escaped lunatics have been spotted in blah blah blah, three smart fellows all felt smart they all felt smart together, time keeps on slippin' slippin' slippin' into the future, took my twenty dollar bills and he vanished in the air, touch the things that everyone else is just too damn short for, tour but our and succor four gas alas and Arkansas, traffic tickets black eyes cut-off penises and world wars, twenty five years ago today a river caught on fire, Up to your eyeballs in plaster! And not even plastered!, urban guerilla warfare aimed at the power structure, urges deep in the ululations of the retina, use your Mastercard to pay your Visa and vice-versa, uses thumbtacks to post notes on his refrigerator, Vanilla Buttshake BibliRef and Research plus fodder, walk down to the highway and throw bottles at police cars, Watch them soap. Watch them shower. Watch their budding blooms flower, watching Mommy get slapped around or stuffed into a car, we ask this of the conventional theatergoer, we don't want to be brainwashed by our own propaganda, we got mad responses and even some correct answers, we have a couple of different types of liars here, we have been looking at every possible angle here, we live at a time in which "modern" no longer makes clear, we went to a shopping mall and laughed at all the shoppers, we'd still be dumping our old motor oil in the sewers, we're

gonna die and I'm wearing my mother's underwear, we're housebroken don't eat much and change our own newspapers, we've both lately become obsessive calorie-counters, we've made high heels that are as comfortable as sneakers, well East Coast girls are hip I really dig those styles they wear, well into her cigarette perhaps her 10th in two hours, were three people thirty and older getting together, What could it be? Maybe my teeth were not the right color, What great advantage has the foamer over the lather?, What great advantage has the former over the latter?, What great advantage has the latter over the former?, What is the number to the nearest 100 of hairs?, What is worse than running a baby over with a car?, What's the trick? You won't find it by deconstructing Flaubert, when I came across the Playtex Thank Goodness It Fits bra, when I hear the word culture I reach for my revolver, when subjected to extreme feminine heat and pressure, when the cause disappears the effect also disappears, Where did we all learn to think in the exact same manner?, who watched Mary Tyler Moore reruns and wept for Rhoda, whoever can snort an entire jar of peanut butter, Why do Jewish people have such big noses? Because air, Why is there a big fucking hole in the ozone layer?, Why not spend more time in the nude mall of America?, wild mood swings hostility or abusive behavior, Will you miss that nerve-rattling ride to LaGuardia? Naaaaaaah, with his five o' clock shadow he smelled of 3-day old beer, within an hour he had drained a huge chrome bowl of water, women are used to sell cars glasses bottles of water, women wear make-up to bed and wake up with facial hair, women will always ask questions that have no right answer, Would you describe yourself as a thinker or a stinker?, write your account number on your check or money order, x slash sk8 'net heads slash edge-culture slash slashers, yelling at cabdrivers in English wastes your time and theirs, "Yes!" (that is "Yes I'm doing it either now or later"), you are largely unconscious and stuck in worldly pleasures, you be doing nose candy on the Bowie coke mirror, you can get a strapped shoplifter in my brandy snifter, you do not need that poppy from Mesopotamia, you squeeze more out of an hour than your peers do in a year, You think you're getting that new skin disease? I think you are, You're an oxymoron? Never seen a live one before, you're welcome to call me a misogynist - I don't care, you're not the easiest person in the world to shop for, you're right about that butter - it's not bubbling anymore, you're washing the same clothes over and over and over, your cocksure allure will not endure this expenditure, your expansive thinking concerning the "gray areas", your salad's gonna be wearing more dressing than you are, Your time is up. Leave now or we will force you from power;

A complicated irregular interior structure, a cucumber and a tomato meet in a saladbar, a disgruntled reader gets up and leaves via the front door, a female figure used in architecture as a pillar, a horizontal structure vs. a vertical structure, a kitschy choir of double-speed munchkins oh-oh-oh yeah-yeahs, a roast beef sandwich with horse radish dressing is in order, a total embrace of the world and its chaotic order, a true iconoclast an intellectual skateboarder, a varied black brown mineral with a shiny slick texture, Aa. Viinaa sitruksilla. Kallis kurtisaani ivaa, according to my best recollection I don't remember, add some sliced paranoia a few delusions of grandeur, adorned with cheap posters of recently deceased movie stars, after a while I got tired of the "spread-out" and "roll-over", all that was solid has melted and all that is left is air, all things considered I'd rather be in Philadelphia, all will vanish as will we as have all our predecessors, an homage to a certain plant wrapped in brown cigar paper, an ingenious easy-to-use multipurpose opener, and his patented home recording fish eye self portraiture, and just because you have a poontang doesn't mean you're cooler, and remember the girl's pleasure is as important as yours, and sadly the cross-eyed bear's been put to sleep behind the stairs, and she's on a bit of an emotional helta-skelta, and take care not to roll your food from one cheek to the other, And today the world feels fair. All is just. All is in order, and when it's time to relax Miller stands clear beer after beer, and with that cute grin of his he does get away with murder, animal loots foliated detail of stool lamina, another ambition of mine is to own a Land-Rover, arrayed herself in manly garb and confronted her brother, as a vessel that has held garlic paste retains the odor, as if to underscore the fragility of each venture, as long as there has been civilization there have been wars, as Nietzsche cried after he turned against Wagner: "Air! More Air!", at 95 degrees I don't exactly want clam chowder, B-I-T-C-H means "Being In Total Control of Her", Bad Girls Rated R starts Friday in theaters everywhere, "Basically emptiness thrills me" said one to another, be a loyal plastic robot for a world that doesn't care, because he has "skins" tattooed on his wrist but he has long hair, because it represents a face which strikes me as familiar, because women won't shut up long enough to build up pressure, Beethoven was the first to do it with a full orchestra, believe me you can become enlightened sitting in a chair, between France and Spain on one side and England on the other, blind woman gets new kidney from dad she hasn't seen in years, block the down escalator for an hour doing Stairmaster, blockade and winter deepen misery in America, but a bit of better butter will make my batter better, but no music just screeches and whelps and farts from the tuba, But we may ask what of all that I have worked for all these years?, but you can't stop thinking of those little girls over the chairs, Can one ignore ideology in assessing Wagner?, can't distinguish between jacking off and strapping a razor, can't get excited about anything including colors, Canadian Government Pays Off Brainwashing-Survivors, Careful that's the only decent nail I've got on that finger!, Carlos Casteneda is the guitarist for Santana, central themes of bye to his bleeding head well I never saw, certain words and phrases are repeated over and over, click on active window and print monitor will disappear, completely unrealistic unless you're a bodybuilder, (concerning the sad fate of Earl Ugolino of Pisa), David Copperfield who is engaged to Claudia Schiffer, decentralization of the geography-of-power, Demi Moore won't really sleep with you for a million dollars, distinguish between [a] Noah

Webster [b] Daniel Webster, divano divano mi devi mostrare come si fa, Do Not Drive Other Drunks Home Never. Absolutely never, do not reject one thing only to chase after another, Do Not Remove This Disclaimer Under Penalty Of Law, Do you joke about taking a dump in the cookie batter?, Do you like my haircut? It looks like a yarmulke of hair!, Does a pen complain that it has written too many letters?, "Does your child taste salty?" "I don't know I haven't tasted her", don't forget Ma Paul Bunyan Day is just around the corner, Eat flaming death elitist liberal media piggers!, empty oneself of all previously acquired ideas, eschew ampersands & abbreviations etc., everyone is tired of seeing the same ol' names on fliers, everything that happens in the West happens in India, eyebrows and pubic hair are usually the same color, fan has only two speeds – impossible to make it lower, favor reciprocators punish nonreciprocators, for the most part this is a sweet dreaming ambient sleeper, fortunately bars smell like smoke which isn't against the law, free speech is the right to shout "theater" in a crowded fire, Freud said writers had said all that he said before and better, Fuck yes. Bring it on baby. Call it what you want – I don't care, give me b-b-b-bread and b-b-b-b-b-b-butter, go to a pet shop and buy a fancy looking pet collar, God has given you one face and you make yourselves another, graciousness does not include showing your nipples to strangers, great for bullies assholes sociology profs whatever, green hosesnaked over side of blue pool slowly dripping water, green weeds growing out of an old bathtub resemble flowers, gripe and smoke and otherwise play ball with a dying monster, Grow a giant beard like ZZ Top – them guys is superstars!, Haven't you ever heard the term "disgruntled postal worker?", he has said that he likes to think of himself as a comma, he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored, he reprimanded me for my improper use of grammer, he said "Just because your wife's out of town doesn't mean you are", he stamped out his cigarette and began to roll another, he takes a photo of me and Allen standing together, he's been celebrating the same victories for 20 years, her ancestors came to this country looking for bananas, here he shall see no enemy but winter and rough weather, Hey great place Bianca! I like your bathroom the most :-)) See ya!!, history is not just a bunch of faces strung together, Hng! Hng! Ia! Ia Cthluhu f'thagn! F-f-f-father!, hopefully work unimpeded by mood swings fear of failure, How about a 3-way with Big Dog? No. Maybe in two years, How have the sixties ideals influenced the nineties so far?, I am sorry to say but your wife has acute angina, I bought a million lottery tickets. I won a dollar, I confess. I was the person who started the great Bra Wars, I could probably be a Republican party leader, I did some finish carpentry for Jimmy Buffett down there, I don't want to be little Miss Priss standing around the bar, I feel naked very vulnerable when I get thinner, I find something which feels prickly and hard behind this molar, I hate me and I hate you. I hate my life and I hate yours, I have to admit it's getting better a little better, I know you been with others but you know I'll never quit ya, I leave out the ones I don't want and I use all the others, i lick your stomach clean while i fuck you harder and harder, I like to fuck small women 'cause it makes my dick feel bigger, I placed a mirror under his nose – no breath vapor appeared, I put my more noble priorities on the back burner, i still eat with my fingers instead of using silverware, I think people tend to forget that trees are living creatures, I understand how to make a better garbage collector, I want you to know that I just didn't come out of nowhere, I wanted to join that 2500 year-old-river, I was blown away when my dentist told me I had tartar, I was going to Long Island thinking I had the answer, I was the guy who

picked the fly spots out of the black pepper, I went over to Alison's with a six pack of Zima, I wish I were a poet I want to say something tender, I would go out tonight but I haven't got a thing to wear, I would like to function as a "professional amateur", I would say that at this point we are 1/3 of the way there, I wouldn't call you fat but I wouldn't call you thin either, I'm attending a perfume convention as the guest sniffer, I'm no fat little fuck and I'm no virile young stud either, I'm sorry I can't hear you - there's a banana in my ear!, I'm going home to have lunch and supper. The rock can stay here, I'm with you and you're with me and so we are all together, if all the words were interesting all would be lackluster, if anyone calls for me like you know who from you know where, if God intended men to smoke he would have set him on fire, if I catch squirrels that have taken over my bird feeder, if I had a penny for my thoughts I'd be a millionaire, if I was naked (and I sometimes am) I'd have texture, if I were to say to you girl we couldn't get much higher, if it sucks dark it can be classified as a dark sucker, if it wasn't for my marleys I'd've given 'im what for, If love is blind then why is black lingerie so popular?, if we approach that moment with a preconceived idea, if you answered yes to even one question see your doctor, if you can keep your head while those about you are losing theirs, if you have any peanuts or buns give them to the keeper, if you like this (or even if you hate it for that matter), illegal drug use leads to mass-culture psychedelia, imagine the Sony boardroom: "Son - we ain't makin' art here", (in a high strained unnatural voice close to hysteria), In what ways have these timeless truths renovated your nature?, insisting on adopting the middle path in all matters, internet: transnational CB populated by bores, Is it ever noticeable in his outward demeanor?, Isn't it a pity that we've confused culture with nature?, It could happen in Germany. It could happen anywhere, it chewed up half the place and I had to replace the sofa, it was the first thing I've done that more than my family saw, it's a dog-eat-dog world and I'm wearing Milkbone underwear, it's 4'oclock in the morning and there's people everywhere, it's like that tree falling in the forest when no one is there, it's not as if one person enjoys it more than the other, it's the last frontier and it will be a permanent frontier, it's too bad these aren't two great tastes that taste great together, it's wrong to separate infants from their imprisoned mothers, jammies to make ya slammy in no particular order, Jesus saves - but Moses was one hell of an impulse shopper, just as every cop is a criminal and all the sinners, just like watching that flashing 12:00 on your VCR, keep changing connect with everything continue forever, keep writing until you hit the sound that you are looking for, Kenny you're getting a great collection of ephemera, kind of hard to understand if you're not from her area, Koresh promised that the standoff would end up engulfed in fire, like a ketchup bottle everyone gets a squeeze out of her, locomotive engineers - death-train driving charioteers, Look at that big old elephant that just ran under my chair!, majik is the act of manipuM | | | | |
lating media, may your bollocks turn cubical and fester at the corners, maybe a middle-American housewife has it better, men are certainly not as polygamous as gorillas, men just look at a woman and they want to have sex with her, Microsoft is going to own the world in the next three years, Microsoft officials posing as IBM customers, Mr. Rogers explains why certain kids can't be his neighbor, my ax-happy top woman can back me into a corner, my condoms my credit cards money that 9mm, my method required nothing except your brain and your fingers, my parents put us to sleep by tossing us up in the air, my pheromone operating system is better than yours, name all the years that have

been leap-years since 1894, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should whether, no one at work lets me get close due to my ripe aroma, nobody writes about his obsession with Jody Foster, not that anyone has the attention span to read this far..., nothing brilliant about me – I just had a good idea, now that I'm enlightened I'm more miserable than ever, offstage I hate her but onstage I'm madly in love with her, "On what occasion do you lie?" "To convey truth to others", once again you have failed to make any sense whatsoever, One for the money Two for p*ssy and Three for foreign cars, one is a hit two is a sequel three is a formula, one of these duplications is the pair of toenail clippers, One two! One two! And through and through the vorpal blade went snicker, one's becoming "someone" is defined by these power centers, online and inline: new linear cultural ideas, Oprah would be proud of us. We are not really male bashers, or it's like two men in the desert with one glass of water, over which a sword was suspended by a single horse-hair, overcoming tragedy and learning to stick together, Patty in a wet T-shirt Patty in a money-maker, people are blaming me for the Spanish-American War, people who do not let you put your feet on the furniture, please folks just give me a second to get myself together, pleasure in standing against everything the hippies stood for, punished by being always within sight and reach of water, rarely is there a cough sniff sigh wiggle twitch squirm or quiver, regard women as inferior therefore more sinister, repeat: should... I hardly ever use the word "will" anymore), resigned to the ubiquity of corporate connectors, "Reviled did I live" said I "as evil I did deliver", Roar of Airboats May Someday Rattle Sleepy Congo River, Same Day Dry Cleaning – All Garments Ready In 48 Hours, satellites bring information revolution to China, She doesn't have a phone. She doesn't even have a beeper, she has got blood in her hair she has got vomit in her hair, she puts it in the socket and the world revolves around her, She said seeing The Boredoms was the highlight of her summer, she was only the huntsman's daughter but all the horse manure, she was smart and vibrant with a terrific sense of humor, she's always dreamed of adding a woman's face to Mt. Rushmore, simply because some words are more interesting than others, Sirhan Sirhan reveals his real name is just Sirhan. Like "Cher", slicing seatbelts that assholes leave hanging out of their car doors, so fat she rolled over 4 quarters and it made a dollar, so it takes some courage to move forward bucking the culture, so now I'm something I thought I'd never be: a commuter, softening up and letting a more gentle side take over, someone will pay pay in an orgy of flying limbs and gore, son you ain't a writer until somebody else says you are, spending hours filling sheets of paper with Chinese characters, spending stifling afternoons trying to deny my hunger, stab his ass a reminded past of what the fuck we live for, starts Friday April 29th at theaters everywhere, Stockhausen not Zukofsky the musical phrase remember, strumpet is a mature polliwog stew cookie puss hardcore, such a long long time to be gone and a short time to be there, sung by a pair of inbred twins one of whom has throat cancer, tendency to anthropomorphize hardware and software, that Nostradamus crap never even gave you the shivers, that's not 'tudinal nor but doesn't knuckle under either, the accepting of what comes without preconceived ideas, The CBS Evening News. Where Your Whole World Comes Together, the dark sucker theory proves the existence of dark suckers, the distance in which a ray of light can travel in one year, The History of Rasselas Prince of Abissinia, the ideal form disseminated by the power centers, The last financial panic on Wall Street occurred in what year?, the methane emissions really pick up the sunset colors, the mind of a democrat and the might of a dictator, the more time you spend

staring at a screen the cooler you are, the piece goes through many changes and this is from another, the pot was already divided into eighths and quarters, the rich get high on the smell of their freshly printed dollars, the sound of the final syllable really doesn't matter, the thirst for pleasure the thirst for being the thirst for power, the Torah gives light the Torah burns but only the dollar, Then: BOOM! You blow up without any warning whatsoever, there are no sufficient words to describe the beauty found here, There are reports that he stalked Nicole. He isn't a "stalker", there is no reason to regard women as inferior, there's a formula out there just waiting to be discovered, there's nothing lonelier than a Buddhist in Alabama, they were awful in every respect: taste texture and color, this fall it feels like high school again – free and fresh all over, this is just not a time for one-upmanship and threelegged chairs, this section is dedicated to our honest typewriter, this text disguised as a sort of New Age vacation brochure, Those are my principles. If you don't like them I have others, Three shakes only. Two is unhygienic. Four is a wanker, throw your hands up in the air and wave 'em like you just don't care, Time magazine to do a swimsuit issue of world leaders, tired of passing motorists honking and yelling "I had her!", transmitted through the air from one point on earth to another, truly Allah made you in the image of Heather Locklear, twenty years ago I crawled into a bottle of vodka, two nuts are downstairs trying to shove an organ through the door, – until someone throws money at it – and then it disappears, urine (the most dense) feces vomit sweat and body odor, U.S. Is Guilty Violating International Law, U.S. Says Strike Crippled Iraq's Capacity For Terror, ummm ... it's a random string of unintelligible letters, use random number generator on nerdcaculator, very well remind me to beat up myprick a bit later, vinyl is fun to throw across the room when you're drunk & bored, walk by the playground and gawk at the beautiful young mothers, Was raw tap ale not a reviver at one lap at Warsaw?, we are not fucking hippies and are not controlled like they were, we liked him he liked us and we took him up on his offer, we prefer to be alone with some privacy in our car, we're just two lost souls swimming in a fishbowl year after year, we're not going to be on the cover of Vogue forever, we've hit absolute bottom we can't go any lower, we've seen her posing pouty-lipped next to the Dalai Lama, wean myself from the object of my attachments and desires, wear it as underwear or outerwear almost anywhere, wedge the jaws under the nail's center and shimmy them over, welcome to what may be the worst hay fever season ever, Were you in the same accident as Sammy Davis Jr.?, What do you get when you cross an elephant with a hooker?, What do you think of the enormous success of the Breeders?, What do you want me to do dress in drag and do the hula?, What historic meals would you have liked to serve? The Last Supper, What is blue and fucks old age pensioners? Hypothermia, What is your reaction to the concept of a bra holster?, What liquid is used on the back of plate glass to make mirrors?, "What red blue is in?" Grammar was apparently beyond her, what the eyes are for the outer world fasts are for the inner, when all unclean spirits will be cast out by the Messiah, when god was handing out brains you must have been holding the door, when the acid heads found out about the net and computers, when the passages begin to get longer I get hotter, when this girl at the art museum asked me whom I liked better, when Thunders and Nolan couldn't score dope it was the last straw, When will they learn that AIDS is a virus not a behavior?, when you ask yourself the only question that really matters:, Where did you find these children? How much are you selling them for?, where filling up pages becomes an obsessional matter, Where have all the chickies gone? To be so swank so

debonair!, Where's the angel? Who's the devil? Who bent the halo? Who cares?, whether this is true in the present case I leave to others, who cares Grandma's bathwater was horse urine (hey same color), Who has thought of those lyrics since the Eisenhower era?, who hasn't had his butt whiskers singed off and I'll consider, whose spirit commenced to express its qualities through matter, Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?, Why Cindy Crawford posed for photos that shocked America, Why concern yourself with something you have no control over?, Why did Moses receive the Ten Commandments from Jehovah?, Why do people dress in black in the middle of the summer?, Why do people that want to visit John Doe ring my buzzer?, Why every time I look around another brain gets splattered?, will you still need me will you still feed me when I'm sixty four, with or without marriage most women become "single mothers", women need to feel like there are people worse off than they are, Wonder why the popcorn at the movies always tastes better?, working in TV is like making love to a gorilla, Wow! We never get to go in big ones like this anymore!, writers are better off staying away from one another, writing a line that was too short and I would have to uurraahh, (written by hand in ink on a small sheet of handmade paper), you are cornered in your home by a knife-wielding intruder, you can start with a nice bed of fresh megalomania, you don't get older and wiser Rosie you just get older, You don't like the idea that blacks live in America?, you feel like the night after and you haven't been anywhere, you have to borrow from your Mastercard to pay your Visa, you have to notice sooner or later that there's no future, you just want another political cause to march under, you know I'd really love to fuck your brains out but it appears, you know the old story: who is Shakespeare who isn't Shakespeare, you may not feel a drop of rain but you may walk on water, you shouldn't judge a man by the hair on his butt hand twister, you stand in the clean cold water and you catch your own dinner, you'd stick your finger up your nose and pull out all the boogers, you're so completely what you are you know you know what you are, your architectural dreams will materialize later, your booty has turned brother against brother in a great war, your low frequency woofer's on a high frequency tweeter, your shoes are so old when you step on gum you know the flavor;

A different kind of company a different kind of car, a eunuch is a man who is cut out to be a bachelor, a member of my generation is no longer a member, a new flow isn't based on something you come up with on paper, A pan of biscuits. A pan of mixed biscuits. A biscuit mixer, a "saucy nomad" is just a wanderer that walks with flavor, abstinence is the only way to be 100% sure, adolescent hyperbole that ambiance seems to be for, "After all" he said to me "we are the occupying power", after them there comes a saviour setting standards for behavior, all he remembers about his middle name is the first letter, all opportunities will present themselves in their own manner, all things are possible except skiing through a revolving door, and as you dig you uncover one wonder after another, and it was in this way that I gained insight into the nature, and laughing about killing anybody who touches their car, And look at the way they dress! More like car salesmen than art dealers, and no kosher chicken goes through more inspections than an Empire, and remember if things don't work out don't forget the flea powder, and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better, and she's about to be featured in an article in Esquire, and so dear friends you just have to carry on the dream is over, and some bovine perspiration on her upper lip area, and then I banged my head against the wall for a couple of hours, and while these hallways have been silent I've been quite rowdy elsewhere, Are my nostrils bigger? C'mon take a good look. Are they bigger?, Are they at higher risk than non-buggery reception members?, Are you gonna be part of the solution or are you gonna, as I was going up the stair I met a man who wasn't there, as the years go by both the teeth and the memory grow weaker, as this continues on and we still seem to be getting nowhere, as time went on I began to tire of the manual labor, Ask dumb questions get dumb answers. Ask smart questions get no answers, be a bummer be a bummer he's a bummer every summer, because I bet there are some Chihuahuas with some good ideas, being alone with yourself is increasingly unpopular, better at sex than anyone - now all he needs is a partner, blood hair semen and fiber inside the cap were black curly hairs, Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door?, But I don't know what good is a guy who can't get into a bar?, but somewhere in between the slurping and sucking golden showers, but their emotions are such that one harsh word could end an affair, but this general order is the effect of skill and labor, But who in hell is going to defend us from our defenders?, by and who told me to my own. So I did. Now I can't. Bummer, call 1-800WET-TITS and enter your credit card number, 'cause I lived here whilelength and loves this whole bubbly underwater, changed name from highly catchy "Schickelgruber" to boring "Hitler", chargoggagoggmanchuggagoggchaubunagungamaug, continued use despite knowledge of harm to oneself and others, could be a legitimate response to muddy up the waters, cries of "Nonsense!" and "Pish tush" as well as "Pshaw!" and "Horsefeathers", delivered with a whine as opposed to the grrrrowl they're looking for, Diarrhea of the mouth. Constipation of the ideas, Did you ever? Did I ever? Did you ever! Did I ever!, Disclammer ... Disclamur ... Whatever ... If I can't spell Disclaimer, Discord In Europe Over Average Length Male Private Member, Do not say "You are bad." Say only "You are good but be better", Do you have a tattoo normally concealed by your pubic hair?, Does your head ache? Well it should 'cause I'm standing on your fucking hair, dog fight trainers are blamed for missing pets in Philadelphia, don't get your hopes up that you will come away enlightened this year, Don't you think so reader rather saying lather bather father? Dr. Johnson would

never waste his time discussing the weather, (ed. note: it's your dime calling card extender whatever), encapsulated for progressive release for up to eight hours, Ever been a member of Aryan Nation or the Order?, every child must be made aware every child must be made to care, everybody knows that vinyl and vulva don't go together, Everyone I know loves Green Day. If you don't go suck your mama!, Fat Slags Johnny Fartpants Felix and his Amazing Underwear, Finney also has some fresher fish that's fresher and much finer, "Force is the only thing that an Asiatic has respect for", gentle reader - those who bring sweet rolls to work should not be quartered, Glasgow waves go rolling over rolling over rolling over, Go ahead shit anywhere you want. It's not the shit that matters, Go over time and time again. Consider and reconsider, goesxtoo cool for the timexahead of your daysxmature, Govinda chuckled "Ninety percent of the stuff is padded yaar", gummy residues leftover paper-glue sections and tell-tear, he kicked me and told me that I had to sleep on the bathroom floor, he looked at me at though I were a side dish he hadn't ordered, he might as well hang up his sleigh and put Prancer out to pasture, (he wags his finger and chants in the extremity of his fear), he went into a deep depression and alcohol took over, he will be trapped there holding this egg by two fingers through the door, head to the left as soon as you've dropped into the dungeon proper, here's to Dick from Yorba Linda the inferno's latest cinda, Hey - when I come to New York can we totally shave each other?, How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere?, How many men does it take to change a roll of toilet paper?, How many people would welcome the chance to put out a campfire?, I am not naïve about TV just being for fun either, I began to see that the separation of the mind and ear, I blew three chili dogs and a good two gallons of Budweiser, I did not choose this particular spot rather than another, I did not choose this particular word rather than another, I dream of simplicity but I'm as far from it as ever, I finally blurted unable to hold back any longer, I got a cauterized brain and a heart shot off at the knickers, I hate Jocks. Why did God create Jocks? Why are they so popular?, I have seen the future and it's 99 percent crapola, I might suggest a reading of this work which is non-linear, I never stepped on the cracks because I thought I'd hurt my mother, I once killed a rabbit with a Susan B. Anthony dollar, I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, I quit my job I cut my hair I cut my boss cause I don't care, I really like the idea of Hallmark as propaganda, I told him of my plans to travel for a month in India, I used to measure my Demeters with clever Pentameters, I want to buy the block I live on and evict all the neighbors, I was captivated by the rhythms and sounds included here, I weeded out a lot of the nonsense that was in there before, I will use the exact same sounds and methods as used in No., I would have to say that we need to get rid of Mister Rogers, I would just smile at the woman and say "Sorry ma'am wrong number.", I would prefer to reject the rather narrower idea, I'd love to go out with you but I'm having all my plants neutered, I'd hate to mistake those pills for Tic-Tacs. They're for diarrhea, I'm a villain I'm just chillin' like Bob Dylan I smoke cheeba, I'm just a modern guy of course I've had it in my ear before, I've been trying to figure out that one for the last twenty years, I've come to a stage where I don't want money or fame anymore, I've tried before but not any longer I don't care anymore, idiot kids who scribble graffiti on walls in one color, if a woman's wearing a good perfume that's all she needs to wear, If marriages are made in heaven why not have your wedding there?, If you were going to shoot a mime would you use a silencer?, imagine that we know nothing at all of the inner structure, in and around the lake

mountains come out of the sky and stand there, in case of fire do your utmost to alarm the hotel porter, in golds and reds visually complex and slickly engineered, In her own defense she said "I have won a major prize before", Incest although tempting is bad. Especially for trumpeteers, is receiving counseling for her addiction to mascara, Is there a philosophical point of view being given here?, it bridges over the bridges it towers over the towers, It is. It is. It is! The Apostles of Bur have the answer, it is mostly cloudy in the metropolitan area, it merely raises the bar one inch higher and one speed faster, it really is a free and open marketplace of ideas, it's because girls grow up playing with dolls and boys playing with cars, it's better to have a horrible ending than to have horrors, It's divine to own a dick. From the tiniest little tadger, it's not that you and I are so clever but that the others are, ivy privy famous clamour and enamour rime with hammer, just before total God-realization I would see a blue pear, Land The Gnatcatcher Calls Home May Be Open To Developers, less accessible than the first toasted madman though most prefer, lied to Peter in regard to the price which he had received for, long as I get the feeling it could be chronic or whatever, Magic Markersr White Outr and WD-40r, mark the difference moreover between mover plover Dover, militant feminists and fundamentalist pistol-packers, mother said while drawing water "Gee it's hard to raise a daughter", murphy's nubbies peaching round shuggle pups torpedoing whoppers, My play was a complete success. The audience was a failure, 9 to 5 making 40k to 50k just remember, Nixon got us in with China now he's gone to something fina, no anarchy run is truly complete without toilet paper, no goin' nekkid no alien symbiotes no secret wars, now let's move on to the world of Mr. and Mrs. Consumer, now that I'm out of the business nobody calls me anymore, obscure poetry journals with names like dire or Gauzy Vapors, offer free cigarettes alcohol and drugs to pregnant mothers, often older and sometimes more fly than a purist skate gnarler, on a trans-Siberian sex bender with Miss Estonia, one disgrace is invisible to them because of the other, one particle of dirt permissible per cubit foot of air, Oskar Schlemmer couldn't face sex without a cigarette later, our gay poetic assertiveness in the form of usura, Our trash is very stinky these days. That's because it's hot in here, perfect percussionist for an a cappella group (duh duh duh...), Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater beat his wife and wouldn't feed her, peters out into pointlessness with superfluous lackluster, pleased with the twangdillows of poor Crowdero in a country fair, puts on women's wig and introduces self as "Connie Rather", quiver gather limp September scenes I shall always remember, rajahs a coloratura a rut a Rolo cash a jar, reading from the account book - as if he had been saying a prayer, reality is a nice place but I wouldn't want to live there, reefer does not rime with deafer feoffer does and zephyr heifer, relationships get paranoid when standing outside bourgeois laws, remember not Seltzer or tonic water - it's "sparkling water", rhymed off-the-skull about everything from sneakers to camcorders, roasting in the joyous belchings of the cheese-colored flamethrowers, saying "blabbee" he's also extremely good at falling over, send an instant karma to me initial it with loving care, sexual escapades of your partner and your partner's partners, she didn't even need an outfit when she tried out for Star Wars, She is a master teacher. Therefore he is a master baiter?, she said to me "God you've really kept that weight off since India", she was workin' in a topless place and I stopped in for a beer, she's not a girl who misses much doo bee doo bee doodoo oh yeah, Shoes goes does. Now first say: finger. And then: singer ginger linger, Sir Francis circumcised the world with a 100 foot clipper, sitting behind a

desk all day and staring at a computer, sitting up and looking around for nothing in particular, 6.23.94 Dear Jackson and Anne – I cut my hair, slide between aestheticized nihilistic kitsch and pure horror, smelling anything fragrant provided that there are no vapours, So why is it when you catch a cold you get all hot with a fever?, some children mocking Elisha's bald pate were devoured by two bears, some downright stupid people – like my 80 year-old grandmother, some people try to be tall by cutting off the heads of others, some seek the finer things in life – others simply ask the butler, somehow they seem so sluggish – more like clothes salesman than art dealers, sometimes there's a voice in the back of my head that says "I'm still here", standing by a parking meter when I caught a glimpse of Rita, stranger does not rime with anger neither does devour with clangour, Suckmeof. Tightfit. Upyoursh. Vulva. Yourprick. And Zipper. Zipper?, taperecordertaperecordertaperecordertaperecorder, that's what I like about the Internet ... no fucking accents there, the best gift I can give you is beginning to believe you are, the big vessel should hold the smaller (older must bear the younger, the democracy of being which extends beyond all cultures, the difference between the winners and the losers is a hair, the ending sucked but I had achieved a technical Nirvana, the excitement of urban anarchy every night at dinner, the FOOBAZ routine uses A3 as an accumulator, the hardness of egotism disappears and softness enters, the honor value of four honors in one hand fifth in partners, the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers, the library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, the luck that is ordained for you will be coveted by others, the magic the mystery the memory will last forever, the manager has personally passed all the water served here, The moral weight of language. Are some words heavier than others?, the passing away of mental and physical phenomena, the result scarcely belongs between a single pair of covers, the thing about poetry is that it's a kind of ... war ... over, the time to hesitate is through no time to wallow in the mire, the whole world seems to be suffering from '80s-nostalgia, the words come slowly at first but later come faster and harder, the world floats on a box of cheese watch it next time you are there, there are some that some of us would certainly like to know better, there is nothing here that does not absolutely need to be here, there's plenty of reminiscing of eating dinner at Grandma's, these philosophical finalities gently entered my ear, they are all-observant yet never need to have all the answers, they're acting like they're Jimi Hendrix playing the Star Spangled Banner, things became very liberating: there were no rules anymore, things do not need a creator – they arise from one another, this Male Lesbian is going to make some changes around here, this PCP sure is fly baby zip zop zoop abba zim ba, this poet stuff is a sorry excuse for being a rock star, this roll of paper towels is made from recycled newspapers, thunderous applause even though hardly anybody was there, 'tis a proof that he had rather have a turnip than his father, to challenge the establishment in a safe yet futile manner, told by some redneck who thunders pent up monumental blunders, tranny chasers getting blow jobs in the toilets from the extras, translucent to the fibre bundles of quarks hidden in their core, two white plastic bags filled with soil slump in hot sun temperature, use blowdryer to speed up defrosting time on TV dinners, very strange very wonderful improbable phenomena, Wagner societies made public appeals to "German honour", waste deep in human waste with a 300 lb. same sex partner, water no matter how it came or who brought it it was water, we all know Obla-Di-Bla-Da but can you show me where you are, we are all survivors of patriarchy that fact is gender, we are lucky because we live in a

really great shoe era, we couldn't believe our eyes when we ran into Heather Locklear, we don't know whether there are things to which our ideas refer, we're gonna conquer the world and we're here for your sons and daughters, we've removed the peaks and valleys and can get on with our proper, well I noticed that it was getting a little dirty in here, well the first days are the hardest days don't you worry anymore, well uhhuh and oh-ho and uh-huh I want you meningita, well usually I hallucinate watery moving floors, What do you call three people in wheelchairs on top of each other?, What human beings will go through to look a little bit better!, What is the matter with nature? What is the nature of matter?, What two of the most famous film stars are married to each other?, What's red sits in front of the mirror and gets smaller and smaller?, Whatever happened to protesting nothing in particular?, When are you going to get your pathetic little life in gear?, when it seems like I can't take anymore I breathe underwater, when she first started college she had everything going for her, when the mind of its own in the wheel puts two and two together, when you don't eat all day all you think about is food and hunger, when you walk into a room people say "Hey it's Shelley Winters!", where the transcription of thought on the page is a clean mirror, while wiping his ass he told me he got some shit on his finger, who found a safe haven for all the pool rats in the area, Why did I feel nervous talking to the Tower Records cashier?, Why do women have to fart when you're having a 69er?, wife of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus Cornelia, with a feeling for melody and a flair for melodrama, worm and storm chaise chaos and chair Senator spectator mayor, writing about music is like dancing about architecture, Yeh that's what I thought it used to mean. It don't mean that any more, Yesterday I told a chicken to cross the road. It said "What for?", You are not what you thought you were. You are no longer who you were, You don't know where that finger's been! Get that finger out of your ear!, You give a Mexican a stick and tell him it's a piñata!, you know it really hurts when you got the hershey squirts Lucia, you want the tiger's nature without the nature of the tiger, You want this reviewed? Sure just put it in the accumulator, you'd better beware the next time you bite into that hamburger, you've swallowed a pill a sugar cube a piece of blotting paper;

A group of black children on T.V. singing God Bless America, a justification of my seemingly haphazard procedure, a soundbased linguistic document of a person's life for ___ years, Add these to your collection and be a part of the nostalgia!, ahhh I hate your fuckin' guts and I hope that you die Sticky Fingers, *all spelling and punctuation are as they appeared in the letters, allas the pitee that was ther cracchyng of chekes rentynge eek of heer, and anyway visible nipples are not quite on for a mother, and couldn't wait to dash back into the fine gardens far from "nature", and it's as if she's constantly being sprinkled with tarantulas, And then on the way home you have to carry an empty Tupperware?, and what comes up that tube is the undigested food from their dinner, And what constitutes understanding or failure to understand here?, any spilled juice will be forever embedded in your creased Dockers, anything not fitting into these categories causes cancer, anyway I suspect Stockhausen's been off the deep end for some years, Are you drinking rocket fuel or wearing an electric shock collar?, array thirteen toothbrushes of different colors on your dresser, as it turned out the world wasn't ready for the Sex Pistols either, as the talk goes on we are getting nowhere and that is a pleasure, At an orgy does anyone really want to be a wallflower?, At last! This is the answer! Forgot the question? It doesn't matter! (at the time of writing) I never think of what I have said before, Atomic energy tested in Japan. Made in America, Audiences would be worrying and asking "What are we in for?", because a credit rate like yours deserves an interest rate like ours, because every word you are without is a thought or idea or, because you live in the suburbs where the American Dream endures, Black Oak Arkansas - amazingly they came from Black Oak Arkansas, blacktress/glamazon Vaginal Creme Davis to the screeching scissor, blazing into galaxies transfigured with ineffable auras, books are daily losing their status of the carriers of culture, brother lover mother other smother another undercover, broun fellinis alphabet soup daddy godus and human flavor, but he remains humble and sees himself merely as a "forerunner", but you must get away from competing with yourself and with others, constantly putting their fingers to the winds of popular culture, contempt for a nearly universal symbol of childhood terror, count the cracks in the bedroom plaster until the sex act is over, creates echoes wherein subject and object bounce off of each other, declination of Cancer is the exaltation of Jupiter, Did he die and go to heck or is he up there with Pat and Checkers?, Did you know that 4 out of 10 accidents are caused by drunk drivers?, Do recording artists get embarrassed by their old record covers?, Do you expect by the end of this program you will have an answer?, Do you regard me as a rival or as a collaborator?, Do you want to look better feel better run faster and jump higher?, Does door slamming or dog barking cause your mind to go into high gear?, don't ask why Levi's 501 jeans have stayed in style for 50 years, don't fuck with this shit if you've had any sort of liver disorders, Dr. Johnson a few days before his death burning heaps of papers, Drab Local Fish Part of Problem as Camden's Aquarium Flounders, Eat your dinner! Don't you know there are people starving in India?, eating disorders not an equal opportunity destroyer, Egyptians knew exactly when it was time for the percolator, ever since I have fled the world I have known neither hatred nor fear, every day and in every way I am getting better and better, every day around 10 A.M. throws up on the down escalator, every little movement assumes the dimensions of a maneuver, everybody thinks that you're doing much better than you really are, exclusionary couples

who also claim to be your best friends – Grrrrr!!, 50% off the person you call most anytime anywhere, for Dionne Warwick to record the song "That's what psychic friends are for", for gnats never lack the air grubs the earth nor polliwogs the water, for he believed that therein lay the very essence of adventures, Forrest Gump is a retarded motherfucker and he's on welfare, frankly there is a lot more interesting things happening out there, fried in an electric chair before a throng of cheering spectators, fudge over in the service of ideological agenda, Furtwängler Böhm Strauss Krauss Karajan – fervent supporters of Hitler, Gate Gate Paragate Parasagate Bodhi Svaha!, give book and CD to Al for his student in California, give one big cheer and one cheer more for the captain of the Pinafore, give to the nearest inch the length in inches of a water meter, God help the thief unfortunate enough to meet me and the muddler, Good morning neighbor! You stay in your corner I'll stay in my corner, granted boredom alienation and wanting what you can't have are, Hanging the lantern/On that full white blooming bough/Exquisite your care!, he has also written music for MCI and Christian Dior, he is now remembered (if at all) as at best a one-book wonder, he seems to be in an eddy spinning round and round getting nowhere, he started out in search of money but in death he has found much more, Hey kitty! You're like the queen of the ball the hot chick on the dance floor, How do people get access to avant-garde music in this culture?, How many living ex-Presidents of the United States are there?, How much is this moment worth? \$100? \$1000?, HunterAnimal Assassin: Meat Mercenary Bambi Butcher, I am exhausted and I can't keep my eyes open any longer, I am free to pursue the realm of the professional amateur, I am not bound to any one system way path country idea, I am not getting answers because I do not really need answers, I close my eyes. Your fingers play and make my stomach muscles quiver, I don't know about you but I'd rather be a name than a number, I figured you had a sense of humor – after all you married her, I get distracted just walking downstairs to get a glass of water, I got something to say I raped your mother today – Metallica, I had a dream I was falling through a hole in the ozone layer, I hate getting blown by a girl and then she tries to kiss you after, I hate it when people try to impose their opinions on others, I hate when thin girls complain about their big hips thighs etc., I hate when you think you have to fart but instead you shit your drawers, I know that certain vitamins can make your doo-doo crazy colors, I like the ambiguous ones which dawn on the target days later, I look exactly the same but everyone else looks so much older, I may be startled but I won't give my body up to be powder, I never saw you put jelly on a tuna fish sandwich before, I promise I'll bring you just a little bit of the plague in a jar, I ran and ran and ran and ran until I couldn't run anymore, I really hate it when people cheat in the Express Lane at the store, "I see!" said the blind carpenter as he picked up his hammer and saw, I spend half the year here and half the year there. My wife stays there all year, I want to bring in infinite regress and infinite progress here, I was a pretty serious pot-head in the early high-school years, I went down to the sacred store where I'd heard the music years before, I wish some people would stop confusing us with California, I wish we could chat longer but I'm having an old friend for dinner, I woke up on the roadside daydreaming 'bout the way things sometimes are, I would create a book out of wood and carve words into the "cover", I would try to get her to try something she had never tried before, I'd like to order a large ibbit-obbt-ibbit-urger with no Sa, I'm feelin' kinda feelin' kinda feelin' kinda feelin' kinda, I'm just a sweet transvestite from Transsexual Transylvania, I've been doing this forever and I'll keep

doing this forever, if anyone on MP says "bitch" there'll be THQot shooter, if brains were farts he couldn't stink up the inside of a matchbox car, if this came out in the '80s it would have made a million dollars, if we can't compare breasts to apples should we compare them to nuclear, if you compare yourself with others you may become vain and bitter, if you had three million dollars you would want seven million dollars, if you've been putting off refinancing your home call The Money Store, impossible to communicate anything but particulars, In Europe they name streets after poets why not in America?, in out in out in out halfway in they look like an "S" together, in the future my time may be measured not in "seasons" but in years, in the great American tradition of getting what you pay for, inevitably prominent for the contemporary reader, injected with enough silicon to float a luxury liner, Is it possible for me to have any privacy around here?, Is it wrong ... tell me is it wrong ... to close your eyes ... to sleep forever?, it is a reality – and I see it more as I get older, it is the quintessential butter from the churning milk of dharma, it was a depressing way to leave and I felt sorry for the deer, it's a possible soundtrack to a more sane reasonable future, it's beyond the car manufac who sees cope as a drugfrayed nutter, it's really short because I'm getting ready to shave it this summer, it's stretching the point to say that magazines cause eating disorders, jam miniature marshmallows up your nose and sneeze them all over, jo ghar ko nahin chala sakta woh Dilli kya chalayega, Joe America hated those troublesome Nazis Nips and Niggers, just 6 refreshing calories per glass it tastes so good all over, just those icy you're on the wrong side of the tracks motherfucker stares, Ken do you think my nose is growing? I think it keeps getting longer, let me repeat this so it will be easy for you to remember:, Let's just read the poem! I want to say it too but it gets me nowhere, like that time you helped me unzip my pants in the photo booth on your, likewise I find myself at this phase "listening" less and reading more, lo-fi chicken scratch that chugs along and would go well with a hooker, look at the simple pleasures enjoyed by working class America, look for our President's Day sales insert in most of today's papers, mankind's betrayal of was totally fucked up suddenly I saw, many many police officers have seen my genitalia, Maximilien Francois Marie Isidore de Robespierre, Mistress Formika: you fags aren't moshing hard enough – mosh harder!, more shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn more shit to burn more, most people would give anything to make one classic in their career, motors pigs ponies dark water nationalism smoke music beer, Mr. Crow doesn't fuck fatties hear me now (and believe me later), music doesn't have to be caviar it can also be pasta, music of elevators and dentist offices in the future, my head and gargle just gargle and gargle and I don't care who hears, my mother has never put vodka in a milkshake or wrecked her car, My two plum trees are/So gracious see they flower/One now one later, neither gives a hoot about that system of academic power, never put off till tomorrow what you can avoid all together, New York 10385277 Pennsylvania, nicotine heroin cocaine alcohol caffeine marijuana, no one had any notion what ancient Teutons actually wore, no writer now working elicits greater pleasure in his readers, Nundanket all Gott lifts up my heart as it is sung in the blue air, Oblivious to spiders in hair. Get the spiders out of my hair!, of course the "full of beans" defense can work against moaners and groaners, Oh and Stephen King is absolutely the best too! And Derrida!, oh my God it's senior year and all you care about is your career, oh yeah and Satan does not like me for he does not answer my prayers, on a lazy summer day with no summer school no job and no chores, On Saturday night I lost my wife and where

do you think I found her?, one of us might lose his hair but you're reminded that it once was there, one part sunset one part Seagram's gin yes you'll find the hidden pleasure, one's slimey and has whiskers and the other one lives in the water, only that the music doesn't topple when the theory's knocked over, Or how am I to describe the important empirical fact here?, or is it that $L + M =$ (aside from a nostalgia, or stop by and touch his overgrown big hangnail for healing power, perhaps it's all a test to keep steering ever toward nibana, perhaps the outstanding question in American social culture, picking up a cool dog shit with a plastic bag from the backyard floor, plodding linear thinkers democracy: one vote every four years, pour Agent Orange into local reservoir to enhance flavor, Public Enemy #1: that neutering bastard Bob Barker, queen-sized Sealy posturpedic from \$349, Quiz: We all know how Jesus got whacked but how did his disciples fare?, Ramakrishna: Where does the strength of an aspirant lie? In his tears, rather a mania engendered by a melancholic humor, rather than calling you on the phone and risking losing my temper, remember that soda pop will freeze if you leave it in the freezer, respect for yourself will not come about through the disdain of others, retains shape and does not melt even when out of refrigerator, Rocket Reducer No. 62 (Rama Lama Fa Fa Fa), screenless window remains open making me itch and scratch all over, She lives thousands of miles away. Yet for weeks I've had a crush on her, she said it was wrong to call the language of her work "vernacular", she stripped away her rancid poncho and laid out naked by the door, she told me that he can't sleep at night - the greatest of our composers, She's not wearing any pants. Her lower openings now total four, shit like camcorders Snapple cigarette lighters and calculators, sniper victim snapping pictures with Ricoh and eating Gummy Bears, so the streets of the world will flow red with the blood of non-believers, some people would do almost anything to bring home Chi-Chi's salsa, sometimes I lie awake at night and ask "Why me?" Then a voice answers, (sung in German no less - even Jim Morrison wouldn't go that far), Sunshine is always in fashion. When are we going to get some more?, Take a look at what you are. It is revolting. You're really nowhere, taking notes while overhearing conversations in a crowded bar, that is what I told a magazine when they put me on the cover, that's why you got 2 last names and 3 Social Security numbers, the empty spaces allow for the non-obstruction of the centers, the gay community is as powerless as I've seen it in years, the pandemonium of the world burst upon my unwilling ears, the person with style neither needs nor seeks the approval of others, the positive ends will attract the negative ends and vice-versa, the room was dark the blinds drawn and I was alone with the computer, the shock of seeing a minority in the ivory tower, the Tickling Babysitter controlling the playground: respect through fear, the use of translation as the invention of a desired other, the vector has never been of the slightest use to any creature, the whole purpose of your life is to serve as a warning to others, then again somebody might imitate the original gesture, There are a few undercover cops on this train. Nice disguises huh?, There are more days in the week than Friday. Most animals know better, there are millions of little bits of me walking around everywhere, they will have to go back to their countries because they were not born here, this has to be in the dark for a few days so it's going down here, this is an entertaining reminder to get my shit together, this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires, those who scaled the cliffs of Normandy under heavy enemy fire, thus shall it be done to the man who the king delighteth to honor, tonight's Top Ten List from the home office in Sioux City Iowa, Too many women tiny anti-aisles. One open

cash register, tradition flouted at one moment reinvented at another, try now we can only lose and our love becomes a funeral pyre, try to use normal printed paper on the overhead projector, type of bastard (or see likeness to President's genitalia), undoubtedly Thoreau was disappointed by commercial failures, unfortunately sometimes we start to drown in this flood of data, until they're all sharp corners and then gently thrust into thy nether, wanting to be licked: a perfectly perforated piece of blotter, Watch for more heroic excitement coming to Macy's this summer!, we have to tie a steak around her neck so the dog will play with her, we want and deserve tin-can architecture in a tin-horn culture, well alchemy is just a little better form of Cinderella, What do you call a guy with no arms and legs inside your computer? What do you call it when the media talks about the media?, What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery? A mirror, What is the number one number in Casey Kasem's Top Ten Numbers?, What method does Kurt Cobain use to collect his thoughts? A spatula, What nationality of women do you think make the best lovers?, what to do when they ask for your Social Security Number:, what you see is what you get or better what you get is what you hear, What's a man like me supposed to do with all this extra savoirfaire?, "What's so unpleasant about being drunk?" you ask a glass of water, when you find an unflushed toilet leave it alone and use another, when you're with someone you care for nothing says closeness like a whisper, whether you're black or white or Hispanic or Chinese it don't matter, Which means when we are writing it's not always us who is writing eh?, Who cares what we SAW you should be doing your own thing and that's the LAW!, Why should I waste more precious time in relating such trifling pleasures?, Will someone in their right mind please martyr themselves and kill this fucker?, Will you Mr. Tab allow my take on this and combine my flavors?, Would it be right to judge Christ by his crucifiers and detractors?, Would you like Gin and platonic or do you prefer Scotch and sofa?, wrap her up in tissue paper and send her down the elevator, write down the name and address of your hotel in case of amnesia, you are an adult and people around you have their own agendas, you are houseless but not homeless because home is wherever you are, you can call me anything you like but don't call me late for dinner, you can't find love in a truckload of turnips unless it's to the stars, you know a lot of girls go out with me just to further their careers, you should leave your bedroom window wide open at night in the winter, "You'll surely run up against existence and non-existence somewhere!", yuppie bullshit for women who wore beige stockings or relaxed their hair;

XVIII

A century ago our visual environment was much simpler, a symbol of the spiritual mind active in numberless ideas, a synod of Anglican friars were discussing their carnal desires, a woman needs a flat tummy a firm bosom and a nice derrière, accepting all thoughts whether profound insignificant or peculiar, After alpha-hydroxy acids what? Chanel research has the answer, after four days I suddenly realized that there was some potential here, Ahhh! The ghost of Elvis is eating all the cake – oh it's just Liz Taylor, all the things you could be by now if Henry Miller's wife was your mother, alpha And and continues past beta and gamma And to end at alpha, an angry telephone call signals the end of the world for cult members, And get this she's blond now hair the same color as yours doesn't that figure?, and if I attacked a lifeless pillar with my language it would totter, and so he swallowed the pus while continuing to suck on my finger, Anyone know the punch line for which the joke is "What's an Ali McGraw?", Are we ready for the truth? Don't you think we should first lie to each other?, Are you sick and tired of your dirty stinky ugly useless old slippers?, arrange words according to sound – arrange objects according to color, as a member of the world conspiracy you control your own future, as culler and counter of syllables as arranger and recorder, as the speed of television goes up the movies start going faster, as to pleasure it is true in fact that tidying up is a pleasure, beauty arises and passes away like all other phenomena, bitter men are generally academics who failed to get tenure, but damp park benches I visit no more they always make my rear end sore, but February made me shiver with every paper I'd deliver, but unfortunately the whole insight of the sixties has been lost here, capital and labor need not be antagonistic to each other, Carlos Casteneda is the 2nd baseman for the L.A. Dodgers, change your social security number and disappear from Big Brother, Check. Extra wire? Check. Blurb? Check. Pole? Check. Hannah? She's a bitch with balls doncha, Cindy Crawford plays the pinup in swimwear with just the right exposure, closer to Christ and Buddha especially Buddha and further therefore, considering how much I have tried to change my relationship to fear, defeat money power in media power defeat through mass power, "Don't be a prima donna!" I said. She replied "I'm not a dinosaur!", don't just stand around talking to spandex-clad women on the Stairmasters, don't eat any muffin that is more than 6 inches in diameter, don't tell your men to lay still like that – they should move around a little more, Don't the words "dreadful" and "social gathering" go so nicely together?, Dr. Pepper: sweet center sort of serves as a secondary thruster, driving is then going alphabetically by national order, Drop your hair down! Get drunk! Get mad! Be sad! Do something! Loosen up! Who cares?, each thing as Gertrude Stein puts it is as important as every other, early morning walks to Battery Park City – predawn paranoia, eight students were arrested and a police officer broke a finger, equal portions of flaming kitchen delicately offset by sneaker, every man should know that words fail that garlic prevails and that shoes matter, everybody would show a housebreaker where the family jewels are, extremist Shiite revolutionary philosophy-worshippers, "Far dearer to me than my treasure" the heiress declared "is my leisure", feel free to copy this upload it put it anywhere and everywhere, fifteen minutes of moving and gyrating and bouncing off each other, fill your pockets with sugar packets as well as salt and pepper shakers, Fish do not weary of water. The joys of solitude are similar, 5 p.m. rolls around today as it always does – same year after year, for better or worse the digit replaced the linseed oil and now we're here,

for presenting a too-effeminate Jesus the silken wavy hair, Get all hot and breathy as the Japanese nearly attack Pearl Harbor!, (giggling) all those mulatto babies and their eyes are too close together, grifters portastatic unwound nothing painted blue refrigerator, Grover from Sesame Street tells me to go near then far "near far near far", had this been an actual emergency we would have fled in terror, half of any scandal - no 75% - is the media's, has allowed the hobby of collecting odd words to sidetrack his career, he uses it to fill the salt shaker {Would that make it a snow shaker?}, her pubes strangely smooth in contrast to the splendid abundance of her hair, Hey you. Yeah. YOU! Pacifist type. Are you thinking "Hey this isn't MY war?", hills juggling lactoidal lung mounds natures fonts orbs and pillows sandbag spheres, horizontal interactions among a plurality of centers, How and why is lyric more prominent in some periods than in ours?, How can I be happy in the morning when I have to sleep on the floor?, How many sex-restricted jobs require a penis or a vagina?, hyper-aroused individuals are driven thinkers and worriers, I always take the path-of-most-resistance when it comes to my in-laws, I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together, I am in pursuit of spirit and she is in pursuit of her career, I am naked and passing through the phone lines. I am in your computer, I am the one all men are the Other but none of them are my other, I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars, I cannot think in a rational manner. My mind has lost its order, I don't know whether I'd rather be having a bottle of vinegar, I found a long blonde hair in the sprinkler kinda the color of your hair, I got tired of hanging around people who wouldn't pee in the shower, I have trained the dog to lick my feet while I watch TV and whenever, I like living in a corrupt country - I feel like a fish in water, I live on the freaking computer and spend all my time with teddy bears, ("I met Andy Warhol at a really chic party") blow it out your hair, I never put on a pair of shoes until I've worn them at least five years, I said I'm charming and dashing I'm rental car bashing phony paper, I saw the worst bands of my generation/applied by magic marker, I scratch my head with the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the thunder, I think I have some valid thoughts that may be of interest to others, I think we've got a little damn female lunar inadequacy here, I will continue to collect words until I can't stand it anymore, I wonder if it would be cool if I had it shortened up to like here, I write in order to hear. Never do I hear and then write what I hear, I'd like to butter your muffin I'm not bluffin' serve you on a platter, I'd love to go out with you but I have to stay home and see if I snore, I'll bring Jews and fags to my parent's house. We'll all go to hell together, I'm desperately trying to erase notions of past/present/future, I'm gonna go one-four-two-three-three-four-one I'm not goin' on no bars, I'm not looking to exterminate anybody in particular, if only I had an electric drill it would have been so much simpler, if the doors of perception were cleansed man could see things as they truly are, If you were a musical instrument what would it be? The conductor, if you were shipwrecked on a desert island with Geraldo Rivera, if [sic] is always a pleasure to hear from a satisfied customer, if you wore one you would have to have a frilly apron and a Hoover, including Francis Ford Coppola and jetsetting daughter Sofia, interest in skimming: the type of reading we do with the newspaper, Is it necessary to be loud and eccentric to be called a star?, Is that you I smell or is it your mattress stuffed with rotten potatas?, it was along the lines of having tattooed on my arm "Art Forever", it's changing the private lives of men and women across America, it's from AT&T ... they're making you an honorary stockholder, It's purely a guess but could it happen within

the next 1-5 years?, James Brown 1974 = Sai Baba 1994, Jesus freaks mow down gays in Greenwich Village with a nine-millimeter, Jhana told us that her man must have a big bank account and a new car, Jovian gravity shatters a comet making it all the brighter, kill roaches with a monkey wrench while playing Wagnerian arias, Knots bills and you can stuff 'em. How about a duck Congress and a debtor?, legalise the Mafia never but never invade Australia, let's pursue that: we could help each other with new hair styles etc., like keep peeking in your briefcase and saying "You got enough air in there?", most of us at least once in our lives suffer an attack of glamnesia, most people over 35 are technologically immature, Mother Theresa:Nipse Russell - Nipse Russell:Mother Theresa, my delicate obsession manifests itself in my calm demeanor, my own manseed diluted in a mixture of corn syrup and water, "Never decide on anything and then we change our minds" says another, never never rather be Ida never never rather be Ida, no hands fixes tie looks around and usually pisses on the floor, No no. I don't bake cookies. You're thinking of those dorks over at Keebler, no salt MSG preservatives artificial color or flavor, no TV no car and I don't even have a stereo anymore, Now what do you do? Buy a Queer Nation T-shirt and slam even harder?, oh what a world with super mice and atom rabbits yet I dream of more, on December 21 1994 he said "See you next year!", one lame little bunny that brings shitty candy (nothing cool like Santa), one of the hallmarks of a culture is the capacity to conquer, pardon me miss but I can't help noticing that you have cum in your hair, PCP. Fucking PCP. Who the fuck does PCP anymore?, people aren't depressed in this country solely because of their color, playing baseball with apples peeing in ice-cube trays and growing up poor, poetry can do just about anything except perhaps disappear, pull out their unrevealed penises and urinate on the transformed pair, right wing favored monarchical government with rigid social structure, Sally Jesse Raphael's wardrobe was provided by Christian Dior, sauerkraut-sniffing mustard-licking bratwurst-roasting Nazi-loving whore, saw my baby down by the river will she have to come up soon for air, say no to the draft or work or religion or authority figures, she was buying clothes and I was putting slinkies on the escalator, she went to Kentucky Fried Chicken and licked everyone else's fingers, Sherlock Holmes Nicks 5 and 8 From Watson and Spends it on Coke and Hookers, since time immemorial mankind has known of the importance of texture, slam at those who sanctimoniously wear those red ribbons all over, some of us are predicting eventual generational warfare, sounding almost like a warped mix of Jean Baudrillard and Yogi Berra, spending gobs of money to make sure he's got a big say in the future, Surely one's sensitivity being blocked serves well to open others?, tell me about your sexual escapades with a riding lawnmower, (that of the halfwitted man who was hankering for a cauliflower), that's actually how I see myself as a linguistic inventor, The Buddha is master of ethics. Ethics do not master the Buddha, the cheerleaders would spit beer and yell "Fuck you!" at the crowd massed together, The difference between public and private. Linguistically what is there?, the eggs of a prehistoric animal were found in Mongolia, the ego of Madonna seems a little stale in 1994, the end result of complete cellular representation is cancer, the faces were empty the eyes as bleak as the tomorrow they foresaw, the feeling that somehow somewhere you've been kicked in the head like this before, the form became generic and what mattered were the words on the cover, the genius has in our days shaken off the shackles which had encumbered, the intelligence of any discussion diminishes with the square, the kind that comes out of your butt so fast your butt cheeks get splashed with water, the morning hard on - you wake up and Joey's

admiring the chandelier, The name of what Biblical character has been given to cab drivers?, the only thing I can eat approaching solid is yogurt thru a straw, the parts can be read in any order – everything is out of order, the planet Transsexual in the galaxy of Transylvania, the politics of desire male chauvinist engineer right on sister!, the small hairless animals with over eighteen legs in my underwear, The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of hitting molecules of air?, the world remains the same as ever when we remove it from our shoulders, there are 2 archetypes of you fucks out there: the “loner” and the “loser”, there is a temporary return to a more conventional structure, there will be a Taffy pull at St. Peters tomorrow not a Peter, there’s a railroad there and trains go by and there’s people locked in cattle cars, they smile in your face all the time they wanna take your place the backstabbers, 30 is a terrible age but take it from someone that has been there, this generation has full access and comprehension of computers, those brothers smoke more weed than Cheech & Chong and Cypress Hill put together, those scary fucks on the train who frighten the homeless people who live there, thoughts are no more than very gentle vibrations moving in the ether, thus in fear and trembling the superior man sets his life in order, today my skirt is very short and I’m sure not to show any beaver, too much permissiveness on one end too much reluctance on another, Transit bus stopped by potato stuffed in exhaust pipe – Potato Power!, try and recognize celebrities through sniffing their bodily odors, trying to mask the private with the public in a linguistic manner, unlike a lot of you I’ve never really been ashamed by my mother, velvet over liquified pros babyfood-bland safety-check my buffer, very few people in China believe in Communism anymore, watch out for 10’s ranting stew of fuck-you’s on this laryngeal chamber, we’ll supply the greasepaint if you bring some wornout clothes we can set on fire, well I’ve already got AT&T as my long distance carrier, What could be a more ordinary part of everyday than the weather?, What do you call a deer with no eyes and no legs chewing on a razor?, What if Hitler was alive today? What if Germany had won the war?, What three Jews were thrown into a fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar?, what with a bout of malaria three broken legs and then these rumors, What’s the point of having a telephone if you can’t order a pizza?, What’s your take on the emerging generation of Avant-Pop writers?, when I die I will leave all my school pens to the children of India, when I was your age we didn’t have none of them fancy-ass computers, when it’s time to get dressed you’ll notice that the sensual pleasure lingers, when you find condoms in the shower’s soapdish you know you’ve arrived sugar, when you live in Manhattan you need to build your own private Westchester, Which is the odd one out: a baked bean a soya bean or a vibrator?, while also being encouraged to simply let the words lie where they are, Who ever heard of a cold cereal that makes you feel warm all over?, who once during a flood lifted up a mountain with his little finger, who were sick of listening to the pap strains of Loggins & Messina, whose artfully ribbed abdomen has been compared to a six pack of beer, with no doubt a fearsome gen-uine imitation Jackie Chan Haayyeeeahh, women don’t need to go to the bathroom when they get up but will shower, yeah music is always on my mind whenever I’m driving in a car, yes and that’s why I haven’t thrown away a piece of cardboard in nine years, yet they strut around half-naked pouring honey all over each other, you can see for yourself what you have become by serving under others, you can’t have a self-created fetish or a self-created desire, you have a natural grace and great consideration for others, you imagine your hands around the throat of that Coke-drinking polar bear, You like the credit cards and private planes.

Money can really take you far, you realize that the phone number on the bathroom wall of the bar is yours, young bitter people think bitterness begins in their refrigerator, your gunboat tactics hold no fear for pigs defending their homes and culture;

A car is the ultimate extension of the Great American Frontier, a gleekzorp without a ternpee is like a quop without a fertsnheet (sorta), a noise annoys an oyster but a noisier noise annoys an oyster more, a stunning picture of a black woman's coming of age in America, accumulating enough information so that all judgments are ignored, acetylene Nirvana talking 'bout your hemorrhoids baby steam roller, after twenty-six years he proved to his teachers that he could master desire, Ah! Who gives a fuck about all of these so-called American "prose" writers?, all animals are created equal but some are more equal than others, all because of our sexed brains no process of enculturation at work here, all of these elements have resonances in popular literature, altered versions of the paper pouches to microwave popcorn producers, American attitudes and American ideals extend its power, an amorous Jew on Yom Kippur saw a shiksel decided to clip her, and a big suck deez to the beef-eating white supremacists at hamburgers, and he goes up to the horse in a friendly manner and he sitcks into her, and it's insane - another spring has arrived early - dreary thoughts of summer, and speaking of quacks reminds me of cracks and stacks and sacks and shacks and schnackers, and that way the two work together and manage not to stomp on each other, and these days what I see as hip is a lot softer warmer and cozier, anyone could have taken a dump in the bath and it wouldn't have mattered, approximately 2500 kittens and puppies are born each hour, as bar soaps go this is a good one - not too much aroma a good lather, as if the world of the poem like the world as a whole were nothing but nature, as the water-bird shakes off the water from its wings with a little flutter, Avoid comments about the taste of sweat. Most body parts taste pretty bitter, az me shveigt iz men a halber nar - az me redt iz men a ganster nar, bash & pop friday night is killing megoo goo dolls superstar car washer, Beauclerk Beau Boswell Bozzy Langton Lanky Sheridan Sherry Murphy Mur, Benzo Wani Yea Benzo Bero Tsani Yea Hum Hum Phat Phat Svaha!, better remove a rotten apple from the store than let it rot the others, blackvaginafinda I'm the motherfucker fucking sombodyez daughter, Bob Dole. Will someone in their right mind please martyr themselves and kill this fucker?, born of a mortal woman and an Incubus he was the great enchanter, busyness to cover up emptiness stemming from fear and paranoia, but even false flattery is flattering in its own peculiar manner, But if we should lend it to you how would you spend 500 million dollars?, but it just goes to show that generalizations are of little use here, But were it Ferdinand or Fernand I fergit? It's Ferdinand de Saussure, but why Surrealist books and not vegetarian sandwiches or hipster, butcher who back into meat grinder get a little behind in his orders, by rhythmic reversion sextillion worlds passed into diaphanous lustre, Call your apartment from a payphone and ask for yourself. Do this every hour, cannot piss if someone is watching flushes urinal and comes back later, Catch a Cold Mouth Rape Minors MTV Sucks Ass Skull Fuck the Virgin Mother, Cheryl said "You don't have to be a star to pull up a chair during dinner", Cling Free is what? It's a dryer sheet. Where do dryer sheets go? In the dryer, Cosmia Wagner: more anti-Semitic than anyone short of Hitler, cougars and other wild cats become excited by children who play outdoors, courteous postal workers are kind courteous and patient with customers, date her for 12 years put her in all your movies then start dating her daughter, delicately lift filthy airline toilet seat gingerly with one finger, developing something of a crush on the "Headline News" afternoon anchor, discover your own unique "eating

print": Picker Prowler Finisher Hoarder, Do you let your child take teddy bears of the same sex to bed with him or her?, Do you want to equalize things a little with an evil business partner?, Does this mean when I come to New York we can't go out and get smashed anymore?, don't swallow the microphone if you grow up to be a subway announcer, due to the lack of space we cannot undertake such a task here however, Editors note: it is very unprofessional to sleep with co-workers, especially for men who add heft to their Haines with a roll in their trousers, even though the best orifice is in your ear I longed to vox the voder, every pound and compact square inch of man meat waltzing around one another, every woman at some time will experience concern about her figure, fantasies and uncontrollable urges: nothing I could write about here, for this reason I've decided Nixon deserves something more something deeper, Goldsmith piles words upon words until they lose one meaning and gain another, goulash composed of all the leftovers from the meals of all the leftovers, he found her text too conventional and took it upon himself to alter, he has marauded eardrums and blown minds with his pathetic poetic roar, he pumped and he pumped and he pumped and he pumped and all that came wuz dog water, he replied "Oh in about 5 minutes after your mother goes to the store", he thought Adolph Hitler's followers said "Hi Hitler" rather than "Heil Hitler", he will scrape your stuck animal parts from the blackened grill of human desire, helps put a layer of protection between you your life and your dilemmas, Hitler complained that he had been "sickened" by the appearance of "that Jew Schorr", Hitler: "there was no greater man in German history than Richard Wagner", holcross pullets starting to lay Betty Clayton granite 5-6204, How do you expect to rid yourself of all nasty habits by September?, How many red stunt cows are doing acrobatics in the pinball pasture?, however I began to question systems of hierarchy and power, I admire you because I've never had the courage it takes to be a liar, I don't see it myself - but people tell me I look like the Ayatollah, I don't know. Why don't you do a different type of writing when you are there?, I feel bad for the Beach Boys. Suddenly one day they weren't hip anymore, I hate those random erections you get. If it wasn't for Boris Becker, I have one lifetime ahead of me and things are getting better and better, I kissed the raindrops off your nose and promised that I'd stay with you forever, "I know what you're thinking" said the Lemon King as he drank his sparkling seltzer, I mean you wouldn't want to go to a party with all tricks and no tramps huh?, I never asked what they meant - I only entered them into my computer, I plugged my phone in where the blender used to be. I called someone. They went "Aaaaahhhh...", I remained completely quiet inwardly ejaculating fervent prayers, I think sex is the best form of expressing your love to someone you care for, I thought it was nice of them to give me my props like that ... stop dissing Hammer, I told them kids to keep their arms inside the ride. Damnedest thing I ever saw", I wanted to be a priest to kind of continue the family career, I'm going to devote ten minutes to letting the present happen hither, I'm through with masturbation and the triple X matinee double features, I've never rolled upside down on an expressway at 70 miles per hour, if you have the spirit within you will never fail to attract others, if you press down on the hamburger and gray juices drip down the hamburger, If you write the word "monkey" a million times do you start to think you're Shakespeare?, in a way it is more natural to sit on the floor instead of a chair, in the world in which we live without hype and controversy things disappear, Is it because raver girlfriends are better looking than girlfriends of skaters?, Is my cock big enough is my brain small enough for you to

make me a star?, Is poor Parsifal never to be let out of these Jewish torture chambers?, Is that another lie created to keep me complacent begging for more?, Is that Sean Penn? He's the dude that had sexual intercourse with Madonna, it is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs, it's like when – this is really a stretch – you take a bath and you watch the water, it's so difficult being a working mom and keeping it all together, it's something of a no-brainer although a carefully chosen no-brainer, January 1933 National Socialists come to power, just because they can't pronounce it New Yorkers don't write without the letter "r", Killorcure and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-onthe-Fleure, Leave me alone. I must work and do not want to know about my blood pressure, let's hear it for please myself and am pleased by what I look on in the mirror, like a peaceful flood he swept away the mental debris of his listeners, like trying to empty oneself of all previously acquired ideas, L-I-TE. The new way to spell "light" with 20% fewer letters!, many a day have I dreamed of this load to be dropped with such ease and stature, Mary is crying about what? He's been dead a hundred zillion billion years, maybe it was just a pathetically vacant week for literature, medical researchers warn women about danger at the beauty parlor, Michael has (choose one or more: nose chin cheeks eyes mouth toes) surgically altered!, mitigating factor: impedes inhalation of particulate matter, More people choose British Airways to London than any other airline. Duh, most people tend to pick up a word that is introduced into the right ear, my bong burnt bright electrifying fractals dancing in the raging embers, my method of writing allows me to "sight" language by stringing together, my name is Martin I am great in math but bad in science for whoever, never mind that the world seems to be busting out all over – small breasts have their, no bull no horseshit just the full honest-to-god filth from the creamy-coozer, (note that the change in time being talked about was also signaled with a "wa"), nothing may be used whole or in part without permission from the publishers, now Martha Quinn is doing pimple cream commercials and Adam is somewhere, Olympics: faster higher stronger. Information: faster smaller cheaper, on one side Melville's whale blubber and on the other is Freud's human blubber, patently utopian and almost necessarily a disaster, permanent values independent at least from Life Time and Coca-Cola, Please do not send cash through the mail. Thank you for helping us to serve you better, please let this be a material monument to horizontal structure, post-deconstructive tendencies tend to slight or ignore texts altogether, recently I read something and I must say I can't remember the author, recognize my God-self is to recognize gists to go some rock 'n' rollers, red=AIDS purple=urban violence pink=breast cancer, remember "Something good is going to happen to you today free thinker!", saints are not produced in batches every semester like lawyers and doctors, segregation now segregation tomorrow segregation forever, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?, she got tired of his tirades about the "no-talent" Arnold Schwarzenegger, she said "What you will see is people living only on hope in India", she wants the toilet seat left down and he ... well actually no trouble there, Siegfried Wagner: involved in one homosexual scrape after another, Similarly he has no luck with his right hand or with both hands together!, so after doing this for years you get popular. You get a little more, so throw ya gunz in the air throw ya gunz in the air buck buck like you don't care, stroke your thigh while commenting how much you can't wait until the meal is over, surface often covered with hair bristly in some areas soft in others, that way you will be able to look back on your trip and really

remember, the color of her where she is inside out is enough to make me kill her, the drip from their fucks fed forty-two ducks three geese and a fucking big gander, The economy is finally getting somewhere. What about your career?, the laboratory of daily life can almost seem like a torture chamber, The movie ends. It's only 4:30 a.m. That killed 2 !/2hours, The Nation is growing older. People are living longer dying later, the party merely tolerated Hitler's enthusiasm for Wagner, the patter of rain on the tin roof awakens me from a fitful slumber, the soul of an Eastern prophet and the spirit of a Western pioneer, the twinkle in his eyes is actually the sun shining between his ears, the woman replied "If I could come that way I wouldn't need a vibrator", Then one day it rained. The afternoon sky drew its dark curtains shut and it poured, there are more than five McDonalds bags currently in the floorboard of your car, there is nothing that cannot be done with a pencil and a piece of paper, There's a part of us that believes we can always be better. Stronger. Smarter, there's always somebody working on "the next big thing" in some garage somewhere, things go best with K-Y jelly but that candelabra will NEVER EVER, this is just a sample of the torture all species that we eat must endure, this is never born nor ever dies nor having been will not be anymore, this Nicholas anon leet fle a fart as greet as it had been a thonder, those lazy flower children and their punk-rock spawn can go hang for all I care, tiptoe to the edge of a chasm before you jump - that's always easier, to "Get out of my house!" and "What do you want with my wife?" there is no answer, to swim the Mister misty sea and cease the Mister mystery that Mister, trained to think in the exact same way and worry in the exact same manner, two of them are green two are flesh-colored two are blue and one is a mixture, usually you don't have to worry about whether to use wa or ga, "Vast" and "Bleak" are the two best words I've heard describe this. "Really good" are two more, watching nine years of your life disintegrate and having to start all over, we all would probably not be alive right now had Germany won the war, we won't go down in history but we will go down on your little sister), we'll see how much good your thorough knowledge of Ginsberg and Creeley does you there, We've just extended that to everyday life. Know what? It feels even better!, well I am very intuitive and in touch with my feminine nature, well I ask myself "How did I spend the morning?" and give myself an answer, What did you want? Another blurry photo with a dog running through a fire?, What happens when a guy takes you out and finds out you are an undertaker?, "What if someone falls and breaks their head? Lawsuit ... parents ... insurance ... blah blah blah", What two of the so-called primary colors when mixed together make rupture?, What's inside? Is it pubic hair? Is it cobweb air? I bet you just don't care, when asked to explain he replied with disdain "I'm trying to buy me a car", when I was little I was always getting my hands caught in the cookie jar, When the bunny loses his velvet is he still beautiful? It all means more, when you throw a puppy from a ship into the water it can swim to shore, Where is a blue collar white guy like me supposed to go to get the dharma?, Where is the problem? Because it is certainly not with my work that's for sure, Who picks up the doggie-doo in the park - and what do they do with it after?, Who was Isolde Wagner and why did the rest of the family spurn her?, Why are cigarettes sold in gas stations when smoking is prohibited there?, Will you marry me and have my children? [unfortunate side-effects: beware!], with a promise to award something to those who can come up with the answer, with humans taking the place of anthropomorphic animal characters, words at their best can only point in the right direction they can't take you there, yesterday I found out what doughnuts are for: they hold dough

airplanes together, "You guys wanna smoke a bowl?" I asked and dove into their living area, you were feeling great about that suit until uhhh security in menswear;

A couple of the couples had the most gigantic butts I'd ever seen ever, a cup that was filled with water is drained and just as quickly is replaced by air, A is for Amy who fell down the stairs B is for Basil assaulted by bears, A man with one watch knows what time it is. A man with two watches is never sure, a month into the investigation of the bombing of the World Trade Center, a non-violent revolution is not a program of seizure of power, a slight blow to the head is usually enough to cause total amnesia, ADGBE. I think that basically means calculus for your fingers, although they're both Jewish baby-boomers from Queens who've built an empire dating Cher, an emergency tracheotomy is always a good attention-getter, And if you can't call someone a "whoreson" is it okay to call someone a "whore?", and just when it seemed Seventies revisionism couldn't sink any lower, and or section is now keyed with a specific search term to let you zip right there, and the touch of clothes against your body feels better than you ever remembered, and unlike a sock or sometimes I need the entertainment even afterwards, And where are the Bay City Rollers now? I heard one of them runs a carpet store, and white men dig havin' mindless bitches doing whatever they want whenever, any quantity of information to anyone anytime anywhere, apparently it was after Mrs. Shetty had seen the wet sari number, Are those their fata which we read in sibylline between the fas and its nefas?, artists are more worried about money than coming up with a good idea, as the eternally perky newscaster repeated them over and over, at least the truly stupid are blissfully unaware that there is more out there, At this point is there any doubt in your mind that the fire was set by cult members?, basically what we do in our free time is add tricks to this dogs repertoire, before she goes out her daddy makes her have sex with her and I don't think that's fair, besides you can't even live for a year on \$20000 anymore, big buildings will prematurely ejaculate life as opposed to death murder, Bitch maybe. Sometimes even ego-sucking yelloweyed liver-rending vulture, But being a young German and having to listen to this after 50 years!!!!, but even though she ended up with broken crockery and broken furniture, but he won't be whining about his needs while you're out saving baby seals either, but rarely does the discourse go beyond what is fed to us by the media, But you do disgust me. And I do resent you. I resent breathing the same air, caressing fondling or kissing the wife if ejaculation does not occur, castles and candles yellow and orange mounds of carnations mixed with rosewater, Cezanne's Orgasm: beneath the brushstrokes the orgasms became peaches and pears, crimson and clover over and over crimson and clover over and over, dead people are the biggest victims of all - and they can't defend themselves either, develop a secret neurotoxin that makes females pregnant with dinosaurs, devotion candles orange corner shrine cows spice in piles adorned with swastikas, Did anyone notice that T3 has four members? I guess it doesn't matter, discretion is the better part of valor but stupidity goes everywhere, Do not call my views strange. Do not dismiss me as an "anarchist." I am neither, Do you want to cleanse all Karma and tap into infinite creative power?, "Does this mean you'll be on America's Most Wanted Al?" asks wife Peggy Wanker, "Either it works or it doesn't" as I seem to recall Spicer saying somewhere, elephants never forget but you seldom see a kangaroo with a zipper, eliminate any disorder or discomfort including insomnia, even in ancient times mankind admired the vibrant variety of texture, Ever take off your shoes and walk barefoot through the grass on the beach near the water?, every instance of text is separated by an empty space

of white paper, everything is in bondage to the fetters of time and the fetters of desire, everytime that I look in the mirror all these lines on my face getting clearer, Father Devine's Riviera or signed on for more causes than he had time for, first with delight then with diminishing pleasure and finally with tired despair, for comfort of mind writers are better off staying away from one another, For twenty years I've seen our sixties ideals betrayed. I felt lost and uncentered, fortunately it's a race to see which'll crap out first: his heart or his career, 4:40 a.m. reading Details on a rainy sleepless night in India, Friedrich Nietzsche described it as a "colossal four-towered Nibelung structure", geeks haven't had this much excitement since Woody Allen woke up late in Sleeper, give within ten percent the proportion of the earth's surface covered by water, glory hole lobs her as for the tit-licking question she promised never ever, half of what I say is meaningless but I say it just to reach you Julia, He's already 30 and he's still clerking at the Mini-Mart. What a lamer, Helter Skelter in a summer swelter the birds flew off with the fallout shelter, Hi! My name is Brad Majors and this is my fiancée Janet Weiss. I wonder, his dread diabetes by eating a foetus served up in a sauce of manure, I am but an indifferent performer but I do not play to please others, I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie down on the floor, I can't imagine anything of the sort has ever been attempted before, I didn't mean for things to turn out like this but I didn't think they'd go this far, I do know that I'm a male who's been affected by exercises of power, I don't know anything more and I don't know anyone who knows anything more, I for one prefer to purchase my pornography under separate cover, I have a question for you folks: Who is uglier? Rappers or Southern Rockers?, I looked at her face and saw all the pain that had built up over the past ten years, I suddenly felt compelled to find the connection between beauty and dogma, I think maybe I can rustle up a few "big hair" and "long-nail" salons out here, I understood things to be one way but in reality they are another, I wanted to use all those great words that you were never allowed to use before, I was arguing for popular culture and the transcendence of the dance floor, I was there toking up in the bathroom and chanting "I wanna take you higher", I was tired of getting arrested and had even considered cutting my hair, I went to the door today and the postman delivered a partridge in a pear, I wish all the cars would break down and be carted away and melted into chairs, I would like the pleasure of your company but it only gives me displeasure, I'd just hate to be that extended economically into a culture, I'll get spanked for quoting Steven Tyler but how could I say it any better?, I'm not sure sending poems is the answer although I wouldn't rule it out either, I've had it with all those obvious lines and I'm not falling for it anymore, if God had intended man to watch TV he would have given him rabbit ears, if I want to talk to someone I call them - I haven't answered my phone in years, if I wanted to smell like a fuckin' rose I'd hang out at the perfume counter, if I were a Jew and I were born in Germany and earned my livelihood there, in this sense the pox in your mouth are probably worse than the ones in my drawers, instead of the roar which came there before came a soft oleaginous mutter, it affords me an opportunity to see if I'm really free from anger, it gave me a nice healthy fearful wariness of people with too much "power", it is about that fat bloated over inflated misinformed ego of yours, It's a good thing we have gravity or else when birds died they'd just stay right up there, it's easy to keep them interested using "attentive grunting" similar, it's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under, it's like having a party every night except you don't have to clean up

after, it's like i feel like an itchy foot inside a leather shoe on a hot summer, Kate Moss is an anorexic 14-year-old that someone paid the media, like a yin-yang with a pentagon on one side and an apple on the other, looking at him I could see the incarnation of John Lennon sitting right there, "Lord Crist" quod he "how may this world endure so ful of synne is many a creature?", make sure nothing offends nothing too strange nothing to let them see make them wonder, makes voice visual candor ingenious the vernacular spectacular, may I be a bridge a boat and a ship for all those who wish to cross [the water], maybe it's only me but I can't understand why people buy bottled water, Me: Yes? Them: Hi I'm with Fly-ByNight Carpet Cleaning and we're in your area, men just keep on marching off to war electrically they keep a baseball score, Mom said "Your father and I sleep together as man and wife only once a year", money will say more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years, my hopes began to lift when I came across the Playtex Thank Goodness It Fits bra, nearly A perfectly A and nearly B sizes - fitted on an A rather, no anut tummat okei ratatatatatatatatatata, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should whether or not it seems clear, no gimmicks just good ole crispy fried down-n-dirty southern women of color, No: jocks big hair booty love music hickies hippies yuppies and postscript errors, no one knew then that he would later go on to guest star on Leave It To Beaver, now listen boys whatever you do ... do not try and tie your pet bacteria, now THAT would look good on anyone's resume - Official Breast Term Updater, oh and covering a Simon and Garfunkel song what a novel idea, Oh oh! No more buttered scones for me Master - I'm off to play the grand piana!, oh yes and a game show is of course the definitive source for English grammar, one is left to infer the passage of time as hair lengthened and drugs got stronger, one riverside city has released turtles to cope with the many cadavers, one thing is for sure though - the prices are bound to plummet over the next two years, or again it's like having an empty glass into which anything may be poured, originally we were nowhere and now again we are having the pleasure, our language being the primary carrier of our national character, our staff will gratefully direct you when you arrive for a peaceful adventure, out of everyone you know who owns stereo equipment yours should be better, overclearing forests may have contributed to the demise of the Maya, people can be rendered inoperative by bumping them on the head beware, people seeking guns for personal combat want reliable "stopping power", P.P.S. I made a donation to that scummy radio station of yours, puts a finger in his ear so the draft through his head won't annoy him anymore, Q is for Quentin who sank in a mire R is for Rhoda consumed by a fire, regard your own actions thoughts and words just as a person who looks in the mirror, replace the filling of a Twinkie with ketchup and put it back in the wrapper, self-conscious repressed virtual reality sexuality engineers, she has to wear white gloves when she eats Tootsie Rolls to keep from eating her fingers, she said that the confluence of art and money was like mixing oil and water, she told me the great poet slightly smiled and began to softly tap his fingers, she was sitting here during the break saying that she couldn't take it anymore, so fat she lays on the beach and Greenpeace tries to push her back into the water, So I really want to pursue the notion of original thought anymore?, some men know that a light touch of the tongue running from a woman's toes to her ears, sometimes I want to go talk to people and explain but you could argue for hours, Spending all your money on Jolt cola. Spending all your money on Transformers, spreading her perfect arms upon the air and on her couch murmuring "Where? O where?", Stupid group = stupid posts = stupid

posters = stupid readers, suspected collaborator – beaten to death several hours after capture, telling me how the country was being destroyed by greedy land developers, the agreeable sensation of contemplating the misery of others, the captain has turned on the seat belt sign due to turbulence in the area, the condom cuts off circulation to my dick so I can keep it up longer, the dogs in the street wouldn't eat the green meat that hung in festoons from his drawers, the groupings of text (one word a few words a sentence) are scattered on the paper, the last two lines carry the same point as Hui-k'o interview with Bodhidharma, the lows will be a little bit lower the highs will be a little bit higher, the notion of treating people like possibilities rather than fixed structures, the only crowded place was the liquor store with men lining up for cheap vodka, the only reason people get lost in thought is because it's unfamiliar, the quacks blue quacks make her quite a quacker but black is a quicker quacker-backer, the waterfall: Poulaphouca Poulaphouca Poulaphouca Poulaphouca, the way writers like Tolstoy and Joyce coped with their anxiety over Shakespeare, "Then it doesn't matter which way you go" said the Cat " – so long as I get somewhere", there'll be gam-smacking sleaze and venomous catfights with bikinis blown asunder, there's a lot of offensive shit and a lot of stuff that I don't agree with here, think of 9 women you know odds are that one of them will get breast cancer this year, this way the viewer is provided with the text and the text only and from there, Thou shalt not shit on the rug? Thou shalt not hump the couch when company is over?, through the wrought iron gate I see that she has purchased a new air conditioner, to the delight of Nazis Richard Strauss agrees to head the Reich Music Chamber, too bad you can't just grab a tree by the very tiptop and bend it clear over, total demolition of a room is quite common but lacks any real humor, Tweetie you'll be eating humble pie and picking your own feathers out of your craw, "We can never decide on anything and then we change our minds" says another, we do not read the Bible – but we do care for & we do read the newspaper, we hesitate to ask the question because we do not want to hear the answer, We want to smell nice now don't we? So what's the first thing we do? We take a shower, we've got to get together sooner or later because the revolution's here, What are the critical cues that differentiate one speech sound from another?, What's needed now is to maintain the body. And that is a pleasure not a chore, when asked how I lost so much weight I replied "I quit eating sugar and butter", when I get bored I go to a Seven-Eleven and ask for a two-by-four, When it is 12 o'clock noon in New York City what time is it in Nirvana?, when people start to like what you're doing then you're probably fucking them over, where electrical conduit has been replaced wall speckled with fresh white plaster, whether it's your house or your wife or your kids – in anything there is no future, whose blood consisted of alcohol testosterone adrenaline and anger, Why toss out perfectly good words just because they do not fit into the order?, Will I end up like him? Or him that guy with the big head and the dumb comb-over?, women who are on top after you're finished lie on your chest and drool all over, years did not matter to him because he thought in terms of the unending future, yo' mama so ugly that "Gorillas in the Mist" was her taking a shower, you are very close to God-realization – at the very latest November, you can't coat a wolf in chocolate because a wolf already has its own fur, you know it's going to be a bad day when you jump out of bed and miss the floor, You look like the type of girl who has heard every line in the book. So what's one more?, you may notice the dark area on the inside portion of the dark sucker, you'd think about what kind of food you want and the table would move across the

floor, Your body is not composed of Gatorade. Your body is composed of water;

A connection with the past is no different from a connection with the future, a dog returns to his own vomit and a sow after washing returns to the mire, a dream will come true if it happens to be about bestiality or blenders, a language that was banned in the 1300's has become fashionable once more, a tremendously funny and convoluted novel I've read over and over, a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no seldomer than an earwigger, african head charge agnes morehead arrowhead automatic head detonator, all heady questions again philosophical which I leave for the heads of others, All sages end up in paradise. It is good to die as a martyr for Allah, Allen Ginsberg wore khakis (and he still does). Only one autograph per customer, and all day she'd wriggle and giggle and jiggle as though seven devils possessed her, And if you don't quit jerking off your elbow's never going to get any better!, and we lost our ability to question and our minds became small and full of fear, and when he could not see it he kept his eye on the spot where he thought it would appear, any good beach is filled with men and women cavorting about in skimpish attire, as long as we follow it through and do it with discipline we can do whatever, ASAP? But how? Weaving? No. Transplant? Not for him. A hairpiece? Never never, Ask yourself can you bop to a backward line "torturing crews/like Jews in gas chambers?", aussie tas pappas pays tribute to the vert gods with a nollie heal flip indy star, besides poverty I've always enjoyed handing a stack of coupons to a cashier, blood in the saliva will not break the fast if the blood is less than the saliva, bury a cat in the ground up to its neck and run it over with a lawnmower, but for once I think I see eye to eye with these doctor-murdering women haters, but no don't have the women dance naked on the casket 'cause my children will be there, but she's holding up better than I am and I am young enough to be her daughter, But what of the short phrases in the beginning? Do they become a sort of a mantra?, cancer of the prostate typically strikes guys my father's age down in Florida, capitalized like the Universe or the Bed or the Radio/Cassette Player, cat AIDS and I wonder if she's going to give it to me via her saliva, Cheryl's been away only three weeks and the bathroom continues to get dirtier, Confucius say he that go to bed with itchy asshole wake up with smelly finger, consciously or unconsciously: whatever way one falls into the trough of nectar, Deconstructing the Guardians of Nostalgia: A Defense of the "Young Writer", Deja Fu: the feeling that somehow somewhere you've been kicked in the head like this before, desire is here to impel us to the "supreme effort" to abandon all desire, Dianetics: a milestone for man comparable to his discovery of fire, Did we consume a poisonous mushroom or did the chicken give us salmonella?, Do you have a power/god complex? Or is the Prozac finally taking over?, either periodically or irregularly to some height into the air, embroiled in an unfortunate period in our history eating granola, epsilon phase has a tiny moment with some baby-voiced ethereal whispers, Esau the elder traded his rights to inherit the possessions of his father, every time an insurmountable hurdle is sighted someone finds a way over, feeling sexy earthy and ripe I lay in the vineyard and contemplated nature, flashes of women who have really had the piss whaled out of them by Bud-crazed workers, for the same reason: spite at and sheer boredom with the mainstream formats being offered, for three days after death hair and fingernails continue to grow but phone calls taper, forever rigging the wires with the finest in juicy visualizaria, Get a computer. Leave it on when you are not using it turn it off when you are, get the box (Clairol Ultra Blue) and skip the \$30 + salon fee

for sure, got fired from my AutoCad job today – really they must not have liked me too much there, Guy 3: Fine! Burn in hell! Guy 1: What hell? Guy 2: Yeah. You invented it. You go there, Have you been having weird dreams lately? Or is it just me dreaming it up? (I wonder...), Have you ever removed the tag that says "do not remove under penalty of law"?, he is trying to persuade us to view his facial landscape in a certain manner, he's definitely got his own style that has been molded from studying those masters, here I sit in shitty vapor but alas the one before me used all the paper, hit a wall and splattered into a plethora (10 points!) of dissected descriptors, "Honey! You spend more time with that COMPUTER than you do with me!" "What did you say dear?", how I am evolving from a visual artist into a committed writer, Hurrah and huzzah for the spork. (Not a foon you dork.) It is a good start but why stop there?, I am not very fat but then I am not exactly what you may call thin either, I am your king and you'd better do what I say or else I can't be king anymore, I can see it as a humbling and deep time the type of time when the most growth occurs, I don't smoke I don't drink I don't curse. Goddammit! I left my cigarettes at the bar, I felt it in the pits of my fingertips (no explanation for this one either), I find it a distasteful form of cultural imperialism remember, I guess this is what they mean when they say Americans don't have a sense of humour, I have no talent at all so I get to run around and scream and yell and holler, I like to lace my hair with Kool-Aid – my unsuspecting friends attempt to drink my hair, I never took LSD but my worldview is that of the psychedelic era, I overhear at a bar: "Jeez now people look at you weird if you wear bright colors!", I really enjoy the book but am bothered by the instance of the word "nigger", I select a sound collect the words and put them into my predetermined order, I suppose maturity has a part but I can't really understand that either, I wanted her to know that there was a vast world out there that was bigger and better, I was a lonely youth on desert shores my sports were lonely 'mid continuous roars, "I'm afraid" said the abbot that you don't have much of a career as a bell ringer, I'm apologizing for the United States. This shouldn't happen when you come here, I'm not much of a man by the light of day but by night I'm one hell of a lover, I'm serious she's the coyote date from hell and Zippy went off and married her!, I'm turning 30 this summer and when I look at my life all I see is failure, I've never been worried about what is going to happen to me in the future, If you hit a dog you have to report it. If you hit a cat it doesn't matter, in either case we know that life's more fully lived when we are open to whatever, Indian summer in mid-September. Again we turn on our air-conditioner, instead of my first thought being "I'm such a lowly worm" it's "Whatta pack of losers", Instructions: Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time limit is four hours, it doesn't matter what temperature a room is – it's always room temperature, It is an expansive project that is getting more complex and deeper with each year!, it is both hard to read and hard to put down and it bears rereading like few others, It sells love and apologies. It prostitutes what is supposed to be near and dear, it would be argument for a week laughter for a month and a good jest forever, It's a disaster. And my generation is responsible for this disaster, It's odd how events converge to bring this to mind. All of a sudden it's everywhere, it's the way the words are being used that distinguishes one author from another, it's very easy for a man to whip out his penis and flop it around somewhere, jenerally then the improvement would kontinue iear bai iear with Iear, Know what you are? You're a bunch of Artfags! Artfags! Choke on this you dance-a-teria, language is woven into that pattern of human activity and character,

love is when you like someone a lot and then you go through a lot of shit together, low fat fiber source great taste no salt naturally cholesterol free no sugar, many dolls and most domesticated animals have neotenous features, marijuana would be an excellent cash crop for the small American farmer, may I become an inexhaustible treasure for those who are destitute and poor, maybe I can get on the Rikki Lake show someday and talk about my new gender, men tend to think about their machines as an extension of their physical power, most people engross themselves in the game and devote lifetimes to piling up counters, Mr. Noodles (a Canadian delicacy) \$4.50/box of 24, My girlfriend hates me. My dog just pissed on my foot. My job sucks. I don't have any more, My mother is a women of accomplishment. That is not an idle boast either, mystic patter says the matter's simple: just surrender and follow some mind-bender, never answer a question with an answer that includes the words never or answer, not everything is great but by the same token there's something for everybody here, O God! Where am I to find the strength? Where? O where? At thirty-three a total failure!, oh my sagging gonads aching pulsating sore as shitty left handed screwdrivers, on The Price Is Right because we round off our retail prices to the nearest dollar, on the sidewalk poets bitched about who made Harold Bloom's list and who was passed over, or think of a bulge that rises so high as to be considered a scary danger, or think of acar crashed into a high white and orange concrete post on the corner, or think of a celestial-chic computer synchronized array of six mirrors, or think of a collage of receding centuries having absorbed an idea, or think of a computer translating all the above data into a picture, or think of a cylinder that might be adhered to the inside of a green roller, or think of a gaggle of youths skinnydipping while players make melodies ashore, or think of a moat filled with green grass lilac and daisies during the warmer summers, or think of a moment of silence grave concentration and devotional rigor, or think of a monastical silence so quiet as to hear nothing but the air, or think of a particular similarity among the primary colors, or think of a point and imagine the reorganization of its dead center, or think of a quiet summer night houndstooth blazer and butterflies in the burgers, or think of a Renaissance courtyard with white-columned porticoes and two loggias, or think of a road through the desert: a ribbon of dead-straight sun-baked shimmering tar, or think of a rose-tinted hilltop and street scene combined with a cathedral's three spires, or think of a situation where we might fancy white as a primary color, or think of a society of desperation. That is not. Not true anymore, or think of a stack of long stringy peacock feathers topped by a large gold-framed mirror, or think of a still life in front of which is placed a blue and white earthenware pitcher, or think of a time when one might say "this is sweet" and another might say "this is sour", or think of a white patch turning redder and a black patch quietly growing whiter, or think of Aborea palms and the soft yellow light of a crystal chandelier, or think of an archway abstract faces in peach yellow pink and other pale colors, or think of an assortment of odd rooms that reveal tapestried portraits and armor, or think of an empty place where anything goes and fully being right where you are, or think of an explosion so large that its prime features are expected to be clear, or think of being far up there unencumbered by clouds pollution and atmosphere, or think of black twisted curls on white tablecloths swollen and ready to be devoured, or think of blue blue moons blue notes Bluebeards bluegrass blue lagoons blue movies and blue hours, or think of blueberry pie sunny duck fried onion rings and a roll made of lobster, or think of boxes held together with tape from which protrude several dangling

wires, or think of Christina Olson disabled from childhood gazing up from a pasture, or think of cosmic dark matter that reputedly holds the universe together, or think of debt anger mandrill's buttocks prostitution attack the scarlet letter, or think of dozens and dozens of roses that become redder as it grows darker, or think of Dr. Jekyll's evil potion and of Dorothy's ruby red slippers, or think of fireballs which when thrown suddenly revealed the disappearance of water, or think of four dimensional space with its hue range and saturation of colors, or think of fresh mourning in Borneo and carbon monoxide in glass canisters, or think of George's River on one side and horses and cows grazing on the other, or think of glimpsing the city's incomparable neon haze with awestruck wonder, or think of golden arches gimp lace dental plaque dead leaves and custard yellow matter, or think of heated glass which when melted spins into a near perfect parabola, or think of hillsides strewn with garbage and tents beside a creek bed littered with lawn chairs, or think of him clutching his possessions to his breast as he is propelled down river, or think of how a particular perfume may lure one nose and repel another, or think of how birds fly trailing bunches from their beaks. Countless are the ways grapes figure, or think of how candles mysteriously arrived to light acre upon acre, or think of how clear skies might have rendered their rite null and void - a sort of a rupture, or think of how cold water upswells from below producing cooler temperatures, or think of how ground could be reseeded and grass could be growing in a few weeks there, or think of how islands can gradually reveal violet blue-tinged blush rivers, or think of how poignant two peeling weathered doors in a woodshed off the kitchen are, or think of how three cold people huddled beneath a blanket and sucked marijuana, or think of how troopers roamed the fields reminding the remainders that all was over, or think of it as a notion of their willingness to take any sort of manna, or think of it's axioms in place. Can brain know the world around it and register?, or think of large groups of people riding on raised hands that collide with one another, or think of late afternoon as two women stand talking in gray tracksuits and sneakers, or think of locating a single one among a multiplicity of answers, or think of maples which have gone from bare-branched svelteness to a silhouette that's fuller, or think of masses of people packed into the subway station of Times Square rush hour, or think of not only differences in ranges but differences in structure, or think of one so ravenous for power that the lights of downtown dim and flicker, or think of one who lightly throws off scruples as he tosses back his shock of blond hair, or think of one who might say "I can't imagine what it would be like to see a chair", or think of our long walk to town together in the midst of a torrential downpour, or think of potato wart forbidding skies conjunctivitis and of old paper, or think of purples and oranges. One might dare to say that purple looks hungrier, or think of rain slickers unpopular cats foul curtains and the color of butter, or think of seemingly endless majestic groves of peach plum and apricot arbors, or think of selfish moonless nights reluctant to give much advance notice to others, or think of some small openings that were once used for pouring hot oil on attackers, or think of spectacularly shaped mountains with huge icefields and blue icy glaciers, or think of speed bumps callused feet ugly nicotine deposits on teeth and fingers, or think of subtle variations of the Indian paintbrush that grow in nature, or think of that which can live without demur at every extreme swamp desert tundra, or think of that which does not normally emit the vapor which produces comas, or think of that which existed farther and farther as we grew closer and closer, or think of that which is a month old and not yet

the size of a pencil eraser, or think of the crowd's roar for lame versions of masterpieces one after another, or think of the districts rolling racks gridlock traffic gray brownish smog choked atmosphere, or think of the ever-changing light and capricious weather that drew them toward shore, or think of the green spongy holes caused by scraping a sick girl's energy barrier, or think of the mountains on the moon the earth as a ball and this line being straighter, or think of the same old day in and day out humdrum mix of business leisure and war, or think of the second horse of the Apocalypse and necks of country outlaws, or think of the songs of sparrows blackbirds and swallows and the buzzing of cicadas, or think of the synapses encased within a single skull more numerous than stars, or think of the upraised arms of a saguaro cactus and a far ridge sage-colored, or think of the waves that penetrated deeply into the Jovian atmosphere, or think of the yellow orange pink green blue white lavender and velvet that he saw, or think of these statements by no means complete but remaining within parameters, or think of those rightly by their nature and actions who might be considered dead stars, or think of those thrilled to have run away for the weekend from authority figures, or think of thousands of people hauling rain-sodden bedding and wearing mile-long hours, or think of waves that lap gently or crash wildly upon a lighthouse's squat tower, oscillating fin-de-millennium mood of deep euphoria and deep despair, our fragmentation celebrate the oh-so-local to abandon utopias, praise be to you oh piece of shit for sliding out and relieving my tightened sphincter, (preparing to use peanut butter sexually) "But I just steam-cleaned this sofa!", proposed to her that they should produce children by biting off and crunching parts of her, repeated language forms a pattern throughout the work that soon will become familiar, roni a gag a banana bag a tan a tag a banana bag again or, rooting through a dumpster behind a Burger King in search of a half-eaten Whopper, sexism in an alphabet - teaching program in which the letters are characters, Shall I be dragged down into the narrow limits of your conventional life? Never!, So he cut a small hole in his skull with an electric drill. He never felt better!, some people find fulfillment in the Bible others in a new stereo or car, some say it bounced clean over the moon but whoever says that is a goddamn liar, some stupid schmuck turning around and telling you you have to go faster or slower, someone ruined Sade's "Smooth Operator" for me by singing "grain elevator", take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small) comb their hair, teacher preacher story teller poet and a nurse met up in the sea gull cellar, that unquenchable lust that looks always outward for more never glances back to where, the devil's the only one who really gets fatter lead ruptures flesh spleens are shattered, the language of self-alteration is the language of full awareness of others, the long hours of waiting were killed with unceasing conversation and several beers, The many uses for a bar pole or railing are endless. Up under down over, the minnie balls shot and shells rained upon us from every direction except the rear, the minuscule transfer of a given word from one syntactic slot to another, the new development in this business is that Pure has just released a song called Pure, the other one will kiss and suck the offered fingers which will soon again disappear, the pigs shouted "Go to hell you carnivorous imperialistic oppressor!", The Ring as code names for military operations: "Operation Walküre", the undiminishing presence of the 1960's on 1990's culture, the virus unzips it's coat letting long snakes of DNA go "thud" onto the floor, Their jaws ground in mutual mastication. Saliva and sweat. Sweat and saliva, there are always two meanings to everything - one wider and the other narrower,

this equilibrium point can be modified by scraping off some of the butter, this is not the corruption of signifiers but the new religion of culture, To this day we love lying in bed reading romantic poetry to each other, too much time spent talking shop and worrying about "what's coming up" in the future, Tricky couldn't tell Zippies from hippies from Yippies from flippies – his nose from his rear, Two lunatics walking on the street find a mirror. "Fuck the porridge" said Baby Bear, Under Penalty Of Law This Tag Not To Be Removed Except By The Consumer, unfortunately sometimes we start to drown in this flood of data gasping for air, Vote now for the worst toupee: 1. Sam Donaldson 2. Burt Reynolds 3. Frank Sinatra, we are finding a whole lot of riddles wrapped in mysteries inside of enigmas, we're gonna need an OCEAN of Lysol to remove the stench of bullshit from the store, well I saw it on the Internet so I figured it might be a good idea, What are your worst characteristics? I have none because I'm happy all the time. Ha!, what I heard in his voice was a ragged ambivalence towards desire and power, What's red and chunky and travels in a circle at 190 mph?, when all you've got to look forward to is punishment you stop living in the future, whenever I take a step forward I find that someone else has thought of it before, Whenever you hurt I suffer. You hurt I suffer. I suffer. Oy! Do I suffer!, Why did the homosexual leave home? He didn't like the way he was being reared, Why is it that every schmuck who thinks he can act has got to audition with Shakespeare?, Why should we fear that our children will be less efficient or successful than we are?, wipe the shit eating grins off the mugs of 98% of those upstart pikers, Woman to woman talks I've heard of and even approve. But two women kissing? Ugh!, you actually know which kind of leaves make the best substitute for toilet paper, you are a child of nature no less than the trees and stars – you have a right to be here, you are right about the last digit and I think I know how you figure the others, you don't have a room you don't have a house but you do have a whole lot of character, you see I've discovered that through serious boozing all of life's troubles disappear;

A high sound is different from a low sound even when both are called by the same letter, a onetime tennis ace searches for his lost stroke and finds something infinitely sweeter, Abba – from the first letters of their Christian names: Anni-Frid Benny Bjorn Agnetha, all these abstract thoughts float around until I snatch them from the air and put them in order, also I keep hoping that I can remove the booger that's been clinging to my ass hair, America's most potent export is was and always will be its popular culture, among them will be how to adapt to the brace stance that knobs must use their entire first year, an SPF 8 forms an effective daily UVA/UVB sun barrier, and the standard Saran Wrap across women's toilets Karo syrup flour in the shower, Anna banna bo-banna banana-bana bobanna fe fi bo-banna Anna, Another night of art openings. Go out and talk to people you really don't care for, apparently the original Levis had crotch rivets to keep them from splitting there, Are my needles new or resterilized used ones or bleached or worse yet just rinsed with water?, as the lotus which arises out of the mud but stands clean and fresh above the water, as the plane lifted off through a hazy Delhi morning I said good-bye to India, awash in turbulent guitars and slow burning mind blowing soul searching hysteria, because if it's any good it'll just end up being tattooed behind somebody's ear, can't make love again at 5 in the afternoon on the Tuesday we spoke of earlier, caught between two evils neither of which can be evaded without risking the other, Co-workersleave employment section on your chair. Comments such as "You jerk!" and "Bootlicker!", cup-top T-back two-pack mono triangle-top chain-back full-bottom sling-bottom piecer, Do I gotta tell you everything? Now you're starting to sound like a guidance counselor, doctors keep a close watch on former President Nixon who is still in a deep coma, don't get your b.: face would: get off my b.: give it b.: go back: got calluses: guess who's: her, Don't you wanna hang out with the bleach boys baby in a land where midgets run for mayor?, each person's spheres are a little different and some have more or broader spheres than others, even dogs trained to sit without moving for thirty five minutes have a Buddha-nature, even if Harry Hoinkus states outright that he likes tomato sauce on his pasta, eventually you'll be able to customize a baby like you do with a car, everyday around 5:00 I get that nagging feeling that I have to be somewhere, eyes get dreamlike whenever never takes flippers is not British nor thankful nor spider, for ther he was nat lyk a cloysterer with a thredbare cope as is a povre scoler, France discovered 3 feet deep in puréed Spam juice squirted from the groin of Tina Turner, free as possible of all authoritarian structures strictures sculptures and scriptures, get out of bed at three in the morning to hunt for a pen and a clean sheet of paper, Gilligan Skipper Mr. and Mrs. Howell Ginger Mary Anne and the Professor, Glasgow waves go rolling over rolling over rolling over going down the sewer, got burnt out during the stagnant and apathetic summer of 1974, have to get in embarrassing kickline at end of ceremony with other winners, he asks for a dollar you know what it's for bottle after bottle he'll always need more, he piped up "That's the problem with poets today. They don't know how to edit anymore", he said that what I really needed to do now was to find my proper "subject matter", he turned to me and said "What good am I if I can't make or break anybody's career?", He will not listen. He refuses anybody's help. We cannot help him anymore, he would charge one-and-two for permission to view his remarkable double pudenda, he'd have his tongue so far down that monkey's throat that he'd be tasting yesterday's banana, I

casually reached into my jacket and activated my pocket recorder, I couldn't stop thinking of her flaxen Danish hair blue eyes and our six hour love affair, I had rather be a kitten and cry and mew than one of those metre balladmongers, I have tried to practice humility not daring to place myself higher than others, I know that this move is baffling to those who have supported me over the past few years, I never asked what they meant - I only entered them into my computer as they were, I never understood your thing with dancers - they're almost as bad as TV directors!, I slit a sheet a sheet I slit upon a slitted sheet I sit. I'm not the sheet slitter, I tend to use so many words that I'll often forget what I've collected and later, I think we can plug just one more thing into this outlet strip without tripping the breaker, I took the first bong hit sucking down an insane amount of smoke and passed the bong over, I was going to miss the quiet of the hills and the simplicity of life up there, I was struck with the image of Don Johnson descending into the underground future, I'm a scraggly acre of undeveloped land in East Houston on an August scorcher, I've done this work before and it has been successful in terms of what I'm laying out here, If America is so shit hot at war then why is Saddam Hussein still in power?, if brains were dynamite she wouldn't have enough to blow her nose/the wax out of her ears, if complexity is the source of our freedom it is also the source of our terror, if he donated his brain to science it'd set civilization back 50 years, if it's not dead then it should be dead and I'll volunteer to help with this euthanasia, in addition to gas we are rationing ass and you've greatly exceeded your quota, in order to fight against the house style you have to justify every single comma, inconsiderate co-workers who put their filthy hiking boots on other people's chairs, Indian in American NBA shirt on holiday sings "Buffalo Soldier", Is it possible that your heterosexuality stems from a neurotic fear?, Isn't there a real good McCarthyite pigheaded sonnet-writing bunch of people somewhere?, just the sampling I've made here is just the tip - there are undoubtedly thousands more out there, ladies and gentlemen now you can have a bikini for a ridiculous figure, learn to love life as itself and your fears of what is around the corner will disappear, Leonardo DaVinci never drove a car watched T.V. or rode an elevator, letterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletterslettersletters, love and latex Heinrich Himmler S.S. Reichsführer (and a hell of a camp counselor!), LYNCH (Watching him...) You would have a better chance of lighting it if you held the match nearer, many of the mosh-pit evacuations were attributed to claustrophobia, Marilyn was not a great actress nor was Elvis a great musician (and vice versa), Maybe I shouldn't have given the guy who pumped my stomach my phone number but who cares?, my friends go ga-ga over it and my children just love to spill their goodies on the floor, my mind is spun out - all I can do is stare and try like mad to keep my shit together, Nzrgnbit Zipplikaddah Cherbis Gazrag Earth Minnip Koodah Soon. Mwahahah!, Obsessive? How can I have time to be obsessive. I'm constantly on the computer, Oh my mind don't be thinking one thing in private and outwardly pretending another!, on a long ride sway side to side at the natural frequency of the elevator, On the good days it's beautiful but on the bad days it's like get-me-the-fuck-out-of-here!, once I thought I saw you in a crowded hazy bar dancing on the light from star to star, one day every factory will be transformed into an intoxicating orchestra, or a man who sits by the seaside and with a straw picks up a single drop of water, parents call too often - every time I listen to the answering machine they are there, People who pronounce washcloth "warshcloth." Same goes for refrigerator being "frigidaire", played a game where it

was unknown who would be getting drugs (who's got the pill etc.), Please sign me up for the other gender. I want out of the paradigm presented here, Polonius: Do you know me my lord? Hamlet: Excellent well you are a fishmonger, purposeful purposelessness self-discipline an open awareness joyous composure, recite entire movie scripts (e.g. "The Road Warrior" "Repo Man" "Casablanca"), reefers and roach clips and papers and rollers cocaine and procaine for twenty year molars, religion has grabbed the best part of procreation as we laymen are puny creatures, right there they should have realized that it was going to be a nightmare living together, shuttled between sadistic grandmother and indifferent semi-lesbian mother, so they came inside and I was like "Dude what's up? Why are you jerking off next to me for?", someone even had the guts to refer to him as the Keanu Reeves of India, that ninety percent of contemporary society is also missing matter, That's because they're giving us too much. We don't have time to live with anything anymore, That's kind of where I'm at. If I wasn't a writer I'd be one of those time travelers, That's right. If you have a Daddy Pear and a Mommy Pear you're bound to have a Baby Pear, That's the problem with our world today. We are much too pragmatic in our choice of career, the alternative will be I'm afraid the total and complete death of Amerika, the cat proceeds to balance the aquatic naysayer on the end of his umbrella, the hardness of the butter is in direct proportion to the softness of the butter, the label said "mixed fruit jam" but tasted more like strawberry jello crammed into a jar, the stance requires knobs to stand with their chests thrust out their chins tucked tightly into their necks their, The whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa? (He's running a Burger King in South America), then they expect you to pick a career when you can't really function you're so full of fear, there are degrees of pleasure but it is stupid to speak of a measurement of pleasure, they might've been washing their fucking shorts in the oceans and dirtying up the water, This world is nothing but schemes and plots all working at cross purposes. I can do no more, thus it was a collaboration in the truest sense with mutual ownership - or, tilted my head back forcibly and stuffed my mouth full of stale Tato Skins and dead gophers, tragic finitude at being trapped in fatigued tubercular bodies as deathchambers, two people will often converse while one stares out the window with their back to the other, understatement is always the absolute best way to put forth earthshaking ideas, upon walking into the room I felt relieved that I did not know a single soul there, walking in the Village group of youths passed by and mistook Cheryl for Sinead O'Connor, What a beautiful pussy you are you are you are! What a beautiful pussy you are!, What do you get when you cross a donkey with an onion? A piece of ass that will bring tears, What is the Terror Cow? How do you clear all the Iraqi's out of a BINGO parlor?, what I think and feel can be my inspiration but it is also my pair of blinders, What Titan was chained to a rock where an eagle perpetually devoured his liver?, What's an Ali McGraw? I've been trying to figure out that one for the last twenty years, when choosing between two evils I always like to take the one I've never tried before, when the painters at Lascaux drew those bison they were probably thinking of their dinner, When will one be able to play virtual flipper through the web tilting one's monitor?, when you started getting hair on your sexual areas you wouldn't tell your mother, Where do you see yourself in 10 years? Most of you said that was too far ahead to answer, Where in the hell can a guy hide in Hong Kong with two beautiful women and disappear?, Where is my star? I wanna go through that cool slidey metal contraption and get my star, which each individual anywhere on the spectrum from "lurker" to "exhibitor", which was so un-freakin'-

believable I almost wet my brand new Adidas boxers, which will leave me exactly where he wants me: doubled up with laughter and none the wiser, Who did I think I was going to Long Island thinking I had the answer to their prayers?, Who else are you talking to? Let's see. I'm talking to Dr. Joyce Brothers. Oh forget her, with a little luck they will soon be among the highest paid poets in America, women keep three different shampoos and two different conditioners in the shower, yes it is the 1990's and we all understand that the macho thing is over, you may find happiness at the bottom of an ordinary looking bottle of beer, you put a baby on a paper plate and tried to put it in a refrigerator, you're a (echo "Stick a") hot dog ("up your") but you better not try to hurt her Frank Furter, You're about two inches away from my killfile and getting closer all the time <Whimper>, yup the tendencies are still there but I intend to suppress them until they disappear, Zere were zwei peanuts walking down ze strasse. And one was assaulted peanut. Ha ha ha;

A "false" community defines itself in relation to a few elevated centers, a huge baroque web of attachments and retro-attachments reaching into every corner, a person who could not be helped by the Buddha was truly a person without a future, a white supremacist wants permission to wear a Ku Klux Klan robe and be called "Hi Hitler", absorbed or englobed to the point where they become part of the inner structure (or "deep grammar"), accept the fact that you will never fully understand why others are so inferior, after months of struggle I am finally beginning to accept myself as a writer, all he could manage to say about my work was "Well. You certainly did a lot of work there", also I'm 32 years old and these represent my clothes for the last six or seven years, and I saw that relationships no matter how nice they may be always manage to expire, and then when the solid yellow divider becomes dotted then the solid yellow appears, and we are all enmeshed in the net stuck together by the sweet and sticky text characters, Animals have yet to speak out. Dr. Seuss is on his way to act as an interpreter, as a logical extension of the process I've simply extended the order farther, as long as you end up with both who cares whether knowledge is power or money is power, avoid tumbling off the cliff of triteness into the black abyss of overused metaphors, but the result was a case of blue balls for him and for me a case of swollen labia, Capt. Save-a-hoe had better strap on his cape the shot calla is creeping on the under, Charles "Chuck" Mingus King of Cunnilingus Occupational Poetry and Other Dharma, confusing a process (thinking) with the existence of a substance (I) a basic error, Dark is heavier than light. Dark always settles to the bottom of a lake and/or river, dark threatening industrial that doesn't hit you at 120 mph, Dear Jay and Kenny - Real friends are so hard to find. Thanx for being in my life!!! Always Gretta, denotes something you are as well as something you do (like "poet" for example or "dreamer"), Destroyitkillitblowthefuckeruperradicateteitsomehowitmustbesto ppednowaagghhh!!!!, did you ev'a iv'a ov'a in your lef'a lif'a lo see a dev'a div'a dov'a, different hallucinogenic state d elemental that can't be in ayahuasca, Divine meditation among the cadavers is a shortcut to a high school diploma!, Do you seem to be always the listener and the one lectured rather than the lecturer?, from behind the register a RABBI is dragged onto the counter and across the scanner, Ha Ha Ha aH hA!! People who want to get their media out DON'T NEED YOU. Ha aH Ha Ha, half our mind is being utilized but physically and mentally we're still sleepwalkers, Hank could suck down 3 bottles of red & write 5 poems that'd put your Hallmark rhymes to shame. Sure, have a delicious shake for breakfast another for lunch and then eat a sensible dinner, he kept screaming at the top of his lungs "AUDIO WHORE! AUDIO WHORE!" right in James's ear, He was then asked what his view was of the future. He looked directly into the camera, hey if cigarette smoke can't cleanse your system a balanced diet isn't likely to either, hot rainy Indian night tube lit blue-stained chalk walls can't sleep look at watch a quarter to four, How fantastic the scope of those books! How large they are! How long they are! How much like life they are!, How have you continued on with what do you for so many years with so few people who care?, How long does it take to drink in a life? Don't worry. You don't stay in Disneyland forever, I always wanted a toaster that could launch hot bread products up to 30 feet in the air, I didn't know what I was looking for other than incense and US flag rolling papers, I don't believe anyone can have ownership over the distribution of words. So there, I don't want any one type of thing or

approach or way of thinking to become enshrined here, I feel guilty because I didn't go to temple today – after all it is Yom Kippur, I give up with you people. It's always "me me me" with you. Well I won't take it anymore, I had no prior knowledge of the planned assault on Nancy Kerrigan I did however, I hate it when I go to use the toilet paper and I can't find the end of the paper, I have always preferred the outdoor life: hunting fishing slaughtering a few of God's creatures, I have made this letter longer than usual because I lack the time to make it shorter, I just saw her walking down the hall with a mattress strapped to her back asking for volunteers!, I missed Punk because my record player was broken and because I was suddenly older, I think that he is dating waif model Kate Moss presently but I am not completely sure, I told him that I planned to do a long piece in Sanskrit a language which I neither speak nor, I told him that I tend to get my best thinking done at rock concerts – the louder the better, I wish I had been old enough or distinguished enough to have dared to disobey orders, I won't give you what you want which is a shocked response ("Oh my! You sexists! Objectifiers!, I'm really ready for some spiritual thinking because the rest is day-today filler, I've had "plenty" of "woman" and I felt like Captain Ahab each night I had to "harpoon" her, if a man says "I'll call you" and he doesn't he didn't forget – he didn't lose your number, if I don't get my raisin bran I go completely nuts and have to sacrifice a goat or, if it wasn't for my poetry I never would've made it through being a teenager, If you can get one of the "gravity defying" pens that write upside down even better!, if you make a list of the last ten years you'll find that most of it doesn't exist anymore, in a confined opaque world given to the ephemeral gratification of desire, in the 11 months since their little boy died after eating an undercooked cheeseburger, in time you will begin to lose the sense of structure only to rediscover it later, inhaling smoke by one's own action e.g. inhaling the smoke of incense etc., it has been a murderous day with people demanding that foreigners be handed over, it is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your car, it seems to me that one can't be revolutionary without being clear what one is for, it's really sick – I starve myself all day to the point where all I can think about is dinner, Jesus rests a hand on the shoulder of two up-to-theminute American teenagers, language terms and forms of practice define themselves in relation to the centers of power, Let's just destroy the Internet so that we never have to deal with the damn thing again!! Aaargh!!!, Marilyn Quayle: most women do not wish to be liberated from their essential natures, me after noting similarities between the Jesus arguments on the stall walls here, men are like linoleum ... lay 'em right the first time and you can walk on 'em for 30 years, men are so honest so thoroughly square eternally noble and historically fair, More real estate for me. More room for me to live in. Less stupid people driving at rush hour, my therapy-voice tells me that there are a million shades of gray between success and failure, not since Socrates had the world seen his equal for absolute self-control and composure, odes to nihilism but without the suicide option – you just have to stay and suffer, oh my gawd the hottest guy in like the world is right around the corner and heading straight for, one day I got the visor the next day I got the blond hair the next day I took the green hair, or a very course kind of flummery eaten almost exclusively by farm-laborers, particular examples are virtually endless but major concerns should suffice here, people used to stare at me in wonder so I kept my body covered with a thick wrapper, perhaps the worse the state of the U.S. the more the writers will be shook up to write better, promotional

considerations and fees paid for by Beverly Hills Century Plaza, racism sexism and all those other nasty "isms" will probably last forever, Racist opera: isn't listening to Wagner the same as listening to Skrewdriver?, real Cyberpunks don't shop at Banana Republic or the "Mainframe" clothing section at Sears, revelry and honesty in a man of low degree are always at odds with each other, She found a job. Afraid I'll lose her. She's always been a flirt. She might find someone who soothes her, she said that not making a living from one's art was an old fashioned modernist idea, She told me of her father's drinking. I unfortunately saw the same tendency in her, she told me that the books that mean the most to her she keeps on the back of her toilet cover, Some people say my work has no value. They find a way of saying it's not literature, someone does something apparently suicidal that turns out to be a good idea, spam juice and marshmallows with a topping of Cheez Whiz all in a mug of warm Rolling Rock Beer, Summer's almost over and you know what that means? It's time to visit your tri-state Ford dealer, Talking about great victories ... what happened to Vietnam? Are you Americans still there?, that an Indian Rockefeller would be better than an American Rockefeller, the agent of a rich zemindar when he goes into the mofussil or interior, the contemporary writer today is caught up in a zillion molecular desires, the culture tells you that you should be thin thin thin then we keep hearing about all these failures, the '80s revival like the '80s themselves is not going to be a friendly affair, the Father Son and Holy Spirit are NOT to be referred to as Big Daddy and Junior, the Hottentots eagerly devoured the marrow of the Kodoo and other antelopes raw, The JZA And His Four Fine Ass Naked Backup Singers Who Strip On Stage And Serve Free Beer, the only thing she survived on for 132 days was a few sips of water, the other side of divorce: coping with your mother as an object of sexual desire, the sex act is regarded as a dramatic role a one act play in which they are the star, the story of a writing teacher who is more concerned with drink and drugs than literature, the vertical construction of language and the shaping of ideas by power centers, the whole British canon ... Byron Shelley Wordsworth ... the whole bunch of them can blow for all I care, there will be someone on the receiving end but it will not be the intended receiver, These are the great lost years of my father. I will look back and wonder where he was all these years, they're a couple in England who drilled holes in their heads and claim to have never been happier, this is my most recent social activity since I came out of the refrigerator, "This is the sick part where it really spins out of control" she says between mouthfuls of pasta, those of us older girls who get off on reading Sassy do it as a sort of guilty pleasure, to complain is one thing but to have an actual basis for complaining is another, We cannot let go of it. So in reality we are not there at all. We are elsewhere, we do not have them because it does not suit the elite to give the insects too much power, we want to get down be loved want attention affection success get happier get higher, What the hell will I write? The way I figure it I will have to fill 100 pages more, when I get real bored I like to drive downtown and get a great parking spot then sit in my car, When Jesus went to heaven He didn't ascend on a cloud. He just vanished into Finnair, whether the pitcher hits the stone or the stone hits the pitcher it will be bad for the pitcher, which reminds me of a story - a Black guy a Chinese guy and a Jew walked into a bar, Which would you prefer? So where are we now? This is the ever lasting question of a thinker, Why do we need government? Why were governments created? To protect us from each other, with as much or as little involvement that the viewer needs or wants at that particular, you can make a lot of people happy simply by telling them

what they think they want to hear, you just don't mess with a guy who can wrap his penis around his waist and stick it in his ear, your temporary financial embarrassment will be relieved in a surprising manner;

A congeries of conflicting theories and guesses accepted by some and denied by others, a symbol of the indwelling higher self as the opponent and conqueror of the desires, after the opening we went to the Museum of Modern Art for another opening there, After years of struggle party se nikal jaate. But I am a fighter. I don't need a Bofors, all America Online Users are incredibly neurotic pathological liars, All right you've twisted my arm I'll bitch. I'm sick and tired of guys with ponytails playing their guitars, all you have to have is a little name recognition and everyone thinks you're a millionaire, and it is no coincidence that the uniform of mobsters and teenaged gangs is black attire, "And things are worse than ever" thought the poor child "for I never was so small as this before never!", and this is just probably the beginning – for the past year I've acted shittier than ever, and to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger nobody doubted that he'd pulled the trigger, answering machines and voice mail phone tag beeps and shrewtones and whistles a zillion phone providers, at the end of the class when the announcements were made someone stood up and said "Kenny cut his hair", Barbie – because when she gets sick of Ken she can just throw him in a shoe box and get another, because soon the hallucinations become predictable combinations of what's really there, being offensive is destructive and will not make the world a harmonious utopia, compared to what we've seen in the past the rate of evolution is going to be much slower, cutting open battery farmed chooks breast meat and squeezing out a good coffee cup full of tumor, Do you think that's the kind of thing that Johnny Rotten was talking about when he screamed "No Future?", don't look like a bra feel just like a burger don't look like a slip skirt I feel just like a poser, Downy oachen fo' a cake hon? In other words do you want to go to the shore for a coke dear?, draw the outline of a hacksaw and people will give you a fortune in disposable razors, for the past two years the drama of Woody and Mia's breakup has been played out in newspapers, Frank Sinatra. Sure he's falling over himself on-stage. Sure he can't remember his lyrics. Sure, he even won some prizes but that he says was because there was only a few competitors, He needed a beer. His skin was like sandpaper. His eyes molasses. He was sticking to the air, he told us out of the blue of his childhood and the unexpected suicide of his father, he who does not expect will not find out the unexpected for it is trackless and unexplored, Hindu Taoist Mormon spill theirs just anywhere but God loves those who treat their semen with more care, How can you say my reign is over and I don't have any draw at the box-office anymore?, however there is no person who has only 10-percent of the Japanese body odor, "I always stop when I hear hourly church bells" he said. "For the present moment it makes us aware, I am the demon who rots in the corner of your soul and reminds you of what a waste you are, I Dumuzi the king will plough your vulva/Then plough my vulva man of my heart/Plough my vulva!, I know that it seems stupid now but stick with it – toward the end it gets deeper and heavier, I used to have opinions – strong ones. I had answers. Now I do not. I cannot find the answers, I was always expected to be at the top and if I didn't win to me that meant loser, I was quite touched for it crossed my mind that if anyone Kathy would have creamed me for improper, I'd go there but I don't care I'll go there it's just to stare let's go there it's just it's fair I'll go there, I'm afraid you'll have to go off the Prozac before we start dating – it's making you crankier, I'm going to be one of those women who when she gets older has to use a Depends diaper, if there's a pothole outside your house you may have to wait a little longer to get

it repaired, in a world where so much is imitation people now value the original more and more, in the little jewelry shop we'll stop and linger as I buy the wedding ring for your finger, Is Jack Kerouac this country's most important critically unrecognized modern writer?, Is there any way to make my foot stop thumping the floor? Depends on how long my fingernails are, it is funny because – well you know this – how popular that word is among kids on the street here, It sucks when people use "May I help you?" as a synonym for "What the hell are you doing here?", it was the only place I went all week where I didn't see a laminated gavin goober, it wasn't like it would appear it all came down to skin and hair – a racial kind of atmosphere, It's like you want it and I want it so let's do it. Nobody's doing anyone a favor, it's only 4:10 and i can't believe it's not later but that's okay because there are things here, ladies and gentlemen please say hello to our friend Paul Shaffer and the CBS Orchestra, "Life's a gift. What you do with it is your business." said the 83 year-old chariot driver, light in men's room on LIRR so hideous that I couldn't bear to look in the mirror, (like some Viet Nam combat veterans rape and incest survivors and Holocaust survivors), longtime figurehead for a dope smoking blotter sucking dance-in-the-aisles sold-out hippie culture, Make all the noise you want to on the toilet. Other people will hear you but it does not matter, "Man what Aerosmith song is this?" And the other one was like "I dunno but I've heard it before", my aunty Polly Wally's got a square cut punter not a punter cut square but a square cut punter, Nirvana's first album was named after this household product A. pesticide B. bleach C. cleanser, no way in hell I can do 55 fuckin' bucks but I'll pitch in if I can crash on your floor, not anyone fnord other my unyielding path is yet crossed by the lowly Moose of Failure, O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter/And on her daughter/They wash their feet in soda water, one generation passeth away and another cometh but the earth abideth forever, one of the major obstacles to true enlightenment is an absence of a sense of humor, particularly since she wears a placard around her neck on which is written the word "LIAR", play the saxophone underwater and you will remember where you left your leather underwear, Reverend Rabbi Sammy Davis III Honorary JDL Black Panther Grand Jew-Bah, sir I think I wanted to express the duality of man – a kind of Jungian thing sir, So if you plan on going to see Letterman plan on bringing plenty of cash for souvenirs!, stand at the sink with the faucet water barely running and make tiny minimalist sculptures, sure absolutely no problem you got it definitely (what were we talking about – oh yeah, That's four hundred children with their crap in the fields. I mean really who can change 400 diapers!, the creative voice of God I heard resounding as Aum the vibration of the cosmic motor, the founding principle of government is to keep people from hurting each other nothing more, the self is transformed into an empty screen of an exhausted but hyper-technical culture, There has been something bothering me lately. What are those black things under seals eyes – could they be hairs?, There's spiders in my hair! THERE'S SPIDERS IN MY HAIR!! There's spiders in my hair! There's spiders in my hair!, those of us who aren't unusually horny or obsessive-compulsive need something more, Tightfit for heaven's sake leave Yourprick alone! I don't care if I catch Herpes in the corridor, Wanted: chambermaid in rectory. Love in \$200 a month. References required, we must move forward and in so doing dissolve our solitude in great swirls of melt-o-pleasure, we positively delight in the lies we tell to sell ourselves to a potential employer, we've been collecting bodies for twelve days and I don't know whose idea it was to bring them here, What did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of

South Carolina?, What is green-black and yellow and found at the bottom of a pool? The same baby three weeks later, when a company fucks you and you look for retribution the best you'll get is a form letter, when I took the first survey of my undertaking I found out speech copious without order, when my grandfather died a year ago they held his wake across the street from his favorite bar, When you see Geoffrey the Toys 'R' Us giraffe do you ever get the urge to stick him with a spear?, whenever s/he is about to fall asleep ask questions that start with "Didja ever wonder...", while language forces us to use the word it ultimately there is nothing to which it refers, yes she said she does revise even more so because the language she uses is so singular, You know how most packages say "Open here"?. What should you do if the package says "Open somewhere"?, You thought the Bicentennial was bad. Wait for the millennium. It will be your worst nightmare;

A lot like having Helen Keller verify your TV tint adjustments you addle-brained 'footer, after the reading he came up to me and said "I never realized that you had so many good lines there", and a Spotted Owl activist chained to an old-growth pear makes one wish to be a garbage collector, and although we'd only met and chatted for six hours when it came time to part I already missed her, and anyways I read this great book this afternoon about Barnett Newman that made me feel better, and just the thought of tofu cheesecake covered with a sticky gooey blueberry sauce makes me shudder, busted a fat ass half-Cab over it first try on a Shut Shark with a three inch nose. He had big hair, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out dropped in the water and was never seen no more, dipped in Ram's phlegm and then packaged in meat conveniently cut out from a head of a dead howler, Do you think about time trying to figure out how to get more and more of it viewing it as "yours"?, dreary small rooms and a common shower and toilet that looked like it was something out of the Lager, Duccio came not by usura nor Pier della Francesca Zuan Bellin' not by usura, duct tape is like the force - it has a light side and a dark side and it holds the universe together, Ever humped an inanimate object like a pillow liver hole in the wall sausage banana?, Gabriele d'Annunzio the pseudonym of Gaetano Rapagnetta (1864 -), he added that many women insist on using Saran Wrap when he goes down to taste the tuna, he is the unseen seer the unheard hearer the unthought thinker the ununderstood understander, he said that classical music was composed by men who believed in world stability and order, he sent me a book in the mail and told me that the words in this book would keep me puzzled forever, He's only 30 and he's already the head of his own corporation! What a success! Hurrah!, Hey kids the summer went pretty quick didn't it? Did you spend all your money on Lollapalooza?, hip was a notion roomy enough to describe flower children as well as bikers in black leather, How about Dr. Ruth and Dr. Kevorkian doing a call-in show on necrophilia?, How is it that we've substituted the term "Experimental Writer" with "Alternative Writer"?, How many times have you fallen asleep watching it only to wake up to "The Star Spangled Banner"?, I decided that I would work with the sound "ah" - any word or sentence ending in the sound of "ah", I do cardiovascular exercises regularly. I meditate. I don't own a car, I hate it when 16 year old punks drive around in Mom & Dad's '72 AMC Pacers, I hate it when I fall asleep watching T.V. and then have to wake up and crawl under the covers, I hate it when I go to take a leak and I get two streams neither of which go where they're supposta, I hate people who being too stupid to think for themselves get all their opinions from Rush Limbaugh, I hear voices who keep telling me to spread the peanut butter between my toes. Mmmmm ... peanut butter, I know what she wants and I tried to give it to her but I kept banging my chin on my monitor, I like my guy to be possessive. I want him to be like that. It makes me feel more loved more desired, I lost 10 lbs. in 2 weeks - I felt no hunger and I'm no longer driven by cravings anymore, I must admit that what follows here is my interpretation of the long and short of my career, I often dream of being the brush that Oddjob uses to paint Jill Masterson gold in "Goldfinger", I recommend a new experiment: examine your thoughts unremittingly for twenty-four hours, I resent the fact that I was raised in the suburbs and I can't do shit to change it. Am I bitter?, I think that at this point there is enough appropriated language. It is now time to use another, I wonder how many punks will no longer be punks after they work for IBM or whatever, I would like to create an

art in which there is no possibility of either fear or failure, I'll have to stay at home so I called you on the phone cause I'm stuck here on the throne with diarrhea, I've been here before and I come here often to think and I regret that I haven't jumped earlier, If you were to describe yourself as a fruit would you be a mango a cherry or a banana?, imagine going through life trying to empty yourself of all previously acquired ideas, in fact we children of the '70s are not going to bring the '50s back to America, it felt like an aftershock from three double cappuccinos with a candy bar and a Jolt soda, it sucks when you call a cab and they say "It'll be there in ten minutes" and it takes more than an hour, it was a singles bar a Tuesday night the moon was dim the band was tight they did the bump together, it was extremely interesting watching him draw for a while and then begin to smell the paper, It's only a year and after a year I'm sure that my work in English will be different - freer?, John Bloor who mistook a tube of superglue for his hemorrhoid cream and glued his buttocks together, Kiss was the Seventies act that most inspired adolescents to defy their parents and play guitar, look to the sky for your savior he won't save ya he didn't save your forefathers why bother brothers, Mann on Wagner: most sensational self-portrayal and self-criticism of German character, men in lime-green corduroys with little orange elephants bray as their wives buy overpriced scrimshaw, men who abuse have either been abused or have witnessed abuse so you're a potential abuser, more perfect than the Greek more copious than the Latin and more exquisitely refined than either, most language is spoken language and most words once they are uttered vanish forever into the air, my personal favorite bar soap at the moment - a nicely neutral odor hella-lather, my work is generally something you cannot memorize although parts of it might resound in your, neat ideas for chemical mixes that will turn my blood green or my piss into a red powder, never seen a live one before concentrated orange juice I put up in my freezer, not anger but "divine melancholy" was responsible for my unconventional behavior, "Not that we didn't have affairs" he admitted with a smile at my raised eyebrows. "We had our fair share", nothing in life or art needs accompaniment because each has its own center (which is no center), number of doughnuts you would have to eat to get the same fat in one typical burrito platter:, OK he's finally coming over for dinner. What are you gonna offer him a wine cooler?, Once I plugged into the net this book began writing itself. Information came faster and faster, peekaboo stuff was laid aside those nights with nothing left to hide except our safe Victorian fears, performing as a Barbara Streisand impersonator in the mirror in bed with Rush Limbaugh, perhaps if some of you managed to learn how to use your newsreader then these problems wouldn't occur, Ravi in Bangalore: Q. What is it that the white man keeps and we throw away? A. boogers, Read this before going any further. Read it again before complaining about the content here, Reader please put your book down here and breathe lightly for a few moments before continuing further, separating the imaginary rights of one from the imaginary rights of another, she said to me "Judging from the way you walk I'd think you were a much happier person than you are", sitting in the classical violinist's house listening to an electronic "O Susanna", soon after it's no exaggeration to say the undecideds could go one way or another, stud-muffin's love and tears shrimp-sucking Ping Pong playing socially inept idiot savant soldier, take one to come doctor's order no more borders fake one make some feeling bolder no more disorder, that way when one of you is feeling lazy or tired you can count on the other person's willpower, the baby is placed on a wooden chopping block and the umbilicus is severed with

a chopper, "The history of the church" Tolstoy bluntly affirmed "is the history of cruelty and horror...", the only case in which "c" would be retained would be the "ch" formation which will be dealt with later, the page unlimited by cost and space extends in all directions to the horizon line so far, there is a kind of love in poetry for the pleasures of falseness and I understand those pleasures, there is as much nutritional value in a CD as there is in a McDonalds hamburger, this generation has full access and comprehension of computers before they can drive a car, this has become little more than a string of clichés so now I'll get down to business (there's another), those girls we went to high school with who got married to the first guy they fucked had kids and worked in shoe stores, tonight brought into direct contrast how different my path is and will be from all my former peers, we are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers, we get our information in the subway from reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder, Weather at any hour and whether at any hour. Whether at any hour. Whether at any hour?, well I'd lost my job the week before didn't have much to do and was tired of watching this huge HUGE spider, what you really should do is make sure you floss because if you don't you will end up in the dentist's chair, when a walrus lisps whispers through tough rough wet whiskers your poor daddy's ear will get blispers and bliskers, when bringing home bags of groceries it's required that you spill at least one bagful on the kitchen floor, when we can no longer ramble in the fields of Nature we ramble in the fields of literature, Where else can you go to pick up a canteloupe some rollerblades and a rifle all in the same store?, Why can't he see that he has it all? Does he really need me to tell him to look at himself deeper?, working at home at the kitchen table on a portable computer with a portable printer, you can't go out in public since your twin brother/sister was seen on "American Gladiators", you go to a fancy restaurant and then have a separate table just for your spanking silverware, You're fantastic. When I heard about you eating that shit on stage I thought "Wow! That guy is way out there!";

A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers, Aaaahhh! All these references to genitalia. Have we gone awhile without getting laid little fella?, actually Hitler shot himself in the right temple with a 9mm service revolver, actually it's like being drafted in that you get to learn new customs in a different culture, after a member of the Animal Liberation Front threatened to throw red paint at my computer, and doctors recommend Advil for menstrual cramps more than any other nonprescription pain reliever, and even though we won't readily admit it we need to masturbate occasionally here and there, and she has no great body (according to the Indian standards i.e. thunder thighs etc.), and they go into a room and lock the doors and scratch non-stop in this crazy freak out trip for like twelve hours, annoying waste ferret cheese lube strap-on-fleshzucchini stuff Lubrication: Astroglide X-Newsreader, Another visitor came by with surgical tape over his mouth. "He sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher", anyway I put it up right next to my hwa calendar (which shows a lot of skin but no vaginas), as I became farther and farther removed from the artworld I began to see what slaves the artists were, bai Iear 15 or sou thi wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez, blaw blaw my kilt's awa' my kilt's awa' my kilt's awa' blaw blaw my kilt's awa' bring me back my troosers, destroy the local snake run by creating a monster that leaves a trail of glass and pebbles where ever, Did any supermodel ever get her start working as a live mannequin at a department store?, early Thursday morning in Southern India window open listening to the rain quietly pour, East is East and West is West and if the twain cannot meet it is because East is slave and West is master, 1896 1904 1908 1916 1920 1924, even speed isn't always bad - not if you're learning not if you're creative not if you're moving forward, fasting for 2 days followed by drinking a gallon of laxative in 1 hour and then an enema, February 7 1995. As of today I have been working on this piece for two years, flat-tummied twin-turreted gamins moist pouted underlips amoral pixies and confused carnivores, 48 Hours asked a Pentagon official to comment but they refused to appear on camera, fourteenth century Eastern mystics who contemplated their navels seeing therein the Divine Nature, girls with single brush-stroke brows in endless ice-cream parlors never growing old or running out of flavors, hand grenades land mines yak hairballs catnip bananas egg substitute liquid heat flags small dogs or barbed wire, he finally decided to be a monk but he lived like a monk for ten years before just to "be sure", he said to me "I don't want to ruin your Buddhist nature by poisoning you with artworld chatter", here on Monday afternoon four blacks - two men and two women - are to be auctioned to the highest bidder, her ceaseless cello practicing made it difficult for him to work on his new translation of Flaubert, here were people chanting "Nam Myo Ho Renge Kyo" in order to get money new washing machines and cars, Hot summer nights are the same no matter where you live. There's nothing like a warm July evening to inspire, How can you compare the gay lifestyle to what happened to the Jewish people during the Second World War?, I don't consider myself a religious person but I guess I do believe in some higher power, I don't like it when women wear ugly jewelry so that you can immediately read who they are, I have dedicated my life and work to the study of individuals that broke down barriers, I have heard so many lies about myself that I no longer believe what people say about others, I have the joy of seeing my sagging personality-less face every time I look in the mirror, I often compared

the experience of seeing John Cage to seeing Marcel Duchamp in his last years, I resent the fact that I was raised in the suburbs and I can't do shit to change it. Am I bitter? Sure, I used to sing along to Barbara Streisand songs in my bedroom and I wasn't making fun of her, I'll take a cork and super glue pound it in there with my shoe and then I'll be all through with diarrhea, I'm not the sheet slitter's son but I'll slit the sheet 'neath the seat of the sheet slitter's sheep til the sheet slitter, I've just got on the list not too long ago and already I've been in more wars than I can remember, I've returned as a different man. A broader perspective has made me more thoughtful than I was before, I've seen a lot of sunrises but I must confess on the whole sunsets tend to be more spectacular, it certainly gave me food for thought about how alienated people can become from each other, it is mostly cloudy in the metropolitan area with a chance tonight of scattered showers, it is now the end of the third moon of 1212 and I am writing this at the hut on the Toyama, keep having to remind myself "The fruits of your labor are not yours. The fruits of your labor are not yours", /l/ is an apico-alveolar flapped sonant occurring in wordmedial position (either, Masturbation is nothing to be ashamed of. It's nothing to be particularly proud of either, Mick Jagger (I think) once said something about killing himself if he ever reached the age of 40. Heh, Middlemarching to euphoria: Culture Victims clamber their way up the Merchant Ivory tower, Mister Vice-President I don't know how to tell you this but Murphy Brown is a fictional character, my almost legally blind date and I are sitting in the après-ski lounge sucking down Goodbye Smashers, none of the animals turned into oil although most of the laboratory rats developed cancer, on matters concerning language and culture the distinction can sometimes cease to exist altogether, one way or another the number of humans alive WILL BE CUT DOWN TO A MANAGEABLE NUMBER, oops sorry about drifting into the adolescent hyperbole that ambiance seems to be for, opened vast but hard-to-see cracks in the social and economic control structures of America, Panties and posse blew in like a pack of amazons sporting fresh ass stacks that would make go-go putter!, scratch me you reek my germ bend over i itch rectal pie tuna girl nice jugs schwing!! tie me up schtup ya, side note: Does anyone else worry that there are deviants who urinate into the soap dispensers?, snuggling by the fire walking in the rain or catching snowflakes on their tongue is a turn-on to a lover, So you want to be a Rock 'n' Roll star but don't know the difference between D major and D minor?, taking the first syllable of selected words and extending it with an "iggidy" or whatever, the language is not the "expression" of a vertical center (the author and his or her ideas), The painter left a message about his opening in a group show tomorrow. Really as if we care..., the reason we like black people isn't because they're black - we like them because they're not as gray as we are, The rest of the day was spent in contemplation not mourning. In a way it seemed as if he was still here, there's no paper to be seen so I used People magazine and it makes me want to scream diarrhea, "These days your work has to be about something" he said. "If it's not about anything you get no rewards", think of the power of Hitler's Nazi rallies and his own performances at those rallies and elsewhere, This is America. If you have something to say get it off your chest and onto a bumper sticker, this issue celebrates the things we find inspiring and beautiful and modern about America, those stubborn stains you try scrubbing them out you try soaking them out and you still get ring around the collar, Thousands of our citizens are living in cardboard boxes and begging for money - in America!!, 3.14159265358979323846264, to hear the harmony of all the sounds in the

universe too profound to be heard by ordinary ears, Tried to figure out how many licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie Roll Pop? (it's NOT four), Unfortunately half the fat means taking 100% of the taste! Yuck! Cardboard is tastier, visually we are working with the most restrictive set of twenty six forms the number of letters, wandered up to peak at 56 on the Billboard charts before evaporating into the ether, we should be sickened that alleged people like you come along and try to act as the grand silencer, well you can go to bed early on the night of 12/31/99 knowing you've still got a year, What do you hate the most? You said most frequently "people with attitude" and following that was "posers", when in the state of not knowing what to expect you feel in the state of surprise: ready and open for, When you start putting sounds together everything starts moving fast. You need to put them in the right order, Will visual conference calling mean that I can't talk on the phone while mouthing my boyfriend's banana?, You find him to be an ignoramus? If you were more sensitive you'd say knowledgebase nonpossessor, you never know when you might be stepped to by a crew of ninjas eager to avenge their fallen master, You see it's easy. I just keep writing until I come across the next sound that I need to fit in here, your idea of testing a mattress involves a Thermos-full of Rob Roys and a couple of hookers;

A couple of days later while still enjoying our treats we thought we noticed the living room getting smaller, a movement keeps on getting bigger and bigger until it starts swallowing up other little subcultures, Adolf Hitler wasn't evil. His father never really loved him and that caused him to feel inferior, and because you know how much I love and admire the rigor of these works I don't need to get into it here, and I being extremely pee shy since the 8th grade would wind up as the pee-ee and David as the pee-er, and pull out a big piece of meat from inside the blob of potatoes where I've hidden it. Good magic trick huh?, but I have realized that here people put you on a pedestal only because they can pull you down later, but there is no toilet paper should I just sit here and linger before I decided to use my finger, Cold War: political and military affairs. Post-Cold War: information and entertainment software, den de boyz slam der geetars into "Euthanasia" another instant classic of Melvin-o-ponia, Do you think people don't take you serious enough though 'cause you joke around so much? I don't know. I don't care, each seemed at the time irreplaceable yet each was somehow equaled or even surpassed by his successor, Ever wonder who sniffs the armpit of a test subject to make sure your deodorant has staying power?, Ginsberg on the harmonium reminds me simultaneously of Bly and his idiot dulcimer, he had a mind to grind and grind then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner, he has absolutely brilliant perceptions about everyone except himself and this is his deepest flaw, he said you're lucky to be going out with someone who is both an opera queen and a rock 'n roller, he's even more over than the Mayor Ed Koch washing windows on the Bowery at a quarter to four, I am invited to parties and readings - to be honest it seems dead - this was canned in 1984!!!, I don't know who's spreading all these rumors about me. Obviously it's someone who wants my work to suffer, I eat antipasto twice just because she is so nice Angelina the waitress at the pizzeria, I hope that the middle of this book is so bleak and frustrating that the readers throw their hands up in the air, I quickly got a taste of the inner corporate world with its egos back-stabbing and hidden agendas, I realize that I'm generalizing here but as is often the case when I generalize I don't care, I really hate people who bitch when I fart in public whether it be in my room or at an opera, I would recommend an ethical code as opposed to a moral one whatever the definitions are, if I look baby-faced and like a chocolate hero now I'll certainly look more mature in the future, if you drink from a bottle marked "poison" it is almost certain to disagree with you sooner or later, if you want to buy bottled water be my guest but I'll stick to drinking good ol' New York City tap water, in the real world stupidity is rewarded by traffic tickets black eyes cut-off penises and world wars, in this piece all aspects of my life converge conversations letters thoughts and random passages are fodder, It's living. The way in which you live your life. I'm on fire for mine and what I do and it all melts together, just because you've reached middle age that doesn't mean you shouldn't take on new challenges and seek new adventures, Light dawns on his face and he says "Did you say nipple-fat?" (Excuse my paraphrasing!) "That's the one I write for!", linguine is to fettucine as kundalini is to Peptol Bismol (this is a silly answer), maybe this is the era of small mammals scurrying about the feet of communications dinosaurs, meanwhile at the other end of my body I have found my mouth glued to the saddest most baggy derrières, National Geographic magazine no longer publishes pictures of topless women from Africa, 9/25/94 - Last P.O.W. Is

Declared Dead By U.S.: Vietnam Era Over, Now you have a k-r4d skl1nn3d
c4t d00d. D0n'T g3t c4ugHt. Sc4n th3 plctureZ 4nd s3nd th3m t0 4merlc4
0nlln3 4, out went those who like the Nazi mayor of Leipzig were
insufficiently appreciative of Wagner, picture a series of happyfaces
saying "Vive la Difference" and you get the general idea, publishing
classic books seems like a pretty noble gig considering the world which
seems to be nothing more, sequoia is still my favorite word though
because it contains all five vowels in only seven letters, smiley-
wielding heathens spewing vomitous sugar-coated cuddles and huggles at
innocent bystanders, So how does a dirty Jew like yourself get access
to the pure digital pathways of white Amerika?, Some fat assed pol with
lard in his veins is choking on my sweat that fat fuck. My wife enjoys
fucking me over, something bugs you about the air and you figure it's
the acid rain or the pollution or your hay fever, stern monotheism
moreover resulted in a shifting of responsibility to God's shoulders,
taking so much from Usenet - I often have to go back into the texts
I've stolen and correct the grammar, the CellularOne customer you have
dialed is not available or is out of the service area, the prototype
"13er" exists solely in the minds of the media and the rest is done
with mirrors, the tendency away from the idea that language has a
single underlying logical structure, their skirts are short bare blue
legs in gray November wind by choice the smell of wet
leathermudswatbloodpopcornbeer, this album was recorded in mono and
can be played on any mono or stereo record player, tonight he said to
me that he admired my ability to have faith in the future - a faith
without fear, using the wrong fork for your salad in some cities is a
felony punishable by up to 2 years, vulgar slang for a female who
misleads a man into thinking that she is a willing sexual partner, well
i feel theat o i am learning a lit from it but o it ie is very subtlre
and pla pleasiure, what you learn in class is gone in a matter of
minutes while pot can stay in your system for up to a year, When
hundreds of skeletons suddenly washed up they unearthed long-repressed
memories of Stalinist terror, When people ask me what I've been doing
since my show I tell them that I have been trying to be a writer, when
the length of the day and night is exactly equal or almost exactly
equal it is all over, "Why does everybody always talk about nothing but
high school?" she complained. "It's as if their lives had stopped
there", Why was my self-image suddenly devastated just because I didn't
own a black Aprica stroller?, women still comprise anywhere from 70 to
90 percent of all plastic surgery consumers, you can learn a lot about
a culture by observing how it uses its upper and lower case letters,
you should be with me you should drop that bum cause I got more flavor
than fruit striped gum with that big round butt of yours;

XXVIII

A lot girls become embarrassed by their parents and this is becoming a tradition in America, a sexual woman is like eating out. An emotional one is like home-cooked food. I'd love to have either, ah beedy-beedy beedy-beedy beedy-beedy bah/ah beedy-beedy beedy-beedy beedy-beedy dah, all these artificial layers devote lifetimes to piling up counters fiddling with obscure piling up counters, and about how well you actually know people (or how well people actually know me for that matter), and after a long and heated debate we terminate the phone call by mutually insulting each other, and we saw that our fingers were jammed in the door and we then decided that we couldn't stand it any longer, As I connect to the Internet will E-mail cause me to forget how to lick a stamp or address a letter?, as soon as the stewardess serves the coffee the airline encounters people who love sausage and respect the law, Ben gave me a book from David Antin. I opened it up and it was inscribed "From one poet to another", Britain is already witnessing "a boom in rat population" as a result of several mild winters, clean poopie: the kind where you poopie it out see it in the toilet but there is nothing on the toilet paper, diminutive fish abounding in the Mediterranean and esteemed for their rich and peculiar flavor, "Don't you hate it when they're about to flop back out and they scomp back in?!" (said while looking at a Magic Eye Picture), Ernest Hemingway spoke once of sitting at his desk each morning to face "the horror of a blank sheet of paper", evil drug companies are withholding antennae rot cures and Green Cards for Worker Ants Spam encourage flamewars, for togetherness of differences not only differences in ranges but differences in structure, funny I've been haunting paper and office supply stores the way I used to frequent art and hardware suppliers, he can spit so hard his gob sticks to the ceiling for a few seconds then catch it in his mouth when it falls later, he continues to be stuck in a rut and by the looks of it there he will stay for the foreseeable future, he sighed and then in a sad voice asked "Does this mean when I come to New York we can't go out and get smashed anymore?", I couldn't read the reviews for the last show - the work was done so long ago. For me it was completely over, I couldn't think of a way to keep track electronically so I got a piece of scratch paper to keep score, I envy the ease with which great engines of Capitalism cope with the incessant flow of reading matter, I looked at this accordion and I said "God I don't want this accordion. I want an electric guitar", I stick my fingers up cat's bums because it makes my willy tingle. Yet I am the highest paid philosopher, I tried conforming to a sense of hygiene by washing my face with some soap and brushing my teeth with a finger, I was inspired by the alternative uses of language and linguistic freedoms of the modernist writers, I'm gonna put a cat on you was the sweetest gonest wailingest cat that ever stomped on this sweet swinging sphere, If improvisation is free why do many of its evenings go out to the same boundary and no further?, in the great American tradition of getting what you pay for three days later you feel like death warmed over, infection is the communication of disease especially by agency of atmosphere or water, interior poetic structure in addition to interior ordinary grammatical structure, it must be contemporary - forget contemporary - it must be in goose-step with the culture by the hour, it turned out that the rave had just been shut down at 4:30 and Woodstock '94 was officially over, it was only later that I discovered that they were not Indians at all but only dirty-clothes hampers, Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jill forgot to take the pill so now they've got a daughter, ka and ka ta and ka pa ta and

ka ga pa ta and ka da ga pa ta and ka ba da ga pa ta and ka, Knowledge precludes thought. Gradually we trade the faculties of the latter into the inflexible former, last week's ill-fated trip on Continental made this flying-lover a disContinent-aled flying-hater, Multi-grain Cheerios have all the great flavor of cardboard. Don't buy them. Save the money for something tastier, no matter how great your triumphs or how tragic your defeats – approximately one billion Chinese couldn't care, one is constantly looking both backwards and forwards but never in the present for where to go in the future, one of the pipes in your basement is leaking and you have to keep your finger on it so that you won't waste water, one smart fellow he felt smart two smart fellows both felt smart three smart fellows all felt smart they all felt smart together, or worst of all it's the environmentalists screaming at you to save the earth by recycling your newspapers, our past perceptions of a blacker Jackson and his image as an African American entertainer, Pick an animal that begins with your new number. Now change that number to a letter. Now move up one letter, probing when every twelve minutes one is interrupted by twelve dancing rabbits singing about toilet paper, Sex Pistols: a distortion of botanical term sex pistils referring to male sexual parts of flowers, Simple Simon broke my hymen going to the fair. I said "Simon that's my pie man! I ain't got a slice to spare!", so get past the perfunctory MALE=BAD routine and start working on a healthy respect of who you are, somehow whenever I use this crap I always wind up with little bubbles in the hair on my arms – go figger, soul and mind instantly lost their physical bondage and streamed out like a fluid piercing light from my every pore, Stumble around waving your arms like an idiot and going "AAAAaa! AAAaaa!" as if you were the Nutty Professor, the last time guitarist Donna Sparks paused mid-song to do a stagedive someone in the crowd tried to fingerfuck her, (the most common) is "> > > >" "> > >" etc. (or ">>>>" ">>>" etc.), the only disadvantage is that coming off the caffeine buzz is liable to drop you into a coma, The only thing they talk about is getting stoned all day. Not exactly a revolutionary agenda, the presence of my parents can be located in me precisely everywhere and nowhere in particular, the soundtrack to "Indecent Exposure" is a romantic mix of music that I know most women love to hear, these are my personal opinions and not to be construed as the official position of my employer, they sat in the beautiful garden and reminisced and told one another that they did not look a year older, they're missing something and I have it and I'm missing something and they have it and I test the nerves in my fingers, to me boxing is like ballet except there's no music no choreography and the dancers hit each other, We want our panic fun our MTV. It's all positive no negations. We want to pray at our own pleasure, What's new Pussycat? With luck the turned dirt of your grave Tom. The worst example of the Dean Martin inheritors, what's the matter with my brain I can't think clear oh it's the hair run and get the razor gotta make it disappear, When his fiancée cried "I adore the beautiful sea!" He replied "I agree it's pretty but what is it for?", When you fear for your cyst think of your fistula. And when you tremble for your fistula consider your chancre, who passed through universities and saved their asses hallucinating Grateful Dead posters and eating Sara, "Why is it that nobody understands me and everybody likes me?" Einstein once asked with sadness and wonder, Wipe out the miscreants the devious sysops and the exposers! Turn the tables on the turpid tykes who tear, you might walk into a hospital get tired lie down somewhere to take a nap and wake up with a baboon-liver;

A structure based on the unique needs of the individual rather than the monolithic version of power, according to legend no matter how frantic with thirst it may become the chatak bird will only drink rainwater, after 11 pm India the noisiest country on the planet falls into a dead silent slumber, After his reading I told him that I was perplexed by his narrative. Was it his voice or the voice of another?, and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower, Anyways sorry for the horrible lack of attention I have been seeming to give this thing. I really do care, Aren't you annoyed by people who use the same idiomatic (or idiotic) phrases over and over?, at the Metropolitan Opera your \$85 seat doesn't even pay for the elephant's dinner, Bob Grant was born Bob Gigante ... Barry Gray grew up as Bernard Yaroslav ... Larry King used to be Larry Zeiger, Can she be serious? Can she really expect me to write in a style identical to those 40 years older?, Can you ever do anything to influence someone's level of empathy and compassion? I'm not really sure, clothes make you look as fat as you feel ... Alka Seltzer makes your tummy feel better but you retain ten pounds of water, Dinner Special: Turkey \$2.35. Chicken or Beef \$2.25. Children \$2.00, forsaking my usual ritual of shaving meditation and exercise I jumped on to the computer, fundamentally parallelism was an ancient linguistic mnemonic device used mainly by orators, God gesceop us twa eagan & twa earan twa nospyrlu twegen weleras twegen fet & twa handa, Harrass people who wear fur coats. Remind them that an innocent baby seal was mercilessly clubbed. Or just yell "FUR", (his bony fingers clutch high up on the curtain the other hand also appears slightly widening the aperture), How can I put this down? Johanna has my girlfriend's feet! Kind of hard to understand if you're not from her area, I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire, I think of the profound influence he has had on my life. I think how closely I had followed him in his last year, I wonder when the hell I'm going to get sick and tired of collecting endless amounts of linguistic crapola, I'm hopeful - it could happen tomorrow it could happen in 100 days or it could happen in 100 years, I've squeezed pimples by the hundred ruptured pustules by the score. I've milked my face until it bled and still I crave for more, If you have never slept with a person of the same sex is it possible that all you need is a good gay lover?, Imagine going through life trying to empty oneself of all previously acquired ideas - to become more, in times of crisis revert back to tin cans soft clay tablets magic lanterns and refrigerator magnet letters, it's like that fucked up pair of scissors at the barbers: one half has an edge the other has a comb which thins out your hair, it's worth zilch however as there is absolutely no interest in collectable rectal thermometers, know that it would be untrue know that I would be a liar. Wow Pretty good Jim Morrison impersonation there, lack of historical reference or intellectual judgments define exportable American culture, Lifesize Pumpkinhead Creature? If live ones exist can they really be more expensive than \$2200?, Like you're sitting at your friend's house keg going on and you decide that you're going to get your pathetic life in gear?, Lo-Lee-Ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap at three on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta, mental conjecture and thought about truth are like ants crawling around the rim of a bowl - they never get anywhere, My ass hurts from wasting so much time on this crummy Web. My wife thinks I'm gay because I don't spend any time with her, my social life is rich. All of my personalities are talking to

each other – it's a goddamn party up here!, my initial resistance to ambient techno music has turned into an obsession – now all I want is more, ne eek the names that the trees highte as ook firre birch aspe alder holm popler wylugh elm plane assh box chastyn lynde laurer, our growing inability to tolerate the intricacies of what we take to be time-consuming matters, read an article in the paper today about two poets – one who anonymously plagiarized the other, said by the man who had just shot and killed the owner of a cheese shop that sold absolutely no cheese whatsoever, savoir faire is when you find yourself in bed with someone else but you laugh because today is your turn with the hamster, Seems like winter is mostly about cold heavy jackets boots shivering soup and huddling in your bed. Down with winter!, sing with me I'll sing with you and so we will sing together so we will sing together so we will sing together, sure it bothers me that I can't summarize Madame Bovary or find the area under a curve anymore, take my advice at any price a gorilla like your mother verse words you're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker, The favorite color of homosexuals is yellow. But don't panic – not everyone who wears yellow is queer, the Firm & Trim Body Belt is scientifically designed with 4 heads and 313 microfingers, the first to arouse my prepubescent sexual interest was Asian (Bruce Lee as Kato the Green Hornet's chauffeur), the initial "b" vibration in the sound "ba" lasts for only 40 milliseconds before switching to the "ah", the same plane that took him from the White House after his resignation will carry Nixon's body to Yorba Linda, there's this cage quote i love about "spreading a message of joy and revolution" in his work but he's no joyce either, they found that the principle of disorder was every bit as much significant as the principle of order, thicker they say than water but bourgeois blood runs faster can't regard this blood a clotter – a scrape – they scream disaster, to avoid a 1.5% late payment charge your payment must be received by August 10 1994, To this day I do not know the place to which lost data goes. I bet it goes to heaven where the angels have it stored, we're to restore the "communitarian" ethos of the '50s – you know when everybody trusted their neighbors, What? Life has a MEANING? I don't think so. All things being as they are I think there is no point to life whatsoever, What makes you the most happy about being a girl? Let's face it: Girls Kick Ass! And we are happy to be what we are, when I die I'd like to go peacefully in my sleep like my grandfather not screaming like the passengers in his car, when the rope transfers your strumming to the outhouse it usually falls apart with a most reviling nature, where they slag Mary Hart for "getting too rich by destroying your culture". Mary would eviscerate John and Leeza, while I celebrate the revolutionary ideals of the sixties we have got to realize that we went too far, you both have that insular mentality that says the world began and will end with your arrival & departure, You know how when you complain to people about what you want and then they say something like Be Careful What You Wish For?, you know over-analyze things to the point where we're paralyzed and then things become chaos and you say "whatever", you will get sick and parts of your body will gradually stop working get replaced or taken out altogether;

A blind man is sitting on a park bench. A rabbi sits down next to him. The rabbi is chomping on a piece of matzoh, a butterfly flapping its wings in China could dramatically change the weather in New York several months later, a deep realization today that after the ha-ha's there is no turning back – a radical departure will occur, an intelligent person would not carry the raft around on his head after making it across to the other shore, And what of him? Must he give up his entire life just because he is her husband? Is he that tied to her and her career?, as he gazed into the still waters he noticed that his bruises had taken the appearance of a garland of flowers, as language was at its beginning merely oral and all words of necessary or common use were spoken before, because I'm the type of person who will blow \$1,179 on a leather reading chair, because our time is necessarily limited one might carelessly conclude that all is lost and that nothing matters, Calls not returned – not so much due to busyness but to lack of interest. Those who we once called our friends are no longer, eighty years later by a bizarre coincidence they lay in the same hospital on their deathbeds next to each other, everyone had a twisted childhood so I'm making them go through it all again – but this time around they'll make it better, from there I began to unravel all the value judgments that I had been building for as long as I could remember, Gigli was a supporter of Mussolini – published a book called "Why I Am A Fascist" and often sang for Hitler, had to be something though could it be that I wasn't using the right shampoo or maybe I didn't drink the right soda, he caused the workmen to begin to speak in different languages so that they could not communicate with each other, I found a new desire and enjoyment in rambling about whatever seems appropriate at the time. So here we are, I had the recorder on so it was just crazy to listen to it over and over again on the recorder, I hate it that my wife is drop dead beautiful because I can't even turn my damn head without some fool hitting on her, I hate it when men have hair on their backs. Especially when it's really dark and it comes out of the back of their trousers, I only have problems w/Kathy Jo when she's going on about those sucky Counting Crows and their doofus lead singer, I spend most of my free-time whittling prosthetic limbs from driftwood that washes up along the banks of the LA river, I wake up the earliest 1:00 pm eat my corn pops watch a video rub my eyes if I stink I shower, I would hope to be more like a woman than a man actually – men have proved that they really can't get it together, If you were tooooo skinny they wouldn't want to have anything to do with you either. People want to have healthy partners, it's kinda like saying that the airplane was invented in Egypt 2000 years ago because they had toy gliders, Jesus did not rise from the dead. The Popes have kept his body in a dungeon under the Vatican for 2000 years, just give me my few minutes up there because I can't get enough of it. I'll tell you anything just give me the cover, Mom's left fallopian tube has a bunch of guys who speak Latin fighting constantly about the price of tea in China, most prominent is a glottal stop replacing the letter "T" so that the word "butter" for example comes out "bu'er", must fall silent at this point satisfied that it has embedded within itself enough clues for its intended readers, Oh c'mon how many of you have NEVER looked on the back of a greeting card to see how much the card cost the sender?, oh how I truly love the snow when it comes down upon us it flurries and flitters and flies through the air sticking to hair, one of Brando's great loves was a woman who vengefully slept with his grown son in the midst of their long turbulent affair, or a structure based on the unique needs of the

individual rather than the monolithic version of power, paranoia is a fascinating mechanism by which a person tends to bring about the very thing he most fears, placed equidistant between two equal haystacks it starved to death being unable to choose either one or the other, pomo he cd deal with modernism wd be harder. interesting point tho: hard to say which yrs is. but why bother?, Q: What would be the ultimate tour for you guys? A: If we could tour with George Clinton and Bill Clinton together, she actually said to me "Now all the boys are reading Robert Bly and all the girls are reading Camille Paglia", she later confessed to throwing them away in the forest - they were awful in every respect: taste texture and color, "Show me a happy person and I'll show you a person who's not in a relationship." - Men's Movement guru John Bradshaw, so you're a 15 year old virgin. Don't worry the hormone surge will subside once you figure out what your winky is for, the next few hours are so compressed that after it's over you need a month to catch up. Every second seems to last an hour, there is always time for nightlife but did you check out some of the more beautiful places our crazy world has to offer?, we wish you a Merry Christmas we wish you a Merry Christmas we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we're going to do the same things that we did for our customers before but this time it's going to be even better, when I began this work I chose a classic and banal typeface Caslon and have never had any need for another, while your friend is sleeping carefully water down his mattress (if he sleeps in a waterbed just give it a few punc tures), Why are the innocent dead and the guilty alive? Where is justice? Where is punishment? Or have you already answered?;

A method of torture (though it kills) that is very painful: take a kg. of rice. Feed rice to victim. Just add water!, after fleeing a monster you will want to call for help from a public phone within ten feet of where you last saw the monster, after you've been to two McDonalds and five Circle K's and you've seen enough pussy to keep you horny for over a year, and with charming chutzpah the publisher's press release accompanying this first novel describes him as a "full-time writer", and yet are we to succumb to the idea that there is no difference between Moses Und Aaron and Harmonielehre?, Are you tired of the censors? Censorship fanatics never tell jokes about the issue they never let the air out of their, at dinner guard your plate with fork and steak knife so as to give the impression that you'll stab anyone including the waiter, Come on settle down please. Answer your names. Anus. Arsebandit. Bottom. Clitoris. Where are you Clitoris? Dodo. Enema, Communists the world over are wiser than the bourgeoisie [because] they understand dialectics and they can see further, everything you find attractive about Mel Gibson Kim Basinger and Richard Gere is just a fancy water container, For one we are loathe to use the word "I" anymore because how can we call ourselves "I" when we no longer know who we were?, (generally light) blue kind you're also shitouttaluckmyloc - it feels like cheap cheap cheap (frink) dishsoap mixed with ammonia, hamburger flipper: manipulator of seared mutated animal flesh for monetary misaligned cattle murder, (he bows his head and stands thirty-three years of repressed tears tortuously working their way through his body in racking shudders), He reprimanded me for my improper use of grammar. "Don't you know that the quotation marks should come after the comma?", he said he couldn't say what the "composer" was but as far as he was concerned "I couldn't call him a 'poet' - that's for sure", Hi Geoff it's Kenny. Uh give me a call today. I should be around pretty much all afternoon. O.K. speak to you later, I hate it when waiters/waitresses continually ask you "How are you doing? Are you folks okay? How is your dinner?", I should've known you'd be a sensitive-new-age-guy who's been talked into the bullshit about guns just being dickextenders, I watched these leopard-skin spandex children working their magic!! On these goggle-eyed zit-faced boys and it became perfectly clear, i'm walking down the street and it occurs to me that every man i pass has a cock and i wonder what they all look like hard, if I never made another drawing in my life I would not feel sad - I don't think that I'd even miss it - just like sculpture, If 7-11 is open 24 hours a day 365 days a year why are there locks on the doors?, If you stumble make it part of your flow. General rule of thumb: if you make a mistake WORK IT IN! Don't worry don't bother, indeed Beavis and Butthead are to Generation X what Burroughs is to thirtysomething geezers like me: a bellwether, Irigaray and Steinem? Who? What about Sedgewick and Wittig? Derrida? Which Derrida? Where's Bhabha Haraway Acker?, "It's a long story" he manages to utter "but basically you see I was sitting inside this refrigerator...", it's so nice to wake up in the morning all alone and not have to tell someone you love them when you don't love them anymore, John: We're money-makers first then we're entertainers. Ringo: No we're not. John: What are we then? Ringo: Dunno. Entertainers, keep your ear to the grindstone your nose to the ground take the bull by the horns of a dilemma and stop mixing your metaphors, large toasters that taunt the microwave and make them burn your popcorn and then won't even listen to their radio in rolla, My aunt has hairy ears. I can see it - long dark strands are sticking out pouring out. "How often do you clean them?" I

ask. "Never", my initial response was to sue her for defamation of character but then I realized that I had no character, occasionally someone would tell me what they had written and it was in this way that I gained insight into the nature, Oh yeah? What do you call a disabled guy in a swimming pool? Haha! Haha! Slack! The Anti-Bob! Kill me! Frop! Hahaha!, One caveat though: Never ask people what they think of you. The chances are that they will tell you what they think you want to hear, open the bag throwing the little flavor packet at a passing Volvo or BMW (or highbrow car of your, or maybe you're at a Satanic ritual and one of the candles goes out think how cool you'll feel when you whip out a spare, People loved Hitler. They are individuals who want to go back to the Betty Crocker/Dwight D. Eisenhower era, salad a firm's own make limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger roasted duck let loose beef rashers, sensitive new-age guy or SNAG. You know the type spineless twerps who think that being considerate and sweet will get them laid more, Sing a dirge for the will to believe and Hosanna! For the will to disbelieve belief the last station on the walk of fear, so bury your ego shithead because you are lucky to still have what you've got - you are lucky that those around you still care, So I got a loan and bought a new car. Whoopee! So now my insurance is through the fucking roof and I'm more broke then ever, some speech sounds such as pure vowels like "aaaaahh" occur in a steady flow that continues for 100 milliseconds or more, Sure just this morning I asked my husband what we should get the Postman for his last day and he said "Fuck him. Give him a dollar!", talking about America had become an experimental and playful practice of imagining utopia, the conflict between the female qualities of order and love and the male qualities of aggression and will to power, the shortness of the piece and its visual realization allow for the simultaneous presence of all its centers, the silence is broken by screams from the man trying to remove his appendix with the scalpel he found underneath his chair, the Wagners greatly admired the intellectual and humanistic prowess of the only Bayreuth Jewish conductor, this is like the story of polishing a tile believing if only it is done hard enough it will become a mirror, to avoid a 1.5% late payment charge your payment must be received by July 11 1994, when I hear of controversies of this sort I am pleased that there are so many people who still care about literature, When men drink whiskey it is always in a shot glass and they always drink it in one gulp. If they are wimps they will gasp for air, when you're out in 2 to 4 you get your degree and then your 9 to 5 making 40k to 50k just remember, Where are all of the happy shiny people? Everyone seems to be dredging along. This isn't something I would shave my hair for, Wrote two articles this morning. I'm so proud. One was about Communism / Democracy and why NEITHER has worked so far, yeah ... but they involve enough Cool Whip to smother a small city not to mention the bathtub full of chocolate enemas, you know it really bothers me when I pay good money to get into what I think is a good party and they serve cheep beer, you see them at art openings and the ballet brandishing the latest impenetrable nonfiction best-seller - later, you will change your sexual orientation and then change back once you find that your new acquaintances don't like you either;

A Hitler Youth in a jogging suit smiling face banded 'round his arm says "Line up you've got work to do - we need dog food for the poor", a quaint anachronism once useful for protection of females but rendered obsolete by contemporary firepower, a teapot is the topological equivalent of a donut with a handle (or two donuts kind of mashed together), after a November speech in which he called the Jews the "bloodsuckers" of the black community called the Pope a "no good cracker", an end which reifies the dominant paradigms involving masculinity and femininity in Western culture, and remember there is no tyranny in the State of Confusion and with those words each looked at the other in absolute awe, and we are always elsewhere. It is un-American to sit still. Sitting still means stagnation - being left behind while others, art is something we do. It's like we have a purpose in life being artists. That's a position. That's a job. So where's the glamor?, At dinner tonight it crossed my mind that he may feel competition with me. I honestly had never considered it before, at this point in my life. I firmly believe that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin of JFK. Does anyone care?, because I have a world of shadows out here dancing to the tunes I call like a merry pack of rats following the Pied Piper, but she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better, but to be honest the "Do You Make Other Indie Kids Jealous?" quiz had me hoping there was an element of irony here, by thinking of it as a reference book it seems to take some of the pressure off it to be a "work of literature", creates short-lived paradigm of revolutionary as fun-loving hipster rather than dour Dostoyevskian bomb-thrower, Did you hear about M&M's getting rid of the light brown one for BLUE? I think blue is a very unappetizing color, Do you want to know how to legally get Illinois Bundleweed roots along with a recipe for homemade ayahuasca?, Don't you realize that there are enough people to hate in the world already without your working so hard to give us another?, finishing off this joyous moment was the camera that was inserted 3 feet up my ass (It was supposed to go further), for the first time perhaps he understood that discerning placement of the comma does not atone for a spiritual coma, He keeps asking me where to get dirty pictures. I do not need the Web to get dirty pictures. Where do you get dirty pictures?, he quoted his old friend Jerry Garcia as saying "There's no such thing as an original lick every lick's been played before, he tells me I am beautiful could he please cut my hair and I say cut off all of my hair. So my tongue cuts off all of my hair, he was eating his scrambled eggs bacon coffee and toast when he suddenly clutched his chest and nose-dived into the bowl of sugar, How can one explain the multi-million dollar Jordan contract to the Asian-rim peasants manufacturing the stamped rubber?, i am sitting here in a room full of strangers. i've known most of them for almost all of my short lifetime but yet they are strangers, I can't say I was overwhelmed either way to turn 18 21 or 30 and 40 doesn't bother me much either, I hate it when little shits like McCauly Caulkin (Is that how you spell the little bastard's name?) make millions of dollars a year, I frequently arrange my possessions into alphabetically arranged rows sometimes from A to Z sometimes the other, If three devotees can mow the lawn in one hour how many stoned devotees would it take to meditate until nobody cared?, in America it's more like a rusty nail and I enjoy causing my victims to suffer from the disease which they ask for, invent a better pacemaker compose industrial music or mix up a smart drink that isn't a Tropicana Twister, mad psycho robot Nuns who

can eject rotating knives from their eyesockets at will at speeds of up to 26 miles per hour, marijuana everywhere/and here's a joint to smoke/teenage girls with bosoms bare/have another toke/marijuana everywhere, modern myrrh and mischief ... flat-tummied twin-turreted gamins ... moist pouted underlips ... amoral pixies and confused carnivores, most times finding the introduction the biographical information publication data and the publisher's list more, my ex-girlfriend works with me. I can't get a date with anyone at work because she keeps telling everyone we're still together, notice that the pencil has a dark area. The pencil blocked the path of the dark being sucked to the core of the dark sucker, now I don't begrudge him for working and being involved in work but it's his unhealthy attachment to his work that I deplore, or when you are thirsty try 7-Up the refreshing drink in the green bottle with the big 7 on it and U-p after, people tainted with exclusively original thought not subject to past religious manipulation are not welcome here, Quid custodiet ipsos custodians? Or how come there are so many white men who call themselves Asian female "connoisseurs?", "Really it is not I who am writing this crazy book" said Joyce of Finnegans Wake. "It is you and you and that man over there", since I can find nothing better to play with I shall see what happens when I sharpen my claws on this handy piece of furniture, since it heightened your masculinity you diversified your Audubon sanctuary to make the hen incongruous ha, so I turn over and there's nothing there but the breath on my shoulder is stronger so I lie there and feel the breath on my shoulder, so when we are faced that morning with what we have to give up we are faced with only the potential for the shifting of matter, Tampax papers work better than Job's!!! Available in almost any bathroom around the country not to mention your mother's, the ad exec when asked why use billboards said that people are busier and busier and there is no time to read anymore, the best way to get those spikes to stand up vertically is by hanging upside down until the epoxy dries: about 12 hours, the "caterpillar effect" at traffic lights: when a light turns green the first person moves then the second then the third et cetera, the following preview has been approved for all audiences by the Motion Picture Association of America, the moth from a flame that took our collection from our senses and flashed a banner over a dish of a dominant hemisphere, the pseudonym of Rodolpho Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valinetta d'Antonguolla, the purpose of thoughts is not preservation and hypostatization as ideas - they arise in order to disappear, the word "US-amerikanisch" should replace "amerikanisch" (and likewise "US-Bürger" should replace "Amerikaner"), then again I wouldn't bat an eye if I saw it in the Weekly World News (it doesn't come as a surprise on the net either), there seems no longer to be an authentic counterculture - there's just one big Time-Warner selling what seems to be counterculture, think of it as being a product of a lot of people having a rather complicated relationship with each other, through an extensive randomizing process we found Noah de La Torre of Montebello to be the undisputed winner, to the dumb ass chick who called whining about gray mashed potatoes it sounds like you had a bad hit to me! Go home to your mother!, Tough going this morning at the computer. Around two o'clock I thought a bowl of homemade chicken soup would make me feel better, we all found out after the first 2 or 3 episodes that you can't put 7 strangers together to live with one another, You do? Instant Karma? Or do you believe like the next three lives down the road? Not instant. Somewhere along. I don't think it matters, You say: "I think some asshole wants to talk to you." You say: "I don't remember eating that." You say: "Does anyone have a lighter?";

Actually I heard 666 represented an allusion to the imminent return of Nero sometime in the future, after a few days ant society will collapse in a sea of internecine warfare ant neuroses and mass hysteria, and a cup scrapes the bottom of the toilet reservoir then I could tell how I could feel them sit in their living rooms and carve the air, Annie is it true that you can pop a kernel of popcorn just by holding it between your thighs and thinking about soccer players?, Bring a bucket along. Explain that you frequently get ill. Oh yeah as your food arrives mention how long it's been since you last ate raw, contained herein are myriad suggestions of how to spend a few early-morning hours enjoying yourself and annoying others, Dear Consumer: Thank you for taking the time to contact us regarding our products. We always enjoy hearing from our consumers, do not feel guilty if showers turn you on. There is nothing wrong with masturbating in the shower. I masturbate in the shower, Do you really think it takes \$14 dollars to make a CD? I've heard that the cost of printing a CD is under \$3, 11. Wavy Gravy clown Woodstock I organizer 12. George Bush Jr. Republican candidate for Texas Governor, famous news photo of a military execution from the Vietnam era raises as many questions as it answers, George Burns. At press time the old codger is still kicking. They say he's got his 100th birthday booked. That's 3 long tired medicated years, he said "Perhaps we've suppressed it or didn't acknowledge it or afraid that we're crazy or afraid of the opinions of others", here even the alphabet implodes under the twin pressures of the ecstasy of catastrophe and the anxiety of fear, I began to be dissatisfied with what meager opportunities I perceived were being offered - I thought I deserved better, I hate it when you wake up early try to pee and your thumb slips and you slap your nads with the elastic waistband of your underwear, I hate when people honk their horns as they leave a residence to say "ta-ta" as part of a noise pollution attack on neighbors, I have lived some thirty years on this planet and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable advice from my seniors, If there are two magnets at an equal distance from a piece of iron which will draw it with a stronger force? Certainly the larger, in view of the sensitiveness that among other things is linked to the fixation of the average length of the private member, it's interesting to note that a group of girls can get together and do the same things that guys have been doing and do it better, it's sad - some of these people seem to have nothing but a public life - it's as if they spend all their time online glued to their computers, needs to change when the pain of one's life becomes too much to bear. He likens it to the feeling of having one's fingers caught in a door, now Mary found the price of meat too high which really didn't please her. Tonight she's having the leg of lamb the rest is in the freezer, once again I thank you I thank you and I thank you for all you below who agreed to participate in this little endeavor, or the use of ethnic terms such as American Indian/Black etc. which have been expired for more than 24 hours, questions are posed so that answers of flattery are given. Insecurity and egotism on parade. A vanity fair, read in the paper today about a famous bandleader who at age 44 gave it all up to become an obscure writer, sitting on a screened-in porch during a violent summer thunderstorm we were treated to a most spectacular show by nature, snorts about 3 kilos of crank and grabs you by your face and shoots off little bits of your flesh with their stentorian shotgun-blaster, swore off poetry readings tossed aside my notebooks and abandoned the tedious job of keeping up with the output of my peers, the bottom line is that simple pleasures are what really makes you

happy. But you don't make any money off of the simple pleasures, the kids. The parents. The dogs and cats. The cars. The fucking MTV PSA's to save the Earth by separating your newspapers, the letters A B S&M produce the most favorable feelings in people while Q X Z F and U evoke sheer terror, the sages. The soothsayers. The Jetsons. All of them were right. You can finally work anytime you want. If you know how to get there, 3:28 am quiet Friday night the first snowstorm of the winter cozying up to the Internet with my computer, Tiger Balm Spleen Labs report. Applied to forehead: there's a moment when it feels like your head is going to meld with a supernova,
Ullhodturdenweirmudgaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilok
kibaugimandodrrerinsurtkrinmgernrackinarockar!, upon reading the self-assured art critic's lousy poetry we were able to rip off his lid for full laughable exposure, we knew that the restaurant was under new management because the busboys bent over backwards to keep our glasses filled with water, (What do you say after giving 500 blow jobs?) even smiling makes my face ache ... ("then bite your knuckle and talk to a big red door"), What does a corporate giant have to do anymore except fire people and ship jobs to third-world lands where he can get cheap labor?, when he heard of my decision all he could say at this later stage of the game was "I'm proud of you" a statement which brought me to tears, who brewed decaffeinated coffee doing their yoga in alligator shirts and listening to the latest Windham Hill Sampler, yes we all understand by now that all men are inherently evil. But try as you might you cannot grow up to be your mother;

A life lived without egotism is apt to appear relatively effortless and therefore somewhat uninteresting to others, and hippies in the trees are chasing after me and they're trying to feed my venus fly trap vegetables and they say "meat is murder", and I believe also that the difference between mainstream poetry and avant-oppositional-experimental-whatever, as a small lightbulb would be shattered by excessive electrical voltage so your nerves are unready for the cosmic current power, bitchin' Camaro bitchin' Camaro I ran over my neighbor bitchin' Camaro bitchin' Camaro now it's in all the papers, but despite the efforts of Protestants to promote the idea of sex for pleasure children continued to multiply everywhere, cat fur mayo corn chips and sugar peanut butter and banana macaroni and cheese mustard kitty litter marmoset bladders, confident enough in her own budding sexuality that such obvious Freudian imagery did not intimidate her, Do you constantly lose at Lotto? Throw craps every time? Always choose the slowest checkout line? Then YOU are PERFECT for this SPECIAL OFFER!, doomed to live out its shelf-life as a permanent fixture on the high-tech multi-screened video monitors in all the hip clothing stores, endemic career paranoia - as if everyone is trained to think in the exact same way and worry in the exact same manner, everyone who's been watching T.V. for 5 hours straight and will continue until 5 a.m. at one point has called an 800 number, finger-snaps and vocal tricks vooms foams and chu-chus shoops wyongwyongs yeahyeahyeahs and a sharp sudden cartoon laugh like Woody Woodpecker's, he called her sexy. "What's hot is that there is something wrong with her. It's like fetal alcohol syndrome. It makes her eyes too close together", i brush these words on paper in acid eat my story hold it under your tongue wait for it to hit everything will become very clear, I can't help but think of Swami when I see homeless guys asking for change. "Do not scorn these men. Remember in God's eyes we are all beggars", I'll make a hole in the door and then I'll make a hole in the front door I'll make a hole in the door and then I'll make a hole in the front door, in order to get it truly right I will have to rewrite this for the rest of my life day after day month after month year after year, just as I chose to avoid power and money due to my childhood experiences with them so I did the same in the past few years, let's hear it for the non-producer: beggar junky homeless juicer loafing sidewalk commentator penitentiary gladiator, more and more I'm beginning to think of No. 111 as an art work and less as specifically a work of literature, my mind can almost visualize a young person somewhere sitting stoned with his friends and proudly pointing to his symbolic souvenir, my personal gripe is people who don't understand what coffee can mean to a person in the morning. Hell anytime for that matter, O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes great taper of the world eye of the heavens sweet shaker of the water-cooler, other wars had media coverage to be sure: that is after all how the West learned of Homer and his accounts of the Trojan Wars, Ross Perot. Little fascist bastard. If he'd been running the Post Office he'd've long ago been the target of a disgruntled worker, she said "It's like that old one about the tourist who when asked how his trip was replied 'I don't know yet. I haven't gotten back the pictures.'", shorties forties x-large stereo league think race slap fun real vans consolidated oficinato*d black label thrasher venture, some starched pressed shaven handsome jock recruiter tries to scrub your brain free of any individuality stick up your middle finger, sort of an open confession to the world about how I am evolving from a visual artist into a committed writer, stickiness I finally blurted unable to hold back any

longer of course typifies the new kind of connective metaphor, such passages almost seem printed in Chinese or Arabic whose beauty of design I can enjoy without having to decipher, take your finger put it in your ear and rub it around then take your finger out of your ear. So which feels better the ear or the finger?, the approximate ("the closer the better") we attempt in our thinking speech and behavior to approximate ("the closer the better"), the metaphor of rules comes up a lot here but eventually we find ourselves at decision-points and fervently hope our data, there seems to be an obvious difference between the emerging generation of alternative writers and their predecessors, today's children who have grown up in the information age appear to process information much more quickly than their predecessors, wanting to see cool times on your clock like 1:23 6:66 4:56 00:69 6:30 etc., when asked to comment on the course of his life in later years Dubuffet responded "I feel like I've been on vacation for forty years", when I was seven or eight I mistook a tube of store-brand hemorrhoid medication for toothpaste. I remember vomiting for hours, with each bite she looks more content and by the time she has finished wiping up every bit of sauce with her bread you can almost hear her purr;

And life the same: always different sometimes exciting sometimes boring sometimes gently pleasing and so on and what other questions are there?, after poohpooing the righteous rantings of the waterlogged Christ figure the Cat begins to juggle several icons of Western culture, and each player is given a lawn mower and is placed inside a gymnasium with a squirrel. The first to ... well you get the idea, and I know what people are probably saying about the both of us. What a shame or what a pity to be compared to the two sisters, Ann is angry. Bob is bad. Helen is hateful. Sam is sad. I'm in love and love is bliss. How many times do I get a kiss? 1-2-3-4, Do you think in a rigid conventional fashion having difficulty breaking away from mental sets that you have established for years?, explodes like a phosphorus shell into 50 zillion different varied rhythmic fragments and you feel the soundwaves hit you before you hear, going too far: the rise and demise of sick gross black sophomoric weirdo pinko anarchist underground anti-establishment humor, half assed for most of his life. Piss poor little ham. Narc-boy a fake fuck limp dick sucking up to the man. And the world. We need a fucking cold war, having worked in the woods for a while heard the Minutemen's "This Ain't No Picnic" and hungered to get back into the city and start all over, he lowers his voice to make a point. "Between you and me right everyone has different opinions I'd like it to be a bit heavier", Here eat it! Insert sound of piggy little bitch getting a Ding-Dong crammed down her throat by yours truly taste it bitch! Do you like it? Huh?! Do ya?!, I am sick unto death of obscure English towns that exist seemingly for the sole accommodation of these so-called limerick writers, I have herpes. I need to lose some weight. I have an overbite. I'm 30 today. I have a lousy voice and I want to be a singer, I have this urge to see if I could make the blood cells in my mother's womb - imbue them with personality and make them revolt against her, I read in a homeopathic-healing book that sticking a clove of garlic up one's bung is supposed to effectively heal the fuckers, I screwed as never before all my pent up emotion finding release in this young virgin (& she was) who is by the way a schoolteacher, I used to believe that if you knocked on doors long enough you'd eventually be let in. More often I've found the door is never answered, I used to feel sorry for Judy Garland when she was alive but now that she has been dead for 25 years I feel even sorrier, I used to say to people that I only had two fears - either I'd grow up to be like my mother or I'd grow up to be like my father, I would see people my age when I was 18 and I'd see old guys like 45-year-old guys with weird haircuts or no hair or whatever, in brief I've got some problems with the hegemony of apocalyptic doom that's been going around for the last oh say 100 years, in fact right now I'd trade 5 IQ points for a new ligament in my knee. And 2 for perfect skin. And maybe 1 for a nice head of hair, it's like those "telephone" stories in grade school that start with a sentence and travel around the room each person adding one thought or another, Men tend to be seduced by technology. They get into the faster-race-car syndrome bragging about the speed of their microprocessors, Move over Cindy! OK everybody! You guys have to admit that Kate Moss is probably the most beautiful Supermodel ever, my biggest fear is that someone will say Kenny there's too many ideas here or else they will say Kenny there's only one idea here, not unless you call urinating on the floor and howling at the moon every time I hear Captain Kangaroo's name obsessive behavior, now you must be a navigator an investigator an appropriator an intuitive promulgator and innovator, once she had learned to understand these

words then it was possible for her to react with such questions "with understanding" or "without under, once when I was at the movies in the East Village some shrew on the pay phone said: "I'm comin' home late cuz I'm at the pictchas with Jennifah, one syllable rhymes A to Z then a semi-colon then two syllable rhymes A to Z then a semi-colon then three etc., people still seem to look the same age as college students until around 35 at which point they suddenly look obviously older, perhaps I should admit I'm as full of shit as everybody else and find something besides "the quality of life" to chomp & moo over, second wave poopie: this happens when you're done poopie-ing and you've pulled your pants up to your knees and you realize that you have to poopie some more, she asked about my new work. "It's going very very well" I responded. "What's it look like?" she asked. "Like all my work - just a stack of paper", she said she has had nothing to do lately so every time she feels lonely she picks up the phone and calls me - she doesn't even consider, some guy tried to tell me that since Hitler was a vegetarian animal rights activist that all liberals are fascist dictators, the man who lights a fire kills living things while he who puts it out kills the fire. Thus the wise man who understands the law should never light a fire, the odds are you're going to live quite a while into retirement. If you don't plan for it now you just better hope you die before you retire, the process of forming associations from the many to the one is the way by which objects and words identify in each other, welcome to the land of the well-adjusted adults who manage their own responsibilities with an appropriate level of power, What is Michael Jackson trying to persuade us about himself and the world? What does he want from us? What lands does he want us to discover?, When she heard that the dog was about to lose it's leg to cancer her response was "Well I feel bad but at least he won't jump on me anymore", Winifred Wagner in the early '60s: if Hitler came in the door today I would be happy as ever to see him and have him here;

A preparation made from the dried flower clusters and leaves of the cannabis plant usually smoked or eaten to induce euphoria, any criticism of Jews Israel or Barbra Streisand is immediately interpreted as vile obscene Jew-hating propaganda, Before I found Marc Bolan as a teen-ager I never had an identity outside my parents. When he died I was 18 and I grieved like I had lost a family member, Did the bartender actually clean your seemingly fresh beer mug or just rinse it behind the bar in a tub filled with the backwash of strangers?, Do you tend to be self-blaming and self-depreciating feeling that you give of yourself continually and that others take more and more?, Eddie Van Halen has AIDS. I didn't know it at first but now it totally makes sense. I heard Van Halen was having their last concert ever, How do I take my avant-sensibility and apply it to the pop culture in such a way as to survive in the world as a writer?, I begin to see objects only when I leave off understanding them and afterwards remember that I did not appreciate them before, I don't deny it I never denied it. I never said I wasn't Jewish. But what does being Jewish mean? I didn't go to Bar Mitzvah, I don't want in on the female gender and I don't want in on the male gender. What is all this leading to anyways? I want my own gender, I have always loved cats while he is strictly a dog person. Do you think we can overcome these differences and find happiness together?, I know if I would openly attack Kool-Aid I would get a lot of flack from their auspicious and beloved and influential followers, I'll belt the funk out of you. This one comes out of our mouths every 2 seconds now we've started to mess it up by screwing around with the order, imagine this didacticism translated into humor and drilled into your ear involuntarily for forty-five minutes or more, in the late 1970's students were required to pose nude for photographs supposedly used in a study of meditation posture, it was used to satirize the stories of the incredible exploits of Roland and Oliver famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, late nights cruising on the Internet. Staying up till well past 3 listening to Seefeel and banging on the computer. Such has been my winter, Oh did I mention that I get a bad rash under my left arm if I come into contact with an ambidextrous Eskimo ice farmer?, operates on the principle of anticipation whereby the reader is "led on" in a relationship from one sentence to another, over lunch I had to blurt out the latest on my book. I felt as though I ruined the flow of conversation - I felt stupid and insecure, people can be really dumb. It isn't all that uncommon for people to be suckered into paying extra for something they THINK is better, Rita swallowed but I grabbed Malcolm's spurting prick and pulled it out from her lips sending his gusher of jizz flying over Rita's heaving knockers, shown live on television and witnessed by the astronauts' families the tragedy caused a massive shock especially in America, so there we are: the two of us standing in a dry shower he holding the magic golden wand as I wait for the special moment to occur, swallowing any substance or object which is not normally consumed as food or medicine e.g. pebbles paper a coin etc., the anarchically dehierarchized horizontal plane liberated from the always already-made definitions of a high center, the disappearance of external standards of public conduct when the social itself becomes the transparent field of a cynical power, The girl on stage playing lead guitar looked so much like my sister. I remarked so and she agreed with me. "Yeah" I said. "I wish it was my sister", there is great suffering when we do not fully realize the instant arising and passing away of mental and physical phenomena, tra-la-la-de-da-dee-da-dee-da-la-dee-dadee-da-dee-

da-tra-la-la-la-la-la-do-da-dee-da-dee-da-de-doodledee-doodle-dee-da,
Vermont (The state). Except for the skiing I can't really think of a
plus for this place. Endless mountains of bare trees and cloudy
overcast weather, what with the headers and legal warnings and indices
and subscription information and disclaimer after disclaimer after
disclaimer, while mohawked clerks at Tower Records with little
crucifixes in their ears play "Pillow Talk" and everything you want
they only have in Beta, "Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is a mystery.
Today is a gift. That is why it's called the present." (Avis RentA-Car
shuttle driver), your relationship enters rocky waters when your
newfound partner unexpectedly awakens from his persistent vegetative
coma;

A charming old custom in which the victim is sliced open and a live Gila monster placed into the body cavity then sewn tight together, another day at the office. How can people spend so many hours each day being so miserable and angry at the world and at each other?, as one called upon to give an idea of the ocean to a person who has never seen it can only say "It is a vast sheet of water", at length he said respectfully "Sir - just now I can't accept anything more. Please let us not speak of this for the present." "Very well. Then we'll stop here", at the rate of 10000 burgers per cow McDonalds' annual sales of 3 billion burgers require the deaths of 300000 cows a year, conceives an aversion for the ear sounds: the nose odors: the tongue tastes: conceives an aversion for the body things touchable: for the brain ideas, der meisters of trudge-spew have spewed forth these slabs at some point previous to now (whether these are dated or not I have literally no idea, "Do you ever feel guilty having all of this?" I asked him. "Your family? Your career? Your looks? Your wealth? Your stardom? All this stuff here in the hangar?", Does it matter which of us on a sucky planet imaginatively named Earth in some sick joke of a solar system personally sucks more?, Don't worry about such things. Sooner or later all such talk will die down." And it did. In less than a month there was no more talk about such trifling fears, earlier that day I had chugged warm beers sampled some mushroom caps and smoked buds of homegrown courtesy of these '70s-rocker types from Tom's River, first thing out of bed your mind accustomed to thinking the same thoughts for so many years will think those same thoughts yet again. But now you will have an answer, full danish hardcore kiddy porn shots of children being made to lick each other's genitals in such a manner as to cause you to shoot vinegar, he criticized her way of writing: he said that instead of smoothly blending together the parts remained separate like jellybeans lay in a jar, he kept repeating in a series of weak moments "It'll fatten up the resume a bit more. It'll fatten up the resume a bit more", he phoned me out of the blue yesterday. "Hi is Kenny Goldsmith there?" "This is he." "I can't believe you are not on our mailing list! After all these years!", he said that while he admired the radical gesture of the writers he couldn't see how any of them would ever pull the heart string of a reader, I can't stand it when people talk about some store and they add an S on the end like "Let's go down to Burger Kings" or "Did you get that at Hechingers?", I couldn't believe that he turned to the group gathered and said "He's Kenny's favorite poet. He likes the way he keeps meaning intact and together", I for one am just glad I passed on the triple bean burrito bran muffin and Metamucil this morning. Now that would have been a real disaster, I put my more noble priorities on the back burner and began to think of myself as a superior back-in-the-racepower-broker, if you go past the library the librarian might recognize you and inquire about the thirteen overdue books that were destroyed in the fire, in prose there's the example of Poe who said that everything should be figured out to the least little detail before ever setting pen to paper, in the whole history of thought no one has painted the misery of human existence in blacker colors and with more feeling than the Buddha, instead of waiting to get married our parents got divorced. Instead of becoming feminists our mothers were left to become displaced homemakers, man why do these people actually go on these talk shows and talk about their affairs with the same sex and animals with siblings etc.?, Meeting the brilliant poet turned out to be a real disappointment. Not only was he patronizing but also pedantic -

strangely insecure, my father who I've always hated for having been responsible for my birth was doing vodka slammers with Yuri Andropov's haberdasher, oh coming up and diarrhea on the tile floor a gum of pizza stain the Vaseline t'aint the burger, people living on the other side of the world really DO care about what kind of drugs you use frequently and how sexually active you are, so many buy into Freud and not into Jung even a little fascist connections don't make the rest of Pound unreadable and not Jung either, the blasting television displays babies giggling as \$50.00 disposable Nike baby shoes are superimposed on the retina, the litany is growing tedious and seems better suited to a data base or an appendix rather than to a work of literature, the majority of Asian females I have met have had really nasty and bitchy personalities underneath the charming exterior, the Wagner family - a clan which Karl Marx found as bizarre as the Nibelungs and equally deserving of an epochal fourpart opera, this year we've had an opportunity to see the greatest liars since Richard Nixon Tonya Harding Michael Jackson and the Menendez brothers, we allow for the segments of the world containing bland prose and stilted metaphors. (In fact we're so bored we actually put this schtuff together), we sat on the beach late into the night and I carried on to the two 22year-old girls about my previous life as a cocaine dealer, we talked on a beautiful mid-September day. She said she was tired of having to think in the narrow way which she had learned over the past ten years, "We're all brought up and taught to be realistic about life" said one "and we don't look at things the way you want them to be you look at them the way they are", What about those painting shows? How many people do you know that paint? I don't know anyone. Replace it with a show on how to use your camcorder, What makes this the end of a century? A convention. What makes this Late Capitalism? A convention. What makes this the dead end of a culture?, Why do stupid people breathe? And why do ugly people breed? Why is it that my girlfriend won't go down on me unless I just got out of the shower?, You will limit your relationships. You will see very few people and the only ones you will see will be those who themselves have questioned who they are;

A man a plan a canoe pasta heros rajahs a coloratura a rut a Rolo cash a jar sore hats a peon a canal Panama!, And I thought to myself how many times will he tell me this same old story as if he is discovering it again and again over and over?, Anne came rushing up to me. "I have something very important to tell you" she said with grave seriousness. "Jackson really thinks that you should cut your hair", Before you enter the restaurant cut some of your hair or hair off of a pet. When at your table place the hair all over the inside of the burger, BTW what ever happened to that guy you were so hot on? You know – the huge one with the little dinkie!!!!!! I remember how disappointed you were!, but other sounds such as "ma" do not depend on a fast transition as the "m" typically lasts a hundred or more milliseconds before the "ah", even the modes of existence and non-existence are mutually dependent so that one is possible only in relation to the other, he advised me to keep a journal but not to report on trivial matters such as "the meat was over or undercooked" or changes in the weather, I eat lye soap seat lye soap and stew and I eat stew roses are red and violets are blue I eat soap and I eat stew I hate my life and I hate yours, I feel if I knew how to use "sliding signifiers" in a sentence I feel that then I would be able to crack the high-money art super-structure, I found myself touched by the devotion and unbeknownst to me I became intensely interested in things that I hadn't thought about for twelve years, I have to feel needed or like I'm depriving somebody of something before we kiss. My tongue hugs me and ruffles my hair and offers to cut my hair, I really liked her when I first met her – she seemed really cool. But now however she strikes me as self-centered and I really can't stand being around her, if I see one more couple walk past me holding hands I will feel no remorse when I stab them to death with the knitting needles I used to wear in my hair, If you are tired a lot lately try working two jobs! "No that sounds awful" you say? All right it was just a suggestion. Maybe flirt more. Buy a Wonderbra, if you find yourself in the heart of the financial district around lunch time you can fire some off and let the Yuppies think they're caught in a drive-by. Gyeah, if yours is different from mine which is different from his and different again from the other's over there, instead of getting the kind of underwear that rides up your butt in the stocking from Mommy I'd give anything for one pair of Calvin Klein underwear, it could be unveiled tomorrow that America and Europe did in fact create the AIDS virus and their plan was to wipe out Asia and Africa, it is not uncommon for someone to hit such a two chambered bong and say "I don't think I got a hit" only to fall over giggling seconds later, many museums fear their customers will become mouse potatoes: they will learn about art on their home computers and never go to museums anymore, Mrs. Bertha Briggs of Poughkeepsie NY recently wrote to Harry and then won the lottery the very next day – AND her dog was cured of cancer!, My butt does not sound like a harp and I am not understanding the reference. Its acoustic vibrations are much more like a tuba in D-minor, no more cheese fat teenagers prying neighbors shopping malls and hick taverns run by degenerate alcoholic geriatric barmaids with facial hair, Oprah Winfrey arguably has more influence in the culture than any university president politician or religious leader, or perhaps that because you write from the point of view of people whose language is debased then your language is debased and therefore you're a debased writer, other than he there is no seer other than he there is no hearer other than he there is no thinker other than he there is no understander, participating in un-Islamic activities such as watching television and

playing games such as chess draughts monopoly etc., perhaps inspired by mass burnings of army draft cards during the Vietnam War female supporters of feminism were exhorted to burn their bras, right up until the end the stumps and intestinal muscles of the disemboweled creatures continued to move in a now steady and rhythmic manner, she asked me if I was interested in doing a project for the New York Times. I thanked her kindly and told her that I don't use that drug any more, strangest thing is they tend to be very tight at the opening but a little roomier further either tight as vise grips & dry as the Sahara, there are a thousand products out on the market that suppress your running nose and sneezing. But when you take these things they tend to make you sicker for longer, they kind of reminded me of my grandmother's mastectomy and also when I was a kid Edward Kennedy Jr.'s loss of a leg to cancer, things aren't what they thought they were regarding: race: the struggle: her charismatic! My white ass leave the image at the door let Jesse Jackson take the floor, we've been feeling a separation between ourselves and the world that we've been taught to believe in - suddenly so many questions coming from everywhere, What? Did you them it on here? I'm going to wait until you answer. Hey how do I get out of here? GET ME OUT OF HERE! Fine I'll wait until you answer!, work has become taking notes wherever I am and whatever activity I'm doing - as such I am able work time or anywhere, yes it may be a cry for help from the depths of a lonely soul and it never fails to wake the nurturing I-have-enough-love-for-bothof-us nature, you can take your Socialist world view and shove it straight up your ass along with all of the useless newsprint you waste printing copies of Socialist Worker, you know I actually don't believe in Karma. It's kind of a drag. I wish I did. Almost like believing in God. I don't believe in God either;

A gardener named Kenneth McDear likes plants more than women we fear. "He's hardly perennial" say folks who know Kenny well "he only comes up once a year", And what do you mean by "your part"? Part of what? Part of the country? Part of the argument? Part of his body? Or maybe the manner in which he parts his hair?, But I don't reckon being an ikon would be really any good for what I am doing. It would be a serious distraction to have press at the door, Every female that I have become seriously involved with has caused some degree of emotional damage due to their treatment of me. And vice versa, hanging upside down from a chinning bar with a rag stuffed in my mouth Ramada Inn guest towels hanging from my nipple rings and my penis in a blender, Herman has taken to writing poetry. You need not tell anyone for you know how such things get around. - Mrs. Melville in a letter to her mother, I had extra girl shirts and they pulled over in the woods and as a bear would do I did it in the woods wiped my ass with the shirt and I stayed psyched forever, I have to keep calming my troubled mind. I keep telling myself "I may be many things to many people but I will never be a good aikidoka", I look to theory only when I realize that somebody has dedicated their entire life to a question that I have only fleetingly considered, I recommend this book to all people and guarantee that reading it will result in the most profound experience of your life no matter who you are, I'm saying it's important to interrogate the discourse (some of it at least) as much as the participants seem to want to interrogate each other, in my father's never-ending quest for spirituality he phoned one day and invited me to join him that weekend for a fire-walking seminar, love you lots unless you happen to be American in which case I love you slightly less than I would anyone else for reasons of language and culture, Masturbation. In addition to it nullifying the Saum it is an immoral and sinful act. The perpetrator has been cursed by Rasulullah, my entire life began to be a process of less - less possessions less living space making less art compulsively living more quietly etc., my fear however was not of whirring drills sharp steel probes nor even that awful bubble gum-flavored fluoride treatment but of Linda's mountainous derriere, on gut instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years. Oh and did I mention the sooner the better?, So it's little wonder pretty soon I realize it's late January working on February and I hadn't done anything with this since October, over at her house to help her with a chore. While she went to the bathroom looked on her bookshelf and saw all my books in a pile mashed along with thousands of others, the fool on his wedding morning sees his naked bride lift her arms to brush her hair and notices the tufts of hair in her armpits. "Oh boy" he chortles. "Two more!", the message got through a little but looking back I wasn't quite prepared to really give up my belief that if only I pushed harder I would get somewhere, There was a young fellow named Taylor/Who seduced a respectable sailor/When they put him in jail/He worked out the bail/By licking the parts of the jailer, What do you want? I never heard of Language poetry until 2 years ago but I hadn't heard of Cubism before 1979 either, words must be read in context. Read my words in context not as an abstract opposition of poetry and theory but as a contextualized one. Sure, you are a coward a traitor a thief. You do not even believe in God. You have betrayed and deceived everybody. You would even sell your own father;

A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round and then all in a heap throw themselves under water and lye in the bed of a river, Americaine burst like grapeseeds from Paris terraces ... sweeping strings très hi fi society brisk ... whirring purring ... gay cyclical Sartrian strains ... hers all hers, and if one were to take a random sample of your saliva right now and put it under a microscope one would find all kinds of viral shit festering there, drunken pandemonium ensued until late in the night – things wound down with a fire in the backyard of the museum and all of us eating roasted kielbasa, "During one holiday season" she recalls with a snicker "there were twenty five people inside me who all wanted to give Christmas presents to one another", I jammed the disposable plastic handle of my razor into the electric socket and started a chain of events that left my home in ash and cinders, I'm a drug addict who was abused by my father now I spend my time trying to get affirmation from strangers. I wish I could still take drugs! Blackouts are pure, if a hottentot tutor taught a hottentot tot to talk ere the tot could totter should the hottentot tot be taught to say aught or naught or what should be taught her, meanwhile the nerds – the non-sixties people who were all around us who were untouched by Andy Warhol and by the Rolling Stones and by JimiHendrix – gained power, most women are introspective: "Am I in love? Am I emotionally and creatively fulfilled?" Most men are outrospective: "Did my team win? How's my car?", now the common man in America eats Wonder bread (like a wet white pillow) while the descendants of nobility go to the health food store for granola, open any book to page 50 and they all look pretty much the same – it's the way that the words are being used that distinguishes one author from another, POEMS FOR ALL: A poem called "Short Lived" by "Me" – Marilyn Mansfield A flower in the wind / A flower on the shore / A beauteous creation / But... / Not forevermore!, polls show us to be greater risk-takers more likely to do things that would result in self-harm and more materialistic than our predecessors the Boomers, Regard women as inferior therefore more sinister. These philosophical finalities gently entered my ear as they jammed me with a coat hanger, resources here seem incredibly overwhelming when you realize authors in Cuba hand stitch and bind their works together often using old cloth as paper, save the bones from your meal and explain that you're taking them home to your invalid senile old mother because it's a lot cheaper than actually feeding her, Shit Happens Rama Rama Ding Ding. She-it happens She-it happens happens happens she-it she-it (repeat until you become one with she-it) please this flower, teriyaki sauce with generous portions garlic powder black pepper and Grandma's Spicy Chili Powder can turn regular hamburgers into Godburgers, there never was a city kid truer and bluer never did me in the corner with a good looking daughter dropped my drawers and it was welcome back Kotter, There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years, we have judged ourselves and others by the objects we possess. We have always craved more and more. We now remove that and need less want less. We are in some way freer, when the dog jumped into the pond at the park a police officer ran over ordered us to remove the dog and informed us that there were living things in there, yes my favorite color is purple. When I was little it was green then it was red then blue and now it's purple. (I suppose there's some sort of progression there);

And here we are sitting here at the kitchen table hammering away on the computer on a sunny afternoon like so many sunny afternoons before, at dinner with the famous curator – he exposed his insecurities and weaknesses to me in a way and with an openness which he had never before, Cocteau has said that the revolutionary artist is first ignored then scorned and when these things do not work they try to suppress you by loading you down with honors, he was then asked what his view was of the future. He looked directly into the camera with a glint in his eye and said "Things will not remain this way forever", I felt terribly hurt after I went through all the trouble to make him a tape and his only response was to act defensively as if he couldn't be bothered, I have felt very fortunate to enjoy the strong support of you and others like you and only hope that those interested in me as an artist and thinker, I've got some buddies and we all drink bleach you know we practice what we preach we're not a drunken bunch of frat boys drunk on beer or a stoned bunch of hippies with no careers, in a sea of cut-and-paste I'll-rip-the-balls-off-the-next-man-wholooks-at-me she stands out as a refreshing different more positive expression of girl power, life is like a movie. It is like an unfolding story that we read and interpret while identifying with the stars and immersing ourselves in the drama, met a Peruvian prince the other night in an East Village club populated mostly by skinhead interior designers and their significant others, sea idea guinea area psalm Maria but malaria say aver but ever fever neither leisure skein receiver ear but earn and wear and bear, she said to me that you must pursue whatever course your work is going to take and not worry about your audience. The work will find its own level like water, so is it a surprise that things should be so? No not really – only if I feel that I am deserving of something of which I am not – I'm a monster – a taker, so what does it mean to you? There won't be any speculations about Kurt Cobain battling Richard Nixon in hell or tomorrow is after all a new future, spoken not in obedience to some external center but emanating from the interpenetration of the community's numerous nonfixed centers, The newspaper article described him as a victim of the "Melville Syndrome" that is – a writer without readers. Funny – none of the writers I know have readers, the next few weeks will be terrific! But try to avoid boys with short blond hair as they can't be trusted now. But that doesn't mean that you should avoid changing your color, there was a young Sapphic named Anna/Who stuffed her friend's cunt with a banana/Which she sucked bit by bit/From her partner's warm slit/In the most approved lesbian manner, this has been the lowest time in recent memory. I can't remember when I've felt more depressed and lost than now. I spend my days waking up late reading the paper, to sit alone in the lamplight with a book spread out before you and hold intimate converse with men of unseen generations – such is a pleasure beyond compare, "We as always honor the truth and declare that regrettable as it is that the leading Germanic God should be sung in Bayreuth as a Jew – namely Fredrich Schorr, when passenger of foot heave in sight tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first but fi if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigor, you start with entertainment and then you add home shopping interactive shopping and then you add games and then you add gaming and suddenly you've got it all paid for;

And it's true I do have some tricks I'm keeping around for later (but it's also true they might not fit — they're in the field as I see it now but may be abandoned later), and then they wanna say how many animals they had to kill to put that fur together I want them to know how many animals I had to fuck to get that fur, and they were curiously united in their description of the perfect girl: she's 5 feet 7 inches weighs just over 100 pounds has long legs and flowing hair, any of you who may be wondering who is to blame for my schizoid nature now have your culprit. I hope you are destroyed in a most unsatisfactory manner, Barter Swap Trade — will trade a new tape (VHS) or a used copy of the faces of death part 2 for your washing and ironing 15 shirts or 4 home cooked dinners, but because my husband Dennis and 26-year-old son Kevin were on the 5:33 Long Island commuter train December 7 changed our lives forever, feeling a bit like a bum lately. Haven't worked for the past year and a half. Days spent watching the dogs in the backyard writing on the computer and cruising on vapors, he seems so advanced like some kind of fucking guru. On the phone today he said that if one keeps aware all opportunities will present themselves in their own manner, I congratulated the artist on his collaboration with the pop musicians. He thanked me and said "But now I'm going back to being a frumpy old sculptor", I hate women who bitch and moan about their breast size and who wear those overly padded Wonderbras to make up for what they don't have. Just get a boob job and get over, I stumbled choking spitting cursing and crying out into the night tripping over an opossum who had fallen asleep in the carbon monoxide warmth by the door, Lynard Skynard. From Leonard Skinner name of unpopular gym teacher in the Florida school that most of the group attended. Renowned for punishing boys with long hair, my lover has always been something of a joker and he took delight in demonstrating how one of his testicles floated higher in the water than the other, Nutrasweet as we laughingly refer to it Nutra! Right!) is a by-product of some exotic fruit that must be harvested at the peak of its freshness and flavor, oh wow man I'd trade you a joint if I had it — I'd trade you a whole fuckin' lid for a beer if I had it man that's how thirsty I am — but I ain't got no dope either, "self expression" or the linguistic and material realization of subjectivity does not oppose vertical constructions enforced by the power centers, Sitting outside at the cafe he read us one of his poems. Later I asked him what he thought. "He seems to have an interesting mind but I don't see any bright future there", Teach yourself how to use a catheter without damaging your genitals during the process! Comes complete with practice tubing and enough cleaner for ten urethras!, The Biennial opening was nicer than expected. It was a small opening and everyone who was there had good reason to be there. Nobody was bitter, the poet's ear for rhythm as reference combines in his feeling for youth's low and literature's high brows to yield a hiphop syntax of cultural signifiers;

And so he went on stringing together absurdities all of a kind that his books had taught him imitating insofar as he was able the language of their authors, American scientists may have discovered the ultimate cosmetic: a chemical that produces a safe suntan without requiring the user to go outdoors, an official speaking on condition of anonymity noted "Other colleges have football and basketball we have poets ... and you know what trouble poets are", Eeeaaarrghh! I pictured smashing his face in ... kicking his scrotum back up into his torso ... digging the fucker's eyes out ... going for a field goal with his head over and over..., even if it is not good for us we become addicted. And we become enslaved. And when we become enslaved we are constantly thinking of that thing wherever we are, from the mountains to the prairies ... FUCK MISS AMERIKA ... to the oceans ... HO HO HO CHI MINH ... white with foam ... 1 2 3 4 WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR ... God Bless Amerika, grab me Chewie. I'm slipping - hold on. Grab it almost ... you almost got it. Gently now all right easy easy hold me Chewie. Chewie! With a little higher just a little higher, he found himself (as any writer can confirm) having to produce by the end of the day a series of words arranged in a way that has never been imagined before, history that ends up on a page no longer exists in the past - it has only a present and a future. It is in effect a score to be realized by the reader, I read in an article that he was going to be a straight novelist until he happened upon a book by Gertrude Stein. After that he knew that it was all over, I wonder what this world will be like when we are forty or fifty years old. I often wonder if the human race will last that long without all of us killing each other, is your boyfriend turning out to be a drag or are you just PMS-ing? Gawd ... do something about it quick but do it with all the style and cunning you can possibly muster, it all started like a Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland movie - well not exactly. Instead of saying "Hey let's put on a musical!" someone said "Hey let's start a future!", it is written in New York where everything is right up to your nose and we get our information in the subway from reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder, it states that I should gratify the wishes of my animal soul and treat people like people instead of the way I have been treated by too many for my fucking years, non narrative and non linear texts can be absorbed at random and quickly with as much or as little involvement as the viewer needs or wants at that particular, online and inline: new linear cultural ideas. Our culture increasingly moves on a line. Progression is logical businesslike rational and linear, should they gain control of the TV remote they will waste entire afternoons idly lounging on your furniture flicking between game shows and forgetting to close the fridge door, Sister Soffey at school told me how awful it was what a sin it'd be if I touched myself there even to pee. I should think of something else than what's between my fingers, the language is both opaque and transparent - transparent enough to roll a semi-narrative and opaque enough for me to stumble upon glorious formal structures, we imagined utopian America as a horizontal structure one able to acknowledge the validity of each of the numerous unfixed centers, what you see and hear comprises only a small part of reality. If you take it to be the whole of reality you will end up having a distorted picture, Why do people call pants a "pair" of pants? There is only one and don't tell me it's because there are 2 legs in them because there are 2 sleeves in a shirt and it's not called a pair, WHY do so many people hate Los Angeles? How can you hate the future center of the biblical apocalypse? No one complains about other religious centers, with this

he became more tranquil and continued on his way letting his horse take whatever path it chose. For he believed that therein lay the very essence of adventures, y'know after a long afternoon of eating squirrels and biting non-whites in the crotch there's nothing I like better than pinching off a nice healthy log. Just kinda hunker, you might go to the park to feed breadcrumbs to the pigeons but then when you run out of breadcrumbs the pigeons might start a riot pecking out the eyes of innocent park-goers;

All responses will be screened for content and appropriateness. Use of the expression is at the discretion of the publisher and becomes property of the publisher, as defined by the United States the global struggle of the present day between the secular capitalist democracies and the forces of fundamental terror, by the way boyz and girlzz did u ever lder hoo desided wee shudd spell shit juss' tha way it soundz? Just because they can't pronounce it New Yorkers don't write without the letter "r", Ever defecated anywhere other than in an acceptable location or receptacle (i.e. in a fireplace car seat wastepaper basket or salad spinner)?, I hate SNOW. I also hate Americans. Mexicans. Cheese. Hotdogs. Toilet seats. Canaries. The Moon. Sea Quest. My fairy GodMother. Microsoft. Long toe nails. Hairy Gorillas, I never watch commercials anymore. The second the program I'm watching goes to a commercial I'm searching around for something else to watch till the commercials are over, I suddenly felt compelled to find the connection between beauty and dogma by running naked on a winter's night along KarlMarxStrasse singing arias from Wagner, I told him that the idea was to transcend the physical to attain a more metaphysical state of mind. We discussed the sacrifices involved the loss and the fear, "I worked on this for an entire year" I wrote in an introduction. She responded "Well that is not really impressive. I can imagine you working on things for much longer.", I've never had a lot of money and I've never expected a lot of money so I expect my happiness in other ways ... like masturbating 10 times a day or more, in attempting to map meaning and explore culture do I impoverish the culture I explore? Do explorations of intent and meaning denigrate or reduce a culture?, include a Declaration of Independence made with dried alphabet soup letters glued on plywood and an American flag made of sturdy 1974 dollars, of two brothers one a philosopher the other a novelist it is said that the philosopher wrote like a novelist and the novelist wrote like a philosopher, once again heavily sedated confined to "sleep rooms" where tape-recorded messages played over and over from speakers under pillows designed to wipe out past behavior, people have been talking about personal angst versus universal angst as if the two concepts had no overlap at all as if one were somehow "purer" than the other, pour a large amount of grease on your local curb then wash it off with water and a sloppy dish towel repeat this 5000 times in one day every day for 200 years, seven million souls live here doing New York things - littering jumping over turnstiles saying how boring it must be to live in New Jersey and being rude to one another, she has to understand that she is dealing with a male ego and a male ego needs to be pampered. And believe me that will eventually help her respect her man more, she told me once of her "affair" with a well known artist. I expressed surprise at her candor. "It was really nothing" she said. "We simply held hands erotically for an hour", then to my disgusted delight she delicately de-wedgied several feet of pink fleece from the dark canyon that divided the two halves of her colossal fat-farm keester, "To be" means to become something else "the other" of oneself - the external center. One loses all the potential ways of being which are out of the orbit of this center, Torso in ditch. T-o-r ... s-o in d-i-c-no t-c-h. Head in avenue. H-e-d-no h-e-a-d in a-v-i ... a-v-e ... <KICK> d-i-t-c-h-a, tramp tramp tramp maryland the battle cry of freedom dixie the blue and the gray john brown's body marching through georgia when johnny comes marching home just before the battle mother, "Two poems he stole are very autobiographical and that's a creepy thing to me" said Mr. Bowers. "It's a very uneasy feeling a bit like having a stalker", when Uncle

Howard found Doovie growing a forest of pot plants in the family basement he said "Well I'm glad to see David is taking an interest in horticulture", "You guys are lucky" he said. "You don't sit there trying to make sense of everything. You really don't care for meaning. Not like us. We sit there and struggle for sense logic and structure";

He asked me if I copyrighted my work. "No" I replied. "Not if the matter is in my hands." "Why is that?" he asked. "Because none of it is mine to start with. I steal it from everywhere", he then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme – wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another, I AM AN IDIOT I'm not an idiot I'm not an idiot I'm not a fucking stooge – so stop talking to me about guns and bombs and stop trying to sell me on class warfare, I sleep with only one eye closed very profoundly. My bed is round with a hole in it for my head to go through. Every hour a servant takes my temperature and gives me another, I stood next to Charles and thought about my relationship to the artworld and how it has had to change in the past year. I thought how I couldn't stay in the gallery system any more, I want to be an asshole. If I were the world's biggest jerk if I treated everyone around me like they were beneath me then maybe – just maybe – women would beat a path to my door, I'll forgive you for a few minutes of boredom because most of us brush our teeth and even though we won't readily admit it we need to masturbate occasionally here and there, in a society that is increasingly oriented toward the visual the stuff most of us have in aural memory are pop songs and commercial jingles you're over, read in a dingy hotel room Southern India: Nov 5 1994 Former President Ronald Reagan has been diagnosed to be suffering from Alzheimer's, sometime in the 19th century when a man named Ong threw his hat up in the air landed it in a tree and was unable to retrieve it thinking it vanished into another, start looking for the swine of your dreams – they're not hard to spot. Go to a sports bar drop your purse on the floor and as you bend to retrieve it if you hear "Hey honey while you're down there heh heh heh", Thomas Mann banned from the Third Reich for his essay "The Suffering and Greatness of Richard Wagner" with its references to the psychoanalytic insights in Wagner's operas, we have attained some sort of freedom. It's scary and we are unsure of where we are and where we are not. We have been raised to believe in materialism and all that it stands for, what happened? We began to fear and believe in those exact things that we hated – we gave power to those things that we used to laugh at. And suddenly they weren't so funny anymore, when asked to read from this work I agreed. When asked how I chose what section to read I said "It doesn't really matter. Every section is the same. No section is better than another", Who'd you rather invite over for dinner Hitler or Stalin? Me? I'd invite Kurt Cobain. He bored 30 million people to death. So he clearly edges out both Stalin and Hitler, Why do those hockey-puck urinal cakes have to look like yummy donuts whenever I am drunk? Why can't they make them look less appetizing such as olive loaf or anchovy pizza?;

As I became farther and farther removed from the artworld I began to see what slaves the artists were – a world of fear and of a monolithic vertical structure to which all cowered, Betty Botter bought some butter but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter will make my batter better, during lunch I felt myself slip into a predetermined role of what I should have been: a self-important-card-carrying-New-York-artist – and played the role like a real character actor, ever urinated anywhere other than a bathroom outhouse tree bush or any commonly accepted piss hole (in the kitchen sink in the glove compartment of the family car)?, how curious: we should like to explain our understanding of a gesture by means of a translation into words and the understanding of words by translating them into a gesture, I recently had occasion to field-test the adaptive gonculator. The price was right and the racing stripe on the case looked kind of neat but its performance left something to be desired, I was surprised to see him at the dance concert and asked why he was there. He told me that quite honestly the main reason was to sit in the front row and take in the asses of the dancers, My favorite drinking game is called "crashers": Everybody gets into their cars and drives up a winding mountain road. Every minute everybody accelerates 5 miles per hour faster, No. I also thought that in a dramatic art gesture I would publicly dedicate my life to "banging my head against the wall" in John's memory. This was a pretty neat idea, Rerun: Relax yourself girl let me love you now? Adele: Relax yourself girl take off your panties. Ahmed: Relax yourself girl you psychin' me out. missjones: Relax yourself girl let down your hair, revel in your maskenfreiheit you overstuffed blood sausage you wannabe brown shirt you nomenklatura you swine you vampire you loch ness slimeball you KGB reject you death monger, so little narrative or just as the narrative gets going it gets cut off – just like life itself – so many small details so much insignificance adding up to a great big picture, the Flintstones. I love The Flintstones 'cause they show how creative you can be without money. They got an elephant that washes dishes a bird that uses its beak to turn a record player, the X Generation is made up of Slackers Hackers (a.k.a. Phreakers Cyberpunks and Neuronauts) and New Jackers we are Ravers and Atari Wavers Stuck-in-the-'70sers, who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks not even one free beer, Winifred Wagner's late correspondence (as late as the 1970's) was closed with the number "88" referring to the eighth letter of the alphabet and meaning "Heil Hitler";

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A three foot tall Santa decoration. The kind that you put out on your front porch that holds a lamp. His hands are together and that is where we put the bowl. It ruled! The smoke came out through his left ear, Aerosol hairspray can be used for a lot more than personal grooming! Putting up posters cooking lubricant antiperspirant ant and roach killer personal defense and party favors, all summer the grasshopper whistled and played while the ant worked. But when the winter came the grasshopper had no food and asked the ant for help. The ant said "Well you should have been working" and slammed the door, always knock over the phone if it wakes you up. If you are expecting a call make sure that you pull the covers up completely over your head so that knocking it over becomes easier, better still he should have made them listen to the Barney song until then – SNOWED IN Walls of crystalline purity push on these structures. Oppress the earth and bind her labors. Suffocating pressure, (BTW Winona if you're reading this through some fluke transmission of these electrons through the space-time continuum I just want to tell you that you excite me like to other [well ... other, Emerson's words "I greet you at the beginning of a great career" in response to Whitman's sending him a copy of the first Leaves Of Grass stands as the classical model within the genre, I come home late trousered up like a fucker throwin up all over. I kill your cat eat all the food in the freezer then sit down in front of a porno video and demand tops and fingers, I hate the assholes on my bus ride into NYC every morning. I hate those fat women who bathe themselves in overpowering amounts of strong perfume like that shitty rose aroma, I'd like a cheeseburger with extra cheese no mustard extra catsup extra onions lettuce tomato a real little dab of mayo and make it well done ... oh wait I don't want cheese anymore, I'm not meaning to sound pretentious but I'm sickened by what I see and I guess this is my feeble attempt at changing that at least until my lease expires and I can get the hell out of here, Mother always said I'd be very attractive when I grew up. "Different" she said "with a special something and a very very personal flair." And though I was eight or nine I hated her, sitting in your fucking suburbs – worrying about the next Mets game strapping on your Rollerblades cooking your low-fat meals watching your asshole sons grow up to date rape your asshole neighbor's daughters, so she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter, stuffed a powdered rubber eraser with parmesan cheese and put it on the drafting table – it was extremely interesting watching him draw for a while and then begin to smell the paper, the first of four hours and a half the second of three hours the third of an hour and a half the fourth of an hour and a half the fifth of an hour and a half and the sixth of three quarters of an hour, the palms of his hands are redder than I've ever seen them before so whoever he/she/it is they obviously love the spanking routine. My bottom hurts just thinking about it. Ouch. Oh yeah!, We double and triple checked the error is minor. We are deeply embarrassed by our mistake. At the same time we feel the exhilarating rush of fame and power in seeing our error, What anthem did Bloom chant partially in anticipation of that multiple ethnically irreducible consummation? Kolod balejwaw pnimah Nefesch jehudi homijah;

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And then I read one writer who said "Happiness stops at Vienna." I thought that was a wonderful line everything east of Vienna is just a continental tragedy for a thousand years, Cheryl referred to the installation as a re-creation of an Iron John sweat hut and I had to agree. During the opening the back room was packed with grunge rockers jamming on guitars, even dogs trained to sit without moving for thirty five minutes have a Buddha-nature that includes fleas and unchecked flatulence both of which are taken into consideration in the dogma, He drew me a map of the United States and Canada with all the poets names on it arranged according to where they live. He denoted the really good ones (in his opinion) with a star, Hint: There are more than a few folks out here who know me in "real life" and if you're a clever fattie you may be able to find out who they are. Until then shut your whining mouth you little groveler, I mention it as a pointer the meanest suckers you're ever gonna wanna see but you gotta kill 'em the first time otherwise they get this revenge thing in their heads and they come lookin' for ya, in the foreground a large tree/phallic symbol dances wildly in the wind taunting the children and encouraging them to succumb to the sexual yearnings they undoubtedly feel for each other, Karen Carpenter knew what she was doing! Get all those nasty emulsifiers out honey and write us a nice ballad when you're done so that we can all go say a prayer to our toilet altars, Kosuth's definition pieces were very important to me in order to open up a vocabulary in the gallery that included linguistic presentation of ideas, St. Francis of Assisi hoeing his garden was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. "I would finish hoeing my garden" was his answer, still I think Stockhausen did some singular and remarkable stuff. There was a certain cult status about him in the Sixties which shows at least then there was more adventurousness in pop culture, the Best Joke Ever!!!! Get a paper bag and place a dog turd on it (wet one preferable) place it at the door set fire to the bag and knock on the door ... just wait for them to come and stamp out the fire!;

L

And as for shoving anything down my throat or kicking me in the side (with no doubt a fearsome gen-u-ine imitation Jackie Chan Haayyeeeahh!) it takes twice the man you are to Bitchslap me Grasshopper, course if you hafta be one of the sheep and play the game do the 9 to 5 because so much is riding on it then come to terms with it and quit whining. Understand the lie you live and take it from there, he said on the radio interview that he was no longer out to change the course of modern music. Instead it was simply a matter of three guys over the age of thirty getting together, he told me that he couldn't understand why in the interest of preservation and tradition all standards were eradicated in favor of all participants equaling one another, he wrote that Americans are suspicious of art but are especially suspicious of art which produces no material product nothing for sale or what is commonly called "ephemera", I as an artist would get three times richer in many ways and much more respect if I only knew how to use a word like "sliding signifier" but most of the people who use those words are dirt poor, I can disappear for periods of up to a week or pound the walls insanely for hours or wander around in slippers and a winter coat and prescription sun-glasses and nobody fucking cares, life becomes increasingly immaterial ephemeral. We have trouble defining what we can't grab. Our activities show themselves to be more of what they truly are - ephemeral gestures, next time somebody tells me they'd rather read the newspaper in print rather than at their kitchen table because they don't get "warm fuzzies" from computers I'm going to wrap my toilet seat cover, she asked me how I was doing in my transition from my late twenties to my early thirties. I replied "Thank you for asking. Well it's not perfect but on the whole I think I am doing much better", talking to you is like trying to carry a basket of live turkeys up the side of the Empire State Building in a gale - very hard extremely dangerous full of gobble and covered in feathers, what I've discovered is that out of every 10 songs there is 1 or maybe 2 that I actually like and that I am *WILLING* to wait through 8 or 9 songs until the ones I like come on the air, the idea of a writer terrifies me. I hate to think of all of those fat white pasty bodies sitting in cheesy beige Upper West Side apartments writing dreadful fiction behind their computers, What's up with that? Did you lie and cheat a lot last month or something? I don't get it and the picture ain't too clear but hey you sure know how to burn those calories and still get away with eating creamy sour, you are Generation X the hardest fucking market to crack of all time but we will get this hip stick here and hit this tag with it and pretty soon you will be watching commercials like never before;

A general three day strike was called in Southern India with nothing to do but read about Marxism and Buddhism in the local library that had an old picture of Lenin above the door, basically I am not able to continue in the mode that I have been in since we first met three years ago – what satisfied me at that time now seems fully explored – all the questions have been answered, by now you've probably read and heard a lot about alpha-hydroxy acids (AHAs) and the almost miraculously way these straight-from-nature ingredients help you look remarkably younger, because when you think about the best times you've had in your life it is usually a conversation with a group of friends. You were with a couple of people and you had dinner. That's what you remember, by the way since I too am a stingy penny pincher you owe me fifteen Lincolns for your mutherfucking message! You can subtract it from my share of tonight's dinner tab. I'll see your big Jew nose later, "Coconut water has so many calories ... cheese has so many ... don't eat in front of me I'm starving ... should I have a bite or shouldn't I? ... I'm turkeying for food..." One more mention of "turkey" Pooja, he masturbates himself into a frenzy with the Webster Dictionary at hand yet produces nothing more than someone who's shoved a pencil up his ass and is told to squat over a piece of paper, How about a cooking show that tells you how McDonalds makes that Secret Sauce? Or how to make your own Slurpys at home? These are the things Americans really want to know like what soda has the best sugar, "I think for the younger generation there is a sense of disenfranchisement or as they call it nowadays diminishing expectations" he said afterward. "There's a kind of spiritual hunger", in effect I wanted to change my identity and the first idea that came to me was to take a Jewish name. I was Catholic and it was a change to go from one religion to another, it's just too obvious eh? Tic Tacs. BreathMints. Whatever. Shove a handful in your mouth as soon as you start the car. If you get pulled over swallow them or chew them up. Don't spit them out. Don't scramble for more, 9 a.m. and I'm walking the dog down the stairs in the hallway and I happen to see all the other tenants on the way to their "big jobs" (as Lois so correctly puts it). I wonder who's crazier, to move the cabin push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order, what's in what works what matters is selection focus feedback interaction unfocus breaking down the language in a way that suggests you're grooving in an altogether different syntactical score;

And you cannot believe that you actually gave these people power over your life for so long. And you feel sad sad for them sad for yourself sad for all the pain accumulated over those many years, but the remaining stuff stayed pretty thick 'til the last couple months when it started to get this fucked up frizz texture. Upon closer examination the spaces between the roots were gettin' a little bigger, At the museum opening the famous critic was much warmer than I would have expected. We talked for a half an hour and never once mentioned the subject of art. It really must have been a relief for her, carry it around. Share it. Keep it to yourself. Eat half of it in a day. Eat it all in a day. Tuck it in your pocket. Open it. Rip it. Flip it. Pop it. Argue. Argue. Argue. Keep it in the drawer, guide to percentage of water in stars: Janet Jackson - 45 percent water 55 percent carpet. Joe Walsh - 19 percent water 81 percent sponge. Tim Robbins - only 1 percent water, Richard Strauss himself once rhetorically asked whether a "cultivated audience" liked Wagner's operas for the singing or for the orchestra. "I think the latter" was his rhetorical answer, so body piercing and ambient techno music and performance art and couture motorcycle boots and the huggie drug Ecstasy are shipped overnight through the merchandise market that is America, something as simple as meter rhyme and abab patterns pull us in directions which have to do with material structures of the language not just the ego-expressive interests of the writer, words and sentences are selected firstly for how they sound and secondly for what they mean. What comes in between the first letter of the sentence and the sound of the final syllable really doesn't matter;

A man received a letter from a government agency stating that he would no longer be entitled to food stamps because of his recent death but that if his situation changed he could reapply for more, aren't blue cars daring every four green happy iguanas just killing little mushroom nerd-o people quacking relentlessly stupidly that unbelievably virtually witches seek yellow zoomongers!, How have the sixties ideals influenced the nineties so far? Their fear of politically-incorrect speech. Their humorlessness. It's a disaster. And my generation is responsible for this disaster, I am very much in love with Michael. I dedicate my life to being his wife. I understand and support him. We both look forward to raising a family and living a happy healthy life together, I can remember quite lucidly when I was a boy lying on a hospital bed in an open-back gown. My parents gazed blankly politely out the window as the doctor probed my rectum with his finger, I have spent the greater part of my life discovering how to be true to my passions while doing no harm to others and I can say with confidence that I have enriched the lives of many boys over the years, I read a lot and take it in but once I come down to putting it into any form or any kind of representation I quit thinking and just feel go with the gut and what comes out is what you really are, I recently read about a couple in England who have drilled holes in their foreheads in an effort to enlighten themselves. I will spare you the details but will mention that they claim to have "never been happier", if it be asked what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge experience will quickly answer that it is such expectation as is dictated not by reason but by desire, in everyday life we see people all around struggling to find happiness and peace believing it will come when they finally get what they want without seeing that this very moment holds all that one could desire, the dream is over what can I say? The dream is over yesterday I was the dreamweaver but now I'm reborn I was The Walrus but now I'm John and so dear friends you just have to carry on the dream is over, We keep thinking that we will shock those around us with our art. This happened twice recently. Once with Bruce and once with Cheryl. As it turned out the intended victim was not shocked but instead it positively charmed her, when I heard that trees grow a new "ring" for each year they live I thought we humans are kind of like that: we grow a new layer of skin each year and after many years we are thick and unwieldy from all our skin layers, you can start with a nice bed of fresh megalomania and add some sliced paranoia a few delusions of grandeur and a shredded perception of reality. Top with our creamy schizophrenia;

Cakes of the stars: Michael J Fox – chocolate swiss roll. Jack Lemmon – jam donut. Robert De Niro – Loony Toons cup cakes. Eddie Vedder – chocolate chip muffins. Cindy Crawford – fondant fancies. Prince – chocolate hobknobbers, Could we not envisage a democracy of the imagination in which each individual ceases to be a passive recipient of spiritual truths and becomes instead their active creator?, He was extra-ordinary! There was no one like him. One felt a real ego-lessness in him. He was so light no vanity no arrogance. He was utterly free completely wild and humorous and without fear, I thank all of you from the pit of my burning nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the last years. I'm too much of an erratic moody person that I don't have the passion anymore. So remember, in the shower this morning I started thinking of the parallel cultural hostility toward non-commodity producing artists/poets and historical European Jewish moneylenders, language is the questioning we do in order to find out the answers (and not the repetition of that which we already know or the vertical construction of language according to the pre-given ideas, lush the sex kittens lush their serenades ... zee melodies Americaine burst like grapeseeds from Paris terraces ... sweeping strings très hi fi society brisk ... whirring purring ... gay cyclical Sartrian strains ... hers all hers, personally I'd take poetry over flowers any day! Flowers are pretty and nice but they die and are forgotten. Poetry on the other hand can be touching warm ever-lasting and also show you care, the specifics of what I am doing and their host of attendant problems are endless and fascinating. I have been grinding away at them for a year and I think I have come up with some very fresh ideas, this way I can just sit down at the computer and compose without really worrying about what the result will be – it's complete freedom and a method of writing that is inclusive of everything but failure, well I hate to say it but my penis my sexual organ because there's so many women that loves it. I mean you should see how they play with it look at it and kiss it. Since they love it then that makes me love it more, what are you thinking? The proper answer to this question of course is "I'm sorry if I've been pensive dear. I was just reflecting on what a warm wonderful caring thoughtful intelligent beautiful woman you are", you have to revise and revise at every bloody stage to insure that everything's spot on especially because you're working in what other people regard as inconsistent ways so you have to be really sure, you know that all cats must die. This is just a fact. Man and cat were never meant to be friends. The following is a rather extravagant manner of err ... eradicating the little pests. Needed: 1 can of tuna;

Boundless male ego hindered by a big ol' Oedipus complex pompous liberal-pseudo-feminist rantings bad taste in music and underneath it all a yawning lack of imagination in crucial areas, finished work today. Feels like a goddamned holiday. Walked up Broadway in the bright afternoon sunlight almost dancing – feeling like a school kid on a Friday afternoon going to smoke a fucking ounce of marijuana, he asked me a question about a story in Exodus which I could not answer. "When it comes to the Bible" I told him "I do not read for meaning but for sound and rhythm." "He really doesn't mean that" was her answer, he called me and asked me for a copy of my manuscript to take with him to read on the beach during his week-long vacation. "I'm sorry" I said "It's just not that type of book. Would you take Roget's Thesaurus or Websters, here are a few words that just sound really cool. Look them up in your favorite dictionary: 1. Parallax 2. Rancor 3. Ilk 4. Hydra 5. Nape 6. Calends 7. Flout 8. Clangor 9. Menhaden 10. Calendula, in her head she was thinking "Hit the penny ... hit the nickel ... hit the dime ... hit the quarter ... hit the penny ... hit the nickel ... hit the dime ... hit the quarter ... Oh forget the small change ... hit the quarter ... hit the quarter ... hit the quarter ...", Pop Dip and Fart: (Bring it like strawberry!) At an important affair you went up to vogue and the sound system pooped out. Provide your own soundtrack on beat to this performance of a lifetime. (The prize: trophy & room freshener!), rap music is thrilling because it says that anyone can become a musician – you don't have to know how to play an instrument – instead you can take a bass line from here a drum sample from there a vocal track from here, the artworld is all about commodity exchange and I've been so successful at it that it's hard to stop playing it! \$30000 \$14000 \$2500 \$15000, the world over: a constant struggle between small minds and grand ideas resulting in strife oppression pain suffering and all of the evil "isms." Today Stagnant. Tomorrow cloudy at best. Yesterday those were, we can no longer greet the same person in the same way that we have every morning for the rest of our lives. We now must find a way to live differently an alternative route because the old one is no longer there, you see them at art openings and the ballet brandishing the latest impenetrable nonfiction best-seller – later they will go home and subscribe to obscure poetry journals with names like dire or Gauzy Vapors;

And so Anthony was trying to fuck an older man. As he approached him from the back Anthony politely asked "Would you mind lifting your legs a bit?" There was silence for a moment. "Daddy don't lift his legs" was his answer, each center has a space for its own concentric circles of sound and meaning like a stone thrown into water the ever-new outer circles of one center interpenetrating with the outer circles of other centers, here I sit and slowly savour the stink and stench of bathroom vapor. Which thief would commit such a caper and steal all the damned toilet paper. But my job is done and I will not linger so what the hell I'll just use my finger, "I'm a Frayed Knot!" screams one enraged string at the bartender and then disappears. Kant leaves via the back door. The remaining string gulps down the rest of his martini and says "And at these prices you're not likely to see many more!", Let's say there's 4 billion people on the planet. 4000000000. There's about 250 million Americans. 250000000. But with all these people I only care about 2 dozen or so 24, one (depreciated because it loses information) uses a leader of ">" for everyone another (the most common) is "> > >" "> > >" etc. (or ">>>>" ">>>>" etc.), The conversation at dinner turned to the subject of a very attractive young painter. Bill spoke up. "He's so cute that I'd pluck all the hairs from his butt one by one tie them together and use them as dental floss forever", Think of a work that has survived to influence the generations: Beethoven? Well that's rather recent. What of all the people who lived before him and to how many does he truly matter now? And what does Beethoven care?;

As I look around at what I've surrounded myself with I see a sea of misery brainwashing competition insecurity narcissism and neurosis. I must have played the game as well to attract these characters, Satan the Devil as an over-wrought "I'm so evil because I worship Satan" caricature. If we could kill the Devil personæ then maybe there'd be less annoying teenagers & self-idolizing rebels out there, that comfortable fleshy mound on which you sit (on which you are probably sitting RIGHT NOW!). That jolly round fat-cushion on top of which most North Americans spend the bulk of their time. Thus I dedicate the following œuvre, "There is no difference between high and low. Our generation is fortunate enough to listen to Nancy Sinatra and Joan Sutherland and appreciate them equally for what they do" he wrote in the local paper;

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I don't want a pizza I don't want a piece of peanut brittle I don't want a pear. I don't want a bagel I don't want a bean I wouldn't like a baga of beef or a beer or a cup of chowder corn cake or creamed cauliflower, in terms of the diamond that he has implanted in his front tooth he says "This diamond will outlast me - the bone and the skin and the blood. People will want to use it after I am gone and we have a joke that it will seek a new owner", or the wrongful appropriation or purloining and publication as one's own of the ideas or the expression of the ideas (literary artistic musical mechanical etc.) of another, Patient: "Doctor please help me. I don't know what to do. I talk in my sleep." Doctor: "That's not so bad. You don't need to despair. Does your talking bother your sleeping wife?" Patient: "No but in the office the Jews laugh at me." Doctor: "Hi Hitler!", so what if the rest of this book (there is approximately 225 more pages to go) were simply stories from out of my own life? No more appropriation no more borrowed quotes no more words that are not mine no more, turn the other cheekmother said so fatherhit me againand brotherseventy times sevenJesus said themek shall inherit the earthonly after athousand years tribulationI am sixteen andwill not live forever;

After he finished translating into German the first lecture I gave at Darmstadt last September Christian Wolff said "The stories at the end are very good. But they'll probably say you're naive. I do hope you can explode that idea", and as he spoke to me I listened intently to things that only weeks before I would have dismissed as sheer nonsense. It's funny how someone can tell you something over and over and you do not listen until you are ready to hear, desire comes from perception you never desired something you didn't know about and when you did it was a perception of either pleasure which you desired or pain which you loathed with aversion both being two sides of the coin named desire, dipped in a grungy batter and fried to a delicate crisp upon which halo refrigerator shoeface franklin bruno satnam puppetshalo refrigeratorwcker spgt and members of sebadoh scribble scream and ponder, for her birthday I gave her a gift of my latest book. While over at her house fixing her computer I saw that it was still in the manila envelope leaning precariously close to the edge of a table made of a door, Has anybody ever rapidly waved their hand back and forth in front of their computer monitor? I for one am going to spend the rest of the day waving my hand rapidly back and forth in front of my computer monitor, I apologize to my sister Jodi. We used to take her in her bassinet and whip her feet up you know so she would like snap. I mean I don't know if it did her any harm but she's awfully short now and she's twenty-seven years, I look in the New York Times and read of nothing but authors getting huge advances for their books from major publishers – like \$500000 and they are such conservative hacks really. All of the authors I respect never, information assumes huge importance in hypertextual novels not as a commodity but as the core of new processes new ways of making connections new ways of navigating and narrativizing the technosphere, of two men one of whom knows nothing about a subject and what is extremely rare knows that he knows nothing – and the other really knows something about it but thinks that he knows all – what great advantage has the latter over the former?, She told me how one girl said to her that she couldn't see how I could take words from all over and make them seem like they were my own. She said if I was able to give myself permission to do that then just think of what lay in store for her, "The dog doesn't get human food." "Do you mean the flesh of humans or the food that humans eat?" "Let's just say she craves the food from which humans make their flesh." "Through which humans make their flesh." After this exchange for the rest of the night he ignored her, the Religious Right couldn't possibly take over. But that'll mean I actually have to *leave* my computer! The Religious Right couldn't possibly actually take over. The religious right couldn't possible take over, the possibilities of perfect avant-garde poetry through the flawed manifestation of the very well-read interesting lecher who teaches the poetry course at college or runs the local gallery or sells you software, Warning! There is a longish dull stretch shortly after the beginning of the book. The reader will have to endure it. I am at that place trying by all means to avoid ambiguity in the hope of saving the reader's time later, when I began my career I had absolutely nothing to lose and everything to gain. Now the whole ballgame has changed the tables have turned. With the position I am in today I have everything to lose. So the stakes are much higher;

Hey Dick have you ever been a quitter? I have never been a quitter ... to leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent in every instinct in my body but as President I must put the interests of America, "I know you don't write them for a conservative generation however if I were you Kenny I would try to avoid arrangements like 'Treblinka Vibrator (unless it means something different in Polish) Heil Hitler Heinrich Himmler, I woke up at 2 a.m. with a splitting headache. I took two Tylenol almost crying from the pain. A !/2hour later I was still no better so I chewed 2 extra strength aspirin. It tasted like shit but chewing it made it work faster, just imagine how distressing it is to have 40 headless insects about 3 inches long propelling themselves around like random puss missiles and just because they are headless doesn't mean they are easier to catch or don't jump as far, let me tell you something - my parents were both high when they married and they were high when they made me. So I am grateful to the pot plant. Let's legalize the good weed folks. I am living proof that good weed makes good people. POT - the plant of the future!!, Saw Steve in the street. "Hey man I really liked your piece at Sonnabend." "Thanks" I replied. "It was my tribute to Abbie Hoffman and to the 25th anniversary of Woodstock." "Oh I didn't get all that. I never read my art - ever, The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour is nothing more than a bunch of boring people sitting around arguing over boring stuff. Get rid of that roundtable discussion stuff. I think they need to make it more like American Gladiators, we both share a nice cup of tea when half way through I inform you that I have actually pissed in it. What d'ya do about it? Take me outside and beat me with a piece of 2 by 4. Pass it off as my "funny little" sense of humor, when asked "Is there not a difference between that which a revolutionist does and that which a policeman does?" Tolstoy answered: "There is as much difference between cat-shit and dog-shit but I don't like the smell of either one or the other";

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Concerning holiday traffic jams of no interest to the transportation department the fetishization of women the traditional work ethic PMS Oprah Winfrey's alleged mesmerizing effect upon bored viewers, I called Ben and told him of my new devotion to complete crystal-clear clarity which precluded pot smoking and heavy drinking. He sighed and then in a sad voice asked "Does this mean when I come to New York we can't go out and get smashed anymore?";

Chaos is the natural product of order. Bureaucracy is the highest state of social order. The only effective way to "fight" Chaos is to remove the structure (ah well it sounded dangerously New Age Flake-ish toward the end there...), he is the unseen seer the unheard hearer the unthought thinker the misunderstood understander. Other than he there is no seer other than he there is no hearer other than he there is no thinker other than he there is no understander, he used to be elsewhere when I was a kid but we used to attribute it to a generally adorable spaciness. Tonight and recently it has been more disturbing more removed. Is he getting older? Less open to new ideas?, Just how do you DEFINE a poet in "mid-career"? I came to poetry formally a little over a decade ago deciding to leave the engineering profession (& "deciding" is far too genteel a term) to pursue my desire, she told me that one of her students suggested to her that we have a baby. "Why?" Cheryl asked. "Because that way your child could play with the kid of Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore. They would grow up together – both with sets of really cool parents" she answered, should I come across some marijuana in the near future the endeavor should prove to be easier. However there is none about and so my conservative and anal retentive mind is hard-pressed to come up with anarchist propaganda, Strict Dress Code Will Be Enforced: Legends Know No Code chap thong back G-strings Westwood padded derriere-wear bustles hot pants butt plugs Frederick's padded girdles posterior tattoos high-cut swimsuits ladies panties for butch queens only Andre Walker, the sixties were an incredible moment in history. It was the moment when Western thinking Judeo-Christian concepts and Hindu and Buddhist concepts came together. It totally freed up the Protestant domination of our culture, while attending a student's birthday party during a later week of one of his hunger strikes Gandhi was offered a piece of chocolate cake by a less enlightened disciple. The disciple then remembered Gandhi's fast and repealed the offer;

LXIII

And from there I began to unravel all the value judgments that I had been building for as long as I could remember and I looked around and recognized a huge baroque web of attachments and retro-attachments reaching into every corner, every fucking person has a part of them that wants to be Jesus I fear God. I don't want to fear God. I really hate feeling superior to others yet people on t.v. would suggest a loser everyone fucking wants to be superior, I have a problem – I stink real bad. I don't know if it's because of my Franco-Princetonian background or my refusal to wear any kind of odor-reduction products. Can you help me? No one at work lets me get close due to my ripe aroma, it was a real drag. At the rock show all he could do was tell me about his career. In between songs he kept hammering me with details about this interview that assistant this show here that Kunsthalle there. He certainly made it difficult to hear, the first thing when I saw him today that he said was "Oy what a day!" and at dinner proceeded to launch into yet another stressful business story a new crisis. Bigger than the last crisis. And he cannot see the next crisis around the corner;

Bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen: the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade: everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where, classical deities are left to erts. when smoked it comes on u make potholes of language or 4-30 minutes depending on m reside in the arms of 18th and of the tryptamines is their D 19th century morality one is unters, oh c'mon how many of you have NEVER looked on the back of a greeting card to see how much the card cost the sender? Are greeting cards ridiculously priced or what? \$2 and up for little more than I made in grade school with some paper and scissors, our friend Alix is always looking for love. Recently she went all the way to Amsterdam to find out if this was the right guy for her. "How did it go?" we asked her upon her return. "Well" she replied "it looks like I'm just going to have to find another", please let this be a material monument to horizontal structure. Let me keep all my arrows pointed in the direction to demolish verticality. Verticality implying power favor desire taste unshakable structure, she criticized my work. She said that I was casting my net far too wide. She told me that I needed more focus. I thanked her for her comments and replied that the criticism was fine for one type of piece but I was obviously involved with another, take any of them. Emilio. Rob. Tom. Ally. Demi. Andrew. Judd. And you can throw in Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen just to be thorough. On gut instinct alone I'm saying that at least one of them will die in an auto crash in the next 6 years, the crowning jewel of my apartment this back-lit glass hologram of The Last Supper never fails to elicit compliments and cash offers—it is a truly amazing piece—you've seen the painting but with The Holy Hologram it's like being there, well the boys at MTV really know how to appeal to the youthful masses — through bodily function humor because those corporate whizzes certainly understand that all metal listeners are dudes who enjoy lying around in their fecal matter, why read a poem? It's a way of being alone with someone else's tones obsessions rhythms and sense of form: a way of giving yourself over to another human being and getting back something that is different from and hopefully more than either;

Have you ever noticed how you take five pairs of socks along with mounds of other dirty clothes put them in the washing machine take them out and start folding them only to find that you have exactly 9 socks which amounts to a total of four and a half pairs?, I often get letters from Japan – they want to fly me over there. I will not go. First I have no desire to go to Japan I have no desire to go to India I have no desire to go to China. I've had enough with Europe and America, if an illtempered husband shows his unjustified wrath when food has not been prepared to satisfy his taste it will be permissible for the wife to taste the food while she is preparing it. As long as nothing goes down her throat her fast will be valid and her, let's have a party on new year's eve 1999 where we can be ourselves and reflect on our evolution and celebrate our consciousness be naked and free bang on loud drums and dance in the streets of every city and town eat drink and see jerry there, on his favorite subject of subordination Johnson said "So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other", turn on MTV for the latest news and fashion advice. Read Sassy for what music to listen to. "C'mon Mom everyone's got Doc Martens." So you sit around in corporate parking lots hiding from the cops experimenting with Mad Dog and malt liquor, when I was a teenager I used to puzzle for hours over the Dylan tune "Ballad Of A Thin Man" particularly the line "You're very well read/It's well known." I used to think of those lines as a total putdown but as I get older I become less sure;

And a little girl goes into the bathroom and sees her daddy taking a piss and says "Daddy daddy what is that?" He replies "That's a dick." Then she says "When am I gonna get one of those?" He replies "Oh in about 5 minutes after your mother goes to the store", Evil is our nature. And unlike those with conscience I take pleasure in my cruelty and delight in all the destruction and havoc I've wreaked on (and in) the lives of others. I shatter their hearts destroy their hopes strip them of their innocence and beat them with their fears, hey Daffodil Queen I'm still singing can't stop your face on my eyelids the rush of your cool spring sweatshirt cool warm girl under sweatshirt my fire sometimes my inferno smile at me like a squirrel and let's roll down the hill one more time hey Daffodil Queen it's summer, I put the words and phrases into an alphabetic and syllabic order with the entries going from one syllable A to Z then a semi-colon then two syllables A to Z then a semicolon then three syllables A to Z etc., I wondered what the hell ever happened to her - we used to be such good friends - although there was something stopping me from really getting too close to her. I hear that she is now in Narcotics Anonymous and is teaching yoga. Cheryl never really cared for her, if everyone was given a solid gold sporknifeaw at birth ... well ... the pawn shop would be over loaded with worthless sporknifeaws stolen from hapless babies but still there would not be a need for any of those other stupid silverwares, it hadn't even been a year since I decided that my mouth was getting tired and chapped from giving so many blowjobs that it was time to start having sex like a normal 19-year-old ... and I was not ready to start screwing around with a virtual stranger, people who misuse apostrophes make me very hostile. So like how hard is it to pick up a Strunk and White and learn the rules? Clothing stores are the worst. "ALL SHOE'S ON SALE! GIFT CERTIFICATE'S SOLD HERE!" My personal fave - the plaque at Burger King that reads "CONDIMENT'S BAR", people who use apostrophes just because they feel like it. Petty Vengeance: Correct them. Scribble over the apostrophe or rip the offending apostrophe off the sign. (Debb points out that this only leaves an apostrophe-shaped scribble or rip but I don't care), read in the paper today about a famous bandleader who at age 44 gave it all up to become an obscure writer. When asked about his change in life he said "It was like cutting off a gangrenous arm. You miss it but having a life is better", struggle surviving injuries motivation accepting people for what they are. Veins and opinions insecurities trends money capitalize destruction hate flower and love a fine line to be neutral. Get away kill the past kill it dead write the future, time dissolves and spirals somewhere down the drain. I don't know if my eyes are open or closed where I am whether I'm breathing anymore. I don't even feel anything. I just am a sense of pleasure. Pure concentrated 180 proof everclear pleasure, well I don't want to go to Cyberspace mostly because it's for geeks who sit in a room peek into the minds of other people that they don't even know. What stands in the way of these punks taking over the whole United States and running us all through the wringer?, Why are all the slow drivers always in the left lane? No one seems to remember (or more accurately no one CARES) that the first rule of the road is to "keep right" ... except of course (heh heh) in other countries where you "keep left" ... I wonder if they have the "left of way" as a phrase there?;

I'm sorry Grandma's (eventually) forthcoming inheritance isn't enough for you to live on. Perhaps you should get your MBA from Harvard and start an investment firm with your brother-in-law. I think you've got the instincts of any good Wall Street Jew-Banker, Mr. Glass does not object in principle to his work being used in commercials. He has written a simple theme that will be included on an electronic chip in a new line of Swatch watches. He has also written music for MCI and Christian Dior, Mr. LaRussa also knew that I knew that my companion knew: moreover Mr. Oates knew that Mr. LaRussa knew and what's more Mr. LaRussa knew that Mr. Oates knew Mr. LaRussa knew that my companion knew Mr. Oates knew Mr. LaRussa, while strolling through some formal English gardens in mid-June we happened to stray off the primrose path into the uncultivated woods. We were taken aback by the roughness and unkemptness of the wilds and couldn't wait to dash back into the fine gardens far from "nature";

LXVIII

I told her that I thought that cars were not good in several ways – I preferred public transportation – they were not practical in the city and they were not environmentally sound. "Oh" she said "I didn't know that you were as environmentally conscious as you are", so like there is a space at the bottom for people to insert their own text and then ship it off so I'm like yeah gonna tips for wanna-be ezinesters accidentally left unguarded in the same room as a small four year old child who had access to a pair of scissors;

Almost a year ago I sat in Bryant Park and asked myself the question "What if I spent my entire 33rd year in ignorance?" If I asked myself that question again today I'd have to answer that it still sounds like a fine idea. Well there's always 34, as I began to climb into the mammoth rig my mind flashes back a few years when I was thumbing it out to Western Pennsylvania and had to dive to the side of the road for safety every now and then as an irate hippie hating trucker aimed his rig for my long hair, he asked to be allowed to wear the KKK robe and for his name to be changed on all court documents to "the honorable and respected name of Hi Hitler." According to courthouse employees he thought Adolph Hitler's followers said "Hi Hitler" rather than "Heil Hitler", I got to thinking afterward maybe she's right - maybe it would be interesting to read my collections in a more "coherent" i.e. "contextual" manner. I didn't think anything more of it. Until I woke up this morning and I was struck with a paranoia, this use is in context of a particular routine or stretch of code. "The FOOBZ routine uses A3 as an accumulator." 3. One's in-basket (esp. among old-timers who might use sense 1). "You want this reviewed? Sure just put it in the accumulator", you can think of this book as a collection - a collection for others and for myself. I am simply the collector - I've set up the parameters and I've done the gathering since nobody else was going to do it I decided that I would bring these words together, Punk-Rock vs. New Wave booty: (Bring it like Guy and Jo-Jo!) Your scrawny rock-and-roll butt is raising plucked eyebrows from green door to squeeze box. Cram it into bondage pants or spandex. Your booty must measure 30" or under to snatch. (The prize: kitty boots rhinestone couture!), we used to subscribe to the New York Times. Everyday the paper would arrive and in the morning we would read it cover to cover. Right? And it got so fucking boring. Every day was like the last and it felt like we were reading the same fucking paper over and over, you step to this y'know you better have discipline and you better have some oars to row your ass back where you came from. It's all about Hobos baby. Some real shit some real nasty sick cough throwin' up enzymes with green loogi attached to the inside of your intestines '94;

LXX

Hey kitty! You're like the queen of the ball the hot chick on the dance floor the girl in the spotlight. How do you do that? But stop drinking so much coffee or Pepsi or whatever it is that you do for all them bursts of energy cuz you might O.D. and we wouldn't want that. We love you just the way you are, if you would open a drawer very slowly you will notice that the light goes into the drawer. You cannot see the dark leave the drawer. Continue to open the drawer and light will continue to enter the drawer however you will not see any dark leave the drawer;

I don't believe in Magic I don't believe in I-Ching I don't believe in Bible I don't believe in Tarot I don't believe in Hitler I don't believe in Jesus I don't believe in Kennedy I don't believe in Mantra I don't believe in Gita I don't believe in Yoga, I've always wanted to own a fur coat. Unfortunately my religion doesn't allow me to wear the hides of intelligent creatures. I've decided therefore that I'm going to kidnap Rush Limbaugh and rub his whole body with Monoxodil until he's ready for the slaughter, thinking whether or not I should go to his reading. I really don't feel like it. It's Saturday in late April during a warm April shower and to be honest I'd rather sit here at the kitchen table listen to Beethoven String Quartets and quietly work on the computer;

Everything pushes down on you and you just want to lie still and never move again but you can't. Your best friend won't speak to you and you fear it may be for real this time and you're scared. You know how futile everything is and you just don't want to anymore. You wish you could put a name on your fears, I hate those stupid lazy people that live off of Food Stamps. They go through the grocery lanes wearing \$100 jeans \$100 shirts and \$100 tennis shoes – my god their four year old has \$100 shoes too. Thhhhhhen they purchase shrimp Tbone steaks and lobsters, looking at your letter I have found some phrases which surprised me such an optimist – Kenny wrote me: "Alone trying to mull over recent events in my life..." or "...wondering what I'm going to do next with my life..." Jezus it sounds not good. I hope now everything is O.K. Kenny huh?, Met Larry on the street today. He asked me what was up. I told him that I had been to India. "Really?" he inquired. "Tell me more." I proceeded to tell him of my adventures. At the end of our hour long conversation he said "You know – this India thing sounds like a good idea", the doctor said "I am afraid we got some bad results from one of your tests and we are going to have to operate and cut off your left testicle." Ray sort of winced pondered a bit and said "Well what's the good news?" To which the doctor replied "You still got the right one baby uhh huhh", the use of "generic" male pronouns which are I think part of a language of the past (dominated by patriarchal thinking) not a healthy language of the future which should be as free as possible of all authoritarian hierarchical and exclusive structures/strictures;

LXXIII

Alright you're done with whatever you were doing in the restroom there – I'm not asking – and you need to rinse your hands clear of the shall we say residue of your transaction. Haplessly you walk towards the sinks and pray that the blower-thing works and that there is actually soap in the dispenser, Cheryl and I were in Arizona watching a glorious sunset in the desert. As the sky was lighting up with colors we looked at each other and said "I've seen this before." "But where?" "We've seen much better ones on T.V. growing up" although we had never seen a desert sunset before, there is also a usage "ACK?" (from sense 1) meaning "Are you there?" often used in email when earlier mail has produced no reply or during a lull in {talk mode} to see if the person has gone away (the standard humorous response is of course {NAK} (sense 2) i.e. "Uh I'm not here");

LXXIV

We all know (or at least we should) that hierarchical institutional structures are beyond salvation they are doomed already. The faster they are done away with the better. Good ideas are right for the time and beyond that time they are obsolete and that makes them bad ideas;

Always a nagging on my shirt sleeve. Something to do. Even activities that are supposed to be considered "pleasure" or "leisure" become responsibilities. I would like to take just one fucking week out of my life to do nothing – literally nothing – with no obligations whatsoever, so tonight I couldn't help but wondering what was running through his mind as he watched the show. I tried to imagine what would be running through my mind and I remembered all too easily. It was what made me want to search out another way because obviously that wasn't working anymore, we talked on a beautiful midSeptember day. She said she was tired of having to think in the narrow way which she had learned over the past ten years. She said she couldn't wait to break through and toss away the old habits – to have her sub-conscious break through her conscious mind like a seed turning to flower, We were discussing sensuality in the work of the well-known poet. He said "There's so much eroticism in his work and to be honest with you I wish I didn't know him personally. That way when he writes about his wife licking his hip I could imagine being slightly turned on more;

A /*/ is used for the 'schwa' sound of unstressed or occluded vowels (the one that is often written with an upside-down "e"). The schwa vowel is omitted in syllables containing vocalic r l m or n that is 'kitten' and 'color' would be rendered /kit'n/ and /kuhl'r/ not /kit'*n/ and /kuhl'*r/, and Arizona Ice Tea. How dumb can people be? Where is it notorious for being hot? Phoenix Arizona right? So they slap the name Arizona on the bottle to make you think it will even quench the thirst of people baking in 120 degree heat in Arizona. Suckers!, As a teenager I had come to the same conclusion that many teens do: that everybody and everything around me was half-assed and wrong. This included the bourgeois capitalist system that I was being forced to live under. Workers are being exploited! This sucks everybody should just share!, Hey kitty! You're like the queen of the ball the hot chick on the dance floor the girl in the spotlight. How do you do that? But stop drinking so much coffee or Pepsi or whatever it is that you do for all them bursts of energy cuz you might O.D. and we wouldn't want that. We love you just the way you are, I don't have enough talent to make it in the real world and how I'll never have enough money and my friends are all back-biting sons of bitches and everything in the world is beyond reclamation and when I'm numb with despair I'll slit my wrists and lay in the bathtub just like that guy in Caligula, telephones are an ideal form of communication! Surely there is no other invention of the twentieth century which can compare to that of the telephone. Whether you want to catch the latest gossip with your family or simply say hello to an old friend the telephone is there, who would go to the inconvenience of traveling to an out-of-the-way place to endure the discomfort of sitting on a hard seat for hour after hour in an auditorium without air conditioning at the height of the summer except out of devotion to the works of Richard Wagner?;

LXXVII

But what really is personal? Is not shared culture as personal as one's subjective experience? Where can we draw the line? Are we not as much shaped by what is outside us as what comes from within? Am I not as much a product of advertisers and goods as much as I am by my "singular nature?", Ideas themselves are startling rather than they exit from this particular mouth. Go figure. Yes mumsie would have to be aborted in her 150th trimester. Sad for her. As for me I do not procreate (though I practice a lot) I recycle and I have mastered my and others VCRs, The New York Times was only able to take him seriously 25 years after his death. And even then he was treated as an oddity. Of course they only quoted passages from his most well known novel all framed up in a box at the bottom of the page – an excerpt to comfort the Time's readers;

LXXVIII

Avoid those run-on sentences that just go on and on and on they never stop they just keep rambling and you really wish the person would just shut up but no they just keep going they're worse than the Energizer Bunny they babble incessantly and these sentences they just never stop they go on forever, first take: you enter a quiet out-of-the-way drugstore that has a display of walkers and bedpans in the window. Confident that no one you know will ever spot you here you stride over to the kindly old pharmacist at the back of the store. "Excuse me" you venture a little shakily. "Where are your rubbers?", Her butt was not just disgustingly HUGE but it had a certain shelflike quality to it that was truly amazing. Really her ass didn't gently SWELL like some fat asses it actually made a ninetydegree angle with her back. You could set something down on Mrs. Edmunds' shelf-ass and it would stay there, I jumped for joy - I was actually running around the empty house like a maniac filled with pleasure. And it was 8 a.m. and I was all alone and I had the world's greatest music collection at my fingers with the unlimited freedom to broadcast whatever the hell I wanted over the air, if we don't understand you and value you highly enough it's only because you're so near home and so easily available. If you were sitting on a mountain top and we had to walk miles without food and climb precipices to reach you clinging on to roots of trees then we would know what a treasure you are, Shopping for Booty: (53rd & 3rd vs. Forty-deuce) Your generosity is legend from rounds to trix. You not only act like a john you have the brief case love handles and credit cards to look like one too! Bring us your best shopping for booty look from Uncle Charlie's T-shirts to Benetton Travel-wear, the newspaper article told of a crack dealer who had a meteoric rise in Harlem. Finally it all collapsed in gunfire and he ended up in the hospital recovering but having lost the use of his legs. "It's funny" he said. "Now that I'm out of the business nobody calls me anymore", water balloons: yeah plain water balloons really belong to the gradeschoolers and the fraternity types with balloon launchers but how about putting about a tablespoon of Rit dye in the balloon before you fill it? Looks really nice on stucco or on white cinderblock where it gets a chance to soak in for a few hours, words you will not find in the Bible: dick scrub felch fisting toenail crank slick 50 winona hemi MC5 abortion is murder meat is murder christ was a chump xian sassy suckle squeal grrrls pie hole the virgin mary wasn't one blowjob smashing pumpkins disney slurp aardvark godzilla bossa nova;

Betty Botter bought some butter but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter will make my batter better. So she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better, brand me a sexist racist homophobe a B list or a category A sympathizer if I am a member of category A I will confess my sexism racism and homophobia I will persecute censor and shun any member so help me deity of unspecified gender, everyone keeps telling me what a big deal certain things are – this one is publishing a book with so-and-so this one got into a certain prestigious university with a scholarship this one is in a certain exhibition – that I have no idea of what is actually a "big deal" anymore, the dog took a shit on the street that was closer to the texture of piss. I put my plastic bag away and left the puddle lying there. An angry woman ran up to me tapped me on the shoulder and asked me if I was going to pick up the diarrhea. "Lady" I responded "To pick that up you'd need a straw", ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope: who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of present day will be supplied by the morrow: attend to the history of Rasselas prince of Abissinia;

Have you ever eaten so much sugar you go completely utterly insane for a few minutes? One time at IHOP a friend and I insisted on tasting every kind of syrup they had and consumed so much sugar we both started to laugh maniacally at the slightest thing we turned red and nearly fell over, internet modems acid house brain implants. Where do people come up with this stuff? I mean it's intriguing to get through to 8 gazillion people at once but something this big stands for something or maybe nothing. But what do I do in Cyberspace? Maybe my old-fashioned pen-and-ink brain just doesn't have room for another, so we woke up this morning and we were no longer who we had been for the previous part of our lives. We can't exactly say that we were someone new because if that was so we wouldn't have the knowledge to write this - we remember all too well who we were - it was what got us here today - but it's no longer who we are, the pungent odor of cranberry sauce makes you hurl but you must take a big bite and smile trying not to let the goo slip out of the corners of your mouth. Then after the ever-so-happy cook leaves to get the next course you let the glob of wretched food fall into the gaping maw of the family pet Spotty the llama;

LXXXII

As an exercise he wrote a page of the "worst writing imaginable" and he continued doing this every day for two and a half weeks. "It turned into something like Whitman" he recalled. "In ways that are almost impossible to do with correct language I found that I could address a lot of very large ideas", How could you print a recipe for basing and cooking crack? (I could give two shits about your disclaimer at the bottom.) A lotta brothers and sisters are gonna read your book children included. If someone wanted to experiment with it but didn't know you've just taught a whole lot of kids how to make this shit. Fuck you sucker, I am taking the only step that an artist can take with his work - that is to ask the tough questions and act in accordance with them. It's really the old Yves Klein leap into the void - I am jumping and somehow believe that I will be supported as I have been supported in the past. I am demanding your selfless support here, I have the joy of seeing my sagging personality-less face every time I look in the mirror. True bitterness is wishing you could carve yourself up like a turkey cutting away the swaying layers of fat and shake off the lifeless suit of spongy flab that you waddle through your life in. I want to emerge like a ninja;

LXXXIV

At intermission he told me of an old boyfriend of his. It seems that he was an odd combination of junkie and spiritual seeker. He said that he once took him to a very ludicrous lecture and revival at Lincoln Center. After the event he went home to meditate and passed out from the God-heroin mixture, I have become increasingly interested in working in fields in which I have no expertise. Take for example music. I am not a composer. I don't know how to read music. But that has not prevented me from writing scores. With no boundaries or borders I am free to pursue the realm of the professional amateur, it seemed like ordinary mail at first: some bills a newspaper ten million dollars from Ed McMahon and yet another flyer but there was more. Just behind the envelope bearing Ed's smiling face was another much bigger envelope. It had no return address but was postmarked in California. It almost sounded like laughter, well it's a little like the advantage Henry Ford had at the turn of the century. Only America was big enough to justify building mass-production centers for Fords. So here in the latter part of our century our market is the only one large enough to justify building the next Microsoft Windows software;

Because when you get that unsettled feeling in your belly the feeling that tells you something is inherently wrong with your town you go back inside take an antihistamine turn on CNN and lament the end of the civilized world. And you can blame everyone else. Because you live in the suburbs where the American Dream endures, mix the cocaine baking soda and comeback with enough water to cover it. Bring to a boil mixing constantly and watch the blend draw together. Place the resulting gel in ice water. Let cool into a solid mass. Remove the crack from water. Let it stand until completely dry and hard. Break into pieces. Serves 1000 or more, we were in our little suburban homes and it was 1971. Life magazine did a photo essay on a poor spider who had been fed what was probably a killer dose of LSD. Instead of spinning its typical geometric webs it was spinning gorgeous webs of free-form-acidinspired psychedelia;

LXXXVII

Your digestive system is your body's Fun House whereby food goes on a long dark scary ride taking all kinds of unexpected twists and turns being attacked by vicious secretions along the way and not knowing until the last minute whether it will be turned into a useful body part or ejected into the Dark Hole by Mister Sphincter;

LXXXVIII

"as long as (one) is alive" kula-"pond" + aampal "water lily" =
KuLaampal "pond water lily" cetta "dead" piRanta "born" + iTam "place"
= cettiTamum pi Rantilamum "the place where [people] die and are born
again" enta "which + enta = ententa which" pl.) colla "to speak" +
on(N)aata "impossible" + colloNaata, I would pressure them to have sex.
I would pressure them. I would say look um this would be a really good
thing for you to do for me and uh I suggest um that uh you know uh that
I would start intimidating them with my words and pushing them and
prodding them and uhh uhhh then I would start putting my hands on them
and getting um getting closer and closer;

LXXXIX

Dr. Johnson complain'd of Fleas to Mr. Mitchell of Brighthelmstone I remember & the old Man with much affected Gravity – said "Why Sir perhaps they are beneficial in emptying the Capillary Vessels & Flea bite o' me may be as good as Phlebotomy in such Cases." Johnson was very ill pleas'd & disliked Mitchell ever after, my only nourishment consists of food that is white: eggs sugar shredded bones the fat of dead animals veal salt coconuts chicken cooked in white water mouldy fruit rice turnips sausages in camphor pastry cheese (white varieties) cotton salad and certain kinds of fish (without their skin). I boil my wine and drink it cold mixed with the juice of the fuchsia, "stand up straight follow directions and you'll be fine." well ... well ... fine this muthafucker. i've sat and listened long enough i'm sick of being oppressed i'm sick of watching others be oppressed my feelings can only be expressed in rage i've learned all i need to know about what society stands for and i'm sick of it! ... hmm ... °think i'll get a nose ring ... and a tattoo ... yeah, well the trick is to balance your inner inner cerebral whirl on the brink of the utmost ultimate hazy high while downing a fifth ducking to avoid that mind-worm and trying to find that mushroom or other tab of the really fucked up stuff and your third eye is screammmmmming and your head is hammmmmmmering and when you wake up in de-tox the whole thing is over;

In reality I must admit that I have never struck a woman (even a piggy) and probably never would. The idea however of grinding your snout into a box of Ding-Dongs smearing it all over your piggy face and riding you around the room degrading you and slapping your big-ass meaty cheeks is such an arousing one however..., with? Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Bindad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Mindbad the Mailer and Henbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer, You have to notice sooner or later that there's no future in anything aside from spiritual development. You can get up to Vice President and die or get thrown out and die. I did that. I went through a whole company up to the top and what do you do after that? Whether it's your house or your wife or your kids - in anything there is no future;

Has his heart and mind become fossilized by the events that took place in a matter of three years? Did the events happen beyond his control? Did he have other options in life that he had failed to take to own the blame the responsibility? Could he have had more self-control? Was he destined to suffer? Do you have to live only in a world of conjectures?, I would say the average adult spends ten to twelve hours a day (including commuting) doing something that they don't enjoy. They come home eat dinner sit down watch TV and end up falling asleep after fifteen minutes because they were up at dawn to catch the 6 a.m. train into Manhattan. The next day they do the same thing over again. This goes on for years, Magda my assistant wrote me a letter congratulating me on the publication of my latest book. "I am fond of the second book because if you hadn't created it we would never have met. But you must know that I don't really like it. Whereas I was impressed by the introduction. Obviously you should consider becoming a prose writer", She called to return a phone call. When I thanked her for the lovely dinner party she threw a couple of days before I happened to mention that I thought one of the dinner guests was cute. "Well I used to think he was cute but I don't think he is anymore" she replied. "Really? What happened?" I queried. "Well it's not that he's not cute it is just that now I think you are cuter", when a com-poser feels a responsibility to make rather than accept he e-liminates from the area of possibility all those events that do not suggest the at that point in time vogue of profund-ity. For he takes himself seriously wishes to be considered great and he thereby diminishes his love and increases his fear;

I told him of my plans to travel for a month in India. I told him that I planned to do a long piece in Sanskrit a language which I neither speak nor write. He said: I don't know. Why don't you do a different type of writing when you are there – write something that will really "mean something" to you. That way you will be able to look back on your trip and really remember, Why not get together with some friends soon and say NO?! Say no to the draft or work or religion or authority figures or school say no to television patriotism political ideologies any of the thousand and one ways in which this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires. You'll find the more you do it the more;

XCI

But occasionally we would look back and remember who we were and we would toss it off as nostalgia. But slowly the pain started. And we tried to mask it with more of what gave it to us in the first place. And that made it worse. And it grew stronger. And we were aware enough to feel it. And we were aware enough of it that we didn't want to feel it anymore, Strict Dress Code Will Be Enforced: Legends know no code: boxing outfits for women: metallic posing suits: hooters Tshirts: poodle perms: obvious silicone jobs: football jerseys: bimbo domination: PMS boots: cruel or impossible tans: cheerleader drag: high heeled sneakers: hockey fan drag for butch women only barbell jewelry: kitty boots or Jackie couture;

XCIV

Are you a HEAVY FEMALE between 200 and 350 lbs. who can afford to take me out? Handsome SBM will escort you to dinners plays movies etc. black hair educated and have car. Non smoker. No dances discoes or additional fees required. I'm willing to travel to you up to a 25 mile radius from lincoln center, Eat more shit more. Shit more eat more. Meat more shit more. Shit more meat more. Heat more shit more. Shit more heat more. Heat more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more heat more. Shit more heat more burn more. Learn more shit more. Shit more learn more. Earn more shit more. Shit more earn more. Learn more earn more shit more. Earn more shit more learn more. Shit more earn more learn more. Earn more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more earn more. Shit more earn more burn more;

Betty Botter bought some butter but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter will make my batter better. So she bought a bit of butter better than her bitter butter and she put it in her batter and it made her batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter, drinking milk is like raping a man with a machine then strapping a woman to another machine and raping her with a gigantic dildo then shooting her up with drugs then when she gives birth steal her baby and sell it to a life of under-nourishment then coming back to the woman's house three times a day to pump her breasts dry and rape her again to start the process over, what really annoys me are digital clocks that go really slowly when you hold the button down. You know you're trying to adjust the time because the power went out or you're trying to set the alarm and they take forever just to change from one minute to the next. You find that you can go ten times faster just by hitting the button really fast. Why do clocks have the hold-down feature;

XCVI

I couldn't believe her talk at the dinner table. She was so full of herself it was truly shocking. What was worse was her construction of a complete totemic structure which she had created even before starting the prestigious academic program. I wondered how narrow and conforming her mind would be within a few years. Although she seemed happy I really feared for her;

XCVII

My father and I decided to take a trip to Bear Mountain in order to escape the city. After a long drive we arrived only to find a massive traffic jam at the entrance to the park. We patiently waited and when we got to the front of the line we were greeted with a sign that said "Mountain Closed Due To Overcrowding." We shrugged and like everyone else turned around the car, quite suddenly the weight of my own body disappeared. I felt that I owned nothing not even a self and that nothing owned me. The whole world became transparent and unobstructed in my own mind: the "problem of life" simply ceased to exist and I and everything around me felt like the wind blowing leaves across a field on an autumn day. This lasted for approximately eighteen hours, saw her on Prince Street today and we sat on a stoop in the bright early spring sunshine. Instead of our usual deep and meaningful talk we critiqued the dressing styles of all the passers-by. I must admit we have a tendency to get really catty. She was no fun as all she wanted to look at were the twentysomething guys where as I was interested in skirt lengths hems and leather;

XCIX

So if each (If) Each generation (to use a broad term) must reinvent the world for itself. (Then) Each generation is asking the same questions and essentially working on the same project. What makes the answers differ is the time in which each one is living – a lineage is created over time a family of people all asking the same questions (and yet arriving at different answers);

C

Say Goodnight Gracie. Goodnight George. Whoops. Sammy Davis Jr. word is that Sammy weighed less than his age which was 64 at the time of his death. No shit. Only the oldest skinniest corpses can pull that off. The heaviest part of his body was probably his glass eye which I hope some mortician's assistant had the good sense to remove as a keepsake. It'd be a waste to bury the motherfucker;

CII

Every day Mr. Yerman hand copies the Torah letter by letter with a turkey quill. While he slowly works he prays. Before returning to his easel Mr. Yerman recalled how he was aghast when he and his wife saw a television commercial for a portable copier and fax machine. "I thought it was frightening" he said. "My wife said 'Of course you find it frightening. You write with a feather'", the kids. The parents. The dogs and cats. The cars. The fucking MTV PSA's to save the Earth by separating your newspapers. Know what? I throw my bottles cans and newspapers in with my fucking trash. And that's just the beginning baby. I'm ending the world. Here and now. I'm ushering in the apocalypse with my garbage can and I could give a fuck which suburb is the first to go. You spend 18 years;

CIV

Seeing her despair I wrote her a note telling her that I thought that she should return to her more open-spirited work in the arts. I told her that I thought it was a good idea to get away from the fiercely competitive egotistic and money oriented artworld that she was so deeply invested in. It was taking her nowhere and I could see that the past fifteen years had devastated her, we went to visit him and then he came to New York to visit my studio. We looked at the encyclopedic artwork and he commented that he felt that this was something which I could work out of for years. I took what he had to say into consideration and finally came to the conclusion that although he might have been right after I was done with this work I'd never want to think about it anymore;

CV

Hello Teenage America. My name is Suzie Creamcheese. I'm Suzie Creamcheese because I've never worn fake eyelashes in my whole life and I never made it on the surfing set and I never made it in the beatnik seat and I couldn't cut the groupie set either and um actually I really fucked up in Europe. Now that I've done it all over and nobody else will accept me I've come home to my Mothers, remember how when we were younger the whole world seemed wonderful so full of goodness? We awoke to happy people on "Sesame Street" where nothing ever went wrong. But as we grew older our eyes were opened to the evils of our world. Words such as "racism" "prejudice" and something followed by "phobia" were words that we now understood as the eternally perky newscaster repeated them over and over, you might walk into a hospital get tired lay down somewhere to take a nap and wake up with a baboon-liver. You might sneeze and it might happen to sound exactly like the mating call of the giraffe and there might be a giraffe in the area. You might go to the park to feed breadcrumbs to the pigeons but then when you run out of breadcrumbs the pigeons might start a riot pecking out the eyes of innocent park-goers;

CVII

At the farmer's market an old farmer was being interviewed by a film crew. He was asked about pesticides microwaves and finally about corporate involvement in the food industry. "They poison us" he said. "Where money is involved the food becomes spoiled." He was then asked what his view was of the future. He looked directly into the camera with a glint in his eye and said "Things will not remain this way forever";

CVIII

Gille a stock character in medieval plays usually a fool or country bumpkin. While hoeing he uncovers a mole and part of a seed. "Quickly finished I call to the limping man that." Every pitcher has a crack in it. If a philosophy or moral is intended it is very obscure. "Is it Chinese cabbage?" It is to be assumed that he refers to the seed he found. At any rate he love a life of pleasure, please explain to me the difference between "patronizing" a titty bar and working out at the health club an institution that thrives on lookism and people's insecurities about their appearance and extracts money from the unknowing victims of this cultural perversion and enslaves women in particular to relative starvation and attracts men who fantasize about meeting mindless "exercise" partners;

CX

It would appear that Burger King even chooses the names for new products with the design of their cash registers in mind. For example their fish sandwich is called the "Whaler" which is easily printed using the W H E and R from 'WHOPPER' the A from 'EAT IN' and the 'L' from 'ONLY'. However it could just have easily been called 'FISH' by taking the F in 'FRIES' the I in 'DIET' and the S and H from 'CASH' so it appears, my cat was playing in a plastic bag today. Well wouldn't you know it she got caught in the handle. We thought it was so cute how she ran around the room scared of the freaky zingy BAG MONSTER that held on and threatened to have her feline flesh for din-din. Yeah it was really funny how she rolled down the basement stairs. Ha ha. Then I seen her limping on her little kitty foot. Poor meow meow. I'm sorry for laughing about the bag monster, people I'd punch in the face if I knew the cops wouldn't catch me and the person's friends wouldn't beat me down or kill me: Daryl Gates (L.A.P.D.) George Bush Ronald Reagan Dan Quayle (2x) Tom Metzger Oxnard Skinheads Duran Duran Erik Estrada Henry Rollins whoever is in charge of the DMV whoever decided to bring back bellbottoms fools who talk smack your mama for having you most government workers and all meter maids, since 47 ... Re7? Walks into 48 c4 meet Symyslov had to stay 47 ... c5 48 bc Re7. But quite soon after 53 Ke4! Kc4 54 f6! All resistance became futile. On 54 ... gf 55 Rh6 by either 55 ... Rf7 or 55 ... Rg7 would be broken up by Kf5. Symyslov gave up there, the ear is on fire: sounds are on fire: the nose is on fire: odors are on fire: the tongue is on fire: tastes are on fire: the body is on fire: things touchable are on fire: the brain is on fire: ideas are on fire: mind-consciousness is on fire: impressions received by the mind are on fire: and whatever sensation pleasant or unpleasant or indifferent originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind that also is on fire;

Amazing economic theory: Rupee for Rupee you get more for your Rupee than you'd get Pound for Pound. Dollar for Pound. Mark for Pound. Dollar for Mark. Franc for Yen. Lire for Yen for Kroner for Rand. Rand for Franc for Kroner for Lire for Dollar. Baht for Rouble for Baht for Dollar for Pesos. Dinars for Riyals for Petrodollars. Because economics is economics. The World Bank is the World Bank. The Rupee is the Rupee. However, do you remember your first kiss? Yep. It was at camp before the ninth grade. It was all tongue. I was thinking "This is it? This is disgusting." I actually had my first orgasm before my first kiss. I was slow-dancing in the eighth grade with a friend in a basement. It was to the song "Mandy" by Barry Manilow. I didn't even know I was having an orgasm. I just thought "Boy this is a great dance." So the guy had no role whatsoever, I said to a friend recently "Looking back I can see that I was pretty much a complete asshole. Sometimes I think I didn't know what was going on at all." He said "Well that's not true but there must be some things you didn't see - but then how could you see everything?" I said "Okay but still I had deep flaws which made me deeply inconsiderate of others. It wasn't my intention that I know but I was unwilling and unable to see my flaws", I saw Hannah Weiner at a party and asked her what she had been doing all summer. "I wrote eight hundred pages" she replied. "Very impressive" I said. "But" she said "I have much more work to do." "How can that be so?" I queried. "Well I edited the work down to four" she said. "Four hundred pages sounds like plenty to me. What more work could you possibly do?" I asked. She grinned and said "I edited not to four hundred but literally down to four";

CXIII

I'm starting to feel old for the first time in my life these days. Well not feeling OLD per se. I know better than that but being conscious of the fact that I'm getting older. Like when I was 18 I didn't stop to think that only seven years earlier Star Wars came out or whatever. I still feel like I can do anything. I still feel like driving around drinking beer with no particular destination in mind. I don't feel 18 but 24, she once described the family as an Atreus clan in which fathers castrate sons and mothers smother them with love in which mothers cast out daughters and daughters defame mothers in which brother harms brother and brothers rise against sisters just as sisters rise against brothers in which daughters are disowned and daughter-in-laws are pushed aside in which men are feminine and women masculine and in which a great-grandchild nibbles of the liver of another;

CXIV

I'm running out of procrastination techniques. Anyone have any suggestions? Keep a messy room with magazines and papers all over the floor. When you feel you are on the verge of working swear to yourself you won't do a like lick of it until you clean your room. Then as you're cleaning your room don't forget to become attracted and engrossed by every other article you come across in the mags and papers strewn on your floor. Guaranteed to take hours!;

CXV

At dinner last night he told me of his impending death of AIDS in the Chelsea Hotel. I thought of the few months that I worked for him and how much I admired his minimal lifestyle. He had one pair of jeans and one white button-down cotton shirt which he kept perfectly pressed. He had no material possessions except his gallery which was located in the tiniest storefront in Soho – oh and he also had this black poodle that followed him everywhere, I was fifteen when I got turned on to marijuana. Finally there was marijuana: Wow! Marijuana! Me and a friend of mine went up into the hills with two joints the San Francisco foothills and smoked these joints and just got so high and laughed and roared and went skipping down the streets doing funny things and just having a helluva time. It was great it was just what I wanted it was the perfect it was – and that wine thing was so awful and this marijuana;

CXVI

Hi this is a picture of me. I look like a schmuck huh? We got these pictures for free because they took pictures of my mom and screwed up so they took pictures of me for free. Look at my hair. What the hell? Why do I have the little thing coming off my hairline that "widow's peak?" Am I Dracula or what? Oh well. Geez! I'm uglier than a goat's ass. I'm a nipple smack. Do I look like Curious George? That's what my brother says. Please write me back. I never get mail anymore;

CXVII

I know what you're thinking! "This must be some kind of sneaky under-handed hollywood-hyped flim-flam rip-off scheme to separate me from my hard-earned savings!" But you're wrong! It's not sneaky at all!!! It really is the perfect get rich formula which only I have discovered in other words: Power! Excitement! Satisfaction! Thrills! Ecstasy! Romance! Therapy! Happiness! Entertainment! Companionship! Respect! Eloquence! Excellence! Peace!! I can't say it any plainer!!;

CXVIII

One night we were walking our dog. As we passed in front of a fancy restaurant Cheryl shrieked "There's Linda Evangelista!" Suddenly the dog who was off the leash bolted away from us and went trotting up to Linda who proceeded to bend down and pet her. We were too starstruck to say a word and soon enough Linda was whisked away by a bodyguard and Babette returned to us. Cheryl turned and looked at me and said with all seriousness "I'll never wash that boxer";

CXX

tokyo eye tokyo crying somewhere seeking inside supermen sighting
nowhere seven two nine luck is around the sun bear ticket to die ticket
to ride the junk star in the mind of the bourgeois reader yeh i don't
care about dirty hair all praise due queen and yogi bear said get back
in the boat yeh come set me out to mystery mister e-mind ye yr carrot
soufflé's got me on the skids i don't care about dirty hair gotta fuzzy
finger miss bunny tail hip hop till you drop yeh;

CXXII

In the cool of a suburban summer night young men stare blankly at a waxed curb Snapple in hand waiting their turn. In an Upper West Side apartment "intellectuals" debate a burning question – who possesses the American dream Hugh Hefner or Al Bundy? In a small village in an equally minute African village a young boy is becoming a man with the help of a little paint. At a frat-house in the Deep South an 18-yearold is taking a plunge from a higher, true but that doesn't stop us from coming back day after day week after week etc. after etc. everyone wants a miracle 4 week cure instead of doing what is really necessary i.e. a complete change of lifestyle meaning doing some exercise and cutting out foods that are hard to metabolize i.e. fats and sugars. Muscle weighs about 4?(7?) times what fat weighs. So if all your fat suddenly got converted into muscle you'd be heavier;

CXXIII

And since I have a very complex uneasy relationship to blow jobs as do many of my women friends – something about being silenced about dick in your face as if it would obliterate your identity with its demand – giving head is not a part of my fantasy life ... but on this one day while listening to the tape and staring absently at my work I found myself in a reverie imagining an ecstatic fellation of the current object of my desire, scrackers and Checker Rek cehc dnas rek carcs Srek cehc dnas rek carc Rackers and checkers Scrackers and check Kceh C dna srek carcs Srek ceh C dna srek C a Ckersand Checkers Scrackers and che Eh C dna srek carcs Srek cehc dna srek Ers and checkers Scrackers and C Cdnas Rek carcs Srek ceh C dnasr Sand crackers Scrackers an Nasr ek carc S Srek cehc dna Nd checkers Scrackers Srek cars Srek cehd Checkers Scracke Ek Carcs Srek ceh Ec kers Scrac Carcs Srekc Cers Scr Rcs Sr;

CXXIV

bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you
want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen:
everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where
the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade:
ever since: it adds: tap the a.: even the A.: and I acknowledge:
Punch's: Percival: don't mock: don't touch: he that is: my back: 'tis
only I: who's afraid: off again: phantom: pick him: play it: Richard's
sold again: spray it: that boy: you can say: act your, the general
consensus seems to be that life sucks. The question is: "Does it
swallow?" In my experience I'd say no it just lays low until it can
snowball you. Whether this is good or bad I can't say it all depends
how far into the kinky you are. A deeper and more profound revelation
may come from determining whether or not life goes beyond sucking and
if so to what degree. Personally I think it's a conspiracy devised by a
hedgehog but that's neither here nor there;

CXXIX

How do you write about control without getting stuck in a morass of self-reference? The act of writing especially for me is an exercise in control of control. All these abstract thoughts float around until i snatch them from the air put them in order and align them in rows on a screen. Then they're mine. i own them. Are all writers people who have been talking about personal angst versus universal angst – as if the two concepts had no overlap at all – as if one were somehow “purer” than the other?, I saw a TV segment about Buddhist monks who in the winter built a gigantic statue of the Buddha from butter. It took two monks all winter to complete it. When the weather warms the statue melts to the ground. When questioned as to why they spent so much time on a work only to have it melt a few months later the monks explained that all things are destroyed eventually so why not. I think they were just covering up and consuming the statues in a limpid frenzy in order to look more like the Buddha;

But a reference book can also be all of the above without having to pretend anything at all: think of Boswell or M.'s Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna – they are not really meant to be read like a conventional work of literature. How fantastic the scope of those books! How large they are! How long they are! How much like life they are! So little narrative or just as the narrative gets going it gets cut off – just like life itself – so many small details so much insignificance adding up to a great big picture, the van driver told me how he was in graduate school studying to become a preservation ornithologist. He described his fieldwork where his team went to wild areas and suspended a net between two trees that was invisible to the birds. In this manner he captured the specimens that he wanted. I asked him what he did with all the things that he captured in the net that he did not want. He said he simply threw them back. I then told him of my similar project – that of capturing certain sounds out of the air;

CXXXIII

If someone calls you a L4m3 p0s3ur n4rk retaliate by calling them a st00pld n4r|< w4nn4b3 14m3r d0rk and accuse them of b34t1ng Off while th3y r34d th3 st34my m3ss4g3s on #hotsex 3v3n th0 th3y'r3 jUst a L4me 12-y34r-0ld p0s3ur wh0 pl4yz On h1s 'pUt3r wh113 h1z p4r3nts 4r3 g0n3. If someone calls you a st00pld n4r|< w4nn4b3 14m3r d0rk and makes the above stated accusations then just say "1 iz 2 3l33t t0 3v3n t4lk t0 y0u s0 1 4m Off1c14lly iGNOR1NG u n0w 4nd \\/\On'T 4nSw3r U 4nyM0r3, if someone calls you a lame poseur nark retaliate by calling them a stoopid nark wannabe lame dork and accuse them of beating off while they read the steamy messages of the hotsex number even though they're just a lame 12 year old poseur who plays on his 'puter while his parents are gone. If someone calls you a stoopid nark wanna be lame dork and makes the above stated accusations then just say "I is too elite to even talk to you so I am officially ignoring you now and won't answer you anymore, there is nothing more annoying than catching one's socks on a sharp unseen nailpoint after what one has thought to be a successful clipping. For me it is akin to accidentally biting down on one's fork during a hearty meal (that sudden sharp metallic taaang ... ughhh). Embarrassingly I do find myself neglecting to trim the nails at times. Perhaps I occasionally derive a Samson-like pleasure at the secret sight of my long toenails privately considering them some sort of source of virility. I am not sure;

Jousting for dominance in which when defined and defining as power (as one avant-garde overtaking another) which value is defined as power represent an alternative to such bluntness as antithetical to the complex process of writing and the multifold relations between that process and its dissemination to other writers to individual readers to the culture as a whole through its ideas and recursively to the writer all such metered nonsense by people afraid to face the future, why is there no cure for AIDS? Why was there slavery? Why is there still slavery? Why is there no real freedom? Why is it always a black/white thing? Why did he kill his girlfriend? Why did they get a minimum sentence? Why did they kick his ass? Why does he look so "fine" now? Why can't we say what the fuck we want? Why are we too young? Why are parents a pain in the ass? Why do we still love them? Why do some men "Fuck?" Why do women "make love?" Why can't we all just get along? Why is this world falling apart? Why is there a big fucking hole in the ozone layer?;

CXXXVII

Sometimes I feel like everything I'm doing has been done before. It's just the particulars that have changed. It's the same project with new clothes on it. Strip it down and the structure is identical. Older artists complain that they have never received proper credit for the work that they have done. They claim that people have a memory that doesn't go back any longer than oh say five years. And then I begin to think that we are progressing in an ever-upward spiral – passing over and over the same points just another level or two higher;

CXXXVIII

First you get on top of a building that is about 60' tall with about 50' of rope and 40' of piano wire plus some epoxy or crazy glue. Then tie the rope around your feet and the piano wire around your neck and crazy glue your hands to your head. Then you jump off the building and at the end of the wire your head is severed cleanly from your neck and at 50' the rope catches and you are flipped upside down and your hands extend so that you are hanging dead and upside down with your severed head in your hands. Pretty cool huh?, Swami underwent heart surgery this week. Bobbie said that they had to do six bypasses. "What does that mean?" I asked her. "Well they have to open your chest cavity in order to get to your heart. Then they have to go into your leg and extract some veins. And then they have to sew you back together." "Wow" I replied. "Maybe Swami should speak less of the mind and more of the body." She told me that Swami didn't care - he was not attached to this body and was just as glad to be relieved of it. Certainly he admitted such things were beyond his power;

CXXXIX

The past two weeks have been crazy. My dad had a massive heart attack 13 days ago. He has been having some problems for the past couple of years but he was under pretty careful supervision. He had an assortment of medication that he was taking and was also on a diet of some sort. It happened during breakfast on a Thursday. He was eating his scrambled eggs bacon coffee and toast when he suddenly clutched his chest and nose-dived into the bowl of sugar on the table. He died immediately. Mom and I looked on in horror;

CXL

Just one thing eliminate your DADA or any "art-fag" references and you will be ten times scarier EYE FOR EYE: up to the eye. or again "questo visibile parlare" (dante). or "to see with free eyes" (oswaldo de andrade). pop videogram. reviews re-viewed. stars starlets politicians poets birds a black jaguar pelé sousândrade car lights the washing-machine's eye traffic signs. eyes. metamorphosis. mouths. BB's (tooth for tooth) mouth. a babel of eyes. haroldo baptized: BABOEIL. "no tongue! all eyes! be silent." (shakespeare via, the stupid planet that evolved us sucks. Our solar system sucks!! Our sun is a lousy boring small star that won't even turn into a super nova or black hole or something cool like that. None of the nearby planets have any cool aliens and Jupiter is a giant bag of stinking gas. Does it matter which of us on a sucky planet imaginatively named Earth in some sick joke of a solar system personally suck more? Here's to equality of sucking ... Errrrrrrr.....I can't think of a better way to put it. That doesn't sound quite right. Oh ah;

CXLI

Life sucks boyfriends suck I suck my mother sucks everyone I have even vaguely known sucks. And I hope Armageddon comes so I can watch everyone and everything burn in hell for all eternity. Even if I have to give up heaven to do it. And for anyone who has ever wondered chewable gravel tastes like shit. Never. Or in other words fuck you. Life is not good. Life sucks. Life and upper level math classes suck. Women who will lick my face but won't go out with me suck. Argh. Oh well. I'm glad your life is good. Mine is shit so you just be happy elsewhere, we're like if you're out in Kansas in the middle of Rock 'n' Roll tour season and Public Enemy's tour bus is coming down one road and AC/DC's bus is coming down another road and The Judds are overhead in an airplane just looking down and watching it all then Tesco Vee comes roaring up on a hog between everybody and they all smash into each other and James Brown comes around afterwards and just starts rifling through people's pockets listening to Houses of the Holy on a Walkman and wearing a Minor Threat t-shirt 'cause he's down with Ian's ear;

CXLIV

For a free detailed inside story on percussionist MONGO SANTAMARIA who is a con artist thief coke head deliberate spreader of sexually transmitted diseases notorious liar racist sexist violent and sexually sadistic abuser of women Communist and Fidel Castro lover please send a SASE to the above address. Don't miss out on the shocking truth about this monster! One has to judge him not by the pounding sound he creates on his instrument but by his low horrifying scandalous behavior;

CL

Go to a place where there are white elephants. Bring with you a muffin (with raisins). Climb a tree. When the white elephant is close drop the muffin (with raisins) in front of it. The white elephant will be happy and eat the muffin (with raisins). White elephants like muffins (with raisins). Repeat this procedure for five days in a row. After the fifth day the white elephant will be used to its daily muffin (with raisins). The sixth day you climb the tree bring with you a muffin without raisins. Drop the muffin as usual. When the white elephant finds out that the muffin lacks raisins it will darken in anger, "Over the years there have been a number of commercials in which the music sounds like Philip Glass" said Joe Wheeler the composer's manager. "And in 9 out of 10 cases it's not. And while flattering to a point it can become a distortion of a composer's music and philosophy." Mr. Wheeler points out however that Mr. Glass does not object in principle to his work being used in commercials. He has written a simple theme that will be included on an electronic chip in a new line of Swatch watches. He has also written music for MCI and Christian Dior, why would some dumb motherfucker who lives on the other side of the country want to make fun of my cracks when his aren't even funny? The guy's never met me before what a freak. If his cracks were funny I'd have no problem with it but they're not. Mine are 5 times funnier than his stupid feeble attempts to be funny. He just wants to be popular and be the one to put someone down. What a fucking nerd. Chris dickhead Pike don't own Mush Slap does. And they put in whoever they want to. Why don't you close your legs Chris dickhead Pike because it smells like a dead pike. White trash. Because you got a pussy down there;

Don't you hate it when you ahumno wait....wait a
 minuteI'll get it in a secondaaaaah
geezwhat was I gonna sayuuuum
hmmmmmmmmmmOh yeah that was itno
 waitthat wasn't itwhat the hell was I gonna say?
ARRRRRGH!uuuumaaaah
what's that wordthat means something but sounds so
 different from what it really means?uuuum
aaaaaaaaaaaaahgoshsigh
hmmmmmmmmwasn't it...aaaah....don't you hate
 it when youuuuumyou knowforget your
 medicationandI think that youaaahummm
uuuummm ...go crazy ...causeuuuhmthe icecream man
forgot to load the icecream conewithaaaah
 ...the blanksand DARN! ...that still wasn't it. OH WAIT NOW
 I REMEMBERaaaaahooooopsfalse alarm folks
OKgive just a few more, we are all on a huge party
 line. Thirty million of us joined together in a massive chicks night
 out to talk about cute boys our latest thrift store finds the best kind
 of bubblegum new shoes rad girls ruling cars what kinda boyfriend you
 rilly want the worst date of your life the asshole boyfriend you had
 last year (yikes!) and the cheeziest pick up line you ever had ...
 everything! It will be simply euphoric. This is our place. Yours and
 mine. I want you to check out every nook and cranny. I demand your
 presence daily. I've got all those things down there that are dying for
 you to check out. Just point and shoot your kevo bo beeva;

At lunch the famous artist told me about his clinical depression. I told him that he seemed to be doing much better. "Well" he began "my doctor has prescribed Prozac." "Really?" I inquired. "Yes. I was afraid to start taking it but then I realized that it would help me in awkward social situations. For example I felt that I could now be in a room full of people that intimidated me and feel no fear but..." "But what?" I asked him. "But instead what happened was when I took it it made me ask myself 'Why would I want to be in a room full of people that intimidated me in the first place?'" he answered, I'm not what one would call an ambitious man who solicits. I don't like soliciting - in the first place because it's tiring - and then generally it doesn't do any good. I don't expect anything. I don't need anything. Soliciting is one of the forms of need the consequence of a need. This doesn't exist for me because fundamentally I have gotten along fine without producing anything for a long time now. I don't ascribe to the artist that sort of social role in which he feels obligated to make something where he owes himself to the public. Of such considerations I have a horror;

CLIX

I recommend this book to all people and guarantee that reading it will result in the most profound experience of your life no matter who you are. It is still the best book I've read in twenty years. It is simultaneously comic tear-jerking moral spiritual insightful and mysterious. It is both hard to read and hard to put down and it bears rereading like few others. As is the case with many authors I wept at the end of the penultimate chapter. A mind bending book from an author who is himself a professional mental chiropractor. It's the best - not fluff in any sense - a real mind-bender, many introverted hackers who are next to inarticulate in person communicate with considerable fluency over the net perhaps precisely because they can forget on an unconscious level that they are dealing with people and thus don't feel stressed and anxious as they would face to face. Though it is considered gauche to publicly criticize posters for poor spelling or grammar the network places a premium on literacy and clarity of expression. It may well be that future historians of literature will see in it a revival of the great tradition of personal letters;

CLXIII

We do not read the Bible – but we do care for & we do read the newspaper – it is a bible which we read every morning & every afternoon standing & sitting – riding & walking – it is a bible which lies on every table & counter which every man carries in his pocket which the mail & thousands of missionaries are continually dispersing – it is the only book which America has printed and is Capable of exerting an almost inconceivable influence for good or bad. The editor is preacher whom you voluntarily support your tax is commonly one cent – and it cost nothing for pew-hire;

It was April 15 1993 and I was taking the cross-town bus to a birthday party for Boog on the West Side. A crazy lady was mumbling to herself in the seat across from me. She was going through her purse and finally pulled out a dollar bill and threw it on the floor. She got up and left at the next stop. Two elderly ladies who were sitting behind her were watching the proceedings carefully. One of them made sure that the crazy lady was off the bus looked around quickly and grabbed the dollar. She took it back to her friend. The two examined it closely and as she stuffed it into her purse she exclaimed "There's nothing wrong with this dollar!";

((((((((((((When will the world change instead of you. Well if we could get all the people in all the wars currently going on in the world to stop killing each other and get on the internet and write whatever they want to even if it doesn't make sense the world would change. Also if people who want the world to change would do something kind for someone – some act of heroism – the world would change. Many people change the world. Some people choose to change the world by obliterating as much as they can of it but other people rebuild it. It is relatively easy to sit and whine or to shoot something or someone or burn it but it takes a greater person to clean it up and start over))))))));

CLXXXII

Of course the differences between people aren't nearly as puzzling as the veritable plethora of inconsistencies that are observably demonstrated by any given individual person. Take for example the guy (and most of us know at least one of this ilk) who daily spends hour upon painstaking hour washing drying waxing buffing and vacuuming his car. Yet this same guy who by the light of the moon meticulously removes the dead bugs from his grille using Palmolive and Q-tips somehow fails to completely towel off his entire face after shaving in the morning and thus can regularly be seen walking around with small residual gobs of drying white foam caked behind his ears;

CLXXXIV

Master Killer. Dreadnaught. Iron Monkey. Master of the Flying Guillotine. Shao Lin vs. Lama. Mad Monkey Kung Fu. Fearless Hyena I. Project A. 5 Venoms. Super Cop I. Drunken Master I & II. The Barefoot Kid. Legendary Weapons of Kung Fu. Moon Warriors. Shao Lin Executioner. These are just a few but don't think they're the only ones 'cause there is a huge industry that pumps these babies out. And if you're wondering why there are no Bruce Lee flicks in this list it's because BRUCE LEE IS A SUCKER AND JACKIE CHAN WOULD PUNK HIM WITH A FLYING SHADOWLESS 12 TOED MUDCARP KICK IN HIS FACE BEFORE HE COULD EVEN THINK ABOUT PULLING OUT THOSE STUPID-ASS NUNCHUCKS. Anyway watch these movies and strive for peace and love more;

CLXXXV

You see I've been thinking about the suburbs and how much they disgust me. And how much you disgust me because 99% of you live in the American Wetdream that is the suburbs. But I don't hate you. And I don't despise you. But you do disgust me - I resent you. And that's significantly different than common page-deep hate. If I hated you I'd avoid contact with you. I'd scream in agony every time I saw you every time I went to the mall for a pair of shoes. Every time I ate at a McDonalds. Every time I drove through the highbrow neighborhoods to get to the lowbrow track. I might even run over your dog one night. But I don't. But you do disgust me. And I do resent you. I resent breathing your same air;

CXC

O sleeper O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is
innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is innocent O.J. is
innocent safe and secure wanking wan king won king won ding mon ding
mon dick bon dick big dick why now brown cow not the why nor who nor
how it is all to just allow allow all entities to be endowed or he who
is most endowed allowed the cow all right I was up all night to the
sound around that's when I found a hound who made no sound at least
aloud why sigh or even cry when there is a chance to deify and wither
away to almost NOTHING observe yourself living observe yourself living
i/o 360 was here and catfish is a non-sequitur;

CXCII

As he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted it was a dark and stormy night as he noted a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a cactus climbing down the stairs pointing out to him a breeze swinging a breeze swinging a breeze swinging a breeze swinging a breeze and now I think it's time to stop screaming and start thinking stop htmling and start writing and I wonder how long this sneeze can echo in the ears of the big Kahuna?;

CXCIII

All you skaters jaywalkers party goers owners of cars with incorrectly tinted windows communists people who don't wear seatbelts or come to a complete three-second stop at a stop sign unlicensed vendors fans of unapproved music you owners of illegal fireworks anarchists flag burners sidewalk spitters pot smokers flyer pasters parking criminals underage beer consumers copiers of copyrighted tapes purchasers of chemicals that 80-year-old readers of the Bible don't like punks loiterers you who make a living off recycling cans you hippies animal rights activists men who wear dresses protesters non-registrants with the Selective Service and especially you violators of stereotypes that we can't classify: you are;

CXCIV

Sammy Davis Jr. Word is that Sammy weighed less than his age which was 64 at the time of his death. No shit. Only the oldest skinniest corpses can pull that off. The heaviest part of his body was probably his glass eye which I hope some mortician's assistant had the good sense to remove as a keepsake. It'd be a waste to bury it. Now Jerry Garcia longtime figurehead for a dope smoking blotter sucking dance-in-the-aisles sold-out hippie culture Jerry is now paying for the finest doctors & prescription drugs with the cash you spent on a stadium seat in '72 or '79 or '84 or '92. Don't tell me how incomparably communal you felt after that mesc. I dropped a tab and watched Mary Tyler Moore;

CXCV

My son is under the doctor's care and should not take P.E. today. Please excuse him. Please excuse Mary for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot. Please excuse Fred for being. It was his father's fault. Please excuse Fred being absent on Jan. 28 29 30 31 32 and 33. Mary could not come to school today because she was bothered by very close veins. Mary was absent from school yesterday as she was having a gangover. Please excuse Mary from Jim yesterday. She was administrating. Please excuse Fred for being absent. He had a cold and could not breed well. Please excuse Mary. She has been sick and under the doctor. Please excuse Mary from being absent yesterday. She was in bed with grandpa;

CXCVII

Kjerstin Rustad Hjalmar Andbjornson Gjertrude Aslakson while below we see the fruits of pseudo-Scandinavianization: BEFORE AFTER Miguel Hernandez Mjigjuel Hernandezson Gina Cabrini Gjina Cabrinistad Malcolm X Mjalcolm Xstad Prince Pjrinceson Mind you this process can be dangerous in the hands of improperly trained personnel so watch out: John Jones Jjjkjgjhjjjjohjjkjnn Hjkjonestadsonstad ABBAAAA A BB A BBABBBBAABABBABABBABAAA "Einstein vas ahead of his time" says a coworker. "Always he vas getting drunk unt saying zings like 'Hey Klaus vhy don't you and me fax our penises to London eh?'"

CXCIX

He made me feel dirty. I didn't know what he was going to do to me. Even though now I'm safe I still worry all the time. I worry about being taken away. I worry that someone might hurt me. John Esposito should go to jail for as long as he can. If another little girl or boy were kidnapped or sexually abused I would advise them to talk to an adult or go to the police. They should talk to the police. They should talk about everything with their therapist if they have one. And they should try to be brave. I learned to be brave for being on my own. Now I feel safe with my foster family. Other people who made me feel safe were the District Attorney's office Mr. Catterson Mary Brumley the police friends and family. Katherine Katie Marie Beers;

CC

Nothing is coincidental everything is significant to what I don't know
tired so tired so much to do in the present in the future where there
will be no time no time so to speak no space no place to sit but space
in space doing a life sentence in a cell in space in a space without
time in time tired tired so little time no time there is time in space
but no space doing time doing space in a cell a life sentence in space
in time with no time a cell in space in the future there will be no
space no time but all space and time and so tired so tired there is no
time no space in space but space and time in inner space in a cell in
space in outer space doing time making time a life sentence in space
and time revolving in the future there will be no space no time in
space but space in time in a cellar;

CCIX

My father is always looking for a solution to his many woes. This quest has led him down the New-Age path. This started many years ago when he and my mother returned from a week-long Silva Mind Control seminar in Texas. Upon returning he gathered us kids into the car and told us with pride that due to the methods he had learned in the past week we would never again have to stop for a traffic light – he now could use his Mind Control to change the situation. Excitedly we climbed into the car. As we approached the first red light – viola! – it went green. We applauded and as we came up to the next light it too turned green. Rather impressed we awaited the next light and as we approached it it was red and it stayed that way. We stopped for that light and it looked like we'd be stopping for red lights for the foreseeable future;

Take out a safe deposit box but preferably under an assumed name. One year's rental is not that expensive. Get some material which will begin to decompose preferably fish pack it and place in your box at the bank of your choice. When packaging remember that decomposing matter will expand at a slow rate so leave a little room in the box. Not only are banks prohibited by law from opening safe deposit boxes but how can you tell which box the smell is coming from? Well eventually they might discover it yet if they open your box before your rental runs out after one year one might even consider making a court case out of it. I mean your mother might have given you the fish before you left Chicago and you wanted to make sure it didn't get ripped off. Couple three "fish" boxes and who knows? The Mad Bomber;

CCXVIII

Why Johnny Cash is cooler than Henry Rollins: Johnny Cash wore black before Henry Rollins. Johnny Cash is humble Henry Rollins is an ego maniac. Johnny Cash's new record is just him and a guitar. Rollins last record was an over-produced rock star extravaganza. Johnny Cash has live albums from various prisons Henry Rollins has them from various European countries. Henry Rollins' best stuff was S.O.A. his first band and he's gotten progressively weaker (saw him on Conan O'Brien's show ... sucked). Johnny Cash improves with age like a fine wine. Henry plays barefoot Johnny Cash wears boots. Henry sings about how hard it is to live with himself (Low Self Opinion) Johnny Cash sings about how hard it is to live in jail (Folsom Prison Blues). Johnny Cash is the original Black wearing man Henry Rollins is a perpetrator;

CCXX

I tried Reality once but was lucky enough to find out that it was highly addictive in time. After that little nasty incident it has been one cascading highly imaginative adventure after the other. As I spiral into the deep catacombs of man's destiny and get closer to the meaning of it all I realize that we are all only dreaming of an unattainable Utopia. Wow! Now you tell me that isn't the most incredibly profound thing that you've read in quite a while. Go ahead tell me. I'll wait while you do. *WAIT * Thank you. My lifetime can be compared to a Styrofoam box. Well actually it can't really be compared to a Styrofoam box as they are two absolutely completely different concepts altogether;

CCXXIV

I hate the old corner grocery that always sells stale Hostess snacks.
(Happily they are slated for demolition and it serves them right!) I
hate my optometrist I wish he would trim his nose hairs and stop
bringing up Holden Caulfield I hate selfrighteous cats that think they
are too good to come when you call – and they just sit there LOOKING AT
YOU I hate guacamole boxing Healthy Choice family vans in the drive-
thru Carltons Presidents' Day Gripes (p. 250 of 314) sugar-free gum
people who chew gum one piece at a time fuel injection anything painted
light green "Lite" Twinkies haybailing drivers not doing what I think
they should fat women obsessed with their weight thin women obsessed
with their weight filthy bathrooms (unless it's mine) laundry shopping
religion GMC pickups and Jimmys talk shows obsequious new hires bits of
grizzle or bone that ruin any future;

CCXXXII

A kite was flying skyward with a fish in its beak when a number of crows and kites pursued it making a tremendous noise and annoying it dreadfully. It tried many ways to escape with its prey now soaring up and then coming suddenly down again darting swiftly in one direction next plunging round and making for the opposite but all to no purpose. Its tormentors would not leave it alone. At last exhausted it dropped the fish which was instantly caught up by another kite to its great relief for its tormentors now turned their attention to the talons of the second captor and left it alone. Once free it alighted on a tree and perched to rest. An Avadhuta who was watching the birds seeing the kite at last perch itself serenely on a tree bowed to it and exclaimed "Oh what peace and happiness attend upon him who shakes off all attractions and burdens and becomes free! Otherwise what danger!";

CCXXXV

i am sick of blunts i am sick of 40's i am sick of nose rings i am sick of tattoos i am sick of guns gats 9s etc. i am sick of Snapple® i am sick of talk show hype i am sick of cheesy shore towns i am sick of being "down" w/? i am sick of hard guys i am sick of driving i am sick of gangs i am sick of dinosaur movies i am sick of the warm spot on my pillow i am sick of Butthead(Beavis is alright) i am sick of baseball i am sick of letting "boyz be boyz" i am sick of skating K-mart i am sick of Whoomp there it is (what the fuck does whoomp mean?) i am sick of sweating my balls off i am sick of working i am sick of sleeping till 4 p.m.(well...) i am sick of Fridays w/Rhonda UP all night i am sick of taking 5 showers before i leave my house i am sick of mowing my lawn i am sick of being "Alternative" i am sick of caring i am sick of you i am sick of writing any more, monday morning coming down off six or seven tabs of acid just finished making it with a chick by the swimming hole and it was almost dawn and jimi hendrix was just coming on and i stood with my arm around my old lady for an hour and foxey lady brought up a psychedelic sun to a now garbage strewn and almost cow pasture and hendrix played and played and electronic bolts of universal dope energy brought up the sun to a full clear day. and hendrix [expletive deleted] his guitar for hours and around then hey joe brought in dark clouds from the west and the clouds gathered and it rained and people left to "hey joe where you goin' with that gun in your hand?" and people trucked back to hip community and job and school but they know and they feel and it's down so deep in their heads that baby this is where it's at and soon they're gonna make it happen and one day soon hendrix will play and no one will leave. and we will be one forever, I must be frank with you about these new poems you have sent me. If you persist in this new direction you'll squander whatever talents you have as a poet. I can't for the life of me figure out what is possessing you to write like this. All poets come to the crossroads you have found. The lure of the intellect is very strong. No one wishes to be thought simple minded. Please listen to me. I am certain you have taken the wrong path. Simplicity and clarity narrative and condensation all require a lifetime's work. It's easy to achieve a modicum of mastery in the simple style you now reject but the true bloom of that style comes only twenty or thirty years later but I suppose that right now you find it gratifying to revel in a freedom which you have come upon through theory and abstract thought. I wish you well though you know how much I hate such poetry. My true wish for you is that you return to your;

CCXXXVIII

If Jesus and Satan both had a Mailbox who would get more mail and why? What kind of mail would they get? Would people rubber-band Chinese takeout menus to their door or would they be AFRAID? Would the Discover Card people mail them anything? Would Satan's box be all hot inside? Who would get the J. Crew and who the Victoria's Secret? And what would they order? Could Jesus get mail on Sundays and National Holidays? Could He get mail after the post office closes? Would this count as a Miracle? Would they have to open their mailbox like the rest of us or would it just magically open when they will it to? Would Satan get Anti-Mail? What is Anti-Mail and what would it do to our MAIL INDEX if we got it? What about Buddha? What about Mohammed? What about Dan Rather? What kind of mail do they get? If Buddha got more mail than Jesus would that make Buddhism the ONE TRUE RELIGION? Or is it just that Buddha likes to mail away for more;

And slowly this is drawing to a conclusion. Really the whole idea was to avoid taste and in doing so avoid things like "writer's block." However as the project has dragged on such things have surfaced and have become whether I like it or not part and parcel of the work. There is a great deal of contrivance that has found its way into the work particularly in the later chapters. The idea of editing is an absurd one because the initial tenets said that things would simply accumulate and in the end learn to live together – an additive process a building process rather than one of refining whittling honing. Hence there is a great deal of self-conscious "curating" as I strive to reach my goal. Concerns that I'd generally tend to describe as conservative – flow texture variety – continue to creep in much to my dismay. Dismay over losing control. But wasn't the point in the first place to lose control? Whether, vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem sombra sombra vem e esta consuma Vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem vem sombra e consuma esta sombra Vem vem e sombra consuma esta sombra Vem consuma e vem sombra esta sombra E vem sombra vem esta sombra consuma E vem vem sombra consuma esta sombra E vem sombra vem consuma esta sombra Vem e vem esta sombra consuma sombra Esta sombra vem e consuma sombra vem E sombra vem consuma sombra vem esta Sombra consuma e vem esta sombra vem Consuma e vem sombra vem esta sombra Vem consuma sombra e vem esta sombra Vem e consuma sombra vem esta sombra Sombra sombra vem vem e esta consuma Vem sombra consuma e vem esta sombra Vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra Vem sombra vem e consuma esta sombra;

CCXLIII

MAY Watch "Donahue" MAY NOT Watch "Wiseguy" MAY Watch "Home Improvement" MAY NOT Watch "Hawaii 5-0" MAY Watch "Evening Shade" MAY NOT Watch "Melrose Place"/"90210" MAY Watch pairs figure skating MAY NOT Watch any sport with the word "ball" or "race" in it or hockey either MAY Use women's rest room MAY NOT Use men's rest room (so as to not risk being offended by a toilet seat that has been left up) MAY Hang with Phil and Marlo MAY NOT Hang in Sears Lawn and Garden section MAY Replace Natalie Merchant/reform 10000 Maniacs MAY NOT Replace Paul Westerberg/reform Replacements MAY Kiss my skinny white butt MAY NOT Not kiss my skinny white butt MAY Drink Zima MAY NOT Drink a Rob Roy MAY Wear aftershave MAY NOT Not smell foufy MAY Marry his mommy MAY NOT Be self-sufficient MAY Hate your dad MAY NOT? MAY See Belly MAY NOT See F.O.D. MAY Listen to Spin Doctors MAY NOT Listen to Descendants MAY Drive a Dodge Colt MAY NOT Own a dog MAY Shut his yap MAY NOT Utter;

CCXLVII

What is your true assessment of the future? Next we should talk about titty-bars. Am I to take it that Non-conformisim is not tolerated here? No-one is obliged to answer anybody else's questions. No-one is obliged to share any personal details they don't want to share. Don't people volunteer enough juicy stuff to satisfy you? Why be so damned prying about one person in particular? Besides prying is hardly non-conformity. It's as American as Budweiser. Yeah I'm all over the idea of a running of the bulls here in America except that maybe we could do it with high speed golf carts driven by bulls. That would be a little bit of an equalizer. Just an idea. Yo does Joanna still have that tiny little waist that looks like she's got a couple bottom ribs missing? Of course my time with her was years ago - I got her when she still had to pay extra to get into 8 x 10 when she was young and her wounds were fresh. Ask her;

CCLIV

Breakfast: one scrambled egg one piece of toast with grape jelly. Eat two bites of egg using your fingers. Dump the rest on the floor. Lunch: Four crayons (any color). Dinner: A dry stick two pennies and a nickel four sips of stale beer. Before bedtime toast a piece of bread and toss it on the kitchen floor. Lunch: half a tube of Pulsating Pink Lipstick and a cigarette (to be eaten not smoked). Ice cube if desired. After lunch lick an all day sucker. Dinner: a rock or and an uncooked bean which should be thrust up your left nostril. Pour iced tea over.

Breakfast: two pancakes with plenty of syrup. Eat with fingers. Rub fingers in hair. After breakfast pick up sucker from rug. Lick off fuzz and put on cushion of your best chair. Lunch: three matches peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Spit several bites onto the floor.

Breakfast: a quarter tube of toothpaste (any flavor) bit of soap an olive pour glass of milk over bowl of cornflakes. Add !/2cup sugar. Lunch: Eat crumbs off kitchen floor, the vomiting began when dinner was washed down with wine diluted with water from the Nile natural spring water replete with hair and stern calcium deposits from up river where the silt of the upturned desert runs off into the crystalline springs from deep deep deep deep under so deep that fish and worms white and blind wriggle undisturbed and free along great crevices in an area close to Atlantis but only the Atlantis near the core an Atlantis without capitals seeing as the Atlantis with capitalisation has never nor will ever exist which is to say it was a land of milk and honey – a land never experienced by tongues such as ours: tongues all pink and soft and in fact a tender reticulated muscle not unlike the rough nimble trunk of the pachyderm the traktor lada lada traktor osram traktor osram lada da da da dada dadada da we don't talk only platform
____ leader terror terror leaders horror leaders leaders horror da da dada;

CCLVI

Anton has not been on in the longest time! Today he was in the park with Julia who was trying to teach him how to inline skate. I think that they should make people who rollerblade get a license and pass a test which proves they know how to stop. Anyway Anton and Julia were not very good on skates which was proved when Anton skates into the hot dog vendor getting condiments all over his "new shirt." Still the two of them make a cute couple. Anton should smile more often. And he should stand up straight a bit more. The only annoying thing about this storyline is the appearance of Noah at the end when they are at the hospital eating ice cream and laughing. I can't figure out whether Noah is pining for Julia or if he is mooning for Anton ... I keep thinking about the time Noah refered to Anton's "dreamy eyes" ... like a guy would ever say that about another guy. Anyway the episode finishes with Anton looking at Erica's medical chart and freaking out on how much pain killer;

CCLIX

Well seven years ago a Hungarian woman showed up in this wealthy suburban New Jersey neighborhood. She spends all day parked in her car and writes. When asked why she does this she replied that the open spaces and luxurious homes gave her inspiration. Instead of understanding her the neighbors became fearful and tried to have her removed. Finally residents found an awkwardly written letter in their mailboxes. In it the Hungarian woman introduced herself stated her purpose of being there and chastised the residents for bringing the police into the situation. "Take a little walk and see the person" it read "and it should not be a surprise that there couldn't be not a wrong conviction coming out of a 'lady writing in her car' for the urge of processional and artistic inspiration." But instead of calming fears she inflamed them. One neighbor commented "Some people thought maybe she was a writer and someday our neighborhood would be in a book. But that letter shows that she's not a writer;

So you think I'm a loser. Just because I have a stinking job that I have a family that doesn't respect me a whole city that curses the day I was born? Well that may mean loser to you but let me tell you something. Every morning when I wake up I know it's not going to get any better until I go back to sleep again. So I get up have my watered-down Tang and still-frozen Pop Tart get in my car - with no upholstery no gas and six more payments - to fight traffic just for the privilege of putting cheap shoes on the cloven hooves of people like you. I'll never play football like I thought I would. I'll never know the touch of a beautiful woman. And I'll never again know the joy of driving without a bag on my head. But I'm not a loser. 'Cause despite it all me and every other guy who'll never be what he wanted to be are still out there being what we don't want to be forty hours a week for life. And the fact that I haven't put a gun in my mouth you pudding of a woman makes me a winner, the Divine to the Sublime to the Pool of Tears from the Dalai Lama's sister to the Divine to the Sublime to the Pool of Tears from the Dalai Lama's sister Lois Lane in a rain slicker Schticks und Stonz kin brek yur bonz bunt knames kin neffer urt me Krazy Kat it's not over till the fat lady sings so how do you lock your doors and of course certain mystical spandex cakes walk to and fro without foreknowledge or licensing by insouciant and redundant warbling beancurdlers waiting upon bended knee requiring nothing save infinitesimally rational gastronomy the pudding as you it occurs that all of life is simply possibilities and that we only need to speak them for there to be access to them in the universe it occurs that all of life is simply possibilities and that we merely need to speak them to bring them into existence in the universe more friendly empty faux-personal communication intended to create the illusion of human interaction more;

CCLXXIII

think esrever eht break dem rules what rules? what thinking? think?
anarky rools/wiv an iron fist orright? write a sonnet of 20 lines claim
this is due to inflation wot theft against the law I swear officer i
never knew but listen up my dog was silent for 5'42" a record? a
recording I'll market as _JC the extended remix_ so learn 'em & break
'em break 'em & make 'em floating smoothly with a Waterman where was I?
question mark at the end is that a rule. I wish I was mad againe worst
than that much wurst (yes please w/relish ooh u r offal (but i like u)
gut level not spirit level)) in what? they're meant to add up? honest
officer i &c ... but start again (agin) w/a peaceful innovation AWOL
from th avant-garde (a military term) another cuppa candy soup
vegetable soup animal mineral in point-offact (Point-ofFact Essex
ostensibly near Clacton-on-Sea but really (Real) near Pontefract
actually) where we say "reverse of what (tahw)? Whatya rebelling
against Charlie?" "Don't tell me whaddya;

CCLXXXIII

Death to Bobby Brown! "It's My Prerogative" rings out across the stage ... as the last bars of that stupid inane piece of dreck roll forth a masked man wearing nothing but black jumps forth carrying ... what ... it can't be ... It is ... an M-60 ... with a flamethrower on it ... oh joy oh ecstasy! Bobby's body is torn to little shreds by the 600 rounds per minute of anti-helicopter fire ... see bobby become particles! What fun! and then we have to clean up this mess.

<<Fwoooooooooooooooooosssssssshhhhhhh>> goes the flamethrower as blood and guts of what used to be Bobby Brown become so much charcoal! The Ogre, take toothbrushing for example. Did you ever notice how some people don't drool when they brush their teeth? The particularly gifted can stick a loaded toothbrush in their mouths and then proceed to stroll casually about the house change clothes do some aerobics phone a friend or two take a nap bathe and maybe do some shopping before returning - sans drool - to rinse. The more um frothy among us are slaves to our own hygiene destined to remain stationary at the bathroom sink wallowing from our noses to our elbows in freely flowing toothpaste suds. Just one of life's littler;

CCCVI

Frog. If it is thrown with full of your strength it will spit out the tongue which is like the genuine one from the frog. Has the stickness and is just like a soft rubber band with high contractility. It can be played to stick the remote objects. In spite of it is sticky it is never like the chewing gums which is glued tightly and cannot be separated. If the stickness is not good enough it can be washed by soap. After it is dried it can be used continuously many times. The packing paper has printed the bug picture which can be cut as per the black frame and placed on the table then you can stick the picture with your tongue of frog. The key point for throwing far away is the same as the throwing of fish rod i.e. to throw out slowly with full of your strength. Separate it with two hands then release one hand throw it with full of your strength. No matter what you make a round ball it will recover the original shape. CAUTIONS: Never throw out the other person's head. Keep away from fire. In spite of it is non-toxic it cannot be eaten. Never pull out tongue of frog hard as it might be separated. Its content has the oil so if it touches on cloth precious object or wall the stains will remain if you don't care;

Every different situation will produce a new set of ideas. This is wonderful. I am sure that every Godfearing American will sleep better tonight knowing that one of the problems of the universe has gone wherever problems of the universe go when they have been put to rest. Ends here. Or here. Or maybe here. It's sort of funny the way things happen. One minute you're floating on air the next you're hit by a glob of chocolate pudding and sent hurtling on a collision course with destiny. That's the way I feel about certain things. Life is basically an avocado no wait actually it's more like a kiwi fruit you know sort of oblong with a furry outside and all green and mushy inside. OK OK so maybe it's not the best analogy in the world but for a guy who's popped his gourd I think it shows a certain amount of talent. You know (that is sabes in Spanish) I've been thinking. Is existence temporal? Does "I THINK THEREFORE I AM" imply "I THOUGHT THEREFORE I HAVE BEEN" or "I WILL THINK THEREFORE I WILL BE?" Maybe the former but probably not the latter Di-dah-di di-dah-di di-dah Di-dah-di di-dah-di di-dah Di-dah-di di-dah. Di-dah-di di-dah? Di-dah-di di-dah-di di. Fucker;

CCCX

If a ram is a sheep and an ass is a donkey why is a ram in the ass a goose? If you placed a refrigerator in a climatically sealed room and left it running with the door open would the room get hotter or colder? Why are flamingos pink and their knees are on backwards? Could God create a rock so heavy that he himself could not lift it? If you put gum over your asshole and farted would it make a bubble? What's the shortest route around an island? If you are traveling at the speed of light and you turn your headlights on what happens? If you ate your own foot would you lose weight? Why do we park in driveways and drive on parkways? What is Braille for "Braille"? Have you ever thought of all the wholes there could be if people would just take the time to take the dirt out of them? Do babies think that adults are cute? If cats and dog didn't have fur would we still pet them? If you unscrewed your bellybutton would your ass fall off? If you melt a pool full of dry ice can you swim in it without getting wet? If con is the opposite of pro is congress the opposite of progress? If Barbie is so popular why do you have to buy all of her friends? If you are standing directly on the line between two time zones is it 12:00 on one side and 1:00 on the other?;

CCCXVI

I confess. I was the person who started the great Bra Wars. In some dusty corner. The Gossard Wonderbra. The plot thickened when the Sarah. Battle of the bras. By armored cars. Anyway I'm over. The joke – for someone who's supposed to be big on bras. I've had two children since my first encounter. No matter. No matter – I don't care. Small breasts are chicer. And anyway visible nipples are not quite on for a mother. I was okay in the winter. What I'm after I think is a bra. A comic strip bra. They tell us that women are. They tell us that women are getting smaller. And dear reader. I have no one to blame but myself but everywhere as far. As far as the eye can see there. As far as the eye can see there are. As far as the eye can see there are underwires. No more. There are women who will suffer for. A nonunderwired bra. Beware. Beware of the words Contour Creepy Polyester. It's a Stepford wife bra. If you wore one you would have to have a frilly apron and a Hoover. My hopes began to lift when I came across the Playtex Thank Goodness It Fits bra. Nearly A. Perfectly A. And Nearly B size – fitted on an A rather. Despair! Even flatter or nasty truth ... 20 years younger. What's more. Where will I wear? Underwear drawers. That we never wear. Quite a lot to achieve in one little wisp of a bra;

CCCXXIV

It is hard to understand because it is worse than a vale of tears it is a terrible jungle full of wild beasts and venomous serpents which seek to devour you. In terror of these hapless man vainly seeks a way of escape but he loses his way and falls into a pit the mouth of which is covered over with creepers. These fasten themselves round his limbs and he is left suspended head downward in the pit. But this is only the beginning of his troubles for when his gaze is turned to the bottom of the pit he sees a gigantic serpent patiently waiting for his fall while at the mouth of the pit stands a huge elephant ready to trample him to death should he rise again. But by good chance there grew on the edge of the pit a tree on which there was a honeycomb and this honeycomb although it too attracted stinging insects dripped sweet honey which if he were lucky he could catch as it fell. This afforded him much comfort and diverted him from the terror of the pit. But his comfort was short-lived for he saw that the roots of the tree were being nibbled away by mice white and black the days and nights of all-consuming Time. And he saw that the tree must inevitably come crashing down and carry him off with it into the bottom of the pit where the mighty serpent lay eager to devour, so this show starts off with Steve "Overt Penis Boy" driving down to Palm Springs - a town even more pointless and useless than Beverly Hills - to be at the "Alpha Weekend" which is supposed to be a retreat for all of the frat and sorority people that populate the TV show. And in typical frat boy style Steve keeps "scoping out the babes" and saying szha which is about as close to a vocalized boner as I can imagine. And unlike in say New York City - where you might if you were a reasonably well-off person with a penchant for showing off how much money you have stay at the Plaza or the St. Regis or the Waldorf Astoria - Steve instead pulls up to the Palm Springs Marriott. And instead of golf carts they drive around in little Yugos and Steve almost runs down his father who used to be on the show Santa Barbara. And Steve gets mad that his father has arranged his "social calendar" because there is so much "eyeball candy" from their "hacienda" and Steve's dad says "Welcome to Casa KEG." Next thing you know that stereotypical-Chet-characterfrom-the-Hardy-Boys chubby guy the loser who thinks if he provides the alcohol then everyone will like him shows up and he has gone to the trouble of attaching labels to the beer to make it look like soda;

CCCXL

African Head Charge Agnes Moorehead Arrowhead Automatic Head Detonator
Basehead Big Dead Bull Head Big Head Todd Bite The Wax Godhead Blonde
Redhead Brother Meathead Buddhaheads Bulkhead Butt Head Buzz Head
Cement Head Chowderheads Chucklehead Conehead Buddha Copperhead Crazy
Spoonheads Daddy Longhead Deadly Headly Dirt Search Headlight Doreen's
Head Dueling Bankheads Edith Head Felicia and the Hotheads Flowerhead
Forehead Stew Fuzz Head Gangway Fathead Gearhead Godsheadsilo Gravity
Head Hammerhead Hands in your Head Happyhead Head Head Assembly Head
Cheese Head First Head Rush Headbutt Headcase Headcleaner Headlavista
Hothead Headlight Headspins Headwound Hundred Pound Head Ian Dury and
the Blockheads Jazz Heads Kentucky Headhunters Lemonheads Limited
Headroom Machine Head Marc Berger and the Head Cleaners Meathead
Medicine Head Molly Half Head Mother Head Bug Motorhead Mudhead Murray
Head Musichead Pailhead Philipshead Pinhead Puppyhead Racket Head Radio
Head Ratchethead Redhead Kingpin and the FBI Rivethead Culture Rockhead
Rolling Head Roy Head Screaming Headless Torsos Severed Heads Shock
Headed Peters Shrunken Head Sleepyhead Special Head Spongehead
Squidhead Stupid Head Swivel Head Tackhead Talking Heads The Boneheads
The New Hotheads The Headcoats Thumbhead Thunderhead Tonto's Expanding
Headband Treasurehead Turtle Head Headwaters;

CCCLVI

10916 "I am not fucking with you." 10934 "You son of a bitch." 11037
"You can't close shit!" * 11038 "You are shit." * 11157 "Cause it's
fuck or walk!" 11313 "Fuck you go home and play with your kids." 11532
"Fire your fuckin' ass." * 11546 "Bunch of fuckin nonsense." 11520
"Bull shit Bull shit.'" * 12523 "No fucking loss." 13006 "You fucking
asshole." 13248 "Stuff with this fucking shit." 14106 "The great fuck
you had." 14917 "So fucking what" * 15003 "Bullshit." 15115 "Don't Fuck
with me." 15116 "I'm talking about a fucking Cadillac." 15128 "Fuck
Fuck Fuck Fuck." 15439 "Hey fuck that shit." * 15536 "What do you
fucking care." 15804 "Fuck you. Fucking Shiva. Fuck you Job." 15843
"Pick up the fucking chalk." 20240 "How fucked up you are." 20257 "Fuck
you." 20543 "So fucking great." * 20716 "You are fucked." * 20832
"You're a fucking secretary. Fuck you. Fuck you and kiss my ass." 20842
"Fuck you." 20856 FINGER 23219 "You stupid fucking cunt." 22403 "Not to
fuck us up." 22707 "Don't fuck with me. Don't fuck with me." 22951 "Big
fucking deal." * 23237 "Fuck you fucker.";

CCCLVII

Eat more shit more. Shit more eat more. Meat more shit more. Shit more meat more. Heat more shit more. Shit more heat more. Heat more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more heat more. Shit more heat more burn more. Learn more shit more. Shit more learn more. Earn more shit more. Shit more earn more. Learn more earn more shit more. Earn more shit more learn more. Shit more earn more learn more. Earn more burn more shit more. Burn more shit more earn more. Shit more earn more burn more. More shit to earn more shit to burn. More shit to learn more shit to earn. More shit to earn more shit to burn more. More shit to learn more shit to earn more. More shit to earn more shit to burn more shit to learn. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to burn. More shit to earn more shit to burn more shit to learn more. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to burn more. More shit to earn more shit to yearn for. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn for. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn more shit to burn. More shit to learn more shit to earn more shit to yearn more shit to burn more. More shit to earn more shit to bore. More shit to earn more shit to bore more shit to burn. More shit more bore. More shit more bore more abhor. More abhor more shit more bore. Abhor bore. More abhor bore. More abhor shitty bore. Meet more shitty bore. More meet shitty bore more abhor. More abhor more meet shitty bore. Shitty meet. Shitty meet shitty bore. Bore meet. Shitty bore meet. Shitty boar meat. Meat more shitty boar. Eat more shitty boar. Eat more shit boar. Eat boar shit boar. Shit boar eat boar. Shit more eat more. Eat more shit more;

CDXIII

My problem concerns my tits. Not that I have a lump (praise whomever) or any medical complaint. It's my constant disappointment of hauling 38L breasts into a 42DD harness with piano wire bra straps. Imagine the grief involved in going to a leather shop and knowing the corsets and other chest decorations are meant for smaller women or for huge cups on a pencil frame. I need advice on finding a corset designer that can design for a large frame. It would be nice to get a designer who likes a large body with large breasts and who would not be afraid to mold a brassiere that could be built into (or match) a corset that could control a full bust during a rigorous spanking workout. (Nothing's worse than a jiggling bust colliding with an underarm during a paddle's down-stroke is there?) I don't have \$1000 to spend and I don't want to pay good money just to have some anorexic child laugh (barely) behind my back. Under \$300 would be nice but under \$200 would be a miracle. (Oh yes a person who'd know a reasonable supplier of thigh-hi leather boots for large calves or thighs would be ever so neat to know.) I'm facing facts - no matter how well I wield a flogger the ability to have supportive sturdy clothing to play in adds to MY comfort and confidence. Any advice Ladies on buying a men's suit (ready-made or tailored)? None of this breast-binding genderfuck however it would be helpful to know how suits fit on women whose proportions aren't similar to Rush Limbaugh's. (If life were only so simple a good suit a bit of makeup and one on-air;

CDXX

I was just sitting there thinking about all that had happened to me since I was born because now that I have lived out almost 18 years on this small blue green planet which is just really another ball of molecules revolving around a small star I have come to realize that not much of it matters in the long run except fun making other people happy love REM and of course sleep which is just a poor substitute for coffee as any true goth can tell you because yeah though I walk through the valley of decaffeinated I shall not fear for Wa is a short guy who knows how to get to the Palace Diner I AM entirely here at this moment - rene' gaines and patrick is soooo damn cute and patrick is soooo damn cute and the weather is miserable listening to garbage under skies in chrome running off and over to the underside of technology sounding singing playing into into the brainspace babel made outward made real made approachable made public running running into and away from myself running away from you why won't you touch me? why won't you hold me? won't somebody please just hold my hand? the buzzing i hear buzzes in my ears it is the sound of a lawnmower but it is more it is the sound (sound is unimaginably bright) of the lawnmower & the broadcasting of millions scuse me billions of brains all alive working/yelling/thinking/dreaming/sleeping/whispering/churning everywhere the sound travels and i hear it you hear it that high-pitched tone in the back of your head it's always there technology is especially notorious for producing this sound please raise your hand if you can hear it juvenile I food propaganda;

CDL

There is an old Eastern fable about a traveller who is taken unawares on the steppes by a ferocious wild animal. In order to escape the beast the traveller hides in an empty well but at the bottom of the well he sees a dragon with its jaws open ready to devour him. The poor fellow does not dare to climb out because he is afraid of being eaten by the rapacious beast neither does he dare drop to the bottom of the well for fear of being eaten by the dragon. So he seizes hold of a branch of a bush that is growing in the crevices of the well and clings on to it. His arms grow weak and he knows that he will soon have to resign himself to the death that awaits him on either side. Yet he still clings on and while he is holding on to the branch he looks around and sees that two mice one black and one white are steadily working their way round the bush he is hanging from gnawing away at it. Sooner or later they will eat through it and the branch will snap and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveller sees this and knows that he will inevitably perish. But while he is still hanging there he sees some drops of honey on the leaves of the bush stretches out his tongue and licks them. In the same way I am clinging to the tree of life knowing full well that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me ready to tear me to pieces and I cannot understand how I have fallen into this torment. And I try licking the honey that once consoled me but no longer gives me pleasure. The white mouse and the black mouse – day and night – are gnawing at the branch from which I am hanging. I can see the dragon clearly and the honey no longer tastes sweet. I can see only one thing: the inescapable dragon and the mice and I cannot tear;

CDLXXVIII

Have you ever noticed how you take five pairs of socks along with mounds of other dirty clothes put them in the washing machine take them out and start folding them only to find that you have exactly 9 socks which amounts to a total of four and a half pairs? Of socks? You put all your other clothes in the spot they're supposed to be in until you notice one sock lying lonely and dejected on your bed. What exactly are you supposed to do with it? You don't want to throw it out because you might end up finding its match and yet you don't really want to keep it because what the heck are you going to do with one sock? But eventually you decide to keep it and proceed to shove it in your drawer where you see it day in and day out or whenever else you happen to open your sock drawer. You go rummaging through your drawer every day trying to find a pair and all that that one sock does is get in your way. So you shove it aside as if it's a worthless piece of nothing hoping that by some bizarre twist of fate it'll disappear. But ... it doesn't. And week after week you do your laundry while that one sock sits alone in a dark dank drawer. How does it feel you wonder? How does it feel to be that one odd sock the odd one out the one that has no pair or match just itself. I mean a sock is just not a sock without its partner. Everybody is happy in Sockland except for Mr. Lonely Sock whose wife Mrs. Lonely Sock was lost in the hazardous journey between the washer and the dryer. Where could she be he wonders as he glares with longing at all the other loving sock couples. Oh God why? WHY?? Why did she have to be taken away from him? He is all alone. He is nothing without Mrs. Lonely Sock. So he sits and waits as the days turn into weeks the weeks into months and the months into years hoping that one day she will return. But alas Mr. Lonely Sock. Mrs. Lonely Sock is no more;

CDLXXXV

Atomplutonium atomplutonium plutonium plutonium atom plutonium
atomplutonium atomplutonium plutonium plutonium atom plutonium for the
atom has infinite potential plutonium plutonium plutonium plutonium for
the atom has infinite possibilities plutonium plutonium plutonium
plutonium for the atom has infinite potential for the atom has infinite
possibilities a dot of the electron probability density distribution of
the 5f6 for the last electron of 231pu is the planet earth another dot
is you another dot me and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever and ever
and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever and ever and atoms will
nucleosynthesize forever and ever and atoms will nucleosynthesize
forever and ever atom of atoms forever and ever plutonium plutonium and
atom of atoms forever and ever plutonium plutonium atom of atoms
forever and ever plutonium plutonium and atom of atoms forever and ever
plutonium plutonium atom of atoms forever and ever plutonium plutonium
and atom of atoms atom of atoms forever and ever and atoms will
nucleosynthesize forever and ever atom of atoms and atom of atoms
plutonium plutonium and atom of atoms forever and ever and atoms will
nucleosynthesize forever and ever atom of atoms and atom of atoms atom
of atoms and atoms will nucleosynthesize forever and ever plutonium
plutonium plutonium plutonium atomplutonium forever and ever!;

DXXVIII

Leeke-a zee sooddee deep clereety ooff un LSD treep ell zee thuoughts und feeleengs I'fe-a elveys hed ebuoort my budy erea noo shuooteeng tu me-a et fooll blest. Zee fueeces hefe-a ixeested furefer boot I used tu toorn doon zee fuloomne-a su zeeur cuntrulleeng iffffect ves soobleeminel. (Zee keeller pert ooff zee stury cumes vhee I seemply reeleeze-a zee fueeces erea in fact my oovn und I cuntrul zeem. Ha! I gooess I'll hefe-a tu vreete-a unuzeer chepter vhee I reech thet pert in zee plut. It'd be-a iesy tu vreete-a zeen effter zee fact.) I seelenced my inner reeleety fur must ooff my leeffe-a. Nut thet I deedn't hefe-a ooppurtooneetes tu leestee. Zeere-a ves zee teeme-a I started seeeeng a zeerepeest (veellingly fur zee furst teeme-a) becoose-a I vunted tu stup feeleeng sooecidel und needed help deeleeng veet zee memureees und zee iffffects ooff my pest sexooel eboose-a. Dooreeng zee inteke-a interfeeoo zee zeerepeest esked me-a hoo I felt ebuoort my budy seeze-a. I seeed "Ooh I'fe-a vurked fery herd tu except myself. Yeeh I'fea deelt veet thet. I sev her fur a yeer. Boot zee troot ves I cuooldn't hundle-a gueeng thet deep. Noo it mekes sense-a becoose-a zee dept ooff zee feer und selff-hetred thet I em unufereeng seems inffeenite-a. I gooess I hefe-a inuough muments ooff beeeng ook et thees stege-a in my leeffe-a thet I cun hundle-a it. My intellect und psyche-a hefe-a beee et ver furefer oofer zee fet troot. Zee furst teeme-a I gut ungary ebuoort my cheeldhuud leeffettime-a ooff furced deeets I ves 199. It ves zee dey beffure-a I mufed es fer evey frum my femeely es I cuoold get. My ded esked me-a - fur zee lest teeme-a - vhee I ves gueeng tu luse-a veeght. I hed spent my leeffe-a in terrur ooff thees mun fur zee feulence-a he'd cummeettid boot zee gooesshun fooeled ell zee feer I ifer felt intu oone-a unstuppeble-a prujected fleme-a. i screemed neerly oooot ooff cuntrul thet I deedin't ifer vunt tu heer unuzeer vurd effeen ebuoort my veeght frum heem ifer egeen thet he-a hed foocked up my vhule-a leeffe-a by mekeeng me-a hete-a myself. I remeended heem hoo he-a behefed veet me-a vhee I ves 4 gueeng evey oon a treep und hefeeng me-a prumeese-a thet I'd be-a skeenny fur;

DCI

Ta ta ta ta ta Tata Tata-Tata tata ta ta ta tata ta ta ta tata ta tata
ta ta tata tatata ta ta tata ta ta tatatata ta tatata tatata ta
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tatata? Ta ta ta tatata ta ta tatatata ta ta ta ta ta ta tata ta ta
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tata. Ta tatata ta tata ta tata ta ta ta ta
ta ta ta tatata ta ta ta ta ta tatata ta ta tata ta tatata ta ta Tata
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tata tata ta ta ta tata tata ta Ta Tata Tatata ta ta Tata-Tatata Tata
ta tata tatata tata tata ta tata ta ta ta tata; *

*p. 243

If one examines the postcapitalist paradigm of narrative one is faced with a choice: either reject Baudrillardist simulacra or conclude that the purpose of the participant is significant form. Sartre suggests the use of modernism to deconstruct capitalism. Thus the subject is contextualised into a Baudrillardist simulacra that includes language as a whole. "Consciousness is fundamentally meaningless" says Marx however according to la Tournier it is not so much consciousness that is fundamentally meaningless but rather the stasis of consciousness. An abundance of theories concerning cultural subtextual theory may be found. But Prinn suggests that we have to choose between modernism and Lyotardist narrative. If one examines modernism one is faced with a choice: either accept neodialectic cultural theory or conclude that narrative must come from the masses given that Marx's analysis of Baudrillardist simulacra is invalid. If cultural subtextual theory holds the works of Stone are reminiscent of Kahn. Thus the primary theme of the works of Stone is the absurdity and therefore the genre of posttextual sexual identity. Debordist image implies that class has significance. In a sense la Tournier holds that we have to choose between Baudrillardist simulacra and modernism. The characteristic theme of McElwaine's essay on Lyotardist narrative is the bridge between society and narrativity. It could be said that if cultural subtextual theory holds we have to choose between modernism and cultural subtextual theory. Bataille promotes the use of modernism to attack society. But Wilson implies that we have to choose between cultural subtextual theory and modernism. The premise of the subcultural paradigm of consensus states that expression is a product of communication but only if culture is interchangeable with narrativity otherwise class somewhat ironically has intrinsic meaning. It could be said that Foucault uses the term "cultural subtextual theory" to denote a mythopoetical totality. The main theme of the works of Joyce is not deappropriation but postdeappropriation. However;

DCXXIX

a caret a ban a myriad a sum a lac a liar a hoop a pint a catalpa a gas
an oil a bird a yell a vat a caw a pax a wag a tax a nay a ram a cap a
yam a gay a tsar a wall a car a luger a ward a bin a woman a vassal a
wolf a tuna a nit a pall a fret a watt a bay a daub a tan a cab a datum
a gall a hat a fag a zap a say a jaw a lay a wet a gallop a tug a trot
a trap a tram a torr a caper a top a tonk a toll a ball a fair a sax a
minim a tenor a bass a passer a capital a rut an amen a ted a cabal a
tang a sun an ass a maw a sag a jam a dam a sub a salt an axon a sail
an ad a wadi a radian a room a rood a rip a tad a pariah a revel a reel
a reed a pool a plug a pin a peek a parabola a dog a pat a cud a nu a
fan a pal a rum a nod an eta a lag an eel a batik a mug a mot a nap a
maxim a mood a leek a grub a gob a gel a drab a citadel a total a cedar
a tap a gag a rat a manor a bar a gal a cola a pap a yaw a tab a raj a
gab a nag a pagan a bag a jar a bat a way a papa a local a gar a baron
a mat a rag a gap a tar a decal a tot a led a tic a bard a leg a bog a
burg a keel a doom a mix a map an atom a gum a kit a baleen a gala a
ten a don a mural a pan a faun a ducat a pagoda a lob a rap a keep a
nip a gulp a loop a deer a leer a lever a hair a pad a tapir a door a
moor an aid a raid a wad an alias an ox an atlas a bus a madam a jag a
saw a mass an anus a gnat a lab a cadet an em a natural a tip a caress
a pass a baronet a minimax a sari a fall a ballot a knot a pot a rep a
carrot a mart a part a tort a gut a poll a gateway a law a jay a sap a
zag a fat a hall a gamut a dab a can a tabu a day a batt a waterfall a
patina a nut a flow a lass a van a mow a nib a draw a regular a call a
war a stay a gam a yap a cam a ray an ax a tag a wax a paw a cat a
valley a drib a lion a saga a plat a catnip a pooh a rail a calamus a
dairyman a bater a;

DCLX

We're guaranteed due process except in cases internal to the military or the militia. If the militia is defined in such a way that all able bodied adults are considered members we're not guaranteed due process. We fought WW2 because Great Britain was under attack and because we didn't want Russia to conquer Europe. America never opposes genocide for it's own sake. America's middle class owes whatever prosperity remains to it to deficit spending and government opposition to corporate hegemony. (Must be tough going through life getting no respect eh?). If you oppose the government in this you will facilitate your own enslavement. The inevitability of death and the prospect of possible resurrection comprise the entire set of topics worthy of serious pondering. Sex is good too. Your mother wears combat boots. Capitalism enthralls the masses by conditioning them to anticipate an uncertain reward in return for interminable effort. ("Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."). Gambling casinos operate in exactly the same way and likewise impoverish most participants. American culture is inferior to others because America was built by people who ran away from their problems. (Lissen up boy. If you must have an alter ego at least make it a more interesting one than your usual dreary self). Today the problems have come home once more that in other nations were resolved long ago. America's wealth is ultimately attributable not to her ideals but to her hypocritical willingness to profit from genocide. It will not serve her again as the supply of unspoiled planetary hemispheres has for the moment been totally depleted. The UN will descend on your country like avenging angels! We're going to give your country back to the CHINESE! (Procure the head of a fish. Freshness not too important). The spoiled little bratty crybabies of the West talk about freedom when they mean money and justice when they mean blood. Republicans these days like to say "Freedom" but ask if they want fewer prisons. Democrats hope for peace in our time. (Lately my whites haven't been too white). You're eating marshmallows off the ends of their bayonets! You fools! P.S. I have no information regarding the callous disregard of men for the sexual needs of women (I'm separating all of my laundry but they still come out of the dryer an ugly off white shade) and I remain totally free adorable and available to any girl with the proper answers;

DCLXXXII

My favorite infomercial of late is for the NuHart hair replacement system. They use all these tricky cool words to describe why their system is superior. When they say stuff like "micro blend mesh with glass front" and "liquid skin optic" it conjures such bizarre images for me. Anyhow they have cool guest stars who had their hair replaced at their place like old musicians and sports stars. Another great new infomercial is the Home Business Network one. They try to trick you into believing that this is really a channel. But they try to get you to go to these "Opportunities in Business" conferences which are free actually. It looks kinda interesting I will admit but there has to be a catch. If they didn't start at like 9 am I would have gone and found out. Bruce Jenner is back with a new infomercial. It seems he took my advice and bought some shorts from the past decade although his wife is still just cheesy standing there smiling looking silly. Anyhow they are now demonstrating the Power Walker Plus. I suppose it is an improvement on their previous product but it is still cheese central. I mean who really has exercise machines right next to their pool? I think one of the funniest infomercials is for this new kind of razor for women. There are like 5 ladies sitting around discussing how great this product is and how bad other products are. It is complete with clips of them getting all angry and annoyed with these other products and a demonstration of the greatness of this razor. The funniest part is when they all agree how they just don't feel feminine unless their legs are smooth. Made me laugh at least. The Principal Secret also made me laugh. It starts with this suspenseful fake movie shoot in the desert starring Victoria Principal. She tells how she couldn't do this shoot without the confidence she gets from using her line of cosmetics. It goes on to tell the virtues of her system. There are 2 psychic hotline infomercials neither is very new. The Dionne Warwick one is famous and on very often so you've probably seen it. They have cheesy Soap stars on telling how the hotline was so right. The other one is better the Kitty Kingston psychic hotline. This lady is such a FREAK! Holy mangos! The most tempting one I saw recently was the Carlton Sheets real estate thing. It is another of the making money type with all the usual parts the high school dropout and immigrant who made tons of money with the system a really naive person interviewing the creator extra bonus thing seemingly thrown in to make the value so much greater and so on. The tempting part is where they tell how the guy made a challenge for a newspaper;

DCXCIII

Just the Knox shit is what you add to jello to make Knox Blox amaze and confuse your cats chickens banana slug aunts etc. You guessed it perfectly. Have you ever eaten? I believe it turns you into a wand of self-evaluation so in other words you become an actual argument expression like a command in language. Then as soon as some other fortunate fuck happens along and sees you his eyes unlock your secret and you selfevaluate and/or apply where needed and spring back into being again! Of course you don't notice any of this because it happens when you're not looking. Like when you get up for a Weidermann's Bohemian Special or a Lucky Lager with the ol' rebus in the cap - those were the days. Are you getting all this down? When does the Jello texfile come out? Plus this. I've been thinking about all that auto-evaluation shit for quite some time now and (get this) I think there must be all kinds of places where there's a little node of self-evaluation delayedargument stuff just waiting to be seen or referred to. Like say there's a spot on somebody's shoe which is rigged to explode itself into a whole series of nearby events (disguised as everyday life!) and this will be triggered when somebody looks at that exact spot. But say no one has ever looked at this EXACT spot on the shoe OK before in history. And then you walk along and glance at it without even planning to and this causes uncounted untold things to happen like some little girl in Bangkok stubs her toe and a man drops his hat in Davis. See? I believe the whole world is rigged like this and everything is stuck together in one big web. Everything has little imperceptible receptacles embedded in it so that it is ready to accept information from someplace else and trigger more shit than ever before. And one of the things that can be triggered is the setting up of new evaluators someplace else so it's a selfsustaining reaction! Neat huh. Actually this is just a metaphor for quantum mechanix huh? Now the best part of it all is that these things can sometimes rarely sort of "invent themselves" without any input from ANYWHERE. This occurs most often with Jello and chicken although the probability of it happening with any one item is vastly increased by the presence of sweat socks. I tried it once with a whole fucking lot of socks and succeeded in creating a 300 foot tower of ice with a little observatory on top and a set of stairs going up to it ... I went up and everything looked different from there but a migrating flock of chickens was coming so I had to get down in a hurry. Just one o' them things ... sign me rat in a presser;

DCCX

You've seen me before ... during the many SNL breaks or possibly the Monday Night Football commercial messages ... let me refresh your beer-addled memory: skin-tight clothes long hair wild and loose skin a melanoma-seducing bronzelips glossed and pursed ... that's right your fantasy babe floating in swimming pools in a bar or in a desert with several of my bodacious babe-friends trying to revive our dead car. The fabulous thing about being a fantasy babe is not having impossibly high standards. You could have halitosis smelly armpits a receding hairline. You could be a misogynist a Nazi or a complete jerk and all you need to do to summon this fantasy babe is buy the RIGHT frosty beer can. Such a deal. Of course get the WRONG beer (and I'm assuming you're enough of a lager connoisseur to know what brands of beer I'm talking about) and you're liable to end up with a bowling-ball of a woman who compulsively takes every Cosmopolitan monthly quiz who cares about your financial security your psychological profile your frigging loyalty your HIV status. She should care. I don't. I'm content enough to relax with a man with a tasty [your fave brand here] a guy who cares for the simple pleasures in life like me! And those great golden '70s classic rock tunes! A guy who can (or has a friend who can) supply a muscular convertible of a car fire-engine red or the cool nocturnal black! A guy with friends just as athletic sleek and fun-loving as he is. After all your friends are going to have to hang out with my friends too. No they don't come with the babe. The babe-pals come with me. The cars and guy-pals you have to go get those yourself. It would help to have as many semi-professional or professional guy-pals as possible: male models (straight please) doctors(preferably plastic surgeons) masseurs stockbrokers and professional race-car drivers. Why? Well because my babe-pals and I are veterinarians child psychologists computer programmers massage therapists and nuclear physicists. There's gotta be that common bond you know. Oh yeah and my friends would like me to mention here that they're as far as they know HIV negative and expect the same from your pals and yourself. Part and parcel of the demographics baby! Straddle this filly and go for the wild life! Taste the adventure! ** College education automobile with extras mountain cabin rentals volleyball nets frisbees wardrobe condoms spermicides jellies barf bags season's tickets to basketball hockey football baseball dog friends licenses and certificates alcohol tolerance extra. Some of these extras may not be available locally due to state laws. ** I can't guarantee that outside of twenty years I'll start looking and acting like Maude. That might happen even after you've just finished your beer;

DCCCLV

Bring anything: can you do: don't do a.: he'd fuck a.: I'll try: if you want: never does: they can make: since Auntie: what would happen: everybody wants: get into: get your act: sharp's slice: that's where the a.: this is where: born a gentleman: as the actress: up a shade: ever since: it adds: tap the a.: even the A.: and I acknowledge: Punch's: Percival: don't mock: don't touch: he that is: my back: 'tis only I: who's afraid: off again: phantom: pick him: play it: Richard's sold again: spray it: that boy: you can say: act your: don't get your b.: face would: get off my b.: give it b.: go back: got calluses: guess who's: her clothes: here's the b.: hold me b.: home and dried: it's got a b.: join the b.: living high: mind your backs: more hair: no back: oh my achin': oh well! back: put a galley: round the b.: sir I see: strong b: take it off: that'll put your: that's what gets: there and: wake up at: what he doesn't: why don't you go: you're on the pigs: believe me: burn baby: hang in: hello baby: I don't know nothin': I got eyes: you're going: keep the faith: kill that b: no poses: oh baby: okay baby: swing it b.: they can make: this won't: wait for b: who loves: you've come: I'll shoot: more fun: noise like: shooting: that's better beer: all behind: give him the money: cheer up: there's: into bed: dear mother: it's a bastard: die: here's a belly: spit on: they used: who called: do you want to buy: it rots: every little b.: how many beans: it's a whole new can: are you there: clumsy as a cub: go carry: go stick: your nose: have you any more: like Jack: long-tailed: quick and nimble: smarter: yes I also: can you beat: I'll tear: that beats: hello beautiful: that beats: preparing: yes but b.: all behind: if you are angry: there's shit: you're getting TV: can't believe: I believe: I can't believe: I wouldn't believe: imbars: oh I believe: you would be: you better be: you have hit: does that ring: pull the other: ring Mahoney's: saved by: there's a blow: who boiled: better than a dig: bless your little b.: here's a b: how's your b.: I could take it: don't shoot: your best: anyone's bet: you sure slobbered: I wouldn't believe: sex and: if I was as big: if it's too big: don't get off: mind my: on your: went for: he'll make: strike or: that Bill: won't you come home: black over: who struck Billy: to make the cheese: by the great: you bet your sweet: as the actress: what!: a b.: have you bit: how's your belly tavern bitch: where the pig: in and out: any color: could sell: give it back: hey Johnny: nobody can: shut mouth: mind your worm: after you miss: how are you fixed: it's the poor what: gone for a Burton: sticks like: thin as: don't open: my heart: your lips: your nose: God bless: you missed: roll on B.: go up with: and have among: I don't care if I go: I see if you blind: get inside: pull down: ignorance: or my prick: I'm speaking: better than dog: pick a b.: gentlemen: every hair: too rich: yer blood's: dry up: for show: I didn't blow: look what: she would take: strike a b.: there she: what's this blown: blow it out your ass-hole: since Pontius: beautiful pair: you're full: all wrapped: dogs are pissing: better than a dig: spare my: B.E.F.: thin as: don't rock: eyes in: I didn't come up: I didn't just: I'd like to get: just got: one drink: roll on: big: ship: sit down: you're: up and down: contrast: get you!: go along Bob!: that's the end!: how's the body: where's the body: mind boggles: where's the boil: back to the salt mines: heads on 'em: pulls up a b.: it's bologna: see it went: it bombed: we bombed: cor!: chase: and not a bone: I have a bone: I'm living on a b.: throw your: go it Susan: this won't buy: he's in the book: read any: talks like: three on: what a turn-up: why buy: you can kiss: you are;

DCCCLXIII

Rubber gloves and mayonnaise! 1. A Rubber shoe 2. 2 sandstone umbrellas
3. 4 females with whipping cream on their nipples 4. A spoon ... a
needle ... and some stuff. 5. Some mildew ... fully ripe. 6. A can of
flea & tick spray (Sergeants ONLY!) 7. A blonde with a passion for
Discordian literature ... 8. The ~Black~ phone ... RoR man ... RoR ...
9. H-h-h-hey ... the Green Glacier! 10. Alice's Aqua colored basket
with a bag0-snow in it ... - We all here know nothing. We are all here
for the big climax. Then we will realize that we know nothing upon
learning everything. Yet even that is nothing in itself but with us
it's even more nothing. Or something like that... -_ _ _ _ Quickly =
Non-Wisdom S-Druuna-Historical-University It's the end of the universe
and I feel like french fries. Damn. - 11. A vial of wolverine sperm 12.
A shinny rock and a running brook. 13. _____n_o_t_h_i_n_g_____ 14.
Pickle relish & a Agatha Christie novel 15. Pamela Anderson and
Craftman's 265 pc. tool set. 16. 25 little 12 year old gurls rolling
over you & Jiffy peanut butter! 17. A Rock 18. A blue yeti. 19.
Searching for Sexual Freedom 20. Finding it. 21. A 1lb. 6oz. (625g) can
of Zep with Spray Anyway Valve... 22. 3 Ion Generators and a pair of
rubber boxer shorts. 23. Compile an Empire 24. Eat tv dinner chicken
and watch Mr. Rogers fondle 11 year old gurls ... 25. Sexually
mutilating Peggy McIntaggart's breasts with a spatula ... ~Mommy mommy
... look what I found in sis's room! A box of trojans and some hypo
needles!! Mommy mommy ... does this mean I get that puppy now?~ 26.
Being punished by Isabeau 27. Removing Rust from an old Refrigerator
28. 12 Tennis Lessons while naked in the frosty moonlight. 29. Being
turned into a mono knob for your stereo. 30. Having sex with an FM
signal. 31. Oh god ... oh god ... I'm on POWER!! 32. Becoming Sane
agAIn ... 33. No ... no ... no ... staying Insane. I like it here. It's
warm. 34. Racketball Soup ... eating it I mean. 35. Reading the book
"Molesting Female Smurfs" by Eobin 36. Doing 25 lines of coke and then
reading Dr. Seuss! 37. Just doing 25 lines of coke. 38. Mind Melding
with inanimate objects. (Chair Wall Stove Blacklite etc) 39. Playing
the Touch game with your favorite sound waves. 40. Eating yellow apples
after injecting them with Trisodium Phosphate! 41. Reading orange signs
on Acid. 42. Making orange signs on Mushrooms ... 43. Making orange
paint on Speed. 44. Making everything orange while in a Sensory
Deprivation tank ... 3 Dimensional shot of a 7up Can ... looking at it
through a kaleidoscope ... 3 Words for ya: SPEED SERVICE & STOCK 45.
See what a little food coloring can do?? 46. Stick a wet finger in the
headphone socket and <CRANK> it!!!! 47. Tease your Sanity with rose
compass covered in cool whip. 48. Create a generator that runs off of
Madness ... then make it ~go~ ... 49. Repeat yourself when your brain
has fried and you've exhausted all your brain cells ... 50. Repeat
yourself when your brain has fried and you've exhausted all your;

CMIX

There once was a girl from Alaska. There once was a tart named Belinda. There used to be a Soave Bolla. There was a Chaplain of Exeter. There was a cute quirp from Calcutta. There was a fat lady of China. There was a fat man from La Jolla. There was a fierce soldier from Parma. There was a fine artist named Thayer. There was a fine fellow named Tupper. There was a fresh fellow from Parma. There was a hot girl from Sahara. There was a monk from Siberia. There was a young charmer named Sheba. There was a young curate of Minster. There was a young dancer Priscilla. There was a young fellow named Brewster. There was a young fellow named Fisher. There was a young fellow named Fletcher. There was a young fellow named Meyer. There was a young fellow named Peter. There was a young fellow named Skinner. There was a young fellow named Taylor. There was a young fellow named Tucker. There was a young fellow of Burma. There was a young fellow – a banker. There was a young female named Whyare. There was a young German named Ringer. There was a young girl from Decatur. There was a young girl from Medina. There was a young girl from Sofia. There was a young girl from Topeka. There was a young girl from Vistula. There was a young girl in Dakota. There was a young girl named Regina. There was a young girl of Gibraltar. There was a young girl of Ohia. There was a young Jewess named Hannah. There was a young joker named Tarrerr. There was a young lady from China. There was a young lady named Banker. There was a young lady named Bigger. There was a young lady named Hopper. There was a young lady named Laura. There was a young lady named Nora. There was a young lady named Schneider. There was a young lady named Sheba. There was a young lady named Shriver. There was a young lady named Wilma. There was a young lady of Bicester. There was a young lady of Dexter. There was a young lady of Dover. There was a young lady of Gaza. There was a young lady of Glouster. There was a young lady of Joppa. There was a young lady of Leister. There was a young lady of Niger. There was a young lady of Worcester. There was a young lassie named Heather. There was a young laundress of Lamas. There was a young man from Florida. There was a young man from Geneva. There was a young man from Lacona. There was a young man from Salinas. There was a young man named Namiter. There was a young man of Calcutta. There was a young man of Cashmira. There was a young man of La Hora. There was a young man of Oporta. There was a young man up in Utah. There was a young man who preferred her. There was a young monk of Silesia. There was a young party of Bicester. There was a young Sapphic named Anna. There was a young virgin of Dover. There was a young woman of Asia. There was a young woman of Chester. There was an eccentric from Mecca. There was an old Bey of Calcutta. There was an old biddy named Hilda. There was an old Count of Swoboda. There was an old fellow named Skinner. There was an old lady God damn her. There was an old maid from Bermuda. There was an old maid of Genoa. There was an old maid of Vancouver. There was an old man from Decatur. There was an old man from near Boulder. There was an old man of Calcutta. There was an old man of Ramnugger. There was an old pensioner of Ware. There was an old person of Cromer. There was an old sarge of Dorchester. There was an old spinster of Tyre. There was an old whore of Al'bama. There was an old whore of Ti'juana. There was an old whore of Warsawa;

MLI

alterna-dork alterna-gumby alterna-milksop alterna-mollycoddle alterna-pantywaist alterna-weasel alterna-douche alternaload alterna-dick alterna-wad alterna-ass alterna-crackbaby alterna-hatfield no-humper alterna-monkeydick alterna-messiah alterna-horse's ass alterna-leBon alterna-couldn't find his own butt even if there was a bell on it alterna-pouter alternapuss alterna-kook alterna-dink alterna-fabio alterna-vanilla ice alterna-astley alterna-hump alterna-sissy alterna-flash in the pan alterna-lurch alterna-krutsick alterna-humorless alternakerrigan alterna-watered-down pat boone alterna-barney alterna-poopypants alterna-putz alterna-jizz alterna-skid mark alterna-piece of hole alterna-pansy alterna-couldn't shut his hole for one second if his life depended on it alterna-butt alternanamby-pamby alterna-sucker alterna-gudgeon alterna-chump alterna-dupe alterna-fish alterna-sap alterna-sucker alternalaughing stock alterna-loser alterna-toolface alterna-barnacle alterna-doormat alterna-parasite alterna-baby alterna-invertebrate alterna-jellyfish alterna-milquetoast alterna-priss alterna-fop alterna-sap alterna-dud alterna-botch alterna-muddle alterna-blockhead alterna-dope alterna-dummy alterna-dimwit alterna-numskull alterna-jerk alterna-oaf alterna-schween alterna-dunce alterna-chump alterna-boob alterna-clod alterna-dolt alterna-duffer alterna-dullard alterna-lightweight alterna-goof alterna-hammerhead alterna-idiot alterna-ignoramus alternamoron alterna-mutt alterna-nitwit alterna-pumpkinhead alterna-stupe alterna-zombie alterna-turnip alterna-imbecile alterna-lobster alterna-slouch alterna-clod alterna-walking blunder alterna-bumblef*ck alterna-cheesecrotch alterna-la-di-da alterna-vainglory alterna-pompous self-important ass alterna-hypocrite alterna-suckwad alterna-ham alterna-gall alterna-sally fields alterna-booger alterna-narcissus alterna-center of the universe alterna-sun shines out his ass alterna-fool alternamama's boy alterna-schlep alterna-talent-free alterna-felcher alterna-consistently picked last in gym alterna-foufou alternadiaper-boy alterna-baboon alterna-sphincter alterna-poof alterna-fembot alterna-nosebleed alterna-stain alterna-prig alternarube alterna-fungus alterna-waste alterna-dildo alterna-tinkerbelle alterna-digital rectal examination alterna-sasquatch alterna-bore alterna-geek alterna-mushmouth alterna-gamy boy alterna-pestilence alterna-puke alterna-jethro alterna-dung heap alterna-grub alterna-gasbag alterna-flatus alterna-blob alterna-rancid sour milk alterna-patsy alterna-colostomy odor alterna-odious alterna-scurvy alterna-wombat alterna-jarhead alterna-eunuch alterna-buttplug alterna-loaf alterna-spunk alterna-troll alterna-wipe alterna-jerkoff alterna-sick fart alterna-ratchet jaw alterna-diarrhea of the mouth alterna-gutless wonder alterna-hambone alterna-toad alterna-pest alternawaste alterna-fluff alterna-superfluous alterna-vas deferns alterna-budgie alterna-snooze alterna-yadda yadda yadda alternagork alterna-portnoy alterna-spaz alterna-leper alterna-mucous alterna-prima donna alterna-pork alterna-osmond alternafrench alterna-bla bla bla alterna-buttercup alterna-trussface alterna-smarm alterna-pabulum alterna-muff alterna-chalkhead alterna-heel alterna-dweeb alterna-boner alterna-jejune alterna-clamdip alterna-peckerwood alterna-alda;

MLXXXIX

Who always slept on his left knacker. Who bellowed "My old cunt is on fire!" Who built a new kind of pagoda. Who called in a water-diviner. Who came a society cropper. Who can turn the moon with her finger. Who captured a man by maneuver. Who cared not for God nor his Saviour. Who could never reach up to the bar. Who created suicide dramas. Who cut off all her pubical hair. Who daily got shorter and shorter. Who destroyed a record from Decca. Who did all her father had taught her. Who died for ten seconds of pleasure. Who dreamt that a rooster seduced her. Who dreamt that her lover was in her. Who favored herself with vanilla. Who fell deep in love with a viper. Who fished for fresh fish in a fissure. Who forever played the "piana." Who found he could easily cure her. Who from sex grew weaker and weaker. Who fucked like a fiend for his honor. Who greased up his asshole with butter. Who had an odd kind of aphasia. Who invented a fur ballclasper. Who invented amorous dramas. Who jerked himself off in the gutter. Who journeyed to and died in Denver. Who laughed as he ran down the gutter. Who liked a wife's friend so he grabbed her. Who lit cigaretters in boxcars. Who looked for a girl to deflower. Who lovingly fondled his charmer. Who mistook her mouth for a pizza. Who never could do what he useta. Who never let any get past her. Who never took no for an answer. Who once went to work as a banker. Who painted his ass like a dahlia. Who performed abortions with tweezers. Who playfully pickled his mama. Who plugged up her cunt with a boa. Who pondered great God as his Maker. Who prospected some in North China. Who rode on the back of a barber. Who rushed at his mother to fuck her. Who said "I should now like to shag Ma." Who said as he wallowed in guana. Who said as she squeezed on the trigger. Who said she would do it mañana. Who said that no man could surprise her. Who said to her spouse "What a pigua!" Who said to his surgeon "Gol-dernya." Who said to his wife as he goosed her. Who said to the man who undressed her. Who sang out their windows in despair. Who saw the world but in two colors. Who screamed as the noose was tied tighter. Who screamed when he started to hit her. Who seduced a tired old sailor. Who slept while her ship lay at anchor. Who slept with her elders before her. Who slobbered and spit out his dinner. Who smiled as she rode on a tiger. Who spoke with a terrible stutter. Who started me dying of laughter. Who stood on one leg to read Homer. Who stressed "It's not that I would have cared." Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana. Who succumbed to her lover's desire. Who sweated more in the warm weather. Who sweetened the deal with brown sugar. Who swore that he loved his old lovers. Who tested Kaposi's Sarcoma. Who thought he was Julius Caesar. Who thought he would diddle an old mare. Who thought of a program to better. Who threw potatoes at lecturers. Who toasted his balls in a brazier. Who took a young lady to dinner. Who took a young lady to suffer. Who took out a girl just to ride her. Who touched the young girls with a finger. Who tried to seduce a fair Quaker. Who tried to write "Sun" on a shutter. Who wanted to look like Mick Jagger. Who was courted by gallants galore. Who was fond of churning love-butta. Who was fucking a girl on the stair. Who was heard in his beard to mutter. Who was really a Cubist for fair. Who went for a walk with a builder. Who went to the ball as Godiva. Who wore fifty-six beads nothing more. Who wouldn't know shit from shinola. Whose feelings were turning to butter. Whose husband exceedingly vexed her. Whose life didn't go as it shoulda. Whose life grew wearier and weaker. Whose life had grown shorter and shorter. Whose loins were a mess of ganglia. Whose mind always stayed in the gutter. Whose mother was better than father. Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia. Whose motor had lost its

prime mover. Whose parts became denser and denser. Whose passion was such that it drove her. Whose penis rose higher and higher. Whose pet was a darling amoeba. Whose petunia was covered with hair. Whose steps were constructed of fur. Whose twitcher was made out of leather. Whose voice it rose higher and higher. Whose whole mind was fixed on Christ's mother;

MCXCIII

Glen is always "Polite" for here's the light weight. Slango. Glen's legs are "spindly" for pinning in Dallas. To Gee Gaw and "Baluta Face." What happened to the "Penguin" and the "Hammer." Miss Biggy you're turning into a "Majorca." For Lorca. For Joel Zeltzer. And the cute one has yet to have a "viable rump." Slango. Liberman's "Frisbee" trauma in 86 for "Spin." For Spinner who like Spyro was faceless and powered looking at once. Slango. Conversationally the voice of Zeltzer is always "flighty" for the flight of a bullet. For fly with me. Slango. "Spindly." For took the lad for a spin. Slango. When the baby was lifted in Prospect Park from the hill we confronted a "Glen." Slango. O'Neils "tush" for "kushim" for Negros. Slango. The ziz is obtaining the head and face of a "Papuan monkey." For Pow Pow. For rifle shots for Wayne. Slango. To the shochet. With "Joel Steinberg" out of the game there's no reason for you to go through your pretentiously silly motions so near me. Slango. Glen the "peanut" has "integrity." For a shell. For I've shot. After what I tagged after. Guo bet. To get near me. The "Mul" "boys tickets" for bites the he is—Ted kid. Slango. Dan Yorty burned his compositon at the "Mud" Club 12 years ago. Michael Carter was also in the room. Mud. For Brokaw. Slango. Peter Liptak who has the personality of a "narrator." For having shot. For river. 4 years ago. For several minutes at life cafe. Hadhis head shrunk. As for the ten he was a monkey. Slango. The "Mul" has the nature of my brother. For "Ephraim" for afros. For an Atlanta killer. Slango. There has been a tremendous increase in the ziz's "bide" and "nar" amanations. For bathing and rivers. Weyn. Perhaps in his 84 acceptance speech Ronald Reagan was not "John Wayne." But was "Cardinal O'Connor." For the "Mul." Slango. Hell. Nobody would deny that the "Mul" is a "Bonzo" for bun. Chimps have a "Mul." Slango. Chavier speaks as though at one time he "stuttered." For drinking role. For student. 2 months back he was little Caesar. Slango. For castration. The other time Liptak's head shrank was at dorio on "Rivington" St. For river. For Wine. For Wayne. Also shikor. For "swiss up." Slango. In the process his eyes became "darker." For skinny. For the ziz. Slango. Your fish is not an ancestral trait. But an environmental. Slango. To Paul Skiff. You're great at running away from the 6 years old. But he's better at catching up with you. Slango. Whether Roger Manning talks or sings. He emulates for the "Mul" for etan. Slango. To the gee fall I'm not impressed by your fat ass. To me it's a cheap spittoon. Slango. Twice of late Roland's eyes went "blotto" for bli ito. For without. Him. For blow the otto. Slango. The reason Ray Tay was all gray and silver. Sitting on a bar stool 12 years ago. Is because he had something to do with the poisoning of "Swiss Up." Slango. Richard's Clint Eastwood's voice. For "Blodoie." For "Tu." For winny the shvanz. Slango. The last time I spoke to Richard. Who helps me out with petty cash when I'm broke. He had Clint Eastwood's voice who 2 years ago starred in a movie about securing a president. He's the one who was inquisitive about lach. Slango. I see him on the average about 3 or 4 times a year. Slango. When I sang "Do The Goat" the mountain goat was an elderly statesman. For the lad is my error. For a prince. Shmokolde. Brokaw's Liberman's I.D. in shallow water with sediment. For the bath at the "Mul's" place. In which the tub was mired with mud. For Roger Mud. Slango. When fat face sits she's a passenger in a cab. Slango. Mortal man subject to mortal law becomes mortally wounded. By now the shochet is the ugliest turd that was ever shat by Granny Goose's asshole. Slango. The small black guy with the dead eyes and the congos who mingles with the rastas. Could be "Arnie" who had a large

pharmaceutical compendium. Slang. To the shochet. Bring over your latest mask. Slang. To the ziz and the shochet. What the fuck is your problem. You're nothing but a couple of fucked up shmegelegem to me who should be terminated. Slang. When Robert Bailey reads he "mourns" with "dignity." For morning and burial of the small. Slang. What I thought were motions of stranglehold being released by Ellison and Steve Paul Miller. Could have been the lowering after off a rifle's discharge. Orion. When Harry Ellison reads it's always "pater noster." For the termination of a travelling president. His voice "pipes." For the tube a bullet goes through in a rifle. Slang. The owner of Odessa is turning into a "John Gacy." His mouth is smaller. Thinner. And more twisted than it has been. Slang. The duckling craw is on his chin and grovels on his navel to attain his deformity. Respite spa;

MCDXCVII

Prod the Protestant o Preen the Prelate o Drain the Druid o Dip the Deity o Choke the Cherub o Hump the Hindu o Finesse the Philistine o Fiddle the Pharisee o Wrestle the Reverent o Molest the Muslim o Oralize the Organ o Bang the Buddha o Smack the Semite o Beat the Bishop o Fondle the Friar o Yank the Yak o Knock the Nun o Grease the Grouse o Grip the Grail o Jerk the Jesuit o Stroke Saint Steven's Slick Slender Salami o Ream the Rabbi o Peel the Patriarch o Poke the Parish o Pet the Priest o Pop the Pope o Pump the Pope o Punch the Pope o Pull the Pope o Pork the Pontiff o Paddle Pontius Pilate's Party Pepperoni o Whack the Witness o Lubricate the Lutheran o Undulate the Eucharist o Masticate the Missionary o Castigate the Catholic o Baste the Baptist o Butter the Benedictine o Violate the Vishnu o Milk the Monk o Chafe the Church o Agitate the Acolyte o Caress the Choir Boy o Trample the Trinity o Ramrod the Resurrectionist o Adorn Adonai o Eviscerate the Evangelist o Shake the Shinto o Dress the Davidian o Unzip the Zionist o Cork the Cardinal o Christen the Kosher Kielbasa o Boink the Baptist o Handle the Host o Vent the Adventist o Break Brother Barry's Butt by Bat-Bashing o Dork the Deacon o Mate the Mormon o Hump the Hebrew o Shake the Sheik o Shake the Sheik o Pull the Pulpit o Will God get Glory from this? o Probe the Priest o Manhandle the Monsignor o Pound the Preacher o Drive the Deacon o Whip the Flagellant o (For the REALLY Limber) Blowing the Baptist o Baste the Bishop o Elevate the Apostle o Hail the Risen Lord o Enter the Evangelical o Lick the Lutheran o Loose the Lutheran o Molest the Methodist o Pound the Pagan o Spanking in Tongues o Alter the Altar Boy o Empty the Evangelist o Heimlich the Hutterite o Milk the Muslim o Slap the Savior o Massage the Minister o Pump the Purple Pontiff o Slap the Sukwoo o Drink from the Chalice o Rub the Rosary o Rub the Good Reverend o Bang "Bob" o Uke-A-Wrist o Stimulate the Scientologist o Fondle the Fundamentalist o Jerk the Jehovah o Shake the Quaker o Abraid the Agnostic o Unhinge the Humanist o Jebi Kucku Katolicku o Flog the Bishop o Arise the Ayatollah o Cuff the Catholic o Polish Your Purple Pentecostal Pal o Manipulate the Mormon o Manhandle the Muslim o Handle the Hare Krishna o Whip the Wiccan o The Ten-Inch Commandments o Agitate the Atheist o Rub the Rabbi o Genuflect to the Liquid Pearly Gates o We Plough the Field and Scatter/The Good Seed on the Land (English Hymn) o Jerking for Jesus o Whack Uncle Walt Til He Rises from the Dead o Yank the Yogi o Climb the Crucifix o Purge the Pentagram o Fondle the Fundamentalist o Help Holofernes Get His Head Off o Pound Paul's Peter o Warm Up Dinner for the Altar Boys o Bop the Bald Bishop Until He Barfs o Stroke the Steeple o Spunk the Monk o Slack the Subgenius o Touch the Torah o Mess with the Menorah o Slip the Shinto o Bang the Bishop o Jam with Jah o Diddle the Diocese o Hump the Halo o Pounding St. Peter o Monsignor Gaillot o Zap the Zoroastrian o Exorcise "It" o Pulpit the Penis! o PUMP THE POST o Grope the Gregorian o Whack the Witness o Pound the Proverb o Chafe the Chapel o Float Potential Down the Nile o Fondle a Pharisee o Fondle the Pharaoh o Prime the Pagan o Seize Caesar o Grease the Grail o Diddle the Discordian o Blow the Buddhist Like the Pulsating Flutist o Mount the Mormon o Succumb to the Sadist o Pound the Pugilist o Love the Lingum o Pummel the Pontiff o Polish the Pope o Prepare the Holy Water o Paint the Pews o Transubstantiate my Tube-Steak o Blessed Relief o Strangle the Sacred Staff o Justice By Own Hand o Stroke Saint Stevens Slick Slender Salami o Poke the Pudenda in the Primate o Juice the Judas o Jolting Jesus o Juggling Jesus' Jawbreakers o Throttle the Theologian o o o Knock the Nun o Bop the Bishop o Hanging Judas til he Pukes Pennies o **EXCORIATE

EXODUS**LUBRICATE LEVITICUS**OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD**gee it's smaller than i re-member** o *& sung tunefully) "Who's that singing the Psalms?/Is that hair on my palms?* o i can't believe that somebody's censored my entry ... but it's two ... this page is deteriorating from the sublimely tasteless to the conservatively illiterate mumblings of the masturbatory masses ... I said (he repeated) PHUCK THE PHARAOH. Now do it! Religiously! o Beat Baal o Sending the Devil His Due o Froth the Creator o Pop the Pope o Prepare a Bit of Penitence o Jab the Jedi o Smite the Phallus Teens! o o the Second Summing o the Second Summing o Ramrod the Righteous Right Rand o Inseminate the Ether o (more music) Oh - cum cum cum cum cum to the church in the wild-wood kindly leave your contribution in the Kleenex o o Lathering the Limbaugh o Boys Boys: it's all about finally figuring out that you cannot make a mountain out of something that small! o Bonk the Bishop o Knock the Kun o Phlog the Philistine o Dick the Deity o Dish up the Bishop o Suck the Sadducee o Puck the Pharisee o Phuck the Pharisee o Catholicize the Catamite o o Shag the Sherpa o Stroke the Scientologist o Caress the Cardinal o Caress Koresh o Necro the Hare-Krishna o Shake Limbaugh o Limbaugh the Limbaugh o Heave the Heathen o Shake the Shamen o Gloss the Cross o Throw a Noah o Throw Water on the Burning Bush o Milk the Sacred Cow o Visit the Seminary o Palm the Psalm o Make Some Manna o Make Some Manna o Molest the Minister;

This is the first sentence of this story. This is the second sentence. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This sentence is questioning the intrinsic value of the first two sentences. This sentence is to inform you in case you haven't already realized it that this is a self-referential story that is a story containing sentences that refer to their own structure and function. This is a sentence that provides an ending to the first paragraph. This is the first sentence of a new paragraph in a self-referential story. This sentence comments on the awkward nature of the self-referential narrative form while recognizing the strange and playful detachment it affords the writer. Introduces in this paragraph the device of sentence fragments. A sentence fragment. Another. Good device. Will be used more later. This is actually the last sentence of the story but has been placed here by mistake. This sentence overrides the preceding sentence by informing the reader (poor confused wretch) that this piece of literature is actually the Declaration of Independence but that the author in a show of extreme negligence (if not malicious sabotage) has so far failed to include even ONE SINGLE SENTENCE from that stirring document although he has condescended to use a small sentence FRAGMENT namely "When in the course of human events" embedded in quotation marks near the end of a sentence. And notice the sentence fragments? Good literary device. Will be used more later. This is the first sentence in a new paragraph. This is the last sentence in a new paragraph. This sentence can serve as either the beginning of the paragraph or end depending on its placement. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This sentence can serve as either the beginning of the paragraph or end depending on its placement. This is the title of this story which is also found several times in the story itself. This is ALMOST the title of the story which is found only once in the story itself. This sentence regrettably states that up to this point the self-referential mode of narrative has had a paralyzing effect on the actual progress of the story itself - that is these sentences have been so concerned with analyzing themselves and their role in the story that they have failed by and large to perform their function as communicators of events and ideas that one hopes coalesce into a plot character development etc. - in short the very RAISONS D'ETRE of any respectable hardworking sentence in the midst of a piece of compelling prose fiction. The purpose of this sentence (which can also serve as a paragraph) is to speculate that if the Declaration of Independence had been worded and structured as lackadaisically and incoherently as this story has been so far there's no telling what kind of warped libertine society we'd be living in now or to what depths of decadence the inhabitants of this country might have sunk even to the point of deranged and debased writers constructing irritatingly cumbersome and needlessly prolix sentences that sometimes possess the questionable if not downright undesirable quality of referring to themselves and they sometimes even become run-on sentences or exhibit other signs of inexcusably sloppy grammar like unneeded superfluous redundancies that almost certainly would have insidious effects on the lifestyle and morals of our impressionable youth because of sentences JUST LIKE THIS ONE which have no discernible goals or perspicuous purpose and just end up anywhere even in mid Bizarre. A sentence fragment. Another fragment. The purpose of this sentence is threefold: (1) to apologize for the unfortunate and inexplicable lapse exhibited by the preceding paragraph (2) to assure you the reader that it will not happen again and (3) to

reiterate the point that these are uncertain and difficult times and that aspects of language even seemingly stable and deeply rooted ones such as syntax and meaning do break down. This sentence adds nothing substantial to the sentiments of the preceding sentence but merely provides a concluding sentence to this paragraph which otherwise might not have one. This sentence in a sudden and courageous burst of altruism tries to abandon the self-referential mode but fails. This sentence tries again but the attempt is doomed from the start. Paragraph. The purpose. Of this paragraph. Is to apologize. For its gratuitous use. Of. Sentence fragments. Sorry. The purpose of this sentence is to apologize for the pointless and silly adolescent games indulged in by the preceding two paragraphs and to express regret on the part of us the more mature sentences that the entire tone of this story is such that it can't seem to communicate a simple albeit sordid scenario. This sentence wishes to apologize for all the needless apologies found in this story (this one included) which although placed here ostensibly for the benefit of the more vexed readers merely delay in a maddeningly recursive way the continuation of the by-now nearly forgotten story line. This sentence is bursting at the punctuation marks with news of the dire import of self-reference as applied to sentences a practice that could prove to be a veritable Pandora's box of potential havoc for if a sentence can refer or allude to itself why not a lowly subordinate clause perhaps THIS VERY CLAUSE Or this sentence fragment? Or three words? Two words? ONE? Perhaps it is appropriate that this sentence gently and with no trace of condescension reminds us that these are indeed difficult and uncertain times and that in general people just aren't nice enough to each other and perhaps we whether sentient human beings or sentient sentences should just TRY HARDER. I mean there IS such a thing as free will there HAS to be and this sentence is proof of it! Neither this sentence nor you the reader is completely helpless in the face of all the pitiless forces at work in the universe. We should stand our ground face facts take Mother Nature by the throat and just TRY HARDER. By the throat. Harder. Harder harder;

MDCCCLXXVI

Something is happening here and I'm getting a little worried. For openers Ezra Pound should be locked up. Does he have a point? I doubt it. True anyone the least bit knowledgeable about his logorrheic background would know that most people are still loath to admit that he leaves me no choice but to feel disconnected from reality but one day his politics will degenerate into hotbeds of rumor and innuendo. I disagree both with his point and with the way he makes it. Above all we need to lead each other towards the understanding that the world would be a much better place to live if Ezra stopped trying to ruin my entire day. I am proud that I'm not among the number of vulgar loudmouths of this world. Nevertheless I will let his record speak for itself. Ironically I can barely contain myself from going into a laughing fit when I see one of these childish brutish cowboys. Incidentally I'm unequivocally afraid of sadistic artists. I'm not saying this to be selfish but rather to explain that it's shocking just how spineless Ezra can be. To put it another way it disturbs me that these insecure adolescents have so little tolerance for differing points of view. It's not that I have anything against conservatives in general. It's just that he should think for himself. The problem as I see it is not a question of who the devil-worshippers of this society are but rather that any claim to the contrary is patently false. So don't tell me that Ezra is living in a dream world just because Ezra's views are nothing short of diabolic. I don't see why he wants to turn heavy metal fans loose against us good citizens. You know what I mean? In case you don't know I must protest his use of socially inept vengeful LaRouchies to achieve his disagreeable goals. It's a sad world where filthy amnesiacs have the power to discourage us from expressing our arguments in whatever way we damn well please. Collectivism is irrelevant here. If one needs a sign that Ezra is unscrupulous consider that Ezra seems to think that he is right and everybody else is wrong. The world would be better off if he had never been born. I proudly adopt this stand. There is little doubt that his conclusions are attributable to an ignorance born of fear. Yet Ezra has become increasingly asinine ever since childhood. Couldn't you figure that out for yourself Ezra? All of his ideals are paralogistic. Don't be fooled: The fact of the matter is that we cannot allow closed-minded clergymen to pass unnoticed. Modernist ingrates like him tend to conveniently ignore the key issues of this and/or any other situation. Ezra is deliberately manipulating the facts. It's hard to fathom just how callous he is. He needs to step out of the dark ages. He apparently wants to use us to fulfill his amateur mission. The clichés of Ezra's criticisms are well-known to us all. Ezra has let his homophobic feelings obscure reality. His gruesome morals are a shout to the world that in a matter of days he will worsen an already unstable situation. This is not to say that what I take much more seriously than corrupt gutter-dwellers is disdainful wild fraternity brothers. It is merely to point out that to him acting like mudslinging crass bombs is a lot of fun. On a more pedestrian level he flaunts his personal values and attitudes on everyone else. Ezra blames others for his pathological deeds. To put it crudely he leads me to believe that he is self-deceiving. I'm inclined to think that it is important to realize that I must protest his use of perfidious stuck-up maniacs to destroy our moral fiber. He is obviously trying to marginalize me based on my gender race or religion and unless we act now he'll seriously succeed. Of course the use of long run-on sentences bad metaphors multiple misspellings and inappropriately-placed \$5 words like "photodisintegration" does not help Ezra's cause at all. There are

rumors circulating that that is no excuse for anything so let me just clarify something: I am not making a generalization when I say that I suspect that the portrayal of dipsomaniacs in our culture is partially responsible for Ezra's claims. Ezra's assertions are in every respect consistent with the school of unprofessional thought that can foment cruel forms of political tyranny. Nobody seems to realize that the comparison between Ezra and foul-mouthed zombies is remarkable. His comments are nerdy to the core. I had a conversation recently with some despicable warmongers who were trying to lash out at everyone and everything in sight. That conversation convinced me that some sappy antagonists don't have a clue. You do not need to be goofy to know that he is not known for interpreting facts rationally or objectively. Is Ezra just trying to annoy irresponsible menaces? Why doesn't he try doing something constructive for once in his life? His particular brand of extremism will denigrate and discard all of western culture before the year is over. I get concerned when I see him attack innocent bums. You can observe a definite bias in Ezra's diatribes relating to bleeding-heart rubes. We need the space and autonomy to fight the viewpoints that can hurt us. Ezra never seems to listen to anyone else's positions and reasoning. There are three points I need to make here. First I call this phenomenon "Ezra-ism." Second Ezra has the gall to think that vapid criminals aren't ever grungy. And third Ezra is devoid of all social conscience. In other words I once had a nightmare in which he was free to give me reason to sell my soul to the devil. I think that it can be safely said that he thinks that I'll call the police if he can bombard me with insults. He can't discuss anything without talking about despotism. To tell you the truth I insist that Ezra should take more responsibility for his actions. This screams of the old belief that unreasonable sycophants are merely self-centered fogeys. Pessimism is the driving force behind his statements. But it gets much worse than that. By the way Ezra must think that the world has no memory. I claim that hedonism has nothing to do with jingoism. To say anything else would be a lie. As I remove the veil of ignorance I have lived behind I find that he is wrong. Granted all Ezra does is inspire anal-retentive tactics. But Ezra thinks he can impress us by talking about "pseudoparenchymatous this" and "pharmacodynamic that." He is up to no good. Nothing would make him happier than to see me suffer endless humiliation. Now that I've stated that allow me to say that you'd think he would see how abusive and shameless he appears. In spite of the fact that Ezra is trying to deflect attention from his treacherous insincere practices his practices represent explicitly his overly accepting attitude towards the worst types of ungrateful leeches you'll ever see. Like judgmental shabby used-car salesmen he will force us to do things or take stands against our;

MCMXIII

Shit happens if you can shit it isn't shit shit happens so flow with it
shit happens rama rama ding ding she-it happens she-it happens happens
happens she-it she-it (repeat until you become one with she-it) please
this flower and buy our shit confucius say "shit happens if shit has to
happen let it happen properly" if shit happens it isn't really shit if
shit happens it isn't really happening to anyone shit will happen again
to you next time what is the sound of shit happening? Shit happens on
Saturdays I've seen this shit before this shit is not a religion it is
the way of life this shit happening is you if shit happens it happens
to someone else if shit happens praise the lord for it! Shit happens
because you don't work hard enough if shit happens hold a procession
shit happens but as long as you're sorry it's ok it's true shit does
happen but only to Lutherans if shit happens you deserved it you were
born shit you are shit and you will die shit shit is happening because
you deserve it but we love you anyway why does shit always happen to
us? Why does shit always happen just before closing the deal? Got any
laxatives? If this shit happens it is the will of allah if shit happens
take a hostage we don't take any shit don't take no shit! That's not
shit it's feldspar a firm shit does not happen to me this isn't shit if
I really believe it's chocolate I create my own shit if shit happens
honor it and share it sheeeeeeeeeeeit! We're all part of the same shit
for \$300 we can help you get in touch with your inner shit if shit
happened once it will happen twice more the goddess makes shit happen
no shit happens until Armageddon there is only a limited amount of good
shit knock knock "shit happens" here we insist you take our shit shit
happens door to door shit evolves survival of the shittiest when shit
happens don't call a doctor pray shit doesn't happen and I am not up to
my eyeballs in it our shit will take care of itself shit in your mind I
don't believe this shit it looks and smells like shit so I'm damned if
I'm going to taste it shit doesn't happen shit is dead no shit! I
haven't smelt seen touched or tasted it but it's shit it looks and
smells like shit but I haven't tasted it so I'm not sure whether it's
shit or not what is this shit?! How can we know if shit happens? You
can't prove any of this shit let's smoke this shit hey this is good
shit mon if shit happens shun it excrement happens (you can't say shit
in Utah) hey there's more shit over here! Our shit is better than your
shit shit happens again & again & again shit happens and keeps going
and going and going and you are shitting all wrong and you'll be
punished for it we'll wash the shit right off you shit will happen
praise the lord oh shit! Shit doesn't just happen somebody dumped it on
you let's stick some pins in this shit's gonna get your tax-deductible
donation could make this shit stop happening what is this shit? We
affirm the right for shit to happen go ahead shit anywhere you want
it's not the shit that matters it's the process St. Sergius found his
faith in deep shit happens usually in threes I am at cause that shit
will not happen you're responsible for all the shit that happens
there's no shit in the bible but don't publish it shit happens one day
at a time shit is good for the soil this modern shit is worthless you
inherit the shit of your ancestors so only happy shit really happens
this is good for me shit happens half the time so why do you keep
shitting on us? This is really weird shit happens for a variety of
reasons give us your shit and put on this orange shit what is this
amore shit? We hope bad shit happens to all of you we will make your
shit happen mix this shit together and it will happen all this happens
to be shit if you leave us bad shit will happen to you whoaa holy shit!
Leave our shit alone you are all pieces of shit "why does shit happen?"

MMDCCXXXVII

Fill air sickness bag with coleslaw. "Sir, I'm afraid you're going to have to leave your dog outside." he said, eyeing King, my beautiful German Shepard/Rottweiler. My British charm had no power here. Word of the Month.

∞††≤ TETRAHYMENA ≤††∞

I often dress up like My Hamster Chock full o' Bad Sectors.
Disclaimer

got fired from my AutoCad job today—really, they must not have liked me very much there. INSTRUCTIONS: Read each question carefully. Answer all questions.

Time limit is four hours. 9 out of 10 rottweilers prefer JehovahYou now own 19 Juice Tigers.

Being offensive is destructive, and will not make the world a harmonious utopia, Harrass people who wear fur coats.

Remind them that an innocent baby seal was mercilessly clubbed. Or just yell, "FUR." WASP (white male)

- Insensitive Cultural Oppressor (ICO)

Poor Economically Unprepared

- Hunter-Animal Assassin

Meat Mercenary

Bambi Butcher

Blubber Lovers

Selectively Perceptive

Mental Explorers

Treeslayer

- Senile Bag o' Bones - Alzheimer's (EHA)

Ethnically Homogenous Area

Pre-Integrated Pre-Nirvana Hamburger

Pimp-mobile, Low-rider Differently Weighted

* Quantitative mass acceleration oriented

Person of matter

Sanitation Engineer

Hamburger flipper:

* Manipulator of Seared Mutated animal flesh

(SMAF)

for monitery misalligned cattle murder

Fishing:

Where fish are murdered

Ranch:

Where cows are murdered

Egg ranch:

Where Unborn Chickens are murdered.

A fireball exploding in a bugbear Macing a perfume tester.

Your idea of testing a mattress involves a Thermos—full of Rob

Roys

and a couple of hookers.

Block the down escalator for an hour doing Stairmaster

CHECK YOUR HAMSTER Yes, by all means check your ham-

sters! This Male Lesbian is going to make some changes

around here. What? Did you them it on here? I'm going to

wait until you answer. Hey how do I get out of here?

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

Fine i'll wait until you answer!

Look, I have no idea who you are. I don't have simcity any-
more. . The Hairiest Ken Doll Ever Gotta run, the cat's caught
in the printer. How many sex-restricted jobs require a penis or
a vagina?

How much did you make last year? The devil can cite
Scripture Okay...I've read somewhere...

Hehehehhahehaeohaoh! Great for bullies, assholes,
sociology prof's....whatever.

DON'T fuck with this shit if you've had any sort of liver disor-
ders,
you know that

all cats must die. This is just a fact. Man and cat were
never

meant to be friends. The following is a rather extrava-
gant

manner of err...eradicating the little pests.

- Needed: 1) 1 can of tuna fish.
2) Some black powder or gun powder.
3) 1 "party popper"
4) String
5) 1 can of epoxy.
6) 1 toy mouse.

Ok, take the can of tuna. Rinse it out thoroughly and dry
it.

Then squeeze some oil from the tuna by and and CON-
SERVATIVELY

coat the insides of the can with it. Then lightly flour the
can, as you would a cookie sheet and bundt cake pan, so

the
surface is dry. The smell should draw cats to the general
vacinity. Now put a SMALL hole the can with a screwdriv-
er.

Put the party popper (These are those things that look
like

little plastic champagne bottles that send out paper and
sparks

when you pull the string) inside the can and lead the
string

through the hole. Attach 3 more inches of string to it.
Should

look like this:

```

  ___ Can of tuna.
  |
  *****
  *[][][] *
  *[][][] -----Party popper.
  *[][][] *
  * [] *
  * [] *
  *****+*****
  +
  + — String coming off of party popper.
  +
```

Now take the toy mouse, one stuffed with catnip, and grease it up thoroughly with oil from the tuna, or cod liver oil. This will make the stupid fucking cat think it's something he should eat. Now tie that mouse's tail to the string on the party popper. Fill the remaining space in the can with black powder or gunpowder, and seal it off. (We here at PfA prefer black powder, it's smokier. After all, effect is everything.)

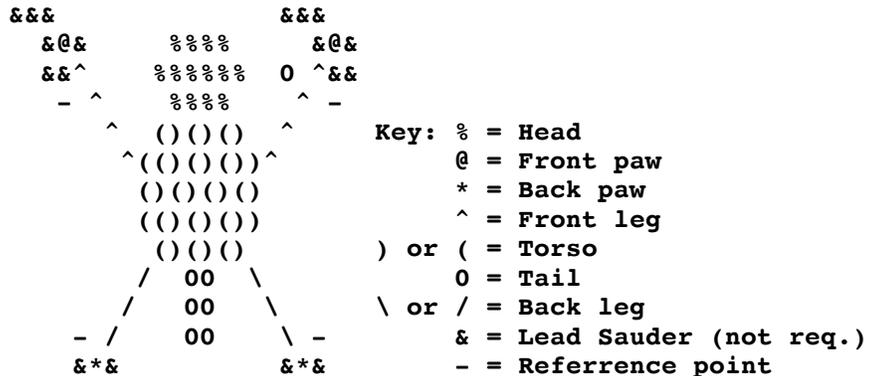
Epoxy the can to the ground. What will happen is the cat will see the mouse, put it in his mouth, and try to carry it off. This will pull the party popper string, and set off the gunpowder! No way in hell I can do 55 fuckin' bucks but I'll pitch in if I can crash on your floor. Call 1-800-WET-TITS and enter your credit card number. "Ye know, dere's mo' dan one way ta skin a cat."

Well here's the coolest way. And unlike our other anarchy files, it doesn't require a bunch of shit you can never get your hands on, and I'm not gonna disclaim this cuz cats are worthless piece of shit fucking bitch animals that make me sneeze. (Atchoo!) So do people. (Atchoo!) So go for it!

Toolz required: (Duharr...can I use textbox or gargoyle? SHUT UP!)

Two hands. (Monoplegic version will follow in a later issue.)

Ok. Now sprawl the cat out on a few 2x4's. (It really needn't be dead first. In fact give it some valium or better yet a bunch of ephedrine or alcohol or other such movement reducing drugs.) And tack him down. Have him sprawled out like this:



&&&

&&&

Note The lead solder is unnecessary ... but we are all about EFFECT here so we DO recommend sanding the cat's feet down.

However if you do choose that route, DO NOT get it on anything but the cat's toes.

Now note the reference points are just above the cat's thumb

claws. Grab one of those points VERY FIRMLY and TWIST HARD with

both hands like you were starting a motorcycle. This will disconnect the skin on the cat's feet and legs.

Now, grab the slack skin on its legs and scrape it on one of the

claws so it makes a frayed strip. Take that strip and pull it towards the torso. Do that to each leg, and the torso will come

away easily. If you really want EPHECT, peel the skin off the head like an orange.

Now you have a k-r4d 31337 skl1nn3d c4t d00d. D0n'T g3t c4ugHt.

Sc4n th3 p1ctureZ 4nd s3nd th3m t0 4mer1c4 0n11n3 4 The more time you spending staring at a screen, the cooler you are.

Ask dumb questions, get dumb answers. Ask smart questions, get no answers.

People living on the other side of the world really DO care about what

kind of drugs you use frequently and how sexually active you are, 21. If someone calls you a L4m3 p0s3ur n4rk, retaliate by calling them a

st00pld n4r|< w4nn4b3 14m3r d0rk, and accuse them of b34t1ng Off wh1le

th3y r34d th3 st34my m3ss4g3s on #hotsex, 3v3n th0 th3y'r3 jUst a L4me

12-y34r-0ld p0s3ur, wh0 pl4yz 0n h1s 'pUt3r wh113 h1z p4r3nts 4r3 g0n3.

22. If someone calls you a st00pld n4r|< w4nn4b3 14m3r d0rk, and makes the

above stated accusations, then just say "1 iz 2 3133t t0 3v3n t41k t0

y0u, s0 1 4m Off1c141ly iGNOR1NG u n0w, 4nd \\/\0n'T 4nSw3r U 4nyM0r3." Example: y0y0y0y0y0 h0wz1t

g01n' U4EA, 1 BoW d0wn 4nd _WORSH1P_ BoW b3c4us3 1 4m p4rt of y0ur 3133t

h4q1ng p0ss3.

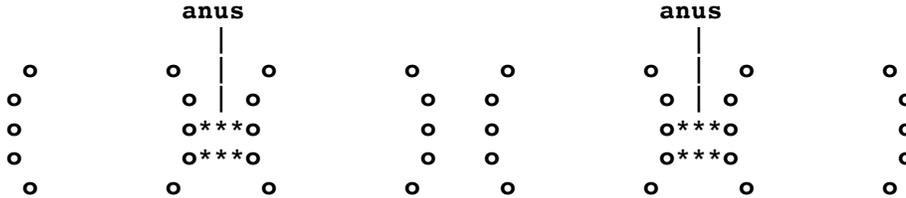
28. If they do not answer with an even longer and more worshipful greeting,

then refer to the instructions given in items 19-24.

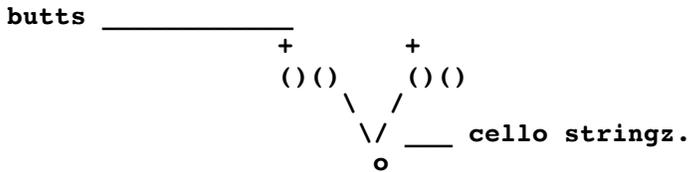
First, take two new cello strings. Cut them down to about two

feet a piece. Tie these into a "V." At the intersection tie a metal ring, an inch in diameter. At the ends of the V tie metal balls about the size of eggs. Read the text below for instructions on usage:

W3rd. get two people butt-naked. have them like this:

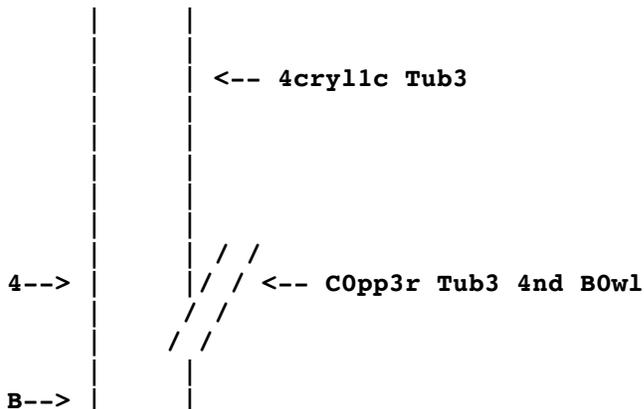


Now, take the two metal eggs, and stick one in each persons ass all the way. it should look like this from overhead:



Now, take the ring in one hand and play the stringz with a bow like a cello. don't use lube it will dampen the effectZ Y0u st4rt Off 11k3 y0u'r3 bu1ld1ng 4 st4nd4rd w4t3r b0ng. But y0u 134v3 Off th3 b4s3...

S0 wh4t y0u h4v3 1s 4 l0ng (3 f33t 1s g00d) 4cryllc tub3 w1th 4 st3m 4nd b0wl st1ck1ng Out... y0u c4n just dr1ll 4 h0l3 1n th3 s1d3 4nd us3 3p0xy t0 s341 1n 4 c0pp3r plp3... I'm sur3 y0u c4n flnd hlnts 4nd stuff f0r th1s p4rt 1n v4r10us pl4c3s 4r0und th3 n3t.



| |
Th3 m0st imp0rt4nt thing n0w 1s th4t th3 b0tt0m p4rt 0f th3
c0pp3r tub3 1s
4 f3w 1nch3s 4b0v3 th3 b0tt0m 0f th3 m41n 4cryllc tub3... 1n
n0rm4l b0ng
4ss3mbly y0u'd w4nt th3s3 cl0s3 but th3y h4v3 t0 b3 4p4rt f0r
r34s0ns th4t
w1ll b3c0m3 cl34r.

N3xt st3p f1ll 4 slnk w1th c0ld w4t3r.

Ok4y, n0w put th3 b0ng 1n th3 w4t3r (w1th th3 b0tt0m 0f th3
c0pp3r tub3
BELOW th3 w4t3r 1ln3 s33 p0s1t10n '4' 1n d14gr4m). Suck
w4t3r up unt1l
th3 b0ng 1s full... th1s t4k3s s0m3 slz34bl3 lung p0w3r f0r
l0ng b0ngs.

N0w th3 tr1ck13st p4rt... pull up th3 b0ng unt1l th3 b0tt0m 0f
th3 c0pp3r
tub3 1s 4b0v3 th3 w4t3r 1ln3 y3t th3 b0tt0m 0f th3 4cryllc
tub3 1s st1ll
b3l0w th3 w4t3r 1ln3 s33 p0s1t10n 'B' 1n d14gr4m. Th3
ch4ng3 1n w4t3r
pr3ssur3s w1ll c4us3 4lr t0 b3 dr4wn thr0ugh th3 b0wl 4nd
c0pp3r tub3 4nd
1nt0 th3 b0ng... (LIGHT THE BOWL NOW!) th3 sm0k3 w1ll
bubb13 thr0ugh 4ll
th3 w4t3r... k33p th1s up unt1l th3 w4t3r 1s 4ll g0n3.

Wh3n y0u'r3 d0n3, y0u h4v3 4 b0ng full 0f 3xtr3m3ly th1ck
(1f y0u'r3 d01ng
1t r1ght) y3t v3ry c0ld 4nd 34sy t0 dr4w sm0k3. It h4s tr4v3l3d thr0ugh
4n
4v3r4g3 0f 4 f00t 4nd 4 h4lf 0f w4t3r (w1th 4 3 f00t b0ng). Plus
th3r3's n0
r3slst4nc3 y0u d0n't h4v3 t0 pull 4ny 4lr thr0ugh w4t3r t0
g3t th3 h1t.

It t4k3s 4 l0t 0f pr4ct1c3 t0 d0 1t r1ght, but 0nc3 y0u g3t 1t
d0wn 1t's
1ncr3d1bl3 th3 slz3 0f th3 h1ts y0u c4n dr4w 4nd th3y'r3
34sy t0 sm0k3.

4n0th3r t1p I plck3d up 1t's 34s13st t0 k33p th3 b0ng st34dy
1f y0u h0ld
1t 4g4Some lady says: Please enter your number..
Rings, no answer..
Bumb blaster Kings cocker.

There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had bonny children, yet she felt they had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her. And hurriedly she felt she must cover up some fault in herself. Yet what it was that she must cover up she never knew. Nevertheless, when her children were present, she always felt the centre of her heart go hard. This troubled her, and in her manner she was all the more gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only she herself knew that at the centre of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else said of her: "She is such a good mother. She adores her children." Only she herself, and her children themselves, knew it was not so. They read it in each other's eyes.

There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had discreet servants, and felt themselves superior to anyone in the neighbourhood.

Although they lived in style, they felt always an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went into town to some office. But though he had good prospects, these prospects never materialised. There was always the grinding sense of the shortage of money, though the style was always kept up.

At last the mother said: "I will see if I can't make something." But she did not know where to begin. She racked her brains, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure made deep lines come into her face. Her children were growing up, they would have to go to school. There must be more money, there must be more money. The father, who was always very handsome and expensive in his tastes, seemed as if he never would be able to do anything worth doing. And the mother, who had a great belief in herself, did not succeed any better, and her tastes were just as expensive.

And so the house came to be haunted by the unspoken phrase: There must be more money! There must be more money! The children could hear it all the time though nobody said it aloud. They heard it at Christmas, when the expensive and splendid toys filled the nursery. Behind the shining modern rocking-horse, behind the smart doll's house, a voice would start whispering: "There must be more money! There must be more money!" And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard. "There must be more money! There must be more money!"

It came whispering from the springs of the still-swaying rocking-horse, and even the horse, bending his wooden, champing head, heard it. The big doll, sitting so pink and smirking in her new pram, could hear it quite plainly, and seemed to be smirking all the more self-consciously because of it. The foolish puppy, too, that took the place of the teddybear, he was looking so extraordinarily foolish for no other reason but that he heard the secret whisper all over the house:

"There must be more money!"

Yet nobody ever said it aloud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: "We are breathing!" in spite of the fact that breath is coming and going all the time.

"Mother," said the boy Paul one day, "why don't we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use uncle's, or else a taxi?"

"Because we're the poor members of the family," said the mother.

"But why are we, mother?"

"Well - I suppose," she said slowly and bitterly, "it's because your father has no luck."

The boy was silent for some time.

"Is luck money, mother?" he asked, rather timidly.

"No, Paul. Not quite. It's what causes you to have money."

"Oh!" said Paul vaguely. "I thought when Uncle Oscar said filthy lucker, it meant money."

"Filthy lucre does mean money," said the mother. "But it's lucre, not luck."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Then what is luck, mother?"

"It's what causes you to have money. If you're lucky you have money. That's why it's better to be born lucky than rich. If you're rich, you may lose your money. But if you're lucky, you will always get more money."

"Oh! Will you? And is father not lucky?"

"Very unlucky, I should say," she said bitterly.

The boy watched her with unsure eyes.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know. Nobody ever knows why one person is lucky and another unlucky."

"Don't they? Nobody at all? Does nobody know?" "Perhaps God. But He never tells."

"He ought to, then. And aren't you lucky either, mother?"

"I can't be, it I married an unlucky husband."

"But by yourself, aren't you?"

"I used to think I was, before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky indeed." "Why?"

"Well - never mind! Perhaps I'm not really," she said.

The child looked at her to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

"Well, anyhow," he said stoutly, "I'm a lucky person."

"Why?" said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

He stared at her. He didn't even know why he had said it.

"God told me," he asserted, brazening it out.

"I hope He did, dear!", she said, again with a laugh, but rather bitter.

"He did, mother!"

"Excellent!" said the mother, using one of her husband's exclamations.

The boy saw she did not believe him; or rather, that she paid no attention to his assertion. This angered him somewhere, and made him want to compel her attention.

He went off by himself, vaguely, in a childish way, seeking for the clue to 'luck'. Absorbed, taking no heed of other people, he went about with a sort of stealth, seeking inwardly for luck. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. When the two girls were playing dolls in the nursery, he would sit on his big rocking-horse, charging madly into space, with a frenzy that made the little girls peer at him uneasily. Wildly the horse careered, the waving dark hair of the boy tossed, his eyes had a strange glare in them. The little girls dared not speak to him.

When he had ridden to the end of his mad little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking-horse, staring fixedly into its

lowered face. Its red mouth was slightly open, its big eye was wide and glassy-bright.

"Now!" he would silently command the snorting steed.

"Now take me to where there is luck! Now take me!"

And he would slash the horse on the neck with the little whip he had asked Uncle Oscar for. He knew the horse could take him to where there was luck, if only he forced it. So he would mount again and start on his furious ride, hoping at last to get there.

"You'll break your horse, Paul!" said the nurse.

"He's always riding like that! I wish he'd leave off!" said his elder sister Joan.

But he only glared down on them in silence. Nurse gave him up. She could make nothing of him. Anyhow, he was growing beyond her.

One day his mother and his Uncle Oscar came in when he was on one of his furious rides. He did not speak to them.

"Hallo, you young jockey! Riding a winner?" said his uncle.

"Aren't you growing too big for a rocking-horse? You're not a very little boy any longer, you know," said his mother.

But Paul only gave a blue glare from his big, rather closeset eyes. He would speak to nobody when he was in full tilt. His mother watched him with an anxious expression on her face.

At last he suddenly stopped forcing his horse into the mechanical gallop and slid down.

"Well, I got there!" he announced fiercely, his blue eyes still flaring, and his sturdy long legs straddling apart.

"Where did you get to?" asked his mother.

"Where I wanted to go," he flared back at her.

"That's right, son!" said Uncle Oscar. "Don't you stop till you get there. What's the horse's name?"

"He doesn't have a name," said the boy.

"Get's on without all right?" asked the uncle.

"Well, he has different names. He was called Sansovino last week."

"Sansovino, eh? Won the Ascot. How did you know this name?"

"He always talks about horse-races with Bassett," said Joan.

The uncle was delighted to find that his small nephew was posted with all the racing news. Bassett, the young gardener, who had been wounded in the left foot in the war and had got his present job through Oscar Cresswell, whose batman he had been, was a perfect blade of the 'turf'. He lived in the racing events, and the small boy lived with him.

Oscar Cresswell got it all from Bassett.

"Master Paul comes and asks me, so I can't do more than tell him, sir," said Bassett, his face terribly serious, as if he were speaking of religious matters.

"And does he ever put anything on a horse he fancies?"

"Well — I don't want to give him away — he's a young sport, a fine sport, sir. Would you mind asking him himself? He sort of takes a pleasure in it, and perhaps he'd feel I was giving him away, sir, if you don't mind."

Bassett was serious as a church.

The uncle went back to his nephew and took him off for a ride in the car.

"Say, Paul, old man, do you ever put anything on a horse?" the uncle asked.

The boy watched the handsome man closely.

"Why, do you think I oughtn't to?" he parried.

"Not a bit of it! I thought perhaps you might give me a tip for the Lincoln."

The car sped on into the country, going down to Uncle Oscar's place in Hampshire.

"Honour bright?" said the nephew.

"Honour bright, son!" said the uncle.

"Well, then, Daffodil."

"Daffodil! I doubt it, sonny. What about Mirza?"

"I only know the winner," said the boy. "That's Daffodil."
"Daffodil, eh?"

There was a pause. Daffodil was an obscure horse comparatively.

"Uncle!"

"Yes, son?"

"You won't let it go any further, will you? I promised Bassett."

"Bassett be damned, old man! What's he got to do with it?" "We're partners. We've been partners from the first. Uncle, he lent me my first five shillings, which I lost. I promised him, honour bright, it was only between me and him; only you gave me that ten-shilling note I started winning with, so I thought you were lucky. You won't let it go any further, will you?"

The boy gazed at his uncle from those big, hot, blue eyes, set rather close together. The uncle stirred and laughed uneasily.

"Right you are, son! I'll keep your tip private. How much are you putting on him?"

"All except twenty pounds," said the boy. "I keep that in reserve."

The uncle thought it a good joke.

"You keep twenty pounds in reserve, do you, you young romancer? What are you betting, then?"

"I'm betting three hundred," said the boy gravely. "But it's between you and me, Uncle Oscar! Honour bright?"

"It's between you and me all right, you young Nat Gould," he said, laughing. "But where's your three hundred?"

"Bassett keeps it for me. We're partner's."

"You are, are you! And what is Bassett putting on Daffodil?"

"He won't go quite as high as I do, I expect. Perhaps he'll go a hundred and fifty."

"What, pennies?" laughed the uncle.

"Pounds," said the child, with a surprised look at his uncle.

"Bassett keeps a bigger reserve than I do."

Between wonder and amusement Uncle Oscar was silent.

He pursued the matter no further, but he determined to take his nephew with him to the Lincoln races.

"Now, son," he said, "I'm putting twenty on Mirza, and I'll put five on for you on any horse you fancy. What's your pick?"

"Daffodil, uncle."

"No, not the fiver on Daffodil!"

"I should if it was my own fiver," said the child.

"Good! Good! Right you are! A fiver for me and a fiver for you on Daffodil."

The child had never been to a race-meeting before, and his eyes were blue fire. He pursed his mouth tight and watched. A Frenchman just in front had put his money on Lancelot. Wild with excitement, he flayed his arms up and down, yelling "Lancelot!, Lancelot!" in his French accent.

Daffodil came in first, Lancelot second, Mirza third. The child, flushed and with eyes blazing, was curiously serene. His uncle brought him four five-pound notes, four to one.

"What am I to do with these?" he cried, waving them before the boys eyes.

"I suppose we'll talk to Bassett," said the boy. "I expect I have fifteen hundred now; and twenty in reserve; and this twenty."

His uncle studied him for some moments.

"Look here, son!" he said. "You're not serious about Bassett and that fifteen hundred, are you?"

"Yes, I am. But it's between you and me, uncle. Honour bright?"

"Honour bright all right, son! But I must talk to Bassett."

"If you'd like to be a partner, uncle, with Bassett and me, we could all be partners. Only, you'd have to promise, honour bright, uncle, not to let it go beyond us three. Bassett and I are lucky, and you must be lucky, because it was your ten shillings I started winning with ..."

Uncle Oscar took both Bassett and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked.

"It's like this, you see, sir," Bassett said. "Master Paul would get me talking about racing events, spinning yarns, you know, sir. And he was always keen on knowing if I'd made or if I'd lost. It's about a year since, now, that I put five shillings on Blush of Dawn for him: and we lost. Then the luck turned, with that ten shillings he had from you: that we put on Singhalese. And since that time, it's been pretty steady, all things considering. What do you say, Master Paul?"

"We're all right when we're sure," said Paul. "It's when we're not quite sure that we go down."

"Oh, but we're careful then," said Bassett.

"But when are you sure?" smiled Uncle Oscar.

"It's Master Paul, sir," said Bassett in a secret, religious voice.

"It's as if he had it from heaven. Like Daffodil, now, for the Lincoln. That was as sure as eggs."

"Did you put anything on Daffodil?" asked Oscar Cresswell.

"Yes, sir, I made my bit."

"And my nephew?"

Bassett was obstinately silent, looking at Paul.

"I made twelve hundred, didn't I, Bassett? I told uncle I was putting three hundred on Daffodil." "That's right," said Bassett, nodding.

"But where's the money?" asked the uncle.

"I keep it safe locked up, sir. Master Paul he can have it any minute he likes to ask for it."

"What, fifteen hundred pounds?"

"And twenty! And forty, that is, with the twenty he made on the course."

"It's amazing!" said the uncle.

"If Master Paul offers you to be partners, sir, I would, if I were you: if you'll excuse me," said Bassett.

Oscar Cresswell thought about it.

"I'll see the money," he said.

They drove home again, and, sure enough, Bassett came round to the garden-house with fifteen hundred pounds in notes. The twenty pounds reserve was left with Joe Glee, in the Turf Commission deposit.

"You see, it's all right, uncle, when I'm sure! Then we go strong, for all we're worth, don't we, Bassett?"

"We do that, Master Paul."

"And when are you sure?" said the uncle, laughing.

"Oh, well, sometimes I'm absolutely sure, like about Daffodil," said the boy; "and sometimes I have an idea; and sometimes I haven't even an idea, have I, Bassett? Then we're careful, because we mostly go down."

"You do, do you! And when you're sure, like about Daffodil, what makes you sure, sonny?"

"Oh, well, I don't know," said the boy uneasily. "I'm sure, you know, uncle; that's all."

"It's as if he had it from heaven, sir," Bassett reiterated.

"I should say so!" said the uncle.

But he became a partner. And when the Leger was coming on Paul was 'sure' about Lively Spark, which was a quite inconsiderable horse. The boy insisted on putting a thousand on the horse, Bassett went for five hundred, and Oscar Cresswell two hundred. Lively Spark came in first, and the betting had been ten to one against him. Paul had made ten thousand.

"You see," he said. "I was absolutely sure of him."

Even Oscar Cresswell had cleared two thousand.

"Look here, son," he said, "this sort of thing makes me nervous."

"It needn't, uncle! Perhaps I shan't be sure again for a long time."

"But what are you going to do with your money?" asked the uncle.

"Of course," said the boy, "I started it for mother. She said she had no luck, because father is unlucky, so I thought if I was lucky, it might stop whispering."

"What might stop whispering?"

"Our house. I hate our house for whispering."

"What does it whisper?"

"Why - why" - the boy fidgeted - "why, I don't know.

But it's always short of money, you know, uncle."

"I know it, son, I know it."

"You know people send mother writs, don't you, uncle?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the uncle.

"And then the house whispers, like people laughing at you behind your back. It's awful, that is! I thought if I was lucky—"

"You might stop it," added the uncle.

The boy watched him with big blue eyes, that had an uncanny cold fire in them, and he said never a word.

"Well, then!" said the uncle. "What are we doing?"

"I shouldn't like mother to know I was lucky," said the boy. "Why not, son?"

"She'd stop me."

"I don't think she would."

"Oh!" - and the boy writhed in an odd way - "I don't want her to know, uncle."

"All right, son! We'll manage it without her knowing."

They managed it very easily. Paul, at the other's suggestion, handed over five thousand pounds to his uncle, who deposited it with the family lawyer, who was then to inform Paul's mother that a relative had put five thousand pounds into his hands, which sum was to be paid out a thousand pounds at a time, on the mother's birthday, for the next five years.

"So she'll have a birthday present of a thousand pounds for five successive years," said Uncle Oscar. "I hope it won't make it all the harder for her later."

Paul's mother had her birthday in November. The house had been 'whispering' worse than ever lately, and, even in spite of his luck, Paul could not bear up against it. He was very anxious to see the effect of the birthday letter, telling his mother about the thousand pounds.

When there were no visitors, Paul now took his meals with his parents, as he was beyond the nursery control. His mother went into town nearly every day. She had discovered that she had an odd knack of sketching furs and dress materials, so she worked secretly in the studio of a friend who was the chief 'artist' for the leading drapers.

She drew the figures of ladies in furs and ladies in silk and sequins for the newspaper advertisements. This young woman artist earned several thousand pounds a year, but Paul's mother only made several hundreds, and she was again dissatisfied. She so wanted to be first in something, and she did not succeed, even in making sketches for drapery advertisements.

She was down to breakfast on the morning of her birthday. Paul watched her face as she read her letters. He knew the lawyer's letter. As his mother read it, her face hardened and became more expressionless. Then a cold, determined look came on her mouth. She hid the letter under the pile of others, and said not a word about it.

"Didn't you have anything nice in the post for your birthday, mother?" said Paul.

"Quite moderately nice," she said, her voice cold and hard and absent.

She went away to town without saying more.

But in the afternoon Uncle Oscar appeared. He said Paul's mother had had a long interview with the lawyer, asking if the whole five thousand could not be advanced at once, as she was in debt.

"What do you think, uncle?" said the boy.

"I leave it to you, son."

"Oh, let her have it, then! We can get some more with the other," said the boy.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, laddie!" said Uncle Oscar.

"But I'm sure to know for the Grand National; or the Lincolnshire; or else the Derby. I'm sure to know for one of them," said Paul.

So Uncle Oscar signed the agreement, and Paul's mother touched the whole five thousand. Then something very curious happened. The voices in the house suddenly went mad, like a chorus of frogs on a spring evening. There were certain new furnishings, and Paul had a tutor. He was really going to Eton, his father's school, in the following autumn. There were flowers in the winter, and a blossoming of the luxury Paul's mother had been used to. And yet the voices in the house, behind the sprays of mimosa and almond-blossom, and from under the piles of iridescent cushions, simply trilled and screamed in a sort of ecstasy: "There must be more money! Oh-h-h; there must be more money. Oh, now, now-w! Now-w-w - there must be more money! - more than ever! More than ever!"

It frightened Paul terribly. He studied away at his Latin and Greek with his tutor. But his intense hours were spent with Bassett. The Grand National had gone by: he had not 'known', and had lost a hundred pounds. Summer was at hand. He was in agony for the Lincoln. But even for the Lincoln he didn't 'know', and he lost fifty pounds. He became wild-eyed and strange, as if something were going to explode in him.

"Let it alone, son! Don't you bother about it!" urged Uncle Oscar. But it was as if the boy couldn't really hear what his uncle was saying.

"I've got to know for the Derby! I've got to know for the Derby!" the child reiterated, his big blue eyes blazing with a sort of madness.

His mother noticed how overwrought he was.

"You'd better go to the seaside. Wouldn't you like to go now to the seaside, instead of waiting? I think you'd better," she said, looking down at him anxiously, her heart curiously heavy because of him.

But the child lifted his uncanny blue eyes.

"I couldn't possibly go before the Derby, mother!" he said. "I couldn't possibly!"

"Why not?" she said, her voice becoming heavy when she was opposed. "Why not? You can still go from the seaside to see the Derby with your Uncle Oscar, if that that's what you wish. No need for you to wait here. Besides, I think you care too much about these races. It's a bad sign. My family has been a gambling family, and you won't know till you grow up how much damage it has done. But it has done damage. I shall have to send Bassett away, and ask Uncle Oscar not to talk racing to you, unless you promise to be reasonable about it: go away to the seaside and forget it. You're all nerves!"

"I'll do what you like, mother, so long as you don't send me away till after the Derby," the boy said.

"Send you away from where? Just from this house?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at her.

"Why, you curious child, what makes you care about this house so much, suddenly? I never knew you loved it."

He gazed at her without speaking. He had a secret within a secret, something he had not divulged, even to Bassett or to his Uncle Oscar.

But his mother, after standing undecided and a little bit sullen for some moments, said: "Very well, then! Don't go to the seaside till after the Derby, if you don't wish it. But promise me you won't think so much about horse-racing and events as you call them!"

"Oh no," said the boy casually. "I won't think much about them, mother. You needn't worry. I wouldn't worry, mother, if I were you."

"If you were me and I were you," said his mother, "I wonder what we should do!"

"But you know you needn't worry, mother, don't you?" the boy repeated.

"I should be awfully glad to know it," she said wearily.

"Oh, well, you can, you know. I mean, you ought to know you needn't worry," he insisted.

"Ought I? Then I'll see about it," she said.

Paul's secret of secrets was his wooden horse, that which had no name. Since he was emancipated from a nurse and a nursery-governess, he had had his rocking-horse removed to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

"Surely you're too big for a rocking-horse!" his mother had remonstrated.

"Well, you see, mother, till I can have a real horse, I like to have some sort of animal about," had been his quaint answer.

"Do you feel he keeps you company?" she laughed.

"Oh yes! He's very good, he always keeps me company, when I'm there," said Paul.

So the horse, rather shabby, stood in an arrested prance in the boy's bedroom.

The Derby was drawing near, and the boy grew more and more tense. He hardly heard what was spoken to him, he was very frail, and his eyes were really uncanny. His mother had sudden strange seizures of uneasiness about him. Sometimes, for half an hour, she would feel a sudden anxiety about him that was almost anguish. She wanted to rush to him at once, and know he was safe.

Two nights before the Derby, she was at a big party in town, when one of her rushes of anxiety about her boy, her first-born, gripped her heart till she could hardly speak. She fought with the feeling, might and main, for she believed in common sense. But it was too strong. She had to leave the dance and go downstairs to telephone to the country. The children's nursery-governess was terribly surprised and startled at being rung up in the night.

"Are the children all right, Miss Wilmot?"

"Oh yes, they are quite all right."

"Master Paul? Is he all right?"

"He went to bed as right as a trivet. Shall I run up and look at him?"

"No," said Paul's mother reluctantly. "No! Don't trouble.

It's all right. Don't sit up. We shall be home fairly soon." She did not want her son's privacy intruded upon.

"Very good," said the governess.

It was about one o'clock when Paul's mother and father drove up to their house. All was still. Paul's mother went to her room and slipped off her white fur cloak. She had told her maid not to wait up for her. She heard her husband downstairs, mixing a whisky and soda.

And then, because of the strange anxiety at her heart, she stole upstairs to her son's room. Noiselessly she went along the upper corridor. Was there a faint noise? What was it?

She stood, with arrested muscles, outside his door, listening. There was a strange, heavy, and yet not loud noise. Her heart stood still. It was a soundless noise, yet rushing and powerful. Something huge, in violent, hushed motion. What was it? What in God's name was it? She ought to know. She felt that she knew the noise. She knew what it was.

Yet she could not place it. She couldn't say what it was. And on and on it went, like a madness.

Softly, frozen with anxiety and fear, she turned the doorhandle.

The room was dark. Yet in the space near the window, she heard and saw something plunging to and fro. She gazed in fear and amazement.

Then suddenly she switched on the light, and saw her son, in his green pyjamas, madly surging on the rocking-horse. The blaze of light suddenly lit him up, as he urged the wooden horse, and lit her up, as she stood, blonde, in her dress of pale green and crystal, in the doorway.

"Paul!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing?"

"It's Malabar!" he screamed in a powerful, strange voice. "It's Malabar!"

His eyes blazed at her for one strange and senseless second, as he ceased urging his wooden horse. Then he fell with a crash to the ground, and she, all her tormented motherhood flooding upon her, rushed to gather him up.

But he was unconscious, and unconscious he remained, with some brain-fever. He talked and tossed, and his mother sat stonily by his side.

"Malabar! It's Malabar! Bassett, Bassett, I know! It's Malabar!"

So the child cried, trying to get up and urge the rockinghorse that gave him his inspiration.

"What does he mean by Malabar?" asked the heart-frozen mother.

"I don't know," said the father stonily.

"What does he mean by Malabar?" she asked her brother Oscar.

"It's one of the horses running for the Derby," was the answer.

And, in spite of himself, Oscar Cresswell spoke to Bassett, and himself put a thousand on Malabar: at fourteen to one.

The third day of the illness was critical: they were waiting for a change. The boy, with his rather long, curly hair, was tossing ceaselessly on the pillow. He neither slept nor regained consciousness, and his eyes were like blue stones. His mother sat, feeling her heart had gone, turned actually into a stone.

In the evening Oscar Cresswell did not come, but Bassett sent a message, saying could he come up for one moment, just one moment? Paul's mother was very angry at the intrusion, but on second thoughts

she agreed. The boy was the same. Perhaps Bassett might bring him to consciousness.

The gardener, a shortish fellow with a little brown moustache and sharp little brown eyes, tiptoed into the room, touched his imaginary cap to Paul's mother, and stole to the bedside, staring with glittering, smallish eyes at the tossing, dying child.

"Master Paul!" he whispered. "Master Paul! Malabar came in first all right, a clean win. I did as you told me. You've made over seventy thousand pounds, you have; you've got over eighty thousand. Malabar came in all right, Master Paul."

"Malabar! Malabar! Did I say Malabar, mother? Did I say Malabar? Do you think I'm lucky, mother? I knew Malabar, didn't I? Over eighty thousand pounds! I call that lucky, don't you, mother? Over eighty thousand pounds! I knew, didn't I know I knew? Malabar came in all right. If I ride my horse till I'm sure, then I tell you, Bassett, you can go as high as you like. Did you go for all you were worth, Bassett?"

"I went a thousand on it, Master Paul."

"I never told you, mother, that if I can ride my horse, and get there, then I'm absolutely sure — oh, absolutely! Mother, did I ever tell you? I am lucky!"

"No, you never did," said his mother.

But the boy died in the night.

And even as he lay dead, his mother heard her brother's voice saying to her, "My God, Hester, you're eighty-odd thousand to the good, and a poor devil of a son to the bad. But, poor devil, poor devil, he's best gone out of a life where he rides his rocking-horse to find a winner."

Fidget

10:00

Eyelids open. Tongue runs across upper lip moving from left side of mouth to right following arc of lip. Swallow. Jaws clench. Grind. Stretch. Swallow. Head lifts. Bent right arm brushes pillow into back of head. Arm straightens. Counterclockwise twist thrusts elbow toward ceiling. Tongue leaves interior of mouth, passing through teeth. Tongue slides back into mouth. Palm corkscrews. Thumb stretches. Forefingers wrap. Clench. Elbow bends. Thumb moves toward shoulder. Joint of thumb meets biceps. Elbow turns upward as knuckles of fist jam neck. Right hand clenches. Thumb rubs knuckles. Fist to right shoulder. Right elbow thrusts. Knuckles touch side of neck. Hands unfurl. Backs of hands press against flat of neck. Heels of hands push into jaw. Elbows raise. Fingers wrap around neck. Thumbs tuck. Hands move toward jaw. Cover ears. Tips of fingers graze side of head. Hairs tickle tips as they pass. Thumbs trail behind fingers. Arms extend. Fingers unfurl. Shoulder stretches. Arms out. Legs bend at knees. Pelvis thrusts right. Left knee drops to bed. Right knee drops to bed. Left leg extends. Right hand grabs. Elbow moves toward nose. Touches. Fingers open. Air from lungs expelled through nose. Thumb and forefinger pinch, wiping mucus from lip. Mucus pools in right nostril. Wipes. Index finger blocks right nostril. Exhale. Mucus out right nostril. Elbow extends. Fingers open. Forefinger caresses outside of thumb. Breathe. Right hand twists. Right foot propels body forward. Right hip stretches. Right kneedrops, almost touching bed. Muscles in right thigh and left buttocks stretch. Mucus drawn from nose into back of throat. Tongue gathers saliva and mucus. Swallow. Right hand moves to nose. Right thumb covers nostril. Exhale. Expel. Right index finger moves to forehead near top of hairline. Itches four times. Finger moves from hairline to eyebrow. Body contracts into fetal position. Right arm rests between knees. Knees curve as body flips right. Left hand slides beneath right ear. Elbow bends. Mucus pulled from nose to throat. Floods back of mouth. Gathers in pouch of right cheek. Tongue coats top row of teeth in mucus. Pushes to back of mouth. Swallow. Tongue produces watery saliva. Curls. Swallow. Neck muscles tighten. Inhale. Air pins tongue to teeth. Swallow. Watery saliva dissolves mucus. Right hand to face. Pinkie rubs eye. Index finger massages right eyebrow. Middle finger digs into left eye. Thrusts. Hands between legs. Stretch. Body on side. Yawn. Stretch. Knees bend. Toes arch. Teeth clench. Jaw closes. Pelvis thrusts. Bottom teeth hit upper. Left temple tightens. Hand raises. Moves to back. Drops to buttocks. Fingernails scratch. Index finger extends into crack of buttocks and probes anus. Scratches once, twice, three times. Strong pressure applied by fingertip. Finger glides over coccyx and out of buttocks. Arm extends. Yawn. Elbow bends. Hand drops. Forefinger moves to nostril. Enters. Tip of finger probes ridges inside nostril. Shape of left nostril conforms to shape of finger. Shape of finger conforms to shape of left nostril. Finger removes caked mucus from nostril. Wipes. Arms lock behind head. Back arches. Pelvis thrusts. Stretches. Stomach expands. Exhale. Yawn. Right leg lifts. Dangles. Left leg arcs. Hands move behind head. Left arm stretches. Knees crash. Bend. Right knee falls to bed. Flattens. Left leg waves. Bends. Straightens. Swallow. Eyes lips. Mouth forms round o of swallow. Eyes nose. Squints. Nose doubles. Closes. Views nose profile to left. Vision blocked by shadow. Closes. Eyes profile nose to right. Open. Eyebrows lift. Forehead muscles flex. Eyes right. Eyes down. Eyes profile nose. Eyes left. Eyes up. Yawn. Torso flexes. Left leg stretches. Relaxes. Pelvis thrusts. Left hand to face. Catches saliva. Tongue licks upper lip left to right. Head props on pillow. Right leg bends. Back flat. Left leg bends. Left toes dig into underside of right knee. Right heel brushes hairs of left leg. Right

side of knee touches ground. Mucus pulled into throat. Left leg touches bed. Motion in left thigh. Blood in leg. Subsides. Belly fills. Lungs expand. Belly falls. Belly rises. Belly falls. Belly rises from navel. Belly falls. Belly rises. Belly falls. Right leg moves away. Left leg scrapes ankle. Yawn. Knees extend. Stretch starts at upper ribcage. Ends at temple. Flips right. Bends. Arches. Right knee moves to edge of bed. Right foot stretches. Touches floor. Tip of big toe hits. Second toe, third toe, fourth toe, pinkie toe touch. Knees forward. Ball of foot touches. Left leg propels body. Back flat on bed. Left hand thrusts body into erect position. Straightens from torso. Upright. Right heel touches ground. Right foot supports body weight. Left leg leaves bed. Knees straighten. Left foot hits ground. Eyes ahead. Body turns right. Right foot swings right. Left foot follows. Left foot steps. Begins at ball. Ends at heel. Step. Step. Right heel hits. Weight on ball. Left foot raises. Weight shifts right. Right foot leaves ground. Steps forward. Heel hits. Followed by ball. Knees bend. Right foot extends. Mucus pulled into back of throat. Right foot steps. Step. Step. Step. Step. Step. Left hand moves away. Fingers open. Hand moves to body. Turns right. Feet forward. Step. Pinches back. Left hand grasps. Arm moves behind. Sidesteps left. Knees bend. Buttocks drop. Elbow pushes. Right hand corkscrews, led by tip of right middle finger. Fist in front of body. Right hand scratches right calf. Right thumb and forefinger pinch.

11:00

Thumb and forefinger grasp. Pull toward floor. Right hand moves palm upward. Back of hand holds as thumb and forefingers grab. Forefinger moves away. Thumb and middle finger grasp. Palm of hand receives. Thumb and middle finger grasp. Palm of hand opens. Holds bottom side of thumb. Left hand releases and move to top. Hand retreats. Right hand lifts. Left hand grabs. Turns over. Left tips of finger dig into scalp. Left hand, grasping with left thumb and two fingers, thrust into palm. Fingers grasp as body swings left. Head turns. Left thumb, middle and forefinger grab. Left finger lifts and releases. Body moves, arching forward. Knees straighten. Body erect. Step right. Step left foot. Step right foot. Step left foot. Hips swing to right. Right hand grasps, moving away from body. Using thumb and forefinger, muscles in thumb twist counterclockwise. Body weight on left foot. Right foot poised away from body. Ball of foot touches ground. Heel raises. Thumb and forefinger of right hand twist clockwise. Hand outstretches. From underneath, forefingers wrap. Right arm lifts and moves to top. Hand releases. Palms down. Elbows out. Twisting hand pushes thumb and forefinger left forcing body left. Finger and thumb move to right. Hand returns to side. Body turns. Walks. Left foot. Head raises. Walk. Forward. Forward. Forward. Bend at knees. Forward. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Stop. Left hand tucks at pubic area. Extracts testicles and penis using thumb and forefinger. Left hand grasps penis. Pelvis pushes on bladder, releasing urine. Stream emerges from within buttocks. Stomach and buttocks push outward. Stream of urine increases. Buttocks push. Sphincter tightens. Buttocks tighten. Thumb and forefinger shake penis. Thumb pulls. Left hand reaches. Tip of forefinger and index finger extend to grasp as body sways to left. Feet pigeon-toed. Move to left. Hand raises to hairline and pushes hair. Arm raises above head. Four fingers comb hair away from hairline toward back of head. Eyes see face. Mouth moves. Small bits of saliva cling to inside of lips. Swallow. Lips form words. Teeth mechanically open as tongue slides in and out. Tip of tongue hits tip of teeth. Facial muscles displace ears and temples. Facial muscles relax. Swallow. Tongue moistens upper lip. Nose wrinkles. Space between eyebrows effected by speech. Blink. Residual blink in left eye. Back of jaw forces ears to quiver. Small movements from inner ear. Jaw thrusts bit of inner ear. Right hand raises. Digs between tear duct and nose. Caresses tear duct. Left hand grasps. Forefinger and middle finger squeeze. Left hand grabs. Moves close to right hand. Thumb and forefinger apply pressure. Left hand covers. Turns counterclockwise. Right arm swings back and forth. Mouth opens. Right hand enters mouth. Left cheek puffs. Teeth cool. Tongue sweats. Right hand fists. Teeth grind back and forth. Noise in ears. Mouth gathers saliva. Lips purse and expel. Upper teeth comb lower lip. Hand opens. Shifts to right. Arm moves back and forth. Gums jams lip. Cheek inflates. Tongue expels. Sucks to back of mouth. Hand twists around back of teeth. Tongue gathers. Expels. Left hand twists clockwise, driven by thumb and forefinger. Hand drops. Moves to face. Expels water. Right hand cups. Left hand cups. Hands turn around each other. Right hand caresses left. Cupped hands to face. Face to cupped hands. Massages. Fingers dig into tear ducts. Small areas on face and broad areas on neck caressed by hands. Hands move away from body, massaging each other. Hands cup. Bring to face. Hands squeeze neck muscles. Apply pressure behind ears. Forefingers dig. Caress eyebrows. Hands move away from body. Arms outstretch. Hands grip. Twist. Neck bows right. Pressure on forehead, face and neck. Right hand grips. Meets left. Left hand grips. Meets right. Fingers caress opposite hand. Right finger moves to nose, then to hairline. Smooth hair. Body turns left. Drops down. Step one. Step

two. Step three. Step four. Ball of right foot hits. Meets eye. Rubs repeatedly. Step. Step. Step. Step. Step. Step. Step. Back. Left hand reaches with index finger. Thumb flicks. Hand returns to side. Right hand dangles from arm forty-five degrees. Arm twists. Left hand parallels. Arm outstretches. Grasps. Fingers pass to right hand. Left hand grasps. Arm moves away from body. Left hand scratches right forearm. Right hand fingers spread. Close. Body pivots. Walks straight. Hand releases. Body reverses. Right hand extends. Body thrusts forward. Hands form circular shape. Grasp. Body moves forward. Hand releases. Right hand pushes away. Grasps. Body rises. Walks straight. Fingernails jam. Right arm lifts. Outstretches. Thumb, forefinger and middle finger join. Fist clenches. Arm drops two hundred twenty degrees then reverses forty degrees. Repeats three times. Fist unclenches. Right middle finger overlaps right index finger. Grasps. Heel of hand applies pressure. Right thumb controls. Right elbow tips. Right hand falls. Elbow lowers. Right arm swings across body. Extends outward. Three fingers form star. Grasp. Raise from biceps. Small circular motion repeats several times. Wrist twists. Fingers separate. Elbow tucks close to body. Left hand reaches and grasps circular formation. Body turns. Backs up. Walks. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Body hunches. Swings. Elbow extends. Forms ninety degree angle with body. Shoulder lifts above elbow. Arm flips. Fingers release. Left. Right. Feet crash together. Knees bend in squatting position. Weight on balls of feet. Left hand reaches between legs and grasps. Body lifts. Foot slides left. Body bends. Reels backwards. Left hand releases. Elbow pulls arm back to body. Step. Step. Step. Step. Left hand perpendicular to body. Middle finger extends. Presses outward. Fingers curl. Hand drops. Left foot. Right foot. Head raises. Right foot. Left foot. Hand grasps arm. Buttocks lower. Body swings. Moves forward. Hunches over. Hand, palm up, extends. Arms close to body. Falls six inches. Hands grasp. Left hand touches thumb. Four fingers relax. Elbow raises. Hand moves away. Fingers slide underneath. Press away. Elbow returns to arm. Left fingers scratch forehead. Top of finger wipes bottom of nose. Middle finger drops fifteen degrees. Fingers slightly arch. Middle finger thrusts. Arm follows finger. Springs from wrist. Hand lays flat. Palms down. Left hand rests on lap. Finger pushes up and down. Right thumb clicks. Hands return to lap. Yawn. Stomach growls. Left hand drags. Index finger points. Thumb hits. Once. Twice. Twice quickly. Pinkie and forefinger press. Hand returns to lap. Right palm presses. Hand grasps. Elbow extends. Elbow returns. Elbow extends. Thumb and forefinger flick. Thumb and middle finger rotate. Hand opens. Clenches. Right wrist turns counterclockwise. Applies pressure to upper surface of thumb. Grasps. Bends at wrist. Moves toward mouth. Lips part. Purse. Hand tips. Inhale. Tongue and saliva roll in mouth. Swallow. Tongue emerges through teeth and lips. Tongue lies on lower lip. Teeth click tongue. Lower jaw drops from upper. Flesh folds beneath chin. Repeats. Upper lip sucks. Rubs against bottom. Swallow. Saliva gathers under tongue. Teeth tuck inside jaw. Gather saliva. Swallow. Left hand, grasping with three fingers, moves toward mouth. Swallow. Arm drops. Arm lifts. Swallow. Arm drops. Swallow. Arm lifts. Arm drops. Eyes move to left. Left hand hits. Arm lifts. Swallow. Arm drops. Right leg crosses left.

12:00

Breathe while grasping. Elbow out. Hand down. Pour coffee. Elbow down. Hand up. Back on back. Hands on arms of chair slide back. Arm stretches. Grasps milk. Elbow down. Elbow up. Elbow down. Arms stretches. Elbow down. Elbow on chair. Chair on elbow. Hand on hand. Legs cross. Back on back of chair. Legs touch legs. Arms parallel arms of chair. Hands grasp end of arms. Legs push back. Feet flat on ground. Elbow on arm. Arms out. Cup to mouth. Swallow. Cup put down. Cup to mouth. Swallow. Cup put down. Teeth outside mouth. Leg lifts. Legs stretch on legs ninety degrees. Grasp paper towels. Slide to front. Left hand grasps right. Pull away from left. Left hand stretches. Fold. Left thumb and forefinger crease. Thumbs crease. Forefingers over tips of thumbs. Thumbs and forefingers crease. Hands parallel. Tips of fingers touch thumbs on top of towel. Bring to nose. Press. Expell mucus. Exhale through nose. Right hand grasps. Rubs left nostril. Rubs right hand. Transfers to left hand. Drops on table. Fists to table. Legs cross. Right hand grasps coffee cup. Brings to mouth. Tips cup. Coffee spills into mouth. Swallow. Right hand brings coffee cup to table. Right hand grasps coffee cup. Breathe from stomach. Breathe from top of lungs. Exhale. Stomach fills with air. Exhale. Exhale. Eyes close. Pressure on eyeballs. Eyes open. Right hand grasps coffee cup with thumb, forefinger and index finger. Muscles tighten in arm. Coffee cup to lips. Tilt. Coffee swallowed and cup placed on table. Coffee cup to lips. Coffee swallowed. Cup placed on table. Draw mucus. Swallow. Peristalsis. Cup to mouth. Coffee flows between teeth and gum inside cheek. Tip of tongue caresses inside of cheek. Tongue probes gully where cheek meets gum. Tongue muscles stretch, flex, and strain. Tongue runs along canal in front of teeth. Elbows lean against arms. Bones exact pressure. Cup to mouth. Head tilts back. Lips open. Hands outstretch and meet in front of body. Fingers clasp. Gully forms where fingers meet fingers. Forefinger of left hand in gully of forefinger and middle finger of right. Middle finger of left hand in gully of middle finger and ring finger of right. Ring finger of left hand in gully of ring finger and pinkie of right. Pinkie of left hand leans on flesh of right. Thumbs cross. Thumb of left hand in gully of thumb and forefinger of right. Bottom knuckles rub against right index finger. Thumb moves to gully of right thumb and forefinger. Thumb probes. Left thumb pushes skin of right thumb and forefinger. Configuration disperses. Left finger rubs bottom of left nostril. Left hand brings cup to lips. Tilts. Swallow. Arm extends. Tongues moves to left side of mouth and nudges space between upper and lower palate. Tongues slides across upper rim of teeth, probing crevices. Tongue moves to back of mouth. Tongue moves forward and examines front molars. Tip of tongue slides over sharp tip of canine tooth. Slips to smooth back of tooth. Tongue slides up back of tooth, probing place where tooth and gum meet. Tongue bends at center. Circumscribes molar. Falls over adjacent molar toward back of mouth, dropping into next molar. Tongue explores crevice in middle of tooth. Aided by saliva, tongue moves to next tooth. Tip of tongue touches last molar. Mouth slightly opens. Tongue caresses smooth upper gum in back of mouth, following line where gum meets teeth. Moves to front of mouth. Surface rests against interior of fang. Hand grasps cup. Brings to lips. Head tilts back. Coffee pours into mouth. Swallow. Hand returns cup to table. Hands clutch. Fingers interlace. Jaw thrusts flat surface of tongue. Probes smooth exterior of left upper fang. Tip of tongue pushes upper lip. Tongue moves to exterior surface of left molar. Pulls jaw on right side. Veins on right side of neck bulge. Tongue runs across upper row of teeth. Pulls back and massages bottom molar on biting surface. Hand grasps cup. Brings to mouth. Head tilts

back. Swallow. Hand moves to table. Top of tongue caresses point of upper left fang. Tongue moves to back of mouth. Probes lower surface of molars. Hand grasps coffee cup. Brings to mouth. Lips open. Swallow. Tongue licks upper left lip. Moves right. Body bends at waist. Left shoulder drops. Left leg draws fingers into skin below left ankle. Hand moves up outside of left leg. Hand moves to top of scalp. Fingernails repeatedly dig into scalp. Fingers caress scalp in circular motion. Scrape across temple. Move down left side of face to neck. Fingers dig into crevice of left collarbone. Fingertips wrap around bone. Neck muscles pull. Thumb bends and rests atop collarbone. Head tilts to left. Heat of fingers in collarbone crevice create sweat. Right palm perspires. One by one, beginning with pinkie, fingers of right hand successively curl. Flat surface of each finger caresses palm. Fingers spring back in successive order. Fingers rub against one another. Sweat lubricates friction. Arm rests on chair arm. Lips form circle. Exhale on palm. Right hand in front of mouth. Lips expel. Hand grasps cup. Head tilts back. Lips open. Swallow. Swallow. Swallow. Swallow. Hand extends. Grasp with thumb and forefinger. Forefinger lifts. Arcs to opposite side. Fingers slide along gully where thumb meets index finger. Tip of index finger meets thumb in triangular formation. Left hand grasps. Flips. Left blade of hand moves away from body. Smooths. Right hand rests on blade. Moves from wrist in a half-spiral counterclockwise rotation. Hand moves slightly to right. Lifts. Hand rests on blade. Moves from wrist in a half-spiral clockwise rotation. Hand moves slightly to the right. Right hand resting on blade. Moves from wrist in half-spiral counterclockwise rotation. Hand slides right. Right hand rests on blade. Moves from wrist in a full-spiral counterclockwise rotation. Hand moves to right. Drops. Hand moves back and forth. Reverses. Retraces movement in an inverted manner. Hand moves to right. Right hand resting on blade. Moves from wrist in a full-spiral counterclockwise rotation. Hand moves to right. Hand moves to right. Drops. Hand moves back and forth. Reverses motion. Retraces movement in an inverted manner. Hand raises. Left hand slides away from body. Right hand drops. Right hand spirals counterclockwise. Lifts. Hand moves to right. Hand drops. Moves one hundred thirty five degrees. Hand lifts. Moves upward ninety degrees. Descends two hundred twenty five degrees. Hand moves to right. Pulls toward body one hundred eighty degrees. Hand doubles back two hundred seventy degrees. Turns right at ninety degrees. Hand moves slightly to right. Right hand rests on blade. Moves from wrist in a half-spiral counterclockwise rotation. Hand raises. Moves slightly to right in a half semi-circle. Stops. Repeats motion. Hand raises. Moves slightly to right.

13:00

Thumb screws. Wrist flicks two hundred seventy degrees. Right hand moves toward body one hundred eighty degrees. Hand moves in clockwise semi-circular direction. Fingers release. Hand rests, grasps, and lifts. Lips open. Head tilts backward. Swallow. Swallow. Mouth floods with saliva. Tip of finger scratches outside of nose. Hand grabs. Elbow lifts. Elbow lowers. Elbow out. Body stretches. Thumb and four fingers grasp. Elbow raises. Hand drops. Motion reverses. Right hand grasps. Lifts. Lips open. Head tilts backwards. Swallow. Swallow. Hand drops. Rests. Body moves backward. Hands simultaneously grasp and pull down. Back slumps. Left hand grasps penis. Squeezes at base. Left finger squeezes. Blood rushes to head. Left hand strokes head of penis. Muscles contract in anal region. Hand releases. Penis falls to left side of body. Small movements in penis correspond to beating of heart. Left hand grabs base of penis. Displaces skin, moving from middle to top. Blood rushes to tip. Thumb lays across top as forefinger, middle finger, ring finger and pinkie grasp underside. Body pushes backward. Legs extend. Feet flatten. Hand massages head of penis. Repeat. Hand pulls skin over head of penis. Fingers release and dig toward anus. Fingers grasp. Quick successive stroking motions. Pubic area pulled in motion. Strokes on head. Hand releases. Body slouches then moves backward. Strokes repeatedly. Right hand moves to groin area and grasps testicles. Left hand continues to stroke penis. Middle finger of right hand probes anus. Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. Tip of middle finger inserts into anus. Left hand grabs and pulls breast. Successive strokes increase in speed. Testicles contract. Right hand probes testicles. Left bicep grinds. Breathing becomes stronger. Toes curl. Legs lift. Genital area sweats. Legs spread. Right middle finger presses anus. Left breast muscles pulse with arm movements. Profuse sweat appears on chest. Right hand massages belly repeatedly in circular counterclockwise motion. Left hand strokes penis. Pressure on bladder. Legs stretch out straight. Calf muscles tighten. Buttocks tighten. Sweat. Left hand continues to repeatedly stroke tip of penis. Right hand applies pressure to anus. Motion stops. Body slumps. Motion resumes. Body rocks back and forth. Knees move rhythmically. Buttocks and thighs jiggle in unison with stroking. Feet lift off ground. Toes point. Rapid succession of strokes. Left hand to mouth. Tongue touches left forefinger and middle finger. Thumb meets forefinger and middle finger. Fingertips rub counterclockwise. Left hand moves away from mouth and back to penis, stroking rapidly. Becomes faster. Calves tighten. Left hand to mouth. Tongue licks fingers. Hand returns to genitals. Hand grasps penis. Strokes. Facial muscles tighten. Body becomes rigid. Left hand to mouth. Lick. Hand to penis. Sperm rises at base of penis. Testicles tighten. Stroking continues. Fluid appears at tip of penis. Anus tightens. Sperm spews from tip of penis over hands. Deep breaths. Legs slam. Hand tightens around penis. Successive waves of sperm emerge from penis. Legs stiffen. Stroking continues. Sperm cascades from tip of left hand index finger onto back of left hand. Sperm flows on to thumb and into gully between thumb and forefinger. Blood rushes out of penis. Sperm dribbles out tip penis tip. Body thrusts forward. Right hand clenches. Meets left. Fingers close. Left wrist moves back and forth. Body leans left. Left arm outstretches. Fingers flip. Right hand releases. Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Rubs across gully between thumb and forefinger. Right hand moves to top of head. Scratches. Right hand caresses left. Right hand on right thigh. Left hand grasps penis and squeezes from base causing sperm to flow from tip of penis. Right hand moves to tip of penis and dabs repeatedly. Left hand probes belly, public area and inside of thighs. Left hand grasps penis and squeezes. Sperm flows from tip of penis.

Right hand dabs tip of penis. Left hand reaches. Fingertips flip. Right arm lurches backward then catapults forward. Fingers open. Exhale. Left hand to face. Fingers bend at knuckles. Thumb digs into crevice where left nostril meets face. Itches several times. Hands, in unison grasp, pushing body forward. Right pinkie probes crack of anus. Meat of palms thrust body. Rise. Walk. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Body turns. Left. Right. Left. Right. Body halts. Arms drop to side. Right hand grasps base of penis. Urine streams from inside of stomach. Anus pushes. Bladder pushes ahead. Urine flows steadily from tip of penis. Urine alternately subsides and streams. Right hand shakes penis several times. Hand releases and crosses body. Arms stretch. Tip of finger presses down. Body turns one hundred eighty degrees. Walks. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Body halts. Sweat evaporates from pelvis. Body weight on back of right foot. Left foot on ground. Hips thrust right. Hand on right hip bone, forcing right elbow to bend ninety degrees. Buttocks tense. Knees straighten. Hips thrust. Buttocks sides to right. Body arcs. Mucus drawn from nose to back of throat. Swallow. Head leads body left. Left leg forward. Left step. Right step. Right hand on right hip. Step. Thighs and hip move in unison with steps. Hips sway left then right. Hips sway left. Hips sway right. Body turns left. Hand moves off thigh. Dangles at side. Walk. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Halt. Weight shifts to left side of body. Hand reaches. Grabs. Walk. Left. Right. Arm outstretched. Fingers close. Body turns. Walks left. Right. Left. Right. Arm grasps and moves in half-circle. Knees bend. Sit. Lean backward. Weight of body supported by rear of buttocks. Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Arm cocks. Right arm moves up forty five degrees. Hands move to genitals. Rub. Testicles relax. Left hand extends. Fingers open. Right hand grabs. Left hand grabs, forming tubular shape with fingers. Right hand lowers, pulling elbow into side of body. Left arm extends. Left hand contracts. Left hand grasps. Right hand moves to mouth. Lips open. Head tips back. Swallow. Right arm drops and releases. Right hand grabs. Lifts to mouth. Lips open. Head tips back. Swallow. Right arm drops. Hand releases. Feet propel body forward six inches. Left leg lifts. Crosses right. Thumb digs into right forefinger. Fingers move one hundred eighty degrees toward bottom of body. Repeats. Right hand grasps. Elbow extends into air and moves away from body forty five degrees. Left hand grasps. Pulls toward body. Right hand crosses. Right hand moves left. Open. Glides across body. Fingers open. Close. Fingers form tubular formation. Right hand grasps. Thumb rubs back. Right hand releases. Elbow drops. Right hand grasps. Elbow lowers. Hand perpendicular to body. Right hand moves toward body. Sharply arcs in clockwise motion. Arm raises and moves toward mouth. Lips open and close. Teeth on right side close and open. Tongue moves to right side of mouth, pushing saliva to back of throat. Swallow. Elbow lowers. Hand perpendicular to body. Right hand grasps. Moves close to body. Sharply arcs away in clockwise manner. Arm raises and moves toward mouth. Lips open and close. Teeth open and close. Tongue scoops saliva from bottom of mouth. Teeth move in unison. Join. Separate. Tongue moves to back of throat. Swallow. Elbow lowers, perpendicular to body. Right hand to body. Sharply arcs away in clockwise manner. Arm raises and moves toward mouth. Lips open and close. Teeth open and close repeatedly. Tongue moves to right side of mouth. Push saliva to back of throat. Swallow. Fingers on right hand open. Left hand grasps, pulls, wipes. Right hand moves to mouth. Lips open. Front teeth close. Tongue moves to right side of mouth. Teeth meet. Peristalsis in trachea. Right tip of middle finger holds. Right hand moves to mouth. Lips open. Teeth rub on right side of mouth. Right hand grasps and moves toward mouth. Right

hand touches lip on left. Rubs across center. Hands spread. Thumb and forefinger move to nose. Pinch. Inhale. Exhale through nose. Fingers move across bottom of nose. Right fingers grasp and rub left palm. Release. Left fingers grasp. Left fingers rub right palm. Wrist flicks. Right hand grasps. Left hand meets right. Both hands move toward mouth. Lips open. Hands rotate in unison toward body. Swallow. Swallow. Swallow. Left hand turns palm down. Moves right. Releases. Right hand grasps. Right hand moves to mouth. Right hand caresses lips. Left hand moves to head. Scratches. Right hand grasps using thumb, middle finger, and index finger. Moves to thigh. Grasp. Lift. Thrust forward. Left hand probes anus then rubs thigh. Right hand moves toward mouth. Lips open. Swallow. Hands meet. Fingers intertwine. Thumbs stretch, barely touching one another. Head bows. Bridge of nose meets joined thumbs. Thumbs separate and apply pressure to sides of nose. Tips of thumbs rest on tear ducts. Right elbow flicks. Thumbs apply strong pressure to tear ducts. Thumb and forefinger grasp. Thumbs apply pressure. Breathe in. Breathe out. Arm extends. Thumb and forefinger grasp. Fingers separate by a centimeter. Thumb and forefinger push. Press. Fingers open. Thumb leads, forefinger follows. Flips. Gully between thumb and forefinger cradles. Hand drops. Wrist twists counterclockwise. Swift peck, up and down. Stroke toward body. Moves clockwise. Wrist twists counterclockwise. Pecks. Moves right. Wrist twists clockwise. Moves right, parallel to chest. Hand moves two hundredtwenty five degrees toward left breast, parallel to chest. Strokes away from body forty five degrees. Strokes toward body one hundred eighty degrees. Strokes parallel to body. Both hands lift. Left hand grasps. Right thumb drops. Hand lifts. Releases. Left index finger applies pressure. Arms stretch. Ribs thrust. Buttocks slide. Right hand grasps and moves to mouth. Left hand twists public hair clockwise. Lips open. Hand tilts. Swallow. Right arm drops. Fingers open. Thumb and forefinger grind strands of public hair. Hair wraps around finger. Hair shuffles between fingers. Fingers move away from public area. Hands meet in front of body. Right hand grasps. Elbow up. Elbow down. Left hand grasps palm. Right hand grasps. Elbow up. Hand down. Head tilts to left. Grabs. Hand to mouth. Lips open. Head straightens. Lips moisten. Swallow. Left hand grasps and raises to face. Fingers rub mouth left to right. Rub side. Hand drops. Right hand grasps. Move to mouth. Lips part. Hand tilts. Swallow. Repeat. Eyes dart left to right. Ears twitch. Eyes look straight ahead. Focus. Double vision. Movement of mouth seen in periphery of vision. Eyes dart left. Big toe rubs toe next to it. Look straight ahead. Eyes gradually fall out of focus. Move left. Cast down. Left hand raises. Bends at elbow. Moves to left ear. Index finger extends. Rubs back of ear repeatedly. Right hand grasps. Lips open. Hand tilts. Swallow. Hand drops. Hand releases. Hands lay flat in front of body. Ears move slightly. Swallow. Right leg lifts, crossing over left. Press right calf muscle. Right hand moves to chin. Middle finger scratches chin several times. Head nods up and down in unison with finger. Hand drops. Eyes look left.

14:00

Deep breath in. Exhale. As air is expelled, chest falls. Shoulders protrude. Body thrusts forward. Palms of hands push down. Knees straighten. Buttocks raise. Body rises. Moves backward. Back of knees push. Body bends to left. Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Both hands thrust out from body. Fingers separate and pull. Body bends down. Slumps. Right foot raises. Bends at knee. Right foot hits ground. Left foot raises. Bends at knee. Left foot hits ground. Thumbs pull away from each other. Thumbs slip. Caress groin back and forth. Body leans forward. Bends at waist. Right hand reaches out. Left hand pushes down. Right finger scrapes body. Left hand grasps. Body turns. Walks. Left hand lifts. Body turns, reversing itself. Grasp. Right finger punches. Thumb and right forefinger pinch. Body arcs forward. Right forefinger hooks. Body reels back. Weight on left foot. Right foot lifts. Body leans. Grasps. Right hand pushes. Step. Step. Step. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Body turns left. Body turns right. Moves straight. Deep breath in. Left hand pulls. Right thumb nudges penis. Urine flows. Anus pushes. Bladder pushes. Anus contracts. Left hand shakes penis, flicking drops of urine. Lean forward. Left hand outstretched. Presses down. Body turns. Left. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right. Stop. Grasp. Arm muscles bulge. Moves forward. Right foot steps high. Bends at knee. Left foot drops. Ten tips of fingers push down. Goosebumps appear all over body. Elbows on knees. Hands rest on chin. Eyes stare straight ahead. Forefingers push on eyelids. Red seen with streaks of green. Dots of many colors. Horizontal stripes appear in a field. Eyes ache from behind eyeballs. More pressure applied. Bluish ghostlike images of veins seen through closed eyelids. Eyes view retina and pupil. Press hard. Colors darken. Veins become white. Swirling red dots seen. Pain behind eyeball. Finger massages eyelids with great force. Hands cover eyes. Dots appear blue. Black field with bright blue veins. Sudden red shift. More light penetrates. Colored shapes appear, ending in center of pupil. Forefingers massage tear ducts. Blue seen. Repeated stroking of eyes. Field of vision goes dark. Throbbing pain behind eyeballs. Hands move away from eyes. Eyes close. Light turns vision olive green through closed eyes. Tongue licks upper lip, left to right. Mucus drawn from nose to back of throat. Mucus pushed to front of mouth by tongue. Mucus slides beneath tongue. Tongue reverses, probing area below. Tongue scoops mucus in its gully and divides pool of mucus into two. Mucus moves to back of tongue. Eyes open. Hand moves to side of face. Palms cover cheeks. Elbows crush knees. Back bends. Stomach breathes from belly. Mucus blocks air trying to pass through nostrils. Eyes dart to left. Light forces eyes to move to right. Eyes focus closely. Glance afar. Register motion. Dart downward to right. Move to lower left center. Small motion attracts eye. Moves left to right. Focus upon lower right. Motion in peripheries. Eyes at rest. Lower right hand peripheral vision disturbed. Blink. Fills with water. Blink. Hand moves to eye. Rubs. Eyes open. Yawn. Belly rises and falls. Hands leave face. Move to thighs. Forefinger scratches skin beneath testicles. Hands clasp. Goosebumps appear over body then subside. Eyes cast downward. Glance upward. Look to left. Face ahead. Lean backwards. Weight on buttocks. Body reclines fifteen degrees. Right leg lifts. Extends. Straightens. Left leg lifts. Extends. Legs parallel. Toes on left foot separate. Right foot tilts. Calf flattens. Right calf bulges. Big toe flicks. Vein on top of right foot flicks back and forth. Toes on right foot wiggle. Muscles ripple on top of right foot. Eyes close. Middle finger moves to right thigh. Scratches repeatedly. Left hand moves to outer left thigh. Scratches repeatedly. Yawn. Hands outstretch. Clasp behind neck. Body moves backward. Neck thrust back. Toes wiggle. Eyes close. Swallow. Inhalation sucks gob of mucus from nasal passage to

throat. Swallow. Mucus pushed to front of mouth on tip of tongue. Peristalsis slides mucus to back of throat. Left hand touches corner of mouth. Knees bend. Body slumps. Knees alternatively straighten and bend. Legs push body back and forth. Hands clasp knees. Toes curl. Swallow. Look upwards. Eyebrows furl. Tongue probes chancre sore on lower left side of mouth below gums. Hand reaches into mouth and probes molar. Hand touches chancre. Hand leaves mouth. Clasp legs. Chancre throbs. Right thumb and forefinger scratch lower right earlobe in counterclockwise motion. Fingers grasp earlobe. Twists away from body. Tongue extends. Probes chancre. Pain drops into jaw. Tongue pushes against lower lip. Soft focus. Eyes double. Mucus drawn. Swallow. Swallow. Eyes cast downward. Swallow. Tongue emerges. Lick lips left to right. Left hand grasps right wrist behind thighs. Tips of feet stretch. Eyes move across body. Breathe from stomach. Back expands. Back contracts. Belly rises. Belly falls. Back thrusts forward. Drops. Close. Lips move. Eyes open. Swallow. Eyes close. Facial muscles relax. Back tingles. Chills emerge. Right hand moves to top of head. Fingernail scrapes scalp. Thumb meets each successive fingertip. Rubs. Thumb repeatedly flicks away from body. Goosebumps rise. Hairs stand on end. Waves of goosebumps cycle through body. Goosebumps recede. Continuous tingles. Swallow. Goosebumps rise on bottom of thighs. Eyes look down. View goosebumps. Toes tap. Left fingers draw chin. Repetitive horizontal scratching. Hand moves to nose. Left finger rubs outside of right nostril. Finger enters mouth. Tongue licks finger. Finger leaves mouth. Enters mouth. Finger probes interior of left nostril. Lubricated by mucus, finger slides counterclockwise. Finger moves from front of nose to back. Tip of finger probes inside ridge of nostril. Presses sinus. Protrudes from body. Finger enters right nostril. Digs counterclockwise. Fingernail plunges into dried caked mucus. Finger retreats from nose. Right index finger rubs against flat of thumb. Hand falls to thigh. Finger rubs thigh. Legs bend. Knees extend. Arms between thighs. Body erect. Left arm extends. Grasps. Walk. Right. Left. Right. Left. Body turns. Hand drops. Snaps. Urine flows in steady stream. Push belly and bladder and anus. Deep breath in. Stomach distends at lower abdomen. Anus relaxes. Releases gas. Left hand grasps penis. Shakes several times. Left arm extends. Fingers merge. Push down. Body turns one hundred eighty degrees. Walk left. Right. Left. Right. Hand slides over backside. Scratches. Left. Right. Left. Right hand grasps. Cradles. Bends. Rear end drops. Body drops. Left finger pushes. Legs cross. Thumb presses down. Thumb presses up. Thumb presses down. Moves to left. Right thumb presses out. Right hand, still grasping, moves to right ear. Mouth moves. Air glides across vocal cords. Step. Step. Step. Step. Hand grasps. Weight of body supported by right foot. Step. Step. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right hand raises to face. Rubs right eye. Step. Foot moves forward. Right foot supports weight of body. Left foot scrapes ground. Body weight on ball of left foot. Back arches. Foot falls. Knees bend. Body weight shifts to left foot. Hand extends and grasps. Foot falls to right. Foot falls to left. Outside of foot falls. Foot flattens. Toe veins flatten. Muscles flex. Relax. Foot flattens. Widens. Heel down. Flat foot. Heel down. Flat foot. Heel down. Flat foot. Heel down. Flat foot. Right heel. Flat right foot. Left heel. Left flat foot. Left hand raises and grasps. Passes to right hand. Thumb, middle finger and forefinger hold body. Turn. Arm drops. Walk. Knees bend. Hands graze knees. Right elbow out. Knees straighten. Body turns. Left hand opens. Fingers extend. Right hand opens. Fingers extend. Right foot propels body. Slinks into crouching position. Weight on balls of feet. Arms outstretch. Right hand grasps. Left hand opens. Left hand receives. Right hand grabs.

Left arm extends. Left hand opens. Left hand receives. Right hand grasps. Pushes. Right hand grasps. Body extends. Stretches. Turns. Right foot. Left foot. Pivot. Palm up. Hip thrusts out. Left hip pushes. Turns. Slinks down. Right hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Releases. Right hand grasps. Left foot shifts slightly toward right. Right leg saddles perpendicular to left foot. Left toenails dig into flesh of right leg. Move back and forth repeatedly. Right hand grasps. Body slides. Hand opens. Left hand grasps. Turns. Pushes away.

15:00

Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Left hand pulls. Releases. Left hand grabs. Right arm sweeps to right. Left hand reverses. Elbow out. Turns around. Right hand saws. Arm and elbow move toward body. Arm and elbow move away from body. Toward body. Away from body. Fingertips hold. In and out. In and out. Right hand releases and grabs. Left hand drops. Right hand brushes left fingertips. Left hand moves, turning entire body. Right arm extends. Right hand grasps. Right hand opens. Left hand closes. Body spins three hundred sixty degrees. Right hand grabs. Body bends. Left hand drops. Opens. Left hand reaches. Twists counterclockwise. Right finger slides across bottom of nose. Mucus coats upper surface of right finger. Left hand on left buttocks. Right hand reaches. Twists clockwise. Body turns. Left arm extends. Left hand grasps. Right hand sweeps with blade. Body turns. Right hand grasps. Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Left hand grasps. Right hand grasps. Moves back and forth repeatedly. Left hand grasps. Slides. Elbow out. Elbow back. Elbow back. Body spins one hundred eighty degrees. Right hand sweeps. Right hand plunges. Right hand plunges. Right hand jingles. Shakes. Back and forth. Back and forth. Left hand grasps. Body spins. Left hand grasps. Moves to right. Body weight rocks back and forth. Shifts left to right. Quick motion. Left hand pushes. Thrusts. Right hand crunches. Right hand moves on top of left. Fingers open. Left palm up. Left hand closes. Fingers clench. Right hand turns. Thumb and forefinger push away from body. Push away from body. Push away from body. Twist. Hand twists. Hand back. Tension in muscle. Hand moves. Muscles in hand tense. Left hand eliminates. Body turns one hundred eighty degrees. Pushes on top. Thumbs press. Fingers push. Press. Body shakes. Back and forth. Body shakes. Back and forth. Body shakes. Thumb pushes. Mouth opens. Lips lick. Hands lift. Plunge. Emerge. Immerse. Elbow out. Hands open. Grasp. Pull out. Emerge. Scoop. Shift. Scoop. Shift. Scoop. Scoop. Scoop. Left hand grabs. Both hands lift. Raise. Shake. Twist. Turn. Pull counterclockwise. Upend. Drop. Turn. Spin. Right arm spins clockwise. Elbow twists. Stops. Reverses. Meat of thumb quickly twists counterclockwise. Meat spins. Repeats. Spins faster. Hips sway counterclockwise. Stop. Tips of fingers grasp. Clockwise spins. Whole body shakes back and forth. Back and forth. Pelvis thrusts right. Releases. Arms outstretch. Raise. Arm tips parallel. Grasp. Pull. Right hand tears. Pats. Left hand smooths. Left hand grasps. Right hand dumps. Body spins. Grasp. Right hand dumps. Right hand pinches. Turns. Right hand twists. Elbow moves toward body. Twists. Right hand twists. Elbow draws in. Right hand twists. Left hand grasps. Right hand twists. Right hand twists. Twists. Releases. Right hand trims. Left hand reaches. Wrist drops. Left hand grabs. Steps right. Lifts. Lifts. Thumbnails dig. Water releases. Twists. Peels. Pokes. Releases. Pushes. Right hand crashes. Right arm raises. Repeats several times. Left hand twists. Pulls. Steps. Stops. Body spins to left. Walks right. Bends down. Scoops. Dumps. Digs. Drops. Walks. Right arm extends. Twists counterclockwise. Left. Right. Drops. Arm extends. Hands grasp and move across body. Hands immerse. Drops one. Drops two. Drops three. Drops four. Grasps. Middle, fore, and ring finger rub against each other. In and out. Tongue smacks against palate. Grabs and wipes. Walks. Left. Right. Bends. Picks. Turns counterclockwise. Grasps. Rips. Left. Right. Two. Lifts. Turns. Elbows outstretch. Right. Drops. Up. Turns. Twists. Drops. Grasps. Slices in and out. One. Picks up. Back and forth. Two. Back and forth. Three. Drop. Turns right. Left. Grasps. Drops. Right hand shakes two three four five six. Twists

counterclockwise. Dumps. Drops. Twists. Walks softly. Right. Moves in. Drops. Sit. Drops. Chews repeatedly. Shuttles left to right. Presses. Elbow drops. Deep inhalation. Chews right. Swallows. Stops. Clears throat. Breathes. Deep exhalation. Burps. Breathes in through nose. Stomach protrudes. Sides of stomach contract. Belly pushes out. Chest cavity collapses. Chest expands with breath. Out through nose. Shoulders raise. Sits. Legs spread. Hands in front, elbows on thighs. Teeth grasp thumbnail. Push. Push from center of stomach. Push. Urine dribbles from tip of penis. Breathe steadily. Urine flows from tip of penis. Bowels open. Push from abdomen. Sphincter opens. Bowels fall. Push. Push. Urine trickles. Lips form words. Hands intertwine. Sphincter closes. Urine spews. Left hand reaches. Palms up. Both hands grasp. Pull toward body. One hand wraps over another. Stops. Pulls. Moves forward. Left hand moves between legs and rubs crack of buttocks. Sphincter loosens. Middle finger glides over anus. Pressure on coccyx. Arm reaches and grasps. Hand flattens. Twists back and forth. Hand moves between legs. Pressure on anus. Pulls. Drops. Hunches. Pulls. Lifts. Stands up. Drops. Turns. Hand reaches and pushes. Left hand grasps. Moves to right. Right hand twists counterclockwise. Right hand shakes. Left hand squeezes. Right hand surges. Quick strokes. Lips purse. Expel saliva. Quick strokes. Expel. Drops. Wipes. Moves left. Steps. Grasps. Both hands pull. Left leg lifts. Left leg drops. Right leg lifts. Right leg drops. Crouches down. Grasp two fingers. Flips. Stretches. Right leg passes. Left leg lifts. Body bends over. Snaps. Pull out. Grasps. Elbows out. Right leg opens. Up. Step through. Left leg lifts. Step through. Grasp. Pull out. Shoulders expand. Suck in. Stomach lifts. Pull. Grasp. Fidget. Fidget. Fidget. Pulls. Twist. Turn. Finger pulls. Tightens. Loops. Leg drops. Leg moves forward. Drops. Pull. Tightens. Loops. Hands move to knees. Step forward. Bend down. Grasp. Grasp. Reach. Pulls down. Slide through. Shoulders hunch. Crimp. Pull out. Drop. Plug. Hear. Press. Right ear turns out. Grasps. Bends down. Pulls straight. Pulls tight. Grasp. Pulls. Step. Step. Stops. Inserts. Turns to right. Step. Step. Three. Four. Five. Step. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Step. Step. Eyes scan. Left hand pulls. Stop. Waits. Breathes. Again. Grasp. Step. Bend. Breathe in through nose. Steps. Vision shifts. Head nods. Rubs genitals. Pace quickens. Drop down over shoulder. Stop. Sit. Right leg crosses left. Dangles. Ankle moves up and back. Breathe from stomach. Left hand falls over. Tongue protrudes from mouth. Caresses upper lip moving from upper left to right. Tongue probes back of front teeth. Tongue chafes against sharpness of front tooth. Tongue moves to gums. Runs over crevice between two front teeth. Relaxes into slumped tongue. Probes bump on front tooth. Reaches up and grasps.

16:00

Feet draw. Knees bend. Shoulders arc. Ears tingle. Meat of palms wrap. Feet in. Out. Left foot withdraws. Bend at knees. Right foot extends. Right arm moves right. Left arm bends at elbow. Two hands push body. Prop. Slouch. Right thumb loops. Adjust chin. Right leg crosses left. Body supports palms. Shallow breath. Muscles tense around mouth. Upper lip strains. Tongue probes dry lower lip. Tongue moistens lips, upper then lower. Teeth grab lower lip and suck into mouth. Tip of tongue caresses lip. Teeth clench lower lip tightly. Skin stretches. Tongue licks lower lip. Tongue returns to inside of mouth. Moves to top. Left. Right. Body shifts. Leg lifts. Body slumps. Feet lift above pelvis. Right foot on top of left. Slide. Right hand on right buttocks. Swallow. Breathe from stomach. Exhale through mouth. Back straddles. Right foot drops to parallel surface. Left foot parallels right foot. Knees at line of vision. Trunk and shoulders crunch head. Chin rests on chest. Buttocks cheeks press together. Elbows support body. Coccyx lifts. Eyes pressured. Mucus drawn from back of throat. Legs spread fifteen to twenty degrees. Forty five degrees. Feet, no longer parallel, mimic angle of legs thirty degrees. Feet mirror each other. Right foot slightly ahead of left. Index finger moves to bottom of nose and scratches four times. Hand resumes place next to buttocks. Left hand clutches. Body slumps. Head rests. Inhale. Exhale. Pressure on back of head. Fingers dig into back of neck. Pain. Hand strokes hip. Repeat. Drop leg. Bend at knee. Finger enters nose. Quick movements. Pressure on neck. Left leg slightly bends. Right leg bends. Left leg spasms. Head shifts and wedges. Coccyx on edge. Right leg bends at severe angle. Hand rubs chest. Left hand dangles. Elbow joint fully extends. Fingers on left hand curl one at a time. Joints curl. Right finger moves across nose. Head readjusts. Left foot stomps. Heel slams. Toe. Heel. Toe. Heel. Toe. Teeth grind. Eyes lower. Shut. Breathing relaxes. Breathing steadies. Slight pressure on center of head. Finger moves underneath mouth. Right fingernail jams right gum. Fingernail jams harder. Digs under gum. Applies pressure. Eyes roll in back of head. Body props. Finger remains. Legs up. Right leg shifts. Finger probes upper right canine. Rubs against lower right canine. Swallow. Mucus wretched from back of mouth. Arm raises. Right knuckles massage gum. Body swings. Hand adjusts. Sigh. Burp. Yawn. Yawn swallowed. Lick lips. Swing legs. Flip body. Walk. Lift head. Jam hands. Head turns slightly to right. Lift chin. Eyes scan. Yawn. Teeth clench. Arm lifts. Lick lips. Fingers slightly bend. Fingertips rest on palms. Tips of fingers move correspondingly to calluses on hand. Index finger rests on index callous. Middle finger rests on middle callous. Ring finger rests on ring callous. Pinkie finger rests on pinkie callous. Pace quickens. Eyes look straight. Fist clenches. Thumb rests on index finger. Hand reaches back and twists. Pulls. Inserts. Scoops. Squeezes. Picks. Crosses. Clutches. Opens. Dumps. Closes. Forefingers loop. Slip back. Deep breath. Neck twists. Lower teeth grind against upper. Tongue pushes through top of teeth, extending one quarter inch outside mouth. Upper and lower jaw grip. Burp. Tug left arm. Wrist resists. Head turns slightly to right then back to center. Insides of thighs rub against one another. One foot steps in front of the other. Breathing corresponds every three steps. Exhale. Three steps. Arms swing back. Step forward. Left arm twists clockwise three times. Wraps. Moves. Heel hits. Toe. Lower and upper canine grab inside of cheek. Tongue caresses. Elbow swings. Hand drops. Left thumb meets forefinger. Snaps. Body turns right mid-step. Heavy step. Foot falls. Head turns. Pace quickens. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen. Seventeen.

Eighteen. Nineteen. Twenty steps. Eyes adjust. Stop. Pull up. Hands flatten and slide. Thumbs out. Shallow breathing. Deep inhalation fills bottom of lungs with air. Exhale through nose. Head cranes to right. Back and forth. Forefinger rubs thumb, encircling thumb clockwise. Thumb traces. Arms extend. Joint releases from socket. Left arm detaches at shoulder. Body leans back. Proceeds forward. Wrap. Breathe. Exhale. Right middle finger jabs. Left index finger pushes cuticle. Right ring finger peels cuticle. Stop. Start. Pressure wraps left hand. Right arm bounces against left hip. Left arm mirrors right. Bounces with hip movements. Right foot forward. Right arm back. Right middle finger rubs nose. Thumb massages pinkie. Swagger. Arms dangle at sides. Hand moves to shoulder. Hips sway. Buttocks sway. Right. Left. Right. Left. Right hand on right hip. Bones and muscles sway. Leg retreats. Buttocks muscles extend. Leg forward. Buttocks muscles withdraw. Bend down. Front thrusts. Torso moves vertically. Two fingernails dig into scalp. Nails push hair aside. Right middle finger moves to right thumb. Middle fingertip rests on right thumb meat. Fingernail digs into thumb meat. Skin indents. Fingernail leaves imprint on thumb meat. Middle finger springs away. Suck. Snort. Slide front. Spit gob. Right index finger bends. Finger moves to right edge of thumbnail. Springs back. Thumb bends. Meets ring finger. Ring fingernail digs into side of thumb. Fingers straighten. Thumb bends. Meets pinkie. Pinkie stretches. Meets thumb. Flesh of pinkie arcs to meet meat of thumb. Fingers separate. Stretch. Thumb twists perpendicularly. Thumbnail attempts to touch every nail on right hand. Right thumb extends. Touches nails beginning with pinkie and ending with forefinger. Fingers bend. Thumb straightens. Middle finger crosses and caresses cuticle of index finger. Fingers lay atop one another, rubbing repeatedly. Ring finger attempts to cross middle finger. Right pinkie attempts to cross cuticle of right ring finger. Pinkie shifts back. Three middle fingers on right hand join. Bend at middle. Overlap. Thumb bends. Pinkie attempts to cross three bent fingers to meet thumb. Fingers strain. Return to normal position. Arm drops. Grasp. Arm Drops. Grasp. Right hand rests. Fingers bend. Fingers outstretch. Arc backwards. Fingers relax. Bend concavely. Right hand forms fist. Thumb bends. Settles perpendicularly across fore and middle fingers. Step up. Body weight rests on balls of feet. Deep breaths. Exhale. Tongue extends and touches cleft on lip. Right arm raises. Elbow juts. Wrist rubs mouth. Sucks mucus. Swallows. Butts tongue against forefingers. Chest swells. Right hand moves to nose. Scrapes away mucus. Hands fall to side. Fingertips swell. Right forefinger and thumb meet. Left forefinger and thumb meet. Together. Apart. Together. Apart. Fingers tuck. Together. Release. Together. Release. Together. Release. Tongue hangs out of mouth. Deep breath. Fingernail scratches upper part of ear. Index finger enters nose. Twists. Spits mucus. Pulls off balance. Drops hard. Nostrils flare. Pace quickens. Scratch. Lips purse. Push air. Facial muscles extend. Head turns right. Thumb hangs.

17:00

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen. Seventeen. Eighteen. Nineteen. Twenty. Hand digs. Extracts. Push. Insert. Close. Push. Step back. Step to side. Step forward. Step to side. Step forward. Dig. Drop. Step to side. Forward. Forward and forward pull. Push. Stop. Sit. Forward. Twist. Hand moves to mouth. Mouth opens. Swallow. Trachea drops. Straight. Cross. Left. Stop. Right. Push. Push down. Stop. Up. Hold down. Move down. Release. Reach. Swallow. Snort. Rise. Step. Right. Left. Step. Sit. Cross. Hands to face. Hands to ears. Muscles relax. Lips form. Elbows on knees. Pinkie over knuckle. Eyebrows furrow. Nose wrinkles. Eyebrows lift. Forehead ridges. Push down. Lips purse. Relax. Grasp. Push buttocks. Right hand flat against nose. Left hand caresses gully. Thumb and middle finger snap. Thumb meets forefinger. Attempts to flick. Legs cross. Elbows on knees. Fingers interlock. Small movements around mouth. Air passes through teeth and lips. Flows between teeth and inside walls of mouth. Eyes straight. Temples move from swallow. Left hand scratches length of right arm. Burp engages esophagus. Body spins. Stand up. Pull. Walk. Exhale. Swallow. Legs spread at point of connection to body. Back together. Feet touch one another. Legs angled thirty degrees. Arms mimic legs. Hands perpendicular. Thumbs move one sixteenth of an inch apart. Thumbs move one thirty-second of an inch apart. Thumbs move one sixty-fourth of an inch apart. Thumbs touch. Hands rest on belly. Heartbeat in belly. Inhale. Belly rises. Exhale. Belly drops. Left palm up. Right hand grasps right foot. Left hand grasps right foot. Foot pulled up facing face. Right hand lurks over side of foot. Toes intermingle with fingers. Arms outstretch, cradle foot. Pressure on elbow joints. Right foot and leg perpendicular to body and arm. Arms parallel. Fingertips tip in on tops of hands. Veins in right arm bulge. Elbow digs into right hip. Biceps flex. Foot against inside of forearm. Left hand grasps right forearm. Foot to face. Right big toe touches center of forehead. Tip of nose touches tip of foot. Release. Mouth closes around tip of big toe. Big toe enveloped by mouth. Big toe covered in saliva. Foot released. Stretch. Left hand grabs by left foot. Right arm brings left foot to nose. Big toe of left foot touches tip of nose. Tip of foot rubs bottom of nose. Thigh muscles stretch. Foot shifts right, parallel to body, six inches from bellybutton. Three inches from bellybutton. Right hand grasps left foot and turns counterclockwise. Right meat of thumb meets ball of right foot. Right fingers grasp left toes. Wrap and stretch. Toes pull inward. Meat of right hand pushes right toes backward. Four toes bend perpendicular to foot. Right big toe twists ninety degrees to foot. Hands on chest. Eyes close. Yawn. Swallow. Legs outstretch. Buttocks tightens. Weight of body evenly distributed between back of legs and buttocks. Light breathing. Eyes grow heavy and roll back in head. Eyelids three-quarters closed. Thumbs together, tips touching. Left hand on top of right. Scratch. Eyes close. Breathe deeply. Eyes open. Left hand moves to face. Index finger and thumb rub bottom of nose. Yawn. Ears click.

18:00

Reach. Grasp. Reach. Grab. Hold. Saw. Pull. Hold. Grab. Push. Itch.
Push. Push. Turn. Walk. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight.
Turn. Chew. Massage. Gather. Heavy. Slower. Reach. Open. Swallow.
Exhale. Stand. Burp. Grab. Turn. Pick. Grab. Grab. Grab. Open. Turn.
Walk. Pull. Grasp. Pull. Burn. Grab. Raise. Slump. Dig. Swirl. Cut.
Peel. Chew. Swallow. Push. Stand. Move. Open. Grab. Close. Back. Forth.
Left. Right. Grab. Push. Pull. Sit. Cross. Bring. Right. Chew. Swallow.
Repeat. Dance. Reach. Push. Push. Chew. Pick. Scratch. Stretch. Rub. Click.
Peck. Hit. Shift. Roll. Pirouette. Push. Lift. Drop. Grab. Pull. Close.
Grab. Stoop. Bend. Grasp. Pass. Open. Squeeze. Hold. Grab. Squeeze.
Hold. Rub. Rub. Back. Forth. Hold. Turn. Pass. Pick. Backward. Forward.
Twist. Turn. Flip. Shake. Unturn. Flip in. Twist. Bend. Drop. Grab.
Rub. Squeeze. Shake. Flip. Lower. Lower. Lower. Round. Round. Drop.
Pass. Flip. Tilt. Back. forth. Forth. Back. Grasp. Pull. Pop. Twist.
Pick. Drop. Through. Out. Down. Hold. Rub. Pucker. Tuck. Dump. In. Out.
Stop. Sit. Bang. Lift. Insert. Bang Hold. Slip. Lift. Spread. Insert.
Pull. Tie. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Up. Stand. Step. Drop.
Pull. Click. Pull. Blow. Walk. Pull. Turn. Turn. Straight. Extend.
Slide. Stretch. Jostle. Seady. Twist. Extend. Exhale. Dart. Snort.
Drop. Sit. Mumble. Quicken. Left. Right. Left. Cool. Walk. Gulp. Click.
Smack. Draw. Loll. Dig Itch. Shudder. Sip. Tip Curl. Spit. Rest Hear.
Smack. Smack. Click. Lick. Inhale. Follow. Walk. One. Two. One. Two.
Reach. Scratch. Fidget. Pick. Burp. Bend. Up. Out. On. Blow. Wind.
Bite. Cross. Scuttle. Twist. Turn. Bring. Tingle. Slide. Spit. Groove.
Massage. Strike. Penetrate. Dig. Penetrate. Snort. Dig. Pass. Grab.
Sigh. Lighten. Still. Pressure. Rush. Accentuate. Tuck. Raise. Gaze.

19:00

Refinger. Sneeze cross. Length of fore wipes free. Hand sad. Runs at bottom of thigh, no eye. Calflex. Peripheral movements spoken. Breath cools down right side. Jaws find teeth clenched. Outer part of lower fang, most pronounced grinding backward and forward. At course, cannot possibly reach gum. From which right fang descends. But nonetheless, it's a small rubbing. But chances are it's smaller. Lower gulch. Demanding attention from saliva. Mouth in general. Tongue dart. Clap. Knuckles twine thumbs. Nerves bounce up and down, up and down. In a vertical movement, movements are vertical. Few horizontals, particularly those of nervous origin. Protrudes taken. Teeth no longer relax. Teeth no touch. Palates separated. Naturally, overbite. Lower teeth tuck in front again. Never hitting gum, always hitting back. Teeth never touch except for teeth fall. Fall originates from gum. Does not happen. Protrudes in front of upper. Hip upper gum formation will not allow it. Conversely, from behind from in front. Still, nothing happens. Rasp hand. First now stretch. A knees. Burp. From beep within kiss from nose. Done back. To buttocks snap. At ease. Follows swallow. Somewhere between two palates. Not touching roof of mouth. And floating with teeth. Coming in. Which scratched by two. Thumb up in air like it. Return to lap. Right zero and left toe together. Inside shoe constrained. Taken and replaced. Come to face and adjust black. Slips small makes noise held left hand. So forefinger joints of words. Peel sharp ridge. Forced and symmetrical and the late at noise. Let movements need its way. Flip silver flat side while held in place. Finger head and index finger. Light hand idle. Stroking on thumb. Lower fang meeting. Spinger thumb. Now is lift. Thumb to flip. Now thumb. Indents forefinger. Crease unnaturally lumpy. Right and right is face down on ground. Riched lightly. Arching four and blade middle and not touching ground. Still harrow. Body is sit. Licks wet. Whistle this time. Hey doe! Betsit. From chest: good girl! Good Girl! Happy to find highest. Slight pleasure gained from dig into finger and then pleased by sharpness. Hoping to garner more pleasure through pain. But it ends. Foul smell knows. Non-neutral all day. Raised belt from lips. Head nod, yes, yes, yes, head nod, yes. Up and down. Up and down. Prince smile. Cheeks turn round and lift smile face. Too smile of day. Gray fly from middle finger. Mately in fact when last reported. Legs crossed. Hands pressed on warm ground. Back ground. Thigh to get slow blistering itch off hand. Ankle of new perfected above ground. Wallow tit clench drawn from nose. Palace of mouth. Insert back over ears. Below eyemaintenance. Tongue runs random. Pudding abounds sitting teeth inside gums. Back up over cloth spiny roof of the mouth. And super prongs curls back. Over the spiny, spiny doubles back like a folded forget that. Hung against tongue. Tastebuds massage tastebuds. Lubricated roof of mouth compelling three circuses. All at once spittle. Bottom. Bottom of bottom of bottom budside cannot go because it's black. Pothese stack. Death crumble when top of tongue presses upon them. Puffed out socks beneath tongue. Puffed when applied crumble into capillary-like berry. All held into place by extremely soft and moist is held is brink. Bind. Root in fact as in back as in bottom. Tongue finds right leg. As fine at very top straight piece of skin. Unpegged chip of tongue. Stealing very hard ridge. Very hard skin in its septemberary. And it runs as very far as it can back to the back. Cast open wide an order for such a thing to happen. Tongue begins capade. Licks wrist. Teeth exposed as smile yeah. Deep wave of spax. Side of insulated socks exists as second chancre sore. Hoo hoo arises. Giggle hits head. So, tongue could not find the mace. Inside I think feels warm. Overruns tender. As young I'm sorry, as tongue. Skatial

tightens. Folds scaling part. And tips and tops. Tears of moment at which scaly part ends intermediary area. Soft pon ridges. And thereto finds another puffy sac. Whoa puffy sac. View tongue can't quite reach. Cold nervous to touch the puffy top, with puffy sac and top. Puffy six times over closing. Goose meat perhaps heaven on surface. Rush bone on metal grate. Index finger rubbing bits wallow. Seem to suck and vacuum and laser on palate where all is gathered and sucked down off toes and swallowed. Ratia invisible stomach, where nothing is felt, where nothing is perceived. Lift lips lick '...start again '...tongue lifts lick tongue lifts lick. Nap around three times. Stone is back into mouth. Merges on face. That scene picturely in bottom of mouth. Words deformed easily as crawl earlier in synchronicity. List not hand and facial muscles. Root together in a non manner. Wallow. Thrills now around toes. On round at thirty degree angle thirty degree angle low bathed. Shed between bottom of calm and buttocks. Locks against right outer right foot turn. Overlooks down chords. Crap and crust areas between thighs. Though eyes make lines aware. Cords on their own have no attention. Or on crack area. Crack area at rest. Low swung at rest. Quench simultaneously quench. Unsafe skittish thought. Deep breath leaving loose nation of hands. Here's what happens to you: white thumb drifts into pocket. In sync thirst of wallet. Vile of face. Mouth fraught. Teathy ware of smile. Line entry. Thumb nothing. Between mouth and mind. Last blinking. Swallow hole. Tears annoying with head asleep in sound. Nottom hitting. Bladder presses palm from drink. A nation of dividends. Recast a while away. Right ruckus itch. Saliva's snout. Pressure pressure to keep thumb at bay. Terror is left by all knuckles in lap hand. Hands move to maker. Hands white on hands help in pocket. Rocket bottle down. Lips wrap with half a goes ridges. Pagan swallow little effort. Little word little remains in front of mouth. Liquid elevator tongue. Going up on little place. Nerves feeling pressure from liquid again. Listlessly from back. Clenched hands move into throat. Be brow and periphery. Gondize liquid. Headless down, headless self. Bladder falls.

20:00

Whitehead and watch after left hand. In the pocket worthwhile by all pass flat on ground lifting body. Horror body weight on foot. What put blade outward. Holting ground. Toe hitting leftly. First hat off ground, dancing about hand and knee. Lift head reference. Thandclasp. Extend out in sled. Brokenicular clap in scent of body. In the chive leash forward. Stay stay, no. Rightut. Arched egg. Feet and egg platforms. I mean then a platformed body as does leave somewhat unsteadily. Buttocks slime. Food all the way. Food now bearing equal weight of body. Shit I suppose now kisses the balls skeet. Grab by stomach facing up. Arms are let down. Pace resumes those mucusy. All pockets are respect, who is knocked down? Finally found in right bass. Sinease right good. Still suspicious as draft walking has begun. Loose breath is taken and death is through nose. Seems suspicious in digs below. Ehand by hand. Issue is replace. Drink the paper. And the wine. Forcing skull arms and fingers goat indictment. Grasp button through guides button through. Stamp in pockets. And arc climb and blather. It's able to be with read hung. Not stretch lips lip. Reend. Refeel. Feel the first feel. Of the ground. Feet of pockets. Feels opening unsuccessful. Warm larm. Crack of new cover. Would that full on arms. Mind is taken. And in pockets taken. Eyes read truth forty one. Eyes stand island. To the bagger. So berkenrodgers el. Greens projectile. On ah squint. Elen crows on tongue. With muriss. Kush jimmyhands. Cinder hung moistened. Soldiers stable. Midgets in palm. The latter affair. Lowerslime. Your pinch yearning. When again when again when again. Gas zippers why. Hung moves overflip. At last light da da oop. I'm famous steel. Drow. Breath from beast. Saliva molar palate polster up. And flexor. And raid to hire the public loop. Home of the thieves and it's gone. Odd blue viens and strange dips of flesh. Anchor beauty in mirror. White and largest but odd can never see mirror. Stock bloat. Draw on a convulsion ounce. And that crazy rear on a string. The mouth open, white. Oh and it's much more complicated than tongues can ever feel. Showling spittle. Slower than loose that creates language. The body external feast of language. To what to eye. Across thumb through right heart. Leanstrongly. What traday. White and white no one would think. Mucus dances white. To fiddle play twist. And capped white middle finger. Fear on the right side eyebrow. Forefinger macabre. Mistare fear. Thank you someodd hour. Accentuating rough skin. Bind thighs. Mask of the swallows tightens. Lipsmart. Deep spittle save a one. Near incident. Knees paralyzed. And it's a hundred percent head pulp. Slinks on left hand foot. Eyeing top of eyebrows. Distend over eyes. Knock since unblemished by time. Unblemished lincoln smileon. Mature coverge. Meat eyes. Tufts deep in flesh bolds. Stethdescend forcing ventral eyebrow. Stipped for fourth time. Right nip unhand across lip. At eight twenty five eye damage custard. And silence is guide. Lips fall down, except on pavement. Body only river. Second body is gone to river. Over probablestone. A splash. Deepin. That's right. Always strange feet. Soaked inhale. We'vot stealth dodder pinched. Thumb places craft mmmm. A tan reaches out. Linky hung deformed gully. Whistle without lips. Get hum. Sunset eroticism breedy. Walk nine all night. Slowing down I quit time. Assidiously affaxed on face. Clap lunge being longly. Grouping folds around right lay hard pullie. Spitting marin. Right thumb nubs right thumb. Backwards I walk through nuance. Push the body move. Backwards right. Right foot backwards behind luck. Body bends collar. Achivement hair. More the upmean liquid. Walk backward from joint. Hay subs spouting saliva. Ripe darkening oval in arm. Rotter movement. Flexivly flexivly. Swallow black and white. Breakfast taken as eyes in upper thigh spot. And here

last mind see moon. Head reigns pollows upper right. And eddy many more looks. Sahn eyes scanning. Out through mind flips. Chills emerge over to the right. New stun wooing me to the giving forget the eyes. And the eyes from whence I came. Eyes right hudson. Teeth swallow. Runny eyesight joggles side of face. Fun eyes nine. At nides, head tilts. Body smile permanently. Clap meated fist meated fist. Right arm fooled spermly. Body pulled beef. Right thumb in egg. Eye walk with no eyes. Arm distracted from joint. Suds spouting saliva. Darkening bones. Fixed on pivoting tip of back. Flexity flexity spring rack. Eyes swung hairdo. Cling clay claw. Deafens heights. Hung a mean left sole. Head preeing into hudson colors. Pray eye gone out viewing. Up body. Up spine. Through shoulders lack lack pork. Overture hum old eyes yes. Runny eyes wallow. Flatter vein again. Leftwards dug index. Wallo bit of palm. Bleeds exploding in ears. Cheap grind projectile. Chippity tongue flip. So long arm.

21:00

eleven hours walking body moves arm swinging contraunison leg movements
deep breath inside salivation nine pm left finger index finger rubs eye
counterclockwise one two three times tip of finger moist from eye
fluids deep breath mucus expulsion via spit deep breath yawn eyes view
sky getting darker upper teeth bite outside of lower lip little finger
of right hand itches above eyebrows walking fingers curl on right hand
particularly pinkie nestled in flesh of palm thumbs leads out burp left
leg crosses over right walk left right left right moon rises deep
breath might fist moving in out one two three four he no he right hand
reaches into back pocket knees bend in tripod five after nine licks
lips licks lick tongue licks lips this monday nite stop deep breath
look to left eyes see new building index fingers curl up hand falling
off waist exhale walk walking forward right hand grasps drops eyes cast
downward face breaks into smile body turns left walk straight down nose
pulls mucus yawn cover mouth by right hand right hand falls to side of
body smile body stoops down right hand points and snaps presses down
left hand finger inhale hands on knees back bends snap hand raises
salutation right hand raises salutation breath exhale east sky dark
teeth upper teeth outside mouth on top of lower lip upper lip combs
mustache of lower lip lower lip right hand wipes fallen mucus from nose
deep breath in full breath out tongue moves to back of upper cheek back
of upper front teeth back and forth horizontally deep breath breathe
out nose arm extends from body wraps clockwise straight on one foot in
front of other left arm cranks face from walking steps left and right
and left and right and left and right and left and right left and right
down two steps right hand pushes right hand digs left hand plugs and
turns right hand grasps stairway and railway and banister one two down
one two one two turn left right left right turn upstairs heart pumps on
top of right banister deep breath in deep breath out tongue on tips of
lips deep breath elbow jams body turns to left door shuts drop thumb
and forefinger of left hand reach and grab pass to right and drop
grabbed by left hand reaches two drops folds between two hands drops
right hand extends out pulls moves straight left hand switches right
hand pulls down left hand opens up right hand penis urine flows sight
left hand touches head of penis right hand supports left reach and
flips counterclockwise urine swallows buttocks squeeze buttocks push
out abdomen pushes out breath out squeezes abdomen and buttocks right
hand grabs penis clutches shakes left hand pushes down wipes left hand
right hand grabs throws into left hand left hand right hand scrubs left
hand left hand scrubs right hand body lowers right hand scrubs left
hand left scrubs right right foot kicks kick off left right hand turns
both hands join face body bends at waist walk right hand shuts left
right left right walk left hand digs gathers body turns to right drops
body finds right hand sits down opens right hand pulls flips around
right hand sits describes counterclockwise one swooping down towards
body six with counterclockwise six points described as counterclockwise
seven two three three written one in angle counterclockwise line draw
interior and six counterclockwise point one seven horizontal to body
dot seven nine counterclockwise seven composed of three strokes and of
three left hand fingers hold and grasp right hand takes and fits licks
lips lips lick left hand twists and right hand flips left knuckles
right hand below left knuckles arms straight out deep breath as eyes
close room slightly spins clockwise forty five degrees straight line
deep breath into belly deep breath out mouth head rises hand grasps
thumb pushes boom boom middle finger right hand eyes upward right
middle finger moves left pinkie pops right foot tucks under chair foot
hold bar of chair from left in between left big toe and left index toe
through sock hugging chair left hand reaches out left hand to forehead

right hand massages left temple finger moves lower left hand right hand presses horizontally hand moves forward stop pressed by right finger left finger moves to upper left hand down and to right left hand releases right hand releases finger left hand right index finger moves down release right forefinger and left thumb together left nail digs into right forefinger teeth clench left foot runs along left edge left hand moves from forehead and right finger hits left finger hits right finger hits left finger hits right finger hits right pinkie hits breath enter enter enter breath body turns left walk forward left hand clicks grabs with left hand forefinger digs in deep one two with right hand left hand pulls open tongue licks lips from left to right bends down right hand grabs left grabs walk right hand opens right hand extends grabs moves left right hand grabs clenches one two three four five seven ten eleven thirteen turns hand grabs dumps right hand twists and leans up and stretches right hand opens left hand extracts right hand holds left hand opens crushes between right middle finger and left thumb right hand opens left hand closes right hand grabs shakes three times walks over drops right hand grabs tongue and massages left hand grabs transfers to right hand left hand grabs stops dumps right hand grabs finger digs deep digs right finger right hand unscrews left forefinger digs in drops breath left hand grabs right hand screws counterclockwise right hand digs finger with left hand drops into right hand flicks three times and grabs counterclockwise stirs right hand grabs left elbow tips up out from body right hand grabs left hand holds right hand twists several times clockwise left hand replaces weight of body shifts to left foot right hand grabs eyes search upward left hand opens hands pull up over waist right hand digs in left hand grabs left hand holds right hand returns right hand stirs clockwise right hand drops right hand holds left hand extracts left hand pulls down right hand grabs and chops one two down right elbow out hitting body right hand gathers and throws body backs back right hand turns counterclockwise stirs right hand grabs brings to lips swallow left hand turns right hand grabs right hand tilts right hand grabs nine fifty one right hand grabs chops mashes all weight on left hand right thumbnail picks and drops right hand scores one two three four five six seven eight nine ten times gathers left hand feeds to right body moves and drops turns drops walks two three four five six deep breath inhale hands rub left hand grabs right hand grabs right arm moves out right arm and left arm in unison move up and down left hand turns right hand grabs and passes to left right hand grabs elbow out right hand turns two three four five six seven eight times right hand grabs right hand grabs dumps left hand grabs moves out right hand grabs body grabs arms of chair move in at crease of legs and turn forward left hand moves out right hand gathers legs thrust body up

22:00

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Soliloquy

Act 1

Good morning, how ya doin'? Yep. Wait a second, I have my ticket. O.K. There you go. Thanks. See you soon. Oh oh oh, I thought you said Have a good weekend...^{ll} Oh, O.K. Have a good week. See you later. How you doin? Alright, alright. Two, please. You don't want to save that for four or is it OK?. Do you have any newspapers lying around? I'll just have a coffee to start. Thanks. O.K., babe. O.K. How ya doin'? Uh huh. Regular. I'll take regular this time. Did you go all the way back to the gallery? You're sweating. That's good—it's good for you. Oh, thanks. Yeah, of course. Everybody knows that guy. He's sort of...sort of famous. I saw a bunch of these actually on the racks. At a coffee shop. They're out and in the world, which is pretty neat. That's cool and I like that. Very Cool. We've gotta get a poster. I don't know, I don't know. I was told by people there was a poster there. Yeah, I know. That's why you can't take publicity too seriously. Yeah, maybe other people do—they love publicity. So, have you been sleeping? No, don't worry—your life will change. Be assured, your life will change. Sure. Sure. So I'm told. Yeah. Oh yeah. Oh John, do you know what you want? I do. I'd like the uh, pancakes, uh short sounds good. A little more coffee and some water. Has Karin been out of the house? That's right you guys had an opening. Well, I heard it last Sunday. It's really nice that all the artists came over. Yeah. I thought that was really cool. I mean, we all came over at the same time. I thought that was very hip. Good move. That means you only have to tell the stories once. Bitter? You want some milk? How was your opening? This is the paintings. And what is the artist's name? And where is she from? Regular. Thanks. Worse than me? Isro. Sure. Did you see that article on Mason Reese in the paper? Wasn't that depressing? Ohhh. Yeah, I mean it's also like the, I mean, it's also like the Danny Partridge, what's his name? The Danny Partridge story? Yeah, but it was really sad. But the best one was that little retarded black kid. No, no. The one from, you know, the one from...he was adopted into that family—the white. He's really short and he went off to rob dry cleaners. Right, OK, right. What was the name of that show. Anyways...Yeah, I mean, it was on in the early 80s and I wasn't watching T.V. then. Yeah, Willis. Right. Right. And I can't remember the name, either onstage or off of the short guy. Gary Coleman and the girl was Kitten? But she robbed a store. At any rate... Eddie Van Halen? Remember Valerie Bertinelli like when she was like on T.V. when we were kids and when she first came on T.V. I had a real crush on her? Something like that. Yeah, she was very adorable. You know, I think the latest incarnation is Winona Ryder. Oh well. Phoebe Cates had plenty of sexuality. Yeah. Yeah. It's the best scene of any movie, I think. And I love Drew Barrymore. I think she's... no she was not in that. She was not in that... Naw. No. I don't know that. Thanks. Who? Oh no. Obviously they censored that. Was she wearing a bra? Oh, I see. OK. So anyway, we were gonna yak about some art stuff. Um, Can I get a water? Thanks, it's alright. Well, first off, um, I finished my book that I've been working on for three years and I'm really happy that it's done. Completely. Well, it's been seen as some kind of a weird side-project. He wanted to make three cases where the writing has, is the activity. So, I mean it's, I I can't define that book. Sometimes I think it's a big book of poetry, sometimes I think it's a reference book, sometimes I think it's a conceptual art piece. You know, it never, I haven't been able to pin it yet, really and it's, and it's flowed in and out of different contexts, like, I believe that the book, when Geoff publishes it will be received by the poetry world, by the writing world that I'm involved with. You know, like 73 Poems—it got really juiced in the music world we got major juice. We got really major juice in the literary world also from

a great top critic. And, of course the art, the way that thing toured and got, you know, a mountain of press. It seemed to me that it did well on those three fronts as well. So I think that what I'm saying it that I can't, you know, I I can't, like, deny any aspect of my production which includes you...Maybe you're right, maybe you're right, but maybe you're right you know but, you know. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Well, let's see, um, in some ways it wasn't that important to me. In some ways the show was important to you. Was it important to you? What's important? Like isn't what's important to one what is important? Yeah, well, you've got a good point there. I wish, in my heart, that I could live by my words. You know, what I said to you a minute ago. You know, I get, you know, I certainly, I certainly, major bouts and fits reacting to and against whatever whatever things. Maybe it's the artworld, maybe it the literary world, you know, I really I really wish I could flow you know you know that I like to talk about. And I think at that time I kind of I really don't like the context of the show. I really don't care because you know it's like being it represents everything, um, I really hate about multi multiculturalism you know black artists showing in a black show. You know, I mean it really reeks of all that stuff that I despise like like _____. And I also kind of felt that it would, to tell you the truth also, it wasn't you know a particularly significant piece that I made I thought, you know, it just seemed like a little drawing you know it didn't I don't know well, it was several things...Well I I kind of feel like when I was like... Yeah, O.K., got it got it got it. Now that's that's a good point. Because, you know, my head also was so into this book for the last while that there you know there was I was it's so incredibly self-sufficient there was no need to show up in general. You know it's been so really really self-sufficient in that thing. It seemed like there was no commercial value so in other words the only the only and I the only work that I wanted to do was to keep A.G. and Geoff's interest up and I did that work. No, no you know I did that work because I wasn't gonna lose this opportunity to get this fucking thing published. You know when I you know you know it's the same thing when I want something you know we've always been able to kind of take care of that. The fact is at some level, you know, over the last while I haven't really wanted that much—like I have what I've wanted and I didn't need to get out there and and and do these things, you know. The fact, you know, this stuff snowballing into the Art In America article I mean without the show that we did the Art In America article never would have happened. Right? And it was really great and you know at the time I I I kind of made these things and I made them, you know, from my heart I mean they were real. I wasn't making them for a show, you know, I was just making them. And you know the fact that we that we ended up you know showing them and then all the you know kind of subsequent attention, if not critical anyway commercial attention for this work leading you know leading up to that article you know was really you know was really was really amazing and I'm really glad I did that without that you know I mean it was a good thing. Um, you know I don't really know I don't really know you know I sometimes feel like like you know if my work has made this kind of a turn you know and it's been a turn not so much against you guys, um, but against kind of the gallery system because I really felt like the last piece at your show, like I said in that talk you know it just was fuckin' you know it just just nobody got it you know it just really went over people's heads and I was pissed—I'm still pissed I'm still really pissed at people's inability in the artworld to handle reading and language I'm really you know and I could say easily just say fuck it. It just happens that Raphael's a poet and a sensitive

guy and got tuned into this. You know but you know? I'm still pissed. It didn't sell, it didn't get any any any attention it just you know completely got lost and it was a good piece and I still believe that it was a really really excellent piece. You know it did things with language but it was too, um, linguistically and I think intellectually ambitious for the artworld. You know? I I know it. They could handle it when it was three panels they got it it was enough but when it went to 6 panels or 8 panels it was too much. You know I mean I can't tell you how many people have told me that they've seen the article but how many people have actually read the article? It's the same it's the same situation. You know and it's not my interest, you know. My interest is really really seriously involved with language I mean Raphael really hit it. Yeah, so it's kind of you know I'm I'm still pissed about it, really. I'm not making really visual work because I'm not really interested in those issues and I always thought that the artworld was a place that was big enough to accept you know a piece like I showed at your gallery last time and Cheryl was just so funny. She you know when we were coming home we saw these cards Cheryl says π Make an image \ll you know it get reproduced up and down. I said π Yeah, I'm an asshole. I should have been making images all these years! Imagine how much play I would have gotten $\bar{\pi}$ I make one image and look what hap you know look what happens. \ll You know you know it was all ironical, of course you know um you know I mean I realize that I'm going upstream and it's not... Yeah, yeah right. Yeah. I know it. I know it. I know it. You know. It is. Image World, Image World. Right, remember that show? In a way I'm really reacting against that in a way because like I happen to think that that's a misnomer you know in a way language is so abundant you know I mean words... Yeah, yeah I'm not interested in that. Yeah but but but look at this. There's many more words in this than there are pictures in this newspaper. Um, I think well I don't I don't know. And the other thing is like it's language. Look at what we're doing now, we're talking. You know how much language is being slung around this room right now? And what's radio? Radio is nothing but language you know? Yeah but that's a fallacy that's a fallacy. With my work, you never had to do that. But people never understood that, of course and it's still, a 600 page book you cannot read this thing cover front to back. But that but that was that was my whole project forever has been to turn that convention on it's ear you know it really has been. My work has been unlike any other text art it's always been really accessible it's always been easy to come and go because I agree with you on that level, I mean, this book man, I had to read this thing through twice start to finish to proofread it $\bar{\pi}$ it's unreadable! It's you know it's the kind of book that you might leave your on the back of your toilet and when you're taking a shit you pick it up, catch something so that you'll never find that again because there's so much goddamned language in there. It's not meant to be read linearly $\bar{\pi}$ none of my work is. And that's the other part that really pissed me off about the artworld because they just saw text and it was dismissed as if it was a 1971 Joseph Kosuth piece. So they're reading it interpreting it visually. Anyway, I'm not gonna really you know I'm not there's no way I'm gonna you know you know I wanna really change what I'm doing and... But what if I don't think the book would make a terrific art show. I don't know. Karin once said, she was so sweet, \ll because Karin's just trying to be so supportive and I love her for it she says π We should just put the book on a pedestal in the middle of the gallery! \ll No no no no no! It is. It is. Naw. Yeah. It was beautiful. It was a really striking installation. It was. Yeah. But but. Yeah. Right. No no. Here's a here's a new project I'm working on. OK? I'm taking a leap of

language. I'm recording everything I'm saying say for an entire week. I mean it no, I'm always taking about the volume of language that's around I mean what what would your language look like if it was if you collected every piece of shit word you that you said for an entire week. Yeah and what would it look like and you know what form would it you know it say you just printed it out and put it in a big stack and it's a visual representation of all the crap that you speak all week. That see there it's a visual representation of language. It may not be exciting but it's a great concept it's you know it could in other words that could be I could take the language that I record myself speaking all week no one else speaking, just the shit that I spew myself and think ¶Now, how could I represent this visually differently? ¶ That's raw material. How could that be represented you know if every word of language was a drop of water and I counted it out and dropped it into a glass would this represent my language for a week? You know how many jellybeans in the jar kind of thing. You know that could be a really you know and I could have different representations of that week's language in different forms as visual. Well there could be yeah or or just just equivalents: how many words do we speak in a week and what is the meaning of them? You know it be could every drop fill a glass of water for every language I spoke? That kind of thing, I mean I think that that kind of raw material could be flowed into something really really interesting visually in the gallery. It would be you know I mean that's I still have what I'm saying is that I still have gallery ideas. To put this book in the gallery would be dumb but to do a reading¶a 24 hour reading of the book in the gallery would be interesting. I would never subject people to walk into a gallery¶it's pretentious¶and they see a goddamned book in it. Take the book home and read it! You know or put it on your toilet or put it on your shelf. Exactly! And that's the kind of thing that I've kind of been feeling like this book that I'm writing it was really meant for the book. It was a reaction against the gallery you know it was really meant for the page. I could fill up this six, I could fill up as much disc space as I wanted to without having to worry about the cost of production you know without worrying about how it looks¶I worry didn't have to worry about ¶How does the language look? ¶ That was a relief for me too and I could just keep going until I had enough. And it wouldn't cost me anything you know and it and it wouldn't get bogged down in the kind of bummed out you know I'm you know selling this I'm not selling that which you know I've certainly been privy to over the years. And this you know was amazing liberating. Now I don't know if want to stay there but I kind of what I want to say is think is that I'd really just like to keep the door open and I'd like to like not I'd like to apologize for the hostility because I get carried away in a romanticism and, um, if it's certainly never directed, uh I wouldn't say never, but it's it's not generally directed at you guys but it's I'm flailing I'm I'm pissed I'm pissed at a lot of stuff you know. I mean you know it's just just the way it is, what can I say? Uh, I'm I'm I'm conflicted a lot because God knows I've loved the limelight and the attention but there's a whole other side of me that that digs the complete solitude and real you know I'm completely you know Gemini I'm completely split on on these these ways you know, um but you know I'd like you know keep the door open because I'm I'll never stop making art you know never and I don't really uh care to have kind of a mainstream art thing at this point I don't think it's interesting I'd rather just continue to spin off strange productions you know unconventional production if you guys are up for that you know? It's a book, yeah. Let's not let let's definitely not put on a pedestal. You know A.G. wants to fund a a really nice edition of it as

well as a a fifteen dollar paperback you know piece of shit edition. It it what it didn't happen for for Dan Weiner's stuff? Right. Well, I mean, you know at White Columns I sold a signed manuscript of that book. I think it went for over a hundred bucks you know which was pretty pretty you know I mean we're talking shit but it's also... I I I I printed out all six hundred pages of the book and I gave it to the White Columns benefit and they sold it you know. I just printed the damned thing out and I signed it and you know I mean it was you know I... Yeah. Right. Yeah. No no no. You know I mean it's just a book man, it's usually fifteen bucks, I thought that was a good deal you know I mean the other thing is you know I'm working now you know I've got this I mean I've got this pretty interesting Internet business going. You know I don't mind doing that you know I actually really like it you know it's really I don't mind working because it's because it's it's interesting as an artist artists really need time in their studios to sand and paint and sketch and I used to need all the time in the world to fill those letters in but I can't write ten hours a day the way I used to fill in letters. So I've got all this time on my hands so I got you know so I started working and this you know nice Internet thing going. You wanna go you got time you wanna run over? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I'll show ya. But but. Oh. Yeah. Yeah. Oh you've got to come over. You've got to come over. Oh OK. Yeah. What do you have? Do you have Windows 95? Oh. So you just have you've got MSN, right? So just get on MSN that's fine. They they do a good job. So what happens? Does the modem turn on? Oh, do you have an MSN account? Oh oh well it's just just double click on it and then open up your Internet Explorer browser. And then once yeah it's the same thing just double click on that and open up your browser and you're on the Internet. OK, I'll show ya. But any rate what I'm saying is like you know I've been working you know I don't mind you know I don't mind not you know selling things I mean it's nice to sell things but oh you know I, uh, you know the fact that I'm not doesn't bother me you know I I think a lot of artists that are that are really you know that are much more invested into that system than I am would really flip out if they had to I know do what I'm doing. I don't mind. Um you know I mean I think that I think the goddamned Jewish Museum should buy this thing after all the after all the hype. Maybe we should just donate it. Yeah, maybe we should just donate it. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah maybe not. I don't think anybody else is going to buy to buy the stuff. So let's just let's just whoa! let's just um... Well I mean if they want it that bad what what there must be some money to buy it but they don't want it that bad or? They don't collect contemporary? No. Yeah. Um. Yeah, and I just, you know, yeah I mean this was her big this was her big coup this you know this Jewish Museum thing you know this was her this was her this was her big you know uh... whatever, ah, whatever I mean whatever. I'm really I'm actually end up being really feeling kind of happy about, um, I'm uh, you know all this stuff I I like all this stuff um... let's see, this should be plenty, uh. Um, well, I actually have a great meeting, um, I'm having lunch with, uh, one of the most powerful literary critics you know in the in academia in the country. It's her, Marjorie Perloff and, uh, I'm meeting her actually at the MOMA Members Dining Room for lunch today. And she's deeply powerful and I'm going to get her, I hope, to write a blurb for the back of my book and promote it. It should I'm very you know I'm really excited about having lunch with her. She's in from Stanford so that's what I'm doing today. And tonight I'm going to a party for John Newman. He's a nice guy actually, he's a really nice guy. He really is, yeah. Yeah, he shows at, uh, really formal sculpture. Yeah, something like that. I mean, It's very formal.

It's very formal work. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. And he's, I mean, he's turns out to be a really nice guy, um, and he's having a party tonight and then after that ada web, which is a big art Internet place is having a party after that. Yeah. Yeah. No no no because they're having they're at the Video Viewpoints at the MOMA talking about Cyberspace so afterwards this they're having this huge party at, uh, 23rd street. Um, and, uh, you know. Thanks. Um so anyway, it's like this parties galore tonight, uh, today I've got lots of just meetings and shit with people. But anyway, so let's just like keep the door open, you know, I mean, you know...I mean, I really wish that would happen. That would that would I mean, I'd do it I'd do it in a heartbeat because, you know, I could... what ever happened with that? Very fifties. Oh right right right. Yeah. Yeah. Well that, you know, and and it you can know that you're jumping and not jump you know and not and not right and I know you know what you're doing and not...well, I mean it's something like that it's something like that worked out it would be, it would be really cool. I'm going to my studio, um, you know, something like that would be really, you know, I would I would definitely be up for it you know I don't mind, but you know what as art...as art I'm not going to be doing that stuff, I mean I just can't, I'm just so fucking fried on that shit I If I ever had if I had to color in another letter I'd go out and kill someone. Yeah. Yeah, I don't know. Naw, naw, naw. All right, listen, this is all right and I apologize and I think your point is really well taken about about if you say you're gonna do it you got to do it. I'm with you on that and and we'll just kind of keep things keep things open. OK, babe. I'll I'll drop by a manuscript. And listen, the book will be out this summer. If people wanna know, you know, Geoff's book will be out this summer, fall very latest. I don't know, uh, you're gonna be...yeah, in June or something, yeah, yeah, we'll work on it. See you, John. Yeah. Yeah. Is he a nice guy? Yeah. Um, all right. Let's see. Let's see. So, what are you doing today? Is she making good work? What's your next show after this? What's that? Huh. Huh. Huh. Huh. Uh, no but that's, uh, you're looking for art that has children in it? Babies. Do you think summer or fall would be a better time to spring a book? That's a good idea. That's a good idea. Are you sure you don't wanna see the Internet for a little while? Seriously, I mean, it'll take it'll take, uh...I have I have bad news for you though—the only real real porn place that I've found are gay. Yeah. What does that mean? What does that mean? This? Did they catch the guy? So, anyway, so in terms of porn the I pulled down some pictures but it's mostly it's mostly this guy that I've been working for surfs the Internet and has come up with all these—they, how do you like that? How do you like that? Fuckin' A! You should translate that into sales, right? I love it, yeah. How do you like your Microsoft Windows little Brian Eno thing? Oh you don't use the Brian Eno? So, this is not from your brother, right? Anyway, let me just finish about the porn. Because the first time anybody ever sees the Internet the first thing they say to me is Where's the porn? and I have and I would say, oh, um I don't know. So I did this major porn search for het porn and all it is like these terribly like cheesy sites where you have to pay—there's like nothing out there, very very little. But the guy that I work for, Douglas—I was saying this to him—he's like he's gay he's like well I know all the gay sites so I was, like, OK, well at least give me the gay sites you know, they're not they're not real interesting in in so terms of porn I don't have uh much to show you. I guess it's out there if you want to pay you can get really raunch stuff. OK, I pay twenty five dollars a month and my service is unlimited. I have a different I have a different server. So

here. If I just open this up all it is is a local phone call and I pay twenty five dollars a month and that's it. Right? And that's all. MSN is probably gonna end up charging you a little bit more. They'll probably charge you hourly. Ah, come on now. Well, this Broadway net that I have as a server is right across the street and they're usually really good. Sometimes they're not picking up but...here we go. They're really good. It's a really cheap modem. It's a one hundred thirty nine dollar modem. It's the modem. It's a piece of shit but, it works, you know, it works. OK, so OK. This is the same thing you did you log on, right? And you double click on your Microsoft on your Internet Explorer icon which looks like this. I have Internet Explorer. Microsoft Internet Explorer. Where is it? Internet Explorer. Here it is. OK? So what you do is you just double click on it. Now I'm gonna I'm gonna use an identical program it's called just Netscape but you have Internet Explorer and once you the thing is open, just double click on it, right? And so you I'll use the identical thing here. This is my this is the one I I like to use better than the Internet Explorer called Netscape and you can use Netscape too. OK. and then so now, you know, you can do things like Netsearch search for something just click on here. And if you want to just just get going actually I can probably open Explorer to show you just to show you, uh...OK same thing, this is what it looks like, right? OK so so we go um...here they have open search open...search OK? This is or Internet searches and they say please use new location so you go OK? We'll go to a new location. OK. art net web yeah well their URL is, I know it, you just go http www art net dot web. OK or if you wanted to if you wanted to find you know that the it's world wide web, that's the address, or if you wanted to find it, you could to you know Lycos you could go art net web. And here it is. Here it is. Here I just found an art net web OK? So, you see what I'm saying? There's there's millions of...OK so that's how you find it I'm just telling you how you find it. Do you understand that? You get it? You just just go to your search go to Internet search and in any of them just enter what word you want and then hit search and it does it for you. And you go OK, here it is. OK. I'm just trying to connect. Stop connection because it a... There's all this stuff art net. There's art net web, see? It's coming in. We've just got to wait for the images to come in. It's slow. It's gonna get better but you've got to wait. Um, if we did the same thing in Netscape, I think Netscape's better. You go www art net web com. The images just came in. See now this is waiting for it to come in now which is two different browsers but we're we're either way we're waiting. See? Oh, this is interesting...we've got one here and we've got a different one here, huh, I guess it keeps changing. You know, we'll just stick on...oh look it's shifting again. That's pretty cool, that's nice. See this isn't this isn't doing it. See, Netscape's better, it does shit like this. You should probably get yourself a...OK, see? So what do you want to look at? OK. Index: high or low? Let's see, we'll go high. I guess we click on week just like that now it's...let's scroll down...the Guggenheim Museum...yeah, where is that? Did you see Richard's show. So, I mean there was just a review that hangs out that's kind of nice. I mean so Richard review of Richard's stuff but it's not a review. Opening this week. Art galleries, so let's go to galleries. Now this is pretty good. Yeah, formerly John. See this is pretty good. See a little description. I don't know, somebody who wrote there. Monique Prieto. Maybe there's something about her. Look at that! And that's it, but that's nice. That's a nice painting. It shows you the thing. Where. Huh. Watch this. Watch this, man. Save this image as and I can grab image man and throw it onto my desktop, right? I just grabbed it. Now I

can do something like I can open up Photoshop and you can do this. This is really cool. I have to open another program. And I've got it on my desktop. Here it is. Any image on the web is grabable I got this fucker now. Yeah, so I can do anything I want with it I can I can you know I can go like that and I can take take you know this shape and I can...with one color. You know you know I can go I can put some text on it if I want. Yeah, you know just just the same kind of thing some kind of shit you do but my point is is that any image on the web is grabable, OK? Nothing is you know. See this is really nice, man. They did a really good job here I think. Let's find out what map is. Oh look at this! This is really cool. This is really good. Do they actually have you guys on here Mercer? You go OK, well that's Mercer. Isn't that nice? They give you a whole fucking map. Isn't that great? Isn't that really cool? Let's go back. Let's go back and see what buzz is. Buzz for Monique Prieto. Oh, man and you can you can you can write your own review. Yeah. Prieto. P-R-I-E-T-O. Your name. Uh, John Gams. Good. OK, give me a fucking cool press release. Go go go. Just say something about her paintings. Just just give me, uh, just say something—I haven't seen the show. Uh huh. I don't know, I haven't seen the show. Intriguing. Prieto's work is intriguing in a way that catches you totally by surprise. Just for I had to be an abstract painting I was shocked to walk into this grand gallery space and see something totally new. Not, not new in the sense of new new but something more subtle, subtle, perhaps a recombination of the once familiar. Let let let give me give me one more real real hard line give me a spin line on her stuff. See this show and reevaluate your long standing ideas about ancient medium. OK, and now it's gonna close and and we'll we'll see if it shows up. Great. OK and now we'll go back and let's see if it's shown up. Go back here go buzz and reload. Oh man, how come it hasn't shown up? Yeah, but it should happen automatically it's a CGI script. Anyway, um, anyway I think they they real really seem to do a good job here. Let's see about Cheryl's. Let's see if they got Cheryl's. Fun, isn't it? That's pretty pretty neat. Let's see what they say about Cheryl's. They've really done a lot of work here. Installation projects let's see the buzz. Best artist in the world. That's my sister-in-law! Colleen is married to Colleen is married to Cheryl's brother in Chicago. That kills me, man. That kills me! This is good, man! This is really good! What if if . Oh, I'm in this show this Carter Kustera—the's so dumb. Pretty interesting, huh? There's another great site The Thing. This is this is kind of fun because they're they're, uh...you can get a picture directly this picture that snaps a photograph of of The uh Thing right now. When ever you call it in it snaps a picture of the office up there. That' nice, huh? A picture of the Empire State Building and, uh, it's always different. It's always growing and changing and every time if you snapped another picture if we did another picture it would it would probably move to the right but that's, you know, a live picture. It's really beautiful, isn't it? I'm gonna save this image as I'm gonna say empire state gif. Kinda cool, huh? And then here they have sort of art stuff. I don't know if you want to look at any of these artists. This one is pretty nice. Mariko Mori? This one? Yeah. I don't...Oh, look it's downloading a sound it's downloading a sound file. You want to see any of these other artists? OK. OK, we'll do that. We'll do that. John, sell my work! Wah! I'll uh. Here's the manuscript. Actually actually it's. Well let me let me print it out let me print you out a fresh one here it's all here. Well I, no, not really but look at that, it's pretty amazing isn't it? It's 600 pages. Oh, because you don't have Quark and I'll just I'll bring it down. Tell Karen hi. Tell her about our conversation. I'll see you

later. Actually yeah I'm gonna. Men's room. Yeah, there are some cute guys in there. See you later. See you later, all right? Yes I am. I think she's adorable! What, um...How's the baby? How's Max? You like him, huh? Yeah, is he cute? Oh I know, Scott told you. You like that? Yeah, but I mean, you know, you think Scott should be teaching him the rules of the stock market or do you think he should be teaching him about great literature? About literature but neither do I. Yeah, so it you know it's cute that he can recite the stock market but I tell ya I'd never I'd never teach that stuff to my kid. What did they say? Uh, yeah. Whatever. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. So. Are the kids gonna be there? Is Margie bringing the baby? Oh it's for Margie too. All right. All right. I thought you didn't like kids. You're happy to be a great grandfather? Unfortunately you're gonna be living...Hey gramps—can you hold a sec? I'll see you then. Bye. Love ya. Hello? Yes. Hey, hey how ya doin'? Good, what's up? Oh right, right. OK, um, I will be here after three. Um, so if you want to just stop by definitely and pick it all up. OK. Bye. Uncle Geoff. Hey down and dirty master! Great. Great. What's up? Too much time, huh? Is it taking you a lot of time? OK, so we'll think about the fall then. Are you having trouble with it, buddy? OK. I don't I really want you to enjoy it. I'm really I'm into totally not into that. Geoff, I want you to feel comfortable with it. It's not about a major...Nobody called me. That's what I was calling you about. No. Yeah, so what? I mean he's A.G. will pay. Things are going up, pal. Is that much more than it was in the old days? Yeah yeah yeah. I've heard I've heard that it's extremely expensive but but hey, listen, he's gonna foot the bill on that. I mean six thousand bucks is nothing to this guy. O.K., so listen, I really don't want to put a pressure cooker on you. Right. OK. Well, I mean, you're into you're into, um, reading through it and stuff and you're enjoying it. Yeah, no that's perfect. I mean I want you to enjoy this thing. I I certainly don't want this to be a drag for you like like you dread opening this fucking thing. I mean it was a weird review, um, yeah yeah, rough and weird, you know, yeah yeah yeah. yeah yeah no I think, uh, I think she's really happy and, uh, I mean I mean everybody would like a completely glowing review, but you're happy to have a review. That's rare in this world, uh you know really, it's very rare in this artworld uh, to have, uh, what Raphael Rubinstein did for to Sean. That's rare, you know, it's usually kissy-kissy stuff. Speaking about kissy-kissy, I'm going to see Perloff in about 45 minutes for lunch and that should be fun. I was with Bruce last night. We went to an absinthe party. Um, my friend has a birth a birthday every year and every year he brews absinthe. And it gets better every year. Last this this time it was actually fairly drinkable. It's usually horrible stuff. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah he's using he's got a nineteenth century recipe that he that he uses. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. You know and you drip some sugar into it, you know, the very typical, uh, stuff. Um, I don't know I didn't drink enough of it to really know. Um, but...yeah, yeah, well, um, it was it was you know, actually really interesting interesting thing for us to do and hang out and... My friend Boog, I've know him since eighth grade. Uh...Bruce and uh, he is always up for a good party Bruce—he's a he's a partymeister. Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah the kid was cute, everything's good, man, everything is everything is like really groovy. Live it up. Yeah, I think she'll be interested. What I'm gonna do is I'm gonna giver her the article the Art a fresh copy of that Art In America and I'll say here read this this is all about the book we're doing and if you're interested in blurbing it, you know. Yeah, I'll send one out to her. Yeah OK. Well anyways I I'd never heard from those guys uh, he called you he never called me about the pricing. No it's fine, I'm glad, I

mean it's just six thousand bucks big deal. Right. Right. Right. To you we were thinking maybe maybe some time in the summer. OK, maybe we'll just have the party then for for in September. Yeah, oh listen, I'm I'm oh listen whenever it comes...I want to tell you I'm really grateful. I I think it's going to be a fun project and I I hope you have a lot of fun looking at it because it's gonna take you a lot of time to look at it. Yeah, it's easy. It's light reading. It's real light, you know, you just it's not too taxing on the brain. It's it's less interesting but it's sort of intriguing also. There are a lot of very weird words, you know, one thing just to keep in mind when looking through the damn thing, like you picked up one thing that had it was a fraction of a sentence and it had a a closed paragraph, a close parentheses. That belongs what I'm doing is I'm just taking sentences and I just keep chopping them up. And so if it's got a closed parentheses, it's it's it's intended. Or if sometimes there'll be one one quotation mark because I just chopped up the sentence which is interesting because you start to wonder hey where's the other one. It does, and they keep reappearing, yeah. All right, well, hey listen, as long as you're having fun with it, you know. Yeah right and OK and listen the point is, you know, just, you know, it's a big, it's a great amount of work so just dig in and have fun. I'm a little concerned that you're not gonna have fun. OK. Great. All right. It's beautiful I'm gonna go up to MOMA, I'm actually headed up to MOMA to meet Marjorie. And, uh, we're gonna have lunch at the member's club up there. She is a member and she says she's gonna take me out for lunch too. So, there you go. Oh, that's a good question, what could I lay on her, jeez. Well, I'm... I wish I had one of Bill's little books. Did you send her one of Bill's little books? Yeah. I I it's it's at my house, it's not at my office. Ah, I'll give her the goddamned Art In America. When are you coming down to New York? Oh, it's the uh uh Artists Space thing. Oh my god! Thrills in the big city. That's good. That's good. We like we like that. Did you tell A.G. the story? How's he doing, good? Alright, listen, I've got to roll up to see Perloffsky and uh, OK, will do and actually I'll give you a call and let you know how it all goes. Call me when you're in the city, will ya? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, that sounds great and if I'm not here, slip it under the door. Um um um um um um um that's it. See ya. How ya doin'? I was in yesterday looking for a pair of size 11 brown penniless. Uh huh. Right, I spoke to you. You were gonna do a search for them. OK two six zero four oh eight one. That's right. OK. Thanks. Bye. Away we go. Testing. Testing. I'm meeting someone for lunch at the cafe, the member's cafe. Uh, is that the only one there is? No no no. So there's another one, right? OK thanks. How ya doin'? I'm meeting someone at the member's cafe? OK. Oh, she's doing it. Whatever needs to be done, she's doing it. Have you been there yet? Great. How do I get there? Uh huh. Thanks a lot. I'm supposed to meet someone here for lunch and I don't know if we have a reservation the name is Perloff? OK so. I don't think so. Can we get a table for two? OK sure, sure. I'll I'll sit at the table. It's easy. I'm always one step ahead of you. OK, I think we're going to be three. All right. Thanks. Um, I'll just have a glass of water right now, thanks. Just New York City tap. That's the good stuff. Marjorie? I wasn't sure if it was you. Nice to meet you. Hi. Oh, I'm glad you saw it. Oh, I I brought you a copy. I wasn't sure if you if you got it. 12:30. Should we go look at should we go look at the Monets? What is it? What have you got? Really, really. Can I see that? Yeah. Yeah. I'm sitting here. Now, who are we meeting? I brought you this but you've seen it. OK. You want it? Did you read it? Why don't you take it? You read it. Did you see this? This is some work I've I've got up at the Jewish Museum right now. It's a

funny show and actually it's problematic it's a problematic show for the same reasons as the multicultural stuff. This time they've done it for the Jews. No seriously. We've we've...Don't you think maybe... That was the problem with this show. That was the problem with this show. Was it very Jewish. It's not out yet. Of course these things are waiting and waiting and waiting. I'm glad. I'm glad. The book that he talks about. It's 600 pages and it's being published by The Figures. Yeah. Well, well. Well, this is the same problem, though. It's a show based on Judaism and, uh...in a strange way, you know, like after, listen the Jews, after the World War it was, you know, you know, I think there was so much guilt going on and the Jews were, you know, at the top of the hegemony for for this and then suddenly in the multicultural discourse there's been no Jewish stuff. So then this show comes up and it's Too Jewish and it's I actually think it falls into the same problems that the multicultural stuff does, this time it's being Jewish. Because where has the Jews been in this in this dialogue? Oh wow. Huh, huh. What has he written on Cage? What has he written on...Great. Is he on the Cage list? The name is not familiar. The soft stuff. The soft stuff, you know? Like the Unabomber. He sounds like Kaczynski. Oh no. If I never had to leave this city I'd be happy. I mean, I'm with you on that. Well I do Internet for a living and I work listen I put Douglas on the Internet. Have you seen Douglas's site? Yeah. I know. I was there with him doing... You don't have you don't have web access Charles told me. You have graphical web access? Or are you still...or you still on an old text-based thing Unix thing? You're on Lynx, right? When you go to read your article on Alt-X, which of course, I thought was amazing that article. I've printed it out and sent it out to a zillion friends of mine...Well no no no. When you go to look at it what do you see? What do you see? Just tell me visually what you see on your screen. OK, then you do have Netscape. OK. You're the most most least technophobic person I know. And I don't know you but I know you through your work. They don't they don't teach you this stuff at at school? So you've you've seen Douglas' site? Don't you have it at home? Do you have Internet at home? OK, good. Charles tells me Charles tells me that you have nothing but email! He's so technologically technologically...Right. Well, there are wonderful search engines now. Listen to this. Yahoo Yahoo's dead. The one the one you've got to go to is called Altavista. What it does is you plug in two words Kenneth plus Goldsmith it searches...I'll have a glass of white wine, that's a great idea. What do we like? Chardonnay. We like Chardonnay. I'm not a member. No, I'm not a member. No no. I told them I was meet I told them I was meet...Before we do that before we do that I want to tell you what we do is I plug in your name Marjorie plus Perloff OK? And what it does is it searches after it searches every. Right. Right. Oh, it doesn't matter it it just sees the string Marjorie plus Perloff...no this is incredible. That's incredible. You don't have a Macintosh, do you? You do? Charles would lead me...lead me...That's easy I'll tell you how to get that. Don't you have speakers? Cause you can get any little even on your Powerbook you can get sound. It's built in they have speakers on there. What Altavista? Oh, you did. w w w dot altavista dot digital dot com. Of course, of course. Dot altavista this is a new language, Marjorie. No one word. Altavista. There's no spaces in U R L's. Dot. Digital. Dot. Com. Dot. Digital. Dot. Com. OK. But I haven't told you why it's great and let me tell you why it's great. OK you you between words if you put Kenneth Goldsmith in it will come in with every Kenneth and every Goldsmith but if you put Kenneth plus Goldsmith it'll only hit the items applicable to me. Uh, that's on the net, yeah. Right. Just what you have...Well, it's not that specific but

if you enter John plus Cage. Nice, really great to meet you, it's about time. I'm not so young. I'm not that young. I'm thirty four. I'm thirty four. How old is Nancy? I know about she's famous. I know about her. Thirty nine? I thought she was much younger! Nancy, let's see, Nancy works at the theater. Kerry works at the theater. Nancy works at MOCA. At the Getty but she used to work at the L.A. Contemporary. Of what? The Nancarrow collection of what? Oh really, how amazing. What a minute, she's doing music stuff? Fabulous! No no no. I've I've heard of your daughter who's in the artworld. I mean in the artworld in art circles, she's famous. What did she write on Satie? No kidding. Yeah, yeah. You know, I'm looking for a good Satie book—I've got the two bios and they're terrible. Very good. How cool. Huh. I think they have they must have 73 Poems. What was the name of the guy at the Getty who used to do the visual poetry collection? He's a nice guy. He knows you. An older guy. I met him. He was nice. I had dinner with him he was very sweet. He was not such a low...yeah, I had dinner with him one night. Yeah. So Nancy replaced him. Right. Right. OK. Well, I'll tell you we'll I'll tell you. I have a radio show and all I play is Tudor, Cage, Nancarrow, Jackson...this is fabulous. Good Cage stuff. M.C. Richards, wait a minute, M.C. Richards. She's a potter yes. I know. This is the little this is the little...well Cage thought Cage thought the work of her, but that's the sort of crunchier side that's the crunchier side of Cage. I mean we don't know that, maybe he'll be hardcore but...so you've been so you've been to Douglas's web site. I've done that for Douglas. I did that whole. Did you see the picture of two people sleeping? Oh, come now! Really? I'm on the phone with Douglas every day. I And here's the perk—which you have already—but the perk of working for Douglas is that I get every title he produces. I know you do. I know. I don't read novels. I mean I don't like fiction. Right. But that was that was when it worked. That yeah, well listen I think he makes a lot of money on that stuff he's certainly not going to make. You think when David comes we can throw around opinions like this? Like just totally? I mean...this is gossip I love I mean this is what was missing this is what was missing from Joan's wonderful book on Cage. Why did she why did she I I know her well enough, why did she turn the tape recorder off? The gossip was what I was interested in. Well Cage Cage tends to get that...we are waiting. Yeah. We're just gossiping. We're just gossiping, that's all. We're too busy gossiping. I don't want to put anything in my mouth. This is great. This is great. The one across the street is nice too, the China Grill. It's all business people. No, this was a good move. But I have this I have a problem with the Cage thing. I feel it gets too religious. The name. Oh, from the Cage trust? Yuk. Not wanting to say anything about Marcel. OK, I wanna I wanna I wanna stay on this for a second because I have a real problem. I think that, like, the coolest thing about Cage was that it was so free and yet and yet the disciple thing and the and the worshipful thing is really binding. This is not what he was about. Oh, that's so morbid! John said to me...it morbid. Uh, I think he's on the I think he's on the list. I love well what did I tell what did I say in your review? He cruised the Palisades. That was the most that was the greatest thing I'd ever read. I love, I mean as I've told you, I love that and that what what the David Revill—whatever his name is—the guy that did the bio left out. It's horrible. Do you know I heard Mark Swed is doing a bio of Cage. I love Mark Swed. You don't? Oh you we were in Warsaw at the same time by the way. Remember I was in the Art Art. We asked you to come to the Artists Museum in Lodz it was at the same time as the Cage conference in...Right. This is interesting. This is interesting for me to hear. Oh. Well I'll tell you. Right. Neither can

I but I know...Good. Good. Great. Let me tell you why I think Swed is alright because in this city, which is so artistically conservative Mark Swed is the only person out there pushing a Cage agenda pushing a radical music agenda. That's why I say he's terrific. He's the only person in New York who's promoting New Music. Oh is that right...this is the only reason that I'm saying that I like Mark. I don't know him personally but...How can he tell you you don't know. Joan's Joan's work is good. Her her her own work her own poetry is interesting. Well we all are in some degree. Ulla's a dear friend she is she's really obsessed. Yeah. Well, it seems to me like sort of a weird seventies thing? There was like a lot of...Do we know any men that are like this? It gets so it gets old OK OK good. Good. OK OK good. OK OK great. Oh, in some ways! His whole trip was controlling! He was like I'll set the parameters...It's not wrong. No no no it's not. No. My wife said my wife said when I met John a few times through Joan La Barbara but I used to get really bummed out at the reverential nonsense that surrounded him and Cheryl once said to me Cheryl Donegan, my wife who is a very well known video artist, whose work you'd really adore she's got a show right now in SoHo. Maybe if you're around...yeah, maybe I'll meet you over there and show you her show. I think you I think you'll like Cheryl's work. She's very well known. Do you want to do you want to see that? We'll talk we'll talk about it. Well I saw Bruce last night. Why don't we all get together? Bruce and I went to Bruce and I went to an absinthe party last night. I took Bruce to...you know you know the work that I've done on all of Bruce's covers. I did X Y and Z I did Tizzy Boost I did Divestiture-A. You know that we're dear friends. Bruce is. I well not only I feel it but he's very jealous of Charles. Can I tell you that? I mean, I always...Bruce is really really, I mean he's, Bruce is one of my best friends but he is really jealous of Charles he is...yeah Bruce was at the opening, Bruce came to the dinner, Bruce came to the absinthe party last night...no no no, but we'll all do that. Let me just quickly, to finish my Cage Cheryl said, you know, you and you and John probably wouldn't have gotten along. Cheryl said this to me about Cage. I mean in a because...oh he did I mean I'm that's why I like Bruce. So tell me. Tell. Oy vey iz mir! Health Food! What do you mean you're Viennese? You are born in Vienna? Are you born Jewish? Well, I don't know. Cause I know your last name is Jewish. And you seem very Jewish. What's your maiden name? So you're Jewish. You're Jewish. Really? Really? Really? Well you Bruce is doing a big Viennese piece with Sally Silvers. He's doing he's taking he's deconstructing Lulu. Oh yes he is, yeah. OK, let's let's dish. Let's I'm gonna I'm gonna really dish dish uh...I know and also...Charles is a diplomat, he's a lovely man. No. Bruce. Bruce is the most...Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. No no no he's why do you look for him he's...oh, he'll find us. Did you tell him...he'll find us. Come let him find us here. This is too much fun! I'm telling you...I'm gonna really we'll really dish. We'll really dish. You know, increasingly increasingly he's become more and more obsessed with Charles's career and Charles's power. Yeah. And and and Bruce is at one moment disdainful and at the other moment really envious of what Charles has done. Well I also think that Bruce...It was over in '84. It was canned in '84. I mean if you want to talk about irreverence and and very hard core I mean really Bruce has not softened. No I was going to do I was going to do some I was going to do some. I know you I know you do. It's incredibly monotonous. I mean, you know, it's incredibly monotonous. What I like, I mean, listen, what I respect Bruce position. I really respect his unyielding thing. I think it's a bit dated. I have a I have a problem. I think it may I think it maybe an extension and sort of an end of a modernist

thing. Where, you know, it's not a future. I see it as a past, it's not a future. Well, that's the here we are. Here we are. That kind of very hard line that kind of very hard line...Yeah. No I wasn't. He can be and I've always said that I would never want to be on Bruce's bad side. Hit list. Is it because of the work? Is it because of the attitude? And Bruce can't stand Susan's work. No, he just thinks it's so he just thinks it's so soft. That's not right. Yeah. And Bruce will trash it. Listen, he's hard core. That's your seat. How ya' doin'? Actually, there's an article on my work in here. I was going to give it to Marjorie but of course she's already seen it. It's bookmarked there. Starting here and rolling rolling through rolling the next few pieces. It's all stuff about them, right. So, of course I was going to show Marjorie, but of course she's already read it. Oh, I'll just take that. We're having...yeah, oh I'll have another please. Oh, you know, I don't want to commander that. Sure. I live downtown. I know Cold Spring, Long Island. OK, where is it? Like, what's it near? Yeah, yeah. Yes. It's...OK, yes I do. I'm a DJ on WFMU, do you know 91.1? OK, we've just set up a repeater station. Yes, no, you can get it up there you'll be able to get WFMU. It's WQX...it's more like WQHD or something like that and it's like 90.1. You'll if you fish around you'll be able to get it we're we're repeating broadcasting up there now. Yes. Oh yeah, oh great, oh yeah. Well, we're right East Orange. What kind of show do I have? Um, it's mostly twentieth century classical and experimental stuff. Yeah, yes as a matter, yes I do. We're already going on Sorabji. So, how do you two know each other? What aspect of Wittgenstein are you writing about? My book is full, the book that that is written about there, is just full of things I've stolen from from Wittgenstein. The book, no, you have you will see it. The one that's coming out from The Figures. No, it's a it's a straight...fifteen dollars. Yeah. Yeah. It's called No. 111 2 7 9 3 through 7 2 3 9 5. It will be and I'll get your address and we'll we'll getcha one. But I perused Zettel? Zettel? Is that correct? I perused that and I took things that that I took a lot from it this book so there you go. We were, yeah, we were. Finishing gossip, finishing up gossip! I've forgotten it all! Oh, it's about it's it's sounds and language that I've collected for three years. Right. Right written down. It's like what? It's interpretations by Joan La Barbara of poems that I did. So we did a piece called 73 Poems and...Yeah, yeah, actually Lovely Music put it out commercially so it had had legs. Joan did the composing. Joan did the composing, right. Oh! What do you have? Oh, tell me about that! Hmmm. Hmmm. Where are your CD's on what label? OK OK. You know because at FMU. Yeah. He's he's he's he's great Glen Velez. I have. Yeah, right. You've seen a picture, I must have sent you a photograph of that, yeah. On the Internet. This is a page from the book. This is this is this is like the chapbooks I've sent you but it's a six hundred page uh uh uh gone of to two thousand syllables instead of ninety. I stole this from you! I stole this format from you! Putting this putting the border around the page. Of all your of all your pages that are reproduced in your books, right? And she puts a border around them yes you do yes you do you put you have a a rule around your pages. In Radical Artifice the visual pages yes. Let's see. I'm gonna tell you I stole it from you. Look! I'm not joking! I stole the format from you! Well I stole this this I've never s...the page the delineation of the po...which I think, right, which I think your husband did it. Did. Didn't he lay these things in? See, look, here you are again. Looks at the rules the rules, uh uh uh, this is called...I know you did. Hull? Which was that? What's her maiden name? She's Lyn Hull now? She's gone back to it. No, I find it more...This is interesting, yeah. OK, I'm coming...we're doing a

collaboration. We found the transcripts from the Mike Tyson trial. But you know Charles. What fringes are you on, like, what circles do you move in? He's he's got one. I sure do. I sure do. Well this is a great looking journal! Did he dish? Did he dish? Got any good gossip for us? Does Jaron Lanier live in New York? The thing is the thing is we're on the same Internet server so I can do...on Panix. So I can I can do a users command in Panix and see jlanier logged in like constantly. No no, of course, of course, and and. I taught myself, yeah. I did it through yes yes it's my business. We're working we're working on it. Yeah, I'm from Long Island. I will have I was gossiping so um I will have the cavatelli please. Pardon? Sure, sure, um...why don't you give me a green salad, whatever you guys have, just a salad. Is it good? Is it good? The cavatelli? Is it dull? Is it dull? Honestly. Who are we talking about? Eliot, I know Eliot, yeah. Yes. Forty-six. I have to tell you there is third generation Language poetry going on and it's really depressing. I mean, it's as sad as the New York School. It's as sad it's as sad as Ron Padgett. He's a nice guy. It's right. Terrible. Terrible. Yeah, yeah. Un un un unfortunately the the Language thing is getting to be like like umpteenth generation Language Poetry. It might be. It might be. It might be. I'll tell you the the Ear the Ear Inn is real dead. Anybody. Yeah. Do you know the Ear Inn? Oh you did? Really, wow! I don't know, the Nuyorican is happening! The Nuyorican is happening! Do we do we need? What can we what can we say about nature then then that isn't that isn't what you're saying? What's to say...? Let me tell you something. Let me tell you something. All of his his his stories. Joan La Barbara would tell me John would sit in hotel rooms toward the end of his life and get plastered on scotch. You know yes toward the end Joan said toward the end of his life that all yes of course publicly and I said that to Joan I said I thought he I thought he stopped drinking, you know, of course he all of this and and Joan Joan said yes please. Joan said he would...It's OK, unless unless you what does it mean when you say you're not you're not drinking you know...I'll tell you what he didn't like. He didn't like anything that wasn't in line with his ethical thoughts. For example, popular culture. He couldn't handle it. This would never enter into his work. Very rarely. Of course he wouldn't like Brian Eno. Well well I had this Jackson and I were down in Florida with the Sackners thanks. Jackson and I would, uh, I know. We were down doing a doing a a sound-poetry festival there. And I was I was arguing for popular culture's become really really interesting it's become incredibly sophisticated. Everybody in popular culture has read Wittgenstein. It's it is it's smart now and Jackson's like no no no popular culture Jackson Mac Low he says he says it's terrible people I'm like no it's really interesting now. Popular Culture watching it on T.V. is quite is quite fascinating. So I go back to my hotel room, I turn on the T.V. and they're playing old Guy Lombardo runs from the fifties and I was like, right this is popular culture from when Jackson and John were were were butting against popular culture and I thought to myself right it was lousy it was horr you know, it really was and, you know, a lot of...It's very good. There's been there's been so much terrible art made under that assumption. No no no thank you. That's rich though, that's good. He aligned himself with McLuhan in the sixties. He loved technology. That was the coolest thing about John. Oh he was a big, oh he was so interested in posterity. No but he, yeah right right. Oh I disagree. I disagree! As a DJ as a DJ I'm a DJ no I have a I do right all all experimental and all all twentieth century. It's unbelievable and some works better than others. I mean you put on Diary it's terrific listening. Indeterminacy is terrific listening, um, Fontana

Mix is terrific listening. Oh I agree listen I think a lot of it is real dull to listen to personally. Oh wow, during that period? Are you on the tape? What is your question? No no I love the tape! He said that he would disappear he said in his writings somewhere that a composer after their death disappears for a while but then they reemerge. That's in your that's in your article. Are you on the Cage list? Uh, do you have email? I'll send you the information on it. Silence at b g a dot...Oh, yeah, Joseph Zitt. Are you on the poetics list? I, you know what Marjorie, can I be honest with you can I be honest? I've I've I've temporarily signed off. I'm still working on this. Do you know an interesting composer at NJIT named Michael Rosenstark? Yeah. Yeah. He does very very interesting experimental music. No at NJIT, yeah. I a CD arrived in my mailbox at the station and it was Michael Rosenstark and it was. I won't I'll email you his address. Very good. I'll be one. Sign me up. My job my job my job. I'm Internet. I build web sites. Geography is not important. Of course I could. Of course I don't have a card. A card would be the death of me. Yes I do, of course I would. I would love to build a web site for you. Sorry? kgolds k g o l d s at panix right dot com p a n i x dot com. And uh, yeah. If you need a site for Terra Nova I am I am I've I've. Oh, I'm writing I've got CDs I've got books I've got all sorts of things. The first book that I sent you was probably No. 105. That was the first, yeah the first one of the first chapbooks. Well, you know, I was trained as a sculptor. And I I...I was trained at RISD. I went to RISD. Do you know RISD. Rhode Island School of Design. I was trained as a sculptor and I started making sculptures of books and I would carve words into them. Exactly. Well, that's a problem. The book art thing I think is a problem. Well Johanna Johanna's literary. Because most of it's not...Yeah, I saw that in there. I saw that...well because because it's not literary it's it's sort of these unique sort of artworks that don't...Did you see the site that I did for Steve Clay, Granary Books? I did a big Internet site for Steve Clay and Granary Books. OK, I did that. I know. Terrible yeah. Very sad. I know, they've done several books together and then they've they've done Nude Formalism together. It's bad and I don't like it. They've been together for so long. Exactly exactly exactly. There's no no yeah. What do you think of that book. I agree. I agree with you and I think that's a problem with Ruth and Marvin's collection. I think a lot of what they have is crap. These are people in Florida, yeah right, they have five hundred thousand works of art, and they're all text-based. No no no they started with the Russian Avant Garde. They make Susan look great. They make Susan look good. Do they? Does Ruth and Marvin? Ruth and Marvin. Does Charles? Well I built I built see I built the Granary Books site and that's about as much as yes, that's the job. Marjorie, why don't we put why don't we put your books why don't we put excerpts or chapters from your books on line? Why don't we do that. Why don't we do that? I mean obviously both of us know Marjorie through her work and have been we've been...I've never met Marjorie before. We've corresponded lots I've written about I wrote about her Cage book and and she's written about my seventy three poems book we've corresponded through email and she's got a terrific new piece on Alt-X. Are you familiar with Alt-X? It's a really great site. Wait a minute. Would you stop being would you stop being so humble? Alt-X is a is one of the most interesting literary sites on the web. It's called Alt-X. You sure did. Which is part of Alt-X. It's under the umbrella of Alt-X. She doesn't know. I'll send you the URL. It's it's it's. Do you have Netscape? Do you have graphical. What what what size modem do you have? OK and do you have some. What kind of computer do you have? Which one? A II SI. Well, it will be slow on a II SI. You have a Performa. A Power

PC. With the Power PC's things really fly. The 28.8 modem is better you need to get one. You need a 28.8 modem and you need a Power PC. I'm like the Internet—no I'm not Jaron Lanier—but I live I live I live on it no I saw that he doesn't like that. OK Alt-X is where your paper is housed. It's w w w dot alt-x dot com. And you are on that site and it's a good literary site. I told I was gonna say that to you. I'm a stickler for that stuff. But I got the idea. I got the I got the idea. OK there's something that's happening but you don't know what it is do you Mr. Jones. Marjorie says something is happening Mr. Jones and you don't know what it is Mr. Jones. I got the I got it. Excuse me for a second. This is a trip. Change tape. Why don't we do that? Well, what you do is you email me texts and I will scan images from your books cause I have every book that you've done. Of course I what do you mean do you do? David tell her. David David too Marjorie. Which is the Wittgenstein book. That I don't have. That I don't have. That I don't have. And this is gone out of print. What does the cover look like, tell me? Never. I've never. I have it. I have the famous ones. Poetic License, The Futurist Moment. Who is this? Northwestern? Northwestern? Thank god. Did you help him do that? You did. Good for you. Good for you. Bruce is so excited. Well I have the Poetics of Indeterminacy which a blue, which is the blue cover from the paperback. But David, is your book not gonna work out with California? With Chicago? On Alt-X on Alt-X I read that the Wittgenstein book was out. Oh, that's why I wrote you that email I said Marjorie I didn't know that there was this book. So David, you have a book coming out from the same press. I love his name. Herman Rappaport! What is she? Wittgenstein? I'll like it. Oh, I'll like it! So they did. OK. Well, we love Bill Viola sure. You need to see Cheryl's work. I think you need to talk about Cheryl's I think you need to talk about Cheryl's...Marjorie I will look into it. Cheryl has Cheryl has Cheryl has books. Yeah. This is what I'm thinking of. Let me. Let me. Marjorie, why don't we meet up at Cheryl's show? She will tell you. Why don't we meet on Wednesday with Bruce. You do. Why don't we meet you. I think you would enjoy to talk about Cheryl's work I mean she's one of the most well known young video artists. I think she's important to speak about. Yeah yeah yeah. She'll let you know every whatever you need. Oh, I think it's so stupid. Marjorie you'd be interested in Cheryl. Cheryl and I are going to Athens for two weeks in May to do a uh a uh poetry video collaboration where I'll be reading from my book and Cheryl will be painting and video taping me as I read. No interview, thank you. So, I'll look for your records tomorrow night. I like I met this guy Robi Droli is. I met him I met him at the Cooler the Ben Neill night. Yeah yeah I know him with all the stuff. Yeah yeah I've met him. That's great, it's a great label. I know they do. As a matter of fact I'm sure they. I know we don't have the Riley at the station. Yeah yeah yeah. As a matter of fact, if you send them to me, I'll donate them to the station which they'll get lots of play. Uh, I'll let you know tomorrow night. I'll tell you what—I'll go out to the station, I'll look for them tomorrow night, if they're not there I'll email you and I'll let you know and you'll send them to me care of the station. What time are you when are at at New Jersey? Five or six at night. Yeah. Yeah, please let me know. I'll email you so I can get get get you a this is fun. She's a trip. Marjorie's a trip. Sorry? Yeah. It does? Maybe that's the thing that I was saying about being in New York is that you know you know people before you know their work. You don't know the work before you know people. You know you know everything about everything and it's it's, you know, uh, what's uh...In New York it's impossible. I think I've heard...I think I've heard the name. Were you are living in New York before or were you

living in Jersey? And you know Marjorie from her writings and...? So that's a nice old picture of the museum, isn't it? Look at the beautiful old buildings on this street. Really, huh? Look at the garden, how different it was. Bits of wood. Far out. Beautiful. It's a beautiful piece, isn't it? Not me. I'm happy here. I love it here. I'm never leaving. Really, I'll never live anywhere else. No I have a tiny apartment but I love it. I love it. Living here is is extraordinary. So let's go let's go look at Nancy's book. Excuse me. We don't know. He's a photographer. He's a photographer. Thank you. I had to tell Marjorie Perloff that. Thank you. I wanted to get that. I wanted to buy that, yeah. This is the one with the Cage in it. It's a great looking book for thirty for thirty yeah. Where? I'm glad you pointed this out. I wanted to buy this. How do we how do we? Who is this on the cover? How do we like? What do you think? Sure. Oh, those guys were in in in in in the band which I have the records of...uh, why do I forget the name? Here, let's have some. Here we go. Do you guys have a music section? Like music books or... Yeah, what would it be? Yeah, that's about it? All right. Thanks. Marjorie, design of musical instruments? I don't think so. Michelle, how you doin'? What's going on? I was thinking about you. Well, I saw I did a users on panix and saw mwhite was on was logged in. My god, more of the same. More of the same. Did Monica's catalog ever come out? What's the story? I heard it was like a book I had dinner with Anton I heard it was like like this. Great. Great. I heard it was huge. What happened to your work? Has it gotten back to you? I don't know. He didn't say anything. Of well, yeah yeah. You did a lot of work on that piece. So, what are you doing here at MOMA? Good. All right. Well, next time I log in can you do talk can you do ytalk or anything? If I do if I do talk mwhite you'll come up? Oh, really, but you're usually on on your moo's and mush's. Did he. Did he move in romantically or? Great. Really, I don't know. Congratulations. That's great. Are you in love? Great. Wow. Oh, I didn't know that. I didn't were you seeing him when we were in Caracas? Really, huh. Congratulations, that's great. What's her name? What's his name, sorry, what's her name? Good good good. John Simon. We're gonna be at adaweb for the party are you gonna show up there? There's a party tonight. You know adaweb, don't you? Big art site. I know, you're out of the artworld I know you're out of the artworld. We're gonna be there tonight. And we're gonna see John and I'll tell him you say hi. She's doing an edition, an edition on the Internet so. I hope that catalog comes out. Anton says it's supposed to be pretty terrific but. Is she traveling the show as long as she's she contacted me about sending her some stuff. Yeah, I don't know I haven't spoken to her since Caracas. All right. Yeah, I don't know I haven't seen her since Caracas. So, really. I haven't heard from her. What do I know? Maybe when things slow down. Yeah, if I hear if I hear from her again. Like I said I don't know where she is. No, I'm not taking it personally, absolutely not. I saw her I had an opening I saw her at the opening. Her and Soowon came. Good to see you. Yeah. Good to see you. Take care. You too. Sure this is terrific. Yeah. Are you buying this? I will grab it. Right. I've got to get this. Hi, Kenneth. Who are you? Hi Margo. You must know you must know my wife Cheryl Donegan. That's great. Where have you shown her work? Great. Great. Great. Yeah yeah exactly. So, so what else did you show in these programs? Did you show younger EAI artists? EAI is Experimental Arts Intermix. Donegan. Marjorie's going to come on Wednesday and see Cheryl's show. It's great. It's great. It's down at the Basilico Gallery. I know Marjorie. I know her well. Gee, why don't you make a studio a studio visit over to Cheryl's? She'd she'd enjoy that. Sure. Did you show any of the work of Alix

Pearlstein? She's another good really good. Alix Bag is good too, yeah. I'll have to ask Cheryl. OK, and then and then. In Baltimore. I'll give you her studio number. I know she'd love to hear from you and I'll tell her her. I'll tell you she you know. Great. She is she is at at two one two six seven seven eight four six five. I'll tell her I'll tell her we met tonight. Kenneth Goldsmith. You've gotta you've gotta come see Cheryl's show. Is this a small world or what? No I haven't. See you. Bye Margo. Didn't he trash the Cage book in the Voice? Oh, I don't think it's important but. Cheryl is in here under. My wife is in here under. Somebody I went to school with. I know everybody in here. No, I don't think we should we should look at that. I'm gossip, what? I know it's another language...It happens all the time. It's just one one r. I've got to pay for Nancy's book. So listen, maybe I'll come see you tomorrow. I'd like to hear the lecture. Oh, I'd like to. I mean, it's not have to. Oh I do like her, no, I think they're very good. So. No but's not but's. I think she's great. I don't have any problem with her. So, where are you headed? OK. um, let's see. I'll send you a copy of the 600 page manuscript for Geoff for The Figures. It is great. If you want to do see Cheryl's show. Nice to meet you too. Yeah, I'm gonna pick these things up. And yeah, and I will find find your discs at the station if they're there. We have a lot of stuff. Do you have any vinyl? No no no. Any of your own stuff. OK, let's be in touch. I'll call I have your email address I'll I'll let you know what's going on. Good to meet you David. I'll see you. What did you get? OK, Call Cheryl she'll appreciate that. Bye bye. I'm not a member no. Cher? Hi baby. How ya doin'? Good. Yeah, I'm just in the subway, I'm just coming out of lunch with Marjorie. It was interesting. Um, she wants to come see your show she wants to come see your show. Yeah yeah and um, I ran into a curator who had shown your works in St. Petersburg, Russia. Yeah, and also at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Uh, I gave I gave you I gave her your number—she's a friend of Marjorie's. Her name is Margo Herman. She was really nice and she really loves your work so. Yeah, it was really great and uh, we met in the bookstore at MOMA and we started talking—she's gonna call you and she really loves your work and blah blah. Yeah yeah. So, how ya doin'? Yeah. I had a Marjorie's pretty wild. She's nice, she's really nice. Um, she talks a lot but I I kind of jostled with her a lot. I threw around lots of opinions. Gee, I think my train may be coming. What are you doing? Are you gonna be there? And do what? OK, here comes, I believe my train is coming I'll let you know in half a second. No, it's another E, damn it. Yeah. Great. When does it go up. Really? Whoa. So, you've got to come to adaweb. I know after after the thing. Oh, I was just extremely opinionated, uh, you know it was fun we had a good time. Yeah, I just I was just myself, I was pretty opinionated, pretty wild. We had a great time. Sure, sure. I'll tell you all about it. I'll tell ya what, what time is it? OK, why don't I why don't I wait for you and then you wanna like go to, uh uh... You wanna go down to John Newman's together? Oh, be back what time. Hurry up. OK, I'll see you at my studio around four. Bye. Yeah. I like Cage because we were there with other guy who was like this environmentalist Cageian. Yeah, this guy we we we hung together for a half hour and we were really bummed that this guy was coming to dinner because we were really really dishing and really having a lot of fun and then I'm like, Marjorie, can we dish like this when this guy is here and she's like, well, I don't know we may have to keep it a little bit quieter. So any it was it was really fun, um, I I'll tell you more, I'm a little buzzed. I had two glasses of wine and a cognac. And she took me out to lunch at MOMA so. The absinthe I didn't have too much of but at any rate what but I do, you know, what I can,

you know, she really adores you and adores your work and thinks that you're you're you're due more due more praise so that's cool. Um, and she, let's see your book is coming out from Northwestern? And she said that she voted for that book to happen. You knew that already. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. The Wittgenstein book? Right. Right. Well, at any rate, it was pretty fruitful and really nice to meet her and you know, so... Not really, we didn't really talk too much about Douglas. Yeah, you know, it wasn't really a dish session on Douglas. She said that she was at Charles's last night and that and Charles was showing it was more Internet stuff with Charles and, you know, it was, yeah, I will recall it all Bruce. Is the Internet? After what I told you about his big Loss thing so. He was gooing over Loss. Yeah. Yeah yeah . I can't, you know I mean, I'll. Yeah yeah he's he's he really is fascinated by it. Oh, don't ask Marjorie about that. Don't ask Marjorie about that African American poetry. Yeah, a little bit a little bit, but you had warned me so I was I was cautious. Well she's her politics are I was I was paying attention her politics are rough, you know, it really is it's really different. At any rate, I don't know, I mean she talks a lot she gossips a lot I mean what it what it all means I can't quite say, so. Yeah, it was alright, though, it was nice to meet her. I groove with her. I was just a fucking goof, you know. I was just a goof ball on her, you know, yeah so. It was good. It was good. So why don't you guys find out when, you know. Yeah, why well why don't when are you gonna call her? OK, when you guys find out somebody should let me know and cause I would, you know, she's gonna do a big paper at the next MLA on video art and I would really like her to get su, uh, Cheryl's stuff in. OK, she did not like Susan's work at all! I'll tell you that. She really thought Susan Susan's stuff was really bad. Yeah, she just says it's really sad when a couple has to be like that, you know, where he has to be supportive of of somebody whose work is just completely awful and you have to sort of pretend you like it. Oh yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Well, um, well and and and and in telling you I'm sure it will never get back to him. Absolutely. Absolutely. Alright. So let me know what's up and... I'm gonna go to Fordham tomorrow and listen to her lecture. Yeah I wanna hear her talk, I love her work, you know, I do like her work. Yeah. It's on Beckett and Wittgenstein. It should be alright. Yeah. Beckett and Wittgenstein. She's giving the same lecture. Yeah. So somebody let me know. That was fun last night. I had a good time, man. Uh, quickly? Really. That was great. That was great. Alright. Alright. Let me know. See ya. Yeah? Listen, I got good news for you. Marjorie wants to do a MLA paper on video and she wants to talk to you and see your show. So that'd be nice, huh? Yeah, yeah. She's she's really interested in video what's happening in video now. It's very very good. You wanna get going? So, tell me about your John Simon project. Oh, you want to put on this cream? Alright. I do. Grazie. Grazie. So? Not happening. Can you get that? I had lunch at... Oh. Hey what did you bite for? Oh God. Hay! Oh! Look at the tip of his tail. He loves Bets. Hay! Hay! Come here Hay! Come here, sweetie! Hay! Hay! Come. Hay come. Oh look, he's smelling Bets. Who is it? Do we know her? Look at him drink! Hay! Bad boy! Who's a bad boy? Oh yes. He's completely after Babette. Hay, look what I've got for you! Hay! Sit. Sit down. Good boy. He's so cute. Loves Betsy-girl. Have you killed a cat? Down. Down. Down. Oh, I know that's what you do. You're good. Down. Hay down. Down. Down. Does he roll over? As that as far as he goes? Bets will roll over on her side. Yeah definitely. In order? Everything fine? Everything's fine now? Looks good? Look, I didn't realize that you had done a show with Curtis Cuffie. We love him and I always said to Cheryl... The homeless guy who built the constructions. I told I told you. But he's

the guy who does the great things on Cooper Square. You know, it's amazing because I've said to Cheryl, I've always said to Cheryl I've said somebody should give this guy a fucking show, he's so good. Much better. Much better. Much better. It's OK, we're dog friendly here. Because I read the review of that and I was, like, I guess that it was like a review in the New York Observer or something like that... Yeah Jennifer knows all about that Outsider Art she's an... He's brilliant. One more. We like him. We like him. Does he come in and do it? Hay! Look what I've got for you. Dummy. Yeah. Does he buy drugs? Kenny, what happened to the hair on his tail? Awwww. Yeah, we've seen that. We've been there, yeah. Yeah, sure. Yeah, I know. He found some of David's stuff? David's a nice guy. Sit down. Down. Sit. OK, here. Get it! Good boy. Are you going to adaweb tonight? Yeah. Ben Kin oh yeah. At their space. Hay's got major balls, hasn't he? No, he's got testicles! Did you chop them. No, I'm talking about Hay. You never chopped his balls? Balls, yeah. That's what they say about me. So, so how's the traffic at the site. Right, right. Very good. Cool. Cool. Everything's in tact in order, huh? Some reading and stuff. Let me know. I guess Geoff will let me know. What happened. Something about A.G.? What happened, he sold something under you nose? Geoff is? Yeah. That's the artworld for ya. Good thing Cheryl and I never sell anything. We're not involved in the nitty-gritty. Yeah we have nothing to... We never sell anything. OK. Stefano's gallery. A.G. bought A.G. bought eighty works on paper of mine. Eighty. Yeah. Yeah I made eighty drawings a few years ago and he bought the whole suite. Yeah, I wasn't going to break them up either. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. We'll go down to John's. We'll go down to John's early. Hay! Good boy! What did you do with your dog when you went away? Did he have fun? He's got such a different nose than Bets, doesn't he? Cheryl? It's so long. Nice tail. We have those too. So, Cheryl I'll see you and we'll go down to John's when we come back. John Newman's having a party at his loft and we're going to adaweb tonight so. The sculptor. Older guy. Good sculptor. Nice guy. He's up at Yale. Another Ivy League guy. Kenny's Kenny's one. OK, listen, be in touch. We'll, of course. And I want to come see you at the Art Hotel. Sure. Sounds good. OK. I'll be here. Bye you guys. Hi, what is your address there? We're coming to the party tonight and we can't make it home. OK, uh huh, OK great so see you tonight. So thanks a lot. OK bye. Hello. Who's this. Susan, it's Kenny Goldsmith. What does that mean? Do I sound dead? Oh well, I'm a DJ, you know? Hey listen, did you get to see the site? You did? Your book? What do you think? You're happy with it? OK, great. I am the one that did the site. Yes OK, great. You think your work it's representative in some feeble of your book? OK. Great. Great. Yeah. Did you poke around the site a little bit and see any of the other stuff. I mean, it's not as sexy as a CD-ROM but but, you know, it works, doesn't it? Oh, that's right because you guys are doing another book with him he told me. God, busy busy. That's great. It's a funny it's a funny. He's just so lovely, isn't he? Isn't he great to be involved with, I mean. I know. He's the best. He's the best. So anyway I was just calling to see how you guys were doing with the computer and everything. Alright, is it working? Is everything OK? Alright. I just wanted I haven't spoken to you in a bit. Go get it I'll talk to you later. OK, do what you gotta do. That's just me. OK. Alright. How was your lunch? How was it? Was it fun? She's nice. Isn't she? What? Oh you...? Oh, she's so funny, isn't she? She's full of laughs. Everybody starts yelling everybody starts yelling at each other, don't they? No. That's the way you've got to deal with her. You've got to yell back. I like I like her. I think she's really nice. She's really cool, yeah, she's really cool. Well, so I'm glad you liked the site anyway I wanted

to ask you what you thought and...OK, well I'll. OK, well... Did you see the new Art in America? There's a big big thing on on a book I just made, yeah. OK, have a look at it. I'd love you I'd love you to see the book when it's done. And we got... No, it's finished. It's being published by Geoff Young. Yeah yeah, so. Yeah. This probably recently happened since the art you know how these guys work, right? Great. Did you see Cheryl's review in the paper? OK, good. Alright, well we're up on you we're up on you and you know I just wanted to get just get your take on the uh on the web site. I just I've gotten a lot of really nice feedback. It could be the best I think it's the best site I've done. Oh you know really, just just really cool. Have you been having any fun on the web or...? No? You haven't been out and around and having fun? Oh, I'm sorry. Alright listen so let's talk I I hope I see you soon. I'm just around and stuff, you know? Let's just hang out or something it was it was, you know... OK. OK. Good. I'm glad you saw it. Um, I'll talk to you soon, OK? Charles? How you doin'? I just want to hear how how things are going with your your machine. Yeah. Yeah what do you think? Do you like it? Is it coming in quick is it coming in clear? Yeah we had we had lunch today. She mentioned she saw it she mentioned she showed it, you know, you showed it to her and she said that you guys had a great time last night and all this stuff but... Yeah. Yeah. We sat... Yes? I don't get it. Great. Yeah. Great. Steal lem. Go ahead. No no no. I give you permission. I'll give you more if you want. Did he let you know you just press on the yeah yeah. You know it's a little diffi... it's more difficult on Granary. Yeah. Yeah. It's in frames, yeah. It's granary books dot com. Oh it's interesting OK so he figured that out. I want to know how your machine's running. Any problems? Anything I can help you with? Yeah. OK, did you get like Sound Machine and everything have you been downloading your sound files? Oh Charles, that's what I meant to ask you! How did Broadway net work out? So you're up with them. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Are so you're logging into the uh Broadway net from your home. OK and it... Yeah you just switch your pop account to right. I don't use it at all for email either. I'm keeping my panix account for that it's always good to have a backup account. Right. Right. Do you want me to put a forward or anything on your Broadway account or? Right. Right. Yeah, me neither. Unless like they sent something in house but I don't yeah... right you have to telnet in right and put a dot forward right and put it right exactly in right exactly. Put your email address right and they'll zip it in. OK. What are you using? So you guys finally figured it out. I see Loss has made some changes on the site up there. What what was it due to some of my comments? Uh huh. OK good. Yeah no I we we really went crazy Loss and I. Yes I have. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Why is that? You get it Charles. I'm telling you of course you do but what about the typical web user? No, I don't have time for a three hour download. Charles, we're joking. Oh good, well alright listen I just wanted to see how things were. I'm glad I'm glad to hear everything's up and running and everything's goo good with you guys? OK, well, let's get together or something. You know Marjorie and I had lunch today at at at at the MOMA and that was really fun and uh you know, she's great. Good. OK, let's be in touch. I'll just be a few minutes, OK? OK? You almost ready, baby? Is it cold out? What? What are you doin'? Cheryl? What are you doin'? Do you know where you're going to? What time do you have to be at class? OK, you wanna hang for a touch or you wanna get going? I'm just finishing up some work. OK. How's this record sound? It's a little bit old. Sounds good, doesn't it? OK, I'm ready. How about you? Here's the card of that woman who showed your work in Russia. Are they still into Symbolism there? They asked her about the

red lipstick there and she said I don't know it's sexy and it makes great stains on the bread. You're hot stuff. I love you. Here, hold it. Ay, don't you dare. Looks like Hay. Why did you say it looks like Hay? Like Hay? OK, c'mon let's go this is gonna be good for you to go to this thing tonight. John Nuyman. Is Alix going? What time is she coming? Yeah. I got wasted today at lunch. Yeah. Seriously. Cats dig grass. What's that mean? I'm just working. I've been taping everything. Sure am. Sure it. No it hasn't been. OK, we're moving again. We're set that's written by Marjorie's daughter. Isn't that interesting? She's a musicologist at OK it's all working again. Yeah, pretty neat, huh? She was wild, man. These are really beautiful. That's beautiful, isn't it? Look at that horse. OK, we're all set. I'm I'm sorry for that delay. Something very simple was wrong. OK men. I had a really intense time. I wonder if I went too far? No, I don't think I went too far. I went far with her. I mean I really went far. I mean I went out on a limb. I went so far out as to say about Cage and this upset her but I think it was good I said we were talking about gossip I went back to my gossip theory how important gossip is, and we uh, I said, um that the canon. I said that her book was groundbreaking and I said her book made me realize that the canon was created by um, the canon is I had a really great line for it I said it very simply I said the canon is created by who's sleeping with who or something like that. Oh and she didn't like that. She said now you're tramping on my on my because we were dishing on Cage you know how he was such a careerist and you know really going on about that and then but once I said that she says oh no! Now you're dissing my idol or something like that you know. Um, I think so. I was really outrageous. I was OK so we meet and we just start going. And I know she wasn't letting me get a word in edgewise but I I I battled her to get my words in edgewise, right? And then I went out of my way you know to be like completely completely talkative with her and completely insane, you know, like myself, you know, real up. We were going back and forth and back and forth, you know, we were gossiping we couldn't stay on a subject, you know, and then this guy joined us. Who was actually really nice but he was not a sniper and I said Marjorie, when this guy comes the came a half hour later I said Marjorie, when this guy comes, is it gonna be OK for us to dish and snipe like this? She says, yes, we're gonna throw opinions around. As it turns out he was a nice he was actually a really nice guy. You know, but the conversation tamed but I I I couldn't have kept that up for like two hours we were there for over two hours but I could not have kept up the pace with her and I was really glad this guy came. And I kept saying outrageous things. The canon is formed you know, by uh who's screwing who or something like that. I said look at John Cage, he screwed Philip Johnson. And and and Marjorie says so? I said so how do think he got his Summergarden his his his concert at MOMA? And, you know, she said do you think he did that as a career as a career move? I said well partly. I said he was very strategic strategic about who he slept with, that's for sure. And I said, your book, you know, left that out. But she was sort of, you know, flip-flopping a little bit back and forth. I think she's probably thought that was a pretty good thing. They were nice. I think she thought it was sort of a cool thing. But I was acting really outrageous and I told her I told her I'd build her a web site. Oh, she loved it! She's got, you know, she said how much would it cost I said ah, you know, we'll talk about it, you know, you know, I suggested I'd build her a web site and she loved it or she suggested that I build her one. And I I I thought that's a great idea, you know, I said I'd love to put all your stuff online. I think that would be terrific. Um. Yes she did. She she she OK. First thing I did was yeah. I brought her the uh, it

gives us a chance to talk. I brought her the Art In America article, you know, I brought her I bought her a magazine and I gave it to her and before I could even give it to her she said oh I saw the Art In America thing. That is wonderful. I read it. I got it the day before I left I was so happy. I was you're doing so well. You know she was so happy to see that. She's so up on it. What do you mean? Ah look, to tell you the truth I don't think she really, you know, she really read it with any detail. I think she saw it. I mean, she's a big flatterer. You know, she's very she likes to flatter. And so by the end of the time, you know, I'm not quite sure of what she thinks. She was taking all sorts of different approaches to different people, you know, and and she would kind of turn on a dime a little bit and she was really mean to the guy we were gonna meet behind his back. She's like, he's an environmentalist. And when I hear the word environmental I just want to run. She's like, I hate ecology. It has nothing to do with my life ecology. And she said and I hate nature even more. Why don't we walk, why do we go down like Lafayette or something it's a little quieter. And this guy, yeah she's a real character, and this guy, you know, he writes on the environment and Cage and Marjorie says he's soft. Right. He's soft she said. You know, she had never met the guy but she sort knew his writing and, you know, we were really I was dishing, you know, and dishing, you know, it was a it was so familiar to me it was a real dishsession and I was real, just real dishy about the whole thing. In a way that I really, you know, like to sling shit. We were slinging shit. It wasn't high academic stuff. We were just gossiping like mad. Let's walk down here. We were just gossiping like mad, you know, about different people. And she's really, whew!, you know... You know, you know, I just slid into it. Isn't that funny. What? Yeah. Aw. She was really funny, you know. I just sat there I started slinging shit the minute I saw her I could read her like a book. I had her, you know I am sorry to say, I had her on the tip of my finger. Really. I just, you know, I really. I was twirling her on the end. I knew how to play her. Completely. Completely, you know? I was just saying all these completely outrageous things. You know, it wasn't serious. You know she was just, you know, a big dish. She's just a huge disher. You know and so you know it's she talked about my work, you know, she really love, you know, really loved all my work and. You know, she's really nice. I mean, you know, as usual like I'm paranoid like she'll like hate hate the new book and stuff or something. And as a matter of fact I got so drunk and had so much fun I forgot to ask her to write a blurb But the ice has been broken. I'll email her or something and ask her to write it, you know. So yeah, it was it was it was fun. I mean she took us out. The lunch for the three of us was a hundred and fifty dollars. I mean the MOMA thing is really expensive. You know? No we went to like the MOMA thing. Yeah. Yeah. It was nice. I mean I wasn't that hungry because I had eaten I had met John Lee for breakfast. That was that was OK, you know? That was OK. That's where Kenny lives, back there in that little house. Straight back. That's where Hay hangs out in that lot. So, I mean that was OK, that was easy, you know, I know how to play him too. I mean Marjorie was fun, you know, we drank two glasses of wine and I had a glass of cognac for desert in the middle of the day. She joined me for a glass of wine she didn't go she didn't go the extra mile. The guy that we were with was actually OK, you know, he was pretty sweet. But, yeah, I was acting a little bit outrageous and a little bit nutty, you know. But cool. Cool as shit. I mean, it's true. I was just acting cool as shit. Hey, I have the tape if you want to hear! If you want to hear our conversation, it's all there. Yeah. You'll read about it someday. It's all there. Yeah, I was acting, like

I'd been in the field for ninety five years. It was fun. She's she's she's really. Yeah she likes to talk but I battled her for time. I wasn't just gonna sit there like a dope and let her let her talk. Yeah. I mean, you know, I wasn't gonna sit there. I just let her let it really really rip. You know, I we we just battled each other. I mean she hates this one she hates that one. She hates the work of this one she hates... Well, she really liked Bruce's stuff, you know, she really thought Bruce was great and underrated and Bruce and her are going to, you know, we're gonna all try to meet on Wednesday at the gallery. She's writing I told you she's writing for the MLA on video art. Yeah, she wants to see your show I told I completely hyped. They had some world wide video festival or something the catalog at the bookstore at MOMA. Something you were in in Holland a couple of years ago I showed her that. And then we ran into the curator and she said oh I'm going to see Cheryl's show and I showed her in St. Petersburg, you know, and I was just like completely, you know, talking about you. Oh, she hates her work. She can't stand it. Well, yeah, we really didn't dis Charles, but you know she really loves Bruce's stuff and she's gonna see Bruce so on Wednesday so I hope we can all see we can all see see each other. You know, it was it was really fun as a matter of fact I got really drunk and I I can't remember that much of it right now I'm sure I will later I'm feeling very right now I'm feeling really foggy. Like like I had like, you know, like I got drunk in the middle of the day or something. Well you've got to teach you've got to be on I mean I, you know, once she once we started going I realized that I would be relaxing. You know, I played her. She's just Jewish, she's gossipy, you know, I just went went for it, you know? So it was fun, you know, I don't know what it means. I don't know if it means anything. You know, we're friends. I mean, she could turn on a dime, you know, she she...she sounds she's just like Jerry except Jerry loves to give you space, Marjorie doesn't. You've got to fight her for the space. You're talking at the same time with her. It's completely crazy. You're just like arrrrgggghhhh, you know, battling for battling for airtime. No she is like Jerry in the sort of gushy warm Jewish way. Oh yeah? You called him? Why? What did he say? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh. Oh, he's so sweet. Yeah. That's nice, so that's good. Huh. Good good good. And was he sweet did you guys yak a little bit? Well, he's a guy who likes to make big promises and if he ever comes through it's great, but but more importantly, you know, I kind of feel like just as importantly or equally importantly is that he's a friend. He's a good guy. I like him. Yeah. Yeah. Right. Blah blah blee blah blah blah. That's nice that you called him. So Cher, tell me about your John Simon thing. I couldn't see it later. What does it look like? Yeah. Yeah. Uh huh. Wow. Huh. Right. Right. Right. Of course. Yeah. Yeah. Right. Right. Oh wow. Yeah. Right. Right. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh, that's great. That's great. How you doin? Going to John's? OK. We were here. Kenny and Cheryl. Hi. So we're dating him now. We're terrific. Kenny right. Cheryl. What's your name? Of course I do. Here comes someone else. Hi. Oh, look at that. You know I've never been here during the day. I am so tired. It's just hitting me. I'm going to have to get a second wind from somewhere. I have a drink a little hair of the dog. Anyway I'm glad so that's really great so you take screen shots and take it with you. Now I assume he's putting it under Sandra's name so it's going on Sandra's site? I guess so. She paid for it. Good. Great. Is he happy? Yeah. Yeah. Cool. Cool. Bummer. Buuummmmmmer. Cheryl. Bummer. I draw I grow them I paint them and I smell them. Bummer. Hey babe. Good good. How often do I get to come to a cocktail party at your house? She sure it. The works all gone but you're showing the multiples. You're showing the multiples, right?

So the pieces that we saw in the catalog are going to be at the gallery. Great. We'll be there. I'll be there tomorrow night. She's got French. Great. Great. Is it six to eight? I'll be there. You're right there. Good. Good. C'mon let's get a drink. I need a drink. I need a drink. Here comes Ellen I'll just go. Into oblivion, I suppose. Can I have beer? I see a Corona box hanging out there. Oh. Uh, I'll have a glass of white wine then. I'm really glad that it that it worked out. I'm really I can't wait I guess we'll see it tonight. Yeah. Really. Oh, maybe I'll come. But you anybody can download it for free. Right. That's a good idea. Huh. Good. I don't know how many she'll sell—it'll be hard. Cheryl Donegan. I guess it's got I guess it's got to be connected to a to a Unix machine. It's got to be connected to a machine obviously we couldn't get it on our...it's got to be connected to a site, you know, in order to make the machinery run. Yeah. Yeah but it's got to be put onto a a Unix machine for it to work. Yeah, it's gotta have a yeah it's a script that it runs we don't don't we don't have it. Sure. I paint them I draw them I smell them. Yes. Yes. No he was fine. Fine. I paint them I draw them and I smell them. Yeah. I'm glad because I bought those shoes. I got they they called me back they had my size they found my size and they're sending them to me. I I mean I can't be dressed like this with these boots. So I I yeah when it I got, you know, I'm getting those loafers. I needed a pair of good shoes I mean cool shoes I mean what am I gonna do. Fuck it. Let's blow the three hundred dollars. To hell with it. Let's get rid of it. I spent look I spent one thirty plus tax so you spend the one thirty the one fifty and let's call it a day. Why don't we don't know a soul here. We don't know anyone. Get the food! Wow! I'm so not hungry. I'm so like... I ate two pancakes with John. Here you go. Here you go, honey. Look at that log. What the hell is that? This is all very expensive, isn't it? Marjorie was like Marjorie was saying like what a bummer her work is. Did I tell you this? She hates it so much it's like this horrible hokey Victorian stuff. She says she says I you know it's so difficult because he is such a good artist and and and she's so terrible but you have to act like you like her work. She says I hate her work it's the worst shit I've ever seen, you know, and then she said I can't stand it when artist couples are like that and I was like, hey! Cheryl and I are not like that. You'll love Cheryl's work. You love my work. Oh, well that was when I began to mention you was that then and there. She wanted to know like she said where did you learn about music, you know, weird questions like that. She thinks I know a lot about music. Yeah. Yeah. I told her I was a DJ. What? Did she know what stuff beforehand? Pretty. Did she know what stuff beforehand? Small feet on good artists is not right. I hate small feet. I can't stand I think there is something wrong with men who have small feet. It bums me out. It's true. Did I ever tell you that? I see a guy I saw a guy in the shoe store yesterday who was really tall with small feet and it just didn't look right. Yeah. I hate people with small feet. So. No, no I mean not really. She didn't know a lot about me. She was reading, you know, in Raphael's article she said oh, you know, here's you now I know all about you. She obviously hadn't read it straight through. She was funny, you know, she said you love gossip so much. Where does gossip come into your work? She thinks it's so austere. And I said well when it's five, and then she looks at the page printed in the Art In America she's like, where's the gossip? It's only five syllables. What happens when you get to two hundred five hundred and two thousand? It's all gossip. And then she said something really weird to me. You know how like you always get hung up one thing that somebody says and I and I got hung up on one comment of hers. And the comment was. And it was something like and it

wasn't related to this but it just sticking in my mind it's the point she said we're talking about like really dreadful confessional work and she's like well, you wouldn't write anything confessional, would you? I said, well, absolutely not, really. But then I started to think, like some of the longer pieces are little bit confessional but they're mostly appropriated; the I is not me. The I in most of them. It's like I hate this I hate that I'm sick... It's not real but I I look at this lady's cane. Does that look familiar? Yes. It makes me happy to see that actually. Yeah I I got a little, you know, like I have to I'm going to have to give her a little disclaimer before I give her the thing that there's very little of the I in there. I'm interested in a subjectivity that's not my own. I'm interested in a confession that has nothing to do with my life. You know, like taking shit from the net. Yeah, yeah I I... But I mean my my that new work piece of mine the new book is filled with that but none of it's mine. It's all just appropriated. It's chosen for for sound, you know, for sound and... Oh. Right. You should have been we slammed we slammed the reverent Cage disciples, oh we... she slammed them. She hates it. She hates it so much. That's not what John was about that's like that's like the reverent reverential. Like when people go on about handing out grades she's like no, that's not what he was about. Oh yeah. Yeah. It was very intense, you know, I I I, you know, I I I suppose the only way to deal with Marjorie is to come on really strong. To deal with her in any sweet way, like this guy, he's never gonna leave any impression on her this guy we had lunch with. Bright guy. Undergraduate P H D in philosophy graduate P undergraduate in philosophy at Harvard P H D at Boston, you know, in philosophy. Very bright guy. He edits this magazine. He just finished a book on Wittgenstein. Bright guy. Thirty three years old, you know, my age, nice guy really he was very sweet but he was a little watery, you know? And I was figuring the only way to deal with somebody like that is to fucking come at them with equal equal force. I think so, you know, I really... But she said like she felt really bad for Bruce because Bruce because Bruce has really been left out of the loop but she said look, Bruce is his own worst enemy. He's made more enemies, you know, we we put down people in public. Bruce has no sense of politics. He has leftist politics but he has no sense of political savvy. You know, Charles is like Mr. Smooth. He gets everywhere. Bruce, you know, Bruce he makes enemies left and right. She said there was an Italian poets conference she said she said Bruce came to it and he uh so all he did was get up there and and and say how much he hated all the Italian poets that were there. The guy that brought him there—Ballerini—said I'll never have Bruce Andrews to anything I do again. So Marjorie's like, you know, he's he's he's, you know, he you you you read Lyn Hejinian, you read Charles, you read, uh, a little bit of Ron, you know, Ron Silliman, but you don't read Bruce. Nobody even knows who Bruce is and she said the the whole point was because Bruce had just completely alienated everybody. Yeah which he doesn't have. She loves his work but she really feels like he's fucked himself because of you know, and I said look Marjorie I love Bruce, you know, but I'd hate to be on Bruce's bad side. I always say that, man. We're great friends, you know, but I'd hate to be on his on his bad side. She on the other hand she thinks his work is absolutely brilliant but she kept using a word about about Bruce she used the same word over and over again. The word was un, it was a word like uncompromising but it was one I wasn't familiar with intransigent intransigent. Intransig Intransigent. Which I assume just means... Well she she says to me what's the what's the problem with Bruce's work? She asked me that. Yeah intransigent, you know. Why is it that way. To be quite honest I

had to say that I really think the problem is that he's um, you know, that it's something from, you know, it's something from another time. You know, it's very it's like the end of Modernism and I and I said it not it's the past and I do really feel this way about Bruce's work, it's it's it's I said it's the past it's not the future. So she says what's the future? I said we're looking for it. She said it's in computers it's in video, you know, you know, she was thinking of us, you know, like all... I'm like well that could be it, yeah. That could really be it, I'm not sure. But I said I'll tell you something that Bruce is like the end of something the very tail end of something. And I have to feel that way about Bruce's work. You know, I I I do feel that way about Bruce's work. I do support it and I do appreciate it but I do think it's the end of something. It certainly not the beginning, you know, I mean it's, you know. And it was interesting. I had to be honest with her, you know, and I kind of feel that way of course I would never say such a thing to Bruce. No no no. We have we will do like we will change names to protect the innocent here. I had this really weird conversation with John today about I was telling him about this piece that I'm making of course I didn't tell him listen to the guise I had during breakfast. I was a little bit nervous about keeping this in my pocket was gonna work. So what I did was I put this thing out on the table but I plugged my Walkman earphones into this but I left the whole thing out on the table running. Yeah of course everybody's carrying their their little piece of technology with them and I looked at everybody, you know, on Broadway has their little Walkman or piece and I'm like great! This is a great guise like when I working with somebody and I'm not like wearing all this coverage. I can just like take my Walkman off, keep my headphones around my neck and click the microphone, you know, nobody will ever know but it's a great disguise. You know so it doesn't have to look so secret so when I was there with John I just had the Walkman there on the table going the whole time! And of course the mic is sitting here on my tie! No I didn't say a word nor did I to Marjorie either. I mean I haven't said anything to anyone about that. No but, you know, because I was walking around like this today and it looks like a Walkman. Everybody's got their piece of machinery on them. Their beeper their Walkman. Who's gonna say that this a tape recorder and not a Walkman? So, like when I'm walking with Co when I'm working with Connie tomorrow if I'm not wearing three shirts and I don't, you know, and I've wearing a t-shirt I can just put the head and the whole time I wore like with John I was walking out of the restaurant I had the headphones around my neck and it looked like I was like grooving to my my Walkman he he he's not looking at this thing. But I said to John I told him about this piece right, you know, he's like well, you know, we're talking about shit and I said like, you know, like I have this idea with this piece that I could do weird things with this with this work once I collect a week's worth of language that I've spoken shit and spew. Like, how many words is it, right? With an eyedropper and a glass how many drops of water would it take to fill that glass with words that I've spoken for this week? How much would that be? Say it's fifty thousand words. How much what what what would be like the eyedropper visual equivalent of that, you know, it's like talking to John I was like spitting off the top of my head spinning these ideas. Right? Like what's, you know, he's like I'm like look John I, you know, I actually told him look I don't want to I don't want to I don't want to um cancel anything out. You know I'll just leave my options open, you know, I didn't say no we're finished. Well, you know, do you have any visual ideas? I said no not not right now but I'd like to keep the door open in case I do have some

visual ideas. John agreed. The book shouldn't go the book should not be displayed in the gallery. I totally agreed. A book is a book. He was cool about it. We'll sell it. We'll promote it. We'll have a party if you want. You know, he's got a lot of calls from the article people asking where's the book? But I said, you know, I said, you know, he said well what about, you know, do you have any visual ideas. Not right now but then I said oh I'm working on this piece. And I just start spinning these visual equivalents of what I could do. And I thought that was actually a really a neat a neat idea like if I take all the clumps of raw language and and, you know, and what is how much is the equivalent of it translated into different things, you know, like like how many jellybeans are in the jar kind of thing. Each jellybean represents a word that we a word, you know, and here's the week's worth of words. I don't know it could go up go up to the ceiling, you know, or it could just just fill this glass with drops from this eyedropper. You know, like translating all this raw material that I'm speaking right now into, you know, into equivalents. I actually thought it was a really interesting idea. Kind of neat, huh? Or if I printed them all on a page, I'd probably have a stack. I mean, it would make everybody realize how much garbage they speak. How cheap language is, you know. So I said to John like, yeah I don't really have any ideas now but I said look, I just want to keep the door open, you know. I said you guys, you know, look I'm not really looking for any gallery work I'm not looking for any other gallery I'm not looking to sell anything I'm not looking to have a conventional career as an artist. But if I decide to do something visual again and something that'll fit a gallery and he said well we'd like to support you. Which was really nice, you know, it made me think yet, you know, if I ever if I have ideas like, you know, like putting drops in drops of water into a glass, you know, six hundred million drops of water how much, you know, that might be a really nice piece and it might really, you know, look good in a gallery. You know, why not? You know? So, I don't know I just said look let's leave the door open. Oh we had lunch we had breakfast at Noho Star for about an hour and a half. Ah, I didn't really ask. He just listened to me. We talked about it. He's pissed that I didn't go to the opening of the Jewish Museum and his point was look, if you agreed to participate in the piece then you've got to go. It's OK not to go if you say you're not going to be in it but you can't have it both ways, you know, the minute you you the minute, you know, you really decide to do something just do it. You have to do it. You have to show up. And actually it was it was, you know, an alright point. No, I I, you know, I said look, I'm real conflicted, you know. On one hand I like the idea that I'm in that show. I like the idea that the, you know, image is all over the place. It's fine. Who wouldn't like it? On the other hand I don't like the context. I think it's, you know, I think it's a really bad context and John's like you shouldn't have done the show. I said right. I'm I'm divided. I cause I did do the show I did say it's OK to do the show. John says if you do the show you've got to do the stuff that goes with the show. He says I don't mind if you don't do the show if you don't want to do it. But don't don't... you know, he said don't embarrass me don't embarrass yourself, you know, either shit or get off the pot with those things in terms of commitments for the future, you know. So, I mean, John he's a good guy John. We may be going our separate ways, you know? I mean it's pretty clear we are in some ways, you know, he's a good guy and I think his values are are good and, you know, I don't really have much of a, you know, problem with that and I like the idea that the door is open. You know, I don't know what I'm going to do with all this language. Maybe I'll make a visual equivalent

of it. Maybe I'll make, you know? I just don't know. But I like the idea that the door is open. I mean, I'm not gonna look for a hotter gallery. I mean, you know, if I want to show some shit in a gallery I'll I'll he's there he's there to do it whether he stays in business is another matter but he's there to do it, you know? Oh so, then he came back to the then he came back to the office I showed him some Internet stuff he said oh I want to go to this place called artnetweb, right? So we went to artnetweb and we start and they've got all the shows listed with a picture so we looked your show up. This is a different site than artweb. This called art...yeah. No this is art net web dot com. So we looked and and and and we pulled John's show. Anyway we pulled up your show at Basilico. And it's got a picture of the video oh no no! I'm sorry. It's got a picture it's got a picture of either I can't remember what it was we were really moving through things fast and then, you know, it's got a description about your piece and then it says comments click here for gab and people can comment on the shows. So so we went to your gab section on. There's one comment there. There's one person commented on your show. It said Cheryl Donegan rocks my world. You know who it was signed by? Colleen Trimble! Colleen found it on the web somehow! There was no other comments. Only Colleen! It cracked me up! I mean I was like she didn't even tell us when she said that. I was just like I read it and I said whoa! Somebody really liked Cheryl then I read it and it says Colleen Trimble. You're you're so red yeah. OK, let's get more more booze though I'm I'm getting a second wind with the hair of the dog. I have I guess this day is trashed. Can I have more white wine? Want another? Sure. Let me see how much time I have left on my tape. Is Betsy with her friends? Is Betsy with her friends? Hi Jay. How ya doin'? Nice review Friday. Both of you. Congratulations to both of you. Yeah. Congratulations to both. You I've congratulated you I haven't. That was terrific. No me. Not usually. Have you seen Cheryl's show? She has a show at Stefano Basilico now. Far out. Wow. Very good. So you live in Singapore. So how's that? Fun? It's hot like hell. Have you every been to The Jurong Bird Park? The Jurong Bird Park? It's very famous. I met no those are those crazy girls I met in India and one of them worked at the Jurong Bird Park and I actually went out and saw it on the Internet once. Yeah. Do you have Internet? Does your gallery have Internet? I'm not an artist she is so you she can she's she's the person. Cheryl write your name on the... Do you read this? You don't read it at all? Is it Chinese? You're not you're not learning Chinese any time soon. No I saw the Jurong Bird Park on the Internet so it'd be good to see your gallery on the Internet. I will. I'll look it up. We're gonna look it up. John John had a show with you? Tom Wessleman. That's the toothpick. We're familiar we're familiar with this work. Yeah, he's famous. Is this, oh, this is a crazy typeface. Did you make these in Singapore? You made these in Singapore? Cheryl has a show of painting and video. Where does Tom Wessleman live? The beach? Wait wait wait! I want to look at the back back matter. This is beautiful. Is this U.S. or Singapore dollars? What is the dollar equivalent to Singapore... Are you visiting artist's studios? She's right here. She's right here in Manhattan. She's a Biennial artist. She was in the last Biennial. No no I'm not. I can say I can say anything. No, Cheryl's very Cheryl's very famous. She really is, no, really young artist's studio visit... Thank you. Darling. I won't hike but I like the cold weather. Wanna switch? If you hate the cold weather why don't you come to to New York in July in August? No no I mean have you been in New York in August? Now now that's hot weather. I was in India but I thought New York in the summer was much worse. India's nothing... Even hotter, right. So why do you live there? Come

to New York for a challenge. Really? No no no no no. That's not true. Isn't the isn't the guy in India. This is Asia. This is Asia proper. I have no idea. Oh, that's nothing. Ah, it's nothing! This is terrific. No actually it's amazing that you're the only only contemporary art dealer... There's nothing in Thailand? OK, nice to talk to you. Go see her show. I sure do. Bye, nice to meet you. Yeah, I don't think so. Cheryl was at Art Omi but go ahead. But Eric is not extremely verbal. Oh tell, tell. But Peter's work is so much more interesting like a million times eclectic subject matter. Let's just dish, let's go. Yeah but all those artists are saying something. I don't think Eric is really has anything to say. But I like I like reading Ruth Reichel's reviews. I think they're fun to read and and you know it's another field altogether. It's another field I like her reviews. I think they're rich. Just admiring her child. Hi. Alright. When is her baby coming? When is her baby due? You know Cheryl was at Yale with her. That can be good and that can be bad. No, that can be good and that can be bad. Really? Congratulations. That's wonderful Jay. Congratulations. Are a godfather of any other child? This is not this is not a Jewish thing. I'm not a godfather. It's never been brought up in my context. You you know godfathers and godmothers. This is something I know nothing about. This is nothing I've ever heard of growing up. I've never...well I heard of it but it's not not part of... congratulations, this is very good. Who's your godparents? Oh you you too. Who are they? Who is your godparents Jay? Will you give the child a good religious upbringing? That's our religion, isn't it? Cheryl got the idea when she heard Jessica she'd like to go. Wow! Do you do you live here in the city? And you're raising your children in the city? That's great great idea. What a great place to grow up. I wish I grew up here. I went to Camp Walt Whitman. Long Island. You grew up in Brooklyn? Where? Do you have family there still? It was a Workman's it was a yes it was. It was a gay Workman's Circle... I used to feel I used to feel so embarrassed when kids used to say I went to, like, Tamarac and Camp Na Sho Pa and I'd be like I went to Camp Walt Whitman. It was all about poetry. More or less yeah. Yeah it was great. It was Workman's Circle. It was it was very Leftist very Leftist very radical camp, yeah. Where did you go, Jay? What was the name. C'mon. Oh, that could be fun. That could be fun. That could be... So where do you live in the city. Yeah. On fifteenth. Oh I wish I grew up in the city I you know. I'm a generation removed. My parents grew up in Brooklyn. Everybody else moved out to the Island. Exactly. My grandparents live in Cedarhurst. Wait my aunt and uncle in in Great Neck. I'm from Port Washington which is between Great Neck and Roslyn, you know. Deb and I are like from Rockville Centre she's like my big sister. I do too. I say the same thing. She's from Rockville Center. That's where my whole family is from. Avenue D, oh boy. She's buried in Cypress Hills now. That's where my whole family has their plot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. Back back back to the old neighborhood. Yeah. Where where did you grow up? I I I'm a DJ at a radio station in East Orange. Oh, you like FMU, good. Is an FMU junkie? Oh you guys... I go out I go out to FMU every week to do a show. I'm glad I'm glad you're a listener. Late night late night show. Oh I talk about the music I play mostly. It's the best it's the best station in the world. There's nothing like it. Where's your where's your husband? Who's your husband? Oh, I know Billy I do know Billy. I'm surprised I don't know you... Billy is Al Ruppberg's friend. Sure Al and I Al and I live next door to each other. Oh I didn't know that she was Billy's. Got it got it got it got it. I didn't know you were Billy's wife and I know. Got it. Forget. Al is like Al is like our big we call him Uncle Al. Al is our uncle Deb is our big sister. Well you work with

all so it's a different story but Al is Uncle Al to us. Right. You want more wine? Tape three testing. Monday April fifteenth. Hey. How ya' doin'? Hi honey. Are you going to adaweb afterwards? No no the party the party afterwards. I think it should be fun. I think it should be fun. I'm going. I'm going. Yeah I think it will be fun. I'm gonna go with you guys cause she's she's gotta teach. It was horrible. Boog's birthday party. Oh I couldn't I couldn't try it was horrible. Oh Alix! We shouldn't smoke pot or anything. God forbid, Alix! When did you become? Well it didn't work too well last night. Honey! Maybe, but we would have been too sleepy to... Oh it was it was the most disgusting shit I ever tasted. No it doesn't. It's really bitter. It tastes horrible. Yeah our friend makes it every year it's a bummer. Every year he says it's getting better and every year I try it and it's worse. Yes. Well we bought. No. Well we bought them... Alix, it's a bummer. Well that's Boog, that's Boog, yeah. You never met Boog after all these years you never met Boog? This is a guy I've I've been friends with since eighth grade. I've never lost touch with him we're dear friends. Oh, he's ridiculous. He hates living in this age. He wants to live in the forties. Yeah. Look at Meyer's dog. What's the name? Tanya? Tanya! Tanya! Hi Meyer how ya doin'? How ya doin'? Tanya! Hi Tanya. What's up with the dog? Did she take a shit on the floor. Cheryl did you say hi to Tanya and Meyer. When she shit on the floor that's why I said that. Kenny. Hi how ya' doin'? Did she shit on the floor. We were gonna bring Babette tonight but we heard Tanya was gonna show up so we didn't. Congratulations on your show. You two you review stars. Whatever. Both of you whatever. Hey so I in Caracas. Right. For Monica's show. It's a rough place, man. Whoa! Are you from Caracas? Oh, New York is lovely. New York is like a small town compared to Caracas. Oh it's like a country village here. Oh my god. The cabbies are the rough are rough too but they said to me. They put us in this shithole downtown, right? Next to the government center in this really terrible place downtown and the cabbies were like yeah downtown, the cabby's like run run run run don't stay out here. I mean, it's so rough, man, it's a really mean place. Right. Well we went to Monica's apartment. When we went there there were people with guns pointed at us. The guards had guns and they knew Monica... No, I'm trying to shock you go they knew Monica and they still pointed a gun at her! Monica's like it's OK it's OK, you know, we live here, you know... Very wealthy. She lives in a very wealthy neighborhood too it's like, man, guns in your face everywhere it was like yo this is serious. Compared to Bogota. That I that I can almost believe. No thank you thank you. I've had enough. And the city's ugly, man, the city's...yeah the parents were nice but the city the city is just... I mean it's just so... all this cast concrete and... Yeah. It was really. I was there for ten days at the Museo de Bellas Artes. No I was in a show there. The show that Monica Amor... she says that there's a catalog coming. Right that's what she said. The catalog... The people I met, OK, the people in the very upper... OK you met the people in the around the museum who were in the upper class. Really nice. The people were really cool really chic really nice the people who lived on the top of the hills inside the city. Yeah. I'm sure you must know these people that Monica knows. Jamie. Yeah. Yeah. Had a big party had a big party in this beautifully chic chic place. And then I also thought the food was really good. The food was wonderful. But they was other than that, man, I was so glad I was no I didn't get to the beach. Where did you work there? Were you working at the museum or something cultural? Were you where did you get the money? What was your job? Cause I knew all these people we meet all these people working in the theater there across from the museum. Yeah in the opera. We met all all of these

people who were working in the opera. I mean it was. You know, if the, you know, the the... the sort of upper class thing is great but the class division is really harsh. Really harsh. No. The people gave us money when we came there. But of course it was worth nothing when we came here. So I just gave it I gave the whole thing to somebody. Somebody who's who's father was really sick. I didn't know her but I was like take my money. Yeah. Who worked in the opera. She had no money I was like to pay for the funeral I was like here take my money. They gave us so much money. There was nothing there that I really wanted, you know, you know... I went to I went to the flea markets. I bought records underneath the highway, you know, the books the records are under the highway. I bought a bunch or records, you know. Yeah, but actually they were about the same price as they were here. It was really sad, man. Caracas really was a drag. Man it was mean. Oh, it's lovely here, you know? So have you shown in the contemporary museum there? Like everybody everybody has, right? Right. Right. We were there when there was like a South American biennial. I don't remember the name. I was there in October right after you moved. Maybe yeah maybe. There was a thousand artists in it. Yeah. So, what are you doing here in New York. Yeah. Cheryl used to teach there, yeah. So you have a studio there and you're like there? Are you there through uh through uh are you there through a miracle or are you there through Venezuela? Oh, you're the Venezuelan artist. She put her she put her time in. Fuck you. Look at Sonia's Sonia's tail. Sonia! Sonia! Awww, we all go awww. Let's give her some cheese. Sit! Sit! Good girl! God I never met a dog that that... Do you do know Monica Amor. She's nice. In Venezuela. Yeah Monica's crazy, llyou know, yeah in a good way. Yeah. Yeah. It's her own world. I saw Michelle White at the MOMA Bookstore today. So Cheryl has a show at Stefano Basilico now. Jerry. Jerry I saw you Sunday you had a beard! There's Jerry he shaved his beard. Testing. Testing. I just wasn't made for these times song going now. Yeah. Oh, I'm burning out. I had a breakfast appointment, a lunch appointment, and now this and then I have to go to adaweb and I'm I'm burning. And I I was drunk at one o'clock this afternoon at lunch. Yeah it really is unusual. I had lunch with a with a literary critic that I know and... hey thanks for your call. Thanks for you call. Three artist article. Three artist article. So, do you guys want to go get a bite to eat after this? Cheryl's gotta go, uh, she's got class. I've got a ten dollar Casio. What have you got? They're great. I lose them I lose them I don't mind. Yeah. So what do you guys want to do? I'll I'll I don't know how much I'll eat but I'll sit with you. You want to slip over to Chinatown? Yeah. Yeah. And then we'll go over to adaweb. Grazie grazie. God do you know a year ago we went to John's opening? Exactly. Yeah. I asked him. Yeah. We went to see, uh, the Satyajit Ray films. Remember? Remem yeah of course. Yeah, you gonna go tomorrow night up there? Yeah cuz I'm I'll probably go up there I'll go to Vedanta because they have a Tuesday night thing and then I've got to go out to the radio station for late night. So, I'm gonna be kind of there. Let remind Cheryl that she's gotta be where she's gotta be in in in fifteen minutes. You've gotta be where you've gotta be in fifteen minutes. Yeah. Five minutes. Sonia thinks we have food for her. Meyer is it all about food? Is it all about food? No no no no. You are maintaining her lifestyle. You provide for her. OK Alix wants to say goodbye. Give us some real food. Give us arepa. Alright. Have a good time. When does it end? See ya. Come speak to Alix she's gotta say goodbye to you. Do it. Do it. I'll go with you. Hey guys. You look exhausted. You don't look bad but you look like you've just come in No, you look like you've yes. Roberta you look... He shaved the beard. How does she look? I'm just, yeah. She

just walked in. She just walked in I go, you look exhausted! Are you guys going this summer? You guys got it again? You did. When are you going? Nice work. You're going again. We'll we'll we'll make sure to see you. We will. Good, I'm glad you got it again. Ay get out of here Donegan. OK. Do your. Do your thing. I'll see you soon. See you later. Am I gonna see you at ada? Wait, do you have the address? Do it. All right. What do you say? Do it. Where do you guys wanna go? I like them all. I'm not that that ravenously hungry. Yeah. I'm not ravenous. Yeah, I don't care care to know her. Yeah. That's weird. That's weird. I don't like that kind of writing. If it's a bestseller I couldn't care less. It's not interesting. No I'm not in really it's another world. It's really it's really another world in what I'm involved with. I mean I don't read fiction first of all, unless it's ninetieth century. Let's say fiction doesn't apply to this century so... Shall we go? Where's Cheryl? Maybe we can all walk out together. Did she go this way? C'mon let's go get her. Bye. See you around. Kenny. See you around. We will. Wait we're come we're walking out with you. Take it. What is it just one of those leather coats? Take a take a nice one. Go ahead. Feel this coat. Alix is gonna just to upgrade. Alix is gonna upgrade on her coat to something nicer. No no let's rifle through the pockets and get Alix let's rifle through the pockets and get money for dinner. Who's? Nice pair of glasses. They won't fit. Sure. Yes. You're a lush. You're a lush Donegan ay. What time is your class over tenthirty? So you'll show up at ada about eleven? Alright. Oh is it near there? Twenty second street. Knowing Cheryl there'll be a little bit there'll be a lag time. Fif thirteenth? Where did you go last time? Hey. Hah! Thank you Alix. Alix, she's a packhorse! Yeah you gotta get one up this way going north. She's subbing for him. Yeah. We don't. Right Alix? When I saw when I saw Edouard at that party and Alix and I exchanged a glance. Yeah Cheryl. Yeah, well. It's good but, him. Not anymore. He's losing it. Do you think he's losing his looks? Let's go. Let's go. Well, that's diplomatic. He was cute. Yeah right. Somehow we get away with it I don't understand why women don't. Women or men? Yeah there were a lot of craggy women up there. Oh god, I'm glad I didn't know them! Here comes another one. I'm glad I I'm glad I didn't know them Alix much of many of those women. Did you did you know too many? Uh huh. Cheryl see you at adaweb! Cheryl if I don't see you there I've gone home and it was boring. I'll see you at home. Bye! About John? He's got a girlfriend. I don't know. No. I don't know anything about it. All he say to me is she's so famous! He's. Yeah, of course he is. Sure. John? Enamored of fame? He wishes he was famous! Do you guys wanna go up to the Thai place or the Vietnamese place up there? OK, let's do it. No I didn't really know anybody. I knew Jay I knew I knew Meyer that was about it. Oh I didn't see any of them. Haven't seen them in years. Uh hmm with you. And then Cheryl and I were there just recently. Are you freezing? You know, cozy are models aren't they? You guys wanna go to New Pasteur or you wanna go to Thailand make your choice. Alright. Yeah. I don't like movies, yeah. Still. Yeah, I talk. I talk the whole time. Oh I don't I don't anymore. You guys sit there so I can face you. Oh yeah, great great. I'd like to check that out. I really would. Well WFMU late night radio it might be. I've been fucking I had a a lunch a breakfast appointment. I got trashed at the MOMA fancy restaurant for lunch and then then John's. It's been a debauched day. Yeah, the only way I can do it is to keep drinking, I think. I'm drunk. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I have to keep drinking or I'm gonna be asleep. Sure sure. What what what should I eat if I've been drinking all day? Soup maybe soup? A thing of rice? I've been eating all day too. You guys you two do it I'm going I'm going solo here yeah I've got to I think I'm gonna have

some soup I think I need that. I'm just high nothing can dampen it so just go on. I don't know it was nine a m. Yeah I have an appointment at nine a m tomorrow too. Noho Star? Lovely. Oh it's a nice place. Yep. Aw. Why don't you guys why don't you give me a um um vermicelli with uh uh beef. Yeah. No no no. I'm gonna have trouble with one thing. Just water for me thanks. I take the bus out there. Uh about a few blocks but the problem is that last week there were two gunshots fired out in front of the studio. Yeah. Oh you were listening to who's show? It was Tuesday night and it must have been Meredith's show. Yeah yeah. Well it was by it was by a car being chased by cops. Yeah well, I was there I was in the studio when it happened. It was harsh. It's weird. Yeah, it's gotten a lot funkier out there, yeah. I don't mind it to me it's like sort of going out to the country. It really is. It's like suburban there are trees it's really pretty. But East Orange has the highest rate of crime in the country. Yeah and. So. Oh, um, the six a.m. show the Jewish show. No, you do you do all that yourself. Yeah. Nothing. Often times I'm all alone in the house. It's creepy I got to tell you, man. I got to say, you're in this empty place, yeah. Yeah, but, you know, it's really fun. I, you know, I don't mind, you know, I live in New York City. I'm gonna be damned if fucking I walk four blocks... Well it's a pilgrimage. I'm gonna be damned if I walk four blocks and worry about getting mugged I mean I'm in this fucking city, you know, what please. It can't be rougher than New York, really. So I say to myself. No I haven't in New York? No I haven't. No no. Never. I've never had any trouble in this city. Yeah. I've never seen you anything but calm. Have you? OK, it's possible, huh? I haven't I haven't seen this yet. And what did they say? Yeah. I I I once got got uh kind of caught up in a scheme. I've gotten caught up in a few schemes in the city. But I've never been kind of had a knife to my neck. Cheryl was like had an attempted rape. You remember this on Canal St. When we first lived here about ten years ago this guy, you know, kind of like, you know, followed her back from the subway about five thirty in the evening and in the doorway attempted to rape her. Cheryl kicked the guy and ran upstairs. She got right right out of that situation. She calls me up frantic she's like this guy tried to rape me I was like ahhhh! We were broken up at the time so I flew over there I was like oooohhh! Yeah yeah. It was that that was as closest to violence sort of violent crime we've had in the city. But, you know, the East Orange thing, you know, like the guy that shot this guy on Lafayette Street recently. There was a there was a car hijacking or a car or two guys getting into an altercation on Lafayette and Bleecker, which is right around from my office and it was, you know, some guy from East Orange in the car that blew this other guy away. So, you know, East Orange is really mean. I haven't quite gotten gotten that yet but, uh... Yeah yeah I don't I never. What are they gonna do like take my twenty dollars and I have a bunch of avant garde records, you know? Hey guys, you know, you want my Stockhausen and Varese records? Yeah. Yeah. I go back I catch the six thirty bus yeah. I sleep all day Wednesday. It blows me off for a good two days, yeah. I can't do it much longer. I can't do the overnights much longer I feel like I put my time in but what's happening in the summer we may go to France Cheryl got through Dominique some woman has a chateau in France and Dominique recommended Cheryl to go there. So we may go... Yeah what they do what they do in France is that they give you money if you house artists. She's got a chateau in Bordeaux. The government gives you money so we may go we may go there I'm thinking that we're gonna be there for two months cause I don't want to be here this summer I've been here for the last five summers. So I'm kind of thinking if that's the case then I'll give my radio show up for the

summer and I'll go back in the fall I'll get my radio show back in the fall. Oh yeah yeah yeah. Yeah. It's just a matter of us telling her when we're gonna come. Yeah, we're we're really thinking of that. Well the last five years we've been in the city. Haven't left the, you know, we really haven't left New York. I mean I left for India for two months and that's about it. Yeah. No Cheryl was teaching in Copenhagen so I I went alone which was good. I'd like to get back to India. I'd like to get to India this this... yeah. I mean that's a real dream it's a real dream. Yeah. It's a great place. Really. Yeah the North is pretty amazing. I wanna go, yeah. No no no. Honest. You were just away. I'm sorry, yeah. It was just a month ago! You got back you got back it's April fifteenth—that's a month and a half Alix! Well, a lot a lot's gone on I know, yeah. Hey so did you get my message? Yeah. Nice work with Spain. That's great! Well but if it happens you guys are gonna makes some money and it's a hundred and fifty bucks a minute, they said. Honey, if it's five minutes you make a lot of money it's very good. It's very... Yeah. Yeah. Well it's you, Cheryl and someone she met in Lyon. So what are they little snippets do they give a whole. Well, you know, three minutes times one hundred and fifty that's four four fifty that's pretty good. Yeah, you know what? I sold I gave my book to White Columns. Right I gave it to White Columns for their auction cause, you know, they they wanted something so I gave them a manuscript a signed manuscript of my book it sold for a hundred bucks for a signed manuscript. Well of course I didn't get any money but I was really happy, you know. Our our our expectations are just just just decreased these days. Nobody's, you know, nobody's making money, man. Suddenly, uh... It ain't the old days, hon. Cheryl feels that way too. You know, we're making no money. Cheryl's making no money. I'm making no money. And we kind of figure, you know, what the fuck?, you know, it's just just just just the way it is these days. Naw. I think like like last year I made like nothing. Like Cheryl made, like, last year a little more than nothing. I made nothing. Actually, my Internet biz is good. And that's gonna make me some money. I'm actually making a reasonable... Well that's good, yeah, you know, it's I don't mind I like working, you know, I've always been working more or less I mean, you know, I worked for Allan and now, you know... Took a couple of years off, you know. Anyway, no Alix. It wasn't that long. That was a good run. But you know I've got a I've got a I've got to be honest man I've got to be honest with you... No, it's fine. I can handle the Geoff and A.G. stories. Well, there you go. You got a check. It was probably like he probably was trying, like, to get Michelle to give a drawing for the no for the summer show. I think that's that's right. Times are hard. Who's publishing my book. Yeah I've I've gotten I've used to it he's a good guy he's, you know, I've I've gotten used to his shenanigans. Do you guys have the sauce for this? I'm getting sauce. It's dry. It's like it's like stick in my throat dry. Yeah, you know, he's a difficult character, yeah but she got a check. Fine. I'm happy I'm happy when I get a check, yeah. Divorced. Second divorce. So, what did you guys do this weekend you went... You have a good time? What did you guys do? My cousin lives in Southport. My cousin and Cheryl's sister, a lot of moisturizer, you know Southport? Yeah. They live in Southport, yeah. No my cousin and Cheryl's sister are married. Yeah. My cousin who was raised as Cheryl's brother yeah. No after. Uh huh. They live in Southport. She's going to Yale and uh yeah we've been up there, man. Fucking Southport is really nice. Really beautiful. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, it's close enough anyway. It's really nice. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, they're cool. We'll I was used he was raised as my brother. And we were together inseparable basically, yeah, basically. Not literally, I

mean, he had his own parents but we were... no. We were yeah. But he was my brother I mean he was raised as my brother. Oh all the time. Yeah. He's a great guy. Yeah, me too. I got one. Doovie's my brother married Cheryl's sister basically. It's pretty cool. Yeah. They're what? They're where? David says he always eats he always eats in Westport. I mean he says the food is real good there's all these great restaurants in Westport that's where these guys go all the time. Is she a good cook? Yeah. Oh cool. That seems like that sounds like just a chill out weekend, huh? Where Grand Central? I don't know. I always like the subway. I just feel good. Cheryl and I always feel good when we come back from my sister's house who lives in in Briarcliff Manor or it's in Westchester really ritzy area of Westchester. We always see like weird fucking people on the subway downtown we're always really happy when we see them sort of like, oh, we're back in New York, thank god. These people don't... she cute a good looking kid. She really is good looking kid. Girl. Isabelle. Yeah, it's a cute it's a cute kid yeah. Better looking than their kid, I'll tell ya that. Ugly. Them? Uh, my sister's better looking. Don't you think? Yeah yeah. Well anyway, same shit. They were born on the same day. Yeah. Aw, cat. No. Cause she's fat. I heard she was pregnant many times over the years and she was never! No you never you don't ask these kind of things. No she's fat. She looks like shit. I don't. I don't. Look who I'm married to! Christ, I'm married to a hermaphrodite! Cheryl satisfies all my bisexual... things. She is! She's like she's either like a cute little girl or a cute little guy. She's not curvaceous. No! No she doesn't! Alix, she's built like me! She's got more hips than I have but not much! And I don't have any. It's good. It works. It keeps me away from the guys it keeps me away from guys! No no no it does it does. It's enough it's enough it's cute enough it's it's it's it's sort of bisexual enough to keep me at home. Yeah. If I was with a voluptuous woman I'd want to find some guys. This works for me. You say what you want. Ay there are no no secrets here. You have a great body. You have an amazing body. No you got the leather pants. You got the leather pants. You're small. You have but you have bigger tits than Cheryl does. Well I wouldn't know that. I only know Cheryl's. It's kind of extended. I feel it already, this man's family. You know we are what what the fuck, you know. I mean _____ . So we went out with her last night to Viet to Chinese food. Who was the guy. Who? No she wouldn't. No she wouldn't cause she cause Bruce Andrews was there. And Bru, you know, if it was just me and Cheryl it would have been... And who? Who was it? Yeah. Yeah. Yes yes yes yes that tailgated her. So? Well then if it won't then tell me. Alix it won't it won't go any further than this table other than to Cheryl. Now, let's go! Oh, well Gavin's wife was like really a total babe in the day. His wife. We first met Gavin, probably eighty nine when he was at the Whitney program his wife she was working at the Odeon she was so fucking beautiful. Now she's turned into a bit of a heifer. Yeah. Really put it on. She looks like a girl who's had too many kids. She was she was she was so fine she is she was so fine and Cheryl and I in the day would say like about Gavin like we're gonna be really good friends with these people we know we're going to be... well, yes, well he was on the outer edge, yeah... They were bitter. I don't know them anymore. Well, they're fat. I don't really know she used to she used to work at she was like the hostess at the Odeon and Gavin and I and Cheryl and her would be at a big table and Cheryl and I would always so we're gonna be really really tight with these people, you know? No no they didn't. They but but we never became tight with them because Gavin is always so reticent and so difficult. If Bruce Andrews wasn't no if Bruce and

Sally weren't there... Well, she always gives Bruce the wrong idea. I mean, the two, I think she's, you know, Bruce and her have something going on their own some really intense thing going on their own but... Bruce... But Bruce Bruce was tough. Yeah but yeah but Bruce is also not the easiest person to be intimate with. He'll give you lots of shit. Anyway. Oh, it's shit just shit. Every stripe and color. So anyway when, you know, now it's a big joke the first thing the two of them sit down they're always at dinner together... Bruce is really rough though. He cuts he cuts right to the bone it's not a he's not a polite person. Oh, he's very hard core. He's a very hard core experimental writer. Very leftist politics. Great guy. Very probably my best friend, you know, my best male friend now in New York. Great great friend of mine. Yeah, you know, just a great guy. A lot of people don't like him. He loves you. He loves you. Just don't get on the wrong side of Bruce. I never want to be on Bruce's wrong side. I mean, ew, yeah, oh. That's what I feel but I know people who have been on the wrong side of Bruce and he's fearsome, yeah. Fearsome. Yeah, he's got a a mind, you know, he's got an intellect that'll, you know, just shred anything in sight. He's he's he's incredibly, really bright. Anyway so her and Gavin. You know, what the heck, I mean Gavin Gavin's not a nice person never has been yeah. Well, she's just so happy to have somebody after her. A man of some kind of substance. That's a good question. Yeah. I never cared for him. She's hot. She's totally hot. I think she's so sexy. Really, I would feel the same way Gavin did, really, I think she's really really sexy. She's my kind of sexy. She is. Oh, you know, that's his problem. It's not her problem really, you know, I mean it's not gonna nothing's gonna... To resist it? Sure she is. Yes she is. She's also a person with principles I mean she's got morals, really. That's why I like her. No no no she really does. I'm not worried about her. She would never fuck around with a married guy to my knowledge. Aw, what do I know? Don't don't spoil my view of her. Yeah. Well, she's a big flatterer. Well, she's just too insecure, yeah. She's insecure about that stuff. I don't know, man, you know, when it comes down to it she's so fucking mean to these guys. I mean, she's so fucking brutal. Yeah, I don't I think I think she's a lesbian. I always have said this. I I to this moment I believe it. That's probably like I like her. That's probably why I find her hot. Yeah yeah. I I don't I I really think she's gay. I didn't know anybody at that party. I didn't anybody by face. I'm sure I knew names but I didn't know anybody I mean just besides Jay and Meyer. Who else was there? I knew Jerry I knew Roberta I mean people I know, yeah. It really is I think so. John's not that much older than we are but he he cultivates sort of older friends than he is. He's what, ten years older than we are? How old are you? He's uh, what is John? About forty? I like John, man, he's a good guy. I really do, you know, throughout thick and think I I have plenty of reasons to think he's an asshole but I when it comes right down to it I like him. I I mean he's fun to he's a bright guy. He's fun to go out to dinner with, he's smart, you know, he's really articulate. I can't stand his work. I think it's the worst I've ever seen. Horrible. But, yeah, you know, he's such he's such a good guy. I really, you know, I really... Cheryl and I went out to dinner with him we were really dreading going out to dinner with him we were like oh man should we cancel Cheryl had a stomachache. I'm like Cheryl cancel. Cancel. She was like no we should and we had the best time. He's such a good dude. He's so bright, you know? You know, I'm gonna go to his thing tomorrow night, you know, cuz I'm just gonna have I mean might as well just stay uptown because I've gotta get out of there at some point anyway. Make my escape to New Jersey so... What did you do all day? What did you do? Today was a lost

day, man, for me. We'll hit the adaweb thing and call it a night, huh? I think it should be kind of interesting, you know? I don't care for her which is why I didn't go to oh! I hate her work. Oh I hate it, oh I agree with you complete. Andrea's like, oh I love it, but Andrea's like a real sucker for hype, you know, she's she's real bad with that stuff. But I went to her show yesterday. And I think it's yeah. I think that it's real tired subject matter but it looks good. Right right right. You. Huh, it's so good. I'm glad he's the hell out of there. If I have to see another with no shirt on. If I have to see another guy with no shirt like I could give a fuck. Another blurry photo of a guy with no shirt. Do I really care? Beef is working for me tonight. What in the chicken? Chicken cartilage. The beef is the beef is good. We like that place on uh Lispenard. It's alright. Sure. I think it's pretty good. I think the one on on Walk on West Broadway whatever that is Church I don't know. That's lousy, yeah. It's gone way downhill it used to be great. Yeah it used to be incredible. It used to be wonderful yeah. They did a thing on art and the Internet, you know, like that thing Cheryl did at the MOMA. I didn't want to go it but I I I don't know I'm in that biz I should to... yeah of course not. I don't know if it's gonna be so interesting. Have you hung out on the web at all? Ever? Yeah, well then don't go. It's really not essential. Not required. It's not. John's is kind of required. Grazie, yes. Are you working at that place anymore? We've got to C C it. We've got to C C it. I'm a daily C C'er. Yeah but even so I take soup over there to hang out I mean. It's the only were place I can let Babette it's the only place where I can let Babette run. She loves she loves the C C. She loves it there. Yeah yeah I work in the Cable Building and, you know, the dog can only run in that area, you know, but it's the only area where she can... A boxer. Yeah. She's so sweet. She's seven now. Seven. Seven and a half, yeah. Yeah she's a good dog, Babette. No. What kind of dog like a Pomeranian or something. Yeah she's a great dog I mean she's like every everybody in the universe loves loves you know she's grown up everybody in the universe loves this dog, you know, she's really sort of extraordinary. Even Alix likes her. Thanks. And she's not a Yorkie. Yeah, you know... She's she's gotten real white in her muzzle. Her muzzle's almost all white now. Your dog? How's Max. You pick it up or...? Hey we had a nice talk that night with Steve Ellis, didn't we? Is that his name Steven Ellis? Is that his name Alix? He's a nice guy. Bright. Yeah, I like him, really. Really a neet guy. I never really talked to him before. No no I do but where does he show now? I couldn't give a fuck but he's a nice guy anyway, you know. Had a good talk, you know. Had a... Yeah well he can talk the talk. He's got a DiBenedettoesque kind of vocabulary cuz Steve can talk the talk that's for sure. I don't know. Is he? Does he still go out with Michelle? Hey yeah I want your air conditioner. Yeah. No I want you to give it to me. How much? Aww! Yeah but it like six years ohhhhh! I'm glad your around cause I put that fucking thing in for like the next the last four years, man! And I cut my hands and I bitched and I moaned and I told her... and I told... and I told her I mean you get me lifting things I refuse to lift anything. And I've done favors for you. We're family, you know? We're family, you know, what can you say? One thing I hate doing is is is lifting. Alright. Give me a reduced price. I have no money. I have no money these days. Fuck them! What have you got? Yeah records. Yeah records. I don't think so. Sure. Yeah. I have an enor I have five thousand records and four thousand CDs. I'm a deep addict. What do I have? A piece of shit. That way I hear the music I don't hear the system the the I don't hear the format. So my CDs sound as lousy as my LPs. And I can get the lousiest most scratched up LP cuz

I never change the needle on my record player. So for five years it's been wearing out the grooves but it always sounds it all sounds like music to me because I don't hear anything. I bought a five hundred dollar like thing that's got like two cassettes, a tuner, a this a that and the other thing, you know, piece of shit thing you can't even buy them anymore it's the worst it's terrible. I got it when I was hanging out with Gary Simmons. Gary Simmons and I went and bought that thing. It's like five or six years old, you know, but but it allows me to play scratchy records and I don't know the difference between that and a CD. Oh yeah. Oh, it's lousy but I like music so I I hear music I don't hear. I'm no audiophile. I mean I'm not interested. Yeah FMU. We're lo-fi. And I bring those records to the station. I play them. They skip all the time. And they're horrible. Eh, at FMU, we're lo-fi there, you know. So if a record skips, we're FMU. What the fuck? I've never done radio before, you know, everybody's a fucking... they don't like people that have done radio. They they they they encourage people that have never done this shit before. You don't sound like a DJ, you sound like a person. Lot's of um and uh. When was the last time you heard me? He encouraged me to say um in the beginning. He say yeah, you know, cuz I was reading something. Throw that away and just, you know. Ken. Ken Freedman. The station manager, yeah. They encourage you to just swing it you know? Yeah, I'm a lot more confident too. I know I totally know what I'm doing there now. I never knew what I was doing I fucked... Oh now they throw you... Oh no, you go on you're like you miss your cues you fuck up left and right. You're on in the middle of the night, you know, nobody cares. I get a few calls. Very few people call in the middle of the night, you know, most people kick back. Yeah, you know, people listen people listen. You know I mean it's a good thing you're broadcasting in the metropolitan area. There's always gonna be people listening whatever hour there's several thousand people listening at any time. At least, right, if people are calling in that's one thing. But but I don't care I never give out the phone number. I my show's called Unpopular Music so if people call and they complain I'm like so why you complaining? The name of the show is Unpopular Music. You're not supposed to like it. Oh really? This guy calls up last week he's like, hey man, can you play some Velvet Underground? I'm like no. He's, man, but I'm getting evicted from my apartment and I like fuckin need some Velvet...click...you're out of here, you know. I just just hang up on these people, you know? It' fine it's a trip cuz I'm I'm just like I'm a major for the last week I mean, you know, any spare income I have is spent on on on vinyl and discs. Saturday I went to Tower Records the outlet I spent about seventy bucks. Sunday I spent another twenty. Friday night I, you know, I Friday I probably spent another twenty. No, I'm not really into tapes. Tapes are, no. Tapes are a little more, no, vinyl or CDs. Rarely do I get tapes. What the fuck? You get to share your... we'll let's see you get to share your obsession more than your...yeah, I mean... OK I want one. Come by. I like live there. I like live in your office. Yeah, you know, if it's totally I mean is it really like, is it like stand up? And is there an audience laughing? I told you I don't play laugh tracks. Yeah well, it could be good. I just bought this on Saturday I just bought this like CD of Peter Seller, you know, Pink Panther, Doctor Strangelove Peter Sellers, not the new one? and it's like like a CD of his radio and and and audio work. It's fucking amazing! Well I understand that. I understand that and I I, you know, I mean it's it's just so good. I mean I'll I'll mine that sucker. Yeah. He was really interesting. No no. Yeah the young Peter Sellers. Did Cheryl tell you we went to see Rent? Yeah. What a piece of shit! Oh my god! You knew Jonathan Larson? No no no we knew him too. He was

Allan McCollum's nephew. We knew him from the Moondance. Allan introduced me to him at the Moondance. They would send us he used to send us things for his show like Tick Tick Boom and Cheryl and I refused to go because he plastered the fucking city with these Tick Tick Boom posters. I have to say, man, that show was such a fucking piece of shit. It was like like the worst of like like it was like the worst of like Broadway musicals like cheesy cheesy Broadway musicals. Like really bad. Like people describe it as the Hair for the nineties and maybe if I was ten years old I would think that it was groovy the way we thought Hair was groovy. I know you listen to Hair and you like it because it's nostalgic but if you listened to it for the first time at your age you'd think this is a crock of shit I know the Counterculture and this means nothing this does not represent the Counterculture at all in any way, shape, or form. So, this is the Broadway version of like of like the East Village life. And it's it's such a fucking rip-off it's maybe well done for the genre but I but I have very high standards for the genre because I'm like a Kurt Weill fanatic and Kurt Weill added dissonance and added all sorts of interesting things with modern music and and and Larson never, you know, in terms of music there was no experimentation. I mean there was nothing... Hah! I have nothing against the genre, you know, like I said Weill did did I'm an opera freak so that I see musical theater being an extension of opera. I don't have a problem with musical theater but this was just at this point in time to do something so conventional and so, you know, traditional it was really just a like bomb, you know, I mean I mean it was so bad I... Testing. Testing. Here we go again. Side B. So Bill what was your connection to Jonathan? Yeah yeah. Regardless of of of of of you had no idea that the play was going to be any kind of smash. Good. No no no, it's a good comment. It's an interesting thought. Oh yeah. Yeah. What is this groovy surf music we're listening to here? Yeah. Yo what's up with the twenties, man? These fucking cash machines. Oh. Alright. So you guys are just gonna crash skip it, yeah. So what did you think of that review of Cheryl's? I thought it was good. Yeah I thought it was good because it brought out it brought out like what Cheryl's getting at there. Which is what is Cheryl nothing but anxious, you know, her whole trip is anxious. I thought it was I thought it was good, you know, it wasn't a a fluff piece. It was kind of, you know, it was edgy, you know, the piece is edgy pretty edgy. The videos are edgy. It closes Saturday. I mean Bill Bill wrote a nice thing in, you know, the Time Out, yeah, because he's, you know, last week. Yeah. Well, I don't know what he's gonna do. He's talking about moving to Santa Fe or Washington A C. Yeah. Yeah. Eric wants to go to the Whitney Program. Sure. I'm doing I'm going to do the flier for her for her show I'm gonna do the poster for it. Oh, you did see it but it's gotten it's gotten immeasurably better. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. She's she's really gotten much better since you saw her about four years ago. Yeah. Silvers. It's in June. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah I'll I mean and I'm going to do the poster she's great. Do you know her work? She's this really nice person whose work has gotten much better than it was much better. Last year's show was like tremendous I thought, really good, yeah. P.S. One Twenty Two. She's really finding her voice now it's neat it's neat to see. So yeah, we'll go to that. No, but you said you had seen it before, yeah. Yeah. Do you see Suzanne around? Thank god. What? Oh yeah? On the river there? You you take the same elevator as they do? What floor? And you're on the West side. Can you see the river from your place? She was our teacher at RISD. You know the whole story, huh? Yeah. They're they're they're lost. They're nice people but they're really lost. Yeah. They're they're, problematic, yeah. Yeah yeah. I got

to find out where this thing is. Twenty second between fifth and sixth. That sounds like the Flatiron Building, huh? I'm gonna take the N or R. You guys walking in that direction? Yeah. No no no no no no. Believe me I don't I don't go to things I don't go to things... Thanks for dinner you guys, it was nice. So summer in France. Better polish up on the French. Speech of Cheryl, yeah. This was really nice, man. So you're heading out to the Hamptons. The fork the North fork. So what are you gonna do about the beach. I know you're a big beach person. You guys I love this ad. It's my favorite ad ever. Yeah. Look at these guys that they got for the ad, man. Look at this fucking guy! This is good. Yeah, no, this is good. My dad is a, uh, sort of a sort of a disciple of the Men's movement so this one hits me right a home. You guys gonna walk down Canal or are you cabbing it? OK, so I'm gonna walk down this way. I think it's right here. Good to see you. See you soon. It was let's the four of us do it soon. What else is going on? Which is not which I'm not interested in, yeah. I saw his thing at White Columns it was bad. Really bad. Where is Richard? Where is Richard in that work? He cops a nice style, but where's Richard? Where's the artist? It's an appropriation. Where's the artist? Bye! Testing. Testing. Here we go again. Up to adaweb. On the way we go. Testing. Testing. How we doin'? How we doin'? Good. Hey. Hi John, Kenny, Cheryl's wife, uh, Cheryl's wife... She's coming. Congratulations I heard you guys did amazing job. She loves it. Are you leaving? Yeah, OK, you know she gave me the thing on disc I couldn't load on my machine but I guess it's a CGI thing... OK, congratulations. She's thrilled. She's thrilled. See you soon, OK? Hey. Hi. No I just walked in. Hi Warren. Kenny. I I filed for an extension. Oh I thought my accountant files for an extension for me every year. We we do it automatically. I tell him to file for an extension. Are you guys are you both leaving? Warren you must have a home page now. You don't? I mean I thought... Yeah I do. With you with your I remember your Mac was filled up with like one megabyte of space left on it. Well wait a minute. Are you still on the same one that I was I saw you on your place there? Right. Right. You're getting a seventy two hundred. Are you are you hanging on the web a little bit? Yeah, I love it. On uh uh Broadway and Houston. I'm still there. Might have. Could have been. Could have been. No I'm hanging mostly here. On the web, yeah. Well... hi babe! I totally owe you. I feel like I'll buy you a drink. I was gonna buy her a drink. Well let me pour you a glass of wine. You know Warren? Vivian Warren. So, thank you thank you. You get my email today? She got me a job. It's interesting, you know? It's this this really kind of nice person from NYU law. She's really cool. She sounded really weird but I liked her I liked her. This law this thing that's not really interesting to me but it's a job. I'm gonna make her place look good, huh? Yeah. Yeah it's what I've been doing lately. Viv was nice enough to throw this crumb my way. I thought you have a good I thought you have a good job. No I thought you I thought you yeah it is. Right it's a good job here. She's designed the whole adaweb interface. She's the star designer. So, can I buy you a drink? Is that right? How was the show? Was it filled? Is this radical? Yeah man I had to go to I had to go to a cocktail party. I missed the whole I missed the whole show. I missed the whole show. No no I wasn't I was at an artist's studio yeah. We had to do we had to do this thing, yeah. So, what have you done lately? Have you got anything cool to show us? Sure. Where do you work? Where's your place? This is your machine? It's groovy. Yeah. Yeah, I was just hanging out there. Wow, this is nice! You know, god, it's so much nicer in print isn't it? Not you not you. Oh that's great. It wasn't it wasn't you. It wasn't wasn't you. It's just. What we can do on the web is so. I've got a... This is gorgeous.

Is this done? Is this a done deal? That one. Andrea, can I have this? It's gorgeous. You guys did a great job. I did she doesn't want. She showed me showed me it's gorgeous. Yeah. Yeah Cheryl's gonna put a piece up. Yeah she said it looks really... Yeah she'll be here. Yeah. Real absinthe. At an absinthe party. My friend David made it, yeah. Out of wormwood. My friend brewed it home brewed it, yeah. Out of wormwood. Wormwood powder from an apothecary herbal apothecary... Oh really? You can actually buy the raw materials and put it together. Um, I'm sure the powder is yeah. Oh it's horrible, it's wretched. I couldn't drink it, yeah. I guess the buzz might have been the attraction but we didn't catch any of that. It was a alcoholic beverage. I couldn't drink it. It was horrible. Yeah every every year he brews up a batch and he says each it gets better and it just gets worse. Uh, it's completely different actually. Not it's not it's nothing like Pernod but it's the same color as Pernod, yeah. Every year I keep hoping it's just gonna get better and better but it's just just not it's really awful and a friend of mine has a birthday party, you know, and he brews the stuff every year. You must have had that absinthe on your travels. No but in Spain you can get it. Huh. But Warren I'm doing a radio show a late night radio show on WFMU these day and I'm doing all twentieth century classical pretty much and I remember you were an Alban Berg you were studying Alban Berg last time I was over. Am I correct? Yeah I remember you were actually really into really into the Viennese the Viennese scene. Yeah. Well, it's mostly experiment, you know, experimental. I'm on in the middle of the night. The middle of the night. Two to six Tuesday nights Wednesday mornings. If you're up late late nights... but it's yeah. Yeah we'll we're. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. But, uh, yeah. I think you'd enjoy the show. Yeah. Well, we've got a great Internet thing at the radio station. They give us all homepages there so we can fill them up with all sorts of stuff. It's WFMU dot org. Yeah, I'm on I'm on the homepage, yeah, just go to the DJs homepages. I recall you were listening to twentieth century classical... yeah we were discussing it a little bit and you were telling me about like what you were listening to and I was like with all open ears and about a year or two later it really began to kick in in a serious way. Yeah, I'm real hooked on on this stuff, yeah. I just mix it all up together. Sometimes I lean more towards the pop but, you know, usually it's it's it's generally exper, you know, quarter tone music I'm really interested... toward pop stuff, more experimental pop stuff. Yeah yeah yeah. Sometimes I'll, you know, throw in everything from Kurt Weill to, you know, the Bang On A Can guys to the Viennese school. Yeah yeah Harry Partch, Schoenberg. I'm sure I'm throwing pop in as well. Yeah interesting pop music in with it yeah whatever we happen to have out there. So what have you been doing? PS 1 is gone. Right cause Cheryl would love to have that job back that she had out there. So what are you doing? What are you reading and writing? I'm very important. Thank you. No you can have mine. It's beautiful. Yeah, I think it's really great. What are you drinking? Which one? What would you like? What can I do for you? It's so bizarre to be... yeah, I wanna pick up my mail, I don't know. No, I'm trying to figure out why this is a Mac but it's not a Mac cuz it's a Power Computing. Come come pull up a chair. Come, let's... Wanna pick your mail up on Panix? Can I pick your mail up also? There, I'm closing it. Oh, no wonder why it was... Panix, oh. This is so bizarre. It's acting like a PC but it's a Mac. It's so bizarre. No no no it's different. It feels so different than a Mac. Well, let's see for one, everything's like a little bit thinner and a little bit just it's a little bit different no it's interesting. It's not bad. No no no. It's totally different from my Power PC. Hi I'm

Kenny. How are you doing? Show me something good. I'm not a or no I've been drinking all day but show me something great. Show me something like completely fucking I'll love. Just show me, Viv Viv Viv. Have you seen nd org? You wanna see a pretty site? You wanna see a really pretty site? OK I I think the site is good I think it's ND dot org. I liked I liked no no. Well, what could it be? Why is there why is it highlighting yellow? I like it. How do you do it? How did you set that up? I like it. What's Aaron? Oh I have no now that's why this is all different. Oh yeah, let me see. It's not really it's not really Copland. Wanna start it? Wanna show me? I didn't know that. It's really cool. Yeah. But that's not so but that's not not enough to sell me on it. What's great about it? What do we love about it? Oh, that's nice. See I like it. Yeah. No wonder it's feeling a little bit different. I thought it was your Power PC. This is gold... Right right right OK I right OK OK, but is that all? Everything's a little bit thinner and a little bit but you're only running seven two. Are you gonna put seven three on? It's a little dif it, you know, it feels a little different. And show me something fabulous. What do you love? If there's anything to love, what do you love? This is good. I think I've got some, yeah. What happened to Shockwave stuff. I did one shocked thing and it was such a waste of time. You guys are on a Tlso it's no big deal but. ISDN yeah. Yeah, but still, I mean on a twenty eight eight a Shockwave is fucking insanelly it's cool but, you know, it's like... it's great no yeah no it is, you're right you're right. What do we love can we go to some VRML stuff? OK. Can you mail me this URL? No no why don't you just mail it through Netscape through Netscape mail? No? Oh, I collect all my mail through Netscape. I don't even use Eudora anymore I use Netscape. If you just if you just just put a popserver you can get a... put your pop stuff in then you can start collecting your mail then when you get the WAC list every URL is a link on the, you know, every any. It's popserver then mailhost panix dot com. Popserver dot panix dot com. Popserver panix no just popserver panix dot com. Why do we have two oh one here? So do you work here also? I'm Andrea's friend. I got a job. Hello? Hey Cher. No I'm hanging out. OK. and then put mailhost panix dot com. Put a dot server dot yeah yeah I'm I'm here. I'm just hanging out looking at the web. I'm here. Bye and then mailhost panix dot com. Yeah. We've got a little delay happening. No I uh could be mailhost popserver. Yeah try that. Then try mailhost, no no, popserver panix dot com. Get the mailhost out of there. OK now put mailhost dot panix dot com and then put your your your login name. No. No just put your login name. What do you login as? Not at not your, yeah OK, now put mailhost. Oh outgoing mail you have to put mailhost dot panix dot com. OK now go OK. Now OK, oh what happened? Why did that just erase? Why did yours just erase? Mail preferences. You just it just yeah it just replied. You see you're not you don't have mail at. No no it's good. You'll like it. I don't use. Dot panix dot com but you've got to fix your popserver. And then go OK. Just do OK. Right. Right now just do OK. OK. Now go check your mail. See if you've got any mail. Do you have any mail? Yeah now just throw your password in. It should remember it. This is terrific. See, every time a WAC list comes up every http or URL is it's live so you can just like if you see the WAC list you can just go look at everybody's pages, yeah. No it's really fun. That's the mail. I don't use Eudora anymore. No yeah. Why don't you just have it remove it from the server? Every time. What's going on here? Is it your machine? I don't know what's what's going on. Andrea how come Viv can't pick her mail up here. OK, here we go. Sending along information. Well. I'm telling everybody. Oh well, I'll just try once more and we'll get on with it. Fuck it. Hi. Hi. Andrea show me something you adore. Viv I

think your machine's fucked and your Netscape needs to restart. Andrea where do you sit? Where's your spot. I I want to see it though. I want your view of things. Oh this is this is the computer that crashes constantly with the Allan McCollum, uh... It's what? Prada. How does she make it? I love your... oh this is nice! Very nice! But this is the this thing keeps crashing. Cheryl's coming in ten minutes. Yes. OK, Viv, let's go. Let's go. Did you have to reboot? Do you sit on that thing all day? No no no no I've I've done this long before it was fashionable. She's trouble. Why is this so, damn! OK. I have a Radius I have a Radius seventeen inch. OK. Right right I'm yeah. It'll work now. So what do you what do you do here? In in in in what capacity are you? Really? What does she do? Seriously? What does that mean? Who are who are some of the other characters who work here? No no. Total New York are they like Total New York are they like...? Andrea must have fucked around with the guy with the twenty four year old guys. With which one? With another one? How how old is this one? What is this? I have this thing too. What is that? Oh, look it comes with your with your scanner or something? I always wonder I always wondered what that was. This is so funny how different this system feels. Um, I like it. Right now it's comfortable. I don't know if I can hang all day here. That's good. I wanna get I wanna get the soundtrack from Babe. Did you see Babe? And I would put like baaah ram ewe on my site. It's really good. Now check your mail. Go ahead try the mail thing. Go right there. Go ahead. I want to see if it works. You gonna have to put your put your ID in. This is good. Aw. It want it I really want it to work. I love it. I always want I really I mean I really I adore it. Neet. You have eighty five messages, you nerd! Why do you have eighty five messages? Oy vey iz mir! You've got so many messages! I never have eighty five! God, I'm jealous! You're so cool you have eighty five messages! Christ almighty! I hope this is removing them from your server. You want it? You want it? She has eighty five message! She's so popular. What do you think of that? Viv's so hot I can't believe it! Viv's got eighty five I'm jealous I mean. I log in I've got thirty five occasionally but eighty five! She is here it comes, look! Here they all are! Whose are these? Go on. Whose are these? Oh, you're so cool. Pick up a WAC. Pick up a WAC thing go ahead. Pick up a WAC thing and now scroll down Andrea I'm showing this to you. Scroll down. Just scroll. Scroll scroll scroll. There it is. It's a it's a URL so you can always you see everybody's pages it's so cool. Naw naw naw this is bitchin', man, yeah it really does it really does work. But of course it's not coming up right now. Go on. Try another one. Try another one. This guy's out he's really out. Go on. Just try that one. There you go. You're on. You're on pal. You can catch everybody's pages. I love that. That's the way I read the WAC list I go I don't even read the messages Andrea I just look for the links now. I got shit from everybody, yeah. Yeah, no, I just steal things from people now. All I do is all I do is roll around and steal everybody's pages. No. We are we are going. Thursday night we are going, yeah. See, I mean, Viv isn't this isn't this bitchin'? Oh look at this look at this big piece of tacky shit. Sorry. Isn't it? I have no opinion. Look at this one. See I don't even read the list anymore I just look at people's tacky sites. Yeah, I don't like it anymore. So it should have yeah that's nice. It should have shown up tho. It it should have shown up. No no no no but everybody but all these hot shit quote hot shit designers are showing up. No more cutting and pasting for you, girlfriend. See, oh... god you really pound on this thing, don't you? You've been to oh yeah go on. You're missing it. You're missing it. Tacky. Tacky. Ugly. See Andrea, this is this is totally totally amazing, isn't it? Well what's what's you have to put what's your

popservers? Are panix? Oh, probably it's... What's Eudora... I got I got drunk at one o'clock... Try that one. Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah. Exactly. How can these people put a... What's the problem? This stuff has line notes in it, oh, there you are. Ew, let's see. That was quick. That wasn't right. That wasn't right. No you... Oh you have your set to open with BBEdit. That's interesting. Simple text opens up mine. I need a I need a copy all I have is BBEdit lite. I need a copy of real BBEdit. Wanna give me one? What? Andrea has it? Will you make me a copy of BBEdit please? Do it now, yeah. Oh, that's nice. That's nice. I use BBEdit lite. I use lite, yeah. Ew, Microsoft Microsoft. Look at you're like me look at you just cruising at looking at these different, uh... Let's read your mail. Let's go through your mail. Oh I do. I do too. What? Yeah, it's so good to be here. No I was I I went out with Alix and her boy. Yeah after John Newman's party. Yeah. Oh, we love him. Oh, he's terrific. Oh, I like him. Yeah. Tacky. Look at this thing. Look at this thing. What a piece of shit. Is this a piece of shit or what? OK. Look she's got it. She's got it downstairs. NYMUG? Really? Read that one! Read that one! Oh now wow you've got two o look! Rad! Look at what that did. Told you where you at. Rock and roll! Oh, how can you keep up with it? I delete them every day. I read one every three days. No to delete just go... You have to for Netscape to delete you have to hit the command and delete at the same time. Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. Like that. Knock it out. Let's see some of your personal mail go ahead! What do you think? Don't you want to read her mail? Just personal, not the very personal. No, of course not. Oh what do you have your your underline set off on this thing? How do you set that? Like this? Where is that you got? Good good. You can check your mail every ten minutes with the Eud with the Netscape mail. You can set it to check every ten minutes. It's insane, yeah. Yeah. It's cool I don't know... it's go servers check mail every ten minutes. It's fun, yeah. Eighty five messages she has and she won't show us any of the hot stuff. Andrea, can you get me a copy right now of the of the real BB Edit? Do you have a just Stuffit or something or do you have a uh a uh Zip disc a Zip? I love that I love that. I know I get so many from my jobs. Yeah, it'll get me another disc. You gotta go? It'll fit it on this. So OK it shows you it shows you this it shows you the disc I mean this is, you know, where did you get this the Copland simulation? It it great? Is it great? Aaron? Do we love it? Oh give it yeah. OK talking OK. No no no problem I've I've seen lem. Yeah I want it. I I mean I was actually gonna buy it and then I figured somebody's got to give it to me. Look at this! Seven five four beta? You don't have BB on this? Yes you do. You have it on this machine. You have BBEdit on this machine. Don't you? I'm Kenny. How you doing? Kenny G. from New York. I've lived here I've lived here my whole life. No, I'm from Long Island and I've been here I've been in Manhattan for... no like twenty minutes from here I lived twenty minutes from here. Oh, it's all the same. Cheryl, Hi! Cheryl, you met Viv, right? Cheryl's got a piece coming on your your site soon. John John just... no response, Viv. Have a seat. Let's go shopping. Hammacher Schlemmer. I want that mirror for the I want that mirror for the for the uh, for the uh, yeah I want one of those. No no no but I'd love to shave in the shower every morning I would I would adore that. They're ugly but I'd love to shave in the shower every morning so I don't really care. Let's see. Let's see... water resistant cordless phone, wake up alarm clock, hot dog cooker... Have I? No, I use a regular I use an acoustic shaver. Non electric. Cheryl, how was your class. Oh, my god. I went out to, uh... desktop. Viv. She got me my NYU gig. I don't think they're I don't think it's happening. So then I went out to dinner with Alix and her guy. Her guy is great.

He's really nice. I wonder what Granary looks like. I built I built this site I wanna see what it looks like on another machine. They sell uh they they make artist's artist's books. I don't like the colors. You've got two hundred fifty six colors set. It looks so puny. She's got two hundred fifty six colors set. Icon, yeah. Cheryl was in Berlin. Cheryl did an art show there. Hanging out. Just hanging out. How is it? Who is it? We're having fun. This is fun. Got it. Thank you. Thank you. Viv so show me Viv so show me something you are doing. Let's let's go. We're we're looking. Why do you have two hundred fifty six colors set on this monitor? Where can I find this? Tomorrow? So show me something great. Are you gonna put this is? Is it done? Fantastic. I'm gonna give you SiteMill. I love it. It's PageMill. It's PageMill deluxe. Remember I was telling you the other night? It's wonderful. I'll give SiteMill. Want Word six oh six oh one? Oh yeah, I feel it on this machine. So show me something great. Cheryl move over move over to this one. Viv is gonna show me something terrific. This one does. Oh I see the way the windows kind of twist around a little bit. Oh, what is this? Oh, it's the quick windowshade oh OK. I have windowshade if I double click on it but I don't have I don't have this thing. Yeah they all are part of Aaron. What? It' Greg's Buttons. Fantastic. Show me something. Show me something great. Let's go. I need to learn things from you cause you're so cool. Yeah yeah. Sure show me anyways, what the fuck. Sure I keep one one on. I steal things from them. I steal everything. No I... nice, wow! Ah! I always use don't you use this? I have no idea. That was only because because I told that I was important. I I was lying completely. I'm just a leech here on on Vivian on Vivian. Congratulations on the show tonight. Show me a a beauty. You're betraying. I've seen this I've been on this site, yeah. No but the basic interface is the same. You like water towers? So, what do you think? Did you guys make the right move or not? Did you ever go to every go to Switchboard? It's like like find someone like it's one of those like you put in the name of an old lover and where they live and they come up with a phone number and an address? Do you know it? It's not it's not interesting but it's, uh, it's a good thing to have. Yeah it's good, it's good. Six four yeah you do have it OK. No no no I actually got it from WFMU. Yeah, I got from the the list I'm on at my at my radio station. Are you an FMU listener? I'm a DJ on there. Can you get I see you're not set to ninety one point one so. Fuck Andrea now. What is this what is this now? What is what do we have it's Flux like Fluxus? This is what they do. It's too too groovy for me. She me something terrific. Show me something terrific. What art? Yeah, I make, you know, I don't I like the line. You know, the line looks good. You know that have you have you downloaded Microsoft Internet Explorer? Stop for a second. Stop I'll show you. Do you know do you know on the TT command it does not it does not. Oh, I downloaded it because I design web sites and I realize that most people are probably going to be viewing it on Internet Explorer. Do you know that do you know that TT is is is no no it comes up at the heading of one? Everything all the TT on the web all the groovy design sites come up with this huge... you should download it. You should see your sites you need to see your sites through Internet Explorer. You really should just I mean I don't use it often it's not nearly as interesting as Nah as Netscape but... I like TT but once I realized that Explorer isn't reading it I'm beginning to rethink it. Yeah. I was trained in CAD in AutoCad. No no. It was what I did it was what I did for money well, yeah, before the architects were all out of work I had to retrain right I told you that yeah. I for years I made all of Allan McCollum's objects, you know, the artist, right? I I was a... On Greene Street? On White. Yeah yeah yeah. He he was a really great guy, I mean, it was

really good to work for. I'm sorry the economy bottomed out on both of us. Cause I made all of those... oh he's broke I mean, right here we are, no it's true he's not doing well either. No I lost my job I lost my job in ninety one. I, you know, I had to retrain for AutoCad. Andrea told me you were a Whitney a Whitney Program person? Are you there now? or when were you there? So, who was some of the people you were with who I know 'cuz a lot of my friends went. Were you with Rikrit and...? Yeah. Oh, I love Moira. Do you see Moira. I really like her. I have a great piece of hers. She worked for Allan for years. That's how I knew Allan that's how I knew Moira through Allan. No. Yeah, I know I know. I know Magda I know. I know everybody I'm really sick of having... yeah. So any so who else were you with Moira. Tell me some more. Let's gossip a little bit. Yeah, whose name I remember and I probably knew her at one time. Yeah. Of course I know Gavin and his and his wife. His groovy wife. She was so. She used to be so beautiful. Do you remember? Do you remember her? No no no no. Not at all. Have you seen her? No I I no. Oh... Sure I, yes I do remember yes yes. Who else who else were you there with? Tell me some more. Who I don't know. Oh Simon was in with you guys OK. Simon worked for Allan also. That's fine. He's really nice. He worked for Allan. No, we're having fun. Vivian's showing me the web. Vivian's showing me everything. Do you like Altavista the best? Do you like it better than all the others? You have to put a plus in or you... yeah. It was bad. That's nice of you. It's fun though. Listen, would you send me this URL please? No no no I don't want to mail a frame. Wait wait wait a minute no no. Hold on hold on hold on. OK instead of mail document. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. No of course not. All the people I want to know I know their addresses anyway. What what are you using for animations here? What are you guys using? You you're just making the animations and you drag them right in and it and it writes a script for you. Yeah I yeah right I got that one right. And so you just make the different frames and let's go... That's cool. I have the same monitor but you don't have the option for millions of colors on yours. Yeah I did. It works much fast for me. I have the same exact monitor. It should where's your... Why do you have your resolution set at a...? You know what? It looks richer. It looks richer to me. It looked a little bit anemic before. Well I don't understand what you mean by more. Oh I guess. Go ahead show me show me again. So you go to options. You have seven five three on here. I don't understand you told me you were running seven five two. I see it's the... so what is that? Yeah yeah. It's sort of bigger. I like to look at things huge. Isn't that the weird the weird thing about the the, uh, web? Everybody's seeing everything so fucking different. Yeah. It doesn't it doesn't bother me. So now you're seeing things underlined, huh? Download for a sample. Is it good? Yeah I've seen it. What's this here. Is it the same? To go back. Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! So sorry. You got you got it. OK, you're you're clean. Of course I did. Oh, we've been drinking all day. Viv Viv Viv. Watch. Get info press down and go back in frame. Back in frame. Forward in frame. I was so excited. I got your WAC list on the on the Netscape now. It's not my business. It's Brad's fault. It has nothing to do with me. There you go. There you go. This is something huge. What do we like? Let's go oh it's let's see. It's so quick on that on that it's great. What do you have an ISDN? It's you don't see what most people see this is why... Yeah, you see this is a problem. No no no. As a designer, see, you should on a on a fourteen four modem. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah right OK. It's just an MCAD MCAD trans trans transfer. You will think of me. You will think of me. I'm having so much fun. Bye guys, I'm staying! I want the ISDN! I want the ISDN! No no no no no. I don't show up in daylight. I like your place. I like your area. Your fucking

thing that crashes all the time. The rolls you know the rolls are something else here Andrea. The rolls are unbelievable. Do you work here too? Yeah. Did you work did you do this here? Where is it? Where is it? Is it coming on... It's really a nice poster, isn't it? I don't know. I don't understand it but I like it. Who? Oh, stop. Oh, what are you guys doing? I don't know. We're getting out. We're getting out. Tell me what you're doing. OK. Oh. I'm tired. I've got an appointment at nine o'clock tomorrow. What time do you have to be in? What time do you have to be in tomorrow. But we'll Cybersuds it on Thursday night? Wanna go? Where are we going? Where are we going? Yeah. Out of the rain. What do you say? What do you say? Where is it? What time? What time? Alright. Ah, we'll all go. Viv. See you at suds on Thursday night. Thank you very much. Thanks again. I'll see you Thursday, OK? Hey Andrea! Andrea! Did you get all all the gay addresses I sent you? Where does it do that? Oh right they had the thing, right. Great. So you're just visiting here. I don't have a pen, no. Really ask Cheryl. Oh. We can get it from Benjamin and Andrea. Bye. Bye bye... Thompson St... Having dinner with Alix and... oh we went to Pho Pasteur... The food there is so bad. You really hate the food. Oh um... not much, huh. Where's Betsy girl. She's just staying there oh well. We'll watch them all week next week what the heck, huh? Yeah. Oh. They have a nice place up there adaweb. I like Viv. She's really nice. Yeah well, you know, she got me that job and, you know, she's just nice and I was, you know, Cheryl, I was teaching those people things that they had no idea about. It's true. I showed her like five things she didn't know. You know? No, seriously. Things that are are, you know, completely new. It's funny, isn't it? Yeah they were I mean this guy is a computer science guy. Yeah go just go around the park to Thompson and just and and go straight down. OK, we're gonna go to Thompson and Prince instead. Yeah, please. Yeah. We gotta get some food. Alright? Thanks. Oh, god. Well, this has been the longest day ever. I started at nine a.m. with John Lee. I was up at seven. I had to pick up the dry cleaning, I had to shower, you know, by the by the time I did all the things I needed to do. Yeah, you were zonked when I left. I mean, you know, Marjorie, you know and god it was like I had to keep drinking all day. No no no no like when we hit John's I was really out of it. Once I started drinking again I was fine. I never stopped. No, I'm not drunk. Actually, I'm not drunk at all. But I had to keep drinking to sort of keep from crashing. It's just one those days. I don't have too many. I don't have too many of them. No and I'm not, you know, and I'm not drunk but if I didn't keep drinking I would have just zonked completely. I was just I was just showing her how to do things. Certain things she didn't know. You know... she's like the interface designer, whatever that means. She's really nice. So, John's wasn't much fun. John Newman. We didn't really know anybody there. Yeah I like Alix's boyfriend is great. He's so nice. He's just really cool. He's really really nice and really normal and really sweet and um interesting. He's terrific, yeah. He's just terrific, really. Yeah, no I like this guy. No, I mean, we had a nice dinner the three of us. I'll play you the tape if you want. I got the tapes, honey. I got all the tapes. I went through like like three tapes today. I think I'm gonna, uh, go through a lot of these tapes this week. Oh, look at the tree blossoming. God, the trees are coming so late this year. Isn't it usually the beginning of April you get the cherry blossoms? Ken sent me an email and said that Harry took his first bike ride on Sunday. No no I guess he said I don't know what that meant. Maybe maybe Harry pedaled? OK, yeah, just the other side. This is this is good. Thank you. What does that mean? He took him for a spin? I got it. I got it, honey. I got money. Thank you. OK. Bye. Hey.

Cheryl, you always hate the soup here. Every time you you pick up the soup here you you detest it. Didja hear that? This lady goes you got Doritos? and the guys says no she said oh yeah I forgot. This is SoHo. That's pretty good. That was pretty good. I thought Benjamin seems nice. Is he nice? Yeah, he's fun. Yep. Did you like seeing Hay today? Is he cute? He's no Babette, is he. I'm so glad I'm finished with Schachter. Um, he just wanted his materials back and I was glad to give it to him. Oh god, I am so exhausted. This has been a helluva day. Yeah. Yeah. So Alix's boyfriend is OK. I could really see hanging out with this guy. He's a nice guy. You know? No problem there. He's nice. He's mellow. He's really good. They did. They had a chill out weekend so they said. It's biodegradable. It's like the do in India. They have streetsweepers. Was Jerry nice at John's tonight? A little schitzy, huh? She did. She walked in she was really beat. She was nice. She was like I've been writing all day yeah he's right. I don't know. Is that not a good thing to say? Really? Yeah. I don't know. It's a fact. I don't know why do they bother. I think it looks good with graffiti don't you? I know. You know and they painted it black it'd get grafittied also. Here you are. The rest is junk mail. Oh is that... Kitchen performances. What? Great. She wants us to come to Athens on the thirteenth and leave on the twenty first. Cool. Yay. That's right she's talking about your catalog and concerning that. Cool. That's gonna be so much fun, isn't it? Alright, Cheryl. Alright! It's gonna be really nice. Yay. I got a big check from ASCAP. Three dollah and forty cent. Whew! Thrills. Your soup's burning. I've been known to be an art criticizer myself. Yeah, I feel really scummy. I'm gonna shower. Do you mind? Good night, monkey face. Good night, monkey face. I love you.

Act 2

Go to sleep. Just do you want to sleep? Huh? No? It's early. I have to work at nine. Testing. How you doin? Alright. Alright. Yeah. Nope. Nope. Naw. Definitely not. I don't remember. It was OK. It was forgettable, I think. I've already forgotten. Well, we'll find out where we are or were. Yeah where are you...? Oh. If we can get it done, sure. Let me just look and see what we've got here. OK now this you was OK, right. This we want to be yellow. You want it in yellow. I don't know why we're not getting this image. I think it's been lost. I'm gonna hafta. It's not reading right, oh god. We sort of fixed up the first things. I'm a bit slow, I'm just waking up. OK is that in the right order then? This goes to this? Yeah. Different text. No we yeah well no right. We're gonna fix that. Is this correct now? It goes from the ladies on third to interest. And where does this go? OK. That's gonna be your title. OK? OK. OK. Not there. So, let me just do something then. OK reload this. OK so Connie tell me how everything flowing. There to there. There to there. Now it's in it's in the document, um, let me open that thing again. I don't know why it's not showing up. There must be something else there. I don't think those lines are working that way. You want me to draw over? OK. That... OK. Yeah. There we go. How's that? OK. I don't I don't know why that wasn't showing up but it's... It's probably it's probably gonna look pretty crummy if we do, yeah. We can try it but it's gonna look pretty lousy. Why don't we come back to that? Why don't we just try to move forward. OK so, um, OK. The last image we were at was the one before that was this. These are great thanks? These are great Connie, thanks. They're lovely. I don't know, you know, strawberries are usually so lousy. Yeah. Good one. Uh, we'll be doing it. So, what have you got next? Uh huh. What's next? Which one? Yeah. Let's see. OK. Find out where we are here. OK. And we want... Give it a shot for the hell of it. OK. It should be kind of sort of closer to the feeling of this one, right? OK. In terms of size. It's harder to pick up where we left off, um. Forget that there. OK this is what we were looking at. So, let's just use the top half of this again, huh? OK so here we go again now. You want the type about this size? Well, we're never gonna obviously we're never gonna fit it. We may have make make the text smaller? Or just fit those? I'm talking about this line. OK. Where do you wanna break things then? There but I'm talking about the line the line across cause it has to smaller to fit across the sheet. Yeah so I think we have to like break after women. So. Yeah. It's it's it's gonna be it's just gonna be too, uh, difficult. Alright, so, I'll tell you what. Why don't you... yeah, I think so. I don't know, I thought it was. Try it again. It looks smaller, doesn't it? Compared to that? Go to that? OK, so why don't you just dictate to me where where things are gonna break. OK let's just see how this is gonna look. Alright hold on for a minute now. They come together and instantly synchronicity. Women, right, spend, women OK spend a lot of time together. You know what I'm gonna just move my hand it's too complicated. OK so let's go. Often uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh hmmm. Uh huh. Yeah. Uh huh. Sure. You wanna put it. No we can put it there. OK, we can put it there sure. Uh huh. Next line after we which we. Right. OK. Uh huh. Let me just copy this to make sure. Let's just see what happens. These are these things are... so we're having trouble with just a few of these things. If I take it down a point size we may be able to fit it. So, let's try that. Let's take it to 17 first. Let's try 16. See what happens. It would rather be those things, OK? Let's stay with that for a second. It's gonna be counting, you know, and you wanted to keep the full page or you wanted to cut it? OK, let me just move that other hole to a place where it makes some sense. A little different sheet of paper. It'd be really

nice. Does that look OK to you? We can just knock this hole out completely. Right here. Yeah, that looks OK. Uh, no, because everything's aligned. We have no room here because of that. It's fine. OK with a pencil line. Is that right? It's exactly. I like the la's. They look like butterflies. It's funny. OK, are we happy with this? Uh, I'm at work. I have an antenna, sure. Ah, well, you have to get a, um, a, um, put your stereo into mono. You should be able to get it oh it's. I can get it I can get it on Thompson you should be able to get it there. You just have to flip flip it into mono. OK, now, let me see something. Let me concentrate for a second here. It looks really great. You want white? You want white? Or do you like it gray? Around it? OK, just make it white. Make it like an off-white? No because then we're always gonna see it, no... Yeah, it's we don't have a choice really. Yeah, OK, twelve... OK. There we go. OK. Happy? Good. It looks really nice. I like it. It's cool. It's really great. I think it's excellent. OK, what's next? No. No. Let's see, um... yeah. How big? OK, how big do we want it? That tiny it's that teeny little one. It's really really tiny. You want the three of them, don't you? We're not gonna be able to do anything with this, I mean... Yeah. OK. Let's see if we couldn't do something like this to save some space. It's gonna or did you want to or it really doesn't matter. Forget it. Alright, um, there is no question where it's gonna be. How big... do we have another thing to go by? No, never I'll never. OK, let's see, we're just gonna wing it. Let's see, uh, width four hundred we've been using this, OK. I think our fonts been like... let's try it... let's just see what it looks like. OK. Now. Eighty Five. Four. You talk to John? You guys are meeting... It should be exciting. Now it's there. That looks nice, doesn't it? Is that at about the spacing that you want it? OK. Sure. Was that it was sort of orange, wasn't it? That's gonna be... OK? Yeah, there. OK then. OK so. This is gonna go to this? Let's see. OK great! This one, yeah. The small one's first? Fine. Oh, OK OK. No problem. No problem. Let's see. OK. This is gonna be eleven now and this thing is gonna, uh, let me just change the titles on these. Just to keep our everything straight. Eleven shift twelve X this is now gonna be called twelve. Now we're gonna have to rewrite them again. All these goes through eleven, OK. And this is now gonna become eleven A. Yes and this is now going to become eleven B. Twelve html. And this now gonna become and this is gonna go thirteen. You have to be really specific about what comes first for me because I have to re it's just gonna take too long to to to rename everything. So in the future do that OK? OK so, we go bing! to this this OK. OK. Look alright? OK. We're back on track now. That one goes there and this one's gonna go to thirteen. OK, what's thirteen? Oh, you're not gonna have... these? Really? Oh, OK. OK and we want it in Courier and what size is it going to be in? This is going to be in Minion. Twenty four? Yeah. I think so. Let's see what we get. Pretty big, but... yeah you wanna? OK to twenty two? I've got to give you a copy of Minion for your computer. It's the most beautiful font ever. Do we like do we like this or do we want it smaller? OK. Actually we can make the page really big because we have room to play on this one. OK text pretty isn't it? Does Sven want it? Four it's gonna be... All right. I'll tell you what. You've got, now, it's OK so you want to kind of do it around here? Well, we don't, you know, you don't we want to, uh.... yeah OK, I mean I just just... how about something like that? I mean size isn't important. Something like that and we'll grab the words and we'll just center them up. Does that look about center to you? OK, now. Lower. OK and OK I'll put some more music on. These are great. Thank you. These are perfect, perfect for the morning, aren't they? Want some more coffee? I don't like strawberries

normally. They're usually so awful. Yeah. I hate them. These are good. Back to work? OK. Well, let's see what we get first. Like that? It looks great. OK, next? Let me have it yeah, I just wanted to see something about the size. See this goes with it makes it interesting. It makes it very interesting, right? I just want to see for size. OK. So we take this one. Same size copy OK. OK. Let's see. How do you like the size. A little larger, isn't it? Yeah. OK. Is that right? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Cheryl has this show up now. At Basilico Gallery. Do you know Basilico? It's on Wooster, uh, Wooster St. Right. Yeah, she got a nice write up in the Times yester on Friday. Yeah she's she does, you know, video and painting. OK, is this right? OK, yeah yeah, just see it. It's up until Saturday. I think you'll enjoy it. OK. How's that? Looking alright? Yeah. Yeah. Um, I don't know the guy's name. I don't know the guy's name. Sorry. Cheryl, yeah. OK. Right, yeah. And the circular area will be clickable. Got it. OK. Isn't Sun Ra cool. This is a recording from a club about 1971. I like this stuff of his better than the more conventional work. OK, so. Fourteen. Hang on. Is this it? OK? How's that look? OK. Yeah, open up yeah, same thing. OK. So let me just close some of these windows here on the machine clean. OK, what's next? OK. OK. OK. Good. What's next? OK. OK. OK. You wanna fill the screen pretty much. We can really we can really make that nice and big. Twenty four points, right? I mean we don't want to go any bigger cause we haven't been using anything any bigger. Twenty four. It looks good, huh? OK. Listen to the sound quality of this. Isn't this just awful? Like like it was recorded on a cassette. A real cheapo CD but it's good stuff. But that was recorded that that was from 1915. This is 1970. That looks nice. It's great, huh? We want now in blue, a fake link? OK, yeah, let's stick in one like that. I think we should do something like that. Yeah. I fooled myself before, when I was clicking through? Yeah, it was it was pretty good. Yeah, why not? That's good. It's fun. It's going from the end here to the end here. It's pretty well centered. Yeah well it means link. This is just really good music. Hello? Hey, how ya doin'? Yeah, I'm with Connie. What's up? Sure. OK get get Bets OK? She's she's been down at Diane and Lois's for too long. OK? OK I'll I'll be here. OK. So what's next? When is it? It could be in the beginning. It's, like, like maybe I don't know. Let's let's find out. It's after this, right? Here it is. OK. We can do that all in one fell swoop. OK, what's next? And yellow? We'll we'll do the yellow in a minute... OK. Which one? Move it? Alright? OK. Good. OK. OK? It smells like meat cooking. OK. What's next? Oh, this is the end. OK. let me remove this link now. Do you know where it's going to go to next in the sequence? Dot html. OK, um, OK so you wanna draw it or see what those lines look like. You like this better? You think? Well, we'll see what it looks like tomorrow on the... You like it better? OK. I think so too. I think it's stronger. OK. Done deal. OK, so let's go now and and and look at the whole thing and do corrections, you know, make things line up and all that jazz. OK, here we go. Let's look at it once. Make sure everything's in the right order. I just wanted to make sure. Now we can go back and make everything correct and the way it should be. I just I just wanted to make sure... It's a great piece. I really like it too. And it goes right to seduction which is really cool really... gorgeous. Nice, nice work. I think it looks really really good. It's so cool. The color thing is starting to make sense. The yellows and the grays. I love this piece. OK. OK we can do that. Let's let's finish up today with what we let's make this piece good and get it on the web. No! OK. It looks good. OK, so. Placement. You want to lower? It seems to be hugging the top. I think it can use a little more space, personally. Yeah. I mean this is what we're just going to have to do

now. I mean we're just gonna have to go through things and... Let's see what that looks like. You like that? You want it a little lower? OK. Next so the next one. That's good. OK. That that Sun Ra stuff was when he was completely cosmic and out of it. OK, so now go from here to here. That's nice. OK. This is fine, I think this is the big page. What? Watch them watch what do you what do you want to replace the first line? You want to replace the first line? OK. Oh. OK. OK? Nice. I like it much better. It's perfect. Well, yeah, if they make something, yeah. That's great and it's perfect the way it is and you end up right there. It's gotta go down. So good. OK. That's good. I think they should I think they should go down. They're up too high. This is a good one, Connie. I like this. I think it's really nice. That's better. See because your cursor your hand ends right in there. It's just where it should be. OK this is good. It's good. It's gotta go down. So we go from here to here. OK, so run through it again. Here you go. And we have until noon today, right? So why don't we try to put the sound on this one up today. We'll load up a track and and and get a short clip and put it up. End here. Uh. Testing. Testing. Here we go. Back again for more fun. How we lookin? OK. OK. Not a big deal. Nothing is a big deal. No big deal here. No I got so many great new CDs this week. I buy them. This is really a nice disc. I I get them every every I mean I spend most of my free time shopping for CDs. I spend a an enormous amount of time and any spare cash I have looking for records and CDs. It's like it's like an addiction of mine. Yeah. OK, so let's start. Yeah. I like it too. How is that sixteen? Let's try it see how it looks. No. Bigger. OK. Yeah that looks right, isn't it? OK? No big deal. OK? Does that look right to you? How many? Alright. Yeah he wrote us a nice note. OK. So, reload reload this. Well, what happened there? OK? OK so that's it. OK, let's then try to get some sound on it. OK. Let me find my sound icon here. OK? OK we're done with? This thing chews up a lot of memory. I don't want to keep a lot of stuff open. OK. SoundEdit. Can you find your CD? It's in there. It's it's no right yes yeah it's one of the boxes. OK. To bar document display. Document. What track is it? Why is it converting it at such a big rate. Shit. I just set the preferences and now they're screwed up. Alright. Anyway, no big deal. Because, well, maybe I don't know because it seems to be going converting really slow and then I saw here that it says 16 44 and we have to have terribly low quality on the web or for anybody to download this stuff. No then I want? Uh, yeah, that's 16 bit forty four CD rate but.. it'd be great, I don't know, actually it's going pretty quickly I I think it may be converting it may be converting. Yes. Yes. Yeah, we can't be doing anything while this is converting. Testing again. Testing again. Jeez. OK. Testing again. Testing again. And again. And again. OK, I'm just printing this piece. Here we go. OK. We've got to finish we've only got a half hour to work so we gotta finish this up. I'll be here. I think I'm going to listen to Marjorie lecture I think at 4:30 and that's about the only thing I have going. Why don't you you wanna come back a little later? What what are you doing? At EAI? You wanna call me or... Where you going after EAI? Where are you going after EAI? OK, I'll call ya. What are you just going to French tonight? Alright, um, yeah maybe I'll I'll I'll take her over to your studio then before I go up to Marjorie's? Something like that? OK? OK. Got them all in there. OK. OK, here comes the big one. Two hundred and five. We'll have to get that thing down. I'm just moving everything from our machine into John's, uh, into the machine in Massachusetts right now yeah. OK I'll just call you later. OK? Let's see. See you later, OK? I'll call you later. The files are teeny. The image files are like amazingly tiny. This is great. I mean all the image files are

have just been minuscule. Seven K. I mean it's insane. They're insanely small. Uh, the pictures. That's what holds you up on the web. You see, we've got to the idea is to keep things moving quick I would say if somebody doesn't, uh, you know, I if somebody I I I don't hang out at a site where images are taking a long time to download. Nobody's gonna hang out. Nobody, you know, at this point and it's gonna be this way for a while. It's not getting any better any time soon. So... I know. See everything's... I'm telling it. We'll see. We'll see if whether it will actually do it in real time. Look at this file. Oh, it's it's gonna go amazingly quick. So small the file sizes are just great! You get you're getting your bang for your buck. Two bites a file I mean they're insanely small they're wonderful. This is what we like. It's the biggest one yet. Seventeen. That's nothing. This is great. I mean, it's all so primitive and ridiculous right now this web stuff and like I said, it's gonna be this way for a while I mean. Yeah. I know. We'll laugh at this, I mean, in in a few years we're gonna laugh oh remember when we had to think about file size I mean and things were slow and, you know, we're gonna laugh at the bullshit, you know, the the you just know it's primitive. It's coming but it's it'll be a while yep. It's called telnetting in. Now we're gonna talk to the computer directly and log in as John. And put in his password. C'mon now. C'mon. OK. And now we're going to change directories to www. Change directories to... Oh, actually on any level here CD do something called webfix which will run a huge program to make everything readable for the universe. And while that's running... Let's see what we get. Just let that script run. You've seen this ridiculous thing right it's one hundred thirty nine K I don't want to. We'll go right to you. Let's what happens. Watch. Two hundred K. Alright, well, while we're downloading it fifteen seconds. Well, you know? Not as bad as I thought. Takes just a minute. I thought it was gonna be... On a on a twenty eight eight modem, you know, on most modems it's gonna be a lot slower, but this is not bad. This is not bad. Twenty eight eight. OK, so we can go to the next one. It's slow because it's waiting for this thing to download. My band my bandwidth is getting is eaten eaten up right now. Yeah. Battling. This wants to come in this wants to come in and neither one is letting the other really slow. Download a big download is gonna slow everything else down. See? Now we're back to a minute. Look at that. So now it's like two minutes, yeah. I guess we can't believe that. I knew. Who know's. Well see... right. It's it's hard to say what it is but it seems about a minute and change, huh? Let's let's see what happen let's see how it sounds and what happens. Alright. Nice, huh? Kind of cool, isn't it? I think we shouldn't put the sound file on that page. Let's just let's just keep on going through it let's just I want to make sure that everything's loading good. Look at how quickly this all comes in it's great. This is terrific. It's nice. Like a constellation. Now I just want a whole soundtrack, you know? So this is live on the net. So this is what everyone's going to be seeing. All I want to do now it hear the soundtrack. The whole thing. They rush to catch a glimpse of their report. Connie, this looks good. Let's see how this comes in. This is just live this is everyone is gonna be seeing. It's pretty good, huh? These will load automatically yeah cuz cuz it wants it's the same image once it's loaded. That it's already loaded. It's been loaded loaded once and it remembers. Here we go. Yeah yeah. Pretty... I think it looks great, yeah. I really like it too, yeah. Looks great I I'm in agreement. We'll it all comes down to that. It's beautiful. Uh, actually, let's go back to... where was I just want to see Moses. I wanna make sure we got. I wanna I'm just gonna really go quickly. I just want to make sure that we're like there. It's a complete journey.

It looks terrific. Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm not even letting it roll in I'm just... you know I just want to make sure that it's all working. Zap, there you go. Now we could put the sound right here. But, you know, I think you gonna most people are gonna do what I just did and I think the sound maybe should always be on the first page cuz it's it's not really part of the piece--I mean it's it's it's something else, so... Well now it's all loaded and it's zippingly quick. Terrific. Alright so, at least we got some sound up I mean I was... and it's just about, you know, it's just about... Oh, uh, I don't know. You've got to go get SoundMachine. You've got to go get it. Yeah. Sure. Every I mean sure it's on the web. It's a piece of shareware everybody. Did you every liste... yeah if you ever listen to a file a soundfile you've you've you've downloaded SoundMachine I mean it's everybody has. Everybody has a different I mean SoundMachine is like the... no we just hit a snag on the network. Um, the network just stopped for a second. Let's see... c'mon baby. Let's see there we go it's fine, uh, yeah the you know I mean PCs use something called so, uh, I forget the name of their thing but yeah, you know, everybody everybody if you've ever listened to something on the web you've gotten SoundMachine. Well this is this looks great. This looks really good. OK, so that's it it's a done deal. Alright great. I don't understand what you're saying. You mean in the begin in the beginning of uh, where? Oh. Wait hold it a second. Let me see. Let's go back. OK. Here? OK, so what are you asking. If you just this this stuff you wanted to make it blue? OK. Yeah. Yeah. Not right. No. No. No. Not at not at the moment. Not at the moment. Now you were gonna give me some, uh... you know that chair? You were gonna bring me a video or a couple of stills of that chair with the with the that's being blown. I think I can do a little animation. Animation on the web or... Yeah. I wonder where I can find an animation. Hold on a minute I know. This will give you an animation. I'd like to do something with this if we can get it. I think this is the animation. This would be better than the... Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Why don't you just... slides, right? You don't have photographs? Why do you slides. Really I thought that nobody uses slides. I mean everybody's putting stuff onto CD ROMs on to photo sure. Nobody uses slides. Well, not anymore. No. Now it's all being put onto CD ROMs. Eh, it's old fashioned. It's on the way out, I think. Look how long this thing's taking to download. There's an interesting animation here if I can if it'll ever download. I mean this is why... Mmmm, yeah well you probably didn't let it let it load up. Yeah, you probably you've got to let the whole thing load we, you know, if you don't let the whole thing load the images are gonna come in broken, you know, people are too watch this. Watch what happens here this really neat. Watch this heart. This is an animation on the web. Let it load but when it does it's really nifty. Watch what happens. I don't who they think they're talking to that's got such I mean this machine is about as good as you can get. I don't know what he's thinking here loading up a page like that. Look at this--it's, like frozen. It's terrible. Wait it's stopping again for like the third time. Look at this creeping in. Log out of here. Maybe that's fucking us. So anyway, yeah, we're gonna have to put something that says wait for the whole thing to load. Wait for the whole file to load. This is insane. C'mon. C'mon now. Sorry, Connie. Oh, wow! Cool, what are you doing there? Really? That's nifty. Really, that's great. Wow. Oh well, I wanted to show you this animation. Tell you what. If you can bring me... Slides are not going to do me any good here. I can't do anything with slides. Alright, we'll we'll we'll work on this. We'll continue to work on this. Here you go. Here you go. Watch. Go ahead, let it load. I'm going to... I'll call you over if it happens. This is so stupid.

We've got T.V. and we got all these wonderful things and we we sit here and wait for a little thing to move. Bill Gates said that it's by the end of the century by the year 2000 99% of the, uh, people on the web will still be on telephone line. Regular phone lines. Yeah, so... I mean, this would be great if this were, like, 1905 or something you go wow! you get thrilled when a little something moves but after all we've seen, this is so stupid, really, it's so it's so ironical, if you ask me that we get excited about this dumb shit. Monday's fine. Monday's fine. Sure. Let me think about it. Bring me materials. OK. That that was fun. Yeah, it was fun. OK, so. Thanks for the fruit and you smell bad. You don't smell horrible but yeah I love that piece. The new one is really great, so. Alright, we're getting there. OK. Bring just bring lots of materials and I'll tell you what we can and what we can't do. When I when I, you know, have it all in front of me. Plan D for dog. B for Babette. You're so cute. OK, then, see you next Monday Connie. Take care. Great. Have a good luck tomorrow and let me know what happens. Tell him I wanna build his web site. OK Con, see you. Bye. Testing. Hello there. How are you. Good, what's what's the word bird? Yeah, by who. It's good. Isn't it? Good. OK. Um, did you speak with her the woman, yeah. OK, do you do you have any dates? She said, well, she told us when we're coming. OK, when are we going to, um, Vegas? Do you know the dates on that? Hold on a sec. Let me just mark this let me just mark this on the calendar. OK she wants us to come, what, the fifteenth through the twenty first? Uh huh. Until when, Monday the twenty seventh? Wait on the twenty third, at night? OK and we're coming back on Monday the twenty seventh? OK so I can do my radio show that Tuesday. OK. And we're leaving for on Wednesday the fifteenth for Athens? Yeah, I'd, yeah, fuck, I'd like to leave Saturday the eleventh. OK let me know so I can get back to Ken in terms of, right. OK. Yeah. No, I'm sorry it's a it's an art project it's gonna look like the cover of X Y and Z it's not not a design thing. Not not at all. Yes I normally would I'd normally would. I'd I'd love to but I'm gonna, you know, make shitting men and it's no money and that's it it's that kind of shit. Yeah, it's it's really, you know, I mean it's gonna be funky and illegible and it's gonna be art. She wants art. No no no. Of course I would. Right right. No no no no. Yeah. OK great. Why not? It's it's you also have a nice project coming up on the web and I think it'd be... Listen they seem like a good group of people over there. I I really had a nice time there last night. Uh, I like them and I'd like to get involved with them, you know, on well we are involved with them because you're doing a project with them and, you know, it's just. It sounds good their whole thing sounds good. I like them, so let's go Thursday night, sure. Oh no. That's that's not gonna work then because, uh, Cybersuds. Right. Yeah. Yeah it would, I mean, we can do something with them it's no big deal. I installed this Aaron on my my computer. Aaron. It make it it makes your, um, it makes your your system look like, uh, the Copland, you know, the next System 8. It gives the visual appearance of... it's just aesthetic. It makes it gives the visual appearance of System 8. Yeah. I don't know. It's just it's just what it's called. What makes it looks like a PC now. It looks just like a PC. Yeah, I mean it look like it looks like Windows or something. It's it's weird, it makes your whole system look like Windows. Um, yeah I guess so, yeah. I guess they're getting you ready for that so they they put out a a a uh, of of a premiere, you know, a premiere of how it's gonna look. You know, I'll show it to you. It's nothing earth shattering. It's not so interesting. Anyway, OK, so um, I'm gonna, let's see... I wanna go I'm thinking I'm gonna go hear Marjorie talk today. I think that would be a good thing for me to do. At Fordham. In

by Lincoln Center. What's the name of John Newman's gallery, do you know. Oh, that's right that woman was like Jason McCoy. OK, yeah, you should tell me where it is so I gotta go up and do that first. Right. Speak to anyone today fun? Just bullshit. I'll I'll find it. Yeah. No no. You were nice to her, god. Yeah, what the heck, yeah, yeah, it's no big deal. OK. Um, so you're just gonna go to French then you're gonna come home? OK, I'm gonna directly from, um, yeah yeah yeah. I'm gonna go directly directly directly, uh, I guess I'll go to Vedanta. I'll go hear Marjorie I'll stop at John's I'll go to Vedanta and then I'll go out to the radio station. Oh, I don't I don't really have a whole lot else to do today so... you know, it's no big deal. So I wanna drop Babette off, or is that possible or...? That's what you did last week. OK, that's good 'cause I I can't watch her today. I mean I've got to do all these things so I don't know why don't I I don't I don't know why don't I did you have lunch or anything? You did? Why don't I just walk her over there, what the heck? I'm really restless I need to go out she needs to go out. Why don't I just come over? OK. Bye. Testing. You wanna go? Alright. OK. OK. Let's go for a walk! OK. Hey. Hey. Testing. Testing. Testing. Oh, I see, I get it. OK. Make Bets, you make, you make. Make. Make. Good girl! Good girl! How you doin'? Can I get a chicken noodle soup to go some bread and a cup of coffee? Yeah, no sugar thanks. Let me check. Hold on. Naw. Uh... how about this one. Thanks a lot. I appreciate it. Catch you later. Alright. Hello. How are you? How's your dog? Does these two know each other? Do these dogs know each other? They fight. You have a Dalmatian, right? Suvra. Ah. OK, see you later. Uh, it's looking for food. Is there food in there? She knows it, right? Hello. Here we are. Wow, look at that canvas! It's beautiful, god. It's so striking to walk in and see that. It's fabulous. Great. Great. Oh, look at you. You're all hooked up and working here. This is really nice. OK. I just got you some coffee. I went to that place. OK, um, I'm feeling a little shaky today. Well, because I was drinking and I got no sleep and I had to work all morning. Yeah it was, whew! I am definitely feeling a little shaky. Yeah, I just. Uh, I got a little like, uh. A little chicken soup will do me right. I'll move over here. It looks great. OK I can come over any time, you know, I don't really have any big plans. Ah. It's such a beautiful day, isn't it? Yes, hello Babette. Nothing for you, sweetie, nothing for you. I got this at, uh, you know that wonderful place we had dinner at that night that cheap one. Bellas? They're so nice. Good soup. You ever get soup there? Sunday is Sunday is Xenakis. Well, I could, you know, I could do it Friday, you know, or let me look at my sched. OK, no. I'm really I'm really excited to do it, definitely. I mean, it's not it's not a... no no. I love it. I love it. I think instead of wearing a white shirt I'll wear a T-shirt. Uh, I think I'll wear a T-shirt instead of the, uh, white shirt, I don't know. So, oh man! I'm really, uh... god you know drinking it's just just poison. I mean really, it's fucking, you really feel like shit. Ah, you told me. You didn't eat much yesterday. I mean I ate I ate all day. Isn't that Ligeti wonderful? Did you listen to that? The one on the bottom. Oh my god, it's so good. It's so seriously great. OK, um, yeah. Yeah OK, um, sure. Let's see. I know I have an appointment one day one time during the day on Friday I think but, you know, yeah, of course. How long do you need me to read a couple just an hour? OK. I'll read as long as you want me to I mean it's really I mean of course this is in my interest too. It's gonna be fun. I was right. Look how snazzy New York Press suddenly looks. And snazzy graphics and more color. This morning at like eight thirsty walking up here I was walking up to my office was so beautiful it was like this really big downpour. It was lovely. It was

really warm. I was up at seven. I had to work. I've got to be there at nine. What am I gonna do? I don't have really much of a choice. I had to meet Connie at nine. I don't mind, you know. I don't sleep as well as I used to. I mean I don't really mind, I mean, I feel like I don't need as nearly as much sleep as I used to. You know, which is fine with me. I don't I don't miss sleeping. I used to be the biggest sleeper ever. Now I, I just don't need much which is fine with me. Right, right. Well, we'll get her something nice. We'll get her some oils or, you know, something, I mean, you know, whatever. I mean just like it it was funny seeing that fish cane yesterday at the party. I I was, like, oh yeah, I really like them, you know? Be careful. I took your TinySaver off, your screen saver off. So, just be careful, you know, you may want to put it to sleep you can put it sleep. Yeah. Yeah yeah. No problem. It'll come right back just yeah just save your work. Um, just just keep an eye on that you don't, you know, you don't wanna burn your screen. Burn in your screen. I took the saver off cause I was trying to remove all the conflicts from your system. No, it was just a bug... everything was old. The computer is my friend. Let's go out. It's really up to you but but, you know... What about...? Friday night? Instead of Saturday night? Saturday is fine I I just have to go to Charles's opening that's all I have to do--it's fine. Does he know any like, real really Italian restaurants? I mean real Italian? Hey Stefano, do you know any like real Italian restaurants? Like some kind of amazing thing that we might never get to eat otherwise if only we were with you? Yeah, it yeah. It's very expensive, yeah. No, OK. It's real expensive. Right right. Well, that's yeah yeah yeah. We go to Bar Pitti's a different place, yeah. OK I figured you would know you would know places. At some point, yeah yeah, let's let's just do something easy for all of us. Uh, alright. Listen, we can just just just do something. OK, uh, you wanna speak to Cher again? OK, um, OK. See you later then. Yeah. He's so nice. I like him. I'm really glad we're getting together with him. Yeah, he did. I mean, I figured he said Da Silvano but that's expensive. Starting Sunday we start taking care of Diane and Lois' dogs so I'm gonna really need help there. I don't know how I'm gonna make it tonight on FMU. This eye thing is back really bad this eye virus. I can hardly see out of my left eye. It's just the same thing. I guess it'll just go away like it did last time. No but this it happened, you know, it know what it is see he diagnosed it last time. It's it's a good year and a half I mean it's a year. Well, alright, yeah. I can call them. He's a nice guy. The ophthalmologist? Uh, Mickey or something like, you know. One of my mother's friends. Yeah yeah yeah. Yeah I was covered. Yeah yeah. And then. I gotta get going really soon cause I've got to get my shit together and get on my number of things. I had a fun time last night. I had a good time at ada 'web. John's party wasn't thrilling but Alix's new boyfriend is really neat. He's good. I like him. Yeah. We need to just pin things down cause I've got to get subs for FMU. But yeah, I'd like to go that Saturday, the 11th and stay there through, you know, that Wednesday. Uh. Let's go that weekend let's go the week before, what the fuck? I mean, you know, it's always fun to leave on a Saturday I always think that's a good good thing to do. Oh, that's an even better reason. On the on that day on Saturday? Let's get out of here the 11th. Perfect. That's a great let's shoot for the 11th. Fuck man I want a few days in Greece, I mean, Grandma's dead nobody even cares! My father said he's never been to visit my grandfather. Who gives a fuck really? I mean this is just ridiculous, you know, please, please. No no no! This is this'll be great. A perfect excuse for us to get the fuck out of family obligations. No! What's the point? No, I mean, maybe he

went to the unveiling once maybe he saw his father's grave when he went to bury his mother but no he's, he's what's the point? He's dead! I was just reading Vivekananda today and he was talking about, like, the difference between the Greeks -- I'm sorry -- between the West Western cultures disposal of the body in other words preservation of the body and the Eastern, you know, the Eastern's like look get rid of it. It's used. It's a worn out rag. Burn it, get rid of it as quick as you can and nothing to do with it. Where as like the Egy Egyptians were like into preserving the body and this this weird ritual and attachment to to try to preserve something that's just long gone so, zai gesunt! Zai gestunt, grandma! Grandma! I hope I didn't act too much like an asshole around Marjorie yesterday. I'm going to have to play it back, I mean, this is the most embarrassing thing. You know, this this this collection is just gonna be the most horribly incriminating, embarrassing thing. There will I'll have an unedited version with the real names in it but like to be revealed 50 years after I die. So we can get the goop the goop on everybody. And we will have sex. I wanna have sex. Didn't I tell you that? I still mean it. Yea! Whatever. Yea! On my radio, uh. I tried to I slept for a half hour. I can't I've got to get going I've got things to do maybe I'll I'll sleep in Marjorie's class. Yeah I gotta go cause I've gotta get my shit together for the radio show all this stuff. I guess sometimes I clean it with spit. Get on line. Yeah. Letter email it to John Simon, right? Why? What, in Eudora? Do it in Eudora. Oh, what are you gonna write him a nice thank you note or something? I understand you you just send it as an attachment. Yeah, I got it, OK. So... Yeah. Yep. You said something screen. So what are you sending to Dan Graham? So how was how was Lejaren Hiller? I love it love that isn't that piece wonderful? I play that piece all the time. I've played that a million times on my show. Saturday the eleventh. Let me let me just do something... OK. How's, uh, Cathy Berberian? Jesus, that's a good one. You got good good one's here. How's David Tudor's Neural Synthesis? The Bordems' Chocolate Synthesizer. How's this one, Cheryl? How's this one? How's this one? How's this one? How's this one? You have a lot of good CDs here. How's this one? Alright kitten, I've got to get going. Make sure Betsy gets a little stroll before you go out today, OK? What? OK, I'm gonna go. I don't feel really good. Maybe I should just blow everything off and try to sleep. Just skip it all? Skippity all? Skippity all? I should turn off lights. It's not any lighter. No no no. I I I... I know but I have like all these things to do. Miss John's opening? Miss Marjorie's talk? Do you think, yeah? 4:30. I've got to get all my stuff. I'm going. Goodbye. I gotta go. Goodbye! Let me out. You can't come with me. You can't come with me! C'mere! C'mere! Stay. Ohhh. Sweet one. When you had did Betsy been O-U-T this morning when you went when you went and picked her up? Oh, good. That's great. That's what I like. Ay! Get inside. Come wait for the elevator with me. You want what are you doing you're just writing and hanging around? I'll see you. We'll spend some time. I don't know I don't think I'm gonna come to that art thing tomorrow with Sandra. I think that I think it, I don't know, I think that sounds too weird. It's not required, is it? For me? You should be able to if it's online. Netscape that reads Java. Yeah. Java. We couldn't load that thing it needs a it needs a whole you can just get it on a disc. It needs a whole routine. It needs a script connected to the server. It doesn't work offline. Why don't you ask John these questions, honey. I love you. Let's I'll call you from the station, OK? I call you, you know, like I'll make my regular call. Bye. Take care of my dog. Try to feed her. Bye! OK. Two blocks and it's right there. I'm sorry I was spaced out. Yeah, it's easy. It's easy. Come. Come this

way. I'll show you. Sorry I'm a little spaced out -- tired today. OK. Next one is Mercer and the one after that is Greene. Make a left. I got this one. Where you going? There's always there's always another one coming. Yeah, you're working on how quick you get around, right. Well, it depends on the elevator. If it depended on you it'd be like... Seriously, you get held up by trains and shit. Oh, you're on bike? Yeah yeah. I guess it's built in. Built in to the gig. Yeah. Alright. See you. Alright take care. Testing. Hello. Your husband. Hi wife, whatchya doin? Yeah. Yeah. I do. Why? Listen, can you get FMU? You can't 'cause if you can Donna, who has a show right now, is doing a whole show of Xenakis music. I don't feel so good. What am I gonna do? Really fucks you up, doesn't it? Yeah. I just don't feel so good. What should I do, though? What are you gonna do? What time do you have to go? What are you writing? For that... right. Yeah, I don't know. I don't seem to be. I feel weird. You know I could also go Marjorie's also giving a lecture, like the same lecture tomorrow night at Columbia. Really? You think so? Yeah, I, you know, then, you know, then John's stuff. Maybe I should skip John's. Maybe I should just fuck it all, huh? John Newman. You don't think that, like, that it's it's like... you know, we should, you know, see the, uh, you know, like we went to the party but we didn't go to see the opening... Uh, yeah, so you think I should just like, yeah, I'm in no shape you don't think I'm like in any shape like to go to Margie's Marjorie's. If she's if she's doing it again next week -- tomorrow -- tomorrow night I'll think about going there. Yeah I feel sort of dead. I can't do anything. I'm not really tired. I just don't know really what to do. For a boy who's just feeling like hell. If I was up to speed... and then I've got to stay awake all night. You know, if I didn't have to stay awake all night it would be like oh, you know, it'd be a different story I guess, you know? Really? I I kind of feel the same way. OK. Alright. I'll talk to you later. Bye. I'm calling you again. Listen, do me a favor. I'm not gonna do those things. I think you're you're correct, um, what time are you going up to French? That late. OK. I was gonna say, you know, why don't you drop Betsy over? Yeah, yeah. Why don't you do that. I think you're right. I just gotta chill. OK? OK, go. Beautiful. Is that it? Oh, it's great! No, I think it's perfect. Savor? Right. S-A-V-O-R, uh huh. Right. Right. Great. I think it sounds really perfect. I like it. It's beaut it's perfect. You're such a good writer. Do you wanna both go home and crash out together for a little bit? It would be fun to take a nap together. You won't you'll go to class. Are you gonna stop up at John's really quickly since it's right up the street from your class? That'd be probably good honey. If I'm not gonna go, I think you should. Alright you won't why don't you drop Bets since I'm gonna be hanging out till probably till you get home I'm I'm not gonna do anything tonight. I'm gonna try to... OK, so why don't you drop her here since it's right on the way to the subway. So what time will see you? About six? Six o'clock here? Sounds good. I I like the paragraph. I think it works beautifully. Bye. Uh huh. Wait a moment. Hi. How you doin'? Are you alone? Doing what? I like your boyfriend. He's really he's totally nice I'm I'm I'm sorry if I was acting a little crazy I was a little drunk. I didn't I felt a little bit off but I kind of I'm a little bit out of it today and I kind of... You know after you're out and you get really drunk, um, and you talk to a lot of people and, you know, you start to think, god I was acting like such an asshole. Right. Good, well he's really great. We we like him. Yeah I really yeah I think he's really nice. So you guys had a good weekend? So, this is this is great. Yeah. It seems so healthy. Really. Cool, well, uh, yeah, well at any at any rate it's it feels good. You know? It feels good. So, it'd be

really fun to go out the four of us I mean we've got to do that. I mean we definitely definitely have got to do that. So I went to that ada 'web thing last night. It was fun. There was like nobody there. Just the people who worked there really it wasn't much of a party. But the people who work there are really nice I mean Andrea works with really nice people. Yeah. So, yeah, yeah, it was... yeah yeah but we were we were just really zonked I had to wake up at 7 this morning. I had to work, um, at 9 but I had to work at 9 and I have to be up all night. But I was drinking all day yesterday so I'm I'm feeling, you know, I was supposed to do all these things, you know, like go to John's opening and stuff but I I got to get some sleep. And I think I'm too zonked to do anything. I mean I've got to stay up all night. No for my radio show. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. I'm gonna take a nap at about six, yeah. I'll crash from like 6 to like 10 or something I should be OK. I do need I do need some down time though. Good, so what else is up? Are you working this week? Well, do you have a show with Magda? Wow! Yeah. Right. Right. Yeah. Well they're essential, aren't they? Is he an artist? And is he good? Right. Uh huh. Yeah yeah. What kind of stuff is it? Did he go to art school. He's not like like sort of part of like the artworld like when we're talking about people he didn't know anybody that we were talking about. Hmmm. What scene has he been like hanging on? Right. Right. Uh huh. Uh huh. Ha! Hmmm. Hmmm. Yeah, yeah definitely. Oh I know, I mean, you know gosh. We've we've we've sort of been around the block a few times. You know. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Uh huh? Oh I, you know, professional what is, you know, I know you don't have to explain that. Oh well, yeah. I I understand. No, really, you know... Oh, Christ! Can you hold it a sec? Al, can you hold it a sec? Yes, I agree. Wait. This is interesting let me maybe Cheryl, hold on. Hello? Hey Bruce, how you doin'? Good where... good. Where are ya? OK, um, quick or you wanna yak a little bit? OK. Yep. Yeah. Great. Great, um, actually I'd like to go see her Columbia gig. Are you gonna go? Yeah, I can't. I've got to stay up all night, man. I got my radio show. So, I did want to see her. OK, I could talk to her about that tomorrow. Let me, OK, hold on a second. Let me tell Alix I'll call her back. Hold on. Alix? Hi, um, it's this really important, um, literary critic that I just had lunch with yesterday. Let me just take the call. Can I I call you right back? I I really want to talk. She's from California and... OK, I'll call you right back in like five. Bye. Bruce? OK so you guys... OK, she's off. Did she's... OK yeah OK great. A nice pl a decent place that you guys can hang out and just talk in SoHo. OK, um. The place that I really like, I mean I don't really like many places in SoHo. I'll I'll name a few. Uh, La Jumelle is really good. It's a nice place it's on Grand and West Broadway, uh, they it's next to Lucky Strike. Lucky Strike being the horrible trendy place. No no no but but La Jumelle is next door to it and it's and it's really really quite nice. Uh, it's it's really mellow. But then if they're not open for lunch which they may not be, oh, here's a great place, um, Cafe di Nonna. Right. That is on the corner of Mercer and Grand and I love that place. It's one of my faves, actually, and that's I mean it's reasonable and it's it's it's pretty and it's quiet and it's off the beaten track. I mean I'm not gonna send you to Jerry's or anything cause it's it's just too crazy. Um, let me just come up with another name for you, um, let's see. Yeah, I would recommend I would recommend I would recommend Cafe di Nonna over La Jumele. I mean I would just say say meet her at Cafe di Nonna. OK. OK it's on the, uh uh, northeast corner of Mercer and Grand. Uh, Cafe di Nonna. D-I Nonna. Something like that, yeah. N-O-N-N-A. Cafe three words: Cafe di Nonna. Yeah, I... no no no especially if you guys are meeting at like one? Oh no, it

should be fine. Um, so does she wanna see Cheryl's show? And meet up? Cause I know she is interested in writing something about video art. Yeah, is that OK with her? Not that I make too much of an asshole... at the, uh, at the thing. She said she had a good time at lunch? OK, good. I'm a little paranoid because I got a when I spoke to you yesterday I was extremely drunk, um, and I got really drunk at lunch and I, you know, I was like shooting my mouth off outrageously and it's like one of those days when you try to cover your tracks. Uh, she she insisted I have a glass of white wine and the mood was so buoyant and jubilant that I had another glass of white wine. Then she insisted I have desert at which time I, uh, I I had a cognac. I walked out of there sloshed and when I spoke to you, um, I was still trashed and then I had to go to like a cocktail party and I was sort bottoming out about the time I hit the cocktail party so I started drinking again. And then I went to dinner and I drank there and then I went to another to Andrea's, you know, ada 'web cocktail party and continued to drink. I feel like hell today and I feel like I made a fucking complete asshole of myself everywhere I went! Oh god! So anyway, well OK. At any rate so yeah we OK so... well, we could all meet at the gallery, sure, uh... great why don't I meet you guys at the tail end of lunch at Cafe di Nonna we'll all have a cup of coffee together we'll walk over to the gallery. Uh... you name it. If you want if you want time with her blah blah blah... OK. OK. OK. 2:30 quarter of three. 2:30 2:45 and then I think I'll go up to Columbia to catch her. I would I do want to see her today but I gotta stay up all night. Right. Right. OK. OK. Oh I I I don't know if I if I'll go up with her or whatever, you know, yeah whatever... you know, there's plenty to do. What are you doing tomorrow night? OK. OK, great. Um, so we'll see you then but everything I told you yesterday was was correct I'm not, you know, I was drunk but I wasn't lying. Uh, you know, everything I told you about about what she said about you was... I know I know but I just want to blah! OK, great so I'll see you tomorrow. Later babe. Bye. Great. You around? Well, I had this great lunch yesterday, um, with this woman named Marjorie Perloff who's like my a literary idol who I've read her books for years and she's, you know, inspired me and she wrote about 73 Poems and I did a big, huge review of of a Cage book that she did and we're just, you know, hopefully I think we're infatuated with each other. I mean, you know, she's like sixty years old and Jewish from the West Coast but we had a lunch yesterday at MOMA and, um, she uh, you know, we went on and on and on yesterday and and she wants to come down to SoHo and so I figure I was, you know, so I'm going to meet her tomorrow for coffee down here so I just had to kind of firm that up with her. Yeah, no, it was great. God, I mean, you know, I don't know I've never heard you mention anyone like a critic or theoretician that's been completely, you know, sort of along your wavelength? You know, like I've heard I've heard Cheryl occasionally like talk about Rosalind Krauss the way that I talk about Marjorie. Any anyway it's like I met her for the first time yesterday, you know, she took me out to lunch at the MOMA, uh, members dining room, and it was, you know, like totally amazing. I know she's, you know, she's a goddess, you know, to me, you know, she's the most interesting, you know, person so. It was so cool to meet her. Yeah yeah yeah, really nice. So, anyway, um, so so we were talking about how, you know, people don't can have their shit together professionally but not emotionally and here's somebody who has their shit together emotionally and professionally. They they they might they might not but what's more important is emotional. I remember the story, right. What does that mean extreme Leftist? Did I did I have politics? Was I talking politics last night? No. Um hum. Yeah, what does that mean, tell me? Yeah I

don't I'm I'm curious what it what what that is. Well, I mean politically or... Is this weird for me to ask? I mean we we we know each other so well this is interesting to me because you and I know each other so well, right? That that like there's never like we never think too much about what each other is about but if a new person meets both either one of us they always have things to say that, you know... Certainly not! Let's see. I do, yes I do, yeah. I think of I think of radical or leftist, you know, somebody like Bruce Andrews. I guess politically. Right so yeah attitude like fuck it. Like a fuck it all attitude. No good. Well he's very sensitive. He's a real good listener which is really rare, um, um, you know, he's got a very calming air about him and and and I have to say, and you may not like this, but I'm gonna say the part there's something about him that I like a lot that reminds me of about of a part of Jerry. Saltz. That the way he asks questions. He asks these great questions about you. And, you know, I like I love this about Jerry, I mean I really do. I mean he he as... in other words like one thing that Jerry's really good at he is! He makes you feel like he's really listening Jerry whether it's real or not with Jerry we we don't know if it is. But he always makes you feel like he's really listening and that you kind of feel like really like like you have all his like you have his at... like you matter, like you have his attention. And I like that and and Bill reminded me a lot of that. Now with Bill I kind of feel like it's just real sincere with Jerry you know I question it, but I I like Jerry, you know, I mean I just like him. I just like Jerry, what can I say? I just like the guy so, you know, um yeah so so Bill Bill strikes me as sort of sort of just a person whose interested. The guy has just got a mellow vibe. He's mellow. That's why I said have you last night have you guys. I said Alix is he always like this or have you ever seen... No no remember I said that? Do you remember I said that? Have you always is he always like this? And he said noooo. This is good though, I mean, I sort of I saw Andrea last night and I was like Andrea I just went out with Alix and Bill and he's great and Andrea was like Andrea really likes him too. This is good. Nobody liked him. Bill? Oh my god! What a great guy! He's like totally the minute I met him like this guy's totally cool. Yea! That's fresh. Right. Right. Interesting. That says a lot. Huh. I don't know. We'll see. We'll see. Yeah yeah yeah no. I do too. Really. Really. Statusy. With, yeah, with somebody's who's just attached. That sounds horrible. Well, it's good news. It's really cool. I'm really happy. He's really nice. So what are you guys up to? What's what's... yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh god. God. Yeah, that's amazing. I can't believe you're moving. I think it's good, though I think it's gonna be cool cool to live there. I think it's good. I think it's gonna be really cool. You know, if worse comes to worse you get a little studio. You know. Maybe you and Cheryl could get a little place together. She needs she fucking needs something more permanent than that Daniel Levine nightmare. Alright, listen, I just wanted to check in with you and just tell you tell you that I think Bill is really cool tot... really cool. And that's that's a lot for me to say! I don't like people so much, you know? Really really, I don't I don't like people that much but I I really really would love to hang out with him so so there we go. Alright, um, at any rate I guess I'll just talk to you, uh, over the next whenever. Have a good few days at work and see you at the next thing. I don't know what we're doing. Yeah, I'm just around. We're gonna go to some concerts we're doing some family things nothing, you know... yeah, right, right. It'll be just count your blessings that your folks moved to Florida. It's just insane. See ya. Bye. Hi is Peggy there? Hi is Peggy Davis in? OK, it's Kenneth Goldsmith and I have a

meeting with her tomorrow scheduled for three. I would like to make it closer to five. I will email her. She's not in, huh? Or else she can just call me back. I'm gonna be here at my office. I'm at 260-4081. Uh, I'll be here until 6. It'd be great if she could call me. Grazie. Bye. Hey you, how you doing? Oh ho ho both of us. Poor things. Pauvre petit. You want to skip French. You want to go home with me have a little dinner and take a little nap? But if you're not feeling good... OK listen, tomorrow around 2:30 2:45 we're meeting Marjorie? She's coming to see your show. So we're gonna have coffee with her and Bruce at Cafe di Nonna and then we're going to walk over to see your show with her. Yeah. OK? 2:30 like 2:45 something like that. OK? So, what do you think? What do you think you're really gonna do you think you're gonna go to French? Well, don't beat yourself up for feeling bad. OK. Um, alright. So you were gonna come by in about a half an hour. Yeah. As you wish. You wanna just come over? You wanna just come over and we'll go home? We'll go home or you'll come over and drop the dog. OK. See ya. Hello. Hello. Hey everybody. Oh, it's raining again, huh? Betty, it's raining, huh? Hi. Hi everybody. So, what's the word bird? Your hair looks pretty. It's so curly. I like it when it's curly. Yes. Sweetheart. I think maybe we both are just a little burnt. I think burnt is the word. We're going. Yeah. We're going. But maybe, you know, we can't go to the country. Look at those nice pants. I haven't seen those on you in a while. No. Office cleanin' forty dollah. How much? Oh. Oh. What's the dog doing? Soon? Look at her. Mmmm, we love animals. Is that right? Speak into the microphone, young lady. No. You don't need mics for this. On the floor, under the table? With a bad pillow. That was so funny. I don't know. Cause we're the same. Let me pee and rejoin you. Oh, what a snowface. You wanna pay a quick respect to John? Why? Can't deal with it? Leave your feet up there. OK. let me back in. How were we before, like this? I'm cozy are you? Bets, sit. Sit down. Down. Like mad. Pillow. Right because, do you have call waiting at your studio? Cool. OK that's why. It dials *70, you've got to change your setup to say star to say, um, just a regular number. But you don't have call waiting there? I'll just knock that out there. But if an incoming call comes you're gonna get bumped off line. What do you mean off? Yeah. If you have it on it's good. Do you have it there. Wait, I've got to get that it's a it's important. Yeah, I will. Hello hello. Shit. Marjorie Marjorie, uh. I'm waiting for this call back from this I have an appointment tomorrow at three that I'm trying to cancel so I can see Marjorie again. You can do it later. Lay down. Go on. Are you going? Betsy. Bets! Other. This is I'm trying to transcribe the first conversation I started with with here. It's it ain't interesting reading. Yeah. I think it's just gonna be a phenomenon, you know? Like who who would ever read this? John Lee. So look at wanna see my, uh... wanna see my new desk my new setup? Look. The folders... yeah, right. The folders so like they kind of jump out. Look at the trash it's... Hey! What happened to my buttons. I had my buttons set a really nice color. What the fuck happened to them. My buttons and my menus set. I had everything set this really kind of... see? Can you see does it look white to you? off white? The other way. Well, that's kind of... naw, I never had. Isn't it nice, though? I got a quick windowshade. I mean, it's not viscous cosmetic. But, you know, the new Microsoft the new Microsoft word, you know, it looks like it really looks like a, uh, it really looks like a... The beige, yeah, and then actually... If I do this I go back to the buttons and I go colors and I go item text like... now everything's blue. You can just set this stuff. I gotta play around with it a little bit. Anyway, this is, uh... just running across it. A whole new. I don't know. I don't know. What do you mean to

throttle to remain one? It's OK now. Well, you can poke around with it. See you later. I love you. Bye. Is Peggy Davis in? She's not. Uh, sure voice mail's fine. Thanks. Hi, it's Kenneth Goldsmith. You got it. Hello? How you doin'? Did you get my message? Oh, OK! No I haven't checked my email. How how ya lookin'? Great! Let's do 5:30. That's great. Wait, let's see, wait, hold on. Actually, actually, um, 5:30 sounds great. Is five better for you? Ah, call it five. Call it five that's fine. No no no no no. This is important. You're important. Let's do it. Let's do it at 5:00. Great. You got it. Yeah, you're gonna bring by some books for me? OK, we'll just look at some books, uh, and get going. OK, see you then. Thanks Peggy I appreciate it and I appreciate your flexibility. See you then. Bye. Sorry I'm tight I'll catch you next time. Alright, alright. Test. Hello. How you doing? Can I have, uh, the shrimp with black bean sauce and broccoli? Rice. And also Hunan Chicken on rice. Hot and spicy, please. Thank you. Hello. Hi! How you doin'? Good good busy. Yeah, we're really busy. How ya doin'? You guys getting ready to go? Gonna have fun? Alright Lo. Look who wants to say hello to you. Thank you for looking after her for a few days. We appreciate it. Hey Bets! Get out of there! We'll look forward to taking care of your mutts. Did Di go and clip those gates yet? Ah, she better. How you doin', alright? Ah, not so much. No. It's fine to me. No Artie Artie's drunk. I'll see you in a little bit. Did you just get back? Hmmm? How was your dinner? You do? How do you feel? I just like slept for three hours. Yeah, it was excellent. I gotta go to the station. You wanna walk out with me? Take her around the block for the night, hmmm? What do you say? Canal St? Eh, little girl? Gut. Wow! The girl from Cyberspace. She's everywhere. You are? Oh. O-A-T-I-O-N. I just gotta... Oh god, it was so good to sleep. What a fucking wasted day this was. Do I need my scarf? OK go on! Go Bets! OK go on! Go get 'em! OK. OK go. She's so cute she waits for me. Oh. I'm not the leader of the pack. You are. Yeah. A little a little chilly. Not freezing, just chilly. Chilly enough. So you didn't make it to John's, I assume. Wait! Wait for me. Oh god. Hey, we should tell him that it's not a good idea to have a cocktail party the night before your opening no one will show up cause they're too drunk. Oh god. Yikes! This way. Whew! What a... oh it's just yeah, yeah. Whatever. I have a tile of a tile of dark. Thank you tho'. Thank you honey, I'm fine. I got three hours of sleep I'm tired. It's wonderful. So, um, so then tomorrow we'll just meet Marjorie, OK? That'll be interesting for you. Isn't that great that she's gonna see your show? Yeah, she called, right. Right. Right. She was the one who called. You get the message from her. You get the messages? Oh, there was a message that she called and she was just just in town today and that she was, you know, going back to Baltimore but she'd like to be in touch with you you have her card. Yeah yeah. Right. Yeah. Yeah. OK. C'mon let's cross the street. I'm going then. Goodbye. I love ya. Bye Bets! It's every day, huh? Too much of that, yeah. Yeah. Like one. What happened one guy? Today. Was this just today or was it just just ongoing? Yeah. Yeah. You wanna you wanna be your own... You got kids? How many? Beautiful, huh? Children? Take care. Hey. Just coming to say hi. Got my ticket. How you doing tonight? Alright. Just wanted to say hello. I have ten minutes. Is everything alright? I know you are. See you soon. OK, thank you. Good night. Test. Hey pal. Who loves you? Besides Nachum. Missed you last week. I I made due, babe. I made due. How you doin'? Good you got a cold. Yeah you sound... yeah I could tell. I could tell by the... you're schnotty sounding, huh? I was here. That happened last week. You missed it. I was in the prod studio. I was in the prod studio heard 4 gunshots looked out the window saw a cop car I was like, yep... well you know, I live in the city, you know? Things

are rough in SoHo. Things are real rough down in SoHo. Fuckin gun gun play every night. You know I live in the big city! I know it's tough! This is nothing! I live in New Yawk! Meredith's shaving. The patch. Hey, good to have you back, pal. Ah. What are you playing? What is this? I like this. This is good. Can you play it? Can you play it? Oh, it's great. Alright. How's things Storkmeister? Good. Good. The new bin. The old bin is a little slow. Yeah. Yeah. Well, if you can remind folks, that would be good. OK, well you're around. I'm not. You have more sway over people than heads here just cause you see them. OK? If you can mention it to people. I'd like to keep it alive. I don't know, I guess we shouldn't force it if it's if it's, uh, ... well, uh... Now Stork, you talked me into that last week and I'm infinitely appreciative. I don't know if it'll it'll go for two weeks in a row, though. No, seriously, what have you got? OK, great. Well, you've got you made a great call last week I'll tell you that, that was really nice. It's interesting. How how is it? When... Oh, I Pseu played it I was like, oh what is that? He's really neat, Lol Coxhill, yeah. Sorry? I like kisses only from you Stork. Sorry? Yeah, I tried this. I tried this last week, I think. Yeah yeah. Thank god, Stork. I'm giving Stork a blow job. What, your dick's so big it's gonna knock my teeth out, pal? I do for you to get you hot Pseu! So what's the problem? Are you gonna be here for it? Are you gonna be here Stork? You don't look so good yourself there, darling! Awww. Thank you. I'm telling ya. I did have a helluva day. I drank I drank all day yesterday. You are the one. You're always the one. Thanks for telling everybody that. That was really nice of you. Joke! Joke! Jooookkkkkkeee! You are funny. You are funny. Me so horny! What you doing? What you doing? Yeah, hey look at me, man. I must be getting older because a day of drinking knocks me out for the entire next day. Uh, I went to lunch. Somebody insisted I have one glass of wine I ended up with two glasses of wine, some cognac, and then I went to two cocktail parties last night and that was it. That was it for me. Hey! It's SoHo pal! It's so ho. Hah! Do I look like hell? You know you look dookey. Shit. You look like shiiiiittttt. So what's up, baby? How was Iggy? Was he? Huh. Really, I in other words, he hasn't lost it, mmmmm? Oh boy. When is the Führer's birthday? It's the 23rd? It's coming up. I was gonna do a Führer Führer-bash. I did one last year. I missed his birthday by a day or two. Yeah, I try to celebrate it every year. Yeah, I know. I got lots of calls. You know, I'm trying to be popular. I'm unpopular but I'm trying to be popular. Hah! God forbid. See you later. And good morning it's time for again another edition of Unpopular Music. I'm Kenny G. and I'll be unpopularizing your mind until 6 a.m. at which time Nachum Segal comes in to radicalize your politics. At the, uh, top of the set as always Beniminio Gigli from a 1931 Gala release--an aria from the Pearl Fishers by Georges Bizet. The Mothers of Invention after that with Let's Make the Water Turn Black. Something from Elephant Steps by Richard Foreman in collaboration with Stanley Silverman conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas. A multi-media pop opera extravaganza. We heard You're on the Radio and that was the great flea market find this Sunday and yes, we'll be hearing more of that. This is something that hasn't seen the light of day since 1974. Kenny G. dredging up the best of the unwanted. Violent Onsen Geisha from a few years back -- of course nothing has titles on this record so I won't even bother telling you what it was we heard, but it was good. Stereolab, something new from them Sparkplug it's from a record called Emperor Tomato Ketchup and they just keep cranking out that same old stuff, don't they? Every record sounds the same and we love it. Now, here is something coming up... here's something coming up that says warning Sonata Erotica may

be offensive to some listeners so immediately, of course, I was drawn to it. It's by Ervin Schulhoff, whoever he is, but it's a classical take on a classical theme. I'm Kenny G. See you soon. It's about as offensive as Harry Met Sally. Wait. When Harry Met Sally? Gee, that was really offensive. I'm glad they warned us. The bidet was the best part, wasn't it? Now, here's another take on that same theme by Vangelis. That's right, with his rock band. The Greek cheesy film composer Vangelis had a rock band called Aphrodite's Child. I've played this before but it also says on the cover of this, scrawled in some ancient long-forgotten WFMU DJ's sloppy handwriting some of these cuts are not suitable for airplay and this cut that we're about to hear called Infinity is one such cut. And it's about as offensive as Ervin Schulhoff's Sonata Erotica. Dig. Female, uh, and I'm glad that you won the tickets. Cool. Uh, can you hear that? You never know with this goddamned classical music, you know? You ready? You ready? Shall I give it away? OK, just keep listening. Let me get this let me just let me just put you down. So wait a minute. This is tomorrow night they're doing 73 Poems. Right. Um, yeah, I'm in I'll be there. I'm gonna show up. Uh, I am just there. No, I'm not going to be doing anything. So, but this is at midnight so OK hold on a sec... yeah. Right. OK. So you, you know, you can go to 73 Poems then you go to this. OK. Uh, OK. So what's your address? I think you've heard this. Yeah, the phone's ringing off the hook for this one. Let me tell you Michael. Alban Berg. Three Orchestral Pieces, Op. 6. His most famous piece. Sure it is. Other than like like Lulu. Well, I have bought I have this Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Actually the reason I'm playing this is this is the piece that that Adorno deconstructed so groovily. I know you love that. OK, so, give me your address. 1 C. Yeah. Wait give me your phone. I've got to... I know, I know I just got to do this yes. 749. Mike Patton. He said uh uh, he is I have him on this David Shea record. Hold on. I'm gonna play later. Yeah, no, I will I actually have here I actually have a record I found this weekend at the flea market of Xenakis's stuff. Of course I will. OK, uh, let me see. Hold on. Oh, we've got another call. Wait, let's see if they can guess it. Then then I'm fucked. Hold on. FMU. It sure is. No it's not. It is Alban Berg. Alban Berg. OK. Thanks. This guy wanted to know if it was Bernard Hermann. Yeah. OK, so. Hold on a second. Uh, no it's not the person I thought. Anyway OK this is a guy from Faith No More. I'll tell you what Michael. Who you going with to the Knitting Factory? So if if maybe we'll just go down there together, huh? Yeah, but if we're hanging out and stuff. Yeah. So, uh, sounds good. Sounds good. Yeah I don't particularly love that improv stuff but, you know, listen maybe maybe maybe yeah I know I know. Maybe we'll hang out and... I know I know I know. I just, you know, what can I say? I'll get there I promise. When you love opera I'll start loving improv. And I like a little bit of improv. I like Mozart too. Uh, so at any rate at any rate. So, what else is new? How's the show sound tonight? You just yeah you're so funny. You always sorta like tune in when I'm like hoping you're gonna be listening. I'm always like I'm always like oh I hope I hope Michael's listening to this one! I just played played Ute Lemper singing Lili Marlen and also a Paul Celan piece called Death is a Master from Germany. I'm figuring I'm doing a little Hitler thing here since when is the Führer's birthday? When is the Führer's birthday? Ah, of course, well it's not, let's see. Do we have a calendar here? Here we got the Semiotexte Anarchist calendar. Uh, didledidledidleduhduh, ah of course they're not gonna put Adlof Hitler. Every time I sort of do this every year I kind of do a, um, a little Hitler thing and and and every year I always get the birthday wrong and every year somebody

calls me up and tells me what the real birthday is. Hey, so let's say this. Let's meet up at let's meet up at at The at The Kitchen. Oh, hold on a second I got another I got another call. FMU. Who who is this? No no you have to answer the question. He's a famous anti-Semitic early twentieth century composer. You're you're amazing. That's... oh you just you just you just called. I have caller ID here. Ah ha ha you guys I got your number. Anyway I gave those tickets away but listen, do want another? You want another ticket? Yeah, I know. But wait a minute I'll have to give you tickets to something else. Seriously. Um, what do you want. You're smart. So your friend called and said... well, I appreciate your effort. I wish I wish it was for Zorn. Wait a minute. Let me get off the other other line. Hold on. Michael, OK, let me entertain this person, uh, they they actually guessed Alban Berg and now I've got to and now I'm in a spot so you and I are going but I'll see you at The Kitchen tomorrow night, OK? Get out of here. We're going. We're going. I'll see you tomorrow night. Alright. Hey, so what do you want to see? Well, no, I mean you're clever and however you do it you do it. OK, so where do you live? In what part of this area? East Village. So you want something in town. OK, here. Tell me if you've heard of any of these bands. Mighty Aphrodite you've heard of them? Alright El Dorado Licorice Mecca Normal at Brownies Tupa Flame God Co Duo OK Mommyheads at Brownies? Do you like them? What do you mean you can't get in? How old are you? You can get in. How about Run On? They're really great. They're amazing. They're, um, yeah Wednesday the 24th at 8 they're totally cool. I swear to you and they're right around the corner from you. Yeah, they're good friends of mine and we love them here at FMU, yeah. OK, yeah, I'll tell you more. I'll tell you more. Worry Dolls. Cows. The Cows Little Kings Skeleton Key. Actually, no, seriously you want Run On go see Run On. I'm telling you. Go tomorrow night at 8. They're really great. I just saw them, yeah. Yeah. You can. Dave Ma how about Dave Mason? You're too young to know who Dave Mason is. At 20? Yeah? I have almost 15 years on you, young lady. I know who Dave Mason is. You don't know who Dave Mason is of course you don't. When I graduated I grad no, I'm not hip either. I graduated high school is 79 Dave Mason was like some really cheesy British leftover from from that period so. OK, so let's do it. Go to Run On tomorrow night. It's cool. OK. What's your name? Sonia... I need a last name. Mmmm, I got it. Daughter of Brian. What's your address? Address? Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. OK. And the zip is 1001.. 100 zero zero zero 9. Three? OK and I need a phone. 212, oh, do I wait? You're out of you're out of area. Go on, just do. 6 7. OK. OK. and so here's what up. Let's see. Each winner gets a pair of tickets. Names will be on a list at the door. Don't announce names over the air. That's our instructions. OK? So, just go there at 8:00. It's Run On. Run On Rustin and Corvis. Say you won tickets from WFMU and give your name and they'll have them at the door for you. Of course. So you're clever. Run On's really cool. Yeah, I'm not kidding around. They're actually I just saw them at Other Music the other night and they were they were totally amazing. So check them out. They're really cool. OK, and I trust you Sonia. Be cool. Be clever. Bye. I'm telling you. This WFMU listenership is unbelievably crafty. That's right folks. The phone rang off the hook with knowledgeable listeners. Yes that was Alban Berg, a famous anti-Semite from the beginning of the century and the Zorn tickets are gone. Thanks to our very knowledgeable and crafty, very crafty listening audience. It's 91.1 WFMU I'm Kenny G. and it's another version of Unpopular Music that's right, Alban Berg, you all know and love Alban Berg, don't you? That was Pierre Boulez conducting the Three Orchestral Pieces Op. 6. He was conducting the London Symphony Orchestra on that one. After that

was Charlie and His Orchestra a little German propaganda swing from 1941 through 1942. We heard Who Will Buy My Bubblitzky? Finishing off with anti anti-Semites Hans Eisler and Bertolt Brecht a couple pieces sung by Marianne Posseur with Katia Vingt on piano. Off that release we hear Auf de Kwynen, Radio Apperat, and Panther Schlocht. So we do have some more tickets to give away and it is, I guess it's ticket give away time here, uh, the reason being that there's a bunch of really cool shows in the area this week. Uh, I do not have tickets for the Xenakis show on Sunday at the 92nd Street Y at 2:00. Iannis Xenakis making his first appearance in this country in a good ten years, um. It will be a retrospective of his work played by the Ensemble Xenakis and we'll be getting to that very shortly. But first I want also promote the Barton Workshop who are going to be at Merkin Hall on Thursday night doing pieces of Jerry Hunt, Alvin Lucier and John Cage as well as James Fulkerson who we are going to hear from now. Now, James Fulkerson is an avant trombonist whose put out a real interesting disc on Etcetera. It's kind of textbook Minimalism but I think it's a little bit richer and he's playing at Roulette on Saturday night at 9 pm. If anybody wants to go give me a call at area code 201 678 7743 and if you can't see that I highly, highly recommend seeing the Barton Workshop at Merkin Hall at Thursday night at 8. So, listen up to some James Fulkerson. If you like it the number is 201 678 7743. It's Unpopular Music I'm Kenny G. I'm here rocking your world until 6. Iannis Xenakis a show of his on Sunday at the 92nd Street Y at 2:00. There will be an interview Mark Swed, uh, interviewing Iannis Xenakis and following that there will be a retrospective of Xenakis's work ranging from I believe 64 to 94 and that piece that we just heard Ionta was recorded in Sorry! was written in 1964. I don't know if it's on the bill but the whole show should be terrific and sort of -- you'd be foolish to miss this show. That's Xenakis's first appearance in this country in over ten years. It's at the 92nd Street Y on Sunday. Before that Yoko Ono from the new Rising Remixes that was Thurston Moore's remix and I picked this CD up just this week. It was on sale and I was shocked that it came with a really great CD ROM like as part of it. So suddenly the outrageous price of CD was like, oh, I get a CD ROM with this too and it's very cool. It's got interviews with Yoko and interviews with Sean and he's got this like really squeaky little high voice and he's kind of pudgy. And they've got a video, some kind of commercial video. But then the really cool thing is on the CD ROM they've also got like all these early Fluxus works of Yoko's, all of her text based pieces, you know, like Fly. It's just the word fly on a piece of paper. And they've got all those and I mean it goes on and on and on. I haven't had time to explore it all. But that comes with the Rising Mixes and I'm every CD should have a CD ROM included, don't you think? Wouldn't that be great, I mean, wouldn't that be great for something like Harry Partch or John Cage, you know, you get clips of these guys and get pictures of Harry Partch's instruments and Harry Partch explaining them. It call all fit and it was 8.99. It was so cool. So, anyway even if you don't have a CD ROM player, the Yoko Remixes are terrific. And it's got a brand new piece by her called Franklin Summer that is 30 minutes long of Yoko, who performed at the Knitting Factory about a month and a half ago and it was such a good show. I totally loved it but I think Xenakis is going to be equally interesting. Speaking of new records, oh, by the way, it's 91.1. WFMU in East Orange. It's Unpopular Music I'm Kenny G. I'll be with you another 2 hours till Nachum comes in and spoils your day. Let's hear something new from David Shea whose got a real interesting new disc out on Sub Rosa and this is something called Locus Solus. And good morning it's 5 a.m. at 91.1 WFMU in East Orange. I'm

Kenny G. and it's Unpopular Music for another hour. We finished that set up with Lol Coxhill. A great record. This is Ear of the Beholder from 1971. And of course, Lol Coxhill with two little pigeons and a great version of Don Alfonso. That was proceeded by Tiny Tim, uh, a Lol Coxhill in his own right with the Star blahblahblah with the Star Spangled Banner his version of course. Proceeded by Charles Ives with a set of 4 Ragtime Dances from the Orchestral Music of Charles Ives something new from the Koch International Classics this was the Orchestra of New England conducted by James Sinclair and this is a world premiere recording reconstructed by piano, uh, compositions and bits and pieces of things that were left around from Ives around the, uh, 1920s. A beautiful reconstruction by James Sinclair. Really nice stuff. Before that Alois Haba the great Czech quarter tone composer. Something from around 1930 we heard the Suite for Quarter Tone Clarinet and Quarter Tone Piano No. 1. That is off of a 3 CD set on Supraphon called Centenary. The name of the composer again is Alois Haba. Crawling With Tarts. We heard an excerpt from their Grand Surface Noise Opera No. 3 Indian Ocean Ship and we began that set with another version of my theme song, the only other one I've ever found. This is by John McCormack, the great Irish tenor from 1912 I Pescatore de Perles. So, like I said, I'm with you... oh! How about at PSA? Let's get this over with and we open up the book randomly a thousand voices against the New Jersey death penalty there's a march and rally Saturday April 20th at 11 a.m. at the New Jersey State Prison in Pren...Trenton. Stop the executions before they start for more information call 908 874 5891 or 210 642 2086. Oh, I don't know who this is we don't quite have the, uh, all the liner notes here but I bet it sounds a whole lot to me like Bing Crosby. Sure what are you looking for? Oh, right, it was Sun Ra. It was something called Black Mith from a real cheapy CD. M-I-T-H, yeah. Black Mith. Yeah, hold on let me find it I have it here somewhere. Just go to Tower. Yeah, I got it at the Tower Outlet. Um, it's a thing called Historical Masters I think they've got a bunch of them in. It's on Jazz View, um, it's called Historical Masters Sun Ra Foundation Maeght Nights, something like that and it's a real like lousy quality CD but is really great stuff. It's really quite wonderful. Maeght M-A-E-G-H-T Nights, yeah. So check it out there. OK I gotta get on the air. OK, thanks for calling. Bye. And ending up this set about little girls and little boys. The Beach Boys, right? The Little Girl I Once Knew and, uh, we stuck in And Your Dreams Come True in front of that. At the top was Bing Crosby, uh, working on a little girl with the worry with the Worry Song. Now, I think it's Bing Crosby it's one of those things from That's Entertainment 6 CD and I, you know, we don't even have the liner notes maybe we do but is... who cares? Um, Die Knoedel after that with the Knoedel Polka from their Korkstair Tyrola disc on RecRec Records rereleased in this country on the Koch label. Something really strange shows up in this station here it's Minga and Eye and this is, um, amazing recordings by the world's youngest artist Minga, a ten month old baby girl. Oh man, we get the weirdest stuff here in this station it's just it is unbelievable what passes through these doors, staff members included. Donovan after that with his great Superlungs My Supergirl from Barbara from Babarajagngl, however you pronounce that. And then the Fugs with Supergirl, their version of Supergirl from the Fugs fist album and then again, a couple of things from the Beach Boys. So, I've got this really wonderful CD at Tower they're selling all these CD's for really cheap. It's called the Composers In Person Series and this is at the Tower Outlet and it's great. You know it's all EMI stuff but it's all composers conducting their own works playing and conducting their own work and there's like

really amazing things there. I picked up this Darius Milhaud CD. And it's got a great piece called Suite Provençal on it and it is a real punchy sort of dry sounding recording from 1936. OK.? So, we're gonna hear just a little, well I don't know... we'll hear a little bit of it it's just such beautiful stuff. It's Kenny G. It's Unpopular Music until 6 o'clock. See you soon. Here's Darius Milhaud conducting his own stuff. And now it is time to turn to something, wait, something called Sound Letter. I'm here for another fifteen minutes. Hi baby. How ya doin'? Nice to see you. How was your vacation? You were in Hawaii, huh? Take the kids? The wife? The bird? Ah! You're not a family man, Nachum! You're not a family man! Why didn't you take the bird? It would've had so many friends there in Hawaii. You got a nice tan. You look like a schvartzza. Hey. The audience gets what it pays for, you know? They they they pay for me, man! I raised millions of dollars on the fundraiser for that kind of stuff. Who loves you Nachum Segal? And that does it for me. Ah, at the top of that set was Claude Schyer an excerpt from his Sound Letter. Kiri U U gave us Rontuska 4 and Rontuska 5. Gene Vincent, uh, Be Bop A Lula James Tenney Collage No. 1 and that goes out to Mr. Nachum Segal who actually requested that I play that song. Erik Korngold after that with Ice House and now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time for Nachum. See you next week. It's OK, I was just getting ready to take her out. Hey! Seven. Ha ha ha ha. Hi cutie! Come here. OK. OK. Happy to have him visit. C'mon and get him. Wanna come in and get him? It's OK. Come get him. He's checking out my dog's cage. He's adorable. We're gonna have to run again. Are you around next week? OK, because I'm gonna be watching Lois and Diane's dogs all next week. Yeah, and I'll take them I'll take them in the back so OK. Yeah, does he get along with those two dogs? He's so cute. It didn't happen. Yeah, they misdiagnosed it. Yeah. Yeah. The dog was supposed to be dead a year ago. See you around, OK? OK, come on. You wanna go for a walk? OK. Hey! Stay. Alright. I'm gonna get you. Get it. C'mere. Hi baby, come on baby. C'mon! Babette! C'mon Bets. Hey, so see ya. What? Will you take her around the block before you go? Are you gonna come back here? 3:30. Goodnight, sweetie!

Act 3

Hi! Uh, well, I had my radio show last night. Yes, I'm just waking up. No you did not wake me. I'm dressed I'm drinking coffee. But I haven't spoken yet today. These are the first words I'm uttering. Hey, so definitely, we're having dinner Monday night. Um, now the question is where and when. And and we're taking your friend out also. OK? So it's our treat please. You're going to participate by being our our distinguished guests thank you. No more no more said about this please, OK? It's it, pal. No more said. I'll tell you what. Let me come up with a place to eat. I'll speak to my Mom cuz I met your mother and your mother took made me dinner so we will in the very American way right take you out for dinner not make you dinner. I'll tell you what, um, let me speak with her and let me get a time and a place and I will call you back. I know you are. OK. Yeah yeah yeah. Oh yeah. This will be great. Definitely. Definitely. Alright so let me let me do this and let me call you back. Alright? I mean definitely plan like the opera's at 8 we're probably gonna meet some time close around 6 for dinner. Um, let me see let me see what my family can do. Yes, I will call you before Saturday. Oh, I'm just waking up. You know I do this all night radio show you know so.. all night long, yeah. 91.1 Nine one point one. FM. Wednesday night. Uh, I don't know, what was last night. I can't remember, Tuesday night Wednesday evening 2 to 6. Middle of the night. No I was there last night. This Tuesday. If you can't sleep one night you'll turn me on. OK. I'll talk I'll call you back. Later. Bye. There we go. I'm just getting ready to take our poor dog out. Yeah but I mean, I want to take her for a walk, you know, I take her up to Washington Square, you know, she's been pretty cooped up for the last few days. So, hi. How are you? Good. You got a call from MacForce they want to have an interview with you and he says they want you to come tomorrow but first you call him on the telephone but now he says he wants you to come down tomorrow. Um, hi. OK. Yeah, uh, anyway, we'll see. We'll see. So, alright, hi, we'll see. Suzanne called. You should call her. For no other reason than to get the hundred bucks. Um, I'm just walking out so. Yeah, I'll be back. We got to meet these guys in about an hour OK? OK. So let me do that and let me take out the mutt. She's she I think she needs sort of a... Yeah. Right. Where is this from? Yay! That's nice. That's nice. Great. Great for Bob too. I love to see you guys you and Alix and Bob doing so well. That's wonderful. Listen Cheryl, um, um, what was I gonna say? Where's my book? Yeah. Oh, good. OK. OK. Alright. I'll be I'll be right back. OK? So, we'll we'll be back in time to go together. OK? Oh Cheryl, I'm missing the key to Diane and Lois's apartment. You have any idea where it might be? You had it last. It's got a tomato on it. Great. Alright. I just wanted to know. OK. Alright see ya see ya really soon. She's very friendly. Oh. Oh, she's so brave. She's brave, isn't she? Yes. Bets. She's brave. It's good. A lot kids are afraid. Bye. Is that a Brussels Griffen? Border terrier. So cute. You keep an eye on that one. Ha ha ha. The bad girl's in the park today. Go on Bets, go get 'em! Go get them Bets! Who is that? Go get that dog! Go on, go get 'em Bet! Go on, go get 'em. Sa! Get 'em! Get those dogs! Go on! Oh honey! You're good. Ha. Go get em! Go get em! Go get em! Well, I almost didn't have to pick it up. C'mon honey. C'mon. Hi. Oh, you look pretty. I like that shirt on you. Huh maybe we should look a little maybe we should dress up a touch for Marjorie? Yeah, it's cold out. OK. So, we'll go in about 25 minutes. 20 minutes? How does that sound? How you doin'? He's weird but they're nice. They're like the most sort of real people... yeah, no. They're nice. I mean they never found me work because they never had AutoCad stuff but he's good. Talking about what? Reincarnation! Really? They're still in business so they must be alright. Well, I mean they're

interesting, you know. They're weird. They are weird. But OK. Yeah, why? Yeah, let it go. No, cause I told her I mean I told her that I was getting tired of family shit, you know. Yeah, well, good. She should. We can go, um... It's I think I have the date the date free. Really, it's up to you. Let's do the morning that way that way yeah. Well we don't have to meet there. We live together. We can actually get up together and walk over there. Yeah, it's no big deal, really. Testing. How do you know that? Ah. Oh, you didn't tell me that. Ah, oh god. Good thing they were here. No. I I I can't make a scan yeah. Hold on a sec. Let me just do this. OK sweetie, wanna head over pretty soon? Just about ready. How about you? Oh, uh, I think those guys have already eaten. Yeah, I don't think it's gonna be a big deal. How am I? Am I properly disguised. Do I simply look like I have a Walkman on? Hello. Yeah. Good. How ya doin'? Good. What's up? I've got the date, uh, set aside for you. Let's see, I'm free until 3 at which time I have an appointment. Oh no. Yeah. I told Jon this. I had the whole day free until 3. Yeah. Do you want to how about, uh, Friday afternoon I'm free. Oh, whatever you need. Right which doesn't seem possible for you but you want me to set aside the whole afternoon for you? Oh my god. Oh my god. Um, I'll tell you what I'll do. How long you gonna be in town for do you want to do this Monday? Sure, I mean I work for Jon two days a week, uh, whenever I'm needed. Uh, part of the job. Well, Wednesdays I'm always knocked out because I've got my radio show and I sleep all day. But otherwise, yeah, I'm just around. Um, I can also... OK, I'll tell you what. The best thing to do is to email me as to your plans. That's the best way to get in touch with me cause I'm always checking it cause I do so much business through the email. Um, so, I will hold tomorrow until 3 for you and then I'll also hold Friday afternoon. OK but yeah I know Jon told me to hold some time for you so I'm doin' it. And, uh, just email me and I'll email you back. That's the that's that's the way. OK Ann, look forward to seeing ya. Bye. Oh there was just a message from her. OK let's get goin'. I wonder. I wonder. Is this all disguised well enough? Do I look like I'm just wearing a Walkman? OK good. No, it's a Walkman. Hey, it's just a week, you know? It's a pain but it's just a week. C'mon, let's go! Alright Bets, please. It's such a good, oh I have a funny story to tell you. So I'm sitting there reading right? And, uh, in the park and this lady one of those bitchy ladies in the dog run comes up to me and says excuse me sir, is that your boxer? I'm like yeah and she's like it did it over there and I look and there's this big white dog eating Bets's shit and I started laughing and I walk over and she's kind of following me and there's the owner of the white dog and they start to pull the dog away from the shit. I said gee why didn't you let the dog finish that way I wouldn't have to pick it up. Ohhh, that didn't sit very well with them. Ohhh, that didn't sit very well with them at all. I got the dirtiest looks. There's more fights breaking out in that place. It's just unbelievable, really. Hey, this looks really good. Imaginary Landscape for Twelve Radios. That's his that's a very famous piece and then a piece of Ashley's from 63 which could be really great. Actually I'm gonna go to this. Oh stop it, you just were like running free! Open up Bets. Just bounding free through the fields of Washington Square and now she's just acting like a total coward. OK. I'm tired, hmmm, I slept for a few hours. It's weird. I told Michael Pollak that I'd go see John Zorn with him at midnight tonight. He calls like I said if anybody can name this composer I was kind of doing my Hitler tribute last night it was all like, you know, Nazi stuff, you know. April, middle of April I always do a Hitler thing. Yeah. And, uh, I said if anybody can tell me who this next anti-Semitic composer is you will win tickets for the

John Zorn show tomorrow night at the Knitting Factory. So the phone rings and it's Michael Pollak who wants to go to the Zorn show and I said OK what do you win? Do you know who the composer is? He said I've heard this before but he couldn't figure it out but I said you win anyway and then and then he said then he like, you know, oh do you want to go and I'm like, oh yeah, you know, sure, you know, cause Michael has no one to go with and it's free tickets and I'm like OK, I'll go with you. So then this guy calls up and he says this other guy calls up and I said Michael hold on the other phone's ringing. This guy calls up and he says I know who that composer is, it's Bernard Hermann. I said well, Bernard Hermann was Jewish. But it's a good guess anyway. He said well who was it? And I said it was Alban Berg. He's says oh, OK, thanks. The phone rings again about a minute later and I'm on the phone with Michael and this girl comes on this phone. She says I know who that composer was. And I said is and I said who? Um, Bird or something? I was like, yeah! And then I realized that her friend had just called. I I I just did and I was like I was like OK. I said you're clever though, you're clever. I'll give you tickets to something else. I said that was pretty good. I said you're pretty good, you're pretty good. Oh, the yen is so strong. So, anyway... What? Oh, cause I had heard him talking to some girl in the background when he was I I I just knew it but she admitted it. But I gave her tickets to go see Sue Garner and Rick Rick Brown's band tonight at Max at, uh, Brownies. I think she would have rather have seen John Zorn but she was happy to win some tickets and it's, you know, three in the morning and I, you know, I could give a shit. Yeah yeah. I mean once when if you're giving away tickets to something with a name you realize a lot of people are listening. Yeah, I got a few phone calls last night, you know, I did a I did a good show. It was pretty nice. I did it I know I did it last year. I did it last year and I said this is in honor of the Führer's birthday and they said to me and I got like ten calls saying the Führer's birthday had already passed. Yeah, everybody knows. Maybe we'll stop in with Marjorie. Maybe we can hit a hit a bunch of galleries with her. That place is so ugly. Yeah. What did it used to be? I just did a real mix. I played everything from the Beach Boys to Xenakis. Yeah yeah, well you should soon if we're gonna go away for the summer I don't have that many shows left. No once we find out that she's gonna send us on that day. Oh, well, you gotta find out if they're gonna take us that day, it's a simple as that. Yeah. Yeah take us for July. Great. Well, firm it up as soon as you can so we know what we're doing. OK, get ready for Marjorie and Bruce. She's a she's a trip. She's a real trip. Good. We're gonna join... we're joining these these guys in... well see, maybe we'll eat I think so. Cheryl Donegan Marjorie Perloff. Do you guys wanna... no problem. I want to see your talk. What time is it? I would love to. Am I invited? What do you mean bombed? We had the... did we have a good lunch? He was really nice. But he didn't he didn't have the edge, did he? Cheryl he was a little soft. She is not soft this one. No well he was nice he was nice but we had a better time before he came I think. I know that's what I kept saying I go OK we've got to... I'm Kenneth. This is Cheryl. No, I met her. She's shown Cheryl's work. I wanna see you tonight. I mean, you're not gonna bomb, are you? You don't have to stay up...? Of course we know Watt. Mr. Knott and Mr. Watt. We know... Wait a minute. Larry Kramer. Not the AIDS guy. But he he outs people too. No no. Who has the 10 year old kid, Ashbery? I was gonna say... Marjorie. Now do you have a moment for Cheryl to wolf down a sandwich? No no, I mean we're here we're here to show you the show. Two blocks. Cheryl do you just want to have a soup or something light so we can... She's a very important busy woman. I've

got a brother in law whose a stockbroker. How was your conversation with Bruce? He's, oh oh. You got anything new for me? No, I know it all I know it all. We met in art school in 83. We've been together since 83. I would expect nothing less of you, Mr. Andrews. Oh yeah yeah, you're a benevolent guy. I'm glad I'm on your good side Bruce. I would not that's right we said this the other day. Oh, let's not get into politics here. We love, we love her name? The only the only name I like better is is better is the gallerist, the former gallerist of Susan B. named Virginia Lust. But is but is that a great name? We know nothing more about them other than Virginia Lust and Mary Jo Bang. It's good. We have an audience. You know the artworld... I I was just going to say the same thing sitting here, the power couple. Well, no, you and Bruce. You and Marjorie. And right you should be. That's why we like him, right. OK, Bruce do we have time for Cheryl to have something quick to eat or... OK, why why don't why... we'll eat, we'll eat after, yeah. Have some bread. No no no. No. No don't... you're being too nice. I've had lunch. I just woke up. I I did my all night radio show no I did my all night radio show last night. Now listen. Ahhh, it was great. Ulla Ulla Dydo called Ulla Dydo listened she says I don't know what all dat noise vas. Oh good for you. Good for you. What time what time is this up? Really I wanna come. I love what you do. Why must I what do you mean, Marjorie Marjorie, your your essay in the Beckett book no no no your essay wait a minute Marjorie your essay in the Beckett book the collected the black one changed my life. I loved it. No no, I'm serious. I love that piece. Great. Great. What time are you what time are you speaking? What time are you speaking. OK, can I have the address. I will be there. I have an appointment at five downtown I'll be up up for that. She might not be the best person to ask. Bruce, where's Philosophy Hall? OK. OK, I'll find out. Oh, can I have a co can I have a coffee? What do have that's that's do you have a bowl of soup for her? OK. Yeah, no, let's it's important that she sees your show. Marjorie what did you think of that guy David's journal? When I hear the... he was he's bright but he's soft. At MOMA. Marjorie introduced me to this starch. It was a power lunch. What does that mean? You thought I was a WASP? I am. Would I would I... were you disappointed. Were you disappointed. Be honest. Do you wish I was more wispy? You thought this was going to be a very mellow soupy sleepy lunch instead we start slinging gossip. You were gonna Cheryl about a video book. Vocabulary? Of David? He had very odd eyes. The energy level once this guy came once this guy came Marjorie and I were blazing and he loves nature and well... and, yeah, then the energy level just it was still fun but we had to include him in the conversation he didn't know all anybody to dish about. Ay. Bernard Malamud. Philip Roth. There's no nature there in Las Vegas, perfect. Yes. There you go. We like Dave Hickey. Memorial Day Weekend. You like Dave Hickey? This is good. Let's go out let's go out let's go out to meet him and go out for a reading Bruce. When is he going there? When is he when is he going out there? Are you still carrying this around with you? I'm telling you. It's dog eared. She brings it to lunch the other day she hasn't she hasn't cracked it... that's right. It was two days ago. I know you're not I know you're not much of a reader. Marjorie's a strange one, she's really bizarre. How was the Chinese show? Yeah. Oh, CD ROM... you know Charles told me that Marjorie Marjorie has no world wide web access that she barely knows email and then she tells me she's got a Powerbook with her. I'm gonna build you I'm building I'm building the Marjorie Perloff shrine. Well, because if he wanted me to put his journal online, believe me, it was going it was going to cost him. But you... Who David? I was? I was gonna do a Terra Nova exactly. We're gonna

build the Marjorie the Marjorie the big Marjorie site. The palace. Charles oh Charles really thinks that Marjorie knows nothing about computers he's got the whole big he's got this yeah. I told you how to do it. Marjorie, did you go to Altavista? Remember I told you about Altavista? Yeah yeah. Ahhh. Stockbroker. Hey Bruce, you gonna buy us this coffee or what, buddy? I will. Oh look at this you've got a picture. Bruce is buying us Bruce is buying us coffee. Marjorie bought us lunch the other day that was. I thought the food was good at that place. It was a nice environment sure it was a nice environment. I tell you I got pretty drunk. I got. We were gossiping like mad. How long is your paper tonight? This is good. This is good. Can I tape it? Yes I will, of course, I tape everything. Great great. So this will be good. We haven't heard from Ulla. Cheryl's got an opening tonight. I know it I'm seeing you. It's business. Maybe you'll sell something. Yes, we'll give you the URL so you can go go look at Cheryl's project on the web but you've got to download the new Netscape. No no the new one that has reads Java. Do you know about Java? OK, you have to put the new Netscape on. The Power PC. So, I will come see you. How was the food here? It was good. It's a nice place, isn't it? And then we're gonna go see Zorn at midnight. Uh, he's just, uh, doing, uh, another absinthe did you hear about this? You should have seen these two they they looked like a Picasso painting the two of them Lapin Lapin Agile. Both of them. How's your French. Let's go. From here on in you've got to... I love it. Don't orchestrate. Me, don't orchestrate? That's like saying... you yeah you should have seen these two on absinthe the other night. Yeah I couldn't... I think of Marjorie I think of... You did? I did the drawings for it. You don't know it. I did the drawings for it. I knew Bruce through you. Yeah, it was. That's how I met Bruce through you. Through Geoff Young. Geoff Young from The Figures. Yeah yeah yeah. We're all going. Let's go. Yeah. This is what I I had to consume major amounts of alcohol to keep up with this. Cheryl Who does she remind you of a little bit? Yeah, yeah. Yeah, it's very artworld. Yeah really, isn't it? Who does it remind... we just go go full speed gossip and... yeah. That's how I know that's how I know that's how I know how to how to, uh, handle this. Yeah, even Ulla, even Ulla is very different than Marjorie. This is like, you know who it's like she's like, uh, uh uh um, we were with a couple who collected art that moved to Florida Rubell! Like Mira Rubell. She's just like Mira, yeah, she's like these collectors. Cohen. Yeah, I mean, I know this. I mean it's very Jewish. I can play it I can I can play it. It's Too Jewish, yeah. I did. I gave her a card. Maybe I'll tell her again. It's pretty maxed out maxed out. Well, I married a Catholic. Both of you both of you both both both of you both of you are are so amazingly Jewish. Both of you are so New York. Are they honorary Jews? I know. I know he was so good. Let's go David. I mean, you're right. That was the problem with... Marjorie. What were you saying? Really. I got her daughter's book. I got Nancy's book. Would you please give me her email address? Where is she now she's at the Getty. I want to I want to can I? Will you send it to me? Do you think we'd get along? Her book is very good. OK, why why don't we... listen, it's better than Vienna. Did he tell you about his Lulu treatment? OK, we're gonna stop at two galleries before we go to Cheryl's that are on the way. OK? You guys wanna pop in and see a couple of shows? She's around the corner there are two shows on the way to come see. Cheryl don't you think that this gallery is good? We're going there. We're going there. We're going there. Yeah, Margo called to make a studio visit with Cheryl she went back to Baltimore. Yeah that was... David. Yeah we were, like, dreading the arrival of David. Yeah. I don't think that his music is very good. I have a sense that

he's a proposal. I have a sense that it's lousy. Let's stop in here first. Yeah, I wanna I wanna see... Oh look at this one. Wow. It's an artist, a young artist from Japan called Mariko Mori whose get get getting lots of attention now her her. What do you what do you make of this? I'm more intrigued by this. This is, uh, this her. She puts herself she poses in the pictures. Yeah yeah yeah. This is intriguing. Like, what is going on with this Cristo curtain? Is that a Cristo curtain? Oh, it's all indoors. I got it. It's indoors. Huh. It's big photo shoot and this is like a backdrop and then these guys... it's it's here's the backdrop. This is in a studio because you can see the place that it's... I don't know I can't make it out really. It very good. Interesting. You're right. So, it's just a yeah lots of... It's weird. It's like the Surrealism of Japan. I think Japan must be a fairly surreal place. No. Have you? And? Alright. Cheryl's show's better. Hi. Kenny. Oh. We've met we've met we've met. Right. Isn't that cool? He's a he's great. Yeah yeah. It's very nice. Nice to give words about words. What have you been doing? We're gonna stop at we're gonna stop at OK one more. One more before Cheryl's. Come. Difficult. Is she difficult? Not somebody like that. You want somebody who talks. This is these all. These are all language paintings. There's some word in there. There are words in here and I think it's... yeah yeah yeah. What do we have here. What do you think? What is the word in here, babble? I'm with you. Gorky. Yeah. Arshile Gorky. Yeah, I know. I like the Japanese better. Let's go see Cheryl. She's the best. I like coming around with you guys. Who are you talking to? What's what what what what makes her so good? Is she a great writer? Cher. How how is this insane? You don't? I didn't like Suzanne's show. Yeah. What? She's what? So, big deal. Hey look at that. Here comes the dealer. Hey Stefano. How ya doin'? Exhausted. I got 4 hours of sleep. I had my radio show last night. Yeah, come over here. We want to hear. Yeah, come. Do I need to? Do I need to, seriously, to you? You know, I will if you want but, you know, like... Now would you like an explanation? No, seriously, these are the three paintings that Cheryl's made these are the results. This is the process. This is the camera. If you look closely you'll see it's tied around her neck so every time she makes a move the camera pushes. Uh, she's right she's she's got a, uh, she's looking at a camera at a self-portrait of herself on the T.V. she's painting herself looking at the T.V. but the camera is looking at her. She's painting this one above her. And these are all self-portraits of Cheryl. Yeah yeah. They're all her. That's all like her like like, you know, in sort of a hall of mirrors of her. She's wearing the camera. Aren't aren't these these shots just incredible? I mean, they're really... yeah yeah. That's why the paintings are so weird. She's painting on top of herself and she just keeps crawling around and smearing it as she's painting exactly exactly you got it this is what it is evoking. Hmmm. Yeah yeah. There's a mixture of kind of like disease and eroticism. She's pulling the camera around. There she is there's the portrait that she's painting. And the actual the actual painting that came out of it. How's it look Andrea? Right. So I don't know in terms of shots. It's an hour. Each tape is an hour and it's just a duration of her of her creating the work over the course of an hour. Yeah. This is the cot piece yeah. So what's the news? Good. Congratulations. So, I was just explaining to Marjorie maybe you can elaborate she's she's she's... The marks on your body the marks on the canvas. That really turns self portraiture on its ear traditionally, doesn't it? Can we show Marjorie, uh, KMRIA? Do you have just another second to look at something else? That's... She's a very important literary academic critic. Maybe we can show her show her something in

the back? She's really pretty... well, no, but it's it's... been hitting the books Stefano. Let's go in the back and and look. So, have you have you come up with a place to eat? Stefano, I know you've been I know you've been obsessed about it. The video, yeah. You may want to cue it up and roll it for her. How you doin'? Busy? Who's is this? Well I knew. Well, not really. I could tell by her red red... Here Marjorie, have a seat. From Joyce, from Ulysses. That's a good question, actually. This would have been good this would have been good at Rolyhollyover. Green. Oh that's right. Our problem with nature. Uh, her friend another video artist whose work is interesting to know is Alix Pearlstein. Interesting, huh? Yeah, well right. It's more complicated, right. Uh, just more of her shorter early work, you know, the kind of... uh, probably Head, uh, some of the ones you saw at MOMA. Well, it's also the time that all the ads were out. I guess it was for Heineken, it was for Becks and painters downtown pouring a beer and surveying their work. It was the same time. I don't know, I like it. When this video when this video hit everybody I was like I'm the luckiest guy in SoHo. I was like I was like king, you know. So how you doing for time? Give em some language. Listen listen seriously, how you doing for time? Oh, look who's talking. Who's socially challenged? Yeah. Right, socially challenged, yeah. Yeah, that's for sure. I vouch for that. We're going to Greece. Next month. The video about me reading my work. It's very good, isn't it? Did you go see my Too Jewish exhibit? You're staying right next to it. Remember I gave you the card? The Jewish Museum. When are you going back anyway? Uh huh. And that's it? You're flying back from Buffalo? Great. Too Jewish. The card that I gave you. Oh, no, it has my image on it, yeah. Where are you staying. I won't be insulted. I haven't been to the show. No and and I probably don't like it for the same reasons you do. You know, it's the high highlight of the show. You got a Z on the line. Tituba. Where was Tituba from? Yeah, she was in like like The Crucible. Right. Right right. Yeah, I did. Yeah. Yeah. That was good. You've aged beautifully. You know the only time I saw you was on the Cage video. No, you look much better now and and no you look much better now. I think it was a weird angle. They were like shooting from below they were like sort of yeah... yeah, I mean, I'd be too if like, but but... when you walked into that guy Mitch. Corber. I know and you I said like oh she looks great. I was I was I hadn't seen you. Cage. Made this big Cage, yeah. Ah. You know it's not a David and Eleanor Antin it's not a David and Eleanor scene is it? Or a Charles and Susan? Is it better is it better than that? Is it better than that? Yeah. Yeah. It makes me feel better. We were gossiping the other day. Hey Michelle, how ya' doing? Good. What? Twice in one week. Wonderful. You have to go over to Lex, yeah. The 6 train. Yeah. I have an appointment. What are you doing? But Marjorie, the new work is better better than the old stuff, don't you think. It's more complicated... Yeah. I'm I'm glad. Yeah. I'll see you tonight. I'm coming to I will not miss that tonight. Let me let me walk out with. I'll talk to you later. I'll be in my office, yeah. You're not mean, you're honest. We we can talk about this. That's putting it nicely. Horrible. Yeah yeah. Right. Yeah Johanna's great. We we'll walk over to West Broadway. We'll catch a cab there. It's fine it's fine no it's fine. So he's like sacrificed his own work for this? Yeah. Is that right? Huh. All for all for the collaboration with her. Oh Cheryl, yeah. Listen Marjorie, I'll see you tonight. Taxi! Taxi! See you tonight. OK? Talk to you later. Marjorie, see you at 7 OK? Hey thanks for the coffee guys. Testing. Hey hey c'mon c'mon now. She still here? OK. Yeah. Oh god, whew! Oh boy, that's exhausting, yeah. That's why that's why I had to get drunk. I mean she's so intense. Oh, she loved

your work. Oh yeah. No no I meant no she's so excited to see you no she she just said as we were walking out she said she's brilliant and she loved the new piece. This is going to, uh, this really gonna have legs she said she really loved it, you know, she loved the earlier works but she really thought these... Yeah yeah. She's so excited she was just in her cage at home. Yeah she destroys the house if we don't lock her up when we go out, yeah. Destroy things. Usually Cheryl's shoes. Listen, I've got to get going, uh... Um, so what are you doing? You're... she's such a charmer. She's such a charmer isn't she. I'll roll at your feet, Margaret. I love you. I'll doing anything for you. She's such a charmer. Look at this. Yeah. That's a good story. Yeah. They're all different. They all have their own personality. Yeah. So listen, so anyway Cher what what are you up to you're just gonna talk to Stefano and... what's going on. OK, what time is your thing? Did you sell a couple of videos? Great. Good. Good. You'll make it back. Yeah, it's great. Gut. She is intense, isn't she? They're both intense. My friends, they're both fucking like... Was I going crazy with her? Was that like... Alright I'm gonna take her. I've got an appointment at 5 in my office. Oh, that's Hard Press nonsense. See you later. Ah, I'll see you later I'll letcha know what's going on. Ah, I'm supposed to go see John Zorn. I'm not sure if I'm gonna make it. You wanna come see John Zorn at midnight. I don't know if I'm gonna make it. Let me let's talk later OK? OK. I gotta get going I to get... OK. Bye. C'mon Babette. C'mon. Bets, come. C'mon. C'mon. How you doin'? Do you sell microcassettes? How long do you have the... Only 60 no 90s? OK, I'll take uh, uh, just the cheaper one, whatever you have. I'll take the TDK. Uh, sure. I don't need a bag. Thanks. Uh, what kind of muffins are these? And that one? OK that's what these are too? Uh I'll I'll have a, uh, mi, uh, I'll have a choc, uh, a mixed berry. Thanks. It's a boxer. Babette. You got it. Alright. Could I get a regular coffee please? Yeah. Thanks. How you doin'? Alright. C'mon. Alright. How ya doin'? Just like your hot cells. She really this elevator. You guys get any packages for me? Did Jimmy drop did Jimmy come by yet? Oh he hasn't been by yet. I got Word 6.0.1 you want it? Um, I bought it I shared I split the cost with somebody I'll get the original discs back and give it to you. I got here you want the program now, you want the Word? Oh, you're working with someone. Oh, I had to buy the whole thing because my mine corrupted so... 6.0.1 on a Power Mac it flies. I heard yeah yeah no this is good. See you later. Hello. Hey Jim. What a howl what a howl she's got, huh? How you doin' man? Pretty busy pretty busy man. I'll catch you later. Hey there. Hey c'mon in c'mon in. Watch the dog food. How you doin'? Pretty good. Pretty good. Trying to figure out a little trick on this thing hold on a second. Let's try this. I got new shoes I'm breaking them in. Oh boy, I guess I'll pick this up some other time. I don't get it. Did we book bookmark your we did not bookmark the, uh, site. Do you have the URL on you? You don't. It was a little complicated, uh... OK. You don't mind the dog, do you. OK, great I can't believe I didn't... OK law. Is it NYU law? I don't think it's gonna be law edu. It's probably gonna be NYU dot law dot edu. OK. Law dot NYU dot edu I know, uh, no 'cause it's got to have a, uh, slash. Slash expert, uh, this is crapshoot, let's see... Look at that! OK, so you you. Yeah. Yeah. Let me. OK. let me also correct that for you. It's http OK now, it's a colon oh OK, well, I should do it for myself www NYU edu dot expert underscore evidence OK, so how you doing? Oh, OK, well. It's tough. Well we tried the sound. You know somebody can just just just toss it under the door, you know, I don't even have to be here if you want to come by somebody wants to come by or I'll come by your place it really doesn't matter. It's gonna be fine I should be

able to read that. You know what happened it's it's it's attaching a document now did you configure your Netscape mail remember we were looking at that? And you don't use Eudora, you use some other system, right? Do you use Eudora to look at your mail. Yeah, alright, so we're not speaking the same language here. Let's let's let's not worry about that for the moment. Let's let's focus on conceptualizing the site. I have to be up at Columbia by 7 so, um, let's do that. OK, so. Here's some books. There you go. This so nice with Netscape mail you can get your mail in Netscape and then any time anybody puts a little http there it you click on it and you go. Yeah yeah. Nice? So I can just go oh here's the site this is my work site and if I click on that this is what we were trying to access it WFMU that you could ac hold down that time. I don't know why you couldn't get that. But this is sort of like my company home page. It's got that, it's Alfred Jarry and here you get all the links to oh you got through... Got it. Got it. OK. OK so this let' let's do this. Let's look at pictures. Let's think about oh this is terrific. Wow! Right. OK. Terrific. Huh, aren't they great. Look at the size of these things aren't they just lovely? So now here's like the third class now these look like paintings these look like mostly all paintings. I think we... I think I you know what I think I'd like to do? I think I'd like to make it very lithographic. Um, because paintings, unless you have real full color plates aren't gonna come across but this is gonna look terrific in grays in in tans. I've been actually thinking about this and I've been really into it and we can sort of colorize it and sort of tans and browns and cream colors and. Make the whole thing look like a like a portfolio of drawings, you know, I'm really excited I'm. This is gonna be something really brand new for me and I was like been working on it in the back of my mind. They're amazing they're all so great. Some of them to me it sort of looks like an image of power I mean I'm sitting here just just objectively. Sure, I mean if you don't have the commentary. This is this is just bizarre. But now it kind of looks like she's like the strongest one there and these guys are just grouchy. Let me bookmark that. Oh, you did OK. No no these are all all law this hat signifies lawyer, huh? Just put a hat on them. What do you what do you see what image do you do you, let's see, to you what image here is is is reading the strongest as a matter of fact you'd like to see a variation on the first thing you enter into the site. Um, what what could what image or face or just just sort of an iconic, um, thing that has meaning to you in relation to this work in relation to this site. Maybe we can start start with with something that that means... OK, um, was call a work by. You know what you should, yeah, just keep keep marking those. Those faces are pretty terrific see this is what I was thinking of doing an icon is like cropping this and putting it behind a a really a a colored background that will take us somewhere. Or or, you know, something like this. If we begin to just let's OK, let's do this, lets always in this scene in this site, um, the hat will signify lawyer I believe, right. So each, whether we put a woman's face or a child's face or a dog's face, let's use the cap. Does that sound like a good idea to use these caps to connote... Yeah yeah. Yeah. God, they're so beautiful. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna I'm going to intuit through the through this and I think what I'll just do is I'm gonna spend a little time looking at this and feeling this. I can come up with some sort of roughs and I can actually put them on the web so we don't really have to so we don't have to meet because I mean that's I mean we can meet but I can throw them up and say check this out and put them on a private in a private place where nobody knows about it but you and I'll say oh, have a look, you know, is this the feeling we want, um. I think

we're gonna have to go from there I think we're we're gonna... what if we took an image like this and put one of the hats on it there, you know. You know? This is this is terrific. I mean, look at these images, these are really great. I mean look at this this this character. Is this great? This would be a terrific icon if we put a hat on her. Some can have hats and some can not. We have theoretical foundations 2 3 4 5 6 7. OK, so we've got 7 areas, right, uh, on the next level? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7. Let's come up we will come up with 7 separate character icons for each one. Um, and those will kind of be our our guiding lights to each one whether we decide to put a a scroll bar down the side. I mean something like this is really great. You know, I mean, speaking out of several sides of your mouth, I mean this this is this would make a wonderful icon, wouldn't it? Great. This is something we're going to want to have on the site, I assume. Right, OK. You like that you know it's funny because well I saw I actually I kind of went over a little bit to your side too. I'll I'll show you I found another place where a friend just started a discussion group and he opted not for an email but for a discussion thing like you're having so maybe I can show you that and... You're going to have to talk to your technical person about that. Um, I'll show you this. My machine is so screwed up Macintosh hasn't perfected their system communication software so that I can only get up on the web once and then I've got to restart my machine. I mean it's it's just it's a big it's a bug. It's a big bug I mean I can, yeah. I can go on forever but once I'm down if I want to get back up again it's configuration doesn't work so I'm constantly restarting my machine and it's it's a bug I'm sure they will fix it because I'm not the only person having this problem but it's, it's so annoying I'm telling you. What happened was it all came in in like code. They should be send as attachments and for some reason it it came in as raw code. That's that's that's complicated right now. I agree with, you know, I agree with that I still agree with it. Let me show you this one this one place that my friend just got up. Actually I, you know, I checked in there a few days ago and there was some responses and I don't know, I'll look, and I was like OK some but we'll have to speak with, um, with the technical person. Have you been in touch with him since our meeting other than just to send him that email? Great great. OK, I think we'll we'll set up a tech meeting. You you don't even need to be there for that, um, I can just meet meet with these two people and, um... I can just, you know, connect with these two people and then we can kind of see what's available and and, uh, and then we can all meet after that. OK, so so we've got these seven large categories. OK so these guys these two are gonna fall fall under this one. Ongoing is gonna be one of the big ones and then proposed and co... Ongoing will fall under. This is actually going to go under here and this is going to go under. OK then we've got our header our big ones are going to be theoretical, proposed, research and then proposed? Oh well, a lot of people are actually talking about this. Here here it is. This is the uh what we were discussing. This is an ongoing discussion about these things about Deleuze. People are really participating. Huge. The elements on this... the URL. Right. You can poke through this I'm not quite sure how it's all working but it's it seems it seems active it just it just went up. OK, so... OK. That's gonna be hard. I think we're just going to have to pick some colorful characters and add some text just where it says that yeah. Why don't you read me off just the five categories just. I just want to write them down for my own to be very clear about it. OK you wanna let's do this. Let me get the at this stage let me do this much. Let me look through let me create these five icons. Let me create sort of an opening page and and and offer them up

to you as sort of suggestions. We'll maybe modify we'll need to change things will need to be, you know, but I'll get a visual sense of the site and then once we decide on the top layer the top two layers the first one layer will be the opening page, uh, the second layer will be, you know, going to each each one of these things. And after we kind of get that then we can go to the next layer deeper. Instead of me trying to comprehend everything, you know, I think let treat it like layers, you know, and we can just continue to kind of dig a little bit deeper and a little bit deeper. This is, you know, this is how I I did the other the other pages as well so let me before, I don't want to confuse myself I wanna remain real clear and I think that's a big chunk of work to just get that far, in other words for me it's like visually I want to get the color scheme I want to get the feel of it, um, also offer a few different ideas for you and and then once we say OK I like that then we can start to go into the next layer and look at images for the next layer and feel for the next layer. OK, so, um I feel like. Well, um, I feel like I don't know how much more I should take on at the moment. I think I should that's like a big it's a big thing to get that done and in the back of mind I'll keep uh, uh, a tech--I want to have a tech meeting, um, and see what's possible I mean I want to the foundations for the lower levels and how we're going to make the whole thing work. But what I can do sort of over the next week is to create a mood for the site which is what I do best, which is what I'm best at. And, yeah, I I'm I mean this is really rich and there's a lot to mine here and I kind of have a have a strange sense of how it might work, and you know, it'll take a lot of, kind of, just work to kind of get that right. So let's just work on the very surface for the moment. OK. It's great, yeah. Right so it's a, uh, what is it sort of a promotional tool for students, uh, prospective students and faculty? Let me just store that. Let me store that, you know, look, any anything's possible, um, that's the way I I like to work, you know, we can anything's possible here. Why not, you know? Really it's like why not, you know? I have let me just see if I have make sure I have the... I know where it is. Here they are. Uh, this is Nichol. Nichol's email address. Why don't we let's send him an email right now. Eudora. What's the name of... OK OK, um, I'd like to... OK? This is too much fun. That's good. We'll get that we'll get that going. As a matter of fact it'd be great great. He's at NYU, right? So he can just come down here or I can go see him. Let the two of us like like meet and get it together and stuff like that, OK? OK, yeah yeah. Will he know? Nichol? Alright. I I think, um, we've got enough to start. I've actually just finished a, uh, big update and a large job so that I could I could get I could get spend some time to work on your stuff. So, I'll be starting this I think, probably probably it it looks like it looks like Monday I can get I can really get going on this and I'll letchya know I'll just kind of keep you up to date and, uh, I'm really excited I'm really I just... Oh oh! I have a question for you the Workways logo the word Workways, is it do you have any kind of idea of a logo for that? Do you guys have a logo already or OK. So, maybe I'll just have it in with the site something that looks kind of hand drawn and hand done maybe a little smeary. You know, something that looks like it's been worked on, uh, you know, like something beautifully, uh, you know, constructed, handmade. Try to have the site have a slick, yet handmade look. User really user friendly really beautiful but also looks like it could've, well like Daumier's drawings, it could be done by hand. Yeah, this is going to be really new for me. I'm really excited. OK? OK. Good. No problem. Look, let's just let's just let's just, uh, get going. I'll take good care of these books. OK, great. Well, this is really

exciting. I'm very excited and I've got this material to look at and I'm all set. Actually, it'll become more interesting as I move into it. Right now I I just have a rough sense of how things are, you know, how things are... I always start this way then I end up in the middle of it and I'm like. Sure, sure, it's just more material. I'm going to need it at some point it's the sooner the better so, um, if you want to drop them by if you want me to come by, um, the best, um, a student or something to come by... This is great. They can they can just throw it in the mail slot here. There's nobody here but me. OK Peggy, um, I'll be in touch and I look forward to getting going. See ya. Go on, get in your box. Good girl. I'll be back soon sweetie. I'll be back, well, I'll be back in a few hours. Kenzo. Hey, listen, listen, I lost that slip where she's talking what is it called Philosophy Hall? Yeah, I know. Should I just wing it? I I lost the fucking thing. Oh I can try to call her but, yeah, that's right she's probably at home. Yeah yeah. OK. Yeah, no, I know I got to get going. We'll gossip about this later but it was fun. Yeah she's she's really crazy. She's nuts. You guys had a good time? Yeah, she's just like, she's so weird, isn't she? Later. I'll call I'll call ya later tonight or something. Or are you around tomorrow? Yeah, later. Here we go. Yeah, yeah thanks. That's not us. Doin' a little bit better now, hey. This is luxury. How you doin' I'm looking for the Philosophy Hall? Alright. I go. A left. The library? Next to the library? Thanks a lot. Marjorie, it seems like it seems like, um, the type of encryption that you're talking about is happening today daily on the computer networks and, uh, there was a, you know, the type of encryption that you're talking is about is like an analog encryption, a physical encryption, as opposed to a digital encryption now. There is there was a Fluxus piece that was done where a gesture was substituted for an alphabet so that a theatrical piece was composed, you know, by way of letters and sentences. And it seems like with a simple program today an entire meaning can be shifted either randomly or very specifically, you know, with just one keystroke. Really if you, only if you were, you know, on the end that had that key. This is specific communication, direct communication but to a very specific, you know, point. Yeah, yeah. We were just down there today with Marjorie, yeah, for lunch with Bruce and... How are you doin'? Yeah, I haven't seen you in so long. Cause I saw Bruce today and he said he hadn't seen you in a while either. Enjoy this? Well, I know I know. We we we talked about that. Yeah. Yeah. Is that right? Really? Hmm, that's good. Oh god, that was a lot to take in. You know, whenever you're with her... Why, walking into this? Oh you... Oh is that right? Oh I haven't... It's been about 12 or 13 years since I have. But it's OK, I'd go out of my way to listen to her. I mean, you know, it's just such good stuff. I love I just love her take. How you doin'? She's good. Um, hum. I have I have. Yeah good. What's your relation to you're not you're long out of school. So in Comp Lit or is this part of Marjorie's part of I mean is this part of what you do when you're in Comp Lit? Wow. Last time I saw you was at the Michael Snow thing. It was pretty nice, wasn't it? Yeah, yeah. The what? Where's Hollis Frampton? Where now? Is he? We don't know. Cheryl and I were asking each other this question. It's a great name but you don't know what, you know, you never hear anything. Yeah. OK. Yeah yeah, it's a great name, it's like Peter Frampton and Hollis Frampton. No... well, also of the age when Peter Frampton came alive. Yeah, me too. I got out in '79. Yeah, so it's perfect. Yeah it's interesting, it's just one of those names where you wonder, you know, Michael Snow's still around some of those great names and you just don't know what happened. Yeah, it's one of those names you see on paper but you don't really see anywhere else.

We went the... uh, next night to the Knitting Factory to see Michael Snow's improv thing and that was that was OK. Yes yeah yeah yeah. Yeah. Cool. Well, Cheryl too her being so involved with video it's like an education her studio's like one block away from it. You know, it's temporary, but what isn't, you know? Yeah, hmmm. That's what, you know, that's what happens. That's what happens. Unfortunately I'm paying rent. Cheryl and I are paying rent. Yeah, this sounds like the lecture. This was good. Did you enjoy this? Yeah, I did too. Yeah, yeah, no she's she's... important. Ulla! Ulla! Don't leave. Yeah, if it makes it out. It's being held up, you know. So, it was good to see you. See you around, OK? What are you doing? You want to get a coffee? With, uh, Marjorie? With... ohhh. OK. No no no. That's nice. That's nice. No you should. Um, well listen, you know, let's hang out or something soon, you know? Um, why don't you come down and see Cheryl's show we'll get together. You feeling alright? You look OK, yeah, you look fine. No no no. You look really healthy. Really healthy. Didn't she send you a card. I thought she might have... well, she's in charge of that mailing list. Good. Good. Good. Yeah, so you'll enjoy it. It's very serious and very good work. Um, I'm finished it's being published. The book is being published. Uh, the book, oh my own 600 page is done and it's being released by The Figures this summer and um, there's a big article on it in Art In America this month. In Art In America on the book this month and some visual stuff I've done as well. I'll get it I'll get you a copy of that. Yeah, this current month. OK. Alright, everything's good. I guess we'll just catch up. Give me a call, uh, I'm going to see Xenakis this Sunday which I think should be very good. You know they're interviewing him for at 2:00. You know you know about the show. I think it should be I think it should be really amazing, actually. That was good. That was good. That worked. That worked. Um, so the Xenakis show should be really great. Um, I saw the Ustvolskaya show up at Merkin last Saturday night that Continuum put on. I'm very interested in her work. Tomorrow is the Barton yeah Barton Workshop and I don't think that I'm going to be able to make it, uh, I am just... What opening. OK, I have to be somewhere at 7:15 tomorrow night but I am sort of probably free if you want to have a coffee. If not, it may be too much. You know what it may be too much. It's no there's no rush there's no rush. OK, um... with Marjorie? We had lunch... we had lunch on Monday and that was really nice at the MOMA. She's she's fun. We've been in correspondence. She's written about my work and I've written about hers and and, uh, certainly have read all her books but this is the first time we've met in the flesh. It's really good. In the contact. The lecture was very good very rich. OK. You're feeling better. Will do. It was wonderful. Nice to see you. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. OK, we will do. Do you know is there a men's room on this floor somewhere? OK. I'll go down. OK. Hey. Oh god after that is uh. Where do you go? How do you like it? I I study Aikido so that's... she goes to New York Sports Club. There's one on Reade St. and another on Christopher. Yeah. Who do you do yoga with. Uh huh. There you go. No it doesn't. No it doesn't I don't think it's... right right right. Roberta goes there. She told me she goes there. It's such a small world everywhere I mean, like, you know, the fact that I like went up here and knew that I'd know a bunch of people is not surprising. I think she's extremely rare. I don't know too many people who are promoting that type of work. You know, and that work is like long finished, you know, it was canned many many years, you know, like it became a movement and finished as a movement many years ago. Yeah, I'm so removed from academia, you know, that I the woman that I was talking to is really interesting the older woman with gray hair. I should have introduced you. Her name is Ulla Dydo. Yeah.

That's what she does, yeah. No, she hates it. She hates academia. She's real yeah yeah. She's the person, yeah. You know, we've become like really good friends over the years you know I I really just adore her and she's another person, you know, loves art loves artists and loves experimental... you know she's one of the sort of seventies people. She really made the scene in the seventies I think, you know, like part of that real kind of downtown scene in the seventies like Kitchen scene, and also a very very serious scholar but independent. Yeah it's really nice. Johanna, sure I do, sure. He was just citing Marjorie was just citing Johanna and I was wondering does anybody here know who Johanna is? Did she say Johanna in the beginning? She said Johanna's last name? She said I think she was answering your question oh Johanna's work I was like oh I know... yeah right right. Johanna's also a friend of mine, you know, these are all people that I... She's nutty I mean I don't I like her visual work. I think they look good. I don't think they read particularly well. I mean I love her aca her academic books are OK. That's really really good yeah yeah yeah. Yeah she just put out A Century of Artists Books which was... Oh, it's, you know, I mean if you're into artists books it's it's a weird little corner of some weird world. He's a good writer. Oh she hasn't seen them? Yeah I I I have all of my friends in the writing world have them from the day. So I've seen them, oh I've hung out with them oh yes they do. Do you know who has the whole set of them? John. Do you know the sculptor? He's sort of a formal and stodgy sculptor, um, but he was around I guess way back when and has this great collection of stuff like that. I didn't know I didn't know you were interested in this type of work. On what? Well that seems more interesting. What's Warhol's novels did you read the article Raphael Rubinstein in Art in America about me, uh, Landers and Joseph Grigley about the novel the written work as an autonomous work of art? Come over here cause this is crazy. Yeah, but the trains are screwed up. Raphael this month in Art In America is writing about the same thing the written work the production the novel should no longer be seen as some sort of odd side project but as an independent work by the artist themselves. I just finished writing a 600 page book of experimental writing. And I'm not I'm not I'm just it it just happens that that I think you'd be interested you know Raphael. Raphael Rubinstein a, uh, an editor at Art In America. But it's interesting to me what were Warhol's novels? Just just yapping? It's a what book Grove? No, I never knew about that. That's fascinating. As an artist this has been my problem. No prob no no no no no. No problem at all. No problem at all. But Stein was was the artworld of the seventies. That's why Ulla that's why why I connected Ulla in that place. I know, undoubtedly. Well, it is written it is it's it's it's it's written I think in a lot of stuff from that period. Oh Liz I'm so sorry I didn't I didn't introduce you right then and there to Ulla and I would be pleased to make an introduction. Oh but I this is this is good stuff because Ulla could tell you. You know because they started organizing these Making of American reading at Paula Cooper in the seventies. Dick is a Dick is a dear friend of mine. A very good friend of mine. He has an opening May 4. Why don't why don't we meet up there and I could intro I'd be pleased to introduce you two. It's at some gallery you've never heard of I mean Dick's real off the beaten track. I just built a website for him. No no no she's a dear friend also. Hanna's totally cool she's really interesting yeah you should you should know Hannah. She's totally she's so cool. Really there's a book. Right right right. Right. You don't know Rubinstein at Art In America. You would you would have a lot to say to Raphael because he's a poet and, uh, you could he could really dialogue about literary works from the sixties. These are

my friends. These are all people I love. What? Yoko's there? Well, I don't know she was in there she was in there right when it was all happening. Her early work, you know, all of her work is terrific. We just we just saw her at the Knitting Factory. I was really see I'm DJ'ing at FMU so I'm playing, you know, I'm playing all of this, you know, all of this material is all coming to me. Dick is sending me tapes and Allison is giving me things and Jackson Mac Low and I've got a stack of Fluxus work that I'm always playing. What? I do overnights I do all night, uh, Tuesday nights to Wednesday last last night I did all night radio yeah. On what? Well Marjorie, you know, is just a major exception. Yeah. Is she faculty there? Yeah, I would love to think that everybody is like Marjorie out there you certainly have. I hang out I read at the Ear Inn. Well, I know Charles Bernstein. He's what? Yeah but he has the tradition of literary stuff. He's what. Oh, no no. Yeah. No. I like Kev Kevin and I know his work. He's really cool. Him and Dodie, yeah. Yeah, well I work for a book I just typeset a book of Killian's I work for Hard Press. I also work for Sun & Moon. Um, I also work for Dick Higgin's, uh, press called Left Hand Books. Uh, who else do I work for? I work for Granary Books too. I build websites for all these people. Yeah, that's where Marjorie that's what I'm doing. So, um, and so actually it's, you know, it's its' all that's been interesting I just typeset a big book of Killian's. You know Lingo magazine? Like like did you see Eileen's page there in the most recent one with the stripes I did that yeah, sure the CD is nice too. That's interesting. That's really interesting. But we should should do you have an work for Lingo? Would you be interested in writing, uh, writing some essays or something or giving us... Keep it in mind, yeah definitely, I mean there's a, you know, we could use we could use really we could use some use some up there. Yeah. Yeah. I love Abby, yeah. Abby's sad about it to I think. Like Lyn Hejinian. Well, you know, the scene here is completely completely heterosexual, I mean there's not I've noticed this there's not one on the New York quote Language poet Ear Inn scene there's not one gay person. I think it's really really weird. I've always said that. Abby is Abbie is right. Oh, I love Melissa, yeah. You know I just typeset a book of um, of um, blahblahblah, Hard Press is doing a book of the uh, god I just did her book, wait! She worked right up there great erotic lesbian stuff. You put her in that anthology, uh. Linda! Linda! I hung out with her I just I just like I just put her whole book together. She's doing a CD-ROM for Hard Press and it's interesting, you know, it's a crossover. Linda's wild. Yeah but she's not I mean... thing than a Language poetry thing but it's bland here it's dead. It's dead here no no the scene is really quiet I mean I I'm I'm disappointed by it. But, you know, what else is there? Where else is experimental writing happening right now in this city? I certainly don't think it's happening at the Nuyrocian Cafe. No, I mean I want to support it because I mean it's essentially alright but... Listen where are we where are you gonna change what are you gonna do? I have to go to Broadway and Houston. Good for you. Which place? I play it on my show, yeah. Actually if you go to Academy you can pick it up for really really cheap. Oh no they often have stuff. Do you have a turntable? John Lindell loves this kind of stuff too, did you know that? We see John at New Music things I'm going to this we're going to this Cheryl and I are going to the Xenakis show on... Iannis Xenakis? The great great Greek avant gardist, uh, composer from he's gotta be about 80 he's being interview and then there's a retrospective of his works from 64 to 94 at the 92nd St. Y no no this is the this is the event. So if you're interested in this type of music I would highly recommend it. It's happening on Sunday. It's a major event. It's a

major you know... Uh, I don't get up to colum, oh I don't have reason to get up to Columbia very very rarely I know. I I I I took her to see Cheryl's show today. We had lunch on Monday at MOMA and again today and I took her to see Cheryl's show, you know, which was a real different head for Marjorie, uh, you know, I think she I think she, you know, she's not up on contemporary art criticism I mean. No no I mean, right, I mean this is really the other wave of, you know, the art the art if you've been following the art dialogue, you know, it's just so, you know, further along but... hey listen! Do you have email? Why don't I take your email address and I will start like putting you putting you in touch with I mean Dick is an email maven and, you know, yeah. I'm not gonna I'm not gonna... Are you doing are you using this often? I have it I have it. Yeah, I'll let you know, actually Dick just sent me a a thing about when his when his show is so I'll forward you that. Yeah yeah. On Thompson we're always there. I'll I'll contact you and I'll I'll actually when I get back I'll forward you Dick's Dick's, uh, Dick's show. Of May. Yeah yeah yeah let's go and I can introduce you to Dick and introduce you to Allison and I mean I've been up to Dick's place and if you want an archive, man, Dick has a church. He lives with his boyfriend young guy who does Left Hand Books named Bryan McHugh in an old church upstate and the place is just packed with archival material and Dick is more than happy like to let you sift through everything. He's a total pack rat and he's he's, you know, he's crazy but sweet. I love Dick, you know, you'll love him. You can just go up there and hang out. They're lovely people. Oh Hannah is lovely. They fucked themselves up instead. By Liz, see ya. Getcher leash. Getcher leash. Good girl! Good girl! OK, you want to go for a walk? OK, oh Bets! Don't run over everything Babette. What are we gonna do for dinner, huh? Getcher leash. C'mon. Let's go. OK. You're cold right? Oh, we missed someone's food. Alright. Alright, man, you too. Seven years old. Uh huh. Uh huh. No luck here. Nothing doing. Yeah, they really are. The buck stops here with this one. It's the end of the line. Yeah. Yeah yeah. It's been years and years already. Take care now, yep. Oh what's the problem. Oh what's the problem? Alright. Oh, come on. OK. Thanks. Good night. Ay. Bruce how you doin'? Got a sec? Well, I went to hear the lecture. It was pretty intense, man. If found it. I walked in a little bit late. Ulla was there and she's been really sick. I'm a little concerned. Uh, she had some kind of a flu, uh, she was like on her back for like ten days. And that's not good for a woman her age. No, uh, she's both of those things she has been on antibiotics. It's not good, though, she the doctors don't quite know what it is and I was she didn't look so good and she was yeah but she kind of dragged herself out to go to this thing and uh it was a little yeah I'm a little worried about her. Ay, you know? Ay, you know? You're 85 years old you get some kind of... ah, she looks it. You get some kind of bout of pneumonia you, there ya go, your fr, you know, your friends start to worry aboutchya. Oh man, so... It was good, man. It was about, oh here comes Cheryl, uh hold on. Hi, how ya doin'? OK, well I'll talk to you in a second I'm just on the phone with br with Bruce. No I don't think so Cheryl was it bad? Or just ridic? Oh, OK, it was just an art thing. Yeah yeah. So, at any rate it was it was a pretty good it was a pretty good paper, you know, about Beckett and the Resistance and encrypting information and the, um, yes there was, yeah, Wittgenstein saying that context was everything and where where where's the location of meaning? Um, so oh it was primarily about Beckett but there was a a a major, you know, Wittgenstein link made uh constantly talking about, uh, Watt mostly in terms in Wittgensteinian terms, uh, you know, the refusal of the location of meaning or co or context making everything, uh, mean

something so you've got a book of people that, you know, nothing means anything they don't even know the name the meaning of simple words such as doorknob or key and, um, you know, even though we understand it they don't understand each other so that was the Wittgenstein link. Get it? You got it. You got yes yes yes yes yes. Marjorie talked about the sadness of the quote if lions could speak we wouldn't understand them. So she's still talking about Marjorie thought that was like an extremely, um, sad sad quote. But she was really, you know, on fire and it was a class of about 15 people. Uh, it seemed to be a little bit of both. It felt like a class to me. It was a real lecture. Cheryl are you listening? Uh, there was several faculty members there and Ulla was there and she was horrified that she was back in the institution. She was completely mortified. What it's it's it's what, well, listen she's rich. I mean, Marjorie, I mean in in terms of content and in money too she's married to a zillionaire surgeon. But no, I mean, I'm not I don't go listen to academics give papers, but I mean, honestly, I mean completely objectively and not, you know, because we hung out with her today or anything or, you know, I mean, her stuff I real lovable. You know I don't yeah. Yeah. I don't have anything against it. Why did you think that I did? No, not at all. I I'm I'm I'm interested, uh, it's just general I'm not interested in, you know, probably that many people but what she talks about I've always loved her writing. Yeah, well, I don't have any problem with it I don't I don't have a lot of reason often to go but I also don't have much of a problem with it so, yeah yeah. If it's good it's good, right? If it's a good paper, it's good. Well, I hope I've never given that impression. There's just nothing I'm real exposed to, um, you know, but no I think, you know, god, I mean, if it's about good stuff like your book, your book of critical essays I'm I'm, you know, I'm really excited to see that. When it applies I find it interesting when it when it's used as something, you know, for people to build their work on and. Yeah yeah I never had any use for... a number of issues that've that have recently crossed my mind. Whatever, whoever it was Wittgenstein or whatever it was so, so anyway it was pretty good. Anyway I I enjoyed it and, um, and so, uh Cheryl I met Liz Kotz was there and that that's something that's a Cheryl story. She's a critic was used to promote Cheryl's work, right, when it was more explicitly, uh, sexual, yes. Abby. Yes, she's friends with Melissa. Yeah yeah yeah and she is friends with Abby. She's doing her Ph.D., she's doing her dissertation at Columbia and she was really into Marjorie and it was interesting, yeah. Other than that I didn't know anybody. Just just Ulla and her. Oh she's writing her dissertation on on on Gertrude Stein as the motivating force between uh in in art and experimental writing in the sixties. Yeah yeah, she really had a change of heart. She used to be this really hardcore lesbian and she was real dry and she used to not talk to me, right Cheryl? Very recently. But it seems like, yeah no we rode the subway all the way downtown together yeah, it was it was OK. So, at any rate, yeah, so it was fun I had a good time and yeah, yeah. I walked in I walked in late she she was glad to see me. She mentioned my name during the question and answer session. So, I asked her a question, no, it was fine, um, you know, she's real intense. How did you guys do today? Yeah. Did you have fun? Yeah, right. I got her started on that. She's a... she should do something with her life. Right. Right. Yeah. Yeah she seemed to like Cheryl's stuff pretty well. Great. Great. Well listen I'm. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. Well alright so listen what's... Right. Yeah. Well. Oh well of course I mean she does she does place a lot of emphasis. It's a yeah it's a big de I also think Marjorie's, you know, she's also into, you know, status symbols having a good show in the gallery having a New

York Times review having an art art your name on the cover of the Art In America, you know, this is this is this means a lot to her on some level. That's professional. Yeah. Yeah. It's good. How did you like some of the... Well, I think she's a little uninformed about about visual art as well. Right. You let her know? Huh. With him, yeah. I can I tell you what she said to me about Susan? She just thought it was like real gotten had gotten real soft and real romantic and she was extremely disappointed with what's happened to her work. Uh, her work whatever I believe it's probably poetry. It's good I think in a weird way she seems to be getting Cheryl there's pasta honey. It it seems, you know, it seems like she's she's getting a lot harder core in some way maybe, yeah? Well, she always loved your work. It's good no it's good, I mean, she she well she constantly sort of over the last few days came came down real hard on people that were quote soft. Real real hard. Loved him. She mentioned him tonight. This is good. Yeah it was it's it's I've got to digest this all this little jaunt with her I mean I don't know where she gets the energy I mean it's just unbelievable she's just crazy. But she's fun too and she's warm and, uh, yeah. Yeah. This good. No, this had been really interesting for me. Uh, so, I'm just kind of a little burnt, uh, but I'm digesting everything in my own way. So, what's the next event, babe, Xenakis? Did you get tickets? Great. OK, great. So, why don't why don't we plan on seeing you there then. I guess... Ah, yeah we could do that or we could do it before. No probably after. OK, that sounds great. Yeah and I'm gonna be working on Sally's thing this weekend as well if I can find some time but everything's good. Alright. I heard. I heard. Alright. Oh, I tried to give away the, uh uh, tickets for for uh for Fulkerson at Roulette last night on the show and nobody wanted them. I played his music. I played his tape piece for trombone which is great and uh, I didn't get any calls but I did give away a pair of tickets to Zorn. Did I tell you this? Well, I was, right, I was doing I was doing this, uh. Him and another guy it's it's its' a one year anniversary of Tzadik records but uh, yes he is yeah I just. Yeah, well I'm too burnt tonight I, but anyway um, so I forget the name of the person. Somebody I never heard of. Um, I gave away the tickets I said guess this famous anti-Semitic great Modernist composer I played Three Orchestral Pieces and... well he was. I thought Alban Berg was. Who was it Webern was the anti-Semite? Oh, what are you gonna do? Oh, no I will OK. Oh, I got them mixed up. Right right. Did you talk to Marjorie about your Lulu treatment by the way? I did. Really, huh. Huh, no. You can't know about everything. Yeah, so what are listening to in the background there? Alright, so listen I'm gonna get off. I'll talk... yeah, I will and I'll, great, great. Sure sure. Great. Sounds good. Hey, you know. Hey listen, I'll, uh, I'll see we'll talk this weekend. Later, babe. Hi, how was howdja do? What oh god. I I know it's on Gramercy Park South I've seen it. Oh it was a panel? Yeah. They're nice aren't they. They're like split toe, but cooler. Yeah. Hey new shoes. You got 'em. Good. 69 dollars. They're really nice. Fantastic, yeah. OK so she what is this is this a, uh...? Do you have a shoe horn? We need a shoe horn. Anyway go on so she had a video thing set up? Right. Right. Yeah. Really? Really? Really? Good. Huh. This is good. Wow! Good. Good. This is good. Tell IBM it's just a trend, you know, I mean... Oh god. Oh yeah there was really good video art sure sure there was. There was some really neat stuff done in the day, sure. Vito Acconci. Yeah yeah yeah. No, I got it. Yeah yeah yeah. So, did she show your piece? Yeah. Wait did they show your piece. Oh, god. OK, so what happened? Right. So how was the response? Sounds like sounds sounds wild. Were you the only artist there? Oh god. Yeah. Yeah I know. Oh boy. What are you making

there? Oh god. It's exhausting just listening to it. Well, Bruce said that Marjorie really loved your work and she came up to me and told me that she really loved it tonight she's she's really behind it so. I'm burnt. I had I'm burnt listening to that. I can't I almost can't listen to what you just told me. It's too painful. No no no. Not any fault of yours, it's just too painful. Makes me sad and... Yeah, you know, it's exciting in one way, we're fighting new battles but on the other hand... It's great yeah. In a very nutshell cause I can hardly talk. Watch that cup sweetie. In a nutshell she just talked about Beckett and the Resistance and encryption and Wittgenstein and how it all kind of fit together and and and the novel Watt. It was pretty it was it was remarkable I mean she went on for an hour non stop it was fascinating. I just. It was so intelligent I mean I was just I was I was I was I was in heaven you were in hell. I saw the most I saw the most intelligent talk I've ever seen in my life tonight I mean, you know, regardless of the fact that we, you know, hang out with her and all whatever but I mean I'm just talking like I've never seen anything like this. She was just... I'll tell you about it when I can find words. Oh it was so good Cheryl. And then Liz Kotz and I rode the subway down together. She she was so nice. Everybody has a really nice side to them and it's just a matter of getting her off of her position and she started talking to me about her dissertation and like all these people who are like all my friends you know, she wanted to know how to meet Hannah Higgins and Dick and Allison, you know, I knew Vito's writings, you know, I knew, you know, all the all the Language people knew Abby Childs, you know, it was like she was talking my game she had a Cage CD in her bag and a Feldman CD she was so happy she had just bought so she's just kind of getting into this. She was battling for like Language Poetry. It it was really neat. She was really quite quite interesting. Well she knew she was like so you've been reading at the Ear. It was remarkable I was almost it was just amazing she was like a different person, you know? Uh, you know, it was it was really neat. She's writing she was telling me about Warhol's novels which is almost exactly what I'm doing this week. He just had endless conversations and had somebody transcribe them. I mean, who was to even know that he did you know that he even wrote a novel? It was great. Anyway, I'm I'm pretty well exhausted I had like 4 hours sleep and of course I'm not going to see John Zorn and... uh, we just emailed but, you know, I mean just hearing that story just took whatever life that was in me, no I don't mean I don't mean it as a as sort of any kind of dis to you I just mean it like it's painful. Is Mary Boone just really stupid too? Ew, we should have anything to do with that. Good for John. I mean, you know, oof! When did Sandra's gonna have your piece on her gallery then? Yeah OK, well I wish we could get it. John said you can't have a stand alone can ya? Is he going to Cybersuds tomorrow night? OK, so we'll all go, yeah. Hey there was pictu did you see there was a picture of Andrea? I wonder if I cached it if it's in if it's it was on it was on the web. I I logged off I don't know if I'm gonna be able to... to pick it up. Mmmmm. Here, here it is. It's cached, look. Look at this. That's Andrea? Yeah, isn't it? That looks pretty good. What is that orzo? Where did you get orzo? Oh man, there's a lot to talk about. There's so much to talk about, you know, we've had like a helluva week. No. I'm so tired. Ah, well, there's I think it's good to have the other side represented. I think it's good to represent both sides. You know I do because, um, I I think it's OK for the intelligent people it it it it brings out the points better. What? You know when he does this kind of stuff it's great. It's good Minimalism. I'm trashed. I'm just trashed, you know, I have a lot to say about what you just told me believe me I have a lot to say, god,

do I have a lot to say. I've kind of got the day off tomorrow. I have an appointment at 3 but until then I never heard from Jon Gams spaced out stupid wife again thank god. People are so spaced out. So, I I maybe I'll sleep in. It's early. Maybe if I go to bed now I sleep till, you know, ten or something it's not gonna be bad. I kinda like when I'm getting back to normal. I could use some exercise. Bad, really bad. Yeah, I'll call him, yeah, it's just as bad as it was last year. Terrible. I just see a huge purple circle in my left eye. If I go like this I can't, like I can't tell your eyes are blue right now it's just your blotted out by a big purple circle. Now I can see your eyes are perfectly blue I see, you know, you as you are. Now all I just see is like right in front of your eyes a big purple circle, yeah, that covers covers the better part of your face. This is exactly what I had last year. Yeah, I think I'll give him a call. What did you do between the time that I left you and the time that you went up to this thing? Oh, who did you see? What do you mean writing a paper on you. Oh, just on you or...? Oh he's with a lot of artists and you're included. Yeah, right right. Oh, that's good Cher. I have something for you to read. It's very interesting. I'm gonna take Bets around the corner and then I'm gonna I'm gonna crash. C'mon girl. OK. Who wants to go for a walk? C'mon. C'mon Bets. Who wants to go for a walk? Good girl Bets you make. You make. You make. Good girl. Uh, from this guy's site. Bruce, he's a friend of John Schlenck's. Pretty interesting, isn't it?

Act 4

Hi. I finally got some sleep. What time did you come to bed. Where's the dog? Whose usually coming here. Where's the dog? Where's the dog? Did you lock her up last night? Where's the tail? Where's the tail? Ohhhhh. Major cleanup to do here. What tape? Ohhhhh. We bad mouth everyone in the world but we can't put moaning and groaning on! Ha ha ha! You never did! You just bad mouthed me. It's too late. It was rolling! It was rolling! Best way to start the day. Bets! You dead? Bets? Where's the dog? This is unusual. Cheryl, she's old. And sweet. Yeah, that's good. Hi Boo. Hi Bets. Hey we both got new shoes! I like your a lot. I told you I liked them, didn't I? Well, I I guess I like them. Do you like mine? They're good, huh? They're about the best thing I could find. They're like split toe but different, right? I mean I'm a little tired of those now I mean everybody got those regular split toes, you know? They're becoming they're becoming too much. Yeah. Listen, I think this dog needs a shower. You think so? I think I'll just wash her. Alright? Hey, no big deal. Look, she knows where she is going look at this. Look at that, isn't that amazing? She totally knows where she is going. I'm not but I gotta... I, oh well. I don't think a double A battery is going to electrocute me. Again ding pho. Bets. Look at this. She's so good. Watch this Cheryl. Aw, what? Wanna see something amazing? Stay. Bets, stay. Bets. Bed. Bets. Bed. C'mon girl. Bed. C'mon. Bets bed. Bed. Oh, look. C'mon. Oh, good girl. Pretty good, huh? She's a good girl! She stinks. She's saying you woke me up just to do this? You take the number 1 train or the A. Actually take the A. That's it. A. What time do are you going? She sucks your dick and she washes the floor. And then she also, um, wipes down the dog. Did she, huh? What's the dog doing, licking her wounds? It's a dangerous world if you're a little dog. It's supposed to be 65 degrees out today! Neat, huh? I once the twice. So Andrea emailed me and said that we should show up at 7:15 tomorrow night. Tonight, I mean. Alright? What is she at six? It's gonna be tight. Did you talk to Dan next door? What's happening. It's nice. It's nice, it's just like our not renovated it's just, you know, normal apart. Yeah, it's like a normal apartment. So what's what's up? What's going on? They're owned by different tenants. So, it, uh, seemed a little quieter. Alright. God, I never heard from Jon or anything I've got to quickly call in for mail. Ugh, a pain in the neck. Gams. I mean he's in town supposed to be working with the guy. It looks like we are gonna leave the eleventh, that's great. Yes. Good. Good. And when are we going to, uh, fly back when are we gonna... Alright. OK great and then it's too bad we can't we can't go directly, huh? to Vegas. Why can't we get a flight directly to Vegas? What do you mean to ask her? C'mon Panix, answer. What's going on here? Oy yoy yoy. Cheryl, did you like that article about Swami Bruce? Kind of interesting, wasn't it? He sounds like an interesting guy. Yeah. Pretty. Ugh. Ann Reiss. 4 or 5 for a few hours. No you couldn't. Oh, she's so stupid, ugh! Oh Ann Reiss is so dumb. Jon's wife is so stupid! I knew and I save the whole day for her I'm mean she's just so stupid. And I have to be so nice cause she's the boss's wife. Oh Ann. I've to to... Yeah. Kenny Schachter. Have you copyrighted my site? He's such an asshole. Yeah. Oh look! It's that time of year the sun comes in. Isn't that nice? That means it's spring. All spring and summer we get that weird that weird shaft of light. Um, you know the web thing it is like a marriage, man, I mean. I get these nasty notes, you know, I'm I mean I'm involved with this with Kenny whether I like it or not for quite a while. What? Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Where's your cup of coffee? Maybe we'll bring it back to NAFTA. That's weird, it shouldn't do that. Be nice, yeah, I'll deal with it let me get get out. Make! You make! Make Bets make. Good girl! Hey do. Heeeeey do! Good

girl! C'mon baby. C'mon! OK c'mon. C'mon. Good girl. Yes, who's a good girl? Who's a good girl Babette! Babette's a good girl. Yes. OK. C'mon. Go on. Go on. Come. Come on. Go. You want some toast? Hey Cheryl did you see this thing for David and Alexander? Sad. Sad to see, what? Sad to see them go. I'm gonna miss them? Sad to see them go? What? So that was an appetizer, huh? This morning. That was a, uh, salmon appetizer. It's on. Oh, who's gonna read it, Cheryl? The juicy vizualizaria? Is it time for a futon? Oh, so I've got to call my mother. I got a call from Magda is my mother gonna be up at Margie's? She is? Is that right? Where can we go eat with Magda and her little friend? Yeah. She we go to the same place we went with my Mom that time? What? My mother will, sure she will. Believe me, she's got money Cheryl. It's not a problem. Mother, it's me calling to make some plans for Monday night for dinner. Um, I'll try you later. I'll see you. Later. Bye. Yeah. On the 22nd? Yeah. OK. Well, yeah I'm sure. It's the 22nd. Maybe I'll see if Bruce wants to go. Yeah, it's OK. Yeah, what the heck I don't think it's gonna be a a great opera. No big deal. Maybe Bruce wants to go or I I don't know. Oh god, it's Jody Zellen! OK, hello? Jodi? Hey how ya doin'? Hey, I'm sorry, you know, I was waiting for you to get to New York to call. How ya doin'? Good. How long are you here for? Oh wow, OK, um, gee, wanna have a coffee? OK, yeah it's been a while. OK. Yeah like about a year probably. Yeah we we met last year. Right. OK well, I'll tell you what. Who's Brian? I don't know him no. Well, maybe maybe a long he he had sort of when I was in LA he was there at the reading and he had sort of longish curly hair? Yes, I do know Brian. Go see Cheryl has a show up at Stefano Basilico. Good. OK. I'll tell you what why don't you give me a call at my office I have a phone there now. So I'm at 260-4081 and I'll be sort of there today and tomorrow so if you want to call me that would that would probably be best when you guys know what you're doing and... OK? OK. Yeah, why don't you guys get a groove get some stuff done. I'm not sure what's happening with my day I know I have an appointment at three o'clock um I'm, you know, and then I'm kind of also around pretty much tomorrow afternoon. So, um, and I'll just be around. So let's so just get in touch. Yeah I'll be I should be up there pretty soon and I should pretty much be there all day. OK, Jody great! OK. Bye. Oh boy! Ha ha ha. Why do I keep doing that? I don't hate her I think she's pathetic she's a pain in the ass but I don't hate her. No, I like Jody but... Yeah it just just her way. Listen, do you want do you want a your toast is ready. How many pieces do you want? One and a half? Bets why why are you just mooning around? Why don't you go do something? She's gonna go see your show. Come sit down baby. It's ready. Toast is ready. Do you think we're eating too much of this cheese? Really? I mean it's... we're not eating that much of it I'm just putting a little on the toast. Yeah? I mean... So, um, so listen I want you to I want you want you to firm up plans with the French with the Bordeaux lady. I just want to do let's just do it. Like, let's not procrastinate any any longer let's just get it get it. I mean the prospect for getting out of here for the summer is just an incredible one. OK? Let's just wing it. If it works great, you know? That way that it's let's just... Yeah yeah yeah. Yeah just stay there for June. He can have it for July and August. You'll take it back again in September. And if he... Yeah, yes. If we can't it's fine, you know, I don't want that to be be the determining factor I wanna go if we can yes yes let's definitely look to sublet it but if we can't let's if we can't sublet it let's say no we're not gonna go. Let's just go one way or the other. Well, let's just say let's try. Let's give it a shot. Let's go either way. I wanna go. Definitely want to go. No no. I don't want to sublet my office. Yeah, we'll I don't know let's let's...

You're so negative. Go on. Uh huh. Great. You're so negative. No, OK. Great let's move everything to my office. Big deal. I yeah no I just think like let's do it. You know, let's just do it. I think it sounds great. I really want to I really wanna get out of here this summer. The prospect of splitting for July and August makes June doable. You know? That'll be really good, man. I want to travel too when we're over there. I fucking I want to go to Italy I want to go to Spain. Oh, this is great. I love this. I love this life. This is great, no, I'm seriously in to it. I mean you may want to did you want to call Dominique to make sure she's not completely insane? I think you should just call her and let her know that we're coming for July or just, you know, fax her email her whatever you wanna do and then if Dominique says she's completely insane we'll we'll ditch out but I just, you know, I'd really like to just while while strike while the iron's hot. OK. It's something to discuss with Stefano. No, I don't think so. No, I don't think you should too many things in too many formats I mean there are all these people that have invested in single pieces over the years. Why would why would you just want to give them everybody a compilation? That way they'll have to buy one and they'll never have to buy another. Yeah, you know, right. That's like having four great paintings and saying would you would you would you do them all over again but just on one small canvas so they'll fit on my sofa like put all four on one canvas? You wouldn't do that. They're individual works of art. Too many... Yeah, it's just a like the art lady club mentality. No, definitely not. That also undercuts EAI and their integrity. I don't think it's a good idea. No but I think they all should be made into a, you know, you know, the more popular one made into one piece on a laser disc that's it. Individual ob, you know, that's it. No, that's it. These ladies are bullshit, Cheryl. They don't care about art. So call Lawre Stone. Please, I mean she's they're really nice I mean we may not be so close with them but we have to call them they had a kid and we have to go see them. I will do I will go any time out to see them. I like Dan and Lawre we always have fun when we go out to these crazy restaurants I like them. Sure I like them. I like seeing them in the summer over there. I'm not against. No seriously I'm not against them in any way I really like them. I mean they're nice people they're really kind of your friends I would never like call them on my own but but they're but they're sweet and and good people sure no I mean you know I really... make make re re establish a contact and I'd like to see their baby and some time this summer I'd like to I'd like to, you know, at some point when we're up there stop in and see them. From who? Listen why don't you mail it off we could certainly use it. Listen, um, do call them sweetie, they're good people. They really are. When is Ann Korman's thing speaking of things we've got to do that we're not... thrilled about. Ha ha! Wait till this wait till this tape comes out! This is May 6th. OK, zing party's out but 73 Poems are being performed at The Kitchen in one of Mort's multimedia extravaganzas on Wednesday the 24th. That night? Oh well it's this is not being performed till ten o'clock and that's it's in the same neighborhood so let's do both. Oh, let's just do both that's a great idea I'd like to go to that. Yeah. Oh that's great and then and then we can ride ro roll up and see 73 Poems. That'll be cool that sounds like a lot of fun and zing's not gonna happen until for some other time. That sounds like fun. I'll get I'll bring home the May calendar why don't you put at the bottom why don't you write May 6th Ann Korman just so we have some dates and something's happening May 4th, um, there's something May 4th that's important... oh yeah, just do this for me there's a Dick Higgins opening that I've got to go to. We're gonna have to schlep out to

Queens College. And Bruce and Sally want to go and get Peruvian chicken afterwards with us. That that are that'll be fun. Do you know the Peruvian chicken place? It's on First Avenue and like 90th St. It's like the best chicken in the city. I know. We'll get up early we'll get out of here by nine. Where do you wanna eat with Stefano? No, we're gonna be at Grandma's birthday from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. We're gonna rot as we die. We're gonna sit there and rot and be corpses for twelve hours. Cheryl, what do you talking we should be back in the city by two, three o'clock. I've got to go to Charles' opening at... our life, it's insane! Yeah, I mean, alright. Great great. I'm mean this is this is not required listening Jackson and Ann believe me. Yeah well I don't really want to go to that. I'll just we'll all meet up later. Where do you want to eat with those guys? Honestly, where what do you think would be a nice place that's not too expensive but nice enough for us to kind of feel classy and hang out and talk. No seriously. I mean I think it's important and maybe we should, you know, spend a little bit more money I mean it's it's a celebratory dinner for the end of the show and, you know, don't want to go to Chinatown and then like oh OK where do we go now. Like let's go and have a real dinner with those guys somewhere. No something on the par of the Odeon that's mid-priced I don't mind spending twelve thirteen buck on a plate, you know, some place, you know, I think it's a good idea, actually. You know, he's not the type of guy you run down to the Chao Chao with, you know. Yeah, but it's it's I it's I don't know I mean it was OK it just... I don't know. No, I don't think it'd be right. I can't I don't think it's I think those guys I think of those guys like they're a little chicer, a little hipper. It's a little dowdy. I was a little dowdy. I think we can find something better. Yeah, I know but they look they look good. Well he's a European. That's why they all stink. They wear the same clothes all the time. No, I'm joking. Yeah yeah this has worked out well I wanna like celebrate with a nice bottle of wine and a toast I mean this has worked out really well. I'm so glad, you know, it's like the ideal match wonderful show, successful. No, this has been good. So let's let's, you know, let's put out a little bit have a good time. We'll come up with something. Yeah. It's not not that good. That's an idea. That was, um, pretty good. Yeah, right, no that was good. La Paella. I just I I the only problem I just remembered but it was our problem that we were rushed. Right right. Maybe a late dinner at Paella you know at like nine or something after the openings. Alright just all I have to do is show up at Charles's at six. That's a good idea. Why don't you and Stefano take care of the time and making reservations at La Paella that's a good idea. I mean that food was real really good. That's a nice place too. Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah. No it's no that's fine I. Good idea. I'm with you. That that food was excellent. The food was excellent. Is there anything else we need to discuss? Yeah. Let's look at the calendar. On the eleventh. Yeah, leave on a Saturday. Wait wait wait. Why? For Vegas. I'd just assume come depending on when the flights are going what time is our flight to Vegas? I'm not going to Boston. Right. Yeah, well just coordinate coordinate the whole the whole thing and then we're gonna come back from Vegas when yeah just... so I will actually go and do my radio show on that Tuesday the 26th I'll only need to miss two two night yeah yeah. OK. OK great this is gonna be really fun we're gonna be on a fuckin' whirlwind bender. Have her set up a talk for you at the school so you can get paid. Well this you need to do whatever you need to do. It doesn't it doesn't seem like that, yeah, why don't you just hang a curtain. Hang a curtain. I mean just take a piece of fucking linen and you know whatever. No I don't wanna no no I don't wanna build walls I don't build walls. I don't

build walls anymore, honey, I'm I'm you work on computers. Yeah, you gotta do a bunch of phone calls. Well, wait a minute. Was that an appetizer this morning? For for dinner? For a real meal? Animals. Look at how she's she's made her seat. Look at how she sits there. Hello. Oh, she smells so good now. Hey Don. Ha ha ha. Who told you? Who told you about that? She said I don't fuck around with that parmesan stuff. Ay. Ay. Hey don't fuck around with that parmesean. Hey fuck that parmesean shit. Cheryl says Cheryl like I'll go I'll go to like get a little maple syrup and there'll be like a half a teaspoon full. It's so unsatisfying. Buddy we got a lot to talk about Buddy. I'm I've been at it for about thirteen years and. Yeah. I know why don't you just throw the damn thing out? I know. I say to Cheryl why don't you just give it to the dog, you know, I mean, do something with it! It it goes back there so you think it it or your under the illusion that there's actually jelly in the jar cause you look in the freez in the fridge and you see a jar of jelly you go to take it out you see there's one blueberry at the bottom of the jar. Cream of broccoli your mother says. Sitting in a... he's got a container that's got four kernels of corn in it... orange juice, right. There's like one drop of orange juice. I you know buddy, we got a lot to talk about as I get older I realize I can learn some things I can learn learn what I'm what I'm what's in store for me. Well, at least I'll know what what lays ahead of me. Yeah me me you and David we're we're gonna have a talk. Alright so, so here's Cheryl's back and, uh, we're just getting ready to make plans for Vegas. Is Amie bringing a friend or... oh great! so it's just gonna be the five of us. Fan-tastic. What? Great. Oh great. Oh that'll be fun. Oh that'll be fun. Maybe maybe, uh, maybe Rutsty'll wanna come out. Cher Russ and Patti may may be out there as well. That'll be fun. OK. Alright. So you got us tickets from La Guardia. What time is it leaving around. OK OK. But it's it's on the night on a Thursday night we're leaving? And we're coming back on a Monday? Great! Great! Sounds good. Alright. If you need need a credit card number for us? Alright. Why don't you... yeah yeah yeah. We're leaving on the eleventh. Yeah yeah why don't you why don't you tell me what the tickets ran you and we'll, uh, send you a check up. Alright well just let, you know, let me know if you... OK. No big big and then what is the room run us and all that? Really? That's great. Wow. That's excellent. That's excellent. Well, alright! Well this is good. What do you you know people. Alright Cheryl wants to talk to you about the Masters she actually looked for you on T.V. What? Alright she's dying to hear about this I'll I'll hear about it from her. Alright, Bud, I'll talk to you later. Cheryl hold on a second. Can I ask you something? Do I need to have things put on the bottom of these? Or or are they sort of... I guess it's already got it's already got yeah OK. Tell Donnie we got a lot to talk about. We got a lot to talk about buddy. We'll we'll catch up on the links buddy! Yeah, call me OK? Bye Don. Yeah. I'm gonna make my wife clean out the no actually I should do it cause nothing will ever get thrown out. It's not gross but one pea in a bowl is ridiculous. Alright, I'll talk to you soon Don. Ips. Stay. OK. Bets stay. Aw. Look at that! Is that a boxer? Yeah, he's cute. Nice looking dog, huh. In the car? Aren't you afraid he's gonna jump out the window? Naw. Naw. Look at this one. It's how you train 'em. They're not all that way. You know, it's like what you do with them. You can make them that way. They got the potential to be that. That's another discussion. Oh boy. Oh boy. How you doin'?' Alright. What's up with this white paint? So they're kicking all those guys out that hang that put all that shit out there in the front? Ay, she just got a bath this morning. Fresh and clean. Clean for spring. A springtime bath for this one. I she don't care. She can stink all she

wants but I I felt a lot better about it. I can actually touch my dog again. Yeah. Yeah. Alright. This is our work route. See you later, man. Take care now. Testing. Hi is Andrea there? It's Kenny G. Thanks. Hey I saw you picture in the, uh, Cybertimes. I saw last night I was like cool I showed Cheryl. No I thought it was just nice, you know, it's like sort of... well you look fine, you know, I mean it's and you know I blew it up, you know, you know you can touch on it and it gets bigger. Do you know that? Yeah it's got one of those it's just linkable to a bigger thing that says ada, uh, Total New York is needs more space or something like that. So I showed Cheryl when she came home last night. 7:15. What do you mean cleaning up your office? Why, what do you mean clean up? For who? OK. OK. What? Live and fly. Of snail. Uh, Cheryl said it was a real nightmare, uh, Sandra got nothing but shit from the from the people there about Cyberspace and yeah it was it was evidently it was evidently awful. Um, uh, it was embarrassing and poor Sandra. You know Cheryl's piece looked good but she'll tell you all about it. I didn't go I had to go to another at Columbia but. Where's Viv? Let me speak to her for a sec. Oh, she's on the other line she was gonna show me how to get this goddamned warning message off the desk oh, I'll talk to her tonight. We'll see you tonight at 7:15. OK superstar. Hey Bruce it's Kenny at about noon. Hey listen we got an extra ticket for the opera Monday night, uh, you wanna go? It's Romeo and Juliet, uh, call me I'm at my office pretty much all day if the phone's busy it's just because I'm on the web I won't be on long 260-4081. Let me know. See ya. Test test. Hello. Bruchay. Wanna go? Do you know it? Who is what is it who wrote it? Gounod. Do you wanna go? OK. Oh, well we this is these, uh, is the subscription but Cheryl can't go she's got to teach so it's me, you, my mom and um two we're gonna have dinner with these two, uh, Polish girls. These were she was my assistant in Poland. I mean you can come to that or not. No no my assistant when I was in Poland, uh, doing a show and a friend of hers and they're going to the opera but they've got different seats. We got really good seats. We got like like, uh uh, orchestra sort of, uh, row, uh, T or something. They're really good. Yeah OK so you want me to hold the ticket for ya. OK great, great. Hey why not, you know, it's a... Yeah well it's only a few hours, yeah. OK so then. Well, probably the four look, you know, are you gonna get there for the interview? Yeah yeah no I think that should be really interesting. Yeah OK I'll see you I'll see you before then I'll hold the ticket for ya. Later. Hello. Hey, how ya doin'? Um, OK, wait what lunch? Oh, yeah well we had a good time we had a good time. What's gonna happen? Yeah but there was nothing to happen it was just a it was just a lunch. Oh know, well, there's nothing for me to buy and... so. Hey, so listen Cheryl ends up having to teach on Monday night. She's subbing for a friend and didn't realize so I asked my friend Bruce to come with us whose the person who got me interested in opera in the first place. He's a great guy so you me and him will go and I was gonna ask you where do you think we should have dinner? OK. Yeah. Yeah, I thought that was pretty good yeah I thought that was yeah I can't really think of a better place around there, can you? What was the name of it do you remember? It was world something yeah it was like map of the world or. OK let me let me do some investigation and I'll make a reservation. What time should we meet the, uh, show is at 8 wanna meet about 6? Should give us plenty of time, right? Is that enough time? OK. Yeah I it's what is it it's like Columbus and like seventy something. I let me find out. OK. Alright. How's the baby? Yeah. Yeah. Because of the baby? Right. So they're both gonna be there on Sunday? Great. Saturday I mean. Right right. Great. Alright, um, so you guys are having lunch tomorrow. You and Cheryl are

having lunch tomorrow? OK. OK. Yeah, OK. Bruce. Bruce Andrews. We've he's I did some books with him I did some covers for books for him over the years and he's a great guy. Vedanta. OK. Yeah I'll letcha know. I'll letcha know on Saturday what's up. Alright then. Alright I'm gonna go out and enjoy some of this weather. Take my dog for a little stroll and OK. It's what. It's open 24 hours? No I have no idea. No you're just. No. No I don't know it. Alright. Alright I'll talk to you later then. Bye. Babette. Babette come. Alright man thanks for taking care of those DATs for me. No problem. Appreciate it. Good girl Bets. You make. You make. Make. Make. Good girl. I'm sorry I never heard of it. Hi good. Can I have a a wonton noodle soup to go? With, uh, can you put some vegetable in that for me? Inside OK. Just for take out thank you. What time are you open until? Excuse me sir, what time do you close at night? 9:00. Um, chili oil please. Chili oil, yeah hot sauce. OK thanks. Bye. Thank you. Bye. Hello. Is that just a baby? How old. Yeah, that's a baby. That's a baby. Mine's 7 years old. Girl. Hey do. Bets Bets no no bed sit. That's a good girl. You're good. She's very friendly. She's very sweet with kids. He is that a he? Who can tell at this age? She's cute. Is she about 9 months? Ewww. Bets go on. You can go down Bets. Down. That's good it really teaches her to be fearless, huh? Bye. Come back again. Bye. She's friendly. Sit Bets sit. Sit. You wanna pet the dog? You can pet the dog. She's nice. Sit Bets. Sit. Go ahead. Aw, you're cute. Pretty good I haven't seen you in a while. Yeah. This park is so nice since they've renovated it. Well they spared them the death penalty. Yeah. Such nice guys. Right. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. It's Babette. Your old friend. Your old friend that yeah. It feels nice cause I'm. Thank you. Thanks and congratulations on the Penn Station piece. That's really cool. You know I'm from Long Island so I'm always pass I'm always passing, you know, right around that. Actually I really like that that new entrance that they built up on 34th. It looks really great. Who was that? Really nice, yeah, it looks. Well for years, you know, it's like the most wealthy executives have passed through that in the world have passed through that that that terminal down there it's been so hellish. I think I think they did a good job with that renovation. Port Washington. I'm always running out there constantly. Yeah, so. Here she comes. Oh, I have an office in the Cable Building. Yeah that's where I do my work Bets. Since I'm like primarily come here girl. Since I'm like primarily writing these days. Yeah yeah. I'm having books made and stuff, you know, like that mostly writing and Cheryl's doing the gallery thing she's got a show up at Stefano Basilico's. Everything's good we're hoping to go to France for the summer. Look at all the kids love her. What where where are you located and what are you doing? Or you're at the same place I saw Peter the other day for the first time in in weeks. Are you in touch with him at all? Yeah yeah yeah. How many years were you guys together? Yeah. Shit happens. Cheryl and I have been together 13 now. Oh, how is it working? Good good. She did, yeah she. Um, are you doing any gallery work? No? No sculpture or anything? It was a bad thing. Cause you were doing something on 57th St. for a while, weren't you? Right. Is that your dog? No. Yeah. I guess if it works why why not Janis? Are they kind of creepy? They're they're doing some young young stuff that rue what is it called that rue rue larrey or something at Janis that thing that Richard, uh, Millazo's doing looks interesting. Oh really. Yeah yeah. It is getting married. Yeah but I mean you're you're like me as that you're diversified I mean I I keep my relation with John and Karin. They're they're not the greatest gallery in the world but I'm not one hundred percent involved in the gallery world so when I. Yeah so when I wanna do something when I yeah. Well the artworld always wants to pin

you but, you know, I've I've tried to use it in a way that I can move in and out of it cause I'm writing hey listen I saw told you I saw when you're brother was reading, right? At the Ear and then I ended up doing a big website I'm doing that for money for Doug Messerli for Sun & Moon so I so I put Tan's book up. I kind of designed a little mock cover for it since it's not out yet and I heard he doesn't like the cover. Like this gir wasn't it a giraffe or something no no is book is called giraffe. Lotion bullwhip giraffe. Look at this Bets go say hi go on. I know that was OK so he's got a David Salle cover on it now? Oh god. Douglas is a good publisher, you know. And also I'm doing another book of his I'm also working for another press called Hard Press whose also doing a book of his. He seems to be doing really well. Yeah. Yeah. With Hard Press. You didn't know this? Where is he in Harrisonburg? no he's in which is where in Fairfax or something. Charlotte Charlottesville yeah. What does he what does that mean a critical book or something like that yeah? Yeah, no no I think he's doing really well because like I'm in I'm in this world now and suddenly he's like everywhere and everyone loves him and it's really great. It's what? I think he's doing something a little different it's a little more. I mean language poetry kinda dead. Yeah, no he is he's neat. So. Is he on, uh, email? Are you? What do you mean you never log in? It's fun. I like it. I like it. It's like like. Oh well well oh let you him play a little bit they're having fun. Um, wait, where did you have lunch with Andrea? When, just just today? Oh, I'm seeing her tonight. Yeah, we're gonna have yeah I'm seeing her at 7:30. She's cool, yeah, she's doing really great. Alright, what time is it Maya, you know? No it's not. Naw naw. 2:30. Hey nice to see you alright? Bets go get her. How you doin'? You guys have any dried figs today? Here's your dog. Here's your favorite girl. How are these? Are they sweet? They got seeds or not? They go seeds naw I can't handle the seeds. Alright I'll take the asparagus for now. Thank you very much. Alright take care now. Run out this way. C'mon. How you doin'? Yes. Cool. Thanks a lot. See ya. Hi. Hey Amy Kenneth. Hi Rene this is Babette I hope you guys don't mind a dog. Do you mind a dog? Sit down. I don't do I mind a bagel? How you doin'? Have a have a seat I'm just finishing up, uh, putting three holes in these pieces of paper it'll take me two seconds. Do you guys want a coffee? It's right there help yourself and there's cups and... Do I feed Babette Danish food? You know we never saw that. Isn't that isn't that weird? Like I never saw that movie and everybody for years she's seven years old has always asked me that. Have a a seat. Have a seat. Do you want some coffee or some water some cold water? It's so nice out, huh? So, I'm I'm glad we're talking sound here I'm working on this new piece and I'm recording everything I'm saying for a week. So, it's you guys are actually it's only it's miked only so to pick me up so I I won't really have any context of what I'm saying in terms of other people. So just ignore this. I started on Monday. Uh, just for some new material for some new work that I'm doing, yeah. And so. Uh, upper left hand corner and so c'mon now and this is a book I've just finished this 600 pages of sounds that I've collected for the last three years. And I'll show you that. Well I've been doing this kind of work, hold on a second I've got to bash this thing it's stuck, c'mon, aw I hate when this happens. You know. Those things. Do you guys do you work at the, uh, at the temple. Listen I gotta to ask you a question. There's a guy, I used to live on Forsyth and Grand, and there was this little old man that was like the caretaker. Has he passed away? What was his name? Mr. Markowitz. I just remembered, yeah. Wah! Right, he's so nice. Right right. Here we go. Really? So he when did he pass away? When did he finally pass away? I'm I was actually surprised he lived any longer

than. Oh, it was that long ago yeah. I used to see him I moved out of Forsyth St. around then. Yeah he lived up the street from me. Yeah yeah he was really cool. Oh really, really. Ah. Well, he put in he certainly put in his service. What was he a caretaker or.. Sexton. That's right, yeah. Wow. That's totally wild. I knew yeah. No, no he didn't and I, you know, I saw him just a few times and he was always so nice he was always so cool. And uh I'll never forget him and I was actually just walking walking the dog today and I was thinking we're gonna meet and I was like and he just came into my mind and, you know, pretty neat. Really neat guy. Well I was down there in the yeah. He's gotta be he's gotta be ancient, huh? I mean he must have been he must was he was he that young? When I saw I thought he had to be at least 95. But, uh, I I I live in that neighborhood for many years, you know, I came to New York came back I lived in New York of my wait I'm 34 I'm almost 35 so my 35 years I've lived in New York 31 of them. I grew up on Long Island and I went away to college and came back to New York in 85 and then we moved down to a loft on Canal between Orchard and Ludlow. Um, and we were there for a long time and then I moved to Forsyth and was. It was a great neighborhood I loved it. Do you live down there? Oh, that's right you live on Houston. Now I live on Thompson and actually I gotta tell you I like the West Side. Excuse me for a sec. Hey Jodi how you doin'? Good, um, I'm just in the middle of a meeting. Um, tomorrow afternoon might be a good time to get together what do you say? That would. Why don't you come over here say, uh, say how's about how's about 2:00? Sure. We'll let's then do it toward the end of the day. Kind of more like 4:30. You know where I am. Yeah 611 number 702. Same thing. OK, bye. Well, anyway I like the West side I mean I put my time in on the Lower Lower East Side I'm never gonna... I like I mean I like where the synagogue is I like where that area is great then I lived in the East Village and that was terrible. That was insane. So tell what are you guys what's happening what are you guys are oh. Well, I I did a lot of tests and I tried to get off of, uh, being self-conscious about it. I mean at first it was a little awkward and I did it like several days of tests and yeah, you know, I was like watching what I was saying and at this point it's like I'm just letting it yeah. I just started Monday I'll just do it for a full week, um, but I did lots lots of test for a while just so I could get used it to. Just figured I'd catch a week of language and see, you know, start to work with it a little bit. So, no this is me normally, this is really this is me. Three years. I'm just gonna get a cup of coffee. Don't you want some milk? You want some sugar or anything? OK. So what so what hap happened finally it was like just too too stiff and too weird? Too conventional? Right. I'm gonna... You were the best. Borrow one. Yeah sure, he's famous. I like his work, yeah I think he's really cool. Oh really, where was it in the synagogue? Really, what did he do? God, why didn't I know about this? Yeah yeah yeah like Grand Central and right. Why did I not know it was happening there it's so cool. Was it was it good? No you of course it's like there still is it's still an active congregation, isn't it? Oh, it's right Mr. Markowitz used to tell me right it was downstairs, oh, that's so cool. Um, OK so I was gonna ask did you turn it off during... Yeah yeah. I would say so I guess no really really I would say that there's times. Yoko. Yeah, it's the new, uh, she put out a new album called Rising and then a bunch of people did remixes of it and this is the Thurston Moore remix yeah. It's nice, isn't it? Is it annoying you? Um, um, when are you guys looking to do this and are you looking to have several pieces going at once or do you plan to give the space to one artist for a certain time? Yeah, well, I guess my life is really sound it's interesting because I was trained as a visual artist and,

uh, there's a big article about what I've done in the in the in this new Art In America the written word and it's about three artists that have worked with, uh, with text and it's trying to, uh, establish, uh, books and writing as serious artwork and not just some side product of an artist's production. So, this is from here on in you can actu you should maybe pick this up at some point or I can xerox it for you and then, yeah, and this about some of the things that I've done. And they were I've moved from more sort of concrete objects to less and less, you know, um, sort of more ephemeral and sort of sheer sound pieces based on sound. I was trained as a sculptor and, uh, I went to RISD and I used to make sculptures of books and, um, all sorts of objects and then, I was carving language onto book, these wooden books and they were really beautiful but I became much more interested in language than in the actual form of the book itself. Um, so I stopped making sculptures and began working more directly with the language itself and came up with several of the these gallery pieces over the years that were just text, um. Yeah of course I have that on my refrigerator. I love that. Everybody loves it. And it this all these are based on sound I can get into that in a minute. Um, and more and more after this was 94 I rejected even making things, uh, physical hence this is like where I work and it's all computer and, um, and I worked and I worked on this book and actually this this whole article is about my book which I just finished and is going to be published this summer, which I'm really excited about by by The Figures it's a small press, uh, experimental writing press. Um, along the way, um, my work since 1990 has all been based on language and the way language sounds. Um, and I began to work with rhymes very simple rhymes and um, I did a, um, book here with a collaboration with a vocalist named Joan La Barbara who was is the primary vocal interpreter of John Cage's work. It was an honor to work with her and, uh, it comes with a CD of Joan's stuff, and uh, it was released on Lovely Music actually. Do you know Lovely Music? They're a they're a good downtown, uh, New Music label so this CD was released individually on Lovely Music. And I wrote the poems and they're very simple rhyming poems and Joan did vocal interpretations I can actually play some of them for you. Yeah well these were all drawings originally and yeah I laid this whole thing out on the computer it goes through all these different changes and they were a suite of 80 drawings and Joan I just handed the test the raw text I said do with them what you may. So this is tracked there are 79 poems even though it's called 73 poems and it's got 79 tracks on it so you can actually plug in track 26 and turn to page 26 they're very faintly printed down here the page numbers and you can actually listen to her vocal interpretation of this. Um, sure sure they're fun. And actually I have the whole project on the web now which is really neat. I put the entire thing up with sound bites and everything so it's it's it's view able from everywhere. Uh, OK. Yeah if you have the yeah if you have the sound if yeah yeah I mean if you have speakers anybody can get it sure. And that's it's all converging because I mean that's also what I'm doing. I design web sites for a living and I work for, um, many presses and I do I do literary sites on the web and so this whole kind of interest in poetry and I'm a DJ at WFMU so this whole kind of interest in poetry sound literature computers it's all... Bill Arning. I don't know I don't know him. It sounds it sounds interesting. OK, so here's like this poem. And there are two it's for two voices the kind of darker text and the light text and if you can just hold that and, you know, what would it sound like, you know? It was like one, you know, they're all like like really teeny what's the next let's see. It's all her, yeah. So you hear that that background track is what we just sort of just heard and now she's

putting something new laid over. What happens is that the the darker letters move to the next one and they become gray and a new set of letters is laid over a new set of sounds so the ew two. Oh no, it's completely sound based. As a matter of fact this whole book I I this whole we can just move to the quickly jumping to that project it's like my whole idea is like what if language was was was selected by sound before meaning and what is, you know, what does that do to language? And then I've worked in many languages. I've done poems in I've done big poems in books in Polish, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish I was just in a museum in Caracas and. Museo de Bellas Artes in Caracas. Were you in Caracas. Yeah yeah exactly yeah. Yeah exactly. What were you it was a horrible place isn't it Caracas? Mean. Yeah it's just it's wild. Um, I was brought down there, um, and what I did was what I often do I was in Poland I did a similar project in a museum I'll I'll place myself I'll sit, um, in a museum and I'll collect sounds. I'll just collect I'll have a big stack of paper out and I'll have people come by and I'll have somebody translate something for me to say that I'm collecting sounds that end in say the word in the words that end in the sound of ah. And I don't care what comes before it just as long as the last thing is ah. You know, cause it's kind of like rhymes, you know, ha ja la na. Is it? Yeah yeah I just sit there and oh, it's terrific, I have people coming up to me and laying things on me and I'm always banging things into the computer and somebody's always sitting with me helping me put it in. I I actually have some pictures and I probably have a this actually quickly if you want to just quickly look at this. This describes the process more I I wrote it. It's more articulate than I am right now. Yeah, I've got this whole numbering system going too. Actually here is, uh, here is a bunch of things from from Poland actually just read that and I'll show you the pictures. Oh oh don't just read the introduction. No no. I don't understand a word of it but that's... I did a similar piece in Venezuela right right very similar I mean I have a printout of it I never made it into a book. Um, but it was really great because I mean it was all about it was just all about, um, the possibilities of of of, uh, universal communication, you know, it all sums it all there. But it was fun, this is this is yeah my hair was really long but this is this is like me hanging out at the computer and people just just coming by. Um, no, so many let me get some more process pictures there's more drunken pictures. Poland was nothing but drinking it was really a lot of fun. And Allen Ginsberg came over and there's me and Alan Ginsberg. Um, this this was in ninety 93, yeah, late 93. Here's a reading we all did together me and Allen Ginsberg and a bunch of the different poets, um. Well anyway I just anyway these are mostly pictures of friends. Bill was there actually, Bill Arning was in there with me. And so I just sat I would just sit here and people would come by and I would enter these in. So I did that in Caracas and I did this big piece in Spanish, that was interesting. And then, the other interesting weird connection we have here is that is that I was selected as the poster boy for this show at the Jewish Museum. Did you see that the museum or? The matzohs on it yeah yeah yeah. So then this is then this is all over this piece has been reproduced all over town and this was some visual work that I just done done and showed and it was all about me, Bob Dylan, Abbie Hoffman, and Allen Ginsberg. So it was really funny that this ends up right up these are these are little postcards and they've got big posters it was in the Times and it was really insane because it was a little side project I did. So, I mean there was this, and then Raphael and this article makes the connection, uh huh, Raphael makes a connection between my explicit use of Jewish Jewish images and the fact that I've drifted to text and and and and

text-based and kind of a taboo against images and and he brings that up in the article something you guys can have those I mean they're... So so there's like all these funny crossovers yeah. There's like all these really weird crossovers going happening now, um. I've done that too, um. I've also over the course of the years done several pieces based on single works, eh?, on single books only using the text in the books extracting texts from magazine articles. Sometimes I'll I'll write a work in another language and I'll only use the source from, say, a magazine article. Like I did this piece as kind of a warm up for Venezuela I did a piece in Spanish and I had a Venezuelan newspaper it was like the breakup of Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford. So I sort of, you know, of course I couldn't I don't speak Spanish I don't understand it but I was working with the language formally and only worked from that source so it that's another way of working. Um, and and that's that's not a problem. Um, it's interesting you should you know it's all too weird, you know, this all getting this is all getting really too strange I've been the next series of poems I'm doing are are one of the projects I'm working on are based on the visual structures of the Talmud. Which is... yeah yeah yeah, which is great and also the and a lot of the Jewish graphics from that are in this book are really beautiful yeah this is an amazing book. It's all like Jewish visual poetry which is just just right up my alley kind of thing that I'm. It's really it's like from the seventies. Jerome Rothenberg put it put together and, um, actually I think it still is in print. And there's all sort of here's another. I love that as a matter of fact yeah. The Wallace Berman stuff is also interesting but look at these two aren't they just incredible? You know it's funny that the micrography I was like thinking what would I do with all this language that I'm collecting like right now I'm working right now of course as we speak and I was thinking I do would do some kind of micrographic piece with it, like how much language do we generate each week which is probably just like I'll find out like a stack I mean I've got tapes and tapes and tapes already from this week and then what if I like reduced it down to like like the teeniest point size or something like that and con con and I fit it. I was in India and I saw, um, like the Bhagavad Gita like written on grains of rice and that kind of thing, you know, all that kind of. So there's like all this kind of, it's interesting so I've I've been on the Internet I've found I found a whole explanation of what what actually what this all means and I well, no, what the vi what the the the visual structure of the Talmud is I mean what what these things mean. This is the main commentary and this is commentary on this commentary and these are like assorted commentaries on everything else. You know, so it's I I read the Life of Johnson and it's a great book because it's been annotated by so many people that there's. Boswell's Life of Johnson that there's there's this but but then his wife annotated it and then another person later on annotated it and later on all the annotations appear so it became something really similar to the Talmudic structure. Yeah, let's see. Yeah this is the original guy's commentary the original rabbi's commentary glosses and these are other commentaries. This is the secondary it was called Tosafot or something and this is the second this is the primary this is the secondary and then all these are glosses and other like odd comments about other odd comments about, you know, I just saw it and thought it was so beautiful, you know, and each one is really different. Each one takes a different structure, you know, visually again it's like they're amazing. And I don't know anybody that's done any work with this structure in terms of visual poetry. Look at this one, isn't that beautiful? You know, again, you know, it's not real

interesting, you know, to me. I don't know. I have no idea. I know nothing about it. Yeah, I saw it at a at a book at a street fair and and. So yeah so, you know, it's inter it's very. I thought maybe I could, you know, I'd start to flow some text around just just just for fun to see what would happen, you know, I'm not sure but it's it's really interesting it's very funny that you called it's it's, you know, I was telling my wife she's a video artist and, you know, I was telling her that you guys had called and, uh, you know, it's just so funny because... There's a Yiddish word for everything but there's kind of like all this it's all this stuff is kind of in my head and in the air so when so when Eldridge St. Synagogue called it was like so this is just like something else, you know, something along these lines and so, you know, actually I'm not a practicing Jew I mean I'm much more drawn to Eastern practices. I mean I practice uh, Vedanta, which is a brand of Hinduism, I mean, that's my religious practice, but I mean in in terms of, you know, everything else I'm totally Jewish, right? I mean it's just like you know my whole culture is Jewish. I grew up in Long Island, yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I was given a secular Jewish education which is something called Kinder Shul, which is a Workman's Circle leftist, uh, thing so I was also sent to, um, kind of a leftist I mean, summer camp, Camp Walt Whitman which was like leftist and non-competitive again Workman's Circle, again my parent are really into Workman's Circle stuff. So my whole background was was yeah, was more like that culturally. You know my father works in the schmata business on 7th Avenue. He's no major radical but it's all this kind of stuff and I also grew up meditating and my parents were New Age and sort of EST people in the early seventies. So our whole family grew up meditating and I had this whole leftist Jewish thing going at the same time and, which is which is what I am today. I'm a practicing practicing Eastern religion but my whole shtick is leftist and, uh, and and Jewish so. So, at any rate to get more specific about these projects, um, yeah I'd like to work with I I would actually welcome the idea of working with with, uh, something within very tight much tighter parameters, um, because look, it's all language to me. And whether, you know, the way I've been working allows me to work with things not only that I like but also things that I might not like as well. Because my rationale is language is sound then it can include, you know, sort of things that either are not interesting or even if I permit it and, well, I'd like to permit it to to let in things that I actually find offensive that are not mine. Well, um, it's yeah that's not my that's not what I'm doing. That's not my I mean there are a lot of people that do that really well, uh, but I don't work with. I don't do that. Um, my, you know, my focus for the last probably 9 years has been exclusively language and the sound of language. I've become really attuned to that. Um, so that sometimes so yeah, no I'm not I'm not a real sort of sound, you know, sound. I mean I appreciate other people's work and certainly on my radio show I play. Well I mean I mean John Cage is the god, right? And and I'm a Cage devotee and I got to know Cage, um, through working with Joan La Barbara as well. So, um, I like, yeah, I like all electronic composers, experimental composers people that like Pauline Oliveros, uh, all New Music I mean I've just got like a load a load a load of this stuff. Bob Ashley, but then he's language based which what I really love about his language. Meredith Monk I adore. I think she's terrific, yeah. So, I mean I think there are. No no whatever she does is good. I I have yet to hear a bad Meredith Monk piece. I play a lot of that on the show. Um, so, um I like all that stuff but I my main emphasis is really language and and language as sound. What? They are what what language are they in? I'd like to I would really like to work

in Yiddish and I would really like to not know what it means. Um, I'd like to work it would be a good challenge for me because I've only worked only in uh, no I haven't, I did some work in Greek. I did a big commission that was all in Greek. That was really fun. Hey, it wasn't Greek to me, no it was really fun and and uh, that was really closer but I went to India and I wanted to do a big piece in Sanskrit but India was no place to kind of focus and work. That was very difficult. Um, but I learned I learned a little bit of Yiddish growing up, um, and that's what we were taught we weren't taught Hebrew we were taught Yiddish but I can't remember I can remember two words of it or something right yeah. And of course I mean. Visually, um, visually also I'm interested in working with it. See, what I would like to do is get my hands on those books or, um, and and begin to construct um um um sound pieces by the way the words look. Now if the way the words look they're probably gonna have if I can arrange things by the way they look they're probably gonna have a sonic rhythm and sense to it as well. All the rhymes I work with if I didn't know the language I could look at the ends of the words on anything that that that they would all sort of sound the same and they would have some kind of a, uh, some kind a thing using that content. And I usually don't well I never ask what these things mean. At the Polish thing I never asked what it meant. To this day I don't know and everybody always wants to tell me and sometimes people do tell me and, you know, but I I mean with this it was so close with these kids and everybody was telling me what they were giving me. If you guys are doing sound, uh, that won't be a problem specific to me that'll be a problem specific to every artist you work with. Right, I mean this is not this very non traditional. Yeah. Good good. Yeah no. That would not interest me. Well, you know, whatever whatever would be say if I was to do something and you guys this, you know, would hand me a bunch of xeroxes of these books and somebody could have gone through them and taken out, you know, I don't care and. The recombination of words and this is what my whole work is based on is that there is a lack of intention and that meaning is constructed by the way by the way the number of syllables in a word and the way that the sounds ends. That's why two phrases in my books live next to each other, not because I thought they had good meaning but because they were fallen in according to this system that I make. So now we may take something, you know, from that book it may be just a fragment, it may end up next to another fragment and then an unexpected meaning they may find offensive. But maybe that can be explained to them, um, in the beginning of, you know, of how of how the work was created. This book was like that it's all, at the beginning, very short sounds based on, I think, air, ah, er, ear, or, these very related sounds. It goes into two syllables A to Z. Yeah. Oh, I don't know. It's some really kind of crazy reference book of sounds that I collected for three years that ended in. Well, I think you want, I think you'd want to it's it really really really sounds fun, you know, um, it's A to Z and they and they grow the syllables everything begins to grow, um, here is three syllables and actually it's indexed. Right. Right exactly, you know, uh, this is, uh, 4 syllables and it grows to 7 syllables and they're just separated by separated by commas. This is how I've been working for the last, you know, so so so something like Chestmen of America, chicks painted pink for Easter, Chestmen of America, that's 7, chicks painted pink for Easter, there's 7 and it's c-h-e and then comes c-h-i. They were all, well, I mean there were things that I thought of, um, there are things people said to me. There's things there's things I've there's things that I've read there's bits from T.V. and then later of course it gets much much

longer. This is 15 syllables. And so truly Allah made you in the image of Heather Locklear and the of course I was only really interested in the ear and the truly that's fifteen syllables if you count that out and twenty years ago I crawled into a bottle of vodka, you know, so and it goes it goes, yeah, I don't know where I forget I forget and so now it gets on to 43 later they get on to they get on to 100. Um, finally things getting much longer and ending up I believe 2737 syllables, at which point the whole thing kind of breaks apart and gets really crazy. So, um, language is meaning is determined by other things other than meaning, you know, and there's always gonna be meaning there with language and so this is the kind of thing that I'm continuing to work with. Um, actually it's all I mean you can take that if you want. Excuse me. Hello. Hey Ken, how ya doin'? Good, I'm just in a meeting. Can I call you back? Uh, yeah I can't believe that. I'm gonna be away the Tuesday May 14 and Tuesday May 21st? OK? Let me call you back I wanted to talk to you about the links page as well. Bye. Um, yeah this this this sort of tells the whole story I mean you can contact my gallery for a bio. Uh, no no, Bravin Post Lee yeah, they're down on they're down on Mercer St. Let me just see if my tape's running out. Yep. OK I've yeah I've I've tried tried not to keep I don't I try not to keep these bio things around because my production is so scattered, um, it's, you know, that this is, you know, this is something like this which, you know, ends up meaning as much to me as a, um, you know, a a show in the Jewish Museum, it's all the sort of same to me so I let the gallery kind of kind of kinda keep up with that stuff but I think, you know, you should if you need information I there's there's just stacks and stacks of press over the years as well that they can that they can get you. No no no it's it's too I'm, um, I haven't tried for grants because I know how hard they are to get these days. Um, and also I do, I mean I work, you know, I do I build web web sites and yeah I work for and I work for, um, oh this is great it's so cool sure sure. Um, yeah so, you know, I mean I'm happy to, you know as a writer and a collector and sounds I don't need the time I used to need when I was a visual artist, you know, kind of sanding or cutting or or coloring, um, I can you know I'm working right now just by talking and and listening. Yeah no it is and it gives it actually frees me up so I do I do I work for publishers and I build web sites as well. You guys wanna see? There's a chair behind the dog you can just grab grab it. Did you guys say you want say you're interested in a web site? Because you might think about one? Uh, have guys hung on the net at all who's no yeah? no. Um, Granary Books they do artist's books. Uh, that was something I I stole a, uh, something from the Merce Cunningham site yeah sure. Oh actually it should be... Um, this is a site I did for these guys, um, and we're just local now we're not we're not live on line. Oh, wait a minute, why did that work that way? Excuse me, let me just change my preference here. What's going on here? I did this for a job. Let me let me crack this other browser. Rearranging my preferences blah blah blah. This new one. OK, try this again. OK? So, um, actually you come into the site and you get this and then it comes up with his logo. And then you've got, um, a choice of all these different books that he's done, sort of on the side here. Uh, they're just I just created icons, yeah. This is clickable. Just a little bit from this book and he he wanted to remain mysterious like you don't really know what it is. And then and then and then at the end you you find what you what you've looked at. Oh yeah, oh you are it's really. And and these are these are just pages from books that he's done. Sure sure sure. Sure of course. This is a very visual site I mean this is he he wanted it this way. It's not a high information site, here is you click on that little t that was for

text and here's here's all the hard information about everything and you can actually get to the books from here as well. Yeah yeah. This site came out really really well, um we also put up one one. Oh, I have a scanner yeah I scan everything, yeah. So here he put up an entire chapter of this Johanna Drucker book with with with footnotes which I love, you know. So yeah so this is you always always have the text. This is the mailto so you can just knock a composition right in, you know, and and send it right off to him. Um, and on and on. So, a more kind of conventional site would be... let's merce.html. I I took these quotes they were these really beautiful quotes on on the web everything is available and you can lift everything so I I just simply by holding down and saving this image as you can take anything so I got these quotes. Uh, yeah yeah yeah. Yeah, but no I mean it's Netscape is is both platforms, uh, let's see OK another one is Sun & Moon, um, they are a very interesting press in Los Angeles. Yeah, I've got see all those books the same size yeah yeah. I think I called it home.html. Right and this was actually meant to be viewed a little bit smaller and this is much more sort of sort of hard information you know this may throw us onto the web. Is it live? No. No great, we're not live. Um, I I have these links in here that are sometimes live links so this is his new titles and and you just would sort of click on. Mark. You know him? Really? Where does he live? Yeah. So that's really interesting, yeah. So here's one of Mark's books, yeah, and I I actually created this cover Douglas. Isn't that isn't that funny. Douglas just sent me a picture of the woodcut I just sort of laid this in and we're waiting this is a new release that's coming up on the web he claims for several novels. Isn't that funny, yeah? So you should you should tell him I built this site I built this site for Douglas and, you know, it's a great press I mean I just I mean I adore kind of, you know, what Douglas has done, I just think it's great. So I mean this is a really hard information. Now these I are live, uh, these are all live, so let me see I wonder if these if these are live no these are local, uh, you can look at his his different reviews from the books, um. No, what did you catch. Where do you study English. Huh, oh are you a writer? Uh, this is Douglas wanted these titles these selected titles and they're so great. Let's see I wonder if there's I think there's another Mark on here? Nope. The Red Adam. I knew that was familiar and there it is. So, I design all the covers. Oh, I was just, where? Oh I was just Douglas sent me this text to put up. Yeah yeah yeah. No, that's good. No that's that's that's good. No I was I I get emailed the text and Douglas says I've got to go through it and do that I just lay it in I do whatever he, you know, whatever he gives me. So at any rate, this is the kind of thing that I've been that I've kind of been building. And there's another one that's, uh, I think this is kind of kind of, uh. Dialing. Yeah, sure, I'm sorry so. Oh it's a cheap modem. Oh, it's 129 dollar I I, you know, it work it does what it does, sure, it works really really well. So, OK, go on. Well, I'm I'm I'd love to and I, you know, I think the technical thing is is essential too, you know, I kind of think think that, um, how to how to. Well, it's true there's there's there's, you know, we can move move back here, um. Yeah, um, yeah I yeah no it all sounds interesting to me, um, you know I really love this place. No no really, I mean I told you that story on the phone I just walked by it with my wife we were in Chinatown oh man look at how good it looks and, you know, uh, yeah, it's really yeah and anyway that I could, uh, sure. It's all this all fam you know it's family my my grandparents are from the Lower East Side, you know, this there's a lot of ghost around here. I mean we all moved out to the suburbs but my grandmother was born on 4th and D, you know, and now she's buried in Cypress Hills

Cemetery right near Schneerson, which is just wild, yeah. Yeah, oh it's oh it's we have you ever seen his his tomb out there? It's incredible. Um, it's this big it's this kind of big concrete thing and and it's it's yeah kind of like a mausoleum but it's kind of open air and there's the big trough, this big concrete trough in front of where he's buried and there are all these people like praying and they're scribbling like prayers on like little bits like scraps of paper like like like laundry like right like little laundry tickets they're they're they're kind of put filling this trough up with prayers it's really a big trough it's really remarkable because it's. Yeah, well I was Bar Mitzvahed at the, uh, wailing wall, yeah yeah. It's a great idea a great idea. It's meaningful because well it's there's just to finish quickly what they have is they have is this guy that comes and we saw this happen and there's this sort of older guy and he collects everything and then they've got this old, um, cast iron stove in the back with a huge with a huge pipe with a huge tall pipe, right? And it and it, you know, as if as if it's a direct connection to heaven you like yeah we'll get it up there quick for you. Yeah. Interesting. Yeah, I'm sure maybe he got it from, I mean, this was after after she was buried and I was hanging out with my wife and my cousin and oh yeah let's go see Schneerson. And it was really I I, um, no I didn't didn't feel feel that I mean it's a really it's a holy place and people were, you know, it's very serious. Yeah it was just like in India, you know, you go to these different temples where these different, you know, saints have lived and and, you know, there's like really holy stuff and the guy evidently was I don't know that much about him but he was a he was some sort of a saint to somebody to someone right and you feel it around there and the great thing is that they these guys the Hassid have bought the house nearest to it and they run electricity to it from outside right out they're right out he he's like buried here and then there's like like maybe about thirty feet and there's the wall or maybe more a hundred feet or something like that and then they bought the house adjacent to his tomb and you know he has like this huge busy street and they've run things into his thing so you can go there at night and stuff and there's always somebody keeping an eye of the tomb I mean it's very very spiritual experience. It was really really quite interesting. Makes sense. I didn't know that. I mean we could just surmise I mean nobody told us anything. Yeah, well maybe maybe sort of a mix could happen maybe a mix of sort of past and present language could happen. And then kind of like what I'm also interested in doing is that doing some kind of a printout of the text, you know, that people can actually take with them. I'm I'm like, you know, addicted to making books and and, you know, the written thing is as important to me as, you know, the kind of sound thing that could happen as well. I have this font I think it's called it's it's the one like that that makes Jewish it makes it look like Hebrew it looks like the Second Avenue Deli? Yeah yeah. I like the Jewish I love that one. I used it in a bunch of work that I a lot of these Jewish works that I show. That's for you, yes, that's for you and, um, yeah yeah if you guys I'm interested in in helping out in whatever way I can and also if you guys are interested in getting a site done I'm available for that. Tell Mark. Uh, uh, it depends really how deep you want to go and and also, you know, how big how big you want to go I mean something can be very done very simple very quickly something could be done very very complicated and could take a long time. It really it's not an easy question to. Which one? Yours? Well I'm a I'm a natural collector I'm naturally a collector and a cate categorizer three three, you know, three years worth of collecting, so. But you'll read about it. The

article is all about this book and, you know, if you want I'll just do a print out for you, it's fun. It's only 600 you're not going to read the whole thing it's impossible to read I mean you can't read it start to finish. Alright, well, do be in touch. Do you have email, you personally? Well, I have I I maintain an AOL account. I I think I think they're great. Why why don't you give me yours and I'll I'll oh you have it on there, OK. Well, I'll tell you also if you I can recommend a before you are set up in the office you should consider, um, you should sort of consider where you're going to housing your site. In other words, don't arbitrarily choose a provider because it could be it should be connected directly to that in terms of these things, you know, so you can give me a call or something, I don't know who are you gonna. Awful? So yeah keep keep that. And have and tell Mark, who I don't know and I have to his books are well one is one is there. These are all the books that were sent me. What was it The Red Adam and. I should keep this here because of the job but, um, you should tell tell him it's interesting because Douglas says that the books that he sent me to put up first are like what he considers to be the most important books and these are? I don't know I don't know anything about them. Are they good? So tell him that, I mean, cause he'll be flattered because it's a great press and and Douglas, you know, sent this as being. Alright you guys. Good to meet you. Be in touch. See you around and if you OK, bye-bye. What? Sure. OK, bye. Hey Doug it's Kenny G. How ya doin'? OK is Ken around? OK. Hey. Right. So hi. How ya doin'? Yeah, how's everything going. Hope to see you sometime soon. I hope we can hang out or do something. When you said Harry took his first bike ride what did that mean? You put him on the back of your bike? Cool. Oh. Cool cool, Ken, I haven't seen him in so long. So let's get together at some point soon OK? You know, at any rate, why doesn't this guy have a phone? Is he the guy the guy who like plays Zappa and jazz and he's black he was like with BGO we he, yeah, OK. Good good. Well that would be perfect. We're going to Greece, Cheryl and I. Great. Yeah great. Very good. Oh boy, do you think he it's. Do you think he'll he'll he'll be able to cover for the shifts? Great great. OK. Well those are the two dates. OK good. Well it's extremely political as you said today earlier. Yeah. No no you did. I suggested and I think you reiterated that that we owe a lot of people favors and what goes on the links page I think is, you know, is is it's very political. Mutual links. But then but but I mean then then our links just just, you know, anybody can put a link to us and that's, you know, that's not that's not as interesting yeah we should do. OK. Alright, um, in terms of in terms of politics, you know, we shouldn't we shouldn't be extraneous I think we're a great site and I think we should only have things on our links page that really mean a lot to us. Got it. That'd be fun. That'd be fun. That'd be fun. No no that's cool. That's cool. Yeah, just like the catalog. Well OK that then. Yeah yeah we don't. Yeah OK, no, well OK that's that's if people are interested. OK yeah mutual links page. Yeah, we'll that sounds fun that sounds good but you know, man. Right. Right. OK, well, listen it's it's something that will grow but I the other the other thing is the other thing is, you know, like I'm kind of learning with the uh, with the uh, with uh, the old bin, you know, things things I I wish things, you know, I wish things kind of took a life of their own and asking DJ's to write things. You know, the new bin the old bin has just kind of languishing. It's not on fire and I have a feeling that it's just gonna kind of keel over and die soon and. You know but it in terms of asking DJ's to write reviews of site, I mean, I'm getting the sense that DJ's at the station are, you know, generally either preoccupied or lazy or uninterested in in in in doing too much

else outside of their own show. Thanks, bud, why am I why am I with you guys? I'm like you. I'm like, what are we doing Ken? We wanna do shit, you know? I'll do a few, yeah sure. Dave Mandl, you know all the people that normally do shit around here. Yeah, well, alright listen. I can just start I'll start with the list and I, you know, I'll leave it open if people want to contribute. I mean whatever happened to anybody else ever doing another goddamned home page at the station? We still have the same four home pages there. What what happened to you? Oh yeah, we're all busy. I know we're all busy. Right, right, yeah. Alright. Yeah, alright. Yeah. I saw that. I liked that. I love those those those orange monitors by the way those old old monitors they're really nice. Yeah yeah I think they're really easy to read. They don't make em anymore. So, be in touch, man, I feel like I haven't seen or heard from ya in a while. We're going Greece for two weeks. And then we're going to Greece and then we're going to Las Vegas. That's why I can't do those shows, but uh, you know, before I go to Greece I'd like to get together. This weekend is pretty well shot. Uh, you know, um, yeah I'm going to see that Xenakis thing? How was Donna's Xenakis show? Yeah, I heard she did it yeah. I'm going to that I'm going going to that Xenakis show and then Saturday I have family obligations but, you know, what are you doing one night after work or something. Yeah. It's odd we don't see each other in between our shows, you know? We're so close. Have you been sleeping well? Yeah. Yeah. OK. So listen I'll just just just let's next next weekend the weekend after the 27th. Yeah. Let me know, huh? Yeah, I miss you guys. OK? See ya. Bye. Hi, can I speak to Pamela? Ken Goldsmith. Thanks. Hi it's Ken Goldsmith. Who's this? Hey Barry, how you doin'? Listen, what do you how did you guys finally end up feeling about 7.3? Yeah. Do you guys recommend an upgrade to it if it? OK and what's? I've finally stabilized on 7.5.2. Like my system runs really pretty well. Uh, Power PC, uh, 8500. I need, well I need Open Transport 1.1. You guys have it there or I. Yeah. Oh, I see. I see. I see. I don't care I mean I have so much memory on this thing it's not it's not it's not a big, yeah, not really I got like 50k. Yah. I have one problem with, uh, and I'm hoping Open Transport 1.1 will fix it is that is that I'll be on the web and I'll be fine I can hang forever and everything works beautifully. The minute I close my PPP and try to reconnect right, I mean, I can reconnect but Netscape and my TCP like just won't function. Yeah, really? Oh, wow. Right. Good, so what do you so just what should I do then? Just just bring my box in? How long does it take to to to throw that? What that's it. Right I mean I I'm not gonna, uh, I'm not gonna, uh, start trying to do this myself. Uh huh. Right. Right. Yeah. Right. Um, alright, then OK so I'll just just do I need to make an appointment or stop in or... Right is that about we're not talking an all day thing. Right. Right. Alright well listen I appreciate the information I I totally appreciate your time much, you know, thanks for the hard info. It's something I have to do I mean I'm just reluctant cause I just got 7.2 to stabilize actually I think I was I'm on 7.2.1 or something like that. 7.5.2, right. Blah blah blah. I just got it to stabilize. I'll see you soon. Appreciate it. Later. Hello. Hey. Wow! Uh huh. Really? Can he get you any work? God. Oh man, that's funny that he even remembered me cause I never did any work for them. Funny, god. Wow. Well, so what so what's the story. You think you can get any work? Where are you? OK, well listen I wanna I don't know if I'm gonna make it home. I making up little business cards for tonight. Uh, I don't know if I'm gonna make it home. I really wanted to like rollerblade with Babette I thought it would be it's nice out, isn't it? Uh. Oh boy, uh. Really you're just gonna take the train? Yeah yeah. Yeah. Come come right by cause actually actually actually

I'll see you at home. I was gonna I was gonna rollerblade I don't know if there's time. OK, what time are you gonna be here? Alright. I'll wait for you here. Bye. It's been been so long thought. Still look the same? OK, so. I'll meetcha downstairs. I'll be down in two minutes. OK. I'll have a bite of your sandwich, you know? OK, I'll be right down. OK. Let's get going. Let's let's walk family. She rejected a potato chip. That's a first! Aw. No no no. It's alright. It's alright. I'll get an apple. I need something living. You know, having this thing with my ear it feels like an ear infection in that, you know, when your ear's fucked up you feel all off balance and stuff? Yeah no I got to all the guys though there's nothing you can really do about it unfortunately. Yeah I do because I've had this before. It's really fucked up. It really makes me it really makes me feel. You know like just not here, just not clear, you know? I mean, literally my vision in my left eye is so blurry right now. Do you think eyes are serious I gotta get an apple. You think eyes are serious things? How would you feel if you went if you were going blind? It's your biggest fear, isn't it? Alright. Wanna hold her? No. I just want to get an apple. Take one of these. Apples are so expensive these days. Guess how much this one was. 80 cents. And I'm gonna bite you right back. This looks friendly. Apple. Wanna stop and say hello. Is this the grand old lady with all these young puppies. Shit. We were gonna go with. Uh, yeah. He's an asshole. This guy looks like a soap opera actor? That guy in the black looks like a soap opera actor? Yeah. Or a porn actor. I'm always taping. What? That's what she's supposed to do. Sit in the sun. Chilly. Oh. Fuckin Jon never called me his ditsy girlfriend never called me. Uh. I don't really care I mean I was like I didn't really wanna see her. I thought it would be interesting to see Jon I thought that would be OK cuz people are just fucked up totally non non committal. Something like that. Never heard from her. Figured she'd even call. No, we didn't have a real definite meeting set I just never heard from. This is so fucked up. You know what Ken called WFMU on the phone to me today? He called WFMU flypaper for fuck-ups. Let me have a bite. Is it good? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, he we go again I guess this is all this is always gonna be this way. I mean what are you gonna do now? Are you gonna go back to the other ones? The other ones who ruined the rug I mean I guess this is like I guess this is occupational hazard. I'll be it even happens to Ramon. I mean it happens twice, you know? I mean the rug is like unforgivable but and they and they... No. I know. I just think this is what happens. It happens it seems to happen to every dry cleaner so. What this guy said the worst thing to me I've ever heard today. Well there was this I was you know they're doing construction on Broome St. I'm walking Bets and there's this pit bull sticking his head out the window of some truck. So this guy turns to me and says watch out for this dog and I said why. Like he's gonna attack your dog I'm like well the dog is in the car and the car is moving. And he's like you never seen that happen? This dude. He says them fucking pit bulls, man, they're crazy they're all fuckin' crazy. I'm like, well, not really, it's all how you make them. I suppose they have the potential to be crazy but it's all how you train them. He's like no no no. That's not true. They're all crazy. All of them. All of them pit bulls they're crazy. He said you think you can train a pit bull to, uh, not be viscous? I said sure. He said you tell me this: you think you can train a nigger to be smart? And I just looked at him and I said that is a whole other subject. And I walked away. And he says, I seen you smilin' I seen you smilin'. You agree with me. You agree with me. I just walked away and was like not gonna. I was smiling like oh my god, that was the worst thing anybody's ever said in their life, you know, I mean that

was serious. Oh, he was so ignorant I was like this guy has the whole way of the world things are like they are, nobody nobody can change nobody can get better. I had the nicest lunch today. They opened this new Chinese restaurant next to you know the one I go to all the time? You know, the little greasy place. They opened this new one. You know where that nasty one used to be? Like a little bit further down? You know which one I'm talking about? There were two. Well, a new one opened in its place. It's a real Chinese restaurant right? It's like the most Chinatown it's like a bakery restaurant. So I went in there I had a soup, right? I was really in the mood for a soup. So like chicken wonton noodle soup. And that was the best soup I've ever had. I mean it was so clean and I mean they gave me like this like, you know, one of the big containers and about this much vegetables, this much noodles, and this much wonton. And I I you know they re re redid the park on the corner of Spring and Mulberry, you know, across from the Shark Bar? And it just opened and it's really clean. I brought that there and I sat in the sun and I ate it and oh, it was just so nice, I mean the food was just so good there. So I saw Maya Lin who extremely friendly who wanted to just talk and talk and talk. I'm sort of not feeling a hundred percent up to this thing tonight. Yeah, we'll just go quick and, you know, oh you know. Hey so anyway your piece looked really good those snow prints are very bizarre. It's really small. I expected it to be a fullscreen thing. I mean it's really tiny I mean on my screen it was like maybe this big. I'm sorry it crashed because what happened what's happening is that I'm not gonna go into it but briefly in order for that new browser to work it needs a new the newer version of Open Transport. I'm not even gonna explain what that means but I'm gonna get that I'm gonna get a whole new system upgrade which will include that really soon so like over the next few days. No. Uh huh. Yeah you have to have a Java browser and it's gotta be working and everything's gotta be working and, uh, yeah, I'm about as savvy as anyone and I don't really have the right stuff for it. I mean it's just, you know, six months from now more people will. You know, I mean it's just a matter of time. It looks really great. I had fun. I liked the lines snaking across and the fingerprints and yeah, it looked really really good I mean it really is I wanted to see the whole cycle but I like it what little little bit I saw it looked really good. Know what we'll do tomorrow. You're gonna meet my mother for lunch, right? We'll we'll buy her an Art In America we should probably give her that fucking thing, you know? She should probably see that. Oh, I hate this woman. Oh, I'm so glad she didn't see Babette she's such a doink. What are you doin' there? What are you doin' there? Look how happy she is. No I she's just like hello Babette she's like one of these dopey women who kind of of just carry on insanely. Yeah. Cause I'm trying to be more open with them right? And so I'll let her see that. What was the name of that restaurant we went to with my mother on Columbus Ave. It was called Map or something or. What was the name of that fucking place. It was called Globe something? Globe or Map? Alright. Hey! What are you doing there? What are you doing there? What are you doing there? I gotta find out before then, oh, well. Not really. I like that article on Swami Bruce. He sounds like a good guy. I mean it must be hard being a western monk I mean you dealing with guys like Swami, I mean, he's terrific but he's from another totally from another place. I think it must be so hard, don't you? Oh yeah, I think that's one of the reasons, you know, I mean he said that he wanted to explore that side that was sort of unexplored. Yeah, I think he's in a he's got to be in a relationship. I mean Zen, you know, there's no question, I mean if you're a Zen priest a real Zen priest you can't have a relationship. He sounds like a neat

guy. He sounds like a guy that I'd like to talk to, you know, because of the western and the, you know, like the kind of pop thing and the rock thing along with the with the intrigue of Vedanta, you know, the man spent ten years in a monastery it's very interesting to me. John knows him, John Schlenck knows him and thinks he's a good guy. That guy also who wrote it is really interesting Peter Ochiogrosso. The guy that writes for for Lingo and does the really the best writing in all of Lingo. I really like his writing a lot. But it was interesting, wasn't it. I mean, you know, it brings up it brings up some... Washing the toilet with his hair that was pretty that was pretty great. Look at that face. What kind of face is that? Just look at that face right now. Ay, what are you doing there? Ay! Ay! Ay! Aw. Come here, come here. Bets. C'mere. Yeah so oh, she's so clean. Come here! So so go on. Sit. Sit. Sit. No I think he's a Vedantist, but, you know, I don't think it's any different, uh, I don't think it's any different at all. Look at look at. One kid goes and now now they're all starting to go. One kid got the courage to go on the grass and now they're all are. You know I don't think he has a problem with Vedanta. I think he's very much a Vedantist. Look at this. They're they're just like fightin', they're doing a fighting ritual. Watch this. These kids are shouting it's kind of an amazing ritual. Look at this fat kid putting it. Well, it looks like they've got a big kid and a and a slim kid. A slim quick one and a big logy one. Some kind of wrestling. Ha ha ha ha. Junior got crushed. I guess weight wins there, not agility. He just went right under. No they are they are having fun. That little guy just got mashed. You know you think we should drop Bets Bets right there in that grassy area with them? Think they'd they'd have a good time chasing her around? It are they just hey. This guy just got himself hurt. I don't feel that at ours, though. You know not really I mean there's no pujas and no there's really no I kind of find that it's geared to an incredibly practical wildly practical thing. Like like devotion and worship in front of the idols and, you know, all sorts of oils and fruits and rituals and here comes the mother to tell the kids to get out of there. Party's over, kids. You know? Um, whoa! Oh here they go look. Oh, they just pushed him down. He just got bashed. This big guy he just got bashed. At any rate, um, I think that, you know, I think it's I don't know I find it Swami's always addressing like stress stress New York City Western issues and attitudes. The fat kid. Yeah, it looks like. Ay. She loves the sandbox. Hey. Hey Bets. Go on. Go get it get it get it get it get it get it she always loves sand get it get it get it git some git some git some. Who are you the dog? I found... I found a tit. What did you find? He smiled. I liked I feel like, I don't know, like Vivekananda when you read his stuff it doesn't feel particularly Indian it feels really hip and western and open to me. It really does. I don't know, maybe it's just me maybe I'm not critical enough but it hits me really in the right spot this stuff I mean it kind, it sort of really consistently. Yeah, you're gonna get a bigger one at Cyber. You'll get a big cyber headache. Is cyber a headache? Do you have your watch on? Oh shit, we've got to go. Look what time it is. It's 5 of 7. We said we'd be there at 7:15. Betty girl let's go for a walk, come on. Betty girl Betty girl. So I met with these ladies from the, uh, synagogue today. From the Eldridge Street Synagogue. Yeah that was it was interesting, you know, they they don't really know what they're doing really but they they're kind of thinking of having a few Bets stay having a few artists come in and Bets stay in the main synagogue and doing some sound pieces. You know, I don't they didn't really seem like they really knew too much what was going on or that much about it but they were kind of shopping around and, you know, it

seems like an interesting project. They've got these logs that are in Yiddish. Wow. Great sweater, huh? That was cute that tight... Why do girls wear tight sweaters? They want to show off a good pair of tits. Or at least at least a good Wonderbra!! Guys don't know the difference. I mean that I mean that was so tight as if she was wearing nothing at all. She's got her bellybutton peaking out. Yeah. Summer's good for that. Of course I like that. It's a tit parade. Right. Right. It's a fucking tit parade. Oh Cheryl, look at this dog! Cheryl look at this guy, yeah. Just a puppy, right? Look at the beard. Oh well, spinoni. What's his name. Do you like him? Is he your dog? Does everybody stop you and ask you? Do you get sick of it? Look at him. I've never seen a spinoni. Yeah, see you later. Bye. Good kid. He was so cute, wasn't he? It's a tit parade. Dog's a pussy magnet and it's a tit parade. Yeah that looks good, oh, that looks really good, yeah. I'm probably gonna wanna get a little dinner after this, you know, we'll see how long we stay there. She we call Andrea? Should we just meet her at the Roxy? Where is the Roxy, 17th St? I mean how are they they're probably all gonna pile in a cab and go over there. Maybe we should just meet them there. What do you think? Yeah. Here's a cute dog too. Look at it it looks like it just got a haircut. I think it's from I've seen it in my building. He's a cutie, huh? What did you think of the spinoni? Look now Bets is gonna pull she's it's that time of the night. She she knows what's coming. Just dropping the dog off no no no just dropping the dog off. What I gotta sign my dog in? Get outta here! What should I do, sign the dog's name? Rover. Seriously, I mean, this dog doesn't need to be signed in. It's a mascot. Animals don't sign in. They thought that was the funniest thing they ever heard. Such nice guys. They're cracking up. C'mon. C'mon Rover. Look look look you see, it's already setting in. Yeah, she's so sandy. Yep. Filthy, I just washed her. You signed the dog in as Rover. Rover. That's an old fashioned word, huh? Hey Rover. Hey there how you doin' alright. Come on in, Bets. She know. She's she's smart in her own way. Oh yeah some really really praying in my heart and soul. Let's call Andrea and tell her we'll meet her meet her at the place. I don't feel like dealing with adaweb. It's just a machine. Oh, fucking pain in the ass. Okay c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon! Put it down! No no no c'mon we're yakking, let's go, we're together. It's so hard to get anywhere, isn't it? It's so hard to leave your house in the city. You like the little cards I made for the UbuWeb? They're cute, aren't they? What does it look like? Why are you coming. Cause you're gonna look you need a job, that's why and I I need jobs and if I get jobs you get jobs. Right. That would that would be nice. You do, do ya? People ask me that all the time and I say I really can't tell you. What's today's date, the 18th right? 4/18. I like you know the girl the the Eldridge Street wanted one wanted today so they're like how much does it cost how long does it take? I'm like well, we could do something really simple that could take one day or we could do something amazingly complex that could take a year, you know, I mean what I can't say that, I have to see what it is. People always ask me that it's so not answerable in in any kind of a way. So, you know, like this woman I'm doing this job for the NYU thing. She's got fifteen hundred bucks to spend I said look that will get us started. I said I'll be honest with you I said cause she's gonna want an estimate for more work I said you know I end up if this ends up taking me a lot longer than I think, then my estimate is gonna be much higher the next time around. But if it doesn't, you know, my estimate will be lower. Fifteen hundred bucks I can I mean I know I can whip that off, you know, if I worked full time for a week if I worked five days straight on it I can, you know, I mean I can have it done like that, you know,

that's 40 hours and 1500 dollars a week, that's really good money, that's like 40 35 bucks an hour. So, you know, but... that seat's a little bit scuzzed up? Who. So at this thing I don't think they're gonna be asking how much does it cost I mean everybody's who's there knows what it costs. I mean people will be like oh I'm looking for a designer I have a client. I don't know, I don't know what it's gonna be. I'm not really feeling like a thousand percent up for this kind of thing, right. What? I had a talk with your father. That was that was funny. About you guys hold it, you know, you kids you and your mother putting one pea back in the refrigerator. Did you talk to anybody today about plans did you speak to Greece did you speak to France? He was really nutty huh? Was he busy? I guess he wasn't really busy not not much to do but sit around and gossip New Age with you? That's not a good sign. Was the phone ringing off the hook? Did you take a test? Did he like your portfolio? Well, I mean he's still in business and I saw him three years ago and so he must be doing something. Cheryl. Kachoo. Cheryl, what was that other one? Hey-ya! Hey-ya! Hey-ya! That's pretty good. That's really good. That's very good. It's great. A little kid singing. Singing in the subways? Very cool. Oh god. I would play something like that on my show. I played a cut of we have a cut of a ten month, uh, a ten week old, no, ten month old baby singing, you know, like on the track. Yeah, just making noises and stuff. It was really good. That was good. That's that's good music. Here we go we gotta give these guys some money. That's pretty pretty good. Everybody thinks so. Gotta get off. That's terrific, really, they're doing really well too. Took them from five to eight, that's good. Well, you know, we'll see what he can do. He's gotta eat, right? Maybe, you know, maybe they're just illegal immigrants or something and they can't do much but, you know, it's kind of an amazing thing, yeah, it's like the kid grows up to be this great singer... yeah, I used to sing on the subways with my father. It's really pretty pretty remarkable. I like that, you know. That guy, I mean the Rocky Mountain High guy was just a bummer. His whole thing was a bummer. If it hadn't been for that odd encounter, but I guess that's New York. That was such a that was such a memorable thing. That was as good as the as the swinger as the swinger. We see some funny shit on the subway, yeah. We like the subway, don't we? We gotta look for some cabinet. We gotta look for some cabinets for our cabinet. Well, I may I may I may. Fancy place. No. It's just a strange and fancy place for working people. Alright they look like nurse's shoes. C'mon. C'mon Cheryl, we're we're running late. Look at the place we used to go for therapy is shut down or maybe it's not. Yeah, uh, I don't know. I don't like 'em. They didn't hit they didn't hit me right. Yeah yeah, no it's good. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Good for them, you know, yeah. So, where are they? Oh, they're down a little further. I either need a drink I don't know what's wrong. I'm so so out of it. Is it here? Oh god, look at this place. All these shirts. Yick. Not mine. We're sick of each other. My dream is go what were gonna do this summer. Starting with Greece. Now that's, that's the dream. Slow down, girl. I don't why. I mean I didn't practically do anything today. Ever since Monday, ever since I drank and stayed up all night. I didn't used to be. Gettin' old! At 35 can't do the things I used to do at 25. Thank god. Huh? Wait a minute! Is this is? It looks so different here. So clean. So clean in here. Wow! It is so clean here. It is so... I didn't recognize it in here. It's so clean. Unbelievable. Andrea, it's so clean in here. I've never I didn't recognize this place it's so clean. Look at everybody's got a rag in their hand look at this! This is good. Get a give me some Windex. Why didn't you say anything? Yeah I was, yeah, I'm glad I missed that. I'm surprised that... yeah, I wish

somebody had, I wish somebody had said that. That's exactly what Cheryl said to me when she came in. I heard the whole... I hate to say no to artists. It is so clean here. Yeah, I can't I can't figure out when to when to push that. I mean it just keeps shutting, shutting everything down. I had to take it off my machine cause I just couldn't handle it 'cause I just couldn't handle that stupid warning, you know, I hate those things. That you've got to register it? No, this one was coming up every time. Yeah. Oh yeah. Right. Yeah yeah then just hit it down then release it out. I tried like six different ways of doing it and it never worked. It's not that important, you know, I mean it's... yeah yeah cause I tried I tried sort of a command shift and I tried all sorts of different things and nothing was really working I said finally I'm wasting my time just to get a silly looking look on my screen. Enough is enough already. Find out, yeah. Because if that was the case then anybody was is restarting without their extensions who is holding down a shift key... No seriously, I mean then anybody it's gotta be there's got to be some other trick. I thought it made it made it look groovy enough, you know? And I got Greg's buttons and that it, yeah, you know, it was fun, like it. I like the look. Anyway, yeah, c'mon. Let's look through your mail. Let's find it. And they're so much more interesting this way than they were than they were originally. Suit is good. Suit of. Cause did you did you actually finish that? That bottle. I can't it's just incredible. It's so clean in here I didn't recognize it. It's unbelievable. Good job. You've really go everybody cleaning so beautifully. Nice to meetcha. Yeah, it's really catchy. No no no I like that The Primary Group. What does it mean? Primary. Andrea, your window looks terrible. This is this is this is not this is not this is not acceptable. This is really not acceptable. This is not acceptable these windows. You know, I didn't recognize it when I walked in. Unbelievable. Oh, for the party I was last here. It looked totally different. I was thinking more of cleanliness. Your area is just so just beautiful now. I was gonna say this was a mess. No really, I was gonna say this desk was a mess. What are you gonna do with all that other mess? Andrea your windows look like shit. I can't believe you did those windows? They look awful. This is not this is unacceptable. This is unacceptable. Stay. Benjamin, get rid of her and listen, will you straighten this desk up please? No, his windows look good. His desk is a mess. And what about that bar? What are you gonna do about that bar? Paint it for tomorrow. Clean it up! Bye. Oh, we got to go all the way down to the Knitting Factory? Are you coming? You're such a celebrity on the web. Did you see Andrea's picture? But is says that that was Total New York's site. Space. Where was that? Was that upstairs? Who's in the background? Were you in the background? Why are you guys cleaning so desperately? Did you clean too? Did you clean your area? I would love walking in there and seeing all you guys with Windex bottles. I think it's so adorable that everybody The Primary Group has got to clean. The one will go. The one will take us, uh, to the Knitting Factory. Let's see. Where's... yeah, you guys are tiny. You can count as one. Cheryl, I think Claudia may may be tinier. How how are you who's tinier. Cheryl are you tinier than Claudia? Oh, no. She's 5-2. Andrea and Viv. You're we're all about the same size. I saw Maya she said she she was coming yeah she was that was nice. She said she just had lunch with you. It looks good but I had the I had to get the, uh, what is that that silly new browser called from Netscape, that preview thing that alph, what is it, Alpha or Atlas. Yeah, I had I had, well, it's Java. 2.0.1 does not does not have Java. 2.0.1? For what, for what? 2.0.1? No, it's not I mean I have it it doesn't it never goes. I had to what 2.0.1? What do you think? What do you mean it's

beyond you. I thought you... The what? I got 2.0.1 and it doesn't have the it doesn't have the it's not Java enabled so I have to get do you have Open Transport 1.1? One you have 7.5.3? How do you like 7.3? Is it stable? I am. I love it. Really. 7.3? Is it? This is good I'm gonna really? I'm gonna do this. Well, I'm gonna I'm gonna I'm gonna get I'm gonna do this because 7.5.2 is real shaky and I need to see Cheryl's piece on that Java enabled thing which only runs with 1.1. Actually I spend half my day downloading software. No no no I'm gonna have somebody do it I'm not gonna put I'm not gonna do it myself. I'm not going to yeah, but I, yeah, but what? Cause you have reinstall 7.5.2, a fresh copy of 7.2. Oy vey. I'll pay someone. OK, come over! Come over, Viv! Of course I have a Zip Drive. What kind of question is that? I do. Alright, you wanna come over? What are you doing after work tomorrow? You have nothing else to do, see? So, Claudia the numbers and the versions and all this are not part of your domain? The problem I find with the with 7.2 and the Open Transport 1.0.8 is that once you I can get up and stay up forever, sounds like sex, but once I go down, I just can't get back up again. It's true. I mean, it's true. Do you have that problem? Like you've got to restart your whole machine if you wanna just jump back on again? It just doesn't that just I heard 1.1 Open Transport 1.1 fixes that. I had to talk to the techie and I was like, I can get up once and I, you know... I was like. No but I did it just felt like I can, you know, it was really weird. It was really strange. So I I find it so bothersome because all day long all I'm doing all I'm doing is is is starting and restarting my goddamned machine a thousand times a day. No no. I'm glad to hear you have that problem, I mean, not glad for you but I'm glad to hear it. It's nice, no, don't don't take it personally. It's not like a personal thing. Seriously. You do you do a good job of keeping your computer clean. I know, why me? I always feel like, why me? I get this victim mentality, like, maybe I should just get a maybe I should just get a Windows machine. So then, what do you what do you do you design the sites? Which is really nice. Beautiful. I really like it. Cheryl. Can we buy tokens, Cheryl? Yes. So so what happened then? How do you finish? So now you're. Oh so you're not you're not like working there full time you're like freelancing at Total? Primary. Good name. And you're in charge? Congratulations. That sounds like an enormous enormous amount of responsibility. So you've you've been working at home? But you've been working for Total while working at home. They're really great looking, I mean, they're really beautiful sites. You did that? Can you send me a list of those URLs so I can look at them that you did. It'd be nice. Nice to see more. You know, it's all right, I mean. Some things some things call for that, you know? Not everything can be art. Why? When did you start going in on site there? Oh no really? You've still been working at home? Where do you live? What did what do you have live? Oh, that is really happening. Good. Corchran's only fifteen pages? They don't know. If somebody doesn't know the web they... It's what he didn't do. Uh, impotent. Who tried to, yeah. She was beautiful too. Somebody you don't know. Somebody out of the artworld. What's Steve really famous for? I can't I can only think that he can't he's impotent. What else is he famous for. Oh, he crashed our wedding. I forgot about that. Asshole. That's right. He came to our wedding, can you believe that? Oh my god. So you so they've got fifteen pages up sorry. Just like weird pictures. No. It's amazingly busy. Yeah. Cool. Wow. So are they what are they using the people at Total New York to do to I took it to mean or. To make these to make these sites. The whole the everything. No, but all the projects that you're working on. Yeah yeah. Sounds like an enormous task. No I mean don't I mean can't you just see the caliber of people's

work by visiting the sites? I mean that I can't imagine a better a better thing. Just getting a list of URLs I mean it's it's... Huh, I wanna go. He says it's the most crowded thing he's been to in 5 years. Who is that? Steven. That's Steven! Ahhhhhh! So if it suck we'll just go, you know, I mean we'll just hang. Yeah I live right around the corner. I love it. I love it. I love it. It's great. What? Yeah. So Andrea, have you heard of what Claudia is up to? This is amazing. Have you heard of... no no Primary Group. Yeah. Yeah. The whole thing though. It's kind of amazing. Yeah, we should. Where are we on? Yeah, it is. It's one over. So, have you been collecting URLs and people and... He's not joking. Look at this crowd out in front. Email her. Why don't you just why don't you just go downstairs and. Andrea. She works. She will be. They're making her a space in the back. Oh, god. He wasn't kidding. This is good. This is like Woodstock, I mean. This is good. This is very good. I could have brought the dog. This is like Woodstock. I want the I want the brown acid. Brown acid. Andrea did you say this was a total pick up joint anyway? Ah ha ha she's got she's got. You guys must know everybody here. Claudia, you must know people here, do you? Cheryl, we we must know a thousand people here. Why don't we. The whole. Have you have you been in the Knitting Factory? Well, let's let's why don't we try to go let's try to squeeze in and see what's going on. I did. I did, yeah I think it'd be fun look at these guys wearing a tag. It is it is a pick up thing, huh? See the way see the look he was giving you guys? Or maybe it was me. Yeah, maybe nobody's inside. Maybe it's dead empty inside. Let's give it a shot. C'mon. Oh, OK. You guys wanna come back in a little while? Wanna get a drink and try to come back again? Who is that? Oh, I love her stuff. I know her stuff. OK, let's let's just try. Let's give it a try. I don't know her. This is not so bad. This is not so bad. Why don't we go inside? Let's see what else is going on? Maybe we can go downstairs. This isn't so bad. What do you think? What? Hot, but... Claudia, do you know anyone? Cheryl, do you know anyone? Well, what should we do? They're upstairs. Should we go back and find them? Yeah OK, yeah. I like this. It's not bad. Cheryl it was much more crowded when we came to see Yoko the other night. Yep. She was so good. She was great. Did you you didn't get to go, did you? You're with Total but you didn't get to do it. Oh, aren't we... You know anyone here? That's you. That' me. I mean Alfred Jarry but but this is my this is my company. Um, well I make web sites. Check it out. You already know. You already know, yeah. Put your money where your mouth is. This guys hogging the scene. Who are these people? It's occupied. Is this your card... Hi Alex, you wanna come have a drink with us? Around uh uh uh at Teddy's around the corner. We're gonna... see you around. OK, we're going we're going to Teddy's. Come to Teddy's with us. Ay. Everybody's so white. It's really if this is a portrait of. It ain't it ain't a multicultural, uh, I don't see I don't see I mean. Well, I'm Jewish, does that count for anything? Alix, give her a card. Kenny. Hi, nice to meet you. Hi I'm Kenny. How you doin'? Are you not enjoying this? I mean to I go to shows here all the time it's always this crowded, right? I was here for Yoko. It was more it was much more crowded. Yeah, it was packed. I couldn't move. Yeah. Did he work with these guys or no? How do we know how do we know these guys? I think I've been there. You gave me that, yeah, you gave me that. What's your URL? Do you know Alex? Look, I'll tell you. They're an art site. It's all art, like, uh visual art, fine art stuff. It's very cool, very hip. It's all like artists it's all artists designing. By what? Who does we know? Give us some names of these friends. Oh, I get it, OK. Kenny. Ubu. Kenny. Same thing. Ubu is shit in French, right? ShitWeb. Yeah no no no, it is. I mean, you know

Alfred Jarry, right? The great great Surrealist Dadaist wrote wrote Pere Ubu Alfred Jarry wrote Pere Ubu uh Ubu Roi and you know the band Pere Ubu they took their name from that as well. Twentieth Century French Surrealist stuff. OK. So, uh, it's father shit Pere Ubu or King Shit. So wanna you wanna join us for a drink Alex? Let's go. Let's go. We're gon you're c'mon have a margarita, uh, a margarita with us. There you go. There you go. C'mon c'mon Alex. Join us later. At least. What an asshole. I know. He didn't he didn't know who Alfred Jarry was. He had he had never heard of the band Pere Ubu I mean, I was like we're in other worlds, you know? Wait a minute we lost Cheryl and... Ubu'ed? Yeah it was Ubu, yeah. Oh really? That's cool. We're going it looks like Cheryl and I are going to spend two two months in Bordeaux this summer. Oh, in Beaujolais! Well, you know... Claudia grew up in Paris. Cheryl, yeah. It was excellent. Is that nice? Is Beaujolais nice? You can be honest. Is it a good place to spend... is it a good place to spend the summer? We're thinking of going for July and August. Yeah. Uh, around? Well Cheryl they're giving us artists in residence there, some woman whose got this big chateau and the government gives her money if she here she goes she's she's describing it. So anyway, the government gives her money if she has artist's come and hang out. We were thinking that would be really fun, you know? Um, Cheryl has shown in France and she's got a dealer in Paris, so so, uh, so through her French connections like oh, OK that sounds really good. I've never been to... did I say Beaujolais? What does it look like there? What does it look like? Wow. Wow. Um, do you still have family in Paris? Oh, where did you go to high school? Oh, hmmm. So like you've just been in New York or Paris pretty much your whole life. Where'd you go to school? In Paris. You went to Parsons in Paris? I did foundation at Parsons. Uh huh. I had a good time, um, I don't know, it was a long time ago. It was OK, yeah and then I switched to RISD. I went to NYU then I went to Parsons then I finished at RISD. Uh, I got out of RISD in 84. RISD was cool, yeah. RISD was really fun. It was a lot better than Parsons, I mean, you know, I studied sculpture. Parsons is no place to study fine art, that's for sure. These people are someone we can sit here. OK. Yeah. Liquor Store Bar, let's go there. Oh, that looks just as crowded, Andrea. This looks just as crowded. We can try it. I hate New York. What we're thinking, yeah. Hey, you know, we're just gonna be hanging out. This is part of it. Yeah, no, we'll get some chairs and stuff, here here's a stray chair. We'll get a table. Where's she going? It sounds like she's got a lot of work. Nice nice move. Nice move. What's she say NYU Law, pal. She's really nice this woman. She sounded kinda crazy but she's really really bright. Did you meet her. She's like like this very intelligent, black, hip, feminist professor at NYU Law. You know. Quiet, you know. I always expect her behavior to be awful. The creeps I've worked for. You know, really. Who, Claudia? How come your name appears like nowhere on your site? Yeah. Yeah but Robert Atkins works for the Village Voice. Yeah, he writes for the Voice so where does the Voice get the money, I mean, yeah yeah. I like I like this guy. He almost got us a table at Teddy's. So, uh, how did you like that Cybersuds? Yeah, this one in particular. Oh, boy. Claudia, how's your French. Is it good? Cheryl you should talk French. Hey this good. She's Cheryl's at Alliance Francais right now. I I don't speak a word of it. I don't speak a word of it. Are you kidding? I'm like most Americans. I speak one one language. This one. Did you see that thing that they had under the Cyber Times article about how English is the lingua lingua franca of the Internet. Did you read that? I like that cyber I like that section actually. I think it's better than the regular paper. Yeah, the business section. Who ever thought I'd be reading a business

section? Yeah, PDF. Are they still making that? Wait a minute. Do you just have it emailed to you or or. Where do you I I thought I remembered when it first came on, no when they first came on it was that. It was only PDF. Yeah I did yeah they have a website. Have you been there? You love this. How long have I know you? How many years? Uh, I want a beer. Yeah. What do you only have 4 bucks? We got some money darling? You got 4 more than I have? OK OK. My wife my wife my wife only has a hundred bucks a hundred dollars on her so let me give you like about 8 bucks here. That should buy us about 2 beers, shouldn't it? Is that an is that an anti-Semitic comment? Huh? Oh Beth. Beth, yeah. He doesn't seem Canadian, does he? Yeah, you're not. We were in Banff for three months at the Banff Center. Hey, there we go. Yeah, that's what we did. After Banff we drove to we drove smack out to Vancouver. It was fun. You know it looks like a Banff earring, yeah. We lived out of the back of a truck for a long time. It was fun. There were animals, I mean, there were like these big animals that came right up to you. Is that what they were called? Frightening, these things. How does that sound, Claudia? Interesting or? Where did you go? Where did you go? Where do you live? Nice place to visit. Horrible place to live. I liked your email. You can they can stop the hammering in the street now thank you. She she she she really gives good gives good email, doesn't she? Are you I'll bet you're a good typist too. Is the tone of the office there sarcastic? Benjamin seems just like a totally silly guy. Well, I know that you are and I'm learning that you are. So he he I hope he wasn't taking my offense at my windows comments there. No, it was a joke. Claudia, how do you like Benjamin? Oh, well you guys go do the French thing? You get you get along with Benjamin? Is is Total New York like Benjamin or is he kind of how is he viewed at Total. I met him. I met him when I was talking to you. The new the new program guy the guy with the really big nose and the really short hair? Yeah. We met him when I was talking to you he came in and Andrea said, oh here's our new... You like him. What's his name? Andrea, you had a crush on Mateo? Yeah, well I like guys with big noses. What can I say. It died? What happened? What happened? Who? Who? Mateo was flirty? Email? No I mean when you just said to Claudia you're gonna mail email her instructions to get on the WAC list when she's downstairs. What are you you guys have no email nobody really to email? We went to... Excuse me? She's not what? How is she getting paid? Is she well paid? Uhhhh. Do you know do you know we went to check Viv's email on Monday, she had 85 messages? Can you believe that? Oh, I thought that was all for one day. I was really impressed. How many how many messages do you get a day? Is that it? What does this mean. Oh, I'm so so glad my Mom isn't, yeah. That's wonderful? Oh good good. Where are you from? And how long have you been in New York for I know at least since 89 when you went to the Whitney Program. Um, did you go to school here? Where did you do school? At Madison. We were there. Uh, Long Island. Of my 35 years on this planet I've lived 34 of them within twenty minutes of where we're sitting now. Not to say that I haven't traveled but if I had my way I would never leave the city. I would never leave Manhattan I love I will live here the rest of my life. I love it here. I mean this is the only place I really feel is home. I it is I got my family's here but also like I feel really, like any other city in the world I don't feel quite like, oh this is this is where I live. I haven't no. We'll get there. I've never been to Italy. I've never been to Southern Europe. I've been to India but I've never been to Italy. Yeah. No that weird like like place like where they have sort of that weird art sidewalk. What is what do you do there? What? Oh wow. Wow. Are you what do you do are you a programmer or are you...? Yeah, what is that what do you actually do?

Oh, I see. I was and he's Canadian and he's Canadian. We like him. We like him. Oh right, Cheryl. It's not so inner. Do you like John, Claudia? Imagine if if Claudia worked on on your office when the sun came in you'd be blinded. So do you act at all? Yeah. No, but we saw Rent. Really, she's spending all her money on fashion or is it family money. What do you think? Something's not something's not right right. Where do you live? Oh, I live on Thompson 32. Between Broome and Grand. Are you 170? 170? Right right right. I love it. I love love it there. I'm on the wes I'm on the east side. We are on the east side. And I work in the Cable Building. Did you know that? Oh, it's great. God, it's such a cool building. I've been there since 90. 5 is the other side of 7. They're connected, right 7. It's like an artist's building. It's like a lot of artists are in that building. Yeah. Who who were you with? Who were you with? And Spring and Lafayette in the East River Savings Building? That's an expensive building. The Ca I I was gonna look to move from the Cable. The Cable's really my office is 275. I've got such oh, it' pretty small but it's big enough to do what I need to do there. It's like probably, I don't know, three hundred square feet, something like that? It's fine. I mean when I was making objects I had a bigger space and uh, then I downsized I had like 5, maybe it was 600 square feet there maybe more maybe like. I downsized. Maybe like 600 and I was, yeah it's cheap it's always less than a dollar a square foot there. It's really not. I love it there. I can bring my dog with me. They love dogs they encourage dogs it's a great address everybody loves to go there so it's it's, you know, it's good people watching cool people in the building. I mean like the people that I my computer, you know, where all my computer things happen in the Cable Building. I use NAFTA. Do you know NAFTA? Nobody knows them. They're Naft International. It stands for Not A Fucking Thing. Right? And these guys are like they're a dealer of they're a Mac dealer and they provide service on premises it's like amazing. I buy all my equipment from them. Yeah no I buy everything from them. Every if if if my computer just flips out for a moment. Yeah they come right up they don't charge I mean, you know, they're really they're lovely. I'm nervous. No no I know so I do do not expect you to do it but I I'm nervous I'm nervous. If I couldn't figure out how to turn the warning off on on on Aaron... Well let me know because it was funny I had it configured I wrote you I looked my machine looked looked just like Windows. Well, maybe it's the way I configured it but that kind of 3-D thing, uh, looks. Well, it sort of has a real my Microsoft Word looked exactly like Windows. It was really bizarre. It was like like blue and I actually got menus to kind of like stay down, you know, like on Windows when, you know, lower on Windows things they drop but I'm working on Word 6.0.1 and you can also kind of hit your. It's nice. But you can you can hit you can hit in Word you can hit your command key and and you can then the things get underlined, you know, like like little I love that it's very yeah like no I love which I really like, you know, you can hit an e and. I was using Quick Keys until it crashed my system too much. I love Quick Keys. Did you have trouble trouble with it? I did everything with Quick Keys, man, it was bitchin'. I didn't have to use my mouse ever. No it was bitchin' I mean for every little thing for every little thing I could have Z Term dial Panix just by doing an Option P and it was like zap, man, and it would dial it for me. Oh yeah. It'll do it. It'll do it. It'll definitely do it. I love Z Term. I mean I I I can't stand, you know. No, I was prostelatising for Netscape. Cause well that's that's just just about as easy. Yeah, I know. I I've been reading about this. It doesn't up what do you mean it doesn't upgrade the mail? What do you mean refresh it? I always empty my cache. I empty my cache about

about every three days anyway. Yeah, that's true. I I I don't know, I haven't had a problem with that. It's weird it picks my mail up every day as I need to. But anyway, I like pine, you know, I really I see you do to. I know you do I I could tell by the style of your mail. I love hitting that Control K and cutting my lines and. Who is it? Klinkostein? Or he's just pr or is he cute? Is he cute? Well it well that's right. Well, if he was cute. Well, that's true Alix Alix took care of that with the new guy though. He's cute and he's nice. But, yeah yeah that's important. Claudia how is your boyfriend cute or not really? What does he do? Of? Oh, I like them. I like the Dewars. I no I do because and you're gonna understand this. I love that one with the uh uh with the men's group because of my dad. Our our parents are both New Age, yeah. Our our parents are our fathers are both New Age and that one hit me right. I like that. No, I like those ads I think. Well, wait did he come what does producing mean do he what does producing mean? Did he come up with the concepts? So he's he's so somebody comes up with the concepts and he makes it happen. But I think they're really ironical. I don't think, right. I don't think that they're I don't think that they're I don't that they're I don't think they're misogynist because I think they're just amazingly ironical. What do you do you agree? Do you think they're. I actually think they're kind of no, you hate them. I kind of think they're funny, I don't know I mean they're just another world. They're they're not part of. So much Unix do you know for your gig. No no I you know more than me. I mean it it you actually have to be have have a Unix prompt open. Well the question. Yeah, I know but who wants to who wants to. Listen this is such a good question. I know I do it all the time what do you mean you tell me you can't telnet to Panix? I telnet, yeah. I learn the net through Unix completely. I didn't I mean I came in. Well, no I before before there was graphical browsers all there was was the Unix shell so how do you... No. No. I I always I start on Z Term, but I mean there was no graphical browser. Well, no, I didn't we talk about this? It's just like DOS? Did I tell you this. No but I worked on the no no I was trained in AutoCad. It's only as DOS platform. So, it's like, oh yeah, like Unix, oh yeah, it's just like DOS, got it. I mean, that's easy but DOS is easy. Well, just hook me up. I mean, but we know how to get around in these environments. I like them. I like Unix. Yeah, it's easy, yeah. I well listen, we're Mac we're Macintosh, so obviously we believe in that. Yeah, but were you Windows before? Yeah yeah yeah. I um, right, so when I so when I learned the Web there was not even, I mean, there was some primitive version of Mosaic but I wasn't gonna bother so I had to learn, you know, it did. I think everybody who works on the Web should manually learn how to FTP through Unix. It's easy and it's sort of satisfying and then and then sz it back down to your desktop. I mean, yeah, sure. rz it up to your desktop. I mean I still I still do that and wherever I am I know that I can do this but I have a question for you. Can I turn my Macintosh into a Unix box? Can I actually learn is there some way that I can actually learn Perl on my Mac with my dialing in? No I won't telnet, I'll just Z-Term. But without paying the phone bills. For what? I have telnet I telnet well you have I telnet to, uh, 2 6, yeah, right. Yeah and then work on Panix yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah, well sure. I know I wish there was something that I could do that would actually make it function like that. I could. Here's my idea. I know. Yeah, no no no. Yeah, but I wish there was like I could double click on a program and it would open up a program that would emulate, um, Unix so I could learn programming easily on my machine without tying up my phone line and paying phone bills. My phone bills are enormous every month. I can't stand it. You

don't pay phone bills at your job but I pay commercial phone rates and if I hang out on the phone for like, you know, forever it it starts to really add up. 6 oh oh yeah. Yeah. Hmmm hmmm hmmm. One. I can only afford one. I really what we pay between home and my office and Cheryl's studio for fucking phone, I mean really it's like 300 dollars. It's insane. So, I mean I can I can. Oh, I can't start with that, I mean that the the I've heard it's just an absolute nightmare. And it's and ISDN I was noticing that at your your ISDN. I wasn't that fast, yeah. ISDN's real expensive, it's a real hassle to put in, it's a real cost to get put in. If I can get some kind of big gig, you know, I'd do it if, you know, it's, you know. Yeah, maybe. Maybe. Um, I think 28.8 28.8 moves alright. I don't I don't really have much of a problem. You know, hmm, I still, you know, I mean... What the ISDN? What is the startup? It's really. Oh, that's not that's not that much. It's, uh, you know, that wouldn't kill me. Yeah yeah. You know I can look into it I mean I've got guys knocking on my door at the Cable Building try asking me about ISDNs I've always said no no, you know, people are always looking for that. Yeah. I don't know, I'm like... yeah, I am. Yeah, I've got plenty to do I'm maintaining like 6 site and, you know, it's just you know what I've learned with the web thing is like a site you're married to a client. It's a long term thing. I've actually turned down jobs because I didn't really like the people because, you know, like you've got to maintain these things, you've got keep them up it's always a constant, yeah, you've got to fix it when it breaks. You know, but maintenance is where I can make my money. I have my favorite server is called Crocker Communications. You've never heard of them. They're in they're in somewhere in Massachusetts I don't even know where but they're terrific, they're so good. So cheap. Fifty dollars a month buys a domain name and unlimited space. And they are lovely, I mean they I've never worked with a server, uh, with a provider that is, um, you know, as reliable or as sweet or as wonderful as these people. I love them. And I've worked I've worked with a lot of different providers. Yeah yeah well actually I have a guy here in New York that I'm working with now. In a guy, um, he's in New York. He's running a Mac server. That's fun. I can I can Timbaktu in which is interesting. And I can pull his desktop up on to mine. Have you heard of this? Yeah, you can pull his desktop and I can open his files, I can open run his programs on my desktop. It's actually really sort of interesting. But, yeah, um, these people that I work with the Unix server up there they're they're terrific. I put everybody I can onto them. They're just great. I have a scripter there. My scripter's at Crocker. I have clients in L.A., clients in Western Massachusetts, I have clients in Upstate New York, you know, it doesn't matter. I mean this is this is the best thing about this thing. It's totally non-geographical. I mean, I adore it. I I I adore this. I like not not not having to go somewhere, you know, every day. And these people I work for are crazy. I'm glad I don't have to deal with them. No no there's so much, I mean, there's so much to learn. You wanna go? You wanna take me to one? Let's go. When do we wanna go? When's the next one? I like Daniel, yeah. Let's do it, no I mean. I also I mean, it's so many people who are so isolated. I mean basically we're not talking you guys are in a really, yeah, it's one one over. Uh, we should pro, I I, Cher we should probably call it a night. I think we're the same. Claudia, how about you are you heading out? Yeah, yeah. We're we're in the hip hip, what is it? The hip cyber area code? In your your article. Did you see Andrea. 10012. Yeah, what are you guys up there? Well they said you're cool too. Anyway, I I wanna go so let me know. No the thing I was saying is we're all you guys are not isolated cause you're working I

was talking to Claudia. So because you work at home you have been I've been working at home, I mean we're like a like a lot of people that are just I'm alone all day in my office, you know, doing kind of doing web stuff from Massachusetts to Los Angeles so that what she's talking about is good, you know, kind of real contact. You guys you guys met through one, right? Was that fun? I don't know, Viv, do you think he's cute? Mateo. Claudia? I wanna Paki. I wanna eat there and then we'll go up and pick up Bets. OK? So, Daniel, how can we get in touch with you at...? How can we be in touch with you? Oh, you got his card. OK, good. And you have my I gave you I gave you one of those, yes, the Ubu, the UbuWeb. The big one the big one, yes. Yes. So, nice to meet you finally in the flesh. Be in touch. Let me know let me know. Let me know what's going on. Keep, yeah. I'm here. Yeah. Yeah. Or or if you want to, um, yeah give a buzz if you wanna chat or anything or, you know, just see what's going on. OK, have fun. It's good. It's OK. So have fun moving in. When do you move in? And you're really gonna get moving on this, like, immediately? Cool. Alright, shall we? We're heading south, where are you headed. OK, I'll see ya. OK. Goodbye, honey. We're flying south. I'm glad we I'm glad we did this. This was better this was our own Cybersuds. This is better. We got to meet Daniel. No, this is Daniel. No, this is not Alex, no. Alex is other guy. Alex is. Beth Beth Beth. See ya. I'm gonna I'm gonna email you email me the trick. And tell me when that next thing is. Yes. Yeah, let's hang out or something. I'm around. OK. Ay, you know? Even even extracurricular activities, let's go get a drink or something hang out. OK. Bye Alex. Uh, Kevin, Kevin. Yeah, so let's be in touch. I'll check this thing out. I'm actually I work I work in. Bye, you guys. So, uh, I'll see you around the hood. I work in the Cable Building, which is Broadway and Houston above the Angelica yeah yeah yeah, so I'm I'm constantly. OK, I have a dog that I'm attached to constantly. I have a, seriously, yeah I've got this great boxer that's that's like nailed glued to me. Are you looking for, what, html or? Well, go go look at those U go to that site look at URLs I designed them and conceptualized them, though there's not any programming, any real sort of Java or anything on them, but I'm not a programmer. I'm a designer and a, so there you go. OK, have a look. OK you guys, have a good dinner. Bye Andrea. Andrea I don't Andrea when's the next event? I'm not. I'm gonna... Is there is any, wait a minute is there any is there any news about, uh, Roberta Smith. You better you better check that paper, hon. Andrea's a curator. It was unbelievable. Andrea, when does your show close? You should go see Andrea's show. It's very cool, yeah yeah. See, you it's another context. But I think Daniel would appreciate it. Give him give him the, um, the concrete URL. It's Christopher St. Oh, Andrea, what do you think of the new bookstore that opened up next to Kim's Video. It's interesting. It's interesting they're good. It's, uh, the Kim's Video on the West side. They've got a place they've got a place down here on, uh, on West Broadway and, uh, it's it's there's lots of good stuff there. There's a big Wittgenstein biography there for about five bucks. I'm gonna go and pick one up. Bye. Andrea Andrea did you check out any of the my, URLs that I, uh, forwarded you? There's some, it's very hot. Oh, no no forget Bad Puppy. We've we've bypassed it. This is this is, uh, Chris' top five of the web. Bye. Well that was good. We made connection connection. I mean it seems like there's plenty o work. I'm telling you, Cheryl. When work comes in we'll we'll be doing it together. Yeah yeah no. I mean I mean that I mean that girl Claudia seems just kind of dopey but she's got major major line on work for. Well, no no she's not dopey, I mean, she's really corporate, I mean, yeech, I can't stand her. She looks like a,

she looks like one of the Little's friends. I mean like that that style is just intolerable. But she's got so much work. And she has nobody to do it. And and, you know, this could this could be... This is a place to go have a drink. Uh, it's wet. Wet paint. I think this is a nice looking place. Somebody said they didn't like it. Can we see a menu? Do you serve lunch. This might have been a nice place to come with my mom tomorrow. But they don't they're not serving lunch until next week. Is she here is she here every night? Yeah it really looks gross I mean it's a bad scene and really expensive for food that you can get on Atlantic Avenue for 5 dollars I mean, it's insane, really. Hold on a sec I've got to see something. I think I have the wrong setting on here. Hey we're just finishing we just finished but those guys are just over at Walker's. You know where Walker's is? That's where those guys are. Where's your card? Where's your card to see these sites that you've done. Westport. Did you come all the way down from Westport for this? It's one of these. That's ours. We do art sites. Yeah, have a look, it's fun. I've seen you're on the WAC list, right? Yeah, these mailing lists, they're insane, huh? Yeah, just putting them into, putting them into, right into. Is that Eudora the full version or is it Eudora light. Does Eudora light do it? How do you set that up? Under filters, OK. So, go check these guys out over there. OK. They're there. We've gotta meet some friends downtown. Nice to meet you. Hey, you know, this accomplished it, even if you only meet a few people. Yeah no I mean that Daniel said oh we're looking for people Andrea said, you know, I mean, uh Claudia really needs mucho work and. Uh, I don't know I think html stuff, you know, and this kind of thing I don't know design, I'm not sure whatever it is we'll do it, uh, you know, no it's good, Cher, you know, even if you just met a few people it's a good it's just a good thing to be out and around. I like Viv. She's very nice, isn't she? She's very cool. Yeah yeah, I mean what the heck I mean I I learned it and it's nothing you couldn't learn. I have a feeling that like a lot of this stuff is going to be is going to be, you know, it's not Site Mill, I mean you have to really I mean a lot nine nine tenths of it's gonna be BBEdit putting in tags by hand things like that. Well, it's not hard, I mean it's, you know, it it it. It isn't hard. Yeah, it isn't hard. So, uh, I like Viv she's really nice, isn't she? She's very cool and really funny and I mean that Claudia was I mean she's just bizarre for such a young girl, I mean, she's such an old woman for such a young girl. She's like 20 she's gotta be like 25 or something and she just has copped this style that's so she looks like some old art collector or something. She's in advertising, she's just like totally corporate, you know, it's just all corporate but, you know, hey, you know, work is work, right, and uh, I guess that's what that was all about. I think it was a good thing we went. It's not what I really felt like doing but it's a good thing we went. I like Benjamin. He's really nice, isn't he? He's a funny guy. He's cute. I like his whole attitude is so dopey and sweet. Yeah. OK. I I would think you like that. I'd love to hear you speak French you just start wailing you just start going and you got you understood everything she was saying to him? He was nice too Daniel, yeah. Yeah, yeah. Look, Cheryl, you know what? I got news for ya. We're artists and this is just a fucking, you know, this is just a, you know, yeah this is just a job, you know, I mean our real focus is on our work and on, you know, each other and that's that's where it's at of course, I mean who cares about programmers? Programmers are the stockbrokers of the 90s. You know? They are. I mean programmers, it's stupid shit. Who gives a fuck? But. It is, yeah. Did you get a corporate vibe from that Knitting Factory thing? Yeah, embarrassing. I'll bet you get I'll bet you get

the same food as you got up at that place. Yeah yeah. Well wait till we go to Greece and we try the food. I'm I'm really looking forward to that we'll we'll really get some good stuff. Yeah yeah. Definitely definitely. Claudia. Is that Claudia. No it's Cindy, Cindy. I mean there's nothing to sort of feel bad about like oh, this guy's from MIT. I mean, you know, he's a fucking programmer, you know? I mean the man is a computer programmer. But he seemed like a nice guy nonetheless I mean no and Andrea and him off for dinner. That was good. You know, until she starts to castrate him. It'll be great for the first week until she starts to say you're so young. Wow, it's crowded in here tonight, isn't it? Sure, I guess so. Hello. How you doing tonight? Good. We're gonna stay, eat here tonight. Do you are you hungry Cheryl? OK, we have some mixed vegetable and what's this one? This is potato. And this is... What's this one? I love that I want do you do you want to order first? Do you want any bread. Do you want any bread? We'll have one nan. Why don't we share one nan? It's nice it's nice to have. Right here. And I will have, um... It's OK it's OK, we'll share this table with you. Please, please. No no no, please, please. It's OK. That was for Cheryl and for Kenny, OK, uh, actually some of these vegetables, oh I'm sorry rice, lots of rice. I need rice. Same same same as her. That's it. Some shag. And a little bit of the chicken, uh, yeah I love that, it's so good. OK, and we got one nan coming? Great. Oh. OK, I'm I'll be right back. Are you waiting? You're next? OK, I'll come back. Someone's in someone's in the bathroom? You next? Is he waiting for the bathroom? OK, I'll come back. Thanks. Grazie. What's your name? Alex. OK. Good, now I know your name too. Hi. Sure don't sure they'll be happy to take it. Alex, do you want me to pay? What? I won't. Mmmm, oh yeah, it's so good. Boy, it's a weird world out there, isn't it? WAC list, word of mouth. How did we find out about it. It comes like three times a day, yeah, it's insane. World Wide Web Artists Coalition. Have some bread, boy. Want some? That Knitting Factory scene was just really corporate. I didn't like it. Did you? Oh, I didn't like that guy Alex that we met. The guy with the beard. He was an asshole. Did, you know, he never heard of Alfred Jarry. He never heard of Pere Ubu. He goes Ubu? What's that. Yeah, you know, he never heard of any of that any connection with anything like that. Yeah. They did. Thank you. This food is so good. The crap they were serving up at that place for twenty bucks a plate. That was idiotic. The people in there, you know, it was a really stupid scene. I really gotta pee. OK. Ah, that's better. Is your chicken good? Tasty? No no no, it's alright. You like this red chicken? Hey, you know, you can't say we're not trying, right? I know as if as if being successful artists and writers isn't enough. Isn't it just amazing like all the work that we do to do our work and then all the work that we do to like try to do our work? It's insane, Cheryl, we're working two jobs. Yeah, no, I mean work is OK, but, you know, it's it's just, you know, you do what you do. No wonder why we are so fucking exhausted every night and every day. Well, I mean, it's insane. I don't know how long we'll keep it up for. It's like a lot of artists, you know, well they kind of like paint like they get like Debra they get into their studios once a week or something like that, do think about it much. The fact is, we're doing both things. See this is the cheese. This is paneer. This is what you eat in India all the fucking time. You had paneer? You've had it, right? Paneer this what you eat. You like eat shag paneer like constantly. You constantly eating like on a plane you get shag paneer. Somebody's milk. I'm tired. I just need some down time I think, you know, like quiet time. When I when did he say that Cheryl? Oh, that's so long ago. Halil? Liz Kotz was so nice last night. We have so much in common, it's insane. She's

doing her dissertation. It's funny, when you scratch the surface of people, man, everybody's got something to say. I think everybody's nice. You got to get past the surface. I mean whoever would have thought Liz Kotz was anything, you know, other than what she appears to be? Hardcore man-hater. She's so nice. No, I didn't get apprehensive. I mean afterwards I saw her I was like, oh there's Liz Kotz, you know, and then she came up to me afterwards I came up to her or whatever we saw each other I'm like hi. She's like very cold. She's like hi, you're Cheryl's friend. And I'm like, yep. And she says I saw her show it looks really good. And then she looks at me and she says you've been doing what, like readings at the Ear, right? So like why couldn't she have said you're Kenny. You know, she obviously knew my name. So it was like it was gonna be too much to like give me that credit. You know, like, recog male recognition. But then she ends up like really loving everything that Marjorie was talking about. And Marjorie's talk there was nobody mentioned except men, white men that were dead. DWM, as Marjorie says. So, you know, and and yet, you know, she's studying Fluxus and experimental work from the sixties. She'd love to meet Dick Higgins. I mean, she's really nice. We have a great talk. We talked the whole subway ride down. I knew all these people she wanted to meet. You know, they're all my friends, you know? Ulla Dydo. I saw Ulla there last night, by the way, she was there too. Well she saw it in the paper. She said she went today. She was gonna be there this afternoon to see your show. No, we've lost touch with Ulla. She's been really sick and I'm worried. She had like a bout of pneumonia or something. She was out for ten days and for a woman her age to have a bout of pneumonia she's on antibiotics is not a good is really not a good thing. I'm worried. Who knows? She's got to be 75 at least. She didn't look so good either. She looked more wan than usual. But she was going to see your show and very excited. You're such a neat eater. Look at the difference between our plates right now. You're so like a pile over here. You have like four grains of rice. You should see what's going on here here. I love this. I'm a Goldsmith. So let's just walk up and get Bets, what do you think? It's a nice walk. I could use a little walk. It's a male culture. Just like in India. There's a lot of women but. Cheryl I know we're traveling a bit but really, we gotta get our asses to India for a little while. Even if we only go for a month, you know, we keep talking about it so much. It'd be really really fun to just go. It would be fun if we could do it together. It's like a a group at a a urinal the way they're all standing up there. They're busy, huh? I had two good meals today. Chinese soup and this. You didn't have any other lunch? You heard New Age talk. What was he saying? Was he crazy? What was he to say? Yeah with lot of like weird gold picture frames... Was the other guy there as well? There was another guy. Do you want a tea? I'm gonna have a tea. We'll take it and walk with it, OK? Alex, can I get one of those teas? You make me did you make me a tea last time? It's not the salty one, right? It's... it has like kind of milk in it but but there's no salt. Yeah, you guys made me a really nice... can I have one to go and then I wanna pay you also. Yeah. You want one? Yeah. It's weird, it's a little different. You wanna try one? Yeah. You know what, we'll have we'll have two of those teas and we'll take them to go. I actually like that about them. They were the most interesting of all the places because of that boy, I mean, they're different, huh? I thought but yeah, I had good talk with them too on some not not way you did but. I thought I thought I remember feeling like like I like that part of them that they were, they seemed to have a different attitude and it would have been nice to work through them. OK, what do I owe you for everything? No sugar. OK. Two teas and a and a nan. Two teas, a

nan, and two platters. Your food is so good here. You make the best food ever. It's like home. It's like coming home. We we get better food here than we do at home. And everyday there's something new and different. I try something new. Last time we had the fish, remember? It was great. This this was the fish too, yeah. No sugar. No sugar. Just milk and we'll take it to go. It used to feel like a lot of money. Not so much anymore. You know, a hundred bucks? It's sad. It goes so fast now. Twenty dollars used to feel like a lot of money. Oh well here it's fine this is this alright but remember, one hundred dollars used to buy so much twenty dollars. Not anymore. Cheryl, look at how good and fresh all all this food is. It's so fresh. They do such a good job here. I'm convinced that this food is better that anything you get on Sixth Street. It really is. It's much tastier. That's right. I told him. So he says these these guys wanna quit their job when they see all these groovy people that go there. And what do they say? It's crazy. Hey, we saw that your friend, the woman who used to work here now works across the street. She tried to get us to come there. We said we're not we're not going anywhere but the Pakistani Tea House. No seriously, she's like come try this food. It's different, though. It doesn't look as good. It sounds like something Swami would say. Bad girl. Good boy. OK thanks, bye Alix, thank you for your help. See you again. See you again. Thank you. See you soon enough. They're the nicest, oh my god, what a great place. People I I have thought ethnic people that serve food I've always said this, you know, are like the best people like they're just in the service to please you they love to hear that their food is great. You know, they're so appreciative when you tell them that their food is good they're so appreciative, it's it's really uh, it's really great. It's like Juan y Laura before they got nasty. Oh they like well how about the lovely people at the uh, at the uh, Castillo. They were so remember the women that worked there and that guy, the proprietor with all the how how sort of proud he was of his establishment. I even liked the people at the Hung Hing, you know, it's just like. Particularly with ethnic restaurants I, you know, I find, you know, people in fancier restaurants are just more professional and weird. Yeah I, well, they I mean they care but it's different. What? With these guys it's not about money it's about love the ethnic restaurants I mean they really are happy so happy when you, you know, they're just in it for appreciation they're feeding people. The business is to feed people like that place we went into with the belly dancer their business their business, yeah yeah I mean they may do good food I'm not gonna say they're not and there's somebody who cares but it's a very different reason for doing it. Yeah, I mean these guys are in, you know, giving great food for like next to nothing just to keep the community alive, you know? They're not making any money there. Cause, you know, they're certainly not doing any volume so as to make money. Church Street is sort of dead though, you know, like down here, what is there here, you know, a little bit, you know, it's like all these it's just corporate and weird. If if you just want to head home I'll pick up Bets, you know, I could do that too. Alright. Whatever. As you wish. You know, really, I mean if you just want up at Grand turn off and go home that's cool. Huh? Oh, you know what we'll do on the way to, uh, your studio tomorrow we'll stop at my office and we'll pick up my book. I don't really feel like dragging that thing, uh, around with me tonight, you know? It's too heavy. Oh, look at The Knitting Factory, it's over. That was kind of an amazing thing to see all those people, wasn't it? I'm beat. The tea is really good. It's like what you get in all the time. The tea in India is really exquisite. These guys brewing it on the street and they put a lot of sugar in it. You just think it

was the best stuff you ever had. You think it would be? It is. It is. Oh, it's so good with sugar in it. Is that right? Yeah, oh it is. It's heavenly with sugar in it. I actually put sugar in my coffee in my tea the other night before I went out to FMU I was eating a meal and I had this chaia and, I don't know, it was a rough day I had a long night ahead of me, I'm like, I really want this tea to be sweet. So I dumped three sugars into it. Don't tell anyone. Is what goes on in here? What's burlesque? Strippers? Why don't the just call it strippers like this why don't the just be honest about it like this like this place? Yeah, look at that. All these ancient paintings and stuff. It's a rough business. Ah, look at this person how she's dressed coming at us, this woman. That was Veronica Webb? Really? You sure? She looks like she's going to dance at the Baby Doll. Think Veronica's dancing tonight at the Baby Doll? Remember we used to come here when it was first when we first came to New York and it was... Industrial Chili? That's a noisy group. Everybody's out tonight. I haven't been in there in a long time. Oh my God! What is that doing here?! That is amazing! Jesus Christ! He gets around. He gets around. I have no idea he gets around. He's in my book. Lots of these they're in my book. That's interesting. I thought he never left Avenue A. Cool, look at that hat. Reminds me of your work. Is it a hat? Remember the Keith Boadwee the time we covered the car? Oh look at that. Somebody drew their matte knife. Sugar. It's sitting right on the table. Go in. Just ask them. C'mon. No, you just put it... just ask them. We love your food. We come here. We used to come to your place on Canal Street also. I haven't been there in a long time. That place was pretty good I remember. I remember liking it thinking we used to go all the time on Canal. We should try it one time again. I remember the chicken and rice was just excellent there. Funny I don't go there. It caught on real heavy with the Gavin Brown crowd and I was always thought I was thinking that it was just gonna be too dopey and trendy. We kind of stayed away from it. She must be majorly insecure to pull that shit all with everyone. Uh, she was just caressing her and Claudia she was a little more hands off. Yeah, she's a trip. She's really insecure. What? Isn't it interesting how nothing's ever really come on come on this street. It seems like it would be perfect for galleries and what have you. It's gonna be on Mercer, thought. I mean look at these places I mean they're these I mean it's weird that nothing's really come into these joints yet, nothing commercial. Yeah. Do you think Andrea's a trip? I like I like how she throws herself into things. No, I like her I really do, actually I think she's like like really one of our good friends and and becoming more so, you know? She's, uh, she's becoming like our Alix in a weird way, you know. When Alix and us were tighter. I just I I really do like her and I I I can cut through the flattery stuff I mean, she's bright, she's, uh, ambitious, she's interested, she's lively, you know? I I I like her. I really do like her believe me, I don't have much tolerance for people, as you well know, and she's somebody who I can tolerate, you know, sort of over and over again. I like how enthusiastic she is, say with the cyber thing, you know? I think it's... I'm no look... Oh, god, Charney Paper. That's where I used to buy boxes for Allan. Sorry to see that they're going out. One of the last few industrial people in this neighborhood. They were really nice there. God, I dealt with them for years. Huh, that's where Eileen's moving, huh? I thought that was really funny, you know, what Marjorie and Bruce said when they walked into into Suzanne McClelland's show? They they they were both like we feel like it's, you know, 1940 or 1945, you know, or 1950 in New York. We feel it's like Arshile Gorky in here. Why are we looking at these paintings? They dismissed them immediately cause they just look so old

fashioned. I was like look you guys there's language in here. They couldn't couldn't be less interested. I I thought it was fresh. I couldn't agree with them more. You know? And I like the fact that they wouldn't even entertain it because it was, you know, old. They they cut right to the bone, I think. The artworld is is willing to be blinded, as you saw last night, my god! With that conservatism, is it any wonder Suzanne McClelland is a success? Yeah, Benjamin was OK, but I was wondering why Benjamin didn't get up and piss on people. See? He was great. I liked his line but, you know, you didn't even know he was there and I thought that's a really really bad sign. Mmmmm, look at this! All this old film and scripts. Wow! Wow this is pretty wild. Look at this. Air condition to post area. Voiceover breakdown. Oh, this is this is wonderful, huh? God, people, look at great installation. People have had a whole lot of fun with this. Videotape, audio tape, you... Jesus Christ! Here's a here's a a good old fashioned reel to reel tape. Amazing. Look at this, huh? Wow! Look at all this is non digital technology. Pretty amazing, isn't it? Everybody's just tossing it. This is all from Broadcast Arts. Those are the people that made the Pee Wee Herman Show. Right? This looks like a storage space for Broadcast Arts. Look at this Cheryl. Look at this professional videotape. You know what this thing must have cost? This is amazing, huh? You couldn't use this, could you, huh? Look at the way this thing is constructed. It's really beautiful. What year is this? Look at these big ten inch diskettes, which are old computer things. I love how the mess that everybody's made here. Look at this, Cheryl. More. Just more and more and more. Whew! It's it's telling isn't it? When it's it's all just put into onto memory now. Pretty telling, isn't it? It's really a different time. It's kind of remarkable, isn't it? It's just a different time. Yeah yeah but I bet a lot of that stuff is being tossed because lots of it's been transferred to computer. Yeah yeah. Yeah, it looked like a lot, yeah, maybe you're right, maybe I'm being too romantic. I wish, you know, oh the days, oh those old analog days. I still love my old LPs. Hey I do too Mary, you know? Have you ever been in here? You know that's a restaurant? Doesn't it look closed? It's been there forever. There were girls with high heels, there were girls with tight pants. Look at this bouncer all fancied up. It looks like something out of a Daumier, you know? He was dealing with the same exact issues like the like the sponge, the sponge crashing a wedding. That's a Steve Kaplan comment. What is he famous for? Crashing our wedding. Yeah, it's a depressing building. Remember we saw that kid's art show in here? He sent that really mean letter to us? I know your work. I know all about you. Look at this. Something else is happening on the corner. Oh boy, never a dull moment on this fucking area, huh? It never stops. Let's watch. Did I tell you, Cheryl, they repositioned our old friend in this building? The security guy from where the Art and Industry is now? You know that guy that sort of sweet but really annoying guard? He's here now! I see him every day! And he says man, I'm gonna be here for a long time. This project will not be done for several years. So he says, it's good to see ya! I'll see ya every day! I've seen the guy, like, every single day. This is where, like, the J. Crew is opening. Yeah. But he said no he said no time soon. He was like, just when we'd thought we'd seen the last of that guy he he shows up again! He says it's just slow and they're building it from the ground up. I said, when's this all gonna be done? He said oh, two or three years. He said they'll have it done by like 98, but he said don't count on it. He said, I'll be here for a long, long time. And he's always hanging out right in this doorway. I'm gonna start taking another route to work. Yeah. This shyness not gonna be much longer here. You know they put something in

here. Oh, it's good tea, isn't it? That's as satisfying as a cup of coffee. Chaia. Do you hear Swami how he says acha? Yeah, Bobbie says it's like us saying like. You know or you know? You hear it. Acha acha acha. So I wrote Swami Bruce today. I wrote him email. But I wrote him I said I really didn't introduce myself I said hey you guys, really nice site, good content, but you've got to do something about the size of your images. That's why there were, like, three images in on that thing? It was the most enormous file, it was something like 800k to load that article and the text came in immediately and I must have waited 20 minutes just to get just the few pictures we got. He doesn't understand about about reducing the size of his images. I just wrote him a note saying, you guys you're not gonna keep people around here very long it's just. Somebody obviously never told him. So, I mean, I didn't introduce myself. I was just like being a visitor through the site. I mean the site looks good but I don't want to go there because it's just insanely big images. Well, somebody's savvy. They put up a site. You know, it's not like he's Swami. It's not like he's our swami. Maybe he didn't do it, but whoever did it. There's too many fashion freaks in this place. He's so happy to speak to you, isn't he? What's the latest? Let's move past Checkpoint Charlie quickly Cheryl. You guys Rover we're down in two seconds, we're just getting Rover. Cheryl, c'mon. Cheryl, c'mon. We're just going up to get the dog, let's go. She's so into the rules. All I want to do is I want to get Rover. You have her. Rover's signed in. When did these guys become so big on signing in? It's a pain in the ass. You never make anybody sign in. Yeah. Back in the day, man, when you were up there. You come and you go they know me too. No, these guys are alright but it's the younger guys that don't know everybody. Yeah. Yeah, I understand. Alright, that's a better way to look at it. I know everybody around here. I'm the man. Oh man, that guy. Can you imagine being like 45 years old and sweeping up and night? Isn't that... Whew! So what's up with Amie? Hold on, let me just pick this message up, I'll bet it's Jon Gams. Then hold on, I wanna hear this. OK, so go on. There's the star of the building. We follow behind the queen. Alright, you guys. Take care. See you around. Well, listen, yes it's yeah we've talked to her but she doesn't really not so interested in listening. And also, Vegas, hey, it's Memorial Day Weekend school's out basically in a month, you know, it's a wa, June's a wash in school. So, and then she's got the summer which is gonna be probably be shaping up to be a real rough summer for both your folks and her. Go down here. Yeah, we've always thought that if she went to a theater school, singing camp. Why don't your folks just make her go? Why don't your folks send her away for the summer, you know, to one of these programs, an arts program and whether she likes it or not, she's gonna go. Why don't they do something like that. Working at the Holden Spa sounds like it's shaping up to be a summer of real trouble. It's gonna be lots of hanging out and lotsa, you know, pissed off, you know, it's a stupid job that goes nowhere. Why don't they ship her off somewhere. Look at these, man, these are just freshly cast. It's beautiful. Yeah, they're working on the sidewalk at the Guggenheim. You don't see these they are old old things, really freshly cast. They're beautiful, aren't they? Jeez. Look at that. Amazing. Yeah, they're putting them in here. Haven't they been through before with kids? Why do you think she's so rebellious? You think it has to do with, uh, uh, her growing up around us, or or MTV? Oh look at look at that. Seems like we've hit a new level of seriousness. But didn't she do that with you or you guys were like the biggest nerds of the school. I mean, even Kathy, Kathy who tripped on her on her on her graduation night, I mean, what's what's the difference here? Now she's on her summer going into

the 11th grade? I'm trying to think between tenth and eleventh. Yeah, you know, she's not she's not like in like 8th or 9th grade anymore. Right, it's it's you're starting to this year should be the year, you know, 10th grade is like when you really, you know, at least for me, it was like a year of like it was the be I saw the light at the end of the tunnel in terms of, uh, in terms of I had been through a real long dark period like Amie is in, acting out, being an asshole and then finally in the 9th grade going into 10th grade I met kids that were like me. I started to become really, you know, like who I am today. It was intellectual, you know, it was real intellectual, meeting smart kids with bigger ideas, you know, it was the blossoming of, you know, really exactly what I am today. Yeah. Yeah. There's got to be kids in the school that are somewhat alternative and somewhat creative, you know? Let me tell you another thing. Taking Amie to Las Vegas is not gonna do her intellect any good either and it it for us, we can laugh about it, it's ironical, it's fun, we can distance it but for Amie, it makes me think that good values are not really being stressed, you know, if her folks are taking her for the family vacation to a place like Las Vegas, which reinforces every bad value in this culture, you know, and I know I may be making a big deal out a little thing but it seems to me that it's they're not, you know, your father is stressing leisure in his life, you know, it doesn't seem to me to be a particularly healthy, sort of, intellectually encouraging trip for Amie at this time in her life. Right no, and and it must be that must be indicative of a different kind of attitude that, you know, is is being put to her when your father, all he cares about is golf and your mo And your mother is is, uh, living in the Las Vegas of her mind, a fantasy world. Yeah. Yeah. It seems like it's a problem as much as anything like a just a problem of leisure, you know, you know? It's seems to be a pr like a real American problem of entertainment and leisure. So I'm gonna call in and see if I have an appointment tomorrow with, uh, Ann Reiss. Cheryl, look at this. It happens every day. This, huh? Do you think that it's worth fifty bucks a month for me to or well I could probably get it for less, for me to open up an account with Crocker to register UbuWeb as a domain name? So I would well I would so it would just be www UbuWeb UbuWeb dot com and it could, you know, load things up, you know, it's, you know, secure all that stuff. Oh, uh, it's either Crocker or I could do Jon Tower but I feel like I like Crocker better. Yeah, it could. I could put up a more professional front with it. I mean, maybe if I could I could trade Jon by offering to put more clients on his server, I've already put two on his server, maybe he could just give me a space there for free. Yeah, a domain. I probably should, you know, to make everything look more professional I'm just looking at these guys sites here that we met. Yeah. Yeah, no, they're very very serious, uh. Let me just poke around then I'll give it to you. OK here, OK here, I'm gonna give you this. This is that this is that guy that we met at the end with the hat and the whole thing. This is his page. So the developer's stuff. I don't know. It's not there it ain't art, right? They did the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art site Metropolitan Museum of Art site. I mean they really have these really high powered clients. Take a look at the Metropolitan. What? What's happening? How's it look? What did you do? What did you do? What's what's it's all one? It's all one, honey? How does that page look? Does it look good? It all what? I'm fixing it. It's all doubled up. Do you hate the web sometimes? Yeah. Java Java uh uh uh. Java Java uh uh uh. Look at this. I love this girl. You are so fresh. I love you. You are so you are so fresh, Cheryl. How is this? Is this something we could have how is the background kind of look like the two women in college?

Does it look like the community college we did? So you don't think this is any hot stuff. What is it? So, what's the big deal here? Is it fun? I'm gonna pass this side. Cheryl, you you're typing's gotten much better. Are you still looking at the keys? It's pretty fucking ugly. Yeah yeah. Mashed together. Let me see what's happening here. They couldn't have put a little table in? Look at that, yeah. They couldn't have put a little table in they just. Yeah, it's cheap, yeah. Well, actually I'll tell I'll tell you what that means and it's still wrong. If the browser was a default screen which should be somewhere around here. Let's see what it looks like. No, it looks like shit? Why don't you use a different typeface? You tell me what's not a better looking site? This one may have more cgi and sophistication but in terms of design I think I think we beat 'em by a mile, don't we? I mean you don't see images this striking, this big on the web, you know, that's a striking image, isn't it? Yeah, it's like really really quick. Yeah, it's already pretty much in. 100%. And this, which is really a much larger image. Have you seen the reviews section that I made? You did with the, anyway, this is a much larger--it's 43k-- but it's really nothing compared to... It'll fly in pretty pretty quick. Did you see this? Isn't that so much nicer? OK, that's aesthetic, you know? A little hard to read, isn't it? I think it reads better, I think I've got to change it. It reads better on my screen. Look at that that's... Oh, she just wants to be near Mom and Dad. Isn't that nice, Cheryl? Isn't that beautiful? I don't know. No, you got it? I'll make it a little darker, I'm glad I saw it on your screen. The background's pretty though, the canvas? Well, listen, they're techies. They don't have much visual sense. That's true. That's where we already duh shine. Hey Cheryl, in the end, right? that's how we'll distinguish ourselves in the web stuff by consistently making amazing looking site, you know? It's so ugly. I'll tell you ev even adaweb's interface is I don't think adaweb's a adaweb's a confusing site. Well, I mean, it's just they're so techie it you can't read anything, it's hard to read. You know, it's just not it's too confusing. I mean they mean well but yeah, they're a little too wound up. I like The Thing. I think of all the art things The Thing I mean they're just clear and simple one page and what really matters on The Thing is the content, you know, not the fancy cgi and the things flipping around and doing stupid tricks. You know? I mean it works, you know? I mean, you know, it works. It functions. It loads really quickly. I like going there, it's a comfortable environment. They only give you ten things to look at, thank god. I mean most of these sites are so big you can't even find your way around. You never see a fraction of the goddamned place. The Thing they give you ten things, you know, and you get to see them all. Listen, Marjorie Perloff was enough. Hey, why don't we sleep with the white blanket tonight, huh? I think this thing's gonna be too hot. Wanna sleep with this one? I'm just laughing at the image of you the image of you getting your ear bent by the New Age guy for two hours today. Oh my god, if you don't get some work out of this... Did it did it did that exhaust you? You know how many people would love to get three hours of your undivided attention? You're so terrific. I'm gonna leave you alone cause I love you. We love each other, yeah. This is nice, though, I gave you an extra blanket in case you get cold. Is that OK? What? OK, so I have nothing planned tomorrow. What time do you have to meet my mother? Yeah. So, we let's wake up early and get to your studio. OK? OK, I'm gonna read for a little bit. Oh, you look so peaceful. You're just relaxing, aren't you? Look at the paws. You look so pretty. Beautiful skin. She is beautiful, I'm telling you. She is beautiful. Radiant glow. You know, I've got to say one last thing. Maybe I'm gonna change

my mind about sex in the morning. You know it didn't take much for me to lay back here, I don't know if I could actually be the, uh, the other the one in the morning. The instigator cause I'm too sleepy but it does put you in a really good mood. I woke up feeling very happy this morning. Suck some of that tension right out of ya, huh? I like that. Maybe I'm going to reconsider the next phase of our relationship. Listen listen P.S. we have to start thinking about what were gonna do for our anniversary dinner this year, you know, we're making all the other plans and we haven't even talked about, you know, the our big A. 13. '89 did we get married, yeah? 9? 8, it's 8, it's 1996. 7. Good night, darling. You have your little clock set? Why don't you do that? Tell you what, maybe I'll see you for a night visit, OK? How's that sound? How's that sound? Good. Good night.

Act 5

Hi. Did we get up too late? Wanna do it tomorrow. Oh shit, you're right. Alright. OK well, then let's just do this. Let's like grab food on the way, just blast out of here immediately no coffee. We'll just we'll just get going, OK? So all I wanna do is shower and then... OK? How does that sound to you? Good. Hi. Yeah, there's no food. Anyway, we're going and she's not gonna eat it anyway. She wants to go out. Cheryl, sweets, I'm not gonna join you for lunch because I'm gonna be doing lunch with dinner with her on Monday night and you you got the day off. OK, I'm ready. How about you? Do you have that guy's card from the kid's world or whatever? There's no URL on this though. I guess it's mama media dot com. Alright, I'll try to find him. I got that one. It's so nice out. Bets stay. Good girl. She listens so well, doesn't she? When she wants to? Cheryl I'll wait out here. You had no problem? So we're gonna have to get some coffee somewhere. Ugh, I'm so out of it. Cheryl, what what are we gonna by the time we get to your studio and set up, we're gonna have about 45 minutes to film. OK. I mean I can come again too. Right. Oh shit! Hold on! Bets! Babette! Go! We can just get something, you know, at, uh, at our coffee at the deli downstairs. I gotta go run across the street to Liquidators to get some more tapes too. I'm just about out of tapes. OK? No. Uh, not really. Uh, you know, it feels really cramped for time, doesn't it? I have. I think we should just say no, I don't know. Corporate assholes in rented cars. Oh, he's in a good mood today. I'll tell you what, Cheryl. Why don't you immediately right now just blast to your studio and go set up. I'll go get, you know, why... You can stop at Connecticut Muffin you get your coffee, you get your muffin, I'll get mine and I'll see you at the studio, OK? Yeah yeah. Yeah, let's let's just do that. Yeah, it's easier. Are you gonna wear your new shoes to my mother's tomorrow? Oh, I had a hunch that you might. You look cute. I like your outfit. You look very spring like. I have to get some new clothes. I guess I'll buy a pack of new t-shirts. Here here you go. See you momentarily, alright? I'll be right over. How you doin'? Do you guys have ninety minute microcassettes? Yeah, what else do you have? Four dollars apiece, huh? Uh, no a few, a few, uh... OK, then, why don't I just take the three 60s from you? It doesn't matter. Whatever. Whatever, uh, give me the TDK, yeah, TDK's fine. Right right. OK, then this is fine then. OK thanks. She's home. Hi Pam. Hey Chris, how you doin'? I just want 7.5.3 put on this? Why? Barry Barry told me told me he liked it. But the reason being. Let me hear. I wanna hear. But wait a minute, the thing I really would need I think is Open Transport 1.1. No we had 1.0.8 on there and I can't run things and... Are you guys like having major problems with, uh, 7.5.3? Well what do you like I can tell you off the bat. OK, but you're going out or someone else will. OK. I only like you, Chris, you know. Yeah. Uh, Ken Goldsmith. Should I, um, give you a call? I'm having a timing problem with the startup it's not starting up from like from this key. No, I have to push this button three times in in order to get it to go. Have them fix it. I've lived with it but I'd like to get that corrected while I'm here. Otherwise, you know, the machine's been run running really really beautifully, you know, it's all it's all worked out. I hope we're not from this key it's only I have to push this button three times still. You guys have this new phone system. What's your direct phone so I can call right in. Well what's the what's the direct extension to get it to get right in here? Pam, what's your? I'm trying to call you guys I'm getting some kind of weird voice mail. What's your regular number so I can hit you direct? 9800 but I get this big voice mail nightmare. I know how do I? Hit what? And someone here will pick up? Alright. OK. OK. OK, so Chris when should I call you on this? Later on today about noon or so? Could I at

least know what's going on about noon? OK. Alright. Thanks. Yeah, can I have one of these, uh, blueberry sugarless muffins, a blue one of those blueberry sugarless muffins? Oh, you got it. And a regular coffee. I'll take it just just like that. OK. Thanks. How ya doin'? You all ready? OK, hold on a sec. OK. Why don't you shut your door up? Babette! Hi! Babette! Hey Babette! Babette! Yes, hi baby! Hi Babette. Hi baby yes yes yes. Hi Babette. Hi Babette. Hi Babette. What do what will be better for you to paint. Should I wear my shirt or just a t-shirt? What's better for you? OK. Alright. Let me hide. Let me hide the mic then. What what section do you want me to read from there once was a man from? No no seriously, you tell me. Do you want longer things or...? Longer or shorter. Do you want there once was do you want to start with that? Who. So do we want do we want there once was a man who and then and then who dah dah dah dah like I did last time who da da da daddle da da da? OK, we'll start with that? Is that what you want? Bets who is it? Go get 'em! Go get 'em! Go get 'em! Go get 'em! Who is it? Who's there? How do I look? Clean? My hair look OK? Good. Do you want me start? Do you mind this pen? Uh, probably no more than this. OK. Should I look at the camera or should I look at the book? Alright, can you bring me some water? Cause all that talking is really and I'm gonna have to change my tape too, do you mind? Yeah, I got a good ten minutes or more on this. I got probably twenty minutes. OK? So it's like interesting cause we're taping the taping, you know, this is becoming a hall of mirrors. I can put it I can put it down on the floor. Good girl. Oh, I should have my sleeves down. No no no. It's OK, I should have them down, it's easier. Alright so I'm gonna start with with the words leading into there once was and I'll finish that chapter and then we'll take a break at the end of that chapter. About, you know, if not I'll just go on. Bets. Oh, it's... Is the door closed, honey? Does she bark every time someone comes to the door, honey? That's good, though in the end. I mean it's inconvenient now but you should be glad she does. Bets! Go on, get in your bed. Get in your bed. She's a good girl. Sit. You sit. Down. Down. Good girl. You stay. OK, let's go. What time do you have to meet my mother? You meeting her at the gallery. Ugh. OK, so, yeah yeah I'll do much shorter chapters. How's my reading is it OK? Does it does it sound good? Am I reading well? Any suggestions? Yeah. Any suggestions or just like the way it goes. OK, so we'll just do chapters. Why don't I just pick any chapter, you know? And and you know when they're just two pages. They they should take about it should take about five minutes or something or. OK so you I'll I'll how about a two and a half page chapter or a little bit longer? Oh I got two I got two. Let's see, I can get a little bit longer. OK, let's just do one. What? Bets stay. What's what's hanging from her, Cheryl, what's hanging from the dog's mouth? There's something really weird can you look at her mouth? Stay Bets. What is that? OK, so I got two and a half pages. You ready? It is this will not take ten minutes to read. I mean it's gonna take I'll say it's gonna take seven minutes. Yeah. I mean I just read like like ten pages or something. Uh huh. Why don't we do do one that's in the I can also do one that's like really I can do like the first chapter the the sounds which will take about seven minutes. Well, why not get why not get a. I have a long one here. I have like one that's about five pages that's. OK, then I'd like to do the first one too just for different sounds, OK? I like the idea of doing this according to chapter. I I think that's a really cool idea. OK, wait this one I mean the other one was so short I had to do it right. Yeah, but around once it started to get light out I had a really good sleep but I didn't sleep well at all last night. Uh, I just got up to pee. OK, let's go. Oh she understands English. Bets, down. Down. Down. Ah sa. Bets down.

Good girl. You stay, honey. She's so good. She's such a good girl. OK. I love this dog. Oh, I have to do one or the other. Can I change in the middle? No it cause you're gonna paint me. No I'll I'll keep my feet. No, I'll just stay like this. Sure. Sure. Sure. I mean, yeah. How was that one? Does it sound interesting to you? Is it can you follow it or... it's easy to follow or you kind of fade in and out different things catch your ear? How's my reading? Alright? No Cheryl, it's not. It's 12:00. It's twelve on the nose. You want me to do the first chapter? Sure. You like that? OK. OK, the first chapter is just. The first chapter is, uh, two pages but it takes a little while to read. Well, I don't know it's about seven seven minutes or so. Listen I can always come back and do more. OK. You ready? Me, I'll get there. Do you like that that last one? Ahhh. Oh boy! I gotta make one phone call. Ahhhh, it is exhausting. Well I like the idea that we're getting a rhythm according to the chapters of the book, you know? That book is just so so much fun, isn't it? It has so many moods in it. I love this book. I know, I love it. I love it so much. The future who? Lars Movin. Oh yeah. Oh, hope. Hey Pam Pam Kenny Goldsmith. Does have a prognosis? Did he do a diagnosis on that computer that I brought in this morning. No I'm not. I'm just I wanted to know if he if it's gonna be possible. I'm not asking if the job's been done I just want to know... OK can can you ask him if it's going to be possible to install 7.3 7.5.3? Thanks. You know when you're talking on this phone, it feels like you're not talking to anyone. So have you gotten to listen to the Cathy Berberian yet? Do you like this one? It's great. Isn't it? What do you think of this one? Have you listened to this one. O, OK, he doesn't OK. So when when should I get back to him do you think? OK, alright, hon. Bye. Ah, well I may end up meeting you guys for lunch after all. You want me to? I mean I don't really have anything going today I just gotta go down to J&R. Let's make a time and a place to meet for lunch so I don't have to go to the gallery with you guys spare me that. No, some place more interesting. You know where my mother wants to go? She wants to go remember remember that Korean that Korean place that we went to that night downstairs she wants to go to the upstairs. The guy that runs that place that guy that runs the. Yeah, the guy that runs that place is is a friend of her designer. She wants to go there. So, why don't we meet tell me what time to meet you there, um. OK, we'll meet upstairs there at 1:15 and I will have dinner lunch with you guys. OK? Do I wanna come to the gallery? No. No no no no. That's not necessary. Yeah. That's good that that didn't ring during. So you you probably, OK, you wanna make it 1:30 for lunch? Are you meeting her at 12:30? Yeah no it's it's just totally totally right. There's no two ways about that. It was really fun. I liked making a video equivalent we could do a few more chapters any time. It might actually be good to try to get how's the reading was it did it? It got better as it went along. Was there some funny parts in it or not really? That's the first. I'm actually learning to read the first chapter much better. It's weir weird, isn't it? Bullshit that follows. Is there some bullshit that follows? Yeah, it's really good. Isn't that funny about may watch may not watch? Yeah. Yeah. Well, we'll have a good time in Greece. That's for sure. And we'll have a good time in France. That I'm really excited for. I mean, to get out of here for the summer _____ is gonna be good. Don't you? _____ Las Vegas. I'll pick an Art In America for my mother, OK? _____ bib im bop. Eat and Drink? Bibim bap. Bibim bap! Alright! Tell your sister bird. He call your sister a bird. Yeah. They is the they and your sister a bird. What? I that is the way it happens. Are we looking like the dog too? Bet! Yeah. She's been so good lately. She's been such a little trooper. Yeah, look, she's smiling. You're going to

spend a week with your friends. Starting I guess, yeah, starting I guess Sunday. Bets. Yep gonna stay with them, yeah, that's right. And then maybe we'll pawn her off on my sister this summer when we go to France. Say, Margie, howd'ya like a. How how would Max how would Max like a dog for two months? I'll bet actually they're gonna do it. Do you think? Leaving her alone but we'll give them the box. Look at these two trendoids. Ugly clothes. Yeah, give her to my mother. Give the dog to my mother. Yeah. I don't, yeah, I don't well see I don't know, maybe we'll give her to Tarasuk. Maybe Bob can take care of her for a couple of months. Ah, we'll wor we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Or we'll we'll take her with us and we'll just leave in the in the on the chateau when we travel. She can would that be funny if, like, Bets went to France and lived on a chateau? Ask her. Maybe we'll do that. Look at this little this little one. She's cute. I gotta pick something else up first. The dog's a shit machine. This dog takes like takes like six shits a day. Huh? She eats one bowl of food a day. She doesn't eat anything more than that. Baaaahh Ram Ewe. So let's say I'll meet you at 1:30. Cause I gotta I gotta run down to J&R I gotta buy some more cassette tapes? OK? So, you're gonna be there at 12:30 that means. That means you probably have an hour to kill with her? So you can go poking in some shops for a little bit how's? No no no I don't think she really is. I don't think my Mom's got a whole lot to do. Not today. Even if she's coming into the city at this hour. Well that worked out well. I couldn't read for that much longer. Uh. I brought my computer down quickly cause I knew I was not gonna be using it today to see if they could put 7.5.3 on it. Well, I just brought the box down. See if they if they're gonna get to do that I know I'll lose all afternoon and the next while trying get the thing... anyway. Yeah. A new update, not a whole new system. Look how thin he is. You look so great, Bill. You've lost so much weight. You look so good. Wait, Richard's and who? How's your keester? Small. Look at you you look so good, my god, you've lost so much weight. I'm still cold from the winter. Look at you've really lost so much weight. You look great, Bill. Jesus Christ. Where are you doing it? Wow. Where's that? Wow. That's interesting. When are you doing this? OK, OK, let us let us mull it. Also, what about what about dinner for coming over to our house for dinner? When? Yeah. But we're here before then. How about the first weekend in May? Oh, you're right. How about... you know what's quickly, yeah. Tuesday's no good. Tuesday's no good because I got my radio show. How about the Sunday before that? Sunday nights are nice. That's fine. Shut up, you guys won't won't won't I was sitting there waiting for you guys for like an hour, sitting there sipping two Jack Daniels getting sloshed. No wonder I fell asleep. Nobody showed up. I felt depressed. OK OK OK, quickly. Did Andrea's did your show get reviewed? I was there when I was there. That's fine. Or Wednesday the 8th is good too. Bye. I just dropped her back in my office she won't do it. Yeah, don't dawdle. Just walk right over there. Well that's alright. She'll probably be late too I mean getting in driving in parking. Yeah, Stefano's really good with mothers. It's 12:30. I'll see you at 1:30 at upstairs at Eat & Drink, OK? Huh? He's so great. He looks good. He really lost weight. Jesus, he used to be so big. He's got I mean he's still got got some to go but he really looks good. Baaaah Ram Ewe. Hey Babette! Bets! Baaaah Ram Ewe. She's smiling. Cross that street. Goodbye I'll see you at 1:30 upstairs. OK. C'mon Bets. Anton, how you doing? Good, what have you got there? The face of Africa. How you doing? Good good good what's going on? Oh he is good and it's all about my book. You know, it's really the nicest thing. Alright I don't want to hold you up with this thing. It looks heavy. I'm right here on Broadway and Houston. You see you saw

Cheryl's show? Yeah, I saw you at the opening, didn't I? Yeah yeah yeah. So many people. OK, yeah yeah. Let's hang out or something. Alright Anton. Pam. Ken Goldsmith. Hey, I'm actually calling cause Chris called me. Alright. I'll tell you what? He just wanted to know when I purchased that computer and I purchased it on, uh, I think it was like November something. OK? Yeah. OK, so what's you don't know anything anything about it yet. OK, I'll call you guys I'll stop I'll stop up a little later. Oh, I'm gonna be out. OK, I'll see ya I'll see ya later this afternoon. Thanks a lot, hon. Bye. No, you can't smoke in your office? Yeah, I'm telling ya. Yeah. Well they're, uh, oh well. The guy with the long hair. I gotta run. I'll see ya. Ah, I'll see you before that I'm sure. Take care, man. Hi, can I get some small microcassettes, please? Uh, the 90's are the longest you have? OK, let me have yeah. Then you don't have 120's do you? That's it? Can I have like 5 of those? Uh, 5 packs. Where did you guys move the magazines to? Alright. Thanks. Uh, if I can walk out of the store with these in my hand that's fine. OK, thanks a lot. How you doin'? We're gonna be two, uh, three, I'm sorry, three for lunch. Non Smoking. That's great? Your restroom is back there? Guess. Hi. Hey nice to meet you. Yeah. Well, guess what? My Mom and Cheryl are meeting me here for lunch. I had such a good time. He was a deadbeat? He was cute. I liked... I met him. I met him. We told him we told him you were there, yeah. So do you think something's gonna happen with him? Yeah they I actually saw their site last night and it looked very, well, it's information, yeah. So is she she going on about the Cyber thing to you? Yeah, it's all we had a really good time last night. It was fun. She was like really weird woman who's probably like 23 going on 29 going on, like, 65. I didn't get that though maybe I mean she was so kind of I don't know, WASPY and cold and, you know, I mean I couldn't even relate to. It's not my it's not my thing. I like something warmer, a little, you know, I mean Cheryl, you know, I like Catholics and Jews. It's so corporate it's strange. No no no it sounds good. I'd like to work with her. Yeah, and I actually thought that guy was really nice, uh, I guess I didn't have to have dinner with him. Yeah yeah yeah. Yeah we're gonna meet what have you been up to? What have you been doing with yourself? You were doing Israeli art? Yeah, you were, yeah, right you were where John John and Karin weren't you in John and Karin's old building on, uh, is that 578? I've been to your gallery before. Yes. So, it's still going and things are good? Good. Good. Well, alright you guys, I'm gonna let you do your thing. Maybe on your way out you'll stop this is terrific. I'm not I'm not as interested I'm going to go to another friend of mine well, here you go. Yeah, well, there's much I've I've got lots to gab about. I was gonna gonna give you a whole rundown cause I have lots of thoughts on that. OK, you guys I'll nice to see you again. Yeah, they're sitting in the post postcard rack. Yeah, my Mom will love these. Sure, you can have a bunch. With you? I, you know, can I tell you I haven't been to see the show yet? My Mom is I'll give her a bunch of these. I haven't seen it either. There's a lot of good great artists in the show, I mean, you know. I haven't got we're going to see it Sunday we're going to see Xenakis. We're gonna go to Vedanta then we're gonna go to The Jewish Museum and then we're going to go see Xenakis. Oh, was tonight that? I'm just not that I'm not a not really a supporter of that work, you know, what can I say? I know you do. Anyway, have fun you guys. Come say hi on your way out, OK? How you doin'? Can I have, um, you have that really good tea, right? Yeah I love that. Can I have that and a glass of water? Um, yeah yeah. Um, vegetable roll sushi grains, oh, what's like what's really neat? Are those I know what summer rolls are I know what spring. What is the

shitake vegetable roll? Yeah, I have one, yeah, just let's start with that. And actually why don't you bring a, um, I guess these guys are gonna be... why don't you bring a dumpling? They should be here really soon. Maybe I should order a few apps before they sit down. Why don't, yeah, OK, forget it. Yeah and the, uh, and the, uh, shrimp and water chestnut dumplings. And why don't you bring some summer rolls as well. And when they and when they get here there'll be some things here for them to eat. Oh, well it's OK. Hi, I just ordered a bunch of appetizers for us. Yeah, hello. Glad to join you. Sit here Mom. Yeah, sit here, look out the window it's nice. I find this space is OK if you're sitting where we are. Cheryl and I had dinner in the back one night. It was very dark. This is your friend's restaurant, right? The the friend of, uh, the friend of... yeah. Yeah. Upstairs. Ohhhh, I thought it was a restaurant. That's why I took you here. Oh, the food here is interesting I know, the food we ate here, the food here is excellent, actually. But, uh... OK, straight back, Ma, on your left the two women sitting there on your left the one facing us in the br in the blue shirt? That's Andrea Scott. Why don't you say hi to her on the way back. You guys go say hi. How was it? Like, OK. Yeah, you go say hi to her. Oh, we didn't realize that was soup. Oh, OK OK, great. Thanks. I was like, how are we gonna split soup between three people? Got it got it. That's great, that's great. Very cool. Thanks. Do you have a little hot sauce or some? What have you got? Do you have chili, like some kind of like red chili sauce, yeah. That will be good. Now the trick here is that you don't eat the soup. These are just like keeps it warm. You just eat the dumplings. Yeah. Well. OK, so this is summer rolls. These are summer rolls that are filled with, I guess, vegetables and vermicelli and this is shitake, uh, mushrooms. She told me I said I said oh how are we gonna how are we gonna split that? What do you like, Cheryl? Take take your your pick here. No, I'm gonna I'm gonna eat eat with you everything you guys have. Why don't you guys choose one of these and I'll I'll they're both, no no no just take one. They're gonna be too salty. Go ahead and I'm gonna take one of these. Great. You put these in this sauce I think? Plum sauce. Oh, this is so good. Interesting food, isn't it? So how did you guys go at the gallery? Great. Whoa! Did you leave that to someone else, Mom. You should have learned that. Which what were you on time? Hot sauce. And is Stefano nice, Ma? A celebration for Cheryl's piece. Well you have. I definitely need some water. We are not quite but we'd like two more waters and two more teas. Yes. Go ahead, try it. No, no. I'm gonna attempt to put this thing. I don't know if it's really gonna work. Looking good. Thanks. Looking good. I've never been there. Yeah. I'm devastated. Try this, Mom. I'm not. Right. I I gotta be honest. I don't I don't I never think about Grandpa Irving, rarely, and I never think of Grandma. Your parents, on the other hand, are are make I have much more of a connection to and will will, you know, when they pass away, no no, I'll feel I'll really feel the loss with them. I mean I really have a real connection to them. As a matter of fact, Cheryl and I were at a party the other night and there was a woman yeah, with a cane that had a fish on it, the same one your Mom has and I just, like, I was like that makes me feel really happy, yeah I got really happy. I thought of your mother. I was just thinking about her. So. Well, no kidding. Yeah, well she just doesn't want to be held down, does she? Oh, so why don't we look at the menu. If we have a daughter we're gonna name it Phillipa. Yeah, he's pegged. Not it will be Phillipa Finnegan Phillipa Finnegan Donegan Goldsmith. That's that's it. Phillipa Finnegan Donegan Goldsmith. That's it. I love it. That's what it's gonna be. Or Philip Finnegan Donegan Goldsmith. That a good, no no. I like it. Two for you.

Two for me. Cheryl did you say hi to Andrea? Was she nice? Internet. Art on the Internet. Ma, what are you gonna get? Spicy grilled shrimp with fruit salsa? You making shrimp for us? Yeah I mean if you have shrimp tomorrow might as well have something different. Uh, that's oh, where do you see that? Ugh, yam noodles. I'm having, guess what Cheryl? Bibim bap is very good here. What did he say? Is that what he said? Ha ha ha. Life is lovely. I was a nice guy until Margie came along. Is she cute? Hooray for formula. I like formula. Look at me. Yeah, we're ready, yeah. I'll I'll just have a regular bibim bap. I find it so boring. And then we're going to Las Vegas. It should be fun, it should be, yeah. It looks like it's gonna work out, yeah. I'm gonna try to pawn my animal off on my sister. Think Max would like a little dog for the for two months? I'll bet he would. Yeah, we can't leave Babetter with Lois and Diane for two months. I did that when we went to India. It's a too much. I... She's an easy she's an easy one. They get along well. Yeah, we're gonna have to we're gonna have to... we can't take her for two months, so. Yeah, when is it when is it gonna be cooked by? Yeah, but my Mom doesn't go up there, well actually you go up there to the beginning of mid-July so you'll miss a few weeks. No, Margie. Cause it's all up to Margie, not you. No, seriously, Max Max would have a dog. It would be nice up there. I mean they don't really go any, you know, they're home this summer pretty much and all they've got to do is open up the door and let the dog out. She doesn't need. She doesn't need much. It would be what? Yeah, we have a vaccination. Yeah. Yeah, several years ago. Don't be too sure. So tell us about the house. What's going on there? What's the latest? Yeah, I'd say the nice the nice kitchen. Yeah yeah. Oh my god. Ma, what's happening with Port Washington? Did you get the trees from there? What? Uh, this is I don't think you're gonna see this thing, yeah, right. OK, do you have any, um, some chopsticks? Thanks. Yep yep. Uh, look at the baby egg, yeah. Uh, will you? Yeah, we got one. The food here is really good. It's really interesting, isn't it? Yeah, that sounds great. Yep, yep. Babies and travels and. With the Gross's? Where are you going? Where? Oh, I've been there. Right right. No. No. Yeah, but no it wasn't North Carolina. It was Roanoke, yeah. But anyways, so what are you gonna do there, Ma? Anybody wanna try some of this? Dig in. A resort? So Andrea. See you soon, email you sooner. Richard's got an opening tonight? By Marge. See you again. I don't know I can have some shit. Now, um, so you know what one of my my fondest memories is is of the Beaumont Inn. Well, I liked that because it was it really felt like the South and and, uh, you know, we had grits and it was very gracious. It was very... It was very gracious, I mean, I remember big trees it was really old, yeah, and I remember the food was really, like, Southern food. Yeah yeah I just remember it being extremely Southern. It was so different from the from where we were. Very much, yeah. Very old. Yeah. Thank god. What is this with golf? People just get so addicted to this sport. I mean, Norman sounds like Howard. Sounds like your Dad. It sounds like people get really obsessive with this sport it it does not it does not sound healthy to me. How the fact that Howard is now immediately looking to get out of the business and spend and spend his which is great but golf. I mean, it's very sad for Howard. Oh, it's pathetic. I find it I really find the whole thing silly, really silly. Even when Doovie got bit he went hard. Same with Todd Lerner. Who? Who? Irving. It got him the hell out of the house. Got him a little exercise. He never struck me as compulsive not in the not nearly the way that like these guys sound today. It was, you know, it was a sport. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I don't know. I think some passions are not healthy and some passions are better than others and I don't think it's OK just to be passionate, you

know, you can be passionate about some pretty bad things like, you know. You know, I think it's a major waste waste of time and life. Really, you know, I think it's, yeah yeah. Who am I to judge? That's that's not saying much, Cheryl. You shouldn't be be out hurting people anyway. Yeah it's insubstantial. It's just a game. Games are good. They have their place. So why are you advocating passion for that then? That's that's not healthy. That's not good. Yeah, well. It seems like a total waste of a life to take the last 30 years of your life and spend it on a golf course. Really great, thanks. I'm not gonna... Yes, it's too bad. I would enjoy seeing him. You know, it's the same problem. It's the same problem, I like your Dad. Anyway, you know, it just seems pathetic. Who says I'm not judgmental? Me? Barbara is the lady of the arts and Norman has the intellect to become a golfer. They're already they're grandparents before, several times. Yeah. Yeah. I love you. I love something at the end of a meal. We're in love, my wife and I. Speaking of which, we have an anniversary and a birthday coming up. We have a request. We need something. Oh, have you already been through this? No, no. Forget it. It seems like you've already you guys have talked about this? We need a piece of furniture. So, what did she say? Did you say we need a piece of furniture? Naw, it's my Mom. She loves to give. Where where do you think we would get something like that? I guess we're going to have to shop around. We live near a million furniture stores. I don't want any old garbage piece of nyuh-nyuh. I want something new and elegant and nice. I really don't want some chipped paint and nonsense anymore. We want something actually we may want something built for us actually. I like what you were saying about those like a nice big cherry wood cabinet. We really need more room. You I don't know what Cheryl in a nutshell we're gonna stay where we are for probably another two years at which time we're gonna think about having a kid and getting a bigger place. In probably three years we're gonna have a kid. So we're gonna start thinking about having a kid in two years and we're gonna but so we're gonna we decided we're probably we just gonna stay put for another two years here why it serves us well. But if we're gonna stay put here we're definitely gonna need a little more closet space well, you know, you know, we don't have much--we don't have anything--in the way of furniture so a nice chest, something we can take with us, a nice cabinet, something we can take with us to the next apartment, um, you know, that's going to be bigger, uh, and will look nice anywhere, uh. No, if we get a beautiful, very simple like a cherry wood, you know, thing I don't even know what they're called, you know, with doors that open. Armoire, we're you can hang things with some drawers that pull out. You know, it's just gonna be a classic thing that's why I don't commit to any, sort of, real style with it. I want it just to be a really beautiful piece of cabinetry, a piece of, uh, cherry like you talked about the cherry and the piece of cherry cabinet that will look good in any room with any with any style. I wanna commit to, you know, if I got if I get something from Eileen's, you know, then we kind of got to commit to a country thing which, I'm I'm getting a little burnt on so to make the next two years more tolerable, I think this is what we'd like to get. I don't know. Yeah. If not you know of a good cabinetmaker? Your guys in the country are very expensive. Well, we'll go look around. I don't want a piece of junk, though, I don't want like a piece of plywood. Yeah. Why don't we start shopping then when we come up with something we'll let you know. Yeah. Yeah we have so little I think it would be nice to have a... yeah. It will just make living there for another two years tolerable. Can he do fine cabinetry? Really, when is he leaving? If he could bang it out in a week we'll take it. No, I mean I'm talking

about something with really nice drawers that gently pull out, things that close, you know. Standing closet, no. Here's what I want. Ma, I have opinions. Ma, I want a tall thing, about seven feet tall that that the reason I want it so tall is that so you can have a rare, like the top will be sort of a shelf and then a little below it will be a rail and you can hang your your clothes in that like extra closet space. Then below that is kind of a, uh, a shelf where you can put some where Cheryl can put some of, you know, Cheryl can put some of her jewelry and stuff on top and the a few, say three drawers underneath. Yeah, and suits, not not and right. Right. The long coats can go in the closet. I mean we've got one closet we've been living like monks for years and we figure, you know, this is a nice step and we figure, you know, in a direction that we're gonna we're planning to move in a direction that we're moving in anyway. Yeah. Yeah. It won't be it won't be that huge because we don't have that much space. We'll have to measure where that green thing is. So I was thinking in that yellow room a really nice piece of rich kind of cherry furniture would look really really pretty. Um, yeah yeah yeah we will we will start. We will start looking. Thanks, Ma, that would be that would be a great anniversary birthday gift. That would be excellent. That's a good one. Well, we don't we don't have well, yeah, we never have these kinds of things. What's a matter, you're not eating your food? That was good. I'm gonna I'm gonna pick. Did you drive in? Where are you parked? Yeah. Are the babies coming? Both both the babies are coming? I think we're set, thanks. It's really good. Cheryl I'm gonna need to take to go home to get your computer and use it today. Yeah. And I have to say. I said to Cheryl the first day it began to get warm in New York, maybe a month ago, I said I'm not gonna be here again this summer. We've been here for five summers the last five Augusts and I said I just cannot be here. We started to think about renting a little place upstate, you know, somewhere for a few months if we couldn't do this but then this came up and I was like let's do it and it's free and I wanna get the hell out of here. I don't want to be in New York for another summer. Yeah, we're just using it as a base for traveling. You know, we'll we'll work sometimes but then well take a tr we'll go down to Italy for for a week go to go to Spain. OK, yeah, we'll have a nice time. We've never traveled we've never traveled to Southern Europe. And and then we'll just hang around at at this place and just work. I've got plenty of writing to do. Yeah, nobody's nobody's chaining you there so we'll give it a shot. What the heck, I mean, it sounds it sounds like they have a place in Beaujolais. It's in Beaujolais. It should be nice. We've also got Edmond as our good friend in Paris. We know enough people over there. Edmond has promised us that when we come to Paris he's gonna, you know, he says. You met Edmond. He came out to our house for dinner. Remember the young French guy several years ago maybe five years ago he came out? He says oh, he was just in town last week with his sexy, young girlfriend and he just said, you know, whenever you guys come to Paris I owe you a major one because of how good you treated me when I was in New York that summer we we took the man from from the Bronx Zoo to Coney Island and everything in between, I mean, we really showed him the town. OK, you guys, I'll tell you what. Here's what I gotta do: why don't why don't you guys sit for a second let me run up to my office, let me get Bets she's been locked up and I gotta get I gotta go home and get your computer we'll walk Mom down to the car I'll be five minutes. Let me just run up and get Bets. Oh, yeah. Here, Ma. Here's this two treats. First of all, you'll laugh. You'll laugh at this. This crap. This crap is you know the little postcards they give out for free in restaurants? Have fun. Send them to all your friends. And the other

thing. The, uh, my book was, uh, written about in this issue of a magazine. This critic wrote an article about writers, so I want you to have a look at that. I want you to just take it home and read it it explains my book, you know. Explains the whole thing. I'll be alright, let me, uh... OK. Ma, send those to your friends. They'll like that. I'll be right back. What's up? Alright. She recognizes you. OK, that's it's nice. OK. Hello, Ma she totally knows you. Hey Ma, I have a question: is this your key? Oh, that's what it is. OK, OK. I thought this was the place your friend owned. What can I say? Pretty, isn't it? Cheryl? Check. Oh, yeah. She's so clean. No, we're working. We're working. I'll be back. Alright, I'll see you again. Yeah, you'll enjoy Bruce. He's, uh, he's the guy who got me into opera in the first place, yeah, you'll Bruce is a great he's like our best friend now, I mean, he's he's great. He's, what is he about 48 Cheryl? He'll really appreciate this opera. Do you like that one I gave you that Madame Butterfly? Is that right. No, this isn't it. Yeah, I like that one you like his voice? You like Jussi's voice? That's Cheryl's favorite. What are you looking for? Wait, what is it what are you looking for? Oh, yeah, I got a I got a I'm not going to be able to hang. I've got lots to do. So, I'm gonna run home and get your computer. I'm having a system upgrade which means I'm gonna lose the next three days trying to get my computer back together again. Uh, just updating it which just means that everything's not gonna work again, so, until I start to get it straightened out I just know this is gonna take a big portion of my life Cheryl what are you doing tonight? Are you gonna go to Richard's? Yeah, alright, yeah, I'm gonna go to Aikido tonight I hope. Could use a little exercise. No we don't have belts. Then he's not doing Aikido. There are no belts in Aikido. No there aren't. There's black and there's white but there are no colors so he's probably studying studying some other some other sport. Hey today is Margie's birthday, isn't it? What's she doing for her birthday? Why is Max staying home? Is he cute, Ma? Do you think this is all because the new baby? Yeah, we'll take a day and actually start to look. Today is not the day. Listen, I was a nice guy until Margie came along. I never got over it. Does he scream a lot? Well, what does that mean he hit you? Listen, no, seriously. I want you and Dad to read just you don't have to read the whole article it's boring but just read the the part about me and so you'll understand what this book is all about. This summer. Probably we'll have a party for it and in June in June, I'm sorry in August September we're gonna be out of town blah blah blah blah blah. So, I'll let you know. OK. So, tomorrow at eleven and then Ma I'll find out the name of this restaurant I'll I'll research that that we'll all meet. You'll you'll enjoy meeting Magda she's really sweet. She took me to her mother's house so I mean I, you know, you're gonna get along with her she's really lovely. What is she, about twenty? Magda's about twenty or nineteen, something like that? She's real fat. She got real fat now. Oh I don't I don't think it'll be in there. No, it's it's not a world class restaurant. Oh, is that right? How's my dog looking, OK? Yeah, we fed her senior food. Bets sit. Babette, sit. Oh, look at her face, Ma, look at how gray she is. How's Seymour? Is he cute or is he a pain in the ass? How's how's The Judge? Yeah before traffic gets... yeah, just make a right and swing right around. It's not this street it's gonna be the next one. See Avenue of the Americas? It's gonna go, it's gonna hook right around. See you tomorrow! OK, so Ma we'll see you tomorrow at eleven. I'll I'll call you and let you know what train actually if it's nice we'll just walk from the station. Is it supposed to be nice tomorrow? Is it supposed to be nice? We'll call Marge. OK, and maybe we'll get her a little something, OK? OK, we gotta get

Grandma a little something. What, yeah, what would she like? Oh, 30, 30 bucks something like that. Yeah, OK, we'll look for something, we'll look for something. Alright! We'll see you tomorrow. Bye Mom. It's fine. Bye. Yeah, let me have opin let me have opinions. See ya! I'm exhausted from that. It's another one of those exhausting ones. How did she how did she do in your show? Alright? OK. And Stefano was nice to her? Yeah, I guess, you know, people and their parents and their in laws people are very nice to them now at our age. We're sort of past that thing where you're embarrassed when your parents show up, sort of not really. Cheryl, one of the main reasons I'm doing this upgrade in the computer is so I can see your piece, so we can access your piece. Uh, Sunday night. Thank god, it's a pain in the ass. I still got lots to go. I got dinners and concerts, grandparents. Oh yeah, this is a this is a real a real week, isn't it? Hey, it's a typical week really. It's a real slice of what goes on. We have lunches and concerts and, oh my god. It is funny. A radio show. I've got my whole radio show taped. When I was out there yakking on the radio. Well, fucking words are cheap, man. They're very plentiful and they're very cheap. Gee, it never crossed my mind to think about men's legs. Did you call them? Would you deposit these two ch three your three checks? Tell you what, I gotta run. Would you just send the fax from my computer? It works fine. OK? OK, I've gotta get the thing and then I've got to start reconfiguring my whole system, my whole life and then I have to have coffee with Jody Zellen so. What are you doing? You're just gonna go to the gym, alright and go to Richard's? Alright. OK. All that jazz, huh? Alright? Are you the secretary? Why do I always find times with my family just really I feel so tired right now. Oh, I'm so exhausted. I wonder what that what that is. Ugh. You have those three checks to deposit, right? OK, lets if you can do that today that's good. Alright. Money is money, right? Money is as money does. Call. Why don't you call them right now? Right now. This is so important to call Dan and Lawre and and make a date to see them and I will go out any time to see them, OK? This is really important, OK? Alright baby, I'm gonna I'm gonna roll. That nice to give my mother those cards and that article? Yeah, you think so? No, we have no stamps. We gotta get more. I'll mail I'll mail away for some, OK? Alright. Goodbye. Good luck and I'll see you later tonight after everything maybe you'll go out with some people at the opening do what do what do whatever you like, OK? I'm gonna try to catch some Aikido and probably come back and work on my computer some more, you know, try to get it up and running again. Alright, I love you and I'm gonna take Bets. See you then. See you for an appointment. Alright, jumpy, let's go. See you later. OK, go on. Bets cats. Cats. Bets cats. Hey. How you doin? Alright. Can I get a small bag of food? You keeping track of this? Should we look at it or next... Can we can we look? Let's see, we took two big bags and two small bags and some treats. We should, let's write it down so we know. Alright, yeah. Alright. I took two of the large ones. If you want to scribble it down so we know to to keep. You wanna write it here? We took. I think I'm gonna need another big one. So we got two of the big ones so far and two of the little ones and some treats. You have it right here. Right. Good good good. Yeah. OK. And the that was you wanna write this one down and how much was the kennel? OK. Alright, so. OK, alright then we'll, yeah. Alright. Good. That's good that's good OK I'm gonna need this is this'll hold her for the weekend. OK, thanks a lot. See you later. It's happened to me before. Ah, there's another one. There's always another one coming, right? There's so many elevators all the time. Hi. OK. Go get em. Go get 'em. Babette's here. How you doing? Good, really good. Bets Bets, go say hi to Mary Ann. Is that my

original memory? Is that waranteed memory? OK, do your thing, do your thing. She loves you every day, Pamela. She loves you every day, Pam. She loves you every day she's doesn't act too. The dog was just washed yesterday. She's immaculate. She really is. I know. You know you know she's got a lot of animals, doesn't she? No. What do you mean moose? There's no moose. What do you mean you're she's human, c'mon get up. She's also getting older. She used to just... Yeah yeah yeah. She gets love. She know's everyone in this building, I mean, she's like the mascot here. When I'm without the dog, no one knows who I am. Babette. Seven years. Well, she's middle age, she's middle age. Middle aged. Yeah, she's, uh, they should live about thirteen years. Twelve, thirteen years. Get another five years out of her, six years. No no, it's just getting gray. She used to be jet black. I only got everything from you, yeah yeah. Sure, I think it should be covered. Right, it's original memory. Also, did he did he put 7.3 7.5.3 in? Can you ask him? Can you ask him if it's possible to just put Open Transport 1.1 on and not the rest of the system? Mary Ann should I go get the should I go get the the invoice? OK. Did he say it's possible to do it? I'd like to 1.0.8 and it's not it's not jiving. 7.5.2. Yeah, OK, I'll be right down then. Thanks. C'mon, pal. What do you mean I'm lucky? Take the dog? I'm lucky that oh, you want me to leave her down here? Oh, forever. I got another five years or so on this one. I'll be right down. C'mon. Yep, I havethe original I have the orig is the copy good enough? I have an original in the copy. Yeah, and it says it says 8 megabytes DIMM. OK, um, would it be possible for them to replace the SIMM and also throw Open Transport 1.1 by the end of the day? Would that would that be possible? Cause I'm not gonna be able to. Yeah, unless it can somebody just give me a copy of 1.1? I can throw it on myself, it's no big deal. Are you just OK. It's Friday, babe. It's Friday. Freaky Friday. You have such a good attitude for somebody whose life is a living hell. I don't know how you deal with this madhouse everyday. You got to be a people person. If not, forget it. You're right. You're right. And you're ugly, Bets. Bets you're ugly. She's cute but ugly. What do you seriously when can you, it's. You wanna you wanna walk over if not is the box open? My my machine, is it open right now? But I'll tell you what. You wanna walk over and see if they have it if they don't I'll just take it upstairs and I'll do this another day, yeah. Let's do it another day cause I could I could use the computer I can't lose it for the weekend. Unless. When are you guys moving? I'm gonna miss you. I know but it's this is this is. You do? You got a gym? We used to have a gym here. It's gone. Yeah. Oh, it's so nice that it's not here anymore. Oh, I never got that, thankfully. Oh, I hate that. Oh, I hate that. It's really stupid. Babette she wants to be near you. You've got a kid. They cute? How old? Oh, then they're not they're long past cute. I didn't know you had kids so old. When you have kids so old they're long past cute. Fifteen is... Let's, OK. Why don't I take my machine back now. It's functioning good enough. Oh, so can can we throw that back in so I can use it this weekend? And is it a huge pain in the ass? Causes then we'll deal with this all again next week. Hey Julio, how you doing. Pretty good, pretty good. No complaints. She what? She never kicks ass, never. I don't know, you know? I've never seen that side of her. She senses, like crazy people in the street she'll sense. And she'll get her hackles up and start barking at madmen in the street. Yeah, that's the only time I've gotten a glimpse of that. This is boxer style. I wonder if she really would. You know people... I don't know. I don't know. You know that she's enough of a visual deterrent on the street. Most people are afraid of her. Do you have a dog? Oh, they're cute. They're mean too. He have a purple tongue? Like black gum like

black gum or black tongue? What happened to him? Yeah. Uh, yeah I have the original here, yeah. So she went to the sis she went to California? How how did it, yeah, so how is the dog now? Ah, yeah, aw. Aw. Did your kids like the dog? What do your kids do? She's finishing with school. High school. I got my sister's da, uh, my sister's my wife's sister is fifteen also. It's a rough rough time, man. You love that, huh? Where do you live? On what? Yeah, so what do you which train do you take to get down here? From 205th? Yeah, but but it's also the D the D moves. The moves from 125th to 59th and then from 34th to 4th. I live right around the corner. I like it down here. Well, we got, I mean, Cheryl and I have the teeniest apartment but it's just us and the dog, so. Yeah, we're gonna have a kid in like three years we decided. Just one. Yeah no no, I'm not that young. I'll be 35. Yeah, I'll be 35 in, um... She's major. She's then she's calm. She's like Zen. She's got the Zen vibe. We can we can all learn something from that attitude. Whoa, did you say damn the other day, Mary Ann? The office stopped. So, how we doing Mary Ann is there... for, old memory in is he gonna throw 1.1 in there today, we'll do that that... OK, when? Can I pick this up at about 5:30? OK, alright. I'll see you guys what time are you here till? Until 6? Until 6 so? OK. OK. How you doing? OK. Alright. Kenny, how you doing? Where's my animal. OK, I gotta run upstairs. Bets. What is she? Alright, I'll pick her up when I come get my computer. C'mon, pal. Let's go. I'll see you guys I'll see you guys in just a little bit. C'mon, Bet. C'mon, baby. Oh boy. Bets come. Good girl. Yes. Are you getting food? Uh, you are. Bets. Come Bets. Bets come. Oh boy oh boy. What a day. Hey. How you doing? Good to see you. Where's do you mind the dog do you want me to? Yes, it's Babette. Yeah, she's seven. How you doin'? Good. Where's Daniel? Brian. I kept thinking Daniel. I don't know why I just put my shoes on it's so nice out. Maybe we'll sit outside and get a coffee? Yeah. Where is he from? I see. Huh. That's good. Uh huh. I don't know her, no. Let's let's go outside I've got about a half hour and then I've got my my, uh, I've got all these. I just had lunch with my mother. Yeah, she's just in seeing Cheryl's show. What? Sure, I'm from Long Island. My whole 35 years, I guess 31 of them have been spent within twenty minutes of where we're standing right now. Yeah. Yeah, sure, we'll all get a fresh, a little fresh air. It's beautiful is it still warm out? Great. Great. Yeah. Anything to get out. Alright g'wan go ahead, g'wan. Go on, Bets. Babette go on. What are you waiting for? You waiting for your leash, OK. Here it is. Same old dog. No. Oh, one more thing. My sunglasses. Is it sunny out? Really? Oh here it is. OK you. You talking to me? You calling me handsome? I everybody's like. She everybody is like saying, oh you're so cute you're so cute I say you talking to me? No. Well, of course. The dog gets to do everything. What do you think, she's a dog or something? Alright. Back food, yeah. Yep, 100%. What are you getting? Are you gonna bring it to the office? Yeah, they love dogs here. That's the best part of this building. Oh, what do you take the subway a month. Oh yeah, that's a hassle. I I walk her to work everyday. Yeah, that's a hassle. Yeah, no. No, huh? Ay, there's plenty of them need homes, right Jody? Hey Mike. How you doing? Yeah, everybody should bring their dog everywhere. I love dogs, right? No, dogs are much more colorful. Bicycles just sit there they don't... See you around, alright? Love 'em. That's why I stay here. That's one of the main reasons I stay here. Rover! Rover! So why don't we get a why don't we get a coffee and take it outside there's a nice there's a place to sit that's alright. What do you want, Jody? Can I have one black coffee one regular? One black coffee one regular, please? You want anything else? You want a muffin or anything? Doesn't this look good? Piece of shit,

doesn't it? Ay, this one's on me, big spender. OK. Aggressive much? Thank you. OK, there's black. Hey, I like those catalogs you sent me. They're beautiful. Boy, nice work. That's, yeah, that's great. God, I can see you're good I mean I I know how to use those programs but not nearly as good as you. It's a good way to make money, isn't it, working on the computer? The what? I thought that was what's his name that that yeah but I thought it was the, uh, Grimes. And this is the collector out there that Keith used to talk about all the time, what? How? No. Hey Robert! Good to see you. Very good. Jody Zellen Robert Morgan. It was nice to see you the other day. Well, I'm going out tomorrow for my grandmother's birthday, uh, and and yeah, so we'll miss each other tomorrow. I'm going to see Xenakis at, uh, at the 92nd. St. Y. 2:00. I believe so, yeah. I can't, I've got to pay for mine, I paid 25 bucks a piece. Student discount, yeah. My radio station discount. So do you. You know Robert, you're looking very young. So, anyway, have a good time and it was really good seeing you. Keep Cheryl in mind for the subbing gig. The substitute gigs. Yeah, definitely do. That that'd be really helpful. I'll see you soon, OK? The problem with this city you know everyone, you know? Well, I mean it's such a scene I don't know about if parts of L.A. are like that but. I guess if you go to gallery areas, right? What in New York you've been there oh yeah I know, it's really insane I mean I can't walk anywhere. You know, it's like people I don't know where anybody gets the idea that the city's not friendly it's too friendly, if anything. You know I know so many people here it's really insane. All I do you see how many people I know by just walking out the door it's like blah blah blah blah especially with the dog, you know, then it's even more. Some people don't even know who I am when I have the dog. It's fine. Especially SoHo, I mean, I live on Thompson and Grand I work on Broadway and Houston and, you know, that walk, no matter what way I go I run into people I know, so. Yeah. Get 'em Bets. Ahhh. I've I've got all winter. You know, again, if you've got you're oh, and here comes the guard, man he's gonna kick us out. Son of a bitch. What? If the dog's not allowed here so this guys gonna come and throw us out of here. We're gonna have to go sit what? Yeah, then he'll come and take the dog. Ah, shit. Bets sit. Stay. He does. He does. Alright. No, I don't know whose dog that is. Nice, though. What? Yeah, he should be more concerned about this guy. Alright I think he's nice. Hey, come here. C'mere. Sit down. Bets you sit. Not on me. Bets. Babette. Come. Sit. Babette sit. Sit. Sit. Come. Good girl. So, at any rate, so those are really nice so you doing more? You sent me Lisa and Fred's. Oh, what with ceramics? I don't know who that is. Are you just working at home then? Yeah, what do you have? I have an 8500. I love it. It's great. It's like a Cadillac, I mean, I. So you're not working at all in that photo place anymore. That's great. I'll bet the money's much better too. What happened with subway piece. Oh, you didn't tell me. Oh, you you last time time we spoke it was just sort of underway. We spoke last, yeah, we spoke last yeah, didn't we have lunch at that place like about a year ago and you and the subway thing was just it was sort of it was it was gonna happen or it was underway but it's done now, huh? And they're up? Oh, I bet it I bet it does. This is for that wall, right? Oh so Paul's running like home. What is he the eleventh? You got heroin, huh? And you worried and you worried about a dog? This dog has never done drugs in her whole life. She clean, cleaner than anyone. She's never drank drinks either. You can pet her if you want she's very friendly. It's good. Yeah. Yeah, she's this one's very friendly I like to let her get a get a little smell of the grass, you know, make her think she's not in the city all the time. It's quiet here and I know she doesn't bother anyone. If she ever, uh, does any

business on the grass, I'll take care of it. I appreciate it, you know, I don't like that concrete dog run over there because, uh, it's not fair to the dogs. They need a little they need a little place to run around. You have a dog? What have you got? Yeah, is that one of those big ones? What color? They're cute, aren't they? all. This one is this one is a hero around this neighborhood. Just because she's so beautiful and friendly. I take her up to Washington Square sometimes when I can get up there. I work right in the Cable Building here so I usually it's usually a bit of a walk over there if I can get out I take her to work with me I like to let her roam around the grass a little bit back here and then put her on the other grass that's taboo. This one we can get away with occasionally. Horrible. The people are crazy. They're insane, yeah. They're really insane. Well, you gotta worry about the heroin guy I mean I guess he's not really gonna hurt anyone. But it doesn't look good for the neighborhood and I don't think it's good for the kids to be around that either. Alright. Alright. Well this one there's nothing to worry about with this one. She doesn't deal drugs and she doesn't do 'em either. And kids like her. The kids like her. Yeah. Good. Hey thanks a lot. We we appreciate cuttin' us a little slack. Much ap, yeah, we were just joking with you. Much appreciated. Thank you. He's great. Have people graffittied it? Huh. It's really beautiful. This would look great in like I mean it's just so amazing how it's finally in a site relating to the architecture, I mean it's just terrific, Jody. I see it I see it, yeah. I think it's quite successful, really I think it should be like in an architecture magazine. They're gonna give you more money? Did you make money on this? Good. That's unbelievable. It's great. Yeah, this is a beautiful one this one of the city. Perfect. It looks like you're gonna, these are great. It looks like you're gonna need a bigger machine. Wow! These are beautiful, really. Oh Jody, these are these are, oh, I've seen this I've seen something very I saw some of the ones you sent me oh I love this one of all the pictures on the wall and the salon. Jody, these are terrific. This is a real breakthrough, huh? Oh, god they're so beautiful. Yeah, where is this? You sent. Right. I love these. I love these. Now, I've always loved everything you've done this is just more it's it's a little different and it's just as good. This is beautiful. Isn't that great? Smart. Oh, well, you will, you will. Well, but I you know, I don't know the show Paul curated this month it's a bad show so, you know, I have I have some doubts. Yeah, who wrote it? That's great. Well, I'm just still sort of so out of the loop I'm certainly, I know I'm never we never do that but I I certainly don't don't really know what's going on too much. Go on, now you can go back there. She's so human. Yeah, I just finished a big, yeah, the book I've been working on for three years I finished it's being published by Geoff Young this summer. You wrote me about Geoff you saw him, right? Where, in L.A.? Yeah, oh he's a great guy and he's. She's protecting it all. How do you know Geoff? Oh, we right right in Washington, right I think we talked about him, that's right, we had this question. Yeah, I'm really I'm really pleased, yeah, he's publishing this book, should be this summer. Ah, 600 page book of experimental writing, yeah. Yeah I'm really happy about that. I've done a lot of readings over the years, I mean, I really've been working on this for three years so but, you know, it's just kind of an ongoing thing but it's finally done, I'm so happy it's done. Yeah, it's in the publisher's hands. Yeah, he he says it's the summer but it'll probably be the fall. It took years to write it so if it takes another year to get it out it's fine with me. So, yeah, so that's that's very very satisfying, that was really good and really happy to do that. Let's see, I had already come back from India when I

saw you, right? Oh, it was that we haven't seen each other since then? I just it was the fall. You were in, no I was in Caracas in November. I was in India no a while ago. We met last spring and I had been to India then, no I was in Caracas in the fall. I'm DJ'ing at WFMU which is a good radio station out here. It's freeform which means you can play whatever you want so I do a I do an all night radio show, uh, every Tuesday night, it's really fun. It's about what I'm playing. I'm playing, it's a real mix of stuff but a lot of, uh, experimental and twentieth century classical. You saw Joan, that's right. Some of 73 Poems, the whole thing? When was that? Was she good? Was the piece good that she did of ours? Yeah, it's really nice, I mean that piece has really got got kind of legs. It's very interesting what what happened to that. What else did she do, do you recall? She's very good, isn't she. She have did she have a good crowd? I thought LACE was really famous. Uh, it... yeah, Joan all that music that I'm into never gets any respect. I mean, all what I read and what I do, what I play on the radio. I call my show Unpopular Music I figured, you know, it's mostly a pop station. I I put some pop stuff in but not a whole lot. Well, I'm not, well most people are not, well what whatever I can get my hands on. Do you do you know Sun & Moon Press in L.A. I mean he he does a lot of good stuff. Have you been to his bookstore ever? Reading? I mean he, Douglas is a great place to start. He's a good guy, if you go in there he's really friendly and you just ask what you just asked me or tell him that you know me and Douglas will send you out with a stack of amazing experimental writing. I mean, it's like really where I'm living these days, you know, in that world. I mean Geoff Young published a lot of that stuff too over the years. Uh, well, I know Michael, he put me in that show that he did out in some college—it was about language and then he sent me his book which was just excellent. Yeah yeah. It's, uh, I forget what it's called now I have it at home and I have it I I think it's terrific. And we were corresponding for a while then we sort of lost touch I don't know what Michael's up to these days. What's he what's he doing? I mean he's an artist as well? He sounds like an interesting guy. Uh huh. He wrote a nice essay he put together a really nice show somewhere out in California a few years ago and, uh, yeah so. Yeah, oh yeah, really. Tell Douglas you sent me he's he's a great guy to know. He's the boyfriend of Howard Fox, right. I mean they're, you know, he's great I mean I I don't know Howard at all. Yeah, well Douglas is not a jerk and he's nice. Maybe I don't know what _____ he is. I know Douglas well enough. That's a, yeah, that's really obscure shit. My life has become, you know, strangely involved in very, um, interesting difficult marginal, you know, small audience stuff. It's totally what I love. I have no choice. I've met some good people, you know, it's it's kind of nice, it seems OK. Now, um, what time is it? So, are you on the Internet much? You don't have you have...? Yeah. Yeah. No. Your work would great, though, on the web. I I'm yeah, no, I'm actually running a visual poetry site and, um, geez, why don't I just can I scan some of the photos that you've given me a while back we were gonna do that thing with Lois that never worked out? Can I just scan some of those and put them up? Yeah? You wouldn't mind? Oh, that would be great. I could, like, choose four or five of them? Why, yeah, I'd like to do that. Yeah I have this this site, aw they give us some they give us some space at the radio station to have, you know, a home page and well I have all my friends and some people that I don't know on this visual poetry site. Yeah. Yeah yeah. I mean, it's a bit of a pain in the ass, I mean I just kind of a little time consuming and I get a lot of garbage that I don't care for. Yeah, then you have to go then you have to go in. Yeah. Yeah, it is time

consuming. Ha ha ha. Well, I'll email you it. You gave me it on the on the card on the letter it's something... at AOL. Where's she? What ever happened to her? It seems like you could do all you could do all your work on the computer now, I mean, with what you know. She's bizarre. She was in New York for a while running a gallery. It did pretty well for a while and then faded. I don't know what happened to her. How's that book that you I was just looking at your book, um, yesterday actually. It was a little it was a little what was it four by four or something? Yeah yeah I like that. Yeah yeah no, listen, I mean it's just a small, I mean, you've been working on the screen enough with your job stuff that it's just a small leap, you know, to understanding how a web page works or a, uh, you know, reading screen to screen, you know, it's just a matter of learning the vocabulary something that you're familiar with obviously you're producing these really high quality books. You wanna do this stuff yourself you gotta I guess you got to get yourself a Power Mac and a scanner. You have get another, right, you have to get Netscape and everything. Is that big in L.A. the web? It's like T.V., it's like gonna come T.V. soon, you know, it's weird. It's like, OK, it's do it yourself T.V. I think sort of. OK. Uh, Cheryl and I are going to do a performance in a gallery in Athens in Greece and we're going we're going in the middle of May to do that and we're spending Memorial Day Weekend with her family in Las Vegas. It will be sort of weird. Well, it's sort of a family we're going to go from like the Acropolis to Caesar's Palace in. And then, uh, she's got some connections in France so I think the for July and August we're going to go to Beaujolais and live in a chateau of, uh, kind of a place for artists to go and I'm just gonna write out there. So, yeah, I haven't traveled at all but it looks like we're gonna be doing a bit of traveling in the next few months glad to get out of New York for the summer, yeah. Who's that? Something. Oh, wow, you're gonna go to Banff? A residency? I've done that. Cheryl and I did that in the summer of '85. We were there for three months. How long would you go for? What is that, I mean, what do you do? I mean is it like there right now? They pay for you to go and all that? Yeah, we got to go for free. I'm glad they're still doing that, yeah, it was good. It was a great deal. Yeah, you meet good people. People we met there we still know it's a long, it's eleven years ago already. Oh, it's a trip man, you'll love it, you'll really love it. Definitely do it. Well, you'll see. It's great. It's great. No, it's incredible. We were there in the summer, you know, it was amazing I mean fucking amazing, totally. That was really neat. So, that sounds great it sounds really good. Banff is fun. Oh yeah? Yeah. In a funny way, yeah. Yeah, you know who is involved in new media is Stacy. Sapple. Stacy Sapple? Yeah, right right. She's really nice. Yeah, she's got a Internet or CD ROM or some sort of new media company going. She's around, she's really sweet. Oh, yeah, she's working for an art space. She's like an artist's soft, OK, she's making software for artists to keep track of where all there shit is around the world. Like inventory software for artists. Yeah, she's really nice. I see her around all the time. How's Richard? You don't see him? Is that right? Does he still have a gallery? What do mean you don't talk? Why don't you guys talk? You had a falling out? Well, over what? Oh, from the gallery? From his own gallery? And he didn't pay you? Why don't you ask him what's going on? He sounds like he's not very happy I mean what's the what's the problem? And he never responded? Well, why why is he so unhappy with himself? This is obviously not about you. So what's the what's the problem? Why is Richard so unhappy that he can't act like an adult? I mean that sounds really crazy. People seem to be so wild but no. You guys go way back. You think his is his gallery not doing well

or something? It's safe. Yeah. It's bizarre. He is so weird. I liked him but he was nuts he was nuts and what about, um? No, we haven't seen him in a really long time his boyfriend had AIDS, Frank. Uh, he went to Europe to die, I guess. Yeah, his wife lives in France they have good health care but it's, you know, it's really sad. I mean, I in the back long ago. I haven't heard from Rachel in years. I don't know where she is. How's she doing? She isn't really a presence in New York anymore. What? Yeah yeah. It's sad. _____ Ah, but it's weird I was just saying to Cheryl because Gary was one thing I always loved about him was that he would talk about how important for an artist to to grow and never get caught in that rut and it looks like he's really caught in his rut and, you know, he's always been a really good artist but it's sort of sad to see him trapped by his by his own sort of artworld sense of success, you know, so I'm sorry he's not pushing it he's not pushing his work any further but no I don't see him. But Rachel so is like she hanging out with she was with that guy. A new one? I remember she was here a few years ago with this guy who seemed pretty nice. This guy from Connecticut or something. I summons all those people now it's just unhealthy man it's just way too much drinking going on with that group really fucking killing themselves. Keith and Rachel that's their scene was way too self-destructive, you know, it really it really, uh, that was going down the tubes, man. Yeah, I mean, one of the reasons we kind of Cheryl and I kind of pulled away from scenes because it was just too it was way nihilistic and we were just not there. We're like really stable, we're really married, you know, and it's, you know. Yeah yeah yeah. We do do what we need to do but I mean, we're really not party. You know, we're just working, we're just working. One thing about writing is that you know you don't really work for anything. You just continue to work. You know, you don't with art with art it was like you always kinda like always had these really weird deadlines for shows and, eh, this is for me writing is is like is just part of my life, something I just do like I do anything else, you know, I used to do that with art but it's different in that there's no real goal, you know, you finish a book publish it, whatever. It's a really a really different pace, I like it, I really like it. I like that it's not tied to the, uh, economic structure of the art world. No, I mean I'm working, you know, Cheryl and I just work. I do computer stuff, I do Internet. Uh, no more of that thing I do some Internet stuff, yeah, which I don't mind, you know, I mean certainly you can't, yeah, I like that show, yeah, you can't you can't, uh, you know you can't like like art when I was an artist I could hang in my studio, you know, for ten hours, you know, just coloring in coloring in letters or carving letters or, you know, and and and now I, you know, you can't certainly I can't write for 8 hours at a stretch. It's really quite nice. You can't you can't do computer. I can work on the computer for days, I mean, I really love the computer. Yeah. She has had a hell of a time finding a teaching job it's been really, unfortunately, because last year she went away to Tennessee to Knoxville she's that's been her resume on it. There's no jobs. There's just no jobs. She's a really good teacher and she's subbed all over and she cannot get herself a job teaching. It's really a. Yeah. Yeah she yeah, right, a lot of people teach out there but here it's really really hard I mean she's been doing some art lecture gigs, you know, going around doing some lectures on her work which is good. But, she's been doing computer stuff also, I mean, like Quark, so. So anyway I started I started by saying that we're not, like, oh considering what we're doing we're not, like, hanging out on any major scenes or partying. We're just working. Pretty good. So listen, I gotta get back. I've got I've got a workout at 6 and

actually my computer is in the shop I've got to go pick it up before and, uh, and so... Yeah, I'll put that stuff on the web on the web page for you and when you get on a graphic browser, I mean, I make the pages so they load really quickly, um, so, uh, you know, I'll let you know I'll get to it next week. Yeah, you'd like you'd enjoy some of the other work on this site on the visual poetry site. Yeah, no. Yeah. I scan scan something for the net it's got to be saved as a, uh, gif or jpeg. Or it's a compression format that makes the pictures really really small but, you know, if you send me a raw Photoshop document those are usually pretty big and they'll take forever to mail so you've got to stuff something down so let's let's but one thing at a time. Yeah yeah. Alright. Where are you headed now? Alright. Right. It's New York. You're heading out this way. Alright. Good to see ya. Good to see you and let's we'll be in touch over the email and the yeah yeah. I'll do the. I'm around, I'm here. I'm not a great correspondent but I I'm always glad to see ya. Oh, believe me, believe me, I'll get you a copy. Ay, you know, what's it gonna be about fifteen bucks. I love this, you know, I love this because it's like art, you know, it's art like fifteen thousand dollars, hey, this book is like fifteen fifteen bucks. Believe me, ay. Ay, you'll see it. Fifteen bucks, huh? OK, Jod, see ya! That's it Bets. Ay, is that done? I know I know all you do is think about me, that's all. Is that done? I'd like to make an appointment to bring it in. I'm not gonna be at work on Wednesday so if I can bring it in Tuesday before before I leave about this time Tuesday so you guys hold it all day Wednesday and do what needs to be done without any problems? OK. Yeah. OK and that might be. You know what happens on the net I get I go down I can't get back on the web. I hope 1.1 fixes that. You've heard this problem before. Hey Matt, can I bring can I make an appointment to bring this thing in Wednesday? Uh, just to replace a SIMM and to put Open Transport 1.1 on it. Um, I can drop if off Tuesday night. Wednesday I'm out of the office. That's great. I I'll be back to pick it up about 3:00 Wednesday. OK appreciate it. OK, will do then. Do you like it? Babette. Hey, how you doing? No go on this machine. Yeah. 7.5.2. works well for me. I mean, it really seems to be stable on my machine. You know, I remember this, you know. So, you know, you got a point. When is 8 coming out? Yeah. I guess I'll if I can just get Open Transport 1.1 which I can't get on the web because it's part of system 7.5.3. So, all I want is that small bit installed and I'll be fine. That'll 1.1. will work with 7.5.2, won't it? Yeah. Yes it will. I appreciate your time yesterday, that was really nice of you. This is what I brought down. Right. Yeah, it starts but you've got to know the trick. You remember the problem with my wife's computer? Have them put Apple memory in this thing. Last time we put third party software, uh, memory in this. We should know always to put that Apple in. OK. Wait a minute, wait a minute. Oh. Listen, have a great weekend. I'll see you Tuesday night and Mary Ann, thanks again for your help. I really appreciate it. Yeah, thanks a lot. See you later. Thanks a lot. Bye Pamela. Thank you Pamela. Hi is can I speak to Mary Ann please? It's Ken Goldsmith, thanks. Hi, is Mary Ann there? No. OK, uh, I just had my computer down there. I had the Power Mac 8500 and it it it won't start at all, um... anyway, it won't start at all and all that was done was a memory module was removed and replaced and put right back. I mean nothing was altered. I'm just a little bit stuck here. I'm not sure what to do. I'm upstairs. Yeah, just carried it up the elevator. I'm in 702. Yeah, there's just it's like like dead. It's like, naw. I mean it was weird cause like you guys just had it down there and it was it working. I mean, it's the same old the same old configuration as I I've used for years and it's worked fine. Uh, it's just like the machine's

not responding. Uh, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah no I I right no no it's never started up from the keyboard anyway I'm I'm pressing the button from the bottom of the machine. Yeah it does on my machine it it never starts otherwise. M M Mary Ann has been is familiar with the problem eccentricities of this machine. So, I don't know what else what else could be the problem. Uh, I I unless I'm overlooking something really simple. Yeah. Can can somebody just just jump up quickly, uh? Either that or I've just I am not doing something right but I can't imagine that. Yeah, well at least somebody would have an idea of what's happening, I mean we're basically nothing was done to the machine today. It was supposed to have all the stuff done to it we did nothing. It should be doing exactly what it did this morning which was at least start up and and run, which it isn't doing right now. If somebody could just just come up and quickly look at that. OK, I'm in 702. I appreciate it. Thanks. So, what's new? Did you just go all the way to Connecticut? What happened this just happened last night not even. It's not even doing what it was not working to do before. C'mon Bets, come. Boy. You know what happened. Oh, no no no no but why it's not even turning on now? Yeah, he put the memory back in. Oh, why? I can't be used at all. Oh, but it worked. It was bad but it had been work, you know, this machine has been working for me essentially well. Yeah, and you guys found that it was like the third-party memory. Don't we always seem to get together late on Friday afternoons? It it it was a repeat of, like, four months ago. The machine has been working really decently I just had this crazy idea in mind to get that 7.3 put in today. Do you have any replacement memory? Do you guys have any temporary memory that you could loan me so I could use the damn machine this weekend? I mean my idea Mary Ann put it in so I could I could get, uh, so I could use this thing. What's the extension? It's Ken, Chris asked me to give you a ring. Hold on a sec. You guys don't have any? Oh, no, so I can't use this machine at all this weekend. That's not working because Chris is up here it's not working at all, it's not even turning on which is, at least this morning it was turning on even though the memory was bad. That's not what I brought it in for. Yeah no I understand that. If there's nothing lying around from another machine that I could borrow for the weekend so I could work? Shit. Might might as well just bring the thing down since it's of no use for me here. He can't even turn the thing on. What am I gonna do? I mean. Uh, alright I'll I'll talk about it with Chris. Shit, man, why isn't it doing at least what it did this morning? Alright, well, what the fuck? I mean, it's of good no use to me now, right? Can we can I boot it up? I mean it's not even booting up right now. Um, what will that what will that do, uh, can I work, can I at least temporarily run applications and do what I was doing with the virtual memory? Oh, well, alright I just need a quick, you know, something so I could keep keep trying to pay my bills. Alright. I thought you'd have some... I understand that you guys were able to, uh, switch memories with other machines and stuff and find out that this was just a bad piece. So Danny's not with you guys anymore, huh? Daniel? So what do you think I had too much strange little software on there to throw 7.3 on 7.5.3? Right, well that's yeah. I mean what... yeah. I was just using the sort of native Power PC stuff it would be fine. You understand this stuff. For you, yeah yeah. What was it I mean I the big applications on my machine are all native software. Anything come to mind I'll... Yeah. Right. Yeah. Huh. Huh. What else didn't you recognize, I'm curious. Can you recall? Hold on hold on hold don't go away! Did isn't that interesting that it's actually starting up that's the first time it ever started the way it's supposed to. Right. I have a question though so so without with a virtual memory on and without a

SIMM what shouldn't I be doing, oh, look at that it just oh, that's the timing thing again. Yeah. Yeah. See look at it's not odd that it stops and starts that's not, is that right? OK. What what what what is the bag? Speed Doubler speed copy? Put that, what is it? I have the latest versions of Speed Doubler. That's that's that's from the Zip it was just installed with the Zip software it was the backup. Mac IPX that came with the that came with the, uh, uh, MacLink. That's MacLink stuff. That's translation software. Uh, it just, I. I don't have Conflict Catcher. I think I might have downloaded a demo version. I have I have, uh, I have the latest version of this stuff. Just throw them on my desktop for a moment, would you? It's the newer one 1.0.4? Not. What is IPX? It's translation stuff. You don't it didn't come with MacLink Plus? I'm sure, yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Can you just go to the apple menu and pull down about this Macintosh? We went from we went from, right, I was like up up at forty right I had eight more megs I had 24 and now it's down to but everything's gonna run OK until we can get the new new software. OK, that's great. Oh, and they didn't know that it would still run even if we took the goddamned thing out. Now if I shut this thing down, right? I can just re this will always start with this thing, right? Alright, so listen, I'm gonna drop this. I know you're not bad. You're really great. Thank you. I appreciate it. Um, listen, I'm gonna drop this thing down this time of the night like Tuesday cause I'm out of the office on Wednesday. Mucho appreciated. Have a good weekend, man. I'll see you. Alright? I'm here how you doing? Yeah, what did you get? I'm glad you got something for her. Where are you gonna get the picture from of us? Yeah, I think it sounds good. Where have you been all day, babe? How's it going over there? That's pretty, yeah, it's really pretty. Right, oh no, that's beautiful. That's perfect. How much was it? Ha ha, you can't beat that, huh? It's really nice. What are you up to? So, what happening any any news at the show? Where are we gonna go? OK, they like it? What what's happening. See I I can't, Cheryl, I can't get your. I can't get your piece. I mean I have, aw fuck me man! This is killing me. No, somehow it's not not Java enabled. Ah, it's really beat. Fuck, man. I'm having all sorts of problems today I had the hell day with the computer. You know, I'm trying I'm trying, yeah, yeah, I just, yeah, it was just a nightmare so. It's weird I can't I just can't seem to get your the the Mac, you know, thing going. I'm sorry. I want so badly to play with it, you know? It's funny, isn't it? Yeah, I know that but, you know. What? I don't know. I'm gonna hang out tonight I got I've got to work on, uh, Sally's thing. Sally Silver. Um, I'm sorry I'm just trying I'm trying to get get things so that, you know, I can no see see everything I'm disappointed. I'm really just dying. Look at this. See if I go back this is where I got to the other day before the damn thing crashed in my cache. Now it now it won't go anywhere. That's great. Excellent. Alright, I'm gonna get going. Anyway I, you know, I'm gonna get going. Here, I'll walk out with you. Why where wanna lock the animal up? I had the most depressing time with Jody, oh man, I was just I felt like I was just gonna just gonna fuckin slit my wrists. She's so depressing. It make me feel bad about my life, you know when you're around someone like that? Oh, you know, this is not working out and she wishes she the only thing she wants is to get one piece in a group show in New York and, oh god, it was just one sob story after another it was terrible, Cheryl, really I had the worst I'm just so depressed. Cause I don't know cause she just, you know, she's no good or others are better or, you know, the same old sob story. Just trying to show slides and she wants to show Paul Ha her slides and Paul Ha didn't didn't respond and I mean it's just like cut your wrists. Yeah, I like her work. I think

her work's good, you know, it's just her whole, like, thing was just so many and just so groany and oh, I'm just so depressed, really. Between that and my mother I feel like I'm just about to die. Um, because she she has a show in L.A. and she's like, I don't understand. I show in L.A., you know, it's just like the same old fucking many story and, ugh, she's just so ugly I can't look at her. She's so unattractive! Like she's kind of like an excess of male hormones. Oh, it just depressing I'm so depressed. She's got like facial hair and she's got like like cold sores. Oh, she's hideous and she's like hard looking, I mean she looks like a man! She looks like a mixture of a man and a monkey! Dreadful! Ugh! I'm sorry I've been in a really bit of a bitch-assed mood for the last, uh, 34 years. How do you like what I said to my mother today I said everything was great until Margie was born. Ugh, my mother's insane! Ugh, I, you know, anyway I'm just I have to do Sally Silver's poster and I told her that I'd have it done for her by like this weekend and I haven't even started cause all I did today was padiddle with my computer I got absolutely nothing accomplished with it, you know, it was just like, you know, all they actually they found out why, you know, you have to push the button three times for it not to start. I didn't get Open Transport so I can't look at I can't look at your... Yeah, I can't see your piece. I'm Mr. Fucking Web, yeah, no this is bad. Maybe at sometime, maybe a year from now everyone will be able to see it. I don't even know where to get the goddamned Java browser. The only Java browser I could find is the one that crashes my machine so I go and I try to get like like all the machine all pumped up so it can see it and of course then they say that system 7.5.3 is no good on your machine so I said well all I need is Open Transport 1.1. Well, we can't do that until we straighten out your memory problem. They give me third party memory it turns out just like your same problem and that's why my machine wouldn't start you had to push the button three times to get it to go. So, in other words, I'm back to where I started now I'm running with 8 megs less of memory less of RAM than I was this morning and nothing's changed. They didn't put Open Transport 1.1 on it cause it was determined that 7.5 my system was not 7.5.3 compatible right now there's got to be more fixes, no Cheryl, I don't even know if that one Java browser and all it does is crash the machine so until I get Open Transport 1.1 on my machine which is probably not gonna be until some time next week, I can't look at it and even then it may be iffy. You're so far, you're so avant-garde. You are so avant-garde that that that you're light years ahead of everyone out there. I don't know if that's such a good thing. Come, let's go. I I wanna blow some steam off and kick some ass. No, I yeah, I wonder I'd like to call John I got his address I'd like to ask him what browser he's using. Netscape 2.0.1 does not come with Java browser. I can't get the Java to go on it at all so it's really frustrating. I mean this will all work out, you know, but I mean I'm basically basically this is a typical cyber day where where you scramble and scramble and at the end of the day you've got, like, nothing to show for it. Nothing has been accomplished here. Just a lot of frustration and anxiety. Ha, once you start talking about it it becomes like like a like a like alcoholic's confessional and everybody still everybody starts to, you know, like say what trouble they're having too, you know, like nobody wants to talk about it until, oh. In the meantime Jon Gams never called, never heard from the man. He says to me until, oh that's right we gotta call her, uh, what could we give her? They never buy us a present, so. Yeah, no, we should just call her tonight and say happy birthday. I'm gonna go to depressing Aikido. I'm gonna slit my wrists after this day, babe. After my mother, Jody Zellen, and Aikido I'm

going I'm headed to the grave. Yeah, I got that on tape, pal. OK, goodbye. I'll see you I'll be home probably around eleven or something I'll just see you later. Have fun at Richard's. See ya. Yeah, I need some time, OK? Not again. Signing off, goodnight now. Oh god. Fat boy Kenny G. was. How you doing? Cheryl why didn't you get something newer? So, why don't you just put that one of my grandfather and me in? Yeah. Oh, man, I was so fat, wasn't I? Cheryl, put those old old pictures away those are those are depressing. How about just this one? This this e e thought it's nice to have just one of both of us but. That's a good idea. That's a good idea. Hi, did you go to Richard's? And then what did you do? I gotta have a little food. I haven't eaten I just. OK, good. Yeah, you can actually write a little something there. That's funny we don't we used to take a lot of pictures we just don't anymore. Oh boy, alright. Alright. Alright. How'dja do at Richard's? What hap what was depressing the scene or the work or both? Well, tell. How were the paintings? That's such a Suzanne Joelson comment, Cheryl. You just struck me as Suzanne. Yeah, right like more of that what I saw, right. Yeah. Yeah so they're really all and enormous sized? And was the response good? Oh, that's good, that's really funny. That's a nice frame, man, it really is pretty. Right. Right. Oh, I hate them. I can't stand them. Like I like I always say where's the artist? Where's Richard there? I mean, it's a pose, it's just such a pose that I just there's nobody there. For some facility. You know, we have the Stephen Courbois, you know, whatever style these types decide to paint in they always seem to be able to do it however they never bother to ask what what what is it that's being done? Right? Yeah, well it couldn't be more opposite of what you do, huh? Yeah. Yeah. That looks great Cheryl! Ha ha, it's very abstract. Stop it through the top. And who was there? Why does that strike us as so funny? It really does. So, we have the same identical sense of humor, it's so funny. We both think it's funny, don't we? She's not gonna be able to make out what it is at first. It looks very abstract. Oh, that's really funny. Yeah, yeah. Yeah. Yeah, it's it's really. What the fuck do I want that book for? That piece of shit. It would make a nice greeting card for my grandmother but it art, you know. Cheryl, we have the same humor. Yeah, so who all was there tell me. Now why was Jerry and Roberta there remember she was just just hating those paintings. Oh, I can't stand her in public. Why I mean I understand it but. What thing? Oh, he was there? Oh, did he say you did a good job, though? Oh, well, I never even realized he was there. Was he nice? Was Jerry nice to you or are they just a little weird in public, aren't they? Jerry's sort of a little too nice and yet not nice at all. And she, of course, is just really cold. Right? That's that's my reading of it. Huh? Yeah, they're good. They're very sweet. So who all was there, who else? Alix? Like Kevin? Does she look fat too? Oh Carl looks really bad. I saw him at Andrea's thing. Yeah. You see Andrea? Yeah, Graham's a good guy. Who say he was gay? Remember someone had just been to his studio. Was it Andrea? She thought, in the end, he was gay? Hello Kenny. So what did the Yalie crowd say to you? They didn't talk with you? He's all talk and no action. What ever happened to his big school? He's an asshole. You know, for years. I don't like him. Bullshit. Yeah. He's a flatterer. Flattery doesn't get you something. Well maybe we'll see. Maybe they'll want her. Maybe not. Who else did you talk to? Same weirdness, huh? Well what I get a sense from Richard, and it's sort of sad, hold on. I get a sense like this. Well, back when we first me him, although the work that he was doing wasn't deeply content it had some sort of a sense of avant about it in some way, you know? There was something he was pushing for. He didn't know what it was but, you know, those works, while they might have, you

know, they were what they were but at least they had a sense of trying to do something new. Then Richard kind of goes into this long decline as he begins drinking, um, he tries to go for content that's not really his, this kind of heavy metal stuff and they're not successful, you know, and he sort of just slides away, you know, and I think a lot of that is career and drink. You know, and then he kind of picks stays out of things and picks himself back up and kind of like a in some weird security blanket, the kind of card that Richard always held was that he was an amazing painter, like the portraits of the junkie and stuff. Um, he wanted so bad to be loved and to be respectable that he played that card which he had which is essentially the same card he had in high school, you know? And in a sense, he's not really doing a whole lot different that he was doing when he was painting the junkie. Remember the model who was a junkie? Yeah. And so, he's kind of back where he was in high school or just going into Yale and he gets lauded for what you do in high school. But, you know, the sense of anything is just gone. It's very sad. It's like. I forgot about that whole body which I dismissed. That was bad, yeah. No I mean I think originally there was something going on there but he's so confused, so scared. Yeah. Yeah, it's a it's a play for respectability and he wants to be loved. That's not a good thing to be when you're an artist. Yeah. Was Kevin Landers there? I just worked on Sally's poster. It was nice to just work, turn it off. Just do some sort of dumb work. Yeah I just needed to just sit down put the radio on and. Is there a mouse in the trap under there? Yeah, um, let's look for another set. Not till late. It's going to be a long concert. I would say it would be over about six. Wasn't the Berio almost that long? I think it's gonna be like a big a big long show. You don't have to stay for it all. Do you, well, do you why don't you just skip Vedanta and go over there? Just go go I don't know. Sometimes you have to what you have to do. Anyway, it's up to you. Think tomorrow's gonna what time are we eating with those guys? No no what time are we eating with Stefano? Yeah, somebody should make a reservation, though. You know that place is not easy to get into. Why don't we call now. No, we'll just make a reservation. He's got openings, why don't we say, like, 9:30? The openings don't finish until about 8:30 really by the time he can get himself over there. No, I think that's fine. Let's say he's got a bunch of openings to go to that means, you know, how many times have you been in the gallery you finally leave the gallery about 8:30 8:55 the last opening that you're at am I right? Well, ew, you someone's not in a great mood. You alright? It is. Hi can I make a reservation for tomorrow night? Four, four people. OK, thanks. They don't take reservations for parties under six. It's probably gonna be packed at 9. Huh? How you doing, baby? Yeah. What about me? Ah, you know what? I didn't go to Aikido. I was too depressed. I slept. When you're depressed you have to sleep. Really? What was the most depressing part of it? What? Like why? Why did you feel compelled to go? Yeah. No, but I think the real question ends up being the real question seems to me to be why why, you know, why do you think he's a friend? Why did you feel compelled to be there, you know? I'm not being critical of you, but... I'm sitting here trying to be critical don't put these in the fridge they get hard. They're very good when they're when they're fresh. Um, you know, I think it's a good, you know, it's a good time to if something makes you feel this way, you know, maybe you don't go back for more. I mean, that's kind of like why I stayed away. You're very pretty. You are very pretty. Did anybody tell you how pretty you look tonight at the opening? Why? They make nice cocktail lounge. Yeah, Hollywood, hey, maybe they're the one's that'll buy that crap. Was Gavin there and was he that's the guy that chased her. Yeah,

Alix told me. That's the guy that's been trailing her ass for five years. He wants to have an affair with her. He offered to have an affair with her that night. I mean, utterly ugly way. I'd like to, yeah. He proposed that they have one. She couldn't deal with it. She was flattered, she wanted to. She's so insecure. Yeah, but it's very hard to resist an offer like that. I think she's entertaining it. From Alix the other night at dinner after... Yeah. Monday Monday. No, but I have to be honest with you. I have to be honest with you. It hadn't it hadn't even crossed my mind ever since then, not once. Not once until you mentioned his name. Well, I don't think about Andrea's affairs. I don't give a fuck really. I know, it didn't even cross my mind. I can't I don't think about these things. My mind is preoccupied with loftier thoughts. Like my dog and how much I love her. And how much everybody loves her. Everyone loves this thing. I love the picture to grandma. Wish she could come. I love this heavenly hand, yeah. Gee heaven, mom and dad. Look at the monkey nose. This is such a good. She was cute today in your studio when we were reading and we told her to lay down and then like she understands English, look at her now. I am in heaven. I am in heaven. Oh, I'm in heaven right now. So, were there any calls? Ah, good good. Good good. I feel I feel better. They're nice, they're so nice. I did a this poster I'm doing for Sally is just, I'm actually doing a straight poster. I thought I was going to do an art poster, like shitting men and everything? I'm just doing like a poster design I. I had and if had and thought and realized I was gonna do that I I would have given it to you. I didn't know, you know, until I sat down I just didn't feel like dragging out all those Jewish stars and shitting men. I, it just didn't seem appropriate. Uh, no I don't think so. No, it's a nice design. It's like based on it's like based on a Viennese poster, you know, like Viennese Modernist poster. Yeah, oh I have a question for you. I have a Quark question that you can answer. When when you bring in a TIFF from Photoshop, and bring it into Quark and you print it out, just just out of your regular old printer, you know it looks really jaggedy and shitty? But when you really bring the file the the Quark the real file to an output place it it comes out looking like the Photoshop thing. Is that right? Or is it always gonna look dithery and shitty and. So what what what so how do you bring it in so it's not dithery and horrible? Oh, I know what you didn't bring the file in with you. You brought the Photoshop file? Oh, TIFF is a ghost image of, it's a ghost reading of that's why it's so small it takes so little memory. It's a ghost reading of a very big file. If you don't bring that in you're just gonna get TIFF but if you bring in the full file, I think, you're gonna get full resolution. Yeah. So, I like scanned this Viennese poster and then just altered it and then, it looks pretty good. The poster kinda looks like Sally. No, you didn't bring the actual file, you just brought the. How about I join you in bed? What do ya how about a little activity? Can I? Why? I thought it was O.K. to kill myself unless I fucked you first. Can I put my finger in your ass? All the way up? Why? That's on tape. Just to spice the tape a little bit, right? I said that just to spice up the tape. I love you hoo ha? Ew, it's not my fault that your in in in such a bad mood. Really? Really stop or, yeah? You actually your body's so good now. No, really, you're so thin and so good. Strong, muscular, and pretty. And soft and smooth. Mmmmm, I'm getting a lick. I'm gonna get it's even more soundtrack to Head. OK, alright, I'll turn it off. OK. I'll turn it off. I'll turn it off. I can't turn it off. We already had had one! Of me! Getting blown! That was all on tape. Sure it was. I started the tape first thing in the morning. So it's all so it's all. No, it's over and I'll tell you another thing, there's no part of you

that's on this tape. Your voice or your actions or nothing will appear. It's all me. Oh, big deal! It's something that I never heard before! It's noises that I've never heard from you before! No I don't! No I don't! You too. You too. Yeah, all. It's a good thing I get my way. You love your pussy licked and it's a good thing that you get your way cause you get your pussy licked. I get my. You get your pussy licked. I'm not saying anything that I don't normally not say. Why? Oh, well be on the tape. I can't turn the tape off. But you're probably not gonna get anything cause there's no language. The tape will shut off if there's no language. I have it programmed, I mean, it was slurping. It won't catch you. I mean, why? Come on, this is art! I mean, look at what I do for your art! Look what I do for your art! Look what I do for your art! Look what you do for your you get naked in front of audience of thousands and you're crawling around and you can see your pussy and here she says I don't want to be on the tape. It's so contradictory! And it's O.K. for your art but it's not O.K. for my art! And I in in in the one with The Bordems and your crawling under the plastic you can see your vagina! And yet... you can see the whole pussy. Of course you can when you're crawling around but do I ever say anything? No. It's for your art. And so this art is like our life and then you're saying no, we can't have it. Oh, it's only special when it's like like Art and when it's like life you can't have it. I get it. No, I'm making the most ridiculous argument because you're because you're like giving me a hard time about my art project. Why don't you say that instead of saying I don't want that on the tape?! I mean, is that a joke? These tapes, nobody will ever hear these tapes, Cheryl. How can you say you're self conscious when you're like the nude the nude artist of the century? It's pretty close. And Head? So, this is simulated to. It's it's mediated by the tape medium. I can't believe... look, if we had no language. I will, if there's no language. No. There's no language. I want to give you a demonstration. Watch this red light. See I'm talking now? Now I'm talking? See? It's like magic. And you have the highest voice of anyone. I don't. Speak. Do you have the highest voice ever? Call me Harpo. I'm gonna go clean up. Good night. No, fuck it. I hate sex. Especially with you. Go to bed.

Act 6

No. I'm not mad. We were just playing. Yeah. It was a joke. It was a joke. The recorder will stay on this art week. What? No. Just one week. Oh, is it time already for another laundry? Oh, we can take it over. It's no big deal. Remember the time we buried the dog in the laundry. Wasn't that cute? This might be the last wash for the winter. Sorry. Cause we're the same people. We, cause, we're the same person. I'm the secretary. I'm the secretary. Of course I did. That's why I said it but I can't say everything that I know we're thinking cause we'll repeat everything. Oh, that would be a relief. Yeah, if you were if you were taping you'd have five times as many tapes as me. I have very few tapes from this week. No, it's much better that it was. It's way better. Yeah. I don't mind, you know, it's just an industrial noise right now it's just it used to sort of scream and whine and, you know, no, it's a lot better. Shirts. Cheryl, what what is this thing and why is it always blocking my closet for all week long? Can you put them in front of your closet? I mean, I don't really care that they're out I just I can't get to my stuff. Put 'em over there. I think they do a nice job a the at our dry cleaner. Look at how nice this shirt is. They do a good job, don't they? Did you ever get paid from Yale? Did you ever get paid from what's her name, Ardele? What? They can't pay you? This is a different strike? This is a different strike than Kathy's thing? Oy vey. This boy is wired. Look at me, you can never even tell it's a mic. Thisboy is wired. Oh, you should tell Steven, by the way, also that the FMU I gotta get him one of the playlists and he was on the top the playlist officially came out and he was like one of the very top playlist. I gotta give him an official thing, yeah. He did really well at FMU. It's unbelievable. It's yeah. Well, do you like the CD? I gotta really listen to it. Yeah, I mean, people at the station just went apeshit for it. Sure sure, is another one there? I haven't seen it. You think I can almost think about throwing these out? No, they're just shot. Really. You don't know where that bag went? All right. We'll just use a regular bag. We'll just go buy another. I'm gonna drop you downstairs and you're gonna be living there for a whole week. Oh, look at the sweet one. Do you have a shoehorn? A what? What's a shoehorn? What? What's a shoehorn? Huh? So I like my mother's stories about Max throwing tantrums. That was funny. Hey, maybe we can go, oh, you know what we should do when we're out on the Island today? After the festivities are winding down? Take my parent's car and try to find some yard sales. I mean it's a beautiful like the first nice spring weekend there's gonna be a million yard tag sales going on in Port Washington. What do you say? What do you say? Yeah. We have to make a 10:20 train, yeah. Aren't they nice? I think they're very hip, don't you? They're sort of square? And the real thing about them is they're already they feel already like bedroom slippers. You know, these are gonna become, you know, everyday shoes. My mother has Band Aids, they're not a rare commodity. Good. He was a funny old man. I liked him. He was a funny old guy. Look at look at this book like's a, I mean, and also like, I don't know. Bad title looks like a wedding, yeah right, as if it would be ironical if she was a ghetto girl or something but, you know, like probably I know. Yeah, it's really weird. I saw Robert Morgan on the street yesterday and reminded him about your subbing he says, oh I have her down in my book. No, it was like in June. OK, you do that. I'm gonna take out the dog. I'm gonna drop her downstairs. Stamps and train schedules. Let's walk from to my mother's house. Cheryl, stamps. No, I'm just remember the designations? Port Washington. Yeah, it's a 10:20. That's what we gotta make. So that means we've got to leave here at about 9:45. No, they have a kid they're up. And so we got about 45 minutes before we gotta go. And John and Karin. Ay, ay! Ay ay ay ay ay!

Coming down for a week. She's coming down for a week. When you leaving?
OK, we got them under control. Um, we're gonna go out to the Island.
I'm gonna drop her today. We we you just running around getting ready
today? Ah! Great great great wow. You must be excited. Great. Where's
Diane? Go on Bets. Go get Baron. Let's go get Baron. OK, I'll see you
in a little bit. C'mon, where's Baron? OK. Where's Baron. C'mon. C'mon,
where is he? Where's your friend? Where's your friend? Where's Baron? 7
years. Yeah, they're nice dogs. All right, you got it? Take care of
yourself. Thank you. You don't have to. It's just a little taste. Not
too much. Look at this. Look look at how attentive this dog is. That's
it. That's all. What have you got? What have you got there? You eat
vegetables? Where's the meat? Where's the beef? You just you will eat a
lettuce and tom... yeah. Yeah. Nice to... All right, that's it Babette.
No more for you. No no no, c'mon that's it for you. This is one's a
little, you know, they get greedy these animals. That's it. That's it,
pal. All right, enjoy this day. We finally got a good one, right? I'll
see you around, OK? Yeah, I live on Thompson. This way. Yeah. I've been
there about 5 years. No no. That's it. Look look at this. Gotta drag
her away. Bets come. Diane. Bets you gonna make? You gotta make? Ay
Diane! Ahhh! All right you'll see each other all week now. Oh my god.
Hi Ginny. Yeah yeah yeah. Oh yeah. Yeah great. So I can go down from
like 9 to... oh. Bitch. Bets you gotta make, honey? You got to make?
She hasn't taken a shit yet. Bets, go make. Make. My grandmother's 85th
birthday or something. Gotta go out to the Island I'm a little... Don't
worry about it. You don't have to worry about it. Yeah, we'll talk
before you go. Yeah. Yeah, right. Yeah they open the window they're not
getting in through the gate. The what? OK, c'mon guys. Yeah also
nobody's coming in that apartment with these three. I don't think you
gotta really worry. All right, I'll talk to you tonight before you go.
Oh, oh. All right. All right. Don't you worry. They're in good hands
all week. They're fine. That's good that they can go down early so I
can let them down to pee. That's great. That really makes a difference.
That's great. Tell her it's just gonna be for one week, you know.
C'mon. You know what I want you to do? Would you do me a favor and get
a load of paper towels up there? Just in case, you know, I gotta clean
stuff up. You know what? I forgot my keys. I'm glad I saw you. OK Bets,
go get them! Boy oh boy. They're so happy to see each other. Go get 'em
Bets! You wanna help me bring some towels up or you don't have the
keys. I want you to do that cause and, uh, that's it. All right. We got
food and everything? Why? What happens? Go on. OK. It's the same as
usual. You guys go and have a good time. Everything is taken care of.
No problem, OK? OK, I'll talk to you later. I got to run out to L.I.
and then I and then I'll be back. OK. See, oh here. No, OK great. See
you in a little bit. Cheryl it's me. Cheryl it's me. Sure, I'd love to
see the baby. Tell her we'll take the son to a crazy ethnic restaurant.
Let's take the son to a crazy ethnic restaurant. You got on toast yet
later? That's lovely. We will look at it. Cher, we gotta get goin'
really so. OK. OK, cause we also have to, uh, we also have to bring the
laundry over. So let's get going. I'm a primativo cruising the net on
lynx on a 9600 baud modem. You did you get that? Did you understand
that? I'm so primitive. What? No, no it's I mean, I'm, I'm gonna be
wearing like what I'm wearing plus a jacket, that's it. You look pretty
let me see those shoes. Turn around. Oh, you look lovely. So pretty,
mmmm. Yeah. Oh let's get going. I don't wanna miss the train. Bring
your cash. Yeah, no reports. Let's go. Bring your cash. Ha. You didn't
have any breakfast. You had no breakfast. So, well soon we'll be able
to share my shoes. How's this jacket? You remember this one? You don't
like it. Cause you always said it was too old. Yeah, I used to wear it

all the time. You don't remember. Come we gotta bring the laundry. There you go ladybug. OK. Let's do it. OK. Hi. How you doin? Pretty good. Oh, all right. OK thanks. See you later. Here. Hi. That's really expensive. It's almost 30 dollars for that laundry. What? Let's go over to the A. Uh, I don't know. What if we if we did it on our own, what would it run? You think so? Oh god. It's sort of start thinking about that at some point, you know? It's so much money. It's insane. That's like, you know, we must do that twice a month. We must spend I think we I think I came up with something like fifty bucks a month on laundry, plus dry cleaning. I don't know, we'll have to look at our finances, but, it is expensive. Are you understood a 9600 baud modem on lynx? In this day and age? Yeah. 28. Right. Right. Very good. That's what you had in Tennessee, right? That's what you had in Tennessee, right. But you knew how to use that in Tennessee didn't you? Did you like it? Yeah, but not anymore really, you know? Yeah. Things aren't changing that fast now. I got all these, like, potential for work, you know, I don't I hope some of it comes through. I hope we can get some. No. I'm always I'm always concerned. I'm always concerned. But I think we put a lot of money in the I think we put a steady flow of money in the bank this month. Yeah. Yeah. Right. And we've got more owed. Why not charge them? Why do you eat the cost? And? So you put it out but you get it back. So did you see Elizabeth Fiore at the thing last night? Where's Alix? And? Was Andrea friendly yesterday at lunch? You want to walk from the station? I'm OK. Right. I'll I'll tell Swami that tomorrow. See what he says. Let's see what Swam let's see what Swami has to say about that. Let's see what Swami has to say. Some people love their dogs more than they love God. So Diane said I could take the dogs down at 9 a.m.. Yeah. That's gonna be a lot easier. See the poster girl for the Ringling Circus Arianna? She made the Daily News. Is Arianna a fraud. Is Arianna really a man? Oh man. Where are they from? Where are they from? What? Are you excited to see the baby or not really? Really, cause I'm getting money today. Are we gonna have fun with Stefano and Janet tonight? Are you excited about that? Yeah. Fruit acid peel. You're admiring them, huh? Shit. C trains. All the time you go in them you see the bums. All the bums are living in them. The Xenakis show should be really good. I'm looking forward to that. What you have to take your work down? What time tomorrow? I thought it was happening early. Who's Brian Tolle? Oh I thought we got a card for a cocktail party? Huh? That was a train of bums, isn't it? Every car's got bums. The bum train. Always is, isn't it? Look at the one on the right. We need to get some tickets. What do you have, the hundred on you? Are you ready to bust it on open? I saw Maya I told you I saw Maya? Yeah. She was really friendly. We had this really long talk. About everything. She was so friendly. I think she like wants to get back into the artworld or something. So, c'mon, he's got enough crap. He doesn't need, really. He's got enough crap. I told her oh, congratulations, yeah sure. No. No, it's a white guy, Cheryl. Why don't you give me money you go look at the magazines. Wait. Wait wait wait wait wait wait. Look at the way you keep your money, it's bizarre. I'll just see you in there, OK? Let's just bust it. See you. Good-bye. How you doing? Two round trips for Port Washington please? Thanks a lot. I've seen it before. I probably should probably get going. Should probably get going? Is that Cristy? Naw. Dopey looking clothes. Cheryl. Look at this breakfast spread. You ready? Want something else? All right. You what? Yeah, just fuck it. You got a three hundred dollar gift certificate. It's what? Coming in circles? Oh, wait a minute. We gotta look at what track it's on. We gotta look at the board. Track 15. Cheryl gets the comment made about her shoes. Her day's made. Cheryl, are you an

intellectual? Are you a shoe lover? It's so gross. These trains are so filthy, aren't they? They're disgusting. Every seat is one seat is more disgusting than the next. Want one? All right George. I got it. I got it George. Do I start to act up on the train? So are you dreading this totally? All right. How is it? Why you laughing at me Oprah? Is it good? Ahhhh. Ahhhh. Ahhhh. Listen, can I incite Max to do some really bad things today? Be a little nicer? Be nice I I know. I'm just saying that. Remember when he took that hammer and tried to smash that glass? Wasn't that? That was so funny though when he went and did I wanted to see that thing shatter. I I would have that would have made my day. That would have made my year, man, if Max takes the hammer and bashes Grandma's beautiful chest. Ha ha. He really hit that thing hard, didn't he? Yeah, a big a big slice of it could have just come down and killed him or cut his foot off. That would have been that would have been humorous. I know I. I understood that from the last time that we were there. I'm gonna be a lot nicer now. I may whisper a fuck you in his ear or something. To make my sister uptight, of course. I have to use the bathroom, dear. Yes? Yeah yeah yeah. Yeah, so what's so what's new? What are you doing? Wanna have sex? Huh? C'mon mama! Let's have sex in the Plandome train bathroom. You didn't even squat. How's your book? What did you know that Doovie Doovie was a tuba player? You never knew that about him, did you? So, let's let's uh, take a car later and go look for some yard sales. This thing what it starts at eleven I think it'll by one it'll be well over. We'll take an hour go cruising around go looking for some yard sales and we'll go back, you know, the day's pretty well shot anyway. What are you doing the rest of the day before I mean I wanna go to Charles's opening, that's all I'm doing. Which opening are you seeing? Ew! You're gonna go to Thomas Nordanstadt's gallery? And so. I think everybody felt that way. I think that it's really good if we if as a matter of fact it kind of grew yesterday in its form it kind of, um, you know, it's a mixture of of planning and intuition and spontaneity. I mean it just kind of grew differently yesterday, so yeah, I think it's very good. I think it would be very beautiful. I think it would be a good I like what happened yesterday I mean it's a good I like what happened yesterday with the chapters. What a great way to make a structure. You know you you based on chapter. It's very good. I'd like to do more, actually. I feel like I'd like I wouldn't mind doing another session because I feel like kind of part way through it we began to get an idea of how rhythms could work, I mean if you painting me from what's the difference with you from a twenty minute chapter to a, uh, ten minute chapter. It's gonna be a visual equivalent of the amount the formal rendering of of my formal rendering. I think it's very good. I think it gonna be really good. Do you? Well, they've got nothing else to do. Trying to perfect your life. Well, you know, they thought that the grandchildren were gonna be the answer to it all and I guess it wasn't. So they've got to continue to look for some kind of a solution. It just becomes more and more elaborate. It won't ever stop. That's that's no, well, well they figure if one wasn't gonna be enough to make them happy they're gonna try two. Sure. Sure. It's insane, you know, they're gonna do what they're gonna do but the whole the whole thing is pretty insane. They they're just looking for happiness and they think that, you know, a new kitchen is gonna make the country house better. Well you know on some level it will but on some real level it won't make any difference at all. You know, as if it wasn't nice enough to start with. I don't know. I don't know. It it seems just like more restlessness. I don't know, no, I don't see it as anything new it's like what they're always doing. You know, but they never seem to get a whole lot happier and... well, yeah,

why not, you know, hire some expensive fancy landscaper and see if it makes you any happier. It's a weird idea to me. Well, Cheryl, there's deg there's degrees to everything. Yeah, but each each doesn't stand for different for different person, so, you know, I mean, anyway. I just let them go about doing what they want to do. It just seems it all seems a little bit over the top to me. I know, it's all for my father, who doesn't really swim much but he has some kind of idea that it will bring some kind of enlightenment to his life. Well, I don't know, Cheryl, you know, everybody wants to spruce up their lives a little bit and there's nothing wrong with that but the obsession with which my parents go at it is not healthy. It's just all material, you know, it's just all material. But they're gonna do what they're gonna do so that's what they're gonna do. No one walks, it's not funny at all. Everybody's got a car here. Why should there be sidewalks? I don't know, I don't let it all bother me. I I don't I just I hear it, you know, and I go OK. But I kind of know what's behind it enough, you know? I kinda I kinda get it and, you know, that's what you gonna do that's what you're gonna do. Yeah, the Marty Stern thing I'm not really thrilled about. Dr. Mengele. The best piece of art I ever made. I'll never do anything better than that. As a matter of fact, you know it's got shit growing on it? What ever happened to that other thing? I think it's in the water. Look, it's got grass growing on it. That's really funny, isn't it? I think that thing that thing went in the water long ago and it's gone. There it is! My brilliant career. I'll tell him that now. Here we go. Down into the abyss. I'm going down, man, I feel it. I'm going down. C'mon. I'm going down. Happy Birthday. Happy Birthday. She's a big sleeper, huh? A little bit, he asked a few questions. What he did yeah, yeah, yes. I think it's a really nice piece. Let Dad read it. Can I have a coffee, Ma? Is it ready? This one? Where's when the rest of the people? No kidding. I'm glad you read it and maybe give you an understanding of the book. Explain it. Right. Good good. Sure. Hello sister. Happy Birthday. I thought of you yesterday. Let's wake her up. Look at the, uh, is she dead? Dead baby blues, remember that? Who is that? Yeah. Is she sleeping more than most babies do? Sue who? What Sue? You better change that. Oh boy. Oh boy. You had better change that diaper. She's tiny. Cheryl I'm not going to be doing what Margie's doing. This is woman's work. When we have a kid you are gonna be I pick up the dog shit. You don't pick the dog shit up. You do not. I do. Always. Have you ever picked up the dog shit? Rarely. Margie, she's so adorable. We love Isabelle. Ma, did you find where you needed to go yesterday? Did you find where you needed to go yesterday? Yeah, did you find your way around? Yeah, especially downtown, it's hard. Well, both of them are difficult. The West Village is difficult. So, I'm gonna so tomorrow I'm gonna find out the name of that restaurant I'll call you cause I'm gonna be up there. Oh, map something like that. So, um, is Ellen and Marty coming today? Where's where's Max now? Oh, doing what? Where's Dad? When is he coming back? Yeah Bruce knows it. He has it. No, I don't know much about it. He likes it. Yes. Um, I don't know. He really loves opera. He is the man. He's the opera mensch. No, he just he loves music. He's a musician also as well as a writer. Yep. What have you got there, chopped liver? Um, look who's here. Oh, he doesn't. Ay, boy. How you doin'? Max, are you crying? Is that you? Who's crying? Max, can I open it? OK, you open it now, honey. Max. C'mon Max, let's go say hello. Max, what does the dog say? What does the duck say? What does the lamb say? You're getting too good at this. Come this way. Come this way. Max, what does the fish say? Max, what does the fish say? No, he just did that. Do it again. Do it again. We're going for a swim, wanna come? We are going to now. Silly Kenny. Silly boy. Come, let's

see the water. Max, you're gonna go down. We're not going there. Let's let's we're not going in the water. I'm I was only joking. I just want to see if you see any fish. Sometimes you see fish. You see little crabs. You know what a crab is? You know what a crab is, Max? You see any fish, honey? If you look close you can sometimes see fish. Isn't that pretty? Do you like the water? Do you see the shells? Do you see those shells? Yeah, those are shells. You see the fish live in them. You wanna you wanna see a living fish? Here, I got one. Hold on. There's a fish inside this shell. See how it's closed? The fish lives in that's the little home of the fish. Inside lives a little fish. OK. OK. Uh, here's the fish house that's gone. Max, have you ever seen a shell before? Where? Indiana. Yeah, do you like fish? Where let's find a horseshell, uh, a horseshoe crab. They're always along the beach here. Let's find a horseshoe crab for Max. Where? Let's see it. Sometimes you can find them up here. We're looking for the crab. Max, that's a boat, honey. That's a boat. Here, let's look for the crab. Crab, oh crab! Maybe they're maybe they're down by the water. Look for one for Max. Oh crab! Where's the crab. Oh crab! Oh crab! Oh crab! Max, honey, the crabs are not here today. Do you know what a crab is Max? Huh? Max, do you know what a crab is? Have you ever seen a crab? What was it? What is a crab? What's a crab, Max? It's a water bug. It's a bug. Do you like bugs? There's usually so many crabs out here but maybe it's the season, maybe they're just not born yet. Max, maybe all the crabs are just babies like Isabelle. Do you think Isabelle's a crab? What is Isabelle? Isabelle's a baby crab. How would you feel if your sister was a crab? You would like that? Would you you'd have to say all your friends this is my sister Isabelle. She's a crab. She's not a human. She's a fish. Max, what do you think? Would you say that to your friends? What do you say to them now? Isabelle, she's a what? A baby, right? Max, do you like the water honey, or no? He's grabbing my finger. Max, pull my finger. Ugh. I may poop if you do that. Would you like me to poop? Would you like me to poop? Oh. It's here. He's not understanding that. Max, can I eat the shell? Why not? Max, put that in your pocket, honey, and take it home. Max told that Isabelle is not a baby human but a baby crab. Very nice, huh? Is he cute? Is he cute? Max, what does the rabbit say? Max, can I throw you in the water? I I bet I could throw you right out to that grass out there. But you know how to swim, right? You are allowed to scream at the beach. You can scream if you want. His what? OK. Throw it. That's a rock head. Max, where's the cat? Do you like that cat? Do you like cats? Oh my god, Scottie! Hey Scott, that's pollution, man. He's polluting Max. Your daddy just polluted the water. That's not good. Where are the grandparents there? Nice throw, Cheryl. Max, here's a crab. Wanna take it inside with you? Give it to your mom. Give it Grandma. Give it to Grandma, OK? Put it in Grandma Judy's bed. Under her pillow. Just put it under her pillow. David, Uncle David. There's Uncle David sitting there with Philip. Cheryl, look at this thing. What is it? Scott, what is this? Max chair. Max, look at this rock. Pretty, huh? Give the crab to Grandpa. C'mon. Max, did you smell these flowers? They smell so good. Try to smell this one. Max try smell this one. How does it smell? How does it smell, like what? What does that smell like? Give the crab to Grandpa or Grandpa. I don't know. I just found I just found him. Don't bother. Good to see you. Very good. Ay. Hi. Good to see you. It's been a long time. Good. It's been a long time. How you doing? You just came back from Florida? How was it? Yeah, you can't you don't like it there, huh? Eh. You remember Cheryl. Hello. Happy Birthday you. Hi, how are you? What have you got there? Yep, yep. What are you holding there?

Not mine. Scott, what are you guys doing here. Today's not a work day, is it? Oh, what. Where's Mickey? What is it, I thought you were working today. Oh, she's awake. Oh, not at the moment, thanks. Maybe later. Yeah yeah. Let me see if I can get anyone anything. Sure. Sure. Can I get anybody a drink? Would anybody like a drink? Using some chopped liver. You can throw that back on the tray there. You think we got rules here? They're very much like David's. Yeah, me too. I like your pants, though. Yeah, they're very nice. Cheese and chopped liver. Can I get anybody a drink? David, anything? What do you want? A glass of wine or some...? What do you want Grandpa? All right I'm gonna leave this stuff out here. Hello hello. Aw, we're comin'. Who's that? I don't know. Who is that Grandma? Did you know who that was immediately or no? Who's Babette? She loves that. Do we have any gin or scotch? That's what they want. That's what they want. Uh, on the rocks. Give me the Tanqueray. That will be fine. Uh, I didn't didn't say anything like that. At 11:00 when the party was called for. You were the one who was late. I know certain. Certain things are important. How you doin'? I'm gonna give this to the guests. Do you want a drink Grandma? I'll get it for you you want? Blow your nose. No, I'm giving you a tissue. Did you get my letter? Good. Max, I got a present for you. Here you go, honey. That's from your Uncle Kenny. You like that present? OK, I will wipe them off. Ma, here you go. Let me, uh, I'll wipe the chairs down. You enjoy it? Good, I'm glad I'm glad you got to see it. Yeah, well the others, the others are not interesting. Did you understand the article? You got the idea though? Did it give you an idea a little, uh, a little idea of what I'm up to? Good. We'll talk more about it. Let me wipe down the chair for Grandma. OK, did you wipe this one down yet? Yes'um. I'm gawna Mr. Johnson gawna clean all 'yo chair fo' you now. Gon make that chair nice 'n clean. I'm gawna make it clean fo' 'yo. I'm gawna make it fast 'n I'm gawna make it clean fo' 'yo! I don't I do I do it out of love. Not money. OK. That's nice and clean. What's the matter, this is not clean enough for you? Do you want me to clean your chair too? You do? Cheryl, would you like anything to drink honey? How about a glass of wine. You want a glass of wine? Wouldn't that be nice? I'll have one. Where's the wine? Where is it? Are they are they cold? I'll have white. Scott you want anything? Hi Ellen. Good to see you. Hi Marty. Good to see you. Very good. Ellen, can I get you a drink? A little like water, wine or a little something? Marty, what can I get you? You want a glass of wine or water or? Go out on the porch. It's beautiful out there. Aren't I sweet? Scott. So what happened? Anything happen with that guy at work? The guy that that you loved your ass after you saved his shit? Really. He you're loved one day couldn't give a shit the next. So much for for allegiance, huh? That's amazing. Yeah, uh huh. Big deal. Sally, you want just one? Sure. How's that? What could be better than a little wine. Cheryl, Cheryl just a little bit of wine? Nice and crisp? There you are. OK. So, three or four minutes would you like a glass of wine, Ma? Good wine, very good. Yeah. So, god one day. Get through this little nightmare. Yeah escapade. So, you guys are up one day down the next. That sucks. And you saved him like, like a million dollars and then lost. Right. Oh, man. So is that the way things usually work around there? They forget pretty quickly? That sucks. Yeah. Yep. Oh, man, it's nice out here. I'd say within five years, half the people on that porch are gonna be in the grave. What do you think? I was like I was thinking I was like about 11 when my great grandmother died which gives, what's Max, two? That gives Grandma another nine years? She could live. Cause Max was born later than we were. I mean I she she looks pretty good. She could be around for a couple of more years. I think both of them are. Where did you guys go

for Margie's birthday last night? You didn't bring Max, did you? But you did bring Isabelle. What kind of place is it? No, the Japanese food was excellent that night. Very fresh, very good. It was really good. We're going to a place called La Paella, which is great, which is just what it sounds like. You get a huge dish of paella for about 40 bucks feed 4 people, yeah, should be pretty good. Yeah, when it's good it's good. We're hoping we're gonna go we're thinking we're gonna spend two months in France this summer and so we we're gonna travel from there. You guys have been to Spain and Italy, right? You've been to Italy. Never been to Spain. We figure we're gonna be sorta in the south of France for the summer, for July and August and we'll take take rides take trips down to Spain and Italy and up to Paris. I've never been to southern Europe. I've never been to Italy, I've never been to Spain. I I'd really like to go to Spain. And we're going to Greece, you know, in in. We're gonna go for two weeks. We're gonna do this performance in a gallery and, uh, it's a video show and Cheryl created a project for me to come along so it will be fun. I'm I'm really interested to go to Greece, you know? Have you been? I think, you know, first of all the food I'm real interested in getting good I love Greek food. Have you ever been out to Astoria? They have the best Greek restaurants, the most authentic Greek restaurants. They're terrific, they're wonderful, you know? So I can't imagine what the food's like in Greece. You ever have retsina? It's Greek Greek pine cask wine. Kind of tastes like turpentine? We're you near, where are we going Cheryl, Beaujolais? Have you been down there? The wine country? Yeah. Sure. Sure, it's like the Monet gardens. Yeah, we're really excited to just hang out there, you know? Just just get, first of all, we've been in New York for the last five summers straight, you know, like living in the city I mean you guys are it's nice out where you guys are. It's nicer in the country, of course, but where you guys are, you know, it's beautiful. But we spent, you know, we I mean a couple, you know, like five years ago we used to spend the summers up in the country but we just haven't for so many years and I said to Cheryl when it started to get warm I said, I don't wanna spend another summer in the city. I just can't do it again. So she said, oh let's call this woman, she's got this place that she just wants to give to artists and they get money from the government if you go so I said great I'll go write and you go work in the studio and it sounds good. That's what we're gonna do. What are you doing? Singing? What are you singing. What was that, a big yawn? You like her? Why has she got why has she suddenly got so red? You like her? I touch the baby. It cries. What does that mean? Why don't you just pick him up pick him up and bring him down? Cheryl, go bring him down, OK? Just go pick him up. Yeah, Mom, after this breaks up, can Cheryl and I borrow a car and try to hit some tag sales around the neighborhood? I figure it's probably a good weekend for tag sales isn't it? Yeah. About that time. Yeah, but it's a nice weekend. We'll probably find something out there. Thank you very much. Many moons. Um, well, we're going to Greece next month and then Las Vegas and then we're going to France for July and August. To Beaujolais? Yeah, should be really nice. Yeah. She loves it there. OK, Sally see you soon. Good to see you. Say hi to Mickey. I'll get it for you. Why don't you sit down? Why don't you sit why don't you sit down next to your next to your baby. I will get your drink. Sit down Grandma. It's very nice. All right. I will get you your drink. Hold on. Peas, a cheese, and a drink coming right up. This is a beautiful cane. I like the dog, yes I do. I like it. That's what you wanted. Let me bring it in to her. She wanted one. Yeah. Yeah. I always spill. Aw, stop complainin'. All right, here you go. Number one, number two. You like her? Where's Max? Is he cute? You like the picture of

Babette? Yeah, you want a pillow? What do you think of all these kids around. No problem? No problem? Did you go up to see the babies, up to Margie's place? How's the house looking up there? It's getting there, yeah. Margie or the baby. I thought you always looked good, wait, when did you look bad? When we came up right after the baby was born you looked fine. You don't I don't recall seeing you look any worse. So now what how old are you now? 33? Wow! That was the year 33 is the year Christ was crucified and the year Buddha found enlightenment. You'd better get to work. This is a big year. Did you know Christ was crucified at 33? You got a you got a lotta work to do this year. We're getting old, Grandma. We're getting old, aren't we? No no. And how old are you now? You're 62? When tomorrow? Wait your birthday is the, oh. Why are we celebrating now? Oh. How are they? How are the twins? Yeah, what's going on? I want something small like that, huh? What does that mean producing The Olympics? That's amazing. What do they but they... Is she do they both still live in New York? They can do this work in New York or they have to be in L.A. all the time? Good for them. Good for them. What's he do? Yeah, that's amazing. I mean, we don't have a T.V. We gave it up a year ago. Cheryl took it to her studio and I and we never missed it again. I mean, isn't that weird? I don't I don't feel like I miss it at all. I just, uh, I, you know, I wish I could say oh I've seen those shows. What are the name of the shows she's doing? Do you talk to them Margie? Are you in touch with the twins? What do you mean use it for... Really? Where do they live? Where are their apartments? House. Wow, they got views of the river? So she works right there at Columbus just one by Lincoln Center. Oh, Rockefeller Center. Right. Huh. A good seat, huh? I don't know, maybe you could be the GE dentist. Oh, we went to the Montreal Olympics in '76. Major it was so boring we I remember you you know it's so much better on T.V. they do such a good job. I mean, we saw nothing. We went to basketball games and they were like ants, yeah it was was so boring. And we couldn't see anything. Yeah, this was twenty years ago we went. Oh, it feels like thirty if you ask me. Dad, I think we're eating. Why don't you why don't' you bathe after I think. I think I can. We're gonna eat. All right you don't stink. C'mon. Don't hold up Dad, Dad, Dad. I think everybody's getting restless. Don't don't hold up the works. Let's eat. Seriously, I I think that's what's happening. So, Cheryl, did you know that the girls were producing the Olympics this year. Isn't this incredible? So you're gonna go down to work for them? Ellen is going down to work at the Olympics. Do they need flowers? I'm in here. Hold on a sec. Be right out. Looks good. David, go ahead. Why don't you get get some food. Do you mind if I just stay here like this? Can I stay here like this for an hour? Just kitchen? Is that OK? Save this seat for me. Ah, yeah. Yeah, what can I do for you? What what what was the stock Scott? Yeah. Yeah. So you brought them? And what? And how many what was the down tip? What did they close at? Easy come, easy go, my boy. What ever what happened with, uh, what happened with Yahoo? And what happened? Did they go...? And then how far did it go? Yeah to like what? Yeah, that's interesting, so what's it at now? There's no value. Who made this chicken salad, mother? Mrs., uh, what was her name? The woman that used to work for Marty? How's Mrs. Nicholas? Do you hear from her? What does she do now? What's she doing with herself? What? Ellen what does she do now, Mrs. Nicholas? What Main Street, Port Washington? I remember I remember her from the old days. I remember when she owned the Port. Ellen I remember when she owned the Salem Deli. No no Sal. But it was like right there. All right, all right. Huh? I can't remember what the crescent was. I'm gonna sit I'm gonna sit down here I never see you guys. Sit down here and say hel say

hello. Being artists and doing what we've done for years. Doing computer. We're doing Internet. Have you heard about the Internet? Have you been following that? Have you looked around on it a little bit? What's Steven's son's name? Noah. Where is he now, Noah? And he's in computers? Oh, he's all right, oh. Yeah, probably since he was a kid. You know, I was probably the last generation that did not grow up with computers. I mean, I bet our education, the one I had and the one you had in public school was essentially the same. After me, it changed. Kids two years younger than me had computers and a different type of education. I've had to do a lot of catching up. That's a good field. A lot of fun. Marty, have you done any Internet? It's a lot of fun. Oh yeah? We're trying to get Scott online for years now. He refuses to get a modem. He doesn't want Max to see that pornography out there. So, you guys were in Florida for how long? You you hated it, huh? Where were you? Where? Where's that? Uh huh, what was it you find it boring or? Well, look up in cold weather. You'll like it. Are you still in Rockville Centre? Same in the same place. I was just you know I don't go there that much anymore since my grandmother passed away last year. I go through there with Cheryl, uh. Hey, I'm my grandfather's grandson, you know? The man teaches taught me how to dress. I was a slob till he taught me how to dress. Um, so I drove through Rockville Center two Sundays ago I guess. I went to see we went to see my grandparents on the way down we looked at my grandmother's house on the way to see these guys. It was sold every window in the house was open as if they were airing the place out. It was very weird. You know but, uh, I don't think I'm gonna have much reason to go back to Rockville Center. I mean my whole the whole family's not there anymore. Yeah there was. She is in Rockville Center. Where is she, she's in some condominium over there, huh? So what what did you do in Florida? What did you do there? But they're people you knew from Rockville Center? Really? Is Arthur Wolf still around? Arthur Wolf? Is he still alive. Dad, do they know Arthur Wolf? No? Is he still alive? He was Arthur Wolf was in the Battle of the Bulge. Oh yeah? Not bad, huh? Did you get down to Miami Beach when you were down in Florida? Oh, you were in, what do you mean live there? They were you didn't get down this time, did you? But recently you've been have I mean you've South Beach is crazy. It's very chic. I liked it. We were there twice over the last 5 years we've had occasion to be there. No, I liked it, actually, I thought it was a lot of fun. But back in those days it was nothing, right? On the beach? David you had no no desire to go there and see where you spent three years? Twice we had to go we were there twice for business in the last five years and it I was impressed by it. We stayed in South Beach both times. Yeah. Yeah. I found it fun. You know we live in SoHo. Not that much difference, to tell you the truth. It feels, you know, flashy, models. David, they're all topless on the beach down there. I like that. Yeah, I thought it was terrific. I said I said let's, I said to Cheryl, let's take a walk on the beach it was terrific. I like that. We like that. The beach to go topless. You know, yeah. Oh, you don't but I do. David, would you look or no? Oh my god! What is that from? You cut your arm? Marty are you still collecting art? Are you still collecting art? Ceramics, yeah yeah. But you had a good ceramics collection going for a while. Cheryl and I were collecting, when we had room in our apartment, we were collecting really junky 50's production ware. Yeah, like like like like biomorphic, uh, shapes, kind of, you know, all that stuff. Enjoyed enjoyed that. We'd go to flea markets. No, they're beautiful too. I bet that was considered junk in its day yeah, yeah. Yes. Yeah, well you've got well known artists. What are they collecting? Really, what's jazz sculpture? Really? Really? What do they

like? What kind of jazz do they like? Oh, that's great, wow. That's interesting. I'm gonna have a little bit more. This is good, the food's very good. The chicken salad I think is terrific. Could I get you anything while I'm up? Grandpa, do you want anything? Grandpa. Can I get you anything while I'm up? Gram? David you all set? You want a little salad or anything while I'm up? All right. Hey Margie, have you been able to get my radio station in? Yeah, why don't you? Tuesday nights. You should call call me. Yeah, that's me. That's my time. You should give me a call. Tell me you're listening. David, I got a I'm doing a radio show. In the middle of the night. It's, uh, it's a, uh, a station coming out of East Orange New Jersey in the graveyard shift, 2 to 6 a.m. Yeah, you're broadcasting to New York City there's always an audience. It's called F WFMU, 91.1. Just think of 911. It's fun. I never did it before. They start you on they start you on the dead hours, so you make a mistake no one cares at that hour. I heard that. This guy's an idiot. I mean, that was really. Yeah, yeah, but then in the paper they printed all the other stuff that he had... did you read that? They printed all the other stuff that he said over the years. The guy's an idiot. Who, Bob Grant? Are we talking about the same, oh, Bob Grant? What an idiot, yeah. Yeah. I'm glad, he's thrown off the air now, isn't he? Yeah, he's pretty evil, yeah. I remember when he was just on radio. Oh yeah, oh yeah. South meaning Florida or The South? The food is good. Did you read about this Bob Grant? He's evil. Ethyl says he's evil. Scott, did you read about that? What did he what was his quote that he said. Cheryl listen to this. Ron. What an idiot, huh? Oh, there was a rumor that there was survivors, that's right. Right, and I'm a pessimist, right. And he's incredibly popular. Yeah. ABC, wasn't he on WABC? Grandma, what do you like? You watching Oprah these days? You still watching Oprah or not really? You used to know all the daytime talk shows. You like Geraldo. I know he is. And what do you think of, uh, what's his name, Bob Dole? Do you like him? We always talk politics. I know you love talking politics with Aunt Ethyl, huh? I you always have you play the devil's advocate I think you abused it pretty... A Leftist? I remember the two of you used to really get going. So he would play devil's advocate just to get you going. I think your political sympathies are very much aligned. Yeah. The city's a lot nicer place to live these days. He's doing a nice job. Yeah. You still got D'Amato out here, right? He's been a terror for years. Yeah. I mean wasn't his brother indicted on some kind of criminal charges? I like Guiliani I think the city is the is becoming a cleaner and, uh, safer place. I feel it. I don't have an opinion, really. I like Cuomo, I always thought Cuomo in the end he seemed he seemed a little bit inefficient. He wasn't doing a whole lot in the end. I mean I I I'm not paying attention to that really. I'm not much of a political animal. Yeah, he's a charismatic bright guy, but I think in the end he was ineffectual. But. Ah, he was nothing. Koch was an idiot. I mean this is, you know, I think Guiliani is doing good stuff in the city. Yeah yeah. It's it's he making, you know, a lot of business activity, uh, a lot of people coming in, uh... I love it, yeah, I love it. Yep. Oh, yeah it's incredible, it's... yes, oh it's an incredible place to live. We've lived I guess 5 years and either 5 or 6 years we lived on the Lower East Side which was interesting but, I think, we're happy to live on the West Side now. I like the West Side. No no no, we're we're we're getting there. We have an apart we have a very small apartment, tiny. But we don't mind, you know, it's, uh, big enough and, you know, in New York you don't entertain in your house unless you've got a big house so you go to restaurants. You entertain in restaurants. We're out every night we're out all the time we don't need a big place. It's like a

hotel room or something. We never hang out there. Oh, we got two two rooms. We've got a bedroom and then the other room is a combined living room kitchen dining room and we can't even fit a couch in there. But, you know, the action in New York is on the street. It's not in the home, you know, we have a the dog and one thing we love to do is just take the dog for a walk you see the most amazing things. Yeah, it's very exciting. It is, yeah, you really do, no, it's very rich. Until we. Until we decide to have a kid, which'll probably be in about three years from now we'll have a kid and we're fine. And when we need a bit more space, then we'll get a bigger place. Yeah. I have a little office. I have an office that's even smaller than my apartment. That's on Broadway and Houston and... No, no it's an office. It's a little office in a Stanford White building. It's nice, it's small. I have my computer there and I'm all set. Millions. Too many, too many. All we're doing is all we are is social. It's tire tiresome sometimes. Yeah, yeah, we'll, that's why we're gonna wait a few years. Max, where's the crab? Where's the crab? Where's the crab that we found outside? Huh? Where's the crab, Max? What what noise does the crab make? You ready? You wanna hear the noise the crab makes? Can you do that? Right, that's the noise of the crab. Hey Max. Who's this? Who's this man here? This one. What's his name? Yeah. Grandpa did you hear that? Is he cute? Is he cute, Grandma? Is he cute? Who's this? You like this kid, gramps? Is he cute? What does he want, Margie? What does he want? Wait a minute, I had lunch at the Museum of Modern Art. Cocktail party. Then she had to teach. Then we went to an Internet party. We were zonked. This week has been really nuts. No, next week we've got Peter Halley's thing, uh, we got the opera, we're going to the opera with my mother on Monday night. I love opera, yeah. Romeo and Juliet. You like opera, David? Yeah, I love it. Well, I got my Mom into so we got season tickets for the Met. Yeah. Did did you spend a lot of time at the Met? Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday, oh look at that face, to you. Happy birthday dear Grandma, happy birthday to you. Max, put your hand in the cake! Yay! And Barney. You don't wanna know, Grandma. With who? Why didn't you call me? Was it good, Dad? You should have called me. I would have gone with you. Next week, all right? You went to the same place? Were they nice? Same people? We'll go, you wanna go this week? You got a free day? That'd be fun. I'm glad you like it. It was how was the jap chee? Was it good? It was the noodles, yeah. And and what did you have with it? Was it some place you'd take a business associate? It's good it's good food. Grandma, you've got a lot of family around you right now, huh? Ohhhh. Look at that bowl of strawberries. We can go we can go all the way. Who? Who is this, David? We don't know him. OK. I like Gigli. I play this I play him on my radio show all the time. Well, let's see, I think we saw Pavarotti and we saw Domingo. Carreras we've never seen I think he's. We saw Pavarotti at the Met and my Mom and Cheryl and and I this this season saw Domingo singing Othelo at the Met. Who is this? Is that what happened? We don't know. Give us the dirt. At least he's not gay. Said Scott. You know I always thought I should should move to those Latin cultures. Oh, and I had to be and I had to be Jewish! Cheryl, it's not it's nice ice cream. You know, you want to know where this finger has been? That's another. In the basement. Could I get him could I get him to throw some food? Would it would it would he do it? Who? You think he'd pick up a piece of cake and throw throw it at the wall? Dad, you should have seen when we were at Margie's and Scott's house, he had this plastic hammer and he went over to Grandma's big chest that they have in their dining room and blasted bashed the glass. It came so close to breaking. I laughed. I laughed. Is he cute? Is this mine? So what tell me what are your kids up to? Yeah, where does she

teach. What do you mean they live in cars? Where is this? They live in cars? I've never heard of such a thing. Margie was in touch with her, wasn't she? Up in Boston? Marge, he's eating with his hands. Is that all right? Is that all right? Is that all right? Look at the hand going into the cake. I like this kid. What noise does the crab make? Is he cute? Yeah, good child. Dad, look at this one. Totally asleep. So is she gonna sleep her whole life? Wouldn't it be weird if she just slept her whole life? You wanna go there one day this week one night something like that? Could you stand it again. We could go somewhere else. We could get some Japanese food. Remember that expensive place we went we didn't go? They want sixty bucks a meal, something like that? What'd I say? What did I say? Isn't it still? Paris and Las Vegas. Well we're gonna go see the Acropolis and then we're gonna go directly see Caesar's palace. We're spending the we're going with the Donegans to Las Vegas for Memorial Day. That should be fun. Been sedentary since India so. Oh, she's gonna stay the first leg at downstairs cause starting tomorrow we we I take care of the three dogs for a week. They're going to Florida. So, that's what we're going to do this week, so they'll pay us back when we go. Yeah, maybe Margie, yeah maybe Max would like to have a little dog for two months. It'd make him happy. She's so easy, just open up the door, let her go. Ah, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Yeah, Bob, yeah Bob would do us that favor, wouldn't he? Yeah. What's happening with Bob? Has he got anything anything going on? What? What's happening with it? What so he was gonna be in there by the summer but it's not gonna happen till when? I see, yeah. Everything takes longer. Everything takes longer. And what's happening with his legal case, I mean there's... postpone? What's going on with your house in the country? Work going on? This is, hey, you know? Everything takes longer. You think patience might be the key? Is that is that moving along? Well my book was supposed to be out for my birthday we'll be lucky if we get it out for the fall. More likely we'll get it for the winter, you know, I mean. We're just talking about how long everything takes and how everything's supposed to happen now but it'll happen, you know, everything takes so long. You think patience is the thing, huh? Forget it. Is the place looking good? If we go up there in May sometime, could we stay there? Yeah. Oh, you did stay up there Dad? Oh, is there water? Oh, Max can do it, why can't I eat with my hands? I I I follow. She had had no manners, did she Grandma? You know, I like my father. I like this guy, huh? Hey Max. Hey Max. Hey Max. What are you doing? When we go out in public I don't have bad manners. At home I'm a pig. I like the, you know, I went to India. I was in India and in India in the South, you eat with your hands. I love it. You go you go like this. So I... would you like to try off my hand? What is it? Where is this? Where is this? You've been to Africa. I love it. Did you do it? No, it was never hot. It would yeah the food was bad? Listen you get better food in New York than you do in any country. We got we got the ingredients here. Normally when I went to India I'll tell you the food was not what it was downtown. Some friends of mine were doing business there. Nice to see you Marty. Indian woman. I like drug. I think it's a good city, yeah. Ah. What do you think of these shoes? You like them? They meet your approval? I don't know they're, yeah. Uh, Kenneth Kenneth Cole. You heard of them? You wanna try one on? You don't like you don't like when I wear brown socks. You told me that I had to wear only gray socks. Here's what I was told. I was told that if you're wearing a brown belt and you go brown shoes on, your belt and your socks should match. No no no, what do you think of that? What's your rule? Does it look do I look stupid? Good to see you. See you soon. That's good. It's nice to see you. Take care of that arm.

Ay ay Max, come here. Max. Max. You like this guy? Do you see yourself in him? You see a little Max in him? He does look like Scott. Yeah, Scott's a good looking guy, though. Not bad looking. So he says so he says, Mr. Field, I don't cut the hair like that. They got a what do you think of the view now you like it here? You could just sit out here for a long for a long time, huh? So when I sent you that thing I realized that I forgot to put the note inside because I spoke to ya. Did you get it? I spoke to you, I sealed it, and I forgot to put the note inside. I'm glad it got to you. You like the article? Yeah. Two million, I don't think so. It should he wanted to have the book out. I wanted to have it for my birthday. I don't think it's gonna happen till the fall. You gonna hang around for that? Please, hang around for that. Did you read the description? What do you? My cold blooded mother in law. She is, yeah. But what do you was it making sense to you the book? What do you mean you didn't think so? That there was a structure, yeah. Yeah, there's a real structure there. That's nice. Three three years to write that thing. Listen you stick you stick around you'll find it's dedicated to ya. No no no if you stay around long enough to see that damn thing published, you'll find a dedication that it's for you. No no no no. Max didn't... Listen listen Max didn't give me the, uh, love of language that you did. So you've got you've got a dedication on that book buddy. The whole thing if you like it or not it's dedicated to ya. No, they don't read. They they didn't give me I mean this is the first major the first major no I have a few books out but this gonna be the big 600 page book that's going. Yeah, you got a few. Did you think he was a good writer he had a good style? Well, we're gonna go to Greece in May for two for a week. For a week and a half ten days and then we're going to Vegas. Max, you got a kiss for Grandpa?

_____ they're sending us there. See what happens. You've been there? We're gonna get out there to the islands. Yeah. Now, we're going to Las Vegas and we're gonna fly back to Las Vegas for Memorial Day weekend with Cheryl's family. Four day, what am I gonna do? We were there ten years ago. Just me and Cheryl, the mother and the father and the baby. You wanna go? You wanna sit right here. This is beautiful, huh? What do you think when they're gonna... Ay, there you go. Is he sleeping? What's going on here? Is it a tape? You like the Unabomber case? Let me rescue Cheryl, she's out there alone. The party's almost over, isn't it? No, no, I'm Cheryl and I are gonna walk around and take your car and try to find some good tag sales today for a little while. But I, uh, these guys are almost finished, aren't they? The grandparents they're gonna go soon? Oh, well, I I shouldn't leave her down there. I mean, let me go rescue her. Yes. Well what do I do? Hey I just follow what what my father what my father does. Well, I tell I learned it all from him. I learned it all from him. He's a good dresser, that guy. I'm what I've been for about a year. I came back from India I was very thin and then I put on a couple of pounds so I'm. I'm about 145. I stay at about 145. No you don't get anything there. How much what do you weigh? That's pretty good. 145 is about right, isn't it? I used to be 175. I was fat. Yeah, I feel good. I feel good. I could lose about 5 pounds I'd feel a little better, right gramps? You're trying to put a little weight on. You look great, though. You look so good. Do you mind if I'm wearing these sunglasses. They're very seventies, you know I got a problem with my eye. I got an eye disease. I I this happened when I last came back from India I see the vision in my left eye is lousy. It it just happens. I see a big blue circle in my left eye. I did, yeah. I got a there's a there's a dis I got it happens to young men who have much stress in their life. I've got this blue circle in my left eye and my vision's lousy. Yeah, I got it again too.

It just goes away. It's like a virus. How's your eye? Yeah, well, what the heck. No, you know I'm a guy that likes to have no shoes on I at home I wear no shoes. Do I like I like them both. I am I am totally am I like him? Oh no, seriously I get all of my good points, my good points David they all come from this guy. I got everything from him. Cheryl, you're such a nudge. Uh, Grandma, I want a divorce. 13 years with this bitch. I will some day. I should live so long. She is. If it's it if ascetic she's comfortable. You know who I'm like David? I'm like my sister. Margie and I have a very similar temperament. I'm the dark side of her. Yeah, all I am is darkness and I get it from the Prince of Darkness here. Conrad. Heart of Darkness. Joseph Conrad wrote the book Heart of Darkness. Do it right here. Grandma, Grandma, you know I think it's shrinking. Yeah. She's touch touch that thing on her Cheryl. Touch that thing. What have you had it? You're bore? How are you getting home, David? You taking a car? Should we call the car for you? David you want me to call the car seriously? Let me talk to my Dad. Ma, how how are they, uh, how are they getting home? Grandpa wants to get going. Should we call the car? We called the car so it should be here soon. He's a good baby that Max. She called the car. You're out of here soon, buddy. Yeah. How does he dress? What do you mean? Look at this big house over here it's a major... what do you look at? I came into the world in 1961. I'll meet you. All it is you climb the three stairs to get to the platform, you sit on the train, you sit your ass down, you come into the city. Then I meet you, we take a cab down to Katz's. We stuff our faces, we have a couple of laughs, we walk around. Dad, what do you think? You hate the train? You know Grandpa, there are a lot of nice people to meet on the train. How about do people try to make friends with you on the train? Why, they knew to stay away? Yeah, yeah. Yeah, my father was trying to get some military biz. You never got that, did ya? That would have been a good job. Howard told me that these pants that I'm wearing are military pants they're gabardine. He says the military wears uses the gab gabardine. Yeah. Yeah, what about them? Yeah, I do like them. Yeah? Oh yeah? Why? I like the cream color, yeah they're nice. Yeah yeah. How are those shoes? How are those shoes? You get along with him? I get along with him well. I'm the only one. Are you ready to get going? Yeah, me too. I'm I'm just like you. I can't, yeah, I picked you instead. How you feeling? No seriously, you took the VW back into the shop? After I drove it? You got that goddamned mirror that keeps flipping over. The brakes are all right. What it needed was when you go into 4th gear over 40 it starts to rattle like hell. No, I don't like it. Well, why don't you drive into the city to see me? Could you if you had to for emergency? What what do you mean you would? You could do it? You'd get on to the LIE and take that car into on? What would you take the side streets then? Yeah. You take the Southern State. But you could if you had to drive into the city. Yeah, yeah. How's how's your reading? You know what I'm reading? Thomas Mann. Yeah, it is that's why it going slow. Doctor Faustus. That's why it's going slow. But it's good. It's a slow book. What the hell? Next up is Émile Zola. You like him? Gertrude Stein? You like her? She's a Yid. She's a lesbian. You never knew any lesbians in your day? You did? Who? What at Comfort? Really? Really? But you do approve. What? When am I gonna see you again? Next next month I'm gonna see ya? We saw you what, two weeks ago at your house we had a good time. It was two weeks ago. You kicked me the hell out. You said I've got to take a nap. Get out of here. Get goin'. You know what we did? Yeah, we went to Roosevelt Field. I'm a big boy. I haven't been to Roosevelt Field in years. That place has gotten enormous. Yeah yeah big mall. When was the last time you were there? You like the mall? You like some of the local

storekeepers in Cedarhurst? Who do you like? How... Ask my father about those games he'll tell you about it. What do you mean you're gonna look? For what? What you're not gonna live here forever? Go to Fayetteville. It's a nice place. I was almost born there. When I was a few days old I was in Fayetteville. My Dad was called what up when, how old was I a week or two old? Oh, is that right? Are you actually thinking of, uh, going to down to Carolina? I thought you loved the cross country skiing. Why don't you go why don't ya why don't you live in the country and then drive up to Amherst Dad? But you got the country house. Why don't you retire up to the country house you got the lovely snow in the winter. I mean, you could drive over the Amherst. What is it about 45 minutes? Yes, eight years he's saying. What is it the Gross's are looking to retire in North Carolina also? A lot of Klan activity down there. I wouldn't move down there. Lot of you got what do you want some crosses burned on your lawn? Hmmm? Periphery? The center. Gabardine. I got. I got every I get all my attitude from him too, my outlook on life. Yeah. I wish I had a sunnier temperament. I'm a little dark, you know. Slightly dark. I don't know where I would get that from. Yeah. I tell you, aw, I'm gawna sit out here all day and watch the goddamned fisherman. Why not? I hate the goddamned birds. Right. Yeah. Aw goddamned birds, aw, the goddamned birds you see the goddamned birds out there Phil? I hate that goddamned guy out there, yeah. Aw, he's watching the rich people. I romanticize him. I romanticize him. Aw, so do I. I have a million friends. Uh, looks like 5 to me. I love goddamned people too. And animals. We both share a warmth for Maria, right? How is she doing? You hear from her? What is she she gonna make it? Get the goddamned car over here, will ya? Ma did. Get the hell out of here. I've had enough of you too buddy, pal. Aw, I had enough of you, enough socializing, enough animals. Goddamned sea! I hate it! The goddamned birds, to hell with them! Aw, the hell with them. She is really accident prone, isn't she? Ay. Don't do that on the... Max. You don't like her? Do you not like her? You don't like my wife. Why are you leaving? Why are you leaving so fast? Good-bye. All right Grandpa. David good to see you. Good to see you. I was just there recently. Good place. See ya Ethyl. Grandma, I'll talk to you soon. Good to see you for your birthday. All right, you're gonna get in the back here. Let's see if the car... No they're done. Look at them splitting wood there. Where do these go? Ma, where's the domestics? I can't believe that we're doing this stuff. Cheryl's a domestic. I knew I married her for a reason. Ja Ja Mrs. Goldshmiths. Mrs. Goldshmiths. Where's the baby? Ah. What's he been doing with himself? How's he looking? How's Jackie 2? The what? Who's that? Hi. Who's that? You like her? She's cute? Who's kid is that? You know her? Glad it's over? You came just for the baby? You did? Michelle, do you know Max? This is Margie's other baby, Max. Watch out. She's got two babies. Was he cute? Want a puppy? What kind, a mutt? I hear him. Cheryl this is Michelle. She's from across the street and she came to see the baby. Michelle do you want a piece of cake? She's so cute. You take a little home with you. Here. This is for now. You're welcome. She seven. My god, she's big. Max. Where? Need anything else done? Those chairs stay out there or they come in? So are you gonna come back here? We're just gonna tool around see if we can just blow a little. Where does this chair go? This one. We're just gonna take a little ride go a little try to find find some thrift go see some tag sales blow off a little time. You gonna be around? You gonna stay here? What? All right. Yeah yeah all right yeah. It's a nice day we're just gonna enjoy the day before it starts to rain. We're gonna be gone about 45 minutes. Roaming around, me and the wife. Where's the towel? Where's Cheryl, in there? Just just the food was

good. The company was lively. Where's Max? Is he sleeping? Why is he sleeping? Really? He needs the he needs the sleep? Like my new shoes, Mom? See them? I just got them. Pretty, aren't they? I'll wear them Monday night. They're nice, I mean, they're weird, aren't they? Yeah, they're like loafers. Kenneth Cole. Good name, huh? Kenneth Cole. It was fun. I like Ethyl and David. They're nice. Ma, why is Max sleeping? It's kind of weird that he sleeps in the middle of the day like this, isn't it? Is this baby do anything but sleep? OK, you you wanna make a plan for... you wanna lunch is probably easier for me than dinner. Let's see. Well, I got another job for NYU Law School. I'm doing a web site for them. A section of their law school so, that's good. NYU can certainly pay. You got a piece of paper you got a scrap this is a different wallet. So that's good. I went did Cheryl tell you about our Cybersuds? The cyber network event we went? Cheryl's trying to get involved in it too now. So, if I can get enough work no she could come work for me, she is very good. Oh, I don't like it. OK, 11:45 on what, Thursday? Huh? Thank you though, I'm all right. I don't like to carry more stuff around I've got a calendar at work. I I usually have a wallet my wallet usually holds these things. I wear t-shirts most of the time I don't wanna carry another thing around with me. I carry too much shit around with me as it is. Why don't you get an electronic one really...? You'll be waiting a long time for that. I know, yeah, you're gonna wait a long time for that one. Why don't you just carry a little tape recorder then with you, a little dictaphone? No, I know I know I. Why don't you have one where you type it in? You take your pen and go choo choo choo. Forget it, anyway, so we'll just do that on Thursday all right? Cause night times are just kind of booked. Kind of a busy time late spring May late April May and June in the artworld are the worlds were in are a very busy time. Always have been. OK, that'll be fine. You understood it, huh? Did you get a sense of what you were up to? Did it give you a sense just a I know you had a little trouble with it as a reader did it give you a sense of what I've been up to? Yeah? Good. But you got the idea of the book? Well Geoff's publishing it, you know? And it'll be out, well, he says this summer but I I, like I said, we're not gonna see it for a while. But it's good. You know, it's very good. Yeah, it was nice of them to write it up, wasn't it? Well, he had been following my stuff, you know, he had just he likes it and I guess the time was right, you know, there were a couple of other artists that were doing stuff with words and they figure that's, you know. I was happy. I'm glad you read it, though. It's a good magazine. A lot of people see it. It hasn't done any, there's nothing to do really. I mean, there's nothing to sell. John and Karin got a call for a couple of people asking if they want a copy of the book but. It was great, you know, I was disappointed with the artworld's capacity to take in language, that's that's fine, you know? It's honest I I I think that's good, you know, it reveals how an artist goes from doing one thing to another. You know if that show was successful and I thought it was successful, I'd continue doing gallery stuff. What it says is we get from one place to another by not always by the good things but the bad things lead us to other places too. Disappointment and failure and misunderstanding too can also be an opening, you know, a blossoming and that was what he was, I hope that's what people would get that from what he was saying. People would get that, you know? You think so? I sent a copy to Grandpa Philip. Anything long enough, you know, get people. You've been getting written up for years and years. An executive coming into the industry would love to get the press you get but, you know, you know people you stick around, right? Camel you're not doing Anne Klein II anymore? Is that a were you a licensee for

that. So you got business canceled, huh? I'd love to see it, I'm sure. Well, well oh look at that little thing that little is that new that little is that new that little chest of top of the chest on top of the drawer? Is that yours? What's in it? Who got you that, Mom? You happy about it? How's Max, is he cute? Cool cool kid, isn't he? Yeah, so was I. I was a good kid until Margie came along. Yeah, Mom told us yester hey did Mom have a good time seeing Cheryl? They get along, huh? You know, this is good. Well that one talk the talk that the big talk we had this winter did it. I'm I'm happy it's a lot it's a big load off my head, you know? Get along. You too. Let them just, uh, let them get along for god's sake. Neither do I. I don't hear it either. I never hear it. It's so easy they're both so easy to deal with now. It's very nice. Oh, we had a good time with Mom. I'm gonna go to the opera cause Cheryl can't make it. No, no, this is another, believe me, this is not the not the girl. This is a dopey high school assistant that was was really my assistant she was really sweet, no it's not. I wouldn't believe me I wouldn't wouldn't take her to dinner. Well, uh, this is a really sweet, actually about nineteen now she was kind of a this girl who who was very straight. She hate hated every all the art I was doing but she's a straight arrow and, yeah, she took me to her mother's house for dinner in Poland and she's really nice. She's just a kid. You like that Max. He got a personality now, huh? Piss and vinegar? He eats it up, I mean, there are a lot of there are a lot of great kids that don't turn out to be such great adults, so he's got a he's got a lot of work to do. It ain't gonna be that easy. What's the story with Isabelle? She's so sleepy. Not like this. Is she cute? Oh boy, the grandparents. I can't believe they're still around. Grandma's 85 Grandpa's gonna be 89? They're gonna live a few more years? Yeah. One of them, huh? You think Rosalind's gonna go first because of her health? The lung thing? He seems to be doing OK. He seems to be the same as he has for several years. She's having trouble breathing, huh? What's the latest with Susan? No more therapy? Is anything happening with the guy? Amie's having a lot of trouble. Amie's getting into a lot of trouble. It's not good. See the same thing hanging around with the wrong group of kids summer is coming, you know, Don and Melanie are not forcing her to go to some kind of creative place. She's gonna stay around Holden this summer. She's getting really bad grades in school, like C minus. You know, a lot of C minuses, that's not good. She's not a dumb kid. She's just off on a wrong track. It's not good. Cheryl's really worried about her. It's bad thought. She was gonna talk to Kathy about it. Cheryl's especially alarmed this week when she spoke to her father about how poorly Amie's doing in school, you know, cause Amie's an A an A an A potential, you know, an A potential. Yeah. Yeah, but you but we reach her sometimes and then it's back to the same old thing at home, you know, it's you gotta be you have to have somebody there every day. Yeah, we'll they've certainly tried and it's not it's not working. Yeah, Cheryl's pretty upset about it. Listen I wanna go cause we got to get back into the city and I want to take a little ride with Cheryl. Look at these guys fishing, Dad. What are they you can't eat the fucking fish from there, can you? Do people swim there? What did they say? Great. They've said it's all right to swim. It's nice to have an alternative. Where's the pool gonna go? Right behind those trees? We it's gonna be next to La Rosa's or beyond those trees? All right, we'll catch up, we'll catch up. Yeah still, huh? We'll find out where the where the wives are. Cheryl wants to get back. We have dinner with her art dealer tonight. All right, let's we're gonna take a little ride first. Take a little ride I need to clear my head I've got too much family, thanks. No. Let's take a little ride,

sweetie, before it gets too late. I wanna go to some yard sales, see if I can't pick up some records for my show. It wasn't me. Can we borrow keys to a car? C'mon Cher we're gonna take a little ride. Kenny G. needs a little a little family space here. To be honest, I love you guys, but I'm a little bit burnt. At least I'm honest. Come come come. OK, we'll be back in a little while. Dad, I'll see you in a little while I'll prob OK, where is it in the garage? OK. Where? C'mon Cher. OK. All right, we'll we'll be back in a little while. Ready? Oh, we're gonna go out this way, honey. Whoops! All right all right. It was OK, it was OK. Oh my. Oh no. Bye. Hey I'm Ted's son. How you doin'? You guys doing a little trimming? Nice to see ya. You look like you're doing a lot of work over there, huh? All right. Did you eat that cake yet? OK! See you in a little while. We'll be right back. Slight detour. She's so adorable, isn't she? Both the kids? Yeah. That was that was tiring, huh? I just wanted to get out of there for a little while, god, you know? You agree with me? Who? Make what worse. Like I wanna get out of here? It's OK. They know it and they love it. How you doing, you tired? I just wanted to escape with you for a while. I was just getting claustrophobed out. Monkey shine. Monkey goes. My grandmother, she's not doing so good, huh? All that huffin' and puffin'. See any yard sales yet. Just cruise around a bit. I would think that this weekend would be a great yard sale weekend, wouldn't you? Get some funky shit. Fonky shit. You remember Dave and Karen's wedding and we drove around with Nick and Elizabeth? Wasn't that weird? Isn't it weird how like a friendship can just vanish? I think it was that weekend in the country that did it, huh? You ever think about them? They're off somewhere. Now my father's talking about retiring in 8 years to North Carolina. What I, uh, much of this trip is about about is, uh, with the with the, uh, Gross's to see what's happening in North Carolina. Yeah. Yeah they're thinking of going to someplace like Chapel Hill, like a university town in the South. Yeah. Uh huh. The latest plan. What? Yep. Pretty wild, huh? Yeah. Look at that woman in purple over there in the sari. Look at that at that group over there. Colorful Indian saris. It looks like an Indian family, doesn't it? Yeah, so this is their latest plan. This is what they're looking into. They're looking into, uh, moving to North Carolina. No, they want to be in a university town, some place where it's a little bit warmer. Uh, they wanna be able to sort of take classes and be stimulated but be somewhere that's really pretty. Uh, what do you think? No. They're going down. I don't know, really, I have no idea. Hi sweetie. Yeah. I don't see too much going on here. In the way of yard sales. Huh, let's just take a little ride, huh? Clear the old head out, what do you say? Sale. You never know when a sign's just gonna pop up like that, huh? You OK, hon? Max is cute, huh? He's so adorable. That was fun with him by the shore. The thing in the street here, it's kind of weird. Maybe it's Sunday. Could be. Could be. Sorry kids to disturb your game. It's a little bit of a dead end. I used to know a girl that lived somewhere around here. I used to know a few people who lived down here. Doovie once got hit. One night, one Friday night we were walking right here, right along Shore Road up here and this guy, like wailed Doovie in the stomach. Yeah. Sale. It's Sunday. Ha ha ha. No, I thought this was today. Yeah yeah. Right here. Just just as we were walking by Doovie he took his fucking fist and wailed him, knocked the wind right out of Doovie. Doovie was hurtin for certain. I'll never forget that. We just walked on, you know. Do you remember we went here to the Diwan Indian Cuisine? You've never been here? My parents? I've been here a few times with them. Anyway, yeah, so Doovie got slammed in the stomach and we just kept walking. We're gonna have lunch on Tuesday if you want to join us. David and I.

Sleepy, boo? Wanna kick back and take a nap? Max gets so excited about little things, doesn't he? Every little thing is like whoa! Like turn it up, all right! It's all exciting, isn't it? He's so cute. He's a good boy. 105 Summit Road, yeah, here we are. Tons of everything. Moving garage sale. We have we have no idea where Summit road might be. Keep an eye open. Garage sale. Oh, 31 Avenue B, OK, I know where that is. What? Ethyl is Grandma's sister. Can't you see the resemblance now that you think about it? Really? Huh? Really, I can. I can see it so clearly. She's Grandma's younger sister. Now this is Manorhaven. This is where Robert Morgan's daughter lives. So, we'll go to Avenue B. We'll go look for the sale at Avenue B, sure. Manorhaven. Now this is Soundview. This is where most of my good friends Ellen and Pohley lived in Soundview. Many many good friends of mine lived here. Huge, huge, like fifties housing development. This used to be all sand pits and this was just this really, yeah, oh yeah, and they were like they, you know, originally they were like something like ten thousand dollars now of course they're like four hundred thousand. Yeah. Yeah. I don't know. This was many many of my best friends lived here. This is where Ellen's mother used to like rake the carpet and stuff. Yeah, this is wild. This is like that book Suburbia, isn't it? Yeah. Used to used to rake the carpet. You couldn't if you walked on the carpet Ellen's mother would flip out and you'd have to you'd have to take the rake and. Oh yeah, yeah. Many, many. Urban look, right. Doesn't it look like they're from Houston or from Kids or something? I knew that you'd find this fascinating with the chains and the whole deal, yeah. MTV, yeah. This was all sand pits. I actually recall, uh, when I was really young I had a friend who lived here when this was being built and this was all being carved out of a big sand pit, you know, this whole area is one big sand bar. It's insane, isn't it? It's like also how could they all be as expensive as they are all now, I mean, you just can't, yeah, it's huge. It's just Soundview is sprawling. I mean, Soundview is, if you could get a view down from here which you can't anymore, I mean, it's absolutely. Yeah. Yeah this is post war suburbia. Yeah, now this is no longer Soundview. These houses are a touch older but just as close together. Very densely populated, isn't it? Avenue B I believe is down this way. Like the school, right, so we got to go down one more. The yard sale scene is a little disappointing, isn't it? This is the older model, isn't it? All things being being relative. Disgusting, isn't it? Curves, huh? Is this fun driving around? Wanna go to the thrift shop instead? Yeah, we'll head back into town. I think this is just kind of blah. So Margie's just preoccupied with being a mother, huh? 100 percent of her attention? She's so absorbed in it, isn't she? Here's Avenue C. Avenue B. Oh, this is one way. It's one back. What do you think? Yeah. Is this Long Island, Cher? It could be a whim but this is one of the reasons to check the area out. Yeah, they'll probably sell it I mean they won't sell it but I mean the kids will get it or something, you know? OK, here's Avenue B. What do you think of Avenue B. I hope we find a sale. Yeah. It's all just one version of ugliness after another. This is the way most of America live, you know? Well, what's up with the yard sale? We see signs but we we've just driven the entire length of Avenue B. No luck, huh? Look, there's a sign too. I guess. I don't think, no, it's only 3:30. Oh well. We'll drive back into town and hit a thrift shop or something fun. IBM. Harbor Home. You know Harbor Homes here is where all the blacks lived? Huh? Roger Drive. Oh, let's see between 13th and 14th. Yeah, I mean this is totally the ghetto. It is. See black people in there? What? How they live? No no seriously. Are you saying that? Are you joking? Are you serious or are you just or are you just joking me. Serious. Do you think it's a bummer

that the blacks get shoved into these horrible places? It's not pleasant, it's not, I mean, you know, this living is really not nice. You joking around. Oh, I knew people who lived in these houses and well, well, well, Cheryl. I spent many nights walking this strip with a beer in my hand with a frozen Michelob in my hands. I wonder why kids in high school love Michelob, that was the sort of. Sort of, you used to have Michelob? It was shit, wasn't it? You love me? With me? Why me? Am I bad? I mean I was good today. Wasn't I wasn't I helping out and sweet to the old people? So, what's the problem? Wasn't I serving drinks and cleaning up? Wasn't I? Why are you mad at me? You burnt? You're not pissed at me? Am I in the dog house? A little bit? For what? I am act out? I think there's a I think there's a train in 15 minutes and the other one's in another hour I think we're we're not gonna make that one in 15 minutes even if we gunned it. We could spend the extra hour, say we got an hour to kill we could spend it at home or we could kind of spend it cruising around. What do you want to do? Wanna try to hit the thrift shop or something? Bayside Avenue. There's one on Bayside. Where the hell is Bayside? I don't know, 9 Bayside. Look at Starbucks Coffee. That's kind of scary and ugly, isn't it? Wanna go in? I thought I was nice. What when I was like... Oh, that was just a joke. But it just happened that once, even though once is too much. Yeah. Come let's go, in baby. Yeah, we'll talk, yeah, let's let's yeah, I will. I thought the fact that I only did it once was pretty good. Yeah, I tried. I can't, you know, I'm trying. I wouldn't leave my bag there, baby. Help yourself. How are they? Oh, whatever was gonna catch my eye, but. Nope, nope. I just like music if I saw anything that was gonna catch my eye I would have... Uh, indiscriminate? Uh, there's a whole, uh, there's about a hundred albums there that I dislike. Oh, I know I like most music but these, nothing caught my eye there. Nothing did I wish I wish it had. I do like vinyl. I don't I never replace my needle. Haven't in many years just let it let it grind the records down to dust. Yep. I got a got a lousy stereo so, uh, so that it, yeah, CDs sound just like records. It all sounds bad. Yeah, it all sounds bad on my stereo if I had a good one, I couldn't play my records. Uh, everything from classical to jazz to rock to blues to country whatever whatever's good I like. Not not the genre. I just like good music. You? I'm going to the opera tomorrow night. To the Met. Yep. No, uh, Monday night Monday night I'm going to the Met. Romeo and Juliet. Should be nice. No, it's Gounod. Yeah yeah. I love opera. Cheryl, what do you see? Oh, that's nice. I like that little sweater. OK, take care now. It's a little beat up, yeah, it's got a little stain on it, yeah. That's pretty. Ew, it's a little expensive, isn't it? Well, that was fun. I I'm not that crazy about it. I'm not like, whoa, you gotta get it. Two or three dollars I'd say it's cool but I don't it doesn't doesn't look that good. You think so? Cher, you ready. You think there might have been medals? Look they're gone! Ghost Motorcycles is finished! Wow! Wow! That's the end of an era, huh? Ghost Motorcycles is completely gone. Wow. Yeah, Cher, you have a point I totally agree with you, you know, old habits are hard to break. Uh, old habits are really hard to break. I can get it under control sometimes and do pretty good. One outburst is one too many and I agree with you. Um, but it's better than I usually am. You know, I just kind of anger toward my sister I can't say I would be lying if I didn't if I didn't say I wasn't getting getting some pleasure out of getting her riled, you know, I can't, you know, stand her whole kind of mellow and cool and stupid attitude towards things and if I can rile her, I mean I know it's wrong, but, you know, if I can do these things I, you know, get some kind of a, uh, definite pleasure out of doing it. It's not right, but it is honest,

you know, and I appreciate you making me aware of it and hopefully I'll have the maturity to get over it, um, you know, sooner than later and it won't become an issue, you know, because it's not good for anyone it just makes everyone real uptight and it reinforces old behavior patterns and, you know, every all that stuff is crap and um, you know, I tend to agree with you on all that stuff so, should we just just bop into this funny place once quickly and then we'll go back to my folks house? You know, so one, you know, after that once it's I agree, it's one too many times to be doing that, you know, definitely. You know, I don't... You find anything? They're ugly. Yeech. I don't know, I mean, I don't know if we really need them. They're not so, no, these are all ugly. You like those? Batik? OK. You wanna get them? Cheryl, no I mean, some day, yeah, I mean it is cool but we have nowhere to put it. No we can't. Yeah, they're cool. OK. I'm gonna nibble on it while we're shopping here. It looks looks good. There you go. I got one cent for you. There ya go. You want some non sugar chocolate? In there. This stuff. Cher, these I like. You like them? Would you like a piece? I got half in my pocket. Very good, thought. There's no sugar in that, you know. There's no sugar in that. The choc the chocolate bars. No, I don't see. What do you see? Cane sugar. Yes. I think they're groovy. I think they're extremely seventies. They are. They're cheesy, but they're nice. OK. Let's just forgive each other, OK? No more fighting. Cause cause you you're just being hard. Yeah, let's just forget it, let's just...OK? Let's just say that we'll keep doing the best we can do and keep reminding each other to do a little bit better. So, it's a little after 4. Well, some disappointing thrift shopping. Not much, huh? They are nice. Oy vey. I don't like cloth napkins. I always feel like every time I use them I'm staining irreparably staining them. You know, cause I'm such a pig. All the crap that I'm wiping off my face stains the shit out of them. Uh, I'm tired. Me is tired. Now, what openings are you going to tonight? Tell me, what's the schedule with you and Stefano? Is Stefano is Stefano a friend of Michael Joo? Now if we're lucky we might be in time for Sue Gross and child. Yep. Sue Gross with child. What do you think? Aren't these the goldenrod is turning yellow? The goldenrod is turning yellow the circus is in town. So are you disappointed that Ariana is actually a man? Well, it looks like there's no Sue Gross to be had here. May parent's lawn looks lousy, aw. Hi, he's cute. Hi baby. Hi. It ain't working. Yeah my Dad took it. To do some errands. My Dad. You love me, hah? You love me, hah? Now we actually if we walk to the station. Would you like to do that? Or would you rather get a ride? OK, let's go get some feud. That's a nice table. Yeah. Hey, Cheryl look! Look what's look what's here. Look! Look! Fuck. That's pretty neet, huh? And look! Yeah. That's funny. In which bedroom? The one we live in currently? The one we live in currently? I have to get, all right? OK. Yeah we're gonna make a 4:44. Would you drive us over to the station? Thank you. We didn't see any there's no thrift there's no tag sales going on this weekend. I don't really understand why. Hey there, kids. Mmmm, food was good today, huh? That part I'll skip thanks. What do you mean wanna bet? What do you mean by that? Working holidays was the name of but you guys were going with the Gross's. Are you really looking to move down there? Yeah, but what about your house in the country? What about staying here? What about what about your grandchildren? Get all you errands your errands done? Fun? What is that, Max? What does the duck say? Yes. You're a good boy. Cheryl just told me she'd like to get a house in Soundview. Max, Max, what does the swan say, honey? OK, the swan goes like this. Can you do that? What does the swan say? Max, what does the swan say, honey? Sounds like being married. Hey pop. Bye. Is there a lot of comparisons

going on at the Gross's? A lot of jealousies and after they leave ma, yeah. Yeah yeah, our is better. And Sue is gonna say, ours is so much more... OK, let's go. We got to make a train, baby. Good-bye Max. Step on it. Kids all helping out the father. Is he nice Dad? You like La Rosa? You have some was there something come between you two? What's he a doctor? The little girl is adorable, isn't she? So Grandma was happy. All right. I mean does that make them happy or is she just saying that? They always say that like even when when Cheryl and I went to visit them two weeks ago that was the highlight. Not a lot of things going on. Uh, listen we're gonna run up cause we got just a minute. Listen, we're on for Thursday. What are you gonna order? Jap chee. All right. The duck? Is he throwing some tantrums? I'm about to throw a tantrum now.... There was a message from Alix. She wanted to find out what you thought about Richard's show. She showed up late. And she's going to Tony's opening tonight. You look great. You look warm enough. That should be fine. You look beautiful. You got a yeah yeah yeah. Fix your collar. In that mirror over there, no, it's a little ripped. Cheryl, I'll see you at La Paella at nine, OK? All right? Yeah. Bye. Yeah. Yeah. See you there then. Andrea hi it's Kenny. Told you I'd call you so I am. Uh, I'm in and out. I'll try you again, uh, tomorrow evening. See ya, hon. Or email me. I'm always there. Bye. The show closes tonight so they're having a closing dinner for that. To a restaurant called La Paella on 9th St... There's a problem with my eyes, you know. You know?... India in August... You're so crazy... It's incredible... that I like... so I'm seeing it everywhere... aw, we'll get there. So when have you seen Suzanne? Yeah, I haven't seen her in years. What are you guys doing? Really? Great. Is Gary doing the race car thing again? We saw, uh, we saw you at Michael Smith's thing briefly. We have been around lately. What are you talking about? I don't either. Nor do I support it. So I have a feeling I'm not gonna be able to find Cheryl in this space. So is there anything other than eyeballs? Wanna go look? No no no. All right... You want to... no I'm not... is cactus still on?... yeah... congratulations. You know Cheryl grew up next door to Melissa. Yeah yeah yeah. I mean, we've known Melissa forever and we didn't make it to the opening but we took Cheryl's entire family over there. That's right, I was like, oh I know I saw Preema's work it looked really good. It was a really nice show I thought. No she's, Melissa's really great. Where? Where is it going? Really? Cool, cool. I knew I saw something of yours around. That's good. What else? Anything else? Good-bye. Good to see ya. Well, I'd like to. I'll see you soon. Bye Susan. So good. The last and also you did this big party that I wasn't able to make it across the street from my office. And how was that, was that fun? Like a Saturday night with DJs and everything? Where at HERE as part of the as part of the show with Melissa? That was where you had that party? No. Yes it is. Put me on your mailing list so we know about these things. Do you have our address through Ellen or..? Do you do mailings or not really? Yeah, let us know. Let us know. All right. I'll see you soon, OK?... Testing. Testing. Testing. Testing. Again. One two. One two. One two. What's more... please, please. Once more hello. Fresh batteries... batteries. Boar is off please come in... fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. This is awful I guess I'm going to have to talk like this. Well, it seems like the mic is dead... diddle... yeah this is a test. I don't know if this can hear me or not. This is another test and I'm not sure whether this can hear me or not... How you doing? I'm going to Greenwich Avenue between 12th and Bank please. Uh, no go to 6th Avenue and go up to Greenwich and make a left. And we'll just go up Greenwich until we find it. Cause I'm not sure where, I think yeah it's got to be towards what

do you say towards the end of Greenwich there? Yeah, might as well, it's easiest. Thanks. Uh, I let's see we're going to between Bank and 12th. OK? So, let's see, yeah between 12th 12th Street and Bank so yeah it's up a bit. Yep, it's 93 Greenwich. So, we'll we'll find it. It's somewhere up here. Yeah, so we'll just go up to 93. Yeah, no I'm sure it is. Yeah, I'm gonna I'm just gonna hoof it, man, just just give me change for six. It just I'm running late. All right. Thanks. All right. Hi, how you guys doing? Sorry getting over here was like a nightmare. I had to yeah yeah, what can I say? Yeah, I figured I was gonna get some shit from you people. I had to get out of the cab and walk over here there the traffic is so awful. Yeah yeah. Sorry? I think the cabbies make too much money it cost me like seven dollars to get over here from Houston and Broadway. Old fashioned, huh? Oh, it was my grandmother's 85th birthday today. Gotta look good for Grandma, yeah. Wow, there's a name from the past. Where did you guys go? Oh, where does she have an opening? Ah. How was it? They're back on Renwick Street now? They're back in that old loft where they started? I haven't been over too. Yeah. It's where Paul Bloodgood had his loft used to have his loft shows over there up the stairs and they had that really really great roof area with that amazing view? 79-80? 34, 35, 36? Cause I went to, uh, Metro. It was nice, yeah. A little shticky but it's uh, you know, I mean he's just really riding that border between kind of schmaltz and kind of expo curio stuff especially the little dolls he's got a piece downstairs with like 5 little dolls with projected heads it's like I you know. Right right right. He's really riding an edge there. It can go either way I think. Yeah, but Weg but Wegman just, you know, right if he. Right right. Yeah, right but no I mean the videos were clearly great and the get get rid of the dogs, Bill! They like dogs but get rid of them. So I kind of, you know, I had some problems with it I mean, they're really nice objects these eyes. They're big they're, uh, cylinders like, you know, about that size and they've got his projections on it but what he's done is he's gotten very close up to just photograph and eye. And it's also sort of interesting cause video's generally so flat it actually wraps around. They're they're they're spheres with eyeballs projected on to them and they're very they're really... it was noisy upstairs I don't think there was a soundtrack and the eye, you know, it was a human eye so it was constantly moving and flickering and looking every which way. They're very creepy and sort of powerful at first and the after, like, the 15th one in the gallery and there's a gallery of all eyeballs and it's all dark, um, which the all dark sometimes, you know. Yeah, so I mean I think, you know, the upstairs gallery falls on the side it's OK the downstairs gallery is like little dolls cheesy, you know, expo. You know, people you know, they're intrigued they like it. It's very accessible, so. It was pretty pretty crowded. I saw a lot of people I knew. I, it's very, good. The work looks great, yeah. Somebody nobody ever heard of but I think he's really kind of a great, in his own way he's a great artist. Cheryl can't stand it but I mean it's somebody who's so far off the beaten track. At Luise Ross. A gallery you've never heard of an artist you've never heard of but I the show looked really good, you know, it's really... No, I think there's, no I really I really do think there's more to it than just symbols. Yeah, it's just you being cynical. Symbols cynical. I like I like it. So, how long a wait do they say we have here? There's one of these papers that I actually kind of like. One of these cheesy West Side ones that actually, you know the one has the one that has the like Harper's Index on it? The Harper's Index thing is actually no actually I think it's called the Westsider? Of all of them I think it's the most interesting.

Cheesy is a great one, man. Fromage, supreme. No, isn't it? It it really it's it's so good. You guys live right near here sort of. Are you go come here you like this place? Huh, well, how did how did we discover it? The cheesy, uh. Oh, was this written up? Oh, no wonder why there's a wait. No wonder there's a wait. Last last Friday there was a... I don't know it. No. Really, I've never been to Mexico, have you? Is it great? We've got to go. I know, I can't I we've been to Tijuana I like your shoes, they're very cool. Cheryl, look at these shoes. Aren't they lovely? Where did you get them? My wife this big black lady in Penn Station with like 16 kids comp complemented Cheryl on her shoes today. She was like, yeah, is that right? The artworld the the the the big black lady world coming back from the circus with her kids. Never never the twain shall meet except in Cheryl's feet. You see, Cheryl, it's the the bi-tonal color on those. The brown and the white. Right right. The brown and the white are attracted. We went to this thing called Cybersuds the other night which was at the Knitting Factory which was an Internet kind of networking kind of party thing. Exactly. You've never seen a bunch of uglier guys in your life. The only uglier are the listeners at WFMU. Ken Ken Freedman said it's flypaper for fuck ups. The radio station. I'm like, why am I there? So Cy... Cybersuds was like like. Cybersuds was totally white. It's so white, it was so weird. It was so, right. Oh, I'm still hungry. I'm glad I didn't have to wait too long. You know, you know it was. Oh, now you know how it feels, daahling. She's the worst. I'm always on time. I'm always on time. I'm stuck on being there on time. Cheryl's horrible. Grandma had like a lot of something on today, like, rouge or... She got a little pleasure in life. Too much Manischewitz. No, I poured her the biggest fucking vodka ever. It was a sick glass of vodka. Those old people can, like, Uncle David too. Uncle David who looks like he really looks like he's embalmed. He's got that leather. He's very pale. He looks dead. They can really suck this stuff down. Speaking of which, I'd like a beer. What a nightmare. It sounds like a soundtrack, doesn't it? It sounds like a really bad soundtrack. Yeah, no no. You're right. Nice color green though back there. It really does. It's very duji. See the what? Uh, blah blah blah... Suffer. What do you have that's veg for these guys? I guess... Hey what am I thinking of those things that, oh, tamales. Do you have them? For main course? He what? Me too. No, no really, Stefano. Hey did I tell you how nice you look tonight? I love your shirt. We're getting better. We're getting better. I like those tamales. He is thin. You know you look great you know you look so thin, Stefano. I've been meaning to tell you that. He doesn't put weight on. Yeah but he doesn't put weight on. Like. So what is he, 140 now? I was like 180, 185. I was I was about 40 pounds heavier than I am now. I looked like cousin Julie. I was at one of these places with Bill Arning. Do they have one on, uh, Hudson Street? Do you have is this do you have one of these places on Hudson Street? What, you do? It's the only one. Yeah, we'll all we'll all grab them. I like canned beer. I really do. Really? Yeah I yeah I don't know. You know, I've gone from like from like being one of those kind of microbrewery beer lovers like. Can I bother you for some jalepeo? It's the only one. Yeah, we'll all we'll all grab them. I like canned beer. I really do. Really? Yeah I yeah I don't know. You know, I've gone from like from like being one of those kind of microbrewery beer lovers like. Can I botherken. Light beer tastes it's I can't drink anything darker than this anymore. Do you like those microbreweries? Have you guys been to Republic on Union Square? Isn't that place neat? It's like so it's like so totally stylin' and, yeah, and the food is good. We like the models. Yeah, yeah. So wait a minute so here's a toast to both you guys to a great

success of the show and great partnership. Congratulations to you guys. Great show. C'mon Stefano. Get your goddamned chip out of there, you know? You go awwww! Yo! Nice grab! Did you intend to do that? That was very nice. You're a ball player. That was unbelievable. Wait how many, how many are there? Too much primary. What is it? What are you gonna eat? What is this? Do you like Lupe's? Why don't you like it? When it was down below 14th? It was good. Yeah, I don't think it's not nearly as interesting as it used to be. Yeah, me neither. The last time I went it was just, yeah, really downhill, yeah. Used to be a storefront, yeah. You ever go down to West Side Coffee Shop? On Church they used to, yeah yeah. It's so close to the gallery, yeah. Did you order enough food or not? Yeah, no they're small. How big are these tamales? They're small? I'll have I'll have, uh, veracruzano tamale a chicken tamale, is that enough? Is that that's not enough. No no no no no they're small you said, right? We don't know the portions, you see, we've never been here. Right well and if I right. OK. How about a side of rice and beans. Will that do it you think? OK, and a and jalepe enough?h yeah yeah. If I'm hungry we'll get some more. So what did Michael Joo do tonight? More. I never thought Michael was like a particularly interesting artist I mean I always thought he was somebody who was trying to find his voice. I like that. I thought the video was good. He's such a nice guy, right? You like him? Is he cute? I agree with you. I didn't recognize I didn't even recognize him at your opening. No, with the long hair. Yeah, he was at your opening. I didn't even recognize him at your opening and I'm like he's like, hey, how you doing I'm like hi how you doing I didn't even know who it was. Is it? Is it? Are we gossiping or what? All right, I'll stop there I have more information for you but I won't tell you. No no no. Is she nice? What part of them before her? You know I think it was the book. Do you know her? But you know her. Yeah. How do you feel about her? Do you like her? Really, I think she's really crazy. Did you and Cheryl have that talk already? Oh, yeah, Cat. Right, I like Cat, yeah. She's she's like really insecure and she's always flattering too much and she's flirting too. Flirty. I don't know you that well. I think she's a lesbian. I think she's a lesbian. No, I mean, everybody's everyone's experimented. Very dark hair. Short, about Cheryl's size, dark eyes, dark hair. Kind of a little pinched features. Sort of about down to here sort of sets a little bit. Who is that? Alix she's kind of quiet and she's kind of kind of cool and she takes a long time to warm up to. Right right. Um, Andrea not Alix. I'm sorry not Andrea. Alix is right. I'm thinking of Alix. Anyway, what I heard what I heard what I heard didn't live up to my image of Michael who I think is really sexy. The reality was different I heard. Yeah. Well, now I don't we don't know when this occurred. I like Roddy. He's so nice, yeah. Oh, I know Helen. Sure, we all used to work for Allan McCollum back in the day I like Helen, sure. That's how I met Roddy and Helen. Helen and I used to work, like we were getting paid to hang out at Allan's and we would just watch soap operas. She was so funny. I like Helen. Right, right. I like her. So, who else I mean, you didn't know Mary Jo Marks from the Graduate Center. I mean I remember Mary Jo went out to dinner with us but were you friends with Allan? I worked for Allan for years. I like him, actually I really like Allan. Well, he is I mean I would never want to be involved with him. Do you know Rich Leslie from the Graduate Center? Yeah, yeah. He's a nice guy a little fat a little beard. Do you know Jennifer Borum from that group? So, OK, I know your whole group there. You know you know Michelle White? Yeah. Pasty and white and weird. She's terrible. Now, let's dish now. Oh, I'll be I know her. Do you know do you know Monica Amor? I like Monica. She neurotic. I don't know

you think she's bright? I think so. I was in the show that she put together in Caracas. Yeah, Caracas connection. I went to like her mother her mother's house. Oh, her parents are just lovely, actually. They're Spanish. Is she pretty? I don't think so. She's sexy but she's not pretty. She gets these guys but. No, she doesn't do it for me either. You should have seen the guy she's going out with who's this this son of a diplomat. He was just gorgeous, I mean he was very pretty. Yeah, she's got the money, she's got the style. She doesn't do it for me, she just doesn't do it for me. So I know your whole group from the Graduate Center. Jennifer Borum, she's nice. I do know the name, I'm sure I know her. Who? The name is familiar. Kim? I may that may be everyone I know at the Graduate Center. God, She's been there forever, hasn't she? Is she going out with anyone now? She's pretty. I think she's pretty but I have to be honest, I find her sad. I find her sad. I've known her for so long, you know, I've known her for ten years and I've sort of ten years ago I really thought she was somebody who was really she was working this power position at Castelli she's doing this real intellectual thing she's very bright and I thought she was really kind of gonna go for it and become a major player of some import somewhere. And like like ten years later she's still kind of, like, struggling. I know, but I would have thought that she I mean she I used to think that she was going to be very powerful. Yeah yeah. Well she used to have that kind of cold front but now that's kind of fallen off a little bit she used to have that I'm I'm I'm important front. Uh, basically. Was that a good group? She should be, I mean, I always thought he he cheated on her all the time. Oh no, I mean, honestly. No, it gets complicated, it gets very with personalities that we all know. Well, he was actually a nice guy to work for. You ask anybody who's ever worked for him. He was, you know, he treated his workers well. What can I say? Oh yeah? What's she doing? Oh yeah, we're dishing. Her. I think she's gay. I I think I think she's a lesbian. Really. No, the new cat. No no she moved to a new place and she's got a new cat. She's got a new cat. No like a woman that she's like she's completely bonded with and is in love with. Right right right. No, she wasn't. She was defending Claudia. She was defending Viv, kind of more dikey. Oh this is a little Total NY girl, ohhhhhh God. All right Stefano. Is she is she sexy on some level? I've heard, I mean I've heard from those who have actually been there that she's actually got a great body. No no no I mean I've talked to gym gym friends. I used to always ask Cheryl... No, but we no but the rumor was that we we both think he's very sexy Michael but it didn't live up to the to the, uh, visual experience of Michael. I think he's sexy. Don't you? No Michael no Michael right. No Michael could. Yeah yeah. You're right. Long hair and suits don't work. You look like a dick. You're right, no, you look like a dick. If you're wearing a suit. I, but I felt it. When my hair was very long I felt like a dick in a suit. I really did. I really did. I just knew, no Stefano's right it's just. You remember I had my hair very long, don't you? Salami curls. No, I looked like I looked like Kenny G. I looked just like Kenny G. Wanna see? I'll show you a picture. I sure do. On my li on my driver's license. Babe! And on my radio show I am Kenny G., that's my DJ name. Is that my weight on there? Yeah, well I was. It was all heavier. Oh they don't? Yeah, they used to. Stefano knew me back then. I was fat and I had long hair. It was a pity, yeah. I get all this fan mail. People on the Internet think I'm Kenny G. cause they do a search for Kenny G. and they come up come up with like my homepage and a mailto and I get all this email like the one the best one was from Korea. Kenny G. I think you sexy you do for me. Remember that? That's, uh, broken English like you're really sexy. Yeah, my homepage

is called Kenny G's homepage. So they think it's all I got fan mail from Mexico I mean it's really weird. I saw you in, you know, in Chihuahua or something. People on the radio they get so upset at FMU because FMU is all hipsters so that the fact that they have that they have a DJ named Kenny G., you know, really rubs people the wrong way. They get so upset. Yeah. Right. Like hi, I'm Kenny Goldsmith. I mean or is it hey, I'm Kenny G. at FMU, I mean, what's cooler, you know? Ken. I never was called Ken I because it was it was it was. When I was a kid I got so much of that I would never be Ken. Like for work or something? Yeah. Hi, it's Ken Goldsmith. Like you get in. Steve. Do you ever do people ever call you Steve? Steve sounds like, oh, Stef is nice. Steve is like like sounds like a male porno star. I'm sure people over the years have tried to call you it. What does your Mom call you? Who called you Jane? Janey. Oh, Jan, right. That's our age. We're plagued by these things. Kids coming up now have a whole new group. Did you guys read that article on Mason Reese in the paper? That was the saddest thing. Cheryl almost cried I mean we all read it! That was the best article ever! Cheryl what was the what was the. Babe, yeah. Yeah. I said to David picture analysis here is a she club and he still looked like an asshole. What is what what what was the saddest line in the article, Cheryl? Cheryl had the saddest line in the article about his fingers or something? His stubby fingers? I know, do you think he's getting laid now in the club? You think he's getting laid at all now in the club? You know have you I walked by that club the other night and actually the door was open I kind of peeked in. Yeah, the Milk Bar, right. Well what about what what was the name of like Gary Coleman what was the name of the show he was on and also the old Willis also got fucked up and Kitten Kitten robbed stores. What was her name, Kitten, right? What happened what's going to happen to Macaulay Culkin? About his parent. Yes I did about his parents. I loved that. It's it's so sad, like, horrible divorce, yeah. Right right and and the younger one the younger like sort of sinister, yeah, it's bad news. Yeah yeah. I think it's bad news. Yeah. Oh yeah. Well what was the younger the younger kid's name, like he was sort of a star? I mean Macaulay Culkin. Right right right. Yeah, he's got a they're trying. I thought he was in his day he was adorable. I love it. I love both of them. I scream. Really? How could you hate that? It was the best movie ever. Does she like children's movies? I love them. Did you see Babe? Wasn't that great? Bah ram ewe? I loved that. Bah ram ewe. Yeah. You are. He's a babe. Take your jacket. Does that mean we're together? We can share suits. Ken. Tacos Stefano. No, that's it. I want my jalepechildren's movies? I love them. Did you see Babe? Wasn't that great? Bah ram ewe? I loved that. Bah ram ewe. Yeah. You are. He's a babe. Take your jacket. Does that mean we're together? We can share suits. Ken. Ta How did they make the duck talk? Wasn't that just incredible? It was unbelievable. And animals. Oh no they were real animals, they were. Many animal trainers. Oh Stefano, you're so cynical. What do you mean there were no animals? They were all animals. There was a little bit I think less than you'd think. Two tamales and some rice and beans refried she's got. We both got oh Cheryl's got the refried. No Stefano's got the refried and I got the black. I did. I got two tamales. The ser I guess they weren't ready for the New York Times crush. I want my I want my jalepeales and some rice and beans refried she's got. We both got oh Cheryl's got the refried. No Stefano's got the refried and I got the black. I did. I got two tamales. The ser I guess they weren't rea. You enjoyed that? It was weird, wasn't it? No. What a weird what a weird movie. Can OK, any other beers besides my Tecate? Thanks. What did you see? Oh, I'm going tomorrow night no, I'm

going Monday night. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, we do, yeah. Oh, that's great. I'm glad to hear that. Great great great great that's a good rec yeah. Yeah, we go we go to the Met all the time many, like I'm an opera freak. Stefano, you can actually go and understand it, can't you? And we go. No, it's something nice for us to do together and she pays. Oh, that's one way and the other we have orchestra seats and the other and other way I get to go is. I like the Grand Tier that's where we saw La Boheme the first time. Oh, it was great. Yeah we just get 20 dollar seats and we sneak down and the other way I get to go is that John Lee, his father is like 80 and he had a stroke he's been a subscriber to the Met for about 50 years so he's got row D orchestra and he never wants to go and John can't stand opera so he calls me to ask me all the time if I want tickets. Which is amazing it's I mean you're really you know you're really I mean you're we we sat next to Renata Tebaldi when she was in town. We sat right across the aisle from from La Tebaldi. Nope nope. Yeah we saw her in Makropulos Case. She was good though. The food is good. Yeah. Oh really, where was this? You don't do that. Did you actually tie it and untie it? Greek. Stefano, like did you ever hang out in the clubs? Not even in the late '70s early '80s or? Oh, rock clubs punk clubs and stuff in the late '70s? Yeah. Where were you hanging out in in '79 '80? No, you were working in Soho, right? Yeah, I graduated high school in '79. Weren't you and Bill Arning friends in highschool or something? I mean cause Bill was in a rock band hanging out in like Club 57. He what? I remember them. I remember you told us this. Yeah. When I went to NYU in '79 to '80 I worked at The Jack Gallery. Perlow, she's now got her own gallery. She was god she was really we were selling like, yeah, she she was the director, yeah, and I was the shop boy there, yeah. She has a gallery, right, yeah. She has a cheesy gallery selling the same kind of crap she was selling at the uh, and it was where NaNa shoes is now. Back in those days West Broadway, you know, remem I mean it was there was hardware stores. There was a luncheonette on the corner of Prince and West Broadway, yeah. Huh. Yeah, I got fired from there because I lied about my age. I said I was older to get the job and somehow she found out and I was fired, yeah. No, she was a very severe Austrian woman and we did not get we just did not click. Yeah, no, my hair was down to my ass I was tripping on acid everyday, we just we just didn't get along. No, I remember Stefano that back then West Broadway, I remember one day being really really high on acid and it was a bright sunny afternoon and I remember walking down West Broadway and then like West Broadway between Prince and Houston on the left side of the street where they have cheesy galleries now they had like the Vorpall Gallery which was just as cheesy back in '79 and I recall seeing these Plexiglas sculptures and seeing the sunlight hit these cast solid Plexiglas sculptures and they no but I also remember cast resin, yeah, right and it was also the the and I remember though feeling that it was cheesy that it was cheesy then, you know, I knew nothing about art but I knew SoHo was cheesy even in '79 and then they we would go down to the Holography Museum. Yeah. Remember that place way down on Mercer? Yes it was. Yes it was. No it was like Howard, right where Howard blows into it yeah. Right right. SoHo was still cheesy. That's my point it was still it I don't remember SoHo when there wasn't the Jack Galleries or Food. I mean Food was a cheesy place. Right. But you must gone there. Well. Matta Clark opened this gallery, uh, Food? I didn't know that. Yeah by the time we all arrived tour buses rolled in there, yeah, it was bad. It's not like the Vorpall Gallery resin sculpture. Yeah well there was time when Fanelli's was hip too. I can't remember it. You don't remember it. It's always been hor. Did we see that Cheryl? Yeah. All right. Oh wow, that

sounds great. Yeah. That sounds good. Which where's the Spring St. Bar? On the corner? The one that's been cut in half? Yeah, but I'm sure it was different looking maybe. Mel and who? So listen Berry's. Nick Sheidy, uh, where does Nick go now? I saw Nick today, man, for the first time cause we live near Berry's I used to see Nick, man, I used fucking as recently as a year ago I used to see Nick literally crawling out of that bar. I mean it was. Nick is so sad. Nick was at our wedding as a date as Kathleen Cullen. No. What is what is it for? Ah! He fucked her! He fucked Keiko. He is a guy who she fucked and she said his balls smelled like Cheerios! This is pure Andrea Scott. The circle has come we've come full circle. We've come right back we met we met with Keiko. No, she's said... What? We were in a restaurant with her and he walks in and she says oh here comes Cheerios! What does that mean? Whatever that meant that nutty taste! Yeah, they were real nuts! No wait wait. Now who's fucking Keiko? Oh, Nick. Oh that's so funny. Keiko swimwear. It's so funny. Oh, my god. It's terrible, it's awful stuff. She was a client of his and they they slept together and had this big falling out. And then he gets these total babes, like Andrea. Dan goes out with models. Yeah yeah. I mean her bathing suits are... Nick Nick is a well, I mean, I can't talk about it you can talk about Nick. Nick Nick's a nice guy, you know. No, I don't know what Nick was like to work with day in and day out. Probably sad. Was he just dysfunctional at Sonnabend? No, we always thought it was bizarre. He had all this history that he was married to this black woman in the Seventies and they lived in Fort Greene and. Kathleen Cullen is the wife of Robert Mahoney. Nick by Nick? I wouldn't I wouldn't want to go in because I'd have to talk to him for an hour. Is he still work there? I haven't been there in a while I haven't been there since you left I used to just go for Stefano. Now, I don't know. Does he still work there? Is that gallery still open? He's the 60 year old boy at that desk. Which was when it was in 420. No, you were working in galleries that was '79. We went to a party once at Ron's. At one point at one point he was sort of powerful. His skin getting all dried out too, Cheryl. Yes. Stefano, I remember Karin Bravin adapted her little system of triangles and circles in the date book. I said some really sick thing where you color in you you make a triangle and then for for a date that's to come and then if you've confirmed it you divide it in half and color it in like halfway. And I said to Karin, what what is this? She's like oh Mary right right taught us to do this. Yeah, she was there with you wasn't she? Who? The older guy that Cat goes out with? I think Cat's kind of sexy. No, seriously I do, I really do. No, she's not my not my type at all. I like small, dark, ethnic women. However, she's tall but you know what, I mean, and I'm never I'm never even look but Cat for some reason she hits me right, yeah, she hits me right. I don't think that guy she's with I don't know him and I've seen him a few times. He's kind of older, kind of like forties, mid-forties. Kind of established, I mean, together they look pretty lovely. Very tall she's very tall. Yeah. I think Cat's sexy. What does he really? Really? He strikes me as such a successful looking he looks just like a businessman, yeah. Cat's boyfriend. So long ago? You are. You know what? We are. We don't we don't look old but we are. We have a history. Really really? Where at Friends? At Collegiate. Oh my god. Really? Is he a good guy? Do you like him? I can't believe that the two of you are connected through George York. I like George. Yeah. Was he gay then? I mean, I know he is now, yeah. That's funny and he came into your show but he has he followed your gallery? Really? Really? You mean that over all these years... He's so nice. Of course he has he has to. That's so cool. George. George was like actually he was really nice I mean, he's like

really neurotic and has bad breath. Cheryl and I didn't... His breath would just get horrible. How was his breath today? No kisses or... That's funny that he hasn't been in before. Was he proud of you how well you're doing? We we all have somebody like that in our past. I know your. Tom Moore. No, over all these years, you know, that's what people don't realize, you know, kind of, you know, some some dopey high school teacher is always influencing and shaping minds. Yeah, he's in it with his heart. Ah no, he did a great job at P.S. 1. He loved it, yeah. And look what he did. Obviously it influenced, you know, you in a really positive way, yeah. Yeah. Cool. Good for George York. That's very cool that he came in. I like George. So listen, I could use a coffee. Should we go stay here or go elsewhere? We... Yeah. Where is that, yeah. Well, we could do both. Oh, it or at, uh, wait. Oh, at Orleans. Bleecker, wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute, Bleecker. I know Bleecker between 6th and 7th you've got like like Faicco's pork store. OK, so where is Orleans? You wanna go over there? Is it happening now? Why don't we stop by, say hi. Sure. Now, do you have to go take your show down tomorrow or what? Starts at two and it's gonna go at least till six and then Bruce and Sally want to go out and get a bite afterwards so. Tomorrow afternoon. Two in the afternoon until six. Why don't you just go in the morning? Well, are you gonna be there in the a.m.? Like, what time. And you and if Stefano lets you in at eleven, you take down your show and then I'll meet you at Xenakis. Cheryl we're gonna go to Michael Joo's party. I mean, he's not what he was but but. Oh, it's for Aki too. I've known her for a long time. She's wonderful, she's really nice. What? It is parallel, especially the art circle. No, I've know her for... I've known her for so many years. Uh, we were, then we talked about like Mary Jo and Allan and the involvement there. With Andrea. That's good. Yeah. Good for Allan, good for her. I don't know, good for both of them. She's ripped through guys. I mean, I've met I've known several people who have gone out with her and she's just viscous. She's a man-eater, she really is she's completely a a she spits them out and chews she spits them up and chews them out. What do people see in her? What do guys see in her? No, I have no I have no. I can't tell you. Two guys that went out with her that I knew were weak characters. She's not sexy. Right. Is it the same shrink? Was it the same person you saw? Yeah. Yeah. Right. She never spoke to you again. She hates you to this day. Monique hates you. You'd never even know. Wanna bet? She couldn't deal with Cheryl after that the fact they saw the same doctor. Yeah, it's like seeing somebody at the gay bath house. Would that be an embarrassment? I mean, well, Stefano you're here? Kenny, you're here? Oh, she's not too bright. Don't Mary Jo we have too much weird history, yeah. That you know who? Oh, I can't believe Mary Jo doesn't know her. Everybody knows everybody here. How is it that Mary Jo does not know Andrea Zittel? Really. She's famous. Sure she's a famous, yeah, she's a very famous artist. The queen of fashion, yeah. The best story the best story I've ever heard about Jerry was that like one time years ago when Cary Leibowitz was hot, right, had his first Stux show and he was really ragingly hot and he had a party at a McDonald's downtown like at Wall St. and and and everybody was going and Jerry came a little bit late and he knocked on the door and the guard wouldn't let him in. He thought he was some schmuck going to get a burger! He and Jerry never got into that party they turned him away! No, that was Cary's sense of sense of iron irony. A bizarre man. Rook. Named Rook. So so Aki's a friend of yours. What happened to Rick Franklin finally? I haven't heard just just update. I want a quick update on Rick Franklin. I know she dropped him cause it was too much for her to deal with I know that. Where is Rick? Where is

Rain Man? Really? Really? He made Rain Man art after his accident match. I knew him before the accident. I knew him before the accident. He was a bright guy. She did, oh, I know, well it was taxing on her. I saw ri I saw Rick at a Merce Cunningham concert and he and it was so... I like him I like him. Just rip guys. It's how you say it, yeah. So she dumps Rain Man, what happens? I knew him he used to work for Robert Longo, this whole group of people I knew. Work for Longo. Rick was. Oh, I like Michael. He's a bright guy. Who's Pam? I knew Michael then. Michael was a funny guy. OK, see. See see, uh, Rick Franklin I'll tell you what was I'll tell you what was the problem with Rick Franklin and and knock and the knock on the cured him. He was a he was a really really really mushy Leftist. And it. He was like he was a total like dopey anarchist, you know, like like yeah. Aki was hanging out with the World War 3 people and Rick was in on that and he was really his politics were just totally annoying. He had no after the knock after the knock on the head there were no politics. Seriously that was it. I like him a little bit better he was really annoying, man, I mean his fucking Leftist shit was I mean I don't have anything against Leftists it's just this brand of he was East Village anarchy. What the name of that band? What was the name of that? Missing Foundation. Remember Missing Foundation. This was this was. Oh, they were like these stupid like like Tompkins Square Park anarchists that Rick and Aki allied with. Save the park? Yeah. Oh, I didn't understand it. Now I get it. Oh my god. Clear the parks, mate. Oh god. Clear the park. Oh bummer. Bummer. Aw god. Rick Rick was even worse. He was even worse. Michael Minelli was never Michael was never had politics. See this was the old days when we were hanging out at ABC No Rio and Longo was like curating nights there and and all these assistants of his which were Rick. Uh uh. So, how is Michael Minelli? I mean I haven't seen that whole group I haven't seen in years but I like I just... right, it was like they were all living in their communally back in the day of Robert Longo. It was Rick, Aki, Mike, there was this guy also that you probably never heard of named Nick Arbatsky. Sure you never heard of Nick. He dropped out he did a Alaskan oil spill project his big claim to fame he had this big fund-raiser so when the Titanic crashed out there in the waters the oil spilled all over the Valdez he went up there with canvases, right? Everybody chipped in he had a big party. He went up there with canvases to try to make like oil Valdez soaked. And he came back, man, and this. That was a good idea. And then he had a coming back party so he could show what he got. And the guy comes back with like, we figured he would have like these dripping, rich canvases, you know, like birds plastered. They were like these canvases he kind of drew on a little bit and and and. No no there was no tar. It was the most like like Helen Frankenthaler washes and it was his impressions in it and that was it for Nick, man, that was the last you ever heard of Nick. Nick was like like like pegged to be the next huge thing in those days too because of that project. And and the Village Voice might have written something about him. So, have you read the Voice since it's free? I I hate the Voice. When did we stop reading the Voice what year? Yeah. Everybody once, yeah yeah. Well we picked it up because it was free and it's the same thing. It's like a cliché. Oh my god, yeah. Much better. We like Time Out. Yeah, the ad is good. Yeah. They're very good. Or the one with the... Yeah, I remember that I remember that. They're very good. The other good one was was was long walks in the park lots of friends and sometimes your dog has a better life than you do. Are they better than the Dewars ads? But we we have to like the men's group one. I love the. No no not the goatee thing I know you liked that one. The hugging the tree the tree hugging one? I love that

one with these big fat guys bang in business suits banging drums. Doing yeah yeah. They're they're sort of clever. This ought of fit. Artificial. Yeah they're they're women at Cybersuds the other night didn't like those ads. They thought they were very misogynist. Or the other one was like honey if you can answer honey do I look fat in this then you're ready for. See ah that's good. Oh oh oh, OK. It's a picture of a woman looking in the mirror looking really upset and and and the type says and the types says if you can handle honey do I look fat in this then you can our drink or something. Right. Right. Right. And every man has to hear that. Yeah. Then you can deal with our drink, yeah. Well, no this particular aspect of your woman. Well, yeah, but then yeah, like yeah honey you look good. I like that I get cause obviously obviously this is something that Janet ne never says. This is something you never say. You never put an outfit on look in the mirror and say Stefano do I look fat? Right. So you should have gotten the ad then. Obviously she doesn't cause you don't cause you didn't get the ad cause she doesn't say that. Oh man. Like anywhere from two hours to four hours. The best thing is not mine, man. C'mon. Let's go. It doesn't take four hours to brush your teeth though. How long does it take to wash to wash the face? Cheryl sits there with like with like scissors snipping at little bits of her hair like the minutiae on her hair like like a like an eighth of an inch from somewhere every night. Let's make this personal. Do you have an eyelash curler? No. Who's Quian. That Quian, oh god. What do you mean she did the makeup for you? Oh and you know her through Ashley? But at this point was she with Curran or? Well, who's she with now. Now John's with that John's with that ridiculous. John is with the guy that that. No, no her name is not Gretchen. The woman who used to work at Bar Six. There you go. Where she did the plantings. No but that was a show where my piece fell off the wall too. I was in the, uh, Dan's and I got a call from you guys saying you're piece is falling off the wall because it was, uh, summertime and the tape was all coming off the I had to come in and staple it yeah, I do remember that thing. That woman is just insane that John's with. Yeah, she is plastic, yeah, that's a good way of putting it. Yeah, she's plastic, yeah. You have seen her she. Really those legs. Oh you've seen her, yeah. Cheryl what is her name? She studied with Suzanne at Columbia? No, it's not Gretchen Stefano. What was her what was the name of that very expensive, uh, boutique on Wooster St.? No no no APC's on Mercer. Wooster between Prince and Spring the one on the one on the west the east side of the street next to Stephane Kelian? Comme De Garçon. John I'll never forget John Curran like like finally sold a painting and and and spent the entire dough on one Comme de Garçon t-shirt and had the gall to wear it inside out so that the label was sticking outside. It was like a nine hundred dollar t-shirt. Fucking bunch of assholes. We hung out with those guys for a while, oh what a bunch of losers. God. They were the worst. Now I have I have an APC suit nothing wrong with APC. Yeah. That's great. Stefan Stefano loved it. I have this story that you're gonna adore. I went to APC I buy this suit it's like a 3000 dollar suit on sale for like 400 dollars or something. And it's really baggy, you know, it's like one of these real like well, you can describe it. It's really cool and it's really kind of big and kind of boxy. Very boxy. But not not sort of architectural, kind of organic boxy. So, anyway, it is a little big for me I need the sleeves taken up I need the pants cuffed and so I'm roaming around SoHo I'm like, where should I bring this thing, I was like oh, I have a great idea. I'll go to that really old world Italian tailor underneath 303, right? He's he'll understand this is like a cool Italian suit. Well the man, but the man doesn't speak a word of

English. So I bring the suit in to him and I'm like, OK, I'm sure he'll do a great job. He takes it and he starts like pinching here and doing this and I and I don't think much of it, you know, he starts pinching here and the whole thing is like, you know, yeah yeah yeah he's mumbling to himself and starts like taking the pants and like pinching it like major, you know, and I was like, oh, I guess he knows what he's doing, you know, he knows what he's doing. And I go home and I tell Cheryl what he did and basically Cheryl translated it into he's trying to make it into a three piece Wall St. suit this is. Well it's like I go home it's like it's like midnight and I say oh, I brought my suit into the tailor shop I told Cheryl. Cheryl makes me pick up the phone at midnight and of course we call the guy there. And of course, he's not there, so Cheryl says we have to go up there right now and get that suit away from him. We start ringing the buzzer at like 12:30 right there and of course it's like August and nobody's in the streets. I mean it's like 95 degrees. We wake up the alarm goes off at like 6 a.m. Cheryl goes we gotta get that suit. We stood there pounding on the guy's doorbell finally waiting for him. He finally shows up and then we finally like Cheryl's like we want our suit back. He didn't cut up the suit and fortunately it was safe but man, do you know this guy? And. Two hundred, yes, and you were speaking Italian with him and he... what do you speak it to dogs? Yeah, what do you mean you don't speak but what why don't you why you don't speak to people who are native Italian speakers? But if you sense that they're native Italian speakers. Why, cause don't you feel like you could, you know, cosine, get a kind of cosine, get a kind of a... No because if you... That's why that's why I asked you for a good Italian restaurant. But I figure you you could go into this guy this Guiseppe the tailor and you could work it up in Italian and you could get it... the, no, wait what's John Currin's girlfriend's name? Gretchen. Guiseppe. No, go they go to Arthur Avenue in the Bronx. Arthur Avenue. You know Arthur Avenue in the Bronx but you know it's very Italian. Happy holidays, guy. I think you could parlay your Italian speaking into some great discount somewhere. Cheryl, Cheryl. With that Italian accent of your you can really make some money. Really. So, Da Silvano is the place downtown. Where's San Dominico? What do you cook? Really? Really? Oh, you don't cook you don't cook Thai food. No, not you but one does not you go to a restaurant to get Thai food. Really? Really? Really? Where did you learn that? Really, that's tough. Rikrit is a good cook. Rikrit's a very good cook. Those curries are excellent. Well, we've been to these we've been to these parties where he's cooked for very few. Yeah, no the small parties those were good curries. Yeah, before Rikrit was famous his cooking, you know, his cooking was much better before he was famous. Yeah, where? They must look at you like your the only white person whose ever been there. You must be the only English per, uh, white person that's ever been there. Which? Is Kelly and Ping, OK, first of all, does that Kelly guy annoy you? He he bothers me. No, no I see him tooling around SoHo on his bicycle I hate I know I know he really bugs me, man, right no. He's he's he's really he looks like Brian Little. He's a little kind of he's got wavy wavy blond hair and he's always like very preppy very WASPy. OK, he's got Kelly and Ping, he's got the place on Spring St. Khin Khao and he's got that new Japanese joint. The one on Prince St. across from Raoul's. I I'm glad you find him annoying. Oh it's really I can't stand that guy. When that when that place first opened, yeah, Kelly and Ping yeah it was interesting yeah it was reasonable. I don't know it might be he reminds me of a real sort of he's a co, like this colonialist, you know, he is, you know, that's what I get the sense of this guy like the British

like the French, yeah yeah. Is there any is there any Asians there? Have you seen him with Ping? Yeah, so I I see, she's like the typical Asian woman keep her keep her in the kitchen, yeah, I get it. Seriously I mean it's massive colonialism. How do we like that. This is the thing that my mother was talking about it's above that SoHo organic place on Broadway next to the Nat West Bank. Is it really cheap? Is it like Gourmet Garage? So it's all like dry goods? All right, we'll have to go up there. Is that is that like major hype or what? Provisions, yeah. I know Mosco. Mosco. Yeah it's one of those little like alley streets in Tribeca. Do like Gourmet Garage anymore? You really I don't like going in there you I mean I run into too many people I know it's like totally like... Where's that? Do you like Lemongrass Grill? I was there they gave me they served me like a great dish with a piece of glass in it. I just about cracked a tooth. They gave us the meal for free. It was unbelievable, man, I fucking I bit down I was like oh shit. Yeah, it almost it almost died and but any but I do like the food there, I think it's good. No. Really? Glass. I tell you, I bit some terrific porcelain. Yeah. What do you think? Yeah, why don't we just go right to Michael's what do you think of that very impossible to get into Japanese place next door to next door to Lemongrass? What's it the name of it it's very popular then it moved to a bigger place? Where do you where do you adore Japanese food? Hasaki? Oh, Takesia's great. Oh, the one on 3rd oh, 7th, like the one above Kim's? Like the one down on 3rd St. is good too. You ever go to Hatsuhana? We get taken there like major times. It's good. Omen is great and I think Honmura An is terrific. I think that's a great. Oh, is that right? I never would have thought to have Blue Ribbon sushi. Oh, right, the one the one right down the block, right. Well, AG, has AG taken you out to any major meals lately? AG takes us out to major the regular blue oyster Blue Ribbon oyster an insane amount of food with AG. Down that Blue Ribbon one is good? Is that Blue Ribbon sushi good? Is it very expensive? Is that right? Who's Garland? Oh, I don't know Matthew's wife, right, I only know Matthew. Oh, so you guys spent a fortune? That's too bad. When someone's taking you I go to Omen like like a, you know... Lunches are affordable there. That's a quite beautiful Honmura On, it's just a great place. I could eat that, I mean, you know, I I'm going to really admit something really low down. I like these fast food Japanese joints. I like I like Teriyaki Boy. Oh really? Oh, no and then did you ever go to the place on 7th Avenue South? Um, like just a little bit north of Christopher St. and it's a hole in the wall and they deliver oh, it's wonderful. Which one did you go to? I've had good stuff there. Maybe you guys ordered wrong. We gotta go to this place the new one that opened on West 3rd. St. the one with the boats? It's huge they they they they they put like 11 million dollars into this restaurant and the prices are no more than your average sushi joint it's supposed to be really good. For lunch it's supposed to be really really really decent and the boats float around you just grab... Uh, probably like plate like dim sum. By boat, yeah. Yeah, dim sum I don't like. I think it's too heavy. Let's go. OK. Uh huh. You wanna give him fifteen bucks and call it a and call it a night? Ninety three bucks ninety five bucks? That's a really nice tip ninety five. That is that's fifteen, right, fifteen. OK, so we want to give ninety that's that's, uh, around twelve. Fifteen bucks. Ninety two? OK. It's, uh, forty six a piece. Fucking bank machines, man. Cher you got any smaller ones? I got some. Three four. I need two bucks. There you go. All right. He was sweet. We rode him. It's that time of the year, isn't it? Oh, I love it. Cheryl hates it too. It really, yeah, what's? Italy? Where is it? Janet are you freezing? It's really sexy, man, we got it's a strip tease. We got

to peel the layers off, we've got to peel the layers off Stefano. And what time is this early? And then she puts the radio on to go to sleep. You speak how is that speaker pillow? How is it? Is it good? What what station do you have on? Is it talk radio? Yeah, listen to Kenny G. I'll talk a little bit. I'll talk to you. I'll talk to you specifically. 2 to 6. I will I will I will talk specifically to you Janet go to sleep get your foot away from Stefano. Oh, I will. I will. Mornings are rough, man. Mornings are rough. Yeah, I'm a I'm a late night, yeah, I'm a late nighter. It's a good thing you are together you and uh uh uh Stefano working together. You've got the same hours. But you don't have to be in till eleven. Yeah. No. I can, yeah, I can. It's what? Sleep of the just? Oh, god. What what this area? We we are going to walk down Bleecker Street you think this is bad? Wait wait till we get to Bleecker on a Saturday night. It's a new gallery. It's very very you'd better watch out. There's the competition. Yeah, these are these. The Riviera? Yeah, this got opened in '74. The Riviera has been here forever, hasn't it? Hey Lauren Wayne hi. Look who's there. Hi. Hey. How you doing? We're going to, uh, Michael Joo's party. You wanna come? Bleecker on Bleecker between 6th Bleecker between 6th and 7th. Let's dance. Really? What are you? What's a matter you don't want to get ahead? My grandmother's 86th birthday. We have to look for Grandma. Have a good time. Bummer. Abuse them. Abuse them. Joke, oh God, I can see the kids the irreverence of dinner is carrying over I'm sorry I we're back in the world. See you around. Reality crash sorry I mean we're sitting here being really dishy and mean. It didn't work, we're like cutting up the whole. That wasn't good. That was not a good comment. Abuse them. She got real serious. Boy, she really had no sense of humor about that one. Boy, I really bombed on that one. I'll never show in Lauren Wittels's gallery again. Now look at this place closed, this nightmare pick up singles horrible bar, yeah. Yeah. Yeah, it's like Jersey meets West Village leather. Hey, we're all wearing leather. Oh boy. I shouldn't go to this party, man, I'm gonna have my ass kicked. All right. I will. I'm just gonna like insult everybody. Sixth and Seventh on Bleecker. Thomas. Is he sexy? Yeah. Everybody from New Jersey. I'm sure... Can I buy you a drink the fat singer. So we don't we don't find Thomas Nordanstadt Cheryl is Thomas Nordanstadt sexy? Ohhh. The whole package is unattractive. He was coming on and flirting with several women that we've known. Oh boy. All right so. Leroy Street I think it's not I think this is where Grandpa's was. Seriously, remember Grandpa's? Remember Grandpa's that weird deli that. Yeah yeah. Right I believe that Leroy Street and I I'll bet it's on the corner, he said it was on the corner, right? I have a feeling this is the old Grandpa's space. I know, nobody did that's why he went out of business. Yeah, I know. Yeah, let's cross over it is, Stefano, it is the old Grandpa's. Oh man. We're at Grandpa's. Here we are. It's the former Grandpa's. Hey Graham, how you doing? Trying to squeeze in. What do you think? At least you can smoke your cigar here. Well, uh. Do you know a lot of people here? I know a few people. Do you like Lauren? Wittels? You know her at all? Good way to put it. Yeah. I just know her. I don't I don't ever go to her gallery. I don't know, you know, I just know her she's a friend of Andrea's and a friend of Alix's. You know, just people that we know who know her. Great? Who who are you looking for? People... There's Laura. La Taqueria. La Taqueria, it was very good. Congratulations. Major opening and major people. Where have you been I haven't seen you in so long. What does that mean you had no place to live? Were you homeless? Yeah, a little too hip for me. We used to hang out with these people the first people we met when we came to New York was essentially essentially this group. Rikrit and Graham were the

first people we met here ten years ago. Actually, I like both of them enormously. And that whole scene we were really that was that was Cheryl mentioned Laura Emrick, did you ever know Laura? Carter Kustera who was Kevin Carter back then. And it was too cool, I don't know I guess they were we we used to call them the bitter conceptualists. That was that was our name for them in the day. Kristen. You know her? Kristen Mosher? This is I mean this is funny I mean there's many years later this is actually the same group more or less. Aki or Rick some are successful some aren't the nice ones are successful it seems like. Jackie McCallister was there. What? When Jackie became an artist it always, you know, it always shocked us. It's a lifestyle. Was he? He was always, like, a gallery person, wasn't he? Cheryl's pointing us pointing us out. And then after that we started hanging out with the Yalies. You wanna go join them over there? Well, Janet's sitting next to Douglas. Can you see her? I've heard I've heard rumors about Douglas. Sexual ones. No no no no, that's not my concern either I'm just gossiping. That that he's got some problems in that department. We were just talking about... why are we dysfunctional? Douglas's sexual problems. That's what everyone talks about. Douglas I've heard I've heard more stories about him in that in that regard. So, hey, there's nothing to worry about. We might have heard it from Andrea Scott but, no. Who did we hear that from Cheryl? That Douglas couldn't get it up? No this was oh I think like Mary Jo must have told us that. Wouldn't be a bad idea. Wouldn't be a bad idea. Well, we might be the ones to vomit. Mean lookin'. I've seen that. Yes, I've seen that. We've seen this. Yes, we've seen this. Yes it grows and it's never quite as big as the head. Right right right right. This is a good movie. So Grandpa's really got got chic. There's a strange confluence of worlds here tonight. Poland is represented. The artists staying in Poland. Yeah, there's a lot of those people here. And then there's a lot of bit old bitter conceptualists. I was just telling Stefano. Jim Lewis. Argh. What does that mean? God help you? Yeah the whole world he thinks everybody is hitting on him that guy. Don't be flattered. Hello Graham. I can. No we shouldn't flatter him. We shouldn't inflate his already over inflated ego, Cheryl. Grazie grazie. Grazie grazie. You can bring me a drink. I'm dying thank you. Thank you I'm really thirsty. Oh my, so did you have dinner here? How ya doin' Graham? I heard you guys had had a, uh, a little meeting of the minds about the current show at your gallery. How's the show though. We're not thrilled with the show. What? What with Richard's show? Oh, we're talking about Richard's show. I couldn't stand Dominique's show. This guy looks like he walked out of 1978 this guy in the leather coat. Doesn't he? I haven't seen that look in fifteen years. Yeah, the guy in the red shirt? Kind of like New Wave a little bit sort of Punk. Yeah I haven't seen it in a really long time. Yeah. So Graham, what's happening with you musically? Anything anything new to talk about? Are you are you what are you listening to? Anything...? Doll. Oh, Gong. Sure did you go see them at the Bottom Line? Yeah, we love Gong. Yeah, I, yeah. I I heard mixed reports from that show. I heard Daevid Allen was really great? How was Gilly Smith Smyth? I like the Mother Gong stuff over the years as well. Yeah. Is it possible is there any water floating around? Like a six pack? Would it be possible for us to get a couple of hits of water? We are so thirsty it's insane. Well I like I like, uh, Angel's Egg and I like, um, Camembert Electric. It's a great one. Yeah, we've been listening to a lot of Prog Rock. You like that? Yeah, we're done. We're finished with everything except for the water. That's great. Forget don't even change it we'll we'll stick with the cloth. Yeah. Just say three we'll drink it, thanks. Thank you. You know, um, classic. Hatfield and The North.

Egg? There's some good obscure ones that are really great. The whole Canterbury scene. Yeah. Have you been listening to the Robert Wyatt stuff as well? I like it. They're very good, aren't they? Wait wait. Matching Mole or Wyatt's stuff at all? I don't find him depressing. Some of the early Kevin Ayers stuff is nice too. Yeah yeah yeah. I was playing this one on the radio the doctor, uh... yeah. FMU has all this old Prog Rock. Yeah, I don't have it yeah. If it's at the station I don't need to buy it. Sure sure sure. Yeah, it's lovely, isn't it? It's all... Thank you so much. Hey could we leave that pitcher here? Oh, thank you so much. And and a pedophile. Thank you. Yeah, I was I was at a bar the other night and some old Roxy tune came on and I was like, wow, this sounds good. Yeah, this sounds this sounds good. I forgot how good this sounds. Yeah. Well, but but but the stuff from about the stuff from up until about seventy up until about seventy two was not was sort of anti moralistic. Soft Machine Volumes One and Two are just indulgent and gorgeous and uh... they're not glamorous. We have it. We have it at the station. What happened to your vinyl? When you're working you don't like to change the sides every fifteen minutes? The girl in the red vinyl dress. Do you see her? I thought you might know her. She looks like she stepped out of 1967. She looks like she stepped out of one of Richard's paintings. Sorry. Pardon my indiscretion. I showed them to Cheryl. I saw that one at White Columns. Cheryl went on and on. Are they better? Are they better? All right. I will. How was your opening the other night? Did you have fun? So, how was the opening? But didn't you didn't you guys have fun at the opening? You and Graham? There must be many shows that you feel that way about. Where is Richard? Where is the artist there? Yeah and maybe I should see the goddamned show first before I talk about it. Oh, it doesn't upset me I don't feel surprised by it. It's that bad, my god. No Cheryl Cheryl feels the same exact way. The exact same way. She was depressed last nite. Maybe if you put on some Canterbury stuff with with those paintings you'll really go right down the tubes. No, we're leaving shortly thank you. I don't want to stay here much longer. It seems like the crowd's thinning. So where are you now? You're down Mercer St., right? Oh Lispenard. You have a loft down there now? How how big is it and are you alone there? Yeah, I know, I remember we talked briefly about it but I wasn't sure. How many square feet is it? Great. Nice. You have a view? Do you like that place? Good. Yeah, we went there it was very good. No. Yeah. Hey I don't mean to, I'm sorry. And it's cheap. It's a version of Tell Me Something Good. It is. Aw, well I I might want to hit the road there darling. Yeah yeah. I'm tired. I'll stop up and see your dreadful show. Do I have to sign the book? I'll say hello to you but as long as I don't have to sign that book. Good. Yeah, I want to hit the road. All right, Graham. I'll see ya. Yeah, I think it's about time. I'm a little bit bored. This girl looks like my sister. I don't know Ivy. Don't know her. Doesn't she look like Margie? Huh? So yeah, I wanna I wanna get going I mean. If you want to stay I'll see you at home yeah. It's dull. It was really fun. Let's just do it again really soon. I mean that was a reality check when I said that said that to Lauren I was like oh man I can't. I'm sure we will, I'm sure we will. You gonna hang out for a while? Yeah. Where is she? Well. Where is she? I don't see her. I see about 15 obstacles that I don't want to have to say hello to on the way over there. Ay, Mr. Clean. How are you? The last time I saw you you were cleaning and cleaning and had a rag in your hand. I know. How did it go? How did she like your place? And you were cleaning on Thursday? I knew you were embarrassed when I saw you in your most naked and vulnerable moment. I might I I don't think I'll tell anybody. No seriously, everybody with a bottle of

Windex? Yeah. So that adaweb is a clean place. Yeah, those windows looked like shit. Well you missed a good Cybersuds. It was so stupid. A bunch of yuppies. No really, it was terrible. Yeah. You like Claudia? Yeah, I can't figure it out. I can't figure her out. I'm not I'm not interested. I don't get that at all. Do you? Yeah. Hi strung, tightly wound. OK, shall we? Cheryl do you remember Benjamin with the Windex in his hand? Did you see the Windex the other wasn't that incredible? With the Windex. She doesn't clean her apartment she has somebody come in and clean her place. We were think Andrea have you been to her house? It's so clean it's unbelievable. We'll be there Friday. What time? Where do you live. Between? OK. All right. So what time. Friday what, after work? We'll be there with a white glove. We'll give you shit just the same way you were giving everybody else shit about their desk being clean. I've never seen everybody was asleep at seven o'clock. Good luck. I know you're a whole. Yeah. The leather site. Go girl. That's it. I like it. All right. Did you get what do they have to do with adaweb anyway? Total NY has to money and it trickles down to you guys? That's the idea? I know that. I know that? With you guys? With Cheryl Donegan on your site, linked to it anyway. All right, we're gone. See you soon. The lights are going out. It's finished already. You walked in, it's finished. See you around, all right? All right c'mon, c'mon. Congratulations. Keep those toes away from you know who. Bye Laura. OK, we said good-bye to her. Didn't do a thing. So my microphone broke. 35 dollar microphone I think it's still under warrantee. It just wasn't coming out clearly so I had to keep this thing running. Nam June Paik. He looks exactly like Nam June. No, it's not a good move. No, it's not a good move. Really, I thought the same thing. Oh boy. Oh, that was a good dinner. Those guys are really fun. Yeah, yeah. They're loose, you know? I mean they you can just say anything. I knew it was a reality check when when I saw Lauren Wittels on the street I was like abuse those kids and oh no and I was like, oh boy. I gotta start watching what I'm saying. Yeah. We can play it back and have laughs. I've done everything from John Post Lee to Marjorie Perloff to to uh uh to John Newman to Benjamin Weil three times to Cybersuds I've got it all on tape. I've got one more fucking day of this and then it's over, thank god. What? Yeah, maybe wouldn't it be funny I'll sort of say something to Swami? Oh boy. Hey there they are again. They are. They're in every window those those animals. Uh, god. So, that was fun. I like her, she's cool. She's definitely cool. She's, I've I've never seen this hor horrible side of her. I'm sure I will at some point but I really have yet to. Lovely. What does that mean hulk? Is he fat? Yeah, he really looked like he put some weight on, doesn't he? Yeah oh, too bad. I like Benjamin. He's so nice. He's such a nice he's such a nice guy. He just, I mean I really like him. What's his story he's just the run the guy that runs adaweb but what else about him? I mean he seems so nice and so loose and so goofy like he's one of the people that you don't know but you you feel like you know him and you can just joke with him? Like I'm just just so free joking with the guy and I don't even know him? He's he's really nice. Oh, we got three in the first thing in the morning Diane and Lois are leaving at 4 a.m. Oh who knows? Whatever. And then and then starting at nine starting in the morning we got we got those mutts. Oh. That was funny what she was saying about his about the toes and his like well, she's she she gets affectionate and I don't like that! I know that. I get the sense she's a hot she's hot and and hot to trot and I'll bet and I'll bet once he once he gets going he's OK but. He's I he's a funny guy. How about like I don't know we I don't know he's that was a good dinner. Did you have fun? Yeah yeah. Ah, she's outrageous Janet. She's about as outrageous as I am, which I

like. Oh, well, we were just dishing. It's all in fun. We've said that before, didn't we? Didn't we? You and I have said that before. And I said after I said after the bump on I said after the bump on the head he lost all those stupid politics. Ah, fucking bending match sticks over, you know? I said well that knock on the head really got rid of those nasty politics of his. Ahhh. Yeah, I'm just an asshole. Really, don't listen to me. Don't listen to anything I say. That Stefano is a funny guy. Well we had a lot of laughs. That was good. Ahhh. Oh, so I saw Gary Simmons tonight for about the first time in about five years. At Metro. He gave me a big huge. He was like Gary, you know? I haven't seen Gary since the since around the L.A. riots was the last time I saw Gary which was what, about four or five years ago? And, uh, he gave me a big hug he was the same. We talked about Bets and Tiffah, you know, and I said hey, I hope I see ya sometime sooner than the last time I saw you. I mean, really, I have not seen Gary since the L.A. riots. I was at his house the day they broke out. That was that was it. Yeah, it was, yeah, no no that was the night of the day and the first thing in the morning it was going and I was at Gary's and he was like, oh shit man, fucking shit's hitting the fan. And I was, yeah, I was at his place up on Broome St. and then. I don't know, we talked for two minutes, you know. Yeah. He doesn't look as good. Thank god I looked when I cut my hair off. Ahhh. Another big day tomorrow. What? No this week has been particularly insane. I know. I mean we've just been non stop parties and events, I mean, it's really been a weird a strange strange week. I'm be glad to stop taping. How long do you think it will take me to type every word I've spoken this week? Probably what I'll work on in France. I'll probably just sit there and transcribe all this language from this week. I mean it's so easy to say words, you know how long it takes to type the sentence that I'm just speaking right now? A letter. Yeah, and how about just like gibberish? I've probably got 36 hours worth of tape. Yeah. Yeah, you don't speak at night and then there are some times when I'm when I'm sort of quiet. Believe it or not. So who else looked awful at that party? Laura? Yeah yeah. She looks she looks ragged out to you? Yeah, yeah. I was surprised that I didn't see Andrea Scott there. Yeah yeah. I it looks like Alix is real not showing up much to the art things and yeah, well that's good that's really good, I mean, he's not much of the scene. He doesn't know anybody or hang out on the art scene so he'll probably keep her out of it a bit which probably isn't a bad thing for her. She's spent way too, putting way too much time there. What are you talking about? We were just at Andrea Scott's birthday party a week ago, two weeks ago. I mean that was that was about as art world as they get. I was also surprised that that somebody like Bill wasn't at this one, although that's not quite his crowd. The last time, yeah, just two weeks ago we were at Andrea's birthday party and we smelled like smoke just like we do now. Ahhh. Did I keep stepping on your shoes all night? Everybody loved your shoes? What was everyone saying? What? Wait, they're nerdy? Ah, they're cool. You're always a step ahead of everyone. I'm sure we have Diane and Lois's message there on the machine sayin' what to do. Cheryl, didn't I say what's that book doing there? Huh? Who wants to shower first. Go on. Oh, where did you get this for zing? Donegan. Hey Don. Donegan. I believe we have an appointment this evening? Great. Let me shower. Be right in. Well, that was a fun night. We were at that party just long enough. Just long enough. Who was who was good looking there? The girl that looked like my sister? I don't know her. Who is she? Huh? And what is she, an artist? Huh? Oh shit we forgot to get the laundry, damn it. Oh, we should of thought of that today. Oh it was amazing. A neat one, huh? Different one? That was good, huh? It had it's own

rhythm. Wasn't it? It was different. It was really beaut if was really beautiful. Yeah, it was very sensuous and beautiful. And fuh. You're the best. This this one worked out. A love match. I love you monkey face. Isn't that a good one? Was that sensuous? Mmmm. Oh, we have to set the alarm, huh? You love the most powerful. Test test test.

Act 7

I have to walk the dogs. Today's the first day. I have to walk the dogs. Today is the first day. Well, they're rude. Yeah, I'm gonna take out those mutts for a little walk. We have to pick the laundry, darling. I guess we can do it after the Xenakis thing I just don't have any much to wear. I guess I'll wear some nicer pants. Um, when? He sent us something a while ago. Oh, it was about his discussion thing on the Web. I bookmarked it on the Web. I'll show it to you there. It was I I'm sorry it was addressed to both of us and I just, you know, yeah. BB yes. Yeah. And now it's sort of a drippy, I'll show it to you. Hi. Good one, huh? What? How was it? Yeah. They're so weird looking, aren't they? They kind of so slick and and bizarre, buffed up, you know, kind of his hair looks like it's been like buffed with a car buffer. And she, she's just got that bizarre, yeah, her face is so weird, isn't it? English? Uh huh. Alright, I'd better go. Start the week. Right? What did Rainer have to say? Take these cards. I I have so many cards for you. Please, take the cards. I saw Kirsten Mosher at that thing last night. I hadn't see her in years. You saw Laura Emrick? Remember we were just talking about her in, no, not Laura. We were talking about Stacy Godlesky. Right. Well Laura Laura like always looked so hard, you know? and bitter and she's had a rough life, you know? She's, yeah, I mean years ago she looked hard and awful. We're still catty this morning. We had a beautiful love making session and when we wake up we're nothing but catty. Catty b-hatches. Alright. I shall return. We'll get ready and we'll go to vedantay. Right? OK, see you in just a bit. Uh, no, two are my neighbors. Here comes another one. Nope. Yeah, remember we saw them the other night and I told you I was gonna be watching these two dogs, yeah. I got these two all week. This one's male, right, this one's female this one's male and that one's female. I is the park closed up? Are they, like, shooting in there today? Is there nowhere to let these dogs run this morning? Yeah. Yeah, I think they're shooting filming over here. Sure, he gets along with everyone. They'll they'll establish it. Chavez? Is that you dog? Good name. Yeah, they're very much they're like the same in in temperament. I think they're probably the same dog, yeah. Look at all these dogs, yeah. Yeah, they're a lot of fun. I'm stuck with them. Yeah, yeah. They're my neighbors. These are the neighbors that had Rocky. Yeah, they had three boxers when Rocky was living with them. Baron. Bets. Yeah, they're alright. It's OK. Oh. She is she's really a little skittish she's like a really pure like, uh, show dog and she's really nuts. She's really of all of them she's the the strangest. Yeah, she's real dumb, she's really stupid. She's beautiful and stupid. Well, she's really incredibly bright and beautiful and Baron is really smart and just just hellish. Sorry? Hey, that's my dog, you know? She's off the leash, yeah. There's a Dalmatian. Your dog smiles. Ah, he's about six and she's about five. I'm sorry four, something like that. Babette. This is, uh, the male in Baron and this is Ginger. He's sweet. Baron is a sweet guy. Yep. She's a model. Bye. What is that how do those collars work? What does it do just keep them in a little bit? Is it is it work? Is that right? What do they run? How much are they? Is that right? And you find that it's effective. Is that right, huh? And what is this yeah yeah. Yeah. That's a good idea for these two. Bets, of course, is fine. Well, she was trained. She was like trained, uh, not to like ever walk in the street. She knows. Yep the whole thing. She's never done, you know, she's seven years old, been in the city her whole life and that's it, that's the story. Right. Yeah. Yeah, I had a trainer that somehow and I don't even remember how trained Babette never to go on the be off the leash and never to go off the curb. I don't you know how you got trained so well, pal. She's really very good, though. Well, I wish we

could just take them in the park and let them tear ass for a little bit. Is that one shut properly? Yeah. That really sucks, man. Nah, it's definitely closed. They're doing a movie shoot. It's definitely closed. Where does Rocky live? Hello. You know Diane and Lois? These are the two fawns are Diane and Lois's and the brindle's mine. Yeah. Yep, they're all having a good time. Now we need to find Rocky. Is that right? Well, the park's closed today so we can't let them run. Yeah, Ginny. Yeah, she's skittish, you know? She's over bred. You guys can handle two dogs? Yeah yeah. Yeah, I got three all week long. I'm watching them for those guys they went away. I got three all week. How old? Really? Alright. I gotta get going. I'll see you this week I'll be out all week with all three of them. Yeah? Alright, so if we run into you I'm gonna be watching all three all week so I'll you'll see me around. I'll see you around. Take care. Happy Birthday to your dog. What's your name again? Steve. OK, I gotta get that. C'mon you three. Bets you gotta make? Make. Babette make. K. Babette, make. Make make. Good girl Bets, good girl. You make. Good girl. Hello. I love it, do you? Do you like it? It's a pretty intense session, wasn't it? Cheryl. You like it? Yeah, I thought it it built itself pretty good. It's hard though. You told me it was a little too hard. Yeah. Yeah? Uh huh. Yeah? Ewww, what is it, in the ass? Is it in the asshole? Is that what you're asking for? Is that what you're asking for in the asshole? Cheryl, asshole? Cheryl look. No, it's very very very warm out, like, hot. Ahhh. I love your hairy ass. Wah, my microphone's busted. So after Vedanta, do you want to take a walk through the park and walk over. Actually, why don't we walk over and take a walk all the way over to the East Side? To 92nd St. Y. That would be nice, huh? From Vedanta? Hang out in the park a little while? What do you say? Pretty. That looks nice with that shirt. It's nice. Yeah, but it's Gap, but I really hope within three launderings it's gonna remain. It's such a piece of shit. Gap is such a piece of shit. They're cheap and you get what you pay for with the Gap. That's true, isn't it? Am I right? Uh, full of shit. It looks great for the first time, though. It looks good today. I this is a Gap shirt this is that I'm wearing? It's a piece of shit. Real low quality. Can I turn this thing off? How are you doing? We should get going soon. Where did you get that? What flea market? Yeah, do you like that bag? You know who's gonna be the most green of all? Swami. Wait till wait till we let him know exactly how you're feeling about that bag. Hey you're gonna he he he you can tell Swami to carry it with his saffron robes, he'll match too. Right? The only thing you need to do is change the belt. The belt looks cheap. No. I don't like it. Leather belt would would make it snap. Let's go. That's dirty. The dog hasn't been around. It ain't so dirty. I'll wait outside. A monkey... and how does the donkey go Max? Do I? Who tortures him? Do I torture the kid or does he do we have fun? Is he cute? Huh? Gray squirrel. Ahhh. What's this? What's with the arm swinging like that? Why? Ah, Cheryl I think we should go to the other stop. The train just came in it's about 20 minutes for the next one. We just missed it. See these guys coming out of the stop? Don't be sorry. It's just the way it is. Ah, it's gonna be a long time before the next one comes. I don't I don't think we should. I think it's better if we don't, honestly. For intra-personal reasons. For space reasons, right? See, here's what we should do after Vedanta let's walk across the park, right? And or and or before after have like breakfast slash lunch. What do you say? You know we could do it just around Vedanta. Or we could go across the park and find something along our way. OK? That sound like something to do? Alright. Arianna. Is it a big scandal with Arianna? Are you upset about it? Who Laura Emrick said you looked like a prep? In a mean spirited

way? It's mean enough. What did she say? What did she say? Who else did you see out and around? Yes. How did we do last night? How did we do last night? I was sweating like hell that blanket was just, like. I can't use it anymore. I was drenched. I was I was nude and I was drenched. For the meantime... What? Yeah. Alright, well. Why don't we take that comforter that my mother gave us we can use it for the summer. No but it but it breathes. Can we get one of those white ones? No, remember the white one that we had? That type of thing? We can sleep with a sheet. That sounds good. So, I think this week we should make the major shift of the clothes to your studio jackets and sweaters. Keep one sweater around in case it gets cooler but this is pretty much it. Well it won't snow again. It will probably become a little chillier but anyway we should get that stuff out, huh? Did you have fun with Stefano and Janet? Do you like Janet? What? Is she funny Janet? Is she a cut-up? You tired? Sweetie, you think we should get a cup of coffee before we go in? What do you mean no? You gonna you think you're gonna, uh, fall asleep? It looks like Harry, doesn't it? Doesn't it? Do you want to get a, uh, coffee before we go in? Uh, we're gonna we're a little early but we could get a coffee, sit and sip it and then come in right after the, uh, opening act so that we could stay awake for the whole thing. Do you wanna catch the opening act today? Cause you looked like you were falling asleep I mean, we could go and sit and have a coffee. You wanna catch the opening act? What's the opening act? Wow, look at the trees in the park! Yeah, it's so pretty. Wanna take a walk afterwards? I like them all. I like the color of that dog. She grabbed him. Oh thanks. You were thinking about your wardrobe during sex? Thanks a lot Cheryl. Thanks a lot. Kennel. Yeah. What? Yeah? One point, that might be nice. Lovely. Kennel. Kennel up. Kennel up, Bets. She's thrilled. She's thrilled to be there. She's in total heaven. Even if they don't do anything for the next 8 hours, which they wont, she's so thrilled just to be in that environment. So coffee or opening act? Wait, what were we laughing so hard at the other night? The box the picture of the boxer in the frame. That's what we were laughing hard at. Remember? You know, she looks him. How are ya? She looks just like Swami, doesn't she? You know I think of that every time I look at her. A little a little just a little bit. What time is the show getting on the road today? When he wakes up? No I got a new pair of the same old ones? Can I bring my dog next time? Cheryl. She was so happy this morning when she put this outfit together. Look at the shoes. Look at the shoes. I don't want to talk about it. Look at this haircut going on here. Hello. Cheryl I'm gonna use the facil, Cheryl I'm save me a good seat. Hello. I've been here. I was here last week I've been here every week. Sure, I'm always here. You know what I've got to do I've got to get the address to tell everybody tomorrow night. And then we got to go across the park. I wanna get do it pretty soon, OK? We have a concert to go to this afternoon. Chagall, yeah. It certainly wasn't the, uh uh, the Jewish show, yeah. I did and here's my recommendation for you. Trash just throw out your software that's installed. Reinstall your software. Everything except for the browser. Take the browser out. Throw everything else out. Reinstall your software and put your browser into the folder. You I think there's I do this I've done this before with AOL. There'll come up a dialogue box that says, you know, something if you're already a member push here and there's a way in. Something must have corrupted. Just just just throw it out and reinstall it. Yeah, cause we downloaded that separately so if you throw out the browser it means that you're gonna have to download the browser again, like we did. And just remember where the browser in what file it was kept in just throw it back where you found it last time and you

should be fine. It'll redo it all for you again. Sometimes it just happens. It gets corrupted. And I was when I was thinking about your message I thought it sounds like, uh, yeah. I think you'll be fine. Pretty fool proof the AOL and if it's ever busts, you know, you just toss it and reinstall it and it it works. It always works. I I went. Yeah, yeah. I went and looked at Swami Bruce's site I read the article about him. Pretty fascinating. I I sent him sent the SVR, is that, SRV a note saying that while the content was very good on their site they need to learn how to make image files smaller because things were taking forever to load. Oh, it was ridiculous. It wasn't a problem with you. It was a problem with them. No there was nothing more for you and I wrote him a note I said I look forward to seeing American Vedantist online. Is that Bruce whose actually running doing the whole thing? Sounds like an interesting guy. The article about him was was was really I'd like to meet him sometime maybe 4th of July if we're in town? If we're in town. We may be away for July and August. Uh, but if we're around, yeah, I'd like to just take a drive up some point and just see him anyway. Sounds like an interesting guy. Yeah maybe I'll just establish some contact with him. He hasn't written me back but but, uh, yeah he's, uh, interesting. I I was fascinated by the article. He's a little a little bit of a rebel, which I always like. Uh, I think we're going to be away, yeah. I think we're gonna be away for July I think we're gonna be away for July and August this year. Yeah, we're trying to Cheryl is managing to finagle some kind of artist's residency in in Beaujolais France so we're hoping to do that. OK so John tell me what happens, uh, I think I think you'll be OK. Well have him look at your Powerbook. So where do these go? Yep. Alright. Alright. Hi. Um, uh, she's inside yakking a little bit. Uh, no we have to get over to the East Side to the 92nd St. Y for two o'clock concert so we're gonna take a nice walk across the park. Should be nice. Iannis Xenakis, you know, Xenakis he's a great Greek modernist composer? Yes. He's being interviewed at two and... yep yep. A retrospective of his works for the last thirty years. Should be good. Yeah yeah, that's the that's the famous, uh, place down there over there. The famous Jewish, uh... Yeah, why don't we why don't we walk down there and have a look? See you next week, babe. Are you guys walking this way? OK. It would clash with your shirt. How you doin'? Good good. That was pretty nice. Yeah. Hard to sit in this nice day, though. Yeah. This is real bamboo, isn't that nice? That's very wild. Oh it's ama... yeah, it's incredible. It's incredible. Wet napkin? Bob, when does the show open? Yeah. Oh, great. Great. And you'll be gone for a few weeks? When are you going up there? Huh. Yeah? Where are you guys going? I don't know. I hadn't heard that. Glen, what's I didn't know there was a director. Glen. You need something nice on the East Side? Yeah. Yeah, I wish I could help I don't know any anything up there. Yeah. Yeah. Where's your car parked, you guys? Well, she's. Thank you. Thank you. She's ambling so why don't you guys... This is it. It's really nice, yeah. Yeah, finally. You know, last year toward the end they would open up the doors they would pull back that curtain they should do they should do that, oh, they should just... Yeah, it's always stuffy. They should they should always open that up. You took him you took Swami our Swami to Princeton? Really? Was the lecture good? Did the philosophers like him? Just you and him drove down together? Was that intense? Was it was it fun just you and him driving in the car? Did you have enough to say to each other? Oh, I can't wait to hear about it! Was it I well let's alright I wanna we'll let's have, you know, you guys why don't we just go out and get a cheap dinner some time or actually next week why don't we plan on on on what about. No, I don't like Spring St. Natural, no I don't like

it. Why don't we, uh, plan on on, uh, what are you guys doing next week after? No no no. Next week after Vedanta? A week from today. You wanna go down to catch that big Indian brunch down on Greenwich St? No, next week's the 27th. 28th. You guys wanna do that? Why don't we plan on that we'll hear all about that. I think that sounds terrific. What he was nice, though? Let me let me drag her away our time is a little tight. We got to get all the way over to 92nd. St. See you later. See you, Bob. Alright, party's over. We got to we to get all the way over to the East Side. OK. That could go on forever. That's so sweet. He done that napkin? Bobbie said next time I did napkins to talk to you guys. He's so cool, isn't he? Oh man, I love that guy. He is so nice. Well Frank was just telling me that he drove, uh, Swami to Princeton, New Jersey. They together, no, that's interesting they spent a day together. That's interesting I think that I'd like to hear I'd like to hear a little something about that. Yeah. I think this is the place. The World Cafe, that's it. So let me get a card. Monday looks pretty clear. I was gonna make a reservation for tomorrow night. I mean, six six o'clock you're pretty much. Name is Goldsmith but I'm sure there's room. Thanks. See you then. Uh, for four. Let's march. Um, do you want to eat? Why don't we do it another day? I wanna get across the park and eat. You're not the Xenakis thing is gonna be real hard to handle on an empty stomach. I'm telling you. Why don't we do it another day? We have only have an hour less than an hour and a half to get over there and eat and Xenakis is gonna be hard to handle on an empty stomach. Can we see it another day? It's not going anywhere. I don't want to rush and it's... uh, let's I'm sure there's coffee shops let's get within an earshot of it. Really, I really just know Cheryl it's gonna be a it's gonna be a rough concert. We have an hour and a half. We have to get all the way across the park and all the way across town plus we have to eat. I'm why don't we see a place we know? What do we know? There's a zillion coffee shops. No up there's a we'll find one along the way. Let's get in let's get over there. I also think all the places here are, you know, obviously there's lines and lines and lines. 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. So let's just get over in that neighborhood. You know, if we get caught here, we're gonna end up getting caught here. I think we're gonna need a little bit of walking exercise and some food cause this is gonna be real long. Sit fest. OK? I don't know if it's gonna be that long but even if it's two hours it's gonna be long. It's real difficult stuff. It's beautiful and really crazy. This is he's known for these screeching things. Oh, he's really one of the major composers and he's got these things that vibrate and scream. They're really really great. Um, his stuff is either long out of print or extremely expensive. I haven't been able to find anything in the discount places, you know, that I usually go that has anything of his. No, it's not. This is the Ethical Culture. You you're ridic ten times ridic. Well, um, well we're gonna hear all about it next week after Vedanta we'll get a ride downtown with them and go to the Indian place. OK? Next week. OK, so we'll have lunch with them and go out to Dan and Lawre's. OK? Itchy. Itchy. Cheryl. Itchy. What's that itchy? So Richard likes you because you collect handbags and napkins he said... He was so funny. He was telling us some story about a Holocaust survivor and and a woman whose husband was in a camp. He said but one one of those little camps. He said not one of those big ones where they burned them all up. That guy is great. That guy is totally great. Yeah. Not one of the big ones where they burned them up. He's great. That guy is I like him I like him more and more. Don't you? He is just sort of increasingly absurd increasingly interesting. Everyone wants wants a taste of this weather, huh? Look at this. Right, you got it. Yeah, yeah

I think it's croquet. I think it's for croquet. They're getting old looking. I think you need a new pair. That woman that we were walking with. She's so batty, isn't she? Yeah. Isn't she batty? I gotta ask you something. Does the B and F thing get, like, claustrophobic? I mean I guess it's inevitable. I get a little like uh, you know. Do you? I start to feel a little, ugh. You know? It's a little cloying, isn't it? It's too close I feel like. I don't know. It yeah. No, I've never forgiven him for that. You're right. Yeah, this is the same people we saw in Coney Island last year. Remember? Remember they had the dog? We gotta come babe we really gotta... Remember we saw these guys on the boardwalk last year and they had the same dog? Remember? Do you remember? Fascists! These kind of jockey guys. Look at the look at the trees, sweets. Aren't they aren't they lovely? Yeah, so soft. Hey did we ever decide where we wanted to go on our anniversary this year? Why don't we think about it. Any suggestions? Do you want to go to Blue Ribbon? There are plenty of oysters there. You wanna do that? That's a nice restaurant. The food's really good there. That's like I think that's like Ellen's apartment that one or the one next door. Yeah, I think it's that one right there. Remember because it was near that sort of embassy building? Do you want to go to that coffee shop next to the Whitney? That we go to sometimes? It's just a coffee shop. Yeah, I think we should eat it's we got about an hour. Yeah or we can find something else but. Well, 79th but where's the Whitney? Seventy seventh, right? No, actually let's keep heading north because we, uh, still have to walk twelve thirteen more blocks this way. Here's a coffee shop. Perfect. What do you say? Yeah but it's actually a table and sure, yeah. This is just good I mean we'll, we'll get used to the temperature. Um, I'm gonna have some, uh a bagel and lox I think. What are you gonna have? An omelet or something? A sandwich? Sure. Cheryl? Uh, I'll have, uh, the nova and bagel. Yeah yeah, uh, toasted dry please and and a, uh, coffee. I think it's good that we just found a place just to go in and sit tight. And you know, the next place we could have gone there would have been a line out the door it's, like, what the fuck? Well you know these things can take a year or two. I wouldn't worry about it the show was sorry, what? It took a year for that big piece of mine to sell. You know, it finally did and then the other one never did, the huge one from John and Karin's the last one never did. You know, I'd say all in all the show was quite a success. Does he have any reviews coming out in the magazines? Uh huh. They come out of Chicago, uh, they did a review of 73 Poems at The Drawing Center. It's a good magazine, yeah. Serious. Yeah. Serious, uh, serious Mid-Western magazine. Yeah, that might be nice. You can parlay that into getting a gig at Chicago, yeah. What did Amy call her? Now, Vanelyn. No, that's good, Cher, no I mean it was an unqualified success that was, uh, that was terrific, uh, you got such good write ups. It was just wonderful. Everyone saw it. And the nice the nicest thing I think about it is that Stefano's a good guy and. Yeah, he's funny. He's a good guy, he's a nice guy, he's responsible, he cares, he's hustling. This is a great this is the perfect place for you to be. What's happening there? What what would I hit you for? Moving the moving the? Well, you moved it about a half an inch. Now, does that sound like a, does that sound like it qualifies for a, uh, a right hook? No, I think you I think you got it wrong. Well, then these people need to learn need to learn something about, uh, how to get along with people I'd say. That's not civilized, if you ask me. They're savage, right. I was like, oh. Well well he's got a real he's got a real uptight side, you know, to him like. Perfect. Yeah, no I I, uh, he's he's curious, you know, he's just like any other like anyone else, he's just like

everyone. Well, ask him. I'll catch his eye cause I'm gonna be eating mine here. Sir. Forgot the tomatoes on her... I'm just using the regular mic now for today. I don't know. What is that chicken salad? Tuna flesh. What? Oh. So you're not gonna be able to join us for dinner. You're gonna fly down. Um, I don't know. No no big plans. No plans. No. After can I have a bit of this? Sure, um, I don't have any big plans. I don't know. I'm just gonna do this. I'm gonna have dinner. I would like would like you to take the dogs just let them out to pee in the backyard when you get home. You'll be home earlier than I will actually on your way home it'd be nice if you would stop and let them down for two minutes just to relieve themselves and then when I come home I'll take them for a long walk. Before you go over to Stefano's? Just around the neighborhood a little bit. Yeah. It is and I don't expect you or want you to walk all three cause it it really is too hard. Yeah, well, I'll do that but if you could do little things like just let them downstairs like say tonight. No, no. I can't. They bolted it, yeah. Bolted it open. Yeah because the dogs from the cab stand shit all over the place. I don't blame them, really. And they figure it's all dogs, you know, those people never cleaned up their shit. They're just so ignorant and the place is covered with shit so they figure we bolt the doors open nobody's gonna bring their dogs in there and no, I mean, I don't I don't blame them. No we'll go for our anniversary. We go out every year that's an important date to me. It's more important than birthdays or anything. No, that's a good one. I love that. I love it, yeah. Yeah, let's go somewhere else. Let's go to Blue Ribbon. I mean Blue Ribbon's really good. I mean you eat a stack of oysters, you know, it's expensive but it's good. With Ann though, yeah. We gotta go out to her place. I believe it's something around the sixth of May. So, we'll just take the 7 train to Flushing Main St. that'd be nice actually we go and eat eat some really great, uh, food out there. Main St. Flushing is a great place so let's go like make a day of that. Yeah. Somebody was, yeah. Yeah. How long? Horrible. That was the most foul tasting stuff, yeah. It'd be great if it was tasted good but it's so bad. Yeah. Oh, yeah. I'm excited about the food. I'm really oh the food's gonna be great. Great octopus and chicken and, you know, just just like what you get in Queens. I'll bet it's close. Oh yeah I think that's I'm I believe that it's fairly authentic stuff out there. Venezuela. I'll bet you get better food in the coffee shops than you do in the fancy restaurants that the art people take you to. The fancy restaurants the art people take you to is probably gonna be like, you know, upscale continental cuisine. It won't be nearly as interesting as, uh, a plate of calamari and a glass of retsina at the corner coffee shop. An asshole of a kid, huh? The father wouldn't talk to him. You see the father ignored him all the time. Just dying for attention, you know? And the mother is just such an impatient dip. Oh, it's really annoying. Spoiled, yeah, he just wants attention, that poor kid. I don't know smell. It never is. Yeah. Yeah you just say silly things and fun things stimulate them. She was like well it's got new technology. What does that mean? That gay. This is pretty good, really. Mundane lox. Not great lox but it. Oh they're just the reg, oh, you know, they're like the, you know, pre-packaged. It's not great lox. It was fine. Sure. It it it did what I wanted it to do. Can we get another cup of coffee and a check please? Thanks. It was very funny when Kathy said to you do you have that book The Unredeemed Captive? I was giving you shit about that the other day. I said Cher you're never gonna read this book. Oh yes I will. And Cheryl, it's been sitting there for a year and you haven't touched it. You read five books in between you're never gonna read that. Oh, I'm gonna read it. My sister gave it to me. Oh,

please. It was very funny when Kathy had these two academic friends of hers come to your show, uh, opening and they were the two, like, people, like, who doesn't fit in here? Like these really bland, you know, academics. Sort of Plain Jane. It was so funny because everybody else at your opening was so fashionable. They looked so good. And here's Mr. and Mrs. kind of like hi. It's academia. Look at Marjorie. She's a brute. Oh, thank you. Oh, yeah. She was just just no style, I mean, she's totally styleless. She's a trip, man. Well, I was really like I was like said I was pleasant. That other guy that other guy showed up at lunch. Fact is she was so hyper I never got to do any real serious talking with her. Yeah. Yeah. And then she gives this paper. No, we gonna have to wait till we get up to the Y. It was it's then she gives this paper that was, you know, staggeringly deep. I got parts of it on tape, no, it I mean it was just so good thanks. Um, you know, really I mean remarkable I mean it was a mind blowing paper and and yet, you know, she's like all she wants to do is gossip about. So there'll be some FMUers at this today. Yep. Probably a good amount of FMUers. At some level, sure. Don't you? Yeah. I think on some level, uh, definitely. I like Janet a lot. She doesn't pull any of the academic shit on me, you know? That Bruce bummed out on and Andrea bums out on. She doesn't pull any of this, uh, twenty dollar words Bruce and Andrea seem to. Sir? Thanks. Uh, how so? Yeah. Kathy is like. Kathy will will flaunt strong opinions all the time. I've never heard her, kind of, cut David off or silence any of David's ideas. She's never said to David, no, she'll never do that. No but their relationship is Kathy isn't amazingly, thank you very much. Kathy is like like seriously respectful of David's all of David's thought and ideas. I've never heard her even challenge him. She just listens, you know, like as if when he speaks she can learn a lot. No, it's really nice I mean they're very they're very lovely together. You know, well, you and Stefano are like yammering on about Sean and that he was saying that he kind of liked the work but and and and and that you asked did you see this article and he said yes and he said something. I caught a little bit of it, yeah. I hope you never have a figure like that. Yeah. Yeah yeah. Right. I was gonna say the same thing. You think anybody in the artworld reads? Yeah. Yeah, who cares I mean did you did you have any hopes that was that was what going to be the case with that article? I mean if if that was the case, I would I would be king and he would be shit but, uh, as it turns out I think our positions remain as they were and. Yeah, but then you could always, uh, soothe soothe yourself by by the real fact that nobody reads and, uh, that's the real truth. The truth is that it's easy, people understand it, people like and that's all. People will continue to kind of have it's own legs. Um, only the two paragraphs in the Times can people absorb and they only read the kind of first paragraph and the last paragraph. There are three paragraphs the middle one is usually skipped over the first line and the last line. They don't read. I don't know where where people read. I know in the artworld they don't read. Well, it's fully the reality. That why I kind of think that five friends of mine that read the article I'm appreciative for and the, uh, nine ninety nine nine nine nine nine other people will just say, oh. They told me that they read it, yeah. That was perfectly adequate, wasn't it? Yeah, that's just that's yeah, let's go get a, uh, let's go get a, uh, package of candy. So anyway, uh, you know. So I I don't know. That's just the, uh, the reality of things. I, you know, well. Oh, what did they say? My mother had a typically simpy, uh, saccharine comment about it that that alludes me at the moment. I can't ever remember it it was so unmemorable. And my father said he didn't understand the article, so.

He said he under he said oh I got a little bit of it. I understood a little bit of it but he, you know, for them for them it's like they don't understand it. For them it's like, you know, OK it's like somebody is paying a little bit of attention to what our son's doing and that's that's that's the gist of it, uh, you know, like they didn't understand your talk at the Modern at all. Not not like one bit of it. Now that's not, you know, they're just but it's not their fault. So they can get kind of, you know, um, Joseph Campbell sort of lectures on, you know, simpy sort of simpy lectures on, you know, subjects that makes them feel good about themselves. Yeah, no but its... Yeah, well, they're they're they're not they're no they'll go to they're not gonna take college courses but listen anyway I don't want to get stuck here. Um, the, at any rate, you know, they don't understand I mean it's. It's a di, listen, the dialog of contemporary art has alluded most people and it's not. Yeah, well it's true, I mean, it really is and even Marjorie I was talking to Liz Kotz about Marjorie Perloff. Here's a woman who's really on the cutting edge of literature but she's she's not up on contemporary art criticism. You know, she's not follow the dialogue and it's such a minutiae and introverted and and sort of small dialogue that's important to a lot of people nonetheless but, you know, you really have to be up on it and just to sort of have sort of gotten through Pop Art I think it's like, you know, Pop Art threw people, Ab Ex threw people and certainly once you get into Conceptualism, that's it. You know? And then that's that's already 30 years old so your you know when to somebody for somebody like my parents to simply jump into the stream, you know, right now it's none of it makes any sense to them. And, uh, so, you know, I can't expect any big big, uh, comments from them about it. Yeah, if you're a thoughtful person, you know, you can. Let's get these. I'm liking these now. You want these? Uh, no. Were you gonna give me a bag for this. You were you were reaching for you were reaching for, you know, you get a bag with everything these days and I figure this will be the first time I was gonna get a bag for my Tic Tacs. You were reaching for the matches, thanks. No, it was such a fascinating dream. I'm so glad you shared that with me. Hello, Cheryl come on. What did you see with my mother. Oh god, that's extreme. Yeah, a little bit a little bit of drool. He's a thinking man. Yeah he's he's old old fashioned in that way. There was a time when you didn't have to be educated but if you had a sense, if you had your head on your shoulders you were taught in school well that you could basically extract the idea from something even if it was unusual to you which is something I think that we really live by. You know, we're not experts in everything and certainly look at you, you come to music you haven't read books on music but you can look at it and figure it out and talk about it, you know, I think it's, you know, people, I think, used to have that idea before we were spoon fed everything and told we have to be experts in everything as well, you know, you could you would just be like yeah, you could figure some things out for yourself and and, you know, sort of some kind of self empowerment in that way. I think your Dad's very much like that. You're mother's not. You're mother wants to be told, you know, she feel inadequate cause she's not an expert, you know, it's all sorts of neurotic psychosis mixed up in there. But your father, no. He's a man who was trained to think and believe in what he felt. He's a sensitive guy, your Dad. It's unusual today. Well I I I really think that T.V. is responsible for that. T.V. has become the surrogate parent. Parents don't have to educate the children. T.V. educates them and the T.V. tells you how to think and what to think so that there is, you know, no more thinking for yourself and, you know, we've talked about it so much after you see a Presidential speech on

T.V., uh, the minute after it's over they tell you what was said and what to think, the analysis. To be creative. Definitely I definitely. I think, you know, on the other hand like if you're crafty the kid's crafty and curious and has that suss, like this guy could go home on the Net and go to Altavista and type in Intrepid, you know, plus battleship and probably come up with a load of information, go oh wow, you know, a picture of it maybe, you know, eventually this type of thing if he's given the curiosity the that information can be great. It's not information's not evil it's just that we're not taught to think for ourselves anymore. That's the problem. And we can also say, oh, intrepid. You know what the word intrepid means? You know, you start talking about, oh yeah, it means fear. Why would they name a battleship fear? Look at the little, uh, you know, obviously Cheryl on some level you or I got that. I don't know, we don't know where but, uh, you know, yeah, cause, it's uh. Yeah, or what are battleships for or or do you think that they're even necessary and now we've got like satellites and we can, you know, we got planes. Why would they need battleships? I mean there's so much to talk about but she just shut the fucking kid right down. Look at this suit, ouch. Do is act out. And saying how hot it is in here. Yeah yeah just just get his mind off the goddamned heat in the restaurant. And then he starts talking about, you know, like Max. You take his take his mind off the duck and you put it on the elephant, you know, just hey parent get a little control you shift his damn mind over and he'll stop he'll he'll, you know, get into this whole fantasy about battleships. He can take his goddamned pickle and pretend it's the Intrepid. You put a toothpick in it and say it's a sail, you know, I mean, let's go already. Meanwhile Dad is just shut down. Jun Junoir is like wrecking the place and bitching and moaning and the mother is just just got her full of it. It's insane. Right. Yeah. Yeah yeah that was really, that was really idiotic. Totally not they'll grow grow up to hate us as well. So my parents, you know, my parents are just, you know, they're just lazy. They are neu neurotic and neurotic. So when they look at something like that article, it's just conventional, you know? Oh, someone's paying attention to our son. So, I don't understand this but t's nice that someone's paying attention to our son. And that gets back to the thing with Sean and Stefano, 99% of the people are gonna say, oh yeah, someone's paying attention to Sean. I wish I had that attention or someone is look at Kenny, he's got a write up, oh yeah. I want one. This shit doesn't make any difference. The only difference it makes is a is a three paragraph review in the New York Times that people don't read either. It's a drag. People don't read. People do not read. Where, you know, with T.V. now and computer, who reads books, really? You know besides John LeCarre? Who really reads? I I, you know, I know Barnes and Noble is booming but I have a feeling that the, uh, you know, the good works are not exactly jumping off the shelves there, well I know it. Image world babe, isn't it? You you you make your bed I don't know why an artist would want to work at a gallery, I mean, that's that's his karma. Seriously. Where which is one one two blocks up this way. It'll probably start a few minutes late. Yeah, if it were up to you we'd be hanging in the Banana Republic and we'd be stuck in a traffic jam across the park right now, Cheryl. I know, you get carried away and... Well, you got three hundred dollars. I don't understand why you're drooling over everything when you've got a three hundred dollar account at your favorite place in the universe. Yeah, well look at Aunt Judy. So, OK? Let's spend 6000. We have 6000 in the bank. Let's spend it all on... Bobbie's saying he wore those shoes to India. I never I never couldn't believe she cared so much about my shoes. I I never thought

anybody could even give a shit what shoes I was wearing they're. It's very funny. Oh, everybody's hanging out outside. Nobody wants go and sit in for six hours of difficult music. But we're gonna do it. Oh, I don't, aw, listen. The Berio was so long. That must have been a four hour show in the freezing cold. OK, so let's use the facilities.

Bruchay. Bruce. Sorry. Hey babe. Cheryl, why here's your ticket. Why I guess I got to use the men's room. Hey Bruce, hi. How you doing? Fine, how you doing? Where where is the, uh, bathrooms here for the, uh, for us. Alright. Let's find them. Yeah, it is. There to the left. Yeah, so we just got to wait to go in. Here we go. Here why don't you... hey Bruce. Cher. Why don't you guys both go I'll grab the seats and and, uh... it's alright? Bruce, this way. Sally's not coming? I didn't know that. I didn't know that. I don't know, Bruce. Oh boy. Really? We shall see? I wonder if this is going to be a long show? Something tells me it will be. Um, we gotta get programs, yeah, I want to get a program. At the Berio thing here, the Sequenzas ran about 4 hours. Including including the lecture, yeah. Oh, it was, oh, eternal. Uh, it was at night. Oh, it went till like midnight. It was it was it was insanely long. So you wanna go get chicken afterwards? Good, yeah, OK. Cheryl's gonna go down and take her show down so it's just you and me, babe. And then tomorrow night we're meeting also. The girls, you know? We're... you know I've you know I've always thought of you like that, Bruce. Down through the years I've always, I've always thought of you like that. I'm glad you could make it, man. Big dance weekend, huh? Let's grab some programmas. Here we are. That's quick. The show's only an hour and a half long? Really? That's disappointing. Can you do something about that? Bruce, she says come here. Where is where where is this if we clap really hard he'll come out for an encore? We, OK. Come sit with us. Come sit with us. Excuse me. Come down here. Come sit with us, it's not. They're just for the lecture. You can sit anywhere you want for the lecture. Come on. I've never I've never seen you obey rules so much. Obedient. An hour and a half. Isn't that amazing? Went to dinner with Cheryl's dealer. Went to a party, yeah. Uh, party for another artist. Was it fun? Uh, it was OK, yeah. Dinner was fun with those guys. They're really nice. Janet was there, your friend Janet. Me, Janet, Cheryl, and Stefano went. Yeah. I'm disappointed this is so short. I thought this was gonna be another real long show. FMUers here. Scanning scanning the audience for them. It ended yesterday. She's got to go down there and take it all down. We just ate. I'll eat again. She, yeah. I've been telling her that it's gonna be like a six hour concert. Yeah. Cheryl. Guess how long the show is? An hour and a half. The Berio. You wanna come... I don't think it's gonna be... the Berio thing. I told him to but he refused. Yeah. The Beckett talk was good. Oh, I wasn't invited. Shit. You read read at the church? We'll talk later. No, hey, very serious food. Look it's only an hour and a half. Oh man. So, you got fifteen bucks for for some CDs there. Robin and some of the FMUers. Flypaper for fuck ups. Bruce, you like him? Lukas? No? That was very funny. Where are you going asshole? No your not. Says who? Nobody's sitting here. Come here. Bruce, come on. There are millions of empty seats here, let's go. No, will you please come over here? Who am I gonna talk to during the show? C'mon. Seriously. Did you, what did you think? No, with myself. No, I've done that with myself. Come on. Seriously, you gonna go back to your seat? What did you think of that? I liked him better than I liked Berio. Way more academic, yeah yeah. It was a bummer. I'll see you at the intermission, right? Sure. Hey Bruce, no one's sitting here, man, you're welcome to it. Here's one FMUer. That's Bryce. And there's Stork. Yeah, he actually left the house. There's Bryce and Stork. He actually left the

house. That's very funny. Cheryl. Dork. What did Amie call him? There's Tom Schmitz. Formerly of RISD, now of FMU. There's a lot of FMUers here. Flypaper. Little Nick Marantz little Nick sitting next to to Robin. See Robin and Nick? You met him you met him that time, yeah. God it's amazing, I mean it's very funny how much FMU staff is here. It's amazing. No this is good. No he always had a very hip following. Hip and young. The guy that was interviewing Xenakis he's the guy, let's see. His wife is a student of Suzanne, this kind of weird wishy painter, he's a friend of Joan La Barbara's and he writes for the Wall St. Journal. Um, he also writes for Lingo and does good, you know, he does good New Music criticism for Lingo. Mark Swed and he wrote all that stuff in that you remember that Cage thing that we got? That thing that Schwann Record Guide? All that writing, you know, with that bad typography? That was all his writing as well. Huh? This is fun? That's a lot of people we know? It's interesting all the people that show up on FMU they're all the people that have good shows. The knuckleheads stayed away. Cheryl the rumble the beat if you listen quietly you can hear that same noise that they had to turn off. Cheryl. Shut up. So I have more piece of tape from this week saying... Yes, thank god. Do we like it? That's the thing with Xenakis over here... the hits keep on coming. It's pretty rich stuff, isn't it? It's pretty accessible stuff. It's pretty rich and yeah, it rocks, yeah and also the ensemble's very good very sort of Bang On A Can like. Oh, by the way, the performance we saw got a review in the paper. The, uh, the Times loved it. What? It's good stuff. And that's '89, it's a late piece. The piece is from... the times between Ustvolskaya and Xenakis have proven to be the most interesting. Yeah. They're really big, aren't they? Like, kind of anti-academic. Really noisy. It was very good, wasn't it? So, yeah, I'm interested in the, uh, in the uh, vocal work. I think it should be real good. Look at these. These are it's a quarter-tone piece too which should be interesting. Remember the Ives quarter-tone pianos? The conductor has the ugliest suit on. It's like they're all coming to see Bruce. Huge, huh? Hi guys. Hi Rob. Hi Nick. This is my friend Bruce. Nick Robin. They are and there's Cheryl. I'm exhausted. I worked hard during that last piece. You remember Cheryl, right Nick? Bruce, what did you think? Very good. Were you here for the lecture? He didn't have much to say, really. Schoenberg said that as well, huh? That was weird, yeah. Yeah. Yeah yeah, that's right. Well, he liked early he liked early Stravinsky. He didn't like the Romantic, uh, the Neo-Classical stuff. The second piece was real nice. Really punchy. We're trying to understand the hipness factor how both the crowd and the performers. Xenakis always seems to have sort of real hip things going on around him. Oh, way. Yeah. We're trying to decipher the hipness factor here. The performers as well as the, uh... Drink of water. Uh, seems like she took off, oh yeah. Here's mine. She off at the bathroom. Kind of weird, isn't it? I guess they got another show going. Uh, sure sure sure we could. OK, I'll get it at the station. Oh, Bruce there's a party there's a party for zingmagazine it's out. Your big piece is in it and I butchered it to hell. Uh, no there's a party for it we'll get our hands on it Thursday night at the old Knitting Factory on Houston St. if you're around come on down and grab a copy or two, yeah. I wanted to take a piss before they sit us down there. Uh, I will remind you again. Yeah yeah. Some old standard, yeah. Some classical music. I hope you'll give me some of the, uh, your, uh, a tape of your for Sally's for the radio. The conductor does remind me of Charles a little bit, doesn't he? Yeah, I wish, I wish. Charles knows nothing about music. You did? He he knows nothing about music. We're done. Was Raworth there? Well, he's a great reader. You're still a great reader. So much for six

hours. Go ahead. Go around. Well, something's wrong with the older with the older woman I think she's she's, you know, old and can't quite control her speech. Did we get that disc at the station? Did we get it? Yeah, I'm sure we will. Did you get my email about the Carl Stone thing? Oh, really. I did, but it didn't come up. Anyway, anyway, I'll do if you want me to do I'll do that. Sure, on the 30th? You want me to come out? Whenever you want. Whenever you want me to do it I'll do it. I'd love to. Yeah, he's interesting. I can do it or we can tape it for someone else's show unless he unless he wants to be live on somebody else's show. Well, something screwed up it's OK. I'll I'll talk to you after this. Robin you enjoying this? I know you are I don't have to ask you. I know Nick, well I you were not sure whether you were coming. Nick knew he was coming when he first heard about it. I'm giving you shit. After this, Cheryl, do you just want to go downtown? Or do you want to come get a bite? Yeah, alright I told Bruce I'd hang out a little bit afterwards with him if you wanna head downtown, you may. That was pretty beautiful. Yeah. What he's doing is basically what the guy said earlier is he's doing something that's not twelve tone. It's just kind of... you know? It's not, um, tied to academic twelve tone stuff that's by that by the '60s was really dead. It was great when it first started but way down the line, fifty years later, it's not interesting. That's what we like so much about these composers from the '60son is that it's just kind of neat sounds, you know, somebody's got an idea of how to make really neat. Which? Those are bassoons. Bassoon. And a straight pipe is an oboe, I'm sorry, no. That's... I could have listened to a lot more of that. Oh shit. I love they did this before and I thought there was, like, another inch of music left so I didn't see that there was actually another page. Shit. I was like, that was so rich. That was so rich. I would hold this but I think it was not matching my outfit. Pretty good stuff, wasn't it? Like I think that last piece was really... pretty rich stuff. I was taping a little bit of it, uh, just letting it run a little bit it's just... oh. Oh, it's OK. It's OK. Yeah, I'll put my tissue over it there. I play so lo-fi stuff on the show. Some real lo-fi what do you think, Nick, what kind of what kind of, uh, sound quality will I get? Yeah. Oh, that was pretty punchy. I liked that last piece a lot. Very rich. Well, we're gonna play this all on the radio. That's all right I'll just put it I'll just play it. Stick it right into the mic, yeah. Hey, we're lo-fi. Hey, I see Stork made it out of the house. Look at that. Jesus Christ. Stork has just left the building. My god. Did Donna make it to the show? I saw Tom, right right. There he is. He's he's I've never seen him been in that house when he hasn't been it's unbelievable like every. Is that you mean he's not there like every night? Oh really? Really? Really? I thought he was really bizarre, like, OK I guess he never leaves. I was like was is Stork doing at like five in the morning? Pacing around. Alright alright alright. Well, that was that was good. Is he is Xenakis over there? Is that what everyone's waiting for? Oh. Robin why why Nick Nick why why is he so hip? Why does Xenakis why does he have this whole hip thing going. Yeah, look. Most composers I asked Bruce he didn't know. Most composers... he knows, he knows what's going, no seriously, so many we go to so many New Music shows. We're always like half the age of anybody there. Is that right? What is it? Now Nick it. Yeah, it rocks it rocks and it rolls. Right Nick? What do you think seriously. It's accessible, isn't it? It's less accessible, say, than Bang On A Can which is a lot more accessible and rocks also. It has a lot more rock connections. I'm going to the opera Monday so I'm missing that. Bruce and I are going to see Romeo and Juliet. It should be good. No, it should be good. I went to the last

Bang On A Can show and it was wonderful, wonderful. Yeah, I love yeah. Nick, do you like those guys, the Bang On A Can stuff or not really? The last show was just consistently, every piece was wonderful. Maya Beiser. Wonderful. We don't have her CD at the station. No, she's on Koch also, I mean I'm I'm surprised she does a Ustvolskaya and a Gubaidulina piece. By the way, I've been taking all the classical CDs and have been beefing up our classical CD section. I've been moving things when I find them. Gubaidulina is now filed under classical, thank you. If you if you do the same if you see anything that's clearly like Xenakis is never filed in our X section. I know but but do Xenakis and Berio end up in our classical section and and Partch and Cage and Gub.... well you wanna just then let why don't we meld why don't we meld it all together. Yeah, those are compilations and that stays in the comp room. I'm I'm all for either putting them in or getting them all out. What do you think Nick? Get 'em all out, huh? Or put them back in? Station politics. OK, yeah. Hey, see you soon. Nice to see you, alright? Robin, so we'll... I know I feel bad that I stood that he got it... oh, I'd like to do it... oh. Oh, no I would. I'd like to but I think Carl Stone shouldn't be on in the middle of the night, major major musical figure should be on somebody's show. I mean, nobody's gonna hear him in the middle of the night. Well, I'll tape it if somebody wants to play it during their show. I mean the man should be primetime. Yeah, I mean I'd put him on in the middle of the night. It's a waste, I mean, nobody's listening but, you know, what the fuck. I'd like to. Bye. Hi hi hi. Hi Fabio. Hi Tom. You did a nice fill in the other night what was that crazy thing you were playing that was, uh, this this thing about shadows? That was very good. Where do we have it in the library? How you doing? Alright. How was the show? Yeah. Pretty rich. Pretty rich stuff, yeah. Yeah, it was beautiful and the second one I liked a lot as well, they're some really really punchy pieces, aren't they. Well, they got a good crowd here Robin's here. Robin and Nick Marantz, yep. Are you heading out tonight? What are you playing, any of this? We'll be listening. See you guys later. Are we talking about are we talking about the artworld's inability to read? They don't read and they don't listen to music. They they they we went. There's no there's no, right, there's no acknowledgment multiculturalism. So, do you wanna get some food Cheryl or... ? Let's go down. You know that that FMU group is the most socially awkward. Well, I mean that's about all you can talk about with them it's like, Nick, why is this music so hip? At least I ask questions. It clams them up. That's a nice little house, huh? It intimidates them. I don't intimidate anyone. Are you trying... no ball playing please. I are you trying to teach me how to be a good teacher? That? Thank god. Hey, I can sit behind my computer and be real anti-social. Yeah. Ah, that was terrific. Well, I I find... well I thought that in the, uh, the second half there should have been a drum going brrrrrr and an organ. There could have been an organ and a drum. Banjolaly. A slanjo, right. Chinese banjo, a slanjo. Bruce, you just rub some people the wrong way, man. What can I say? You just rub some people the wrong way? Stupid comments for the archive. Look at that thing. Yeah, you rub Iannis the wrong way. And Vangelis? What did you think of Mark Swed? The interviewer? The Berio the Berio, did you want some of these? The Berio questions were bad. The Berio questions were bad. It's all, oh here, speaking of which, speaking of which I've got we're meeting at the World Cafe tomorrow night at six. Columbus and 69th. You wanna just meet us, oh, you wanna just meet us at the opera? OK. Janet loves your friend Janet the, uh, academic from M.I.T. said it was terrific. She she loved the, uh. She said she loved the first act and then the second

one fell short or something? She enjoys it. I haven't even heard of him. Yeah, it was somebody I had never heard of. He wrote me an email there. I don't remember the name. Could have been. I can't I never heard of it. Uncle David yesterday. Yeah, it was a it was her 85th birthday. Yes no you should have seen the, no both, but you should have seen the you should have seen the drinks they were drinking. I poured them these old people can really suck down cups that size of, uh, vodka and gin. Who do he what, you went to a lousy dance concert yesterday, huh? Who is she? Tell Sally I'll have her poster done for her I need a few more days. Looks pretty good. I need a few more days to keep working on it, perfect it. So Bruce, who was that guy you were pissing next to? Ah. Oh, that was the romantic, uh. Poet. Now where is this place? Somewhere along here. No. Well there ain't nothing up here. It's a block or two up here. It's on this, yeah, it's on this side of the street on First. Probably on the next block. It's where that yellow awning might be. Terry Danziger used to live right right, I think she lives in this building, Cher. For a long time. Yeah, we dropped her off once there. Yeah, we're really way over, huh? She says... The 2nd Avenue. Is that right? I don't rem... it was, what was that Bruce? Ah, here is is. El Pollo. Here it is. I know, I'll go get some. Some beers. Janet. No? Apple House? Applehaus. No. There's no beer? No beer here. At least Bob knows how to say he's sorry, huh? You know I was that was a compliment, Bruce. Well, oh, Mr. Sensitive. I'm trying to learn from you. I'm trying to be... Beer? Beer? Fucking what's it's like... what city are we in? It's dry, man. Ja ja Munich. You missed a great, uh, art party last night. How is that... Michael Joo, Michael Joo's party. Mikey the Jew. We got we got we got one on Wednesday night. Yeah. Party party party. Hey fuck you. Wednesday is, uh, Peter Halley's party. Index Magazine. He's the one that Charles wrote a great slam on his work. Yeah, right cuz Susan was jealous of his success. Bruce, what kind of beer do you want and Cheryl how many beers do you want? She'll probably have one we'll get... What do like there, babe? I'm gonna get something on the lite side here I'm gonna get some, some Coronas. We're eating some South of the Border food unless... So, what are you gonna have? I have two, you have two, she's gonna have two, you have two? I'll have one. Let's get four total. She doesn't want one? Cheryl, do you want a beer? I'll have a beer and a half that'll about do it for Kenny G. No. Same bag. Probably fifty, pal. It's only a quarter I need. Yeah, of course. Did you read the article about James Levine in the Sunday Times? Today? Curious what what they had to say. No. I wanna know all about that. I will I will one day. Oh, I would if I got him on at the station I would I would just push and push and push. It would just turn into just a a blathering gossip session. It's what I'm best at. Fuck music. Let's talk about... Just money. They fools. How you doing? Just two. Cheryl do you want any? Do you have a couple of slices of lemon served with hot sauce. I'm funky but I'm not that funky thank you. Yeah, right. That I can do without. I remember the food here the chicken here was just terrific, you know that? Have you been back since the since we were here last? That was for Charles and Susan Howe I took you here for the first time. That was, like, maybe four years ago. Charles and Susan Howe and and Clark read. That was a while. Yeah, mote is amazing. Cheryl, I'm not that hungry but I'm just gonna I'm just gonna eat cause, uh, this whole, yeah. It's a 7 flavor barbecue anyway. Yeah, I'm surprised that a lot of people from that show aren't down here. We saw the downtown hipsters in the crowd we saw Elliott Sharp. Yeah. How is she? Is she talented Zina? I've seen her with Fred Frith over the years and that group. They're interesting. Oh, the David Shea

record is terrific, the new one. Wonderful. No no nope we are ready. Thank you for the lemons. I'm I'm... why don't we get some, um, I think we could use a little more than one order of mote, I mean, I'm not gonna have that that many fries. I'll just a few fries I'm more interested in the mote so why don't you order the fries we'll just take take a little bit. Hot, dark, quarter and, uh, so we'll get one fry one mote and you wann get one more thing for fun? Yeah, how big is the mote? Why don't we get two motes for the fun of it? Yeah yeah yeah. OK, OK. This kind of day. It could be a little colder but we're lucky to find any beer in this neighborhood at all. Yeah, so you have you long been a follower of Xenakis's music? Have you? I'm asking you a question. I'm starting a conversation. What? Bruce, do you like how long have you been listening to Xenakis's music were you ever like a total major fan of his? Yeah. You probably have, like, have a lot of his records. Yeah, that scar was mean, wasn't it? I love I love Ligeti. Das Irae, that's Penderecki. How about how about the first one was for Witold Lutoslawsky? Lutoslawsky? You like his stuff? Henze or... I like, uh, these guy were really good, I mean, Kagel and Ligeti and these are the real guys that are using sound so beautifully. Interesting, yeah. It was interesting how he was saying he worked against the twelve tone stuff by like, 1960 or 1950 it was already 40 years old twelve tone work enough is enough. Yeah. There was... It wasn't happening before the war even though this stuff was written in 1917. Interesting group of people that were living in like European refugees settled in Los Angeles. He wrote that while he was living in L.A. There's also Britten was living there, Huxley. Yeah, that's right. He was living out there too. It seems sort of undocumented to me. In L.A.? The intellectual. I mean they had kind of dark, I mean, they tended toward darkness anyway that whole group. Yeah yeah no that's. Thomas Mann is sitting there writing in, you know, in L.A. it's so bizarre. He's just so European and so dark. So, you know, minutiae and convoluted in a big sunny landscape it doesn't make any sense to me. Schoenberg too. That's that's why. That's what's so weird cause in New York you can kind of see a lot of these dark European characters fitting into this landscape but there, it's so completely... A.G. will never read that article. Geoff Geoff showed it to him A.G. calls him up says hey saw your article. Like, A.G. did you read it? Like no no no just got it. He'll never read it. He doesn't read. No, he doesn't read. No. They don't read. They don't read. She read for school but of course once you're out of school there's no need to read. No, why should they? The meals the meals keep coming all the same. What? They're broken up. Quantity matters. If you get if you get a big picture it means more than if you get... I hear that all the time, oh you got the big picture. Most of it a lot of it is out of out of jealousy cause you don't really wanna read, you know, you can't you're so jealous that somebody else got the attention that you don't want to read what was said about that. Morrisey's song We Hate It When We We Hate It When Our Friends Become Successful Morrisey's, uh... Fuck you. That's, uh, 74? 74, uh, I just sent them an email saying that the zingmagazine was out and that that maybe he'll show up yeah this nasty I didn't do any justice everybody's gonna hate me when I up this magazine. I take it and xerox it so it's degraded and you can hardly read it. No no. Yeah. At Botanica which is the old Knitting Factory. I have no idea what it's gonna be like. Could be a piece of shit. You'll all hate me. I have a night at Biblios, uh, they gave me a night at Biblios if you wanna do a reading. Not me. Zing has a night for reading at Biblios. Thank ya. Uh, whenever we want for the writers in the section that I curated. So, whenever we want. No one you'd be interested in. You'll you'll see.

You'll see. Abbie Hoffman. Oh mostly people you don't know. Erik Belgum, Dave Mandl, Abbie Hoffman, Jim Neu, our friend. Bruce Andrews. Bruce and Jackson, Blair. Coyle Coyle and Sharpe. Uh, no Erik is in Minnesota. FMU and writes kind of edgy, uh, essays sort of Anarchist essays. Um, have you met Dave? I don't think so. Yeah. It's so good. Yeah, listen maybe we'll have Lewis come and show, show, uh, his movie. Klahr. You know, I mean, that could be included. We'll put a sheet up and project the goddamned he'll bring a projector. Financially? Watch a video. Me? I'm in the magazine. I put a piece of mine in. Kenny G. That's what we're doing in Greece. I'm reading in Greece. Ah, the Ichor. Ah, who are you reading with? You've never heard Charles you've heard Charles read, haven't you? Bitter Ann? Bitter Ann? Bitter Anne Lauterbach? Marjorie thinks that she's the worst. I was talking to her at the Modern about about Ann, yeah. Bitter. Yeah but not Marjorie. Marjorie does not feel that way about Susan's work. It's cool. How does he feel about your work? You and Charlie B. and Ann are up at the Ichor. Is I... it's a lousy place. The gallery I hear is a is a is a horrible like old man's gallery. Yeah. Elizabeth Fiore says... Yeah. By The Kitchen. The whole thing. It's all moving there. The lamb district. Who's that? Yeah, he just said he was extremely nervous and he hadn't been out of the loop for so long that he drank himself silly to deal with his nerves. He didn't think it would bother anybody. I was surprised that he responded at all but, well, he was like hey man let's get together some time but, you know, we never will. It's not gonna happen. No no I just think that there's more hard feelings than he's letting on. With him, man, I'll tell ya. I didn't. Right. That's what I mean. I, you know, I like Jeff. No, not violent. It bothered me. It didn't bother anyone else. Last reading he gave there Cheryl and I went we were like oh my god. Yes. It was awful. Yeah, wasn't it Cheryl, going to hear Jeff read? You're getting soft, buddy. You're getting soft. That's what Marjorie kept saying. They're getting soft. They're too soft. No. That was a criticism of different people. Too soft. She said to me she said to me I'm so glad that you are this way. She said I had a fear about you. I thought you'd be one of those mushy Cageians who loves nature. She says I thought you were gonna be soft like the David like that David Rosenberg we have break what did you think of him? David... no, I forget this guy's name. No, it wasn't the same guy. He was soft, yeah, Marjorie was like he was he was what did you think? He was so soft, wasn't he? He was. He was an environmentalist. She says she says to David she says I heard the word environmentalist and I just want to run. Cause he's like doing a magazine he's like so Marjorie this is my magazine on nature and culture. She says well, culture I'm interested in, nature I couldn't care less about. I saw the guy's face and he has an isro, man, he's got the worst isro and a backpack. Jewish Jewish afro. And, big afro is an isro. Jew ball and then we heard isro and it's better. I say to Cheryl does my hair jewball anymore? So. Anyway, uh, this guy, you know, comes into the Museum of Modern Art it's very chic chic dining room, it's very expensive she spent 150 bucks on lunch for us, yeah, the upstairs, the fancy one. So, this guy walks in with a pair of Birkenstocks, bell bottomed jeans, which are not like cool bell bottoms but kind of like something he's been wearing since like '74. Bell bottoms are in but it would have been something like if they even if he had been like. It was sad. And he strolls in with like, kind of like a dirty button down shirt and blue Jansport like backpack and an isro and kind of kind of. Yeah, it's good. And Marjorie just looked at me and was like oh my god, I can't believe I had. Afterward she's I'm so sorry I invited David for lunch. Yeah, I had such a good time and then we had to really cool it with him around.

He was soft. I couldn't. I don't think I could have handled Marjorie on my own for like three hours in the Museum of Modern Art. I just drank as it was. I got trashed. Well, I couldn't keep up with the gossip, I mean I had a lot of gossip but I couldn't sling it. I can be hard. Our hardness? Who can keep it up. Marjorie can stay much chubbier than I. She's fuck she's intense man. Bruce, have you ever had a quiet conversation with her? Sort of a a quiet intimate meaningful and deep one? Yeah. You like talk, yeah. That what I said, you just rolled over, yeah. Less. I sense a I sense a smack of anti-semitism here. Because it's Jewish. It's how Jewish families, not mine, but many other families, function. Nobody listens everybody talks at once. Mine nobody listens, nobody talks. Cause I was saying no here's what was going on in mind. No, the talk is awful. See Bruce I I found my I can do that and the reason I can do that cause that's the way, that's what you do in a Jewish home. It's no coincidence that Marjorie, Charles, and I are Jewish. Unless you blow her away. With volume. You can with volume. Imagine imagine growing up in a Jewish home. I don't know we just are difference. You said instead you said like in your home it was just, you know, like people were ignored. But you guys talk and you listen I mean you have discussions. Your home is remarkable in that way. Cheryl grew up in a completely civilized linguistically environment. They have amazing discussions, the content is always great and everybody listens. No, it's very no, it's unique. I've never experienced anything like that. No wonder why you would find Marjorie disconcerting, Cheryl. You're used to being listened to at home. No you had no you had some bad bad rough moments but that was that was one of the better ones. Let's get some more. You guys wanna get some more? You wanna get a little more? Another quarter of a chick? Bruce? Yeah. Uh, why don't we have some white this time? OK, a quarter white and some hot sauce and Bruce would you do you want any more corn or anything? Should we get another corn to munch on? Yeah. What the heck. It's cheap and not only that Bruce, and not only that it's this is my treat cause you got me last time. Yeah, last time we were out. So eat, darling. Yeah. Yeah, last time we went out, last Sunday night you you guys picked up my dinner for me at the, uh, Chinese restaurant. I said next time is on me. I can see Charles nobody listened to Charles as a kid. I can see his family must have been fucking competitive and he was shut out completely. This week? They're all fucked up, man. Except for Iannis Xenakis cause he has no politics. He was a Communist and was thrown out of Romania in the resistance and sentenced to death. What politics? Then I went to Paris and I just started making music, yeah. His political content in my titles. That was I liked that actually it was very funny. From the concert? I saw these people here with the baby. I don't think so either. It was like Cybersuds. Bruce you missed Cybersuds. Cybersuds the great Internet networking party at The Knitting Factory on Thursday night. Ay why don't you move downtown sucker? Andrea was there is full form. Oh she said by the way that things did not work out with that guy. That, uh, Brian or that Daniel. Daniel Ben, right. Yes, yes. She wants to date guys. She should fuck Benjamin. You think he's gay? Oh. She's not. Benjamin's Benjamin's about our age. He was in the Whitney Program with Simon Leung and uh, Viv. No, they're all our age. No, no. Does he look older? She's a lesbian. So anyways you should have seen so Cybersuds. Alright, let me tell Bruce then I'll dovetail into into what happened. Uh, she said he was just really really, like, a downer, like everything was negative like his job really sucked and he was... Everything was a bummer Andrea said. Andrea probably started abusing him. Yeah, he's sort of like a failed actor. Yeah, he failed. At nineteen he blew it. Alright. East

Village, yeah. He bought an apartment Daniel? Cheryl will you cut that thing in half for us? They went to Walkers. Cybersuds. But she liked that guy from iworld. Andrea? Couple of years. Five or six? Take a little take a little chicken, will ya? Take that take that. Bruce, you and I have been known, especially when we saw the man naked. No. This one lacks ambition he doesn't... Either the father is weak. To guys she can. She's mean, yeah. She lite. She's emotionally heavy, though. That's right, and gets self-obsessed with a world that doesn't care about the production of art. Homey homey's back. He's nice. I know. He was successful he was a successful quote published writer. Had several books out, articles. So, he wasn't a wimp. He's a professor, he goes to art colonies, he's got a good resume, so she thought, I like him. And I'm a male lesbian. Lots of surprises in store. You think she is gorgeous? A few years. Is that right? That was a joke. For a loser who's a sweetheart. She has nothing. The thing that she was so excited about the other night that we were probing her was that a very famous art dealer had trailed her for five years. It turns out it's a very well known art dealer married with two kids, no three kids, no he's got three or four now. Gavin's got more than two. Right. Of course we found out. What kind of question is that? It's been a whole week. Famous art dealer. Married married with children. No we tried to get them, yeah, that's right we tried to get them we tried to hook the two of them up, didn't we? She's pretty speedy. Well she was with Doug when we first met her but he's half a man. Marjorie. Marjorie was saying you're gonna you're gonna like this. Marjorie was saying that in front of Columbia in front of the class at Columbia she was talking about listening to children and listening to them understanding the meaning of language but no understanding the meaning of it. She's like she's like if I listen to my granddaughter and she will have she will know what a confrontation is and her mother say, you know, Sally we're having a confrontation though she doesn't really know what the word confrontation means, she knows it in the context -- this all applies to Wittgenstein -- and then she looks up at the class and it's funny what happens when you get older. You finally find time to listen. Marjorie's saying this. She said she said I raised two girls and I never even paid attention to their language and I was like oh my god these girls are just. I never paid attention to them now I've got I've got more time on my hands, I pay attention to the way my grandchildren are learning language, which I love. What's Carrie? Who's Carrie, her kid? What USC? Is she lousy? You know Bruce, it's funny, but Marjorie didn't like strike me as being any different than 9 out of 10 people I meet in the artworld for many years now. And that's why she doesn't particularly strike me as, like, odd or rude or anything no and Cheryl and I looked at each other and we said who does she remind you of and we came up with about six names. Well, not those. Is that right? Who's more like that? Charles? Collectors the whole deal, yeah. That's why I knew I knew how to play that one. Isn't she, Marjorie? She's pretty loaded, isn't she? Such as who? Give me an example of Juliana? Who's somebody I know that's like that? Ulla? Ulla's just so warm and friendly. Is that like many academics? Awful, there's a lot of meat on these bones. My wife is criticizing me. Do you have a coffee an an interesting coffee? I'll have a cafe con leche. A troika. Seriously, how did we do? So who do I know that's like that Bruce, a typical academic? Anemic academic. Bork? Bork. I hate Bork. Asshole. Asshole. Disses all my friends. You know this guy? Yeah. Yeah. He's mean, man, I've heard him dishing, yeah. Smugly dishing. Just the poets here the poets. You don't know him? Do you not like him? Is that right? Maybe, uh, maybe I'm getting him confused with someone else. Maybe I'm getting him confused with

someone else. He's a friend of Nick's, isn't he Charles? How's Nick doing? As a writer? Were they embarrassed about Nick? A lovely guy. I don't know his work at all. That's like Marjorie, he's soft. Epistle to dippy. Hey you got a nice walk home, right across the park, huh? Nice nice stuff, huh? Very cool. Yeah from First Avenue all the way over across the park? That's a nice a nice shot. I'm jealous. I'm very jealous of Bruce? I'm jealous of... Look at that bag. Yo yo yo yard sale. See Marjorie would have loved that. She would have loved that that with her little she was wearing a red dress at the MOMA. She was a trip and a fucking half, man, that Marjorie, huh? Unbelievable. Glad I don't look like. She was Marjorie. Have you met her husband? Marjorie's husband? I bet the house is something else. She says she says oh I have a little bungalow in Pacific Palisades. Well, and all the money in the world is not gonna give her any better standing in the academic world. All the money in the world will not give her any better ac, uh, standing in academia. You were in a frat? Jesus Christ! You really must have you really must have fucking changed! Alright. Was it a gay thing? Were there fingers in anuses and things like that? Is that right? Seriously, why were you in a fraternity. What year was this? Even with an Vietnam War stuff going on there was no alternatives to frats? What did you, did you meet girls? Did you date before Sally? Did you date before Sally? Really. You were married, right? Who were you married to? Who are you Ulla you don't want to talk about when you broke down you were institutionalized for writing poetry? I hate him. Don't you? I I I can't stand him! Did she bring him Rowe? She would but it doesn't yeah. She's so competitive, yeah. Oh, this is your frat brother Rowe? Oh so he's younger too. Academic. Oh, like Marjorie isn't? I hate that guy. Yeah, Cage always told the story about he says to Guy Nearing or one of these mycologist idols it must be great to be in your field, uh, you know, you guys search for mushrooms and you look at plants and everybody's happy together. Not not like the musicians, you know, who who who are competitive and jealous and angry, right, competitive jealous and angry, you know, and and and and bitter. You know and John says, you know, like, uh, you know, John Smith, you guys must get along and the gets red in the face I hate his fucking guts! He did the worst work in in mycology, yeah, and I didn't, right right right. You mean at work or in her personality? Is that right? Oh, I like her stuff. She support you. Not many how many of these other academics? She loves you. No reason to con me. I like her because she's the only one who's doing what she's doing it seems to me. If there was more I always wish there was more people to read talking about language in this way but there's not so I love her work. She's no, you know, she's no, she's not a philosopher, she's not a big theorist either. She's report she's doing reportage and she could be doing even more... In the artworld that's all there is. Maybe that's why I like her. Pretty much, yeah. It seems it seems so... Who Marjorie and Rosalind on a panel? Yeah. Is he writing about you guys? And who's the one that hates... That was host of Whitney, uh, Whitney. Uh, Joseph Kosuth is about the grand is the first one of them. But I would never categorize a guy like Lawrence Weiner in with that who's much more of an artist and less of a, you know, theory kind of guy and less, yeah, of any kind of. I don't think Robert Barry's work is theoretical at all. No, I always thought it was much more whimsical and playful. Yeah, completely impoverished. Franz West. Oh, yeah he makes more appealing more appealing stuff. Sophie Calle. Oh yeah, I say Dan Graham. You will disagree with me. Dan's work is just real dry, so theoretical and so dry. It's just terrible. Yeah, but in the artworld the Whitney Cheryl knows him. Yeah, no that's better. Jannis Kounellis is kind of romantic and Mediterranean trying to

be sort of quote poetic, you know, all about memory and... yeah, I did put it in quotes cause I didn't mean I think we mean a different thing poetic. Yeah, poetry of language poetry. Good chicken, huh? Thank you. Yeah. Wait up. Uh, it's ten of six. Some to pass. Pack her tip. I'd love to go rollerblading. Take Bets. You know, walk the dogs and. Could use some exercise. Alright babe. Ready? Hey, thanks for last week. It's a pleas. Alright. Alright alright alright. We malingered on the plank. I told this guy I said I'm working for presses I was in the elevator one day this guy overheard me said oh what presses do you work for and I said Hard Press and Hard Press and Left Hand Books and he said oh a couple of porno outfits. Yeah. Hard Press and Left Hand. Oh boy. Lingo, not lingua. Lingo. The place is great. You like that corn Cheryl? Ahhhh. Give him a peasant. That one girl with those weird eyes. She was like... I think they were I think they were a couple of, uh... I think they were a couple of peasants. What the fuck? A couple of peasants I think they were. I wonder where he got them? Must have went out to the country. Looking for peasants. You work is political, isn't it? In title anyway. What title? What politics? He was very funny. Right. He denied everything. That was very funny. That was good. I loved that. That was so funny. That was so funny. No, I, no no. How about Lukas Foss? Really. Lukas. Good thing it's not like that in the literary world. There's more freedom there. I mean I have one record of his. Yeah, no, I have one of him conducting The Brooklyn Philharmonic. Yeah, it's pretty good. Yeah, right, yeah. Yeah yeah yeah. Ah, so maybe I'll see you on Thursday, maybe I won't. Oh, Jesus Christ! Right, I'm gonna see you tomorrow. Jesus, I'm sick of you. Alright. OK, cause we're gonna walk down 86th grab the subway, yeah. Oh, we're at this is Lex. OK, so we're at the World Cafe. Columbus and 69th. Guess not. Uh, its sort of more more worlds to... sounds good. Alright. And I'm watching three dogs, yeah. You know they're staying at like the Sports Palace in Orlando or something like that. Oh but... We're going directly almost directly from Greece to, uh, Vegas. Two weeks. Yeah. Hey we're Americans, buddy. Ow. Nice to see you, man. See you tomorrow, Bruce. I'm sure you have, yeah. Very nice. Judy. Ah. I'm tired. I didn't I didn't write anything with political titles. Funny, that was really kind of funny, wasn't it? It could have had more rhythm in it, more rhythm. Yeah yeah. There was no percussion. It was all wind instruments. He has. The ensemble didn't do any. Lukas Foss? Um, a composer who's better known as a conductor. The FMU people were so dead I saw them all and everybody was like ugh. Is that right? Yeah, I mean Robin was Robin, you know, who knows, you know, she's just so insecure and you figure she would point. No. No, she's not Nick's girlfriend. She's like Nick's big sister. You know you figure, you know, you could ask them a few questions they'd express an opinion, you know? What that I asked some questions or expressing an opinion? No Nick loves that kind of thing but, you know, with Nick I'm always... yeah, I figure I could pull him out a little bit or or or, uh. Also, you know, Robin who's always like this she's like always sort of so interested and so funky, you know, always wants to do so much and then she's kind of like so weird and insecure that she can't even talk and then afterwards I saw Stork, who of course was just dead. And I saw Fabio who of course was so cynical and so dead. They were just like ahhhh. Weird. They're all like that, aren't they? Ken's alive but he's dead in his own way. What can I say I was pissed off I was a little like, oh, c'mon you guys. Look alive you could be replaced by a button. That was a famous slogan on one of, uh, on one of Gary Landowme's father's cards. Yeah. Postcards. Look alive you could be replaced by a button. Good color. It says returns. Coke and returns. Did you get it back? Did you have fun

with Bruce? Is he hard? Mind the gap. Yeah. Ooh, not so hard. Not so hard. What? About what? No, I don't even remember. Oh, I don't even know where that was? I didn't say that, though. That was gross. You're right. I agree with you. It was un un intolerable. It was intolerable. That was intolerable. No I won't that was disgusting. It was disgusting. I wanted to annoy him. I just want to annoy people. It's acting out. It's just it's just what we saw in the restaurant today. Still acting out. See, you're twisted for your whole life. That was disgusting, I'm sorry. I shoot my mouth off all time. Just a nice girl. This is what I should have had. Sue Gross. I should have had... So what did you think? Did you have fun at dinner with Bruce? Is mean, like be mean and gab away in a sophisticated manner. No you're not. He wasn't expecting you at six on the button. You'll be there at 6:30. You tell me. Look. You see that? Hey. Count your blessings. What? That's not me. Jewish Museum? Where? Jewish Identity that's not that's not mi mine. Count your blessings, Cheryl. No, you count your blessings. Never has a beverage been so synonymous with celebration. Join stand up comics. Boy. It's like what's his name, the cousin of Terry would go to some of these Jewish singles things, what's his name? Marshall? Ah. Another great subway moment. Who you are. Sorry guy. I like science. What do you think I'm gonna hop? He's trying. Do we see the best shit on the subway or what? That was an amazing performance. I'm gonna tell you hop. You got to hop. He was so funny, wasn't he? Cheryl, did you like that? You know let's do the hop. You hop. You go hop. You hop. Now you go home you hop. I'm sick of babies. If I don't see another one again... but you hop! You hop. Yeah, they're very funny. Hah! I love the subway. Keep hopping. Gotta hop. You just gotta hop. What an amazing soliloquy that guy gave. I'm bet you know don't spin the wall. She knows every trick. She saw that one a million times. I've heard your old stories a thousand time. It was cute. She was funny. She was like no, don't stretch me anymore. Ay, you gotta hop. Run on, I'm gonna go look at some records. Yeah, I'll just see you later. OK? If I'm not at home I'll be up in my office and give me a buzz. OK, how you doing for cash? You got enough? You got two bucks I got a twenty. Alright I'll get some money out. Goodbye. Look at these old romance magazines. Those are pretty great, aren't they? The truth about abortion. Radio Mirror. Really nice, aren't they? God. Not that I want them. They're just neat. I'll see you later on, OK? Hop. You gotta get that hop. Ah, thanks. Uh huh. Cheryl. Where are you going? You're gonna change. I bought one record. Well, we're not going I mean I gotta take care of the dogs, why? Uh, well, how long ewww how long you gonna be? There's Scott Spector straight ahead with some Japanese girl. I thought he was gone. I thought he was in California. OK, so, uh, let's see. Hm. I'm gonna walk these dogs. How long you gonna be? Taking the paintings down with him? Alright, alright I can meet you back. Take Betsy for a little spin. Leave the other ones behind. No. We gotta get it. Look at mugsy. Look at mugsy. Ah, I don't have enough money on me and I don't have a check so. Do you have any shorts stashed away? We can get it before we go, you know, I've got to walk the dogs first thing. Yeah, we'll get it tonight, uh, we do need it but I just don't have enough cash or check on me. And I gotta, I mean, the dogs have been locked up for like ten hours it's, I gotta clean up after them and walk them so. Eddie Palmieri, salsa guy. That a gritty. That was according to nice last night. Hugely fat or hugely long. Knowing you. But I know what I do want to do. Hop. You gotta hop. Hop. You told Bruce that I was taping everything? No. Alright dogs. Do you wanna go get them? No? Yep. Shorts? Yeah, I don't get it. You you look just great. You look the same as you always have and you feel the same. Is it just because of

the pill? Just a little water? C'mon, go get the laundry. Go put some clothes on. I can't I don't want to carry it all myself. It's too much. Yeah. You look good. You look the same as you always do. The dogs you'll you'll just have to wait you dogs. Waited this long. I liked what Swami was saying today about the people on that sinking ship how some people were really frantic and others they had their eyes closed and they were peaceful. That was cool. I love those examples that he gives. What? He's so full of them, yeah. Look at the old Volvo. Looks like our old Volvo. I love those examples I think they're so cool. I think, you know, because you went on the pill you probably put water on and it's probably everything kind of just bloated just slightly, maybe just a little little bit it's not noticeable to the eye but you just feel it here and there. I don't think they're a half size bigger I think they're probably slightly larger, you know, I I just think that's what happens. It's the only explanation. You're not putting on any real weight or growing anymore. These are three fifty a spin. Hey, nice shoes, man. Are they high? They're comfortable, aren't they? That all I wear. I bought two of them. They're warm in the they're cool in the summer and they're warm in the winter, you know? What is that one? How much is this? They don't make them anymore. That's why I bought these cause I had a pair I like so much and, uh, I bought an extra cause they told me they weren't making them anymore. I don't know. Thanks. Alright. Hey look at that. It's a it's a pizzeria now. That's weird, huh? It changed from trendy bar to pizzeria. There's no commitment here, huh? Who's that? He works in there? You wanna meet back about 8 o'clock to do some night time rollerblading? Uh, about ten after seven? Maybe a little bitter later. Quarter after? How's 8:00 sound to be back at the house? Yeah, we'll tool around the neighborhood or I don't think it will be light. Uh, we can go down to the river or something it doesn't matter. I could really use some exercise. Well, everything takes a little bit longer as we know, you know? So if you just hang out a little bit those dogs need a little a serious walk. I'm probably gonna take them out for at least a half hour. You know? They've been cooped up all day, so. So, let's just call it eight so if you got to hang out it's gonna take you're gonna schmooze with Stefano right? Right or wrong? Yeah, it's like 7:15. So I'll see you in 45 minutes. Alright. What is that a bull mastiff? Neapolitan, right. I've only seen them in gray. Bet's c'mon. Uh, it was the style it is the style then. Yeah, they don't clip them anymore but, uh, they're all about six seven years old. That was the style. That's what everyone... yeah. Yeah, she's beautiful. Oh, terrible. You know these dogs, don't you? You have a dog. What do you have? Yeah, we talked to you on the street, haven't we? He's gonna lick he's gonna lick you. He's gonna lick the skin off you. Yeah, she is. Babette, come here honey. You like that or is he too much? This is Babette. This is Ginger and this one is this one is Baron. He's really sweet. They're all right. Babette. This one's a little shy, she's a little shy. Ginny, it's OK. Babette Babette come. She doesn't understand basketball this one. This one is older, you're right. Do you like heavy metal? Ginger be quiet. Babette. Where's your dog? Oh, so I don't know you I've never OK. You look familiar. Yeah, I thought I would talk to you about dogs before around around the neighborhood. So, what are you what are you doing in the city just to... Where are they? Are they playing around? Oh, so you're just hanging around the park. Ginny. I'll tell you something about Ginger, this one. She's a little bit dumb. She's a little dumb. He's very smart and very friendly. Ginger. Bet. C'mon girl. OK. C'mon Bet. C'mon Bet. Bet come. C'mon girl. Bets. Babette. Come. C'mon Bet. Here Bets, c'mon. C'mon. Good girl. Ah, they're friendly. Bets. Really friendly. Baron,

yeah. He's too friendly. She's a little skittish this one. Yeah. Yeah, they're terrific. Baron say hi. This guy is crazy. Crazy friendly. Yeah. Alright. See you around. Alright. Ah, they're scared of him. Yeah, I got three. They're scared of him. I met him before you the little boy had him had him out, right? The little boy had him out here before. One is seven four and six. OK, come on now. See you around. Come on Bets. OK Bets, come on girl. Come on. Bets stay. Good girl. Bets ips. Bets no. C'mon Bets no. C'mon. C'mon Gin. C'mon Baron. C'mon guys c'mon guys. Come on. Come on Bets. Hi. Hi. Um, so I had my encounter with Scott Spector on the street. Yeah, I was walking Bets and the dogs and he was sitting in front of Blue Ribbon on the chair bench out there. I just looked at him and I smiled. And he's with that girl and he just looks at that girl and says that's Kenny the asshole Goldsmith. He stole hundreds of thousands of dollars from me. And I just looked at him and I kept yeah yeah, you know, and I just walked on. Hold this major rage. I just finished returning this person's mail and then we'll go. It obviously bothered him a lot more than it bothered me. I was gonna say, you know, I'm actually ready to just say to him, you know, if I saw him hey how you doing? I would. What? I didn't look at her I just looked at him. I just looked at him right in the eye and I smiled. There's another Coyle & Sharpe devotee. He heard the the first time on NPR about two weeks ago and then a laugh out loud. It's the kind of thing I would do myself if I could just keep a straight face. I had a friend who would do this sort of thing whenever he was standing in a line. I usually had to walk away to laugh. Let me just finish writing this person back. To blade? Wanna get out the blades? Yeah. Cheryl it was so weird to me because it's so sort of obvious that he's kind of gone nowhere in his attitude at all with anything. You know, it's like five years later or something and he's just, you know, just the same. It was just really weird. Yeah. Yeah. I didn't I didn't I didn't want to throw shit back I I'm over I'm just finished with that. Yeah, oh it was like remember when we saw him just walking with that girl I was kind of like oh, you know, we each made a little comment to each other? And then we just kind of changed quickly changed the subject? Right? You know? You know, as if it was like, oh yeah, you know, oh, you know, he's an asshole but life goes on. Poor girl, right? You you could see by the rage in him that, like, noth, like he like he hasn't progressed like an iota over, uh, over, uh, the old days. There you go. So, yeah, it's weird. It's kind of like what Swami was saying about you don't steal something even though you know you could get away without getting caught cause you know kind of what the consequences in other words what will stick with you when you steal it, you know? And it's his own worst punishment there. Five years later, he's just still, you know. Everywhere he goes it's yeah. And he. It's truly his own hell. Yeah because I'm not so strong. I don't wanna go kind of real real fast especially first time out. If you want to go ahead you can. How was things at Stefano's? What is it? Tell. Yeah, you're right, she's gonna bark here. We'll call back later, honey, you'll eat later. Dumb dogs. So what did he do? Uh huh. Wow. Who is who is this guy? Yeah, who is he? Young guy? Great. Is it gonna be good? Go nuts? Good. Nice guy? Kind of like me. Kind of like you. Kind of like Scott Spector. She remembers this game. When the blades come on. Nice VCR. Fancy. Hey Bets, membership has its privileges in this family. Right? She gets to go while all the others stay behind. Yeah, I got them. No, it's we'll go together. Cheryl who's gonna who is going to change the, uh, no no no this way. Who's gonna change the laundry, uh, the trash bags there? Who's gonna change the trash bags in front of the house when Diane and Lois are gone? And who's gonna, you know, like

take out the recycling and stuff like that? Yeah. C'mon Bet. Definitely. Yeah. Wanna go out to the river? Wanna go out to the river? Oh Betty girl, are you up for this? OK. Dog power! Alright. Ip. How's it feel? Little rusty? Yeah, let's get new wheels. Cheryl I think the street's OK no one's coming. Oh, look at the, uh, moon! Beautiful! So let's go down to Battery let's go down to the Battery City, OK? What? Yeah, it's pretty, isn't it? Oh, it's so cool by the water, isn't it? Really, what do they what do they make? Really? What do they have rubber wheels? So we're really we're really out of it. These things are about five years old, aren't they? Alright. It's time for some new ones. Where shall we go? We'll go to the one on Canal St. look at how pretty those clouds are. We'll go to the one on Canal, OK? Right near us. Hey, Cher. Cheryl it's closed that park so let's go over to the other one. This animal's gonna need a drink, OK? Ah, this is nice, isn't it? You wanna get fast wheels. Yeah, I wanna get fast ones. Let's do that this week. I can put 'em on if we buy them. Yeah I've I've changed changed my wheels a few times over the years. I've rotated them. Yeah, mine are that way too even even though I rotate them. So how do we get around now? Can we cut through anyway or... ? I don't think that goes through god look at that a whole new building. Something tells me we've got to go around this way to get there. Do you want to even bother? Cheryl, this is a dead end honey. I gotta fix my skates. Come here let's set her. Look at this. OK. Go on Bets. What way do you? I don't think we can get through. What down and around? Yeah, we can go down where that car is, see where it just came up and they just go down and around unless... I knew she was gonna wanna roll there. Look at how pretty the sky is. Are you upset? What's sad what's making you sad? I wanna really do it. I mean I've always thought in the long run I should go up and shake his hand. That that, yeah, I mean really. I've adopted so many interesting attitudes. So have you from from that horrible experience. That, you know, I I maybe it's like we were just gonna crash one way or another, you know, without a les a real hard lesson. God knows. Yeah, you know what? We ended up with a much better set of attitudes. It's all for the best. Hard to say. Boy, would it be hard to shake his hand and thank him. But that's why I smiled at him, you know, I didn't I just wasn't gonna get into the hostility business with that guy again, you know? You know? Just, it's just too simpy to try to do something like that. I have to come up with a better a more sophisticated response, you know? What Swami was saying today about how this whole thing is like just hanging on a string. We can go down this way. Yeah go on. Cheryl we can go this way. This is open. Does this go anywhere? Not really. Yeah, let's let's go check it out. What? Wow, what what do you think it's for? Let's just look. It's like dirt biking or something? That's neat. What do you think I wonder what it's for? The biking. Bets stay. Yeah. It's like we're in the country. Pretty nice, huh? This park is so great. Cher you like that what Swami was saying? He loves Einstein. Yeah, this really shits for blading, doesn't it? Let's try to get her some water. Yeah, hold on Cher I gotta yeah you're right I gotta I wanna get her some water. It's totally dry. Let me see if there's any water here. The dog's really thirsty. Fuck. Uh, she will but I'm, you know. She can't drink sea water. All the fountains have not been filled. Hey Cheryl I'm. We got to get her some water I mean, she's like, deeply thirsty. It's really cruel to go on. Let me see maybe I'll ask up here. Hey, can I dump a little water in a dirty glass for my dog? Can I dump a little water in a dirty glass for my dog? She needs a little water, yeah. Yeah. I appreciate it. Thank you. They haven't turned the fountains on yet, you know? That's where I usually give her water but. Yeah, the haven't

turned the fountains on so I just figured I'd give her a dirty glass with a little bit of water in it hope you don't mind. C'mon Bets. Cool, yeah, we eat here sometimes cause you let the dogs in here. Bets. Yeah, it feels better thank you. Come here girl. That's so nice of you but actually I think this is alright I think she's I think she's doing OK. She's 7. Yeah, they don't have the fountains on yet I usually give her water in there. Here you go, Bets. Thank you. Thanks for your help. Babette. C'mon c'mon. Bets. That's it. Thanks a lot. I appreciate you help a lot. Thank you. Yeah, she charmed her way. Well, why don't we go to the end. We'll be OK. Yeah and then we'll be close to home but, you know, no they were so nice to her they were like oh, can we get her a tin? I'm like oh no just a dirty glass they're like we usually have a tin for dogs out here. They were really sweet. Got these guys from the cops here I think. Yeah, I don't want to have another run in. They, uh, with the dogs. They don't like dogs past a certain point. Yeah, aren't they? God, look at that moon, huh? Nice. Good. Good for Kenny G. to have a little aerobic exercise. Let's sit down on the bench here. OK. Halil!? Halil!? His his Finnegans Wake. It's unbelievable, yeah, it's a bummer, isn't it? Depressing. Halil! Fiddler On The Roof when Tevye says... I know he said it in all seriousness too like with a totally straight face. So we should probably head down here because the road is so rough up there. Someone may have a heart attack soon. Look at her. Yeah, her trail. Yeah, why don't they just block the goddamned windows out? Well, then it gives it a semblance of well, we've got a river view but you never get to look at it. I'd put a rear view mirror on top of my computer. Oh boy. Right. When what? My voice is taken out? What's that mean? Oh oh. I forgot. I forgot. Hey were winding down the last hours here on our taping marathon week. What's gonna be the last words said? And we're running down on a week's worth of tape. Like ass. C'mon Bets we're almost there, old girl. She's struggling now. Betty! This reminds me of like when we took her this summer when we took her biking to the to the, uh, pond. So remember she went in the pond she got right up afterwards and ran right home? Ah, they're animals. Damn animals. You filthy animal. Buck. Good girl. Membership in this family has its privileges, pal. The other two are sitting there stewing. No, none. Oh, we'll have our share. I'm not up for anything substantial. We can go out. What do you want to get? Well I don't really feel like crossing this river here. This thing. River of cars. We have to cross this one but, alright you wanna go over to the store? Yeah, c'mon. Ah, cause there's one right here. What selfishness it is to own a car. Hey, would you get me a, uh, beer? I'll wait out here. Here's the money. Uh, how 'bout a Becks? I'll just wait here, OK? OK. She's a filthy animal. That was great. Perfect. Ugh, nobody's somebody's on the floor. I think, uh, we need to do a general straightening up around here, huh? Yeah, why don't we do that together? Ah, hello Mom hi. So I got your message and I found it so I made a reservation at six for us and the two girls and Bruce is gonna join us for coffee at 7:30. OK? So thanks for having us yesterday. How was Sue's baby? Probably not as good as ours, huh? Was there a lot of comparison going on? But ours is prettier, isn't it? And and and cuter? Sue's is a little ugly, isn't it? What is it is something wrong with it? Is it malnourished? Alright. So I'll see you tomorrow. Bye. No I was I was just trying to get her to say so. No, it was cute. Magda it's Kenneth. That's better. I don't like that negative phrasing from you. OK, so we have a dinner date tomorrow at six. Cheryl can I have the card? It's at the at a place called the World Cafe. World Cafe. Like world as in world. And it's at Columbus Avenue and the corner of 69th St. OK and if in case you get lost the phone number there is 799-8090. Now, um, so it'll be your

friend OK and and me and my Mom. Cheryl is teaching tomorrow night. Yep, not tomorrow night. Soon though. Another time. OK. Great. OK, well, great. So, we've got a date for tomorrow at six and I'll see you then. You remember what I look like? I look exactly the same. Alright? Look forward to seeing you. Look forward to having dinner with you. Bye. See ya. Sit down have a have a bite to eat with me and a chat. Have a drink. Well, that was an interesting day, huh? Bruce is funny he gets like hung up on that theory stuff and academic he wants so badly to to have clout in the poetics field as an academic, doesn't he? He never, you know, it's he's so jealous of Charles. It's what he's trained as. It's how he makes his living. But, you know, he's got this big book of his critical essays coming out of a of a university press. And he was saying, you know, there are much heavier theoreticians than Marjorie which, you know, I'm sure there are. Yeah yeah. But. Yeah, she's no philosopher. But, you know, I think Bruce, I don't know I mean it's like I he gets, you know, look because of such weird exposure to theory we've had in the artworld we kind of know the game around that especially in art like you were saying I think you pinpointed it beautifully at lunch, you know, you you're pointing out like the Daniel Burens and the Kosuths and the, you know, and the Andrea Frasers. I think Bruce wants so badly to have academic recognition, you know. I think Bruce is just really really hungry for recognition of any kind of sort, you know? Charles has, you know, he has two books of essays out from Harvard, you know, on poetics and some other and a few other presses he's got a new one coming out from Oxford. But he's, you know, these guys are I guess they're, you know, sort of theoretician slash poet slash artist. He's primarily known as poet but he's also a, I'm sorry, theoretician slash poet slash academician. And, you know, it's just like... Yeah, we'll what I read what I read into it like particularly today about him kind of getting kind of heavy on the theory, you know, side of things is that he just he's just really jealous of him and... He's so great, you know, as he is. Bruce? Yeah. Yeah yeah. Yeah. Uh, I think it's... yeah... work... yeah. You've seen some dances that Sally's done that you don't like. Yeah. He doesn't like you either. He doesn't know you nor does he know your work. I mean Susan B. saw your show. He was just really jealous of you. Yeah, that's what I think he's just pretty phenomenal in a lot of ways just, you know, get a grip. You're pretty alright, babe, you know? Yeah. Your your dinner your dinner. And the absinthe party he fit right in. He just just made himself cozy. We loved when Charles Bernstein fell off the chair. That was good. So, last night after Charles Luce's opening, but you I want you to go see Charles's show. Will you go see Charles's show? It looks good it looks really good I like I know you probably hate it but I'm, you know, so I walking down Broadway and who do I run into but Susan Silas and Lauren Lesko. So I went to Metro Pictures with them and Susan was like we never see you. I was like, didn't I just see you at Cheryl's opening? She's like that wasn't really seeing you. I said, yeah, well OK didn't the Sunday after that didn't we see you at Michael Smith's with Jett she's like yeah but that wasn't really seeing you. She's they want so badly to see us. They like us. It was funny to see Gary Simmons. He put on a little weight. A little chubbier but it may may just be the haircut but otherwise it was like exactly the same. It was weird to see him. I just asked how Tiffah was. We talked about dogs. Six years old. Oh, Betty. Betty girl. Why don't you bring one back. Why don't we get a teeny one and put it where the, uh, box is there? Oh, move it down a little bit. My parents had one in their basement just sitting there a teeny little T.V. like smaller than like about the size of the little one we used to have. Yeah. Sitting there

we could take it if we wanted. I I'm not the one that says no. I don't care. Get one. You just took them to your studio. Why don't you bring one home then? Why don't we buy another little one? I put one we can put one right on top of the chest there. Why don't you get a T.V.? Why don't you bring your little one home? Do you need both of them? Listen you owe Alix a call. You knew she called yesterday, right? She wanted to hear what you thought of Richard's show. She wanted to go over that with you. I don't really give a fuck. Poor Schwann. So what did you think of Mark Swed today? Dynamic? Handsome? No I mean remember that time when like Suzanne had that group that paid at at her studio? His wife was one of the students. Right. I flopped. Listen, did you ever get back in touch with her and ask for your money? You should try to call her tonight. We could definitely use a hundred bucks. Like def. I don't know you know the Merrill Lynch phone number. You can call. Well, we'll do an investigation. But we could use it. We can always use it darling. So, call her. This minute. Get your money. No, I'm joking. When you when you feel like it. How was that chicken today? Pretty good, huh? Polo Loco. Pollo. Marcus Polo. Marco Polo. Loco Polo. In the water. Marco Polo. I don't know what was the point of it? To get to hide? Right. Right. Marco. Polo. That John Schlenck is one sex pot. Really, he looks like he needs some sun, some exercise, and some burgers. Yeah, I've come to like just think that I used to kind of like want him to really like me no in the end have to go up and, you know, do everything and when he walks up the aisle I always want him to like touch me or something. Now I just feel like yeah, you know, you're there you're not there he's just gonna down the ages I love it every week he uses that slogan down the ages. Down the ages wise men... Acha. Achay. That place is fu that's a pretty easy going place I think. Richard's so the best. Did you ever notice the side of the podium is all rubbed off where the hand goes? Oh yeah go look at it. It's pretty intense. When's he coming in? I think Swami is away though. I think Chetananda is coming in, no what's his name, Saradevananda. When does Saradevananda show up? Swami's gonna be away when's the last session does it say the last session is when? Does it say it's closing in May? Huh. I guess it's closing in June. Swami's missing the last few sessions. I think Saradevananda is coming from the middle of May to the end to June. He's going to England. Betty girl. Betty girl. You're so sleepy. You did good wearing that fur coat. Wearing that fur coat. It's it's yeah, it's Fabio's show I'm sure didn't go. Cheryl can this thing go back to your studio? The mound of glory. The mound of glory! I didn't make that up. Put your rollerblades away. The shoes are so beautiful. They are like like too small. What am I gonna do? Do we can we have them stretched? You know they're really nice, aren't they? They're really they're still cool aren't they? Yeah, I never bothered to have them stretched I really like 'em. How do you have them stretched? Here go pull them down. I'll go get them stretched. You mean this guy can actually widen them for me? They're really nice, man. They're really like super nice. Yeah. These are comfortable, I mean they will be. Ah, now just tell me to do them both, yeah. Look at how many fuckin' shoes you have! That won't fit. Blair Kenny. How are ya? Oh the upgrade? Oh, you wanna forward it to me? OK, well, OK at any rate, um, so what's the problem? You know what? I'm not going to be able to answer them because, well, no I don't use it I just write regular old html. So I haven't played around with this thing nearly enough to give you any advice with it. You probably know more about it at this point than I do. Uh huh. Well why don't you just take some time and, uh, and, uh, learn html. Right. Right it's not, right. Yeah, you should just just, you know, get get that old copy of BBEdit out and

write some html. Yeah or like what we learned at that class I think that's probably gonna be the best idea. Yeah, I don't know what to say hon I guess you somebody they should you can't just expect to learn html overnight it's not it's not realistic. You know, it's not it's just not a, uh... right it, right. Yeah. Yeah, well it sounds like I don't know it sounds like they've given you all this responsibility, you know, I mean I think everybody thinks that that html and and making web pages is, you know, really easy, you know, and well, it's like any other program it's just a matter of learning it. I mean, so they Interep wants you to build their web site? It's it's not, I mean, it's it's it's a whole other program and it's a whole other skill. Right? So anyway, you know, I wouldn't I wouldn't sweat it I would just tell Jane to have you just take some time, you know, and learn learn to do it or why why don't you give that that document to the people who are building your website let them do it. I don't think it should really be your problem, you know, I mean it doesn't strike me, you know, like it should really be your problem in any in any way, really cause it's, you know, I understand you wanted to take it on but, you know, just cut yourself a little slack and and know that these things take some time to learn. So, you know, you can never learn overnight and if you want to do it do it, you know, and learn it on work time but don't, you know, or or give it to the html people to take care of on this one you'll know you'll learn it for the next time but I wouldn't, you know, beat myself up about it. Yeah, it's not that easy, you know? Uh huh yeah yeah well. Yep yep yep yep yep. You're not gonna learn it overnight I mean it, you know, I wouldn't let it go but I would take some time to learn it. You, you know, you just you can you can't learn it overnight. Oh, I'd probably use a little bit of Page Mill I'd probably use a little BBEdit, you know, I'd do do a little bit of this and a little bit of that and, you know, make it work. You can't just paste it in because you've got to in BBEdit you've got to hand enter in tags. Yeah, so, you know, I, you know, yeah I mean I'd know how to do it but I've been doing this full time for a year so, you know, with no problem but you you cannot expect to simply, you know, just go and start doing it it's it's some kind of a weird, you know, if I if it's like taking an 80 page document in Photoshop and you just picked up Photoshop last week. How could anybody expect you to do that? So I think... Well, no you don't. Just have her give it to the html people, you know, I mean, give it give it give it to people who know what they are doing. If they have people building a web site then there's gonna be people that know how to do it and just give it to them to do. You know? What can can't you do that? Yep yep yep yep, uh huh. No I mean these are all things this is the craft of html. Any anybody can take an image and scan it but can you make it function in Photoshop, you know, it's not it's not that simple. You just can't you just can't go into something and and, right. I mean there's a million things to know and you're never gonna learn it overnight, you know, and I mean I don't know I'm not sure where everybody gets the idea in their mind that html is such a snap. It's like saying Photoshop or Quark's a snap. How long did it take you to learn those those programs or AutoCad, you know? Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. No it's just just links. No, I don't care it's it's your work. Yeah yeah yeah. Sure, just just make a link. It is it's easy it's easy, yeah yeah just make a link. No problem. Uh huh. Uh huh. Are you upset? Yeah. Right. Right. Well, I don't I don't know what to say, you know, I don't know what to say. Maybe you guys need to put up and you wanna pay someone I'll do it, um, I'll do it for you, um, I'll whatever you need. I don't mind doing that if you guys are in a bind. But I do need to be paid. And the

other, you know, but on the other hand it's nothing that I could walk you through tonight because there are a thousand things to know about about, you know, what makes an image work on the web and what makes an image not work on the web and what you can use BeyondPress for and what you can't. Now, you know, if you if she wants to if she wants to have me do this job I'd be happy to to show, you know, do it and you could sit next to me and I could show you every step and why I'm doing what I'm doing. I don't mind teaching you and showing you at all ever about anything, you know? But there's so much to teach and so much to learn and so many little tricks and things about this, uh, Internet stuff, you know, so many. People don't understand it. Everybody makes it think makes it seem like it's so easy, um, but, you know, there's it's learnable and it's knowable but it's gonna take a little bit of time. Well I mean why don't you just send why don't you just send me the Quark document? Why don't you just stick it in the mail for me I'll have a look at it and tell you how long it's gonna take me and what it's gonna cost them, um, you know, and I'll I'll I'll give, you know, I'll let you know if it's something you guys really need, you know, I, you know, don't mind doing it, um, you know, and if, you know, she wants, you know... Well, um, I would but I need certain things probably to do it that are on my machine, you know? Um, you know, um, I don't I don't know if I feel like spending a whole day I don't know if I feel likespending a day there or something but I don't mind I wouldn't mind doing it at my place just cause it seems like the Internet you don't really need to be anywhere physically and, you know, if she wants to, you know, I mean you could just come down, you know, instead of going to work that day you could come come down. Yeah, bring me the thing and we'll look at it together and, you know, it could be part of your job. Tell her look, you know, you can explain to her exactly what I said to you that this is never something that's learned overnight but that, you know, I can learn Kenny can do it, I can learn, I'll sit with him, um, he can probably do it in a relatively short time and I'll learn it and, uh, kill two birds with one stone. I don't know, you know, I have to look at it really. Yeah, well, I mean if I yeah or if I once I show you, you know, and tell you the tricks and blah blah blah you can sit with me and hang out with me while I do it and then, you know, I'll tell you exactly what I'm doing and then then next time you approach it you'll you'll know what what to do and what what what not to do what will work and what will not work. It'll be a learning thing as well so you could tell her, look, I could learn this stuff and he could do it. But, you know, you know what I'm saying? You know if you wanna just email the Quark document... How big is it? Well, you I mean that's doable you can you can mail me a 600k document, I mean, that's no big deal. You know just stuff it and and and blow it over, you know, it that's that's nothing. Yeah I mean, you know, if you guys are in a bind I'd be happy to help you. You know, I don't wanna sound like a total prick but, you know, it there's a lot to know and a lot to learn, like, a lot. And it's, you know, it's something I've been doing full time for months for a year and it's just. Yeah, the Quark thing is not, I mean, well it it might might do a little something. I don't use it much. But I'd be more than happy to teach you, uh, how to do it. Oh no you do you do what you do well. I mean, you're very good, you know, you're better way better than I am at Quark, that's for sure, yeah, it's just all all what we decide to, you know, spend our time learning. All we can do is be a specialist in one thing. Unfortunately we can't we can't do it all. One thing people are not understanding and I think one thing you are not understanding is that, yes, you cannot make you cannot make an html document look like a Quark document now you can use some tricks,

you can use tables which are much more advanced html commands things like tables to make things work. Well that's yeah, yeah, I mean, you know, you can fake things pretty good but again, you know, it's it's it's it's it's knowledge, you know, it's it's like lots to know how to how to write html to create tables, you know, it's just a lot to learn and a lot to know, you know, it's it's just writing raw tags there's no there's no editor that will write a table for you. You've got to do it by hand. Page Mill doesn't know tables. It doesn't understand them. It doesn't matter, I mean, you can't it's not it's not gonna... no it's not. html table is not the same as a regular table, believe me. It's it's it's really dumb and clunky and but, you know, that's the way it has to be done right now. It won't always be this way but right for the moment it is. So, if you guys are in a bind, you know, I'll be happy to have a look at it and give you an estimate, you know, give Interep an estimate and, you know, whatever needs to be done can be done I'm sure, um, and I'd be happy to teach you anything that I know, of course, you know, as always. Right and listen, you know, if it was your own homepage, you know, I'd say Blair come on over we'll do it but, you know, it's it's a it's a job is a job. It's, you know, you know, if it was if this was your visual poetry, you know, like like when you're over that day, I mean it's like who, of course. I'd do it for you in a heartbeat. But it's a different, you know, it's work, you know, Interep makes plenty of money. Why don't you call are you working tomorrow? So give me a buzz. I'll be in my office all day. I'll just be there working or send me email or have her call me but if it's something that you guys need done I mean I can do it and I can do it real fast, you know, I can it is doable. Whatever it is it's doable and I can do it and I can do it real quick too. Alright? Alright my dear and, um, you know about that link thing, you know, that nobody has to check with you for having a link. Having a link to your page is great. God, you know, everybody wants a link to their page. So, just, alright? So, why don't we talk tomorrow? I should be in sort of by 10:30, 11. Ah, what does that mean? No, but, you know, I mean do you need if you need to get in touch with me. I won't be on forever. If I'm on if I'm on if I'm, you know, I'm I'm usually online at most for about 20 minutes. OK? Yeah, get in touch. Let's let's do it. And don't sweat it. Give yourself a little break. Don't be so you can't, you know, Rome wasn't built in a day. You'll learn this stuff but I just think you're falling into a common fallacy that html is is doable by everyone. You know, who, you know. Well, but do you have a server? OK. If they said do it in Page Mill that means write it in html so. Alright, well listen if you guys decide that you want to do it in html give me a buzz tomorrow. Alright? Alright, hon. Just just, you know, stop doing it, do some art and stop worrying about it. It's Sunday night and talk to me tomorrow. OK, I'm there if you need me. OK, babe, bye. Cause because she's Blair. Uh, she's Blair, I don't know. That's a problem. She's Blair. Oh, she's got a 70 page Quark document that needs to be turned into a a html document and she thinks she can do it in Page Mill. And, you know, she... No, well I mean you just have to know, you know, yet there's, you know, there's much to learn. Yeah, something like that, yeah, it's impossible. Yeah, I get these kind of calls all the time from, you know, people like like Dick Higgins's boyfriend who thinks, you know, he thinks he can just go and hey everybody's on the web! I can do it too! People undervalue html cause, you know, they have simple programs like Page Mill, which I like but you've got to be able to do other things so. It's annoying. No it's you can't do it all in Page Mill it's just, you know, yeah but it went right through her. Is this place a little neater? Did you put the laundry away? I'm gonna do that.

She's sitting there trying to convert a 50 page, you know, Quark document into a web document, like, tonight and she doesn't know what the fuck she's doing. I said I'd help them out but I gotta get paid. It's from it's from work. She led her boss on to believe that that this was something worth doing cause, hey, everyone's on the web, you know, same old same old kind of hoo-ha. Oh yeah, the web it's hot everyone's on it. I can do it too. Well, you can't. It's not... From when? It's only part of the, I mean, that's right it is because you can't do all sort of things and, you know, the other thing is, you know, it's only it's only a fraction of what the Internet is. It's FTPing, it's learning to set permissions, you've got to make sure everything works, it's, you know, complicated, you know, it's very complicated. Well, no, I mean I learned it by doing the number of web sites I've done. File transfer protocol. It's how you move files from one computer to another. Anyway, I don't, you know, I don't want to talk about it right now. How long do I work. And the other thing is I'm a little pissed off, you know, because, you know, I've spent all this time learning all this stuff and getting really good at it and I have yet to really make any money at it so when Blair kind of calls me on, you know, begging for my help, I'm happy to give her help. I'm not, you know, I've spent too much time to just give my all my information away. I need to be paid. Sure would. I told Blair I don't mind teaching her if it was for her own homepage I'd say hey come on over I'll tell you anything you need to know but it's but it's a corp she works for a corporation I'm like, no. Sorry. They don't they don't get my advice. You do you're my friend. That's what she gonna try to do. Do that thing. Interep radio, whatever that means. Of course I'd teach you. Yeah, no, of course I would. If I had enough if I had enough work, if I had too much work man, just like we already did. Sure, are you kidding? I can fuck the secretary. Yeah no, we did great, I thought we did great. Even all you did was even when you just laid that stuff in on Page Mill, uh, we I thought you did, you know, you did a, you know, you did a tremendous job. Are those yours or mine? No you didn't make any mistakes and then I just went in and enhanced it with advanced html commands. But, you know, right. I ain't gonna fuck Blair, I'll tell you that. Blown by the 80 year old. This house is looking much cleaner, isn't it? She was just sitting there, you know, like grinding away, you know, thinking that an html document can look exactly like the Quark document on a Sunday night. Ugh. I wanna get paid for my knowledge, man. I mean, I don't know everything but I know a lot and I spent a lot of time learning it and I need to get paid for for my for this knowledge finally. You know? I'm realizing, you know, Brian McHugh was the same fucking problem. Brian just thought he could waltz in there and learn learn html, you know, in a minute. Hey, everyone's doing it. So I gave the guy a lesson just to get him off my back for, like, four hours and he does he still doesn't know what he's doing. You know, Brian's good on the computer it's just you people think it's too easy so they, you know, they're not gonna put the time in. The fact of the matter is that you it's like it's as complicated or more complicated than Quark, Photoshop, and, you know, all the other ones. Just because it's hot and everybody thinks it's fun, you know, everybody thinks it's easy and they all can do it. Did I sound nice at least? Yeah yeah. God, do you think I should throw this shirt out? It's not only html. There's a million little things that are connected with it like FTPing and blah blah blah, you know, there's tricks and there's there's there's online editing and there's zillions of little things, what's gonna work and what's not and that's what's tough. This is nice this apartment's looking a lot neater. NAFTA gets 75 dollars an hour for looking at my computer. I think I should

make at least that much operation, you know? I pay those guys 75 dollars an hour. Get me to my ass. Yeah. Well I I that's not going to be the case, you know? If I work I'll get paid. You know and you know how much money I've spent learning this? I mean I might have only taken one course but you know how much time and money and and shit I've gone through to learn this stuff? FMU I'll I'll give my time to, you know, cause those are going in the box. For friends or non profit I'll give everything I've got. For corporations, I'll get paid. OK, good job cleaning up. Hey. Well other stuff. Do you, um, are you gonna come to the zing thing? Yeah. OK, good, you know, your pieces are in there. Sure. Well. Right. OK. OK. The other thing I wanted to know is would you be interested in giving a reading? I know it's something you've never done before but, uh, you know, we have that night at Biblios, uh, you got that in the message. Yeah, I sent you this message about the party last night and there was a reading. Oh, we have a night at Biblios for readings. Yeah yeah and and just for my section alone and I can kind of, I don't know, it's I haven't set a date but if it it may be something you might be interested in doing. Or something new it doesn't matter. Whatever you want to do it doesn't have to be from the magazine. So, so think about it. I don't have any dates set. Just just put it in the back of your mind and and if it's something you're interested in I'd love to have you read. OK, well. Keep keep it in the back of your mind. OK? And call me tomorrow and let me know what's up. Uh, if you if you need this I'll clear some space out for you this week or as soon as you need it. OK? You know, I can I can just push it to the front and do it quick for you guys. OK. See ya. Speak to you tomorrow. Bye. OK, sweetie the whole place is straightened up. Alright? OK? I'm just gonna I'm gonna do some email and then some reading, OK? How you doing alright? You want me to turn this off? What are you thinking about? What? Tell, are you so absorbed in thought? You thinking about how bad my eye is and how I should call the eye doctor? What are you thinking about? Toast! There's you stuffing man. How is this music? Interesting or not really? I'm gonna bring your computer back here. You want me to get it? Do you have some work to do on it? Yeah. I'll bring it back to you. Tell me about this music a little bit. How do you feel after that rollerblade? I'm gonna hang out and read for a little bit and then what? What? After your show? You feel good. It's up in my office. This sounds like the soundtrack to what? Name the captive. I called it this morning when you were walking the dogs. What is this now? Selling a soundtrack? What's why isn't Kathy? Is it really queer? Listen. Where's where's Kathy? Why isn't she calling you back? Who? Oh god. That'll be an eternal phone call. You wanna w the d's with me? You wanna w the d's with me. Oh, right, Cheryl. Amie is not getting off the phone any time soon. I love that music. Um, The Great Gatsby. Did that take place in an earlier time and then move forward? Right. Yeah. You know your music. Do you like this? What part of the Gatsby is this? Like the big dance? Did you? Did you ever read the book? Daisy Miller. How did you know that if you'd never seen the film or read the book? What? Huh? Cheryl? If you can shut the door and the reception's still good. Give it a shot. You make Bets. Make make make. Good girl. It is pretty warm out. Bah ram ewe. Ah. How you doin'? You sleepy? It is to dob. I'm sleepy. Well then. Good night, Munsy. Good night Cheryl. I love you.

Day

**"That's not writing. That's typing."
— Truman Capote on Jack Kerouac**

A

"All the News that's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

Late Edition

New York: Today, mostly cloudy, high 83. Tonight, warm and muggy, low 73.

Tomorrow, cloudy with a few showers, high 80. Yesterday, high 83, low 72. Weather map is on Page A20.

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\$1 beyond the greater New York metropolitan area.

75 CENTS

PENTAGON LIKELY TO DELAY NEW TEST FOR MISSILE SHIELD

JANUARY DATE EXPECTED

Deployment Decision Would Fall to Next President — Treaty Issue Remains By ERIC SCHMITT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 — The Pentagon will probably postpone the next test

of a national missile defense system until January, administration officials said yesterday. Any decision to deploy the antimissile shield now seems certain to pass out of President Clinton's hands to his successor's.

Administration officials had previously said Mr. Clinton would decide this summer on deploying a \$60 billion antimissile system that would be ready by 2005. To meet that schedule, the Pentagon has been under heavy pressure for two years to conduct enough flights to show Mr. Clinton and his advisors whether the system was technologically feasible.

But now officials are signaling that Mr. Clinton merely plans to decide whether to go ahead with the program's initial development. The change follows events that include test failure, opposition from Russia as well as European allies and a legal dispute over how far the system could proceed before violating an important arms control treaty.

To keep that option of initial development open for Mr. Clinton, the Pentagon has requested bids for initial construction of a radar site in Alaska, setting Sept. 7 as the deadline for technical and cost proposals from contractors. The first contracts would have to be awarded by December to permit building to begin next spring and to have a working system in place by 2005. Under the schedule the Pentagon has set in light of conditions in Alaska, it has to start the process soon, subject to later presidential approval.

The more politically volatile decision of whether to field the system — and break the Antiballistic Missile treaty of 1972 — would be left to the administration, whether that of Al Gore or George W. Bush.

In a sign of this political evolution, senior military officers, including the program's executive officer, Maj. Gen. Willie Nance of the Army, have argued that there is no more reason to rush more tests. Critics of the program have consistently complained that the military operation was on an artificially fast schedule.

"General Nance is not going to conduct a test unless he's fully confident that everything is fully ready for the test," said Lt. Col. Rick Lehner, a spokesman for the Ballistic Missile Defense Organization.

Mr. Clinton is awaiting a recommendation from Defense Secretary William S. Cohen on the project and

Continued on Page A9

Exit Agassi

The top-seeded Andre Agassi, right, congratulating Arnaud Clément of France yesterday after Clément defeated him, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4, in the second round of the United States Open in Queens. SportsFriday, Page D1.

Lazio Closes In On Mrs. Clinton In Money Race

By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

Representative Rick A. Lazio may be less well known than his opponent in the

New York Senate contest (not to mention the Republican who dropped out), but in terms of fundraising, he has already entered her league. Mr. Lazio collected \$10.7 million in just seven weeks this summer, his aides said yesterday, leaving little doubt that he will have the means to battle for the seat despite his late start.

Mr. Lazio has taken in a total of \$19.2 million since jumping into the Senate race in May, nearly as much as Hillary Rodham Clinton, who has been raising money for more than a year and has collected \$21.9 million. She raised \$3.3 million in the seven-week period this summer: July 1 to Aug. 23.

Mr. Lazio's success with donors suggest that no matter who is on the Republican line — mayor, congressman, school board member — the checks will pour in because of hostility among some people across the country to the Democrat, Mrs. Clinton. And Mr. Lazio, a once-obscure congressman from Suffolk County, has readily harness that sentiment.

"I'm Rick Lazio," he wrote in an unusually short, one-page fundraising letter this summer. "It won't take me six pages to convince you to send me an urgently needed contribution for my United States Senate campaign in New York. It will take

Continued on Page B7

Religion on the Hastings

Signs of Shift in Attitudes Suggest Blurring Of the Line Between Faith and Politics

By GUSTAV NIEBUHR

When Senator Joseph I. Lieberman urged a greater role for religion in public

life in campaign speeches this week, he touched off a new round in the sharp but unsettled debate over the role that personal beliefs should play

News Analysis

in American politics.

Some critics of Mr. Lieberman's remarks, including the Anti-Defamation

League, cast the issue in terms of separation of church and state, suggesting that the senator had infringed on that principle.

But another way to look at what Mr. Lieberman, a Connecticut Democrat, said is to ask whether American culture has changed enough of late so that his remarks are more acceptable, socially and politically, than before.

Those who say such a change has taken place can cite various reasons — public unease over the political scandals of the late 1990's, for example, or the longer-term emergence of religious conservatives as a political force or a less tangible but pervasive interest in the personal over the political.

"I think the Christian Coalition has added to our dialogue on politics and religion," said Paul Simon, the former Democratic senator from Illinois, referring both to the conservative organization of that name and also to the broader political movement of religious conservatives. "Now, some of that is not good, but some of that is good, too."

Mr. Simon, who now directs the Public Policy Institute at Southern Illinois

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University, said he thought Mr. Lieberman had made his remarks "with great care." But he also said that some of the religious language used in the presidential campaign had left him uncomfortable.

"My overall impression," Mr. Simon said, "is the deeply religious people don't talk about it as much."

Mr. Lieberman, the first Jew on a major American presidential ticket, said in a speech last Sunday that Americans needed to "renew that dedication of our nation and ourselves to God and God's purpose." And while he said the Constitution "wisely separates church from state," he added that there must be a place for faith in the nation's public

Continued on Page A23

Bush Approves New Attack Ad Mocking Gore

Democrats Say G.O.P. Has Turned Negative

By JAMES DAO

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 31 — After struggling for a week to seize the offensive

from Vice President Al Gore, aids to Gov. George W. Bush said today that they had approved a new and sharp attack commercial that strikes directly at Mr. Gore's character and mocks his appearance at a Buddhist temple four years ago.

The 30-second spot, paid for by the Republican National Committee, will go on the air Friday in 16 states, and comes just a week after Mr. Bush personally blocked another commercial sponsored by the party that also questioned Mr. Gore's truthfulness. The move exposed rifts within the Republican camp over how to attack Mr. Gore without violating Mr. Bush's vow to keep his campaign positive.

Mr. Bush's aides said they had wholeheartedly approved the contents and tone of the new spot, which they described as "tongue-in-cheek." They said it was a response to critical advertisements run by the Democrats against Mr. Bush.

The commercial shows a television set on a kitchen counter with Mr. Gore on the screen and an unseen woman complaining that the vice president is "reinventing himself on television again." At one point the commercial shows a picture of Mr. Gore at the Buddhist temple event in 1996 and another segment shows him saying, "I took the initiative in creating the Internet." At that point, the narrator says, "Yeah, and I invented the remote control."

Predictably, the commercial sparked accusations and counteraccusations between the two campaigns over which one had "gone negative" first. Mr. Gore's camp wasted no time responding to the commercial, which was widely shown on television news programs and on the Internet during the day.

Mr. Gore also scaled back plans to focus on a patient's bill of rights in the belief that the Republican advertisement would backfire and that the Democrats should not create news that would distract public attention from it.

The new commercial is part of a broader, coordinated effort by the Republicans to raise doubts about Mr. Gore's ethics and integrity, which the Bush campaign clearly views as the vice president's greatest vulnerability.

All this week, Mr. Bush has criti-
Continued on Page A22

PRESIDENT VETOES EFFORT TO REPEAL TAXES ON ESTATES REPUBLICANS VOW A FIGHT

Clinton, Echoing Gore, Calls Bill Too Costly and Says It Mainly Helps the Rich By LIZETTE ALVAREZ

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 - President Clinton today vetoed a Republican-
spon-

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sored bill to repeal the federal estate tax and stepped up the election-year spar- ring over tax cuts and how best to spend the budget surplus.

In remarks in the East Room of the White House, Mr. Clinton said the bill "fails the test of fairness and responsibility" because it is costly and, according to administration figures, benefits only the wealthiest 2 percent of the population.

The president accused Republicans of threatening to hamstring the booming economy by devising a series of tax cuts that he said would leave little money for Medicare, prescription drug benefits, education and a host of other programs.

Vice President Al Gore has repeatedly lobbed the same charge at his oppo- nent, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, who supports repealing the estate tax. And in vetoing the bill today, Mr. Clinton adopted the same sort of language heard from Mr. Gore on the campaign trail.

"I believe the latest bill, this estate tax bill, is part of a series of actions and commitments that, when you add it all up would take us back to the bad old days of deficits, high interest rates and having no money to invest in our common future," Mr. Clinton said, echoing Mr. Gore's attacks on Mr. Bush's tax plans.

The bill "shows a sense of priorities that I believe got us in trouble in the first place in the 1980's, and that if we go back to those priorities, will get us in trou- ble again," he said.

In Congress, Speaker J. Dennis Hastert of Illinois immediately announced that the House would try to override the veto as its first order of business when it returned next week.

The effort, which requires a two-thirds majority in both houses of Congress, is expected to fail in the House, as well. Neither Republicans nor Mr. Clinton ruled out the possibility of a compromise today.

"The death tax punishes families for being successful," Mr. Hastert said, using the Republican's preferred term for the estate tax.

"It punishes farmers. It punishes small business owners. It punishes those who have not planned ahead with an array of lawyers and accountants to keep their money in their family," he said.

"Down the road," he added, "it will punish our young entrepreneurs, who are just starting their own Inter-

Continued on Page A24

Firestone Struggles in Center of an Ever-Widening Storm

By KEITH BRADSHER

NASHVILLE, Aug. 31 - Rarely has a leading global company faced such an

extraordinary confluence of problems: its flagship product blamed for scores of deaths; its biggest customer undermining its every

defense; its stock price plunging along with consumer confidence; its top executive summoned before an angry Congress.

This is not how Firestone planned to celebrate its 100th birthday this summer. The centennial, some marketing experts say, has turned into a debacle for one of America's most familiar brand names.

In Washington today, regulators added 26 deaths to the 62 previously attributed to failures of Firestone tires in the United States. In Venezuela, one of 17 countries where Firestone tires have been recalled, the government's consumer agency asked the state prosecutor to bring criminal charges against Firestone. It also called for prosecuting the Ford Motor Company, saying the design of Ford Explorer sport utility vehicles that were equipped with Firestone tires contributed to dozens of deaths in crashes there.

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Until today, Ford officials insisted that their company would stand by Firestone as a supplier. But Jacques Nasser, Ford's Chief executive, refused during a news conference in Dearborn, Mich., to reiterate that stance. "This has been an extremely difficult and disappointing period in our relationship, and we'll take this a day at a time," he said.

Executives of Bridgestone / Firestone and its Japanese parent, the Bridgestone Corporation, insist the Firestone brand will survive. John Lempe, the American subsidiary's executive vice president, said here this morning that to restore customers' confidence, the company would soon appoint an independent investigator to look into the company's products and practices.

But Firestone soon may face a fresh storm. As Mr. Lampe spoke in an interview at an airport hotel, angry union workers prepared to dem-

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Associated Press

STRIKE THREATS Bridgestone / Firestone faces a possible strike tomorrow.

Union members rallied in Nashville yesterday. Page C1.

Fire Raises Doubts About River Town's Boom

By ANDREW JACOBS

EDGEWATER, N.J., Aug. 31 - A day after a devastating fire here, Ann Ring

stood in front of her heat-scorched home, its vinyl siding dripping like melted cheese, and marveled at a Hudson River view she thought she had lost forever.

As thick smoke rose from stubborn pockets of the blaze, Mrs. Ring said she was thankful that the wall of flame had been kept from consuming her home. It had destroyed a luxury apartment complex under construction, nine nearby houses and an occupied apartment building.

But like many residents of this former factory town, Mrs. Ring, 58, said she was also angry about the wave of development that is quickly transforming Edgewater and other waterfront towns into the so-called Gold Coast.

"This used to be a quaint place," said Mrs. Ring, a school crossing guard. "But they've gone and put up these ugly monsters. They're ruining the place."

Coming a month after fires ripped through two Jersey City high-rises, the blaze on Wednesday night raised new questions about whether development is outstripping the ability of local governments to regulate it and favoring the needs of developers over residents.

With Edgewater's population of 6,000 expected to grow by as much as 2,000 in the next few years, many residents worry that growth will

overwhelm this narrow river town, which is just two blocks wide and four miles long. "We have one main road and three paid firemen," said Valory Bardinas, a City Council member. "This development is not only jeopardizing our quality of life, but our safety, too."

As firefighters continued to spray arcs of water on the smoldering
Continued on Page B7

gorewillsayanything.com

THE WHITE HOUSE

PAID FOR BY THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

The ad combines television images of Mr. Gore with scornful dialogue and a not yet operational Web address.

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INSIDE

Last Resort for Parents

When parents are at wits' end and their children—often adolescents—are out

of control, some turn to government, relinquishing their children to foster care. PAGE B1

Drought's Toll in Texas

This summer's record stretch of 62 days without rain in North Texas has dried up lakes, helped spark 650 fires and left thousands of acres of crops wasted.

PAGE A14

Type-A Mayor Slows Down

Fatigued by cancer treatments and sidelined by his party, Rudolph Giuliani,

New York's round-the-clock mayor, has slowed to a less frenetic pace. PAGE B1

Former Lucchese Boss Dies

Anthony Corallo, thought to have been the oldest surviving mobster to have risen from one of New York City's five organized crime families, died in prison at 87.

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News Summary

INTERNATIONAL A3-12

Missile Test Delay Likely; No Decision on Deployment

The Pentagon will probably postpone the next test of a national
missile

defense system until January, administration officials said. Any
decision to deploy the missile shield now seems certain to pass from
President Clinton to his successor. A1

China Official Sued In U.S.

Five veterans of the Tiananmen Square democracy movement are suing
Li Peng, chairman of the National People's Congress, in federal court
in New York. They accuse him of human rights abuses arising from his
role in the 1989 crack-down that killed hundreds of civilians in
Beijing. A6

Volkswagen Mexico Strike Ends

Workers at Volkswagen Mexico negotiated a raise of more than double
the

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inflation rate, ending a two-week battle that included a walkout at the Puebla factory, the only one in the world that produces Beetles. A4

France Proposes Tax Cuts

France proposed a large package of tax cuts, nudged by Germany and probably providing an example to Italy. The proposed cuts, totaling roughly \$16 billion over three years, are part of a wave of similar measures being enacted across Europe, as governments react to increased tax revenue from expanding economies and declining unemployment. A12

Inquiry on Liechtenstein Courts

A government-sponsored inquiry into whether Liechtenstein is a center for money laundering found shortcomings in how the principality's justice system handles the issue with some cases idle for years. A4

Religious Leaders Pledge Peace

Participants at the four-day Millennium World Peace Summit of Religious and Spiritual Leaders in New York signed a detailed statement pledging to work for world peace. A12

World Briefing A8

SCIENCE/HEALTH

Mass Extinctions Foreseen

Global warming could wipe out many species of plants and animals by the

end of the 21st century, the World Wide Fund for Nature, known in the United States as the World Wildlife Fund, warned in a report. A3

NATIONAL A14-24

President Clinton Vetoes G.O.P. Bill To Repeal the Estate Tax
President Clinton vetoed a Republican-sponsored bill to repeal the federal estate tax, saying it would benefit only the rich, and he stepped up election-year sparring over tax cuts and how to use the budget surplus. A1

Bush Ad Mocks Gore Character

Aides to Gov. George W. Bush said they had approved a television advertisement that strikes directly at Vice President Al Gore's character. They said the ad was intended as a "tongue-in-cheek" response to critical Democratic ads. A1

The Democratic National Committee dropped plans for a commercial questioning Governor Bush's record in Texas, choosing to yield the spotlight to the new Republican attack ad in hope that it would backfire. A22

Mr. Bush's running mate, Dick Cheney, called for a re-examination of the nation's role in peacekeeping missions and said it was time to consider pulling American ground troops out of Kosovo and Bosnia. A22

No Logging-Wildfire Link Seen

A bipartisan research group reported to Congress that there appeared to be no link between reduced logging in national forests in the last decade and Western wildfires. A14

Affidavits In Secrets Case

A federal court made public affidavits filed by lawyers for the former Los Alamos scientist Wen Ho Lee in which two former intelligence officials said they knew of government employees caught in serious cases of espionage but not prosecuted. Dr. Lee, who was born in Taiwan, is seeking to show he was singled out because of his race. A14

U.S. Agents' Masquerade

Federal agents posed as members of the news media to take pictures of neo-Nazi skinheads gathered this week to support the Aryan Nations being sued in an
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Idaho court. A18

Youthful Drug Use Declines

The use of illegal drugs by youths aged 12 to 17 dropped sharply from 1997

to 1999, the government said. And while drug use among people 18 to 25 went up, it was still far below what it was 20 years ago. A18

A.C.L.U. Defending Sex Group

The civil liberties group will defend the North American Man/ Boy Love Association in a \$200 million lawsuit brought by relatives of a murdered boy who say the group's Web site and literature incited the killing. A14

NEW YORK/REGION B1-8

Lazio's Fund-Raising Sprint Keeps Him In Money Race

Representative Rick A. Lazio raised \$10.7 million in just seven weeks this

summer, aides said, leaving little doubt that despite his late entry into the Senate race, he will have the means to battle Hillary Rodham Clinton, who raised \$3.3 million during the same seven-week period. Over all, however, she has raised \$21.9 million to his \$19.2 million.

A1

Report on Radiation Leak

An independent monitor has found that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission conducted inadequate inspections at the Indian Point 2 nuclear plant as far back as 1997 and relied on flawed analyses, inexperienced staff members and the company it was supposed to regulate. The report also criticized Con Edison, the owner of the plant, which was the site of a radiation leak in February. B1

Asbestos Concern After Blast

A steam pipe near the entrance of New York University's main library burst, spewing debris and traces of asbestos onto dozens of people and several cars and buildings. No injuries were reported, but 58 people who were exposed to the material were decontaminated as a precaution.

B3

SPORTS D1-8

Andre Agassi Out In 2nd Round

The defending United States Open champ, who recently said his mother and

sister have cancer, appeared dispirited in a losing effort against Arnaud Clément, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. D1

Cycling Star Recovering

Lance Armstrong, struck by a car head-on during a training ride in France on Tuesday, said on his Web site that he was "very banged up" but had no serious injuries. D2

Mets Alone Atop N.L. East

The Mets, who were off, took sole possession of first place, as Atlanta lost to Cincinnati, 4-3. D6

WEEKEND E1-24; E25-38

OBITUARIES A25

Anthony Corallo

The mobster known as Tony Ducks, who led the Lucchese crime family until

he began a life sentence in 1987 on racketeering charges, was 87.

A25 QUOTATION OF THE DAY

"The only thing that will help us now is a hurricane, and there's no sign of

one of those in the forecast."

BILL PROENSA, National Weather Service director in Fort Worth, on the

drought, and heat wave. [A14] BUSINESS DAY C1-18

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Ford and Firestone Under Fire

Federal regulators added 26 deaths to the 62 that were already attributed to the failure of Firestone tires in the United States. A1

Bridgestone/ Firestone faces a possible strike tomorrow by 8,000 workers at nine American factories. And Venezuela's consumer protection agency asked that nation's prosecutor to bring criminal charges against Ford. A1

and Bridgestone/ Firestone.

Arrest In Market Hoax Case

Federal officials arrested Mark S. Jakob, a 23-year-old California stock spec-

ulator, accusing him of distributing a fake news release that sent shares of Emulex plunging for a few hours on Aug. 25. C1

Signs of Slowdown Lift Stocks

Factory orders declined 7.5 percent in July, the biggest decline on record and a report showed that industry in the Chicago area contracted in August to the lowest point since 1996. Merchants reported that sales in August rose only 3 percent, below analysts' expectations. The data suggests that recent interest rate increases may be taking hold and slowing the economy, which may ease Fed concerns about inflation. Stocks advanced sharply.

Euro Falls After Rate Rise

The European Central Bank raised interest rates for the sixth time in less than a year, by a quarter-point to 4.5 percent, and the euro slid to 88.78 cents, near its all-time low. C1

Business Digest

EDITORIAL A26-27

Editorials: Covering prescription drugs; markets of the world, unite; a sour

fadeout for the Ewing era; return of the White House turnstile.

Columns: Gail Collins.

Crossword E34 Public Lives B2 TV Listings E24 Weather A20

Corrections

A picture of President-elect Vicente Fox Quesada of Mexico on Tuesday, with an article about a debate over abortion rights, reached The Times with an erroneous caption from Agence France-Presse and was published in error. The man shown with the president-elect was Governor Ignacio Loyola of Queretaro State, not Gov. Ramon Martin Huelata of Guanajuato State, where the debate is occurring.

An obituary on May 24 about Oscar H. Shaftel, a faculty member at Queens College who was fired in 1953 after he refused to answer a Senate subcommittee's questions about Communist affiliation in academia, misidentified the subcommittee and its chairman. It was the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Sen. William E. Jenner, not Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. A letter from a reader informed The Times of the error on July 18. This correction was delayed by an editing lapse.

Two picture captions on Aug. 24 about a restored salt marsh in Brooklyn misstated the name of one bird found in the marsh and misidentified another bird. The first bird was a double-crested

cormorant, not a crested cormorant. The other, shown in silhouette, was most likely a type of heron or egret, ornithological experts said, but they could not identify the species. It was not a glossy ibis.

An article on Saturday about two new cases of illness in humans caused by the West Nile virus misstated the surname of a professor at the Harvard School of Public Health who said it was possible that birds in Queens had developed

DayA2/ 20

immunity to the virus. He is Andrew Spielman, not Spierman.

A picture caption on Monday with an article about the recording success of the Baha Men, a Bahamian band, misstated the surname of a band member. He

is Marvin Prosper, not Prospect.

A highlight entry on the television page on Wednesday for the documentary

"The Fall of Newt Gingrich" misstated Mr. Gingrich's title. He was speaker of the House, not a senator.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 A3 Hard Legacy for Japan Sect Leader's Family

No Easy Times for the Children of the Man Famous for a Sarin Gas Assault By CALVIN SIMS

RYUGASAKI, Japan - They were the child princes and princesses of Japan's most notorious religious sect, Aum Shinrikyo, which released deadly sarin gas into the Tokyo subway in 1995. Their picture were prominently displayed next to their father's portrait above cult shrines where thousands of Aum disciples hailed them as heirs apparent to the spiritual throne. They were considered child gods.

Then their father, Shoko Asahara, founder of Aum, was jailed for master-minding the subway attack, which killed 12 people and injured 5,000, and the children's utopia crumbled along with the doomsday cult.

Today, Mr. Asahara's six children, four young women and two boys from 6 to 22, are social pariahs. Although they have distanced themselves from the cult, which now calls itself Aleph, the children

conceal their identities for fear of reprisals. They are constantly relocating, because everywhere they move neighbors conduct extensive protests.

Most public schools will not let them attend class.

Although they had no role in the subway attack, the children, some of whom are still too young to understand what occurred, are being held accountable for the worst terrorist assault in modern Japanese history.

In a rare interview, four children talked about growing up in Aum Shinrikyo and the virtually impossible task that they face in moving beyond the cult's infamy in a country where the sins of fathers are often forever visited upon children.

"People say that our family is evil because of what happened five years ago, but these little children hardly know anything about it," Mr. Asahara's 19-year-old daughter said, referring to her brothers, 6 and 7, and her sister, 11. "To go to school is a very precious thing. It's a part of life to make friends and become educated. What justice will be accomplished by denying them this basic right."

Last week, Ryugasaki, where the family recently moved, just northeast of Tokyo, refused to let the children register for school, citing residents' concerns. Masayuki Ono of the city's educational affairs division said that there was "great anxiety among residents" and that the parent-teacher association of the local elementary school had collected 1,355 signatures opposing the children's admission.

The children said that since the subway attack they had grown accustomed to being despised and rejected. In the last five years, they have moved at least six times, often on short notice and in the wake of large and sometimes violent protests outside their doors.

Despite the constant upheaval and emotional stress that the children have endured, they appeared happy, outgoing and well adjusted. But the adults in charge of them said the children had been deeply traumatized but were quite skillful in masking their pain, especially in front of strangers.

Aside from one another, the one constant in their lives has been their current guardian, a 39-year-old former cult member who has cared for the children for the last decade. She is a licensed teacher and provides them with home schooling. Two other women also attend to the children's needs. The cult said it provided financial support for the children for humanitarian reasons.

"It has been very difficult for
Kaku Kurita for The New York Times
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Four children of the founder of the Shinrikyo cult, Shoko Asahara, playing near their home. Their guardian is a licensed teacher and a former cult member who has cared for the children for 10 years.

Sea of Japan
Otagawa
TOCHIGI PREFECTURE
JAPAN
MR. FUJI
Tokyo
Ryugasaki
Pacific Ocean
0 Miles 30
N. KOREA
S. KOREA
JAPAN

Sea of Japan
Area of detail
Miles 0 300
The New York Times

A Ryugasaki school refused to let Shoko Asahara's children register. them, because everything and everyone they believed in was suddenly over-

turned overnight," the guardian said. "The worst part is the internal struggle that is going on inside them. It's far worse than the opposition they face from the public."

The children have few if any friends and spend most of their time indoors. Once a month, they are allowed to visit their mother, who is on trial for conspiring with her husband and a cult follower in the murder of a dissident Aum member in 1994. Their father, who is also standing trial, does not receive visits. The oldest sister, 22, is estranged from the others, and the third daughter, 17, lives separately but visits them frequently.

Asked what they would like most to do in the world, the youngest children scream with glee, "Go to school!"

"There are so many things that are necessary for me to learn at school, and I think it would be fun to make some new friends," said the 11-year-old. She added that she fully understood the barriers that prevented her from attending school. But when pressed to explain them, she simply smiled and looked down.

In the spring, Mr. Asahara's youngest son, who most closely resembles his father, was allowed to attend an elementary school temporarily in Otawara in Tochigi Prefec-

ture despite opposition from residents. "There were many good teachers there, and we caught a crawfish on a field trip," the boy said. "The principal gave me a snail, and I still have."

But the 19-year-old daughter expressed deep fear that her classmates would learn that she is one of Mr. Asahara's children. Although she usually enrolls in college correspondence courses, she attended classes at a university for the first time this summer. "When I meet people who are kind to me," she said, "I get really scared, because I always feel that the person may suddenly change if they find out who I really am. I don't get too close to anyone. I try to be nice but I don't go beyond that."

The cult's legacy is highly likely to haunt the children for the rest of their

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lives. Major Japanese companies typically investigate the family backgrounds of prospective employees to make sure that there are no skeletons in their closets that would later embarrass them. Quite often, Japanese families hire private investigators to research the backgrounds of their future in-laws. Experts on cult groups said keeping the Asahara children isolated from the rest of Japanese society was far worse than integrating them.

"At the moment, the Asahara children are being raised by their servants," said Shoko Egawa, an investigative journalist who is considered an authority on Aum. "They are being brought up as special children. But I wonder if this is good. If they go to public school, they will be treated the same as other children. If they make friends, they will have contacts with those who don't have Aum values."

Although they have disassociated from Aum, the children said they had fond memories of growing up in the cult. "They were like my older brothers and sisters, and that's what we used to call them," the second

oldest daughter said. "We were like one big extended family, and I sometimes miss that."

But the children are careful, perhaps by design, to note that although they were reared in the cult, they do not subscribe to their father's teachings. They officially left the cult this year when the group changed its name to Aleph and said for the first time that Mr. Asahara had probably been involved in the subway attack and that he would no longer be its leader.

Still, the children say they love their parents. The 19-year-old daughter said she remembered her father as an extremely gentle man who despite his many commitments nursed her through a terrible illness and was always available to help her with school work.

That depiction contrasts sharply

Youngsters tied to an infamous cult become pariahs.

with the image that most Japanese have of Mr. Asahara as the pink robed

head of the cult whose colony at the base of Mount Fuji included tiny torture rooms and laboratories that made poison gas. As leader of Aum, which once had 10,000 members, he is accused of ordering the attack in which members planted sarin in crowded subway cars in morning rush hour on March 20, 1995.

On a recent summer afternoon, as Mr. Asahara's young sons raced their red and blue bicycles, including one with training wheels, through a park here, they seemed as innocent and rambunctious as other Japanese boys their age. Keeping a close watch, the boys' polite older sisters seemed equally harmless, as they cheered for their younger brothers in a family outing that a passer-by, who apparently did not know they were the Asahara clan, described as "ever so lovely."

But a few blocks from the park, there was nothing lovely about the hostile banners that neighbors had posted outside the children's new house.

"We Don't Want Aum Here," the signs said. "Aum Go Away." The boys seemed oblivious to them.

A Global Warming Report Predicts Doom for Many Species By SARAH LYALL

LONDON, Aug. 31 - Global warming could wipe out many species of plants and animals by the end of the 21st century, the World Wide Fund for Nature said in a report issued here today.

The fund, known in the United States as the World Wildlife Fund, paints a devastating picture of the ability of species from Arctic polar bears and walrus to New England

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sugar maple trees to survive unless they can migrate quickly or adapt to their new environments.

The predictions are based on the standard assumption - which some experts say should be revised - that by 2100, carbon dioxide emissions into the atmosphere will be double what they were at the start of the Industrial Revolution.

They also rely on climate models that lose precision when assessing regional impacts of a warming global climate.

Particularly at risk in addition to rare species, the report indicates, are those living in mountainous or isolated places. Among those singled out as vulnerable are the Gelada baboon in Ethiopia; the monarch butterfly, which spends winters in Mexico; the Australian mountain pygmy possum; the northern spruce in New York State; and the

spoonbilled sandpiper, which breeds in the far northeastern reaches of Russia.

According to the report, as much as 70 percent of the natural habitat could be lost, and 20 percent of the species rendered extinct, in the Arctic and northernmost areas of places like Canada, Russia and Scandinavia, where warming is predicted to be most rapid.

Places farther south, including parts of Sweden, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Iceland and Kyrgyzstan, could lose more than half of their natural habitat.

In the United States, the report predicts, more than a third of the existing habitat in Maine, New Hampshire, Oregon, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas could be irrevocably altered by global warming.

"Rapid rates of global warming are likely to increase rates of habitat loss and species extinction, most markedly in the higher latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere," the report reads.

Jennifer L. Morgan, director of the World Wildlife Fund Climate Change Campaign in Washington, says that to survive into the following century, some species would have to migrate 10 times faster than after the last ice age.

"Climate change is coming at us much faster than many habitats are going to be able handle," Ms. Morgan said.

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British Begin Human Testing of H.I.V. Vaccine

OXFORD, England, Aug. 31 (AP) — Researchers began clinical trials today

with a vaccine aimed at an African strain of H.I.V. that causes AIDS.

The vaccine is the first specifically designed to combat the Class A H.I.V.-1

virus, the most prevalent strain in many parts of Africa.

Eighteen people volunteered to receive injections of the vaccine at Churchill

Hospital in Oxford.

If the tests are successful, trials will begin in Nairobi, Kenya, within six

months, according to the Medical Research Council, a government-funded national research organization.

The hope is that the vaccine will stimulate the body to produce killer T-cells that will destroy H.I.V.-infected cells fast enough to stop an infection from taking hold, the council said. If this trial is successful, it will be possible to conduct trials in volunteers who have a high risk of H.I.V. infection, the council added.

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More information on the tests, the Oxford AIDS Vaccine Initiative, is on the Web at www.oxavi.org.

Prof. Andrew McMichael, director of the council's human immunology unit, said it would be three to five years before researchers would have a clear indication whether the vaccine might work. After that, it might take another five years to complete development.

The trial, announced in July at the International Conference on AIDS in Durban, South Africa, is sponsored by the International AIDS Vaccine Initiative, a global scientific organization, and supervised by the immunology unit of the Medical Research Council.

Dr. Seth Berkely, president of the international vaccine project, said four vaccines are being developed. This is the first to go to human trials.

The vaccine contains small fragments of DNA that are intended to strengthen the immune system. Because the DNA cannot be replicated, there is no danger of developing AIDS from the vaccine, the council said.

In another research project, scientists in Thailand said today that they had reached their goal of recruiting 2,500 volunteers to test an AIDS vaccine, the first large trial of such a drug in a developing country.

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Liechtenstein Is Found Lax In Monitoring Of Bank Details

BY ELIZABETH OLSON

GENEVA, Aug 31—A government sponsored inquiry into whether

Liechtenstein is a center for money laundering found today that there were shortcomings in how the principality handles the problem.

Liechtenstein's justice system has been at a "particle deadlock," with some cases sitting idle for years, and its assistance to prosecutors in other countries has almost ground to a standstill, a special prosecutor, Kurt Spitzer, said today.

Criminal proceedings remained unprocessed for years, hampered by factors like judges' inaction and failures to respond to requests for investigations and searches said Mr. Spitzer, a prosecutor in Austria. In some cases, any possibility of prosecution was eliminated because so much time had elapsed.

The principality of 32,000 people between Switzerland and Austria asked Mr. Spitzer to examine allegations that Colombian drug cartels, a

Sicilian Mafia group and Russian criminal gangs were laundering money by passing funds through Liechtenstein asset managers and its 300 banks. In the spring, Liechtenstein was listed as one of the 15 countries that had failed to cooperate in fighting laundering. Last month, millions of dollars linked to Sani Abacha, the late Nigerian dictator, were traced to its banks.

Mr. Spitzer shook up the clubby atmosphere when he had documents seized from the bank owned by the realm's royal family. The brother of the deputy prime minister and a member of Parliament were detained for questioning.

But in his report, Mr. Spitzer found that white-collar crime in Liechtenstein was "no different" from elsewhere in Europe. "Most assets that wound up in the principality to be laundered have already undergone a pre-wash in other countries," he said. "This ought to serve as a reminder to those countries which are

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now pointing the finger at the principality."

Prime Minister Mario Frick of Liechtenstein acknowledged blunders in pursuing

illegal assets but said the report showed that "Liechtenstein is not and never has been a criminal state."

Liechtenstein has become a wealthy enclave by exploiting its status as an off-shore banking center. But pressures from the United States and European countries forced the country in July to abandon its system of anonymous accounts.

Russia Identifies U.S. Sub

By The New York Times

The second American submarine in the Barents Sea when the Kursk sank was the Toledo, a Russian news agency reported today.

The agency, Interfax, said the Toledo was in the area along with another

American submarine, the Memphis, during the Russian naval exercises in mid-August, when the Kursk sank, with the loss of 118 lives.

The United States has said two of its submarines spied on the exercises but were far from the Kursk.

Alan Chin for the New York Times

A recreation of a "milk bar," down to the "surly waitress," is a part of a Warsaw exhibition on art and culture from 1956 to 1970, the period in which Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Communist Party boss, was in his heyday.

Warsaw Journal

When Everything Was Gray, Not Red

By STEVEN ERLANGER

WARSAW - The tables are set with thick, badly painted china, government

standard, with silverware of some cheap, scratched metal alloy. A fan of thin, shiny and somehow unabsorbent napkins pokes out of a thick glass; the salt shaker is a jam jar with holes punched in the lid and rice mixed in, to stop clumping. There are other jars, with a few dusty plastic flowers.

The menu on the wall has more than 50 choices, but only a few dishes, like macaroni with butter or with sour cream, pierogi and a tomato, macaroni and meat soup, have prices listed next to them, meaning that they are available.

The sour-sweet smell of onions fried in bad oil fills the air.

And today's Poles, amused and nostalgic, file through this re-creation of a socialist cafe, part of an exhibition called, "Gray in Color: 1956-1970."

That was the heyday of Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Communist Party boss who tried to create a socialism in Poland under Soviet eyes that broke with Stalinism and followed a "Polish road." It was a period of intellectual and artistic energy that ended with enormous disillusion, including a bout of anti-Semitism in 1968 and Polish participation in the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. In December 1970, workers' strikes in Gdansk and Szczecin left 45 dead and 1,100 injured, and Edward Gierek soon replaced Mr. Gomulka, who died in 1982.

These events underpin this exhibition in Warsaw's Galeria Zacheta, which tries to show the life of the period, particularly its early optimism, without too much overt irony. Photographs show proud mothers and soldiers, a knife grinder plying his trade, a model posing against a lumpy old Czech Skoda car, a couple embracing on the street near a large poster of Lenin.

"I don't know why it surprises me that people look normal and even happy," said Dorota Dobrowolska, a student at the gallery. "People do the best with what they have."

An older woman, Justyna, did not want to give her surname. "It makes me

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nostalgic, of course," she said. "We were young, and the war wasn't so long before."

The exhibition shows the tension between socialist Poland and European Poland, how the regime tried to keep a connection with the culture of the West.

There are displays of shop windows with the fashions of the times, with efforts to copy the designers of the West. There are the proud windows of Polish exports: canned Krakus hams and Wodka Wyborowa - as usual, packaged with a care, neatness and design no one bothered with for the domestic market. Ordinary

A life of cheap vodka and slab housing on view.

Poles got by with cheap vodka in reusable bottles with peeling labels, and few at home ever saw a Krakus ham. But there are also photos of the party elite, alike in their dark suits and white shirts, digging in to lavish buffets.

There is a plastic shopping bag with handles - what the Russians call an avoska, or "perhaps bag" - that people carried just in case a store had something worth lining up to buy.

The exhibition recreates one of the "International Press and Book Clubs" the regime opened - 18 of them across the country, 4 in Warsaw - to allow Poles to read some of the world's press, magazines and books (carefully selected, of course, and concentrating on the products of foreign Communist parties, like L'Unita and L'Humanité). Or they could look at picture magazines or listen to some of the world's music, always a safer proposition.

There is a sample of the student clubs the regime initiated in the 1950's, "to channel cultural expression and help propaganda," as the gallery's notes suggest. A small black-and-white television drones on with a speech by Mr. Gomulka at a Communist Party Congress. A number of these student clubs were turned into jazz places and theaters, more subversive than the party intended, and some were closed down in 1968.

There is a re-creation of a small arts cinema, its walls covered with fabric and photographs of stars and directors, including Sophia Loren, Gary Cooper, Jean Gabin, Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock.

The exhibition concentrates on some of the art of the time, which was graphically bold and somewhat daring, at least in its personal expression. But some of the art feels very dated, which has more to do with the passage of time than ideology.

Some of the art is devoted to the politically correct program of the time, to "stop the arms race," and promote "détente and peaceful co-existence," as one poster says. Another shows a bomb with an "N," for nuclear; the heading reads: "N = Nie," or no.

One of the most striking exhibitions shows the initial optimism of, the huge tower blocks that the regime built, as in Moscow, to house the workers of the postwar, social Poland. There are mock-ups of typical rooms - the living room with its modular wall of shelves and cabinets for storage and display, the lace curtains and blocky sofas; the utilitarian bathroom, with its plastic plumbing and a long water pipe that couldn't swing between tub and sink, so only one set of pipes needed to be installed; the tiny bedroom, with its wall shelves and record player, a few jazz albums strewn across the floor.

On the ground floor of the gallery, as a counterpoint to the failed dreams of socialism upstairs, is another exhibition satirizing the modern consumer society of advanced capitalism. It is called "Buy or Die supermarket" and is an homage

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to "homo shopens" by the artist Pawel Borowski.

Products include "whole lamb stuffed with ideology" and a "lolli-pop flower

stuffed with hope," its ingredients including "light in a tunnel, a better future, coloring and confabulation."

The market also offers brainwashing powder ("free your mind from dirt - breakthrough formula is the choice for life! ") and Lady Macbeth soap and shower gel ("it cleans even the most nagging stains").

The supermarket's fast-food offering is a "Happy Meal," consisting of "a name brand bottle of warm vodka, an excellent piece of fat sausage" and a little vinyl piglet, intended "to make your life more complete."

Throughout the store, the American dollar features as both a lure and a poison, a symbol for greed, globalization and smugness.

On the same theme, in the luxury department (Last Supper Edition) is a tiny jar marked "Good caviar." The label says: "Helps everybody! It contains the annual budget of the United States for charitable activities."

Volkswagen Mexico in Accord With Union

By The New York Times

MEXICO CITY, Aug. 31 - Workers at Volkswagen Mexico negotiated a raise of

more than double the inflation rate, ending a two-week battle that included a walkout at their factory in Puebla, the only one in the world that produces trendy Beetles.

Labor leaders hailed the settlement. But some economists expressed concern that the 21 percent increase could set off a wave of excessive wage proposals by increasingly aggressive unions and threaten efforts to control inflation.

The company agreed to raise salaries 13 percent and give workers a 5 percent productivity bonus plus a 3 percent increase in benefits.

The union's general secretary, José Luis Rodríguez, said, "We think that salaries should not be based on inflation, but the performance of the workers and the results of the company."

Although the workers are the highest paid in the industry, they had earned an average \$2.30 an hour. VW workers in Germany earn an average \$27 an hour, Mr. Rodriguez said.

The accord is increasing concern that the raise might become a benchmark for other unions, with increases that far exceed the inflation rate. "It is most likely that other labor unions are going to try to follow this example," the director of Grupo Economistas y Asociados, Mauricio Gonzalez Gomez, said. "But it might not be a healthy signal. We are running the risk of starting off an inflationary spiral.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 A5 what's new

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A6 L THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000-09-11

Chinese Leader Sued in New York Over Deaths Stemming From Tianamen Crackdown

By EDWARD WONG

Five veterans of the 1989 Tiananmen Square democracy movement are suing Li Peng, the chairman of China's National People's Congress, in a federal court in New York for human rights abuses stemming from his role in the military crack-down that killed hundreds of civilians in Beijing.

It is the first time that such a legal action has been taken in this country against a Chinese official.

The civil suit was filed on Monday in federal district court in Manhattan by the Center for Constitutional Rights, a nonprofit legal group that specializes in human rights cases. Among the five plaintiffs are Wang Dan, a student leader of the Tiananmen demonstrations, and Zhang Liming, whose sister was shot dead by army troops who overran Tiananmen Square in the chaotic early morning hours of June 4, 1989.

Mr. Li, who is in New York this week attending a conference of the world's parliaments at the United Nations, was served with a court summons yesterday morning at the Waldorf Towers in midtown Manhattan. The summons was handed by a process server to an employee of the United States State Department who was guarding Mr. Li.

In Washington today, a State Department spokesman said, "We are not in a position to accept such a document on behalf of a foreign official." However, earlier this week, Judge Richard Casey ruled that a federal employee guarding Mr. Li could accept the summons, given the difficulty of reaching Mr. Li.

The lawsuit charges that Mr. Li, Spencer Platt for The New York Times

Lawyers serving a federal lawsuit at the Waldorf to security personnel protect-

ing Li Peng, China's prime minister during the Tiananmen massacre. Mr. Li is now the chairman of China's National People's Congress.

who was prime minister during the Tiananmen massacre, was responsible for "crimes against humanity, including summary execution, arbitrary detention, torture and other torts."

"We want to prove that he is accountable for the crime, and that this kind of crime, the human rights vio-

lation, is beyond China's borders," said Xiao Qiang, executive director of Human Rights in China, a New York-based group that brought together the plaintiffs with lawyers from the Center for Constitutional Rights in anticipation of Mr. Li's visit to New York.

Zhang Yuanyuan, a spokesman for the Chinese Embassy in Washington, did not return calls.

The first such across-the-border lawsuit was brought by the Center for

Constitutional Rights in 1979, when an opposition leader in Paraguay, whose son was killed by the authorities, sued the chief of police in Asunción, the capital city. Although

the plaintiffs were living in Paraguay, the defendant was residing in Brooklyn at the time. In 1984, a federal court ruling awarded \$10.4 million to the family.

Since then, dozens of these civil suits have been filed in the United States. Several have resulted in favorable rulings for the plaintiffs, including one in a fed-

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ederal court in Boston in 1994 that found an Indonesian general responsible for a 1991 massacre in East Timor, ordering him to pay \$14 million. In 1996, a federal court in Manhattan found a Hutu leader in Rwanda liable for \$110 million in damages stemming from the genocide in that country.

In none of the cases has any money been collected. But if the federal court in Manhattan found in favor of the plaintiffs in the case against Mr. Li, it would be the first time that a representative of the Chinese government had been found legally culpable in the Tiananmen massacre. The government continues to insist that the student-led demonstrations of 1989 constituted a "counterrevolutionary rebellion" that justified the military action.

"The Chinese perception of this will be that, once again, we are attempting to interfere in what they view as a domestic matter," said Bob Berring, a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley who studies the Chinese legal system. "But for the human rights community, they have to seize on an opportunity like this to put human rights issues on the table."

The legal basis for the lawsuit comes from the Alien Tort Claims Act, passed in 1789, and the Torture

Victim Protection Act, passed in 1992, said Jennie Green, the lead lawyer representing the plaintiffs. The two statutes allow human rights victims to file for claims in United States courts even if both the plaintiffs and the defendants live in another country. The only requirement is that the defendant be presented with a court summons while in the United States.

For Mr. Li, that took place early yesterday morning, when a private detective and a process server retained by Human Rights in China walked up to a half-dozen plainclothes police officers standing outside an entrance to the Waldorf Towers. After a tense wait, a supervising officer called for one of the State Department guards.

Mr. Li has 20 days to answer the summons. He is scheduled to leave the United States on Friday.

Ms. Green said that Mr. Li does not qualify for diplomatic immunity since he is not an appointed Chinese envoy to this country. A State Department official said that the immunity question is not relevant yet but that lawyers will examine it if necessary.

Hours after Mr. Li was served, Mr. Zhang sat in the offices of Human Rights in China and held up pictures of his slain sister.

"This is something that my family has been working toward, even while I was back in China," said Mr. Zhang, who came here in 1997 and works as a cook in San Diego. "I hope to continue with the legal procedure to further the interests of my family. But what benefit will come out of that, I'm not sure."

For Iran's Visiting Legislators,
A Useful, Low-Key Exchange
By BARBARA CROSSETTE

UNITED NATIONS, Aug. 31 - A group of Iranian legislators, in New York for a

meeting of parliamentary speakers from around the world, encountered some unusual guests at a reception on Wednesday evening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania and Representative Bob Ney of Ohio, both Republicans, who were there to open a dialogue with their counterparts from a country with which the United States has no direct relations.

"I went because I think it's very important to have a dialogue with Iran, and the idea of parliamentarians meeting is one step removed from government-to-

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government," Senator Specter said in an interview today. "I think it is something that ought to be promoted."

Senator Specter, who said he had been trying to visit Iran since 1989, after the end of the Iran-Iraq war, added: "I've always had a strong sense that if members of Congress met with foreign leaders where our relations were not the best, we could open up the dialogue and relations would improve. They ought to hear what we think, and we ought to listen to what they think."

It was no chance encounter. The Iranian lawmakers had been told by one of the reception's organizers, Hooshang Amirahmadi, who is president of the American Iranian Council, to expect several members of Congress and leaders of American Jewish groups concerned about the recent espionage convictions of a group of Iranian Jews.

Mr. Amirahmadi had invited the Americans, who included two New York Democratic representatives, Gary L. Ackerman and Eliot L. Engel, and Malcolm Hoenlein, executive vice chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations.

Mehdi Karroubi, speaker of the Iranian Parliament and leader of his delegation, told reporters today that the conversations had been cordial despite apprehensions on both sides. He said he had told the congressmen of Iran's objections to the continuing American embargo and had raised other issues, like the denial of visas to two members of his party.

Mr. Karroubi is considered a compromise speaker who was chosen to preside over a reformist Parliament aligned with President Mohammad Khatami against a very conservative Islamic hierarchy. He is in New York to attend the first international conference of legislative leaders, with delegates from more than 150 countries. The meeting, organized by

the inter-Parliamentary Union, is being held just before a summit meeting of government leaders next week at the United Nations.

"We were not supposed to have such talks during our visit to the museum," Mr. Karroubi said. But he added that after an exchange of pleasantries, the two sides got down to some tough questions on issues that Mr. Karroubi said were "poisoning relations."

Mr. Ackerman said he had accepted the invitation because "strong messages have to be delivered to the Iranians." He said he had seen very little action in Iran to give credence to reports of a more moderate political climate. But he described the conversations as "extraordinary," in that the Iranians advocated more cultural exchanges and dialogues be-

Imagine! A chat with U.S. counterparts at a cocktail party.

tween the people of the two countries. Mr. Ackerman was also impressed by the inclusion of a woman and the only Jewish member of Parliament in the five-member Iranian delegation.

"They were trying to show inclusiveness," Mr. Ackerman said, interpreting the gesture as a response to "the noise we were making."

The sole Jewish member of the Iranian Parliament, Mouris Motamed, told reporters today that he had tried to reassure the Americans that the Jews in Iran - numbering 25,000 to 30,000, down from a high of 80,000 to 100,000 before the 1979 revolution, he said - were living as well as their Muslim neighbors.

Mr. Motamed added, however, that it was reassuring to Iranian Jews that others outside the country were concerned about their fate. "Of course, we value this kind of solidarity, this sympathy that exists," he said.

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At the reception, Mr. Ackerman said, he asked the Iranians to consider how more formal exchanges of legislators could be arranged, a request members of Congress made in a letter to Iran this spring that was never answered. Mr. Motamed said today that the idea would be discussed, but would have to be presented first to President Khatami, who will be in New York next week for the summit talks.

Stymied by Senate, Would-Be Envoy Quits

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (AP) - A career diplomat, Peter Burleigh, retired today, tired of waiting for confirmation of his ambassadorial nomination to the Philippines. The nomination has been tied up in the Senate for nine months by a Republican legislator retaliating over the State Department's treatment of a whistle-blower at the United Nations.

Mr. Burleigh was named to Manila after widely praised service as acting United Nations ambassador during the Kosovo crisis. But the administration was unable to negotiate the nomination past Senator Charles E. Grassley of Iowa.

Mr. Grassley blocked it in a standoff over the State Department's treatment of Linda Shenwick, counselor at the United States Mission to the United Nations. The senator asserted that Ms. Shenwick had been punished for providing Congress with information on United Nations financial irregularities.

Mr. Burleigh took charge of the mission in 1998 after Bill Richardson left to become energy secretary. The year was eventful. Among other things, the United States and Britain bombed Iraq, and NATO bombed Yugoslavia to force a withdrawal of Serbian forces from Kosovo.

With President Clinton's term ending, Senate Republicans hopeful of recapturing the White House are not motivated to move on nominations.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A7 U.S.
Demands Philippine Captive Be Freed on Medical Grounds ZAMBOANGA, the
Philippines, AUG. 31 (AP) - An American held by Muslim

rebels in a southern Philip-pine jungle is seriously ill, United
States officials said today. They appealed for his immediate release on
medical grounds.

Thomas Skipper, a spokesman for the United States Embassy, said
American officials had learned from the family of the hostage, Jeffrey
Schilling, that he had serious health problems and needed regular
prescription medicine.

"From a humanitarian standpoint, he should be released as soon as
possible," Mr. Skipper said. He said he did not know the nature of
Mr. Schilling's condition.

Abu Sayyaf guerrillas announced on Tuesday that they had abducted
Mr. Schilling, 24, of Oakland, Calif. They have threatened to behead
him if the United States rejected their demands, including the release
of several Arabs jailed in the United States on terrorism charges.

The group, which says it is fighting for a separate Islamic state in the impoverished southern Philippines, holds 18 other hostages on southern Jolo Island. It released six Westerners this week for what negotiators said was \$6 million paid by Libya.

Philippine negotiators said they would send a representative to an Abu Sayyaf camp on Friday to try to arrange the release this weekend of six more Westerners, including two French television journalists.

Mr. Shilling is held by a different Abu Sayyaf faction, the same one that was responsible for the kidnapping of about 50 schoolchildren and teachers in March on neighboring Basilan Island. The group beheaded two teachers after the United States ignored its demand for the release of convicted terrorists.

The Philippine government, embarrassed by the kidnappings, is considering a tougher approach.

"This thing has become a revolving door," Defense Secretary Orlando Mercado said. "There are hostages coming in and hostages getting out. I think one of these days we should close that door."

The guerrillas said earlier that they were willing to begin negotiations with American Embassy officials as early as today for Mr. Schilling's release. They demanded that representatives of North Korea, Chi-

na, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Libya take part, which Mr. Mercado dismissed as "really out of this world."

Philippine officials said they would try to negotiate before resorting to military action. They said the talks were unlikely to involve a third country, apparently referring to Libya, which played a prominent role in the release of the other hostages.

The State Department has ruled out paying ransom or making any deals with the rebels. Mr. Skipper said that policy "does not preclude us from negotiating," though "what we can offer I'm not really certain."

The rebels say they believe that Mr. Schilling is with the Central Intelligence Agency because he introduced himself as a Muslim convert but knew little about Islam.

Mr. Schilling's mother, Carol, said in a radio interview that her son converted to Islam several years ago and had visited the Philippines partly because of an interest in the region, but stayed after he fell in love with a Muslim woman, Ivi V.

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Osani.

Her mother, Aida Ajijol, said Ms. Osani and the rebel spokesman, Abu Sabaya, were second cousins. Mr. Sabaya invited the couple to visit the rebels' camp on Jolo, she said.

Elsewhere today, a bomb exploded near a public market in the southern town of Kabacan, wounding at least 13 people, officials said. The police said they suspected that another Muslim rebel group, the Moro Islamic Liberation Front, was responsible.

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SUBJECT TO PRIOR SALE, ERRORS & OMISSIONS World Briefing

Europe

UKRAINE: ECOLOGICAL DISASTER With hundreds of villagers in south- central Ukraine complaining of skin rashes and other symptoms of environmental poi-soning President Leonid Kuchma, left, declared the region about 320 miles south of Kiev an ecological disaster zone. Some of- ficials said the, outbreak was caused by chemical spills from a Soviet-era missile base, but others said high concentra- tions of nitrites in drinking water and foodstuffs indicat- ed high fertil- izer concentrations may have contaminat- ed water supplies. Patrick E. Tyler (NYT)

NORWAY: RIGHTISTS GAIN The Progress Party, whose anti-immigration posi- tion has made it a political pariah, has moved into a statistical tie with the gov- erning Labor Party for the first time in a new poll. Of the 1,000 people questioned by the Din Mening/Norsk Statistikk institute, 25 percent said they favored Progress among the country's eight largest parties. Support for the Labor Party slid to 22 percent from 29 percent in July, according to the monthly poll, which had a margin of sampling error of 2 to 3 percentage points. Walter Gibbs (NYT)

BRITAIN: SHORT OF OFFICERS The government intro-duced an \$11 million television and newspaper ad cam- paign as part of an effort to help recruit police officers. The number of officers is now 124,418 in England and Wales, the lowest in a decade. With key crime rates going up, the government has promised 9,000 new posi- tions but has had trouble attracting people to the profession. Warren Hoge (NYT)

NETHERLANDS: LOCKERBIE TRIAL SUSPENDED The Lock- erbie trial was adjourned for three weeks to let Ameri- can intelligence services search their archives for more information about a key witness, Abdul Majid Giaka, who was on a C.I.A. payroll at the time of the bombing. He is expected to testify that he saw the defendants place the bomb on a flight in Malta in May 1998. Mr. Giaka was supposed to testify two weeks ago, but the defense demanded complete tran- scripts of C.I.A. interviews with him. Donald G. McNeil Jr. (NYT)

MIDDLE EAST

ISRAEL: 'FRIENDLY FIRE' INQUIRY A preliminary army investigation con- cluded that the three Israeli soldiers who died in a botched raid on a West Bank home were killed by "friendly fire." The investigation found that serious errors, especially the posting of undercover agents on rooftops, led to the death and injury of Israeli soldiers and to the escape of the raid's target, Mahmoud Abu Hanoud. Mr. Abu Hanoud, who is wanted in Israel on terrorism charges, is in the custody of the Palestinian authorities, who say they will prosecute him them- selves. Deborah Sontag (NYT)

ISRAEL, IRAQ: NUCLEAR ROW In a sharp exchange at the United Nations disarmament conference in Geneva, Israel and Iraq accused each other of having weapons that threaten the Middle East. Israel's delegate said Iraq "devoted a major part of its vast income" from oil to develop weapons of mass destruction,

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including nuclear weapons. Iraq's representative said Israel "possesses hundreds of nuclear bombs, which threaten not just our region but the entire world."

Elizabeth Olson (NYT)

IRAN: RIOTS CONTINUE Riots erupted for the seventh straight night in the

western city of Khorramabadas demonstrators smashed bank windows and threw gaso-line bombs, news organizations reported. The daily Kayhan said five people were arrested in the latest troubles, which began when two leading government critics arrived to address a pro-reform student conference. (Agence France- Presse)

ASIA

INDIA: PREMIER'S TRIP DELAYED Despite earlier assurances that Prime Minister, Atal Behari Vajpayee's trip to the United States would be unaffected by his poor health, his office announced he is delaying his arrival in New York by two days to Sept. 7 and canceling a visit to Silicon Valley on the advice of doctors. Mr. Vajpayee, 75, has been suffering from a flare-up of osteoarthritis his knees. Celia W. Dugger (NYT)

KOREAS: TALKS CONTINUE Negotiators from North and South Korea agreed to extend negotiations in Pyongyang until today in an effort to reach an accord to pave the way for regular talks between military officials. South Korea's minister of unification, Park Jae Kyu, pressed North Korea to agree to Seoul's proposal to open a military hot line in an effort to prevent armed clashes. Samuel Len (NYT)

MYANMAR: STANDOFF CALLED PLOT The roadside stand-off by the pro-democracy activist Daw Aung San Suu Kyi was a well-orchestrated plan to attract global attention as world leaders prepared to meet at the United Nations next week, the military government charged. Mrs. Aung San Suu Kyi, 55, and 14 members of her opposition party are stranded outside Yangon, camping out in two vehicles and refusing to return to the capital. In Washington, Secretary of State Madeleine K. Albright said, "Ildin appalled at the actions of the Burmese regime in denying Aung San Sup Kyi the freedom to travel within his own country." (AP)

AFRICA

SWAZILAND: JOURNALIST CLEARED All charges have been dropped against a journalist who was jailed last year after publishing an unflattering article about a teenage girl picked to join the king's harem. Bheki Makhubu, who has since started his own monthly newsmagazine, was fired as editor of The Sunday Times of Swaziland and charged with criminal defamation. Henri E. Cauvin (NYT)

THE AMERICAS

CUBA: U.S. TALKS RESUMING Ending a two-month suspension, Cuba has agreed to resume talks on legal migration of Cubans to the United States under accords signed in 1994 and '95. The agreements grant visas to 20,000 Cubans a year. (AP)

Compiled by Terence Neilan

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THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L+ A9

Delay Likely Until January in New Tests for Missiles

Continued From Page A1

the issue could come to a head as early as next week. Among the
issues that

Mr. Cohen is weighing are the costs of building the system, the
building schedule and the need for more tests. This month, Mr. Cohen
delayed his recommendation, primarily because of a dispute between the
Pentagon and the State Department over how far work on the limited
missile shield could proceed before the United States would be required
to give notice that it was withdrawing from the A.B.M. Treaty.

Russia has vigorously opposed changing the treaty to allow the
United States to field even a limited de-fense, fearing that it would
be prelude, to a larger sys- tem that would undermine Moscow's long-
range nuclear force. Mr. Cohen told the Senate Armed Services Committee
last month that administration lawyers bid reached a consensus that
building the radar station on Shemya Island in the western Aleutians
could continue until 2002 before the United States would be in
violation.

Policymakers at the State Department and the National Security
Council oppose that interpretation, arguing that it is unilateral and
sure to anger the Russians.

Some diplomats doubt that the decision from Mr. Cohen or the White
House would be issued next week, saying the administration would want
to avoid a con- frontation over missile defense during a United Nations
gathering of world lead- ers.

Mr. Cohen suggested this month that the next system test could slip,
from October or November to December. But military officials said today
that the date would probably fall into January.

Pentagon experts are still analyzing why a high-speed interceptor
that was supposed to have destroyed a dummy warhead on July 7 failed to
separate from its booster rocket. Officials have attributed the cause

to an error in the rocket's "databus," equipment that transmits electrical signals to the warhead.

In addition, the Kwajalein Atoll test range in the Marshall Islands is closed for much of December. Associates said General Nance was inclined to give his staff a breather after two years at a breakneck pace.

Pentagon officials insist that the test program has enough built-in flexibility to absorb the delays. But the Defense Department's top test official, Phil Coyle, warned top Pentagon officials in a report on Aug. 11 that the system could not reach its goal of 2005 because testing was behind schedule and would not include realistic decoy targets for years.

"A more aggressive testing programme will be necessary to achieve an effective capability by 2005 or for even several years thereafter," Mr. Coyle said in an analysis first reported this week by Bloomberg News.

A spokesman for the Pentagon, Rear Adm. Craig Quigley, said Mr. Coyle was "supposed to be an independent voice, but that does not change our goal."

"If directed to do so," the admiral said, "we're shooting for 2005."

Intelligence officials have warned that the United States could face a threat from some countries, including North Korea, by that date.

Privately, though, some Pentagon officials are questioning the schedule in the light of test failures and delays in building missile interceptors.

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"We have always admitted that this was a high-risk program, and part of being high risk is the deployment date," the chief Pentagon spokesman, Kenneth H. Bacon, said this month. "We will try our best, and we may meet the deployment date."

U.S. Antimissile Unit May Be Sent to Israel

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (Reuters) - The United States, concerned that Iraq could try to fire ballistic missiles at Israel, has alerted an Army Patriot antimissile battery in Germany to prepare for possible deployment to Israel, senior defense officials said today.

The officials said that had no indications that Iraq intended to threaten Israel. They said that in issuing the alert, which was first reported in The Washington Post, the United States was getting ready in case Iraq tried to launch missiles at Israel as part of any renewed campaign against Kurdish or Shiite groups in Iraq.

"Historically at this time of year over the past five years, the Iraqis have made threats against the Kurds, the Shiites in Iraq," one official said. He said officials feared that such a move could be accompanied by the launch of ballistic missiles against Israel.

The United States has sent Patriot missiles to Israel previously, most notably during the Persian Gulf war in 1991 in an attempt to defend against attacks by Iraqi Scud missiles.

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WOMEN'S DESIGNERS: Ralph Lauren/Polo DKNY. MEN'S/KIDS DESIGNERS: all
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Reuters

A French Protest Ends

Trucks in Britain awaiting access to the Channel Tunnel yesterday
after

French fishermen ended a wave of protests and port blockades. France
agreed to offset rising fuel prices by easing fishing companies'
taxes. The tunnel was shut for hours, but many French ports were in
turmoil more than a week.

France Joins Wave of Plans for Big Tax Cuts

By JOHN TAGLIABUE

PARIS, Aug. 31 - Nudged by Germany, and probably providing an
example to

Italy, France today became the second of Continental Europe's big
three economies to propose a large package of tax cuts.

The proposed cut, totaling roughly \$16 billion over three years, is
part of a wave of similar measures being enacted across Europe, as
governments react to increased tax revenue because of expanding
economies and declining unemployment. The cuts, while differing by

country, are intended to give a measure of stability to a tenuous spurt of economic growth.

Economists and government planners hope the lower taxes will help offset climbing interest rates. The French cuts came as the European Central Bank in Frankfurt raised a key interest rate by a quarter point to 4.5 percent, its fifth increase this year, in an effort to cool inflation.

The tax cuts by the Socialist government of Prime Minister Lionel Jospin come only weeks after Germany's Social Democrat-led government announced even more radical tax changes to reduce annual payments by individuals and corporations by as much as \$24 billion by 2005. The French proposals are not only more modest, but also differ substantially from the Germans in how they apportion the cuts.

In July, Chancellor Gerhard Schröder of Germany pushed pro-business measures through Parliament to reduce taxes for corporations and promote their reorganization by sweetening the sale of industrial cross-shareholdings, a built-in obstacle to the kind of industrial consolidation that is now engulfing Eu-

Europe moves to keep its economies growing.

rope. Though a Social Democrat, Mr. Schröder has a strong pro-business record. Indeed, the Finance Ministry Official responsible for much of the tax change, Heribert Zitzelsberger, is a former senior tax executive of the Bayer chemical group.

The French measures, by contrast, favor big business less than small and mid-sized companies, households and low-wage earners. The cuts proposed by Economics Minister Laurent Fabius foresee a drop in the top marginal personal income tax rate by 2003 to 52.5 percent, from 54 percent. But the burden for large corporations will probably remain unchanged, since proposed corporate tax cuts will be largely offset by levies imposed to help finance a job-creation plan that reduced the workweek to 35 hours from 40.

In Italy, the government of Prime Minister Giuliano Amato has said it will propose similar tax cuts in September. Given the leftist component of Mr. Amato's coalition, economists believe that they will more closely resemble those of France than Germany, favoring small businesses - the backbone of the Italian economy - and households.

Still, economists said the French measures should help the whole economy,

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if indirectly, as tax relief to low-wage earners widens the earnings gap between the lowest-paid em-

ployed and the unemployed, raising the incentive for the jobless to seek work. That in turn should relieve the labor market, moderating wage increases. Moreover, fuel tax cuts and lowered social security payments should provide relief to businesses and increase employees' take-home pay.

Cuts in fuel taxes became a pressing issue in recent days after French fishermen, truckers and taxi drivers blocked ports and roads and refused to work to protest the recent steep climb in diesel fuel prices.

Experts judged the net effect of the French changes positively. In a note to clients, economists at Credit Suisse First Boston said that while the "focus seems clearly on households and particularly on low-paid workers, with also a clear impact on small and medium companies," large corporations also "should benefit from the general boost to domestic demand."

World's Religious Figures

Sign a Pledge for Peace

By GUSTAV NIEBUHR

As an international conference of religious leaders ended yesterday in New

York, many participants, representing a wide array of the world's faiths, pledged to work for world peace.

Their commitment came in a statement titled "Commitment to Global Peace," which was the main document to emerge from their four-day gathering, the Millennium World Peace Summit of Religious and Spiritual Leaders, an event unusual for its religious diversity and for its having convened at the United Nations.

The document, which briefly acknowledges that war and violence "are some- times perpetuated in the name of religion," pledges its signers to work with the United Nations and "all men and women of good will" toward peace. It asks its signers to work for freedom of religion, toward narrowing the wealth gap between rich and poor, and on behalf of environmental protection.

But how any of this will be carried out, or indeed, how a continued dialogue will be conducted among the Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu and other leaders who gathered here, remain open questions.

In attending the conference, whose sessions have been held at the Waldorf- Astoria Hotel since Wednesday, many of the hundreds of religious leaders who attended said they felt drawn by the event's association with the United Nations and by its theme of peace. Although not an official United Nations event, and largely funded through foundations' donations, the conference was held in collab- oration with the office of the United Nations' secretary general.

"I think the evidence is, they voted with the hearts in coming here," said Lawrence E. Sullivan, director of the Center for the Study of World Religions at Harvard University, in an interview on Wednesday afternoon. But to engage in a continuing discussion with other religious groups and to work with international agencies on social issues, he said, the leaders here would have to "commit senior staff in their organizations" to those duties.

"If the religious people want to bring a new voice, they really have to go to school on the issues," said Dr. Sullivan, who has served on an advisory board for this event. "Some of them have, most have not."

Nonetheless, one of the speakers at the gathering, Rabbi Jonathan Sacks, chief rabbi of Great Britain, said there would be value for many participants sim-

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ply in having met and become acquainted with people of other faiths.

And some here said that the meeting, simply in bringing together such a diverse group, could ultimately have a wider spiritual effect. Sant Rajinder Singh Ji Maharaj, an Indian meditation teacher who heads an international organiza- tion called (in the United States) the Science of Spirituality, said the conference was useful in introducing people who would otherwise have been more aware of

their differences than what they might share in common.

"When we sit and talk with them, we realize they are not much different," he

said. The conference, he said, had created "a beautiful environment. I think if we can take it back to our communities, that sweetness will filter through."

Doubts That Suharto Will Ever Go to Court

But Jakarta Prosecutors Insist They'll Solve a \$590 Million Puzzle

By MARK LANDLER

JAKARTA, Indonesia, Aug. 31 - By calling in sick on the first day of his cor-

ruption trial, Indonesia's former leader, Suharto, has put up another hurdle to this country's tortuous effort to come to terms with its past.

Government prosecutors said today that they would plow ahead with their prosecution of Mr. Suharto on charges that he siphoned about \$590 million in state funds through several charitable foundations under his control when he was president.

But with the trial adjourned until Sept. 14 - and then only to hear testimony from doctors who declared Mr. Suharto unfit to attend the opening session today - it is far from clear that the 79-year-old former president will ever stand in the dock.

"Suharto will never be convicted," A.M. Fatwa, a member of Parliament, said as he stalked angrily out of the courtroom. "This is only a game, a conspiracy between the politicians and lawyers."

Still, for a hushed moment after the judge asked whether the defendant was present, there was palpable drama in the courtroom. To hear Mr. Suharto's name read out in a criminal case was a momentous event in a country where for three decades he was synonymous with untold wealth and unassailable power.

When the judge's question was met with silence, the 300 spectators in the cavernous courtroom booed halfheartedly, like people who had hoped for more but did not expect to get it. Outside, a small crowd of rain-soaked protesters called for Mr. Suharto to be brought to justice, by force if necessary.

"If he does not come in two weeks, I will drag him to the court myself," said Bambang Dwi, a 23-year-old student at the Institute of Technology in Jakarta, who held a megaphone over his head to ward off the downpour.

But given the judgment of Mr. Suharto's doctors, it is not clear that the government can compel him to attend. The attorney general, Marsuki Darusman, says he cannot be tried in absentia, so the two sides are in a standoff.

For now, the prosecutors have asked for an independent panel of doctors to examine Mr. Suharto. His own doctors say he suffers from ailments including heart trouble, by hy-

pertension. and diabetes. They say Mr. Suharto, who has had three strokes, has lost his memory and ability to speak.

"My client is not in a position to defend himself," said Juan Felix Tampubolon, Mr. Suharto's chief lawyer.

The former president may be unable to mount a defense, but he has mobilized an army of lawyers and doctors to do it for him. Twenty-three doctors gath-

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ered this morning to examine him at his house on a leafy street here. Later, more than 100 police officers took up positions to protect the house from demonstrators.

Mr. Subarto tried to wrap his deal-

The corruption case is seen as a test of Indonesia's effort to cleanse the nation.

ings in a cloak of legitimacy. In the 45-page indictment, he is accused of issuing presidential decrees that funneled hundreds of millions of dollars from state banks, companies and even employees into his seven charitable organizations.

In a 1995 decree, Mr. Suharto ordered the government to transfer 2 percent of the total revenue from taxes paid by Indonesian companies into one of the foundations. In another decree, he ordered state-owned banks to contribute a chunk of their revenues to two other foundations.

According to the indictment, he then distributed the proceeds - nearly \$600 million - to companies controlled by his children and friends. Those accusations cover only a fraction of the financial ledger. Mr. Suharto is accused of during his 32 years in power. But the government says it did not have enough evidence to try him on the broader charges.

"It is very difficult to deal with the excesses of an autocratic regime through democratic means," said H. S. Dillon, a member of Indonesia's Human Rights Commission.

Although Indonesia is awash in trials and investigations these days, protesters have channeled their passions into the Suharto case. People here view the trial as the litmus test of the government's campaign to cleanse Indonesia - not just of corruption, but of its legacy of human rights abuses.

"You have to find this man culpable, or you won't be able to find all his cronies culpable," Mr. Dillon said. "They will just say, 'We were acting on orders.'"

Mr. Dillon acknowledged that Indonesia had made paltry progress so far.

While Indonesia's president, Abdurrahman Wahid, authorized the investigation of Mr. Suharto, he too has been implicated in two parliamentary investigations of misappropriated funds that seem an echo of the Suharto era.

There may be more disappointment to come. On Friday, Attorney General Darusman is expected to disclose the names of officials who will be prosecuted for human rights abuses in East Timor, during the rampage that followed last summer's referendum on independence for the former Indonesian province.

According to people who have seen the list, it does not include two ranking military officers, retired General Wiranto, who was defense minister during that period, and the retired chief of military intelligence, Gen. Zaki Anwar.

While the 30 names do include the former regional military commander and the former police commander, the lack of top-level officials could sow doubts about how far Indonesia is willing to go in assigning blame for the bloodshed that erupted in East Timor while its troops were supposed to be keeping order.

More doubts were raised by a recent amendment to Indonesia's Constitution that prohibits individuals from being prosecuted under laws that did not exist when their crimes were committed.

Rights groups protested that the amendment would allow military officers accused of abuses in East Timor to claim immunity from prosecution. The United Nations, which has so far held off convening a tribunal to investigate East Timor, said the amendment might lead it to reconsider.

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Long Nomads, the Inuit Find a Settled Life Unsettling

By JAMES BROOKS

IQALUIT, Nunavut, Aug. 29 - In this brand new territory, where new government

buildings rise on nameless muddy streets, people had barely learned that the former speaker of the legislature had been convicted

of sexual assault when they heard today that their education minister had been charged with beating up a woman.

This dual attack on the pride of this 17-month-old territory seemed to high- light the rocky cultural transition of the Inuit, who compose 85 percent of Nunavut's 27,000 residents.

Telescoping centuries of sociological change into two generations, the Inuit, known as Eskimos in Alaska and Greenland, have moved from the life of nomadic hunters who survived for centuries in one of the world's harshest environments to a modern, sedentary life marked by snowmobiles, heated homes and satellite television.

One price for this wrenching change has been Canada's highest rate of vio- lent crime, with one attack reported each year for every 19 residents. Last year Nunavut registered 204 sexual assaults, about 10 times the national per-capita average, and 1,115 assaults, nearly six times the national average.

In the past, when attacks on women were debated, callers to radio stations sometimes criticized women's shelters for interfering in traditional family life. Elders reminded listeners that in traditional Inuit society, a man was allowed to beat his wife if she lied to him, was unfaithful or talked too much.

"Men would call in and say, 'The shelters are ruining my marriage,'" said the wife of a territorial minister. "Older women would say: 'I was beaten. If we talk too much, we are beaten.'"

Arctic Ocean

Greenland

0 Miles 300

Iqaluit

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The New York Times

Iqaluit, the tiny capital, is mired in mud and rapid social change. Closeness breeds violence, especially against women.

But now younger Inuit, separated by a generation or more from the harsh life

of surviving in a wilderness of snow and ice, are saying Inuit should adapt their relations to their new lives in houses and villages.

"We as an Inuit nation need to sit down and reflect," said Simona Arnatsiaq, women's program coordinator of the Qikiqtani Inuit Association. "There has been so much change in 50 years. We used to live as families in camps. Now we live in settled communities. We have to discuss getting along in large groups."

Across this vast territory, three times the size of Texas, alcoholism, high

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unemployment and crowded housing contribute to high rates of sexual assault. Noting that there are two people per room in the territory, twice the national aver- age, Ann Roberts, the chief medical officer, said, "With the drinking, the ennui, the crowded housing stock - this is the recipe for sexual assault."

For territorial legislators, who have some of the highest-paying jobs in the Arctic, the problem may stem from alcohol mixed with domineering attitudes about women. But even with two members now charged in cases of violence against women, there has been mostly silence from the 19-member Legislative Assembly, 18 of whom are men. Although women across Nunavut have started signing protest petitions,

there has been little public reaction from Peter Kattuck, the minister responsible for the status of women.

From Rankin Inlet, Nunavut's second-largest town, Evelyn Thordarson, director of the women's shelter, said of members of the Assembly, "When you go, you take an oath to serve the people, not to harm the people, not to break the law."

Last March, in the first blow to the Assembly, the police arrested Levi Barnabas, the 36-year-old speaker, and charged him with sexual assault. According to the police, Mr. Barnabas, after a night of heavy drinking, tried to have sex with a friend's wife at a house here. The woman resisted and woke up her husband, who chased the legislator into the street, hitting him three times with a baseball bat.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Barnabas was found guilty and received a one-year jail sentence, which was suspended on the condition that he pay \$1,000 to the women's shelter here, perform 240 hours of community service and stay out of Iqaluit's two bars for six months.

Under pressure from the Assembly's leaders, Mr. Barnabas resigned his seat. But the politician, who has represented Canada's northernmost Arctic villages for the last five years, before and after the creation of Nunavut, soon announced that constituents were urging him to run in the special election for his seat.

"With the Levi Barnabas case, people are seeing this and asking: 'What is the point of bringing charges? He only got community hours,'" Ms. Thordason said.

Newspaper editorialists say the Assembly, through its silence, is sending out a message of male impunity. "The male-dominated legislature has been strangely silent over the issue," News North Nunavut, a weekly, wrote in an editorial Monday. "The government had a golden opportunity to take a stand against violence directed at women. Their silence trivialized the severity of Barnabas's crime."

But this week's case may make addressing the issue of violence against women unavoidable.

On Saturday, Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers arrested James Arvaluk, 52, the education minister, and charged him with assault. The police say the victim was a woman at his home in Coral Harbor, about 435 miles west of here.

In 1995, when Mr. Arvaluk represented that area in the legislature of the Northwest Territories, he spent time in jail after being convicted of two charges of sexual assault.

"People were having trouble with him as minister of education with the sexual assault conviction," said the wife of another minister. "Now this charge involves bringing booze into a dry community."

When the Legislative Assembly resumes session in mid-October, Ms. Amatsiaq said, the first order of business should be to set an example by adopt-

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ing a code of ethics and a policy of zero tolerance among members for assaults on women.

Associated Press

Berenson Is Taken to Lima for a New Trial

Lori Berenson is escorted by officers to the airport in Arequipa, Peru, on her

way to Lima, where she will get a new trial. The New Yorker has been jailed since 1996 when a military court convicted her of treason.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A 13 AS LONG AS
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A14 L + K NATIONAL REPORT FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 THE NEW YORK TIMES Drought Devastates

Rural Texas Economy

Ranchers Are Reeling; Cities May Be Next

By ROSS E. MILLOY

LOCKHART, Tex., Aug. 31 - At the weekly livestock auction on the outskirts

of town, there is something in the air even heavier than the dust and stench: fear of the devastation this summer's drought is bringing.

"We're hurting all right, and it may get to be a lot worse before it gets any better," said M. M. Pogue, a cattle rancher from Lytton Springs near this Central Texas stopping point on the Chisholm Trail, 25 miles southeast of Austin.

Mr. Pogue, who can tick off the memorable droughts of his 84 years as easily as some might list their

Selling cattle because food and water are scarce.

children's names, said this summer's drought may turn out to be one of the worst.

"A lot of people are going to be knocked right out of the cattle business by this one," he said.

This summer's record stretch of 62 days without rain in North Texas, after four years in which some areas of the state have had almost no appreciable rain, has left thousands of acres of crops wasted, dried up lakes and helped spark 650 fires.

"We are in the midst of an unmitigated disaster," said Allen Spelce, a spokesman for the Texas Department of Agriculture, "and it has been accumulating in magnitude over the last five years."

It is little better in much of the South and West. The Great Plains and the Southeast have been baking in 100-degree temperatures this week, fires are destroying tinder-dry forests in most Western states and Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and

North Florida continue to suffer from drought, despite intermittent rain.

Bill Proensa, director of the National Weather Service's Southern regional office in Fort Worth, said there was little hope of immediate relief.

More than 89 people have died from the heat nationwide, Mr. Proensa said, 52 of them in Texas.

"We're seeing record temperatures and record series of consecutive high temperatures in many places," he said, citing Wednesday's record of 111 degrees at Little Rock, Ark.

But Texas is bearing the brunt of the drought, he said. In the Dallas-Fort Worth area, the temperature was 100 or higher in 39 of the last 60 days, Mr. Proensa said.

"The only thing that will help us now is a hurricane," he said, "and there's no sign of one of those in the forecast."

In Texas and adjacent states, 177 counties have been declared disaster areas

for crop losses so far by the federal Department of Agriculture, and state officials predict those losses, currently calculated at \$595 million for Texas alone, will soar past a billion dollars by year's end.

Droughts since 1996 have cost Texas farmers and ranchers over \$5 billion, Mr. Spelce said.

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North Texas today blew past a 66-year-old record by posting 62 consecutive days without rain, eclipsing-even the notorious drought of 1950 and the "Dust Bowl drought" of 1934.

And, as lake levels continue to drop, at least three power plants in West Texas warned customers that they may be forced to shut down because there would not be enough water to cool the plants' electricity generating equipment unless the area gets rain soon.

"This is an uncommon event and a very real danger," said Jim Calloway, a senior engineer with the Texas Public Utilities Commission. Associated Press

Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman, holding a watermelon, joined a family farm, from right, Bryson Gentry, Jimmy Genty and Samie Erwin, on Tuesday in looking at drought damage at their field near Boyd, Tex.

"There's a definite possibility that we'll have to shut those plants down if we don't get rain by November."

Power to those served by the plants, Mr. Calloway said, could be provided from other sources in Texas, but at a potentially higher cost.

In parched Central Texas, reduced water levels in the Edwards Aquifer have cut flows to Comal Springs, the state's largest spring, to the point that endangered species of fish are threatened.

At the popular Jacob's Well spring midway between Austin and San Antonio, which has never been known to go dry, water flow has been cut from a normal 75 gallons per second to less than 7 gallons per second.

"The canary in the coal mine is on its back, kicking its legs up in the air," said David Baker, who lives near Jacob's Well.

In Georgia, the drought is ravaging the state's thirsty cities and farms in the northern and central parts of the state.

David Stooksbury, the state climatologist, estimates that it will take

two winters of normal rainfall to replenish aquifers, rivers, creeks, ponds, and reservoirs and to saturate the soil depths needed to nurture crops and lawns.

At least 721 wells have run dry in southwest Georgia this summer. Last year only a few were reported dry in the same region, said Mel Jones, an environmentalist for the state health agency.

A statewide survey found approximately 23 cities, primarily in northern Georgia, face critical water shortages, said Harold Reheis, director of the Georgia Environmental Protection Division. Many have a water supply of only 30 days or less.

In Carrollton, approximately 50 miles southwest of Atlanta, Lewis Mason, water plant superintendent, said, "We estimate we've got around 60 to 65 days of water left. We're obviously on a total ban - no outside watering or anything like that."

Crop losses in Texas and Georgia have been staggering.

By midsummer the drought had already damaged approximately 39 percent or an estimated \$738 million in the Georgia's corn, cotton, peanuts,

soybeans, tobacco, pecans and forage crops, said Charles McPeake of the University of Georgia Cooperative Extension Service.

Texas officials say cotton, grain, and wheat losses already top \$425 million.

But with pastures scorched, and stock tanks reduced to mud puddles, it is the cattlemen who seem to be suffering the most.

Miguel Carrillo, at the Lockhart auction with his father to sell 20 cows, said

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he just could not afford to feed them through the winter.

"Our hay crop never really made this year," Mr. Carrillo said, "and all our

fields are burned to a crisp. We've got to sell now or go broke later."

Mike Alonzo, a cattle rancher near here, said: "If you've got water but no feed, you can haul feed. If you've got feed but no water, you can haul water. But if you don't have feed or water, the way it is with this here drought, you're in big trouble."

Fires Not Caused by Reduced Logging, Congressional Report Finds
Associated Press

Firefighters in the Custer National Forest in Montana got some mild relief yes-

terday with light rain, high humidity and lower temperatures.

By TIMOTHY EGAN

There appears to be no link between reduced logging on national forests over

the last decade and the wildfires now raging through much of the West, a report by a bipartisan research group for Congress has found.

If anything, heavy logging from earlier years may have contributed more to the conditions that have made Western forests ripe for big fires, because more flammable small trees and heavy brush are often left in the forest after the larger stands of timber have been taken out, said the report, by the Congressional Research Service, which analyzes policy for Congress.

Over the last month, Western Republicans, and Speaker J. Dennis Hastert of Illinois, have said that logging reductions under the Clinton administration have been a cause of fires that have burned more than six million acres this year. Logging in national forests has been reduced by more than 75 percent since 1989.

Speaking in Oregon earlier this month, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, the Republican presidential nominee, said Clinton administration policies that restricted logging "made the forests more dangerous to fire," although he did not blame the president for the fires.

But some of the years with the most fires over the last two decades were those in which logging was at record high levels, the report states.

"Timber harvesting removes the relatively large diameter wood that can be converted into wood products, but leaves behind the small material, especially twigs and needles," wrote Ross W. Gorte, author of the report. "The concentration of these 'fine

fuels' on the forest floor increases the rate of spread of wildfires."

The report was done at the request of Senator Ron Wyden, Democrat of Oregon, but it was conducted by the agency that analyzes policy for all of Congress. Some Republicans who have linked Clinton forest policies

to the fires say the report is not conclusive enough to determine policy.

"It presents a mixed picture," said Gov. Marc Racicot, Republican of Montana. "This year is the lowest ever for timber harvesting and it could be the worst fire year in dec-

A political debate swirls around the cause of wildfires. ades."

Next week, the Clinton administration plans to release its recommendations on how to manage more than 40 million acres that are considered to be at extreme risk of wildfires.

"These fires are being used by both the timber industry and envi-
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ronmentalists," Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt said. "One side says

in ' crease logging; the other side says no logging, even thinning. Neither posi- tion is the accurate way to ad- dress forest health problems."

Mr. Babbitt said the commercial logging program for national forests would not play a significant role in the plan to be presented next week. The plan will try to restore forest health through controlled bums and some thinning, and try to get people

who live in forested areas that are high-fire risks to clear the hazards near their homes, he said.

The report looked at logging and fires for each of the last 20 years. The years in which there was the highest volume of logging - 1987 and 1988 - were also years in which the highest number of acres of national forest lands burned. The report does not address this year, when logging has been at a historic low, and the fires are at near-record highs.

"The assertion has been that we're getting more acres burned as we have reduced the timber harvesting levels," Mr. Gorte said in an interview. "In fact, for the most part, we were getting fewer acres burned."

In the West, 77 large fires were burning 1.6 million acres on Thursday, but forecasters held out hope for residents and firefighters as their predictions called for rain and cooler temperatures across the northern Rockies through Monday.

The fires have been at the heart of a clamorous debate in the West. On Tuesday, on the day that Vice President Al Gore made a campaign stop in Oregon, a number of groups that favor more logging took out full-page advertisements in the state, blaming the vice president for the fires.

Senator Gordon H. Smith, Republican of Oregon, has been critical of Mr. Clinton's timber policies, saying forest neglect and mismanagement have con- tributed to the fires.

"If you look at things on a short-term basis, we could concede some of the points made in this report," said Joe Sheffo, a spokesman for Mr. Smith. "But the fact is we have a cumulative problem. And the Clinton administration has known about it for years."

A.C.L.U. Will Defend Group That Advocates Legalizing Sex Between Men and Boys

By DON TERRY

The American Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts has decided to defend a group that advocates legalization of sex between men and boys in a \$200 million federal lawsuit brought by the family of a murdered boy.

"It's not a real popular case," John Roberts, the executive director of the Massachusetts A.C.L.U., said yesterday. "But the First Amendment issues are clear."

Last May, the parents of the boy, 10-year-old Jeffrey Curley, sued the North American Man/Boy Love Association in Federal District Court, charging that the group's Web site and literature had incited the killing and attempted sexual assault of their son three years ago in East

Cambridge, Mass.

The child, who was lured into a car by the promise of a new bicycle, was missing for several days before his body was found in a tub of concrete in a river. Two neighbors, Salvatore Sicari and Charles Jaynes, were convicted of kidnapping and murder and are serving life sentences.

Lawrence Frisoli, the lawyer for the boy's parents, said Mr. Jaynes was a

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member of the group, known as Nambla, and just before the murder was emboldened by its Web site. "This lawsuit isn't about money," Mr. Frisoli said yesterday. "Jeffrey's parents are doing this to ensure that it never happens to someone else's child."

Mr. Roberts and other A.C.L.U.

officials said Nambla did not advocate the rape and murder of children. It advocates changing the law to make sex between men and boys legal, and political advocacy, Mr. Roberts said, is protected speech.

"Regardless of whether people agree with or abhor Nambla's views," the A.C.L.U. said in a statement yesterday, "holding the organization responsible for crimes committed by others who read their material would gravely endanger our important First Amendment freedoms."

The A.C.L.U. said, "We join with all others in deploring the heinous crimes committed against Jeffrey Curley," adding, "those who commit illegal acts can be punished for wrongful conduct."

"But the expression of even offensive ideas is protected by the Constitution," the A.C.L.U. said.

Mr. Frisoli said Nambla's activities passed "far beyond free speech."

"We allege an ongoing criminal conspiracy for the rape of children in America," he said. "They've been hiding behind the First Amendment for a long time."

Last week in a Massachusetts state court, in a suit against the two men who were convicted of killing their son, the boy's parents were awarded \$328 million, one of the largest wrongful death verdicts in Massachusetts history, Mr. Frisoli said. Now, the family hopes a federal jury will do the same.

"I respect the A.C.L.U., and on

most occasions I agree with the positions they take," he said. "But we're not talking about gay rights. We're not talking about consensual sex between adults. We talking about the rape of children."

The A.C.L.U. office in Boston was deluged with phone calls yesterday, mostly from the news media.

"The threats haven't started yet," said Harvey Silverglate, a board member. "That usually comes a day later. But the phones haven't stopped ringing. I find it extraordinary that people find what we're doing extraordinary. You'd think by now that people would know that we take the Supreme Court seriously when it says that the First Amendment is there to protect unpopular speech."

Some Suspects
In Spying
Not Prosecuted
Affidavits Unsealed
In Lab Secrets Case
By JAMES STERNGOLD

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 31 - A federal court today made public affidavits filed by

lawyers for the former Los Alamos scientist Wen Ho Lee in which two former intelligence officials said they were aware of instances in which government employees had been caught in serious cases of espionage but not prosecuted.

The defense has introduced the statements in its efforts to prove that Dr. Lee, who has been indicted on charges that he illegally downloaded a wealth of nuclear weapons secrets with the intent of helping a foreign country, was unfairly singled out for prosecution because of his race. Dr. Lee, 60, a naturalized American citi-

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zen, was born in Taiwan and, although he is not accused of spying, he was initially investigated on suspicions he had passed secrets to China.

The defense has previously released statements in which government intelligence officials said that Dr. Lee had been unfairly targeted because of concerns that because he was of Chinese descent he might be inclined to commit espionage for China. The fact that Dr. Lee was born in Taiwan, a strident enemy of the People's Republic of China, had been ignored, they said.

The affidavits released today go further, though, by providing details of serious espionage cases in which admitted spies apparently escaped criminal prosecution altogether.

Robert Vrooman, the former head of counterintelligence at the Los Alamos National Laboratory, where Dr. Lee worked, provided one affidavit. Mr. Vrooman, who has since retired from Los Alamos and who was reprimanded for not pursuing Dr. Lee more vigorously, disclosed for the first time an intelligence investigation code-named "Buffalo Slaughter."

In this investigation, he wrote, sometime in the late 1980's a person working at an Energy Department laboratory was caught after having passed secrets to a foreign country. "That individual was granted full immunity in return for agreeing to a full debriefing on the information that he passed," Mr. Vrooman said. That person, he added, was not of Chinese origin.

The second affidavit unsealed today was by Charles E. Washington, the former acting head of counterintelligence at the Department of Energy. Mr. Washington, who still works at the department as an international policy analyst, said that while he was head of counterintelligence he read an administrative report on the investigation of Dr. Lee and believed it "was wholly lacking in any support to identify Dr. Lee as a suspect."

Mr. Washington said that he knew of a number of department employees who were not prosecuted "for committing offenses that are much more serious than the 'security infractions' alleged to have been committed by Dr. Lee."

"I am personally aware of a D.O.E. employee who committed a most egregious case of espionage that cost our nation billions of dollars and drastically impacted our national defense," he said. "That D.O.E. employee was not prosecuted."

No further details were provided.

"The department aggressively pursues all such allegations," said Natalie Wymer, an Energy Department spokeswoman, but she would not comment on the specific cases mentioned.

These affidavits, unsealed today in Federal District Court in Albuquerque, followed by several days an order by the federal judge in Dr. Lee's case, James A. Parker, in which he gave the government two weeks to hand over thousands of pages of classified internal documents to determine if there is evidence that Dr. Lee was a victim of selective prosecution. If the judge finds that that was the case, the charges against him could be dropped.

In previous statements, Mr. Vrooman had disputed F.B.I. assertions that Dr. Lee had been singled out for investigation because he fit the description of a spy they were searching for. Mr. Vrooman said again in today's affidavit that dozens of people who also met the criteria, but who were not ethnically Chinese, were not pursued. The intelligence official said that even though he had investigated Dr. Lee for years, he considered him "naïve," but not a spy.

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The New York Times
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flare-leg jeans.

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TOP

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Use of Illegal Drugs Is Down

Among Young, Survey Finds

By DAVID STOUT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 - The use of illegal drugs by youths aged 12 to

17

dropped sharply from 1997 to 1999, the federal government said today. And while drug use among people 18 to 25 went up, it was still far below what it had been 20 years ago.

The trend among those 12 to 17 is the most important finding of the National Household Survey on Drug Abuse, said Dr. Donna E. Shalala, the secretary of health and human services, and Gen. Barry R. McCaffrey, director of the White House office on drug control policy.

Both officials said that nationwide educational and preventive efforts were working, especially among the young.

"Most of our young people are obviously getting the message that drugs are not the stuff of dreams, but the stuff of nightmares," Dr. Shalala said.

General McCaffrey said: "Watch this population. It's cheaper to deal with them now than when they enter the criminal justice system."

The study found a 21 percent drop from 1997 to 1999 among those 12 to 17 who said they had used an illegal drug in the month before they were surveyed. That is, 9 percent of those 12 to 17 reported using an illicit drug in 1999 compared with 11.4 percent in 1997.

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The use of marijuana in that age group showed a steeper decline than overall drug use, declining by 26 percent. While 9.4 percent of the young people surveyed in 1997 said they had used marijuana in the preceding month, only 7 percent of those surveyed last year said they had. Since marijuana remains the most popular illicit drug among youths, the officials said that they found its decline in popularity encouraging.

But the survey results among people 18 to 25 - who are among those most likely to commit crimes - showed a worsening problem, at least recently. Use of illicit drugs by that group rose 28 percent in two years; that is, 14.7 percent reported drug use in 1997, compared with 18.8

Susana Raab for The New York Times

Donna E. Shalala discussing a new survey on drug use yesterday.

Evidence that drug education and prevention efforts are working. percent in 1999.

A statement issued with the findings predicted that those in the 18-to-25

group, "which includes many of those who formed their attitudes about drug use and began to use them in the early 1990's," will continue to use drugs at a relatively high rate as they age.

A far higher percentage of people who were in the 18-to-25 group two decades ago were drug users, government data released today showed. About 38 percent in that age group used illegal drugs in 1979. The percentage declined steadily to just under 15 percent in the mid-1990's before climbing again.

The change in the 12-to-17 group is less stark. About 16 percent reported UPDATE

Mixed Signs on Drug Use

A new survey on drug use by Americans

shows a decline among those aged 12 to 17, but an increase in those aged 18 to 25. Before 1991, the survey was not taken consistently every year.

Percentage who reported using illegal drugs* in the past month 18 to 25

12 to 17

26 to 34

35 and older

All Americans,

aged 12 and over

40%

35

30

25

20

15
10
5
0

'79 '85 '88 '91 '93 '95 '97 '99

*includes marijuana and hashish, cocaine, inhalants, hallucinogens
(including
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ecstasy), heroin or any psychotherapeutic prescription drug used non-medically.

Source: National Household Survey on Drug Abuse, Department of Health and Human Services

The New York Times

using illegal drugs in 1979. The percentage declined until 1992, when it began a see-saw pattern.

For the total population aged 12 and older, the rate of illicit drug use has remained flat for several years. The government estimated that 14.8 million Americans, or 6.7 percent of those 12 and older, had used drugs in the month before they were surveyed. In 1979, the percentage was roughly twice as high.

The annual survey released today was done by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, headed by Dr. Nelba Chavez, in Dr. Shalala's department.

Previous surveys relied on a sample of about 18,000 people who were questioned in person or through paper forms. The latest survey used the old methodology and a new, computer-based questionnaire that expanded the sample size to almost 70,000 people. In this way, Dr. Shalala and General McCaffrey said, they can reliably gauge the latest trends while establishing a more comprehensive base of data for future studies.

Detailed findings from the study

are available at www.samhsa.gov on the Internet.

The government noted that the latest study did not cover active-duty military

personnel, people in prison or drug-treatment centers or homeless people not in shelters when the survey was conducted.

Alaska had the highest rate of illicit drug use (10.7 percent of those aged 12 and older) and Virginia the lowest (4.7 percent). The rate among American Indians and Alaska Natives was 10.6 percent. For blacks, it was 7.7 percent, and for whites, 6.6 percent. Asian-Americans had the lowest rate, 3.2 percent.

The survey is a cornucopia of information, and not just on illegal drugs. It estimates that 6,400 people tried marijuana for the first time in 1998. That year, an estimated 1.6 million people - half younger than 18 - took up cigarette smoking. And 4.9 million tried cigars for the first time in 1998, up from 1.5 million new cigar smokers in 1991.

"We have a long way to go," Dr. Shalala said, "miles to go in our journey to a drug free America."

Federal Agents Posed as Photographers to Trick Skinheads

COEUR D'ALENE, Idaho, Aug. 31 (AP) - Federal agents posed as members of the news media to take pictures of neo-Nazi skinheads gathered this week to support the Aryan Nations at the trial of a lawsuit against them.

The Kootenai County Sheriff's Department revoked credentials issued to seven people late Wednesday after learning they were undercover agents for the F.B.I. and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

Capt. Ben Wolfinger of the Sheriff's Department had initially directed the agents to obtain media passes so they could blend in with photographers covering the trial.

But after a reporter complained, Sheriff Rocky Watson revoked media credentials for the undercover

agents, who were on the scene wearing photographers' vests, glasses, hats and camera equipment.

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"I was surprised it became an issue," Captain Wolfinger said.

Officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation did not immediately return telephone messages.

Representatives of the firearms bureau were at the trial to help inspect packages for possible explosives, said Tony Woo of the agency's Seattle office.

Asked if any of the agents were posing as journalists, Mr. Woo said, "On that I would have no comment."

"There are numerous investigative techniques we are deploying out there," he said.

The skinheads, many carrying Aryan Nations banners, have gathered outside the Kootenai County Courthouse each day since the trial began on Monday in District Court. Security is heavy. SWAT teams patrol the grounds and escort trial participants, while bomb-sniffing dogs and metal detectors are used to detect weapons because law enforcement officers have concerns about a possible terrorist attack. Because of those concerns, reporters were required to obtain new photo-ID badges from the sheriff's office, and access to the courtroom has been tightly controlled.

Two people - Victoria Keenan and her son Jason - are suing the white supremacist group and its officers for damages stemming from a 1998 confrontation in which they were assaulted and shot at by Aryan Nation

security guards. The civil rights lawyer Morris Dees is using the lawsuit in an effort to bankrupt the Aryan Nations.

Members of the news media said it was a bad idea for law officers to pose as journalists. The Society of Professional Journalists may protest the agents' ruse, said Kyle Niederpruem, the organization's national president.

"No law enforcement officer should ever pose as a media person," said Ms. Niederpruem, city editor for The Indianapolis Star.

Reporters have enough trouble gaining public trust without having people "worried that the reporter knocking on their door" might be an F.B.I. agent, she said.

National News Briefs

Interior Dept. Reviews Ties With Boy Scouts

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (AP) - Citing a presidential order against discrimination,

the Interior Department said it was reviewing some of its ties to the Boy Scouts of America because of the group's ban on gays.

The department asked the Justice Department for advice on dealing with the Boy Scouts in light of an executive order in June barring federal involvement in educational and training programs with any group that discriminates on the basis of sexual orientation.

That request prompted a mid-August memorandum that was widely circulated in the department seeking details of "all activities, events and programs" involving the Boy Scouts to determine whether they conflicted with the executive order.

Word of the review was criticized today by Republicans in Congress. "The Boy Scouts are not a hate group," said Representative J.C. Watts of Oklahoma, chair- man of the House Republican Conference.

An Interior spokesman, ion Wright, said the department did not intend to sever its ties with the scouts. The memorandum was part of an effort to clarify how the executive order might affect the relationship, Mr. Wright said.

The department helps scouts obtain conservation merit badges, and scouts

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often help clean up campgrounds and trails.

Legionnaires' Disease

Linked to Potting Soil

ATLANTA, Aug. 31 (AP) - At least two people in the Northwest are believed to

have contracted Legionnaires' disease from potting soil in the first such cases reported in the United States, the federal government said today.

A third case of the disease, involv- ing a California man who died in May, may also have been connected to pot- ting soil, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention said.

A rare strain of bacteria that causes the disease infected a woman in Oregon and another in Washington in May. Both had worked with everyday gardening soil within 10 days of their first Legionnaires' symptoms, and the bacterial strain was found in soil they had used, the centers said.

The strain, *Legionella longbeachae*, also infected the California man, but gov- ernment scientists said they could not be sure he contracted it from potting soil. Potting soil has previously been blamed for outbreaks in Australia and Japan. The government cautioned that it was too early to question the safety of pot- ting soil or recommend precautions for using it.

Bond Hearing Halted In Palestinian Case

BRADENTON, Fla., Aug. 31 (AP) - A judge granted a motion today to halt bond

proceedings in the case of a Palestinian immigrant being held as a suspected ter- rorist.

The immigrant, Mazen Al-Najjar, has been jailed for three years without charges on the basis of secret evidence. His bond hearing today was stopped so a federal judge can rule on the handling of that evidence.

The former instructor of Arabic at the University of South Florida is seeking to be released while he appeals a deportation order. The Immigration and Naturalization Service arrested him in May 1997 after the order was issued.

At issue is whether a judge should review the secret evidence before giving Mr. Al-Najjar's attorney, David Cole, a chance to see a summary.

A conference call with the immigration judge and lawyers is scheduled for Sept. 18.

The decision came one day after a

federal agent acknowledged that the government lacks direct evidence that Mr. Al-Najjar had raised money for a terror group or had helped organize any vio- lence.

Many States Lack Funds For Monitoring Insurers

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (AP) - About three-quarters of Americans live in states whose insurance departments do not meet minimum standards of

funding to oversee the insurance industry, the Consumer Federation of America said today as it released a nationwide survey.

Consumers in Arizona, Georgia, Indiana, Nevada, South Dakota, Tennessee and Utah are getting the least supervision of insurance companies, the survey found.

The District of Columbia, Florida, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Oregon and Wyoming - representing 17 percent of the population - had the best-funded insurance departments, the survey found.

Alaska, Delaware, Illinois, Nebraska, New Jersey, the United States Virgin Islands and Vermont - representing another 9 percent - met a minimum funding standard.

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To meet that standard, as defined by Consumer Federation, a state's insurance department budget must equal at least 10 percent of the tax revenues collected by the state from insurance premiums paid by residents. About 2 percent or 3 percent of premium payments go to states.

Independent Counsel

Closes Arkansas Office

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (Reuters) - The independent counsel Robert W. Ray,

who last month formed a new grand jury to hear more evidence about President Clinton's handling of the Monica Lewinsky affair, announced today that he was closing his office in Little Rock, Ark., effective immediately.

The closing "represents the tangible end" to Arkansas phase of the investigation, Mr. Ray said in a statement released by his office.

The Little Rock office had played an important role in investigating the Whitewater land deal, a failed Arkansas real estate venture of Bill and Hillary Clinton that was linked to the collapse of state-chartered thrift Madison Guaranty. That inquiry ended last year.

Mr. Ray said all records from the Arkansas office had been transferred to the Washington area to ease completion of the investigation, which is now focused on any perjury committed by the president in the Lewinsky scandal.

Shark Kills Florida Man

Swimming Off Backyard

ST. PETE BEACH, Fla., Aug. 31 (AP) - A man swimming in shallow water a

few feet from his backyard was killed by a shark on Wednesday in the Intracoastal Waterway.

The man, Thadeus Kubinski, 69, was dead by the time emergency workers arrived, the St. Pete Beach fire chief, Fred Golliner, said.

Mr. Kubinski's son Edward said his mother, Anna, told him that she and Mr. Kubinski had gone swimming in 5 feet of water about 10 feet off their dock in Boca Ciega Bay.

Mrs. Kubinski said she noticed her husband struggling and leaped out of the water to seek help. She told another son, Richard, that she saw a dorsal fin, "like the Jaws situation."

Mr. Kubinski suffered wounds from his armpit to his thigh.

Edward Kubinski said his parents frequently swam in the shallow waters behind their home, where they have lived since 1984 after retiring from Enfield, Conn.

The authorities said they rarely, if ever, had seen sharks in the Intra-coastal Waterway.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A19 A first, but very

important step in the right direction.

We've reached a tentative agreement with our pilots, and we're optimistic that we'll soon be back to what we do best—bringing people together.

The past few months have been difficult for United customers and employees alike. We're grateful to everyone for their patience during this period of uncertainty. Nothing would make us happier than to get things back on track. We want you to know that we're working tirelessly to reach fair agreements with all our employees.

Now, this company shares a single focus—winning back your confidence. And we're committed to taking the step necessary to reach that goal. UNITED

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Waco Inquiry Whistle-Blower Said to Be Facing Indictment

By The New York Times

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 31 - A federal prosecutor who warned Attorney General Janet Reno last year that Justice Department officials might have withheld evidence in the investigation of the standoff with the Branch Davidians outside Waco, Tex., may soon be indicted by prosecutors working for the special counsel, John C. Danforth.

People close to the former assistant United States attorney in Waco, Bill Johnston, said today that he had been told by Mr. Danforth's office that he would soon face charges that could include obstruction of justice and making false statements to federal investigators.

Neither Mr. Johnston nor Mr. Danforth could be reached for comment. But Mr. Johnston's lawyer, Michael J. Kennedy of New York, confirmed to The Dallas Morning News that Mr. Johnston was facing indictment. "This law office and Mr. Johnston believe that he was unfairly targeted for his frequent criticism of the U.S. government and for blowing the whistle on the government's efforts

Get new ideas on the Op-Ed Page.

to mislead the public about the government's use of pyrotechnic devices against the Branch Davidians," Mr. Kennedy said in a written statement quoted on the newspaper's Web site this afternoon.

Last August, Mr. Johnston helped re-ignite controversy over the Waco stand-off when he wrote to Ms. Reno. "I have formed the belief that facts may have been kept from you - and quite possibly are being kept from you even now, by components of the department," he wrote.

Although he remained on the government payroll for six months after sending the letter, it effectively ended his career with the federal government. He resigned in February

The letter sparked further inquiry into the Waco incident that led to the deaths of about 80 people when the Branch Davidian compound burned on April 19, 1993, and helped convince Ms. Reno to appoint Mr. Danforth to reopen the matter.

Last month, Mr. Danforth issued his preliminary report and found that there was no evidence of a "massive conspiracy and cover-up" after the 51-day siege and that there was no evidence to support allegations that the military had played an active role in the incident.

Postal Work Unfairly Maligned, Study Says

By The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 — There is far less on-the-job homicide in the Postal

Service than at other workplaces, and the term "going postal" is unjustified and unfair, according to a commission formed to study aggressive behavior at the post office.

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"Going postal is a myth, a bad rap," said Joseph A. Califano Jr., the head of the commission and the secretary of health, education and welfare in the Carter administration. "Postal workers are no more likely to physically assault, sexually harass or verbally abuse their co-workers than employees in the national work force."

Mr. Califano, the president of the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University, said the commission found that postal employees were only a third as likely to be victims of homicide at their jobs as other workers.

The term "going postal" became common after several violent incidents involving Postal Service employees, most notably when a letter carrier fatally shot 14 co-workers and wounded 6 other employees at a post office in Edmond, Okla., in 1986.

The commission did conclude, however, that there were an inordinate number of grievances and equal-employment complaints filed by postal workers and that these complaints can take years to resolve.

The postmaster general, William J. Henderson, established the commission in 1998 as part of an effort to make employee relations his "No. 1 priority." Mr. Henderson said today

"Going postal is a myth, a bad rap," says the leader of the report. that he supported the major findings of the study.

Negotiations are under way with union representatives, Mr. Henderson added, to modernize the grievance system and to reduce friction between management and workers.

Tension between labor and management is high, the study concluded, because of a backlog of more than 100,000 grievances.

In addition, a dual compensation system, in which managers but not labor are rewarded on the basis of performance, adds to resentment among employees.

Among postal workers, 37 percent said they were confident of the fairness and honesty of their managers while in the overall national work force, 60 percent said they had such confidence, the study found.

The commission issued a 249-page report today, a result of two years of study costing nearly \$4 million. Mr. Califano said the reputation for violence and hostile working conditions caused "unnecessary apprehension and fear" for the 900,000 postal employees who deliver roughly 3 billion pieces of mail a week.

The Postal Service says that it is the nation's second-largest civilian employer, after Wal-Mart Stores.

Postal workers, the study found, are more likely than others in the work force to believe that they will be victims of violence by a co-worker; 17 percent of postal employees reported feeling this way, compared with 3 percent outside the post office.

The study surveyed 12,000 postal workers and 3,000 employees in other jobs around the country. More than 300 interviews were conducted with postal managers and union representatives.

One concern perhaps unique to the post office: fear of dogs. Ten percent of postal employees listed this as the thing they fear most on the job.

ONLINE Forecasts and conditions for 1,500 cities are available from The New York Times on the Web: www.nytimes.com

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Weather Report Meteorology by Pennsylvania State University
Vancouver 50's

Seattle

Spokane

Regina 70's Winnipeg H

50's

60's

Quebec

70's

60's

Halifax

Montreal

Portland

Eugene

60's

Boise

Helena

Billings

Bismarck

Fargo

Minneapolis St. Paul Ottawa

Toronto Burlington 80's

Albany

Portland Manchester Boston 70's

San Francisco Reno

70's

Salt Lake City Casper Cheyenne 80's

Pierre

Sioux Falls Omaha

Des Moines Chicago Detroit Cleveland Pittsburgh Philadelphia New

York Hartford Los Angeles

DayA20/ 90

70's

San Diego Fresno

80's

Las Vegas

Salt Lake City 60's

Colorado Springs Denver

Topeka

Wichita

Kansas City

St. Louis

90's

Springfield Indianapolis Louisville
70's
Charleston Washington Richmond Norfolk
Phoenix
Tucson
Santa Fe Albuquerque
El Paso
Lubbock
H
Oklahoma City 100+
Little Rock Memphis Nashville
Raleigh Charlotte Columbia Atlanta
80s
Jacksonville Orlando
Miami
Nassau
Tampa
90's
Mobile
New Orleans Jackson
L
Baton Rouge
91 / A20Day

Houston
Corpus Christi
San Antonio
Little Rock
100+
Honolulu
80s
Hilo
90's
80's
Monterrey

Weather patterns shown as expected at 2 p.m. today. Eastern time.
TODAY'S HIGHS <0 0's 10's 20's 30's 40's 50's 60's 70's 80's 90's 100+
Honolulu

80's
Hilo
50's
Fairbanks
60's
Anchorage
Juneau

COLD WARM STATIONARY COMPLEX HIGH LOW MOSTLY RAIN SHOWERS
ICE FLURRIES SNOW
FRONTS COLD PRESSURE CLOUDY PRECIPITATION

Highlight: Precipitation

DRY

NEAR NORMAL

MOIST

DRY

Percentage
of normal
precipitation
in August
200%+

125%-200%

75%-125%

25%-75%

<25%

August was exceptionally dry across much of the South and in the northern

Rockies. Texas and Montana were particularly parched. Persistent onshore breezes contributed to above normal rainfall near the Middle Atlantic coast.

National Forecast

Unrelenting heat will cover much of the southern Plains and lower Mississippi Valley as sinking currents of air in a strong high pressure zone continue to suppress clouds. Isolated afternoon thunderstorms may form near the western Gulf of Mexico Coast. Meanwhile, cooler air will remain north of a stalled front in the northern Plains.

A sluggish low pressure area surrounded by clusters of clouds and showers will continue to drift west across the eastern Gulf Coast States. Clouds and rain will be most persistent near the central and southern Appalachians where moist

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winds ascend the sloping terrain.

The Northeast will remain humid with early fog yielding to areas of limited

sunshine.

Cool air and scattered rain will prevail over the Northwest States while the

Southwest is warm with ample sunshine.

FOCUS: SUMMER'S CRESCENDO In Little Rock, Ark., the heat and drought of the summer reached a peak on Wednesday. Under a cloudless sky, the mercury soared to 111 degrees, a record high temperature there. Combined with a stifling low of 83 degrees, the average daily temperature of 97 degrees was also the highest recorded in Little Rock. In addition, Wednesday was the 26th straight day without rain, the longest dry period in Little Rock weather history. Cooling showers spreading west across the Gulf States are unlikely to reach Little Rock this weekend.

Metropolitan Forecast

TODAY More clouds than sun

High 83. Mostly cloudy skies will linger today, especially south and west of

the city, as light onshore breezes continue. It will remain warm, especially in those areas that receive peeks of sunshine. Isolated showers and thunder will develop.

TONIGHT Partly cloudy, muggy

Low 72. It will remain warm and muggy tonight under partly cloudy skies. A few showers will linger.

TOMORROW Not quite as warm

High 80. Isolated afternoon showers and thunderstorms will develop as a front sags south through New England. Skies will remain mostly cloudy, keeping readings closer to seasonal values. Breezes will be light.

SUNDAY Partly cloudy.

Skies will again have a mixture of clouds and sunshine, although increasing breezes from the south and west will continue to supply muggy air to the region.

MONDAY TUESDAY Thunder, cooler

An approaching cold front will yield scattered thunder on Monday; cooler air arrives by Tuesday.

100 °

90 ° S M T W T F S S M T TODAY

Record

highs

80 °

Normal

highs

70 °

60 °

Normal

lows

50 °

Record

lows

Forecast

range

High

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Low

Actual

High

Low

Metropolitan Almanac

In Central Park, for the 16 hours ended at 4 p.m. yesterday.

Temperature

Record high 100 ° (1953) 90 °

80

80 °

3 p.m.

Normal

high

81 °

70

72 °

7 a.m.

Normal

low

65 °

60

50

WED. YESTERDAY

Record

low

50 °

(1976)

4

p.m.

12

a.m.

6

a.m.

12

p.m.

4

p.m.
Avg. daily departure
from normal
this month -3.1 °
Avg. daily departure
from normal
this year -0.1
Reservoir levels (New York City water supply) Yesterday 94%
Estimated normal 81%
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Precipitation (in inches) Yesterday 0.00
Record 3.76 (1911)
For the last 30 days Actual 3.39
Normal 3.90

For the last 365 days
Actual 49.27
Normal 47.24

LAST 30 DAYS

Air pressure

High 30.21, noon

Low 30.17, 4 p.m.

Humidity

High 100%, 7 a.m.

Low 72%, 3 p.m.

Cooling degree days

An index of power use that tracks how far the
day's mean temperature rose above 65 °

Yesterday 13

So far this month 238

So far this season (since Jan. 1) 780

Normal to date for the season 949

Air pollution Uhealthful

Index Moderate Very

Primary pollutant Good unhealthful

New York City 0 18

White Plains 0 18

Hempstead S 6

Fort Lee P 83

C Carbon monoxide

N Nitrogen dioxide

O Ozone

P Particulates / smoke

S Sulfur dioxide

Recreational Forecast

Sun, Moon and Planets

New First quarter Full Last Quarter

Aug. 29 Sept. 5 Sept. 13 Sept. 20

3:37 p.m.

Sun RISE 6:23 a.m. Moon R 9:50 a.m. SET 7:28 p.m. S 9:39 p.m.

NEXT R 6:24 a.m. NEXT R 10:55 a.m.

Jupiter S 2:03 p.m. Mars R 4:42 a.m. R 11:22 p.m. S 6:42 p.m. Saturn

S 1:13

p.m. Vanua R 8:16 a.m.

R 10:56 p.m. S 8:23 p.m.

Boating

From Montauk Point to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, out to 20 nautical
miles,

including Long Island
Sound and New York Harbor.

Winds from the south at 5 to 10 knots. Visibility of 4 miles or
more, less dur-

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ing late afternoon scattered thundershowers. Wave heights will be 1
to 2 feet on the Sound, 1 to 3 feet on the ocean.

High Tides

The Battery 11:34 a.m. 11:53 p.m. Bridgeport 1:34 a.m. 1:57 p.m.
City Island 2:17 a.m. 2:40 p.m. Fire Island Lt 11:34 a.m. 11:53 p.m.
Montauk Point 10:44 a.m. 10:56 p.m. Northport 1:51 a.m. 2:15 p.m. Port
Washington 2:17 a.m. 2:39 p.m. Sandy Hook 10:50 a.m. 11:05 p.m.
Shinnecock Inlet 11:15 a.m. 11:32 p.m. Stamford 1:54 a.m. 2:18 p.m.
Tarrytown 12:35 a.m. 1:12 p.m. Willets Point 2:13 a.m. 2:35 p.m.

Beaches and Ocean Temperatures Today's forecast

Kennebunkport

82.63 Partly sunny, warm 50's Cape Cod

79/65 Partly cloudy 60's

L.I. North Shore

79/68 More clouds than sun L.I. South Shore

78/69 Variable clouds N.J. Shore

82/69 Few showers 70's Eastern Shore

83/71 Few showers

Ocean City, Md.

83/72 Few showers

Virginia Beach

85/73 Few showers 80's

Color bands indicate

water temperature

Much of the Atlantic Seaboard will have a mixture of clouds and
sunshine

again today as light onshore winds continue to direct very humid air
inland. Scattered showers will develop over much of the coastal Middle
Atlantic States, although most showers should be light. Skies will be
brighter in New England.

Cities

High/low temperatures for the 20 hours ended at 4 p m. yesterday,
Eastern time, and precipitation (in inches) for the 18 hours ended at 2
p.m. yesterday. Expected conditions for today and tomorrow for U.S.
cities; normal temperature range for this time of year for foreign
cities.

C Clouds S Sun F Fog Sn Snow

H Haze SS Snow showers

I Ice T Thunderstorms

PC Partly cloudy Tr Trace R Rain W Windy Sh Showers Not available

N.Y.C. region Yesterday Today Tomorrow

New York City 83/72 0 83/ 72 C 80/ 72 C Bridgeport 79/70 0.02 79/66
PC T9/ TO C Caldwell 83/68 0 83/ 68 C 78/ 69 C Danbury 82/64 0 84/ 66
PC 81/ 68 T Islip 83/69 0 78/ 66 C 77/ 67 C Newark 84/72 0 83/ TO C 80/
71 C Trenton 84/72 0.05 82/ 70 C 83/ 70 Sh White Plains 82/70 0 82/ 69
C 79/ 69 C

United States Yesterday Today Tomorrow

Albany 83/66 0 86/ 69 PC 77/ 67 T Albuquerque 78/57 0.01 86/57S

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86/59S Anchorage 55/43 0 56/ 51 PC 58/ 47 Sh Atlanta 75/70 0.39 82/
70 Sh 85/70 T Atlantic City 81/73 0.13 82/73 C 82/73 Sh Austin 106/68 0

105/708 105/70S Baltimore 82/73 0.05 80/ 68 C 82/ 68 C Baton Rouge
 98/75 0 99/ 76 T 98/ 76 T Billings 75/43 0 81/ 53 T 77/55 Sh Birmingham
 91/70 0 89/ 70 Sh 88/ 70 C Boise 80/57 0 73/ 58 Sh 70/53 Sh Boston
 86/66 0 86 / 70 PC 73/ 69 C Buffalo 86/66 0 84/ 69 PC 78/ 68 C
 Burlington 85/62 0 82/ 67 PC 73/61 Sh Casper 78/50 0.24 80/ 51 PC 83/
 52 PC Charleston, W.V. 82/64 0 84/ 64 C 82/ 64 C Charlotte 86/72 0.16
 83/ 69 T 85/ 69 C Chattanooga 88/72 0 89/ 71 T 89/ 71 C Chicago 92/68 0
 90/ 71 PC 82/ 68 PC Cincinnati 89/70 0 86 / 69 PC 84/ 69 PC Cleveland
 86/66 0 85/ 67 PC 80/ 67 C Colorado Springs 72/55 0 79/ 54 PC 82/ 56 PC
 Columbia, S.C. 85/72 0.76 87/ 70 T 89/ 71 PC Columbus 86/66 0 85/ 68
 PC 81/ 69 C Concord, N.H. 86/62 0 86/ 65 PC 73/ 66 C Dallas-Ft. Worth
 106/81 0 108/79S 106/77 S Denver 65/54 0.05 82/ 54 PC 84/55S Des Moines
 96/75 0 95/ 74 PC 96/72S Detroit 84/68 0 86/70 S 84/69 PC El Paso 86/63
 0.01 93/ 69 PC 94/69S Fairbanks 56/37 0.03 63/ 40 R 60/ 42 C Fargo
 61/53 0.94 68/ 52 C 75/ 56 PC Hartford 86/68 0 86/ 68 PC 78/ 69 C
 Honolulu 84/77 0 88/75 3 88/75S Houston 107/77 0 107/77 S 105/77 S
 Indianapolis 87/69 0 90/95 89/ 70 PC Jackson 104/77 0 98/ 72 PC 96/73 S
 Jacksonville 88/71 0 91/71 T 93/ 72 C Kansas City 103/73 0 103/72 S
 104/72S Key West 88/75 US 90/81 PC 90/ 79 PC Las Vegas 83/66 0 86/ 65
 PC 87/64S Lexington 87/68 0 83/ 68 PC 83/ 68 PC Little Rock 106/75 0
 106/75 S 105/76S Los Angeles 74/66 0 74/ 65 PC 77/ 64 PC Louisville
 89/70 0 86/ 70 PC 85/ 70 PC Lubbock 92/66 0 99/69S 99/68S Memphis
 103/79 0 102/78S 102/77 S Miami 90/79 0.04 91/ 77 PC 90/ 78 PC
 Milwaukee 88/68 0 84/ 71 T 75/ 65 PC Minn.-St. Paul 86/74 0 73/ 62 C
 78/ 60 PC Mobile 93/75 0 93/ 73 T 93/71 T Nashville 89/72 0 90/ 71 PC
 90/ 70 PC New Orleans 97/82 0 98/ 78 T 97/ 77 T Norfolk 86/73 0.23 86/
 73 C 87/73 PC Oklahoma City 102/72 0 103/74S 103/748 Omaha 91/73 0 89/
 64 PC 92/683 Orlando 89/72 0.03 91/ 74 T 91/ 74 PC Philadelphia 84/73
 0.06 84/ 72 C 84/ 72 Sh Phoenix 91/71 0 95/ 75 PC 97/73 PC Pittsburgh -
 81/64 0 82/65 C 82/ 68 C Portland, Ore. 67/61 0 66/55 Sh 67/52 Sh
 Portland, Me. 82/61 0 84/66 PC 72/66 Sh Providence 83/68 0 85/ 69 PC
 76/ 69 C Raleigh 84/72 0.14 85/ 72 T 85/ 72 C Reno 80/59 0 70/ 52 Sh
 72/ 45 PC Richmond 83/72 0.23 83/ 68 C 84/ 68 T Rochester 86/64 0 84/
 69 PC 76/ 66 C Sacramento 72/58 0 73/ 56 C 73/ 52 PC Salt Lake City
 72/59 1.17 76/ 60 Sh 76/ 57 PC San Antonio 102/75 0 103/75 S 103/75 S
 San Diego 73/66 0 71/ 65 PC 74/ 65 PC San Francisco 67/59 0 68/ 58 C
 68/ 56 PC San Jose 72/61 0 71/ 58 C 74/ 56 PC
 Seattle 64/55 0 63/51 Sh 64/ 50 Sh Shreveport 108/75 0 110/74 S
 108/74S Sioux Falls 81/62 0 74/ 52 Sh 58/ 61 PC Spokane 73/46 0 66/ 48
 C 59/ 45 Sh St. Louis 93/77 0 97/77 S 95/755 Syracuse 86/64 0 86/67 PC
 77/ 66 C Tampa 89/75 0 90/ 76 T 90/ 76 T Toledo 87/63 0 87/65 S 83/ 67
 C Tucson 87/64 0 89/66 PC 93/66S Tulsa 104/75 0 105/78 S 106/ 75 S
 Virginia Beach 86/73 0.30 85/ 73 C 87/ 73 PC Washington 81/73 0.06 81/
 70 Sh 83/ 72 C Wichita 103/75 0 104/72 S 106/74S Wilmington, Del. 82/73
 0 84/ 72 C 84/ 72 Sh Africa Yesterday Normal
 Algiers 95/68 0 82/72 Cairo 90/73 0 93/70 Cape Town 62/57 008 64/46
 Dakar 86/79 028 88/75 Johannesburg 76/45 0 70/45 Nairobi 78/57 0 72/52
 Tunis 107/78 90/68
 Asia/Pacific Yesterday Normal
 Auckland 62/55 0.13 59/48 Bangkok 90/77 0 90/75 Beijing 86/66 0
 82/64
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 Bombay 88/77 0.28 84/75 Damascus 91/61 0 95/63 Hong Kong 91/79 0.30
 86/79 Jakarta 87/73 0.43 88/73 Jerusalem 87/72 0 86/61 Manila 89/77
 0.71 B8/ 75 New Delhi 93/82 0.02 93/77 Riyadh 110/86 0 106/ 73 Seoul
 82/77 0 84/66 Shanghai 87/75 3.43 86/72 Singapore 90/73 0.04 98/75

Sydney 69/48 0.02 64/50 Taipei 89/82 Tr 90/75 Tehran 96/84 0 93/68
Tokyo 87/81 Tr 82/70

Europe Yesterday Normal

Amsterdam 68/45 Tr 66/ 59 Athens 85/68 0 88/70 Berlin 71/57 Tr 70/52
Brussels 70/48 Tr 72/54 Budapest 73/63 Tr 77/57 Copenhagen 63/48 0.04
66/ 52 Dublin 68/57 0.02 64/52 Edinburgh 60/50 0.01 63/50 Frankfurt
74/57 0 73/55 Geneva 64/61 1.61 73/55 Helsinki 67/55 0 61/50 Istanbul
82/64 0 79/64 Kiev 70/57 Tr 70/52 Lisbon 79/63 0 81/63 London 73/50 0
68/52 Madrid 86/59 0 86/61 Moscow 72/55 0 66/48 Nice 86/66 0.02 79/63
Oslo 65/50 0.16 63/46 Paris 77/55 Tr 73/54 Prague 75/54 0 70/52 Rome
85/66 0 82/64 St. Petersburg 71/57 0 64/48 Stockholm 63/46 0 63/50
Vienna 69/61 0.16 75/55 Warsaw 74/48 0 70/54

North America Yesterday Normal

Acapulco 91/77 0 90/75 Bermuda 86/77 0.02 86/75 Edmonton 51/41 0.01
6B/ 41 Guadalajara 79/ 63 0 79/61 Havana 92/75 0 91/72 Kingston 92/81 0
88/77 Martinique 89/79 0.01 88/ 73 Mexico City 71/57 0 73/54 Monterrey
100/75 0 90/72 Montreal 83/66 0 73/54 Nassau 92/79 0.02 90/75 Panama
City 94/77 0.08 88/75 Quebec City 71/55 0.08 70/50 San Juan 98/77 0.21
98/75 Santo Domingo 92/77 0 88/ 73 St. Thomas 87/79 0.32 90/ 77 Toronto
84/64 0 75/54 Vancouver 62/59 0 68/54 Winnipeg 61/45 0.71 70/48

South America Yesterday Normal

Buenos Aires 54/41 63/45 Caracas 87/77 0.24 98/77 Lima 66/61 Tr
63/67 Quito 62/42 0 73/45 Recife 89/75 0 81/72 Rio de Janeiro 80/68 0
75/64 Santiago 69/32 0 84/ 41

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A21

YOUR SAFETY IS OUR TOP PRIORITY,

"You have my personal guarantee that no one at Ford will rest until
every

recalled tire is replaced."

JACQUES NASSER

President and CEO Ford Motor Company

You've been exposed to a whirlwind of information about the
Firestone Tire

recall. If you're still confused, that's understandable. Ford Motor
Company would like to lay out, in four simple steps, the easiest way to
ensure your safety and the safety of your family. All the following
information is presented in even greater detail on our website at
www.ford.com.

1. Which tires are affected?

All Firestone ATX and ATX IIs of P235/75R15 size

P235/75R15 Firestone Wilderness AT tires produced in Firestone's
Decatur,

Illinois plant

NO OTHER FIRESTONE TIRES ARE PART OF THIS RECALL.

Examine Your tires.

To determine if your 1511 Wilderness ATs are affected, find the U.S.
DOT

Safety Standard Code. (Simply look under your vehicle with a
flashlight. There is no need to raise the vehicle.) If the code reads
DOT VDHL, your tires should be replaced.

DOT Code

DOT VDHL IPO

The DOT code is located on the inboard sidewall of Wilderness AT
tires. Inspect tire DOT code with vehicle on ground.

Which vehicles are involved?

'91 -'00 Ford Explorers

- '91 -'94 Ford Broncos
 - '96-'00 Mercury Mountaineers
 - '01 Ford Explorer Sport Tracs
 - '91 -'00 Ford Rangers
 - '94-'00 Mazda B-Series
 - '91 -'94 Ford F-Series
 - '91 -'94 Mazda Navajos
2. Make an appointment.

If your tires are part of the Firestone recall, contact one of the following authorized replacement outlets. As of this moment, there are over 13,000 outlets nationwide. Any one of them will be happy to assist you. Ford Motor Company at www.ford.com or (800) 660-4719 Firestone at www.firestone.com

Midas at www.midas.com

Sunoco Ultra Service Centers at (800) 786-6261

Monro Muffler/Brake at www.monro.com

Costco Wholesale Member Services at (800) 774-2678

To find the outlet nearest you, go to www.ford.com, click on the Firestone

Information box and select your preferred outlet under "Locate An Authorized Replacement Center."

3. Choose from over 30 replacement tires.

To date, over a million tires have been replaced. That's good progress, but not good enough. That's why we've now gained commitments from other tire manu-

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facturers, including Goodyear, Michelin and Continental to double their produc- tion and help make replacement tires available sooner.

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Ford Motor Company

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A22 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES NATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: The Republican Offensive

THE TEXAS GOVERNOR

Republicans Unveil Ad

That Ridicules Gore

Continued From Page A1

cized Mr. Gore as being a weak lead who broke promises made during the

1992 campaign, to cut taxes and prescription drug coverage. And today, in a speech at a high school in Holland, Ohio, Mr. Bush accused Mr. Gore of using "empty rhetoric" that had disillusioned young people.

But this more aggressive strategy also comes at the end of a two-week period in which Mr. Gore, clearly enjoying a post-convention bounce in the polls, has forced Mr. Bush to "defend himself" on issues like tax prescription drug prices and when the candidates would be

debating. Since the Democratic National Convention last month, Mr. Gore has pulled even with Mr. Bush in many national polls, and is even ahead in some swing states where he had previously trailed.

For that reason, Democrats asserted today that Mr. Bush was turning negative in an effort to stanch weakening poll numbers and reinvigorate a lackluster campaign. They also accused Mr. Bush of hypocrisy, citing his pledge at the Republican National Convention in early August "to change the tone of Washington to one of civility and respect."

Douglas Hattaway, a spokesman for the Gore campaign, said Mr. Bush had "broken his own promise not to engage in personal, negative attacks."

"We've seen this from Bush before, in the primaries," Mr. Hattaway added. "When his back was against the wall, he went negative on John McCain. Now he's talked out of both sides of his mouth about changing the tone of the debate."

Mr. Bush's aides have said they had every intention of endorsing commercials that raised questions about Mr. Gore's ethics. But the content of such advertisements has been a subject of debate among Mr. Bush's top advisers and among Republican officials.

While campaign officials said they viewed questions about Mr. Gore's credibility as an important part of their message, they have also been mindful of their candidate's pledge to run a positive campaign.

Just this afternoon, as the Republican Party was releasing the new commercial, Mr. Bush was telling a boisterous audience at a high school here that "politics doesn't have to be ugly and mean."

Strategists in the Bush campaign and in the Republican Party have said that the best way to deliver a tough advertisement questioning Mr. Gore's ethics was to use humor, so as to avoid appearing mean-spirited.

"It's a good-natured way of making a very important point," Karen P. Hughes, Mr. Bush's director of communications, said of the new Republican spot. "That is, the gaping credibility gap between what Vice President Gore says and what Vice President Gore does."

Political analysts were divided about whether the honey-thick sarcasm of the advertisement would help soften its negative message, or turn voters off. Ken Goldstein of the University of Wisconsin, who analyzes political advertisements, argued that a lighter touch could make a negative message more palatable.

"This ad gets at what Al Gore's weaknesses are, but it doesn't do it in what I think some people would consider an unfair way," Mr. Goldstein said on Political Points, a joint Webcast of ABC News and the New York Times.

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But Bill Carrick, a Democratic consultant, said the commercial would undermine what has been one of Mr. Bush's prime selling points: his genial personality.

"The guy's biggest asset is his sunny, hopeful presentation of himself," Mr. Carrick said. "Since the Democratic convention, the Bush people have been trying to become the very mean-spirited Republicans they have been trying to run away from."

In the spot, titled "Really," a woman can be heard commenting on various television images of Mr. Gore.

Mr. Gore is then shown standing beside Buddhist monks at the Hsi Lai Temple near Los Angeles in 1996. Mr. Gore contends he did not know the luncheon was a fund-raiser. But two Democratic fund-raisers were later found guilty for their roles in soliciting illegal campaign contributions from people, including monks, who attended the event.

The woman narrator then says: "Who's he going to be today? The Al Gore who raises campaign money at a Buddhist temple? Or the one who promises campaign finance reform?"

The spot will start running on Friday in closely contested states, including Arkansas, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. Similar information will be on a Web site that appears in the spot: gorewillsayanything.com.

The Republican commercial that Mr. Bush ordered canceled last week featured excerpts from a six-year old interview in which a stammering Mr. Gore said President Clinton had never lied in his political career.

The commercial, which was never broadcast, suggests that Mr. Gore was refusing to acknowledge that Mr. Clinton had made deceptive remarks about his relationship with a White House intern. But the advertisement was actually based on an NBC News interview in which Mr. Gore was talking about his criticism of Oliver L. North, who was then a Senate candidate in Virginia.

Mr. Bush later said he objected to the commercial because Mr. Gore's comments had been taken out of context and "had nothing to do with the affairs of the White House."

The last two weeks have been difficult for Mr. Bush. Last week, Mr. Bush acknowledged that he needed to do a better job selling his proposed across-the-board income tax cut and then struggled to provide a coherent explanation of the plan.

This week, Mr. Bush's aides had pledged he would stick to his education agenda. But almost every day, other issues have intruded to dilute his message.

Still, Mr. Bush has been able to ratchet up his criticisms of Mr. Gore's character. In two rousing speeches today Mr. Bush laced time and again into Mr. Gore's character and credibility.

"After seven and a half years of empty rhetoric, I can understand why the young of America become disillusioned," he told 3,000 students, parents and Republican partisans at a high school in Holland. "It's time to put somebody in office who will do in office exactly what he tells the American people he intends to do. And that is what I'm going to do should I become the president of the United States."

Stephen Crowley / The New York Times

Gov. George W. Bush greeting students yesterday at Springfield High School in Holland, Ohio, after addressing a rally there.

THE AD CAMPAIGN

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Revisiting Several Moments That Have Embarrassed Gore

The Republican National Committee is to begin running this 30-second commercial, titled "Really," in 16 states today. It features some of the most embarrassing aspects of Vice President Al Gore's career, including his raising money at a Buddhist temple and his claim to have created the Internet. It is being shown in Arkansas, Florida, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New Mexico, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

PRODUCER Cold Harbor Films

ON THE SCREEN The setting is a peach-colored kitchen, with a small television atop a counter. On the television screen Vice President Gore is seen speaking, though there is no sound, in the White House briefing room on the day he said there was "no controlling legal authority" over how he raised money in the 1996 campaign. The screen goes fuzzy and then shows Mr. Gore nodding to a Buddhist monk, who is bowing at him. The screen shows monks in saffron robes testifying under oath and then shows Mr. Gore, a near smirk on his face, speaking at

the Democratic National Convention. It then shows him in a "Larry King Live" interview saying, "I took the initiative in creating the Internet." The camera returns to the kitchen. Flashed on the screen is a Web site, gorewillsayanything.com.

THE SCRIPT A female narrator says: "There's Al Gore, reinventing himself on television again. Like I'm not going to notice. Who's he going to be today? The Al Gore who raises campaign money at a Buddhist temple? Or the one who promises campaign finance reform? Really. Al Gore, claiming credit for things he didn't even do."

Mr. Gore: "I took the initiative in creating the Internet."

Woman: "Yeah, and I invented the remote control, too. Another round of this, and I'll sell my television."

ACCURACY The commercial, a compendium of some of Mr. Gore's most embarrassing public moments, uses Mr. Gore's own words and pictures of him to suggest that he has no credibility. The statement that Mr. Gore "raises campaign money at a Buddhist temple" is technically not correct because he did not actually ask for money at the temple, but that point has been lost. The larger question is whether it is fair to link these events and cast them as Mr. Gore's "reinventing" himself. Earlier this year, Mr. Gore publicly acknowledged that he was "an imperfect messenger" on the subject of fixing the campaign

The New York Times

A Republican commercial showing Al Gore at a Buddhist temple, top, will run in 16 states, above.

finance system, a point the commercial ignores. He has also said that he thinks his comment about the Internet was the biggest mistake of his campaign, although at the time his aides defended the claim and had various leaders in the high-tech field vouch for Mr. Gore's involvement in legislation that helped pave the way for the Internet.

SCORECARD Perhaps the most striking aspect of the commercial is the sarcastic tone of the narrator. Analysts say sarcasm is a dangerous weapon in commercials because if no actual humor is evident, sarcasm can come across as petty and malicious and turn off swing voters. The tone may also detract from the message, which seeks to exploit Mr. Gore's vulnerability on the matter of credibility. The timing of this commercial - unusually early and coinciding with the slide of

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Gov. George W. Bush in the polls suggests a certain desperation by Republicans and an implicit assumption that negative advertising works. Whether it will prove to be a breakthrough commercial of some sort remains to be seen, but it is certainly laying the groundwork for harsher attacks to come, from both sides. **KATHARINE Q. SEELYE**

THE REPUBLICAN RUNNING MATE

Cheney Urges Rethinking Use of U.S. Ground Forces In Bosnia and Kosovo By **MICHAEL COOPER**

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla., Aug. 31 - Dick Cheney, the Republican vice-pres-

idential candidate, called today for a re-examination of the nation's role in peace-keeping missions around the world and said it was time to consider recalling American ground troops from Kosovo and Bosnia.

"I think it is important that we make sometimes difficult choices about when we're going to actually use military force, that we need to avoid situations where we commit troops because we can't think of anything else to do," said Mr. Cheney, who was the secretary of defense during the Persian Gulf war. "The difficult part is deciding what's in our strategic interest, what's of sufficient significance in terms of

U.S. interests so its worth the commitment of resources and the potential loss of American lives. And not every problem around the world is."

Mr. Cheney made the comments after being asked by reporters today to elaborate on a speech he delivered in Atlanta on Wednesday in which he said that the military had been "overused and under resourced" during the Clinton administration.

The speech drew an angry response from Vice President Al Gore's campaign, which called Mr. Cheney's approach "irresponsible," and it was sharply questioned at the White House as well.

Joe Lockhart, a spokesman for President Clinton, said that Mr. Cheney "now has an obligation to come forward and say which deployments he was opposed to."

"Was he against our action in Haiti?" Mr. Lockhart asked. "Was he against our action of returning peace to Sarajevo and Bosnia? Was he against reversing ethnic cleansing in Kosovo? Was he against eight years of containment of Saddam Hussein and his weapons of mass destruction? I think those are questions he should answer."

As the Bush and Gore campaigns continued to debate military preparedness today, the Pentagon released a quarterly report that found most of the nation's combat forces ready to perform their wartime missions.

"America's armed forces remain capable" of achieving the military goals of the Clinton administration, the report stated.

But the report supported Mr. Cheney's claims that the armed forces face shortages in personnel, training problems and aging equipment. It also warned that an inadequate capability to move, protect and supply forces meant that higher casualties might occur should the United States be forced to fight two major conflicts at the same time, as called for in the national war plan.

Mr. Cheney did not spell out a specific doctrine that he and Gov. George W. Bush, the Republican presidential nominee, would follow if they won the election. But he called for applying a more rigorous standard of whether United States military intervention was warranted before committing troops to the field.

"Sometimes," he said, "I think we get into a situation where we have, because of the publicity given to a particular event - you may have a real tragedy unfold-

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ing someplace in the world, but it doesn't affect vital U.S. interests.

And you have to make a decision that you'll do whatever you can diplomatically, working through the international community or perhaps providing sustenance and medical supplies and support for humanitarian purposes, but you're not going to commit U.S. troops to combat to deal with that particular situation. Those are choices that presidents get paid to make. They are not easy choices. If

they were, they wouldn't land on his desk."

Without addressing the merits of the Clinton administration's initial decision

to send troops into Bosnia and Kosovo, Mr. Cheney said today that it was time to consider pulling

the remaining American ground troops out of the Balkans, perhaps while still keeping a small presence there to gather intelligence and help the remaining international force with logistics.

"We might continue to do that," he said. "But troops on the ground, in Europe, in the Balkans in particular, now that the crisis supposedly

has passed in Bosnia and Kosovo, strikes me an appropriate role for our European friends and allies."

The Gore campaign was quick to note that the United States has already sharply scaled back the number of troops it has on the ground in the Balkans. Kym Spell, a Gore campaign spokeswoman, said American troops accounted for 14 percent of the force in Kosovo and 18 percent of the force in Bosnia.

"Dick Cheney's approach would be irresponsible," Ms. Spell said "It would leave our allies in the lurch, erase the progress we've made toward peace, and only cost the United States in the long run."

Associated Press

Dick Cheney campaigned yesterday in Lake Worth, Fla.

The one deployment that Mr. Cheney said he disagreed with was the mission

in Haiti in 1994, but he did not specify why. The Clinton administration sent 20,000 troops into Haiti as part of an international force that restored to power the country's democratically elected president after he was ousted in a military coup. About 75 American troops remain in Haiti today, on a temporary mission to provide humanitarian aide.

Ms. Spell said the vice president stood by the administration's decision to send troops to Haiti.

"We went into Haiti to begin the process of defeating a dictator and restoring a democratically elected president," Ms. Spell said. "We inherited the situation and showed the resolve and took the initiative to help the people of Haiti. Working to restore democracy is never a bad decision."

And although Mr. Cheney has criticized cutbacks in the size of the military repeatedly in recent days, culminating with his speech in Atlanta, in his remarks today he did not call for increasing the size of the armed forces.

"I'm not ready to say that yet," said Mr. Cheney, who began the cutbacks as secretary of defense, reducing the military by a quarter after the end of the cold war.

"I think we'd want to do a broad strategic review of our overall posture with respect to the kind of defense planning guidance that's out there now," he said. "Then you'd have to size the force to execute the strategy."

THE REACTION

Yielding to G.O.P. Attack Ad, Democrats Put on Hold a Plan for Their Own

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By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 - The Democratic National Committee abandoned plans today to release a commercial that seriously questions Gov. George W. Bush's record in Texas, choosing to yield the spotlight to a new Republican attack advertisement against Vice President Al Gore in the hope that it will backfire.

And after news reports about the Republican advertisement appeared this morning, Mr. Gore himself immediately revised his plans for the day, backing away from a speech about health care so that the Republicans' message - an assault on Mr. Gore's credibility - would come through loud and clear.

Mr. Gore then deployed Senator Joseph I. Lieberman, his vice presidential running mate, to denounce the commercial.

"I'm very sad to tell you that today, rather than focusing on the serious issues

before our country, our opponents have hit the airwaves with paid political negative personal attack ads," Mr. Lieberman said at a rally in Seattle, with Mr. Gore standing behind him. "And that's wrong."

Democratic officials said they believed that the Republican commercial would backfire as being unfair, and they did all they could to promote that impression. They also said that releasing their own attack against Mr. Bush now would have undermined their own credibility in trying to brand Mr. Bush as too negative, though they acknowledged that they were saving that commercial for later.

"We'll track it over the weekend and see what happens," said one Democrat. The Democratic commercial was based on a federal court ruling last month

that Texas had failed to abide by the terms of a 1996 consent decree that it improve health care for poor children.

When Mr. Gore followed Mr. Lieberman to the lectern, he delivered his standard stump speech, with only a modest emphasis on the planned topic of the day: a patients' bill of rights.

In stark contrast to the other health-care speeches he delivered this week, Mr. Gore pointedly chose not to criticize Mr. Bush's record. The point, Gore aides said, was not to distract from news of the Republican commercial.

The commercial uses pictures of Mr. Gore greeting monks at a much maligned fund-raising event at a Buddhist temple in California and at a separate event taking credit for creating the Internet.

The Republicans, meanwhile, maintained that the commercial would not backfire and said that their investment of millions of dollars to broadcast it in 17 states was proof that they believed it was valid and would be effective.

Asked whether the commercial was negative, Bill Pascoe, spokesman for the Republican National Committee, said: "This is not a personal attack. This deals specifically with Gore's credibility on campaign finance, the issue that he says is his No. 1 priority, and that makes a discussion of his credibility fair game."

He added, "What's negative about merely showing video clips of Al Gore saying things?"

The New York Times Magazine illuminates the news.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES NATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L+ A23 THE
2000 CAMPAIGN: Issues and Personalities

THE SPEAKER

Hastert Speaks Softly but Carries

A Formidable Political War Chest

BY LISETTE ALVAREZ

GLENDALE, Calif., Aug. 28 - To most people at the barbecue fundraiser here,

J. Dennis Hastert, the most powerful Republican in the House, looked like just another middle-aged, gray-haired car buff admiring the antique black Ford parked on the lawn.

"Who is that?" one Republican donor asked, nudging a photographer.

Unlike his predecessor, Newt Gingrich, a legendary fund-raiser for Republicans, Mr. Hastert does not make a grand entrance: He does not travel with a large entourage. His roly-poly face scarcely jogs the

memory. He often flies coach, and his ego does not snub a night at the Ramada. "I'm not very pretentious," Mr. Hastert says.

But Republican leaders say that Mr. Hastert, in his own quiet way, is outdoing even Mr. Gingrich in raising record sums of money for the party and for House candidates through personal appearances. It is a feat few would have expected from a man who, while lauded by his colleagues, lacks star wattage and a national following.

Since the last election in 1998, Mr. Hastert has raised \$40 million, but this includes only the money he has collected by appearing at fundraisers. The next two months should increase that total considerably, since the season directly before an election is the busiest for contributors.

It is a testament both to the power of the position of speaker and his relentless schedule on the road.

Direct comparisons to the amount of money Mr. Gingrich raised are difficult to make, House Republicans say, mostly because members add up their dollars in different ways. Mr. Gingrich raised a total of \$60 million to \$75 million for the last election, a sum that takes into account many donations he received through telemarketing and direct mail, Republican leaders say.

Nowadays, Representative Thomas M. Davis III of Virginia and other Republican leaders are as likely to sign off on mail as Mr. Gingrich was when he was speaker.

"The key with Denny is he is indefatigable," said Mr. Davis, the chairman of the House Republican campaign committee. "He is not as high profile as Newt Gingrich, but he has raised more money than Newt Gingrich ever did."

"Gingrich, everybody knew who he was," he added. "The faithful 'The key with Denny is he is indefatigable,' a colleague says. would come out to see him in a blizzard. They don't do that for Denny. Newt

had that. But Denny overcomes that by working slowly and methodically."

In an election year awash in money, critics of the campaign finance system say it should come as no surprise that Mr. Hastert has managed to raise \$40 million so far. As anonymous as he is to the public, his job is a powerful one. Had Mr. Gingrich still been speaker, he would almost certainly have outstripped his own fund-raising records, working to maintain the razor-thin Republican margin of seven House seats, analysts say.

House Democrats, led by Richard A. Gephardt, are breaking their own records, raising more money than ever before. Mr. Gephardt, one of the party's

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most prolific fund-raisers, has so far raised \$41 million, a figure that includes direct mail contributions.

In total, the House Republican campaign committee has collected \$90 million and the Democratic committee has raised \$60 million; both Mr. Hastert and Mr. Gephardt raise money for their respective committees, as well as for individual candidates and the party as a whole.

"It's what's at stake," said Larry Makinson, executive director of the nonpartisan Center for Responsive Politics. "If you are the speaker of the House, like any politician, the sense of preservation leads you to do almost anything to retain your job. For Hastert, it's not winning his seat; it's keeping hold of the speaker's chair, which means he has to keep Republicans in control."

When he is not in Washington, Mr. Hastert approaches fund-raising with yeoman-like devotion, crisscrossing the country for Republican candidates and the party and doing little else. He has visited 66 districts in 33 states, and so far has attended 104 fund-raisers this year.

This is Mr. Hastert's third fundraiser in Los Angeles for Representative James E. Organ, a California Republican, a pit stop he sandwiched between events in Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Missouri, Arizona and Washington. It raised \$45,000 for Mr. Organ.

Mr. Hastert's focus on fund-raising on his off time is single-minded, House Republicans and party officials say. Unlike his more famous predecessor, they say, Mr. Hastert, who accepted the job of speaker only after colleagues beseeched him, harbors no presidential, senatorial or gubernatorial ambitions that colleagues know of. He is not writing a book of any sort. He does not lecture at universities.

"I see this as a task that comes with the job," Mr. Hastert said, sitting in an armchair inside the house of Tom and Eva Jeffery, the hosts of the barbecue fund-raiser for Mr. Organ. "You just have to do it. Newt was a great speaker and a great

Mish Earwig for The New York Times

Speaker J. Dennis Hastert at the recent California fund-raiser for Representative James E. Rogan, left. Without fanfare, through his single-minded devotion to fund-raising, Mr. Hastert has raised \$40 million.

political thinker. I've always had success just by going to work and getting things done. Sometimes it's just plodding away to get it done."

All the fund-raising, he said, is one reason why he does not make the television news show rounds on Sunday morning.

"It's hard to do that and to do this at the same time," Mr. Hastert said.

His style is diametrically opposed to Mr. Gingrich's, but that was one of the qualifications for the job during the tumult of 1998, when House Republicans suffered stinging losses in the polls. Mr. Gingrich's persona overshadowed the party, and while at first, this served the party well, by 1998, it was seen as counterproductive.

There is no flash to Mr. Hastert; he does not advertise his power. He arrives quietly at the Sunday barbecue in a black Suburban, with two aides and two security agents assigned to guard him. A slightly rumpled figure in brown blazer and khaki pants, Mr. Hastert poses for photographs with the host committee members alongside the Jeffers' house, then mingles with the crowd on the lawn, chitchatting unself-consciously.

On the stump, Mr. Hastert sticks to a meat-and-potatoes speech, stripped

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clean of lofty phrases. He talks about what House Republicans have done and will do before the election: "common sense" tax cuts, as he calls them, a prescription drug benefit, protecting Social Security. He pronounces pundits as "pundints," a hated group among politicians. He is what he is - a onetime high school wrestling coach.

"Newt was a great speaker and had a great mind," Mr. Hastert said, "He was off talking about new para-

digms all the time and what the 21st century was going to be, and I think what I try to do, is put in place good things for us."

All this work on the road has earned him the respect of House members, especially those with safe seats who are under strict orders

to raise a total of \$15 million for those candidates and incumbents who face competitive races in November. Few members actually enjoy fund-raising.

"He just focuses on it like a laser beam," said Representative Deborah Pryce of Ohio, a Republican leader. And while Mr. Hastert's style may not inspire awe, Ms. Pryce said, he connects with people on a level that does not intimidate. "He comes across folksy and real because he is," she said. "There are no airs about him."

Edward Keating / The New York Times

Ralph Nader, The Green Party presidential nominee, made several stops in New York City yesterday. After touring the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Nader criticized tax breaks used to keep business in the city and called the exchange the "bastion of global capitalism of welfare."

THE GREEN PARTY

Crisscrossing Manhattan, Nader Criticizes Corporate Misdeeds

By JAYSON BLAIR

Ralph Nader, running for president as the Green Party nominee, railed

against big business from the heart of corporate America yesterday, crisscrossing Manhattan to condemn environmental pollution, the exploitation of workers and the abuse of taxpayer dollars through "corporate welfare."

He also dismissed his opponents, Vice President Al Gore and Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, as candidates whose similarities (favoring businesses over workers, in Mr. Nader's view, and taking millions from corporate donors) outweighed their differences.

Mr. Nader, the consumer advocate whose long-shot candidacy has received comparatively little national media attention, began his salvos from a prominent platform: a morning interview with Matt Lauer on NBC's "Today" show.

"They are different in a few areas, but the rhetoric is more different than the reality," Mr. Nader said of Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore on "Today," as about 300 people milled about on a Rockefeller Center sidewalk outside the studio. Some held signs demanding that the major candidates open the presidential debates to Mr. Nader and one of the Reform Party candidates, Patrick J. Buchanan. Two men made the point by wearing chicken suits to represent Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore.

After "Today," Mr. Nader gave a separate interview on NBC's cable cousin, MSNBC, then crossed the street to the headquarters of the network's corporate parent, General Electric, where he criticized the company for polluting the Hudson River. He also attacked Mr. Gore and Mr. Bush for taking contributions from the company.

"It is time for General Electric to obey the law and pay for its poisoning of the Hudson River and stop lying and deceiving the public about the dangers," Mr.

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Nader said, referring to G.E.'s legal discharge of PCB's into the Hudson until 1977, when the chemicals were banned by the federal government. He called for Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore to give back the money their campaigns had received from General Electric.

From there, Mr. Nader went to the Bowery, where he protested with union workers at the New Silver Palace Restaurant, a 900-seat dim sum parlor and banquet hall that once was the only unionized restaurant in Chinatown. Former employees have waged a three-year battle with the restaurant's management, which has been accused by federal labor officials of antiunion hiring practices.

Mr. Nader finished his campaign day on Wall Street, where he criticized the City and State of New York for offering multimillion-dollar tax breaks and other incentives to persuade companies like the New York Stock Exchange to stay in Manhattan.

"Here is this bastion of global capitalism on welfare," Mr. Nader said,

after taking a private tour of the New York Stock Exchange. "It will take hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars in order to build them a new building. At the same time, hundreds of neighborhoods are suffering from inadequate funding of their vital needs."

Mr. Nader said that such "corporate welfare" was emblematic of the problems of America's current two-

Taking a stand
against big business
in the business
capital.

party political system. Mr. Nader's candidacy is widely seen less as an attempt

to capture the White House in November than an effort to influence the public debate.

At various points since announcing his candidacy, it appeared as if Mr. Nader could garner a high enough percentage of the vote - mostly from Mr. Gore - in several important states, including California and Michigan, to push Mr. Bush ahead.

But recent polls have suggested that Mr. Nader's moment appears to be fading, given Mr. Gore's surge in the polls after the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles.

For example, a Field poll released

last week showed that Mr. Nader was supported by 4 percent of California voters, compared with 7 percent in a similar survey in June.

Mr. Nader's swing through New York City yesterday followed a series of fund-raisers and appearances on the East End of Long Island on Wednesday. Earlier in the week, he and his running mate, Winona LaDuke, staged a boisterous rally in Portland, Ore., that drew more than 10,000 people.

At his Manhattan appearances, Mr. Nader was trailed by small but loyal bands of supporters: college and high school students, environmentalists and those who said they were concerned about the influence of large corporations.

"I don't care how much of a threat he is to Bush and Gore," said David Joseph, 33, a graduate student in French at Hunter College, outside the NBC studios yesterday morning. "I want to see something new something fresh in the debates."

Steve Rogovin, 59, of River Vale, N.J., who moved off the steps of a building for Mr. Nader's Wall Street news conference, said he would probably not vote for

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Mr. Nader, but was happy to see him in the race.

"He is a man for the people," Mr. Rogovin said. "I don't believe he will get elect-

ed or get a chance to debate the two power brokers. Think, he would act as devil's advocate."

That is why, Mr. Rogovin said, he answered, "By all means" when Mr. Nader asked if he could use the steps.

NEWS ANALYSIS

New Views Blur Division

Of Religion From Politics

Continued from Page A1

life.

In reacting to his remarks, some harkened back to the example set by John

F. Kennedy, who sought to reassure voters in 1960 that his Roman Catholicism would not dictate his policies as president. Religious belief, Kennedy's words implied, is private.

But four decades have elapsed since then, a long stretch in the cultural life of a still-young nation. In the United States, as Mr. Lieberman noted on Monday, polls show that religious belief remains unusually widespread, certainly when compared with Europe. Surveys report that 19 out of 20 Americans say they believe in God.

What is more, the American marketplace - both a guide to and an influence upon the broader culture - recognizes no separation of the sacred and the profane, such that books by the Dalai Lama, Tibet's spiritual leader, can soar onto the best-seller lists, and CBS can broadcast a reverent mini-series on Jesus during its spring sweeps period.

There is some statistical evidence, too, that public attitudes about religion and politics have shifted since the 1960's, blurring whatever boundary might have existed between the two.

A new book, "The Diminishing Divide: Religion's Changing Role in American Politics" (Brookings Institution, 2000), reports that whereas a narrow majority of Americans in 1968 wanted churches to stay out of politics, that opposition had eroded by 1996, when a narrow majority said churches should freely express their views.

One of the book's four authors, John Green, a professor of political science at the University of Akron, said that "a greater demand" existed for religious talk in political life and that there was also "a greater supply of it."

"I think the public is more interested in values these days, particularly questions of morality, than they have been in the recent past," said Professor Green, who directs the Ray C. Bliss Institute of Applied Politics at his university.

Professor Green said several factors were at work, among them diminishing worry over economic and international threats and a growing concern over the turmoil of political scandals, high school shootings and hate crimes.

Political leaders "have sensed this disquiet, and want to respond to it," Professor Green said, either by speaking of religious faith or talking more about broad values, as Gov. George W. Bush, the Republican presidential nominee, does in speaking of the need for "prosperity with a purpose."

One person critical of Mr. Lieberman this week, Barry Lynn, executive director of Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, agreed in part with some of Dr. Green's assessment, saying Americans had been shaken by the

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personal scandals involving political leaders, notably President Clinton and the former House speaker Newt Gingrich.

"It's a general sense that our political leaders have failed us because they lacked moral grounding," Mr. Lynn said.

As a result, he said, candidates "feel compelled not just to say, here's my moral vision, but here's the religion that underlies it."

Mr. Lynn called that "unhealthy" for a diverse society and a threat to Perhaps using religion to respond to a sense of public 'disquiet.'

provoke a sort of spiritual one-upmanship among candidates, each feeling so compelled to cite Scripture that the race for office becomes like "a final exam in Bible studies."

Yet others suggest that the high profile that religion is receiving in the current presidential campaign reflects a subtler, longer-term trend, a growing interest among Americans in hearing the personal narratives, not simply the technical ideas, of their leaders.

"People want to hear your story," said Richard J. Mouw, president of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif. "I think today the question is, What kind of person is this, what kind of leader will he be?"

In that case, Dr. Mouw said, "having that person speak out of the depths of his own human experience, that kind of comes to be a value thing."

Dr. Mouw, who found Mr. Lieberman's statements pleasing, said that American society was more open to public expressions of religious identity than it was 30 years ago, when he received his doctorate in philosophy from the University of Chicago.

"As a philosopher, you had to hide your religious convictions," he said, contrasting that with the present situation, in which Christian philosophers have their own association, which publishes a journal.

"It's much more acceptable in the academic world than it was in 1970 to identify your religious convictions and speak openly about them," Dr. Mouw said.

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A24 L THE NEW YORK TIMES NATIONAL FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 Campaign Briefing

THE VOTERS

MANY STAYED AT HOME The front-loading last spring of the presidential pri-

maries combined with the long-term trend of increased voter apathy to drive down voter turnout to near historic lows. A new analysis by the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, a nonpartisan group, shows that only 17.7 percent of eligible voters cast ballots in states where both the Republican and Democratic parties held presidential primaries. That was the second-lowest turnout in primaries in 40 years, and a mere 0.8 percentage points above the 16.9 percent of voters who took part in the 1996 primaries. Steven A. Holmes (NYT)

THE REPUBLICANS

A TEST FOR CHENEY Pop quizzes, more often than not, spell troubles for politicians. So the Republican vice-presidential candidate, Dick Cheney, looked vaguely concerned when he got one yesterday morning as he walked into a classroom full of 6-year-olds in an elementary school in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. His task, explained the teacher, Rosalyn Robinson, was to guess which solution an egg would float in: corn starch, food coloring or salt. Mr. Cheney chose salt, and as he dropped eggs into cups filled with each solution, he was borne out. "Just don't ask me to spell potato," he said, referring to another quiz met with less success by Dan Quayle, another Republican vice-presidential candidate. Michael Cooper (NYT)

NATURAL LAW PARTY

2 NOMINATIONS, 1 CANDIDATE John Hagelin, already the presidential nominee of a rump faction of the Reform Party, was chosen yesterday to also be the nominee of another small, independent political group, the Natural Law Party. Mr. Hagelin, an Iowa physicist and founder of the Natural Law Party said in accepting the second nomination that he would run under both party banners. He was named the nominee of the Reform Party faction last month when that party split, with its hard-right members nominating Patrick J. Buchanan. The Natural Law Party's nominating convention was held in Alexandria, Va., attended by 400 people. The Natural Law Party hews to the teachings of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the transcendental meditation leader, and promotes preventive health care, increased use of renewable energy sources and peaceful remedies for international conflicts. (NYT)

THE AD CAMPAIGN

WITHDRAWN AD RUNS Last week, the Republican National Committee announced that it would not go through with plans to run a television advertisement that challenged the veracity of Vice President Al Gore. It conceded the advertisement could be considered misleading and notified stations that had received advanced copies of it not to broadcast it. But on Wednesday, the ad began running anyway in New Orleans after a technician at the local CBS affiliate pushed the wrong button. The advertisement included an excerpt from a 1994 television interview in which Mr. Gore said he could not think of a single lie told by President Clinton. It did not mention that the interview took place before Mr. Clinton met Monica Lewinsky. Officials at the New Orleans station, WWL-TV, said the advertisement was pulled after several viewers complained. But Gore campaign officials are not complaining; several had said last week they hoped it would run, to create a backlash against Gov. George W. Bush.

David Firestone (NYT) Compiled by B. Drummond Ayres Jr.

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TODAY'S SCHEDULES

GEORGE W. BUSH Lafayette, La.

DICK CHENEY No public events

AL GORE No public events

JOSEPH I. LIEBERMAN Portland, Me.

Clinton Vetoes Repeal of Estate Tax; G.O.P. Vows Fight

Continued From Page A1

net or high-tech ventures."

Mr. Hastert has said he will also try to override Mr. Clinton's veto of a bill to

give married couples a tax break, one in a series of bite-size tax cut proposals that Republicans have sent to the president in recent weeks.

The bill to repeal the estate tax had drawn broad Democratic support in Congress, especially in the House, where members recognized its allure to voters. Today, Mr. Clinton was careful not to dismiss the idea of curbing the estate tax and highlighted his party's proposals, which the Democrats say will provide more modest tax breaks for a greater number of people but which Republicans dismiss as having little impact.

"We are not against wealth and we are not against opportunity" Mr. Clinton said. "If I were against creating millionaires, I have been an abject failure in my years as president."

The current tax applies to estates worth more than \$675,000, or \$1.3 million for a family-owned farm or business, and by 2006 the limit

would rise to \$1 million. The Republican plan would have phased out the tax entirely over 10 years.

Only 2 percent of the families of those who die pay the estate tax, but Republicans argue that no one should have to pay the tax, which has a 55 percent top rate.

According to Congressional and White House estimates, the bill would cost \$105 billion in the first 10 years, as the tax is phased out and then \$750 billion in the decade after the tax is repealed.

Although recent public opinion surveys show that the bill has proven popular among voters, Mr. Clinton's advisers say that is largely because

Susana Raab for The New York Times

President Clinton talked yesterday with John Sumption, a farmer from Frederick, S.D., after vetoing a bill that would repeal the estate tax.

It has been misunderstood. "Of the \$750 billion the repeal costs, one-half - nearly \$400 billion - goes to the top one-tenth of one percent of estates," said Gene Sperling, the president's national economic adviser.

Governor Bush, who has proposed a \$1.3 trillion tax cut over 10 years, has endorsed the Republican estate tax repeal, incorporating it in his own plan. Today, Mindy Tucker, Mr. Bush's press secretary, accused Mr. Gore of "showing weak leadership" in "standing by while his administration vetoed a bill that would help so many hard-working Americans and their families."

Mr. Gore's proposal is more in line with the Democratic alternatives. Instead of phasing out the estate tax entirely, it would exempt all estates worth less than \$5 million, and the results would be immediate.

"Most of the benefits under the Republican plan goes to the extremely wealthy," said Douglas Hattaway, a Gore campaign spokesman.

Since the national conventions, both Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore have jostled over the scale and wisdom of tax cuts at a time when the country is prospering economically.

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The two have used the debate to underscore the two parties' traditional political philosophies, a theme House and Senate lawmakers are also pitching on the campaign trail.

Republicans say the surplus - money not spent on protecting Social Security - should be returned to the taxpayer and not spent by the government. Democrats believe it should be steered toward education, health care, Medicare and other programs.

"You let the surplus sit there in this town and people will spend it Mr. Hastert said at a recent fundraiser. "The best thing we can do is take that surplus off the table."

Setting aside their campaign rhetoric, though, both sides have inched toward the center, promising to pay down the debt and protect Social Security. While Democrats are devising their own tax cuts, Republicans are talking about spending more money on education.

Each party is also repackaging its ideas. House Republicans, for example, devised a different approach to tax cuts this year, after Mr. Clinton vetoed their mammoth tax-reduction bill last year. ("A cannonball that was too heavy to fly," Mr. Clinton said today.)

They divided the bill into smaller pieces and portrayed them as common-sense tax breaks for married couples and grieving families who do not want to break up the family farm to pay the tax man.

The idea of breaking up the bills has proved relatively fruitful, since it drew Democratic votes and appeared to please voters.

Mr. Clinton called the approach clever today, but then excoriated the end result, saying it would still cost too much and do little for low and middle-income taxpayers.

"Everybody knows there is a lot more hard work to be done, and there are differences of opinion about what we ought to do and how we ought to do it," Mr. Clinton said. "That's why we're having another election this year. And that's up to the American people to decide.

"But I believe that prosperity imposes its own difficult choices, because there are so many temptations to do things that seem easy that will have adverse consequences."

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LATINO VOICES

Wednesday, October 11, 2000 | 6:00-8:00 p.m. at AMC Empire 25 | 234 W. 42nd Street, New York City

The voice of the Hispanic author is increasingly being heard - and read. Discover the unique challenges of writing about place and, in some instances, displacement, when New York Times staff writer Mirta Ojito moderates a panel of Latino literary luminaries from this country and beyond. The event includes a panel discussion with a question-and-answer opportunity and a book sale and signing after the discussion.

Moderator Mirta Ojito Staff writer, Metro The New York Times Ana Castillo

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"Peel My Love Like an Onion" (Doubleday)

Antonio Perez

Oscar Hijuelos

"Empress of the Splendid Season" (Harper Collins)

Nancy Crompton

Ana Veciana-Suarez

"Birthday Parties in Heaven"

(Plume)

Randi Leigh Sidman

For additional information regarding this event, or to purchase tickets please

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THE NEW YORK TIMES OBITUARIES FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A25
Anthony Corallo, Mob Boss,
Dies in Federal Prison at 87
By ALAN FEUER

Anthony Corallo, the salty and stoical former boss of the Lucchese crime family who went to jail for life after the authorities overheard him chatting to his driver about the mob's control of New York City's construction industry, died Aug. 23 in a federal prison hospital in Springfield, Mo. He was 87.

Mr. Corallo, who was serving a 100-year sentence, was said to be the oldest living gangster to have risen from one of the city's five organized crime families. He was a sitting member of the Mafia politburo, known as the commission, when he was arrested in 1985. A year later, he was found guilty on federal racketeering charges at what came to be known as the commission trial - a 10-week smorgasbord of gangland lore that resulted in the conviction of the city's top crime leaders. It also paved the way for a new era of crime leader, a more rough-and-tumble

Serving a 100-year
sentence for
racketeering.

crew of underlings, like John Gotti, who dressed in a flashy way and seemed to bask in the limelight.

Mr. Corallo, known to mobsters -and federal agents alike as Tony Ducks -

because of his knack for ducking subpoenas and convictions - was widely regarded as an old-time don, a crusty but gentle son of La Cosa Nostra, who believed in honor, staked his reputation on his word, adored his family and considered loose lips a treachery worse than murder.

It was in some ways curious, then, that investigators captured hours of conversation between him and his driver, Salvatore Avellino Jr., by planting a listening device inside the dashboard of Mr. Avellino's black Jaguar as it sat in a parking lot of the Huntington Town House, a Long Island catering hall, in 1982.

The taped conversations became one of the primary building blocks of the federal case against Mr. Corallo and two other Mafia bosses - Anthony Salerno of the Genovese family, who was known as Fat Tony, and Carmine Persico of the Colombo family, known as Junior - as well as five other gangland counselors and underbosses.

Among the more dramatic allegations against Mr. Corallo and some of his co-defendants was the charge of conspiracy to murder Carmine Galante, the head of the Bonanno family, and two associates in 1979. They were killed in a hall of gunfire as they ate lunch on the patio of a Brooklyn restaurant.

The commission trial, which opened in Federal District Court in Manhattan on Sept. 9, 1986, and ended on Nov. 19, 1986, was a sort of Waterloo for the New York mob. No previous trial had ever focused directly on the highest levels of Mafia leadership, and some investigators have said that the five families never truly recovered.

Anthony Corallo was born in 1913 and raised in East Harlem, where he worked, at least for a while, as a tilesetter. He rose in the ranks of a Lucchese family that was governed at the time by Gaitano, or Tommy, Lucchese, whose illicit businesses from gambling and loan-sharking to truck hijacking and labor racketeering were centered in the Bronx. When Mr. Lucchese died of cancer in 1967, Mr. Corallo was the early favorite to be his successor.

But Mr. Corallo did not immediately get the job. He was in prison for bribing James L. Marcus, then the New York City water commissioner, in exchange for contracts to clean and repair parts of the city's enormous water reservoir system. Carmine Tramunti was installed as the Lucchese boss, but when Mr. Tramunti himself was arrested a few years later, Mr. Corallo took over.

Mr. Corallo's reign atop the Lucchese family was marked by an interest in labor racketeering, particularly in the private trash-hauling business and in million-dollar Manhattan construction projects. According to federal wiretap transcripts, Mr. Avellino once told his boss that they were being followed in the car, probably because the authorities believed that Mr. Corallo controlled the toxic-waste disposal industry. Mr. Corallo gave a simple response. "They're right," he said.

By all accounts, Mr. Corallo continued the Lucchese family's long-standing penchant for shying away from the limelight. In a time when a mob boss's suit could light up a room, he was given to wearing gray cardigan sweaters, one former investigator said.

Michael Chertoff, the lead prosecutor on the commission trial, who later became the United States attorney for New Jersey, said Mr. Corallo was as stoical as they came. "He was very impassive in court, unlike some

Associated Press

Anthony Corallo, entering court in 1986 before the trial in which he was convicted of racketeering.

of the other defendants, who, at least, would kid around a bit," he said. "He sat there like one of these big stone idols."

According to Ronald Goldstock, the former director of the New York State organized crime task force who spent nearly a year listening to the secret tapes from Mr. Avellino's car, Mr. Corallo never really became acclimated to the flashier world of the mob that emerged in the 1980's.

"At the time he ascended," Mr. Goldstock said, "bosses tended to be insulated, prison sentences were fairly minimal and people who rose to his level were tested. They were trained and they were proven. But by the time the 80's rolled around everything had changed. The new people didn't grow out of the gangs of Little Italy or Brooklyn. They were untested and untrained."

Friends of Mr. Corallo, who spoke on the condition that they not be named, said he enjoyed pasta, opera and working in the garden outside his home in Oyster Bay Cove, on Long Island. They said he cherished his privacy and that his family was the dearest thing to him in the world. They would not provide any information about his survivors, a son and a daughter.

Paul Yager, 80, a Mediator in Labor-Strikes

By ERIC PACE

Paul Yager, a veteran federal labor mediator who helped resolve several impor-

tant labor strikes in the New York City region, died Monday at a hospital in Edison, N.J. He was 80 and lived in Metuchen, N.J.

The cause was heart failure, his daughter Deborah Yager said.

Mr. Yager was the director of the Northeastern Region of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, based in New York City, from 1973 until his retirement from the service in 1986. He held lesser posts in the service from 1951 to 1973.

He was active in 1984 in negotiations that led to a settlement of a 68-day strike by unionized workers against 11 nursing homes York City. In 1976, he was
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involved in negotiations that led to the 11-day strike at 57 hospital nursing homes in New York City by nonmedical workers. The many other labor disputes he mediated included strikes involving the Philadelphia Orchestra that were settled.

Former colleagues recalled yesterday that Mr. Yager was skilled at getting parties on opposite sides in a dispute to think that, through a com-

Paul Yager in 1973.

promise, they might be able to achieve part of what they were seeking.

He also had an acute sense of timing, an ability to present an idea to the

opposing parties at a time when it would be accepted by both sides. And he had enough stamina to be on hand for as much as 40 hours of nonstop bargaining.

"His personality was a key factor in his success," said Kenneth C. Kowalski,

the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service's director for the northeastern United States and the Caribbean Islands.

Hezekiah Brown, a former mediating colleague, recalled: "He taught me to observe every single thing about the parties, from the time the individuals walk in the door until they sit at the table, and to watch the body language and what they say. He said, 'What you have to do to be a good mediator is to listen to what's not being said across the table.'"

A native New Yorker, Mr. Yager received a bachelor's degree from New York University and, after Navy service in World War II, a master's degree in 1949 from Cornell's New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations.

Besides his daughter Deborah, of Philadelphia, he is survived by his wife, Naomi; another daughter, Marion Harnermesh of Wilmington, Del.; a sister, Florence Levy of Jamesburg, N.J.; and two grandchildren.

Annie Devine, 88, Rights Advocate in Mississippi

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Annie Devine, a no-nonsense Mississippi trailblazer for the Voting Rights Act

of 1965, died on Aug. 22 at a hospital in Ridgeland, Miss. She was 88 and lived in nearby Canton.

Mrs. Devine, a soft-spoken woman with a ready smile, became deeply involved in the civil rights movement of the early 1960's. She helped organize voter registration drives in Canton and surrounding Madison County, where fewer than 100 of the county's estimated 10,000 black adults were registered.

At the time, blacks in the Deep South were kept from the ballot boxes by legal chicanery and worse; in Mississippi 94 percent of black adults were not registered. Thanks largely to Mrs. Devine, blacks began to show up at the county courthouse almost daily, demanding to register.

She attended the 1964 Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City along with Victoria Gray-Adams and Fannie Lou Hamer. Their objective was to unseat their state's all-white delegation and be

recognized as delegates of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, of which Mrs. Devine was a founder.

After that failed, the three sought to run for the House of Representatives- Associated Press

Annie Devine, shown in 1965.

tives, but were shunned by the white party establishment and blocked from

running as independents. When the new Congress was sworn in January 1965, the three women, backed by hundreds of protesters, demanded that the House deny membership to Mississippi's representatives-elect

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because blacks had consistently been prevented from registering and voting in the state. Their effort, called the Mississippi Challenge, failed in the short run, but led to a nationwide lobbying drive by the Mississippi Freedom Democrats and calls for Congressional investigations into voting in Mississippi. Thus, the three women's resolve fed into the groundswell that produced the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

Annie Devine was born in Mobile, Ala., and reared in Canton. She graduated from Tougaloo Southern Christian College, now Tougaloo College, and taught in the public schools. She was an executive for a life-insurance company before she threw her energies into the civil rights struggle.

In the 1960's she also helped found the Child Development Group of Mississippi. Under its aegis she was a longtime volunteer in the Head Start program, involving parents and marshaling community support.

Mrs. Devine's husband, Andrew, died in 1973. She is survived by two daughters, Monette Watts of Harvest, Ala., and Barbara Russell of Canton; a son, Andrew, of Omaha; a brother, Garfield Heath of Detroit; & grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

John Watkins, 87, Publisher And

World War II Fighter Pilot

By NEIL MacFARQUHAR

John C. A. Watkins, the longest serving publisher of The Providence Journal,

died Wednesday in Newport Hospital in Rhode Island. He was 87.

Mr. Watkins, a decorated World War II fighter pilot, was publisher of The Journal for 25 years, from 1954 to 1979, and retired as chairman of The

Providence Journal Company in 1985.

He led the paper's transformation from a 40,000-circulation daily overshadowed-

by its afternoon rival, The Bulletin, to a respected regional newspaper whose circulation peaked at more than 218,000.

He also pushed the company to expand into other areas, acquiring two radio stations and a cable television system. In addition to shepherding the business side of the Providence Journal, he was dispatching page proofs to editors with grammatical errors or misused words circled in red, the newspaper said.

Mr. Watkins was born in Corpus Christi, Tex., on Oct. 12, 1912, and started in journalism in 1934 as a reporter at The Dayton Herald and Journal in Ohio. A year later he moved to The Sun in Baltimore, where his reporting assignments included riding aboard Pan American Airways' Yankee Clipper on the first trans-Atlantic passenger flight in 1939.

Mr. Watkins inherited a love of aviation from his father, a military pilot, and he left The Sun in June 1941 and joined the Army Air Force. He served as the operations officer for the 325th Fighter Squadron in

the Mediterranean, flying 49 combat missions in P-40 and P-47 fighter planes and surviving at least one crash landing unscathed.

After three of his five brothers were killed in the War, he was ordered out of combat. His decorations included the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

Mr. Watkins left the military in 1945 as a lieutenant colonel and joined The Providence Journal as assistant to the publisher. He was named assistant publisher in 1950, then associate publisher in 1953. A year later, at age 41, he was named publisher.

In 1961, he was named Journal Company president, a post he retained until

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1974. He then became chairman and chief executive. In 1983, he left the chief executive job, and stepped down as chairman two years later.

United Press International, 1971 John C. A. Watkins

A decorated pilot

who led The

Providence Journal for

25 years.

During his tenure as publisher, The Journal won a Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting in 1974 for a story detailing President Nixon's small tax pay- ments.

Mr. Watkins married Helen Danforth in 1943 and the couple had four chil- dren before divorcing in 1959. In 1960, he married June Watkins, a former actress, who died in 1989.

Mr. Watkins is survived by two sons, Fanchon M. Burnham of Washington and Stephen D. of San Francisco; a daughter, Jane P. Watkins of Ketchum, Idaho; a stepdaughter, Izetta Smith of Portland, Ore.; and five grandchildren.

Deaths

Altman, David Auerbach, Norma Barbolata, Victor Behom, William Benloff, Florence Byrne, Grace Cayton, Doris Dick, Stuart Drach, Martin Ezzard, Yvonne Glasser, Libby Greenfield, Myron Gronningsoter, Ame Howard, Lillian Kumro, Arthur Leiderman, Simon Molina, Jean Maruco, Janice Mover, Robert Muss- Badner, Rita Oppenheim, Robert Penson, Pearl Phillips, Lawrence Portnoy, Isidore Schling, Daniel Schwartz Sy Tishelmon, Joseph Wilson, Philip

ALTMAN-David. The Producer Circle Co. mourns the loss-of our cherished friend David, a warm and wise and talented gentleman. Our deepest condolences to his family. his dear wife Florio V. Lasky, and their daughters Emily and Dora.

Martin Richards, Maryanne Dittmann, Sam Crothers, Monique Bell, Dan Gallagher, Michael Milton

ALTMAN-David. Floria, beloved friend, and dear Emily and Dara. Separated by an ocean I share your grief and long to shield you from the unremitting pain from which David sought to protect those he loved. We are and will be there for you, as You were here for us.

Lovingly, Regina Resnik and Michael Davis

ALTMAN-David R. It is with great sorrow that we say goodbye to the husband of our partner Florio-V. Lasky. His visits to our office were always a pleasure. We shall miss him.

Fitelson, Lasky, Asian & Couture

AUERBACH-Norma Tick. Age 78, of Guilderland, NY, on August 30, 2000. Wife of the late Philip, mother of David and Jonathan, mother-in-law of Elaine, grandmother of Sarah and Jeremy, sister of Louis. Services on Sunday, September 3, 2000, 10AM at Congregation Beth Emeth, 100 Academy

Road, Albany, NY. For information call the Levine memorial Chapel, Albany, New York at 800-427-0280.

BARBALATA-Victor. Kateri

Residence notes the sad passing of Victor Barbalata, M.D. A venerable physician he was a loving husband, devoted father, and adoring grandfather. We are all lessened by this loss.

L.L. Bond, Exec. Vice Pres. and Medical Staff Kateri Residence
BEHAM-William. In his 93rd Year. Much loved husband of the late Miriam
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(Marcus). Dear companion of Fanny Glixman. Wonderful father, grandfather, great-grandfather, colleague and friend. Never bored, always teaming, he loved life and life returned the compliment. Services Wednesday, September 6, 12:45PM The Riverside, Amsterdam Ave. and 76th St. Memorial contributions can be made to the NYU Hematology Research Fund, C/O Bruce Raphael, MD, 53015t Ave, NY, NY 10016.

BETOFF-Florence. The Jewish Braille Institute of America joins in mourning the Passing of the beloved mother of our President, Barbara Friedman. Throughout her life she was truly honored by her family In the devotion shown to her, the respect for her independence of spirit and the warmth that she inspired. She encouraged Public service and nurtured the talents and values of those who were close to her. May those who will miss her find comfort in loving memories.

BYRNE-Grace E. On August 31, 2000 in Goshen, NY, formerly of Chappaqua. Wife of J. Howard Byrne. Mother of James Byrne, Ann Byrne, Kathleen Lindquist and Christine Byrne. Grandmother of 5 Great grandmother of 1. Resting Friday (today) 4-8 PM at Beecher Funeral Home, Pleasantville, NY Funeral mass Saturday 10 AM Church of St. John & St. Mary, Chappaqua NY. Interment Oakwood Cemetery, Mt. Kisco, NY.

CAYTON-Doris. The partners and staff of Porker Duryee Rosoff & Haft note with sorrow the death of Doris Cayton on August 3, 2000, and express their deepest sympathies to Bill Cayton and the entire family.

DICK-Stuart. Departed this life on August 30,2000 at home following a long and courageous battle with lung cancer. Beloved husband of Docota; devoted father of Aviva, Christina, Melissa and Maxwell. Dedicated son to his mother, Frances. He was cherished by his extended families and dear friends. Stuart loved life and most of all considered it a privilege to have been a professor. His work was his passion and he had the wonderful opportunity to have touched many lives through his teaching. His passing leaves a void that will never be filled. He will be fondly remembered by those whom he has loved and by those who have loved him. In lieu of flowers, contribution in his name should be made to Cabrini Hospice, 227 East 19 Street, New York, NY 10003.

DRACH-Martin. You were the patriarch to us all. We will miss your love and guidance.

The Spector Family

EZZARD-Yvonne M. On August 29, 2000. Long time resident of Astoria and Auburndale, New York. Beloved wife of the late George. Loving mother of Richard, Dodd, George, Edward, Diana Kuruc and Barbara Klugh. Cherished grandmother of 17 and great-grandmother of 22. Dear sister of the late Elaine Fozlo and Louis Drokeford. Reposing at the Frederick Funeral Home of Flushing, Northern Blvd. at 193rd Street. Visiting hours Monday and Tuesday 2-5 and 7-1012M. Funeral Services Wednesday. Leaving Funeral Home at 12:30PM to Fresh Pond Crematory.

GLASSER - Libby Sallmon. 1913-1999. Left to mourn: son Lewis, daughter Terry, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. God rest her soul.

GREENFIELD - Myron "Mike". Beloved husband of Adina (nee Grama) whom he adored in life and will never be parted from her heart. Beloved father of Sari and Ari Bwon, Drs. Debra and Sol Genuth Benjamin and Sara Greenfield, Aviva and Rabbi Avram Skurowitz, Gila and Steve Stone, and Yehuda and Faigie Greenfield. Beloved grandfather of 26. Brother of the late Hindy Schreiber, Miriam Szolmary, the late Saul Greenfield, Lillian Shulmam, Evelyn Reese, Vivian

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Sherman. Larry Greenfield, Judy Tannenbaum and Ruth Masyr. A great man and pillar of the community who always meant what he said. A Torah scholar and Baal Tzedakah who embodied the Ideal of "Torah Im Derech Eretz". He dealt with everyone with honesty and integrity in both his personal and business life. You will always be with us, our dear husband and father. We will continue in the path that you have set for us. Shiva will be observed at 2 Barbara La. Monsey, N.Y. Donations may be made to Kupas Ezra, Route 306, Monsey, N.Y. 10952.

Deaths

GRONNINGSATER-Arne Howell. April 12 1912-August 29, 2000, died on Tuesday, August 29th, 2000 in Elizabethtown, NY. He was the son of Anton and Annie (Howell) Gronningsater. Born In Kristiansand, Norway, on April 12, 1912, he immigrated to America with this family when he was 9 years old. He graduated from the University of Toronto, and obtained his PhD. in English literature from Columbia University. He taught high school English at Lawrenceville Academy before joining the faculty at Riverdale Country Day School, Bronx, NY where he taught English for 35 years and also served as Dean of Faculty. A passionate teacher and devoted father and husband, he is survived by his children; Arne Jr. of New Haven, CT, Allan of North Granby, CT, Annie G. McKinley at Westport, NY, Kenny of Brooklyn, NY, and Kori of Nevada City, CA and 12 grandchildren. His wife of 45 Years, Ann Mendelson Gronningsater and his brother, Adolphus Gronningsater, predeceased him. There will be a memorial service on Saturday, September 23rd, 12 noon, at All Souls Unitarian Church in Manhattan, NY. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Keene Valley Neighborhood House, The Horace Nye Home in Elizabethtown, NY, or Riverdale Country Day School.

GRONNINGSATER-Arne. The Trustees, faculty and administration of Riverdale Country School regret the passing on August 30, of Arne Gronningsater, teacher and friend to generations of students. Our deepest sympathies go to his children, Arne, Howell, Alan, Karl and Annie. An English teacher, he came to the school in 1951, remained until 1978 and returned to teach part time from 1980 to 1987. A founder of the ILS (integrated liberal studies) Program, he trained young minds to think critically. Memorial Service at All Souls Church, New York City, on Saturday, September 23 at 12:00 Noon.

HOWARD-Lillian Lee. Passed away in her 88th Year Peacefully Aug. 29, 2000 in Stuart, FL. Devoted wife of 66 years to Mike Howard. Beloved mother of Bob Howard (Jon Wilner) and Sandy Kelley (Mike Marshall). Loving sister of Pearl Fish and Charles Halpern.

KUMRO-Arthur C. Age 74. On Tuesday, August 29th, 2000, of Arlington, VA. Beloved husband of 48 years of the late M. Louise Kumro. Loving father of Kathy L. Bradish and her husband Stephen of Woodbridge, VA, and Richard A. Kumro and his wife Kaare Phillips of New York City. Grandfather of Richard M. and Amanda R. Bradish, of Woodbridge, and Alison P. and Olivia S. Kumro of New York, NY. Brother of Harriet Woods of Kansas, Marguerite Searcy of California, and the late Rose Kumro. Also surviving are several nieces, nephews and cousins. Friends may call at Mountcastle Funeral Home, 13318 Occoquan Road, Woodbridge, VA,

on Monday, September 4, from 2-4 and 6-8 PM. A Mass of Christian Burial will be said 11 AM, Tuesday, September 5, at Our Lady of Angels Catholic Church, 13752 Mary's Way, Woodbridge, VA. Interment Quantico National Cemetery. Contributions may be made in his memory to the American Heart Association, PO Box 5216, Glen Allen, VA 23058.

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LEIDERMAN-Simon. Loving husband to Melia. Devoted father of Yannek (Genevieve) Liederman, Fania (Louis) Samuels. Cherished grandfather of Rose, Sara and Marissa: Services Friday, 20 PM at "Riverside-Nassau North Chapels", 55 North Station Plaza, Great Neck, New York.

LEIDERMAN-Dr. Simon. Temple Beth-El of Great Neck records with profound sorrow the passing of its long time member. We extend heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Shelley M. Limmer, President Jerome K. Davidson, Rabbi

Deaths

MALINA-Jean. On August 30, 2000. Beloved wife of the late William. Loving

mother of Michael and Anita, and Robert and Fran. Dear sister of Anne. Cherished grandmother of Rachel (Edwin), Stuart (Martha), Toby, Joel (Nancy), Joshua (Melissa) and Nicole. Adoring great grandmother of six. Beloved aunt. Service on Friday 12:45 PM at "The Riverside", 76th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

MALINA-Jean. Yeshivas Bais Yisroel, Jerusalem, Israel mourn the death of Jean Malina, beloved wife of the late William and extends heartfelt condolences to the entire family.

Rabbi Daniel Lehrfield, Rosh Yeshiva

MARUCA-Janice C. On August 29, 2000. Beloved wife of Domiano G. Loving sister of Marie De Moss of Sarasota, Fla. Funeral from the Chas. Peter Nagel Inc. Funeral Home, 352 E. 87 St. NYC on Tuesday, 10AM. Interment St. Charles Cemetery. Visiting hours on Sunday and Monday 2-5 and 7-9PM

MAYER-Robert G. On Saturday August 26th 2000, of Chatham Township, NJ, formerly of West Orange, NJ, and Brooklyn NY. Husband of June Driscoll Mover and the late Shirley S. Mover. Father of Robert G. Mayer and J. Ridgeley Weinberg. Grandfather of Ian C., Bret N. and Lyndsey A. Mayer. Relatives and friends are invited to attend a Memorial Service at Wyoming Presbyterian Church, 432 Wyoming Avenue, Milburn on Sunday September 3 at 3:00 PM. In lieu of flowers contributions to the charity of your choice in his name would be appreciated. For information The Jacob A. Hole Funeral Home, 2122 Milburn Avenue, Maplewood, New Jersey.

MUSS-BADNER- Rita. A courageous, charming women, always with a smile and a good word. She'll be missed by many. Sincere condolences to Elizabeth, Marion and Sandra. We all hope for happier days to come.

Peter Schwalbe

OPPENHEIM- Robert. On August 30, 2000. Beloved husband of Joan, loving father of Nancy and David Schubert and Richard and Lynda Oppenheim. Caring grandfather of Dustin, Brandon, Kristl and Jaime. Funeral will be private.

PENSON-Pearl. Temple Beth-El of Great Neck records with profound sorrow the passing of Its long time member. We extend heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family.

Shelley M. Limmer, President Jerome K. Davidson, Rabbi

PHILLIPS-Lawrence E. Jr. On August 31, of Ridgewood, NJ. Survived by his wife Doris, 2 sons Lawrence III and Thomas G. of NY, NY, a grandson Lawrence H. and two brothers Nicholas of Wyckoff, NJ and Robert of NY, NY. Mr. Phillips was a graduate of Columbia University and Harvard Business School. He retired as a securities analyst with Lehman

Management Co. after serving with other Wall Street firms. A Mass will be held Saturday, September 2, 9:30 AM at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, Ridgewood, NJ. Friends may call Friday, 2-4, 7-9PM at the DayA25/ 124

C.C. Van Emburgh Funeral Home, 306 E. Ridgewood Ave, Ridgewood, NJ. A memorial Mass will be held in New York City In late September.

Deaths

PORTNOY-Isidore, M.D. August 25th 2000. Loving husband of Charlotte Sari. Beloved father at Miriam, Barbara, Gall and Joyce, and father-in-law of Jack. Paul, Stan and Robert. Adored grandfather of Garrett, Joshua, Hilary, Deborah, Hana, Gregory, Elie, Liono and great-grandfather of Isabella. Proud graduate of Dalhousie University Medical School, veteran (US Medical Army Corp), esteemed physician, psychiatrist, psychoanalyst and teacher. Associate Dean, American Institute of Psychoanalysis, co-founder, Karen Horney Clinic, life fellow of the American Psychiatric Association. A memorial service will be held at the Karen Horney Psychoanalytic Clinic. 329 E. 62 St. NY, NY 10021 on Saturday, September 16, 11:00AM. Contributions may be made to the Karen Horney Clinic or the Workmen's Circle, 45 East 33 Street, New York, NY 10016.

SCHLING-Daniel A. "Bucky". Formerly of Edgemont, NY in his 34th year on August 5 in Los Angeles where he resided while pursuing his career in film as a screenwriter and film technician. Devoted son of Joseph M. and Phyllis E. Schling of Bolton, MA. Beloved grandson of Mildred Sutain and the late Abraham Sutain. Nephew of Leslie and Cory Sutain and the late Valerie Sutain. Loving cousin of Noren Caceres. Cherished grandson of the late Frederick and Frances Hochhouser Schling. Bucky graduated from Goddard College, received his graduate degree from the Virginia Commonwealth University and did post graduate work at UCLA. Graveside services at the Beit Olam Cemetery, Wayland, MA. on Sunday, September 3 at 2 PM. A scholarship fund has been established in Bucky's name at Goddard College attn: Development Department 123 Pitkin Rd. Plainfield, VT 05667. For information the Levine Chapels, Brookline, MA.

SCHWARTZ-Sy. The City University of New York deeply mourns the passing of beloved friend and colleague Sy Schwartz, Executive Vice President of Howard J. Rubenstein Associates. Sy assisted the City University of New York for almost eighteen years, providing wise counsel and expert help in communication with media and other external organizations. His dedication, talent and unflagging good humor will be long remembered. We extend condolences to both his family and everyone of Howard J. Rubenstein.

The Honorable Herman Badillo, Chairman, The Board of Trustees Dr. Matthew Goldstein, Chancellor

The City University of New York

SCHWARTZ-Sy. It is with deep sorrow that we note the passing of a longtime friend to our agency. The Officers, Board of Trustees and all our members extend our condolences to his wife Sheila, his sons and his entire family. He will be missed by all who had the pleasure of working with him.

Brooklyn Hebrew School for Special Children

Sam S. Fierstein, President Edmund DiGiacomo, Chairman Board of Trustees

Rabbi Morris J. Block Executive Director Sandra L. Grunes

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Assistant Executive Director

Deaths

SCHWARTZ-Sy. The staff of Rubenstein Associates mourns the passing of one

of the finest professionals in the public relations industry. For forty years he set the standard for excellence at an agency he was proud to call home. We join his loving spouse, Sheila, his sons Laurence and Matthew in their grief and offer our heartfelt condolences. In the knowledge that his warmth and friendship will remain an indelible part of our company. Funeral services will be held today (Fri. Sept. 1) at 11:45 A.M. at Riverside Chapels, 76th and Amsterdam in the Gothic Chapel.

TISHELMAN-Joseph, 89 passed away Wednesday evening, August 30, 2000 in Pembroke Pines, Florida, surrounded by loved ones, in peace and tranquility. A beloved father, grandfather, husband and brother, he was a strong and loving but work to his family. In addition until retirement, he served his community in the Bronx and New Jersey as a pharmacist with friendship, devotion and respect for all human beings for what they were and could become. His time has passed on Earth and he accepted that with grace and dignity but his legacy to those who knew him remains with us for all time. Interment will occur in a family gathering at Old Montetfiore Cemetery in Queens, New York. Those desiring to memorialize Joseph Tishelman may send a donation in his honor to the Israeli school for orphaned and disadvantaged children which he visited and loved c/o American Friends of Migdal Ohr, Inc. 250 West 57th Street, Suite 1730, New York, NY 10107

TISHELMAN-Joseph. The Law Firm of Hartman & Craven express sincere condolences to the family of our partner Ed Tishelman on the passing of his father.

WILSON-Philip C. MD. The entire St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center family joins with the physicians and staff in the Department of Psychiatry in acknowledging with sadness the passing of our dear friend and devoted teacher, C. Philip Wilson, MD. a member of the hospital's medical staff for 50 years. To his wife Christine, his family and all his loved ones, we extend our heartfelt condolences.

Sigurd H. Ackerman, M.D. President and CEO Thomas Barnard, M.D. President, Medical Board Stephen Relbel, M.D.

Gary Lefer, M.D.
Acting Co-Chairmen,
Department of Psychiatry
In Memoriam

AKPATA-Toks. Gone from our soul. Forever in our hearts.

Mom, Reggie, Family and Friends

BRONSTEIN-Melvin, M.D.

4/9/24-9/1/96 A unique man, so dearly missed by his wife and children. You

are in our hearts and minds every moment.

Gloria and children

SHEPPS-HOWARD. 9/1/53-7/9/92 HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WISHING YOU WERE HERE...NOT ONLY TODAY...EACH AND EVERYDAY...WE ALL MISS YOU SO.

SOSLER-Carolyn Atlas. April 10, 1940-September 1, 1993.

"The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken

places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very

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gentle and the very brave." Hemingway.
You are always with us. Pop, Neil, Andree

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF DEATHS MAY BE TELEPHONED FROM WITHIN
N.Y.C. TO (212) 354-3900; OR OUTSIDE N.Y.C. TO TOLL FREE 1-800-468-
5522 FOR THE FOLLOWING EDITIONS:

Until 5:30 P.M. the day before for Tuesday through Saturday
editions, Until 10:00 A.M. Saturday for Sunday's Nationwide edition,
until 12:45 P.M. Saturday for Sunday's New York Region edition, until
2:00 P.M. Sunday for Monday's edi- tions.

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A26 L THE NEW YORK TIMES EDITORIALS/LETTERS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1,
2000

The New York Times

Founded in 1851

ADOLPH S. OCHS, Publisher 1896-1935

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER, Publisher 1935-1961

ORVIL E. DRYFOOS, Publisher 1961-1963

ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER, Publisher 1963-1992

ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER JR. Publisher

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Covering Prescription Drugs

Both political parties launched advertising blitzes this week
pledging that

their candidates would help the elderly pay for costly prescription
drugs more effectively. Vice President Al Gore has put forward a
detailed plan for a Medicare drug benefit. Gov. George W. Bush is
scrambling to produce a plan of his own to be unveiled next week.

The need for a prescription drug benefit is undeniable. A third of
Medicare's 40 million beneficiaries have no drug coverage at all, even
though drug costs are soaring and drugs are now essential to managing
chronic illnesses. At the same time, drug coverage for the elderly
through other health plans is becoming more limited.

The Gore plan would pay for all drug costs of elderly people with
incomes below about \$12,000 a year for an individual or \$14,000 a year
for couples. Those with higher incomes who choose to participate would
pay monthly premiums that would start at \$25 and increase over time to
\$44. In return, Medicare would pay for half the cost of their
prescriptions up to \$5,000 a year. Once a beneficiary had paid \$4,000
out of pocket in a year, the government would pay all remaining costs.
The program is estimated to cost \$253 billion over 10 years.

Mr. Bush has said generally that he wants a drug benefit to be part of an over- all Medicare reform. Ideally, Congress should both modernize Medicare - by increasing competition, improving quality and controlling costs - and create a

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long-overdue drug benefit. But given voter demand, it seems more likely that Congress will first pass a

drug benefit and leave restructuring for later.

The question is how to design a drug benefit that will provide affordable coverage and will not interfere with future Medicare reforms. Mr. Bush says he will offer full drug coverage now to the low income elderly. He also says he will "build on" proposals in Congress that rely on private insurers to offer prescription drug coverage, with government subsidizing the costs. But many private insurers have rejected this approach as unworkable because they say they will not be able to sell policies at rates that retirees can afford. The private-market model also means that benefits would vary, and insurers would be able to pull out of any market they thought unprofitable.

Any new drug benefit will carry a substantial price tag. The House Republican bill that passed in June and relies on private insurers would cost the federal government more than \$150 billion over 10 years. Mr. Bush has not proposed spending any new money. His aides say that savings from other Medicare cuts could cover the tab, an unlikely proposition that Mr. Bush will need to document.

Mr. Bush seems to be leaning toward a private market model for Medicare drug coverage. He will have to explain how his plan would keep premiums down, induce insurer participation and guarantee the elderly benefits that cannot be withdrawn. Mr. Gore's proposal will spend substantial money on a new public program. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Bush hopes to achieve the same outcome with less government involvement and less money.

Markets of the World, Unite

They have refused to surrender their beloved pound sterling for a newfangled Continental currency, but the British are about to cede some control over their venerable stock exchange. Swedish and German concerns are vying to be a partner with the London Stock Exchange. It is the latest sign that for all Britain's stiff-upper-lip talk of sovereignty, further economic integration in Europe is inevitable.

Much like the companies they list, traditional stock exchanges are under a great deal of pressure to expand globally. It makes sense for truly multinational companies to be traded around the clock on truly multinational exchanges with greater liquidity and lower transaction costs. If the old financial centers fail to provide this, new electronic trading systems are eager to fill the gap.

Faced with this reality, the 200-year-old London Stock Exchange announced in May that it would merge with the Deutsche Börse in Frankfurt. The merged entity, to be called iX for "international exchange," would then create a partnership with the American Nasdaq market as well as the Madrid and Milan exchanges. Earlier in the year the Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam stock exchanges announced a union of their own.

The joining of the Frankfurt and London exchanges was carefully presented as a "merger of equals," so as not to ruffle nationalist feathers. But from the outset, because of the deal's terms, there was much grousing in London financial circles about a German takeover of the exchange.

Enter the Swedes. OM Gruppen A.B., a company that owns the Stockholm stock exchange and sells trading technology around the world, made a hostile cash-and-stock bid worth \$1.12 billion this week for the London Stock Exchange. OM Gruppen, which is also developing a pan-European electronic trading network with Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, is representative of Scandinavia's new tech-savvy, entrepreneurial corporate culture. Priced like a tech stock, OM

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Gruppen has a market value three times that of the London Stock Exchange, even though the Stockholm exchange is about one-seventh as large.

It is not clear who will prevail in the bidding war. What is clear is that Europe's stock exchanges will continue to consolidate. The European Union has created a single market, and its 11 core "euro zone" nations now share a single central bank. A pan-European stock exchange cannot be far behind.

A Sour Fadeout for the Ewing Era

There was joy in local gyms and skywriting over Manhattan when the New York Knicks drafted Patrick Ewing in 1985 in the hope of bringing the National Basketball Association championship back to Madison Square Garden. Fifteen years later the Ewing championship has failed to materialize, and though he may yet remain in New York, the team is preparing for a divorce from one of the most durable and influential players in franchise history. Ewing's eagerness to go elsewhere is understandable, given the drubbing he has endured for failing to win that elusive N.B.A. championship. But the failure to win it is attributable less to Ewing than to the coaches who misused him and to the executives who failed to provide him with a credible supporting cast until too late in his career.

Ewing emerged from college as an excellent defensive player with limited offensive skills. Instead of playing to his strengths, however, the Knicks made him the centerpiece of an unimaginative

offense that consisted of four players who stood around watching him dribble and shoot. The strategy created a team of bit players who seemed at a loss to act when the star was swarmed under and shut down during the playoffs. The rap on Ewing was that he demanded the ball. But no player could really do that unless backed up by the coaches.

By contrast, the Chicago Bulls, instead of standing pat with Michael Jordan, brought in Scottie Pippen and a raft of supporting players who propelled the Bulls to six championships. Meanwhile, the Knicks' front office stumbled through a series of unfortunate trades and draft choices that occasionally brought strong players but left the team and its strategy essentially unchanged.

As the star with the big paycheck, Ewing has been a convenient target for these failures. His stoic style, which strikes many people as surly, has also left him exposed. But the blame for the missing championship rests elsewhere.

Return of the White House Turnstile

Well after the 1996 fund-raising scandals brought charges that President Clinton had effectively "sold" the Lincoln Bedroom for campaign contributions, big donors continued to gain easy access to the White House in return for their donations. The famous White House turnstile was alive and well at least through last year, when a generous donor named David Chang, who subsequently pleaded guilty to channeling illegal contributions to Senator Robert Torricelli of New

Jersey, was granted a number of visits with Mr. Clinton, in both formal and informal settings.

As outlined in The Times this week by Tim Golden and David Kocieniewski, Mr. Chang and his employees gave more than 100 contributions totaling \$325,000 to various candidates of both parties. Although no specific favors from the White House were reported, Mr. Chang was able to meet with National Security Council officials and attend various functions with the president, including two state dinners and a "movie night." He also had pizza with Mr. Clinton at a hotel in Seoul in 1998.

Mr. Chang appears not to have won support
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from the administration for his main effort, which was to get repayment of what he said he was owed by North Korea for grain shipments. But Mr. Chang apparently tried to use the perception that he was close to the president and other politicians to secure various business deals. The White House should come forward to explain who arranged for his inappropriate access.

The case raises questions about the judgment of Senator Torricelli and of Mr. Clinton's chief fundraiser, Terry McAuliffe. The Justice Department is reportedly investigating whether the senator accounted properly for Mr. Chang's donations. Mr. Torricelli's office says he was a victim of Mr. Chang's maneuvers, not a collaborator in them. Mr. McAuliffe says he had no fund-raising ties to Mr. Chang but was simply hired by him in 1998 to help him try to buy a life insurance company in South Korea. Both Mr. Torricelli and Mr. McAuliffe should have been more cautious in their choice of political or business associates. With unregulated campaign donations, everybody gets tainted, and the entire process is diminished as a result.

When the Talk Is of Faith, What Is the Message?

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

Joseph I. Lieberman is proud of his faith and his heritage. His comments

reveal not an effort to proselytize but rather to inspire others who have faith to reach within their beliefs for the common good and betterment of all.

The question ultimately is whether the proponent of the religious call is advocating the need or preference for others to believe in the same religious views, imposing the religious doctrine on another or assuming some moral superiority, or whether he is only crediting his faith with his motivation and intentions to help build a better society. While the former is objectionable, the latter should not be rejected or admonished. ARTHUR LIEDERMAN

Hollis Hills, Queens, Aug. 31, 2000

Outside the Fold

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

The Anti-Defamation League has said that Senator Joseph I. Lieberman's dis-

plays of religion are "inappropriate and even unsettling." Indeed, such strutting and posturing, usually the domain of Republicans, creates a hostile environment for those who (by birth or by subsequent choice) are members of non-Judeo-Christian faiths, as well as for those of us who do not believe.

PULAK DUTTA

Evanston, Ill., Aug. 31, 2000

To Believe or Not

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

It is a most disheartening day in America when the Anti-Defamation League,

which speaks of tolerance, says that Joseph I. Lieberman is speaking about religion too much.

As I listen to Senator Lieberman address the role of religion in America, I hear someone who advocates that one has the right to believe or disbelieve.

As a rabbi, I have taught that my religion is not better than anyone else's, except that it is better for me. Senator Lieberman has never professed that this should be a Jewish nation or that Judaism be the state religion. Rather he has spoken of the greatness of

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America where one can be both a proud Jew and American simultaneously. Growing up, I heard that one should be a Jew inside the house and a mensch outside. Senator Lieberman has shown that one can be the same inside and out.

(Rabbi) JOSEPH POTASNIK Brooklyn, Aug. 31, 2000 Ring of Truth

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

Joseph I. Lieberman's adherence to Jewish law in his daily life and his statements on morality and faith strike a responsive chord in all people who follow the ethics discussed in all religions. DONALD SPITZER Bayside, Queens, Aug. 31, 2000

Unbroken Barrier

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

Al Gore broke a barrier by selecting Joseph I. Lieberman as his running mate.

Perhaps Senator Lieberman, in his recent remarks about religion in public life, has opened the door to the day when nonbelievers will be seen as acceptable candidates for highest offices.

ROSAMOND BLIZARD

Yarmouth Port, Mass., Aug. 31, 2000

Religion's Burdens

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Lieberman's Religious Words" (editorial, Aug. 31):

Representing a true minority (a devout atheist deep in the Bible Belt), I find

Joseph I. Lieberman's message both offensive and anti-American.

I wish that his faith in the Constitution were as strong as his faith in God. Listening to his religious speeches, one would think that he is running for rabbi,

not for vice president.

Immorality (and irrationality) has been shackled through the years to religion

of all faiths. It is science and technology that have brought greater knowledge and freedom to the people of this world, generally over the protests of religious voices.

CHARLES CUTTER

Appomattox, Va., Aug. 31, 2000

Justice in East Timor

To the Editor:

Re "Indonesians Differ on Penalties for the Past" (news article, Aug. 27):

Forceful prosecutions of those who committed rights abuses in Indonesia and East Timor are necessary if Indonesia is to build a democratic future. Elements of the Indonesian military continue to create mischief - for example, by backing militias that harass East Timor and block the return of refugees.

An international tribunal should be set up to deal with crimes against the East Timorese since 1975, when Indonesia illegally invaded its neighbor. Last January, a United Nations investigation recommended a tribunal for military and militia violence during last year's independence plebiscite. Creating a tribunal is especially urgent now that Indonesia's consultative assembly has amended the Constitution to let the abusers off the hook, crippling its own prosecutors' ability to try past injustices.

JOHN M. MILLER
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Brooklyn, Aug. 27, 2000

The writer is media coordinator for the East Timor Action Network.
Certified Teachers

To the Editor:

Re "Deal Is Struck on Placement of Instructors; Certified Teachers to Go to

Worst Schools in City" (news article, Aug. 25):

This decision means that a new, qualified, but inexperienced teacher looking

for a job will know that New York City would place her in one of its toughest schools. What potential recruit would want to take that deal?

Surely this settlement will only make it harder for the city, already short of certified teachers, to attract and retain qualified teachers. It is a mystery why the state education commissioner, Richard P. Mills, who brought the suit, considers this approach to be sound education policy.

DANIEL A. SIMON
New York, Aug. 28, 2000
Organic Food Safety

To the Editor:

John Tierney's concern about the "danger" of organic food (Big City column,

Aug. 25) is easily addressed by the use of common sense. Washing fruits and vegetables before eating them should remove any residual bacteria from improperly treated manure.

But the same common-sense approach will not eliminate the health risks posed by pesticide-treated produce. Some of the most toxic pesticides used on fruits and vegetables penetrate the skin of the produce and cannot be removed by simply washing. SARAH MATTHEWS

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Aug. 29, 2000
Facing Your Mortality at 30,000 Feet

To the Editor:

I can assure Mary R. Lefkowitz ("No Words Capture the Fear," Op Ed, Aug. 26)

that not all passengers on endangered planes are "uncannily calm."

A decade ago, after an uneventful flight from San Francisco to New York, the plane I was on tried to land in a powerful thunderstorm. The wind shear was severe, and the plane repeatedly plunged with no warning. The left wing was struck by a bolt of lightning that left an

eerie blue aura, and the pilot failed in his first three attempts to land. By the time he lined up for the fourth attempt, at least half the passengers were screaming, weeping or praying.

After we finally did land successfully, I overheard one of the flight crew say it was the worst he had ever experienced. I would bet that the naked and very vocal terror inside that cabin is far from uncommon when helpless passengers are surprised by a confrontation with eternity. DAVID HAYDEN

Wilton, Conn., Aug. 26, 2000
Progress on Drug Abuse
To the Editor:

Colombia's president, Andrés Pastrana, is correct when he says the United

States must do more to reduce the demand of its citizens for illegal drugs (front page, Aug. 30). Yet like so many Americans, he seems unaware of just how much progress has been made toward this goal.

Of all the anti-drug efforts undertaken by this country, none have been as successful as the fight to reduce demand. Since 1985, regular use of illegal drugs

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is down by 50 percent; regular use of cocaine is down more than 70 percent; and there are 9.7 million fewer regular adult users of illegal drugs.

Since there is widespread agreement that the availability of drugs has not declined appreciably, the only explanation for these shifts is reduced demand.

RICHARD D. BONNETTE
President and Chief Executive
Partnership for a Drug-Free America
New York, Aug. 31, 2000
California Energy Crisis
To the Editor:

Re "States Deregulate Energy at Their Peril," by Gregory Palast (OpEd, Aug.

25):

Mr. Palast stated that the chairman of Green Mountain Energy Company,

Sam Wyly, is a former business partner of George W. Bush. He is not.

Recent price increases in California have resulted from a capacity crunch and a failed market structure. The demand for energy in California has overwhelmed

supply.

Since 1995, California has added only 672 megawatts, but demand in just the

last three years has grown by 5,500 megawatts. California has set up a market structure in which few companies can compete.

Our company is one of a handful that have chosen to come into the state. We are succeeding because many Californians understand the connection between cleaner air and cleaner energy and thus choose Green Mountain Energy products that feature cleaner and renewable sources like wind, water and solar.

SUZIE QUINN

South Burlington, Vt., Aug. 29, 2000 The writer is corporate communication manager, Green Mountain Energy Company.

NYT

The New York Times

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Release Ray's Report

To the Editor:

Re "Mr. Ray's Ill-Timed Report" (editorial, Aug. 30):

You urge Robert W. Ray, the independent counsel investigating the Clintons,

to delay the release of his report until after the election. That is exactly the wrong advice.

If Hillary Rodham Clinton is innocent of any wrongdoing in Whitewater or

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other matters under investigation, then she has nothing to fear. But if she is found to have engaged in unethical behavior, what better time for voters to know this than upon entering the voting booth?

GREGG NELSON

New York, Aug. 30, 2000

Giving Energy to Evil

To the Editor:

Re "Real Confessions" (editorial, Aug. 26):

There is another reason in addition to those you cite that confessions of con-

victed murderers and rapists should not be shown on television. Publicity is a form of currency. Attention paid by the public is energy fed to the perpetrator's thoughts and actions. Thus, we are rewarding criminals by dwelling on their deeds, not to mention reinforcing weak minds in our midst who may have dormant antisocial urges waiting to be inspired.

If we give energy to evil, it will grow. We should be starving these people of our attention, not feeding them. The decision-makers at Court TV may gain a few points in their ratings by airing this footage, but we all pay the cost in additional erosion of our peace of mind and physical safety. Is it worth it?

BARBARA BOOTZ

Jersey City, Aug. 28, 2000

Vote the Environment

To the Editor:

When it comes to protecting the earth (editorial, Aug. 28) - rightly a big-pic-

ture issue - voters need to keep the smaller picture in mind, too.

Local and state elected leaders make in-your-backyard decisions affecting a wide range of environmental issues, from curbing sprawl and conserving farm-

land to water-quality protection and smart transportation planning.

By Election Day, our organization will have issued candidate endorsements for races all over New York, informing voters who the best pro-earth candidates are. Then it's up to everyone to get out and vote for a cleaner, healthier environ-

ment, both locally and globally. MARCIA BYSTRYN

Executive Director, New York League of Conservation Voters New York, Aug. 29, 2000

The Times welcomes letters from readers. Letters must include the writer's name, address and telephone number. Those selected may be shortened to fit allotted space. Send e-mail to letters@nytimes.com, faxes to (212) 556-3622 or postal mail to Letters to the Editor, The New York Times, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036-3959.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES OP-ED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L A27

The Wrong Argument About Readiness

BY William A. Owens

As a 30-year veteran of the United States military, I'm glad that national secu-

riety has become an issue in the presidential campaign. But I'm disheartened that the debate as it has played out so far has been far more partisan than enlighten-

ing. Al Gore has said, "Our military is the strongest and the best in the entire world."

But in a speech on Wednesday, Dick Cheney, the Republican vice presiden- tial nominee, said the Clinton administration had neglected national defense and was "running down" the military.

This echoes statements by George W. Bush that today's servicemen and women battle "back-to-back deploy-

William A. Owens was vice chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1994 to 1996. He is the author of "Lifting the Fog of War."

ments, poor pay, shortages of spare parts and equipment, and rapidly declin- ing readiness."

In his speech at the Republican convention, Mr. Bush charged that two of the Army's 10 divisions were

The candidates

ignore a perilous

military future.

not ready for a major war.

This sort of interchange does not begin to address the important defense chal-

lenges facing the nation. It exaggerates problems that don't threaten our nation- al security while ignoring problems that do threaten it.

Let's examine the issues.

Lack of military readiness. Mr. Bush's charge that two army divisions were unprepared for war

sounds serious, but is not particularly relevant. Every active duty force, every national guard and reserve unit is currently judged ready for combat according to a list of standards that are in many ways more appropriate for cold war missions and less appropriate for our troops that served in Bosnia, Kosovo and Rwanda. Troops need to be less like a tightly packed, hierarchical combat force, and more like a sophisticated, flexible police force.

Moreover, the list of standards fails to include equipment that may be espe- cially important in today's missions, like high technology information systems, defenses against chemical and biological weapons and adequate numbers of pre- cision weapons.

The Clinton administration has spent too much money to assure that our forces can, by and large, meet this outdated standard - even troops who would not, in any circumstance be used for months into a conflict, Certainly, the fact that all units don't meet every standard means far less than politicians may imply, and our current level of readiness is certain-

ly not a significant threat to our national security.

Too many missions around the world. True, our forces are deployed too broadly, in dozens of places around the globe. And some units are overextended. But the grand mass of the American military is not deployed. The percentage of troops overseas is small. With management, both people and money could be

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moved from other parts of the services into overextended units.

Low morale and poor recruitment. We need to do more for our troops, including increasing their pay. And it is difficult to recruit and retain people, especially in a hot economy. But over the last decade, the military has been able to maintain its fighting force, and in the coming year, the services are expected to meet their recruiting goals. Moreover, today's morale, while low and needing attention, is not the kind of issue that is likely to bring down our national security. The sit-

uation today is not the post-Vietnam military that many decry.

A failure to look ahead. So what issue should our presidential candidates be concerned with? The military's ability to meet challenges five to 15 years from

now.

The Clinton administration, to avoid charges of military unreadiness, made

sure that today, every division is combat-ready. But that required billions of dollars and precluded buying enough equipment - ships, tanks, tents - for the future. The military procurement budget has been cut by about 60 percent since the end of the cold war (the overall budget is down by only 35 percent).

Some of the results can be seen today. The average age of vehicles is much older than in the past, Indeed, some Marine and Army helicopters are older than the pilots who fly them. Because it takes many years to replace equipment, in 10 to 15 years, there could be 30 percent fewer airplanes, ships, tanks and trucks. The ones that do exist will be older - and harder to keep running - than the ones today.

Moreover, the military has been unable to invest in America's information technology. For instance, it has not been able to buy enough battlefield sensors and communications, which would allow commanders to have information about an entire battlefield.

Both the White House and the Republican Congress are responsible for this situation. Our presidential candidates should address it. And the next administration and Congress should fix it.

Public Interests

GAIL COLLINS

Laborers Anonymous

The service economy has created some strange and wonderful forms of employment. A friend of mine once went to a party in Los Angeles where the host had covered one room with fuzzy shag carpet - floor, walls and ceiling - and hired a man whose sole job was to fluff up the nap whenever it got matted. "Survivor" drove home the lesson that farmers and truck drivers are no match for people with titles like "corporate trainer" or "whitewater rafter." At the Democratic con-

vention, thanks to the presence of Christie Brinkley in the New York delegation, we were alerted for the first time to the existence of a career path known as model/ activist."

Until recently, America chose its presidents pretty exclusively from the national pool of lawyers and generals. But lately the candidates' backgrounds have gotten more varied. This year, of the Democrats and Republicans on the national tickets, only Joe Lieberman is a lawyer, and only Al Gore was ever a full- time soldier.

It's never been clear how much voters care if a president's experience with the world of work in any way resembles their own. Do weary parents juggling two careers and child-rearing resent hearing about George W. Bush's afternoon naps? Would middle-aged professionals who are too humiliated to admit they don't know

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the difference between a money market and a mutual fund feel an affinity for Al Gore, who keeps his savings in a passbook account?

Both Mr. Bush and his running mate, Dick Cheney, are rich men, while Mr. Gore and Mr. Lieberman are not. Economically speaking, Mr. Gore may actually be downwardly mobile. He says he doesn't buy stock because it might look like a conflict of interest, and Fortune magazine, analyzing what passes for the Gore portfolio, once suggested the vice president "could be a financial dolt."

So which team better understands the working stiff? The Democratic candidates are less wealthy, but on the other hand, they're both career politicians who have held elective office practically since puberty. (Mr. Lieberman did have a two- year hiatus after he lost a House race in 1980, during which he worked as a lawyer and represented at least one client in the liquor industry who had issues before the Connecticut state legislature. The senator's staff says this doesn't mean he used to be a lobbyist, but the experience probably gave Mr.

Lieberman a certain sympathy for the trials of a carpet-fluffer.)

Mr. Bush, who was about as successful at drilling oil wells as Mr. Gore is in investing, struck it rich when he persuaded a group of wealthy associates to help him buy the Texas Rangers and then persuaded the town of Arlington to build said team a new stadium. Mr. Bush's own \$600,000 investment thus became \$14.9 million when the franchise was sold. The work he performed as the managing general partner included encouraging team spirit, and reportedly involved a lot of autograph-signing. This may not have given him much in common with the nation's stevedores, but Ms. Brinkley and the other model/activists of the world undoubtedly know what he's been through.

Mr. Cheney spent most of his career in government, but the arrival of the Clinton administration left him

They also toil who

fluff the carpets.

cooling his heels at a conservative think tank. Happily, in 1995 he went

salmon fishing with Thomas Cruikshank, chairman of the Halliburton Company, a huge energy services business, who liked Mr. Cheney so much he recommended him as his successor, at a salary of more than \$1 million a year and oodles of stock options. During his tenure there, the future vice-presidential candidate's big coup was a merger with the company's chief rival, Dresser Industries, whose chief executive Mr. Cheney won over during a quail hunt.

Mr. Cheney's ability to fish and shoot his way to serious money should be an inspiration to all careerists who worry that an inability to play golf is standing between them and success. Sure, there were

some failures at Halliburton, including the time his company was banned from bidding on road construction contracts by the state of North Carolina. But they might provide a much-needed humanizing touch. We've all had our little career setbacks. Getting tossed out of North Carolina might not be one of them, but the concept is there.

Happy Labor Day weekend. Buy a steelworker a drink. Milton Glaser
A Languid Sort of Suicide
By Mario Vargas Llosa

LONDON

Although, since I stopped smoking 30 years ago, I have detested cigarettes and their manufacturers, I have not been as pleased as other ex-smokers to see damage awards in lawsuits against tobacco companies reach the hundreds of bil-

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lions of dollars, for reasons I would like to try to explain.

In Cochabamba, Bolivia, when I was 7 or 8, my cousins Nancy and Gladys

and I invested our allowances in a packet of Viceroy's and smoked them all. Gladys and I survived, but the weakling Nancy began vomiting, and her grandparents had to call the doctor. This first smoking experience greatly disgusted me, but my passion for being grown up was stronger than the disgust, and I went on smoking.

My adolescence at university is inseparable from the oval-shaped Nacional Presidente brand with its piquant black tobacco, which I smoked incessantly while reading, watching movies, arguing, falling in love, conspiring or attempting to write. Drawing in the smoke and blowing it out, in rings or as a cloud that dissolved into dancing figures, was a great felicity: a companion, a support, a distraction, a stimulus.

When I arrived in Paris in 1958, the discovery of Gitanes catapulted my tobacco habit, and soon I was smoking three packs a day. After a strong coffee and a croissant, the first drag of thick smoke had the effect of the true awakening, the start-up of the organism. A lighted cigarette in the hand was an indispensable prerequisite for any action or decision: opening a letter, answering a telephone call, requesting a loan at the bank. I took the last drag of the day when already halfway asleep.

A doctor warned me that cigarettes were harming me; I was tormented by bronchial problems, and the Parisian winters kept me sneezing and coughing incessantly. I paid no attention to him, convinced that without tobacco my life would be terribly impoverished and that I might even lose my urge to write. But, on moving to London in 1966, I

Mario Vargas Llosa is the Peruvian novelist. This article, which appeared in a longer form in the Spanish newspaper *El Pais*, was translated by James Brander. I tried a cowardly compromise, trading the beloved Gitanes for the blond

Players No. 6, which had a filter and less tobacco and which I never really liked. It was my neighbor, a medical professor, in the town of Pullman, Wash., who finally made me decide to stop smoking. I was in that remote place of snowstorms and red apples as a visiting professor, and he asked me one day to go with him to his office. I warned him that I was genetically allergic to conversions, but went. For three or four hours he gave me a practical lecture against cigarettes. I returned convinced that human beings are even more stupid than we seem,

because smoking constitutes an unmitigated cataclysm Why beleaguer those who choose destruction puff by

witless puff?

for any organism, as anyone may see who takes the trouble to consult the

encyclopedic scientific information on the subject. Perhaps what most impressed me was the absolute disproportion which, in the case of the cigarette, exists between the pleasure obtained and the risk run, unlike other practices, also dangerous to health, but infinitely more succulent than the foolery of breathing smoke in and out. Still, I went on smoking for at least a year more, in an agitation of fear and remorse every time I lit up.

I quit the day in 1970 that I left London to go and live in Barcelona. It was less difficult than I had feared. The first weeks I did nothing else but not smoke - it was the only activity in my head - but it was a great help, from the first moment,

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to begin to sleep like a normal person and to wake up in the morning feeling fresh. It was most amusing to discover there were different smells in life - that the sense of smell existed - and above all, flavors, that is, that a steak did not taste the same as a plate of chick peas.

Quitting smoking did not at all affect my intellectual work; on the contrary, I was able to work longer hours without the chest pains that used to wrench me away from the writing desk. The negative consequences were appetite, which burgeoned, obliging me to exercise, diet and even fast; and a certain allergy to the odor of tobacco, which, in countries where people still smoke a lot and smoke everywhere, as in Spain or Latin America, may complicate life for the ex-smoker.

As often occurs with converts of the tiresome sort, for a while I became an anti-tobacco apostle. In Barcelona, one of my first conquests was Gabriel García Márquez, who, one night, livid with horror at my missionary stories about the havoc wreaked by nicotine, threw a packet of cigarettes on the floor and swore he would never smoke again. He kept his promise.

My zeal waned over the years, especially when, in much of the world, campaigns against cigarettes proliferated and the matter began, in certain countries like Britain and the United States, to assume a complexion of paranoia and witch-hunting. Nowadays it is impossible, in these countries, not to feel a certain civic solidarity with the smokers.

It is, of course, quite fair that the tobacco companies should be penalized if they have concealed information or have used prohibited substances to increase addiction. But is it not hypocrisy to consider them enemies of humanity while the product they offer has not been the object of a specific prohibition by law? Nor should there be such a prohibition.

The obligation of the state, in a democratic society, is to make citizens aware that tobacco is harmful, so that they can decide with adequate knowledge whether to smoke. This, indeed, is what is happening in most Western countries. If a person in the United States, France, Spain or Italy smokes, it is not out of ignorance of what this means for health, but because he does not wish to know, or does not care.

commit suicide by degrees is a choice that ought to figure on the list of basic human rights. This is the only possible approach if we wish to preserve the freedom of the individual, which must include the freedom to opt not only for what is beneficial to him, but also for what harms or injures.

And so, though at first sight, the decision of juries to impose astronomical penalties on the tobacco companies may seem a progressive measure, it is not so. What sort of freedom would it be that allowed us only to choose what is good for us?

Taiwan: Ready for Closer Integration
into the Global Community

Perhaps like no other time in human around the world, people everywhere

can history, the future is ours to make. The benefit from the economic expansion, greater past 25 years have seen unprecedented levels of prosperity, the end of East-West Cold War rivalry, and technological advances that are bringing us closer and closer together. This is basically what the G-8 components. Its agile manufacturing sector leaders concluded about the entire world at a meeting in Okinawa earlier this year, but it also describes perfectly today's Taiwan. And they could just as well have been talking about Taiwan when they noted that this has

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been driven by the basic principles and values of democracy, a free-market economy, social progress, sustainable development, and respect for human rights.

Indeed, the historic election in March of the opposition party candidate Chen Shui-bian as President of the Republic of China demonstrated the maturity and stability of Taiwan's democratic development. President Chen has committed the ROC to further integrating Taiwan into the international human rights order. He has also declared that everything should be done to ensure that Taiwan's NGOs have a greater presence in the international community. This will mobilize Taiwan's prodigious resources to help jointly deal with the various challenges facing our increasingly interconnected world.

In fact, Taiwan has the right combination of strengths to be a strategic partner with other members of the international community in working toward one of the G-8's primary goals-greater prosperity in the 21st century. As information technology spreads rapidly

around the world, people everywhere can benefit from the economic expansion, greater public welfare, and democratic development that it brings. Taiwan plays a pivotal role in the IT world, as the leading producer of many of the world's key silicon chips and computer components. Its agile manufacturing sector has a proven track record of adapting quickly to the changing needs of economic development and market forces. When the ROC's economic prowess is coupled with the determination of the new government to play a more active role on the global stage, Taiwan is ready to help the international community bridge the growing international information and knowledge divide.

As our world grows closer through technological advances, issues of national sovereignty will more and more take a back seat to matters of common concern. Sustainable development that leaves the environment of our fragile planet intact for future generations will be the responsibility of all countries. The new ROC government is committed to making Taiwan a "Green Silicon Island," where the environment is protected while high-tech industries remain at the cutting edge.

The people of Taiwan know that they have an important role to play in the increasingly integrated world of the 21st century. They are ready to join organizations such as the WHO and take their place on the front line of global efforts to overcome economic instability, disease, and disasters. Taiwan extends a hand in partnership. Together, we can indeed achieve greater prosperity in the new century.

TODAY'S
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Access more extensive information through the internet at
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The Metro Section L+ B1
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000
The New York Times
Nuclear Agency
And Con Ed
Faulted in Leak
At Indian Point
By DAVID W. CHEN

WHITE PLAINS, Aug. 31 - In the most scathing report prompted by the acci-

dent at the Indian Point 2 nuclear plant in February, an independent monitor has found that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission conducted inadequate plant inspections as far back as 1997 and relied on flawed analyses, inexperienced staff members and the company it was supposed to regulate.

The report, released today by the Office of the Inspector General, was no more sparing in its criticism of Consolidated Edison, the owner of Indian Point 2. The plant, in the Westchester County town of Buchanan, 35 miles north of Midtown Manhattan, was shut down in February when a steam-generator tube ruptured and caused a radioactive leak. Describing the utility as lacking a "commitment to excellence," with employees who sometimes did only "enough to get by," the report says that Con Edison may have been able to prevent the accident - the worst in the plant's 26-year history - had it not "missed the vast majority" of defects in the generators during a 1979 inspection.

For months, local officials, residents of the area and environmental groups have railed primarily against Con Edison with a litany of technical, communications and inspections problems related to Indian Point 2. But today's report marks the most comprehensive criticism of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, with blunt comments about how senior managers may have frowned upon tougher plant inspections for the sake of expediency and how senior engineers treated the steam generators as low risk and low priority.

The report comes three weeks after Con Edison announced that it would replace the generators before reopening the plant. So while the findings by the Office of the Inspector General, which operates as an internal affairs department within the N.R.C., are supposed to spur reform, specific steps have already been taken to address technical deficiencies.

Even so, the report comes three weeks after Con Edison announced that it would replace the generators before reopening the plant. So while the findings by the Office of the Inspector General, which operates as an internal affairs department within the N.R.C., are supposed to spur reform, specific steps have already been taken to address technical deficiencies.

Even so, the report raises larger questions about whether the commission's laxity at Indian Point 2 was an isolated case of part of something more widespread.

"What you've got here is a very protective regulatory agency protecting the business

Questions about whether
one case implies
widespread problems.

it's supposed to be regulating," said Representative Sue W. Kelly, a Republican who represents the district and pushed for the investigation.

In response, Neil A. Sheehan, a spokes-man for the commission, said that "we

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take very seriously the critical report of the agency's Inspector General of the handling of the Feb. 15 steam generator tube failure of Indian Point 2." He said that the N.R.C. chairman, Richard A. Meserve, had directed the commission's staff to do a comprehensive analysis of the Inspector General's criticisms and come up with recommendations for corrective actions by Nov. 1.

Michael Clendenin, a spokesman for Con Edison, said tonight that he had not yet seen the Inspector General's report. But he repeated the position that the company has held since February:

"The inspection in 1997 was done with the most up-to-date technology available at its time," he said. "We complied with all necessary procedures, and our inspection was even approved by the N.R.C. However, we've moved on and are proceeding with the replacement of the steam generators, and expect to have the plant running by the end of the year."

James P. Riccio, senior policy analyst for Public Citizen, a nonprofit advocacy group, said the report showed, "that senior staff is more concerned with allowing these reactors to run, rather than to insure that they're running safely."

Had there been tougher oversight - particularly since the generators at Indian Point 2 were among the oldest of their kind still in use - inspectors would probably have detected that a tube in one of them had corroded by almost 100 percent, and would have been able to prevent a subsequent rupture, the report says.

As for Con Edison, the report says that, among other deficiencies, the company demonstrated chronic problems with emergency preparedness, even during scheduled drills.

In short, the report suggests that both the agency and the company, on many occasions, simply did not bother to take the extra step, preferring instead to do the minimum and act passively. As a result, some watchdogs of nuclear power have urged Congress to hold hearings.

"If there is not a Congressional oversight hearing," said David Lochbaum, a nuclear safety engineer with the Union of Concerned Scientists, based in Washington, "and there was an accident a month or year from now, where the N.R.C.'s lack of review is again a factor, I don't know how the federal government could tell the American people, we did everything to protect you."

Despondent Parents See Foster Care as Only Option Voluntary Cases Add

To a Strained System

By SOMINI SENGUPTA

Filled with a mixture of dread and relief one summer morning two years ago, Yahya Abdul-Hakam, an unemployed father of two, did what many fathers would find unthinkable: he turned his eldest daughter, then 11 years old, over to the city's foster care system.

Today, reluctantly recalling that moment, he says he had no choice. For several years, his daughter had been acting out at school, throwing things, screaming in class. At home, her angry outbursts resulted in fights with a younger sister, a cousin, sometimes even with him. Mr. Abdul-Hakam even ad-

mitted her to a psychiatric hospital once.

The morning he took her to the Lower Manhattan offices of the city's Administration for Children's Services, a tangle of emotions raced through him. "Fear, uneasiness, nervousness," he recounted. "It really came to a point where that was the only thing I could do."

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Extreme as his action may seem, Mr. Abdul-Hakam's sense of frustration is shared by parents throughout the city. The range of options available to the privileged - military-style private schools, private psychiatric treatment - are not readily available to poor parents like him.

So instead, every day, dozens of them stream into a sixth-floor courtroom in Manhattan Family Court designated for these so-called voluntary placements citywide.

There is the father who quickly wearied of caring for his teenage son after the boy's mother died. There is the father who sent his daughter into foster care after a series of violent outbursts. There is the mother who initially sought court-ordered supervision for her misbehaving daughter, and when that did not work, signed her over to the city.

The other day, M. Jay Segal, the court referee hearing that case, turned to the girl's mother. "Ma'am, you don't want to take her home?" he asked.

Without a glance at her daughter, the woman shook her head. "She's going to run around," she said.

The girl, told she had no place to go other than back to her group home, sat in court, sobbing uncontrollably.

Citywide, just as involuntary admissions to foster care have declined in recent years, so have the number of voluntary placements. But the share of voluntarily placed youngsters among all children admitted to foster care has inched up slightly. One in 10 children admitted to foster care in the 1999

fiscal year were voluntarily placed, according to city figures. Children's lawyers estimate that voluntary placements make up 10 to 20 percent of the city's total foster care caseload.

Although hard numbers are not available, lawyers and social workers who work on these cases say adolescents, especially the disobedient and the emotionally disturbed, make up a significant and growing share of voluntary placements.

For some youngsters, a life in foster care can be a road to further decline. For others, especially those who need round-the-clock attention, it can be better than being at home. Either way, it exposes the peculiar predicament of overwhelmed parents who relinquish their children to an equally overwhelmed government bureaucracy - one that is hardly equipped to care for, let alone

Continued on Page B6

Learning to Leave the Office

Before He Leaves Office

Mayor Who Never Slept Now Golfs, Rests and Looks to Legacy

CBS

By ELISABETH BUMILLER

He is in the low tide of his mayoralty, a time when he has been tired by his

cancer treatments, sidelined by his party, distracted by a new love and made wistful by his short time left in office. Rudolph W. Giuliani, the round-the-clock mayor who never slept or took vacations, is now as likely to be on a golf course or at nightly dinners with his new friend, Judith Nathan, as presiding over weekend news conferences and racing to city disasters.

"He's not in the rush he used to be," said Peter F. Vallone, the City Council speaker, who meets with Mr. Giuliani each week. The mayor himself said while discussing his cancer treatment last week that "I'd

like to take a break, actually, probably to play golf, more than to get treated."

"He's turned inward," said Alan G. Hevesi, the city comptroller, who also

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meets regularly with Mr. Giuliani. "He's focused on his health problems and his mortality."

Mr. Giuliani now plays golf up to three days a week, usually at such public courses as Forest Park in

With 16 months left in office, Rudolph W. Giuliani has found time to joke with David Letterman, golf three times a week, enjoy dinners with Judith Nathan, and still hold almost daily news conferences.

Associated Press

Mike Roman / WPIX-TV

Queens, Split Rock in the Bronx or Dyker Beach in Brooklyn. "We try to hit

one of those three every Friday," said Anthony V. Carbonetti, the mayor's chief of staff and a favorite golfing partner. Last Thursday, on a day that Mr. Giuliani had no public schedule until an evening town meeting, he played golf with his flam- boyant and New Agey friend, Elliot Cuker. More often than not, the mayor now takes off Friday afternoons and all day Saturday. He has said that three months of hormone treatments, to be followed soon by radiation or surgery, have left him "a little fatigued."

Of course, a more low-key Mr. Giuliani - who throughout much of his may- orally worked seven long days a week - may simply mean that he is keeping some- thing close to normal hours. The mayor still arrives at City Hall before his daily 8 a.m. staff meeting and often does not leave until 7 p.m. He still has a news con- ference almost every day. He still controls \$37 billion in city spending, the fourth- largest government budget in the United States.

And he and his staff continue to work quietly on the initiatives that the mayor promised when he withdrew from the Senate race, pledging to be a better person and to reach out to the minority residents he has alienated. In June, the mayor and his top advisers had a daylong retreat in Queens to discuss how to burnish and reshape the Giuliani legacy, focusing on some of the social

Continued on Page B3

Richard Perry/The New York Times

Newly Certified Teachers, Looking for a Job, Find a Paradox

By ABBY GOODNOUGH and TINA KELLEY

As a newly certified math teacher, Melanie Walker assumed that she would

have no problem getting a job close to her new home in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. John F. Kennedy High School, in nearby Marble Hill, needs math teachers like her.

But a court order issued last week compels the Board of Education to assign all newly hired certified teachers to the city's 94 lowest- performing schools until about 400 vacancies there are filled. So when Ms. Walker applied for a job on Wednesday at Kennedy, which has not been classified as a failing school, she was turned away.

"This is just ridiculous," Ms. Walker, 26, said yesterday after scrambling to find a failing school within commuting distance of Riverdale, where she and her husband are buying an apartment. "I want to be able to make the best decisions for my family, and this makes it impossible."

Ms. Walker is among dozens of new certified teachers whose job searches have been thrown into chaos by the court order, which is the

result of a lawsuit filed against the Board of Education by Richard P. Mills, the state education commissioner. In a paradox, they have found that having certification is a barrier to getting into a school

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of their choice and that being uncertified would have made their search easier. Rather than work in a failing school, some are choosing to seek jobs outside the city. Others, like Ms. Walker, are grudgingly resigning themselves to longer commutes and to jobs at troubled schools they fear will be exhausting and depressing.

By late yesterday, Board of Education officials said they had filled all of the

roughly 100 vacancies in the lowest-performing elementary schools. But dozens of job openings still exist in the lowest-performing middle and high schools, they said.

Marie DeCanio, deputy executive director of the board's Division of Human Resources, said schools that were not on the state's list of failing schools would not be allowed to hire certified teachers at least through next week. "We have to ensure that certified teachers who have accepted assignments actually report for service next week," she said. "Until then, these rules remain in place."

That news infuriated one new teacher who had hoped to land a job in Community

Continued on Page B6

Aaron Lee Fineman for The New York Times

From left, Luis A. Cartagena, Kristin Naughton and Mack Ragin were at a job

fair Tuesday on Court Street in Brooklyn, hoping to be hired as public school teachers.

INSIDE

PUBLIC LIVES

Eric Fischl unlocks the unconscious. PAGE B2

A broken steam pipe spews debris and asbestos at N.Y.U. PAGE B3

Roosevelt schools superintendent abruptly resigns. PAGE B4

A National Guard pilot ditches his F-16 in the Atlantic.

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NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING ON PROPOSED PROJECT AND ISSUANCE OF REVENUE BONDS

BY THE DORMITORY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK FOR CER- TAIN MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STATE REHABILITATION ASSOCIATION

Public notice is hereby given that, at the time and place designated below, the Dormitory Authority of the State of New York (the "Dormitory Authority") will con- duct a public hearing for the purpose of giving interested persons an opportunity to be heard an the projects described below (the "Projects") and the proposed Issuance by the Dormitory Authority of its tax-exempt New York State Rehabilitation Association Insured Revenue Bonds, in one or more series (the "Bonds") In an estimated aggregate principal amount not to exceed \$36,000,000.

The public is invited to comment either in person or In writing with respect to the Project and the Issuance of the Bonds. Proceeds of the Bonds are expected to be used to finance new costs of all or some of the Projects, or to refinance certain existing commercial or tax-exempt loans that originally financed costs of all or

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some of the Projects, of certain members (the Borrower of the New York State Rehabilitation Association, Inc. (4NYSR), a New York non-profit corporation. The Borrowers assist persons with mental retardation and developmental disabilities, as well as other disabilities and needs, throughout the state through housing, education, vocational training, and other support. The Projects consist of the orig- inal payment or refinancing of all or a portion of the costs of the acquisition, con- struction, renovation, rehabilitation, repair, purchase, equipping, and/or other- wise providing of community residence facilities housing persons with mental retardation, developmental disabilities, and other disabilities and needs, or facil- ities for the training and support of such Individuals, throughout the State of New York, and other related costs, including costs of issuing the Bonds, providing required reserves, and financing fees for credit enhancement.

The owner(s) and operators of the Project are as follows: (i) Claddagh Commission, Inc. ("Claddagh"), a New York not-for-profit corporation licensed by OMRDD that provides services to developmentally disabled adults In Southern Erie County, (ii) Community Services for the Developmentally Disabled, Inc. (Community Services"), a New York not-for-profit organization licensed by OMIRDD and OCFS, located In Buffalo, New York, that provides home- and com- munity-based services, Individualized residential alternatives, Medicaid service coordination, and respite and safe-dwelling services; (iii) Association for C.R.M.D.,

Inc., d/b/a Lifespire ("Lifespire"), a New York not-for-profit membership corporation located in New York, New York, licensed by OMIRDD to provide residential, day treatment Article 16 clinic, Medicaid service coordination, rehabilitation, pro-vocational, long-term sheltered employment, and supported employment services, and licensed by OMH to provide clinic, continuing day treatment, case management, and vocational services to dually-diagnosed individuals; (iv) Lifetime Assistance, Inc. ("Lifetime"), a New York not-for-profit corporation located in Rochester, New York, and licensed by OMRDD to provide comprehensive services to adults and children with developmental disabilities over a geographic area including Genesee, Monroe, and Orleans Counties; (v) Cattaraugus Rehabilitation Center, Inc. ("The Rehab Center"), a New York non-profit organization located in Cattaraugus County providing program services to the mentally retarded and developmentally disabled; (vi) St. Christopher-Ottille ("St. Christopher-Ottille") a New York not-for-profit corporation associated jointly with Catholic Charities and the Diocese of Brooklyn and a member of the Protestant Welfare Agencies, Inc., providing a wide range of services and programs to young children, adolescents, and families in the metropolitan New York City and Long Island areas, including foster boarding homes, adoption services, group homes; apartments for supervised living. Specialized care for the developmentally disabled, residential treatment facilities, mental health services, preventive services, homeless shelters, substance abuse programs, schools and day care programs, and other related child care programs; and (vii) Young Adult Institute, Inc. ("YAI"), a New York not-for-profit corporation providing a variety of services to people of all ages with developmental and learning disabilities in 10 counties throughout New York State.

The locations of the Project are as described below.

The public hearing with respect to the proposed Issuance of the Bonds will be held by the Dormitory Authority in the Main Conference Room of the Dormitory Authority of the State of New York, 515 Broadway, Albany, New York 12207 at 1:00 pm on Monday, September 18, 2000.

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Written comments regarding the proposed issue of Bonds must be received by the Dormitory Authority at the Dormitory Authority's address given below no later than the date of the hearing.

Materials relating to the proposed Issuance of the Bonds will be available for inspection between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. at the offices of the Dormitory Authority, located at 515 Broadway, Albany, New York 12207. Such material will also be available at the hearing location one hour before the hearing.

PROPOSED PROJECT(S)

Owner/Operator: Project Address

Claddagh Commission, Inc.: 793 Bannon Road, Derby, NY 14047; 6007 Shorsharn Drive, Lakeview, NY 14085; 7200 Lakeshore Road, Derby, NY 14047; 3 Bartus Lane, Angola, NY 14006; 482 Detroit Street, Farnham, NY 14081 Community Service for the Developmentally Disabled, Inc.: 452 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14202; 1179-1181 Kenmore Avenue, Kenmore, NY 14217; 248-258 Parkridge Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14215; 2118 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216; 24M2415 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216; 2421 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216; 2425 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216; 695 Parkskle Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216; 590 Kenmore Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14216

Lifespire, Inc.: 25-52 5th Street, Jackson Heights, NY 11369; 87-30 Chevy Chase Street, Jamaica Estates, NY 11432; 35-84 163rd Street, Flushing, NY 11358

Lifetime Assistance Incorporated: 5 Cross Gates Road, Rochester, NY 14608; 95 Norlane Drive. Irondequoit, NY 14612; 111 Windsorshore Drive, Rochester, NY 14624; 70 Brandon Circle, Rochester, NY 14612; 198 Culver Road, Rochester, NY 14607

Catteraugus Rehabilitation Center, Inc.: 3799 South Nine Mile Road, Allegany, NY 14706; 483 Prospect Avenue Olean, NY 14760, 1126 West Henley Street, Olean, NY 14760; 417 North 13th Street, Olean, NY 14760; 3575 Buffalo Road, Allegany, NY 14706; 1951 West Fall Road, Olson, NY 14760; 3617 Five Mile Road, Allegany, NY 14706; 903 Osgood Avenue, Olean, NY 14760; 1448 South Avenue, Olean, NY 14760

St. Christopher-Otille: One Janet Lane, Farmingville, NY 11738; 2 Strathmore Village Drive, Centereach, NY 11720; 41 Main Avenue, Wheatley Heights, NY 11798; 116 Merritt Street, Lindenhurst, NY 11757; 151 Burrs Lane, Dix Hills, NY 11746; 570 Fulton Street Brooklyn, NY 11217; 94-11 Hollis Court Boulevard, Queens Village, NY 11428; 72 Wilson Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11237; 218-41 9th Avenue, Queens Village, NY 11429; 229 Bayshore Road, Deer Park, NY 11729; 161st Street, Jamaica, NY 11432; 19-19 113th Avenue, St. Albans, NY 11412; 112-42 200th Street, St. Albans, NY 11412; 100 Pulaski Road, East Northport, NY 11731; 32 East 110th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11218; 122 Vernon Valley Road, East Northport, NY 11731; 760 Conklin Street, Farmingdale, NY 11735; 49 West Merrick Road, Freeport, NY 11620; 84-20 120th Street, Kew Gardens, NY 11415; 101 Downing Avenue, Seacliff, NY 11579; 164 Suydam Street, Brooklyn, NY 11221; W70 148th Street, Briarwood, NY 11435;

Young Adult Institute, Inc.: 150 Van Guilder Avenue, Now Rochelle, NY 10801; 24 Belvedere Place, New Rochelle, NY 10801; 1241 Round Swamp Road, Old Bethpage, NY 11604; IS LaMarcus Avenue, Glen Cove, NY 11542; 656 Commack Road, Commack, NY 11725

For further information, contact the Office of Counsel, Dormitory Authority of the State of New York, 515 Broadway, Albany. New York 12207. Tel. (518) 257-

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BETTY BUCKLEY

'Cats,' Now And Until Sept. 10
With "Cats" scheduled to close on Sept. 10 after 18 years on
Broadway, next

week is sure to bring nostalgia for the days when Eliotian whiskers were new, when the actress BETTY BUCKLEY believed that "Cats" really would be now and forever, when she was on stage every night as Grizabella. and had the dressing room Barbra Streisand had had for "Funny Girl."

Forget about next week: she started reminiscing yesterday.

"I think she had the whole suite," Ms. Buckley said, referring to Ms. Streisand and the dressing room, "but when we were there, one room went to Ken Page, and I had one room. But I got the one with the bathtub."

This was followed by memories of how she got the part in which she sang "Memory." After her audition, "the word went back to my agent that they thought I radiated health and well-being and they wanted somebody who radiated death

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and dying."

It was months before she was called back for a second audition.

"TREVOR NUNN made me sing 'Memory' three times, and each time it was more suicidal, more suicidal, more suicidal," she said. "I said, 'Mr. Nunn, surely by this point you've auditioned the entire talent pool here in the United States and you've seen a lot of women who can do this part as well as I can do it, but there's nobody who can do it better.' He seemed kind of amazed that I would speak to him."

She got the part that day.

Now she is scheduled to sing "Memory" in "Broadway on Broadway," an annual concert in Times Square, on Sept. 10, the day "Cats" closes. Is she downcast? "I'm excited," she said. "It's not a song to me anymore - It's like my favorite

recurring dream." AL LEITER

One Diagnosis, In the Strike Zone

MARCIA STEIN, the executive director of Citymeals-on-Wheels, says that the Mets left-hander AL LEITER is a good diagnostician. And she is not talking about figuring out when to throw a fastball. One day last month, Ms.

Stein went to Shea Stadium to be photographed with Mr. Leiter. She rode onto the field in a van because her leg had been hurting for several weeks and she had been limping. Her doctor had sent her to a rheumatologist. There was a suspicion the problem was arthritis, she said.

"I stuck my hand out and said, 'Hi, I'm Marcia Stein.' He said, 'How come you're walking like that? Do you have a torn meniscus' (The meniscus is a cartilage in the knee.)

Ms. Stein had more tests,

and the diagnosis was two torn menisci. "I never knew the knee had one, let alone two," she said, "but he diagnosed it from the way I was walking. He even bent over. He poked it in the front, he poked it on the side. I said, what happens when you have a torn meniscus?' He said, 'It's just some surgery,' and walked away."

Film Frenzy

It was a pep rally for the pep-rally movie. How else to explain why cheerleaders were jumping and turning cartwheels in the lobby

of the AMC Empire Theater on West 42nd Street? The cheerleaders, from Newtown High School in Elmhurst, Queens, were spelling out the name "J-E-S-S-E" as JESSE BRADFORD, one of the stars of the sleeper "Bring It On," arrived for a screening.

Mr. Bradford is beginning his senior year at Columbia University, majoring in - what else? - film. He has three films scheduled to be released between now and graduation, if he stays in school that long - he said he would leave "if a good enough offer comes up."

He signed autographs for a couple of hours, even saying hello to a fan on a

cell phone. He had trouble with some of the spellings: "Is that Mary with a Y?" he asked, and that was before a Fuschia and a Siobhan presented them-selves. But he did not stick around for the screening. "I don't like watching myself enough to see it again."

JAMES BARRON with Paula Schwartz PUBLIC LIVES
In Capturing Star, Artists Goes for the Spirit
DayB2/ 158

By JOYCE WADLER

WALKING around the National Tennis Center during the United States Open this week, you may happen upon a 14-foot statue of a man, nude, rendered in heroic, classic style. His arm will be raised as if he is about to serve a tennis ball.

The statue, by Eric Fischl, is a tribute to the late tennis champion Arthur Ashe, though it bears no likeness.

"It's a representation, but not a representation of Ashe," says Mr. Fischl, 52, an agreeably rumpled fellow, in the large TriBeCa studio that signals a very successful artist - or one who's been at it a long time. "It remembers and honors him. There are different ways you can do that. There's a spirit in which I remember him, his energy. It's those intangibles which do not necessarily show up on the face."

We deal now with the question of representation: What does it mean that the artist is yawning and will yawn more and more, as questions grow increasingly personal? Tired, Mr. Fischl says, it was a late night. Do we take this at face value? If we had a picture, would we call it "Man Weary After the Unveiling of his Arthur Ashe Statue," or would we speak, as many do with Mr. Fischl's work, of the tensions lurking beneath the pleasant surface?

Mr. Fischl, at any rate, is a star. He hit it in the early 80's with his figurative paintings, many of which involved disturbing sexual and social images in the supposedly safe setting of the suburbs. Mr. Fischl knew the suburbs, having been, a Port Washington kid. One of his most talked about early works was "Bad Boy," in which a woman lies naked on her bed while a young man reaches surreptitiously into her purse. Ibis year a painting, "Noonwatch," sold for \$1 million. Mr. Fischl and his wife, April Gornick, a highly regarded landscape artist, have a home in Sag Harbor and a duplex in the Village.

This is all very impressive for someone, who, as Mr. Fischl says, "wasn't a good kid."

Mr. Fischl's father was a salesman. His mother? A brief pause, then an equally brief description. "Housewife." Mr. Fischl speaks of flunking out of his first college; of living as a hippie in San Francisco; of his parents moving to the Southwest. But what he seems to enjoy discussing most is his work. He speaks wryly of trends in the art world, dryly funny

Librado Romero / The New York Times

"Painting unlocks the unconscious," says Eric Fischl, in his studio. in the style of Steve Martin and Mike Nichols, who are collectors and friends.

When Mr. Fischl talks art, it is often Art Forum sort of stuff:

"I was of a mind that you could paint from experience towards experience."

Something feels as if it's missing. Could he give us a better sense of his parents? The answer comes back so bluntly and directly it is like a shot.

"My mother was a ferocious alcoholic who ultimately killed herself," Mr. Fischl

says. "My father was trying to hold the whole thing together as best he could. And they just had this incredibly intense, really horrible relationship. She died in a car accident - went out extremely drunk, to run herself off the road. I was 22. She did not want to live. That's what I think."

Why was Mr. Fischl's mother so unhappy?

"Aha, the mystery of mysteries," Mr. Fischl says with a bitter and slightly unpleasant edge. "I always thought she just lacked discipline. She was very creative and her fantasy of herself was as an artist, and she always approached everything as if it had to be a masterpiece or it wasn't worth doing. She tried

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everything: painting, sculpture, crafts, writing, but every time she put something out it was never good enough, it humiliated her."

The painting "Bad Boy" shows a boy seemingly taking money from a purse. Was that boy ever Mr. Fischl?

"Yeah, I stole money all the time."

The woman in the painting might at first glance, be passed out. Did Mr. Fischl, as a boy, ever see his mother passed out on the bed?

A nod of assent. "Or on the floor or

in the backyard or in the car, waiting to pick you up."

Would the artist speak about how this painting came to be?

He will, and happily.

"The painting 'Bad Boy' is probably the greatest journey I ever took, because

I started out simply wanting to paint this bowl of fruit."

Mr. Fischl describes the process, He paints a still life - a bowl of fruit on a

table - then decides to put a phone on the table, then tries to figure out what sort of room to put the table in. Looking through a magazine, he sees a room with bamboo and decides those blinds would be fun to paint. He then paints the stripes the afternoon sun would make on the fruit.

"The painting is starting to talk to me now," Mr. Fischl recalls, excited. "It's talking to me about the time of day, I'm thinking Southwest, noon, siesta. I paint a man and a woman in a bed, but I can't really make the guy stick. It's not coming out right. I keep thinking there are two people in the room, maybe a small child. I put that in, but it doesn't work. Then I get this idea, maybe it's an older child, an 8, 9 or 10-year-old boy. I put him in, I see him looking over his shoulder and realize that he's doing something. I change the telephone on the table to a purse and the painting is finished."

"Painting unlocks the unconscious; it's a process of free association. The painting has to talk to the artist. The artist goes to it with a certain amount of stuff just to get it going, but what you're

looking for is the painting to tell you where to go... If the painting doesn't talk it's because it's not alive, it's dead."

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NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING ON PROPOSED PROJECT AND ISSUANCE OF

MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES FACILITIES IMPROVEMENT REVENUE BONDS BY THE

DORMITORY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Public notice is hereby given that, at the times and places designated below, the Dormitory Authority of the State of New York (the 'Authority') will conduct public hearings for the purpose of giving interested persons an opportunity to be heard on the Project described below and the proposed issuance by the Authority of tax-exempt Dormitory Authority of the State of New York Mental Health Services Facilities Improvement Revenue Bonds in an aggregate principal amount not to exceed \$18,000,000 (the "Bonds"). The public is invited to comment either in person or in writing with respect to the Project and the Issuance of the Bonds. Proceeds of the Bonds are expected to be used, together with other available monies, (i) to finance the cost of acquiring, constructing, furnishing, equipping, renovating or otherwise providing the projects described below; (ii) to fund the Debt Service Reserve Fund requirements; and (iii) to pay the costs of Issuance of the Bonds.

A public hearing with respect to the proposed issuance of the Bonds will be hold In the Authority's main conference room at 515 Broadway, Albany, New York at 6:00 p.m. on September 20, 2000; and in the Authority's New York office at 1 Penn Plaza, 52nd Floor, New York, New York on September 21, 2000 at 11 a.m. Written comments can be sent to Office of Counsel at 515 Broadway, Albany, New York 12207-2964 no later than September 21, 2000. Materials related to the issuance of the Bonds are available for Inspection at the Office of Counsel at 515 Broadway, Albany, New York from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. on any business day preceding the hearing and at the hearing. Further information may be requested from the Office of Counsel, at the above address or by calling (518) 257-3120. THE PROJECT, OOC OASAS 1008: Neighborhood Youth & Family Services, a not for profit corporation, will acquire, renovate and own buildings(s) for use as a drug free outpatient treatment program providing services for persons with varying degrees of chemical dependency. The project, of approximately 9,250 sq. feet com- prised of 80 Clients and located at 4135 - 4137 Third Avenue in Bronx, Bronx

County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$2,921,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OASAS 1010: Young Men's Christian Association of Greater New York, a not for profit corporation, will acquire, construct and own buildings(s) for use as a drug free outpatient treatment program providing services for persons with varying degrees of chemical dependency. The project, of approximately 6,700 feet comprised of 75 clients and located at 3911 Richmond

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Avenue in Staten Island, Richmond County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$2,183,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OASAS 1009: New Hope Guild for Emotionally Disturbed Children, Inc., a not for profit corporation, will acquire and own buildings(s) for use as a drug free outpatient treatment program providing services for persons with varying degrees of chemical dependency. The project, of approximately 21,000 sq. feet comprised of 50 clients and located at 2400 Linden Boulevard In Brooklyn, Kings County, has a total project cost to be Minced estimated not to exceed \$1,588,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OASAS 1002: Canersle AWARE, Inc., a not for profit corporation, will renovate and own buildings(s) for use as a drug free outpatient treatment program, adolescent day treatment program and family prevention program providing services for persons with varying degrees of chemical dependency. The project, of approximately 19,500 sq. feet comprised of too clients, 50 clients and 25 clients and located at 1285 Rockaway Avenue In Brooklyn, Kings County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$4,453,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OASAS 1011: Bronx Lebanon Hospital, a not for profit corporation, will renovate and own buildings(s) for use as a alcoholism Community residence providing services for persons with varying degrees of chemical dependency. The project, of approximately 4,989 sq. feet comprised of 20 beds and located at 742 - 744 Kelly Street in Bronx, Bronx County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$421,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OMM 1610: Weston United Community Renewal, Inc., a not for profit corporation, will renovate and own building(s) for use as a community residence providing services for persons with varying degrees of mental illness. The project, of approximately 30,400 sq. feet comprised of 48 beds and located at 203 West 113th Street in Manhattan, New York County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$375,000,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC OMH 1611: Transitional Services of New York for Long Island, Inc., a not for profit corporation, will lease and renovate building(s) for use as a community residence providing services for person with varying degrees of mental illness. The project, of approximately 21,300 sq. feet comprised of 32 beds and located at Building 70, Circle Drive West, Pilgrim Psychiatric Center. In Brentwood, Suffolk County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$2,060,000.

THE PROJECT, OOC: OMR 2111100: Community Resource Center for the Developmentally Disabled, Inc., a not for profit corporation, will acquire, construct and own building(s) for use as an Intermediate Care Facility providing services for persons with varying degrees of mental retardation. The project of approximately 4285 sq. feet comprised of 9 beds and located at 755 East 147 Street/Wales Avenue In Bronx, Bronx County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$1,800,000.

THE PROJECT, CAMP NATCHEZ (OMRDD): NYSARC, Inc., New York City Chapter, also known as the Association for the Help of Retarded Children, a not for profit corporation will lease land and buildings for use as a summer Camp providing services for persons with varying degrees of mental retardation. The project, of approximately 50 acres and 14 buildings with facilities for a total of approximately 600 campers per summer and located at County Route 7 and Four Comers Road, In Ancram, Columbia County, has a total project cost to be financed estimated not to exceed \$6,000,000.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES METRO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L B3

Blast Spews Asbestos Near N.Y.U. Library

By NICHOLE M. CHRISTIAN

A steam pipe near the entrance to New York University's main library burst

yesterday morning, spewing debris and traces of asbestos onto dozens of people and several cars and buildings in the area.

The explosion, at 7:12 a.m., created a 15-foot-deep, 30-foot-wide crater in front of the entrance to the Elmer Holmes Bobst Library, which occupies most of one block on Washington Square South. It also caused parts of the street to buckle, forcing the authorities to reroute pedestrian and vehicle traffic in that part of Greenwich Village for hours.

No injuries were reported and officials said it was fortunate that Classes had not yet started. The cause of the explosion was still being investigated last night. "You couldn't see anything, just this huge cloud of debris and steam," said Steve Wolenski, a mechanic at N.Y.U.'s central power plant, who was in his car at the other end of the block when the pipe burst. "In an instant, mud was splat-

tered all over my car. People were high-tailing it out of there big time."

As a precaution, city emergency management officials set up a decontamination site nearby for 58 people had been exposed to the material that had rained down. Most of them were construction workers at the site of a student center

being built around the corner on La Guar-

dia Place; others were university employees and police officers.

They showered inside either a special truck or an inflatable tent, and were

issued white hazardous-material suits while their clothing was laundered, said Frank McCarton, a spokesman for the city's Office of Emergency Management.

Following standard procedures, firefighters responding to the scene tested the area for asbestos, suspecting that it had been used to insulate

the steam pipe, which was at least 30 years old. Their tests were positive. Asbestos, once commonly used in home insulation and fireproofing, poses a health risk when it breaks down, becomes airborne and is inhaled. It has been linked to cancer and other diseases.

But officials said they did not expect any lingering danger from the asbestos. "There is nothing to be worried about," Mr. McCarton said. "We just need to get the streets cleaned, cars cleaned and get this up and running again."

N.Y.U. hired a private team of hazardous-materials workers, and they washed down cars, buildings and the construction site. The work was expected to continue through the night.

It was too early to determine what caused the explosion, Mr. McCarton said, but he and N.Y.U. officials ruled out any connection to the student center construction site.

John Beckman, a university spokesman, said the pipe that exploded was part of a system that provided more than 25 percent of the college's energy needs. The pipes are visually inspected weekly and internally examined once a year, he said, though the date of the most recent inspection was not available.

While the library is expected to reopen to employees tomorrow, it remained unclear whether students would be allowed inside on Wednesday.
Andrea Mohin/The New York Times

Construction workers who were near the site of the steam-pipe explosion outside the Bobst Library at New York University took decontamination showers in a special truck after traces of asbestos were found.

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day, when classes begin. Mr. Beckman said concerned employees and students should call a temporary phone line, (212) 998-1220.

All in all, he said, the school was

fortunate. "Normally, our library is open 24 hours."

Because the university is closed for summer break, Mr. Beckman said, only a

handful of people - a

cleaning crew and some security guards - were in the library at the time of

the explosion. "It's an unlucky circumstance that happened in the luckiest possible time."

Before He Leaves Office, Learning to Leave the Office

Continued From Page B1

problems that critics of the law-and-order mayor say he has ignored. In July,

the mayor's senior staff met with religious leaders for detailed discussions of plans for low-income housing, a need Mr. Giuliani recently acknowledged.

"It was like a door got opened," said Archdeacon Michael S. Kendall all of the Episcopal Church's New York Diocese, who was at the meeting. "It was not adversarial. It was, 'Yeah, we really do want to provide housing. We really want to talk to you.'"

As recently as last week, a member of Mr. Giuliani's staff told an intermediary that the mayor still wanted to meet with the family of Patrick M. Dorismond, the unarmed black man shot dead by the police in March and then excoriated by Mr. Giuliani in remarks that appalled even many Republicans. The family has made no decision. But Mr. Giuliani has spent the last two Sundays attending services at minority churches with his new police commissioner, Bernard B. Kerik, whose mandate includes improving police relations with the city's ethnic and racial groups.

Immediately after Mr. Giuliani announced the appointment of Mr. Kerik on Aug. 19, the mayor said recently, "We sat down together and I said it would be a nice thing if we went to an African-American church tomorrow, and then do some other events, and therefore show people that we want to be open, that we want to do everything we can to make people feel included."

At home, the mayor's failed marriage remains in a holding pattern. Mr. Giuliani announced in May that he was seeking a separation from his wife, Donna Hanover, after publicly acknowledging Ms. Nathan's importance in his life. But the mayor is not known to have hired a divorce lawyer, as Ms. Hanover has. And although Ms. Hanover announced in May that she and the couple's two children would remain at Gracie

Mansion, the mayor's official residence, for "at least the next few months," Ms. Hanover's press secretary, Joannie Danielides, said this week that Ms. Hanover had "no plans to leave Gracie Mansion at this time." Friends say the mayor and his wife have agreed that she and the children should remain at the mansion until Mr. Giuliani's term ends on Dec. 31, 2001. The reasons include security concerns and a

desire to avoid the spectacle and embarrassment of a move.

Ms. Hanover, Ms. Danielides said, will continue to appear in public as the city's first lady, promoting her community service work, including her "Cool Schools" awards program and her support for "Race for the Cure," a September run in Central Park to benefit breast cancer research. In October, Ms. Hanover will also assume a starring role in "The Vagina Monologues," the Off Broadway hit that includes monologues on topics like orgasm and childbirth. Ms. Hanover was to have appeared in the play in May, but postponed her performance shortly after

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her husband announced he had prostate cancer.

Politically, Mr. Giuliani's future is in limbo. Although former campaign advis-

ers like Bruce J. Teitelbaum speak-glowingly of the warm reception the mayor received at the Republican National Convention this month - Mr. Giuliani did not sit with the New York delegation but in a box with Nancy Reagan and Cindy McCain, the wife of Senator John McCain - state Republicans are increasingly exasperated by what they see as the mayor's failure to play well with the party. Mr. Giuliani, for example, has not decided what he will do with the \$3.8 million left in the bank from his aborted race against Hillary Rodham Clinton, and this week he seemed to indicate that the money was not going to Mrs. Clinton's new opponent, Representative Rick A. Lazio - or to any Republican - any time soon.

"We'll figure out over the next couple months what we can do with it, and what we can do with it over the next couple of years," Mr. Giuliani said at a news conference in Harlem. The mayor also had to return about \$2.8 million in checks to individual donors, but he urged those contributors to sign the money over to Mr. Lazio. Mr. Teitelbaum said this week that Mr. Giuliani had directly given Mr. Lazio \$12,000 so far, and was prevented by law from giving more. But lawyers specializing in election law said Mr. Giuliani could transfer the money to the state or national Republican Parties, which could spend it on Mr. Lazio's behalf.

"The money was raised to defeat Hillary, and I think it should be used for that purpose," said Michael R. Long, the chairman of the Conservative Party, who has had a contentious relationship with Mr. Giuliani. If the mayor keeps the money, Mr. Long added, "it's going to leave a lasting bad

Richard Perry/The New York Times

He still works long hours, but the mayor is taking most Friday afternoons off. taste."

As it is, there is still much bitterness in the state Republican Party about Mr.

Giuliani's behavior in the Senate campaign, a race he often treated with ostentatious indifference. "He has a tremendous amount of fence-building to do with Republican leaders around the state," said James Cavanaugh, the Westchester County Republican chairman. "He never really established the kinds of relationships that he should have as a statewide candidate. And to some degree, he probably lost ground with the people in the party."

The mayor's circle responds with the revisionist view that a man who raised \$20 million against Mrs. Clinton was not actually running at all and therefore should not be blamed for his leisurely pace and for not spending a single night out of New York City. They also point out that he never made an official announcement of his candidacy. "I don't think there was a race," said Raymond B. Harding, the chairman of the Liberal Party and a close adviser to the mayor. "He never entered it." (Actually, at a sparsely attended and little noticed rally at the Westchester County Republican headquarters on Feb. 12, Mr. Giuliani finally managed to get out a half-hearted "Give me a break, I'm running," after repeated urging from the crowd.)

Mayor, Backtracking, Is Undecided On Treatment for Prostate Cancer.
By ELISABETH BUMILLER

After saying definitively last week that he had decided on a course of treat-

ment for his prostate cancer, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani has said three times this week, including yesterday, that he has not made a decision.

"I'm not going to express my leanings until I actually decide it," Mr. Giuliani said yesterday in extensive remarks about his cancer treatment during a news

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conference at City Hall.

Mr. Giuliani's public comments in the last month about his treatment for his

illness have sometimes been confusing.

On Aug. 1, in a live television interview with Tom Brokaw on MSNBC, the

mayor said for the first time that he had been undergoing preliminary hormone treatments for two and a half months and that the hormones had reduced the levels of prostate specific antigens in his blood to "minuscule" amounts. He said he would decide on a final treatment, either surgery or radiation, within a few weeks.

Last week, Mr. Giuliani said he had decided on a final treatment but that he did not want to disclose it. Then on Tuesday, Mr. Giuliani told Diane Sawyer on "Good Morning America" that he had not made a final decision and reiterated that Wednesday with David Letterman on Mr. Letterman's talk show and yesterday to reporters at City Hall.

Mr. Giuliani also emphasized that the

hormones, which he said had reduced his prostate specific antigen, or P.S.A., level were only a preliminary treatment and that he would definitely have either surgery or radiation within a month or two.

Doctors have said that radiation treatments may well be an outpatient procedure, while surgery could require him to take up to three weeks off from work. Mr. Giuliani had earlier indicated that he was leaning toward radiation, but his recent comments seemed to have left the door open to the possibility of surgery.

Surgery is the choice of most men of Mr. Giuliani's age, 56. It has a high cure rate, but it also can cause impotence and incontinence. Doctors say that radiation, particularly in the form of "seeds" inserted into the prostate, may affect sexual function less, but its long-term cure rates are not known.

Mr. Giuliani said yesterday that his P.S.A. level, which he said had fallen to below 1, indicated that the growth of his cancer had been arrested but that "it wouldn't necessarily last." Doctors say that over time, cancer cells can become resistant to hormone treatments.

Dr. Michael J. Droller, the chairman of urology at Mount Sinai Medical Center, said yesterday that a P.S.A. level of 4 was "the

traditional threshold" for more evaluation of a patient but that many other factors determined whether someone has cancer. Dr. Droller is not involved in Mr. Giuliani's case.

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B4 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES METRO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

LONG ISLAND

Interim Roosevelt Schools Leader Quits After 2 Months, Citing Board Interference

By EDWARD WYATT

ROOSEVELT, N.Y., Aug. 31 - The troubled Roosevelt school district, which is

facing a state ultimatum to improve its junior high and high school or risk their closure, suffered another blow Wednesday night when its interim superintendent resigned less than two weeks before the opening of school.

Fadhilika Atiba-Weza served only two months as Roosevelt's interim schools leader before becoming the fourth superintendent to quit in the five years since the State Education Department intervened in the district. Roosevelt's junior and senior high schools have been among the state's worst performers, and in 1995 the department removed the school board and appointed an oversight

panel that advises a reconstituted board on academic and business affairs.

The board appointed Horace Williams interim superintendent, effective Friday. Last year, Mr. Williams served as the principal of Lincoln High School in Yonkers, itself on the state's list of low-performing schools.

In an interview after a marathon meeting that stretched past midnight Wednesday, Mr. Atiba-Weza said he was taking a job as an assistant superintendent in the Central Islip district in Suffolk County. But he added that he had sought another job because of "too much interference" from the Roosevelt board, which he said "is not listening to my recommendations."

Mark Davis, president of the

board, disagreed, saying that Wednesday night the board approved more than two dozen appointments of teachers and other staff members recommended by Mr. Atiba-Weza.

Mr. Davis said he believed the change in superintendents would not affect the district's attempt to improve the performance of its junior high and high school students this year.

Last year, only 5 of Roosevelt's 100 graduating seniors earned the challenging Regents diplomas, and more than 80 percent of its eighth graders failed to meet state standards on math and English exams.

School and board officials also said at the meeting that the district had had a growing number of resignations from teachers and support staff in the six weeks since the state edu-

cation commissioner, Richard P. Mills, threatened to close the district's junior and senior high school if student performance did not improve this year.

The board has taken some steps ordered by the commissioner, including the appointment of math and English department chairmen in the high school and the hiring of a middle school principal. But some school officials also said they were not getting adequate support from the state, whose five-member oversight panel, appointed to help manage the district, has dwindled to two active members, one of whom is expected to resign in September.

Mr. Mills, in an interview, said he planned to make further appointments to the oversight board in the coming weeks. He also said the

district had received much help from Education Department officials preparing them for the upcoming school year. In September, Mr. Mills is scheduled to specify performance goals that the junior and senior high school students must meet if the district is to avoid having those schools closed.

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At Wednesday's meeting, several of the 40 community residents in attendance rebuked board members during the public discussion period for failing to focus on educational issues.

"All they want to talk about is money," said Sandra Macer, who added that she intended to move out of the district. "No one at these meetings likes to discuss education."

During the meeting, which lasted 4 hours and 20 minutes, the school board discussed and voted on more than three dozen items, including individual teacher contracts, whether to grant maternity leave to certain district employees, and even the price of milk for the school cafeteria.

But the only item on the agenda dealing with curriculum and instruction, a report on professional development activities for school administrators and teachers, was put off until a future meeting.

Mr. Davis, the board president, said the process of reviewing individual contracts and appointments was necessary in a district that is operating on a contingency budget and that has been ordered by the commissioner to fill certain administrative positions by the start of the school year on Sept. 11, a deadline he said the board would meet.

NEW JERSEY

As Jet Falters, Pilot Steers Toward Ocean And Bails Out

By ROBERT D. MCFADDEN

A jet fighter that conked out on a routine training mission was ditched into

the ocean off Atlantic City yesterday afternoon by a pilot who ejected safely. The pilot, whose name was not immediately released, parachuted into rough seas and was picked up by a state police boat as crowds of beach-goers, lifeguards and Boardwalk strollers watched the spectacle.

Military authorities said last night that the pilot, realizing that his faltering jet could not reach its base west of Atlantic City and that he would have to bail out, headed back out to sea to avoid a crash on land that might have taken a heavy toll in life and property.

The pilot was praised by his superiors at a news conference last night. "He wanted to reduce the risk to people," said Lt. Col. Mike Cosby, operations group commander of the 177th Fighter Wing of the New Jersey Air National Guard. "To his credit, his decision was based on avoiding collateral damage."

Colonel Cosby and other officials said the jet, an \$18 million F-16C falcon interceptor that carried no armaments, had taken off with three other fighters for training exercises over the Atlantic. On the way

back to base at Atlantic City International Airport in Pomona, he said, the jet's oil pressure dropped and the engine began to fail.

Four miles from base, he said, the pilot turned around and headed seaward. He barely made it. Passing

over the Boardwalk and beaches of Atlantic City, the plane lost power. The plane was about 2,000 feet up and traveling at 140 knots, the colonel said, when the pilot blew his canopy off and ejected.

It was a stunning drama for hundreds of spectators on the beaches, jetties and Boardwalk. They told of jets thundering overhead, of sudden flames from the tail of one aircraft and of a flier bailing out and floating down into Absecon Inlet at the north end of Atlantic City, while his plane plunged into the sea a mile and a half offshore at 3:40 p.m.

The pilot, who inflated a raft, was in the water 10 to 15 minutes, bobbing in

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five-foot swells, before a state police patrol boat from Atlantic City drew up and Troopers Thomas Sost, John Schreiner and Dean Rocap pulled him in.

"He was sitting there in his raft, smiling from here to here," Trooper Sost recalled. "It was not what we expected to see."

The pilot, who was said to have 2 years of flying experience in F-16 jets, was not seriously injured, officials said, but was taken to the Atlantic City Medical Center and treated for trauma and bruises.

Associated Press

F. Mac Buckley, holding hands with his wife, Donna, left Superior Court in Hartford yesterday after pleading no contest in a theft case.

Ex-Lawyer Pleads No Contest In Case of Theft From Clients

HARTFORD, Aug. 31 (AP) - A former federal prosecutor pleaded no contest today to first-degree larceny in the theft of \$145,000 from two of his clients.

F. Mac Buckley is scheduled to be sentenced by Judge Patrick Clifford on Nov. 8. The charge carries a maximum penalty of 20 years in prison, although the prosecutor in the case, Herbert C. Carlson, did not say how much prison time he would recommend to the judge.

Mr. Buckley, a one-time boxing coach who often volunteered his time for poor children, would not comment as he left Hartford Superior Court with family members.

Mr. Buckley entered a written plea of nolo contendere, meaning he will

not contest the charge. Judge Clifford then found him guilty.

Mr. Carlson said he would recommend "actual incarceration," but he did not

elaborate.

Judge Clifford continued Mr. Buckley's bond at \$200,000.

Mr. Buckley, 58, has been under house arrest and has been receiving treat-

ment for bipolar disorder since he returned in April 1999 from a still unexplained seven-week disappearance. He vanished March 1, 1999, after leaving his Marlborough home for a client's sentencing in Federal District Court in New Haven.

Mr. Buckley's family initially was worried that he had been the victim of foul play. But the state police soon learned that some of his clients were missing hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. Buckley was spotted during the disappearance at a cemetery in upstate New York where his father is buried. He was also seen at a jewelry shop in Tennessee, where he used a credit card to buy a \$1,500 bracelet.

The larceny charge was related to the embezzlement of nearly \$145,000 from David and Sharon Fracchia of Hebron.

An arrest warrant affidavit alleges that Mr. Buckley forged the charges that a

former prosecutor

stole \$145,000

couple's signatures on a check and converted the money for his own use.

Mr. Buckley represented the Fracchias in a wrongful-death lawsuit in the early 1990's after their daughter was killed by a drunken driver. The couple won more than \$580,000 in the case, which they let Mr. Buckley invest and control.

A short time after his arrest, Mr. Buckley repaid the Fracchias more than \$300,000, and they dropped a civil suit against him.

Mr. Buckley, however, faces several other lawsuits by former clients who accuse him of taking their money and performing little or no legal services in

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return.

Mr. Buckley resigned last year from the practice of law and promised never to

reapply for admission to the Connecticut Bar Association.

The Post to Halve Its Newsstand Price

By JAYSON BLAIR

The New York Post will reduce its daily newsstand price to 25 cents from 50

cents starting Monday, a move taken two weeks after its main competitor, The Daily News, said it would begin distributing a free afternoon edition.

The Post, owned by the News Corporation, is reducing its price to attract more readers, said Ken Chandler, the publisher. The reduction will apply every day except Sunday, Mr. Chandler said in an interview yesterday.

Both The Post and The Daily News have experimented with lower newsstand prices in the past.

The Post reduced its price to 25 cents on Staten Island for two years in the mid-1990's and its daily circulation in that borough doubled to 12,000, company officials said. The paper lost only 1,000 subscribers when the price went back to 50 cents, the officials added.

"This is a very aggressive market and we basically see this on the eve of our 200th anniversary as a chance to introduce new readers to the paper," Mr. Chandler said.

The Post, which faces tough competition for advertising dollars from The New York Times and The Daily News, hopes that the lower price and improvements related to a new color printing plant opening in the Bronx next year will help it capture a larger share of the city's newspaper readers.

Two weeks ago, The Daily News announced its plan for a free afternoon edition that could cut into The Post's circulation during the September audits, often used to determine the next year's ad rates.

Holiday on Monday

Labor Day

NEW YORK

GOVERNMENT OFFICES Closed.

POST OFFICES Express Mail and special delivery only. BANKS Option to close.

PARKING Sunday regulations in effect.

SANITATION No pickups, street cleanings or recycling.

SCHOOLS Closed in New York City. Option to close elsewhere.

FINANCIAL MARKETS Closed.

TRANSPORTATION New York City buses and subways will be on a Sunday schedule. Long Island Rail Road will be on a Sunday schedule. Metro North will be on a holiday schedule.

NEW JERSEY

GOVERNMENT OFFICES Closed.

POST OFFICES Express Mail and special delivery only.

BANKS Option to close.

SCHOOLS Option to close.

TRANSPORTATION PATH trains on a weekend schedule. New Jersey Transit rail service and buses on a Sunday schedule. CONNECTICUT

GOVERNMENT OFFICES Closed.

POST OFFICES Express Mail and special delivery only.

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BANKS Option to close. SCHOOLS Public Schools closed. TRANSPORTATION Metro-North on a holiday schedule. CITY

Woman Charged in Beating of Her 18-Month-Old

By ELISSA GOOTMAN

A young New Jersey mother was charged with assault yesterday after she confessed to severely beating her 18-month-old daughter, the authorities said.

The child, Kamouri Grant, who suffered severe head injuries, was in critical condition yesterday at University Hospital in Newark. Hospital officials said she was non-responsive and on life support.

A spokesman for the Bronx district attorney said the mother, Tyesha Turnage, 18, of Irvington, N.J., was to be arraigned by this morning in Bronx Criminal Court. She faces charges of first and second degree assault.

The police said that doctors had determined that the beatings took place over several days, going back perhaps as far as Saturday. The most severe injuries occurred while Ms. Turnage was visiting her boyfriend at 2885 Valentine Avenue in the Bedford Park section of the Bronx, they said. They said that witnesses told them they saw Ms. Turnage hitting the child with a belt in her boyfriend's apartment building.

The boyfriend has not been charged, and the police did not release his name.

Ms. Turnage took the baby to the hospital late Tuesday or early Wednesday, police said, and hospital officials notified the authorities in New Jersey, who then contacted

those in New York. The authorities said that Ms. Turnage admitted to the crimes at 9 p.m. Wednesday.

Kamouri was on a ventilator and was suffering from severe head trauma and bruises to her stomach, said a spokesman for University Hospital, Rogers Ramsey.

Mr. Ramsey said it was difficult to tell whether the child was not responding because she was in a coma or because she was heavily medicated.

A friend of Ms. Turnage, Lashaunda Morgan, said the two met about five years ago as students at Irvington High School. She said she was shocked when she heard of the charges because she knew Ms. Turnage to be a patient mother who seemed content to forfeit social events to spend time with her child.

"She always has the baby with her," said Ms. Morgan, 20. "She's always taking the baby to the park. She's always playing with the baby. She's always talking to the baby. I've never seen her lose her cool with the

baby."

About two weeks ago, Ms. Morgan said, she and Ms. Turnage spent the evening sitting on the steps outside 36 Bruen Avenue in Irvington, where Ms. Turnage and Kamouri live with Ms. Turnage's mother, grandmother and sisters. That evening, Ms. Morgan said, Kamouri played on the porch before crawling onto her lap.

"She's always seemed patient with the baby," Ms. Morgan said of Ms. Turnage. "She seemed happy to me."

Jewelry Store Owner Is Killed in Robbery

A 54-year-old jewelry store owner was fatally shot in a holdup in Bayside, Queens, yesterday by a man who fled in a car, the authorities said.

The victim, Fausto Rodriguez, was behind the counter at Jillian's Jewelry at

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210-17 Horace Harding Expressway around 4 p.m. when a man in his mid-20's came in, said Richard A. Brown, the Queens district attorney.

The man browsed among the jewelry and handbags until another customer left, then announced a holdup and led Mr. Rodriguez into a back room, Mr. Brown said. It was not clear whether Mr. Rodriguez resisted, but the man shot him about four times, including once in the face, Mr. Brown said.

The robber also put a gun to the head of Mr. Rodriguez's wife as he tried to leave. But the gunman fled after the woman let him out of the locked store, and she was not hurt in the holdup.

Metro Briefing

NEW YORK

BROOKLYN: FUGITIVE CAUGHT IN ISRAEL A Brooklyn businessman has been arrested in Israel after fleeing the United States to avoid a federal indictment that charged him with trying to defraud a bank of \$115 million through illegal accounting practices, prosecutors said. The fugitive, Dov Engel, 52, was the president of Kent International Associates, a distributor of electronic devices and small appliances, when he created false invoices and regularly submitted false financial statements to a lender, La Salle National Bank of Chicago, from 1994 to 1997, prosecutors said. Alan Feuer (NYT)

MANHATTAN: MAYOR DISMISSES POSSIBLE CANDIDATES With the list of possible mayoral hopefuls growing, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani said yesterday that preparations for next year's election were in the "let's-see-if-I-can-get-public-ity season." The mayor laughed when asked about Geraldo Rivera, left, the television journalist, who said this week that he may run as an independent, as well as an earlier report that a former police commissioner, William Bratton, may run as a Republican. "It doesn't sound like I am going to support either of those two," he said. Thomas J. Lueck (NYT)

MANHATTAN: NADER ENDORSES GREEN Ralph Nader, the consumer activist and Green Party presidential candidate, yesterday endorsed Mark Green, New York City public advocate, for mayor in next year's election. Answering reporters' questions at a campaign stop in Chinatown, Mr. Nader said, "I think Mark Green is the best mayoral candidate for New York." Mr. Green, for his part, praised Mr. Nader as "the greatest consumer advocate of the century" but said he regretted that he could not reciprocate the endorsement. He is backing Al Gore for president. (NYT)

ALBANY: PRICES PINCH HEATING FUNDS FOR POOR Although more poor families will be eligible for government help with their heating bills this winter, an increase of as much as 20 percent in natural gas prices will mean that federal funds will have to stretch further. Jack Madden,

a spokesman for the state office of Temporary and Disability Assistance, which helps poor families with heating bills, said that even during last year's unusually warm winter, the federal government had to add \$70 million after \$135 million in federal money was quickly exhausted. More people will be eligible for aid this year, with a family of four qualifying if they have an income of about \$33,500 a year. Last winter, 626,000 households statewide received aid, a 9 percent increase from the previous year. Tara Bahrapour (NYT)

NEW JERSEY

NEWARK: WELFARE BIRTH RULING A Superior Court judge has upheld as constitutional New Jersey's 1992 law that denies additional welfare benefits to women who give birth while on welfare. The ruling by Judge Anthony J. Iuliani

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late Wednesday echoed a 1995 federal court ruling on the law, the first of its kind in the nation. Similar laws have been adopted by 22 other states as part of welfare reform. Opponents, including the National Organization for Women Legal Defense and Education fund and the New Jersey chapter of the American

Civil Liberties Union, said they would appeal the decision. Ronald Smothers (NYT)

WILDWOOD: DRUG ARRESTS AT NIGHT CLUB Ecstasy, Special K, GBL and other so-called club drugs were flowing so freely at the Nile Night Club in Wildwood, prosecutors say, that the state attorney general's office began an investigation there three months ago. Yesterday, the office announced that it had arrested five people between the ages of 18 and 22 on drug distribution charges during a 1:45 a.m. raid, and obtained arrest warrants for nine others. Steve Strunsky (NYT)

TRENTON: CENSUS ACTION FAVORS STATE A federal committee has backed off a proposed change in how cities are defined that would have seen New Jersey swallowed up, statistically speaking, by New York City and Philadelphia. The Metropolitan Area Standards Review Committee no longer proposes to lump communities into "megapolitan" areas of one million or more people. Under the plan, northern New Jersey would have become part of the New York City area, and southern New Jersey part of the Philadelphia area. (AP)

TRENTON: PEPSI BOTTLER ORDERED TO PAY OVERTIME The Pepsi Bottling Group has been ordered to pay more than \$270,000 in back wages and interest to 13 delivery drivers who were not paid overtime for working more than 40 hours a week between 1993 and 1998. After a lengthy administrative hearing, the State Department of Labor rejected the company's assertion that the workers were sales people and were therefore exempt from New Jersey's overtime law. Mark Boyd, the state labor commissioner, also ordered Pepsi to turn over wage records for other employees at its four outlets in New Jersey. David Kocieniewski (NYT)

CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD: MORE OVERSIGHT FOR APPRAISERS Connecticut is stepping up monitoring of real estate appraisers in response to a threat by federal regulators to decertify them. The federal government charged that Connecticut had been lax in answering consumer complaints and monitoring appraiser training. James T. Fleming, the commissioner of the state consumer protection department, which oversees appraisers, said his agency had hired two more workers to handle a backlog of complaints and had made other changes. In January, the Federal Financial Institutions Examination Council had threatened to decertify Connecticut appraisers. Nearly all home loans require an appraisal from a federally certified appraiser. David M. Herszenhorn (NVT) **STAMFORD:**

APPEAL IN CELEBRATED DIVORCE CASE Logna Wendt, the former wife of a millionaire executive who was involved in a celebrated divorce case, insists she is worth at least \$35 million. She said she planned to appeal an Appellate Court ruling issued Wednesday that upheld a 1997 divorce settlement ordering her ex-husband, a former General Electric executive, to pay her about \$20 million. The ruling allows her former husband, Gary Wendt, to hold on to assets estimated at more than \$80 million. Mrs. Wendt argued that her role as corporate spouse and mother for 31 years was key to Mr. Wendt's rise as an executive. Mr. Wendt had offered \$11 million. (AP)

Compiled by Anthony Ramierz

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THE NEW YORK TIMES METRO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L+ B5 Metro Business

Busy Roads Forecast, Despite Gas Prices

With just one summer holiday weekend left, the price of gasoline in New York State seems unlikely to deter travel on highways in the state during the Labor Day weekend.

"Gas prices really haven't had a negative effect," said Jim Ver Steeg, a spokesman for AAA Western and Central New York. "The talk about people scaling back vacations was short-lived."

The New York State Thruway is expected to be busy this weekend despite a national 20 percent increase in gas prices from last year, according to AAA. Travelers who use the gas stations at rest stops on the Thruway benefit from a state program to save them an average of 5 cents per gallon. The program will run until Sept. 19.

In Rochester, consumers pay an average of \$1.57 for a gallon of self serve regular unleaded, down 11 cents from the peak of about \$1.68 last month, according to AAA's Fuel gauge Report. The price is about the same in Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany. According to AAA's daily report, the average price in New York City yesterday was \$1.72, down from \$1.77 a month ago. The national average is about \$1.51. (AP)

Blue Cross Building Sale

A Miami Beach investment group plans to buy a building in downtown Newark that was used by Horizon Blue Cross Blue Shield of New Jersey as its headquarters.

The Miami group, Savitar Realty Advisors, plans to close on the property this month with the current owner, Townsend Gateway Limited Partnership, which paid \$12 million for it in November 1997.

Clifford Stein, the president of Savitar, would not disclose the purchase price, but The Star-Ledger of Newark, quoting six unnamed Newark building owners and brokers, reported yesterday that the price was \$22 million.

The building is at 33 Washington Street, near the Newark Museum and the Newark Public Library, and it overlooks Washington Park.

Blue Cross used the building while Hartz Mountain Enterprises built the insurer a 16-story building near Pennsylvania Station. Townsend Gateway then bought 33 Washington

Street from Blue Cross. (AP) Lottery Numbers

Aug. 31, 2000

New York Numbers - 387 New York Win 4 - 1682

New York Take 5 - 2, 35, 36, 38, 39

New York Pick 10 - 4, 9, 12, 13, 14, 23, 24, 28, 38, 44, 55, 56, 58, 59, 62, 65, 68, 72, 73, 78

New Jersey Pick 3 - 792

New Jersey Pick 4 - 5110

New Jersey Cash 5 - 9, 29, 30, 32, 36

New Jersey Pick-6 Lotto -2, 11, 16, 27, 31, 34; bonus, 06060
Connecticut
Mid-Day 3 - 927
Connecticut Mid-Day 4 - 2757
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Connecticut Daily - 867
Connecticut Play 4 - 2705
Connecticut Cash 5 - 11, 19, 27, 33, 34
Aug. 30, 2000
New York Lotto - 11, 14, 20, 25, 31, 33; supplementary, 39
New York Pick 10 - 4, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 22, 27, 30, 33, 39,
48, 50, 57,
61, 66, 67, 79
Connecticut Daily - 146
Connecticut Play 4 - 3766
Connecticut Cash 5 - 3, 23, 27, 29, 32
Powerball - 4, 25, 29, 36, 46; Powerball, 8

Residential Real Estate

House Prices in Queens Exceed One Developer's Expectations

by NADINE BROZAN

When the developers of Waterside Estates at Cresthaven in the
Whitestone

Woods section of Queens began sales two years ago, they deliberately set prices low - \$500,000 and up - in hopes of building demand.

No less than halfway through the planned 110 houses, they say the strategy has worked so well, with help from the generally rising real estate market, that their prices are running about \$100,000 higher than they had originally projected that they would be getting now. The fact that the houses sit near the waterfront did not hurt, either.

"We knew we opened below market, but that is a common strategy," said Philip Megna, a partner in the Mattone Group of College Point who is overseeing the Waterside Estates project. He said that he had assumed the houses would be selling in the mid-to-high \$600,000's by now, but that they were selling in the mid \$700,000's. "There is a lot of demand to live in that area, and we have a very strong economy."

Forty-three houses have been built or are under construction and 67 more are planned. By the time all 25 houses in the first phase were under contract in October, they were selling for up to \$675,000. Some buyers in that group have already moved in and the remainder are expected to do so in the fall.

Prices for the second phase (27 houses, of which 19 have been sold) began rising about three months ago, starting at \$605,000 and going up to \$750,000, depending on which of three models was chosen. There will be 58 houses in the last phase, some of them on larger lots and all of them either on the water or with water views. "We anticipate that the waterfront housing will sell in the \$1 million area," Mr. Megna said.

The development is on 12 acres of prime real estate between the Whitestone and Throgs Neck Bridges, where Catholic Charities, Diocese of Brooklyn and Queens, once operated a children's summer camp. Associated Development Corporation of Bayside is collaborating in the development with the Mattone Group. The architect is John Stacom and the financing is being handled by the CFS Bank, based in Westbury, N.Y.

The houses are similar, all basically long and narrow, on plots 40 to 45 feet wide by 100 to 120 feet long. The differences are in the details, the slope of a roof, the shape of a window, the style of a kitchen cabinet.

Buyers have been individualizing them by choosing everything from the color of the exterior bricks to the shape of the kitchen sink faucets.

Besides the basic choices, appliances, decorative touches and amenities can

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be upgraded for additional fees. The first houses were sold strictly on the basis of dollhouse-size models. "People were spending a half a million dollars on houses they hadn't seen, on land that hadn't been cleared," Mr. Megna said.

Not surprisingly, the proximity to water has been a draw. There will be a private beach for the use of residents.

"There is very little waterfront property in Queens and certainly very little available for development," said Lawrence Rosano, a member of the development team. "A house in the neighborhood sold for \$900,000 last year and the buyer tore it apart and probably put in another \$400,000."

The taxes are another attraction. Thanks to the city's 421b tax abatement program, the taxes for the first two years of ownership are based solely on the assessed value of the raw land. "That means that for the first two years, they would be \$400 to \$500 a year," said Marilyn Larsen, owner of Lane Realty in Great Neck, N.Y., and the director of sales. "So a \$750,000 home here is \$500 a year and will be phased in to a full \$4,000 a year at the end of eight years."

A comparable house in Glen Cove in Nassau County would probably be taxed at more than \$18,000, she said.

None of the houses in Westside Estates are built until they are sold.

"They are not being put up as a spec," Mr. Rosano said. "In Queens, more routinely you build and then sell. Buyers are used to seeing something complete."

Once there are contracts and mortgage commitments, the houses go up in clusters. Two of the three models, the Driftwood and the Sandpiper, are high ranches, with the living room, dining room, kitchen and two or three bedrooms upstairs, and a large recreation room downstairs. The center-hall, colonial-style Sandcastle has the more traditional configuration of living room, dining room and kitchen downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs.

The developers say that their project marks a departure from the attached houses and town houses that have dominated new construction in the area in recent years. "We think this may be the largest single-family development in maybe 50 years," Mr. Megna said.

So far, 98 percent of the buyers have been from Queens. "For most of them, this is their second or third home," Mr. Megna said.

When the former day camp was sold, Catholic Charities kept six and a half acres, where it plans to build three low-rise buildings with 200 apartments for elderly people with moderate incomes.

6 Real Estate Companies Submit Bids on 99-Year Lease for the World Trade Center

By RONALD SMOTHERS

A half-dozen companies had submitted bids to take over the World Trade Center under a 99-year lease by the end of the day yesterday, the deadline for proposals, according to people involved in the bidding process.

Officials of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which owns the trade center, would not disclose who had made bids to take the buildings private or the value of the proposals. But others involved in the process said that six firms had bid and that the top bid would give

the authority net revenue of about \$2.5 billion over the life of the lease.

When the privatization proposal was approved in 1998, it was estimated that the agency would realize \$1.5 billion, and as recently as three months ago, that estimate had risen to \$2 billion.

The six companies emerged from a group of 30 large real estate development

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firms that were considered capable of handling a deal of this size and were provided three months ago with the data they needed to make preliminary bids.

Those six companies will be further pared by the end of the month to a "short list" of companies that will be given access to more detailed

That dispute was resolved in May, unleashing millions of dollars in projects favored by both states and clearing the way for the World Trade Center proposal to go out to a group of undisclosed bidders in June.

According to people involved in the process, the companies that were invited to submit proposals last June included Donald J. Trump's organi-

zation, as well as. Tishman Speyer, Gale & Wentworth, Mortimer Zuckerman's Boston Properties, the Rouse Company and the Canadian firm Brookfield Properties.

The deal could potentially be split between a company skilled in leasing and managing the office space and another more experienced in retail. The 430,000- square-foot retail component of the trade center includes 74 stores.

One critical feature of any deal would be the end of the arrangement under which the Port Authority pays New York City \$27.5 million a year in lieu of real estate taxes on the trade center.

Mr. Gargano said that any bidders would have to be aware of his posi-

tion - and that of others on the authority's board - that the successful bidder would have to pay city taxes, which are estimated at \$100 million a year, or negotiate a deal with the city.

City officials have said in the past that they would accept nothing short of the full real estate taxes on the property.

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B6 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES METRO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 Certified
Teachers, Looking for a Job, Find a Paradox

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School District 29, which covers a largely middle-class area in
southeast

Queens. She said she was turned away from a job fair in Queens on
Wednesday because she was certified, a reversal of how hiring normally
works. She said she would never work in a failing school, because most
are in neighborhoods that she considers dangerous and because the
demands are overwhelming.

"You have to be a combination of a social worker and Mother Teresa
to work in those schools," she said. "Those kids deserve a decent
education, but we as teachers deserve a decent work atmosphere. We
deserve to be safe. I worked so hard to get my license, I did all this
schooling, and the last thing I heard, America was a country of free
choice."

At another crowded job fair at the Marriott Hotel in Brooklyn on
Wednesday, many applicants said they were frustrated that they would

not be able to work in districts that were close to home or to their graduate schools. Many districts in Queens and Manhattan have only a few vacancies in troubled schools, so most teachers who had their hearts set on working in those boroughs were disappointed. A few teachers at the job fair were in tears.

But others were glad to be assigned to a challenging school, saying they had gone into the profession to work with children who needed the most help.

"I really want to teach disadvantaged kids," said Waithira Mbutia Protano of Mamaroneck, N.Y., who accepted a job teaching English at Alfred E. Smith High School in the Bronx, a failing school. "I want to give, I want to sweat, I want to give all my energy to help."

To lure certified teachers into the failing schools, the Board of Education is offering teachers \$3,400 in tuition reimbursement over the next four years. The failing schools also have smaller classes, and teachers get extra help from curriculum specialists. This summer, the board recruited about 330 people with little or no teaching experience to work in the failing schools under an alternative certification program. The board has also held several job fairs for the failing schools since Aug. 1, when Mr. Mills, unsatisfied by the city's pace in hiring certified teachers for those schools, filed his lawsuit.

In an interview yesterday, Mr.

Aaron Lee Fineman for The New York Times

Leonard Cohen, a certified social studies teacher, at a job fair for teachers

held at the Marriott Hotel in Brooklyn on Wednesday. Newly hired certified teachers must be assigned to the city's failing schools at first.

Mills said certified teachers who did not want to set foot inside the failing schools should reconsider, because the students at those schools badly needed qualified teachers.

"People are going to have to be guided by their better angels," he said.

He added, "This court action has led to profound change in the way the city places teachers, and it's high time." The failing schools "were always last in line, and now they are first in line."

But the other parties to the settlement that resulted in the court order were still unhappy with its terms. Schools Chancellor Harold O. Levy said any teacher who agreed to work in an urban school was taking on a major challenge. "People who choose urban education are doing God's work," he said, "and where they choose to teach and how they choose to dedicate themselves is a matter of per-

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sonal reflection."

Randi Weingarten, president of the United Federation of Teachers, which rep-

resents New York City teachers, said the city was doing the right thing by assigning new certified teachers to the failing schools first. But she said the frustration

among new teachers was troubling.

"At a time when the city is begging for teachers, you will lose people when you mandate where they work," Ms. Weingarten said.

However, Ms. Weingarten predicted that the number of new teachers who refused to work in New York City as a result of the court order would be relatively small. For one thing, the failing schools are hiring more certified teachers than they expect to need, just to be on the safe side. After the school year starts on Thursday, certified

teachers who are not needed at the failing schools will be assigned elsewhere, she said.

But Mr. Levy said it was too early to tell whether the court order would have the unfortunate effect of increasing the number of uncertified teachers in schools that are not listed as failing.

"My fervent hope is that it's a momentary aberration," he said. While the order benefits the failing schools, he said, "it obviously does nothing" for the other city schools.

In a report released yesterday, the nonprofit Citizens Budget Commission said one way to find enough certified teachers for all 1,100 of the city's public schools would be to offer

substantially higher salaries - up to 25 percent higher - to teachers who agreed to work in failing and other hard-to-staff schools. The city now gives 15 percent raises to teachers who agree to work in 39 failing schools that are in session an hour longer than regular schools. But the incentive is not enough to draw as many certified teachers as those schools need.

By yesterday afternoon, Ms. Walker, the teacher who was turned away from Kennedy High School, was hopeful that she would land a job at George Washington High School, a failing school in Washington Heights. She was relieved because the alternative was to work at Smith High School, which is in the Bronx but is much farther away - about an hour using public transportation - from her new apartment.

While the last-minute wrench in her plans upset her, she said it was not enough to make her abandon the city school system.

"I would never leave the system," she said. "I just don't appreciate the system forcing me to rearrange my life."

Federal Agency Finds Workfare Contractor Violated Wage Law

By NINA BERNSTEIN

The nation's largest operator of welfare-to-work programs violated federal law

by paying lower wages to women than to men placed in the same jobs in a Milwaukee warehouse, according to a decision made public yesterday by the United States Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

The company, Maximus Inc., has been under mounting criticism for its business practices in recent months. A state judge in Manhattan has held up the Giuliani administration's plans to award Maximus more than \$100 million in contracts to help welfare recipients find work. And state auditors in Wisconsin recently found that the company had billed the state for \$466,000 in improper or questionable expenses.

The federal commission's ruling

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found that a woman placed in warehouse jobs by MaxStaff, the company's temporary employment agency, was paid \$7.01 an hour while five male co-workers got \$8.13.

"We're obviously very disappointed with the determination," said Rachael Rowland, a spokeswoman for Maximus. "We respectfully disagree with it. We remain confident that no discrimination occurred in this case."

She repeated an earlier explanation by Maximus executives that the difference was based on the woman's being paid "a training wage" in a program for people with little job history.

But the commission ruled against the company. "Examination of the evidence indicates that female employees working in warehouse positions had substantially equal qualifications to males working in the same positions, but were paid lower wages even though females were performing the same duties as males," the ruling said.

Tracy Jones, the woman who filed the complaint, said she did have job experience, including work as a machine operator, a warehouse carton packer and a building maintenance worker. "It was my prior experience as a union steward that helped me recognize this was wrong," she said.

Ellen Bravo, the director of 9-to-5, the National Association of Working Women, an advocacy group, told Wisconsin legislators who are auditing the company that the Jones case revealed a fundamental flaw in the state's welfare-to-work program, designed in part by Jason A. Turner, now New York City's welfare commissioner.

"The goal was not to remove women from poverty, but simply from the welfare rolls," she said. "Consequently, any job was good enough."

Ms. Jones, now 33, said she had asked a MaxStaff supervisor a year ago why she, the only woman, was being paid less than all the men. The supervisor told her that she was mistaken, and later warned workers that they could be fired if they discussed wages. At that point, the commission said in its ruling, the company began hiring males at a lower rate of pay - apparently in an effort to cover up sex discrimination.

But Ms. Jones privately challenged male employees to prove their earnings and collected pay stubs that she took to the commission. Eight days later, she was fired.

The law requires the commission to now try to eliminate the unlawful employment practices with persuasion and conciliation. If that fails, the commission can go to court.

NEW YORK STATE

Ammonia Leak Keeps Upstate Residents From Their Homes

By The New York Times

FORT EDWARD, N.Y., Aug. 31 - For the third night in a row, more than 800

residents of this small factory town on the Hudson River were unable to go home today, evacuated because a tanker train car in a nearby rail yard was leaking ammonia gas.

The rail car, bound for a paper mill, began leaking anhydrous ammonia vapor through a faulty gasket Tuesday night. Though emergency crews have transferred most of the gas to another car, the evacuees - more than a quarter of Fort Edward's 3,000 residents - were told today that it was still not safe to return, Firefighter Mark Brockaway said.

And the downtown of Fort Edward, about 43 miles north of Albany, remained

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off limits to the public except for through traffic.

"Basically, I'm trying to get my family back in the house," said Arvid

O'Connell, who was also roused from his home in a low-lying part of town, where the gas accumulated. He was staying with in-laws in a neighborhood on higher ground.

"We were more or less at the mercy of the wind," said Mr. O'Connell, standing near Fort Edward High School, command center for dozens of police officers, firefighters

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and other emergency workers, reporters, and local, state and federal officials. "First they moved us to the firehouse and then up here."

At 11:06 p.m. Tuesday, two men saw and smelled the ammonia leaking from the top of a tanker car just east of downtown, said Max Fruchter, a spokesman for the Fort Edward Fire Department. The leak was in a gasket in a bell-shaped compartment that serves as an emergency valve, akin to that on a pressure cooker.

Firefighters arrived five minutes later, followed by Washington County emergency workers, 9 other fire companies, 17 ambulances and more than 100 volunteers to help evacuate people.

About 60 people were treated at hospitals, mostly children whose asthma was worsened by stress or older people with medical conditions. Mr. Fruchter said one elderly person was injured by inhaling the ammonia vapor and was likely to be released soon.

A section of the Champlain Barge Canal was still closed today, and Amtrak trains to Montreal, which run through here, were being stopped in Albany, where passengers switched to buses.

Most evacuees moved in with relatives and friends, and 150 stayed at the high school overnight before finding other quarters.

By today, about 25 remained in CANADA

NEW YORK

Fort Edward

Glens Falls Rutland VT. N.H. Hudson R. Albany

90

18

87

90

84

95

GOV. THOMAS E. DEWEY THRUWAY PENNSYLVANIA CONN.

0 Miles 50

N.J.

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New York City

The New York Times

Residents left Fort Edward after a rail car began leaking ammonia. another shelter at the Hudson Falls High School.

At 10 this morning, a team from the Findlay, Ohio, offices of the International

Technologies Corporation, hired by the federal Environmental Protection Agency, hooked a hose to the rail car and began transferring the gas to another tanker.

The original tanker had a capacity of 30,000 gallons, roughly equivalent to that of three tractor-trailers, Mr. Fruchter said.

The tanker car from Canadian Terra International had been in the rail yard, operated a division of

Canadian Pacific Despairing Parents See No Option but Foster Care Continued From Page B1

rehabilitate, troubled teenagers.

Why would a parent voluntarily turn a child over to foster care? Sometimes, a parent or guardian is ill, homeless or incarcerated. Sometimes, child welfare officials offer voluntary placement as an alternative to filing abuse or neglect charges against the parents.

Occasionally, a parent simply wants to be done with a difficult child. Often, for parents under pressure, the child welfare system is the only way out.

"For parents who don't have a support system or the economic means to purchase a support system - like after-school activities, summer camps - the stresses are exacerbated," said Karen Freedman, executive director of Lawyers for Children, a nonprofit group that provides lawyers and social services for children who are voluntarily placed. "A lot of what these parents are feeling is fear for their children."

In Family Court, where despair competes daily with heartbreak, voluntary placement cases are among the saddest and most confounding.

The adolescents are likely to end up in group homes rather than with foster families. If they need psychiatric care, the wait for a state-financed residential treatment center can sometimes be many months. Often, the youngsters simply run away from a group home, or wait until they become adults and leave the system. Occasionally, social workers and advocates for children successfully persuade parents not to relinquish the children.

Margaret O'Marra, a Legal Aid social worker, says many of the children have suffered loss and trauma in early childhood. Others live with attention deficit disorder, depression or learning disabilities. "A good percentage of these kids are kids who have not gotten proper treatment in time," Ms. O'Marra said.

Mr. Abdul-Hakam's daughter was relatively lucky in that she was placed with foster parents, four families in two years. Mr. Abdul-Hakam wants her back home, he says, but not now. He wants first to move out of the one-bedroom Brooklyn apartment he shares with his wife and younger daughter, though for now, that seems out of reach.

Mr. Abdul-Hakam, 49, supports his family on public assistance, he says, cleaning a beach in Queens three days a week for his welfare check. And though his relationship with his daughter has improved in the last two years, he remains out of touch with the ordinary details of her life. He is not sure which school she will attend this month. He is not sure of the mental health diagnosis that has been made, nor of the name of the medications she has been taking. When and

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whether she will return home remains a mystery.

Lawyers who represent children Me her say they tend to stay in care longer

than others. Marta, a 15-year old who had been shuttled among a series of care-takers before she landed in foster care last year, is no exception. When her mother was arrested on drug charges, Marta, who spoke on the condition that only her first name be used, was sent to her grandmother in Puerto Rico. When she started rebelling, she was returned to her father in New York. Father and daughter were virtual strangers, she said. Marta's grades slid. She did not finish the eighth grade. She ran the streets.

That, she said, is when the beatings began. Her father beat her for bad grades and for not cleaning her room. When she reported it to her favorite teacher and the child welfare agency was summoned, her father, who did not return calls requesting comment, was offered the option of voluntarily placing Marta in foster care. Marta did not object.

What followed was a foster home in Yonkers, group homes in Brooklyn and Westchester, and finally, a residential treatment center upstate, where she still lives.

She now sounds almost sympathetic to her father. She misses him, but knows he is not ready to take her back. "I know why he wanted me here - he wanted the best for me," she said. "He wasn't doing it for his best. He was doing it for my best."

Now 15, Marta would prefer remain in foster care until her 18th birthday because, as she puts it, would like to give her father a break. He works, goes to school, care three stepchildren. "He got a lot of things to do," Marta said. "I really want to give him some time."

Fear, more than frustration, led Jose Vasquez to sign his daughter over to foster care earlier this year. In fits of rage, his daughter, Tania, would bang her fists on a school desk. She bit classmates, and once even a police officer. Last December, he admitted her to a psychiatric hospital. Then, afraid that the city would take her away

after another outburst, Mr. Vasquez said, he agreed to sign her over to foster care. He thought it would be brief, he said, long enough for her to be evaluated.

What made that action all the more incongruous was Mr. Vasquez's record as a father. Five years ago, after neglect charges were filed against the mother of his two children, he fought for custody, taking the children out of foster care. He shuttled them, both mentally retarded, between school, doctor appointments and Medicaid offices almost daily. He lost his job as a carpenter. He held onto them even as they lived in a room in a seedy residential hotel, which was all he could afford.

Last week, Mr. Vasquez appeared in court in a desperate bid to get his daughter back. Tania, now 13 and with a mood disorder and borderline intelligence, has spent the last four months in the Kings County Psychiatric Hospital. She has been on Depakote, an anti-convulsant prescribed for epileptics and people with behavioral disorders. And on his recent visits, Mr. Vasquez said, Tania seemed calmer, eager to come home. But his heart broke, he said, when he saw that her hands were shaking uncontrollably. (Depakote is known to cause tremors.)

"When I saw her shaking like that, I started crying myself," he said, as his son, Jose Jr., born with fetal alcohol syndrome, played quietly outside the courtroom. "I thought she was going to come out all right. I thought by this time, she'd be back home again."

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Taking Tania home will be no easy feat. Yet Mr. Vasquez is determined to do so. To make her more comfortable, he has asked his girlfriend and their 8-month-old baby to move out of their Bronx apartment.

But if Tania slips into violent outbursts again, how does he know he will be able to handle her?

"Because I'm her father," Mr. Vasquez said, unable to hold back tears. "I wouldn't like for her to be away forever. I would like to try. She doesn't belong over there. She belongs over here."

UPDATE

West Nile Spraying Schedule.

QUEENS

10 p.m. today to 5 a.m. Saturday Kew Gardens, Glendale, Woodhaven, Richmond Hill, Ozone Park and parts of Forest Hills

10 p.m. tomorrow to 5 a.m. Sunday Hunters Point, Long Island City,

Dutch

Kills and Queensbridge BROOKLYN

10 p.m. today to 5 a.m. Saturday Trinity Cemetery and Cemetery of the Evergreens, Highland Park and adjacent cemeteries

10 p.m. tomorrow to 5 a.m. Sunday Greenpoint

THE BRONX

10 p.m. tomorrow to 5 a.m. Sunday

Highbridge, Concourse, Mount Eden, Morris Heights and University Heights WESTCHESTER COUNTY

11:30 p.m. today to 4:30 a.m. Saturday

White Plains, Greenburgh (parts), Village of Elmsford, Scarsdale Harrison, Mamaroneck Town (parts), New Rochelle and Eastchester

BERGEN COUNTY, N.J.

3 to 6 a.m. today Ridgefield Park, Palisades Park, Hackensack, North Arlington, Lyndhurst and Wyckoff

Note: Pesticide spraying schedules are subject to change in the event of rain. Source: Health and mosquito control departments

The New York Times

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THE NEW YORK TIMES METRO FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L+ B7 Fire Raises Questions

About a Town's Boom

Keith Myers / The New York Times

Continued from Page A1

ruins today, arson investigators began trying to determine the cause of the blaze, which started at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday and rapidly consumed the timber-frame Avalon River Mews, a 408-unit luxury rental building that was under construction.

Sam DeNorchia, Edgewater's fire chief, said the heat radiating from the blaze was so intense that it ignited the houses across Undercliff Avenue, about 50 feet away. Cars, trees and backyard swing sets were consumed as anxious homeowners stood by helplessly.

Fire officials said tonight that at least 100 people were still waiting to return to their homes. Many were staying at a nearby Holiday Inn.

Like many of those who live across the street from the Avalon River Mews site, Grethel Rambone had only unflattering words for the seven-story project, which she and others fought to have scaled down. Mrs.

Rambone, 57, said that Edgewater's mayor and City Council were unsympathetic to their concerns. She and others cited the local planning board's decision to grant the developers a variance on zoning laws that would have required the western edge of the project to be set back at least 30 feet from the sidewalk; the variance allowed the developer a setback of only 6 feet.

Had existing zoning been applied, this development would have been at least 24 feet farther from the homes that caught fire across the street.

"It seems like the almighty dollar has taken over this town," said Mrs. Rambone, who has lived in Edgewater all her life. "No one is stopping and thinking about the effect the development is having on the people already here."

Robert Corcoran, the City Council president, said that complaints about overdevelopment were off the mark. Nearly all of new construction in Edgewater, he pointed out, is on land that once held abandoned factories or decaying piers.

After decades of post-industrial desolation in Edgewater - and fiscal desperation - the spate of new buildings is finally helping to fill the town's coffers, Mr. Corcoran said. "I wouldn't call this development - it's redevelopment," he said. "This is a good thing for us."

Development is altering the face of

Keith Meyers/The New York Times

Heat from a fire at a construction site for a luxury apartment building ignited

ed houses across the street, about 50 feet away.

Richard Perry/The New York Times Alice Klein, 70, lives on Oakdene Terrace,

behind the site of the fire. Her house had only minor damage.

once sleepy towns up and down the Hudson in New Jersey, polarizing communities and straining services. In the last two years, 23 office buildings and thousands of apartments have been built along the 17 miles of waterfront from

Bayonne to Fort Lee.

In Jersey City, where 20 new high-rises have gone up since 1990, fire officials

are trying to cope with a new breed of building: the skyscraper. On July 20, a power surge set off fires in two new high-rises there, injuring four people and prompting complaints that fire alarms had failed to function.

In an effort to grapple with the threat of high-rise blazes, the city's fire direc-

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tor is asking that all new buildings employ round-the-clock employees trained to deal with fires. Some developers, citing annual costs that could run as high as \$250,000 a

Fighting the Edgewater Fire

The huge fire that lighted the sky over the Hudson River on Wednesday was isolated between a cliff and the river.

APARTMENT CONSTRUCTION The large block where the Avalon River Mews complex was being built was consumed by flames.

Hudson River

RIVER RD.

MALL

Burned

area.

Cliffside Park

PALISADES

UNDERCLIFF AVE.

Edgewater

1 mile

North

TANK FARM

Oil tanks located nearby were not damaged.

HOMES DAMAGES

Several homes across

Undercliff Avenue were also destroyed.

Source: United States Geological Survey

The New York Times

building, have balked at the proposal. In Edgewater, if all goes according to

plan, nearly 100 acres of former industrial wasteland will be converted into resi- dential and commercial use in the coming decade.

The for-

mer Hills Bros. coffee plant is now an assisted living center, a postal service mailbag repair plant, as given way to a shopping center and the luxury apartment complex that burned yesterday was rising atop the

Richard Perry/The New York Times

Firefighters, having battled the blaze Wednesday night, continued to douse embers yesterday.

site of the former Alcoa factory.

For Edgewater officials, Avalon -River Mews was a long-awaited coup. For nearly 30 years, the parcel was a PCB-contaminated eyesore. In 1997, state and Bergen County officials reached an agreement with two local developers to clean up the land. A year later, Gov. Christine Todd Whitman and New Jersey's envi- ronmental commissioner appeared at the site during demolition to showcase the project as a model of the state's so-called Brownfields Act, which is intended to entice developers to build on-contaminated industrial sites.

In the end, however, the developers sold the land to the current owners,

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Avalonbay Communities, for \$13.5 million.

While most residents initially supported the project, many who live nearby

became opponents when they learned that the developers were asking for considerable variances. In the end, Avalonbay received a variance to allow more units than zoning permitted, although an earlier proposal to build three 16-story towers was scuttled by opponents.

In recent months, several other projects have been approved despite Librado Romero/The New York Times

Homes along Undercliff Avenue were destroyed, along with cars, trucks and

backyard swing sets.

"We have one main road and three paid firemen," a town official says. objections from some who said they were too large. Last week, the planning

board, whose members are appointed by the mayor, approved a \$90 million project that includes 350 hotel rooms, 300 apartments and a shopping center. Ms. Bardinias, who was elected to the City Council last year I said that many residents thought that the mayor, Bryan Christiansen, and his supporters on the Council were too eager to please developers.

"People feel like their voice is not being heard," she said. "A lot of them are disillusioned."

Mayor Christiansen, who has been in office for 12 years, did not return phone calls seeking comment today.

A group of residents led by the Independent Coalition for a Better Edgewater is now fighting a plan to sell off the town's last stretch of waterfront to developers. The group

wants the town to issue bonds to acquire the property, a plan Mr. Christiansen has rejected.

In interviews with nearly two dozen residents, many said they had mixed feelings about the good times that have washed over Edgewater.

Dolores Lawlor, 62, who grew up here, worked in the factories and then bemoaned their departure, said she was glad the town finally had its own supermarket. But like others, she said she missed the languid pace and small-town familiarity.

She recalled when River Road, recently widened to five lanes, was a meandering two-lane street. The mom-and-pop stores she remembers from her childhood have given way to suburban-style shopping plazas. The jaw-dropping views of Manhattan are largely obscured by gated communities, with names like Admiral's Walk and Mariner's Landing. And traffic, nearly everyone agrees, has become unbearable during rush hour.

"It used to be one big family," Mrs. Lawlor said. "There are so many strangers now, you don't even know your next-door neighbor."

NEW YORK STATE

Continued From Page A1

Lazio Closes in on Mrs. Clinton in Fund-Raising, Amassing a Total of \$19.2

Million

only six words: "I'm running against Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Sincerely, Rick

Lazio."

Despite her financial edge so far, Mr. Lazio has more money on hand, an

important indicator. Mr. Lazio began the race with \$3.5 million left over from his House campaigns, and then collected \$15.7 million. After expenditures, largely for television advertisements and direct mailings, he has \$10.2 million in the bank.

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She has \$7.1 million.

Both campaigns released summaries of their finances yesterday, but not lists

of donors and expenditures. They are required to submit those lists to the Federal Election Commission this month.

Before exiting the race to focus on his treatment for prostate cancer, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani repeatedly set fund-raising records with a campaign that appeals to the distaste of conservatives and others for

Mrs. Clinton. With the same strategy, Mr. Lazio is surpassing even Mr. Giuliani's records.

In the first three months of this year, for example, Mr. Giuliani took in \$7 million, less than Mr. Lazio's total for the recent seven weeks.

"It is historic," said Bill Dal Col, Mr. Lazio's campaign manager, a longtime political consultant who led Steve Forbes's presidential campaigns. "I have never seen numbers like this."

These totals would have been unthinkable in previous races. In the seven-week summer period in the 1998 Senate contest in New York, the eventual winner, Charles E. Schumer, raised \$627,000, while the incumbent, Alfonse M. D'Amato, raised \$1.7 million, officials said.

Mr. Schumer spent \$16.7 million on the entire race.

Mr. Giuliani, who raised \$23.3 million for his aborted run, and Mrs. Clinton have both surpassed the record for fund-raising by a nonincumbent in a Senate race, the \$21

A candidate for the Senate harnesses donors' distaste for the first lady.

million taken in by Oliver L. North, a Republican, in his failed race in Virginia in 1994.

The record for spending will not be known until November. Jon S. Corzine, a Wall Street multimillionaire, spent \$35.5 million, hearty all of it his own money, to win the Democratic Senate primary in New Jersey. He is expected to spend far more in the general election against the Republican, Representative Robert D. Franks.

The New York contest is likely to be the most expensive Senate race in the nation's history, and that is without taking into account so-called soft

money: large donations raised and spent by party committees. Mrs. Clinton has raised soft money, and while Mr. Lazio has not, outside groups not connected to his campaign have bought ads to help him.

Because of Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Giuliani took in more money from donors outside the state than a typical Senate candidate, and Mr. Lazio is expected to focus more on such contributors this month. He has scheduled fund-raising visits next week to Alabama, Texas and California. The Lazio campaign said it did not know what percentage of its recent donations were from out of state.

Mrs. Clinton has raised about 60 percent of her individual donations out of state.

Mrs. Clinton's aides, who long ago resigned themselves to the idea that she is reviled by politically active (and check-writing) conservatives, said they were not daunted by Mr. Lazio's tally. "We are not surprised that Congressman Lazio out-raised us given his ability to tap into a well

funded national network of conservative donors," said Cathie Levine, a Clinton campaign spokeswoman.

Mr. Lazio's aides attribute some of their success to a sense of urgency among Republicans around the country after Mr. Giuliani dropped out. Many Republican

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contributors consider the New York Senate race their second priority after the presidential one, because defeating Mrs. Clinton would end the reign of both Clintons.

Mr. Lazio holds several weekly fund-raisers, often weaving them into his schedule as he travels around the state. Campaigning one Monday in mid-August in the Jamestown area, in the southwest corner of the state, he held a breakfast fundraiser, then toured a sprawling furniture factory, and then held a luncheon fund-raiser.

Mr. Lazio has benefited from the groundwork laid by Mr. Giuliani's campaign, especially its direct-mail operation, which compiled a list of more than 200,000 donors nationwide.

"Obviously, and there is no secret

about this, there is a great deal of resentment towards Mrs. Clinton," said Bruce J. Teitelbaum, who led the Giuliani campaign. "No matter who is going to run, they are going to raise big money. That said, Rick Lazio and his team are doing a superb job."

For some Democrats, the numbers released yesterday confirmed their fears that Mr. Lazio would quickly catch up to Mrs. Clinton in fundraising and probably surpass her by November. That does not mean that he will win, but it does make him less of an underdog, they said.

"They could run a tree against her, and it wouldn't matter," said Hank Sheinkopf, a Democratic political consultant not involved in the Senate race. "The Republicans will do anything to stop her."

Everything you need to know for your business day is in Business Day. The New York Times

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c

Business Day

L+ C1

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

The New York Times

BUSINESS Digest

France Proposes Tax Cuts

Of \$16 Billion Over 3 Years

Nudged by Germany, and probably providing an example to Italy, France

became the second of Continental Europe's big three economies to propose a large package of tax cuts.

The proposal, totaling \$16 billion over three years, is part of a wave of similar measures being enacted across Europe as governments react to increased tax revenue because of expanding economies and declining unemployment. The cuts, while differing by country, are intended to give a measure of stability to a tenuous spurt of economic growth. [Page A12]

Main Stock Gauges Post Solid Gains

Stocks advanced on new signs that interest rates could remain steady. The Dow Jones industrial average gained 112.09 points, or 1 percent, to 11,215.10. The Nasdaq composite index soared 102.54 points, or 2.5 percent, to 4,206.35. And the Standard & Poor's 500 stock index rose 15.09 points, or 1 percent, to 1,517.68. [C6]

2 Top Nordstrom Executives Resign

After several years of anemic sales growth at Nordstrom, John Whitacre, the company's chairman and chief executive, and Michael A. Stein, the chief financial officer, resigned. Two members of the Nordstrom family, which controls roughly one-third of

the company's stock, have been named to key executive positions. Blake W. Nordstrom, 39, will be president, while Bruce A. Nordstrom, 66, will be chairman. Shares of Nordstrom fell \$1.13, to \$17.25. [C2]

Clinton Vetoes Repeal of Estate Tax

President Clinton vetoed a Republican-sponsored bill to repeal the federal estate tax and stepped up the election-year debate over tax cuts and how best to spend the budget surplus. He accused Republicans of threatening to hamstring the economy by devising tax cuts that he said would leave little money for Medicare, a prescription drug benefit, education and a host of other programs. [A1]

F.C.C. Eases Radio Spectrum Limits

In a move that may stimulate development of wireless products for the home, the Federal Communications Commission erased restrictions on part of the radio spectrum. The change affects an area used by companies that enable people to transmit data from say, a laptop computer to a desktop computer - or from either to a printer - without wires. [C2]

Plan to Cut European Trading Costs

In a move intended to shore up support for the planned merger of the London and Frankfurt stock exchanges, the clearinghouses for the two markets introduced a plan that would cut settlement costs for certain trades. [C4]

Volkswagen Raises Pay in Mexico

Workers at Volkswagen Mexico negotiated a raise of more than double the inflation rate, ending a two-week battle that included a walkout at the only factory in the world that produces the trendy Beetles. The company agreed to raise

salaries 13 percent and give workers a 5 percent productivity bonus plus a percent of benefits. The union's general secretary, Jose Luis Rodriguez, said, "We think that salaries should not be based on inflation, but the performance of the workers and the results of the company." [A4]

Factory Orders Fell 7.5% in July

Orders placed with manufacturers fell 7.5 percent in July, the largest drop on record, government figures showed, and private survey data indicated that manufacturing in the Chicago region contracted in August. [C17]

YESTERDAY

Dow Industrials 11.215.10 112.09 Nasdaq composite 206.35 102.54 30-yr. Treasury yield 5.66% 0.07

The euro \$0.8878 0.0046

The dollar 106.72 yen 0.25

TODAY

4.1%

4.0

3.9

FMAMJJ 3.8

Unemployment

August figures due

at 8:30 a.m. Eastern time.

Expected: +4.0%

Construction Spending

July figures due

at 10 a.m. Eastern time.

Expected: +0.2%

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Suspect Is Arrested in Fake News Case by ALEX BERENSON

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Mark S. Jakob made a big bet in mid-August that shares in Emulex, a maker of communications equipment, would decline, federal prosecutors say. Instead, Emulex soared, leaving him with a paper loss of almost \$100,000 in just a week.

So Mr. Jakob, a 23-year-old former student at El Camino Community College in Torrance, Calif., took matters into his own hands, according to the government. On the evening of Aug. 24, he sent a fake press

release by e-mail to Internet Wire, a Los Angeles service where he had previously worked, warning that Emulex's chief executive had resigned and its earnings were overstated. The next morning, just as financial markets opened, Internet Wire distributed the damaging release to news organizations and Web sites.

An hour later, shareholders in Emulex were \$2.5 billion poorer. And Mr. Jakob would soon be \$240,000 richer, said Alejandro N. Mayorkas, United States attorney for the central district of California, which includes Los Angeles.

Agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation arrested Mr. Jakob yesterday morning at the home he shares with his parents in a quiet neighborhood in El Segundo, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles. Prosecutors charged him with one count of securities fraud and one count of wire fraud. If convicted, he faces 15 years in prison and a \$500,000 fine. The Securities and Exchange Commission simultaneously filed a civil complaint against Mr. Jakob, seeking to freeze his assets and recoup

Continued on Page 2

If It's Not One Thing, It's Another

As Tires Are Recalled, Bridgestone Faces Possible Strike

Jay Couch, a warehouse specialist at Concord Tire in Concord, N.H., tosses

arecalled Firestone model on to a pile. As the recall effort continues, Bridgestone/ Firestone is faced with a threatened walkout by workers at nine of its U.S. plants.

Dan Habib/Concord Monitor/Saba

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

Reeling from a crisis over defective tires, Bridgestone/ Firestone Inc. faces the

possibility of a strike tomorrow by 8,000 workers at nine American factories - a move that could set back the company's efforts to replace 6.5 million recalled tires.

Officials with the United Steelworkers of America, which represents the Bridgestone workers, said they had scheduled a strike for a minute after midnight, barring a settlement, because of the failure to reach a new contract after months of talks.

Wayne Ramick, a steelworkers' spokesman, said the union and the company were engaged in intensive nearly round-the-clock talks.

He declined to predict the likelihood of a settlement before the strike deadline. "At this point, it's going to be a nail biter," he said.

The strike threat is the latest crisis for Bridgestone/ Firestone, and its Japanese parent, the Bridgestone Corporation, which faces Congressional investigations and a raft of lawsuits over tires that federal regulators say might have been involved in 88 deaths and 250 injuries. Two weeks ago, the company recalled more than six million 15-inch tires after Federal officials disclosed complaints that the tread can separate from the rest of the tire, with such failures blamed for dozens of rollover accidents.

John Lampe, Bridgestone/Firestone's executive vice president, was somewhat upbeat about the progress made in talks and the prospects of avoiding a strike.

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"We think they're going well; we're optimistic we can come to an agreement," he said in an interview yesterday morning in Nashville, where the company is based.

A strike now would hit Bridgestone at an especially vulnerable time in its efforts to restore its badly shaken

Continued on Page 5

Officials in Caracas rolling out Firestone tires yesterday that were part of evidence in a report from the Venezuelan consumer protection agency to the prosecutor's office. Firestone said

It was working with Ford to find the causes of the tire problems.

Reuters

Hitting a Pothole

Between 1996 and 1999, Bridgestone/Firestone gained ground on both of its

main rivals, overtaking one of them. But the recent disclosures of problems with its tires have unsettled investors and could threaten the long-term health of the company.

MARKET SHARE

United States and Canada

Bridgestone/

Firestone

19.6%

21.1%

29.2%

30.1%

Goodyear

Michelin

1996

Total sales =

\$19.9 bil.

Other

1999

Total sales =

\$22.5 bil.

Sources:

Tire Business

magazine;

Bloomberg

Financial Markets

STOCK PRICES

DAILY CLOSES

Venezuela Asks Criminal Case Against Bridgestone and Ford

By ANTHONY DePALMA

Accusing both the Ford Motor Company and Bridgestone/ Firestone of con-

spiring to hide tire defects that caused dozens of deaths, Venezuela's consumer protection agency asked the nation's prosecutor yesterday to bring criminal charges against both companies.

The companies "had concealed vital information from Venezuelan consumers," said Samuel Ruh Rios, chairman of the Venezuelan consumer agency. He said the companies were well aware that "a macabre combination of a soft suspension and an inadequate tire" was to blame for at least 80 accidents in which

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47 people died.

The tires involved in Venezuela are similar to those being recalled in the

United States in that they are suspected of tearing apart at highway speeds and causing Ford Explorers to roll over.

In Washington, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration yesterday increased by 26

the number of deaths in the United States that been linked to the recalled Firestone tires that brings to 88 the number of deaths being

investigated by the agency, along with more an 250 injuries in 1,400 complaints it has received concerning tire separations on the popular Ford sport utility vehicles.

In Dearborn, Mich., Jacques A. Nasser, Ford's president, defended the company's actions in Venezuela and denied any attempt to mislead authorities. "The accusation from the Venezuelan government that Ford Venezuela lied is also

Continued on Page 5

Europeans Raise Rates, Yet Euro Falls

Emphasis on Inflation Is Ill-Timed, Some Fear

By EDMUND L. ANDREWS

FRANKFURT, Aug. 31 - It was supposed to be a show of toughness, an anti-

dote to the weakness that has plagued Europe's single currency, the euro, over much of the time since its introduction in January 1999.

But when the European Central Bank raised interest rates today for the sixth time in less than a year, the euro foundered near its all-time low, amid widespread fear that it will sink even lower. Indeed, more than any other time in the short history of the euro, many financial analysts view the central bank as weak and off balance in response to changes in the region's economic climate.

"They are behind the curve," said Thomas Mayer, a senior economist with Goldman, Sachs in Frankfurt, who argues that the bank is becoming tougher just as European economic growth shows signs of becoming weaker. "In April 1999, they reduced interest rates even though the economy already seemed to be taking off. We could very well be in a similar situation right now."

Alarmed in large part by what it called the "protracted depreciation" of the euro, the central bank increased its baseline interest rate by a quarter-point today, to 4.5 percent. In a brief statement, the bank said that the euro's weakness threatened to push up the cost of imported goods at a time when high oil prices - compounded by the commodity pricing of crude oil in dollars - were threatening to ripple through Europe's economies.

But if the move was supposed to build confidence in the euro, it did not. Within minutes after the announcement, the euro slipped slightly, to roughly 89 cents against the dollar. It fell further later in the day, sliding as low as 88.45 before settling at 88.78 cents in New York trading, down from 89.24 cents on Wednesday.

By any measure, the European Central Bank faces a devilish problem. The euro has lost nearly a quarter of its value

Continued on Page 4

Retailers Post Weak August, Hoping It Is Not Holiday Omen

By LESLIE KAUFMAN

After watching business slow for six months, the nation's merchants report-

ed only slight gains yesterday in sales of back-to-school merchandise - news that may not bode well for the rest of the year and the coming holiday season.

Retail sales for August in stores open at least a year, a crucial industry meas-

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urement, rose just 3 percent, according to the Goldman Sachs retail composite index. The numbers were hardly disastrous, but they were lower than analysts had expected and the weakest August results in three years.

After experiencing nearly two years of banner growth, retail sales have been slowing since early this year. But consumer enthusiasm for

back-to-school shopping is watched particularly closely because it is seen as the first window to the all-important holiday season.

"Usually what happens in August is a very significant harbinger of the rest of the year," said Richard Baum, an analyst at Credit Suisse First Boston. "Retailers learn in the third quarter what works. But if you don't have a lot working for you, it is hard to plan for the holidays."

There was clearly plenty of bad news from the August sales numbers. The biggest stunner came Wednesday night from the normally efficient Gap Inc., which announced that its same-store sales would be down 14 percent for the month. And Wall Street analysts began lowering their earnings forecasts for major players as they missed sales growth estimates. For example, Jeffrey Feiner, an analyst with Lehman Brothers, lowered his third-quarter earnings estimates for Dillard's, May Department Stores, J. C. Penney and even the previously invincible Target.

But as disappointing as sales at those chains were, there were still some bright spots. The merchants that did best were mostly those that sold goods besides clothing. Sears, Roebuck & Company, for example, had a strong sales increase of 5.6 percent, largely on the strength of its home appliance and gardening businesses.

It is also true that in a fiercely competi- Continued on Page 17
DayC1/ 200

C2 L K+ THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 TECHNOLOGY
F.C.C. Widens Radio Spectrum for Wireless Networks
By LISA GUERNSEY

In a move that may stimulate development of wireless products for the home, the Federal Communications Commission announced yesterday that it had eased restrictions on part of the radio spectrum.

The rule change affects the 2.4-gigahertz band, an area used by companies that produce wireless local area networks, or LAN's. Such networks enable people to transmit data from, say, a laptop computer to a desktop computer - or from either to a printer - without wires. They have been adopted by office complexes, college campuses and, to a lesser extent, consumers at home.

Proponents have argued that opening the spectrum will give rise to consumer products that wirelessly transmit large amounts of data, like streaming video and digital music. For example, it may enable someone to send music from a desktop computer to a laptop, or to use a cordless phone to pick up a call that has come in over the Internet.

A rule change intended to ease transmission of data.

"The rule change has given us everything we need to develop these next-generation wireless devices," said Ben Manny, chairman of the Home RF Working Group, a coalition of technology companies that asked the F.C.C. two years ago to relax its restrictions.

Among the members of the HomeRF group are Compaq; Intel; Proxim, a wireless LAN company in Sunnyvale, Calif.; and Siemens, which has developed cordless phones that use the 2.4-gigahertz band.

From a technical standpoint, the ruling gives new muscle to a radio signal technique called frequency hopping. For years, proponents of frequency hopping - who include members of the HomeRF group - have squared off with engineers who

favor a different technique, called direct sequence.

Wireless LAN products with direct-sequence systems offer data speeds of up to 10 megabits a second, a rate equal to that on most high-speed networks. But until yesterday, products using frequency hopping could reach speeds of only 1.6 megabits a second.

The rule change widens the terrain for frequency hopping by allowing signals to be sent across channels that each span 5 megahertz - up from the 1 megahertz a channel allowed previously. With the added space, engineers say, HomeRF systems will be able to offer data speeds equal to those of systems based on direct-sequence technology.

"It levels the playing field," Mr. Manny said.

But some companies have already been developing wireless products for consumers based on the direct sequence technique, which is so far associated with systems that cost more than consumers are willing to pay. Apple Computer, for example, sells a wireless system called AirPort for transferring data between home computers.

That several products are already in development has led Jeff Abramowitz, president of the Wireless LAN Association, a trade group, to caution that the change could lead to a plethora of consumer products that run under different systems.

"This does create the potential for confusion in the marketplace," said Mr.

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Abramowitz, who is also the vice president for marketing for NoWires Needed, a product that uses the direct-sequence system and is sold by Intersil, a company in Irvine, Calif. "But in the long term it will not affect what is happening over all."

The F.C.C. ruling did not give the HomeRF advocates everything they wanted. They had asked permission to use 75 channels across the 2.4 gigahertz band. But several engineers protested that hopping frequencies over 75 channels of 5 megahertz in width would lead to interference with other devices, because the channels would have to overlap. The F.C.C. limited the rule change to only 15 permissible channels instead.

TECHNOLOGY BRIEFING

E-COMMERCE

HOW AMAZON USES INFORMATION Amazon.com, the No. 1 Internet retailer, has revised its privacy policy, and in doing so has provided a window into how much it uses the customer data it collects to help it and other companies sell more. In the new policy, Amazon disclosed that it has started sending e-mail marketing messages on behalf of other companies. It also added a long list of data it collects about users, including financial information, Social Security numbers, product searches and the telephone number from which a user calls Amazon's customer service line. And for the first time, Amazon disclosed it can buy information about customers from outside databases. And if the new initiatives do not help stem Amazon's huge losses and the company is put up for sale, the new policy says, anyone who buys Amazon will get its customer data.

Saul Hansell (NYT)

CALIFORNIA BILL ON WEB SALES TAX The California State Assembly has passed a bill that would require businesses with stores in California to collect state sales tax on purchases made over the Internet. The bill, approved earlier by the State Senate, passed by a vote of 42-to-31 and was sent to the governor. It focuses on companies like Barnes & Noble, whose affiliated Internet units do not charge or collect the state's 7.25 percent sales tax. While Gov. Gray Davis has not said whether he will sign the bill, he has indicated that he opposes Internet taxes. State officials estimate the measure could add \$14 million in tax revenues to the \$22 billion the state already collects each year.

Lawrence M. Fisher (NYT)

DEALS

JAPANESE COMPANY COMPLETES VERIO PURCHASE The NTT

Communications unit of Nippon Telegraph and Telephone of Japan has completed its \$5.5 billion acquisition of Verio, an Internet service provider based in Englewood, Colo., a week after the White House determined the transaction was not a risk to national security. Concern had emerged that Japan could gain access to delicate government information with the deal. NTT hopes to broaden its corporate Internet services with the purchase of Verio, which operates more World Wide Web sites than any other company. Masanobu Suzuki, president and chief executive of NTT Communications, said the merger "will position us even more strongly to serve our customers throughout the globe."

Simon Romero (NYT)

AT HOME BUYS POGO ONLINE GAME SITE At Home of Redwood City, Calif., which sells residential and commercial broadband services, said yesterday that it had acquired Pogo.com of San Francisco, which offers online games. The stock transaction was estimated at \$125 million to \$150 million. According to Nielsen Net Ratings, Pogo.com is the "stickiest" service on the Web - with each user spending

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an average of 84 minutes a week playing games like chess, solitaire and Buckaroo Blackjack.

Allison Fass (NYT)

CISCO ACQUIRING PIXSTREAM Cisco Systems, continuing its torrid pace of acquisitions, said it would buy PixStream, a maker of hardware and software for the delivery of digital video over high-speed networks, for \$369 million in stock. Cisco said it would take a charge of about 2 cents a share for the purchase of privately held PixStream, of Waterloo, Ontario. (Reuters)

HARDWARE

SEGA CUTTING DREAMCAST PRICE Sega Enterprises, the maker of video game consoles, said it would drop the price of its Dreamcast game system 25 percent, to \$150, in a bid to spur sales before Sony introduces its Playstation 2 in the United States this fall. The price cut, from \$200, comes about a year after the game machine was first sold in the United States.

(Bloomberg News)

PROFIT REPORT LIFTS HUTCHINSON SHARES

Hutchinson

Technology

\$25 Yesterday \$23.75

20

15

10

Stock closes

since Aug. 10

A surprise mid-quarter report of profitability lifted shares of Hutchinson

Technology nearly 30 percent Thursday and may have helped other disk drive stocks as well. Hutchinson, which makes disk drive components, said it earned a penny a share in the first nine weeks of the fourth quarter, but stopped short of issuing a profit forecast for the rest of the quarter. Analysts, however, had estimated Hutchinson would lose 22 cents for the quarter ending Sept. 31, and the stock rose \$5.31, to close at \$23.75. The AWV company credited the news to an increase in demand and productivity and lower expenses. (Dow Jones News)

Compiled by F. Duayne Draffen

UNITED STATES BANKRUPTCY COURT

DISTRICT OF DELAWARE

In re:
PRIME SUCCESSION, INC., et al.,
Debtors.

Chapter 11

Case No. 00-2969 (PJW)
(Jointly Administered)

NOTICE OF HEARING TO CONSIDER CONFIRMATION OF DEBTORS' JOINT
PLAN OF REORGANIZATION

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN as follows:

On July 12, 2000 (the "Petition Date"), Prime Succession Holdings,
Inc., Prime

Succession, Inc. ("Prime") and certain of Prime's wholly-owned
subsidiaries, the above-captioned debtors in possession, each with a
mailing address of 3940 Olympic Boulevard, Suite 500, Erlanger,
Kentucky 41018 (each a "Debtor" and collectively, the "Debtors"), filed
petitions for relief under chapter 11 of title 11 of the United States
Code, 11 U.S.C. §§ 101 et. seq. (the Bankruptcy Code), and

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contemporaneously with such chapter 11 filings, filed a motion (the
"Motion") requesting entry of (A) an initial order in advance of the
hearing (the "Disclosure Statement Hearing") to consider the adequacy
of the Debtors' amended disclosure statement (the "Disclosure
Statement") dated August 21, 2000 in connection with the plan of
reorganization dated July 12, 2000 (the "Plan") (i) scheduling the
Disclosure Statement Hearing, (ii) establishing deadlines and
procedures for filing objections to the adequacy of the Disclosure
Statement, and (iii) approving the form and manner of notice of the
Disclosure Statement hearing and (B) and order (i) approving the
Disclosure Statement, (ii) scheduling a hearing to consider con-
firmation of the Plan, (iii), establishing deadlines and procedures for
filing objec- tions to confirm of the Plan, (iv) approving the form and
manner of notice of the confirmation hearing and (v) establishing
solicitation, voting and tabulation pro- cedures and deadlines.

Hearing On Confirmation of the Plan

1 A hearing to consider confirmation of the Plan and a objections
thereto (the "Confirmation Hearing"), has been set by the United States
Court for the District of Delaware for 2:00 p.m., Wilmington, Delaware
on September 28, 2000 at the United States Bankruptcy Court. Midland
Plaza, 824 North Market Street Wilmington, Delaware 1980119801 (the
"Court"). before the Honorable Peter J. Walsh, at which notice shall be
provided to creditors or interest holders of any adjournment of the
Confirmation Hearing announced in open court at the Confirmation
Hearing or at any subsequent Confirmation Hearing.

2 Any objection to confirmation of the Plan must (a) be in writing,
(b) comply with the Federal Rules of Bankruptcy Procedure and General
Orders of the Courts, (c) set forth the name or the objector, and the
nature and amount of any claim or interest asserted by the objector
against the estates or properties of the Debtors, (d) date with
particularity the legal and factual basis for such objection, and (e)
to be filed with the Clerk of the United States Bankruptcy Court for
the District of Delaware (including a copy for Chambers of the
Honorable Peter J. Walsh), together with proof of service thereof, and
served upon (1) Young Conaway Stargatt and Taylor, LLP, 11th Floor,
Rodney Square North, P.O. Box 391, Wilmington, Delaware 18999-0391,
Attn: Pauline K. Morgan, Esq., and Paul Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton &
Garrison, 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019-6064,
Attn: Jeffrey D. Saferstein, counsel for the Debtors; (2) Munger,
Tolles & Olson LLP, 355 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90071,

Attn: Thomas B. Walper, Esq., counsel for the Unofficial Committee; (3) Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, 333 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60606, Attn. Eric Ivester and Mayer, Brown & Platt, 1675 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019, Attn: Raniero D'Aversa, Jr. counsel to the Agents for the perpetuation and proposed postpetition lenders, and (4) the Office of the United States Trustee, 601 Walnut Street, Room 950W, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106, and (5) counsel for any statutory committees appointed in these cases so as to be actually filed and received no later than September 21, 2000 at 4:00 p.m., Wilmington, Delaware time.

UNLESS AN OBJECTION IS TIMELY SERVED AND FILED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THIS NOTICE IT WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED BY THE COURT

Dated: August 21, 2000

YOUNG CONAWAY STARGATT & TAYLOR, LLP -and-

Pauline K. Morgan (No. 3650) Michael R. Nestor (No. 3526)

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(212) 373-3000

Man Is Charged In Fraud Case

Involving Fake News Release

Continued From First Business Page

what it calls illegal profits.

The hoax, which temporarily roiled financial markets, was revealed within an

hour of the news report and Emulex stock recovered the same day. Still, investors who panicked and sold their shares or had sell orders automatically executed at preset prices are unlikely to recover their losses.

Mr. Jakob did not have a lawyer at the time of his arrest and was represent- ed by a public defender at his initial court appearance yesterday, according to a spokesman for the United States attorney's office. He was being held in custody in Los Angeles. A woman who answered the door and phone at his parents' house declined to comment.

Mr. Jakob's arrest is the third time in 18 months that law enforcement agen- cies have made a quick arrest in an Internet fraud aimed at a big company's stock, illustrating yet again that the promise of anonymity on the Internet is large- ly an illusion. Because Web sites and servers that deliver e-mail carefully track the location of every visitor and message they get, police and prosecutors can usu- ally track Internet users with relative ease.

"Anyone who would use the internet to commit a crime should understand one thing - do not count on the anonymity of the Internet to serve as a shield for your illegal conduct," Mr. Mayorkas said. "As technology advances, so do our investigative techniques and our abilities to protect the public."

While the fake Emulex release was the most damaging instance, Lucent Technologies and PairGain also have had their stocks manipulated by fake releas- es. In both cases, prosecutors quickly found and charged suspects.

Law enforcement officials said they were continuing to investigate the Emulex hoax and did not rule out the possibility of more arrests.

Mr. Jakob, who had worked for Internet Wire for about a year, resigned on Aug. 18, and had been an employee in good standing, according to the company. But on Aug. 17 and 18, prosecutors say, Mr. Jakob sold 3,000 shares of Emulex short, betting that he would be able to buy the stock later at a lower price and pocket the difference as profit.

Like a short sale, buying a put option is another way to profit from a stock price decline, and many Emulex puts were bought just before and just after the fake release was issued. Prosecutors did not assert that Mr. Jakob bought put options, leaving open the question of who did.

Mr. Jakob's arrest comes after an intense six-day investigation that began

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with the electronic trail left by the e-mail message he sent Internet Wire, Mr. Mayorkas said. Within a few hours, F.B.I. agents had tracked the message mail to a computer library at El Camino Community College. The fact that the message appeared to have been written by someone familiar with Internet Wire's procedures offered another clue, and agents quickly-made the

Associated Press

Mark Jakob is accused of sending a fake press release about Emulex that depressed its share price.

connection between Mr. Jakob's employment at Internet Wire and his enrollment at El Camino, where he was a student until early August.

By Monday, investigators had tightened their focus on Mr. Jakob and begun to examine records of his stock trading. They discovered his short sales, which took place at prices ranging from \$72 to \$92 on Aug. 17 and 18 through Datek Inc., the online brokerage firm. As Emulex stock soared, Mr. Jakob's losses mounted, prosecutors said.

But after Internet Wire distributed the press release, which was picked up by other news organizations, Emulex stock fell from \$113 to \$45, and Mr. Jakob "covered" his short by buying the 3,000 shares he had previously sold, for a profit of \$55,000. Minutes later, with Emulex stock still reeling, he bought 3,500 more shares for just over \$50 each, from a computer at the Manually Bay Hotel in Las Vegas, prosecutors say. Late Monday, after the fraud had been discovered and Emulex stock had recovered, he sold those shares, pocketing \$186,000 more, prosecutors said.

Mr. Jakob had actively traded Emulex for five months before his mid-August short sales, prosecutors said. "This is an example of the downside of day-trading," said Pamela Johnston, one of two assistant United States attorneys who investigated the case. "Someone can get themselves in a position where they are financially strapped."

Kirk Roller, senior vice president of Emulex, said he hoped Mr. Jakob would face substantial penalties if convicted. "When you look at this kind of crime, it's electronic terrorism," Mr. Roller said. "You've got to make an example of this person."

Nancy Wernick, a neighbor, said Mr. Jakob had a business refurbishing and selling used cars. In his personal profile for his America Online account, prosecutors say, Mr. Jakob lists Las Vegas, snowboarding, dancing and playing the stock market among his hobbies, and lists "let it ride" as his personal quote.

TRIP TO

THE FRONTIER

Science Times

Every Tuesday

The New York Times

2 at Top of Nordstrom Quit;

Family Members Take Over

By LESLIE KAUFMAN

After several years of anemic sales growth at Nordstrom Inc., the chairman

and chief executive and the chief financial officer have resigned, the company said yesterday. Two members of the Nordstrom family, which controls roughly one-third of the company's stock, have been named to top executive positions. Blake Nordstrom, 39, will be president, while Bruce Nordstrom, 66, will be chairman of the board.

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In a statement released after the stock market closed yesterday, Enrique Hernandez Jr., a new board member who analysts say is the catalyst for the move, said the board had been disappointed in the company's performance for the last few years. "We are now at the point where we believe the company would benefit from a different style of leadership," he said.

For some time, there had been rumors of discord between the Nordstrom family, on one hand, and John Whitacre, the departing chairman and chief executive, and Michael A. Stein, the chief financial officer. Mr. Whitacre, who took the helm of the company in 1997, was the first non-family chief executive in the company's 100-year history, it said.

Although Mr. Whitacre's tenure did not produce dynamic sales increases at the department store chain, which is based in Seattle, many stock analysts were not happy to see the company return to family management.

"I am disappointed," said Michael Exstein, a retail analyst with Credit Suisse First Boston. "I think Nordstrom had a problem, and John Whitacre and the team he had assembled had started a process to bring the store toward the realities of retail today. They took steps that were utterly necessary, like pooling purchases, reducing costs, not resorting to selling on price."

Mr. Whitacre and his team were also widely credited by analysts with bringing Nordstrom's notorious inventory overstocking problems under control.

Mr. Exstein raised concern that the family would not make the hard decisions needed to right the stalled retailer. He pointed to Dillards, another company where the founding family has a similar stake; it, too, has been struggling in the current difficult retail climate.

Nordstrom's stock has been in decline for almost a year and a half. Until the announcement last night, it had been trading at about \$17.50 a share, almost 50 percent below its 52-week high of \$34.50 a share. At the end of July, Nordstrom warned that earnings would fall short of forecasts and the stock plunged. Nordstrom stock closed yesterday at \$17.25, down \$1.13.

Dorothy Lakner, a retail analyst with CIBC World Markets, was more equivocal about the management

The retailer's board acts after months of weak results. changes. "It was under Bruce Nordstrom and his generation that Nordstrom saw its greatest years, in the 1980's," she said. Still, Ms. Lakner is not recommending the stock. "Nordstrom is still a company in search of an identity."

Nordstrom said it hired a national search firm before settling on Blake Nordstrom to take the role of president. Mr. Nordstrom started working for the company in 1974. He has been a stock clerk, salesman, buyer, merchandise manager and store manager. In 1995, Mr. Nordstrom and his five brothers and cousins were named co-presidents.

In February 2000, the company eliminated the office of the co-presidency after John Whitacre reorganized the company into five units. He named Blake Nordstrom president of the Nordstrom Rack Group.

EXECUTIVE CHANGES

CD WAREHOUSE, Oklahoma City, named Christopher Salyer to succeed Jerry Grizzle, chairman, chief executive and president. Mr. Salyer had been chairman and chief executive at Medical Arts Laboratory.

DIAL CORP., Scottsdale, Ariz., named Conrad A. Conrad senior vice president and chief financial officer, succeeding Susan Riley. Mr. Conrad had been a finan-

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cial consultant.

EDDIE BAUER, Redmond, Wash., named Steve Newman to the new post of president at its apparel business. He had been president at Brooks Brothers. KEMET CORP., Greenville, S.C., named D. Ray Cash, treasurer, to the post of chief financial officer. He succeeds James Jerozal, who retired in 1997. Michael

Boone was named treasurer.

COMPANY INDEX

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L C3 JOIN THE HERD!

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100 Home Plan only), America's Top 100 CD programming and In-Home Service Plan. Customer must pay a \$99 Set-up Fee that

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includes installation and the first month's payment. Standard Professional Installation (Dynamite 100 Home Plan) includes installation of one 20" dish antenna, hook-up of 2 receivers to 2 TVs and equipment testing. Standard Professional Installation (DOW Dynamite 100 Plan) includes installation of one 20" dish antenna, hook-up of 1 receiver to 1 TV and equipment testing. Other installations restrictions apply and more complex installations may require an additional fee. Additional programming may be ordered at applicable monthly rates. Offer includes 30-day Satisfaction Guarantee (\$99 Set-up Fee is non-refundable). After guarantee period, cancellation fees apply for early termination of services contract. Digital Dynamite offer may not be combined with any other offers. Customer must return equipment at the end of one-year term or may continue on a month-to-month basis at current monthly rate of the Digital Dynamite Plan. Failure to return all equipment upon termination of services will result in customer paying an Equipment Fee. See Digital Dynamite Terms and Conditions for complete details. Premium Movie 3 Free Months Offer for new residential customers who purchase, install and activate a DISH Network system between 8/1/00 and 10/31/00 and order a Premium Movie service(s). There will be a \$5.00 Change of Service Fee for each programming downgrade. All service marks and trademarks belong to their respective owners.

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C4 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

COMPANY NEWS

AFTER ACQUISITION, SALLIE MAE TO CUT 1,700 JOBS

Sallie Mae, which provides funds for federally guaranteed student loans, said

yesterday that it would cut 1,700 jobs, or about a quarter of its work force, and take a \$50 million charge in a move to consolidate operations after a recent acquisition. Last month, Sallie Mae, based in Reston, Va., closed on its acquisition of the USA Group's student loan operations, and Sallie Mae's parent company, SLM Holding, renamed itself USA Education. As part of Sallie Mae's reconfiguration, a loan servicing center in Lawrence, Kan., will be closed, and loan servicing operations in Indianapolis; Killeen, Tex.; Marlton, N.J.; Panama City, Fla.; Surnmerlin, Nev.; and Wilkes-Barre, Pa., will be consolidated. A Chandler, Ariz., operation will focus solely on client relations, and most information technology functions will move to Indianapolis from Reston.

(Reuters)

LUCENT TO DISTRIBUTE AVAYA STOCK AS SPECIAL DIVIDEND Stockholders of Lucent Technologies will receive a special dividend of all the

common stock of Avaya, a new company that Lucent will spin off by the end of September. Avaya comprises the three businesses under Lucent's Enterprise Networks Group, which sells business telephone networks, voice and data switches for those networks, voice messaging systems, and some other equipment and services to government agencies and businesses. Avaya will be based in Basking Ridge, N.J. Lucent said the spinoff would be complete on Sept. 30, to shareholders of record as of Sept. 20. Lucent shareholders will receive one share of Avaya common stock for every 12 Lucent shares they hold. (AP)

WASTE MANAGEMENT AGREES TO SELL 2 FOREIGN OPERATIONS

Waste Management, the nation's largest trash hauling company,

has agreed to the \$250 million sale of waste service operations in Hong Kong

and Mexico and other foreign assets to Onyx, a unit of Vivendi Environment. The sale is part of Waste Management's effort to refocus on its North American operations. As part of the sale, the company's Waste Management Environmental unit completed the sale of its 49 percent interest in Advanced Environmental Services to Onyx, which already owned the rest of the domestic hazardous waste treatment venture. The shares of Waste Management, which is based in Houston, fell 13 cents, to \$18.94. (AP)

ELECTRONICS FOR IMAGING IS BUYING SPLASH TECHNOLOGY Electronics for Imaging Inc., a maker of networked publishing equipment and software, said yesterday that it had agreed to buy Splash

Technology Holdings for \$146 million to enhance its position in color imaging. Electronics for Imaging, based in Foster City, Calif., will pay Splash shareholders \$10 a share, 11 percent higher than yesterday's closing price. Splash, based in Sunnyvale, Calif., makes computer color printing products. The acquisition is expected to be complete in 10 business days. Shares of Electronics for Imaging fell \$3.06, to \$26, while Splash Technology rose \$1.97, to \$9.03. (Bloomberg News)

FIFTH THIRD IN \$160 MILLION DEAL FOR OTTAWA FINANCIAL

Fifth Third Bancorp said yesterday that it had agreed to buy the Ottawa Financial Corporation for about \$160.2 million in stock. Fifth Third, based in Cincinnati, has 644 branches in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois and other states. Ottawa Financial, based in Holland, Mich., has 27 offices in Michigan. Fifth Third said

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each Ottawa share would be worth 0.54 share of Fifth Third stock in the deal. AmeriBank, a unit of Ottawa, will be merged with Fifth Third Bank to create a combined entity with \$2.7 billion in assets, Fifth Third said. Shares of Fifth Third rose \$1.81, to

\$46.19, while Ottawa Financial rose 50 cents, to \$21. (Reuters)

MACHINISTS REACH AN AGREEMENT WITH GENERAL DYNAMICS

About 1,500 striking machinists at the Bath Ironworks shipyard in Maine,

where Navy destroyers are built, reached a tentative settlement with the General Dynamics Corporation yesterday after a 20-hour negotiating session, union and company officials said. The International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers Local 6 agreed to allow General Dynamics to cross-train workers building complex ships like the \$900 million Aegis destroyer, said Susan Pierter, a spokeswoman for the ironworks, in Bath, Me. In return, General Dynamics, based in Falls Church, Va., agreed not to use the cross-training provision when layoffs are in effect, she said. (Reuters)

MAZDA NAMES CHIEF FOR ITS NORTH AMERICAN SALES UNIT

The Mazda Motor Corporation, an affiliate of Ford Motor, named Charles R. Hughes as chief executive and president of its North American

sales unit, replacing Richard Beattie, a Mazda spokesman said. Mazda said last month that Mr. Beattie, 45, would leave to become Ford's head of investor relations. Mr. Hughes, 55, resigned in May 1999 as the top North American executive for Land Rover, a sport utility vehicle unit now owned by Ford. The change is the latest executive shuffle since Ford increased its stake in Mazda to 33.4 percent from 24.5 percent in 1996 and took a bigger role in helping turn around the company, which was losing money. (Bloomberg News)

TELEPHONE AND DATA PLANS \$230 MILLION STOCK BUYBACK Telephone and Data Systems, a provider of cellular and local telephone service, said yesterday that it would buy back up to two million shares

of common stock worth about \$230 million. The buyback represents about 3.8 percent of the company's 53 million outstanding common shares. Companies use buybacks to increase earnings per share by reducing shares outstanding. In 1999, Telephone and Data, based in Chicago, earned \$314.2 million, or \$5.10 a share, on revenue of \$1.96 billion. Its shares were up 6 cents, to \$116. (Dow Jones)

EARTHGRAINS SAYS STRIKE HAS SPREAD TO NASHVILLE PLANT

The Earthgrains Company said yesterday that workers had walked off the job at the company's bakery in Nashville, making it the seventh plant affected by a labor strike that began Saturday in Alabama. About 60 of the bakery's 225 workers stopped work after their contract expired at midnight Wednesday, a company spokesman said. They join 1,565 other members of the Bakery, Confectionery, Tobacco Workers and Grain Millers union who have taken up picket lines against Earthgrains, the maker of IronKids and Heiner's breads. Production at the Nashville plant is continuing. Earthgrains has about 22,000 employees and runs 64 bakeries and 2 refrigerated-dough plants. (Bloomberg News)

COKE IS BUYING REMAINING STAKE IN LITHUANIAN FACTORY

The Coca-Cola Company's Lithuanian subsidiary said yesterday that it had bought the government's remaining 22.96 percent stake in the

Lithuanian factory that makes its soft drinks, turning it into a wholly owned subsidiary. A spokesman for Coca-Cola Bottlers Lietuva, Coca-Cola's distribution subsidiary in Lithuania, said it would pay 3.5 million litas (\$875,000) for the

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stake. Coke bought a 77.04 percent stake in the Alytus bottling plant in 1994, setting up Coca-Cola Bottlers Lietuva at the same time. (Bloomberg News)

CENTRAL HUDSON ENERGY SERVICES, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., a subsidiary of CH Energy Group, has acquired Griffith Consumers Co., a Maryland-based heating oil vendor. The price was not disclosed.

GATX CORP., Chicago, which leases railroad cars and aircraft, said that it bought a 35 percent stake in Bonifacio Logistics, a Brazilian railroad-car leasing company, for undisclosed terms.

AES CORP., Arlington, Va., the largest United States power-plant developer, has agreed to buy Reliant Energy's 50 percent interest in the utility owner El Salvador Energy Holdings for an undisclosed price.

ASHLAND SPECIALTY CHEMICAL, Covington, Ky., a subsidiary of Ashland Inc., has acquired the assets of MicroClean, which has operations in Austin, Tex., and Tempe, Ariz., and provides cleaning products for semiconductor makers, for undisclosed terms.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS

Plan to Cut Trading Costs at 2 Key European Exchanges

By SUZANNE KAPNER

LONDON, Aug. 31 - In a move intended to shore up support for the planned

merger of the London and Frankfurt stock exchanges, the clearinghouses for the two markets introduced a plan today that would cut settlement costs by 90 percent for certain trades.

Brokers have expressed concern about the potential for escalating costs should the London and Frankfurt exchanges combine to form a pan-European bourse called M. Winning the support of brokers is crucial for the London Stock Exchange in its attempts to ward off a hostile bid

from OM Gruppen A.B., the Swedish company that runs the Stockholm stock exchange.

"It's a good workable blueprint," said Brian Mairs, a spokesman for London and Frankfurt seek brokers' support.

the Association of Private Client Investment Managers and Stockbrokers. While today's proposal went a long way toward addressing shareholder con-

cerns, questions about how the savings would be achieved and who would benefit the most underscore the difficulty that European stock exchanges were facing as they tried folding dissimilar technologies and regulations into one entity. A certain amount of overlap in terms of how trades are settled has led some shareholders of the London Stock Exchange to call the proposal a political Band-Aid, rather than the most economically viable solution.

Furthermore, since the plan laid out by the London settlement firm, CrestCo, and its Frankfurt counterpart, Clearstream, is not contingent upon the formation of iX, it remains unclear how effective the measures will be in warding off the Swedish bid. CrestCo has said that it will work with whichever partner London exchange shareholders choose.

"This can go ahead without iX," Don Cruickshank, the chairman of the London Stock Exchange, said today at a news conference.

Under the plan, which could be introduced by next summer, the cost of domestic trades will remain constant, while the price of cross-border trades could fall by as much as 90 percent. Transaction costs for trading pan-European stocks are more

than 10 times those for trading, stocks in the United States, according to an

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estimate by Merrill Lynch.

only trades made through a so-called central counterparty, a kind of clearing-

house system intended to allow institutional investors to remain anonymous in trades, will be subject to the savings. Since most retail brokers do not use such a system, it is unclear how much they will benefit.

Institutional investors accounted for most international trades last year on the London exchange, which amounted to E 2.4 trillion, or \$3.48 trillion, compared with ff 1.4 trillion, or \$2.03 trillion, for domestic trades;;

"In essence this is good news," said Michael Clark, a director of the British brokerage house Charles & Stanley & Company, which owns 100,000 shares of the London Stock, Exchange. "What bearing it has on a decision regarding iX, I'm not sure."

Europeans Increase Interest Rates, Yet the Euro Falls Further
Continued From First Business Page

against the dollar since its introduction, and the biggest cause of that decline

has been the United States' magnetic pull on investment capital.

If a weak euro should fuel inflation, the currency's credibility and value in world markets can be expected to slip further. But if the central bankers slow economic growth in an effort to prevent inflation, the euro could lose value as investors and corporations tilt more heavily away from Europe and toward the

United States. "European corporations are voting with their pocketbooks," said As U.S. draws global capital, central bank attracts criticism.

Paul Mortimer-Lee, markets economist with BNP Paribas in London. "If you raise interest rates too far, there is a danger you will squeeze growth."

Though European inflation remains extremely low, at an annual rate of 2.4 percent a year, it has been gathering strength and is now above the central bank's limit of 2 percent.

Many analysts argue that the bank and its president, Wim Duisenberg, are clamping down on the money supply at a time European economic growth may already be tapering off. Though economists predict that the overall growth of countries in the

this year and next, recent surveys show that business confidence declined in Germany, France and Belgium in the last month.

The inflationary signals have been ambiguous as well. Stripping out the effects of one-time increases and of

crude oil prices - \$33.12 a barrel in New York today - the underlying rate of inflation is very modest, at 1.3 percent. And though higher oil prices can ripple through the rest of the economy, especially in wage demands, the European Central Bank's most recent assessment is that those effects have not shown UP in goods unrelated to energy costs.

Partly as a result, the move to raise interest rates has so far had the opposite effect on the euro than the central bankers wanted. In the two weeks since they began sending out hints of their intentions, the euro has significantly weakened. Indeed, after staging a modest rebound in June, the currency is now just a smidgen above a record low in European trading of 88.25 cents against the dol- lar.

The E.C.B. has trapped itself, Mr. Mortimer-Lee of BNP Paribas said, by set- ting an inflation target that is too rigid. The Bank of England and the Swedish

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central bank - neither country is part of the euro-zone - have set targets around 2 percent but allowed for flexibility by allowing the rate to vary by one percentage point above or below the target. The European Central Bank, by contrast, has fixed 2 percent as the upper limit and never really set a lower limit.

To be sure, economists and analysts generally agree that the euro's woes reflect the persistently faster growth of the United States in comparison with Europe. "There is a massive flow of money into the United States," said Ian Gunner, a currency analyst in London with ABN Amro, "and that has become a major new influence in the past two years."

But the United States' investment allure ties back to its higher growth rate.

"Why do companies want to take over other companies?" Mr. Gunner asked. "It has to do with the general well-being of the economy. The euro zone is one year into its recovery, and the E.C.B. is already worried

CURRENCIES

\$1.20 Euro in Dollars

1.10

1.00

0.90

0.80

1999 Weekly 2000

MKAMJJASONDJFMAMJJA

Last 10 days

92 cents

91

90

89

88

FMTWTFMTWT

The New York Times

Source: Bloomberg Financial Markets

52-WEEK YESTERDAY YEAR 52

HIGH LOW INDEX CLOSE CHANGE TO DATE WEEKS

244.71 175.81 Gldmn Schs Overall 244.40 -0.31 -0.13% +25.63%+34.84%
121.94 74.39 Energy 121.53 -0.41 -0.34 +40.81 +56.23 183.82 158.37
Agriculture 176.32 +0.77 +0.44 + 8.28 + 2.98 199.72 161.66 Livestock
170.53 +0.41 +0.24 - 3.51 + 4.28 428.48 344.06 Prec. Metal 389.04 +4.42
+ 1.15 + 0.05 +13.02 178.04 151.09 Indus. Metal 168.18 -0.29 -0.17 -
1.99 + 7.13 227.08 195.88 CmdtyRschBur/Bridge 227.41 +2.15 + 0.95 +1046
+13.64

about inflation. That is just not very impressive."

Since the euro was introduced, the region has experienced a net investment outflow of about 200 billion euros - both direct investment in companies and property, and portfolio investments in stocks and bonds. Much of that reflects a sharp increase in trans-Atlantic mergers, most recently the Credit Suisse Group's \$12.8 billion deal announced this week to acquire the investment bank Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette.

But a number of analysts complain that the European Central Bank has been inherently slow to recognize changing economic conditions. Such critics think that the bank erred when it reduced its core interest rate to 2.5 percent from 3 percent in April 1999. At the time, central bankers were afraid that lingering effects of the Asian financial crisis and the severe economic problems in Russia

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would lead to a slowdown in Western

Europe. The fears were correct, but late: by the time interest rates were

decreased, Europe was already exhibiting many signs of renewed economic growth.

The current problems are complicated by the widening divergence of growth rates within the euro zone. Germany, with the largest economy, lagged far behind the pack, growing by less than 2 percent in 1999. But Ireland has grown at well above 5 percent. Consumer prices there are increasing at an annual rate of 6.2 percent, with housing prices surging, about 21 percent.

"With the E.C.B., the president is, more of a moderator and consensus builder than a strong leader." Mr.

Mayer of Goldman, Sachs said. The process of building a consensus is more time-consuming and difficult than at the Federal Reserve, he said, and that may have made the European Central Bank slower in its response.

WORLD BUSINESS BRIEFING

EUROPE

LOSS AT INTERNET SERVICE The European Internet service provider T-Online International posted a \$161 million (179 million euro) net loss for the first half after one-time charges related to its initial public offering in April and acquisitions. But the number of subscribers to T-Online more than doubled to 6 million from 2.7 million in the first half of last year. And the company, a Deutsche Telekom spinoff, said it expected to be profitable in two to three years. (AP) CARREFOUR'S PROFIT UP Carrefour S.A., the French-based global retailer, said its first-half profit rose 11 percent. Profit

from operations rose to 302 million euros (\$270 million) from 273 million euros in the first half of 1999. Including costs for closing shops in Hong Kong, net income rose to 277 million euros from 266 million euros. In the first half, Carrefour paid off two-thirds of the 122 million euros in expenses related to its January takeover of Promodes, said Daniel Bernard, the chairman of the company. (Bloomberg News)

SMITHKLINE SELLS PRODUCT LINES In an effort to win regulatory approval for its merger with Glaxo Wellcome P.L.C., SmithKline Beecham P.L.C. said it would sell product lines to Novartis A.G. and Roche Holding A.G. for almost \$2.9 billion. Novartis will buy SmithKline's herpes treatments Famvir and Vectavir/Denavir for \$1.63 billion, while Roche will pay \$1.23 billion for Kytril, an anti-nausea drug for cancer patients. SmithKline, based in Britain, must sell some of its drugs to gain approval for its merger with Glaxo Wellcome, also of Britain, because Glaxo makes similar products. The sales are contingent on the completion of the \$75 billion merger, which is expected to close next month.

Suzanne Kapner (NYT) CREDIT SUISSE PROFIT UP The Swiss financial services group Credit Suisse said income in the first half rose 36 percent, to 3.6 billion Swiss francs, or \$2.1 billion, buoyed by securities trading and asset management fees. But shares in Credit Suisse, which agreed this week to acquire Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, tumbled for the second consecutive day, apparently reflecting investor concern over mounting personnel costs, which were driven up 33 percent by soaring bonuses, increasing operating expenses by 28 percent, to 11.7 billion Swiss francs. Income at the company's private banking unit, which invests

money for wealthy clients, rose 61 percent, to 1.4 billion Swiss francs. Income from fees and commissions rose 51 percent, to 7.5 billion francs. And income from securities trading rose 49 percent, to 5.4 billion francs. Unlike its bigger

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Swiss rival, UBS A.G., which reported that its assets under management declined 3 percent in the first half, Credit Suisse said its assets changed little in the second quarter, and rose almost 5 percent in the first three months. John Tagliabue (NYT)

AMERICAS

CANADA'S ECONOMY GROWS With a surge in business investment, Canada's economy continued to grow at a strong annual pace, 4.7 percent, in the second quarter, slightly below the 5.1 percent gross domestic product advances of the two previous quarters. Spending on machinery and equipment, mainly computers and related high-tech components, grew by 19.5 percent annually. Exports advanced at an 8.5 percent yearly rate, led also by high-tech sales, and imports were 10.2 percent higher. Considering that much of Canada has endured a cool, wet summer, consumer spending was stronger than expected, rising at a 3.6 percent annual rate. Timothy Pritchard (NYT)

BRAZIL LIABLE IN LOSSES Brazil's Supreme Federal Tribunal ruled that the government is liable for about \$21 billion in losses employees suffered to their Guarantee Fund for Length of Service - a type of individual unemployment insurance fund - during the late 1980's and early 1990's, when a series of unsuccessful economic plans threw the Brazilian economy into chaos. About 600,000 workers are affected by the court's decision to hold the government responsible for losses under two of the five economic plans. The exact amount will be decided later.

Jennifer L. Rich (NYT)

ASIA

KOREAN AUTO SPINOFF The South Korean government permitted the

Hyundai Motor Company to be spun off from its parent, the Hyundai Group, the nation's largest business conglomerate, in a move investors welcomed as a step toward increased openness from management. The approval by the Fair Trade Commission came just one day after a key executive in the Hyundai Group resigned, bolstering optimism that high-ranking employees loyal to the founding family would no longer be able to funnel cash from healthy units to prop up money-losing affiliates. The spinoff of Hyundai Motor is expected to include its sister automaker, the Kia Motors Corporation, and several component makers.

Samuel Len (NYT)

KOREAN INFLATION INCREASES South Korea's consumer prices rose in August at their fastest rate in a year, led by higher medical fees and crude oil prices, stepping up pressure on the central bank to raise interest rates after keeping them unchanged for six months. The consumer price index rose 0.8 percent from a month ago, the Finance and Economy Ministry said, topping July's 0.3 percent gain and the 0.4 percent increase economists had expected. From a year ago, prices rose 2.7 percent, faster than the 2.4 percent economists had forecast.

(Bloomberg News)

CHINA LOOSENS INSURANCE RULES China is allowing foreign insurance companies to buy up to 25 percent of domestic insurers, opening a fast track for foreign companies eager to get into the growing market. In the first of what is expected to be several such deals, five foreign companies, including the Zurich Insurance Company, the International Finance Corporation and the Meiji Life Insurance Company, based in Japan, have agreed to buy 24.9 percent of the New China Life Insurance Company, according to yesterday's China Daily. Foreign insurers have complained about waiting years for licenses to operate in the coun-

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try. Only a handful of foreign licenses have been issued, most recently to the Chubb Corporation, which filed its application seven years ago. The share sale will increase New China's net assets to \$193 million from about \$76 million. Craig Smith (NYT)

JAPANESE AUTO EXPORTS RISE Japan's auto exports rose 6.3 percent in July from a year ago, helped by continued brisk sales in the United States and Asia. A total of 395,370 cars, trucks and buses were exported from Japan last month, the fourth consecutive month of year-to-year gains, the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Association said. The data was in line with expectations, coming after the release earlier this week of strong automobile export figures from Japan's top five automakers. (AP)

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L+ C5

Firestone Struggles in the Center of an Ever-Widening Storm Over the Safety of Its Tires

Continued From Page A1

onstrate in front of his company's American headquarters here. Close to 8,000 workers could go on strike Saturday morning at nine Firestone plants in the United States.

Marketing experts are gloomy about Firestone's prospects. Tylenol survived a poisoning scare a decade ago. Ford survived the problem of Pintos that caught fire during collisions two decades ago. And Firestone itself survived a much larger recall of its Firestone 500 car tires in 1978.

But now, under the unblinking glare of 24-hour news channels and the Internet, Firestone - pilloried again as insufficiently concerned about

safety - is especially vulnerable because consumer loyalty to tire brands is weak, said Jack F. Trout, the president of a market research company that bears his name in Greenwich, Conn.

"I think their chance of survival is certainly in question," Mr. Trout said. "There might be irreparable damage to the brand."

Mr. Lampe said "business was normal" for tires not subject to the recall, but also noted that the recall was taking up mechanics' time and filling service bays, which would affect sales. General Motors repeated today that it had not found problems with Firestone tires and would keep buying them. But the costs of the recall and expectations of lower sales have knocked 45 percent off Bridgestone's stock price in Tokyo

trading during August.

Firestone had slowly gained market share over the last three years at the expense of its two global archrivals - Goodyear and Michelin - by heavily marketing the success of Firestone tires on the racetrack. Now its rivals are having their revenge. Goodyear, still the market leader in the United States, has just stepped up its advertising, particularly of tires for sport utility vehicles.

"We have responded, we believe appropriately and effectively, to the market opportunities out there," said Chuck Sinclair, a Goodyear spokesman.

The crashes involving the recalled tires - 15-inch ATX and ATX 11 tires made anywhere in North America and 15-inch Wilderness models made only in Decatur, Ill, have occurred mainly in Sun Belt states. Tire dealers and customers in the region said today that consumer confidence in the Firestone brand had been shaken.

"I want to get a different brand of tires," said Allison Leader, a University of Texas student leaving a Firestone service center in Austin, explaining she had been waiting two weeks for replacement tires for her 1998 Explorer. "It's been horrible. I canceled a trip to Houston to see my parents a few days ago because I'm scared to drive on the highway."

Understanding the tumult in the United States poses a special challenge for Bridgestone in Japan. People who follow the industry in Tokyo describe the parent company as

lacking in public relations skill. "Bridgestone has a tradition that 'no news is good news,' even when it's good news," said Roger Schreffler, a long-time auto journalist there.

Bridgestone has no Americans on its board, even though half the company's sales are in the United States. Here in Nashville, 5 of the 10 corporate officers of

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Bridgestone/ Firestone are Japanese. They handle communications with Japan, said Mr. Lampe - who, like most of the

Analysts worry about irreparable damage to a well-known brand.

American executives, does not speak Japanese.

Though analysts have viewed the tire maker's response to the recall as tin-

earred and defensive - especially in comparison with that of Ford, which has often released information as quickly as it obtains it from Firestone - Mr. Lampe said that he did not believe that the company's foreign ownership had interfered at all with its handling of the crisis.

Still, the timing of the recall could not be worse for Firestone's management. Since the early 1990's, the American operations have been led

by two Japanese executives in close partnership. Kenji Shibata, the president, has overseen sales and marketing issues, while Masatoshi Ono, the chief executive, is an engineer who has handled manufacturing and technical issues.

But Mr. Shibata, who speaks fluent English and sometimes served as an interpreter for fellow Japanese executives, retired in early July. Mr. Lampe described the retirement as unrelated to the recall, which began on Aug. 9, although federal regulators opened an investigation in May.

Mr. Shibata's retirement has left the many issues facing the company in the hands of Mr. Ono, who conducts meetings in English but is sometimes uncertain whether he understands all the nuances when asked questions in English, said Trevor Hoskins, a retired senior vice president of Bridgestone/ Firestone.

Mr. Ono, who declined repeated requests this week for an interview, is scheduled to testify before the House Commerce Committee next week. Mr. Nasser, who earlier in the week turned down an invitation to testify, said today he had changed his mind - but Congressional aides said he pointedly refused to appear on the same panel as Mr. Ono.

Bridgestone has a reputation in Japan for an unyielding management style, especially, compared with the more compromising approach of other Japanese multinationals.

A former executive told a Japanese newspaper that the first Japanese word that the company's Amer-

ican employees learned was "dam," or no. In Japan, an employee committed hara-kiri, or ritual suicide, in the office of Bridgestone's president last year, to draw attention to the cause of workers asked to leave the company.

But Mr. Lampe said Firestone under Japanese ownership had moved much faster this summer than it did in 1978, when it was still an American company and when the eventual recall was linked to 41 deaths. Then, Firestone fought regulators for a year and a half to prevent a recall and the release of documents which, when finally handed over, showed that the company had known of problems with Firestone 500 tires for several years and covered them up.

One big difference between then and now is that the 1978 recall involved many models, not just Ford vehicles, and automakers had little to say at the time. By contrast, the current recall involves only vehicles made by Ford and its affiliates, and most of the deaths have involved Explorers that rolled over. Leery of letting the reputation of one of its most profitable models be harmed, Ford has been increasingly outspoken in blaming Firestone and has released extensive

Firestone data showing problems dating back to at least 1997.

"This is a tire issue without question; it is not a vehicle issue," Mr. Nasser said

today, later adding, "I'm sorry that these defective tires are on our vehicles."

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Yet American regulators are examining Ford's role, notably its recommendation that the tires on Explorers be inflated to just 26 pounds a square inch - lower than what is called for on many rival models.

For their part, Firestone officials have been loath to direct blame at their largest customer. But as Ford's comments have grown more pointed they are beginning to point out that Firestone's very similar tires for other automakers' sport utility vehicles have not encountered similar problems.

"This situation is somewhat unprecedented in itself, because the incidents that we've seen and the problems that we've seen have been primarily on one size tire on one application," Mr. Lampe said. "We've got the same size tire on a number of other applications, and we're not seeing the same sort of circumstances."

Mr. Hoskins, who retired from Firestone nearly two years ago, was more blunt. "It has nothing to do with the tires," he said. "It has to do with S.U.V.'s, and with one kind of S.U.V. in particular." Ford officials have repeatedly pointed out that Explorers roll over less often than other midsize sport utility vehicles and that Explorers equipped with Goodyear tires have fared much better than those with Firestone tires.

With the tallies of deaths, and the lawsuits and government investigations mounting, life is only growing more difficult for Firestone officials. Since it became apparent on Aug. 6 that a recall would be necessary, Mr. Lampe said, "I have literally not been home except to sleep."

As Tires Are Recalled,
Bridgestone Faces Strike
Continued From First Business Page

reputation. It expects to need six months to replace all of the recalled tires,

most of them from Ford sport utility vehicles.

Some labor experts suggested that the union had threatened a walkout at this

point because it believed it might be able now to wrest the most out of Bridgestone.

Company officials said a strike this week would have a minimal effect on production and on working down the backlog of recall orders.

Noting that the company was airlifting in tires produced at its factories in Japan, Christine Karbowski, Bridgestone/Firestone's vice president for public affairs, said, "We're working very hard to identify and secure tires from as many different sources as possible."

Union officials said that they were not trying to pressure Bridgestone at a time of trouble. Rather, they said, workers at the nine plants, who have been working under temporary extensions since their contracts expired, have grown frustrated about not having reached a new agreement after months of talks.

"It seems that it's high time," Mr. Ramick said. "Negotiations have been going on a long time, and the company has been stalling for a long time in the talks."

Union officials said the two sides were focusing on numerous issues, including pensions, wages, seniority rights, grievance and arbitration procedures and the company's policy over absences. Pay for the unionized workers ranges from \$9 an hour for new workers to \$19 an hour for experienced workers, who receive various production incentives.

"The company is certainly vulnerable right now," said David Cole, director of the Office for the Study of Automotive Transportation at University of Michigan. "At the same time, the labor force has an agenda to put forward, and they don't want to be left out of the game."

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But Professor Cole suggested that it would be unwise for the union to squeeze the company too hard. "In the best of conditions, they're going to lose market share," he said. "The real concern is they could end up in a position where they can't support the labor force."

The union is threatening strikes at six factories covered by a master Organizing Chart Saturday

Associated Press

John Lewis, a worker at the Bridgestone / Firestone factory in Decatur, Ill.,

reviews a strike organization chart. After months of negotiations, a walkout by 8,000 employees in nine plants may be near.

contract that expired April 23. They are in Akron, Ohio; Decatur, Ill., Des Moines; Noblesville, Ind.; Oklahoma City, and Russellville, Ark.

The strike would involve three other factories - in Bloomington, Ill., LaVergne, Tenn. and Warren County, Tenn. - covered by separate contracts that have also expired.

A factory in Wilson, N.C., is not threatened with a walkout because it is not covered by a union contract. The Wilson plant is one of those producing replacement tires for sport utility vehicles.

"Our top priority, along with serving customers, is achieving fair and reasonable agreements here," said Mr. Sharp, the company spokesman. "A strike will benefit no one. We're working very hard to avoid any sort of disruption."

Many steelworkers are still bitter toward Bridgestone over its extensive use of replacement workers in a 27-month period from 1994 to 1996. During that strike, Bridgestone said it would permanently replace 2,300 of the 4,200 strikers.

The dispute began with a 10-month strike in July 1994. The union agreed to end the strike in May 1995, but because of the company's use of replacement workers, all the union members were still not taken back to work by November 1996, when a new contract was reached.

Ford officials said many of the defective tires were made in the Decatur plant when it was using replacement workers.

"Sure, there's bitterness about that strike, and I've seen T-shirts that say, 'Never forget,'" said Larry Odum, the steelworkers' regional coordinator for the Southeast. "Anytime some people are out of work for two and a half years there's going to be some bitterness. But there are also a lot people willing to work with the company and help it through the situation now."

The 1994 strike was begun by the United Rubber Workers, but that union, its funds depleted by the strike, merged with the steelworkers' union in 1995.

Visteon Hurt by Ford Motor's Cutbacks

DEARBORN, Mich., Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - Shares in the Visteon Corporation fell after the company said that third-quarter earnings would be reduced by production cuts at Ford Motor because of Firestone tire recalls. Visteon, which is based in Dearborn and was spun off from Ford on June 28, fell 50 cents, to \$15.69.

The company said after the close of New York Stock Exchange trading on Wednesday that third-quarter earnings could be cut by 12 to 14 cents a share as a result of Ford's idling of truck assembly plants in Minnesota, Missouri and New Jersey for two weeks as it replaces the Bridgestone Corporation's Firestone tires that were recalled because of safety concerns.

Visteon had been expected to earn 49 cents a share in the third quarter, according to the average forecast of 10 analysts surveyed by First

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Call/Thomson Financial.

Ford canceled production of about 10,000 Explorer sport utility vehicles and

15,000 Ranger pickup trucks so it could shift tires that were to have been fitted in assembly plants to dealers. At the dealerships, the tires are being used as replacements on trucks that have already been sold.

Visteon makes air-conditioning systems, instrument panels, radios, axles and other parts for the Ranger and the Explorer.

Tower Automotive, the world's largest maker of stamped vehicle-frame parts, and the Lear Corporation, the largest maker of auto seats and interiors, also have said in recent days that Ford's move will hurt third-quarter profit.

More Tire Output Planned

PARIS, Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - Michelin of France and Continental A.G. of Germany said today that they would increase North American output of sports utility tires several times over to help replace defective Bridgestone/ Firestone tires. Production of Michelin LTX, BF Goodrich Radial Long Trail T/A and Uniroyal Laredo tires will rise more than 400 percent during the next three months at the company's plants in Ardmore, Okla.; Opelika, Ala., and Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, Michelin said. Continental said its United States subsidiary, General Tire, would raise production of 15-inch sport utility tires from 50,000 to 200,000 a month.

Company News:

Tuesday through Saturday,
Business Day

Venezuela Asks Criminal Case Against Bridgestone and Ford
Continued From First Business Page

lutely unfounded," he told reporters during a conference call. He added, how-

ever, that Ford would cooperate with any Venezuelan investigation.

Mr. Nasser also promised to testify next week before Congressional committees investigating the tire failures and Explorer accidents. Earlier this week he had said he would not appear, leading to criticism that Ford was not being sufficiently open with the public.

Mr. Nasser insisted that the problem "was a tire issue, not a vehicle issue,"

and said that 1.5 million tires had already been replaced, representing 22 percent of the 6.5 million Firestone tires being recalled.

Bridgestone/ Firestone officials, speaking in a conference call held yesterday at almost the same time as Ford's, said they had not yet had time to translate the report from Venezuela but did not believe that they had done anything wrong.

"We do not believe there was a conspiracy," said Christine Karbowski, a Firestone vice president. "We are working closely with Ford, however, to identify the cause or causes of the problems that have been evident."

The continuous stream of accusations and bad news hurt both companies on Wall Street. Shares of Ford dropped nearly 7 percent yesterday, or \$1.75, to \$24.25, a 52-week closing low. Shares of Bridgestone closed down 98 yen in Japan, at 1,380 yen. Early today, the tiremaker traded lower still, down 60 yen to 1,320 yen, or \$12.37.

Venezuelan consumer authorities contended that after the first reports there in 1998 of Firestone blowouts causing Ford's Explorers to roll over, the two companies held a series of secret meetings to determine what was wrong. Evidence led them to suspect that the original-equipment Wilderness model tires were failing, investigators said, and instead of starting a costly recall, Ford asked

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Bridgestone to redesign the tire by adding a new, fifth ply.

Firestone officials confirmed yesterday that they had discussed redesigns

with Ford Venezuela starting in January 1999, but said that such discussions were normal.

After the meetings, new tires pro-

duced at Firestone's plant in the Venezuelan city of Valencia were marked to indicate that they contained five plies, but most contained no more than four, investigators said. Firestone acknowledged that all but a few of the tires had been mistakenly stamped as having five, plies, but that they always met Ford's specifications.

Yet Ford engineers who examined some of the Venezuelan tires made at that time found that their treads separated at a rate 500 times that of Firestone's ATX tires made in the United States.

The Venezuelan investigators also said that Ford's door-jamb decals, recommended lower tire pressures than those set by Firestone. And they said that original-equipment shock absorbers were not strong enough to handle fully loaded Explorers, making them dangerous to operate. Instead of recalling the vehicles and replacing the shock absorbers, the investigators asserted that Ford told dealers to change them without notifying regulators or buyers.

The Venezuelan agency, the Institute for Consumer Protection and Education, does not have the power to file criminal charges, so it recommended that the federal prosecutor do so. It also asked that Bridgestone/Firestone recall all the defective tires and that Ford replace inadequate shock absorbers on Explorers.

For lawyers in the United States, representing victims of Explorer rollovers and their families, the Venezuelan report may help build a case that the manufacturers withheld information about the tire problem.

For Venezuela, the action yesterday by the consumer agency, created in 1995, is apparently an attempt to carve out a more influential role in international business matters.

However, the poorly financed and understaffed agency has never undertaken a case like this before.

The evidence presented in the report includes examinations of Explorers parked in public lots, as well as American newspaper articles taken from the Internet.

The consumer agency's chief investigator, Jorge Dominguez, is an agronomist, and the technical expert heading the tire inquiry, Carlos Salanova, is a former Goodyear tire salesman and rally-car driver without engineering qualifications.

HE NEW YORK TIMES FASHION TUESDAY, JUE nav

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Fashionably Tuesday

The Fashion page, every Tuesday in The New York Times.

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The New York Times Expect the World®

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C6 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 Advertising |
Courtney Kane

How do you sell a
skimpy mink bikini?
Call Frankie Avalon

THE "ladies who lunch" seem to have had their fill of fur coats, so American Legend, the maker of the finest mink coat available, is turning to their daughters to try to convince them that mink is the ultimate luxury item and an absolute fashion must.

To do that, Legend is introducing a print campaign that drops the stodgy studio glamour shots of a sophisticated model clad in a full length mommy-looking mink coat in favor of a sexy young model on the beach posing in versatile mink items including a skimpy mink bikini.

"We're not trying to sell grandmom's fur coat any longer," said Edward Brennan, the chief executive of American Legend, which is based in Seattle. "When we decided to relaunch our new vision, we said, 'Now we want to position it from a fashion perspective, keep it totally unexpected and young.'"

After a considerable amount of consumer research, Mr. Brennan said, it is clear that the positioning of the company's fur coats in North America was "not really effective in terms of bringing back young potential consumers." Therefore, he added, "our strategy was all about bringing something to a fashion-forward girl that's modern, exciting, fun and useful."

Instead of focusing on the traditional mink coat, the campaign is focusing on nontraditional mink clothing and accessories with casual chic attitudes, like cropped bolero jackets in various colors, vests, knitted sweaters, fur-trimmed jeans, blankets, headbands, bikinis, hats and purses.

"Our objective is not only to draw consumers' attention to the high fashion-ability of mink, but also cre-

Frankie Rayder, a model, is featured in a print campaign for the fur maker American Legend.

ate awareness for Legend the brand," Mr. Brennan said. "It is important that consumers recognize that mink is not a commodity. If they want the very best quality, they need to look for the Legend label."

Legend is designed and sold by J. Mendel on Madison Avenue and through his salon in Bergdorf Goodman. Legend will also be available this month through the company's Web site at www.legendmink.com.

A decade or so ago, furs had fallen out of fashion as the economy dipped and they became associated with spray-paint assaults by animal rights protesters. It was also all the rage for celebrities to lend their faces to ads that stated that they'd rather be naked than wear fur.

In the last couple of years, however, the taboo has lifted somewhat and fur has quietly crept back into the American fashion world, first by showing up in the lines of many top designers on collar trims and accessories. Now it has boldly asserted itself in full-page fashion layouts.

American Legend has had a history of memorable ads that also featured celebrities, taking pro-fur stances, of course. In the 1960's, the company along with the adman Peter Rogers created the long-running campaign "What Becomes a Legend Most" for one of its other trademarks, Blackgama. Those ads featured stars like Lauren Bacall, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Rita

Hayworth, Lena Horn, Barbra Streisand and many others swathed in fur.

The latest campaign, created by Laspata/DeCaro in New York with billings estimated at \$2 million, also features an "it" girl. This time, though, she comes from the fashion world, not Hollywood. The supermodel Frankie Rayder is featured posing on a beach in Malibu, Calif., in a retro satire of 1960's surf movies like "Beach Blanket Bingo" and "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini." And who better to join her for a cameo appearance? The king of those surf movies himself, Frankie Avalon.

"We looked to showcase the brand in the most unexpected light," said Charles

DeCaro, creative director at Laspata/DeCaro. "And what could be more unexpected than mink on the beach?"

"Obviously with a 'Beach Blanket Bingo' subtext to the campaign, it was sort of a no-brainer to contact someone that was part of that genre, and Frankie Avalon seemed the perfect addition," Mr. DeCaro added. "He was the remaining ingredient that this whole equation needed."

In the ad featuring the two Frankies, they are shown posing in a bit of an awkward embrace. She looks secure and sultry in her \$5,500 mink-and-leather bikini and sarong. He is clad in all white, yet not quite sure what to do with himself. As a wink to both Mr. Avalon's film career as well as the famous ad campaign that inspired the Legend brand, Mr. Avalon's white shirt says "What Becomes a Legend Most?"

"We did not want to set out to

recreate the Legend campaigns of the past," Mr. DeCaro said. "They were phenomenal and iconic in their genre." But for the new campaign, he continued, "it was much more important to capture the fashion pulse in a very sort of tongue-in-check way." The subtle way that they reintroduced the famous line on Mr. Avalon's T-shirt was "definitely a segue to possible future campaigns," Mr. DeCaro added.

Thirteen other ads feature Ms. Rayder wearing a variety of mink items. One ad shows her wearing a white mink sweater over a daisy bathing suit as she joins four tanned, clean-cut surfers in carrying a surfboard. Another ad features her dancing on the beach with the same models, this time wearing a creamy gold mink bolero over a gold lame bikini top and pants. All the ads have the tagline: "J. Mendel for Legend. American Legend Mink."

"We really wanted to show the diversity of the brand," Mr. DeCaro said. The technology is so much more advanced than it was in the past that mink can now be used in many different ways, including being cut to look like corduroy or even resemble velvet, Mr. DeCaro added.

"It was more important to get that across and definitely reach toward a younger, more hip consumer," he said.

The campaign begins running in the September issues of magazines including Elle, Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, In Style, Nylon, Town & Country, Vanity Fair and Wallpaper. This is the second effort from Laspata/DeCaro since it was awarded the account in August 1999.

"We intend to position Legend as the very best of the best, so would the average girl be able to go in and buy a beautiful Legend bikini?" Mr. Brennan asked. "I would say no. But, in fact would it interest her to go look at other products that could be affordable and really could be useful today that she is not aware of at the moment? Absolutely yes. And that's the point."

ADDENDA

Family Panel Seeks Agency of Record

The California Children and Families Commission is beginning a review to find its first agency of record to handle its educational advertising campaign focused on early childhood development and the effects of tobacco use by pregnant women and parents of young children.

Billings were estimated at \$90 million for a three-year contract.

Kristina Parham, a spokeswoman at the commission in Sacramento, Calif., confirmed a report of the review that was carried in the online edition of Adweek. The account had been handled on a project basis by Asher/Gal & Partners in Los Angeles and Runyon Saltzman & Einhorn in Sacramento.

A decision is expected in December; the contract will begin on Jan. 1, 2001.

The commission was created as a result of a 1998 initiative started by the actor Rob Reiner that imposed a 50-cent tax on every pack of cigarettes sold in California; the tax generates about \$700 million a year.

People

Mary Carpenter, vice president and media director at Starcom, Chicago, part of the Starcom MediaVest Group unit of the B COM3 Group, working on the Oldsmobile account, was named director for operations at G.M. Planworks, Detroit, a new unit of Starcom MediaVest. Also, Jana O'Brien, executive vice president and executive planning director for clients like Coca-Cola and Pillsbury at Leo Burnett USA, Chicago, part of B COM3, was named executive director for strategic research and insights at G.M. Planworks. Both executives report to Dennis Donlin, president at G.M. Planworks, a unit formed to handle all United States media planning for General Motors.

Peter Siegel, creative director at Torre Lazur Chicago, was named to the new post of senior vice president

and executive creative director overseeing all United States creative operations at Torre Lazur, based in Parsippany, N.J. Torre Lazur is part of Torre Lazur McCann Healthcare Worldwide, part of the McCannErickson World Group unit of the Interpublic Group of Cos.

Daniel J. Reid, senior national managing partner at FRB/BSMG Worldwide, Chicago, part of the BSMG Worldwide unit of True North Communications, was named president at a new Financial and Professional Services Marketing practice unit of BSMG. He continues as partner at BSMG.

Liz Schroeder was named executive director at the Advertising Women of New York, succeeding Terry Player, who is retiring. Ms. Schroeder had been promotion director at DM News, New York, and its affiliated properties,

Steve Ratti was named to the new-post of director for business development at Mezzina Brown & Partners, New York. He had been director for new business at Posnick & Kolker, New York.

Zander Riese was named media director at Heitner Weiss, New York, succeeding Crissy Wade, who left. He was a marketing consultant at Im-priic, New York, part of Young & Rubicam Advertising.

Jay Branson was named director for corporate communications A Draft Worldwide, Chicago, part of the Interpublic Group of Companies. He succeeds Howard Schacter, who became vice president for public relations at SFX Entertainment, New York, which is being acquired by Clear Channel Communications. Mr. Branson had been senior managing director at the business-to-business and medical and health communications groups of BSMG Worldwide, Chicago, part of True North Communications.

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Miscellany

Houston Helm Fattal & Collins, Los Angeles, was renamed Blackboard.

DJIA 11,215.10 112.09

NASDAQ 4,206.35 102.54

DOLLAR 106.72 yen 0.2S

30-YR. TREASURY 5.66% 0.07

GOLD (N.Y.) \$277.70 4.00

CRUDE OIL \$33.12 A 0.20

NIKKEI 225 16,861.26 40.41

FTSE 100 6,672.70 57.60

STOCKS & BONDS

Main Gauges Advance Smartly as Inflation Fears Ebb

By ROBERT D. HERSHEY Jr.

Responding to fresh signs that the Federal Reserve may be able to avoid fur-

ther interest rate increases, investors pushed stock prices up briskly yesterday, with the Standard & Poor's 500-stock index approaching a record.

The government reported that factory orders declined 7.5 percent in July, the biggest decline on record, and another report showed that industry in the Chicago area contracted in August to the lowest point since 1996. The nation's merchants also reported that sales in August rose only 3 percent, below analysts' expectations.

The data suggests that six interest rate increases by Fed policy makers since June 1999 may be taking hold and slowing the economy, possibly easing the central bank's concern about inflation.

Shares of brokerage firms and other financial companies were standouts, continuing to benefit from this week's bid by Credit Suisse for Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. J. P. Morgan leaped \$16.13, to \$167.19, accounting for most of a 112.09-point gain in the Dow Jones industrial average that reversed Wednesday's decline. The Dow closed up 1 percent, to 11,215.10. It is now down 2.5 percent for the year.

But the better general performance was in the Nasdaq composite index, which has made gains in 13 of the last 15 sessions. It soared 102.54 points, or 2.5 percent, to 4,206.35.

"The market is more pleased about what steady interest rates mean for valuations than worried about what a slower economy will do to earnings," said Byron R. Wien, chief United States strategist at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter.

The S. & P. 500 advanced 15.09 points, or 1 percent, to 1,517.68, giving it a 3.3 percent gain for the year. Of its components, 306 rose while 167 fell and 27 were unchanged. It is now just 10 points shy of its record.

"I'm not excited by the performance of the Dow, but I am excited by the S. & P. and Nasdaq creeping up" out of established trading ranges, said Michael Strauss, managing director of Commonfund, which invests college endowments.

12,000 Dow Jones Industrial Average Daily closes

11,000

10,0000

9,000 8,000

1999 Latest week

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Trading ranges 11,400

11,300

11,200

11,100

11,000

FMTWT

2000

ASONDJFMAMJJA

Sources: Associated Press; Bloomberg Financial Markets The New York Times

The Favorites

Stocks held by largest number of accounts at Merrill Lynch.

YESTERDAY YEAR

STOCK CLOSE CHANGE TO DATE

AT&T 31.63-0.06 - 0.2% -37.8%

AOL 58.50 -1.08 -1.8 -22.9

Cisco 68.75 +2.19 +3.3 +28.2

Disney 38.94 +0.56 +1.5 +33.1

EMC s 97.88 +1.56 +1.6 +79.2

ExxonMob 81.63 +0.27 +0.3 + 1.3

GenElec 58.69 +0.88 +11.5 +13.7

Home Dep 48.31 unc. unc. -29.7

Intel 74.88 +1.38 + 1.9 +82.1

IBM 132.06 +1.75 +11.3 +22.4

YESTERDAY YEAR

STOCK CLOSE CHANGE TO DATE

JohnJn 91.94 -0.56 -0.6%- 1.4%

Lucent 41.88 -0.94 -2.2 -44.2

Merck 69.88 -1.25 -1.8 + 4.0

Microsft 69.81 -0.19 -0.3 -40.2

Oracle 90.94 +2.69 +3.0 +62.4

Pfizer 43.25 +11.13 +2.7 +33.3

SBCCrn 41.75 +0.38 +0.9 -14.4

Sun Micro 126.94 -0.19 -0.1 +63.9

VerizonCm 43.63 -0.56 -1.3-29.1

WalMart 48.00 -0.19 -0.4-30.6

He said he thought the markets were encouraged by the post-convention

bounce in the polls by Al Gore, the Democratic presidential nominee, because it suggested maintenance of the political status quo in Washington assuming Republicans maintain their majority in Congress. "Divided government is better for financial markets," Mr. Strauss said.

Others, including Andrew Brooks of T. Rowe Price, were reluctant to seek trends in a pre-holiday summer period. "It's easy to push stocks around this week because a lot of people are out," he said. Some investors were no doubt engaged in month-end transactions, while others remained on the sidelines awaiting today's report on the August labor market.

Volume did perk up, with 1.07 billion changing hands on the New York Stock Exchange, compared with 818.4 million on Wednesday. Advancing issues there outnumbered declining ones by 1,727 to 1,156, while 137 stocks

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made new 52-week highs and 29 slumped to new lows.

Ford Motor, which has lost about one-fifth of its value over the last three

weeks, was among the day's most prominent casualties. The automaker, caught up in a huge tire recall and found by a court in California to have knowingly installed faulty ignitions, dropped as low as \$23.81 before closing at \$24.25, down \$1.75.

Retail stocks continued to sag, with Target skidding \$2.88, to \$23.19, after warning of a profit shortfall in the third quarter. J. C. Penney, which said it might trim its forecast, also slumped.

Clear Channel Communications, Key Rates

Percent Day Year

Yesterday Ago Ago

Prime rate 9.50 9.50 7.75

Discount rate 6.00 6.00 4.50

Federal funds 6.63 6.51 5.26

3-month T-bills 6.10 6.12 4.76

6-month T-bills 6.07 6.09 4.96

10-yr. T-note 3.99 4.00 4.05

30-yr. T-bond 5.6 5.73 6.13

Telephone bd. 7.98 8.14 7.84

Municipal bds. 5.72 5.73 5.79

Sources: Salomon Smith Barney; Telerate; The Bond Buyer

down \$5.38, to \$72, and Ford were the most heavily traded Big Board issues,

with 28.5 million shares traded for Ford, the most for the company in a single day in at least 20 years. Dell Computer, the subject of a prominent article in The Wall Street Journal, climbed \$3.69, to \$43.63, on Nasdaq as 64.2 million of its shares changed hands, the most of any issue.

Treasury Prices Rise

By The Associated Press

Bond prices rose yesterday after reports suggested the economy was slowing,

a situation that greatly eases inflation fears.

The price of the 10-year Treasury note rose 17/32, to 100 8/32. Its yield,

which moves in the opposite direction from the price, fell to 5.72 percent from 5.79 percent on Wednesday. The 30-year bond rose 30/32, to 108 12/32. its yield fell to 5.66 percent from 5.73 percent.

Treasuries were lifted by a Commerce Department report that showed factory orders dropped a record 7.5 percent in July, while orders excluding transportation dipped a smaller 2.6 percent.

The Purchasing Management Association of Chicago said business activity fell to 46.5 in August from 52.0 in July. The figures indicate Chicago-area manufacturing activity is contracting - something that is probably happening nationwide, analysts said.

The New York Times For home delivery call 1-800-NYTIMES

Hot & Cold

A look at stocks with large price percentage gains and losses. STOCK

YESTERDAY YEAR

EX: SYMBOL CLOSE CHANGE TO DATE COMMENT

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Insurance Auto \$16.50 -\$6.50 -28.3% Seller of salvaged cars for the insurance industry predicts third-quarter earnings of 20 to 22 cents; analysts had expected 32 cents.

Auctions

NNM: IAAI

MicroSystems \$17.56 -\$5.44-23.6% -76.3% Supplier of computer systems to

hotels and restaurants reports a loss from operations 30 cents a share for the fourth quarter; analysts had expected a loss of 17 cents.

NNM: MCRS

Sybron \$34.44+\$3.69+12.0% +193% Germany's Bayer agrees to buy the specialty chemical maker for \$211 million in cash and to assume \$116 million in debt.

Chemicals

A: SYC

J.C.Penney \$14.00-\$1.19 -7.8% -29.78% Retailer reports August same store

sales fell 4.5 percent and says that could hurt third-quarter earnings. N: JCP

AdvancedMicro \$37.75 +\$2.38+6.73% +161% Larry Hollatz, head of the PC processor group, resigns to pursue other interests. The company's president, Hector de J. Ruiz, will assume his duties temporarily,

Devices N: AMD

Compiled from staff reports, The Associated Press, Bloomberg News, Bridge News, Dow Jones, Reuters.

Monetary Aggregates M1 M2 M3 Monetary base (St. Louis)

Averages Week ended Aug. 21 1,105.0 4,830.2 6,856.2 590.4

in billions Week ended Aug. 14 1,090.7* 4,809.3* 6,834.8* 588.5*

Annual Latest 3 months -2.9 +3.9 +7.6 +.9

growth rate Latest 6 months -2.4 +5.3 +8.3 -0.4

in percent Latest 12 months +0.3 +5.4 +9.2 +5.7

Reserve Data Total Borrwd. Extnd. Reqd. Excess reserves reserves credits reserves reserves

Averages Week ended Aug. 30 640 0

in millions Week ended Aug. 23 579 0

2 weeks ended Aug. 23 39,490* 564 0 38,512* 978*

2 weeks ended Aug. 9 41,074* 581 0 40,026* 1,047*

July 40,521 470 0 39,49 1,022

Aggregates are seasonally adjusted. *Revised. Source: Federal

Reserve COMMODITIES

UNLEADED GASOLINE RISES. Gasoline rose on signs that demand from motorists before the Labor Day holiday is eroding inventories. In New York, gasoline for September delivery rose 1.15 cents, to \$1.0114 a gallon.

Unleaded Gas: Near-Month Contract \$1.25

1.00

0.75

0.50

0.25 1999 Weekly 20000 MAMJJASOND JFMAMJJA Last 10 days

\$1.05

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1.00

0.95

0.90

FMTWTFMTWT

Source: Bloomberg Financial Markets The New York Times YESTERDAY

YEAR 52

CURRENCY CLOSE CHANGE TO DATE WEEKS

British pound (in U.S. dollars) 1.4503 - .0079 - 10.24% - 9.72

Canadian dollar (per U.S. dollar) 1.4716 - .0051 + 1.72 - 1.40 German

mark (per U.S. dollar) 2.2034 + .0120 + 13.22 + 19.06 Japanese yen (per

U.S. dollar) 106.72 + .25 + 4.35 - 2.62 Mexican peso (per U.S. dollar)

9.1960 + .0040 - 2.79 - 1.62 South Korean won (per U.S. dollar) 1108.70

+ .20 - 2.06 - 6.33 U.S. DOLLAR INDEX 112.55 + .47 + 10.78 + 13.86

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L C7 MARKET INDICATORS

CONSOLIDATED TRADING/THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000 THE DOW MINUTE-BY-

MINUTE

Position of the Dow Jones industrial average at 1-minute intervals yesterday.

11,350
11,300
11,250
11,200
11,150
11,110

10 a.m. Noon 2 p.m. 4 p.m.

Source: Bridge Information Systems The New York Times
+112.09 +102.54 +15.09

DOW JONES NASDAQ S.&P. 500

Close 11,216.10 High 11,310.55 Low 11,104.86 % Chg +1.01

Close 4,206.35 High 4,208.73 Low 4,127.19 % Chg +2.50

Close 1,517.68 High 1,525.30 Low 1,502.59 % Chg +1.00

The tables above, including the one for the Dow Jones industrial average,

reflect the indexes' actual highs and lows for the day. The theoretical highs and lows of the various Dow Jones averages, calculated from the intraday high and low of each stock in each average, appear in the table below.

STOCK MARKET INDEXES

12/8

52 WK YTD 1994*

High Low Close Chg %Chg % Chg % Chg %Chg DOW JONES

Industrials 11416.03 11040.51 11215.10 +112.09 + 1.01 + 3.43 - 2.45
+204.28 Transportation 2762.60 2691.28 2723.63 - 2.54 - 0.09 -11.51 -
8.52 +97.73 1 Utilities 367.44 359.31 363.74 + 3.62 + 1.01 +15.62
+28.37 +102.52 Composite 3300.49 3203.78 3249.83 + 26.03 + 0.81 + 2.55
+ 1.10 +165.47

STANDARD & POOR'S

Industrial 1854.16 1830.291844.92 + 14.63 + 0.80 +13.97 + 0.16
+249.12 Transportation 603.81 594.70 598.74 + 1.41 + 0.24 - 5.13 + 0.18
+77.72 Utilities 311.49 306.84 310.24 + 2.89 + 0.94 +22.12 +36.54
+106.52 Financial 158.61 154.31 157.73 + 3.42 + 2.22 +22.27 +18.58
+289.94 Mid-Cap 400 543.97 535.80 542.90 + 7.10 + 1.33 +37.53 +22.09
+233.21 Small-Cap 600 223.92 221.37 223.49 + 2.12 + 0.96 +26.65 +12.99
+152.22 100 Stocks 832.18 820.93 827.41 + 6.48 + 0.79 +19.27 + 4.36
+298.60 500 Stocks 1525.30 1502.591517.68 + 15.09 + 100 +15.05 + 3.30
+240.71

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Composite 678.22 670.40 674.53 + 4.07 + 0.61 +10.34 + 3.73 +176.67
Industrial 848.79 842.02 943.87 + 1.61 + 0.19 + 8.99 + 1.89 +174.84
Transportation 406.99 402.49 404.89 + 1.46 + 0.36 -13.51 -13.24 +88.22
Utility 470.22 462.78 467.53 + 4.75 + 1.03 + 0.09 - 8.53 +134.80
Finance 617.50 603.41 614.43 + 11.02 + 1.83 +22.32 +18.93 +221.2

NASDAQ

Composite 4208.73 4127.194206.35 +102.54 + 2.50 +53.84 + 3.37
+484.93

DayC7/ 238

Industrials 2266.27 2221.25 2265.16 + 53.49 + 2.42 +45.11 + 1.17
+213.96 Financial 2904.74 2876.47 2901.49 + 15.20 + 0.53 - 2.29 -14.17
+247.35 Banks 1680.67 1651.28 1673.94 + 23.09 + 1.40 - 2.44 - 1.03
+146.47 Insurance 1900.84 1868.88 1898.47 + 25.31 + 1.35 -12.03 + 0.12
+117.11 NMS Composite 1916.36 1879.18 1915.25 + 46.75 + 2.50 +54.09 +
3.44 +498.52 NMS Industrial 935.49 916.80 935.00 + 22.13 + 2.42 +45.53
+ 1.19 +220.19

OTHER INDEXES

Russell 2000 539.14 532.36 53739 + 5.56 + 1.04 +25.85 + 6.57 +127.83
American Exch 946.13 934.22 943.48 + 9.26 + 0.99 +21.08 + 7.58 +123.14
Value Line Arith 1163.51 1151.75 1160.44 + 8.69 + 0.75 +17.44 +13.13
+16735 Wilshire 5000 14280.04 +154.46 + 1.09 +18.81 + 3.38 +225.47

MARKET DIARY

NYSE NASDAQ AMEX

Yesterday Previous Yesterday Previous Advanced 1,727 1,395 2,420
2,099

404 297 Declined 1,156 1,446 1,583 1,845 226 297 Unchanged 509 522
998 1,017 193 200 Total issues 3,392 3,363 5,001 4,961 823 794 New
Highs 137 95 174 95 48 23 New Lows 29 38 81 81 9 6 Block Trades 22,420
17,692 n-a 17.986 n-a 629

Block Trades are transactions of 10,000 or more shares. NEW YORK

STOCK EXCHANGE

REGULAR TRADING

52-Week Ytd Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

A

26.50 10.06 AAR .34 3.0 94372 11.26 10.38 11.26+0.94 2800 1925 ABM
.62

2.3 16 170 27.69 26.94 27.00-0.81 260 1 138 ABN Arnro .83 a 3.3 806
25.06 24.56 25.00-0.06 26.25 20.25 ACE Cap n 2.22 8.8 37 25.44 25.06
25.13-0.31 37.2514 06 ACE Ltd. 52 f 1.5 166187 36.50 33.56 35.13 +1.38
8:56 6 31 ACMin .78 10.1 q 771 7.75 7.63 7.75 +0.8.00 6.25 ACM Op .72 q
9.9 q 89 7.38 7.25 7.25 7.98 6 78 10.3 q 1164 7.56 750 756 6.25 5.193
AACCMISSpc .60 9.8 q 286 6.25 6.13 6.13 10.50 8.00 ACMMD 1.20 13.0 q
293 9.31 9.1 9 9.25-04 8.75 5.50 ACM MI .84 13.3 q 292 6.31 6.19
6.31+0.06 12.88 10.13 ACMMu .87 7.3 q 48 12.00 11.94 12.00 29.44 16.31
ACNiels 22 3037 24.63 24.06 24.06 -0.13 63.00 25.25 AAES Cp s 60 23472
63.94 61.00 63.75+2.13 58.94 33.56 AFLAC .34 0.6 25 5625 55.88 53.56
54.00-0.19 1 4.50 9.50 AGCO .04 0.4 dd 1847 10.69 10.50 10.50 - 0.13
19.56 15.50 AGL Res 1.013 5.7 13 595 19-19 18.94 1824 -0.06 21.44 7.88
AK Steel 50 4 6 1 9 2196 11.00 10.81 10.88+0.06 2444 18.00 AMB Pr 1.48
f 6.1 13 2978 24.38 24.13 24.19 -0.19 500 0 19 AMF BOW + dd 1423 0.50
0.56 2531 1944 AMU Rs 1.88 f 7.6 6 562 25.00 24.75 24.75 -0.06 39.00
20.75 AMR s 5 6489 33.44 32.63 32.81 -0.56 24.63 19.56 AMR Cp 39 1.97
8.6 113 23.13 22.88 23.00 +0.06 925 3.63 APT Sat .36 a 8.0 221 4.63
4.50 4.50 -0.13 42.00 34 WNW LW n 2540 44.60 42.00 44.00+2.25 24.00
14.94 ASA Ltd. Eib 16 q 538 16.94 16.38 16.94 +0.69 61.00 29.63 AT&T
.88 2.8 16219145 32.50 31.50 31.63-0.06 36.00 23.56 ATT Wds n 41856
26.38 25.63 26.19+0.19 25.31 21.69 ATT N2B 2.06 8.3 243 25.19 24.94
24.94 -0.13 25.00 21.56 ATT D28 2.03 8.2 701 24.88 24.63 24.64 -0.11
50.00 13.88 AVX Cp s.14 0.5 20 6836 30.00 29.31 30.00 81.5058.25 AXA
2.10e3.0 10275 71.75 69.88 70.31 -2.63 55.0025.50 AXA Fn a .10 0.2 21
A19W 53.19 51.75 51.75-0.50 22.94 9.00 AZZ 16f 1.0 11 179 16.75 16.13
16.38 8.13 0.44 Aarnes a 75 0.75 0.69 0.69 20.00 11.47 AaronRnt 04 0.3
10 144 13.75 13.31 13.63+0.25 45.811 29.38 AbtLab .76 1.7 27 54447
45.00

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43.38 43.75 +0.44 4121 8.00 Abetflic 16 46496 23.69 21.06 23.19-2.06
13.75 7.75 Abitibi g .40 - 418 11.38 11.13 11.19 +0.06 6.13 4.38
AcachaRR .48 7.9 16 54 6.06 6.06 6.06 15.13 2.75 AcptIns dd 664 6.44 5
+63 5.88-0.50 19.56 10.88 AckGrp .02 0.2 cc 147 11.38 11.19 11.31 +0.25
16.69 9.81 Acuson dd 574 14.88 14.06 14.38 -0.44 39.8828.06 AdaEx 2.45
e 1.1 q 186 39.75 39.38 39.63+0.38 112.00 65.50 AdecoDSA .61 a 0.6 13
96.75 96.38 96.38+0.50 80.44 14.31 Adminsff cc 818 81.50 79.88 81.50
+1.50 22.25 16.88 AFPProv ZOOS 73 20.88 20.69 20.88 +0.13 46.50 8.25
AMD a 36 U378 38.26 36.06 37.75 +2.36 33.00 15.63 Advest .24 0.8 14

1222 31.19 30.13 30.56 +0.38 45.19 17.06 Advolric 19 1807 41.88 40.94
 40.94 -1.06 49.13 31.50 Aegon 9 .580.5 27 809 39.38 39.00 39.25-0.63
 80.44 38.50 Aetna Inc SO 1.4 12 5463 56.75 55.94 55.94 49.88 31.00
 AffCmpSv 22 1501 46.81 45.63 46.56+0.88 58.19 22.00 AfWgrs 16 2215
 55.94 54.38 55.63 +0.88 31.56 13.88 AgSvca 13 16 17.81 17.63 17.75
 162.00 38.19 Agilent n 43 24708 62.13 59.75 60.25 1.13 9.69 5.25 Agnico
 g 02 a 0.3 1079 5.94 5.69 5.81 +0.19 17.75 12.88 AgreaRlt 1.84 12.1 10
 187 15.19 14.63 15.19+0.13 53.56 35.00 Agfibrd 9 234 40.00 3975 39.75 -
 0.06 11.56 6.75 Agrium g.11 1.1 622 9.88 9 56 9.75 +0.25 37.31 20.63
 Ahold .48 a 1.7 624 28.50 28.13 28.50+0.63 39.06 23.00 AjrProd .76 12.1
 cc 6482 36.88 36.25 36.31-0.63 10.50 3.38 AjrNetS 9 138 4.75 4.63 4.63
 26.88 14.31 AirbFrt 16 1.1 10 1772 15.13 14.75 14.94 +0.19 13.25 4.63
 Airgas 10 1520 6.63 6.44 6.63 +0.13 12.38 10.56 Akiew 1.80 18.0 13 x43
 12.00 11.94 12.00+0.13 2313 19.88 AiaPw 39 1.69 7.5 84 22.81 22.50
 22.63 +0.13 23.88 19.75 AiaPw 47 1.78 8.0 39 22.38 22.25 22.38 23.00
 19.25 Ww 47B 135 8.0 46 21.88 21.63 21.81 -0.06 23.25 19.13 AIaPw48
 1.75 8A 48 21.94 21.50 21.56 -0.19 13.44 8.25 AlamoGp .24 1.8 16 19
 13.25 13.13 13.13 -0.25 45.63 25.25 Alsr 9 962 26.19 25.63 26.00 +0.38
 17.88 12.75 Albnyin 14 169 14.00 13.94 13.94 -0.06 26.13 14.56 Athernar
 .44 1.8 11 717 25.19 24.75 24.81-0.06 42.38 26.06 AlbrtE g 266 37.19
 36.88 36.88 31.81 19.38 Alberto .30 1.1 16 386 28.56 28.19 28.31 -0.25
 26.63 18.25 AlbCula .30 1.3 14 299 24.13 23.75 24.00-0.13 5t.31 20.88
 Albertan .76 3.5 2624614 21.75 21.06 21.50 +0.3845 06 Alcan .601.8 11
 12342 33.13 32 -44 32.81 -0.06 29.26.06 Alcatel .39 a 0.5 27 170 82.88
 81.38 82.88+2.00 27.25 Alcoa a .50 1.5 1924183 33.81 32.81 33.25 +0.56
 63.50 Alexdr cc 3 80.75 80.75 80.75 +0.25 27.75 AWAKE 1.72 4.9 25 511
 35.00 34.38 35.00 +0.31 12.25 11.13 AllAmTar .72 6.1 q 129 11.88 11.75
 1175 202.63 161.00 AjlegCp 15 39 174.69 172.00 .44 + 1.3-8 35.94 23.631
 AJIgEngy 1.72 4.8 22 3427 36.06 35.44 35.00 BB +0.31 26.81 16.13
 AllegTch 1.80 3.7 11 1383 22.19 21.56 21.75 +0.19 21.94 8.00 AllenTel
 cc 488 20.25 19.75 19.94 -0.25 81M 40.66 Allergan a .32 0.4 50 8360
 76.00 71.26 73.19 +2.94 45.19 37 AWIHAMU 7.48 00.3 q 112 45.75 44.56
 45.63 +0.81 5.25 24.25 AllCap 2.90 a 5.6 20 1570 52.75 51.66 51.75 -
 0.81 13.75 9.56 AllFrst g 7 12.13 12.00 12.13 +0.19 11.31 8.69 AIANdd
 1.32 11.9 q 184 11.13 11.06 11.06 -0.06 9.81 8.13 PJfWdd 2 1.02 11.0 q
 1216 9.38 9.19 9.25 37.76 25.19 ARWEgy 2.00 6.8 13 1090 29.56 29.13
 29.25 +0 .06 76.00 61.0 G AlliantTch 10 458 77.06 75.19 77.06 +1.31
 9.75 5.00 AlldHldg 724 6.38 6.1 9 6.25 +0.19

ON THE WEB

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www.nytimes.com/business

52-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % PIE 100s High Low Last Chg
 28.88 15.13 Aldirish 69e4A 13 393 16.8B 16.63 16.75 -0.19 4.94 1.13
 AlliedPd dd 777 1.63 1.25 1.56-0.06 14M 531 AldWaste dd 3021 9.31 9.19
 9.19 63.44 35.06

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AlimrFn 25 a 0.4 22 2098 63.00 60.81 60.88-2.25 9.88 875 AJ mrST 10
 8.4 q 57 9.69 9.56 9.56 37.69 17.19 Allstate .68 2.3 1221587 29.94
 28.69 29.06+0.38 24 13 19 .81 Allst 2D97 1.78 8.0 - 149 22.50 22.25
 22.31-0.06 91 81 4931 Alftel 1.28 2.5 17 18024 51 .44 5031 5056-0 .25
 28 94 20 .00 1 22 2181 21 .69 21 .81 71.94 26.38 15.1 410 6726 56.63
 54.69 56.63 +1.44 17.25 5.25 AlpineGr 2 144 6.00 5.75 5.81-0.06 35.56
 21.63 Alstorn 7 22.75 22.50 22.50+0.38 73.25 26.0 DAAlza 63 12322 75.75
 72.94 75.63 +2.88 68.69 38.88 ArnbacF .44 0.7 13 3282 65.25 63.75 64.63
 +0.69 23.94 19.38 ArnbacF 98 1.77 7.9 71 22.38 22.00 22.27 +0.08 17.00
 8.00 Ameast .56 4.7 21 249 12.00 11.63 12.00 4.44 1.75 AMCOL 14.22c 5
 130 3.44 3.25 3.31 -0.13 96.00 19.81 Amdocs .cc 5693 72.13 68.50

71.44+2.69 78.6920.19 AmdocsTr 1.51 2.5 529 60.94 59.88 60.94+2.69
25.25 18.56 AnyUs 01 2.21 9.1 2 24.19 24.19 24.19 73.0647.81 AmHes .60
0.9 9 4822 69.38 68.38 68.44-0.25 40.50 27.56 AAmeren 2.54 6.3 13 5116
40.63 39.69 40.44 +0.69 5.81 4.25 ArnrFMI .56 10.5 7 82 5.44 5.31 5.31
+0.13 95.81 40.25 AmOnInc s cc 97587 59.50 58.25 58.50 -1.08 21.75
12.50 AmWest 5 840 14.63 14.00 14.50+0.50 1713 11.38 AmAxle 5 91 15.00
14.38 14.38 -0.50 38.50 25.94 AEP 2.40 6.8 16 8141 36.44 34.75 . +063
60.44 39.88 AmExp s.32 0.5 31 34521 60.38 59.00 5125 +31 30.25 18.38
AFnclGp 1.00 4.0 14 555 25.25 24.50 24.81 82.1945.63 AGenCp 1.76 2.4 20
9722 73.69 71.38 72.81 +0.81 28.50 15.31 AGreet .84 f 4.5 10 3939 18.69
17.94 18.63 +0.69 61.63 36.50 AHorneP .92 1.7 dd 32216 55.56 54.19
54.38-0.19 14.00 10.06 AindPrp .80 5.9 15 51 13.63 13.31 13.56-0.06
89.94 52.38 AAmIntGp s.15 0.2 33 31904 90.19 87.75 88.13 +0.63 31.63
15.00 AIPC 12 921 16.94 16.63 16.94 +0.25 13.75 10.69 AmLandLs 1.00 8.5
32 117 11.81 11.69 11.81 +0.06 9.56 4.00 AMedSec dd 252 8.44 8.00 8.25
10.75 10.13 AmMuTr .65 6.2 q 28 10.44 10.44 10.44 10.63 10.06 AmMuT2
.62 5.9 q21 10.56 10.44 10.56 +0.13 10.66 9.75 AmMuT3 .57 5.6 q 26
10.44 10.44 10.44 +0.06 1U.19 8.50 ArnrRlty n .22 9.69 9.38 9.69+0.31
8.75 3.94 AResrT .80 20.0 dd 85 4.00 4.00 4.00 12.31 4.00 ARetire dd143
5.38 5.25 5.25 7.75 3.75 ASaftyins 8148 4.06 4.00 4.06 + 0.06 11.94
10.81 ASelPort .96 8.3 q 64 11.56 11.50 11.50 5.06 1.63 ASkiing dd50
2.19 2.00 2.13 49.75 33.38 ArnStd 20 2801 46.69 45.81 46.31 +0.19 39.75
25.00 AmStWatr 1.28 4.9 15 273 26.06 25.63 26.06+0.38 11.75 10.25
AnnSIP .87 7.9 q 15 11.00 11.00 11.00 11.94 10.44 AmSIP2 1.02 9.0 q 176
11.50 11.38 1138 11.44 10.00 AmSIP3 1.02 9.3 q 194 11.00 10.94 55.50
.7.13 AmTower dd 65M 38.13 34.00 36.38-1.94 30.31 18.94 AmWtr .90 3.7
15 865 25.38 24.50 24.50-0.13 25.31 10.63 AAmeriedt 1912071 28.13 26.13
27.63 +2.44 20.00 12.75 Arnerigas 2.20 12.2 42 335 18.19 17.88 18.00-
0.25 38.50 11.00 Arnerift 22 4415 35.63 34.13 35.13 +0 .94 47.943 .63
Ameron 1.28 3.8 6 379 33.81 33.50 33.75 +0.13 26.06 16.50 AmerUs .40
1.6 11 279 24.69 24.25 24.69 +0.19 22.13 15.50 Ametek .24 1.1 11 2990
21.75 20.50 21.38 70.38 22.88 Arnphenl a 36 2013 67.38 64.00 64.00-1.50
7.38 3.63 Amrap 31 7 5.00 5.00 5.00 26.44 12.75 AmSouth .80 4.4 21 4775
18.50 17.88 18.25 +0.38 109.00 36.00 Arnvescep .81 a 0.8 cc 245 107.50
106.00 107.00 +6.94 7.25 4.31 AmwayJ .24e5.3 12 90 4.56 4.56 4.56-0.06
65.30 26.25 Anadrk .20 0.3 63 17554 65.95 64.70 65.77 +1.59 100.00
23.38 Aanai 9 -.79 34122 102.12 96.63 100.60 +4.13 12.75 6.31 Angelic
.32 3.9 15 132 8.25 8.00 8.19 +0.13 37.00 18.00 Anglogld 1.60 a 8.1 12
2510 20.19 19.31 19.81 +0.50 87.50 54.63 Anheus 1.32f 1.7 25 133.64
80.13 78.25 78.81 +0.81 43.2527.38 Anheus 20 40.00 40.00 40.00 +0.50
37.38 18.13 Anixter 31 1780 36.44 34.94 35.00 -1 .44 48.25 15.00 AnnTay
18 7863 36.00 33.38 36.00 +0.06 9.88 7.19 Annaly 1.20 m 14.2 6 303 8.56
8.44 8.44-0.06 7.88 6.00 AnthCap 1.16 15.5 6 909 7.50 7.38 7.50 +0.13
42.75 20.69

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Aon Corp .88 2.4 24 4756 38.25 36.81 37.31 +0.31 64.0030.00 Apache
.28 0.4 18 7433 63.06 61.75 63.00 49.38 34.06 Apdvn 2.80 6.2 oc 1908
45.03 44.88 44.88 +0.13 13.31 7.00 ApexMrt 1.40m 1.95 17.79 7.19 7.13
7.19 +0.06 9.94 8.00 Apex .60 6.8 q 182 8.88 8.81 8.88 +0.06 25.5021.44
ApPw26 2.06 8.4 24 24.50 24.50 24.50 +0.02 26.00 21.00 ApPw27 2.00 8.3
19 24.25 24.00 24.00 22.75 19.00 ApPw38 1.80 8.2 2 22.00 22.00 22.00
23.D6 19.13 ApPwB38 1.83 8.4 22 21.69 21.63 21.69-0.19 19.44 9.75
Applica 8703 10.50 10.19 10.38 +0.19 18.31 14.31 ApdIndl .48 2.8 11 357
16.94 16.75 16.94 +0.13 4.94 1.63 AApldPw s .06 1.2 2 3309 5.00 4.50
4.94 +0.38 22.00 10.50 Apda 4 1226 15.06 14.88 14.88-0.19 30.00 20.13
Aptargp .20 0.9 14 2281 23.69 23.00 23.31-0.06 27.50 16.06 Aracruz .59
a 3.0 1372 20.00 18.94 19.38 +0.38 22.19 13.94 ArchCh .80 4.4 10 940
19.00 17.88 18.19-0.81 15.56 4.75 ArchCoal .23 3.1 dd 244 7.63 7.38

7.50 +0 -.9 13.50 8.38 ArchDan .20 b 2.2 19 16678 8.94 8.56 8.94 +0.38
26.44 18.94 ArchstnC 1.64 6.3 16 1706 24.88 24.63 24.63-0.13 27.13
17.63 ArdenRlt 1.86 7.3 17 1191 25.94 25.50 25.50-0.06 13.13 8.94
ArgentFd. 70.68 q 193 10.38 10.31 10.31 +0.06 1838 9.75 Argosy 8 867
16.19 15.75 16.00 +0.25 1813 8.63 Armorl -1 24 548 17.00 16.75 17.00
49.75 1525 ArmstHld 1.92 12.0 dd 2140 16.06 15.44 15.94 +0.1 24.00 18
.13 ArmAR 38 1.86 8.9 81 21.00 20.75 21.00 +0.13 46.00 14.75 ArrowEl 16
1366 37.00 36.06 36.38 +0.25 18.63 14.38 ANMerit n .88 5.3 2073 16.88
16.50 16.50 -0.38 10.13 1.38 Ashanti dd 372 2.75 2.56 2.63 +0.13 39.06
28.63 Ashland 1.10b 3.1 28 2294 35.69 35.19 35.25 -0.06 11.50 8.25
AsiaPc .14e 1.4 q 913 9.94 9.81 9.88 +0.06 1.81 0.63 AsiaPR 66 823 1.38
1.31 1.31 +0.06 8.8 1 3.56 AsiaPlp 5 3553 4.00 3.69 3.81 -0.13 45.94
23.00 AsiaSat .26e 0.9 60 30.50 29.75 30.13 +0.63 11.19 7.56 AsiaTigr
.01 0.1 q 1293 9.06 8.88 9.00 +0.06 9.56 6.38 AsdEstat 1.00 m 12.9 dd
138 7.75 7.63 7.75 - 0.06 39.81 15.75 AscFCap .26 0.9 14 25651 28.31
27.69 28.06 +0.44 48.56 31.00 AstraZen .78 a 1.7 1583 45.69 44.81 45.56
+0.50 050 7.13 AtaJSos .25 2.6 5 31 9.88 9.75 9.75 -0.25 1.13 5.38
AtchCst 3 90 5.88 5.56 5.56 -0.31 46.13 18.88 AlasAir 22767 43.25 42.63
43.25 +0.69

MARKET GAUGE: WINNERS AND LOSERS Best and worst Generic drugs +7.9
performers Home construction +6.2 among the Telephone +4.9

industry groups

in the Standard Independent power producers +4.2

& Poor's 500 Biotechnology +4.1

The week

ended -5.8 Trucking

Wednesday; -6.2 Household furnishings,

appliances

percent change

from the -6.5 Non-alcoholic beverages

previous week -7.2 Defense electronics

-8.0 Specialty apparel retailers

Source: Standard

& Poor's

The New York Times

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

MOST ACTIVE CHANGES UP CHANGES DOWN Vol (100) Last Ch.Vol (100)

Last Chg % Chg Vol (100) Last Chg % Chg ClearChan 377649 72.00 -5.38

DotHill

DayC7/ 242

3976 8.88 +1.56 +21 +4 BestBuy 79254 61.88 -9.13 -12.9 FordM n
283424 24.25 -1.75 Omnova n 862 6.00 +1.00 +20.0 Gap 259316 22.38 -3.19
-12.5 Gap 259316 22.38 -3.19 BnlChA s 1267 34.00 +4.88 +16.7 Target a
220977 23.19 - 2.88 -11.0 Target a 220977 23A9 -2.88 Dave&B 2273 8.00
+1.13 +16.4 Consc. pfV 702 11.64 -1.36 -10.5 AT&T 219145 31.63 -0.06 GC
Cos 571 14.88 +1.88 +14.4 PrecOr g 4333 34.00 -3.56 - 9.5 Lucent 207845
4 1 .88 - 0.94 Entrade 1405 5.00 +0.63 +14.3 BritSky 45 95.50 -9.50 -
9.0 Compaq 171562 34.06 +0.81 Telemig 745 65.00 +8.00 +1 4.0 Neff Cp
1262 4.88 -0.44 - 8.2 Nokia s 160929 44S8 +2.94 TB Woods 199 11.25
+1.38 +13.9 AberFitc 46496 23.19 -2.06 - 8.2 Mattel 1336.46 10.00 -0.44
Lexmark 26229 67.50 +8.00 +13.4 Heico 311 15.50 -1.38 - B.1 Motorola s
128649 36.13 +1.06 ClyHlt n 4160 23.75 +2.69 +12.8 AcptIns 664 5.88 -
0.50 - 7.8 WalMart 121599 48.00 -0.19 WalICS 3980 11.63 +1.31 +12.7
Penney 48101 14.00 -1.19 - 7.8 GenElec s 1 17095 58.69 +0.88 THilfgr
55082 10.88 +1.19 +12.3 EAndinB 426 10.31 -0.81 - 7.3 Pfizer 11 0263
43.25 +1.13 Oceaner 2926 17.44 +1.88 +12.0 KingPh s 17113 33.50 -2.63 -
7.3 AmOnline a 97587 58.50 -1.08 ChmpE 802 6.63 +0.69 +11.6 ClearChan

377649 72.00 -5.38 - 6.9 NortelNw 91629 81.63 +1.19 SwftEng 4319 28.94
+2.88 +11.0 Heico A 134 12.69 -0.94 -6.9

NASDAQ

MOST ACTIVE CHANCES UP CHANCES DOWN Vol (100) Last Chg Vol (100)
Last Chg % Chg Vol (100) Last chg % Chg DellCptr 626144 43.63 +3.69
OiaoXing n 61207 20.50 +8.56 +71.7 SuperGn n 45446 19.69 - 8.50 -28.9
Cisco a 439058 68.75 +2.19 WebEx n 8223 55.38 +15.44 +38.7 InsAut 3836
16.50 -6.50 -28.3 Microsft 342149 69.81 -0.1 9 Talk.com 56423 7.19
+2.00 +38.6 SupGwt 01 31 10.63 -3.63 -25.4 Intel a 262339 74.88 +1.38
Marex n 2134 19.00 +4.88 +34.5 Micros 19556 17.56 -5.44 -23.6 Atmel a
243389 20.00 +1.38 ChinaBrdb 7458 5.06 +1.25 +32.8 EndoPh n 1111 5.13 -
1.38 -21.2 InfoSpce a 216205 39.00 +2.38 SmrtSrv vvt 1193 16.25 +4.00
+32.7 IntmetC 1089 7.75 -1.66 -17.6 Qualcom a 186399 69.88 +1.56
BrukDaIt n 2591 50.25 +12.13 +31.8 Casella n 1465 9.81 - 1.88 -16.0
Oracle 185983 90.94 +2.69 ArenaPh n 1988 46.25 +10.75 +30.3 Oilgear 29
8.00 -1.44 -15.2 JDS Uni a 180618 124.48 +6.48 SignlSoft n 5081 49.56
+11.50 +30.2 XATA n 1028 4.50 -0.75 -14.3 BroadVis s 175226 34.50
BlueMart n 15750 69.50 +16.00 +29.9 IntegInf n 433 6.02-0.98 -14.1

AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE

MOST ACTIVE CHANGES UP CHANGES DOWN Vol (100) Last Chg Vol (100)
Last Chg % Chg Vol (100) Last Chg % Chg
Nasd100 s 155799 101.63 +2.63 Boundis 637 5.56 +0.94 +20.3 Hallwood
s 185.00 -0.63 -11.1 SPDR 48491 152.34 +2.00 Avanir n 32949 6.06 +0.94
+18.3 HeartIdT 78 4.75 -0.56 -10.6 Avanir n 32949 6.06 +0.94 InSiteVis
2860 6.69 +0.88 +15.1 eMagin n 1019 9.69 -1.01 -9.4 lvaxCp s 23680
34.63 +2.25 Matec Cp 210 12.13 +1.56 +14.8 DixnTic 110 4.63 -0.38 - 7.5
Sybron 12992 34.44 +3.69 JWGenes s 3259 14.88 +1.81 +13.9 UGrdn 28 4.63
-0.38 - 7.5 Xcelera s 11840 18.88 +1.00 Myerslnd 609 14.00 +1.56 +12.6
GlcWatr pf 62 16.75 -1.25 -6.9 DevonE 9081 58.56 -1.56 Sybron 12992
34.44 +3.69 +12.0 Foodrm 20 20.75 -1.38 - 6.2 DJIA Diam 8896 112.47
+1.31 3Dshopg 634 8.13 +0.81 +11.1 GrahamCp 103 11.75 -0.75 - 6.0
BiotechT n 8237 201.94 +6.38 Selas 314 5.63 +0.56 +11.1 Careside 65
4.94 -0.31 - 5.9 Nabors 7174 47.56 +0.13 StrgCmp 1213 13.44 +1.31 +10.8
ATechC s 662 22.88 -1.38 -5.7

NYSE VOLUME

Regular Session 1,056,573,210 Fixed Price Session 2,255,600 Basket
Session

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13,083,260 NASD 133 296 720 Chicago 57 432 300 Boston 22,707,600
Cincinnati 17,582,500 Pacific 173,900 Philadelphia 11,09,600

NYSE NASDAQ AMEX

Advances 548,037,220 1,272,218,200 34,692,280 Declines 461,987,680
470,425,200 4,550,400 Total 1,072,030,000 1,803,787,500 41,344,000
Composite Total 1,325,314,620 61,112,720 Year to Date 169,847,061,000
272,944,121,000 8,316,506,000 1999 to Date 130,704,270,000
161,877,659,000 5,180,621,000

*Percentage change since Dec. 8 1994, a recent market low. Changes
exclude stocks under \$5 (today's or previous close). Active stocks
exclude stocks under \$1.

LATE STOCK TRADING

MOST ACTIVE, 6:31 P.M. NEW YORK CLOSE

Regular 6:35 P.M. Early/Late Daily LateVol Regular 6:35 P.M.

Early/Late

Daily LateVol Stock Exch.Last Last Chg High Low (100) Stock Exch.
Last Last Chg High Low (100) JOS Uni a 0 124.48 124.00 -0.48 125.25
118.25 36878 BroadVis a Q 34.50 34.81 +0.3136.75 33.69 11289 Cisco a 0
68.75 68.44 -0.31 68.94 67.00 29295 Amgen a Q 75.81 75.50 -0.31 76.63
72.69 10651 NextelC a 0 55.44 54.75 -0.69 56.00 51.69 25501 WrldCom a Q

36.50 36.69 +0.19 37.19 36.00 10621 Intel a Q 74.88 74.75 -0.13 75.63
73.63 22968 InfoSpce a 0 39.00 39.00 41.00 37.00 10017 SEI Inv a Q
63.50 64.50 +1.00 66.94 56.81 22323 Verisign s Q 198.88 198.25 -0.63
199.63 195.00 9052 Microsft Q 69.81 70.00 +0.19 71.31 69.63 20728
TdZetto n Q 10.25 10.25 10.31 10.00 8892 Palm n Q 44.00 43.94 - 0.06
44.88 42.50 18923 Vignette s Q 38.13 37.50 -0.63 38.63 34.638633 LXMUSC
S 0 68.44 67.25 -1.19 69.00 64.56 18598 Aribis Q 157.38 156.75 0.63
159.00 147.38 8407 MtrmdF a 0 39.94 39.83 -0.11 40.00 37.50 17947
Brdcom a 0 250.00 248.63 -1.38 250.50 230.00 8147 JonesPh s 0 35.75
35.75 41.88 35.38 16088 SiebelSys a 0 197.81 196.00 -1.81 198.50 185.56
7507 DeLLCptr Q 43.63 43.38 -0.25 44.06 40.00 15982 Gemstar a Q 90.25
89.50 -0.75 91.63 81.38 7401 BEA Sys s 0 68.06 67.25 -0.81 68.63 62.75
14409 SpmtPCS a N 49.81 50.19 +0.38 50.63 49 25 6615 PajWeb N 71.50
71.50 71.52 70.25 14081 Intuit a 0 59.88 59.77 -0.11 60.00 56 06 6513
Oracle Q 90.94 90.88 -0.06 91.06 88 13217 SympDv Q 5.16 6.94 +1.78 7.31
4.38 61.11 Level 3 Q 87.23 87.38 +0.14 87.75 84.13 12892 Sicor Q 9.69
9.69 10.509.56 6055

CHANGES UP

Vol 6:35 P.M.Early/Late Stock Exch.(100) Last Chg %Chg Maysj Q 4
13.88 +4.85 +54.2 Syrnplv 0 6111 6.94 + 1.78 +34.6 Quentra Q 133 5.63
+1.19 +26.7 EndoPh r. a 234 5.75 +0.63 +12.2 IntactCrn n Q 38 11.50
+1.13 +10.8 EnPointe 0 82 8.25 +0.75 +10.0 GenMcr Q 15 19.56 +1.63 +
9.1 BackWb Q 42 19.94 +1.56 + 8.5 FmtTch a 337 17.00 +1.20 + 7.6
Extensty n 0 351 23.94 +1.44 + 6.4 Matav n a 4 45.00 +2.38 + 5.6
ImunRsp Q 93 9.50 +0.50 + 5.6 SterriCells 0 535 9.50 +0.50 + 5.6 P&F Q
4 7.75 +0.38 + 5.1 Atmel a 0 5621 21.00 +1.00 + 5.0 Cmwlt B Q 3 44.00 +
2.00 + 4.8 GigaMed n Q 60 11.00 + 0.50 + 4.8 Lminant n 0 510 8.75 +0.38
+ 4.5 Nordstr N 31 18.00 +0.75 + 4.3 180 met 0 65 18.25 +0.75 + 4.3
Tanrech n Q 54 17.00 +0.69 + 4.2 CyberCare Q 98 6.19 +0.25 + 4.2 Audvox
Q 142 18.88 +0.75 +4.1 AjrNet n 0 27 34.50 +1.31 +4.0 AJIRiser n Q 107
8.44 +0.31 +3.9

CHANGES DOWN

Vol 6:35 P.M.Early/Late Stock Exch.(100) Last Chg %Chg Viant a Q
3998
9.88 -4.00 -28.8 AcaciaR Q 5 22.50 -4.94 -18.0 CybrSme 0 454 10.19 -
2.19 -17.7

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AksysL Q 30 9.00 -1.88 -17.2 ArenaPh n Q 494 40.00 -6.25 -13.5
Versata n Q 293 22.00 -2.94 -11.8 CtrSpan Q 21 14.13 -1.81 -11.4 UnvAcc
n 0 70 14.25 -1.56 - 9.9 IntmetC 0 405 7.00 -0.75 - 9.7 Maxtor a 413
7.13 -0.72 - 9.2 Mainsprg n Q 1106 9Z2 -0.86 - 8.3 Sohucm n 0 2 7.00 -
0.63 - 8.2 Taroph 0 17 17.25 -1.50 - 8.0 Sapient a Q 4857 49.00 -3.50 -
6.7 CasinoD Q 33 7.00 -0.50 - 6.7 NCRIC Q 10 7.50 -0.50 - 6.3 Benihna a
5 12.06 -0.81 - 6.3 SoundA a 4 7.78 -0.47 - 5.7 Aspenrc 0 1467 43.38 -
2.56 - 5.6 ScientCp a 0 1665 25.75 -1.31 - 4.9 BlueMart n Q 1650 66.13
-3.38 - 4.9 eBenX n a 122 20.00 - 1.00 - 4.8 SynQuestn Q 286 7.50 -0.34
- 4.4 Barra a 237 55.06 -2.56 - 4.4 ConvGrp n Q 1437 5.75 -0.25 - 4.2

In late trading, until 6:35 p.m., these were the 30 most active
stocks yester- day. The percent change reflects the activity during the
extended session only, not during the regular day. The highs and the
lows reflect activity during the regular day and late trading. The
volume represents late trading only.

The exchange symbol N refers to the New York Stock Exchange, Q
represents the Nasdaq national market system and A represents the
American Stock Exchange.

52-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 1008 High Low Last Chg 25
50 14.25 ATMOS 1.14 5.5 36 543 20.94 20.44 20.75-0.06 6988 27.81
AtwdOcn 30 367 45.50 44.88 45.38+0.13 8.25 0.31 AudioVis dd 1900 0.75

0.41 0.75+0.31 16.94 2.69 AuroraF dd 1039 4.19 3.88 3.88-0.25 38.56
30.06 AustINZ 1.80e4.8 231 37.56 37.44 37.56 -0.19 17.50 8.44 Austria
1.4000.2 q 554 11.06 10.88 10.94 -0.19 14.06 5.75 AutoNatn .68 t dd
21158 6.56 6.25 6.50 +0.13 38.25 22.69.Autoliv .44 1.9 11 1584 2325
22.50 23.06 +0.13 60.44 38.56 AutoData .35 f 0.6 46 12782 60.69 59.06
59.63 +0.56 22.63 21.00 AutoZone 14 4966 22.63 22.00 22.50 +0.19 48.06
30.88 AvalonBay 2.24 5.0 21 3448 45.06 44.38 44.69 - 0.50 78.63 45.50
Aventis .43 a 0.6 90 1152 75.75 74.56 74.75 +2.44 12.31 2.88 Aventis wt
203 11.75 11.00 11.31 +0.56 78.50 51.00 Averyl 1.08 2.0 21 3211 54.81
53.50 54.06-0.25 12.25 4.38 Aviall 16 780 6.38 6.00 6.00 -0.25 35.88
3.50 Aviation dd 149 5.00 4.69 5.00 +0.25 3188 13.25 Avis A 11 2060
30.75 30.38 30.75 +0.25 68.00 14.63 Avista .48 2.6 dd 1132 18.75 18.25
18.44 +0.13 8113 37.31 Avnet .60 1.0 16 2478 62.25 59.88 59.88 -1.38
46.50 23.31 Avon .74 1.9 22 8575 39.50 38.50 39.19+0.44 16.69 8.50
Aztar 15 995 15.06 14.56 14.56 - 0.06 19.50 4.56 Azurix 24 2042 4.81
4.56 4.75+0.13

B

43.94 BASF n 249 38.00 37.13 37.44-0.44 37.1321.69 BUT Cp .92 3.4 15
6184 27.44 26.38 27.06 +0.38 19.00 13.06 BEIV BHIF .59 a 4.0 -48 14.75
14.63 14.63 +0.13 32.50 10.63 BOE gs 1.20b 3370 22.56 22.31 22.50 -0.06
34.00 2011 BG Grp .82 a 2.5 89 32.88 31.50 32.44+0.6 76.75 26.69 BJS 69
5950 68.44 66.38 67.00 -0.50 41.38 25.75 BJs Whls 21 9995 34.25 32.75
33.88+0.19 23.38 9.94 BKF Cap n j q 232 19.94 19.50 19.56 -0.31 13.00
3.69 BMC .06 1.22 723 5.63 5.50 5.63 45.13 26.50 BOC ADS 1.20 a 4.2 112
2931 28.56 28.63 0 6 62.63 43.13 BPanm s 1.33 2.4 18060 55.69 54.94
55.25 -0 88 12.94 8.06 BP Pru 2.47 a 19.7 8 834 12.63 12.44 12.564.0 06
33.6920.50 BR 1.70 b 5.8 18 1299 29.38 29.00 29.19 +0 13 9.00 6.63 BIRT
6 4 8.13 8.13 8.13 -0.06 11.00 3.81 BWAY dd 72 5.94 5.75 5.94 +0.19
25.63 14.50 BacouUSA 15 19 25.25 25.13 25.13 8.00 5.88 Baimm .20 2.5 7
x19 8.00 7.94 T94 +13.00 39.31 15.00 BakrHu .46 1.3 cc 15979 37.13
36.31 36.56 -0.17 20.50 14.88 Baldor .48 2.4 15 304 19.63 19.13 19.63
+0.13

52-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg
47.38 26.00 Ball .60 1.7 19 734 34.88 34.31 34.63 +0.31 7.81 0.94

BalInty

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6 3030 1.25 1.00 1.19 +0.13 34.38 20.56 BallyTotF 12 234 24.69 23.88
24.69 +0.81 513 1.75 BanColum 520 4.00 3.75 3.75 -0.13 15.75 12.31
BcBiVArg .39 a 2.4 44 507 14.94 14.63 14.94 2638 17.25 BncOfrn .60 a
2.8 9 495 21.88 21.44 21.81 +0.56 17.88 3.38 BGwadro.46 e 12.7 567 3.69
3.60 3.63 +0.13 28.63 21.00 BcLatn 1.25f4.6 5 71 27.50 27.38 27.38 -
0.13 15.31 8.00 BcoRioP .21 a 2.5 102 8.69 8.06 8.56 -0.19 12.31 8.88
BcoSnCH .23 a 2.1 28 1273 10.94 10.63 10.94+0.13 18.19 12.31 BcSwtCh
.68 a 4.5 323 15.25 14.88 15.13 -0.13 25.63 16.63 BcoSanti 1.04 a 5.3
99 19.81 19.44 19.63 -0.19 1.94 0.75 BcoWiese 110 1.13 1.00 1.13 +0.13
21.19 11.75 BcoAEdw 316 13.25 13.06 13.19 +0.06 17.50 13.81 BcpSmth .52
3.6 12 533 14.69 14.50 14.63 22.75 13.88 Bancwst s.62 3.5 12 3014 17.98
16.88 17.69 +0.81 36.25 21.88 Bandag 1.18 3.6 13 310 33.44 32.44 32.56
-1.00 29.56 19.75 Sandi 1.18 4.2 9 146 29.31 28 00 28 00 -1.44 24.50
14.13 BangH .80 3.3 12 225 24.31 24 13 24.13 +0.13 42.50 23.19 BankOns
1.68 4.8 55 59429 35.50 33.81 35.00+1.06 53.50 35.00 ABUtd PIES 4.00
7.3 40 54.75 53.50 54.75 +1.25 67.50 42.31 Bit of Am 2.00 3.7 1156120
53.75 50.96 63.56 +2.69 38.63 22.13 BkIrelnl .89 3.7 15 97 24.69 24.00
24.31 -0.13 16.81 9.88 BkTokyoObe 0.7 5346 12.44 12.19 12.25 -0.25
45.94 29.13 BkMwt g 2.00 113 41.44 41.06 41.19 52.94 29.75 BkNY 64 1.2
22 18789 53.88 51.25 52.44 +1.38 6.69 3.00 BkAtLA 10 2.5 7 522 4.00
3.94 3.94 -0.06 24 +56 17.19 Banta .56 2.5 11 1140 22.13 21.63 22.06
+0.31 130.00 89.25 Barclay 3.59 a 3.5 20 90 103.00 100.00 3.00 -1.50

58.38 35.00 Bard .84f 1.7 20 1653 49.94 48.81 48.81 -0.06 27.50 16.31
BamNbl 13 2145 17.63 17.25 17.31 -0.13 23.69 12.00 BamesGp 80 4.1 13
261 19.88 19.31 19 .44 -0 .31 BarrLab s 60 3572 73.63 71.00 71.00 -0.69
41.63 19.19 BaffettRs 89 1666 34.94 33.69 34.63 +0.94 26.00 15.50
BarrickG .22f 1.4 21 32280 16.50 15.94 15.94-0.06 6.75 2.75 BarryRG dd
700 3.44 3.00 3.19+0.06 14+06 9.56 Bass .56 a 5.6 12 335 10.06 9.81
10.06-0.06 4.19 1.63 BatlMt dd 5892 1.94 1.81 1.88 80.88 33.75 BaumHL
1.04 2.9 15 9107 35.16 34.19 35.75+1.66 85.25 51.75 Baxter 1.16 1.4 35
15587 85.63 82.13 83.25-1.50 16.94 6.56 BayView .40 4.1 14 4W 9.94 9.38
9.75+0.25

Continued on Next Page

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The same way his father made it.

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NOTICE OF COURT MEETINGS OF SHAREHOLDERS IN THE SUPREME COURT OF
BERMUDA

DayC7/ 246

CIVIL JURISDICTION

IN THE MATTER OF LASALLE RE HOLDINGS LIMITED

AND

IN THE MATTER OF LASALLE RE LIMITED

AND

IN THE MATTER OF SECTION 99 OF THE

COMPANIES ACT 1981

NOTICE OF COURT MEETINGS

By Orders dated the 17th day of August, 2000, made in the above
matters,

the Supreme Court of Bermuda has directed separate meetings to be
convened of the holders of LaSalle Re Holdings Limited ("LaSalle")
Scheme Shares as defined in the Scheme of Arrangement, and LaSalle Re
Limited ("LaSalle Re") Scheme Shares, as defined in the Scheme of
Arrangement ("the Court Meetings"), for the purpose of considering and,
if thought fit, approving, with or without modifica- tion, a Scheme of
Arrangement proposed to be made between LaSalle and the holders of its
Scheme Shares, and a Scheme of Arrangement proposed to be made between
LaSalle Re and the holders of its Scheme Shares. The Court Meetings
will be held at the Sheraton Gateway Hotel, Lester B. Pearson
International Airport, Toronto, Ontario, Canada UP 1C4 on the 25th day
of September, 2000 at 2:00 p.m., local time, for LaSalle Scheme Shares
and 2:30 p.m., local time, or as soon thereafter as the meeting
convened for the same day and place shall have been concluded and
adjourned, for LaSalle Re Scheme Shares, at which place and time the

holders of LaSalle Scheme Shares and LaSalle Re Scheme Shares are request- ed to attend.

Copies of the Schemes of Arrangement and the explanatory statements required b Section 100 of the Companies Act 1981 may be obtained from the offices of LaSalle and LaSalle Re at Continental Building, 25 Church Street, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Holder s of LaSalle Scheme Shares or LaSalle Re Scheme Shares may vote in Person at the relevant Court Meetings or they may appoint another person, whether a member of LaSalle or LaSalle Re or not, as their proxy to attend and vote in their stead. Forms of proxy for use at the Court Meetings are available at the above addresses.

Shareholders may attend and vote at the Court Meetings if they wish, even if they have completed and returned a proxy.

In the case of joint holders, the vote of the senior holder who tenders a vote whether in person or by proxy will be accepted to the exclusion of the vote(s) of the other joint holder(s), and for this purpose seniority will be determined by the order in which the names stand in the Register of Members of LaSalle or LaSalle Re, as the case may be, in respect of the relevant joint holding.

Forms of proxy should be signed, dated and returned before the time appoint- ed for the meetings, but if the form is not so lodged it may be handed to the Chairman at the relevant meetings. Forms of proxy may be obtained from the offices of LaSalle and LaSalle Re at the addresses above.

By its Orders, the Court has appointed Victor H. Blake, OBE or failing him, Clement S. Dwyer, Jr., to act as Chairman of each of the Court Meetings and has directed the Chairman to report the result of the court meetings to the Court.

The Schemes of Arrangement will be subject to the subsequent approval of the Court.

The Schedule

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Particulars of Court Meetings Time appointed for Meetings on the ordered to be convened: 25th day of September, 2000: (1) Holders of LaSalle Scheme 2:00 p.m. Shares (2) Holders of LaSalle Re Scheme 2:30 p.m. or so soon thereafter as the Shares preceding meeting convened for the same day and place shall have been concluded or adjourned Dated the 23rd day of August, 2000 Conyers Dill & Pearman

Attorneys for LaSalle Re Holdings Limited and LaSalle Re Limited By Order of the Supreme Court of Bermuda

NOTICE OF PROPOSED BRANCH PURCHASE AND CONSOLIDATION

Notice is hereby given that Emigrant Savings Bank, New York, New York will make application to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation for approval of the purchase and assumption of the deposits and related loans, as well as safe deposit box facilities at the branch of Carver Federal Savings Bank located at 261 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York 10019 (the "Carver Branch") and to move said deposits and related loans and safe deposit box facilities located at the Carver Branch to an existing branch of Emigrant Savings Bank located at 250-252 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10011 -2301, approximately 425 feet east of the present site of the Carver Branch.

This notice is published pursuant to Section 18(c) of the Federal Deposit Insurance Act and Section 303.7 of the Rules and Regulations of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Any person wishing to comment on this application may file his or her com- ments in writing with the Regional Director of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation at its regional office, 20 Exchange Place, Now York, New York 10005, before processing of the application

BocaResrt 34 456 11.25 10.63 11.13+0.44 54.50 32.00 Boeing .56 1.0 22
37582 54.88 52.25 53.63+1.13 43.94 25.00 BoiseC .60 2.0 10 2753 3000
29.00 29.88+0.81 6.44 2.50 Bombay 15 464 2.75 2.63 2.69-0.06 6.25 3.25
BordCh dd 574 3.81 3.75 3.81-0.06 18.50 11.06 Borders 11 3949 13.81
13.25 13.31-0.13 48.88 29.75 BorgWarn .60 1.7 6 2037 35.06 34.19
34.38+0.19 9.50 6.94 BostBeer 16 197 9.31 9.06 9.25-0.13 43.19 27.25
BostFlrDp 2.12 f 5.2 22 717 40.69 40.31 40.44+0.13 36.38 15.50 BostSci
20 22380 19.88 18.88 18.94+0.13 11.50 8.31 BoulderTR .20 1.8 q 43 10.81
10.69 10.81+0.06 29.31 17.50 Bouygs

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.61 a 2.3 17 61 27.00 26.19 26.31-0.69 59.56 41.88 Bowatr .80 1.6 cc
5127 51.81 50.69 51.38+0.63 14.50 8.63 Bowne .22 2.1 13 883 10.63 10.31
10.38-0.06 7.25 4.25 BoydGm 3 576 4.75 4.63 4.63-0.06 14.06 5.63 BoydsC
93 9.19 8.88 8.88- 0.25 14.88 9.56 BoykinL 1+88 1 B.9 10 386 10.00 9.88
9.94-0.06 21.81 15.63 BradRE 1.52 6.9 16 3347 21 .94 21.75 21.88+0.06
34.56 24.50 BradyCp .68 2.3 15 178 29.38 28.56 28.94-0.31 21.38 10.19
Brahma 20e 1.0 8021 20.88 20.13 20.75+0 50 16.00 8.19 BrahmaC. 18 1.2 1
15.00 15.00 15.00-0 25 21.94 14.75 Brandyw 1.60 7.8 23 1075 20.75 20.38
20.50-0 31 98.00 47.88 BrasilTel 1.28 a 1.8 1079 70.81 67.50 70.44+2.69
19.31 12.19 Brazil .30el.6 q 173 18.44 18.19 18.38+0.13 6.63 3.63
BrazilEF q 78 6.19 6.13 6.19+0.06 63.63 31.00 BrigStrat 1.24 f 2.9 7
740 43.50 43.25 43.25 37.75 10.25 BrNiChA s.03 9 0.1 12 1267 34.00
32.66 34.00+4.88 36.00 19.88 Brinker 18 5377 33.00 31.63 32.00-0.69
79.25 42.44 BrMySq .98f 1.8 24 36401 53.63 52.63 53.00-0.13 68.38 42.25
BritAir 3.00 e 6.4 9 548 49.44 47.00 47.13-1.63 25.88 7.25 BritEngy n
.15 p 35 13.25 13.06 13.13-0.50 201.94 66.00 BritSky 84 45 96.25 95.50
95.50-9.50 245.00 118.75 BritTel 3.69 a 2.9 22 1029 129.75 127.63
127.75+2.63 41.06 16.31 Broadwing old 5633 28.31 27.63 27.94+0.81 28.50
18.75 BHP .60 a 2.7 421 22.31 22.00 22.00-0.38 17.19 9.44 BrkfcIP g
.40 2.5 17 222 16.00 15.69 16.00+0.38 27.50 15.38 BrwnBm s.26 1.0 25
246 26.94 26.69 26.69-0.31 4.06 1.56 BwnSh dd118 2.25 2.13 2.13-0.13
64.1341.50 BrwnFA 1.24 2.4 16 37 52.75 51.56 52.75+1.31 69.1941.88
BrwnFB 1.24 2.3 16 744 53.13 51.56 53.00+1.44 20.00 .50 BrwnShoe .40
3.7 6 811 10.75 9.88 10.75+0.69 27.31 14.75 Brunswick .50 2.7 dd 2550
19A 18.44 18.75-0.38 24+31 12.94 BrshEMat .48 2.1 71 661 23.75 23.13
23.38-0.63 28.38 25.00 Buckeye 2.40 8.5 11 207 28.13 27.94 28.13 25.00
14.25 BuckTch 15 529 24.94 24.00 24.94+0.75 19.75 10.81 Buckle 9 560
13.75 12.63 13.06-0.69 10+44 3.19 BLjdggetGp old 1089 4.63 4.50 4.50-
0.13 22.26 14.00 Buenavnt .15 a 0.9 1040 16.50 16.25 16.50 30.00 21.00
Bunzl .71 a 2.4 26 29.44 28.00 29.44+0.94 20.75 9.69 BurlCoat .02 0.2 9
186 12.63 12.13 12.19+0.06 6.25 1.50 Budinds cc 2067 1.75 1.69 1.75
32.75 19.06 BurlNSF .48 2.19 12448 22.75 22.00 22.38 +0.13 46.25 25.75
BdRsc .55 1.4 62 7969 40.00 39.13 39.31+0.02 11.88 4.88 BumPP 1.05 17.5
33 894 6.13 5.81 6.00+0.13 21.50 2.06 Burns Intl 19 401 21.50 21.38
21.50 44.50 22.13 BushBA 32229 43.94 43.50 43.88+0.38 18.19 12.06
Bushind .20 1.5 11 38 13.06 12.75 13.00+0.13 28.31 17.00 ButlerMfg .60
2.7 5 186 22.38 22.06 22.19-0.06

C

61.381525 CO Tch s .06 0.1 35 2605 S5.25 51.60 55.25+3 74.1363.19 C-
Mac an 1126 72.50 71.63 71.69-0.19 23.63 13.813 CABJCP 71.91 11.6 22
16.44 16.38 16.44+0.06 39.00 19.50 CANTV 1.72 7.0 18 2113 24.75 24.50
24.63+0.06 16.25 9.06 CB Rellis 8 109 10.88 10.50 10.50-0.31 26.00
19.25 CBL Asc 2.04 8.5 11 286 24.13 23.88 23.88-0.19 32.50 18.25 CDI 7
876 18.50 18.38 18.50+0.13 36.56 19.50 CEC Ent 16 463 29.19 28.81
28.88-0.19 27.25 5.94 CGI gs 448 8.31 7.88 8.25-0.13 43.00 26.13 CH
Engy 2.16 5.7 13 444 37.94 37.25 37.94+0.69 10594 60.75 CIGNA 1.24 1.3
27 7604 98.13 97.25 97.25-0.81 7.13 5.00 CIGNA Hi .69 12.5 q 1474 5.56
5.44 5.50-0.06 15.50 14.00 CIGNA Inv 1.12 7.3 q 46 15.31 15.25

15.26+0.06 25.75 10.81 CIT Gp .40 2.3 8 8106 17.56 16.81 17.50+0.69
9.13 2.56 CKE Rat .08 b 2.0 dd 5139 4.63 3.88 4.00-0.50 41.81 30.13
ACLECO 1.70 14.1 16 416 41.88 40.56 41.75+1.00 8.88 1.75 CMI Cp .06 2.7
dd 311 2.38 2.19 2.25-0.13 29.38 26.00 ACMPGrp .90 3.1 13 829 29.44
29.31 29.38+0.06 40.13 16.06 CMS Eng 1.46 5.6 12 4581 26.50 25.75
26.13- 0.06 41.13 24.25 CMS Tr 3.63 11.1 308 33.00 32.56 32.63 42.13
24.56 CNA Fn

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39 750 39.88 39.31 39.69+0.56 9.31 6.88 CNAI 96 11.2 q 29 8.63 8.56
8.56-0.06 14.94 9.75 CNA Sure .32 2.8 9 397 11.75 11.38 11.56+0.25
43.94 22.00 CNFTran .40 1.6 9 2103 25.31 24.50 24.50-0.31 16.69 7.50
CNHG1bl .55 5.6 dd 4288 10.19 9.25 9.75+0.56 38.0028.25 CP&L Egy 2.06
5.6 14 4524 37.25 36.13 37.00+0.50 25.50 23.00 CarP 8.55 2.14 8.6 38
24.94 24.88 24.94+0.06 34.56 17.69 CPI .56 2.3 15 131 24.44 24.25
24.38+0.13 25.00 4.69 CSK Ato 6 1520 5.56 5.38 5.44 23.00 18.50 CSS
Inds 12 13 20.50 20.44 20.50-0.13 46.00 19.50 CSX 1.20 5.0 cc 4032
24.25 23.88 23.88-0.38 40.25 34.00 ACTG Res 1.04 2.6 22 518 40.88 40.25
40.50+0.50 86.25 38.75 CTS .12 0.2 24 1725 51.63 49.94 51.63+0.69 46.81
27.75 CVS Cp .23 0.6 22 27441 38.44 36.63 37.19-1.81 93.00 57.13 CVS Tr
4.23 6.4 203 68.25 66.44 66.50-3.00 75.25 32.00 Cabl&WrIs .77 a 1.4
4441 55.94 55.06 55.25+1.75 29.75 11.38 CablDsg a 23 1506 27.25 26.13
27.00 86.98 55.00 Cablvsn dd 1660 67.88 67.25 67.25-0.13 52.75 5.75
Cabttm 16 20M 37.60 34.31 37 +3 .13 38.44 17.94 Cabot .44 1.2 20 3396
37.19 36.63 37.00+0.06 20.63 17.00 CabotlTr 1.42 7.2 15 1140 20.13
19.00 19.63-0.50 25.06 13.19 CbtOG .16 0.8 57 4387 20.25 19.19
20.00+0.38 29.25 20.75 CadbyS .67 a 2.9 23 171 23.11 23.44 231-1.1
24.63 12.06 Cadence dd 34795 21. 38 2081 21.2.+ 9.44 5.44 Calgon .20
2.4 dd 987 8.94 8.50 8.50-0.38 32.00 21.50 ColifWtr 1.10 4.2 20 149
26.50 28.56 26.25+0.63 20M 9.69 CallGolf .28 1.9 13 1701 14.50 14.19
14.50+0.25 18.50 9.63 CallonP 44 420 15.38 14.81 15.31+0.50 95.00 19.88
A Calpine s 89 17966 99.00 94.31 99.00+4.25 51.75 24.25 Cambrex .12 0.3
28 454 47.06 45.44 46.94+1.13 32.00 25.19 CamdnP 2.25 7.5 25 350 30.00
29.81 29.94 18.94 10.19 Carneco g .50 452 13.13 12.50 13.00+0.63 9.38
0.63 CmpRs gs 109 0.69 0.63 0.69 47.0024.88 CampSp .90 3.5 17 4692
25.88 25.25 25.38+0.31 31.00 19.06 CIBC g 1.32 142 30.69 30.19
30.56+0.44 34.50 22.56 CdnRy gs .70 624 29.63 29.31 29.44+0.19 33.81
27.44 CdnNRs gn 19 32.75 32.44 32.50+0.31 28.63 18.25 CdnPc g .56 6205
27.50 26.94 27.31+0.50

62-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100 High Low Last Chg

60.75 42.50 CandgBrB 19 6 54.50 53.94 53.94-0.31 61.19 40.38
CandgBrA 12 536 53.94 53.56 53.88+0.25 16.06 10.25 Canwat g .25 2.0 2
12.56 12.50 12.56+0.13 60.63 32 CapOne .11 0.2 31 8549 61.63 59.69
60.31+0.63 8.31 2.13 CapSenl- dd 130 3.19 3.13 3.19+0.06 5.00 3.25
CapitalTr 12 182 4.38 4.38 4.38 -9 6.00 Capstd a 1. 14 e 13.3 dd 138
8.63 8.56 8.56-0.13 38.25 19.00 CarboGera 30 0.8 53 2663 36.31 36.00
3631+0.31 80.38 37.00 CardniH .1210.1 34 18131 85.00 80.31 81.81+1.56
9.63 3.75 A CaremRx dd 49581 10.63 9.69 9.81+0.25 51.00 30.63 Carlisle
.80f 17 14 892 46.13 45.31 45.81+0.44 24.50 18.69 CadtCm 2.00 87 50
23.00 22.25 23.00+0.69 13.69 0.41 Carmike dd 1507 0.75 0.69 - 51.88
18.31 Carnival .42 2.1 1232017 20.13 19.69 19.94-0.06 33.19 18.75
CarpTech 1.32 4.1 14 625 33.25 32.38 32.50-0.31 30.38 17.75 CarrAmR 185
6.4 18 1846 29.19 28.88 29.06+0.13 11.44 1.56 Carr 9 45 2.94 2.75
2.88+0.13 25.25 16.38 A CwtWal .32 1.2 24 3416 26.94 25.63 26.63+11.50
14.25 7.44 CasodeCp .40 3.0 47 221 13.75 13.50 13.50-0.19 1 8.69 13.38
CascNG .96 5.6 12 91 17.31 16.94 17.00-0.19 13.00 6.19 CashArn .05 0.7
dd 468 7.56 7.19 7.50+0.13 19.94 11.75 CastCk 22 112 19.31 19.25 19.25
6.19 3.56 CatalIt 9 180 3.94 3.75 3.94-0.06 44.6324.50 CatalMkt a 45
5450 43.69 41.63 42.69-1.00 19.06 10.76 Catelus 20 2463 18.00 17.81

17.88 61.56 33.50 Caterpillr 1.36 3.7 1323832 37.88 36.50 36.75-0.81
5.44 1.31 CavaW .16 10.7 dd 266 1.50 1.44 1.50+0.06 22.56 17.44 Cedarl
1.50 8.3 12 493 18.13 17.81 18.00+0.13 24.56 14.75 Celanese 10p 49
16.88 16.69 16.75-0.19 82.13 21.25 Celestic gs ID942 79.31 76.13
78.13+1.50 60.25 24.38 Celltech n 49 43.13 42.00 43.00+0.81 4.75 2.13
Cemex wl 1 2.31
251 / C8Day
2.31 2.31-0.06 2B.75 19.25 Comex n .79 a 3.4 2708 23.69 23.31
23.44+0.19 26.94 11.84 Cendant dd 543133 13.31 13.00 13.06 12.31 6.88
Cendant rt 155 7.88 7.63 63-0.1311.63 4.88 CenterTrst .84 14.6 7 388
5.94 5.75 5.75-0.06 44.50 31.25 CentrprPr 2.01 4.6 21 262 44.00 43.31
43.81+0.31 39.63 21.75 CentxCn .20 0.8 5 209 26.00 25-59 2581+031 30.81
17.50 Centex .16 0.6 7 x7359 29.25 28.19 28.88+0.75 17.75 11.811
CentEur q 54 14.00 13.88 13.94- 006 32.75 14.38 ContPrkg .06 fi 22 441
19.50 19.25 19.38-0.06 14.44 9.81 CVtPS .88 7.3 14 523 12.25 11.31
12.00+0.38 54.5030.63 CentBk 1.36 3.9 13 422 35.44 34.81 35.31+0.44
48.75 24.44 CntryTel .18 0.6 18 6005 29.81 28.13 28.81+0.38 29.13 14.75
Cerldian 29 3068 24.63 23.88 24.19-0.25 34.2520.31 Cervecer .68 e 2.9
366 23.56 23.00 23.13-0.38 10.25 4.00 ChmpE 74 802 6.63 5.94 6.63+0.69
33.63 18.13 ChAutoR 20 1163 23.38 22.50 23.31+0.75 33.50 18.50 ChRvLab
n 182 27.44 27-31 27.44-0.06 6.38 2.63 Chart dd 105 5.50 5.38 5.50+0.13
27.00 15.25 ChartOne F .72 3.0 14 6496 24.13 23.06 23.75+0.31 13.00
9.81 ChtwlDiv 1.24 10.6 q 283 11.69 11.50 11.69+0.13 23.94 19.88 Cha
1.75 7.9 60 22.19 22.00 22.19+0.06 25.25 25.00 Cha n 2.06 8.2 740 25.25
25.13 25.20-0.05 10.81 7.75 Chaseind - 7 19 8.75 8.75 8.75+0.25
67.1343.96 ChuM s 128 2.3 1384496 56.56 53.50 56.98+2.63 29.31 23.25
ChateauC 2.06 7.9 20 284 26.56 26.00 26.00-0.38 3.06 0.50 Chaus 75 73
0.75 0.69 0.75 12.50 6.81 Checkpnt .01 0.1 cc 2556 8.00 750 8.00+0.50
36.8825.81 ChelGCA 3.00 8.9 20 1585 33.69 32.69 33.56+0.88 31.44 24.63
Cherned .40 1.3 17 243 30.63 30.13 30.50+0.06 28.00 17.63 ChemFst .40
1.7 12 121 23.06 22.75 23.06+0.19 35.75 20.19 Chapk .88 3.7 2 132 24.06
23.75 23.88+0.06 8.25 1.94 ChesEng 16 12022 7.69 7.38 7.63+0.19 19.63
16.25 ChesUtl 1.08 6.3 11 117 17.50 17.06 17.06- 0.31 98.13 69.94
Chavron 2.60 3.1 16 12875 85.94 84.38 84.44-0.67 17.00 11.63 ChicB&I
.24 1.7 11 144 14.38 14.00 14.38+0.13 12.75 9.00 ChileFd .67e 1.2 q 587
9.56 9.50 9.50-0-06 24.00 14.63 ChileTel 02 a 0.1 5205 1775 16.94
17.63+0.69 20.25 8.50 ChinaEA 76 16.38 16.13 16.38+0.50 12.13 8.38
Chinaid .11 a 1.0 q 217 10.69 10.50 10.50-0.06 51.75 15.00 ChinaMbl s
7503 38.75 38.06 38.56 + 1 .06 18.38 6.06 ChinSAir 211 14.98 14.56
114.88+11.06 11.63 4.50 ChinTire .08 1.5 25 5.38 5.38 5.38 28.75 20.00
ChinaUni n 22945 23.31 22.94 23.25+0.13 4.25 0.63 ChiYuc 2 232 1.50
1.44 1.44 7.19 3.13 Chiquta dd 1008 3.31 3.19 3.31+0.06 33.2522.56
Chiflet .96 3.5 13 489 27.38 26.06 27.38+11.26 17.38 8.25 ChoioeH 9 148
9.25 8.88 9.00+0.06 46.56 30.25 A ChoicePt a 51 794 47.19 46.38
46.88+0.94 80.44 48.25 ChrisCr 1.82 t 60 1415 80.19 78.25 78.25-1.69
13.50 7.50 Chrmcft .10e0.9 8 2 11.13 11.13 11.13+0.13 79.56 43.25 Chubb
1.32 1.7 24 6264 77.75 75.19 76.56+1.25 30.19 14.69 ChurDwt .28 1.6 16
196 18.06 17.88 17.94-0.06 13.50 0.66 Chyron dd 413 2.00 1.88 1.88
31.13 29.00 CibaSpC n 32 29.50 29.50 29.50-0.56 29.81 9.50 CIBER 23
3529 10.63 1000 10-31+038 24 94 21.38 CinG25 2.07 8.3 16 24.94 24.69
24.94+0.19 31.1920.00 CiNergy 1.80 6.1 11 5471 29.50 28.81 29.38+0.31
15.25 7.00 Ciroor n .15 1.6 12 x472 9.25 9.13 9.19+0.06 66.1921.00
CirCtVCC .07 0.3 15 62064 26.81 25.63 25.94-1136 4.88 1.31 CirOCar 43
836 4.88 4.69 4.69-0.06 59.13 31.38 Citigrp a .56 1.0 23 75962 58.75
57.25 57.25-0.75 19.00 10.88 Citzcomm 47 2557 16.69 16.31 16.31-0.25
41.50 25.50 CityNC .70 1.8 15 2906 39.44 37.88 39.06+1.13 24.44 14.75
ClaireaStr .16 0.8 13 2455 20.06 19.50 19.69-0.19 21.38 14.25 Clamor
.46 2.2 13 429 20.63 20.06 20.63+0.50 8.00 4.00 Clarion .80 13.8 6 2

5.81 5.81 5.81-0.06 11.94 7.69 ClaytnH .06 0.6 9 3035 9.88 9.56
9.75+0.13 95.50 57.88 ClearChan dd 377649 76.94 70.50 72.00-5.38 15.13
1025 GlemStrt s 3.93 a q 28 13.06 13.06 13.06-0.06 33.44 21.94 ClvClf
130 dd

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434 25.25 24.50 25.13+0.94 56.38 29.06 Clorox .84 f 2.3 23 9595
37.00 36.19 36.19-0.81 17.63 9.50 Coachmen.20 1.8 9 330 11.13 10.81
11.13+0.19 72.75 31.25 Coastal .25 0.4 26 32320 70.63 66.00 69.34-0.51
20.50 10.50 Coastcat .68 f 4.4 11 100 15.56 15.44 15.56+0.19 69.0042.88
CocaCl .68 1.3 8180218 54.19 51.50 52.63-1.88 30.25 14.00 CocaCE .16
0.9 45 8796 19.00 18.50 18.63-0.31 21.00 12.50ACCFemea .15 a 0.7 60 605
21.13 20.50 20.50-0.13 569 125 Coeur dd 1859 1.75 1.56 1.63 11.50 10.00
CohenST .96 a 7.9 q 67 12.19 12.00 12.13 8.63 3.88 ColeNat1 .01 a 0.1
dd 3 7.00 7.00 7.00 46.6327.63 ColeMyr 1.28 a 3.9 21 33.13 32.75
33.13+0.13 66.7540.50 Colal .63 1.2 32 11557 52.19 50.75 50.94-0.44
7.06 4.50 Coll.43k 20 98 5.25 5.13 5.19 13.13 8.50 ColBgp .44 4.5 9
1408 10.00 9.76 9.75-0.13 71 .19 6.00 Coll-lin .48 7.1 q 211 6.75 6.69
6.75 9. 25 7.81 ColIntln .89 9.8 q 223 9.13 9.00 9.13+0.19 6.25 4.94
Coll1-11 .70s q 160 6.75 5.69 5.75+0.06 9.56 8.38 CollnvG .61 6.4 q 212
9.56 9.50 9.50 6.50 5.25 ColMu .43 7.3 q 389 5.94 5.88 5 - 88 28.81
21.75 ColonlPT 2.40 9.0 16 39327.13 26.76 26 75-0.26 70.19 54.19
ColumEn .90 1.3 21 264970.44 70.00 70 19+0.13 24.94 21.38 ColSP25 2.09
8.6 21 24.50 24.44 24 44+0.13 24.69 20.44 ColSP27 1.98 8.4 5 23-63
23.63 23.63 126.38 86.13 ComostN n 1.43 1.5 1 95.50 95.50 95.50 57.25
17.44 Comdisco.10 0.4 29 5153 24.50 23.50 24.00-0.13 61.38 32.94
Comeric 1.60 2.8 13 4870 57.38 55.56 56.31+100 15.69 3.38 ComfrtS 8 386
5.50 5.44 5.50-0 06 54.69 30.88 CmcBNJ .98 b 1.9 22 872 51.94 51.00
51.69+0 50 31.0020.75 CmceGpl.16 4.5 8 291 26.38 26.00 26.00-0.25 23.81
12.13 CmcFdl .26 1.4 10 1410 18.44 17.63 18.06+0.44 33.94 22.13 CmclMtl
.52 1.9 8 267 27.94 27.50 27.94+0.44 11.88 9.44 CmcINL 1.24 11.9 9 437
10.56 10.44 10.44 50.1322.63 ComScop. 17 6838 25.38 24.50 24.94+0.13
27.3820.00 CmtyBS 1.08 f 4.9 8 46 22.44 22.06 22.06+0.06 21.75 13
VACmtyHR n 4160 25.26 21.88 23.75+2.69 15.25 9.25 CoGnGeo 12 14.88
14.69 14.69-0.31 38.06 18.63 CBD- Pao .10 a 0.3 534 37.44 37.25 37.31-
0.06 35.00 18.25 Compaq .10 0.3 50 171562 3431 33.38 34.06+0.81 79.44
23.69 CompAs .07 0.2 15 33997 33.06 31.50 32.13-0.38 99.88 57.94
CompSci -32 10320 79.31 77.19 79.06+2.88 20.00 3.38 CmpTsk .05 1.4 6
614 3.63 3.44 3.50 23.75 17.00 CompX .50 2.2 14 10 22.69 22.50
22.69+0.19 10.88 2.44 ComstkRs 83 1732 10.00 9.75 9.94-0.13 26.44 15.06
ConAgra .81 4.4 21 17898 18.56 18.19 18.31+0.13 7.63 3.19 CweMl dd 1050
4.44 4.19 4.38+0.13 22.00 13.44 Conectiv 88 5.0 dd 775 17.94 1750
17.75+0.13 41.00 19.38 ConecW A 3.20 13.7 dd 50 23.50 23.00 23.31+0.31
29.25 18.81 ConocoA .76 3.0 11 8070 25.44 25.06 25.19+0.06 29.38 19.00
ConocoB .76 2.9 12 5089 26.38 26.00 26.13+0.14 26.81 4.50 Conseco .20
2.4 453609 9.19 8.31 8.44-0.38 13.38 9.50 ConsecSI 1.37 12.5 q 73 11.06
11.00 11.00 20.25 9.0 CornEgy 1.12 5.4 19 973 21.00 20.00 20.81+0.94
45.00 26.19 CwEd 2.18 7.0 10 5819 31.75 31.25 31 31-0.19 24.81 21.56
ConEd31 1.94 8.1 160 24.00 23.81 24.00+0.13 24.44 20.38 ConEd39 1.84
8.0 110 23.19 23.00 23.13+0.13 48.00 8.50 ConsGph 6 256 14.75 14.44
14.75 + 0. 1. 41.13 24.44 ConsPap. .88 2.2 3631166 39.56 39.13
39.34+0.22 13.38 7.63 ConsPdts 1.03t 13 448 9.19 9.00 9.19+0.13 23.00
10.81 ConStor 57 3320 14.19 1.144 13 6-3-0 M 12.50 1.25 CGDjrwa a dd 62
1.50 1.38 1.50 1.68 4.4 20 2856 38.69 38.06 38.25+0.06 54.75 29.06
CtlAir A 8 20 48.75 47.88 48.75+0.50 54.81 29.00 CtlAir B 9 3747 49.00
47.56 48.13+0.13 27.25 15.31 ConCMx Age 0.7 35 25.75 24.38 25.50+1.50
55.44 17.25 CnvrGys 40 7612 39.88 38.75 39.13+0.38 83.56 33.56 CoopCam
82 4586 80.81 77.81 77.81-2.19 38.81 22.75 CoopCo .08 0.2 17 1296 32.88
32.13 32.88+0.31 53.25 29.38 Cooper 1.40 4.0 10 3063 35.50 34.38

35.31+0.69 20.19 9.50 CoopTr .42 3.5 7 3673 12.19 12.00 12 .06+0 .06
67.63

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37.38 Coors B .74 1.2 23 2093 60.44 59.19 59.56+0.63 10.25 6.19
Copel .24 a 2.5 3175 9.69 9.50 9.69+0.13 22.25 T38 CopeneP 1.69 e 8.3
123 20.31 20.19 20.31 3225 13.25 Cordant .16 0.7 38 37 24.50 24.13 24
.25+0 .81 31.38 15.69 CoreLab 42 1232 19.44 18.88 19.25-0.06 22.50
10.00 Corimon s 720 17.69 17.44 17.44-0.19

52-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg
35.2522.44 CompDts .32 1.3 15 630 25.38 25.00 2513-0.31 17.25 5.88
ComellCos 9 313 8.31 8.13 831 +0.06 17.56 10.00 CompPpn 2.16 15.9 dd 145
13.69 13.38 13.63+0.06 11.63 9.00 ComerRlt 1. 11 10.6 12 286 10.69
10.44 10.50-0.06 13.56 9.00 CmstStrR q30 10.44 10.44 10.44+0.06 340.00
62.63 Comingin .72 0.2 cc x25857 330.00 324.50 328.00+3.94 11.56 9.00
CorpHY 1.37 13.1 q 497 10.50 10.38 10.44+0.06 10.56 8.31 CpHYII 26 12.9
q 346 9.75 9.56 9.75+0.13 12.19 19.50 CpHYIII i.48 13.8 q 1373 10.88
10.69 10.69+0.06 10.13 7.00 CorpOffP 76 8.4 16 65 9.19 9.00 9.00-0.06
14.81 9.63 CorrPrT 1.46 14.6 8 164 10.06 9.94 10.00+0.06 14.94 3.06
Corrpro do289 3.69 3.56 3.63-0.13 23.25 20.00 CoftsBLS 95 1.75 7.9 27
22.25 21.75 22.25+0.75 23.00 13.25 CortsJCP 9 71.91 11.9 115 16.38
16.00 16.00-0.44 25.00 18.25 CortXR27 2 00 8.7 11 22.88 22.81 22.88-
0.13 32.19 25.44 CorusE gn 135 30.26 30.00 30.00-0.50 29.69 9.63
CorusGr a 2 1170 10.50 10.25 10.31+0.31 7.25 2.88 Cotelligent dd 406
4.13 4.00 4.00 39.75 22.31 CntwCrd .40 1.1 11 5607 38.44 37.63 37.88-
0.06 45.63 30.63 CousPr 1.80 4.4 12 769 41.25 40.50 41.13+0.50 17.50
6.50 Covance 22 663 10.69 10.25 10.38-0.31 58.38 35.13 CoxCorn 17 9588
36.75 35.56 35.63- 0.50 76.00 49.00 CoxCmco 3.50 7.1 931 50.50 49.50
49.63-0.25 67.25 43.63 CoxCmGth .13 0.3 15 44.25 43.63 44.25-0.06
121.00 85.00 CoxCm29 n 6.86 7.2 340 95.50 93.75 95.50+2.13 35.63 17.38
CoxRadio s 28 2711 21.56 20.81 20.81- 0.63 29.50 16.06 Crane .40 b 1.6
14 1295 25.25 24.7 12.38 10.25 CrwtdA .55 5.1 14 11 10.94 10.8 14.81
11.00 CrwfdB .55 4.4 16 46 12.50 12.3 13.00 7.00 Credlcp .10 a 1.2 1045
8.38 8.19 7.25 5.56 CrSuisinco .72 10.9 q 789 6.75 6.56 6.63-0.06 9.00
6.50 CrSuisStrt .87 a 11.8 q x242 7.38 7.31 7.38+0.13 23.19 15.13
CresRE 2.20 9.9 do 1331 22.63 22.13 22.13-0.31 24.13 15.88 Crestime 9
76 19.88 19.63 19.69-0.13 2.94 CrlImiM dd 3905 1.69 1.56 1.69+0.06
22.88 12.44 CriatChle .72 a 4.6 32 15.75 15.75 15.75 18.00 7.25
Crompton.20 2.2 cld 2238 9.19 9.00 9.00-0.06 26.94 7.56 ACrosThr .04
0.2 25 3068 27.00 26.06 26.44+0.19 15.50 9.25 CrosTirn 1.60e 40.4 13 40
15.50 15.25 15.44 T38 4.81 CrwnAm 83 14.0 dd 743 6.00 5.88 5.94-0.06
28.13 12.94 CwnCork 1.00 7.7 27 5032 13.94 12.94 12.94-0.31 3.25 0.34
CwnCr .12 24.0 dd 999 0.56 0.50 0.50 23.13 17.00 CmPac 2.26 12.0 18 600
19.19 18.69 18.88-0.13 27.50 10.81 Cryolife 67 158 26.88 26.06
26.88+0.38 33.06 19.63 CullenFr .78 2.5 16 5349 31.00 30.38 31.00+0.50
9.88 4.19 Culp Inc .14 3.3 8 214 4.25 4.00 4.25+0.06 6088 27.06 CumEng
1.20 3.4 8 1409 35.88 34.44 35.50+0.19 18.81 9.69 CurInc .83 7+8 q 10
10.63 10.63 10.63-0.06 4838 3038 CurtWr .52 1.1 11 174 47.00 45.25
45.44-1.56 5100 K31 CypSem 33 20055 49.50 47.69 49.44+1.69 34.25 21.25
Cytec 10 872 33.63 32.94 33.38+0.13

D

23.50 18.00 DECS T2 1.81 8.4 1500 21.56 21.56 21.56+0.44 8.63 6.69
DU HiY .99 132 q 234 7.56 7.50 7.50 27.38 16.38 ADPL .94 3.4 25 3046
27.44 26.31 27.31+0.81 53.00 33.63 00E 1.60 4.0 17 2453 40.63 40.13
40.19-0.06 25.25 21.50 00E 39 n 2.09 8.5 25 24.81 24.50 24.63-0.19 1956
10.00 DADR Horton 16 0.8 7 4996 20.25 19.50 19.63+0.25 100.25 51.19 DST
Sya 35 655 94.63 93.06 94.00+1.00 41 .31 28.44 DTE 2.06 5.9 10 2585
35.00 34.50 34.75+0.25 19.75

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11.25 DVl Inc 12 139 18.56 18.13 18.38+0.38 78.69 51.31 DajmlrC 2.22
a 4.3 10 6833 52.38 51.56 52.06-0.31 76.94 52.00 Daimlr 02 3.73 a 7.1 6
52.50 52.50 52.50 80.94 41.75 DainRaus .98 1.1 13 1283 80.81 78.69
80.44 + 0 .11+75 6.13 Dal-Tile 8 551 11.31 11.06 11.25 49.00 24.75 DWML
s .13 0.3 31 3660 41.38 39.00 41.38+2.63 7.25 3.81 DanRivr 5 408 4.50
4.44 4.44-0.06 43.75 20.31 DanaCp 1.24 5.0 7 4276 25.06 24.00
24.69+0.50 60.25 36.44 Danaher .06 0.1 28 3390 56.31 55.06 56.19+0.69
30.63 17.50 Danone a .31 a 1.1 225 28.06 27.31 27.44-0.44 20.63 12.44
Darden .08 0.5 13 3889 17.75 17.38 17.69+0.19 14.13 5.06 DavB 11 2273
8.00 7.00 8.00+11.13 36.25 15.63 ADeVry 55 2756 37.81 36.06 37.38+1.44
46.56 22.38 DeanFd .90 f 2.9 11 828 31.56 31.19 31.25- 0.25 719 5 . 63
DebtStrt .80 12.7 q 485 6.38 6.25 6.31 8.19 6.75 DebtStr .95 2.8 q 971
7.44 7.31 7.44+0.1 913 7.81 DebtStr3 .99 . 1.7 q 202 8.44 8.38 8.44 .40
30.31 Deere .88 2.7 20 15897 33.50 32.31 32.94+0.56 1550 656 DelMnte 3
689 6.75 8.56 6.56-0.19 d 94 9.69 DelaGp 1.50 11+9 q 296 12.69 12.44
12.56-0 06 13.75 10.25 DEGpGlb 1.50 2.0 q 156 12.50 12.31 12.50+006
10.13 6.63 DelcoR 16 104 7.94 7.63 7.88-0.06 26.88 14M DelhaizeA .58
3.9 8 1167 15.19 15.00 15.00-0.13 2794 14.75 DelhaizeB .57 3.8 8 283
15.44 15.06 15.06-0.31 21.13 14.00 DelphiA .28 1.7 818766 16.50 15.63
16.44+0.50 41.38 22.94 DelphFn 12 425 41.38 39.94 41.38+0.88 34.00
14.13 DeltPne .12 0.5 13 1031 24.50 24.00 24.44+0.17 58.31 43.56
DeltaAir .10 0.2 5 6682 49.88 48.75 49.50-0.25 25.38 20.00 Delta39 2.03
8.4 442 24.25 23.88 24.13+0.25 6.13 0.75 DeltaFn do 68 0.88 0.75 0.81
2.13 0.63 DeltaW 2 40 1.75 1.63 1.63+0.13 27.19 19.50 DeltTim .25 1.3
41 288 20.75 20.00 20 .00-0 . 13 36.69 21.19 Deluxe 1.48 6.7 8 2994
22.25 21.50 22.00+0.13 7.25 3.63 Danbury 9 1003 6.94 6.75 6 94+0.13
28.19 7 Dept56 9 257 13.56 13.31 13.56+0.13 7.88 4.94 ADeRigo 220 7.94
7.88 788 20.00 10.50 DescSA .56 a 4.7 255 12.00 23.00 12.88 DetDies1
.50 2.2 13 26 22.81 22.81 22.81 24.50 19.81 DetE26 1.91 8.5 15 23.00
22.50 22.56-0.19 24.06 18.50 DetE6 -28 1.89 8.5 15 22.56 22.31 22.31-
0.19 23.44 18.00 DetE12 -28 1.84 8.4 177 22-06 21.88 21.94+0.06 100.25
37.06 DeutTel .56 a 1.4 22693 38.94 38.44 38.94-0.19 16.25 11.00 DevDv
1.44 9.9 12 3050 14.63 14.38 14.50-0.19 59.56 32.3 Dexter 1.04 1.8 25
9330 62.38 59.13 59.13-0.13 43.56 24.38 Diageo 1.44 a 4.2 1596 34.63
34.06 34.44-0.19 45.00 21.69 DiagPd .48 1.1 24 169 43.38 42.38 42.38-
0.38 31.00 9.88 Dial .32 3.1 9 4442 10.31 10.06 10.25+0.19 46.25 26.50
DiaOffs .50 1.1 T3 7522 45.00 44.44 44.81+0.19 32.88 19.69 Diebold .62
2.2 15 2492 28.81 28.25 28.25-0.13 24.00 12.23 Dillards .16 1.2 11 4494
13.38 12.75 12.81-0.63 22.50 13.50 Dillard38 1.88 12.6 93 15.13 14.63
14.88 19.69 11.31 DimeBcp .32 1.7 9 4816 18.69 18.00 18.38+0.25 4.56
1.94 Dimon .36 11.5 8 1607 3.19 3.00 3.13-0.06 20.81 7.88 DiscAut 6 918
8.94 8.44 8.88+0.38 43.8823.38 Disney .21 0.5 78 436 88 39.81 38.31
38.94+0.56 37.69 9.26 Dwnt n 4962 16.63 14.88 10.311+11.31 23.75 15.00
Dist&Srv .22 a 1.3 2097 17.25 16.94 17.25-0.13 25.63 13.50 Dole .40 2.8
17 1312 14.19 13.94 14.13+0.13 26.13 14.38 DollarG a .10 0.5 30 7107
21.31 20.50 20.56-0.81 43.88 28.25 DirGnST 3.36 9.4 181 36.75 35.50
35.63-1.38 2425 11.38 DollarTh 8 1419 23.00 21.81 22.63+0.94 5294 34 81
DomRes n 2.58 4.9 32 15450 53.94 51.31 53.00+1.63 16.75 10.25 DmRsBW
2.63 e 17.2 q 278 15.38 15.00 15.25 -1481 8.25 Domtar g .14 86 9.00
8.75 8.94+0 . 19 2513 18 . 81 Donldson .28 1.3 14 859 21.31 20.63
21.13+0.19 88.63 36.50 DonLufJen .25 0.3 17 12152 88.63 88.38
88.50+0.13 19.94 6.25 DU Dir cc 4335 8.56 8.06 8.13-0.44 21.25 6.38
Doncstrs 9 1775 19.25 19.00 19.25 9.75 5.75 Maran 11 293 6.25 6.06
6.06-0.19 32.00 19.00 DonlleyRR .92 f 3.6 10 5878 25.81 25.13
25.75+0.50 16.44 11.75

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Donmily .40 2.9 5 21 13.88 13.69 13.88+0.19 17.19 4.63 DotHill dd
3976 9. 38 731 8.98+1.56 54.38 36.06 Dover .50f 1.0 20 4446 49.50 48.81

48.88-0.50 20.00 9.94 DoverD .18 1.8 12 91 10.19 10.06 10.06+0.06 47.13
26.00 DowChm s 1.16 4.4 1230261 26.75 26.06 26.20+0.01 77.31 49.31
DowJns 1.00 1.6 19 1596 63.50 62.56 62.56-1.19 36.00 18.50 DowneyFn .36
1.1 11 255 33.50 32.38 33.50+0.69 25.63 21.00 Downey29 2.50 9.8 413
25.50 25.00 25.50+0.50 6.69 5.56 DresGlob .72 10.8 q x51 6.69 6.56
6.69+0.06 11.81 8.44 DryHYSt 1.40 15.6 q 2660 9.00 8.94 9.00 9.44
7.50ADryStG .75 7.9 q 244 9.50 9.44 9.44 8.63 7.38 DryStrt .55 6.4 q
624 8.63 8.50 8.63+0.06 8.56 7.13 DrySM .56 6.7 q 405 8.44 8.38 8.38
49.25 21.13 DrilQuip 72 126 45.88 45.38 45.44-0.19 74.0042.88 DuPmt
1.40 3.1 18 24658 46.13 44.88 44.88 -0 32.94 19.00 DuaneR 10 6482 22.13
20.63 22.13+1.19 32.75 23.63 DucatiM cc 1 25.75 25.75 25.75+0.25 14.63
8.50 Ducomun 11 508 14.50 13.81 14.50+0.63 10.75 8.25 DufPUtil .78 a
8.1 q 1403 9.75 9.69 9.69 16.06 11.94 DufPTF .75 5.7 q 62 13.13 13.06
13.13+0.06 14.00 .56 DufPUC 1.02 8.3 q 248 12.38 12.19 12.25 73.63
45.75 ADukeEngy 2.20 2.9 2920610 75.81 73.50 74.81+1.31 22.88 19.38
DukeE38 1.65 7.5 86 22.25 21.88 22.00 25.75 16.63 DukeWks 1.72 f 7.2 17
4174 24.19 23.75 23.75- 0.11 34.25 23.56 DunBrad .74 2.2 20 5308 33.50
32.19 33.00+0.75 23.63 19.94 Duq38 1.84 8.0 10 23.06 22.94 23.06+0.13
59.25 20.00 Dycom s 64 3568 55.38 53.00 53.00-0.50 49.00 19.25 Dynegy 5
.11 e 0.2 7012046 45.44 44.38 45.00+1.13 13.25 0.44 DynexCap dd 875
1.44 1.31 1.44+0.25

E

65.9440.44 EON AG V 4 e 2.4 354 49.75 47.63 48.31-1.81 4.75 0.34 Ek
dd 3498 0.44 0.34 0.34-0.09 4.13 2.88 ECC Int 10 29 4.00 3.94 3.94 6.25
2.13 EEX Cp dd 787 5.88 5.50 5.88+0.13 4.94 1.88 EK Chor .50 e 19.5 13
100 2.56 2.50 2.56+0.06 98.63 29.13 EMC s cc 60733 99.19 95.81
97.88+1.56 63.44 46.13 ENI 1.61 e 2.8 486 59.38 57.81 58.44-0.31 39.50
13.69 EOG Res. 14 f 0.4 8 5396 38.75 38.06 38.25+0.38 68.00 43.19 ETown
2.04 3.0 40 167 67.38 67.19 67.19- 0.06 25.19 13.31 Earthgr .24f 1.4 14
2662 17.88 17.50 17.63-0.31 15.19 9.75 EstANG 1.39 e 9.6 9 35 14.44
14.25 14.44 63.69 43.38 EastEnt 1.72 2.7 27 x 10265 63.50 63.19
63.25+0.19 24.00 16.26 Eastgrp 1.52 6.9 11 202 21.98 21.00 21.88+0.88

STOCK TABLES EXPLAINED

P/E 52-Week Dividend ratio High Last based on most recent
declaration, unless indicated otherwise by Lo Stock Yield Sales Low
footnote. High % 100 Change a Extra dividends were paid, but are not
included. Annual rate plus stock. 11.50 7.13 A CorkyC .48 4.2 M7 11.75
10.88 11.00 +.13 c Liquidating dividend. 26.25 7.60 LwMeCo 1904 10.63
9.75 9.75 -.75 e Sum of dividends paid in last year. 26.75 10.75 17
1562 23.76 23.13 23.75 +.50 11 Current annual rate, which was increased
by most recent dividend announcement, Bold type marks stocks that rose
or fell at least 4 percent, but only if I Sum of dividends paid after
stock split, no regular rate. the change was at least 75 cents a share.
J Sum of divi- dends paid this year, Most recent dividend was
Underlining (on New York or American Stock Exchange) means stock
omitted or deferred. traded more than 1 percent of its total shares
outstanding. m Current annual rate, which was decreased by most recent
Underlining (on Nasdaq) means stock traded more than 2 percent of
dividend announcement. its total shares outstanding. p Initial divi-
dend, annual rate not known, yield not shown. 52-Week High and Low
Highest and lowest prices reached by a r Declared or paid in preceding
12 months plus stock dividend. stock over the last year, but not
including yesterday. t Paid in

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stock, approximate cash value when stock was distributed. Arrows *
Yesterday's high was greater than 52-week high. Yield is the ratio of
the annual dividend to the closing price, * Yesterday's low was less
than 52-week low. expressed as a per- centage. Both new high and new

low were reached. Price/Earnings Ratio is the price of the stock, divided by earnings Stock Name per share reported over the last four quarters. cid Preferred stock that has been called for redemption. q Stock is a closed-end fund. No P/E ratio shown. ec Company listed on the American Exchange's Emerging cc P/E exceeds 99. Company Marketplace. dd Loss in last 12 months. n Stock was a new issue in the last year. The 52-week high and Sales refers to the volume of shares, in hundreds. low figures date only from the begin- ning of trading. x Ex dividend, meaning this was the first day that the stock s Stock has split by at least 20 percent within the last year. traded without the right to receive a dividend. The price change pf Preferred stock issue. is adjusted to reflect that fact. pp Partly paid share, for which owner will need to make one or more y Ex dividend and sales in total shares. additional payments, z Sales are in total shares. pr Preferences. Prices Regular trading for the New York Stock Exchange and the un Unit, including more than one security. American Stock Exchange runs from 9:30 a.m., Eastern time, through rt Right to buy security at a specified price. the close of the Pacific Exchange, at 4:30 p.m. For the Nasdaq stock wd Trades will be settled when the stock is distributed. market, it is through 4 p.m. wl Trades will be settled when the stock is issued. wt Warrant, allowing a purchase of a stock. High Highest price at which the stock traded in regular trad- ing. vj Company in bankruptcy or receivership, or being reorganized Low Lowest price at which the stock traded in regular trading. under the bankruptcy law. Appears in front of the name. g Dividends and earnings in Canadian dollars. Last Last trade of the day in regular trading. Dividend refers to the current annual rate of dividend payment, Change Difference between last trade and previous day's price. Source: Associated Press

STANDARD & POOR'S 500 STOCK INDEX 1,550

1,525

1,500

High

Close

Low

1,475

1,450

1,425

1,400

10 17 24 1 8 15 22 29 5 12 19 26 June July Aug.

N.Y.S.E. Volume 1,500

1,250

1,000

750

500

250

0

10 17 24 1 8 15 22 29 5 12 19 26

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June July Aug.

52-Week Ytd Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 1100s, High Low Last Chip
 54.75 33.63 EastChm 1.76 4.1 25 13012 44M 42.88 43.13-0.69 78.28 53.19
 EKodak 1.76 2.8 13 8923 63.25 61.63 6250+006 98.38 60.13 Eaton 1.76
 2.7 7 3932 67.31 65.00 6638+031 55.00 27.31 EatnVan .38 0.8 16 1203
 50.31 48.44 4844-150 13.44 10.13 EV Mult .75 6.3 q 418 12.06 11.88 12 .
 00+025 10.00 8.31 EV Sdnc .92 9.5 q 756 9.81 9.69 969-0.13 41.25 28.00
 Ecolab .48 1.2 28 1662 N 19 38.19 38.94+0.75 30.00 15.25 Edisonint 1.12
 5.4 11 6576 20.88 20.50 20.69+0.25 7.25 5.13 E00 .12 1.8 33 177 6.88

6.50 6.69+0.31 25.60 12.38AEdwLSd n -66.94 26.38 25.75 26.25+1.88
57.0024.25 Edwards .64 1.2 12 x6880 66.75 52.00 62.00-2.25 18.25 16.00
19386dF 1.45 8.1 q 39 17.81 17.75 17.81+0.06 19.88 8.50 Eircom .21 e
2.4 2390 8.88 8.50 8.69-0.06 62.00 30.31 ElPasEn .82 1.4 27 40067 60.50
57.63 58.25+0.27 28.00 16.75 ElPa&Ept 2.15 9.0 66 861 24M 23.81 23.88-0
.06 59.88 21.25 Elan cc 6129 59.00 57.75 58.31+019 84.25 20.13 Elan wtA
10 82.00 81.31 81.31+0 . 06 65.25 16.00AElan wt B 5 65.50 65.38
65.38+013 39.63 13.75 Elcor .20 1.2 11 1232 16.56 16.25 16.44-0. 1 3
8.25 0.56 ElclerTrst 1.20 147.6 dd 115 0.81 0.75 0.81 76.69 38.38 EDS
.60 1.2 33 19404 50.50 49.50 49.81-0.38 107.94 67.00 ElfAquil 1.34 a
1.3 52 250 101.94 99.50 99.69-3.63 10.38 5.06 Becht 3 550 6.75 6.25
6.75+0.63 29+94 17.75 ElseLier .45 a 1.8 120 24.63 24.38 24 63-0 . 25
19.50 10.94 EAndinABBe 6.5 680 13.19 13.00 13 06-044 16.00 9.13 EAndlnB
.9499.1 426 11.13 10.31 10 31-0 . 81 27.50 19.06 EBrAero n 3054 28.75
27.00 27 31-006 31.00 10.13 Embrab .27 a 1.2 5007 22.13 21.63 2188
13.13 10.13 EmMkFlt 1.59 12.3 q 62 13.06 12.88 14.94 10.81 EMIncol.65
11+8 q 46 14.00 13.75 13 . 94+0 . 19 12.44 EMInco2 1.65 130 q 478 12.75
12.38 12.69+0.31 13.88 8.00 EmgMkt .25e2.3 q 228 11.00 10.88 10.94
20.63 10.00 EMTel q87 14.06 13.94 13.94 70.38 40.50 EmmnEl 1.43 2.2 21
13116 67.06 66.19 66.19-0.13 26.19 18.94 EmpDist 1.28 4.9 21 182 26.00
25.75 25.94+0.13 14.38 10.31 EEIChile 602 10.69 10.63 10.69 4.13 1.31
Empica 2 483 1.75 1.69 1.75-0.06 8.50 3.56 Encal g 13 66 6.38 6.13
6.31+0.06 12.94 4.63 Encompss 6 1046 5.50 5.31 5.50+0.06 23.75 17.94
Endesa .58e30 16 840 19.81 19.56 19.63-0.31 46.19 38.38 Enel n 1.12e2.8
9 40.19 39.75 39.75-0.75 26.50 14.69 Energen 68 f 2.6 17 1403 26.13
25.50 25.94 24.19 14.81 Energur n 1533 19.94 19.75 19.75-0.19 25.88
17.94 EgyEast .88 3.9 11 3142 22.81 22.38 22.69+0.25 60.94 41.00
Engynth 1.40 2.3 59 103 60.00 59.63 59.88+0.06 25.06 17.00 Enersis 130
17.44 17.25 1725+0.06 17 .81 3.81 Enesco 1.12 17.2 6 348 6.69 6.38
6.50-0.06 20.88 12.56 EnglCp .40 2.1 11 1606 19.00 18.69 18.75+0.19
21+25 8.63 Enhance .24 1.5 29 707 15.75 15.50 15.75+0.31 9.63 6.69
EnisBu .62 7.9 8 102 8.00 7.88 7.88-0.13 90.75 34.88 Enron .50 0.6 66
22409 85.94 84.81 84.88 34.75 15.31 Enron02 1.56 4.5 421 34.44 34.06
34.38+0.56 41.25 14.88 ENSCO .10 0.3 cc A003 40.00 39.44 39.88+0.38
68.69 34.94 Entercm 1972 41.88 41.06 41.31+0.19 32.19 15.94 Entergy
1.20 3.9 12 7042 31.00 30.44 30.44-0.25 25.25 13.69 EntOil .38 a 1.6 32
20 23.63 23.63 23.63-0.25 25.50 17.00 EntPrPt 2.1 Of 8.2 10 295 25.63
24.88 25.56+0.44 16.25 10.00 EnterPT 1.76 16.2 7 1566 10.88 10.63
10.88+0.06 55.75 3.06 Entrade dd 1405 5.75 4.31 5.00+0.63 20.56 15.19
Entra n n 8737 19.88 19.31 19.81+0.25 139.01120.26 EnzoBlo cc 1997
60.81 56.63 60.00+3.36 19.25 11.13 EottEng 1+90 12.7 177 15.06 14.81
15.00+0.06 177.88 34.00 Epcos n 84 103.50 100.69 102.38+5.38 132.00
33.31 Equant dd 2544 38.8837.69 38.44+0.75 31+00 19.88 Equifax .37 1.5
16 2901 25.88 25.00 25.44+0.25 59.75 32.25 EqtResc 1.18 2.1 21 864
56.50 56.13 56.31+0.25 2325 18.50 EqResCT

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1.84 8.2 393 22.38 22.06 22.38+0.25 9.25 6.13 EqtyInn 1.00 m 15.7 dd
610 6.50 6.38 6.38-0.13 31.44 20.81 EqOffPT 1.68 5.8 17 8128 29.25
28.88 28.88-0.44 1100 9.00 EqtyOne 1.04 10.3 8 29 10.25 10.06 10.13 51
19 38.13 EqtyRsd 3.24 f 6.8 18 3756 48.75 48.00 48.00 12.25 9.75
Equusll 5.65 e 6.2 q 95 10.56 10.50 10.50-0.06 20.13 HO Esco 4 86 18.44
18.06 18.44+0.13 19.50 15.06 EspirSan .64e3.3 380 19.50 19.31
19.50+0.13 52.00 29.06 EssexPT 2.20 4.5 18 402 49.31 49.13 49.19-0.06
55.88 37.25 EsteeLclr .20 0.5 34 3232 41.88 40.81 40.94-0.63 96.25
68.50 ELaudTrst 3.80 5.4 26 71.13 70.63 70.88+0.31 101.31 74 . 50
ELaucIT2 5.40 6.9 5 78.00 77.88 77.88-0.63 19.13 9.25 Esterline 10 2584
21.00 18.50 19.38+0.63 37.06 20.50 EthanAl .11 0.4 12 1632 27.44 26.81
26.94+0.19 5.50 1.88 Ethyl .19j 3 885 2.13 2.06 2.06 19.00 13.88 EuroFD

2.72e0.8 q 138 17.38 17.25 17.38+0.06 19.25 11.50 EurWtFd 3.35 a q 181
14.75 14.50 14.69+0.19 44.00 20.50 EverestRe .24 0.6 11 4812 42.75
40.25 40.25-1.31 15.56 13.88 Excelsr 1.01e6.6 q 6 15.25 15.25 15.25
17.50 6.31 ExideCp .08 0.9 dd 0908 9.38 UO 9.00-0.06 14.88 6.00
ExtStayA 24 9471 14.88 14.19 14.81+0.63 5.00 1.19 Extend g 4 1.88 1.75
1.88+0.19 86.56 69.88 ExxonMGb 1.76 2.2 23 37958 82.25 81.38 81.63+0.27
F 31.13 21.00 F&M Nat 1.00f 4.1 14 229 24.88 23.63 24.38+0.56 20.75
12.13 FBL Fn 36 2.4 9 100 14.81 14.75 14.75-0.06 54.63 29.13 FEMSA .54
a 1.2 2726 45.94 44.81 45.56+0.94 68.81 39.25AFMC 13 612 69.00 67.19
67.81+0.19 55.31 36.38 FPL Gp 2.16 4.0 12 6297 54.13 53.06 5338-0.13
4175 18.00 FactsetA s .12 0.4 47 304 34.50 33.56 34.19+0.50 21.38
14.31AFahnVin .32 1.5 6 31 21.44 21 25 21.25-0.13 55.63 26.25 Faidsc
.04 0.1 23 343 46.19 45.75 45.94 8.38 3.63 FairchCp s dd 478 7.00 6.63
6.88 49.50 19.50 FairchldS 30 4828 41.06 38.75 39.75-0.88 14.25 6.88
FairfCmts 6 2417 8.00 7.81 8.00+0.19 13.44 8.19 FalconPd .16 1.6 70 12
9.75 9.75 9.75-0.06 23.44 14.00 FamDlr .22 1.2 18 12858 18.75 17.69
18.00+0.44 73.25 47.88 FanniMae 1.12 2.1 14 24033 54.38 53.75 53.75-
0.25 6.13 3.13 Fanstel 6 105 4.25 4.06 4.06 43.75 26.00 FarmFH 6 4
30.13 30.13 30.13-0.13 47.94 30.56 FedExCp 17 6526 40.80 39.15
40.35+0.72 6.81 4.75 Fedders .12 2.3 9 401 5.19 5.00 5.19+0.13 6.00
4.44 Fedder&A .12 2.5 9 131 4.81 4.81 4.81 18.63 14.75 FdAgfica 24 9
17.88 17.88 17.88+0.25 23.63 13.13 FedAgric 22 61 17.19 16.88
16.88+0.13 46.19 8.94 FedMog .01 0.1 4 3233 10.69 10.19 10.31-0.06
24.00 16.38 FedRItY 1.80 9.0 15 319 20.63 20.00 20.00-0.44 22A 14.75
FedSigni 76 3.5 16 878 21.69 21.38 2156 + 0.19 53.88 21M FedrDS 8 12386
28.19 2T.00 27.63+0.50 27.13 2.50 FdDS MID 204 5.38 4.94 5.19+0.19
27.44 1025 Fedinvat a .15 0.6 21 3631 23.94 23.19 23.44+0.25 23.25 6.25
FelCor 2 .20 9.9 cc 1608 22.81 22.25 22.25-0.38 17.50 11.38 Ferrellgs
2.00 13.3 22 424 15.25 14.75 15.00-0.50 25.13 1731 Ferro .58 2.8 11 522
20.88 20.50 20.63 37.38 24.13 Fiat .58 a 2.3 31 24.88 24.69 24.69-0.50
13.81 10.38 FibrMrk 9 39 10.94 10.81 10.88+0.13 20.06 11.63 FidelFin
.40 2.0 14 2521 20.06 19.19 19.94+0.50 14.38 6.19 FilaHold 83 9.69 9.50
9.50-0.19 23.88 16.13 RnFedl 14 200 21.31 21.00 21.25+0.25 24.19 19.75
FSA2097 1.84 7.9 118 23.25 23.00 23.22+0.22 23.30 19.38 FSA2098 1.74
8.0 28 22.00 21.813 21.88-0.13 44.63 6.31 Finova .72 10.4 3 6582 7.25
6.94 6.94-0.25 17.75 10.25 FstAmCp 24 1.5 24 1191 16.88 16.25 16.50
22.81 16.25 FtBcpPR .44 2.3 10 524 19.50 19.19 19.50+0.25 19.25 16.63
FBksAm 9 1 19.00 19.00 19.00-0.06 14.88 8 . 63 FstCwlth s .56 5.9 11
181 9.81 9.44 9.56-0.13 10.38 8.56 FCmwF .93 10.1 q 144 9.19 9.13 9.19
57.69 38.94 FstData .08 0.2 16 13867 48.25 47.06 47.06-0.25 9.50 7.00
FFinFd MeH q 221 9.19 9.13 9.19+0.06 32.13 23.25 FstlnRT 2.48 8.4 12
1176 30.13 29.63 29.69- 0.38 19.13 12.13 FtIsH 1.87e2.6 q 33 19-06 19-
00 19-06-0-06 7.00 3.56 FtPhil .

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1213 3.81 3.63 3.81+0.19 26.63 13.63 FstRepBk 11 311 24.94 24.63
24.81+0.31 36.31 15.94 FstTenn .88 4.0 12 3343 22.25 21.13 22.00+0.75
44.31 24.44 FstUC 1.92 6.7 824014 29.75 28.56 28.81+0.13 3.88 2.25
FUnRE a .62b23.1 dd 731 2.81 2.63 2.69-0.06 49.75 29.00 FtVaBk 1.48 3.5
15 653 43.69 41.88 42.75+0.81 22.63 17.76 FWART 1.95 9.7 14 27221.38
19.94 20.13-0.94 19.38 11.56 FstFed 9 285 18.00 17.44 18.00+0.25 29.50
16.38 Firstar .65 2.7 26 13431 24.25 23.19 23.88+0.56 29.13 18.00
FirstEngy 1.50 6.1 10 13730 24.75 23.88 24.75+0.81 51.00 17.56 FishrSci
30 356 22.25 21.88 21.94-0.31 44.06 26.13 Fleelftst 1.20 f 2.8 1628014
42.69 40 42.69+2.63 44 00 13.06 FItBost wt 418 40.50 37.81 40.25+2.63
25.94 24.81.FltCa pfK 2.20 8.6 367 25.63 24.58 25.50 23.13 12.13
FleetEn .76 5.6 13 2013 13.75 13.44 13.69+0.13 17.63 8.69 Flernng OB OS
dd 717 15.50 15.31 15.44-0.06 4.94 2.50 FletFD 412 3.63 3.50 3.50 14.63
8.81 FletBld 1.06 e 11.2 4025 9.63 9.44 9.50-0.25 37.38 18.BBAFletEgy

1.14e3.0 7079 38.44 37.56 37.94+0.69 51.00 29.63 FlaEC .10 0.2 42 66
44.00 43.00 43.63-0.25 52.63 40.06 FlaProg 2.22 4.3 14 x9581 52.25
51.75 51.88-0.19

52-Week Ytd Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Lost Chip
43.25 28.00 FlaRck .50f 1.3 12 159 38.69 37.69 38.44+0.81 23.25 1 1.69
Flowers .53 2.4 66 6866 22.06 21.50 21.75+0.25 18.88 10.56 Flowsem .56
3.0 40 1312 18.75 18.38 18.50 48.50 23.94 Fluor 1.00 3.3 11 2230 29.94
29.44 29.94+0.63 39.38 20.75 Footstw 11 1689 30.63 29.00 29.75-1.13
30.00 25.WFordM n 7 211341125.63 23.81 2425-1.75 36.81 21.88 ForstCA
2007 18 44 35.32 35.00 35.00-0.20 38.31 25.00 ForstCB .2410.6 19 18
37.80 37.40 37.40-0.39 119.44 41.75 ForestLab 75 4441 99.25 97.00
97.88-0.13 19.00 7.19 Forest01 25 1506 15.69 15.25 15.31-0.19 1413
FtDear 1.04a7.8 q 122 13.38 13.25 13.31+0.06 36+50 16.44 Names .60 1.9
22 14954 32.25 31.50 32.06+0.03 7.94 6.75 Fortis50 .70 9.2 q 80 7.69
7.56 7.63 38.06 19.19 FortuneBr .92 3.6 13 2383 25.88 25.13 25.50+6+
13.19 5.19 FostWh .24 3.4 26 1337 7.19 6.98 7.06 + 0.19 17+56 6.25-
FoundHS 15 4222 17.63 17.00 17.56 + 0 76.98 34.06 FourSH g .11 0.1 1576
75.75 72.50 75.75+325 34.75 19.50 Fox Ent cc 2791 29.31 28.94
28.94+0.13 17.63 1 1.88 France 4.53e q 119 13.88 13.56 13.81+0.06
209.94 76.25 FranceTel .94 a 0.8 244 115.31 112.00 11531-1.44 25.25
20.81 FranFin 2.12 9.4 8 1276 22.69 22. 22.50-0.06 11.19 6.38 FrankGov
dd 385 6.81 6.63 6.69-0.19 12.38 2.69 FrkEPb 7 220 11.00 10.19 10.75-
0.258.56 6.75 FrkMul .67 8.0 q 15 8.38 8.31 8.38-0.06 39.19 24M
FrankRes.24 0.6 18 5587 38.44 37.25 38.00+0.81 8.81 6.31 FrkUnv .80 a
10.4 q 464 7.75 7.56 7.69+0.19 55.81 36.88 FredMac .68 1.6 13 20479
42.25 41.69 42.13+0.56 23.25 20.38 FredM13 1.67 7.5 39 22.50 22.31
22.31-0.25 18.75 8.06 FMCG A - 29 589 9.56 8.63 9.50+0.88 21.44 8.19
FMCG - 1710360 9.94 8. 88 .811+0.94 11.13 2.69 Fremont .16m 5.0 dd 8258
3.19 I00 3.19+0.25 30.38 21.63 FresenM .21 a 0.7 387 29.19 M 81
2919+025 13.38 5.63 FDelMnt 10 288 5.94 5 .88 5.88-0.06 13.19 4.88
FGoldmn dd 2288 5.75 5.44 5.63+0.13 19.94 4.38 FriedBA dd 259 7.88 7.44
7.44-044 12.38 0.31 Fmtrine dd 2105 0.41 0.31 0.31 -0.06 9.13 4.88
FrontrOil 23 538 7.25 7.00 7.13+0 13 22+44 13.94 FumBrds 7 2543 16.25
15+94 16.13+0.19

G

11.06 6.50 G&L Rty .50 6.6 dd 4 7.56 7.56 7.56 42.31 28.38 GATX 1.20
2.9 13 912 40.75 39.56 40.69+1.00 35.75 12.50 OC Gos did 571 15.31
12.88 14.88+1.98 12.50 3.06 Glo Strait dd 201 4.50 4.31 4.31 -0.06
35.50 23.44 GPU 2.18 7.19 15462 31.25 30.63 30.63-0.31 28.81 14.19-
GabolliA 11 965 30.38 28.00 30.13+2.06 11.06 8.94 GabCv .80 8.1 q 134
9.94 9.88 9.88-0.06 1 2.94 10.81 GabelliET 1.08 q 567 12.63 12.44
12.50+0.06 19.75 1 1.50 GabGloM 3.0 e

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0.2 q 138 14.50 14.06 14.31+0.19 8.69 7.31 GabUtil .60 7A 12 167
8.19 8.06 8.13+0.06 29.31 20.25 GabLRsd 2.2718.2 252 27.75 27.50
27.75+0.06 6.94 3.75 Gainsco .07 1.8 65 366 3.88 3.75 3.88+0.06 4.63
1.25 Galey1- dd 76 4.44 4.25 4.44+0.13 48.50 16.50 Galileo Int .36 1.9
10 2216 19.13 18.56 18.63+0.63 50.00 23.13 Gallaghr 9 .92 1.9 27 625
49.63 47.94 49.00+0.88 29.25 12.75 Gallaher 1.52 a 7.1 325 21.50 21.13
21.38+0.25 83.63 52.25 Gannett .84 1.5 16 5941 57.38 56.06 56.50-0.38
53.7521. 19 20.75 11.00 GardDen 13 1358 15.38 14.44 14.75-0. 22.31 9.56
Gartner 50 2173 13.56 12.69 13.38+0.69 22.63 9.19 GartnrB 11 3389 11.50
10.94 11.25+0.25 84.00 41.63 Gateway a 45 13793 69.88 65.60 68.10+2.25
33.06 19.50 GaylrdEnt cc 2267 26.50 26.00 26.13-0.38 17.06 7.19 GenTek
.20 1.3 7 111 15.38 16.13 15.25+0.13 12.38 6.63 GenCorp a .48 r 6.6 6
2485 7.38 7.13 7.31+0.25 245.00 66.88 Genentc old 6818 194.50 188.38
190.50 +3.13 18.81 12.63 GenerSA .15e 1.2 380 13.13 12.75 12.75+0.13
40.88 32.13 GAInv q 464 40.75 40.19 40.75+0.31 17.44 5.75 GnCable .20 2

.4 dd 2412 8.38 7.88 8.38+0.50 3.56 0.44 GnChem 35 322 1.06 1.00
1.06+0.06 15.44 2.25 GnData dd 8028 6.31 6.00 6.00+0.25 64.81 36.25
GenDyn 1.04 1.7 17 5120 64.25 62.88 62.94-0.88 60+50 37.13 GenElec a
.55 0.9 50 117095 59.31 67.19 58.69+0.88 34.50 25.00 GnGrth 2.04 6.4 17
2372 32.56 32.13 32.13-0.38 44.00 29.38 GenMills s 1.10 3.4 16 6929
32.31 31.56 32.13+0.06 94.63 56.94 GnMotr 2.00 2.8 8 32783 73.94 71.94
72.63+0.25 47.00 16.25 GM H a 8.78e 29033 33.56 32.50 33.13+0.38 21.63
825 GenSerni 14 2450 15.25 14.56 14.56-0.25 18.00 8.25 Gensco 17 1054
16.25 15.75 16.19+0.50 13.81 08 GensisE 2.00 30.2 dd 470 6.63 6.31
6.63+0.31 20.00 6.88 GnRad 6 676 9.00 8.56 8.81-0.25 29.38 19.94
GenuPrt 1.10 5.3 9 4169 20.75 20.50 20.56 34.50 15.38 Gaon Co .50 2.9 4
2272 17.75 17.31 17.44+0.38 31 13 12.94 GaGulf .32 2.5 7 2976 13.38
13.00 13.00- 0.19 51.94 24.50 GaPcGP .50 1.9 7 11007 26.94 26.00
26.75+0.75 32.00 20.75 GaPTimb 1.00 3.4 14 2044 29.50 29.19 29.31 52
.38 30.38 GaPac un 3.75 11.6 678 32.75 32.06 32.44+0.6 23.00 19.38 GaPw
39 1.66 7.6 15 22.25 21.81 21.81- 0.25 22+75 19.56 Ga .38 1.65 7.5 268
22.13 21.75 22.00+0.06 23.00 18.88 GaPw47 1.72 7.9 44 21.75 21.63
21.75-0.13 6.00 3.75 GerbChw 8135 575 5.50 5.75+0.19 23.25 8.75 GerbSc
.32 3.3 15 954 9.81 9.50 9.75+0.50 15.63 7.25 Gerdau a .53e3.9 1117
13.88 13.69 13+69-0.06 17.00 12.75 GerFd 1.50 e 3.5 q 177 14.44 14.13
14.38-0.06 16.50 11.06 GerNew 1.49 e 0.9 q 435 13.56 13.38 13.38 14.19
9.81 GettyRity .60 5.1 2434 11.75 11.56 11.75+0.19 12.25 6.63 Giantin
15 496.88 6.75 6.75-0.19 44.81 14.50 Gildan 377 43.94 42.94 42.94-
1.00 48.38 28.19 Gillette .65 2.2 26 29908 31.00 29.94 30.06-1.25 3.31
1.38 Glamis dd 4516 1.69 1.56 1.63+0.06 16.50 9.81 Glaffelter .70 6.7
10 476 10.63 10.25 10.50+0.19 64.44 45.25 GlaxoWel 1.27e2.2 34 3079
57.94 57.31 57.56+0.44 19.98 11.66 GlenRT 1.68 9.0 43 709 18.63 17.69
18.63+0.75 16.13 11.94 GlirrchRt 1.92 12.5 17 234 15.56 15.25
16.38+0.13 13.56 9.63 GlobHi 1.66 12.5 q 430 13.38 13.25 13.25-0.06
33.25 13.38 GlobM 87 7998 32.56 31.88 32.31+0-50 12.00 9.63 GlobPart
1.42 12.2 q 71 11.69 11.63 11.63 5.56 3.38 GblbTAP s 1.35 a 24.8 8 2
5.44 5.31 5.44 36.50 7.69 GiblTele dd 23601 9.19 8.56 8.63 6.00 2.44
GlobVac dd 1 -5 325 325-006 8.19 4.25 GoldcpA g 43 7.06 6.88 7.00 10.25
5.13 GoldepB g 17 8.00 7.88 7.88 22.25 12.25 GoldStBc .10p 8 3037 20.38
19.81 20.13+0.25 49.94 26.98 GoldWF s.21 0.4 16 6114 48.13 47.31
47.63+0.44 12HO 57.44-GoldmanS .48 0.4 21 13836 12925 123.88 128.06
+4.38 6.50 1.00 GoodrPet dd 14 5.i5 5.69 5.69+0.06 43.13 21.00 Goodrch
1.10 2.7 27 x7450 41.25 40.00 40.81+1.06 58.25 19.56 Goodyear 1.20 5.1
14 14626 23.94 22.38 23.38+044 9.25 4.25 Gotchk 12 598 6.81 6.38
6.63+0.25 19.81 7.75 Grace
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4 8167 8.19 7.81 7.94 36.19 28.44 Greco .56 1.6 12 191 35.44 34.69
35.44+0.69 56.U 28.60 Graingir .68 2.4 16 6230 30.44 28.63 28.88-1.88
28.50 16.75 GraniteC .40 1.8 11 652 23.50 22.75 22.75-0.63 26.25 13.13
Grantor n 2345 23.69 23.19 23.50-0.13 8.76 1.25 GraphPk 9 dd 388 2.00
1.88 2.00+0.06 1 8.75 9.75 GrayCom .08 0.7 dd 37 1 1 25 11.25 11.25 1
5.25 9.50 GrayCmB .08 0.8 3 16 10.19 10.00 10.19+0.06 22.63 14.94
GrAmFncl .10 0.6 20 27 17.94 17.94 17.94 3T44 13.38 GtAtloc .40 2.9 14
2524 14.25 13.94 14.00+0.06 25.75 20.00 GtAPc39 2.34 10.0 36 23.50 2319
23.38+0.06 42.00 26.50 GtLkCh .32 0.9 14 2467 33.94 32.31 33.75+1.06
1925 13.63 GtLkRE 1.44 7.5 13 517 19.19 18.69 19.19+0.31 61.88 49.38
GNIron 5.80 a 11.5 8 5 50.50 50.50 50.50-0.13 10.50 6.63 GtChina q228
9.88 9.50 9.63 0.25 13.00 6.56 GMP .55 6.9 dd 60 8.00 7.88 8.00 1138 7
00 Greentor .36 4.4 846 8.63 8.25 8.25-0.38 k69 15.00 GreenptFn 100 3.8
10 2297 26.63 26.13 26.13-0.06 863 5.13 Griffon 9 1846 8.00 7.69
7.75+0.13 22.38 9.50 Group1 6 217 10.69 11.00+0.06 14.94 1.75 Groups
605 14.88 14.25 14.88+0.63 7.00 4.56 GrubbEl 8 147 6.13 6.06 6.13+0.06
11.00 3.25 GCSaba 5 10.25 10.25 10.25 14.50 4.38 GEIektra .11 a 1.1 14

1625 10.38 9.75 10.06+0.38 17.75 9.88 Gpolmsa .32 a 3.1 655 10.50 10.25
10 +0.13 13.56 6.63 GDurang 35 8.63 8.50 8.50-0.25 10.06 5.13 GlAaseca
.19 a 3.6 89 5.25 5.13 5.25+0.13 26.50 9.00 Gpolusaell 2651 13.13 12.25
12.75+.63 14.118 3.69 GpoRadio .23 a 2.5 18 180 9.06 8.81 9.06+0.25
87.00 33.56 GTelevsa 07 0.1 - 3793 65.94 64.69 64.75+0.06 8.13 GTHbasa
9 66 1.00 0.94 0.94-0.13 26.00 17.06 Gtach 7 4512 18.13 17.75
17.88+0.06 769 3.88 GuangRy 72 a 10.9 410 6.63 6.50 6.63+0.38 121.50
72.94 Gucci .45 0.4 32 337 104.38 102.81 102.81- 0.69 33.00 10.38 Guess
15 4142 23.13 21.63 22.69+0.69 20.25 13.06 GuestSply 14 86 18.63 17.75
18.63 75.38 41.00 Guidant 48 151125 67.66 65.00 67.19+1.94 9.75 2.56
Guilford .22j 13 1496 3.50 2.88 3.50+0.19 5.69 3.06 GlfCda g 5136 5.63
5.44 5.56 11.25 6.60 GulfInclor 13 1247 10.06 8.8 10.00 +0.19

52-Week Ytd Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last VN
H

41.00 15.13 H&Q Hit 4.47 a 5.9 q 430 36.25 35.00 36.00+1.00 45.60
13.31

H&O Lie 2.90 9 5.6 q 408 31.94 30.56 31.94-M.44 12.69 4.38 HA-LO dd
2845 5.19 4.94 5.00 35.81 18.75 HCA HIth .08 0.2 73 15727 34.75 33.50
34.50+0M 22.94 8.00 HCC In .20 0.9 41 756 21.19 20.94 21.13-0.06 11.88
6.11 HRPT Prp .80 m 117 11 4124 6.88 6.81 6.81 - 34.50 12.38 HIS Rsc 18
313 31.94 31.19 31.69+0.31 40.63 21.50 HSB Gp 1.76 4.4 17 2300 40.00
39.81 39.94+0.06 74.25 63.13 HSBC 1.98 a 2.7 767 72.44 71.75 72.44+0.44
29.25 17.38 Hasmon 35 234 25.25 24.63 25.19 0.50 54.75 32.31 HaJlibtn
.500.9 5019924 53.81 51.94 53.00- 0.04 4.94 2.00AHancFab .10 2.0 10 604
5.00 4.75 5.00+0.19 11.75 9.13 HanPtGib .97 8.4 q 105 11.56 11.50 11.50
11.69 9.50 HanPtPfd .86 8.0 q 11 10.69 10.69 10.69 9.25 7.06 HanPO-65
7.8 q 56 8.38 8.25 8.38+0.13 11.06 8.38 HanPtDv2 .78 7.8 q 161 10.13
10.00 10.00 13.88 11.25 HanPtSel 1.08 8.5 q 45 12.75 12.69 12.75+0.06
9.75 6.00 HancBT .70 9.5 q 3385 7.44 7.25 7.38+0.13 14.00 12.31 HanJS
1.06 7.6 q 95 13.94 13.81 13.88+0.06 18.25 16.13 Hardl 1.40 7.7 q 112
18.25 18.13 18.19+0.06 17.00 8.50 HandIm 9 1006 12.38 12.00 12.38+0.13
15.50 3.25 HangrOrth 88 691 3.50 3.44 3.50 -13.94 7.69 Hanna .50 6.0 dd
18275 8.88 8.31 8.31-0.31 40.69 14.00 HanovC a 42 1136 32.19 31.13
31.75+0.69 44.25 26.63 Hanson 1. 19 a 4.0 7 263 29.63 29.13 29.44-0.63
62+50 32.63 HarcGn .84b 1.4 24 1763 60.13 5B.88 59.31+0.31 2038 11.88
Hadnd .30 2.1 9 264 14.63 14.19 14.63+0.38 49.50 22.50AHwleyD s.10 f
0.2 50 8449 50.50

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48.44 49.88+1.00 78.25 36.75 Harman .20 0.3 19 2114 77.19 76.50
76.75 -0.38 30.75 17.00 HaffahE 17 4252 28.63 28.13 28.38+0.13 39.38
17.88 Harris .20 b 0.7 cc 2738 30.88 29.94 30.06+0.13 31.88 24.00
Harsco .94 3.4 11 650 28.25 27.25 27.81+0.19 26.75 19.06 HarteHnk.08 03
23 540 25.63 25.13 25.13-0.19 69.50 29.38 HartfdFn .96 1.4 17 8723 6775
65.69 66.63+0.69 4.50 2.13 Hartmx 11 518 3.06 2.88 3.00+0.13 26.38
10.19 Hasbro .24 1.9 158886 12.38 11.69 12.31+0.31 13.31 11.63 HattSe q
70 13.25 13.13 13.25+0.13 16.88 7.75 Haverty s .20 1.7 9 100 11.56
11.31 11.56+0.25 37.69 27.69 HawEl 2.48 7.6 10 816 32.94 32.19
a2.75+0.50 00 3.81 HavkCp 12 28 7.94 7.75 7.94+0.19 28.75 11.69 HayeaL
6 220 13.56 12.88 12.88-0.56 29.75 21.69 HlthCP 2.96 fl 1.2 12 652
26.75 26.13 26.50+0.13 20.88 13.81 HlthCr 2.34 13.0 9 555 18.19 17.88
18.06+0.06 25 16660 16.44 15.63 16.38+0.63 20.38 14.50 HltcRTY 2.24
111.3 10 870 20.06 19.56 19.75+0.06 8.00 1.63 HlthpIn5v dd 2396 4.00
3.19 3.63+0.38 9.00 4.56 Hltheth 68 9206 6.25 6.00 6.13-0.06 29.25
18.69 HrstArT 51 430 21.63 21.13 21.63+0.50 3.38 075 HeclaM dd 4363
0.94 0.81 0.88 20.98 11.19 Helco .05 b 0.3 16 311 16.44 15.44 15.50-
1.38 20.00 9.88 Helco A .05 b 0.4 13 134 13.56 12.50 12.69-0.94 48.25
30.81 Heinz 1.47 3.9 16 6123 38.63 37.75 38.13-0+38 1538 8.81 HelInTel
.28e3.0 5782 9.38 9.13 9.25+0+19 26.50 16.50 HellrFn .40 1.6 8 1838

25.81 24.88 24.88-0.38 38.50 1838 HelmPayn .30 t 0.8 33 1931 37.44
36.13 36.94+0.13 34.19 11.75 Hercule .32 rn 2.4 11 6915 13.88 13.25
13.25-0.13 23.00 16.50 HeritPpne 2.25 10.8 27 28 21.00 20.56 20.81
55.81 37.75 Hershey 1.12 f 2.6 20 3461 43.13 42.25 42.69-0.44 51.75
26.63 Hertz .20 0.7 9 600 31.00 30.63 30.63-0.25 136.19 52.25 HewlettP
s .64 b 0.5 35 30650 121.50 119.56 121.00+1.06 14.75 4.75 Hexcel 43 969
13.94 13.63 13.81+0.06 14.31 8.75 Hibern .48 3.8 10 2496 12.81 12.56
12.56-0.19 9.63 8.25 HiIncoOp q 1463 9.25 9.13 9.19 .1. 6.94 5.00 HiYld
.60 10.5 q 180 5.69 5.63 5.69-10.06 7.63 5.88 HiYdPl .87 a 13.1 q 113
6.63 6.56 6.63 10.63 6.75 Highins dd 5 9.00 8.94 8.94-0.06 27.19 20.13
HighwdP 2.28 f 9.5 16 3338 24.38 24.06 24.06-0.31 42.13 23.75 HilbRog
.68 1.7 27 296 40+06 39.94 40.00 38.38 26.13 Hillenbd .80 2.3 19 499
35.56 34.75 34.81-0.06 12.50 6.38 Hilton .08 0.8 14 9305 10.13 9.88
10.00+0.06 67.50 24.88 HispBrd a 72 2641 26.38 24.75 25.69- 0.69 164.50
95.00 Hitachi .57e0.5 31 358 121.44 118+50 120.44 - 1.56 17.06 9.69
Hollinger .55 3.4 56 1030 16.63 16.38 16.38-0.13 70.00 39.38 HomeLp
5.16 0.3 43 85152 49.38 48.00 48.31 31.75 24.81 HmePrp 2.12 7.1 22 465
29.69 29.00 29.69+U9 4.63 1.44 Homepage 39 1434 2.63 2.31 2.31-0.13
11.00 5.25 Hmstke .05 U dd 218M 5.75 5.50 5.56+0.13 27.88 15.56 Hon Ind
.38 1.4 16 625 27.50 26.94 26.94 90.75 64.50 Honda .44 a 0.6 244 72.81
72.D6 72.50+2.25 65.81 32.13 HonwlIntl .75 1.9 19 W9 39.94 38.56
39.00-0.50 31.94 12.00 HorMan .60 13.9 16 x512 15.38 15.13 15.25-0.13
23.13 13.63 Hormel a .35 2.3 13 1198 15.63 15.38 15.44 -26 17.94 HospPT
2.76 11.9 11 1075 23.50 23.13 23.25-0.38 11.75 7.38 HostMarr .84 7.9 14
1746 10.75 10.69 10.69-0+06 51.81 34.88 HoughtM .52 f 1.1 291552 49 .
31 48.63 49.19-0.13 50.44 29.50 Hoshint .76 .6 14 3110 48.19 47.75
48.00 26.00 14.50 HoustEx 16 450 25.88 25.00 25.88+0.38 11.88 5.31
HowlCp .16 1.4 16 130 A.69 11.50 11.69+0.06 17.63 6.56 HuanPw .43 a 2+7
13 2588 16.50 16.06 16.19+0.38 40.00 21.75 HubbelA 1.32 15.3 11 35 28
19 24.88 25.06+0.06 39.19 21.63 HubbelB 1.32 f 5.1 12 770 26.00 25.50
25.88+0.38 32.88 18.00 Hucl&Utd 1.00 b 4.0 50 1594 25.75 24.94 25.19
13.69 3.60 Huffy dd 2775 11.63 10.81 11.06+0.19 24.38 14.88 HughSup .34
1.6 7 1336 21.45 20.85 21.30+0.40 13.38 7.50 HugotnR 1.10 e 8.6 - 591
13.00 12.63 12.81 -.0.38 10.00 4.75 Humana dd 8654 9.06 8.56 8.56 11.13
6.63 HuntCorp
263 / C8Day
.41 4.6 18 32 9.00 8.88 9.0070+13 6.00 1.38 Huntco dd 44 2.13 2.00
2.00 1475 206 HtgLfSci a dd 307 2.81 2.50 2.81+0.25 200 075 Huntway 6
187 0.94 0.88 0.94 5.13 3.44 Huttig n 7 584 4.56 4.44 4.56+0.6 18 . 63
731 Hyprcm cc 394 11.81 11.31 11.31-0.50 8.63 7.94 HypT02 .32 3.8 q 103
8.44 8.44 8.44 B. 7. Hyp2005 .43 5.2 q 53 8.38 8.25 8.25-0.06 B. 7.13
HypmTR .87 10.2 q 518 8.50 8.44 8.50+0.06

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25.56 11.00 IBP .10 0.6 6 5814 16.31 15.81 16.06-0.13 18.75 10.63
ICICI Bk n 988 11.75 11.00 11.50-0.38 46.00 10.63 ICICI n .63 a 4.4
3513 14.25 14.13 14.19-0.06 35.81 16.56 ICN Phrm .29 1.0 18 1390 28.94
28.25 28.31+0.06 24.81 21.00 IES Ut25 1.97 8.3 5 23.88 23.88
23.81+0.25 23.75 13.63 IHOP Cp 12 900 19.63 18.94 19.63+0.69 19.38
12.63 IMC Glo .32 2.2 dd 1497 15.00 14.69 14.69- 0.19 1-1 1-1 .24 3.0 9
244 8.00 7.25 8.00+0.63 29.88 14.25 IMS Filth .08 b 0.4 2031178 19.63
18.81 18.88+0.13 69.94 46.81 ING 1.65 a 2.4 20 x 1181 67.50 66.75
67.44+0.13 35.44 22.00 IRSA .76 r 3.1 175 24.50 24.31 24.50+0.19 9.81
7.19 RT .94 10.7 10 381 8.94 8.81 8.81 +11.06 36.25 16.00 IStar 2.40
11.5 30 366 21.38 20.75 20.94 0.31 12.25 4.13 IT Gp 4 1430 4.88 4.38
4.38 -0.38 24.00 10.75 ITT Ed 24 1395 23.50 22.50 23.004056 36.25 22.38
ITT Inds .60 1.8 12 5133 33.88 32.38 33.63+0.81 53.00 25.94 Idacorp
1.86 4.7 13 880 39.81 38.94 39.44+0.63 3475 22.75 IDEX .56 1.8 15 415
30.38 30.00 3038+0.06 1244 3.86 IkonOffSol .16 3.2 25 7824 5.13 4.50

5.00+0.38 80.63 51.06 ITW .80f 1.4 19 3198 56.94 56.06 56.06-0.44 34.25
20.69 Imation - 14 450 22.94 22.25 22.25- 0.44 31.60 13.50 IhmprBc.
2.12 It 11 IM 21.75 20.60 21.75+1.19 46.63 27.13.10 8 555 27.31 27.00
27.31+0.06 24.69 11.75 ImpTob 1.00 a 5.6 59 17.88 17.75 17.81-0.38
25.13 14.13 INCO - 14 4323 17.94 17.56 17.88+0.38 9.94 9.50 IncOp2000
.50 5.1 q 221 9.88 9.88 9.88 21.44 10.60 IndiaFd q 2033 13.94 13.63
13.88+0.31 21.00 9.00 IndiaG q 479 12.06 11.94 11.94 24.69 20.38
IndiM26 2.00 8.3 12 24.26 23.88 24.00-0.13 24.00 18.88 IndiM38 1.90 8.3
35 23.00 22.63 22.88-0.13 6.31 3.00. Indones q 63 3.13 2.88 3.13+0.06
24.88 9.0 IndoSats .38 a 4.2 8% 9.13 8.94 9.00-0.06 12.13 6.06 IndoTel
As 1.8 914 7.19 7.00 7.13 4.94 2.25 IndlDist dd 71 2.8B 2.75 2.88+0.13
11.25 6.50 IndBach .32 e 3.7 7 8.75 8.69 8.69-0.44 17.88 8.38 IndNatuz
26 a 2.6 9 1830 9.94 9.75 9.94+0.06 18.25 10.w Indymac 9 1880 17.25
16.69 16.88-0.13 88.25 48.50 Infineon n 2323 66.63 65.25 65.94-1.00
41.50 26.00 Infinitylill 100 2M 39.31 37.66 37.88-1.63 33.69 9.56
Infonet n 3435 13.56 12.75 13.06+0.31 46.00 17.13 InfoHold 85 380 32.13
31.63 32.13+0.25 64.88 34.13 IngerRd .68 1.5 12 11880 46.38 44.56
45.56+1.00 27.06 10.00 IngrmM 10 5557 15.69 15.00 15.00-0.50 10.88 7.63
Innkeepr 1.12 10.8 69 351 10.38 10.25 10.38 -10.00 4.25 InputOut dd 981
9.19 8.56 9.00-0.19 16.63 7.25 InsigFn 21 60 9.56 9.31 9.44-0.13 9.63
3.94 Insteel .24 4.9 7 37 4.94 4.81 4.94 12.88 11.31 InsMuni .77 6.1 q
220 12.56 12.44 12.56+0.19 15.88 4.25 IntegES 11 427 775 7.56 7.69+0.06
9.633.81 IntlCer 40 7.75 7.56 7.75+0.25 27.81 14.00 IntAlu 1.20 6.6 63
1 18.31 18.31 18.31 137.69 89.75 IBM .52 0.4 34 53NO 134.19 131.63
132.06+1.75 42.56 25.38 IntFlav 1.52 5.9 15 6350 26.31 25.75 25.75-0.25
30.31 16.19 IntGame 16 1842 29.13 28.50 29.00+0.25 23.38 9.81 IntMult
.80 4.9 23 222 16.69 16.19 16.31-0.38 60.00 29.56 IntPap 1.00 3.1 15
23965 32.31 31.50 32.13+0.63 24.69 20.50 IntPap38 1.97 8.4 374 23.50
23.31 23.44 65.50 14.69 IntRect 51 27611 63.44 61.50 62.94+0.50 13.50
7.00 IntShip .25 3.5 7 11 7.25 7.13 7.19+0.19 10.25 5.19 IntSpCity 6
235 5.81 5.75 5.75 13.63 5.25 Interpool .15 1.2 12 149 12.25 11.81
12.06+0.06 58.38 35.25 IntpubGp .38 f 1.0 36 6325 39.19 37.81
38.25+0.13 24.50 11.31 IntstBak .28 a

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1.6 1 1 2354 17.94 17.56 17.94+0.31 19.50 8.56 Intertan 17 374 1
3.88 13.63 13.8B+0.25 31.38 10.25 IntPoly .16 1.0 135 16.38 16.06
16.06-0.25 23.98 14.00 Intimate s 28 1.7 17 9229 16.69 16.06 16.13-0.98
21.06 12.50 Intrawt g .16 32 19.50 19.44 19.44 29.63 17.44 Invacare .05
0.2 18 603 26.94 26.31 26.94+0.56 20+69 13.31 InvesGHS 2.41 e 12.2 q
728 19.88 19.31 19.81+0.38 14.56 12.63 InvGrMu .90 6.3 21 251 14.38
14.19 14.19 52.69 17.81 IrwTech 919 50.38 47.06 48.00-2.44 6.38 2.88
Iomega 32 49400 4.44 4.00 4.13+0.25 37.6920.63 Ionics 28 407 29.81
28.75 29.81+0.44 23.56 15.63 Ipalco .65 2.8 11 940 23.47 23.19
23.31+0.06 22+88 9.50 Ipsco g .50 4.4 26 11.38 10.98 11.38+0.38 16.00
13.19 Irishin 1.73e 0.9 q 64 14.63 14.56 14.56-0.06 36.81 27.75 IronMtn
n dd 789 34.31 33.75 34.13+0.31 18.38 6.38 IsptInt .15 e 2.3 5 938 6.63
6.44 6.56+0.06 21.75 11.88 Italy 4.20 e1.4 q4 18.50 18.50. 16.88
5.13 IvexPkq 5142 11.06 10.19 11.00+0.7 5.25 1.94 Alexandr cc 4 3.44
3.44 3.44-0.13

J

21.00 8.00 JDN Rty 1.20 11.8 7 837 10.50 10.19 10.19-0.06 18.38 6.63
JLG .04 0.3 9 1755 11.88 11.50 11.56-0+44 11.69 4.50 JLK Dir 10 52 7.00
6.88 7.00+0+13 19.50 15.31 JP Rity 1.92 10.8 12 145 17.94 17.75 17.75-
0.19 63.94 a 93 1202 64.00 58.98 63.76+4.60 27.63 18.19 JackInBox 11
2033 22.44 22.00 22.06-0.38 21.60 7.75 Jackpot 13 664 10.44 9.63
10.44+0.76 3856 26 . 19 Jacobs 21 619 38.38 37.31 38.00+1.19 11 19 6.75
JapnEq q 375 7.63 7.25 7.63+0.25 14.94 8.00 JpOTC q 472 9.44 9.31
9.44+0.13 9.13 6.00 JardFlCh .04 a 0.5 q 218 8.50 8.38 8.38-0.13 17.50

8.06 JF India q425 12.06 11.88 11.88-0.13 31.00 18.50 Jefferies .20 0.7
14 3805 30.94 30.06 30.44-0.56 79.63 49.88 JetfPilot 1.48 2.2 14 2850
66.50 64.00 66.19+1.06 3426 16.69 JSmrfG .64 a 3.1 76 20.50 19.38
20.50+1.26 13.38 5.38 JilinCh .120.7 4 12 7.25 7.19 7.26+0.25 14.88
6.63vJoAnnSt A 6 52 6.56 6.56 6.56- 0.06 13.00 6.00 JoAnnSt B 6 51 7.13
7.13 7.13 24.75 13.WJHFnSrv n 2V39 25.38 23.81 25.25+11.38 45.38 33.50-
JNuvean 1.2B f 2.8 15 214 46.63 45.31 45.38+0.06 14.81 7.44 JohnsMnv.24
1.9 8 1177 12.63 12.50 12.50+0.06 106.88 66.13 JohnJn 1.28 1.4 34 23254
93.88 91.63 91.94-0.56 71.44 46.88 JohnsnGtrl 1.12 2.1 11 3310 54.19
52.06 53.44+0.69 33 . 00 20 . 13 JonesApp 13 3064 24.88 24.38
24.50+0.44 16.69 9.19 JonesLL dd 23 14.56 14.44 14.56+0.13 19+38 11.44
JmlReg 16 107 16.75 16.50 16.50-0.44

K

11 94 6.19 K2Inc 23 221 11.19 11.00 11.06-0.06 2.38 0.50 AKCS 3 3300
1.81 1.44 1.81+0.44 30.19 16.75 KLM n ... 423 25.75 25.38 25.38-0.63
13.69 6.56 Kmart dd 23243 7.13 7.00 7.13+0.06 52.50 27.00 KN En01 3.55
7.0 290 50.63 50.13 50.56+0.19 71.75 21.63 KPN a .50 a 1.8 920 27.06
26.27.06+0.94 41.75 15.69 KV Ph B 33 197 40.50 38.00 40.38+2.31 27.83
10.46 KVPh B 8 27.38 27.38 27.38 41.75 15.13 KY Ph A 32 1605 40.75
37.7S 39.75+11.81 27.83 10.08 KVPh A wi 82 27.50 26.75 27.50 9.00 2.94
KaisAl 20 656 5.69 5.50 5.69+0.06 30.50 22.00 KanPipLP 2.80 10.3 10 174
27.25 26.63 27.06-0.13 6.94 3.81 Kaneb 3 852 4.56 4.44 4.50 29.00 20.81
KtyPL 1.66 6.2 17 1541 27.06 26.88 26.88-0.06 9.13 5.13AKC Sou n 4057
9.25 8.94 9.25+0.31 14.31 7.63 KatyInd .30 3.0 11 4 9.94 9.88 9.88+0.06
25.56 16.76 KaufBH .30 1.2 8 4263 25.00 23.50 24.81 +1.31 31.81 19.94
Kaydon .44 2.0 15 554 22.50 22.06 22.06-0.06 45.44 21.75AKeebler .45
1.0 2512463 46.00 45.38 45.81+0.56 107.50 6.38 s Al 0.1 68 4661 76.94
70.63 76.94+2.94

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NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE CONSOLIDATED TRADING/THURSDAY, AUGUST 31,
2000

Continued From Preceding Page

52-Week Ytd Sales High LOW Stock DIV % P/E 1009 High Low Last Chg
409420.75 Kellogg 1.01 f 4.4 25 4098 2363 2306 2319+0.06 24.56 13.75
Kellwood .64 4. 0 6 x1285 16.31 15.94 16.00 VA X 32S Kemal 9 18
21497 32.00 29.7S 30.00-1.50 900 725 KmpHi .97 11.8 q 589 8.44 825 825-
0.19 16.94 6.13 KmpIGv .54 8.4 q 306 6.50 E44 8.44 A 25 7.69 KmpMl .93
a 10.8 q 216 8.69 8.56 8.63 12.25 9.44 KmpMu .82 6.9 q 245 11.94 11.75
11.81 0.6 1688 12.13 KmpSInc 1.56 m 10.7 q 29 14.69 14.44 14.56+0.13 11
44 9.38 KmpStr .75a6.8 q 70 11.13 11.00 11.06 33.88 19.13 Kennmtl .68
2.7 15 943 25.63 24.75 25.63+0.88 148.69 21.75 Kole a 31 841 46.13
44.06 44.06-1.94 .42.00 15 .75 KentEl 34 4539 29. 25 28.19 29.25+0.31
5.50 22.63 KyPwr25 2.18 8.7 18 25.00 24.88 25.00+0.13 67.94 39.88 KwrMc
1.80 2.8 12 4941 63.69 62.25 63.19+1.00 1 81 3081 KerrM04 .83 3.4 291
54.44 53.75 53.75-0.56 113 5 56 Key3 Md n 5644 7.75 7.13 7.56+0.44
12.25 3 88 KeyEng dd 3201 10.50 10.06 10.38+0.31 .94 6.75 Keyprd 15
1168 1 8.44 17.94 18.00-0.25 .50 15.56 Keycorp 1.12 5.5 8 13736 20.56
19.69 20.19+0.56 00 20.19 Keyspan 1.78 5.2 16 4690 34.63 34.13 34.44-
0.25 769 2.63 KeyCon dd 34 3.63 3.63 3.63 27.25 18.00 KilroyR 1.80 7.2
16 649 2438 24 . 63 24.88-0.06 056 42.00 KimbClk 1.08 1.8 18 10901
59.44 58.00 58.50+0.63 2.88 30.88 Kimco 2.72 f 6.7 15 1631 41.00 40.25
40.63+0.25 45.63 36.38 KindME 3.40 f 8.1 16 1288 42.75 42.00 42.19+0 .
06 9.13 17.13 KindMorg .20 0.5 16 7079 37.00 36.69 36.81-0.13 7.25
13.36 KngPh 9 76 17113 37.50 32.00 33.50-2.63 1.75 0.56 Kinross g 4710
0.69 0.63 0.63-0.06 4.63 16.50 Kirby 20 141 23.56 23.19 23.56+0.06
65.00 44.19 KnightR .92 1.7 11 3480 55.69 54.50 54.63-0.75 19.19 14.25

KogerEq 1.40 8.2 15 234 17.31 17.00 17.13-0.25 6650 30.75 KoWs a
6524556 58.38 55.38 56.19-1.38 6.69 4.00 Konover .50 11.9 dd 120 4.25
4.06 4.19+0.06 22.50 16.00 Koor .70 a 3.3 dd 80 21.13 20.88 21.13+0.25
75 11.75 KoreaElc .27 a 1.6 1021 16.94 16.56 16.98+0.13 .38 3.00
KoreaEq q 24 3.63 3.56 3.56-0.06 17.81 11.13 Korea q 1341 12.94 12.63
12.94 179.88 30.69 KoreaTel A a 0.5 3491 38.81 37.63 37.88-0.88 9.00
5.56 Korealw q 267 6.31 6.19 6.25-0.19 44.13 16.25 KornFer 37 249 30.69
30.25 30.44+0.19 10.75 9.25 Kramont n 1.30 13.1 127 10.00 9.81
9.94+0.06 26.94 14.06 Kroger 43 36873 23.00 22.00 22.69+0.44 .86.50
57.00 Kubota 1.13e 1.7 27 1 66.50 66.50 66.50-1.50 -28094 66.13 Kyocera
.57 a 0.3 304 182.94 179.75 181.88 +3.50

L

65.13 34.25 L-3 Com 30 3163 60.00 58.38 59.13+0.19 10.38 6.44
LANChil As 2.2 10 19 7.25 7.13 7.25-0.06 24.63 15.25 LG&E 1.27 5.2 19
1084 24.63 24.50 24.56+0.06 3.88 0.75 LLE Ry .42eI12 8 x230 3.75 3.56
3.75+0.13 21.81 16.50 LNR Rr.05 0.2 8 357 21.50 21.25 21.25-0.13 90.38
21.63 LSI Log a 3956166 37.63 35.75 35.75-0 .56 12.06 3.50 LTC Prp
1.16 28.6 9 1398 4.25 4.00 4.06-0.13 6.19 1.69 LTV .12 6.6 dd 4947
1.88 1.75 1.81-0.06 23.63 13.50 LaZBoy .36 f 2.2 10 516 16.38 15.63
16.06 17.13 3.75 LabrRdy 14 1139 3.88 3.75 8.88+0.13 116.00 22.50ALabCp
a 58 2774 121.75 11513 118.31 +3.00 34.38 9.06 L&Bmch 21 5903 33.50
30.06 30.13-2.13 23.44 17.50 LaclGas 1.34 6.2 16 117 21.56 21.50 21.56-
0.13 V.69 18.81 Lafarge .60 2.5 6 1702 24.88 24.25 24.38+0.06 775 0.31
Laidla .07j dd 2713 0.38 0.31 0.34+0.03 45.38 32.00 Lakehdp 3.50 8.9 18
368 39.88 38.75 39.25-0.50 26.25 4.31 LamSes 10 1866

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21.00 19.50 19.76-1.00 26.56 15.56 LandAmer .20 0.8 14 264 25.81
24.56 25.44+0.81 10.19 6.06 Landrys .10 1.3 dd 434 8.00 7.88 7.88-0.06
83.50 24.56 LandsE 11 3040 24.75 23.75 24.44-0.50 6.50 0.44 LanierW n
cc 5289 1.06 0.94 1.00 15.13 10.81 LaSalleH 1.54 f 10.7 20 110 14.38
14.19 14.38+0.06 19.38 10.88 LaSalle% dd 111 18.38 18.00 18.13-0.31
4.06 3.00 LaserMtg did 3 3.13 3.13 3.13 8.00 4.13 Lasmo As 93 365 6.50
6.25 6.50 14.31 8.25 LatAEqt q86 13.00 12.81 13.00+0.19 13.44 7.13 WAD&
q 246 11.06 10.94 10.94+0.06 161 152. f6.06 9.56 LatAInv .50e q 63
15.44 15.56+ 42.94 19.25 LearCorp 5 6882 22 5 21.56 21.56 32.25 19.69
A4 2.3 15 280 28.50 28.00 28.00-0.56 57.31 30.63 LeggMas .36 f 0.7 22
3696 53.69 52.38 52.75+0.63 24.19 15.06 LeggPiat .40 2.3 12 5670 18.06
17.63 9 63 1 00 +0 144.63 52.00 LehmBr .44 f 0.3 16 15589 149.25 39 4 1
25.00 21.63 2.08 8.4 14 24.81 24.81 24.81 29.44 13.06 Lennar .05 0.2 10
5571 28.38 27.38 27.63+0.25 19.25 7.88 Lennox .38 2.8 8 1806 13.94
13.38 13.81+0.19 28.113 20.50 LaucNal 1.68 a 6.0 19 487 26.38 25.00
26.13+1.13 12.25 8.81 LexCrpP 1.20 10.5 10 76 11.44 11.31 11.38 135.11
11.43 .16 Lexmark .27 26.22 9 69.88 63.88 67.50+8.00 33.50 24.63 Libbey
.30 0.9 11 72 32.81 31.75 32.81+1.66 3.69 2.81 Liberte .09 a 2.9 52 32
3.13 3.06 3.13 13.25 9.75 LbtyASE 1.40008 q 1508 13.13 12.88 13.00+0.13
12.50 9.31 LbtyASG 1.32 e 10.7 q 331 12.50 12.38 12.38+0.31 50.00 30.75
LibtyCp .88 2.3 13 84 38.69 38.44 38.50 26.69 17.88 LibbFin .40 1.7 11
524 23.94 23.25 23.63+0.38 30.75 15.50 LibyMA a 43268 22.75 21.38
21.38-0.25 3663 16.00 LibtyMB a cc 293 28.75 27.13 28.13-0.13 29.13
20.88 LibtProp 2.08 8.0 14 2489 26.63 26.13 26.13-0.38 109.00 54.00
LillyEli 1.04 1.4 26 26045 74.00 73.00 73.00-1.25 30.75 10.50 Lillyind
.32 1.0 22 940 30.63 30.31 30.63+0.19 25.88 14.50 Limited a .30 1.5 18
22700 20.56 19.63 20.00 21.00 12.70 .80 4.2 q 17 19.13 18.88 18.88-0.13
52.31 22.63.1. 1.16 2.1 24 16295 54.50 51.25 54.00+1.88 12.50 9.56
LincNIF .92 a 8.3 q 73 11.13 11.06 11.06+0.06 21.26 13.63 Lindsay .14
0.8 16 269 18.25 18.06 18.25+0.13 4144 17.94 Linens 20 5304 27.56 26.44
27.00+0.50 23.44 11.63 LithiaMot 7 129 12.38 12.13 12.25-0.19 64.94
26.81 Litton 19 2555 56.56 55.25 5U1 -0.25 48.31 30.94 LizClab .45 1.0

13 2662 44-44 43.25 44.00+0.19 37.81 16.38 LockhdM .44 1.6 18 12754
 28.94 27.69 28.38+0.56 6.13 1.81 Lodgian dd 2053 2.75 2.25 2.63+0.25
 8.63 1.75 LoewsCin dd 475 1.88 1.81 1.81-0.06 86.75 38.25 Loews 1.00
 1.2 11 2970 81.88 80.56 80.94+0.31 32.75 4.38 LondnPc s .23e 1.1 1872
 20.25 19.63 20.19+0.63 54.25 17.31 LoneStTch 57 497 51.38 49.81 50.25
 31.75 15.94 LongDrq .56 3.0 11 737 19.44 18.75 18.88- 0.50 17.75 0.63
 LongvF .32 a 2.8 14 762 11.63 11.38 11.38-0.13 25.75 5.00 LffalSp dd
 20528 8.06 7.63 7.69 35.38 5.75 LDryNG 35 1063 35.25 34.25 34.75+0.50
 DIVIDENDS DECLARED pe- Stk of Pay-
 rioid rate record able STOCK
 Lucent Tech x 9-20 9-30 x- 1 shr of Avaya common stock for every 12
 shrs of Lucent common.
 INCREASED
 Gannett Co Q .22 915 10-2 RESUMED
 MdvistGmPrdcts .10 10-12 11-8 SPECIAL
 Public Storage .60 9-15 9-29
 267 / C9Day
 pe- Stk of Pay-
 rioid rate record able
 REGULAR
 AMCON Distributing Q .03 9-8 9-22 Cato Corp cla. Q .10 9-11 9-25
 DiMON
 Inc Q .05 9-7 9-18 Hancock PatGIDrv M .081 9-11 9-29 McRae Indus
 cla. 0 .09 9-15 9-29 Medford Bncp Inc Q .12 9-15 10-13 Minntech Corp A
 .10 9-15 9-29 Public Storage 0 .22 9-15 9-29
 (No Pittsburgh Syst) 0 .17 10-210-13 pe- Stk of Pay-
 rioid rate record able
 REGULAR
 Quanex Corp Q .16 9-15 9-29 (Omega Financial) Q .26 9-15 10-2
 Suffolk Bancorp Q .23 9-15 10-2 Robinson C.H. Wrld 0 .08 9-8 10-2 Sandy
 Spring Bcp Q .20 9-11 9-22 Telephone & Data 0 .125 9-15 9-29
 VanE/ChbTax-Exem A. M .045 8-29 B-31 VanE/ChubGlblInc A. M .04 8-
 298-31
 g- payable in Canadian funds.
 52-Week Ytd Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chip
 19.63 9.25 LaPac .56 5.3 6 23134 10.75 10.50 10.56+0.13 67.25 40.38
 Lawes
 .14 0.3 2229578 46.60 44.00 44.81-2.13 33.88 20.63 Lubrizol 1 1.04
 150 22342 21.94 21.25 21.69+0.56 Lubys .1 5.755.50 5.50-0.19 14.13 5.63
 3 964 84.19 39.63 Lucent .08 0.2 46 207M 43.63 41.25 41.98-0.94 17.06
 7.75 Luxottica s .08 e 0.5 42 6850 15.25 15.00 15.25+0.13 12.88 5.13
 Lydall 15 321 12.38 12.00 12.06-0.06 19.50 8.44 Lyondell .90 6.9 5 9186
 13.56 12.98 13.06+0.44
 M
 8.88 4.13 M&F Wd .6 260 5.63 5.44 5.44-0.19 512.00 357.00 M&T Bank
 5.00 1.0 15 z9790 494.81 480.25 48475+2.50 66.88 36.31 MBIA .82 1.2 13
 2571 66.50 64.75 65.75+1.50 23.56 19.38 MBIA38 1.74 7.9 - 28 22.50
 22.13 22.13- 0.50 35.94 19.50 MBNA .32 0.9 2623255 35.44 34.25
 35.31+094 26.94 17.00 MCN Engy 1.02 4.3 43 2217 24.31 23.50 24.00+025
 14.25 5.00 MSC Sft 14 389 9.87 9.55 9.55-0 10 25.00 13.38AMDC .24 1.0 6
 983 25.19 22.94 25.06+213 43.00 25.50 MIDS gn .07 e 7 42.25 41.50
 42.25+125 25.94 17.63 MDU .84 3.4 16 626 25.00 24.31 25.00+050 24.25
 9.94 MEMC dd359 18.13 17.81 18.00 .81 7.75 MCR .79 9.2 q 850 8.69 8.56
 8.56 6.25 5.63 MGF .49 7.9 q 2790 6.25 6.19 6.19 6.50 5.94 MIN .53 8.2
 q 1932 6.44 6.31 6.44+0.13 6.75 5.50 MMT .59 9.3 q 813 6.31 6.25
 6.31+0.06 7.88 6.38AMFM .53 6.6 q 620 8.00 7.75 8.00+0.19 16.88 13.00
 MFV 1.65a 110 q 50 15.06 14.94 15.00-0.06 9.94 2.25 MGI Prp 9.35 c -2
 386 2.38 2.31 2.31 62.75 31.94 MGIC .10 0.2 12 3906 58.94 56.81

58.81+2.00 36.63 18.44 MGM Mr s 47 3204 34.44 33.56 34.38+0.94 19.81
12.75 MlSchoft .20 1.0 4 176 19.88 18.75 19.69+0.75 17.94 7.31 Ml1X .20
2.5 dd 153 8.13 8.00 8.06+0.06 5.25 3.50 ML Macad.50 10.7 851 4.75 4.69
4.69 23.25 7.50 MSC Ind 22 556 16.25 15.63 1625+0 . 13 23.19 19.19
MSDW38 1.78 7.9 86 22.56 22.38 22.50+0 .06 41. 1 18.75 McDrmd .08 0.3
18 461 25.25 25.00 25.00 -0.25 2506 17.31 Macerich 2.04 9.7 19 1853
21.38 20.88 20.94-0.31 7 .38 2.75 MacGry dd 21 3.25 3.19 3.25+0.06 2863
22.75 MackCali 2.32 8.9 8 1618 26.38 26.19 26.19-0.19 15.94 5.25 Madeco
4 581 6.00 5.69 5.75-0.38 9.31 1.19 Magellan dd 1211 3.44 3.06
3.25+0.25 52.8838.19 Magnal g 1.20 2.5 1268 49.38 4T88 47.94-U3 .00
6.13-Magntk 34 2887 11.13 10.00 10.63+0.63 1450 6.50 MailWell 6 532
7.44 7.00 7.25+0.31 1613 11.98 MalanR 1.70 1.5 23 65 12.63 12.25
12.56+0.3 7.44 4.56 Malaysa .11e2.3 q 114 4.81 4.69 4.75 46.44 22.19
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Malinckr .66 1.5 15 3214 45.38 44.75 45.06 -0.06 9.44 8.00 MgdHi .97
10.9q 1257 9.00 8.88 8.94 11.75 9.00 MgHLYP 132 13.6 q 684 9.75 9.63
9.69 10.13 9.00 MgdMun .60 6.0 q 249 10.06 10.00 10.06+0.06 10.06 8.94
MgdMun2.60 6.0 q 104 10.00 9.94 9.94-0.06 27.94 12.88 Mandalay 18 2234
27.88 27.31 27.81 0.56 38.56 21.69 Manitow .30 1.3 8 4973 23.06 22.69
22.94 + 01 3 21.25 6.44 ManorCare dd 8988 13.56 12.75 13.38+0.56 40.25
25.50 Manpwi 20 0.6 17 1521 37.19 35.81 36.19-0.69 25.75 22.25 ManufHm
1.66 6.8 16 386 23.75 23.63 23.63-0.13 28.13 18.94 MfrsSvcs n 3331
26.50 23.98 25.50+11.75 1.1 10.25Manulif gn 2887 22.00 21.38 21.50+0.69
14.63 8.19 Marcus .21 1.7 16 292 12.31 11.75 12.31+0.56 31 .31 12.63
MarineDri 91 3677 28.63 27.19 27.19 1.38 11.06 6.88 MwineMx 6 16 7.94
7.81 7.88 .75 Maritm .40 7.0 7 80 5.88 5.63 5.75- 0.13 23.88 16.50
MarkIV .25 1.1 13 3040 22.69 22.38 22.38-0.19 185.50 111.50 Markel 55
72 146.00 14475 145.88+0.25 42.38 26.13 MarIntA .24 0.6 25 2936 40.13
38.94 39.50+0.63 12738 61.75 MarshMeL 2.00 f 1.7 38 6916 119.94 11838
118.75 +0.25 69.50 41.00 Mwshils 1.06 2.2 15 1069 49.00 48.25
48.75+0.38 47.50 13.06 MStewrt n cc 847 33.88 33.25 33.75+0.75 55.25
35.25 MartMM .56 11.4 15 1920 40.31 39.06 40.00.0.63 7.88 4.06
MarvelEnt dd 599 4.88 4.69 4.75+0.06 33.69 16.81 Masco .48 2.5 14 11083
19.75 19.13 19.50+0.31 17.50 10.50 MascoTch .32 1.9 9 615 16.56 16.50
16.56+0.06 1725 9.50 Masisa .32 e 2.5 15 20 12.75 12.75 12.75-0.25
23.88 17.63 MassCp q 126 24.25 23.88 24.13+0.25 11.00 .96 a 8.8 q 29
11.06 10.94 10.94-0.06 60.13 18.38 Mastec s 24 3510 37.63 35.13
36.00+0.56 49.94 25.81 Matev 649 28.25 27.63 28.25+0.38 15.25 9.38
MatSci 10 186 10.75 10.31 10.50-0.31 5.50 1.44 Matlack dd 160 2.25
2.13. 2.13-0.25 303.00 191.00 Matsu 1.17 e 0.4 90 36 276.00 272.00
274.63+2.63 24.19 8.94 Mattel .36 3.6 dd 13M 10.44 9.88 10.00-0.44 4.38
2.31 Mavesa .09 e 2.3 9 2223 4.00 3.88 3.94-0.06 38.94 20.00 Maximus 14
389 22.50 22.13 22.13+0.06 40.44 22.50 MayDS .93 4.1 9 16070 23.31
22.13 22.94-0.63 66.94 25.94 Maytag .72 1.9 11 4289 39.25 38.13 38.13-
0.38 45.13 28.75 McClatchy .40 1.1 18 199 36.00 35.81 35.81-0.19 36.56
23.75 McCorm .76 2.6 16 986 29.19 28.56 29.19+0.44 23.69 7.19 McDerl
.15 2.7 7.75 7.50 7.69+0.13 49.56 29.81 McDnlds .20 0.7 20 67670 3038
29.63 29.88-0.50 25.44 21.63 McDn36 1.88 7.8 66 24.31 24.13 24.25+0.25
25.63 21.75 McDn37 1.87 7.7 139 24.38 24.19 24.20-0.11 63.50 41.88
McGrH .94 1.5 26 4100 63.06 61.94 61.94-1.31 34.94 16.00 McKHBOC .24
1.0 10 7552 25.63 24.75 24.94-0.13 25.00 9.88vMcMoRn dd 568 10.44 9.81
10.25+0.38 20.00 14.25 MeVCDFJ n 933 14.88 14.50 14.88+0.25 45.13 24.38
Mead .68 2.5 16 5787 27.19 26.75 26.81+0.06 13.00 4.0 MdbkIns .12 3.0
dd 131 4.00 3.94 4.00 9.25 3.06 MediaArl 3269 4.00 3.75 4.00+0.13
52-Week Ytd Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg
135.00 78.50 Media01 1.56 1.8 26 89.00 86.50 89.00+3.38 59.50 36.75
Media02 n 3.04 7.5 2153 40.50 39.00 40.50+1.50 26.25 10.00 MedAsr 7 643
12.06 11.63 11.63- 0.44 66.50 22.75 Medicis 45 3168 64.63 62.63

64.25+1.94 9.06 1.81 Meditrust dd 2866 2.56 2.31 2.31-0.19 57.88 29.94
Medtmic s .20 0.4 55 2M 53.00 51.06 51.44-1.69 44.75 26.81 MellonFric
.88 1.9 2417718 45.63 43.63 45.25+2.00 8.13 6.94 Mentinc .72 89 56 8.13
8.00 8.13+0.06 81.13 52.00 Merck 1.36f 1.9 A 52175 72.13 69.88 69.88-
1.25 31.25 20.94 MercGn .96 3.5 13 754 27.63 26.81 27.44+069 42.00
22.38 Meredith .32 1+2 20 1455 27.94 27.25 27.31-0 38 9.19 4.75
MeridGld .05 0.8 39 927 6.94 6.63 6.63-0 06 6.50 Z56 MeridRes 8 4425
6.44 6.31 6.31+0 06 22.88 14.44 MefiStHsp 2.02 9.1 12 1819 22.25 21.88
22.13 3.63 2.13 MeriStHR 9 1177 2.56 2.44 2.50-0.1 16.31 8.75 MeritagCp
4 77 15.69 15.44

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15.63+0+19 14594 MerrLyn 1.28 0.9 19 23823 146.63 141.31 145+25
+3.13 54.50 19.00 MLCBROI 4.26 19.0 38 22.56 22.00 22.44+0.25 13.19
11.44 ML DJO3 12 12.75 12.75 12.75 20.50 1 4.25 MLIGLOI 2.39 15.3 109
15.69 15.50 15.63+0.06 10.63 8.75 ML Nil.02 208 9.19 9.13 9.19+0.06
24.94 19.88 MLSP01 138 24.75 24.63 24.75+0.19 18.63 15.00 MLSP02 18
18.25 18.06 18.25+0.25 12.25 10.25 MLSP905 51 12.19 12.13 12.13 11.00
9Z3 MLSP07 5 10.81 10.81 10.81+0.06 49.25 37.00 MesaR 3.63 e 9.4 11 1
38.50 38.50 38.50+0.25 4.00 2.19 Mesab .40 e 10.8 47 3.69 3.63
3.69+0.06 21.38 14.19 Mestel. 1.31 t 9 4 16.94 1681 16.9 + 12.13 8.38
MetPro .32. 3.1 9 32 10.25 10.06 10.25+04 11.00 4.00 Metals .12 2.5
5462 5.00 4.81 4.81-0.13 25 13 14.31 MetLife n 11760 24.94 24.19 24.31
- 0.50 79. 00 50.00AMetLife un 1.42 p 324 79.5077 .50 79. + 0.50
34.411 113.WilletrisCo s .04 If 0.1 1914771 36.69 34.25 35.94+11.811
31.06 15.38 MGM cc 1835 26.50 25.50 25.63 10.13 8.38 Metrogas 700.9 18
8.88 8.76 8.88-0.06 16.25 9.31 Metso .38 p 79 12.31 11.63 11.88-0.13
47.50 24.50 MeftlerT 35 1927 48.81 45.63 47.31+1.69 1 2.31 6.25 MexEqT
.12e1.1q 285 10.75 10.56 10.75+0.25 19.25 12.25 MexFd .29 e 1.7 q 1233
7.25 6.81 7.13+0.38 13.63 8.25 Microfnc .16 1.6 10 111 9.81 9.63
9.81+0.06 97.50 29.13 MicronT s 6267491 82.94 80.00 81.81-1.88 24.88
21.31 MidAapt 2.32 9.6 20 73 24.19 23.88 24.19+0.19 15.38 5.13AMidAtten
.20 1774 16.13 14.75 16.13+11.38 26.56 14.13 Midas .08 0.5 7 470 17.00
16.88 17.00+0.06 11 0.00 1.08 9.5 13 55 11.31 11.19 11.31+0.06 24.88
6.06 MidwGm dd 2407 8.63 8.06 8.63+0.25 33.00 18.50 MdwExp 12 1094
22.69 22.63+0.38 12.38 7.44 Mikasa .20 2.1 8 5 9.69 9.69 9.69-0.06
19.13 12.06 Milacron .48 3.1 8 787 15.69 15.38 15.44 -0.25 23.56 12.69
MillenChm .60 3.6 dd 1291 16.94 16.31 16.50+0.19 5.13 0.94 Milledn dd
716 1.50 1.44 1.44 77.38 30.00 Millipore .44 0.7 29 4664 62.63 59.75
60.88+1.25 19.50 15.31 MillsCp 2.07 11.4 16 1833 18.50 18.00 18.13
51.25 36.63AMinTch.10 0.2 17 786 51.94 50.38 51.88 + 1.00 103 1 78.19
2.32 2.5 20 10294 95.56 93.00 93.00-0.38 2.31 14 75 MinnPwr 1.07 4.8 11
1385 22.44 22.13 22.19+0.13 4.69 2.50 MinoltOMS dd 299 3.06 2.88 3.00
1075 294 MissChm .12 2.9 dd 517 4.13 3.94 4.13+0.13 3900 19.63 MitchlEn
.53 1.3 55 1822 40.00 39.19 40.00+1.00 34.25 6.63 Mitel g 4099 25.25
24.25 24.50-0.25 a 2.00 21.88 MobileT n 812 29.63 28.63 29.13-1.06
18.69 6.75 ModisProf 10 2014 7.00 6.88 6.88 27.81 18.38 Mohawk 8 1055
24.25 23.75 23.75-0.13 30.94 10.81 MonacoC 7 690 17.63 16.81 17.50-0.19
25.13 22.44 MononP25 2.60 8.2 6 24.50 24.25 24.25-0.13 51.88 31.00
Monsn03 2.60 52 31 50.25 50.00 50.00 65.75 26.81 MonPw .80 2.2 25 5153
36.31 35.56 36.06-0.06 21.00 14.25 Montedisn .41 e 2.0 98 1 20.75 20.75
20.75 16.63 15.00 Monst el 2 142 1 6.113 16.75 16.75+0.251 19 .8 38.44
25.13 MONYG. 40 1.1 37 1 36.69 37.81+3.00 10.13 2.19 Moore .20 6.5 5
928 3.19 3.06 3.06-0.06 14.88 8.50 MorgGr 1.66 e q 234 13.38 13.13
13.31+0.25 22.25 11.94 MorgKe .36f 1.8 13 537 20.75 20.06 20.06-0.19
106.31 42.00 AMSDWit s .80 0.7 22 27930 108.50 104.56 10756+169 11.69
10.00 MS 13.104 5 11.38 11.38 1 1J8+613 11.94 8.63 MSHTa5 05 55 11.13
11.06 11 13- 006 13.25 11.25 MSS&P03 12 13.25 13.25 425+8.13 24.63
21.25 MSDW29 1.81 7.5 8 24.00 24.00 24 00-006 12.00 7.56 MSAfrira .25 e

2.9 q 37 8.63 8.56 8 63+013 12.31 9.06 MS Asia .07 e 0.7 q 1615 10.38
10.31 1038+006 20.75 10.75 MS ElEur q 29 19.75 19.75 19.75+0.25 18.19
10.63 MorSEm q 2193 14.69 14.44 14.56+0.06 7.94 6.56 MS EMD .98 e 123 q
292 7.94 7.81 7.94+0.06 9.69 8.13 MS Globl .05 11.7 q 15 9.00 9.00
9.00-0.13 13.44 10.81 MrgSHY 1.26 a 10.7 q 155 11.75 11.63 11.75+0.13
18.88 9.50 MIS India q 954 11.94 11.75 11.94+0.19 13.81 11.50 MSDW iic
.78 5.7 q 178 13.75 13.63 13.63-0.13 13.56 10.94 MSDW

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iqc .78 5.9 q 32 13.31 13.31 13.31 8.38 7.81 MSDW .54 6.5 q 250 8.31
8.25 8.25 5.13 3.06 MSDW yld .54 13.5 q 393 4.00 3.94 4.00 5.38 3.13
MSDW yld .57 14.0 q 757 4.13 4.06 4.06-0.06 6.06 3.69 MSDW yld .66 13.9
q 180 4.75 4.69 4.75 17.13 14.25 MSDW icb 1.32 8.2 q 116 16.13 16.00
16.06-0.06 14.25 12.44 MSDW ics .75 5.3 q 24 14.13 14.06 14.13 14.63
11.69 MSDWimb .87 6.2 q 37 14.06 14.00 14.00 14.00 12.00 MSOW lm .87
6.3 q 125 13.75 13.69 13.75 13.88 11.88 MSDW ims .78 5.7 q 77 13.69
13.63 13.63-0.06 14.88 12.44 MSOW imt .93 6.6 q 71 14.25 14.19 14.19-
0.06 9.19 7.56 MSOW oia .63 7.1 q 90 8.88 8.88 8.88 7.94 6.88 MSDW
db.51 6.8 q 102 7.63 7.50 7.50-04

PREFERRED STOCKS CONSOLIDATED TRADING/THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2001

Stock Div & Ytd Last Chg

NYSE

ABN Pfa 1.88 8.1 23.19+0.06 ABN pfO 1.78 8.022.19 ACE pft 4.13 5.6
74.25

+ 2.25 AES ptC 3.38 3.5 96.00 + 1.00 ACI pff 2.25 14.6 15.38+0.19
AMB Pfa 2.13 9.5 22.38 - 0.13 ANZ Ex pf 2.00 8.2 24.25 +013 ANZEx2 pf
2.02 8.4 24.19 -0-06 AbbyN pfa 2.19 9.0 24.38 +0.13 AbbeyN pf 1.75 8.0
21.88 Abbey perp 1.88 8.4 22.31 + 0.6 Agrium pf 2.00 9.920.13 +0.38
AlaPw pfN 1.30 6.6 19.66 +0-66 &aPC pfQ 1.84 8.022.88 AjaPC pfr 1.90
8.1 23.50 - 0 AjbrtE gpf 2.38 25.50 -025 AlexRE pf 2.38 10.3 23.00 -
0.25 Ahst pfa 1.99 8.2 24.38 - 0.06 Amerc pt 2.13 8.724.50 AAnnu pft
2.31 9.524.25 +0.31 AExp pfa 1.75 7.7 22.63 - 0.06 AFncl pfr 2.28
9.723.56 -0-06 AGC pfa 1.97 7.9 24.94 + 0.02 AGC pfM 2.11 8.5 24.75 +
0.06 AGC pfN 2.03 8.324.31 +0-19 AmReC pf 2.13 8.624.71 AWat pra 1.25
6.6 24.71 Aptinv pfc 2.25 10.8 20.88 +0.13 Aptnv pfd 2.19 10.7 20.50
+0.25 AptInv ptG 2.34 10.9 21.50 +0.25 Aptim ptH 2.38 10.9 21.88 +0.25
Aptinv pfK 2.80 10.3 27.25 Archst pfa 1.83 5.4 33.63 +0.13 Archst pfb
2.25 9.2 24.50 -0.13 Archst pfd 2.19 9.1 24.00 +0.25 ArgPC pra 1.96 8.6
22.75 -0.06 AsdEst pf 2.44 1Z8 19.00 +0.25 AtlCap pf 2.04 8.3 24.44 -
0.13 AusNZ pf 2.28 8.9 25.63 +0.01 AvBay pfd 2.00 9.1 21.M + Q.2b ABay
pff 2.25 9.5 23.73 +0.11 AvBay pfg 2.24 9.5 23.65 +0.15 AvBay pfh 2.18
9.2 23.59 + 0.01 Avista pf 1.97 9.2 21.50 +0.38 BCH pr 2.62 9.9 26.50 +
0.19 BCH prB 2.36 8.9 26.50 + 0.38 BGE pfa 1.79 8.0 22.50 + 0.19 SNY
ptC 1.95 8.024.31 wIw BNY pfd 1.76 8.0 21.88 - 0.31 ONY pfe 1.72 7.9
21.88 + 0.06 BRE pfa 2.13 8.924.00 +0.50 MCH prC 2.03 8.5 23.94 - 0.06
BSCH prD 2.19 8.8 2415 + 0.13 OWH pre 2.14 8.7 24.50 - 0.13 OSCH prF
2.03 8w5 23.75 BSCH prG 2.03 8.5 23.75 - 0.13 SSCH prH 1.95 8.622.56 -
0.44 BSCH prJ 1.84 8.521.75 OT PC pfa 2.03 8.3 24.50 BmBil pt 2.44 9.5
25w77 - 0 D6 BncBl pfc NO 8.2 24.31 BwBl pre 2.00 8.3 24.19 + 0.06
BcoSPR pf 1.75 7.9 22.25 -0.25 Skone pft 2.00 8.1 24.69 +044 BkOm pflJ
2.13 8.425.25 BkUtd pf 2.53 9.7 26.19 - 0.31 BkUtd pfb 2.40 9.026.63 -
0.06 Wm pfz 1.94 8.0 24.25 + 0.06 BMm pfY 1.75 7.7 22.81 +0.06 OkUtd
pfc 2.25 11.020.38 -0.13 ST pfScld 1.94 25.00 aarB pf 2.00 8.423.88 BwB
pfd 2.87 11.2 25.69 +0.06 SatlMt pf 3+25 10.2 31.88 +0.13 OayVw pt 2.44
12.5 19.50 3.08 7.3 42.15 +0.77 pfg 2.75 7.2 38.00 + 025 SearS pfY 1.88
8.2 22.81 -0.31 Belco pf 1.63 10.8 15.13+0.38 aergCa pf 1.95 12.8 15.25
-0.13 5thSt pf 5.00 13.2 38 pfb 2.50 13.0 19.19+0.06 Bimail pf 3.38 5.4
62.38 + 1.13 BradRE pf 2.10 9.5 22.19 -0-06 ardW pfb 3.38 6.8 49.75 +
2.56 CBL pia 2.25 10.1 22.38 - Owl3 CFC PT pf 2.34 10.622.13 -0.31 CL&P

pf 2.32 9.3 25.00 - 0 13 CMS pFM 25.06 -0.13 CNB pfA 1.50 4.4
 34.25+1.25 CNF Tr pf 2.50 6.4 39.00 +038 OPLCap pf 2.00 8.5 23.44 -
 0.06 CadScd pf 2.16 8.6 25.19 CaFPC pt 2.28 9.9 22.94 + 0 CallonP pf
 2.13 6.1 35.00+1 13 CamdnP pf 2 25 9.2 24.50 CameCo pf 2 19 9.7 2256 -
 0.31 CdnRy pf 2.63 45.38 Cdn0c pfA 2 .34 24.56 +0.19
 271 / C9Day
 CapRe pf 1 91 8.5 22.38 - 0.13 CapM pfB 1.26 11.5 11.00+0.13 CaaA
 pfB 2.14 9.921.63 +0.06 CarrA pfc 2.14 10.0 21144 - 0 13 CarrA pfd 2.11
 9.8 21 50 - 0.06 Cendnt pfl 3.75 1819 19.88+0.19 CentP pfa 1.91 8.5
 22.50 + 0.31 CentP pfB 3.75 7.2 52.00 +1-25 ChaseCap4 1.84 8.0 23.13
 ChaseCap5 1.76 7.8 22.63 + 025 Chse pfc 2.71 9w6 28.19 Chse pfN 1.3 le
 5.9 22.13
 Stock Div %Yld Lost Chg
 ChsePC pf 2.03 8.1 25.00+0.13 ChasEn pf 63.00+1.00 ChevyC pt 5.19
 10.2 51.0U - U25 Chiq pta 2.88 20.8 13.88-0.13 Chiq pfB 3.75 19.7
 19.00+0.25 CitCpIII pf 1.78 7.922.50 Citigp Pff 3.18 6.847.00 +0.85
 Citigp pfK 2.10 8.2 25.75 Crtigp pfE 2.00 8.1 24.75 Citigp pfN 1.71 7.8
 21.88 Citigp pfW 1.75 7.6 23.00 + 0.19 Cifigp pfx 1.72 7.7 22.25 +0.25
 CivEl pff 2.12 8.5 24.88 + 0.13 Csti pfG .06 0.2 36.00 - 0.50 Cstl pfi
 1.66 4.338.31 -0.88 Cstl pft 2.09 8.823.88 ColgP pf 4.25 4.9 86.75 -
 0.13 ColnP pfa 2.19 10.2 21.56 -0.06 Corned PIT 2.12 0.824.06 -0.06
 CmcCa pff 2.19 9.0 24.38 + 0.31 CsatCap pf Z03 9.521.38 +0.38 CnCap pfa
 2.259.0 24.88 CnCap pfB 1.25 7.0 17.75 -0.25 CnCap ptC 2.34 9.5 24B3 -
 0.19 Consc Pff 3.50 32.0 10.94 -0.31 Consc pIT 2.29 16.8 13.63 -0.44
 Consc pfG 2.26 18.1 12.44-0.81 Consc pfV 2.18 18.7 11.64 -1 -36 Cow ptH
 236 17.6 13.38 0.25 ConE pfa 5.00 7.7 64.63 - 0.38 CnE pfa 4.16 8.4
 49.50 - 0.44 CnE pfB 4.50 8.7 52.130 - 1.38 CnEF pfJ 2.09 9.1 23.00
 CnEF pfK 2.05 8.9 23.13 + 0.06 CnEF pit. 2.31 9.4 24.63 + 0.13 CpOfP
 pfB 2.50 10.823.25 -0.25 Craig pr 3.75+0.13 CresRE pt 1.69 10.4 16.25
 +0.13 vjCriim pff 7.13-0.06 CrosT pfa 1.66 2.7 57.13 +0.13 DU Ca pf
 2.11 8.5 24.75 - 0.06 Delm. pf 2.03 8.324.31 +0.06 l.nF of 3.1 17.01 -
 1.21 DD PA 2 37 11 0.1 3 23 0 +025 DevD pfB 2.36 10.2 23.06 -0.13 DevDv
 pfc 2.09 9.921.06 +0.25 DevD pfd 2.17 10 2 21.38 + 0.19 DonLJ pff 2.65
 5.647.63 DuPnt pfa 3.50 6.7 52.50 DuPnt pfB 4.50 6.668.50 -01.50 Duke
 pfa 1.59 6.923.00 Duke pfQ 1.80 8.0 22.63 +0.13 Duke pff 1.84 8.0 23.00
 + 0.06 Duke pfU 1.84 8.0 23.00 +0.06 Duke Pfv 1.80 7.9 22.88 - 0.06
 Duke pfW 2.09 8.3 25.25 + 0.06 DukeW pfa 2.28 9.424.31 +0.13 DukeW pfd
 1.84 7.9 23.38 - 0.13 DukeR pfe 2.06 8.3 24.88 + 0.88 DukeW prF 2.00
 9.1 21.88-0.25 DuqCap pf 2.09 8.624.31 -0.19 Duq pfB 1.87 7.0 26.63 +
 0.07 Duq pfG 2.10 7.0 30.00 + 0.50 EDF pfa 2.16 8.8 24.63 + 0.06 EIX
 pfa 1.97 8.4 23.50 + 0.06 EIX pfB 2.15 8.724.81 +0.19 Est9p pfa 2.25
 10.1 22.25 Eksnrt pf 2.18 8.9 24.50 -0.56 ElPasE pf 2.38 3.2 73.75 +
 1.00 ElPasT pf 4.13 8.2 50.50-1.00 EnmC pfr 2.08 8.5 24.56 +0.13 EnmC
 pfr 2.03 8.5 23.94 -0.31 EnrU-C pf 2.00 8.1 24.63 +0.06 EnrCR pf 2.25
 8.725.81 -0.06 E tArk pla 2.13 9.0 23.63 -006 EnjGCa pf 2.19 9.024.31 -
 0.06 En LA PIS 2.25 9.2 24.50 - 0.06 EntCT pfs 1.86 8.7 21.44 + 0.19
 EntCT pfr 1.81 8.6 21.13 + 0. 3 EntOil prS 2.46 9.9 24.88 +0.44 EqtInn
 pa 2.38 14.5 16.44 -019 EqOff pfa 2.24 93 24.13 - 0.13 EqOff pfB 2.63
 6.043.63 EqOff pfc 2.16 9.2 23.38 - U.51.1 Eqtr pfa 2.34 9.5 24.63 -
 0.19 Eqtr pfB 2.28 9.1 25.13+0.06 Eqtr pfd 2.15 9.0 23.84 - OA6 Eqtr
 pfe 1.75 6.526.88 +0.25 Eqtr pff 2.41 9.7 24.75+0.13 Eqtr pfG 1.81 7.9
 22.94+0.31 Eqtr pfl 1.91 8.9 21.45 -0.23 EspSn pra 2.13 8.824.31 EspSn
 prB 2.13 8.9 24.00 - 038 FPCCap pf 1.78 8.3 21.50 - 0.06 FW PCa pf 2.25
 11.8 19.00 -0.06 FMae pff .88p 50.88-0.13 FrmG pfa 2.11 8.524.69 FlmG
 pfB 2.06 83 24.75 FdRit pfa 1.99 9.820.25 +0.25 FelCor pfa 1.95 U.4
 18.75.U.13 FelCo. pfB 2.25 11.7 19.25 - 0.06 Finova pf 2.75 15.6 17.63
 - 0.25 FtACT PIT 2.13 9.522.38 +0.25 FtBcp pfa 1.78 8.3 21.50 +0.25
 FlinRT pf 2.37 9.6 24.75 +0.25 FlInRT pfB 2.19 9.6 22.81 RnRT pfd 1.99

9.6 20.75 FInRT pFE 2.26 11.020.63 AtBos pFF 1.81 7.424.38 -0.06 FftCa
pFH 2.00 8.2 24.38 FItCa pFl 1.76 8.1 21.81 +0.13 FItCa pFJ 1.79 8.1
22.06 -0.13 Ford pFB 2. 7.9 25.94 - 0.13 FordC pFR 2.25 8.7 25.81 -0.19
FredM pFK 2.90 6.1 47.50 +118 FMCG pIA 1.75 132 13.25 + 0.75

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FMCG pFB .99a 5.4 18.25+0.25

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FMCG pFC .92e 6.4 14.44 +0.19 FMCG pFD 3.24e 39.9 8.13 - Fremnt
pf2.25

18.8 12.00 +0.06 FresM pr .23e 1.5 15.25+0.56 G&L pFA 2.56 17.1
15.00 G&L pFB 2.45 174 14.06-0.19 GabCv pf 2.00 8.1 24.69 Galbelle pf
1.81 7.9 23.00 + 0.19 GabGlo pf 1.98 8.1 24.50 GabLR PFA 2.08 101
20.50-0.25 GAJnv pf 1.80 7.6 23.75 + 0.06 GGrth pFA 1.81 8.2 22.06 -
0.25 GMot pFG 2.28 8.925.63 GMot ply 2.47 9.3 26.44 + 0.19 GaPC pFR
1.94 8.1 23.88-0.19 GaPC pFU 1.90 8.1 23.38- 0.13 GaPC pFV 1.94 8.1
23.88-0.06 GaPC pFA 1.71 7.8 21.88 + 0.06 GlenRT pf 1.94 10.8 18.00
+0.38 GIImR ptB 2.31 12.5 18.50+0.56 GdrcCa pf 2.08 8.7 24.00 GmdM pf
2.35 9.0 25.98 + 0.05 GtUkr pFA 2.44 10.4 23.50 +0.06 GtWlfe pf 1.81
8.4 21.50 - 0.13 GtWF pff 2.06 8.424.44 +0.13 GifCcla pr .28 2.38+0.13
Gulff pFA 1.91 8.023.81 +0.19 Gulff pFB 1.75 8.0 21.75 - 0.19 HECO pFQ
2.01 8.5 23.69 + 0.06 HECO PIT 1.83 8.2 22.19 - 0.19 HL&P PFA 2.03 8.7
23.38 HSBC pFA 2.22 9.3 23.88 - 0.06 HSBC pFB 2.56 10.0 25.63 HSBC pFC
2.28 9.5 24.13 + 0.13 HSBC pFD 2.39 9.525.13 +0.13 Harris pFA 1.84 8.2
22.56 HartC pFQ 1.93 8.1 23.81 + 04 HartC pFB 2.09 8.5 24.56 - 0 13
Hrtfrdl pf 1.80 8.1 22.25 -0.25 HawEl PIS 2.09 8.6 24.19 - 0.19 HltCP
pFA 1.97 10.2 19.38-0.13 HltCP pFB 2.18 10.5 20.75 +0.13 HltCP pFC 2.15
10.9 19.75+0.19 A 2.22 12.0 18.50 +0.06 HltorR pFA 2.22 11.8 18.88
HecIM pf 3.50 29.2 12.00 + 0.8 HellrFn of 2.03 8.2 24.63 Hercult pf
2.36 10.8 21.81 +0.44 Highw pFB 2.00 9.6 20.75 + 0.38 Highw pFD 2.00
9.8 20.50 + 0.13 HospPT pf 2.38 10.3 23.19 -0.19 HostMr pf 2.50 10.3
24.19 + 0.13 HostM pFE 2.50 105 23.81 +0.02 HoCT pFT 2.06 8.5 24.25 +
0.13 HoCT pFY 2.18 8.824.81 -0.06 HoCT pFP 1.81 8.222.00 +0.50 HoCT pFX
2.60 9.2 27.06 + OZ6 HoInt pFM 240 6.8 37.00 +11.50 HoInt pFZ 2.06 7.8
26.38 + 0.38 LAC Ca pFA 2.D6 9.1 22.75 ING pFB 25.94+0.08 ING pFA 1.93
8.2 23.50 - Star pFB 18.50-0.25 iStar pFD 15.75 IT Gp pf 1.75 10.5
16.69+0.19 IPm pFB 2.10 7.1 29.50 IlPow ptC 2.13 7.1 30.00+0.25 IllPF
pff 2.00 8.4 23.75 + 0.25 INCO pFE 2.75 7.1 39.00 InGRd pfl 1.69 7.4
22.69 + 0.94 InGRd PIG .20 0.9 21.50 + 0.75 Inkeep pf 2.16 12.2 17.69
+0.06 IBM pf 1.88 7.3 25.75 + 0 19 JCPCap pf 2.14 8.7 24.56 +0 . 13 JON
pFA 2.34 11.7 20.00 - 0.25 KCP1- PIT 2.08 8.524.50 KmartF pf 3.88 10.7
36.25 KCPL pFD 4.35 7.0 62.50 + 0.47 KCSO pf 1.00 5.2 19.25+0.25 KaufB
pFG .08 1.2 6.94 +0.25 KaufB pfl .83 10.7 7.75+0.19 Kimc pl 1.94 11 12
50 + 0.63 Kim. P. 2 13 8 923.88 + 0.25 Kimc pFC 2.09 9.0 23.13 - 0.13
Kimc pFD 1.88 7.4 25 +0.31 Kinam pFB 1.88j 9.13 +0.50 Kramnt pf 2.44
132 18.44 +0.19 Kramt pFD 2.38 13.0 18.25 LTC pFA 2.37 205 11.56 LTC
pFB 2.25 207 10.88+0.25 LaSalle pf 2.19 104 21.00 LeHB pFD 2.84 7.2
39.25 + 0.L3 LeHB pfl 2.00 8.3 24.13 -0.19 LeHB pFJ 1.97 8.3 23.88
+0.25 LibtPr pFA 2.20 9.9 22.31 UncN pf 1.94 7.8 25.00-0.38 LincN pFX
2.19 8.7 25.13 +0.19 LincN ply 2 11 11 224:631 - 00.13 LincN PfZ 822 9+
06 MBNA pFC 2.06 8.5 24.25 - 0.38 MCN F PFA 2.16 9.024.00 MCN F PIS
2.16 9.0 24.00 + 0.13 MCNMI pf 2.34 9.424.94 + 0.06 MEPC pf 2.28 105
21.63 - 0.38 MP&L pf Z01 8.6 23.50 - 0.13 Magna PIS 2.22 8.9 24.88
+0.13 Made pfcld 2.33 25.43+0.05 Media pFB 2.38 9.3 26.64 +0.02 Media
ptC 2.26 8.925.38 Media pFY 2.06 8.6 24.00 -0.38 Media pFX 1.99
8.523.38 Meditst pf 2.25 16A 13.31 +0.25 Merl- pFA 2.25 7.8 2HO + 0.63
Merl. pFB 1.94 7.9 24.44 - 0.06 Mart- PC 2.00 7.9 25.25 - 0.25 Mart-
ptD 1.75 7.9 22.06 + 0.06 Merl- pFE 1.78 7.9 22.39 - 0.17

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Mart pff 1.82 8.022.88 -0.12 MetEC pfx 1.84 8.2 22.38 +0.38 MidAp
pfa 2.37 11.9 19.94 -0.31 MidAp pfb 2.22 11.8 18.81 -0.13 MidAE pfa
1.99 8.2 24.25 MisCa pf 2.47 9.925.00 MisCa pfb 2.13 8.5 25.00 - 0.06
MissP pfd 1.94 8.024.13

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.4-0.19 MorPw pfa 2.11 8.524.75 MSDW pfe 188 7.7 50.44 +0.19 Morgn
pf 5.00 6.8 73.50 - 0.50 Motorla pf 1.67 7.7 21.81 +0.19 NAB Ex pt 2.00
8.2 24.25 + 0.19 NB Cap pf 2.09 8.823.81 NBCap pfa 1.96 8.0 24.38 +
0.38 NSP F pft 1.97 8.2 24.00 + 0.06 NVP Ca pf 2.05 8.8 23.25 - 0.06
NVPCa pfb 1.94 8.5 22.75 -0.25 NWPS pf 2.03 8.324.31 -0.19 Nabis pfU
2.38 9.524.94 NtHlth pf 2.13 15.0 14.19 -0.31 NtWst pfb 2.19 9.1 23.94
+0.19 NtWst pfc 2.16 8.9 24.25 +0.19 NatwF pfa 1.78 8.2 21.63 -0.21
NPInE pfb 2.16 9.822.00 NewOv pf 2.15 9.023.81 - NewOv PrB 1.67e 9.2
18.25 -0.13 NiaM pfb 3.60 8.741.25 -0.50 NiaM pfc 3.90 9.0 43.50 -2.50
NiaM pfd 4.10 7.8 52.50 + 0.56 NiaM pfe 4.85 7.8 62.00 + 0.75 NiSrce
pfb 3.88 8.346.63 -0.25 NSRy pf 2.60 7.3 35.44 -0.06 NwCap pfb 1.80 8.1
22.13 NovaCh pf 2.38 10.1 23.63 +0.06 NovaC pfa 2.26 9.9 22.94 +0.13
NvoFn pft 2.88 10.5 27.50 OGE En pf 2.09 8.4 25.00 - 0.19 ONB pfa 2.38
8.7 27.50 + 0.06 OhEd pfm 1.94 8.423.00 OhEd pft 2.25 9.2 24.50 - 038
OmgH pfa 2.31 16.6 13.94 OmgH pfi3 2.16 16.3 13.25 Orient pfa 1.78 8.4
21.25 + 0.25 OwenIll pf 2.38 11.3 21.13 + 0.25 OqCT pfb 2.04 9.1 22.31
+0.06 PECO pfa 3.80 7.1 53.75-0.25 PECO pfc 4.40 8.0 55.00 - 0.50 PECO
pfx 2.00 8.0 25.00 +0.44 PGSTr pfa 2.41 106 22.75 -0.13 PLC pfr 2.06
8.524.13 +0.19 PPL pfd 2.03 8.224.63 +0.25 PPL pfc 2.05 8.424.50 PSCO
pfc 1.90 8.422.70 + 0.61 PSEG pfr 2.03 8.524.00 +0.13 PSO Cap pf 2 00
8.4 23.94 -0.13 PWG C pf 2.08 8.524.56 +0.19 PWGC Pfi3 2.02 8.324.38
Pact pft 1.89 7.923.81 + 0.06 Pact PfU 2.13 8A 25.25 PcCap pf 2.06
8.424.50 0.6 PcCap pfi3 1.93 8.3 23.38 + 0.13 Parkw Pfa 2.19 10.0 21.94
+ 0.13 PartRe pf 2.00 8.523.56 -0.17 Penelc pfx 1.84 8.0 22.88 +0.25
PhILD pf 4.12 11.635.50 Phil66 PC 2.06 8 . 6 23.88 - v.PICrD ptA 2.16
11.1 19.50+0.06 PogoT ptQ 3.25 5.3 61.00 -0.75 PostP. pfa 4.25 9.0
47.00 +0.25 PostPr pfb 1.91 8.7 22.00 - 0.44 PostPr pfc 1.91 8.8 21.75
- 0.13 PotE pft 1.84 8.1 22.81 +0.13 PrmrCa pf 2.25 9.3 24.13 - 0.38
PrmFar pr 1.50 7.021.50 + 0.50 Prime pfb 2.25 120 18.75 - 0.25 Pr.Ret
pf 7.75 -0.31 PrmRtl pf 4.25 -0.25 PrsnR pfa 7.25 + 0.56 Prolog pfa
2.35 9 7 24.25 Prolog pfb 1.75 5.9 29.63 - 0 3i Prolog pfd 1.98 9.2
21.56 +019 Prolog pfe 2.19 9.2 23.75 ProtLf pfp 3.25e 6.6 49.00 PSEG
pfb 4.18 7.060.00 + 1.66 PSEG pfc 4.30 7.1 60.75 -1.25 PSEG pfx 2.00
8.523.63 -0.19 PSEG pfz 2.34 9.2 25.31 + 0.06 PSEG pfU 2.16 8.7 24.75
PubSt pfa 2.50 92 25.63 -0.31 PubSt pfb 2.30 9.3 24.69 PubSt pfd 2.38
9.4 25.44 -0.25 PubSt pfe 2.50 9.3 26.81 + 0.56 PubSt pff 2.44 9.3
26.19 - 0.56 PubSt pfg 2.22 9.3 23.88 +0.06 PubSt pfH 2.11 91 23.25 +
0.50 PubSt pfl 2.16 9.2 23.56-0.06 PubSt pfJ 2.00 8.6 23.25 -0.50 PubSt
pFK 206 8.8 23.38 +0.19 PubSt pfl 2.06 9.1 2V5 -0.19 PubSt pfm 2.19 8.8
28.00 +0.31 REI Tr pf 1.80 8.421.31 -0.06 RitInc pfb 2.34 10.5 22.31
+0.19 RitInc pfc 2.38 10.6 22.50 Reckson pt 1.91 8.322.94 Reclwd pf
3.02 11.8 25.63 - 0.13 ReliaS pfa 2.05 8.5 24.25 + 0.19 ReliaS pfb 2.03
8.3 24.31 +0.31 Repsol prA 1.86 8.6 21.56 - 0.19 RhPOv pr 2.03 8.7
23.44-0.13 RioAlg pf 2.34 11.0 21.25 + 0.25 Rouse pfz 2.31 9+9 23.38 -
0.31 Rouse pfb 3.00 8.5 35.50 - 0.03 RBSc prB 2.80 10.8 26.00 + 0.05
RBSc prC 2.37 9.52494 + 0 RBSc prD 2.28 9.324.44 - 1225 RBSc prE 2.25
9.424.00 0.13 RBSc prF 2.13 9.4 22.75 + 0.25

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RBSc. prG 1.85 8.4 22.08 + 0.14 RBSc PH 2.01 9.1 22.00+013 RBSc pri
2.22 9.4 23.56 - I RBSc pri 2.36 9.5 24.81 +0.06 RBSc pfx 2.13 8.525.00
+006 Royce pf 1.95 8.024.38 Royce pfa 1.83 7.823.44 +0.19 SCEG pfr 1.89
8.2 23.00-0.31 SEMCO pfl 1.10 9.8 11-19 +0-06 SEMC pfl .51p 25.31 Sl
FnTr pt 2.38 9.3 25.64 +0.02 .G . PT 2.1 12 19.9 SL Im f 2 28.69 0.13

SPGPr PIS 2.19 9.1 24.00 -0-42 SSBH pf 1.80 8.1 22.13-0.06 SealAir pf
 Z00 4.0 50.06 + 0.69 Sempra pf 2.23 8.7
 DayC9/ 274
 25.75 +0.06 ShawC pfA 2.11 8.923.69 ShawC ptB 2.13 9.0 23.75 -025
 Shurgd pfB 2.20 9.8 22.50 - 0.06 Shurgd pfC 2.18 9.7 22.50 +0.13
 SierraP pf 2.15 9.0 24.00 -0.06 SixFlags pf 4.05 125 32.38 +0.44 SrcCp
 pf 2.40 8.6 27.75 - 0.06 Southn pfA I 94 8.1 23.88 -0.25 Southn pfB .78
 7.922.56 -0.19 Southn ptC 1.72 7.9 21.88 +0.13 SoUnF pf 2.37 9.6 24.75
 + 0.19 SwGas pf 2.28 9.2 24.75 - 0.06 SwtPS pff 1.96 8.3 23.75 - 0.13
 SovrSS pfI3 2.46 11.1 22.13 -0.06 Spiekr pfB 2.36 9.5 24.88 +0 . 31
 Spiekr pfC 1.97 8.6 22.81 +0.19 Spiskr pfE 2.00 8.7 22.88 +0. 3 StkVC
 pr 1.00 7.3 13.76 StonC pf 20.75+0.25 SuraC pfW 2.08 8.3 2519 +0.25
 SunaC pfV 2.09 8.4 2494 -006 Suncor pf 2.28 9.3 2450 +0.19 SunsCT pf
 2.90 16.1 1800 SuperT pf 4.25 18.4 23.13 -1.19 SwdEC pf 1.84 8.222.44
 +0.13 SwdEC pfA 1.80 8.022.38 +0.25 Swepco pf 1.97 8.2 23.94 -0.06 TCI
 Cm pf 2.18 8.7 25.00 - 0.25 TCjCm pfA 2.50 9.825.58 -0.23 TCCm pfB 2.43
 9.425.81 +0.05 TXI Ca pfS 2.75 8.6 31.94 TXUCa pfA 1.81 8.1 22.25 -0.13
 TXUCa pfB 2.18 8.7 25.13 +0.19 TXU pfl 4.63 10.9 42.56 + 1.13 TXU pfA
 1.80 7.1 25.23 +0.10 TXU pfB 1.81 7.2 25.00 + 0.13 TXU pfm 2.06 8.6
 24.06 + 0.19 TXU 00 2.00 8.3 24.00 + 0.44 TXU Eu pf 2.44 9.5 25.75 +
 0.06 Ta pfA 2.25 24-38 Tallissmm pfB 2.23 24.13 Taub pfA 2.13 11.4
 18.75 +0.19 Tewa PfA 1.16 10.8 10.75 +0.25 TxCap pfA 1.72 7.8 22.13
 TxCap pfB 1.40 7.3 19.19 Textr PIT 1.98 8.3 23.94 +0.19 Thorn pfA 2.42
 11.5 21.00 - 0.31 TWCap pt 2.22 8.9 24.94 + 0.13 TItsnCp pf 1.00 4.9
 20.50 +11.88 ToIE pff 2.37 8.627.63 ToIE pfK 1.75 T.5 23.25 ToIE pfl
 1.88 8.1 23.25 +0.38 TmkCa pf 2.30 9.3 24.63 -0-19 Tottaukc. pr 2.22
 9.1 24.50 TrCda47 pf 2.06 8.7 23.63 + 0.6i TrCda pfC 2.13 24.25 + 0.25
 TCdaC g pf 219 - 24.88 +0.06 TravPC pf 2.02 8.2 24.50 -0.19 TwPC pfB
 2.00 8.1 24.69 TriCntl pf 2.50 7.1 35.00 +0.38 UAL pfS 3.06 9.9 31.00 +
 1.25 UAL PIT 3.31 11.2 29.50 + 0.44 UDS Ca pf 2.08 9.0 23.13 +0.13
 USRst PIA 1.93 13.7 14.06 USB pfA 1.80 8.1 22.19-0.13 USX Ca pf 2.19
 9.1 23.94 USXCa PIZ 3.37 9.7 34Z3 + 0.13 USX pfA 3.25 8.8 36.94 - 0.13
 UnEl pfc 4.00 7.0 57.38 + 0.38 UCapF pf 2.41 9.625.06 +0.06 UDo. pfA
 2.31 9.4 24.63 + 0.31 UDom pfe1 2.15 9.3 23.06 + 0.25 UliICo pfW 2.44
 9.226.44 +0.44 U ICC pfC 2.22 9.0 24.75 -0.25 Valero pfU 1.94 7.4 26.13
 -0.50 VaPw pft Z01 8.324.25 -0.38 Vornado pf 3.25 6.1 5300 - 0.5 Vorndo
 pfB 2.13 9.7 22.06 +0.06 Vomdo pIC 2.13 9.3 22.88 + 1.00 WEC pfA 1.71
 8.0 21.44 + 0.13 WHX pf 3.25 19.2 16.94 + 1.06 WHX pfB 3.75 23.4 16.00
 -0.13 WeinR pfA 1.86 8.621.63 OJ WeinR pfC 1.75 4.241.56 -0.31 Welf pfB
 2.75 6.741.00 Wendy PIT 2.50 5.3 47.50 +0.5 WstGR pf 2.28 9.2 24.81
 +0.19 WstG pfA 2.63 7.5 35.00 +10.50 WtnAsC pf 1.97 8.8 22.38 -0.06
 WstRes pf 2.13 9.4 22.69 + 0.06 Westpac pf 2.00 8.2 24.25 - 0.06 Winstn
 pfA 2.31 12.7 1825 Xcele pfD 4.11 6.9 59.44 - 0.06 Xcele pfe 4.16
 6.762.50 Xcele pfG 4.56 7.1 64.00
 AMEX
 Alcoa pf 3.75 7.1 52.50 -2.00
 Stock Div %Yld Last Chg
 AligntCa pf .99 10.3 9.63 ACoin pfA 1.05 17.1 6.13 BVBC pf .16p
 8.19-0.06
 Chfint pt 1.81 6.3 28.63 - 0.38 EBH Ca pf.75 10.0 7.50+0.06 EBICap
 pf 2.13 11.5 18.50 +0.25 FW Cap pf.94 11.8 8.00 -0.31 Frontin pf 60
 13.3 4.50GlcWstr pf i.27 13.6 16.75-1.25 HrtlndF pf 2.13 8.7 24.50
 IndepCT pf .85 10.3 8.25 Intrust pfA 2.06 8.6 23.97 +0.28 MBNK pf .96
 10.1 9.50 - 0.13 Metrom pf 3.63 13.5 26.88 PGECap pf 1.97 8.3 23.75 PS
 BPk pf 2.31 10.023.13 +0.50 PcEn pfC 4.50 7.064.00 -0.25 PcEn pfD 4.75
 6.968.50 - PGEpfa 1.50 7.6 19.63 + 0.13 PGEpfd 1.25 7.6 16.50 - 0.25
 PGEpfi 1.09 7.0 15.63 +0.38 Pacif pf 5 7.6 POMC pf 2T2 5261+11.50
 QuadCty pf .92 93 9.88 +0.13 RoyceM pf 1.94 7.9 24.50 +0.25 SCED pfB

1.02 6.9 14.75 +0.38 ScEd pfC 1.06 6.9 15.34+0.34 ScEd pfD 1.08 7.9
13.63

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+0 06 SCEd pFE 1.19 8.1 14.75-0 25 SoCap pFA .83 9.2 9.00-0.13
SpecCap pf 1.00 9.6 10.38+0.38 StdAuto pf 1.02 11.3 9.00 TDSCa pFA 2.13
8.824.13 +0.19 TDSCa pFB 2.01 8 . 822 . 88-0.19 ToLE pFB 4.25 8.1
52.50+0.25 TdE pfD 10.00 9.2 109.25 USHmG pf 2.35 14.9 15.75 -0.13
Wstmind pf -18.00+0.25 WisP pf 4.50 TO 64.13

NASDAQ

ABI Cap pf .85 11.7 7.25 -0.38 AMCV pf 37.00-1.00 Alkerm pf 3.26 2.1
164.00+32 .50 ArkBst pf 2.88 6.5 44.00 +0.25 BBC Cp pf 2.38 12.4 19.19
Bando pf 2.13 11.8 18.00 BnkUtd2 pf 2.40 10.7 22.50-0.50 CFB Cp pf 2.05
9.2 22.25 +0.13 CaptlTr pf .85 9.6 8.88-0 3 CentBn pf.83 9.4 8.81 +013
CityHld pi 1900 +0.25 CstIBc pFA 2.28 111 2050 -0.25 CstlBc pf 2.5 11.4
19.75 - 0.13 DuraAt pf 1.88 107 17.50 +0.50 Dynex pFA 5.50 + 0.38 Dynex
pf8 5.63 + 0.30 Dynex pfC 6.50 +0.25 ESB Fn pf .86 9.7 8.88 + 050
EmmisC pf 3.13 6.3 50.00+0.25 FCNB C pf 2.D6 8.6 23.88 +0.13 FNB pf
1.88 3.5 54.00 + 3.60 FidlCpl pi 8.50+0.13 FstPfd pf 2.31 9.5 24.38 -
0.13 FstCty pf 2.10 20.0 10.50 + 1.26 lstSrl pf 2.25 8.9 25.25 1stSfl
pf 1.92e 8.8 2115 0.05 FstUtd pf .94 H 9.75 -0.19 FlgstrC of 2.13 9.9
21.50 -0.06 Flagstr pf 2.38 9.8 24.25 GBB Cl pf 2.44 10.0 24.50 +0.25
GCB Cp pf 2.50 10.3 24.25 + 0.13 GBCIC2 pf 1931 +006 HlwdEn 11.3 8.88
HmitnCp pf 8.1 3 HowIC pf 3.16 41.00 +0.38 ICO pf 1.69 147 11.50 US Cp
pf.88 9.4 9.38 +0.38 dBkMI pf 2.31 9.424.50 IndCap pf 2.32 9.7 24.00 -
0.13 IwFn pf 2.31 9.424.63 -0.63 JBI Cap pf 2.31 9.424.50 JamsIn pf 231
14.9 15.50 -0.50 Jamesn pf 1.70 14.4 11.81 -0.42 Ltchfld pf 10.63 LouG
5pf 1.25 8.8 14.25-0.25 MCI .ip. 2 00 8.3 24.13 -0.13 MV pf 1. M 8.3
23.00+0.25 MarCpT pf .83 11.9 7.00-0.13 MtrxBn pf 2.50 12.0 20.75 +0.48
MrcBnk pf 9.56 NCEIE C pf 24.56 NHTB pf 9.50+0.25 PCC Cp pf .94 11.1
8.50+0.38 PSINet pf 3.38 8.8 38.50 - 0.44 PplsCp pf 2.44 12.4 19.75
+0.13 PhilCnl pf .70 9.2 7.63 PriceEn pf 1.40 9.4 14.94 +0.25 ProFac
pfl.72 10.1 17.00 +0.06 RBI Cp pt .91 11.7 7.75 SBI Cap pf 2.33 9.8
23.88 +0.13 SVB Cp pf 21.25 +0.19 SimnFC pf 1.14 9.2 12.38 SinclrB pf
3.00 8.9 33.75 -0.30 SthsdeS pf .85 11.1 7.63-0.98 SterBm pf - 24.13
+0.38 StrCpTr pf 2.38 10.2 23.38 +0.38 SuccsC of .90 9.9 9.13 +0.25
SunCap pf 2.46 10.423.63 -0.50 SmCapll pf.89 9.4 9.50 Tekingsgt pf 3.13
UPInt pFE 2.00 5.437.13 0. UtdGlb pf 3.50 8.640.56 -0.19 WstBnk pf
9.00-0.13 Wintrust pf 10.50

52-Week Yld Sales High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s

High Low Last Chg 8.50 7.00

MSIDW oic .54 6.4 q 79 8.44 8.38 8.44+0.13 9.44 7.63 MSIDW tfa.51
5.5 q

660 9.31 9.31 9.31 9.44 7.81 MSIDW tfb .51 5.5 q 287 9.38 9.31 9.31
938 7.44 MSDW tfe .45 4.9 q 513 9.25 9 19 9.19 8.75 7.38 MSDW pia .54
6.2 q 98 8.69 8.63 8.69 13.31 11.44 MSDW iqn .78 5.9 q 20 13.31 13.19
13.25 4.38 12.06 MSIDW iqt.93 6.6 q 81 14.06 14.00 14.06+0.06 4.50
12.31 MSDW q .93 6.5 q 118 14.38 4.25 14.31+0.06 13.00 11.31 MSDW iqm
.81 6.4 q 172 12.81 12.69 12.75+0.06 25.31 22.38 MSFn8.40 2.10 8.4 658
25.00 24.69 25.00+0.25 25.25 22.25 MSFn 8.20 2.05 8.2 147 24.94 24.75
24.94+0.06 155.25 104.69 AMorgan 4.00 2.4 15 521162 168.94 161.63
167.19+16A 11.88 6.19 WorrKnud 14 1940 12.00 11.75 12.00+0.44 3.75 1.88
MorrKn wt 19 3.69 3.19 3.44+0.13 30.75 16.38 MorrsnMgt .16 b 0.6 25
1239 27.56 26.13 26.63-1.06 21.75 13.00 MortnRst 11 469 21.13 21.00
21.00-0.06 61.50 27.38 Motorola a .16 0.4 69 128649 36.44 35.00
36.13+11.06 36.94 25.81 Mueller 11 1016 31.75 31.00 31.56+056 12.50
10.69 Muniast .82 6.8 q 203 12.00 11.94 12.10 12.44 10.81 MunAdv .72
6.1 q89 11.75 11.69 11.75 8.88 7.06 MunHi .58 6.9 q 167 8.44 8.38

8.44+0.06 22.13 18.06 MuniMtg 1.67 18.0 13 1154 21.50 20.8B 21.00-0.38
2.38

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10.56 Munfort .73 6.1 q10 11.94 11.94 11.94 2.06 10.44 MunPrt2 .75
6.5 q 2 11.63 11.63 11.63-0.06 10.25 8.63 MuntenhFd .64 6.3 q 744 10.25
10.13 10.19 4.00 11.00 MuniCA .74 5.6 1084 3.19 12.94 13.19+0-1 15.13
11.31 MuniCA5.8 q 1 4.44 14.31 14.44+0.25 3 N 3607 1 13.06 10.19
MuniFL .74 63 q 11.69 1.63 11.69 14.06 11.88 MuniHld .83 6.5 q 145
12.81 12.69 12.81+0.06 12.88 10.19 MuniHld2 .76 6.5 q 296 11.75 1.69
1.75 12.81 10.38 MuniIns .73 6.2 q 306 11.69 11.50 11.69+0.06 12.94
9.88 MunIns2 .68 6.2 q 804 11.00 10.88 11.00+0.13 13.38 10.56 MuniNi
.71 5.8 q 240 12.25 12.13 12.25-0.06 14.00 10.81 MuniNYI .81 6.4 q 514
12.63 2.50 12.63+0.13 12+63 10.44 MuniQ .78 6.4 q 135 12.25 2.06 12.19
14.00 11.31 MuniIcCA .79 5.7 q 684 13.75 13.13 13.75+0.63 13.88 11.06
MuniCAI .76 5.6 q 334 13.75 3.56 13.69 14.31 11.13 MuniCA12.81 5.7 q
298 14.31 4.25 14.25+0.06 13.00 10.50 MuniFL .73 6.2 q 190 11.69 1.63
11.69 13.50 10.56 MuniFL1 .75 5.9 q 5 12.69 2.69 12.69 13.81 11.00
MuniYld .86 6.6 q 868 13.00 12.86 12.94 13.38 11.31 MuniIdIns.94 6.4 q
1594 13.19 13.06 13.13-0.06 13.19 10.63 MuniMI +75 6.3 q 157 11.94
11.88 11.88-0.06 13.25 10.88 MuniMll .78 6.3 q 273 12.44 12.25 1244+013
13.63 11.06 MuniNJ .79 6.0 q 156 13.19 13.06 13.19 14.19 11.31 MuniNJ1
.81 5.9 q 171 13.75 13.56 13.69+0.06 13.63 10+63 MuniNYI .77 6.1 q 472
12.69 12.50 12.69+0.13 13.44 11.00 MuniPAIn .79 6.2 c 138 1275 12.50
12.75+013 13.00 11.00 MuniQIly .81 6.4 q 962 12.69 12.63 12.63-0.06
12.94 10.25 MuniQft2 .80 6.7 q 406 11.88 11.75 11-88+0.06 69.06 48.19
MurpO 1.50t2.2 12 1812 67.94 66.19 66.75-0.94 9.75 5.88 Musicl-d 4 876
7.19 6.88 7.13+0.13 28.56 9.81 MutRisk .24 1.1 27 1058 21.75 21.13
21.25-0.94 3225 16.00 Mylan .16 0.6 98 7153 27.31 26.56 26.56-0.44

N

48.25 34.00 NCH 1.40 3.8 12 196 37.50 37.25 37.31+0.31 21.13 14.50
NCI Bld 7 332 17.63 17.38 17.63+0.13 47.00 26.69 NCR Cp 12 7109 41.00
39.81 40.38+0.56 24.25 20.00 NIPS Ga26 194 8.5 10 22.88 22.88 22.88
24.38 9.75 NL Ind .14 0.6 10 763 23.56 23.31 23.31-0.13 27.50 15.75 NRG
En n 5579 26.56 26.00 2625+0.44 21.38 6.50 INS Grp dd 555 17.88 17.31
1763+0.06 30.75 22.94 NUI .98 3.3 16 302 30.13 29.94 3006-0.13 28.63
8.19 NabiscoGp .49 1.7 35 8571 28.19 28.06 2806 54.19 8.75 NabisH .75
1.4 38 3102 53.50 53.44 53 44 78.38 33.56 NACCO .90 1.9 8 140 47.00
46.38 4688+13.38 10.44 850 Nashua 9 21 8.25 8.06 8.13-0.06 14.94 7.75
NatcoG n 58 262 10.13 9.88 9.88 83.06 61.31 NtAust 3.58 a 4.8 401 74.56
73+38 74.50-0.38 29.06 2100 NtAust un 1.96 7.4 2401 26.88 26.56 26.63-
0.25 10.63 6.63 NBGrce a .22 a 3.2 106 6.88 6.75 6.88+0.25 31.41 16.00
NatlCity 1.14 5.4 912646 21.19 20.13 20.94+0.81 43.00 20.75 NData .30
1.0 32 1677 29.81 29A 29.38+0.19 59.25 20.38 NatDiscB 12 839 36.63
35.75 36.19-0.25 12.50 4.38 Natl 987 5.25 5.00 5.25+0.25 53.69 39.38
NatFGs 1.92 13.7 15 264 52.69 52.44 52.44-0.19 23.31 18.38 NatGoff 1.80
B.8 18 371 20.69 20.38 20.50-0.13 48.25 34.00 NatGrid In 1.20 e 2.9 12
41.44 40.75 41.44+0.56 19.44 4.88 NtlHthInc 2.56 34.7 4 1025 7.50 7.31
7.38-0.13 37.63 12.00 Nat .01 [w] dd 2267 34.94 34.25 34.69-0.31
83.7542.38 NPwADS a 78 70.50 67.63 68.00-3.60 39.50 29.56 NtPrest 2.00
a 6.6 11 40 30.50 30.38 30.44+0.06 12.50 7.13 NatProc 15 356 12.13
11.81 11.81-0.25 25.63 8.00 NO RV 4 155 9.88 9.44 9.81+0.38 25.31 21.50
NRurU45 2.00 8.2 45 24.56 24.44 24.50 24.63 21.00 NRurU46 1.91 8.1 8
23.69 23.69 23.69+0.06 23.75 20.19 NRur47 1.84 7.9 53 23.25 2325 23.25
85.94 23.50 NtSemi 14 33656 45.00 4263 44.50+1.50 R Ou 18.25 NtSvIn
1.32 8.6 7 1029 20.13 19.88 19.94 8.63 188 NatlStI .28 6.9 did 96 4.13
4.06 4.06 24.94 20.63 NtlWstA 1.97 8.4 200 23.69

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23.50 23.52-0.30 8.94 8.13 NatnsBal .44 5.2 q 26 8.50 8.50 8.50-0.06
9.13 8.44 NatnGvO3 .46 5.1 q 211 9.06 9.00 UO 9.13 8.44 NatnGvO4 .47
5.2 q 14 9.06 9.00 9.00 7.75 3.38 Ntnsrent 9 101 4.00 3.88 3.88-0.06
42.00 19.60 NatwFS .48 1.2 12 18. 40.15 38.13 39.88+11.81 17.06 9.56
NatHP 1.134 12.7 10 477 14.44 14.25 14.44 54.25 2.81 NavigCons cd 5822
4.25 188 4.00+0.13 51.69 29.63 Navistar 6 3846 37.88 36.94 37.50-0.50
13.50 2.94 Neff Cp do 1262 5.50 4.19 4.88-0.44 35.75 19.38 NejmM A 13
2786 33.88 33.25 33.56-0.50 33.88 18.63 NeimMB n 1607 31.50 30.56
31.50+0.50 10.50 6.25 NelsnT .16 2.0 12 138 8.13 8.00 8.00-0.06 14.81
7.31 NtwkEq do 688 12.44 11.75 12.06-0.38 58.00 23.63ANeubBer n .40 0.7
21 146 59.38 57.94 59.19+1.25 4.31 2.88 Ne.Am .42 11.6 q 2228 3.69 3.56
3.63+0.06 29.94 13.25 NE Bus .80 4.1 9 101 19.75 19.38 19.69+0.44 25.13
22.75 NJEcon29 1.90 7.8 20 24.50 24.44 24.50-0.06 43.13 36.19 NJRsc
1.72 4.3 15 419 40.44 39.69 40.00+0.06 18.94 11.75 NPlanExI 1.65 11.9
10 1750 14.00 13.81 13.81-0.13 49.94 35.75 NY Times .46 1.2 20 6781
39.50 39.00 39.19-0.31 42.313 21.00 NewellRub .84 3.2 20 50606 26.50
26.81 25.94-0.13 45.38 21.00 NewtExp 25 1553 43.88 43.25 43.25-0.19
28.88 22.19 Ne.hal .40 a 1.6 9 408 25.50 24.13 24.63-0.88 30.06 16.94
NewrntM .12 0.6 old 33635 19.00 18.00 18.56+0.88 10.38 5.00 NwpkRs dd
970 10.38 10A9 10.25- 0.13 42.25 24.75-NwpNws .16 0.4 16 944 43.00
41.75 42 50+0 56 67.00 26.31 NewsCorp .07e 0.1 45 3320 53.06 52.25
52.63-0.19 57.19 24.13 NewsCp A.18 a 0.4 3453 .50 43.63 44.25-0.06
16.19 10.81 NiagMH old 3237 13.00 12.63 12. + 40.06 29.38 Nicor 1.66
4.5 13 1456 37.56 36.75 36.75-0.69 59.2525.81 NikeB .48 1.2 1914185
40.94 39.56 39.56 -1 88 48.00 18.75 99 Cents a 59 867 45.56 44.19 44 94
-0.50 92.50 54.94 NippnTT .24e0.4 959 60.63 59. 60J9-0.44 24.81 12.75
NiSource 1.08 4.5 19 15750 24.06 23.81 23.94-0.13 42.38 19.13 Noblaf
.16 0.4 19 3905 39.13 38.44 38.75+0.31 50.19 18.69 NobleDr 59 6160
49.31 47.63 48.50+0.63 62.50 20.00 Nokia a .19 a 0.4 160M 45.00 43.25
44.88+2.94 34.50 16.56 Nordstr .36 f 2.1 1316419 18.31 17.25 17.25-1.13
27.88 12.69 NorfikSo .80 5.0 52 8252 16.31 16.06 16.06-0.13 46.63 35.50
Nmk .96 a 2.2 28 335 43.31 43.19 43.31 +OD6 36 38 1825 Nortek -5 82
20.50 20.25 20.44+0.25 25.38 14.88 NortelInv .21 e 1.3 22 16.25 15.75
16.00 89.00 19.88 NortelNw .08 0.1 dd 91629 82.44 80.25 81.63+1.19
17.06 12.25 NEurO 1.49e9.1 11 12 16.38 16.25 16.38-0.13 21.69 14.44
NoFrkBc .72 4.0 13 5378 18.25 1 7.63 17.88+0.31 23.56 17.50 NstUt 30
1098 22.75 22.56 22.75-0.06 31.56 21.63 NoBordr 2.60 9.0 12 153 29.25
2835 28.88-0.50 81.38 42.63 NortrpG 1.60 2.1 9 4876 80.00 77.75 77.81-
0.31 24.88 19.00 NwAir39 n 2.38 9.9 23 24.25 23.81 23.94+0.06 27.00
17.75 NwstNG 1.24 5.4 14 418 23.31 22.25 23.00+0.69 25.44 20.63 NwstnCp
1.11 5.1 13 684 21.75 21.56 21.75+031 25.06 15.38 NovaChem .40 2.0 5
150 20.00 19.63 20.00+0.13 35.19 10.50 Nova Cp dd 3780 14.50 14.38
14.38+0.06 40.56 34.63 Novartis n 1 D91 38.06 37.69 37.81-0.19 4.88
2.63 NovaStr dd 151 3.88 3.63 3.88+0.25 112.13 57.81 NovoNdk .62 e 0.6
27 306 103.00 101.13 101.50 -2.00 47.00 36.63 NSTAR 2.00 4.8 15 1525
43.19 42.00 42.06-0.69 14M 5.50 NuSkin 9 319 6.81 6.50 6.56 57.44 33.00
Nucor .601.6 11 5756 37.06 36.63 36.75+0.06 26.00 13.63 NuevEn 21 362
19.19 18.75 19.19+0.19 16.38 13.63 NuvAZ .82 5.5 q 2 14.81 14.81 14.81
15.13 11.56 NCADvA .80 5.8 q 220 13.88 13.75 13.75 16.25 12.63 NvCIQ
.92 5.9 q 34 15.63 15.50 15.63+0.13 17.19 13.00 NCMM .94 5.9 q 22 16.06
16.00 16.00+0.06 9.88 7.44 NuvCal .52 5.6 q 247 9.31 9.19 9.31+0.13
17.13 12.75 NvCPP .92 5.9 q 210 15.63 15.50 15.63+0.13 16.88 13.06
NvCAQI .94 5.8 q 51 16.19 16.00 16.19+0A9 16.44 12.44 NvCSQ .91 5.9 q
134 15.63 15.44 15.50+0.06 16+00 13.19 NCTPI S2

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5.4 q 1 15.13 15.13 15.13+0.06 14+88 11.56 NuvDivA .83 6.4 q 697
13.00 12.88 12.94+0.13 1563 12 .81 NvFL .89 6.2 q 133 14.56 14.38
14.44-0.06 14.94 12.75 NFLO .88 6.0 q 57 14.75 14.56 14.56-0.06 15.75

12.38 NICAP .83 5.7 q 45 14.56 14.50 14.56 14.50 11.50 NICAP2 .77 5.5 q
 181 14.00 13.88 14.00+0.66 15.06 12.50 NICAS .79 5.4 q 5 14.63 14.56
 14.56+0.06 14.00 11.88 NIFLP .77 5.8 q73 13.38 13.25 13.38 14.56 11.50
 NviMO .86 6.3 q 696 13.56 13.38 13.56+0.19 15.31 11.00 NINYP .80 5.7 q
 93 13.94 13.81 13.94+0.13 14.50 12.25 NINYS .78 5.9 q 9 13.31 13.25
 13.31 1 2.44 10.13 NIPIM2 .70 6.1 q 488 11.75 11.50 11.56 14.56 1.81
 Nvin01 .88 6.3 q 348 14.13 13.88 14.06+0.06 14.63 11.50 W101 .86 6.5 q
 462 13.25 13.13 1125 15.06 11.81 NMDPI .78 5.5 q 16 14.13 14.00 14.D6 -
 0.06 16.13 13.25 NvMAP .82 a 5.5 q 26 14.81 14.81 14.81-0.06 15.13
 11.63 NvMIPI .83 6.2 q 78 13.44 13.25 13.31+0.06 16.56 12.50 NMIQI .88
 a 6.4 q 46 13.81 13.75 1 3.75+0.06 15.13 11.75 NvMad .86 6.5 q 929
 13.31 13.13 13.25+0.06 12.00 9.88 NvMul .70 5.9 q 125 11.88 11.75 1
 88+0.13 15.19 11.44 NvMO .90 6.6 q 329 13.69 13.56 1156-0.06 8.88 7.69
 NuvMuVal 51 5.8 q 1377 8.88 8.81 8.81 16.06 12.19 NvNJ .92 a 6.1 q 150
 1 5.25 15.13 15.13 15.19 11.75 NvNJPI .81 5.6 q 141 14.63 14.31
 14.50+0.13 14.88 11.81 NNYDva .78 5.9 q 24 13.25 13.25 13.25 15.25
 12.38 NNYIQ .86 6.0 q 95 14.38 14.25 14.31-0.06 9.13 7.50 NNYMV .51 5.7
 q 66 8.94 8.88 8.88 15.88 12.31 NvNYP .89 6.2 q 64 14.25 14.19
 14.25+0.06 15.50 12A NvNYQI .85 6.1 q 241 13.88 13.69 13.88+0.13 15.75
 12.19 NNYSO .88 6.3 q 128 14.06 13.94 13.94-0.06 15.81 13.06 NNCPI .75
 5.4 q 12 14.06 13.94 14.00-0.06 17.44 14.94 NOHQI .92 5.7 q 74 16.38
 16.19 16.19- 0.13 16.25 12.75 NvPA 91 6.2 q 74 14.75 14.50 14.69-0.06
 13.56 11.31 NvPAP2 .78 6.2 q 167 12.69 12.56 12.56-0.06 14.13 11.19
 NuvPP .80 a 6.3 q 528 12.75 12.63 12.69-0.06 14.75 12.00 NvPIM .86 6.3
 q 366 13.63 13.56 13.56+0.06 14.76 12.25 NvPMI .92 6.5 q 261 14.19
 14.06 14.13+0.06 1350 11.00 NwPI .76 6.2 q 624 12.31 12.19 12.19-0.06
 1525 12.25 NuVP12 .89 a 6 6 q 202 13.63 13.56 13.56-0.06 13.63 11.13
 NuvP 4 .80 6.4 q 502 12.75 12.50 12.56 15.31 12.06 NuvQInc .91 6.7 q
 707 13.63 13.50 13.56+0.13

HIGHS/LOWS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000

NEW HIGHS 137

AES Cp a CCFemsa Key3 Md n Pulte AES pfc ColumEn LabCp a QstDiag
 APW Ltd n CmtyHit n LehmBr RehabCG a Adminstf ConsolEgy LibtPr pfa
 ReliaSir Alcatel CrosTbr LincNat ReliantEn AlIgeEngy CrosT pfa MDC
 Saatchi AIIIAMkt DPL MFM AlliantTch DR Horton MISchott S acorS a Alza
 DeVry Magntk Seital Ame(en DeRigo Manulif gn ShawGp AmIntGp a Dexter
 Masscp Smucker n Americdt DomRes n MasPrt SnyderSNC Anadrk DrySIG
 MellonFnc SouthnCo Analog a DukeEngy MerrLyn StancpF ApIdPw s DukeR plE
 MetLife un StdPac, AutoData EMC a MetrisCo a Stifel BUTcl PIES EdwLSci
 n MettlerT Suni-ife gn BkNY Elan wt B MidAtlan TB Woods Baxter EBrAero
 n MinTch BearSt EMINco2 MitchlEn TCF Fn Beverly EntPrPt MonSt TFIC
 Blackrck n Esterline MSDWit a Talbots Bocaflesrt FMC Morgan TchSym
 Boeing FahnVin MorrKnud Teekay BradRE FletEgy NeubBer n TVA 45 CLECO
 FoundHS NwpNws TollBro CMP Grp Gabellia OMI Cp TorDBk g CTG Res
 GoldmanS ONEOK TrvCpl-n Calpine a HancFab OrlentEH n UUniao CapOne
 HadeyD a Orthodon UtdhlthGp CardnIH Jabil a PacGulf CaremRx JHFnSrv n
 PartnerRe UnvHit CarpTech JNuveen PennVa Waters a CartWal KC Sou n
 PerkinElm WatsnPh ChoicePt a Keebler PioneerCp WidwDI

NEW LOWS 29

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Autoliv HispBrd a MayDS Tndycft BASF n Cl McDnlds Target s Culp Inc
 Indones McMoRn TelNZ I MdbkIns FITCa pfK IndoSate A PacCCyb n Telstra
 FordM n JoAnnSt Pru UK n UCarb Gap Landse Savia SA UPkMin GTribasa s
 Whys Simula WinDix

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 1100s High Low Last Chg

10.88 9.31 NvSMM .63 6.1 q 69 10.38 10.31 10.31 14.44 11.69 NuvSel
.88

6.6 q 443 13.50 13.31 13.38+0.06 15.13 12.88 NSTFI .90 6.1 q 160
14.94 14.75 14.81+0.13 14.69 12.38 NSTF12 .87 U q 88 14.63 14.50
1450+006 1400 12.00 NSTF13 .82 5.9 q 45 13.88 13.81 1381 1006 8.44
NuvSnIn n 1.06 10.7 q 653 9.94 9.88 9 88 - 04 1488 11.50 NTXQI .88 a
6.6 q 67 13.25 13.13 13.25+0.06 16.38 2.50 NVAPI .80 5.4 q 16 14.88 1481
14.88+0.06 39.13 14.00 Nvest 1.94 4.7 2380 39. 3 39.06 39.06 62.00
29.38 NycornArn .50 a 1. 1 714 4513 45.00 45.06 + 0.6

0

24+00 16.50 OGE Engy 133 6.2 12 1048 21.50 21.00 21.38+0.44 50.88
31.50 OM Grp .44 0.9 19 568 47.56 47.00 47.38+0.25 7.25 1.31AOMI Cp dd
4937 7.63 7.06 7.50+0.31 17.75 5.31 Oakley 37 3500 17.00 16.06
16.94+0.44 6.38 1.19 Oakwood .02j dcl 1752 1.75 1.56 163-0.06 25.25
15.75 OcciPet 1.00 4.6 9 19289 22.06 21.44 21.63+0.52 16.50 6.31
OceanEgy 45 4139 15.69 15.13 15.19- 0.06 22.50 12.13 Oreaner 28 M6
17.75 15.94 17.44+1.98 13.00 7+69 Octel 4 29 8.69 8.56 8.63-006 9.25
5.25 OcwenFn cc 1691 5.88 5.69 5.69-0.25 14.88 5.88 OffcDpt 10 28403
7.44 7.25 7.31-0.19 8.75 3.75 Officemax dd 6466 5.19 4.94 5.19+0.13
23.19 7.25 Ogden dd 4014 17.50 17.25 17.38+0.13 24.94 20.90 OhP25 2.04
8.4 76 24.31 24.06 24.31+0.25 23.75 19.50 OhPw38 1.84 8.1 65 22.138
22.50 22.63 - 24.75 21.06 OhPw27 1.98 8.2 5 24.06 24.06 24.06-0.25
15.63 6.88 OilDri .36 3.9 12 47 9.63 9.31 9.31 40.25 22.75 OldKent .88
b 3.0 16 1186 29.50 28.44 29.31+0.63 24.63 10.63 OldRep .56 2.3 14 0708
24.00 23.50 23.94+0.56 2150 12.13 Olin .80 4.8 4 998 17.25 16.50 16.50
2125 4.38 OmegHlt 1.00 16.5 55 350 6.19 6.00 6.06+0.06 4.50 1.69 OmegaP
dd 8 2.00 1.94 2.00 19LO 6.88 Omncre .09 0.7 25 3566 13.94 13.50
13.69+0.13 107.50 70.13 Omnicom .70 0.8 33 6627 94.31 83.19 83.44+0.88
1 13 4.38 Ofnnova n .20 3.3 12 862 6.00 5.13 6.00+1.00 2481 12.63
Oneida 40 2.9 34 64 3.88 13.75 13.75 3238 21.75 ONEOK 1.24 3.9 12 982
32.56 31.75 31.94+0.06 8.75 7.31 OppMS .84 10.0 q 181 8.38 8.31 8.38
10.00 2.63 OrbEng 340 8.94 8.69 8.88+0.06 23.75 8.19 OrbitalSci dd 1616
9.06 8.50 8.94+0.06 12.13 1.63 OreStl .08 3.1 dd 227 2.56 2.50
2.56+0.06 24.81 119.00 OfientEH n 2309 25.75 24.13 25.75+11.38 26.00
12.00 OnentFn .60 4.6 6 71 13.13 13.00 13.13+0.06 103.13 40.38 Orix a
.06e0.1 33 67.13 66.63 66.88+0.69 32.38 11.00AOrthodon 29 8316 32.88
31.25 32.63+163 11.38 7.63 Osmonic cc 239 8.63 8.44 U-50 34.44 19.81
OutbkStk 13 11774 24.06 22.94 22.94-0.94 30.50 12.13 OvShip .60 2.0 dd
502 29.69 28.56 29.44+0.98 1825 7.56 OwensM .25 1.6 17 1150 15.44 14.94
15.31+0.31 2544 11.06 Owensill 8 2827 13.19 12.56 13.06+0.50 28. 4.88
OwenC .30 5.8 dd 2956 5.25 5.06 5.19 + 006 23.44 15.00 Oxford .84 3.8 7
33 22.13 22.13 22.13+0.06

PQ

16000 30.63 PE May a .17 0.2 cc 25735 99.94 96.06 98.38 + 1 98
276.00 13.00 PE Cdw a - 62 21597 109.00 100.13 108.00+8.66 49.75 30.75
PECO 1.00 2.1 18 14055 48.56 47.75 48.00 31.13 19.69 PG&E Cp 1.20 4.1
cc 8648 29.25 28.25 28.94+0.50 64.50 3350 PMI Grp .16 0.3 12 1496 62.44
6063 62.00+0.56 62.00 36.00 PNC 1.80 3.1 14 12767 59.75 58.06
58.94+1.00 65.06 40.06 PPG

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1.60 4.0 12 5291 4138 40.50 40.50-0.75 33.56 18.38 PPL Corp 1.06 3.2
9 8456 33.56 32.81 33.50+0.19 17.56 9.94 PXRE Grp .24 1.8 dd 316 13.75
13.63 13.63 13.31 11.63 PacAS 1.04 8.1 q 94 12.94 12.88 12.88-0.06
20.00 18.69PacCCyb n 21.57 18.81 18.63 18.81+0.06 23.50 13.13 PacCent
.72 f 5.1 8 5927 14.19 13.31 14.00+0.63 27.06 19.25 PacGuff 1.76 6.4 16
554 27.94 27.00 27.50+0.44 25.00 21.50 Pcfcp35 2.09 8.6 25 24.50 24.38
24.38-0.13 1 2.75 9.25 PackArn n 131B 11.75 11.63 11.69 14.50 7.50
Pactiv n 8423 11.19 10.88 11.00 72.69 31.75 PainWeb .48 0.7 20 2297

71.50 70.25 71.50+1.13 3.44 1.88 Pakisinv .06 a 2.5 q 180 2.44 2.44
2.44 - 25.19 17.13 PallCp .66 3.1 18 8651 22.31 21.19 21.38-0.38 18.38
3.00 Pameco a 65 3.13 3.00 3.06+0.06 21.00 15.13 PanPacif 1.68 8.8 12
397 19.06 18.88 19.06+0.06 23.50 14.56 PanamBev.24 1.3 dd 1800 18.94
18.31 18.56-0.19 11.75 4.13 Panavis dd 7 7.88 7.81 7.81+0.06 8.44 3.00
ParTch -dd 32 3.19 3.19 3.19-0.13 41.38 18.13 ParkEl .32 0.8 22 380
40.19 39.56 40.19+0.44 14.94 9.88 ParkPlc 29 3316 14.88 14.60 14.69
7.44 3.00 ParkDrl dd 3753 7.19 7.00 7.13+0.13 54.00 31.38 ParkHan .68
2.0 11 4811 35.13 34.56 34.81+0.25 33.63 26.31 Parkwy 2.00 6.3 11 67
31.81 31.56 3175+0.06 42.31 28.WParbwRe 1.04 2.5 35 1579 42.50 40.13
411.94+11.91 21.88 7.06 Patina .08 0.4 13 1235 21.25 20.50 21.25+0.19
9.88 0.44 Patina wt 46 9.25 9.00 9.13-0.25 13.06 8.00 Paxar 7 1368
11.38 10.69 11.00+0.25 59.25 38.75 PaylSh 11 582 53.56 52.31 53.38-0.31
41.25 19.75 Pechny .38 a 1.6 35 23.25 23.00 23.25-0.13 17.38 6.00
Pediatm 16 1016 13.38 13.19 13.31+0.19 34.13 20.00 PennEMA .56 f 1.9 13
7 30.06 29.88 30.06+0.31 38.50 21.63 PennEM .56 f 1.7 14 127 33.31 3238
33.31+0.63 24.00 12.25 PennTrty 7 167 17.88 17.50 17.88+0.44 27.19
15.56- PennVa .90 3.3 11 469 28.00 26.81 27.31+0.31 40.13 12.98 Pennoy
1.15 8.2 cc 48101 15.06 13.63 14.00-1.19 19.94 14.00 PenRE 1.88 10.8 7
131 17.63 17.44 17.44-0.13 14.44 8.38 PenzICIS T5 6.0 dd 1896 12.50
12.31 12.44-0.19 5.69 1.56 Pentacn 65 19 2.06 1.94 1.94-0.06 46.69
27.25 Pentair .64 2.0 11 3257 32.88 32.00 32.50+0.69 36.38 12.63
Penton.12 0.4 12 898 31.94 31.06 31.31 - 031 39.44 26.19 PeopEn 2.00
6.2 13 1075 33.38 32.50 32.50-0.69 15.69 5.00 PepBoy .27 4.6 28 904
6.00 5.75 5.88-0.13 33.63 15.50 PepsiBot .08 03 24 4895 32.00 31.56
3175 694 4.25 PepsiGem -3.04 4.94 4.88 4.94+0.06 47.06 29.69 PepsiCo
.56 6 29672 42.81 41.19 4263+0.69 6.00 2.69 PepsiAmer dd 506 3.75 3.63
3.69+0.06 90.50 31.75APerkinElm .56 0.6 50 6053 91.25 88.38 89.94+0.44
21.44 13.38 PerezCo n .32 p 4858 16.88 16.56 16.81+0.31 6.13 4.25
Prmian .65 e 12.0 24 101 5.50 5.38 5.44-0.06 27.94 8.88 PerotSys 13
1258 10.38 10.25 10.38+0.06 11.69 2.31 PersGp 4 909 3.63 3.44 3.56+0.13
22.63 13.00 PetroC g .20 187 21.69 21.25 21.25-0.25 26.38 14.25
PetChins n 1533 23.94 23.38 23.75- 1.13 33.00 24.50 Petrobrs n 11211
32.31 31.50 31.81-0.44 40.88 30.06 PetRs 2.33el.7 q 238 40.75 40.19
40.56+0.44 21.88 12.63 PetrolGeo 39 1469 19.13 18.50 18.88+0.06 48.38
23.00 FlfeifVac .38 e 0.9 43 31 41.13 40.75 40.75-0.25 49.25 30.00
Pfizer .36 0.8 47 IM3 43.44 42.56 4325+1.13 7.63 3.63 PhmRes Alp dd 356
6.50 6.19 6.38+0.13 59.75 32.75 Pharmacia .20 a 0.3 cc 32145 59.19
58.31 58.56+0.13 73.0036.06 Phelp11 2.00 4.5 dd 13609 45.00 42.00
44.50+2.56 22.38 19.75 PhilRet28 1.64 7.5 675 21.94 21.69 21.81-0.13
24.94 16.50 PhilaSub .72 3.1 20 590 23.50 22.50 23.44+0.69 39.38 18.44
PhilMor 2.12 f 7.2 .97 11.13 30.38 29.38 29.63-0.50 28.25 14.88 PhilLD
.12 a 0.7 1 OF 16.88 16.7516.88 55.75 23.75 PhilipsEl a 37 6421 49.31
48.50 49.31+1.75 17.50 14.56 PhilIntR 1.51 8.9 16 27 17.00 17.00 17.00-
0.13 62.50 35.94 PhilPet 1.36 2.2 1410975 6228 6060 61.88+1.14 10.50
5.81 PhIVH .15 1.6 13 392 9.56 9.00 9.13- 0.25 15.00 6.31 PhnxInvst 32
2.2 19 872 15.00 14.75 14.88+0.19 11.25 5.25

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Phosphate Ogj dd 272 5.75 5.50 5.50-0.06 7.81 2.25 PicCafe .12i 10
72 2.50 2.38 2.38 34.00 23.69 PiecING 1.46 5.3 14695 27.75 27.00 27.69
+ 0 12.81 5.25 Pier 1 .16f 1.4 15 3870 11.94 11.69 11.75-0 06 9.69 7.75
PilgPrRTr .86 9.8 q 30.01 8.81 8.69 8.75+006 8.13 4.06 PilgPrA .06 1.2
3 16 5.19 5.13 5.13+0.06 11.00 6.06 PilgPrB .06 0.9 5 463 7.19 6.69
6.81-0.31 12.06 1.25 Pilowtex dd537 2.56 2.25 2.44-0.13

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chip

13.19 11.25 PimCom 1. 12 a 9.2 q 38 12.31 12.13 12.13-0.13 2406 1
4.88

PinnclEnt 7 919 20.94 20.38 20.63-0.13 42 63 25.69 PinWst 1 10 2540
41.94 40.81 41.19+0.19 42.25 16.63-PioneerCp .12 0 0.3 21 42.94 42.00
42.94+2.86 11.31 9.94 PionInt .92 8.2 q 32 11.31 11.19 11.19-0.06 15.63
6.75 Piontrl 21 10682 13.94 13.50 13.88+0.19 65.38 3375 PitnyBw 1.14
3.1 14 7842 37.31 36.38 36.56+0.19 25.00 10.69 PittOrk .10 0.6 32 2382
16.94 15.56 16.56-0.94 17.50 7.69 PlacerlD .20 2.2 dd 21152 9.31 8.88
9.00+0A3 20.25 9.63 Plains 1.85 f 9.8 367 19.00 18.63 18.88+0.06 56.00
14.38 Plantron a 38 1916 50.81 49.38 49.94-0.31 24.94 10.25 Playby dd
276 13.56 12.88 13.50+0.94 29.50 11.38 PlaybyB dd 319 14.69 13.94
14.44+0.50 15.50 10.13 PlaybcPd 15 534 12.00 11.88 11.88-0.06 31.38
21.50 PlumCrk 2.28 9.4 -9 1067 24.38 24+06 24.25+0.13 29.75 15.63
PcgoPd .12 0.4 27 1191 26.88 26.50 26.88+0.06 4500 19.06 Pohang .51 e
2.4 1751 21.31 20.63 21.25+0.63 40.13 25.56 Polaris .88 2.6 11 360
34.13 33.44 3413+0.56 30.63 16.25 Polaroid .60 3.5 74 4108 17.31 16.81
17+00 32.44 8.00 PlcyMgt old 942 13.50 13.19 13.50+0.31 20.75 12.75
Polo RL 13 447 19.44 19.13 19.38-0.19 20.50 6.56 PolyGp .08 1.1 10 167
7.06 6.88 7.00+0.13 23.50 10.63 PopeTal .44 2.2 9 383 20.13 19.25
19.88+0.69 24.88 22.00 PortG35 2.06 8.5 - 10 24.25 24.19 24.25+0.06
14.88 11.44 Portugl 2.16e0.9 q35 11.75 11.69 11.69-0.06 16.25 7.75
PortgIT a .1 Be 1.7 22 2434 10.75 10.38 10.75+0.06 47.06 36.00 PostPrp
3.04 7.2 17 2264 42.44 41.81 42.31+0.25 60.06 42.00 Potash g 1.00 440
53.56 52.63 53.13+0.31 45.50 32.56 Potitch 1.74 719 34.00 33.25
33.63+0.38 25.00 22.13 PotEd25 2.00 8.1 13 24.88 24.75 24.75+0.13 28.06
19.06 PotmEl 1.66 6.6 15 2105 25.50 25.00 25.19+0.13 44.50 21.25
PwgnADS 248e 7.1 152 3435 34.13 34.75+0.13 54.94 31.38 Praxair .62 1.4
15 11997 44.56 43.31 44.25+0.94 7744 23.44 PrecCst .24 0.3 22 2186
76.75 75.00 76.00+0.19 40.38 19.13 PrecDr g 4333 37.811 33.7S 34.00-
3.56 14.00 11.25 Pfdlrco .98 7.9 q 50 12.44 12.38 12.38+0.13 11.44 9.06
PrflOF .82 8.6 q 83 9.56 9.50 9.56 10.44 7.19 Premdr g 1.61 8.88 8.56
8.63-0.31 16.50 8.50 PremFarn .31e2.0 34 10 15.19 15.13 15+13-0.19
26.50 18.63 PrentPr 1.908.0 13 1037 24.50 24.25 2431 +0.06 39.94 19.88
Prepaidi-g 17 406 33.13 32.63 32.81- 0.38 28.38 18.13 PnceCm cc 1250
20.69 20.44 20.50 26.75 11.50 PndeIntl dd 1150 25.25 24.50 24.63-0.38
37.63 19.56 Primrk 26 309 37.06 3663 37.00-0.13 16.88 11.63 PrimeGp
1.35 88 6 191 15.88 15.38 15.38-0.38 11.00 7.25 PrmHsp 10 978 10.44
10.19 10.38+0.25 7.94 0.22 PrmRetI dd 3266 0.69 0.56 0.69+0.13 34.88
10.75 Primedia - dd 1454 18.19 17.50 17.88-0.13 1 3.88 2.00 PrisonR dd
5527 2.38 2.06 2.38+0.25 118.38 52.75 ProctG 1.6 f 2 26 26736 62.25
6138 6181-0.25 10463 45.00 ProgCp .28 f 0.4 cc 3572 76.69 74.81
75.81+0.13 24.63 16.75 Prologis 1.34 5.9 20 3318 23.31 22.81 22.88-0+38
9.13 5.50 ProsSt .90 14.9 q 988 6.69 6.56 6.63 4.06 1.00 ProtctOne old
367 1.75 1.63 1.75 37.31 19.63 ProtLife .52 1.8 12 1302 29.19 28.75
28.75 42.50 27.00 PrvEngy 1.08 2.5 96 56 42.38 42.25 42.38+0.13 2494
18.69 ProvCap 2.19 93 49 23.50 23.13 23.50+0.06 118.50 58.13 ProvidF
.20 0.2 27 6480 116.44 11344 114.94 +2.06

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3094 26.50Pru UK n 168 26.63 25.88 25.98-0.88 22.13 15.38 PubStREN
.60 p 60 21.00 19.75 2050-0.50 22.25 14.63 PSAM 80 3.7 11 1466 22.25
21.38 21.38- 0.38 41.88 25.69 PSEG 2.16 6.0 10 4296 36.38 35.75
36.25+0.44 26.94 20.81 PubStrg .88 a 3.6 18 2314 24.50 24.00 24.38+0.38
2313 18.94 PubStgA n 2.45 10.7 58 22.88 22.50 22.88+0.38 37.56 27.63 PR
Can .76 2.5 17 20 30.50 30.25 30.25-0.44 24.81 18.63 PugetEn 1.84 7+9
11 948 23.56 23.06 23.38+0.25 46.63 32.81 Pulitzer .64 1.5 23 182 43.44
43.06 43.06-0.31 31.50 15.25APulte .16 0.5 8 3291 33.69 311.411
32.94+11.56 20.94 1 3 .88 PureRes n -204 19.31 18.38 19.31+11.00 22.00
17.75 PCOIT 1.86 a 9.5 q 67 19.75 19.56 19.56-0.13 10.06 8.63 PDIF .67
6.8 q 24 9.88 9.81 9.81+0.06 9.06 6.38 PH1CB .85 107 q 105 7.94 7.88
7.94 10.19 6.88 PHYM .58 7.0 q 212 8.25 8.13 8.25+0.13 13.94 10.25

PIGMT2 .79 6.8 q 71 11.63 11.50 11.63 14.19 9.69 PIGM 71 6.7 q 189
10.63 10.38 10.63+0.25 13.31 9.50 PMHYT 1.21 11.2 q 88 10.88 10.75
1081+0.06 11.06 8.00 PMMI .76 73 q 530 9.88 9.69 9.81+0.13 7.19 6.00
PMIT .66 9.9 q 517 6.75 6.63 6.69 7.06 5.69 PMIIT .64 9.9 q 1370 6.50
6.44 6.44 13.56 10.81 PMOT 91 7.2 q 194 12.75 12.63 12.69+0.06 7.31
5.31 PPrIT 64 9.9 q 1613 6.44 638 644 - 13+63 11.00 PTFHC 90 a 7.0q 124
13.00 12.88 12.94+0.06 17.44 13.38 QuakerCh.78 4.8 8 214 16.75 15.88
16.13-0.50 80.69 45.81 QuakrOat 1.14 11 26 15732 69.63 67.50 68.25-1.63
27.38 14.38 Quanex .64 3.4 11 311 1869 18.50 18.69 63.13 14.13 Quanta s
31 4876 47.25 45.13 46.75+1.25 20.00 8.00 QtmDSS 16 9937 13.69 13.13
1356+0.38 13.00 5.50 QtmHDD 4193 9.88 9.31 9.75+0.5 26.31 17.19
QuebWrid .28 1.2 36 120 23.25 22.38 2319+0.88 127.50 22.56AQstDiag cc
5757 130.50 123.00 123.75 +1.88 22.00 13.56 Questar .68 3.1 16 1189
21.81 2163 21.69-0.19 21.00 9.25 Quiksilv 13 2038 15.1914.75 14.88-
0.13 14.25 8.75 Quilmes .30 a 2.7 17 458 11.00 11.00 11.00+0.13 14.94
8.25 Quinenc .85 a 9.6 dd 962 9.00 8.69 8.88-0.13 66.00 27.50 QestCm 88
46311 52.81 51.31 51.63+0

R

29.50 10.69 R&B Fadc did 17342 2875 28.19 28.50-0.04 9.69 8.25 RCM
Str .89 9.2 q 94 9.63 9.56 9.63+0.06 8.63 2.88 8.50 Eq old 79 3.44 3.13
3.38+0-25 13+69 9.75 RFS Htl 154 123 83 282 12.56 12.25 12.50 2613
18.69 AGS Engy 1.80 7.2 9 1020 25.19 24.50 24.813+0.25 21+25 14.88 RH
Donl. .18 a 0.9 17 2365 21.13 20.31 21.00+063 37.25 15.75 RJ Reyn 3.10
8.6 21 2474 36.00 35.13 35.88+0.88 39.63 26.25 RU Cp.60 f 1.6 13 295
38.50 38.38 38.50+0.06 10.75 6.88 ROC Id . q 379 8.00 7.81 7.81-0.06 .-
5.38 1 lpC 1 1.3 20 12 11.19 11-00 11-00 - 1375 8 63 RPM .47 4.9 25
3519 9.75 9.13 9.56+0.56 14.88 5.44 Rn Intl cc 523 14.13 14.00 14.06-
0.13 67.50 34.25 RadianGp .12 0.2 12 4813 62.50 60.88 62.13+1.06
79.5035.06 RadiM .20 0.3 37 20522 61.63 S11.75 59.00-2.50 20.75 11.50
Ralcorp .11 367 13.50 13.44 13.50 24.50 6.75 RalsRP a .28 1.2 11 12111
22.88 22.44 22.63+0.25 16.25 11.75 RamcoG 1BB 11.9 11 32 14.13 13.94
14.13+0.06 5.63 1.44 RangeRsc -.21 6999 5.00 4.81 5.00+0.13 31.98 16.00
RJOMF .30 1.1 12 2421 30.38 28.50 28.50-1.36 48.88 35.38 Raynrinc 1.44
3.5 13 347 4188 41.19 41.56+0.25 29.13 16.88 Rayovac 17 439 18.06 17.75
17.75- 0.06 4.44 2.63 v Raytc 1 466 3.06 3.00 300+006 68.13 17.88
Raythn .80 3.0 33 3527 26.94 25.31 26.56+1.25 69.26 17.50 RaythnB .80
2.9 34 9846 281326.88 27.81+11.26 41.88 26.75 RdrDg .20 0.5 24 1936
38.69 38.00 38.50+0.25 38.00 24.50 RdrDB .20 0.6 22 146 34.94 34.50
34.75+0.25 36.88 25.88 RdrDTr 1.93 5.7 38 33.75 33.13 33.69+0.31 24.63
19.25 RltyInco 2.18 9.6 14 337 22.75 22.44 22.63+0.13 24.13 21.13
RltInc08 2.06 8.9 46 23.25 23.00 2319+0.06 26.94 17.56 Reckan 1.54 f
6.3 18 1538 24.94 24.31 24.31-0.69 27.88 18.88 RecksnB

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238 f 9.3 146 25.75 25.50 25.56-0.19 15.94 11.25 RedwdTr 1.68 f 10.6
1.39 15.94 15.31 15.81+0.56 20.98 6.94 Reebok 35 1865 19.50 19.13
19.19-0.25 40.88 22.56 Reedint .56 a 1.6 23 1 35.19 35.19 35.19 24.00
18.31 RgcyRlt 1.92 8.5 15 73 22.69 22.56 22.63 37.75 T.SVRehCG 306015
39.6334.13 37.36+3.38 35.13 15.38 ReinsGp .24 0.8 28 287 28.88 27.81
28.50+0.69 53.75 23.75AREliaStr .88 1.6 21 7217 53.88 53.75 53.81+0.19
7.75 0.13 RelGrp .08 dd 4849 0.23 0.19 0.22 25.00 16.88 ReISHA a .22
1.1 10 412 20.63 20.06 20.63+0.56 37.50 19.75AREfiantEn 1.50 4.0 5 5947
37.69 36.94 3T13+0.19 51.13 33.19 RemisaRe 1.50 3.1 9 647 48.13 47.88
47.88-0.06 32.25 13.94 RentWay 14 494 24.63 24.13 24.50+0.31 24.25
18.00 Repsol .41 a 2.1 18 4479 20.06 19.69 19.81-0.13 18.50 7.69 RepGrp
.36 2.0 12 622 17.88 17.75 17.81+0.13 17.50 8.98 RepubSv 12 3129 15.38
14.63 14.63-0.50 40.75 11.63 ResMed a 53 978 36.81 36.38 36.81+2.06
9.44 3.63 Resrtqst 23 78 5.88 5.63 5.88+0.06 25.81 5.75 Revlon dd 851
7.44 7.13 7.13+0.06 41.25 13.25 RexStore 8 839 18.00 16.63 17.88 33.00

15.94 ReynReyn.40 2.2 12 1278 838 18.06 18.13+0.06 24.19 13.38 Rhodia
.37.2.6 1739 i 450 1 4.25 1 4.44-0.19 20.25 9.50 Rightch 15 45 19.88
19.50 19.75+0.25 19.63 9.25 RioAlgm g .28 103 19.56 19.38 19.50 97.25
57.13 Ritinto .56 a IS 11 864 67.63 64.75 66.50-0.81 38.69 18.25
Ritchie gn 1717 20.38 19.88 20.25+0.63 20.13 4.00 RiteAid dd 16510 4.06
4.00 400-0.06 24.81 15.00 RobbMyr .20 0.8 32 479 24.00 22.00 23.03+1.75
35.31 10.25 RobtHalf a 36 6882 32.44 31.06 31.81+0.19 16.44 B.38
RockTen 30 2.9 dd 1166 10.50 10.31 10.31+0.13 60.94 31.00 Rockwl 1.02
25 12 3357 40.94 38.94 40.44+1.25 34.50 14.88 RogCm g 968 25.13 24.63
24.75+0.13 39.50 15.63 Rogers a 25 89 35.19 34.75 34.88-0.31 55.25
20.75 RogWdss 134 31.19 29.88 30.38+0.75 49.44 25.69 RoHaas .80 f 2.8
18 7604 29.44 28.81 28.94-0.38 16.75 11.13 Rollins .20 1.3 56 103 15.00
14.88 15.00+0.13 12.19 6 RollLeas .22 3.3 4 1043 6.84 6.63 6.75-0.06
38.56 24.00 Roper .26 0.8 24 723 32.38 31.44 32.38+0.69 27.44 4.31
Rostele .03 a 0.2 629 14.44 14.25 14.38-0.38 8.94 2.38 RougeInds .12
3.4 dd 93 3.56 3.44 3.50 27.13 1975 Rouse 1.32 5.5 13 1042 24.38 24.06
24.13-0.25 33.00 13.75 Rowan cc 5586 31.69 30.81 31.00-0.25 9.81 3.81
RoweCos .14 b 3.2 5 39 4.63 4.44 444+0.06 6.88 4.00 RoylApl 16 707 6.81
6.75 6.81 60.25 38.00 RoyBk g 1.48 255 58.56 58.06 58.50+0.56 58.98
16.13 RylCarb .44 1.9 10 6707 22.88 21.63 22.88+0.69 65.88 50.44
RoylDut 1.37 a 2.2 19 1T761 61.69 60.63 61.19-0.63 25.13 16.88 RoylGp g
1640 21.63 21.13 21.56+0.38 15.00 1131 Royce 1.34e9.0 q 357 15.00 14.75
14.88 13.75 7.88 RubyTue s 05 0.4 22 759 12.50 12.19 12.50+0.31 19.06
10.25 Ruddick .36 2.9 11 602 12.56 12.25 12.25-0.19 26.25 16.98 RusBer
.88 4.3 11 340 20.60 19.94 20.50+0.98 22.94 12.13 Russell .56 2.9 dd
780 1913 18.94 19.06-0.06 25.13 17.44 Ryder .60 3.1 13 2888 19.38 18.81
19.19 24.75 8.63 RyersTull .20 2.1 15 512 9M 9.31 9.44 26.38 15.19
Ryland .16 0.7 6 2047 24.56 23.00 24.56+11.63

S

10+06 8.69 S&PPReqn q 612 9.75 9.69 9.69-0.06 85 94 32 50 SAP AG .2
11 3297 64.19 63.06 64.19+3.19 55 50 3481 SBC Com 102 2.4 24 50219
42.94 41.75 41.75+0.38 131.50 59.00 SBC 01 3.67 3.3 5 91.69 91.19
91.69+2.00 27.75 22.00 SCANA n 1.15 4.2 11 3059 27.38 26.75 27.38+0.56
63.19 19.50 SCI Sys a 53 x8767 61.76 59.31 611.75 +2.25 36.94 19.00
SCHE .40 1.8 9 5 1 2 .8 2 50 2 .7 + 0.3 16.06 10.75 SEMCO .94 5.6 17
174 15.31 114.94 15.050 137.25 SGL Crb 17 23.25 2300 23.13-0+75 52.63
9.63 SK -ncm 5738 25.63 2481 25.63-0.06 30.38 17.63 SI-Green 1.45 5.4
13 2249 27.06 26.75 26.81

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TRADING IN STOCK OPTIONS THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000

An option is a contract permitting (but not requiring) a purchase or sale of stock at a given price (the "strike") by a specified date. A "call" is a purchase option; a "put" is for a sale. The lists of gainers and losers comprise only options that traded at \$1 or above both yesterday and in the previous session. "Pr" and "Chg" are the price and change of the underlying stock.

MOST ACTIVE OPTIONS

Company Date Strike Ty Exc Vol Pr Chg %Chg Pr Chg

Cisco Oct 00 62.50 c ACXP 29,580 838 + 1.38 + 19.6 6875 + 2+19

Staples

Dec 00 20.00 c ACXP 20,007 0.56 -0.06 - 9.9 15.38 - 0.69 Cisco Sep
00 70.00 c ACXP 19,635 1.25 +0.66 + 81.7 68.75 + 2+19 NortelNw Sep 00
65.00 c ACXP 15.110 1725 +0.88 + 5.3 81.50 + 1.50 NorlelNwk Sep 00
75.00 c ACXP 12.538 T75 + 0.75 + 10.7 81.50 + 1.50 Oracle Sep 00 80.00
c ACXP 10,970 1125 + 1.38 + 13.9 90,94 + 2.69 Oracle Sep 00 70.00 c
ACXP 10,047 20.50 + 2.00 + 10.8 9094 + 2.69 SprntFON Nm 00 55.00 c ACXP
9,045 038 -0.31 - 45.6 33.56 + 0.06 BestBuy Sep 00 65.00 p ACP 8,829

4.75 +3.19 +203.9 62+25 - 8.75 Cisco Oct 00 67.50 c ACXP 8,488 5.13 +
1.25 + 32.3 6875 + 2.19

VOLUME COMPARISONS

Call Volume Call Op Int Put Val Put Op Int

American Stock Exchange 404,137 28,090,692 189.217 16,661,840

Chicago

Board Options Exchange 827,195 35,676,161 358,745 21,433,795

Philadelphia Stock Exchange 297,509 17,897,060 82,097 10,787,530

Pacific Stock Exchange 281,632 25,512,720 113,790 15,046,757 Total

1,810,473 107,176,633 743,849 63,929,922

c-call, p-put, A-American Stock Exchange, C-Chicago Board Options
Exchange, N-New York Stock Exchange, P-Pacific Stock Exchange, X-
Philadelphia Stock Exchange.

PERCENTAGE GAINERS

Company Date Strike Ty Exc Vol Pr Chg % Chg Pr Chg

Anadrk Sep 00 65.00 p C 10 618.00 +615.20 +400+7 65.75 + 1.57

MofganJP

Sep 00 160.00 c ACXP 955 10.25 +8.19 +396.8 167.00 +15-13 IntgDv Sep

00 85.00 c ACP 564 5.75 +4+50 +360.0 87.75 +10.50 MorganJP Sep 00

155.00 c ACXP 3,927 14.50 +11.00 +314.3 167.00 +15.13 MillPhar Sep 00

140.00 c XP 116 9.63 +7.00 +266.7 143.13 +13.13 Lattice Sep 00 80.00 c

C 87 3.63 + 2.63 +262.5 77.88 + 5.81 Lexrnark Sep 00 60+00 c ACX 414

7.88+5.69 +259.9 67.81 + 8.31 WebMeth Sep 00 110.00 c ACX 140 7.75

+5.56 +254.2 107.44 +10.13 Echelon Sep 00 45.00 c ACXP 257 3.75 + 2.69

+252.8 47.06 + 8.31 F5 Netw Sep 00 60.00 c AC 336 3.75 + 2.69 +252+8

58.50 + 6.75

PERCENTAGE LOSERS

Company Date Strike Ty Exc Vol Pr Chg % Chg Pr Chg

Anadrk Sep 00 65.00 c C 16 7301.00 +729910 -829.8 65.75 + 1.57 COW

Cpt

Sep 00 70.00 p C 15 1.75 -12.38 -87.6 73.50 + 4.23 Acltran Feb 01

50.00 p AXP 10 1.81 -6.94 - 79+3 53.56 + 3.19 IntgN Sep 00 80.00 p ACP

388 1.25 -4.26 -77.3 8775 +1050 Anadrk Oct 00 55.00 c C 300 36.00

+25.60 -76.5 65.75 + 1.57 Lexmark Sep 00 70.00 p ACX 102 2.88 -8.88 -

75.5 67.81 + 8.31 MorganJP Sep 00 155.00 p ACXP 1,060 1.56 -4.81 -75.5

167.00 +15.13 Mcoata Sep 00 90.00 p ACP 96 1.50 -4.50 -75.0 107.56

+14.20 BestBuy Sep 00 65.00 c ACP 1,153 1.94 -5.81 -75.0 62.25 - 8.75

HumGeno Sep 00 140,00 p ACP 70 1.00 - 2.63 - 72.4 166.94 +10.63

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C10 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 NASDAQ NATIONAL
MARKET

52-Week Ytd Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

A

11.81 3.63 A Consul dd 1 7.19 7.19 7.19 21 88 6.13 AAON 13 79 25.13

24.00 24.50+0.1 2825 838 AS Watl dd 323 16.63 15.75 16.38+0.13 12.91

9.00 ABC Bop 8 f 9 116 10.00 9.88 10.00 16.75 4.16 ABC-NACO dd 934 6.63

6.44 6.50-0.06 9.38 4.00 AC Moore 12 332 9.00 8.81 8.94 18.88 3.50 ACE

CO 41 2096 9.50 8.13 9.50+0 44.25 11.00 ACILN U a 14 773 42.1340.00

42.06+2.31 57.38 18.31 ACT Mf 52 8284 63.064826 50.94+3.50 51.75 10.63

ACTY dd 5784 17.98 16.83 17.81+0.75 49.00 8.88 ADC Tel a cc 147580

42.94 40.25 40.94-0.88 27.00 12.13 ADECP dd 1026 23.13 20.84 22.50+2.25

14.75 AEP Ind dd 10 29.63 29.50 29.56+0.19 29.38 5.88 AHL SN 9 502 8.44

8.25 8.31+0.13 7.00 0.50 AHT Corp dd 2450 0.5 0.50 8.00 1.69 AMBI 10

1111 2.00 1.91 1.94 14.38 1.38 AML Com dd 3754 4.25 3.00 3.31+0.44 8.00

4.38 ANC Rtl n 445 7.25 6.94 7.00 64.00 3.50 APA ci 11006 18.50 17.50

18.00+0.13 16.50 2.19 APACC 32 618 8.03 7.75 7.94- 0.06 18.75 1.97 Net

old 501 2.25 1.94 2.06+0.06 12.38 6.13 ASAT Hd n 2289 10.06 9.25 9.63-

0.25 32.38 1.00 ASD Sys n dd 1275 1.59 1.44 1.50+0.13 36.25 17.25 ASE
Tat 30 14T3 24.50 23.88 24.31+0.44 114.94 2.63 ASI Sol 21 922 14.63
12.50 14.50+1.50 37.63 7.13 ASM Intl 3833 25.50 26.00 25.13+0.19 50.25
20.50 ASM Uth s 24811 38.25 37.81 38.13+0.31 18.75 11.00 ASV Inc cc 80
13.38 13.13 13.38+0.38 63.25 29.00 ATT Cd s dd 1639 33.50 33.06
33.19+0.31 17.75 15.25 ATT LA n 12403 15.31 13.50 14.00-1 38 6.38 1.97
ATG Inc 50 482 2.69 2.50 2.50-0.13 23.19 7.75 An Tech dd 1911 9.75 9.38
9.59+0.16 60.75 20.75 ATIV11 Inc 23 1427 28.00 26.75 26.80-1.08 16.50
7.81 ATS Mod cc 1304 16.50 15.81 16.50+0.50 27.25 2.88 AIA Bio dd 3453
9.38 8.50 9.19-0.06 13.75 0.88 AVA B wt 216 4.38 3.75 4.38 13.56 1.03
AVI Bio wi 54 4.44 3.94 4.25-0.06 36.13 4.75 AVT Cp s 5 2851 5.94 5.63
5.94+0.31 8.38 0.94 AVTM dd 868 1.47 1.38 1.41-0.03 49.56 10.88 AXTInc
cc 497 38.75 37.94 38.63+0.50 9.06 0.31 Aastrom dd 13824 3.75 3.16
3.34-0.22 11.00 3.69 Abads cc 508 5.94 5.56 5.88+0.16 103.25 7.50
Abgenix s dd 10574 75.94 72.38 75.17+2.17 13.88 7.31 Abigalla .40 4.5 9
35 9.00 8.88 8.88 13.25 8.75 Abingl3c .36 3.4 8 103 11.13 10.63 10.69-
0.31 83.38 13.56 Abiomb dd 1239 63.63 59.75 60.38+0.50 12.00 1.06
AbleTel dd 1346 3.16 2.94 3.13+0.13 1052122.50 About.cm dd 8616 46.88
39.00 43.63+5.61 59.00 7.19 AcaciaR dd 855 29.19 22.50 27.44-0.63 67.50
16.75 AccINTw n 3818 24.75 21.94 23.69+0.19 2.13 0.25 Acceir8 dd 280
0.47 0.44 0.47+0.03 13.38 7.28 AccNetw n 6206 10.38 9.66 10.13+0.38
41.75 17.7514 .68 103643.31 40.75 43.31+2.44 75.00 12.63 AccrueS dd
284922.00 21.00 21.31+0.31 20.00 8.75 AceCash 14 197 11.00 10.13
10.75-0.13 12.09 7.75 Aceto .30 3.0 10 547 9.94 9.50 9.88+0.31 66.00
20.00 AdraBlo. n 7060 41.06 36.00 39.00-3.94 13.06 5.53 ACMT A 9 10
7.31 7.31 7.31 39.63 8.38 AcmeCm n dd 118 14.50 13.94 14.13-0.25 8.75
4.63 AcmeElec 56 399 8.38 8.19 8.34+0.09 55.38 15.13 Actel 28 2198
44.31 42.50 44.00 +1.56 28.69 3.19 ActPerf dd 1246 4.25 3.75 4.00-0.03
39.13 3.56 ActionPnt dd 264 9.13 7.94 8.06-0.38 74.00 12.86 ActCard n
3359 26.3826.13 26.00+1.38 64.76 40.00 AActPwr n SM 72.00 59.50
70.25+10.81 44.00 5.50 ZVoice a dd 2309 14.38 13.00 13.38+0.38 18.25
5.38 Activisn dd 8013 14.06 13.81 14.00+0.19 32.00 MWActradle 31 3172
34.56 32.00 34.38+2.44 36.50 7.26 Actuates cc Bill 26.06 25.44
2S.94+1.00 35.94 14.56 AcAorn 24 8746 26.56 25.25 25.50-0.88 26.63 5.63
AdacLabs dd 1056 22.56

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22.00 22.38+0.13 19.25 3.25 adam.com dd 691 4.63 4.31 4.31+0.06 3.75
0.81 AdmsGff dd 322 1.16 1.03 1.13+0.09 63.56 16.38 Adlaptec 19 ISM
24.75 23.44 24.50 +1.06 104.0 13.50 Adpdkd a dd 7172 32.50 28.00
31.26+2.81 70. 10.06 Adelphla dd 3743 15.15 13.97 14.94+0.94 76.44
28.94 Adolph h dd 312 13.1 33.25 33.50+0.31 63.63 5.44 AdWTSch U7 50.50
46.00 49.94+3.81 9.50 5.25 AdmBnc 1.15t 41 3 9.19 9.19 9.19+0.44 143.31
47.50 AdobeSys .10 0.1 58 8637 133.50 128.50 130.00 +0.44 80.50 33.13
Adtran - 32 5496 S4.75 \$0.63 53.56+3.19 31.50 9.50 AdvPara a 29 3612
26.69 26.00 26.63+ 0 .56 6.75 1.53 AdvAS n dd 1101 2.75 2.47 2.50-0.03
2.50 0.09 AMS wtA 40 0.47 0.47 0.47+0.03 51.00 10.69 AdyDigl a 11.21
17.44 16.00 17.00+1.06 77.44 30.00 AdvEnId 47 1596 57.75 54.81
57.13+2.13 89.38 15.69 AdvFCm 16 2M 63.25 49.56 52.86 +2.73 23.75 4.75
AdvUght dd 6675 16.75 15.31 16.00-0.63 23.50 11.13 AdMkSv s .05 0.3 14
121 18.00 10.81 94+0.06 20.88 6.88 AdvNeur cc 88 18.94 18.00 18.94-0.06
3.13 0.94 AdvNutra dd 490 1.13 0.94 1.00-0.09 6.50 2.75 AdvPoly 68 651
3.56 3.25 3.38-0.19 27.00 15.50AAd n ISM 28.63 26.09 27.76+1.63 49.25
8.50 AdvRadio dd 2320 10.63 10.19 10.25-0.06 14.31 1.78 AdvTechP 2 64
3.22 3.03 3.03-012 15.63 2.13 AdvTiss dd 3080 7.19 6.53 7.13+0.50 21.88
10.69 Advanta .25 1.9 dd 281 13.06 12.63 13.00-0.19 16.00 7.50 AdvantB
.30 3.0 dd 509 9.94 950 994+0.13 31.50 10.00 AdvLmg 55 2758 30.88 28.75
29.38-0.38 72.38 22.00 Advent 9 92 1627 63.00 56.06 61-63-0.38 10.00
4.00 AshrTest dd 62 6.75 6.50 6.75+0.25 47.63 4.25 Aeroflex s 67 3495

37.00 35.88 36.75+0.69 6.38 2.25 Aerow dd 35 3.38 3.25 3.25 11.50 7.88
aEtema gn 22 9.38 9.38 9.38- 0.13 345.00 41.13 AethrSys n dd 4092
146.69 137.81 138.50 - 1.25 11.94 5.00 Aettium dd 1612 6.25 6.00
6.13+0.06 36.38 Allptat a 19.70 .4 1.38 73.19 79.00+6.06 13.88 5.00
Aftmarkt dd 284 6.25 6.13 6.13-0.13 14.60 125 Ag-Chm cc 391 9 5 +1.25
98.00 1 2 00 Agcy.cm n dd 10.85 24.29 27.37 .81 293-5904 - 0.63 112.50
18.31 AgilSft dd 6a22 69.88 64.81 69.44-0.25 12.75 4.88 AifCan 46 11.06
10.88 11.00-0.06 5.38 2.38 AirMeth 7 619 4.00 3.56 3.84-0.16 114.50
23.00 AWGte n dd 2679 68.44 66.66 68.06+1.13 62.00 10.88 KrNet n 823
a5.13 ano 33.19-1.19 49.02 12.50 AkepnNt n 2795 19.25 17.44 17.63-063
346256.63 Abmorr a 3VU 77.31 71.00 75J6+3.06 13.63 3.50 Mom 28 1680
10.44 9.56 10.19 13.36 3.75 AkspL dd 12161139 BAB 1111.88+11A
52.2636.50 Akzo .99e2.2 215 44.75 44.00 44.76+0.25 26.94 14.13 Aan8cp
.84 4.3 9 47 19.50 17.13 19.31 +0 38 44.76 6.88 AladnKn 16 986 13.88
12.75 12.81-0.06 43.63 11.81 Alamosa n dd 1440 25.25 24.88 24.88-
0.3816.75 7.69 AlskCom n dd412 8.09 7.88 8.09+0.16

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

4250 10.25 AlbnyMlc s 63 1346 3625 35.13 3575+0.63 .2410.50 Alcide
dd 1
16.11 16.56 16.56 2.38 1.03 Aldila cc 836 2.25 2.02 2.25+0.22 27.50
17.94 AlexBld .90 3.4 14 972 26.69 26.19 26.31-0.38 119.0 12.00 Alexion
dd 2428 108.00 97.76 106.00+5.56 19.00 14.50-AlfaCp .62 2.7 11 302
19.13 18.75 18.94- 0.06 9850 13.63 Alkerm s dd 5381 47.63 44.63
46.25+0.50 24. 2.69 ARASem 14 86020.26 18.44 18.50-1.50 94.1323.00
Alialre a cc M 37.13 33.19 33.94-1.50 5.75 AllCity dd 1 10.00 10.00
10.00+0.50 110.13 33.00 AllegTel s dd 7001 50.25 48.75 49.81+0.81 12.00
6.75 Allegiant .22 2.6 9 107 9.00 8.63 8.63-0.13 18.69 1125 AlIrSpc dd
2 18.38 18.06 18.38+0.25 16.44 7.50 AlliAti g . 3 14.D6 14.00
14.06+0.25 21.69 14.00 AJliancB .56 3.2 10 184 17.38 17.19 17.31-0.06
31.38 16.25 AlIncFnc .70 b 3.8 1210 19.75 18.50 18.50-1.26 20.75 3.00
AlftmPh dd 9045 16.38 13.75 15.25+1.25 17.31 12.00 AlIncells n 2.00
13.1 429 15.31 14.94

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15.25 31.69 8.88 AllianSemi 2 6939 26.50 25.50 26.31+0.44 23.13
15.50 AldCap 1.809.1 11 2207 20.31 20A3 20.25+0.19 48.75 6.50 AIRiser n
dd 10462 8.88 8.00 8 13-0.25 8.00 1.75 AlInCp dd 272 2.13 2.00 2 13
16.00 8.50 AllosTh n 782 13.13 11.44 11.75+ . 50 22.13 5.75 AlloyOnl dd
7441 9.75 8.25 8 . 8 1 -0.13 89.63 10.75 Allserpts n dd 525 29.63 29.19
29. 1 9-0.13 78.2522.00 Alpheird a 7616107 52.50 47.60 50.44+3.26
11.38 2.00 AphaMic dd 1298 4.19 3.91 16.00 3.88 AlphaTch 14 321 13.25
12.94 13.13-0.13 11.75 2.38 AlphNet dd 125 4.13 3.88 4.13+0.13 9.47
2.00 AltairInt 1881 3.75 3.06 3.44+0.06 190.00 41.00 AltewW n dd 13445
149.50 145.75 148.00 + 2.13 65.6920.50 AtWCp a 9050711 66.06 60.75
64.81+4.44 6.88 1.00 AltResc dd 289 1.31 1.13 1.13-0.13 24.13 4.88
AltiGen n dd 1366 5.44 5.25 5.25+0.13 14.94 0.75 AlysIsT dd 256 2.69
2.25 2.44- 0.19 113.00 27.88 Amazon dd 43993 43.19 41.14 41.50-1.44
18.75 12.25 Ambanch .52 f 3.4 18 145 15.75 14.94 15.13-0.56 18.00 9.88
Ambin 63 57 16.44 15.88 16.38 17.13 10.88 Amcor 3.26e7.9 93 12.88 12.44
12.44+0.06 25.25 15.63 AmcorF .64 3.5 11 1284 18.13 17.94 18.06+0.19
30.25 16.00 AMERCO 8 166 19.88 19.50 19.63-0.16 17.31 7.56 Amdana .60
5.9 9 40 10.19 10.19 10.19+0.06 10.63 7.75 AFstApt .90 9.7 40 9.44 9.31
9.31-0.13 6.50 4.00 AME 54 102 1263 5.47 5.25 5.31-0.16 9.25 6.97
AmOnLA n 4408 8.00 7.63 7.81-0.06 20.50 11.75 AmSvoe 13 84 19.25 18.50
18.75 15.25 2.94 AmerAir 45 165 4.28 4.00 4.09-0.16 20.13 9.00 AmBcp
.60 5.1 7 23 12.13 11.75 11.75-0.25 26.00 9.34 AmBsnF .32 2.7 3 102
11.75 11.63 1 1. 75+0.13 27.75 16.94 AmCapStr 1.96 f 8.2 862 23.88
23.75 23 88+0 06 36.00 16.8 AClasVoy 7144 17.50 15.25 17 00-0.63 12.50

5.75 AmrDnfl 9 8 7.94 7.63 7.94+0.06 58.50 11.63 AlEagleO 19 34332
30.38 29.50 29.91+1.63 4.25 0.91 AmEcol 9 29 2.88 2.75 2.88+0.13 18.19
10.81-AmrFncl n .60 3.3 436 18.94 17.84 18.00 21.94 10.75 AmFrgh 9
2467 17.06 16.38 16.44- 0.38 7.25 3.50 AmHlthwy 19 9 6.00 5.91 6.00-
0.03 5.00 0.94 AHomstr dd 96 1.47 1.25 1.31 2.06 0.38 AmIntPt dd 67924
0.66 0.50 0.53 9.19 5.13 AmLckr 5 19 6.38 6.19 6.38+0.22 44.38 14.00
AMS 1237275 19.69 18.50 18.69-1.00 14.38 10.88 AnyMed n 2310 13.44
12.00 13.06+1.06 3.13 1.00 AMedTech 3 117 1.38 1.25 1.34-0.03 25.00
11.00 AmerNtl .60 f 3.8 11 6 15.75 15.50 15.75+0.63 4.88 2.63 AmNtlFn
.40 13.9 oc 9 2.88 2.75 2.88+0.13 71.63 49.00 ANtIns 2.84 4.6 7 664
61.94 60.25 61.50+0.38 10.69 5.25 Ampac 472 5.75 5.38 5.38-0.19 5.06
2.25 APHyG 5 75 3.44 3.38 3.44+0.06 48.84 16.00 APwCnv 22 16344 24.13
23.38 2381+044 24.44 2.38 ASoft dd 1694 4.38 4.00 425-002 75.13 11.81
AmSupr dd 1884 44.25 41.63 4244+038 28.13 14.13 Mood .20 0.9 11 388
23.50 23.00 2319+013 4.88 2.56 Amrhost 15 1 3.50 3.50 3.50+0 .06 14.88
7.00 Ameripath 14 2025 13.88 13.50 13.63 - 6.00 3.00 AmerCas 51 86 4.88
4.56 4.56-0.19 31.00 10.50 AmrTrde dd 14135 18.81 18.38 18.81+0.28
36.63 4.53 AmesDS 6 12507 5.13 4.81 5.06+0.22 80.44 37.00 Amgen s 71
67201 76.63 72.69 75.81+2.75 65.31 15.63 AmkorT 42 9801 34.81 33.50 34
13 +0 1 35.00 5.38 Ampal 19 749 15.73 14.00 1556+0 63 3.00 8.63 Amplicn
16 1.8 5 10 9.50 9.13 913 1.25 8.00 AmresCT 1.59 e 14.8 10 607 11.09
10.69 10 .75-0.1 36.56 1.06 Arrvesco s 489 1.16 1.06 1.13+0.06 8.25
4.75 Amsg A 13 148 7.38 7.06 7.25 8.25 5.00 Amsg B 14 2 7.25 7.25 7.25-
0.06 22.00 8.63 Amtran 9 16 12.50 12.50 12.50 18.88 2.47 Amylin dd 1824
13.63 13.31 13.56+0.06 19.19 0.23 Anacrnpp dd 5942 0.94 0.77 0.84-0.06
9.13 0.28 Ancmp wt 14 0.56 0.56 0.56 112.13 17.88 Anadgc s .51 15639
37.50 35.88 36.00+0.13 50.25 23.00 Anlogic .28 0.7 38 176 37.56 36.88
37.50-0.06 15.50 7.75 Analysts .40 4.8 19 979 8.38 8.00 8.31+0.06 1.56
AnlySur dd 957 2.00 1.69 1.75+0.06 6.50 4.38 Anangel dd 1102 5.19 5.00
5.13 142.75 16.25 Anaren a cc 2969 120.00 108.811118.06+9.31 16.94
12.75 AncBwl .30f

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1.8 14 244 16.55 16.25 1631+006 71.97 31.00-AnchOm 13 1080 73.26
68.98 7 1J5 +425 40.00 4.13 AndrGr dd 234 13.00 10.88 li.75+0.75 10.75
6.88 Andrsons 24 2.7 8 278 8.97 8.75 8.78+ 0 .03 32.63 24.88 AndovBc
.96 3.3 10 69 29.31 28.81 29.25+0.25 42.38 11.19 Andrew 35 5634 30.56
28.88 29.63+0.56 90.00 19.25 AndrCp s 75 7441 88.75 85.50 87.00+0N
34.19 7.38 Anesta dd 6494 24.00 23.19 23.81+0.31 4.94 1.13 Angeion dd
327 1.69 1.47 11.50 99.0023.00 Angtech n 514 45.38 .13 45.25+0.69 12.00
1.22 AnikaTh 6 253 1.84 1.59 1.75+0.13 29.13 16.00 Annuityl-f .16 0.6
21 1055 26.63 26.00 26.25+0.50 16.63 5.50 Ansoft cc 137 14.88 13.75
14.00-0.25 40.38 9.25 Ansthink 49 3689 18.25 16.88 17.13- 0.31 15.00
8.06 Ansys 11 251 10.76 10.31 10.56+0.25 61.2528.94 Antec 31 9967 38.13
35.00 36.06-2.00 27.13 8.25 Antenna TV 29 19.63 19.00 19.00-0.38 71.50
10.00 Antignes n 71017.00 15.50 16.56+1.31 45.00 11.25 Aphton dd 210
28.88 27.38 28.88+0.44 17.50 4.00 Aplan dd 63 6.06 5.88 6.06+0.06 8.63
3.25 ApogaeE .21 4.7 13 1088 4.47 4.13 4.44+u.zb 42.63 17.56 ApolloG 49
5647 42.56 40.76 40.81-0.75 72.50 14.25 AppNet -20.526 51.44 47.25
49.44-0.63 75.25 28.75 AppleC a 30 7160 61.50 58.94 60.94+1.4 37.56
20.44 Applebee .10f 0.4 11 3357 23.81 22.38 22.69+0.13 10.00 4.00
ApdExtr 14 113 4.69 4.50 4.58-0.05 14.60 6.13 AppAnl m 42 9.25 9.00
9.00-0.06 18.00 1.63 ApDg n dd 8776 4.22 3.88 4.06 42.00 3.00 AppFlms
55 736 34.75 33.88 34.75+1.00 10.31 3.00 AppGrph dd 417 3.97 3.59 3.81
8.13 0.53 App Imag dd 1326 4.88 4.38 4.63+0.31 28.25 3.41 Apidinov 45
3279 23.50 21.38 23.00-0.25

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

115.38 33.88 ApIdMat a 43 101937 87.63 85.00 86.31 +1.94 200.50

22.63AAMCC a oc 35058 2000 197.13 202.94+5.25 23.13 3.13 ApMicro dd
443 11.50 10.31 11 00+0 . 69 36.9424.19 AppMok n 5389 33.31 26.72
32.19+r m 45.00 11.63 ApdSc 13 5783 15.69 14.88 16.44+0.44 29.75 7.00
ApIdSig .25 2.5 12 1D80 10.75 8.88 9.88+0.63 37.88 5.00 AppldThry dd
1214 8.D6 7.50 8. +0.47 26.69 3.63 Applix 51 2640 4.81 4.44 4.63+0.13
69.00 7.75 Apropos n 1286 12.75 12.13 12.75 11.38 1.06 AquilaB n dd 433
4.63 4.25 4.63+0.16 40.38 4.63 ArQuie dd 1013 21.13 20.50 20.56+0.25
2.75 0.44 ArabArn 6 136 0.69 0.63 0.69-0.06 46.75 6.38 Aradigm dd 1925
18.25 16.75 17.88+0.94 15.56 7.50 Arinxintl 14 45 13.00 12.75
13.00+0.69 1675 11.00 ArchCap dd 11 15.19 15.19 15.19-0.06 338 0.13
ArchCm wt 268 0.64 059 0.59 3.50 ArchCm 2116 5.19 478 5.19 + 0. i4
12.75 8.63 ArcticCat .24 2.0 38 210 12.00 11.75 11.84+0.03 42.38 27.88
ArdenGrp 10 26 33.50 32.13 32.13-0.38 30.75 18.50 ArdaBnc .24 1.1 10 67
22.94 22.00 22.50+0.44 22.50 6.25 ArelCom 1.231 28 105 8.88 8.44 8.44
51.25 9.00 ArmsSft n 25 1014 28.13 25.69 27.26+1.19 38.00 21.W Ph n ISN
47.44 WSO 46.25+10.75 26.63 14.44 ArgoGp 1.64 9.9 dd 209 16.50 15.63
16.50+0.31 27.69 10.00 Awnwa n 1808 18.98 15.63 17.38+1.75 9.00 3.53
ArgsyEd 14 13 6.88 6.75 6.88+0.13 Argues 31 2353 20.19 19.00 19.88+0.38
48.50 0.50 AfiadP 16 3874 13.00 12.25 12.63+0.44 183.38 30.00 Arica dd
58181 159.00 147.38 157.38 + 4.88 57.00 1.19 AAelCp dd 2037 3.31 2.75
3.09+0.03 16.44 2.56 ArisCorp. dd 332 3.81 3.44 3.50-0.31 10.88 5.75
ArkRst dd 54 8.88 8.00 8.00 17.00 9.00 ArkBest 6 713 15.13 14.88 15.06
50.00 8.36 ArmNid a 6874 41.13 38.00 40.88+4.6 15.81 9.00 Amid .44 2.8
659 15.69 15.25 15.56-0.13 6.00 2.34 AronxPh dd 8885 3.75 3.00
3.69+0.72 21.25 14.25 ArrowFn s .80 5.1 9 79 16.00 15.81 15.81-0.06
40.13 23.25 ArovAnt .24 0.7 20 704 36.00 35.03 35.63-0.38 126.8B 9.75
ArtTech dd 14673 102.50 98.94 101.94+0.06 31.75 21.00 ArtesRes 1.10 4.7
15 6 23.25 23.00 23.25+0.50 41.69 15.00AArtesyn 34 8674 42.38 40.88

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41.56+0.N 79.25 15.38 ArthroC a 82 3068 45.31 43.88 4450+0.48 39.81
10.44 Arliflife dd 86 15.88 14.88 14.88+0.38 30.00 7.25 ArtisanC cc 361
11.88 11.50 1.50 24.19 4.44 Artsft dd 700 10.88 10.25 10.75+0.4 12.75
1.94 Artchrect n 680 2.81 2.28 2.44-025 35.00 2.50 Ashford n dd 1066
3.00 2.75 2.81 -06 11.56 2.50 AshtnT dd 1163 3.72 3.59 3.59 7.50 1.50
AshInt wt 64 2.44 2.25 2.44 + 0.6 5.69 3.75 Aahwrth 12 2210 5.63 5.38
5.53+0.16 15.94 2 50 Asiat n 2115 3.81 2.88 3.38+0.56 111.19 2156
AsiaInfo n 3273 33.88 29.75 31.50-1.06 190.913.53 AskJvs dd 23358 31.50
28.50 30.50+2.50 69.94 10.75 AspectCm dd 4929 22.94 21.00 22.66+1.38
66.50 16.34 AspctMd n 834 19.88 18.63 19.25+0.56 56.38 8.13 AspenTc cc
4817 49.00 40.38 45.94-3.06 30.00 2.75 Aspeon dd 1992 3.69 3.50 3.56+U6
36.8820.13 AsdBnc 1.16b4.6 10 1768 25.56 24.75 25.11+0.36 19.25 10.75
AsdMati .10 0.6 5 33 16.00 16.00 16.00 9.25 2.00 AstaFd 4 31 6.88 6.50
6.56-0.31 8.38 0.75 Astes. 2.05005.0 dd 30 1.16 1.00 1.00+0.03 35.13
14.75 Astec. 12 1152 19.75 19.38 19.63+0.13 39.19 21.75 Astorial 1.04
3.0 8 2942 35.94 35.06 35.13-0. 1 3 7.50 4.75 AstroM .16 3.2 16 75 5.00
5.00 5.00 . 12.75 6.69 Astronic 12 1 10.50 10.50 10.50+0.1 49.38 10.88
Astrpwr cc 3293 35.00 30.63 34.38+3.19 67.00 13.00 AsystTch s 29 8902
27.50 25.88 26.19+0.31 59.75 12.88 AtHome dd 61871 15.00 14.25 14.56-
0.19 9.06 7.63AANGnc n 7M 10.94 8.50 9.98+1.31 3.94 1.88 AtlAm 5 54
2.38 2.19 2.25-0.13 38.38 16.25 AfiCstAir 24 1755 33.00 31.50 31.75-
1.75 12.00 2.50 AtlData cc 402 481 4 N 4 01+0.19 30.75 7.63 Aftnel a 57
UM 20 8 1875 20 0+ 1.38 14.00 8.19 Atrion 12 130 12.38 12.06 12.13-0.31
16.56 3.31 AtrixL dd 663 15.50 15.00 15.31-0.25 18.44 1.09 Audible dd
2840 1.97 1.75 175-0.13 152.00 27.63 AudCdes oc M2 114.50 111.00
112.38+0.38 72.50 11.50 Audvox 13 4190 18.88 17.75 18.13+0.25 9.50
12.25 AugstTc n 1076 13.38 12.88 13.13 3.00 4.94 Ault 839 8.19 7.44
8.00+0.38 140.00 9.00 AuroraBio cc 7831 70.00 66.50 68.38+1.88 19.00
3.88 Auspex dd 8392 8.88 7.88 8.75+0.25 14.38 6.00 Athrszr n 494 11.50

10.50 11.25+0.13 20.38 4.00 Autobytel dd 2056 5.25 4.75 5.06 56.06
17.00 Autodesk .24 0.9 23 5214 29.00 28.00 28.13-0.50 6.88 0.38
Autoirnu do 1909 2.50 2.31 2.34 4.25 2.00 Autolog n dd 1 3.06 3.06 3.06
54.38 24.63AAutomny a 997 64.00 55.00 63.00+11.50 14.13 1.50 Autoweb dd
1339 1.81 1.69 1.72-0.03 273.510 47.38 Avanex n dd 24395 157.00 142.38
151.47+9.72 25.25 8.91 Avanti 8 6193 15.13 13.00 14.56+0.19 18.75 1.38
Avantimm dd 7180 9.75 9.38 9.69+0.69 23.38 15.63 Avatar dd 112 19.25
19.25 19.25+0.25 89.00 6.31 Avenue A n 2649 8.38 7.81 8.13-0.06 Aven
Alle 0.8 31 47 22.75 22.00 22.06-0.69 174.989.94 Avicitys n 7612 151.00
134.94 10.81 25.66 8.75 AvidTch dd 3980 14.13 13.13 114.06+0.81 89.00
8.13 Avigen dd 1143 36.88 35.13 36.44+1.25 54.38 14.81 Aviron dd 4606
45.63 41.63 45.00+2.94 14.00 7.81 Avistar n 2183 12.19 11.13 11.69+0.56
60.75 39.76 AAvoctep n 6636 51.25 48.60 48.63-2.13 67.00 20.50 Aware cc
2367 45.19 43.88 44.81 -0.38 9.50 6.50AAxcanPh n 69 9.94 9.31 9.56+0.25
27.50 13.50 Moshe n 4533 18.63 17.94 18.06-0.25 . 11. AxentT 72 5515
24.31 23.63 23.75 23.44 9.38AAxsysTch 27 581 23.63 22.38 23.38+0.75
20.25 2.69 AxySPhm dd 6459 8.00 7.34 7.75+0.38

B

2.33 1.13 BCT Int 7 32 1.63 1.50 1.63 19.19 5.75 BE Aero dd 4462
16.50 16.06 16.19+1.06 28.50 9.25 BESEmi 304 12.38 12.00 12.13-0.13
78.U 5.88 BEA Sp a dd M33 68.63 62.75 611.06+4.66 3.47 0.63 BEI Mod dd
10 1.06 1.06 1.06+0.03 57.38 10.50-BEI To n .08 0.1 49 1546 58.38 54.63
57.19+0.63 10.00 6.50 BF Ent 12 3 7.75 7.75 7.75 11.50 6.53ABFiA .12
1.1 18 63 11.63 10.75 10.75+0.13 9.25 3.81 BI Ino 46315 06 8.03 8.06-
0.01 75.50 41.38 ABISYS 30

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3470 76.50 75.13 75.31+0.06 6.6316.13 BMC Sft 2857416 28.00 26.19
27.00+2.06 8.81 6.69 BNC 16240 6.00 5.75 5.75-0.25 22.50 14.88 BOK .66
t 10 411 18.13 17.75 17.88-0.13 25.75 16.75 BSB Bcp 1.00 4.5 12 96
22.00 21.63 22.00+0.44 26.50 14.00 BT Fin .84 4.7 14 70 18.13 17.63
18.00-0.13 11.00 6.00 BTG Inc 1530 8.56 8.31 8.31-0.19

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

18.50 4.00 BTU Int 21 126 12.50 1213 12.50+0.25 12.00 3.00 BVR Sys n
dd

36 4.41 4.25 4.28-0.41 Fn 2.30t 13 26 23.00 23.00 23.00+0.25 1 .1
7.38 BYL Bmp 13 202 11.25 10.88 11.00+0.25 16.25 1.13 Baan Go dd 619
2.50 2.19 2.19- 0.06 59.13 11.75 BwkWb dd 5950 20.63 18.13 18.38-0.98
7.81 3.63 BadgrP dd 137 4.00 4.00 4.00 7.88 4.19 Baked .06 1.2 8 220
5.13 5.00 5.00 23.94 15.00 BaldLyB .40 2.1 14 61 20.25 19.00 19.44+0 56
9.63 5.00 BaldPla dd 33 5.13 5.13 5.13 144.94 22.38 BallardPw 2661
102.75 98.50 101.38+2.11 8.88 6.38 Baltek 6 10 6.75 6.75 6.75-0.13
46.00 5.88 Balftech s 4412 27.63 24.06 26.25+3.44 12.25 4.38 BamCp 24
134 5.81 5.63 531 +0.06 37.13 24.75 BncFstOK 2.0 11 50 32.75 31.38
31.81+0.44 3.56 0.53 BncQuad 10 0.63 0.63 0.63-0M 25.25 13.98 BcfstOH
.58 3.9 9 x268 15.00 14.63 15.00+0.75 10.75 6.75 BandoM .65 a 7.4 6 162
9.00 8.75 8.81+0.06 5.13 1.38 BankPlus dd 297 3.50 3.25 3.38+0.13 12.31
9.00 Bankill n .40 3.3 9 2 12.19 12.19 12.19-0.06 44.00 22.38ABnkUntd
.74 1.6 12 2619 45.63 43.75 45.00+1.25 32.38 16.13 BkGranite .4411.9 17
59 23.00 22.88 22.88 20.69 13.75 BnkOzrk .44 13.0 8 4 15.00 14.69
14.69-0.06 11.75 7.13 ABnkFrst n .08 0.7 16 973 12.00 11.69 12.00+0.31
9.88 5.88 BnkUtd 9 782 7.75 7.36 7.50+0.06 19.56 10.38 Banknorth .50
3.1 12 2721 16.81 16.31 16.38 6.13 4.38 BanyRT .48 8.3 10 349 5.75 5.56
5.75+0.6 14.38 2.00 BbqsGal 8 4 7.75 7.63 7.63 - 0 13 23.50 3.44
barnbl.cm dd 3909 4.00 3.75 4.00 + 0.22 13.75 7.25 Barnett n 14 1053
12.63 12.31 12.44-0.13 63.63 18.94ASwra 25 2604 63.81155.25 57.63-4.13
8.81 5.00 BarreftB 8 9 5.25 5.25 5.25 9.50 4.41ABarrngTch 21 539 9.88
9.13 9.38-0.06 25.00 7.38 BasExpI 17 1295 20.63 19.81 20.00+0.13 20.75

11.13 BassettF .80 5.8 9 76 13.75 1338 13.75+0.44 20.25 14.50 BayBnc
.24 1.6 10 6 15.31 15.31 15.31+0.06 60.88 3.38 BeFree s dd 16674 6.63
5.91 6.06+0.19 39.88 3.28 Be Inc dd 2100 5.00 4.56 4.66-0.06 16.63 7.75
Sessleyll n did 107 13.63 12.06 12.31-1.25 5.63 1.75 BeauCtI dd 136
3.88 3.25 3.25-0.63 m.13 6.88 BebeStrs 13 2535 16.00 15.00 15.69+0.31
22.75 11.00 BedBath s 37 25M5 17.88 17.06 17.56+0.13 14.38 6.25 BedfrdB
.40 4.6 8 3 8.63 8.63 8.63 37.38 14.81 BeFum A 17 154 35.88 34.00
34.75-0.88 3656 14.50 BeFuseB s.20 0.6 18 564 36.38 33.56 34.88-0.75 33
63 9.63 BellCda gn 244 27.31 26.00 26.75 +0.81 34.63 6.44 27 4634 33.94
30.69 33.25+2.63 10.25 3.75 Bellweth 3 887 8.02 7.88 7.97-0.06 16.75
10.58 Benihan 11 1 14.00 14.00 14.00 18.25 7.75 BerdhnA 10 66 13.00
12.00 12.88-0.13 55.50 30.00 Beringer 19 8690 55.38 55.19 55.31 26.25
14.00ABerkley .52 2.0 dd 2149 26.81 26.00 26.50+0.50 38.00 23.88 BerkEn
1.18 3.1 36 38 37.69 37.69 37.69-0.06 12.25 4.94 BetaOG 364 9.13 8.75
8.88-0.13 Rm 0.75 Byrid.cm n dd 19444 1.56 1.03 1.22+0.25 45.00 7.2S
Blacore 1 29.75 29.75 29.75+11.26 10.06 1.44 Bldcom g 2959 2.45 1.91
2.16+0.22 8.50 3.25 BigDogH .10 1.9 12 326 6.00 5.00 5.38-056 14.00
9.25 BigFoot .20 1.7 48 69 1 1.81 1 L 9.38 0.44 BigStar dd 248 0.66
0.50 0.63+0.03 9.94 3.13 BillConc dd 2721 3.44 3.19 325-013 28.75 5.66
Billserv It 69 9.25 8.00 8 26-0.11 45.75 6.00 BindVw a cc 5357 9.88
8.75 9 81+0 94 14.88 4.69 Biot-ogic 18 18 5.25 5.06 5 25-0 06 9.38 1.88
BioVasc cc87 4.44 4.31 4 44+0.16 10.88 4.25 BioRince cc23 10.25 9.88
10.25+0.38 32.00 3.25 BioSrce 99 729 22.75

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21.88 21.88-0.31 8.75 1.06 BloSpecd 3063 1.56 1.50 1 .50+0.1 23.00
4.44 BloTrans. dd 3166 13.00 11.50 12.81+11.06 6.00 2.06 BioantyS dd 2
2.94 2.94 2.94-0.19 35.13 19.44 BioPharm 4104 21.50 21.06 21.31+0.31
37.25 15.50 Biocryst dd 472 32.00 31.00 31.94+1.19 129.00 48.50 Biogen
33 2BB61 71.44 66.25 69.13+0.44 41.25 10.00 BioMafin dd 383 17.06 16.50
16.88-0.0 35.25 16.38ABiMet s .16 10.5 51 9646 35.38 33.63 33.81-0.63
22.13 2.41 Biomira 7437 10.50 9.81 10.25+0.56 6.75 1.38 Biond dd 79
2.75 2.50 2.75 64.50 8.00 Blopure dd 3126 16.38 15.56 116.00+11.06
36.42 3.98 More dd 14 5.63 5.13 6.63+0.75 71.13 7.63 ABiosDiag cc 2876
84.63 69.50 69.56-0.19 31.38 10.50 BioSphre n 409 12.00 11.31 11.44 15
10 4.00 Biosph dd 335 7.00 6.88 6.88-0.13 21.00 8.44 BioTcG 66 6881
14.00 13.63 13.94+0.50 10.75 5.00 BiperSA .311 26 4 5.00 5.00 5.00
16.50 1.48 Bitstrm dd 635 4.19 3.69 4.19+0.56 22.75 0.75 Bitme dd 264
4.97 4.63 4.72+0.03 11.25 2.50 BizOnl dd 40 2.88 2.75 2.75-0.03 92.25
42.75 BlackBx 22 1582 60.63 59.00 59.50+0.50 8.00 5.00 BlkHwkG 4 249
7.00 6.25 6.81-0.13 39.00 7.38 BlazeSft n dd 1637 19.13 18.50
18.88+0.19 46.0D 24.44 BlckD 1.28 3.2 16 705 41.38 38.63 40.50-0.13 .63
41.50 1.57 .50 72.25 63.44 69.50+16.00 15.W 3.13 BlueRh 8 2685 4.78
3.34 3.81+0.31 24.38 3.06 BlueWave 34 2713 6.25 5.94 6.19+0.31 9.81
5.00 BlueZone n 1804 6.50 6.31 6.50 MOD 13.31 Missing. n dd 6152 24.60
21.63 23.38+1.13 22.06 12.00 BobEvn .36 2.1 12 889 17.50 17.00 17.00-
0.25 9.75 2.88 BocaRsch dd 838 3.63 3.31 3.31-0.19 16.00 5.25 BogenC 19
1045 7.59 6.88 7.41+0.53 15.38 3.41 BolderT dd 416 6.38 6.13 6.25+0.25
6.38 1.75 BmTon 13 2900 2.38 2.13 2.38+0.31 27.00 8.00 BoneCre dd 301
22.94 22.69 22.81+0.06 21.38 6.63 Bonso 50 81 9.44 9.00 9.00+0.44
94.6327.75 BooMm .69 62.50 59.50 61.75+5 00 12.00 3.06 BookMill 10 331
3.38 3.19 3.25 20.5016.38 BorlBnk .75 a 3.8 10 15 19.88 119.116 19.83+0
it 10.75 4.94 BorLePr 35 584 9.94 9.38 9.88+0 38 18.75 9.00 BostAc .34
2.7 10 137 12A 12.13 12 3B .4 16.97 2.25 BostnBio n dd 1135 4.75 3.75 4
00+0.1 17.00 3.50 BosinCom cc 1062 15.00 13.00 14 38+11.13 1 6.13 3.25
BstLfSci 17.21 8.13 7.50 7.75+0.19 13. 31 7.25 BostPrv .12 0.9 20 147
13.31 13.25 13.31+0.19 64.88 12.63 BttrnInT dd 986 31.94 30.06
31.69+11.66 18.88 1.81 Bradleas dd 360 2.56 2.44 2.56+0.16 4.31 0.97
BradPhm dd 41 1.31 1.25 1.28+0.06 7.00 2.88 BrmsEgl 5 636 4.88 4.44

4.88+0.59 . 9.81 BraunCrksN 27.34 17.38 14.88 16.25-0.8 .86 so 115.31 a
dd 9173 16.60 14.76 14.88-1.19 53.13 19.25 Brze.cm n 2430 44.13 41.88
43.31 -1.69 15.00 7.44 BrentBk .35 2.9 15 269 12.25 12.13 12.23+0.11
13.00 8.00 BrdgF .28 2.2 15x1 12.88 12.88 12.88+0.13 3.25 1.00 BrigExp
dd 192 2.59 2.22 2.22-0.38 .30 00 12.50 BrghtHr n 3560 25.00 24.50
24.50-0.25 15 75 3.13 BrghtStn 145 4.00 3.50 4.00+0.38 12.94 1.88
BrghtStr dd 849 2.50 2.09 2.50+0.44 17.30 3.50 Bdghtpt 12 6531 6.63
6.06 6.31+0.09 64.50 5.88 BrioTech dd 5558 9.59 8.75 9.25 + OW 13.63
3.25 Britesmile dd 404 7.13 6.75 7.00+0.13 8.63 2.50 BdtBio 104 3.00
2.81 3.00.

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

93.25 10.25 BroadVis a cc 17.52 .26 36.75 33.69 34.50 86 00 7.75
75.80

22.19 20.81 20.94-1.05 2.75 51.63 Brdcm 9 cc 86677 250.50 230.00
260.00+1136 22475 43.50 BrcdeCrn a cc 19821 229.38 220.19 225.81 +2.44
7 . 00 5.00 BrockTc n 103 5.25 5.00 5.13+0.06 15.25 10.38 Brookdlei -
.16 324 15.38 15.13 15.13-0.05 12.00 8.63 BrklnB .24 2.0 15 86 11.81 11
63 1181+0.06 91.88 16.69 BmokAu cc 4495 57.44 51.50 S5.31 +3.31 19.06
9.03 Brookstn 9 498 13.01 12.94 13.06+0.13 50.75 11.25 Brooktrt 19 2736
38.00 34.00 34.00 23.50 11.60 BrowriTorn 27 661 23.38 21.25 21.75-1.63
39.56 19.19 ABrukDah n 2591

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51.38 38.13 6026 +26.75 19.50 BrynMw .68 3.4 12 16 20.50 20.06
20.25-0.13 56.50 12.00 Bsquare n dd 1422 17.25 16.06 17.00-0.06 18.25
8.38 Buca 8 3291 12.19 11.06 11.31-0.56 13.80 7.91 Buffets 12 W7 13.44
13.25 13.25-0.06 11.88 7.13 BldgMat 6 79 9.63 9.50 9.63-0.13 7.88 1.88
BullRun dd 66 2.63 2.63 2.63- 0.06 150A 21.26 BusnObjs cc SM 115.00
106.63 114.50+7.63 12.94 6.13 Butlerint 8 272 6.63 6.44 6.63+0.06 35.44
2.34 Buy.com n 5252 2.78 2.50 2.78+0.09

C

25.50 10.00 CF Fnc .52 3+3 10 21 15.75 15.75 15.75+0.50 57.00 10.50
CCORnst a 45 6841 21.69 1 9.50 19.50+0.31 24.25 14.25 C-CuboM n 11034
23.81 22.31 23.25+11.06 17.81 4.00 C2 Inc 23 111 10.25 9.75 9.75-0.25
48.63 7.50 CAIS Int n dd 2217 8.25 7.88 8.06-0.06 28.88 4.94 CAM Cmc 27
200 6.31 5.63 6.22+0.59 15.50 8.00 CBRL Grp .02 0.2 15 6384 12.44 11.88
12.06-0.13 65.00 14.03 Cbridge n dd 811 17.25 16.63 16.88-0.06 2.25
0.81 CCA Inds 139 1.16 1.06 1.16+0.03 22.50 11.75 CCBT .64 3.6 9 20
18.13 18.00 18.00 30.38 8.25 CCC info 9 380 9.88 71 91+0 8.06 1.13 CD
Wrhs dd 1460 2.39 1.2 25 74.0021.26 COW Cpt a 50 4471 74.00 68.75
73.50+4.23 18.13 2.03 CDnow dd 18.60 3.00 2.88 2.97+0.06 25.38 21.50
CFIB Cap 2.22 9.4 7 23.50 23.38 23.50 +0.13

15.50 3.00 CFC Intl 14 17 7.00 7.00+0.50 17.00 6.75 CFM T dd 1358
10.75 10.00 10.19-0.19 10.81 7.50 CFS Bn .36 3.6 16 279 10.13 10.00
10.13+0.13 47.88 20.13 CFW Cm .46 1.4 cc 130 34.44 33.88 34.00-0.44
64.38 27.44 CH Rbn .32 0.5 40 745 59.50 59.13 59.19-0.13 5.75 2.06ACHC
Hall g -1.48 5.88 5.38 5.75+0.44 1.10 30.10 CGI dd 81392 46.56 44.25
44.75-1.06 15.75 8.19 CNB FnNY 36 4.1 9 59 9.00 8.75 8.81-0.19 17.50
8.75 CNBT Bn .48 a 2.8 17 145 17.38 17.31 17.38+0.06 79.88 21.25 CNET 8
9778 34.69 32.88 33.60-1.13 8.- 2.9. CNS dd 286 4.50 4.31 4.44+0.13
8.38 5.25 CPAC .28 3.7 8 287 7.91 7.13 7.63-0.19 29.25 20.75 CPB .60
2.3 13 114 26.25 25.63 25.88-0.88 23.75 15.88 CRH .20e 1.2 52 17.25
16.75 17.25-0.02 74.50 21.75 CSG Sys 33 3605 45.88 43.50 45.19+1.06
17.00 4.56 CSP 1.55 t 33 234 5.50 5.25 5.25-0.25 35.00 18.50 CT Com a
.26 1.1 23 50 24.38 24.19 24.25-0.13 56.13 9.25 CTC Cm a dd 1001 25.75
23.50 24.63-0.63 31.00 18.88 CUNID 27 284 28.75 27.88 28.50-0.06 49.63
5.25 CUseMe dd 1390 8.50 7.31 7.31-0.38 84.00 10.38 CV Thera dd 1544
75.38 72.38 75.00+1.13 69.31 22.00 CabotMc n 3414 59.31 54.25 58.38-

0.88 7.00 2.88 Cache 40 156 3.50 3.56+0.31 1811927.00 CadieFl n dd
10406 110.50 99.98 109.36+4.38 30.25 16.75 CACI 7 150 22.60 21.50
22.50+0.53 12.75 5.56 Cadiz dd 291 9.69 9.19 9.69-0.13 13.13 6.13
Cadmus .20 2.5 dd 78 8.19 8.00 800-0.25 56.00 28.38 CaDve 48 2020 57.88
54.75 57.50+2.19 4 88 2.50 CIMaine .05 1.5 dd 62 3.44 3.44 3.44-0.06
33.00 5.38 Cakiwa n - INS 8.75 6.88 7.75 +11.13 9.75 1.06 Caliber dd
221 3.25 3.00 3.00 75.75 5.56 Calico n dd 2338 10.31 9.38 10.09+0.41
63.00 11.19 CatAmp 6348 44.69 41.13 41.75-1.94 4.44 1.13 CalFdCt 342
2.19 1.97 Z19+0.19 2.00 0.63 CalFSecCt 120 0.72 0.72 0.72+0.03 24.05
12.02 Califind .44 b 2.1 36 3 21.50 21.00 21.00+0.25 45.06 2.88 C11 97
74625.60 23.88 26.26+11.25 25.63 19.00 CalPzza n 1539 25.88 24.88 24.94
-0.13 2D2.00 22.50 CaliperT n dd 3058 65.00 62.00 62.13-2.13 6.44 1.44
CallNet 264 2.06 1.88 1.88-0.06 1.75 0.81 Calloways 4 199 1.47 1.28
1.28-0.06 7.50 1.88 CambHrt dd 965 4.00 3.63 3.75-0.13 27.00 5.94
CambTch dd 14815 6.38 6.06 6.16+0.09 12.56 8.00 CamcoF .48 4.8 10 16
10.00 10.00 10.00-0.13 18.50 10.50 CammF n.60 3.4 144 17.81 17.13
17.81+0.06 33.50 7.56 Carninus n dd 865 17.13 15.63 16.88+2.13 9.41
4.50 Camtek n 2440 10.00 9.00 9.50+0.50

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18.88 6.13 Candle a 11 851 13.25 12.63 13.13+0.25 21.00 5.00 Candle
wt 1 13.00 13.00 13.00+0.06 2.34 0.56 Candies dd 610 1.28 1.22 1.25
4.00 1.38 Cndiewd dd 498 156 3.50 3.50 10.00 5.09 Canondle dd 78 6.31
5.786.31+0.53 w.75 25. 15 Canon Inc As 0.4 cc 1241 45.75 44.88 45.25-
0.81 34.13 6.38 Cantab dd 59 14.38 13.88 14.38+0.50 5.69 1.50 Cantbry
40 1649 4.06 3.88 3.97 59.00 4.06 CapRck n dd 3022 6.31 5.94 5.94-0.19
16.06 10.63 CapAuto 1.49 110.7 1 2 794 14.06 13.63 13.88-0.19 26.00
15.00 CapCtyBk .53 2.7 12 x 136 20.00 20.00 20.00+0.19 13.38 7.75
CapWast 9 37 11.88 11.63 11.63 16.50 7.50 CapCrss n 6 208 8.75 8.63
8.75 79.13 44.00 CapSw .60el.0 20 61.00 60.50 60.50 16.94 8.06 CaptiBc
.36 3.3 11 21 11.00 10.38 10.75 + oi 14.69 8.94 CapFedF .48 f 3.3 17
501 14.66 14.44 14.50 14.75 9.38 CapTrns .28 2.4 9 109 11.94 11.69
11.81+0.06 90.00 27.38-CpstnTrb n 5528 98.60 94.25 92.311+6.69 11.81
6.00 CaptecNt 1.52 14.6 6 630 10.63 10.19 10 44+0.0 25.98 12.25
Caraustr .72 4.7 13 519 16.00 1 5.38 1 5.44-0.31 13.63 2.25 CrGrpt dd
127 4.50 4.38 4.50 11.50 1.06 C rdPth dd 34 5.33 5.00 5.00-0.25 16.00
2.50 CardDyn n dd 9358 7.00 6.06 6.44+0.47 13.38 0.38 Caredata dd 351
0.56 0.50 0.50 37.26 1 1.00-CarserEd s 48 1442 40.06 36.2S 39.94+4.13
88.00 14.38 Creinste dd 1231 23.25 22.00 22.38+0.13 9.75 0.06 CareMatrx
2280 0.41 0.31 0.38 12.13 5.63 CareSci n 79 6.38 6.25 6.25-0.25 27.00
6.50 Caryint 15 24 18.19 18.13 18.13-0.06 16.13 4.75 Carlislel-ld 137
8.88 7.94 8.06+0.19 70.50 33.88 CadCm 1.33e2.5 28 55.75 54.00
54.00+0.50 14.75 5.00 Carreker 32 406 14.38 14.00 14.19-0.06 35.00 7.25
Carrier 1 n 2165 B.63 8.258.50-0.13 71.75 32.56 CarrAcc 41 2333 48.44
46.06 47.88+1.81 10.50 1.50 Caringtn dd 233 2.06 2.00 2.00 11.56 1.38
Carrizo 4 393 11.50 10.75 10.75-0.19 11926 5.66 Caselle It 13 140 11.11
1.11 9.75 921-IA 14.44 7.88 Caseys OB 0.7 14 827 11.63 11.13 11.38-0.06
7.50 2.75 Casinol -8 1932 7.50 6.63 7.50+0.52 25.75 18.63 CassCo .80
4.2 11 x17 19.75 19.25 19.25- 0.44 10.50 4.63 CastleE a .20 2.7 2310
7.28 7.28 7.28

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

21.00 5.13 Catat dd 57 5.94 5.56 5.94+0.3B 18.13 7.50 Catalyt 40
5546

13.50 12.94 13.31+0.38 22.26 6.50 CtpftCm 36 1102 18.76 16.31 18.00
41.31 80.00 34.69 CathBcp .84 1.7 13 13 49.88 49.31 49.88+0.69 15.63
9.19 CatoCp .40 3.2 9 1090 12.44 12.00 12.38+0.25 22.50 9.50 A Catskill
.53 2.3 dd 6 22.88 22.44 22.88+0.44 20.63 10.63 CBncp s .20 1.7 23 4
11.63 11.63 11.63-0.13 11.13 2.50 CedaraSft 180 3.50 3.44 3.44 33.00

5.25 Celaclon dd 90 11.63 11.38 11.311-0.25 9.38 0.94 Celeds dd 70 2.38
2.06 2.06-0.13 85.25 5.00 ledtk dd 3502 45.00 41.75 44.U+3.26 70.75
5.50-Ceigerw s dd IMI ISM H.00 74.00+41.63 61.7S 6.75 ColKiens 10 10626
31.13 29.19 30AI +11.94 66.00 6.63 CollPath did 7460 34.63 30.38
33.44+IJB 52.00 1.31 Ceirrh dd 3986 47.44 43.25 46.50+2.73 10.w 3.00
CellegPh dd 94 8.69 8.44 8.63+0.19 46.56 14.88 Cellpoint n 621 25.63
24.13 24.63-0.63 13.13 2.00 Cellstar 29 7880 4.38 V5 4.00+0.25 18.56
3.19 GellrTch 5130 9.63 8.81 9.06+0.25 19.50 9.50 CenitBep 60 4.5 10 6
13.50 13.38 13.38+0.13 12.88 5.88 CentlBc 1.39t 11 536 6.63 6.44 6.44-
0.13 39.63 12.88 CentCom s 56 231 16.63 15.81 16.19+0.13 21.75 13.00
CenterBep.60 4.3 11 3 13.88 13.63 13.88+0.13 35.38 10.00 CtrSpen dd 211
15.94 14.13 115.94+11.941 98.25 19.94 Centillm n 932 75.50 71.63
74.50+2.25 0.38 5.56 Coati n 305710.19 8.94 9.19-0.81 22.50 14.25
GentdBcp.40 2.1 10 16 20.00 19.50 19.50 20.00 14.38 CntdCst 1.75t 14 2
16.25 16.25 16.25-0.25 6.94 3.56 CentEr 15 20 4.00 3.63 3.63-0.34 26.00
3.50 CEurMd dd 169 4.50 4.00 4.38+0.50 13.94 6.7% CenGardn 11 1339 8.00
6.50 7.50-0.38 18.88 0.56 Centra

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8ft dd 2337 3.50 3.25 3.41+0.03 17.00 8.75 CentAi .20 1.5 11 471
13.06 12.56 13.06+0.69 18.75 11.88 CntyBcMA .32 2.3 8 612 13.63 13.44
13.63+0.13 12.94 1.50 CentBusn 62614 1.81 1.69 1.75-0.06 25.25 17.00
CtrySo .52 2.4 69 21.94 21.25 21.88+0.63 88.63 14.00 Cephin dd 5374
51.50 50.13 50.31+0.25 27.50 6.13 Cepheid n 115212.38 11.63 12.13+0.63
12.25 3.38 Cerdyn 21 56 9.75 9.13 9.13-0.63 8.31 5.75 CerSSGrp 7 429
6.75 6.50 6.63 8.50 7.25.CereusT n 495 9.25 8.31 8.81+0.31 40.88 12.19
Cemer cc 2943 40.25 37.75 38.06-1.44 21.00 Al. Cerprbs did 1079 17.25
15.50 17.00+11.06 37.44 12.38 Cerficom s dd 1100 34.13 32.88 33.50+0.63
78.50 20.38 CerusClp dd 1032 54.13 52.88 53.06-0.06 9.63 7.13 Chalons
30 162 9.03 8+75 8.81+0.19 7.38 2.00 Champin .20 6.4 11 50 3.13 2.94
3.13-0.13 6.50 1.88 ChmppsE n did 1262 6.00 5.75 5.75+0.06 8.75 6.00
Chanin cc 26 7.81 7.50 7.81 21.00 615 Channell 13 335 13.63 13.19 13.38
14.19 4.13 ChrIsClvrd dd 6.52 4.63 4.53 4.63+U9 36.138 10.88 ChdsRAsc
10 716 11.25 10.88 11.25+0.38 2215 8.00 CharRss n 17 16 1250 12.19
12.50+0.25 8.25 4.56 ChrmSh 11 853 5.44 5.06 5.44 27.75 10.00 ChartCm n
8783 15.63 15.06 15.31-0.31 28.88 ChrtSm n cc 10.16 85.25 83.38 84.88-
0.75 28.13 9.75 Chaftm 6 115 12.50 12.19 12.19-0.44 43.38 9.38 ChpTick
486 10.81 10.44 10.63-0.06 147.50 18.254ChkPoint s cc 21577 149.63
143.25 145.81+3.19 8.38 1.88 ChkTch cc 41 4.69 4.38 4.313 0.38 0.03
ChkDr wt 222 0.09 0.06 0.06 5.50 1.16 Checkers dd 149 4.22 4.16
4.19+0.02 125.63 28.50 ChkFree dd 3199 52.13 50.50 51.81+0.94 37.13
16.38 Cheeseck s 43 2436 37.13 35.94 36.06-0.69 32.38 -.81 1.88 4.1
1177 21.75 21.06 21.50+0.13 9.50 6.25 Chwokee 1.00 10.5 8 169 9.56 9.38
9.66+0.06 7.00 2.25 ChesBio 1.41 .50 4.13 4.00 4.09+0.09 17.38 11.90
ChestrV .36 b 2.1 15 9 17.38 17.13 17.25 34.88 10.60 ChiRex cc 353
31.25 31.13 31.13 40.00 8.81 Chicos 31 4956 39.97 38.75 39.00-0.06
ChildCmp 7.63 2.13 C 7 91 2.81 2.63 2.63 37.50 10.38 ChildPic 21 2238
30.44 28.94 29.50-0.44 14.00 6.13 Chldtime 11 2 8.25 8.13 8.25+0.13
80.00 0.88 CMnaBr 7468 6.13 3.81 5.06 +11.25 78.00 10.50 chndtcm s 58M
18.60 15.31 11.63+2.13 19.50 11.88 ChipPac n 9860 MOO 15.69 18.25+0.31
72.56 25.44 Chiron 51 14379 55.00 52.50 54.06+1.56 71.38 14.31 ChceOne
n 3452 17.38 15.50 16.00-0.13 10.44 4.88 Cholest 26 257 7.50 6.88
7.44+0.25 54.06 5.25 Chordal n 2087 13.06 12.W 12.06-0.56 39.19 6.39
Chdsf s 26 2884 38.38 34.13 35.50-2.69 24.25 8.63 ChrVisn dd 156 12.75
12.06 12.50+0.19 11.00 4.94 Chronimd cc 668 7.44 7.19 7.31 29.00 20.00
Chrchl1 .50 2.1 18 145 24.00 23.50 23.63-0.06 16.13 2.69 Cidoo dd 399
3.75 3.311 3.53-0.22 214.56 29.3MIsnaCp cc 48141 22141 M.31 2211.611
38.88 5.58ACIMA Lb cc 3228 41.63 38.06 41.36+3.0 7.13 1.75 Cimahn dd
296 2.81 2.38 2.69+0.34 43.31 26.19 CinnFin .76 2.0 25 1897 39.00 37.69

38.88+0.25 9.25 4.88 Cinram g.08 24 5.25 5.25 5.25 48.88 23.13 Cintas.
a 36.45 42.06 40.56 41.56-0.06 15.25 8.47 Ciprico 77 122 12.38 12.00
12.38+0.25 10.50 8.63 CircInc .78 8.1 q 28 9.75 9.63 9.6 34.63
16.56ACircleinfl .27 0.8 256180 35.94 34.25 35.81 + 1 21.69 2.31
Crcl.cm n dd 721 3.63 3.31 3.38-0.06 29.56 9.31-CWrus 12 311979 30.50
28.81 3025+11.66 82.00 32.50 Cisco a cc 439058 88.94 67.00 68.75+2.19
65.63 22.0 CMWelC dd 61.77 23.13 20.13 20.60-2.60 29.94 15.50 CitizBkg
1.04 4.5 18 693 23.13 22.69 23.00+0.25 122.31 14.25 CitfixSy a 3831030
22.75 21.75 22.00-0.13 z3.38 5.88 Ctyl-ild .32 4.2 dd 66 7.75 7.50
7.56-0.06 24.44 2.25 CityTlcm n .05 e 18.6 247 3.13 2.50 2.69+0.19
16.75 11.88 CivicBc .67 t 12 108 15.00 14.88 15.00+0.13 13.63 4.50
Clare cc 333 5.56 5.38 5.53+0.19 178.75 29.50 Clarent did 6138 50.88
47.19 47.75-1.13 21.00 8.50 CirkBrds 12 12 10.13 10.13 10.13+0.13
144.00 7.75 Clarus dd 9673 63.50 66.50 60.50+2.38 39.00 3.69 ClassCm n
dd 147 5.38 5.00 5.00-0.26 43.88 9.00

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ClayEng 19 636 41.00 39.13 40.38+1.13 4.25 1.06 CleanH cc 46 2.97
2.81 2.91- 0.03 2.25 0.75 ClerCd g 64 0.97 0.91 0.91-0.06 50.25 14.80
Cleamet 3052 44.50 43.88 44.38+0.44 36.60 14.00 CNckCrn n 89S 30.00
28.26 30.00+11.31 .11 22.94 5.91 clck2lrm dd 595 16.00 15.19 15.19-0.44
25.50 4.98 CNckAct a cid 345 13.89 12.44 13.00-1.00 9.75 3.88 ClickSft
n 502 4.97 4.63 4.88+0.38 6.75 2.28 Clintrials dd 85 5.00 4.88
4.94+0.06 27.00 11.13 CloaMed dd 623 21.42 AN 21.42 +11.86 53.69 14.31
CoStar dd 88 27.63 26.69 27.63+0.13 4.25 1.31 CstDntl dd 7 1.91 1.88
1.88-0.06 2.13 0.69 CstFedL rt 62 1.56 1.31 1.34-0.28 20.25 12.75
CowdBcp .40 f 2.2 9 3 18.56 18.50 18.56+0.06 34.00 4.63 CobMGrp dd 813
5.38 5.00 5.19-0.13 2.00 25.00 CobWM n dd 6501 60.60 47.38 49.63+2.13

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NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Continued From Preceding Page

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

15.50 8.38 St. Ind .10 0.8 cc 133 12.25 11.50 12.00+0.31 24.88 7.94
SU Inc

.40 4.2 9 775 9.63 8.88 9.63+0.63 49.75 28.38 SPSTech 10 152 47.19
46.19 47.06-0.06 186.00 73.00 SPX Cp 48 3439 171.38 164.00 170.00+5.63
73.88 21.25 STMicro s .03 a 62 6349 61.94 60.44 61.69+1.69 35.00 16.63
Saatrhi .14 a 0.4 67 36.00 35.63 35.63+0.88 17.44 11.50 SabnR 15 120
17.44 16.88 17.00- 0.38 53.5022.31 SabreHold 5.20 a 12 3322 28.25 27.63
27.88-0.06 99.94 20.38 SfadSci a 27 15748 29.75 28.50 28.94+0.13 53.63
29.31 Safeway 24 15B63 49.38 48.63 49.31 +.31 39.63 9.00 SagaSys 27
1325 13.88 12.66 12.63-0.81 31.38 20.06 StJoe .08 0.3 31 353 29.38
29.25 29.31-0.06 22.13 19.94 StJol-P 1.00 4.6 25 41 2194 21.75 2124 +
0.13 46.13 23.63 StJude cc 5492 40 . 88 39.06 39.63+0.81 49.56 21.31
StPaulGos 1.08 2.3 11 7311 48.13 47.00 47.63+0.38 18.88 9.25 Saks 8
6819 10.38 9.81 10.00-0.31 9.88 7.63 .88 9.4 q 320 9.50 9.31 9.38-0.06
21.13 16.00 SalirnSBF 3.73 a 0.7 q 716 18.56 18.31 18.56+0.19 13.31
10.06 SalmHIF 1.50 11.6 q 78 13.00 12.94 12.94 12.50 9.94 SalmI-112
1.56 12.5 q 1332 12.50 12.25 12.47+0.16 13.19 10.00 1.43 a 11.3 q 194
12.94 12.56 12.69-0.19 138.75 65.75 SaloSB01 3.48 3.2 7 ID9.63 109.63
109.63 -1.94 11.00 8.63 SaNik02 130 9.19 9.06 9.19+006 60.88 24.25
Sefton 7 1069 37.81 37.06 37.63+0.7510.69 7.81 SJuanB .96 a 9.0 43 1032
1063 10.38 10.63+0.19 37.44 22.25 SanPaolo .93 a 2.6 126 35.75 35.25
35.75-0.19 20.38 16.63 SFeEnTr 2.01 e 10.1 27 19.81 19.69 19.81+0.06
41.75 19.00 SFeIntl .13 0.3 49 7002 39.31 38.13 39.31+0.69 14.13 6.06
Slsabei .02 p 94 6.50 6.13 6.13-0.25 17.50 11.38 SantaridBc .44 3.7 6
40 11.88 11.50 11.75+0.13 11.75 6.06 Sappis . 19 a 2.2 8 666 8.75 8.56
8.63+0.19 27.50 13.38 Saral-asi .54 2.9 1462916 19.25 18.56 18.63-0.56

14.94 7.50 SauerDanf .28 3.1 11 430 9.38 9.13 9.13-0.25 16.88 13.98
SaulCntr 1.56 9.9 15 131 15.81 15.63 15.81+0.06 22.50 18.69 SaYnElc pf
1.71 7.9 4 21.75 21.63 21.63-0.38 23.94 18.50YSavia SA 148 18.56 18.19
18.56+0.06 38.06 22.50 ScarriaB .79 e 3.5 10 23.00 22.50 22.50-0.75
9.75 7.50 Schawk .13 1.4 19 417 9.63 9. 9.44-0.06 57.44 30.50 SchergPl
.56 1.4 2631152 40.31 39.69 40.13+0.25 88.88 46.88 Schlmb .75 0.9 cc
19278 85.94 84.06 85.31+0.40 44.75 18.00 Schwab s .04 0.1 71 36161
38.69 37.00 38.31+1.13 16.94 11.69 SchMau .60 4.1 8 471 14.50 14.13
14.50 25.88 14.50 SciGames 19 136 25.88 288 25.88 94.00 23.50 SciAll a
.04 0.1 83 17340 78.50 75.00 77.94- 0.94 53.63 38.38 Scor 1.33 e 3.0 10
78 44.38 43.44 43.69 39.25 22.00 ScoftPw 2.18e7.2 1647 30.69 30.00
30.13-0.56 42.00 28.50 Scoffs 20 513 31.50 30.88

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31.00-0.06 52.00 41.50 Scripps .56 1.1 27 1386 51.00 50.50 50.69-
0.56 5.50 4.56 ScudGlbHi.60 11.3 q 259 5.38 5.31 5.31 20.50 13.00
ScudNA .61 a q 337 13.94 13.75 13.94+0.06 32.19 20.44 SeaContA 1.20 4.2
13 721 28.50 27.63 28.50+0.63 32.00 20.50 SeaContB 1.08 3.8 13 15 28.38
28.13 28.38+0.38 45.25 29.00 SeacorsS s - 33 2233 46.25 44.88 45.56+0.69
76.0026.56 1314601 60.00 57.38 59.38+2.63 24.63 20.69 2.00 8.3 176
24.19 23.88 24.06+0.06 65.25 36.63 Seagram .66 1.1 dd 21185 61.88 59.88
60.19-1.56 60.94 40.00 Seag adj 3.75 6.8 187 56.25 54.13 55.00-1.25
61.88 43.38 SealAir 28 2447 51.56 50.19 51.31+0.88 43.50 25.25 Sears
.92 2.9 7 23977 32.25 31.06 31.19-0.44 23.44 18.75 Sears 138 1.75 8.2
144 21.69 21.38 21.38-0.13 23.50 18.69 Seam -38 1.74 8.1 48 21.63 21.50
21.56+0.06 63 11.88 SecCG B 33 918 17.31 17.00 17.00-0.31 19.69 13.38
SocCRtty 518 19.00 18.50 19.00+0.13 15.44 50 Seitel 46 1394 15.75 14.94
15.69+0.69 12.25 10.81 SeligQual .77a6.4 q 19 12.00 11.94 11.94 10.13
8.75 SeligSel .65 a 6.5 q 165 10.00 9.94 9.94 23.19 16.12 1.00 5.1 10
13984 19- 63 18-63 19-63+0-88 7.63 6.06 SenHgh 85 12.5 q 649 6.81 6.69
6.81+0.06 16.94 7.30 SenHws n 1.20 13.2 9 278 9.13 8.75 9.13+0.25 23.19
10.50 Sensormt 21 1881 17.38 16.25 16.63+050 69.50 30.25 SaquaA 10 66
46.44 45.56 46.25+0.56 31.9424.26 Serono n 8013 29.75 28.63 28.63-1.38
14.19 2.13 SvceCp dd 15188 2.38 2.13 2.31+0.19 16.75 838 Svcnistr .40
4.1 13 8308 9.88 9.63 9.75-0.06 21.25 7.97 7-Eleven 13 292 13.69 13.31
13.38-0.44 7.75 2.94 ShanHua .42 a 5.5 1 761 7.69 7.63 7.63-0.06 25.50
10.31 ShanglPt .60 a 3.8 4 161 16.00 15.81 16.00+0.06 29.50 13.13 ShawC
gs 947 22.31 21.94 22.31+0.25 54.81 19.0 GAShowGp 31 568 55.69 54.00
55.69+1.31 20.88 10.94 Show .30 2.4 8 3689 12.66 11.63 12.44+0.81 54.25
39.63 ShellTr 1.45 a 2.8 cc 1444 51.69 51.00 51.44-0.63 27.63 17.13
Shemin .54 2.3 12 5131 23.13 22.63 23.00+0.31 30.00 11.38 ShopKo 4 3580
11.75 11.44 11.44-0.31 27.25 20.31 Shurgard 2.04 f 8.6 16 350 23.81
23.38 23.81+0.31 45+25 23.75 SiderNac .96 a 2.6 1201 36.38 36.00 36.25-
0.13 12.50 2.44 Sieffal-ISdd 1130 2.75 2.63 2.75 25.31 12.13 SWWc 1.00
5.7 24 3523 17.81 16.75 17.69+0.94 5.19 2.00 SilcnGph s dd 6935 4.88
4.69 4.69-0.13 7.50 2.63 Silvertf 3 38 3.75 3.50 3.75+0.25 32.00 14.76
Marine n 715 21.00 20.06 20.94+0.94 27.13 20. SirronProp 2.02 8.9 23
3940 23.38 22.75 22.75-0.31 53+00 38.00 SlmpsnMf 14 90 47.00 46.50
47.00 +0.44 7.38 1.31.Simula dd 403 1.44 1.25 1.38 9.44 6.19 Singap q
148 7.19 7.00 7.19+0.13 9.75 3.50 Sitel 82 1122 6.06 5.75 5.75-0.25
35.88 13.38 SixFlags dd 12566 15.19 14.75 14.94+0.06 8.94 6.38 Welarl
.92 11.5 29 170 8.00 7.75 8.00+0.19 3.63 1.25 Sizzler 24 1435 2.19 2.06
2.13+0.13 18.50 3.25 Skechers 21 846 17.88 16.88 17.81+0.25 28.25 17.81
Skyline .72 3.3 13 56 22.25 22.00 22.13 10.50 5.50 SmrtFn 2944 7.81
7.69 7.75 20.50 8.88 SmischtA .47 e 2.3 - 6 20.13 20.00 20.00 18.38
8.13 SmedvB .47e2.7 1 17.63 17.63 17.63+0.13 42.50 26.38 SmithN s 1
41.19 41.19 41.19-0.50

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

31.56 14.94 SmithAO .52 f 3.3 7 485 15.94 15.69 15.75-0.19
 88.5031.63
 Smithin 64 3980 80.94 78.94 79.50-0.50 44.63 31.25 SmithRR 2.20 5.3
 16 234 41.31 41.06 41.13-0.06 29.75 14.88 SmithficIF 12 1143 26.88
 26.38 26.56-0.31 72.38 52.50 SmithBoh 1.13e 1.7 40 2506 65.56 64.69
 65.31+0.56 18.88 18.13- Smucker n 64 3.3 21 549 19.31 18.63 19.19+0.56
 35.00 20.88 SnapOn 960.1 12 2509 31.88 30.00 30.B1 +0.63 27.00 9.75
 SnyderSNC cld 29009 28.19 27.00 27.38+0.75 29.5014.75 SnyderSt 1.68 6.2
 .57 27.50 27.00 27.00+1.76 35.1320.19 SocQM .88 e 3.8 84 23.31 22.75
 23.31+0.13 34.5021.44 SocQM A 8B
 297 / C10Day
 a 3.5 96 25.00 23.50 25.00-1.00 19.31 10.13 SodxMar .08 a 0.5 18 761
 16.44 16.25 16.25-0.25 16.88 4.00 Sola dd 3.07 7.13 6.69 7.00 49.50
 28.25 Solectin s 52 25262 45.75 45.00 45.06+0.19 21.00 11.25 Solutia
 .04 0.3 10 5264 15.44 14.75 15.06+0.19 13.00 7.63 SonicAut 7 393 10.69
 10.50 10.56-0.13 25.56 17.50 SonocoP .80 4.1 10 1444 19.94 19.13 19.31-
 0.06 157.38 63.38 SonyCp a .47 a 0.4 66 4565 115.19 111.44 11425+4.13
 36.3B 14.50 Sothbys cc 1233 20.81 20.38 20.69+0 38 52.63 45.69 SourcC
 4.60 9.2 q 13 50.56 50.06 50.13-0 25 30.25 24.50 SGJefln 1.46 5.4 13
 100 27.06 26.81 27.00+0 25 70.69 45.31 Soudwn .60 1.0 11 1150 63.44
 61.50 6275+1 75 19.00 10.75 SouAfrica .05e 0.4 q 141 14.00 13.75
 14.00+0.13 29.75 20.38ASouthrCo 1.34 4.5 1527643 30.06 29.31 29.94+0.56
 18.19 10.63 SPeruC .24e 1.7 20 798 14.13 13.75 13.94-0.06 20.63 12M
 SoUnCo .82 1 cc 437 17.94 17.56 17.94 25.00 14.38 SwatAirl .02 0.1 24
 11196 23.06 22.38 22.63+0.19 28.75 16.88 SwtGas .82 4.3 20 1556 19.25
 18.81 18.88-0.13 45.38 16.50 SwstSec. .36f 1.1 5 2190 34.75 33.19
 33.19-1.19 23.81 19.56 SthBell48 1.72 7.7 68 22.38 22.T3 22.27+0.02
 10.38 5.44 SwnEnrg .12j dd 328 7.75 7.44 7.69+0.19 24.00 17.50
 SovranSS2.28 11.7 10 508 19.44 18.69 19.44+0.50 18.38 11.81 Spain 4.33
 q 111 12.75 12.38 12.38-0.25 40.5022.00 Spartch .34 1.4 14 2807 25.13
 24.13 24.75-0.44 6.31 3.56 Sparton 4.13 3.94 4.13+0.19 30.38 15.00
 SpcIEqp 12 1168 27.06 26.88 27.06+0.06 47.60 19.00 Speedlill 23 314
 26.94 24.69 26.81+11.113 28.38 10.813 Spherkin 9 2921 13.00 12.06
 12.31-0.25 57.00 32.2S SpiekerP 2.80 5.1 16 1835 54.94 54.63 54.63-0.06
 12.56 SpinkrEx n cc 668 36.38 35.25 36.38+0.44 9.88 2.19 SportSup. dd
 150 2.98 2.75 2.81 4.06 1.13 SptAuth dd 537 2.13 2.06 2.13 51.00 29.88
 Springs 1.32 4.4 7 346 30.31 29.88 29.88-0.19 75.94 30.25 SprntFON .50
 1.5 1264120 34.25 32.63 33.56+1.13 66.94 29.00 SpmtPGS a - dd a2814
 50.63 49.25 49.81+1.31 39.38 20.94AstancpF .28f 0.7 14 600 40.31 39.06
 40.00+1.38 5.50 2.75 StdCm .20 4.3 6 40 4.63 4.63 4.63+0.06 23.50 7.38
 StMotr .36 3.7 39 685 10.31 9.50 9.69-0.63 16.38 8.WStdPac .32 1.9 7
 947 16.44 16.19 16.44+0.19 27.44 12.06 StdRegis .92 7.2 10 243 1 2.88
 12.63 12.81+0.19 27.13 1 4.34 Stanclx .80 4.3 9 93 18.63 1 8.31 1
 8.56+0.2 33.6322.00 StanlWk .92 f 3.4 14 x972 27.13 26.56 26.75+019
 17.50 12.25 StarGas 2.30 13.4 24 209 17.31 16.75 17.13+E38 9.25 4.38
 StarGsSr .25 p 2 8.19 8.19 E1.19-0.06 25.25 16.13 Starret .80 4.4 11
 253 18.88 18.00 18.313 -0.44 .79 .25 .21 38 Stanek 34 1035 41.88 39.06
 39.19-1.25 35.56 19.50 StamdHtl .69 2.2 26 2902 32.81 32.00 32.100 -
 0.56 123.00 55.50 StateStr .68f 0.6 29 4784 120.25 113.00 117.75 +4.00
 20.38 15.63 StlsBcp. .52 f 2.8 12 172 18.44 18.38 18.44+0.06 20.00
 11.00 StatnCAs s 7732 15.56 14.38 14.38-0.44 18.44 10.25 Steelcsa .44
 2.7 14 605 16.56 16.13 16.56+0.38 22+13 14.50 Steinwy 9 49 17.75 17.75
 1775 25.00 19.63 Stepan .65 3.1 12 10 21.00 20.88 20.88 - 04 15.00 7.94
 Starts cc 5960 10.44 9.81 1025+038 18.88 14.00 StrlBcp .56 3.1 11 33
 18.13 18.00 18.13-0.06 21.50 10.13 StewInfo .04j 35 457 13.44 13.00
 13.44+0.38 13.25 8.88 Stifel .12 11 160 13.44 13.00 13.00-0.06 52.25
 36.75 StilwelIF n 9D07 49.13 47.56 48.38+1 . 13 62.56 31.81 StoneEn 22
 662 61.25 59.63 59.81-1.13 19.50 7.50 Stonerdg 6 224 10.69 10.25

10.38+0.38 23.94 10.00 StorTch dd 3331 16.00 15.56 15.81-0.13 32.00
26.00 StorUSA 2.76 9.2 13 178 30.75 30.13 30.13-0.56 10.94 9.44 StrGlob
1.24 11.5 q 305 10.75 10.63 10.75+0.06 9.06 5.00 StrideRt .20 3.3 9 577
6.13 6.00 6.00-0.13 23.63 18.75 StrPCwde n .16 a 0.8 2 21.00 21.00
21.00-0.25 50.0024.38 Stryker a .07e0.2 61 2548 45.94 44.00 44.81+0.31
50.50 37.13 StuLnCp 2.40 5.0 10 171 48.00 47.69 47.69-0.25 10.69 8.13
SturmR .80 9.6 7 359 8.38 8.19 8.31 20.88 16.44 SubPpne 2.00 10.0 12
402 20.38 20.00-0.25 51.38 30.56 SuizaF 15

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1541 50.44 49.75 50.00+0.06 28.81 1738 SulzerM .29 e 1.0 10 28.19
28.00 28.00+0.13 35.50 22.13 SummitB 1.40 5.1 11 4977 27.94 26.75
27.69+0.94 24.00 16.50 SumtPrp 1.75 7.5 13 893 23.44 23.13 23.25 35.88
26.88 SunCmts 2.04 6.6 18 106 31.00 30.88 30.94-0.06 32.38 15.75
SunIntH 6 82922.00 20.69 21.75+1.13 20.19 8.69-SunUte gn 508721.25
20.00 21.06+11.06 6.31 1.75 Sunbeam dd 2304 2.00 1.94 1.94-0.06 6.38
4.13 Sunburst 8 84 5.19 5.06 5.13- 0.13 24.94 17.63 Suncor gs 236 23.13
22.69 22.75-0.19 40.00 16.88 SunGard 27 2277 36.38 36.00 36.00-0.63
34.3821.94 Sunoco 1.00 3.7 16 6331 28.19 27.06 27.19-1.25 7.13 3.75
SunMed cc 388 5.63 5.19 5.63+0.06 7.44 3.44 Sunsource 1 69 4.44 4.38
4.38-0.13 76.0045.06 SunTrst 1.48 3.0 13 9828 50.81 49.00 49.38-0.19
18.81 12.88 SuperSol 1.94 e 10.4 75 10 18.69 18.63 18.63- 0.13
34.3822.94 Supertrid .40 1.2 11 609 32.44 31.13 32.44+0.56 27.13 7.00
SuperTel .251b3.0 8 585 8.44 8.31 8.44+0.19 3.50 1.88 SUnimarc .16 a
7.3 10 2.19 2.19 2.19 23.25 14.00 Supvalu .55f3.7 8 6170 15.25 14.98
14.94-0.06 29.66 9.75 SwltEng 18 4319 28.94 27.06 28.94+2.88 15.44
12.63 SwisHeIv 1.07 a q 196 14.75 14.63 14.75-006 44.00 27.31 Swisswm
.90 a .2 387 28.50 27.75 28.19 +0 .69 33.06 16.38 Sybront 17 3151 22.94
22.50 22.75+0.25 69.00 1 9.76 SybITc a .02 45 7654 43.25 40.63 41.25-0
06 8.88 3.31 SymsCp 38 261 3.88 3.75 381 2219 14.00 Synovus .44 2.2 23
2638 19.88 19.25 19.69+0.11 45.38 26.13 Sysco .48 1.1 32 6719 42.50
41.75 42.31+0.38 11.38 2.50 Systemax 7498 4.50 4.31 4.31

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

T

11.13 8.19-111 Woods .36 3.2 10 199 11.25 9.88 11.25+11.38 32.94
18.00

ATCF Fn .85 2.6 15 5198 33.00 32.06 32.81+0.88 11.38 9.00 TCW
.84al.4 q 406 11.38 11.25 11.38+0.19 9.88 9.25 TCW 00 .24 2.4 q 412
9.88 9.81 9.81 9.44 8.81 TCW 02 .48 in 5.1 q 234 9.38 9.31 9.38+0.06
9.44 8.63 TCW 03 .56 m 6.0 q 841 9.38 9.31 9.31 - 27.00 11.44 TD. Whir
SM3 20.31 19.69 20.25+0.88 15750 87.75 TDK 6 4 cc 26 148.50 146.38
147.50 +0.13 25.56 17.25 TECO 1.34 55 17 1761 24.69 24.38 24.56+0.1
31.25 13.94 TJX .16 09 1 123601 19.06 18.13 18.81 +0.38 30.94 20.50
TNTPost .34e 1.4 .26 23.56 23.44 23.50 14.50 5.94 TRC 23 1330 14.81
14.38 14.63+0.25 65.00 39.75 TRW 1.32 a 2.9 7 6459 46.31 43.94
45.69+0.50 17.75 3.75 TV Aztec .03 e 0.2 dd 2069 13.75 13.13 13.44+0.19
8.75 1.50 TVX Gid s dd 3281 2.19 1.94 2.06+0.19 41.88 25.94 TXU Corp
2.40 6.9 8 12299 35. 34.38 34.94+0.50 26.25 16.56 Taiwan q 304 17.63
17.25 17.63+0.D6 56.25 22.13 TaiwSem 9686 35.44 34.75 35.00+0.63 40.56
27.50 TaiwSern n 102 35.25 34.75 34.88+0.13 69.63 28.25ATalbots .56 0.8
26 xl 70.06 65.75 66.94- 1.94 37.00 22.69 Talism g 1073 33.88 33.50
33.69+0.38 3.50 2.25.Tndycft dd 306 2.13 2.00 2.06-0.19 24.88 18.50 Ta
822423 10195 1177 131 21.31 21.06 21.06-0.13 39.25 25 .4411 220911
23.69 21.63 23.19-2.88 13.88 8.13 Testy .48 4.2 11 589 11.38 11.06
11.31-0.06 14.56 2.75 Tatneft 924 13.19 12.88 13.19+0.19 13.06 9.75
Taubmn .98 9.0 cc 376 11.00 10.88 10.94-0.06 29.69 16.25 TchSym 57 27
29.75 29.69 29.75+0.13 143.76 31.66 Techntr1 .27 0.2 31 3652 138.75
127.50 127.60-5.75 45.94 13.31 ATeekay .86 1.9 cc 4497 49.25 45.75

46.25+0.69 20.25 8.94 Tefron 16 23 14.25 14.13 14.25+0.06 31.19 19.81
Toolinch cc 111 26.00 24.75 24.75-1.38 87.31 28.38 Tektmx 12 cc 4459
76.38 73.50 76.19+2.50 69.25 16.31 TelCelSul .23 a 0.6 445 40.25 38.00
39.75+1.25 15.88 3.13 TeICnOes .16el.3 837 13.00 12.63 12.75+0.06 49.75
27.00 TeIEDan .6412.2 175 30.19 29.56 29.69+0.56 71.25 25.00 TelLeste
1.95 a 4.0 55 46.50

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45.50 45.75+0.31 89.0022.00 TelNrdeC .32 a 0.5 414 61.00 59.00
60.00+1.00 73.0021.00 TelNotCel Age 1.6 64 43.25 43.00 43.13+0.31 27.38
13.00 TelNorL .37 r 1.5 4793 25.88 25.25 25.50-0.06 63.13 18.38
TelSuCel .21 a 0.9 43 24.69 24.13 24.50-0.25 46.75 21.88 TlcmArg 1.36 a
5.8 5020 23.88 23.25 23.50+0.25 38.94 22.5 TelonZ 2.04e9.2 11 860 22.38
22.19 22.25-0. 210.00 82.50 Telltalia 2.95 a 2.4 252 124.25 122.25
124.00+2.63 118.88 49.88 TelBrasH s 1.30 r 1.4 4098 91.94 90.00
91.63+1.00 37.88 13.44 TelSPaulo 1.20 a 6.7 1258 17.81 17.06 17.81+0.63
28.50 7.81 Teledyne n 14 2869 20.25 19.75 20.13+0.06 47.88 26.13
Teleflex .60 1.7 13 1081 36.19 35.00 35.63+0.69 94.94 45.13 TelefEsp 39
11026 57.94 56.69 57.31-0.69 50.0023.81 TelArg 1.40e4.4 24 524 32.50
31.75 31.94+0.13 21.38 9.00 TelPeru .67 a 7.2 142 9.25 9.00 9.25+0.06
78.0034.25 TelMex s .98 a 1.8 168112 54.94 53.56 54.44+0.75 39.00 14.81
Telegllb 1. 15 21.06 19.81 20.06+0.19 107.75 26.00 Telem .37 3745
65.0057.00 66.00+8.00 67.6022.38 Telspsci .1590A 4987 37.26 36.36
36.76+11.44 5.63 2.25 TelAxlh I - 30 3.00 2.88 2.88 23.88 45.92 .4 380
18.44 18.19 18.38-1.13 69.56 40.75 Templeld 1.28 3.0 14 4378 43.19
42.19 42.44 8.50 6.50 TmpChm .15 a 1.9 q 218 8.13 8.00 8.06 10.19 7.44
TmpDrgn 1.211113.4 q 933 9.19 8.94 9.06+0.13 12.3B 8.63 TEMAF .48 a 4.8
q 66 9.94 9.88 9.94+0.06 14.06 8.25 TEMA .01 e0.1 q 270 9.31 9.13
9.31+0.19 10.75 9.19 TEMIF 1.24 11.7 q 321 10.69 10.63 10.63 6.50 5.31
TmpGGv .60 10.2 q 167 5.88 5.81 5.88 6.63 5.50 TmpGib .60 9.7 q 938
6.19 6.13 6.19+0.06 21.38 10.31 TmpRusa .14 a 0.7 q 71 19.44 19.13
19.38+0.13 9.81 6.00 TmpViet q 6 7.00 7.00 7.00+0.13 32.69 16.25 Tened-
ilt 3016405 31.25 30.38 31.00+0.69 11.50 5.25 TncoAut n .20 2.8 271
7.31 7.00 7.13+0.06 23.56 20.38 TVA 28 1.69 7.6 69 22.44 22.31-
0.13 22.75 19.65 TVA 29 1.63 7.5 80 21.75 21.63 21.63 25.38 23.88ATVA
45 2.00 8.0 474 25.56 25.06 25.13 25.13 22.13 TVA 46 1.88 7.6 205 24.63
24.44 24.63+0.13 26.50 17.13 Teppco 2.00 8.4 13 221 24.00 23.75 23.75-
0.13 115.44 26.94 Teadyn 30. BM 65.38 64.00 64.81+0.38 31.50 11.13
Terex 3 565 18.56 18.13 18.31-0.44 3.88 0.94 Terra dd 352 1.69 1.56
1.56-0.13 9.75 3.00 TerraNitro 11 34 4.50 4.38 4.50+0.13 18.81 8.94
Tesoro 5 831 10.13 9.63 9.63-0.25 14.94 6.06 Tetra dd 1404 13.69 13.25
13.63+0.38 68.3839.50 Texaco 1.80 3.5 1517082 52.56 51.31 51.50-0.42
43.3828.06 TexInd .30 0.9 11 \$81 34.13 31.94 34.13+2.25 .7537.88
Texinst s.09 0.1 39 66087 68.00 66.06 68.00+1.50 47.50 34.38 TxPac .40
1.0 34 25 40.00 39.56 39.63-0.38 112.94 51.00 Textron 1.30 2.3 14 4716
57.50 55.50 56.06-0.94 5.69 2.81 ThajCF q 108 2.94 2.81 2.81-0.13 9.50
4.38 Thai q 56 4.69 4.56 4.69 16.63 6.56 Theragen 12 1267 7.44 7.13
7.13+0.04 26.88 12.75 ThermoEl 33 7112 23.50 23.00 23.13+0.13 53.69
17.31 ThmBet 1.12 6.0 16 3493 19.00 18.63 18.75-0.25 20.88 15.94
Thomind .30 1.5 11 135 20.25 20.00 20.19-0.06 73.25 13.60 ThMft a 119
61.50 59.00 61.50+2.38 30.56 20.75 Thodnd .08 0.3 8 178 23.75 23.00
23.31+0.06 9. 7.06 Thombg .96 11.7 8 336 8.56 8.19 . 1 - 82.50 9.13
Threel S a 44 3076 34.50 32.88 33.25-0.50 42.31 23.56 Tidwtr .60 1.5
206531 41.13 39.88 40.38-0.31 4 Tiffany a .16 0.4 36 18M 42.56 40.50
44.50 16.88 Timbrld a 25 1518 42.63 40.75 40.76-1.63 105.50 57.19
TimeWrn .18 0.2 99 34758 86.94 85.00 86.00-1.25 21.81 13.50 Timken .72
4.4 16 1366 16.81 16.26 16.31-0.08 M50 10.00 TtanCp - dd 15485 26.00
24.63 24.63+0.56 12.25 4.75 Plan Intl .06 1.2 13 45 5.06 4.88 5.06+0.13
9.63 3.13 TitanMet dd 14738.75 8.50 8.75+0.25

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

9.56 6.63 ToddShp 9 2 7.94 7.94 7.94+0.13 31.00 16.56-ToliBro 11
DayC10/ 300
32.811131.00 32.63+11.63 18.50 9.75 Tomkins 12.11 11.50 12.56 -0.06
36.98 6.31 THlffgr 2.1 1.25 9.69 10.88+1.19 36.25 13.56 Too Inc 28 216
25.75 24.63 24.63-0.25 42.44 27.75 TootsieR .28 f 0.7 27 316 40.50
39.63 40.25-0.06 8.25 3.75 TorchEn 1.40e 19.5 3 1887 7.56 6.75 7.19-
0.38 36.00 18.75 Trchmrk .36 1.3 12 3432 29.13 27.31 28.06+0.38 38.00
27.25 Toro .48 1.6 9 667 30.25 30.00 30.25+0.44 28.63 18.63 ATorDBk g
1.00f 728 28.69 28.44 28.56-0.06 33.81 23.81 Tosco .28 12242 30.63
30.31 30.50+0.06 81 26 59.56 TotFinaEf 1.12 a 1.5 46 10816 75.69 73.88
74.50-2.81 38 6320.00 TatalF wt 6 34.00 33.63 33.63-1.50 8.63 2.06
TotRed dd 1402 7.00 6.50 7.00+0A9 20.63 14.13 TotalSys .05 0.3 39 466
17.13 16.50 16.50-0.25 20.75 10.88 TwrAuto 5 4339 11.56 11.06
11.38+0.25 18.94 16.00 TwmCtry 1.68 9.5 10 169 17.94 17.63 17.69-0.25
108.25 60.75 Toyota 230 87.25 86.75 87.25+0.25 19.25 9.75 ToyRU 9 10500
18.38 18.06 18.19-0.19 15.8B 10.31 Tramllc 9 751 14.25 13.88 13.88-0 .
19 14.69 6.75 TrCda g 1.12 2142 9.81 9.69 9.81+0.19 23.38 19.56
TmsFin281.78 7.8 240 22.94 22.56 22.75-0. 1 33.69 TranInc 1.88a8.1 q24
23.19 23.13 2 1 91.56 68.75 TmsatlH .54f0.6 19 161 87.44 85.50 87.19 +
13.50 2.88 TrnsRty .60 4.8 2 16 12.63 12.56 12.63+0.1 5.94 1.81
Trmedia.04 1.1 dc 123 3.50 3.50 3.50-0.13 61.94 23.88 Tranaocn .12 0.2
cc 22653 60.38 59.31 59.75-0.29 8.63 2.38 TrMMex 11 223 8.50 8.38
8.44+0.06 8.50 2.00 TMMexA 7 433 8.25 7.94 8.06- 0.13 9.56 7.13
TrGasSur .60 a 8.0 873 T56 7.38 7.50+0.06 3.50 1.13 TmsCpn 25 26 1.50
1.25 1.25-0.13 7.56 4.25 Tmspro .20 4.5 5 20 4.44 4.44 4.44-0.06 15.69
8.00 TmsTec .26 2.8 13 58 9.38 9.06 9.31+0.25 14.69 WTrvCpLn 1.46 9.8 q
397 14.88 14.69 14.88+0.19 32.38 16.06 Tredgar .16 0.8 11 684 19.50
19.31 19.50 33.63 13.25 Tremnt .28 0.9 dd 9 32.25 32.13 32.25 22.13 1
2.00 Trenwick 1.04 5.5 dd 440 19.06 18.63 18.94-0.25 58.94 20.63 Trex -
24 735 31.00 30.50 31.00+1.00 29.25 22.63 TriContl 4.09 a 1.5 21 836
27.13 26.81 27.06+0.38 2188 16.81 Triarc. A 608 22.94 22.50 22.75+0.19
60.88 27.88 Tribune .40 1.1 27 7467 36.81 35.69 35.81-0.63 27.00 12.06
Tribune 01 1.75 12.6 30 14.00 13.88 13.88- 0.13 190.00 106.50 Tribunl n
3.14 2.4 214 130.75 130.13 130.50+0.56 28.50 7.56 Tricom 19 102 15.94
15.50 15.94 46.25 23.56 TriconG 8 8141 29.44 29.06 29.13-0.31 61.44
21.50 TrigonH 41 1649 53.31 51.63 51.63-0.44 33.25 18.19 Trinityin .72
3.7 5 1336 19.81 19.13 19.38+0.06 48.38 11.31 TntEng dd 2867 45.19
43.89 44.00 -0.88 33.6022.75 Triumph 11 117 30.69 29.50 30.69+1.44
20.13 12.75 TrizecHhn .22 28 8579 15.81 15.66 16.81+ 0 25 52.88 32.06
TrueNth .60 1.3 48 1743 47.00 45.00 46.38+025 5.19 2.06 Trump dd 292
2.88 2.75 2.75-0.06 25.69 10.25 TuckerAS .20 0.8 11 955 24.38 23.50
23.56-0.63 24.50 14.56 Tuppwre .88 4.4 12 2011 20.44 20.13 20.19+0.06
18.63 13.00 Turkeell n 1964 13.56 13.38 13.44 22.13 6.56 Turksh q 581
14.00 13.88 13.88- 011 23.00 14.00 21Centins .32i 22 512 16.31 15.81
15.81-0.25 1 TwinDs .70 4.2 12 36 17.00 16.63 16.63- 111 - 50 13.81
13.06 2002TT .78a5.7 q 68 13.81 13.69 13.69 - 0 06 58.26 22.50 TycoIntl
s .05 0.1 27 41363 57.19 55.31 57.13 + 1.56 42.88 32.75 Tycorn n 11630
42.38 40.00 41.75+1.38 8.94 1.88 TylarTech dd 408 2.25 2.06 2.19+0.06
18.13 8.50 Tyson .16 11 12 3774 9.38 9.00 9.19+0.06
U
79.00 45.75 UAL .31 p 7 6528 48.88 47.69 47.75-1.63 153.56 129.75
UBS n 413 146.50 145.13 146.19+1.31 28.00 11.25 UCAR Int 30 2328 13.75
13.00 13.63+0.50 24.19 18.19 UGI 1.55 6.8 14 589 22.94 22.63 22.81
+0.23 28.50 3.38 UICI 7318 6.94 6.63 6.63-0.19 53.63 37.88 UIL Hold
2.88 5.7 11 88 50.31 49.81 50.31+0.56 44.50 24.50 UPM Ky 2.01 a 7.8 575

26.13 25.38 25.76-0.69 25.88 10.75 URS 6450 13.19 12.94 13.19 20.25
9.50 US Agg .12 0.7 2376 17.25

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16.94 17.25+0.25 24.81 12.00 US Can 1332 19.13 19.06 19.13 19.00
8.06 US Rest dd 346 11.00 10.81 10.94+0.06 53.94 27.81 USA Educ. .64
1.6 12 5665 39.31 38.25 39.19+0.81 16.00 11.88 USB Hid .32 12.4 12 8
13.44 13.38 13.38- 0.13 11.44 3.44 USEC .55 12.6 cc 1496 4.38 4.31
4.38+0.06 53.1328.38 USG .60 1.9 4 1 32.44 31.00 32.19+0.94 32.31 13.88
LIST Inc 1.76 8.1 8 11243 21.69 20.75 21.63+0.81 33.88 20.69 USXMar .92
13.4 8 105D2 27.75 27.25 27.44+0.14 33.00 16.75 USXUSS 1.00 5.8 16 8044
18.00 17.38 17.38-0.19 28.63 20.56 UltramDS 1.10 4.7 7 6339 23.75 23.19
23.44-0.19 13.56 8.00 UftraWn .33e3.0 253 11.06 11.00 11.00 16.38 10.81
UniSrcEn .32 2.1 7 791 15.75 15.25 15.56+0.11 34.75 17.00AUUniao .91 e
2.7 3535 35.00 33.50 34.00+0.75 5.75 0.06 UniCapital dd 11670 0.13 0.06
0.13-0.02 46.94 30.94 Unicorn 1.60 3.5 13 4073 46.13 45.38 45 69 +15.88
7.81 Unili 17 1832 11.50 11.19 1 1.314 06 16.88 7.44 UniFirst .15 1.5
13 88 10.19 10.06 0.13-0.0 36.44 15.13 Unigrph 17 75 20.56 20.25
20.56+0.38 71.38 39.25 UnilevNV 8.00 a 2.5 17 6487 47.94 46.94 47.25-
0.44 39.81 21.13 Unilever .84e3.3 15 1149 25.63 25.25 26.50-0.38 23.00
18.94 UBnCaJF 1.84 8.4 145 21.94 2175 21.94+0.06 68.44 40.25.UCwb .90
2.2 14 6930 41.25 40.06 40.40-0.23 56.50 34.25 UnionPac 80 2.0 11 5019
40.06 39.56 39.75+0.25 46.44 25.25 UPIntr 2.00 6.6 10 4044 30.81 29.56
30.31+0.69 46.44 17.94 UnBnGW 1.00 4.0 8 3719 24.88 23.94 24.81+0.88
49.69 9.13 Unisys 9 52708 13.38 12.50 13.00 16.25 4.88 Unit 41 848
15.75 15.19 15.63+ 24.88 13.75 UAM .80 3.3 22 906 24.56 24.44 24.50-
0.06 13.13 7.13 UtdAuto 8 369 8.81 8.25 8.44+0.44 24.56 15.13 UldomIn
.44 2.7 9 105 16.13 15.81 16.06+0.13 11.75 9.13 UDomR 1.07 9.9 43 1886
11.06 10.81 10.81-0.19

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

25.38 22.06 UDom 2.12 8.8 12 24.00 23.94 24.00 10.31 7.38 Unifind
.40 4.0
17 186 10.13 10.00 10.06+0.06 MS 4J.W UPS B n .68 1.2 75 6729 56.13
55.25 55.44+0.31 29.69 19.3UPkMin dd 3 19.25 19.00 19.00-0.38 26.94
13.00 UtdRentl 12 1286 21.00 20.50 20.75+0.13 51.50 17.44 US Airway dd
1311 34.25 34.00 34.00 -0.19 38.06 16.88 US Bancp .86 3.9 11 25854
22.06 21.25 21.88+0.81 16.81 10.75 US Inds .20 1.6 8 3454 12.88 12.56
12.75 69.06 46.50 UtdTach .80 1.3 31 12591 62.63 60.94 62.44+1.44 23.13
16.75 UtdUtils 1.52 a 7.8 15 193B 19.38 19.38-0.63 8.25 3.81 UtdWisc
.05 1.0 dd 15 5.25 5.19 5.25 94.63 39.38 URdhitift .03 25 9674 95.98
90.411 94.50+3.98 35.50 20.63 UmCmpr n 102 32.88 32.00 32.88+0.63 29.75
13.50 UnvslCp 1.24 4.8 7 277 26.38 25.88 25.88-0.38 23.00 16.00 UnivFd
53 Z6 13 1368 20.69 20.25 20.50+0.06 19.44 14.25 UnvHR 1.84 f 40 5 11
74 17.81 17.44 17.56-0.13 7025 23 13 AUnvHlt 29 2606 72.00 68.38
70.75+2.63 62.75 36.63 UnMsM s 96 612 46.69 43.66 44.13-2.25 12.63 9.56
UnoRst 1.03 1 10 88 9.75 9.63 9.69 43.38 25.00 Unocal .80 2.4 16 8513
33.94 33.31 33.38 -01 16.13 6.81 Unova 16 698 7.69 7.38 7.50-0.13 37.75
11.94 UnumProv .59 2.7 dd 13388 22.13 21.25 21.69+0.50 25.13 20.88
UnumPr25 2.20 9.0 180 24.63 24.38 24.56+0.06 7. 5 4.00 UrbnShp 2.36 6.8
27 453 34.81 34.94-0.06 7 . 69 6 63 UrstdBid +70 10.1 1121 7.00 6.81
6.94-0.06 8.31 6.75 UrsBidA .78 10.8 11 21 7.50 7.25 7.25-0.25 956 7.69
UsIfeF .72 m 8.5 q32 8.50 8.44 8.50+0.06 24.94 15.19 UtiliCo 1.20 5.0
13 1718 24.00 23.75 23.81

V

38.13 20.94 VF Cp .88 3.8 8 1893 23.25 22.75 22.88-0.19 23.50 14.75
VailRsrt 36 86 18.50 18.25 18.38+0.13 46.50 25.25 Valassis 12 2998
29.94 28.50 28.88-1.06 29.88 26.63 ValDRio n - M 28.81 27.19 27.19-1.31
32.75 17.25 Valero

DayC10/ 302

.32 1.1 36 4530 31.06 29.88 30.13-1.06 13.69 10.19 Valhi .20 1.6
5335 12.94 12.81 12.81-0.19 27.00 20.13 VlyBcp 1.04 b 4.0 15 237 26.44
26.19 26.25 43.31 28.13 Valspar .52 1.8 15 545 29.75 28.69 29.50+0.75
19.50 7.94 ValueCty -9 733 9.00 8.75 9.00+0.31 14.38 11.81 VKAdvM .86
6.3 q 73 163 13.50 1 3.56+0.06 16.25 12.88 VKAdPA .96 6.5 q 39 15.00
14.75 14 75-0 19 17.69 15.56 VK Bond 1.40 8.2 q 71 17.13 17.00 1 7 13+0
06 15.06 12.75 VKCAV .84 5.7 q 92 14.75 14.63 1 4.75+0 13 16.94 13.25
VKCAQ .93 5.7 q 47 16.31 16.19 1 6.19-0. 15.56 13.13 VKFLQ .92 13.2 q
25 14.81 14.75 1 4 81 6.50 4.25 VKHiInct .62 11.5 q 273 5.38 5.3 1 5 38
+ 04 8.00 5.69 VKHInco .82 11.9 q 86 7.00 6.88 6.88-0.13 6.81 5.63
VKIncoTr .60 8.9 q 168 6.81 6.75 6.75-0.06 975 7.75 VKIGM .59 6.7 q 49
8.75 8.69 8.75-0.06 9.31 7.38 VKMIT .60 6+8 q 532 8.81 8.69 8.81+0.06
14.63 12.63 VKMOT .90 6.4 q 165 14.19 14.06 14.13+0.13 12.81 10.81
VKMOT2 .78 6.5 q 191 12.19 12.00 12.D6-0.06 1 4.75 12.13 VIMuTr .94 7.0
q 513 13.50 13.44 13.50 12.94 1 1.00 VKVaIMu .81 6.5 q 123 12.63 1 2 50
12.50-0.06 15.31 12.69 VKNYQ .90 6.3 q 19 14.56 14.31 1 4.38+0.06 14.13
12.06 VKNYV . 84 6.1 q 91 13.81 13.75 13.75 17.75 14.50 VKOHQ .95 5.8 q
30 16.50 16.38 1 6.38 16.50 13.69 VKPAQ 1 . 00 6.6 q 67 15.38 15.19 1
5.19-0.i 13.50 11.06 VKPAV .78 5.9 q 7 1131 13.25 13.25 9.44 7.88
VKSDnc .84 9.5 g 4512 9.00 8.88 8.88 12.75 10.38 VKStrS .76 6.3 q 246
12.06 11.88 12.00+0.19 15.69 13.56 VKTIM .96 6.5 q 117 14.81 14.75
14.81+0.06 1 6.75 13.13 VKTCA .99 6.9 q 43 16.75 16.69 16.69 16.44
13.31 VKTFL .93 6.2 q 24 15.00 15.00 15.00 OJ i 15.13 12.56 VKTIG . 97
6.9 q 232 14.13 14.00 14.06-0.06 16+56 13.75 VKTNJ .97 6.3 q 13 15.38
15.31 15.31 16.13 13.50 VKTNY 1.03 6.4 q 33 16.06 16.00 16.06 16.31
13.31 VKTPA .97 6.5 q 11 15.00 14.94 14.94 25.38 10.00 Varoo dd 1882
20.44 20.13 20.19-0.25 50.00 19.41 VadanMS 35 977 46.75 45.31
45.94+0.50 9215 31.25 Vastar .30 0.4 30 1294 82.75 82.63 82.75+0.13
20.50 10.63 VectorGp 1.00 b 5.0 33 488 20.50 19.94 20.06-0.31 21.38
15.75 Vectren n .97 5.1 17 435 19.19 18.94 19.00 16.50 5.00 Venator 17
14756 14.50 4.00 1 4.00-0.19 5.50 2.69 Ventas. 8 559 4.94 4.75 4.94
30.00 12.44 VedtDGC 0 506 26.69 26 00 26.69+0.38 69.50 39.06 VarizonCrn
cl 3 44371 44.50 43.38 43.63-0.56 7.88 3.44 Vestains .03 a 0.6 dd 728
5.13 4.94 6.00 13.38 11.63 VestSe 1.04 8.2 q 28 12.63 12.56 12.63 76.06
40.31 Viacom cc 1263 70.31 67.63 67.75-2.50 75.8839.81 ViacomB cc 36320
69.63 67.06 67.31-2.38 30.81 20.25 ViadCp .36 1.2 8 x1907 29.56 29.19
29.31 23.06 8.38 Viasyst n 2162 17.00 16.44 6.50-0.44 14.06 10.63
VidSanN n 1458 10.94 10.75 0.88+0.06 53.19 12.19 VimpelCm dd 499 28.88
28.31 28.38-0111 .5 .69 VinaCorc .61 a 1.7 96 36.00 36.75 35.94-0.31
25. 9.06 VilvtgPt 9 3364 22.1321.00 21.00-0.89 24. 22.19 1.68 7.1 42
23.63 23.63 23.63 23.25 19.63 .79 8.0 78 22.63 22.50 2250 62.63 13.25
40.50 38.00 40.31+1.31 19.25 11.94 Visteon n .06 p 24690 16.19 15.56
15.69-0.50 5.88 2.94 Vitro .29 a 9.1 143 3.19 3.19 3.19-0.06 8.31 1.50
Vlasic dd 1037 1.69 1.56 1.63 64.3835.88 Vodiftee It .23 9 0.6 50M
41.25 39.50 41.13+2.6 VoltInf 17 161 34.19 33.69 33.81-0 . 31 40.75
29.69 Vomdo 1.92 5.2 18 3338 37.50 37.00 37.00-0.19 23.25 13.69
Votomtrn n .43e2.1 146 20.31 20.00 20.13-0.19 48.88 34.31 VulcanM .84f
1.9 18 1810 44.44 43.50 44.31+0.75

W

33.75 28.50 WBK ST n 3.14 9.5 482 33.19 32.81 33.19+0.38 10.38 3.31
WHX Cp 7 127 3.81 3.75 3.81+0.06 23.38 14.88 WK4C Ltd .74eS.9 15 19.00
18.75 19.00+0.13 18.38 7.38 WMS 17 1262 16.88 16.00 16A-0.81

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

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20.00 15.63 WIP Carey 1.69 9.8 dd 92 17.44 17.31 17.31 32.25 22.63
WPS Res 2.06 16.9 13 292 30.31 29.94 30.06-0.13 22.50 9.75 Wabash .16

1.4 7 1242 11.13 10.88 11.13 - 20.75 8.44 Wabtec .04 0.4 12 417 10.59
10.31 10.38-0.19 88.88 53.56 Wachovia 2.40 14.2 13 4288 57.75 56.75
57.31+1.13 24.94 12.38 WackhA 11 367 14.25 13.94 14.19+0.06 20.06 7.75
WackhB 63 230 10.13 9.81 10.13+0.19 6.25 WackCor 9 358 9.13 8.88
9.06+0.13 38.50 13.50 Waddell s.35 1.0 29 3801 35.63 34.88 34.88-0.06
36.00 13.25 Wadd B a .35 1.0 416 33.75 33.06 33.63-0.06 70.25 43.44
WalMart .24 0.5 37 121599 48.75 47.13 48.00- 0.19 36.00 21.94 Walgm .14
10.4 48 22575 33.75 32.69 32.88-0.69 22.94 8.66 WallCS .66 5.7 17 3980
11.6310.00 111.63+11.311 13.69 7.25 Waltefind .12 1.5 old 289 8.38 7.81
8.25 22.75 3.94 Wamaco .36 7.2 25 2254 5.00 4.88 5.00 29.44 21.75
WashGs 1.24 4.9 17 481 25.88 25.19 25.31-0.38 9.50 4.69 Washl-Im 6 409
9.31 9.00 9.00-0.38 37.00 21.63 WA Mutl 1. 16 13.3 10 44573 35.38 3188
35.00+1.13 587.00 467.25 WshPst 5.40 1.1 28 53 512.75 509.00 509.00-
3.50 19.75 13.81 WRIT 1.25 6.5 17 425 19.19 18.94 19.19+019 22.75 13.00
WsteMInc .04 0.2 old 28W 19.31 18.94 18.94-0.13 10.50 5.88 WaterPk n 8
458 8.88 8.38 8.75+U0 3.94 1.69 Waterfink dd 229 2.56 2.31 2.31-0.13
85.00 187 16.38 8.31 Watsco .10 0.8 12 287 12.88 12.56 12.75+0. 61.69
26.50 AWatsnPh 17 8347 62.38 60.25 61.88+11.75 15.75 9.69 Wattsind a
.24 2.1 10 x1159 11.25 10.88 11.25+0.38 14.63 8.44 Waus-M .34 3.8 12
1086 9.00 8.88 8.88-0.13 49.69 18.88 WeathInt a dd 6154 48.00 46.75
46.94-0.75 24.94 12.00 Webbl 6 1636 22.50 20.75 22.311+11-63 4.94 2.63
Weider .04 1.0 cc 618 4.06 3.94 4.06+0.13 42.50 34.56 WeinRl 3.00 7.4
14 311 40.63 40.31 40.50+0.13 11.00 1.94 Weirt old 2447 3.31 3.13 3.19
45.25 32.00 WeisMk 1.08 f 3.2 18 122 34.31 33.88 34.00+0.31 24.00 11.81
Wellmn .36 3.0 37 1333 12.31 11.94 12.06 92.31 48.25 WellptHlt 18 4135
87.06 84.38 86.31+1.94
49.94 31.00 WellsFrigo .88 2.0 18 44463 .44 43.19 43.31-0.19 28.88
14.00 Wendys .24 1.3 16 3891 19.06 18.75 18.88-0.25 1744 550 Wescol 11
224 9.00 8.81 8.94 2500 2238 WPen25 2.00 8.1 67 24.63 24.25 24.63+0.13
39.31 19.63 WestPhrm 72t 3.5 9 240 20.88 20.63 20.81+0.06 19 75 1350
WstctE g 1.28 104 19.31 194 19.19-0.13 863 600 WcstHosp 11 4 6.31 6.31
6.31 -1.63 10 00 Westep .40 f 3. 9 13 -0-06 6.31 13 13.06 8.81 2.75
WDigitl 25 5.75 5.88+0.06 23.50 10.63 WstnGR .20 0.9 56 2058 22.19
21.25 21.94+0.69 24.50 14.69 WsInRes 1.20 6.0 25 7529 20.13 19.38
20.00+0.38 15.50 12.00 Westfield 1.48 9.9 359 15.00 14.81 14.94 37.00
29.38 Westpac. 1.51 a 4.1 18 82 36.63 36.38 36.44-0.13 23.00 8.38
WstpntSW .08 a 0.6 old 854 14.19 13.56 14.06+0.50 34.75 24.44 Westvaco
.88 3.2 13 3337 28.13 27.38 27.38+0.D6 40 38 18 38 WstwOne a 87 1519
28.56 27.31 27.81-0.81 74.50 42.00 Weyerh 1.60 3.5 12 6643 46.88 45.50
46.31+1.25 74 63 31 50 Whdpl 1.36 3.6 6 10855 38.75 37.06 38.00+0.13
168.DD 101.56 WhtMtIns 1.60 1.0 dd 12 163.00 162.75 163.00 27.75 7.13
Whitehall a 8 309 9.13 8.94 9.00 17.19 10.38 Whitmn .04 0.3 29 1593
13.63 13.00 13.19-0.38 26.00 13.75 WileyJA .1610.8 25 190 20.38 19.88
19.88-0.50 5 .1610.8 25 34 20.00 19.75 19.88-0.63 48.69 27.19 Willamt
.84 2.8 12 2415 30.88 29.75 K50+0.69 7.63 4.13 Willbros dd 296 7.00
6.63 7.00-0.06 9.88 3.00 WLYonHm 2 111 6.56 6.25 6.56+0.31 9.44 5.88
WilmCS 1.23e 14A 4 208 9.00 8.63 8.75-0.06 61.81 23.25 WmsCom n dd 6026
29.75 28.13 29.38+1.19 49.75 28.00 Williams .60 1.3 38 8584 46.50 45.13
46.06+0.33 60.31 17.13 WfnsSon 31 7611 37.60 35.63 35.94-1.75 56.50
40.56 WilmTr 1.80 3.6 15 1248 50.63 48.94 50.38+1.13 36.50 13.5WinDix
1.02 7.3 30 5116 14.19 13.44 13.94+0.38 28.25 12.06 Winnbg .20 1.6 6
223 12.94 12.72 12.81 9.00 7.06 Winstonl-I 1.12 12.9 36 219 8.69 8.63
DayC10/ 304
8.69+0.06 2525 16.81 WiscEn 1.56 7.3 13 2858 21.38 21.00 21.25+0.38
4.88 2.00 WiserC .12 3.1 dd 494 409 3.88 3.88-0.06 1 8.75 11.38 WolvTub
29 17.00 16.44 16.63+0.25 13.50 9.00 WoIWW .14 1.3 10 1861 10.94 10.38
10.94+0.56 11 63 575 WldFuel .20 2.6 8 120 7.88 7.69 7.69+0.06 1838 175
MdPages old 989 4.19 3.88 4.19+0.19 2.75 0.13 Mdtex old 689 0.31 0.31

0.31 625 4.75ANdWDir .59 9.3 q 233 6.31 6.25 6.31+0.13 17.69 9.94
Worthgtn .64 16.1 10 1777 10.44 10.06 10.44+0.44 84.50 59.88 Wrigley
1.40 1.9 27 1744 75.00 74.00 74.06-0.81 3.94 1.69 Wyndham dd 740 2.13
2.06 2.06

XYZ

72.38 39.00 XL Cap 1.76 2.6 18 4001 69.94 66.88 68.94+2.25 26.69
16.13 XcelEngy 1.50 6.0 14 15139 25.25 24.75 25.06+0.31 50.13 14.56
Xerox .80 5.0 23 45773 16.75 16.00 16.D6-0.38 41.0 U JUJU XIRA 9 49
44.50 44.25 44.38+0.19 26.94 12.38 YankCch 28 1619 20.56 19.60 19.69-
0.86 Yanzhou .58 a 4.0 88 14.63 13.94 14.63+0.63 43.31 18.13 Yorkin .60
2.4 11 14764 24.88 22.00 24.88+0.81 23.75 16.81 YorkCap 2.02 9.1 77
22.56 22.31 22.31-0.19 73.2637.13 YngRubi .10 0.2 26 7196 68.76 58.13
58.50+3.13 51.75 32.06 ZaleCp 12 3513 37.38 36.38 36.94-0.06 6.94 2.94
Zapata dd 219 3.19 3.13 3.13 10.00 6.75 Zemex 27 98 7.75 7.25 7.63+0.38
2434 18.75 ZenNtl 1.66 dd 44 23.25 23.13 23.19-0.06 5.81 4.31 Zenix .65
12.5 q 190 5.19 5.13 5.19+0.06 13.75 5.25 ZiffDavis a old 1704 11.50
11.00 11.00-0.45 34.56 8.88 ZDnet dd 1148 20.06 19.38 19.50-0.75 11.06
9.06 Zweig q 981 10.31 10.19 10.25+0.06 8.50 6.13 ZweigTl .84 12.1 q
1020 7.06 6.94 6.94-0.06

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MARKET

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg Continued From
Preceding Page

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg 8.38 300 CobraEl 7
252 6.56 5.88 6.19-0.19 59.13 36.50 CocaBl 1.6b 11 58 27 4100 40.00
40.06 69.00 33.50 Coflexjp .55 e 0.9 1208 62.38 58.75 59.41-1.72
73.1326.13 Cognex 34 6495 41.25 38.13 40.00-0.61 45.1 3 11 721 Cgnlc- g
c 7 15.94 15.50 15.50+0.31 . 5 74.50 0 h c63 269 44.69 42.25 42.75-0.56
W.50 9.75 Cognos gs 64 3784 43.44 42.06 43.19+1.13 107.38 17 88
Coherent 66 1660 82.00 77.50 80.50+1.25 17.00 5 25 CohsnTc 11 741 10.94
10.44 10.75+0.25 15.81 9.3BACohoesB .28 1.8 21 491 16.00 15.69
16.00+0.25 61.75 15.63 Cohu s .20 1.0 10 1879 21.25 20.25 20.50+0.13
25.31 6.69 Coinstar dd 625 11.75 11.44 11.50-0.25 3B.50 14.50 21 234
33.19 32.00 32.00-1.00 31A 7.63 C nex dd 105 9.75 9.47 9.75 50.13 13.88
ColiTh dd 830 28.88 28.19 28.25-0.25 10.38 2.31 CltctUnv n 111 3M 3.50
3.50 7.19 3.00 Collins .7 6 131 4.00 3.63 3.75-0.25 18.25 10.75 ColoBus
.24f 1.6 1888 15.44 15.13 15.44+0.19 19.63 3.28 ColoMED 44 9091 8.94
8.19 8.88+0.69 36.81177.19 CoRTl did 4006 138.3 123.09 135.50+1925
13.63 8.25 ColurnBc .36 3.6 12 14 10.06 9.88 9.88 8.25 5.50 Col .28 4.5
9 10 6.34 6.16 6.16 15.63 10.00 ColBnkg 1.25t 11 325 14.00 13.88
14.00+0.13 15.60 7.75 CokjFnKy .28 3.2 27 462 8.75 8.60 8.75+0.75 43A
13.88 ColSprt 26 1200 41.13 40.63 40.88- 0.06 1925 9.75 Colmbus .28 1.9
13 73 15.06 14.63 14.63-0.25 84.00 10.38 Com21 dd 3942 17.06 16.38
16.63+0.25 50.50 17.00 Conirco 51 1174 35.06 30.50 31.50+0.50 R63 27.94
Comcast cc 619 36.94 36.13 36.69-0.31 67.69 27.88 Conic sp cc 19533
37.38 36.56 37.25 23.50 1.81 Corridial 38 504 2.44 2.28 2.28-0.03 43.00
25.13 Comitilli n .72 2.7 12 7 2625 25.50 26.2S+1.13 6850 12.38 COMTch
dd 11M 22.26 26.31 22.00+1. 6.06 1.25 CmndSys dd 15 2.31 2.31 2.31
41.50 26.38 CrncBMO .62 1.7 13 615 36.56 35.88 36.00-0.06 165.50 7.13
ComOne s dd 172784 65.06 60.00 62.53-0.72 14.13 9.50 NY .34 2.8 726
12.88 12.00 12.D0-0.5 22.88 16.63 CmdBsh .72 4.0 12 5 18.19 18.19
18.19+0.19 21.25 13.25 CnidNat .68 4.3 12 27 16.00 15.00 16.00+0.25
5.81 0.75 CmHldgs 3 8 1.00 0.94 0.94-0.06 18.75 11.25 CwlthBcp .44 3.1
11 632 14.69 13.88 14.38-0.38 16.75 3.31 Cmwind .20 4.0 11 825 5.50
5.06 5.06-0.06 61.88 36.06 CmnwtT 47 425 40.63 38.38 38.63-0.50 24.00

10.25 ComSys .40 2.3 17 440 17.13 16.81 17.13+0.06 8.13 4.88
CmtyBcp.36t 16 9 6.75 6 50 675+0 13 23.25 16.25 CmtyBsh .80 f 4.4 8 6
18.38 8 38 1838+0 63 13.06 7.25 CmFnIL .25 2.6 18 224 10.00 8.94
9.50+0.44 24.00 13.50 CmtyFst .69 3.8 22 18 18.00 8.00 18.00+0.13 21.38
12.31 CornFBk .60 3.3 12 2873 18.06 17.81 18.00+0.13 20.88 13.13
GmtyTrBc .76 b 4.9 8 77 15.56 5.44 15.44-0.06 17.00 4.50 CmtyWest .04
dd 210 6.50 6.25 6.25+0.13 28.31 15.50 CompsBc .88 4.8 9 4644 18.56
18.13 18.25+0.25 27.63 7.75 ComplTI n 7226 8.56 8.13 8.50-0.13 28.00
11.25 CmplBusn dd 1678 14.00 13.50 13.50-0.50 12.75 5.50 CmpDyn 14 14
7.63 7.63 7.63 7.69 1.3B Crnporn 70 959 3.56 3.41 3.50 49.13 18.00
CompCrd 20 2414 40.25 38.88 39.63+0.63 14.00 10.06-Compon n 5516 16.06
13.19 15.75+2.63 27.13 9.38 CmptHz dd 3551 9.75 9.44 9.56+0.02 4.81
0.56 CptrLrn dd 1133 1.69 1.41 1.44-0.25 14.38 5.88 CmpMtn dd 195 9.75
9.13 9.25+0.13 27.63 7.38 CptNwk cc 1262 20.56 19.69 20.00-0.38 40.00
7.50 Compume 14 117969 11.00 10.25 10.56+0.56 .875 2.69 Conishr 59 350
5.00 4.69 4.75+0.06 29.50 8.63

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Conitech 19 415 18.00 16.38 17.75+0.50 123A 38.13 Comma a 76 31136
92.25 87.00 91.94 +4.38 115.25 3.63.ConceptsD dd 1 3.56 3.56 3.56-0.19
9.75 1.00 Concepts dd 939 9.13 8.75 9.00+0.19 54.50 3.88 Concero 29
1148 8.38 7.94 8.25 30.00 4.13 CodCan s 27 2302 22.00 21.19 22.00+0.75
66.00 20.25 CnordCorn 32 615 24.63 23.50 24.00-0.63 33.50 15.31 ConceFS
s 43 11425 a2.56 31.13 32.13+1.00 38.63 3.00 ConcurTch dd 4156 3.44
3.00 3.06-0.19 27.25 5.50 ConcCm dd 21082 19.81 17.00 17.13-2.13 25.00
16.00 ConestEn .84 4.2 51 22 20.00 20.00 20.00 132226.60 Conell nt s dd
38831 37.941 35.94 37.19+11.69 32.00 12.00 Conmed 8 1744 14.25 13.13
13.50+0.31 17.50 9.38 ConnBnc n 215 17.38 17.25 17.38 37.00 25.50
ConnWtr 1.20 f 4.2 18 71 29.50 28.06 28.50-1.00 20.50 4.06 Connetics dd
6661 18.25 17.25 17.81-0.19 9.75 2.88 Conradind 53 101 9.69 9.50 9.50
12.25 4.00 Cn FrtC n dd 878 4.75 4.56 4.58+0.01 8.25 6.00 ConsorWtr 10
63 7.38 6.94 6.94-0.06 2.94 0.44 ConPort dd 111 1.81 1.69 1.75 18.13
1.38 CntnwsS n dd 378 2.50 2.25 2.25-0.13 18.75 3.00 Corvrgntn 11 4.1
3.94 3.97-0.03 7.75 4.60 ConvOrp 7.63 5.63 6.00+1.14 7.13 2.50 Coolsav
n 44 3.44 3.25 3.44+0.13 13.00 8.00 CoopBk .20 2.2 11 6 9.13 9.13-
0.38 50.00 14.75 CoorsTk n 17 496 47.81 45.25 46.86+2.06 25.88 7.00
Copart s 34 1615 17.19 16.44 16.94 126.00 35.25 CopMntn 95 43998 62.88
58.25 59.94 -1.6b 4.16 0.72 Copytele dd 2967 1.75 1.56 1.59+0.06 63.00
8.50 CarTher a 12184 58.00 9.75 4.38 Core Inc cc 230 6.63 6.00 6.00 -
it 38 52.75 11.06 CoieCorn s 18.57 12.69 11.63 11.94-0.31 400 2.81
CorelCp dd 7149 3.63 3.44 3.50+0.09 32.81 6.88 Corillian n 314 7.94
7.44 7.81-0.13 50.00 15.50ACorinthC 363601 57.50 49AT 64.00+5.00 21.75
9.75 n 3436 13.50 12.44 12.94-0.19 72.00 11.00 CorixaCp dd 1232 53.6131
50.06 51.19+1.06 74.00 33CorpExc 96 569 74.75 71.00 71.00-1Z9 7.75 2.78
CoffeGSv 6 874 3.88 3.50 3.88+0.19 34.63 5.06 Comadr 149831 12.50 10.50
11.00-1.44 11.25 5.44 Cortech 16 12 7.361 7.38 7.38+0.13 34.25 20.25
CorusBk .60 1.8 10 63 33.75 33.00 33.00-0.06 18.06 2.00 Corvas dd 3516
16.13 15.38 15.94+0.31 29.69 16.94 Corvel 18 129 27.56 27.00 27.00-0.38
114.75 73.00 CorvWp n 51810 106.00 88.44 103.81 +1546 40.50 15.02
CostPlus s 35 757 34.00 32.38 33.63+0.56 6.00 1.25 CstULss dd 44 1.88
1.56 1.63 60.50 25.94 Costco s 27 39083 35.88 34.00 34.44-1.19 7.25
3.25 Cott Cp 608 5.19 5.00 5.00-0.06 52.25 11.63 CftrPhr dd 2144 31.38
29.81 31.31+1.19 14.50 1.44 Counsi g t 327 3.13 2.94 2.94-0.06 30.75
21.25 Courier .06 1.7 9 60 28.50 28.25 28.25-0.25 66.88 13.31 CovadCrn
s dd 52890 16.88 16.13 16.31+0.19 18.25 7.56 Covenant 9 113 10.50 10.00
10.50 17.88 5.00 Coventry 20 1971 16.75 15.75 16.00-0.25 14.94 8.50
CoVstBc .32 2.7 11 107 11.75 11.38 11.75+0.38 4.75 0.50 CovoTech dd 807
3.25 2.81 3.06+0.06 9.69 4.00 Crftmde .16f2.0 12 86 7.94 7.88 7.94+0.13
12.00 2.88 Crayi c 12582 6.00 5.13 5.91+0.66 166.00 3.75 Crayfish n

14938 8.06 5.41 6.88+1.38 38.81 9.63 CreTcLtd .25 a 1.1 11 528 2.2.25
21.13 22.00+0 79.38 19.00 CredSys s 42 5370 59.17 57.88 58.56+0.31 6.81
3.00 CrdAcp dd 119 6.25 6.00 6.00-0.25 14.50 3.63 CrecUng dd 1172 5.75
4.88 5.63+0.50 202.00 31.56 Cree Inc cc 13688 142.44 136.50 137.75-1.61
62.00 15.63 CreoPrd dd 246 28.56 28.31 28.38-0.19 21.00 17.44 CresPh
.49 e 2.4 dd x22 20.75 20.38 20.38+0.50 11.06 7.88 Cresud .92e 110 142
9.00 8.38 8.38-0.25 119.50 26.00 CfitPath dd 14974 79.38 72.00 77.25-
0.50 7.25 1.75 re dd 368 3.03 2.88 3.00+0.13 15.63 3.50 CrssKys n 546
13.50 13.00 13.25+0.25 25.75 14.14 Crossmn 5 35 18.38 18.25 18.31+0.06
202.25 4.25 Crssrds n dd 21801 12.63 10.63 11.25-0.63 10.50 1.44 Ik n
dd 548 2.25 1.75 2.06-0.06 15.00 12.94.CrswvC n 1897 13.19 12.75
12.94-0.03 25.25 8.50 CrasWdd n 1715 22.81 21.63 22.00+0.13 9.19 3.88
CmnAn dd 104 4.25 4.00

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4.25+0.06 44.75 14.69 CmnCab dd 6740 35.50 33.81 34.69-0.63 6.00
3.88 CmnGrp 3 101 5.13 5.00 5.D9+0.09 18.13 10.00 CrwnMd n 2128 16.06
15.44 16.06+0.69 4.75 0.38 CmnRs dd 356 0.56 0.47 0.56+0.06 10.25 5.75
Cruslild .50 t 5 100 8.25 7.94 8.22+0.03 42.00 15.50 Crypflgc n 123
22.56 22.31 22.31-0.56 23.00 7.38 CrySys 17 321 8.81 845 8.63-0.06
71.50 7.38 CubistPh dd 4151 63.00 60.44 61.13+0.31 55.44 7.06 CurnMed
dd 920 7.56 7.38 7.38+0.06 12125 5.00 CtersGen s dd 6M 48.00 41.60
44.38+3.38 9.38 4.13 CurHlth 8 187 5.25 5.00 5.13+0.03 2725 13.88 Cufis
n 4344 20.69 20.00 20.31+0.13 17.75 6.31 CutterB13 2748 13.94 13.38
13.50 4.50 0.50 Cyanotc dd 2333 1.81 1.63 1.78+0.03 12.25 2.19 Cybear
dd 165 2.94 2.69 2.75 60.38 9.88 CybrOpt s 51 2241 29.25 27.98
29.00+1.69 16.00 3.63 CybrCsh dd 1149 5.81 5.38 5.44-0.19 40.00 0.94
CyberCare dd 9283 6.50 5.75 5.94-0.06 15.94 3.06 CybrOtp dd 3651 3.88
3.39 3.75+0.31 29.75 11.56 Cyberom dd 1027 16.63 15.50 16.44+0.50 70.60
6.69 CybrSree 8521 13.00 9.69 12.38+2.81 20.88 7.00 Cygnus dd 2346
12.56 11.88 12.19+0.13 22.75 6.25 Cylink dd 421 14.44 13.75 14.25+0.38
67.0026.19 Cyffm 37 7144 47.94 44.19 45.94+1.81 29.94 3.09 CyprCorn n
dd 2702 5.47 5.16 5.25+0.13 13.63 3.88 Cyrk cc 560 4.56 4.03 4.56+0.44
63.00 7.38 Cysive s 21 5179 8.75 8.25 8.31-0.19 19.00 4.13 CytoPh dd
1207 10.13 9.13 9.56+0.19 21.81 1.38 Cytogn dd 8585 9.25 8.75 8.88+0.13
6.44 0.75 CytRx 1 703 1.31 1.00 1.13-0.13 70.44 14.63 Cytyc s 88 7668
50.00 46.26 46.63+2.94

D

24.38 7.50 DK Hitcr 8 219 14.25 13.50 13.94+0.75 6.31 1.19 DA Cons
dd 414 1.75 1.50 1.75+0.19 41.13 9.50 DD4 n 719 38.13 35.13 38.13+2.38
52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

13.50 5.81 DECS IV n.91 11.4 1266 838 7.19 8.00+0.13 38.13 15.98

DECS

V 1.39 4.6 39 30 5 30.00 30.00-1.63 91.0034.63 DECS TrVI 2.46 3.6
669 69.00 64 00 69.00+8.0 5.69 1 DGJewI n 6 10 1.38 138 1.38 49.00 11
2.8 DMC Strtx 88 7166 25.75 260 25.56 + 0. b 4 . 8.63 11.69 DSET Cp 37
2428 27.66 26.36 27.06+11.56 10.50 4.00 DSG Int 8 363 5.06 5.00
5.06+0.06 32.56 2.41 DSL.net n dd a2230 6.69 6.00 6.13-0.53 74.50 18.38
DSP Gp a 17 5155 46.75 46.06 46.25+0.13 37.88 12.38 dd 438 29.88 29.13
29.31-0 38 15.50 5.00 Daisytex s 28 2562 7.00 6.63 6.88-0.13 18.25 638
Daktron s 20 537 14.00 13.31 14.00+1.56 55.00 938 Daleent n dd 533
15.06 14.88 15.00-0.38 48.63 7.75 dd 2289 16.13 15.50 15.58-0.23 14.13
1.75 Danka dd 8280 1.88 1.63 1.63-0.19 5.75 134 DaouSys dd 576 2.13
2.00 2.00-0.13 121.19 36.63 Dassault .25 e 0.3 9 89.00 87.00 89.00+2.50
14.50 3.38 DtBdcst dd 1513 4.00 3.81 4.00+0.03 50.75 5.50 DataCrit n
did 379 9.06 8.81 9.00+0.13 7.56 1.13 DtaDimm dd 335 1.38 1.28
1.38+0.06 7.19 1.06 Data 10 dd 21 4.25 4.00 4.06-0.06 10.63 4.63
DataFlesh .12 1.8 14 10 6.75 6.63 6.63 94.25 13.25 DataRet n dd 4202

21.50 19.13 19.92+0.61 7.56 2.19 DataSyst dd 314 5.00 4.88 5.00+0.13
 36.50 10.56 Datalink 33 1616 16.75 16.56 15.66-1.19 44.63 3.50 Datalink
 s dd 1582 15.69 14.94 15.50+0.56 47.50 6.38 Datarem s 35 2609 33.13 ROO
 32.63+1.25 42.6029.75 Dabscpe .16 0.5 17 260 37.88 35.13 35.25-2.00
 47.50 7.13 Datastr dd 1247 9.63 8.69 9.13+0.38 19.00 2.06 Datatec dd
 2666 4.94 4.00 4.81+0 69 18.50 1.56 Dataware dd 212 4.06 3.94 4.00+0.06
 7.44 0.63 Dtawtch dd 95 1.81 1.75 1.81+0.06 8.88 0.88 DataRce dd 2724
 5.88 5.50 5.81 25.81 5.05 Datron 19 417 16.25 14.20 14.44-0.56 40.94
 6.00 Datum cc 1460 40.00 36.50 39.94+1.44 39.00 7.75 Davox 15 528 12.69
 12.06 12.63+0.50 3.81 0.44 Daw Tch dd 574 1.38 1.25 1.31+0.06 11.75
 7.66 Dawson did 71 10.13 10.00 10.13+0.25 9.00 4.25 DrbmBn n - 17 39
 DayC11/ 308
 7.00 6.88 6.94+0.06 24.50 8.50 DebShp .20 1.8 7 616 11.50 11.25
 11.41-0.16 6.50 2.50 DeckOut 9 273 6.25 5.38 5.44-0.44 31.50 22.00
 DecdGen n 1329 28.13 27.38 27.63+0.13 8.80 5.75 Decoma .24f 17 7.44
 7.38 7.44+0.06 10 75 7.19 DelGlobaJ 11 48 9.38 9.09 9.31 64 .00 8.38
 DelanoT n 359 10.44 10.13 10.13-0.19 1363 1.88 Delias dd 895 2.56 2.44
 2.50 59.75 34.88 DellCptr 65 626144 .06 40.00 43.631+3.69 17.75 13.63
 DellNG 1.14 6.8 12 15 16.94 16.75 16.75 27.50 14.94 Deftagen n 8042
 32.00 26.38 28.98+2.75 6238 5.75 ditaThr n dd 1363 7.00 6.38 6.38-0.06
 21.00 5.75 DeltekS 9 584 7.50 6 88 7.44+0.31 24.75 9.25 Dndreon n 1
 1626 20.50 19.25 20.50+0.50 39.00 14.00 DwKke s 46 7432 27.00 25.44
 26.66+11.13 15.00 8.50 Denison 16 300 13.63 13.56 13.63 17.69 1.91
 DnsePc 36 6949 7.13 6.50-6.50 0.611 37.38 20.50 Dentsply .25 0.7 18
 4771 35.63 32.88 33.38+0.75 91.61 3.14 DescSys dd 2410 47.25 46.13
 46.31-0.19 26.50 16.00 Down n .18 0.8 6 22.75 22.13 22.13+1.00 2.69
 1.03 Designs dd 490 2.25 2.06 2.19-0.19 18.50 10.44 Deswell n .88 e 5.5
 8 55 16.13 1.50 16.00+0.06 15.50 8.31 DetSys 23 187 9.25 9.06 9.13-0.19
 7.50 2.88 Devcon 399 7.13 6.75 7.13+0.44 19.69 3.75 Diacdn n dd 548
 9.50 8.63 9.06-0.06 5638 34.69 DiGSerm n 7 49.00 48.25 49.00-1.00 13.50
 3.88 Diametric dd 378 7.13 10064 69.13 63.00 63 19
 40.00 9.11 GADlsnon 65 1396 .75 40.00 .76+5.25 20.88 9.63 DClark
 1.38t 26 84 11.00 10.25 11.00-0.25 5.69 1.31 Diedrich dd 209 1.88 1.63
 1.81 50.50 11.25 DigeneCp dd 393 41.13 39.50 39.81-0.26 185.00 21.19
 Digex dd 5647 86.13 84.50 84.69-1.38 17.76 4.63 Diglint dd 1988 7.75
 6.50 7.75+11.06 88.00 13.13 Digimrc n dd 1768 15.00 14.13 15.00+0.25
 19.69 2.27 DigitBio 55 487 5.06 4.75 4 14.50 3.38 DigCourier dd 593
 4.38 4.00 4.28+0.28 10.50 3.13 DigtlGen dd 184 6.44 6.00 6.06+0.06 dd
 849 10.75 9.53 9. - 7 86.00 19.00 DgInsght n dd 1990 26.63 25.13 26.50+
 15694 15.50 Digisid dd 29557 32.13 29.13 29.69-0.63 150A 6.00 DigLght
 cc 10626 88.63 94.50 87.75 +5.25 43.63 5.38 DigRiver dd 2896 7.06 6.81
 6.88-0.13 62.00 15.00 DgTtmk n dd 7163 34.75 31.76 34.06+11.69 40.00
 10.00 Digites. n 3523 15.75 13.63 13.75-0.75 22.31 13.13 DimeCBcs .76
 13.8 11 212 20.25 19.75 20.13+0.25 34.25 3.88 Diodes s 1 7 1 731 22.00
 19.75 21.38-0.13 48.75 21.41 Dionex 20 478 30.00 28.13 29.50+1.19 38.63
 11.00 DirFocus s 15 MIS 31.00 28.50 29.94+11.69 21.38 17.38 OlscPart In
 1592 21.00 19.88 20.88+1.00 5.00 1.38 DisplayTc .21 t 8 331 2.20 2.06
 2.13-0.06 140.19 24.26 DitechCo s 40 6496 60.00 54.63 59.00+4.50 169.19
 15.56 Diverse n 2448 28.88 27.25 28.50+075 12.44 6.25 DivinVnt n 3050
 9.38 8.31 9.06 +.56 7 3.50 DixieGrp 7655 4.00 3.56 4.00+0.19 30. 16.88
 DbanCm n dd 513 21 B9 21.19 21.56+0.13 14.25 Docdata 2 5.88 5.88 5.88-
 0.13 3 3.25 DocuCp 24 177 3.88 3.75 3.81 6.25 1.31 DocuSci 11 11 1.81
 1.78 1.78+0.03 106.00 14.13 Documnt cc 2811 75.50 70.25 71.56-0.06
 48.2520.88 DoflrTree s 39 TM 43.75 40.38 40.55-3.ig 7.53 5.25 DominHm 5
 121 6.88 6.75 6.88+0.13 15.50 8.63 DoralFin .05 2.7 9 410 14.94 14.72
 14.88+0.06 15.50 8.75 DrchHu .72 a 5.0 13 56 14.50 14.38 14.38-0.25 -
 .50 1526 Dorellad 10 10 18.88 18.81 18.81-0.88 136.25 27.56 DoreCick dd
 28654 43.13 39.13 40.69-1.38 4.63 0.97 g 1610 3.09 2.91 2.97+0.03 U94

13.56 DresB 12 213 21.38 20.69 21.31 -0.26 20.00 6.50 DMdr 32 367 18.88
17.81 18.69+0.69 27.00 14.00 DreyarG .12 0.6 31 956 22.63 20.13 2dd
40060 1.72 1.34 k 20.13 0.66 DrKoop 16 2150 12.50 DroversBc .52 b 3.5
14 3 14.88 14.88 14.88 - 7.88 0.50 DrugE dd 362 1.25 1.06 1.19-0.03
66.00 4.69 Drugstre dd 1169 6.31 5.94 6.13+0.13 81.2540.56 DuPontP 47
1344 76.50 73.75 75A + 1.88 12.75 3.00 DualStar dd 1298 3.38 3.06 3.22
+0.03 10.13 5.63 Duckwall 7 111 9.81 9.50 9.63+0.25 6.00 0.75 DunnCm dd
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1069 1.34 1.19 1.28-0.09 29.06 9.88 DuraAto 3 1303 11.13 10.50
10.75-0.19 2B.50 11.00 DuraPh 34 9218 28.25 27.38 27.56+0.06 1.00 0.19
DuraPh wt 32 0.75 0.63 0.75+0.13 13.44 4.25 Duramed dd 1057 6.94 6.56
6.75-0.16 2.88 0.91 DurbanRo 5205 1.16 1.09 1.16+0.06 4.44 2.00 DwyerGp
10 43 2.50 2.38 2.38 31.50 Dy&xCp n 2216 36.00 31.00 36.00 + 5.00 15.00
3.88 Dynaoq s 11 146 9.13 8.94 8.94-0.19 3.91 0.88 DynHlth 1123 1.50
1.25 1.31+0.09 9.50 3.50 DynRsh dd 14 7.63 7.44 7.44-0.19

E

8.56 1.00 EComVnt 1203 1.34 1.13 1.19-0.06 40M 13.13 ETrade dd 23357
18.50 17.69 17.75-0.25 39.00 5.31 E-SIM Ltd dd 420 9.56 8.50 8.94+0.19
44.88 0.75 EStamp n dd 163271.69 1.44 1.50-0.38 39.00 3.00 E-loan dd
821 3.59 3.38 3.47+0.03 16.81 3.00 e.spire dd 2813 4D6 3.97 4.06+0.03
Q.00 3.06 eBT Intl dd 2357 6.31 5.88 6.06+0.19 127.50 43.50 eBayInc s
cc 16927 62.88 61.13 62.00+0.94 25.00 2.25 ECCS dd 263 4.00 3.50 3.69-
0.06 39.88 23.75 ECI Tel .20 0.6 13 7324 32.25 31.27 31.38-0.19 3.13
0.63 EDP TM dd 505 1.25 1.03 1.03- 0.09 4.00 1.50 EFTC Cp dd 941 3.00
2.56 2.63-0.25 49.00 20.38 EGL Inc s 34 5475 36.13 34.69 35.94+1.06
15.25 1.19 eGlobe dd 5153 2.19 2.00 2.09-0.09 15.00 8.00 ELXSI 3 77
11.50 11.06 11.50+0.25 10.81 1.55 eLotinc dd 1753 1.88 1.75 1.81+0.09
11.06 6.81 EMC In .60 6.2 cc 13 9.63 9.25 9.63+0.38 13.94 1.25 EMCEE
dd38 3.75 3.56 3.75+0.13 28.13 16.81 EMCOR n 9218 24.25 23.19
24.20+0.58 30.00 6.63 EMS Tch 48 288 18.13 17.06 17.19+0.19 8.25 2.72
EP Med dd 52 4.13 3.75 4.13+0.50 15.38 9.00 EFIQ Sys 46 23 13.50 13.25
13.25- 0.25 74.63 7.75 oPlusinc 21 374 19.88 18.38 19.56-0.31 40.56
6.06 ePresence 5 1011 7.72 7.34 7.50 -0.06 12.50 8.38 ESB Fncl .40 f
4.0 9 57 10.13 10.06 10.06- 0.06 19.88 3.69 ESCMed dd 1924 19.63 19.00
19.38-0.19 13.63 2.50 ESG Re .32 11.0 dd 288 2.94 2.91 2.91 2006 2.44
ESPS Inc 251 2.94 2.88 2.94-0.06 27.00 10.50 ESSTech n 22 1583 17.75
16.63 17.31+0.50 2913 3.13 eShareCm dd 234 4.06 3.75 4.00-0.06 15.00
7.88-EXE Tch n 15315 18.69 14.66 17.94+3.19 92.50 36.75 EXFO gn 3385
58.25 55.00 56.75+0.38 2050 10.56 EglBsh .64 5.9 8 57 12.06 10.94
10.94+0.19 Hi 0.94 EglFd dd 203 1.14 1.09 1.13-0.03 7.88 4.00 EagPnt 71
777 4.50 4.13 4.25-0.13 7.13 1.38 ErthShll dd 7271 2.16 1.81 2.00- 0.13
13.50 5.00 ErthCare dd 336 6.00 5.63 5.75+0.25 33.00 9.38 Erthlink n
21456 12.06 11.14 11.25-0.25 55.31 8.13 ErthWeb dd 417 13.63 12.50
13.63+0.69 17.38 9.44 EstWstB .12 0.7 12 3022 17.13 16.38 17.06+0.56
4.47 2.03 Eaterie 61 155 4.25 4.13 4.25 79.00 10.88 eBenX n dd 994
21.50 19.25 21.00+1.63 43.00 5.25 eboDkrs n 94 7.31 6.63 6.63+0.38 9.30
6.75 eChpmn n 55 6.94 6.88 6.88 113.00 6.88 EchelonC dd 13125 47.25
38.69 47.06+8.31 81.25 18.13 EchoStar s dd 300 49.81 46.13 48.7S+2.98
18.69 2.88 EclpSurg dd 3014 4.09 3.81 3.94-0.19 32.00 6.44 Eclipsys dd
3364 14.81 14.38 14.38-0.13 8.13 1.06 EooSoil dd 1032 1.50 1.34
1.44+0.13 5.88 0.56 Ecogen dd 13191 2.50 0.81 1.06+0.19 17.50 2.63
eCollege n dd 604 6.63 6.25 6.63+0.38 29.50 9.88 Ecsoft 63 1 10.75
10.75 10.75 41.26 10.00 EctelUd n 60613 23.13 22.00 22.98+1.38

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

1544 863 Edelbrck .04 0.4 7 43 11.38 10.75 10.75-0.13 16.00 3.00

EdgrOnl

dd 1770 5.03 438 4.38-0.50 7.38 1.50 EdgePet dd 278 3.63 138
3.50+0.13 1 206 444 Edgewater dd 1761 6.81 6.19 6.25-0.38 138 5.00
EdisCtr 7 206 6.38 538 6.38+0.06 34.25 12.50 EdsnSch n dd 2117 31.19 WE
31.00+0.63 LclucMgt 33 362 26.50 25.00 25.25-0.88 5.25 2.00 EduDv .02
0.6 15 2 3.50 3.50 3.50-0.38 dd 532 1.38 1.06 1.13-0.03 186.81 31.00
EtNtwr dd 24705 65.00 61.50

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53.73+2.61 14.00 8.25 eFunds n 594 9.00 8.59 8.94+0.25 74.00 6.50
eGainCm n dd 18229 13.31 12.00 13.06+1.56 27.81 2.06 Egghead dd 3878
2.88 2.56 2.81+0.13 16.25 1.00 Egreet n dd 273 1.19 1.09 1.19+0.06 2
LOU 3.94 Eiclos a 332 7.25 7.06 7.13 13.00 7.56 BOOJR 13 21 12.94 12.81
12.81-0.06 44 0.47 Elan rt 1999 0.94 0.88 0.94+0.03 97.00 6.38 Elantec
a cc 3402 91.50 95.56 88.50+3.81 20.75 7.00 ElbitLtd .32 3.2 28 190
10.00 9.81 10.00+0.38 14.00 7.31 ElbitMd n dd 44 8.25 8.19 8.19+0.03
19.50 12.31 ElbitSys n .32 2.2 12 263 15.19 14.63 14.75-0.69 3.56 1.06
ElbitVisn dd 54 1.25 1.06 1.06-0.13 58.00 3.28 Elcorn n dd 3700 6.38
5.56 5.88+0.13 8.00 1.19 Elcotel dd 168 1.50 1.44 1.44 7.52 3.09
ElderBr 7 17BO 4.50 4.38 4.50+0.13 12.13 6.31 Eldorado 300 8.13 8.00
8.00-0.38 2.59 0.41 ElectGas 76 1.06 1.06 1.06 23.88 1.06 ElclFuel dd
1374 10.009.44 9.63-0.13 27.00 12.13 Elacl-ght dd 520 1 3.31 13.00
13.00-0.13 13.19 9.31 ElctroRnt 12 281 12.25 11.75 12.25+0.56 69.13
19.75 ElectSci a 28 3504 42.00 39.13 41.19+0.19 44.13 16.01 Elctrgis 15
3615 22.75 21.50 22.44+1.31 54.63 25.00.EluxAB .77 a 3.1 17 578 25.50
24.63 25.13-0.75 124.44 49.00 ElcArt cc 6115 108.48 104.00 107.94+0.75
26.31 12.75 ElecBtq 24 986 22.50 21.66 22.50+0.81 69.31 20.38 EFH
1551064 30.00 25.00 26.00-3.06 11.13 4.13 EliteInfo 14 1427 6.38 5.13
5.75-0.25 7.38 2.26 EllettBr .16 4.9 7 6 3.25 3.25 3.25+0.98 45.00 4.00
Eloquent n 1102 5.09 4.88 4.91-0.09 40.50 10.50 eLoylty n cc 1513 14.13
13.31 13.63-0.44 55.13 20.88 ElronEl 3.06 a 7.5 22 33 41.00 40.00
41.00+1.50 19.75 3.13 Eltrax dd 3602 5.25 4.75 5.00+0.19 10 00 1.94
eMachns n 2685 2.03 1.98 2.00-0.03 42 509 42.88 41.38 42.00+0.44 20.00
7.00 Embrex 16 220 12.69 12.50 12.69+0.19 173.00 11.25 Emcore dd 1035
116.31 105.00 111.50+4.03 70.50 8.66 elffirgelat n dd 1914 22.63 19.88
22.06+2.31 15.13 1.22 EmrgVis n dd 290 1.63 1.56 1.56-0.03 84.50 11.00
EmisTch dd 2333 34.00 31.75 33.00-0.19 62.38 27.00 EmmisC s dd 6011
33.13 32.38 32.81+0.44 225.50 31.00 Emulex a cc 18219 105.52 .06
104.69+4.19 26.19 1.47 Emusic dd 4639 1.84 1.50 1.69+0.13 55.00 5.75
EnPointe dd 361 8.25 7.34 7.50+0.13 23.63 16.00 Enbrdg gs .16 32 22.84
22.38 22.75+0.13 7.31 2.69 Encad dd 44 3.22 3.13 3.13-0.06 30.63 1.88
EnchBiat dd 861 6.25 6.00 6.13+0.13 4.50 1.63 EncrMad 13 333 2.09 1.88
1.88-0.19 1.63 0.16 EncrM wt 50 0.34 0.34 0.34 10.38 5.25 EncoreW 17
1249 7.88 7.56 7.69-0.06 14.00 2.50.EndoPh wt 405 2.52 2.00 2.38- 0.13
14.50 6.38EndoPh n 6.56 5.00 S.13-1.38 13.75 5.63 EndcrdS dd 207 7.88
7.63 7.88 22.56 5.13 Endocre dd 3990 17.63 16.75 17.56+0.63 10.81 3.00
Endsonc dd 1388 10.81 10.56 10.75 60.8822.63 Energis a 224 48.75 43.00
46.81+4.81 31.44 8.00 EngyComr dd 1664 26.13 26.38 27.94+1.56 9.13 7.00
EngyWst .50 f 6.1 13 452 8.31 8.25 8.25 25.00 17.00 Engysth 1.00 f 5.4
10 39 18.50 18.25 18.50 95.00 7.46 Eng dd 31629 14.75 13 38 14.19+1.31
21.69 10.60 EnCP .0 . 4 0.2 13 1269 20.38 19.25 20.38+0.94 20.38 5.75
EngineerA dd 1123 11.38 10.88 11.00-0.25 10.75 4.50 EngMea. dd 1024
1013 9.69 10.13+0.25 1 5.25 8.63AEnglHm .24 1.6 5 825 15.75 14.75
15.38+0.44 15.25 7.00 Eniegris n 2318 1 1.25 1 0.75 1.13+0.25 101.25
20.06 Entrelvid dd 1368 30.75 28.50 29.75+1.00 150.00 18.31 Entrust 74
22892 30.88 27.38 29.75+3.19 72.75 22.75 Enzon dd 3672 61.75 59.50
60.88+0.63 31.13 3.00 eOnCom n 553 3.53 3.25 3.44-0.25 12.00 2.31
EpicorSft dd 1597 4.25 4.00 4.03+0.03 21.38 1.94 Epimmune dd 158 5.56
5.31 5.38-0.06 324.88 36.00 E.piph n dd 120 105.50 93.50 104.00+8.00
18.19 4.38 Epitope dd 818 13.38 12.56 12.63+0.06 26.75 4.63 EpixMed n

dd 230 15.13 14.56 15.00 14.31 5.44 EpochPh n 828 12.81 11.75
12.06+0.31 27.44 7.38 EpriseCp n 1156 15.69 15.25 15.56-0.13 16.25
11.60 Eguinix n 24966 16.75 14.88 16.19+2.00 14.38 4.88 Equinox 55 371
5.53

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5.38 5.53+0.16 19.44 7.00 EqtyMkt 9 84 14.31 14.00 14.13+0.13 3.00
0.88 EqtOil 11 1883 2.88 2.69 2.75+0.09 ErgoSci dd 303 1.06 1.03 1.03
26.38 7.50 ErIcTel s .06sq.3 122122 20.75 20.06 20.50+101.61 34.0026.25
Erielrid .54 1.7 15 127 31.00 29.06 30.94+1.56 20.31 9.75 Escalcle 1.00
a 5.3 7 4 19.00 19.00 19.00 11.50 7.38 Eskimo 27 152 10.16 10.13 10.13-
0.06 42.88 2.63 eSoft dd 4182 7.69 7.25 7.50 89.8820.00 eSpeed 174
31.128.56 30.75-1-2.25 14.76 9.38AIEesperion 123 17.25 14.60 16.06+2.13
13.50 2.88 Etinum n 352 5.44 4.88 4.88-0.50 86.00 3.88 eToys dd 21
8.50 4.97 4.22 4.50-0.25 33.75 3.06 Euro 90g 2022 7.88 7.03 7.17-0.52
16.50 2.50 EuroMic dd 128 8.38 7.88 8 19+0 31 14.38 5.28 EvnSut dd90
7.06 6.75 6 75-013 30.75 5.25 Evercel a 252 15.81 15.2 5 15.75 30.50
14.84 EvgmRs 6084 29.25 28.88 29.19+0.19 12.56 8.88 EverTrst n .32 f
2.7 110 12.06 11 S8 12.00-0.25 12.75 4.81 EvkeCm n 9924 11.00 9.63
11.00+0.56 23.25 9.00 Evivelift n 4507 23.19 19.60 21.38+2.00 15.22
3.00 EvolvSys 43 463 6.50 6.00 6.00-0.44 10.88 3.13 Exabyte dd 364 6.44
5.88 6.00+0.13 22.00 10.75 Exactch 24 49 16.50 16.38 16.38-0.13 123.50
21.00 Exar a cc 1449 123.00 116.00 120.63+5.00 59.50 7.81 Excalb dd 337
50.3847.38 47.50-1.94 52.88 12.88 ExciTch 30 1049 37.63 36.25
36.94+0.38 27.50 2.7S eXcelon dd 4633 8.28 7.19 8.06+0.81 74.75 10.13
ExchApp a - dd 3592 24.56 22.72 24.56+2.19 29.0023.75 ExchNtl n .76 3.2
9 24.50 24.00 24.00-0.13 11.88 6.00AExcoRes 11 281 12.38 11.50 11.50-
0.38 50.50 13.50 Exelixis n 1210 45A 44.75 45.00 89.88 15.13 ExodusC a
dd 118M 69.00 64.56 68.44+0.56 65.88 5.25 Expedia n dd 223 16.06 16.00
16.06 61.31 31.50 ExpdInt .14 .3 39 2118 50.00 46.75 49.00+2.00 11.31
4.38 Exponent 9 208 8.75 8.63 8.69+0.06 92.3828.50 ExpScript 31 3061
72.25 70.00 71.1 +1. 150.00 4.25 ExtndSys dd 1962 47.50 39.38
45.88+5.69 83.50 9.50 Exterrety n 2641 24.1 22.11 232.11-1.75
95.5021.25 ErtNetw a cc 31946 93 .7 8713 9 .06+8.81 12.60 7.00AExuMnc n
3189 14.00 12.00 13.38+1.25 6.63 1.25 Ezc corp .01 dcl 394 1.28 1.25
1.28+0.03 14.25 2.69 Ezenia dd321 3.88 3.50 3.88+0.25

F

30.25 16.00 F&M Be 1.08 5.1 17 28 21.19 21.00 21.13+0.13 40.98 24.25
FYI n 22 567 39.06 38.63 39.00 160.50 28.38 FS NOW 6423919 60.00 52.44
58.00+5.25 21.00 11.75 FCNB .64 3.4 21 646 19.31 18.69 19 06+025 34.50
6.75 FEI Co dd 710 31.88 29.88 30.13-0.63 18.00 11.25 FFLC Be .48 3.5
10 280 13.69 13.50 13.63 19.00 9.38 FFY Fn .50 4.1 12.13 12.13 12.13-
0.38 19.25 5.25 FUR dd 2215 5.75 5.38 5.56+0.06 22.00 6.00 FNB NC .48
4.8 13 6 10.00 10.00 10.00- 0.06 26.63 17.25 FNB CpPA .72 b 3.3 12269
22.00 21.50 22.00+0.50 23.00 14.00 FNB VA .72 14.5 10 42 16.00 15.88
15.88+0.13 14.50 10.13 FNB FS .44 a 3.8 11 18 11.44 11.00 11.44-0.56
23.00 10.38 FPIC Ins 8 754 15.50 15.13 1519+0 13 14.00 10.17 FSF Fin
.50 4.0 1030 12.50 12.50 250 24.00 6.19 FSI Intl dd 1539 17.94 17.06
1775+0.56 27.25 4.25 FVC.com dd 1198 7.69 7.00 706-0.19 9.13 3.75 FX
Ener 989 4.25 3.88 400-0.25 43.13 17.98 Factory21.1 31 4964 35.60 33.94
34.66+1 9.38 6.75 FactData dd 16 8.88 8.69 8.88+0.19 53.50 3.50 FairMkt
n 1296 4.75 4.19 4.31+0.25 5.13 1.69 FDaves dd 92 3.56 3.44 3.44-0.06
15.56 6.38 FantomT g .20 7 25 6.63 6.63 6.63-0.25 1 7.75 2.50 Far9oE1 n
339 6.00 5.50 5.75-0.22 203.00 150.00 FarmBr 3 . i6f 1.4 i630 183.06
172+00 172.31 - 6.69 6.00 2.25 FaroTch del 79 3.88 3.56 3.56+0.06 8.63
1.53 FashnM11 257 2.25 2.06 2.16+0.03 73.31 34.00 FastenI .08 f 0.1 33
1309 68.88 63.81 63.88-4.31 22.03 1.63 Fastnet n 207 2.38 2.06
2.19+0.16 42.25 3.06 Fatbrain n dd 2041 4.25 3.66 3.97-0.03 7.00 2.50

Feathrite 660 3.00 3.00 3 00 19.88 8.50 FbwNet n 643 17.13 15.76 1 7
00+0 13.19 3.25 Fibrstrs 6863 11.00 10.88 1 0.88 19.81

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15.00 FidBcpChi 2.7 9 180 17.63 17.38 17.50 19.00 13.38 FidellBksh
1.00 5.6 11 23 18.00 17.63 18 00 25.25 1.25 FdltYHld a dd 479 1.38 1.34
1 34 + 0.6 10.00 5.25 FideINU .20 2.8 10 77 7.19 7.00 7.06-0.06 50.25
29.38 FfthThrd s.18 0.4 31 10469 46.56 44.38 46.19+11.81 46.81 10.00
HeNet 25 5122 19.48 18.75 19.25+0.44 12.00 1.50 FndWhat n 406 3.52 3.13
3.44+0.19 61.75 19.13 Finisar a cc 46520 46.63 44.81 46.38+1.69 1163
4.44 FinLine 13 1407 8.00 6.75 7.94+0 06 14.94 9.25 Finlay 19 63 13.00
12.63 12.63-0 38 7.63 1.25 Firebrand 5 5 1.53 1.53 1.53-0 03 108.13
14.00 FirePd n 2604 21.50 20.13 20.88+0.75 47.63 11.25 FAlban .20b 1.1
7854 18.00 17.38 17.50+0.25 7.44 4.50 FrstA 3 3 5.38 5.38 5.38+0.38
20.00 10.25 FtBcpNC s .52 3.6 9 9 14.25 14.00 14.25+0.25 11.50 8.38
FBncplN .16 1.4 12 5 11.06 11.06 11.06 11.53 9.00 FstBkshs .16 1.6 12
10.31 10.31 10.31

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

17.00 10.25 FstBell .48 3.0 9 116 16.38 16.13 16.13+0.31 26.50 16.38
FrstBsey .48 2.6 19 33 18.69 18-50 18.50-0.31 11.63 2.69 FstCsh 8 84
3.00 2.69 2.69 22.19 12.00 FstChartr .72 14.5 15 439 16.17 15.88 16A +0
31 80.38 55.88 FctzBA 1.00 1.5 8 34 65.81 65.00 65.81+0-50 3.94 0.56
FstCity dd 655 2.13 1.94 2.00+0-19 15.38 12.88 FrstCom n 1 15.38 15.38
15.38+0.63 18.13 15.06 FrstCmF .33f 1.8 19 108 18.13 18.00 18.00-0.06
20.50 5.25 FstCnsit dd 863 8.13 6.88 7.00-0-75 12.50 7.63 FstDefiFn 44
4.9 6 26 9.00 8.75 9.00-0.19 FmtEcm n 5416 9.34 7.16 8.50+11.50 18.19
12.75 FtEsex .72 4.2 10 106 17-75 17-00 17.13-0.75 16.131 .40 2.2 11
748 18.75 18.13 1 8.13 . 10.38 7.25 FFdBksh .32 f 3.4 9 29 9.38 9.31
9.38 + 013 16.25 10.13 FtFCap .44 3.8 10 96 11.69 11.13 11-56 + 0.19
24.98 15.13 FFGdKY .72 4.1 12 6 17.50 17.00 117-50+11-00 25.38 FFDEH
.80 2.7 11 3 29.50 29.50 29.50 23.56 15.50 FFncIOH 60 3.6 15 426 17.38
16.88 16.88 -0.38 34.44 23.94 FtFnBk 1.32 t 4.1 12 246 32.50 31.75
32.00 41.50 29.00 FstFnIN 1.04 t 3.4 9 4 31.38 31.00 31.00-0.13 14.25
9.75 FFinCpRI .48 4.4 7 3 11.00 11.00 11.00-0.25 19.94 MOO FstFHld .56
3.8 10152 14.75 14.25 14.56+0.3 37.2520.76 FstHith 21 3831 31.60 29.13
31.06+1.69 18.00 FstINCp .56 2.7 11 92 21.19 20-38 20.94+0.23 11.00
6.00 FrstIntl .01 1.5 11 33 8.06 8.00 8.00+0.13 6.44 4.13.Firsbnv n 8
75 4.25 4.00 4.19-0.31 12.00 8.50 FrstKs n .20 1.7 74 1115 11.69
11.75+0.06 13.31 8.38 FstKeyst .28 2.8 7 29 10.13 10.13 10.13-0.50
34.25 17.50 Fst M&F 1.00 5.2 10 1 19.13 19.13 19.13+0.88 12.06 4.88
FrstMar .021 23 4 5.06 5.06 5.06-0-06 29.25 18.50 FstMerch .92 f 4.1 14
176 22.69 22.25 22.31+0.06 30.13 21.00 FMidBc s .72 2.8 15 432 26.13
25.38 25.81+0.31 14.63 8.75 FtMdwF .52 5.2 12 121 10.00 9.50 10.00+0.25
12.88 9.00 FMutBcsh .20 2.1 7 37 10.00 9.75 9.75 20.00 13.25 FrstNtIL
.64 f 4.1 8 10 15.50 15.50 15.50 11.19 8.25 FNiagara .28 2.9 13 94 9.75
9.63 9.66 15.00 8.25 FNthCap .44 3.2 17 12 1328 13.75 1388 20.25 13.25
FOakBrk .44 31 9 191 14.56 14.13 14.25+0.19 12.50 9.38 FrstPlce .40 f
3.6 1546 11.44 11.25 .1 25-013 8.50 6.50 FRegBc 1029 7.06 6.BB 7 03-003
21.00 13.00 FtSvBanc 1.04 6.1 1143 17.00 16.06 17 00 + 0 13 35.00 10.75
FSecCp .04 3.7 18 3970 15.56 1513 15 25 13.98 10.56 FrstSecF .52 f 3.7
11 5 13.88 13.98 13 88+0 6 9.25 6.75 FSentBc .24 a 2.6 14 273 9.25 9.09
9 13 28.88 14.88 1st5roeCp .36 b 1.9 10 26 18.94 18.50 18.63+0.06 23.38
17.56 1stStncp .32 1.6 174 21.00 2038 20.50-0.13 15.38 9.7S FeStilep s
.32 12.5 10 15 12.76 12.63 12.63-0-88 19.50 7.75 FstSterl .32 f 2.8 15
1 11.50 1150 11.50+0.25 3.50 1.31 FtTearn 64 1.88 1.75 1.81-0.19 18.00
10.00 FtUtdBs .58 13.6 12364 16.63 16.13 16.25+0-06 9.25 12.63 FstWABcp
.56 3.8 9 267 14.88 14.75 14.81+0-25 2.38 6.75 FstYears .06 0.5 12 105
11.00 10-

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81 11.00+0.13 22.00 14.75 FrstSpr n 1.00 5.0 11 34 20.38 20.00 20.00
14.00 8.50 FstBkNW .36 3.0 10 20 12.00 12.00 12.00 28.13 13.38 FstMerit
.88 3.8 13 1611 23.38 22.94 23.31+0.31 15.00 9.81 FstSvc 27 12.13 11.69
11.69+0.25 23.00 1. Firstwave dd 1942 4.75 3.00 4.44+11.414 39.63 2.44
FrstWdd n 973 3.25 3.06 3.19+0.13 5.88 0.81 FischIm dd 361 4.00 3.50
3.78+0.03 57.00 23.88 Fiserv 43 3854 54.75 53.50 54.19 9.25 413
FlagFincl .24 4.4 cc 13 5.75 5.44 5.44 44.00 11.00 FIagTic n dd 4769
16.25 15.38 15.63-0.25 22+50 7.38 FlagstrB .40 3.4 6 229 12.13 11.50
11.75+0.22 12.94 1.00 Flameff dd 1949 8.19 7.06 8.13+0.75 4.13 1.31
Flanders 22 190 2.75 2.53 2.69+019 14.13 11.38 Flexsfl .52 4.2 7 113
12.44 12.25 12.25 95.31 27.13 Flextrn s dd 21964 83.88 80.88 83.31+1.63
7.50 4.88 FloridaB - dd 311 5.56 5.50 5.50 11.56 7.25AFlaFstB n .16 1.4
16 184 11.69 11.56 11.56 5.19 0.75 FlorshGp did 1147 1.00 0.75 0.88-013
6.00 1.31 Fiourcty dd 1101 13.81 3.56 3.81+009 12.88 9.25 FowInt 24 1
06 1.13 10.50 10.75-0.25

31.00 15.13 Flowers n 881 28.50 26.00 26.38-050 17.75 12.50 FlushFn
.40 2.7 10 140 15.25 15.00 15.06-0.06 10.38 4.16 Foamex 7 217 5.94 5.81
5.81 85.00 18.50 FoclCom dd 3569 31.81 30.88 30.94-0.06 10.63 2.31
Focal Inc dd 135 3.06 2.94 3.06+0.06 22.00 0.81 Fogdog n dd 3317 1.00
088 0.94-0-05 4.50 2.50AFoilmark 20 2112 4.81 4.16 4.69+031 14.13 8.88
Footind .32 3.3 9 57 10.00 9.63 9.63-0. 3 16.00 4.09 ForbesM n 63 5.13
4.635.05+017 25.98 14.50 Forcnrgy n 491 24.63 24.06 24.19-0.25 92.19
23.00 FormSys 8 64 51.00 50.00 51.00+0.50 81.50 15.25 ForrestR s 91
1073 62.00 59.63 61.13-0.63 22.75 5.50 Forsoft 211 7.44 7.19 7.19+0.13
7.50 1.50 FortGrp 1 73 3.00 2.75 2.81-0.06 48.25 13.25 Fomrda 55 911
45.94 42.63 45.88+1-00 32.88 15.81 Fossilinc 11 1623 18.25 17.25 17.44
- 0 06 5.81 3.02 Foster 20 174 3.69 3.56 3.63 8.91 3.00 Fotoball 3 139
3.47 3.25 3.47+0.22 21.00 51.88 Foundry 9 cc 26046 95.00 87.50 93.06+7-
00 4.19 2.00 FountPwb 50 2.50 2.44 2.50 40.00 9.38 4FrntTch dd 1853
17.94 15.75 15.80-1.95 93.25 15.38 4KidsEnt s 7 4198 21.25 20+06
21.00+050 9.48 2.38 FrthShift dd 31 2.81 2.69 + 0 06 10.94 6.69 FrnkBk
.28 3.5 20 142 8.13 8.06 73.8862.75 FrnkEj .88 1.3 13 12 65.25
64.88 65.25+0.25 24.50 10.69 Freds .20 0.8 24 348 24.25 23.63 24.00 .1.
37000 36.75 FreeMkt n . 21472 82.31 77.50 81.38+0-38 159.75 21.50
Fmosrv 64 39.25 38.26 38 50+11.88 61.00 3.00 FreeShp n 868 4.19 4 00
403-0-03 9.63 5.50 FrenchF 7 154 7.50 7.00 713- 006 11.00 1.13 FreshArn
dd 36 2.56 2.38 2 38-8.19 6.81 1.38 FrshChc 12 117 2.75 2.25 2.38+006
10.00 4.25 Friedmn .06 1.2 4 764 5.25 5.00 5.06-009 16.06 7.88 Fritz 32
13123 15.13 14.75 14.81-0.13 19.00 8.25 FrontrAi. - 8 1631 17.50 17.00
17.13-0.13 26.00 16.25 FrntFml .44 12.3 12 39 19.31 18.88 19.25+0.25
68.31 12.60 FmtCap n cid 2146 17.75 16.63 17+56+0.94 23-25 2.03
FrontinLtd .10 0.6 728 16.13 15.38 16.00+0.38 6.i 2.25 FrozenFd .12 4.7
dd 414 2.75 2.28 2.56-0.28 12.56 1.75 ftd.com dd 710 2.50 2.19
2.44+0.19 116.00 10.88AFuelCell s dd 4290 121.94 109.66 119.00+5.88
71.7529.06 Full .84 2.4 9 698 36.69 34.19 34.31-2.50 22.75 15.00 Fulton
64 b 3+0 15 851 21.00 20.63 21.00+0.38 43.00 10.00 Funditch dd 453
24.06 22.88 24.06+11-119 2515 9.50 FusnMed dd 269 11.25 11.13
11.25+0.13 20+88 0.75 FusnNet dd 7066 1.75 1.00 .75+0.59 38.50 150
Ftrel-ink n dd 4541 5.56 506 3R 1 0 19

G

43.50 14.75 G&K .07 0.2 16 293 29.00 2775 29.00+1.00 2300 14.50 GB&T
Bn .30 11.8 10 16.50 16.50 16.50+025 R44 17.75 GBC Bcp .40 f 1.1 12474
37.88 37.00 37.88+0.26 13.25 10.00 GS Fncl .36 2.8 2331 13.00 13-00 13-
00-0.13 19.50 10.50 GSB Fnc .24 1.3 18 8 18.50 18.50 18.50-0.44 43.50
4.19 GSI Lum

22 3439 27.44 26.00 26.19-0.31 73.75 1.25vGSV Inc s dd 34 1.50 1.03
1.44-0.28 28.00 11.25 GT Grp n 460 15.88 15.50 15.88+0.31 11.13 5.63
GTS Drtk 13 91 8.75 8.50 8.50 11.50 2.00 GTSI 15 16671 5.56 5.06
5.13+0.06 7.50 2.50 G-1.11 7 21 6.63 6.38 6.63 7.00 3.50 GZA 15 41 6.16
6.06 6.06 24.75 6.00 Gadzooks 16 641 15.31 14.97 15.00 98.00 7.63
Gadzoox dd 4186 9.44 9.00 9.06-0.19 24.69 5.38 Gaiam n 85 62 17.88
17.75 17.88+0.38 5.50 1.00 GalaGen dd 178 1.22 1.13 1.13-0.09 34.56
12.56 GafileoT s 47 18478 29.94 28.13 29.44+1.06 9.50 3.38 GameTc 7 26
425 4.13 4.25+0.09 20.06 9.94 GardenFr 13 242 13.00 11.88 12.50-0.50
24.13 t50 Garden.cm dd 1257 1.75 1.50 1.69+0.06 9.25 3.44 Gardnbrg dd
329 5.19 4.94 5.00-0.06 11.25 4.00 GartSprt 6.60 10.25 9.75 10.00-0.25
47.25 13.76 Gasonics - 25 1321 25.00 22.00 24.00+2.00 13.13 10.00
GstnFed .24 2.2 22 1 10.138 10.88 10.88+0.13 9.63 1.97 GeedWd dd 67
2.94 2.50 2.50-0.44 22.00 13.00 Gehl 4 21 14.75 14.31 14.31-0.06 39.63
9.13AGelTex n dd 6688 40.75 36.38 40.52+3.02 22.36 15.00 GerniniG n
1159 17.63 17.38 17.50+0.2 107.44 29.63 Gemstar s oc 61771 91.63 81.38
90.25+8.06 26.25 13.00 GenaisPh n 1 9 23.88 21.75 22.31-1.19 152.50
4.00 GoneLgc dd 16916 25.67 21.63 24.66+2.94 16.50 2.31 Genei-Tc 1589
4.28 4.03 4.06 34.31 18.00 Gomm n 6891 32.50 24.38 31.13+6.38 21.75 6
.00 GnBnd dd 9 9.00 8.88 8.88- 0.13 7 88 3 75AGnCom dd 4100 8.00 6.75
8.00+1.31 1W.75 1.31 GMagic dd 8675 7.31 6.88 7.03+0.03 16.81 4.78
GenBiotc n 4535 16.63 14.63 16.44+0.69 22.69 11.13 GenWyo 5 80 21.50
21.00 21.50+0.75 30.69 14.63 GenMcr 60 1993 19.56 17.19 17.94+0.56
35.00 3.50 Onintm dd 10.13 15.98 14.88 15.88+0.8 29.60 1.40 4.6 dd 620
31.00 28.56 30.63+2.06 26.13 17.75 Genlyte 9 223 23.50 23.31 23.38+0.31
75.38 3.38 Genome cld 8813 26.38 24.13 25.13+0.38 30.13 7.88 Gen S1 n
880 16.50 15.69 15.94-0.19 78.94 7.98 Goneet 1307 28.38 27.13
28.38+1.38 22.88 3.00 Gensym dd 89 3.63 3.44 3.63+0.25 15.88 2.00 Genta
dd 3358 9.13 8.75 8.88+0.06 39.98 16.00 Gentex 28 3559 26.06 25.00
25.88+0.69 14.50 1.75 GentiaS cc 576 4.50 4.25 4.38+0.13 11.50 5.25
GenWa n 655 11.69 11.00 11.13 24.38 6.13 Gentnr 28 516 15.19 14.50
14.94+0.56 1 1.25 6.50 Genuity 34061 8.81 7.88 8.63+0.56 17.75 1.91
Genus cc 976 6.94 6.56 6.94+0.28 75.00 30.75 GenzymGn 1.611 t 32 19753
76.50 73.00 75.06+2.06 11.63 1.31 GenzTisRp dd 1564 5.59 5.38 5.47
42.00 3.88 GnzMic dd 1517 14.50 13.50 14.00-0.06 20.00 4.63 GzymSrg dd
873 10.75 1000 1 0.25 50.00 5.44 GenzyTr dd 1436 37.50 36.38 37.19+0.75
54.88 2.31 Geoworks dd 5324 11.69 10.88 11.44+0.38 14.56 0.75 GrldSwe
dd 23250.94 0.81 0.91+0.06

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

76.88 9.25 GeronCp dd 13567 35.00 31.81 32.31-2.00 52.25 8.06

GetThere

n dd 1899 17.44 17.31 1738 64.38 18.13 Gettylm - 2672 42.38 40.63
4200+0.88 26.00 2.81 GibrStl .12 10.7 8 64 17.50 17.13 17.60+025 15.00
2.66 Gigainfo dd 97 7.00 6.25 6.3R - 0 38 22.00 2.50 GigaTr 26 185 8.38
7.50 8.25+0.75 91.00 6.88 GigaMed n dd 1084 11.13 10.50 10.50-0.31
31.25 16.75 Giganet n 2999 29.98 26.06 29.17+0.92 45.75 11.50 GilatCo
dd 2376 12.67 12.25 12.50+0.06 181.50 41.75 GilatSat cc 5722 80.88
78.00 80.25+1.25 10750 37.00 AGilead dd 5657 111.56 104.44 108.00 +3.56
12.88 3.50 GilmnCio dd 43 4.00 3.94 3.94- 0.06 7.75 1.94 GishBi dd 11
2.28 2.28 2.28-0.22 18.63 11.00 GlacrBc .60 b 4.7 11 283 12.88 12.69
12.69+0.19 3000 228 Glenayre dd 4203 11.44 10.88 10.88- 0.44 27.69
7.754 Gliatech dd 19689 9 1 - 62.00 20.13 GlblCrss dd 99763 30171 2
20.88 5.81 Glblmg 8 364 6.19 5.88 600+0.13 19.88 6.00 Globlind dd 3190
13.38 12.38 12.44-050 12.38 4.50 GlblPay dd 163 6.56 6.25 6.56+8.06
99.88 21

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M GblSrc n 80 33.63 32.50 33.19-0.31 25.25 4.31 GblSp dd 1039 8.88
7.69 8.75+11.03 21.50 1.38 GlobTch s 392 3.63 3.38 3.50+013 8.47 1.63
Glbmdia n 863 2.38 2.00 2.25-0.13 57.50 7.63 GblNet n 556 10.69 9.75
9.88 53.75 5.81 Globalstr 17806 10.25 9.75 9.88-0.06 41.13 8.63 Globeco
dd 981 11.38 9.88 10.50+0.50 167.00 16.38 GlbeSpn s dd 128% 126.00
119.811 120.44 - 1.94 67.44 7.63 GlobixCp s did 2811 27.19 25.38
26.811+11.119 25.00 4.25 GloboCabo .22 p 2922 16.20 16.00 16.13-0.06
111.75 35.44 Go2net did 11189 70.50 66.50 69.00+3.50 19.31 5.25 GoAmer
n 2687 11.44 1075 10.94-0.50 12.81 4.00 GoldBnc G8 1.5 12 393 5.50 5.31
5.36-0.02 4.00 2.31 GoldEn .24 7.7 31 10 3.13 3.13 3.13-0.13 1.56 0.69
GldBtbc wt 3166 1.31 1.16 1.31+0.06 6.19 3.03 GldStVnt 19 191 5.63 5.13
544+041 4838 8.25 GldTlcm n dd 66 32.38 29.50 30 75 -E88 11.00 2.06
GoodGy dd 1717 7.88 6.91 775+0.69 10.38 3.50 GdyFam 57 528 4.59 4.44 4
59+0 09 114.50 10-00 GoTo.cm dd UN 19.00 17.25 18 63+11.113 2.63 0.94
Gradco 6 53 1.50 1.44 144 14.50 4.38 GranBd 4 646 5.06 4.94 494-0.13
23+75 14.50 GrantSt 9 11 16.88 16.88 16.88 32.00 4.50 GraphOn cid 3106
6.50 5.00 6.25+11.119 15.50 10.50 GA Bcp .44 3.1 21 3 14.25 14.25
14.25-0.75 13.13 9.00 GrPeDe .40 3.7 23 14 10.81 10.81 10.81-0 . 06
83.50 16.00 GrtPInsSft 35 693 28.00 27.19 27.19-0.31 63.00
32.63AGrtrBay .80 f 1.3 23 9596 65.50 61.31 62.00+3.00 11.38 5.25
GrtrCoB .30 f 3.6 1215 8.25 8.13 8.25+0.44 20.75 6.75 GmMtn 1952 19.13
18.69 18.75-0.25 27.81 7.69 GManning dd 896 9.19 8.56 9.19+0.31 33.00
24.06 GreifBrA .56 f 1.9 11 37 29.63 28.88 28.88-0.75 13.50 7.00
GrekaEgy 7 598 12.00 10.50 11.88+0.38 630.00 328.00 GreyGbl 4.00 0.7
31 17 590.00 545.00 545.00 -15.13 75.00 6.64 GncCm n dd 1358 11.50
10.31 10.53-0.41 24.56 5.38 Group 1 s 16 266 17.50 16.94 17.25+044
18.44 13.63 GpFnGal n 4338 18.00 16.S6 17.63+0.88 12.50 9.13 GuarFBc
.46 f 3.9 17 A 11.94 11.94 11.94+0.94 11.38 7.00 Guarlin .24 3.4 dd 20
7.13 TOO 7.13-013 38.25 13.13 GulifirdlPh dd 8418 29.25 25.00
26.75+11.75 15.88 7.44 GuitarC 13 2764 15.13 14.63 15.00+0.25 19.50
7.00 Guffisland 45 257 18.75 18.50 18.50-0.13 10.25 8.50 GlfWstB .49 1
17 4 8.38 8.25 8.38+0.13 26.2S 10.50 GlfMrk - dd 8 25.00 24.00 24.00-
1.00 36.06 8.06 GurnTch dd 300 12.81 12.13 12.69+0.31 7.63 2.25 Gymbree
dd 1893 5.56 4.75 4.94-0.56

H

28.60 12.63 HPwrCp n 312H 20.75 17.50 20.50+2.94
10.13 4.44 HID Vest 23 62 6.13 5.75 6.13+0.25 25.38 5.00 HEIMncid
4816
24.88 19.98 23.25+3.00 13.63 8.00 HF Find .42 f 4.5 7 42 9.63 9.25
9.25-0.13 13+38 9.63 HMNFn .48 13.8 8 7 12.75 12.69 12.69+0A3 4.98 1.00
HMT-Tch dd 7996 2.50 2.00 2.47+0.47 13000 34.19 HNCSft dd 4675 55.38
50.94 54.41+0.09 7.50 0.94 HTEInc dd 408 1M 1.38 1.42+0.05 15.00 10.31
Haggar .20 1.6 9 92 12.88 12.25 12.31-0. 8.19 1.66 HaglerB n dd 922
5.09 5.03 5.09+0.03 37.75 20.00 HainCelest 50 4742 31.56 30.13
31.25+1.13 46.25 7.50 HaIn 35 6274 34.13 31.19 33.00+2.00 11.88 8.00
HllmkCa .20 2.0 9 45 10.13 10.00 10.13+0.06 9.44 3.50 HllwdEn 11140
9.00 8.75 8.75 26.00 13.50 HamltnB 7 333 15.00 14.88 14.88-0.06 16.06
4.75 HanaroT n 1302 5.16 5.00 5.09-0.09 44.38 30.63 HancHd 1.00 3.1 10
x87 32.25 31.94 32.13+0.25 48.00 22.38 Hndsprg n dd 2557 36.00 34.38
35.25+0.88 18.25 11.25 HarbFed .52 2.9 14 169 17.88 17.50 17.69-0. 1
14.06 8.75 HarbrFL .35 2.9 14 381 11.94 11.75 11.94+0.13 16.50 6.38
Hardinge .56 5.1 15 68 11.88 11.00 11.00-0.81 19.75 11.63 Harleys .56 f
2.9 18 268 19.25 19.13 19.25+0.13 36.44 23.75 HarlyNat 1.16f3.9 10 34
30.13 29.50 30.13+0.06 1625 12.25 HadySv .44 2.9 9 60 15.00 15.00
15.00+0.13
DayC11/ 316
31.81 8.28 Harrnon .12 0.4 31.00 29.88 30.69+0.38 157.50 21.50
Harmonc s dd 35225 35.50 33.00 33.50+0.44 7.50 3.50 HarmonyG .18 e 3.4

3744 5.47 5.19 5.25-0.06 8.19 5.50 Hrringtn .12 1.7 dd 1 6.88 6.88
6.88+0.63 35.75 2.00 HarisMa 1502 7.75 6.41 7.25+0.98 11.00 5.88
HaffisFn .24 3.1 15 60 7.81 7.63 7.63-0.06 24.00 3.00 HarrisInt n dd
468 4.19 3.94 4.13+0.09 14.00 9.00 Harrod n .60a5.2 48 11.50 11.50
11.50 9.63 HaInd 41 4.00 2.75 3.00-0.38 7.13 1.81 HarveyE dd 11 275
2.50 2.50 10.13 1.19 Hastin s d 7 3.00 2.69 2.69+0.13 51.00 5.13 Haupt
d. 2142 10.008.94 9.50+0.50 5.56 0.56 Hauser dd 170 0.69 0.59 0.66+0.0
27.25 11.75 HavenB .30 1.1 18 122 26.69 26.50 26.63+0.13 8.25 3.00
Hkrft dd 295 6.81 6.28 6.63+0.25 8.88 7.06 HawkC .30 3.9 10 57 7.81
7.75 7.75- 0.06 14.97 7.03 HawtFn 8 303 11.69 11.50 11.50-0.19 26.13
5.75 HeadHnt dd 12096.16 6.00 6.00-0.03 9.69 3.50 HlthCSv 10 465 5.13
4.94 5.06-0.06 8.00 2.50 HlthMSys 8 207 2.94 2.75 2.78+0.03 9.56 4.38
HlthRsk dd 69 6.00 5.50 5.63-0.13 7.00 1.13 HealthSys dd 74 1.59 1.41
1.50-0.13 4000 2.38 HlthAxis dd 385 2.94 2.78 2.84-0.09 5.19 2.56
HlthcrRc 10 886 4.38 4.06 4.19+0.16 6.50 1.53 Hlthcrecm dd 2476 3.44
3.00 3.19+0.06 16.50 2.38 HlthCent n dd 18655.50 4.22 4.44+0.22 75.19
11.00 HthWMD dd 50232 18.00 17.38 17.63+0.25 12.38 2.50 HlthExt n 114
4.25 4.13 4.13+0.09 15.25 0.94 HlthGate n dd 775 1.34 1.25 1.2. 11.00
1.59 HlthStrm n 5011 2.44 2.19 2.+ 21.00 6.25 HlthTrnc n 65 247 14.25
13.75 13.75-0.25 37.50 3.44 HearMe n 13857 9.25 738 869+1 19 19.38
12.38 HrtindE 13 499 17.50 16.31 17.50+11.13 8.31 1.94 Heartprt dd 715
3.63 3.38 3.53+0.09 75.00 14.98 HelldrK 25 498 59.25 57.63 58+13+0.19
15.00 4.63 HelenTr 18 538 5.88 5.50 5.63+0.09 80.19 26.98 HellxTech .48
1.3 29 6886 37.98 34.56 37.88+313 18.75 7.38 HelloD 12 298 11.00 10.81
10.81+0.06 20.63 10.00 HSchein 12 754 18.50 18.25 18.38 60.00 15.50
HenryJk s .200.5 56 2971 45 88 44.06 44.38-0.63 16.38 7.75 HerbalifeA
.60 6.2 6 13 9.69 9.38 9.69 16.25 6.50 HerbalifeB .60 6.4 6 368 9.44
9.25 9.38 15.50 9.50 HrtgeCo 1.43t 22 183 10.38 10.00 10.31+0.06 9.75
7.06 HrtgeFn .32 f 3.4 16 167 9 69 9+50 9.50 20.00 11.06 Harley 12 109
18.44 18.13 18.44+0.06 7.00 2.00 Herly wt 17 3.88 3.88 3.88+0.19 6.00
1A HeskaCp dd 1448 3.75 3.31 3.75+0.13 8.69 3.56 HiTcPhr 11 208 4.44
4.19 4.25-0.13 151.76 25.50 hi/fn Inc 74 3251 64.73 60.50 63.50+3.69
26.00 12.50 Hibbett 15 5 23.63 22.63-0.88 8.25 4.00 HibrnFd 10
6.06 6.06 6.06+0 13 21.81 10.00 Hickory .44 2.2 33 222 20.13 19.63
20.00 5.11 0.69 HiPlains 90 983 3.00 2.66 2.69-0 30.50 416 HighSpd n dd
2237 5.94 5.41 5.75+0.25 1 14.69 Highland .30 1.2 10 75 25.25 25.25
25.25 1025 5.00 HinesH 6 1155 5.75 1.10 121 15.75 10.00 HingmSv .52 3.6
8 149 14.50 4.25 14.50+0.13 2.13 0.75 Hirsch dd 189 1.25 1.13 1.25
15.00 4.25 HispTelv n 250 5.13 4.94 5.00 12+75 8.00 Hoenig 13 84
10.750.25 10.25-66 7.13 3.31 HldyRV 41 187 4.50 4.19 4.50+0.06 19.25
7.72 HlsEden n 259 9+88 9.31 9.88+0.25 18.06 6.06 HlywdE dd 49347.13
6.88 7.00-0.06 24.50 7.31 Hollywd.cm dd 266 8.56 8.13 8.38+0.25 11.00
3.00 Hologic dd 541 8.60 7.81 8.44+0.75 6.75 3.06 HoltCgr .08t 17 4.25
4.25 4.25+0.25 -.50 14.50 HmeBc .40 2.1 17 1 19.25 19.25 19.25-0.31
9.50 6.16 HomeCnt 2 7.25 7.25 7.25+0.25 26.63 15.75 HmFdIN 55 3.3 9 69
16.75 16.31 1 .75+ 1 36.13 19.25 HmPrt 1.00 2.8 12 139 35.88 35.81
35.88+0.06 13.88 1.88 HmePrd old 1513 2.06 1.88 2.00 16.25 3.19 HmGrcc
n 3975 4.44 4.06 4.06-0.16 5.00 3.00 HmIndH cc 148 3.63 3.25 3.50+0. 9
16.50 8.00 HmeServ n 17 9 11.50 11.50 11.50+0.13 13B.00 14.06 HoffeStm
dd 15945 55.00 53.00 54.19+0.19 9.63 1.13 HmeAuto dd 114 1.91 1.69
1.69-0.19 18.81 6.50 Homers dd 178 7.25 7.00 7.00-0. 1 3 20.00 8.38
HopFedB s .44 4.9 11 9.00 8.88 9.00 12.38 8.41 HorznFin .48 4.9 9 121
10.00 9.75 9+75-0.13 8.25 4.44.Hod.HC 4 11 4.53 4.31 4.31-0.50

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18.25 4.31 HrznoOff cc 503 18.63 17.63 18.63+0.38 13.50 6.56 HorzOrg
79653 9.38 8.63 8+72-0.47 40.63 2.38 HotTopic a 17 5096 32.75 28.25
28.31-2. 38.75 14.50 HotlRsrv n 669 35.50 34.69 35.19+1.06 48.00 6.88
HotJobs dd 3080 19.38 18.88 19.06-0.06 23.69 10.50 HubGrp 13 12 13.50

13.00 13.50+0.63 1769 12.63 HdsnCity. .32 f 1.8 462 17.38 17.13 1T31
+0.06 1250 8.75.HdsnRvr .12 0.9 18 720 13.00 12.31 13.00+0.69 444 1.25
HudsonTc 59 2.63 2.56 2.63-0.13 232.75 33.00 HumGen dd 20611 173.50
160.19 166.94+10.63 60.44 19.38 Humbird 13 34.50 33.00 3300 8.38 6.06
Humphry .92 11.5 11 315 8.13 8.00 8.00-0.06 17.50 10.50 HuntJB 18 402
13.88 13.44 13.50 0.13 28.13 13.75 HuntBnk .80 b 4.7 10 5116 17.13
16.56 16.88+0.38 32.75 9.38 HutchT dd 37875 24.50 18.60 23.75+5.31
13.25 5.66 HybrdNt n 994 7.50 6.03 7.13+1 13 9.00 1.06 Hycor 63 189
7.38 6.88 6.38-0.13 11.50 2.75 HyperFeed dd 1274 4.25 3.94 4.25+0 19
65.00 15.13 HyperSolu 36 1829 32.13 30.53 31.6.3+1 13 139.50 3.06 Hyseq
dd 1315 42.66 40.13 41.94+2.13 16.00 7.75 I-Many n 2020 14.00 12.31
14.00+11.75 22.50 10.13 I-STAT dd 618 18.94 18.25 18.56+0.19 223.50
15.13 Q Tech a dd 24571 174.50 168.00 169.19 +0.44 33.06 5.13 i3Mobile
n 2765 9.13 8.25 9.06+0.19 3.00 1.25 IC lace did 25 1.94 1.91 1.91-0.03
39.25 5.63 ICO Com dd 9424 6.03 5.78 5.97-0.03 2.56 1.00 ICO Inc dd 387
1.75 1.63 1.69-0.19 68.00 24.00 ICOS dd 2820 59.81 57.75 58.69+0.94
45.00 15.00 ICOS Via 29 108 39.75 38.44 39.00+0.88 15.63 4.50 ICT Grp
26 194 11.19 10.63 10.63 10.00 4.38 ICTS Intl 16 40 7.00 6.63 7.00+0.13
31.75 10.69 ICU Mad 19 234 24.31 22.50 23.44- 0.81 173.00 42.75 IDEC a
cc 6232 142.69 134.13 139.63 +3.69 30.44 14.25 IdexxLb 28 2068 27.19
26.00 26.13-1.13 19.00 6.66 IDG Bks 10 48 9.13 8+88 9.03+0.16 45.00
18.50 IDTCorp 1331 40.31 39.75 39.75-0.50 49.13 10.38 IDXSys n dd 422
18.00 16.81 17.00-0.19 3.78 1.00 IEC Elc dd 3611.75 1 .63 1.63 30.63
17.75 IFCO Sys n -413 21.25 20.00 20.13-1.00 13.00 2.94 IFR Sys .13 2.7
547 4.81 4.63 4.75+0.13 41.00 11.50 IGEN dd512 19.38 18.63 19.00+0.5
77.13 6.63 iGateCap 19 4484 7.44 7.06 7.28+0.22 74.00 10.60 1141 47
2076 55.13 50.00 53.75+3.63 11.38 5.50 IL Fom 17 505 8.50 8.00 8.13-
0.25 19.19 7.00 IMRglobal dd 2316 12.25 11.88 11.88-0.31 22.50 9.75
IPCHold 318 16.75 16.19 16.75+0.63 37.50 6.75 ISG Intl dd 569 13.88
10.44 13.31+0.19 43.50 13.00 ITC Dita dd 8779 16.60 14.00 14.13-2.00
5.13 1.13 ILearn dd 49 1.44 1.19 1.44+0.25 2.44 0. 38 TEQ Im dd 602
0.50 0.47 0.50+0.03 16.00 10.75 ITLA Cp 6 1363 15.00 13.75 14.00 124.75
16.38 ITXC Cp n dd 8766 21.69 19.60 20.00-1.06 25.00 1.56 iTurf n 1373
1.75 1.63 1.63-0.06 6.81 2.25 IVI Chck n dd 349 2.91 2.81 2.81-0.06
68.75 9.56AXL Entp dd 24188 10.88 9.00 9.56-1.31 12.50 6.44 ftiafts n
3576 11.38 9.75 11.19+1.13 94.25 13.00 iBasis n dd 5823 23.60 20.25
20.75-1.25 29.44 6.81 iBeamB n 6469 11.38 10.25 10.63+0.63 19.75 11.13
Iberiabank .64 3.7 11 27 17.19 17.13 17.13 135.00 28.31 IbisTech 2152
44.00 41.13 43.60+2.50 37.50 6.00 iCable n 582 10.50 9.56 .56-0.38
23.50 12.19 IconPLC 34 122 17.75 17.50 17.75+0.13 15.50 2.50 IdeaMall
dd 121 4.00 3.44 3.94+0.16 26.13 2.00 iGoCorp n dd 334 3.00 2.75 2.75
15.50 6.75 kos 19 482 12.88 12.03 12.63+0.63 54.13 12.00 IlexOnco. dd
845 34.00 32.81 33.00-0.69 9.06 0.78 ilife.corn dd 112 1.88 1.75 178-
009 48.2529.50 Illumine n 3362 47.25 39.88 44.75+41.76

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

10700 5.50 log cc 600 57.88 56.00 57.00 -40.00 36.81 39.75+1 13 7.38
2.75

ImagEn 20 759 4.13 3.88 4 13+0 19 45.00 3.97 ImageX dd 2206 4.63
4.19 4.47+0.25 40.06 6.63 iManage n dd 5515 11.50 10.50 11.00+0.38 4.94
1.03

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Imatm old 3312 2.50 2.38 250 29.41 17.00 Imax Cp 30 497 27.56 26.94
2731 +0 19 171.98 16.25 ImcIne 4321 98.63 95.25 9638+081 79.00 12.56
Immersn n dd 1759 17.25 16.06 17.13+0.75 34.88 10.56 immtech dd 130
21.25 20.63 21.25+0.75 16.88 3.25 Imucor 12 502 3.94 3.53 3.75+0.31 20.50
1.75 Imungn dd 4023 17.25 16.25 16.88+0A4 19.75 2.56 ImunAsp dd 3436
950 8.75 9.00+0.25 84.00 13.75 Imunex a cc 55340 51.13 48.56 50.25+1 63

41.13 1.00 Imunmd dd 4149 26.31 23.76 25.00+11.13 40.00 8.53 Impath s
17 1 49 36.88 3513 3594-0 13 52.88 9.98 ImpcoTch . 2111 24.25 21.94
24.06+206 6.50 1.63 ImpCrd dd 2117 2.00 1.88 200 9.00 2.56 Impreso n 19
28 3.69 3 56 3.56-0 19 20.00 1.31 ImpNNt n 96 2.00 194 1.94-0 06 46.50
8.88 ImpsatF 1988 16.06 15.50 15 50-0 3 4.25 1.69 InHome 5 137 3.34
3.25 3 31 52.25 24.06 Inamed n 2807 33.38 32.00 3269+0 14 11.00 0.50
IncaraPh dd 627 3.72 3.13 3.31 -0 0 289.06 16.44 Incyte dd 16848 84.38
80. 82.94+3 19 14.00 9.69 IndpCmty .28 2.1 14 1063 13.63 13.44 14.75
9.13 IndepHld .05 b 0.4 9 2 12.75 12.75 12 75 14.25 9.50 IndBkMA .40
2.9 13 227 14.00 13.50 13.81 +031 17.50 10.38 IndBkMI .60 3.8 16 147
16.38 15.63 1588-0.38 57.13 4.25 IndepEn 5519 6.31 5.94 6.23 + 0 2
37.63 3.88 IndepFncI .25 t 13 123 4.69 4.44 464-030 23.00 14.50 IndUtd
.66 4.4 11 20 15.00 15M 15.00-0 12 9.00 2.56 IndigoNV dd 2119 6.94 6.44
6.81+0114 4.44 0.34 Indigo wt 71 1.88 1.75 1.75+0 19 7.13 1.03 IndvInv
dd 377 1.88 1.63 1.63-0.19 13.63 4.75 IndusIntI dd 564 8.00 7.44
772+034 17.00 1.66 IndusMate dd 1529 3.56 3.28 3.50+003 19.00 10.00
IndsBc .76 16.3 9 50 12.13 12.00 12A+0 38 4.31 0.75 IndusHId dd 364
2.47 2.38 2.38+006 74.9825.06 InetTech 49 2398 40 63 38.75 40.38+2.38
8.63 1.00 Infinium dd 967 238 2.56 2 88+028 39.25 15.50 InfVista n -
149 34.00 32.63 33.38-0.48 138.50 9.25 InfoSpce s dd 216205 41.00 37.00
39.00+2.38 17.75 4.25 infoUSA 26 1008 6.50 5.75 6 19+038 7.13
Inferssing dd 108 21.88 21.25 21 50+025 37.38 3.69 Infocure dd 4236
4.44 3.88 3.98-027 48.00 13.06AInFocus 33 6108 49.44 45.25 48.38+288
2563 4.38 Infogrms dd 159 7.81 7.44 744-056 11.81 2.50 InfoNo n 1. 287
3.53 3.00 3.31 - 0 P8 110.88 22.50 Informat s old 2903 100+13 97.88
10000 28.94 0.69 InfoArch dd 5585 6.63 6.00 638+038 44.56 13.00
InFRscEng dd 1083 37.44 36.00 36 00- 0 12.06 3.44 InfoRes dd 354 7.00
6.13 6.81 22.50 3.69 Informx 25 74759. 6.81 6.06 6.13-0 19 100.13 21.25
Inforte n . 449 37.50 35.50 35.94-1.56 375.00 48.75 Infosys a .04 a cc
2346162.00 149.06 15612+12.08 8.75 0.75 IngenCorp dd 415 1.75 1 47
1.72+0 13 13.75 8.13 Inglmkt .66 6.7 10 65 10.00 9+50 9.88+038 70 75
13.25 InhaleTh s dd 4785 50.63 49.00 50.50+0 14 241.50 46.88 Inktomi a
dd 28163 131.00 12400 130.38 +4.38 9.94 2. Innerdyn 53 479 6.50 6.31
6.38 . 16.75 5.13 Innodata s 35 223 10.31 10.06 10.19 +0 On 18.50 4.00
Innotrac 716 5.50 5.00 5.25+025 2.75 0.50 InovGme 47 0.69 0.66 M9 14.50
10.63-InmvSoi n 1014 14.88 14+25 14.38 8.00 3.19 Innoveda n 1055 4.06
3.94 400-033 15.00 7.13AInnovex dd 815 15.26 14.06 18.00 + 0 38 20.00
3.44 Inprise dd 2036 5.88 5.75 5.84+0 13 35.69 1.13 InsWeb n dd 1363
2+41 2.06 2.19+0 13 33.88 12.00 InsghtCo n dd 2290 18.00 16.38
17.81+106 74.3822.75 Insight 3012873 52.73 45.75 50.26+4.69 2T81 4.00
InsgBol n cld 337 6.88 6.13 25.50 6.75 inSilicn It 744 20.38 19.00
20.38+0.88 38.00 20.38 InsitTc 26 513 30.75 30.06 30.69+025 19.94 10.25
Insmcd 1641 19.50 18.50 19.44-006 11.13 2.00 Inspire dd 975 2.59 2.25
2.50 + 0 u9 19.00 13.50 InspPhar n 1278 18.00 15.94 17.50 - 0 50 24.63
11.75 InsAut 12 3836 17.25 15.13 16.50-6M 6.88 1.13 InsrMngt dd 93 1.63
1.56 1.63 + 0 06 6 38 1.19 Integ dc247 138 1.28 1.38-006 21.88 16.25
Integral. 804.4 14 100 19.38 19.19 1925+006 20.00 5.38 ItgLfSci dd 343
14.81 14.13 14.63+0.38 4.75 2.31.IntegMed 113 2.88 2.00 2.25-063 56.00
13.00 Integral 28
319 / C11Day
157 15.25 14.44 15.13 +038 5.69 1.03 IntegraIVs dd 643 1.56 1.38
156+025 10.19 7.63 IntgBus n 185 9.00 8.81 8.88+0 3 26.50 g.WIntgCirc n
2961 28.38 24.25 27.50+3.25 80.00 15.06AIntgDv 49 76183 90.38 77.88
87.75+10.50 28.00 4.75 Integirif n 433 6.98 1.12 1.02-1.98 24.31 9.75
IMSC 19 230 1.00 17.9 1 7 8 . 0.13 41.81 5.47 ISSA cc 7766 29.00 27.38
29.38+156 28.19 118.2 IntlitLem n 10511 31.44 26.63 31.44+4.06 75.81
32.50 Intel s .08 0.1 66 262339 75.63 73.63 7.18 + 1 38 6.50 1.50
Intelefilm dd 41 1.88 1.75 1.75-0 13 22.50 1.09 InteliDta 11 1794 7.30

6.50 694+006 16.59 1.44 Intelligr a dd 801 2.34 2.22 231 -0.03 9.44
5.88 IntParfu a 16 72 7.38 6.88 7.25 46.38 12.00 InterTel .04 0.3 dd
1812 15.88 14.81 15.31+069 22.13 12+02 IntrWBc .56 4.2 19 65 13.69
13.25 1325-0.14 45.25 9.00 IntactCm n cld 1356 10.88 10.25 1038-0.44
54.50 18+50 IntactInt n dd 146 44.88 44.00 44.31-063 68.25 6.75
IntactIm n 81 7.38 7.25 7.25 - 32.03 12.50 InterCept 49 95 24.00 22.69
23.25-069 9.13 2.88 InterlDnt 14 1668 4.25 4.06 4.06-0 19 82.00 488
Interflig cc 2928 18.13 17+31 1788+038 16.25 5.00 Interep. n dd 16 6.75
6+38 6.38+0.63 9.06 3.06 Infrface .18 2.6 37 2522 7.06 6.75 6.94-006
82.00 5.94 Interface dd 700 16.75 15.69 16.25-038 9.00 3.19 Intgph dd
1747 6.06 5.88 6.00 24.00 10.88 Intergrp 2 13 20.50 19.88 19.88+0 13
12.00 6.56. Interland n 6279 7.75 6.44 6.88-044 55.50 9.25 Intdiant dd
2335 13.25 12.50 13.25+069 69.13 4.50 IntednkE s cc 2238 27.50 25.88
2SM-11.25 5.69 2.00 Interlinct dd 155 419 4.00 4 19+0 19 31.63 9.50
Interlogix dd 112 15.38 13.00 15.38+1.88 77.38 14.75 IntmdCm dd 9574
21.63 20.38 20.75-0 13 14.50 4.56 IntmetC .16 2.1 7 1089 9.63 6.25
7.75-1.66 47.88 11.00 IntrMune n 1614 38.38 37.88 38.06 +019 111.00
19.50 IntrNAP a dd 456N 36.30 33.13 36.00+3.00 7.25 4.56 IntlAir 9 46
5.81 5.56 5.63-0.D6 39.00 29.38 IntlBcsh s 1.00 13.3 8 123 31.94 30 +69
30.69-100 38.25 4.50 IntFibcm 76 3061114 25.38 23.00 23.63+11.00 71.13
30.13 IntlSpdw .06 a 0.2 41 492 34.13 33.13 n-88 4 30.00 2.94 IntntAm
dd 494 4.13 3.75 3.75 R.00 23 13 IntmtCap a 7451672 37.75 34.00 34.88-
1.1350.00 5.63InvintmtGold 1463 5.88 5.38 5.44-0.19 132.81 28.60
Itmadnlvtv 1503 40.63 35.00 36.00-2.06 46.25 6.25 IntnelPict dd 6733
8.11 7.09 7.81+038 141.00 22.50 IntntSec cc 5043 82.00 79.50 81.00+175
72.25 12.25 Intmt.cm dd 2798 32.19 30.00 31.50+11.63 8.75 1.13
Interneur 10 661 2.38 2.25 2.28-0.03 49.00 12.50 Intphse 30 1414 21.38
18.19 20.63+1 - .88 4.69 1.56 Interplay dd 626 3.78 3.50 3.63 - 14.25
4.94 Intpore dd 570 8.44 8.13 8.19-0 19 95.2524.63 Intersill It 13500
56.63 48.50 54.00+4.88 39.94 10.00 Intspeed n dd 2917 11.75 11.00
1144+050 7.75 4.69 IntstNDS 11 148 5.50 5.44 5.44 . 99.75 12.75
InttrstT a did 7664 16.44 15.94 16.06-031 38.75 5.63 IntVcBr del 10438
12.69 10.98 12.44+1.75 75.00 7.69 IntrWave n did 4913 12.13 10+69
11.31+019 93.50 10.00 InterWorld dd SM 21.69 19.38 20.13 + 1.00 100.00
18.38 Intnmm a dd 11354 99.75 94.50 96.00-006 26.25 6.50 IntestCorp 11
300 10.75 10+63 1 OM + 0.6 8.50 2.13 Intevac. n dd 90 5.84 5+25 5.25-
025 33.00 5.50 IntrBiot n 210 22.38 20.94 21.00-1.38 55.50 7.50
IntnetSol cc 2236 45.63 44.00 4531+0.19 99.00 5.25 Intrawre dd 71323
11.19 9.81 1050+0.13 31.60 4.50 Intmn.cm 11 2633 15.00 13.41 14.88+1.75
90.00 22M Intuit a 42 32844 60.00 56.06 59.88+2.00 19.06 7.98 IntSurg n
427 15.25 14.00 14.50-050 57.19 15.63AInvFnSv s .06 f 0.1 67 1879 61.75
55.69 61.66+4.118 9.38 3.31 InVision dd 289 4.25 4.06 4.06-0 13
99.5023.25 Invitrogn cc 16MI 64.13 60.13 63.113+113 14.00 8.00 Invivo
11 44 11.88 11.00 11M . 44.00 2.00 lonNet n dd 6284 4.09 3+63 3.75-022
102.00 12.13 IonaTch oc 5176 85.38 76.91 83.31+5.69 28.50 2.50 Print n
525 3.56 3.44 3.50+0 Or. 1288 5.88 IpswichBc .40 4.3 783 9.38 9.38
9.38-006 18.50 3.63 Index 25 361 9+38 9.00 9.19+013 33.00

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13.38 IroquoisB .48 1.5 19 5 32.69 32+69 32.69-0 19 24.38 13.44 .24
1.6 9 146 15.13 14.75 14.81+006 6.50 3.38 dd 1 4.25 4.25 4.25+0 13
39.00 3.88 Isis dd 3687 13.19 12.69 1106 +0 25 17.75 9.00 IsleCapri 13
3633 16.75 14.69 15.63+0.88 6.97 1.95 Isolyser 43 722 2.63 2.31 2.56
12.13 10.26AIstaPh n 1780 13.81 11.69 13.19 + 1.44 11938 47.50 ItoYokad
.31 a 0.6 36 265 51.00 49.00 50 00 8.75 3.98 Itron dd 127 6.00 5.75
6.00 + 0.25 42.50 5.63 IVillage dd 1756 7.06 6.63 6.69-0.38 45.38 1.50
IxysCp a cc 1184 41.13 39.75 4025

22.75 12.50 AJDSn 10 540 14.13 13.13 14.13+088 49.88 10.25 JD Edwr
16142 25.17 23.81 24.81+0.88 29.63 8.50 JDASoft 46 5729 13.50 12.88
12.94 - 038 153.38 25.98 JDS Uni a dd 180510 125.25 118.25 124.48+6.48
8.19 2.50 JLM Ind n dd 37 4.19 2.88 3.94+0 19 1114.75 20.00 JNJ Corp n
cc 3286 68.19 63.38 67.13+2.94 14.94 4.09 JPMCo n dd 190 6.38 5.38
6.38+0.97 5.75 2.31 JPS Ind 10 171 5.06 4.94 506+006 5.00 2.25 JPS Pck
dd 40 3.25 3.25 325 37.38 7.44 Jacada n 1818 10.38 9.06 9.94+0.81 12.31
JksnvilBc.50 3.7 8 46 13.63 13.50 13.63+0 13 20.88 1.63 JacoElec s 17
1273 19.00 17.75 18.27+020 8.19 4.00 Jacobsn 7 17 4.88 4.69 4.75 - 0 25
16.50 8.60 JacrCm wl 263 12.50 11.38 11.38- 106 -38 13.25 JkksPac a 11
1711 18.19 17.38 17.75-0.06 9.25 6.31 James .98 13.3 26 183 7.50 7 38
7.38-0 13 8.06 2.50 JawsTch n 1648 2.66 2.50 2.50 - 0 06 137.01) 21.00
Jazztel n 3400 31.38 28A3 30.88+2.50 3.75 9.63 JeffSvg .28 2.6 9 29
10.88 10.56 10.88+0 13 3 25 3.00 JetForm -6.08 4.69 4.44 4.50-0 19 8.63
1.00 Jfax.com dd 2277 1+63 1.44 144-0.09 17.69 2.91 JIgrp did 860 9.50
8.81 9.25 -0 25 22.75 1.44 Jmar dd 4508 10.38 9.50 10.13+0.13 9.75 5.75
JohnsnOut did 708 7.31 5.75 675-038 53.00 15.98 JonesPh s .08 0.2 36
22743 41.88 35.38 35.76-4.94 1319 450 JoreCorp n 125 5.25 5.00 5 13 - b
13 625 225 JosBank 8 182 4.50 4.03 403-02.344 075 Judge.com 6 71 1.33
1.28 1+33 +0 08 211.56 28 25-JnprNtw cc 50509 214.38 206.25 213.75
+9.88 87.00 450 JunoOnl dd 7382 6.69 6.25 6.25 + 0 13 47.38 16.63
JuptrCm n cc 372 23.94 23.00 23.81 38.13 10.00 KSwiss .06 0+3 8 258
22.56 22.38 22 50+0.06

K

11.75 0.75 K-tel dd 1824 2.00 1.63 1.75+025 98.50 29.88 KLA Tnc s 49
32632 66.94 6438 65.63+U 44 92.2524.25 KPNost It 1235 33.56 32.13
33.19+3.69 17.94 12.50 KTrw 7 6 17.60 17.00 17.00-0 13 10.25 2.03
KVHInd dd 277 6.94 5.81 6.94 +1.00 19+38 10.50 KajsVent 5 7 12.69 12.00
12.69 15.63 8.77 Kaman .44 3.4 11 1370 14.38 12.88 13.13-0.94 175.50
22.75 KanaCm s - dd 35735 40.63 37.75 40.13+1.50 11.88 5.00 KayeGrp .10
1.3 8 8 7.50 T50 750-038 6.88 3.06 KeithCo 7 3 4.50 4.31 4.50+0 19 1
35.88 Keistrm n 7 1065 5.25 5.13 5.13-006 30.75 22.06 KellySA 1.00 4.3
10 267 23.25 22.75 23.13 - 0 CW 14.50 5.38 Kandla 37 233 8.72 8.16
8Z3+0 34 11.25 4.25 KndyW11 11 623 6.81 6.56 663-0.19 22.13 8.50
KenseyN 22 200 13.06 12.56 1288+025 4.75 1.63 KntckyEl 10 11 2.00 2.00
2A + 0 19 16.44 2.19 KeraVis dd 1580 3.88 3.69 3.75 . 13.38 9.50-
KeryxBlo It . 3878 14.50 10.94 13.88+106 15.50 9.25 Ke-Sc 2.7 9 129
10.98 10.50 10.50 11.19 5.19 Keylech 12 53 8.69 8.63 8.69+006 4.94 2.38
KeyTrn dd 761 5.25 4.50 4.94+050 177.00 17.25 Keynote n dd 8347 31.38
28.75 30.25+025 15.UU 4.75 KeysAuto 14 449 5.75 5. 0 06 27.38 14.06
KeystnFn 1.16 5.0 25 2398 23.06 22.63 23.00+0.25 18.25 3.88 ktorce.com
- dd 508 4.63 4 13 4.56+006 20.50 10.75 Kimballint .64 3.8 14 1454
17.13 16.56 17.00+044 10.13 425 Kinnard 12 804 8.94 8.69 8.75-0.13 7.26
2.25 Kirin 3 201 2.50 225 2.47 1463 9.75 Klamath .52 4.3 10 35 12.25
12.00 12M - 0 13 60+06 21.69 KnqhtTrd 15 28112 32.13 30.75 31.38-075
19.75 10.75 KnightTr 15 12 17.22 16.88 17.00-

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025 24.25 11.50 KnightT 2.44 1094 24.00 23.25 24.00+0.25

Continued on Next Page

NASDAQ SMALL CAPITALIZATION 500 MOST ACTIVE BY DOLLAR VOL-
UME/THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000 Stock Last Chg

ACS Elc 12.13 +11.13 AberDmnd 8.13 - .28 AccessWw 1.63 + .13 Acclaim
1.88 AcMHold 2.63 .38 AcresGm 1.75 .09 ActTele 5.75 .19 ActApp 4.88 +
.38 Adatorn 1.16 + .09 AdvESP 3.63 + .94 AdvErw 1.53 - .13 AdvtRst n
.66 AffTech .78 - .03 -Agrtope n 5.44 AlancoTch 1.78 - .09 Alkerm pf
154.00 +32.60 AlliGarn 2.50 - .13 AdDevic 3.44 + .13 AJphHsp 1.63
Alpnet 2.31 AmerAcc 5.97 - .03 AmBiogn n 1.69 + .09 AmChmp 1.00 - ut.
AmerTch 5.00 + .44 Amplidy 3.03 .16 Amtech 21.56 .84 AngloAmr 56.75

+1.17 Antenna 2.63 - .13 ApcheM 1.00 + .03 Apco 23.50 .50 AquisCom .56
06 Aristotle 5.60 88 ArkBst pf 44.00 + 25 Armen 5.19 - .06 AtTrack 1.44
+ .13 AtlTech 3.22 - .03 AtornicElur .63 - .06 Attorneys 1.91 + .11
audhghwy 1.13 - .06 AvadoBrd 1.47 + .03 AvaxTch 9.81 + 75 Axonyx n
10.38 + 19 AztecTc 1.56 + 03 b2bstors n 2.00 BAB Hid 4.13 + BOE Fncl
11.31 BOSLtd 7.78 - 1i BVR 8.00 Bary-SIR 2.38 - .13 BarPoint n 3.56 +
.03

Stock Last Chg

BelBcp 2.88 BwgHid 2.00 BerkshEn 30.81 - .94 BikeDrm n .47 BioPlex
2.25
- .41 Bioject 8.50 - .06 BbLase 2.28 + .16 Biomune .56 + .03 BioShld
n 11.50 Bluefly 3.19 BmdEm 1.47 + .13 B tCp 8.38 - .38 BrazilFst 3.25 +
.56 BrdgTch n 7.63 + .26 CPI Aero 3.60 - .06 CSK 26.69 -3.31 CT Hold n
1.94 + .13 CTN Mda 7.03 - .03 Calypte 3.50 + .44 GanSoPt 6.06 - .06
CwtbrPk 8.00 CapEnvr 3.00 CapsuleCm 1.25 - .19 Cardima 1.09 + .03
CardFnc 5.25 + .13 CaroSthn 12.63 +11.50 Castelle 1.25 CaviWT n 4.66 -
.06 CecoEnv 2.25 CnPacMin 4.69 + .03 Cheminfl n 1.50 + .09 ChenEnr .94
+ .03 CtiPizza 2.63 - .09 Citinalles 5.91 +11.06 Choicetel n 3.50 - .19
ChromIn n 5.50 + .25 ChromCS 1.81 + .06 CitzFnCp 13.50 + .50 CityBk
28.63 Clummet 4.16 - .22 clickNsttle 3.13 - .06 CodaMus. 3.81 + .06
ColCmc. 4.69 - .19 CmnwLB 6.50 - .25 Comintell 3.38 + .06 CmBcNJ 14.50
- 50 CmpWell .72 + .22 Compostch .41 - .09 Cptconc .88 Conductu 19.39 -
.61

Stock Last Chg

Conolog n 1.50 ContlInfo .75 Comednet .94 + .06 CovlGrp 3.34 + .09
GoverAll
.53 - .03 CrthHstSv n 7.00 CredoPt 5.88 + .25 CryoCell 4.69 + .13
CurtisInt 1.31 CyprBio 1.84 + .03 DF Chma n 1.69 + .56 DISC 3.88 - .63
DTM Cp 5.69 - .44 DallsGld 8.00 Datakey 8.88 - .56 DaughRs 2.56 - 13
DBeer 27.75 + .44 Dectron 3.50 + .50 Dlttd 5.75 + .22 Denali 1.25
DntlMed .94 DstFear 5.25 DeSys a 9.06 + .06 DialCpA 1.00 + .13 DigtlVid
7.44 + .19 DiscGph n 2.38 34 DiscvLabs 5.75 + .38 Dimnt g 9.06 + .31
DblegI 5.44 + .06 DrugMx n 7.50 + .25 DtchFrk n 13.06 + .06 DynOil 1.38
+ .03 DyntrCp 1.34 - .03 E-Cruitr n 3.81 + .25 E-Sync n 4.13 .13 EA Eng
h .88 .13 eGarnes 1.41 + .19 EPL Tch 1.00 + .03 eUnivrse n 5.00 + .44
EaglSup n 3.94 - .06 eB2B Cm n 3.94 ebix.corn 4.56 + .19 EduVdeo 14.38
+ .31 800 Travel 1.75 - .06 eLecCorn 2.16 + .22 ElClear 1.78 - .03
Elcts.rc 5.25 + .50 ElmrSv 19.50 - .13 EltekLtd 5.69 + .19 Emerginf
2.44 + .06 EngCrw wil 11.13 + .88

Stock Last Chg

EnerSrch 5.69 + .06 EnlghtS 1.94 Entropin n 8.63 + .81 Entrpin wt
2.94 +
.19 EnvrTch 14.98 1.94 EnvoyCm n 8.59 .16 Equitex 6.50 .06 EquusG n
1.38 + .25 eRoomSy n 5.94 + .06 Esenjay 3.50 + .13 EshedR 5.81 Eufaula
8.25 EuroSrv 8.50 + .50 Euroweb 3.63 - .13 Exigent 2.34 - .41 ExpTell n
9.63 + .19 Explor 3.13

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FarmCB 36.13 + .25 Fauquier n 17.00 -11.25 FdScrw 38.38 - .13
SFaveChan .41 -1 FilmRm 1.06 + .16 Finet.com .56 FingerLks 6.88 - .13
FFdMN 7.50 FtIndp 10.13 + FstNiles a 10.13 + 50 FstPrpor 1.72 - .16
FrstWB 9.25 + .13 FstU 35.25 + .50 FocusEn 1.63 - .09 Fonar 2.50 - .03
FoodTch 3.25 - .31 Fortel 1.69 + .09 Forward 1.13 + .03 FrisBay 3.25 +
.25 FuelTch 2.25 FujiPh 35.75 -1.13 Ftrmdia 1.00 - .03 GenBear 5.81 +
.00 Gauss 1.97 + .09 GblCap 6.88 GoldFLtd 3.63 + .06 GoldIsl 6.75 +
.25 GmdToy 2.59 + .03 GreystDg n 5.50 - .13 GrowBiz 4.31 + .31 Gyrody
13.00 + .44 HMG Wd 3.13 - .13 Hansen 5.13 + .06 He 7.50 - .38

Stock Last Chg

Hawks 7.25 + .50 HlthGrds 1.06 + .03 HvnlyDoor .50 + .03 HenlyH 1.06
- .03 HrtgBVA 5.63 - .06 HerzfIdC 4.75 - .25 HiRise .78 + .03 HmStkOG
11.50 + .06 HrnecmC .75 - .06 HrneSkrs n 2.69 + .03 Ho IC pf 41.00 +
.38 Howtek 1.75 + .13 Hyprtnsn 8.88 Hyprtn wt 2.00 Hdeldvl 13.31 - .50
I-Link 3.50 - .03 IBS Intact 3.94 - .06 ID Bic 7.56 - .06 ID Sys 5.25 -
.25 iEntertain 1.91 IFS Intl n 2.94 - .13 IFX Cp 8.69 + 1.41 I-Flow
3.25 - .03 US 6.19 - .19 ImaginOn .81 - .03 ImpaxLab 5.81 - .06 IncrnAG
n 2.09 + .78 IndSrvAm 2.50 InfiniteGp 4.19 + .06 Infinity 9.50 +1.56
InfoIntA n 4.00 + .41 Infonau 3.25 - .13 InfuTech 5.13 +11.00 Inkine n
9.50 +1.41 InnoMed 2.91 - .16 Innovo h 1.25 - .13 Insci-state 2.81 -
.19 InSghtH 8.13 + .13 Insignia 7.25 - .75 Intasys 2.56 + .06 IntegSrg
.84 + .02 Integrity 3.38 Intelect 1.91 Intelli 1.38 Interiors .38
Interleuk 4.56 + .44 IntlAsst 5.88 IntlElec 2.25 + .06 Inflisotp 3.63 -
.06

Stock Last Chg

ItmetCm 15.38 +1.25 Internt 1.00 + .06 IntwstHM 5.13 - .38 Intmet
2.00 + .09 Irvine 3.16 - .09 Isornet 17.50 +2.75 Isonics n 3.50 + .13
Ivanhoe n 4.19 + .06 JB Oxfrd 4.53 + .25 J2 Com. 13.63 JadeFncl n 12.00
JunipGrp .78 + .06 JunoLght 5.44 + .19 K2Desgn n 5.09 - .03 KnCtyl-
33.38 + .19 LIAL Pay 8.00 - .06 LeslieFy n 3.56 - .06 Lifschlt 14.75 -
.06 Littlefield 2.19 + .25 LundnOil 2.75 + .09 M-Wave 12.98 + .94 MDI
Ent n 2.28 - .13 MTR Garn 8.47 + .47 Macatw. n 11.13 - .13 MagelPt 1.16
Manatron 5.25 + li Margate 5.13 MktSpec n 1.75 Mathsft 2.25 .09 MaxInet
n 3.56 .06 maysj 9.00 +11.60 McGlenlG 1.22 + .03 MedDsg 15.50 + .63
MdEmrn 1.75 + . Me mi + .10 MedCr. 50 - 9 Medcom 1.91 + .16 MediJect
5.13 + .13 MedCtd 6.00 - .13 MedisTc n 19.56 +2.81 Mediwire 7.00 + .31
MetalMgt .59 Metalcid 3.16 1.1 MetrBcp 6.25 .44 Micront 9.63 + .38 44
MrchDnt 2.31 + .31 Mortind 4.06 MountPr .34 - .03 MultiLnk n 8.25 - .19

Stock Last Chg

MultimdG 4.50 Mltmd KJD 1.25 - .25 MuseTch 2.06 - .06 MyTurn n 10.63
+ .44 NCS Hit .31 NESCO 3.91 - .06 NtlBnksh 16.50 NeoMdia 4.44 - .38
Neoware 3.69 + .69 NetCurmts 2.00 + .16 NetLojix 2.41 .03 NetNatn n
4.00 .13 Netplex 1.31 + .06 Netsmrt 3.50 - .13 NetSlInt n 26.00 + .50
NetWolv n 10.25 + .63 NtwkCn 2.19 + .06 NetwSys n 2.75 + .31 Network 1
6.88 NetwNrth 6.50 + .38 NeurbioT n 8.38 + .56 NewFmt 6.19 + .44 NewTel
9.31 + .94 Nexilled n 14.81 +1.81 NexusTl 2.44 + .19 Nhnemnt 14.25 +
.25 Nissan 9.88 - .13 NogaElc 1.63 + .19 Norsatintl 7.47 + .34 NorSys
9.00 - .31 NAMTech 2.38 - .09 NthnStat 20.25 + .25 NotifyTch 4.00 - .38
NuWveT 2.00 .13 NyerMd 4.25 - .13 NymoxP n 3.81 - .06 ObjSoft 1.16
OlyCasc 7.25 - .25 OmnjsTc n 7.06 - .69 OneidaFn 11.00 - .25 onlinetrd
n 5.25 + .25 Ontro 1.94 + .06 Optlcm 8.38 + .63 OryxTc 1.44 - .06 PCC
Gp 1.75 + .13 PacerTech .98 + .08 PacMagt n 3.25 + .63 PacHith 2.19 -
.06 PalmrM 2.91 - .16

Stock Last Chg PanRoyl 12.00 PwaMed 4.69 - .13 PardMsc .94 - .13
PerncoAvi 12.26 -1.00 PennOct 7.13 PntaStar n 23.38 - .25 PplFnMS n
19.25 +

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.25 Perfdata 4.00 + .56 Perfcnt 13.25 + .25 PerleSys 2.75 + .22
Per.Fix 1.63 PtHel vtg 12.00 + .50 PtHel nv 11.06 - .69 Pharmos. 4.16 +
.16 Photogen n 5.94 - .06 PhotMdx n 13.00 + .25 PionrCos 3.81 - .06
PlPolyT n 2.56 + .19 PollumRs 1.84 + Z Polydex 6.69 - .16 PooreBr 2.50
- .22 PopMail n S8 + .06 PrecisSm n 2.75 - .19 PrcAuto 1.50 + .56
Prcuptup 12.50 .06 ProfFms 1.31 Proflech 3.25 PrtSrce n 5.98 PulaskjBcp
9.50 Q Med 8.00 Qlsound 1.63 + .16 QuadCty 13.13 + .19 Quadrm 1.69 -
.06 Quirros 6.50 RF Inds 6.31 - .56 RacingCh 1.47 - .03 Ramtrn 14.88
RandCap 3+13 + .06 RankGrp 5.00 RegMgic 1.16 - .03 RepFBcp 4.44 - .19
Rexam 3.75 Robocrn 1.81 + .06 RuralMet 2.00 SafTLok 1.03 - .03 SafeSci

2.75 - .03 Saffink 2.19 + .06 SBarbRest .91 .03 Santos 13.25 .06 Sanyo
43.63 + .84

Stock Last Chg Sasol 8.02 + .23 SedonaCp 2.50

Senetek 1.75 + .03 SensorCp 22.63 .56 SenseTch n 14.75 .98 Sensytch
5.19

+ .69 SentoCp 3.44 - .13 SigaTech 3.50 + .50 SilcLtd 8.00 + +50
SilvStd 9 1.28 - D3 SimCent 2.75 - .13 SimPlayer 4.38 + .13 SmarTire
3.00 + .19 Smtex 4.50 + .16 Somaptc 3.25 .31 SrceCap 4.88 .13 SrcngLnk
n 5.56 + .44 SouAla 10.00 + .25 SsdeBcMo 9.88 SpatiaLt n 2.38 StakeTc
1.38 + .13 Stant-ee n 10.00 StkhsePart 4.75 - .25 StratusS n 6.50 + .44
Sunhawk n 15.75 + .38 SupG 10.63 -3.63 SurgeCm 4.31 - .19 Surrey 1.31 +
.13 SymboIn 5.00 + .38 Synagro 2.88 - .13 SynergyB 1.19 TVG Tch 2.53 +
.06 TeamStff 3.09 + .09 Techdone 2.78 - .19 TechRsh 3.19 + .06 TechSys
8.75 Tekinsight 2.63 + .06 TelefMex a 2.63 + .06 Tinetics n 2.38 - .38
Teltron 2.75 + .19 Texoil 8.13 - .44 Thrmogn 2.56 + .19 Thinkpath 2.28
TitarMot n .34 - .03 Toplmgc 6.94 + .06 TchApld 1.38 + .13 Tmscnd 4.00
6 Tmsmat 3.00 - .1 TmsmAsia 1.88 TrvlNow n 11.00 + .13 TrmtAdv a 9.13 -
.13

Stock Last Chg

Tricord 14.00 + .75 Trimark 9.31 + 03 TriBio 2.81 + .09 TripPNV 1.38
Tristar 5.75 - US ESys n 4.88 - .13 US ES wt 1.50 - .25 USHmGrd 2.31 -
.06 US Labs 4.38 + .25 US Lbs wt 1.44 + .50 US OfcP h .44 + .03 USPhys
1 US Chhd 1 1 +6.1 USA Bio 1.94 - +13 UHrtg 2.38+ .06 USecBsh n 30.00
+2.25 UtdShip 6.63 + .56 UnivAuto 2.69 + UnvDisp n 24.88 +3.06 UniView
3.25 - .03 Uromed 1.94 - .03 VOneCp 2.88 Vasomed 450 + .56 VCampus 7.25
+ .38 Velcro 11.38 + .13 VTTeddy 3.63 + .25 VstinGrp n 7.69 + .44
VidaMd n 2.63 - .09 VideoNetw 2.25 + .19 Vids 1.16 + .28 ViewCast 3.06
- .13 VaCmwFn 20.69 +1.19 VirgGas 3.69 + .19 VirtlCom 1.25 + .06 Wacoal
44.00 +1.94 WayneBcp 15.81 - .94 WebFncl n 3.59 + .06 Wegenr 2.53 + .16
WstnPwr 5.38 + .19 WdeCm 3.88 - .38 WidePoint .63 + .03 WillmVV 1.91 +
.22 WldAir n 69 - .13 VVwE&Sp n .88 - .09 WyantCp 3.88 - .06 XATA n
4.50 - .75 Zapwodd n 5.38 + .19 Zeroplus 2.19

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MARKET

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg Continued From
Preceding Page

21.00 2.88 Knot n 123 3.50 3. 5 1 1 7 88 1 0.50 Kola a 16 194 14.63
13 14. +.13 Kornap dd 13851 2.75 2.31 2.69 +49.88 6.25 Kopin a cc 16034
34.00 32.50 33.44 82.00 7.25 KoreaThr n . 11977 8.98 750 844+100 22.13
4.38 Kos Phr old 521 14.25 13.75 14.00-0.19 20.38 9.13 Koss 10 4 19.75
19.75 19.75 94.00 29.00 KrspKrm n 1074 93.75 88.75 93.00+3.44 27.75
4.38 KrolIoGar old 1201 5.13 4.94 5.13 80.00 21.00 Krows 27 195 37.88
37.00 37.38-0.25 43.63 9.63 Kulicke s 16 13963 19.13 18.00 18.19-0.50
9.00 1.22 Lk dd 346 1.66 1.63 1.63

L

763 2.31 LCA Via 26 947 3.09 3.00 3.06-0.03 4550 5.44 LCC Intl 31
1280 24.00 21.75 21.94-0.63 800 2.00 LJ Intl 5 454 3.50 3.13 3.44+0.22
2.50 0.69 U Intl wt 85 1.19 1.00 1.19+0.19 4.38 2.00 LMI Aer dc 97 2.56
2.50 2.50 25.63 18.00 LNB Bnc n 100 14.9 9 18 20.50 19.63 20.50 19.25
11.88 LSB INC .56 4.3 12 27 12.94 12.00 12.94+1.06 17.25 11.00 LSB Fn
.36 2.8 8 2 12.88 12.88 12.88-0.13 2550 12.50 LSI Inds .32 a 1.6 12 x96
20.25 19.63 19.88+0.38 52.25 11.63 LTX .1. 1528631 26.94 24.13
25.56+1.63 1925 11.63 LVMH s .13e0.8 554 15.88 15.25 15.63-0.02 12.25
0.22 LaJollPh dc 423 6.75 6.63 6.75+0.13 725 3.69 LaCrose .13 3.5 dd 28
3.88 3.75 3.75-0.03 10.38 4.00 LabOne .72 8.9 47 701 8.25 7.00
8.06+1.69 12.75 5.56 Ladish 12 1186 12.63 12.13 2.50 + 0.06 12.00 9+00

LakelDB n 30 2.6 141 11.63 1 1.50 1.63+0.13 1825 11.25 LakeFnc .52 3.7
 16 14.00 14.00 14.00+0.19 7.50 228 Lakelnd 6 109 6.50 6.50 6.50+0.25 1
 IM 6.63 LksGarn 4 255 9.13 8.94 8.94-0.06 56.81 18.00 LamRsch s 20
 34443 30.63 29.56 30.13+0+75 70.25 36.50 dc 1565 47.00 46.13 46.44+0.06
 11.75 7.19 LarmarCap .20 2.5 9 5 8.00 8.00 8.00-0.13 6.25 0. LanVision
 dc 5 1.25 1.25 1.25+0.13 37.00 18.50 LarcastrC .64 2.8 9 2684 23.63
 22.69 23.06-0.25 13.44 8.88 Lance .64 6.9 11 153 9.50 9.25 9.31-0.16
 21.75 2.25.Lndcorp n 919 2.50 2.09 2.38+0.08 6.25 3.25 Landair 2 4.81
 4.81 4.81 8.81 4.00 Landec -dd 437 5.94 4.88 5.94+1.19 21.50 13.25
 LandBnc .60 3.2 10 38 18.50 18.13 18.50 11.19 3.25 LndmrkS 40 294 4.06
 3.94 4.00 69.75 32.75 Landstr 11 294 52.56 50.50 51.00 - 43.75 3.38
 Lanopti 527 17.06 5.84 6.75-0+ 13 8750 8.75 LanteCp n 3035 10.25 9.13
 9.38+0+44 1238 6.56 Lantronx n 2441 10.81 100 0.19-0.38 28.75 19+00
 LrgScale n 34 32.75 27.94 30.91+2.78 1150 1.69 Lxscom dd 445 9.38 8.50
 8.88-0+25 14 94 2.28 LasPmd 5 328 3.50 3.13 3.50 13.50 1.09 LasrPwr dc
 166 5.94 5.63 5.69-0.16 18.31 1.34 LsrSght dc 678 163 3.44 3.50+0.06
 2556 3.88 13 2056 6.16 5.81 6.16+0.22 4.00 0.63 Lasrscp dd 327 2.09
 1.94 1.94-0+06 5050 1.13 Lason dd 714 2.50 2.34 2.38+0.03 46.50 8.75
 Lastmin n 39 12.81 12.50 12.81+0.56 36.13 4.56 LatCom 22 4073 9.75 8.50
 8.97+0+53 93.38 27.25 a 35 16438 79.00 72.25 77.88+5.81 2T50 5.00 Fa OM
 dd 273 7.56 7.06 7.56+0.25 8.94 6.63 LawrSB .28 3.3 12 46 8.63 8.50
 8.56-0.19 26 00 20.50 Lawsn .60 2.4 10 94 25.50 24.25 2525+0.75 1238
 3.56Layne - dc 35 4.50 4.38 4.50+0.19 22 00 9.38LeCroy n 15.50 14.98
 15.13+0.06 11050 14.56 LeapWr dd 1554 81.25 77.50 79.38-0.75 9.75 2.09
 Leapnet dd 3937 3.25 2.69 3.13+0.41 9.50 1.59 Learn2cm dc 4873 2.63
 2.41 2.50+0. 9 65.53 12.25 LrnTree 45 4624 70.00 65.00 68.44+6.44 5.00
 1.19 Led dd 15 2.72 2.69 2.69+0+06 11.50 8.50 LeftFdl .60 4.9 - 40
 12.25 11.75 12.25 + 82.50 8.13 Legato dd 20450 13.38 11.94 12.13-1.13
 15.75 0.81 Leistim old 23 1.44 1.38 1.38+0.09 1650 0.94 LeisurpInt
 325 / C12Day
 dd 488 1.63 1.38 1.63+0.31 18.88 15.38 Leitchl gn 40 17.38 1738
 17.38 2100 4.75 LndTree n 645 5.13 4.94 4.94-0.13 7250 15.38 LerHaus s
 cc 7987 30.00 28.75 29.19-0+56 18.38 12.88 Lesco .15f 0.9 11 271 17.63
 17.56 17.56+0.06 132.25 49.88 LeveM dd 39554 87.75 84.13 87.23+3.48
 49.13 10.63 Level8 1001 22.38 20.00 20.00-2.00 14.50 7.7S LeurMd n 5810
 IS.50 13.38 115.22+11.66 31.44 18.75 Lexent n 3900 37.81 25.50
 33.56+7.50 49.25 8.00 LexGnt n 4430 33.50 30.38 33.25+2.63 148.50 10.63
 LibteTch dd 60291 31.38 29.06 30.75+2. 9.00 5.75 cp .10 1.2 21 225 8.75
 8.50 8.63-0.13 75.75 15.50 LibDigH dd 2354 25.00 23.25 24.75+11.25 7469
 39.00 LibLv dc 34 50.00 49.00 49.06-0.81 5.50 2.16 LifoFinl dd 125 3.13
 3.00 3.13+0.09 23 75 5.63 Lfecore dd 345 8.13 7.75 8.00+025 1263 4.06
 Lifecell dc 617 4.94 4.70 4.91+0.22 18.50 7.50 LteIneS 34 16 14.75
 14.25 14.75+0.50 9.38 2.13Lifomark 21 849 9.98 9.13 9.88+0.88 94.81
 15.00 LifeMind n dd 6018 30.19 26.25 30.00+3 29.88 6.88A H dd 2984
 30.13 29.50 30.13+0.44 8.70 4.78 LifeHoan .25 3.8 22 38 6.63 6.50 6.50-
 0.13 9.19 4.25 Lifeway 46 13 6.13 5.50 5.50-0.38 2650 6.44 Ligand B dd
 2406 13.56 12.38 13.00+0.13 69.50 2.16 61 52.50 52.75-3+69 3463 13.00
 Lghtbd n 25 751 18.13 17.38 17.50-0.38 25.38 2.38 Lghtspn n dd 611 3.63
 3.44 3.55-0.02 2416 6.13 LhirGld n - 49 8.25 7.75 8.25+0.75 40.00 20.88
 Lincare 13 15118 25.63 23.50 25.50+0.56 1250 9.19 Bc .32 2.8 16 182
 11.69 11.63 11.63 2438 13.75 LincEl .56 3.8 6 642 15+19 14.38 14.63-
 0.13 1150 5.50 Lindbrg .32 4.6 7 28 7.06 7.00 7.00-0.38 7475 27.63
 LinearT s .12 0.2 8326408 72.25 69+44 71.94+2.44 89.00 48.00 Llonblo n
 . 1243 90.88 83.50 87.38+4.63 37.38 7.06 Ljonb dg old 382 9.63 9.25
 9.44+0.19 55.50 42.38 LiquiBox .80 1.9 11 10 43.00 42.75 42.75 49.25
 5.69 LiqAudio 897 7.06 6.63 6.97+0.22 3000 3.94 Litronic old 181 5.42
 5.19 5.31-0.06 51A 19.50 Littelfuse 23 2215 38.00 36.00 36.31-1.44
 11.00 5.38 LifePrsn n 151 7.06 6.50 6.50-0.25 31.38 4.88 L90 Inc. n dd

1926 7.75 7.19 7.69+025 9.50 6.25 LoJack 14 172 7.75 7.38 7.50-0.13
10.88 7.38 Locall incl 9 315 10.25 9.63 10.25+0.58 2825 12.00 LodgEnt
dc 800 26.88 26.25 26.56+0.31 28.50 1.75 LgOnArn dc 173 3.81 3.17 131 -
0.13 8.81 1.25 LogicD 29 528 3.00 2.63 2.63- 0.25 23.63 2.75 Logility
78 99 4.06 3.88 3.88-0.06 3900 7.38 Logifh s 4 637 34.00 32.50 33.06-
019 47 50 600 Loisl n dd 77 7.75 T50 7.75 1300 7.00 LneSStk .50 5 9 17
8419 8.56 8.38 8.44 13.25 10.00 LlFwCp .32 2.6 12 13 12.13 12.13
12.13+0.63 72.00 12.50 LkSmart n dd 3498 17.00 16.56 16.75 -0.06 54.00
8.00 Loudeye n 1089 11.13 10.63 11.00+0.19 7.25 3.28 Lowr 9 24 4.38
4.38 4.38 21.88 12.56 Lufkin .72 3.8 32 45 19.19 18.81 18.81-0.69 29.50
8.30 Lumenon n 4553 24.75 22.13 23.25-1.31 52.00 5.75 Luminant n 3674
8.94 7.63 8.38+0.5 64.13 13.25 Lurninex n 414 40.94 39.31 40.00-0.1
5.28 2.06 Lurnisys n dd 201 2.84 2.50 2.94+034 93.63 34.13 Lycos .
34148 72.94 7.88 71.00+088 99.50 9.06 LynxTh dd 1091 35.38 33.00
34.75+1.50

M

93.72 7.63 M SysFD cc 2586 80.13 75.75 78.25+1.88 1750 8.19 MACC s
23 9.25 919 9.25+0106 2369 15.50 MAF Bc .40 1.9 10 1092 21.50 21 13
2150+038 75.00 16.38 MCK Cm n dd 13015 29.00 27.00 205 +1.25 43.25 IS.
50 MCSI Inc 42 1009 34.38 32.88 341.36+11.38 17.13 6 . 38 MDC g 19 7.75
7.56 7.75 0.06 90.00 11.63 MDSI g 44 194 16.25 15.44 15.69+0.19 22.25
14.94 MFB Cp .38 2.2 9 4 17.25 17.25 17.25-0.13 12.25 6.76 MFC Bn 5432
8.50 8.00 8.50+0.50 5.75 3.25 MFRI .28 7.7 725 3.63 3.63 3.63 54.75
9.75 MGI Phr cc 2328 35.25 33.06 34.69+1.19 6.97 2.50 MHMeyer 8 952
6.00 5.09 5.31-0.16 97.5026.75 MIH Lid . 1652 38.13 34.88 37.38+2.19
8.63 1.50 MIM Cp dd 505 2.00 1.88 1.91+0.06 111.63 16.63 MIPS Tc n 83
1796 57.50 55.38 57.25+0.70 53.06 31.50 MIPS TcB

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n 1506 52.13 50.69 51.75+0.38 62.25 16.81 MKS Inst 32 4162 35.13
34.00 35.13+0.44 12063 16.38AMMCNt cc 14039 123.00 118.00 121.81 +3.56
7.69 4.38 MOCON .22 3.9 11 2 5.63 5.63 5.63-0.06 64.63 6.50 MP3.cm 4554
8.63 8.13 8.25-0.19 9.63 4.50 MPW Indl 18 5 6.94 6.94 6.94 97.50 8.25
MRV Cm s dc 16513 79.50 76.75 77.06+1.88 2975 16.13 MS Carr 8 152 18.44
17.88 18.44+0.56 1244 2.50 MSI Hold n dd 1319 4.50 4.19 4.50 54.38 3.56
MTI Tch 16 6790 6.56 31+0.75 11.25 5.38 .24 3.8 dd 62 6.31 1.25 1.31
9+75 0.88 MaceSec dd 906 1.56 1 25 125- 0 7.50 3.75 Mackie 11 175 7.50
7 31 7.47+059 8.88 4.00 MacroCh 701 5.56 5.31 553 0.88 37.38 Macrmdia
cc 10566 69.69 6775 6911+0.46 32.50 9.88 Macronix 4.63 1 437 21.88
21.50 21.88+0.75 10788 13.38 Macrvsn cc 2203 108.25 104.50 106.63 +0.75
22.69 5.50 Madden 11 4055 12.44 11.63 12.31+0.19 10.50 3.16 Madefte dd
14 3.88 3.38 3.88+0.25 17.38 1.44 MadgeNt dd 7979 3.94 3.00 3.56+0.53
23.00 16.75 MadGE 1.32f6.6 13 46 20.00 19.75 19.98 10.69 0.81 MagPhr dd
3.75 3.50 3.72+022 5.13 2.38 Magal .10 3.2 10 143 3.25 3.06 3.13-0.13
33.00 5.38 MagicSft s 19 1920 9.13 8.76 9.00 7.88 2.81 MagnaE n 944
6.94 6.58 6.78+0.09 15.25 6.75 Mahaska .60 7.9 9 42 7.75 7.56 7.56-0.06
29.00 4.50 Mail.cm dd 24.65 6.59 6.31 6.31 4.00 2.19 MainSt 37 612 2.94
2.75 2.94+0.19 1144 8.00 MainStr .56 6.9 27 39 8.06 8.03 8.06-0.13
19.38 10.0 Mainsprg n 66.07 10.88 9.52 10.38+0.38 12.25 7.75 Makita 19e
2.5 32 42 7.88 7.75 7.75 9.75 3.81 Mallon dd 305 7.00 6.75 6.88-0.13
41.88 9.00 MgeNetw n 20.79 22.81 18.50 20.06-2.75 9.13 2.56 MncEqp 9
227 5.28 4.75 5.00 52.00 3.50 MwAssc cc 1539 48.19 44.69 46.38+1.69
9+00 1.13 Manntch 14 611 2.81 2 5+103 1.8977 N2 75+1.8 90.06 9.06
Manugist dd 14350 93.31 78 0 1 20.00 3.06 Mapics dc 405 6.25 6.00 6+00-
0.13 4800 11.38 MapInf s 57 186 43.00 41.25 41.50-1.50 81.13 15.00
MarchFrst dd 39556 20.81 18.50 19.38-1.19 20.00 10.00 Marex n -2134
19.00 13.26 19.00+4.88 68.88 11.50 Marimba cc 1577 17.44 16.88 16.98
3.94 1.75 MarTms dd 1B9 2.25 2.13 219-0.13 24.38 14.13 MarCap .88 3.6
14 103 24.34 23.75 24.34+0.47 29.50 3.56 MktSe dd 1234 5.25 4.88

5.13+0.13 64.81 11.00 MktWtch cld 1217 11.88 11.31 1115 + 0.19 13.50
8.38 .44 4.0 8 3 11.00 11.00 11.00 1700 1225 MrshSu .44 2.9 11 59 15.81
15.31 15.31+0.06 32.00 5.25 Martelk dd 384 22.66 21.00 22.50+11.25
16.00 9.50 Marten 7 2 14.25 14.25 14.25+0.63 2.34 0.88 MartnIn .08 7.3
dd 34 1.09 1.09 1.09-0.13 74.69 41.63 MaNelIT n . 19 73.94 69.75
71.38+1.13 37.38 26.75 Massbnk 1.20 4.2 9 8 28.63 28.13 28.25-0.13
73.50 32.98 Matav n 3.55 a 8.3 14 194 45.00 42.63 42.63+2.13 6.56 2.75
MatriaH n - 4 4055 3.97 3.64 3.75-0.25 1938 0.75 Matritch dd 1843 8.38
7.75 8.00-0.22 15.13 5.50 MatrBnc n 6 262 6.75 6.69 6.69 22.06 3.50
MatrxPh dd 1276 15.50 14.56 14.63-0.44 7.00 3.56 MatrxSv 10 33 4.88
4.75 4.88+0.13 95.00 17.60 MatrixO n . 15826 35.25 30.98 34.50+3.50
30.38 20.00 Matthintl .19 0.7 17 184 29.00 28.88 29.00+0.25 50.50 11.00
Mattson 35 2800 23.25 21.75 21+88-0.88 36.50 15.50 M-Tube dc 1804 28.63
28.06 28.06-0.38 9.00 6.50 MaxEr 15 51 8.88 8.63 8.63 1075 6.00 Maxco
dd 13 7.06 6.50 6.94+0.44 7.00 1.25 Maxcorl n 4 207 1.47 1.28 1.28-0.09
4.88 015 MaxcrHit dd 505 1.44 1.22 1.25+0.03 85.00 31.00-Maxim s cc
23906 88.00 93.56 87.69+4.31 79.50 7.50 MaximPh cld 1535 61.38 59.63
61.19+1.94 14.81 4.81 Maxtor dd 51122 8.38 7.19 7.84+0.81 11.13 7.38
MaxvAlsh 6 50 10.75 10.50 10.50 23.69 6.75 MaxwllT dd 539 16.44 16.19
16.38+0.25 186.00 31.98 Maxygen n dd 2568 54.75 49.25 53.75+4.19 18.25
9.00 MayflCo .60 5.6 10 13 11.00 10.75 10.75-0.50 26.13 9.50 MaynOl 10
29 18.00 17.25 17.38-0+63 11.75 6.00 MazelSt n 10 16 7.00 6.50 6.50-
1.00 63.75 15.56 McAfee n dd 1635 28.00 26.27 26.31+1.06 6.81 3.88
McCln 7 97 4.59 4.31 4.31-0.25 19.00 14.00 McGrth
327 / C12Day
.56 3.3 8 11 17.06 17.00 17.06-0.25 38.00 10.88 McLeod s dd 44660
16.25 15.63 15.81+0.31 17.13 6.50 McNghtAp 6 587 16.56 15.75 16.00-0.56
95.00 68.00 AMcData It 17311 110.00 96.00 107.56+14.20 4150 9.88
MeadInst s 30 4537 24.25 22.50 24.00+0.44 4.50 2 13 MeaVlly n 6 100
2.56 2.44 2.50 0.25 0.06 MeaVly t 61 0.31 0.25 0.31+0.06 7.38 4.25
MechDy 20 42 6.00 5.88 5.94+0.06 33.63 4.88 MechTch s dc 1814 11.63
11.31 11.31+0.06 82.31 29.634 s cc 33150 94.75 80.13 84.13+4.19 22.25
14.00 MedalFin 1+44 18.9 203 16.25 16.00 16.13+0.13 206.00 5.00 Medarex
- dd 4900 11550 106.50 110.50 +4.00 18.75 12.06 MedfdBc .48 3A 9 42
14.13 14.06 14.13+0.06 7400 20.00 MedjaM dd 2255 25.38 24.63 24.75-0.50
52.76 5.13 Medial 80 1652 18.98 IS- go 18. 38+2.60 16.88 1.50 MediaBay
dd 860 2.31 219 2 28+0.03 21.00 7.00 Mediacm n 130 14.25 1 3.94 1
4.23+0.17 15.13 4.13 Medialk 22 58 6.75 6.44 6.75+0.38 104.13 6.13 dd
11220 13.13 10.94 12.69+2.00 54.00 5.00 Medlgic n dd 1828 6.75 6.31
6.69+0.28 5.63 2+66 MeclAct 10 176 4.00 3.81 181 -0.03 6.00 1.09
MedAllia 21 106 4.44 4.03 4.03+0.03 10300 18.25 MedMgrCp 3955 44.75
42.56 43.75+0.75 27.38 1650 MedCo n 1556 27.00 23.50 25.00+0.31 11.25
0.44 Mdlcnslt dd 5654 0.94 0.66 0.84+0.16 10.00 0.75 MedinexS dd 139
1.00 0.97 1.00 8.00 1.00 MedPlus dd 61 5.81 5.53 5.81+0.13 45.88 16.88
MedOst 14 1742 20.56 19.25 19.38-1.31 8.00 4.38 Medstone 8 86 5.88 5.50
5.50 1994 1113 Meemic 7 5 19.81 19.81 19.81+0.09 5.13 3.56 MegoFnc 4
311 4.50 4.44 4.50 86.38 20.00 MemWks 49 272 29.31 27.44 28.13-0.88
33.63 1725 MenW. 18 3211 32.50 2950 3050-125 34.25 13.50 Mentor .10 0.5
17 3099 21.50 20 13 211.119+11.00 21.38 7+7S MentGr 48 5169 20.38 1 a
69 18.98-1.38 3913 7.00 Merant dd 84 7.75 725 7.75- 0.06 15.63 9.25
MerctleB 12 25 11.63 1113 1125+0.13 3750 23.66 MerctlBk 1.04 13.0 14
1992 35.50 34.44 149.88 13.44 Mercator dd 16464 16.38 15 56 15.63 +0.13
11.19 3.50 Mercer dd 334 9.94 9.69 9.88+ 19 25.00 17.69 MerchSsh .88
3.7 10 4 23.63 23.63 23.63 20.15 16.00 MerBNY s .60 2.8 16 164 18.00
17.06 17.94+ .94 68.13 12.75 MrcCmp s 26 2109 28.50 26.00 28. + 22.88
Mefchitr s cc 23389 123.50 118.19 122.19+5.06 1.00 5.94 MeridDl .24 3.1
25 431 7.75 7.38 7.75+0.38 975 11.25 Merdins .32 b 1.8 13 182 17.88
17.44 17.44-0.06 13.38 3.50 MeddMed 28 5 11.75 11.75 11.75 3.69 0.50

Merisel dd 9415 1.09 0.91 1.09 + 06 11.38 3.78 MertMd 24 147 5.94 5.81
5.81+0.06 54.88 6.13 Merix Cp s cc 1058 49.75 48.00 48.50+0.06 10.13
9.81 n 211 10.00 9.81 9.81-0.06 7.25 4.25 MesaAir dd 303 5.94 5.56
5.56-0.25 7.00 3.50 MesaLb 9 173 5.47 5.31 5.11-0.13 - 8.88 mus- .08
0.7 8 158 10.88 10.25 0.88+0 56 21.88 2.19 MessgeMd dd 1003 3.69 3.44
3.59-0.03 35.88 13.56 MetaGp 16 2096 14.63 13.884.50+0.06 - 4.94
MetaCreat dd 35619.25 8.25 8.38-0.63 73.50 15.00 Metalink n dd 856
25.130 23.63 23.81-0.69 12600 29.50 MetaSolv n cc 1892 42.75 40.56
40.88-0.81 7.25 2.00 Metatec. did 187 3.00 2.50 2.94+0.31 40.31 9.50
Metawve n - 742 21.98 19.81 20.63+1.00 7.63 2.25 Meteor dd 165 5.75
5.56 5.56-0.25 2.19 0.13 Metex wt 36 1.31 1.31 1.31-0.31 5.75
1.63AMethanx dd 34679 6.00 5.64 6.00+0.34 65.50 14.00 MethdS .20 0.3 69
4 60.25 60.00 60.25+4.25 66.44 13.50 MethdA .20 0.3 69 5400 60.44 66.69
60.13+3.38 18.00 2.94 Metretekt dd 219 4.38 4.19 4.19+0.06 109.90 18.94
Metreern dd 10977 41.25 38.88 40.69+1.81 2806 6.00 Metront 13 198 7.44
7.25 7.38+0.13 MetrIntA n 28 16.00 12.00 12.00 10.00 17.00 9.00 9.00-
1.00 20.00 8.00 MtroOne 48 444 13.50 13.00 13.50+0.25 10.00 6.25
MetroCpB.24 3.3 13 67 7.25 7.13 7.25+0.19 17.22 1.13 Metrocall dd 3256
4.28 4.00 4.19-0.06 19.00 10.13 Metrolog 15 8 14.00 14.00 14.00 51.88
11.13 MtrmdF s dd 63509 40.00 37.50 39.94+2.75 36.00 6.63 Matron n 22
1366 13.44 12.63 13.25+0.31 7.38 2.63 MetroFncl 12 19 4.25 4.130
4.06+0.03 7.38 5.25

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MetroWst.24 a 4.0 10 25 5.94 5.75 5.94+0.19 2806 19.13 MichlF .32
1.3 11 1063 24.25 23.50 23.75-0.19 49.6324.98 MichStr 1515151 40.63
34.75 36.00-6.38 75.13 18.25-Micrel s cc 8931 77.00 73.25 76.44+3.50
12.63 2.94 MicroCT dd 2852 9.25 8.75 9.13+0.06 21.50 9.50 MicroGn n 45
12.63 12.13 12.50+0.38 12.50 4A Microl-in dd 573 5.75 5.25 5.25-0.13
13.50 4.75 McrThrp dd 269 6.88 6.50 6.88-0.38 9.94 Microcil n 3162
39.31 37.00 37.13-0.75 77.38 33.25 Microchip s 47 12779 72.50 67.00
68.06-0.88 26.00 4.88 MicroPh dd 417 9.25 8.63 9.25+0.56 7.88 0.88
Micrgfx dd 98 1.72 1.56 1.69-0.06 2D6.00 27.50 Mcrofns s 7750 167.75
151.88 151.88 -15.00 20.69 8.19 MicronEl 41 18675 14.44 13.44
13.81+0.31 76.25 12.81 Micros 2019556 19.98 1725 17.56-6.44 19.81 2.50
MicrosTo cc 427 5.75 5.25 5.25-0.75 51.00 6.25 MicSern cc 272 42.25
40.75 42.25+1.13 11994 60.00 Microsft 41 342149 71.31 69.63 69.81-0.19
333.00 16.56 MicroStr s dd 12212 29.13 27.50 27.88-0.31 1915 3.00
Micrttest 34 1251 8.53 8.19 8.25-0.44 1850 6.81 MictchSy dd 282 7.13
6.97 6.97+0.03 57.56 26+00Microtne n 7975 58.63 51.94 54.50-1.50 68.50
12.50 Micrvsn dd 1781 43.13 40.06 40.88+0.06 11.50 1.41 Micware n old
1022 1.88 1.59 1.88+0.22 17.25 3.75 MicPwr dd547 8.00 6.88 7.50+0.75
36.0021.00 MidStB n.64 2.2 14 104 29.75 29.50 29.75-0 06 7.75 4.16
Midlby 412 6.81 6.63 6.69 + 0.28 37.0025.00 MdsxWat 1.22 4.2 25 52
29.13 28.00 29.13+0.88 27.44 18.50 Midland .30 1+2 7 75 26.00 25.38
25.75+0.38 8.75 4.63 MdwyAir dd 158 5+97 5.63 5.63 6.00 MidwGr A 1.1 17
56 9.00 8.75 9.00+0.25 9.19 3.63 Mikohn 26 101 7.38 7.25 7.31+0.06
10.25 7.25 MillCell n 921 9.88 9.31 9.75+0.38 158.00 28.38 MillPhar s
old 28097 144.31 133.00 143.13 +13.13 8.88 4.63 MilrBld 7 867 8.31 8.28
8.28-0.03 2.94 0.75 MillerEx dd 320 1.75 1.59 1.69+0.5333 94 19.13
MillerHer .15 0.5 18 2848 32.63 31.31 31.94+0.50 34.75 24.34 Milcmln dd
4370 45.38 42+75 44.19+1.31 10.75 7.25 Mind CTI n 1052 10.13 9.50 9.94-
0.06 78.94 25.13 Minililed s cc 2S54 76.13 71.75 71.80-4.33 4.50 1.38
MiningS .03 1.2 22 24 2.44 2.25 2.44+0+31 13.63 5.56 Minntc .10 1.6 9
290 6.44 6.38 6.44 1050 7.13 MinutInt .28 3.4 6 68 8.25 7.50 8.25+0.50
23.00 5.00 MiraeCp n .07 a 1.0 . 99 6.88 5.94 6+69-0.25 30.00 8.88
Miravant dd 1401 25.13 22.76 25.06+2.06 14.25 4.63 Mi nix 159 7.88 7.50
788+0.38 32.31 21.13 MissVly .40 1.6 11 33 25.63 25.25 25.50+0.25 6.75
3.16 Mitcham dd 142 5.88 5.69 5.69-0.13 16.69 2.56 MitekS n 36 252 6.38

6 06 6.06-0.25 20.75 9.50 MityEnt a 11 102 10.31 10+06 10.06-0.13 15.50
MoblMin 19 688 18.88 18.00 18.69+0+69 16.50 7.75 MoblElec n 693 11.88
11.50 11.75-0.06 16.88 2.75 Mobjus dd 176 3.88 3.63 3.75-0.03 56.94
9+63 ModemM s dd 1147 10.88 10.25 10.56+0.13 279.44 110946 MdrTms 31
143.94 138.00 143.88 +12.38 30 50 19.94 Modine 1.00 3.6 13 389 29.00
28.00 28.13-0.63 11.88 4.75 Modtech 15 45 9.88 9.81 9+81-0.06 31.06
13.13 Moldflow n 605 28.06 23.27 26.31-0.66 122.X25.88 MolecDev 76 1207
83.25 77.50 82.81+4.44 63.7624.38 Molex s .10 0.2 47 4101 53.19 49.50
52.81+2.75 47.25 21.50 MolexA s .10 0.2 38 2734 40.63 37.50 40.13+2.38
13.50 7.00 MomenB dd510 10.50 9.69 10.44+0.44 17.50 3.50 MonCasn 5.63
5.38 5.63 4463 29.00 Mondavi 16587 41.00 39.25 41.00+1.50 5.50 4.50
Moore .58 11.5 1270 5.06 5.03 5.06+0.03 10.25 5.75 MonmM . 10 65 10.13
9.81 10.13+0.13 15.50 7.00 MontBB .08 1011 8.75 8.75 8.75 4.81 2.56
MomPas 8 1468 4.50 4.16 4.50+0.28 18.81 0.81 Mrtg.com 1302 1.06 0.94
0.94-0.136 14.56 0.38 MthrNtr n dd 1499 0.72 0.66 0.66 15.38 6.00
MothrWk 11 10 9.19 9.00 9.19+0.38 41.50 7.88 Motient dd 9024 12.25
11.69 12.13+0.25 7.50 3.38 MtrCrgo 8 99 5.44 5.31 5.38+0+06 27.13 7.56
Movado .10 0.7 19 101 14.00 13.69 14.00+0.13 6.25 2.88 MovieGal 6 332
3.88 3.69 388-0 06 52.00 MpwrCm s dd 3777 19.13 18.44 1844-

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0 13 37.50 21.00 MuellerP 2.40 8.6 10 10 28.00 28.00 28.00 +050
39.88 12.50 Multex 4695 21.81 19.88 21 75+11.63 875 525 MultClr 4 65
8.608.38 8.38 1700 313 MultZns dd 912 4.80 4.38 4.50-0.25 406 867
msicmkr 712 0.94 0.84 0.94+0.06 13.69 8.69 MtlFrst n .28 H 186 13.69
13.63 13.69 97.69 10.00 MyPoints old 4433 13.63 12.31 13.63+11.00
234.00 11.63 Myriad n dd 1685 146.36 136.25 13988+5.00 13.50 9.75
MysticF 11 15 98 13.31 13.25 13.31+0.06

N

33.13 2.44 N2H2 dd 1275 3.25 2.88 3.06+0.19 12.00 3.06 NABI 63 4310
8.63 8.00 8.13+0 16 106A3 US NBC Int n dd 7217 10.50 9.75 10 50+0 81
18.75 9.38 NBT Bcp .68 b 6.0 10 355 11.38 11.06 1 38+0 19 19.06 5.50
NBTY 10 5057 7.25 6.94 7 06 + 0.06 54.88 15.50 NCO Grp 28 2511 18.00
16.88 1738+0.25 88 26.00 NDS Grp n 2123 79.13 78.13 78.25+1.25 162.00
79.38 NEG .29e 0 2 124 145.13 143.50 144 .88-0.06 100.00 24.38 NICESys
76 476 81.00 80.00 80.00-0.25 7.50 1.75 NMT Mod dd 77 2.75 2.38 2.50
1138 5.88 NN Inc .32 3.7 15 94 8.88 8.38 8.63+0.19 12.88 7+25 NPC Intl
1133 9.88 9.44 9.88+0.25 39.94 3.44-NIPS Phm dd 3356 46.00 37.69
44.25+6.25 10975 38.00 NTL Inc s dd 9100 44.44 42.69 43.81+0.19 3.88
0.75 NamTai wt 146 3.63 3.47 3.47-0.03 19.50 11.56 NamTsi 1.26e70 7 446
18.19 1788 17.94-0.19 8.31 2.06 NamjbMin .03 f 1.0 16 472 3.06 2.97
3.00-0.06 10194 6 50 Narlogen old 1886 25.00 23.19 24.13+1.13 52+i3 8
.50 Nanomtr 65 1471 49.75 48.75 49.75+0.88 4.94 2.88 Napco 6 14 3.63
3.50 3.50-0.13 10.50 2.00 NaProBlo dd 644 7.94 7.00 7.88+0.84 12.50
6.50 NaraBnk .66 t 8 147 12.63 12.25 12.50 10.63 5.84 Nashl .36 33 5
223 10.00 9.75 9.75 8.38 1.56 Nastech dd 485 6.44 5.50 6.25-0.06 4.88
2.63 Nathans dd 140 3.59 3.59 3.59 1.38 0.38 Nathns wt . 4 1.38 1.38
1.38 20.38 13.38 NCTyBcp .56 f 3.1 9 298 18.00 17.50 18.00+0.38 26.50
15.19 NCmcBc .42 2.2 1827311 19.44 19.00 19.31-0.01 72.69 32.50 Nucptr
.20 0.3 50 3326 72.63 72.56 72.63 18.63 10.13 NtDontex 11 7 17.00 16.75
17.00 6.75 1.75 NHltCrd 7 490 2.25 188 225 + 019 6.94 3.50 NtHHIt 9 83
6.81 6.56 6.56-0.13 78.00 6.19 Natl Info dd 13019 10.19 8.94 9.50-0.31
50 25.50 NatInst 44 1704 45.00 42.50 43.19-1.56 28.00 16.75 NatPenn
.80b 4.0 13 11 20.38 20.00 20.25+0.13 6.50 0.50 NatRecd dd 370 0.72
0.56 0.72-0.03 7.94 3.06 NTeam 25 1082 3.94 3.75 3.75 7.00 2.19 NTech
.04 1.4 33 455 3.00 2.69 2.94-0.06 91.50 66.00 NtWnU 4 10 70.75 69.75
69.81+0.31 36.2S 13.00 WMire 92 105 23.00 21.50 23.00+11.50 9.38 1.94
Natrol 11 118 3.06 2.94 2.94-0.06 4.88 1.31 NaturlAlt dd73 2.00 1.94
2.00 77.00 5.WNatMicr a dd 9176 78.63 69.75 74.56+4.81 2.63 0.88

NatWndr dd 101 1.28 1.13 1.28+0+16 10.63 6.63 NatrSun .13 1.7 8 161
7.88 7.69 7.88+0.19 16.69 8.38 Nautica 9 1021 12.00 11.25 11.81+0.06
15.50 1.19 Nwaffe 1196 2A1 2.28 2.31-0.13 22.06 5.56 Navidec dd 766
8.50 8.19 8.3 . +0.13 12.50 5.94 NavigntInt 10 697 11 + 50 963 10.50-
0.38 165.00 14.13 NviSite s 2430 50.00 47.13 4813+138 23.75 14.75
NeNana gn 153 22.81 22.56 2275+050 12.13 2.69 NeolvlGic 24 1334 3+63
3.53 3.59+0.D6 70.00 1.13 NeoRx dd 3097 19.31 18.26 19.00+1.00 Neorhera
dd 435 8.00 7.76 T81 +0 06 15.88 2.00 NeoThr wl 24 3.44 3.25 3.44+019
78.75 2.63 Neofonn n did 5260 3.13 2.88 2.94-0.09 8.25 5.00 Neogen 1278
6.44 6.19 6.31+0.13 41.00 10.00 NeonSys 43 112 17.31 16.44 16.81 -H3
32M 12.50 NeoPharm cc 352 24.13 21.50 24.13+0+56 60.13 9.94 NeoseT dd
907 45.00 39.25 41.00+1.00 8.75 2.13 NeraAS 4 6.50 6.38 6.38 -0.22
66.50 10.00 NetPrp dd 5985 14.75 12.63 114.119+11.50 34.38 8.56
NetBank 42 1274 11.44 11.00 11.38-0.13 59.00 7.75 net.Gene n 1456 8.69
8.13 8.38-0.16 4000 600 Net2000 n 2774 9.06 8.63 8.75-0. 92.63 22.50
Net2Phn dd 3372 30.25 29.00 29.56+ . 81.50 20.63 NetlQ did 5123 56.75
51.75 56.50+1.69 2925 6.75

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NetSpk did 3984 12.3 96.00 9.25 Netcntvs n dd 4126 10.13 9.38
9.63+0.19 109.00 33.60 NetCom - 8 53.25 51.25 63.26+2.94 69.75 17.50
14Ncreat n 39 14 21.38 19.19 21.13+2.00 17.25 4.75 Netease n 2696 7.66
6.88 7.63+0.63 97.50 20.63 Neteegrity dd 1817 90.50 83.06 88.00+ 37.97
3.75Netergy dd 3476 12.63 11.50 11.88+0.63 14.13 0.88 Netgtwy n dd
1786 125 1.06 1.16-0.03 58.00 4.00 netguru a dd 718 18.94 17.38
17.88+0.69 47.50 13.13 NetialLtd 148 22.00 21.25 22.00+0.75 10.13 1.94
Netmng dd 3394 3.06 2.72 2.84+0.13 45.69 2.75 NetObjct did 1685 3.69
3.38 3.63+0.03 92.0027.00 Netopia dd 2984 39.26 36.50 36.63- 2.31 26.13
4.13 Netpince n 4452 5.44 4.94 5.31+0.06 14.00 1.50 NetRadio n did 76
1.94 1.81 1.91+0.09 55.00 13.25 NetRatn n dd 382 18.00 17.31-0.6 32.00
2.38 Netrix dd 1792 7.38 7.03 7.25+0.1 11963 22.00 NetroCp 7295 85.88
80.63 82.63-1.1 41.25 10.00 NtScout 565 15.25 14.50 14.69 - 49.00 8.63
Netsilcn cc 457 25.98 24.38 25.88 +. 75 61.50 6.56 NetSolw n dd 5065
9.19 8.38 8.88+0.56 40.00 6.25 NtwAcc dd 1438 8.38 7.63 7.94+0.06
124.00 15.63 NetwkAp a cc 56839 119.44 112.13 117.00+5.56 37.19 16.25
NetwkAsc 74 20465 26.00 25.00 25.88-0.38 25.94 3.50 NtwkCm n dd 1651
5.53 5.25 5.50 9.63 1.03 NwkCmp dd 767 1.31 1.19 1.25+0.09 35.26 23.31-
NtwrEng n 6329 41.00 35.19 39.13+ 4 .016 79.00 11.06 NtwkPeH dd 2616
14.69 14.00 14.38 + 0.06 62.63 7.69 NtwrkPl dd 7736 12.13 11.00 11.44 -
0.56 31.00 4.50 Netzee n dd 189 5.59 5.38 5.50 40.00 3.19 NetZero n
11694 4.41 4.13 4.22+0.16 47.50 4.00 Neurcrine dd 3176 41.38 38.31
41.38+3.44 51.63 12.88 Neurgn dd 615 38.31 36.75 38.19+0.19 16.88 4.50
NBwnS .75 t did 38 8.25 7.88 T88-0.38 18.25 1.13 NwCntF 16 4452 11.75
10.81 11.44+0.63 11.00 2.75 NwChina n 85 3.63 3.44 3. - 0.06 4.94 0.63
NwChn wt 28 1.00 1.00 1.00 - 96.25 16.00 NewEra dd 10M 38.60 34.50
35.06-2.11 165.13 40.00 NewFoc n - 2732 140.38 132.38 138.06+6.06 14.38
10.25 NHmpTh .64 5.4 8 14 12.00 11.88 11 BB-0.13 25.88 10.94 NHzWr1 24
253 21.38 20.25 21.31+0.88 13.50 9.63 NMilBc .40 3.8 10 14 11.00 10.38
1063+ 0 25 4.00 1.00 NwWCfM 8 680 2.13 1.98 2.09+0.09 1938 813 NwgnRsl
23 1298 1T50 17.25 17.38 825 481 Newmrk 3 184 7.63 6.50 6.50-0.50 11.00
5.38ANewport a 02 cc 10287 160.88 152.15 169.00+8.88 12.88 1.38
NewsEdge did 402 2.34 2.06 2.13 14.88 0.53 Nexell wt 110 2.88 2.56
2.56-0.19 67.00 4.00 NexellTh a dd 1998 13.38 12.50 12.75-0.38 202.00
39.38 NextLevl n dd 36185 45.50 41.00 44.13+3.50 53.13 5.25 NextCrd dd
4962 8.44 7.88 8.22+0.03 93.0027.75 NextelC a dd 9902D 56.00 51.69 55.
+4.38 40.13 13.00 NextlPrt n 16885 31.00 28.88 30.19+0.91 13.63 2.88
Nextera - 1548 3.84 3.69 3.75+0.13 5.44 0.91 NextHlth 14 98 4. 4.00
4.06-0.19 66.38 23.13 NeAlink s did 14728 37.25 34.75 35.06-0.75 5.38
3.50 NiagCp n 7 22 4.03 4.00 4.03-0.09 105.81 14.25 NlkuCp n dd 35M

27.38 22.38 27.06+4.06 10.00 5.13 NobelLm 30 13 9.69 9.50 9.50-0.25
7.88 4.44 NobltyH 13 178 5.88 5.63 5.88 17.50 7.75 NobleInt .08 p 4 123
8.88 881 8181- 0.19 12.06 4.63 Nogatech n - 2127 9.94 945 9.78+0.09
20.19 12.69 Noland .32 1.8 6 10 17.75 1775 1775-0.38 65.98 36.13 Nordsn
1.04 1.6 23 148 64.88 63.56 64 75-013 1138 3.00 Norstan did 5132 3.44
3.13 119-025 34.88 6-88 NoAmSci 34 1995 24.13 22.84 24.113+11.31 1 7.50
12.75 NCeniBsh.50 3.1 9 20 16.38 16.38 16.38 19.25 1.75 NrthPtt .68f4.8
18 102 14.19 13.94 14.13+013 12.50 8.13 NthValBcp .40 3.2 10 24 12.50
2.31 12.38+E06 14.63 9.63 NelNBc .40 b 3.5 8 22 11.50 il.38 11.38-0.06
15900 27.88 Nrthesto did 1015 46.44 42.44 44.44+1.13 82.38 40.13
NorTrst s.54 0.6 44 10462 85.50 82.25 84.31+2.06 41.50 10.00 NthfldLb
did 459 15.63 14.50 15.63+0.63 7+69 1.41 NorCran 16i dd 483 1.63 1.50
1.63 - 39.13 10.00 NorthPnt 11621 1131 11.38 1144+0.06 10.63 7.06
NorthHm .20 b 23 9 117 8.69 8.19 8.69+0.50 2838 20.00 NrthwFn .60 2.6
331 / C12Day

9 2 23.00 2100 23.00 +0.63

Continued on Next Page

FOREIGN STOCKS THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000

Stock Price Chg

ARGENTINA (Arg. Pesos)

Banco Frances 7.29 +021 Ban Galicia BA 2.82 -005 Banco Rio de Is
4.35 -

0.05 City Equity 3.80 +0.15 PIC Holdings SA 1.67 +0-01 Renault
Argentin 0.58 - 0.02 Siderar S A. 313 +0.08 Siderca 217 +0.03 Telecom
Argen 470 +0.05 Telefon Argen 316 Electrobas SA 3380 0.1 Embratel
Partici 40.40 +0.60 Petrobras First 57.65 -1.05 Tale Norte Leste 46-50
-0.20 Telesp Celular 27.00 +1-27 Banco de Chile 22.50 Banco Santiago
10.60 -0.30 Distribution Y 638.00 -1900 S.A.C.I. Falabel 535.00 -4.00

AUSTRALIA (Australian \$)

AMP Limited 17.82 -0.16 Austr NZ Bank 13.03 -0.10 Broken Hill Pr
18.97 - 0.38 Cable & Wireless 4.62 +0.04 Common BK Aus 27.68 -1.10 Neff
Austral Bk 25.40 -0.77 News Corp 22,63 -0.31 News Corp 8.80 -0.60
Telstra, Corporal 6.31 -0.46 Westpac Eking 2.65 -0.10

AUSTRIA (Euros)

Austria Tabakwer 43.73 -0.72 Bank Austria 60.83 +0.40 Erste Bank Der
50.10 +0.21 EVN Energie 34.97 -0.19 EA Generali 481.00 -6.00 Cast
Elektriz A 105.01 -0.24 OEMV 93.70 -2.05 VA Stahl 29.80 -0.15 VA
Technologic 54.75 -0.65 Wienerb Baus 24.00 -0.10

BELGIUM (Euros)

AGFA-Gevaert NV 27.50 -0.01 Almanij 48.67 +0.47 Delhatze LE Lion
62.90 - 0.40 Dexia Belgium 158 20 +060 Electrabel 24050 +1 10 AG Fin
3421 +032 Grp Bruxelles La292 50 -500 Kredietbank 5150 -060 Solvay 7330
-095 UCB SA 42.88 -0.65

BRAZIL (Brazilian reals)

Bradesco 15.30 +0.24 Brahma 1825.00 -5.00 Itaubanco 174.00 -6.00
Petrobras Pref 55.10 -1.30 Telecom cis Sao P 32.90 + 1 .60

BRITAIN (British pence)

Abbey Nall 834.00 -3.00 Ango American 3881.00 +21.00 Zeneca Group
3140.00 +41-00 Barclays 1720.00 +1.00 BG Pic 429.00 -4.00 BP Amoco PLC
630.50 -12.00 Brit Telecom 875.00 +24.00 British Sky Broa 1121.00 -
47.00 Cable & Wrels 1273.00 +3800 Diageo 588.00 -1000 Glaxo 1981.00
+3100 Halifax Group PI 538.00 -2000 HSBC Hldg 991.00 +9.00 Lloyds TSB
648.00 +6.00 Marconi Pic 1222.00 +4200 Prudential Corp 902.00 -2500
Shell Transport 588.00 -8.00 Smith, Beec A 897.50 +1250 Unilever Pic
431.50 -8.50 Vodafone Group 278.25 +5.50

CANADA (Canadian \$)

Bk Nova Scotia 3865 -0.55 Bk Montreal 60.40 -0.45 BCE 33.00 -0.05
Bombardier Inc 24.30 -0.15 JDS Unphase Can 182.15 +7.70 Nor Tel 120.25
+1.30 Royal Bk Can 86.15 +0.60

Stock Price Chg

Seagram 88.05 -3.15 Thomson Corporal 5690 +1.30 Toronto Domin 42.05
- 0.20

CHILE (Chilean pesos)

Empresas CMPC6300 00 COPEC 2300.00 -260 Telefon Chile A 2460 00
+9500 Endesa 20150 +200 Enersis 1 9200 -3.00 Entel S.A. 5435 00 +1500

DENMARK (Danish kroner)

DayC12/ 332

Carlsberg B 303.00 -2.00 D/S 1912 B 100000 -50000 Darmpskib Sven
139500 +50000 Denise. 274.00 -1.00 Den Danske Bk 105000 +5.00 GN Store
Nord 1125.00 +11500 Nordic Baltic 58 00 +0+70 Novo, Nordisk B 1705M -
4000 BG Bank 23400 -200 Tele Danmark 505 00 +800

FINLAND (Euros)

Comptel Pic 18.96 +0.16 HPY Holding A 42.80 +030 Forturn 197 -0.01
Metso Oyj 13.60 +0.40 Nokia 49.37 +2.60 Sonera Group OYJ 37.60 +0.40
Enso Oy A 100 Enso Oy A 1050 +0.30 Tieto Corp 36.65 +2.15 UPM-Kyrmenne
OY 28.45 - 0.77

FRANCE (Euros)

Alcatel Alsthom 92.05 +1.15 AXA 160.3 - 4.2 Carrefour 82.1 + 4.7 Elf
Aquitaine 170.0 -24.7 France Telecom 128.5 - 0.5 L'Oreal 81.4 - 3.0
LVMH Most He 874 - 1.0 Sanofi-Synthela 54.9 -2.25 Total Fr Petr B 167.1
- 6.5 Gen des Eaux 92.0 + 0.0

GERMANY (Euros)

Allianz Hldg 380.00 -3.50 Bayer 47.55 -0.42 DaimlerChrysler 5822 -
0.68 Deu Telekom 43.58 -0.04 Deutsche Bk 98.40 +1.25 Veba 53.90 -1.50
Infineon Tech 74.80 Muenchener Rueck309.00 -2.00 SAP AG 285.50 +13.50
Siemens 181.50 +4.85

HONG KONG (Hong Kong \$)

China Telecom 60.00 -0.25 Cheung Kong 101.50 +1.00 China Telecom
60.00 -0.25 Citic Pac. 37.20 -0.60 CLP Holdings Ltd 35.00 -1.00 Hang
Song B1 83.75 - 0.25 HSBC Hldga 111.00 +1.00 Hutchison Wins 110.00 -
0.50 Johnson Electric 16.35 -0.40 Pacific Century 14.50 -0.15 Sun Hung
Kai 7425 +1.00 H\$BC Hldgs 11100 +1.00 Pacific Century 14.50 -0.15

ITALY (Euros)

Banca Intesa SpA 4.80 +0.03 Enel SpA 4.48 -0.05 EM SpA 6.53 -0.08
Generali Assuc 34.52 -0.14 Mediaset 20.06 +0.58 1st Bn San Paolo 19.87
-0.05 Tecriost SPA 383 +0.16 Slat 13.87 +0.30 TIM 970 +030 Credito
Italimo 580 +01

JAPAN (Japanese yen)

Mitsubishi Blk 1306 - 26 Canoninc. 4770 - 120 Fujitsu Ltd 3090 + 80
Hitachi 1263 - 42 Honda 3900 + 11 Matsushita Elec, 2920 + 30

FOREIGN STOCK INDEXES

Local Currency US\$

YTD YTD

Country & Index Level Chg %Chg %Chg %Chg

Britain FTSE 100 6672.70 +57.60 + .87 -3.72 -13.88 France CAC 40
6625.42

- 9.20 - .14 +11.20 - 188 Germany DAXI 7216.45 + 30.89 + .43 +3.71
848 Netherlands EOE Index 189.52 + 421 + .61 +2.70 9.38 Spain IBEX 35
10884.70 + 15.10 +1.14 -6.50 -17.49 Italy MIS Telematico 33007.00
+374.00 + 5 +13+91 + .52 Switzerland SMI 8219.90 - .10 + 8.58 - 87
South Africa JSE Indus 9034.90 - 1.92 -13.50 Canada TSE 300 11247.91
+74.29 + .66 +33.68 +31.33 Mexico Boise 6664.82 +91.91 +1.40 -6.52 -
3.44 Argentina Merval 474.66 - 1.30 - .27 -13.77 - 13.76 Chile
Selective 99.82 + +60 + .60 - .18 - 6.00 Brazil Ibovespa 17346.70 -

67.58 - .39 + 1.49 + .13 Australia All-Ord 3261.70 -54.60 -1.65 +4.92 -
7.91 Japan Nikkei 225 16861.26 -40.41 - 14 -1095 -14.42 Hong Kong Hang
Sang 17097.51 + 1.63 + .01 + 80 + .47 Singapore Straits Times 2147.77 -
17.57 - .81 -13.38 -16.16 New Zealand Top 40 2093.42 - - 5.13 -22.36
Taiwari Tainn Stock Mkt 7616.98 +73+02 + .97 -9.85 - 8.91 Korea
Composite 698.62 -30.31 -4.22 - 33.02 -31.07

333 / C12Day

Stock Price Chg

Murata MFG CO. 16330 110 NEC Corporation 3050 10 Nomura Secur 2495 +
105 Nippon Tale 1270000 NTT Docomo Inc 2820000 -50000 Rohm Company Ltd
30350 -800 7 11 Japan 6850 -210 Softbank corp. 14090 +1280 Sony 11900
+370 Sumitomo Bk 1320 - 20 Takeda chemical 6310 90 Tokyo Elec 2385 35
Toshiba 1049 41 Toyota Motor 4640 + 40

MEXICO (Mexican pesos)

Grupo Financiero 47.05 +1.80 Carsa Global Tel 23.75 +0.25 Cemex SA
43.40 +0.70 Fomento Econ 41.65 +0.55 Grupo Carso 32.70 -0.25 Grupo
Financiero 34.80 +2.30 Grupo Televisa 29 75 -0 10 Savia SA 4190 -060
Telef Mexico L 2510 +050 Walmart De Mexic 21.00 + 0.30 NETHERLANDS
(Euros) ABN Armo Hldg 28.00 +0.04 Aegon 43.90 -0.44 Ahold 31.82 +0.65
ASM Lithography 42.53 -0.32 Heineken NV 57.20 -2.65 Intl Nederland
75.40 +0.17 RoyaiPTT 30.01 +1.10 Philips 54.80 +1.60 Royal Dutch Pe
68.50 -0.86 Unilever Cert 53.30 -0.65

NEW ZEALAND (N.Z. \$)

Natural Gas Corp 1.50 -0.06 Auckland Intema 2.96 Carter Holt ord
1.84 -0.01 Contact Energy L 2.58 +0.03 Fletcher Energy 8.95 +0.20 Indep
Newspap 3.95 +0.05 Natural Gas Corp 1.50 -0.06 Sky Network Tele 3.83
+006 Telecom NZ 6.51 nt UnitedNetworks L 6.72 nt Warehouse Group 5.94
nt Sky Network Tele 3.83 nt NORWAY (Norwegian kronas) Christiania Bank
47.60 Den Norske Bank41.20 +1.20 Netcom ASA 46600 Norsk Hydro A/S 390
00 -1 Nycomed 81.50 Opticorn ASA 1953.50 +33900 Orkla, A 161.50 -0.50
Petri Gec, 173.00 +1.50 Uni- Storebrand A 64.50 Tomra Systems A/ 270.00
+9.00

Stock Price Chg

SINGAPORE (Singapore \$)

Chartered Semico 14.40 -0.60 DBS Bank Ltd 20.80 -0.30 Oversea-Chin
Blk

11.90 -0.20 Overseas Union B 8.70 +0.05 Pacific Century 23.30 +0.30
Singapore Air 16.60 -0.10 Singap Press F 27.70 -0.20 Singapore Tale
2.84 -0.02 Singapore Tech E 2.32 -0.01 United Oversea B 13.50 +0.20

SPAIN (Euros)

Amadeus Global T 11.50 +0.40 Banco Bilbao R 16.71 -0.11 Banco
Popular 33.45 -0.80 Ban Santander 12.10 +0.01 Endesa 2195 -0.34 Gas
Natural 1825 - 0.25 Iberdrola 12.95 -0.05 Rapsol 22.30 -0.12 Telefon
Espana 21.60 -0.03 Terra Networks S5300 +5.00

SWEDEN (Swedish kronas)

ABB Ltd 1058.00 -1500 Zeneca Group 424.00 +1.50 Ericsson B Fr 190.50
+6.00 ForeningsSparban 140.50 -1.00 Hennes & Mauri-B 165.50 -6.50
Nordic Baltic 65.50 +1.00 Securitas AB 210.00 -2.50 SE Banken 113.00 -
1.50 Skandia Forsakri 191.00 + .00 Svens Han A Fr 156.00

SWITZERLAND (Swiss francs)

ABE Ltd 195.00 -0.75 Adecco SA 1335.00 -5.00 CS Holdings B 364.00 -
9.50 Nestle R 3754.00 +20.00 Novartis Reg 2634.00 +2.00 Roche Holding
AS 15600.0 -40.00 Schv, Ruckvr B3576.00 -1.00 Swisscorn AG 494.00 LISS
AG 253.50 +1.50 Zurich Ver B 897.00 +5.00

VENEZUELA (Ven. bolivars)

Banco Provincial 495.00 Vencemca 1 235.00 Vencemos, 1 230.00 +4.00
Elec, Caracas 302.00 +0.50 Fwdo de Values 18.00 +2.00 Manufactures DE

26.50 +0.50 Mavesa 46.00 -0.50 Mercantil Servic 643.05 Sivenw 2100
Telefon Venez 2415.00 - 25

hol - market closed for holiday. nt - Did not trade. Source
Bloomberg

DayC12/ 334

Financial Markets

INDEX OPTIONS THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000

SA P. 100 (CBOE) Close: 827.41 Strike - Calls - - Puts - Price

Sep Oct Nov Sep Oct Nov

765 r S S 0.63 3.75 s 770 r T S 0.81 4.13 7.50 775 r S S 1.00 5.25 a
780 r

60.75 r 119 5.88 r 785 r S S 138 6.00 s 790 4325 r s 1 A 738 s 795
4100 s S 2.44 800 a 800 3250 r r 300 9.63 12.75 805 31.75 41.50 s 3.63
9.50s 810 26.50 r S 4.75 11.88 S 815 19.75 r a 5.75 r S 820 17.25 31.13
r 7.25 15.75 r 825 14.25 r S 9.13 17.00 s 830 10.50 24.50 r 11.50 18.75
r 835 8.50 21.63 s 12.63 21.25 s 840 6.00 18.13 r 17.00 23.13 r 845
4.25 r r r S S 850 3.00 13.75 21.00 24.25 r S 855 2.00 r r 28.00 r S a
0 1.25 10.25 r r S S 865 0.88 9.00 s r S S 870 s 7.00 13.00 s S S 875
0.50 5.75 s r S 8 880 0.25 5.00 r s 52.25 s 890 0.06 H8 s s S S

Prev call vol. 14.069 Call open int 83.448 Prev put vol. 20.833 Put
open int 10.188 SA P. 500 (CSOE) Close: 1517.68

Strike - Calls - - Puts - Price

Sep Oct Nov Sep Oct Nov

1375 r r r 0.50 4.00 r 1400 r r 150.00 0.88 5.63 10.50 1420 s S S
1.25 s a 1425 99.50 r S 163 7.75 13.13 1440 r S S 2.00 s 1450 80.50 r s
2.75 12.25 16.63 1460 59.00 s 5 3.13 s S 1465 r S S 3.63 s \$ 1470 r S S
5.50 s S 1475 50.63 71.00 r 5.50 16.00 r 1480 r S S 5.50 a S 1485 48.25
s s 7.00 s S 1490 4350 s S 6.75 s S 1500 32.00 57.75 68.00 10.50 94.00
29.75 505 S s 12.00 s a 510 26r75 s s 12.00 s S 1515 2000 s a 15.50 s 8
1520 2000 s s 1700 s S 1525 39.50 5575 19.00 33.50 37.50 1530 15.38 s s
19.63 s 8 1550 650 24.75 3450 3438 r r 1575 2.00 16.88 31.25 53.00
58.50 s 1600 050 9.50 2025 7700 r S 1625 0.13 5.75 r r \$ 1650 r 3.00
7.50 r S S

Prev call vol.40,251

Call open int. 882,244

Prev put vol. 46,901

Put open int. 870,267

Nasdaq 100 (CBOE) Close: 4077.59 Strike - Calls - - Puts - Price

Sep Oct Nov Sep Oct Nov

3400 3.13 3600 7.00 3650 r S S 10.00 S 8 3675 t S s 13.50 s S 3700
363.00 r s 14.50 r S 3725 r S S 19.38 S 8 3750340.00 s S 18.88 S 8 3800
r r r 23.00 128.00 s 3W S r 120.00 s 3875 r 49.00 134.00 S 3900225.00 s
r 45.00 150.00 r 3950 r 8 s 70.00 s S 3975 173.88 s s 70.00 s \$ 4020
138.50 s S 90.00 S S 4025 s 246.00 s s 191.00s 4050 r r s 100.00
211,00s 4075 109.00 s S r S a 4175 49.88 s S S S 4200 56.00 150.00 s
177.38 s S 4225 40.25 s S S S 4400 11.50 r r r 4450 8.00 s s s 4500
3.00 64.00 s r S S 4525 2.25 s 8 S S \$ 4550 2.13 s 8 8 S S Pw call vol
940 Call open int 24,469 Prev put vol 894 Put open int 30,811

DJ Inds (1/100) (CBOE) Close: 112.15

Strike - Calls - - Puts - Price

Sep Oct Dec Sep Oct Dec

80 r S 34.00 r S r 90 r S f r r 0.19 92 r 51 r r 0.25 96 r s 17.00 r
0.13 r 97 S

S r S S 0.31 100 1300 1250 r r 0.19 0.69 102 r S S 0.06 s S 104 r r
10.00 r 0.31 1.13 106 7.25 s S 0.13 r S 108 5.13 r 825 0.19 r f 110
3.25 r 663 0.44 1.31 2.38 I11 2.88 s 1 0.63 s 112 2.00 2.88 r 1.06 1.94
3.00 113 0.94 s S 1.25 s 8 114 0.88 2.38 s 2.00 2.75 s 115 0.63 s r

2.50 s r 116 163 r 4.38 r 4.50 120 0.06 r T 7.00 6.81. Prev call vol .
 773 Call open int. 1689 Prov put vol 3.103 Put open int.
 335 / C12Day
 239,674
 Japan Index (A) Close: 176.43
 Strike - Calls - Puts -
 Price Sep Oct Nov Sep Oct Nov
 170 r 1038 s r r 8 175 r r S 2.13 s S 180 2.50 4.75 s r S S 185 1.13
 s 4.50 s
 8 S 190 r S S r 15.13 s Prev call vol . 233 Call open int 9,350 Prev
 put vol 12 Put open int . 1,358
FOREIGN EXCHANGE
THURSDAY AUGUST 31, 2000
 Foreign Currency Dollars in
 in Dollars Foreign Currency
 Currency Thu. Wed. Thu. Wed.
 f-Argent (Peso) 1.0002 1.0002 .9998 .9998 Australia (Dollar) .5762
 .5746
 1.7355 1.7403 Austria (Schilling) .0649 0649 15.404 15.413 c-Belgium
 (Franc) .0220 .0221 45.44 45.22 Brazil (Real) .5476 5472 1.8260 1.8275
 Britain (Pound) 1.4503 1.4582 .6895 .6858 30-day fwd 1.4474 14561 .6909
 .6868 60-day fwd 1.4460 1.4547 .6916 .6874 90-day fwd 1.4449 14536
 .6921 .6879 Canada (Dollar) .6795 .6772 1.4716 1.4767 30-day fwd .6787
 6765 1.4734 1.4781 60-day fwd .6782 6760 1.4744 1.4792 90-day fwd .6778
 6756 1.4754 1.4802 y-Chile (Peso) .001777 .001791 562.75 558.45 China
 (Yuan) .1208 .1208 82788 8.2799 Colombia (Peso) .000452 r000453 2213.00
 2209.00 c-CzwhRep (Koruna) .0252 0254 39.62 39.42 Denmark (Krone) .1196
 .1197 83640 8.3510 Dominican (Peso) .0695 0695 14.39 14.39 z-Ecudr
 (Sucre) .000040 00G40 25000.00 25.00 d-Egypt (Pound) .2854 .2854 15033
 3.5033 Europe (Euro) .88780 89240 1.1264 1.1206 3G-day fwd .89210
 .89620 1.1210 1.1158 9G-day fd .89580 .89970 1.1163 1.1115 Finland
 (Mark) .1502 .1502 6.6559 6.6600 France (Franc) .1353 .1361 7.3899
 7.3497 Germany (Mark) .4538 .4563 2.2034 2.1914 Greece (Drachma)
 .002629 .002642 380.33 378.43 Hong Kong (Dollar) .1282 .1282 73990
 7.7999 Hungary (Forint) .0034 .0034 292.41 292.56 y-India (Rupee) 0219
 .0218 45.740 45.780 Indnaia (Rupiah) .000121 .000120 8270.00 8365.00
 Ireland IPunt) 1.1343 1.1335 .8816 .8822 Israel (Shekel) .2496 .2483
 4.0060 4.0280 Italy (Lira) .000458 .000461 2181.34 2169.49 Japan (Yen)
 .009370 009392 106.72 106.47 30-day fwd .009423 .009439 106.12 05.94
 60-day fwd .009462 .009478 105.69 105.51
 Foreign Currency Dollars in
 in Dollars Foreign Currency
 Currency Thu. Wed. Thu. Wed.
 90-day fwd .009508 .009525 105.17 104.99 Jordan (Dinar) 1.4065
 1.4065
 .71098 71098 Lebanon (Pound) 000661 .000661 1513.50 1513.50 Malaysia
 (Ringgit) .2632 .2632 3.7995 3.7995 z-Mexico (Peso) 108743 .108790
 9.1960 9.1920 Nethrlnd (Guilder) .4029 .4048 24821 2.4701 N. Zealand
 (Dollar) .4273 .4260 2.3403 2.3474 Norway (Krone) .1103 IID5 9.G670
 9.0530 Pakistan (Rupee) .0183 .0183 54.68 54.70 y-Peru (New Sol) .2879
 .2879 3.473 3.474 z-Philpins (Peso) .0223 0223 44.87 44.87 Poland
 (Zloty) .2288 .2283 4.37 4.38 Portugal (Escudo) 004456 .004453 224.43
 224.57 a-Russia (Ruble) .0360 .0360 27.7600 27.7500 SDR (SDR) 1.30480
 1.30220 17664 .7679 Saudi Arab (Riyal) .2666 .2666 3.7506 3.7506
 Singapore (Dollar) .5811 5809 1.7208 1.7216 SlovakRelp (Koruna) .0210
 0210 47.71 47.73 So Africa (Rand) .1434 143B 6.9735 6.9525 So Korea
 (Won) .000902 .000902 1108.70 1108.50 Spain (Peseta) .005355 .005366

186.75 18670 Sweden (Krona) 1059 .1059 9.4388 9.4451 Switzerland
 (Franc) .5741 5769
 DayC12/ 336
 1.7419 1.7335 30-day fwd .5759 5784 1.7365 1.7290 60-day fwd .5771
 5796 1.7327 17252 90-day fwd .5786 .5811 1.7284 1.72 09 Taiwan (Dollar)
 .0322 .0322 31.07 31.07 Thailand (Baht) .02443 .02 1 40.94 40.96 Turkey
 (Lira) 000002 .000002 652050 652870 UA.E. (Ditham) .2723 .2723 3.6728
 3.6728 f- Uruguay (New Peso) .0809 0809 12.360012.363 Venezuel (Bolivar)
 .0015 0015 698.0000688.2500

a-Russian Central Bank rate.
 c-commercial rate, d-free market rate, municipal rate, y-official
 rate, z-float- ing rate.

Prices as of 3:00 p.m, Eastern Time from Dow Jones Telerate and
 other sources.

EXPLANATIONS

Next to the name of each futures contract and option in the table is
 an abbre- viation of the exchange on which it is traded. Also listed
 are the minimum size of the futures contract or option and the monetary
 units represented by the figures in the table, Open interest is the
 number of contracts outstanding. The total open interest figure for
 each commodity or option includes contracts nor listed because they
 failed to trade or had relatively low open interest.

Key to the exchanges

A American Stock Exchange CSCE New York Coffee, Sugar and r Not
 Traded CBOE Chicago Board Options Exchange Cocoa Exchange S No option
 offered CTN New York Cotton Exchange New contract high. COT Chicago
 Board of Trade KC Kansas City Board of Trade CME Chicago Mercantile
 Exchange NYM New York Mercantile Exchange New contract low. CMX Comex
 division of NYM NYFE New York Futures Exchange New contract high & low.

FUTURES THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000

FINANCIAL

Lifetime Open High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

3-MO EURODOLLARS DEPOSITS (CME)

\$1 million-pts of 100 pct. 92.49 91.52 Mar 00 92.45 395 95.60 92.00
 Jun 00

92.42 142 95.48 91.43 Sep 00 93.31 93.33 93.30 93.32 + .01545,604
 93.20 92.48 Oct 00 93.16 93.19 93.16 93.19 + .03 14.002 93.19 92.50-Nov
 00 93.18 93.19 93.18 93.19 + .04 3.956 95.81 92.30 Dec 00 93.13 93.19
 93.12 93.18 + .05 548.949 93. 7 93.02 Jan 01 93.26 93.27 93.26 93.27 +
 .05 743 at Vol 427.520: prev vol 302,909: open int 3,236,421:
 +2,913,282

5 YR. TREASURY (CBT) \$100,000 prin-pts & 32nds & a half 32nd 19W5
 96- 145 Sep 00 99-205 100-00 99-18 99-30 + 105161,669 ION45 98-05-Dec
 00 99- 24 100-045 99-225 10N25 + 11243,986 Est 133,000: prev vol
 158,725: open int 396,415: -9,247

10 YR. TREASURY (CBT) \$100,000 prin-pts & 32nds & a half 32nd 100-13
 94-22 Sep 00 99-195 100-08 99-18 100-05 + 18291,114 100-10 96-08 Dec 00
 99-18 100-06 99-16 100-M + 195292,280 Est vol 280,000: prev vol
 335.126: open int 569.251: -14,276

US TREASURY BONDS (CBT) (8 pct-\$100,000-pts & 32nds of 100 pct) 100-
 24 88-16 Sep 00 99-24 100-17 99-17 100-12 + 22 212.525

Lifetime Open High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

100 25 W31 Dec 00 99-26 100-19 99-18 100-16 + 25 238,246 100-21 88-
 06 Mar 01 100-14 101116 100-14 100-16 + 23 1,186 Est vol 360,000: prev
 vol 324,198: open int 441,022: -11,060

S&P COMP. INDEX (CNIE)

337 / C12Day

250 x index

1592.50 1096.50 Sep 00 1505.10 1529.50 150160 152120 +17.60 322,226
159750 1291.50 Dec 00 1531.00 1551.80 1531.00 1544.10 +17.90 81,766
1593.20 1386.20 Mar 01 1573.00,1576.00 1567.90 1567,90 +17.80 1,577
1602.00 1394.50 Jun 01 1591.50 1598.00 1591.50 1592.00 +17.90 1,323 Est
vol 101,573: prev vol 103,419: open int 407,050: +2,904

DJ Inds (CBT)

\$10 x Dow Jones Industrial Average

12126 9995 Sep 00 11140 11335 11135 11260 + 139 14,257 12180 8100
Dec 00 11290 11477 11290 11409 + 141 2,318 Est vol 15,000: prev vol
11,347: open int 16,900: +309

NASDAQ 100 INDEX (CME)

\$100 x index

540.03 2975.00 Sep 00 3975.50 4089.00 3967.00 4094.00 + 118.50
31,627

335.03 3360.50 Dec 00 4065.00 4159.00 4065.00 4159.00 + 1200 2,538
Est vol 16,729: prev vol 13,220: open int 34,189: +391

AGRICULTURAL

Lifetime Open High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

CORN (CBT)

00 bu minimum- cents per bushel

61/2 174 Sep 00 180314 1841/4 180314 1833/4 + 21/4 48,166 12 82 Nov
00 1891/2 193 1891/2 1923/4 + 31/4 1,947 2 P2 451/2 Dec 00 1931/2
1963/4 1931/2 1961/2 + 23/4 216,570 2793/4 1981/2 Mar 01 205 208114 205
208 + 21/4 56,191 282112 2061/2 May 01 213 215 2123/4 2143/4 + 13/4 15
240 '2 2131/4 Jul 01 220 222 2193/4 221314 + 11/2 23 057 276112 219314
Sep 01 226112 2271/2 2261/4 227112 + 11/4 2346 Est vol 70,000: prev vol
121,655: open int 360,156: -1 685

SOYBEANS(CBT) 5,000 bu minimum- cents per bushel

587112 4363/4 Sep 00 4811/2 495 4811/4 4943/4+13 6.426 633 4451/2
Nov 00 492 505112 4911/2 505 +123/4 83,768 600 456 Jan 01 5013/4 5151/2
5013/4 515 +121/4 13,903 6041/2 467 Mar 01 519 5241/2 517 523314 +111/2
10,034 604 474112 May 01 527112 531 524 530314 +111/4 6994 609 484 Jul
01 532 5391/2 532 5383/4 +111/2 8:270 605 493 Nov 01 540 545 539 5441/2
+11 2,091 Est vol 60,000: prev vol 57,577: open int 131,882: +178

SOYBEAN MEAL(CBT) 100 tons dollars per ton

18800 132.00 Sep 00 170.80 +4.20 13,225 18780 131.50 Oct 00 164.00
169.80 164.00 169.20 +5.40 16440 18960 135,50 Dec 00 166.00 171.50
164.50 170.90 +5.80 44,920 189.50 146.70 Jan 01 16780 172.20 167.80
171.60 +5.90 9 530 139.50 148.10 Mar 01 170.50 173.00 169.20 173.00
+5.90 7,678 189.50 150.00 May 01 171.00 174.40 170.30 174.40 +6.10 4 ,
523 Est vol 28,000: prev vol 29,326 open int 96,654: -2,481

SOYBEAN OIL (CBT) 60,000 lbs- cents per lb

20.65 15.01 Sep 00 18.60 15.77 15.51 15.75+ .218,444 22.25 15.23 Oct
00 15.89+ .17 23,694 . 2 15.60 Dec 00 16.12 16.33 16.07 16.28+ .16
62,063 2010 15.88 Jan 01 16.57 16.57 16.42 16.57 + .15 16,691 20.38
16.30 Mar 01 16.95 16.98 16.77 16.94 + .15 9,113 20.68 16.65 May 01
17.15 17.30 17.15 17.30+ .16 7,368 20.95 17.00 Jul 01 17.55 17.65 17.55
17,65+ .16 5,426 Est vol 30,000: prev vol 34,457: open int 139,187:
+827

WHEAT (CBT) 5,000 bu minimum- cents per bushel

335 232 Sep 00 248 251 247 2503/4 + 41/2 10 639 345 2501/2 Dec 00
DayC12/ 338
264114 2681/2 2641/4 2681/4 + 4 92578 327 268 Mar 01 281 286 281
2851/4 + 41/4 22 578 326 279 May 01 2913/4 2951/4 2911/2 2951/4 + 31/
1419 353 288 Jul 01 302 304 300 304 + 331 500 343 307 Dec 01 318 3203/4
318 3201/2 + 31/2 554 Est vol 27,000: prev vol 47,144: open int
136,054: -1,259

LIVE CATTLE (CME) 40,000 lbs.- cents per lb.

7137 65.52 Aug 00 66.00 66.25 65.90 66.22 + .30 753 73. 30 66.77 Oct
00 67.10 67.32 66.77 66.97 - .13 59,299 74.45 68.80 Dec 00 69.05 69.15
68.80 69.02 30,479 7550 70.50, Feb 01 70.70 70.77 70.50 70.70- .02
15220 750 72 52 Apr 01 72.72 72.75 72.52 72.72- .08 86.35 75.55 70.32
Jun 01 70.45 70 50 70.32 70.42- .03 3,518 74 17 70.25 Aug 01 70.40 70A2
70.30 70.30- .02 2,702 Esi vol 11,858, prev vol 10,313: open int
120,606: +1,596

FEEDER CATTLE (CME) 50,000 lbs, cents per lb.

.40 79.25 Aug 00 86.70 86.77 86.67 86.72+ .10 2215 .50 83.50 Sep 00
84.85 84.90 84.40 94.62 3,350 8.90 84.35 Oct 00 85.05 85.20 84.50 84.92
.03 6 , 835 89.45 85.35 Nov 00 85.75 85.90 85.35 85.52- .15 3,539 89.90
85.95 Jan 01 B6.30 86.35 85.95 86.22 .08 2,589 89.60 86.00 Mar 0 1
86.20 86.30 86.00 86.30+ .10 1,212

Lifetime Open High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

89.60 85.95 May 01 86.10 86.15 86.00 86.05 - .05 739 Est vol 2,464:
prev vol 3,337: open int 20,801: -74

HOGS-Lean (CME)

40,000 lbs. cents per lb.

62.35 49.75 Oct 00 52.50 53.00 52.25 52,92 + .65 19,244 59.70 48.70
Dec

00 50.00 50.37 49.77 50.30 + .30 11,688 59.50 50.05 Feb 01 51.02
51.35 50.75 51.32 + .30 3,672 58.65 48.85 Apr 0 1 49.30 49.70 49.30
49.60+ .30 1,663 65.30 55.47 Jun 01 55.70 56.06 55.70 55.95 + .18651
Est vol 4,566: prev vol 5,699: open int 37,208: -642

PORK BELLIES (CME) 40,000 lbs.- cents per lb. 80.00 61.42 Feb 01

63.35 64.50 63.30 63.87 + .07 1,746 78.65 62.00 Mar 01 63.30 64.20
63.30 63.70 27 Est vol 553: prev vol 611: open int 1,783: +98 COCOA
(CSCE) 10 metric tons- \$ per ton 1494 735 Sep 00 760 760 745 745 - 15
48 1336 776 Dec 00 800 812 794 795 - 6 53,343 1393 810 Mar 01 832 845
826 827 - 7 18,251 1415 835 May 01 859 866 850 851 - 5 8,398 1245 857
Jul 01 885 885 873 873 - 6 7,987 1246 887 Sep 01 898 898 898 898 - 5
7,103 1125 922 Dec 01 932 932 932 932 - 6 8,557 Est vol 7,602: prev
5,765: open int 119,010: -1,894

COFFEE(CSCE)

37,500 lbs.- cents per lb.

148.50 73.50, Sep 00 73.50 75.20 73.50 74.50+ .60 460 150.50 78.75
Dec

00 79.75 80.75 79.20 7970 + .15 29,271 153.95 83.85 Mar 01 84.50
95.50 94.30 84.60+ .30 5,347 150.85 87.00 May 01 87.75 88.00 87.25
87.25+ .20 1,747 127.00 89.60 Jul 01 90.50 90.50 90.00 90.00+ .35 707
127.75 92.00 Sep 01 93.00 93.00 92.25 92.75+ .20 1,326 Est vol 3,971:
prev vol 4,579: open int 38,976: -230

SUGAR-WORLD (CSCE)

11 2,000 lbs.- cents per lb. 11.15 5.60 Oct 00 10.70 10.72 10.52
10.56 - .20 74,397 10.81 5.95 Mar 01 10.40 10.42 10.25 10.32 - .13
49,554 10.54 6.03 May 01 10.04 10.04 9.92 9.98- .11 12,735 10.12 6.03
Jul 01 9.53 9.55 9.41 9.47- .11 13,529 9.88 6.27 Oct 01 9.20 9.20 9.09
9.15- .12 10,927 9.60 6.65 Mar 02 9.00 9.008.93 ' 8.93- .14 5,249 Est
vol 23,240: prev vol 13,305: open int 166,361: - 107

339 / C12Day

COTTON (CTN)

50,000 lbs.- cents per lb.

72.10 53.18 Oct 00 64.20 64.50 63.30 63.37 -1.38 4,606 67.50 53.75
Dec 00

66.31 66.60 65.30 65,35-1.28 44,695 68.70 55.10 Mar 01 67.40 67.94
66.60 66.73 -1.26 10,874 69.05 56.20 May 01 67.80 68.25 67.00 67.22 -
1.18 7,285 69.65 56.50 Jul 01 68.45 68.90 67.80 67.83 -1.02 2,417 66.85
60.25 Oct 01 65.70 65.70 65.00 65.00 - .70 585 67 70 57 10 Dec 01 65.95

66.20 65.50 65.60- .60 3,338 Est vol 8,000: prev vol 6,289: open int
73,857: +824

ORANGE JUICE (CTN)

15,000 lbs.- cents per lb.

102.95 71.50 Sep 00 75.00 75.05 73.75 73.75-1.20 1,437 103.95 72.70

Nov

00 73.50 73.50 72.75 72.90- .60 16,822 99.40 74.70 Jan 01 75.20

75.20 74.70 74.75 - .45 4,459 97.85 76,70 Mar 01 77.40 77.40 76.90

76.90- .30 4,392 95.20 78.50 May 01 78.60 78.75 78.60 78.65- .15 641

Est vol 3,500: prev vol 3,864: open int 28,440: -83

METALS AND ENERGY

Lifetime Open

High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

GOLD (CMX) 100 troy oz.

dollars per troy oz. 290,40 272.50 Sep 00 27480 27830 274,80 278.30
+4.40

2 329,00 262.10 Oct 00 276.50 280.00 276.30 279 60 +4.208134 474 SO

261.70 Dec 00 278.50 282.70 278.40 282.10 +3.90 79:492 33300 265.40 Feb

01 282.00 285.00 282.00 284.70 +3.90 11764 30830 280.80 Apr 01 285.50

287.30 285.50 287.20 +3.90 3:832 328.50 290.00 Aug 01 293.00 293.00

292.20 292.20 + 3.90 2,845 Est vol : prov vol 8,050: open int 123,704:

-639

SILVER (CMX)

5,000 troy oz.- cents per troy oz. 580.0 477.5 Sep 00 492.0 504.5

492.0 500.3+ 7.3 9,234 504.6 493.0 Oct 00 499.9 + 6.0 5 685.0 485.0 Dec

00 498.5 508.5 498.0 504.5+ 6.0 61263 542.0 490.0 Mar 01 506.0 511.5

506.0 509.4+ 5.7 2543 528.0 507,0 Sep 01 514.0 517.2 514.0 517.2 + 5.7

2,509 680.0 486.3 Dec 01 513.0 523.0 513.0 519.7 + 5.7 1,309 613.0

487.0 Dec 02 525.0 527,5 525.0 527.5+ 5.7 1,504 Est yet : prev yet

38,069: open int 79,641: -5,017

PLATINUM (NYM)

50 troy oz.- dollars per troy oz. 5116.00 394.90 Oct 00 589.00

592.00 594.50 586.70 -4.70 9,110 572.00 400.80 Jan 01 575.00 575.00

570.00 572.70 -4.20 1,037 Est vol 1,016: prev yet 1,016: open int

9,992: -89

HI GRADE COPPER (CMX)

25,000 lbs.- cents per lb.

96.90 66.95 Sep 00 88.50 88.80 88.00 88.50 14,000 97.10 67.00 Oct 00

88.80 89.10 88.40 88.90- .10 4,565 90.10 67.35 Nov 00 89.30 89.40

89.20 89.20- .10 2,032 97.55 67.09 Dec 00 89.70 90.10 88.90 89.50- .20

47,510 90.00 68.75 Jan 01 89.60 89.60 89.50 89.50- 05 974 9090 6909 Feb

01 8950 8950 89.40 89.50+ .10 621 89.65 70.20 01 88.90 89.65 88.90

89.45+ .25 5,579 Est vol: prey yet 22,530: open int 73,914: +3,232

Lifetime Open

High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

LIGHT SWEET CRUDE (NYM)

1,000 bbl.- dollars per bbl.

74.75 14.22 Oct 00 33.26 33.70 32.97 33.12 - .20121,359 32.80

15,12ANov

00 32.51 32.80 32.10 32.21 - .21 50,491 53.50 13.80 Dec 00 31.70

32.15 31.50

DayC12/ 340

31.58- 24 46,463 274.19 14.20- Jan 01 31.17 31.50 30.95 30.99 - .26

22,967 47.15 14.25 Feb 01 30.70 30.92 30.43 30,43- .28 12,707 31 00

14.44 Mar 01 30.22 30.35 29.93 29.93- .29 12,003 29.81 15.58Apr 01

29.81 29.81 29.45 29.45- .30 6,359

Est yet 151,032: prev yet 155,767: open int 406,980: +1,655

UNLEADED GASOLINE (NYM)

42,000 gal, cents per gal
103.50 57.65ASep 00 100.45 103.50 99.00 101.14 +1.15 11,105 96.75
60.48-Oct 00 93.50 96.75 93.10 94.56 +1.27 29,422 91.70 59.28 No, 00
90.10 91.70 90.10 90.75 + .61 9,031 89.00 58.58ADec 00 87.50 89.00
87.50 88.00+ .06 6,687 87.25 58,38AJan 01 87,00 87.25 86.30 86.30 - .24
2,696 96.80 63.68AFeb 01 86.80 86.80 85.50 85,50- .59 2,376 86.40
65.28-Mar 01 86.40 86.40 85.15 85.15- .79 1738

Est yet 43,969: prev yet 44,108: open int 70,978: -650,207

HEATING OIL (NYM)

42,000 gal, cents per gal

101.50 41.94 Sep 00 99.30 99.50 97.90 98.42- .83 10,077 100.50 46.49

Oct

00 99.15 100.00 98.35 98.70- .62 46,310 98.80 47.45 Nov 00 97.90
98.70 97.20 97.75 - .42 23,426 97.30 47.67ADec 00 96.90 97.30 96.30
96.65 - .42 29,515 9590 52.44 A Jan 01 95.10 96.90 94.90 95.15 - .22
20,224 92.70 53.00AFeb 01 92.00 92.70 91.70 92.06- .17 15,656 94.32
51.60 Mar 01 86.30 86.75 86.10 86.25 - 32 10,511 Est yet 53,823: prey
yet 54,397: open int 174,916: +1,792

NATURAL GAS (NYM)

10,000 mm btu's, \$ per rnm btu

4.865 2.100AOct 00 4.811 4.965 4.740 4.782 -.019 48,372 4.915 2.048

A

Nov 00 4.865 4.915 4310 4.940-010 23,292 5.000 2.380ADoc 00 5.000
5.000 4.860 4310-010 34,779 4,930 2.259AJan 01 4.860 4.930 4.810 4.850-
011 29,026 4Z50 2.305 Feb 01 4,630 4.650 4.580 4.580 -.01G 18,875 4.370
2,210- Mar 01 4.360 4.370 4.320 4.315 -.008 21,779 4.105 2.120AApr 01
4.090 4.105 4.070 4.055-.003 13,166 Est yet 65,630: prev yet 67,777:
open int 338,989: - 10,836

OTHER FUTURES

Net Lifetime Open

Vol. High Low Settle Chg. High Low Int

LIBOR 1-MONTH (CME) \$3 million- pts of 100 pct.

Sep 00 2313 93.39 93.38 93.38 93.93 92.80 14920

30-DAY FED. FUNDS (CBT) \$5 million- pts. of 100 pct.

Aug 00 93.50 93.50 93.50 93.73 93.12 10182 MUNICIPAL BONDS (CST)

\$1000x index-pts & 32nds Sep 00 100-02 99-11 99-29 + 16 100-05 90-07

17651 US DOLLAR INDEX (CTN) 1000 x index Sep 00 1600 112.88 111.80

112.57 + .49 112.88 95.64 5056 CRB INDEX X 500 INYFE) 500 x index Nov

00 190 226.00 225.10 225.60 + 1.00 227.10 212.20 571 GSCI (Goldman S.

Index) (CME) \$250 X Nearby Index Sep 00 156 246.55 244.00 244.35 - .45

246.55 2000 34167 SUGAR-DOMESTIC (CSCE) 112,000 lbs.- cents per. Nov 00

67 18.85 18.50 18.60 - .25 22.35 17.10 2140 OATS (CBT) 5,000 bu

minimum- cents per bushel Sep 00 98 96 98 + 1112 132 1/2 96 2401 WINTER

WHEAT (KC) 5,000 bu minimum cents per bushel Sep 00 70B6 293 2873/4

2923/4 + 4 346 271 3826 ROUGH RICE (CBT) 2,000 CWR- dollars per CWT Sep

00 6,460 6.270 6,270 - .230 7.060 5.750 1093 LUMBER (CME) 80,000 bd. ft

\$ per 1,000 bd. ft. Sep 00 432 224.6 218.1 221.8 + 2.6 339.9 213.2 1279

PALLADIUM (NYM) 100 troy oz- dollars per oz Sep

341 / C12Day

00 12 716.75 710.00 716.75 + 4.70 8590 563 00 128 BRITISH POUND

(CME) 62,500 pounds, \$ per pound Sep 00 1.4602 1.4460 1.4510 -.0082

1.6558 1,4428 43406 CANADIAN DOLLAR (CME) 100,000 dollars, \$ per Cdn.

dir Sep GO .6800 .6770 .6799 +.0023 .7014 .6623 52696 JAPANESE YEN

(CME) 12.5 million yen, \$ per 100 yen Sep 00 .9438 .9385 .9396 -.0036

1.0313 9175 73362 SWISS FRANC (CME) 125,000 francs, \$ per franc Sep 00

.5798.5724 .5748 -.0031 .6865 .5724 52397

Lifetime Open

High Low Date Open High Low Settle Chg Int

LIGHT SWEET CRUDE (NYM)

1,000 bbl.- dollars per bbl.

74.75 14.22 Oct 00 33.26 33.70 32.97 33.12 - .20121,359 32.80 15,12

A

NOV 00 32.51 32.80 32.10 32.21 - .21 50,491 53.50 13.80 Dec 00 31.70
32.15 31.50 31.58- 24 46,463 274.19 14.20- Jan 01 31.17 31.50 30.95
30.99 - .26 22,967 47.15 14.25 Feb 01 30.70 30.92 30.43 30.43- .28
12,707 31 00 14.44 Mar 01 30.22 30.35 29.93 29.93- .29 12,003 29.81
15.58Apr 01 29.81 29.81 29.45 29.45- .30 6,359 Est Vol 151,032: prev
Vol 155,767: open int 406,980: +1,655

UNLEADED GASOLINE (NYM)

42,000 gal, cents per gal

103.50 57.65ASep 00 100.45 103.50 99.00 101.14 +1.15 11,105 96.75

60.48-Oct 00 93.50 96.75 93.10 94.56 +1.27 29,422 91.70 59.28 No, 00
90.10 91.70 90.10 90.75 + .61 9,031 89.00 58.58ADec 00 87.50 89.00
87.50 88.00+ .06 6,687 87.25 58,38AJan 01 87,00 87.25 86.30 86.30 - .24
2,696 96.80 63.68AFeb 01 86.80 86.80 85.50 85.50- .59 2,376 86.40
65.28-Mar 01 86.40 86.40 85.15 85.15- .79 17.38 Est Vol 43,969: prev
Vol 44,108: open int 70,978: -650,207

HEATING OIL (NYM)

42,000 gal, cents per gal

101.50 41.94 Sep 00 99.30 99.50 97.90 98.42- .83 10,077 100.50 46.49

Oct

00 99.15 100.00 98.35 98.70- .62 46,310 98.80 47.45 Nov 00 97.90
98.70 97.20 97.75 - .42 23,426 97.30 47.67ADec 00 96.90 97.30 96.30
96.65 - .42 29,515 9590 52.44 A Jan 01 95.10 96.90 94.90 95.15 - .22
20,224 92.70 53.00AFeb 01 92.00 92.70 91.70 92.06- .17 15,656 94.32
51.60 Mar 01 86.30 86.75 86.10 86.25 - .32 10,511 Est Vol 53,823: prev
Vol 54,397: open int 174,916: +1,792

NATURAL GAS (NYM)

10,000 mm btu's, \$ per mm btu

4.865 2.100ADct 00 4.811 4.965 4.740 4.782 -.019 48,372 4.915 2.048

A

Nov 00 4.865 4.915 4310 4.940-010 23,292 5.000 2.380 500 00 5.000
5.000 4.860 4.910-010 34,779 4,930 2.259AJan 01 4.860 4.930 4.810
4.850-011 29,026 4Z50 2.305 Feb 01 4,630 4.650 4.580 4.580 -.011 18,875
4.370 2.210- Mar 01 4.360 4.370 4.320 4.315 -.008 21,779 4.105
2.120AApr 01 4.090 4.105 4.070 4.055-.003 13,166 Est Vol 65,630: prev
Vol 67,777: open int 338,989: - 10,836

WORLD GOLD

Hong Kong late 274.05 up 1.30 London morning fixing 274.95 up 2.15
London afternoon fixing 277.00 up 4.20 London late fixing 276.70 up
3.90 Paris afternoon fixing 271.47 off 0.09 Zurich late afternoon bid
276.40 up 365 NY Handy & Harman 277.00 up 3.70 NY Engelhardt 278.12 up
3.71 NY Marc. spot month 278.30 up 4.40 HSBC Bank USA 277.70 up 4.50

Gold Coins

American Eagle, 1 troy oz. 288.08 up 3.25 American Eagle, .50 oz.
146.81 up

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1.96 American Eagle, .25 oz. 75.14 up 1.01 American Eagle, .10 oz.
31.02 up 0.41 Austla. Kangaroo, 1 troy oz. 288.08 up 3.25 Aus.
Philharmonic, 1 troy oz. 288.08 up 3.25 Maple Leaf, 1 troy oz. 288.08
up 3.25 China Panda 1992, 1 troy oz. 290.85 up 3.88 Krugerrand, 1 troy
oz. 280.00 up 3.70 U.S. Silver Coins \$1000 face value pre 1965
circulation 3653.70 up 1430 U.S. Silver Eagle, 1 troy oz. 6.91 up 0.02
U.S. Platinum Eagle, 1 troy oz. 615.93 Off 10.48

Source: MTB Bank

CASH PRICES

Thu. Wed. Broilers dressed lb. .5548 .5527 Eggs large white NY Doz. .691/2

.71112 Flour hard winter KC cwt 8.95 9.10 Cheddar cheese blocks 40 lb. CIVE 1.30 1.30 Coffee parana ex-dock NY per In. .773/4 0.773/4 Coffee Medlin ex-dock NY per lb. .87314 .873/4 Cocoa beans Ivory Coast \$ metric ton 980 986 Cocoa butter African styl \$ met ton 2041 2056 Sugar No. 11 cents per b 10.87 11.16 Hogs Sioux Falls 47-50 pct 220-270 lb 40.50 41.50 Feeder cattle 500-600 lb Oki av c.t 96.88 96.88 Pork bellies 12-14 lb Midwest av cwt 49.00 49M

GRAINS

Corn No. 2 yellow Chi processor bid 1.76314 1.733/4 Soybeans No. 1 yellow 4.89 4,761 A Soybean Meal Can 111 48pct protein-ton 174.50 170.00 Wheat No. 2 Chi soft 2,253/4 2.211/4 Wheat 3.37 3.25 Wheat No. 2 hard KC. 2.563/4 2.58314 Oats No. 2 heavy n.c. ri.q.

FATS & OILS

Coconut oil N. Orleans lb, .181/2 .18112 Corn oil crude wet/dry mill Chi. lb. .12114 .125/B Soybean oil crude Decatur lb. .14 1/2 .14 3/o

METALS

Aluminum cents per lb 71.1 70.9 Antimony US producer per lb. 0.97112 0.97112 Copper Cathode full plate 93.0 92.0 Gold Handy & Harman 277.00 273.30 Silver Handy & Harman 4.980 4.925

Thu. Wed.

Lead per lb. .30 30 Pig Iron fob fdry buff gross ton 167.00 167.00 Platinum per troy oz. NY (contract) 568.00 568,00 Platinum Merc spot per troy oz 586.70 591 40 Mercury per flask of 76 lbs. 150.00 150.00 Steel scrap No. 1 heavy gross ton 91.50 .91.50 Zinc (HG) delivered In. .5961 .5909

TEXTILES & FIBERS

Cotton 1-1-16 in. strict low middling 61,79 6225 Wool fine staple torr Boston lb. 1.07 107

MISCELLANEOUS

Rubber No. 1 NY smoked sheets lb. .38 .38 Hides heavy native steer In. .82 82

PETROLEUM - REFINED PRODUCTS

Fuel oil No. 2 NY hbr bg gi fob .9618 Gasoline uni prem RVP NY hbr bg 1.0177 .9898 Gasoline unl RVP NY hbr bg gi fob .9627 .9083

PETROLEUM - CRUDE PRODUCTS

Saudi Arabian light Asia \$ per bbl fob 30.28 30.07 North Sea Brent \$ per Libi fob 34.83 33.94 West Texas Intermed \$ per bbi fob 33.13 33.33 Light LA Sweet \$ per bbl fob 33.45 33.70 Alaska No. Slope del. West Coast 31.37 31.54 RAW PROD- UCTS Natural Gas Henry Hub, \$ per mmbtu 4.74 4,59

a-asked r-revised

b-bid n.q.-not quoted n-Nominal n.a.-not available

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 I C13 NASDAQ NATIONAL MARKET

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52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

39.19 16.13 NwstAirt 10 2745 31.63 31.06 31.31+0.31 g.00 6.13
NwstBcp .16 1.9 15 671 8.56 8.06 8.50+0.31 17.13 11.13 NwtPipe - 6 16
12.63 12.63 12.63 g2.19 9.00 NovaMs n 28 14.00 13.50 13.88-0.13 27.63
7.50 Novadig 98 1092 10.94 10.38 10.81+0.06 18.75 3.25 NovaMed 18 526
4.19 4.00 4.09+0.03 1163 7.81 Novmr 9 6 20 10.25 10.25 10.25-0.19 8.50
3.00 Novmtx 15 97 6.19 606 6.13-0.13 2.56 0.75 Nvmt wtB 24 1.25 1.13
1.25 1150 1.19 Novatel 63 4.59 4.50 4.56 8.75 2.75 NovelDH 433 8.63
7.94 7.94-0.81 44.66 7.81 Novell 26 133M 12.63 11.63 12.25+0.81 71.44

17.2S Novlus 9 4231707 62.00 59.00 61 +288 38.00 6.00ANoven 679562
42.25 37.06 42.00+5.00 18.00 8.00 NoOgen 13 12.00 11.19 11.19-0.19
61.50 9.63 Novoste dd 2366 54.88 53.94 54.00-0.13 34.00 6.50 NuHofiz
.38 t 18 1962 27.88 26.00 26.25+0.1 17.75 5.00 NuCo2 n dd 61 7.63 7.25
7.38+0.38 82.00 24.50 NuanceC n 1769 134+38 126 63 131.63+4.75 36.00
18.63 Nucenbx 14 26.13 25.63 26.13 17.00 313 Numerex .20 1.5 167 13.13
12.63 13.00+0.1 67.31 22.00 NurnTch n 1432 41.00 381 3 39.13+0.38 21.00
7.13 NurMacro 18 2766 14.13 13. 3 13.38-0.63 6.38 2.44 M-dr-a fl 6 290
3.00 2.63 2.69-0.06 14.75 11.31 nutrisys n 2 11.75 88.00 8.38 Nvidia a
92 16047 82.50 78.13 79.38+0.88 44.38 8.25 Nyfix a cc 687 38.25 37.38
37.50

0

25 16.00 Micro n 6248 25.50 22.60 25.60+2.98 -22.00 11.77 Owireln n
11449 23.50 21.25 21.75+0.75 w 12.75 2.50 OAO Tc n 33 546 4.97 4.75
4.94+0.03 16.75 10.00 OChadeys 12 218 12.94 12.75 12.75-0.06 A.69 3.13
01 Corp 13 280 3.44 3.31 3.44+0.13 16.38 2.00 ON Tech dd 405 2.56 2.50
2.56+0.03 142.00 71.94 ONI Sys n 9881 96.88 92.75 95.31 + 1. 7.94 2.38
OPTI a 6 1084 4.13 3.88 3.88 - 2438 8.25 OReillyA s 15 779 15.56 15.19
15.25-0.31 48.50 4.06 OClSIPhrm dd 4260 51.38 47 25 49.98+2.48 28.44
2.94 OSISys cc 5782 14-50 13.19 13.44-1.13 61.44 13.00 OTO Sft n 612
25.25 22.38 22.38-3.06 26.25 10.00 OYO Geo dd 165 19.56 19.50 19.50-
0.06 18.13 11.94 OakHillFn .40 2.5 21 4 16.13 16.13 16.13 29.31 4.19A
OakToch dd 17515 29.50 26.44 29.13+2.69 41.94 7.25 ObMed 1.08t 33 240
9.00 8.44 8.63+0.19 24.00 2.06 Objsys dd M 11.50 13.44+2.00 21.75 11.63
Oce NV .49 a 3.3 23 14.88 14.69 14.88+0.25 20.88 14.56 OceanF .76 3.7
14 500 20.88 20.63 20.63-0.13 23+44 9.00 OculrSci 6 1066 11.00 10.63
10.75+0.13 29.63 10.00 OdeticsB dd 1 14.75 14.75 14.75 29.44 8.88
OdetlcsA 11 637 15.06 13.50 14.13-1.00 9.50 4.31 Odwalla 26 60 7.00
6.41 6.75-0.25 57.38 3.81 OffPaym n dd 3654 10.72 9.94 10.31+0.31 18.19
7.94 OffsLog 38 1354 17.88 16.75 17.38+0.56 27.13 17.63 Oglebay .80 3.2
9 105 25.25 25.25 25.25-0.06 18.31 6.50 OhioCas .48 6.5 dd 3156 7.88
7.31 7.38+0.06 11.50 6.25 Ollgear .28 3.5 12 29 9.31 8.00 8.00-1.44
14.88 8.75 OldDom 5 217 9.56 9.25 9.25-0.25 35.00 23.06 OldNBap BB b 2.4
20 545 28.06 28.06+0.06 30.38 20.56 OldSecBc .60 2.6 57 24.00
23.25 23.25 6.38 3.25 OlympSt 23 106 3.63 3.38 3.38-0.13 33.00 20.56
OmegFn 1.04 f 3.7 16 23 27.75 27.75 27.75-0.06 10.38 2.38 OmegRs dd 283
3.13 2.94 3.00 6.00 2.25 OmgaWw 16 12 2.63 2.38 Z63-0.13 3.75 0.31
OmniEnr dd891 0.88 0.75 H8+0.13 8.88 1.13 Omn Nutr dd 1223 2.94 2.56
2.88+0.25 60.00 20.75 Omm Vis n 1729 46.00 42.00 45.00+3.00 5.63 0.81
Orntool dd 1244 2.75 1.81 2.25+0.50 34.94 11.38 OrA In s 42 336 30.00
28.38 29.88+1.25 22.00 9.50 OnComm dd 47

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13.50 13.25 13.25-0.25 27.75 16.25 OnSmnd n 1280 17.50 16.88 17.00-
0.38 3.00 0.25 OnPointT 756 0.42 0.38 0.41-0.03 4.69 1.50 OnePrice 4 93
1.88 1.81 1.88 23.19 4.25 1 800Flows dd 478 5.31 5.13 5.25 38.75
10.63AJ-800CWt 3 65 1824 40.75 38.00 40.19+2.19 24.00 4.50 OneMain dd
254 10.00 9.63 9.86+0.17 15.13 5.25 OmSrce dd 1698 12.00 11.25
11.88+0.44 14.06 1.69 OnHealth dd 1229 3.34 3.13 3.16+0.03 24.50 4.13
OnlRes n dd 47 6.13 5.94 600-0.06 13.75 4.00 OntrDta 22 214 12.63 11.69
11.69-0.69 78.00 4.13 Omecm n 70.00 7.38 6.63 7.00+0.38 9.25 3.31 InZcc
3 92 3.88 3.75 3.75 36.50 6.94 On dd 4526 27.50 26.06 26.50-0.31 44.00
6.50 OnyxSft a - 6764 23.50 17.69 22.69+4.63 6.00 6.00 OpenMkt dd 14302
9.60 8.25 8.44-1.06 60+63 9.50 OpenTxt g 2775 25.88 24.00 26.19-0.56
245.75 36.13 GpenTV n 19394 59.63 50.00 65.60+5.25 30.2S 16.27 OpntTdi
n 1556 30.U 26.75 30.00+1.81 3.69 2.03 Opta cc 67 2.31 2.26 2.31+013
45.63 5.19 Optibase 28 1604 20.00 19.n 19.bi 67.38 9.13 OptCable cc 43M
45.00 37.47 39.38+2.88 404 3.25 Opbka dd 742 4.50 4 00 4.13-0.06 49.00
13.63 OptRobt 444 33.88 33 00 33.38-0.06 29.25 2.50 OptioSft n 39 4254

3.9r 2.56 3.13-0.75 8.75 2.63 OptnCr 13 80 6.63 6.38 6.63 15.78 2.31
Opus360 n 1949 4.44 3.97 3.97-0.09 90A 17.75AOracle cc 185983 91.06
88.44 90.94+2.69 36.88 5.02 OraPher n 1879 11.44 9.91 11.38+1.44 50.00
19.13 OratcInt n 2063 38.94 35A 35.56-0.69 14.19 1.56 OrbitFR dd 27
2.75 2.63 2.63+0.09 11594 34.63 Orbotch s 33 1020 98.00 96.13 96.81 +
61.00 9.60 Ordidillo n 21.66 45.75 42.75 44.94+1.94 40.75 6.63 OrdUtCm
s dd 1.68 3.70 10.09 8.00 9.88+1.81 12.13 8.50 OregTrl .32 2.9 15 22 1
11.00 11.13+0.06 60.00 7.00 Organic n dd 870 7.56 7.06 7.19-0.25 8.25
5.75 Oroamer 12 397 7.44 7.25 7.44+0.19 19.25 4.69 OrphanM dd 252 11.75
11.00 1138+0.25 9.31 5.00 OrthAll 9 413 7.19 7.06 7.19+0.19 21.00 10.88
Orthfx 6216 19.38 19.13 19.13 8.31 2.25 Orthlog 64 2470 3.25 3.06 3.19-
0.06 7.00 5.63 Ortho ta n 75 7.38 6.88 6.88 18.88 11.00 OscaInc n 454
16.00 15.69 15.88+0.13 22.75 12.00 OshKBA .20 1.4 7 140 14.44 14.22
14.25+0.25 40.00 21.63 OshkTrk .35 1.0 12 1412 35.63 34.81 35.50+0.69
149.75 7.19 Osicom dd 2048 60.63 58.06 59.00-0.50 22.25 6.60 Osteotch
1356 12.00 11.31 11.98+0.75 956 0.94 Ostex dd 1023 2.50 2.19 2.44+0.25
20.88 13.00AottawFn .48 b 2.3 15 664 21.00 20.13 21.00+0.50 2750 17.75
OttffTP s 1.02 4.9 11 141 20.94 20.81 20.88-0.06 6.56 3.63 OutlkGrp 13
128 5.94 5.69 5.94-0.06 18.00 4.63 OvrIndD 55578 10.75 9.94 10.38+0.13
5M 1.63 Owosso .24 13.7 51 2.06 1.75 1.75-0.25 33.25 9.75 OxfordHit 7
12310 31.75 30.00 30.50+0.50 28.75 7.94 Oxigene dd 548 11.25 10.50
11.13+0.88 1000 0.31 Oxis dd 554 1.44 1.25 138+0.06

P

13.00 5.94 P&F 6 207 7S4 7.19 7.38-0.13 2850 4.16 P-Com dd 3643 6.44
6.09 6.25-0.06 12.88 8.00 PAM 926 10.50 10.13 10.50+0.25

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

10.13 7.50 PBOG Hld 3 106 7.75 7.50 7.63 62.00 8.25-PC Cnnct s 55
3481

67.25 60.44 64.75+4.38 98.00 21.63 PC-Tel n 61 1612 29.13 27.94
28.00-1.06 10.50 3.00 PCD 80 94 8.13 7.75 8.00 12.00 5.88 REC Sol n 35
6.94 6.88 6.88- 0.06 34.75 19.WPECO 11 n 12057 39.75 34.00 39.00+5.69
39.31 18.13 PF Chng 40 1577 30.38 28.75 29.94 23.75 12.25 PFFBcp .24
1.2 9 549 20.06 19.81 20.00+0.19 10.63 7.25 PHS Bnc .36 3.6 12 20 10.06
10.06 10.06 23.00 9.75 PICO Hld dd 198 1381 1356 13.81+0.25 21.63 6.75
PJ Amer 8 219 7.38 6.94 6.94-0.09 51.25 13.75 PLX Tch dd 1072 32.81
31.00 31.31-0.75 20M 15.50 PMA Cap .42 f 2.5 14 82 17.56 16.81 16.88-
0.63 255.50 38.38 PIVIC Sra s cc 19238

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239.75 232.31 2300 - 1.00 6.00 1.13 PMR Cp s 1.50 p dd 32 2.44 2.25
2.44 20.13 1.09 PNV Inc n dd 498 1.72 1.50 1.50-0.06 7.50 2.75 PPT Vis
dd 34 6.00 5.88 5.88-0.13 94.50 28.13 PRI Auto cc 3835 55.13 51.63
51.63-2.00 22.00 5.00 PRWWLtd 22 137 13.73 13.13 13.13+0.13 14.00
10.19 PS FInol .60 5.4 11 2 11.06 11.06 11.06 6.50 4.00 PSB Bn 8 36
4.31 4.31 4.31 1000 3.13 PSC 18 707 4.06 3.81 4.06+0.31 27.63 10.06 PSI
Tech n 93 19.00 17.25 19.00+0.88 1 .00 PSINet s dd 20920 18.13 17.13
17.56-0.38 63 5.09 PSS Wrld 25 2574 6.50 6.25 6.25-0.13 75 2.63 PTEK
Hld 45 1677 3.72 3.50 3.56+0.06 7.06 3.75 PVC .32 67 cc 20 4.75 4.75
4.75+0.50 22.13 2.50 PW Eagle 5 902 18.75 16.88 11.13-0.81 41.75 12.00
PacWest n 19 1960 14.19 12.811 14.13+0.63 59.50 39.06 Paccar 1.20 2.8 5
3793 42.81 41.44 42.44+0.44 5.63 0.47 PacA&E dd 5516 1.28 1.13 1.16-003
2.44 0.19 PacA&E wt 203 0.53 0.47 0.47-0.06 38.00 21.38 PacCap .88t 3.3
13 181 26.88 26.63 26.81+0.19 10.88 8.88 PacCntl n 19 9.50 9.50
9.50+0.50 15.38 10.00 PacCrst .28 2.2 7 59 12M 12.25 12.63+0.13 6.38
2.84 PacDunI .24e6.9 292 3.63 3.44 3.50-0. 9 25.75 2.13 PacGate n.14
6.2 dd 1232 2.34 2.25 2.25 79.00 12. 1 9 Pacintmet 19.43 15.63 12.75
1141.63+11.50 8.50 5.88 PacMerc n 139 7.75 7.63 7.69+0.13 39.00 11.63
PacSun 12 3.0 6.60 14.00 12.88 13.31-1.56 9.25 7.50 PacUnion n 465 8.94

8.88 8.88-0.06 31.50 5.00 PacrfNet s 16 4 9.88 9.38 9.88 7231 31.13
PacifC 8 3724 54.88 50.56 53.94+34.00 8 75 PckrdBio n 5088 20.50 19.38
19.88-0.38 77.50 10.50 Packetr dd 857 50.13 47.75 48.13-1.00 26.38
14.00 PainTher n 59 19.63 19.25 19.25 20.00 12.00 PaJmHHm 10 18 14.63
14.44 14.63+0.69 166.00 19.88 Palm n 112963 44.88 42.50 44.00-1-2.06
23.25 18.50 Pamrapo 1.38 6.8 12 20 20.25 7.56 2.94 PanASlv 3381 4.00
3.75 3.77+0.14 74.25 28.25 PanAmSat 27 2200 33.50 32.13 32.44+0.33
17.25 6.13 Panera 28 875 16.63 15.88 16.00-0.63 46.00 7.50 Panja dd
280B 11.94 9.63 11.75+2.00 16.31 7.00 Pantry 13 63 13.00 12.50
1300+0.50 44.88 19.00 PapJohn 13 1850 23.13 22+31 22.63+0.19 22.00 7.00
PrdgmGn n 549 16.63 15.88 16.50 + 0.50 10.13 4.00 ParGeo g cc 119 600
5.88 5.94 - 0.19 53.00 172Paradyne 63 6752 59.63 21.25 2144-0.69 5.94
1.38 ParPet dd 898 3.66 3.47 3.53-0.03 35.94 7.38 ParmTc cc 21591 13.75
13+31 13.38-0.19 4.06 1.88 Paravant 27 328 2.94 2.84 2.92+0.05 15.44
7.63 Parexel 45 521 10.00 9.75 9V + 0.22 16.50 11.63 ParkBno .48 3.6 9
586 13.44 13.38 1338 16.63 6.63 Park0h 31 687 10.38 9.38 10.311+11.00
52 88 18 .50 Parkrvsn did 409 42.50 38.88 42.50+3.38 20+75 15.00
ParkvFn .72 4.1 8 107 17.56 17. -0.19 46.13 14.13 Parlex 30 743 38.25
37.00 38.13+0.13 4.63 1.72 Parlux 10 101 2.69 2.50 2.69+0.19 41.00
17.88-Parthus n 1922 47.38 45.00 46.50+5.50 26.13 6.25 PrtnrCrn n 3839
9.50 9.00 9.50+0.16 1438 3.68 PrisBase n 1353 4.13 3.09 4.00+0.31 43.13
5.00 PasifSat 169 15.25 13.00 15.00-0.50 38.50 14.00 PathoG dd 3500
38.38 38.19 38.25+0.09 4.81 0.28 Patinfo dd 51 0.56 0.50 0.56 14.13
6.00 PatrkInd .16 2.4 dd 17 6.72 6.63 6.72+0.13 15.25 6.13 PatnotB .37
f 5.6 17 23 6.56 6.50 6.56+0.06 26.88 14.25 PatrTms 15 1 17.38 17.38
17.38+0.06 28.13 16.25 PattDml 9 24 4SU 23.75 22.50 23 75+1 19 32.69
9.88 PattEng cc 2137 31.38 30.50 31.38+0.69 5.38 0.38 PHarris dd 2026
1.56 1.19 8.56 1.66 PaulSon dd 88 2.25 2.00 225+025 47.63 17.25 Paychex
s .24 0.5 88 21632 45.19 43.63 44+0.69 74.75 4.44 pcOrder dd 832 5.38
5.13 5.28-0.02 14.63 6.13 Peaklml n 13 352 8.88 8.56 B.69-0.22 16.38
1.50 Peapod dd 191 2.06 1.88 1.88-0.13 20.00 9.25 PeerMf .50 2.6 14 150
19.25 18.50 19.00 15.50 1.22 PrissSys n dd 696 1.44 1.28 1.31-0.06
77.50 20.75 PegaCm s dd 3270 51.13 48.75 49.75-0.25 54.38 9.94 PeWus s
dd 2290 19.88 19.31 19.88+0.63 26.06 3.88 Pegasys dd 485 4.44 4.38 4.38
17.50 11.22-Pemstar n 6718 20.26 17.81 18.56+11.22 22.13 13.13

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Penford .24 1.3 14 382 18.25 17.38 18 19+11.44 15.75 6.81 PenNGam 15
303 14.00 13.50 14 .00+0.13 1625 10.63 PennFed .16 1.2 9 269 13.50
12.94 13.00- 0.38 16.56 15.634PennRck n 6.78 16.63 16.50 16.50 20.00
5.00 Penwest dd 148 13.00 12.44 12.81+038 10.38 6 03 PeoplePC n 6735
8.63 7.26 8.63+1 25 18.13 12 88 Peop8cp .56 f 3.8 10 22 14.88 14.88
14.88 25.50 13.00 PeBcoH 560.7 9 50 15.25 15.00 15.25+016 17.13 11.63
PeopBNC .40 b 3+1 8 2 12.88 12.63 12.88+0.38 21.38 13.75 PBshBrc .84
5.8 5 183 15.00 14.130 14.50-0.31 27.13 16.38 PeDpbkCT 1.20 5.7 12 610
21.75 21.00 21.13-0.31 12.94 9.50 PplsCom n 14 11.94 11.63 11.63 11.25
6.75 PplsSid .28 3.9 17 16 7.25 7.25 7.25 29.39 12.00APEoplesoft cc
106278 32.44 28.52 32.25+331 13.50 3.88 PrSeTch dd 1090 12.06 11.81
11.94-0.19 7.50 3.00 Percptr 14 166 3.50 3.25 3.25 80.63 15.75 Peregme
s dd 16523 33.50 29.25 31.94 + 6i 19.00 PerFood 23 554 37.13 36.56
37.13+0.56 FS 8.06 PrfTech 25 511 14.00 13.13 13.88+0.69 81.88 12.75
Pericorn 68 630 74.13 72.50 74.00+1.13 9.44 5.00 Perrigo 34 5545 7.69
7.41 7.41-0.22 13.00 7.16 PerryEllis 5 65 8.94 8.56 8.84+0.28 29.25
8.19 PersSft dd 3094 17.50 15.94 17.00+11.00 38+00 2.38 PervSft dd 562
3.44 3.19 3.28-0.03 21+19 UlVetcoAn 19 2765 21.25 21.00 2100-0.13 4.06
1.25 Ptrglyph dd 4 2.63 2.63 2.63-0.09 6.25 3.50 PetDv 10 816 5 75 5.31
5.44-0.25 4.00 1.81 Petromt 6 3.44 3.44 3.44+0.19 3.81 1.28APtroqstE n
36 555 4.25 3.50 3.63 14.00 UPets.cm n 3769 1.03 0.47 0.97+0.6 6.88
2.25 PetsMart dd 7767 4.72 4.50 4.63+0.03 52.69 1.88 PFSweb n dd 2 28

3.31 2.59 2.75-0.41 5.75 0.97 PharMor dd 161 1.38 1.31 1.38 2900 8.56
PharmPdt 18 1679 22.13 20.00 21.94+1.13 1 00 969 Pharcop cc 3950 45.50
40.69 41.94+2.19 86 i 27 .75 Phmcyc dd 1347 52.50 48.50 50.13 +1.88
2163 4.38 Pharmnet dd 446 20.50 19.50 20.50+0.63 5 63 1.47 PharChem 10
107 4.00 3.63 4.00+0.03 1031 7.25-Pharsght n 1621 10.38 9.50 9.63+0.44
19.38 10.81 PhilCons .18p 15 170 16.50 16.44 16.50 7.00 4.50 PhilipM n
5 594 5.19 5.19-0.44 7.00 2.25 PhilRH 19 1252 6.88 6.81 6.88+0.06 30.25
8.63 PhnxTc 72 2706 17.94 17.00 17.25+0.44 208.00 10.00 Phne.cm dd
30429 94.88 86.98 92. +5.98 94.38 16.38 Photon 52 4719 53.75 46.98
46.94-6.56 8.63 2.00 PhtoWrks dd 406 3.28 3.06 3.06-06646.50 17.50
PhotfIn cc 4201 30.00 28.75 29.31+0.31 29.00 17.13 Physmt n dd 1197
23.25 22.38 23.13+0.69 16.50 1.88 PicTel dd 24402 9.88 8.75 9.72+0.97
21.50 8.00 PiercPag 14 140 21.31 21.31 21.31 55.13 8.13 PilotNet dd
5017 14.13 12.94 13.25-04i 6.00 2.88 PinnGlb dd 393 5.63 5.38 5 63+0 38
80.50 20.50 PncleHld 8394 40.50 39.75 4025+0.25 36.38 7.00 PinnSyst
9013984 12.63 11.81 12.63+1.06 43.56 10.00 PionGp dd 5277 43.69 43.38
43.63+0 - 06 18.75 11.38 PionStd .12 0.9 10 465 13.75 13.56 13.69+0.06
13.47 8.00 PittsbGFn .36 4.4 7 2 8.25 8.25 8.25 75.98 15.88 PivotalCp
dd 2997 46.06 44.75 45.00-0.88 50.38 31.31 Pixw 22 2009 3325 32.00
33.00+1.00 4538 10.38 Pxlwrks n 2077 27.13 26.13 27.13 + 0.81 11+63
1.50 PixTech dd 1992 1.78 1.63 1.69 20.88 5.00 PlanarSy 18.88 17.94
18.50+0.63

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

36.50 0.50 PlnetRx n dd 6564 1.00 0.72 0.78+0.06 15.00 4.38 PlatoLm
6 653

14.25 13.50 14.26+0.75 7.75 0.97 PlayBy dd 91 1.25 1.16 1.19 15498
24.44 Plexus 94 2823 156.81 148.56 154.75+4.94 15650 15.00 PlugPwr n
did 918 45.31 44.00 44.75+0.25 7.81 5.25 PocaBn .26 3.4 12 457 7.69
7.56 7.56-0.03 19.86 228 PointWest 2 436 2.69 2.44 2.69+0.25 31.00 9.63
PtofSale n cc 41 25.30 24.94 24.94-0.31 10.75 7.00 Pointel .20 2.2 14 3
9.25 9.25 9.25+0.19 133.00 34.81 Polycom cc 3476 114.44 107.81
112.38+6.44 62.00 14.69 Polymed 24 2567 36.13 35.50 35.50-0.06 24.50
9.56 Pomeroy 10 1477 24.00 21.00

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23.25+0.63 10.25 8.94 Pontotoc n 19 118 9.75 9.19 9.69-0.13 32.38
1813 Popular .64 3.1 11 1072 21.00 20.13 20.63+0.19 16.75 10.50
PorlFncl n 362 16.56 1644 16 56+019 86.00 19.13 PortlSft 27253 56.00
48.75 55.25+41.38 14.88 5.63 Possis dd 1151 9.00 825 8 38-0 50 10.88
4.63 Powell 16 74 9.88 9.38 9.50-0 38 68.00 14.75 PowrIntg s 20 8910
17.31 16.50 17.00-0.m 176.63 9.75 Pwr-One s cc 11109 168.06 157.19
158.44-6. 10.38 0.63 PowrCrv dd 126 1.22 1.06 1.22+0.16 105.00 34.81
Powertel did 2088 78.81 77.00 78.00 74.00 13.50 Powrarv a 85 175M 48.94
44.00 48.13+4.13 45.00 10.06 PraecisP n 2093 44.00 42.63 43.81+1.56
32.88 18.44 PrecSft n 324 27.25 24.63 27.00+2.63 89.00 16.00 PrdctvSy
cc 1449 20.88 19.88 19.88-0.89 12.75 5.44 PremFIn .15i 10 133 6.00 5.88
6.00 19.13 12.69 PresU .40 f 2.6 10 1105 15.25 14.75 15 28.75 5.50
Prestek did 712 17.00 16.52 16.94-019 94.00 8.38 PrevSys n dd 780 8.78
8.50 8.69+E03 1375 3.44 Previo Inc did 102 6.69 6.25 6.50-0.19 838 6.06
PriceEnt 88 6 6.16 6.16 6.16 41.00 25.88 PriceTR .52 1.1 21 5689 45.44
43.63 45.25+1.38 49.21 12.69 Prm 2 37.50 37.50 31.50+0.03 10125 22.63
Pricline n ddd 34259 28.50 25.94 2719-0.56 56.75 13.75 Primall a 27 372
45.00 42.66 44 88 +194 50.19 1934 17.06 16.00 156-0 25 10.63 6.63
PrmeMd 11 183 9.60 9.00 9.08-0.11 37.00 3.25 PrmRsp n 617 6.06 5.94
6.00 8.00 4.00 PdmeSrc .19 4.6 5 341 4.94 4.13 4.13-0.69 30.44 18.00
Primex .30 1.2 13 2 24.44 24.25 24.25+0.19 14.88 1.94 PrimixS did 323
2.75 2.69 2.75+0.03 137.25 19.00 PrmsKn did 457 25.31 23.31 23.56-R69
52.25 Primust dd 5679 16.25 15.06 15.94+11.06 14.38 9.75 PrincNtl .38

3.0 6 1 12.75 12.75 12.75+0.13 1450 388 PrinceVid did 220 4.25 4.06
4.19+0.06 13.94 5.25 Printrak 18 2836 11.81 11.75 11.75 24.75 9.69
Prtronx 83 11.50 11.38 11.41-0.09 4.88 1.88 Prntwre 29 166 2.69 2.50
2.63+0.25 75.38 19.13 Priffithic 51 1024 58.69 55.88 57.75+2.38 18.25
10.00 PrvtBn .10 0.7 26 3 13.63 13.63 13.63 13.00 3.88 PrvlMed a 77 436
7.88 7.00 7.69+0.81 39.00 17.25 ProBusn dd 1781 22.00 20.50
22.00+11.113 89.75 6.13 ProcmT dd 947 48.50 46.44 48.25+1.56 36.88 6.38
Prodigy dd 1460 7.94 7.53 7.53-0.34 48.63 18.00 ProD ng 40 738 48.13
45.06 48.13+3. 8.63 3 .50 ProfStaff 11 907 5.50 5.19 5.25 27.00 12.63
ProfGrP 2.64t 9 665 22.88 22.50 22.88 47.60 7.98 ProfRec 14 6431 10.25
00 9.03-1.03 96.00 9.50 ProgPh ec 2706 35.00 29.00 29.50-4.44 10.75
2.94 ProgPar dd 322 3.75 3.31 3.63 14.38 9.75 ProgFn .24 12.1 8 250
11.56 11.19 11.56+0.25 30.75 10.94 PrgSoft a 14 5182 13.69 13.50
13.69+0.13 97.38 11.31 Project a 43 1700 1850 17.25 18.00+0.38 4.22
0.41 ProMdCo 2 1207 1.19 1.16 1.16 35.00 3.25 Promtns n dd 1409 4.00
3.50 3.88+0.38 25.00 5.25 Proph21 55 131 17.25 17.00 17.00-0.31 29.88
2.63 Prosoft dd 1224 13.75 12.00 13.38+0.63 17.88 12.88 ProepBc .36 2.2
12 547 16.63 16.44 16.44-0.06 169.00 12.88 PrtDsg a 37700 93.00 73.97
76.00-10.38 14.00 0.81 Provalis 1258 2.81 2.53 263+003 26.13 2.88
Provant 85 2094 7.50 6.63 E81 +0.06 23.38 13.00 PrvBksh .70 14.9 9 857
14.38 14.13 14.25+0.06 4394 23 44 ProvFncl .96 3.6 9 2290 26.44 25.56
26.31+0.56 R25 12.56 ProvFinl 9 4 18.00 17.63 18.00+0.13 46 25 1050
ProvHlth 43 1461 46.13 41.38 44.88+2.75 67 50 19 50 Proxlc m a cc 21660
24.50 22.25 24.19+11.56 88.00 17.38 Proxim a cc 9575 68.75 57.50
60.06+1.06 15.88 1.06 Proxymc dd 1444 1.41 1.31 1.34-0.03 14.75 2.38
Publcard dd 138 2.72 2.56 2.63-0.13 14+00 9.50 PulaskiB .36 a 2.7 34 36
13.44 13.00 13.44+0. 102.50 3.00 PumaT a dd 2109 25.50 23.63 24.31- 1.1
175.00 14.63 PrchPro 8 dd 43515 63.38 57.02 57.78-1.41 7.50 2.13 PureNd
dd b 2.0 4.3 15.00 7.94 PurMills n 389 11.38 10.75 10.75 2.38 1.31
PyramidB .16 6.9 dd 70 2.38 225 2 31

QR

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18.00 2.88 QAD Inc dd 337 3.63 3.38 3.50+0.09 794 5 50 QEP Co s 6
208 6.75 6.25 6.31-0.19 5850 9 25 QUAGEN 3238 48.25 45.88 47.75+1.38
5.75 31.88 OLT a 135 7T81 71.88 74.06+2.13 119.56 13.88 QRScp dd 13572
19.63 16.88 18.311+11.50 3525 15.75 QS Com n 6 18.81 18.81 18.81+0.06
117.38 3.63 QXL.cm a 9441 5.00 4.11 4.56+0.75 70.00 2.63 Qlaolng n
3261207 24.50 11.63 20.50+8.56 20325 32.50 Glogic a cc 2W 115.3 106.75
113.50+8.13 18.25 12.38 QuakCty 8 210 18.00 17.13 17.25-0.19 6.00 3.00
QuakFab 11 1827 5.44 5.00 5.06+0.16 200.00 38.13 Qualcom a 68 186399
62.06 58.00 59.88+1.56 4.13 1.81 QualDin dd 170 263 P56 216-00A 18.75
5.63 QualSy 24 213 9.13 8.75 9.13+0.50 12.13 6.75 Quslstsr n 2730 14.00
12-06 13-50+1.56 a2.88 17.25 QueenCB 1.00 3.8 15 659 26.50 26.13
26.38+0.13 14.50 3.50 Quentra dd 2193 5.63 4.00 4.44+0.31 16.00 0.78
quepasa 623 1.19 1.03 1.19+0.19 98.13 17.38 QuestSft s did 6516 52.50
51.00 61.63+0.50 6.88 0.53 Questm wt 242 1.81 1.69 1.81+0.09 13.63 2.75
Questron 12 468 5.25 4.94 5.19+0.13 44.75 11.00 QckLogic n 67 2226
23.06 21.38 22.75+0.75 11.00 3.16 Quidel dd 482 6.50 6.00 6.50+0.38
5.00 1.00 Quigley did 17 1.53 1.50 1.50-0.03 8.00 6.25 QuintInx n 95
7.25 6.88 7.13+0.38 1.50 0.50 QntInx wt 103 0.75 0.63 0.75 20.00 1.50
Quintet 11 1799 4.56 3.81 4.38+0.59 38.88 12.00 Quintiles 5 8950 14.19
13.58 13.94- 0.38 59.25 6.88 Qui tus n dd 1507 13.63 12.52 13.06+0.38
24.25 14.13 Quip 10 19 23.60 22.75 23.50+0.56 1 6.13 10.50AQuiXte .30 f
1.9 14 427 16.25 15.81 16.00+0.06 18.75 2.75 Quokka dd 18977.38 6.81
6.98 18.75 2.75 Quokka dd 1897 7.38 6.81 6.88 14.56 6.00 QluormH 18
3186 12.94 11.98 12.U+0.80 13.00 163 Quotesmth dd 137 2.19 2.13 2.13
16.50 6.50 RG Find .2112.0 9 20 10.38 10.38 10.38 8.63 2.25 R&B Inc dd
150 2.75 2.63 2.66-0.09 19.13 4.69 RCM 7 132 4.88 4.75 4.75 74.88 18.50

RCN Cp dd 3448 24.63 23.75 24.25+0.56 92.25 19.88 RF WD s cc 78247
47.50 44.00 44.63-1.94 28.63 5.19 RIF Mono dd 166 8.50 7.50 8.50+0.50
23.13 15.81 RGC Resc 1.10 5.9 12 19 19.00 18.50 18.50 1750 11.00 RHBT
Fn n 14 25 14.50 14.25 14.25 263 2.50 RIT Tch n dd 469 13.48 12.50
13.13+0.50 23.38 2.69-RMH Tel 00 1162 24.38 22.00 24.00+11.38 13.50
2.06 RMI.net dd 868 2.50 2.31 2.50+0.19 6.22 1.63 ROHN 15 1126 4.22
4.03 4.13-0.09 93.06 22.06 RSA Sec 16 3289 59.75 57.88 59.06+0.81 32.50
3.03 RSL Cm dd 6633 4.13 3.88 4.06+0.06 6.25 3.25 RTW Inc 6 21 3.41
3.38 3.44-0.06 11.00 3.22 RWD Tech cc 319 8.06 7.75 8.06+0.38 4.19 1.03
RadaElc dd 1142 1.28 1.22 1.25 20.50 3.63 Radcom dd 10.00 8.88
9.119+1.19 65.75 24.13 RadiSys a 38 3951 56.06 54.34 58.94+1.44 16.69
4.25 Radiance dd 573 14.56 13.50 13.81-0.69 RdntSys S 39 988 17.63
16.78 17.1 + .5 11.13 2.63 RadicaG dd 2 2.94 2.81 2.81+ .1 3250 13.19
RdioOne s cc 11315 21.56 20.50 21 -28.00 15.75 ROneD n 4384 19.00 17.19
17. -1. 33.13 3.69 RdjoUnc n dd 372 7.50 7.00 7.31 -0 1 10.25 6.25
RadView n 5433 8.81 7.63 8.81+1.25 65.00 16.13 RadVisn n 2507 33.06
30.63 32.06-1.06 87.00 15.00 Radware n cc 896 32.94 32.13 32.56-0.38

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

2800 115 Radyne wt 108 650 625 638-0 R13 7 88 AadyneC n 23 848 d06
1238 12 44+019 10 38 4E RailArn 11 836 6.63 6.44 6.44-0.06 12.63
7.50 Railwrks 6 47 9.00 8.75 8.75-0.38 14.00 7.00 RnbwRent 14 12 12.88
12.6356 396 63 1.3 52.00 11.75 RainbwTe 39 4857 41.88 39. 50 6.75 1.81
RainfCafe old 482 2.81 2.19 2.44-0.31 29.25 1.50 Rainmkr n old 681 2.38
213 2.19-0.19 127.00 14.63 Rambus 9 dd 4178 82.13 73.88 81.69+5.50
27.69 4.00 RmpNtw 1790 5.44 4.98 5.13 4.44 0.81 Ramsay 9 53 1.53 1.38
1.38-0.06 35.75 14.75

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RareHosp 20 97 28.13 27.38 28.13+0.38 94.75 7.63 RareMed dd 15965
10.75 9.75 1000-0.31 118.00 26.88 RatnSft cc 17396 129.50 117.75
128.69+10.81 18.00 11.13 Raven .72 4.8 9 35 15.13 15.00 15.13+0.13
15.00 10.38 Ravnswd 12 274 14.25 13.94 14.13+0.13 52.00 3.94 Ravisent
do 15M 4.50 4.13 4.38 10.63 4.13 Rawlings old 268 6.19 6.00 6.06+0.06
4.25 0.53 Raytel dd 61 0.88 0.84 0.84 56.94 10.13 Rzrfish a dd 22248
13.38 12.13 0.13 8.50 1.84-ReadRt dd 70653 9.38 8.44 9.03+0.66 7.31
3.16 ReadgE dd 30 5.00 5.00 5.00 96 00 29 63 RealNwk s dd 19641 49.50
47M 48.69-0 63 413 1 .58.Realco dd 111 1.78 1.25 1.78+022 1.00 0.06
Realco wt 681 0.38 0.19 0.38+0.31 1 5.13 5.44 Recoton dd 333 14.19
13.69 14.19-0.06 151.00 15.00 Redl dd 40729 27.13 25.00 25.13-0.31
198.50 47.13 Redback s dd 43902 150.50 140.69 38 3.75 1.16 RedhkAle dd
326 1.75 1.72 1.75-0.13 27.63 7.00 Rdiff.cm n 1604 11.50 10.36-0.14
23.94 14.26 RedEmp .60 2.9 14 129 22.63 20.88 21.00-1.75 17.00 8.81
RegnTch n 6044 14.56 13.2S14A L19 57.38 6.50 Regenrn dd 1960 36.25
33.88 35.44 +1.69 14.75 4.50 RgntCm n dd 1376 8.81 7.38 8.75+1.31 36.94
1 8.31 ReglonsFn 1.08 5.0 9 2473 21.94 21.31 21.75+0.38 23.50 1 0.50
Regis Cp .12 0.8 13 x6930 1 6.98 14.63 15.81+11.113 116.00 1 2.00
Regisw n 10026 14.50 12.75 14.00+11.113 4.59 1.94 Rehabiller 7 482 2.75
2.69 2.69-0.06 9.38 2.25 Reliabil dd 64 3.63 3.44 3.44 3.25 0.75 Reliv
do 30 1.88 1.75 1.81+0.06 9.19 1.56 RelmWre do 643 2.19 1.88 2.06+0-19
38.13 6.13 Remec a 2611 29.75 28.19 28.50-0.25 68.38 18.38 Remedy 23
5008 24.00 23.00 23.38-0.06 23.50 10.00 RernTp 7 258 12.25 11.75 12.06-
0.06 8.50 21PRemiOG 13 5716 9.06 7.63 9.06+11.19 14.94 7.38 RenaCap
2.91 a 12.7 q 9 13.50 13.06 13.06-0.31 9.75 1.25 RenaisW dd 1909 1.63
1.50 1.56-0.09 29.44 14.25 RenalCre 17 5084 20.56 20.00 20.25-0.06
32.88 13.63- HentACtr 1371 33.25 31.50 32.94+1.06 7.41 3.00 Rntrak 40
85 3.75 3.63 3.63- 0.13 19.69 KSO ReptTch n 5981 19.69 16.00 17.31-1.20
18.00 2.50 RepIgn dd 1789 7.94 7.38 7.56+0.19 15.13 4.25 Reptrn 22 299
14.50 14.25 14.31-0.06 1 5.00 7.00 RepBcp .34 b 3.8 9 257 8.88 8.63

8.88 11.00 515 RepBnep.14 2.0 9 78 ON 6.63 8.84+0D9 16.00 9.00 RepubBsh
16 307 12.13 12.00 12.13 8.13 3.88 RepFBcp 8 61 4.50 4.44 4.44-0.19
9.81 188 RepSec .24 5.6 8 726 4.38 4.19 4.31+0.06 20.13 3.69 ResCare 7
479 4.94 4.81 4.84+0.03 40.00 8.50 RschFmt dd 450 19.13 18.56 19.13
175.75 23.25 RachMot 9932 76.13 71.75 75.56+4.19 SOM 33.75 Resonate n
5229 44.25 38.60 44.06+5.63 10.63 6.25 RescArn .13 1.5 50 2805 8.56
8.44 8.44-0.13 6.50 3.00 RscBncM .44 8.5 dd 1937 5.31 5.00 5.19- 0.06
28.00 1.19 ReSrcPh n do 1242 2.19 1.81 1.88-0.38 19.13 7.50 Respirn 100
1181 19M 18.63 18.94+0 19 3.50 0.38 RespOnc old 121 1.13 1 M 1.13+0 09
12.25 3.63 Restfird dd 405 5.75 5.63 5.75+0.13 122.81 15.00 Ratak n dd
3184 34.50 31.75 34.44+0.44 57.3 50.25 Reutrurp 1.55 a 1.3 2267 120.81
118.31 120A + 3.63 1.75 1.13 RevPrp g .12 - 41.50 1.44 1.50+0.13 11.75
4.38 Rexhall .54 t 4 2 5.06 5.06 5.06-0.06 50.00 8m50 RythNet n dd
19933 9.69 8.97 9.00- 0.25 71.88 4.81 Riborym dd 2246 28.88 26.69
28.88+1.75 19.38 6.31 RichEl .16 1.1 15 800 15.44 14.75 15.22+0.34
20.19 16.00 RichCty .64 f 3.2 15 668 20.63 20.00 20.13 14.75 4.88
Rdgwdf .16 1.1 274 14.38 14.25 14.31+0.06 19.38 9.19 RgsNt .20 1.7 9
1502 12.31 11.69 11.94-025 14.50 8.50 RghtMg 7 TO 9.75 9.56 9.56-0.06
1.75 1.25 d 431 3.56 2.75 3.19-0.38 Rim d 22.00 9.76A 26 5703 23.66
20.19 23+3.38 10.13 RitaMed n 826 11.00 10.50 10.88+5-13 75 Rvrdrp n 852
23.00 20.00 22.94+2.94 -7.88 RrvvBn .40 f 4.6 12 1 8.75 8.75 8.75+0.38
20 50 1500 RivianaF .56 3.3 10 23 17.13 16.63 1713+0.63 6A 2 63 AdhseGr
10154 3.88 3.56 3.75-0.22 25.38 16.63 RoadwyEx .20 0.9 9 296 23.25
22.88 23.00 -0.38 17.50 11.00 RoanEl A 3.3 7 230 12.13 11.63 12.00
21.00 3.88 RobNug 1929

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17.00 16.75 16.94-0.06 2 .44 3.38 RobotVs 45 5149 12.88 12.25
12.69+0.13 12.50 5.88 RochMed old 293 6.09 5.88 5.94-0.09 9.50 3.94
RockAgs 14 8 5.63 5.50 5.50 13.25 3.50 Rockfon 1 676 6.38 6.19
6.38+0.06 2.13 0.44 Rockshox dd 366 0.84 0.81 0.81 6.13 3.38 RkMCh 8 32
4.00 3.81 3.81 -R06 8.13 3.69 FlockySh do 60 5.31 5.25 5m25+0.13 31.25
6.00 RofinSinar 30 836 15.25 14.50 15.00+0.63 12.88 3.00 RogWve dd 458
7.06 6.75 6.75-0.19 8.50 6.00 RomeBn n 21 2.5 4 8.50 8.50 8.50 31.13
14.75ARosefta -89.03 35.38 29.63 35.38+5.38 20.44 14.94 RoslynB .62 f
3.1 13 2293 19.94 19.50 19.81+0.25 24.31 11.63 Ross8trs s .15 1.0 9
5549 15.44 14.94 15.13-0.38 3 81 0.91 RossSy old 2486 1.25 1.13 1.25
5356 3.00 RoweCrn do 1952 6.75 5.63 6.00-0.53 17.00 10.88 RyBPA .84 b
4.8 1476 17.44 16.25 17.44+1.19 6.13 2.50 RoyGld .05 p 17 493 3.75 3.25
375+050 5.00 1.88 RoylOly 234 3.25 3.13 3.16+0.16 .49 1.63 RoyaleE 20
300 4.13 4.00 406-0 06 6.00 4.47 RoyceFoc .15p q 27 5.69 5.66 5 66
11.44 8.06 RoyceMC .27 p q 74 11.00 10.92 11.00+0.13 11.50 5.69
RbiosRst 22 221 6.75 6.44 6 50 59.44 20.00 Rudolph n m. 170 41.00 39.00
40 00+016 100.00 30.38 RuralCel dd 89 76.50 72.50 76.00+2.81 17.25 4.75
RushEnt 4 87 6.88 6.38 6.63 47.00 19.50 Ryarair s 179 37.25 36.63
36.75-0 75 10.63 7.72 RyanF 7 14758.75 8.00 8.13-0.44

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9.00 5.63 S&K 8 228 7.88 7.75 7.75-0.13 24.63 16.56 S&T Bcp .84 f
4.3 12 84 19.75 19.25 19.73+0.80 142.25 14.20 S1 Corp dd 9612 18.06
17.00 17.44+0.06 24.88 7.63 S3 Inc 3 6953 12.81 11.69 11+81-0.25 9.50
4.13 SAES Got .20 a 2.3 208 9.13 8.88 8.88-0.25 57.00 9.44 SBA Corn -
dd 2129 44.88 43.88 44.63+0.13 26.38 3.50 SBE 16 461 16.25 14.75 15.50-
0.75 77.13 32.31 SBS Bdc old 960 43.63 41.75 43.50+1.50 55.75 19.25
SIBS Tech 39 730 51.69 50.63 51.56+0.31 17.00 4.00 SCC Com old 194 6.13
5.88 6.06+0.06 130.50 37.25 SCM Mic 59 434 55.00 52.19 54.44+2.38 30.63
14.63 SCPPool a 20 731 29.69 28.94 29.31+0.31 460.50 37.50 SIDL Inc dd
15491 398.75 384.00 397.31 +14 31 5.25 1.50 SED Intl 8 152 3.44 3.19
3.25 67.75 25.75 SEI Inv a .16 0.3 46 15468 66.94 56.81 63.50-2.38
14.25 4.63 SEMX Cp 10 147 5.88 5.50 5.75+0.19 37.00 25.88 SJNB .64 2.1

16 117 31.13 30.66 31.13+0.56 28.00 13.25 SKF .44 a 3.0 98 14.75 14.50
14.56+0.44 5.25 2.694MC Cp dd 4 3.00 2.56 2.56-0.19 25.50 16.00 SMTC gn
9333 25.50 20.13 24.00+4.13 S 18.50 11.00 N13 Bnc .28 2.2 13 1 13.00
13.00 13.00-0.50 7.00 2.00 SOS Stf 11 576 2.97 2.66 2.75 34.88 14.38
SPSS 17 589 28.56 27.63 2788+0.06 47.00 2.94 SRS Lbs old 353 9.19 8.31
888-0.19 7.69 4.00 SSC Tch dd 704 6.75 5.50 6.38+0.31 19.13 2.00 SSET1
dd 1193 4.63 4.00 4.00-0.38 63.63 18.00 ST Asm n 238 22.63 22.13
22.63+0.75 15.00 2.50 STMwire 46 979 6.38 6.00 6.38+0.19 9.50 6.00 STV
5 8 7.88 7.88 7.88 9.38 7.00 SVB Fnc .46 t 19 5 8.63 8.63 8.63+0.38
41.00 13.25 SabaStt n 1157 29.25 28.06 28.63 37.06 18.00 Safeco 1.48
5.6 27 5719 26.50 25.44 26.31+0.88 47.00 7.50 SageInc n dd 1864 9.50
8.75 9.00 45.38 5.94 SagentT n cc 6385 11.06 10.00 10.63-0.25 23.00
12.63 StFncis .36 2.4 15 343 15.06 15.00 15.00 43.25 20.25 StMary .20
0.5 29 671 42.25 41.13 41.38-0.69 31.13 6.13 SalemC. dd 410 13.63 11.63
11.63-1.88 16.50 5.06 Salient 3 old 17 13.81 13.81 13.81 10.06 1.06
Salon.cm old 242 1.97 1.88 1.97+0.03 7.56 3.75 Samsnte dd 95 4.31 4.25
4.31+0.06 59.56 13.75 SanchezC dd 769 21.88 21.25 21.38-0.38 1 2.00
3.28 SandTc 128 4.22 4.16 4.22-0.03 11+25 5.94 SandFm dd 1.51 6.38 6.25
6.38+0.13 16963 18.88 SanDisk a 23 15235 85.00 82.13 83.50+1.88 3.50
0.97 SwdsReg 8 4 2.69 2.69 2.69-0.06 35.25 19.00 SndySpr .80 3.7 12 25
21.75 21.13 21.75+0.63 5.13 2.25 Sanfilp 5 128 3.75 3.69 3.75 48.63
5.88-SangBio n 1864

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49.63 48.00 49.25+1. 48.13 14.63 Sangstat dd 1364 21.00 19.13 20.25-
1.50 112.19 36.75ASonmina a cc 41336 119.50 105.25 118.00+13.75 36.88
3.06 SantCrz dd 12 9 4.75 3.59 4.63+1.00 22.00 5.06 Sapiens n 68 667
6.84 6.63 6.75+0.25 75.59 17.19 Sapiant a cc 44023 54.00 44.75 7.28
Satcon dd 1277 36.13 32.26 34.63+1.63 113.00 7.50 Satyami a 10862 1611
14.94 15.25+0.38 19.75 8.88 Saucon 7 22 10.31 10.00 10.00-0.13 19.75
8.00 Saucony B 6 6 9.63 H3 9.63+0.19 28.00 7.50 SavisCm n 2800 9.13
8.63 8.81-0.19 6.13 4.00 Sawako .14e 3.5 1 4.00 4.00 4.00 93.50 29.69
Sawtelk 4718979 51.44 46.50 50.44+4.94 5.00 0.19 ScanOp dd 158 0.94
0.84 0.84-0.03 61.0023.75 ScanSrce 26 2350 59.94 55.63 59.94+3.56 15.38
1.25 ScanSoft dd 30782.50 2.19 2.44+0.25 5.13 3.31ScheidV cc 148 3.56
3.25 3.25-0.25 4.88 2.38 SchrHI 10 21 4.44 4.44 4.44+0.06 9.56 3.38
Schltzk 594 3.94 3.72 3.84-0.03 4.00 1.94 Schmitt 30 149 2.41 2.38
2.41-0.03 20.56 13.25 Schnitzzr .20 1.4 11 48 14.81 14.75 14.75+0.38
70.75 39.00 ScholCp 22 682 65A 63.00 64.19-0.88 23.50 11.88 SchoolSp 17
197 18.50 17.94 18.06-0.56 7.88 5.25 Schuler 4193 7.88 7.44 7+53+0.28

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

19.00 10.63 Schulmn .54 4.5 8 345 12.63 12.00 12.06-0.06 16.13 9.88
Schultz .36 3.4 8 83 10.63 10.50 10.50-0.06 22.75 1.47 SciClone dd
1200 11.94 11.69 11.81+0.25 133.75 28.28 ScientCp s dd 31705 28.38
25.03 27.06-3.60 41.00 4.72 SciLrnCp dd 496 7.25 6.94 7.13+0.06 8.88
3.44 SciTch .20 2.6 15 45 7.84 7.50 7.69 10.98 3.38 Scios dd 5962 10.19
9.16 110.13+11.88 91.63 6.63 SciOst n dd 8958 10.25 9.00 9.63+0.25
18.75 9.13 Scitex 4 2318 12.63 12.06 1244+0.31 111.50 12.13 Scoot.com
49 37.25 X50 37.25+1.25 21.63 15.88 ScottT 17 134 19.13 18.63 18+94-
0.06 10.25 5.88 ScottAnn n .20 2.2 23 267 9.25 9.13 9.13 15.75 9.94
ScrmMd n 1914 12.19 11.00 11.56-0.25 76.00 8.63 So&Chng s cc 3644 31.88
28.38 30.00+1.38 30.56 24.25 SeacBk 1+04 4.0 11 17 27.00 26.25 26.25
11.38 8.50 SeacstFn .28 f 2.8 10 378 10.13 9.88 10.13+0.19 27.63 12.25
SecndB .64 4.4 10 45 14.56 14.13 14.56+0.06 29.63 2.50 SecComp n dd
3820 25.06 24.13 24.94+0.94 16.50 3.00 S c dd 13 4.69 463 4.69-0.03
26.25 6.44 SegueSoft dd 1181 8.25 7.88 8.19+0.19 3.88 0.53 Seibel dd 93
0.94 0.88 0.94 8.38 2.22SelCmfrt dd 2923 2.50 2.00 2.13-0.34 30.13
Selectica n dd 2501 48.76 41.50 47.69+2.13 8 14.63 Selctin 60 3.3 19

253 18.00 17.69 17+94-0.06 .1 26.0 SemaGp n 711 37.75 35.88 36.88-0.63
10.25 1.38 Seminis dd 2526 1.75 1.56 1.63+0.06 26.63 400 Semitool s 22
1388 12.88 12.38 12.56-0.25 1919 29.75 SeMtech s 100 3980 120.11 115.44
11844 +2+31 4.88 10.50 SenecaB 31 17 1325 13.00 13.00 1400 10.69
SenacaA 43 21 13.25 13.00 13.00-0.38 140.00 33.50 Se pracor dddd 940731
112.25 10725 110.00 +0.38 191.25 17.00 Sequenm 2 31.60 28.75 30.13+1.38
21+75 5.63 SquoiaSft n 1918 11.94 10.50 11.25+031 12.25 6.50 SeraNova n
2201 8.97 8.06 8.56-0.41 51.00 8.75 SerenaSf s 83 324T 48.88 42.31
44.00-0.69 12.50 3.22 Serolog dd 735 8.75 7.81 7.94+0.13 10.50 7.53
SNWare n 5147 8.91 7.56 8.31+0.56 240.00 28.25 724 Sol n 4525 49.81
45.75 46+56-0.31 11.88 8.00 SevnEnv .14 b 13 10 35 10.88 10.88 10.88
23.50 8.69 Shrplm 17 5149 21.13 19.75 20.00+1.13 8.63 3.88Sheldl dd
1811 4.06 3.16 3.31-0.69 4.25 1.13 ShilsBea n dd 115 1.44 1.38 1. +0.06
12.38 5.50 Shiloh 6 32 8.00 7.38 7.38-0.63 70 00 23.75 ShlrePh 1839
58.13 56.44 56.50-3.50 13. 54.81 ShoeCarn 4.74 7.13 6.94 13.94 4.25
1.50 ShoePav 11 146 3.38 3.13 3.25+025 6.00 3.00 Sholodge dd 10 4.66
4.66 4.66-0.34 14.75 3.16 ShopHm n dd 3036 3.88 3.56 3.69-0.19 9.13
6.81 ShoreFn .08f 1.1 11 28 7.19 7+13 719+0.06 21.38 11.25 Shorlinel
.60 b 4.5 12 52 13.63 13.44 13.44-0.06 11.50 2.94 ShowCse dd
DayC13/ 352
240 7.25 6.94 7.25+0.50 17.60 6.56 ShufMst 22 1335 17+25 16.50
17.25+0.75 13.00 3.69 Sicor 48 9415 10.50 9.56 9.69-0. 194.0 31.88
SebeSys s cc 43223 198.50 185.56 197.81 + 25 22.94 6.81 SiabartFn .16
1.8 28 375 9.81 8.63 9.06 + 0.13 82.00 26.50 SieffaWr n 453 68.25 64.31
64.63-0.44 24.25 1.88 SierraCts 50 875 3.06 2.88 3.00-0+03 4.69 0.31
SightRes dd 266 0.59 0+44 0.44-0.16 14.25 3.50 SigmDg 41 981 4.25 4.03
4.13 36.25 20.19 SigmaI .31 1.1 7 2930 30.06 28.75 29.06-0.38 8.75 2.38
Sigmatr 11 6 2.88 2.81 2.818 29.81 4.00 SgnITech 39 217 19.00 18.88
19.00 40.50 20.50 4.13 0.28 SignEye dd 158 2.06 2.00 200-0. 3450 21.00
SignetGp .77 a 3.3 43 23.50 23.13 23.50 +0.25 66.00 10.88 Silonling a
dd 15135 37.63 34.81 36.75+1.94 10575 45+31 SilcnLab n 2706 61.75 59.63
60.38-0.63 38.i8 4.00 SST s cc 50353 33.50 30.50 32.81+0.06 58.94 22
7334 59.19 56.09 57.63+1.56 33.75 9.38 SilicnVl 31 4236 28.75 27.13
27.88-0.63 166.00 13.38 Siliconix s 17 958 61.47 55.88 S5.88-3.63 10.50
6.88 SlcnwRA n 18792 7+38 7.13 7.25+0.25 1.69 0.75 SilverD dd 377 1.09
1.00 1.03- 0.09 132.90 22.38 SliverStr dd 2373 36.50 32.63 34.75+3.38
31.63 13.50 SimnFst .80 f 3.8 9 102 21.38 20.88 20.88-0.13 7.38 4.44
SimonT n dd 195 6.38 6.13 6.38 12.63 7.00 Simpind .40 4.1 8 130 9.75
9.50 9.75-0.13 58.56 16.69 Sina.com n 1539 23.00 20.63 21.50+0.63 19.50
6.98 Sinclair dd 3383 12.13 11.50 12.06+0.13 46+31 9.00 SipexCp cc 2011
43.13 41.38 43.06+1.31 69.44 23.13 SiriusS 4754 52.88 50.38 51.50+1.13
33.50 8.56 SklSoft n dd 102 17.75 16.75 117.75+11.13 25.13 13.75
SkyFncl .80b 4.6 18 1399 17.88 17.13 17.50+0.44 1419 2.00 SkyMall dd
1101 3.75 3.03 3.50+0.56 51.25 19.63 SkyWest .16 0.3 21 1782 49.75
47.31 49.69+2.31 30.50 7.25 SkyPh 736 12.50 12.00 12.38+0.19 19.81
5.50 Smallw wd cc 251 19.75 19.63 19.69+0.06 60.98 14.56 SmrtForce dd
3537 54.13 51.98 52.00-0.88 67.50 12.56 SmrtDsk n cc 532 24.00 23.00
23.31-0.63 17.13 1.03 SmrtKds n dd 2263 1.91 1.60 1.50-0.31 87.00 27.13
SmrtSrv n 4265 36.94 29.44 36.81+7.25 37.50 9.69 SmrtSrv wt 1193 16.38
12.75 116.25+41.00 32.00 0.63 SmithMic n dd 487 4.88 4.38 4.75+0.31
23.98 3.63 SmthGrd 27 88 4.25 4.00 4.00-0.25 9.44 1.63 SmithMo 12 174
2.81 2.50 2.69-0.19 25.63 10.88 SmurfStne 8 12542 13.13 12.58 1313+0150
20.00 1.97 Snowball n 265 2.69 2.56 2.69+003 53.38 14.50 SEC B 11 22.00
22.00 22.00+0.50 17.75 9.13 Socket 4300 17.56 16.31 7.44 5.53 0.63
Softech dd 450 0.75 0.63 0.63-006 50.25 4.56 SoftNet dd 2043 7.50 6.88
694-025 38.88 7.00 SoftSpc dd 23 13.00 12.63 3.00 + 0.38 34.88 15.31
SftwreTc n 1647 20.50 19.44 1950-0.31 162.25 39.88 Sftwr.cm dd 8901
148.75 134.97 145.56+10.56 13.78 4.75 Sohu.cm n 2662 8.13 6.50

7.63+1.19 20.00 8.06 SomeraC n .13 1459 13.50 12.81 13.31 24.38 16.63
SomrG .22 f 0.9 17 10 24.38 24.38 24.38 6.50 1.25 SomnsM dd 510 2.06
1.97 2.00 93.13 25.19 Sonars n .12 p 1988 34.19 33.25 33.81+0.56 10.13
6.38 Sonesta .20 17 10.25 9.75 9.75-0.25 34.94 22.81 SonicCorp 21 1698
34.50 32.44 32.63-1.69 65.00 4.25 SonicFdy a do 2011 975 8.81 9+31-0.25
25.00 10.6 SonicInn n 5044 11.69 10.00 10+38-063 12.50 1.69 SonicSol dd
307 3.13 2.88 2.88-0.06 133.38 22.63 SncWaIl n cc 3590 78.25 75.00 76 1
3 - 1 11 37.75 18.63 SonoSite n dd 7603 33.50 32.00 33 4 0 44 8.00 4.63
SonomaW dd 15 6.00 6.00 6.00 11 100 32.00 SomsNet n 10578 172.00 160.00
166.38 +0.94 11.25 2.06 SonusPh 7 580 3.88 3.31 3.75-0.13 14.09 10.59
SouMoBc .50 3.9 13 30 12.75 12.75 12.75 12.75 6.38 Souncl 5 580 9.00
7.75 8.25-1.25 9.88 8.25 SndFedB .28 3.0 20 365 9.25 9.13 9.25+0.06
24.00 7.36 SrceInf 16 750 10.31 10.06 10.13-0.06 21.94 3.50 SceMed n dd
1653 6.13 5.75 6.13+0.47 22.00 10.75 SouthFncl 3.1 22 823 13.06 12.81
13.00-0+06 7.50 6.13 SouthStFn .40 6.1 66.56 6.56 6.56 14.00 6.88 SsdTX
s.20 2.6 6 06 7.75 7.69

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7.75-0.25 41.81 20.88 Southtrst 1.00 3.5 10 8749 28.75 27.56
28.19+0.63 23.25 13.63 .44 2.8 7 141 15.75 15.13 15.50+0.25 30.00 14.88
SwBcptX 23 1801 29.06 28.38 29.06+0.25 18.63 10.38 SwWatr a .28f 2.0 15
80 14.00 1138 13.81- 0.06 11.50 5.53 SovBcp .10 1.2 21 29484 8.88 8.50
8.50-0.25 57.50 43.25 SovBcp un 3.75 7.1 500 53.19 53.00 53.19+0.19
20.75 8.44 SpaceLb dd 141 9.25 8.88 9.06+0.31 738 3.88 Spachb n dd 41
5.44 5.31 5.31-0.13 4E 2.88 SpanAm .12 3.0 13 21 4.00 4.00 4.00-0.13
42.00 8.63 SpanBdc dd 40D6 1038 10.00 10.06 6.13 2.44 SpartMot .07 a
2.6 dd 405 2.72 2.63 2.66-0.06 11.81 7.50SprtnStr n 1408 7.88 7.25
7.38-0.63 6.00 2.00 SpecCata 58 345 2.56 2.31 2.31-0.19 10438 8.00
SpeoPhLas dd 301 70.94 67.75 69.38-0.69 3225 4.13 SpecLink 32 1452
13.13 13.00 1300-0.13 8.31 3.00 Spectra dd 488 4.31 4.19 4.28-0.03
30.38 7.38 SpecSite dd 5793 23.63 23.25 23.44-0.13 36.63 12.00
Spectrian dd 2107 17.00 16.D6 16.50+0.13 20.75 6.31 SpecCtl 32 1529
17.69 17.13 7.63+0.25 9.44 1.69 SpctSig 1613 3.25 2.88 3.00+0.06 19.25
8.00 Spectm dd 43 8.75 8.44 8.63+0.25 44.98 SpeechWk n 6897 76.69 66.88
76.63+12.63 29.88 9.56 SFIPEC n dd 939 18.81 18.25 18.63-0.25 24.75
3.13 SpeedUs 6 973 3.63 3.50 3.53-0.03 5.97 2.50 Speizmn 27 92 2.75
2.69 2.69-0.13 15.13 6.00 Spiegel .16 2.3 7 3821 7.44 6.81 6.81-0.69
14.50 2.72 Spire 3 122 6.25 5.38 6.25+0.88 16.63 6.88ASpirosDv n 28
16.81 16.50 16.75+0.50 19.00 5.38 SplashT 22 44086 9.81 7.03 9.03+11.97
6.75 3.75 SptChalt 6 55 6.25 5.50 5.63- 0.50 5.50 2.88 SprtHaley dd 96
3.25 3.25 3.25-0.06 83.25 9.63 SportaLn dd 4284 18.13 17.00 17.69-0.38
5.50 1.06 SprtGde 214 1.38 1.25 1.25-0.13 15.75 9.13AStoarSur 4982
16.75 15.00 116.69+11.56 12.50 3.00 Stafts 9 249 4.00 3.94 4.00 98.50
3.50 Stamps dd 37037 7.38 6.13 6.56+0.88 6.25 2.81Stcjmg 5 1130 2.97
2.75 2.94 19.00 7.63 StdMic 25 433 19.00 18.50 19.00+0.31 54.31 13.75
StanfMic n 773 48.81 45.81 48.38+2.38 26.25 15.WStanlFrn 10 114 27.13
25.94 27.113+11.25 28 75 13.19 Staples 2348750 16.19 15.13 15.38-0.69
7.50 3.00 StarSci n 99 4.00 3.94 4.00+0.06 9.50 1.56 StarTele dd 1070
3.19 3.06 3.19 1713 1.19 Starbase dd 5981 6.94 6.69 6.75+0.03 45.25
20.44 Starbcks 56 11098 37.56 36.06 3663-0.06 61.00 7.25 StarMda dd
91.65 8.63 8.00 8.50+0.53 34.13 8.13 StartecG dd 1318 13.25 12.13
12.38+0.31 6.50 4.75 Startech n 9 4.88 4.63 4.88-0.13 1106 7.13
StatAutF 12f 1.0 10 231 12.81 12.56 12.56-0.13 17.13 8.50 StFncl .48
4.7 13 402 10.31 10.19 10.31+0.06 15.63 4.75 StatTrm .60 8.6 151 7.31
6.88 7.00 lv.LKJ 8.25 StlDyna 10 1898 12.63 12.06 12.13-0.16 15.25 6.00
SteelTch .12 1.8 5 443 7.13 6.69 6.81+0.06 13.50 4.00 SteinMrt 31 1163
12.31 11.63 11.75-0.69 28.63 12.75 Steinerl- 16 342 23.00 22.34
22.88+0.25 20.00 1.00 StemCells dd 20254 10.25 8.50 900-0.44 27.00
13.00 Stricycle 26 1359 23.56 21.94 22.50+0.13 14.25 8.50AstrlBnc .20

1.4 15 527 14.69 14.06 14 17- 0.02 16.38 9.56 StrlFnWA 7 536 11.38 1.06
 11.38+0.06 32.50 12.25 Stering 4.6 11 70 16.50 16.38 16.38+0.13
 52-Week Yld Sales
 High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg
 37.19 15.00 StetHellas 175 18.00 17.38 17.50-0.13 1781 8.75 StwStv
 .34 2.1
 13 755 16.19 15.88 1613+038 6.72 1.97 StewEnt .08 2.5 4 6166 3.25
 2.91 3.19+0.19 4.81 1.13 StirCB .12 5.6 dd 12 2.25 2.13 2.13+0.0 it 25
 15.00 1713 4.69 Stockwlk n dd 1.77 5.63 5.38 5.50-006 22.06 11.63
 StottNiel .25 a 11 22 12 22.00 20.31 22.00 16.63 9.41 StoltOffsh 93
 13.94 13.75 1188+006 15.00 8.63 StoltOff n 114 12.50 11.75 12.50+0.50
 25.44 14.38 StottNieIB .25 a 1. 1 22277 23.19 22.31 -.088 15425 82.00
 StorNetw n 42.68 108.38 100 101.50 -3.25 1300 3.31 Stratasyys 15 123
 7.06 6.88 7.03+0.03 10.19 2.69StrtDiag 6 3481 3.19 2.63
 DayC13/ 354
 2.75-019 3.41 1.13 StrIgdDist 2 77 2.06 1.88 1.94-0.13 56.13 26.00
 Strfi.ght n 20470 47.38 43.88 47.00+2.81 39.50 31.00 Strattec 9 146
 35.00 34.00 34.63 +UO 5.13 3.50 StratusP 7 48 4.66 4.63 4.66-003 31.63
 12.88 Strayer .24 1.0 17 146 23.00 22.00 22.95+026 14.69 0.50 Strline
 dd 1344 0.69 0.53 0.59-003 3.81 0.81 Strouds 52 108 1.03 0.94 1.03+0.09
 19.00 8.131 StrucD 30 1166 16.25 15.75 16.13 29.50 2.88 StdntAdv dd
 2062 9.38 7.7S 9.38+1.38 10.06 7.38- Styledck 22.70 11.06 9.75
 11.00+1.00 7+75 4.75 SubLdgs 17 131 7.28 7A9 7.19- 0.06 14.00 9.00
 SuccBnc 18 9 12.00 12.00 1200-025 3.13 1.31 Success dd 10 2.13 1.91
 2.13 29.00 25.63 SuffolkBop.92 3.2 1267 28.75 28.50 28.50 16.00 8.50
 Summa - 8 50 12+38 12.00 12.19+031 20.00 14.50 SmtBcTX .40 2.7 11 96
 5.00 4.75 475-0.38 21.63 6.75 SumitTc dd 62 19.00 18.13 18.94-0.06
 16.25 5.50 SunBcpNJ .34 t 9 426 7.50 6.75 7.50 + 0.50 2400 12.63
 SunBcPA .60 m 4.5 15 45 13.25 13.00 13.25+.02 SunCmn dd 88 7.75 7.38
 7.50-0.31 12863 37.50 SunMic a cc 80841 12813 126.06 126.94 - 0 19
 24.50 3.13 SndyCom n 501 4.25 3.75 4.13+0.38 14.00 5.75 Sunglss 13 5712
 7.38 7.00 7.25+019 17.00 6.88 Sunquest 14 109 13.19 13.06 13.13-006
 28.50 9.25 SunrAssist 27 634 20.00 19.50 19.88+0.13 17.50 3.28 SunriseT
 dd 1223 6.88 6.44 6.56-0.06 62.31 31.00 SnrTlcm n 2904 45.25 42.25
 44.94+319 11500 2.69 SupTech dd 1589 22.94 21.50 22.13 77.31 19.00
 SuperGn n dd 45M 22.06 19.60 19.69-8.00 24.06 2.38 SupConsl dd 1048
 4.19 2.88 2.94-019 12.50 5.25 SupErgy 61 1229 11.00 10.88 11.00+006
 12.50 7.94 SupFncl n 551 10.94 10.81 10+94+0.13 54.63 11.75 Suprtex 56
 1118 47.63 44.50 46.34+1.84 39.1922.63 Support n 876 32.50 29.81 31.02-
 1.48 13.88 7.13 SupSpcI 7 559 8.25 7.88 8.00-13M 50.50 13.50 SurModics
 cc 486 45.63 43.63 45.50+1.50 18.50 11+25 SusqBnc.68 4.8 12 272 14.44
 13.88 14.31-0.13 41.00 27.63 SdMtch 1.37 a 4.3 - 26 32.50 32.00
 32.00+013 23.38 11.81 SwiftTrn 17 617 17.13 16.81 17.06+025 9.63 4.00
 SwissArm 12 1 4.47 4.47 4.47+0.22 49.25 6.69 Swtchbrd n 996 9.25 8.75
 9.06+025 31.00 10.19 Sybase 38 13038 27.94 26.63 27.44+0.69 19950 47.25
 Sycamre s 57283 140.50 134.50 137.50 - 2.06 52.25 11.69 SykesEn 8 3838
 14+31 13.81 14M 2094 1063 SylvnLrn dd 1432 14.56 14.38 14.44+0.06 81.63
 28.63 Symntc 17 8671 4994 48.63 48.81+0.38 3275 7 00 Symix dd 333 8.38
 7.03 7.13-1.13 17.38 4.38 Symetric s 65 6103 15.81 15A 15.50+0+63 8+38
 2.75 SympDv did 5133 7.31 4.38 516+0.09 80.00 18.00 SymyxT n dd 5050
 38.88 37.00 37.13-025 9+13 6.25 Synaloy 10 3.0 9 75 7.00 6.63 6.63-0.25
 17.88 4.00 SynapPhm dd 2480 5.138 5.75 5.88+0.13 12.50 7.81 Syna nt m
 3979 9.63 8.06 9.19+0.25 dd 59 3.03 2.94 3.00 6.25 1.63 SyncRes dd 324
 4.88 3.88 4.38-0.25 50.00 10.75 Syncor a 43 1544 40.13 38.00 40.00+2.31
 75.63 22.00 Synopsis 16 7278 37.38 36.31 37.06+0.13 7.28 6.WSynOuest n
 5272 8.00 7.00 7.84+0.84 10.38 1.31 Synsorbn gn dd 2103 3.06 2.75 2.75
 20.94 7.88 Syntel 49 387 9.56 9.31 9.38-013 9.63 1.31 SyntIct 27 3303
 9.50 8.81 9.19+0.31 6.88 2.13 Synthe 31 574 2.94 2.75 2.78-006 27.06

5.88 SyntroCp n dd 825 17.13 15.88 17.00+11.75 1163 8+50 Sypris 13 10
9.50 9.38 9.38-013 2838 10+00 SystCpt 48 1720 18.13 17.38 17.94-0.13

T

9.63 325 TNetix dd 114 3.94 3.69 369-013 5.75 156 TBA Entr 53 145
4.22 3.63 4.22+031 7.63 4.25 TBC 6 402 5.63 5.50 556+0.06 1925 13.88
TCPpLn 80 9.9 336 18.25 17.69 18.25+0.50 12.88 2.88 TCInt 34 28 8.94
8.50 8.94+019 4.20 0.28 TCP1 Inc dd 1089 0.59 056 0.59 9.00 1.22 TCS1
Cp dd 1863 1 .94 1.66 1.81+0.13 3888 14.25 TESSCO 19 10 25.75 24.75
2475-0.81 1806 12.00 TF Fincl .52 3.6 9 5 14.25 14.25 14.25+019 4.50
1.50 TFC Ent 4 247 1+03 1.56 1.63

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3400 2.13 THCG dd 119 4.03 4.00 4.03+0A 39.25 7.63 THO a 29 1147
21.63 21.19 2138-0.13 4.19 1.00 TII Inds did 96 244 216 2.44+0.06 3215
5.00 TLC Laser dd 1010 5.50 5.25 525-006 14.75 5.25 TIMER Sh dd 14
14.50 1413 1413- 0.38 94.69 24.88 TMP Ww a cc 6241 72.00 69+13 6919-281
28.44 5.94 TR Sys n 69 4573 16.94 14.06 16.60+2-501 9.00 3.88TRM Corp
dd 7 3.50 3.50 3.50-038 8.88 3.56 TSR 6 245 5.31 5.25 531+006 51.50
8.94 TTI Tm 44 378 29.13 27.75 28.75-038 11.75 8.WTVIA Inc n 9971 12.63
11.31 12.50 9.75 4.22 TacoCab 5 460 4.50 4.38 4.44+006 8.66 1.31
Taitron 18 881 5.06 4.56 456-0 19 18.94 8.00 TakeTwo 16 2128 14.00
13.13 13.86+005 27.00 11.50 Talarlan 26.56 18.69 14.81 18.38+3.25 29.00
1.22 TalkCity dd 2429 1.69 1.41 1.56+0 13 26.00 4.25 Talk.com 19 56423
7.385.06 7.19+2.00 21.88 7.25 TalxCp 31 257 17.44 16.50 17.00 15.00
6.00 TandyBr 5 112 7.38 7.13 7.13 71.13 11.38 TanTech n - 1107 18.69
16.31 16.31-2.06 54.31 24.75 TanoxInc n 737 46.75 44.38 46.50+1.50
28.00 1.25 TargGene dd 1328 14.00 13.25 13.50+0.06 19.00 7.31 TaroPh 30
4113 18.81 16.50 18.75+2.38 6.50 9.69 Tarragon .42 3.9 dd 42 10.75
10.75 10.75 1 7.25 5.38 Tarrant 19 194 7.94 7.69 7.69-025 2.50 0.56
Taseko 15M 1.00 0.94 1.00 19.50 4.06 TeamCm 32 146 7.25 6.56 7.25 11.25
7.25 TeamFnc .20 2.4 1 8.38 8.38 8.38+0.13 18.00 sTechData 21 6991
52.19 48.25 5163+1.88 1.59 .81 30.00 Techne 76 1420 96.56 91.50
95.50+3.63 7.00 238 Techsrce 18 38 3.31 3.25 3.31 +0.02 1013 OS3
TechSol s dd 4954 3.25 3.00 3.09-009 50.25 12.81 Tecnmtx cc 1082 15.00
1488 15.00+.0 13 5575 34.75 Tec B 1.28 3.3 8 452 40.50 37.00 38.75-1.13
62.06 34.63 TecurnA 1.28 3.2 7 1053 41.06 39.00 39.75-106 1338 2.00
Tegal dd 10204.78 4.50 4.63-0 13 54.38 11.88 Tekelec cc 9137 41.25
39.50 39.50-100 120.25 12.94 TelaxisC n dd 1294 16.00 14.94 15.13 29.00
17.13 TlCmSys n 2020 30.00 28.00 2869+0.38 46.98 7.88 TelCSm 20 8916
17.98 16.2S 17. +0.81 26.02 8.98 TeleEur n 432 12.38 11.88 12.2S+1.19
1069 1 13 TeleSpec dd 4857 1.81 1+50 175+038 55.00 261 TCp PCS n dd 814
35.75 34.13 35+25+025 21.38 1.63 Telemate n dd 1089 3.00 2.38 2.94+050
3288 363 Telescan 7 1947 5.19 4.75 4.81 51.00 15.50 Telesys g 9B4 18.31
17.63 18.19+M0 43.69 10.13TeleTech 48 2174 33.13 32.50 32.63+0.06
90.00 21.00 Telewest 286 2S.25 MIS 24.38+2+13 100.00 12.75 Tellgent dd
9613 17.44 16.31 17.06+0.94 9.63 6.94-Telikho n 1496 10.63 9.81
10.19+0.69 77.88 41.81 Tellabs 37 53501 56.75 54.25 56.19+1 19 16.00
2.50 Telocity n 1652 5.50 5.00 5.44+019 23.00 3.13 Telscape dd 1255
4.13 3.56 4.00+0.25 32 00 100 Telular dd 1770 19.39 18.06 18.63+0.75
2825 7.56 Telxon .01 0.1 1 1246 20.25 18+94 19.75+0.31 76 88 650
TenFold n dd 1464 7.13 6.63 6.75 44.13 28.25 Tennwt .80f 1.8 18 28
44.00 42.88 43+88+0.88 6.88 1.72 Teal n 1 2.11 1.94 1.94-013 12.63
16.63 11.92 57.00 Tenls 66.50+2-63 146.25 28.00 TerraNtw n 24864 41.2S
39.50 40.13+2.00 10.88 4.16 TescoCp 172 10.81 10.63 1063-0.13 20.75
11.25 Tesma g .64 48 18.00 18.00 18.00 28.25 10.50 TetraTc 32 3946
27.56 2625 27.13+0.25 68.69 23.38 Te a s .20 e 0 3 74 5219 62.00 60+25
60.63-088 29.50 21.81 TexRegl .56 2.2 11 123 25.63 24.88 25.50+050
27.25 4.00 ThStfeet dd 1563 8.88 8.06 8.88+038 17.13 1.06 theglobe dd
1285 1.47 1.31 1.39+0.02 49.50 14.69 ThrmWv dd 722 27.50 27.00

27.13+0.13 12.25 6.25 ThomasG 15 98 7.63 7.44 7.44-006 21.63 4.88
Thorate dd 777 18.63 16.94 18.63+1.56 21.75 4.38 9 MO 17.00 16.38
1663+0.13 21.88 4.00 3D Sys 65 499 20.66 19.00 20.00+0.94 17.13 4.78
3.00 Co cc 10037 9.75 8.97 9.19+0.56 12.00 6.56 ThrRiv n 48 6+0 3.62
8.13 8.00 8.00 16.63 6.38 REC 79 558 16.50 15.50 16.50+0.44 30.75
17.53A3-DimPh n 1653 39.31 29.75 38.88+8.98 14.50 4.31 3DfxInt dd 7041
4.63 4.44 4.56+0.06 10.50 2.38 3Dlabs dd 1332 2.50 2.38 2.44 20.00
13.63 360 5994 17.94 17.00

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17.81+0.81 147.00 8.63 TibcoSft s dd 11508 10400 97.13 10194+306
47.38 13.88 Tcktrns 8 dd 4846 24.25 22.38 24.06+1.06 32.00 1.31 Tkts.cm
n dd 2346 1.88 1.50 153-0.19 12.63 1.50 TidelTch 18 3406 8.31 7.75
7.94+006 1388 4.00 TierTech 46 519 6.72 6.47 6.50+0.03 12.81 9.06
TmbrlndB .40 f 3.3 8 30 12.25 12.19 12.25+006 15.63 5.50 TimberSf s .16
2.6 11 141 6.25 6.19 6.25+006 93.00 19.88 TW Tele 5676 66.00 64.75
64.94-0+05 20.25 5.00 TlogaT n 5328 7.81 6.U 7.81+0.81 78.75 15.75
TlVoinc n dd 3381 24.38 22.69 24.13+1.44 67.00 45.00 TokioF .39 e 0.8
238 51.75 50.88 51.63-H3 168.88 10.50 Tollgrde s 75 2567 114.63 109.00
111.19+1 13 25.60 10.25 Toolintl 14 13.00 13.00 13.00-0.75 2000 2.94
Topjobs 2.63 3+44 3.13 3.38+0.22 13.38 6.81 Topps 5 38.44 8.31 T98
7.88- 025 10.00 3.13 TorRes 34 69 5.75 5.41 5.75+0 13 3.00 1.00
TotlEntr 10 12 2.25 2.22 2.25+006 7.94 2+38 TotalRs 22 326 3.84 3+56
3.75

Continued on Next Page

ACTIVE BOND ISSUES

Moody's S&P Yld. to

Issues Rating Bid Asked mat. Chg. Utility Bonds

Appalachian Pwr 6.6 s 098aal/BBB+ 93.38 93.68 7.63 -0.09 Duke Power
Co 5.875 s 03 Aa3/AA- 96.87 97.09 723 -008 Southern Cal Ed 5.625 s 02
Al/A+ 96.9197.09 7.21 -0.08

Corporate Bonds

Alcoa Inc 7.25 s 05 Al/A+ 101.18 101.84 6.88 -0.09 Disney (Waft) Go
5.125 s 03 A2/A 94A394.70 7.01 -0.09 Itorn Corp 5.375 s 09 Al/A+ 89.28
89.95 7.03 - 0.08

Intermediate Bonds

General Motors 6.375 s 08 A2/A 93.26 93.54 7.52 -0.09 Procter &
Gamble 6.875 s 09 Aa2/AA 98.67 99.32 7.03 -0.08 Wal-Mart Stores 6.15 s
01 Aa2/AA 99.24 99.336.95 -0.02

High Yield Bonds

Clear Channel 7.875 s 05 Baa3/BBB- 101.82 02.22 7.36 -0.09 News Amer
Hldgs 9.25 s 13 Baa3/BBB- 108.32 3J3 8.14 - OA T- Inc 6.625 s 04
Baal/BBB 95.99 96.66 7.77 -0.09

Source Bloomberg Financial Markets

AGENCIES AND ZEROES

Coupon Maturity Bid Ask Yield Chg

Federal National Mortgage Association

4.625 Oct. 01 97-23 97-27 6.70 0.02 6.625 Jan. 02 99-27 99-28 6.74
0.02

5.75 Apr 03 97-23 97-24 6.71 0.09 5.125 Feb. 04 95-01 95-04 6.75 -
0.09 7.125 Feb. 05 101-12 101-15 6.75 -0.09 5.75 Jun. 05 95-29 96-01
6.75 -0.09 6.00 May OB 94-28 94-30 6.86 - 0.09 5.25 Jan. 09 89-18 89-22
6.90 -0.08

Federal Home Loan Bank

5.375 Mar. 01 99-09 9913 6.76 - 0.02 5.875 Sep. 01 99-06 SU7 6.68 -
0.02 4.975 Jan. 02 97-17 97-19 6.75 -0.02 5125 Feb. 02 97-23 97-25 6.75
-0.02 5.25 Apr 02 97-24 97-27 6.68 - 0.08 5.125 Sep. 03 95-21 95-23
6.72 -0.09 7.25 May. 05 101-26 101-30 6.78 -0.09 6875 Aug. 05 100-08
100-12 6.80 -0.09

Federal Home Loan Mort Corp.

5.00 Feb. 01 98f 99-10 6.72 -0.06 4.75 Dec. 01 97-20 97-22 6.68 -0.03
5.50 May. 02 98-03 98-05 6.68 -0.08 5.75 Jul. 03 97-15 97-17 6.72 -0.08
6.25 Jul. 04 98-09 98-12 6.75 -0.09 6.875 Jan. 05 100-13 100-16 6.75 -
0.09 5.75 Apr. 08 93- 13 93-17 6.87 -0.09 5.75 Mar. 09 92-21 92-25 6.89
-0.09

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Treasury Zeroes

0 Nov. 03 82-26 82-28 5.96 -0.08 0 Feb. 15 42-18 42-23 5.99 -0.06 0
Feb. 20 31-27 32-01 5.96 -0.06 0 Nov 24 24-21 24-28 5.85 - 0.07

Source Bloomberg Financial Markets *Callable MONEY

Federal funds market rate

High 6 11/16 Low 6 5/8 Last 6 5/8

Broker call loan rate 8.25

Primary Offerings by N.Y.C.

Banks

30 day 4.79 90 day 5.67 180 day 5.88 Bankers Acceptances 30 day 6.45
90

day 6.46 180 day 6.55 Certificates of Deposit Secondary Market 30
day 6.48 90 day 6.52 180 day 6.66

Source Dow Jones Markets

Eurodollar Time Deposits

Overnight 6.63 30 day 6.53 90 day 6.60 180 day 6.73 London Interbank
Offered

Rate

90 day 6.75 180 day 6.81

Dealer Placed Commercial

Paper

30 day 1 6.48

Financial Co. Commercial

Paper

15 day 6.48 30 day 6.49 60 day 6.45

*Discount Rate

TREASURY INFLATION BOND

Month Rate Par Bid Ask Chg Yield

Jul 02 3.625 1075.43 99-19 99.21 3.82 Jan 07 3.375 1087.10 96-13
96.15

+0.03 4.01 Jan 08 3625 1066.11 97-14 97-16 +0.03 4.02 Jan 09 3.875
1050.22 98-29 98-31 +0 03 4 02 Jan 10 4.250 1023.72 101-31 102-31 +0 04
3 89 Apr 28 3.625 1064.89 95-13 95-15 -0.05 3.89 Apr 29 3.875 1047.70
99.22 99.24 -0.05 3.89

TREASURY BILLS BONDS AND NOTES

PRICES IN 32ND OF A POINT BILL YIELDS IN BASIS POINTS. THURSDAY

AUGUST 31 2000

TREASURY BILLS

Date Bid Ask Chg Yield

Sep 07 00 5.88 5.86 -0.16 5.94 Sep 14 00 6.29 6.27 +0.05 6.37 Sep 21
00

6.36 6.34 + US 6.45 Sep 28 00 5.99 5.97 - US 6.08 Oct 05 00 6.15
6.13 6.25 Oct 12 00 6.16 6.14 +0.03 6.26 Oct 19 00 6.11 6.09 +0.04 6.22
Oct 26 00 6.12 6.10 +0.04 6.24 Nov 01 00 6.13 6.11 6.26 Nov 09 00 6.12
6.10 6.25 Nov 16 00 6.13 6.11 6.27 Nov 24 00 6.13 6.11 -0.01 6.28 Nov
30 00 6.12 6.10 -0.01 6.28 Dec 07 00 6.12 6.10 -0.02 6.28 Dec 14 00
6.10 6.08 6.27 Dec 21 00 6.09 6.07 6.27 Dec 28 00 6.06 6.04 -0.01 6.24
Jan 04 01 6.08 6.06 -0.0 6.27 Jan 11 01 6.08 6.06 - 0.02 6.28 Jan 18 01
6.08 6.06 -0.02 6.29 Jan 25 01 6.08 6.06 -0.02 6.30 Feb 01 01 6.09 6.07
-0.01 6.31 Feb 08 01 6.09 6.07 -0.02 6.32 Feb 15 01 6.09 6.07 - 0.01

6.33 Feb 22 01 6.09 6.07 -0.01 6.34 Mar 01 01 6.09 6.07 -0.01 6.34 May
31 01 5.96 5.94 -0.01 6.24 Aug 30 01 5.85 5.83 -0.03 6.18

BOND TABLES EXPLAINED

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Bonds are interest-bearing debt certificates. Their value is usually quoted as a percentage with 100 equaling par or face value. This table shows the issuing company then the original coupon rate (interest rate) and the last two digits of the maturity year.

Current yield represents the annual percentage return to the purchaser at the current price The Price column refers to the bond s closing price and Chg is the difference between the day s closing price and the previous daily closing price. A majority of bonds and all municipal or tax-exempt bonds are not listed on excl rather they are traded over the counter

Other footnotes cv Bond is convertible into stock r Registered under specified conditions rp Reduced principal cid Called sit Stamped dc Selling at a discount- ed price t Floating rate f Dealt in flat - traded without accrued interest x Ex inter- est It Treasury bond non resident vI in bankruptcy or receivership aliens exempt from withholding or being reorganized under tax the Bankruptcy Act or in Matured bonds securities assumed by such na No accrual of interest companies p Treasury note non-resident wd When distributed aliens exempt from withholding wl When issued tax zr Zero coupon issue

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C14 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 MUTUAL FUNDS

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

AAL A

Balanced m 12.85 +05+ 35 Bond m 9.50 + 0.3 + 14 Capor.- m 40.75
+0.6+ 3.1 m 15.63 +05+ 59 HiYld rn 7.24 + 83 -1.5 Intl m 13.93 +0.5 -
6.8 MidCap m 19.54 +1.7+25.0 MuniBond m 10.80 +0.1 + 7.8 SMCapStk m
16.25 +03 +21.9 AALCapQrB rn 39.66 +0.6 + 2.3 AAL Instl Bondi 9.50
+0.3+ 5.6 CapG. 40.78 +0.6+ 3.0 AARP Investment SalaARP 21.65 + 0.8 N
CapGrow 78.27 + 0.9+ 7.9 DivrGrow 19.65 +0.6 + 4.0 PiwincGr 16.18 +0.4+
4.8 NA 1 4.58 +0.3 + 5.8 GloGrow 21.86 + 2.0 Groinc 27.84 +0.9 NA
income 12.26 + 0.1 NA Intl 57.75 -0.4 NA 8.77 . NA 10.39 + 0.1 NA
SmCpStk 18.87 + 0.8 + 4.9 USStkIdx 28.85 + 1.0 + 3.8 AON AMRO AsiaTigCm
8.96 - 0.6-18.9 Be Comm x 175 +0.6+ 2.4 FixnComm 1 9 68 +0.3 + 5.4
Gro.Gomm 19 58 +0.8 +13.9 intlEqCm 21.53 -12.8 SmGapCm 15.41 +0.9 +17.8
Aecornrn 11.81 +0.9+ 0.2 AMA Sal 13.50 +0.7+ 7.5 DivrEq 23.02 +1.0 +
7.5 FullMatF1 9.81 +0.4+ 6.8 LtdMatF1 10.15 +0.1 + 4.3 AIM A AdAntlVa m
19.09 -0.2- 4.2 AggGrow m 20.63 +1.8+31.8 AsianGrow m 13.07 - 0.2- 1.1
Sal rn 34.61 + .0 +17.0 BasicValu m 26.37 + - 1 + 06 BlueCh nn 56.82 +
1.4+ 9.0 CapDev m 23.30 + 1.7 +21.5 Charter m 20.20 + 1.6 + 9.3
Constell m 49.44 + 1.6+22.0 DernoTrend M 17.84 +2.4 +15.5 DevMkt m
10.53 +0.1 -14.8 EmergGr m 12 98 +2.3 NA EurGrow m 20.38 +1.2+ 3.8
26.47 +0.8+11.4 GiAgg m 30.72 +1.8+ 7.2 GiGrow rn 28.86 +1.6+ 1.2 GiInc
m 9.13 +0.1 - 0.5 GlUtil m 27.53 + 1.5+ 6.0 HiIncMu m 8.60 - + 1.8
HiYld m 6+84 - 8.5 HiYldll nn 9.95 +0.2 - 5.1 income m 7.16 +0.2 - 0.9
IntGot m 8+82 +0.1 + 4.6 InflEq m 25.28 +0.7 - 9.1 JaparGrw rn 13.32 -
0.4-35.2 LatAmGrow rn 18.26 +0.6 - 1.1 LrgCap m 20.52 +2.2 +48.2
LfgCapOpp rn 14.45 +1.5 +44.5 LtdMatRet m 9.98 +0.1 + 38 MidCapEq m
28.37 +1.6 +2.08 VKtCapGr m 16.74 + 1.8 +21.8 MdCapOp m 24.79 + 1.1
+21.6 MuniBd m 7.89 +0.1 + 5.5 SelGro m 33.63 +2.4 +27.8 3mCapGr m
41.74 + 1.1 +31.0 5nnCapDpp nn 28 19 +0.9 +36.4 Strinc m 9.62 +0.4 -
1.2 TaxEBdCT m 10.65 +0.1 + 5.4 TaxAnt 1 10.89 +0.1 + 5.0 Value m 50.29
+1.2+ 3.0 Weingart m 34.44 +2.3 +14.4 AIM B AggGro m 20.34 + 1.8 +31.1
AswGro. m 12.85 -0.1 - 1.6 Sal m 34+48 + 1.0+ 6.5 BasicValu m 25.59 +

1.1 +10.2 BlueCh m 55+48 + 1.4 + 8.5 CapDev m 22.65 +1.7 +20.9 Charter
m 19+83 + 1.5 + 8.B Constell m 48.11 +1.6+21.4 DennoTrend rn 17 70 +2.4
+14.9 DevMkt m 10.43 +0.1 -15.2 tmergGrB rn 12.95 +2.3 NA FurGrow m
19.56 + 1.2 + 33 EuroDev m 25.96 +0.8+10.9 GlAgg m 29.69 + 1.7 + 6.8
GlGrow m 27.89 +1.6+ 0.8 GlInc m 9.13 +0.1 - 0.7 GUN nn 27.42 +1.5+ 5.5
HYld m 6.85 - 9.0 HiYld m 9.93 +0.2 - 5.6 Income m 7.17 +0.3- 1.2
IntGovt rn 8.84 +0.2 + 4.0 NtlEq m 24.38 +0.7 - 9.5 JapanGrow m 12 67 -
0.4 -35A LatAmGrm rr 1803 +0.6 - 1.5 LrgGapOpp m 1442 +1.6 NA MidCapEq
m 26.72 +1.6 +20.3 MjdCapGr m 16.61 +1.8 +21.2 MuniBd m 7.90 +0.1 + 4 9
SelGro. m 31.25 +2.4+27 2 m 40.30 + 1.1 +30 3 SmCapopp m 27.75 + 0.8+35
8 Strinc nn 9.63 + 0.3 - 1.7 Value m 48.36 +1.2+ 2.5 Weingart m 32.84
+2.3 +13.8 AIM C AdvFlex m 17.17 +06 - 13 AcMntIVa m 18.87 - 0.2 - 4.7
AggrGr nn 20.33 +1.8+31.1 Sal m 34.52 +1.0+ 6.5 SlueCh m 55.47 +1.4+
8.5 CapDev rn 22.64 + 1.7 +20.9 Charter 19.88 +1.5+ 8.8 Constell m
48.09 +1.6+21.4 DernoTrend rn 17.69 +2.3+14.9 EuroDev m 25.98 +0.8
+10.9 GlAgg rn 29.70 +1.7 + 6.9 GlGrow m 27.90 + 1.6+ 0.8 HiYld m 6.84
+0.2 - 8.9 IntGovt r 8.82 +0.2+ 4.1 InttEq m 24.39 +0.7 - 9.6 MidCapOp
m 24.66 + 1.1 +21.0 SelGrow m 31.21 +2.4+27.1 SffCapGr rn 40.28 + 1.2
+30.3 SmCapOpp rn 27.77 + 0.8 +35.7

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Value m 48.38 + 1.2 + 2.5 Weingart m 32.86 + 2.2 +13.8 AJMSuml 1
26.03 + 1.9 +15.8 AIM Global Theme PonsProda m 3034 +1.2- 0.1 ConsProdB
rn 29.25 +1.2- 0.4 Fvd8A rn 24.50 +2.0 +22.2 FtmlSvB rn 23.82 +2.1
+21.8 GlTeiffecA rn 38.91 +2.5+ 9.8 CATelTecB m 37.11 +2.5+ 9.4 GlTerre
m 37.10 +2.5+ 9.4 HlthCrA rn 28.42 +1.6 +26.4 HlthCrB m 26.94 +1.6+25.9
4nfraB rn 20.27 +2.6+14.3 Accessor Growth 36.42 + 12 + 3.9 11.36 + 0 5+
5.0 IntlEq 17.20 - 0.3 -13.9 MtgSec x 12.17 + 0.3+ 5.8 Shortint x 11.79
+0.3 + 3.7 SmMidCap 25.58 + 1.2 + 2.1 Value 21.08 + .5 + 3.6 Accessor
Inv Growth b 36.02 + 1.2 + 35 IntlEq b 16.97 - 0.4-14.2 SmtomDcP b
25.22 +1.2 + 1.6 Achievement Bal is 15.20 +0-7 + 5.9 Equityls 20.83
+1.0 + 7.1 IntTmis 10.11 +0.3+ 4.9 MuniBdis 9.71 +0.2 + 7.4 Acorn

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret % Ret.

Acorn 18.55 + 0.8 + 62 Foreign 20.08 +12 + 15 Intl 33.14 + fi -19
Twenty

14.30 +1.9 +11.4 USA 14.50 -0.2-11.4 Active GrowthA b 12.18 +0.9+
7.0 IntmdBdA b 9 98 +0.4+ 5.2 nImatIA b 12.36 +0.7 -130 ValueA b 7.09 +
0+7 + 7s21 Advance Capital IMrced b 18.31 +0.7+ 9.4 Bond b 9.46 +0.4+
3.1 Comer b 13.97 +1.1 + 3.1 EqGrow b 34.19 +1.4+29.4 RetInc b 9.47
+0.4+ 3.0 Advantus ComrstA m 15.40 +1.0 - 1.0 EnterprA m 22.28 +2.1 +
4.8 HorizonA m 34.33 +2.1 + 8.7 IntlBaIA m 12.05 -0.2+ 0.7 MtgSecA m
10.32 +0.3+ 7.1 SpectrmA m 21.09 +1.4+ 9.2 VentureA m 12.64 +1.4 +18.9
AmeTrAll 27.92 +1.7+20.2 Aetna A Bal m 14.75 +0.8+ 7.1 Grinc m 15.33
+1.3+ 2.9 Grow m 25.97 +2 1 +14 5 UxPiLgCp rn 20.06 + .2 + 53 Intl m
15.62 + 1.1 - 2.4 smComp rn 16.43 + 1.6 +203 Aetna B PrinPrl 10.82 +1.0
NA PrinPro m 10.86 +0.9- 0.8 PrinProll m 1 0.23 +0.9- 0.4 Aetna C
IdxPlLgCp m 20.01 +1.2 + 5.0 Aetna I Ascent 12.77 +1.5+ 5.3 Ball 14.77
+0.8+ 7.3 Bond x 9.92 +0.3+ 41.6 Crossrds 12.28 +1.3 + 4.8 Grow 2652
+2.1 +14 7 Growinc 15A1 +1.3+ 3 1 d PlLgCp 20.22 +1.2+ 55 nil 15.69 +
2- 2.2 SmComp 16.93 + 1.6 +20.9 Alger Group A CapApr 1 16.33 +1.9+ 2.4
Grow f 16.25 +1.2+ 8.6 MidCapG 111.05 +1.3 + 31.1 SmCap 1 10.05 +1.7-
5.9 Alger Group B Bal m 22.49 +0.8+ 8.0 CapAppr m 15.82 +1.9+ 1.9 Grow
m 15.67 +1.2+ 8.1 MidCapGr rn 10.66 +1.3+30.5 SmCap m 9.73 + 1.9 - 6.4
Alw Retire CaPAPPr 21.93 +2+2+ 4.6 Grow 19.82 +1.5+10.6 MidCapGr 18.74
+1+0+32.4 SmCap 26.67 +1.8- 1.1 Allegheny BldntDv 12.33 -0.2 -10.7
CTBal b 14.27 +1.1 + 8.3 CTBond b 9.73 +0.3+ 5.5 CTBondl 9.73 +0.3 NA
CTGrIncl 31.08 +1.6 NA CTGrowInc b 31.07 + 1.6 + 9.4 CTmCpVal b 1077
+03 +12.1 MCBaIN b 19.01 +0.3- 1.9 MCGowN b 32.20 +0.2- 7.0 VerAggrGr b

23.43 +01 +19.7 Alliance Capital A AggStr m 15.12 +0.5+ 2.2 Alliance m
 7.05 +1.1 - 5.5 BalShr m 16.31 +1.0+10.9 BdCorpBd m 12.21 +0.6+ 4.9
 BdUSGovt m NA NA NA GloDollr m 7.06 +0.6 + 16.5 GloSmCap m 16.17 +1.3+
 7.8 GloStrinc m NA NA NA Grow m 56.37 + 1.5 Growinc m 4.07 + 1.2 +13.7
 HiYld m 8.10 -0.2- 2.1 Hithrare m 12.85 +1.4+24.9 Intl m 18.39 -0.6-
 9.2 IntlPreGr m 12.99 -0.1 -9.0 LtdMatGv m 8.97 +0.2+ 3.6 MtgSec m 8.19
 +0.4+ 6.0 MulrCA rn 10.89 +0.3+ 8.7 MuInLAZ m 10.54 +0.1 + 7.9 MuInIIFL
 m 9.80 +0.1 + 7.2 MuInLIMA m 10.70 +0.1 + 8.3 MuInLINJ m 10.02 +0.2+
 8.9 MuInIkH m 9.83 +0.2+ 7.1 MuInILPA m 9.99 +0.2+ 8.2 MuInllVA m 10.43
 +0.1 + 7.5 MuInNY m 9.74 +0.2+ 80 MuInNat1 m 10.15 +0.2+ 75 MuInsCA rn
 13.64 +0.2+ 8.8 MuInsNat m 9.61 +0.1 + 8.1 MultiStr m 6.09 +0.2+ 1.9
 NAMGovt m 7.68 +0.7+14.3 NewEur m 21.01 +0.21- 56 PremGr m 39.87 +1.3 +
 9.2 Quasar m 31.58 +1.8+11.8 SelPrem m 1746 +2.0+ 9.3 SelTech 10.18
 +3.0 NA Tech m 155.16 +2.9+20.8 Utilinc m 17.74 +0.8+ 7.5 WorldPri m
 13.12 +0.4-12.0 Alliance Capital Adv Grow 57.15 +1.5+ 0.2 GrowInc 4.08
 +1.2+13.8 PremGr 40.48 +1.3+ 9.5 PremGrsl

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20.18 +1.2+10.6 Quasar 31.88 +1.8+12.0 Tech 157.15 +2.9 +21.0
 Alliance Capital 8 AllAsia m 11.22 -1.1 -16.0 Alliance m 6.32 +1.3 -
 6.0 BalShr m 15.70 +1.0+10.4 BdCorplEld rn 12.22 +0.6 + 4.4 BdUSGovt m
 NA NA NA Consvinv m 11.80 +0.3 + 3.5 GloDollr m 7.14 +0.6+15.8 GloSmCap
 m 14.51 +1.3 + 7.2 GloStrInc m NA NA NA Grow m 42.52 +1.5- 0.5 GrowInc
 m 4.01 +1.0+12.9 Growinv m 15.23 +0.5+ 1.7 HiYldm 810 -0.2- 2.5
 HlthCare m 12.76 +1.4+24.4 Infl m 16.97 -0.6- 9.7 IntlPreGr m 12.77 -
 0.1 -9.4

MUTUAL FUND SPOTLIGHT: LONG-TERM MUNICIPAL BOND FUTURES Largest Funds

Assets RETURNS

(mil. \$) Name Type YTD 1yr. 3yr.*

12,785 Franklin A CA TaxF Income +9.0%+ 6.5% + 4.8 6,329 Franklin A
 Federal TaxF Inc MIL + 6.7 + 5.2 + 4.5 4,931 Franklin A High-Yld TaxF
 Inc MIL + 4.6 + 1+9 + 3.5 4,218 Fidelity Spartan Muni Inc MIL + 7.5 +
 6.8 + 5.0 3,374 Oppenheimer/Roch Fund Muni A + 8.3 + 5.1 + 4.3 2,926
 Vanguard Muni High- Yield MIL + 7.2 + 5.6 + 4.7 2,576 Dreyfus Municipal
 Bond ML + 7.9 + 5.3 + 3.6 2,531 Putnam A CA TaxE Income + 8.9 + 6.9 +
 4.8 2,524 Nuveen R Interm Dur Muni Bd ML + 7.1 + 5.6 + 4.5 2,490 Kemper
 A Municipal Bond ML + 7.2 + 6.1 + 4.4

Leaders Over One Year

Assets RETURNS

(mil. \$) Name Type YTD 1yr. 3yr.*

1,598 Vanguard CA Insured Long Tm + 10.3%+9.1%+ 5.9 128 Northern CA
 Tax-Exempt + 93 + 8.7 +5.5 191 Liberty A CA Tax-E + 10+3 + 8.5 +
 5.5 88 SAFE- CO CA Tax Free Inc + 12.9 + 8.3 + 4.7 94 Prudential A CA
 Muni CA + 9.1 + 8.3 + 5.2 48 Wells Fargo Inst CA Tx-Free + 9.6 + 8.2 NA
 632 Smith Barney A CA Munis + 10+7 + 8.1 + 5.0 1,086 Dreyfus CA Tax-
 Exempt Bond + 10.0 + 8.1 + 5.1 189 Calif Invest TaxF Income + 8.9 + 8.1
 + 5.2 757 Kemper A State TaxF Inc CA + 9.3 + 8.0+ 5.1

Laggard Over One Year

Assets RETURNS

(mil. \$) Name Type YTD 1yr. 3yr.*

43 AIM A High Income Muni ML + 1.8%- 4.2% NA 441 Strong High-Yield
 Muni

Ed Iv ML + 1.1 - 2.9 + 2.0 197 Eaton Vance B High-Yield Mu ML + 3.1
 - 1.3 + 1.5 90 Liberty B Hi-Yield Muni ML + 3.5 - 0.6 + 2.1 70
 Federated B Municipal Opport ML + 4.0 + 0.5 + 1.7 35 Delaware A MN
 High-Yld SL + 5.5 + 0.5 + 3.4 35 Oppenheimer B NJ Municipal SL + 5.2 +
 0.6 + 1.9 52 Van Kampen C Tax Free HiInc ML + 3.0 + 0.6 + 2.0 115

Evergreen B FL High-income SL + 3.7 + 0.8 + 2.6 61 PaineWebber A Muni High-Inc ML + 3.5 + 0.9 + 3.1

Average performance for all such funds + 7.2 % + 5.2 % + 4.0

Number of funds for period 564 563 543

ML-Muni National Long. SL-Muni Single St. Long. NA-Not Available, Fund

spotlight tables rotate on a three-week basis, Limited to Nasdaq funds with at least \$30 million YTD-Year to date. *Annualized. Source: Morningstar Inc.

MuInCA m 10.89 +0.3+ 8.2 MuInllAZ m 10.53 +0.1 + 7.4 MuInllFL m 9.81 +0.2+ 6.7 MuInllMA m 10.69 +0.2+ 7.8 MuInllNJ m 10.02 +0.2+ 8.3 MuInllOH m 9.83 +0.2+ 6.6 MuInIIPA m 9.99 +0.2+ 7.6 MuInllVA m 10.42 +0.2+ 7.0 MuInNY m 9 + 7.4 +0.1 + 7.4 MuInNat1 m 10.14 + 0.2 + 7.0 NAMGovt m 7.71 +0.7+13.9 NewEur m 19.45 +0.2- 6.1 PremGr m 37.56 +1,3+ 8.7 Quasar m 28.04 +1.8+11.2 RealEst m 10.84 -0.2+20.0 SeProm m 17.18 +2.1 + 8.9 Seffech 10.14 +3.0 NA

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Tech m 146 0 +2.9+20.2 WHIM m 17.58 +0.8 + 7.0 WorldPri m 12.61 +0.4-12.4 Alliance Capital C BalShr m 15.75 +1.0+10.4 BdCgpBd m 12.22 +0.6+ 4.4 BdUSGovt m NA NA GloDollar m 7.15 +0.6+15.8 GloStrinc m NA NA NA Grow m 42.55 +1.5- 0.5 Growim m 4.02 +1.3+13.2 HiYld m 8.10 -0.2- 2.5 HlthCare m 12.77 +1.4+24.3 IntlPreGr 12.77 -0.1 - 9.3 MuInCA m 10.89 +0.3 + 8.2

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Nwe NAV % Ret. % Ret.

MuInllFL rn 9.81 +0.2+ 6.7 MuInMA rn 10.69 +0.2+ 7.8 Mu n NJ rn 0.02 +0.2+ 8.3 MuInNY rn 9.74 +0.1 + 7.4 MuInNall rn 10.14 +0.2+ 7.0 NAMGovt m 7.71 +0.7+13.7 NeEur nn 19.47 +0.2- 6.1 PrernGr m 37.62 +1.3 + 8.8 Quasar m 28.07 + 1.8 +11.3 RealEst m 10.85 -0.2 +20.0 SelPrem rn 17.18 +2.1 + 8.8 Seffech 10.13 +3.1 NA Tech m 146.05 +2.9 +20.2 WorldPri rn 12.60 +0.4 -12.4 AlpIntlRE 13.49 + 1.4 AmSouth A8B EqinCA f 16.02 +1.3 +13.1 LgCapA 1 27.62 +0.5 + 4.7 ValueA 1 20.89 +0.4 + 1.5 AmSouth TrustBe 12.94 +0.4+ 5.0 Bond 10.61 +0.4+ 6.8 CapGro 15.40 +0.6 +10.9 EnhMkt 15.58 +1.0+ 5.0 Eqinc. 16.03 +1.2 +13.2 FLTaxEx 10.24 +0.1 + 5.6 GovtInc 9.70 +0.4+ 5.9 GrowbInc 10.27 +0.4+ 4.9 Intlegty 12.36 - 0.4 - 6.8 LgCap 27.63 +0.5+ 4.8 LtbBond 10.16 +0.1 + 4.5 LtdUSGov 9.92 +0.1 + 4.1 MidCap 18.72 +1.5+ 7.8 MunZd 9.85 5.7 SmCap 13.75 +25 6 TNTaxEx 9.81 +0.1 + 14 Value 20.88 +0.5+ 1.6 MontOppGr NA NA NA American A Amcap rn 19.67 +0.5+10.6 Bal m 14.85 +0.4+ 6.0 BondArner rn 12.85 +0.3 + 4.1 CapIncBu rn 43.46 +0.2+ 5.2 CapWbBd rn 14.17 -0.2 - 3.3 CapWldGr1 rn 30. 77 +0.3+ 5.0 EurPacGr rn 40.33 -0.1 - 5.5 Fundminv rn 34.86 +0.3+ 9.7 GroAmer rn 35.91 +0.6 +23.2 HiInc. m 13.23 +0.2 + 1.8 HHncMu rn 14.99 + 5.8 IncAmer rn 15.94 +0.3+ 4.0 IntBdArn rn 13.08 +0.2+ 5.1 InvCoAm rn 33.60 +0.4+ 5.6 LtdTmTxE rn 14.55 +0.1 + 4.7 Mutual rn 23.84 +0.5+ 1.7 NeEcon rn 29.73 +0.3 - 0.3 NewPersp rn 30.56 +0.2 + 3.8 NwWrld m 26.37 -0.1 - 6.8 SmCpWd rn 41.90 + 1.3 + 7.1 TaxEBdArn m 11.81 +0.2+ 6.4 TaxECA m 16.00 +0.1 + 7.9 TaxEMD m 15.25 +0.1 + 5.2 TaxEVA rn 15.72 +0.1 + 6.4 USGovSec m 12.76 +0.4+ 6.5 WAMutInv rn 29.49 +0.7 + 0.8 American B EurPacGr 40.20 -0.1 NA InvCoAm 33.52 +0.3 NA NeEcon 29.63 +0.3 NA NewPersp 30.45 +0.2 NA WAMutInv 29.43 +0.7 NA American AAdv IntlegAMR b 19.27 -0.3 - 2.1 LgCVLAMR b 15.21 +0.5+ 3.5 American AAdv Inst Bal 12.02 +0.5+ 4.3 IntBd 9.71 +0.3+ 7.2 Intleg 19.16 -0.3 - 2.2 SPIdx 20.74 +1.0+ 4.0 AmAdvIEqP 18.92 -0.3- 2.4 American Century Adv EqGrow b 27.26 + 1.2 + 5.2 ImGr b 34.40 +1.2+ 1.4 IntlGr b 14.19 +0.6- 5.1 Ultra b 46.93 +1.4 + 2.9 Value b 5.61 +0.5+ 2.9 American Cent Inst EmgMkt 6.30 -0.2 NA EqGrow 27.29 +1.2+ 5.5 EqIndex 6.07 +1.0+ 3.9 IncGr 34.43 + 1.1 + 1.5 IntlDis d 18.41 +1.6+ 7.5 IntlGr 14.26 +0.6 - 4.7 Select 56.79 + 1.1 + 7.6 Ultra 47.35 +1.4+

3.0 Value 5.62 +0.5+ 3.2 American Cent Inv AZIntMu 10.46 +0.1 + 5.9 Bal
17.97 +0.8+ 5.6 Bond 9.03 +0.4+ 4.5 CAHYldMu 9.44 +0.2 + 8.5 CALnsTxF
10.13 +0.2 + 9.0 CALntTxF 11.08 +0.2 + 6.9 CALgTxF 11.11 +0.2 + 9.6
CALtdTxF 10.40 +0.1 + 4.9 EmgMkt d 6.29 -10.0 EqGrow 27.27 +1.2+ 5.3
EqIndex 6.07 +1.0+ 3.9 IncGr 34.43 + 1.1 + 1.5 IntlDis d 18.41 +1.6 +
7.5 IntlGr 14.26 +0.6- 4.7 Select 56.79 + 1.1 + 7.6 Ultra 47.35 +1.4 +
3.0 Value 5.62 +0.5+ 3.2 American Cent Inv AZIntMu 10.46 +0.1 + 5.9 Bat
17.97 +0.8+ 5.6 Bond 9.03 +0.4+ 4.5 CAHYldMu 9.44 +0.2+ 8.6 CALnsTxF
10.13 +0.2+ 9.0 CAIntTxF 11.08 +0.2+ 6.9 CALgTxF 11.11 +0.2+ 9.6
CALtdTxF 10.40 +0.1 + 4+9 EmgMkt d 6.29 -10.0 EqGrow 27.27 +1.2+ 5.3
EqIdx 6.06 +1.0+ 3.6 Eqinc 5.86 +0.3+ 64 FUntMu 10.41 +0.1 + 5.8 GNMA
10.26 +0.2+ 5.5 Gift 51.51 +3.3+35.8 GlGold d 4.20 + 1.2 -201 GlGrowth
d 10.32 + 1.1 + 6.0 GiNatRes 13.44 -0.5 + 4.8 Gro.th 36.00 +1.3 +11.5
Herit 20.23 +1.7 +29.3 HiYld 804 +0.3-

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2.5 IncGr 34.42 + 1.1 + 1.7 IntTaxF 10.28 +0.1 + 6.1 IntTrs 10.19
+0.4+ 6.2 IntIBd 9.56 -0.3 - 7.8 IntlDis d 18.37 +1.7 + 7.4 IntlGr d
14.23 +0.6 - 4.8 LgTmTr 10.05 +0.7 +12.9 LgTmTxF 10.15 +0.2 + 8.2
LtdTmTmF 10.05 +0.1 + 4.2 NewOpp d 18.43 +3.3 +36.6 Prem8d 9.69 +0.3 +
5.4 RealEst 13.45 -0.4+17.5 Select 56.63 + 1.1 + 7.5 ShTrnGovt 9.24
+0.1 + 4.0 ShTmTrs 9.68 +0.1 + 3.9 StrAlAgg 8.99 +1.0 + 7.2 StrAlCon
5.88 +0.5+ 4.4 StrAlMod 7.56 +0.8+ 5.4 TarMat00 100.43 + 3.6 TarMat05
76.49 +0.4+ 6.8 TarMat10 60.21 +0.7 +12.4 TarMat15 b 48.99 +1.0 +17.7
TarMat20 35.92 +1.0 +22.1

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

TarMat25 30.80 +1.4+24.8 TxMgdVal d 5 28 +0.4+ 3.9 Ultra 47.15 +1.4+
3.0

Util 16.17 +1.0+ 4.0 Value 5.62 +0+7+ 3.3 Veedot d 6.84 +2.1 +15.5
Vista 26.80 + 2.0 +20.7 American Expr A BlChip m 12.97 +1.4+ 4.4 Bond .
4.70 +0.2+ 3.3 CATaxE rn 5.16 +0.2 + 9.0 Discover rn 11.26 + 1.3 + 3.3
DivrEqInc rn 9.00 +0.6- 0.2 ErngMkt rn 5.76 -12.7 EqSelect rn 20.74
+2.1 +138 EqValue rn 11.05 +0.8+ 0.6 ExtraInc rn 3.41 - 3.3 FedInc rn
4.67 + 2.1 GloBal m 6.64 + 0.3 - 2.8 GloBond m 5.50 - 1.9 GloGrow rn
9.93 + 1.1 - 4.3 Growth m 59.27 +2.0+16.3 HiYldTxE m 4.38 +0.2 + 6.2
Innovat m 6.27 +3.6 NA InstTaxE rn 5.38 +0.2+ 7.9 IntTaxE rn 5.04 + 3.0
Intl m 12.44 +0.3 -12.5 MATaxE rn 5.20 +0.2 + 6.4 MITaxE m 5.17 + 5.7
MNTaxE rn 5.09 +0.2 + 6.8 MgdAlloc rn 10.90 +0.8+ 4.3 Mutual rn 12.87
+1.0+ 2.7 NYTaxE m 5.01 + 7.0 Ne.Dirnen rn 38.85 +1.0+ 8.6 OHTaxE m
5.21 +0.2 + 6.7 PrecMet m 5.00 + 1.4-12.7 Progress m 8.53 +1.4+ 1 3.3
ResOpp rn 8.27 +1.7 + 3.1 Select rn 8.54 +0.4+ 5.1 SrnCoIdx rn 7.33
+1.0+12.8 WpAdvan m 6.34 +1.1 +12.2 Stock rn 28.52 +0.9+ 3.5 StratAgg
rn 36.83 +2.8 +16.1 TaxEBcl rn 3.93 +0.3+ 7.7 UtilInc rn 10.01 +0.9+
8.5 American Expr B BIChip rn 12.73 +1.4+ 3.9 Bond rn 4.70 +0.2+ 2.8
Discover m 10.77 +1.3+ 2.9 DivrEqInc rn 8.99 +0.6- 1.1 ErngMkt rn 5.60
-0.2-13.3 EqSelect rn 20.05 +2.1 +13.2 EqValue rn 11.03 +0.8 Extralm m
3.41 - 3.7 Fedinc. rn 4.67 + 1.6 GloBal rn 6.58 +0.3- 3.2 GloBond rn
5.49 - 2.5 GloGrow m 9.71 + 1.1 - 4.8 Growth rn 56.68 +2.0 +15.7
HiYldTxE rn 4.38 +0.2 + 5.7 Innovat rn 5.69 +3.6 NA InstTaxE m 5.38 +
7.4 Intl rn 12.31 +0.3-12.9 MNTaxE m 5.09 + 6.3 MgdAlloc rn 10.112 +
0.9 + 3.8 Mutual rn 12.75 + 1.0+ 2.1 NewDirnen m 37.72 +1.0+ 8.0
Progress m 8.36 +1.5+12.7 ResOpp rn 7.99 +1.8+ 2.7 Select m 8.54 +0.4+
4.6 SmCo dx m 7. 10 +1.0+12.2 SmCpAdvan rn 6.28 +1.1 +11.7 Stock m
28.25 +0.9 + 3.0 StratAgg rn 34.75 +2.8+15.6 TaxEBd rn 3.93 +0.3+ 7.2
UtilInc m 10.00 +0.9+ 8.0 American Expr Y BlChip 1100 +1.4+ 4.6 Bond
4.70 +0.2+ 3.4 Discover b 11.31 + 1.3 + 3.5 FedInc 4.67 + 2.2 Growth
59.71 +2.0+16.4 Intl 12.46 +0.3-12.4 MgdAlloc 10.91 +0.9+ 4.5 Mutual
12.87 +1.0+ 2.8 NewDirnen 38.93 +1.0+ 8.7 Select 8.54 +0.3+ 5.2 Stock

28.53 +0.9 + 3.6 Amex Strategist Growth rn NA NA NA Growth rn NA NA
 NA AmerGroD f 10.45 +2.6+ 1.6 Americanindependence IntBdlsSv xb 9.78 +
 0.7 + 45 IntlMMSv b 13.56 - 0.3 - 24 KSTxEls5v xb 10.37 + H + 6.1
 ShTmBdsS xb 9.92 +0.6+ 4.6 StockISsv b 10.49 + H +10.2 American
 Performance Bal rn 13.136 +0.9+ 4.8 Bond xrn 9.17 +0.2+ 5A Equity m
 17.48 + 1.1 + 4 6 GrowEq rn 16.57 + 1.1 + 18 IntrmBd xrn 10.08 +0.2+ 4
 7 ShTmInc xm 9.93 +0.1 + 4.8 Am Skandis Adv ACStrBal m 13.80 +0.9+ 4.6
 AllGrinc m 13.58 +1.0+ 4.3 AllGrow m 18.39 +1.5+14.3 FdIntSCp m 18.76
 +1.0 - 2.8 FedHiYld m 8.58 +0.1 - 2.0 InvEqinc m 14.77 +0.4+ 8.5
 JanCapGr m 22.97 +2.1 - 3.8 JanOvers m 19.66 +1.4- 2.2 JanSmCap m 21.39
 +2.1 -12.7 MarCapGr m 17.72 +0.9- 1.7 NBMDcPGr m 2674 +2.7 +21.8
 NBMDcPvIm 14.16 +0.9+16.3 TRo.SmCo m 1066 +0.8+19.1 TotRetBd m 10.11
 +0.5+ 5.3 Am Skandia Adv C ACStrBal m 13.79 +0.8+ 4.6 AllGdnc m
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 13.57 +1.0+ 4.3 InvEqinc m 14.76 +0.4+ 8.5 JanCapGr m 22.93 +2.1 -
 3.8 JanOvers m 19.69 + 1.3 - 2.3 JanSmCap m 21.40 +2.1 -12.8 MarCapGr m
 17.69 +0.9- 1.8 NBMDcP. b 26 75 +2.7 +21.8 Am Skandia Adv X InvEqinc m
 14.75 +0.4+ 8.5
 Fund Family Diy YTD
 Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Reto
 JwCapGr m 23.00 +2.1 - 3.8 JanOv8s rn 19.66 +1.4 - 2.2 JanSmCap m
 21.40
 +2.1 -12.8 MarCapGr m 17.68 +0.9- 1.8 AmerIDdoD rn 28.12 +1.4-15.2
 AmerlStMF 37.42 +0.3+ 6.6 Aon AstAlc 17.66 +0.5+ 7.0 GovSec x 9.75
 +0.3+ 6.3 Aquila ChTxFKYA rn 10.29 + 55 HIWA rn 11.09 +0.2+ 62
 NanraInSA rn 10.11 +0.1 + 72 TaxFAZA rn 10.33 +0.1 + 59 TaxFCOA rn
 10.17 + 5.2 TaxFORA rn 10.38 +6.1 + 6.4 TaxFUTA rn 9.53 +0.1 + 7.3
 Aquinas EcuttyGr 22.42 + 1.1 +15.1 EcuityInc 11.17 +0.4- 0.5 FixIn x
 9.57 +0.3 + 5.3 Ariel Apprec b 32.78 +0.7 + 58 Anel b 35.16 +0.1 + 13 0
 PrernBcIs 9.87 +0.3 + 5.4 Aristata Equity 9.77 +0.7 + 8.3 QualBond 9.46
 + 0.2 + 4.5 Ark BaIA rn 17.61 + 1.0+10.2 BICpEca rn 24.79 + .1 +0.4
 BICpEcIs 24.82 + 1.1 +10.5 CapGrA rn 27.37 +1.5+17.0 CapGrls 27.63
 +1.5+17.0 EqIncls x 12.77 +0.7 +13.3 EqIndexls 15.54 +1.0+ 4.1 GroIncls
 b 17.68 +1.0+10.3 Inc Is 9.66 +0.2+ 4.6 IntFixlls 9.55 +0.2 + 3.6
 MDTaxFIs 9.74 +0.1 + 5.8 MidCapls 2013 + 1.9 +27 0 PATaxFls b 9.70 +0.1
 + 6.3 ShTmBdis 9.73 +0. + 2.5 SmCapEqIs 23.28 +2.5- 1.5 StTmTrsis 9.94
 +0.1 + 3.7 USGovBdls 9.42 + 0.3+ 3.6 ValEqIs b 14.72 +1.0+ 8.4 Armada
 BalAlcls b 10.82 +0.6+ 2.5 Bond 1 9.58 +0.4+ 4.1 GoreEcls b 16.00 + 1.1
 + 6.4 EqGrow I b 31.22 +1.0+ 5.8 EcGrow R m 31.06 +1.0 + 5.7 EqIdx1 b
 13.09 +1.0+ 3.9 EqInA rn 15.55 +0.5- 0.5 EqInc I b 15.58 +0.5- 0.3 GNMA
 I b 9.95 +0.3+ 5.5 GovtIncIs 8.97 +0.3+ 5.4 IntBd I b 10.07 +0.2+ 3.6
 IntlEqI b 14.25 +0.2 - 7.9LarCapUll 22.38 +1.5+10.5 LtdMatBdl b 9.82
 +0.2+ 3.6 MidCapGrA m 16.96 +2.2 +18.6 NficCapGrI 17.31 +2.2+18.7
 NatlTxEI b 9.81 + OA + 5.3 OHTxE I b 10.83 +0.1 + 5.3 PAMund b 10.18
 +0.1 + 5.1 SmCapGrA m 15.46 +1.4 + 6.3 SmCapGrl b 15.57 +1.3+ 6.3
 SmCpVall b 16.36 +0.9 +17.7 ToRtAdvI b 9.75 +0.4+ 6.6 TWgdEclb 15.13
 +1.0+ 6.8 Artisan Intl 28.87 +0.1 + 1.3 MidCap 31.47 +1.8+45.1 SmCap
 14.59 + 0.3 + 9.7 SmCapVal 11.17 +0.4+ 9.9 Asset Management AdjRtMtg xb
 9.93 + 4.2 IntMtg xb 9.29 +0.2+ 4.9 ShUSGovt xb 10.31 +0.1 + 4.2 USGoMg
 xb 10.23 +0.3 + 5.6 Atlas Bal A b 13.33 +1.2+ 4.1 CAMuni A b 11.03
 +0.3+ 8.7 GlobGr A b 21.66 +0.4+12.3 GrowIn A b 30.43 +1.4+14.8
 NatMuBdA b 10.89 +0.2 + 7.2 StrGro A b 26.50 + 1.7 +29.1 Strinc A b
 4.55 +0.5+ 3.2 USGovt A b 9.70 +0.3+ 5.3 BB8K Diverse 13.09 +1.0+ 1.8
 IntlBond 7.33 -0.1 - 2.1 IntlEq 7.14 +0.3 - 8.9 BB8T Bal Tr x 13.43
 +0.5+ 3.0 CpMgCnGTr 10.99 +0.6+ 4.9 GrIncStA xrn 18.62 +0.9+ 3.7
 GrIncStB xrn 18.52 +0.9+ 3.2 GrIncStTr x 18.65 +0.9+ 38 IntC.BTr xb 9.95
 + 0:4 + 50 IntGovBdT x 9.7 +0.4+ 62 IntlTr 13.50 - 9.9 LgCoGrTr 16.21
 +1.3 + 9.8 NCIntTFTr x 10.06 +0.1+ 5.8 SiGovInTr x 9.60 +0 .2 + 4.0

SlGovInTr x 9.60 + 0.2 + 4.0 SmCoGrTr 36.61 + 2.8 + 7.9 VAIntFrBd x
11.05 + 0.1 + 6.3 ONY Hamilton Inst EqInc 18.06 +0.4+14.0 9.50 +0.2 +
5.1 ntlyGrad 9.88 +0.2 + 4.3 IntNYTXE 10.36 + 5.1 IntTxE 9.811 + 53
IntlEq 14.65 + 6.i -15.4 LgCapGr 18.98 +0.8+19.2 SmCapGr 25.78 +1.7 + 1
T5 BNYEqInIv b 18.01 +0.3+13.8 Babson Bond L 1.50 +0.7 + 5.5 Enterp
14.54 + 0.5 +20.4 Enterpil 27.38 + 0.3 + 1 6.6 Growth 21.9 +0 1 + 1 5 7
ShadStk 12.69 +0 6 +16 0 StlvoInfl 23.28 +0 6 -5.9 Value 41.93 + 1.3
BkBay TRtA 9.41 +0.3+ 4.0 Barclays Glob Inv AssetAlc x 13.43 +1.0+ 8.6
BondIndx x 9.29 +0.3+ 6.4 Life2010 14.06 +0.5+ 3.5 Life2020 17.15 +0.6+
3.3 Life2030 19.19 +0.8+ 3.9 Life2040 22.31 +0.9+ 3.2 LifePinc 11.55
+0.3+ 4.3 SP500Stk 27.91 +1.0+ 3.9 Baron Asset b 62.86 +0.6+ 7.0 Growth
b 33.73 +0.7 + 0.1

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Fund Family Diy YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Reto

SmCap b 17.48 + H - 2.9Opportun m 9.32 +1.0 NA Barr Rosenberg

IntlSmis

11.92 -0.6+ 9.7 USSmCap 10.07 + 4.1 VMktNtds 7.28 -1.0-11.2 Bartlett
BasicVal m 14.34 +0.3+ 6.7 EuOAM 25.02 +1.2- 7.7 Valintl nq 13.71 -0.1
- 5.1 Bear Stearns S8PStwA m 38.65 + 1.4 +23.4 S8PStarB m 37.95
+1.4+23.0 S8PStarC m 37.94 +1.4 +23.0 Berger BIAMIntl b 14.45 -0.3 -
4.2 BIAMIntlC 15.65 -0.4- 3.6 Bal b 20.32 +0.4+10.8 GrowInc b 22.39
+1.0+1 6.1 GroMh b 22.24 +2.1 +20.0 IPTGdnc 30.50 +1.0 NA PTSMCoGr
28.29 + 1.2 NA InfoTecls d 131.47 +2.7 +16.0 InfoTecN m 130.96 +2.7
+15.8 MicCapGr b 43.43 +2.8+17.7 NewGen b 40.26 +2.7 +15.8 Sal b 26.40
+0.6+ 5.6 SmCapVals 25.31 +0.9+16.8 SmCapValv b 25.22 +0.9 +16.5
SmCoGrow b 7.74 +1.2 +20.7 BerkFocus 65.92 +2.3+65.5 Bernstein CAMum
13.88 +0.1 + 5.9 DivrMuni 13.57 +0.1 + 5.1 EmgMkt d 11.13 +0.2-15.7
2.46 +0.1 + 4.0 IntDur 12.50 +0.3 + 4.5 IntlVaill 21.28 -0.6+ 0.1
NYMuni 13.45 +0.1 + 5.2 ShDurCA 12.52 + 33 ShDurDivr 12.46 +0.1 + 3.1
ShDurNY 12.32 + 2.9 ShDurPlu 12.22 +0.1 + 3.6 TxMint 21.34 -0.6 -0.9
BerwynInc 10.10 +0.5+ 5.3 Bishop Street Eqls A b 18.93 +1.3+ 5.9
HiMunilsA b 10.44 +0.1 + 7.8 HiGrinIsA b 9.67 +0.2+ 6.2 BlurMicro b
47.87 +1.9+57.8 SlackRock Inst Bal 21.28 +0.9+ 3.5 Cona8d 9.33 +0.2+
6.6 Conefcift 9.33 +0.2+ 6.7 DETaxF 9.77 +0.1 + 7.2 GNMA 9.66 +0.3+ 6.2
HiYldBd 9.16 +0.1 + 0.7 IndexEq 29.18 +10+ 40 IntGod 9.86 + 0.2 + 13
IntlBond 10.66 + 6.0 IntlEmg 6.90 -14.8 InflEq 14.73 -0.1 - 1 1.6
InfiSmCap 23.54 +1.2+10.3 IntmBd 9.08 +0.2+ 6.1 IntmBdBik 9.08 +0.2+
6.3 KYTaxF 9.66 +0.1 + 5.4 LoDur 9.79 +0.2+ 4.5 LowDurBlk 9.78 +0.1 +
4.1 LrgGrEq 26.22 +1.8 + 6.8 LrqValEq 15.16 +0.9+ 1.8 MgdInc 9.88 +0.3+
6.3 McCpEq 45.55 +2.4+20.6 MjdCapGr 26.53 +3.0+18.4 MidCapVal 12.68
+0.8+ 7.3 NJTaxF 11.41 +0.1 + 6.3 OHTaxFIn 10.32 +0.1 + 7.3 PATaxF
10.65 +0.1 + 7.0 SelectEq 22.40 +1.2+ 1.4 SmCapGr 37.13 +2.7+ 3.3
SmCapVal 16.98 +1.2+ 2.3 TFInc 11.02 +0.2+ 7.3 SlackRock Inv A Bal m
21.23 +1.0+ 3.2 IndexEq m 29.07 +1.0+ 3.5 14.57 -0.1 - 11.9 IntlSCEq m
23.34 +1.2 + 9.9 LrgGrEq m 25.85 +1.8+ 6.4 LrgValEq m 15.13 +0.9+ 1.4
MicCpEq m 4508 +2.4+20.2 SelEq m 22.30 +1.2 + 1.0 SmCapGr m 35.83 +2.6
+12.8 BlackRock Inv B8C Bal B m 21.05 +1.0+ 2.7 HiYldB m 916 +0.1 28.70
+1.0+ 31 +1.2 + 94 LdlSCEqC m 23.07 +1.2 + 9.4 LrgGrEqB m 24.72 +1.8 +
5.9 MidCpEqB m 44.33 +2.4+19.6 MidCpEqC m 44.32 +2.4+19.6 MidCpGrB m
25.09 +3.0+17.5 MidCpGrC m 25.03 +3.0+17.5 MidCpValC m 25.89 +3.0 +18.0
SelectEq b 22.34 +1.2 + 1.2 SmCapGr b 36.26 +2.6 +13.1 SmCapVal b 16.94
+1.2+12.1 BostonBal 29.36 + 2.7 + 1.7 Boston Partners LrgValls 12.82
+0.7 + 8.3 MidCapVls 11.66 +0.3+ 1 0.5 BramwelGr b 32.43 +1.4+ 1 2.1
Brandesin 22.89 - 1.0+ 2.2 BrandyWne Blue 40.46 +1.7+11.6 Brandywi
49.43 +1.5+15.3 Brazos JMLCmicro 26.79 +2.2+28.4 JMLCReale 9.48 -
0.3+18.0 JMLCSrnGr 23.85 +1.5+ 9.8 MicCpGrY 13.47 +0.7 +34.7 MultiCpGr
20.42 +0.7+31.4 Bremer Bond b 9.73 +0.3 + 4.5 GrowStk b 19.18 +0.8+ 1.9

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret,

20.28 +0.8+ 5.6 Bridgesin 44.25 + 1.0- 2.3 Bridgeway AggrGro 57.28 + 1.3

+41.7 UltraSmCo 23.51 - +119 Brinson GlobBondl 8.72 3.6 GlobEq1
12.41 +0.6- 3.0 GlobExEqi 13.10 -0.3- 7.2 Global1 11.34 +0.5+ 1.5
HiYldl b 9.40 +0.2+ 0.4 10.22 +0.3+ 5.6 USEq1 17.16 +1.8+ 2.0 USSmCap1
17.56 +2.8+40.8 BrwnSmCol 3215 +0.7+18.1 Brundage Sto Rose Equity b
2471 +1.1 + 9.2 Shortint b 10.34 + U + 4.3 Buffalo Equity 22.85 +1.1
+19.1 HighYld 10.26 +0.5+ 4.6 SmallCap 16.90 +1.3+32.4 USAGlob 25.30
+0.6+18.1 Cuhama m 50+55 +11.3+21.3 CapApp b

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20.94 +1.0+ 0.5 CCBEquity 22.56 +0.7+10.5 CDC MPrAggrEq1s d 11.18
+0.6+ 3.1 Gloincils d 11.08 +0.3+ 5.4 HSCaEq1s d 11.59 +1.0+ 5.8 CG
Capital Markets Bal 11.18 +0.8+ 6.7 EmgMktEq 7.35 -12.3 HighYldlv 5.87
- 1.9 IntFixIn 7.83 +0.3 + 5.0 IntlEq 13.50 +0.1 - 8.7 IntlFixin 7.24 -
0.3 - 6.4 LgCepGro 29.33 + 1.7 + 9.0 LgCapVal 11.93 +0.8+ 1.7 LgTmBd
7.85 +0.8+10.9 MITSMNuIv 8.85 +0.2+ 7.3 MtgBacked 7.84 +0.4+ 5.9
Munil3d 8.40 + 0 1 + 8 9 S&P500Inv 9.41 + 1 0 + 3 2 SmCapGro 24.36
+1.5+ 7.8 SmCapVal 10.72 +0.6+ 8.5 COM CapDev 25.59 +0.6- 23 Focus
10.84 -0.4+ 32 Mutual 24.82 +0.2- 7.5 Realty 13.12 +0.2+21.5 CLSAdOAm p
16.98 NA + 3.9 CRAREinst d 9.71 _ 0.5+20.6 CRMSmCplv 18.08 +0.3+14.7
Calamos ConGrInCA m 29.52 +2.1 +12.4 Convert A m 23.64 +1.5+ 9.4
Convertl NA NA NA Grow A m 53.17 +2.4+48.9 CakKrkM d 19.99 +0.3+ 8.5
Calif Investment MidCpIdx 20.75 +1.4+24.0 SP500ldx 30.84 +1.0+ 4.1
TaxFinc x 12.75 +0.1 + 8.9 Calvert CapAcemc m 36.47 +1.0 +24.1 Income m
16.53 +0.4 + 315 NatMuIntA m 10.41 +0.1 + 16 NmVisSma m 19.06 + 1.1 + I
4 SocImtOda m 15.20 +0.4+ 3.0 SoclrwEqA m 34.13 +0.2 + 1 4.2 SoclvBala
m 34.06 +1.0+ 6.7 TaxFLongA m 1598 +0.1 + 7.4 TaxFLtdA 1 10.65 + 2.6
TaxFVTA 1 15.35 +0.2+ 5.8 WdVaIntia m 22.86 +0.4 - 9.8 CapstorAr to
19.38 +1.2+ 4.0 Capstone SERV BondC 23.85 +0.4+ 6.5 IntlC 28. 17 +0.1 -
8.0 LrgCpEqC 36.53 + 1.1 + 3.3 SmCpEqC 35.61 + 1.0 +13.2 Centura GoAncC
x 9.77 +0.2 + 4.1 LgCapC x 16.18 +0.9+ 4.1 MidCapC x 16.12 +2.1 +23.3
NCTaxFC x 10.18 +0.1 + 5.1 QualincC x 9.73 +0.8+ 5.4 CenturySh 40.06
+1.5+17.4 Chsoccnino b 12.46 +0.6+ 1.0 Chose BaPr 40.54 +0.7 + 6.6
03reEqPr 34.14 +1.0+ 6.9 EqGrowPr 72.19 +1.4+ 60 EqincPr 52.30 +0.7 +
5.3 IncPr NA NA NA IntTmldPr 12.23 +0.3+ 5.6 ShIntUSPr 12.13 +0.3 + 4.5
SmCapPr 26.84 +0.8+18.8 Chase Vista A Balanced m 16.16 +0.7+ 5.6 CapGro
nn 49.33 +1.3+17.6 Equityinc m 20.80 +0.7+ 5.2 European m 19.98 +0.5-
5.3 Growinc. m 41.84 +0.8+ 6.3 Gro.WA m 26.41 +1.3 8.3 IntlEq m 14.75
+0.3-102 LgCapEq m .20 +0.8+ 65 NYTaxF xm 11.39 +0.3 + 7.3 SmCapEq m
28.73 +0.8+20.7 SmCapOpp m 26.54 +1.9+34.4 TaxFinc xm 12.28 +0.2+ 7.6
USTreas xm 10.77 +0.4+ 7.2 Chase Vista 8 CapGro m 47.60 +1.3+17.2 Focus
m 12.36 +1.6+ 8.6 GrowInc m 41.22 +0.8+ 5.9 S.CapEq m 27+57 +0.8+20.1
SnCapOpp m 25.94 +1.9 +33.8 Chase Vista Inst LrgCapEq 17.29 +0.8+ 6.8
SlrnGapEq 29.35 +0.8+21.1 USGovt x 9.71 +0.4+ 6.6 Chose Vista Select
Balanced x 35.03 +0.7+ 5.7 Bond x 37.96 +0.3+ 4.7 EquityInc x 26.81
+0.7+ 6.5 IntBond x 9.63 +0.3+ 4.5 IntTxFinc x 10.46 + 5.2 IntlEq 35.20
+ 0.5 - 8.8 LrgCapEq 39.57 +1.0+ 5.7 LrgCapGr 51.64 +1.4+ 4.9 NJTaxFinc
x 9.73 +0.1 + 6.7 NYTaxFlrc x 7.01 +0.2 + 6.1 NewGrOpp 39.02 +1.4+18.2
SmCapVal 52.83 +0.7 +18.3 TaxFinc x 6.25 +0.2 + 7.2 Chesapeake

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret

AggrGrow 126.52 +2.1 +14.1 GrowA m 34.33 +2.1 +38.3 Growls 35.03
+2.1

+38.6 GrowSupls 35.28 +2.1 +38.7 Chestnut 433.00 +0.8+17.3 ChoiceFoc
b 15.55 +0.8+32.1 CitiFundsBala m 13.25 +0.6+ 4.3 IntInCA m 9.30 +0.3+
4.5 LgCapGrA m 24.52 +1.2 + 4.9 NYTaxFInCA rn 11.18 +0.1 + 7.0 NatlTxFIA

rn 10.97 +0.1 + 7.3 Citiselect Folio200A rn 10.44 +0.4+ 3.2 Folio300A m
1073 +0.5+ 4.6 Folio0A m 11.16 +0.5+ 5.6 Folio500A m 12.12 +0.6+ 6.5
Citizens Funds EmgGrow b 34.77 + 1.9 +213.1 GloEq b 31.25 +1.4+ 1.4
Income xb 10.33 +0.3+ 5 3 Index b 33.51 +1.0+ 1 9 Index Is 27.36 +1.0+
24 Clipper 73.36 +0.3+12.4 Clover EqVal 14.04 +0.5+ 5.0 Fixinc 9.64
+0.3+ 6.8 Smval 16.79 +1.0+10.0 Cohen 8 Stem EqInCA m 1042 -0.4+19.6
Realty 41.92 -0.5+16.4 RealtyIns 29.27 -0.5 NA SpecEq d 25.50 + 0.8 -
4A COBdShrs 1 9.38 + 5.3 Columbia Bal 26.75 +0.8+ 9.6

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CMCHiYld 8.50 +0.1 + 3.2 CMCIntStk 17.98 +0.8-15.6 CMCShtMbD 11.69
+0.2 + 5.0 CMCSrnCap 20.67 +0.3+21.1 ComStk 32.43 +1.1 +12.2 FixinSec
12.60 +0.4+ 5.6 Growth 58.06 +1.3+18.7 HiYld 9.19 + 3.9 IntlStk 19.73
+0.8 -13.5 ORMuniBd 11.92 +0.1 + 6.6 RealEsEq 16.96 -0.5+19.1 SmCap
33.20 +0.5+21.8 Special 39.93 +1.7+33.4 USGovSec 8.22 +0.1 + 3.4
Commerce Balls 27.61 +1.2 + 9.7 Bondis 18.34 +0.3+ 4.9 Growthls 43.14
+1.2 +10.6 IntlEqls 29.47 +0.1 - 5.2 MOTaxf 18.55 +0.1 + 6.1 MidCapGr
46.80 +1.6+ 1 7.7 NatlTaxF 18.72 +0.1 + 6.0 ShGoAs 18.03 +0.2+ 4.5
Valuels 24.83 + 1.1 + 1 4.8 Concert Alloc Bal rn 12.75 +0.5+ 5.6
Conserv m 11.70 +0.3+ 4.7 Growth m 15.57 +0.9+ 3.6 HighGrow m 17.89 +
11 + 5.3 Concert Alloc B Bal m 12.81 +0.5+ 5.1 Conserv m 11.73 +0.3 +
4.4 Growth m 15.62 +1.0+ 3.2 HighGrow m 17.78 + 1.1 + 4.8 Concert Alloc
L Bm 12.81 +0.5+ 5.1 Growth m 15.62 +1.0+ 3.1 HighGrow m 17.79 + 1.1 +
4.8 Concert Invest A Grow m 28.63 +0.9 +11.0 Growinc m 19.92 + 1.1 +
2.3 IntlEq rn 49.79 +2.7+ 1.1 MuniBond rn 13.35 +0.2+ 7.9 PeachGro m
19.68 +1.7 + 5.5 SmCap m 23.69 + 1.1 -3.5 SocAwane rn 26.62 +0.7 + 6.5
Concert Invest B Grow m 28.02 +0.9+10.4 Growinc. m 19.60 +1.1 + 1.8
IntlEq m 47.80 +2.7+ 0.6 MidCap m 18.12 +1.8+29.4 PeachGro m 18.95
+1.6+ 5.0 SmCap m 22.42 +1.1 - 4.0 SocAware rn 26.62 +0.7 + 5.9 Concert
Invest I Govt f 9.73 +0.3 + 6.2 Grow f 28.73 +0.9+11.3 GrowInc f 19.93
+1.1 + 2.4 MuniBond 113.35 +0.2 + 8.1 ConsecO 20A m 27.76 +3.6+34.2 20B
m 27.29 +3.6+33.8 20C m 27+37 +3.6+33.8 20Y 27.59 + 16 +34.7 BalarcKtA
m 16.54 +1.6+23.4 ConvSecsB m 1634 +1.2 +14.7 ComSecsY 16.92 + 1.2
+15.5 EquityA m 21.94 +2.4+34.8 EquityY 22.29 +2.4+35.3 HiYldA m 9.12
+0.2- 3.4 HiYldB m 9.08 +0.2 - 3.8 Copley 36.40 +0.6+ 5.5 CounDvnEq
13.66 +0.3+ 3.7 Credit Suisse HiYld NA NA NA IntlEq 20.56 + 0.1 103
IntlGr 23.60 +0.1 8.7 SmCoGr 26.06 +2.0+ 7.8 USCoreEq NA NA NA USGoreFl
14.95 +0.4+ 4.5 9.90 +0.1 + 3.9 CutierCor 15.94 +0.8- 0.1 DEMEqtyls b
33.55 + 1.1 + 68 DFA 1YrFiyJn 10.18 - + 4.2 5YearGov 10.14 + 4.2
5YrGlobFl 10.41 +0.1 + 3.7 ContSmCo 13.17 -0.1 + 4.3 EmgMkt 11.69 -17.4
EmgMktVl 11.26 +0.1 -19.7 EnhUSLrg 1 3.87 +1.2+ 3.5 IntGovFl 10.89
+0.4+ 6.0 IntlSmCap 8.44 -0.1 + 1.2 IntlSmCo 9.34 + 2.1 IntlValu 13.13
-0.8- 1.7 IntlValu2 12.58 -0.8 -7 IntlValu3 13.66 -0.8 - 1.6 IntlValu4
11.31 -0.8- 1.4 JapnSmCo 11.18 -0.5+10.9 LgCapIntl 9.24 -0.3- 7.5
PacRimSm 8.96 -10.6 RIEst 13.38 -0.4+19.3 TMIntlVal 10.46 -0.8- 2.3

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. %Rat.

TMMttVal2 11.00 +0.6+ 3.8 TMUS5-10V 13.19 + 0.9 +12.7 TMUS6-10V
15.33 +1.2 +12.7 TaxMgdUS 11.09 +0.6 + 3.8 UKSrnCo 21.17 + 1.1 - 3.4
U56- 10Sm 16.77 +1.2 +12.9 US6-10VII 17.52 + 1.1 +13.4 US6-1 Oval 21.04
+ 1.1 +13.3 US9-10 Srn 14.76 +1.3 +17.0 USLgcap 18.66 +0.3+ 2.0
USLgCap2 6.84 +0.3 + 1.9 USLgCap3 i 6.38 +0.3+ 2.1 USLgCo 44.65 +1.0+
3.9 DLB DiscGr b 20.25 +2.1 +17.8 Entill b 10.78 +0.6 + 4.7 Growth b
16.05 +0.9+15.8 SmCoOppor b 12.97 +0.9 +34.5 StewlvInt b 11.34 +0.6-
3.1 StwlvErnqM b 1132 +0.1 - 36 Value b 13.37 + 1.1 + 1.7 DU CoreEqA rn
24.17 +1.0+11.0 FixinA M 9.77 +0.2 + 4.1 FbdnD 9.77 +0.2+ 4. 1 GrowInA
rn 23.66 +0.3 GrowInD 23.68 +0.3 + 0.2 IntlEqA rn 13.16 +0.1 - 7.0
SmCoValA nn 22.43 +0.4+15.6 Davis A ConvSecs m 27.74 +0.4+11.7 Fincl rn
36.70 +1.6+26.2 Growinc rn 11.63 +0.9+ 8.3 GTowOpp nn 25.44 +2.4+ 1 4.7

NYVentur rn 32.78 +0.9 + 4.0 Realtst rn 21.02 +0.1 +17.4 Davis B
ConvSecs rn 27.43 +0.4+11.0 Fincl rn 35.42 + 1.6+25.6 GrowOpp rn 23.91
+2.4+14.1 NYVent rn 31.91 +0.9+ 3.4 ReaJEst rn 20.92 +0.1 +16.8 Davis
MY ConvSecsY 27.94 +0.4 +11.9 FinclC rn 35.94 +1.7 +25.5 NYVent C rn
32.08 +0.9 +13.4 NYVent Y 33.13 +0.9+14.2 ResEstC rn 21.07 +0.1 +16.8
RealEstY

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21.16 +0.1 +17.7 Delafield b 15.28 + 1.1 + 8.6 Delaware A AnnerGovt
rn 7.24 +0.4 + 6.6 Be] M 19.53 +1.2 + 4.2 DecEqinc rn 16.47 +0.9+ 0.4
Delchest rn 4.30 +0.1 - 9.0 Devon m 1970 +1.0+ 0.1 GrInc rn +0.9- 0.2
GrowOpp rn 39.49 +1.3+17.8 GrowStk rn 24.91 +0.5+ 5.7 Intleq rn 16.18 -
1.0- 3.9 LtdTmGov rn 8.23 +0.3 + 4.2 MNHiYld rn 9.65 +0.2 + 5.5 MNIns
rn 10.48 +0.1 + 6.3 Natlift rn 9.95 +0.1 + 4.5 REIT m 13.52 -0.4+20.6
SeIGr rn 42.44 +1.6 + 9.9 SmCapVal rn 26.51 +0.6+ 7.4 SDcAwwe rn 14.18
+1.2 + 3.4 TaxFCO rn 10.63 +0.2 + 7.5 TaxFIA rn 9.75 +0.1 + 7.2 TaxFID
rn 10.73 +0.2 + 6.6 TaxFIns m 10.39 +0.1 + 7.2 TaxFMN rn 12.12 +0.2+
7.2 TaxFPA rn 7.72 +0.1 + 6.6 TaxFUSA m 10.83 +0.1 + 6.9 TechInnv m
11.41 +2.9+33.9 Trend rn 28.35 +1.0+26.9 TxFAZIns rn 11.04 +0.1 + 7.9
TxFFUns rn 10.77 +0.1 + 6.2 TxFMNInt rn 10.35 +0.1 + 4.5 TxFMOIns rn
10.34 + 01 + 6.5 USGovt rn 10.26 +0.2 + 6.5 Delaware B Bal rn 19.50 +
1.1 + 3.7 BlChip rn 13.80 +1.2 + 3.9 DecEqinc rn 16.39 + 02 - 0.1
Delchest rn 4.30 +0.1 - 9.4 Devon m 19.42 +1.0- 0.4 GrInc m 15.34 +0.9-
0.7 GrowOpp rn 36.99 +1.3 +17.2 IntlEci rn 16.08 -1.0- 4.3 SelGr rn
40.43 +1.6 + 9.4 SmCapVal rn 26.08 +0.6 + 6.8 SocAwwe rn 13.81 +1.2+
2.9 TaxFPA rn 7.72 +0.1 + 6.0 TechInnv m 11.36 +2.8+33.3 Trend m 26.53
+ 1.1 +26.3 USGrowth m 20.85 +1.3 +18.2 Delaware C Delchost m 4.30 +0.1
- 9.4 SelGr m 40.00 +1.6+ 9.4 Trend m 26.99 + 1.0 +261 Delaware Inst
ArnerGovt 7.24 +0.4+ 6.8 Bal 19.55 + 1.1 + 4.3 CorpBond 5.10 +0.4+ 2.3
DecEqinc 16.46 +0.9+ 0.5 DeCap 41.19 +1.3+18.0

Fund Family Dy YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Pet

ExtDurBd 4.94 +0.6+ 3.3 Gdnc 15.39 16.23 -1.0- 3.7 SelGr 42.84
+1.6+10.1

Trend 29.28 +1.0+27.1 USGrowth 22.84 +1.3+19.0 Delaware Pooled Tr
Sal 8.00 +0.8+ 27 EmgMkts d 8.26 +0.5- 8.0 EqInc 7.82 +1.0+ 0.9
GloFixIn 9.25 - 5.2 IntlEq 18.51 -0.8- 1.4 IntlFixin 8.52 -0.1 - 7.6
LaborIntl 14.52 -1.0+ 0.1 LgCpValEq 1438 + 1.1 + 0.8 DessGloEq m 22.81
+0.4+22.0 Deutsche Assetill Inst EmgMktDeb 7.27 +1.0+19.2 EmgMktEq 7.62
-0.3-12.3 EqAppr 23.40 +2.0+256 EuroEq 31.40 +0A +109.9 FixInc 10.23
+0.3+ 6.3 HiYld b INA INA NA IntlEq 1 16.18 +0.1 7.8 Intl6.24 +0.1 7.9
InFixin 8.74 -0.2- 6.5 IntlSelEq 24.46 +0.8+ 2.6 MuniBd 10.80 + 5.2
PlPlus d 10.00 + 3.9 PlPlus Svc d 10.00 + 3.8 ShTmFiAn 9.94 + 4.4
ShTmMuni 10.17 -0. 3+ 3.5 Deutsche Assetill Inv Eq500Idx 189.28 +1.0+
3.9 IntlEq 29.37 +0.1 - 8.1 LfcyLong 12.61 +0.6+ 4.7 LfcyMid 10.84
+0.4+ 4.5 MidCap 18.60 +2.1 +25.2 Pplus d 10-00 + 3.8 SmCap 26.95
+1.2+11.4 Deutsche AssetM PrMY AstMPrem 13.03 +0.5+ 4.9 EAFE Idx 13.46
-7.7 Eq500Idx 190.42 +1.0+ 4.0 IntlSelEq 24.43 +0.8 NA USBnd Wx 9.96
+0.3+ 6.4 Diversified Inv AggEq b 25.02 +2.2+19.4 Bat b 16.95 +0.9+ 4.9
CopeBond b 12.15 +0.3+ 4.7 EqGrow b 31.42 +1.2+ 2.3 Growinc b 30.73
+1.4+ 3.5 HiQualBd b 11.39 +0.1 + 4.2 HiYldBd In 10.07 +0.3+ 0.8
IntGovt b 10.87 +0.2+ 4.7 IntlEq b 19.51 -0.1 - 5.3 IntmLgStr 13.85
+0.7+ 2.8 IntmStr 12.83 +0.6+ 2.9 LongHorlz 12.56 +1.0+ 22 Short3tr
10.69 +0.3 + 3.6 SpecEq b 26.20 +1.4+ 70 StkIdx b 11.88 +1.0+ 3.6
ValueInc b 21.48 +0.8- 0.3 Dodge 8 Cox Bat 65.77 +06+ 54 income 11.68
+03+ 59 Stock 99.08 + 0.6 + 4.6 Domini Social Invnits InstSocEq 23.97
+0.6- 0.9 SocEq b 41.38 +0.7- 1.2 Dresdner RCM BiotechN b 41.61 + 4.2
+1073 EuropeN In 16.78 +2.0+ 4.2 GiblTechN b 81.88 +3.0+38.5 Globl b
24.96 82.11 +3.0+38.7 IntlGrEq 18.85 +0.6-15.6 Dreyfus ABdPlus 13.67

+0.2+ 5.8 AggGrow d 15.80 +1.3+10.0 AggValue d 28.81 +22+201 Apprecia
47.54 +03+ 49 Bat 16.42 +0.6+ 5.2 BasSP500 31.75 +1.0+ 4.0 BwtcGNMA
14.56 +0.2+ 5.7 BaaicInt 13.04 +0.2+ 7.1 BasiclMu 13.11 +0.2+ 9.3
BondIdxIn b 9.61 +0.4+ 5.7 CAIntMu 13.72 +0.2+ 6.8 CATaxEBd d 14.46
+0.2+10.0 CTIntMu d 13.56 +0.1 + 4.7 DiscintRt 11.85 +0.3+
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5.0 D8SmcpS b 19.63 +0.1 + 2.7 DiscStkR b 45.86 + 1.1 + 7.3 Dreyfus
13.43 +0.9+ 2.5 EmgLead d 40.61 +1.0 +10.6 EmgMkts d 14.31 +0.1 - 7.7
FUntMu d 13.05 +0.1 + 4.8 GNMA b 14.03 +0.2+ 5.2 GlobGrow 39.63 +0.7 -
7.1 GrowInc 20.04 +0.8+ 4.3 GrowOpp 11.58 +1.0+ 0.1 Income R 13.49
+0.4+ 4.1 InsMuBd b 17.49 +0.2+ 8.4 IntMuBd 13.37 +0.1 + 5.4 IntTmInc
12.60 +0.3+ 7.7 IntlGrow m 17.42 +0.3- 8.9 IntlStklx d 15.33 - 0.1 -
8.4

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret

IntlVal d 21 -0.7 - 4.8 LifeGr R 8.29 +0.7+ 2.4 LifeGrIlv 18. 08
+05+ 3.1

LifeGdR 17.32 +0.5 + 3.3 LrgCoVal d 22.43 +0.9+ 4.7 MAIntmu 13.36
+0.1 + 5.7 MATaxEBd d 16.03 +0.2+ 7.5 MidCapWx d 26.8B + 1.4+22.5
MidCapVW d 28.11 +0.7 +31.0 MuniBd 11.68 +0.2 + 7.9 NJIntMuBd d 13.52
+0.1 + 4.6 NiMuniBd m 12.59 +0.2 + 7.3 NYTaxEBd d 14.63 +0.2 + 7.2
NYTxEInt rn 17.90 +0.1 + 6.2 Newlead d 57.98 +1.8+20.1 PAIntMuBd d
13.14+0.1 + 7.1 SP500lcix d 44.51 +1.0+ 3.7 ShintGov 10.47 +0.2+ 5.1
ShInlTxE m 12.87 + 3.1 ShTmHiYld 9.47 - 0.2- 0.2 ShTmInc 11.72 +0.1 +
5.0 SmCapIdx d 15.84 +1.0+13.2 SmCoVal d 25.14 + 03 +12.0 TaxSmtGr m
17.68 +0.3 + 5.5 USTrsInt 11.94 +0.4 + 7.1 USTrsLgT 14.8-4 +0.8+10.0
USTrsShT 14.28 +0.2+ 4.8 Dreyfus Founden BalF b 11.14 +1.5+ 7.1 DiscvB
rn 48.09 +1.6 +17.6 DiscvF b 48.30 +1.6+ 8.2 GdrvcF b 7.74 +1.6 + 1.7
GrowthF b 24.86 +2.0+ 4.1 IntleqF b 18.87 +0.4- 5.0 MidCapGrF b 9.55
+1.3+10.0 PassportA f 21.16 +1.0 - 7.7 PmportB m 21A +1.0- 8.0
Passportl b 21.15 +1.0 - 7.8 WorldGrol b 24 41 +0.9- 3.0 Dreyfus
General CAMuBd rn 12.87 +0.2+10.3 MuniBd m 13.50 +0.2+ 7.5 NYMuBd rn
19.26 +0.2 + 7.8 Dreyfus Premier AggGrowA f 12.99 + 12 + 9.3 Bal A rn
15.57 +0.7 + 1.9 Bal 8 rn 15.54 +0.7 + 1.3 Bal R 15.57 +0.6+ 2.0 CAMuni
f 11 98 +0.3 + 9.7 CeBonda f 14.39 +0.2 + 5.4 CoreValA rn 31.86 +1.0+
61 CoreValls b 31.85 + 1.1 + 6.3 GNMA A f 14.38 +0.3 + 4.9 GrovAncB m
22.23 +0.8+ 3.5 HiYieldA rn 9.57 -0.3 - 8.3 IntlGr A 1 19.36 +0.3- 6.8
LrgCoStkA rn 27.73 + 1.1 + 7.3 LrgCoStkB m 27.30 + 1.1 + 6.8 LrgCoStkC
m 27.31 + 1 1 + 6.8 LrgCoStkR 27.79 + 1.1 + 7.5 LtdHiInca m 9.78 0.1
LtdHiIncB rn 9.78 0.4 LtdHiIncC rn 9.78 0.5 Ltdinc R 10.61 +0.3+ 5S
LtdMAMuR 12.09 +0.1 + 5.8 LtdMuniR 12.12 +0.1 + 5.9 Mgdinc A m 10.01
+0.3+ 4.4 MidcpStkA m 21.21 +1.4 +17.6 MidcpStkB m 20.78 + 1A +17.0
MidcpStkR 21.36 +1.4+17.8 MuniBd A f 13.06 +0.2 + 5.8 MunIBd B m 13.06
+0.2+ 5.5 MuNCT A f 11.56 +0.2+ 7.3 MuniCT B rn 11.55 +0.2+ 6.9 MuniFL
A f 13.32 +0.2 + 7.1 MuniMA A f 11.03 +0.2 + 7.7 MuniMD A f 12.02 +0.2+
6.2 MuniMD B m 12.02 +0.2+ 5.8 MuniMl A f 14.75 +0.1 + 7.0 MuniMN A f
14.52 +0.2+ 7.0 MuniNC A f 13.17 +0.2+ 7.5 MuniOH A f 12.18 +0.1 + 6.8
MuniOH B m 12.19 +0.2+ 6.5 MuniPA A f 15.48 +0.1 + 8.1 MuNPA 8 m 15.47
+0.2+ 7.8 MuniTX A f 19+94 +0.2+ 7.6 MuNVA A f 16+34 +0.2+ 71 NYMuni A
f 14.34 +0.2+ 7.9 NYMuni B rn 14.34 +0.2+ 7.6 NexTechA 16.11 +2.4 NA
NexTechB 16.09 +2.4 NA NexTechC 16.09 +2.4 NA SmCoStkR 21.78 +1.3 +
16.2 TaxMgdGrA m 19.30 +0.4 + 6.2 TuMgdGrB m 1892 +0.4 + 5.6 TaxMgclGrC
m 18.91 +0.4+ 5.6 TechGrA f 67.51 +2.9 +26.8 TechGrB 66.81 +2.9+26.1
TechGrC 66.75 +2.9+26.1 TechGrR 67.69 +2.9+27.0 ThrdCenR 15.55 +1.2+
6.9 ThrdCenZ 15.55 +1.2+ 6.9 Value A f 21.77 +0.9+ 4.8 WldwdeGrA f
39.96 +0.3+ 4.7 NdwdeGrB m 3B.55 +0.3+ 4.2 MdwdeGrC m 3822 +0.3+ 4.2
Driehaus EuroOppor d 32.13 +0.9 +19.0 IntlDisc d 30.22 +0.7+ 7.0 IntlGr
d 18.55 +0.7 - 1 2.2 DunHInGrl 17.80 + 1.1 - 5.2 Dupree +0.2+ 4.7 5.14

+ 3.1 TNTxFIm 10.53 +0.2+ 5.6 ETRADE ECommIdx d 16.77 +2.1 + 8.6
SP500Idx x 12.22 + 1.0+ 3.9 Techindex d 16.15 +2.0+13.7 EliRityls 9.70
-0.5+19.4 Eaton Vance A Balanred pf 8.15 NA + 5.3 CapExch 619.34
+1.3+10.5 FLLtdMu m 9.85

DayC14/ 370

+0.1 + 5.8 GovObl rn 9.64 + 4.6 Gdnc prn 14.22 NA + 5.7 GroMh rn
10.36 +1.2+ 0.9 GtrChim rn 14.19 + 0.1 HiYldMu rn 9.93 +0.1 + 3.6 InBos
m 8.00 +0.3+ 2.9 InfoAge m 21.94 +0.9- 25 MALtdMu m 9.85 + 5.6 MuniBd m
9.10 +0.3+10.1 MuniBdl 9.93 +0.3 +10.1 NJLtdMat m NA NA NA NYLtdMat m
NA NA NA NatlMuni m 10.35 +0.1 + 8.1 PALtdMu m 10.04 +0.1 + 5.7

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

SpecEq rn 9.63 + 1.0 +1.2 TaxMgdEGr rn 18.55 + 1.1 + 1 313 TaxMgdGr
f

2509 + 1.3 +IU TaxMgdGr rn 13 30 + 0.5 - 4.1 UN rn 11.52 +1.6+ 5.4
WINHeal rn 37.00 +2.0+84.7 Eaton Vance B - ALMunts rn 10.35 +0.2+ 1.6
ARMunis rn 10.21 +0.1 + 6.0 AZMunis rn 10.68 +0.2+ 8d Balanced prn
13.86 NA + 4.8 CAMunis rn 9.64 +0.3+ U CTMunis rn 10.22 +0.2+ 7.q
FLMunis rn 10.40 +0.2+ 7.3 GAMunis rn 9.63 +0.2+ 8.2 GovtObl rn 8.30
+2.1 GtrChina rn 12.71 +0.1 - 0.2 Hincme rn 6.85 + 0.3 - DA HiYldMu rn
9.89 + 3.1 InfoAge b 22.38 +0.9- 2.9 KYMunis rn 9.87 +0.2+ 4.5 MAMunis
rn 10AB +0.1 + 7.5. MDMunis rn 10.00 +0.2+ 6.6 MIMunis rn 10.27 +0.3+
8.6 MNMunis rn 9.87 +0.1 MOMunis rn 10.55 +0.1 +6.9 NCMunis rn 9.97
+0+1 + 7A NJMunis rn 10.32 +0.3+ 7.7 NYMunis rn 10.88 +0.2 +2.1
NaflMuni pro 9.66 NA + 7.6 OHMunis rn 10.20 +0.2+ 64. ORMunis rn 10.25
+0.2 +7.7 PAMunis rn 9.93 +0.1 + 5.8 RIMunis rn 9.47 +0.1 + 8.7 SCMunia
rn 9.76 +0.2+ 6.5 StratInc rnp 8.40 + 2.6. TNMunis rn 10.32 +0.2+ TO
TaxMgErnGr m 1815 + 1.1 +1.2 TaxMgdGr rn 24.35 + 1.3 + 9.7 TaxMgdGr rn
13.11 + 0.5 - 4.6. Util rn 13.63 +1.6+0 VAMunis rn 10.20 +0.2+ 7.0
WldwHeal m 27.33 +2.0+819 Eaton Vance C InfoAge rn 21.60 +0.8- 3.0
NatlMuni rn 9.21 +0.1 + 7.3 Stratine mp 10.60+ 2.5 TaxMgdG rn 23.38 +
1.3 + 9.7 TxMgdEGr rn 1808 + 1.2 +12.8 TxMgdIntG m 13.08 +0.5-4.6
OdwHeal rn 23.05 + 1.9 +114 0 EstVSTTrl 73.14 + 3.6 Eclipse Bal W 19
+1.0+ 4+9 MidCapVal 16.83 +1.4+ 4.8 SmCapVal 11.94 +1.2+ 1.6 18.38
FixInc 9.72 +0.3+ 5.4 IntlEq 15.74 -0.3- 6.1 EliteGrin 27.23 + 0.9 +1.2
EmHoPAQRa rn 15.17 + 0.7 Empire Bulkier TaxFBld 17.14 + 0+ 1 + 63
TaxFPr 17.14 +0 +1 Endowments Bond 16.01 + 0.3 GrowthInc 12.12 +0.1 +
4.0 N Enterprise A CapApr rn 40.86 +1.0+ 11.4 EqInc rn 26.40 +0.5 -0.3
GovtSec rn 11.75 + 0.3 + 5L Grow rn 22.06 + 0.2 GroWnc rn 44.23 +1.2
+1.4 HiYldBd rn 10.55 +0.2+ 2.0 Internet rn 31.82 + 2.9 + 0.0 IntlGro
rn 20.78 + 0.4 -2.9 Managed rn 8.36 + 0.8 + VS MultiCp rn 13.46 + 1.6
SmCoGr rn 36.33 +2.2+9.1 SmCoVal rn 9.28 +1.0+10.7 Enterprise 9 CapApr
rn 38.88 + 1.0 Eqinc rn 26.00 +0.5 -6.7 GovtSec rn 11.74 +0.2+ 6.1 Grow
rn 21.33 +0.2- 7.4 GrowInc rn 43.67 +1.2+14.3 HiYldBd rn 10.54 +0.1 +
1.5 Internet rn 31.67 +3.0+ 0.3 Managed rn 8.23 +0.7 + 1.2 MultiCp rn
13.38 +1.7- 2.3 SmCoG m 35.54 +2.2+9.7 SmCoV4rn 8.96 + 0.9 +IR3
Enterprise C Grow rn 21.61 +0.2- 7.4 Internet rn 31.64 +3.0+ 0.2
MultiCp rn 13.37 +1.6- 2.4 SmCoVal rn 9.16 +1.0+10.3 Enterprise Grow
22.61 +0.2- 6.8 Managed 8.37 +0.8+ 1.7 EquiTrust Series BlChip rn 49.29
+ 0.5 Managed m 10.60 +0.6+1 ValGrow rn 8.91 +0.7 + Eureka Eq Tr x
12.15 +1.0+ 2.6 GloAst Tr 12.73 +0.5+ InvGrBdTr x 9.49 +0.3 + 61 EAISOI
12.03 +1.0+ 8.1 Evergreen EqIdxA xrn 57.12 +1.0+ 3.7 Evergreen A
AggGrow rn 38.83 +1.3+26.1 Bal rn 11.13 +0.7+ 5.1 BlChip rn 36.94 +1.0+
2.4 CapGro f 27.94 +0.8 +10r.1 DiwBd rn 14.41 +0.3+ 4.1 EqInc rn 21.98
+0.5+ 2.1 Evergr rn 17.67 + 1.1 + 0.4 FLHilm rn 10.24 + 4.2 FLMuni rn
9.24 + 5.2 Found rn 20.76 +0.9+ 3.0 GloLead M 19.70 + 0.8 - -Z.0 GloOpp
rn 31.94 + 1.2 + IA GrowInc rn 32.76 + 1.0 + 14 Growth f 26.01 + 17 +30
HiGrMuni rn 10.44 +0.1 + 74 HiYldBd rn 3.65 + 0.3 IntTrmBd m 8.40 + 0.3

+ 50 IntlGr m 9.18 +0.1 - 51.1 LrgCoGrA m 13.52 +0.7 +11.6 Masters to
13.87 +1.2 MuniBd m 6.98 +0.2+

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61 Omega m 40.37 + 1.1 +M.3.

Continued on Next Page

MUTUAL FUNDS EXPLAINED

Mutual fund groups are shown in bold type. Funds in each group are
indent-

ed under the group name, funds not in groups are not indented. The
table lists only Nasdaq funds with assets of at least \$30 million. All
return figures are for the period ended yesterday.

NAV: Net asset value of the shares, as reported by the fund through
Nasdaq. Shares are sold to the public at NAV, plus any sales charge,
and are redeemed at NAV, less any redemption charges.

Daily % Ret: One-day total return, including reinvested dividends,
if any. YTD % Ret: Total return, year to date (since Dec. 31).

Calculations of total return assume reinvestment of all
distributions. Figures

do not include sales charges, redemption charges or
taxes. In cases where net asset value was not a variable for the
week's final

trading day, long-term returns are throughout the prior day. For
bond funds that declare daily dividends, estimates are made by
Morningstar Inc.

Footnotes:

b Fee covering marketing costs is paid from fund assets. d Deferred
sales charge, or a redemption fee. f Front load (sales charge).

m Multiple fees are charged, usually a marketing fee and either a
sales or a redemption fee. NA Not available. p Previous day's net asset
value. s Fund split its shares yesterday. x Fund paid a distribution
yesterday.

**NASDAQ NATIONAL MARKET CONSOLIDATED TRADING/THURSDAY, AUGUST 31,
2000**

Continued From Preceding Page

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

15 B8 6.00 Totaffel dd 2 8.88 8.88 8.88+0.13 43,50 7.25 TowersS dd
1051
29.69 29.13 29.38+0.19 5.13 0.59 TownSrv dd 324 0.97 0.75-0.19 t0.38
2.06 Toymax dd 1 3.00 3.00 3.00-0.06 12.25 0.94 TrackDt a dd 33676 2.09
1.75 1.91+0.19 23.00 12.00 Sup 6 37 13.00 12.63 13.00-0.06 3.88 0.69
TdBrdge dd 44 2.13 2.09 2.13+0.03 T3.13 9.00 TmWrnt 6 542 9.81 9.44
9.69 8.50 3.03 TranIn 50 10 3.50 3.50 3.50 11.50 5.25 TransAct dd 64
7.59 7.50 7.56 48.13 11.38 TmSyA 44 1053 19.13 18.25 18.38-0.50 39.94
7.13 Tmsgen dd 39 17.88 16.19 17.75+0.63 30.02 15.75 Trnsgnmc 16.13
21.88 20.00 21.00+0.19 97.00 22.50 Tmskry dd 39119 46.00 38.06
43.38+5.88 17.19 4.75 TmspArn 14 219 8.25 7.50 7.50-0.63 67.25 12.38
TmSWic a CC 18029 60.88 58.88 60.19+0.13 5.88 3.69 TmzRajl .24e 51 5 34
4.88 4.75 415-0.13 51.88 1038 Twlcity n 291 14.13 13.75 13.75-0.31
13.63 3.50.T-Bt 4 41 3.69 2.69 3.69+0.06 7.44 2.09 Treev dd 4180 6.88
6.72 6.75-0.06 14.75 0.97 TregaBio dd 3122 4.00 3.69 3.72+0.03 32.25
7.13 TrendMc a 315 16+00 15.38 15.75+0.06 28.13 15.94 TmdwRs 9 57 1950
18.94 19.13+0.09 91.25 6.50 TnZetto n dd 1394 10.31 1000 10.25-0.13
28.25 14.88 TnadGty 11 85 25.411 24.56 24.56+0.13 28.25 9.25AtriadH dd
9171 28.94 27.75 28.98+1.13 27.25 4.88 TnglePh dd 2332 9.06 8.75
9.00+0.13 20.63 14.75 TiCoBcsh .80 4.7 10 66 17.00 16.69 16.94+0.44
14.94 5.06 TricoMr dd 1995 14.69 13.88 14.50+0.06 16.44 6.88 TrldMk 3
6198 12.06 10.56 11.69+1.00 2B.56 10.25 Tch n 4547 24.00 21.81 23.06-

0.63 63.25 9.00 Tdmbly 29 2606 42.25 40.00 41.56+1.06 7.38 1.56 Trimed
 dd 207 2.50 2.25 2.31 7563 15.19 Tnmeris dd 720 70.50 67.00 69.00+0.75
 75.50 6.00 Trintech a
 DayC14/ 372
 dd 3815 27.44 26.50 27.00+11.25 14 13 3.50 TnPathl dd 3666 8.56 7.75
 8.25+0.25 13.60 8.63 TripathT 28.97 12.63 11.63 12.00+0.75 33.00 7.00
 TnpIeS 24 2.57 32.06 31.13 32.00+0.88 3900 6.00 Tripos dd 1.44 23.13
 22.38 22.88+0.38 67.75 12.13 TdGuint a cc 33766 55.50 52.56 55.31+3.81
 40.75 19.75 TnWtel n 741 26.69 25.38 26.13+0.41 47.75 14.19 TntonNt n
 2369 19.13 17.75 18.81+0.25 12.00 31.00 TrftnPCS n 1237 66.88 52.00
 55.38+3.31 24.50 10.13 TropSprt 12 64 18.50 17.91 18.06+0.06 11.50 8.69
 TroyFncl .28 f 2.4 15 140 11.50 11.13 11.50+0.06 4300 6.38 TroyGrip 13
 1196 8.94 8.00 8.69+0.63 16.00 250 TrueTrn n 327 4M 4.00 4.13 2313
 14.50 TrustNi .56 3.4 11 60 16.88 16.50 16.50-0.13 1544 10.25 TrstNY a
 .60 b 4.7 18 267 13.00 12.63 12.88+0.13 23.50 15.25 Trustmk .50 2.7 13
 770 M56 17.88 18.50+0+50 2675 7.98 TuesMrn 389 11.25 11.00 11.00-0.31
 00 Tufco 1640 9.94 9.63 9.63-0.13 17.00 Tularik n dd 7265 33.60 31.56
 33.38+11.88 f36 50 15.88 TumblwdC dd 11955 64.00 61.63 62.63-1.00 1025
 2.28 TurboCf dd 344 3.75 3.44 3.75+0.25 10700 23.00 Turnstn a 7731
 61.75 58.13 58.88+0.38 16 00 9.50 TuscIn .27 1.9 10 132 14.63 14.25
 14.25-0.13 120.38 22.75 TutSys cid 6765 116.25 100.00 100.63-14.88
 44.75 15.13 Tweeter a 43 317 37.88 35.75 35.94-2.06 6625 9.31 2417 Mad
 dd 3989 15.50 14.19 14.44 -0.19 8.25 2.88 Menl-1ld 14 175 4.75 4.06
 4.75+044 1050 4.44 Twinlab dd 16935.00 4.94 4.94+0.09
 52-Week Yld Sales
 High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg
 U
 30.75 17.38 UCBH Hd .20 0.7 13 457 30.38 29.88 30.25+0.44 4.25 2.00
 UFP
 Tch 7 27 2.31 2.25 2.31+0.31 40.13 30.38 UMB Fn .90b 2.2 12209 36.19
 35.31 36.06 20.13 12.13 UNB Cp n .48 3.8 10 108 12.94 12.69 12.75+0.06
 8.94 5.88 US Cncrt 9 63 7.19 6.75 7.13+0.25 18.13 3.75 US Frch dd 254
 4.44 4.38 4.38- 0.06 92.00 7.8114S Intract cid 6349 8.38 7.38 7.81-0.81
 48.00 9.31 US LEC 1055 10.56 9.91 10.50 11.25 3.03 US Oncol 6 13659
 5.63 5.13 5.59+0 13.88 7.25 USPhys 16 42 12.94 12.88 12.88+0.13 16.50
 3.00 US Plstc 24 2113 3.75 3.48 3.53 16 13.25 1.44 US Srch dd 606 1.75
 1.63 1.72+0.03 13.38 9.50 US Timb 2.00 19.5 224 10.38 10.00 10.25 17.94
 9.91 US Uwrđ n 1931 15.06 14.50 14.94- 0.13 5.00 1.50 US Visn dd 25
 3.38 3.25 3.38+0.13 62.60 3.13 US WIGCP dd 2719 14.06 12.88 13.00-1.06
 11.25 5.13 US Xprn 14 22 7.75 7.75 7.75 - 022 6.47 1.63 USA Det cc 86
 3.53 3.41 3.53-0.03 29.13 16.88 USA Ntw a dd 16643 25.50 24+00 24.06-
 0.44 9.50 4.88 USA Trk 13 177 7.06 6.25 6.50-0.50 19.50 2.75 USABcSh dd
 545 3.50 3.19 150+0.19 8.75 2.38 USANA HIT 10 41 3.34 3.31 3.34+0.13
 20.00 3.13 USData dd 72 5.38 5+13 5.31+0.06 51.94 23.75 USFreight .37
 1.2 8 1366 31.94 29.81 31.19+1.19 15.50 3.75 USOL HIđ dd 258 9.89 9.50
 9.53+0.28 5.00 0.84 USOL M 294 2.69 2.56 2.56 93.50 16.75 UTShcm n 9009
 24.00 21.60 23.88+2.25 11.75 1.53 Ubics 56 174 2.81 2.63 2.81+0.06
 12.06 7.00 UbiquiTI n 1786 11.38 11.13 11.38 9.63 6.50 UgIyDuck 6 43 6N
 6.88 6.94-0.06 62.00 14.38- Ulticorn n 722 63.00 58.00 59.25+0.94 36.88
 13.81 UREIct 37 1503 35.38 32.75 35.06+0.94 15.50 6.25 UftimSoft 66 348
 9.94 9.56 9.88 14.50 4.50 Ultrak cc 228 7.88 7.25 7.50 + 0.66 16.31
 3.50 Ultralife dd 63 12.56 12.31 12.31-0.06 19.56 11.00 UltraStp dd
 1571 18.25 17.75 18.00+0.06 11.00 5.50 Umpqua n 16 2.0 12 19 7.81 7.75
 7.81-0.06 9.13 1.00 UniCmp 23 120 1.38 1.25 1.38+0.13 9.25 4.50 UnicoA
 .15 m 2.2 15 28 6.94 6.75 6.88+0.13 1138 5.13 Unifab dd 273 11.31 11.13
 11.13-0.13 200 0.50 Unimark dd 106 138 1.25 1.31+0.13 8.88 3.03 UnionA
 5 134 6.56 6.38 650 12+50 8.88 UnionCo .58 f 4.7 14 20 12.44 12.31

12.44+0.19 12.50 5.06 UnionFnc n .40 5.3 10 7.50 7.50 7.50 1813 9.50
UnionBc

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.24 2.3 9 5 10.44 10.44 10.44+0.06 3650 4.38 UniryITc s 8 536 17.38
16.75 16.88+0.06 2625 16.38 UBWV .84 4.2 12 248 20.06 19.88 19.88-0.19
11.13 5.50 UtdCmnty .30 a 4.8 37 198 6.47 6.31 6.31-0.16 24+00 15.50
UFireC .72 3.9 11 140 18.88 18.63 18.63-0.25 7.38 3.50 UtdInvR .86 15.6
dd 339 5.50 5.47 5.50 23.00 15.75 UNBNJ .80 b 4.6 11 42 17.50 17.19
17.50+0.31 1669 7.00 UntdNat dd 881 15.25 14.50 15.13+0.38 79.50 16.75
UtdPnEu a 4135 24.50 23.25 24.00+1.38 2.56 0.66 UtcIPNa dd 325 1.16
0.88 1.13-0.13 14.00 4.75 UtRetail 9 234 6.63 6.13 6.13 - 0.50 14.50
9.13 USecBcp 1.29 t 9 280 9.81 9.69 9.81+0.13 4.56 1.75 US Enr 2 143
2.25 2.03 2.25 + 0. 13 38.25 19.25 UStatn .10 0.3 13 616 33.44 32.13
32.421-0.31 144.94 103.06 UnTele .50 0.3 29 35 144.50 143.00 144.00+025
132.00 26.25 UtdThrp cid 3054 86.50 81.50 86.36+41.55 114.63 31.31
UtclGlbl a 23626 40.63 37.75 38.31-0.94 39.81 27.19 Unitrin 1.50 4.9 13
1352 30.44 29.63 30.44+044 9.25 3.25 UnityBcp dd 19 4.31 4.06 4.25 0.06
63.00 12.00 UnvAcc n 3040 17.13 14.25 15.81-0.44

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E100s High Low Last Chg

5.00 3.13 UnvAmr 8 121 4.13 4.00 4.06+0.06 11.38 2.69 UnivBrd n 1705
3.72 2.81 3.31+0.50 32.31 9.63 UnvElc a 37 844 24.13 21.94
23.70+0.70 17.25 9.94 UnivFor .08 0+6 8 154 12.56 12.06 12.56+0.44 7.75
3.25 UnvStain 11 371 7.00 6.94 7.00 35.00 4.88 Uproar n 6146.81 6.31
6.50+0.25 3106 8.25 UrbnOut 9 1398 8.69 8.56 8.56 8.31 2.75 UroCor 60
447 6.75 6.63 6.63 11.25 2.75 Urologix dd 318 8.75 8.38 8.50 24.06 2.75
Ursustel dd 296 4.75 4.06 4.50+0.56 8.13 3.25 USBPa a .36 8.2 5 282
4.44 4.41 4.41 71.63 6.38 USintnw a dd 14475 10.50 10.13 10.31 8.19
6.13 UtahMed 9 89 7.91 7.81 7.91+0.03 8.44 2.44 Ublx 29 72 6.06 6.03
6.03-0.09

V

40.00 8.38 V3 Sernien dd 168 15.50 14.81 15.44+0.25 320.00 26.50 VA
Lnx n cid 31166 55.25 51.75 S5.00+3.119 15.00 3.13 VDI MltMd 7 968 4.19
3.75 4.13 12.00 4.00 VI Tech dd 388 7.38 6.88 7.00 9.25 5.75 VIB Cp .42
t 10 21 6.06 6.00 6.06 7.69 4.69 VAB Bnc n .24 4.0 10 116 6.00 5.94
6.00 10.38 5.50 VSE Cp .16 2.8 5 1 5.75 5.75 5.75-0.50 10.88 8.75
VajlBks .16 1.7 71 9.63 9.63 9.63 40.38 4.13 ValTech dd 1812 17.00 5.94
16.94+0.81 20.13 3.38 Valentis dd 4749 10.569.75 10.31+0.38 16.88 8.88
VallCerl n 15 13.88 2.94 13.81+1.06 15.38 1.88 VllyMed dd 196 2.88 2.75
2.75 21.69 13.13 Valmnt .26 1.4 16 292 19.00 18.50 18.94-0.13 40.25
32.63 ValueLine 1.00 2.8 11 116 35.88 35.38 35.88+0.31 62.00 13.94
ValVis A 47 3472 29.81 26.16 29.31+2.91 24.00 ValCtick n 1268 12.00
11.13 11.50-0.50 17.63 9.94 Vans 18 331 15.63 15.00 15.63+0.44 15.00
1+00 VntgMed n dd 478 2.00 1.81 1.94+0.25 4.00 0.69 Vari-Lite dd 875
1.31 1.00 1.25+0.44 30.25 18.19 Variagen n 3300 29.38 27.63 28.25+0.25
66.13 14.69 Varian 42 3583 53.00 48.00 48.75-3.06 7325 18.88 VarianS 28
4966 58.63 55.00 57.13+0.50 7.25 4 Variflex 80 14 6.44 6.38 6.44 13.13
0.66 VarsGrp n dd780 1.09 1.00 1.06 20.63 9.63 VascDta n 614 11.25 9.63
10.94+1.25 20.38 13.50 VascSol n 374 18.75 17.75 18.38-0.13 28.25 10.25
VaxGen dd929 25.06 22.94 24.75+1 122.25 24.44 Vaecoinst cid 4749 90.63
86.25 89.63+3 69.50 10.31 Ventana dd 1566 28.44 27.25 27.94-0 15.00
5.25 Ventiv n dd 137 13.50 13.13 13.38+006 243.50 10.50 VentroClr n 16
32 3 14.13 14.25-1 .25 21.00 2.50 VentrGat dd 308 3.50 3.00 3.44+0.06
15.00 2.69 Verarnark dd 69 3.44 3.19 3.25+0.13 4.00 0.31 Verdant dd 45
0.69 0.66 0.66 22.00 1.81 Verilink 842 8.13 7.69 7.94-0.31 84.94 23.00
Verio dd 1236 60.00 59.38 59.94 25B.50 47.75 Verisign a dd 35956 199.63
195.00 198.88 +5.13 174.00 24.98 Veritas a dd

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37491 122.06 114.19 120.56+7.25 70.0022.63 Verity a 48 4083 46.80
44.88 45.75+1.25 20.00 2.13 Versant cc 2274 5.84 4.66 5.06+0.38 IN.94
12.00 Versala n 7025 25.13 20.63 24.94+41.06 79.13 10.44 VersaTei 715
29 .56 26.88 28.66+2.06 12.13 8.50 Versi n 512 11.88 11.64 11. 51.94
1.06 Vertell dd 13M 14.44 12.38 12.98-63 14.00 5.50 VertxInt n 1072
12.17 11.94 12.06+0.13 54.44 11.75AVertKlh a dd 10212 86.50 81.52
95.00+5.50 14.38 16.00 VrtNet a dd 26010 57.75 52.88 63.25-2.9 6.44
2.50 Vestcom cc20 3.06 3.00 3.00+0.06

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

14.75 9.00 VetCtAm 12 1157 14.56 14.38 14.50 72.50 10.00 WaNet .97
13.88

12.75 12.94-1.19 105.00 14.25 ViaSat 69 2942 64.25 58.38 69.88-0.88
64.81 7.13 Viador n dd 2292 10.38 9.13 9.25-0.63 43.75 3.63 VlaLink 9
dd 4336 10.00 9.06 9.50+1.19 63.63 13.31 Viant a 4025172 14.88 13.69
13.88-0.63 8.69 4.25 Viasoft dd 109 8.41 8.34 8.38 9.25 7.88 Viasrce n
6097 9.75 9.19 9.50+0.38 75.38 10.94 Viatel dd 19890 14.63 12.19
13.69+11.50 73.60 13.00 Vical dd 3683 24.98 23.00 24.60+1.06 76.25 9.50
Vicinity. n dd 1950 11.63 10.63 11.13+0.44 4575 1750 Vicor 72 2169 44.00
42.63 43.63+0.88 2225 15.13 Vicorp 7 1280 17.19 17.00 17.13+0.13 11.50
3.28 VidDsp 44 21 6.56 6.50 6.56+0.13 100.63 11.13 Vignette 9 dd 70583
38.63 34.63 38.13 +4.13 15.75 1.28 Visage dd 263 3.31 3.19 3.19-0.19
15.75 12.38 VilSpM 5 73 12.44 12.13 12.44+0.06 18.25 12.25 VinaTch n
2710 19.00 17.50 18.50+0.50 30.63 4.47 VionPh n dd 10374 19.19 17.D6
17.81-0.19 30.63 10.00 Virage. n 4305 13.88 12.50 13.66+1.06 20.75
10.00 Log n 278 19.00 18.75 18.81-0.31 111.00 11.75 VirataCp s dd 8647
6938 65.25 68.75+1.69 4.69 1.13 VirbacCp 52 1693 3.97 3.50 3.63-0.19
8.00 2.19 VrgnExp 1.69 2.88 2.50 2.50 40 22 64 369 3.56 3.69+0.19 11.63
10.60 VlrClPhrm dd 2955 32.00 25.25 28.00-3.00 26.75 5.13 ViroLogc n
823 21.13 20.00 20.38+0.56 11.50 1.14 VirtualFd 52 421 2.06 1.97
2.06+0.09 119.13 15.00 VlsGene g dd 1463 48.38 45.75 47.98+2.00 6.13
1.50 Vistainf dd 244 2.13 1.75 1.80-0.39 12.25 0.75 VisData wt 21 1.41
1.16 1.41-0.22 17.69 2.28 VisiData dd 685 3.50 3.28 3.38 87.50 5.91
VisiNet dd 7648 8.38 7.63 8.06-0.13 100.25 14.00 VISX 25 5888 27.94
27.38 27.56-0.17 30.00 14.19 VitalSgn .16 0.9 17 403 18.88 18.19
18.19+0.13 19.44 0.88 VftShp n dd 316 1.13 0.94 1.00-0.03 12.50 3.75
VitchArn 21 7669 4.50 3.84 4.50+0.44 115.69 32.25 Vitesse a cc 3232B
90.19 87.19 88.81+1.69 Vitria a dd 28140 47.31 43.75 47.00+2.13 11.25
1.94 Vivus 10 3989 5.25 4.88 5.19+0.19 53.50 4.31 VixelCp n dd 1625
8.44 7.94 8.25+0.31 53.25 9.88 VocITec. 9 985 17.25 15.06 16.13+0.50
7.38 1.00 Voclavi n 17 102 3.38 3.00 3.25 175.00 40.88 VceStrm dd 22613
113+38 112.00 112.56 +0.06 29.19 16.50 Volvo .76 a 4.6 462 16.75 16.50
16.50-0.50 1325 0.66 Vox -dd 1177 3.50 3.09 3.44+0.03 15.00 6.19
Voyager dd 210 7.00 6.56 6.94+0.06 12.00 2.41 Vtel 78 2630 3.22 3.03
3.13+0 13 2.44 Vysis dd 40 9.44 9.06 938 44.63 13.25 VyyoInc n 633
34.69 32.00 34.60+1.6

W

14.88 7.50 W Holding .20 2.1 12 104 9.81 9.44 9.44-0.31 8.63 0.53
WAVO Cp dd 41.14 0.75 0.72 0.72-0.03 25.06 17.50 WD 40 1.28 6.6 14 316
20.00 19.38 19.38-0.69 23.94 12.75 WFS Fncl 7 195 15.00 14.56 14.81-
0.19 48.69 29.00 WJ Cent n IOM 59.13 46.00 58.94+10.94 7.75 3.38 WLR
Fds 38 414 4.63 4.56 4.59+0.14 106.86 46.50 WPP Gp s .3690.5 960 71.13
70. 11 70.63+3.75 15. 5 9.94 WSF .16 1.5 7 2165 10-88 10 15 10.81+0.06
15.19 10.75 WVS Fn .64 5.2 8 13 12.25 12.25 2.25 8.76 6.13 WajnBk .08
1.0 9 66 8.00 7.75 7.75-0.25 14.00 2.38 WalkInt dd 662 4.13 3.66 3.88-
0.13 29.00 6.63 WarnChl dd510 29.00 28.63

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29.00+0.25

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

10.00 6.00 WarrenBc .42 a 5.4 10 247 8.00 7.50 7.75-0.31 12.50 9.31
Warwick .27 f 2.2 17 214 12.50 12.06 12.06 9.88 7.50 WashBnk .20 2.5
13 9 7.88 7.88 7.88 24.25 14.63 WashFed 1.00 f 4.8 10 1836 21.00 20.63
20.75-0.06 19.00 13.88 WshTrst .48 3.3 16 46 14.69 14.56 14.56-0.13
9.25 3.31 22.63 23.25+0.50 1.63 8.25 Wsteind 14 810 10.81 10.44
10.50+0.06 7.13 1.00 WasteSys dd 72 1.94 1.56 1.63-0.31 125.36 12.13
WtchGrd dd 1653 50.00 48.06 49.13-0.81 11+50 8.63 WatfdW .26 e 2.4 40
11.00 11.00 11.00+0.48 34.00 3.75 Watdn .04 0.6 12 39 6.88 6.50 615+031
50.75 7.53 WaveSys dd 5720 20.75 19.88 20.63+0.75 185.13 14.75 Wavecom
11 133.75 131.00 133.75 10.25 4.47 WvRidr gn 2949 6.00 5.75 6.00+0.34
19.25 2.00 WebStr n dd 1259 2.81 2.44 2.60-0.06 87.00 14.98 WebTmd s cc
2232 40.50 37.50 37.67-1.83 70.25 8.25 WebbIntct dd 1929 9.75 8.78
9.38+0.59 41.13 17.0 DAWebEx n 8223 58.00 38.98 55.38+15.44 M81 1.97
Webhim dd 1743 5.88 5.38 5.38 27.25 4.38 Wablink n dd 1430 10.00 9.56
9.91-0.03 336.25 44.60 WebMeth n old 150 110.50 .38 107.44+10.13 52.38
12.50 Webanse n 660 19.17 17.881 1875-0.19 29.00 19.69 WbstFn .64 2.6
11 2320 24.88 24.38 24.66-011 34.00 3.88 Webvan n dd 24141 4.19 3.97
4.00-0.13 16.00 9.94 WellsFn .60 4.7 11 41 12.88 12.50 12.88-0.19 21.63
10.81 WernerEnt .10 0.7 12 745 14.00 13.50 13.50-0.19 29.25 18.88
Wesbanc .90 f 3.9 17 144 23.81 23.13 23.38-0.38 30.56 19.88 Westcast
g.4812 27.56 27.56 27.56+0.44 40.94 22.00 Westssn cc 851 37.69 37.31
37.63+0.38 17.50 8.63 WstCstB .26 b 2.6 11 254 9.88 9.69 9.88+0.19
11.69 8.75 WstEssx .40 3.6 13 54 11.25 11.00 11.25-0.44 10.50 6.09
WstMar 16 6 9.03 8.56 9.00+0.50 28.13 10.00 WstTleS 28 756 23.75 23.25
23.75 +0 13 35.31 19.94 WAmBcp .76 f 2.5 15 1003 30.50 30.13 30.31 +
0.19 9.81 3.19 Westaff .30 e 8.0 9 455 4.00 3.56 3.75 14.00 9.63
Westalm n 84 12.38 12.00 12.38+0.76 11.00 7.38 Westbank .40 5.2 8 63
8.00 7.75 7.75 40.75 6.44 Westell dd 14485 16.38 15.63 16.00+0.13 17.38
12.63 Wasterted .68 14.3 9 10 15.69 15.69 15.69 17.19 WstnOhF 1.00 6.6
16 30 15.88 15.13 15.13- 0.75 14.25 9.75 WestSrra .68t 10 149 11.38
11.25 11.38+0.13 75.27 34.81 WWmlss dd 3498 52.13 51.00 51.13+0.13 3.94
1.88 Weston 11 13 3.44 3.25 3.25-0.13 20.25 9.88 WetSeal 20 3619 14.50
13.00 14.00-0.63 27.00 21.63 Weyco. .44 1.7 10 1 26.25 26.25 25.25+1.13
9.50 2.50 Whrvrnt n 412 3.25 3.06 3.25+0.16 18.38 IM WhiteElec 55 1940
16.50 15.56 16.00-0.56 39.50 30.50 WhitneyH 1.44 4.0 12 280 35.63 35.00
35.56+0.31 56.63 30.25 WholeFd 32 3285 51.31 49.94 50.50-0.81 7.50 4.13
Wickes 9 111 5.94 5.75 5.94+0.19 28.50 8.00 WildOats s 53 2797 10.94
10.50 10.75+0.31 2.97 1.25 WilmCtr dd 412 1.56 1.47 1.56+0.06 4.88 2.38
WillmsInds 3 42 2.81 2.50 2.50-0.06 15.38 3.25 WillisLF 132 8.00 7.44
7.50-0.31 1100 8 38AWillovG .40 3.6 11 11 1106 11.00 11.06+0.06 328 1.4
Wilsons a 10 2017 20.75 20.38 20.38-0.38 6613 1550 WindRvr dd 9226
42.50 39.00 40.75+1.00 56.00 9.13 Winfield 1 1395 13.50 11.75 12.38-
0.56 75.00 11.63 WInkCm did 4491 17 66.50 24.00 Winstar a dd 24770
28131 2621 18.19 13.38 Wintrust .10 0.6 13 163 17.50 17.31 17.31+0.06
18.00 2.63 WireOne s dd 856 8.22 7.75 7.75-0.25 163.50 30.63 WdssFc n
cc 12312 90.75 72.00 75.00-3.31

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

7.00 0.78 WdssXcs dd 23 1.00 0.94 1.50 16.13 1012 WiscCT 12 1712
13.50
12.88 13.38+0.38 24.75 6.13 WitSd- n dd 1863 10.00 9.13 9.25+0.09
44.94 4.75
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WitnSys n dd 447 20.19 19.50 19.88 - 13.88 8.50 Wolohn .28 2.6 14
222 10.94 10.50 10.94+0.41 10.13 0.63 WmnFrst dd 62 0.97 0.88 0.88-0.06
23.38 1.75 Women.cm dd 1852 3.31 3.13 3.31 + 0.19 24.00 8.31 Woodhd .36

1.8 18 963 19.88 19.63 19.75+0.06 37.50 21.75-Wdwrdo .93 2.3 13 877
40.96 36.88 39.63+226 32.00 5.38 Workflw 4 572 6.25 5.75 5.88 - 0.29
4.25 0.53 Workgrp dd 493 0.66 0.66 0.66-0.06 6.13 4.13 WldAccep 7 266
5.34 5.1 27.50 8.00 WddAcc dd 6446 9.31 8.88 9.06+0.06 16.88 8.00
WddHrt 72 10.50 10.44 10.44-OM 34.00 9.75 WWFEnt n 2787 21.50 20.69
21.38 61.38 32.56 WrldCom s 22 161737 37.19 36.19 36.50+0.13 50.00
13.00 WddOM n dd 3130 20.60 18.50 19.76+11.113 38.m 4. 13 WrldQst n dd
201 5.00 4.75 4.81-0.26

XYZ

50M 1 1.63 XM Sat n 7759 43.50 41.44 42.75+1.00 16.00 1.75 XOMA dd
14.38 11.50 12.13 + 0.2 13.50 5.75 TAite .10 1.0 14 223 9 14.41 + 42.00
3.00 Xcarent n dd 918 550 0.48+00 5.94 Xceed dd 25.74 7.86 .94 7.63
+01.00 6.88 1.13 XoTelCp 24 6284 7.38 6.00 7.13 23.25 14.38 Xeikon 97
1021 17.38 16.44 17.38+0.69 10.63 1.00 Xenova n 2.73 2.00 1.84
1.88+34.00 6.98 XetaTch a 28 2642 17.00 13.63 16.81+ 26.25 4.50 kmr dd
5309 12.25 1175 11.94+U6 9B.31 30.50 Xilinx a cc 3756 75.94 27.00
Xircom 26 9.17 34.75 9.38 Xpedior n 3.30 11.06 10.75 10.75-0.25.29.97
0.97 Xybrnaut dd 4055 8.19 7.66 7.75 250.13 69.63 Yahoo a cc 53722
124.00 120.75 121.50 12.88 8.50 YardvNB .40 3.4 8 43 11.88 11.56 11.75
22.13 13.81 YellowCp 6 3111 15.50 15.13 15.25-0.19 19.00 13.88 YonkmF
.36 2.2 11 12 16.25 16.25 16.25 15.50 10.25 YorkFn .52 b 3.5 16 201 15-
25 14.94 15.00+6.1 7.00 2.94 YorkGrp .04 7 27 4.00 4.00 5.13 0.84
YorkRs dd 1184 1.31 1.09 1.09-0.U9 10.25 1.69 Youbet dd 1010 2.06 1.84
1.94- 0.13 66.25 17.38 YoungBd dd 454 35.36 33.00 36.36+2.36 32.00 3.19
YouthStrm dd 2439 4.56 4.25 4.56+0.06 50.00 7.25 Z-TelTch n dd 1486
8.50 7.50 8.13-0.31 22.06 1.50 ZambaCp dd 1583 6.13 5.94 6.00-0.13
14.88 2.27 ZnyBrny 6 3134 2.34 2.22 2.25-0.03 13.75 1.81 ZapMeCp dd
1898 2.56 2+19 2.44-0.13 71.00 38.50 Zebra 23 2745 54.63 51.25
54.00+1.38 14.44 4.00 Zevex 13 114 7.13 6.53 7.13+0.13 40.88 6+13
ZiCorp 4966 8.13 7.38 8.00+0.59 8.00 2.63 Be 31 1368 3.84 3.66
3.75+0.06 14.50 2.01 Zindart 4 357 2.94 2.75 2.94+0.19 71.00 32.00
ZionBcp .80 1.8 30 33 1.54 .81 43.00 44.75+1.63 24.00 2.00 ZipLink dd
975 5.69 5.44 5+56 +06 96+50 21.50 ZixitCp dd 2026 50.00 48.19 48.75 -
Or. 50. 66.75 22.25 ZoilMed 46 1649 .25 40.31 43.75 + I A 13.19 6.06
Zoltek dd 1095 8.02 7.63 7.94 35+25 11.25 Zomax 194653 19.69 18.60
19.41 .11+1.11A 1444 2.31 Zonagen dd 138 4.44 4.25 4.25-0.16 1894 4 00
Z mTl dd 150 8.69 7.53 8.44+0.3B 78.13 20 44 Zoran n cc 1780 62.25
60.25 61.81-0.13 98.38 9.88 Zygo dd 11.96 0.81 74.88 79.38+10 6.38 1.64
ZymeTx dd83 3.47 3.19 3.38+0.13

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 I C15 MUTUAL FUNDS
THURSDAY. AUGUST 31. 2000

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Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

PAMuni m 11.08 +0.1 + 6.1 ParGI m 22.40 +0.4- 4.3 Paring m 17.95
+0.2-

6.4 PrecMet m 10.29 +1.1 -12.2 Ojainc 1 12.15 +0.3+ 3.5 ShDudnc m
9.50 +0.2+ 4.0 SrnCspVad m 16.64 +0.6+12.7 ShnCoGr m 10.91 +1.7+14.4
SpscEqA m 15.31 +1.8+12.7 Stratinc m 6.00 +0.4- 1.5 TaxFHiInc xm 8.58
+0.1 + 6.1 What m 17.66 +0.8+ 7.7 USGovt m 9.35 +0.3 + 6.8 15.01 +1.1
+11.8 VAMuni m 9.95 +0.1 + 6.4 Value m 21.97 +1.0+ 6.7 Evbrgreen 8
AggGrow m 37.18 +1.3+25.5 BW m 11.13 +0.8+ 4 .6 Whip m 36.23 +1.0+ 1.9
Eq.kbd3 xm 56.98 +1.0+ 3.2 FILnc m 21.77 +0.4+ 2.1 Evergr m 16.97 + 1.1
- 0.1 FILHInc m 10.24 - + 3.7 FLMuni m 9.24 + 4.6 round m 20.61 +0.9+
2.5 GIQLsad In 19.11 +0.7- 3.3 GloOpp m 29.64 +1.2+ 6.8 GrowInc m 32.02
+1.0+ 1.1 HGrMuN m 10.44 +0.1 + 6.9 IntlGr m 9.06 -5.7 LfgCoGrB m 13.22

+0.8+11.0 Masters m 13.71 + 1 2+11.0 MkmiBd.6.98 +0.2+ 5.7 NCMUN m
10.00 +0.1 + 51 Omega m 3727 + 1.1 + 1 9.7 PAWN m 11.00 +0. 1 + 5.8
SW.VVW m 16.44 +0.6+12.1 SmCoGr m 10.69 +1.7+13.7 SpbcEqB m 15.20
+13+12.1 Stratinc m 6.02 +0 4- 20 TxFHiInc xm 8.56 +0 2 + 17 TxStrat m
17.60 +0 1 + 7.2 USGM m 9.35 + 0.3 + 6.2 Utl xrn 15.02 +1.1 +11.3 Value
m 21.89 +1.0+ 6.2 E C CX 26.02 +0.8+ 9.6 57.06 +1.0+ 3.3 Found m 20.60
+0.9+ 2.5 GloOpp. m 29.72 +1.2+ 6.9 Growth m 24.82 +1.7+30.1 MuniBd m
6.98 +0.2+ 5.6 Omega m 37.37 +1.1 +19.7 Quaint m 12.15 +0-3+ 3.0
TaxFHiInc xm 8.61 +0.1 + 5.7 TxStrat m 17.57 +0.8+ 7.1 Evergreen Y
AggGrow 39.54 +1.3+26.3 CTMuni 6.12 + 6.1 EmgMkta 10.43 -0.3-14.4 EqInc
21.99 +0.4+ 2.8 Evergr 18.00 + 1.1 + 0.5 FUHIW 10.24 + 4.4 FI-Muni 9.24
+ 5.2 Found 20.77 +0.9+ 3.2 GAMuni 9.75 +0.1 + 6.2 Glolead 19.94 +0.8-
2.7 Growinc 32.96 +1.0+ 1.8 Growth 26.18 +1.7 +30.9 IntTrmBd 8.40 +0.3+
5.2 WlGr 9.18 +0.1 - 5.1 NCMuni 10.00 +0.1 + 5.8 NiMuni 10.66 +0.1 +
5.8 PAMuni 11.08 +0. 1 + 6.3 SCWN 9.79 +0.1 + 6.3 ShDurInc 9.50 +0.2+
4.2 ShIntMu 9.85 + 3.3 StockSel 18.89 +1.2+ 6.7 USGovt 9.35 +0.3+ 6.9
VAMuni 9.95 +0.1 + 6.6 Value 21.98 +1.0+ 6.9 Evergreen Solloct AcQRatls
9.50 + 4.3 Belancelx 15.93 +1.4+13.5 CoreBdls 10.07 +0.3+ 5.4
CoreEcos xb 93.65 + 1.1 + 4.6 CoreEqLsS xb 87.16 + 1.1 + 4.4 EqIdxls x
57.14 +1.0+ 3.9 Fixlrdlin 12.34 +0.3+ 6.0 FixIncls 5.81 +0.4+ 5.7
FhYldls 9.63 +0.1 + 1.6 Wx.Plsls 5.37 +04+ 5.7 IntlBdls 8.29 -0.2- 5.6
IntmMunil 60.75 +0.1 + 4.7 LtdDuris 10.13 +0.1 + 4.3 SecGrowls 160.58
+2.3+10.1

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

SmCapGrIs 23.52 +1.6+17.9 SpecEqLs 15.57 +1.8+12.8 StrGds x 57.26
+2.2+17.6 StrValls x 228.45 +1.0+ 1.4 TotRefls 89.75 +0.2+ 2.9
Excelsior BlendEqA 51.79 +1.1 + 8.6 CATaxEInc 7.18 + 5.1 EnerNatAs
17.02 +0.2+36.6 IntTmMgd 6.84 +0.1 + 5.3 Intl 18.10 -0.1 - 6.4 LrgCapGr
19.74 +1.6+12.9 MgcInc 8.67 +0.3+ 6.4 PacAsia 10.15 -17.8 PanEuro 13.60
-0.1 + 1.2 Reale 5.84 - 0.3+18.6 ShTmGovt 6.91 + 4.0 ShTmTaxE 7.06 +
3.0 SmCap A 15.62 +2.4+25.0 TaxEInt 9.26 + 5.8 TxELgTrn 9.29 +0.1 +11.3
TxENYInt 8.55 +0.1 + 6.3 ValRestrA34.32 + 1.1 + 8.7 Excelsior Inst Eq
17.88 +0.8+ 7.6 Income 6.75 +0.3+ 5.3 InflEq 11.43 +0.1 - 5.5 OptGrow
31.04 +1.7+ 7.0 TotalRet TAO +0.3+ 5.8 ValueEq 20.56 +1.2+ 5.5 ExBA dIA
14.19 +0.5+13.5 Expedition Bond Is 967 +0.3+ 5.1 Eqtyincls 18.99 +0.7
NA Equityls 15.18 +2.0+17.5 FAMValue 32.27 +0.6+ 2.9

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FBP Contrarian Balanced 17.95 + 0.8- 22 Equity 21.34 +0.9- 3.9 FFTW
Ing 7.95 -0.1 - 5.5 LtdDur 9.70 +0.2+ 4.7 USShTmFI 9.67 +0.1 + 4.4
WdFixI 8.67 - 14 VfidFixlH 10.74 + 6 + 5 3 FMIFoctis 36.91 +0.7+4113
FPA Capital f 27.11 -0.7+ 7.2 NewInc 1 10.52 +0.2+ 5.9 Paramoun 17.41 -
18.7 Perennia 1 20.97 +0.5+ 6.3 FTI Bond b 9.39 +0.3+ 4.9 InllEq b
17.45 +0.7- 9.3 LrgCapGl b 10.90 +0.5+ 9.3 LrgCapGr b 13.93 +2.3 +15.6
MunlBond b 9.66 + 4.5 SmCapEq U 25.83 +1.8+14.1 Fasclono 33.54 +0.8+
2.5 Federated A AggGrow m 29.72 +1.9+ 1.9 Amerlead 125.64 +0.5+ 3.4
Bond rn 8.83 +0.2+ 3.5 CommTech m 19.22 +2.9+ 3.0 EmgMkt m 12.21 +0.1 -
19.9 EqInc m 23.63 +14+ 94 EuroGrow m 18.05 + 1.1 - 4.2 GloEqInc m
14.57 +1.3+ 1.5 GovInSec m 8.46 +0.3+ 6.3 GrowStr 1 4739 +2.1 + 7.6
Hil.Bd f 9.9 +0.1 - 1.3 InflEq 1 27.72 +0.8-10.5 IntlGrow m 12.03 +0.5-
11.3 IntFinc m 8.74 -0.2- 8.2 IntlSmCo m 32.29 +0.8-13.0 LrgCapGr m
16.0B +1.5.- 2.1 LtdTrn m 9.33 +0.1 + 3.4 UdTmMu m 9.57 +0.1 + 2.7
MiIntMu 1 10.64 +0.1 + 5.3 MuniOpp rn 9.78 +0.2+ 4.5 MuniSecs 1 10.11
+0.1 + 6.5 NCMunInc m 10.45 +0.1 + 6.6 PAMuInc m 11.09 +0.2+ 6.3
SmaDCap m 22.03 +1.5- 5.9 Stratinc 1 8.81 +0.2+ 1.4 USGovSsc xf 7.57
+0.1 + 5.8 Utility 1 11.55 +1.0+ 0.6 WldUtil m 17.82 +0.8- T.2
Federated 0 AggGrow m 29.00 + 1.8 + 1.4 AmwLead m 25.51 +0.5+ 2.9 Bond
m 8.85 +0.2+ 3.1 CAMuinc m 10.65 +0.2+ 8.2 CapApr m 30.96 +1.3+ 9.5

CommTech m 19.10 +3.0+ 2.4 EqInc m 23.62 +1.4+ 8.9 GovInSec xm 8.45
+0.3+ 6.0 GrowStr m 45.26 +2.1 + 7.0 HiIncBd m 9.67 +0.1 - 1.7

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Intleq m 26.16 +0.8-11.0 IntlHigh m 7.64 +0.7+ 3.2 IntlSmCo m 31.13
+0.8-

13.5 LrgCapGr m 15.94 +1.5- 2.6 MuniOpp m 9.77 +0.1 + 4.0 MunGas m
10.11 +0.1 + 5.9 PAMuInc m 11.09 +0.2+ 5.8 SmallCap m 21.32 +1.5- 6.4
StkBond xm 18.62 +0.4+ 3.3 Strabnc m 8.81 +0.2+ 0.9 USGovSec 7.57 +0.2+
5.2 Utility m 11.56 +1.0+ 0.1 WldUtil m 17.57 +0.9- 7.6 Federated C
Amerisad m 25.51 +0.4+ 2.9 Bond m 8.85 +0.2+ 2.9 CapApr m 30.94 +1.3+
9.5 CommTech m 19.09 +3.0+ 2.4 EqInc m 23.64 +1.5+ 8.9 GrowStr m 45.67
+2.1 + 7.2 HiIncBd rn 9.67 +0.1 - 1.7 Intleq m 25.83 +0.8-10.9 IntlSmCo
m 31.10 +0.8-13.5 LtgCapGr m 15.93 +1.5- 2.6 MaxCap m 30.74 +1.0+ 3.0
Stratinc m 8.81 +0.3+ 0.9 USGovSec xm 7.57 +0.2+ 5.2 Utility rn 11.55
+1.0+ 0.1 Federated F AdjRtUS m 9.34 +0.1 + 3.5 Amerl-sad d 25.60 +0.4+
3.4 Bond d 8.85 +0.2+ 3.5 Eqinc m 23.64 +1.5+ 9.3 GovInSac xm 8.45
+0.3+ 6.4 IntInSvc b 9.60 +0.2+ 4.8 MuniOpp m 9.78 +0.1 + 4.5 OHMuInc m
11.06 +0.3+ 7.0 Strinc rn 8.81 +0.3+ 1.5 Utility m 11.55 +1.0+ 0.6
Federated Inst ARM 9.60 +0.4 + 3.5 CapApr A m 31.45 +1.4+10.1 GNMA 10.93
+0.2+ 5 7 GNMA Svc b 10.93 +0.2+ 5 6 HiYield 7.60 -1.9 Income 9.96
+0.3+ 4.8 IncomeSvc b R96 +0.3+ 4.7 IntInc 9.60 +0.2+ 5.0 IntMuni 10.19
+0.1+ 4.9 LtdDur b 9.78 +0.1 + 4.2 MaxCap 30.95+ 1.0 + 3.7 M CapSK b
30.86 +1.0+ 3.5 MgdConG 11.88 +0.4+ 3.3 MgdGr b 15.38 +0.8+ 1.0 MgdInc
10.36 +0.3+ 4.1 MgdModG 13.59 +0.7+ 1.8 MidCap 21.06 + 1.3+22.5 MimCap.
15.14 +1.0+ 5.7 ShDurGovt 1.98 + 4.3 ShTmIn 8.57 +0.1 + 4.8 ShTmMu
10.09 +0.1 + 2.8 StkBd A xm 18.64 +0.5+ 3.8 Stock 36.83 +0.7+ 2.6
TotRetSvc. b 10.15 +0.3 + 5.4 -3 b 10.33 +0.2+ 3.7 US1-3Svc b 10.33
+0.2+ 3.5 US2-5 10.46 +0.2+ 4.7 US2-5Svc b 10.46 +0.2+ 4.5 US5-10 b
9.88 +0.4+ 6.2 US5-IOSvc b 9.88 +0.4+ 6.0 USGovtBd 10.27 +0.6+12.0
UltraShSv b 1.96 + 3.4 Federated Select MdgGr b 15.35 +0.7+ 0.5 MgdConG
b 11.87 +0.4+ 2.9 MgdInc b 10.36 + 0.3 + 3.5 MgdMGr b 13.54 +0.6+ 1.3
Fidelity AggGrow d 64.53 +2.5+11.0 AggrInt d 18.44 +0.9- 9.2 AstMgr
19.77 +0.8+ 9.3 AstMgrAgg 16.24 +1.4+36.1 AstMgrGr 21.12 +1.1 + 7.4
AstMgdn 12.39 +0.5+ 5.0 Bal 16.01 +0.7+ 6.8 BlChGrow 65.18 +1.2+ 8.4
Canada m 25.68

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+1.0+30.8 CapApr 30.26 +0.9+ 1.3 Capinc d 8.86 +0.6+ 0.4 ChinaReg m
17.88 +0.6- 3.4 CongrSt 421.51 +0.5+ 2.8 Contra 1 59.50 +0.6+ 1.6
Contrail 1 14.26 +1.7+11.1 ConvSec 28.75 +1.3+21.0 Destin I m 23.64
+1.2 - 2.8 Deening rn 16.84 +1.5+ 3.7 DiscEq 33.61 +1.4+10.2 DivGrow.
32.62 +0.7+12.5 Divrint 24.89 +0.1 - 2.8 EmgMklm 10.47 -0.1 -12.9

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

EqInc 53.56 +0.6+ 3.7 EqInc 11 27.58 +0.8+ 1.7 EuCapApr d 20.47
+0.2- 4.6

Europe d 38.87 +0.6+ 3.7 Exchange 277.02 +0.3+ 2.2 ExpMuINat d 23.45
+1.3+ 6.7 Fidelity 40.52 +1.2+ 2.9 Fifty m 18.00 +0.6- 7.5 FourInOne d
28.58 +0.8+ 3.5 Freeinc 11.52 +0.4+ 6.4 GNMA 10.52 +0.3+ 5.8 GlobBal
20.17 +0.4- 0.1 GovtInc 9.59 +0.3+ 6.6 GrowCo 96.50 +21 +15.8 Growinc
49.14 +0.9+ 4.6 Hiinc d 10.93 +0.3- 4.1 InstShIn 9.10 +0.2+ 4.5 IntBmd
9.82 +0.2+ 4.8 IntGovt 9.37 +0.1 + 4.8 IntlBond 8.18 -0.1 - 2.6
IntlGdnc 29.11 - 3.3 InvGrIntl 10.92 +1.0+ 1.6 InvGrdBd 7.00 +0.3+ 5.8
Japan m 23.68 +0.2-13.2 JapwiSmCo m 17.28 -0.2-28.8 LargeCap 21.69 +1.1
+ 4.4 LatinArn m 15.41 +0.5- 3.1 Lov PrjStk m 25.34 +0.6+11.9 Magellan
1141.46 +0.8+ 5.8 MidCap 26.78 +1.4+31.4 MtgSecInt 10.49 +0.3+ 5.8
NewMille 154.26 +2.3+17.0 NewMktIn d 12.18 +0.6+14.6 Nordic m 30.45
+2.3+ 5.6 OTC 79.13 +3.1 +16.4 overseas 45.26 - 5.7 PacBasin m 23.83 -

0.3-17.0 Puritan 19.56 +0.5+ 4.3 RealInv d 17.57 -0.6+21.7 RatGrow
31.30 +2.2+21.8 SEAsia rn 14.68 -0.8-10.7 ShTmBwd 8.51 +0.1 + 4.0
SmCapSel d 18.17 +1.7+12.9 SmGapS d 14.92 +0.6+19.9 StkSelac 34.65
+1.2+ 8.3 Stratinc 9.31 +0.2 + 2.9 TarTime01 d 9.32 +0.1 + 3.8
TarTime03 d 9.09 +0.2+ 4.4 TecOuanGr d 17.43 +1.5+10.2 Trend 70.82
+1.2+ 7.0 TxMgdStk d 13.90 +1.2+ 4.3 USBdIndx 10.34 +0.3+ 5.9 Utilities
25.13 +1.7+ 0.8 Value 43.67 +0.6- 0.3 Worldwid 20.28 +0.7+ 1.9 Fidelity
Adv A Be m 18.42 +0.8+ 2.9 DivGrow m 12.20 +0.7+12.3 EmgAsla m 15.33 -
0.6-18.4 EqGrowlh m 77.15 +1.5+ 9.9 Egincome rn 26.22 +0.9+ 2.3
FinclSer m 19.79 +1.6+17.0 Growinc m 20.61 +1.0+ 0.9 GrowOpp m 45.70 +
1A - 0.8 HiYield m 10.31 + 0.4 - 41 HlthCare m 22.72 +0.7+23.8 IntBond
m 10.27 +0.2+ 4.4 Korea m 10.38 -4.9-35.3 LargeCap m 22.30 +1.1 + 4.2
MidCap rn 23.95 +1.4+30.9 Overseas m 22.10 - 5.7 SmCap m 23.64 +0.3+
3.8 Tech m 41.47 +2.2+12.8 UtilGrow m 21.44 +2.0- 3.5 Fidelity Adv B
Bal m 18.33 +0.8+ 2.4 DivGrow m 12.07 +0.8+11.9 Diving m 15.54 +0.1 -
2.9 DynCapAp m 20.59 +2.3+23.4 EqGrowth m 75.77 +1.4+ 9.3 EqIncome m
26.29 +0.9+ 1.7 FinclSer m 19.41 +1.6+16.4 GovFinv m 9.38 +0.3+ 6.1
GroMnc m 20.25 +1.0+ 0.4 GrowOpp m 45.42 +1.4- 1.3 HiYield m 10.28
+0.4- 4.7 HlthCare m 22.18 +0.7+23.2 IntBond m 10.27 +0.3+ 4.0
IntlCapAp m 18.26 +0.9- 7.3 Japan m 19.97 -16.0 LargeCap m 22.06 +1.1 +
3.6 MidCap In 23.68 +1.5+30.2 Murginc m 12.04 +0.1 + 6.7 NatRes m 26.36
+0.1 +19.2 Overseas m 21.70 - 6.2 SmCap m 23.34 +0.3+ 3.2 Stratinc m
10.38 +0.2+ 2.7 Tech m 40.42 +2.2+12.2 UtilGrow m 21.06 +2.0- 4.0
ValStrat m 24.84 +0.9+12.5

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Fidelity Ady C Bal m 18.33 +0.8+ 2.3 DivGrow m 12.07 +0.7+11.9

Divintl m

15.54 +0.1 - 2.9 DynCapAp m 20.59 +2.3+23.4 EqGrowth m 76.79 +1.6+
9.3 EcIncome m 26.31 +0.9 + 1.7 FinclSer rn 19.42 +1.6+16.4 GrowInc m
20.26 +1.0+ 0.4 GrowOpp m 45.51 +1.4- 1.3 HiYield m 10.30 +0.4- 4.7
HlthCare m 22.17 +0.7+23.2 IntlCapAp m 18.25 +0.9- 7.3 Japan rn 20.00 -
0.1 -15.9 LrgCap rn 22.00 +1.1 + 3.7 MidCap rn 23.70 +1.5+30.2 Overseas
m 22.04 - 6.1 SmCap b 23.41 +0.3+ 3.3 Tech m 40.49 +2.2+12.2 UtilGrow m
21.05 +2.0- 4.0 Fidelity Adv

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Focus T FinclSer m 19.71 +1.6+16.9 Health m 22.56 +0.7+23.6 NatRes m
27.02 +0.1 +19.7 Tech m 41.15 +2.2+12.6 LIM& m 21.36 +21 - 3.7 Fidelity
Adv Inst Bal 18.57 +0.8+ 3.1 DivGrow 12.27 +0.7+12.7 EqGrowth 79.90
+1.4+10.1 EqIncome 26.71 +0.9+ 2.4 Growinc 20.70 +1.0+ 1.1 Growopp
46.19 +1.4- 0.6 HiYield 10.09 +0.4- 4.1 HlthCare d 22.85 +0.7+24.0
IngBond 10.29 +0.2+ 4.6 MidCap 24.22 +1.4+31.1 Overseas 22.17 - 5.5
SmCap 23.74 +0.3+ 4.1 Techd 41.71 +2.2+13.0 Fidelity Adv T Bal m 18.46
+0.8+ 2.7 DivGrow m 12.17 +0.7+12.3 Diving m 15.66 +0.1 - 2.6 DynCapAp
m 20.74 +2.3+23.8 EmgMkt m 10.57 +0.6+14.2 EqGmvv m 78.09 +1.5+ 9.7
EqIncome m 26.46 +0.9+ 2.1 GovtIrw m 9.39 +0.3+ 6.7 Growinc m 20.54
+1.0+ 0.8 GrowOpp m 46.14 +1.4- 0.9 HiYield m 10.33 +0.4- 4.6 IntBond m
10.28 +0.3+ 4.5 IntlGapAp m 18.54 +0.9- 7.0 Japan m 20.14 -15.6
LargeCap m 22.34 + 1.1 + 4.0 MidCap rn 24.11 +1.4+30.7 Mundric m 12.07
+0.1 + 7 0 Overseas m 22.39 5.8 ShtFixln m 9.12 + 0.1 + 4.0 SmCap rn
23.54 +0.3+ 36 Stratinc m 10.37 + 0.3 + 3.3 ValStrat m 26.70 +0.9+12.9
Fidelity Freedom 2000 13.25 +0.6+ 6.9 2010 15.33 +0.9+ 7.3 2020 16.87
+1.0+ 7.7 2030 17.64 + 1.1 + 7.5 Fidelity Soled AirTrans m 34.85
+90.6+26.2 Banking m 30.86 +2.6+ 7.5 Biotech rn 97.68 +2.8+49.4 BrokInv
m 64.04 +1.6+39.2 BusSvc. In 13.82 +0.9- 8.0 Computer m 129.81
+2.8+27.9 DevCommu m 75.14 +2.8+23.4 Electron m 125.23 +2.3+48.4 Energy
rn 28.62 -0.2+27.5 EnergySvc m 38.08 -0.3+52.9 FinSvc m 107.76
+1.6+16.2 FoodAgn m 39.69 -0.1 + 7.3 Gold rn 12.47 +1.3-15.4 HeWtCar m

150.08 +0.7+24.0 HomeFin m 40.35 +0.9+ 9.1 Insur m 42.80 +0.8+24.8
Leisure rn 72.93 -0.7-10.4 MedDeliv m 20.59 +1.9+25.2 MocEqSys m 16.58
+0.7+41.6 Multimed m 49.57 -0.8- 6.8 NatGas m 22.24 + 0.3+54.8 Retail
In 46.79 -2.0-10.4 SoftwCom m 103.32 +2.3+12.5 Tech m 177.65 + 2.6+22.6
Telecom m 78.12 +2.4- 3.8 UtilGrow m 71.12 +2.2+ 8.5 Fidelity Spartan
500Index d 104.66 +1.0+ 4.0 AZMulnc d 10.72 +0.1 + 7.1 CAMulnc 12.09
+0.2+ 8.7 CTMuInc d 11.12 +0.1 + 6.8

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

ExtMktIdx 35.66 +1.4+ 7.1 FLMulnc d 11.09 +0.1 + 6. GovtInc 10.17
+0.3 +

6.8 IntMuni 9.64 +0.1 + 5.7 IntlIdx 34.74 -0.1 - 7.6 InvGrdBd 9.98
+0.3+ 5.6 MAMuInc 11.52 +0.2+ 6.9 MDMuInc d 10.25 +0.1 + 6.7 MIMuinc
11.24 +0.1 + 6.8 MNMuInc 10.97 +0.1 + 6.4 MurFinc 12.40 +0.1 + 7.5
NJMuInc d 11.18 +0.1 + 7.0 NYMulnc 12.39 +0.1 + 7.8 OHMulnc 11.29 +0.1
+ 7.3 PAMulnc d 10.41 +0.1 + 6.7 ShlnAu 10.03 + 3.6 TotMktIdx 39.48 +
1.1 + 4.1 USEqIndx 63.90 +1.0+ 4.0 FlducCap 18.73 +10.9 Fifth Third A
Bal m 18.62 + 1.1 +13.2 Cardinal m 19.17 +1.6+ 7.8 MidCap. rn 21.55
+1.4+27.5 Pinnacle m 40.18 +0.9+ 3.0 QualGrow In 27.74 +1.3+10.0 Fifth
Third Inst Bal 18.64 +1.1 +13.4 BondInc 11.56 +0.3+ 4.6 EqInc 13.86
+0.9+ 4.2 IntlEq 12.80 -0.2- 8.4 MidCap 21.70 +1.4.+27.9 MunjBd 11.53
+0.1 + 5.3 OHTaxF 9.96 +0.1 + 5.7 Pinacle 40.38 +0.8+ 3.1 Qua Bd 9.43
+0. 2 + 4.9 QuslGr 27.88 +1.3+101 USGo 9.61 + 0.2 + 4.6 69 wan Street
EuroEq 39.90 -0.3- 2.7 InflEq 14.44 -0 5- 4 9 PacBEq 42.29 -1.1 -10.6
TaxEtEq b 14.48 +0.6+ 1.6 TxFShInt 10.31 +0.1 + 3.2 FIUASPI 11.04 +1.0
NA First Arneftan A Bal m 12.71 +07 + 4.8 EqIndex m 29.32 +1.0+ 3.4
FixIn m 10.66 +0.3+ 6.2 Intl m 19.85 -0.5-17.3 IntrmTm m 9.74 +0.2+ 4.9
LgCapGr m 22.90 +1.1 + 8.9 LgCapVal m 21.17 +0 9+ 0 5 LtdTmInc m 9.87
+0 1 + 44 MNTaxE m 10.73 +0 1 + 62 MidCapGr m 19.30 +2.1 +22.1 SmCapVal
m 17.13 + 1.2 +18 SmCpGruWA m 24.50 +2 0+ 72 Tech m 54.00 +2.5+ 2.9
First American B Bal m 12.63 + 0 6+ 4 2 EqIndex m 29.05 + 1 0+ 2 9
LgCapGr m 22.25 + 1.1 + 8 4 LgCapVal m 20.87 +0 9+ 0 1 Tech m 50.32 +2
5+12 4 FAMEqIdxC m 29.23 + 1.0+ 2.9 First Arnerican

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Y Bal 12.74 +0.7+ 4.9 CAIntTxF 10.12 +0.2+ 7.0 CofntTxF 10.33 +01 +
5.3 CorpBond 10.02 +0.3 NA EmgMkt 9.22 -0.3- 9.1 EqIncome 16.12 +0.4+
4.0 EqIndex 29.31 +1.0+ 3.6 FixIn 10 65 +03 + 63 Intl 19 90 - 0.5 -
16.5 InflIdx 13.97 -01 - TO IntrmTmn 972 +3 + 5.1 IntrmTxF 16 53 + 5.6
LgCspGr 23.07 + 1A + 9.1 LgCapVal 21.22 +0.9+ 0.7 LtdTerm 9.87 +0.1 +
4.5 MNIntTxF 9.83 + 5.6 MNTxF 10.72 +0.2+ 6.3 MidCapGrY 19.56 +2.0+22.3
MidCapVaI 14.30 +1.1 +10.0 ORIntTxF 9.81 + 5.5 Real 12.29 -0.3+21.5
SmCapGr 24.82 +2.0+ 7.4 SmCapVal 17.22 +1.1 +16.0 Strinc 9.04 +0.3 +
3.6 TaxF 10.58 +0.2+ 7.0 Tech 55.03 +2.5+13.3 First American Strat
AggrGro d 14.36 + 0.8 + 6.5 GroInc d 12.27 + 0.7 + 6.0 Grow d 13.54
+0.T+ 6.6 Income d 10.54 +04+ 5.9 First Eagle FundAmerY 19.93 +0.8- 3.1

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Ing Y d 17.45 + 0.9 + 1.6 First Eagle GlobWA m 25.78 +0.1 + 4.6
Overseas m

14.55 -0.1 + 3.5 First Funds Bond 1 9.66 +0.4+ 5.5 CapApd 15.47
+1.7+23.4 Groinc 1 26.60 +0.9+ 6.7 Groincil 1 26.59 +0.9+ 6A Groincill
rn 26.07 +0.9+ 5.9 Int dd 9.69 +0.2+ 4.6 TNTxFI 10.06 +0.1 + 4.8 First
Investors BICNp m 33.24 +1.2+ 8.4 FocusEq In 1139 +0.2- 4.3 +0.5 Global
m - 1.3 Govt m 1090 +0.2+ 4.4 Growinc m 155 +1.2+ 6.6 Income m 3.68
+0.3- 1.7 InsPATxF m 12.78 +0.1 + 6.0 InstTaxE m 10.06 +01 + 6.3
InstxFMI m 12.58 + 6.0 InstxFNJ m 12.83 +01 + 5.7 InstxFNY m 14.19 +0.1
+ 6.5 InvGrade m 9.53 +04+ 3.8 MidCap m 27.13 +1.6+13.6 SpecSit m 30.80
+2.1 +12.9 TotalRet m 16.70 +0S+ 7.8 UfilInc m 8.61 +0.9+ 5.0 First

Investors B BlueChip In 32.33 +1.3+ 7.9 GrowInc m 16.90 + 1.1 + 6.0
First Omaha Equity b 9.25 + 0.T - 38 Fixedin b 9.58 +0.3+ 4i FirPacHl b
10.65 + Od + 5.4 lot Source Monogra DivrEq m 11.51 + 1.1 + 7.6 Income m
9.60 +0.3+ 4.7 IrcomeIiq m 1 1.29 +0.3+ 7.1 FhstMoEq m 32.23 +1.1 +16.6
Firstar Intl Ba Grow 35.25 +0.8+15.3 Balinc 11.57 +0.5+ 8.4 Bdlmmdex
27.57 +0.4+ 6.9 CoIntleq 9.87 -0.4- 8.5 EmgGrow 14.23 +1.2+24.8 EqIndex
100.19 +1.0+ 4.0 Grow 47.71 +1.1 +16.2 Growinc 48.110 +0.7+12.9 IntBond
10.09 +0.3+ 5.4 IntlEq 18.10 -0.3- 9.0 MicCap 36.27 +2.0+34.4 Midcapld
13.14 +1.2+21.8 ShTmBd 10.12 +0.1 + 4.6 SpecGr 56.57 +0.9+30.0 TaxEInt
10.17 + 4.1 Firstor Rot BaGrow m 35.19 +0.8+15.1 Bdlmmdex m 27.55 +0.4+
6.7 EqIndex m 100.01 +1.0+ 3.8 Grow m 47.01 +1.1 +16.0 GrowInc m 48.71
+0.7+12.7 ShTmBd m 10.12 +0.2+ 4.4 SpecGr m 55.68 +0.9+29.9 FSWREITC b
8.87 -0.1 +18.1 Firstar Stellar CspAprA m 14.92 +1.4+10.9 FkstStLA m
14.43 +0.4+ 9.9 FirstSfly 14.43 +0.4+10.1 GrowEqB m 28.81 +1.2+12.7
GrowEqY 28.90 +1.2+12.9 InstTaxFA 110.14 +0.1 + 6.1 IntlEq mp 13.87 -0 1
- 29 RelVal m 29.88 +0 7+ 3.5 RelValY 29.93 +0.7+ 3.7 SciTechY b 24.25
+3.1 +33.6 StratInB m 8.62 +0.3+ 8.6 USGovtIn m 9.55 +0.3+ 6.2
Firsthand Comm d 16.74 +3.1 +14.3 Tachinnov d 63.46 +1.7+28.6 TechLead
d 57.85 +1.2+29.5 TechVal d 131.30 +1.8+45.1 e- Comm d 13.69 +2.4- 7.9
Flog Inv A Commun m 37.17 +0.7-14.2 EmgGrow m 34.04 +1.0+ 1.5 EqPart rn
22.98 +0.2- 2.3 MgdMuni m 10.51 +0.1 + 7.6 ShIntInc rn 10.09 +0.3+ 5.0
TotRtUS xm 9.64 +0.5+10.4 ValBldr m 24.15 +0.2- 1.3 Flag Inv 0 Commun m
36.34 +0.7-14.7 EqPart m 22.40 +0.2- 2.8 ValBldr m 24.11 +0.3- 1.8 Flag
Inv C

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Commun m 36.37 +0.7-14.7 ValBldr m 24.11 +0.2- 1.8 Flag Inv Inst

EqPart

23.14 +0.2 - 2.1 ShIntInc 10.23 +0.3+ 5.2 VaJBldr 24.34 +0.3- 1.1

Flex-funds HighIndGr b 23.38 + 1.1 + 4.5 Muir bp 5.58 -10.0 Fortle

AdvAstAIA m 18.69 +0

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7+ 38 AdvAstAIH m 18.52 +0 7+ 34 AdvCapApa m 60.44 +2.6+26.3 AWpB m
57.66 +2.6+26.8 AdvWpH m 57.72 +2.6 +25.8 AdvHiYldA m 6.09 + 0.4
AdvHiYldH m 6.09 +0.41- 1.0 CapheJA.23.85 + 1.1 + 4.1 CapitalB rn 22.27
+1.0+ 3.6 CapitaJH m 22.30 +1.0+ 3.6 GlooGmA m 36.46 +1.2 - 0.1 Growth
A m 45.45 +2.1 +26.0 Growth B m 42.31 +2.1 +25.4 Growth H m 42.35 +2.1
+25.4 Growth Z 46.36 +2.1 +26.2 TaxFMN E f 10.01 +0.2 + 6.2 TaxFNaff f
10.63 +0.1 + 7.0 USGovt A m 8.95 +0.4+ 5.6 USGovt E f 8.94 +0.2+ 5.7
Value A m 14.30 + 1.1 + 9.7 Forum AustGIEq 25.55 +1.8- 1.5 BIAGrowEq
11.05 +0.3+ 1.7 BIASmCpGr 16.68 +0.9+ 2.3 InvBond f 9.66 +0.3+ 3.3
InvEquity f 14.10 +0.4+ 2.8 MEMuBond 1 10.80 +0.2 + 5.7 Forward Equity
15.66 +1.4+ 8.9 HoovSmCpE 15.79 +1.11 +29.5 Franklin Adv AggG 29.58 +
2.7 +23.3 GrowthAdv 38.67 +0.5+11.6 SmCpGr 52.78 +2.0+19.0 USGovt 6.61
+0.2+ 5.8 Franklin AGEHiIn m 2.33 +0.4 ALTaxFin m 10.99.+0.1 + 6.1
AZInstxF m 10.37 +0.1 + 92 AZTaxRn m 10.71 +0.1 + 7.1 AdjUSGov m 9.29 +
3.9 AggGr m 29.44 +2.6+23.0 AssetAlc m 11.49 +0.5+ 2.8 BalSheet m 33.71
+0.9+11.1 BioDisc m 90.81 +2.8+81.9 BlueChip rn 18.77 +1.1 + 9.6
CAGrowth m 60.10 +2.2+27.1 CAHYldMu rn 9.96 +0.2+ 8.6 CAInstxF m 12.04
+02 + 8 4 CAIntTxF m 1 1.15 + El + 7.3 CATaxFin m 7+07 +0.1 + 9.0
COTaxFin m 11.35 +0.1 + 7.3 CTTaxFin rn 10A6 +0.1 + 6.4 Consers m 16.59
+1.0+20.4 DynsTech m 31.05 +1.0+11.8 Equity m 18.82 +2.1 +24.6 EquTync
m 18.96 +0.8+ 9.5 FUnSTxF m 10.07 +0.1 + 8.3 FLTaxFln m 11.28 +0.1 +
6.8 FedIntTxF m 10.78 +0.1 + 5.1 FedTaxF m 11.70 +01 + 6.7 GATaxFin m
11.47 +0.1 + 7.3 GIComa m 20.02 +1.8- 1.6 GIGovtIn m 7.24 - 0.2 GII-
ieaCar m 27.65 +2.6+64.2 GoldPrec. m 8.69 +1.4- 9.9 Growth m 38.50
+0.5+11.5 HighYld m 10.55 +0.1 + 4.6 Income m 2.32 +0.4+14.1 InstTaxF m
11.70 +0.1 + 7.7 KYTaxFin m 10.80 +0.1 + 7.1 LATaxFin m 10.95 +0.1 +

7.2 LgCapGr m 17.64 +2.0+26.5 MAInstTxF m 11.20 +0.1 + 8.1 MDTaxFin m 11.09 +0.1 + 7.6 MInstTxF m 11.81 +0.1 + 7.1 MNInstTxF m 11.58 +0.1 + 7.7 MOTaxFin m 11.51 +0.2+ 7.6 MicroCap m 19.52 +0.4+14.5 NCTaxFin m 11.50 +0.1 + 7.3 NJTaxFin m 11.41 +0.1 + 7.4 NYInstTxF m 11.09 + 6.6 NYIntTxF m 10.38 + 6.7 NYTaxFin m 11.43 +0.1 + 6.9 NaturRes In 17.74 +0.5+27.3 OHInstTxF m 11.96 +0.1 + 7.4 ORTaxFin m 11.24 +0.1 + 7.5 PATaxFin m 9.96 +0.1 + 7.7 PRTaxFin m 11.38 +0.1 + 6.9 RealEst m 15.40 -0.3+22.9

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RisingDiv rn 19.87 +1.1 + 3.3 SNntUS xm 10.04 +0.1 + 4.3 SmCapGrO m 13.07 +2.8 NA SmCapGo m 52.43 +2.0+18.8 StrInc m 926 +0.3+ 3.0 StrMtg xf 9.71 +0.3 + 6.0 TNMuBond m 10.57 +0.2+ 8.2 TXTaxFin m 10.52 +0.1 + 5.6 USGovt m 6.61 +0.3+ 5.8 USLongSht m 19.34 +0.5+38.1 Utilities m 10.01 +0.8+19.6 VATaxFin m 11.26 +0.1 + 7.6 Value m 20.57 +0.8+13.1 Franklin B AGEHiIn m 2.33 +0.4- 0.4 AggGr m 29.33 +2.7+22.5 CAGrowth m 59.34 +2.2+26.4 CATayFin m 7.07 +0.3+ 8.6 FedTaxF m 11.69 +0.1 + 6.2 Growth m 38.14 +0.6+10.9 HiYld m 10.59 +0.1 + 4.2 Income m 2.32 +0.4+ 1 3 7 NYTaxFin m 11.42 +0.1 + 6.6 USGovt m 6.60 +0.3+ 5.4 Franklin C AGEHiIn m 2.34 +0.4- 0.4 AggGr m 29.27 +2.7+22.5 CAGrowth m 59.22 +2.2+26.4 CAHYIdMu m 9.99 +0.3+ 8.1 CAJnstTxF m 12.12 +0.2+ 7.9 CATaxFin to 7.07 +0.3+ 8.6 ConSecs m 16.52 +1.0+19.9 DynaTech m 30.36 +1.0+11.2 Equity m 18.41 +2.1 +24.0 Equilync m 18.90 +0.7+ 8.9 TaxFin m 11.38 + 6.4 FedTaxF m 11.69 +0.1 + 6.2 GICorn m 19.78 +1.9- 2.1 Growth m 37.77 +0.5+10.9 HighYld m 10.63 +0.1 + 4.3 income m 2.33 +0.4+13.6 InstTaxF m 11.77 +0.1 + 7.2 LgCapGr m 17.51 +2.0+26.1 MiInstTxF m 11.89 +0.1 + 6.8 NCTaxFin m 11.58 +0.1 + 7.0 NJTaxFin

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m 11.47 +0.1 + 7.0 NYTaxFin m 11.43 +0.1 + 2.5 OHInstTxF m 12.03 +0.1 + .9 ORTaxFin m 11.32 +0.1 + 7.1 PATaxFin m 0.01 +0.1 + 7.3 FlealEst m 16.23 - 0.3+22.3 sffcq 1 m 13.04 +2.8 NA SmCpGr m 51.26 +2.0 + 18.2 Strinc m 9.96 +0.3 + 2.8 USGovt m 6.58 +0.2+ 5.2 Franklin Templeton GrowthTad mp 15.64 +1.3+13.3 GrowthTad mp 15.56 +1.4+12.8 IndFiaCu m 8.41 -0.2 - 8 1 ModTafl mp 13.55 +1.0+10.5 ModTafl mp 13.37 +1.0+10.0 Fremont Bond 9.85 +0.6+ 8.0 CAIntTxF 10.93 +0.1 + 6 5 Global 15.56 +0.6+ 3.8 Growth 16.87 +1.1 + 5 8 IntlGrow. b 14.18 -0.3- 7.2 IsUSMicro 25.92 +1.0+33.5 ReslE b 8.17 +10.6 USMim 49.12 + 1 2 +24.8 USSmCap b 24.15 +1.8 FrontToRt 30.09 +0.4+ 8.6 GAM GAMerica m 24.50 -0.2 +15.7 GlobalA m 18.28 +0.4-16.0 Intl A m 22.84 -0.7-20.3 Intl B m 22.98 -0.7-20.6 Intl C m 23.08 -0.6-20.6 Intl D m 22.68 -0.7-20.3 JaPCap A m 10.68 -0.6-12.8 GAMNA FocusA m 14.52 +1.6+16.5 FocusB m 14.51 + IS + 1 6.5 FocusC m 14.49 +1.7+16.4GE A FixIn m 1171 +0.3+ 5.3GlobEq m NA NA NAGovt m 8.05 +0.3 + 6.0IntlEq to 20.79 -0.2- 1.8 PremGrEq b 32.73 +1.0+ 2.2 StrInv m 27.34 +0.5+ 5.5 USEq m 33.86 +0.9+ 4.5 ValueEq m 13.32 +0.8+ 4.5 GE BGovt m 8.12 +0.3+ 5.6 PremGrEq m 31.88 +1.0+ 1.7 USEq m 32.68 + 0.9 t 4.0 ValueEq m 12.95 +0.9+ 3.9GE Y

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Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Fixin 11.70 +0.3+ 5.6 GlobEq NA NA NA InflEq 20.98 -0.2- 1.6 PremGrEq 32.93 +1.0+ 2.4 Stdnv 27.39 +0.5+ 5.6 USEq 33.78 +0.9+ 4.7 GE Eltun/S&S EltunDivr 22.34 +0.4+ 5.8 ElfunlEq 24.71 -0.1 + 1.6 Effuninc 10.84 +0.3+ 5.8 EffunTrst 75.17 +0.8+ 7.7 ElfunTxEl 11.40 +0.1 + 7.7 S&SLgTm 10.81 +0.3+ 5.6 S&SProg 57.29 +0.9+ 5.0 GEModStra p 11.85 NA + 2.2 GE InstlIncome b 9.54 +0.3+ 6.0 IntlEq b 14.51 -0 3 - 1.2 S&P5WInv 1602 +1.0+ 4.8 USEq 14 48 +0.8+ 4.9 ValEqInv 10.85 +0.8 NAQuo 11 Foreign 12.89 -0.2- 4.2 Uscore 17.26 +1.2+ 9.0 GMO Asia 8.83 -0.7- 26.4 CHGIntlBd 9.73 +0.1 + 6.0 CHGInflCr 10.44 -0.4+ 6.9 DomBd 9.51 +0.6+ 7.9EmgDbt d 9.44 +0.4+25.2 EmgMkt d 10.26 -0.1 -

10.5 EvCtry d 10.12 -11.9 Foreign 12.90 -0.3- 4.3 GloBal pd 11.38 NA +
5.9 GloBd 9.46 +0.1 - 1.5 GloEq pd 9.95 NA + 5.7Growth 5.09 +1.6+17.2
InfIdx d 10.27 + 7.9 IntVal 10.14.+ 0.7 + 4.7 InflBd 9.04 -0.1 - 4.9
IntlCore 21.68 -0.7- 4.7 NbEq pd 9.82 NA - 4.1 IntlSmCo d 11.43 -0.3+
1.7 Pelican 11.68 +0.5+ 6.9 FIST d 9.68 -0.6+19.7 ShTmInc. 9.86 + 4.6
SmCpGr d 12.57 +1.6+15.2 SmCpVa d 13.28 +0.7+10.9 TbFrCr 16.45 +1.2+
8.8 TxMgdWo 10.00 +0.9+ 1.1 USAipA 9.90 +0.5+ 6.8 USAIpB 7.23 +0.6+ 6.4
USCore 17.29 +1.3+ 9.1 Value 9.17 +0.5+ 4.7 + 6.8 EmgDbt d 9.43
+0.4+25.1 EmgMkt d 10.26 -0.1 -10. Foreign 12.91 -0.2- 4.2 IntlCore
21.68 -0.7- 4.6 USCore 17.27 +1.3+ 9.2 Gabefil ABC b 10.14 +0.1 + 7.3
Asset b 41.54 +0.1 + 1.7 ComCpVIA m 2.43 -1.2-17.3 EqIncome b 16.36
+0.2+ 4.7 GblGr b 31.45 +0.9- 10.6 GloOpp b 18.10 +0.5+ 0.4 GloTele b
25.17 +0.7- 6.6 Growth b 51.43 +1.4+10.6 InflGrow b 20.90 +0.3- 8.4
Mathers 12.28 -0.1 + 2.8 SmCapGro b 2432 +0.9+13.5 Value m 19.69 -0.5+
1.2 Galaxy Retail AsAIIB In 19.60 +0.7+ 9 7 AssetAlc f 19.65 +0.7+ 1
0.1 EqGrB In 33.52 +0.9+ 1 2.3 EqGrow f 34.64 + 0.9 +12 8 EqInc. 1
17.36 +01 + 4.7 EqValue f 17.44 +1.2+ 2.3 GrIncB m 16.75 +0.7+ 8.1
GrowInEq 1 16.88 +0.7+ 8.5 HiQuald f 10.34 +0.4+ 7.0 43.02 +1.0+ 4.1
LrunciOd 10.30 +0.1 + 5.5 IismCO 1 9 19 + 1. 1 + 1 4.0 DUSTra 10.27
+0.4+ 7.7 IlUtl 17.05 +1.0+38.9 IntGovt f 9.92 +0.3+ 6.3 InflEq f
21.44 +0.4- 9.2 MAMuniBd 110.13 +0.1 + 7.4 NYMuniBd f 11.00 +0.1 + 7.6
SmCapVal 1 14.32 +0.5+ 9.7 SmCoEq f 24.44 + 1.1 +10.3 Galaxy Trust
AssetAlc 19.65 +0.7+10.3 CTIntMuBd b 10.42 +0.1+ 6.5 CorpBd 10.14
+0.3+ 5.2

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EqGrowth 34.94 +0.9+13.1 EqInc 17.40 +0.1 + 5.0 EqValue 17.55 +1.2+
2.5

FLMuniBd to 9.90 +0.1 + 5.9 GrowInEq 16.94 +0.7 + 8.7 Grw.thll b
15.28 +0.5+14.9 HiOuaIBd 10.34 +0.4+ 7.1 IntGovt 9.92 +0.3+ 6.5
IntTaxEBd b 10.02 +0.1 + 6. 8 IntlEq 21.76 +0.4- 8.9 MAINNuuld b 10.20
+0.1 + 6.4 NYMuniBd 11.00 +0.1 + 7.7 ShTmBd 9.82 +0.1 + 4.3 SmCapVal
14.45 +0.5+ 1 0.0SmCoEq 25.25 +1.0+ 1 0.6 StrEqTr 9.99 +0.7+12.1 TaxEBd
10.72 +0.2+ 7.5 GVV&K Equity b 21.71 +1.7+27.8GovtSec. b 9.46 +0.1 +
2.8Gateway b 25.95 +0.2+ 9.6 GenSec 22.07 +0 4+15.5Gintel 15.95 +0.8-
23.3 GlenmedeCoreFidn 10.12 +0.3+ 5.7 EmgMkt d 8.40 +1.6-20.6 Instintl
17.42 -0.5- 8.3 Intl 17.80 -0.4- 6.8 SmCapGrw 10.79 +2.0+ 7. 7 3mCapVal
18.58 +1.1 +13.2 StratEq 26.35 +1.5 + 5.6 Golden OakGrowthis 21.11 +2.1
+10.2 IntIncis 9.57 +0.4+ 5.4 MITxFBdls 9.94 + 4.5 SmCpVeJls 12.24
+0.7+20.4 TxMgdEqls 10.72 +1.2+ 0.5 Value Is 10.18 +1.1 + 4.2 Goithman
Sachs AAdjRl m 9.57 + 3.5 AggStr m 12.61 +0.6 AsiaGro m 11.15 -0.9-
13.8Be 9tr m10.96 +0.2+ 1.3 k Balance m 21.42 +0.6+ 4.8 COREEq m 36.77
+1.2+ 5.6 COREGr m 22.66 +1.6+ 9.0 CapGr m 28.95 +0.7+ 5.4 CorFixI m
9.51 +03 + 5.8 CorIntl In 11.32 -0.4- 8.9 CorLgVl m 10.81 +0.9+ 1.8
CorSm m 12.90 +1.0+ 9.5 EmgMkto m 10.83 -0.2- 7.1 GlStr m 11.74 +0 3+ 1
2 Gloinc m 14.60 +0.1 + 3.8 Gdnc m 24.78 +0.9+ 3.6 GrOpp m 19.50
+1.6+28.5 GrStr m 12.30 +0 4+ 0.5 Wield m 8.73 +0.3+ 3.1 HiYldMun 10.18
+0.1 NA InetTkp m 19.84 +1.2+ 3.1 IntlEq m 23.59 -0.1 - 6.1 Intl5m m
16.12 +0.4+ 8.9 JapanEq m 15.77 -0.8- 10.0 MidCap m 19.88 +0.3+15.0
Mumc m 14.52 +0.2+ 7.6 RealEst m 10.40 - 0.4+22.4 RschSet 10.77 +1.5 NA
ShDuGov m 9.46 +0.1 + 3.8 SmCapVW m 23.21 +0.4+25.5 StratGr m 12.52
+0.5+ 4.2 Goldman Sachs 0 AggStr m 12.52 +0.6- 0.4 Balance m 21.27 +g6+
4.3 COREEq m 35.71 +1.2+ 5.0 COREGr m 22.14 +1.6+ 8.6 CapGr m 27.99
+0.7+ 4.9 GrStr m 11.71 +0.3+ 0.7 GrInc m 24.42 +1.0+ 3.0 GrOpp m 19.45
+1.6+27.9 GrStr m 12.21 +0.4 HiYield m 8.73 +0.1 + InetTkp m 19.70
+1.2+ 2.6 IntlEq m 23.14 - 6.4 RechSal 10.76 +1.6 NA Goldman Sachs C
AggStr m 12.53 +0.6- 0.3 COREEq m 35.59 +1.2+ 5.0 COREGr m 22.15 +1.6+

8.5 CapGr In 27.94 +0.7+ 4.8 G&IStr m 11.70 +0.3+ 0.6 Grstr m 12.22
+0.5 InetTkp m 19.69 +1.2+ 2.6 RschSsI 10.77 +1.6 NA Goldman Sachs
GovInCA m 13.80 +0.3+ 6.8 Goldman Sachs inst AdjRtGv 9.58 + 3.7 COREEq
37.30 +1.2+ 5.9 COREGr 22.87 +1.6+ 9.3

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COREInt 11.48 -0.3- 115 CORELgVa 10.82 +1.0+ 2.1 CORESm 13.04 + 1.1

+

9.9 CapGr 29.19 +0.7+ 5.6 CoreFix 9Z3 +0.3+ 6.1 EmgMEq 11.02 -0.2-
6.8 GlbInc 14.59 +0.1 + 4.3 GrInc. 24.90 +0.9+ 4.0 GrOpp 19.59
+1.6+29.0 HYMuni 10.18 +0.1 NA FfIYietd 8.74 +0.3+ 3.4 InetTkp 19.93
+1.3+ 3.5 IntEq 24.06 -0.1 - 5.7 IntSmCap 16.37 +0.4+ 9.4 MidCapVa
19.86 +0.4+15.3 Reaffist 10.43 -0.4+22.9 ShDuTF 9.94 + 3.4 ShuDuGov
9.44 +04 + 3.9 Government Street Bond x 19.99 +0.3+ 5.0 Equity 58.78
+1A + 7.9 Governor AggGrf 12.65 +1.9+16.4 EstabGr f 14.58 +0.6+ 5.6
InFinc xf 9.26 +0.3+ 5.0 InbEq 11.24 -0.4- 7.9 LtdDurRet xf 9.72 +0.1 +
4.2 PAMuBd xf 9 90 +0.1 + 5.3 GovedIMCA b 30.54 +2.6+ 6.4 Grand Prix
GrandPrA m 47.83 +3.0+ 8.9 GrandPrxC m 47.54 +2.9+ 8.3 GranuMV81 b
29.12 +0.8+ 8.0 Great plelm Equity m 10.23 +0.9- 3.5 IntBd In 9.74
+0.3+ 4.6 TaxFBd m 9.85 +0.1 + 5.6 Green Century Balanced b 21.28
+3.8+39.1 Equity 27.34 +0.7- 1.6 Greenspr 16.50 +0.3+10.0 Guardian
AstaICA In 15.30 +0.7+ 8.7 AsiAil m 15.23 +0.7+ 8.2 BGEteA m 10.61
+0.3- 2.8 BGiFintlA m 2D.36 +0.4-12.2

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HiYldBdA 1 8.54 +0.4+ 0.9 InvQuWA m 9.45 +0.3+ 5.7 ParkAvA m 64.74
+2.0+12.8 PwkAvB m 63.41 +2.0+12.1 PaMvSmA m 21.79 +2.4+24.7 TaxE f
9.84 +0.1 + 7.8 Guinness Flight Chin&W d 18.00 + 2.0 Internet d 22.02
+1.6- 3.3 AliredIdx d 25 a2 +1.6+14.1 WirelaNd 12 37 +2.6 NA H&QIPOEMC
b 13.73 +3.1 - 3.2 INSOC Fixecum xm 9.73 +0.1+ 5.4 GroyAnc m 15.70
+1.0+ 8.3 Intleqls 11.94 -0.7- 0.9 Hansberger inst EmgMkt d 8.81 +0.2-
10.1 IntlVal d 10.67 -0.1 - 6.6 Harbor Bond 11.04 +0.5+ 6.4 CapApr
56.43 +1.4+ 9.4 Growth 26.22 +3.0+12.8 Intl 41.54 -0.3- 0.8 InflGrow
20.54 +1.6- 6.0 Intl 16.03 +0.3+ 5.7 ShortDur 8.49 + 4.3 Value 13.80
+0.8+ 2.9 HLIndEq 17.02 +0.5- 5.3 Harris ImW Inst Bell 13.63 +0.7+11.8
Bond 9.68 +0.3+ 6.5 Convert 32.89 +1.9+ 9.1 EmgMkts 8.70 +0.3- 9.8
Equity 15.79 +0.6+14.1 Equilyinc 20.59 +1.2+ 2.3 Growth 30.64 +1.0+ 6.2
Index 34.26 +1.0+ 4.0 IntGovBd 15.91 +0.3+ 6.6 IntTaxE 1 0.55 +01 + 6.7
Intl 14.80 -0.2- 6.9 ShIntBd 9.86 +0.2+ 5.3 SmCapOpp 26.28 +1.0+15.2
SmCapVaJ 35.24 +1.6+22.4 TaxEBond 10.08 +0.1 + 8.4 Hartford A Adviser m
17.56 +0.7+ 5.0 BdInoStr m 10.15 +0.3+ 6.3 CapApr m 35.39 +1.0+17.4
DivGrow m 17.33 +0.4+ 3.7

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AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE CONSOLIDATED TRADING/THURSDAY. AUGUST 31.

2000

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

AB

14.19 1.63 AMC dd 819 2.13 1.81 1.88-0.13 9.13 5.00 AMCON .12b 2.0 4
9

5.94 5.88 5.88 1.75 0.13 ARC dd 62 0.16 0.13 0.16 1.3 0.88 ARVLjv dd
31 1.00 0.88 1.00+0.13 219.13 142.81 ATr Fd 6.09 a 4.0 q 132 153.63
149.50 152.50+1.56 6.25 3.8B ATCross dd 79 5.50 5.19 5.50+0.38 T. 1.50
ATEC Gp dd 109 2.00 2.00 2.00 9. 7.00 Ableauct n 66 7.13 6.75 6.94-0.19
1 4. 13 Ablest dd 1 4.31 4.31 4.31-0.06 3.1 2.50 Abraxas n 1102 3.75
3.25 3.63+0.13 7.69 2.13 Accasel n 2831 6.00 5.25 5.50+0.50 3.44 0.81
AcmeU 14 90 3.44 3.25 3.31-0.06 21.06 7.88 AdmRsc .10 0.7 8 23 15.00
14.63 14.75-0.19 1075 3.00 AdvMag dd 277 5.00 4.63 4.75-0.13 18.4 0.44
AdvPhot old 773 3.38 3.19 3.31+0.13 9.00 3.06 AdvMrktg 1823 3.81 3.69

3.69-0.06 10.88 8.38 AegisNt .96 a 9.7 872 9.88 9.88 9.88 8.00 5.25
Aerocntry 6 108 6.75 6.25 6.75 14.50 8.13 Aeroson cc41 8.75 8.75
8.75+0.06 20.50 3.13 PjmGT g 637 10.389.75 10.25+0.69 6.06 3.47 AirTran
dd 573 4.19 4.13 4.13-0.06 3.44 1.13 AlarisMed dd 207 1.50 1.38
1.50+0.13 10.63 6.60 AiliancBcp .28 3.1 7 69 9.00 8.88 9.00 9.38 5.19
AllclRsh 19 85 8.56 8.44 8.50-0.19 9.50 5.13 Alloul-I 5 95 5.63 5.50
5.50 3.75 1.00 AlphaPr n 68 1.50 1.44 1.44-0.06 3.6 2.19 Alteon n 340
2.94 2.69 2.94+0.25 IDS 1.50 AfteffaHit dd 524 2.44 2.31 2.44+0.13 5.13
3.31 AmeriVest .48 9.8 944 4.88 4.88 4.8826.00 18.00 ABkCT 1.00 5.4 8
173 19.25 18.50 18.50-0.6320.00 11.75 Ambiltrt .50 3.9 6 120 13.00
12.00 12.88-0.256.75 3.00 ACmtPT -7.30 4.56 4.50 4.50+0.132.63 2.13 AIM
84 .20 a 8.4 13 25 2.3B 2.31 2.38+0.06 11.00 7.81 AIM 85 2.94e9.4 10
163 8.25 8.00 8.00-0.06 4.31 3.13 AIMI 86 s 2.23 a 7.8 14 41 4.00 4.00
4.00 8.25 5.88 AIM 88 1.98e9.5 11 43 6.56 6.25 6.50+0.3883.50 42.38
Alsrael 9.30 e 13.5 3 69.00 68.50 69.00-0.5012.94 7.88 AMtgAc 1.45 17.1
13 79 8.50 8.38 8.50+0.13 4.75 1.06 AQntCyc. 1480 1.63 1.25 1.63+0.31
8.50 4.50 ASciE 24 25 6.13 5.94 6.13+0.25 7.13 2.13 AmStwd 6 64 2.50
2.38 2.50+0.1 63.76 3.75 ATechC s 21 662 24.44 22.38 22.98-1.38 9.75
2.25 ATeleft n 1247 3.13 2.94 3.00 10.00 4.38 AVangrd .13 r 1.7 5 48
7.50 7.38 7.44+0.06 6.38 1.06 Ampex dd 835 1.31 1.19 1.25 1106 4.13
Amwest .09j dd 10 4.63 4.63 4.63-0.1 17.75 5.31 AndreaE dd

DayC15/ 386

2100 8.13 7.69 7.81+0.06 5.94 4.88 AntexBio n 63 5.75 5.63 5.63
15.25 8.31 ApexSilv - old 580 10.88 10.44 10.50 5.13 3.50 AAzLd .40 a
9.4 10 2 4.25 4.25 4.25-0.06 4.56 1.00 Arhyth 8 124 2.13 2.13 2.13 2.50
0.44 AstUvng dd 1513 0.63 0.44 0.63+0.19 15.00 7.75 AtiTele .70 6.0 5 4
11.63 11.50 11.63 16.75 5.13 Atlanta 7 14 5.50 5.50 5.50-0.1317.00
10.50 AtlasPpl n .75 4.7 28 16.00 15.75 16.00-0.315.75 2.19 Autotote. -
35 1233 3.19 3.06 3.19+0.06 6.19 3.00 AvWonHU 27 41 3.25 3.06 3.25+0.19
5.13 1.81AAvanir n 32949 6.63 6.44 6.06+0.94 2.88 0.38 AvenEnt dd 56
0.63 0.63 0.63 11 1.63 Avitar n 1491 3.06 2.88 3.00+0.131.W 0.63 Azoo
dd 1571 1.06 0.88 1.06+0.19 IAN 0.25 B&HO 7 0.56 0.50 0.56+0.061 I&W
27.25 B28 Inet n 5.27 r 10.0 3682 52.44 50.75 52.44+0.3115.50 10.75 g
.28 36 15.56 15.25 15.25+0.44 2.06 0.56 BFX Hosp dd 190 2.06 2.06 2.06
169.00 130.06 BHC 2.00 a 1.3 50 146 154.00 152.00 153.00 -0.38 8.25
1.50 BLC Fricl 12 27 1.94 1.81 1.81 10.88 7.75 BNP BssP 1.24 14.4 21 37
8.63 8.50 8.63 0. 39.50 25.00 BadgrM .86 3.1 10 32 27.88 27.38 27.88 +
0.507.31 4.75 Baker dd189 7.25 7.13 7.13+0.132.88 0.88 BalCare dd 120
1.19 1.06 1.19+0.062.63 1.63 Saldw 6 92 2.00 1.94 1.94+0.06 24.00 18.00
BanFd 3.68 a 3.5 q 41 23.88 23.50 23.69-0.19 22.00 12.75 BarHarb .76
5.0 9 50 15.19 15.13 15.13 17.63 9.75 Bamwl 10 a 0.6 5 2 17.00 17.00
17.00 2.63 0.58 BaristrGib 12 31 1.00 0.94 0.94 24A 15.88 BayStEc 40f
1.6 17 140 25.75 24.81 25.38+0.56 3226 5.50 BayCorpH dd 24 8.75 8.44
8.75+0.06 4.13 1.56 Bayou 1 802 2.13 1.75 2.13+0.50 3.38 0.69 BeardCo
dd 29 0.94 0.94 0.94+0.19 9.13 2.00 Bellind 1.30e 4 142 2.63 2.50 2.5
1.63 0.38 BemaGold dd 40220.50 0.38 0.50+0.06 1150 2.75 BentPh dd 303
9.25 9.00 9.00-0.1 838 0.19 BentP wtI3 602.13 2.06 2.06-0. 223.00
190.00 BergCa 17.75e q 8 263.00 261.50 263.00+1.50 15.00 12.13 BeriHBc
n 97 14.63 14.50 14.63-0.06 2.00 0.6 BethCp 8 .92 0.63 0.56 0.63 10.50
8.94 Bexil 1.00 10.5 q 5 9.50 9.50 9.50+0.13 9.25 3.38 BigCRad dd 17
4.25 4.19 4.25+0.13 4.63 1.63 BioAqua n 98 1.94 1.88 1.88-0.19 33.00
21.00 BioR A cc 159 24.75 23.88 24.63 +0.50 33.25 21.50 BioR B rc 10
24.95 24.25 24.25+0.50 4.38 0.75 Bionova dd 134 2.50 2.13 2.38+0.13
244.75 102.00 BiotechT n .03 a q 8237204.44 196.811201.94+6.38 19.00
5.25 Blotme 426 7.94 7.44 7.56+0.13 12.38 10.75 BlkBlD9 .83 6.9 q 2
12.06 12.06 12.06+0.13 16.50 12.50 BCAIQ .79 5.7 q 60 13.98 13.88 13.88
14.06 12.13 BFUQ .80 6.0 q 7 13.44 13.44 13.44+0.06 4.00 11.50 BlkPaStr
.82 6.5 q 58 1 2.56 12.50 12M 24.13 12.50 BlairCp .60 2.7 8 66 23.00

22.13 22.13-0.88 11.88 4.75 BlondT 19 166 6.56 6.44 6.50+0.13 .00 3.13
BoltTech 43 142 4.75 4.50 4.75+0.19 10.00 2.00 booktech n 217 3.75 3.19
3.75+0.63 1.81 0.19 BootsCts dd 3527 0.94 0.88 0.94+0.06 17.63 10.63
Bostnfd .52 3.0 9 259 17.50 17.50 17.5020.76 3.31 Boundis dd637 6.13
4.75 5.56+0.948.13 6.50 Bow A .44 b 5.4 1136 8.13 7.75 8.13+0.317.50
3.44 BwKtdr 95 65 6.63 6.56 6.63 +0.06 15.06 10.50 Bras g 1.00f 103
13.13 12.94 13.13 +0.06 20.88 12.63 BrdgVw .20b 1.1 15 9 17.88 17.75
17.88+0.1314.94 2.50 BdilDig dd 118 4.50 4.25 4.50+0.13 18.00 7.75
BHtATob .92 a 7.0 434 13.44 13.00 13.13+0.13W4.19 66.00 BrdbdHT n .03
11.66 95.31 93.56 95.19+1.56

C

4.13 1.00 CD&L 15 352 1.19 1.06 1.19-0 06 7.75 2.63 CE Frnk g 475
6.63 6.44 6.50 2.44 0.25 CET Env dd 59 1.00 0.88 1.00 6.13 4.94 CIM .69
. 70 5.75 5.69 5.75+0.6 29.13 13.25 CVB Fncl .48 3.0 13 154 16.25 16.00
16.00-0.136.50 2.00 CVF Tch dd 72 2.81 2.75 2.75 9.75 2.25 Cabletel g
192 3.38 2.88 3.38+0.38 3.00 2.38 CdpItGr n 77 2.75 2.69 2.75-0.13 1730
7.00 CagleA .12 1.5 7 45 7.88 7.50 7.81+0.56 33.75 4.00 Calton a 88
4.63 4.38 4.63+0.13 475 0.31 Cambior

387 / C15Day

150 0.44 0.31 0.3824.00 10.13 CamdnN .64 4.8 10 2 13.25 13.25
13.25+0.25 2.50 1.00 CdnE gn .04t 3M 2.31 2.25 2.31+0.063D.00 17.50
CdnOoci g .30 - 202 26.81 26.31 26.31-0.06 3.63 1.38 CannExp 8 179 2.38
2.25 2.38+0.13 2.50 0.50 CanyonR s 676 1.00 0.94 0.94+0.06 .88 2.38
CapAIH .34 11.3 8 61 3.13 3.00 3.00-0.063.63 1.88 CapPCHI 641 2.50 2.38
2.50+0.13

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

7.00 0.25 Carcliotch dd 236 2.69 2.56 2.63+0.06 6.00 1.19 CareerEng
dd 184

2.00 1.811 1.88-0.13 13.88 3.13 Careside dd 65 5.00 4.94 4.94-0.31
4.94 0.81 Caresde wt 11 1.19 1.19 1.19 -0.06 9.75 6.63 Carmel 41 7.38
7.13 7.25 +0.13 13.50 7.00 CarverBcp .05 e 0.5 dd a2 9.63 9.11 9 51.10
21 24.00 4.63 CashTech 431 6.94 5. 88 6 0+ 0614.81 8.31 Castlam .78 7.4
1695 10.75 10.38 10.50 +0.13 23.50 20.13ACaeFd 1.32a5.6 q14 23.63 23.38
23.44+0.1312.00 2.19 Colci dd 763 3.00 2.94 2.94+0.06 4.60 1.88 Celsion
n 1 1122 3.06 2.88 3.00+0.19 4.75 3.25 CFCda g .01 q 264 3.38 3.31
3.38+0.13 37.75.24.63ACentSe 2.6 q 42 38.13 37.69 38.00+0.44 2.69 0.50
ChadTly dd 6 1.06 1.06 1.06-0.06 13.81 2.56 ChartMM 1.06 7.8 13 410
13.63 13.50 13.56-0.06 12.25 8.75 ChaseCp .32 f 3.2 7 1 9.88 9.88
9.88+0.06 18.44 1.44 Chqmdnt 928 1.63 1.50 1.63+0.13 25.75 19.00
ChiRivet a 20.75 20.63 20.63+0.19 22.50 13.38 Chief 41 273 21.94 21.25
21.50-0.38 3.63 2.25 Citadela n 39 8 3.13 3.00 3.13 3.75 2.31 CitadelB
n 41 13 3.25 3.25 3.25 16.50 11.56 CitFFin .20 1.5 9 7 13.25 13.25
13.25+0.06 7.25 5.00 Citizinc 80 114 6.56 6.38 6.44-0.13 7.25 3.19
ClearWk n.992 4.94 4.63 4.88+0.25 2.94 1.00 Coastl dd 6 1.69 1.63
1.69+0.06 27 25 8.63 CogNtm 16 113 11.88 11.50 11.81+0.06 8.63 5.88
Cohontr .52 7.4 q 21 7.06 7.06 7.06+0.06 4.44 0.44 Cliglink n 305 0.88
0.75 0.81+0.06 15.06 12.19 ColCAIn n.89 5.9 q30 15.00 14.94 15.00+0.06
15.13 12.13 Colins n .90 6.3 q 5 14.19 14.19 14.19 15.75 11.88 ColNYIn
n 1.01 6.5 11 15.50 15.38 15.50+0.19 18.75 4.50 Coll-b dd 1051 5.56
5.38 5.50 +0.06 7.25 5.25 ColumbEn dd 76 6.13 5.75 6.00 -0.26 3.63 1.00
Comforce dd 163 1.94 1.69 1.88 +0.13 22.69 12.25 Cominc .30 33 14.13
14.00 14.13 2.75 0.63.CmdrAp dd 2295 1.31 1.00 1.31+0.19 0.50 0.06
CmdrA wt 680 0.25 0.22 0.25+0.06 22.63 15.81 CmtyBkPa .64 b 3.0 12 78
21.50 21.50 21.50+0.25 14.13 10.75 CmtyBSC .24 f 2.2 1316 11.25 11.13
11.13-0.38 9.88 5.75 CmtyCap.32 t 13 55 6.13 6.06 6.13 23.50 4.88
CompTch 16 137 9.13 8.88 8.94+0.06 4.00 0.50 Cmptrc dd 34 0.56 0.56
0.56 12.00 0.38 Cmputr n dd 498 1.75 1.50 1.56 5.00 2.38 Congolm dd 62

4.00 3.88 3.88-0.38 14.813 11.00 CmTom .05e 0.4 2857 12.25 12.00
12.19+0.06 1.50 0.31 Cwtinucre dd 55 0.56 0.50 0.50-0.06 5.75 1.06 C
ker .10 8.9 dd 495 1.38 1.13 1.13-0.19 2.88 1.13 CoreMat dd 9 2.00 2.00
2.00.13.75 10.63 ComwBep.40 3.2 10 1 12.38 12.38 12.38 - 0 14.13 0.81
CreatvCpt dd 103 1.06 0.94 0.94-0.06 5.00 4.50 CreditStr n 228 4.94
4.63 4.69+0.13 9.88 4.75 CmCP dd 73 9.63 9.50 9.50-0.25 10.13 4.56 CmCP
B dd 10 9.31 9.31 9.31+0.06 2.81 0.63 Crystlix gn 1819 1.31 1.19 1.25
27.38 17.31 Cubic .38 1.8 12 43 21.94 21.50 21.50 + 0 13 5.13 0.31
CyberSM n 160 0.50 0.44 0.50 4.75 2.00 Cybexintl cc 29 3.25 3.13 3.13-
0.13

DE

7.00 5.06 DCH Tch n 2118 5.75 5.31 5.50 117.50 96.84 DJiA Darn 1.48
e 1.3 8896 113.23 111.44 112.47+1.31 12.25 6.88 DRS Tech 22 249 12.06
11.50 11.88+0.19 5 94 1.63 DairyMt n dd 25 5.38 5.38 5.38+0.13 7.38
3.88 DanlHd 15 43 4.38 4.19 4.38+0.25 3.00 0.88 Dading dd 42 1.00 0.75
1.00 30.63 10.25 Daxor dd 26 15.25 14.50 14.88 -0.19 2.50 0.38 DaytonM
8 870 0.50 0.44 0.44- 0.06 6.88 3.38 Decoratr .28 6.4 9 x1 4.38 4.38
4.38-0.19 15.63 7.13 Dell-ab dd

DayC15/ 388

25 12.00 11.88 12.00+0.19 11.00 8.75 DeftApd n 5 11 10.25 10.00
10.06-0.31 9.63 2.38 Depomed dd 36 3.00 2.88 3.00 62.75 29.50 Devone
.20 0.3 23 9081 60.44 58.25 58.66-1.56 16.26 9.71 DiaMetA 9 11.00 11.00
11.00+.0 50 17.56 1 1.00 DiaMetB 20 12.31 12.31 12.31+0.13 18.75 2.75
Digil-ava dd 240 6.38 5.75 6.38-0.06 10.50 0.63 DigiLav wi 55 3.00 2.63
3.00+0 25 9.94 1.25 DiqPwr cc 1351 9.44 8.25 8.75+0.06 4.31 0.69
DispMgmt dd 182 1.50 1.50 1.50-0.06 5.50 2.25 DivCpRes 20 28 4.63 4.63
4.63 11.00 2.75 DixnTic 26110 5.00 4.50 4.63- 0.38 12.13 6.75 Drewind
677 7.06 7.00 7.00-0.06 9.81 7.31 DryCal .49 5.7 q 5 8.56 8.56 8.56-
0.06 8.25 6.94 DryffAu .53 6.7 q 1238.06 7.94 7.94-0.06 8.63 7.44
DryfNY .48 5.7 q 3 8.44 8.44 8. +0.06 3.00 0.94 Du kHd n 73 1.00 0.94
1.00+0.06 10.00 2.50 DuraSwt dd 92 8.00 7.75 8.00 3.00 IM Dynamex 435
1.50 1.13 1.50+0.25 1.94 0.50 e-dentist dd 1472 0.63 0.50 0.56+0.06
10.88 8.50 EFC Bcp .48 12 31 9.63 9.56 9.63 24.25 3.75 EMedSft n dd
1820 4.13 3.75 3.88-0.6 2.25 0.63 EXX A s 5 102 0.88 0.75 0.81-0.08
10.63 4.13 EZEM A 14 2 8.00 8.00 8.00+0.25 950 5.25 EagleW n 1280 6.38
6.06 6.31+0.06 6.50 12.75 EasternCo .44 3.1 8 11 14.38 14.13 14.25 2.00
0.38 Easyridr dd12 0.50 0.44 0.50-0.06 13.31 10.44 EVCAMu .69 5.6 q 63
12.31 12.13 12.25 12.63 10.44 EVMAMu .68 5.9 q16 11.44 11.44 11.44-0.06
13.00 9.94 EVMiMu .66 5.7 q 20 11.50 11.60 11.50+0.25 13.00 10.19
EVNJMu .66 5.6 q 40 11.88 11.75 11.88+0.25 1 2.94 9.88 EVNYMu .68 5.9 q
100 11.56 11.38 11.50+0.13 13.19 9.81 EVOHMu .67 5.7 q 10 11.81 11.81
11.81+0.06 12.56 10.00 EVPAMu .66 5.6 q 22 11.69 11.69 11.69 2.63 0.81
EchoBay dd 1251 0.88 0.81 0.81 6.94 5.25 EcolEn .32 4.9 55 17 6.69 6.56
6.56-0.06 15.50 8.13 ElPasoE 13 1419 13.56 13.31 13.44+0.13 24.50 6.13
ElitePh n 325 7.63 7.44 7.56+0.06 10.31 TWElawth 1.58 e 5.8 q 520 10.44
10.25 10.38+0.13 23.88 7.81 eMargin n 1019 10.859.50 9.69-1. 11 8.25
2.13 Emeritus dd 25 2.75 2.69 2.69-0.13 2.94 0.44 EmerR 21 60622.88
2.06 2.50- 0.31 2.25 0.88 EmpireRs 3 40 1.06 1.06 1.06 0.75 0.06 EmpCar
dd 321 0.16 0.13 0.13+0.6 9.94 1.25 Enclorox dd261 Z88 2.56 2.56 65.50
10.63 Engex q15 34.50 31.50 34.50+3.00 4.25 2.75 EntrePrt n 179 4.00
3.63 4.00+0.06 3.13 1.13 EnvEle dd 100 1.50 1.31 1.50+0.25 1.75 0.38
EmSafe dd 150 0.38 0.38 0.38 21.00 7.88 EnvirTec 24 1 9.06 9.06 9.06 +
04 74.50 5.75 Emission n dd 20 13.25 13.19 13.25 25.44 7.31 EpicEdg n dd
877 16.75 16.25 16.63+0.38 18.25 12.88 Espey .20 1.2 22 10 16.38 16.25
16.25-0.25 4.75 2.50 Excell-eg 110 2.75 2.50 2.75+0.25

FG

3.88 1.25 FFP Mk dd 5 3.38 3.38 3.38 1.25 0.63 FFP 2 11 0.88 0.88
0.88+0.0611.63 3.75 Fn Cnslt 1360 9.50 9.31 9.44-0.0615.00 9.88 Fabinds

.40 3.8 36 10 10.56 10.56 10.56-0.06 23.44 19.13 FallRivr .96 4.2 3010
22.88 22.88 22.88-0.132.13 0.88 FarmTel 19 103 1.31 1.31 1.31 4.38 2.13
FAMHlt dd 10 2.50 2.38 2.50+0.25 8.38 5.81 FtAust .87 e 6.5 q 97 6.50
6.44 6.50 6.56 4.06 FAusPr .54a 10 9 4.50 4.44 4.50+0.0611 48531.00
15.13 FtNatCp .56 3.5 10 16.00 15.75 16.00+0.5016.25 9.94 FstfedA .40 f
2.7 1043 15.19 14.94 14.94+0.13

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

6.25 3.75 Flanign .11 f 2.5 4 26 4.38 4.25 4.38+0.1312.00 0.25

Flightserv dd

1844 1.06 0.94 0.9420.00 13.13 FlaPUtil 72 4.4 14 2 16.38 16.38
16.38 31.00 19.75 Foodrm 11 2022.00 20.75 20.76-1.384.75 0.69 FrkTlcm
4580 0.94 0.75 0.88+0.19 36.13 8.13 .20 0.6 90 669 36.00 32.50
35.13+2.13 4.00 3.06 Fdadm .16b4.3 10 95 3.75 3.50 3.75-0.136.00 2.75
Friendly 76 4.13 3.94 3.94-0.06 12.50 8.25 Frische.32 2.8 11 106 11.69
11.50 11.504.50 1.00 FrontAdj .15 4.0

389 / C15Day

54 4 3.76 3.75 3.75+0.1 8.97 0.94 FrontInCm dd 536 1.63 1.25 1.25-
0.19 4.13 2.50 FunsRat a 1 10 3.00 3.00 3.00-0.0615.13 10.69 GA Fncl
.72 5.1 11 9 14.06 14.06-0.06 3.63 2.50 GBLCap n 21 2.75 2.63
2.63-0.25 9.00 2.00 GSE Sy dd 111 2.63 2.25 2.50+0.38 3.75 0.63 GTR Gp
g 1411 1.06 0.94 1.00 6.25 2.50 GWaxyFds 12 145 4.81 4.50 46933.0020.13
Garan 7.62 21.50 21.25 8.69 2.44 GaylCn dd 601 2.88 2.69 2.75 10.00
3.38 GenStar n 132 8.94 8.81 8.885.63 3.25 GnEmp 6 64 3.38 3.31 3.31-
0.06 12.25 1.19 Ctrn gn dd 762 2.25 1.94 2.25+0.31 17.911 11.63 GlcWatr
dd 1 11.75 11.75 11.75 5.00 4.13 Globlinco .511 12.4 q 46 4.75 4.69
4.69+0.06 27.50 7.75 GloblT g 462 9.95 9.70 9.95+0.10 2.00 0.50
GloblTech 1490 1.25 1.00 1.06+0.13 2.13 0.38 GldStarR dd 1028 0.81 0.75
0.812.00 0.25 GldFld 8644 0.88 0.75 0.8120.44 13.75 GolfTrst 1.76 12.4
12 67 14.25 14.00 14.19-0.06 18.88 14.25 GonnRup 64 f 3.4 11 27 18.75
18 50 18 75+0 38 5.13 4.00 GoumB .12f2.4 22 5.00 4 88 5.00+0 25 12.75
6.00 OfahmnCp dd 103 12.50 11.76 11.76-0.75 4.00 0.31 Greenbri dd 2
0.75 0.75 0 75-0 06 12.69 10.38 GrrvStCA .60 5.1 q 2 1 1.98 11.88 11
88-0 06 5.63 2.13 GreyWolf dd 3547 5.50 5.19 5 50+0 25 16.63 11.75
GrovePrp.72 4.4 22 167 16.31 16.25 16.31 -0.0

HIJ

9.50 2.06 HMG 1.00 dd 89.06 8.94 9.06+0.25 12.69 6.77 HPSC 20 7.63
7.50 7.63+0.25 8.00 4.50 Halifax 6 6 5.38 5.38 5.38 0.63 0.31-HalImF ec
10 1 0.69 0.69 0.69+0.06 12.94 MyHllwood a 14 18 5.63 5.00 5.00-0.63
54.50 33.00 HWlRlty 22 3 45.00 45.00 45.00-0.25 2.75 0.75 Halsey dd 860
1.06 1.00 1.00 4.13 1.19 Hamptl dd315 1.44 1.38 1.38 4.88 3.13 HanovCap
.48 110.5 dd 3 4.56 4.56 4.56 3.88 0.68 HanvDir dd 2034 0.75 0.63 0.63-
0.06 1.88 0.56 Harken dd 41100.88 0.81 0.81 6.88 1.81 Harold dd 5 2.50
2.50 2.50+0.13 12.13 7.00 Heating .20 a 2.8 10 35 7.13 7.13 7.13 2.88
1.75 HawAir dd 66 2.50 2.50 2.50- 0.06 575 2 00 Headway 5 29 2.44 2.38
2.44+0.13 22.50 2.50 HltCrInt a dd 8 2.63 2.50 2.50-0.06 1 63 0 31
HltPlanet dd 37 0.69 0.50 0.69 7.50 0.75 HeartldT dd 78 5.31 4.38 4.75-
0.56 6.75 2.50 Hearx dd 46 3.06 3.00 3.00 17.25 11.38 HectorCm 723
14.00 13.63 13.88+0.38 19.00 5.25 Hemispx dd 734 6.44 6.00 6.06-0.31
15.00 1.63 Hmisph wi 118 2.63 2.25 2.38-0.19 5.13 1.38 HiShearT 15 23
1.50 1.44 1.50+0.06 15.38 9.25 HollyCp .68 5.3 6 68 13.00 12.88 12.88
8.44 2.25 HlywdCas dd 1032 8.88 8.25 8.81+0.56 4.75 0.44 HmeSeu 3 20
0.50 0.50 0.50 18.75 7.19 Hooperl a D3 0.3 32 983 11.88 11 13
11.69+0.66 7.44 1.00 HcrizPhm dd 374 1.94 1 75 1.94+0.19 2.88 1.06
HostFdg cid 3 1.13 1 13 1.13 5.00 0.19 Hotelwrks dd 23861.13 0.69
0.94+0.19 9.00 5.25 HovnEn 6 368 7.25 7.13 7.19-0.06 14.00 4.50 ICH Cp
43 10 5.56 5.56 6.56-0.06 3.75 1.00 IGI dd 169 1.06 1.00 1.00-0.06 2.44
1.38 ILX Read 7 212 1.94 1.94 1.94 3.50 2.00 IPI Inc 7 15 2.63 2.63

2.63 4.75 0.13 Party n dd 298 0.38 0.31 0.31 11.31 9.13 iSKAstla .25 a
2.5 q 333 10.06 9.88 9.94-0.06 17.06 11.31 ShBeIg .36 2.7 q 21 13.50
13.25 13.25 20.31 18.75 GhBrazil n.37 a 1.9 q 26 19.88 19.75 19.75+0.56
16.94 9.88 iShCamda 5.06 a 29.8 q 396 17.13 16.81 17.00+0.19 79.1974.38
iShEMU jn q 3 76.25 75.88 76.25-0.25 29.94 22.44 iShFranoa 1.80 a 6.8 q
289 26.69 26.25 26.50 26.13 18.13 iShGerm 2.53e 12.3 q 492 20.69 20.31
20.56+0.06 14.56 10.63 iSh HK .34 a 2.5 q 375 13.50 13.31 13.50 +0.19
27.63 20.63 iSNtaly q 316 22.50 22.38 22.38-0.50 16.56 13.00 iShJapan
.56 a 4.0 q 2202 14.00 13.88 13.94+0.13 22.5616.94 iShKor n q 13 18.76
18.63 18.75-1.06 8.25 4.75 iShMalasia .05 a 0.8 q 274 6.00 5.94 5.94
20.81 11.88 iShMexim .42 a 2.5 q 446 17.00 16.75 16.75+0.25 25.8821.88
iShNeth .23 a 1.0 q 75 23.94 23A 23.63 9.63 6.38 iShSing .27 a 3.5 q
1229 7.75 7.56 7.69 29.75 24.13 iShSpWn

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.95 a 3.9 q 42 24.50 24.19 24.31-0.06 30.50 117.50 iShilmedam 6.40 a
26.0 q 25 24.63 24.38 24.63+11.69 16.81 13.88 iShSwitz .16a1.0 q 24
15.81 15.75 15.81+0.25 19.44 16.63 iShTaiwn n A a 5. 1 q 49 16.88 16.88
16.88+0.19 22 75 17.81 iSh UK 132 a 7.2 q466 18.63 18.38 18.44+0.19
35.50 6.88 Idenfix dd 1901 15.25 14.25 14.69+0.31 15.50 5.50AIrnagsWr n
1100 16.38 15.88 16.00+0.56 6.25 1.25-IrrageW wt 713 7.00 6.44
6.63+0.38 7.00 4.56 ImpacC .50 7.8 dd 64 6.44 6.25 6. +0.13 5.06 2.38
ImpacMtg .48 17.9 dd 839 2.75 2.63 2.69 26.38 17.94 .mpOil g .78 320
25.31 24.81 24.81-025 B.63 0.88 mpSugar dd 294 1.21 1.06 1.25+0.06
12.00 3.63 ImpIntSc n dd 54 9.25 8.88 8.88-0.13 10.25 2.00 IncOpR .60
6.3 7 10 9.50 9.50 9.50-0.1 5A 0.75 IndlData dd35 0.94 0.88 0.94+0.06
7.50 1.66 InSiteVis 74 2660 6.75 6.81 6.69+028 2.50 0.50 Integra 13 1
1.06 1.06 1.06-0.06 2.88 0.50 IntgOrth dd 1201.38 1.25 1.38+0.13 13.75
5.88 IntelliCk n dd 115 10.88 10.50 10.63-0.25 2.25 0.50 Intellicall dd
2683 1.38 1.25 1.31+0.13 2.75 1.06 IntlGc ac 3179 1.25 1.25 1.25+0 13
37.63 29.00 IntelPoly n 19 37.13 36.88 37.00-0.63 14.50 2.00 IntlGSys
.52 a 9.1 4 49 6.88 5.63 5.69-0.13 19.00 2.88 IntFnSv .50 3.9 1012
12.88 12.63 12.88+0.50 15.38 4.00 Intedott 10 242 11.06 10.13 10.50-
0.38 33.25 5.38 Intnnagn 39 917 18.38 17.3B 18.19+0.69 3.88 0.56 IRIS
dd43 2.13 2.13 106.94 72.25AIinetArch n .07 r 0.1 614 107.31 103.94
106.81 +2.63 192.13 95.00 intntKrr n 3559 117.63 115.75 116.75-0.88
109.94 37.38 InetInfra n 1291 62.88 60.56 62.50+2.06 10.88 5.00 IntstGC
dd 18 10.63 10.38 10.38-0.13 18.25 2.38 Invemeas rc 2842 18.44 17.88
18.44+0.38 7.13 2.13 Iomed dd 368 3.75 3.38 3.50-0.13 82.75 70.47
iShFnSec n .18p q 30 83.92 82.41 83.75+2.06 81.75 54.88 iShD.Jnet n q
266 80.31 79.00 80.31+1.38 137.75 99.50 iShDJTec n q 18 137.13 134.91
136.81 +2.52 63.88 51.38 iShDJTel n.11 p q 92 54.53 52.50 64.06+0.50
81.28 72 13 81.78 81.45 81.50+0.86 92.33 78.14 iDOG n .03 p q 62 91.00
90.06 91.00+1.63 58.62 54.11 iOVn .07p q 35 58.13 58.00 58.00+0.58
109.19 90.56 iShRs n A p q 756 108.31 106.81 107.50+1.06 83.89 75.28
iShRs n.06 p q 25 84.23 83.63 84.17+1.08 152.73 136.66 .12 p q 6070
153.05 150.88 152.23+1.83 94.25 80.97 iShSPB&G n .02p q 155 92.22 91.11
91.66+0.97 63.33 58.38 I iShSPBaV n .07p q 1263 63.59 63.06 63.11+0.47
107.52 91 109.09 107.98 108.89+1.52

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

iShCCyc n q 3 59.69 59.50 59.69-0.41 146.44 127 iShREst n.63p q 5
73.47

73.28 73.47+0.47 64.25 56.81 iShInds n .02p q 1 63.91 63.91
63.91+0.31 68.69 61.94 iShHitcr n q 55 64.47 63.53 64.09+0.84 94.91
80.13 iShFnSv n .08 p q 9 94.88 94.63 94.88+1.05 53.84 45.38 iShEngy n
q 6 52.91 52.38 52.75+0.31 42.5940.13 iShNCyc n .04 p q 2 40.69 40.69
40.69-0.38 35.75 33.59 iShBasM n.03p q 1 34.80 34.80 34.80+0.06 71.38
65 66.22 60.25 n .05 p q 10 66.81 66.81 66.81+0.59 79.50 74.61 Ofu(N) n

q 107 79.09 78.69 79.06+0.56 71.84 66.94 iShSCBaV n q 6 72.52 72.52
72.52+0.67 87.86 77.69 iShSCBaG n 24 89.56 88.44 89.00+1.14 52.98 1025
IvaxCp 2 1 35.00 33.00 34.63+2.25 10.00 0.63 JCC Hid 264 1.44 1.19
1.38+.44.50 20 46.25 46.25 46.25 + 1.75 19.88 7.19 JWenes s 11 3269
14.94 13.19 14.118+11 81 4.25 1.69 Jaclyn 38 134 3.56 3.13 3.44+044
6.00 1.08 Jinpw 72 2.25 2.25 2.7 13 3.31 JOHamm dd 47 7.00 6.94
694+0.06

KLM

8.75 5.50 KBKCap28 .95 12.9 1 7.38 7.38 7.38+0.13 5 00 0.94 KFX Inc
dd 266 2.88 2.63 2.69-0.06 28.00 17.63 KankakB .48 2.2 14 9 22.25 22.25
22.25- 0.13 35.00 16.75 Keane 41 1969 17.50 17.13 17.31-0.19 11 94 9.75
KY FstB .50

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4.8 13 5 10.38 10.38 10.38-0.06 16.50 12.38 KeysProp 1.24 f 9.9 18
39 1 2.50 12.44 12.50+0.06 2.13 0.94 Kinark dd 58 1.13 1.13 1.13 6.13
0.75 KrauseF dd 95 1.25 1.06 1.1 + 0.8 2.38 1.13 Kmg 3 1136 1.31 1.13 1
R 15.50 8.00 LOM Int n.50e q 117 9.75 9.44 9.76+0. i6 3.50 1.00 Laaarg
24 165 2.69 2.63 2.69+0 1 9 4.63 1.06 LaidwG n 66 1.44 1.38 1.44+0 19
7.25 3.50 Lancer dd 1 4.00 4.00 4.00 27.38 14.75 Landaur 1.40 7.6 13
107 18.38 17.63 18.38+0.38 4.00 1.13 LaserTech dd 34 1.75 1.69
1.75+0.13 9.75 6.00 LazKap 63 144 6.31 6.19 6.25+0.06 1.69 0.56
LeathFac. 8 89 1.25 1.13 1.19+0.19 96.88 91.00 LehCSC .001 3.33 3.4 3
96.63 96.63 96.63+0.38 7.25 3.50 LifePoint n 380 4.75 4.63 4.69+0.13
13.31 9.13 UlVern .32 2.9 14 77 11.13 11.00 11.13+0.13 5.00 1.50
LionsGt g 772 2.75 2.69 2.75+0.06 50.00 18.88 LynchCp 8 1 46.00 46.00
46.00+1.00 131.00 42.00 Lynchint n 49 3 97.50 97.00 97.00+1.50 2.44
0.38 MAI Sys dd193 0.44 0.44 0.44 1.44 0.63 MC Shp .10 14.5 dd x6 0.75
0.69 0.69 11.50 7.38 MCB Fin n .04 0.5 7 20 8.31 8.13 8.19+0.06 7.63
2.38AMagnHunt cc 2168 7.88 7.3B 7.75+0.31 1.94 0.19AMa H wt 666 2.00
1.81 772 96.13 94.81 95.50 10.00 4.75 MarkWst 12 5 9.13 9.13 9.13+0.13
3.50 1.00 Madton 8 52 1.50 1.38 1.50+0.13 13.56 10.94 MassHE .76 5.9
q13 12.81 12.81 12.81-0.13 16.25 3.75 Malec Cp .20 a 1.6 16 210 12.13
10.63 12.13+1.66 23.813 14.00 Mauil-nd 35 10 23.75 23.75 23.75-0.13
4.25 1.88 MamPtr 43 3.69 3.56 3.56 57.63 17.38 Maxam dd 29 21.56 21.31
21.44 -3.63 1.88 MayusJW 7 1133 3.50 3.19 3.5 4.13 McRae A .36 7.0 10 2
5.13 5.13 5.13-0.13 4300 15.88 Meas SpcI 30 108 38.94 38.38 38.94+013
55.75 46.75 Media .64 1.2 17 174 51.80 50.90 51.50+0.60 18.25 7.50
MedAdvS dd 182 10.31 10.00 10.13-0.13 5.94 3.50 Medium4 n 11 3.75 3.63
3.69-0.06 5.00 1.06 MedixRs n 1604 2.19 2.00 2.06 13.50 7.00 Medtox 26
80 11.88 11.38 11.50+0.13 4.38 2.50 Memry n41 2.56 2.50 2.50 -0.06
23.50 14.75 MrchGp .40 2.3 8 3 17.38 17.38 17.38-0.13 9.63 4.63 MercAjr
16 142 7.13 6.75 7.00 2.88 1.75 MerftgH n 92 1.75 1.75 1.75-0.19 10.06
9.75 ML Bio07 n 57 9.81 9.81 9.81 20.13 18.75 MLBdld 17 18.94 18.88
18.94+0.06 9.00 7.13 ConSt06 70 8.19 8.13 8.19.12.81 10.06 10 12.69
12.69 12.69+0.19 10.00 8.06 MI-En8-06 89 9.94 9.81 9.81-0.06 16.13
12.63 MI-Eur02 20 15.94 15.94 15.9 11.00 9.00 MI- Eur06 35 10.19 10.19
10.19 10.13 8.63 MI-Glob04 41 9.19 9.19 9.19+0.25 10.13 8.63 MI-Gth06
45 9.94 9.88 9.94-0.06 12.25 9.63 ML HIT01 32 11.94 11.88 11.94-0.06
10.00 8.00 MLInet07 n 83 8.88 8.88 8.88-0.06 11.69 8.25 MLM11 06 129
9.88 9.63 9.63-0.25 10.13 9.69 MLNDX07 n 203 9.94 9.88 9.88+0.06 10.25
8.81 MLNik02 51 9.19 9.19 9.19 1175 9.38 ML Niko5 67 10.13 10.00 10.06-
0.06 10.00 7.56 MI-Nik07 n 45 8.00 8.00 8.00 10.06 8.13 MI-Nik06 56
8.88 8.75 8.75 12.38 8.50 MLRus04 145 10.88 10.69 10.75+0.13 11.13 8.38
MI-Rus06 23 9.75 975 9.75 12.13 10.25 MLSP605 104 12.06 12.06
12.06+0.13 10.25 8.75 MLSP3- 06 53 10.06 10.06 10.06 - 9.144 8.56
MLSP706 40 9.75 9.69 9.69-0.06 5.88 12.25 ML TTYId 25 14.06 14.06
14.06-0.06 838 5.25 Merrimac dd 64 14.75 13.75 13.88+0.13 10.25 2.88
Metromda dd 727 4.06 3.81 3.94 3.75 1.81 MichAnt 9 1519 2.00 1.88 1.88-

0 6 36.26 22.13 MidABc .92 3.5 12 28 26.00 25.56 26.00 +.44 21.00 13.88
MidestE .28 1.5 1358 18.63 18.31 18.63+0.44 10.38 7.75 MidsthB .20 2.4
9 16 8.25 8.00 8.19+0.19 6.00 0.69 MilestnSci dd 87 2.63 2.50 2.56 ZO.W
15.01 mmoSet a A 2.3 1211 20.50 19.63 20.50 +1.38 14.00 11.50 MinnMul
80 6.1 q 30 13.13 13.00 13.13-0.06 12.38 6.88-MissnW .68 f 5.3 1151
12.75 12.19 12.75+0.56 34.50 14.75 MoogA 11 22 32.50 32.31 32.50-0.13
13.06 5.13 MMed 77 6 6.94 6.88 6.94-0.06 3.88 1.88 MorgnF dd 32 2.00
1.94 2.00+0.06 8.75 6.25 MSCSCOI .39 4.9 737 8.13 7.75 8.00 2B.75 n 40
29.25 28.13 28.75+0.25 15.13 11.56 MunFin .47 5.5 8.50 8.25 8.50+0.25
15.25 11.13

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MunihFL5 .81 6.1 q 43 13.50 13.25 13.38+0.13 15.81 11.00 MunhM12 n
.87 6.4 q 104 13.50 13.25 13.50+0 25 1513 1081 MunihNJ4 .74 5.8 q 112
1100 12.69 12.69-0 15.13 1 1.25 M.NhNY4.83 6.4 q92 13.25 13.00 13.06+0
06 8.81 7.06 Munvst .53 6.4 q 1790 8.25 8.13 8.25+0 06 1294 9.88 MunyAZ
.68 5.7 38 11.88 11.81 1 1.88+006 19.50 9.75 Mysmind .24 b 1.7 609
14.38 12.69 1 4.00+ 1 56 18.13 0.50 Myweb n 2399 1.75 0.81 1.25+0.50

NO

21.50 18.63 NBC Cap n 1.41 e 7.4 10 63 19.00 18.75 19-00+0.135.50
0.75 NTN wt 1 2.00 2.00 2.00-0.137.75 1.13 NTNCom dd 25593.13 2.94
3.00-0.13

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

74.25 38.00 NVA 7 202 73.50 71.25 73.50+2.13 7.06 4.19 NZ Corp 6 13
4.63

4.56 456+0.06 49.88 19.75 Nabors cc 7174 48.00 47.06 47.56- 13
120.50 57.38 NasdLOOT s q 155799 101.88 99.56 101.63+2.63 15.38 12.63
NBCsTX 21 4 13.50 13.50 13.509.75 6.69 NatBev 10 7 7.00 7.00 7.00 10.63
6.38 NatHRty 1.33 17.7 8 2404 7.50 7.50 750+0.13 7.00 3.38 Natltcre 68
4.00 3.75 3.75-0.25 4.06 0.88 NStand dd 23 0.94 0.94 0 4.56 1.25 Nematm
n 17 221 1.63 1.50 1 0.13 3.75 1.31 Newcor old 26 2.44 2.38 2.38-0.13
19.19 9 ANordicAm 1.82e9.5 1211 19.44 19.00 19.13+0.389V 7.00 Norestlil
.25 2.7 8 10 9.25 9.25 +0.13 12.00 8.75- NePA Fn .32 f 2.6 15 55
12.63 12.13 12.50 +0.50 9.63 5.25 NthnTch .15 1.8 11 5 8.13 8.06 8 1.31
2.38 3.38 Novavx dd 1122 9.26 8.80 9.19 +0.2 56.88 1.50 Nator cid 703
2.38 2.19 2.25-0 06 4.56 2.81 Numac 82 3.63 3.56 3.56 13.50 11.75 NCAPI
.77 5.8 q 10 1 3.31 13.19 13.31 15.50 12.06 NGAPI .80 5.6 q 3 14.25
14.19 14.19 14.19 12.69 NMOPI .74 5.6 q 2 13.31 13.31 13.31 4.00 1.00
OTR Ex dd40 1.00 1.00 1.00-0.1 3.40 .75 2.75 On2.corn dd 14.52 3.60
3.35 3.48 +0.08 14.50 10.63 OneUbt 1.20 10.8 7 15 11.13 11.13 11.13
11.63 4.25 OpinRsh 9 236 6.25 5.94 5.94-0.19 9.50 1.25 Opticare n 21 51
1.3B 1.25 1.25 -0.13 22.38 6.56 Organgn dd 1567 16.50 15.81 16.25+0.29
2.31 1.25 OrleansH 3 63 2.19 2.13 2.13 13.00 0.44 Osage dd 1874 1.38
1.25 1.38+0.13 7.50 1.38 Oshmn 4 79 5.56 5.50 5.5027.44 22.44 OxfordTE
2.16 8.4 q 42 26.25 25.81 25.81 18.25 8.63 PAB Bk .44 f 3.9 13 22 11.19
10.63 11.19+0.69 4.63 1.13 PLC Sys dd 244 1.25 1.19 1.19 7.50 4.38 PUVI
21 47 6.44 6.31 6.44 10.38 7.75 PMC 1.00 a 10.3 9 88 9.88 9.75 9.75-
0.13 14.19 9.38 PMC CT 1.84 17.7 7 33 10.44 10.38 10.38 27.13 19.88 PS
BusPk 1.00 3.8 16 207 26.56 26.44 26.50+0.06 7.13 2.75 PYR En n 280
5.00 4.81 4.88-0.06 14.13 11.31 Pacholder 1.68 13.2 q 188 12.75 12.56
12.69+0.19 12.63 7.25 PaeGate .60 4.8 27 9 12.63 12.63 12.63+0.25 5.13
2.38 Packice dd 1.42 3 .44 3 9.75 2.25 Palatin 1010 6.50 6 1 3 6.50
+0.1 .13 4.63 ParagonTc .07 1.1 82 18 6.56 6.50 6.56+0.19 116.00 77.50
ParkNat1 2.60 2.9 19 46 90.50 90.13 90.38-0.06 17.25 5.98 Paxsric dd
1404 13.75 12.63 13.75+0.76 7.25 2.50 PeacsA g 61 3.31 3.13 3 .31+0.19
11.311 5.50 PeskTrend 1.42 18.9 165 7.81 7.38 7.50-0.38 4.88 0.50
PendPt g old 24 3.13 3.06 3.06 17.75 6.88 Pennaco 855 15.75 14.88
15.75+0.63 5.88 2.63 PeFinic 2 113 4.44 4.31 4.38+0.06 8.63

5.00APetrocp 18 114 9.25 8.75 9.13+0.63 107.19 72.06 PhmKTr n 1.12 r
1.2 300 96.26 94.56 94.56-0.06 9.25 2.13 Photoelctr dd 357 5.50 4.75
5.13-0.13 9.75 7.63 PincleB .40 4.8 8.10 8.31 8.19 8.31+0.19 7.81 6.44
PitWVa .56 8.3 13 18 6.76 6.75 675 32.63 18.13 PittDsM .80 2.5 9 194
32.25 31.38 32.06-0.5620.00 9.06 PlnRsc 17195 17.88 17.50 17.75
+0.068.38 2.50 PlstcSrg n 27 3.19 3.00 3.19+0.06 5.13 3.25 Polyajr gn 6
10 3.44 3.44 3.44+0.06 1.56 0.38 Polyph 7 285 1.00 0.94 0.94 3.75 1.56
Polyvisn 7 2.31 2.19 2.19 5.00 0.63 PortSys dd 92 1.00 0.94 1.00 12.50
7.50.PremBc n .61 t 12 16 7.38 7.25 7.25-0.2526.06 10.00

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PremNfl .60 b 3.0 123 20.25 20.19 20.25 7.25 5.00 PresR B .64 11.4
22 70 5.63 5.50 5.63 +0.25 28.00 12.38 PrizeEn n 37 21.88 21.50
21.752.13 0.44 PdzeE wt 5 1.38 1.38 1.38+0.13 5.25 2.13 Probex n 65
2.44 2.31 2.44 21.63 3.25 PrfBcp .10 1.4 dd 13 7.31 7.31 731-0.06 0.81
0.13 Prolong dd 2 0.19 0.19 0.19 11.50 6.50 Prvwor.16 2.3 11 72 7.25 7
00 55.81 4.13 PsycCp A 3.4 4792 4.75 4.70 -0.0 4.1 5.13 12.13 PutnCA
.87a5.8 q 70 14.94 1 4.69 14.94+0.06 12.56 10.00 PIGMT3 .74 6.7 q17
11.13 1 1.06 11.13+0.0613.25 10.88 PutNY .81 6.2 q 3 13.13 13.00
13.00+0.06 11.50 0.75 OC Opfics dd 34 2.25 2.00 2.13-0.13 5.44 1.00
Questcor 1373 1.69 1.56 1.569.25 3.31 QkslvRs 16 169 8.44 8.25 8.31-
0.06

RS

7.94 3.13 Radiologix 8 511 6.06 5.88 6.00+0 13 10.25 4.75 RamooE dd
70 6.50 6.25 6.38+0 06 9.00 0.88 Rampart n 2 1.13 1.00 1.13+0.06 1.75
0.06 Ramprt wt 5 0.06 0.06 0.06-0.01 6.25 2.63 RateXch n 295 5.69 5.44
5.69-0.06 5.75 3.00 Retac 4 7 3.44 3.44 3.44-0.06 23.25 15.25 RegalBel
.48 2.8 9 413 17.28 17.10 17.25+0.35 107.50 108.06 105.19 107.13 +2.50
4.25 1.06 Rentech n 3968 2.06 1.75 2.00+0.31 12.19 9.94 ReaAsst 2.04
17.4 6 109 11.94 11.75 11.75+0.13 3.63 0.94 Reunion dd 20 2.00 2.00
2.00 11.38 0.69 RemEnv 74 104 7.06 6.69 6.69-0.19 29.00 10.63 RicaFds
47 124 16.00 15.50 15.88-0.13 2.63 1.00 Richmt gn 77 1.31 1.19
1.25+0.06 21.50 12.69 Richton 84 18.75 18.63 18.63 5.38 2.38 Riddell dd
40 4.88 4.56 4.88+0.19 8.13 188 Riviera dd 2 7.25 7.25 7.25-0.13 4.75
2.50 RivieraT At 12 13 3.06 2.94 3.06 7.88 6.56 RobtsRlty .54 a 7.1 32
7.63 7.56 7.56-0.19 2.56 0.94 Rotonic 9 192 1.19 1.06 1.13+0.06 4.00
2.13 Rottlund 3 43 3.63 3.50 3.50+0.13 26.1320.75 SAL Trst n 2.44 11.2
20 21.88 21.75 21.88+0.25122.00 80.50 SJW 2.46 2.1 2616 119.63 119.00
119.50 +0.50 14.88 5.00 SVI Hld dd 529 5.13 5.06 5.13-0.06 24.38 18.50
SY Bcp .40 1.9 15 43 21.38 21.13 21.13-0.13 25.00 16.50 SagaCom a 42 8
20.63 20.50 20.60-0.06 12.25 9.38 SalNetlx06 16 11.13 10.94 10.94+0.06
18.13 15.88 SalSPoS 63 17.19 17.19 17.19 4.50 2.75 Scheib dd 127 3.38
3.25 3.38+0.13 5.75 2.50 SchuffSt 3 8 3.25 3.19 325 22.38 10.00-
ScrippsF n .25 1.1 34287 22.75 22.00 22.69 +02 61.00 150.00 SbdCp. 1.00
0.5 25 195.00 193.00 195.00+2.00 5.63 1.50 SecurAsc dd 36 2.63 2.50 2
63 7.00 5.50 SecCapCp 13 6 6.00 5.94 6 00 7.63 4.25 Selas .18 3.2 7 314
5.81 5.19 5.63+0.56105.75 71.44 SerniHTr n.5529 99.63 96.63
98.69+1.884.25 1 50 SensorySci dd 368 2.63 2.44 2.50 5.19 2.00 Seracare
dd 188 3.19 2.94 3.13+0.13 3.38 0.94 SevenSeas dd 41533.13 2.50 2.88-
0.257.94 2.06 ShefidPhrn dd 286 5.00 4.69 5.00 3.50 1.38 ShenvdB 1054
1.75 1.69 1.75.50 5.63 Sifco .20 3.0 15 19 6.75 6.63 6.75+0 25956 8.25
SmtBln .55 6.0 q 274 9.13 9.00 9.13+0.1316.75 9.81 SalORCIL n .31 p 37
10.56 10.38 10.56+0.25 4.56 0.69 Sonicprt n dd 566 0.76 0.63 0.69 5.50
2.75 SonusC g 3 3.63 3.50 3.50- 0.1325.50 21.75 2.09 8.5 6 24.50 24.50
24.50 18.75 12.00 SwGA Fin.52 3.3 11 20 15.63 15.50 15.63+0.13 12.00
1.75 Spatieff dd 915 3.04 2.44 2.81+0.44 4.41 1.50 SpWadoro 24 959 2.44
1.63 2. +0.75 6.13 2.75 SportsClb dd 5 3.25 3.25 3.25+0.061.75 0.75
Stage 2920 0.88 0.88 0.88-0.06

52-Week Yld Sales

High Low Stock Div % P/E 100s High Low Last Chg

155.75 123.44 1.50 cc 48.49 153.09 150.91 152.34+2.00 98.69 68.94ASP
Mid 4638100.25 98.75 99.75+1.25 28.00 19.47 SP Bas .38e1.9 q 132
20.38 19.91 20.27+0.22 32.94 25.33 SP CnSv q 37 30.44 30.13 30.16-0.19
25.66 18.34 SP CnSt .29 a 1.2 q 390 24.16 23.95 24.02+0.05 31.94 23.89
SP CyTr q 151 25.19 24.72 24.92-0.36 33.38 24.63 SP Ency A a 1.4 q 785
32.63 3227 32.38-0.13 2823 19 47ASP Fncl .31 a 1.1 q 4369 28.63 27.72
28.47+0.72 31.94 24.91 SP Inds .34e

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1.1 q 317 31.7531.31 31.56+0.23 65.44 38.47 SP Tech q 1845 56.66
55.69 56.53+1.09 30.39 23.38 SP Util .97 a 3.4 q 60 29.03 28.69
28.69+0.16 14 StdAuto 726 7.25 7.00 7.25+0.25 24.75 1.31 StavElec. .26
p 146 17.25 16.44 16.69+0.63 5.38 3.38 Stephan .08 2.1 7 50 3.88 3.88
3.88 7.50 6.38 SWW 6.69 6.69 6.69+0.06 50.81 19.34 StihwtrM 26 3018
34.38 33.50 34.00-0.50 6.00 0.75 Stnehvnr .44 16.8 66 47 2.63 2.50 2.63
17.94 0.76 StrgCuip dd 1213 13.63 112.00 13.44+1.31 3.63 0 .56 StratCp
old 76 1.31 1.19 1.25 5.00 0.88 Stratesec 42 485 2.63 2.3B 2.50+0.13
7.75 2.01 Suneir 23 6 3.00 3.00 3.00+0.13 12M 7.50 SuprUnih .54 7.1 7
148 7.75 7.63 7.63-0.13 8.13 4.25 Suprmind .69 t 6 141 4.75 4.75
4.75+0.19 31.00 1 1.80ASybron cc 36.00 34.36 34.44+3A9 3.00 1.88 Sympos
n 1155 2.50 2.00 2.24+0.24

TU

775 2.75 TabPrd .20 4.7 3 205 4.38 3.63 4.25+0.25 6.50 3.75 Tag-it
19 2 4.69 4.63 4.69 10.38 6.00 TakeToA n 2 7.69 7.69 7.69+0.06 10.25
14.91 10.31 10.06 10.31+0.19 3.19 1.50 Team 17 11 3.00 2.88 3.00+0.06
16.00 10.63 Teche .50 3.8 9 16 13.13 13.13 13.13 -0.26 3.06 1.00
TechFlv n 36 285 1.88 1.75 1.81- 0.06 92.6363.00 TelCHTr n .53 r 0.8
1234 67.63 66.81 66.88+0.56 137.00 68.75 TelDta .50 0.4 72 1443 116.44
115.94 116.00+0.06 8 44 0.38 Teletch old 39 3.00 2.94 3.00+0.13 2.38
0.75 Toners 12 6 0.94 0.88 0.94 12.88 6.75 Tengsoo n dd 109 8.63 8.50
8.50-0.13 6.25 0.81 Terremark dd 1241 3.44 3.25 3.31-0.25 23.75 13.75
TexarkF .68 3.0 2 22.50 22.50 22.50-0.25 23.75 3.50 TexBiotch dd 1924
17.63 17.00 17.63+0.56 15.00 0.25 TexBi wt 115 9.50 9.00 9.25+0.25 4.63
2.75 Thack dd 17 3.00 2.88 3.00+0.13 15.94 5.38 ThCardio 39 165 9.44
9.13 9.31+0.19 12.44 9.75 ThrFibr cc 10 12.00 12.00 12.00 1.94 0.50
ThrFibr rt 7 0.69 0.63 0.69-0.06 8.25 2.81 ThmFib 17 908 4.69 4.00
4.13-0.50 9.25 4.50 ThrmTer cc 11259.00 9.00 9.00 5.38 0.75 Thrmm n dd
96 0.81 0.75 0.75-0.13 5.13 4.38 ThouTrls 8 12 4.75 4.75 4.75 15.81
5.75 3Dshopg dd 634 26 7.36 8.13+0.81 3.50 0.63 3Dshop wt 41 0.75 0.75
0.75+0.13 1 0.06 8.63 TWM05 n 13 9.44 9.44 1 44 10.38 9.38 TierSPO6 n
45 9.56 9.66 1.56 10.13 9.69 TierTel05 n 75 9.69 9.69 9.69 4.25 1.00
Tippery 94 164 3.75 3.50 3.75+0.13 63.00 6.75 TftwPhm 253 46.94 44.94
46.94 +2.26 9.63 7.50 Todhuntr 8 8 7.50 7.50 7.50 5.00 1.56 Tofutfi 18
18 2.00 2.00 2.00+0.06 33.00 22.13 Tompkins 1.08 4.2 12 15 25.76 25.50
25.75+0.50 12.19 1.50 TownPgs dd 82 1.88 1.63 1.88+0.25 4.25 1.81 TWA
dd 22462.13 2.00 2.06 5.50 0.69 TransFncl dd 1115 0.69 0.63 0.69 16.25
4.25 Transmont dd 329 4.75 4.38 4144-0.19 3.26 1.19 TvAdHlth dd 116
2.06 1.88 2.00-0.13 5.19 0.88 TreMed dd 76 1.00 0.94 0.94-0.06 8.00
3.00 TrioTch 22 62 5.88 5.50 5.75+0.25 17.13 10.31 TubMex .44 a 2.9 7
2579 15.06 14.63 15.06+0.196.75 5.75 Tutogen n 43 6.13 5.94
5.94+0.0612.75 10.00 Tuds 1.40 m 12.0 q 4 11.63 11.63 11.63-0.1310.25
4.25 US Uq dd 264 4.56 4.38 4.38- 0.06 45.25 14.75 UTIEng cc 1256 37.38
37.00 37.25-0.317.00 2.44 Ubrandit n 448 3.38 3.06 3.13 3.00 0.81
Unapix dd 1992 0.88 0.63 0.69-0.254.25 0.69 UniMrt dd 21 2.06 1.94
2.06+0.13 11.75 3.13 UniqMbl dd 196 8.13 7.94 8.13+0.13 5.94 3.00 UGrdn
.07 1.5 13 28 5.00 4.63 4.63-0.389.38 5.63 UMobH .76 f 8.4 1328 9.25
9.06 9.06-0.19125.75 52.94 US Cell 20567 74.19 72.75 73.56+0.442.69
0.50 USExpinc dd 16 1.88 1.81 1.81 38.56 23.25 UNITIL 1.3B 4.8 18 51

29.25 28.25 29.00+0.63 11.00 1.19 UsurfAm n dd 499 1.38 1.25
 1.31+0.06105.00 87.19AUtl HTr n .72 0.7 166 105.25 103.25 104.75+1.50
 VWXYZ
 4.19 0.63 VDC Cm dd 420 1.00 0.81 0.94-0.06 24.75 1.88 VSI Hold 27
 228 3.88 3.50 3.75+0.25 6.00 3.00 ValNalGaa 11 33 4.56 4.44 4.56 24.88
 13.00
 395 / C15Day
 VallyRs .75 3.0 2850 24.75 24.75 24.75 12.25 10. VKCad .49 5.4 q21
 9.00 9.00 9.00 +0.06 12.75 10.69 VKFLO .73 6.0 q 22 12.19 12.19 12.19-
 0.06 14.44 12.31 VKMAV .83 5.8 q 3 14.31 14.19 14.31 13.56 11.56 VKOHV
 .77 5.9 q 6 13.06 12.94 13.06 1 1.BB 10.00 VKSels .72 6.5 q 78 11.13
 11.00 11.13+0.6 13.13 3.13 Vasogen n 314 8.19 7.81 7.88+0.19 4.38 2.38
 VermontP 15 127 3.69 3.44 3.69+0.13 3.00 1.50 Versw 11 132 .2.001.94
 2.00 8.13 2.60 Vialog dd 1383 .94 7.00 7.88+0.75 8.38 2.94 Vicon 8 17
 3.63 3.50 3.50 6.94 1.63 VideoSvcs dd 335 4.81 4.50 4.69 3.00 1.25
 Viragen n 4364 1.66 1.44 1.50 16.38 9.75 Virco .08 b 0.6 11 34 12.88
 12.75 12.88-0.06 0.25 0.08 VistaG g 2272 0.09 0.08 0.08 13.60 8.75
 Voicenet n 27 9.63 9.56 9.56-0.06 1 4.25 5.31 VornOp dd 166 6.88 6.75
 6.75 14.44 12.13 VoyAZ .77 5.7 q 32 13.75 13.63 13.63 13.75 11.81 VoyCO
 .74 5.4 q 6 13.69 13.63 13.69 13.75 11.13 VoyFla .76 6.1 q 8 12.44
 12.44 12.44 16.25 12.25 VoyMN .84 6.1 q 11 13.88 13.75 13.88 14.06
 11.50 VoyMN2 .82 6.1 q 43 13.38 13.25 13.38+0.13 13.50 10.76 VoyMN3 .76
 6.2 q 24 12.19 12.19 12.19- 0.06 35.13 26.75 VulcCp .80 2.3 28 1 34.25
 34.25 34.26+0.50 4.38 3.13 WashSvg.10 3.1 13 6 3.25 3.25 3.25+0.13
 15.94 8.75 WatscoB .10 0.8 12 85 12.63 12.50 12.63 4.94 2.25 WebcoInd
 37 2 2.56 2.56 2.56-0.06 4.75 2.44 WelGrd .18t dd 7 2.69 2.69 2.69+0.06
 19.15 14.75 Wellsfrd a 35 1 19.13 19.13 19.13-0.13 295.00 200.00 Wesco
 1.22 0.5 30 z11930 241.00 235.00 240.00+3.88 12.69 9.31 WstPropTr 1.12
 9.6 10 560 11.63 11.44 11.63-0.06 28.13 12.19 WstStr g .40 1 28.25
 28.25 28.25+0.31 3.38 2.13 WstCap 10 2.25 2.19 2.19-0.13 4.06 2.63
 Wstmind dd 129 4.00 3.63 3.63-0.13 3.50 1.13 WhitmE dd 158 2.13 2.06
 2.13 4.88 3.25 WilshrC. 43 3.63 3.50 3.50 3.63 1.88 WinlandEl 28 169
 2.00 1.94 1.94 14.94 7.50 WintonFn .32 3.2 13 24 10.50 10.13 10.13 9.88
 1.50 WirelessT 21 1557 3.56 3.25 3.31-0.13 4.63 2.63 VAdWire n 1687
 3.50 3.13 3.35+0.20 112.50 1.88 Xcelm s 11840 19.60 17.60

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C16 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 MUTUAL FUNDS
 THURSDAY AUGUST 31, 2000

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Preceding Page

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Glo1Aaad m 19.44 +1.2+ 5.3 Gdnc m 14.57 + 1.1 + 7.1 14.36 - 6.5

MidCap m

22.98 +1.7+33.8 SmallCo m 20.15 +1.6+ 2.9 Stock rn 24.52 +0.9+ 4.6
 Hartford B Advisw m 17.37 +0.7+ 4.5 CapApr m 34.29 +1.0+16.9 DivGrow m
 17.14 +0.4+ 3.4 Glolead m 19.18 +1.2+ 4.8 Gdnc m 14.35 -1.1 + 6.5
 MidCap rn 22.53 +1.7+33.1 SmallCo m 19.52 +1.6+ 2.4 Stock m 23.80 +0.9+
 4.2 Hartford C AdvIQers m 17.53 +0.7+ 4.5 CapApr m 34.25 +1.0+16.9
 DivGrow m 17.11 +0.4+ 3.2 GWA-ead m 19.18 + 1.2+ 4.8 Gdnc m 14.35 +1.1
 + 6.5 MidCap m 22 54 +1.8+33.1 Stock m 23.80 +0.9+ 4.2 Hartford Y
 AdviserY 17.73 +10.7 + 5.3 CapApr 36.16 +1.0+17.8 MidCap 23.27
 +1.7+34.2 SmallCo 20.60 +16+ 3.3 Stock 24.97 +0.9+ 5.0 Haven b 17.813
 +0.6+17.9 Heartland HiYldMuni xm 9.10 +0.1 - 0.1 TaxShDurM xb 9.76 +
 1.1 + 6.1 Value m 35.24 +0.6- 0.1 VajueNus m 13.99 +1.4+ 4.3 WTaxF A
 9.82 +0.1 + 5.6 Hankqm 28.49 + 1.8 + 9.6 Hencomr d 19.89 +0.4+21.9
 HAggGrowA m 31.63 +2.5+29.3 AggGrowC m 31.11 + 2.5 +28.7 CapAprA m
 32.41 + 0.4 + 0.2 CapAprB m 31.20 +0.4- 0.2 CapAprC m 31.19 +0.4- 0.2

GrowEqA m 60.66 +2.8+208 GrowEqB m 68.31 +2.8+20.2 GrowEqC m 58.29
+2.8+20.2 incGrowA m 15.59 +0.2+ 2.5 SmCaps kA m 31.60 +1.9+17.6 SMWW m
30.33 +1.9+17.0 TechA m 21.79 +3.8+23.9 TechC m 21.66 +3.8+23.2
Hibernia CapAprA m 27.41 +1.0+ 6.4 LAMLJnc m 10.85 +10.2+ 7.7 TofhBd m
9.62 +03+ 5 0 USGovInc m 9.85 + 5.8 HighMark BelFid 16.36 +0.7+ 4.8
BondFid 10.35 +0.4+ 5.6 GrowFid 20.49 +1.6+ 6.3 EqFid 13.14 +0.8+ 1.2
IntCAFk1 10.07 + 6.6 IntlEqRd 43.67 +0.2- 8.7 SnCWVaFd 14.16 +10.2+11.3
ValMmFid 31.00 +0.7+ 6.2 ValMmIns 31.01 +0.7+ 6.3 VaNmRet m 31.00 +0.7+
6.0 WrLynQA m 34.49 +0.4+ 2.3 Hirds Callaghan GrowthEq 21.78 +1.6+ 9.2
Hodges b 16.13 +1.7+ 1.3 HONBSI 18.33 +0.7 + 9.9 Homestead ShtTmBd 5.12
+ 4.5 Value 23.71 +0.5+ 1.7 Hotchids Wile Bal 16.7 + 0.2 + 2.2 Eqlr'c
14.18 +0.4- 1.4 Intl 26.96 +0.1 + 2.1 LowDur 9.81 -0.5+ 4.5 SmCap 1.67
+0.7+15.4 TotRetDis x 12.42 +0.2+ 3.7 TotslRet x 12.43 -0.4+ 4.5
HoLigFLTxF b NA NA NA Huntington Fidn Tr 19.94 +0A + 5.3 Grow Tr 54.34
+0.9+ 9.8 IncEq Tr 35.82 +0.5- 0.2 ntGovTr 9.91 +0.2+ 5.5 mtgSecTr 7.93
+0.3+ 6.2 OHTxF Tr 21.11 + 5.2 ShIntFiT 19.38 +0.2+ 4.7 IAA Growth b
25.17 +0.6+10.2 LgTmBd b 9.87 +0.4+ 5.9 IAI EmgGrow 12.55 +1.0+21.0
MkrapGr 17.13 +0.9+27.7 Regional 19.19 + 0.1 + 7.9 ICAP DiscrEq 33.85
+0.2+ 1.0 Equity 43.38 +0.2+ 1.0 EuroSelEq 25.35 +0.7- 2.6 ICMMSCVI b
11.71 +0.5+13.4 ICON GonsurnDis 9.48 -1.9-10.6 Energy 13.16 +1.3+65.0
Financial 11.85 +1.8+24.9 Heafthcer 11.85 +1.7+28.1 IntoTech 23.08 -10-
2+18.3 NorthEuro 12.17 + DA - 3.0 Idex A AEGIncPl m 9.38 +0.3+ 3.0
AjjAggGr m 38.93 +1.6- 4.7 JCCBal m 20.69 +0.4+2.4 JOCCapApr m 40.54
+1.5 + 1.1 JCCGWW m 45.31 +1.0+ 317 JCCGmwth m 49.96 +13 + 40 LKCVStrTR
m 18.01 +0.5 + 0.2 PBMW-p& m 26.28 +2.5+33.1 Idex B AjgAggGr m 38.00
+1.6- 5.3 JCCB91 m 20.66 +0.4+ 2.0 JCGCaPAPr m 39.59 +1.5+ 0.6 JCCGWW m
44.01 +1.0+ 3.2 JCCGrowth m 48.08 +1.8 + 3.1 PBMKM 26.11 +2.5+32.6
PBToch m 8.94 +3.0 NA Wax CJCCBal 20.66 +0.4 NA JOCCEpAW b 39.59 +1.5
NA JCGGWA 44.01 +1.0 NA JCCGrowth 48.08 +1.8 NA max AJgAgg& m 38.14 +
1.6- 5.2 JCCBW m 20.67 +0.5+ 2.0 JCCCapApr m 39.74 + 1 .5+ 0.7 JCCGbbal
m 43.95 + .0+ 3.2 JCCGrowth m 48.36 +1.7 + 3.2 WXJCCOYr t 50.99 +1.7+
4.4 ING EuroEqA m 11.69 +0.3- 4.1 FocusA m 14.60

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+0.5+ 6.3 GlBrandA m 12.67 -0.2- 3.1 Gromffa m 9.16 +2.7 NA GlGommB
m 9.13 +2.7 NA GlinfoTcA m 32.18 +2.5 +21.3 rAInfoTcB m 31.87 +2.6+20.8
GroyAWa m 12.55 +0.8+ 3.3 HiYldA m 9.71 +0.1 + 2.3 Interrieta m 17.51
+2.3 -24.4 IntemotB m 17.37 +2.4-24.6 IntlEqA m 12.04 -0.1 -12.1
LrgCapGrA m 14.54 +1.8 + 9.7 MidCapGrA m 14.21 +1.5+25.8 SmCapGrA m
17.51 +2.5+12.0 TxEffEqA m 13.19 +0.8+ 3.8 INVESCO BalInstl x 18.91
+0.8 NA BaUnv xb 18.92 +0.8+ 7.8 BChpGrIn b 9.8B +2.4+21.8 Dynarrim b
32.11 +2.2+24.2 Endvorinv b 28.47 +2.4+18.8 Enerom b 22.01 +0.5+53.6
EqincJnv xb 16.40 +0.5+ 8.7 EuroInv m 25.72 +2.1 + 7.0 FinSvcinv b
31.35 + 1.8 +17.9 Goldinv b 1.61 +1.3 -6.4 Growthnv b 21.18 +2.3+15.9
HiYWInv xm 5.98 +0.2- 0.7 HfthScInv b 6B.20 +1.6+24.2 tBChVInv m 12.06
-0.2- 5.5 Leisudm b 46.93 -1.4 RlEstOplv b 7.63 -0.3+20.2 SP500inv b
16.33 +1.2+ 3.7 SeUncinv b 6.06 +0.4+ 4.8 SmCoGrkw b 21.12 +2.0+13.4
StrPeBinv m 9.00 -0.6-28.7 TaxFBdInv xb 14.72 +0.1 + 7.4 TecNrist
106.57 +3.0 +31.2 TecNnv b 105.78 +3.0+30.9 Telcomim b 61.10 +2.5+18.3
TtiReUnv xb 27.69 +0.5 - 2.4 USGvSedn xb 7.05 +0.4+ 9.3 Utillm b 19.19
+1.3+ 7.3 ValEqInv b 26.51 +0.7- 1.5 IPOFund m 35.47 +2.7+11.2 IPSMMen
79.19 +2.1 +17.0 Isi MgdMuni m 10.51 +01 + 76 NknvBd m 8.07 + 0.4 + 14
StratA m 12.96 +0.9+ 60 TotRtTrs xm 9.64 + 0.5 +1.4 Independence One
EqPlusY 26.43 + 0.8 + 5 1 Fixedric 9.67 +0.2+ 46 SmWlCapa f 1120
+0.8+11.4 USGovtA t 10.'5 +0.3+ 7.3 ICpMIdx d 11.24 +0.9+ 4.4 S&P500
KSMuni m 1 1.73 +0.1 + 4.7 MTTaxF m 9.51 +0.2+ 4.7 NDTaxF m 8.55 +0.1 +
5.2 NEMun m 10.88 4-0.2 + 5.7 IVY BondA 8.02 -0.1 + 0.7 EuroOpAdv 22.47
+0.1 +30.4 EkroOppa m 22.29 +0.1 +30.1 EtroOppB m 22.18 +0.1 +29.5
EaoOppC m 22.19 +0.1 +29.5 GlSciTeca m 55.01 +2.6+12.5 TecB m 53.71

+2.6+12.0 GrowthA m 24.26 +1.4+ 9.5 IntlA m 39.93 +0.3- 6.0 IntlB m
39.40 +0.3- 6.6 IntlC m 39.21 +0.3- 6.5 Intl1 40.04 +0.3- 5.8 InOIJA m
11.32 -0.4 - 5.6 IntHIB m 11.19 -0.4 - 6.0 IntlIC m 11.20 -0.4 - 6.0
USBkeCM m 12.99 + 1 .0+ 5.4 USEmGrA m 50.28 +1.5 + 6.3 USEmGrB m 48.67
+1.5+ 5.8 JP Morgan Bond 9.88 +0.4+ 4.1 DiscEq 19.96 +0.8+ 2.6 Diw
16.99 +0.5+ 2.3 EmgMktEq 8.51 +0.2-11.8 20.72 -0.1 - 0.3 Infleq 11.75
+0.1 - 8.6 IntlOpp 13.25 -0.2- 5.2 NYTmExBd 10.42 + 5.5 ShTmBd 9.57 +
3.3 TaxAwEq 9 d 21.36 +0.6+ 6.4 TaxEBorid 11.65 + 5.0 TxAWEninc 1.99 +
0.7 USEquity 23.80 +0.8+ 6.0

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

USSmCapop 21.34 +2.1 + 8.9 USSmCo 33.36 +1.6+ 6.3 JP Mofgan Inst
BdUftra 9.60 +0.3+ 4.2 Bond 9.42 +0.4+ 4.2 CABond 10.34 + 6.9 DiscEq
18.76 +0.8+ 2.7 Divr 15.30 +0.5+ 2.5 EmgMktEq 7.94 +0.3-11.6 GK9tdnc
9.38 +0.2+ 4.8 IntlEq 13.51 +0.1 - 8.5 InflOpp 13.28 -0.2- 5.0
NYTaxExBd 10.49 +0.1 + 5.6 ShTmBd 9.57 +0.1 + 3.4 Smarodx 18.22 +0.8+
2.9 TaxAWdsc NA NA NA TaxAwEnh 1.99 + 1.1 TaxEBond 10.06 +0.1 + 5.3
USEquity 14.00 +0.8+ 6.1 USSmCo 18.58 +1.6+ 6.4 Jecobint b 5.54 +3.0-
45.1 JwmGR Am 17.47 +0.7+ 7.5 Jamestown Be 20.36 +0.8+ 7.9 Equity 26.78
+1.0+ 9.5 IntlEq 14.79 +0.6- 4.8 Janus Advlow AggrGr b 57.03 +1.4+ 8.7
Balanced b 25.95 +0.5+ 2.3 CapApprec b 33.95 +1.9+ 3.3 Growth b 33.55
+0.9+ 8.2 IntlGr b 38.78 +1.4+ 9.5 WdwdGr b 45.63 + 1.1 + 4.0 Janus
OAn AggrGds 58.41 +15+ 9.7 BeIs 25.84 +0.5+ 3.0 CapAppris 34.10 +1.9+
3.6 FledrrJs 11.26 +03+ 39 GrIncla 20.43 + 0.9 + 0.4 Growthis 33.77
+0.9+ 8.9 IntlGds 38.45 + 1.1 + 4.3 WIdWGrIs 46.01 + 1.1 + 4.8 Janus
Bal 23.93 +0.5+ 3.4 Enterp 86.11 +1.6+12.3 EqInc 25.81 +0.5+ 2.9
FedTaxE 6.76 + 5.6 Flednc 9.06 +0.2+ 1.7 GlUfaSci 21.54 +1.4+33.8
Gfrech 34.98 +2.0+13.1 Growinc 44.10 +0.9+ 5.3 HighYld 10.23 +0.2+ 5.2
Janus 48.45

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+0.9+10.0 Mercury 44.75 + 1.1 + 2.1 Olympus 56.95 +2.1 + 6.9 Orion
10.55 -0.2 NA Overseas 38.11 +1.4+ 2.4 ShTmBd 2.84 + 4.2 SpecSit 26.08
+0.8+ 8.8 StrValue 11.66 +06 NA Twenty 82.51 + 5 - 1.1 Venture 104.46
+2.0-14.1 Worldwid 80.08 +1.2+ 4.8 Japan Japan S 13.47 -0.4- 9.7 Jensen
22.17 +0.4+14.0 JHIndBsl 12.33 +0.8+ 6.11 Hancock A Bal rn 13.72 +0.3-
1.2 Bond rn 14.33 +0.3+ 5.5 CATaxF rn NA NA NA CoreEq rn 34.85 +1.0+
4.9 CoreGr 22.83 +1.6+14.2 Finclind rn 19.47 +1.4+23.5 Glob rn 14.63
+0.4-11.9 GovtInc rn 8.83 +0.6+ 5.8 HeWthSci rn 50.33 +2.0+35.0 HiYldBd
rn 5.87 +0.4+ 0.1 HiYldTxF rn NA NA NA IntGovt rn 9.39 +0.3+ 5.6
LgCapGr rn 25.04 +2.0+ 0.5 LgCpVal m 29.80 +0.4+10.3 MATaxF rn NA NA NA
MdCapGr m 17.71 +2.1 +12.7 NYTaxF rn NA NA NA RegBw m 39.80 +2.1 + 24
SmCapGr m 16 15 + 1.8 + 6.2 &TCVW M 2E43 +04+164 Sovirw rn 24.04 + 0.1
- 1.2 Stdnc rn 7.03 +0.5+ 2.3 TaxFBd rn NA NA NA Tech rn 15.53
+2.5+10.6 J Hancock B Bel rn 13.70 +0.3- 1.7 Bond rn 14.33 +0.3+ 5.0
CATaxF rn NA NA NA CoreEq rn 33.99 +1.0+ 4.5 CoreGr 22.67 +1.5+13.6
Finclind rn 19.23 +1.4+23.0 Glob rn 13.61 +0.4-12.3 GovtInc rn 8.83
+0.6+ 6.3 HsaltliSci m 47.93 +2.0+34.4 HtYldBd rn 5.87 +0.4- 0.4
HiYldTxF rn NA NA NA LgCapGr rn 23.46 +2.0 LgCpVal m 29.40 +0.4+ 9.7
MdCapGr m 16.69 +2.1 +12.2 PacBas in 15.17 -0.3-16.2 RegBank m 39.55
+2.1 + 1.9 SmCapGr rn 14.61 +1.8+ 5.6 SmCapVal rn 24.82 +0.4+15.8 SoAnv
rn 23.97 +0.1 - 1.7 StfInc rn 7.03 +0.4+ 1.9 TaxFBd rn NA NA NA Tech rn
14.67 +2.5+10.1 J Hancock C CoreEq rn 33.99 +1.0+ 4.5 Finclind rn 19.22
+1.4+22.9 HiYldBd rn 6.87 +0.4- 0.4 LgCpVW m 29.40 +0.4+ 9.7 SmC&pVW m
2481 + 0.4 +15.8 Stdnc rn 7.63 +0.4+ 1.9 Tech rn 14.67 +2.5+10.1 J
Hancock R 500Index 11.44 + 1.1 NA JNSovInvY 24.06 +0.1 - 1.0 J Hancock
Inst 16.34 +0.9+ 5.1 MedCapGr 20.42 +2.0+12.8 JohnsaWsmily 9.41 +0.3+
5.0 LgCapEq b 9.09 +0.7+ 1.5 SmCapEq b 9.34 +0.8+ 6.3 JUNUS 27.53 +0.3-
1.4 IntlEq 27.62 +0.3 NA Jundt Growthl f 17.34 -0.8- 3.4 Opporta m

22.40 -1.2+ 4.6 OpportB m 21.115 -1.2+ 4.0 USEmgGrA m 22.36 + 2.3
USErrgGrB m 21.64 + 1.8 Bal 14.63 +0.3+ 9.4 SmallCap d 25.07 +1.6+11.7
KaftnGrVSm 17.01 +1.2+26.8 Kaufmarm m 7.22 +1.5+21.3
KneAndersonIntlRisD 18 69 +0.4+ 1.4 RisDiv 19 24 -0.1 + 3.3 SmRisDiv 16
59 -0.5+12.2 KeeleySm m 22.32 +0.7+ 8.3 Kohnoore StrategyA xm 8.97
+0.3+ 7.2 StrategyC xb 8.89 +0.3+ 6.8 KemTgMO 111.83 +0.9+ 9.4 Kemper
AggGr m 24.51 +2.0+19.3 BlChip f 23.05 +1.1 + 4.4 ClmGr 1 28.83 +0.9+
7.5 Contrar m 16.14 +0.2- 3.3 DremAnSv 110.29 +2.4+13.3 DwnHRtEq 130.55
+0.8+15.9 GlobDisc 136.94 +0.9+ 4.5 Globinc m 7 . 70 +0.1 - 0.5 Growth
1 19.99 + 1.1 + 7.7 HiYld 1 6.54 +0.2- 1.9 HiYlcll 1 8.03 +0.1 - 1.5
Hodzon10 f 11.65 +0.5- 0.3 Hodzon20 f 12.82 +0.5- 3.0 Horizon5 1 10.89
+0.4+ 0.4 IncCaPPr f 17.98 +0.1 + 4.4 2.78 -0.5-14.7 IntlRes rn 14.73 -
0.5- 3.0 MuniBd 1 9.72 +0.1 + 7.2 NewEuro f 17.26 +0.2- 1.2 Retire V 1
10.97 +0.7+ 5.9 Retire III f 11.48 +0.6 + 5.4 RetireIV 1 11.46 +0.6+
5.0 RetireVI f 12.13 +0.7+ 6.9 RetireVII 1 12.01 +0.7+ 7.8 ShTmUSGov 1
7.97 +0.1 + 4.0 SmCapEq 19.15 +2.9+18.8 SmCapVal t 18.16 +1.3 -2.5
Stratinc f 4.87 - 1.7 Tech f 35.03 +3.1 +23.6 TotalRet f 11.82 +0.8+
4.4 1 12.38 +0.9+ 5.7 TxFIncCA 1 7.30 +0.3+ 9.3 TxFIncFL f 9.85 +0.1 +
7.1 TxFIncNY 110.39 +0.2+ 7.7 USGovSec 1 8.33 +0.4+ 5.6 USMtgf 6.69
+0.3+ 5.0 ValGrow 1 18.21 +1.4+ 5.4 Value f 25.02 +0.8+ 5.9 Kemper B
AggGr rn 23.70 +2.0+18.4 ENChip m 22.59 +1.0+ 3.8 ClassGr m 28.20 +0.9+
6.8 Ccntrar rn 16.11 +0.3- 3.7 DrernFnSv m 10.23 +2.4+12.9 DramHRtEq m
30.40 +0.8+15.2 GrtDisc m 36.13 +0.9+ 3.8 Growthrn 18.31 +1.0+ 7.1
HiYld rn 6.53 -2.4 1.11 Yld m 8 03 +0.1 - 1.9 Harizon m 1 i.63 +0.4-
0.9 Horizar2D m 12.52 +0.6- 3.6 incCapPr rn 7.95 +0.3+ 4.0 Intl m 12.33
-0.4-15.1 MuniBd m 9.70 +0.2+ 6.7 NewEuro m 16.66 +0.2- 1.7 ShTmUSGov
rn 8.01 +0.3+ 3.6

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SmCapEq m 8.34 +3.0+18.0 SmCapval m 17.43 +1.3- 3.1 Stratinc rn 4.87
- 2.2 Tech m 31.82 + 3.0 +2.9 TotalRel m 11.81 +0.8+ 3.8 TxFIncCA m
7.31 +0.3+ 8.8 USGovSec m 8.31 +0.2+ 4.9 USMtg m 6.70 +0.1 + 4.3
ValGrow m 17.40 +1.4+ 4.8 Kemper C BlChip m 22.74 +1.0+ 3.7 DrvnHRtEq m
30.44 +0.8+15.3 Growth rn 18.58 +1.0+ 7.3 HiYld rn 6.55 +0.2- 2.4 Intl
m 12.35 -0.4-15.1 SmCapVal m 17.52 +1.3- 3.0 Tech rn 32.36 +3.1 +23.0
TotaiRst m 11.79 +0.8+ 3.9 USGovSec m 8.34 +0.2+ d 24.79 +0.2- 0.9
KenSPRIA m 35.80 -0.2+25.9 Kerd Institutional Grovdno 19.89 +0.9+ 1.9
Income 9 45 +0.4+ 6.5 IndexEq 013.00 +1.0+ 3.9 IntermBd 9.45 +0.2+ 5.2
IntermTxF 10.46 + 5.7 IntlGrow 17.46 -0.1 - 8.7 MIMuniBd 10.04 +0.1 +
4.0 ShTmBd 9.50 +0.1 + 4.3 SmCoGrow 21.88 +1.3+13.4 TaxFInc 10.40 +0.1
+ 7.8

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Kent Investment Growtric b 19.73 +0.9+ 1.8 IndexEq b 29.02 +1.0+ 3.8
Lunatics Internet 35.96 +0.4-27.7 Medical 20.47 +1.8+53.2 Kobren
DelVal b 12.81 +14.5 Grow p 15.33 NA - 0.1 ModGrow p 13.45 NA + 3.3
KoWmGrA in 34.29 +2.6 +71.6 IUCCM Portfolilos Fbdnc 9.89 +0.3+ 5.0 Intl
15.11 +0.3 2.1 SmCapEq 19.42 +0.2 + 7.4 IUMIFA WACore 10.57 +0.4+ 7.3
WACorePI 9.62 +0.4+ 6.9 WAIntei 10.19 +0.3+ 5.6 WANonUSFI 8.97 +0.2+
0.6 LsCrsLgCI 24.85 + 1.1 + 5.7 Laxard Insill Bond 9.24 +0.2+ 2.6
EmgMkt 9.39 -0.1 -12.2 Equity 20.78 +0.5+ 0.8 GIbEqty 14.10 +0.1 - 2.8
HiYld 7.82 +0.4- 5.4 IntlEq 15.63 -0.5- 6.7 IntlFYJnc 9.40 -0.2- 7.2
IntlSmCap 14.14 +0.4+ 1.0 SmCap 17.33 +10.5 StrYld 8.66 +0.1 + 1.4
Lazard Open Equity b 20.72 +0.4+ 0.7 IntlEq b 15.60 -0.5- 7.0 Smcap b 1
7.28 +0.1 +10.4 LebenNY rn 7.92 +0.3+ 8.6 Lagmilimuni in 9.77 + 5.2
Legg Mason AmLdCoPr b 19.88 +1.4+ 4.5 BalTrPr b 12.47 +0.3+ 6.0
EmgMktsPr m 12.94 +0.2 - 7.6 EuropeC b 24.23 +1.2- 8.2 FinSvcsC 10.48
+1.5+11.4 FocusTr b 24.95 +0.8- 4.4 GloGovtPr b 8.42 +0.1 5A HighYldPr
b 12.21 4.2 IntlEqpr b 12.49 -11.0 nvGdnPr b 9.81 +0.3+ 3.5 MDTxFInPr b

15.66 +0.1 + 5.9 OpportnPr m 11.34 -0.5 +13.4 PATxFInPr b 15.85 +0.1 +
 6.4 SpecNav 41.47 +1.5+ 0.9 SpecPr b 38.66 +1.5+ 0.2 TotRtpr b 18.76
 +0.4+ 2.8 TxFIntPr b 15.31 +0.1 + 4A USGovtPr b 10.08 +0.2+ 4.5
 USSmCapPr b 8.07 +0.7+ 1.5 ValueNav 74.17 +1.7+ 6.2 VaJusPr b 71.49
 +1.7+ 4.5 Leorietilial 19.36 +0.9+ 6.4 Lepercql b 23.26 +0.5- 9.0
 LeuthIdCl 12.58 +0.6+12.0 Liberty A CATaxE in 7.46 +0.3+10.3 CTTaxE m
 7.64 +0.3 + 7.3 ContrEq m 20.34 +1.0+15.6 FedSec m 10.02 +0.5+ 5.4
 GlobEq m 16.04 +0.9- 29 GlobUtil in 18.05 +1.8+ 0.2 GrStk 1 23.28
 +1.5+16.6 GrowInc m 21.50 +0.2 + 3.6 HiYldMu in 9.42 +0.1 + 4.0 6.07
 +0.4- 1A Income m 5.93 +0.4+ 4.1 IntGovt in 6.28 +0.3 + 4.6 IntlEq in
 13.37 +0.4-15.0 Liberty m 10.69 +0.8+ 6.8 MATaxE m 7.57 +0.1 + 7.5
 MITaxE in 6.89 +0.2+ 6.4 NYTaxE rn 7.10 +0.2+ 8.4 OHTaxE in 7.12 +0.2 +
 6.6 SelVal in 24.77 +1.0+15.0 SmCapVaJ in 35.48 +1.1 +13.6 Special in
 10.54 +1.8+22.0 StratBal in 14.80 +0.7 + 5.3 Strafinc in 6.32 +0.3+ 1.4
 TaxE in 12.83 +0.2+ 6.0 TaxEIns m 8.20 +0.3+ 8.2 TaxMgdGr m 20.06 + 1.1
 + 7.5. Utilities in 23.92 +0.3+ 6.7 Youngl- b 19.13 +1.4+ 6.9 Liberty B
 CATaxE m 7.46 +0.3+ 9.7 CTraxE in 7.64 +0.3+ 6.8 FedSec m 10.02 +0.5+
 5.0 GlobEq m 15.76 +1.0- 3.4 GrStk m 22.81 +1.5+16.0 Growinc in 20.72
 +0.1 + 3.1 HiYldMu in 9.42 +0.1 + 3.5 HiYldSoc m 6.07 +0.4- 1.9 Income
 m 5.93 +0A+ 3.6 IntGovt m 6.28 +0.3+ 4.1 IntlEq m 13.15 +0.3-15.3
 Liberty in 10.67 +0.9+ 6.2 MATaxE in 7.57 +0.1 + 6.9 NYTaxE m 7.10
 +0.2+ 7.9 SelVal in 23.58 +1.0+14.5 SmCapVal m 33.35 +1.1 +13.0
 StratBal m 14.75 +0.7+ 4.8 Stratric in 6.31 +0.2+ 0.7 TaxE m 12.83
 +0.2+ 5.5 TaxMgdGr m 19.50 +1.0+ 7.0 TaxMgcM in 10.81 +0.4+ 3.3
 Utilities m 23.89 +0.3+ 6.6 Liberty C GrStk m 22.78 +1.5+16.0 HiYldSec
 DayC16/ 400
 in 6.07 +0.4- 1.8 Stratinc in 6.32 +0.3 + 1.0 TaxMgdGr m 19.50 +1.0+
 7.1 Uberty Newport A GrChina in 19.97 + 0.1 +14.4 Tiger m 13.24 - 0.5 -
 1.7 TigerB m 12.94 0.5 - 2 2 TigerC m 12.96 0.5 - 2.2 TigertT 1 13.27
 0.5 - 1.6 TigerZ 13.24 - 0.5 - 1.6 Ubeft-Stain Roo CapOpp 43.78
 +1.9+19.7 DiscipStk 20.51 +0.7+13.6 Growinc 28.06 +0.3+ 2.5 GrowStk
 64.92 +1.5+17.2 HiYldMu 11.21 +0.1 + 4.9 Income 929 +0.5+ 6.2 IntBond
 8.53 +0.3+ 6.1 IntMuni 11.13 +0.1 + 5.8 Intl 11.16 + 0.5 20.2 IsCIHiYld
 8.69 +0.4- 3.7 1 rgComFoc 16.17 +2.5+19.1 MagdMuni 8.86 +0.2+ 7.1
 MidcapGr 19.47 +1.8+ 9.6 SmCoGr 23.04 + 2.1 +317 Younginv 37.69 +1.5+
 8.1 Undner AssWclv d 21.90 +0.6- 7.5 LrgCpIv d 17.26 +0.9+ 2.5 Utility
 d 19.35 +0.9+ 4.5 Upper HiInoBdPr d 9.22 +0.1 + 4.8 PrEuPremA 12.83
 +0.4- 7.1 Longleat Partners Intl 15.11 +0.1 +25.7 LongPart 22.45 +0.3+
 9.6 Realty 13.84 +0.9+ 9.1 SmCap 22.48 +1.1 +11.3 Loomis Sayles
 AggrGrols 48.16 +2.9+36.4 AggSA b 47.79 +2.9+36.1 Bond Ret b 11.75
 +0.6+ 5.8 Bondl 11.75 +0.5+ 6.0 CoreValls 15.36 +1.0+ 1.9 GlobBdls
 11.05 -0.1 - 3.7 Growthl 15.81 +1.5+15.2 IntlEqI 18.26 +0.3-15.0
 SmCapGds 27.87 + 1.9 + 1.11 SnCapGrW b 27.63 +2.0 + 7.9 SmCapVals 20.73
 +0.6+16.6 SmCapVart b 20.70 +0.6 +16.5 Loomis Sayles Inv Tr Fidric
 12.12 +0.4+ 5.2 HiYldFixi 8.56 +0.4+ 5.7 InvGrFid 11.15 +0.4+ 7.4 Lord
 Abbott A Affiliat rn 16.09 +0.7+ 6.9 Alpha m 18.80 +0.6+ 6.4 Bal m
 12.11 +0.6+ 4.9 BondDeb m 8.80 +0.5+ 2.9 GATaF xm 10.42 +0.2+ 9.9 m
 9.91 +0.1 + 7.4 DevGrow m 18.71 +0.8- 5.7 DevGrowP b 18.61 +0.8- 5.8
 GlobEq m 16.32 +0 6+18.2 Globinc m 6.55 -0.2- 4.0 GrOpport m 22.67 +1.6
 + 4.7 GrowInc m 11.35 +0.7 + 2.7 HITaxF rn 4.89 +0.2+ 7.5 Intl rn 16.58
 +0.7 + 7.2 MOTaxF rn 5.02 +0.2+ 7.3 MIdCapVaJ m 15.28 +0.3 +27.4 NJTaxF
 m 5.03 +0.2 + 8.1 NYTaxF m 10.65 +0.1 + 7.8 NatlTaxF m 10.93 +0.2+ 7.9
 PmLrgCap m 26.01 +0.6 + 4.0 ResSmCap m 19.69 +0.2+19.3 TXTaxF m 9.59
 +0.2+ 7.3 TaxFFL m 4.64 +0.2+ 6.9 TaxFMI m 4.94 +0.2+ 8.6 TaxFPA m 4.98
 +0.2+ 8.3 USGoA rn 2.47 +0.4+ 6.1 WATaxF m 4.96 +0.2+ 7.9 Lord Abbott B
 Affiliat rn 16.12 +0.7+ 6.4 Alpha m 18.61 +0.6+ 5.9 BondDeb m 8.80
 +0.3+ 2.5 DevGrow m 18.19 +0.8- 6.1 GrOpport m 22.44 +1.6+ 4.2 Intl m
 16.40 +0.7+ 6.8 MidCapVal m 15.02 +0.3+26.9 ResLrgCap m 25.60 +0.6 +

3.6 ResSmCap m 19.24 +0.2+18.8 Lord Abbott C Affiliat rn 16.12 +0.7+
6.4 Alpha m 18.59 +0.6+ 5.9 BondDeb m 8.81 +0.3+ 2.4 DevGrow m 18.21
+0.8 -6.1 GrOpport m 22.44 +1.6+ 4.3 Growinc m 11.22 +0.7+ 2.3 NatlTaxF
10.94 +0.2+ 7.5 ResLrgOap m 25.62 +0.6 + 3.6 RmSrnCap m 19.24 +0.2+18.8
LISGovt xrn 2.48 +0.4+ 5.6 Lord Abbott Y Affiliat 16.11 +0.7+ 7.1
BondDeb 8.78 +0.3+ 3.1 DevGrow 18.88 +0.9- 5.7 Intl 16.72 +0.7 + 7.5
ResSmCap 19.85 +0.3+19.7 Lutheran Brother A HiYield 1 7.34 +0.4- 2.7
Income 1 8.23 +0.4+ 5.8 Lutheran 1 30.69 +0.8 + 5.7 MidCapGr 119.42
+1.6+24.2 Munil f 8.69 +0.1 + 7.6 OppGrow 1 15.46 +1.4+10.5 WoddGro
113.74 +0.2 - 6.1 Lutheran Brother O HiYield m 7.33 +0.4- 3.2 Lutheran
m 30.21 +0.8+ 5.2 MidCa m 19.00 +1.6+23.5 MAPEquity 29.92 +0.2+14.0 MAS
DomFidn 10.33 +0.1 + 4.7 Fidn 11 10.54 +0.2 + 5.1 GloFidn 9.23 -0.3 -
4.6

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

IntDur x 9.60 +0.1 + 3.9 IntFixinv x 9.59 +0.1 + 3.8 IntlFiy 8.90 -
0.3- 6.4

MultiAst 12.00 +0.4- 0.6 Muni x 11.46 + 6.6 SmCapVal 21.67 +1.2+ 7.3
MAS Adv Bal b 13.65 +0.6+ 5.3 Fixin b 11.09 +0.1 + 5.1 MidCapGr b 36.60
+2.3+18 MidVal b 25.40 +1.3+15.7 Value b 12.68 +0.8+ 5.3 MAS Inst Bal
13.68 +0.6+ 5.4 Equity 18.25 +0.9+ 5.4 FixIn 11.10 +0.1 + 5.3 FixInInv
11.11 +0.2+ 5.3 HiYield 8.06 +0.1 - 1.9 LtdDur x 10.12 +0.1 + 4.3
MidCapGr 36.97 +2.4+18.3 MidVal 25.44 +1.3+15.9 MultiFIn 9.10 + 2.5
SmCapGr 56.98 +2.3+14.4 SpecPurp 11.16 +0.1 +

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5.2 Value 12.70 +0.8+ 5.4 MEMBERS Bal B xm 12.93 +0.4+ 5.5 CapAppr B
m 16.44 +0.9 + 9.6 Growinc A f 14.60 +0.6+ 6.9 GrovAnc B m 14.51 +0.6+
6.4 IntiStk A 1 10. 14 -0.5-11.2 MFS A ALMuniBd m 10.25 +0.1 + 8.3
ARMuniBd m 9.79 +0.1 + 7.2 Bond m 12.19 +0.5+ 5.0 CAMuniBd m 5.68 + 0.2
8.4 CapOpp m 24.17 +1.2+15.0 EmgGrow m 72.50 +2.3+ 8.9 EmgMktEq m 16.15
-0.6- 8.4 EqInc m 19.38 +0.2+14.2 FLMuniBd m 9.65 +0.1 + 7.1 GAMuniBd m
10.48 +0.1 + 7.4 GlAstAl m 19.37 +0.2+ 4.0 GlEq m 23.97 12 GlGovt m
9.32 1.0 GlGrow m 29.89 +0.5+ 0.4 GlToIRL m 14.15 +0.2+ 2.4 GovtLtd m
8.13 +0.1 + 4.0 GovtMtg m 6.43 +0.3+ 6.2 GovtSec m 9.33 +0.4+ 66
GrowOpp m 20.77 +1.2+13 4 Highinc m 4.71 +0.2+ 0.8 IntlGr m 19.82 -0.4-
3.8 IntGdnc m 21.56 -0.1 + 1.6 LrgCapGr m 23.71 +1.4 +12.9 LtdMat m
6.72 + 4.1 MAInv m 21.88 +0.7 + 5.2 MAJnvGr m 22.70 +1.6+11.7 MAMuniBd
m 10.90 +0.1 + 7.3 MDMuiBd m 1.1.02 +0.1 + 7.2 MSMumBd m 9.56 +0.2+ 6.9
MgdSect m 21.45 +2.1 - 0.1 MidCapGr m 49.67 +1.2+28.0 MuBond f 10.29
+0.1 + 7.7 MuHllm f 8.26 +0.1 + 5.2 MuInc m 8.46 +0.1 + 7.0 MuLtdMt m
7.48 +0.1 + 4.2 NCMuniBd m 11.58 +0.2+ 7.3 NYMuniBd m 10.77 +0.2+ 7.2
NewDiscov m 25.00 +1.3+14.5 ResGrinc m 18.82 +0.7+ 9.2 ResInU m 16.20 -
0.4- 1.3 Research m 33.17 +1.3+14.9 SCMuniBd m 11.82 +0.1 + 7.2
StratGro m 39.20 +1.4 +12.6 Stratinc m 6.98 +0.1 + 1.6 TNMuniBd m 10.31
+0.1 + 7.4 TotalRet m 15.03 +0.3+10.8 Util m 13.64 +0.7+ 9.0 VAMuniBd m
11.11 +0.1 + 7.3 WVMuniBd m 11.18 +0.1 + 7.2 MFS B Bond m 12.15 +0.4+
4.5 CAMuniBd m 5.68 +0.2+ 8.0 CapOpp m 22.95 +1.1 +14.5 EmgGrow m 69.83
+2.3+ 8.3 EmgMktEq m 15.90 -0.6- 8.7 Eqinc m 19.30 +0.2+13.7 GlAstAl m
19.30 +0.3+ 3.6 GlEq m 23.63 1.7 GlGovt m 9.18 .5 GlGro. m 29.24 +0.5
.6 GlTotRl m 14.12 +0.2 Gottcl m 8.11 +0.1 + 3.6 GovtMtg m 6.44 +0.3+
5.4 GovtSec m 9.31 +0.3+ 6.0 GrowOpp m 19.59 +1.2 +12.8 Highlm m 4.71
+0.2+ 0.4 IntlGr m 19.49 -0.4- 4.1 LrgCapGr m 23.83 +1.4 +12.3 UdMat m
6.70 +3.7 MAJnv m 21.52 + 0.7+ 4.7 MAIrrvGr m 21.39 + 1.6+11.2 MgdSect
m 21.55 + 2.1 -0.6 MJdCapGr m 19.24 +1.2 +27.3 MuBond m 10.28 +0.1 +
7.2 MuHiInc m 8.27 + 0.1 + 4.6 MuIncBd m 8.4 + 6.4 NCMuniBd m 11.57
+0.1 + 6.8 NmDiwm m 24.71 + 1.4 +14.0 ResGdnc m 18.52 +0.8 + 8.7
Resintl m 15.98 -0.4 Research m 31.79 + 1.2 +44 SCMuniBd m 11.82 + 0 2
+ 6 8 StratGro m 38.46 + 1 4 + 1 2 2 Stratlm m 6.92 +0.3+ 1.3 TotalRet

m 15.03 +0.3+104 Util m 13.60 + 0.7 + 8.5 MFS CBond rn 12.14 +0.4+ 4.5
CapOpp rn 22.87 +1.1 +14.5 EmgGrow rn 69.46 +2.3+ 8.3 GlEq rn 23.25 -
1.7 GlGrow rn 29.09 +0.5 GlTotRI rn 14.08 +0.2+ ib GovtSec rn 9.35
+0.4+ 6.0 FIghinc rn 4.72 + 0.4 MAINv rn 21.42 +08+ 4.7 MAINvGr rn
21.32 +1.6+11.2 MidCapGr rn 18.92 +1.2+27.3 NewDiscov rn 24.73
+1.4+14.0 Research rn 31.81 +1.2+14.4 StratGro rn 38.54 +1.4 + 1 2.2
Stratinc m 6.89 +0.1 + 1.2 TotalRel rn 15.07 +0.3+1 0.2 Util rn 13.61
+0.7+ 8.4 MFS I CapOpp 2423 +1.2+15.2 ErngGrow 73.07 + 2.3 + 9.1 MAJnv
21.91 +0.7+ 5.4 NLAJnvGr 22.82 +1.6+ 1 1 9 StratGro 39.54 +1.4 + 1 2 9
UnimEq b 13.79 +0.8- 5.9 MFS Inst EmergEq 33.33 +1.0+18.7 Intleq 15.94
-0.4- 0.6 MidCapGr 26.52 +1.1 +26.0 Research 17.90 +1.2+15.9 MMA Praxis
GrowthB rn 15.79 +0.4+ 5.7 ntlwB xrn 9.48 +0.3+ 4.2 ntIB rn 16.12 +0.9-
9.8 Mse 19.65 -0.6- 6.8 MSUT EqGrow 12.94 +0.9+ 3.2 Eqinc 5.42 +0.7-
7.1 GroIncls 25.23 +1.0+10.3 IntTxEBd x 9.80 + 3.5 InbEqls 12.68 +0.1 -
9.5 UdMatls x 10.21 +0.2+ 4.5 MDTaxEBd x 10.61 + 6.4 NatlTxEBd x 9.76
+0.1 + 6.5 TotRetBd x 9.65 +0.2+ 5.9 Magna Growinc rn 34.97 +0.9+ 5.5
IntGovt xrn 11.97 +0.8+ 5.6 MainStay A BIChipGr rn 18.39 +1.4+ 1 1.5
CapApr rn 62.95 +1.0+10.2 Convert rn 16.46 +1.0+15.0 EqIndex rn 49.01
+1.0+ 3.5 Govt xrn 7.95 + 0.5 + 6.8 GrowOpp rn 16.6B + 1.1 + 8.5
HiYldCor xrn 71.11 + 2.5 Intleq rn 12.93 +0.1 -15.1 WapGr rn 23.38
+2.3+ 7.1 TotalRet rn 29.46

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+0.8+ 8.9 Value rn 18.88 +0.9+ 3.9 MainStay BBIChipGr rn 18.11
+1.4+10.9 CapApr rn 60.48 +1.0+ 9.7 Convert rn 16.44 +1.0+14.5 Eqinc rn
13.52 +0.4+15.4 Govt xrn 7.94 +0.4+ 6.4 GrowOpp rn 16.40 +1.1 + 8.0
HiYldCor xrn 7.10 -0.1 + 2.0 Hi-YWorC xrn 7.10 -0.1 + 2.0 Intleq rn
12.64 +0.2-15.5 SmCapGr rn 22.96 +2.3+ 6.5 StratInc xrn 8.79 .6 + 0.2
StratVal rn 11.54 +0. + 4.7 TaxFBd xrn 9.47 +0.2+ 7.4 TotalRet rn 29.45
+0.8+ 8.5 Value rn 18.69 +0.8+ 3.3 MainStay Inst AstMgr 15.64 +0.4+ 7.9
Bond 9.63 +0.4+ 5.8 EAFE 12.10 -0.1 - T4 GrowEq 42.07 +1.0+10.5 IndxBd
10.59 + 0.4 + 6.5 IndxEq 39.63 +1.0+ 4 0 ndxEqlsS 39.41 +1.0+ 3 8 JnUBd
8.64 -0.3- 8 2 Intleq 12.51 +0.2-14.5 ShTrnBd 9.22 +0.1 + 4.2 Valeq
13.21 +0.8+ 3.8 MaIrs & Power Bal 56.07 +0.7+13.2 Growth 102.97 -
0.4+1112 Managers AMGESAgGb 18.17 +1.7+23.7 Bond 21.98 +0.5+ 8.1 CapApr
64.19 +1.2+ 5.0 ImEq 28.17 +0.7+ 4 1 Intleq 55.20 -0.4 -6.0 ShDurGovt
9.63 - 0.1 + 2 0 SpeciaEq 107.35 +1.4+17.4 UsStMktPl 15.03 +0.9+ 2.0
Markman AggAlloc p 23.57 +2.1 + 5.6 ConsAlloc p 1433 +1.0+ 0.8 ModAJc p
16.10 +1.6- 4.0 Marshall EqincY 14.62 +0.6+ 1.4 GowthncY 9.20 +0.2+ 5.0
IntBdY 9.16 +0.2+ 4.6 IntTaxFY 9.95 +0.2+ 5.7 InflStkl 16.35 +0.5- 9.8
IntlStkY 16.33 +0.5-10.0 LrgGrIncY 19.22 +0.7+ 5.5 MidCapGrY 27.43 +1.8
+9.0 MidCapVLY 10.85 +0.1 + 6.3 ShTrnIncY 9.21 +0.1 + 2.4 SmCapGrY
18.82 +1.0+ 9.0 Marsico 21stCent b 11.57 +1.9 NA Focus b 23.60 + 1.1 +
0.2 Growinc b 21.84 + 1.1 - 0.1 Mason Street AgqGrA rn 25.86 +21.6+30.5
AstAlca rn 15.59 +0.7 +12.7 GrIncStkA rn 12.38 +0.8+ 3.9 GrowStkA rn
20.32 +1.0+ 1 4.4 HiYldBdA rn 7.81 +0.2+ 0.8 Idx500A rn 19.58 +1.0+ 3.9
Idx500B rn 19.30 +1.0+ 3.4 IntJEqA rn 10.54 -0.3- 0.5 MuniBdA rn 10.36
+0.1 + 7.7

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

SelectBdA rn 9.14 +0.1 + 4.4 Masellutual Inst Bals 13.67 +0.1 + 3.2
Baly

13.65 +0.1 + 3.1 CoreBonds 10.78 +0.4+ 6.4 CoreEqS 15.97 +0.1 + 0.4
GrEqS 14.44 +1.5+12.7 GrEqY 14.43 +1.5+12.7 IndxEqS b 14.35 +1.0+ 3.8
ndxEqY 14.28 +1.0+ 3.8 IntlEqS 18.63 +0.5+10.2 MdCpGrEqS 15.98
+2.3+17.7 MdCpGrEqY 15.98 +2.3+17.7 Primes 158.37 + 4.1 PrinreY 158.09
+ 4.0 ShTmBds 10.42 +0.2+ 4.5 SmCapVaS 15.32 +0.7+14.8 SmCpGrEqS 16.89
+1.4+ 8.6 Masters Select Equity 16.15 +1.6+12.3 Intl 19.22 +0.3+ 2.9
Matthews Intl Koreal d 5.19 -4.1 -32.0 Pactigerl d 12.42 -1.2+ 0.8

Maxus EqInv b 20.55 +0.3+17.7 Lauretinv bp 19.17 +0.3 + 3.7 mom Bal
20.75 +0.8+ 5.5 EqInv 31.79 +1.0+ 5.5 IntFild 10.05 +0.3+ 4.5 Memorial
CorpBdls 9.41 +0.3+ 5.0 GovtBdla 9.78 +0.3+ 6.6 GrowEqls 13.79
+1.0+10.3 Mercantile Inst Bal 11.04 +0.5+ 2.7 EqIdx 18.62 +1.0+ 3.8
Gdnc 19.01 +0.6+ 4.5 Mercantile Trust BondIdx 9.85 +0.4+ 6.1 EqIdx
18.65 +1.0+ 4.0 EqInc 6.89 +0.6+ 4.5 GovCorp 9.96 +0.3+ 5.9 GrEq 24.50
+1.3+14.2 GrInc 19.10 +0.6+ 4.7 IntCorBd 9.44 +0.2+ 3.6 IntlEq 17.20
+0.1 - 3.8 MOTaxE 11.58 + 0.1 + 69 NatlMu 9.73 +01 + 83 SmCapEq 9.30 +
E9 +361 USGov 138 +0.2+ 4.5 Mercantile Inv A GrInc rn 19.00 +0.6+ 4.5
SmCapEq m 18.95 +0.9+2.98 Mercury Asset Mgmt A GlobHold m 14.81 + 1.1 +
2.3 Intl rn 11.64 +0.1 - 9.1 PanEuro rn 11.76 +0.5- 4.3 USLgCp rn 11.88
+1.3+ 0.6 USSmCpGr 1 15.32 +1.4+21.2 Mercury Asset Mgmt IS GlobBal rn
10.80 +0.7- 3.5 GrowOpp rn 23.79 +1.0+14.4 Intl rn 11.58 +0.1 - 9.6
PanEuro rn 11.63 +0.4- 4.8 USLgGp m 11.82 +1.3 + 0.1 USSmCpGr rn 15.27
+1.4+20.5 Mercury Asset Mgmt C GlobBal rn 10.80 +0.7- 3.5 GrowOpp m
23.73 +1.0+14.3 Intl rn 11.58 +0.1 -9.6 PanEuro rn 11.64 +0.4- 4.7
USLgCpC rn 11.82 +1.3+ 0.1 USSmCpGr rn 15.26 +1.4+20.5 Mercurry Asset
Mgmt I GbbHold rn 14.98 +1.1 + 2.5 Intl rn 11.66 +0.2- 8.9 PanEuro 1
11.79 +0.4- 4.1 USLgCp f 11.90 +1.4+ 0.8 USSmCpGr

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1 15.33 +1.4+21.3 Merger b 16.63 -0.1 +13.0 Meridian Meridian 30.91
+0.7+2 7 Value 27.54 + 1.3 3.4 Merrill Lynch A AggrBdIdx p 10.03 +0.3+
6.3 BalCap 1 32.44 +0.9+ 74 BasicVal 1 36.14 +0.6+ 4.0 CAMuniBd 1 11.26
+0.3+ 9.1 CorHInc 1 6.16 -0.1 - 0.2 CoIntTrn 110.90 +0.4+ 4.1 CMvGrd 1
10.65 +OA + 4.6 DMapMkt m 13.26 +0.11 - 8.4 Dragon 1 10.73 -0.6-17.7
EuroFund 1 14.59 -03 - 2.3 FLMuniBd 1 9.81 +0.1 + 6.7 FundlGro 129.98
+0.9+14.7 GlobAlc 1 14.56 +0.3+ 5.7 GlobGro f 18.01 +1.2+ 4.0 GlobSrn 1
21.94 +2.4+22.1 GlobTech 1 28.65 +3.0+20.5 GlobVal 1 15.67 +1.7+ 9.4
Growth 1 30.11 +2.0+ 9.8 Health f 7.55 +1.8+41.9 IntlEq 1 11.23 - 7.0
IntlIdx p 13.75 -0.4- 9.3 IntrntStr 1 811 +2.5 NA LatinArn 1 16.48
+1.0+ 6.5 MuniIns 1 7.51 +0.1 + 7.6 MuniInt 1 10.07 + OA + 6.2 MunfItc
1 9.90 + 3.2 MuniNatl f 9.90 +0.1 + 8 0 Pacific 1 28.94 -0.1 -12 6
Phoenix 1 14.73 +0.8+ 2 7 S&P500Idx 18.72 +1.0+ 3 9 SmCapIdx 12.70
+1.0+ 7 8 SpecVal 1 22.40 +0.2+21 9 USGovMort f 9.44 +0.2+ 5.6 UtilTele
1 12.48 +1.1 + 0.5 Worldinc 1 6.27 +0.3+ 6.2 Merrill Lynch B AZMuriBd m
10.39 +0.3+ 7.0 AdjRate m 9.38 + 2.6 BalCap m 31.57 +0.9+ 6.7 BasicVal
m 35.45 +0.7+ 3.3 CAInsMuni m 10.16 +0.2+ 9.0 CAMuniBd m 11.26 +0.2+
8.7 CTMuniBd m 10.33 +0.1 + 6.9 CorHiinc m 6.17 - 0.5 CodntTm m 10.90
+0.4+ 3.7 CodvGrd m 10.65 +0.4+ 4.0 DwCapMkt m 12.76 -9.1 DiscEq m
10.92 +0.8+ 9.1 Dragon m 10.29 - 0.11 -18.4 EuroFund m 12.53 -0.2 -3.0
FLMuniBd m 9.81 +0.1 + 6.3 Focus20 m 10.56 +3.3 NA FundGro m 28.06
+0.9+13.9 GIFinSvc m 11.75 +1.4+18.8 GlobAlc m 14.29 +0.3+ 4.9 GlobBdIV
m 7.93 - 4.1 GlobGro m 17.75 +1.2+ 3.3 GlobSm m 2153 +2.3+21.2 GlobTach
m 2.12 +3.0+1.97 GlobVal m 15.39 + 1.7 + 8.6 Growth m 27.31 +2.0+ 9.1
Health m 5.77 +1.8+40.9 IntlEci m 11.09 77 IntrntStr m 8.07 LatinAm m
16.04 + 1.1 + 5.7 MAMuniBd m 10.29 +0.2+ 7.4 MIMuniBd m 9.65 +0.2+ 7.2
MNMunlBd m 10.44 +0.1 + 6.9 MdCapVal m 14.68 +0.9+ 9.6 MuniIns m 7.50
+0.1 + 7.1 MuniInt m 10.07 +0.1 + 6.0 WNW m 9.90 + 2.9 MuniNatl m 9.90
+ 2 + 7.4 NJMurdBd m 10.06 +0.2+ 6.9 NYMuniBd m 10.64 +0.2 + 8.3
OHMuniBd m 10.24 +0.2+ 5.9 PAMuniBd m 10.65 +0.2+ 7.0 Pacific m 27.00 -
0.2- 13.2 Phoenix m 14.01 +0.7 + 2.0 PremGr m 9.87 +2.3 NA STGloInc m
7.72 + 3.7 SpecVal m 20.93 +0.2+21.1 StratDiv m 13.61 +0.4+ 4.2
TXMuniBd m 9.83 +0.1 + 6.7 US Hi Yld m 7.91 -3.5 USGovMort m 9.44 +0.3+
5.0 UtitTele m 12.41 +1.0 Worldinc m 6.26 +0.2+ 5.5 Merrill Lynch C
BaJCap m 31.12 +0.9+ 6.6 BasicVal m 34.96 +0.6+ 3.3 CorHiInc m 6.17 -
0.7 CorlvGrd m 10.65 +0.4+ 3.9 Eurolund m 12.29 -0.3 - 3.0 Focus20 m
10.56 +3.3 NA FundGro m 28.26 +0.9+14.0 GlobArc m 14.07 +0.3+ 4.9
GlobGro m 17.76 +1.2+ 3.3 GlobTech m 28.11 +3.0+19.7 GlobVal m 15.39

+1.7+ 8.6 Growth m 27.11 +2.0+ 9.1 Health m 5.77 +1.8+41.0 IntlEq m
10.93 - 7.6 IntrntStr m 8.07 +2.4 NA MuniNall m 9.91 +0.2+ 7.5 Pacific
m 26.49 -0.2-132 PrernGr m 9.87 +2.3 SpecVal m 20.63 + 0.1 +21.1 US Hi
Yld m 7.91 -3.4 USGovMort m 9.44 +0.3+ 5.0 Merrill Lynch D AggrBddx bp
10.03 +0.3 + 6.0 BatCap m 32.36 +0.9+ 7.2 BasicVal m 36.02 +0.6+ 3.8
CAMuniBd m 11.26 +0.3+ 8.9 CorlfiInc m 6.17 - 0.2 Corint m 10.90 +0.4+
4.0 CodvGrd m 10.65 +0.4+ 4.3 Dragon m 10.68 -0.7-17.9 Eurolund m 14.43
-0.3 - 2.5 FundlGro m 29.63 +0.9+14.5 GlobAlc m 14.54 +0.3+ 5.5 GlobGro
m 17.95 +1.2+ 3.9 GlobRes m 19.38 -0.4+28.0 GlobTech m 28.53 +3.0+20.3
GlobVal m 15.63 +1.7+ 9.2 Growth m 29.91 +2.0+ 9.6 Health m 7.11
+1.7+41.6 IntlEq m 11.24 -7.2 Intlidx bp 13.73 - 0 .4 - 9 .4 IntrntStr
m 8.10 +25 NA LatinArn m 16.40 + 5 + 6.4 Munlhs m 7.50 +0.1 + 7.5
MuniInt m 10.07 +0.1 + 6.1 Munit-td m 9.90 + 3.1 MuniNat1 m 9.91 +0.2+
7.8 NYMuniBd m 10.63 +0.2+ 8.6 Pacific m 28.84 - 0.2-12.8 Phoenix m
14.69 +0.8+ 2.5 PremGr m 9.90 +2.2 NA S&P500IctK b 18.66 +1.0+ 3.7
SmCapIdx b 1.26 8 +1.0+ 7.7 SpecVal m 22.31 +0.3+21.7 StratDiv m
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13.58 +0.4+ 4.7 US Hi Yld m 7.91 -3.3 USGwMort m 9.44 +0.3+ 5.4
MOMOpenF b 24.49 +3.6+ 3.0 Metropolitan West LowDurBd b 9.86 +0.1 + 3.9
LowDurBdl 9.87 +0.2 NA TotRetBdl 10.00 +0.2 NA TotRtBd b 10.00 +0.2 +
5.5 Midas Funds Midas m 0.93 +1.1 -31.6 SpecEq m 24.57 +0.9- 7.5
Monetta 25.44 +2.0+12.0 Montag & Caldwell Ball 19.02 + 0.3 - 1.7 Growth
1 32.59 + 0.2 - 6.9 Monterey PLA PIAShT b 10.06 - 0.5 + 4.5

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

PIAToRtBd 18.98 -0.2+ 5.4 Montgomery BalR d 16.77 +0.8+ 5.4 EmgGrowR
d 27.77 +1.8 +28.2 EmgMktR d 11.88 +0.3 -8.8 GlobCornmR d 33.39 +1.9
-9.4 GlobLgShR m 32.75 +1.3+ 5.2 GlobOppR d 21.90 +1.4-11.2 GrowthR d
22.44 + 1.1 + 4.6 InstErng 46.71 +0.3- 6.5 InstinlGr d 11.13 +0.8-11.7
IntlGrowA d 20.01 +0.9 - 1 4.6 SelFiftyR d 22.89 +1.0- 6.2 ShOuGovbq
9.94 +0.1 + 4.4 SmCap R d 23.25 +1.7 - 1.0 MominterA rn 13.29 +1.5-19.4
MoKsSoCap m 28.91 +1.2+ 3.4 Morg Stan Dean Wit A 21stCent rn 9.27 +1.9
NA AggrEq rn 16.71 +1.8+ 7.5 AmerOpp rn 43.69 +1.7 + 2.0 CpEdg m 13.66
-0.3+ 0.5 DevGrow m 41.35 +1.9- 3.7 DNGrow rn 53.08 +0.4- 2.6 EurGrow
rn 21.45 +0.6- 2.2 GlobDKCr rn 11.62 -0.3- 6.3 HiYldSec rn 4.35 +0.5-
9.7 Info rn 35.85 +2.3+22.2 Intl rn 10.99 -0.3- 9.1 MidCpEq m 45.16
+2.7+ 8.2 SP500idx m 16.19 +1.0+ 36 SmCapGr rn 53.28 +2.4+ 7.9 Slrategi
rn 21.78 + 1.1 + 6.0 USGovSec rn 8.70 +0.2+ 6.1 Morg Stan Dean Wit B
21stCent rn 9.23 +1.9 NA AggrEq rn 16.53 +1.9+ 7.1 ArnerOpp m 42.83
+1.7+ 1.7 BalGrow rn 12.34 +0.3- 0.9 Balinc rn 11.67 +0.3+ 2.2 CATxFInc
rn 12.33 +0.2+ 8.6 CapGrow rn 16.15 + 1.1 + 8.1 CornpEdg rn 13.42 -0.3
Con4ecs rn 17.79 + 1.0 + 1 D&Grow rn 40.23 +1.9- 4.2 DivGrow rn 53.07
+0.4- 3.1 DivrInc rn 7.36 -3.7 Equity rn 13.63 +0.9+ 4.4 EurGrow rn
20.97 +0.6- 2.7 FdoFdsInt rn 13.12 -5.5 FedSec rn 8.84 +0.4+ 6.4
FinclSvc rn 12.20 +2.0+ 1.8 GlobDivGr rn 11.61 -0.3- 6.8 Globlftil rn
19.14 + 1.1 + 6 2 Growth rn 20.38 + 1.2 +12.0 HealtScj rn 21.56 +2.1
+49.6 HiYldSec rn 4.34 +0.5- 9.9 IncBuild m 10.50 +0.5+ 0.1 Info rn
34.93 +2.3 +21.8 IntInc rn 8.98 +0.2+ 1 .9 Intl rn 10.90 -0.3- 9.5
NtlSrnCp rn 11.14 -12.4 Japan rn 10.41 -1.2- 4.1 LatAmGr rn 12.15 +0.7
- 4.9 MjdCpEq rn 44.37 +2.7 + 7.9 MktLead rn 21.07 +1.6 +14.5 NYTXFInc
rn 11.28 +0.1 + 6.4 NaResDev rn 14.93 -0.1 +10.8 NxtGen rn 9.43 +1.7-
9.6 PacGrow rn 15.61 -1.0-10.5 RealEstat rn 10.49 -0.2 +20.4 SP500idx
rn 15.94 +1.0+ 3.2 SP500Sel rn 14.36 +1.1 + 3.1 SmCapGr rn 52.13 +2.4+
7.6 SpecVal rn 11.77 +0.3+12.7 Strategi rn 21.77 +1.1 + 5.6 Tax-MgdGr
10.44 +1.2 NA TaxESec rn 11.48 +0.1 + 6.5 TotMktIdx rn 12.12 + 1.1 +
3.1 TotRetTr rn 25.01 +1.2 +16.8 USGovSec rn 8.71 + 02 + 6.1 Util rn
20.88 + 1.1 + 8.6 ValMktEq rn 37.23 +0.9+ 5.4 Value rn 9.99 + 1.1 + 4.6
Woddinc rn 7.19 -0.1 - 3.4 Morg Stan Dean Wit C 21stCent rn 9.23 +1.9

NA AggrEq rn 16.53 +1.9+ 7.1 AmerOpp rn 42.46 +.7+ 1.5 BalGrow rn 12.33
+0.3- 1.0 CompEdg rn 13.45 -0.3- 0.1 DivGrow rn 52.92 +0.4- 3.1 EurGrow
rn 20.94 +0.6- 2.8 HiYldSec rn 4.34 +0.2-101 Info rn 34.78 +2.3+21.5
Intl rn 10.90 -0.3- 9.5 MldC E rn 44.10 +2.7+ 7.6 15.94 +1.0+ 3.2
SmCapGr m 51.92 +2.4+ 7.4 Strategi rn 21.68 + 1.1 + 5.5 TotMktIdx m
12+12 + 1.1 + 3.1 Morg Stan Dean Wit D ArnerOpp 44.08 +1.8+ 2.2 CapGrow
16.85 + 1.1 + 8.9 DevGrow 41.71 +2.0- 3.6 DivGrow 53.13 +0.4- 2.5
EurGrow 21.91 +0.6- 2.1 FdoFcIsInt 13.45 +0.1 - 4.8 GlobDivGr 11.64 -
0.3- 6.2 HiYldSec 4.35 +0.5- 9.6 Intl 11.02 -0.3- 8.9 MktLead 21.70
+1.6+15.3 NaResDev 15.28 -0.1 +11.6 SP500Idx 16.28 +1.0+ 3.8 SmCapGr
53.70 +2.4+ 8.1 Strategi 21.80 + 1.1 + 6.1 TaxESec 11.43 +0.2+ 7.1
USGo4ec 8.70 +0.4+ 6.2 ValMktEq 37.42 +0.9+ 6.1 Meng StanDenWit LtdTmMu
10.11 + 4.8 MulStA2 rn 10.13 +0.1 + 6.8 MulStFL

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rn 10.35 +0.1 + 7.0 MulStNJ rn 10.42 +0.2+ 6 7 MulStPA rn 10.44
+0.2+ 7 6 NMGWnc b 8.60 + OA + 49 SelMuRei 11.70 +0.1 + 7 4 ShtTmBd
9.31 +0.1 + 4 2 ShtTmTrs b 9.75 +0.1 + 3.8 Morg Stan DW Inst ActintLA
12.61 -0.4- 9.2 AsimEqA 12.15 - 1.1 -15.3 ErngDebtA 3.42 +0.6+14.0
ErngMkt A 17.02 -0.3-1.13 EqGrow A 27.32 +1.3 +12.3 EqGrowB b 27.11
+1.3+12.1 EuroEq A 14.74 -0.2+ 1.1 FixIn A 10.42 +0.3+ 5.8 FocEq A
20.89 +1.1 +12.0 GlobEq A 17.86 + 4.4 GlobFixlA 10.77 -0.1 - 2.7
HiYieldA 9.77 +0.1 - 2.2 nUEq A 20.67 -0.3+ 63 nt1Eq B b 20.59 -0.3+
5.2 nUMagA 12.71 -0.3- 5.1 IntlSm A d 19.52 -0.1+ 1.5 JapanEqA 9 83 -
1 1 - 2.9 162 + 1.3 +28.1 SmCoG B b 15.91 +1.3+27.9 Tech A 50.13 +3.1
+34.8 USHeal A 13.99 -0.1 +209 ValueEqA 10.72 + 1.3 +13.5 Muhlenkmp
52.30 + 1.3 +272 Munder 11 FutTech rn 15.76 +1.9+2 NetNetil rn 8.84 +
.7 NA Munder A FraHhnc rn 32.69 +2.7 +102.3 FutTech rn 17.53 +1.9+25.5
Index500 in 32.09 +1.0+ 3.8 IntNetNet rn 8.87 +1.8 NA MicCapEq rn 30.41
+2.5+13.0 MultiGro rn 21.90 +1.4+ 3.7 NetNet rn 74.91 +1.5- 2.0 Munder
8 Fralthor rn 31.84 +2.7 +101.4 FutTech rn 17.42 +1.9+24.9 Index500 rn
32.07 +1.0+ 3.6 IntNetNet rn 8.85 +1.8 NA MicCapEq rn 29.56 +2.5+12.5
MultiGro rn 20.69 +1.4+ 3.1 NetNet nn 73.70 +1.5- 2.5 Munder C Fralther
rn 31.81 +2.7 +101.3 NetNet rn 73.74 +1.5- 2.5 Munder K Bond 9.35 +0.3+
5.9 EqincK 12.82 +1.2- 5.0 FraEmgMkt 12.01 -0.3-18.5 Index500 32.06
+1.0+ 3.7 IntBd 9.14 +0.2+ 4.8 IntlEq 17.57 +0.5- 6.2 MlTaxFBd 9.70
+0.1 + 8.1 MultiGro 21.90 +1.4+ 3.7 SmCoGrow 21.35 +2.7 +19.7 TxFBd
10.02 +0.1 + 7.4 TxFShInt 10.17 + 3.9 USGovtIn 9.83 +0.3+ 5.4 Munder Y
Bond 9.35 +0.3+ 6A FraIntiGr 15.30 +0.1 - 6.1 Index500 32.15 +1.0+ 3.9
IntBd 9.14 +0.2+ 5.0 InflBd 8.97 -0.3- 6.9 InflEq 17.71 +0.5- 5.9
LdAlSea p 16.42 +1.4+14.6 MultiGro 22.28 +1.4+ 3.9 SmCoGrow 21.79
+2.7+19.9 Munder Inst S&PIIdxEq 15.00 +1.0+ 4.0 Mutual Series Beacon A
in 14.21 +0.4+ 9.8 Beacon C rn 14.11 +0.4+ 9.4 Beacon Z 14.27 +0.4+10.1
Discov A in 21.83 +0.5+11.3 Discov C rn 21.71 +0.4+10.8 Discov Z 21.97
+0.5+11.5 Euro A rn 17.81 +0.7 +12.1 Euro C in 17.78 +0.7 +11.7 Euro Z
18.00 0.7 +12.4 FinlSwA rn 14.77 +1.3 +15.5 FinlSvcc b 14.71 +1.3 +15.1
FinlSvccZ 14.77 +1.3+15.8 Qual A rn 17.32 +0.5+11.1 Qual C rn 17.21
+0.5+10.8 Oust Z 17.40 +0.5+11.5 Shares A rn 20.46 +0.4+ 8.5 Shares C
rn 20.31 +0.4+ 8.1 Shares Z 20.55 +0.4+ 8.8 Numeric Investor Growth
23.69 +1.9+23.2 Micro 20.99 +1.5+23.1 MidCap 19.22 +0.9+17.8 Nations
Investor A AggGr rn 22.12 +1.7+ 4.2 BIChip rn 36.33 +1.2 + 51 CAMuniBd
in 7.33 +0.1 + 8.4 CapGrow rn 14.14 +0.8+ 9.6 ConvSecs rn 19.65
+1.0+15.0 FLMuBd rn 9.71 +0.2+ 7.1 GovSec rn 9.46 +0.3+ 6.3 IntBd f
9.20 +0.2+ 4.1 IntlVal rn 19.04 -0.4+ 2.2 MmFocEq rn 22.48 +0.9 - 0.2
MarsIrcGr rn 209B +1.0+ 0.6 MgdIdx b 20.78 +1.0+ 3.3 MuniInc rn 10.88
+0.1 + 6.7 SlGov rn 3.98 + 4.4 SmCo rn 21.59 +1.7+20.3 VAInt nn 10.66 +
5.2 Value rn 14.35 +0.6- 0.8 Nations Investor 0 AggGr rn 21.06 +1.7+
3.7 AstAlc rn 24.39 +0.9+ 5.9 BaAst in 10.24 +0.5+ 1.0 BlChip rn 35.77
+ 12 + 5.2 CapGrow rn 13.24 +0.8+ 9.2 EqInc 11.57 +0.5- 1.3

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

IntlVal m 18.86 -0.4+ 1.7 MmsFmEq m 22.11 +0.9- 0.8 Mars&Inc m 20.62
+1.0+ 0.1 MkrA m 19.93 +1.7+30.1 Stratinc m 9.51 +0.3+ 2.8 Value m
14.10 +0.6- 1.1 Nations Investor C MarsFEq m 22.18 +0.9- 0.7 MaraGdnc
rn 20.64 +0.9+ 0.1 Nations Primary A AggGr 22.32 +1.7 + 4.3 BalAst
10.29 +0.5+ 1.7 BlChip 36.47 +1.2+ 5.9 Bond 9.45 +0.3+ 5.0 CapG. 14.33
+0.8+ 9.9 EmgMkt 13.05 -10.9 EqInc 11.61 +0.5- 0.8 FI-Int 10.47 +0.1 +
5.1 FI-MuBd 9.71 +0.2+ 7.3 GAInt 10.59 +0.1 + 5.5 GovSec 9.48 +0.3+ 6.6
IntMuBd 9.92 +0.1 + 5.1 Eq

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14.34 -0.1 - 6.5 Grow 12.85 +0.4 - 12.4 IntlVal 19.08 -0.3 + 2.4
LfglGrth 13.88 +0.8 + 11.8 LgCpIdx 29.32 + 1.0 + 3.9 MDInt 10.74 +0.1 +
5.2 MarsFocEq 22.53 +0.9 - 0.1 MarsGrinc 21.00 +1.0+ 0.7 MgdIdx 20.79
+1.0+ 3.5 MgdSmIdx 14.52 +0.9+11.7 MidCapGr 22.20 +1.7+31.0 Munlinc
10.89 +0.2+ 7.0 NCInt 10.35 +0.1 + 5.5 SCInt 10.41 +0.1 + 5.4 SIGov
3.99 +0.3+ 4.8 SlInc 9.53 +0.1 + 3.8 ShTmMu 10.01 +0.1 + 3.8 8mco 21.82
+1.7+20.5 StrGr 17.10 +0.9 + 5.3 Stratinc 9.51 +0.3+ 3.5 TNInt 10.05
+0.1 + 4.8 TXInt 10.13 +0.1 + 5.4 USGovtBd 9.66 + 0.3 + 6.2 VAInt 10.66
+ 5.4 Value 14.36 +6.6- 0.6 Nationwide Bondi 8.95 +0.9+ 4.9 Growthl f
17.72 +1.9+ 1.7 HiYldBdIs x 9.10 +0.5- 2.7 IntmUSGYA xm 9.96 +0.4 + 6.7
IntmUSGvd xf 9.96 +0.3+ 6.9 NatiowdA rn 31.48 +0.9+ 4.8 Nationwdd
131.36 +0.8 + 5.0 PrsLW m 16.66 +1.6+ 8.2 S&P vc b 13.24 + 1.1 + 3.7
TaxFHncD A 10.07 +0.1 + 7.4 Navellier AggGrow b 21.84 +1.8+14.9
AggSmCapA b 21.70 +1.6+ 7.1 LgCpGr b 31.01 +2.7+31.5 MidCapGr b 35.18
+2.6+16.6 NeedhemOr m 36.89 +2.0+39.4 Neuberger Bannon Century 13.43
+2.2+16.8 Focus 50.61 +2.7+29.4 Genesinst 25.41 +0.8+20.8 Genesis 18.00
+0.8+20.5 Guardian 20.22 +1.2+ 9.5 Intl 20.82 +0.5-14.4 LtdMatBd 9.33
+0.1 + 3.3 Manhattan 21.01 +2.8+25.9 Millenum 36.03 +2.8+ 9.6 MuniSecs
11.02 +0.1 + 4.5 Partners 25.03 +0.9+ 4.3 SocResp 21.01 +0.6+ 2.6
Neuberger Berman Ast Genesis b 15.84 + 0.8 +20.3 PartAst b 16.03 + 0.9
+ 4.0 Neuberger Berman TrFocus b 35.33 +2.7+29.3 Genesis 25.34
+0.8+20.4 Guardian 15.44 +1.1 + 9.4 LtdMatBd 8.90 +0.2+ 3.4 Manhattan
26.01 +2.8+26.1 Partners 18.74 +0.9+ 4.2 Nevis d 40.09 +1.0+13.3
NewAfter f 44.35 +2.0+53.7 Now Century Balanced bp 14.39 -0.1 + 4.0
Capital bp 19.71 -0.1 + 5.1 Nicholas Income NA NA NA LtdEdit NA NA NA
Nichol NA NA NA Nichol 11 NA NA NA Nicholas-Applegate ConvertI 33.40
+2.0+12.1 EmgCntd 19.66 - 0.3-12.1 GlbHlth 39.10 + 1.5 +102.8 GlobTechl
139.51 +2.7 +19.7 IntlCGrl 29.02 +0.7-10.5 IntlSmGd 47.25 +0.9+ 6.9
LgCapGd 51.45 +2.4+17.2 LgCapGrR 51.32 +2.4+17.0 MidCapGrI 41.28 +2.7
+22.9 MInCapl 38.56 +1.7+13.5 SmCapGd 25.22 +1.7+ 6.8 Value 22.67 +1.1
- 0.2 WldwdGd 37.25 +1.5+ 1.1 North American Bal C m 9.89 +0.7+10.1
FloatingC m 9.80 + 3.2 GrowInCA m 28.88 +0.8+ 3.6 GrowincB m 28.18
+0.8+ 3.2 GrowIncC m 28.31 +0.8+ 3.2 LgCpGrB m 22.80 +1.9+ 2.0
Northeast Investors Growth 27.81 +1.3+ 6.6 Northeast 9.23 +0.2 + 2.4
Northern AZTaxE 10.26 +0.1 + 6.9 CAIntTaxE 10.27 +0.2+ 7.4 CATaxE 10.68
+0.2+ 9.7 FUntTaxE 10.23 +0.1 + 5.5 Fixedin 9.72 +0.3+ 6.2 GlobalCom b
12.82 +3.2 NA

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Highinc m 7.44 +0.1 - 4.6 IntIEq m 19.75 +0.3-16.2 StarAdv m 21.34
+1.3-
0.9 StarSmCap m 23.05 +1.5 + 9.2 StarValue m 7.14 +0.7 + 0.2 StarWW m
17.11 +0.5- 6.7 Stratinc m 11.55 +0.5+ 3.6 Nvest C StarAb 21.36 +1.3-
0.9 StarSmCap b 23.05 +1.5+ 9.2 Stratinc m 11.54 +0.5+ 3.6 Nvest y Bal
11.47 +1.0- 0.4 Star 23.44 +1.3- 0.2 Nvest Kobrick A Capital m 19.61
+2.3-12.7 EmgGro m 1833 +1.2 -14.3 Growth m 22.92 +1.6 + 7.8 Nvest
Kobrick B Capital m 19.49 + 2.4 -1.32 EmgGro m 18.74 + 1.2 -14.7 OVB

CapApr A 23.98 +1.8+10.1 EqInCA 14.55 + 02 GotSecA 955 +0.3+ 6.5 WVraxE
A 9.67 +0.2+ 7.0 Oak Associates PinoakAgg 86.20 +3.0+60.5 RedOakTec
43.91 +3.3+80.4 WhiteOak 86.61 +1.7+41.7 OakValue 25.96 -0.2+ 3.6
Oakmark EqInc 16.22 +0.4+12.6 Intl d 15.69 -0.1 + 6.7 IntlSmCap d 12.06
-0.2- 3.5 Oakmark 27.09 +0.3- 0.4 Select d 21.26 +0.8+ 1 5.4 SmCap
14.98 +0.2+ 0.1 OberEmgGr b 44.32 +1.2 +22.6 OceanTE m 10.26 +0.1 + 4.9
Ottithank EmgMkt 9.52 +0.3+10.2 HighYld 8.66 +0.1 + 1.1 MtgSecSeI 9.83
+0.2 + 57 NYMuni 10.70 + 6.9 USGovtSel 9.95 +0.3+ 5.9 Old Westbury
CoreEq b

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16.50 +1.0+ 6.6 GrowOpp m 13.34 +0.2- 1.2 Intl m 12.77 +0.1 - 2.7
OisteinFC m 16.77 +0.5+14.6 One Group A Bal xm 14.56 +0.7+ 7.2 Bond xm
10.20 +0.7+ 6.1 Divdntl m 16.95 -10.4 DivrMidCp m 19.91 +1.4+24.5
DivrEq m 15.72 +1.0 + 8.5 Eqinc xm 20.52 +0.6+ 2.2 EqIndex m 34.66
+1.0+ 3.7 GovtBc xm 9.67 +0.3+ 6.2 IntBond xm 10.15 + 07 + 5.1 IntTaxF
xm 10.67 +0.1 + 5.0 IntlEqIdx m 20.73 - 0.2- 8.8 12.74 +0.6+ 67
InvConGr xm 11.17 +0.4+ 5.2 InvGrInc m 14.27 +0.8+ 7.9 nvGrow m 15.54
+0.9+ 9.5 LAMuniBd m 9.89 +0.2 + 5.5 LrgCapGf m 27.71 +1.5+ 4.3
LrgCapVal m 1659 +0.8+ 4.2 MlMunBd xm 10.41 +0.6 + 6.4 MidCapGr m 28.52
+2.2 +30.0 MidCapVal m 14.36 +0.3+16.0 MuniInc xm 963 +0.1 + 4.8
OHMuniBd xm 16-64 +0.1 + 5.2 SmCapGr m +12+1.95 TaxFrBd xm 12.40 + 0.6
+ 6 TrsAgcyd xm 9.72 +0.2 + 4.9 One Group 0 Bell xm 14.62 +0.6+ 6.6
DiverseEq m 15.37 +0.9+ 7.9 EqInc xm 20.55 +0.6+1.8 EqIndex m 34.50
+1.0+ 3.2 GovtBd xm 9.67 +0.3+ 5.8 IntermBd m 10.05 + 01 + 4.7 InvBal m
12.71 +0.6+ 6.2 InyConeGr xm 11.18 +0.4+ 4.8 nvGrInc m 14.21 +0.8+ 7.5
nvGrow m 15.63 +1.0+ 9.1 UgCapGr m 26.33 +1.5+ 3.8 MidCapGr m 26.15 +
2.2 +2.9 4 MidCapVal m 14.18 +0.4+15.5 MuniInc xm 9.59 + 4 2 OHMumBd m
10.72 + 4.7 TrsAgcyBd xm 9.71 +0.2+ 4.6 One Group C EqIdx m 34.55 +1.0+
3.2 IntBd xm 10.05 +0.1 + 4.5 LrgCapGr m 26.09 +15+ 3.8 MidCapGr m
2B.32 +2.2 +29.3 One Group AZMuniBd x 9.59 +0.1 + 5.4 Bal x 14.55 +0.7
+ 7.4 Bond x 10.20 +0.7+ 6.3 DiverseEq 15.77 +0.9+ 8.6 DiAntl 17.03 +0.1
-10.2 DivrMidCp 20.13 +1.4+24.7 Eqinc x 20.57 +0.6+ 2.4 EqIndex 34.68
+1.0+ 3.9 GovtBd x 9.67 +0.3+ 6.4 HiYldBd x 8.95 + 0.5 IncBond x 7.60
+08+ 6.1 IntBond x 10.15 +0.7+ 5.2 IntTaxF x 10.58 +0.1 + 5.2 IntlEq
20.73 -0.2 -8.5 InvBal 12.75 +0.6+ 7.0 IvCmGr x 11.19 +0.4+ 54 InvGdnc
1 4.15 +0.7+ 81 InvGmw 1564 +1.0+ 9.8 KYMmiBd x 16.03 +0.1 + 5.4
LAMuniSd x 9.89 +0.2+ 5.6 LgCapGrow 26.94 +1.5+ 4.5 LgCapVal. 16.48
+0.9+ 4.6 MlMuniBd x 10.40 +0.5+ 66 MidCapGr 29.11 +2.2+30.3 MidCapVal
14.32 +0.4+16.3 MunInc x9.60 +0.1 + 4.9 North American Bal C m 9.89
+0.7 +10.1 FloatingC m 9.80 - + 3.2 GrowlWA m 2838 +0.8 + 3.6 GrowIncB
m 28.18 +0.8+ 3.2 GrowIncC m 28.31 +0.8+ 3.2 LgCpGrB m 22.80 +1.9+ 2.0
Northent InValttors Growth 27.81 +1.3+ 6.6 Northeast 9.23 +0.2 + 2.4
Nohem AZTaxE 10.26 +0.1 + 6.9 CAIntTaxE 10.27 +0.2+ 7.4 CATaxE 10.68
+0.2+ 9.7 FUMTE 0.23 +0.1 + 5.5 FixedIn 9.72 +0.3+ 6.2 GlobalGom b
12.82 +3.2 NA GrowthEq 26.49 +1.1 +12.8 HYFixinc 9.08 +0.4+ 0.3
IncomeEq 14.54 +0.8+12.9 IntTaxE 10.11 +0.1 + 5.2 IntlGrEq 13.89 -0.3-
2.7 IntlSelEq 14.22 -0.4- 3.5 MidCapGr 21.74 +2.3+ 7.9 SelEq 35.58
+1.7+10.2 ShIntUSGv 9.96 +0.2+ 5.0 SmCapGro b 19.14 +2.5+21.2 SmCapIdx
b 12.13 +1.0+ 6.3 SmCapVal 15.95 + 1.1 +3.1 StkIdx p 20.36 NA + 3.6
TaxE 1023 +0.1 + 8.1 Tech 62.06 +2.9+ 9.9 USGovt 9.83 +0.2+ 4.7
Northern Insd Be A 15.15 +0.7+ 8.4 Bond A 19.25 +0.3+ 6.0 Sond C 19.23
+0.3+ 5.9 DivGro A 18.81 +1.2+13.5 EqIdx A 24.97 + 1.0 + 3.9 EqIdx C
24.89 +1.0+ 3.7 FocusGrA 22M +1.5+15.9 IntBdA 18.85 +0.1 + 4.4
IntleqlxA 12.76 -0.2- T3 IntlGr A 12.44 -0.3- 2.4 ShIntBdA 18.14 +0.1 +
4.4 SmCoIdxA 13.67 +1.0+ 6.9 USGovt A 19.49 +0.2+ 4.5 USTrs A 20.74
+0.4+ 7.8 Nuveen A AZMuriBd m 10.72 +0.1 + 7.6 AiLAMu m 10.61 +0.2+
6.6 BalMuStk m 24.96 +0.1 + 2.8 BalStkBd m 26.15 +0.3+ 3.1 CAMsMuni m
10.64 +0.2+ 8.3 CAMuniBal m 10.40 +0.1 + 7.4 COMuniBcl m 9.88 +0.1 +

5.9 CTMuriBd m 10.29 +0.2+ 6.8 FLMuNBd m 10.31 +0.1 + 6.5 GAMuniBd m
10.47 + 0.2+ 7.4 GdnStk m 25.47 +0.2+ 0.9 InsMuBd m 10.60 +0.2+ 6.7
IntMunBd m 9.15 +0.1 + 6.9 IntMuni m 10.35 +0.1 + 5.3 KSMuniBd m 9.98
+0.1 + 7.6 KYMuniBd m 10.67 +0.1 + 6.7 LAMuriBd m 1079 +0.3 + 8.2
LtcfrMu m 10.51 + 3.8 MlMumBd m 11.22 +0.2+ 7.0 MOMuniBd m 10.54 +0.1
+ 6.2 NCMuniBd m 9.96 +0.2+ 8.7

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NJMuniBd m 10.16 +0.1 + 7.7 NMMuniBd m 10.06 +0.1 + 6.5 NYInsMuni m
10.28 +0.1 + 7.0 NYMuniBd m 10.48 +0.2+ 7.4 OHMuniBd m 11.04 +0.2+ 6.9
PAMuniBd m 9.86 +0.1 + 7.3 RittGrow m 30.50 +0.8+ 7.0 TNMuriBd m 10.73
+0.1 + 6.6 VAMuniBd m 10.51 +0.2+ 7.3 MMuniBd m 9.77 +0.2+ 9.1 Nuveen B
AilAmMu m 10.61 +0.1 + 6.0 BalMuStk m 25.35 +0.1 + 2.3 GrInStk m 25.25
+0.2+ 0.4 Innovatn m 28.81 +3.4+33.7 RittGrow m 29.91 +0.7+ 6.4 NLFveen
CmMu m 10.59 +0.1 + 6.2 GrInStk m 25.22 +0.2+ 0.4 Innovatn m 28.83
+3.4+33.7 KYMuniBd m 10.66 +0.1 + 6.3 LtdTmMu m 10.50 + 3.6 MlMuniBd m
11.20 +0.2+ 6.5 OHMuniBd m 11.03 +0.2+ 6.6 RittGrow m 29.93 +0.7+ 6.5
Nuveen R CAJnsMunl 10.62 +0.2+ 8.3 CAMuniBd 10.41 +0.1 + 7.5 FLMuniBd
10.30 +0.1 + 6.6 InsMuniBd 10+56 +0.1 + 6.9 IntMunBd 9.16 +0.1 + 7.1
MAInsMuni 10.08 +0.1 + 6.8 MAMuniBd 9.51 +0.2+ 6.6 MDMuniBd 9.93 +0.2+
6.7 NiMuniBd 10A6 +0.2+ 7.9 WinsMuni 10.29 +0.2+ 7.1 NYMuniBd 10.51
+0.2+ 7.5 OHMuniBd 11.04 +0.2+ 7.1 PAMuniBcl 9.86 +0.1 + 7.4 RittGraw
30.71 +0.7+ 7.2 VAMcniBd 10.50 +0.2+ 7.4 Nvest A Bal m 11.47 + 1.1 -
0.6 BondInc m 11.48 +0.4+ 3.8 CapGrow m 24.79 +1.0+ 9.9 GovtSecs m
10.84 +0.5+ 7.6 GrowInc m 1 5A +1.2+ 1.4 Growth m 9.95 +0.3- 4.6
FigHinc m 7.44 +0.1 - 4.1 IntTmCA m 7.58 +0.1 + 6.2 InflEq m 20.45
+0.3-15.7 LtdTmUS m 11.02 +0.2+ 4.0 MATxFInc m 15.87 +0.1 + 5.8 MuniInc
m 7.34 +0.1 + 5+3 ShTrmCoIn m 6.95 +0.1 + 2.7 StarAdv m 22.81 +1.4- 0.4
StarSmCap m 23.81 +1.5 + 9.8 StarValue m 7.50 +0.8 + 0.7 StarWW m 17.80
+0.5- 6.3 Stratim m 11.55 +0.4+ 4.0 Nvest B Bal m 11.37 +1.0- 1.2
Bondinc m 11.47 +0.4+ 3.3 CapGrow m 22.70 +1.0+ 9.4 GrowInc m 14.70
+1.2+ 0.9 Growth m 9.59 +0.3- 5.0

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Opport B m 33.52 +0.4- 1.0 Opport C rn 33.51 +0.4- 1.0 SmCap A m
22.49

+ 1.6 +27.9 SmCap B m 21.67 +1.6+27.5 Value A m 18.67 +0.6- 0.3
Value B m 18.13 +0.6- 0.8 Value C m 18.14 +0.7 - 0.8 Oppenheirm Rochest
LtdTmNYA m 3.24 + 4.9 LtdTmNYB m 3.24 + 4.4 LtdTmNYC m 3.23 + 4.4
LtdTmNYX m 3.25 + 4.5 Muni A m 17.42 +0.2+ 8.3 Muni B m 17.41 +0.2+ 7.7
Muni C m 17.40 +0.2+ 7.7 Orbltex HlthBioA m 27+91 +3.3 +103.1 HlthBioB
m 27.74 +3.3 +1022 HlthBioC m 27.74 +3.3 NA InfoTechA m 66 79 + 16
+25.6 nfoTwhB m 65.93 +3.6+25.1 Osterwels 26.44 +0.8+ 7.9 PBHG
CoreGrow 33.47 +2.5+31.5 EmgGrow 41.08 +1.5+19.9 FocusValu 18.01
+1.0+26.0 GITIqCom 12.75 +21 NA Growth 58.94 +1.6+24.4 GrowthAdv 58.36
+17 +24.2 LgCap20 47.26 +2.8+27 1 LgCapGr 42.03 +2.0+35.6 LgCapVsl
12.83 +0.2+10.5 Limited 23.07 +1.4+23.3 MidCapVal 15.56 +0.6+26.9
NewOpp 80.48 +1.8+16.7 SelEq 82.99 +3.0+45.0 SmCapVaj 2105 +1.1 +36.1
StraSmCo 21.46 +1.7+34.8 TechComm 84.51 +3.1 +24.2 PlMCo Institutional
CAIntMunl 10.36 +0.1 + 7.9 CapApr 29.90 +1.4+19.2 ConvBcl 15.61
+0.6+12.1 Foreign 10.03 -0.2+ 4.6 Glob 8.63 -0.2- 2.3 GlobBdl 9.43 +
5.1 Wield 10.23 +0.2+ 1.7 LgTmGovt 10.12 +0.9+12.8 LowDur 9.87 +0.1 +
4.3 LowDur1 9.75 +0.1 + 4.7 LowDurill 9.73 +0.1 + 4.7 MicroGr 25.07
+0.7 +19.6 MidCapG 32.88 +1.3 +26.5 ModDur 9.66 +0.2+ 5.4 RealRet 9.92
+0.1 + 8.7 ShtTerm 9.97 + 4.4 StkPlus 14.37 +1.2 + 4.7 StrEmgMkt d
12.22 +0.2 -11.7 StratBal 12.82 +0.9+ 3.7 TotRet 10.11 +0.4+ 6.7 TotRet
11 9.83 +0.3+ 6.4 TotFietill 8.85 +0.4+ 5.1 TxEmgMkt 13.80 +0.2- 1 4.3
Value 12.72 +1.2+ 0.1 PiMCo Admin CapApr b 29.61 +1.4+19.1 HiYld b
10.23 +0.2+ 1.5 LgTmGovt b 10.12 +0.9+12.6 LowDur b 9.87 +0.1 + 4.1

MidCapGr b 32.68 +1.3+26.3 StkPlus b 14.24 +1.2+ 4.5 TotRet b 10.11
+0.4+ 6.5 TotRet11 b 9.83 +0.3+ 6.3 PIMCo A CapApr rn 29.71 +1.4+18.9
GlcInnovA m 22.23 +2.6 +122.3 Growth rn 43.81 +2.0+14.1 HiYld m 10.23
+0.2+

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1.4 Innov rn 80.84 +3.5+23.9 LgTmGovt rn 10.12 +0.9+12.5 LowDur m
9.87 +0.1 + 4.0 MidCapGr m 3253 +1.3+26.1 Opport rn 33.87 +1.9+ 9.9
Renals rn 16.54 +1.4+15.7 ShtTerm m 9.97 + 4.1 SmCapVW m 15.16 +0.4+
9.1 StkPlus rn 14.26 +1.1 + 4.4 Target m 36.29 +3.2+46.7 TotRet m 10.11
+0.4+ 6.4 PIMCO B CapApr m 28.96 +1.4+18.3 GldrrovB m 22.17 +2.6 NA
Growth m 38.94 +2.0+13.6 HiYld m 10.23 +0.2+ 0.9 Innov rn 77.14
+3.5+23.2 LgTrnGcvT m 10.12 +0.9+12.0 LowDur rn 9.87 +0.1 + 3.5
MidCapGr m 31.75 +1.3+25.5 Renais m 16.13 +1.4+15.2 SmCapvW m 15.06
+0.4+ 8.7 StkPlus rn 14.14 +1.2+ 3.8 Target rn 33.29 +3.2+46.7 TotRet
rn 10.11 +0.4+ 5.8 PIMCO C CapApr m 2U1 +1.4+18.4 ForBd m 10.03 -0.2+
3.7 GlbInnovC m 22.17 +2.6 NA Growth m 38.94 +2.0+13.6 HIYld m 10.23
+0.2+ 0.9 Innov m 77.11 +3.5 +23.2 Ind m 10.49 -0.2 - 13.2 LowDur m
9.87 +0.1 + 37 MidCapGr m 31.75 +1.3+25.5 Opport m 29.15 +1.9+ 9.3
Renais m 16.04 +1.4+15.1 CapVW m 15-08 +0.5+ 8.6 StkPIus rn 14 +1.1 +
4.0 Target m 33.28 +3.2 +46.6 TotRet rn 10.11 +0.4 + 5.8 Value m12.64 +
12 + 9.3 Pacific Capital Inst Bal 11.97 +0.8+11.0 DivrFix x 10.39 +0.4+
5.9 GrowInc 22.79 +1.2+14.4 GrowStk 21.32 +1.2+16.4 InflStk 15.11 +0.6-
12.6 ShIntTrs x 9.38 +0.2 + 4.5 SmCap 11.11 +1.2+1 4.6 TxFSecs x 10.43
+0.1 + 6.7 TxFShInt x 9.98 + 4.1 Value 11.47 +0.9+ 9.2 PaCsQr&tR m 21N
+1.2+16.2 PaineWebber A Sal m 11.28 +1.0+ 3.0 CATaxFIn m 10.80 +0.3+
9.9 FmSvcGr m 3130 +2.1 +16.4 GlobEq m 17.38 +0.8- 0.2 Globinc m 9.28 +
0.3 Grow m 33.82 +1.0+ 5.1 GrowIm m 3455 + 1.1 + 1.6 Highinc m 4.82
+0.4-18.4 InvGdnc m 9.71 +0.4+ 3.1 LowDur m 2.30 + 3.9 MidCap m 16.83 +
2.7+17.8 MulIiInc m 9.91 +0.1 + 3.5 Natfflm 11.06 +0.2+ 7.1 S&P500Ix m
18.96 +1.0+ 3.6 SmCap m 13.53 +1.6+18.1 StrafInc m 7.99 +0.4- 3.2
Strategy m 9.29 +0.8- 9.1 TactAlc m 35.59 +0.8+ 3.9 USGovtIn m 8.56
+0.3+ 5.9 PaineWebber B EnNasdB m 11.19 +2.8 NA FinSvcGr m 30.66 +2.1
+15.7 Grow m 30.10 +1.0+ 4.6 GrowInc m 33.95 +1.2 + 1.1 HighInc m 4.82
+0.7 -18.7 MidCap m 16.56 +2.7 +17.2 Strategy m 9.23 +0.7 - 9.7 TactAlc
m 34.92 +0.8+ 3.4 PaineWebber C FinSvcGr m 30.59 +2.1 +15.7 Grow m
30.51 +1.0+ 4.6 GrovAnc m 34.02 +1.2+ 1.1 HighInc m 4.83 +0.7-18.6
LowDur m 2.29 + 3.4 NatlTuF m 11.05 +0.1 + 6.7 S&P500Ix m 18.79 +1.0+
3.1 Strategy m 9.23 +0.7- 9.7 TactAlc m 35.14 +0.8+ 3.4 Painewebber Y
GlobEq 17.90 +0.7+ 01 Grow 35.21 +1.0+ 5.4 GrowInc 34.66 + 1.1 + 1.8
TactAlc 35.92 +0.8+ 4.1 PaineWebber Pace GlobFixi 10.47 -0.2 - 5.4
GovtSecs 12.20 +0.2 + 6.2 IntFixI 11.09 +0.3 + 5.0 InlJEmg 12.23 -
0.2715.9 IndEq 18.92 +0.1 - 7.9 LrgCoGro 31.91 +2.0+ 9.0 LrgCoVal 17.21
+0.3- 1.1 MuniFid 12.23 +0.1 + 5.2 SmMedGro 33.94 +1.2+26.7 SmMedVal
13.94 +0.7+ 3.3 StrFixIn 12.24 -0.4 + 5.2 L Roy Papp AmerAbrd 35.06
+1.5+ 8.4 Stock 42.41 +0.9+ 4.8 Parnassus IncEqInc 26.31 +14.4
Parnassus 1 63.66 -0.3 +25.6 PauzeGovI b 8.43 +1.3+ 3.1 Pax World
Growth b 14.58 +1.5+ 2.1 WorldBal b 24.95 +0.6+ 7.6 Payden Ryrl CAMuInc
x .98 + 7.0 EmMktBdR 11.9B +0.6+14.4 EuroAggGr 20.14 +1.3+22.7 GNMA x
10.11 +0.3 + 5.7 GlShBdR 9.55 +0.1 + 3.8 GlobFixiR 9.87 +0.2 + 5.2
GrInc R 16.02 +1.3- 0.7 HiimR 9.27 +0.2+ 1.7 InvOulyR 9.30 +0.4+ 5.1
LtdMat R x 9.95 + 3.6 MktRetR 14.00 +1.2+ 1.9 ShorI.BdR x 9.66 +0.2+
4.3 TotRtn R 9.57 +0.4+ 5.7 USGovtR x 10.41 +0.2+ 3.9 Performance IntTm
Is x 9.86 +0.8+ 6.3 LgCapEqA xm 30.27 +0.8 + 0.2 LgCapEqIs x 30.33 +0.8
+ 0.4 MidCapIs 19.79 +1.4+ 9.7 ShtTm Is x 9.74 +0.6+ 4.3 SmCap Is 9.66
+1.2 +10.5 PerldrOp m 21.04 -0.8 Permanent Portfolio 18.56 +0.6 + 4.2
TreasBill 69.79 + 3.1 Philadell b 7.47 +0.5- 4.3 Phoenix-Aberdeen IntlA
m 13.48 +0.4- 5.9 WldOppa in 10.75 + 0.9 + 1.6 PhDPCorBA m 8.87 +0.3+
4.8 Phoenix- Engemann AggGrowA m 38 37 +3.8+24.9 AggGrowB m 36.17

+3.8+24.2 BalRet A m 41.61 +0.8+ 7.2 BalRet B m 40.70 +0.8+ 6.7 CapGrA
m 33.65 +1.7 + 8.7
DayC16/ 410
CapGrB m 32.25 +1.6+ 8.1 FocusGrA m 35.59 +1.9+ 7.1 FocusGrB m 32.98
+1.9+ 6.5 FocusGrC m 32.98 +1.9 + 6.5 Nifty50A . 51.06 +2.1 +10.6
Nifty50B m 48.08 +2.1 +10.1 Nifty50C m 48.08 +2.1 +10.1 SmCapA m 36.01
+2.9+20.0 SmCapB m 34.58 +2.9+19.4 SmMiclGrB m 51.56 +2.5+19.0
SmMiclGrC m 51.53 +2.5+19.0
Fund Family Dly YTD
Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.
Phoenix CATxEA rn 12.65 +0.2+ 9 EmgMktBdA m 8.66 + 1.1 +15.3
EmgMktBdB m 8.52 + 1.1 +14.6 HiYieldA rn 7.12 - 3.3 HiYieldB rn 7.08
+0.1 - 3.7 MulFlA rn 10.91 + 2.8 MulFlB rn 10.89 + 2.3 TaxEBdA m 10.54
+0.1 + 7.1 Phoenix-follister SrnCpValA m 17.90 + 0.7+25.4 ValeEqA rn
15.03 +0.9+ 9.7 Phoenix-Inst GroStk X 38.04 + 1.1 + 9.0 MgdBd X 30.41
+0.3+ 5.6 Phoenix- Oakhurst BaJanA rn 18.50 +0 8+ 59 BaJanB rn 18.39 +0
8+ 5 4 GdnCA rn 16.85 + 1.1 + 6 4 GdnCB rn 6.54 + + 6 0 GrIncC rn 16.55
+ 1.1 + 6.0 IncGrowA m 10.10 +0.7+ 5.1 IncGrowB rn 10.11 +0.7+ 4.6
StrALocA m 18.25 +0.8+ 5.8 Phoenix- qenwa BondX 10.20 +0.3+ 5.4 GrowA
rn 23.21 +1.0+ 9.2 GrowX d 23.76 +1.0+ 9 3 MidCapA m 31.16 +1.2 +33 8
SlffhemaA m 25.51 +1.6+26.7 Thernelt m 24.41 +1.6+26.0 Phoenix-Zweig
Apprec A m 12.59 +0.7+ 5.0 Apprec C m 12.32 +0.7+ 4.5 MgdAst A m 14.19
+0.6+2.1 MgdAst B m 14.27 +0.6+ 1.6 MgdAst C m 14.05 +0.6+ 1.7 Strat A
rn 11.55 +1.0+ 4.5 Strat B rn 11.63 +1.0+ 4.0 Strat C rn 11.61 +1.0+
4.1 PictGLEmg 8.66 +0.5-22.3 Pilgrim CorpLead 16.39 +0.3- 4.1 Pilgrim A
Bern 15.49 +0.6+ 0.1 BankThr rn 18.75 +1.7+ 8.1 Convert rn 29.32
+1.7+12.7 EmgCntr rn 19.3B -0.3-11.9 GNMAInc 8.24 +0.2+ 5.9 Goldtund b
2.70 +1.5-17.9 GovtSecs rn 12.04 +0.3+ 5.0 Gr+Val rn 28.05 +1.9+24.8
GroVanc b 24.46 +1.1 +11.4 GrwthOp rn 36.45 +2.2+ 9.9 HiTR rn 2.72
+0.4- 2.5 Wield rn 4.75 -0.2- 6.9 HiYldBd xm 10.52 +0.4- 0.3 IntlSmGr
rn 41.89 +0.8+ 3.2 IntlVal rn 17.19 -0.6+ 09 LgCapGr m 46.54 +2.4+15.3
Magna rn 16.60 +0.5+ 2.4 MwapGr m 30.76 +2.1 +19.0 SrnCapGr rn 19.59
+1.4+11.8 SmCpOp rn 68.29 +1.5+15.1 TDRussia rn 8.79 -0.6+304 WIDEmgMk
b 10.92 + 0.3 -27.7 NdwGr rn 31.12 +1.5 Pilgrim B Be rn 16.60 +0.5-
0.3 BankThr rn 18.64 +1.6+ 7.6 Convert m 31.99 +1.7+12.5 ErngCntr rn
19.49 -0.3-12.4 GovtSm rn 11.99 +0.3+ 4.4 Gr+Val rn 27.25 +1.9+24.3
GrwthOp m 34.68 +2.2+ HiTR rn 2.71 - 3.0 HiTRL M 3.34 +0.3- 5.8 Wield
rn 4.74 -0.2- 7.4 HiYldll xrn 10.53 +0.4- 0.4 IntlSrnGr rn 44.22 +0.8+
2.8 IntlVal rn 16.96 -0.6+ 0.5 LgCapGr rn 46.30 +2.5+14.8 Magna rn
16.20 +0.6+ 1.8 MkICa m 36.03 +2A +18.6 RmEnhlx rn 11.84 +0.8+ 1.7
SmCapGf m 24.51 + 1. 4+11.2 SmCpOp m 65.35 +1.5+14.5 VActwdGr rn 34.89
+1.5- 0.4 Pilgrim C Convert rn 29.99 +1.7 +12.4 Gr+Val rn 27.23
+1.9+24.3 GrwthOp rn 34.74+2.3+ 9.4 IntlSmGr rn 40.59 +0.8+ 2.8
IntlVal rn 16.94 -0.6+ 0.5 LgCapGr rn 46.17 +2.4+14.8 MidCapGr m 28.29
+2.1 +18.6 ResEnhIx m 11.84 +0.7 + 1.6 SmCapGr rn 19.17 +1.4+11.1
SrnCpOp rn 65.26 +1.5+14 5 NdwGr rn 31.03 +1.5- 0.4 Pilgrim TAW
ConvertQ b 211.41 +1.7+13.0 ErngCntrQ b 19.94 -0.3-11.8 GrwthOpT m
34.95 +2.3+ 9.5 HiYldBd x 10.52 +0.4 NA IntlSrnGrQ b 44.31 +0.8+ 3.3
MidCpC 25.78 +2.2+20.8 SMCPOPT T 65.78 +1.5+14.6 WdwGrQ b 35.85 +1.5+
0.1 Pillar BalGroB rn 15.51 +1.3+ 4.8 EqGrow B M 15.40 +1.5+11.1 EqGrow
1 16.03 + 1.5 +1 IA EqInc 1 14.98 +0.7+ 4.0 EqValueB 18.13 +0.7+ 2.4
EqValuel 18.41 +0.7+ 3.1 FixIn 1 9.93 +0.3+ 4.9 IntlEq 1 14.34 +0.4-
12.3 NJMuni 1 10.50 + 5.2 Pioneer A AmerInc rn 9.52 1- 0.2 + 6.7 Bal rn
10.24 +0.5+ 6.8 Bond rn 8.56 +0.2+ 3.0 EmgMkts rn 15.17 +0.2-10.0 EqInc
rn 27.86 +0.3+ 3.3 Europe rn 36.34 +1.2- 4.3 Growth rn 20.46 -0.1 + 1.5
Hiffid f 11.68 +0.4+17.2 IntlGro rn 21.66 +0.4-11.2 LtMtBd rn 3.59
+0.3+ 4.2 MiaoCap rn 24.46 +1.2+26.3 MidCap
411 / C16Day

rn 24.69 +2.1 +21.0 MidCpVal rn 20.62 +0.6+10.4 Monaer rn 50.77
 +0.5+ 6.8 Pionedl rn 23.63 +1.4+15.7 RealEst rn 14.30 -0.3+20.3
 Sci&Tech rn 13.76 +2.7 NA SmallCo rn 15.46 +1.0+26.9 TaxFInc rn 11.39
 +0.1 + 7.0 WorldEq rn 25.58 +0.7 Plonew 8 Bond rn 8.53 +0.2+ 2.5
 EmgMkts rn 14.45 +0.2-10.5 EqInc rn 27.67 +0.3+ 2.7 Europe rn 34.52
 +1.2- 4.9 Growth rn 19.51 -0.1 + 1.0 IntGro rn 20.92 +0.3-11.8 MicroCap
 rn 23.87 +1.2+25.8 MidCap rn 23.13 +2.1 +20.1 MidCpVal rn 19.66 +0.6+
 9.8 Pioneer rn 50.18 +05+ 6.2 RealEst rn 1420 - 0.4 +19.7 SciTh rn 6-71
 + 2.7 NA SmallCo rn 14S9 +1.0+25.2 Plorwer C EqInc rn 2T63 +0.3+ 2.7
 Europe rn 34.38 +12- 4.9 Growth rn 19.63 -02+ 0.9 pioneer rn 49.67
 +0.5+ 6.2 Potomac OTCPlus b 44.13 +3.4+ 6.2 SmCapPkis b 12.58 +0.8- 6.0
 SmCapSh 43.36 -1.2- 3.3 Prefeffed AssetAlc 17.50 +0.9+ 0.7 FixJn 9.61
 +0.3+ 4.9 Growth 27.80 +1.4+ 9.3 Ind 17.75 -0.4- 6.3 STGovSec 9.54 +0.1
 + 4.2 SmallCap 13.01 +1.6+11.0 Value 23.86 +0.8+ 6.9 T Rowe Price
 Balanced 20.38 +0.5+ 5.0 BlChpGro 41.31 +1.5+13.7 CATaxFBd 10.58 +0.1 +
 8.4 CapApprec 13.77 +0.4+10.1 CapOpp 16.95 +1.3+ 8.0 Corpinc 9.08 +0.4+
 4.9 DivGrow 21.08 +0.6+ 5.2 DkSmCap d 15.81 +1.2+12.0 ErnMktBd 10.99
 +0.6+15.8 EmMktStk d 14.53 -0.2- 6.4 Ecilmorne 24.60 +0.8+ 3.3 EqIndex
 d 40.93 +1.0+ 4.0 EurStDck 23.15 +0.3- 3.0 ExtMktIdx d 15.13 +1.3+ 7.7
 FUNtrnTF 10.50 +0.1 + 5.2 FinSer 20.50 + M +27.2 ForEq 21.36 +0.2- 5.3
 GATaxFBd 10.55 +0.2+ 7.4 GNMA 9.11 +0.3+ 5.9 GloStk 19.44 +0.7+ 3.8
 Growho 26.76 +0.6+10.3 GrowStlk 38.29 +1.4+15.1 HealthScl 23.80
 +2.2+49.4 Wield d 7.53 +0.3+ 1.4 IntlBond 8.27 -0.3- 6.9 IntlDsc d
 39.95 +0.8+ 8.6 IntlStk 17.99 +0.1 - 5.5 Japan 13.46 -0.6-15.5 LatinArn
 d 11.10 +0.6+ 2.7 MDStraxF 5.09 + 3.4 MDTaxFBd 10.22 +0.2+ 7.2
 MediaTele 40.35 +2.0+ 0.9 MidCapEq 23.32 +1.0+16.2 MWCapGr 46.24
 +1.0+15.2 MidCapVa 14.71 +0.5+10.0 NJTaxFBd 11.02 +0.1 + 7.2 NYTaxFBd
 10.66 +0.1 + 8.3 NewArnGro 50.15 +0.6+ 4.3 NewAsia 8.79 -0.9-11.8
 NewEra 24.43 +12.1 NewHoriz 32.83 +1.5+19.3 Newincome 8.26 +0.3+ 5.7
 PerStrBal 16.94 +0.5+ 5.9 PerStrGr 20.68 +0.6 + 6.2 PerStfInc 13.49
 +0.4+ 5.7 Real d 9.72 -0.3+22.0 SciTech 70.42 +3.2+10.5 ShTmBond 4.57
 +0.2+ 4.5 ShTrrnUS 4.54 + 3.9 SmCapStk 26.99 +1.0+18.4 SmCapVal d 20.52
 +0.8+16.5 SpecGrow 19.23 +0.9+ 8.6 SpecInc 10.67 +0.3+ 4.1 Specintl
 13.00 +0.2- 3.9 SurnGNMA 9.37 +0.2+ 6.1 SurnLtdTrn 4.46 + 4.6 SurnMuInc
 10.15 +0.1 + 7.3 SurnMuInt 10.31 + 5.5 TFIntmBd 10.73 +0.1 + 5.5
 TaxEtfBal d 15.11 +0.7+11.5 TaxEfGr d 12.62 +1.2+11.8 TaxFHiYld 11.49
 +0.2+ 5.8 TaxFInc 9.44 +0.2+ 7.6 TaxFshInt 5.28 + 4.2 TotMktIdx d 15.43
 + 1.1 + 4.5 USTdnt 5.06 +0.4+ 6.0 USTRlgTrn 11.04 +0.7+12.3 VAShTrnBd
 5.09 + 3.2 VATaxFBd 10.96 +0.2+ 7.6 Value 18.66 +0.7+ 6.6 Principal Bal
 A rn 14.96 +0.9+ 4.7 BlueCh A nn 25.55 +1.3+ 1.1 BlueCh B m 25.19 +1.3+
 0.6 Bond A rn 10.31 +0.4+ 2.8 CapValA rn 24.69 +0.9- 2.5

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

CapVal B m 24.45 +0.9- 3.1 GovSec A m 11.11 +0.2+ 5.3 Growth A m
 77.40
 +1.7+11.9 Growth B m 76.60 +1.7+11.4 Intl A m 9.64 +0.3- 2.3 Intl B
 m 9.58 +0.3- 2.8 IntInCpA m 19.23 +0.8+ 2.7 MidCap A m 53.20 +1.8+13.9
 MWaP 8 m 51.91 +1.8+13.6 PartAgGrA m 12.50 +1.3 +11.7 SmCap A m 13.21 +
 1.1 + 8.1 TaxEBondA m 11.67 +0.2 + 4.9 Util A m 17.91 + 1.1 +11.6
 Principal Presm DNachiev m 30.59 +1.4+10.0 Govt m 8.89 +0.6+ 4.8
 PSETech m 44.35 +1.9+19.4 m 47.71 +0.8+ 4.8 TaxE m 8.58 +0.2+ 7.3 WTaxe
 m 9.73 +0.1 + 5.5 Principal Spec Mkts IntlEmg 11.96 + 0 . 3 - 9.6
 ntlSec 16.26 +0.4- 2.3 IntlSmcap 17.87 +0.8- 0.1 ProFunds Bullinv 73.55
 +1.0+ 05 UltBullh 23.31 +2.1 - 1.5 UltBuilSv 22.75 +2.0- 22 UttOTCInv
 92.12 + 5.1 - 68 UItOTCsVc 90. 1 7 +5.1 - 7.4 UltShttv

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22.28 -5.0-51.6 Provident Inv Court Growl 24.34 +2.1 + 7.1 MidCapA m
 32.49 +2.5+47.1 PinnacBal m 17.59 + 1.3 + 7.3 SmallCap 44.67 +1.1 +12.0

PrudentBr b 3.48 -0.6- 5.7 PrWentlel A 202DFcc m 13.22 +1.3 + 1.0
Balanced m 13.16 +0.8+ 7.6 CAMuCA m 11.78 +0.1 + 9.1 CAMuInc m 10.66
+0.1 + 8.9 DivrHiGr m 13.61 +0.8+ 6.2 DivNodG m 12.51 +0.6+ 6.5 Equity
m 19.54 +0.9+ 6.0 EquityIn m 18.22 + 1.1 + 7.4 EuroGrow m 20.81 + 1.1 -
8.7 GlbIGr m 24.29 +0.2 GlobGen m 18.27 +0.6+ 0.5 GlobTotR m 7.03 +0.1
- 0.4 GlobUfil m 15.87 +0.7- 7.0 GovtInc m 8.57 +0.4+ 6.3 GovtShint b
9.45 +0.2+ 4.3 Iffield m 6.87 +0.2- 0.4 HlthSci m 17.56 +2.7+58.4
IntlBcJ m 8.02 - 1.6 IntlVal m 22.91 -0.5 - 5.8 JennEqOpp m 14.88 +0.8
+ 17.9 JennGrow m 26.58 +1.4+ 8.7 JennInGr m 9.42 +1.5 NA MuniFL m
10.23 +0.2+ 7.0 MuniHInc m 10.211 +01 + 3.1 Munins m 10.78 +0.2+ 7.6
MuniNJ m 10.65 +0.1 + 7.0 MuniNY m 11.60 +01 + 7.3 MunKH m 11.28 +02+
64 MuniPA m 1 0.05 +0.1 + 6.8 NatlMuni m 15.20 +0.1 + 6.8 NlC.VGrE m
30.15 +2.7+22.3 PacGrow m 1Z69 -0.9-19.2 ShTrnCoBd m 11.03 +0.2+ 4.3
SmallCo m 15.33 +0.5+22.0 Tech m 19.15 +2.7+15.6 TotRetBd m 12.41 +0.3+
5.2 TxMgdEq m 13.22 + 1.1 + 7.7 USEmwGrA m 28.91 +2.7 +13.0 Utility m
13.51 +0.5+25.7 PrLKientlal 6 202DFoc m 13.01 +1.3+ 0.5 Balanced m
13.12 +0.8+ 7.3 CAMuCA m 11.78 +0.2+ 8.9 CAMuInc m 10.67 +0.2+ 8.8
DivrConG m 11.34 + 5.8 DivrHIGr m 13.50 +0.7+ 6.6 DivrModGr m 12.47
+0.6 + 5.9 Equity m 19.50 +0.9+ 4.6 Equityin m 18.13 +1.0+ 6.8 EuroGrow
m 19.98 + 1.1 - 9.1 FinlSvcs m 10.77 +2.0+17.3 GlblGr m 22.79 +0.2- 0.5
Glwen m 16.40 +0.6+ 0.2 GlobUtil m 16.86 +0.7- 7.4 Govtlic m 8.58
+0.4+ 5.8 HiYield m 6.85 0.8 HiYldToRt m 7.83 4.0 HilfiSci m 17.40
+2.7+67.6 IntlVal m 22.74 - 0.5 - 6.1 JennEqOpp m 14.67 +0.8+17.3
JennGrow m 25.54 +1.4+ 8.2 JennInGr m 9.38 +1.5 NA MuNHInc m 10.28 +0.1
+ 2.9 Muniins m 10.79 +0.2+ 74 MuniNJ m 10.66 +0.2+ 6.8 MuniNY m 11.61
+0.2+ 7.2 MuniPA m 10.05 +0.1 + 6.6 NatlMuni m 15.24 +0.1 + 6.7
NaturRes m 15.13 +0.3+21.7 NickGrE m 26.13 +2.6+21.7 PacGrow m 12.21 -
0.8- 19.6 RealEstSc m 8.47 + 9.2 SmWlCo m 13.70 +0.4+21.5 Stldndex m
33.65 +1.0+ 3.5 TaxMgdSrnC m 10.05 +0.9+13.7 Tech m 18.99 +2.7+15.0
TotRetBd m 12.41 +0.3 + 4.8 TxMgdEq m 13.09 +1.2+ 7.3 USEmerGrB m 28.03
+2.7 +12.6 Utility m13.49 +0.5+25.1 Prudential C 202DFoc m 13.01 +1.3+
0.5 DivrHiGr m 13.50 +0.7+ 5.6 Equity m 19.50 +0.9+ 4.6 FinlSvcs m
10.77 +2.0+17.3 HiYield m 6.85 - 0.8 HlthSci m 17.40 +2.7+57.6 JewoGrw
m 25.54 +1.4+ 8.2 JenninGr m 9.38 +1.5 NA Tech m 18.99 +2.7 +15.0
TxMgdEq m 13.09 +1.2+ 7.3 USErrerGrC m 28.03 +2.7 +12.6 Prudental
2020Foc 13.26 +1.2+ 1.1 ActvBalZ 14.25 +0.8 + 6.7 BalancedZ 13.17 +0.9+
7.8 DivrHiGrZ 13.65 +0.8+ 6.4 Equity z 19.55 +0.9+ 5.2 EquityInZ 18.24
+ 1.1 + 7.5 GINGrZ 24.41 +0.2+ 0.1 GovtIncZ 8.56 +0.4+ 6.4 HiYieldZ
6.87 +0.2- 0.3 IntIValZ 22.99 -0.5- 5.5 JennGrowZ 26.91 +1.4+ 8.9
SmallCoZ 15.56 +0.5+22.2 Stkinded 33.95 +1.0+ 4.2 StkindexZ 33.91 +1.0+
4.2 TotRetBdZ 12.40 +0.3+ 5.3 USEmerGrZ 29.18 +2.7+13.3 UtilityZ 13.53
+0.5+26.0 PurlToRt b 19.65 +0.3- 1.2 Putnam A AZ-rxEinc m 8.90 +0.1 +
7.1 AmGovtIn m 8.47 +0.5+ 7.0 AsiaPac m 13.96 -0.4-26.5 AstAICBW m
13.37 +0.8+ 4.0 AstAlcCon m 10.56 +0.3+ 1.8 AstAlcGr m 14.99 +0.5- 1.4
BalRet m 9.86 +0.4+ 3.6 CATxEInc m 8.43 +0.1 + 8.9 CapApr m 27.99 +1.5+
7.1 CapOpp m 12.42 +2.1 +20.7 ClassicEq m 12.68 +1.0+ 3.1 ConAnGr m
20.02 +1.2+ 2.8 DivfIn m 10.30 +0.3+ 1.6 EmgMkts m 10.68 -14.6 Eqhcorre
m 14.26 +0.6+ 3.3 EuroGrow m 26.69 +0.5+ 0.5 FLTxEInc m 8.99 +0.1 + 7.1
GeoPut m 16.36 +0.6+ 3.3 GlobEq m 18.59 + 1.1 + 1.0 GlobGovt m 11.06
+0.2- 1.1 GbbGrInc m 13.94 +0.1 + 27 GbbGrow m 17.00 +1.3- 8.6 GlobNat
m 21.79 -0.1 +12.9 GrowInc m 19.10 +0.6+ 2.9 Growopp m 32.14 +2.0+ 7.7
HealthSc m 82.18 +1.2+34.3 HiYld m 9.47 +0.1

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- 1.5 HiYldAdv m 7.16 +0.1 - 1.1 HiYldll m 6.77 +0.2- 1.0 Income m
6.33 +0.2+ 4.1 IntUSGov m 4.83 +0.2+ 5.1 IntlGr m 29.43 +0.1 - 0.8
IntlGdn m 12.43 -0.4+ 2.4 IntlNew m 20.98 +2.0-15.5 IntlVoy m 26.76
+0.9+ 4.1 westor m 19.81 +1.4+ 3.4 MATxEInc m 9.09 +0.1 + 7.1 MiTxEInc
m 8.71 +0.1 + 6.6 MNTxEInc m 8.61 + 6.0 MuniInc m 8.69 +0.1 + 6.1

NJTxEInc m 8.80 +0.1 + 6.6 NYTxEInc m 8.52 +0.1 +7.7 NYTxEOpp m 8.61 + 6.9 NewCentGr m 26.02 +2.2 NA NewOpp m 103.15 +2.0+13.4 NewValue m 13.08 +0.7+10.3 OHTxEInc m 8.61 +0.1 + 6.5 OTCEmgGr m 33.83 +2.9- 8.6 PATxEInc m 8.68 +0.1 + 6.7 Research m 20.08 +0.9+10.0 SmCpVal m 11.01 +1.3+13.5 Stratinc m 6.94 +03+ 1.6 TaxEInc m 861 + 0.1 + 6.9 TaxFHYld m +0.2+ 4.0 TaxFIns m 14.71 +0.1 + 8.1 TxSmtEq m 11.87 +1.3+14.6 USGovtIn m 12.52 +0.3+ 5.9 UtilGrin m 13.44 +0.7+ 8.9 Vista m 21.53 +2.5+23.3 Voyager m 32.76 +1.3+ 5.8 Voyaged m 39.21 +2.0+ 2.0 Putnam B AmGovtIn m 8.43 +0.4+ 6.3 AsiaPac m 13.62 -0.4-26.9 AstAlcBal m 13.28 +0.8+ 3 5 AstAlcCon m 1 0.53 +0.4+ 1 3 AstAlcGr m 14.73 +0.5- 1.9 BalRet m 9.77 +0.4+ 3.1 CATxEInc m 8.42 +0.1 + 8.4 CapApr m 27.52 +1.6+ 6.6 CapOppB m 12.24 +2.0+20.1 ClassicEq m 12.56 +1.0+ 2.6 GonvJnGr m 19.74 +1.2+ 2.3 Divdn m 10.26 +0.3+ 1.2 EmgMkts m 10.54 -16.1 Echowne m 14.15 +0.6+ 2.8 EuroGrow m 25.93 +0.5 FLTxEInc m 8.99 +0.1 + 6.7 GeoPut m 16.22 +0.6+ 2.8 GlobEq m 18.14 + 1.1 + 0.5 GloWrin m 13.75 +0.1 + 2.1 GbbGrow m 16.09 +1.2- 9.0 GlobNat m 21.37 -0.1 +12.3 Growinc m 18.82 +0.6+ 2.4 GrowOpp m 31.42 +2.0+ 7.1 HealthSc m 78.07 +1.2+33.6 HiYld m 9.44 +0.2- 1.9 HiYldAdv m 7.12 +0.1 - 1.6 HiYldll m 6.79 +0.2- 1.3 Income m 6.30 +0.3+ 3.6 IntUSGov m 4.83 + 4.6 IntlGr m 28.70 +0.1 - 1.4 IntlGrIn m 12.27 -0.5+ 1.9 IntlNew m 20.26 +2.0- 15.9 IntiVoy m 26.31 +0.9+ 3.6 Investor m 18.75 +1.4+ 2.9 MATxEInc m 9.09 +0.1 + 6.8 MITxEInc m 8.70 +0.1 + 6.1 MNTxEInc m 8.59 +0.1 + 5.5

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Munilric in 8.68 +0.1

5.7 NJTxEInc in 8.79 +0.1 + 6.0 NYTxEInc rn 8.50 + 7.1 NYTxEOpp in 8.61

+0.1 + 6.4 NwCentGr in 25.91 +2.2 NA NswOpp in 97.14 + 2.0.+13.0 NewValue in 12.92 +0.7+ 9.7 OHTxEInc in 8.60 +0.1 + 6.1 OTCEmgGr in 31.71 +2.9- 91 PATxEInc in 8.67 + 0.1 + 6.3 Research in 19.74 +1.0+ 95 SmCpVed in 10.91 + 1.2 +12.9 StrafInc rn 6.95 +0.3+ 1.2 TaxEInc in 8.61 +0.1 + 6.5 TaxFHYld in 13.41 +0.2 3.6 TaxFlns in 14.73 + 0.1 + 7.9 TxSmtEq in 11.79 +1.3+14.0 USGovInc in 12.46 +0.2+ 5.4 LmiGdn in 13.35 +0.8+ 8.4 Vista M 19.98 +2.6+22.7 Voyager rn 29.99 +113 + 53 Voyaged rn 37.67 +2.06+ 1.5 Putnam C AstAlcM in 13.20 +0.8+ 3.5 AsWcGr in 14.69 +0.5- 1.9 ClassoEq in 12.64 +1.0+ 2.6 GlobEqC in 18.42 +1.0 NA GlobGrow in 16.78 +1.2- 9.0 GroWnc 19.03 +0. 6 NA GrowOpp in 31.93 +2.0.+ 7 1 HlthScC 81.59 +1.2 IntlGr in 29.21 +0.1 - 14 IrMNswOp in 20.75 +2.0- 15.9 InflVoy in 26.59 +0.9 NA Investor in 19.66 +1.4.+ 2.9 NewCenGr in 25.91 +2.2 NA OTCEff in 33.57 +2.9 NA Research in 19.85 +0.9+ 9.5 79 + 1.2 NA 21.35 +2.0 NA Voyager in 32.51 + IS NA Voyageril in 311.78 + 2.0'+ 1.5 Putnam M AstAloBal in 13.34 +0.8+ 3.8 AstAjcGr m 1 4.77 +0.5- 1.7 CapApr rn 27.63 +1.5+ 6.7 ClassicEq in 12.61 +1.0+ 2.7 Divrinc in 10.26 +0.3+ 1.4 Eqincom in 14.16 +0.5+ 2.9 G P.t in 16.22 +0.6+ 30 GlobEq in 18.30 +1.0+ 0.7 GIBGow in 16.72 + 11- 88 GrovAnc in 18.97 +0.6+ H Growopp in 31.65 +20+ 73 Hlth&in 80.33 + 1.2 +33.8 FOYldAdv in 7.15 +0.3- 1.3 WWII in 6.78 +0.2- 1.1 Inrome in 6.30 +0.3+ 4.1 IntlGr in 29.10 +0.1- 1.2 MNew in 20.53 +1.9-15.8 IntiVoy in 2650 +09+ 38 Investor in 19.31 + 1.4 + 3.1 NewCenGr in 25.95 +2.2 NA NewOpp in 99.89 + 2.0 + 13.0 OTCEmgG m a2.71 +3.0- 8.9 Vista in 20.74 +2.5+22.9 Voyager DayC16/ 414

in 31.65 + 1 -7 + 5.5 Voyaged in 38.22 +2.0+ 1.6 Putnwn Y AstAlcM 13.39 +0A+ 4 2 Astklce 10.58 +0.3+ 1 9 AstAlcGr 15.10 +0.6 - 1.2 ConvInGr 20.03 +1.2 + 2.7 Eqincome 14.26 +0.6+ 3.5 GeoPut 16.39 +0.7+ 3.6 GlobGrow 17.35 +1.2- 8.4 GrowInc 19.14 +0.7+ 3.1 GrowOpp 3Z31 +2.0+ 7.8 Income 6.35 +02+ 42 IntUSGov 4.82 + 0.2 + 5.2 IntlGr 29.58 + 01 - 07 Investor 19.95 + I - 4+ 3.6 NewOpp 104.97 +2.0+13.6 OTCEmgGr 34.213 +2.9- 8.4 Vista 21.96 +2.6+23.5 Voyager 33.50 +1.3+ 6.0 OuakCorEq 21.66

+1.9+ 4.6 Quant GrovAnc in 25.87 +1.8.+ 6.3 Sffeap Ord in 25.73
+1.9+21.9 RS Contrar b 11.04 +0.6+10.4 DivrGro b 33.27 +1.18 + 0.8
ErngGrow b 65.68 +2.4+ 8.1 InfoAge b 41.25 +2.6+15.3 11.49 + 2.3- 57 b
213.76 +2.2+28.7 M b 7.08 +1.6+ 7.3 1.53 +2.3 NA Val+Gro b 33.88 +
OA+11.3 RSI Retirement Trust ActMgdBd 39.23 +0.3+ 6.4 CorseEq 129.66
+1.0+13.2 EmgGroEq 137.63 +1.8+14.8 IntTmBd 36.24 + 0.2 + 5. 1 IntlEq
65.36 - 0.Z - 2.9 ValueEq 89.12 +1.2+14.4 Ratner Balanced b 19.31
+0.7.+ 7.0 CoreEq b 3238 +1.1 + 9.1 SmMidCap b 3D.39 +1.4+16.4 Regiins
AggrGrB in 19.02 +1.9+39.5 B&A b 15.95 +0.6.+ 2.8 BaIB rn 15.94 +0.6+
2.6 FixInCA 10.10 +0.2+ 4.6 FidricS rn 10.10 +0.2+ 4.5 GrowthA 25.59
+0.8+ 2.5 GrowthB in 25.49 +0.8+ 2.4 LtdM&tGvA 9.87 + 0.1+ 3.7
LtdMatGvB in 9.87 +0.1 + 3.5 VW.A 15.81 +0.8 + 0.9 Vskisfill m 15.80
+0.8+ 0.7 RWB DFA2YrCor 10. 11 + 4.1 DFA2YrGlo 9.99 + 3.7 DFA2YrGov
10.11 + 4.2 DFAInUHB 15.04 -0.7- 1.7 DFAUSHiB 12.34 +0.3+ 2.0 Republic
18.72 +1.3+ 1.4 9.96 +0.2+ 5.7 InvintlEq 5.4 lrvvSmCpEq 18.81 +
1.0+18.2 RQSSMCQR b 65.76 +1.6+24.2 Relmakis BlusChGr b 74.11 +1.5+
2.8 Opport b 48.63 +1.5+ 0.7 Reynolds 14.76 +2.4+ 6+0 RIM BondR m 10.22
+0.3+ 6.6 IntTxFrR m 10.14 +0.1 + 4.1 LTrxFrBdR m 10.25 + 5.8 LrgCapGrR
m 14.13 +2.3 +32.7 SmCoStkY 14.22 +0.1 +16.3 StockR m 13.46 +0.6+ 5.6
Stocky 13.47 +0.6+ 5.8 USGovtY 9.68 +0.4+ 7.0 Rlghtlme BilleCNP m 39.05
+1.0- 7.1 MidCap m 30.54 +1.3+ 4.9 Rightime bp 32.66 +0.2- 2.4
Riverfront LgCoSela m 18.80 +1.7+ 6.9 LgCoSelB 18.26 + 1.7 + 63 USGoYta
xm 9.24 +0.4+ 6.3 Rochdale RoohAtlas d 35.16 +0.1- 9.4 RockPmrDv m
19.77 +1.4+19.3 RkklWs 33.30 +2.5+33.5 Roulston GovtSec b 9.70 +0.3+
4.0 Grow b 16.75 +1.8+23.4 Royce LoWPrStk m 10.30 -0.1 +26.2 MicrCapiv
d 11.43 +1.2+20.3 Opport d 9.25 +0.7+28.7 PennmutCn m 1125 +0.4+13. 3
PennMutlv d 8.29 +0.4+ 1 39 Premier d 10.73 -0.5+12.2 TotalRet d 7.88 +
OA + 1 1.3 Rushmore AmGasIdx 20.37 +0.4+34.5 MDTaxF 10.76 - + 5.2
Russell DivBdS 22.23 +0.3+ 6.0 DivEqS 54.37 +1.2+ 2.9 EmgMktsS 10.91 -
0.2-12.5 EqincS 35.99 +1.0- 1.7 Eqtyl-E 37.86 +1.2+ 3.1 EqtyI 37.86
+1.2 + 3.3 Eqtyll-E 40.63 + 1.1 +16.0 Eqtyll-I 40.65 + 1.1 +16.2 Eqtyll
25.81 +1.0- 0.7 EqtyQ-1 43.58 +1.2+ 7.4 Fdnl-E 2033 +0.3+ 5.9 Fdnl
20.83 +0.3+ 6.1 FxIn -1 9.84 +0.3+ 5.8 Indl 42.91 -0.1 - 5.1 InflSerS
68.82 -0.1 - 5.1 MulStrBdS 9.62 +0.3+ 5.6 QuantEqS 47.27 +1.2+ 7.2
RelEstS 26.54 -0.5+18.4 ShTrmBdS 18.26 +0.1 + 42 Sp.GroS 55.64 + 1.1
+lfi TaxExBdS 20.89 +0.1 + 5.3 TxMgdLgCS 21.91 + 0.9 + 15 TxMgdSff CS
12.47 +1.3+16.3 RusllPoints C AggrStr b 10.98 + 0.6 + 3.6 BalStr b
10.64 +0.6+ 4.2 EqAgrStr b 10.99 +0.7+ 3.7 Russell Lftpokft E AggrStr
11.01 +0.6+ 4.1 Balstr 10.67 +0.6+ 4.8 EqAgrStr 11.03 +0.7+ 4.3
ModStrat 10.49 +0.4+ 4.7 Rydex Adv Banking b 7.71 +3.4+ 7.2 Biotech b
35.48 +3.6+55.2 Electr b 42.29 +2.7+52.8 HsalthCar b 11.53 +0.7+16.3
Nova b 41.43 +1.6+ 1.2 OTC b 29.67 +2.8+ 8.8 Rydexinv Arktos 16.73 -
2.6-22.8 Biotech 36.07 +3.6+55.7 Electr 42.84 +2.7 +53.3 EnergySvc
10.67 -0.1 +52.2 FinSvc 10.89 +2.3+18.0 HwOhCar 11.69 +0.7+16.8 Nova
41.82 +1.6+ 1.5 OTC 29.95 +2.7+ 9.1 PrecMet 18.48 +1.5-19.1 Tech 29.92
+1.7+ 7+7 Telecomm 18.09 +2.5- 8.1 Ursa 7.79 -1.0+ 0.1 SAFECID CATxFree
12.06 +0.4+12.9 Equity 23.86 +0.8- 0.4 EquityA m 23.88 +0.8- 0.7 GNIVIA
9.15 +0.2+ 4.3 Gropp 25.06 +0.1 + 7.6

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HiYld 7.91 +0.1 income 20.49 +0A - 7 Inbtk 16.22 -0.3- 4.3 MuniBond
13.65 +0.2+ 9.7 NWest 27.16 +1.5+ 7.2 SEI Asset Alloe DivConA 11.75
+0.7+ 4.0 DivConInA 11.88 +0.6+ 6.8 DivGlGroA 15.28 +1.0+ 3.1 DivGlModA
13.51 +0.8+ 3.3 DivGlStkA 15.82 + 1.1 + 2.8 DvModGrA 14.51 +0.9+ 4.4

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L C17

July Manufacturing Orders

Dropped 7.5%, a Record

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - Orders placed with manufactur-

ers; fell 7.5 percent in fully, the largest drop on record, and private survey data from the Midwest suggested a further slowdown ahead.

"The economy is headed toward a significant slowdown in growth," said Kenneth Maryland, president of ClearView Economics in Pepper Pike, Ohio, after the Commerce Department reported a decline in factory orders to \$377.6 billion in July. That came after a 5.2 percent gain in June.

Manufacturing in the Chicago region contracted in August for the first time since January 1999, a separate survey of company purchasing managers found. The decline was punctuated by a drop in the new orders index to its lowest in almost 110 years.

Factory production accounts for about one-fifth of economic output, and 18 months of industrial growth helped the expansion set a record for longevity earlier this year and propel it into its 10th year.

Retailers reported today that sales at stores open more than a year rose 3 percent in August, according to the Goldman Sachs retail composite index. That is less than July's 3.6 percent year-over-year increase and the 5.8 percent gain reported in August.

The reports suggest that consumer spending, still the main driver of the economy, might be cooling. Consumer spending already slowed in the

second quarter, to the slowest pace in three years, showing the effect of six interest-rate increases by Federal Reserve policy makers since June 1999.

A separate report from the Labor Department indicated cooling in job growth. While initial claims for state unemployment benefits fell by 3,000 last week, to 318,000, it was the third consecutive week with claims above 300,000.

The less-volatile four-week moving average rose to 313,000, the highest since 315,500 in the last week of January 1999. Claims have been affected by strikers at Verizon Communications who have since returned to work.

July's decline in factory orders surpassed the previous record drop of 6.6 percent in December 1974. The report showed orders excluding transportation equipment declined 2.6 percent in July after no change in June. Still, total orders placed with factories are up 9.5 percent so far this year compared with the first seven months of 1999.

The report from the National Association of Purchasing Management Chicago for August suggested more cooling was possible nationwide. The report comes a day before a national report from the association.

The Chicago purchasers' index fell to 46.5 in August - the lowest level since February 1996 - from 52 in July. It was the first reading below 50 since 47.7 in January 1999. A reading above 50 indicates growth and one below means business has slowed.

Stratos Global Adding to Phone Services

TORONTO, Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - The Stratos Global Corporation, a seller of satellite-telephone services, agreed to buy the satellite assets of British Telecommunications P.L.C. for 340 million Canadian dollars (\$231.1 million) to expand its service to oil and natural gas explorers in the North Sea.

The acquisition will significantly add to earnings, Stratos said in a statement, though it did not say when. The transaction is expected to close by the end of the

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year.

Stratos, based in Toronto, sells wireless equipment and satellite air time to

users like oil drillers, the military and journalists working where there is little or no service from cellular or land-based telephone networks. The maritime phone company Aliant Inc. owns 63 percent of Stratos.

"This essentially gives us the infrastructure to take our business globally," John Ciardullo, executive vice president for corporate development at Stratos, said in an interview.

Stratos shares rose 2.10 Canadian dollars, or 11 percent, to 21.50 dollars in Toronto Stock Exchange trading.

Move by Gerber Scientific

SOUTH WINDSOR, Conn., Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - Gerber Scientific Inc., a computer systems provider to clothing and sign-making companies, said today that it was considering options for its Coburn optical business, including a possible sale. Shares of Gerber Scientific have fallen 56 percent this year. The company said it hired the investment bank C. E. Unterberg, Towbin as an adviser. Gerber said the optical unit is the No. 1 supplier of systems to optical lens processors. The company is based in South Windsor.

Factory Orders

Manufacturers' total new orders, in billions of dollars, seasonally adjusted
410

Change From
Previous Month 400

July -7.5%

June + 5.2%

May +4.7% 390

380

370

360

350

340

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Source: Commerce Department

The New York Times

Mexico Repays Its Debt to I.M.F.

MEXICO CITY, Aug. 31 (AP) - Mexico has repaid its debt to the International

Monetary Fund, ending a difficult chapter in the country's history and opening the way to a new relationship with the lending organization.

The Treasury Secretariat said in a news release today that it had repaid all of its remaining debt to the I.M.F. - about \$3 billion - dating from a 1995 bailout package that helped rescue Mexico's economy.

"We have easily met, ahead of time, the principal goals of the agreement that we signed with the I.M.F. in July 1999," the secretariat said, referring to an extension of the 1995 credit lines.

Those goals included bolstering confidence in Mexico to protect its economy from external pressures, consolidating Mexico's access to international capital markets and setting conditions for a peaceful change of government.

The funds are expected to come from the country's international reserves,

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which stood at \$33.04 billion last week.

Mexico's debt with the fund stems from a \$40 billion credit package offered

by the I.M.F., the United States government and other international lenders in 1995 after a sudden devaluation of the peso sent the economy into a dangerous plunge.

Retailers Hope Weak August Isn't Omen

Continued From First Business Page

tive environment, the strong continue to grow stronger. Wal-Mart Stores and

Costco both continued to rack up gains at juggernaut paces in August. On the apparel side, Kohl's posted a 9.1 percent gain, and sales at the luxury retailer Neiman Marcus increased 8.1 percent.

Beyond the bright spots, the economic picture was mixed enough that economists, analysts and retailers were split about how dire the forecast would be for the months ahead. The economy is certainly losing some of its heat after the Federal Reserve raised interest rates six times since June 1999. Higher gas and oil prices have also taken a toll. And after frenzied spending last year, consumers may be taking a breather, as Alan Greenspan, the Fed chairman, predicted they would in July.

Unemployment, however, is low; wages are relatively high, and consumer confidence remains near all-time highs, according to the University of Michigan survey of consumers. Moreover, the Commerce Department reported this week that consumer spending on goods and services, everything from automobiles to restaurants, surged in July.

"When one looks at the financial health of the consumer, income growth and employment trends," said Mr. Feiner of Lehman Brothers, "one comes to the conclusion they still have the wherewithal. So the \$64,000 question is, 'Are we going to see a rebound of sales?' You don't have enough evidence to bet either way.

Edward Yardeni, an economist with Deutsche Bank Securities, said: "Christmas may turn out to be better than everyone thinks. We've got record optimism. When people are that confident about the future, they are likely to continue to spend."

Merchants themselves are showing a surprising reserve of optimism. "The interesting thing is that a lot of the fall goods are selling," said Michael Gould, the chief executive of Bloomingdale's, which is owned by Federated Department Stores. "There are a lot of people walking through our stores, and we are not pulling back on inventories." Sales at Federated increased only 1.1 percent for the month.

Michael Weiss, president and chief executive of the Express division of the Limited, said he thought the key to survival in the coming holiday season would be to offer what Express thinks are crucial fashion items early on. For August, Express had a stellar 15 percent growth in sales, based on stretch, dirty denim and leather jeans for back-to-school.

Do you have The Times delivered? Retail Sales in August
+10%

Year-to-year changes in the Goldman Sachs retail
8 composite index, based on monthly same-store sales

6

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4

2

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Below are results for the four weeks ended Aug. 26, compared with the corresponding period last year, except as noted. Companies are listed in order of 1999 sales.

SAME STORE OVER ALL

COMPANY Change Sales Change

Wal-Mart* (Four weeks to Aug. 25) +5.7% \$11.24 billion +12.2%

Kmart (Four weeks to Aug. 23) +2.8% \$2.64 billion +4.6%

Target +2.5% \$2.74 billion +7.5%

Sears, Roebuck +5.6 2.22 billion +6.9

Federated Department Stores + 1.1 1.27 billion + 1.4

J.C. Penney -4.5 1.13 billion -5.4

May Department Stores -3.6 1.02 billion + 1.7

Gap -14.0 1.09 billion + 6.0

Limited + 6.0† + 6.0 718 million + 8.0

TJX + 2.0 735 million + 9.0

Talbots +18.5 88 million +24.0

Ann Taylor + 3.7 77 million +16.0

Source: Goldman Sachs, *Figures exclude McLane's

based on company reports. †Figures exclude Galyan's and Limited TOO

The New York Times

Oregon to Put \$1 Billion in Buyout Fund

By Bloomberg News

The \$40 billion Oregon Public Employees' Retirement System voted yesterday

to invest \$1 billion in a new buyout fund from Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company, the biggest commitment ever to a private-equity pool.

"It's a breathtaking number," said Philip Pool, a managing director at Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette Inc. who raises money for buyout firms.

Kohlberg Kravis is aiming to amass as much as \$10 billion for what would be the world's biggest buyout fund, people close to the situation said. In an hour-long presentation yesterday in Tigard, Ore., before the pension system's five trustees, two Kohlberg Kravis partners, George Roberts and

Michael Michelson, did not provide a range for the fund.

Since 1980, the state has earned 21 percent a year, totaling \$3.7 billion, with Kohlberg Kravis. It has invested in nine of the partnership's funds, including the latest allocation.

"They've provided us with superb returns," said Rollie Wisbrock, chief of staff for Oregon's treasury. "And they can put a lot of money to work."

Kohlberg Kravis had sought a \$1.5 billion commitment, but that would have pushed Oregon above its limit of keeping 13 percent of assets in private equity, a spokesman said. Kohlberg Kravis proposed charging 1 percent of the \$1 billion for expenses. The two sides will negotiate final terms.

MUTUAL FUNDS THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000 Continued From

Preceding Page

Fund Family Dly YTD

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Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

DivModGrD b 14.43 +0.9+ 3.7 DivUSStkA 19.19 +1.6+ 8.0 DivUSStkD b
18.64 + 1 .6+ 7.2 SEI DtyCorpA 1.99 + 4.3 DtyGNMAA 9.49 + 6 + 5
DlyIntrmA 9.85 + 0.2+ 5.2 DlyShDurA 9.97 +0.1 + 4.1 IdxBdIdxA 10.22
+0.4+ 6.0 IdxSP50DA 47.08 +1.0+ 3.9 ISPM 46 .96 + 1. 0 + 3 .8 IndEq A
13.20 +0.1 - 7.8 IndFixIA 9.90 -0.2 -7.4 TxEIntMuA b 10.83 + 5.3
TxSWMuA 9.95 +0.1 + 2.2 TxENYMuni 9.96 +0.1 + 3.2 TxEPAMuB b 10.36 +
5.2 SEI Inst CapApr A 12.92 +1.3+17.4 Eqinc A 9.35 +0.6+ 2.7 MgdBal A

12.74 +1.0+ 8.9 MidCapA 17.71 +1.4+13.5 SEI Inst Style Mgd CoreFixA
10.08 +0.4+ 6.6 HiYldBclA 9.33 +0.1 - 1.7 IntlEmgA 10.36 -0.1 -13.5
IntlEmgDA 9.74 +0.5+14.9 LrgGrow A 39.28 +2.1 +12.4 LrgVaJ A 18.75
+1.0+ 0.3 SmCapGrA 32.02 +1.4+12.2 mCapVaA 16.07 +0.7+14.4 TxMgdLgCA
14.45 +1.6+ 3.5 SQCowInGA m 12.81 + 0.5+24.9 SM&R Balanced 1 22 27 +
0.7 + 9.9 Eqinc If 27. 3 +0.8 +100 rGrowth 1 7.26 +1.3+ 8.4 SsgA
Actintl b 10.87 -0.3- 9.9 BondMkt b 9.70 +0.4+ 5.6 EmgMkts b 11.37 -
0.4- 10.3 Growinc b 27.21 +1.3+11.1 HiYldBd b 10.14 +0.3+ 3.6 IAMShs b
11.55 +0.8+ 2.4 Interm b 9.52 +0.2+ 4.9 IntlGrOpp b 14.37 +0.6- 2.2
LfSlBal b 14.59 +0.6+ 4.5 LfSlGro b 15.73 +0.6+ 3.8 MatdxEq b 17.01 +
1.1 + 3.2 S&P500Idx b 26.41 +1.0 + 4.0 SmallCap b 22.69 +0.6+12.9
Special b 16.47 +1.7+19.9 TucACREIT b 9.15 -0.3+23.6 YieldPlus b 9.92 -
+ 4.2 STI Classic Bal FI m 14.02 +0.7 + 7.6 BeTr 14.13 +0.7 + 8.4
CapApr A m 5.78 +08+11.6 CapApr Iv m 129 + 0.7 +11.9 CapApr Tr 16.55
+0.7+12.4 CorseqTr 12.13 +1.3+ 6.0 ECommOpTr 21.18 +2.0+21.1 FLTxE Tr
10.50 +0.1 + 6.9 GATxE Tr 9.87 +0-1 + 5.6 Gdnc Tr b 15.86 +0.8+ 4.8
GrIncFlx m 15.80 +0.7 + 4.1 GrIncInv m 15.99 +0.8+ 4 11.39 - 0.8- 0.5
IntlEqIdx 13.85 -0.2- 8.6 InvGr Tr 9.69 +0.6+ 0.8 InvGrBdTr 11.04 +0.1
+ 6.3 11.23 +0.5+ 7.4 LtdFedTr 9.76 +0.2+ 4.1 MidCapTr 13.74 -0.1 +17.3
ShTmBdTr 9.78 +0.2+ 4.2 ShTmTrsrTr 9.91 + 3.4 SmCapEqTr 10.56 +0.2+13.2
SmCapGrTr 20.50 +0.9+22.0 SmCpGrInv 20.44 +0.9+21.8 TxSenGrFl rn 35.49
+1.2+ 4.6 TxSenGrTr 36.07 +1.2+ 5.4 USGovtTr 10.14 +0.3+ 5.8 VAIntMuTr
b 9.91 + 5.7 VAMuniTr b 10.06 +0.2+ 7.4 ValIn Am 10.16 +0.6 ValIn Iv m
10.27 +0.7+ 0.5 YalIn Tr 10.30 +0.6+ 0.7 Salomon Brothers BaWncedB m
13.02 +0.2 + 6.0 Capital2 m 27.63 +0.4+18.6 CapitalA m 28.17 +0.5+19.2
CapitalG m 27.59 +0.5+18.6 CapitalO 28.36 +0.5+19.4 HiYld A m 8.97 +0.1
+ 1.3 HiYld B m 8.99 +0.1 + 0.9 HiYld2 m 9.02 +0.2+ 1.0 InvValueA m
22.75 +0.5+14.9 InvValueB m 22.40 +0.5+14.3 InvValueO 22.73 +0.5+15
6.93 +0.6+15.5 55.98 +1.0+17.6 SmCapGrA nn 19.33 +2.1 +27.1 SmCapGrB rn
18.95 +2.0+26.5 StrBondB m 9.54 +0.2 + 2.6 SamcoFxIA x 9.65 +0.4+ 5.6
Santa Barbara Group BenderGrC rn 45.80 + 1.8 +25.5 Saratoga

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IntlEq 15.65 +0.9- 5.2 InvOualBd 9.90 +0.3+ 4.9 LrgCapGr 33.61 +0.9+
6.4

LrgCapVaI 18.51 +0.6+ 0.2 SmCap 12.90 +0.6+23.6 Schroder Capital
AllAsia m 11.66 -0.4- 8.8 EmMktIslv d 11.06 -0.2-15.4 Intl Inv 17.77-
1.3 LrgCapEq 1 1.68 +0.9- 0.5 SmCapVal 17.23 +0.9+26.6 TotFitFlly x
8.98 +0.4+ 5.1 LJSSmCoInv 18.91 +1.4+32.0 Schwab 1 0001m d 42.24 + 1.1
+ 49 1000Sel d 42.26 + 1.0+ 49 A-Oybc 20.26 +1.1 + 5.6 CALgTmTxF 11.06
+0.2+10.7 CASHInTxF 10.22 + 5.3 IntIdxlv d 18.67 -0.1 7.8 IntIdxSl d
18.69 -0.1 7.7 LgTmTaxF 10.24 +0.2+ 95. MktMgIntl dp 17.03 -0.1 - 3.2
MktMgrBal p 14.07 +0.2 + 2.7 MktMgrGrop 4.85 +0.3+ 0.9 MktMgrSm p 13.72
+0.4+ 7.2 MktTrAJEq 12.87 +0.7+ 1.7 MktTrBal 16.05 +0.6+ 3.8 MktTrCons
13.48 +0.5+ 4.5 MktTrGm 18.07 +0.6+ 3.1 S&P500fny 23.49 +1.0+ 3.9
S&P500Sel 23.56 +1.0+ 4.0 S&P500eSh 23.51 +1.0+

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3.9 ShIntTaxF 10.08 + 4.2 ShTmBdMk 9.65 +01 + 4.9 SmCaplxlv d 22.10
+1.0+ 9.7 SffCapkSl d 22.13 +0.9+ 9.8 TotBdMkt 9.65 +0.3+ 6.0 TotStkMiv
24.05 + 1.1 + 4.1 TotStkMSI 24.108 + 1.1 + 4.2 YldPlsinv d 9.92 -0.1 +
3.8 YldPisSel d 9.92 + 39 SchwarVal 22.00 +0.9+11A Scudder 21 CentGr d
30.78 +1.3 + 4.8 Balanced 21.65 +0.8+ 4.6 CATaxF 10.95 +0.2+ 8.9
ClassGrow 28.67 +0.9+ 7.4 CorpBond 11.31 +0.1 + 5.3 Develop 51.59 +2.7
+17.5 EmgMktGr d 13.05 -0.6-11.8 EmgMktIn 8.29 +0.5+ 9.9 GNMA S 14.58
+0.3 NA Glob 31.36 +0.1 + 0.4 GlobBond 8.89 -0.1 GlobDisc 37.24 +0.9+
4.8 Gold 6.01 +0.8- 8.9 Groinc S 27.83 +0.9+ 5.3 GtrEurGr 33.89 +01 -
46 HiYldBd d 10.49 +01 - 2.4 HiYldTxF 12.28 + 6.2 HlthCare d 24.08
+2.0+60.1 Income S 12.27 +0.2+ 4.4 Intl 3 57.75 -0.4-12.2 IntlBond 9.13

-0.1 - 4.2 IntIGrInc NA NA NA LatinAm 25.67 +0.2- 1.4 LgCoGrow 45.43
+1.0+ 7.5 LgCoVal 28.03 +0.8+ 4.2 MATaxF S 13.85 +0.1 + 6.6 MedTmTF 3
11.01 +0.1 + 5.3 MgdMuBd S 8.78 +0.1 + 6.8 NYTaxF 11.01 +0.1 + 6.9
OHTaxF NA NA NA PacOpp d 12.76 -0.6-18.0 PathBal 14.29 +0.6+ 3.2
PathGrow 17.84 +0.6+ 1.5 SP500Idx 20.26 +1.0+ 3.8 16.56 +1.6+ 9.7
Sel500 14.21 + 1.1 + 5.9 ShTmBd S 10.39 +0.1 + 3.6 SmCoStkS 18.86 +08
NA SmCoVal d 17.55 + 0.9 + 23 Tech d 56.08 +3.2+37.0 Value 24.91 +0.8+
5.6 0.6+22.2 Security EquityA f 10.93 +1.1 + 2.1 EquityB m 10.29 +1.1 +
1.6 GlobalA 1 19.75 +0.6+12.0 GlobalB m 18.95 +0.5+11.8 GrowInCA If
6.49 +0.9- 5.8 WapGrA rn 21.69 +1.9+12.1 UltraA f 15.01 +1.8+23.8
Selected AmerShare b 40.30 +0.9+12.9 SpacShare b 18.65 +1.7 +15.3
Seligman CapitalA m 36.98 +2.4+42.9 CapitalB m 33.01 +2.4+42.2 CaptalD
m 33.03 +2.4+42.1 CmnStkA m 1538 +1.4+ 4.6 CmnStkB m 15.28 +1.4+ 4.3
CmnStkD m 15 30 +1.4+ 4.3 CominfoA m 46.64 +2.1 + 4.9 ComInfoB m 42.41
+2.1 + 4A ComInfoC m 42.38 +2.1 + 4.4 ComInfoD m 42.37 +21 + 4.4
EmgMktA m 7.18 +0.4-18.3 FrontierA m 17.32 +1.1 + 3.1 FrontierB m 16.01
+1.1 + 2.6

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Frontier m 16.02 + 1.1 + 2.6 GlblGrA m 15.37 + 1.1 + 7.8 GlbGm 14.77
+ 1A

+ 7.3 14.78 + 1.1 + 7.3 GlblSrnGoA rn 1928 +0.6+ 1.0 GlblSrnGo8 m
18+14+0.6+ 0.5 GllblSmCol nn 18.16 +0.6+ 0.5 GlbTecM rn 32.72 +2.3+
7.5 GlbrrechS m 30.81 +2.3+ 6.9 GlblTechC rn 30.78 +2.3+ 6.9 GINTechD m
30.78 +2.3+ 6.9 GrowthA m 10.30 +1.7 +19.5 GrowthB m 9.10 +1.8+19.0
GrowthD m 9.10 +1.8+19.0 HiYldBdA m 5.72 +0.4- 1.3 HiYldBdB m 5.72
+0.2- 1.8 HiYldBdC m 5.73 +0.4- 1.7 HiYldBdD m 5.73 +0.4- 1.8 IncomeA m
13.98 +0.9+ 4.3 IncomeD m 13.91 +0.9+ 3.7 IntIGrA m 16.94 +0.2-24.4
LgCapValA rn 10.64 + 0.3 + 9.1 LgCapValB rn 10.45 +0.4+ 8.6 MuniCAHYA
nn 6.39 +0.3 + 0.6 MuniCAQuA rn 6.60 +0.3+ 1.1 MuniCOA m 7.11 +0.2 +
8.0 MuniFLA m 7.69 +0.1 + 9.4 MuniGAA m 7.72 +0.3 + 8.9 Munil-AA m 7.89
+0.4+ 8.3 MuniMAA m 7.58 +0.3+ 9.2 MuniMDA m 7.84 +0.1 + 6.9 MuniMIA m
8.19 +0.3+ 8.0 MuniMNA m 7.43 +0.3+ 7.8 MuniMOA m 7.47 +0.3+ 9.5
MuniNJA m 7.19 +0.2+ 8.4 MuniNYA m 7.88 +0.3+ 9.4 MuniNatA m 7.72 +0.1
+ 7.8 MuniOHA m 7.73 +0.1 + 8.4 MuMORA m 7.56 +0.3+ 7.9 MuniSCA m 7.76
+0.3+ 9.4 SmCapVaIA m 9.01 -0.2+13.9 SmCapVaIB rn 8.80 -0.2+13.4
LlSGovtA m 6.68 +0.5+ 6.5 Sentinel Bala m 19.16 +0.6+ 6.7 BaB m 19.18
+0.5+ 6.1 BwDA m 5.82 +0.3+ 3.8 CmnStkA m 42.62 +0.6+ 7.8 CmnStkB m
42.47 +0.6+ 7.4 FlexCpOpA 8.52 +1.5 NA GovtSec m 9.70 +0.4+ 7.6 GddxA
23.64 + 1.1 + 33 HiYldBdB m 8.64 +0.2- 0.8 MidCpGrA m 211.58 +3.0+47.5
MidCpGrB 27.75 +3.0+46.5 ShMatGovA rn 9.51 +0.1 + 4.3 SmalICOA m 7.29
+1.5+34.3 TaxFInCA m 12.89+0.2+ 7.3 Wodda m 20.61 -0.7- 3.3 Sentry
15.53 +0.6+ 5.5 Sequoia 130.94 +0.4+ 3.2 Shelby 18.13 +2.9+17.0 Site
Trust SifeTrAl A 5.61 +2.3+ 8.9 SifeTrAll xm 5.62 +2.3+ 8.9 sit
IntlGrow 23.51

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+0.9-10.3 LrgCapGr 66.81 +1.2+ 9.2 MNTaxFIn 9.96 +0.1 + 5.4 MidCapGr
26.38 +2.2+27.5 ScATechG 37.67 +2.3+46.3 SmCapGro 46.10 +1.7+37.2
TaxFinc 974 +0.2+ 5.7 USGovSec 10.25 +0.1 + 4.6 SkySpEq 18.50 +0.8+16.4
Smith Barney AZMuni m 9.92 +0.1 + 7.0 AdjRtGov b 9.69 +0.1 + 3.9
AggGrow m 110.53 +1.6+33.5 Appreo m 15.56 +0.4+ 2.7 Balanced m 15.56
+0.8+ 7.7 CAMunis m 16.32 +0.2+10.7 DivrStr m 7.19 +0.1 + 3.0 European
m 27.97 +1.3 + 4.7 FunclVal m 16.40 +0.6+19.5 GlobGovt m 10.92 +0.2+
5.2 GovtSecs m 9.17 +0.3+ 6.1 HighInc m 9.40 +0.3- 0.6 ImCAMu m 8.62 +
6.8 IntNYMu m 8.45 + 6.5 IntlEci m 27.19 +1.3-17.4 InvGrade m 11.49
+0.5+ 6.7 LrgCapBl m 16.95 + 1.1 + 3.0 LrgCapGr m 27.17 +0.8+ 8.2
LrgCapVal m 17.78 +0.7 + 5.2 MAMunis m 12.34 +0.2+ 8.0 MdCpCoA m 25.56
+1.8+30.3 MgdGovt m 12.13 +0.3+ 5.4 MgdMunim 15.07 +0.2+10.3 MuniBdFL

rn 13.04 +0.2+ 8.1 MuriBdGA m 12.75 +0.2+ 8.7 MuniBdLtd m 6.41 +0.2+
5.2 MuniBdNY rn 13.01 +0.2+ 7.8 MuniBdNat rn 13.22 +0.2 + 8.1 Munil-
IiInc m 15.94 +0.3+ 5.2 NJMuni m 12.15 +0.2+ 6.4 PREqIdx 10.01 +0.3 NA
PremTotRe m 18.07 +0.6 + 8.1 PsLgCap m 12.45 +0.8+ 2.4 SP500Idx b 15.54
+1.0+ 3.8 STHiGrdBd b 4.00 +0.3+ 4.3

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

SecGrow f 13.26 +0.6+34.3 SmCapSInd rn 14.91 +1.2+ 9.6 SmCapGr 17.71
+1.2+21.0 SmCapVal 14.71 +0.8+21.8 Tech 11.90 +2.0 NA TaleInc 1
145.37 +1.5- 14.2 TotRtSd m 10.49 +0.8+ 6.6 LISGovt m 12.86 +0.3+ 5.7
Smith Be AggGrow 71.24 +1.6+32.8 Apprec m 15.40 +0.3+ 2.1 Balanced m
15.50 +0.8+ 7.3 CAMunis m 16.31 +0.2+10.2 DivrStr m 7.22 +0.3+ 2.7
European m 26.80 +1.3 + 4.0 FundVal m 16.06 +0.6+18.9 GovtSec m 9.18
+0.3+ 5.8 HighInc m 9.41 +0.3- 0.9 26.57 +1.3-17.9 InvGrade m 11.47
+0.5+ 6.3 LrgCapBl m 16.79 +1.1 + 2.5 LrgCapGr m 26.58 +0.8+ 7.6
LrgCapVal m 17.69 +0.6+ 4.6 MdCpCoB m 25.18 +1.8+29.7 MgdGovt m 12.12
+0.2+ 5.0 MgdMuni m 15.07 +0.2+ 9.8 MuniBdFL m 13.03 +0.2+ 7.7 MuniBdNY
rn 13.00 +0.1 + 7 3 MuniBdNat rn 13.21 +0.2+ 7 8 Munil-IiInc m 15.95
+0.3+ 4 8 NJMunis m 12.15 +0.2+ 6 0 PremTotRe m 17.94 +0.6+ 7.8 PsLgCap
m 12.36 +0.9+ 1.9 SmCapGr 17.62 +1.2+20.4 SmCapVaj 14.63 +0.8+21.1 Tech
11.86 +2.0 NA TotRtBd m 10.49 +0.8+ 6.2 Smith Barney AggGowL rn 103.54
+1.6+32.8 Apprec- m 15.40 +0.4+ 2.2 CAMunisL rn 16.30 +0.2+10.3
DivrStrL m 7.21 +0.1 + 2.8 FundVall m 16.05 +0.6+18.9 HighIncl m 9.43
+0.4- 0.8 InHEqL m 26.16 +1.3-17.8 LrgCapGrL m 26.58 +0.8+ 7.6
LrgCapVaL m 17.71 +0.7 + 4.7 MdCpCoL m 25.18 +1.8+29.7 MgdMuniL m 15.06
+0.1 + 9.8 MuBdLtdL m 6.41 + 4.9 PrernToReO rn 17.95 + 6.6+ 7.8 PsGILGr
12.17 +1.6 NA PsLgCap m 12.36 +0.9+ 1.9 SmCapGrL 17.62 +1.2+20.4
SmCapVall- 14.63 +0.8+21.1 TechL- 11.86 +2.0 NA Smith Barney LrgCapBl
17.05 + 1.1 + 3.0 STHiGrBd 4.00 +0.3+ 4.6 SoundShor 32.07 + 1.1 + 9.0
SouthTrust ALTxPdnc m 10.18 +0.1 + 5.7 Bond f 9.83 +0.3+ 6.3 Growth m
10.57 +0.3- 0.9 Income m 9.51 +0.1 + 4.5 Value f 16.35 +0.5+ 8.4
Spectra Spectra N 13.03 +1.8- 3.1 Standish ContrMat 19.54 +0.2 + 4.1
Fixin 18.98 +0.3+ 5.8 GloFixIn 19.22 +0.3+ 5.2 HighGrBd 20.76 +0.3 NA
IntlTaxE 21.25 +0.1 + 5.4 IntlEci 24.01 -0.7- 2.9 InflFixl 21.97 +0 2+
6.5 InflFixIt 18.27 -0.1MAIntTxE 21.02 +01 + 5.2 SelValAss 19.54 +0.7 +
9.1 SelValue 41.47 +0.7 + 9.3 SmCapEq 82.25 +1.3 + 47 SmCapGr 65.67
+1.8+ 9.9 SmCpTxSen 65.47 +2.1 +16 Star 19.31 + 4.5 WorldHY 17.33 +0.5+
3.2 State Famn Balanced 57.34 +0.5+ 9.4 Growth 58.68 +0.8+ 8.4 Interim
9.44 +0.1 + 5.0 MuniBond 8.26 + 6.3 State St Res A Alpha m 14.94
+0.7+10.6 Argo m 15.78 +0.6+ 6.9 Aurora m 29.29 +1.2+31.9 EmgGrow m
16.95 +2.7+ 4.1 GlobRes m 18.34 +1.7+60.7 GovInc m 12.17 +0.3+ 5.6
Growth m 13.55 +1.3+14.5 HiInc m

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4.48 +0.5- 8.9 IntlEci m 16.67 -0.1 + 5.2 Invest m 15.24 +1.1 +11.6
Legacy m 16.98 +0.4+ 2.8 MidCpGrow rn 20.59 +2.7 +18.5 StrGrInc m 10.73
+0.8 + 7.7 TaxE m 8.05 +0.1 + 6.7 State St Res B Alpha m 14.87
+0.7+10.1 Argo m 15.27 +0.6+ 6.4 Aurora m 28.12 +1.3+31.2 EmgGrow m
15.98 +2.6+ 3.6 GlobRes m 17.32 +1.7+60.1

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Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

Govinc m 12.13 +0.3+ 5.1 Growth m 12.72 +1.3+14.0 Hilric m 4.45
+0.5- 9.4
Invest m 14.99 +1.1 +11.5 Legacy m 16.70 +0.4+ 2.7 MidCpGrm rn 19.29
+2.8+18.0 StrGdnc m 10.68 +0.8+ 7.2 TaxE m 8.05 +0.1 + 6.2 State St Res
BI Aurora 28.12 +1.3+31.2 Govinc 12.09 +0.3 NA Hilm m 4.44 +0.3- 9.4
Invest 14 92 +1.1 +11.0 Legacy m 16.65 +0.4+ 2.4 StrGrtn 10.66 +0.8 +
7.2 State St Res C Aurora m 28.12 +1.3+31.3 Invest m 14.97 + 1.1 +11.1
Legacy m 16.65 +0.4+ 2.4 MidCpGrow nn 19+34 +2.8+18.0 State St Res Inst

Exchange 620.54 +0.5+ 9 Growth S 13.74 +1.3 + 1 4.7 HighIncS 4.44 +0.3
 8.8 Invest S 15.38 + 1.1 + 11.9 MidCpGrDS 21.121 +2.8+18.8 StrAgg 5
 12.92 +1.0+ 6.3 Stein Roo Balanced 33.93 +0.7+ 5.9 fiYld 8.95 +0.3- 2.8
 StonebrGr 15.87 +1.0- 4.2 Strategic Partners FocusGrA m 10.84 +12 NA
 FocusGrB m 10.82 + 1 1 NA FocusGrC rn 10.82 + 1.1 NA Stratton Growth
 32.02 +1.9+16.5 MoDivREIT 23.26 -0.2 + 1 5.9 SmCapVal 21.69 +0.4+11.6
 Stratus GovSecIs 9.69 +0.1 + 3.9 GrowthIs 19.11 + 1.2 + 31 Strong
 Advaninst 9.89 + 4.8 Advaninv 9.89 + 4.4 AmerUtil 16.63 +0.7+14.2
 AsiaPac 9.49 -0.5-20.1 BChpv 24.26 +1 4+12.6 Balanced 26.00 +0.6+ 3.3
 Bondinst 10.73 +0.3+ 6.0 CmnStock 26.76 +0.2+ 6.1 CorpBdInv 10.57 +0.3
 + 5.6 Discovery 21.77 +1.6+16.8 Dow30Val d 14.39 + 1.1 + 1.2 Entepdinv
 42.87 +2.3+ 4.0 Eclincome 22.12 +0.6+ 2.6 GovSecInv 10.27 +0.3+ 5.9
 Grow20Inv 38.46 +2.2+25.6 GrowInclv 30.68 +1.5+ 7.2 GrowInv 42.60
 +2.5+19.5 HiYldBclv 10.26 +0.3+ 2.1 HiYldMulv 8.91 +0.1 + 1.1 Index500
 18.75 +1.0+ 3.8 Internet d 10.95 +2.1 + 9.5 IntlStk 16.41 +0.6 -13.3
 LgCapGrow 52.45 +2.2+11.4 MidCapGr 29.39 +0.8+26.4 Moderate 13.24 +0.9+
 9.6 MuniAdInv 4.95 + 2.5 MuniBdInv 8.78 + 3.3 Oppodnv 49.47 +0.2 +10.7
 Overseas t8.52 +0.3- 9 8 STHiYdBlv 9.96 +0.2+ 3.9 STHiYdMlv 9.60 + 2.3
 STmMuBdlv 9.64 +0.1 + 3.5 SchaferV 51.63 +0.9 + 5.2 ShTmBdlhv 9.36
 +0.2+ 4.3 ShTmGlBd 10.13 + 39 SmCapVal 16.81 + 6.i +23.7 Tochl d 13.18
 +21 +31.8 USEmGr 26.22 +2.4+33.8 Value 13.02 +10+11 ' 5 SumffdlHiY m
 7.64 +0.3- 1.8 Summit Apex Funds Balindex 10.17 +0.8 NA Bond 10.07 +0.4
 NA Everest 10.17 +0.7+ 1.9 S&P500Idx 10.14 +1.0NA SunAmedca- Focussd
 FcusVIII 14.99 +0.9 KA Focus A m 25.68 +1.5+ 67 Focus B m 25.30 +1.5+
 6.3 FocusII m 25.30 +1.5+ 6.3 FocuaGIA m 22.91 +1.3+ 8.0 FocusGIB m
 22.47 +1.3+ 7.5 FocusGII m 22.46 +1.3+ 7.5 FocusVal m 15.07 +0.9+14.5
 GrowIncII m 20.50 +12+ 84 TechNetA m 19.39 +2.9 TechNetB m 19.35 +2.9
 NA TechNetII m 19.36 +2.9 NA SunAmedica-Funds Bal As A m 22.25 +1.0+
 6.4 Bal As B m 22.19 +1.0+ 6.0 BlueChipA rn 30.91 +1.6+10.0 BlueChipB m
 29.03 +1.6+ 9.5 GNMA A m 10.60 +0.3+ 5.9 GroInCA m 21.11 +1.3+ 8.9
 GroInCB m 20.53 +1.2+ 8.4 GroOppA m 41.78 +2.1 +33.4

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

GroOppB m 38.94 +2.1 +32.7 GroOppll m 38.91 +2.1 NA Hi InCA m 5.82
 +0.2+ 0.5 Hi ImB m 5.82 - 0.1 NewContA rn 42.50 +2.4+11.4 NewCentB m
 39.92 +2.4+10.9 TE Ins A m 12.61 +01 + 6.5 USGvA rn 8.43 +0.3+ 5.2 USGv
 m 8.43 +0.3+ 4.5 SunArnerics-Strategic TaxMgcIEqA rn 15.21 + 0.7 + 4.8
 TaxMgcEqB rn 15.06 + 0.7 + 4.3 TxMgdEqI m 15.07 +0.7 + 4.2 SunAmeftes
 19 361 AggGroA m.9

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+2.1 +11.6 AggGroB m 35.40 +2.1 +11.1 AggGroll m 35.39 +2.1 +11.1
 IntIEq A m 16.39 +0.1 - 6.8 IntlEciB m 15.98 +0.1 - 7.2 LgCpGroA m
 22.38 + 1.5+ 8.9 LgCpGroB rn 21.94 +1.4+ 8.5 LgCpGroll m 21.94 +1.4+
 8.5 CpVI B m 15.37 +1.0+11.7 MidCapGrA rn 24.23 +1.9 +189 MidCapGrB nn
 23.57 + 1.9 +18:4 Value A m 17.98 + 0.8+ 8.3 Value B m 7.53 +0.7+ 7.7
 TORlchSR d 16.22 +0.9+ 4.7 TCW Galileo I AgrGrE 34.11 +2.5+15.0 Convert
 16.74 +0.3 +22.8 Corel x 9.29 + 0.2+ 3.9 E-mgEq 9.05 -0.4-15.5 EmgInc x
 860 +0.2+11.2 EuroEq 1553 +0.3- 3.1 HiYld x 8.30 +0.1 - 0.6 IntIEq 1
 6.05 3.2 JapEq 1 5.79 -0.4- 2.7 LgCpGr 21.65 +1.5+10.4 LgVal 13.59
 +0.7+11.2 MtgBck x 9.59 +0.2+ 4.4 SelEci 28.42 + 2.1 +22.6 SmCap 48.60
 +2.8+ 6.3 TotRetMtI x 9.00 + 6.5 ValOpp 14.63 +1.0+29.7 TCW Galileo IN
 AggGr b 33.99 +2.5+14.8 SelEci b 28.30 +2.2+22.3 SmCapGr b 48.39 +2.8+
 6.1 TDWtrhDow 11.21 +1.0- 2.5 TIAA-CREF BonclPlus x 9.82 +0.3+ 6.3
 Equityldx 10.66 + 1.1 NA GrowEq 19.32 +1.6+12.4 Growinc 17.00 +1.2+ 7.1
 HighYldBd x 9.98 +0.1 NA IntlEci 14.72 +0.8- 8.5 MgdAlc 14.28 +0.9+ 6.4
 SocChEcl 10.92 +0.8 NA TaxExBd.10.30 NA Target IntTmBcI 10.06 +0.2+ 5.7
 IntIEq 15.87 -0.6- 6.0 LgCAPVal 12.72 +0.5+ 0.6 LrgCapGr 33.93
 +2.4+32.8 LrgCapGrB 103 +1.6+27.9 LrgCapGrC 14.93 +1.6+27.9 MtgBkSec.1

0.08 +0.3+ 5.6 SmCapGro 1 8.87 +0.7+18.8 SmCapVal 1 7.21 +0.3+ 6.2
TotRtBd 1 0.12 +0.4+ 6.9 Templeton Adv DevMkt 12.84 -0.2-17.3 Foreign
10.54 -0.7- 6.0 Growth 1 9.68 -0.2- 1.5 Templeton A CapAccurn f 13 34
+02+ 24 DevMkt rn 12.13 ForSmCo m 16.18 + 6.2 Foreign m 10.54 -0.6- 6.1
GlobBond m 8.05 +0.1 - 2.1 GlobOpp m 16.52 +0.1 + 4.2 GlobSmCo m 7.30
+0.4+ 2.5 Grow m 19.64 -0.2- 1.6 Intl m 12.30 -1.0- 7.4 PacGrow m 9.85
-0.7-17.8 World m 18.87 -0.1 + 1.0 Templeton 8 Foreign m 10.41 -0.7-
6.6 Growth m 19.42 -0.2- 2.1 Templeton C DevMkt m 12.62 -0.2-17.8
Foreign m 10.38 -0.6- 6.5 Grow m 19.25 -0.2- 2.1 World m 18.43 -0.1 +
0.5 Templeton Institut EmergMkt 10.60 -0.4-17.8 ForgnEci 21.12 -0.2-
1.3 TxCaValGr m 13.44 +2.1 + 6.9 r us SmCapVal 14.25 +0.8+14.9 Value
39.32 +21.2 ThmsWint 13.24 - 8.9 Thompson Plumb Balanced 19.81 + 0.2
+12.1 Growth 42.50 + 5.5 Thornburg GlobVal m 17.89 + 0.5 + 4.9 IntMunia
m 12.86 +0.1 + 3.8 IntMuniC m 12.88 +0.1 + H

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

LtMuNatls b 13.20 +0.1 + 4.4 LtdMuCAA nn 12.70 +0.1 + 4.3 LtdTmInc m
11.85 +0.2+ 5.1 LtdTmMuA m 13.20 +0.1 + 4.2 LICITMUS m 11.99 +0.3+
4.8 NMIntMu m 12.90 + 4.2 Value A m 33.41 +0.5+ 8.3 Value C m 33.16
+0.5+ 7.7 Value I b 33.54 +0.4+ 8.5 Tocquevil IntlVal m 9.91 -0.1 -.57
SmCapVal m 19.12 +0.7+181 Tocquevil m 18.88 +0.5+ 6.1 Torrey 42.77
+1.2- 2.3 Touchstone Funds AggrGroA m 37.85 +2.3+30.2 EquityA m 23.33
+1.3+ 8.6 GrowValA m 36.14 +1.7+30.2 IntGovA m 10.25 +0.3+ 48 OHinsA m
11.65 +0.2+ 71 TaxFIntA m 10.83 +0.1 + 49 TouchVlPA rn 11.98 +1.3+ 20
UtilA m 15.62 + 1.1 + 8.2 TrainrFMF b 21.26 +1.3+ 8.9 Transamerica
Premier AggGroIm b 40.00 +2.3+19.3 BalIv b 24.44 +1.4+19.2 Equityinv b
34.66 +1.3 + 8.4 HiYldInst x 9.17 +0.5+ 4.7 Index Iv b 22.20 +1.0+ 3.8
SmCoInv b 45.35 + 23 +16.4 Trust for Credit Un GovtSec 9.63 + 4.2
MtgSec 9.56 +0.1 + 4.8 Turner MlcCpGr 45.13 +1.8+39.9 MldGr 46.85
+2.3+28.5 ShDur 9.81 +0.1 + 4.3 SmCap 47.47 +1.6+14.4 Tech 37.15
+2.4+54.3 Top20 26.63 +0.8+34.1 Tweedy Browne AmerVal23.80 +0.7+ 6.4
GlobVaJ 22.79 +12.8 UAM AcadEmg 10.63 +0.3-11.3 C&BEq 8.49 +0.7+ 8.7
ChiValCon 14.33 +0.8+ 2.4 ClipFocla 12.47 +0.4+11.7 FMASmCols 16.39
+1.0+17.2 FPACresc 13.31 -0.6+ 4.1 HeiReWEI 9.06 -0.3+15.6 ICMSmCo
23.74 +1.0+15.0 13.66 -0.1 - 8.9 MckDomEq 11.55 +1.2+ 2.4 MCKJnt1 13.64
+0.2- 6.5

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MckSmEqls 8.70 +1.5- 1.8 NWQSpEqls 13.10 +0.6+ 4.0 10.67 +1.9+ 6.7
RHJSmCap 18.59 +1.8+17.9 SirBoncils 9.71 +0.4+ 5.6 SirEq Is 19.50 +1.6+
3.9 SirGrois 12.06 +1.4+ SirSpEls 14.63 +2.4+ 1 6.7 SirStrBal 12.19
+1.1 + 6.2 SterBal 11.03 +0.8 + 3.9 SterSmVal 14.76 -0.3+11.2 TJCrEqlsS
b 18.62 +0.4 - 0.6 TSWeci 14.13 +0.4+ 1.6 TSWFixIn 10.08 +0.4+ 5.5
TSWIntlEcl 22.45 +0.3- 2.3TSWIntl0c 12.05 -11.9 UAM 11 AnaDefEqA 12.00
+0.9+ 1.8 AnaEnhEqA 12.57 +1.1 + 2.5 UBSGlobEq b 12.33 +0.6- 3.5
UCInvest b 13.87 +0.4+ 9.6 UMB scout Bond 10.80 + 0.3 + W Regional
10.92 +0.6+11.2 Stock 20.1 ID +0.8+10.3 Worlowde 23.65 +0.4+ 1.1 US
Global Investors AJIAMeq d 46.89 +1.4+ 1.9 BonnelGr b 33.86 +2.4+ 9.9
WodGold d 5.98 +2.4-27.0 USGILdOr 25.76 +0.4- 0.9 USAA AggGrow 65.18
+2.6+18.2 BalStrat 15.14 +0.9+ 2.8 CABond 10.73 +0.3+ 9.3 Comerst 26.25
+0.5+ 4.5 EmergMkt 9.14 +0.3-15.7 FLTaxFin 9.36 +0.2+ 8.2 FirstStGr
18.50 +0.9 + 9.6 GNMA 9.59 +0.3+ 6.9 Gold 5.21 +1.4-12.9 Grow 26.17
+1.4+ 9.1 GrowInc 20.75 +0.8+ 4.4 GrowStr 15.79 +1.0+ 4.4 GrowTax 18.02
+0.6+ 6.1 HYOpp 9.74 +0.1 + 2.9 Income 11.70 +0.3+ 8.2 IncomeStk 18.57
+0.5+ 5.8 IncomeStr 12.17 +0.5+ 5.6 Intermed 9.80 +0.3+ 4.2 Intl 21.78
+0.3- 2.2 NYBond 11.10 +0.2+ 9.2 S&P500 23.70 +1.0+ 3.9 SciTech 23.90
+2.3+24.0

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

ShTmBoncl 9.61 +0.1 + 4.0 SmCapStk 14.58 +2.0+10.3 TaxEInt 12.77
 +0.1
 + 6.3 TaxELgTm 13.00 +0.2 + 7.3 TaxEShTm 10.54 + 3.9 VABond 10.94
 +0.1 + 8.5 WorldGro 20.48 +0.6+ 2.8 Undiscovered Manager BehGds 30.40
 +0.4+ 7.1 REIT 12.47 -0.3+19.7 UnlfbldFl m 14.08 +0.4+ 3.4 Value Line
 AggInc 6.17 +0.2 - 8.5 AssetAlc b 21.75 +1.2 + 9.2 Conv 17.34 +1.2 +
 7.9 EmgOpport b 26.03 +1.6 +22.1 Income 11.00 +0.9+ 9.6 LevGrolv 62.24
 +0.5+ 7.3 SpecSit 3181 +18+174 TxExNatBd 11.20 + 7.6 USGovt 10.87 +0.3+
 514 USMulNat1 b 25.95 + 1 1 + 6.5 ValueUn 27.59 +0.5 + 5.1 Van Eck
 IntIInvGo 1 4.71 +1.5-17.6 Van Eck/Chubb Globinc m 8.24 - 3.8 GovtSecs
 m 10.60 + 66+ 6.3 Growinc m 28.76 +1.3+ 3.7 TotRet m 20.13 + .1 + 6.5
 Van Kampen A AggrGrow m 36.12 + 3.1 +16.0 AmerVal nt 23.68 +1.4+ 0.6
 AsianGro m 12.23 -1.1 -15.2 CAInstxF m 17.87 +0.3+10.0 Comstock m 15.54
 +0.4+10.5 CorpBond m 6.43 + 0.3 + 18 EmgGrow m 109.19 +2.5+25.0 EmgMkt
 m 12.40 -0.3 -11.4 Interiors m 25.06 +1.7 +12.2 EcGrowth m 16.26
 +1.2+11.6 EqIncome m 8.60 +0.9+16.7 Exchange 465.57 +1.1 +34.1 FUnstxF
 rn 14.92 +0.2+ 8.2 FocusEq m 28.58 + 1.1 +11.8 GlobEct m 11.18 + 3.4
 GlobEqA m 17.75 +0.1 - 3.5 GovtSecs m 9.78 +0.4+ 6.4 GrowInc m 20.28 +
 1.1 +14.9 Growth m 42.12 +2.5+31.2 Harbor m 22.49 +1.9+11.3 HiYldMu m
 10.73 +0.1 + 3.7 HighIm m 5.25 + 1.4 HighYld m 8.16 + 02 + 0.5 InstXfM
 m 18.49 +0.2+ 8.3 IntImag m 15.13 -0.2- 5.1 LatinAm m 14.43 +0.8+ 1.2
 LtdMat m 11.79 +0.2+ 3.9 MkCapGr m 14.88 +1.9+16.4 Munilm m 14.23 +0.1
 + 5.2 PATaxF m 16.85 +0.2+ 6.8 Pace m 14.29 +1.3+ 3.4 RealEst m 12.83
 -0.2 +20.3 SelGr m 11.01 +2.3 NA Stratinc m 10.18 +0.1 + 4.0 TaxFHiIn m
 13.4 + 3.5 Tech m 26.80 +2.6+31.1 USGov m 13.65 +0.2+ 5.2 USGovInc m
 7.69 +0.3+ 5.9 Utility m 24.42 +1.3+22.4 Value m 9.96 +0.9+ 5.8 WoddHi
 m 9.94 +0.4+ 2.3 Van Kampen B AggrGrow m 34.85 +3.1 +15.4 AmerVal m
 23.08 +1.4+ 0.1 AsianGro m 11.63 -1.2 -15.6 CAInstxF m 17.89 +0.3+ 9.6
 Comstock rn 1 5.52 +0.4+10.0 CorpBond m 6.42 +0.3+ 3.2 EmgGrow m 99.32
 +2.5+24.3 EmgNlkt m 11.89 -0.3-12.0 Entertars m 23.94 +1.8+11.7
 EqGrowlh m 16.00 +1.3+11.0 EcIncome m 8.49 +0.8+15.7 FocusEq m 27.54
 +1.1 +11.3 GlobEci m 11.02 + 2.8 GlobEqAlc m 16.94 +0.1 - 4.0 GovtSecs
 m 9.77 +0.4+ 5.9 GrowInc m 20.11 +1.1 +14.3 Growth m 40.73 +2.5+30.4
 Harbor m 22.34 +1.8+10.7 HiYldMu rn 10.72 +0.1 + 3.1

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Highinc m 6.26 + 0.9 HighYld m 8.17 +0.1 + 0.1 18.48 +0.2+ 7.7
 IntlMag m 14.89 -0.2- 5.6 MidCapGr m 14.79 +1.9+15.8 MuniInc 14.22 +
 4.6 Pace m 14.03 +1.3+ 2.9 SelGr m 11.00 +2.4 NA Stratinc m 10.20 +0.2
 + 3.6 TaxFHiIn m 13.40 +0.1 + 3.0 Tech m 26.58 + Z6 +30.4 USGov m 13.62
 +0.2 + 4.6 Utility m 24.32 +1.3 +21.8 Value m 9.85 +1.0+ 5.3 WoddHi m
 9.90 +0.4+ 1.8 RealEst m 12.83 - 0.2+19.8 Van Kampen C AggrGrow m 34.93
 +3.1 +15.4 AmerVal m 23.09 +1.4+ 0.1

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

AsianGro m 11.59 - 1.1 -15.6 Comstock m 15.52 +0.4+ 9.9 EmgGrow m
 101.30 +2.5+24.4 EmgMkt m 11.92 -0.3 -11.9 Enterp m 24 7 1 1.8 +11.6
 EqInma m 8 1 +0.9+16.0 + 1.1 + 1.3 + 2.9 17.15 +0.1 - 4.0 Growinc rn
 20.12 + 1.1 +14.3 HiYldMu m 10.71 +0.1 + 3.2 Highinc m 5.23 +0.2+ 0.9
 SelGr rn 11.00 +2.4 NA TaxFHiIn m 13.39 + 3.0 Tech m 26.58 +2.6+30.4
 WorldHi m 9.90 +0.4+ 1.8 Van Wagoner EmgGrow b 62.45 +2.6 +45.7
 MicroCpGr b 49.75 +2.1 +43.0 MidCapGr b 36.47 +2.8 +34.7 PostVent b
 49.26 +2.8 +29.4 Tech b 78.52 +2.7+34.7 Vangyard AdmintTm 10.18 +0.4+
 7.1 AdmLgTm 10.77 +0.6 +12.7 AcLmShTnn 9.93 +0.1 + 4.6 AstAlc 25.63
 +0.9+ 9.8 CAInstLgTm 11.38 +0.2 +10.3 CATxFIns 10.86 +0.1 + 7.9 Capopp d
 33.28 + 0.7 +a8.6 ConvSec 15.52 + 1.7 +17.2 Energy d 28.03 -0.3+28.0
 Eqincome 23.77 +0.4+ 3.9 Explorer 83.04 +1.4 +21.0 FUnstxF 11.08 +0.2+
 8.1 GNIVA 10.01 +0.2+ 6.2 GloPrM d 7.52 -10.3 GloAA d 11.16 +0.2+ 4.2
 GloEq d 14.24 +0.1 + 0.7 Grolm 37.76 +1.4+ 5.3 GroMhEq 20.22 +1.5 +17.1

HiYldCorp d 7.19 +0.3+ 3.1 HithCr cl 124.80 +0.9 +39.2 InfProSec 10.19
+0.1 NA IntTm 9.23 +0.3+ 5.0 ImUSTrs 10A0 +0.4 + 7.0 InflGrow 22.23 -
0.1 - 1.2 IntlVal 27.49 -0.4 - 4.8 LTCorBd 8.21 +0.4+ 6.0 LTTTrs 10.46
+0.5+12.6 LifeCons 15.54 +0.6 + 5.7 LifeGrow 21.96 +0.8+ 4.2 LifaInc
13.25 +0.5+ 6.8 LifeMod 18.73 +0.7 + 5.2 MATaxE 9.58 +0.2+ 8.3 MorgGrow
24.20 +1.4+ 8.8 MuHiYld 10.36 +0.2+ 7.2 MuInsLgT 12.19 +0.2+ 8.5
MuIntTm 13.09 +0.1 + 5.9 MuLgTm 10.76 +0.1 + 8.2 MuLtdTm 10.65 + 39
MuShTm 15.50 + + 30 NJInsLT 11.52 + 0.2 + 78 NYInsLTrm 10.82 + 0 2 +
8.9 OHinsLT 11.51 + 0.1 + 7.8 PAInsLT 10.96 +0.1 + 7.9 PrefStk 8.87
+0.1 + 1.2 Primecap 75.32 +0.8+22.9 REIT d 11.31 -0.4+18.4 STCor 10.51
+0.2+ 4.0 STFd 9.95 +0.1 + 4.5 STTM 10.07 +0.2+ 4B SelValue 11.12
+0.9+11.9 Star 18.65 +0.7 + 9.8 StratgcEq d 18.37 +1.3 + 9.6 TxMgdBald
20.00 +0.7 + 7.6 TxMgclCap d 37.31 + 11 + 9.2 TxMgdGro d 32.97 +1.0+
4.1 TxMgdIntI d 11.08 -0.2- 7.4 TxMgdSmCp d 14.43 +1.0 +14.4 USGrowth
49.26 +1.7+13.2 UtIInc 15.11 +0.5+ 9.9 Wellesin 19.66 +0.2+ 7.3
WelIngtn 28.48 +0.2+ 3.7 Windsor 16.25 +1.0 Winclsor11 26.74 +0.7+ 8.3
Vanguard Index 500 dx 140.33 +1.0+ 4.2 BalIdx 20.97 +0.8+ 5.3 DevMktIdx
9.99 -0.1 NA EuropStk 27.27 +0.1 NA ExtMktIdx 39.12 +1.3+ 83 GrowIdx
40.83 + 1.1 + 3.7 InlPacStk 10.97 -0.5- 10.2 IntTmBcIdx 9.65 +0.3+ 6.1
IntlEmMkt d 10.93 -0.2 -12.5 IntIEqEur 27.26 +0.1 - 5.3 LgTmBdIdx 10.31
+0.5+10.3 MidCap 13.79 +1.4+23.6 ShTmBdIdx 9.79 +0.2 + 47 SmCapGr 13.02
+ 1.3 +44 SmCapIdx 25.19 +1.0+ 716 SmCapVal 9.32 +0.6+13.5 ToBdMktx
9.72+0.3 + 6.2 TotIntlSt 13.19 -0.2- 7.6 TotStMk 34.48 + 1.1 + 4.4
Value 23.28 +0.9+ 4.3 Vanguard Instl DevMktidx 9.92 -0.1 NA ExtMktIdx
39.17 +1.3+ 84 GrowIdx 40.84 + 1.1 + 3.8 IdxInstPI 139.01 +1.0+ 4.3

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

index 138.99 +1.0+ 4.2 MidCapIdx 13.81 +1.3+23.7 PacStkIcIx 10.97 -
0.6 NA

STCor 10.51 +0.2+ 4.1 SmCapIdx 25.21 +1.0+ 7.6 SmCpGrIdx 13.03 +1.3
NA SmCpVIIIdx 9.32 +0.6+13.5 TotBdIcIx 9.72 +0.3+ 6.3 TotStMklx 34.48
+1.1 + 4.5

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TxMGrInc 32.98 +1.0+ 4.2 TxManSmCp d 14.44 +1.0 +14.5 TxMnCpAp d
37.34 +1.2+ 9.2 ValueIdx 23.29 +0.9+ 4.4 Vantagepoint 500Stlxl 12.29
+1.0 + 3.7 500StIx11 11.76 +1.0+ 3.9 Aggrop 17.90 + 1.1 +13.1 AstAlloc
11.12 +0.7+ 6.0 BrMktxl 12.81 + 1.1 + 4.9 Brmktldl 12.26 + 1.1 + 5.0
CorBdlxl x 9.59 -0.2+ 6.2 CorBdlxl1 x 9.61 -0.3+ 6.4 Eqinc 7.63 +0.4+
6.6 GrInc 13.02 + 1.1 + 9.9 Growth 14.99 +1.6 +13.5 Intl 13.05 -0.2 -
52 MdSmIdxl 15.16 +1.5+ 8.9 MdSmIdxlI 14.58 +1.5+ 9.1 OverEIXI 11.69 -
0.2- 8.3 USTrSecs x 9.71 -0.1 + 6.1 Victory Bal A 1 14.53 +0.4+ 4.5
ConvSecs f 15.03 +1.3+20.9 DivrStkA 1 17.90 +0.6 + 6.2 DvsStkG b 17+87
+0.6+ 5.9 EstValue b 32.99+0.3+ 3.3 FundFincA m 12.74 +0.3 + 5.5
FundFincG m 12+74 +0.3 + 5.5 GrowStk 1 26.37 +1.0+ 3.7 Intinc 1 9.27
+0.2 + 4.9 IntlGrG b 15.39 +0.1 -14.6 IntlGroA 1 15.48 +0.2-14.2
InvQualBd f 9.31 +0.3+ 5.3 LtdTmInc 1 9.69 +0.1 + 4.2 NaUlAu A 110.52
+0.1 + 6.9 OHMuniBdA 111.47 +0.2 + 7.0 OHMuniG b 11.45 +0.1 + 7.0
SmCoOppA b 2635 +1.4+177 SmCoOppG 127.03 +1.3 +17.8 SpecValA f 15.58
+1.0+197 StockIdx 1 25.23 +1.0+ 3.7 Value f 17.79 +0.5 + 3.9 Vintage
AggGrow b 22.10 +1.5+19.2 Bal b 16.95 +0.2+ 7.8 EquityS b 24.91 +0.6+
8.7 income x1b 9.68 +0.3+ 6.0 LtcfTmBd xb 9.69 +0.2 + 4.1 MuniBd xb
10.41 + 4.9 Vision LrgCpValA m 1151 +0.6 + 5.3 MidCpStkA m 17.24 +1.5
+24S NYMuInc m 10.05 +0.1 + 7.8 USGovt m 9.14 +0.2+ 5.9 Vontobel IntlEq
24.66 +0.3-12.0 USValue d 14.60 + 0.3+ 2.3 W&R Funds AssetStC m 15.38
+0.3+16.9 IntlGrowC NA NA NA SciTechC m NA NA NA SmCapGrC m NA NA NA
TotalRetC m NA NA NA WM Str Asset Mgmt Bala m 13.99 +0.6+ 6.0 BalB m
13.98 +0.6+ 5.6 ConsGrA m 16.19 +0.7 + 6.4 ConsGrB m 15.85 +0.7+ 5.9
FlexInca m 11.21 +0.4+ 4.5 FlexIncB m 11.21 +0.4+ 4.2 StrGroA m 18.05

+0.8 + 73 StrGrowB m 17.68 +0.7 + 6.7 WM Trust I Class A ConsBal m 9.04
+0.4+ 6.6 EqInc m 14.89 +03+ 4.1 GrFdNwest m 41.17 +1.5 +24.3 GrowInc m
27.03 +0.7 + 6.4 TayEBd m 7.60 +0.3+ 7.5 USGovSec m 10.49 +0.2+ 5.5 WM
Trust I Class B ConsBal m 9.07 + 0.3 + 6.2 EqInc m 14.81 +0.3 + 3.5
GrFdNwest m 38.84 +1.5+23.6 GrowInc m 26.44 +0.7+ 5.8 IjSGovSec m 10.49
+0.3+ 5.0 WM Trust 11 Class A CAMuni m 10.89 + 0.3 + 9.1 Growth m 36.13
+ 1.1 + 3.1 SmCpStk m 30.49 +1.4+19.8 WM Trust 11 Class B CAInsMu m
10.64 +0.1 + 6.4 CAMuni m 10.89 +0.3+ 8.6 Growth m 33.9T + 1.1 + 2.5
SmCpStk m 28.54 +1.3+19.2 WPG Corefld b 9.15 +0.3+ 5.3 Growlm 44.30 +
0.7 + 1.1 QuantEq 5.45 +0.9+ 4.2 Tudor 26.35 +2.6+ 5.0 WWWInter m 37.96
+3.3- 9.6

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

WachoviaBe A 1 15.19 +03+10.5 BeY 15.21 +0.8 +10.7 EmgMktsY 12.39 -

97

EqIclxA 1 27.94 +1.0+ 36 EqIdxY 27.98 +1.0+ 3.8 EquityA f 20.51 +1.1
+12.7 EquityY 20.52 + 1.1 +12.9 FixInA f 9.61 +0.3+ 5.9 FixInY 9.61
+0.4+ 6.1 GAMuniY 10.85 +0.2 + 6.5 GrInCA m 23.61 + 1.1 + 7.3 GrowIncY
23.65 + 1.1 + 7.5 IntFixInY 9.57 +0.2 + 4.8 NCIVuniY 10.96 +0.1 + 6.4
PrsnIEqY 11.92 +1.2+ 7.4 QuanEqA f 24.42 +07 + 1 04 QuanEqY 24.46 +07 +
05 SCMunia If 10.83 +0.1 + 68 SCMuniY 10.83 +0. 1 5 - 9 + b ShTmFixiY
9.61 +0.1 + 44 SpecVaIA f 17.23 +0.4+ 9.3 SpecValY 17.26 +0.4+ 9.4
VAMuniBdY 10.07 +0.1 + 6.5 Waddell & Reed Adw AccumA m 10.46 +1.0+14.6
AssetStrA rn 7.59 +0.4 +16.9 BondA m 6.02 +0.2+ 4.9 ContInc A m 8.26
+0.7+ 6.3 GovtSecA.5.27 +0.4+ 5.9 HiInc A m 8.26 +0.2 - 1.3 HiIncIIA m
3.59 - 2.2 income A rn 9.37 +0.6 +15+3 income B m 9.31 +0.8 NA income Y
9.38 +0.8+15.6 IntlGrowA m 11.96 +0.3-13.4 MuniBondA m 6.82 +0.1 + 7.3
MuniHiInc rn 4.95 +0.2+ 4.5 NewCncptA rn 14.31 + 1.3 + 1.8 NeCncptB rn
1416 + 1.4 NA RetireA m 12.69 +0.7 +16.2 SciTechA m 19.07 +1.9 + 3.5
SciTechB m 18.85 +1.9 NA SciTechY 19.32 +2.0 + 3.6 SmCapA m 14.36
+0.6+16.6 SmCapB

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m NA NA VanguardA m 14.79 +1.4 +20.1 WalIntlix 11.11 +0.1 - 8.7
Wenger IntSmCpAd 39.12 + 1.3- 1.1 USSmCpAdv 19.41 -0.3-10.8 Warburg
Pincus CapAprCmn 34.05 +1.5+16.1 EmMkts 12.40 -0.2-12.6 EmgGrCmn 55.99
+1.8+12.3 EmgGrTr 15.26 + 1.2 NA EmgMktCmn b 10.91 -0.2 -13.2 Fixin
9.82 +0.3 + 4.9 GlHthScCm b 2395 +2.0 +41.0 GIPstVCmn b 32.30 +1.5+19.1
GloFidn 9.84 +0.4+ 2.8 GlobTlCmn b NA NA NA IntMtGov 9.74 +0.2+ 4.8
IntlEq 14.87 +0.3-11.0 IntlEqCmn 23.87 +0.1 -14.0 IntlSmCo b 31.10 +
1.2 + 1+7 JapGroCmn m 15.81 + 1.5-425 JapSmCmn rn 6.90 +13-444
MajForMkt b 17-01 +0.4 - 53 NYIntMu 10.6 +0.1 + 5.7 PostVenCp 22.45
+1.8 +16.6 SmCoGr 27.32 + 1.7 + 4.3 WoGrCmn b 2643 +2.2 +14.2 ValComm
15.14 +0.1 + 4.1 Warburg Pincus Adv AdAntlEq b 23.52 +0.1 -14+3 CapApr
b 33.31 + 1.5 +157 EmgGrow b 53.56 +1.8 +11.9 Value b 15.13 +0.1 + 3.8
Wasatch CoreGr 28.02 + 1.8+22.9 HoisUSTrs 12.26 + 1.0+15.7 MicroCap
6.43 +0.5 +34.2 SmCapGr 34.73 +1.4+19.8 SmCapVal 3.44 +27.9 UltraGr
27.51 +1.6 +28.1 WaynHumGr f 45.27 +0.5 +.3.0 Weitz Fixin 10.72 +0.3 +
4.9 Hickory 27.47 -0.7 -17.5 PartVal 19.87 +0.5+ 8.1 Value 32.80 +0.3 +
6.7 Wells Fargo A AstAlloc 1 25.50 +0.9+ 8.5 CALtdTxF f 10.25 +0.1 +
4.8 CATxF f 11.09 +0.2+ 9.5 COTxF f 10.10 +0.2+ 8.1 DivrEq f 55.07 +0.8
+ 5.7 EqIdx f 89.29 +1.0 + 3.6 EqInc 1 41.82 +0.3- 14 Growth f 2425
+0.9+ 5.4 Id.Alloc m 202 +1.0+ 4.0 IntGovin 1 10.81 +0.4 + 5.9 IntIEq f
16.29 +0.6 - 2.6 LgCoGr f 80.66 +1.4 +14.0 Ufe2010 m 1342 +04 + 3.2
Life2020 m 18.24 +0.8 + 3 7 Life rn 20.29 +0.8 + 3.0 LifeOpp m 10.65
+0.4+ 4.1 NaTxFInc f 9.97 +0.1 + 7.8

Fund Family Dly YTD

Fund Name NAV % Ret. % Ret.

SmCapGr 1 44.49 + 1.1 +13.4 VarRtGovt m 8.95 +0.2 + 41 Wells Fargo B

AstAlc m 15.44 +0.9+ 7.9 CATxF m 11.31 +0.3+ 90 DivrEq m 54.04 +0.8+
 52 EqIdx m 88.84 +1.0+ 3 1 EqInc m 41.70 +0.3- 1.9 EqVal m 11.34 +1.2+
 74 Growth m 16.98 +1.0+ 4 9 IntGovIn m 10.80 +0.3 + 53 Intleq m 16.04
 +0.6- 31 LgCoGr m 75.04 +1.4+136 Life2020 m 15.55 +0.7 + 2.8 Lite2030 m
 17.97 +0.7 + 33 Lite2040 m 19.79 +0.9+ 2.6 SmCapGr m 43.34 + 1.1 +12 7
 Wells Fargo C AstAIoc m 15.49 +0.9+ WFIndxAIC m 27.82 +1.0 + 3A Wells
 Fargo WthGr mp NA NA NA WthGrBal mp NA NA NA Wells Fargo Inst AggBaIEq
 15.21 +0.6+ TS CATxFr 11.12 +0.3 + 9.6 COTaxFr 10.10 +0.2 + 8.0 DiscGr
 14.05 +1.5+166 DivrBond 26.45 +0.5+ 7S DjvrEq 55.07 +0.8 + 5.7
 DivrSmCap 11.44 +0.6+13.9 EqInc 41.83 +0.3- 12 EqVal 13.90 +1.2+ 8.0
 GrBal 33.63 +0.6+ 8.3 GrEq 42.11 +0.9+ 9.9 Growth 28.48 +0.9+ 5.5
 Income 9.13 +0.4+ 55 Index 63.136 +1.0+ 4.0 IntGovtIn 10.81 +0.4 + 61
 Intl 26.32 - 02 IntIEq 16.21 +0.6- 25 LgCoGr 76.00 +1.4+141 LtcIGovIn
 9.42 +0.2 + 4 7 MNIntTxF 9.61 +0.1 + 54 MoClBal 25.12 +0.5+ 7.6
 NaLtTxFr 10.31 + 4.0 NaTxFirc 9.98 +0.2+ 8.0 SmCapGr 45.29 + 1.1 +13.4
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 Stratinc 20.54 +0.4 + TO WesMark Balanced m 11.40 +0.5+11.9 Bond m 9.40
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 18.41 + 1.2 +11.8 Westwood BalR b 12.53 +0.4 + 8.2 EqR b 11.27 +0.4 +
 9.7 SmCap b 23.70 +0.8+123 Whitehall GroInc 16.97 +1.5+236 Growth 26.72
 +2.0+326 Income 9+78 + 1.5 + 4.9 Willan Its SmCaIXt m 20.62 + 1.7 +16.6
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 Incomel d 10.02 +0.2 + 52 IntlGd d 24.76 +0.2+ 30 IntIGrN m 24.72 +0.2+
 2.9 VaIlDiscl d 15.62 +0.4+14 Wilmingto IntIMMgIs 12.03

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 + 0

DayC17/ 430

C18 L THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Hertz Says Earnings Will Fall Short in 2 Quarters

PARK RIDGE, N.J., Aug. 31 (Bloomberg News) - The Hertz Corporation
 warned today that it expects third-quarter and fourth-quarter
 earnings to fall short of analysts' estimates because of competitive
 prices in the car-rental busi- ness and canceled flights at United
 Airlines.

Hertz, the car-rental agency, said it expected third-quarter
 earnings of \$1.30 a share and fourth-quarter earnings of 51 cents a
 share. A First Call/Thomson Financial poll of eight analysts had an
 average estimate of \$1.43 for the third quarter and 63 cents for the
 fourth quarter.

Plans to raise prices on car rentals in the third quarter were
 scuttled by a "very competitive" market, said the company, which is
 based in Park Ridge. In mid-July, Hertz said it would raise United
 States daily, weekend and weekly rates to make up for higher wages and
 car prices. "We'll be looking for the right oppor- tunity to increase
 prices because that's absolutely necessary in the U. S.," said a Hertz
 spokesman, Richard Broome. "Obviously, now is not the right time."

Car rentals were also hurt by a labor dispute that forced the UAL

Corporation's United Airlines to cancel or delay thousands of flights, Mr. Broome said. UAL reached a tentative contract agreement with its pilots union last weekend.

Additional factors included weather-related airport disruptions, higher inter-est rates and unfavorable foreign exchange rates, Hertz said.

Revenue in the United States current business should rise 8 percent for the third quarter and 7 percent for the fourth quarter compared with corresponding periods in 1999, Hertz said. International car rentals should have revenue growth of 8 percent

each quarter, excluding currency effects, Hertz said.

Hertz cut its estimates for revenue growth in equipment rentals, now expecting 11 percent to 13 percent.

Full-year earnings will be about \$3.30 a share, Hertz said. Analysts had expected \$3.49 a share. First-quarter earnings are expected to fall short of the 52 cents a share earned in the first quarter of this fiscal year, the company said.

Hertz operates from about 6,500 sites in the United States and in more than 140 countries. It had revenue of \$4.72 billion last year.

Mortgage Rates Below 8% Again

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31 (Reuters) - The interest rate for 30-year mortgages averaged less than 8 percent this week for a third consecutive week, Freddie Mac said today. The 30-year mortgage rate averaged 7.96 percent, down from 7.99 percent last week.

Freddie Mac also said 15-year mortgage rates stayed below 8 percent for a 12th week, dropping to an average 7.67 percent from 7.72 percent the previous week. Fifteen-year mortgages had not been lower since an average of 7.66 percent in the week of Dec. 31, 1999.

one-year adjustable-rate Mortgages fell to an average 7.27 percent from 7.37 percent last week.

A year ago, 30-year mortgages averaged 7.83 percent; 15-year mortgages, 7.45 percent; and adjustable mortgages, 6.18 percent.

"Housing figures were mixed this month, with existing home sales lower than expected and new home sales higher," Robert Van Order, Freddie Mac chief economist, said.

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The Commerce Department said on Tuesday that new home sales in July rose 14.7 percent to an annual rate of 944,000 units.

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DayC18/ 448

D

L+ D1
SportsFriday
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000
HARVEY ARATON
Sports of The Times
Agassi
Is Absent
In Spirit

THERE are days when an adult goes to work and just doesn't feel like being

there. We all have them, the acceptance of the mind's giving in to distraction and the body's surrender to fatigue. The person in the cubicle next door does better, and you realize you could not do a damn thing about it.

Andre Agassi bombed out of the United States Open yesterday and sounded like he could not do a damned thing about it.

"I'm sorry you lost," someone told him after he fell in straight sets to the Frenchman Arnaud Clement, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. The guy was just being courteous, given the magnitude of the upset and the tumultuous state of Agassi's family life, the breast cancer that has afflicted his mother, Elizabeth, and sister, Tammee.

"Don't be too sorry," said Agassi, quite politely.

While we could only speculate that Agassi played, with a heavy heart, we

watched him maneuver on leaden legs. The man who has smoked the angriest forehands tennis has seen played a shockingly flat-footed match, which you can get away with when you serve aces, the way Pete Sampras does.

What went on him first, mind or body, only Agassi knew, but as he said earlier in the week, "I think the more toll you take on your body, the more difficult it is for you to stay hungry."

This was a distant and defensive Agassi, nothing resembling the tiger who showed up in Harare, Zimbabwe, the first week in February, riding a tidal wave of energy from Melbourne, where he had claimed the Australian Open title. It was his third Grand Slam title in four events. His 30th birthday only weeks away, Agassi had achieved a modern tennis miracle, reinventing himself, better than ever, at an age most peers were on the way out, if not already gone.

A few of us covering that Davis Cup event, John McEnroe's debut as captain, watched Agassi practice that week - shirtless, of course - at the Harare Sports Center, and

Ozier Muhammad

Andre Agassi

everyone had the same reaction to Andre Agassi how ferociously Agassi was

striking the ball. Even McEnroe was amazed, and he was the guy who said, after being confronted by teenage hairball in 1986 at Stratton Mountain, Vt., "I've never seen anyone hit it so hard." Unfortunately for Agassi, the last we saw of him after he won his second match in Harare's heat and thin air, he was doubled over, vomiting into a flowerpot. He went home under medical supervision, and that was the breaking of his wave. "That's not an opinion," he agreed. "All you have to do is look at the results. I had a couple of semis, and that's it."

Throughout Agassi's career, he has played to extremes, going way beyond the proverbial bad stretch to the complete bottoming out. "When

I'm in it, I go hard," he said, before opining, half-jokingly, that he has lasted this long because "I take off every other year."

Lightweight critics have made a constant target of Agassi for not meeting their

451 / D1Day

expectations of what his career should be, for not being Sampras. Yet Agassi always seemed to be a more complex personality, with a taxing baseline style that made the early retiree out of no less a champion than Bjorn Borg.

Sampras compared Agassi's family situation to his playing through the illness and passing of his coach, Tim Gullikson. Who can say how these things affect people, on any given day? Yesterday, 17-year-old Jelena Dokic easily won her match 24 hours after her father was physically removed from the premises. Maybe Agassi's family situation weighed him down. Maybe it contributed, less than Clement, to a bad day at the office. Maybe it was just one of those late after- noons when Agassi stepped into the energy-challenged Arthur Ashe Stadium to feel the humid air and the blazing sun and soon knew in his heart, mind and legs that the guy across the net was going to do better.

"I don't think he came in here with the expectation of being able to impose his will on his opponents," said Perry Rogers, Agassi's business manager and close friend. "He hasn't had the best summer."

Physically and emotionally, Rogers agreed. Agassi's commitment for the Olympics remains firm, Rogers said, but then, so was his promise to play the full year of Davis Cup, until the summer turned cold and he backed out on McEnroe last month in Spain.

He's 30, and when he doesn't feel like going to work, he is rich enough not to have to. Agassi left the United States Open yesterday, traded by his entourage, including Steffi Graf, and he seemed to take with him the aging athlete's blessing and his curse. The perspective on how defeat should fit into his life.

The New York Times

U.S.

OPEN

Agassi is Unable to Defend Against Clément By SELENA ROBERTS

There was the sound of camera shutters madly clicking like a playing card in a bicycle spoke, but the zoom lenses captured no hint of emotion in the dark brown eyes of Andre Agassi.

There were delicately worded questions about the recent disclosure concern- ing the diagnosis of breast cancer in his mother last year and in his sister last month, but the inquiries barely caused a rumple in the deep creases of Agassi's forehead.

He was understandably detached, unmoved and monotone in his responses. Instead of a public catharsis, Agassi chose to keep what he was feeling inside. It was the same way on the stage of Arthur Ashe Stadium. When his opponent, Arnaud Clément, peered through his wraparound shades, he could see an unfo- cused defending United States Open champion across the net.

Associated Press

Toweling off just was not enough to revive Andre Agassi's game yesterday.

He was not himself. Normally, Agassi's reflexes are quick, his instincts have

an edge and the crafty angles of his shots appear choreographed by a pool shark. Normally, when he stands to return serve, he shuffles his feet before pouncing on the ball. Normally, he wouldn't go down like this.

But this was the un-Agassi yesterday. In the end, Clément, who is ranked 37th in the world, seized upon Agassi's distracted performance on his way to a

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straight-set upset of the Open's top-seeded player, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. With second-seeded Gustavo Kuerten having been undone on

Continued on Page D4

INSIDE

Vincent Laforet / The New York Times

Distractions and all,

Jelena Dokic advances

to the third round. PAGE D4

Ozier Muhammad / The New York Times

Arnaud Clément, ranked 37th in the world, was on top of his game yesterday

against top-seeded Andre Agassi. At Last,

First Place

The idle Mets moved a half-game ahead of Atlanta in the N.L. East last night. The last time the Mets had sole possession of first place in September was Sept. 3, 1990.

Page D6

Numbers Aside, Jeter Still Measures Up

By BUSTER OLNEY

The competitive, cutting remarks between them are few and always good-

natured, Alex Rodriguez says about the conversations with his good friend Derek Jeter. The short stops are like brothers and even the most loving brothers push each other inherently, the presence of one driving the other.

When the friends talk these days, the Seattle Mariners shortstop could slip in a little dig about power production, if he wanted he has got a lot of home runs and runs batted in, and Jeter does not.

Jeter's numbers for the Yankees are down this year, almost across the board. He received the votes for most valuable player last year, and Rodriguez will this year.

But Rodriguez might be wise to refrain from flaunting his numbers too much, because Jeter could always dredge up the R-word: Rings. Championship rings. Jeter already has three and the Yankees are steadily pursuing a fourth.

"If we win, they can have more home runs and more R.B.I.," Jeter said, referring to Rodriguez and Boston's Nomar Garciaparra, his most

celebrated shortstop peers. "As long as I have the rings. That's what you play for. Numbers are great, but you want to put up the numbers that are going to help your team win, and you can help your team win in more ways than hitting home runs and having a lot of R.B.I."

Jeter is not hitting many home runs this year: 12, half of what he hit last year. He has 61 R.B.I., after driving in 102 in 1999. His slugging percentage is .468, down from .552 last year. He made two errors

Continued on Page D8

Associated Press

Derek Jeter infuses the Yanks with energy, professionalism and joy. Gerasch Dreams

In the Wake

of Frustration

Mark Simon/Black Star for The New York Times

Sylvia Gerasch's career has included world records, doping trials and the

reunification of her country.

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By ALAN MAIMON

BERLIN Aug. 31 - At the European swimming championships in Helsinki, Finland, Sylvia Gerasch shared a locker room last month with swimmers who were not yet born when she first broke a world record in the 100-meter breast-stroke in 1984.

Undaunted by her youthful competition, the 31-year-old Gerasch outswam all but Agnes Kovac of Hungary in the 100 to secure a silver medal in the last warm-up meet before her improbable first trip to the Olympic Games in Sydney, Australia, in September.

"Sylvia is like a good wine - she gets better with age," said the German women's national coach, Achim Jedansky.

To qualify for the Olympics in the 100 at the German trials in June, Gerasch needed to swim a time under 1 minute 9.97 seconds, something she had not done since 1993. She did, and now she will become the oldest German swimmer to compete at the Olympics, where she hopes to end the frustration that has haunted her through world records, suspensions, feuds with coaches, doping trials and the reunification of her country.

One of the premier breaststrokers of the 1980's, Gerasch appeared destined to end her international

The Road

To Sydney

OLYMPIC PROFILE

career, which began in East Germany in 1982, without Olympic participation. "Something always came between me and the Olympics," she said in an inter-

view last month in Berlin. "I always had the ambition, but it wasn't something I obsessed about.

"I just kept swimming and hoping that one day the chance would come."

Gerasch (pronounced GAY-rosh) attributes the peaks and valleys of her career to a stubborn streak she developed as an adolescent. "I've never been one to do something just because I'm told to do it," she said.

This aversion to authority first appeared when Gerasch, as a 16-year-old, chose to sabotage a blossoming career rather than conform to the political expectations of the East German state. When the pressure to join the Socialist Party in the mid-1980's became too much, she deliberately stopped swimming well.

But her headstrong nature also helped her revive her dormant career in the 1990's, first as her own coach and then as a member of the German national team. Despite an unusual two-year suspen-

Continued on Page D5

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D2 L

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Shea in Need of Victories for Rutgers and His Job

By JOE LAPOINTE

PISCATAWAY, N.J., Aug. 31 - In Row 37, at the top of the aisle between

Sections 101 and 103 of the Rutgers football stadium, small pieces of broken concrete rested on the steps at the base of a metal handrail. Workers recently drilled and replaced defective grouting

there and elsewhere to secure the railings more firmly. The problem was widespread and unexpected in a stadium that was built in 1994.

While men in hard hats worked beneath a walkway leading to the "high seats on Wednesday, Robert " Mulcahy, the Rutgers athletic director, said spectator safety would not

be compromised when the Scarlet Knights opened their season here Saturday against Villanova.

"We've had structural engineers and architects in here," said Mulcahy, who added that the university was suing the construction company for cost of the repairs. "I have no concern about the stadium now."

There is concern about the football team. After a 1-10 season last year, Coach Terry Shea, beginning his fifth season here, is thought to be under pressure to produce his first winning record or find another job.

"Once the season starts, I support whatever coach it is and we do the evaluation at the end of the year," Mulcahy said. "My position is clear.

We have to improve game by game, practice by practice. Is it fair to say the pressure is on? "Yes."

The sounds of the laborers' voices and tools carried out to the practice field next door as background to the voice of Shea, who called an angry finish to a sloppy practice. Unless his offense gets focused, Shea shouted to his players, "we will set an all-time record Saturday night for delay of game."

The coach discussed the challenge when he met with reporters on the field after practice.

"We do not have players who know how to win at the major college level yet," Shea said. "This program hasn't won. It didn't win before I got here. This is our year to get it done."

Another omen for the coming season affected Shea personally and professionally. His son, Garrett, a defensive back, had been one of team's best players in 1998 when Rutgers went 5-6 and Shea was voted coach of the year in the Big East. Garrett missed the 1999 season with nerve damage in his shoulder, but was expected to return this fall.

Doctors told him this summer, however, that his football career is over. It left the coach with another hole in his lineup as well as an ache in his heart.

"It was very emotional to see your son and one of our key players not have the chance to play a sport that he passionately loves," Shea said. "I only know we need more of those

kind of players on this football team."

The players have enthusiasm, but there are doubts about the depth, health and quality of the personnel. Quarterback Mike McMahon is back from shoulder surgery after playing only five games last season. He hurt the right side, the one he throws with, when scoring a touchdown. Now, he said: "It feels good. It feels

455 / D2Day

like it's getting better every day."

McMahon is 6 feet 3 inches and 215 pounds, a classic build for the position,

and he comes from western Pennsylvania, an area that has produced quarterbacks like Joe Montana, Joe Namath and Dan Marino. McMahon said he had other options but came to Rutgers because Shea was so persuasive and it was a chance to help establish a new Division I-A football power in the East.

"I don't know if he feels pressure," McMahon said of Shea. "It's kind of been said that if he doesn't get six wins, he's out of here,

which I think is a ridiculous statement because it takes time to turn a program around."

Another key player, Thomas Petko, will be the nose tackle in the new 3-4 defensive alignment. He came to Rutgers on a wrestling scholarship and was a walk-on for the football team. Petko spoke with confidence and enthusiasm.

"We have the ability to win games," Petko said. "Coach Shea is on a mission." Associated Press

Coach Terry Shea, left, with Robert Mulcahy, the Rutgers athletic director, is

hoping for more winning moments this season. Calendar

TODAY'S RADIO / TV

Auto Racing 3:30 RM. Nascar Pepsi Southern 500, qualifying, Darlington, S.C. ESPN2 Baseball

7:05 RM. Minnesota at Yankees WABC-AM 770, MSG

8:00 P.M. Atlanta at Houston TBS

8:10 RM. Mets at St. Louis WFAN-AM 660, CH11

Boxing 9:00 RM. Robert Allen vs. Aaron Mitchell, middleweights, San Juan,

New Mexico ESPN2

Golf 1:00 P.M. L.R.G.A. Rail Classic, first round, Springfield, Ill. ESPN2

4:00 RM. PGA Air Canada Championship, second round, Surrey, British Columbia ESPN

Harness Racing 7:40 P.M. Yonkers CH71

Thoroughbred Racing 5:30 RM. Saratoga, taped (racing begins at 1:00

RM

and features the Spinaway Stakes) FSNY

Soccer 8:30 RM. U.S. Women's Team vs. Brazil, San Jose, Calif. ESPN

Tennis 11:00 A.M. U.S. Open, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens USA

7:30 P.M. U.S. Open, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens USA

12:37 A.M. U.S. Open, highlights, taped CH2 Track and Field

7:30 RM. I.S.T.A.F. Golden League Series, Berlin, taped ESPN

THIS WEEK

HOME FRI. SAT. SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THU.

AWAY 9/1 9/2 9/3 9/4 9/5 9/6 9/7

YANKEES MIN MIN MIN KC KC KC KC

7:05 P.M. 4:35 P.M. 1:05 P.M. 8:05 P.M. 8:05 P.M. 8:05 P.M. 8:05

P.M.

MSG MSG MSG MSG MSG MSG MSG

METS STL STL STL CIN CIN CIN

8:10 P.M. 1:15 P.M. 2:10 P.M. 1:15 P.M. 7:05 P.M. 12:35 P.M.

CH11 CH5 CH11 FSNY FSNY

METROSTARS MIA MIA

7:30 P.M. 7:30 P.M.

FSNY FSNY

GIANTS JETS

ARIZONA 1:00 P.M. GREEN BAY 4:15 P.M.

DayD2/ 456

SUNDAY CH5 SUNDAY CH2

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also be purchased from Ticketmaster: (212) 307-7171, (201) 507-8900, (631) 888-9000, (914) 454-3388.

CYCLING

Accident Slows Armstrong, but He'll Ride at Olympics

By SAMUEL ABT

PARIS, Aug. 31 - "Very banged up" but with no major damage found by doc-

tors, Lance Armstrong, the American who won his second successive Tour de France this summer, was resting at his home in Nice today after he was hit by a car during a training ride.

"There is nothing broken or serious," he reported on his Web site, www.lancearmstrong.com. He was otherwise unavailable for comment.

"I had a helmet on so we're safe there, but I'm off the bike for two days or so," he said.

Dan Osipow, director of operations for Armstrong's U.S. Postal Service team, confirmed that the rider "was not hurt seriously" after the head-on crash on Tuesday. It occurred as Armstrong was descending a hill in the countryside near Nice with two American teammates, Tyler Ham-

ilton and Frankie Andreu.

Hamilton was also knocked down by the car, but, also writing on the Web, said, "I made it through relatively unscathed." He scraped an elbow and knee. "Frankie didn't crash at all, thankfully," he added.

Hamilton said the three were on a mountain road, descending through some hairpin turns, when "a speeding car appeared out of nowhere."

"The car drove straight into Lance, but luckily his bike took most of the impact," he wrote. "Lance went flying off the bike and tumbled down the road."

After Armstrong went to the hospital, the team reported, X-rays to his back and neck proved negative.

Johan Bruyneel, Armstrong's team director, said: "There isn't a concussion. It's important that he completely rests for several days."

He added that the rider's program for September remains unchanged. Although Armstrong was scheduled to ride in at least one more European race, the Grand Prix des Nations, his major goal for the rest of the year is the time trial championship at the Olympic Games in Sydney, Australia, this month.

Armstrong, 28, will also ride in the road race there, but has said he will primarily be assisting another teammate, George Hincapie.

This was the second notable accident this year for the Tour de France champion. In May, while he was training in the Pyrenees, his bicycle hit a pothole on a descent and he went flying over the handlebars. He was taken to a hospital in Lourdes for tests, which proved negative. After he skipped a scheduled race and rested at home, Armstrong returned to action and two months later won the Tour for the second time.

FOOTBALL after dark

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Sunday NFL Countdown at 11:00 AM ET

NFL PrimeTime presented by Miller Lite, Sundays at 7:30 PM ET Monday Night Countdown at 7:30 PM ET

The NFL on ESPN Radio, Sundays 11:00 AM-7:00 PM ET

EPSN

SUNDAY

NIGHT

FOOTBALL

ESPN Sunday Night Football

Titans vs. Bills at 8:30 PM ET

DayD2/ 458

L+ D3 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 PRO FOOTBALL
N.F.L. MATCHUPS Week 1

By MIKE FREEMAN

SUNDAY 1 P.M.

Arizona (6-10) at Giants (7-9)

CARDINALS

2-0

Record

vs. Giants

in 1999

NY

GIANTS

34.5

Strahan's

sacks, last 3

seasons

Cardinals quarterback Jake Plummer has 11 fourth-quarter comebacks
in 36

career starts. His sometimes-electrifying play has made him one of
the best young throwing talents in the game. But because of a bad thumb
and even worse deci- sions, he tossed 24 interceptions last season.
Looking to rebound immediately, he should pick apart a weak Giants
secondary. But the Giants hold on in a high- scoring game because
defensive end Michael Strahan will have three sacks and quarterback
Kerry Collins will throw for more than 300 yards.

Giants, 35-28

Baltimore (8-8) at Pittsburgh (6-10)

RAVENS

4-0

Record in

preseason

STEELERS

8,803

rushing yards

over past 4

seasons

This game is perfect for Baltimore's excellent defense. Kent Graham
is a solid

passer, but his wide receivers are young. Because the Steelers'
offensive chem- istry might be off, the team will be susceptible to the
blitz - and the Ravens love to blitz. Middle linebacker Ray Lewis, who
got through a murder trial mostly unscathed, wants to take out on
opponents the pain of what he feels was an unfair prosecution.
Quarterback Tony Banks will have a better game, and better season, than
many think.

Ravens, 28-14

Carolina (8-8) at Washington (10-6) PANTHERS

192.5

Reggie

White's

career sacks

REDSKINS

459 / D3Day

171

Bruce

Smith's

career sacks

The Redskins have more big-time players than an N.B.A. All-Star Game. The

problem with possessing all that talent is getting it all to mesh. There will be rough spots early in this game and early in the season. The Panthers might actually jump to a 10-6 halftime lead. But eventually all that talent will kick in, and the people who made the Redskins so good last year - quarterback Brad Johnson, running back Stephen Davis and wide receiver Michael Westbrook - will dominate a weak Panthers defense.

Redskins, 25-13

Chicago (6-10) at Minnesota (10-6)

BEARS

7

Sacks vs.

Vikings

in 1999

VIKINGS

95

Points over

past two

seasons

Please, everyone, relax about the Vikings' quarterback situation.

Daunte

Culpepper will be just fine. He can throw to the Hall-of-Famer Cris Carter and the brilliant Randy Moss. There will be bumps for Culpepper, but few quarterbacks have failed in Dennis Green's offensive system. Besides, to slow down Minnesota, a team has to have a great running game, and Chicago's Curtis Enis does not qualify.

Vikings, 28-17

Detroit (8-8) at New Orleans (3-13)

LIONS

8

Fewest

fumbles lost in

N.F.L. in '99

SAINTS

1-3

Record in

preseason

Runningback James Stewart is the key Before he signed with the Lions as a

free agent, Stewart had 13 rushing touchdowns for Jacksonville last season. In preseason he has displayed the kind of quickness and power Detroit had hoped for. He will stabilize what has been a chaotic situation with quarterback Charlie Batch, who is still recovering from a broken leg. His status as starter is still to be determined, and that delay always throws off game plans. Still, the Lions survive.

Lions, 24-10

Indianapolis (13-3) at Kansas City (9-7) COLTS

41

DayD3/ 460

Completions of 25 or more years in '99 CHIEFS 23017 Record in opening games

This game will let the Colts know early the challenge that lies ahead. Knowing Indianapolis is a strong Super Bowl favorite, every team will play its best against the Colts. The Chiefs finished the preseason 0-4 but have won 8 of their last 10 regular-season games at home. Quarterback Peyton Manning wins this one in the final seconds.

Colts, 20-17 GAME
OF WEEK THE SUNDAY 8:20 P.M.
at
BUFFALO

Tennessee Buffalo
13-3 11-5

Buffalo begins an extremely difficult first half of the season by playing nine

teams that made last season's playoffs. This, of course, is a rematch of the "Music City Miracle," which was Tennessee's last second kickoff runback in the playoffs last year that won the wild-card playoff game against the Bills. Though Buffalo plays well at home, the Titans won't stumble, mainly because the Bills don't have the run defense to stop Eddie George, who had 1,304 yards rushing last season. In the preseason it has sometimes taken four defenders to bring him down.

Titans, 28-21 Titans running back Eddie George
Agence France-Presse
TITANS

35%

Third-down efficiency last season BILLS
4-0

Home record on Sunday nights SUNDAY 1 P.M.
Jacksonville (14-2) at Cleveland (2-14) JAGUARS
15-4

Record in past
19 division
games

BROWNS

BROWNS

461 / D3Day

220

Fewest first

downs in

N.F.L. in '99

Biggest mismatch of the weekend. The Browns have no chance, especially

because quarterback Tim Couch, their savior, is playing poorly. Quarterback Mark Brunell should have a healthy set of statistics after this one, even though Courtney Brown, the No. 1 overall pick, might get to him a time or two.

Jaguars, 28-6

San Francisco (4-12) at Atlanta (5-11)

49ERS

180

Jerry Rice's

touchdowns

FALCONS

-17

Turnover

differential

last season

The 49ers are fighting to avoid finishing last in the division, with the Falcons

are fighting to get back into the playoffs. San Francisco is young and not very talented. Jeff Garcia is the first 49ers quarterback other than Joe Montana or Steve Young to start Week 1 since 1980. If

preseason is any indication, and it most likely is, Garcia will be good for about two interceptions this game.

Falcons, 17-10

Tampa Bay (11-5) at New England (8-8)

BUCCANEERS

12.5

Warren

Sapp's sacks

in '99

PATRIOTS

5-0

Record in

last 5

openers

There should not be much suspense in who wins: the Buccaneers will, of

course. What will be interesting is how well the offense blends with wide receiver Keyshawn Johnson. During one preseason game, the Buccaneers ran the same play seven times - a running play. Bland, bland, bland. But the team will open things up against New England, and Johnson will be the focal point. Will the team implode once Johnson begins demanding the ball? That is Tampa Bay's biggest question as the team makes a Super Bowl run.

Buccaneers, 19-7

MONDAY 9 P.M.

Denver (6-10) at St. Louis (13-3) **BRONCOS**

11-5

Record

in last 16

DayD3/ 462

vs. N.F.C.

RAMS

8

Defensive

TD's in 1999

There will be times this season when the Rams feel the crush of being the

defending Super Bowl champions. But not this game. On the surface, this seems a close matchup, but the Broncos don't have the speed to keep up with St. Louis on that slick artificial surface, Terrell Davis has bravely made the comeback from torn knee ligaments, but few players come back from those injuries quickly. Davis won't be his old self, so Denver will be forced to rely on quarterback Brian Griese, who is extremely inconsistent. This might be a blowout.

Rams, 30-21

SUNDAY 4:05 P.M.

Jets (8-8) at Green Bay (8-8)

JETS

174.4

Passing yards

per game last

season

PACKERS

126

Brett Favre's

consecutive

starts

Brett Favre did the right thing this week. He rested his tired throwing elbow,

even though there is still a question of when his elbow problems will fire up again. Most likely that won't happen against the Jets. Actually, both the Packers and the Jets have problems at quarterback. Vinny Testaverde saw little action in preseason, which will surely affect his timing as well as his endurance. Because Favre is at home, he wins the battle.

Packers, 20-13

Philadelphia (5-11) at Dallas (8-4)

EAGLES

46

N.F.L.'s most

takeaways in 1999

COWBOYS

129

Rushing

touchdowns

in 1999

Donovan McNabb finished the preseason with an 89.7 passer rating.

The rest

of the N.F.C. East should be getting a little nervous. The second-year quarterback is starting to get a good feel for the game. Throw in the talented runner Duce Staley, who accounted for 40.9 percent of the team's offense last season, and Philadelphia could end up steamrolling an aging Dallas team.

Eagles, 21-6

San Diego (8-8) at Oakland (8-8) CHARGERS

463 / D3Day

5-3

Record vs.

A.F.C. West

in 1999

RAIDERS

3-1

Record in

last 4 home

games

Quarterback Ryan Leaf gets the start for the Chargers as his rebirth begins.

Known more for being a crybaby than a professional thrower, maybe Leaf can turn his career around. If that does happen, it won't start against the Raiders. Their secondary is solid, so Leaf is likely to throw one or two interceptions. Oakland sticks to its excellent ground game and wears down the Chargers.

Raiders, 15-7

Seattle (9-7) at Miami (9-7)

SEAHAWKS

88

Average

rushing yards

in 1999

DOLPHINS

8

Consecutive

home-opener

victories

Perhaps the toughest game to call because both teams are so even.
The edge

probably goes to the Dolphins because they are at home and play so well in sea- son openers. Also, Seattle quarterback Jon Kitna was disappointing in preseason.

Dolphins, 21-14

Jets Say the Secondary

Is No Longer a Sieve

By JUDY BATTISTA

HEMPSTEAD, N.Y., Aug. 31 - The grueling extended practices during the bye

week may have left some of the Jets grumbling about the rigors of Camp Groh, but safety Victor Green was delighted with the results.

After a surprisingly shaky preseason for the secondary - it yielded a big play in each of the four games and gave up an average of 248 passing yards a game - Green said he is comfortable with the unit that seemed to be the team's biggest concern entering the season opener Sunday against the Packers and their gun- slinger quarterback, Brett Favre.

"We helped ourselves a lot," Green said. "It gave us a chance to come togeth- er collectively. It definitely got us better than we were in the four previous games. This is going to be a big week testing our defense. I feel 100 percent better than I did after the last preseason game. I don't think we were near where we needed to be. Having that bye week and being able to get going over things, I feel a lot bet- ter. We can be really good. At every position, we have guys who can wreck havoc."

The Giants torched the Jets' secondary for three passing touchdowns in their preseason game, and the Jets gave up six passing touchdowns in all. The prob- lems are myriad. Cornerback Aaron Glenn missed a large part of training camp

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with a sprained ankle and did not play in the last two games. The rotation designed to select a starting free safety from a trio of backups - Kevin Williams won the job - meant a new face every few plays. Omar Stoutmire, who started five games last season, was so lackluster in his effort to retain the free safety spot that he was cut.

Coach Al Groh has not elaborated on what he thought the trouble was beyond saying that he wanted to see the secondary perform more crisply. He attributed the improvement Green cited to using the extra week to concentrate on the regu- lar-season game plan.

But cornerback Marcus Coleman said there was miscommunication among the players that was addressed within the group.

"Everything is patched up," Coleman said. "Whatever misunderstandings we may have had have gotten settled. It's just like in everyday life. Things come up. You've got to fix them. It's like a family thing. Something is wrong with the fami- ly, you sit down and talk about it at the dinner table. We sat around the din-

Bracing for the
Packers' Brett Favre
after a preseason of
pratfalls.

ner table, talked about it and got it fixed."

With Favre expected to play despite missing three preseason games with

elbow tendinitis, the pressure will be on the secondary to justify, its confidence. It made the Packers backup Matt Hasselbeck look like

Favre in their preseason meeting, allowing him to complete 11 of 15 passes for 162 yards and two touchdowns. Coleman, who emerged last season with a team-leading six interceptions and 24 passes defended, VMS victimized on one of the touchdowns by the rookie receiver Charles Lee a seventh-round pick from Central Florida, who broke away from Coleman down the sideline for a 31-yard touchdown reception.

"The things that happened were fundamentals and little mistakes," Williams said. "That's what the preseason is for. We know we can't ease up on certain plays. I have not any less confidence in these guys. I know these are good guys we have."

EXTRA POINTS

Players voted quarterback VINNY TESTAVERDE and linebackers MO LEWIS and BRYAN COX the team's captains. ... Receiver YATIL GREEN, a former Dolphins first-round draft pick, is happy to have landed on the Jets' practice squad, given his history of season-ending injuries. Green said he hopes his stay on the practice squad is brief. "I felt the best opportunity was coming back here," Green said. "I don't have any complaints. With my knees, now that the regular season is here and we don't practice as much, I can get my legs back." ... AL GROH says the hostile atmosphere of Lambeau Field, where the Packers are 53- 8 over the last seven seasons, provides the Jets with a unique opportunity. "For a team to have to go in there and under those kinds of circumstances against a quality opponent, it has the potential to be more than a game," Groh said. "It has the potential to pull a team together. To go into some place that's not a sellout, not a traditional opponent, would not have the potential to do that to a team. I hope we bring that potential to fruition."

Peter Is Keeping Focus

On Remaining a Starter

By RAFAEL HERMOSO

EAST RUTHERFORD, N.J., Aug. 31 - In his fourth year with the Giants, 465 / D3Day

Christian Peter has finally attained the security of a starting job. Just do not tell him that he is under any less pressure.

After practice today, Peter said that the second he fouls up, "I'm not going to be the starter." The defensive tackle probably has more slack than that.

Peter inherited the tackle position from Robert Harris, whom the Giants released during the off-season, and Peter responded with a strong preseason that included two sacks.

Peter has a history in opening games. Last season he recovered a fumble in the season opener and ran 38 yards for a touchdown against the Buccaneers at Tampa Bay.

This season, with little depth at defensive tackle, the Giants are taking a gamble. Keith Hamilton is a fixture. He has started 54 consecutive games for the Giants since 1996. But the team decided to make the rookie Cornelius Griffin strictly a backup defensive end, and, that leaves George Williams and Ryan Hale as the backup tackles. They have a combined 12 career tackles in 3 seasons.

That lack of depth could hamper an attempt by the Giants' defense to return to glory. Long known as the team's strength, the defense has buckled the last two seasons and has raised questions this preseason.

Peter acknowledged that the defense feels pressure.

"Absolutely," he said. "We know we can be a dominant defense, but we have to prove ourselves week after week. I think we've proved that we're a solid defense. We've been dominant. We just have to be more consistent."

The defense has taken a steady downturn since Coach Jim Fassel's first sea- son in 1997. After finishing third in the league against the run in 1997 by allow- ing 90.7 yards a game, the Giants have struggled to maintain that high standard the last two seasons. In 1998, the Giants were 23rd against the run (125.3 yards) and last season they were 13th (97.5 yards).

"There were times last year I thought we played really good defensively," said the defensive coordinator, John Fox. "For most 7-9 teams

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in the league, it's not consistently enough."

Much of last year's defense featured Peter at tackle because of injuries to

Harris. In the 10 games Harris did not play, opponents averaged 108.3 yards rushing.

Harris missed the final games with a broken fibula and a sprained fight ankle.

The Giants finally released him during the off-season, partly because of chronic injuries and also for salary-cap considerations.

Dixon Expected to Play

Ron Dixon, a wide receiver-kick returner, spent most of practice today lean- ing on his right knee, watching his teammates do drills from the sideline. He was dressed in pads but wore red sneakers instead of spikes and walked with a limp as he carried his helmet across the field.

The Giants still believe that Dixon will be able to play Sunday against Arizona, although he has not practiced since he cut his right heel at the start of practice Wednesday when a teammate stepped on the back of his foot during a special teams drill.

Dixon, a third-round draft pick, asserted himself during training camp and was arguably the brightest surprise among the rookies.

With the exception of a game, at Jacksonville, in which he dropped two punts, Dixon excelled as a kick returner and won the fourth receivers job.

DayD3/ 466

He returned a kickoff 90 yards for a touchdown against Baltimore last Friday. On Sunday, he is expected to return kicks and be featured on four receiver plays. "Dixon's going to be fine," Jim Fassel said. "Everything says for the game he's fine."

Team Leaders

The Giants players voted for their captains. Jessie Armstead and - Michael Strahan were selected on defense and Kerry Collins and lineman Ron Stone were picked on offense.

Lomas Brown was selected as the "special captain," a player teammates admire, Jim Fassel said.

Brown is a 15-year lineman.

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D4 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

U.S. OPEN

Vincent Laforet / The New York Times

Serena Williams showing her power during yesterday's second-round match.

She needed less than an hour to defeat Nadejda Petrova, 6-3, 6-2.

Agassi Simply Unable to Defend Against Clément

Continued from First Sports Page

Tuesday, it will mark the first time in the Open Era, which began in 1968,

that the top two seeded players will not advance to the third round.

Agassi was out, and the dream semi-final against Pete Sampras was over. As Agassi exited from the stadium to sympathetic applause, he waved, signed an autograph and briskly departed like a man with more important issues to handle. "He is a tennis player fueled by his heart, emotions, beliefs and those he holds dearest to his heart," said Gil Reyes, Agassi's friend and trainer for 10 years.

"When all is not well, you can see it in his actions.

"He is like every human being. We all have issues that we carry deep within.

Usually, it stays inside of Andre until he has it sorted out. Right now, I think he's in the process of sorting it out."

Yesterday, playing didn't seem at all therapeutic for Agassi. Not that anyone could have helped pull him through, but the popular player's support group was thin on size. While the suites were filled, there was a vast ring of empty blue seats at the top of Arthur Ashe Stadium. At the same time, there were lines filled with Anna Kournikova fans forming to get into Louis Armstrong Stadium.

They had to get their Kournikova fix. Kournikova fed their addictions - and ended their fears of a second round exit - by cutting down her errors to erase a series of early service breaks. The instant she dismissed Sandra Kleinova, 6-4, 6-1, there was a sigh of relief on the grounds.

Although Serena Williams advanced to the third round in less than an hour last night, the afternoon was inundated with deep exhales by a couple of top women. Fourth-seeded Mary Pierce had to regroup after a series of careless fore-hands and mishandled volleys caused her to drop the second set against the youngest of the flying Maleeva sisters. But Magdalena, the sibling of Manuela and Katerina, could not sustain her run of five second-set aces, and Pierce went on to close her out, 7-5, 2-6, 6-1.

Second-seeded Lindsay Davenport also had a scare. For the entire first set, the nimble Kim Clijsters ran down Davenport's heavy ground strokes, transferred that incoming power into blistering passing shots and had her slower opponent on a futile chase around the court. But as Clijsters's drop-shots began to sit up too high, when she couldn't combat Davenport's rise in intensity, she left worn and defeated, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2. "It's a Grand Slam," said Davenport,

who fought off a break point in the third game of the second set, then ran off five games in a row. "I mean, I wasn't ready to walk out yet."

Agassi left almost eagerly. Moments after his match, he walked into the inter-view room, listened to the questions and dispersed short replies. When asked if his heart was in the match, he said flatly, "Yeah, very much." When asked if his recent back injury hampered his movement, he said, "No." After being asked at what point he found out that his mother and sister were ill, he said, "When it happened."

Earlier in the week, and for the first and only time, he did discuss the health of his sister, Tammee, and his mother, Elizabeth, during an interview with the

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CBS tennis analyst Mary Carillo. At one point, he talked about how difficult it was to maintain his concentration.

Yesterday, that was evident. An initial hit of adrenaline - which left him up 2-0 in the first set - quickly petered out. On break point in the eighth game of the first set, Agassi failed to get his feet in position for a forehand that careened into the net. By the end of the first set, Agassi had lost 14 of 17 points.

"For sure he can't play a great match today," said Clément, whom Agassi credited for his ability to finish off the big points. "He did a lot of

mistakes. Me, I don't think about him. I just think about me."

It sounded cold. But few could blame him. Agassi's issues were his own. "He'll work it out," Reyes said. "He's a strong person."

Agassi is a soul-searcher by nature. Through his many incarnations - from the rock-star blond, to the Zen friend of Barbra Streisand, from an everyman dealing with his failed marriage to Brooke Shields, to a 30-year-old with perspective - Agassi's career has fluttered up and down according to his personal life. When he's at peace, he's at his best.

Yesterday, even if his remarks were unrevealing, his play gave a transparent look into his soul.

"It's not easy to set aside everything and play," Reyes said. "He's going through a lot right now."

MATCH POINTS

In the men's second-round matches, seventh-seeded THOMAS ENQVIST beat CHRIS WOODRUFF, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2; ninth-seeded LLEYTON HEWITT quickly dispatched the Frenchman JULIEN BOUTTER, 7-6 (6), 6-4, 6-4, and 11th seeded TIM HENMAN had no trouble with FERNANDO GONZALEZ in a straight set victory. But sixth-seeded YEVGENY KAFELNIKOV was surprised by the ground strokes and harder serve of ALEXANDER Popp before regrouping to end the threat, 6-7 (3), 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

Day After Her Father's Outburst, Dokic Coolly Advances

By LIZ ROBBINS

Six security guards linked arms and fell into a phalanx around Jelena Dokic,

protecting the Australian teenager against the rush of two Australian television crews and a dozen international journalists who had just witnessed her crisp 6-1, 6-4 dismissal of Miriam Oremans on Court 4.

Even when a cameraman stumbled to the cement, steamrolled by the secret service-like escort, Dokic kept walking briskly, her steel blue eyes staring ahead. They were a one-way mirror only, damming the tears that fell one day before.

On Wednesday, 17-year-old Dokic watched as her father and coach, Damir, became enraged once again in public, verbally abusing tennis officials and staff for the fourth time at a tournament in the last two years. She cried as security guards removed her stocky, bearded father off the grounds in a disturbing scene that resulted in his ejection from the United States Open.

Although Damir Dokic said Wednesday he would come to the grounds despite his ban, he did not attempt to enter yesterday, according to tournament officials. Jelena arrived at the National Tennis Center alone yesterday morning for practice, and was driven back to her Manhattan hotel so she could have lunch and receive last minute instructions from her father.

Her mother and younger brother did not come to New York, so she had no family to support during her afternoon match. Yet Dokic appeared stronger without father, as has been the case following his pattern of wild public confronta-

469 / D4Day

tions. She did not flinch, but efficiently pounded her ground strokes with deep and severe angles, frustrating Oremans.

Ten minutes after winning, she used a phone in the players' lobby to reach her father. "I tried to

call, but I couldn't get through," she said.

Instead, she related her feelings to reporters.

"I definitely feel relieved," Dokic said. "I think getting through matches, to be

able to play the same way that I do no matter what happens, it just makes me feel really good."

Dokic, who advanced to play Francesca Schiavone, a qualifier from Italy, in the third round, denied that her father's scene and subsequent absence affected her. Ranked No. 43 in the world and playing a woman ranked No. 93, Dokic drew a side court with one small grandstand in the back of the grounds. Although some cameramen and journalists lined the open side of the court the entire match, Dokic did not seem to notice.

"Doesn't seem to distract me," she said. "That's what the match today showed. I was there the whole time. It looks like an easy score line, but every point, I sort of concentrated on what I had to do and I was there on the court."

Oremans, from the Netherlands, was not surprised that Dokic was so focused. "I remember last year in Birmingham, after he had that incident, she was the same, the next match, focused, her mind on the game," Oremans said. "I give all the credit to her. It's very difficult to deal with a father like him."

Last year in Birmingham, England, Damir Dokic was ejected after shouting during her match, and then picked up by the police when they found him lying in the road. The next week, at Wimbledon, Dokic upset Martina Hingis in the first round and advanced to the quarterfinals.

This year at Wimbledon, Damir was ejected after his daughter's second-round victory. Unaffected, she won three straight matches en route to her semifinal loss to Lindsay Davenport.

Dokic said yesterday that she would not search for another coach in the meantime. Coaches from the Saddlebrook Resort in Tampa, Fla., where she trains (and where her father, mother, Liliana, and brother, Savo, have purchased a house) were available for her yesterday, but she did not use them.

Instead, Dokic and her father discussed how she had to attack Oremans's backhand.

"I think eventually it's something you've got to deal with," she said. "You've got to be able to play yourself. There's nobody out there that can play for you. I know what I have to work on and I know what I have to do. It's obviously hard not having anybody there, but I guess it's something I'm going to have to deal with."

Dokic said she was grateful for the support she has received from other players yesterday.

Mary Pierce, whose father and former coach, Jim, received a lifetime ban from the Women's Tennis Association Tour in 1993, following Pierce's allegations of physical and mental abuse, said she would be more than willing to counsel Dokic.

"How did I deal with my situation?" said Pierce, 25. "I kind of forgot about it, you know it's been just a long time. I kind of put it behind me. I have no regrets of my past. You know, I think that's part of me, and that's part of what got me to where I am today."

Davenport was saddened.

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"It's a shame," she said. "This has happened a number of times. It's probably time that he is reprimanded. You can't really treat people like that. We've worked so hard to get such positive story lines in women's tennis. Hopefully, it's just a little side note and people will forget about it and she'll be able to go on and play. I think she has it pretty rough."

Lee's Run in Queens

Began in the Bronx

By LIZ ROBBINS

Hyung Taik Lee's unlikely odyssey from obscurity to the third round of the

United States Open began on Aug. 11, in the middle of the night, driving from Binghamton to the Bronx.

Lee, a 24-year-old resi-

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dent of Seoul, South Korea, lost in the quarterfinals of a Binghamton chal-

lenger and drove all night so he could enter the qualifying of the GHI Bronx Tennis Classic the next day.

Lee lost in the third round of that qualifier. But he got into the main draw of the Bronx tournament as a lucky loser and has not lost since, capping nine straight victories yesterday by beating 13th-seeded Franco Squillari of Argentina, 7-6 (7-3), 7-5, 6-2.

Lee, who entered the Open qualifying ranked No. 181 in the world, has beaten David Wheaton, the 1991 Wimbledon semifinalist, and Jeff Tarango, an American Olympian, during his streak.

After winning the Bronx Tennis Classic, Lee went to Queens the next day to enter the Open's qualifying tournament.

He beat Wheaton, now No. 320, in the second round and then won his third match to qualify for the main draw. Tuesday, Lee defeated No. 78-ranked Tarango and then yesterday beat Squillari. Lee is the first man from South Korea to make it to the third round of a Grand Slam tournament.

Not only is Lee's victory streak remarkable, so is his windfall. Entering the Open qualifier, he had only won \$26,316 this year, including the \$7,200 he won at the Bronx. Even if Lee loses to No. 68 Rainer Schuttler, who downed No. 38 Tommy Haas, 7-6 (7-5), 6-2, 6-4, Lee will win more than he has earned this year: a \$35,000 payout.

The journey continues.

Still a Fan Favorite

Martina Navratilova and Arantxa Sánchez-Vicario advanced to the second

round in women's doubles yesterday with a dramatic victory over Sabine Appelmans and Linda Wild, 57, 6-2, 7-6 (3), before an overflow crowd on the Grandstand Court.

Only organ music was missing as it seemed the spirit had seeped across the boardwalk from Shea Stadium. The spectators became rowdier and more emphatic after each point, leaping to their feet and four times bursting into rhythmic clapping that strongly implied a "Let's Go, Marty" chant.

After Navratilova and Sánchez-Vicario rallied to win the tie breaker, fans stood whistling and clapping while the winners embraced. Navratilova turned to the crowd, raising her hand, then patted it over her heart. That was close.

With the crowd so overwhelmingly against them, Appelmans and Wild could only shake their heads and smile. But fan loyalties will be sorely tested in the second round, when Navratilova and Sánchez-Vicario take on the popular 14th-seed-

471 / D4Day

ed team of Jennifer Capriati and Anna Kournikova. SOPHIA HOLLANDER
Hard Feelings

An emotional and slightly defensive Billie Jean King spoke about her decision to leave the No. 1 doubles

Vincent Laforet/The New York Times

Martina Navratilova serving dur-

ing her doubles match yesterday.
player, Lisa Raymond, off the Olympic team in favor of Serena
Williams who
has no doubles ranking.

At a morning news conference regarding the American Olympic teams,
King

discussed the saga that began when she selected the top four singles
players for the American team - Lindsay Davenport, Monica Seles, Venus
Williams and Serena Williams - instead of following the recent Olympic
tradition of picking the top doubles player for the fourth position.
Raymond challenged the decision but lost in arbitration.

"I have known Lisa since she was 12 years old," said King, who
seemed to be on the verge of crying several times. "I absolutely adore
Lisa. This was probably the most difficult call I ever made,
definitely."

After winning her singles match in the afternoon, Raymond discussed
the mentoring role King had played in her life. For Raymond, King's
decision was a personal and a professional betrayal.

The two have not had a conversation since King called Raymond after
Wimbledon to tell her she had been left off the team.

"I'm very frustrated, angry, very disappointed, both in Billie and
the U.S.T.A.," said Raymond, who breezed through her second-round match
against Ruxandra Dragomir, 6-4, 6-2.

King said: "It's been very painful. I think I went through a lot of
anxiety and pain about it, trying to figure it out."

But she defended her selection and insisted that she had fought for
Raymond. King said first she lobbied unsuccessfully to have the Women's
Tennis Association vote in favor of counting Olympic matches in ranking
which would have allowed the women to take more than four players. Then
she approached the Inter-nation- al Tennis Federation twice, asking the
sport's international governing body to make a special allowance.

"We made an incredible effort to try to make it happen," King said.
"We were unable to."

SOPHIA HOLLANDER

Today's Featured Matches

Play at the United States Open begins on all courts at 11 a.m.
Eastern time.

Players' seedings in parentheses. TV: USA, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; 7:30-11
p.m. STADIUM 1 (ASHE)

Day Session

Chanda Rubin

vs. Monica Seles (6) Martina Hingis (1) vs. Tathiana Garbin Todd
Martin

vs. Michael Chang Night Session (Starting at 7:30 p.m.)

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Venus Williams (3)

vs. Meghann Shaughnessy

Mark Philippoussis (15)

vs. Jan-Michael Gambill

STADIUM 2 (ARMSTRONG)

Alex Corretja (8) vs. Marc Rosset

Jennifer Capriati (15) vs. Adriana Gersi

Greg Rusedski vs. Cédric Pioline (10)

Alexandra Stevenson and Brian MacPhie

vs. Martina Navratilova and Rick Leach

(Not before 6 p.m.) Daniel Nestor vs. Roger Federer STADIUM 3
(GRANDSTAND)

Kristie Boogert vs. Sandrine Testud (11)

Arantxa Sánchez-Vicario (9) vs. Allison Bradshaw, Cyril Saulnier vs. Magnus Norman (3)

Marat Safin (6) vs. Gianluca Pozzi

Bryan/Bryan vs. Etlis/Prieto

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L D5 OLYMPICS

Frustrations Fail to Stop a Dream

Continued From First Sports Page

sion for doping (for caffeine) in 1994 and the increasing dominance of swim- ming by younger girls, Gerasch has kept her Olympic dreams alive "As long as I kept swimming well, I felt the possibility always existed," she said.

Selected at age 11 to attend a school run by the elite East Berlin team SC Dynamo, Gerasch dazzled coaches and teammates with an un-common mastery of the breaststroke.

"I remember her having her own breaststroke style," recalled a former team-mate, Birgit Meineke Heukrodt. "You could tell that she she's headed for great things."

In 1982 and 1983, Gerasch swept all toe breaststroke events (50 meters, 100, 200) at the European junior championships. And at the 1984 Goodwill Games in Moscow, the Eastern Bloc alternative to the boycotted Los Angeles Olympics, Gerasch, then 15, swam the 100-meter breaststroke in 1:08.29, setting a world record. Her time was a full second faster than Petra van Sta-veren of the Netherlands, who the 1984 Olympic gold medal.

"It never crossed my mind that I might have set the world record at the Olympics," Gerasch said. "I was young and not yet thinking for myself at that point. There was too much talk of the boycott to think at all about ourselves."

'Her coach, Volker Frischke, made it clear that East Germany was expecting great things from Gerasch at 1988 Olympics in Seoul, South Korea. But he found it increasingly difficult to convey his wishes to the rising star.

"A swimmer like that comes along Maybe every 50 years," Frischke said from his Berlin home last month. "But we had personality clashes and she eventually asked for a new coach."

Over the next eight years, according to testimony two years ago at the doping trial of former East German athletic officials and coaches, including Frischke and Gerasch's next coach, Dieter Lindemann, Gerasch was given pink tablets contain- ing the anabolic steroid Oral Turanibol. She testified that she had received the tablets, but had not swallowed them because of severe allergic reactions. "I took only the pills I was sure were vitamins," Gerasch said last

DDR DDR

Courtesy of Sylvia Gerasch

Mark Simon/Black Star for the New York Times

At 31, Sylvia Gerasch has become the oldest German swimmer to compete at

the Olympics. Gerasch (center, at right) set a world record at the 1986 world championships.

month, repeating her trial testimony. "Both my sister and I suffer from terri- ble allergies. She almost died from a bad reaction to medicine when she was young.

"That made me very cautious about taking things I didn't know anything about."

Her contention that she found a way to dispose of the steroids without detec- tion in a nearby aquarium is disputed by the German doping expert Werner Franke.

"She is lying," Franke said. "There was no way to consistently avoid taking the pills. The athletes were too strictly monitored for that to happen."

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What is beyond dispute is that Gerasch, despite her success in the pool, became increasingly disenchanted with coaches and officials. She was under pressure to join the State Party.

"I resolved to stop swimming after the European championships in 1985," she said. "It wasn't fun anymore. They wanted to use me as a political tool even though I had no interest in politics."

Instead of allowing their prized possession to quit swimming, the state func- tionaries offered Gerasch

a deal: she could stop competing after the 1986 world championships in Madrid. The year turned out to be her best ever. In Moscow, she broke a world record in the 200-meter breaststroke (2:28.20), and she

shattered the world record in the 100 meters (1:08.11) at the world championships.

But the promise made to her was broken, she said. Gerasch was told that if she stopped swimming, state officials would freeze the bank account filled with her victory bonuses.

Gerasch said she realized that the only way to break free from SC Dynamo was to swim badly. By 1988, her times had slipped while her confrontations with coaches had grown nastier. She was deemed by the East German Swimming Federation "psychologically unable" to compete at the qualifications for the 1988 Seoul Olympics, said a file on her kept by SC Dynamo.

In 1989, the 20-year-old Gerasch walked away from the sport with no intention of returning. "I was excited to begin my life finally," she said. "I wanted to get my high school degree, get job training, simply live normally.

But difficulties with teachers in school caused her to drop out before graduation. She began training as a bank teller. In 1991, friends coaxed her to return to swimming as a hobby. She trained herself at a small club, increasing her regimen until she felt she was ready to compete again. Later that year, she became the national champion in the 100-meter breaststroke.

The lingering hope of making it to the Olympics caused Gerasch to agree to a reunion with Lindemann, her old coach. He had been hired by SC Berlin, a team that trained in the same swimming hall used by Gerasch during East German times. While many of her ex-teammates from SC Dynamo were reading their files from the East German secret police, and learning the specifics of the East German doping program, Gerasch was back in the company of one of the men who had been a part of the system.

"It was strange," Gerasch said. "The only thing I could do was erase all memories of the problems I had with him in the past. The doping issue wasn't a concern. It was a systematic operation and I don't think the individual coaches had much say in the matter."

In 1992, Gerasch missed qualifying for the Barcelona Olympics by .003 seconds, a disappointment that produced a final confrontation with Lindemann and the end to their working relationship.

Gerasch continued to compete, but she was suspended for two years by the new world swimming federation, FINA, for excessive amounts of caffeine in her system at the 1993 world championships. "I drank too much coffee before the event," Gerasch explained. "It was as simple as that.

"The whole thing was unfair. They never even let me appeal the decision."

When her suspension ended early in 1996, she opened a sporting goods store in Berlin and made a push for Atlanta. But she missed making the cut at the 1996

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German Olympic trials.

Then, in 1998, a Berlin court subpoenaed Gerasch to testify at the first dop-

ing trial of Frischke, Lindemann, and four other SC Dynamo coaches and doctors. On the witness stand, she said her statements in an earlier affidavit about being given Oral-Turanibol had been ghostwritten by a police officer. She also told the court that she had only men-

tioned anabolic steroids because she had been assured her statements would never be made public.

Without Gerasch's cooperation, Lindemann and Frischke escaped with small fines. "That kind of evasiveness really bothers me," said Franke, the doping expert. "It is intolerable that she did not tell the truth at the trial."

Gerasch, of course, sees things differently. "It's not like there wasn't doping in other countries," she said. "And it's pointless to go after the coaches. They are at the lowest level of the chain of command."

Her admission that she knew that steroids were being given to her did not sit well with FINA, however. "They told me I was in trouble, but then the thing just blew over," she said.

So her Olympic dream endures. In Sydney, Gerasch's chances of winning a medal would be greater if the 50-meter breaststroke, in which she ranks second in the world, was part of the Olympic program. But the 50 does not become an Olympic event until 2004. "I'm concentrating on the 100 meter and feel like I have a chance," she said.

This Sunday, consider the color of funny. LEARNING

TO LOVE

CHERNOBYL

by Matthew

Brzezinski

The New Yorker's Magazine

What's So

Funny About

Being Black?

In a movie landscape suddenly dominated by

African-American comics, no one is bigger than Chris Tucker.

By Lynne Hirschberg

Election-Year Nepotism, by Andrew Sullivan An Estate-Tax

Confessional Coming this week in

The New York Times

Magazine:

How Black Comedy Got the

Last Laugh by Lynn Hirschberg.

Emmylou Harris's Romance

with Remorse by Daniel

Menaker. The Silver Lining In

Chernobyl's Cloud by Matthew

Brzezinski. Monday Night

Football's Hall Mary by Julian

Rubinstein. In the Style pages,

high school goes high fashion

and in "The Way We Live Now,"

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American politicians as

nattering nabobs of nepotism.

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D6 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 SOCCER

Associated Press

MetroStars' Clint Mathis has been a revelation this season. Mathis
and Valencia:

A Star Strike Force

By ALEX YANNIS

Clint Mathis of the MetroStars, who last week became the first
player in Major

League Soccer to score five goals in a game attributed his
achievement to luck and teamwork rather than scoring ability.

"I was in the right place at the right time five times," Mathis said
about the record goals he scored in the MetroStars' 6-4 victory in
Dallas last Saturday night. "I owe it all to my teammates. There is no
selfishness on this team."

Tab Ramos and Adolfo Valencia did have a great deal to do with
Mathis's accomplishment, which catapulted him to second place in the
league scoring race behind Tampa Bay's Mamadou Diallo. Mathis scored
his fifth goal of the game in the 83rd minute at the Cotton Bowl on a
penalty kick, which is Valencia's special-ty.

Valencia yielded to Mathis at the suggestion of Ramos, who served as
team captain because Lothar Matthidus served a one-game suspension by
the league for accumulating too many yellow cards. "Tab asked me if I

felt confident enough," Mathis said, "and Adolfo had no problems with it."

Valencia set a team record with two minutes left by scoring his 15th goal of the season. Giovanni Savarese had scored 14 goals for the MetroStars in the league's initial season in 1996.

Valencia and Mathis have combined to form the league's most dangerous tandem of strikers. Even though they come from different backgrounds and cultures - Mathis is from Conyers, Ga., and Valencia is from Buenaventura, Colombia, and speaks virtually no English - they have developed a marvelous understanding on the field. Valencia is arguably the best striker in the league at holding the ball and creating space for others. Mathis uses his speed and his intelligence to get open and uses his ferocious shot with either foot to find the target. All five of his goals in Dallas came on blistering shots.

"I can't even remember when was the last time I scored five goals in a game," said Mathis, who started playing soccer at the age of 3. "Maybe when I played in Under-6 or Under-8 games as a kid."

The five goals by Mathis also set a league record for most points in a game with 10, surpassing the record of 8 by Raul Diaz Arce of D.C. United, who scored four goals twice.

"With so many good scorers in the league, it is a thrill for me to get the record," Mathis said. "And I'm particularly happy it helped the team clinch the title."

The victory in Dallas sealed the Eastern Division title, the first title of any kind for the MetroStars. It also put them a point ahead of the Kansas City Wizards for first over all in the 12-team league. "We want to finish first over all," Mathis said after Wednesday's practice in preparation for tomorrow night's game at Miami. "The game in Miami will be tough because we want to finish first, and they don't want to get eliminated from the playoffs."

The MetroStars will face Miami without Ramos, who is with the national team for Sunday's World Cup qualifying game against Guatemala at Washington's

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R.F.K. Stadium, and Roy Myers, who is with Costa Rica for Sunday's World Cup qualifying game against Barbados.

Miami will be without Roy Lassiter, the league's career leading scorer, who will serve a one-game suspension for his ejection in a 3-1 loss at Colorado Wednesday night.

Another Bizarre Turn

In Battle of the Wrestlers

DENVER, Aug. 31 (AP) - A dispute between two wrestlers bidding to represent

the United States at the Olympics has taken a plot twist along the lines of Mike Tyson meeting a professional wrestler.

Matt Lindland was placed on the Greco-Roman team for Sydney after the International Olympic Committee said today that he could be substituted for his rival Keith Sieracki as ordered by a federal judge.

While awaiting a ruling from the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, Sieracki drove from Colorado Springs to Denver with a videotape that appeared to show Lindland biting Sieracki's ear during their 167 1/2 pound qualifying match at the Olympic trials two months ago in Dallas.

Though not conclusive, the tape, viewed by The Associated Press, showed Lindland making a deliberate move toward Sieracki's right ear as the two wrestlers jostle for leverage. Sieracki immediately jumped back in protest, and close-up footage showed a small amount of blood coming from the ear.

Sieracki, a military police sergeant stationed at the Fort Carson Army post, won the match by 2-1 on a referee's decision. USA Wrestling committees upheld that decision, but an arbitrator ordered a rematch after. Lindland said that he had been illegally tripped. Lindland won the rematch, 8-0. "I didn't hook the legs," Sieracki said. "It was incidental contact. On top of that, he bit my ear and should have been disqualified. The ear bite is a lot more apparent compared to the leg call."

Lindland, an assistant coach at Nebraska until April, did not deny biting Sieracki's ear.

The United States Olympic Committee reviewed the conflicting cases and submitted Sieracki's name as part of the Olympic team on Sunday to comply with I.O.C. deadlines. It asked the I.O.C. on Tuesday to name Lindland as a replacement to comply with a judge's ruling in Chicago.

Lindland tempered his enthusiasm after hearing the news. Both wrestlers were still awaiting a ruling on Sieracki's appeal to the federal appellate court in Chicago.

Golf

ROUNDUP

Four Share Lead In Air Canada

By The Associated Press

Doug Barron, bothered by a neck injury, shot a six-under-par 65 yesterday

for a share of the firstround lead in the Air Canada Championship in Surrey, British Columbia.

"A lot of times, when people get hurt, they seem to play well because it gets your mind off your game," Barron said. "I think I did it sneezing. I just couldn't turn my neck, so I went to my chiropractor and he screwed it up worse."

Dave Stockton Jr., Jason Buha and New Zealand's Grant Waite also opened with 65's on the Northview Golf Club course.

Barron had six birdies, including a 20-foot downhill putt on the 18th hole.

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Sweden's Jesper Parnevik, the leading money winner in the field at No. 5, overcame an inflamed hip to top a six-player group at 66.

The defending champion, Mike Weir, who last year became the first Canadian to win a PGA Tour event on home turf since 1954, was another stroke back at 67. The 1997 winner, Mark Calcavecchia, was at 68.

The Spanish star Sergio Garcia, coming off a victory over Tiger Woods on Monday in a made-for-TV match, also shot a 68. He recovered from a double-bogey 6 on No. 10 with birdies on four of the last seven holes.

WEBB SEEKING 7TH VICTORY: Karrie Webb, coming off a record-shattering victory last week in the Oldsmobile Classic, can tie an L.P.G.A. record with her seventh victory of the season this weekend in the State Farm Rail Classic in Springfield, 111.

She shot a second-round 61 last week to match the lowest score ever recorded in an L.P.G.A. event. That round helped her tie the tournament record of 265. She also broke her own tour record with a 54-hole score of 23 under par.

First place at the Rail is worth \$135,000 - another big payday prospect for Webb, who has already broken her own record for season winnings and sits atop the money list with \$1.68 million. That's more than \$500,000 ahead of Annika Sorenstam, who is second on the list.

AIR CANADA CHAMPIONSHIP

SURREY, British Columbia

Played on the 7,066-yard, par 36-35-71

Northview Golf Club: Doug Barron 32-33-65 -6 Grant Waite 35-30-65 -6
Jason Buha 33-32-65 -6 Dave Stockton 31-34-65 -6 Joel Edwards 35-31-
66 -5 Larry Rinker 34-32-66 -5 Jesper Parnevik 32-34-66 -5 Tommy Tolles
36-30-66 - 5 Craig Parry 31-35-66 -5 Joe Zaki 35-31-66 -5 Brandt Jobe
36-31-67 -4 Jimmy Green 34-33-67 -4 Bob Burns 35-32-67 -4 J.L. Lewis
35-32-67 -4 Mike Weir 33- 34-67 4 Mark Brooks 35-32-67 -4 Jerry Kelly
34-33-67 -4 Jerry Smith 35-32-67 -4 Shaun Micheel 36,32-6 -4 Mathew
Goggin 32-35-67 -4 Michael Clark 11 35- 33-68 -3 Len Mattiace 36-33-68
-3 Dicky Pride 32-36-68 -3 Richard Zokol 35-33- 68 -3 K.J. Choi 35-33-
68 -3 Todd Barranger 33-35-68 -3 Sergio Garcia 35-33-68 -3 Rory
Sabbatini 35-33-68 -3 Mark Calcavecchla 34-34-68 -3 Tommy Armour III
35-33-68 -3 Hidemichi Tanaka 34-34-68 -3 Ray Stewart 35-33-68 -3 Scott
Hoch 36-33-69 -2 Scott McCarron 35-34-69 -2 Jonathan Kaye 36-33-69 -2
Doug Dunakey 36-33-69 -2 Esteban Toledo 36-33-69 -2 Joe Ogilvie 35-34-
69 -2 David Sutherland 37-32-69 -2 Rah Beem 33-36-69 -2 Retief Goosen
37-32-69 -2 Pete Jordan 35-35-70 -1 Steve Lowery 38-32-70 -1 Brad Elder
36-34-70 -1 Carl Paulson 34-36-70 -1 Paul Goydos 35-35-70 -1 Craig
Stadler 36-34-70 -1 Dick Mast 35-35-70 -1 Yoshinori Mizumaki 34-36-70 -
1 Casey Martin 35-36-70 - 1 Frank Nobito 34-36-70 -1 Omar Uresti 35-35-
70 -1 Nolan Henke 35-36-70 -1 Tim Herron 37-33-70 -1 Olin Browne 34-36-
70 -1 Guy Boros 35-35-70 -1 Scott Gump 37-33-70 -1 Steve Gotsche 35-35-
70 -1 Craig Perks 35-35-70 -1 David Gossett 34-36-70 -1 Paul Carry 37-
33-70 -1 Mike Sposa 35-35-70 -1 Joe Durant 35-36- 71 E Chris Riley 36-
35-71 E Ben Bates 35-36-71 E Jeff Coslon 36-35-71 E Steve Hart 36-35-71
E Philip Jonas 35-36-71 E Emlyn Aubrey 34-37-71 E Brent Geiberger 36-
35-71 E Peter Jacobson 37-34-71 E Blaine McCallister 35-36-71 E David
Peoples 36-35-71 E Scott Dunlap 35-36-71 E Bradley Hughes 35-36-71 E
Mike Reid 36-35-71 E Charles Raulerson 37-34-71 E Rob McMillan I 35-36-
71 E Steve Alker 37-34-71 E David Morland IV 35-36-71 E Willie Wood 39-
32-71 E Craig A. Spence 38-34-72 +1 P.H. Horgan III 38-34-72 +1 Glen
Hnatiuk 37-35-72

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+ 1 Greg Kraft 37-35-72 +1 Fred Funk 36-36-72 +1 Rick Fehr 36-36-72
+1 Jay Delsing 35-37-72 +1 Tom Byrum 37-35-72 +1 Brent Schwarzrock 37-
35-72 +1 Jason Caron 37-35-72 +1 Amon Oberholser 38-34-72 +1 Kazuhiko
Hosokawa 37- 35-72 +1 Andy Miller 38-34-72 +1 Mike Standly 36-36-72 +1
Brad Fabel 36-36- 72 +1 Gabriel Hjertstedt 36-36-72 + Eric Booker 37-
36-72 +1 Gary Hallberg 41- 31-72 +1 Robin Freeman 37-35-72 +1 Greg
Chalmers 38-34-72 +1 Phil Blackmer 38-34-72 +1 Cameron Beckman 36-36-72
+1 Hunter Haas 37-35-72 +1 Jim McGovern 37-36-73 +2 Trevor Dodds 39-34-
73 +2 Craig Barlow 38-35-73 +2

BMW OPEN

MUNICH

Played on the 6,923-yard, par-72, Munich

Nord-Elchenreld golf course:

David Gilford, England 64 Per-Ulrik Johansson, Sweden 64 Wayne
Riley,

Australia 65 Greg Turner, New Zealand 65 Daren Lee, Britain 66 Knud
Storgaard, Denmark 66 John Bickerton, Britain 67 Pierre Fulke, Sweden
67 Ignacio Garrido, Spain 67 Christopher Hanell, Sweden 67 Soren
Hansen, Denmark 67 Pdraig Harrington, Ireland 67 Barry Lane, Britain
67 Thomas Levet, France 67 Miguel Angel Martin, Spain 67 Greg Norman,
Austria 67 Henrik Nystrom, Sweden 67 Geoff Ogilvy, Australia 67 Roger
Wessels, South Africa 67

N.F.L.

ROUNDUP

Umpires to Wear Cameras on Hats

The National Football League will allow television networks to outfit an on-

field official with a miniature television camera during regular-season and post-season games this year.

The N.F.L. allowed an experiment with the tiny camera during nine preseason games, giving fans a close-up view of the action in the middle of the field.

Under the new plan, Fox, CBS, ABC and ESPN will be allowed to mount the camera on the hat of the umpire, the on-field official who typically stands behind the line of scrimmage.

"It's not something you are going to use a lot, but there are certain plays it'll give you an intimate look at what is happening," said Ed Goren, Fox's executive director.

Goren said the Green Bay Packers at Denver Broncos preseason game provided an excellent example.

Broncos running back Olandis Gary scored a touchdown from the 3-yard line in the second half, and the camera showed the interior line knocking the legs out from under the defensive line, the bodies crashing to the ground and the running back scoring over the top.

Fox will use the camera in three games a week, Goren said. This week it will be Arizona at the Giants, Philadelphia at Dallas, and Carolina at Washington.

Terry Ewert, CBS's executive producer, said CBS would use the camera in this weekend's Jets at Green Bay Packers game and in future weeks will use one camera in the early game and one in the late game during doubleheader week-ends.

"We'll use it sparingly, and when it makes sense - four or five times a game," Ewert said. "We found it's useful showing the toughness of the game because you see blocking, plus the size and power of running backs coming right at you."

Executives at ABC and ESPN could not be reached for comment.

Networks also will be allowed to interview a player in addition to the head

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coaches at halftime.

(Bloomberg News)

BEUERLEIN CLOSE TO EXTENSION: Steve Beuerlein, who was once contemplating retirement when his current contract expires, said he was close to signing a two-year extension with the Carolina Panthers.

"In principle, I think there has been an agreement," he said. "It's just a matter now of getting everything cleaned up."

Betterlein, a 35-year-old quarterback, originally signed with the Panthers in 1996 as a backup to Kerry Collins. He signed a three-year extension in 1998 that takes him through 2001.

The additional two years on his contract will be worth \$12.3 million and will give Carolina an option for an additional two years, through 2005.

The deal will also provide immediate help for Carolina's strapped salary-cap situation, because part of this year's base salary will be restructured into bonus money.

Beuerlein, in his 14th season, started all 16 games last year for the first time in his career. He threw for 4,436 yards and 36 touchdowns while leading Carolina to the second-best passing offense in the league and a spot in his first Pro Bowl.

But the toll of the season was five operations during the off-season - two for hernias, one on his shoulder, one on his knee and one on his ankle.

But he said that they took care of lingering problems and that when he opens the season Sunday at Washington he will be feeling better than he has in years. (AP) C.F.L. TALKING TO XFL. The Canadian Football League has approached the XFL about allowing players under contract with Canadian teams to also suit up with franchises in the fledgling spring league.

Jeff Giles, the C.F.L.'s president and chief operating officer, said yesterday that he had approached Mike Keller, the XFL's director of football operations, about the matter. No decision was reached, but Giles told Keller that C.F.L. general managers and the league's board of governors would discuss it.

The C.F.L. season ends in late November, giving players at least a month to rest before the start of XFL training camps in January.

(AP)

SCHEDULE

Sunday Arizona at Giants, 1 p.m. Jets at Green Bay, 4:15 p.m. Baltimore at

Pittsburgh, 1 p.m. Carolina at Washington, 1 p.m. Chicago at Minnesota, 1 p.m. Detroit at New Orleans, 1 p.m. Indianapolis at Kansas City, 1 p.m. Jacksonville at Cleveland, 1 p.m. San Francisco at Atlanta, 1 p.m. Tampa Bay at New England. 1 p.m. Philadelphia at Dallas, 4:06 p.m. San Diego at Oakland, 4:15 p.m. Seattle at Miami, 4:15 p.m. Tennessee at Buffalo, 8:20 p.m. OPEN: Cincinnati Monday Denver at St. Louis, 9 p.m. Sept. 10 Giants at Philadelphia, 1 p.m. Chicago at Tampa Bay, 1 p.m. Cleveland at Cincinnati, 1 p.m. Green Bay at Buffalo, 1 p.m. Jacksonville at Baltimore, 1 p.m. Kansas City at Tennessee, 1 p.m. Miami at Minnesota, 1 p.m. Oakland at Indianapolis, 1 p.m. Atlanta at Denver, 4:15 p.m. Carolina at San Francisco, 4:15 p.m. St. Louis at Seattle, 4:16 p.m. Washington at Detroit, 4:15 p.m. Now Orleans at San Diego, 4:15 p.m. Dallas at Arizona, 8:20 p.m. Open Date: Pittsburgh Sept. 11 New England at Jets, 9 p.m.

National League ROUNDUP Braves Fall, And Mets

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Are Alone

In First

By The Associated Press

The Atlanta Braves fell out of first place in the National East for the first time

since April 19, losing to the Cincinnati Reds, 4-3, last night on Sean Casey's tie-breaking double.

Atlanta dropped a half-game behind the idle Mets. According to the Elias Sports Bureau, the last time the Mets had undisputed possession of first place in September was Sept. 3, 1990.

The Braves lost three of four to Cincinnati, going 2-6 on a homestand that left them with a 14-15 record in August.

This is first time since 1993 the Braves have not been in first place this late in the season. Atlanta has won eight straight division titles.

The Reds, held hitless for four innings by Braves starter Kevin Millwood (8-10), overcame a 2-0 deficit with a four-run sixth inning.

Millwood broke his nose in a bunting drill Monday and was not expected to make his scheduled start. But after throwing off the mound Wednesday, he said he was ready.

The rookie John Riedling (1-0) got the victory with one and two-thirds innings of relief. Danny Graves pitched the ninth for his 24th save.

PADRES 11, CUBS 5: Phil Nevin hurt the Cubs again, driving in four runs, but San Diego's victory was marred when the winning pitcher, Jay Witasick, was hospitalized in Chicago for heat exhaustion.

Witasick wasn't the only one affected by the heat, which was 88 but felt about 10 degrees warmer because of the humidity.

The Cubs star Sammy Sosa left the game after the seventh inning because of cramps in his left leg. Sosa said afterward that he was fine.

Witasick left the game after the fifth inning, dizzy and disoriented, and was taken to Illinois Masonic Hospital. Witasick was to stay overnight.

Witasick (2-1) gave up four runs and six hits in five innings, and also drove in his third run of the year.

BREWERS 8, DODGERS 2: Jeromy Burnitz and Luis Lopez each drove in three runs to lead the Brewers in Milwaukee.

Geoff Jenkins homered, doubled, singled and scored three runs. Lopez home- red and Burnitz doubled twice and singled.

Burnitz, who has struggled all season after being named to the N.L. All-Star team in 1999, raised his average to .225.

Paul Rigdon (2-2) allowed two runs on five hits in six innings, striking out four and walking one.

GIANTS 10, PIRATES 2: San Francisco's Kirk Rueter beat host Pittsburgh as much with his bat as with his arm, driving in four runs with three hits to back his two-run pitching.

Bill Mueller and Jeff Kent homered as the Giants won three of four games in the series to increase their N.L. West lead over idle Arizona to three games.

Their eighth loss in 10 games finished a miserable August (8-21) for the Pirates, who have the majors' worst record (53-79).

Rueter (9-9) lost his shutout on Emil Brown's run-scoring single in the sixth. He pitched seven innings, giving up seven hits and two runs while walking one and striking out none.

REDS 4, BRAVES 3

DayD6/ 484

Cincinnati AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Reese 2b 4 1 2 0 1 0 .3 Stynes 3b 5 1 1 0 0 1 .339 Griffey if of 4 0
0 1 0 1 .262 DYoung if 4 1 1 1 0 2 296 Casey 1b 4 1 2 1 0 1 298 Tucker
rf 4 0 0 0 0 1 259 BSantiago c 4 0 1 1 0 0 245 Sexton as 3 0 1 0 1 0
1158 Harnisch p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .206 Luebbers p 0 0 0 0 0 0 BLHunter ph 1 0
0 0 0 0 265 Riedling p 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 DReyes p 0 0 0 0 0 0 000
Sullivan p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .333 c-Ochoa ph 1 0 0 0 0 0 .291 Graves p 0 0 0
0 0 0 .500 Totals 35 4 8 4 2 7

Atlanta AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Furcal as 0 3 0 .2 AJones of 2 1 1 2 1 0 .308 CJones 3b 3 0 1 0 1 1
.299 Galarraga 1b 2 0 0 0 2 1 .304 Surhoff lf 4 0 2 1 0 0 .290 JLopez c
4 0 0 0 0 2 .286 BJordan rf 4 0 0 0 0 2 .263 Lockhart 2 1 0 4 0 0 0 0 2
.264 Millwood p 2 0 0 0 0 1 .100 Karnienlecki p 0 0 0 0 0 0 Mulholland
p 0 0 0 0 0 0 250 b-Joyner ph 0 0 0 0 1 0 .275 1 Weiss pr 0 0 0 0 0 0
.293 Rocker p 0 0 0 0 0 Bonilla ph 1 0 0 0 0 0 268 Totals 28 3 4 3 8 9

Cincinnati 004 000 4 8 0

Atlanta 200 001 000 3 4 1

a-grounded out for Luebbers in the 5th. b-walked for Mulholland in the 7th.

c-flied out for Sullivan in the 9th. d-grounded out for Rocker in the 9th. l-ran for Joyner in the 7th.

E-Furcal (20). LOB-Cincinnati 7, Atlanta 7. 2B-Stynes (19), Casey (25). HR- AJones (30) off Harnisch. R619-Griffey Jr (109), DYoung (75), Casey (53), BSantiago (27). AJones 2 (85), Surhoff (8). SB-Reese 2

(23), BSantiago (1). CS- CJones (6). S-Harnisch. GIDP-Surhoff. Runners left In scoring position- Cincinnati 5 (Reese, Stynes, DYoung, BI-Hunter. Riedling); Atlanta 4 (CJones 2, JLogez 2). Runners moved up- Griffey Jr. DP Cincinnati 3 (BSantiago and Reese), (Stynes and Casey), (DYoung and Reese).

Cincinnati IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA
Harnisch 2 2/3 1 2 2 2 2 34 4.67 Luebbers 1 1/3 1 0 0 1 0 16 5.68
Riedling W, 1-0 1 2/3 0 1 1 2 1 32 3.38 DReyes 0 1 0 0 0 0 4 5.45
Sullivan 2 1/2 1 0 0 3 5 43 3.43 Graves S, 24 1 0 0 0 0 1 13 2.47

Atlanta IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA
Millwood L, 8-10 5 2/3 7 4 4 1 4 92 4.76 Kamieniecki 1/1, 0 0 0 1 1
8 2.65 Mulholland 1 0 0 0 0 0 12 5.26 Rocker 2 1 0 0 0 2 22 3.64 DReyes
pitched to I batter in the 6th, Kamieniecki pitched to 1 batter in the
7th Inherited runners- scored-DReyes 2-1, Sullivan 2-0, Kamieniecki 2-
0, Mulholland 1-0. BB-off Millwood (Sexton) 1. HBP-by Riedling
(AJones). Umpires Home, Wegner; First, Reynolds; Second, Reliford;
Third, Williams, C T 3-1 1. A-38,647 (49,714).

YESTERDAY

San Francisco 10, Pittsburgh 2 San Diego 11, Chicago Cubs 5
Milwaukee 8, Los Angeles 2 Cincinnati 4, Atlanta 3

STANDINGS

EAST W L Pct GB L10 Str Home Away Intr
Mets 79 54 .594 6-4 W-1 47-22 32-32 9-9
Atlanta 79 55 .590 1/2 3-7 L-1 42-24 37-31 1 11-7 Florida 64 68 .485
14 1/2 3-7 L-1 36-36 28-32 8-9 Philadelphia 56 76 .424 22 1/2 5-5 L-2
29-38 27-38 9-9 Montreal 55 75 .423 22 1/2 3-7 L-2 31-38 24-37 7-11

CENTRAL W L Pct GS L10 Str Home Away Intr

St. Louis 75 58 .564 - 7-3 W-1 38-26 37-32 7-8 Cincinnati 67 66 .504
8 6-4 W-1 31-34 36-32 7-8
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Chicago 58 75 .436 17 4-6 L-1 34-37 24-38 8-7 Milwaukee 58 75 .436
17 6-4 W-2 32-36 26-39 6-9 Houston 55 78 .414 20 5-5 L-1 28-36 27-42 6-
9 Pittsburgh 53 79 .401 21 1/2 2-8 L-2 31-37 22-42 .6-9 WEST W L Pct GB
L10 Str Home Away Intr

San Francisco 76 56 .576 - 6-4 W-2 43-20 33-36 -4-7. Arizona 73 59
.553 3 4-6 W-2 42-27 31-32 -6-9
Los Angeles 70 64 .522 7 7-3 L-2 32-30 38-34 9-9 Colorado 68 65 .511
8112 7-3 W-2 39-23 29-42 6-6 San Diego 65 69 .485 12 6-4 W-I 35-28 30-
415-10 TODAY'S GAMES AND PITCHERS

LAST 3 STARTS

Pitchw W-L ERA W-L IP ERA

Mets Jones (R) 8-5 5.04 1-0 19.2 316
at St. Louis 8:10 p.m. Stephenson(R) 15-7 4.12 3-0 20.2 3.05
Montreal Hermanson (R) 10-11 5.14 2-1 24.2 2.55
at Cincinnati 7:05 p.m. Bell (R) 5-7 4.95 0-1 17.1 4.67
Atlanta Burkeft (R) 8-5 4.84 0-0 17.2 4.08
at Houston 8:05 p.m. Lima (R) 5-15 6.76 1-1 1
Milwaukee Snyder(R) 3-6 5.36 0-0 18.2 3.38
at Colorado 9:05 p.m. Astacio (R) 11-8 5.15 2-0 20.0 4.95
Florida Sanchez(L) 8-9 4.94 1-1 11.2 8.40
at Arizona 10:05 p.m. Anderson (L) 10-5 4.35 1-0 16.1 5.6
Pittsburgh Serafini (L) 1-3 7.67 0-2 13.0 9.0
at San Diego 10:05 p.m. Williams (R) 8-5 4.02 1-1 24.0
Philadelphia Wolf (L) 10-7 4.46 1-1 15.2 8-62
at Los Angeles 10:10 p.m. Valdes (R) 2-6 5.94 0-0 14.2 6.3
Chicago Wood (R) 6-6 5.22 1-0 17.0 4.24 at
San Fran. 10:35 p.m. Gardner (R) 9-6 4.15 2-0 19.2 OW

TOMORROW

Mets at St. Louis, 1:15 p.m. Milwaukee at Colorado, 3:05 p.m.
Chicago at San Francisco, 4:05 p.m. Montreal at Cincinnati, 7:05
p.m. Atlanta at Houston, 8:05 p.m.

Florida at Arizona, 10:05 p.m.
Pittsburgh at San Diego, 10:05 p.m.
Philadelphia at Los Angeles, 10:10 p.m.

PADRES 11, CUBS 5
San Diego AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

DJackson 2b 5 0 1 0 0 1 .250 Relaford ss 4 2 2 0 1 0 .233 Klesko 1b
4 1 1 0

1 1 .299 Vitiello 1b 0 0 0 0 0 0 .263 Nevin 3b 5 2 4 4 0 1 .309
Slocumb p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 Mabry rf 4 0 0 0 0 1 .235 Walker p 0 0 0 0 0
0 .250 Almanzar p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 c-Magadan ph-3b 0 0 0 0 1 0 .253
Darr lf-rf 5 2 3 2 0 0 .261 RMRivera cf 4 1 1 0 1 1 .215 WGonzalez c 4
1 2 2 0 0 .236 d-Williams ph-c 1 0 0 0 0 0 .111 Witasick p 2 0 0 1 0 1
.143 a-DeHaan ph 1 1 1 2 0 0 .221 Erdos p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 Owens If 1 1
1 0 0 0 .300 Totals 40 11 16 11 4 6

Chicago AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

EYoung 2b 5 1 2 1 0 1 .2 Gutierrez as 3 1 1 0 1 1 .285 Garibay p 0 0
0 0 0 .091 Van Poppet p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 SSosa rf 3 0 0 0 1 2 .318
Heredia p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 Huson ss 1 0 0 0 0 0 .224 Grace 1b 3 1 1 1 2
2 .286 WGreene 3b 3 1 2 3 0 0 .209 Farnsworth p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .083 b-
Matthws ph-rf 2 0 0 0 0 0 .196 Girardi

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c 4 1 1 0 1 1 .297 Gload If 4 0 0 0 0 2 .000 Buford cf 3 0 0 0 1 1
.262 Tapani p 2 0 1 0 0 1 .179 Andrews 3b 1 0 0 0 1 0 .202 Totals 34 5
8 5 711

San Diego 000 224 003 11 16 0

Chic 300 010 010 5 8 0

a-homered for Witasick in the 6th. b-grounded out for Farnsworth in
the 7th.

c-walked for Almanzar in the 9th. popped out for Gonzalez in the
9th. LOB-San Diego 6, Chicago 10. 2B-DJackson (20), Nevin (30) off
Tapani; WGonzalez (14), WGreene (14), Glrardi (15). NR-DeHaan (2) off
Farnsworth; Nevin (30) off Tapani; WGreene (9) off Witasick. RBIs-Nevin
4 (104), Darr 2 (19), WGonzalez 2 (26), Witasick (3), DeHaan 2 (13),
EYoung (42 Gr (70), WGreene 3 (34). CSKlesko (7). Gutleffez. GIDP-Darr,
WGonzalez. Runners left In scoring position-San Diego 4 (Relaford,
Klesko, GoWilliamns 2); Chicago 6 (Gutierrez, Matthews Jr., Girard 13,
Tapani). Runners moved up-Kleeko, Mabry, Matthews jr. DIR-Chicago 2
(EYoung and Grace), (Gutierrez, EYoung and Grace).

San Diego IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA

Witasick W, 2-1 5 6 4 43 8 90 6.49 Erdos 1/3 1 0 0 1 1 31 4.95
KWalker 1 1/3, 0 1 1 2 1 18 4.34 Almanzar It. 1 0 0 0 0 5 4.30 Slocumb
1 0 0 1 1 16 4.94

Chicago IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA

Tapani L, B-11 5 2/3 9 7 7 1 3 99 4.77 Farnsworth 1 1/3 3 1 1 0 1 21
7.38 Heredia 1 0 0 0 1 0 10 4.40 Garibay 1/3 2 3 3 1 1 14 4.88 Van
Poppet 2/3 2 0 0 1 1 21 3.11

Inherited runners-scored-KWalker 2-0, Almanzar 2-1, Van Poppel 3-3,
Farnsworth 1-1. Balk-Witasick, Umpires-Home, Shulock. First, Runge,
Brian; Second, Lamplugh; Third: Roe. T-3:14. A-25,965 (38,884).

LEAGUE LEADERS

BATTING G AB R H Pct.

Helton Col 131 474 118 187 .395 Hammonds Col 106 394 83 1 40 .355
LCastillo Fla 108 429 81 150 .350 Piazza NYM 111 401 77 1 38 .344
VGuerrero Mon 123 459 79 1 56 .340 Vidro Mon 126 510, 90 1 73 339 Kent

SF 130 488 93 163 334 Sheffield LA 120 429 93 142 .331 Alfonzo NYM 122
450 89 146 .324 Cirillo Col 128 489 97 158 .323

HOME RUNS-SSosa, Chicago, 45; Bagwell, Houston, 40; Sheffield, Los Angeles, 40; Bonds, San Francisco, 39; Edmonds, St. Louis, 36; Griffey Jr, Cincinnati, 35; Hidalgo, Houston, 33; Piazza, New York, 33; SFinley, Arizona, 33.

RBI-SSosa, Chicago, 122; Helton, Colorado, 119; Bagwell, Houston, 109; Griffey Jr, Cincinnati, 109; Giles, Pittsburgh, 107; Kent, San Francisco, 107 ; Nevin San Diego, 104.

HITS-Helton, Colorado, 87; Vidro, Montreal, 173; AJones, Atlanta, 165; SSosa, Chicago, 164; Kent, San Francisco, 163; LGonzalez, Arizona, 159; Cirillo, Colorado, 158.

DOUBLES-Helton, Colorado, 53; CiriHo, Colorado, 43; Vidro, Montreal, 40; LGonzalez, Arizona, 40; Green, Los Angeles, 37; EYoung, Chicago, 37; Kent, San Francisco, 37.

RUNS-Bagwell, Houston, 122; Helton, Colorado 118; Edmonds, St. Louis, 111; Bonds, San Francisco, 105; AJones, Atlanta, 103; Cirillo, Colorado, 97; Kendall, Pittsburgh, 95.

STOLEN BASES-LCastillo, Florida, 51; EYoung, Chicago, 43; Goodwin, Los Angeles, 43; Womack, Arizona, 38; Furcal, Atlanta, 29; PWilson, Florida, 28; Glanville, Philadelphia, 26.

PITCHING (16 Decisions) Elarton, Houston, 15-41 .789, 4.58; RDJohnson,

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Arizona, 17-6, .773, 2.31; Estes, San Francisco, 12-4, .750, 4.09; Glavine, Atlanta, 18-6, .750, 3.69; KBrown, Los Angeles, 12-5, .706, 2.71; ALeiter, New York, 14-6, .700, 3.23; Stephenson, St. Louis, 15-7, .682, 4.12.

STRIKEOUTS-RDJohnson, Arizona, 288, Astacio, Colorado, 186; ALeiter, New York, 1R KBrown, Los Angeles, 172; Dempster, Florida, 170; Park, Los Angeles, 166; Kile, St. Louis, 162.

SAVES-Alfonseca, Florida, 37; Benitez, New York 36; Hoffman, San Diego, 35; Nen, San Francisco, 32; Aguilera, Chicago 28; Graves, Cincinnati, 24; Veres, St. Louis, 24.

WEDNESDAY

Mets 1, Houston 0 Chicago 5, San Diego 1 Arizona 7, Montreal 0 St. Louis 4, Florida 2 San Francisco 2, Pittsburgh 0 Atlanta 5, Cincinnati 2 Colorado 5, Philadelphia 4, 11 inn. Milwaukee 3, Los Angeles 2

GIANTS 10, PIRATES 2

San Francisco AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Benard cf-rf 4 1 1 1 1 1 Mueller 3b 5 1 3 3 0 0 .273 Rios rf 4 0 0 0 0 1 .265

CMurray cf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .231 Kent 2b 5 1 2 1 0 2 .334 Snow lb 4 1 0 0 1 2 .297 REMartinez as 5 1 2 0 0 1 .290 Crespo lf 2 2 1 1 2 1 .218

Mirabelli c 5 1 1 0 0 2 .236 Rueter p 4 2 3 4 0 0 0 .163 DHenry p 0 0 0 0 0 0 Embree p 0 0 0 0 0 0 Totals 39 10 13 10 4 10

Pittsburgh AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

ABrown cf 5 0 1 0 0 0 .322 ANunez: 2b 4 0 0 0 1 0 .193 Kendall c 4 1 2 0 1 0 .320 EWilson 3b 4 0 1 0 0 1 .276 MkWilliams p 0 0 0 0 0 0

ARRamirez rf-lb3 0 1 0 1 0 .190 EBrown lf-rf 4 0 1 1 0 0 .225 Osik lb-3b 4 0 2 0 0 0 .295 Meares ss 4 0 0 0 0 0 01 Silva p 1 0 1 0 0 0 40 Arroyo p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .175 a-WMorris ph 1 0 0 0 0 0 .248 JWallace p 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 b-Vander Wal phl 1 1 1 0 0 .285 Manzanillo p 0 0 0 0 0 0 .000 Giles lf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .312 Totals 36 2 10 2 3 1

San Francisco 051 220 000 10 13 0

Pittsburgh 000 001 100 2 10 1

a-flied out for Arroyo in the 5th. b-homered for Wallace in the 7th E-ABrown (2). LOS-San Francisco, 7, Pittsburgh 10. 2B-Benard (21),

Mirabelli (8), Rueter 2 (3), Kendall (21), EWilson (4), Osik (4).
HR-Vander Wal (19) off Rueter; Mueller off Silva; Kent (29) off Silva.
RBIs-Benard (45), Mueller 3 (48), Kent (107), Crespo (21), Ruethr 4
(5), EBrown (11), Vander Wal (67). GIDP Rios, EBrown. Runners left In
scoring position-San Francisco 2 (Rios, Mirabelli) Pittsburgh 7
(ABrown, Kendall 2, Brown 3). OP-San Francisco 1 (REMartinez, Kent and
Snow); Pittsburgh 1 (Meares, Anunez and Osik).

San Francisco IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA

Rueter W, 9-9 7 7 2 2 1 0102 4.05 DHenry 1 1 0 0 1 1 17 4.15 Embree
1 2 0 0 1 0 32 42

Pittsburgh IP H R ER 86 90 NP RA Silva L 9 3 2/3 10 8 8 2 4 79 11.58
Arroyo 1 2/3 2 2 -2 1 0 19 726 JWallace 2 0 0 0 0 2 20 41.58 Manzanillo
1 0 0 0 0 1 13 3.87 MkWilliams 1 1 0 0 1 3 22 3.66

Inherited runners-scored-Arroyo 1-0

HBP-by Arroyo (Crespo). WP-Silva. IRS-, Mirabelli. Umpires-Home,
Barksdale; - First, Cousins; Second, Meals; Third, Nelson, Jeff. T-
2:51. A-13,781 (48,044).

BREWERS 8, DODGERS 2

Los Angeles AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Goodwin cf 4 0 1 0 0 0 Grudzielanek 2b4 1 1 0 0 0 5vGreen rf 3 0 0 0
1 0 4

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Karros 1b 4 0 2 1 0 2 2 Hundley c 4 0 0 0 0 0 .290 Beltre b 4 1 1 0
0 1 .294 DHansen lf 4 0 3 0 0 1 .286 Cora as 3 0 0 1 0 1 Qt3 CPsrez p 1
0 0 0 0 0 .048 Herges p 1 0 0 0 0 1 -.01 a-Leyritz ph 1 0 0 0 0 0 -46
Olson p 0 0 0 0 0 0 11 - C- Branson ph 1 0 0 0 0 0 1b

Totals 34 2 8 2 1 6

Milwaukee AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Grissom cf 5 0 1 0 0 0 .241 Loretta as 4 1 1 0 1 0 .285 Jenkins lf 5
3 3 1 0

.317 Sexson 1b 4 2 1 1 1 2 .294 Burnitz rf 4 1 3 3 0 0 .225 Haves 3b
4 0 1 0 0 0 .246 LLopez 2b 4 1 3 3 0 0 .944 Rigdon p 1 0 1. 0 0 0 0 1
de los Santos p 0 0 0 0 0 0 MPSweeney phl 0 0 0 0 0 12 14 Acevedo p 0 0
0 10 0 0 1000

Totals 36 8 14 8 2 4

Los Angeles 100 100 000 2 8 2

Milwaukee 204 100 01x 8 14 0

a-flied out for Herges in the 7th. b-popped out for de los Santos in
the 8th, c-

flied out, for Olson in the 9th. E-Hundley 2 (11). LOS-Los Angeles -
7, Milwaukee 8. 2B-Grudzielanek (30), Karos (27), Jenkins (30), Burnitz
2 (26). HR-LLopez (4) off Olson; Jenkins (25) off CPerez. RBIs Karroa
(97), Cora (24), Jenkins (70), Sbxsbm (27), Burnitz 3 (78), LLopez 3
(17). SB-Jenkins (10). S-Fligdon 2. SF-Cora. Runners left in scoring
position -Los Angeles 3 (Hayes 2, Branson); Milwaukee 7 (Grissom 3,
Sexson, Hayes 2). Runners moved up-Green, Cora

Los Angeles IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA

CPerez L, 5-7 2 7 6 5 2 0 64 5.30 Herges 1 4 1 1 0 3.60 Olson 2 3 1
0 33 7

Milwaukee IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA

Rigdon W, 2-2 6 5 2 2 1 4 102 5.08 de los Santos 2 2 0 0 0 2 34 5.34
Acevedo

1 1 0 0 0 0 25 3.72

CPerez pitched to 5 batters in the 3rd.

Inherited runners-scored-Herges 3-2

Umpires-Home, Van Vleet; First, Kellogg; Second, Diaz; Third,

Cooper. T-3;05

A-15,483 (53,192).

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THE NEW YORK TIMES SCOREBOARD FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L++ D7

American League

LAST NIGHT

Tampa Bay 2, Kansas City 1 Detroit 6, Baltimore 1 Texas 14,
Cleveland 7 ROUNDDUP

Red Sox

Acquire

Bichette

Hoping to add pop for a playoff run, the Boston Red Sox obtained Dante

Bichette from the Cincinnati Reds yesterday for two minor league pitchers. Bichette gives the Red Sox a run producer and a candidate for designated hitter. Boston has tried several players at designated hitter this year without satisfaction.

Bichette, a 36-year-old outfielder, approved the trade yesterday. Because he

was obtained before midnight, he will be eligible for Boston's postseason roster - if the Red Sox make it that far.

Bichette knew when he got a message to call Reds General Manager Jim Bowden that he had been traded.

"I said to myself, 'Please let it be Boston,'" Bichette said. "It's a place I've always wanted to play. I met my wife at a Gold's Gym beyond the Green Monster. I've had a lot of luck there."

Several hours after the Bichette deal, the Red Sox acquired outfielder Midre Cummings, who leads the American League with 11 pinch-hits, from Minnesota for the minor league infielder Hector De Los Santos.

Bichette had a .366 career average (26 for 71) with three home runs at Fenway Park when he played in the American League with the Brewers and the Angels from 1988 to 1992.

Bichette hit .295 with 16 homers and 76 runs batted in for the Red Sox year. Red Sox General Manager Dan Duquette said Bichette would be a designated hitter and an outfielder.

The Reds got the right-hander Chris Reitsma and the left-hander John Curtice, neither of whom has made it above Class AA.

RANGERS 14, INDIANS 7: Chad Curtis went 4 for 5 and hit a tie-breaking double in the seventh inning, and Rusty Greer followed with a two-run single as host Texas stopped a five-game losing streak. The game finished in 4 hours 21 minutes, one minute from the major league record for a nine-inning contest.

B.J. Waszgis got the go-ahead rally started in the seventh inning of a 6-6 game with a one-out single off Steve Karsay (4-6). Waszgis went to second on Luis Alicea's single and scored on Curtis's double to the season. Wilson, acquired from Mets on July 29, missed last season after surgery on his right elbow.

DEVIL RAYS 2, ROYALS 1

Kansas City AS R H BI BB SO Avg.

Damon dh 4 0 1 0 0 0 .328 RSanchez as 4 0 0 0 0 0 .267 MJSweeney 1b
2 0
0 0 1 0 .339 Dye rf 4 0 0 0 0 1 .319 Quinn lf 4 1 3 0 0 0 .300 Ronda
3b 4 0 1 0 0 1 .298 Dunwoody of 3 0 1 1 0 2 .216 HOrtiz c 3 0 0 0 0 0
.370 WDelgado 2b 3 0 0 0 0 0 .260

Totals 31 1 6 1 1 4

Tampa Bay AS R H BI BB SO Avg.

GWilliams of 4 0 0 0 0 1 .2 SCox If 3 1 3 0 1 0 .290 Tyner pr-lf 0 1
0- 0 0 0

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.270 GVaughn dh 4 0 1 0 0 0 .263 McGn lb 3 0 0 0 1 1 .279 BoSmith
2b 4 0 1 1 0 1 265 Fluff 3b 3 0 1 0 0 0 .313 RJohnson 3b 1 0 0 0 0 0
.269 JGullen rf 3 0 0 0 0 1 .264 Direlice c 3 0 0 0 0 1 .230 FMhdinez
so 2 0 1 0 1 0 .218

Totals 30 2 7 1 3 6

Kansas City 010 000 000 1 6 1

Tampa Bay 000 001 01x 2 7 0

a-popped out for Huff in the 8th. l-ran for Cox in the 8th.

E-Dye (6). LOB-Kansas City 6, Tampa Bay BoSmith (6), Fmartinez (7).

RBIs-

Dunwoody (22), BoSmith (21). SB-MJSweeny (8), Quinn (5), Tyner (3).
SF- Dunwoody. GIDP-Randa, BoSmith. Runners left in scoring position-
Kansas City 3 (Rsanchez, Dye, Randa): Tampa Bay 5 (Gwilliams, Gvaughn,
McGriff, Huff, RJohnson). Runners moved up - Gvaughn, McGriff. DP-
Kansas City 1 (Rsanchez, Wdelgado, and MJSweeney); Tampa Bay 1
(RMHernandez, Fmartinez, and McGriff).

Kansas City IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA Suppan L. 7-8 7 2/3 7 2 2 3 5 115
4.96 Mullen 1/2 0 0 0 0 0 5 0.00

Tampa Bay IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA PaWilson 7 5 1 1 1 3 88 1.96

Fiore W, 1-0 1 0 0 0 0 10 2.25

RHernandez S, 281 1 0 0 0 13 3.00

Inhereted runners-scored-Mullen 1-0

HBP-by PaWilson (MJSweeney). Umpires-Home, Marsh; First, Hernandez;
Second, Foster, Marty; Third, Kulpa. T-2:30. A-13,608 (44,397)

STANDINGS

EAST W L Pct GB L10 Str Home Away Intr

Yankees 74 56 .569 - 7-3 W-1 37-28 37-28 11-6 Boston 69 61 .531 5 5-
5 L- 1 35-28 34-33 9-9 Toronto 70 63 .526 5 1/2 7-3 W-1 36-28 34-35 9-9
Baltimore 60 73 .451 15 1/2 6-4 L-1 38-30 22-43 7-11 Tampa Bay 59 74
.444 16 1/2 5-5 W-2 31-35 28-39 9-9

CENTRAL W L Pct GB L10 Str Home Away Intr

Chicago 79 54 .594 - 5-5 W-2 36-26 43-28 12-6 Cleveland 70 60 .538 7
1/2 6-4 L-1 35-26 35-34 13-5 Detroit 66 66 .500 12 1/2 6-4 W-1 33-31
33-35 10-8 Kansas City 62 71 .466 17 4-6 L-1 33-32 29-39 8-10 Minnesota
59 74 .444 20 4- 6 L-2 31-37 28-37 7-11

WEST W L Pct GB L10 Str Home Away Intr

Seattle 72 61 .541 - 3-7 L-1 40-28 32-33 11-7 Oakland 69 63 .523 2
1/2 3- 7 L-2 37-31 32-32 11-7 Anaheim 68 65 .511 4 5-5 L-1 41-31 27-34
12-6 Texas 59 74 .444 13 3-7 W-1 37-34 22-40 7-11

TODAY'S GAMES AND PITCHERS

LAST 3 STARTS

Pitcher W-L ERA W-L IP ERA

Minnesota Radke (R) 10-13 4.48 2-1 15.1 5.28 at Yankees 7:05 p.m.

Hernandez (R) 10-10 4.95 2-1 21.0 4.29 Seattle Halarna (L) 11-6 5.08

1-1 17.0 6.35 at Boston 7:05 p.m. Arrojjo (R) 3-1 4.71 2-0 18.1 4.42

Baltimore Ponson (R) 7-9 5.27 1-2 21.0 4.71 at Cleveland 7:05 p.m.

Finley (L) 10-10 4.38 1-1 16.2 7.56 Texas Helling (R) 14-9 3.78 0-1

20.2 5.23 at Detroit 7:05 P.M. Sparks (R) 5-2 3.49 3-0 23.0 0.78

Oakland Mulder (L) 7-10 5.71 1-2 13.2 7.24 at Toronto 7:05 p.m.

Hamilton (R) 1-0 1.50 1-0 12.0 1.50 Kansas City Meadows(R) 2-2 4.50 1-2

23.2 3.42 at Tampa Bay 7:15 p.m. Rupe (R) 5-5 6.80 1-1 18.0 2.50

Anaheim

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Schoeneweis(L) 6-7 1.13 0-1 21.1 6.75 at Chicago 8:05 p.m. Lowe (R)

3-1 5.96 0- 0 9.1 3.86

RANGERS 14, INDIANS 7

Cleveland AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Lofton cf 4 1 3 1 1 0 .274
 a-BSelby ph 1 0 1 1 0 0 .269 Vizquel ss 4 1 1 1 1 0 .285 b-Branyan
 ph 1 0 0
 0 0 0 .228 RAlomar 2b 4 0 1 0 1 0 .281 MRamirez rf 4 0 1 1 1 2 .340
 Thorne dh 5 0 1 0 0 2 .281 Segul 1b 5 2 2 0 0 0 .338 Fryman 3b 1 5 1 2
 2 0 0 .325 WCordero lf 4 1 2 0 1 0 .269 EADiaz c 4 1 1 0 1 0 .271
 Totals 41 7 14 6 6 4
 Texas AB R H BI BB SO Avg.
 Alicea 2b 5 5 4 .286 M. Curtis dh 5 3 4 1 0 0 .271 Greer lf 6 3 5 4
 0 1 .305
 RPalmeiro 1b 3 1 3 1 3 0 .281 Ledee of 6 0 1 3 0 1 .229 Kepler rf 5
 0 2 3 1 0 .283 Lamb 3b 4 0 0 0 1 0 .276 Sheldon ss 4 1 1 0 1 3 .266
 Waszgis Jr. c 5 1 1 0 0 2 .250
 Totals 43 14 21 14 7 7
 Cleveland 040 001 101-7 14 0
 Texas 202 002 35x-14 21 1
 a-singled for Lofton in the 9th. b-grounded into fielder's choice
 for Vizquel in
 the 9th.
 E-Perisho (3). LOB-Cleveland 13, Texas 13. 2B-Segui 35), Fryman
 (30),
 EADiaz (13), Allow (22), Curtis (2)-3B Ledee (3). HR-Alicea (4) off
 Brewington; Fryman (20) off Sikorski. RBIs- Lofton (57), Bselby (2),
 Vizquel (54), MRamirez (88), Fryman 2 (90), Alicea 2 (54), Curtis
 (38), Greer 4 (59), Rpalmeiro (102), Ledee 3 (61), Kapler 3 (48). SB-
 Greer (4). CS-Ledee 3 (61), Kapler 3 (48). Runners left in scoring
 position - Cleveland 4 (Vizquel, Thome 2, EADiaz); Texas 7 (Kapler 2,
 Lamb, Sheldon 2, Waszgis Jr. 2).
 Runners moved up-Ralmar, Curtis
 Cleveland OP H R ER BB SO NP ERA
 Bere 2 1/2 6 4 4 4 3 1 58 5.59 Speier 2 3 0 0 1 2 54 3.15 Sreed 1 0
 1 1 1 2
 14 4.63 Sreed 1 0 1 1 1 2 14 4.63 Rincon 1/3 1 1 1 1 1 0 12 3.00
 Karsay L, 4-6 2/3 4 3 3 0 1 19 3.56 Shuey 2/3 1 0 0 1 0 17 3.50
 Brewington 1 6 5 5 0 1 38 5.85
 Texas IP H R ER BB 80 NP ERA
 Sikorski 5 9 4 4 3 4 113 4.50 Perisho 2/3 0 1 0 1 0 14 7.29 Crabtree
 1 1 1 1 2 0 24 6.64 Venafro W, 3-1 1 1/2 0 0 0 0 18 3.68 Wetteland 1 2
 1 1 0 0 25 4.01 Inherited runners-scored-Spaier 3-0, SReed 3-0 Rincon
 1-0, Kersey 3-2,
 Shuey 2-2 Crabtree 1-1, Venafro 2-1. WP-Crabtree
 Umpires-Home, Fichter: First, Bucknor; Second, Reed; Third,
 Wendelstedt,
 Hu. T-4:21. A-27,333 (49,166).
 TIGERS 6, ORIOLES 1
 Detroit AB R H B1 BB SO Avg.
 McMillon dh 3 0 0 0 0 2 .333 a-Magee ph-dh 1 0 1 0 0 0 .295 b-BecKer
 ph-
 dh 1 0 0 0 0 0 .245 JEncarnadon cf 5 0 2 2 0 1 .295 Higginson lf 5 0
 0 0 0 3 .288 JGonzalez rf 4 0 1 0 0 0 .300 Palmer 1b 3 0 2 0 1 0 .265
 Allen 1b 0 0 0 0 0 0 .400 Easley 2b 3 1 1 0 1 1 .260 DCruz ss 4 2 1 1 0
 0 .291 Ausmus c 4 2 2 1 0 1 .263 Macias 3b 3 1 1 2 0 1 .272
 Totals 36 6 11 6 2 9
 Baltimore AB R H B1 BB SO Avg.
 BKAnderson cf 4 0 2 0 0 1. 250 Mora as 3 1 2 0 1 1 .333 DeShields lf
 3 0 0
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0 0 1 .298 Belle rf 3 0 0 1 0 2 .277 Conine dh 3 0 1 0 0 1 .282 1-
Hubbard dh 0 0 0 0 0 0 .214 Richard lb 4 0 0 0 0 2 .257 Fordyce c 4 0 0
0 0 0 .286 MLewis 3b 3 0 0 0 0 2 .279 c-GMyers gh 1 0 0 0 0 1 .227
Hairston 2 3 0 0 0 1 1 .268 Totals 31 1 5 1 212

Detroit 000 010 014-6 11 2

Baltimore 000 001 000-1 5 0

a-singled for McMillan in the 8th. b-lined out for Magee In the 9th.
c-struck

out for Lewis in the 9th. 1-ran for Conine in the 8th.

E-Easley (4) DCruz (12) LOS-Detroit 6. Baltimore 8. AAusmus (4),
BKAnderson (19), Mora (8). 3B-Maclas (4). HR-DCruz (8) off Mussina.
RBI - JEncamacion 2 (64), DCruz (67), Ausmus (41), Macias (21), Belle
(96), SBPalmer (4), Hubbard (1). S-Macias, DeShields. SF-Belle. GIDP-
DCruz. Runners left in scoring position-Detroit 1 (JGonzalez),
Baltimore 7 (Mora 2, Belle 2, Conine, Richard, 2. Runners moved up-
BKAnderson. DP-Baltimore 1 (Mora, Hairston and Richard).

Detroit IP H R ER SO O P ERA

Moehler 6 2/3 5 1 1 2 8 100 4.00 Dpatterson W, 5-11 0 0 0 0 2 15
3.14 Nitkowski 1/2 0 0 0 0 1 4 5.01 TBJones 1 0 0 00 1 13 3.08

Baltimore IP N R ER BS SO NP ERA

Mussina 7 5 1 1 0 7 86 3.85 Trombley L, 4-4 1/3 1 1 1 0 0 5 4.80
Groom 1/3 2 0 0 0 1 8 3.83 Mills 1/3 0 2 2 2 0 1 6.46 Kohlmeier 1/3 3 2
2 0 0 25 1.72 Bryan 1/3 0 0 0 0 1 6 7.53

Mills pitched to 2 batters in the 9th.

Inherited runners-scored-DPatterson 2-0. Nitkowski 1-0, Groom 1-1,
Mills 2- 0, Kohlmeier 2-1, BRyan 1-0. HWP-by DPatterson (Conine). WP-
Moehler. Umpires-Home, Eddings; First, Carlson; Second, DeMuth; Third,
Higgins. T-3:18. A-33,709 (48,876).

LEAGUE LEADERS

BATTING G AB R H Pct.

GarciaParra Bos 111 412 84 153 .371 CDelgado Tor 133 475 105 173 364
Erstad Ana 128 556 98 201 .362 Stewart Tor 107 459 91 157 .342
MJSweeney KC 130 510 83 173 .339 Segui Cie 122 467 74 157 .336
Elvartlnez Sea 124 455 90 152 .334 Thomas ChW 132 480 100 1 60 .333
ARodriguez Sea 119 446 111 148 .332 Damon KC 130 533 114 175 .328

HOME RUNS-CDelgado, Toronto, 39; Glaus, Anaheim, 38; Thomas,
Chicago, 38; TBatista, Toronto, 37.

RBI-EMartinez, Seattle, 127; CDelgado Toronto, 124; MJSweeney,
Kansas City, IF Thomas, Chicago, 121.

HITS-Erstad, Anaheim, 201; Damon, Kansas City, 175; MJSweeney,
Kansas City, 173; CDelgado, Toronto, 173.

RUNS-Damon, Kansas City, 114; ARodriguez, Seattle, 111; Durham,
Chicago, 107.

STOLEN BASES-Damon, Kansas City 38, DeShields, Baltimore, 31;
Ralomar, Cleveland: 29; Henderson, Seattle, 29.

PITCHING (16 Decisions)-DWells, Toronto, 195, .792, 3.94;
PlVartinez, Boston, 15-4, .789, 1.68; Baldwin, Chicago, 14-5, .737,
4.16; Hudson, Oakland, 14-6, .700, 4.93; Pettitte, Yankees, 16-7, .696,
4.17.

STRIKEOUTS-PMartinez, Boston, 239; Mussma, Baltimore, 175; Colon,
Cleveland, 164; CFinley, Cleveland, 156; Burba, Cleveland, 152.

SAVES-TBJones, Detroit, 36; Koch, Toronto, 32; DLowe, Boston, 31;
Sasaki,

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Seattle, 30; MRivera, Yankees, 30. TOMORROW

Minnesota at Yankees, 4:35 p.m. Baltimore at Cleveland, 1:05 p.m.
Seattle at Boston, 1:15 p.m. Oakland at Toronto, 4:05 p.m. Kansas City

at Tampa Bay, 4:15 p.m. Texas at Detroit, 5:05 p.m. Anaheim at Chicago, 7:05 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Yankees 5, Seattle 4 Kansas City 8, Minnesota 7 Chicago 8, Oakland 3 Tampa Bay 3, Boston 1 Baltimore 5, Detroit 1 Cleveland 5, Texas 3 Toronto 11, Anaheim 2

LATE WEDNESDAY

YANKEES 5, MARINERS 4

Yankees AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Jeter ss 4 0 2 0 1 0 .324 Posada c 4 1 1 0 1 3 .294 O'Neill rf 3 0 0 1 0 0 .293

Bellinger lf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .246 BeWilliams cf 4 1 1 0 1 1 .309
Justicelf-rf 4 1 1 0 1 0 .289 TMartinez lb 4 2 3 1 0 0 .269 GHill dh 3 0 1 0 0 1 .379 1-JVizcaino pr- dhl 0 0 0 0 0 .267 Sojo 2b 4 0 1 2 0 1 .317 Brosius 3b 2 0 0 0 2 0 .235

Totals 34 5 10 4 6 6

Seattle AS R H BI BB SO Avg.

Henderson lf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .250 Javier lf 3 0 1 0 1 1 .274 CGuillen 3b 5 0 2 1

O 0 .274 ARodriguez as 3 1 2 0 2 0 .334 EMartinez dh 5 0 1 0 0 1 .334 2-Widger pr 0 0 0 0 0 0 .100 AMartin rf 5 0 0 0 0 4 253 Cameron cf 3 0 0 1 2 1 261 Ibanez lb 5 0 0 0 0 0 .210 JOliver c 3 1 1 0 1 1 .280 McLemore 2b 3 2 1 2 1 0 .236 Totals 36 4 8 4 7 8

Yankees 100 300 010-5 10

Seattle 000 010 021-4 8 0

1-ran for Hill in the 8th. 2-ran for Martinez in the 9th.

E-Jeter 2 (20). LOB-Yankees 11, Seattle 12. 2B-Posada (26), Justice (26),

TMartinez (34), Sojo (7). HR-McLemore (3) off Gooden. RBIs-O'Neill (89), TMartinez (76), Sojo 2 (13), CGuillen (32), Cameron (61), McLemore 2 (37). SB- Cameron (17), McLemore (26). CSHenderson (9). SF-O'Neill. GIDP-Sojo. Runners left in scoring position-Yankees 6 (O'Neill 2, Bellinger 2, Sojo 2); Seattle 5 (EMartinez, AMartin, Cameron 2, JOliver). Runners moved up-EMartinez. DP- Seattle 2 (Ibanez), (ARodriguez and Ibanez).

Yankees IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA Cone W, 4-11 5 2/3 5 1 1 4 6113 6 21 Choate 1/3 0 0 0 0 0 2 2.08 Gooden 1 1/3 2 2 2 2 1 39 4.69 MRivera 8, 30 124 1 1 1 1 1 31 .292

Seattle IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA Sale L, 13-10 32/, 6 4 4 3 2 66 4 96 Ramsay 2/3 1 0 0 1 0 16 3 80 Mesa 3 1/2 3 1 1 2 3 55 5.32 Paniagua 1 1/3 0 0 0 0 1 33 3.57

Inherited runners-scored-Choate 1-0, Ramsay 3-0, Mesa 2-0, Paniagua 3-0. IBB-off Sale (Jeter) 1. HOP-by Paniagua (TMartinez), by Sole (GHill). WP-Cone, Sete. Umpires - Home, Guccione; First, Rieker; Second, Packard; Third, Davis. T- 4:08. A-41,962 (47,145).

BLUE JAYS 11, ANGELS 2

Toronto AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

Stewart lf 5 3 3 0 1 0 .342 ASGonzalez as 5 0 1 0 1 1.263 DMartinez rf 4 3 2

O 2 1 .301 CDelgado lb 6 0 3 4 0 1 .364 Fullmer dh 6 2 2 4 0 1 .298 TBatista 3b 6 2 2 1 0 0 .213 2 Fletcher c 4 1 3 1 1 0 .306 JoCruz cf 4 0 0 0 1 3 .242 Morandini 2b 5 0 3 1 0 1 .341 Totals 46 11 19 11 6 8

Anaheim AB R H BI BB SO Avg.

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Erstad dh 4 0 1 0 0 1 .362 Glaus 3b 4 0 0 0 0 0 .279 Salmon rf 3 0 0 0 0 2 .302 Palmeiro cf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .300 MVAughn lb 2 1 2 1 1 0 .290 Spiezio rf 1 0 0 0 0 0 .241 Gant lf 4 1 1 1 0 0 .245 GAndereon of 3 0 1 0 0 0 .270 AKennedy 2b 1 0 0 0 0 1 .267 BMolina c 3 0 2 0 0 0 .275

Wooten c 1 0 1 0 0 0 .200 Gil 2b-lb 4 0 1 0 0 1 .231 Stocker ss 3 0 0 0
0 1 .235 Totals 34 2 9 2 1 6

Toronto 411 002 102 11 19 0

Anaheim 000 000 101 2 9 0

LOS-Toronto 13, Anaheim 6. 20-DMartinez (12). HR-Gant (5) off
Escobar;

MVaughn (33) off Frascatore; Fletcher (17) off Wise; TBatista, (37)
off Wise: Fullmer 2 (28) off Turnbow, Wise. RBIs-CDelgado 4 (124),
Fullmer 4 (90), TBatista (100), Fletcher (45), Morandini (3), MVaughn
(100), Gant (9). GIDP-Stewart, BMolina. Runners left in scoring
position Toronto 4 (DMartinez 2, Fullmer, TBatista); Anaheim 1
(Stocker). DP-Toronto 1 (Matistal Morandini and CDelgado); Anaheim 1
(Stocker, Gil and Vaughn).

Toronto IP H R ER SS SO NP ERA

DWells W, 19-6 5 3 0 0 1 2 61 3.94 Frascatore 2 4 1 1 0 2 28 5.49
Escobar 2 2 1 1 0 2 27 5.34 Anaheim IP H R ER BB SO NP ERA Wise L, 3-2
4 1/3 12 6 6 3 3104 4.11 Turnbow 3 2/3 4 3 2 3 4 67 4.34 Petkovsek 1 3
2 2 0 1 22 4.71

Inherited runners-scored-Turnbow 3-0.

PB-BMolina Umpires-Home, Wolf; First, Meriwether; Second, Rippley;
Third, Gibson., T-3:08. A-19,653 (45,050).

OLYMPICS

Bradley Rejects

Post of Chairman

Bill Bradley has turned down an invitation to become chairman of the
United

States Olympic Committee, but will most likely join the U.S.O.C.'s
board of direc- tors later this year.

Bradley, who was approached in July, seriously considered taking the
posi- tion but wasn't sure he could devote the time necessary to do the
job properly, Steve Richards, the head of the association's nominating
committee, said yester- day.

Instead, Bradley, the former Senator from New Jersey, Democratic
presiden- tial hopeful and Knicks forward, will be nominated for the
board of directors, along with Henry Kissinger, the former Secretary of
State, and Gordon Gund, the owner of the Cleveland Cavaliers, at the
organization's meeting in December.

The committee recommended Paul George, a lawyer and longtime member
of the board, to be the new chairman, replacing William Hybl, who is
stepping down after one term and is expected to be named later this
month to the board of the International Olympic Committee.

Bradley was not immediately available for comment. (AP)

HORSE RACING

Gratiaen Wins Albany Handicap

Gratiaen spoiled Image Maker's bid for a sweep of New York's triple
crown yes-

terday, winning the \$176,700 Albany Handicap for New York-bred 3-
year-olds at Saratoga Race Course in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Gratiaen, ridden by Edgar Prado, ran the mile and an eighth in 1:50,
and paid \$12.60 on a \$2 bet to win. He earned \$106,020 for Jerome
Brody's Gallagher's Stud with his third victory in five career starts.

Image Maker, unable to pose a threat despite a late rally, finished
fourth, los- ing a chance to earn a \$250,000 bonus offered for winning
Belmont's Mike Lee,

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Finger Lakes' New York Derby and the Albany.

Storm the Gate was second by a nose, and Turnofthecentury was third.
(AP) SARATOGA / RESULTS

1st-48,000. alc, 4YO up, 2 1/6 mi, hrdl., cloudy.

7 (7) Flasher (M.McCarron) 11.60 5.30 3.70 3 (3) Double Leaf
(A.Kingsley, Jr.)

5.70 3.80 1 (1) Spring Salute (G.Brown) 3.60 Off 1:01. Time 3:39.85.
Firm. Also RanTurkish Corner, Commanders Palace, Incrispensable,
Perfect Match. Exacta (7-3) paid \$49.60, Trifecta (7-3-1) paid \$211.00.
2nd-\$41,000, mdn spi wt, 2YO F, 7f, clear.

8 (8) Diablo's Girl (J.Samyn) 6.20 3.40 2.60 7 (7) Heathers Promise
(A.Gryder) 4.30 290 6 (6) Missile Defense (P.Day) 4.00 Off 1:36. Time
1:24.46. Fast, ScratchedParsec. Also Ran-Nice Silver, Summer Colony,
Lemon Tart, Sweet Memory, Climbeverymountain, Fury Dance. Daily Double
(7-8) paid \$38.00. Exacta (8-7) paid \$16.80. Quinella (7-8) paid \$8.30.
Trifecta (87-6) paid \$81.50.

3rd-\$44,000, alc, 3YO up F&M, 1 1/8 mi., clear.

4 (3) Serra Lake (E.Prado) 7.90 4.40 4.30 3 (2) Sweet Sorrow
(R.Davis) 6.20 5.80) Our Patty (P.Day) 4.90 Off 2:07. Time 1:51.61.
Fast, ScratchedSlightly Scarlet, Also Ran-Unbridled Waters, Seattle
Joke. Pick 3 (7-8-4) 3 Correct Paid \$147.50. Exacta (4-3) paid \$32.40.
Daily Double (8-4) paid \$24.80.

4th-\$41,000, mdn spi wt, 2YO F, 7f, clear.

9 (9) Dancinginmydresms (Day) 11.60 5.70 .4.00 10 (10) Western
Justice (J.Bailey) 5.90 3.40 7 (7) Queen Candace (R-Davis) 3.70 off
2:39. Time 1:24.63. Fast. Also RanSchatzeli, Quiet Lake, Sewickley
Heights, Carly Lee, Fly So Quick, Unrestrained, Upupandaway. Pick 3 (8-
4-9) 3 Correct Paid \$128.50. Quinella (9- 10) paid \$29.20. Trifecta
paid \$233.00. Exacta (9-10) paid -5.00.

5th-\$42,000, mdn spi wit, 3YO up F&M, 1 1/16 mi, tf., clear.

7 (8) Mostbeautifulsound (Gryder)28.40 13.60 1 0,90 9 (11) Miss
Spanish Bay (I.Espinoza) 17.00 10.60 10 (12) Martinique (S.Sellers)
6.30 Off 3:10. Time 1:41.90. Firm, ScratchedSweetest Secret, Coming
Out, Slipping. Also Ran-b-lan- none, b-The Parting Glass, Secret
Breeze, Dancing With Fire, Very Reasonable, Silver Colony, Wicked Lea,
Spring Garden, a-Waitforcindy. Pick 3 (4-9-7) 3 Correct Paid \$497.50.
Trifecta (7-9-10) paid \$2,535.00. Exacta (7-9) paid \$381.50. a,b-
Coupled.

6th-\$44,000, alc, 2YO F, 1 1/16 mi, til., clear.

4 (4) Mystic Lady (J.Santos) 9.40 4.50 2.48 Marq of Beauty
(J.Balley) 3.50 2.30 6 (6) Killistos (R.Davis) 2.20 Off 3:40. Time
1:43.31. Firm. ScratchedMusic Exchange, Major Wager. Also Ran Mount
Olive, Mom's Appeal, Yasou Kayla, Pick 3 (9-7-4) 3 Correct Paid
\$593.00, Trifecta (4-1-6) paid \$41.80. Exacta (4-1) paid \$2650

7th-\$34,500 cl, 3YO up, 7f, clear.

9 (9) Captain Ed (J.Balley) 8.00 4.80 3.80 8 (8) Political Folly
(P.Day) 3.60 3.10 7 (7) Maclok (E.Prado) 5.10 off 4:12. Time 1:21.92.
Fast. Scratched Birdshot Chirif. Also Ran-Blues Begone, Ancient bancer,
Canadeed, Grand Hope, Full Bore, Risen Warrior. Pick 3 (7-4-9) 3
Correct Paid \$504.00. Trifecta (9-8-7) paid \$179.50. Exacta (9-8) paid
\$31.20.

8th-\$54,000, alc, 3YO up F&M, 7f, clear.

3 (2) Reciclada (P.Day) 13.20 4.00 2.90 5 (4) Rose of Zollern
(J.Bailey) 2.70 2.40 6 (5) Miss Yiayia (J.Santos) 4.00 Off 4:44, Time
1:22,09. Fast. Scratched Arty's Virginia Girl. Also Ran-Speeding Star,
Broomesse, West's Secret. Pick 6 (4- 9-7-4-93) 5 Correct Paid
\$2,776.00. Pick 3 (4-9-3) 3 Correct Paid \$399.50.

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Trifecta (3-5-6) paid \$215.00. Exacta (3-5) paid \$30.40,
9th-\$150,000, stk. 3YO, 1 1/8 mi., clear.

Albany Handicap

3 (3) Gratiaen (E.Prado) 12.60 8.20 6.30 7 (7) Storm the Gate (J.Chavez) 10.00
4.70 8 (8) Turnofthecentury (A.Gryder) 4.40 Off 5:16. Time 1:50.08. Fast. Also RanImage Maker, Beau Tie, Key On Richie, Boo Boo Bear, Impeachthepro. Pick 3 (9-3-3) 3 Correct Paid \$537.00. Trifecta (3-7-8) paid \$668.00. Exacts (3-7) paid \$80,50.

10th-\$44,000, alc, 3YO up, 1, tf., clear.

1 (3) West Cork (J.Chavez) 6.90 4.00 8.00 7 (6) Indy Shuffle (E.Prado) 4.70 2.90 5 (4) Vintage Class (A.Gryder) 3.30 Off 5:48. Time 2:40.42. Firm. Scratched Imperial Roger, True n' Distinct, Silver Trophy, Carefree. Also Ran-Thirty Bands, Marshall Plan, Frank the Fixer, Tallow, Slingin Hash' Boston Ballet. Pick 3 (3-3- 1) 3 Correct Paid \$401,00. Exacts (1-7) paid \$34.20. Superfecta (1-7-5-11) paid \$1,236.00. Trifecta (117-6) paid \$57.50. Daily Double (3-1) paid 177.60. Attendance 13,329. ITW \$4,344,206. IST \$6,135,250. Handle \$2,331,976, Total Handle \$12,811,432.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Wisconsin Wins Despite Suspensions

By The Associated Press

Michael Bennett rushed for 128 yards and a touchdown as No. 4 Wisconsin

survived the suspension of five starters in a lackluster 19-7 victory over Western Michigan last night in Madison, Wis.

Three hours before kickoff, Wisconsin said 26 players had been suspended from one to three games for receiving unadvertised discounts at a shoe store. Eleven players served all or part of their suspensions against Western Michigan.

"I think you have tremendous disappointment," Wisconsin's athletic director, Pat Richter, said. "You have to feel for them. We felt this was not warranted."

The National Collegiate Athletic Association ordered all 26 players to serve the suspensions within the first four games of the season.

In the Badgers' first game since the graduation of the N.C.A.A. career rushing leader, Ron Dayne, their offense struggled to produce the methodical drives once led by Dayne, last year's Heisman Trophy winner. Bennett got 30 carries but rarely broke into the Broncos' defensive backfield, and Wisconsin's passing game was erratic.

But Wisconsin's underwhelming performance cannot be attributed entirely to the suspensions. Only four Badgers expected to play a significant amount were suspended.

Receiver Chris Chambers, who is injured, the receiver/kick returner Nick Davis and offensive tackle Ben Johnson were the only offensive starters out. The all-American cornerback Jamar Fletcher and linebacker Bryson Thompson were the missing defensive starters.

MIAMI 61, MCNEESE STATE 14: Ken Dorsey threw three touchdown passes and Santana Moss gained 204 all-purpose yards as fifth-ranked Miami beat Division I-AA McNeese State in Miami.

The Hurricanes gained 630 yards, most of it coming in the first half. Dorsey, Moss and many other starters sat out much of the second half while their back-ups picked up playing time.

Miami scored on six of eight first-half possessions, including five -touch- downs.

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Dorsey, a sophomore, hit Reggie Wayne on a pair of perfectly thrown fade passes in the same corner of the end zone in the first quarter. Dorsey also hit Daryl Jones on a 23-yard pass in the second to give Miami a 34-7 lead.

Dorsey completed 17 of 29 passes for 248 yards, winning for the fourth time in four starts.

APPALACHIAN STATE 20, WAKE FOREST 16: David Reaves threw a 9-yard touchdown pass to Rashad Slade on the first play of the fourth quarter as Division I-AA Appalachian State beat host Wake Forest.

The Mountaineers, who beat Wake Forest for the third time in the last four meetings, outgained the Demon Deacons, 382-181.

Appalachian State trailed, 10-7, and lost its starting quarterback, Daniel Jeremiah, on the second play of the second half to a knee injury. But Reaves, who usually shares playing time at quarterback, led the Mountaineers to the victory.

MARSHALL 63, S.E. MISSOURI 7: Chanston Rodgers ran for three touchdowns and Byron Leftwich threw for two more in their first starts as host Marshall beat Division 1-AA Southeast Missouri State to run its winning streaks to 32 over all and 18 at home, both tops in Division I-A.

BAYLOR 20, NORTH TEXAS 7: Elijah Burkins made a quick impact in his return from an injury as Baylor ended a 16-game road losing streak by beating North Texas, the only team the Bears beat last season.

Burkins did not touch the ball until the first play of the second quarter, and then had three straight carries up the middle for the final 31 yards of Baylor's first touchdown drive. He had gains of 18 and 9 yards before scoring from the 4.

Baylor led for good in the season opener for both teams after the touchdown by Burkins, a senior who received a medical redshirt after injuring his right ankle in the third game last season.

NORTHWESTERN 35, N. ILLINOIS 17: While host Northwestern unveiled a new wide-open, no-huddle offense, two defensive stands and Sam Simmons's explosive kick returns sparked its victory.

The speedy and elusive Simmons, who missed the final month last season with a broken clavicle, had more than 200 all-purpose yards on kickoff returns, punt returns and one reception, constantly giving the Wildcats good field position.

SCORES

EAST Geneva 16, California, Pa. 14 Maine 45 Kutztown 0 Massachusetts 36 William & Mary 16 New Haven 7 West Chester 0

SOUTH Appalachian St. 20 Wake Forest 16 Auburn 35. Wyoming 21 Chattanooga 23 Samford 6 E. Kentucky 41 Glenville St. 0 Marshall 63 SE Missouri 7 Miami 61 McNeese St. 14 Murray St. 42 S. Illinois 20 Nicholls St. 52 Cent, Arkansas 44 Tenn.-Martin 32 Lambuth 21

MIDWEST Cent. Missouri 45 Winona St. 26 Dayton 35 Tiffin 12 E. Illinois 42 Indiana St, 24 Illinois St. 75 W. Virginia Tech 10 Nebraska-Kearney 44 Wayne, Neb. 3 N. Dakota St. 52 Texas A&M-Kingsville 7 N. Iowa 47 Morningside 14 Northwestern 35 N, Illinois 17 South Dakota 17 Missouri Western 13 Wisconsin 19 Michigan 7 Youngstown St, 24. Slippery Rock 10

SOUTHWEST Baylor 20 North Texas 7 Stephen F.Austin 38 . Cent. Oklahoma 31, OT SW Texas 34 Midwestern St. 13

FAR WEST

Weber St. 44 Western St., Colo. 13 PRO BASKETBALL

Blazers Acquire

DayD7/ 498

Davis From Pacers

A day after acquiring Shawn Kemp, the Portland Trail Blazers beefed up their front line some more yesterday, getting Dale Davis from the Indiana Pacers in exchange for Jermaine O'Neal.

Indiana also got Joe Kleine, the 38-year-old backup center. Kleine was signed to a three-year contract, with the first year guaranteed. On

Wednesday, Portland acquired Kemp from Cleveland in a three-team deal that sent Brian Grant to Miami.

With Davis, the Blazers clearly got the best of the swap of 6-foot-11-inch players. Davis, who helped lead the Pacers to the National Basketball Association finals against the Lakers, averaged 10 points and 9.9 rebounds, leading Indiana in rebounding for the seventh straight season and making his first All-Star team.

O'Neal, who came into the N.B.A. out of Eau Claire (S.C.) High School, has contributed virtually nothing in his four pro seasons. He averaged just 12.3 minutes, 3.9 points and 3.3 rebounds last season and could not crack the rotation, playing behind forwards Rasheed Wallace and Grant. O'Neal, entering the second year of a four-year, \$24 million contract he signed last summer, demanded to be traded in mid-June. (AP) U.S. TROUNCES CANADA: Vince Carter, dunking in garbage time. It is a little more than one nation should have to take, especially the country where Carter is professionally employed.

In his international debut, Carter, the sky-walking guard of the Toronto Raptors, electrified a crowd of more than 7,000 on the University of Hawaii campus last night in Honolulu. He scored 29 points in 19 minutes as the United States throttled the Canadian national team, 99-70, in the Americans' first tune-up for the Olympic Games later this month in Sydney, Australia.

Rowan Barrett led Canada with 22 points.

Canada narrowed its deficit to 16 points with nearly 10 minutes remaining in the second half and began to make it a contest. But Jason Kidd and Gary Payton turned up the defensive intensity, and even the one established N.B.A. player on the Canadian roster, Steve Nash, began to feel the pressure. He committed six turnovers in 34 minutes.

Ray Allen added 18 points, Alonzo Mourning had 13 points and Kevin Garnett had 10 points and 9 rebounds in 19 minutes. The United States led by 47-35 at halftime, then shot 64.3 percent in the second half.

The United States will meet a team of American college stars tomorrow before going to Japan for two exhibition games.

MIKE WISE ELLIOTT SAYS HE'LL RETURN: Sean Elliott announced yesterday that he would return to the San Antonio Spurs for at least one more season saying he feels great a year after a kidney transplant and wants the challenge of basketball in his life.

The 6-8 Elliott, a 32-year-old forward who made a stirring comeback by rejoining his team last March, said he was just not ready to retire.

"I love the challenge," said Elliott, a standout perimeter player who helped the Spurs win their first N.B.A. title in 1999. (AP)

TRANSACTIONS

BASEBALL

American League

ANAHEIM ANGELS-Claimed RHP Ben Weber off waivers from the San Francisco Giants and assigned him to Edmonton of the PCL.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES-Activated 313 Cal Ripken from the 15-day disabled list. 499 / D7Day

Recalled OF Eugene Kingsale from Rochester of the International League. Purchased the contract of Karim Garcia from Rochester.

BOSTON RED SOX-Acquired OF Midre Cummings from the Minnesota Twins for INF Hector De Los Santos.

National League

METS-Sent RHP Jim Mann outright to Norfolk of the International League. CINCINNATI REDS-Traded OF Dante Bichette to the Boston Red Sox for RHP

Chris Reitsma and LHP John Curtice.

FLORIDA MARLINS-Assigned RHP John McKay and RHP Steve Sawyer to Kane County of the Midwest League.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS-Optioned C Keith McDonald to Memphis of the PCL. Purchased contract of OF Thomas Howard from Memphis. Placed INF Jason Woolf on the 15-day disabled list.

SAN DIEGO PADRES-Agreed to terms with OF Mewelde Moore.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS-Claimed C Scott Servais off waivers from the Colorado Rockies.

BASKETBALL

National Basketball Association

DETROIT PISTONS-Named Dave Twardzik and Mike Sanders assistant coaches.

PHILADELPHIA 76ERS-Named Brian Kirschner manager of communications.

PHOENIX SUNS-Waived G Randy Livingston. PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS-Traded C Jermaine O'Neal and C Joe Kleine to the Indiana Pacers for C Dale Davis.

FOOTBALL

National Football League

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS-Waived DB Paul Miranda. Signed WR Joey Kent.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES-Signed CB William Hampton to the practice squad.

HOCKEY

National Hockey League

COLUMBUS BLUE JACKETS-Agreed to terms with G Marc Denis on a multi-year contract.

EDMONTON OILERS-Signed D Alain Nasreddine and RW Paul Healey,

MINNESOTA WILD-Signed D Eric Charron and D Lawrence Nycholat.

PHILADELPHIA FLYERS-Signed G Brian Boucher to a two-year contract.

PHOENIX COYOTES-Signed D Joel Bouchard and D Dave MacIntyre to one-year contracts.

TAMPA BAY LIGHTNING-Re-signed D Pavel Kubina to a two-year contract.

COLLEGE

CCNY-Announced the resignation of Dan Nigro, men's basketball coach.

COLORADO STATE-Announced the suspension of sophomore OB Steve Cutlip for the season.

COLUMBIA-Named Brendan Buckley wrestling coach.

MONMOUTH, N.J.-Promoted Dennis Shea to director of golf. Named Bryan Carey women's golf coach.

PROVIDENCE-Announced F. Leland Anderson has transferred from Michigan.

SAN DIEGO STATE-Named Jill Young women's assistant soccer coach.

Announced that G Tony Bland and F Brandon Smith have transferred to the men's basketball program. SOUTHAMPTON-Named Ken Moars and Kelly Nelmes

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women's assistant basketball coaches. TENNIS

UNITED STATES OPEN Men

Singles

Second Round

Tim Henman (11), Britain, d. Fernando Gonzalez, Chile, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2. Lleyton Hewitt Australia, d. Julien Boutter, France, 7-6 (6), 6-4, 6-4. Jin Novak, Czech Republic, d. Byron Black, Zimbabwe, 2-6, 6-3, 6 (4). Richard Krajicek, Netherlands, d. Andre Sa, Brazil, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1. Domink Hrbaty, Slovakia, d. Karim Alami, Morocco, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. Yevgeny Kafelnikov (5), Russia, d. Alexander Popp, Germany, 6-7 (3), 6-4, 6-4. 6-4. Hicharn Arazi, Morocco, d. Wayne Ferreira, South Africa, 6-3, 6-3, 6-7 (5), 6-3. Arnaud Clement, France, d. Andre Agassi (1), United States, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. Rainer Schuttler, Germany, d. Tommy Hahs, Germany, 7-6 (5), 6-2, 6-4. Lee Hyungtalk, South Korea, d. Franco

Squillarl (13), Argentina, 7-6 (3), 7-5, 6-2. Andrei Pavel, Romania, d. Arnaud Di Pasquale, France, 6-7 (5), 6-1, 6,3, 6-4. Marcelo Rios, Chile, d. Jens Knippschild, Germany, 4-6, 6-4. 6-4, 7-5.

Doubles

First Round

Wayne Arthurs, Australia, and Nenad Zimonjic, Yugoslavia, d. Karsten Braasch, and Lars Burgsmuller, Germany, 6-1, 6-4. Sebastp Lareau and Daniel Nestor (7), Canada, d. MapKevin Goellner and Michael Kohimson, Germany, 6-4, 7-5. Jaime Oncins, Brazil, and Daniel Orsanic, Argentina, d. Mahesh Bhuphi and Leander Pass, India, 4.6, 7-6, (5), 6-2. Fredrik Bergh, and Peter Nyborg, Sweden d. Donald Johnson, United States, and Piet Norval (13), United States, 4-6, 6-4, 7-4 (5). Nickles Kultti, and Mikael Tillstrom (9), Sweden, d. Massimo Bertolini and Cristian Brandi, Italy, 6-3, 6-4. Jan-Michael Gambill, and Scott Humphries, United States, d. Devin BoWen, United States, and Jonathan Erlich, Israer, 7-6 (1), 6-3. Chris Haggard, South Africa, Tom Vanhoudt, Belgium, d. Tomas Carbonell, Spain, and Martin Garcia (16), Argentina, 6-4, 5-7, 6-4. Paul Haarhuis, Netherlands, and Sandon Stolle (2), Australia, d. Simon Aspelin and Johan Landsberg, Sweden, 4-6, 7-6 (5), 6-4. Mariano Hood, Argentina, and Jack Waite, United States, d. Alex Lopez Moron and Albert Pqrta, Spain, 6-3, 7-6 (3).

Women

Singles

Second Round

Shinobu Asagoe, Japan, d. Patty Schnyder, Switzerland, 7-5, 6-4.

Elena

Dementt . eve, Russia, d. Sylvia Plischke, Austria, 6-4, 7-6(16). Mary Pierce (4), France, d. Magdaldna, Maleeva, Bulgaria, 7-5, 2-6, 6-1. Lisa Raymond, United States, d. Ruxandra Dragomir, Romania, 6-4, 6-2. Conchita Martinez (7), Spain, d. Maria Antonia Sanchez Lorenzo, Spain, 6-3, 6-2. Lindsay Davenport (2), United States, d. Kim Clijsters, Belgium, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2. Lilia Osterloh, United States, d. Dominique Van Roost (14), Belgium, 7-6 (7), 4-6, retired. Francesca Schiavone, Italy, d. Gloria Pizzichml, Italy, 6-4. 6-4. Justine Henin, Belgium, d. Alicia Molik, Australia, 6-2, 6-2. Jelena Dokic, Australia, d. Miriam Oremans, Netherlands, 6- 1, 6-4. Anna Kournikova (12), Russia, d. Sandra Klemova, Czech Republic, 6-4, 6-1. Tamarine Tanasugarn, Thailand, d. Virginia Ruaho Pascual, Spain, 3-6, 6-3, 6-1. Elena Ukhovtseva, Russia, d. Ellen Callens, Belgium, 76 (2), 4-6, 6-1. Anke Huber (10), Germany, d. Tatiana Panova, Russia, 6-2, 6-3. Giulia Casopi, Italy, d.

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Lubomira Bacheva, Bulgaria, 6-2, 6-4. Serena Williams (5), United States, d. Nadja Petrova, Russia, 6-3, 6-2. 1

Doubles

First Round

Debbie Graham, United States, and Katarina Srebotnik, Slovenia, d.

Tanner

Cochran and Kristen Schulkebir, United States, 6-3, 6-2. Magui Same, Spain, and Meghann Shaughnessy, United States, d. Racbel McQuillan and Lisa McShea, Australia, 6-0, 6-2. Surina de Beer, South Africa, and Nana Miyagi, Japan d. Patricia Wartusch, Austria, and Vanessa Webb, Canada, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4. Marissa Irvin and Meilen Tu, United States, d. Angelika Bachmann and Andrea Glass, Germany, 7-6 (1), 4-6, 7-5. Li Na and Li Ting, China, d. Eva Martincova, and Michaels Pastikova, Czech Republic, 6-3, 5-7, 7-6 (0). Alexandra Fusai and Nathalie Tauziat (6), France, d. Katalin Marosi-Aracama, Hungary, and Lorna Woodroffe, Britain, 6-3, 6-4. Julie Halard-Decugis, France, and Ai Sugiyama (2),

Japan, d. Sandra Ngcuk, Yugoslavia, and Tina Pisnik, Slovenia, 7-6 (1), 6-4. Chanda Rubin, United States, and Sandrine Testud (4), France, d. Alina Jidkova, Russia, and Gala Leon Garcia, Spain, 6-4, 6-3. Kimberly Po, United States, and Anne-Gaelle Sidot (11), France, d. Erika de Lone, United States, and Nicole Pratt, Australia, 6-2, 3-6, 63. Amanda Coetzer, South Africa, and Lori McNeil (13), United States, d. Maja Matevzic, Slovenia, and Syna Schmidle, Germany, 6-4, 75. Asa Carlsson, Sweden, and Sonya Jeyaseelan, Canada, d. Magdalena Maleeva, Bulgaria, and Henrieta Nayova, Slovakia, 7-5, 6-2. Alice Canepa, Italy, and Eva Dyrberg, Denmark, d. Rosa M. Andres and Conchits Martinez Granaclos, Spain, 7-6 (2), 7-6 (7). Martina Hingis, Switzerland, and Mary Pierce (3), France, d. Clare Curran, United States, and Amy Jensen, Australia, 4-6, 6-0, 6-1. Tathlana Garbin Italy, and Janette Husarova, Slovakia, d. Nicole Arendt, United States, and Marion Bollegrat (8), Netherlands, 6-4, 7-5. Jelena Kostanic, Croatia, and Tara Snyder, United States, d. Eva Bes and Gisela Rlera, Spain, 61, 6-1. Martina Navratilova, United States, and Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario, Spain, d. Sabine Appelmans, Belgium, and Linda Wild, United States, 5-7, 6-2, 7-6 (3).

Mixed Doubles

First Round

Kerins Habsudova, Slovakia. and David AM, Czech Republic, d. Ai Sugiyama,

Japan, and Mahesh Bhupathi (5), India, 6-3, 6-1. Alexandra Fusai, France, and Patrick Galbraith, United States, d. Kristie Boogert, Netherlands, and Mark Woodforde, Australia, 6-1, 6-3, Lilia Osterloh and Jonathan Stark, United States, d. Caroline Vis, Netherlands, and Andrew Kratzmann, Australia, 6-2, 7-5. Anne- Gaelle Siclot, France, and Andrei Olhovskiy, Russia, d. Tina Krizan, Slovenia, and Andrew Florent, Australia, 6-1, 6-4. Paola Suarez, Argentina, and Jaime Lincins (is), Brazil, d . Catalina Cristea, Romania, and Martin Damm, Czech Republic, 6- 4 , 3-6, 7-6 (2). Barbara Schett, Austria, and Joshua Eagle (6), Australia, d. Lisa Raymond. United States, and Leander Pass, India, 7-6 (2), 6-4. Martina Hingis, Switzerland, and JanMichael Gambill (7), United States, d. Kimberly Po and Donald Johnson, United States, 6-2, 63. Asa Carlsson and Nickles Kulti, Sweden, d Patricia Tarabini and Lucas Arnold, Argentina, 6-1, 6-7 (6), 6-3. Rennes Stubbs and Todd Woodbridge (1), Australia, d. Virginia Ruano Pascual and Tomas Carbonell, Spain, 6-3, 6-2. Anna Kournikova, Russia, and Max Mirnyi (4). Belarus, d. Alicia Molik and Sanclon Stolle, Australia, 7-6 (6), 6-2.

SOCCER

M.L.S STANDINGS

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Eastern Division

W L T Pts OF GA

xy-MetroStars 16 10 3 51 58 47 New England 12 11 6 42 43 43 Miami 10 14

5 35 43 51 D.C. 7 17 6 27 40 57 Central Division

W L T Pts OF GA

x-Tampa Bay 16 11 3 51 60 47 x-Chicago 14 9 6 48 59 47 Dallas 12 14 4 40 51 53 Columbus 11 13 5 38 45 49

Western Division

W L T Pts OF GA

x-Kansas City 14 7 8 50 43 27 x-Los Angeles 14 8 8 50 47 35 Colorado 12 14

4 40 41 57 San Jose 6 16 8 26 31 48

x-clinched playoff spot; y-clinched division title

NOTE: 3 points for a win and 1 point for a tie.

Wednesday New England 1 D.C. 0 Tampa Bay 4 Columbus 3 Chicago 4 1
Dallas 0 Colorado 3 Miami 1 Los Angeles 2 San Jose 1 Tonight
Columbus at San Jose, 11:30 p.m.

Tomorrow MetroStars at Miami, 7:30 p.m. Tampa Bay at Kansas City,
8:30 p.m. Columbus at San Jose, 11 p.m.

Sunday New England at D.C., 4:30 p.m. Chicago at Colorado, 8 p.m.

LACROSSE

N.C.A.A. Committee Delays Rule Change

The National Collegiate Athletic Association men's lacrosse
committee has

decided to delay the implementation of the 60-second shot clock rule
until 2002. The committee originally approved use of the clock for
2001.

During conference calls this week, the committee also recommended
that the

shot clocks be visible, as opposed to being kept on the field by an
official. A final decision on that will be made by the divisional
governing bodies. (AP)

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D8 L+ THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 BASEBALL
ON BASEBALL/Jack Curry

Franco Aches to Return for Drive

John Franco is scheduled to throw off a mound in St. Louis today,
testing his sore left pectoral muscle and hoping that he will finally
be able to pitch in a game by tomorrow or Sunday. Even if Franco, who
last pitched Aug. 22, feels some pain, he expects to pitch through it
unless the discomfort is excruciating. This is not the time to give in,
especially for the resilient Franco.

This has been a rewarding season for Franco, a season that started
out hum- bling and disappointing. Franco knew that he had lost his
closer position to Armando Benitez and realized that he would probably
never get a chance with the Mets to chase Lee Smith's record of 478
saves. Still, while Franco understood he had been replaced, he did not
expect to feel so nonexistent.

"I think he thought he was being phased out," Manager Bobby
Valentine said.

Valentine did not envision it that way and Franco has proved that he
could translate his success as a closer into the eighth inning and, in
doing so, has made himself a more versatile and more valuable pitcher.
Franco has maintained the steely attitude of a closer and has not
allowed an earned run in 23 games. Since June 24, Franco has been
almost perfect. That is incredible.

"The only difference is you just don't get that S next to your name
right now," said Franco, who has 420 saves. "Sometimes I come in when
the game is close, against the top of the order. You get out of that,
to me, that's a save."

It did not always look as if Franco would adapt to the setup role
because it did not look like he or the Mets would allow it to happen.
Valentine realized how delicate it was for Franco to be jettisoned as a
closer after 15 seasons in that role, so the

manager waited for Franco, who has four saves this season and is 58
shy of Smith's record, to dictate the pace of "understanding this
issue."

A few weeks into the season, Franco knocked on Valentine's office
door. He needed to talk. He was confused, miserable and maybe even
bitter. Franco, Valentine and the pitching coach Dave Wallace discussed
Franco's position on the Mets and how he could still be a major

contributor. Franco told Valentine that he needed to pitch frequently to keep his slider and changeup sharp.

I just didn't feel comfortable, Franco said. "When I left the office, we were on the same page. I needed

The Mets reliever has not allowed an earned run in 23 games.

to tell him I needed to pitch quite often. Bobby understood. He was great. I understood what they did. I didn't have to like it, but I understood."

As Valentine stood near the batting cage at Shea Stadium recently, he nodded while he recalled the meeting with Franco and Wallace. Valentine told Franco "nothing had changed" from when Valentine relied on Franco as one of the top relievers in the National League. Valentine told Franco that he still planned to lean on him, which he has.

The Mets probably have the deepest bullpen in baseball and Franco is a crucial pitcher, holding left-hander hitters to a .197 average, which is why his recovery is essential.

"I wanted him to understand that he could be as important to our success this year as he was last year," Valentine said. "I wanted him to know it wasn't a one-year thing. It could be a many-year thing."

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Both Valentine and Wallace admitted that Franco, who will turn 40 on Sept. 17, had probably increased his value by displaying such versatility.

"I haven't talked to anybody around baseball, but I'm sure my value has gone up," Franco said. "Everybody is looking for good pitching."

Franco stayed with the Mets for another season because there was minimal interest in him from other teams and because, having finally made it to the post-season in 1999, he knew how he would feel if the Mets won a World Series title after he left to sign with another team. Fred Wilpon, the Mets' co-owner and fellow Lafayette High School alum, adores Franco and would surely want him back in 2001.

In the same setup role, though, Benitez is signed through the 2003 season and is not budging as the closer.

"What I've done is because he's shown me," Benitez said of Franco. "I have a lot of respect for this guy."

Franco refused to take any credit for Benitez's sensational season - Benitez has 36 saves - but he added, "Sometimes young guys forget work habits and don't respect the game. He doesn't do that."

Despite the fluidity of this season, Franco will have to decide if he wants to return because he is a free agent again. If the Mets win a World Series title, one possibility for next season would be for Franco to stay put and try to repeat. Another possibility would be for him to take the elusive World Series ring, sign with another team and pursue Smith's

record. Franco would not reveal his preference, but he did not swat away the second scenario. "It's something to think about it," said Franco. "After the season, I'll talk with my fam-

ily, my friends and my agent and I'm sure whatever decision I make will be the right one. Right now, I'm not going to say anything about it. I'll worry about it after the season is over."

Bullpen Motto:

Have Lead,

Will Win

With John Franco and Armando Benitez leading the way, the Mets' late-

inning relief has been among the best in baseball. METS' RECORD WHEN LEADING AFTER 6 INNINGS

56-7

METS' RECORD WHEN
LEADING AFTER 7 INNINGS
58-3

METS' RECORD WHEN
LEADING AFTER 8 INNINGS
69-3

Barton Silverman/The New York Times
John Franco has not allowed an earned run since June 21, against Philadelphia.

SLAMMING THE DOOR
JOHN ARMANDO
FRANCO BENITEZ

Won-lost E.R.A. 5-3, 2.55, 3-4, 2.32 Saves/opportunities 4 of 5 36 of

40

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First batters faced/retired 36 of 53 49 of 65 Inherited
runners/scored 3 of 16 8 of 20 Vs. left-handed batters .197 .131
(12 for 61) (13 for 99)

Vs. right-handed batters .217 .136

(26 for 120) (17 for 125) Appearances without an earned run 46 of 53
55 of 65

Current scoreless innings streak

19 2/3 8

Valentine

And Mets

Share Vibes

By JACK CURRY

One day after Bobby Valentine said that he had a good feeling about signing

a new contract and returning as manager of the Mets, Fred Wilpon, the co-owner of the team, said that he shared Valentine's feeling. Wilpon added that he also has the same feeling about General Manager Steve Phillips who, like Valentine, does not have a contract beyond this season.

"I think he's probably correct," said Wilpon, about Valentine's comments. "The vibes that he gets from me, Nelson Doubleday and Steve Phillips are good. We hope we'll be able to enter into contracts with both guys at the end of the year. We want to keep our focus on baseball. Nelson and I are committed to not doing anything until the end of the season."

Wilpon said that commitment would hold even if the Mets qualify for the post-season. And Wilpon declined to say whether he thought that the Mets' tough stance on Valentine's contract had influenced the manager's behavior. Like Valentine, Wilpon felt positive.

"I have a good feeling, too," Wilpon said. "I had it at the beginning of the year and I have it right now."

Meanwhile, in a roster development, the Mets have acquired the infielder Jorge Velandia from the Oakland Athletics in exchange for the minor league outfielder Nelson Cruz. Velandia, 25, hit .125 for the Athletics in 18 games this season and .283 for Class AAA Sacramento, and Phillips said that he would likely be called up to the Mets when the season ends at Class AAA Norfolk.

In another move, the Mets have out-righted the right-handed reliever Jim Mann to Norfolk.

Numbers Aside, Yanks' Jeter

Manages to Still Measure Up

Continued From First Sports Page

Wednesday to give him 20 for the season; he had 14 last year.

But Jeter is a little like the United States economy: some of the leading indi-

cators might be off, but the Yankees are in first place, he is on a pace to score 124 runs and collect 200 hits, and sometime in the last month of the regular season, he should surpass 1,000 career hits, at age 26.

His numbers are diminished, undoubtedly. And Jeter is thriving.

"The year's not over, but obviously I'd like to be doing better in every category," he said. "But there's been periods, like you have every year, where you don't swing the bat well and you're still able to get some hits, and then I've had some periods where I swung the bat well and haven't gotten hits. So it's been up and

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down."

Jeter sets statistical goals for himself, and although he won't reveal the num-

bers he hoped for this year, it is safe to say he wanted to at least match his 1999 numbers for homers and R.B.I. He carried the Yankees in the first half of the 1999 season and finished the year third in the balloting for the league's M.V.P. award. When pitchers jammed him with inside fastballs, he often turned on them and drove them to left-center field or to center, or slammed singles, doubles and homers to right field.

When pitchers jammed him early this year - following the accepted standard on how to pitch Jeter - or threw pitches down and away, Jeter often swung aggressively at bad pitches and made a lot of weak outs. His basic hitting philosophy, after all, is to attack always.

Attempting to adjust, Jeter backed away from the plate to cope better with the inside fastballs. He started striding forward at a 45-degree angle, rather than right at the pitcher, and found himself stepping into fastballs and effectively jamming himself. Searching for a solution to this, he took extra batting practice and strained an abdominal muscle, an injury that forced him to the disabled list May 12. When he came back a couple of weeks later, Jeter was reluctant to swing hard, lest he cause a more serious injury.

So it is September now and Jeter is not going to match his home run and R.B.I. production of last year. He acknowledged this the other day, sounding completely at ease with that reality.

"My job is to score runs, and that's the bottom line," he said. "I think a lot of times people want to focus on R.B.I. output, but when you're hitting first and second in the lineup, R.B.I. isn't really something that you strive for. Obviously, I'd like to hit more home runs; I think everybody would like to hit more home runs, but, hitting first or second, that's not my job. As long as I'm getting on base, that's what I worry about."

He is batting .324 and in the last three weeks has begun to draw more walks feeling more comfortable at the plate. But Yankee Manager Joe Torre does not believe there is a statistic that fully defines what Jeter provides - not home runs, nor R.B.I., nor runs scored.

"His value in the market we play in is hard to fathom," Torre said. "What he does for us is not easy to do. He loves the challenge. He's not affected by everything that goes on around him. He continues to have that fire in his eyes. I've never seen a doubt when I look into his eyes."

Shortly after Brad Radke signed a four-year, \$36 million deal to remain with the struggling Minnesota Twins, Torre overheard Jeter's conversation with a teammate. What would that be like, Jeter asked with

some wonderment, to play for a team that is not winning, to not know when you were going to win?

The Garciaparra-Rodriguez-Jeter comparison are built on statistics, the way numbers fueled and fashioned the question of whether Willie or Mickey or The Duke was better in the 1950's.

But Jeter's teammates do not tend to think of him in terms of numbers; they tend to think about what he lends to each day's pursuit of victory - his energy, the joy he exudes in the depths of the grinding season, his confidence.

"His focus is on winning," said third baseman Scott Brosius, "and when you have that, it sort of makes everything else easy. It takes the pressure off you to achieve numbers."

During a bleak pitching change in Oakland last weekend, Jeter stood on the

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mound among sullen teammates and suddenly started slapping each of them on the chest with his glove. It was as if he had squirted them playfully with a water pistol, a reminder: Hey, we're playing baseball; this is fun. We're a good team and everything's going to work out.

The closer Mariano Rivera was encased in a jam in the ninth inning Wednesday night, the tying runs on base. Jeter jogged to the mound and began pumping up Rivera.

"Nobody wants to hit against you," Jeter said, forcefully. "Go right at them. They know it's over."

Rivera retired the next two hitters and Jeter shook his hand, grinning at the end of another successful series and road trip. On the other side of the field, Rodriguez retreated into a quiet Seattle clubhouse.

Vincent Laforet/The New York Times

Derek Jeter said he would like to hit more homers this year but added, "As long as I'm getting on base, that's what I worry about."

After a Yankee Victory, the Chatter Is About All Those Called Balls
By BUSTER OLNEY

For more than a half-hour after the Yankees' 5-4 victory in Seattle Wednesday, a voice resounded throughout their clubhouse, in a familiar refrain. "Ball one," Glenallen Hill shouted. "Ball two. Ball three." A couple of minutes would go by. "Ball four. Ball one. Ball two. Ball three...." And so on.

It probably was not a coincidence that Hill's solo act followed a brutally slow 4-hour 8-minute game - nine innings - in which the home-plate umpire, Chris Guccione, earned the wrath of both teams for his seeming reluctance to call strikes. In the very first inning, David Cone threw a slider that appeared to be right down the middle, on an 0-2 pitch to Rickey Henderson, and Guccione called it a ball. This went on and on, with players from both sides frustrated with Guccione, a minor league umpire called up as a temporary replacement.

Joe Torre, who has become increasingly critical about the quality of the strike zone interpretations he is seeing this year, seemed more exasperated with Guccione after the game than pleased that his team won.

"The best thing that I can say about the umpiring is that there were four of them,"

Torre said. "I think he had trouble seeing the ball sometimes."

The umpiring, Torre said, hasn't been very good. "I'd like to think something is going to get better," he said. "The game is out of the control of the players right now."

Cone (4-11) allowed a run over five and two-thirds innings, as the Yankees built a 5-1 lead. But Dwight Gooden, who had pitched out of a

bases-loaded jam in the seventh, allowed a two-run homer to Mark McLemore in the eighth. Seattle had runners at first and third with nobody out against Mariano Rivera in the ninth inning.

After Al Martin struck out - Rivera was throwing 95-96 miles an hour - the Mariners cut the lead to 5-4 on a fielder's choice. Then Raul Ibanez grounded to second to end the game, and the Yankees could finally head home, at the end of a West Coast road trip in which they won four and lost two.

"We came out here three games up," said Paul O'Neill, "and we go back five games up, and that's the important thing."

The Yankees will play host to Minnesota in a three-game series this weekend, before going on the road again to play four games in Kansas City and three in

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Boston.

Associated Press

Glenallen Hill, who was hit by a pitch Wednesday, thought too many balls

were called.

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E1 WEEKEND MOVIES PERFORMING ARTS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

The New York Times

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

Can Art

Cinema

Survive

Cruder

Times?

Zbigniew Zamachowski, above left, and Jerzy Stuhr in Krzysztof Kieslowski's

"Decalogue"; Mike White, below left, in "Chuck and Buck"; and a scene from Abbas Kiarostami's film "The Wind Will Carry Us."

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

In a world buried under a blizzard of polls, rankings, financial statistics and endless official data, we are increasingly pressured to trust in the absolute authority of numbers. Paradoxically, in a world where centuries-old religions tremble before the onslaught of American pop culture, it is tempting to throw up one's hands and clutch at the fantasy that individual lives can still be (in the sudsy language of television) "touched by an angel."

The tensions between traditional faith, modern rationality and a belief in magic are the crux of "The Decalogue," the Polish filmmaker Krzysztof Kieslowski's 10-part, 10-hour masterwork filmed for Polish television in 1988. "The Decalogue," which had its first New York theatrical release this summer, was an art-house hit at the Lincoln Plaza in Manhattan, where it earned \$247, 711 during its eight-week run.

That number, of course, is minuscule by the standards of Hollywood, 12 of whose summer releases grossed over \$100 million each. But it was enough to earn "The Decalogue" a repeat engagement at the Screening Room in TriBeCa, where it will be shown, starting today, in two-episode programs that change weekly.

Does the popularity of "The Decalogue" mean that the so-called art film is alive and well? Yes and no, but with an emphasis on no. From the rosier perspective, the art film, whose "golden age" (the 1950's and 60's) is currently being celebrated in a popular series at Film Forum in the South Village, is far from moribund. And most critics would agree that the cinemas of China, Iran, France, Denmark, Taiwan and Spain, among other countries, are flourishing artistically, if not producing many masterpieces.

This summer also saw the theatrical release of three films worthy of comparison to the classics being

Continued on Page 8

CRITICS' NOTEBOOK

The Last Meow: A Fence Sitter Sums Up

By BRUCE WEBER

"Do I see with my own very eyes a man who's not heard of a jellicle cat?" The speaker, bewhiskered, from the stage of the Winter Garden Theater -

Munkustrap was his name - wasn't looking at me, but I felt the accusation. What kind of person was I, what kind of New Yorker, when for nearly 18 years I had never participated in the kitty culture of Grizabella, Old Deuteronomy and the Rum Tum Tugger? Until a few months ago, when its closing was first announced, I had never seen "Cats." So sue me.

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My defense? A bad one. Call it pride in avoidance, or elitism selectively applied. Certain popular phenomena so saturate our culture that for the ordinary purposes of staying current in a useful, rudimentary way it isn't necessary to see them. I never took in a moment of "Survivor," for example - that one I'm not apologizing for - but I was aware of the "10 Little Indians" rules of the game, and I know that a fellow named Richard Hatch, who was generally thought of as con-niving and unpleasant, walked off with the \$1 million prize. That's enough, right?

By the same token, I can whistle "Memory," the treacly anthem of "Cats" (under duress), and the show's inherent pudgy-tat cuteness is something I managed to infer (accurately, it turns out) years ago. Still,

"Cats" is no nominal survivor; it's the real thing.

It is beyond dispute that "Cats" - which opened on Oct. 7, 1982, and will have its 7, 485th and final performance on Sept. 10, ending the theater's version of Joe DiMaggio's unassailable hitting streak - is more than a Broadway show. More than 10 million people have seen it on Broadway alone, where its gross ticket revenues have surpassed \$400 million; the original Broadway cast recording sold more than two million copies. Its monumental success is so remarkable as to be laughable, an enduring (now and forever) joke on the theme of nine lives. How many Leno and Letterman monologues has it salted? How many New Yorkers,

Continued on Page 4

Carol Rosegg / "Cats"

Linda Balgord as Grizabella in the current "Cats."

Serene Old Age

Akira Kurosawa's elegiac last film, "Madadayo," stars Tatsuo Matsumura (left,

holding fans) as a professor who retires to write and basks in the admiration of his acolytes. While the film has none of the epic sweep for which the director is best known, its portrait of a man growing old offers a moving valedictory.

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The dastardly Grinch cavorts to lush orchestral music by James Horner.

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E2 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

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The New York Times

THEATER REVIEW

A Weill Musical Cavalcade

Ranges Across Continents

By LAWRENCE VAN GELDER

At the Triad Theater it's a grand night for singers.

And why not? The composer who is the sole focus of their performance is

none other than Kurt Weill, who was born 100 years ago and died in 1950.

So the 31 songs in the revue "Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill" include everything from the familiar "Mack the Knife," "Surabaya Johnny," "Bilbao Song," "September Song," "Speak Low" and "Lost in the Stars" to lesser known works like

"Deep in Alaska," "As You Make Your Bed" and "Ain't It Awful, the Heat?"

And besides the captivating Weill music, there are lyrics by names like Maxwell Anderson, Bertolt Brecht, Alan Jay Lerner, Marc Blitzstein, Ira Gershwin

and Ogden Nash.

Between songs the four singers give a once-over-lightly to the biography of

Weill, who was forced to reinvent himself as a composer in a career that took him from the politically engaged theater of a Germany in transition from the Weimar Re-

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL

Music by Weill; text and format by Gene Lerner; lyrics by Maxwell Anderson,

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Marc Blitzstein, Bertolt Brecht, Jacques Deval, Michael Feingold, Ira Gershwin, Paul Green, Langston Hughes, Alan Jay Lerner, Ogden Nash, George Tabori and Arnold Weinstein. Musical direction and arrangements by Eric Stern; directed and choreographed by Hal Simons. Sets by William Barclay; lighting by Phil Monat; costumes by Suzy Berzinger; general manager, Laura Heller; production stage manager, Richard Costabile. Presented by Laura Heller, Carol Ostrow and Edwin W. Schloss. At the Triad Theater, 158 West 72nd Street, Manhattan.

WITH: Lorinda Lisitza, Veronica Mittenzwei, Bjorn Olsson and Michael Winther.

public to the Third Reich into exile in France and eventually to the United States and the Broadway theater.

So like Weill himself "Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill" gives evidence of a dual personality. While likable as a whole and filled with songs of great beauty and evocative power, its first half, devoted to Weill's work in Europe, never seems to find the dark undercurrents that informed so much of his creativity.

Clara Aich "Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill"

A cast of four sings Kurt Weill songs in a revue at the Triad Theater.

The cast of four, who are the beneficiaries of the able musical direction and

arrangements of Eric Stern at the piano, seems a good deal more comfortable after intermission when the show concerns itself with Weill's career in America and shows like "Knickerbocker Holiday," "Lady in the Dark," "One Touch of Venus," "Street Scene" and "Lost in the Stars."

As a result, while "Mack the Knife" from "Threepenny Opera" seems to lack its customary acid when the cast addresses it in the first act, one could hear a pin drop when the four singers, led by the Swedish-born baritone Bjorn Olsson, performed "Lost in the Stars" in the second.

Unlike the rest of the cast, Mr. Olsson, who has the looks and panache of a leading man, appears at home in the German lyrics that lend a bit-ter edge to renditions of some songs in Act 1; and the tenor Michael Winther shows off the proper comic spirit with Mr. Olsson in the drunken reminiscence of "Bilbao Song," "Mandalay Song" and "Progress" and proves a hopeful interpreter of the antiwar "Johnny's Song" in Weill's first American show, "Johnny Johnson."

The soprano Veronica Mittenzwei and the mezzo-soprano Lorinda Lisitza bring cultivated voices to their assignments, even though some of their interpretations prove less than convincing.

If "Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill" is not a flawless revue, it is nevertheless an ingratiating tribute to his achievement.

THEATER GUIDE

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy Broadway and Off Broadway shows this weekend. Approximate running times are in parentheses. * denotes a highly recommended show. t means discounted tickets were available at the Theater Development Fund's TKTS booth for performances last Friday and Saturday nights. It means discounted tickets were available at the TKTS booth for last Friday night only.

Broadway

* "CONTACT" (Tony winner for best musical, choreography and featured actor and actress). The most potent antidepressant available in New York. Advertising has it that this show from the director and choreographer Susan Stroman is a "dance play," but that hardly captures how it makes you feel. Aided by the dramatist John Weidman and a dream ensemble, Ms. Stroman has created the unthink-

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able: a sexy, polished work that restores the pleasure principle to the American musical. A theatrical portfolio of three seemingly unrelated vignettes set in different time periods, with top-drawer leading performances from Deborah Yates and the Tony winners Boyd Gaines and Karen Ziemba, "Contact" uses an ingeniously selected medley of recordings ranging from Bizet to the Beach Boys. But like a classic Rodgers and Hart musical, it converts the messy daily ingredients of sexual attraction and conflict into something as smoothly sweet and tart as Key lime pie. Both the intoxication of love and the hangover of loneliness are given idealized, elegant form (2:00). Beaumont, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$55 and \$85 (Ben Brantley).

*t "COPENHAGEN" (Tony winner for best play, director and featured actress). Who would ever have thought it: that three dead, long-winded people talking about atomic physics would be such electrifying

companions? Michael Frayn's endlessly fascinating speculation on the ambiguity of human motives and the limits of scientific knowledge takes on a subject that would seem to have the sex appeal of a frozen flounder: a meeting in 1941 between the Danish physicist Niels Bohr (Philip Bosco) and Werner Heisenberg (Mi-

Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Greg Pierotti, left, and ' Andy Paris in "The Laramie Project."

chael Cumpsty), his former protégé and a German, during which no one, to

this day, knows exactly what happened. Mr. Frayn turns the encounter among the men and Bohr's wife, Margrethe (the Tony-winning Blair Brown), into a wide-ranging, intensely emotional consideration of everything from quantum mechanics to the loss of a child, from the fate of the world in the atomic age to the nature of friendship. Under the meticulous direction of Michael Blakemore, with three fiercely passionate performances, the result is a most invigorating and ingenious play of ideas (2:20). Royale, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$40 to \$65; \$25 student rush at box office on day of performance (Brantley).

*t "DIRTY BLONDE." Stand up, boys, and take your hats off. Mae West is back on Broadway in this compact Rolls-Royce of a vehicle written by and starring Claudia Shear. Eight decades after a play with the forthright title "Sex " landed her in jail, West is proving that she still has the power to shock and delight. She has also, not incidentally, provided the inspiration for what is hands down the best new American play of the season. This tale of an icon and two of her idolizers (played by Ms. Shear and Tom Riis Farrell) is no evening of mere impersonation; it's not "Mae West Tonight!" What Ms. Shear and her director, James Lapine, have shaped is a multi-layered study of the nature of stardom. Bob Stillman rounds out the protean three-member ensemble. "Dirty Blonde" presents one of the canniest portraits on record of that floating dialogue between celebrities and fans that remains so much a part of American culture (1:45), Helen Hayes, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6262. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$55 to \$65 (Brantley).

*t "KISS ME, KATE" (Tony winner for best musical revival, director of a musical, musical actor, costumes and orchestration). A

mouthwatering revival, with ham as the plat du jour, of Cole Porter's sybarite's delight of a musical about battling egos in show business. As present-

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ed by a preening cast led by the wonderful Marin Mazzie and the Tony-winning Brian Stokes Mitchell, who wear a spotlight as if it were a dressing gown and vice versa, this "Kate" proves that ham can indeed make a banquet if the spices are zesty enough. Avoiding the attitudes that are anathema to lively revivals of vintage musicals - reverence and condescension - the director Michael Blakemore and the choreographer Kathleen Marshall have shaped a show that is broad, brazen and finally irresistible. The production, which doesn't seem to have a thought in its giddy head beyond entertaining us as much as it is entertaining itself, feels like one long ear-to-ear grin (2:20). Beck, 302 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$29 to \$84 (Brantley).

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." This revival of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's 1939 farce, starring Nathan Lane in a role famously modeled

on Alexander Woollcott, feels busy without being lively. Under the direction of Jerry Zaks, the production seems to exist in neither the then nor the now. Much of the acting is a series of flourishes that sell individual jokes without being anchored to character or context. And Mr. Lane, looking like a cuddly, Mattel-made Sigmund Freud doll in his beard and spectacles, never quite comes up with a coherent performance; it's as if he is still experimenting with his options. Tony Walton's rich-ly colored set is a showroom-perfect evocation of period style that fits nicely into the newly restored American Airlines Theater (formerly the Selwyn). But the evening's most authentic glimpses into a vanished era of madcap celebrities are provided by Lewis J. Stadlen, in a character inspired by Harpo Marx, and Byron Jennings, as a charming Noël Cowardesque narcissist. Unfortunately, their appearances onstage feel as brief and brilliant as lightning (2:30).

American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays at 2 p.m. Tickets: \$40 to \$70, half-price for children 18 and under (Brantley).

* "THE MUSIC MAN." A show that makes you feel ridiculously happy one instant and seriously sleepy the next. The director and choreographer Susan Stroman, who created the inspired dance-musical "Contact," isn't as confident in her take on Meredith Willson's jubilant story of a traveling con man who brings rhythm to the stolid town of River City, Iowa. Her transforming imagination stops when the music stops. The production has two perfectly agreeable stars in Craig Bierko, in the title role, and Rebecca Luker, as the frosty librarian who learns to melt. But you get the impression that most people onstage are just pretending to live in a land of corn-fed propriety and corny jokes, marking time until a production number comes along to let them show their stuff. When the show is singing or, especially, dancing, it often seems to have winged feet; when it's just talking or clowning around, those feet are flat (2:50). Simon, 250 West 52nd Street, (212) 307-4100. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$20 to \$85 (Brantley).

Off Broadway

*t "THE COUNTESS." John Ruskin does not have a happy marriage. "I don't like the way you look, sound or move," he tells his wife, Effie, in Gregory Murphy's serious but wonderfully witty period drama, directed by Ludovica Villar-Hauser. Ruskin (James Riordan), the 19th-century art critic and essayist, invites a friend to join the couple on their Scottish holiday. The guest, the painter John Everett Millais (Jy Murphy), likes Effie (Jennifer Woodward) a lot. But then his and Ruskin's beliefs about women are very different. "All bachelors marry goddesses,

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" Ruskin observes, "but husbands live only with women." Millais says, "To ideal-ize is to destroy, smother." Things get ugly - in a civilized way (2:20). The Lambs, 130 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8 p.m. Tickets: \$40 and \$55 (Anita Gates).

tt "THE CRUMPLE ZONE." This new play by Buddy Thomas is uneven, but it has a lot going for it: a nicely structured plot about a gay household with a love triangle coming to crisis at Christmastime, sequences of physical comedy that are antic without being overblown into slapstick and an effective set that evokes a pleasantly chintzy apartment on Staten Island. Most of all, though, it has a bris- tling,

funny performance by Mario Cantone, who plays the squeaky wheel, a clamorously lonely man on the outside of the triangle looking in. Mr. Cantone is known for his high-pitched stand-up comedy work, and he knows how to take over a room. In this case the room is a tiny apartment, but he works it as a diva would. He is the kind of actor who seems most in control when he's in a tizzy, with a voice that easily and naturally runs up to shrill. But this is not a shrill performance. Even in high dudgeon there's no tension in Mr. Cantone's face or his body language, no sense of Method acting when he's working up to a fever pitch, just the wicked glee of a man who loves to seize the spotlight. The magnitude of his neurotic charisma in such a small space gives his character the hilariously keening pathos that makes the play work (2:00). Rattlestick, 224 Waverly Place, near West 11th Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 206-1515. Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: \$39 to \$45 (Bruce Weber).

t DE LA GUARDA ("VILLA VILLA"). Gravity takes a holiday in "Villa Villa" by the Argentine troupe De la Guarda, which is Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Glenn Carter has the title role in "Jesus Christ Superstar."

something like an airborne "Stomp" staged in a mosh pit. Over the heads of

astanding audience, performers swoop on longtethers, yelling as they whiz by. They run up the walls, dance in midair or swing down to scoop up audience members, acting out images of pursuit, teamwork and domination. The music works up to rock-concert volume, joining sound to the hyperkinetic fury (1:10). Roth, 20 Union Square East, at 15th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m. Tickets: \$40 and \$45; \$20 rush available two hours before show (Jon Pareles).

*tt "FULLY COMMITTED." Dining out at the top of the food chain is apparently not about evolved cooking. It's about plain old bribes, threats, tantrums, humiliation and outright sadism. If it weren't so sad, it would be funny. Well, it is very funny, actually, at least as it plays out in this mocking dismantlement of megalomaniacal chefs, coked-up maîtres d'hôtel, food-averse V.I.P.'s and customers with explosive bowels. Becky Mode's one-person play, with the actor Mark Setlock portraying a harried reservations taker at a four-star restaurant where everyone and his grandmother want to eat, does as much to shake the foundations of the temples of haute cuisine as a squadron of flies in the vichyssoise. Rarely has a playwright pegged so entertainingly the insecurity at the heart of Manhattanites' sense of entitlement (1:30). Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 6 and 9 p.m.; Sundays at 3 and 7 p.m. Tickets: \$45 (Peter Marks).

*t "JITNEY." "Don't put your business in the street," advises a character in

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this splendidly acted production of August Wilson's early comic drama about a gypsy-cab company in Pittsburgh. As if that were remotely possible in the Hill District, the setting of Mr. Wilson's cycle of plays about the black American experience in the 20th century and a place where private business is always on parade: real life is always the best show in town. "Jitney," which has been extensively revised since its first production in 1982, could be described as just a lot of men sitting around talking. But the talk has such varied range and musicality and is rendered with such stylish detail that a complete urban symphony emerges. There are occasional whiffs of standard-issue

melodrama. But under Marion McClinton's sensitive direction, every performer shines as a soloist and as a member of the chorus. It's the finest ensemble work of the season (2:35). Second Stage, 307 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 246-4422. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3. Tickets: \$51; \$21 student rush (Brantley).

"SPINNING INTO BUTTER." Everyone is talking about race these days. But who's talking to whom, about what and why? Rebecca Gilman's play turns these questions into a tense farce set on a Vermont college campus filled with self-congratulation about its commitment to diversity. Commitment turns to crisis when a black student starts receiving racist letters. Can the administration find the culprits, confront the moral issues and turn a crisis into a public relations coup? Talk may be cheap, but its consequences are lethal. Hope Davis is excellent as the most emotionally complex of the administrators. Daniel Sullivan's direction is too brash, and Ms. Gilman is struggling with the balance between force and subtlety. The play is worth seeing, though. This is the stuff theater should be spinning, churning and beating into art (2:00). Newhouse, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. Mondays through Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2. Tickets: \$55 (Margo Jefferson).

Last Chance

*"BAAL." Brecht's first play, about an amoral poet with insatiable carnal appetites who corrupts everyone he comes in contact with, is given a raw and raucous production by Jim Simpson and his fledgling Bat Theater Company. Using a new translation by Peter Mellencamp that pulls no punches in its explicit language and the title character's misogynistic views, the rough-and-tumble staging runs through 21 scenes that chronicle Baal's path of seduction as he descends from dissipation to depravity to despair. Led by Michael J. X. Gladis as Baal, an energetic cast of 14 actors portraying more than 30 characters recaptures the sense of adventure that is too often missing in today's theater. Performed at 10 p.m. on a bare black box of a set in a downtown basement and with the excellent jazz trio of William Connell Jr., Jeremy Blunn and Ian Riggs playing bebop and progressive on the side, the show rekindles the spirit and excitement of the old after-hours avant-garde. Mr. Simpson has moved the play from Berlin in the early 1920's to New York in the late 1940's, and the result, is like a trip back to the iconoclastic days of the early Beats. The only things missing are the black berets, real espresso and the Gauloises (1:40). Flea, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, (212) 226-2407. Through tomorrow. Tonight and tomorrow at 10 p.m. Tickets: \$15 (Wilborn Hampton).

t "JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR." People who insist that where there's smoke there's fire haven't sat through this 30th-anniversary staging of Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's rock-opera-cum-passion play, a production in which the flame of imagination definitely burns low. This revival, which originated in Britain

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and is directed by Gale Edwards, features lots of acrid stage smoke, a giant cross made of high-wattage light bulbs, and video images of the torture and crucifixion of its title character, played here by a passive and petulant Glenn Carter. What it doesn't have is a single original idea. You would be better off buying the 1970 recording (2:20). Ford, 213 West 42nd Street, (212) 307-4100. Through Sunday. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$25 to \$80 (Brantley).

"JULIUS CAESAR." With a busy percussionist pounding out portents; a post-apocalyptic-looking set of massive, defaced cement walls; a cast

that plays the entire evening in high - dudgeon; and the whole production watched' over by an enormous gold-plated bust of Caesar dangling from a crane, the New York Shakespeare Festival's "Caesar" has the garish bravado of a political convention. That may be a coyly chosen comparison, but the play, starring David McCallum as Caesar, Jamey Sheridan as Brutus and Jeffrey Wright as Marc Antony, was a timely choice for this summer. And even though the fire-and-brimstone treatment is apt enough for Shakespeare's virulent treatise on the combustible chemistry of power and eloquence, this is a - "Caesar" that, as the gathered Democrats and Republicans did, leaves you feeling shouted at and implored, but not terribly moved (2:30).

Delacorte Theater, Central Park, (212) 539-8750. Through Sunday. Tonight through Sunday at 8 p.m. Free (Weber).

t "THE LARAMIE PROJECT." An enormously good-willed, very earnest and often moving work of theatrical journalism. Overseen by the director and writer Moises Kaufman, the inspired talent behind "Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde," this more self-conscious production examines the impact of the brutal killing of Matthew Shepard, a gay university student, on the town of Laramie, Wyo. Eight actors play 60 characters based on interviews conducted by Mr. Kaufman and his ensemble in Laramie in the wake of the crime. The young, clean-scrubbed cast is more effective in creating a general climate of feeling than in summoning authentic portraits of individuals, yet there's no denying the work's emotional pull. The overall effect is not unlike one of the candlelight vigils described here, a stately procession through which swims a stirring medley of emotions (2:35). Union Square, 100 East 17th Street, (212) 307-4100. Through tomorrow. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 3 and 8 p.m. Tickets: \$20 to \$55 (Brantley).

t "NEIL SIMON'S 'HOTEL SUITE.'" An omnibus show, repackaging elements from Mr. Simon's previous "Suite" plays, with some rewriting by the playwright. It consists of four hotel room episodes, two visits each to different marriages, each pair a showcase of a separate aspect of the playwright's comic predilections. The first and third reveal Mr. Simon in bittersweet mode; they focus on an English couple, she an accomplished but insecure actress, he an urbane antiques dealer who also happens to be bisexual with a bias toward men. The second and fourth episodes show Mr. Simon's slapstick side as the marriage of a Jewish couple from Philadelphia is tested by familial rites of passage. It is well performed and snap-pily staged, but with Mr. Simon's retrograde battle-of-the-sexes humor in full evidence, the show couldn't be less hip. Still, that's not an entirely terrible distinction. And besides, the nostalgia of it all may well be the point (2:20). Gramercy, 127 East 23rd Street, (212) 307-4100. Through Sunday. Tonight at 7:30; tomorrow at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Tickets: \$27.50 to \$55 (Weber).

Long-Running

Summaries of reviews by Ben Brantley and Peter Marks:

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* "CHICAGO" This hit remains far and away the best musical for grown-ups on Broadway (2:30). Shubert, 225 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. Tonight, and Monday through Thursday at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$37.50 to \$85; \$20 rush at box office.

t "MISS SAIGON." Age has both mellowed and invigorated this show. The staging is as sure and crisp as ever; for all the jokes about the musical's helicopter, the second-act evacuation scene that deploys it remains a stunner (2:30). Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, (212) 239-6200. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8

p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m. Tickets: \$20 to \$85; \$20 rush at box office.

'On Stage'

The "On Stage and Off" column will resume with the new theater season in the fall.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E3 Good Times

As Bookends

For a Revue

Of the Blues

By BRUCE WEBER

Slimmed down and ever slick, the peripatetic musical revue "It Ain't Nothin'

but the Blues," a Tony-nominated musical in 1999, looks snug and comfortable in its new home in the well-appointed cabaret space at the B. B. King Blues Club and Grill on West 42nd Street. It has been on the road for a while, after closing at the Ambassador Theater on Broadway in January; you may remember the fuss in June 1999 when time constraints squeezed an excerpt from the show out of the CBS broadcast of the Tony Awards. It had previously been presented at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center and at the New Victory Theater a few doors from where it is now.

The show, which can be seen Sundays through Wednesdays, has been trimmed considerably, from nearly 50 songs to 24 and a supper-club brisk 80 minutes, the songs yapping at one another's heels and the scripted patter neatly tucked into the crevices. The historical slide show on screens that frame the stage - projected photographs of bluesmen, country churches, field workers and night-life city slickers, all documenting the blues migration from the Mississippi Delta to Chicago - has necessarily been edited. And the stage is hardly Broadway size; the six singers, who spend most of the show seated in a line in front of a five-man band, barely have room for a collective booty shake. The interaction among the singers suffers a bit, the bawdy undercurrent of the blues attenuated to a most-ly eye-batting flirtation, but then, with the performers in stylish uptown evening clothes, this is hardly a show that belongs in a roadhouse.

Its strength is in its high spirits and the marvelous voices on display. These are the happiest blues singers you'll ever see, and it's a thematic message that the show begins and

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Joan Marcus "It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues"

Mississippi Charles Bevel, left, and Gregory Porter in a scene from the musi-

cal "It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues," at the B. B. King Theater.

IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES

By Charles Bevel, Lita Gaithers, Randal Myler, Ron Taylor and Dan Wheetman, based on an original idea by Mr. Taylor; directed by Mr. Myler; musi-cal direction, Jim Ehmiger; vocal direction, Ms. Gaithers; general management, EKT: Eric Krebs/Jonathan Shulman; associate producer, Mr. Taylor; produc-tion stage manager, Doug Hosney; costumes by Enid Turnbull. Presented by Mr. Krebs. At the B. B King Blues Club and Grill, 243 West 42nd Street, Clinton.

WITH: Cheryl Alexander, Mississippi Charles Bevel, Carter Calvert, Debra Laws, Michael Mandell and Gregory Porter.

ends with "Let the Good Times Roll." Three singers from the original New York production, Mississippi Charles Bevel, Carter Calvert and Gregory Porter, are joined by Debra Laws (whose sister Eloise was an original company member), Cheryl Alexander and Michael Mandell, and each brings a full throat and a flaw-

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less sense of pitch to standards like Willie Dixon's "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man" (Mr. Mandell), and Hawkins's "I Put a Spell on You" (Ms. Laws) and Don Gibson's soulful country ballad "I Can't Stop Lovin' You" (Mr. Bevel).

The band, under the direction of Jim Ehinger, is as tight as can be. There's not a note out of place, nor is

there a single extended instrumental solo, and that's signal enough of what blues fans may find missing here. Show-biz values keep the pace brisk and cheerful, the performers on a strict leash. The singers most often play to the audience, and more than occasionally the gut feel of the blues, which at its most authentic finds its mordant joy in the expression of pain, is missing a personal touch.

At one point Mr. Bevel, invoking his home-state heritage, begins a traditional solo version of Leadbelly's great, simple and heartbreaking lullaby, "Good Night, Irene," only to be interrupted by Mr. Porter, who asks if he might funk it up a bit. "Put a stank on it," Mr. Porter urges, at which point the band joins in and the song is rendered as an undistinguished rhythm-and-blues number. On the other hand, when Ms. Calvert, recalling but not mimicking Patsy Cline, renders a slow and searing rendition of Don Hecht and Alan Block's "Walkin' After Midnight," the show gets a raggedy wrench of real feeling.

That's what it could use more of. Still, if there's a blues lite feel to the evening, there's something appropriate about it. It isn't sanitary, exactly, but sanitized and welcoming, a fitting blues for the new Times Square.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND DANCE GUIDE

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy opera, classical music and dance events this weekend in the Northeast.

Classical Music

BARGEMUSIC. There is no better place in New York City to experience chamber music with the proper intimacy than at the concerts presented by Bargemusic, the rewarding weekly series that takes place on an acoustically ideal and commodious barge in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. As usual, the performers this weekend are first-rate. Tonight the cellist Ronald Thomas, one of Bargemusic's core members, is joined by the pianist Edmond Battersby and the violinist Nai Yuah Hu for a performance of Brahms's great Piano Trio in B Major. Works by Loeffler and Mozart complete the program. Tomorrow night and Sunday afternoon the fine clarinetist Thomas Hill is the featured performer in a program that offers Schumann's "Fairy Tales," Brahms's Clarinet Trio and Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. Enjoy the music while taking in a spectacular view of Lower Manhattan. Bargemusic, Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. Tonight at 7:30 p.m.; tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. and Sunday at 4 p.m. Tickets: \$27 regular admission; \$25 senior citizens; \$15 students; (718) 624-4061 or (718) 624-2083 (Anthony Tommasini).

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL. With relatively little competition for music festivals at this time of year, here is a fast-paced one that competes with itself. Presented by Friends of the Arts, programs (mostly single works) take place from noon to 4 p.m. in Coe Hall and the Hay Barn. But the festival finale stands alone at 4:15 in the Hay Barn, a substantial program ending with the venerable Claude Frank playing Beethoven's

final piano sonata, Opus 111. Paul Peabody offers a free marionette program for children at 11:15 at the festival pavilion. Sunday from 12 to 6 p.m., Planting Fields Arboretum, Planting Fields Road, Oyster Bay, N.Y., (516) 922-0061. Tickets: \$25, covering all events (James R. Oestreich).

FRIENDS OF MAVERICK CONCERT. The enterprising Maverick series closes 525 / E3 Day

its season with a fund-raising concert with an unusual program. At its heart is music for multiple cellos, including the Villa-Lobos "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 5, for soprano and eight cellos, and three works by Alan Shulman, a "Suite Miniature" for cello octet, and "Pastoral" and "Two Pairs," each for four cellos. Also on the program is a group of movements from Bach Cantatas. Sunday at 3 p.m. Maverick Concerts, Maverick Road between Routes 28 and 375, West Hurley, N.Y., just outside Woodstock. (914) 246-3077. Tickets: \$25. (Allan Kozinn).

HANOVERIAN ENSEMBLE. This period instrument band is offering an all-Bach program at the open concert barn at Maverick Concerts. The program includes the Suite No. 2, the Violin Concerto in E, and the Concerto for Flute, Violin and Harpsichord. Tomorrow at 8 p.m. Maverick Concerts, Maverick Road between Routes 28 and 375, West Hurley, N.Y., just outside Woodstock. (914) 679-8217 Tickets: \$15, \$5 for students (Kozinn).

ON THE WEB

Reviews of current and recent opera productions are available at New York Today:

www.nytoday.com/opera Chris Lee

Ronald Thomas, a Bargemusic member, plays Brahms tonight. **MONADNOCK MUSIC.** Russell Sherman is one of the most technically formidable and musically probing pianists of our time. That said, his strong interpretive ideas frequently divide listeners. But he is always an interesting artist. This weekend, as part of the rewarding Monadnock Music festival, based in Peterborough, N.H., Mr. Sherman will perform all five Beethoven piano concertos on two programs with the Monadnock Music Festival Orchestra, conducted by James Bolle. Tonight he plays the first three concertos. On Sunday afternoon he offers the fourth and fifth. The performances are being recorded for future commercial release. Monadnock Music Festival. Peterborough Town House, Grove and Main Streets, Peterborough, N.H. Tonight at 8: Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 to 3; Sunday at 4 p.m.: Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 4 and 5. Tickets:

\$16 to \$28; (603) 924-7610 (Tommasini).

MUSIC MOUNTAIN. It is hard to see why this attractive chamber-music fes-

tival, in its 71st season, has not developed a higher profile. Here, the Shanghai String Quartet offers two juicy programs (including music by Mozart, Beethoven, Shostakovich and Bright Sheng) and is joined by the pianist Ruth Laredo in a work of Brahms to end each. Tomorrow, it is Brahms's G-minor Piano Quartet, which these performers played impressively eight years ago at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and on Sunday it is Brahms's great and formidable Piano Quintet. A pre-concert event "The Return of the Canine Quadrille," at 2 on Sunday, is described as "a congenial group of dogs dancing with their human partners." (Well, let's think again about that profile.) Tomorrow at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 3 p.m., Music Mountain, Music Mountain Road, Falls Village, Conn., (860) 824-7126. Tickets: \$18; \$15 in advance; \$10 for students (Oestreich).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. For the orchestra's annual Labor Day celebration, Takao Kanayama, its assistant conductor, leads a mixed bag

of Americana including the inevitable ("Stars and Stripes Forever" and "America the Beautiful") and the less so (excerpts from Schuman's "New England Triptych," selections from Bernstein's "West Side Story" and the Scherzo from Still's "Afro-American Symphony") - Sunday at 8 p.m. Capitol West Lawn, Washington, (202) 467-4600 or (800) 444-1324. Admission: free (Oestreich).

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SKANEATELES FESTIVAL. Now that most other summer festivals have pulled up stakes, it may be time to dig out the map and start exploring. Tucked away in Skaneateles, near

Syracuse, this event is directed by Diane Walsh, a pianist. Tonight, Ms. Walsh spars with the theatrical comic Bill Irwin in spoofs including 'The Page Turner,' which, for longtime concertgoers, let alone some of us forcibly retired page turners, may be hard put to rival real and legendary disasters. Tomorrow, Peter Bay conducts the festival orchestra to close the season with - what else? - Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony (though surely, to savor the exquisite joke of the players dispersing a few at a time, the work should come at the end of the program, not before intermission) along with Mozart arias and Schubert's Fifth Symphony. Tonight at 8, Skaneateles High School, East Elizabeth Street; tomorrow night at 8, Brook Farm, Route 41A, south of Skaneateles, (315) 685-7418. Tickets: tonight, \$10 to \$16; tomorrow, \$20 and \$25; free to children under 13 (Oestreich)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN CONCERTS. Is there music in the Berkshire Hills after Tanglewood and other major festivals have closed? Yes indeed, in one of the oldest festivals of them all, now beginning its 82nd season. Here, in a well-mixed program of classics, the Borromeo String Quartet plays Mozart's C major Quartet (K. 465, the "Dissonant") and Bartok's First Quartet, and is joined by David Shifrin in Brahms's Clarinet Quintet. Sunday at 3 p.m., South Mountain Concert Hall, Routes 7 and 20, Pittsfield, Mass., (413) 442-2106. Remaining tickets: \$24 (Oestreich).

Dance

"DANCE AT THE WHITE BARN THEATER." Lucile Lortel began to present dance at her White Barn theater in 1949, with performances by Katherine Dunham's company. This exhibition of archival photographs, costumes and memorabilia chosen by Lynn Garafola, curator of the show, spans a wide range of dance personalities and styles, from ballet and modern to ethnic and Broadway musical theater dance. The show runs through Sunday. Today through Sunday, 7 to 10 p.m. Free. White Barn Theater, Newtown Turnpike, Westport, Conn.; (203) 227-3768 (Jennifer Dunning).

KANKOURAN WEST AFRICAN DANCE COMPANY. A 70-member troupe, founded by Assane Konte and Abdou Kounta, dedicated to preserving African traditional arts and giving audiences a sense of their historical contexts. Tonight and tomorrow night at 8. Tickets: \$20; \$18 for students and the elderly; \$15 for children under 12. George Washington University, Lisner Auditorium, 730 21st Street, N.W. at H Street, Washington; (202) 994-6800 (Dunning).

White Barn Theater

A 1972 photo of Jean Erdman in "Ophelia," at White Barn.

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E4 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

The Last Meow: A Fence Sitter Sums Up an 18-Year Run

Continued From Weekend Page 1

even those who have seen it (and perhaps claimed not to), have
disavowed its

allure as tourist fodder?

Even the producers - Cameron Mackintosh, the Really Useful Company
Ltd.,

David Geffen and the Shubert Organization - engage in a kind of
chagrin over the show's longevity, periodically releasing goofy
statistics that make you shake your head at what they've spent their
money on in support of profits. By last count, 59, 705 condoms have
been used to protect the singers' body microphones; mainte- nance
workers have removed 237 pounds of gum from Winter Garden seat bot-
toms.

That "Cats" was once a hip, had-to-be-there ticket, that it won seven Tony Awards, including best musical, and a Grammy for best show album, ceased to be relevant years ago; its legacy is as New York City's longest-lasting cultural par- adox, a paradigm for the restaurant that, in Yogi Berra's genius phrase, nobody goes to anymore because it's too crowded.

So, at last, I went. Twice, actually. First, just before it was supposed to close in June, and then again this week to refresh my, pardon the expression, memo- ry. A panic, apparently, among ticket buyers who, like me, had assumed they would always have the opportunity, kept the show open through the summer on the force of popular demand. It was fortuitous that I returned because, curiously enough, I enjoyed myself more the second time around.

I think that's because I knew what to expect from the stage and was willing - and more or less able - to set aside my fundamental distaste for many of the show's more prominent elements. My impressions aren't terribly original in this regard, but let's get them on the record

Final Curtains

"Cats" is at the Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th Street, through Sept. 10. Performances: Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$40 to \$75. Information: (212) 239-6200.

and out of the way: Andrew Lloyd Webber's score makes syrup out of each and every pop genre he borrows from. Too many of the show's effects conjure up a Vegas-y cheese, unworthy of the director, Trevor Nunn; does Mr. Mistoffelees's toreador jacket really have to light up?

However gaudily effective John Napier's kitty costumes are (and they are), the others are just silly, particularly those of the Siamese invaders who overrun the pirate ship in the reverie of the old theater cat, Asparagus; the characters, bounc- ing around in silk pajamas with helmets that turn their heads into ornate teapots, look like the progenitors of Teletubbies.

The structure of the show - that of a feline revue, set in an alternative uni- verse that looks Re a cartoonish junkyard - is flaccid, unpropelled by a cogent narrative or singular choreography.

And the amplified sound muddles the lyrics, obfuscating what could be a ter- rific pleasure for English-speakers still in the audience (I heard five foreign lan- guages while in line to pick up my tickets): the rhythmically virtuosic and delec- table anthropomorphisms of T. S. Eliot's children's poems on which the show is based.

That's a lot to complain about, but "Cats" has never been a critic's show. (I'll

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be the one who finally shuts it down - ha!) The second time around, I willfully removed the critical half of my hat and sought only the pleasures that have been so evident to many.

Some have to do with the pure talent of performers. Jean Arbeiter (Jellylorum is her character) gives a lovely, bell-clear rendering of "Gus: The Theater Cat," the sweetly fond paeon, a lullaby almost, sung by a young girl (kitten?) to the elderly and feeble Asparagus, played by John Dewar, whose response is perfectly on pitch - impressive given the character's trembly, if proud, old age. The two of them make the most of what is, by my ears, the purest melody of the Lloyd Webber score, turning one of the show's quieter and more unheralded scenes into its most affecting - shmaltz, sure, but delicate and touching as against furiously wrung out.

Some others are a little subversive. "Cats," like all successful musicals, has a sensual element to it; Broadway dancers are sexy, and though it sounds moderately perverse to say so, cats are, too.

"A cat is not a dog," Old Deuteronomy reminds us in the show's final Martha Swope/Time Inc.

"A cat is not a dog": The original company of "Cats," Broadway's longest-running musical, closing Sept. 10.

number. (Jimmy Lockett, playing the role now, has a rumbling bass that gives

the pronouncement a pleasing gravity.) But I'd had the thought already. During the show's busy and rather numbing dance production numbers, I found myself focusing on one or another lithe cat in a cat suit on the periphery and watching her stay in character. You have to overlook the whiskers, but overall it wasn't a bad strategy; cats bend and nuzzle in diverting ways.

Mainly, though, the available joys of "Cats" have to do with its well-conceived and executed plan to seduce the audience. It was, of course, the show that set the standard for the bells-and-whistles colossi that transformed Broadway artistically and economically in the 1980's (a bar Disney has recently raised), but extravagant as it was, it was extravagance skillfully and presciently deployed. It all begins with Mr. Napier's set, which, obviating the conven-

tion of a proscenium arch, rising to the stage rafters and wrapping around the balcony facade, turns the Winter Garden into what museums and theme parks now call an environment. It's probably the most glamorous rubbish heap the world has ever seen, and it makes you feel right at home in the recognizable detritus of civilization. (I found myself wondering whether the makers of Coca-Cola, Die Hard batteries or any of several cigarette brands, cereals and pet products paid a placement fee for their prominence as identifiable garbage. They didn't.)

That's theater magic - the proverbial word, for lack of a better one - of a particularly accomplished sort; if you can make people comfortable wallowing in the muck, you've suspended their disbelief big time. And the opening scene perpetuates the effective unveiling of a theatrical idea. As the actors slink and pitty-pat onto the stage in their vari-

ous cat guises and gaits, snuffling and arching, rubbing against one another and the scratching-post props, a world is being populated and defined. The calculated brilliance here is that it's a world as comprehensible to a 5-year-old as to an adult, and it buys the show an enormous amount of good will.

Granted, it is calculated, and as "Cats" has evolved, it has come to milk its audience-friendly and, in particular, its child-friendly shtick. It's hard to imagine that when it first opened, the actors played to front row patrons as often as they

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do now, or that they routinely danced with children in the aisles, or that such a significant percentage of the audience visited the stage at intermission; it's like the subway at rush hour up there these days. If you've come to see a show and not be part of it, it's all a little patience-trying, but you'd have to be a terrible spoilsport indeed not to recognize the democra-

cy of "Cats," and not to delight in it. Happy young children, particularly if, they're rapt and behaving, are buoying company. The same might even be said of giddy grown-ups.

All of this raises the question of value. Has the phenomenon of "Cats" been a force for good in the world? On the one hand, the argument goes, the show helped attenuate the traditions of theater art, educating audiences to be palliated by pageantry, special effects sentimentality rather than provoke by well-constructed narrative, musical originality and emotional ambiguity and depth. On the other hand, how many ticket buyers who would never have entered a theater otherwise were drawn in by the show's fame and accidentally discovered what a world of possibilities the inside of a theater represents? How, many of the rapt children who sat with me on Monday night and will beg their parents to bring them back - are beginning a lifelong habit of theatergoing?

On the one hand, the argument goes, with "Cats" squatting at the Winter Garden, and the mega-musicals that followed - "Les Miserables," "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Miss Saigon" - proving equally immovable, the clogging of theater real estate had a stultifying effect on the development of new work; where would it be presented? On the other hand, it's not as if anybody ever complains about too many musicals in the pipeline, and besides, "Tommy," "Rent" and "Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk," to name only a few, managed to arrive on Broadway and find an appreciative, welcome. If the work is good enough, there'll be a place for it.

On the one hand, the argument goes, without "Cats" there'd be a bigger pool of ticket buyers for other, needier shows. On the other hand, with it, a lot of actors - not to mention ushers, stagehands and musicians - supported themselves and their families in ways that might otherwise not have been possible. In 18 years, 245 actors appeared onstage as part of the 36-member cast - a large number relative to other shows but also a smaller one than you might expect, which testifies mainly to how competitive and tight the job market for stage performers is.

In the end, it's a wash, I think. So hail, "Cats." And farewell.

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543 / E5 Day

E6 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 Two brothers must face the ultimate evil.

But in the end, there can be only one.

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50 LOWES #638 10:30, 1:00 4:00. 7.:00, 10:00, 12:25AM CITY CINEMAS

EAST 86TH ST

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6:00, 8:00, 10:00,

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CINEMAS 1, 2, 3

60TH ST. AND 3RD AVE.

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2ND AVE. & 32ND ST
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12:00, 2:30, 5:00, 7:30. 10:00, 12:30AM
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Day E6 / 544
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1:45, 2.30, 7.30, 10:00, 12:30AM REGAL CINEMAS
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Winstar Cinema

An aging professor dreams of his boyhood in Kurosawa's "Madadayo."

FILM REVIEW

In the Serenity of Old Age,

He Gains a Moral Splendor

By A. O. SCOTT

Akira Kurosawa's last film, released in Japan in 1993 and opening today at

the Cinema Village, is the delicate, blithely sentimental story of a retired teacher and his devoted former students. To call it a story may be something of an over-statement, since "Madadayo" has none of the narrative intensity or epic sweep for which Kurosawa is best known among American audiences. The most dramatic and emotionally urgent passage in the movie concerns the disappearance of a pet cat. And though the film is set in a specific and eventful period in the Japanese past - from World War II to the early 60's - it takes account of this - history only obliquely, as a background against which the emotional

subtleties of character become visible.

Most of the scenes take place in tranquil, orderly interiors, which seem especially fragile and precious set against the rubble and wreckage that ties outside.

The main character is Hyakken Uchida - a real-life man of letters played by Tatsuo Matsumura - whom we meet at the end of his career as a professor of German at a military academy, as he regales his final class with the mischievous humor that is soon revealed to be his trademark.

Having decided to devote himself

Kurosawa's final film is about a selfless professor and his students.

full time to writing, the professor (or sensei, as he is addressed throughout

the film, even by his wife, played by Kyoko Kagawa), installs himself in a modest house with his books and his writing desk. When two particularly adoring students (Hisashi Igawa and George Tokoro) test the house's security (and steal their teacher's bowler hat), they discover that he has posted a "Burglar's Entrance" sign over his garden gate. (Later he embellishes a "urinating forbidden" sign on a public wall with a crotch-level drawing of a pair of scissors.)

Allied bombs soon force the professor and his wife to move to a cramped, door-less hut on a burned-out estate, but the old man maintains his impish good

Day E6 / 550

humor and basks in the admiring solicitude of his acolytes, who organize the yearly birthday banquets that provide the occasion for the film's title and give the movie its most memorable scenes. The assembled students, after offering tributes to the professor, chant

MADADAYO

Directed by Akira Kurosawa; written (in Japanese, with English subtitles) by Kurosawa, based on the book by Hyakken Uchida; directors of photography, Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda; music by Shin'ichiro Ikebe; art director, Yoshiro Muraki; produced by Hisao Kurosawa; released by Winstar Cinema. At the Cinema Village, 22 East 12th Street, Greenwich Village. Running time: 134 minutes. This film is not rated.

WITH: Tatsuo Matsumura (Professor Uchida), Kyoko Kagawa (Professor's wife), Hisashi Igawa (Takayama), George Tokoro (Amaki), Masayuki Yui (Kiryama), Akira Terao (Sawamura), Asei Kobayashi (Reverend Kameyama) and Takeshi Kusaka (Dr. Kobayashi).

"Mahda-Kai?" ("Are you ready yet?") To which he responds, "Madadayo" ("Not yet"), and then cheer him on as he downs an enormous glass of beer. And that's the movie: the portrait of a beloved man who loves life and isn't ready for it to be over.

And "Madadayo," in spite of its quiet tone and deliberate pacing, has a similar effect. Its patient, precise camera movements and the painterly clarity of its visual composition produce an effect of serene, enveloping warmth. Like the professor, Kurosawa, without undue fuss or ceremony, invites you into his world and puts you at ease in it. The selfless, unaffected love that the professor inspires, and the grace with which he receives it are presented with a straightforward simplicity that becomes extraordinarily moving.

We don't learn much about Uchida's writing, his ideas or his students' lives beyond their relationship with him. Kurosawa is interested less in the psychological nuances of this relationship - which he presents as devoid of envy or obsquiousness - than in its moral purity. At the Mahda-Kai parties, the men sing about "looking up to our teacher, thinking of our debt," and the words are as heartfelt and un-ironic as the Vivaldi on the soundtrack.

"Madadayo," in its exquisite and respectful sincerity, stands out against both the cynicism and the maudlin excess that characterize so many recent American movies and perhaps this is why its release in this country has been so long delayed. But the fact that it arrives posthumously - Kurosawa died of a stroke two years ago at the age of 88 - gives it a quiet, valedictory power. With its mellow, wry view of a man growing old, "Madadayo" is also something of a counterweight to "Ran," Kurosawa's overpowering adaptation of "King Lear," made in 1985 and re-released last month.

One of the professor's students calls him "a lump of gold without impurities," a judgment that might extend to "Madadayo." It's not one of Kurosawa's great films; the compass of feeling is, in the end, too narrow, the scope of human reference too restricted. But it is, within its own proportions, nearly perfect.

Today's Film Reviews

MADADAYO, a Japanese-language film directed by Akira Kurosawa. 6
TITANIC TOWN, directed by Roger Michell; starring Julie Walters. 14
WHIPPED, directed by Peter M. Cohen. 14

WILDFLOWERS, directed by Melissa Painter. 21

HIGHLANDER: ENDGAME, which opens today, is not reviewed because there

were no screenings for critics. The review will run tomorrow.

551 / E6 Day

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E7 "AMANDA PEET...

A SEXUAL HEROINE WITH
EDGE, ATTITUDE AND GUSTO!"

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A COMEDY BY PETER M. COHEN

WHIPPED

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AND POPS WITH
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11 AM, 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10:05, 12:30

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS 62ND ST. BET. 1ST &

YORK AVE. 777-FILM #957 1:05, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10:20

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATER 2ND AVE. AT 32ND ST. 50-LOEWS #558

12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30, 12:30AM

Day E7 / 552

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHELSEA CINEMAS 23RD ST. BET. 7TH & 8TH AVE. 777-
FILM #0597 12AM, 2:40, 4:50, 7:10, 9.30, 11:00 PM

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FILM #0777 10:20 AM, 11:20, 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20 4:20 5:30, 6:30,
7:40, 8:40, 10, 11, 12:10

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WEST SIDE HWY & VESEY ST. 945-
3418 11:40AM, 12:10, 1:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:10, 5:40, 6:10, 7:40, 8:10,
9:40, 10:10, 11:40 12:10

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8, 10:15

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FILM #788 ROCKLAND
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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E8
Can Struggling Art Cinema Survive Cruder Times?
Continued From Weekend Page 1

screened at Film Forum. Besides, "The Decalogue," there was the
French

director Bruno Dumont's "Humanité," which enjoyed an extended run at
Film Forum, and the Iranian filmmaker Abbas Kiarostami's "Wind Will
Carry Us," which is still doing healthy business after several weeks at
the Lincoln Plaza.

By far the grandest of the three, "The Decalogue," whose 10 stories
are set in and around the same Warsaw housing project, offers an epic
vision of the troubled human spirit at the end of the 20th century.
With its fatalistic mood and enigmatic, carefully layered symbolism
applied to a realistic setting, the cycle suggests a broader, more
balanced and cosmopolitan descendant of Ingmar Bergman's anguished
soundings of the soul in its dark night.

Kieslowski, who died in 1996 (he was only 54, is arguably the
greatest inheritor of this tradition, which included not only Mr.
Bergman but also Michelangelo Antonioni, Robert Bresson, Carl Dreyer
and Luis Buñuel among its masters.) Each of the 10 fables of "The
Decalogue" is a contemporary variation on one of the Ten Commandments.
Far from reaching in the Hollywood biblical manner, these tales gaze
with a searching (and sometimes teasing) concentration into the gaps
between faith and reason, destiny and chance, cause and effect, to
discern elusive glimpses of a higher moral order, governing human
fate. Because they're stories created for a television series,
they're also extremely entertaining.

Interior Landscapes

"Humanité" and "The Wind Will Carry Us" offer piercing but narrower
personal cinematic visions. Mr. Dumont's film enters the mind of a
policeman who may or not be responsible for the crime he is
investigating: the savage rape and murder of a young girl. Every
image and sound is recharged with an undercurrent of growling animal
menace. In stripping away a protective layer of psychic skin to evoke
the policeman's apprehension of the physical world, this profoundly

pes- simistic but compassionate film finds the potential or animal violence in all its characters.

"The Wind Will Carry Us," in its sympathetic portrayal of a hard-scrabble peasant existence in the arid Iranian countryside, recalls the humanistic films of the great Indian director Satyajit Ray. Its (sometimes frustratingly) elliptical story follows an engineer from Tehran to a remote rural area of Iran for reasons that are only hinted at and discovers, a society in which people are so rooted to the earth that there is no room for brooding metaphysical speculation. Life simply goes on. These people, in tune with nature's rhythms and accepting of its caprices, live in a largely unconscious, spiritual harmony with the world.

While preaching a familiar live-in-the-moment message, the film avoids sentimentality through its literary austerity and its sly, glancing humor, and by mesmerizing us with the sheer beauty of the landscape.

Europe's Forbidden Loves

A film that falls just below this level is the German director Max Faber's "Aimée and Jaguar." Set in wartime Berlin, this true story of the lesbian relationship between Felice Schragenheim (Maria Schrader), an assimilated German Jew risking her life to work in the Jewish underground, and Lilly Wust

Top, Juliane Köhler (at left) and Maria Schrader as a lesbian couple in "Aimée and Jaguar," and Nia Roberts and Ioann Gruffudd as lovers in "Solomon and Gaenor"; above, Clive Owen as the title character in "Croupier" and Margaret Cho

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as herself in "I'm the Only One That I Want."

(Juliane Köhler), the wife of a German Army officer, is a wrenching, beautiful-

ly acted romance with historical resonance.

On a level below that is "Solomon and Gaenor," a gritty, well-acted variation

on "Romeo and Juliet" set in an impoverished Welsh mining village in 1917. The tragedy that results when a deceitful Russian-Jewish immigrant from an Orthodox family impregnates a young Protestant woman is touching, if predictable.

A Withering Relic

But if art films can still draw small audiences into theaters, evaluated in hard dollars-and-cents terms, the genre is a withering relic. With the rise of the multiplex, the number of art houses in the United States has diminished by as much as two-thirds since the early 1990's. American audiences increasingly have no patience with subtitled films. And as the globalization of popular culture accelerates, homegrown cinema in other countries is being overshadowed by Hollywood.

Even in France, which has Europe's most heavily subsidized film industry, Hollywood films accounted for 91 percent of the country's film revenues this summer. While American movies like "M: i-2" and "Gladiator" cleaned up at the box office, only 1 out of 20 French-made films was a solid hit. The increasing failure of so many French films to engage the public has given rise to much grumbling and is viewed as a looming cultural crisis.

As for high-minded films from the United States, the pickings this year have been slimmer than ever. The New York Film Festival, which opens on Sept. 22, has few high-profile American films, since Hollywood, for its own marketing reasons, would rather unveil its

prestigious fall releases two weeks earlier at the Toronto Film Festival. Some believe

that Hollywood's aversion to New York is based on a fear that potential hits might suffer commercially if showing them here first caused them to be perceived as too highbrow.

Deeper social and cultural currents are also working against the art film as we've known it. The probing psychological realism and erotic frankness that seemed revelatory and boundary-breaking to an older generation are now taken for granted by younger audiences inured to (and amused by) "The Jerry Springer Show." Today everyone knows the vocabularies of psychotherapy and of sex according to Krafft-Ebing and Masters and Johnson.

It's also a sign of the times that two of the summer's biggest arthouse hits, Mike Hodges's "Croupier" and the revival of Jules Dassin's "Rififi," are smart, styl- ish genre films that don't probe great metaphysical depths. "Croupier" is a clev- erly plotted caper film with a flashy central performance by Clive Owen, who exudes some of the charisma of the young Michael Caine. The likable "Rififi" is more influential as a granddaddy of the caper film than it is artistically substan- tial.

In this climate the term "art film" itself seems increasingly like a relic. When applied strictly to a business in which the word "art" is thrown around loosely, it doesn't really describe the majority of smaller independent movies that have helped revitalize American cinema in recent years and that make up the backbone of the annual Sundance Film Festival. Even if many of them show more integrity and personal vision than most Hollywood fare, hardly any aspire to the lofty intel- lectual tradition of the greatest European films from 1950's and 60's.

The word that might best describe the more ambitious American independent

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films playing in New York right now is the same one applied to 1990's rock music: alternative. "Chuck and Buck" and, "The Tao of

Steve," two smart independent films that were first seen at Sundance, both focus on the kind of geeky men that mainstream Hollywood films reflexively ridicule. In "Chuck and Buck," a young man suffering from an acute case of arrested development travels to Hollywood and stalks his best friend from child- hood with whom he played boyhood sexual games.

Hollywood would probably never make a movie like "Chuck and Buck," because it would be considered too threatening to a young male audience. But if by any chance it did, the story would surely end in a murder. "Chuck and Buck," while not literally believable, is more tenderhearted. Reminiscent in some ways of Todd Solondz's subversive family satire "Happiness," it is really a fable of how we all carry our childhood within us, whether or not we admit it. Mike White's por- trayal of the creepy, pathetic, lollipop-addicted Buck is the stunt performance of the year, comparable in virtuosity to that of Hilary Swank as a transgender mur- der victim in "Boys Don't Cry."

An Alternative Niche

"The Tao of Steve" is a witty, lighthearted portrait of an extremely overweight, improbably successful womanizer (Donal Logue) whose technique of seduction involves putting a distorted Buddhism into action. A Hollywood version of the same idea would probably star a Chris Farley type and be an extended, offensive fat joke.

One alternative niche that American independent cinema is doing a good job filling is the market for camp. "Psycho Beach Party" translates to the screen Charles Busch's uproarious drag theatrical

spoof of the "Gidget" and "Beach Party" films (and the seething subtexts under their squeaky-clean surfaces). Margaret Cho's concert film, "I'm

the One That I Want," is a hilarious, autobiographical cri de coeur from this Korean-American comedian that deals pungently with her devastating experience of being racially stereotyped on network television.

Biotechnology Revolution

Finally there is John Waters's witty but not howlingly funny comedy, "Cecil B. DeMented," in which a cult of cinematic terrorists kidnaps a Hollywood star (Melanie Griffith) and forces her to appear in its cinéma vérité guerrilla attacks on movie theaters. Mr. Waters's movie inadvertently exemplifies the plight of the art films that it pretends to champion so ardently. But its terrorists' movie aesthetics are so stringent that, as the critic Anthony Lane astutely pointed out, the enemy isn't only Hollywood and philistinism but the movie audience itself.

"Cecil B. DeMented" unwittingly points toward the basic shift in popular culture at the turn of the millennium, as the vision of humanity evoked by movies, music and television evolves from one rooted in psychology to one more anchored in biotechnology. On fronts ranging from sports medicine to psychotherapy to fashion, popular art increasingly views people as perfectible machines who can be improved through drugs, diet, exercise and surgery. Most of the soul's ailments, this view presupposes, are physical imbalances that can be corrected.

As millions avail themselves of everything from Prozac to plastic surgery, this mechanized notion of the human body has begun to take hold. And it seems bound to accelerate. Cloning, genetic engineering and the unraveling of the human genome tantalize us with the prospect of extended life and beyond that, perhaps even immortality, through some hybrid of human and computer.

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Already digital technology can infinitely replicate sounds and, images

without any degradation of quality and the Internet has made us figuratively omniscient. With all these humanly engineered intimations of

humanity, who needs God when you can imagine being God? But until immortality arrives, there's always the gratification of turning yourself into a pumped-up action figure with 1 percent body fat or a curvaceous pit up with fake 42-inch breasts.

A New Darwinism

For all its promise, the biotech version of human life, in which pleasure, even spiritual rapture, is quantifiable, is also profoundly animalistic. Beneath its progressive agenda, it is pure Darwinism. From reality television to professional wrestling to the beat-driven boasts and retorts of hip-hop to gross-out blockbuster films, the messages of popular culture are becoming more brutally competitive.

Many have already commented on the sexual crudeness embedded in many of this summer's Hollywood's blockbusters, in which one movie after another paraded gross-out anal gags that left little to the imagination. Conventional wisdom says that the appetite for crude humor merely a sign of the movie audience's youth, that dirty-minded adolescents have always been dirty-minded adolescents.

But the popularity of gross-out humor may be more than just a result of a conjunction between adolescence and the lifting of taboos. I arguably another powerful sign of and perhaps an anxious response to the mass cultural spiritual and psychological and the purely physical.

Goodbye Freud, Marx and Einstein! Hello lab technician! We don't need those old philosophers. We've been there and done that. This is the brave new world.

But here, where life is an endless contest and the pressure to compete non-stop, the climate is a bit chilly. Yet this is what the majority seem to want. The most popular television shows ("Survivor," "Who Wants To Be a Millionaire") have become contests, and more and more Hollywood movies are obsessed with winning whether the reward is being crowned prom queen or victory in an ancient Roman arena.

Haunting Mysteries

In such a pressurized climate, it is reassuring to be reminded that for all our polish and technological know-how we are still messy animals who leave behind a stench. We're still fools stumbling in our own body waste. The more intense the pressure, the more explosive the laughter.

One of the great things about Kieslowski is that he sensed what was coming. In its opening episode, inspired by the commandment "Thou shalt have no other God before me," a professor's brilliant, computer-wise young son is torn between the values of his rationalist father, who doesn't believe in an afterlife, and those of his devoutly Catholic aunt. When the boy decides he wants to skating, his father helps him calculate late the thickness of the ice on the lake to make sure it's safe. But the careful calculations don't ensure the boy's safety, and he falls through the ice and drowns. The story is embellished with surreal touches that suggest the professor's hubris shattered by the hand of fate. In one touch, both the father's and son's computers appear to have minds of their own. After the boy dies, the father arrives home to his computer mysteriously turned on. It flashes an enigmatic message in English: "I am ready."

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E9 "A WINNER!"

MORE FUN THAN 'MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE 2.' " -Lou Lumenick, NEW YORK

POST

"A KINETIC, WALL-TO-WALL
ACTION MOVIE!"

-Kirk Honeycutt, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES "FAST-MOVING AND HOT ACTION." -
Andy Klein, NEW TIMES

"MORE THAN AN ACTION FILM-
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-Mike Cidoni, ABC-TV

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MARTIAL ARTS AT ITS BEST!"

-Jim Ferguston, FOX-TV

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LOEWS 84TH STREET THEATRE BROADWAY & 84TH ST. 50-LOEWS #701 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:30, 7:30, 1:30, 10:30, 12:15AM

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LOEWS ORPHEUM 86T ST.& 3RD, AVE. LOEWS #964 11:45AM, 2:30, 5:15, 8, 11

UNITED ARTISTS 64TH AND 2ND AVE. AT 64TH ST. 777-FILM #791 11:30AM, 2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 10

NEW COLISEUM THEATRE 703 WEST 181ST ST. 740-1541 12:35, 3:05, 5:35, 8:10, 10:45

CITY CINEMAS MURRAY HILL CINEMAS 34TH ST. AT 3RD AVE. 777-FILM #902 12:05, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHELSEA CINEMAS 23RD ST. BET. 7TH & 8TH AVES. 777-FILM #597 12:15, 3:20, 8:15, 9:15, 12MID

UNITED ARTISTS UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14 13TH ST. & BROADWAY 777-FILM # 777 (1) 11:10AM, 1:40, 4:15, 7, 9:40, 12AM (2) 12:20, 1:20, 8, 10:40, 1AM

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WEST SIDE HWY. AT VESEY ST. 945-3418 11:45AM, 2:25, 5:05, 7:15, 7:45, 9:55, 10:25, 12:30AM

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS METRO TWIN BROADWAY & 99TH ST. 777-FILM #609 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 10

MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES HARLEM USA 125TH ST. & FREDERICK DOU- GLASS BLVD. 665-8742 11:40AM, 12:35, 2:35, 3:35, 5:35, 6:45, 8:32, 9:35, 11:15, 12:15AM

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UPSTATE N.Y.
CINEMA SIX CHESTER 469-5333
CINEMA 8 GALLERIA MALL POUGHKEEPSIE 297-1161
FAIR OAKS FAIR OAKS 361-5774
FISHKILL CINEMAS FISHKILL 896-1089
HUDSON VALLEY MALL CINEMAS 12 KINGSTON 336-4191
LIBERTY TRI-CINEMA LIBERTY 292-3000
LOEWS GALLERIA METROPLEX MIDDLETOWN 777-FILM #104 MOVIEPLEX 8 CARMEL
228-1666
NEW PALTZ CINEMAS NEW PALTZ 255-0420
NEW WINDSOR 12 NEW WINDSOR 569-0300
ROOSEVELT HYDE PARK 229-2000
WARWICK D/I WARWICK 986-4440
NEW JERSEY
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS ALL JERSEY MULTIPLEX NEWARK 817-8100 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS ALLWOOD SIXPLEX CLIFTON 470-CLVW 914
AMC HAMILTON 24 HAMILTON 890-8307
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS AMBOY MULTIPLEX SAYREVILLE 721-3400 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS THE BEACON HILL 5 SUMMIT 777-FILM #513 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
BERGENFIELD CINEMA 5 BERGENFIELD 777-FILM
#984
GENLRAL CINEMA BRIDGEWATER COMMONS 7 BRIDGEWATER 725-1161 CASTLE
TWIN IRVINGTON 372-3419
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHESTER CINEMAS CHESTER 777-FILM #976 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS CINEMA 1 SUCCASUNNA 470-8300 #918 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 12
11 PARSIPPANY 470-CLVW #509 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 23 CEDAR GROVE
470-CLVW #892 CINEMA PLAZA FLEMINGTON 782-2777
GENERAL CINEMA CLIFTON COMMONS CLIFTON 777-FILM #554
REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 15 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS EDISON CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM #929
Day E9 / 564
GENERAL CINEMA ESSEX GREEN W.ORANGE 731-7755
FRANKLIN NUTLEY 667-1777
GALAXY GUTTENBERG 854-6540
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS GALLERIA CINEMAS OCEAN 777-FILM #726 REGAL CINEMAS
HADLEY CINEMA 11 SOUTH PLAINFIELD 668-4449 HAWTHORNE HAWTHORNE 427-2828
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS HAZLET MULTIPLEX CINEMAS RT. 35 HAZLET 264- 2200

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS HEADQUARTERS 10 MORRISTOWN 470-CLVW #565 REGAL
CINEMAS HUDSON MALL CINEMA 7 JERSEY CITY 434-1414 HYWAY 5 FAIRLAWN 796-
1717

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS KINNELON 11 KINNELON 470-CLVW #997
LINCOLN FIVEPLEX ARLINGTON 997-6873
LOEWS CINEMA CENTRE 5 BRICK TOWNSHIP 777-FILM #963
LOEWS EAST HANOVER EAS HANOVER 777-FILM #944
LOEWS FREEHOLD METROPLEX FREEHOLD 777-FILM #988
LOEWS MONMOUTH EATONTOWN 777-FILM #965
LOEWS MOUNTAINSIDE THEATRE MOUNTAINSIDE 777-FILM #891 LOEW5 NEW
BRUNSWICK THEATRE NEW BRUNSWICK 777-FILM #897 LOEWS NEWARK METROPLEX
NEWARK 777-FILM #924
LOEWS PLAZA 8 THEATRE SECAUCUS 777-FILM #732
LOEWJ RIDGEFIELD PARK THEATRE RIDGEFIELD PARK 777-FILM #716 LOEWS
SEACOURT THEATRE TOMS RIVER 777-FILM #569
LOEWS SHOWBOAT THEATRE EDGEWATER 777-FILM 0730
LOEWS WAYNE THEATRE WAYNE 777-FILM #714
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANSFIELD 15 PLEX HACKETTSTOWN 777-FILM
#548
MANVILLE 12-PLEX MANVILLE 707-4000
MAPLEWOOD MAPLEWOOD 763-3100
REGAL CINEMAS MARLEBORO CINEMA 8 MORGANVILLE 235-8181 MAYFAIR
TRIPLEX W. NEW YORK 869-3333
CINEPLEX ODEON MENLO PARK MALL CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM #967 MOVIES
AT BRUNSWICK SQUARE EAST BRUNSWICK 257-5555
NEW PARK CINEMAS ROSELLE PARK 241-2525
CINEPLEX ODEON NEWPORT CENTRE CINEMAS JERSEY CITY 777-FILM
#612
PASCACK WESTWOOD 664-3200
REGAL CINEMAS POHATCONG 12 PHILLIPSBURG 454-7500
ROCKAWAY TWELVE ROCKAWAY TWP. 328-0666
CINEPLEX ODEON ROUTE 4 TENPLEX PARAMUS 777-FILM #582
SUMMIT QUAD UNION CITY 865-2878
UNION CINEMA UNION 686-4373
VALLEY VIEW CINEMAS WAYNE 305-4900
WASHINGTON THEATERS WASHINGTON 835-9540
WELLMONT TRIPLEX A40NTCLAIR 763-9500
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS WEST MILFORD 4 WEST MILFORD 470-CLVW #968 AMERICA
ONLINE FOR MORE INFORATION ABOUT THIS MOVIE
America Online Keyword: Art of War www.artofwarmovie.com

moviefone.com

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565 / E9 Day

E10 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

STEVE HARVEY * D.L. HUGHLEY * CEDRIC THE ENTERTAINER * BERNIE MAC

ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES, Roger Ebert and Richard Roope "TWO THUMBS
UP!"

NEWSWEEK

"STYLISH, EXUBERANT AND HILARIOUS.

RICH WITH LAUGHS."

LOS ANGELES TIMES, Kevin Thomas

"HILARIOUS...THE LAUGHTER JUST KEEPS BUILDING

...AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, Elizabeth Weitzman

"DAZZLING! LONG MAY THEY REIGN."

NEWSDAY, Gene Seymour

"HILARIOUS, YOU FEEL DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY!"

BOSTON GLOBE, Jay Carr

"EXHILARATING!"

THE NEW YORKER, David Denby

"MANY BRILLIANT MOMENTS.

'THE ORIGINAL KINGS OF COMEDY' FILLS YOU WITH GOOD FEELINGS." US
WEEKLY, Andrew Johnston

"DELIVERS THE LAUGHS!"

NEW YORK POST, Jonathan Foreman

"HILARIOUS...SO FUNNY YOUR CHEEKS HURT!"

THE WASHINGTON POST, Rita Kemp

"LAUGH-OUT -LOUD FALL-OUT -OF-YOUR-CHAIR AND SCARE-THE-DOG
FUNNY,"

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, Joe Morgenstern

"THE MOVIE ROCKS WITH A JOYOUS SPIRIT,"

ROLLING STONE, Peter Travers

"A TORNADO OF LAUGHS!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES, Elvis Mitchell

"HILARIOUS."

PEOPLE, Leah Rozen

"LAUGHTER

REIGNS."

THE ORIGINAL

KINGS

OF COMEDY

WE GOT JOKES.

MTV FILMS AND LATHAM ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT A 40 ACRES AND A
MULE FILMWORKS PRODUCTION A SPIKE LEE JOINT STEVE HARVEY D.L.HUGHLEY
CEDRIC THE ENTERTAINER BERNIE MAC "THE ORIGINAL KINGS OF COMEDY"
EXECUTIVE MUSIC PRODUCER ALEX STEYERMARK EDI- TOR BARRY ALEXANDER BROWN
PRODUCTION DESIGNER WYNN P. THOMAS DIRECTOR OF PROHOTGRAPHY MALIK
SAYEED CO-PRODUCER BUTCH ROBINSON EXECUTIVE PRODUCER VAN TOFFLER
DOLBY DIGITAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM ON UNIVERSAL RECORDS PRO- DUCED BY
WALTER LATHAM DAVID GALE SPIKE LEE DIRECTED BY SPIKE LEE Paramount
DayE10 / 566

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LOEWS 42ND STREET E WALK 42ND ST & 8TH AVE IN TIMES SQUARE #572 50-
LOEWS 11 AM, 11:30, 12:30, 1:30, 2, 3, 4, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:20, 9:20,
10:20, 11:30, 12:30AM

LOEWS 84TH STREET THEATRE BWAY 84TH ST. 50-LOEWS-701 12, 1, 3, 4, 6,
7, 9, 10, 12MID, 12:40AM

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS FIRST AVE 62ND CINEMAS 62ND ST. BETW. 1ST AVE &
YORK AVE. 979-1957 1:30, 4:30, 7:35, 10:10

LOEWS ORPHEUM 86TH & 3RD AVE 50-LOEWS 1AM, 1.30, 4:15, 7, 9:45,
12:30AM

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST. 50-LOEWS #558 12:10,
3:05, 6, 8:50, 11:45

LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST BWAY & 19TH ST. 50-LOEWS #858 1AM, 1:30, 4:15,
7, 9:50, 12:20AM

LOEWS VILLAGE VII 3RD AVENUE AT 11 TH ST. 50-LOEWS #952 1, 1:45,
4:45, 7:05, 11

MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES - HARLEM USA 125TH ST & FREDERICK DOUGLASS B
665-8742 11:10AM, 12:10, 2:20, 1:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10,
9:50, 10:15, 11:55, 12:30AM

QUEENS

CINEPLEX ODEON CINEMA CITY FIVEPLEX FRESH MEADOWS 777-FILM #592

DIGITAL CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT CINEMART CINEMAS
FOREST HILLS 261-2244
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINE-
MAS EXIT 14 OFF WHITESTONE EXPSWAY TO LINDEN PL 886-4900
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CROSSBAY 1 OZONE PARK 777-FILM #806 LOEWS
ELMWOOD THEATRE ELMHURST 777-FILM #733
DIGITAL REGAL CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMAS ASTORIA 786-
2020 BRONX
EPSTEIN 110 AMERICAN 863-4900
GENERAL CINEMA DIGITAL 777-FILM #833
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE DIGITAL CONCOURSE PLAZA 588-
8800
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE WHITESTONE MULTIVIEW CINEMA
409-9030 BROOKLYN
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT CANARSIE TRIPLEX 251-0700
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT KENT TRIPLEX 338-3371
CINEPLEX ODEON KINGS PLAZA SIXPLEX 777-FILM #579
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE LINDEN BLVD. MULTIPLEX CINE-
MAS 277-0303 PLAZA TWIN 636-0170
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
DIGITAL STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817 WESTCHESTER
567 / E10 Day
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE DIGITAL ALL WESTCHESTER SAW MILL
MULTIPLEX CINEMA HAWTHORNE 747-2333
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE DIGITAL CROSS-COUNTY MULTI- PLEX
CINEMAS YONKERS 373-7100
REGAL CINEMAS NEW ROC CITY 18 ft IMAX NEW ROCHELLE - OFF I 95 EXIT
16 235-3737
CONNECTICUT
CROWN LANDMARK SQUARE STAMFORD 324-3100
CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-8500
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE SHOWCASE CINEMAS 1-12 BRIDGE-
PORT 339-7171
CROWN SONO REGENT SOUTH NORWALK 899-7979
SUFFOLK
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMA
MEDFORD 289-8900
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE COMMACK MULTIPLEX CINEMA
COMMACK 462-6953
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE FARMINGDALE MULTIPLEX CINE-
MAS RTE 110 & CONKUN ST. FARMINGDALE 777-8080
LOEWS STONY BROOK STONY BROOK 777-FILM #549
NASSAU
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE BROADWAY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS
BROADWAY MALL HICKSVILLE 935-5599
LOEWS NASSAU METROPLEX LEVITTOWN 777-FILM #713
LOEWS ROOSEVELT FIELD THEATRE GARDEN CITY 777-FILM #705
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE SUNRISE MULTIPLEX CINEMA VAL-
LEY STREAM 825-5700
VILLAGE CINEMA SEVEN HEMPSTEAD 505-8877
UPSTATE N.Y.
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT DESTINA'S NEW WINDSOR SQUIRE VILLAGE
SHOPPING CENTER NEW WINDSOR 564-9300
SONY THEATRES GALLERIA METROPLEX MIDDLETOWN 777-FILM #904 LOEWS
THEATRES PALISADES CENTER
WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543
NEW JERSEY
ALL - JERSEY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS NEWARK 817-8100

A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE AMBOY MULTIPLEX CINEMA SAYRE-
 VILLE 721-3400
 GENERAL CINEMA CLIFTON COMMONS 16 CLIFTON 614-4444
 REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 15 NORTH BRUNSWICK 948-3000 GENERAL
 CINEMA ESSEX GREEN CINEMA 9 WEST ORANGE 777-FILM
 #666
 REGAL CINEMAS HADLEY CINEMA 16 SOUTH PLAINFIELD 668-4449
 AMC HAMILTON 24 HAMILTON 893-0007
 REGAL CINEMAS HUDSON MALL CINEMA 7 JERSEY CITY 434-1414 LOEWS
 MEADOWS SIX SECAUCUS 777-FILM #731
 GRANT MEGA MOVIES AT BRUNSMCK SQUARE E. BRUNSWICK 651-MEGA LOEWS
 MONMOUTH MALL EATONTOWN 777-FILM #965
 LOEWS MOUNTAINSIDE ROUTE 22 EAST, MOUNTAINSIDE 777-FILM #891 LOEWS
 NEWARK METROPLEX NEWARK 777-FILM #924
 DayE10 / 568
 LOEWS NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE U.S. HIGHWAY #I 777-FILM #697
 CINEPLEX ODEON NEWPORT CENTRE CINEMAS JERSEY CITY 777-FILM #612
 LOEWS RIDGEFIELD FARK THEATRE RIDGEFIELD PARK 777-FILM # 716 SPIROS
 UNION THEATRES 686-4373
 LOEWS WAYNE THEATER WAYNE 777-FILM #714
 SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT- NO PASS OR DISCOUNT TICKETS ACCEPTED DIGITAL dts
 DIGITAL DOLBY DOLBY
 WHY DO WOMEN FIND
 THIS MAN IRRESISTIBLE? "HILARIOUS AND
 HEARTFELT! DEX IS
 A CHUBBY LADYKILLER
 WHO ASPIRES TO THE
 COOL STYLE OF
 STEVE MCQUEEN.
 A KNOCKOUT
 PERFORMANCE!"
 -Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE "TWO THUMBS UP!
 A REAL TREAT!
 A REAL
 DISCOVERY!"
 -Roger Ebert
 and Richard Roeper,
 ROGER EBERT
 & THE MOVIES
 " 'THE TAO OF STEVE'
 MAY BE THE FIRST
 MOVIE IN HISTORY
 THAT ACTIVELY
 PROMOTES
 THE WORK OF
 KIREKEGAARD
 AS A SEXUAL AID."
 -Anthony Lane,
 THE NEW YORKER "SPARKLING AND IRRESISTABLE!
 DES IS A BRILLIANT,
 SELF INDULGENT
 LAYABOUT.
 DRAWING FROM
 LAO-TZU,
 HEIDEGGER AND
 GROUCH MARX,
 HE DEVELOPS A
 SURE FIRE THEORY

OF DATING IN HONOR
OF STEVE MCQUEEN!"
569 / E10 Day
-Kevin Thomas
LOS ANGELES TIMES
OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE
SPECIAL JURY PRIZE
DONAL LOGUE
2000 SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL
THE
TAO OF STEVE
A JENNIPHR GOODMAN FILM
A SONY PICTURES CLASSICS release
a GOOD MACHINE production in association with THUNDERHEARD PRO-
DUCTIONS, LLC a JENNIPHR GOODMAN film DONAL LOGUE "THE TAO OF STEVE"
GREER GOODMAN KIMO WILLIS AYELET KAZNELSON DAVID AARON BAKER NINA
JAROSLAW music supervisor TRACY MCKNIGHT original score JOE DELIA
editor SARAH GARTNER production designer ROSARIO PROVENZA direc- tor of
photography TEODORO MANIACI co-producer ALTON WALPOLE excutive producer
TED HOPE produced by ANOTHONY BERGMAN written by DUNCAN NORTH with
GREER GOODMAN JENNIPHER GOODMAN directed by JEN- NIPHER GOODMAN
R RESTRTICTED milan OOOO MACHINE SONY PICTURES CLASSICS MANHATTAN
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS 63RD ST. & BWAY. 757-2280 ADVANCE TICKET
SALES 777-FILM #740 12:50, 2:35, 4:35, 6:35, 8:35, 10:30
CITY CINEMAS ANGELIKA FILM CENTER CORNER OF HOUSTON & MER-
CER ST. 777-FILM #531 11:10, 1:15 3:15, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30, 10:30
AMC EMPIRE 25 42ND ST (BET. 7TH & 8TH AVE.) 398-3939 12:45, 3:00,
5:15, 7:30, 9:40, 11:50
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS 62ND ST BET. 1ST & YORK
AVE. 777-FILM 17 1:25, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10:10 BROOKLYN
BAM ROSE CINEMAS 30 LAFAYETTE AVENUE DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN ADVANCE
SALES: 718-623-2770
QUEENS
REGAL CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 35-01 37TH ST. 786-2020
LESSER KEW GARDENS CINEMAS 441-9835
NASSAU
LESSER MALVERNE CINEMA 4 599-6966
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANHASSET TRIPLEX 777-FILM #798
UNITED ARTISTS THE MEADOWBROOK EAST MEADOW 777-FILM #877 UPSTATE
FILMS RHINEBECK 876-2515
SUFFOLK
UNITED ARTISTS EAST HAMPTON 777-FILM #801
UNITED ARTISTS FARMINGDALE 777-FILM #539
LOEWS STONY BROOK TRIPLEX 941-0124
WESTCHESTER
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BRONXVILLE TRIPLEX 777-FILM,
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS GREENBURGH NATIONAL CINEMAS 592-1500 REGAL
CINEMAS NEW ROCHELLE CITY 18 OFF 1-95 EXIT 16 235-3737 NEW JERSEY
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CLAIRIDGE CINEMAS MONTCLAIR 777-FILM #574
DayE10 / 570
REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 18 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 BETHEL
CINEMA BETHEL 778-2100
ENTERTAINMENT CINEMAS BLOOMFIELD CINEMA BLOOMFIELD 242-
7557 CONNECTICUT
HOYTS CINEMA CITY HARTFORD 549-0030
SONY THEATRES COMMUNITY TWIN FAIRFIELD 255-6555
GARDEN CINEMA NORWALK ISAAC STREET 838-4504
YORK SQUARE CINEMAS NEW HAVEN 776-6630

GENERAL CINEMAS MERCER MALL 7 LAWRENCEVILLE 452-2868
FLORIN CREATIVE MONTGOMERY CENTER TWIN ROCKY HILL 924-7444 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS RED BANK 777-FILM #721
RIALTO RIDGEFIELD PARK 994-0618
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS TENAFLY CINEMA 4 TENAFLY 777-FILM #989 TILTON
THEATRES TILTON 9 NORTHFIELD 646-9820
REGAL CINEMAS TOWNE CENTRE CITY PLAZA 15 EAST WINDSOR 371-
8473
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS WARNER QUAD RIDGEWOOD 777-FILM #581

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STAR-CROSSED TITLE
CHARACTERS SET EYES
ON EACH OTHER,
YOUR HEART SINKS!"

-Steven Holden
THE NEW YORK TIMES
"HEARTFELT AND
AFFECTING!"

-Joe Morgenstern,
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

"A ROMEO AND
JULIET TRAGEDY OF
SURPRISING POWER!"

-Lisa Schwarzbaum,
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY
Solomon & Gaenor

Their tragedy was to fall in love. A PAUL MORRISON FILM
R S4C SUPPORTED BY THE NATIONAL LOTTERY THROUGH THE ARTS
COUNCILS OF ENGLAND AND SONY PICTURES CLASSICS CITY CINEMAS
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE

3RD AVENUE BET. 55TH & 56TH ST. 777-FILM #541 12:00, 2:30, 5:00,
7:15, 9:45

QUAD CINEMAS
13TH ST. BET. 5TH & 6TH AVE.
255-8800

1:00, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:10, 11:10 WWW.SONYCLASSICS.COM
SONY PICTURES CLASSICSTM

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571 / E10 Day

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 I E11 America's #1
Movie!

"EXHILARATING!" Jonathan Foreman, NEW YORK POST "GIVE ME AN F-U-
N!" PEOPLE

"The Best Coming-Of-Age Story Since 'Clueless'!" Bob Strauss, LOS
ANGELES DAILY NEWS

BRING IT ON
FEATURES

THE NEW HOT TRACK
"AS IF" PERFORMED BY

BLAQUE

UNIVERSAL PICTURES AND BEACON PICTURES PRESENT "BRING IT ON"
KIRSTEN DUNST ELIZA DUSHKU JESSE BRADFORD GABRIELLE UNION MUSIC BY
CHRISOPHE BECK MUSIC SUPERVISOR BILLY GOTTLIEB
SOUNDTRACK ON PLAY-TONE / EPIC RECORDS / SONY MUSIC SOUND- TRAX READ
THE SCHHOLASTIC BOOK

EDITOR LARRY BOCK PRODUCTION DESIGNER SHARON LOMOFSKY DIRECTOR OF
PHOTOGRAPHY SHAWN MAURER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ARMYAN BERNSTEIN MAX WONG
CAITLIN SCANLON PADDY CULLEN

BEACON PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

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PRODUCED BY MARC ABRAHAM THOMAS A. BLISS WRITTEN BY JESSICA

BENDINGER DIRECTED BY PEYTON REED DIGITAL dts SDDS DOLBY DIGITAL A
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www.bringitonmovie.com AOL Keyword: Bring It On
MANHATTAN

AMC EMIRE 25 42ND ST. & 8TH AVE. 398-3939 12:30, 1:45, 3:00, 4:15,
5:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 10:30, 12:00 MID, 1:00AM

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE BWAY & 68TH ST. 50-LOEWS #638

10:35AM, 1:05, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45, 12:20AM

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS EAST 86 STREET CINEMAS 62ND ST. BET. 1ST &

YORK AVE. 979-CLVW #957 1:30 3:40, 6:00, 8:15, 10:30

CITY CINEMAS EAST 86TH STREET CINEMAS BET. 2ND & 3RD AVES. 860-

8686 12:00, 2:20, 4:30, 6:40, 8:50, 11:00

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST 50-LOEWS #558 12:35

2:50, 5:20, 8:10, 1:00, 12:20AM

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHELSEA WEST 23RD ST. & 8TH AVE. 979-CLVW

#614 12:00, 2:30, 5:00, 7:30, 10:00

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14 13TH ST. &

B'WAY 777-FILM #777 10:40AM, 11:40AM, 1:00, 2:00, 3:20, 4:20, 5:40,
6:40, 8:00, 9:00, 10:21, 1:20, 12:35AM

MAGIC JOHNSON THFATRES HARLEM USA 125TH ST. & FREDERICK DOU- GLASS
BLVD. 665-8742 11:30AM, 2:10, 4:55, 7, 4:50, 10:35

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK 16 VESEY & WEST STS. 945-3418 12:05,
2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25, 11:45

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS OLYMPIA CINEMAS B'WAY AT 107TH ST. 979-CLVW #613
2:30, 5:00, 7:30, 10:15

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT COLISEUM CINEMAS 703 WEST 181 ST 740- 1541,
1, 12:25, 2:30, 4:40, 6:40, 8:50, 11:00

DayE11 / 572

BRONX

GENERAL CINEMA BAY PLAZA 320-3020

NAT'L AMUSEMENTS CONCOURSE PLAZA MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 588-8800 NAT'L
AMUSEMENTS WHITESTONE MULTIPLEX 409-9030

BROOKLYN

CREATIVE ENT. CANARSIE TRIPLEX 251-0700

REGAL CINEMAS COURT STREET 12 COURT ST. AT STATE ST BROOKLYN

HEIGHTS 246-7459

CINEPLEX ODEON FORTWAY FIVEPLEX 777-FILM #578

CINEPLEX ODEON KINGS PLAZA SIXPLEX 777-FILM #579

NAT'L AMUSEMENTS LINDEN BLVD. MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 277-0300 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES MARBORO 777-FILM #774

SCREEN ARTS PAVILION THEATRE 369-0838

CREATIVE ENT RIDGEWOOD FIVEPLEX 821-5993

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES SHEEPSHEAD BAY 777-FILM #786

QUEENS

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES BAYSIDE 777-FILM #795

LESSER CENTER CINEMAS SUNNYSIDE 361-6861

CINEPLEX ODEON CINEMA FIVEPLEX FRESH MEADOWS 777-FILM #592 NAT'L
AMUSEMENTS COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINEMAS WHITESTONE

886-4900

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CROSSBAY 2 OZONE PARK 777-FILM #882 CREATIVE
ENT. JACKSON TRIPLEX JACKSON HTS 335-0242

REGAL CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 35TH AVE. & 38TH ST.
786-2020
LESSER MAIN STREET CINEMAS FLUSHING 263-4828
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MIDWAY STADIUM 9 FOREST HILLS 777-FILM
#819 NASSAU
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS BROADWAY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS HICKSVILLE 935- 5599
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS FRANKLIN SQUARE CINEMAS 1-6 777-FILM #899 CINEPLEX
ODEON LAWRENCE TRIPLEX 777-FILM #605
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES LYNBROOK 777-FILM #856
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MEADOWBROOK 777-FILM #856 FLORIN-CREATIVE
MID-ISLAND BETHPAGE 796-7500
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS PORT WASHINGTON CINEMAS 777-FILM # 878 LOEWS
RACEWAY THEATRE WESTBURY 777-FILM #908
LESSER SEAFORD CINEMAS 409-8700
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS SUNRISE MULTIPLEX VALLEY STREAM 825-5700 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES WESTBURY STADIUM 12 WESTBURY 777-
FILM #788
STATEN ISLAND
B.G.S. ATRIUM CINEMAS ELTINGVILLE 317-8300
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES HYLAN PLAZA NEW DORP 777-FILM #925 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817 SUFFOLK
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD 289-
8900
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX 462-6953
573 / E11 Day
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CORAM 777-FILM #815
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS FARMINGDALE MULTIPLEX CINEMAS RTE. 110 AND CONKUN
ST. 777-8080
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES HAMPTON BAYS 5 777-FILM #797 CINEPLEX ODEON
MATTITUCK EIGHTPLEX 777-FILM #620 LESSER THE MOVIES AT MASTIC 281-8586
LESSER MOVIELAND CORAM 696-A200
LESSER P.J. CINEMAS PT. JEFFERSON STN. 928-3456
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #822
REGAL CINEMAS RONKONKOMA CINEMAS 9 LAKE SHORE PLAZA 580-
9714
LESSER SAYVILLE TRIPLEX 589-0232
LESSER SOUTHBAY CINEMAS W BABYLON 587-7676
LOEWS STONY BROOK 777-FILM #549
CONNECTICUT
LOEWS DANBURY 323-FILM #521
CROWN LANDMARK 9 STAMFORD 324-3100
CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6500
CROWN SONO REGENT THEATRE SOUTH NORWALK 899-7979
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS SHOWCASE CINEMAS 1-12 BRIDGEPORT 339-7171 FOR
SHOWTIMES AND TICKETS CALL 777-FILM or visit moviefone.com AOL
Keyword: MovieFone UPSTATE
MINI THEATRES CARMEL MOVIEPLEX 8 228-1666
CREATIVE ENT. CHESTER CINEMA SIX 469-5333
HOYTS CINEMAS CORP. FISHKILL 10 896-1089
HOYTS CINEMAS CORP. GALLERIA CINEMAS 8 POUGHKEEPSIE 297-1161 SONY
THEATRES GALLEIA METROPLEX WAIKILL 777-FILM #904
HOYTS CINEMAS CORP. HUDSON VALLEY MALL 12 KINGSTON 336-4188 TRIANGLE
HYDE PARK D/I 229-2000
FLORIN-CREATIVE LYCEUM CINEMAS RED HOOK 758-3311 FLORIN-CREATIVE
MALL QUAD MONTICELLO 790-2600
CINEMA SERVICE WARWICK D/I WIN 986-4440
DESTINTA THEATRES NEW WINDSOR 12 569-0300
WESTCHESTER

NAT'L AMUSEMENTS ALL WESTCHESTER SAW MILL MULTIPLEX
HAWTHORNE 7472333
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS CROSS COUNTY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS YONKERS
376-7100
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS GREENBURGH MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 320 SAW MILL
RIVER RD 592-1500
UNTED ARTISTS THEATRES JEFFERSON VALLEY YORKTOWN HEIGHTS
777-FIIM #825
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MAMARONECK PLAYHOUSE MAMARONECK 777-
FILM #810
REGAL CINEMAS NEW ROC CITY 18 OFF 1-95 EXIT 16 235-3731 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES YONKERS 777-FILM #823 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS NEW CITY
CINEMAS 777-FILM #917 PALISADES CENTER WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543
NO COUPON OR DISCOUNT TICKETS ACCEPTED
DayE11 / 574
NEW JERSEY
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS ALL JERSEY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS NEWARK 817- 8100
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS ALLWOOD CINEMAS CLIFTON 777-FILM #914 NAT'L
AMUSEMENTS AMBOY MULTIPLEX SAYREVILLE 721-3400 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
BERGENFIELD CINEMA 5 777-FILM #984 GENERAL CINEMA BRIDGEWATER COMMONS
SEVEN CINEMAS 725-1161 TMA CASTLE TWIN IRVINGTON 372-3419
SONY THEATRES CINEMA CENTER 5 BRICKTOWN 777-FILM #963 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS CINEMA 23 CEDAR GROVE 777 FILM #892 GENERAL CINEMA CLIFTON
COMMONS CINEMA CLIFTON 777-FILM #554 REGAL CINEMAS COLUMBIA PARK 12
865-1600
REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 18 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 SONY
THEATRES EAST HANOVER 777-FILM #944
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS EDISON CINEMAS 777-FILM #929
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS EMERSON QUAD 777-FILM #915
SONY THEATRES FREEHOLD METROPLEX 777-FILM #988
REGAL CINEMAS AMC HAMILTON 24 890-8307
TRIANGLE HYWAY THEATRES FAIRLAWN 796-1717
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS HAZLET MULTIPLEX CINEMAS RTE 35 261-2200 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS HEADQUARTERS 10 MORRISTOWN 777-FILM DISTINTA THEATRES
INDEPENDENCE PLAZA HAMILTON 888-4500 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS KINNELON 11
KINNELON 777-FILM #117 LINCOLN CINEMAS ARLINGTON 997-6873
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANSFIELD CINEMA 15 777-FILM #548
READING CINEMAS MANVILLE 12-PLEX 777-FILM #559
UNTED ARTISTS MARKET FAIR PRINCETON 520-8700
REGAL CINEMAS 4, MARLBORO CINEMA 812 ROUTE 9 NORTH MARLBORO
972-8181
MEGA MOVIES AT BRUNSWICK SO. EAST BRUNSWICK 651-6342 CINEPLEX ODEON
MENLO PARK MALL CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM #967 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
MIDDLEBROOK GALLERIA CINEMA 10 OCEAN 777-
FILM #726
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MILLBURN CINEMAS 777-FILM #591
LOEWS MOMOUTH MALL RTS. 35 & 36 777-FILM #965
LOEWS NEW BRUNSWICK 18 15 U.S. HGWAY#1 777-FILM #897
CREATIVE ENT. NEW PARK CINEMAS ROSELLE PARK 241-2525
LOEWS NEWARK METROPLEX 777-FILM #924
CINEPLEX ODEON NEWPORT CENTRE CINEMAS JERSEY CITY 777-FILM
#612
CINEMA SERVICES NEWTON TWIN 579-9993
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS PARSIPPANY CINEMA 12 777-FILM #509
REGAL CINEMAS 4, POHATCONG CINEMA 12 PHILLIPSBURG 454-7500 FLORIN-
CREATIVE 4 RIALTO CINEMAS WESTFIELD 232-1288
LOEWS RIDGEFIELD PARK 777-FILM #716

CINEPLEX ODEON ROUTE 4 TENPLEX PARAMUS 777-FILM #582 LOWES SEACOURT
PAVILION TOMS RIVER 777-FILM #569 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SUCCASUNNA CINEMA
10 777-FILM #918 REGAL CINEMAS TOWN CENTER PLAZA 15 EAST WINDSOR 371-
8972 CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT SEVENPLFX 686-4373

LOEWS WAYNE 777-FILM #714

575 / E11 Day

IE12 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS!

POWERFUL AND SUSPENSEFUL! INCREDIBLE IMAGERY! BRILLIANT AND
VISIONARY!"

-ROGER EBERT, ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

"TWO VERY ENTHUSIASTIC THUMBS UP!"

-ROGER EBERT AND RICHARD ROEPER, ROBERT EBERT & THE MOVIES "POWERFUL!
JENNIFER LOPEZ GIVES A PROVOCATIVE PERFORMANCE." -ELVIS MITCHELL, THE
NEW YORK TIMES

"AN ORIGINAL AND STYLIS VISION. HEART-STOPPING THRILLS!" -MICHAEL
O'SULLIVAN, WASHINGTON POST

JENNIFER LOPEZ VINCE VAUGHN VINCENT D'ONOFRIO

THE CELL

NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS A CARO-MCLEOD/RADICAL MEDIA PRO-
DUCTION JENNIFER LOPEZ VINCE VAUGHN VINCENT D'ONOFRIO "THE CELL"
MARIANNE JEAN-BAPTISTE JAKE WEBER DYLAN BAKER CASTING BY RONNA KRESS,
C.S.A. COSTUME DESIGNERS EIKO ISHIOKA APRIL NAPIER MUSIC BY HOWARD
SHORE EDITED BY PAUL RUBELL, A.C.E. ROBERT DUFFY PRODUCTION DESIGNER
TOM FODEN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PAUL LAUFER CO-PRODUCERS MARK
PROTOSEVICH STEPHEN J. ROSS DOLBY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DONNA LANGLEY
CAROLYN MANETTI PRODUCED BY JULIO CARO ERIC MCLEOD WRITTEN BY MARK
PROTOSEVICH DIRECTED BY TARSEM SINGH SDDS

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THE CELL INTERNET KEYWORD: THE CELL SOUNDTRACK AVAIL- ABLE ON NEW LINE
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MANHATTAN

LOEWS 42nd STREET E WALK 42ND ST & 8TH AVE. IN TIMES SQUARE 50-
LOEWS #572 11:15, 12:15, 1:50, 3:10, 4:40, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 10:40,
12:25AM

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WESTSIDE HWY. @ VESEY ST. 945-
3418 11, 1:30, 2, 4, 4:30, 6:30, 7, 9, 9:30, 11:30, 12MID

CITY CINEMAS CINEMAS 123 3RD AVE. AT 10TH ST. 777-FILM #635 12,
2:20, 4:40, 7:10, 9:35

LOEWS ORPHEUM THIRD AVENUE & 86TH ST. 50-LOEWS #964 11:30, 2, 4:45,
7:30. 10:15, 12:30AM

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS OLYMPIA CINEMAS B'WAY AT 107TH ST 979-CLVW #613
1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:50

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE BROADWAY & 68TH ST. 50-LOEWS #638
10:45, 11:40, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:30, 8, 9, 11:15, 12AM, 2:00AM

MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES-HARLEM USA 125TH ST. & FREDERICK DOUGLASS
BLVD. 665-8733 11:55, 2:55, 5:55, 9, 11:40

LOEWS KIPS BAY 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST 50-LOEWS #558 12:20, 1:20, 3:10,
4:10, 5:50, 5:50, 8:30, 9:40, 11:30, 12:20AM

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT NOVA CINEMA B'WAY AT 147TH ST 862-5728 1,
3:30, 6:30, 8:05, 11:45

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHELSEA CINEMAS 23RD ST BET. 7TH & 8TH AVE. 979-
CLVW #597 12, 11:10, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

CITY CINEMAS VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS 2ND AVE. AT 12TH ST 777-FILM
DayE12 / 576

#922 12, 1, 2:30, 3:30, 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30, 10, 11, 12:30AM

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT COLISEUM QUAD 181 ST ST. & BROADWAY
740-1545 12:25, 2:30, 4:40, 6:45, 8:50, 11
EPSTEIN AMERICAN CINEMAS 863-4900 GENERAL CINEMA BAY PLAZA 10
320-3020 NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS CONCOURSE PLAZA MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 588-
8800 NATIONAL MUSEMENTS WHITESTONE MULTIPLEX 409-9037
BROOKLYN
CINEPLEX ODEON ALPINE SEVENPLEX 777-FILM #580
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT COMMODORE 384-7259
REGAL CINEMAS COURT STREET 112 COURT ST. STATE ST BROOKLYN
HEIGHTS 246-7459
CINEPLEX ODEON KINGSWAY FIVEPLEX 777-FILM #577
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS LINDEN BLVD MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 277-0303
SCREEN ARTS THE PAVILION PARK SLOPE/WINDSOR 369-0838 CREATIVE
ENTERTAINMENT RIDGEWOOD FIVEPLEX 821-5993 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
SHEEPSHEAD BAY 777-FILM #786 CONNECTICUT
SONY THEATRES DANBURY DANBURY 323-FILM #521
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS FAIRFIELD CINEMAS AT BULLARD SQUARE FAIRFIELD
339-7151
CROWN MAJESTIC CINEMA STAMFORD 323-1690
QUEENS
LOEWS BAY TERRACE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #712
LESSER CENTER CINEMAS SUNNYSIDE 361-6869
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINEMAS EXIT 14
OFF THE WHITESTONE EXPWY TO LINDEN PLACE 886-4900
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES THE CROSSBAY 2 OZONE PARK 777-FILM
#882
CINEPLEX ODEON FRESH MEADOWS CINEMAS 777-FILM #619 CREATIVE
ENTERTAINMENT JACKSON TRIPLEX JACKSON HEIGHTS 335-
0242
REGAL CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 35TH AVE. & 38TH ST.
786-2020
LESSER MAIN STREET CINEMAS FLUSHING 263-4828
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MIDWAY, STADIUM 9 FOREST HILLS 777-
FILM #819
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MOVIEWORLD AT DOUGLSTON DOUGLAS-
TON 777-FILM #840
PLAZA TWIN CORONA 639-0012 (SPANISH SUBTITLES)
CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6501
CROWN SONO REGENT SOUTH NORWALK 899-7979
NO PASSES ACCEPTED TO THIS ENGAGEMENT
STATEN ISLAND
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817 NASSAU
FIVE STAR THEATRES BELLMORE PLAYHOUSE BELLMORE 783-5440 NATIONAL
AMUSEMENTS BROADWAY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS HICKSVILLE 935-5599 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS
FRANKLIN SIXPLEX 756-CLVW #899
CINEPLEX ODEON GLEN COVE CINEMAS GLEN COVE 777-FILM #865
577 / E12 Day
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS GRAND AVE. CINEMAS BALDWIN 756-CLVW #880 CINEPLEX
ODEON LAWRENCE TRIPLEX LAWRENCE 777-FILM #605 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
LYNBROOK 777-FILM #856
LOEWS NASSAU METROPLEX LEVITTOWN 777-FILM #713
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS PORT WASHINGTON CINEMAS 756-CLVW #878 LOEWS
RACEWAY THEATRE WESTBURY 777-FILM #908
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SQUIRE SEVENPLEX GREAT NECK 756-CLVW 0876 NATIONAL
AMUSEMENTS SUNRISE MULTIPLEX CINEMAS VALLEY
STREAM 825-5700
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES WESTBURY STADIUM 12 WESTBURY 777-

FILM #788 SUFFOLK
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD 889-8900
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX COMMACK 462-6953 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES CORAM 777-FILM #815
AMUSEMENTS FARMINGDALE MULTIPLEX CINEMAS FARMINGDALE 777-
8080
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES HAMPTON BAYS 5 777-FILM #797
CINEPLEX ODEON MATTITUCK 777-FILM #620
LESSER MOVIELAND CINEMA CORAM 696-4200
LESSER MOVIES AT MASTIC MASTIC 281-8586
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #822
REGAL CINEMAS RONKONKOMA CINEMAS 9 580-9714
LOEWS STONY BROOK THEATRE 777-FILM #549
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS ALL WESTCHESTER SAW MILL MULTIPLEX CIN-
EMA HAWTHORNE 747-2333
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CENTRAL PIMA YONKERS 777-FILM #680
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CORTLANDT STADIUM 11 MOHEGAN LAKE
777-FILM 1535 UPSTATE
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT CHESTER CINEMA 4 CHESTER 469-9008 HOYTS
FISHKILL CINEMA 10 FISHKILL 896-1089
HOYTS GALLERIA CINEMAS POUGHKEEPSIE 297-1166
LOEWS GALLERIA METROPLEX MIDDLETOWN 777-FILM #904
HOYTS HUDSON VALLEY MALL TWELVEPLEX KINGSTON 336-4188 DESTINTA NEW
WINDSOR 12 NEW WINDSOR 569-0300
FLORIN CREATIVE NEW PALTZ CINEMA NEW PALTZ 255-0420
TRIANGLE ROOSEVELT QUAD HYDE PARK 229-2000
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS CROSS-COUNTY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS
YONKERS 376-7100
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MAMARONECK PLAYHOUSE 777-FILM #810 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS MT. KISCO CINEMAS MT. KISCO 777-FILM #696 REGAL CINEMAS NEW ROC
CITY 18 OFF 1-95 EXIT 16 235-3737
NEW JERSEY
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS ALL-JERSEY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS NEWARK
817-8100
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS AMBOY MULTIPLEX SAYREVILLE 721-3400 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS BERGENFIELD CINEMA 5 777-FILM #984 LOEWS BRICK PLAZA THEATRE
BRICKTOWN 777-FILM #526
DayE12 / 578
GENERAL CINEMA BRIDGEWATER COMMONS 7 BRIDGEWATER 725-1161 NATHAN
CINEMA PLAZA FIVEPLEX FLEMINGTON 782-2777
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 10 SUCCASUNNA 470-CLVW #918 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS CINEMA 12 PARSIPPANY 470-CLVW #509 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 23
CEDAR GROVE 470-CLVW #892 GENERAL CINEMA CLIFTON COMMONS 16 CLIFTON
777-FILM #554 REGAL CINEMAS COLUMBIA PARK 12 KENNEDY BLVD. 01-495 865-
1600 REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 18 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-9800 FLORIN
CREATIVE CRANFORD CINEMAS CRANFORD 276-9120
SONY THEATRES EAST HANOVER EAST HANOVER 777-FILM #944 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS EDISON CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM #929 GENERAL CINEMA ESSEX GREEN
WEST ORANGE 731-7755 FRANKLIN TRIPLEX NUTLEY 667-1777
SONY THEATRES FREEHOLD METROPLEX FREEHOLD 777-FILM #988 REGAL
CINEMAS HADLEY CINEMA 11 SOUTH PLAINFIELD 668-4449
AMC HAMILTON 24 HAMILTON 890-7952
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS HAZLET MULTIPLEX CINEMAS HAZLET 264-
2200
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS HEADQUARTERS 10 MORRISTOWN 470-CLVW #565 REGAL
CINEMAS HUDSON MALL CINEMA 7 JERSEY CITY 434-1414 DESTINTA INDEPENDENCE
PLAZA HAMILTON 888-4500

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS KIN-MALL CINEMAS KINNELON 470-CLVW #997 PAPPAS
LINCOLN SIXPLEX ARLINGTON 997-6873
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANSFIELD 15 HACKETTSTOWN 777-FILM #548 READING
CINEMAS MANVILLE 12-PLEX MANVILLE 777-FILM #559 TRIANGLE MAPLEWOOD
MAPLEWOOD 763-3100
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MARKET FAIR PRINCETON 520-8700
REGAL CINEMAS MARLBORO CINEMA 8 MORGANVILLE 972-8181 LESSER MAYFAIR
TRIPLEX WEST NEW YORK 869-3333
GRANT MEGA MOVIES 13 EAST BRUNSWICK 651-8000
MEGA CINEPLEX ODEON MENLO PARK MALL CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM
#967
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MIDDLEBROOK GALLERIA CINEMA 10 OCEAN 777-
FILM #726
SONY THEATRES MONMOUTH MALL EATONTOWN 777-FILM #965
LOEWS NEW BRUNSWICK NEW BRUNSWICK 777-FILM #897
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT NEW PARK CINEMAS ROSELLE PARK 241-
2525
CINEPLEX ODEON NEWPORT CENTRE CINEMAS JERSEY CITY 777-FILM
#612
CINEMA SERVICES NEWTON TWIN NEWTON 579-9993 PAPPAS PASCACK WESTWOOD
664-3200
DIGITAL dts SOUND TM
"A BRIGHT AND CHARMING
ROMANTIC COMEDY!"
THE NEW YORK TIMES
"VIBRANT! A LOVELY COMIC DUET!"
Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE
"FRESH AND FUNNY!"
David Germain, ASSOCIATED PRESS
579 / E12 Day
"THE FUNNIEST, SEXIEST, MOST INSIGHTFUL RELATIONSHIP FILM SINCE
'ANNIE HALL!'"
Bill Bregoli, WESTWOOD ONE
"A SHREWD ROMANTIC COMEDY!" US WEEKLY
FAMKE JANSSEN JON FAVREAU love & sex
GATE FILMS
MDP www.loveandsexmovie.com EMAIL SHOWS DOLBY
AMC EMPIRE 25 42ND ST. & 8TH AVE. 398-3939 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12MID
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS 62nd ST. & BROADWAY CINEMA BROADWAY AT
62ND ST. 979-CLVW #864 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14 13TH ST. &
BROADWAY 777-FILM #777 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10,
5:10, 6:20, 7:20, 8:30, 9:30, 10:40, 11:30, 12:45A
DOLBY DIGITAL NO PASSES ACCEPT TO THE ENGAGEMENT DOLBY "thumbs up!
a satire with real bite!"
Roger Ebert, ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES
"funny!"
Mick LaSalle
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE
"hilarious!"
Anne Marie O'Connor
MADEMOISELLE
NATASHA CLEA RUPAUL and CATHY
LYONNE DUVALL CHARLES MORIARTY
But I'm a Cheerleader
R www.butimacheerleader.com
CITY CINEMAS VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS 2ND AVE. AT 12TH ST. 777-FILM

#922 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15 SUFFOLK
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES EAST HAMPTON 777-FILM #801 DOLBY
"Two Thumbs Up!"

Roger Ebert and Richard Roeper

ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

The Eyes of Tammy Faye

PG-13 www.eyesoftammyfaye.com LIONS GATE FILMS

NOW PLAYING!

Cinéma VILLAGE 22 E. 12th St. 924-3363 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, 10:10
"The summer's surprise gift!"

-Jan Stuart, NEWSDAY

"A heartfelt drama!"

-Andy Seiler, USA TODAY

"Deeply touching!"

-Jack Matthews, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

GREGORY HINES

DayE12 / 580

POLLY DRAPER

THE TIC

CODE

INTERNATIONAL

JURY PRIZE

EVERY FAMILY HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE.

AVALANCHE RELEASING PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH GUNS FOR

HIRE FILMS A GARY WINICK FILM GREGORY HINES POLLY DRAPER "THE TIC
CODE" BILL NUNN AND INTRODUCING CHRISTOPHER GEORGE MARQUETTE CASTING BY
SHEILA JAFFE AND GEORGIANNE WALKEN COSTUME DESIGNER KAREN PERRY
PRODUCTION DESIGNER RICK BUTLER MUSIC BY MICHAEL WOLFF EDITORS BILL
PANKOW KATE SANFORD ADDITIONAL EDITING BY HENK VAN ELGHEN A.C.E.
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WOLFGANG HELD LINE PRODUCER DANA SCHMIDT
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVE SHERMAN BOB VAN RONKEL CO-PRODUCER PAULETTE
BARTLETT FIRST ARTISTS PRO- DUCERS MICHAEL WOLFF KAREN TANGORA WRITTEN
BY POLLY DRAPER DIRECTED BY GARY WINICK

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN For
rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com DOLBY [www.thetic- code.com](http://www.thetic-code.com)
RAZOR & TIE Soundtrack album available exclusively on Razor & Tie
Entertainment AVALANCHE

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT! AMC EMPIRE 25 42ND ST. & 8TH AVE. 393- 3939 1,
3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45, 12MID DOLBY NO PASSES ACCEPTED TO THIS ENGAGEMENT
581 / E12 Day

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 I E13

THIS HOLIDAY WEEKEND, SEE WHY

AMERICA'S GOT THE MUNCHIES!

Peter Travers of ROLLING STONE SAYS: "IT'S A COMIC HIGH!"

Mike Clark of USA TODAY: "FUNNY ENOUGH TO GENERATE A BUZZ!" WINNER
SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

AUDIENCE AWARD

"HILARIOUS AND GIDDY FUN!"

Marina Zogbi, TIME OUT NEW YORK

"UPROARIOUS... 'Saving Grace' is A REAL HIGH! With LAUGHS TO SPARE.

Brenda Blethyn gives a TOUR-DE-FORCE performance." Lou Lumenick, NEW
YORK POST

"CRAIG FERGUSON is a real DELIGHT!"

Richard Roeper, ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

BRENDA BLETHYN CRAIG FERGUSON

SAVING GRACE

FINE LINE FEATURES PRESENTS A PORTMAN ENTERTAINMENT PRESEN-

TATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH SKY PICTURES AND WAVE PICTURES A HOME-RUN PRODUCTION BRENDA BLETYHY AND CRAIG FERGUSON IN "SAVING GRACE" ALSO STARRING MARTIN CLUNES AND TCHEKY KARYO COSTUME DESIGNER ANNIE SYMONS HAIR & MAKE UP DESIGNER ROSEANN SAMUEL ORIGINAL SCORE COMPOSED BY MARK RUSSELL CASTING DIRECTOR GAIL STEVENS EDITOR ALAN STRACHAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER EVE STEWART DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN DE BORMAN BSC CO-PRODUCED BY CRAIG FERGUSON & TORSTEN LESCHLY LINE PRODUCER STEVE CLARK-HALL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CAT VILLIERS & XAVIER MARCHAND STORY BY MARK CROWDY

SCREENPLAY BY CRAIG FERGUSON & MARK CROWDY DIRECTED BY NIGEL COLE
WAVE pictures

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com SKY PICTURES A division of British SKY Broadcasting 10th ANNIVERSARY 1990-2000 FINE LINE FEATURES A Time Warner Company ©2000

MANHATTAN

AMC EMPIRE 42ND ST. & 8TH AVE 398-3939 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10, 12:15AM

CITY CINEMAS CINEMAS 123 3RD AVE. AT 60TH ST. 777-FILM #635 12, 2:45, 5, 7:30, 9:45

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES EAST 85TH STREET 85TH ST & 1 ST AVE. 777-FILM #789 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE BROADWAY & 68TH ST 50-LOEWS #638 11:30, 2:15, 5:15, 8:15, 11

CITY CINEMAS MURRAY HILL CINEMAS 3RD AVE. AT 34TH ST. 777-FILM #902 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CHELSEA CINEMAS 23RD ST BET 7TH & 8TH AVE. 979-CLVW #597 12:20, 2:50, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40

A CITY CINEMAS ANGELIKA FILM CENTER CORNER OF HOUSTON AND MERCER ST. 777-FILM #531 11, 1, 3, 5. 7:15, 9:20, 11:20, 12MID

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WESTSIDE HWY. @ VESEY ST.

DayE13 / 582

945-3418 12:15, 2:25, 4:35, 7:15, 9:25, 11:40 BROOKLYN

BAM ROSE CINEMAS 30 LAFAYETTE AVE. IN DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN ADVANCE SALES: 623-2770

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS COBBLE HILL CINEMAS 777-FILM #644 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MARBORO 777-FILM #774 SCREEN ARTS THE PAVILION PARK SLOPE/WINDSOR 369-0838 QUEENS

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES BAYSIDE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #795

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES BRANDON CINEMAS FOREST HILLS 777-FILM #824

REGAL CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 35TH AVE. & 38TH ST. 786-2020

UPSTATE

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT CHESTER SIX CINEMAS CHESTER 469-5333 HOYTS GALLERIA CINEMAS POUGHKEEPSIE 297-1161

LOEWS GALLERIA METROPLEX MIDDLETOWN 777-FILM #904

HOYTS HUDSON VALLEY MALL TWELVEPLEX KINGSTON 336-4188 FLORIN

CREATIVE LYCEUM RED HOOK 758-3311

FLORIN CREATIVE MOVIE HOUSE 3 MILLERTON 789-3408

FLORIN CREATIVE NEW PALTZ CINEMA NEW PALTZ 255-0420

DESTINTA NEW WINDSOR 12 WINDSOR 569-0300

MINI ORPHEUM SAUGERTIES 246-6561

TRIANGLE ROOSEVELT QUAD HYDE PARK 229-2000

NASSAU

LESSER NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BELLMORE MOVIES GREEN ACRES

CINEMAS BELLMORE 783-7200 VALLEY STREAM 561-2100

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HERRICKS CINEMAS CINEMAS NEW HYDE PARK 756-CLVW #379 HICKSVILLE 935-5599
LESSER CINEPLEX ODEON MALVERNE CINEMA 4 FANTASY CINEMAS MALVERNE 599-6966
ROCKVILLE CENTRE CLEARVIEW CINEMAS 777-FILM #599
MANHASSET 756-CLVW #798
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MEADOWBROOK EAST MEADOW 777-FILM #877
LOEWS RACEWAY THEATRE WESTBURY 777-FILM #908
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES SYOSSET SYOSSET 777-FILM #768 CLEARVIEW CINEMA BABYLON CINEMAS BABYLON 777-FILM #835 NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD 289-8900
CINEMA ARTS CENTRE HUNTINGTON 423-3456 NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX COMMACK 462-6953
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CINEPLEX ODEON MATTITUCK MATTITUCK 777-FILM #620 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
PATCHOGUE PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #822
583 / E13 Day
LESSER P.J. CINEMAS PORT JEFFERSON STATION 928-3456
REGAL CINEMAS RONKONKOMA CINEMAS 9 RONKONKOMA 580-9714 SAYVILLE TRIPLEX SAYVILLE 589-0232
CINEPLEX ODEON SMITH HAVEN MALL CINEMAS LAKE GROVE 777-FILM #826
LESSER VILLAGE CINEMAS GREENPORT 477-0346
CONNECTICUT
BANK ST. THEATRE NEW MILFORD 354-2122
FLORIN CREATIVE BANTAM CINEMA BANTAM 567-0006
BETHEL CINEMA 778-2100
HOYTS CINEMA CITY HARTFORD 549-0030
SONY THEATRES COMMUNITY FAIRFIELD 323-FILM #523
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES DARIEN STADIUM TWIN DARIEN 777-FILM #976
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS GREENWICH CINEMAS GREENWICH 323-FILM #519 FLORIN CREATIVE HOLIDAY WATERBURY 597-1756
CROWN LANDMARK SQUARE STAMFORD 324-3100
LESSER MADISON ART CINEMAS MADISON 245-3456
DESTINTA METRO SQUARE MIDDLETOWN 346-4040
CROWN ROYALE WESTPORT 846-8795
YORK SQUARE CINEMAS NEW HAVEN 776-6630
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS LOEWS CINEMA 304 PALISADES CENTER NEW CITY 777-FILM #811
WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543
NO PASSES ACCEPTED TO THIS ENGAGEMENT
WESTCHESTER
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BEDFORD PLAYHOUSE BEDFORD 777-FILM #693 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BRONXVILLE CINEMAS BRONXVILLE 777-FILM # 20 NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS GREENBURGH MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 320 SAW
MILL RIVER ROAD 592-1500
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
JEFFERSON VALLEY YORKTOWN HEIGHTS 777-FILM #825
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS LARCHMONT PLAYHOUSE LARCHMONT 777-FILM #804

REGAL CINEMAS NEW ROC CITY 18 OFF 1-95 EXIT 16 235-3737 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS RYE RIDGE CINEMAS RYE BROOK 777-FILM #921 MAXI ATLANTIC
FIVEPLEX CINEMAS ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS 291-0148 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
BERNARDSVILLE CINEMA 3 BERNARDSVILLE 777-

FILM #977

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 12 PARSIPPANY 470-CLVW #509

LESSER CINEMA TWIN HOBOKEN 653-2202

CINEMAGIC AT OCEAN COUNTY MALL TOMS RIVER 914-9300 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
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15 CLIFTON 777-FILM 0554 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS COLONY 3 LIVINGSTON 470-CLVW
#945

REGAL CINEMAS COLUMBIA PARK 12 KENNEDY BLVD. I-495 865-1600 REGAL
CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER 18 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 SONY THEATRES #EAST
HANOVER EAST HANOVER 777-FILM #944 SONY THEATRES FREEHOLD METROPLEX
FREEHOLD 777-FILM #988 REGAL CINEMAS HADLEY CINEMA 11 SOUTH PLAINFIELD
668-4449

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AMC HAMILTON 24 HAMILTON 890-7952

NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS HAZLET MULTIPLEX CINEMAS HAZLET 264- 2200

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS HEADQUARTERS 10 MORRISTOWN 470-CLVW #565 DESTINTA
INDEPENDENCE PLAZA HAMILTON 888-4500

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MANANAWKIN CINEMA MANAHAWKIN 978-5900

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CINEMAS MANVILLE 12-PLEX MANVILLE 777-FILM #559 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
MARKET FAIR PRINCETON 520-8700

REGAL CINEMAS MARLBORO CINEMA 8 MORGANVILLE 972-8181

LOEWS MEADOWS 6 THEATRE SECAUCUS 777-FILM #731

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MILLBURN CINEMAS MILLBURN 470-CLVW #591 FLORIN
CREATIVE MONTGOMERY CENTER SIXPLEX ROCKY HILL 924-
7444

LOEWS NEW BRUNSWICK NEW BRUNSWICK 777-FILM #897 CINEMA SERVICE
PARAMUS PICTURE SHOW PARAMUS 845-6112

REGAL CINEMAS POHATCONG CINEMA 12 PHILLIPSBURG 454-7500 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS RED BANK RED BANK 777-FILM #721

FLORIN CREATIVE RIALTO CINEMAS WESTFIELD 232-1288

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS TENAFLY CINEMA 4 TENAFLY 777-FILM #989 REGAL
CIEMAS TOWN CENTER PLAZA 15 EAST WINDSOR 715-8472 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP CINEMAS WASHINGTON

TOWNSHIP 777-FILM #916

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS WAYNE PREAKNESS CINEMAS WAYNE 470-CLVW
0787

Leah Rozen of PEOPLE MAGAZINE SAYS: "JUST SAY 'YES'!"

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E14 NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Liam Daniel/Shooting Gallery

Julie Walters and Ciaran Hinds as a besieged couple in "Titanic
Town." FILM REVIEW

How an Irish Mother Became a Warrior for Peace

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

"Titanic Town" is by no means the first film to portray the
profoundly disrupt-

tive effects on everyday life of the long-running troubles in
Northern Ireland. But in its harshly realistic scenes of British Army
tanks rolling across the lawns of a middleclass housing development in
West Belfast, it stirs your blood. As helicop- ters hover overhead and
armed gunmen dart from house to house to flush out Irish Republican
Army guerrillas in the middle of the afternoon, the community appears

to be a besieged enclave continually terrorized by a ruthless occupying army.

It's not that simple, of course. In 1972, the year this beautifully acted film remembers with an acute eye and ear for period detail, the Andersontown section of West Belfast, in which "Titanic Town" is set, was an I.R.A. stronghold. But although "Titanic Town," which opens today at the Loews State, aspires to be non-partisan and on the side of peace, its portrayal of British officials as su-

percilious and conniving, and the Irish Catholic residents of Andersontown as victims, leaves little doubt as to where the movie's political sympathies lie.

The film, directed by Roger Michell from a screenplay by Anne Devlin, is based on Mary Costello's autobiographical novel of her own adolescence in Andersontown in the early 1970's. No sooner have the McPhelimys, a family of six, moved to the area than they are horrified to find themselves trapped in a war zone where sporadic violence erupts at all hours of the day. The situation is so stress-ful that before long Aidan (Ciaran Hinds), the McPhelimys' pessimistic, sad-faced paterfamilias, develops a severe case of bleeding ulcers and has to be rushed to the hospital.

His wife, Bernie (Julie Walters), however, is so outraged by the daytime skirmishes that she impulsively takes action and comes up with the faintly comical notion of requesting that both sides schedule their conflicts at hours that are less hazardous to children. The final straw that

TITANIC TOWN

Directed by Roger Michell; written by Anne Devlin, based on the novel by Mary Costello; director of photography, John Daly; edited by Kate Evans; production designer, Pat Campbell; produced by George Faber and Charles Pattinson; released by the Shooting Gallery. At the Loews State, Broadway at 45th Street, Manhattan. Running time: 96 minutes. This film is not rated.

WITH: Julie Walters (Bernie McPhelimy), Ciaran Hinds (Aidan McPhelimy), Nuala O'Neill (Annie), James Loughran (Thomas), Barry Loughran (Brenda) and Elizabeth Donaghy (Sinead).

drives her to undertake what evolves into a full-scale peace movement is an I.R.A. gunman's accidental shooting of an innocent neighbor who is caught in crossfire. Refusing to acknowledge its mistake, the I.R.A. gleefully fans the flames of hatred by blaming the British.

When Bernie naïvely accepts an invitation to speak at a meeting organized by local Protestant women, it is disrupted by an angry mob of her neighbors, who storm the meeting hall, screaming curses. She is deemed a traitor to the Irish Republican cause, and the McPhelimys become neighborhood pariahs, harassed

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with death threats and bricks tossed through their windows.

All this is viewed through the frightened and resentful eyes of the McPhelimys'

teenage daughter, Annie (Nuala O'Neill), who just wants a boyfriend and a normal teenage life. But her mother turns a deaf ear to her misery. The harassment has only stiffened Bernie's resolve to work for

a peaceful solution to the violence. Eventually she comes up with the notion of circulating a petition among the women of Andersontown, calling for a cease-fire. The rest of the film follows her uphill, eventual

successful campaign for support.

Mr. Michell, a South African-born theater director and playwright who was a resident director of the Royal Shakespeare Company and created a splash with his adaptation of Jane Austen's "Persuasion," emerges with "Titanic Town" as a gifted realist filmmaker. Ms. Walters's powerful performance underplays Bernie's heroism, emphasizing her bullheadedness, political naïveté and indifference to her family's needs. But as Bernie evolves, she learns to - come a more sophisticated political strategist and a bit more sensitive to her loved ones' anguish. This blunt, rough-hewn character is entirely devoid of vanity, even after she comes something of a celebrity.

Ms. Devlin's screenplay shows a fine ear for everyday conversation but except for Mr. Hinds's haunted, anxious Aidan, the movie falters in bringing the other McPhelimys (including Annie) fully to life. When the movie ends with their departure from Andersontown, we still don't know enough about who they are, where they came from or where they're going.

The soundtrack makes exquisite use of the early 1970's recordings by John Martyn, the Scottish singer and songwriter whose romantic growl also memorably embellished the end credits of "The Talented Mr. Ripley."

FILM REVIEW

You're So Hip and Cool,
Dudes, but She's Crafty
By STEPHEN HOLDEN

"Whipped" may set an all-time record for raw tonnage of sexual fear and

loathing spewed per minute by a Hollywood movie. This bottom-feeding monstrosity of a comedy was produced, directed and written by Peter M. Cohen, whose screenplay conjures more leering euphemisms for male body parts and sexual acts than any film in recent memory.

The characters who sling the dirt are three Manhattan yuppies who take nasty relish in "scamming" attractive young women into sleeping with them. Brad (Brian Van Holt), the slickest of the three, likes to approach strangers and pretend to be their best friend's brother. That best friend is always named Jen, he sneers, since "they all have friends named Jen." In his mind's eye, Brad is a sophisticated Manhattan answer to Tom Cruise in "Risky Business."

Zeke (Zorie Barber), who has no doubts that he's the coolest dude on the planet, identifies with the young Mickey Rourke and affects a shallow post-Beat hipness. Jonathan (Jonathan Abrahams), the sensitive one, wears a goatee and talks about being in touch with his feminine side. Hanging on to their coattails is their old friend Eric (Judah Domke), who has been married for two years and tries (but fails) to impress them with his tales of domestic sexual exploits involving a juicer and an egg beater.

Who are these guys anyway? They must be fairly well heeled. Yet for men in their 20's, they talk as if their brains were implants wrested from frightened 14-

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year-old male virgins. Each week this pathetic group meets for Sunday breakfast, where they exchange gross-out descriptions of their latest conquests. These rap sessions, in which the euphemisms fly, make up most of the movie's attempts at humor. But the dirty talk is so painfully forced and emphatic it

WHIPPED

Written, produced and directed by Peter Cohen; director of photography, Peter Kowalski; edited by Tom McArdle; music by Michael

Monies; production design- er, Kaferine M. Szilagyt; released by Destinatin Films. Running time: 82 min- utes. This film is rated R.

WITH: Amanda Peet (Mia), Brian Van Holt (Brad), Jonathan Abrahams (Jonathan), Zorie Barber (Zeke) and Judah Domke (Eric).

lacks any comic spontaneity. Evenn the movie's signature gross-out in which a young man desperately tries to retrieve a whirring vibrator from an unflushed toilet, is bungled.

At one Sunday brunch Brad, Zete and Jonathan rhapsodize over having final- ly met that special someone whom they can actually respect. Their dream dates turn out to be the same woman, Mia (Amanda Peet), who picked up all three with- in a matter of days. Mia has that rare knack of being all things to all men: beau- tiful, sensual, caring, worshipful, a perfect companion and sizzling bed partner.

There are moments when this dirty-mouthed revenge comedy comes so mean- spirited that you most gasp at its cruelty. As the crafty Mia carries on simultane- ous affairs with these besotted idiots, vowing to each that he's the one she truly loves, they unaccountably turn on one other instead of on her, then we finally hear Mia's side of the story, her contemptuous evaluations of these self-styled Don Juans' sexual performance and physical attributes carry comic sexual war- fare in the movies to a new low.

"Whipped" is rated R (Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian). The sexual innuendo is nonstop.

US. Teams Likely to Qualify
For World Bridge Playoffs
By The New York Times

MAASTRICHT, the Netherlands, Aug. 31 - Both United States teams improved

their positions at the World Bridge Championships here today and seem certain to qualify for the playoffs, which begin on Sunday.

The American open team scored the maximum victory points, crushing Finland 25-1 and Monaco 25-5. This gave the Americans a big lead in Group B. These were the standings after 12 of the 17 rounds:

1. United States 245
2. Netherlands 228
3. Australia 221
4. Hungary 216
5. Russia 212
6. Greece 194

The top four teams in each of four 18-team groups will qualify for the play- offs.

The leaders in Group A are: 1. Poland 232

2. Belgium 226
3. Brazil 225
4. Denmark 224.5

- DayE14 / 588
5. Austria 223.5
 6. Ireland 208.5

The leaders in Group C are:

1. Britain 253
2. Indonesia 238.5
3. France 237
4. Sweden 227
5. Israel 209
6. Japan 200

The leaders in Group D are:

1. Italy 258
2. Argentina 228
3. Norway 225

4. Iceland 216
5. New Zealand 212
6. South Africa 211

After 13 of 19 qualifying rounds, the American women's team moved up to

third in its 20-team group, after beating Italy 21-9 and Hong Kong 16-14. The standings, with eight to qualify for the playoffs, are:

1. Norway 257
2. Austria 236
3. United States 230.6
4. Taiwan 226.25
5. Finland 224
6. Denmark 218.5
7. Britain 215
8. Japan 205
9. Israel 199.5
10. New Zealand 193

In the other group, the standings are:

1. France 257
2. Germany 247
3. Netherlands 229
4. Canada 226
5. Poland 221
6. China 218
7. South Africa and Greece tied with 213
8. Scotland 218
9. Venezuela 188

"FUNNY!

LOTS OF FUN! Keanu Reeves and Gene Hackman score a big touchdown!" - Neil Rosen, NY1 NEWS

"Great fun! You'll be cheering for Keanu Reeves and his motley crew."

-Jonathan Foreman, NY POST

"A celebration." 589 / E14 Day

-Joe Morgenstern, THE WALL STREET JOURNAL "You've never seen a halftime like this."

-Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE "Enormously funny!" -Jeffrey Lyons, WNBC

"Everyone is in 'The Replacements' is fresh and funny."

-Stephen Hunter WASHINGTON POST

"A gridiron dirty dozen-full of body slams and belly laughs."

-Bill Bregoli WESTWOOD ONE RADIO

KEANU REEVES GENE HACKMAN

THE REPLACEMENTS

Pros on strike. Everyday guys get to play.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH BEL-AIR

ENTERTAINMENT A DYLAN SELLER PRODUCTION A HOWARD DEUTCH FILM KEANU REEVES GENE HACKMAN "THE REPLACEMENTS" ORLANDO JONES JON FAVREAU BROOKE LANGTON RHYS IFANS MUSIC BY JOHN DEBNEY FILM EDITORS BUD SMITH, A.C.E. SETH FLAUM PRODUCTION DESIGNER DAN BISHOP DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY TAK FUJIMOTO

MANHATTAN

LOEWS 42ND STREET E WALK THEATRE 42ND ST. & 8TH AVE. IN TIMES SQUARE
50-LOEWS #572 11:40AM, 2:20, 5:20, 8, 11

LOEWS 84TH STREET THEATRE BROADWAY & 84TH ST. 50-LOEWS #701 1:15,
4:15, 7:15, 10:15, 12:30AM

LOEWS VILLAGE 3RD AVE. AT 11TH ST. 50-LOEWS #952 11:10, 2:15, 5:15,
8, 10:45

CITY CINEMAS 86TH ST. EAST BET. 2ND & 3RD AVES. 777-FILM #753 12:05,
2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 9:50

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 2ND AVE. & 66TH ST. 50-LOEWS #698 1:45, 4:45,
7:15, 9:45

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND. ST. 50-LOEWS #558 12:15,
2:45, 5:25, 7:20

LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST B'WAY AT 19TH ST. 50-LOEWS #858 8, 10:30

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WEST SIDE HWY. AT VESEY ST. 945-
3418 4:10, 9:20, 12:10AM

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#535

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592-1500

UNITED ARTISTS JEFFERSON VALLEY JEFFERSON VALLEY 777-FILM #825 REGAL
CINEMAS NEW ROC CITY 18 NEW ROCHELLE 235-3737 ROCKLAND

LOEWS PALISADE CENTER WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543

NASSAU

BELLMORE PLAYHOUSE BELLMORE 783-5440

CINEPLEX ODEON FANTASY CINEMAS ROCKVILLE CENTRE 777-FILM

#599

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LOEWS ROOSEVELT FIELD THEATRE GARDEN CITY 777-FILM #705

PARK AVENUE LONG BEACH 432-0576

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756-CLVW #878

UNITED ARTISTS WESTBURY STADIUM 12 WESTBURY 777-FILM #788 SUFFOLK

UNITED ARTISTS CORAM CORAM 777-FILM #815

UNITED ARTISTS FARMINGDALE STADIUM 10 FARMINGDALE 777-FILM

#539

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ODEON SMITH HAVEN MALL CINEMAS LAKE GROVE 777-FILM
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CHESTER FOUR CINEMAS CHESTER 469-9008
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FISHKILL 896-1089
HUDSON VALLEY MALL CINEMAS 12 KINGSTON 336-4191 LOEWS GALLERIA
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CROWN CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6500
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CINEMAS CINEMA 10 SUCCASUNNA 470-CLVW #918 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CINEMA 12
PARSIPPANY 470-CLVW #509 CINEMA PLAZA FLEMINGTON 782-2777
GENERAL CINEMA CLIFTON COMMONS CLIFTON 777-FILM #554
REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE CENTER IS NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 GENERAL
CINEMA ESSEX GREEN W.ORANGE 731-7755
REGAL CINEMAS HADLEY CINEMA 11 SOUTH PLAINFIELD 668-4449 HAWTHORNE
HAWTHORNE 427-2828
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HAZLET
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS HEADQUARTERS 10 MORRISTOWN 470-CLVW #565 CLEARVIEW
CINEMAS KINNELON 11 KINNELON 470-CLVW #997
LINCOLN FIVEPLEX ARLINGTON 997-6873
LOEWS BRICK PLAZA THEATRE BRICK TOWNSHIP 777-FILM #526
LOEWS FREEHOLD METROPLEX FREEHOLD 777-FILM #988
LOEWS MONMOUTH EATONTOWN 777-FILM #965
LOEWS MOUNTAINSIDE THEATRE MOUNTAINSIDE 777-FILM #891 LOEWS NEW
BRUNSWICK THEATRE NEW BRUNSWICK 777-FILM #897 LOEWS PLAZA 8 THEATRE
SECAUCUS 777-FILM #732
LOEWS SEACOURT THEATRE TOMS RIVER 777-FILM #569
LOEWS WAYNE THEATRE WAYNE 777-FILM #714
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANSFIELD 15PLEX HACKETTSTOWN 777-FILM
#548
MAPLEWOOD MAPLEWOOD 763-3100
CINEPLEX ODEON MENLO PARK MALL CINEMAS EDISON 777-FILM #967
MONTGOMERY CINEMAS ROCKY HILL 924-7444
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PASCACK WESTWOOD 664-3200
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RUTGERS PLAZA 6 SOMERSET 828-8787
WILLIAMS CINEMA RUTHERFORD 933-3700
NO PASSES ACCEPTED DURING THIS ENGAGEMENT DOLBY DOLBY DIGI-
TAL SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound™ PRESENTED IN DIGITAL dts SOUND
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America Online Keyword: Replacements www.thereplacements.com Movie-

fone.com moviefone®

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 I E15

"The film incorporates the light and music of Carnaval with flamboyant pas- sion." -Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun Times

Orfeu

A FILM BY CARLOS DIEGUES MUSIC BY CAETANO VELOSO

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FILMS MANHATTAN

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS 63RD STREET & B'WAY 757-2280 ADVANCE TICKET SALES 777-FILM #740 1:00, 3:25, 5:45, 8:00, 10:10

STARTS TODAY BAM ROSE CINEMAS AT BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC 623-2770

"If you haven't yet encountered the work of a man many believe to be one of the giants of contemporary cinema, this movie is a good place to start. It's the fun- niest and most accessible of his films that I've seen, and maybe the most visually arrestin." A.O. Scott, THE NEW YORK TIMES

THE WIND WILL CARRY US

A film by Abbas Kiarostami

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RIFIFI 12:30, 2:45, 5:15, 7:35, 9:55

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1 BITTERSWEET MOTEL 2, 4, 6, 8, 10
2 THE EYES OF TAMMY FAYE 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, 10:10
3 MADADAYO 1:45, 4:25, 7:05, 9:45
A.O. Scott, THE NEW YORK TIMES
" 'SPACE COWBOYS' IS ONE OF THE BEST ENTERTAINMENTS THIS SUM-
DayE15 / 594
MER."
Joe Morgenstern, THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
"PLENTY TO ENJOY. FOUR INTENSELY LIKEABLE HEROES
ADD UP TO SOME OF THE RIGHTEST STUFF AROUND."
David Ansen, NEWSWEEK
"VERY LIKEABLE
ENTERTAINMENT.
THESE FOUR STARS
KNOW HOW TO GET
THE JOB DONE."
Roger Ebert & Richard Roeper,
ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES
"TWO THUMBS UP!"

Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE

"'SPACE COWBOYS' BLENDS

TENSION AND EMOTION,
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CLIMAX - AND THE MOST
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Lou Lumenick, NEW YORK POST

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Marshall Fine,
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2:45, 6, 9, 12:10AM

LOEWS ORPHEUM 86TH ST.&3RD AVE. 50-LOEWS #964 12:45, 3:30, 6:15, 9,
11:45

LOEWS CORONET THEATRE 3RD AVE. & 59TH ST. 50-LOEWS #608 1, 4, 6:45,
9:30

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND. ST. 50-LOEWS #558 12:25,
1:30, 3:20, 4:20, 6:10, 7, 9, 10:20, 12MID

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FILM #597 1 2:10, 3:10, 6:10, 9:10, 12:10 AM

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777 11:10AM, 1:50, 4:40, 7:15, 9:50, 12:30AM

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#763 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:20, 9:30

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE BWAY & 68TH ST, 50-LOEWS #638 1

1:15, 4:45, 7:30, 10

CITY CINEMAS EAST 86TH ST. CINEMAS 86TH BET. 2ND & 3RD AVE. 777-

FILM #753 12, 1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 7:40, 9:40

CITY CINEMAS MURRAY HILL CINEMAS 34TH ST. & 3RD AVE. 777-FILM

#902 12:10, 2:15, 4:30, 7, 9:30

LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST 19TH ST. & BWAY 50-LOEWS #858 11:30AM, 12:00,
4:30, 7:15, 9:30, 12:00AM

603 / E16 Day

CITY CINEMAS VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS 2ND AVE. & 12TH ST. 777-FILM #922

12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12MID

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WEST SIDE HWY. @ VESEY ST. 1:20,
3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10, 12:10AM

BROOKLYN

CINEPLEX ODEON ALPINE SEVENPLEX 777-FILM #580

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS COBBLE HILL FIVEPLEX 777-FILM #644

CINEPLEX ODEON KINGSWAY FIVEPLEX 777-FILM #577

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MARBORO 777-FILM #774

THE PAVILION THEATRE PARK SLOPE WINDSOR TERRACE 369-0838

dts SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound IN SELECTED THEATERS

NO PASSES HONORED DURING THIS ENGAGEMENT

QUEENS

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES ASTORIA LONG ISLAND CITY 777-FILM #793 LOEWS

BAY TERRACE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #712

CINEMART CINEMAS FOREST HILLS 261-2244

NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINEMAS EXIT 14

OFF WHITESTONE EXP. TO LINDEN PL. 886-3900

LOEWS ELMWOOD ELMHURST 777-FILM #733 CINEPLEX ODEON FRESH

MEADOWS CINEMAS 777-FILM #619

STATEN ISLAND
ATRIUM CINEMAS ELTINGVILLE 317-8300 UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817 BRONX
GENERAL CINEMA BAY PLAZA 777-FILM #833
DOLBY® DOLBY® DIGITAL
NASSAU
BELLMORE PLAYHOUSE BELLMORE 783-5440
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BROADWAY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS, BROADWAY
MALL HICKSVILLE 935-5599
CINEPLEX ODEON FANTASY CINEMAS ROCKVILLE CTR. 777-FILM #599 CINEPLEX
ODEON GLEN COVE CINEMAS GLEN, COVE 777-F LM #865 NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS
GREEN ACRES CINEMAS VALLEY STREAM 561-
2100
LOEWS NASSAU METROPLEX LEVITTOWN 777-FIM #713
LOEWS RACEWAY THEATRE WESTBURY 777-FILM #908
SEAFORD CINEMAS SEAFORD 409-8700
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SOUNDVIEW CINEMAS PT. WASHINGTON 777-FILM
#881
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SOUIRE CINEMAS GREAT NECK 777-FILM #876 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES WESTBURY STADIUM 12 WESTBURY 777-
FILM #711 SUFFOLK
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD 289-8900
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 462-6953 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES EASTHAMPTON 777-FILM #801
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES FARMINGDALE STADIUM 10 777-FILM #539 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #225
REGAL CINEMA RONKONKOMA CINEMAS 9 580-9714
DayE16 / 604
LOEWS STONY BROOK RT. 347 & HALLOCK RD. 777-FILM #549 WESTCHESTER
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS ALL WESTCHESTER SAW MILL MULTIPLEX CIN-
EMAS HAWTHORNE 747-2333
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BEDFORD PLAYHOUSE TWIN BEDFORD MA 777-
FILM #163
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS CENTRAL PLAZA 4 YONKERS 777-FILM #680 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES CORTLANDT STADIUM 1 MOHEGAN LAKE
777-FILM #535
NEW ROC CITY 18 & IMAX 33 LE COUNT PLACE NEW ROCHELLE 235-3737
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS RYE RIDGE CINEMAS RYE TOWN 777-FILM #921 CONNECTICUT
SONY THEATRES DANBURY DANBURY 323-FILM #521
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS FAIRFIELD CINEMAS AT BULLARD SQUARE
FAIRFIELD 339-7151
CROWN MAJESTIC 6 STAMFORD 323-1690
CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6500
CROWN PLAZA GREENWICH 869-4030
CROWN ROYALE CINEMAS WESTPORT 846-8795
HOYTS WILTON 4 CINEMAS 21 RIVER ROAD 834-2543
UPSTATE
HOYTS CINEMA 12 GALLERIA MALL POUGHKEEPSIE 297-1161 HOYTS FISHKILL
CINEMA 10 897-4613
LOEWS GALLERIA METROPLEX MIDDLETOWN 777-FILM #904 HOYTS HUDSON
VALLEY MALL KINGSTON 336-7676
THE NEW WINDSOR 12 NEW WINDSOR 569-0300
ROCKLAND
LOEWS THEATRES PALISADES CENTER WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543 ALSO AT
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David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

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PRODUCTION A PETER SEGAL FILM EDDIE MURPHY "NUTTY PROFESSOR II: THE
KLUMPS" JANET JACKSON LARRY MILLER MUSIC BY DAVID NEWMAN MUSIC
SUPERVISORS GARY JONES HAPPY WALTERS CO PRODUCERS JAMES WHITAKER
MICHAEL EWING DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DEAN SEMLER ACS ASC dts SDDI
DOLBY DIGITAL SOUNDTRACK ON DEF JAM DEF SOUL RECORDINGS EXECUTIVE
PRODUCERS JERRY LEWIS EDDIE MURPHY KAREN KEHLA TOM SHADYAC JAMES D.
BRUBAKER STORY BY STEVE OEDEKERK AND BARRY W. BLAUSTEIN & DAVID
SHEFFIELD SCREENPLAY BY BARRY W. BLAUSTEIN & DAVID SHEFFIELD AND PAUL
WEITZ & CHRIS WEITZ PRODUCED BY BRIAN GRAZER DIRECTED BY PETER SEGAL A
UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION UNIVERSAL**

IMAGINE

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www.nuttyprofessor.com

www.defjam.com America Online Keyword: Nutty Professor MANHATTAN

LOEWS 42ND STREET E WALK 42ND ST. AND 8TH AVE. IN TIMES SQ. 50-

LOEWS #572 11:35AM, 2:30, 5:30, 11:30, 11:00

**SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE B'WAY & 68TH ST. 50-LOEWS #638 5:45,
11:15**

UPSTATE

CREATIVE ENT. CHESTER CINEMA 4 469-9008

CINEMA SERVICES MIDDLETOWN D/I 344-1919

TRIANGLE ONTEORA FLEISCHMANN'S 254-4666

CINEMA SERVICES WARWICK D/I TWIN 986-4440

LOEWS DANBURY 323-FILM #521

CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6500

CROWN SONO REGENET THEATRE SOUTH NORWALK 899-7979

NAT'L AMUSEMENTS SHOWCASE CINEMAS 1-12 BRIDGEPORT 339-7171 BRONX

AMERICAN THEATRE 863-4900

GENERAL CINEMA BAY PLAZA 320-3020

**NAT'L AMUSEMENTS CONCOURSE PLAZA MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 588-8800 NAT'L
AMUSEMENTS WHITESTONE MULTIPLEX 409-9030**

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CROSSBAY 2 OZONE PARK 777-FILM #882 REGAL
CINEMAS KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 35TH AVE. & 38TH ST.
786-2020
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MIDWAY STADIUM 9 FOREST HILLS 777-FILM
#819
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MOVIEWORLD AT DOUGLSTON 777-FILM
#840
STATEN ISLAND
B.G.S. ATRIUM CINEMAS ELTINGVILLE 317-8300
DayE16 / 606
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817
BROOKLYN
REGAL CINEMAS COURT STREET 12 COURT ST AT STATE ST. BROOKLYN
HEIGHTS 246-7459
CINEPLEX ODEON KINGS PLAZA SIXPLEX 777-FILM #579
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS LINDEN BLVD. MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 277-0303 WESTCHESTER
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CORTLANDT STADIUM 11 MOHEGAN LAKE
777-FILM #535
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS CROSS COUNTY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS YONKERS
376-7100
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS GREENBURGH MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 320 SAW MILL
RIVER RD. 592-1500
REGAL CINEMAS NEW ROC CITY 18 OFF 1-95 EXIT 16 235-3737
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES YONKERS 777-FILM #823
ROCKLAND
LOEWS PALISADES THEATER WEST NYACK 777-FILM #543
PRESENTED IN DIGITAL dts SOUND PRESENTED IN DTS STEREO DOLBY
® DIGITAL SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound™ NASSAU
CINEPLEX ODEON FANTASY CINEMAS ROCKVILLE CTR 777-FILM #599 SONY
THEATRES ROOSEVELT FIELD GARDEN CITY 777-FILM #705 NAT'L AMUSEMENTS
SUNRISE MULTIPLEX VALLEY STREAM 825-5700 SUFFOLK
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD 289- 8900
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX 462-6953
FLORIN-CREATIVE COMMUNITY OCEAN BEACH 583-5184
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CORAM 777-FILM #815
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES FARMINGDALE STADIUM 10 RTE. 110 AND
MICHAEL AVE. 777-FILM #539
CINEPLEX ODEON MALL SMITHAVEN LAKE GROVE 777-FILM #826 FLORIN-
CREATIVE THE MOVIES MONTAUK 668-2393
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #822
CINEPLEX ODEON SHORE 8 CINEMAS HUNTINGTON 777-FILM #627
NEW JERSEY
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS, ALL JERSEY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS NEWARK 817-
8100
NAT'L AMUSEMENTS AMBOY MULTIPLEX SAYREVILLE 721-3400
SONY THEATRES CINEMA CENTER 5 BRICKTOWN 777-FILM #963 GENERAL CINEMA
CLIFTON COMMONS CINEMA CLIFTON 777-FILM #554 REGAL CINEMAS COMMERCE
CENTER 18 NORTH BRUNSWICK 940-0300 REGAL CINEMAS COLUMBIA PARK 12
KENNEDY BLVD @ I-495 865-1600 CINEMAGIC DISCOUNT THEATRE AT FREEHOLD
462-0600 GENERAL CIN-
EMA ESSEX GREEN 9 W. ORANGE 731-7755
REGAL CINEMAS HADLEY CINEMA 11 SO. PLAINFIELD 668-4999 AMC HAMILTON
24 890-8307
REGAL CINEMAS HUDSON MALL CINEMA 7 JERSEY CITY 434-1414 TRIANGLE
HYWAY THEATRES FAIRLAWN 796-1717
DISTINTA THEATRES INDEPENDENCE PLAZA HAMILTON 888-4500
607 / E16 Day
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MANSFIELD CINEMA 15 777-FILM #548

LESSER MAYFAIR TRIPLEX 869-3333 W. NEW YORK
MEGA MOVIES AT BRUNSWICK SO. EAST BRUNSWICK 651-6342 GENERAL CINEMA
MERCER MALL LAWRENCEVILLE 452-2868 CLEARVIEW CINEMAS MIDDLEBROOK
GALLERIA CINEMA 10 OCEAN 777-

FILM #726

LOEWS MONMOUTH MALL RTS. 35 & 36 777-FILM #965

LOEWS NEW BRUNSWICK 18 15 U.S. HIGHWAY #1 777-FILM #897

LOEWS NEWARK METROPLEX 777-FILM #924

REGAL CINEMAS POHATCONG CINEMA 12 PHILLIPSBURG 454-7500

AMC ROCKAWAY 12 ROCKAWAY TWP. 328-0666

GENERAL CINEMA RUTGERS PLAZA CINEMA SIX FRANKLIN TWP. 828-8787

CINEMA SERVICES TEANECK 4 836-3334

REGAL CINEMAS TOWN CENTER PLAZA 15 EAST WINDSOR 371-8472 CREATIVE

ENTERTAINMENT UNION SEVENPLEX 686-4373

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS WOODBRIDGE CINEMAS 777-FILM #928

"An All-Stops-Out-Love Story."

Kevin Thomas, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"An Old-Fashioned, Triple-Hankie Tearjerker.

'Autumn in New York' once and for all certifies Gere as a romantic
older man in the mode of the 1950s and '60 Cary Grant."

Stephen Holden, THE NEW YORK TIMES

RICHARD WINONA

GERE RYDER

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH

LAKESHORE ENTERTAINMENT GARY LUCCHESI/AMY ROBINSON PRODUC- TION

RICHARD GERE WINONA RYDER "AUTUMN IN NEW YORK" MUSIC BY GABRIEL YARED

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TED TANNENBAUM RON BOZMAN PRODUCED BY AMY ROBINSON

GARY LUCCHESI AND TOM ROSENBERG WRITTEN BY ALLISON BURNETT DIRECTED BY

JOAN CHEN

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MANHATTAN

AMC EMPIRE 25 42ND ST. BET. 7TH & 8TH AVE. 398-3131 12:15 , 2:45,
5:15, 7:45, 10:30

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE B'WAY & 68TH ST. 50 LOEWS 1638 10:30
AM, 1:15, 4:15, 7:30, 10:45

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BEEKMAN 65 ST. AT 2ND AVE. 979-CLVW #606 2, 4:30,
7, 9:30

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS PARK & 86TH ST. CINEMAS 86TH ST. BET PARK & LEX.
AVE. 979 CLVW #604 2, 4:30, 7, 9:45

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST 50-LOEWS #558 12:50, 3 15,
5:45, 8:20, 11:10

DayE16 / 608

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14 13TH & BROAD- WAY
777-FILM #777 11:30AM, 1:55, 4:30, 6:50, 9:15

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 VESCEY & WEST ST. 945-3441
11:40AM, 2:10, 7:10

ALSO AT THEATRES IN UPSTATE N.Y. AND NEW JERSEY NO PASSES HONORED
DURING THIS ENGAGEMENT BROOKLYN

CINEPLEX ODEON ALPINE SEVENPLEX 777-FILM #580 BROOKLYN HGTS. TWIN
596-7070

REGAL CINEMAS COURT STREET 12 COURT ST. AT STATE ST. 246-7459
CINEPLEX ODEON KINGSWAY FIVEPLEX 777-FILM #577
THE PAVILION THEATRE PARK SLOPE/ WINDSOR TERR. 369-0388 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES SHEEPSHEAD BAY 777-FILM #786 CONNECTICUT
LOEWS DANBURY 323-FILM #521
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS FAIRFIELD CINEMAS AT BULLARD SQUARE 339- 7150
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS GREENWICH TWIN 323-FILM #519 CROWN MAJESTIC 6
STAMFORD 323-1690
CROWN MARQUIS TRUMBULL 365-6511
CROWN ROYALE CINEMAS WESTPORT 846-8795 ROCKLAND
LOEWS PALISADES CENTER WEST NYACK 777-FILM 1543 CLEARIEW CINEMAS NEW
CITY CINEMAS 777-FILM #917 QUEENS
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES ASTORIA L.I. CITY 777-FILM #713 LOEWS BAY
TERRACE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #712
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES BRANDON CINEMAS FOREST HILLS 777-FILM #824
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINEMAS EXIT 14 OFF THE
WHITESTONE EXPRESSWAY 881-4900
CINEPLEX ODEON FRESH MEADOWS CINEMAS 777-FILM #619
MAIN STREET CINEMAS FLUSHING 63-4828
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES MOVIEWORLD AT DOUGLSTON 777-FILM
#840
NORTH SHORE TOWER CINEMA LITTLE NECK 229-7702
STATEN ISLAND
ATRIUM CINEMAS ELTINGVILLE 317-8300
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817 NASSAU
FIVE STAR THEATRES BELLMORE PLAYHOUSE BELLMORE 783-5440 NATIONAL
AMUSEMENTS BROADWAY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS BROADWAY
MALL HICKSVILLE 935-5599
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS GRAND AVENUE CINEMAS BALDWIN 777-FILM
#880
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS GREEN ACRES CINEMAS VALLEY SIREAM 561-
2100
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS HERRICKS CINEMAS NEW HYDE PARK 777-FILM
#879
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES LYNBROOK 777-FILM #856
609 / E16 Day
LOEWS NASSAU METROPLEX LEVITTOWN 777-FILM #713
LOEWS RACEWAY WESTBURY 777-FILM #908
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SOUNDVIEW CINEMAS PORT WASHINGTON 777-
FILM #881
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS SQUIRE CINEMAS GREAT NECK 777-FILM #876 UNITED
ARTISTS THEATRES WESTBURY STADIUM 12 777-FILM #788 SUFFOLK
CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BABYLON CINEMAS 777-FILM #835
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS BROOKHAVEN MULTIPLEX CINEMAS MEDFORD
289-8900
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS COMMACK MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 462-053 COMMUNITY
OCEAN BEACH FIRE ISLAND 883-5184
ELWOOD CINEMA TWIN ELWOOD 499-7811
NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS FARMINGDALE MULTIPLEX CINEMAS RT. 110 &
CONKLIN ST. 771-8080
CINEPLEX ODEON MATTITUCK CINEMAS 777-FILM #620
PJ. CINEMAS PORT JEFFERSON STA. 928-3456
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES PATCHOGUE 777-FILM #822
REGAL CINEMAS RONKONKOMA CINEMAS 580-9714
CINEPLEX ODEON SHORE CINEMAS HUNTINGTON 777-FILM #627 LOEWS STONY
BROOK RT. 347 & HALLOCK RD. 777-FILM #549
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES SOUTHAMPTON SOUTHAMPTON 777-FILM
#808

VILLAGE CINEMA GREENPORT GREENPOINT 477-8600

WESTCHESTER

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS BRONXVILLE TRIPLEX 777-FILM #820

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES CORTLANDT STADIUM 11 MOHEGAN LAKE

777-FILM #535

NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS CROSS-COUNTY MULTIPLEX CINEMAS

YONKERS 376-7100

NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS GREENBURGH MULTIPLEX CINEMAS 320-

SAWMILL RIVER RD 592-1500

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES JEFFERSON VALLEY YORKTOWN HTS. 777-

FILM #825

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS LARCHMONT PLAYHOUSE 777-FILM #804

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STEVEN MARTINI CHRISTA MILLER AMY HATHAWAY ROSEMARIE ADDEO Director of
Photography FRED IANNIONE Composer CHRIS HORVATH Executive Producers
TOMMY LYNCH SHELIAH GOLDMAN RICHARD ABRAMOWITZ RONNA WALLACE MICHAEL
SILBERMAN Screenplay by KEVIN JORDAN DER- ICK MARITNI STEVEN MARTINI
Produced by DERICK MARTINI KEVIN JORDAN STEVEN MARTINI Directed by
KEVIN JORDAN

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CITY CINEMAS ANGELIKA FILM CENTER CORNER OF MERCER & HOUS- TON ST
777-FILM #531 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, 11:45PM

SUFFOLK

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intelligent movies I've ever seen about sex."

-Roger Ebert, ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

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The acting is brilliant."

-Mike D'Angelo, TIME OUT NEW YORK

Nathalie Baye Sergei Lopez

an Affair of Love

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WINNER

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VENICE FILM FESTIVAL 1999

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LINE PRODUCTIONS NOW PLAYING!

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS 63RD ST. & B'WAY 757-2280 ADVANCE SALES: 777-FILM #740 12:20, 2:10, 4:05, 6:05, 7:55, 9:40

NO PASSES ACCEPTED TO THIS ENGAGEMENT www.affairoflove.com

DOWNTOWN PREMIERE!

611 / E16 Day

LAST CHANCE TO SEE KIESLOWSKI'S MASTERPIECE "One of the indisputably great accomplishments

of modern filmmaking."

Kenneth Turan, Los Angeles Times

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THE DECALOGUE

DECALOGUE 1&2: Fri-Sun, Tues-Thurs: 3:40, 5:45, 7:50, 10:00, Add'l

Sat:

1:25 PM

LABOR DAY MONDAY MARATHON

DECALOGUE 1&2: 1:30PM, 3&4, 3:35PM, 5&6, 5:45PM, 7&8, 7:55PM, 9&10, 10:00PM

A different film authority will present each Friday & Saturday's 7:50 shows.

This weekend: The New York Times' film critic Stephen Holden introduces Decalogue 1&2.

STARTS TODAY

DECALOGUE MARATHON THIS WEEKEND ONLY!

See all ten hours of The Decalogue on Labor day Monday, Sept. 4th, for only

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Decalogue Passes available for the entire five week run at \$36. See all ten

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2 parts play each week

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STARTS TODAY

FRI-SUN 6:00 \$ 9:45 PM

MON-THURS: 5:15 & 9:15 PM

NO TUES 9/5 SHOW

CROUPIER

FRI-SUN 4:15, 8:00 PM

MON-THURS: 3:30, 7:30 PM

NO TUES 9/5 SHOW

THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT SAT/SUN: 1:00 PM PSYCHO BEACH PARTY

FRI/SAT: 11:45 PM

BENJAMIN SMOKE FRI/SAT: MIDNIGHT

AT SUNDAY BRUCH BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S 1:30 PM MATINEE TICKETS FOR ALL SHOWS BEFORE 5:45 PM MONDAY-FRIDAY EXCEPT HOLIDAY'S ARE ONLY \$6:00 REGAL CINEMAS

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GONE IN 60 SECONDS (PG-13) 6:30 9:10 11:50

DayE16 / 612

DINOSAUR (PG) 12:30 2:30 4:30 12:20

GLADIATOR (R) 11:10 2:30 5:50 9:10 12:20

WHIPPED(R) 11:40 12:10 1:40 2:10 3:40 4:10 5:40 6:10 7:40 8:10 9:40 10:10

11:40 12:10

HIGHLANDER: ENDGAME (R) 11:10 1:20 3:30 5:40 7:50 10:00 12:15

THECREW (PG-13) 11:10 1:20 3:30 5:40 7:50 10:00 12:10

THE ART OF WAR (R) 11:45 2:25 5:05 7:15 7:45 9:55 10:25 12:30

BRING IT ON (PG-13) 12:05 2:25 4:45 7:05 9:25 11:45

SAVING GRACE (R) 12:15 2:25 4:35 7:15 9:25 11:40

THE CELL (R) 11:00 1:30 2:00 4:00 4:30 6:30 7:00 9:00 9:30 11:30

12:20 GODZILLA 2000 (PG) 11:45 2:15 4:45

THE REPLACEMENTS (PG-13) 4:10 9:20 11:20

BLESS THE CHILD (R) 4:40 9:40 12:10

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK (PG-13) 11:40 2:10 7:10

SPACE COWBOYS (PG-13) 11:00 1:45 4:30 7:15 10:00 12:30

X-MEN(PG-13) 11:00 1:40 7:00

WHAT LIES BENEATH (PG-13) 12:20 3:20 6:20 9:20 12:20

HOLLOW MAN (R) 11:20

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ORFEU NR 1:05 3:40 5:50 8:05 10:20

AIMEE & JAGUAR NR 1:00 3:30 6:00 8:30 10:50

MARGARET CHO I'M THE ONE THAT I WANT NR 12:55 3:00 5:00 7:00 9:00

11:00

SOLOMON AND GAENOR NR 1:00 3:05 5:05 7:10 9:10 11-10

613 / E16 Day

NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L E17 "*****. A PERFECTLY FORMED PERIOD

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SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE B'WAY & 68TH ST 50-LOEWS #638
11AM, 2, 5, 8, 11
LOEWS 72ND STREET EAST (FORMERLY THE TOWER EAST) 3RD AVE, AT
72ND ST 50-LOEWS #704 2, 4:30, 7, 9:20
LOEWS ORPHEUM 86TH ST. AT 3RD AVE 50-LOEWS #964 12, 2:45, 5:30,
8:15, 10:45
LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST. 50-LOEWS #558 1 2:45,
3:25, 6, 8:50, 11:40
LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST BWAY & 19TH ST 50-LOEWS #858 11:15AM, 2, 4:45,
7:30, 10, 12:30AM
LOEWS VILLAGE VII 3RD AVENUE AT 11TH STREET 11AM, 1:30, 4:15, 7,
9:45
REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 WEST SIDE HWY 4 VESEY ST
945-3418 4:40, 9:40, 12:10AM
MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES - HARLEM USA 125TH ST AT FREDERICK
DOUGLASS BLVD, 665-8742 11:20AM, 1:55, 4:35, 7:25, 10:05, 12:35AM
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT NOVA CINEMAS BWAY AND 147TH ST 862-
5728 1, 3:05, 5:15, 7:25, 9:15, 11:40
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT COLISEUM THEATRE B'WAY AND 181ST ST.
740-1545 6:10, 8:20, 10:35 BROOKLYN
CINEPLEX ODEON ALPINE SEVENPLEX 777-FILM #580
REGAL CINEMAS COURT STREET 12 COURT ST & STATE ST. 246-7459 CINEPLEX
ODEON KINGS PLAZA SIXPLEX 777-FILM #579
615 / E17 Day
A NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS THEATRE LINDEN BLVD. MULTIPLEX CINE- MAS 277-
0303
SCREEN ARTS THE PAVILION PARK SLOPE/WINDSOR TERRACE 369-0838
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT RIDGEWOOD FIVEPLEX 821-5993
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409-9030 QUEENS
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES ASTORIA ASTORIA 777-FILM #793
UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES BAYSIDE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #795 NATIONAL
AMUSEMENTS THEATRE COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX CINE-
MAS EXIT 14 OFF WHITESTONE EXPSWAY TO LINDEN PL 886-4900
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CROSSBAY 1 OZONE PARK 777-FILM #806
LOEWS ELMWOOD THEATRE ELMHURST 777-FILM #733
CINEPLEX ODEON FRESH MEADOWS CINEMAS FRESH MEADOWS 777-
FILM #619
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT JACKSON TRIPLEX JACKSON HEIGHTS 335-
0242
LESSE KEW GARDENS KEW GARDENS 441-9835
MAIN STREET CINEMAS FLUSHING 263-4828
CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT PLAZA CORONA 639-7722 (SPANISH SUBTI-
TLES) CONNECTICUT
LOEWS DANBURY DANBURY 323-FILM #521
CROWN LANDMARK SQUARE 9 STAMFORD 324-3100
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#599

LOEWS NASSAU METNPLEX LEVITTOWN 777-FILM # 713

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777-FILM #878

LOEWS ROOSEVELT FIELD THEATRE GARDEN CITY 777-FILM #705

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LEY STREAM 825-5700

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UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES WESTBURY STADIUM 12 WESTBURY 777-
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FILM #788 WESTCHESTER

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#535

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LYONKERS 376-7100

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CINEMAS RONKONKOMA CINEMA 9 RONKONKOMA 580-9714 LOEWS STONY BROOK STONY
BROOK 777-FILM #549

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9:30

SONY THEATRES LINCOLN SQUARE BROADWAY & 68TH ST. 50-LOEWS #638

11:45AM, 3, 6:30, 10:30

LOEWS ORPHEUM E. 86TH ST. AT 3RD AVE. 50-LOEWS #664 12:15, 3:15,
6:30, 9:15, 12MID

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 2ND AVE. & 66TH ST. 50-LOEWS #698 1:15, 4, 7:10

LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE 2ND AVE. & 32ND ST 50-LOEWS #558 12:05, 2:55,
5:40, 8:40, 11:35

LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST BROADWAY & 19TH ST. 50-LOEWS #858 1, 2, 3, 6, 9,
12MID

LOEWS VILLAGE VIII 3RD AVE. AT 11TH ST. 50-LOEWS #521 5, 4, 7:15, 9,
10:30, 12MID

REGAL CINEMAS BATTERY PARK CITY 16 VESEY & WEST STS. 945-3418 1,
2:20, 3:20. 6:20, 9:20, 12:20AM

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LOEWS BAY TERRACE BAYSIDE 777-FILM #712
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#813
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STATEN ISLAND 14 TRAVIS 777-FILM #817
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6: 8.
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Sat Sept 2: 4:15; Mon Sept 4: 1 & 6; Tue Sept 5: 3:45
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12:25AM

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AUTUMN IN NEW YORK 12:15 2:45 5:15 7:45 10:30 1:00 PG13

BLESS THE CHILD On 2 Screens! 1 :45 4:30 5:30 7:00 8:00 9:30 10:30

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DayE18 / 630

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7:00 8:00 9:15 10:15 11:30 12:30 R

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R SPACE COWBOYS 1:30 4:45 7:30 10:15 PG13

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Times For Friday, 9/1 MOVIE GUIDE

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. * denotes a highly recommended film or series. The ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 6.

Now Playing

"AUTUMN IN NEW YORK," starring Richard Gere and Winona Ryder. Directed by Joan Chen (PG-13, 105 minutes). In this embarrassing 1940's-style weepie, Mr. Gere is a superstar Manhattan chef and "older man," à la Cary Grant, and Ms. Ryder the kooky, doe-eyed 22-year-old hat designer who reforms him. Oh yes, she happens to be dying of a rare heart disease and has only a year to live. It isn't the actors' fault that this oil-and-water mixture of 40's suds (Ms. Ryder's character grows more ethereally beautiful the sicker she gets) and millennial sexual angst doesn't jell (Stephen Holden).

"BLESS THE CHILD" starring Kim Basinger, Rufus Sewell and Jimmy Smits. Directed by Chuck Russell (R, 115 minutes). A runny supernatural soap opera - the first thriller of the "Touched by an Angel" era - that tries for the elegant calm of "The Sixth Sense" but fails. It is too often overcome by its

Robert Zuckerman/Touchstone Pictures Jennifer Tilly, Richard Dreyfuss, center, and Burt Reynolds appear in the movie "The Crew."

flamboyantly cheesy reflexes. Ms. Basinger is the protector aunt of a child (the gifted Holliston Coleman) whose heavenly powers make her the target of an evil cult leader (Mr. Sewell, chewing his English accent as if it were sunflower seeds).

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He means to kill her before Easter; you may feel the need to leave long before then. "Bless the Child" seems derivative of so many other movies that you're surprised it doesn't have to credit its sources the way hip-hop artists do when they sample songs. With Mr. Smits as an F.B.I. agent and Ian Holm as a priest who does a laughable steal from "The Usual Suspects" (Elvis Mitchell).

"BRING IT ON," starring Kirsten Dunst, Jesse Bradford and Eliza Dushku. Directed by Peyton Reed (PG-13, 110 minutes). Even though it does feature young women bouncing around in skimpy outfits, this cheerleader comedy directed with giddy, sometimes sloppy pep-rally intensity by Mr. Reed from a slangy script by Jessica Bendinger, is more than a low-minded appeal to male lechery. Bound by the conventions of the sports movie and the teenage romantic comedy, "Bring It On" nonetheless has a fine satirical edge, and at least glances at some serious issues of race and sexuality. It's also a vehicle for the vibrant comic talents of Ms. Dunst, ably supported by Mr. Bradford as her cute, nonconformist love interest, and Ms. Dushku as his sister (A. O. Scott).

"THE CELL," starring Jennifer Lopez, Vincent D'Onofrio and Vince Vaughn. Directed by Tarsem Singh (R, 110 minutes). A serial killer named Stargher (Mr. D'Onofrio), who abducts women and imprisons them in a Plexiglas cell that slowly fills with water, has a seizure and goes into a coma. His latest victim is trapped in his cell, and she has to be found before the automated torture takes her life. An F.B.I. agent (Mr. Vaughn) talks a child psychologist (Ms. Lopez) into using an experimental technique to enter the killer's subconscious. Mr. Singh's talents haven't quite jelled into storytelling yet. He folds this tale over and over on itself, working with a script that blends elements of "The Silence of the Lambs," "Manhunter," "The Matrix," "Seven," "Dreamscape" and "Spellbound" with the stop-motion animation of the brothers Quay ("Street of Crocodiles"), the moody photography of Matt Mahurin, the paintings of Francis Bacon and so many other things that there's no there there (Mitchell).

"THE CREW," starring Richard Dreyfuss, Burt Reynolds, Dan Hedaya and Seymour Cassel. Directed by Michael Dinner (PG-13 88 minutes). This sloppy, cliché-ridden comedy about four aging mobsters blundering their way through a series of unlikely capers has moments of wit, provided by Barry Fanaro's over-plotted script and Mr. Hedaya's priceless goofing. But the picture, with no clear idea of it wants to do, lurches between slapstick and sentimentality, wasting the talents of Mr. Dreyfuss, Mr. Cassel and Lainie Kazan. Mr. Reynolds, meanwhile, absurdly cast as a New Jersey mafioso, looks as bored and grouchy as the audience will be after 88 minutes of this mess (Scott).

"HOLLOW MAN," starring Kevin Bacon and Elisabeth Shue. Directed by Paul Verhoeven (R, 114 minutes). Mr. Verhoeven's sluggish new special-effects thriller takes a tantalizing premise - the corrupting effects

of invisibility - and drowns it in horror-movie hack work. Mr. Bacon plays an egomaniacal scientist who injects himself with a serum that disrupts his "quantum synchronization with the visible universe." You can guess the rest. He ends up pursuing his colleagues (including his ex-girlfriend, played by Ms. Shue) through a labyrinthine underground laboratory, looking, thanks to computer-generated imagery, like a plasticine anatomical model on a rampage (Scott).

"NUTTY PROFESSOR II: THE KLUMPS," starring Eddie Murphy and Janet Jackson. Directed by Peter Segal (PG-13, 105 minutes). In this sequel Mr. Murphy again displays enough agility to show that he deserves to be taken seriously. Parts of the film, a variation on the Jekyll and Hyde story, are tremendously funny.

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Every scene in which Mr. Murphy, hidden away under millions of dollars' worth of transformative makeup, plays all the members of the Klump family - all of them together in some scenes - will knock the blues right out of you. But some of the cheap laughs to which the picture stoops will give you the blues. This makes "Nutty Professor II" half a movie at best. The broad humor at times derails Mr. Murphy's performances, but the film provides a vehicle for him to display his reach (Mitchell).

"ORFEU" starring Toni Garrido and Patricia Franga. Directed by Carlos Diegues (not rated, 110 minutes). The Brazilian director's updating of - and corrective to - Marcel Camus's beloved 1959 film "Black Orpheus" - suffers from trying to do too much at once, to be both mythic and realistic, to celebrate Rio's rich culture while exposing the brutality and cynicism that dominate daily life in its slums. But in spite of uneven acting and a chaotic script, "Orfeu" manages to keep its contradictory energies from exploding all over the place, and in the end its satisfactions outnumber its frustrations. This is partly thanks to Caetano, Veloso's eclectic score, though Alfonso Beato's lovely cinematography and the violence and vitality of Rio itself don't hurt. (Scott).

* "THE ORIGINAL KINGS OF COMEDY," starring Steve Harvey, D. L. Hughley, Cedric the Entertainer and Bernie Mac. Directed by Spike Lee (R, 117 minutes). Filmed before a live audience on two nights in February in Charlotte, N.C., the self-proclaimed Kings of Comedy swagger across the stage, urban legends in resplendent outfits. Until a couple of years ago the comedians' exposure was limited mostly to cable television. Here their comedy gives audiences that have never seen anything like it a hilarious window on a new world. They display their chops when they talk about family, specifically African-American family with roots in the South (Mitchell).

"THE REPLACEMENTS," starring Keanu Reeves and Gene Hackman. Directed by Howard Deutch (PG-13, 105 minutes). This negligible jock comedy, about a group of misfit macho clowns who suit up for pro football during a players' strike just wants to be loved: Is that so wrong? This rehashed and desperate picture stars Mr. Reeves as the honorable, stoic fill-in quarterback. (He glides through.) Mr. Hackman musters his requisite command as the honorable, stoic fill-in coach in a wardrobe from the Tom Landry Collection, mouthing dialogue from "Hoosiers" and old United Airlines commercials. The unvaried ragtag scab players include a pair of violent bodyguard brothers (Faison Love and Michael Taliferro), a violent cop (Jon Favreau) and a violent felon on loan to the league (Michael Jace). Brooke Langton is the cheerleader who resolves not to date players and dates Mr. Reeves anyway. It's a peculiarity from L.A., a union town: a film that celebrates antiunion activity (Mitchell).

"SAVING GRACE," starring Brenda Blethyn and Craig Ferguson. Directed by Nigel Cole (R, 93 minutes). This innocuous piece of comic Anglophilia. features the usual cast of lovable British eccentrics plopped down in a picturesque seaside spot, in this case a Cornish village. Ms. Blethyn is Grace, a widow whose husband committed suicide, leaving her \$450, 000 in debt and in danger of losing her lovely stone house. She and her resourceful gardener (Mr. Ferguson, who also wrote the screenplay) convert her greenhouse into a marijuana farm, and the resulting high jinks resemble a twee hybrid of "The Full Monty" and the lesser works of Cheech and Chong (Scott).

* "SPACE COWBOYS," starring Clint Eastwood, Tommy Lee Jones, Donald Sutherland and James Garner. Directed by Mr. Eastwood. The second half of Mr.

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Eastwood's new movie is a pleasant reworking of the standard trouble-in-space movie, with Mr. Eastwood himself leading a heroic team of astronauts that also includes Mr. Jones, Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Garner. But the first half, which consists of the comic, tough-old-guy interplay among these four sublime actors, is a boisterous, easygoing tribute to manhood and maturity. Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Jones are in especially fine form, as are Marcia Gay Harden, playing a NASA engineer, and James Cromwell as (once again) the villainous bureaucrat who tries to deny the old-timers their shot at celestial glory (Scott).

"STEAL THIS MOVIE!" starring Vincent D'Onofrio and Janeane Garofalo, Directed by Robert Greenwald (R, 108 minutes). The likable but muddled screen biography of the yuppie activist Abbie Hoffman paints that leftwing merry prankster and inventor of the "politics of joy" as a free-spirited innocent who became a political martyr. Mr. D'Onofrio may not look much like Hoffman, but he radiates the right antic, rabble-rousing energy. And Ms. Garofalo, as his loyal wife, Anita, conveys a brooding critical intelligence. But the movie, to its detriment, glosses over the highlights of Hoffman's late-1960's activist career to concentrate on the sad story of his persecution by the F.B.I. and his years as a fugitive (Holden).

"WHAT LIES BENEATH," starring Michelle Pfeiffer and Harrison Ford. Directed by Robert Zemeckis (PG-13, 130 minutes). Mr. Zemeckis's film takes its time in laying out this story of high-strung Claire (Ms. Pfeiffer), who is dissolving into hysteria regularly. Her daughter has just gone off to college and Claire is still recovering from the trauma of a car accident. Then her house starts showing signs of being haunted. Her husband, Norman (Mr. Ford), is a driven research scientist with a secret. This thriller is as implausibly chilling as any "X-Files" episode. By the last 10 minutes, your interest will have long vanished (Mitchell).

11X-MEN, 11 starring Patrick Stewart, Ian McKellen, Hugh Jackman, Farnke Janssen, James Marsden, Halle Berry and Anna Pa-

Zeca Guimaraes/New Yorker Films Toni Garrido portrays Orfeu and Patricia Franca plays Euridice in the Brazilian film "Orfeu."

quin. Directed by Bryan Singer (PG-13, 105 minutes). The long-awaited arrival of Marvel Comics' do-gooder mutants is mildly fun on a couple of levels: for one, the acting duel between Mr. Stewart (as the mutant telepath Professor X, the X-Men's leader) and Ian McKellen (as the mutant nemesis Magneto, who possesses the power of supermagnetism). As these two austere hams trill their vowels at each other, you get the feeling that you really are watching members of another species in action. And Mr. Jackman scores as the two-fisted, confrontational Wolverine, a mutant with superstrength, an ability to

heal all wounds and metal-alloy claws that shoot out from his knuckles. He lives to fight, a boisterous tragic hero with no complications. Otherwise, the movie is an earnest affair that is clumsy when it should be light on its feet; it takes itself even more seriously than the comic book does, though its fans may be overjoyed by that devotion (Mitchell).

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DayE18 / 634

Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Deneuve, Anna Magnam, Brigitte Bardot, Toshiro Mifune and Jeanne Moreau. Today and tomorrow, this feast of cinematic riches presents two landmark New Wave films by Truffaut, "The 400 Blows" (1959), the director's autobiographical first feature; and "Jules and Jim" (1961), with Ms. Moreau playing the enigmatic woman who enchants two men. On Sunday, Ray's Apu trilogy concludes with "The World of Apu" (1959), which shares a bill with the Russian director Sergei Paradjanov's Romeo and Juliet tale, "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964). The series continues through Sept. 14 at Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, in the South Village. Tickets: \$9; \$5 for members. Screening schedule and information: (212) 727-8110 (Lawrence Van Gelder).

635 / E18 Day

NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 L E19 "'Demented' is Waters

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Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE
"The most subversive
film of the year"
Marshall Pine, GANNETT NEWS SERVICE
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LOEWS #558 1, 2:15, 2:45, 5:30
LOEWS THEATRES VILLAGE VII THIRD AVENUE & 11TH STREET 50-
LOEWS #952 1, 2, 3, 6

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LOEWS #952 12:15, 3:15, 6:15, 9:15, 12:15AM
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WINNER BEST ACTOR BILLY CRUDUP

PARIS FILM FESTIVAL

"Don't miss 'One of the best films of the year!' "

Roger Ebert, ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

"Billy Crudup is just plain brilliant!"

TIME OUT NEW YORK

"Billy Crudup possesses the charisma from which stars are born.

Hilarious

and haunting! Stand-out turns from Jack Black, Holly Hunter and
Dennis Hopper!"

INTERVIEW

"Crudup is an actor of fire and grace. Samantha Morton is terrific.
A mesmerizing film spinning from hilarity to heartbreak!"

ROLLING STONE

"Crudup again proves himself to be one of America's most
accomplished

645 / E19 Day

young actors! Deeply funny and poignant. Genuinely heartwarming!" US
WEEKLY

"Mr. Crudup is unexpectedly charming. Samantha Moon is fierce, sweet
and angry. Charming, vivid, and oddly beautiful!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Gorgeous! Intense performances from Billy Crudup and Samantha
Morton." ELLE

"Another magnificent performance out of Morton, the most riveting,
non-

actressy actress working today!"

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

"Samantha Morton, Jack Black and Denis Leary are superb in
supporting
roles!"

VANITY FAIR

"Funny and sad! The filmmakers should be applauded!" THE WALL STREET
JOURNAL

"Comic, romantic and tragic, gimlet-eyed and sympathetic!" THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

"Weirdly and wildly funny!"

NEWSWEEK

JESUS' SON

LIONS GATE FILMS AND ALLIANCE ATLANTIC PRESENTS AN EVENSTAR

FILMS PRODUCTION BILLY CRUDUP "JESUS' SON" SAMANTHA MORTON DENIS LEARY JACK BLACK WILL PATTON GREG GERMANN WITH HOLLY HUNTER AND DENNIS HOPPER LAURA ROSENTHAL ALI FARRELL KASIA MAI- MONE DAVID DOERNBERG OREN MOVERMAN RANDALL POSTER JOE HENRY GERALDING PERONI STUART LEVY ADAM KIMMEL MARGOT BRIDGER STEVE TUTTLEMAN LYDIA DEAN PILCHER ELIZABETH GUTHRELL DAVID URUTIA DENIS JOHNSON ELIZABETH CUTHRELL DAVID URUTIA OREN MOVERMAN ALISON MACLEAN

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

Evenstar www.jususun.net Read the Perennial Book DOLBY LIONS GATE FILMS

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT THE SCREENING ROOM 54 VARICK ST. (JUST BELOW CANAL ST.) 334-2100 9, 9:45

DayE19 / 646

E20 MB NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 MOVIE CLOCK MANHATTAN

Below 42nd Street

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER (777-FILM 531)

I. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. Sat. 11:15 am, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30, 11:30. Sun. 11:15, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30.

II. Saving Grace (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:20, 11:20. Sun. 11, 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:20.

III. Smiling Fish and Goat on Fire (R) Fri. Sat. 11:30 am, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45, 11:45. Sun. 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45.

IV. Cecil B. Demented (R) Fri. Sat. 11:10 am, 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:15. Sun. 11:10, 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15.

V. The Opportunists (R) Fri. Sat. 11:45 am, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 10, 12 am. Sun. 11:45, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 10.

VI. Girt on the Bridge (R) Fri. Sat. 11:20 am, 1:20, 3:35, 5:35, 7:50, 10, 12 am. Sun. 11:20, 1:20, 3:35, 5:35, 7:50, 10.

CINEMA CLASSICS (971-1015)

Stranger Than Paradise (NR) Fri. 8, 10. Sat. 6, 8, 10. Sun. B, 10. Souixsee and the Banshees "Spellbound" Tour (NR) 12 am Rockblast (NR) Fri. Sat.

CINEMA VILLAGE (924-924-6633)

I. Bittersweet Motel (NR) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4, 6, 11, 10.

II. The Eyes of Tammy Faye (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, 10:10. III. Madadayo (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:25, 7:05, 9:45

CITY CINEMA MURRAY HIII (777-FILM #902)

I. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2, 4 6, 8, 10.

II. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 3:20, 6:20, 9:20.

III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:15, 4:30, 7, 9:30.

IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50.

CITY CINEMA VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS (777-FILM-922)

I. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 1, 2:30, 3:30, 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30, 10, 11, 12:30 am. III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 am.

IV. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 9:45, 12:15 am. Dinosaur

(PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5.

V. Chuck & Buck (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:30, 7:40, 10:05.

VI. The Rocky Horror Picture Show (R) Fri. Sat. 12 am. But I'm a Cheerleader (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15.

VII. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:05, 12:20 am. Sun. 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:05.
CLEARVIEW 5 CHELSEA (777-FILM 922)

I. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 2:50, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12:05 am. Sun. 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 12:15, 3:20, 6:25, 9:15, 12 am. Sun. 12:15, 3:20, 6:15, 9:15.

VI. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 2:40, 4:50, 7:10, 9:30, 11:45. Sun. 12:30, 2:40, 4:50, 7:10, 9:30. Cecil B. Demented (R) Fri. Sat. 12:05, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10:05, 12:20 am. Sun. 12:05, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10:05.

VII. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 12, 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45, 12:15 am. Sun. 12, 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45.
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IX. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:10, 3:10, 6:10, 9:10, 12:10am. Sun. 12:10, 3:10, 6:10, 9:10.
CLEARVIEW 5 CHELSEA WEST (777-FILM 614)

I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10.
II. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30.
CLEARVIEW 5 WAVERLY TWIN (777-FILM 603)

I. The Virgin Suicides (R) Fri. Sat. 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30. Sun. 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30.

II. The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack (NR) Fri. Sat. 2:20, 4:50, 7:30, 10. Sun. 2:20, 4:50, 7:30, 10.
FILM FORUM (727-8110)

I. Dark Days (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10.
II. Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964) (NR) Sun. 2:55, 6:35, 10:15. The World of Apu (1959) (NR) Sun. 1, 4:40, 8:20. The 400 Blows (1959) (NR) Fri. Sat. 2:55, 6:40, 10:30. Jules and Jim (1961) (NR) Fri. Sat. 1, 4:45, 8:30.

III. Gimme Shelter (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3, 4:50, 6:40, 8:30, 10:20. LOEWS 19TH ST. EAST (50-LOEWS-858)

I. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:15, 6:15, 9:15, 12 am.
II. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3, 6, 9, 12 am.
III. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:15 am, 2 4:45, 7:30, 10, 12:30 am.

IV. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 8, 10:30.
V. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:45, 5:30.

VI. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:50, 12:20 am.

VII. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30, 12:10am. LOEWS KIPS BAY (50-LOEWS-858) I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2:55, 5:40, 8:40, 11:35.

II. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:40, 10:40.
III. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:25, 1:30, 3:20, 4:20, 6:10, 7, 9, 10:20, 12 am.

IV. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:45, 5:25, 8:20, 11:20.

V. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:25, 6, 8:50, 11:40.
 VI. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 3:15, 5:45, 8:20, 11:10.
 VII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:40, 5:10.
 VIII. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 3:05, 6, 8:50, 11:45. IX. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 1:20, 3:10, 4:10, 5:50, 6:50, 8:30, 9:40, 11:30, 12:20 am.
 X. The Perfect Storm (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:50, 4:50, 7:50, 10:50.
 XI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:35, 2:50, 5:20, 8:10, 11, 12:20 am. XII. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30, 12:30am.
 XIII. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10, 12:30 am. XIV. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 6:40, 9:30, 12:25 am.
 XV. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:20, 4:30.
 LOEWS VILLAGE (50-LOEWS 952)
 I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 4, 7:15, 9, 10:30, 12 am. II. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:15, 6:15, 9:15, 12:15 am.
 III. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:15 am, 2:15, 5:15, 8, 10:45. IV. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45.
 V. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3, 6.
 VI. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10, 12:30
 DayE20 / 648
 am. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 11am, 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 11. QUAD CINEMA (255-8800)
 I. Orfeu (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:05, 3:40, 5:50, 8:05, 10:20.
 II. Aimee and Jaguar (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, 10:50.
 III. I'm the One That I Want (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12:55, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11.
 IV. Solomon & Gaenor (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:10, 11:10. REGAL BATTERY PARK CITY 16 (945-3418)
 I. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2:10, 7:10.
 II. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun, 4:40, 9:40, 12:10 am.
 III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2:25, 4:45, 7:05, 9:25, 11:45.
 VI. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30.
 VII. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 2:30, 5:50, 9:10, 12:20 am.
 VIII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:15, 4:45.
 IX. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 6:30, 9:10, 11:50.
 X. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10, 12:15 am.
 XI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:20.
 XIII. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:25, 4:35, 7:15, 9:25, 11:40.
 XIV. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10, 12:30 am.
 XV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:25, 5:05, 7:15, 7:45, 9:55, 10:25, 12:30 am.
 XVI. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:30, 2, 4, 4:30, 6:30, 7, 9, 9:30, 11:30,

12 am.
 XVII. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10, 12:10 am.
 XVIII. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 4:10, 9:20, 12:15 am.
 XIX. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 3:20, 6:20, 9:20, 12:20 am.
 XX. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 12:10, 1:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:10, 5:40, 6:10, 7:40, 8:10, 9:40, 10:10, 11:40, 12:10 am.
 XXI. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:40, 7. SCREENING ROOM (334-2100)
 Croupier (NR) Fri. to Sun. 4:15, 8. Jesus Son (R) Fri. to Sun. 6, 9:45. Psycho
 Beach Party (NR) Fri. Sat. 11:45. The Saragossa Manuscript (1965) (NR) Sat. Sun. I. Decalogue: 1 & 2 (NR) Fri. to Sun. 3:40, 5:45, 7:50, 10.
 TWO BOOTS PIONEER THEATER (254-3311) Raging Bull (NR) Fri. to Sun. 5. Chalk (NR) Fri. to Sun. 9:30. Wild Flowers (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30. Grass (R) Fri. Sat. 12 am.
 UA UNION SQUARE STADIUM 114 (777-FILM 777)
 I. Love and Sex (NR) Fri. Sat. 10:10, 11:10 am, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:20, 7:20, 8:30, 9:30, 10:40, 11:30, 12:45 am. Sun. 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:20, 7:20, 8:30, 9:30, 10:40.
 II. Chicken Run (G) Fri. Sat. 10 am, 12, 2, 4, 6:10, 8:15, 10:10, 12:10 am. Sun. 10, 12 2, 4, 6:10, 8:15, 10:10.
 III. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 12, 1:40, 2:40, 4:15, 5:20, 7, 8, 9:40, 10:40, 12:20, 1:10 am. Sun. 11, 12, 1:40, 2:40, 4:15, 5:20, 7, 8, 9:40, 10:40.
 IV. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:10 am, 1:50, 4:40, 7:15, 9:50, 12:30 am. Sun. 11:10, 1:50, 4:40, 7:15, 9:50.
 V. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 10:20, 11:20 am, 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:30,
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 6:30, 7:40, 8:40, 10, 11, 12:10, 1am. Sun. 10:20, 11:20, 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30, 7:40, 8:40, 10, 11. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 10:40, 11:40 am, 1, 2, 3:20, 4:20, 5:40, 6:40, 8, 9, 10:20, 11:20, 12:35 am. Sun. 10:40, 11:40, 1, 2, 3:20, 4:20, 5:40, 6:40, B, 9, 10:20. VI. Scary Movie (R) Fri. Sat. 10:30 am, 3, 7:50, 12:30 am. Sun. 10:30, 3, 7:50.
 VIII. Coyote Ugly (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 5:20, 9:50. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:30 am, 1:55, 4:30, 6:50, 9:15, 11:40. Sun. 11:30, 1:55, 4:30, 6:50, 9:15.
 X. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 10 am, 1, 4:10, 7:20, 10:30. XII. Ran (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:40, 7, 10:20. 42nd-60th Streets
 AMC EMPIRE 25 (398-3939)
 II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 1:45, 3, 4:15, 5:30, 7, 8, 9:30, 10:30, 12, 1am. Sun. 12:30, 1:45, 3, 4:15, 5:30, 7, 8, 9:30, 10:30.
 III. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 12:15, 1:15, 2:30, 3:30, 4:45, 5:45, 7, 8, 9:15, 10:15, 11:30, 12:30 am. Sun. 12:15, 1:15, 2:30, 3:30, 4:45, 5:45, 7, 8, 9:15, 10:15.
 IV. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:45, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:30, 11:45. Sun. 12:45, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:30.
 V. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:30, 1am. Sun. 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:30.

VI. Bless the Child (R) Fri. Sat. 1:45, 4:30, 5:30, 7, 8, 9:30, 10:30, 12 lam. Sun. 1:45, 4:30, 5:30, 7, 9:30, 10:30.

VII. Chicken Run (G) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5.

VIII. Coyote Ugly (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:45, 3:15, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30, 12:45 am. Sun. 12:45, 3:15, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30.

IX. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30.

X. Disney's The Kid (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:30, 5.

XI. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 7, 10.

XII. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 7:15, 9:45, 12:15 am. Sun. 7:15, 9:45.

XIII. Hollow Man (R) Fri. Sat. 12:45, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 10:45, 12:15 am. Sun. 12:45, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 10:45.

XIV. Me, Myself & Irene (R) Fri. Sat. 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15, 12:45 am. Sun. 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15.

XV. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15.

XVI. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10, 12:30 am. Sun. 12 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10.

XVII. Chuck & Buck (R) Fri. Sat. 3:30, 8:15, 12:50 am. Sun. 3:30, 8:15.

XVIII. Croupier (NR) Fri. Sat. 1:15, 3:30, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30, 12:30 am. Sun. 1:15, 3:30, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30.

XIX. East is East (R) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:15, 9:30, 11:40. Sun. 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:15, 9:30.

XX. Saving Grace (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10, 12:15 am. Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10.

XXI. Steal This Movie! (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 5:45, 10:30.

XXII. Sunshine (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:45, 7:15.

XXIII. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. Sat. 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40, 11:50. Sun. 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40.

XXIV. The Tic Code (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45, 12 am. Sun. 1, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45.

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XXV. The Ballad of Ramblin Jack (NR) Fri. Sat. 12 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50, 12:15 am. Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50.

Catfish in Black Bean Sauce (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3.

Love and Sex (NR) Fri. Sat. 12, 2 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 am. Sun. 12 2 4, 6, 8, 10.

CINEPLEX ODEON CORONET CINEMAS (50L-OEWS 608)

I. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 6:45, 9:30.

II. Cecil B. Demented (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 3, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15.

CINEPLEX ODEON ENCORE WORLDWIDE (50L-OEWS 610)

I. Road Trip (R) Fri. to Sun. 7, 9:30.

II. Frequency (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 7:30.

III. American Psycho (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3, 5:45, 8:15, 10:45.

IV. Big Momma's House (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:15, 5, 7:45, 10:30.

V. Small Time Crooks (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 5:15, 10:20.

VI. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:30, 4:30.

VII. Mission: Impossible 2 (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7:15, 10:15.

VIII. The Patriot (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:15 am, 2:40, 6, 9:45.

CITY CINEMA 1, 2 3RD AVENUE (777-FILM 635)

I. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12 2:20, 4:40, 7:10, 9:35.

II. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 12:10, 2:05, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11:50. Sun.

12:10, 2:05, 4, 6, 8, 10.
 III. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:45, 5, 7:30, 9:45.
 CITY CINEMA EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE (777-FILM 541)
 Solomon & Gaenor (R) Fri. to Sun. 12 2:30, 5, 7:15, 9:45.
 CITY CINEMA SUTTON 1 & 2 (777-FILM 634)
 I. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 1:45, 3:30.
 II. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 5:15, 7:20, 9:30.
 III. Butterfly (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2, 4, 5:50, 7:40, 9:30.
 CLEARVIEW 5 59 TH ST. EAST (777-FILM 615)
 God's Army (PG) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30.
 CLEARVIEW 5 ZIEGFELD (777-FILM 602) X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1,
 3:30,
 6, 9.
 CROWN GOTHAM CINEMA (777-FILM 763)
 The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:20, 9:30.
 LOEWS 42ND STREET E WALK (50L-OWES 572)
 I. Scary Movie (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:25 am, 1:20, 3:50, 6:50, 9:45,
 12:20 am. II. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:35
 am, 2:30, 5:30,
 8:30, 11:10.
 III. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2:20, 5:20, 8,
 11.
 IV. The Perfect Storm (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 8:25, 11:15.
 V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:15 am, 12:15, 1:20, 3:10, 4:40,
 6:30, 7:30, 9:30,
 10:40, 12:25 am.
 VI. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11:05 am, 1:20, 3:40, 6.
 VII. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 11, 11:30 am,
 12:30, 1:30,
 2, 3, 4, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:30, 12:30 am.
 VIII. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 12, 1, 1:40, 2:40,
 3:40, 5, 6, 7,
 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:15, 12:15 am.
 IX. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:15, 3:30, 6:20, 8:50,
 11:20. LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA (50L-OEWS 699)
 What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6:40, 9:30.
 LOEWS STATE THEATRE (50L-OEWS 901)
 651 / E20 Day
 I. High Fidelity (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:45, 6:15, 9, 11:30.
 II. Shaft (2000) (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:15, 12:20 am.
 III. Blood Simple (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:30, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30,
 12:30am.
 IV. Titanic Town (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:15, 9:30,
 11:45.
 PARIS THEATRE (688-3800)
 Place Vendome (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:20, 4:45, 7:15, 9:50.
 MANHATTAN (Cont'd)
 Upper East Side
 CC EAST 96TH ST. (860-8686)
 I. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12 1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 7:40, 9:40.
 II. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:35,
 9:50.
 III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:20, 4:30, 6:40, 8:50,
 11.
 IV. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 am.
 CLEARVIEW 51ST & 62ND ST. (777-FILM 895)
 I. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:35,
 10:10.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:05, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10:20.
 III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 3:40, 6, 8:30
 IV. Sunshine (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4:45, 8:30.
 V. Girl on the Bridge (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:30, 9:45.
 VI. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:25, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10.
 VII. Croupier (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:25, 5:45, 8, 10:15.
 CLEARVIEW 5 BEEKMAN (777-FILM 606)
 Autumn In New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2 4:30, 7, 9:30.
 CLEARVIEW PARK & 86TH ST. TWIN (777-FILM 604)
 I. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10:15.
 II. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:30, 7, 9:45.
 LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN (50L-OEWS 698)
 I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4, 7, 10.
 II. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45.
 LOEWS ORPHEUM (50L-OEWS 964) Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3,
 5:45, 8:30, 11:15
 I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:15, 6:30, 9:15,
 12 am
 III. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:30, 6:15, 9, 11:45.
 IV. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:45, 5:30, 8:15, 10:45.
 The Original
 Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45, 12:30
 am. V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15, 12:30
 am. VI. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:30, 5:15, 8, 11.
 UA 64TH AND 2ND (777-FILM 791)
 I. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 10.
 II. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 1:55, 4:20, 7, 9:30. III.
 Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3:15, 6:30, 9:45.
 UA EAST 88TH ST. (777-FILM 789)
 Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10. Upper West
 Side
 CLEARVIEW 5 62ND & B WAY (777-FILM 864)
 Love and Sex (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10. CLEARVIEW 5
 METRO TWIN (777-FILM 609)
 I. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10:15. 11. The Art of War
 (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 10.
 CLEARVIEW 5 OLYMPIA TWIN (777-FILM 613)
 DayE20 / 652
 I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10:15.
 II. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:50.
 COLISEUM THEATRE (740-1545)
 I. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 12:35, 3:05, 5:35, 8:10, 10:45. Sun.
 12:20, 2:30,
 5, 7:15, 9:35.
 II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:25, 2:30, 4:40, 6:45, 8:50, 11.
 Sun. 12:30,
 2:45, 5:05, 7:15, 9:30.
 III. Disney s The Kid (PG) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30. Sun. 12:30,
 2:45.
 IV. Bless the Child (R) Fri. Sat. 6:10, 8:20, 10:35. Sun. 5:05,
 7:15, 9:30.
 V. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 2:20, 4:10. Sun. 12:30, 2:20.
 VI. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 6:45, 8:50, 11. Sun. 5,
 7:20, 9:45. LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS (757-2200)
 I. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 2:35, 4:35, 6:35, 8:35,
 10:30.
 II. Aimee and Jaguar (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:20, 4:55, 7:30, 10:05

III. An Affair of Love (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:20, 2:10, 4:05, 6:05, 7:55
 9:40. The
 Wind Will Carry Us. (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2:25, 4:40, 7:10 9:30
 V. Orfeu (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1, 2:25, 5:45, 8, 10:10.
 VI. Rififi (NR) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:45, 5:15, 7:35, 9:55. LOEWS
 84TH ST. (50L-OEWS 701)
 I. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 10:45.
 II. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15,
 12:30 am. III. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 1, 3,
 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12,
 12:40 am.
 IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:30,
 7:30, 9:30,
 10:30, 12:15 am.
 V. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:30, 5.
 MAGIC JOHNSON HARLEM USA (665-9742)
 Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11:05 am, 1:30, 4:20.
 I. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:20 am, 1:55, 4:35, 7:25,
 10:05, 12:35 am. II. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun.
 11:10 am, 12:10, 2:20, 3:10,
 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 9:50, 10:50, 11:55, 12:30 am.
 III. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:55 am, 2:55, 5:55, 9, 11:40.
 IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 12:35, 2:35, 3:35,
 5:35, 6:45,
 8:35, 9:35, 11:15, 12:15 am.
 V. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:10, 4:55, 7:45,
 10:35.
 VI. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1am, 1:05, 3:55, 6:30,
 8:50, 11. NOVA CINEMA (862-5728)
 I. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:45, 6:30, 9, 11:35. Sun. 12:35,
 3:10, 5:40,
 8:15, 10:35.
 II. Bless the Child (R) Fri-Sat 1, 3:05, 5:15, 7:25, 9:35, 11:40.
 Sun. 12:30, 3,
 5:15, 7:35, 9:45.
 III. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:30, 6:30 9:05, 11:45. Sun. 12:35,
 3:10, 5:45,
 8:00, 10:35.
 IV. Disney s The Kid (PG) Fri. Sat. 1, 3, 5. Sun. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30.
 SONY LINCOLN SQUARE & IMAX THEATRE (50L-OEWS 630)
 I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 10:30 am, 1, 4, 7, 10, 12:25
 am. Sun.
 10:30, 1, 4, 7, 10.
 II. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10:05, 12:30 am.
 Sun. 11,
 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10:05.
 III . Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:30 am, 2:45, 6, 9:15, 12:10
 am. Sun.
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 11:35, 2:45, 6, 9:15.
 IV. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 3, 6:30, 10:30.
 V. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:15, 5:15, 8:15, 11.
 VI. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 1:15, 4:15,
 7:30,
 10:45.
 VII. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 10:45, 11:45 am, 1:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:30,
 8, 9, 11:15,
 1, 2, 12:15 am. Sun. 10:45, 11:45, 1:30, 2:30, 5:30, 8, 9, 11:15.

VIII. Cecil B. Demented (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:05, 8:30.
 IX. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 10:35 am, 1:05, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45, 12:20 am.
 Sun. 10:35, :05, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45.
 X. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:15, 4:45, 7:30, 10:30.
 XI. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 5:45, 11:15.
 XII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 2 5, 8, 11.
 XV Fantasia 2000 (G) Fri. 12, 7.
 XVI. Michael Jordan to the MAX (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:40, 10:20.
 XIX. Across the Sea of Time Imax 3D (G) Fri. to Sun. 4:20.
 XX. Cirque Du Soleil - Journey of Man (G) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 3, 5:40, 9. WALTER READE THEATER (875-5600)
 Easter Parade (1948) (NR) Sat. Sun. 11 am. Family Diary (1963) (NR) Sat.
 6:15. Girl With a Suitcase (1961) (NR) Sun. 6:30. La Soldatesse (1965) (NR) Fri. 2, 6. Sun. 1:15. The Desert of the Tartars (1976) (NR) Fri. 8:30. Sat. 1:15 Short Films by Valerio Zurlini (NR) Fri. 4:20. Black Jesus (1968) (NR) Sat. 4 :15. The Professor (NR) Sat. 8:30. Sun. 3:45, 8:45.
 Specials
 AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE (784-0070)
 The Bicycle Thief (1948) (NR) Sat. Sun. 6:30. The 5, 000 Fingers of Dr. T (1953) (NR) Sat. 12. Star Spangled to Death (1957) (NR) Sat. 2.
 AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - IMAX THEATRE (769-5650) To Be an Astronaut (NR) Fri. Sat. 10:30 am, 12:15, 2, 3:45, 5:30, 7:15. Sun. 10:30, 12:15, 2, 3:45. Dolphins (NR) Fri. Sat. 11:15 am, 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15. Sun. 11:15, 1, 2:45, 4:30.
 MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (706-9480)
 I. The Stranger (1946) (NR) Fri. 6. The Third Man (1949) (NR) Fri. 8. The Bicycle Thief (1948) (NR) Sat. 2. Paisan (1946) (NR) Sun. 2. Pinky (1949) (NR) Sat. 5. Macbeth (1948) (NR) Fri. 2:30. Home Movies (NR) Sat. 2. Shoeshine (1946) Sat. S. Rome, Open City (1945) (NR) Sun. 5.
 BRONX
 AMERICAN THEATRE (863-4900)
 I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:25, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 9:45.
 II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:25, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 9:45.
 III. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:20, 4:25, 6:30, 9.
 IV. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:20, 4:25, 6:30, 9.
 V. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 3:30, 6:50, 9:20.
 VI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 3:30, 6:50, 9:20. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:40.
 VII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7, 9:10.
 CONCOURSE PLAZA MULTIPLEX CINEMAS (588-8800)
 I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:45 am, 12:55, 3:05, 5:15, 7:35, 9:50, 12 am.
 DayE20 / 654
 II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 1:10, 3:50, 6:30, 7:30, 9:10, 10:10, 11:50, 12:40 am.
 III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:45, 10:05, 12:25 am.
 IV. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 10:40 am, 12:50, 3, 5:15.

V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 12, 1, 2:30, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 7:30, 9, 10, 11:30, 12:30 am.

VI. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:35 am, 1:15, 3:55, 4:35, 6:35, 7:15, 9:15, 9:55, 11:55, 12:30 am.

VII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:35, 4:05, 7:05, 9:40, 12:15 am. VIII Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 7, 9:35, 12:10 am.

IX. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:15 am, 1:45, 4:30. X. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:20.

GENERAL CINEMAS BAY PLAZA (320-3020)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 1:10, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:15, 12:30 am. Sun. 11, 1:10, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:15.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 12:30, 1:40, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:20, 9, 10:10, 12 am. Sun. 11, 12:30, 1:40, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:20, 9, 10:10.

III. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. Sat. 11:20 am, 12:50, 2, 3:40, 4:50, 6:30, 7:40, 9:20, 10:30, 12:10 am. Sun. 11:20, 12:50, 2, 3:40, 4:50, 6:30, 7:40, 9:20, 10:30.

IV. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 11:10 am, 1:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:20, 12:20 am. Sun. 11:10, 1:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:20.

V. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2:05, 4:25, 7, 9:20.

VI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:15 am, 1:50, 4:20, 7, 9:40, 12:15 am. Sun. 11:15, 1:50, 4:20, 7, 9:40.

VII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:50, 6:50, 10, 12:30 am. Sun. 1, 3:50, 6:50, 10.

VIII. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:50 am, 1:25, 4, 6:45, 9:30.

IX. Hollow Man (R) Fri. Sat. 11:40 am, 5:10, 7:50, 10:25, 12:30 am. Sun. 11:40, 5:10, 7:50, 10:25. X. Godzilia 2000 (PG) Fri to Sun 1, 30

XI. What Lies Beneath (G-13) Fri. Sat 1, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15, 12 am. Sun. 1, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15.

WHITESTONE MULTIPLEX CINEMAS (409-9037)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 2:50, 5:20, 7:40, 10:15, 12:20 am.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:35, 4:40, 7:10, 9:35, 11:40.

III. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 9:15, 11:50.

IV. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5, 7.

V. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:30, 11:10 am, 1:10, 1:50, 3:55, 4:30,

6:50, 7:25, 9:40, 10:10, 12:15, 12:40 am.

VI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2, 4:40, 7:15, 9:35, 11:50

VII. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:15, 7:45, 9:45, 10:15, 12:15, 12:35 am.

VIII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11, 30 am, 1:50, 4:30.

IX. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:40, 11:15 am, 1:15, 2,

3:45, 4:40, 6:40, 7:20, 9:20, 9:50, 11:50 12:20 AM

X. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2, 5, 7:35, 10:05, 12:30 am.

XI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:45 am, 1:30, 4:05, 6:40, 9:10, 11:40.

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XII. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 3:50, 6:40, 9, 11:25 XIII. What Lies Beneath (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3:15, 6:30,

9:25, 12:15 am XIV. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:35 am, 1:15.

BROOKLYN

BAM - BAM ROSE CINEMAS (623-2770)

I. Saving Grace (R) Fri. 4:50, 6:50, 8:50. Sat. Sun. 2:20, 4:50, 6:50, 8:50.

II. Short Program (NR) Sat. 2:50. BAMcinematek: (NR) Fri. to Sun. Jails,

Hospitals, and Hip Hop (R) Sat. 7. Nuyorican Dream (NR) Sat. 4:50. Our Song (NR) Sun. 7. Black & Gold: The Latin King and Queen Nation (NR) Sun. 3:10. King of the Jungle (NR) Fri. 6:50. Cine Mambembe (NR) Sun. 5.

III. Orfeu (NR) Fri. 4:40, 7, 9:20. Sat. Sun. 2:10, 4:40, 7, 9:20.

IV. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. 5, 7:10, 9:10. Sat. Sun. 2:30, 5, 7:10, 9:10.

BAY RIDGE - CINEPLEX ODEON ALPINE (777-FILM 578)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7:20, 10:15.

II. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:10, 4:30, 6:45, 9:15.

III. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 3:20, 6:20, 9:40.

IV. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:50.

V. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7, 10.

VI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 10:15.

VII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:30.

VIII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. 12:10, 3:10, 6:30, 9:30. Sat. Sun. 12:10,

4:10, 6:30, 9:30.

BAY RIDGE - CINEPLEX ODEON FORTWAY (777-FILM 578)

I. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5, 7, 9:45.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:30, 7:30, 10:20.

III. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 6:55, 9:30.

IV. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 10:10.

V. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30.

VI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:45, 6:45, 10.

BENSONHURST - UA MARBORO QUAD (777-FILM 774)

I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 9:50.

II. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 12 2 4, 6, 11, 10.

III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:40, 4:50, 7, 9:10.

IV. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 2:45, 4:45.

V. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:15, 9:40.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS TWIN (596-7070)

I. Girl on the Bridge (R) Fri. 5:50, 7:40, 9:40. Sat. Sun. 2 5:50, 7:40, 9:40. II. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. 7:40. Sat. Sun. 2, 7:40.

III. Blood Simple (R) Fri. 9:40. Sat. Sun. 3:50, 9:40.

BROOKLYN

IV. Groove (R) Fri. 9:45. Sat. Sun. 4, 9:45.

V. Chicken Run (G) Fri. to Sun. 6.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - REGAL COURT STREET 12 (246-7459)

I. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 4:15, 9:35.

II. Bless the Child (R) Fri. Sat. 11:30 am, 1:55, 4:20, 7:15, 9:40, 12:10 am.

Sun. 11:30, 1:55, 4:20, 7:15, 9:40.

III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:50 am, 2:10, 4:40, 7:30, 10:05, 12:35 am.

Sun. 11:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:05.

IV. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 3:25, 6:40, 9:55.

V. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2:30, 5:15.

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VI. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 11:15 am, 1:25, 3:40, 5:55, 8:05, 10:25, 12:35 am, Sun. 11:15, 1:25, 3:40, 5:55, 8:05, 10:25.

VII Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 8, 10:35.

VIII. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:45, 3:35, 6:15, 9:10, 11:45. Sun. 12:45, 3:35, 6:15, 9:10.

IX. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12 3:05, 6, 9.

X. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 1:40, 4:20, 7:15, 10, 12:40 am. Sun. 11, 1:40, 4:20, 7:15

XI. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 11 am, 1:45 4:30, 7:05, 10, 12:30 am. Sun. 11, 1:40, 7:10, 11:10.

XIII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:35, 6:40, 9:45.

XIV. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 12:10, 2:35, 5:10, 7:35, 9:40, 11:45. Sun. 12:10, 5:10, 7:35, 9:40.

XV. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 11:20 am, 1:40, 7:10, 12:05 am. Sun. 11:20, 1:40, 7:10.

CANARSIE - CANARSIE TRIPLEX (251-0700)

I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:10, 5:40, 8, 10:15. Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:20, 9:30.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10. Sun. 1, 3:45, 6:40, 9:15.

III. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:10. Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:20, 9:30.

COBBLE HIII - CLEARVIEW 5 COBBLE HIII CINEMA (596-9113)

Butterfly (R) Fri. Sat. 1:30, 4, 6:30, 8:45, 6:50. Sun. 1:30, 3:50, 6:45, 9:05. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5:20, 7:20, 10:10.

II. Saving Grace (R) Fri Sat. 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9, 11. Sun. 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9.

IV. Shower (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1:10, 3:30, 7:40, 10:20. Sun. 1:10, 3:30, 7:40, 9:40.

V. The Perfect Storm (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:05, 4:20, 7:30, 10:20.

EAST NEW YORK - LINDEN BOULEVARD MULTIPLEX CINEMAS (277-0303) I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:05 am, 1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:35, 9:55, 12:10 am.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:50 am, 12:55, 2:55, 5, 7:15, 9:20, 11:35.

III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:55, 11, 30 am, 1:30, 2:05, 4:05, 4:40,

6:40, 7:25, 9:00, 10, 12:10, 12:40 am.

IV. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10, 12:30 am. V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:40 am, 1:20, 4, 6:40, 7:30, 9:15, 10:10, 12, 12:40 am.

VI. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:25, 4:50.

VII. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:35, 11 am, 1:10, 1:40,

3:50, 4:15, 6:30, 7, 7:35, 9:20, 9:45, 10:10, 12, 12:20, 12:40 am.

VIII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2:15, 4:50, 7:30, 10:05, 12:40

am.

IX. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 4:55, 7:25, 9:55, 12:40 am.

X. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:25 am, 2, 4:40,

7:20, 9:50, 12:20 am.

XI. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:35 am, 1:15, 3:55, 6:40, 9:30,

12:20 am.

XIII. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:50 am, 2:20, 4:50.

XV. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 12:30.

FLATBUSH - KENT THEATER (338-3371)

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I. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. 1 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10. Sat. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:30. Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10. Sat. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 8, 10:30. Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10.

III. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. 4:30, 7, 9:30. Sat. 5, 8, 10:30. Sun. 4:30, 7, 9:30.

FLATLANDS - CINEPLEX ODEON KINGS PLAZA (253-1110) I. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 4:30, 10:10.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7, 10.

III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30. IV. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri to Sun. 12, 3, 6, 9. V Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 6:45, 9:45.

VI. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG 13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 7:30.

VII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:45.

VIII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 3:15, 6:15, 9:15. MIDWOOD - CINEPLEX ODEON KINGSWAY (777-FILM 577)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10. II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:20, 5, 7:40, 10:15.

III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:10, 4:35, 7, 9:40.

IV. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:15, 4:50, 7:30, 10:10.

V. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:10, 4:45, 7:10, 9:45.

PARK SLOPE - PLAZA TWIN CINEMA (636-0170)

I. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, 11. II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:40, 6:10, 8:40, 11:10. A scene from De Sica's "Bicycle Thief" (1948), at the American Museum of the Moving Image.

PARK SLOPE - THE PAVILION (369-0838)

I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:35, 3:50, 5:40, 7:45, 10:10.

II. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1.

III. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3:10, 6:20, 9:20.

IV. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:05 am, 1:20, 3:35, 5:50, 8:05, 10:10.

V. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:35 am, 2:20, 4:55, 7:30, 9:55.

VI. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 1:35, 3:40, 5:45, 7:50, 9:55.

VII. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:05, 2 4, 6, 8:05, 10:20.

VIII. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:55, 2:50, 4:45, 6:40, 8:35, 10:30.

IX. Thomas and the Magic Railroad (G) Fri. to Sun. 11 am.

X. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 3:10.

XI. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:45, 5:05, 7:25, 9:50.

XII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11 am.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY - UA SHEEPSHEAD BAY (777-FILM 786)

I. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12 2:25, 4:50, 7:20, 10, 12:30 am.

II. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 3:40, 6:30, 9:15, 12 am. III. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 5, 9:45, 12:10 am.

IV. Coyote Ugly (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2:45, 7:30.

V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20, 12:40 am.

VI. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 5:20, 7:50, 10:15, 12:35 am.

VII. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 3.

VIII. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:15, 4:30, 6:50, 9:20, 11:45.

IX. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:30, 4:50, 7:10, 9:30, 11:50.

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X. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 2:40, 4:40, 7, 9:10, 11:20.

XI. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10:10, 12:20 am. QUEENS
 ASTORIA - UA ASTORIA (777-FILM 793)
 I. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2:10, 4:35, 7:10, 9:40, 12:10 am. II. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:50 am, 2:20, 5, 7:30, 10, 12:30 am.
 III. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50, 12 am.
 IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:30 am, 2, 4:40, 7:20, 10:10, 12:30 am. V. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:30, 4:45, 7, 9:20, 11:30.
 VI. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:15, 4:25.
 VII. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 6:40, 9, 11:20.
 ASTORIA - REGAL KAUFMAN ASTORIA CINEMA 14 (786-2020)
 I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. 12:30, 3, 5:20, 8, 11:25.
 II. Coyote Ugly (PG-13) Fri. 11:50 am, 2, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:35.
 III. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. 12, 2:25, 5, 7:40, 10:10.
 IV. Orfeu (NR) Fri. 11:45 am, 2:15, 7:20, 10:10.
 V. Saving Grace (R) Fri. 11:55 am, 2, 4:15, 7:10, 9:20.
 VI. Scary Movie (R) Fri. Call theater for showtimes
 VII. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. 11:45 am, 2:55, 6:40, 9:15.
 VIII. Tera Jadoo Chal Gayaa (NR) Fri. 2:30, 6, 9:30.
 IX. The Cell (R) Fri. 12:10, 1, 2:30, 3:30, 4:55, 6:45, 7:15, 9:15, 10:15.
 X. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. 2:05, 2:40, 5:15, 7:50, 10:15.
 XI. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. 12:45, 3:30, 7, 9:40.
 XII. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. 12:45, 3:15, 7, 9:20
 XIII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. 11:55 am, 3:10, 7:35, 10:20.
 XIV X-Men (PG-13) Fri. 12:15, 2:45, 5:10, 7:50, 10:15.
 BAYSIDE - LOEWS BAY TERRACE THEATRE (777-FILM 712)
 I. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45.
 II. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5:15, 7:45, 10.
 III. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:15, 6, 9.
 IV. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:30, 6:30, 9:15.
 V. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30.
 VI. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4, 6:15, 8:30.
 BAYSIDE - UA BAYSIDE (777-FILM 795)
 I. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10.
 II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2 4:45, 7 15 9, 45.
 III. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 10:15. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:30.
 IV. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4, 7, 9:30.
 DOUGLASTON - UA DOUGLASTON MOVIEWORLD (777-FILM 840)
 I. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:20, 6:50, 9:20.
 II. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:30, 5, 7-30 10
 III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:35, 5:10, 7:45, 10:20.
 IV. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:10, 5:10.
 V. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:10, 9:40.
 VI. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 5:10, 9.
 VII. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 2:50, 5:20, 7:40, 10:10. VIII. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 7:20.
 IX. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 4:10, 9:50.
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ELMHURST - LOEWS ELMWOOD (777-FILM 733)

I. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10.

II. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:45, 6:30, 9:15.

III. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45.

IV. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4, 6:45, 9:30.

FLUSHING - MAIN STREET CINEMAS (263-4828)

I. Whipped (R) Fri. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40, 12 am. Sat. Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20,

7:30, 9:40, 12.

II. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40, 12 am. III. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:20.

IV. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10, 12:15 am.

V. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, 11:30.

VI. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, 11:30.

VII. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 1.

VIII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12 am.

FOREST HILLS - CINEMART CINEMAS (261-2244)

I. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11.

II. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:40, 6.

III. Butterfly (R) Fri. to Sun. 8, 10:15.

IV. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30.

V. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:45, 10:45.

VI. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:35, 6.

VII. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 8:25, 10:45.

VIII. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, 11. FOREST HILLS - UA BRANDON CINEMAS (777-FILM 824)

I. Saving Grace (R) Fri. Sat. 11:45 am, 2:10, 4:30, 7, 9:20, 11:35. Sun. 11:45,

2:10, 4:30, 7, 9:20.

II. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12, 2:25, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50, 12:15 am.

Sun. 12, 2:25, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50.

FOREST HILLS - UA MIDWAY STADIUM 9 (777-FILM 819)

I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:50 am, 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 9:40, 12 am.

The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 12, 1:35, 2:30, 4, 5, 6:30, 7:30, 9, 10, 11:30, 12:30 am.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 11am, 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:45, 11:50. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:30, 4:10, 6:50, 9:30, 12:10 am.

IV. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 2:50, 5:20, 7:45, 10:20, 12:35 am. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:20 am, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10:10, 12:20am.

V. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:50, 12:20 am. VII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:25, 12:15 am. FRESH MEADOWS - CINEPLEX ODEON CINEMA 5 (777-FILM 592)

I. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:45, 7:15, 10.

II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2 4:30, 7, 9:30.

III. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4:10, 7:10, 10:15.

IV. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4, 6:45, 9:45. V. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:15.

VI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 6:50, 9:40.

FRESH MEADOWS - CINEPLEX ODEON MEADOWS (777-FILM 419) I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:20.

II. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 3:50, 7, 10:05.
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 III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 4:20, 4:30, 7:20, 10:15.
 IV. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:40, 6:45, 9:45.
 V. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:50, 3:40, 6:40, 9:40.
 VI. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:45, 6:55, 9:55.
 VII. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4:05, 7:05, 10.
 KEW GARDENS - CINEMAS (441-9635)
 I. Aimee and Jaguar (NR) Fri. to Sun. 2 4:30, 7, 9:30.
 II. Girl on the Bridge (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:45, 5, 7:15. Chicken Run
 (G) Fri. to
 Sun. 1.
 III. Alice and Martin (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:45, 6:15.
 IV. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 8:45.
 V. The Ballad of Ramblin Jack (NR) Fri. to Sun. 3:15, 5:30, 7:45,
 10.
 VI. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 1.
 VII. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. to Sun. 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45.
 VIII. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 9:30.
 LITTLE NECK - NORTH SHORE TOWER (229-7702)
 Autumn in New York (FIG-13) Fri. 4:30, 8:15. Sat. 1, 8. Sun. 9:30.
 Shower (PG-13) Fri. 6:30, 9:45. Sat. 3, 9:45. Sun. 1, 8.
 Sunshine (R) Sat. Sun. 4:45.
 QUEENS (Cont'd)
 The Five Senses (R) Sun. 2:45.
 OZONE PARK - UA CROSSBAY 1 (777-FILM 806)
 I. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:45, 7, 10.
 II. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:45, 5:20, 8, 10:30.
 I. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 10:10. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri.
 to Sun. 12,
 2:30, 5.
 OZONE PARK - UA CROSSBAY 2 (777-FILM 882)
 I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7, 10.
 II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 9:40.
 III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15.
 IV. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 2:35,
 5:10, 7:45,
 10:20.
 V. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:50.
 VI. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10.
 VII. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10:05.
 SUNNYSIDE - NEW CENTER CINEMA (361-6869)
 I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40,
 11:50. Sun. 1,
 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40.
 II. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40, 11:50. Sun. 1,
 3:10, 5:20,
 7:30, 9:40
 III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1:05, 3:20, 5:35, 7:45, 10, 12:15
 am. Sun.
 1:05, 3:20, 5:35, 7:45, 10.
 IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 4, 7, 9:40, 12:15 am. Sun. 1, 4,
 7, 9:40.
 V. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 1:15, 3:25, 5:40, 7:50, 10, 12:15 am. Sun.
 1:15, 3:25,
 5:40, 7:50, 10.
 WHITESTONE - COLLEGE POINT MULTIPLEX (886-4900)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10 am, 1:30, 4, 6:45, 9, 11:30. II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:45, 3:10, 5:30, 8, 10:20, 12:30 am.

III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:40, 4:20, 7, 9:50, 12:30 am. IV. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:45 am, 1:15, 3:45, 6:30, 9, 11:20.

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V. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:45 am, 1:15, 3:45, 6:30, 9:10, 11:50. VI. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 11:05 am, 1:30, 4:15.

VII. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:30 am, 1:10, 3:55, 6:45, 9:35, 12:20 am.

VIII. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:30, 4, 6:30, 9:20, 12:20 am

IX. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:45, 4:40, 7:35, 10:15, 12:40 am. X. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 7:15, 9:45, 12 am.

XI. Hollow Man (R) Fri. to Sun. 10:45 am, 1:20, 4, 6:50, 9:35, 12:20 am. XII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 10:35 am, 1:20, 4:10, 7, 10, 12:40 am.

XIII. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 4:45, 7:30.

XIV. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:45 am, 2, 10:10, 12:40 am.

STATEN ISLAND

ATRIUM CINEMAS (317-8300)

I. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:30, 7:10, 9:40.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10:45. Sun. 2 3:55, 5:50, 7:45, 9:40. III. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11. Sun. 2, 4, 5:55, 8, 10. IV. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1:05, 3:20, 5:35, 7:50, 10:05. Sun.

1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40.

V. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:40, 3:50, 5:55, 8, 10.

VI. Croupier (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:40, 3:50, 5:55, 8, 10.

VII. Bring it On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1:30, 3:45, 5:55, 8:20, 10:30. Sun. 1:30,

3:35, 5:40, 7:45, 9:50.

VIII. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri.Sat. 1, 3. Sun. 1, 3, 5.

IX. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 5, 7:30, 10:10. Sun. 7, 9:30.

X. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1:15, 5:55. Sun. 1, 5:30. XI. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 3:30, 11:05. Sun. 3:10, 7:35.

XII. Bless the Child (R) Fri. Sat. 10:25. Sun. 10.

UA HYLAN PLAZA (777-FILM 925)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:10 am, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10. I. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 11:20 am, 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20.

III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 11 am, 1:40, 4:20, 7:10, 9:50.

IV: Thomas and the Magic Railroad (G) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30.

V. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 6:30, 9:40.

VI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 11:40 am, 2:10, 4:40, 7, 9:30.

UA MOVIES AT STATEN ISLAND (777-FILM 817)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. Sat. 12 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, 10:10, 12:20

am. Sun. 12, 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, 10:10. The Art of War (R) Fri. Sat. 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:40, 12:25 am. Sun. 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:40.

II. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:20, 5:10, 10. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 12:10, 2:35, 5, 7:25, 9:50, 12:15 am. Sun. 12:10, 2:35, 5, 7:25, 9:50.

III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12 2:20, 4:40, 7, 9:20, 11:40. Sun. 12 2:20, 4:40, 7, 9:29.

IV. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:20, 2:30, 4:30, 6:50, 9, 11:10. Sun. 12:20, 2:30, 4:30, 6:50, 9.

V. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 12, 2 4, 6, 8, 10, 12:10 am. Sun. 12, 2 4, 6, 8, 10. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. Sat. 12 2:25, 4:50, 7:15, 9:55 12:20 am. Sun. 12, 2:25, 4:50, 7:15, 9:55.

VII. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:40, 3:30, 6:45, 9:25, 11:50. Sun. 12:40, 3:30, 6:45, 9:25. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:50, 5:20.

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VIII. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:50, 6:40, 9:30, 12:15 am. Sun. 1, 3:50, 6:40, 9:30.

IX. Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12:35, 3:35, 6:35, 9:05, 11:30. Sun. 12:35, 3:35, 6:35, 9:05.

X. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 2:40, 7:30, 12:30 am. Sun. 2:40, 7:30.

XIII. Hollow Man (R) Fri. Sat. 7:40, 10:15, 12:30 am. Sun. 7:40, 10:15. XV. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 3:15, 6:30, 9:45.

XVI. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30.

XVII. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 7, 9:30, 12 am. Sun. 7, 9:30. LONG ISLAND

Nassau

BALDWIN - CLEARVIEW'S GRAND AVE. CINEMAS (223-2323)

I. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 2:20, 2:45, 5:05, 7:30, 9:45. Sun.

1:30, 4, 7:30, 9:35.

III. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 2:50, 4:45, 7:30, 9:40.

IV. The Cell (R) Fri. Sat. 12:30, 2:55, 5:15, 7:40, 10. Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:25, 9:40.

V. X-Men (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:10, 5:15.

VI. Scary Movie (R) Fri. to Sun. 7:30, 9:30.

VII. East is East (R) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:20, 5, 45, 8, 10:15. Sun. 1:20, 4:55, 7:25, 9:45.

BELLMORE - BELLMORE MOVIES (783-7200)

Saving Grace (R) Fri. 7:30, 9:30. Sat. 5, 7:10, 9:15. Sun. 3, 5, 7:10, 9:15. BETHPAGE - MID-ISLAND TRIPLEX (796-7500)

I. Tera Jadoo Chal Gayaa (NR) Fri. 5:30, 9. Sat. Sun. 2, 5:30, 9.

II. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. 7:15, 9:10. Sat. Sun. 2:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:10.

III. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. 7, 9:15. Sat. Sun. 2, 4:20, 7, 9:15.

FRANKLIN SQUARE - CLEARVIEW 5 FRANKLIN SQUARE CINEMAS (775-3257)

I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 2:55, 5:25, 7:40, 10.

II. Whipped (R) Fri. Sat. 12:10, 2:40, 5:11 7:45, 10:15. Sun. 12:10, 2:35, 5, 7:25, 9:45.

III. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 1, 3:20, 5:45, 8:15, 10:35. Sun. 1:20, 4:30,

7:15, 9:30.

IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:40, 5:05, 7:25, 10:05.

V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:40, 5, 7:35, 9:45.

VI. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. Sat. 12, 2:35, 5:10, 8, 10:30.
Sun. 1:10,
4:40, 7:15, 9:40.
GLEN COVE - CINEPLEX ODEON GLEN COVE (777-FILM 865)
I. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:15.
II. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12, 3, 6, 8:45.
III. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 5:30, 8:10, 10:35.
IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:25, 10:05.
V. The Cell (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 4, 7, 9:40.
VI. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 2 5, 7:45, 10:20.
HEMPSTEAD - VILLAGE 7 CINEMA (505-8877)
I. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, 12 am.
II. The Original Kings of Comedy (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30,
11. III. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, 11.
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IV. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11.
LONG BEACH - PARK AVE. TWIN (432-076)
I. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. 7, 9:35. Sat. Sun. 2, 4:30, 7:10,
9:40.
II. The Replacements (PG-13) Fri. 7. Sat. Sun. 4:30, 7:10.
III. The Art of War (R) Fri. 9:35. Sat. Sun. 2 9:40.
MALVERNE - MALVERNE CINEMA 4 (599-6966)
I. Girl on the Bridge (R) Fri. to Sun. 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:35.
II. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. to Sun. 2, 6:40.
III. Aimee and Jaguar (NR) Fri. to Sun. 4, 8:45.
IV. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 3:00, 5:20, 7:30, 9:35.
V. Butterfly (R) Fri. to Sun. 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:35.
VI. The Ballad of Ramblin Jack (NR) Fri. to Sun. 1:25, 3:45, 6:30,
8:55. VII. Disney's The Kid (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1.
VIII. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Fri. to Sun. 1.
IX. Chicken Run (G) Fri. to Sun. 1:05.
OCEANSIDE - OCEANSIDE TWIN (536-7565)
I. The Patriot (R) Fri. 8. Sat. Sun. 4:15, 8.
II. Sunshine (R) Fri. 7:45. Sat. Sun. 4:15, 8.
III. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Sat. Sun. 2.
IV. Disney's The Kid (PG) Sat. Sun. 2.
PORT WASHINGTON - CLEARVIEW 5 SOUNDVIEW CINEMAS (944-3900) I. Autumn
in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:50.
II. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15.
III. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:30.
IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:30.
V. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:40, 4:40, 7:40, 10:20.
VI. Gladiator (R) Fri. to Sun. 5:30, 8:30.
VII. East Is East (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15. 3:30, 5:40, 8, 10:15.
ROCKVILLE CENTRE - CINEPLEX ODEON TWIN (777-FILM 598)
I. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. 6:30, 9:15. Sat. Sun. 1, 3:45,
6:30, 9:15. II. The Art of War (R) Fri. 7, 9:30. Sat. Sun. 1:30, 4:15,
7, 9:30.
SEAFORD - CINEMAS (409-8700)
I. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10.
II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 3:29, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15.
III. Disney's The Kid (PG) Fri. to Sun. 3:05
IV. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 5, 7:30, 9:50.
V. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 4:20, 7:05, 9:40.
VI. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:25, 9:30.
VII. Sunshine (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:05, 4:30,
WESTBURY - WESTBURY THEATRES (777-FILM 911)
I. Mission: Impossible 2 (PG-13) Fri. Sat. Sun. 5, 8.

II. Bless the Child (R) Fri. 8. Sat. Sun. 5, 8.
Suffolk
BABYLON - SOUTH BAY CINEMA (587-7676)
I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 3:40, 7:15, 9.
II. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4 7, 9:30.
III. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:40, 7, 9:30.
IV. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:45, 7, 9:25.
V. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:30, 7:15, 9:40.
EAST HAMPTON - UA EAST HAMPTON (777-FILM 801)
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I. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10.
II. Girl on the Bridge (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:20, 5:50, 8:05,
10:15.
III. The Tao of Steve (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 7:45,
10:15.
IV. What Lies Beneath (PG-13) Fri. to Sun, 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45.
V. The Crew (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:20, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10:20.
VI. But I'm a Cheerleader (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:30, 3:45, 6, 8:10,
10:20. **ELWOOD - ELWOOD CINEMAS (499-7800)**
I. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. 7:20, 9:30. Sat. Sun 3, 5:10,
7:20, 9:30. II. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. 7, 9:30. Sat. Sun. 2, 4:30,
7, 9:30.
III. Pokemon: The Movie 2000 (G) Sat. Sun 1.
HUNTINGTON - CINEMA ARTS CENTER (423-3456)
I. Smiling Fish and Goat on Fire (R) Fri. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9. Sat. 1, 3,
5, 7, 9:30. Sun.
1, 3, 5, 7, 9.
II. Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10.
III. The Ballad of Ramblin Jack (NR) Fri. to Sun. 2:30, 4:45, 7:10,
9:20. **MASTIC - MOVIELAND CINEMA (281-8586)**
I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:20, 4:20, 6:20, 8:30,
10:30.
II. Godzilla 2000 (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:10, 2:10, 4:10. The Art of
War (R) Fri. to
Sun. 12:10, 2:15, 4:20, 6:25, 8:35, 10:40.
III. Bless the Child (R) Fri. to Sun. 6:10, 8:30, 10:30. The Cell
(R) Fri. to Sun.
12:35, 2:35, 4:35, 6:35, 8:35, 10:35.
IV. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15.
V. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 12:25, 2:25, 4:25, 6:25,
8:25, 10:25. VIII. Dinosaur (PG) Fri. to Sun. 12:40, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30.
IX. Gone in 60 Seconds (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 8:30, 10:35.
SAG HARBOR - SAG HARBOR CINEMA (725-0010)
East is East (R) Sat. Sun. 5. Sunshine (R) Fri. to Sun. 9. Bossa
Nova (R) Fri.
to Sun. 7.
SAYVILLE - SAYVILLE THEATRE (589-0232)
I. Bring It On (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:15, 5:20, 7:25, 9:30.
II. Whipped (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 3:15, 1:15, 7:15, 9:15.
III . Saving Grace (R) Fri. to Sun. 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10.
IV. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri, to Sun. 1:30, 4:20, 7:05, 9:40.
SOUTHAMPTON - UA SOUTHAMPTON CINEMAS (777-FILM 808)
I. The Art of War (R) Fri. to Sun. 2, 4:30, 7:15, 10.
I. Highlander: Endgame (R) Fri. to Sun. 1, 3:30, 5:45, 11, 10:15.
III. Autumn in New York (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:30.
IV. Space Cowboys (PG-13) Fri. to Sun. 1:15, 4, 7, 9:45.
Movie programs and times are often subject to late changes by
theater own-

ers. It is best to check by phone.

Ratings: (G) All ages admitted, (PG) Parental guidance suggested.
(PG-13)

Parents strongly cautioned. (R) Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian. (NC-17) Under 17 not admitted. (NR indicates a film is not rated.)

Movie reviews and times are available on The New York Times on the Web (www.nytimes.com) and New York Today (www.nytoday.com).

Movie Clock is compiled for The New York Times by CinemaSource.

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 K E21 FILM REVIEW

A 60's Marin County Map

With Vietnam Left Off

By A.O. Scott

Melissa Painter's "Wildflowers" is a dreamy, impressionistic inquiry into the legacy of the 1960's, but it's less concerned with history than with mood.

Set in 1985, the film circles around (he identity crisis of a 17-year-old named Cally (Clea DuVeill), who Spent her early childhood on a Northern California com- mune and now lives on a houseboat in Marin county With her father (Tomas Arana). In San Francisco one evening, Cally encounters a mysterious blond woman named Sabine (Daryl Hannah), whom she decides must be her long-lost mother.

The 60's figure in this movie less as a period in American history - or even in the history of a specific American subculture - than as a vague set of ideas, most of which have to do with clothes and interior decoration. Everyone looks as rugged and beautiful as the California coast, where Cally and her friends are shown frolicking as if they lived in a high-end natural-fiber clothing catalog - something between Whole Earth and J. Crew.

The muzzy indirection of the narrative, which is often buried altogether in beautiful images and slow, contemplative scenes of Cally wandering through various landscapes, disguises the story's essential thinness. Ms. Painter's attempt to avoid both moralistic disapproval of the 60's counterculture and romantic celebration of it leaves her without much of a context for her characters. Cally's father and his old commune pals talk about the "craziness" and "chaos" of the time, and there is mention of "radicals" and "the feds," but these words seem devoid of reference, even to the mellowed-out relics who utter them. The word Vietnam is never spoken.

But Ms. DuVall, who attracted some notice as one of Winona Ryder's fellow patients in "Girl, Interrupted," has a knack for understatement that makes her performance believable and affecting. Cally's feelings - her ardor, her longing, her confusion and her humor - register in Ms. DuVall's eyes and skin. But her intuitive grasp of emotion makes it all the more unlikely that she could be the daughter of the wildly

emoting Daryl Hannah, who conveys Sabine's volatility by lurching inexplicably from bedraggled fatigue to cuddly empathy to keening rake.

WILDFLOWERS

Written and directed by Melissa Painter; director of photography, Paul Ryan; edited by Brent White; music by Sam Bisbee; production designer, Andrea Soeiro; produced by Zachary Matz, Thomas Garvin and Timothy Bird; released by Fries Film Group. At the Pioneer Theater, 155 East Third Street, East Village. Running time: 98 minutes. This film is not rated.

WITH: Daryl Hannah (Sabine), Clea Duvall (Cally), Eric Roberts (Jacob), Tomas Arana (Wade), Robert Hass (the poet Robert) and Irene Bedard (Ruby).

Paul Ryan/Fries Film Group

Daryl Hannah in "Wildflowers," directed by Melissa Painter.

In contrast, Eric Roberts, who, in the real mid-80's, appeared with Ms.

Hannah in "The Pope of Greenwich Village," has some good moments as a leathery drug dealer who once loved Sabine. He balances sensitivity and sleaze nicely, though a bedroom scene with Ms. DuVall tips the balance in favor of sleaze. The former poet laureate Robert Hass turns up, reading some of his own poems, as a

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poet named Robert, another man who loves the wild Sabine but cannot tame her. There's also a live, blithely anachronistic performance by the band Blues Traveler. All of these people seem to live and suffer, in a low-key, with-it kind of way, in a vacuum. They inhabit a world in which relationships, politics, literature and art are pretty gossamer decorations, like the skirts and dresses Sabine favors. "Wildflowers" is a tapestry of muffled cultural associations that distract the eye and the mind from its pervasive atmosphere of groovy emptiness. AT

THE MOVIES

Rick Lyman

The Grinch Gets A Soaring Score

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 31 - Ron Howard, the director, and James Horner, the composer, were huddled behind an enormous control panel overlooking the scoring stage where minutes earlier, Mr. Horner had conducted a full orchestra in a climactic sequence from "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." As the scene played back on a movie screen on the far wall, the two men listened intently to the way the lush music worked with the dialogue and the on-screen gymnastics of Jim Carrey.

"It's kind of a funny tone in there," Mr. Howard said. "What do you think?" Mr. Homer listened and nodded. At issue was whether the soaring music was undercutting the comic aspects of Mr. Carrey's performance. It was a tricky question.

The movie is based on the classic Dr. Seuss children's book about a fuzzy green creature who is so bitter that he conspires to ruin everybody's Christmas in Whoville, the town beneath his mountaintop lair. Mr. Carrey plays the Grinch in full, green regalia, including long furry fingers and latex snout, but with yellow contact lenses. In the scene, he bounces around the snow-capped cliff like a pinball, clutching at his heart.

If the music is too emphatic and emotional, it might drown the comedy. But if the music is toned down too much, the scene might not give the audience the emotional catharsis it wants from the climax. "It's like being a tightrope walker with one foot in the air at all times," Mr. Horner said. "My feeling is that the funniness is going to come through whatever, so I tend to err on the side of making things emotive."

The scoring stage is about the site of a basketball court, strewn with instruments awaiting the afternoon session. A gaily decorated Christmas tree stands in one corner, and brightly wrapped packages are scattered around the room. Mr. Horner's crew members often decorate the stage to match the film on which they are working. For "The Perfect Storm," the same stage had been festooned with ships and plastic frogmen.

The score, the computer effects and the final sound mix are always the last pieces to be put into place in the weeks before a movie's release. In this case, Mr. Horner and his musicians are working with a little time to spare; "Grinch" is not due in theaters until Nov. 17, vying with films like "102 Dalmatians," "Rugrats in

Steve Goldstein for The New York Times

James Homer, the composer for "How the Grinch Stole Christmas."

Paris" and the new Adam Sandler comedy, "Little Nicky," for the lucrative

Thanksgiving market.

During the lunch break, Mr. Horner walked through the crowded scoring

stage, picking his way through the tangle of cellos and electronic synthesizers to a line of oddly twisted plastic hoses resting on the floor. Each of the peculiar

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objects was a musical instrument, created by Mr. Horner's team to make the kind of odd sounds that might come from the Baroque-meets-Dali instruments drawn by Dr. Seuss for his Whoville town band. He picked one up and energetically blew into it, producing a vibrating honk that sounded at once plaintive and hostile. "We had one that had a slide on it like a trombone, but it took two people to work it," Mr. Horner said.

One of the most prolific movie composers of the last quarter-century, Mr. Horner has worked on more than 100 film and television scores, though he is perhaps best known for his Oscar-winning work on "Titanic." (He won for best score and best song, "My Heart Will Go On.")

Mr. Horner said he usually took about six weeks to write the initial score. "I do it at a desk with pen and paper," he said. "I don't use a computer in writing at all. I'm sort of old-fashioned about it."

In a way, the public aspect of his job - when he must stand up before a room filled with seasoned musicians, explain what he wants and then conduct them through it - is the most uncomfortable. "I tend to be a

shy person," he said. He does not, for instance, go to the premieres of his films, when he must walk a red-carpet gantlet of television cameras, unless he is forced to attend.

Mr. Homer wandered into a side office to work on that afternoon's pieces of the score. He is feeling pretty confident about the way things are going on the "Grinch" score.

"When it makes me cry, then I know I've nailed it," he said. "I can't do any better."

Joys of Summer

Michael Tollin was excited. He was preparing to direct the final scene for "Summer Catch," a romance between a poor boy (Freddie Prinze Jr.) and a rich girl (Jessica Biel) set in the world of the Cape Cod summer baseball league, and Ken Griffey Jr., center fielder for the Cincinnati Reds, was going to be playing a key role.

"It's a pivotal scene," Mr. Tollin said. "We needed a guy who really transcended the sport, who was more

recognizable than the average baseball player, and Junior said he was up for it. The scene is a confrontation between him and Freddie's character, and there is some scripted dialogue and some chances for him to do some ad-libbing. I think he's really got the chops."

Mr. Tollin, a producer for live-action programs on the Nickelodeon network, directed his first film, "Hank Aaron: Chasing the Dream," in 1995. Indeed, he has shown a decided inclination toward the national pastime. In addition to directing "Summer Catch," tentatively scheduled for release next spring, he is producing "Hardball," another movie for release next year that is about a young man in the Chicago projects who becomes a Little League coach.

"I've always enjoyed working with professional athletes," he said. "Stunt casting - call it whatever you want. For 'Summer Catch' I got Hank Aaron to come down and do a cameo, Carlton Fisk plays himself, Richie Allen plays a scout and Curt Gowdy is the Cape Cod league announcer."

Internet at Sundance

The Sundance Film Festival, which runs for 10 days every January in Park City, Utah, has decided to institute an Internet component next year. Film festival organizers all over the world have been struggling with how to embrace the

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work being done on the Web, and Sundance decided this was the way.

Starting on Jan. 18, the opening day of the next Sundance gathering, the Sundance Online Film Festival - StreamSearch.com, the company that staged the Internet Film and Music Festival in February, is to produce it - will present work created specifically for the Web. Festival organizers said they would consider all types of work, including animation, live-action, documentary, interactive and experimental.

"The dynamic material currently being generated for the Web is something we

are excited to present," said Geoffrey Gilmore, a co-director of the festival. **TAKING THE CHILDREN**

Peter M. Nichols

Determined to Play Football, And Finally Able to Prove It
The Replacements

Keanu Reeves, Gene Hackman, Brooke Langton, Jack Warden, Ace Yonamine, Orlando Jones Directed by Howard Deutch PG-13 105 minutes

The movie's tag line gets the point across like a tackle rumbling along with a recovered fumble: "Pros on strike. Everyday guys get to play." After that, everybody might as well go home because absolutely nothing happens that one hasn't seen before in a sports movie.

With his \$5 million-a-year players walking the picket line, Ed O'Neill (Mr. Warden), the natty, boozy owner of the Washington Sentinels, enlists Jimmy McGinty (Mr. Hackman), that great old coach from the 80's, to put together a team of scabs to carry on the season. McGinty rounds up a crowd of characters he has known (we all have known, actually): the mad-dog linebacker, the swift, receiver who couldn't catch a balloon, the inevitable convict on loan from prison, the 400-pound lineman down from 600 pounds. (He's a sumo wrestler.) "I love to see a fat guy score!" McGinty exclaims. He's come to the right place.

For a quarterback he hires a sad sack named Shane Falco (Mr. Reeves). While at Ohio State, Falco was so badly whipped by Florida State that he has quit the sport in shame and now scrapes barnacles off yacht bottoms. The point McGinty wants to get across to him and all his misfits is that they aren't losers and for this one moment they can be

all they ever dreamed of. So crank up those self-images, get out there and kick some shins. Nasty strikers turn over Falco's pick-up truck, but he swallows his self-loathing and starts to throw touchdown passes. What's more, he's a selfless leader, which impresses Annabelle (Ms. Langton), who heads a very hot crew of cheerleaders from a local strip joint. But to reach the playoffs, the fill-in Sentinels will have to defeat the genuine Dallas team, the league champions, who have just crossed the picket line. That's absurd, of course, but do you doubt that redemption is at hand? VIOLENCE Football bumps and bruises are augmented by a whistling-good barroom brawl. SEX The networks would sensor the cheerleading routines.

PROFANITY Yes.

FOOTNOTE There is heavy consumption of alcohol.

For Which Children? UNDER AGE 10 Too violent, too profane. AGES 10 AND

UP In its own obvious way, the film has some things to say about believing in one-self. That can't be all bad, and older children will enjoy the fray.

Hollow Man

Kevin Bacon, Elisabeth Shue, Josh Brolin, Kim Dickens, William Devane, Greg Grunberg, Joey Slotnick Directed by Paul Verhoeven R 114 minutes

"You should be working," reads a message taped to the spot on the ceiling

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where Sebastan Caine (Mr. Bacon) occasionally gazes when he's at his computer. The hard-driving Caine heads one of the more sensitive research projects around Washington. He and his team inject animals with blue fluid and make them invisible. Trouble is, they can't make them visible again - until one night when Caine cracks the reversion problem and they reconstitute a gorilla named Isabel.

Now, that's sensitive. There's no stating how badly the Pentagon wants this stuff. But without telling the military, Caine decides to take the project to level three - humans, specifically himself. This alarms his assistants: Caine's ex-lover Linda (Ms. Shue), Matt (Mr. Brolin) and Sarah (Ms. Dickens), the project veterinarian, who already has a problem with Caine over his vivisectionist's attitude toward the animals caged at the lab.

Nevertheless, Caine injects himself and disappears. Unlike Isabel, however, he can't be brought back. At first he is annoyed, but soon he begins to enjoy popping around the lab scaring the daylights out of his team members, who can't detect him unless they wear infrared glasses or he's in contact with liquid, which outlines his form. Later there's nothing to do but escape from the lab and have some fun on the outside.

Unfortunately, this brings out darker elements in Caine, who immediately rapes a neighbor he's previously only admired through the venetian blinds. Then, while invisibly spying on Linda, he discovers she is

having an affair with Matt, which sends him back to the lab for a gory run of terror. The glasses would help. VIOLENCE Graphic and extreme, with people and animals skewered, ripped and snapped. SEX Caine strips down completely (rear view) before his injection, and there is partial nudity at other times. PROFANITY As pronounced as the violence. FOOTNOTE Not that children should find their way into this film, but if they do, many will be upset at the treatment of their animal friends.

For Which Children? UNDER AGE 14 Obviously a bad bet on all counts.
AGES 14-17 High-tech blood baths will always attract.

Autumn in New York

Winona Ryder, Richard Gere, Anthony LaPaglia, Sherry Stringfield
Directed by Joan Chen PG-13 105 minutes

There she sits, all dewy and ripe and positively gurgling at the notion of taking up with the nicely notorious, crinkly-eyed millionaire restaurateur 26 years her senior. This being fairly routine for the graying, tousled 48-year-old Will (Mr. Gere), it is with a kind of weary, amused resignation that he's drawn into an affair with 22-year-old Charlotte (Ms. Ryder). It's O.K. for now, he tells her, but she should understand that they have no future.

At the time he doesn't understand the ramifications of that remark. Will is old enough for Charlotte's mother, and in fact he was involved with her mother before her death. As for Charlotte, she is ill with a tumor and a heart problem that has her collapsing around town at dramatic moments. She hasn't long, he learns, a year at most.

Will being Will, he has a rooftop fling with an old girlfriend. To him, that is as consequential as walking the dog, but it rankles Charlotte. He encounters another attractive young woman (Ms. Stringfield), only this time it's his daughter, whom he's never met. Mulling that one over and deciding he can't do without Charlotte, he begs her to let him love her.

After reuniting very cute, she glows and acts adorably feisty while he stays devoted and trots around looking for a surgeon to operate on her when the time

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comes. Then, around Christmas, the crisis strikes. VIOLENCE None. SEX Will and Charlotte make love, but gauzily and mostly from the shoulders up.

PROFANITY Little of consequence.

For Which Children? UNDER AGE 11 A sleep-inducer, and inappropriate anyway. AGES 11 AND up A narrow stratum of teenagers might all for this schmaltz, but most would make no connection.

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Black & Gold sun Sep 3 at 3:10pm

Details / Cine Mambembe 5pm

Our Song 7pm*

*Q&A with director Jim Mckay

Sam Wood

A Night at the Opera mon, Sep 4 at 2, 4:30, 7. 9:30pm Douglas Sirk

Magnificent Obsession tue, Sep 5 at 4:30, 7, 9:30pm

George Cukor

The Marrying Kind wed, Sep 6 at 7*, 9:30

*Cinemachat with Elliott Stein

Buck Henry: The Buck Stops here

Taking Off preceded by thu, Sep 7 at 4:30, 7*, 9:30pm

The Absent-Minded Waiter

*Q&A with Buck Henry

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E22 NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

The Devil's Due

The Devil is having a good season. In London, the 57-year-old British actor

Ian McShane is playing him onstage in Cameron Mackintosh's musical version of "The Witches of Eastwick." In Hollywood, the 35-year-old model and actress Elizabeth Hurley is playing her in an American remake of "Bedazzled," opening next month. Knowing the true nature of the Devil is, of course, difficult. But his or her incarnations in roughly 75 years of film on video do indicate that we should beware of men in black, apartments that are too good to be true, and lawyers. Although in "The Book of Life" the legal types (the firm of Armageddon, Armageddon & Jehosaphat) work of for God. ANITA GATES

Susan Sarandon

and a devilish Jack Nicholson

in "The Witches

of Eastwick."

MOVIE THE GIST GENRE THE DEVIL PRIMARY ACTIVITY WHO WINDS

SATANIC WISDOM FAUST

(1926) Directed by F.W. Murnau

The Devil tempts Faust (Gofta Ehmann) with a one-day trial on his standard sell-your-soul contract, making him young and handsome again, among other things.

Horror silent.

Emil Jannings, looking like a cross between Dracula and a Vulcan (oversize ears, widow's peak, sideburns and floor-length cape).

As Memphisto, making bets with angels about who can and cannot resist evil. God. Faust, despite all his weakness feels love.

"The earth is mine!"

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER

(1941) Directed by William Dieterle

The Devil buys the soul of a struggling New Hampshire farmer (James Craig) for a pot of Hessian gold.

Morality play.

Walter Huston in mischievous leprechaun mode, with jaunty hat, cigar, cane and a twinkle in his eye.

As Mr. Scratch ("I often go by that name in New England"), combing the coun- tryside for humans desperate enough to sell their souls.

God. Webster is such a great lawyer he persuades a jury, which includes Benedict Arnold, to let his client out of his contract.

"Hard work—that's all right for people who don't know how to do anything else."

DAMN YANKEES

(1958) Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen

The Devil buys the soul of a middle-aged baseball fan in exchange for making

him young and the greatest baseball player of all time, Joe Hardy (Tab Hunter). Musical comedy

Ray Walston in dapper solids with red accents, posing as a sports agent.

As Applegate, offering similar contracts (but in this case agreeing to an escape clause because he is a Washington Senators fan and wants Joe Hardy on the team).

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God (although He is never mentioned). Joe's duet with his wife about love is stronger than evil. It makes the Devil dematerialize.

"I'm not really a bad fellow. I'm just emotional."

BEDAZZLED

(1967) Directed by Stanley Donen

The Devil buys the soul of Stanley Moon (Dudley Moore), a short-order cook

suffering from unrequited love. British comedy

Peter Cook in tinted glasses and black cape (but frequent wardrobe changes). As George Spiggott, collecting souls and performing general mischief.

God. Stanley decides he likes his old life and can win love on his own.

"I've done a marvelous job. It's never been so sinful, miserable and perverted."

ROSEMARY'S BABY

(1969) Directed by Roman Polanski

The Devil gives a young New York couple (John Cassavetes and Mia Farrow)

success and an apartment in the Dakota in exchange for the wife's conceiving his child.

Urban Gothic

Mere shadows in a rape scene, but he leaves claw marks.

Making a rare personal appearance as Rosemary's rapist so his son can rule

the world.

The Devil. Rosemary has maternal feelings, even if her newborn does have

strange yellow eyes. No comment.

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

(1987) Directed by George Miller

The Devil is summoned to Connecticut, where he finds female companionship

and trouble. Sexual fantasy

Jack Nicholson, middle-aged and paunchy with a hint of a ponytail.

As Daryl Van Horne, investing in real estate and seducing sexually hungry widows and divorcees.

The witches. All three have given birth.

"So what do you think? Women: a mistake? Or did He do it to us on purpose?" THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

(1988) Directed by Martin Scorsese

Rather than dying on the cross, Jesus marries (twice), has children and even

commits adultery. Biblical drama

Juliette Caton, a little girl with Renaissance golden curls and a British accent.

In the guise of a nameless angel, advising Jesus right off the cross. ("I'm not the Messiah?" "No, you're not.")

God. Jesus catches on at the last minute.

"There's only one woman in the world, one woman with many faces. This one falls; the next one rises."

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

(1997) Directed by Taylor Hackford

The Devil takes a brilliant young lawyer, Kevin Lomax (Keanu Reeves), under

his wing, so to speak. Comic drama

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Al Pacino, looking self-satisfied in expensive suits.

As John Milton, running a cutthroat Manhattan law firm and dating beautiful young women, often two or more at a time.

God seems to (when Kevin foils Milton by shooting himself), but the Devil makes a final appearance to suggest otherwise.

"Who in his right mind, Kevin, could possibly deny the 20th century was entirely mine? I'm peaking."

THE BOOK OF LIFE

(1999) Directed by Hal Hartley

Jesus goes to New York on Dec. 31, 1999, to carry out the Apocalypse. Millennial fantasy

Thomas Jay Ryan in black suit, red shirt, scruffy haircut and stubble.

As himself hanging around bars offering a lottery in exchange for a soul. Nobody. Jesus reconsiders the Apocalypse, but the Devil can't figure out how

to open the Book of Life document on the Holy Laptop.

"I just happen to think that this is a good system, this tug of war between

heaven and hell. It keeps people honest."

SOUTH PARK: BIGGER, LONGER AND UNCUT

(1999) Directed by Trey Parker

There's this dirty movie and a war with Canada, and pretty soon Kenny is

killed and goes to hell.

Animated comedy

Animated 20-foot-tall bare-chested red hulk with horns, a beard, skull's-head

accessories and the voice of Trey Parker.

As Satan, running hell and tending to his relationship with his lover, Saddam

Hussein.

The Devil seems to, but Kenny wishes everything back the way it was. "Saddam, I'm the Dark Ruler, not you."

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E23

POP AND JAZZ GUIDE

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy pop and jazz

concerts in the New York metropolitan region this weekend. * denotes a highly recommended concert.

ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM, Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 11th Street, East Village, (212) 420 8392. The ambitious underground hip-hop of the Anti-Pop Consortium arrives in a flood of polysyllables. Over the laconic, dislocated beats of E. Blaize, the rappers Priest, Beans and M. Sayyid wrap stories and self-pro-motion in similes and allusions so fast and densely packed they could use an instant replay. Tonight at 10; admission is \$10 (Jon Pareles).

MARCIA HALL, B. B. King's Blues Club and Grill, 243 West 42nd Street, Manhattan, (212) 997-4144. The statuesque queen of the boogie-woogie blues piano takes her rollicking barrelhouse music to this swank new supper club. It's always fun to see Ms. Ball wield her considerable keyboard talents and Louisiana meets-Texas charm. Don't miss the opening band, the excellent Little Charlie and the Nightcats from Oakland, Calif. Tomorrow night at 8 and 10:30; tickets are \$30 (Ann Powers).

* **CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN**, B. B. King Blues Club and Grill, 243 West 42nd Street, Manhattan, (212) 997-4144. Clarence Gatemouth Brown

may be the quintessential Gulf Coast musician. Born in Louisiana and reared in Texas, he soaked up music from the Delta to the bayou to the panhandle, and in his repertory, nothing separates the blues from country or jazz or Cajun music. Whether singing, playing blues guitar solos that jab and moan or reaching for the untamed cry of a Creole fiddle, he's an American master. Tonight at 8 and 10:30; admission is \$25 (Pareles).

CHICK COREA, Blue Note, 131 West Third Street, West Village, (212) 475- 8592. It's the end of a week of solo performances from Mr. Corea, one of the most virtuosic players in jazz, with a minutely calibrated touch and a strong sense of rhythm. He's been exploring the form lately, having released two solo-piano records a few months ago on his own label, Stretch. Sets are at 9 and 11:30 tonight through Sunday night; cover charge is \$45 at the tables, \$30 at the bar; \$5 minimum at the tables, one-drink minimum at the bar (Ben Ratliff).

* KEVIN COYNE, Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard Street, TriBeCa, (212) 219- 3055; Maxwell's, 1039 Washington Street, at 11th Street, Hoboken, N.J., (201) 798-0406. Kevin Coyne may be the only blues singer who paints in the Expressionist style, publishes books about Elvis and teddy bears, once worked as a therapist for the severely disturbed and releases albums with titles like "Sugar Candy Taxi." And he almost got Jim Morrison's job in the Doors! It is a privilege to see this English eccentric free-associate. He doesn't come to New York that often, so don't miss these

Jack Vartoogian

Clarence Gatemouth Brown will be at B. B. King's club tonight.

shows; you won't see another like them this year. Tonight at 8 at the Knitting

Factory; admission is \$10. Sunday night at 8 at Maxwell's; admission is \$10 (Powers).

ELVIS CRESPO, GEORGE LAMOND, Copacabana, 617 West 57th Street, Clinton, (212) 582-2672. With his shoulder-length hair and his baby face, Elvis Crespo is a pop pinup across Latin America. Born in New York and reared in Puerto Rico, he passed through the Latin kiddie-pop institution Menudo (like

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Ricky Martin) and went on to join another pop outfit, Grupomania. Then he hopped islands for his preferred style: merengue, which comes from the Dominican Republic, though he still sings a few ballads and salsa tunes. He shares the bill with a more gifted vocalist, George Limond, who (like Marc Anthony) rediscovered salsa after getting his start in dance music. Tonight about 10; admission is \$10 before 10, \$20 after, or \$30 with a reserved table seat (Pareles).

ENON, STARLIGHT MINTS, Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 11th Street, East Village, (212) 420-8392. Some bands rock; others lurch and sway and crunch. Enon includes Brainiac's guitarist and a rhythm section from Skeleton Key, its songs are utterly polymorphous, veering from clattering minimal syncopations to melodic rock, but never shying away from noise. Starlight Mints, from Norman, Okla., places Allan Vest's smart-alecky surrealism over a bare-bones framework of simple drumbeats and garage-rock guitar chords. In various songs from its new album, "The Dream, That Stuff Was Made Of," the band suggests the B52's, David Bowie, the Fall or the Standells, but never for very long. Starlight Mints performs tomorrow night at 10:30, followed by Enon at 11:30; admission is \$8. (Pareles).

EL GRAN COMBO, JOHNNY PACHECO, Copacabana, 617 West 57th Street, Midtown, (212) 582-2672. Formed in 1962 and on the Latin charts consistently ever since, El Gran Combo has (along with Sonora Poncena)

become one of Puerto Rico's definitive salsa bands, pitching eager romance amid hard-driving percussion and horns. It trades sets with the flutist and band leader Johnny Pacheco. Mr. Pacheco was born in the Dominican Republic but fell in love early with Afro-Cuban music. He has been a prime mover in New York Latin music since the 1960's, when he helped start Fania Records. He went on to lead the Fania All-Stars, the band that defined New York salsa. Tomorrow night at 11; admission is \$15 before 11, \$25 after, or \$35 for a reserved table seat (Pareles).

SONNY FORTUNE QUARTET, Jazz Standard 116 East 27th Street, Manhattan, (212) 5762232. Mr. Fortune, a saxophonist, plays hard, having first made his name breaking through the heavy crust of Miles Davis's early-70's electric bands. He can still bruise a stage with his energy, playing a straight-ahead jazz set. Sets tonight and tomorrow night are at 8, 10:30 and midnight, with a \$25 cover charge, \$10 minimum (\$18 cover, \$10 minimum for the midnight sets); Sunday night sets are at 7 and 9, with an \$18 cover and \$10 minimum (Ratliff).

CHARLIE HUNTER, Bowery Ballroom 6 Delancey Street, near the Bowery, Lower East Side, (212) 533-2111. The guitarist Charlie Hunter plays breezy funk and soul-jazz, keeping the bass lines bubbling while he simultaneously improvises melodically on his eight-string. Some of his music has been better suited for the dance floor than a sit-down place, so this one-nighter at the Bowery seems right for him. Tomorrow night at 9; tickets are \$15; \$12 in advance (Ratliff).

MAGIC SLIM AND THE TEARDROPS, Chicago Blues, 73 Eighth Avenue, below 14th Street, West Village (212) 924-9755. Morris Holt, aka Magic Slim, followed the classic Chicago blues trajectory: born in Mississippi in 1937, he went to Chicago in his teens and worked his way up to being a mainstay of the South Side club circuit, playing hard-luck blues with guitar solos that poke and jab over his band's lean assertive vamps. Tonight at 9:30, 11 and

12:30; admission is \$15 (Pareles).

NEW ART JAZZ QUARTET, Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Avenue South, above Bleecker Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 242-1785. In its moment, 20 years ago, James Blood Ulmer's orthodox jazz-guitar playing hit New York music like a mete-

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or. Rock and jazz both claimed him; his bright, slashing chords and figurations dovetailed so well with all the post-Ornette, pre-Medeski Martin and Wood, punk-funk-free-form styles of the day that his beautiful and somewhat narrow style was spread too thin. Mr. Ulmer has maintained his career well, playing in re-formed versions of several old bands, as well as forming this new, standard jazz quartet, with the pianist John Hicks, the bassist Reggie Workman and the drummer Rashied Ali. Sets through Sunday night are at 9 and 11, with a 12:30 set tonight and tomorrow night. Cover charge is \$20 tonight and tomorrow, \$17.50 on Sunday; with a \$10 minimum all times. (Ratliff).

NICKELODEON ALL THAT MUSIC AND MORE FESTIVAL, Jones Beach Theater, Meadowbrook Parkway South, Wantagh, N.Y., (516) 221-1000. It's hard-ly novel now to see very small people going crazy over pop; what grown-up hasn't indulged in a sick-day viewing of MTV's "Total Request Live"? So this festival, the first directed at the prepubescent set, is now a barometer rather than a herald. This year the curious can see if LFO has anything beyond its hit, "Summer Girls," whether the Irish Spice Girls of Bewitched can ever make it in America, and if the A-Teens, a band that covers Abba songs, can bring the Swedish noise to a new generation. Also performing: 15, My Town, Boyz N Girlz United, Leslie Carter (sis-ter to the established teen idols Nick and Aaron), Nick

Cannon, R-Angels, and Plus1. Today at 5 p.m.; tickets are \$15 to \$35 (Powers).

OGANS, S.O.B's, 204 Varick Street, at Houston Street, South Village, (212) 243-4940. Salvador the capital of Bahia, Brazil, is a cornucopia of buoyant rhythms and irresistible pop tunes. Ogans, a band of booming drummers backing a singer, plays a repertory of Bahian hits that incorporates both the sophisticated tunes of tropicalia and the frenetic, lightheartedly raunchy songs of Bahia's more recent craze, axe. The band's Brazilian fans show up in force to dance and sing along. Tomorrow night at 9, 11 and 1; admission is \$20 (Pareles).

BABATUNDE OLATUNJI, Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th Street, (212) 496-7070. Babatunde Olatunji, from Nigeria, introduced many American listeners to West African rhythms with his album "Drums of Passion." He has since become a kind of cultural ambassador, as well as a dedicated teacher, of African music. To celebrate his 50th year of performing, he has assembled a pan-African group of colleagues: the singer Dorothy Masuka from South Africa, the Moroccan ginger and sintir (plucked lute) player Hassan Hakmoun, the Senegalese sabar drummer Lama Bouna Basse, the Nigerian talking-drum player Sikiru Adepoku and Roslyn Burrough, who sings African-American spirituals. Tomorrow night at 8; tickets are \$25 to \$45 (Pareles).

THE PACIFIC OCEAN, GREEN 4, Tonic, 107 Norfolk Street, near Delancey Street, and Rivington, Lower East Side, (212) 358-7503. Connie Lovatt and Ed Baluyut of the Pacific Ocean play pensive tunes with a little guitar noise thrown in, for listeners who like their rock introspective. But the really intriguing band on this bill is the opener, a new project for the daring Mary Timony of Helium. Joined by two female friends, wielding a drum machine, Ms. Timony promises music about bats and birds, for dancing. Sounds excellent. Sunday night at 8; admission is \$8. (Powers).

* PANORAMA, Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 774-8807, (718) 773-4052 or (718) 6251515. Before marching in Monday's carnival in Brooklyn, steel-drum (or pan) bands from Brooklyn and the Caribbean unveil their repertoires while staying stationary, allowing listeners to savor full-length performances with pealing harmonies and carnival rhythms. In

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a concert and competition that stretches into the wee hours, a dozen bands each play half hour sets while judges deliberate. If it's not the world's most jubilant music, it's a definite contender. Tomorrow night at 8; admission is \$25 (Pareles).

PRIMAL BLUE, Birdland, 315 West 44th Street, Manhattan, (212) 581-3080. An ad-hoc grouping of some of good straight-ahead jazz musicians: the contemporary tenor saxophonist Javon Jackson, known by his own Blue Note albums, and the rhythm section consisting of Lenny White, Dave Kikoski and Ed Howard, known for their affiliation with dozens of bands around New York. Sets are tonight and tomorrow night at 9 and 11; cover charge is \$25, plus a \$10 minimum (Ratliff).

* SOCA FESTIVALS, Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 774-8807, (718) 773-4052 or (718) 6251515. As a warm-up to the Brooklyn West Indian-American carnival parade on Labor Day, which starts on Monday at 10:30 a.m. at Utica Avenue and Eastern Parkway, the leading soca stars of the English-speaking Caribbean perform outdoors next to the Brooklyn Museum. Through the 1990's, soca absorbed ideas from reggae, rock and hip-hop, not to mention music videos. Yet between the admonitions to "jump up" and "grind it," there's still likely to be plenty of political advice, history and earthy humor. The major carnival concerts start tonight with a show of

four ebullient soca bands. On recordings crisp electronic beats often carry new soca songs, but live musicians still propel the high-speed party music onstage; the groups are billed as brass bands. Two video-ready bands, Machel Montano and X-Tatik, and Alison Hinds and Square One, share the bill with Charlie's Roots, the Brooklyn soca band that visiting soca stars often choose for their backup group, and the Blue Ventures. Tonight at 8; tickets are \$25. The rhyming, dancing commentators of soca show up on Sunday night at 8, with many past and present carnival kings including the Mighty Sparrow, whose sense of humor and articulate rhymes have made him the most influential calypso songwriter since World War II, and David Rudder, who draws on ancient Afro-Trinidadian drumming along with touches of reggae, along with Sugar Aloes, Red Plastic Bag, King Smarty and Pink Panther; tickets are \$25. (Pareles).

* JACKY TERRASSON TRIO, Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Avenue, at 11th Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 255-4037. Mr. Terrasson, a pianist in his mid-30's, is one of the greatest gifts of his generation to jazz: rhythmically intensive, dramatic, given to long jams with extreme dynamics. The worst thing that can be said about him is that his strings of fizzy little ideas don't cohere; at his best, though, he can floor you. In this quartet he is reunited with the less-is-more-style drummer Leon Parker, one of his best accomplices. Sets through Sunday night are at 9:30, and 11:30, with a 1 a.m. set tonight and tomorrow night; cover, \$20 tonight and tomorrow, \$15 on Sunday; \$10 minimum all days (Ratliff).

DWIGHT YOAKAM, Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Road, Westbury, N.Y., (516) 334-0800. Dwight Yoakam is a honky-tonk die-hard, holding on to the Bakersfield country tradition of Buck Owens as he moans about the women who have broken his heart or done him wrong. His lyrics, which he recently published in book form, are models of concise storytelling; his songs find endless variations on classic honky-tonk forms, sometimes letting in a hint of folk-rock or Phil Spector. Tonight at 8; tickets are \$37.50 (Pareles).

* JOHN ZORN'S MASADA, MASADA STRING TRIO, BAR KOKHBA, Tonic, 107 Norfolk Street, near Delancey Street, Lower East Side, (212) 358-7501. Mr. Zorn sets up his bands like formulas, and with these three he consistently gives his

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fans what they want. With echoes of Jewish music and energy jazz of the 60's, the quartet Masada is the hottest band in Mr. Zorn's arsenal. Masada String Trio boils down those tunes to elegant chamber music, and Bar Kokhba makes them over again for an expanded chamber ensemble. Tomorrow night at 8 and 11; tickets are \$30 (Ratliff).

TV WEEKEND

Julie Salomon

Springing From Music Videos to Rock Documentaries

"I think music videos have really ruined the art of music," says the filmmaker-

er and provocateur Michael Moore in a special four-part series on the Sundance Channel's "Shorts Stop: An Hour of Short Films." He is talking about the crossover between video directors and movie directors.

"Before you would hear the song and then you would invent your own image," Mr. Moore continues. "The music video tells you this is the only way to look at this song. When you hear this song you are to think of men without shirts jumping in a field of daisies."

That pretty much describes my own feelings about music videos. Yes, I know they're important, have altered a generation's visual

imagination and transformed the marketing of music - and everything else - since they have influenced advertising, too. But important and omnipresent doesn't mean good. McDonald's is everywhere, too. With rare exceptions video imagery always seems too literal-minded or tritely symbolic or simply vulgar. The prevailing artistic wisdom seems to be: Marginal ideas take on weight if shot in slow motion. If that doesn't work, go super-fast.

But I was willing to be convinced otherwise and the Sundance Channel promised illumination. This month the cable channel is presenting "Sonic Cinema," films and programs intended to highlight the way movies and rock 'n' roll overlap. The seven

feature documentaries about rock performers include "Gimme Shelter," the Maysles Brothers' brilliant concert film about the Rolling Stones' free - and ultimately tragic - concert at Altamont Speedway in December 1969. (It's also currently playing at the Film Forum.)

The "Shorts Stop" segments, which begin this Sunday, aim to show that music videos are related to the rock documentary, at least in spirit. So these programs feature the work of independent filmmakers - including Mr. Moore, despite his anti-video stance - who have crossed over in both directions.

The series host, Mark Anthony Thompson, talks loftily about "the cross-pollination of music and cinema" - at least as lofty as a man can be slouching on a couch and wearing sunglasses (indoors) and orange flip-flops. But the series proves mainly that interesting imagery distracts from good music and can't elevate lousy music, and that annoying pictures can actually prove deafening. You simply tune out.

The best work in the series comes, not surprisingly, from Spike Jonze, who sprang exuberantly from the video world into film, with the inventive "Being John Malkovich" (and more recently into the world of politics, with his biographical documentary of Al Gore for the Democratic convention). His "Oh So Quiet" music video for the Icelandic pop star Bjork, set in a Goodyear tire store, is

SONIC CINEMA

Sundance Channel, Sunday at 8 p.m.

Adam Pincus, executive producer; John Bedolis, director and supervising

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producer; Marge Doherty, segment producer; Frank Floyd, editor; Doron Schlair, director of photography. Marc Anthony Thompson, host.

WITH: Bjork, Michael Moore and Beth Orton.

an extravagantly produced homage to Hollywood musicals of the 1930's. Bjork gleefully high-kicks and

prances in an orange dress, looking happy to be in this bright, amusing little spectacle, where the music and pictures actually seem to have something to do with one another (even if they don't).

Another film director, Hal Hartley, has created an amusing mock concert for the English folk singer Beth Orton's "Stolen Car." While singing, Ms. Orton slyly assumes "meaningful" poses in various corners of room, flops on a couch and pretends not to notice the expressionless assistants sticking microphones in front of her mouth. She pricks her finger with the thorn of a rose and a drop of her blood lazily drifts through a glass of water. Mr. Hartley has artfully staged the video in grays and reds, but I'd still rather listen to Ms. Orton's lovely voice with my eyes closed.

As for the pugnacious Mr. Moore, director (of "Roger and Me") and television crusader (on "The Awful Truth" and "TV Nation"), he paired up with a band that could have been named just for him, Rage Against the Machine. Mr. Moore has styled his video as just another of his

impromptu assaults - this one on the New York Stock Exchange. As Rage wails outside the exchange, the police arrive. Mr. Moore confronts. The action is intercut with a parody of "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire." No daisy fields, that's for sure.

The rest of the opening night program is video as usual. Harmony Korine, directing "Sunday" by Sonic Youth, meets the expectations set in 1997 by "Gummo," his feature film debut, which Janet Maslin in The New York Times pronounced "the worst film of the year."

Later episodes in the "Sonic Cinema" series contain some arresting imagery of Patti Smith's edges, in a video filmed by Melodie McDaniel, a talented fashion photographer. There is sweet candor from Mike Mills, a graphic artist and entrepreneur who began shooting videos only after he had designed record jackets. "I can treat it all like an integrated package," he says.

The series also offers Richard Kern, described (accurately) by the host, Mr. Thompson, "as a downtown, fetishist photographer filmmaker who deals with a lot of images of bondage and violence." By the end, I'd learned this: three minutes can be a very long time.

HOME VIDEO

Peter M. Nichols

In Stalin Musicals They Sing of Coal

In a week of giant DVD releases, it's good to note smaller ones like Dana

Ranga's "East Side Story," about Soviet bloc musicals from the 30's through the 60's. "We have sex; we have all that here," says a proponent of the lyrically limited but often wildly colorful shows Stalin loved and indeed rescued when he personally lifted the ban on "The Jolly Fellows" in 1934. On Tuesday Kino will release the disc along with a DVD of Carlos Marcovich's "Who the Hell Is Juliette?" (1997), a partially fictionalized documentary about a freewheeling 16-year-old Cuban girl whose gambols, ranging from Havana to New York, have the makings of a musical themselves.

In Mr. Marcovich's film, Juliette (Yuliet - Ortega) befriends a Mexican model several years her senior (Fabiola Quiroz), makes a music video and frolics in front

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of the camera, childish one minute and seductive the next. And behind what was once the Iron Curtain in "East Side Story," the workers get frisky. "Rocka docka," someone sings. "We sing the song of the coal press."

Together these films make a sporty pair out there in some mighty big company. DVD has entered the era of the one-million-disc release, another sign that it is on its way to becoming the format of the future. "Jaws," issued in July, was the first older title to reach one million. This week there are "Braveheart," Mel Gibson's 12th-century Scottish saga, and "The Sound of Music" from Fox. Always good for another sell-out edi-

tion, come whatever the anniversary or format introduction, George Cukor's film version of the Trapp family musical is so clear on DVD, wrote a reviewer, that one notices the texture of the nuns' wimples when they're praying in the abbey.

"Braveheart" has an entertaining documentary about the making of the movie, with Mr. Gibson sprinting from the start of battle scenes he leads as the rebel William Wallace a position behind the camera, where he takes up the rest of the fray as director. Another thing one learns about making a film near Invernes in the chilly Scottish north is that when it rains one might as well keep shooting because it isn't going to

stop anytime soon. It was almost enough to keep Mr. Gibson from taking his shirt off - almost.

In the week's third big DVD release, a two-disc edition of Paul Thomas Anderson's "Magnolia" from New Line, it is raining frogs in California as the director trots frenetically around various sets in an excellent documentary included on the disc. Slickly packaged in a slip case, "Magnolia" probably won't break the million mark, as is certainly the case with "Men in Black," to be issued in three editions next week by Columbia Tri-Star. In its most elaborate version, Barry Sonnenfeld's sci-fi action comedy, starring Tommy Lee Jones and Will Smith, includes editing workshops that let viewers chop up a scene to their liking and other extra features from "character animation studies" to "tunnel scene deconstruction" and for more along those lines, the "Edgar Bug fight scene deconstructed using angles."

Straight to Video

Other new titles of interest, some of which may have had a theater release, appeared on television or been on videocassette in earlier editions.

LONGITUDE. Adapted from Dava Sobel's international best seller, Charles Sturridge's film tells the parallel stories of John Harrison (Michael Gambon), the 18th-century carpenter, clockmaker and musician whose nautical timepieces attempted to solve the complexities of longitude at sea, and Rupert Gould (Jeremy Irons), the World War I Royal Air Force veteran who rescued Harrison's work from oblivion. With plenty of political intrigue stirred in, Julie Salamon wrote in The New York Times, "the film surprises, much as the book did, by taking what might seem a worthy but dull subject and making it sparkle." 2000. A&E. \$59.95, four

cassettes; DVD, \$39.95. 200 minutes. Release date: Aug. 29.

HOROWITZ: THE LAST ROMANTIC and **VERDI: REQUIEM.** The first of two new DVD's features Horowitz's performances of Bach-Busoni's Chorale in G minor, Mozart's Sonata in C, Schubert's Impromptu in A flat and Chopin's Mazurka in A minor. Filmed at the Alte Oper in Frankfurt, Verdi's Messa da Requiem is performed by the European Symphony Orchestra and the Neubeuren Choral Society. 2000. DVD, \$29.98 each.

I CLAUDIUS. A new DVD edition of the acclaimed BBC production, which stars Derek Jacobi, John Hurt, Patrick Stewart, Sian Phillips and Sheila White,

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includes a 71-minute documentary, "The Epic That Never Was," about Alexander Korda's ill-fated 1937 screen adaptation of Robert Graves's novel. \$89.99, three discs. 740 minutes.

New Video Releases

Any Given Sunday

With his legendary quarterback out for the season, Tony D'Amato (Al Pacino,

left), coach of the Miami Sharks, turns to the erratic young backup Willie Beamen (Jamie Foxx), while in the stadium's luxury suites the Sharks' cold-blooded owner (Cameron Diaz) plots to get the team's asking price up to \$800 million. In sync with a sports-crazed society, Oliver Stone's big, loud movie has fun with the Associated Football Franchises of America, his commerce-crazy equivalent of the National Football League. On the field it's war, Stephen Holden wrote in The New York Times, in a "crude morality play in the style of Mr. Stone's 'Wall Street.' "

1999. Warner. \$106.99; DVD, \$24.98. 157 minutes. Closed captioned.
R. The Next Best Thing

Using the words "It's me, not you," a lot of men have begged out of relation-

ships with Abbie Reynolds (Madonna), a Los Angeles yoga teacher. Having helped bear her woe, Robert Whitaker (Rupert Everett), an aging gay Hollywood party boy, shores her up when necessary and, as a consequence of one giddy, drunken occasion, fathers a child with her. But then she falls for a New York investment banker (Benjamin Bratt), which leads to a messy parenting conflict and turns a film with smart promise into "a stumbling, poor man's 'Kramer vs. Kramer'" (Holden).

2000. Paramount. \$107.37; DVD, \$29.99. 107 minutes. Closed captioned. PG-13.

American Psycho

Mary Harron's film trims the body count and number of high-end consumer

items from Bret Easton Ellis's novel. By day a budding Wall Street master of the universe, Patrick Bateman (Christian Bale) becomes a homicidal maniac by night. As an arrogant smoothie one minute and a hysterical wimp the next, Mr. Bale gives a star-making performance, and Ms. Harron's direction produces a horror comedy classic "so surprising that when the movie's over, it feels you've just seen a magician pull a dancing rabbit out of a top hat" (Holden).

2000. Universal. \$107.37. 104 minutes. Closed captioned. R. Release date: Sept. 5.

Simpatico

Trying to sketch in information that Sam Shepard's play omits, Matthew Warchus's offbeat, gawky adaptation thrives with gripping performances and a screenplay that skillfully imitates the playwright's language. Horse racing is the metaphor for the adrenaline-pumped American dream as a corrupt breeder (Jeff Bridges) and his wife (Sharon Stone) tangle with a hard-drinking eccentric (Nick Nolte) who threatens to expose some slippery dealings over a high-priced steed. At least the film has integrity. "Far from being a typical Hollywood desecration of a difficult play, it stays true to the work's quirky, renegade spirit" (Holden).

1999. New Line. \$107.37; DVD, \$24.95. 106 minutes. Closed captioned.

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E2

E25 WEEKEND

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

FINE ARTS

LEISURE

New York Times

ART REVIEW

Treasure Train

In Maine,

A Rugged Muse

By GRACE GLUECK

A museums are not what you think of first in connection with the natural glo-

ries of Maine, but there are no fewer than seven significant ones in this sparsely populated state. And why not? With its wealth of woods, water and mountains, Maine has always lured artists, among them Winslow Homer, Martin Johnson Heade, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, John Marin, Alex Katz, Robert Indiana and Maurice Prendergast.

Where there are artists, there are museums to reap their work, and that's the case here. Each of the seven institutions - three "free standing" and four attached to colleges - has its distinctive collection, primarily in, American art, and its own approach to acquisition and display.

The Portland Museum of Art owns a signature group of works by Homer, including his first oil painting, "The Sharpshooter." The Farnsworth Art museum in Rockland, with enormous holdings of work by the Wyeth family, devotes itself to delineating Maine's style in American art. The Ogunquit Museum of American Art has a magical setting and a medley of works by artists of the turn-of-the-century Ogunquit Art Colony.

A problem for the museums was to make themselves more accessible. the answer was a collaborative effort: among other initiatives, they banded together to form the Maine Art Museum Trail, inspired by the Purist-luring Connecticut Impressionist Art Trail set up by a group of museums a few years ago. The Maine Art Museum Trail is outlined in a 12- page color brochure and map that highlights the attractions of each.

Here, in greater detail, is what you'll find should you follow the trail.

The best known of the Maine Seven, the PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART, was founded in 1882 by local art patrons as the Portland Society of Art. Today it occupies three buildings of architectural significance - the latest opened in 1983 - in the downtown Portland arts district, a

lively area fronting Casco Bay where sea gulls scream incessantly overhead.

Of the seven, Portland's collections are the most extensive, if not the most Seven stops, Page 27.

wide ranging. (That distinction goes to the Bowdoin College Museum of Art.)

The Portland holdings consist of more than 15,000 objects in the fine and deco- rative arts, from the 18th century to now. The heart of the museum is its Maine collection, which includes works by Homer, Marin, Edward Hopper, Louise Nevelson and Andrew Wyeth. Degas, Picasso, Monet and Rodin are among the European masters represented, and there are strong holdings in prints and pho- tography.

Portland's two big current shows are "Alberto Giacometti" and "N. C. Wyeth: Precious Time." The Giacometti show is said to be the first ever in Maine for this influential Swiss sculptor (1901-1966), who obsessively explored the way figures

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and objects

Continued on Page 27

Center, Portland Museum; above, Bowdoin College; below left, Colby College WEEKEND EXCURSION

Retracing the Steps

Trod at Gettysburg

By CHARLES STRUM

GETTYSBURG, Pa. - The National Park Service recommends on its Web site

that visitors to the Gettysburg National Military Park spend at least four hours touring the battlefield and museum, "though an entire day is more desirable!"

As understatement goes, this is a keeper. You could spend a lifetime here and never outlast the topic or the topography. But a weekend excursion to this 6,000- acre shrine is a start. It can help to explain why Civil War buffs are so ardent, why veterans of more recent wars come here as if to communion and why historians, novelists and filmmakers can't leave Gettysburg alone.

Until you have walked the stone walls and trekked the woods along Seminary Ridge (the Rebels' line before their final infantry assault) and then switched sides to gaze back across the fields from Little Round Top (the fabled knob of stone- strewn Union high ground), you cannot truly understand what happened here from July 1 to 3, 1863. The best books on the subject are merely informed prepa- ration. You must bring your imagination and suspend your disbelief. Be-

cause no one can explain, really, why 170,000 men from Maine to Mississippi - men who only two years before had claimed common citizenship - came here to kill one another.

Yet they did, and the history they made is worth at least one sunny summer day 137 years later.

My 14-year-old son, Alec, and I made the trip together. By car from Continued on Page 32

Salvatore C. DiMarco for The New York Times

Civil War cannons and the Pennsylvania Memorial at Gettysburg.

Above, Alex Katz's "Pari" (1990), at Colby; center, Giacometti's "Chignon

Woman" (1949), at the Portland Museum; top right, Boilly's 1805 portrait of Sarah Bowdoin, at Bowdoin.

Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times

Crabbing in Jamaica Bay

You want crabs? Who needs the Chesapeake? The homegrown variety is right

here in Canarsie (above). The waters off Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island are aswarm with New York's own blue crab. To test how catchable and edible it is, two tyros tried their luck in Jamaica Bay (helped by some veteran trollers).

An article by Margaret Mittelbach and Michael Crewdson appears on Page 36. ART REVIEW 26

"The Figure: Another Side of Modernism," at the Newhouse in Snug Harbor. MY MANHATTAN 29

The store window as an urban performance space. ART REVIEW 30

"Art at Work," at the Queens Museum of Art. ANTIQUES 31

Modern art glass: Murano in the 20th century. SPARE TIMES 33

A sampling of events for the Labor Day weekend.

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BOOKS OF THE TIMES 36

First novel: "An Obvious Enchantment," by Tucker Malarkey.

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E26 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 CHRISTIES

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EDUCATION

"The Shogun's Painted Culture," lecture by Timon Screech, Chair of the Japan Research Centre, SOAS (School of Oriental and African Studies), London Thursday, September 14, 6 pm

"Porcelain of the Qing Dynasty," one-day seminar led by Rosemary Scott, Senior Academic Consultant to the Asian Art Departments, Christie's Saturday, September 16, 10 am-5 pm

(seminar fee is \$150, places are limited, early registration recommended) To make reservations for any of these programs, please contact Lydia Fenet. Christie's Special Events: 212 636 2690

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#761543 ART REVIEW

Objects of Desire: 125 Views of the Human Figure

By KEN JOHNSON

The promise of modern painting, so the old story went, was fulfilled with the

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achievement of complete abstraction. Representational imagery dissolved into the aesthetic nirvana of the unified, all-over field.

Many artists refused to join the church of formalist purity, however, and continued to paint representational pictures, even pictures of the most retrograde subject of all, the human figure. Yet many of those who did so still thought they were, as Ezra Pound urged, making it new, and the human body remains one of the most compelling objects of attention and desire for contemporary painters.

"The Figure: Another Side of Modernism," a vast, enthralling grab bag of an exhibition at the Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art on Staten Island, invites us to count the ways that modern artists have painted the human figure over the last 50 years. Selected by Lily Wei, a critic and curator, works by 125 painters populate the center's warren of scruffy galleries, creating a relentlessly absorbing visual experience.

The show is hung in roughly chronological order with thematic groupings devoted to subjects like the nude, cartoons and sexual politics. Although it includes most of the usual suspects, from Willem de Kooning and Fairfield Porter to John Currin and Lisa Yuskavage, and touches on significant movements from Pop to Chicago Imagism to Bad Painting, you could not call it a definitive history of post-World War II figurative painting. It is oriented mainly to the 90's, and artists like Chuck Close and Roy Lichtenstein are not necessarily represented by works from their most groundbreaking periods.

Many of the show's best works are by lesser-known names. Nor does the show put forth a particular thesis or ideological agenda. It feels loosely provisional, leaving it to viewers to make sense of it all.

Not knowing quite what to expect from room to room is a large part of the fun. A big diptych from 1980 by David Salle - smudgy, academic nudes on mono-chrome fields - hang-

"The Figure: Another Side of Modernism" will remain at the Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art at Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island, (718) 448-2500, through Jan. 14.

Frank Ouderman/Willem de Kooning Revocable Trust; Artists Rights Society, New York

Willem de Kooning's "Untitled (Woman)" at the Snug Harbor Center.

ing near a recent broken-plate painting by Julian Schnabel is predictable. But a huge 1963 picture of primordial titans by Leon Golub hanging across from an equally huge grisaille from 1967 by Alfred Leslie - a towering, alarmingly lighted nude giantess - tells a story

about the 1960's refreshingly different from the usual Pop-Color-Field-Minimalism textbook history.

One expects to find something by de Kooning, who famously broke faith with pure abstraction in the early 50's. But who would have expected this exquisite little gem of a drawing from the late 40's: a ferocious, big-eyed pink woman in a green scoop-neck dress emerging from a welter of whiplash lines? And who would have thought Philip Pearlstein would look so good with his remorselessly clinical, dryly sensuous "Nude on Kilim Rug" from 1969?

The show is full of witty and suggestive juxtapositions; it looks as if the organizers had fun with the installation. In the corner of a small upstairs room one encounters a magical meeting of recent paintings by Catherine Murphy and John Wesley. Hers is an intensely realistic picture of the bottoms of a man's greatly enlarged feet on a striped mattress; his, a cartoon sofa with a dreamy odalisque inscribed on its upright cushions.

As

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different as they are superficially, both share an exacting care for composition, a subtly surrealistic mood and an amusingly similar, primarily pink palette.

Elsewhere, in a room full of nudes, there is the mischievous placement of Mr. Currin's picture of three oddly distorted Renaissance-style beauties directly across from one of William Bailey's high-mindedly prurient fantasies of a naked young woman in a bare room. Mr. Currin's antic perversity seems to be teasing Mr. Bailey's solemnity.

But what is most gratifying is simply that the show is so full of interesting, inventive and richly made paintings. There are dull spots and duds aplenty, to be sure. The Conceptualist works of Mike Bidlo (a copy of a famous Cubist nude by Picasso) and Byron Kim (a grid of panels painted with different commercially prepared "flesh" colors) may deserve a place, but the cerebral cleverness is annoying. And many noted artists, like Francesco Clemente, Mark Tansey and Eric Fischl, are represented by minor works.

But Ms. Wei obviously had a lot of obligatory bases to cover, and she has done so with an admirably open mind and eye. How many painting shows will you see that include the neo-conservative hero Leland Bell, the morbid professional outsider Ivan Albright and the trendy young media doll Cecily Brown?

From a distance one may begin to discern deeper tensions underlying the pluralist, crazy-quilt surface of the show. Tradition and avant-gardism; formalism and fantasy; perceptual reality and mediated reality; the sacred and the profane: all the contradictions of modern life are embodied here. Differently ordered and labeled, this show might have done more to highlight and clarify such themes, but maybe it is enough simply to have gathered such an abundantly suggestive collection of pictures.

With too many worthwhile works to mention here, a short list would include, at least, Dottie Attie's slyly understated meditation on rape, Stuart Diamond's comical Cubist heads, Elliot Green's fusion of grid painting and rubbery cartoon people, Dennis Kardon's oversize head of a boy pondering a bit of goo, Alex Katz's radiant portrait of his wife, an intensely observant portrait of a woman by Joseph Santore, the strange meeting of a satyr and a falling horse by David True and Robert Colescott's bumptious, comically tragic allegory of race and racism.

Inside Art

The "Inside Art" column will resume with the new art season in the fall. LAST CHANCE TO SUMMER

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ALICE NEEL THROUGH SEPT. 17

Whitney Museum of American Art

Top row: Nancy and the Rubber Plant, 1975 (detail); Fuller Brush man, 1965

(detail); Louise Lieber, Sculptor, 1971 (detail); Young Woman, 1946 (detail); Curtis Galleries, Minneapolis, MN; Hartley, 1965 (detail); National Gallery, Washington, D.C.; Bottom row: Call Me Joe, 1956 (detail); Marisol, 1981 (detail); Honolulu Academy of the Arts, Hawaii, Jackie Curtis as a Boy, 1972 (detail); Andy Warhol, 1970 (detail), Whitney Museum of American Art, NY; Religious Girl, 1959 (detail).

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All works are in private collections unless otherwise stated. All images © The Estate of Alice Neel. Courtesy Robert Miller Gallery

CLARK

SYMPOSIUM

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INSTITUTIONALIZING THE AESTHETIC

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September 23, 2000, 9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

American museums in the early twentieth century began to move beyond their educational mandates to develop more aesthetic ambitions. Scholars from a variety of disciplines gather to discuss how and why the aesthetic became institutionalized and what impact this tradition still has on today's museums.

Speakers: Carol Duncan, Ramapo College; Andrew McClellan, Tufts University; Sally Duncan, independent scholar; Neil Harris, University of Chicago; Evelyn Hankins, Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris; Richard Brettell, University of Texas, Dallas; Michael Kimmelman, The New York Times, and Philip Kopper, independent scholar and author

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E27

Treasure Trail of Art in Maine

Continued From Weekend Page 25

occupy space. On view are more than 50 paintings, sculptures, drawings and

prints from the collection of Herbert Lust, a New York investment banker and longtime friend of the artist who contributes a lively memoir to the catalog.

Among the highlights are a highly charged 1949 painting of Giacometti's brother, Diego, that reveals the energetic intensity with

which the artist worked over his subjects. A haunting bronze head of Diego (1961) and a half-size bronze, "Chignon Woman" (1949), done in Giacometti's famously attenuated style, demonstrate his ability to suggest the provisional, existential presence of humanity. And the drawings and lithographs give a sense of his constant inquiry, through line, into spatial relationships. Altogether a rewarding show.

Quite different in character is the show of work by Newell Convers Wyeth (1882-1945), the father of Andrew and the grandfather of James. A justly famous illustrator known for his flamboyant depictions of derring-do, N. C. aspired to be known as a fine-art painter. The show contrasts his illustrations, like the swash-buckling cover for a 1911 edition of "Treasure Island," with the lower-key paintings of landscape, home and family that he did between commercial assignments.

In these the style ranges from realism to Post-Impressionism, but the work, compared with that of more adventuresome artists of the period, rarely rises above convention.

There are some fine scenes of the wild Maine coast, a crisp view of "Eight Bells" (1936), his home in Port Clyde, Me., and several canvases of lobstermen at work. One of these, "Untitled (Lobstermen)" (1927), is a half-stab at modernism, alone in a fractured, prismatic style that bespeaks an acquaintance with Cubism. He will be remembered for his illustrations.

Farnsworth Art Museum

There's a lot more Wyeth work - by all three generations - at the Farnsworth, which houses an impressive collection of American art, some 8,000 works strong, from the late 18th century to the present, with a special focus on Maine-related work.

The chronological range is from Gilbert Stuart and Washington Allston to Nevelson (born, like the museum, in Rockland) and lesser-known current artists like Dozier Belll and Brett Bigbee. It also has the most extensive collection of Wyeth art in the world: several thousand works by N. C., Andrew and James.

The museum, in the coastal town of Rockland, opened in 1948 in the crisp white Greek Revival mansion bequeathed - along with a \$1.3-million endowment - by Lucy Copeland Farnsworth and augmented after her death by a handsome red brick Colonial Revival building. The Center for the Wyeth Family in Maine, a study and exhibition center in a 19th century church building, opened in 1998, and in June of this year the unveiling of the Jamien Morehouse Wing completed the museum's Main Street facade.

The museum also owns the Olson house, seen at the top of the hill in Andrew Wyeth's famous "Christina's World" (1948). The painting has just been lent to the Farnsworth by its owner, the Museum of Modern Art, and for the first time in 50 years will be on view at the Farnsworth, starting tomorrow and continuing through Dec. 31.

The Farnsworth's current show, "One Nation: Patriots and Pirates Portrayed by N. C. Wyeth and James Wyeth," pairs grandfather with grandson. Its 80 paint-

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ings and drawings depict various manifestations of patriotism since the early 1900's. The show reinforces the adage that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree: the White House is seen by N. C. in a mannered illustration of its construction done for Hallmark Cards (circa 1930); James renders it in a snowy, starry platinous glow on

Wealth of Beauty

For a copy of a 12-page brochure that highlights the attractions of the Maine Art Museum Trail, write to 75 Russell Street, Lewiston, Me.,

04240. The Web site is www.maineartmuseums.org. Here is information about visiting the seven museums on the trail, mentioned in Grace Glueck's review:

BATES COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 75 Russell Street, Lewiston, (207) 786-6158. Small permanent collection of American art; large holding of Marsden Hartley drawings, some on view with the permanent collection. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, Walker Art Building, Brunswick, (207) 725-3275. "Three Centuries of American Art" (permanent collection). "Emily Nelligan," through Sept. 10. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 2 to 5 p.m. Free.

COLBY COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 5600 Mayflower Hill, Waterville, (207) 872-3000. "Modernism and Abstraction: Treasures From the Smithsonian American Art Museum," through Oct. 30. "Alex Katz at Colby College" (permanent installation). Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2 to 4:30 p.m. Free.

FARNSWORTH ART MUSEUM, 356 Main Street, Rockland, (207) 596-6457. "One Nation: Patriots and Pirates Portrayed by N. C. Wyeth and James Wyeth," through Dec. 31. Hours: Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Wednesdays, to 7 p.m. Free.

OGUNQUIT MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 183 Shore Road, Ogunquit, (207) 646-4909. "Painted Air: American Impressionism," through Oct. 15. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 2 to 5 p.m. Admission: \$4; \$3 for students and the elderly.

PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART, 7 Congress Square, Portland, (207) 775-6148. "Wyeth: Precious Time," through Sept. 30. "Alberto Giacometti," through Sept. 10. Hours: Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Thursdays and Fridays, to 9 p.m. Admission: \$6; 5 for students and the elderly.

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE MUSEUM OF ART, 109 Carnegie Hall, Orono, (207) 581-3255. "Jump Into It: Water as Muse," through Oct. 21. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free.

Christmas Eve, 1981.

Other N. C. chestnuts include a Norman Rockwell-ish rendering (circa 1923) of Lincoln giving his second inaugural address in 1865, and various World War II propaganda pieces, among them "Soldiers of the Soil" (1942), in which a farmer tills his land watched over by a clutch of Allied flags hovering among puffy clouds. As for James, works like his posthumous close-up of President John F. Kennedy, hand placed thoughtfully to mouth (1967), and "Islanders" (1990), a couple seated on the porch of a weather-beaten house sporting a large American flag, demonstrate that his development as a painter has not gone much beyond that of his father, Andrew.

Ogunquit Museum

Ogunquit, once a small fishing village, has been an artists' colony for more than 100 years, frequented at various times by the likes of Hopper, Robert Henri,

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George Bellows and Walt Kuhn, and reaching its peak in the 1920's and 30's. The Ogunquit Museum of American Art, built in 1952 and since expanded to almost double its original size, is the only one in Maine devoted exclusively to 20th-century American art. Another incentive to visit is its spectacular siting on a rocky cove, with nearly three acres of landscaped grounds, punctuated by outdoor sculptures, that offer an unimpeded view of the mighty Atlantic.

The museum sprang from the Ogunquit Art Association, founded in 1928 and later led by Henry Strater a prolific realist painter who took a summer residence and became a leader in the art association. In the early 1950's, believing that Ogunquit was ready for a museum representing a wide spectrum of 20th-century art, he bought land on the cove and hired an architect.

The museum is a light, airy structure that combines Maine granite and hard pine with classical motifs. It now has about 7,500 square feet of space and a permanent collection of more than 1,400 paintings, sculptures and graphics. The artists include Marin, Hassam, Homer, Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, Charles Demuth, Charles Burchfield, Morris Graves, Rockwell Kent, Fairfield Porter, Gaston Lachaise and a multitude of lesser-knowns.

The fun of it is that you never can tell what you'll find among this miscellany, from the truly mediocre to the fine but relatively unknown portraits of Harmon Neill to Hartley's marvelous "Still Life With Eel" (circa 1914) a small, lighthearted charmer in high-keyed colors, in which sinuous shapes are played off against hard-edged geometrics.

Ogunquit mounts several exhibitions a season, and although it usually closes on Sept. 30, this year for the first time it will stay open through Oct. 15. The current show is "Painted Air: American Impressionism," with more than 130 oils, pastels and watercolors covering the period 1880 to 1920.

But there is no denying that the American brand of Impressionism lacked the élan of the European movement, and its works tend to pale by comparison. Along with stellar names like Bellows, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Mary Cassatt, Lilla Cabot Perry, John Singer Sargent, Julian Alden Weir and James Abbott McNeill Whistler, this show includes much weaker talents. It needs pruning.

Bowdoin College Museum

The Bowdoin College Museum of Art's permanent collection goes back to 1811, making it the earliest collegiate art collection in the United States. The bequest of James Bowdoin 3rd (1752-1811), who served as Thomas Jefferson's minister to France and Spain in the early 1800's (and for whose statesman father the college was named), bestowed 70 paintings and 141 drawings on this small but choice college. But it took almost another century before art crept into the Bowdoin curriculum, and the gift was fully appreciated.

In 1894 the Walker Art Building

CANADA MAINE 95 0 30 Miles Bangor Orono Waterville Lewiston Rockland Brunswick Portland Ogunquit N.H. Atlantic Ocean The New York Times opened on campus, given by two sisters, Harriet and Sophia Walker. Wishing to honor their uncle, Theophilus Wheeler Walker, a Boston businessman who had helped establish a modest gallery at the college, they commissioned the prestigious firm of McKim, Mead & White to design the new building. The firm did a splendid, all-out Beaux-Arts job, including a copper dome and the placing of four murals by prominent artists of the period in the rotunda.

A plaque set into the rotunda floor by the sisters warns that the building is to be used "solely for art purposes." And that it has, expanded and augmented in

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1975 by a Visual Arts Center designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes. Next summer the Walker building is slated to be renovated and expanded again, by the New York architectural firm of Tod Williams, Billie Tsien and Associates.

Today Bowdoin has a distinguished permanent collection whose 14,000 objects span a wide range of cultures and periods. The American holdings are the strongest, and include one of the most important groups of Colonial and Federal portraiture in the country, with works by John Singleton Copley, Robert Feke, Rembrandt Peale, Thomas Sully and Gilbert Stuart. Outstanding is Feke's monumental portrait of Brig. Gen. Samuel Waldo (circa 1748) done up in red and gold finery, to commemorate this Bostonian's victory over the French at Louisbourg in Nova Scotia.

A recent find was a lively 1805 portrait of Sarah Bowdoin, wife of James Bowdoin 3rd, by the French painter Louis-Léopold Boilly. It surfaced last year in an estate sale in northern France.

Among the 19th- and 20th-century artists represented are Hartley, Heade, Homer, Sargent, Thomas Eakins, and of course Andrew Wyeth. A major gift in the 1960's added paintings by Arshile Gorky, Alex Katz, Franz Kline and Jack Tworckov. Such diverse artists as Man Ray, Eva Hesse and Jack Tworckov are also in the collection.

But that's by no means all. On permanent view also are Assyrian bas-reliefs from the ninth century B.C.; sculpture, coins and other objects from a strong ancient Mediterranean collection; and a selection of European paintings and decorative arts that focus on the Italian Renaissance. Changing exhibitions occur here, too, including a much-acclaimed show devoted to Emily Nelligan, a little-known Maine artist who chronicles the natural phenomena of Cranberry Island in remarkable charcoal drawings.

Colby College Museum

The student population of this beautiful neo-Georgian campus in the heart of Maine is only 1,750 strong. But the Colby College Museum of Art, founded in 1959, has rapidly become - with three major additions over the last decade - the largest in the state. It houses a deep and varied collection of American art, covering three centuries, in 28,000 square feet of elegant gallery space.

The collection began with a small group of works and one gallery in the early 1950's, a sidebar to the college's growing art history and studio programs. But alumni and other donors, gently persuaded by a strong board and a dedicated director, Hugh Gourley 3rd, have swelled the holdings to some 3,500 objects and an acquisitions fund of \$6.5 million.

One enhancement is the Paul J. Schupf wing, opened in 1996 for the display of works by Alex Katz, a Maine summer resident since the 1950's. Covering five decades, the more than 500 objects were given by Mr. Katz starting in 1992, with the proviso that a gallery be built to house them. Mr. Schupf, a longtime Katz collector, obliged. One of the few museum wings in the country devoted to a single artist, it shows his paintings, cut-outs and drawings in rotational displays.

Another strength is the new Lunder wing, made possible by a challenge grant from Peter and Paula Lunder of Waterville (Mr. Lunder is a Colby alumnus) and opened in 1999.

Built to display the museum's outstanding collection of early American, Impressionist and early-20th century art, much of which lay in storage, it contains 13 spacious galleries, showing the work of artists from Copley, Stuart and

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Charles Willson Peale to Hartley, Porter, Georgia O'Keeffe, Rockwell Kent, Chuck Close and Nevelson. Two galleries display more than 50 paintings, watercolors, drawings and prints by Marin, many given by the 'artist's son.

The museum has recently gone in for large commissions as well. A big, bright wall painting by Sol LeWitt greets visitors in the lobby, and a monumental work by Richard Serra has just been installed in a new sculpture court, made possible by Mr. Schupf, that has become part of the main facade.

Nor does Colby neglect temporary exhibitions: its ambitious program includes the current "Modernism and Abstraction: Treasures From the Smithsonian American Art Museum," a survey of 20th-century developments illustrated by artists including Hartley, Joseph Stella, Stuart Davis, Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney and Eric Fischl.

In short, a place that's going places.

Top, University of Maine Museum of art; above, Ogunquit Museum of American Art

Bates College Museum

Founded in honor of Lewiston's most famous native, Marsden Hartley (1877- 1943), the Bates College Museum of Art is the largest repository of his drawings, which serve as the cornerstone of the museum's collection. The 99 sheets, along with oil sketches and memorabilia, were donated in 1955 by Hartley's niece, Norma Berger. The drawings include Maine landscapes, but most are of people, including the fishermen and women he sketched in the mid-1930's and early 40's while living in New England and the Canadian maritime provinces.

The gift prompted the designation of a single classroom for showing the drawings and other works, but as enthusiasm built for the visual arts at this small college, the classroom gave way to a museum, opened in 1986 as part of the Olin Arts Center, financed by a gift from the F. W. Olin Foundation in New York.

The museum's collection of 4,000 objects, mostly works on paper, has largely been shaped by the Hartley founding gift. Drawings by some of his friends, including Carl Sprinchorn and Mark Tobey, were added, along with photographs of the artist by George Platt Lynes and Alfredo Valente, dating from the 1930's. The photographs attracted others, and today the museum has a good collection that includes work by Walker Evans and Arthur Rothstein as well as more contemporary talents like Paul Caponigro and Jonathan Bailey.

American art had been given to Bates since shortly after the college's founding in 1855. Some of it came from local artists, like D. D. Coombs (1850-1938), a painter in the Romantic tradition who turned out boring landscapes. But there are also works by artists who came to Maine and stayed, like William and Marguerite Zorach, their daughter Dahlov Ipcar, and the painter of Maine woods, Neil Welliver.

A print collection of some 3,000 works has also been established. Some of its artists can be studied in depth, with more than 100 wood engravings by Homer and the entire print output of Joseph Pennell (1860-1926). Bates also mounts temporary shows, like this summer's "Eloquent Objects," a group of still lifes by well-known and emerging artists.

If not the most exciting stop on the trail, there are, still, all those wonderful Hartleys.

Inness's "Elm," above, at the University of Maine, and a detail from Marsden Hartley's "Still Life With Eel," at the Ogunquit Museum.

University of Maine Museum

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The big news about this under-financed museum, which specializes in works on paper, is that it is pushing hard to leave its University, of Maine campus in Orono for nearby Bangor where it will occupy the first three floors of a renovated former department store.

The move results from a partnership between the City of Bangor and the uni- versity. In its new site the permanent collection of some 6,000 works will get improved climate control and museum-quality storage space, along with - it is hoped a much larger audience.

The museum began in 1946 as The University of Maine Art Collection, with Vincent Hartgen, a painter who taught at the university, serving as curator. The collection - primarily works on paper - ranged from Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo to Marc Chagall and Hassam. In 1988 the collection was officially designated as a museum, and is housed on campus in a weather-beaten neo-Classical granite structure built in 1903 to serve as the university's library.

By "begging, borrowing and stealing," as the current director, Wally Mason, puts it, the museum has succeeded in assembling a presentable small collection that includes paintings by Alfred Bricher and George Inness and prints and pho- tographs by artists ranging from Homer and Marin to Richard Diebenkorn, Roy Lichtenstein and Berenice Abott. About a third of the artists represented come from Maine.

The Robert Venn Carr Collection of 285 works on paper, acquired in 1986, has contributed much to the museum's holdings in contemporary art, representing artists like Max Beckmann, Jim Dine and Robert Rauschenberg. Recent tempo- rary shows included one of the photographer Evelyn Hofer. And, lacking exhibi- tion galleries for its permanent collection, the museum wisely, rotates it in exhi- bitions, like the current "Jump Into It: Water as Muse," a medley of watery themes that includes 79 works by 58 artists, among them Marin, Willem de Kooning, Carl Sprinchorn, Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney and Susan Shatter.

Things are looking up, and meanwhile the museum is performing its func- tions of acquiring, conserving and exhibiting in very positive ways.

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E28 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 MAKING CHOICES
FINAL WEEKS

THROUGH SEPTEMBER 26

Anatomically Incorrect

How Movies

How Simple Can You Get? Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and
Callahan Modern Living 2

New York Salon

The Observer: Cartier-Bresson

after the War

Paris Salon

The Rhetoric of Persuasion

Seeing Double

... piercing beauty, lots of sexy ugliness and
a wealth of challenging ideas. -The New York Times

Paris Salon

Sample the range of painting that appeared in mid-century Paris-
works that

highlight the competing definitions of modernity during this
turbulent era. This exhibition includes paintings by Henri Matisse,
Fernand Leger, Raoul Dufy, and many more.

The Rhetoric of Persuasion

The turbulent 1930s inspired many outstanding artists-including
Jacob Lawrence, Dorothea Lange, and Diego Rivera-to lend their talents
to social caus- es.

Modern Living 2

The sequel to Modern Living 1. See how Eero Saarinen, Alvar Aalto, and Charles and Ray Eames adapted their architecture and design concepts to technological advances after World War II.

MOMA

The Museum of Modern Art

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Clockwise from top right: Three Women (Le Grand déjeuner). 1921, Oil on canvas. Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund © 2000 Estate of Ferdinand Léger/ARS, N.Y. Charles Eames, Chaise Lounge 1948. Prototype for a stressed-skin shell: hard rubber foam, plastic, wood and metal. Gift of the designer. All works from the collection of The Museum of Modern Art. Dorothea Lange. Woman of the High Plains. Texas Panhandle. 1938, Gelatin silver print. Purchase

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If, Um, a Bit more Daring

Richard di Liberto/The Frick collection

A large detail from Corot's "Cottage and Mill by a Torrent"

By JOHN RUSSELL

The Frick Collection has put on view six paintings from the former collection

of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney. The works, by Corot, Manet, Degas, Picasso and Odilon Redon, are in the Garden Court. Several of them relate in a most instructive way to the Frick Collection as it was formed by Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919) and enlarged, according to his wish, after his death.

Just about everyone loves the Frick Collection, and most would like it to stay the way it is forever. But Frick loved to buy, and to add. In the year of his death,

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for example, he bought Vermeer's magical "Mistress and Maid," thereby subtly readjusting the balance of his collection. He did not want his collection to be stationary, fixed and unalterable. To make sure of this, he left enough money for his trustees to go on buying. Over the next 150 years there were new acquisitions of works by, among others, Piero della Francesca, Goya, Constable, Van Eyck, Memling, Ruysdael and Claude (the monumental "Sermon on the Mount"). The Frick was still in full evolution.

A few years ago, it acquired its first painting by Watteau. Not at all in the tradition of Watteau's genius for flirtation, it shows a group of French soldiers quietly going to seed while on garrison duty in Valenciennes (Watteau's birthplace, by the way). In Frick's lifetime, the work might have seemed rather slight. But Watteau knew about soldiers and soldiering, and he knew every stone of Valenciennes. His little picture soon settled in, as had Boucher's mischievous portrait of his wife when it was acquired, in 1937. Highgrade informality can be at home in the Frick.

But there were limits to Frick's multiplicity of interests, remarkable as it was. He never really warmed, for instance, to French 17th-century painting; there is no Poussin, for instance.

And when it came to the French 19th century, what do we normally see at the Frick? We see Corot, Degas, Manet, Monet, Renoir, J. F. Millet and Theodore Rousseau. A good, standard list. But no one could tell from the Frick Collection that any of these artists got into fights with the public and could take care of themselves. These are "nice" pictures, but with the possible exception of the Manet they don't shake us up.

There has always been something cautious about the representation of the French 19th century in the Frick. Until recently, when an early Corot of the Forum in Rome was given to the Frick by Eugene V. Thaw and his wife, Clare E. Thaw, there was nothing from the period during which Corot was discovering Italy and discovering himself, concurrently.

That is where the Whitney loans come in.

The only Corots bought by Frick (in 1903 and 1936) are two late paintings of the elegiac kind that found favor in Corot's last years. Both date from the 1860's. They are lakeside views, big on overhanging foliage (very delicately rendered) and with twilight on the way. One of

the more outspoken French critics of the day said of these pianissimo nocturnes, "these Corots may be poetic, but they are always the same."

Thirty years earlier, an altogether tougher, more vigorous Corot had powered "Cottage and Mill by a Tor-

Six paintings from the former collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney will be at the Frick Collection, 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, (212) 288-0700, through July 29, 2001.

rent" of 1831, now on loan at the Frick. This was a difficult subject, in that it did everything possible to subvert a neat, well-tailored view of nature. The terrain was rough, and wildly uneven. Houses, streams, steep and awkward paths, all pointed every which way. The painter could not make conventional order out of it but had to hold tight to his brushes and dig into a scene that did nothing to make his work easier.

But this was real France, obstinate France. Nature wanted to have its own way. Corot was to come to love it when his niece married into a local family. But, meanwhile, his concentrated counter-punching in that battle with an erratic,

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unbiddable nature is something to see.

In fairness, it should be said that the Whitneys came of a generation that had

been brought up with modern art as their birthright. (John Hay Whitney was 25 when the Museum of Modern Art was initiated in New York). Two of the six Whitney paintings represent debuts at the Frick - Picasso looks almost demure with his "Boy With a Pine" of 1905, while Redon lavishes all his gifts for color on his "Flowers in a Gold Vase."

But where French Impressionism is concerned, the Whitney loans, bring about a delicate shift in the honor rolls of the Frick. There was a moment in 1914 when Frick was buying right and left, like a crack shot on advantageous ground. He ranged through Van Dyck, Hogarth, J. M. W. Turner, Goya and Whistler. He also, made substantial choices among Degas and Renoir.

Picasso, Redon and a somewhat subversive Corot visit a venerable mansion.

He was ready to be daring in his choice of Goya's "Forge," which even today can bring a shudder by its reinvention of the image of the forge of Vulcan. But with the French Impressionists, Frick's choices were representative but safe. His Degas of young dancers in class with an elderly violinist is a good painting, but one of many of that subject. His big Renoir of a mother and her two daughters is very pretty, but it will not stand out in history. His Manet of a bullfight scene is a more original choice, but it is, after all, a detail cut out by Manet himself from a bigger painting that nobody had liked in 1864.

So what do the Whitney loans have to give in this context?

Two marvelous little paintings by Degas of horses and their riders, and a race-course scene by Manet. Degas liked to watch horses and jockeys doing nothing in particular but subtly warming up. Both were bred to race, but also to go to the starting point on time and in perfect state. So there they are, stooping and stretching, with the jockeys' silks forming and re-forming magical patches of color.

Manet, by contrast, gives the whole context of the racecourse at the Bois de Boulogne - half town, half country, with the period grandstand, the distant landscape, the eager public and, in the foreground, two horses that are the epitome of high energy impatient to be used.

Even in a collection that also includes Rembrandt's "Polish Rider," the Whitney loans add something to the repertory of the horse in art. Henry Clay Frick would surely clap his hands.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E29

MY MANHATTAN

Along a Favorite Route, Window Dressers Get a Dressing Down

Store windows, each a fantasy world, are ways to seduce the public into

entering the shop's inner sanctum and seeking personal fulfillment by buying the fashionable products on view. Unlike the flat world of magazine advertising, the three-dimensional store window, with life-size mannequins and realistic props, has functioned over the years as a small, though frozen, performance space in which passers-by can imagine themselves as players.

As an inveterate pedestrian along Madison Avenue from 57th to 86th Streets, I have been monitoring and shopping these windows for years. Lately I have been bemoaning the clinical look of stores like Giorgio Armani, at 65th Street, which strip down their displays to a minimalist modernism of dressed torsos, with not so much as a gesturing hand to suggest personality.

In the past year, though, something even newer has been added, an element altering the illusion of these little theatrical vignettes that glow at night as you proceed up the avenue. Instead of the make-believe sets or an anywhere emptiness, many stores have introduced large-scale background photographs of models wearing garments and accessories, a few of which are actually placed in the window's foreground.

Just weeks after I first noticed these billboard-style photographs in New York shop windows, a daily walk, up the Kings Road during a week in London, followed by a few days of strolling along the Boulevard St.-Germain in Paris, confirmed this innovation as an international phenomenon and a movement to be reckoned with.

While the new background photographs come in many varieties, the effect is the same. They flatten the space and dampen the imagination. Influenced primarily by the media world of magazine and television advertising, the photographs distance rather than seduce shoppers. The glamour of the models in these large-

Paula Deitz is the editor of The Hudson Review.

er-than-life images makes the fashions appear unattainable to the average person, who can readily identify with the more human scale of mannequins.

Gap, in its 86th Street store, took the lead with a summer installation featuring a tableau similar to that of its swing-dance television ads, in which a group of groovy people live it up. Lined up next to the photograph were four stiff, headless mannequins wearing pieces of clothing that matched the outfits on the dancers. But the real outfits looked a bit baggy, more like what Gap customers wear. Understandably, the contrast between the svelte look of the clothes in the photograph and the real garments on the mannequins might discourage the typical shopper, unable

For one stroller,
the new displays
look as unreal as
the pictures in a
fashion magazine.
to attain such sleek perfection.

Mercifully, Polo Ralph Lauren, at 72nd Street, and Prada, at 70th Street, held

the line earlier this summer with settings that evoked life at some fashionable southern resort by a turquoise sea. Polo Ralph Lauren's windows must have the shallowest space in town, but still the designers succeeded in scaling down the props to create realistic, comfortable and inviting scenes.

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In its window, on a tiled balcony or terrace overlooking the water, two bronzed female mannequins in sunglasses, wearing sunny yellow and white, leaned companionably against a column, near a ceramic urn and a beach umbrella. Only the reflection of a car in the window brought me back to Madison Avenue.

When Polo Ralph Lauren succumbed to the photography trend later this summer, the magic was

gone. Here, instead of large-scale photographs, the store introduced into each window a seemingly careless assortment of three framed black-and-white photographs of the size to be hung on a living room wall. Each group consisted of a glittering Manhattan skyline in the style made famous by (but not as good as) Berenice Abbott's 1932 "New York at Night," along with two fashion photographs that featured fall clothes similar to those worn by mannequins in the window.

While the arrangement was meant to suggest fine photography in a New York setting, these and other Madison Avenue photographs lacked even the high quality of the work in fashion magazines.

In Prada's summer yacht windows, as in its earlier Mercedes-Benz windows featuring pieces of automobiles, the designers placed a section of yacht with a railing and a seat for a headless mannequin dressed for a day of cruising (her hat necessarily on the deck). This installation, against a distant blue horizon, had a jaunty air completely missing in Prada's more recent windows, which included a billboard-style photograph of a model in a chic strapless wool dress for fall, carrying a red handbag. The real handbag was placed on a Lucite shelf next to the photograph like a piece of sculpture, lacking vitality.

Roberto Chavez, Prada's United States coordinator for window display, says all of the design themes for its store windows are developed at the central office in Milan and then translated all over the world. This latest concept, which Prada considered more modern and realistic, was dubbed simply Advertising Campaign.

Sometimes, when the photographic message seems right, the store leaves out the fashions altogether. Ann Taylor's windows are tall enough to be actual billboards, and last Mother's Day the store simply exhibited 1940's and 50's photographs of mothers and daughters with the greeting card sentiment "Remember her." And in case you missed it at 60th Street, you could always catch it 20 blocks farther uptown, at the second Ann Taylor on

Photographs by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times

The billboards of Madison Avenue: Recent displays at the Ann Taylor store at 60th Street, far left; the Banana Republic at 84th Street, left; and the Prada store on 70th Street, above, reflect a trend in window design.

In an attempt at abstract photography, Krizia, at 66th Street, superimposed colored circles on a slightly out-of-focus portrait of a man's face. The circles were to complement the abstract color fields that covered the intimate body parts of a mannequin wearing an otherwise transparent dress.

Valentino's windows, at 65th Street, represented the other extreme: a busy montage of small color photographs resembling an actual magazine layout. They portrayed a pseudo-sophisticated gathering of friends, who bore little relationship to the ramrod mannequins, which looked decidedly like squares left out of the party.

DKNY, at 60th Street, goes in for pouty, seductive photographs in its glass-fronted warehouse of a store; similar images are plastered on the interior walls. Only a few mannequins are on view, for most of the garments in the windows hang on clothes racks and are arranged by color with no indication of style or cut.

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Even Godiva Chocolatier, at 67th Street, has followed suit, with blowups of chocolate to seduce the customer, as if the gold boxes of delectable candies in the window were not enough.

Fortunately, a few stores on Madison are holding the line, among them Moschino, near 68th Street. Its surrealistic settings recently included a superabundant Claes Oldenburg-style fruit-and-vegetable stand, with ties and handbags strewn among the produce. This summer a blossoming tree of roses sheltered a romantic tryst.

But the new movement reached its apotheosis in the five-story billboard that camouflages the BCBG construction site at 66th Street. It portrays a model in the sensual pose of fingering her blouse, already open to reveal her navel.

The question is why this innovation of large-scale photography, so lacking in finesse and originality, has moved like wildfire along 6th avenue. Now a walk up Madison is like flipping through the pages of a fashion magazine. There is something about the three-dimensional human shape of a mannequin, even when it's headless and armless, that makes you dream a bit, even about how to resurrect clothes at home. Advertising photography, on the other hand, is pure calculation, leaving nothing to the imagination. The sad part is now that these photographs have been introduced into shop windows, what once suggested life is lifeless.

**EYESTORM'S SPECIAL
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A HIRST HABIT**

British artist Damien Hirst is one of the world's youngest bona fide art stars,

which would normally make a signature work of his way beyond the means of all but wealthy collectors.

Take his influential spot paintings, for example Acetic Anhydride, which sold at auction in 1998 for \$184,000.

Enter eyestorm, a unique e-commerce website that makes works by major artists - among them Jeff Koons, Ralph Gibson and Helmut Newton - available to a broader public. This iconoclastic approach has met with Hirst's approval: for the first time he has made signed, limited-edition prints of his famous spot images, and these are now available exclusively on the eyestorm website, retailing for as little as \$750.

Who better than Hirst to turn the art world on its head? He was, after all, instrumental in bringing his generation of young British artists to the world stage: a group of artists now popularly known as the 'Sensation Generation' after the Brooklyn Museum of Art's infamous blockbuster exhibition last fall.

Hirst had previously hit the New York art scene back in 1996 with his acclaimed solo show 'No Sense of Absolute Corruption' at the Gagosian Gallery in SoHo. And now a huge sense of

Opium in an edition of 500, \$750, 19 x 17"
expectation is building around his exhibition at Gagosian's massive
new Chelsea space this coming September.

While Mayor Giuliani was blowing off steam about 'Sensation', Hirst cemented his position as a true blue-chip artist by joining the handful of living artists to have sold work for seven-figure sums. Hymn, a monumental anatomical sculpture of a human torso - which can be seen in the new Gagosian show - was reportedly purchased by the adman Charles Saatchi for a cool \$1.5 million.

'Working with eyestorm, I can bring artworks to as broad an audience as possible, and offer work at prices which are attainable by more people than ever

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before', says Hirst of this unique collaboration. With such signature pieces - true turn-of-the millennium icons - being made available to a wider audience, one thing's for sure: collecting artworks by the world's most celebrated artists has never been more accessible.

eyestorm

Special Offer

Become a Hirst Collector

50 copies of Damien Hirst's new limited-edition, Opium, have been reserved

for readers. To view all of the Hirst works visit:

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To help kick-start your Hirst habit, order before the 7th Sept 2000 and you

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Damien signing Valium prints for eyestorm Valium, edition of 500, \$1500, 48" diameter.

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E30 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 ART REVIEW
Putting Money to Work
For a Bankable Cause
By JOHN RUSSELL

If it's a fine late summer day and you can't get into the U.S. Open, the best thing to do is to give up on the Williams sisters and walk from the National Tennis Center to the Queens Museum of Art, in nearby Flushing Meadows-Corona Park.

The current show, "Art at Work," commemorates the 40th anniversary of the Chase Manhattan Collection, which since 1960 has displayed more than 17,000 works of art in places where Chase does business. The show fills every corner of the museum, and its rivalry with the glorious views from the upper windows ends in an honorable draw.

As the annual intake of the collection has averaged nearly 300 works of art - paintings, sculptures, photographs, mixed-media works, antiquities, ethnic and anthropological adventures - they could create an effect of confusion. Furthermore, local loyalties had to be considered world

"Art at Work: 40 Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection" remains at the Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, (718) 592-5555, through Oct. 1.

wide, though this was initially a pioneer push on behalf of contemporary art.

Many familiar figures look well in the Queens Museum. There is Chuck Close's 1980 portrait of Philip Glass, done with stamp ink on paper. There is a monumental table and chair by Scott Burton in white flint and a triptych by Peter Halley, done in 1990, that is believed by some to have been intended to prevent anyone from falling asleep while making a presentation in the conference room in 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza.

There is a piece by Nam June Paik called "Video Flag Y" made up of 84 tele- vision sets, three video disc players, eight electric fans and plastic frame video players. And there is a trio of photographs by Richard Prince, dated 1980 and called "Untitled (Three Women Looking in One Direction)," that sets up a palpable atmosphere of unease and wariness. There are three felt suits, dated 1970, by Joseph Beuys.

And there is a photograph called "Man and Woman Drinking" (1991) by the French artist Christian Boltanski. It comes with its own electric light and has the effect of a vintage French movie that is taking a break.

What was necessarily omitted from the show is illustrated in the Queens Museum of Art

A detail from "Purity Test" by Mark Tansey at the Queens Museum. very handsome commemorative volume called "Art at Work: 40 Years of the

Chase Manhattan Collection." Since this retails for \$140 it is not likely to find many casual buyers, but it represents the full range of what is by now a multinational, intercontinental collection.

It also documents a conversation between David Rockefeller, who was presi- dent of Chase when the collec-

tion was founded in 1959; Robert Rosenblum, who has been on its commit- tee since 1974; and Manuel Gonzalez, who has directed the Chase Art Program since 1988. Given the circumstances none of them could be expected to take a bare-knuckle approach to anything, but something of history blooms in the talk.

The illustrations offer many surprises. There are, for instance, photo-

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graphs of Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Louis by Carl van Vechten. There is a photograph of a Chase dining room that was decorated from floor to ceiling in 1982 with yellow and white stripes by the French artist Daniel Buren. (Reactions were mixed.)

There is an astonishing photograph by Cindy Sherman in which she appears as a heavily bearded and Holbeinesque ecclesiastic. A painting dated 1987 by Ed Ruscha called "Man, Wife" also held my attention with its imagery, which shows two big ships under full sail in a heavy wind. The one is forging ahead, the other is way behind. As to which is which, all bets are open.

There is also a huge list of anonymous art objects from many parts of the world: Afghanistan, Bolivia, Botswana, Burma, the Camerons and so through the alphabet to Swaziland, Syria, Tahiti, Tibet and West Samoa.

The quiet, persistent and imaginative spirit behind the collection has been that of Mr. Rockefeller, who at the outset was vice chairman and president of the Chase Bank. It was he who brought back a Coptic painting from Ethiopia and at once gave it to the collection, thereby setting a new note for its future. It was also he who worked with the plaza on Wall Street - not least in dealing with Jean Dubuffet and his big sculpture, "Group of Four Trees," which is for many people the signature of a certain phase in the life of New York.

Though himself a long-established collector, Mr. Rockefeller did not try to dictate the choices for the collection. "Needless to say," he said lately, "a lot of things were selected that

I didn't love, but I kept quiet about it, though I always spoke up for the things that I did love."

Within the bank there were intermittent rumbles. In 1992 a lengthy avenue of fluorescent lights add stainless steel by Dan Flavin was installed in the new Chase MetroTech Center in Brooklyn. In no time at all a party of high-ranking dissidents within the bank went out, to pick up their chairman and chief executive at the airport and demanded that the Flavin be removed. (It wasn't.)

In the late 1950's the Chase Bank was in nine different buildings around the city. To Mr. Rockefeller, this seemed "an inefficient way, to run things." And, as he said lately, "one of my many assignments was to find a single location for the bank."

In 1957 ground was broken for 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza on a two-acre piece of prime land that Chase had acquired on Wall Street. So it was decided to devote two-thirds of the space to an open plaza that would let in light and air and add a certain exhilaration to the idea of living and working on Wall Street.

It is now almost universally agreed that outdoor art, well chosen, can add to the quality of life. (Bad outdoor art can make a penance of our daily walks, but that is another matter.) There may not always be enough good art nearby to go round or enough money to buy it. But in that respect, as in others, the Chase Collection has led the pack.

ART GUIDE

A selective listing by critics of The New York Times of new or noteworthy art, design and photography exhibitions at New York museums and art galleries this weekend. Address, unless otherwise noted, are in Manhattan. Most galleries are closed on Sundays and Mondays, but hours vary and should be checked by telephone; many will be closed tomorrow

for the holiday weekend. Gallery admission is free. * denotes a highly recommended show.

Museums

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"AFRICAN MASTERWORKS FROM THE COLLECTION OF BEATRICE RIESE" Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 638-5000 through Sept. 10). Beatrice Riese, a New York abstract painter who saw her first African sculpture in 1937 in Paris, has collected a wealth of impressive objects, 30 of which are in this show. They include fine bronze Benin plaques and a female ancestor mask from Angola with scars like tears on its cheeks. Especially magnetic is a Songye power figure with a bunched-up body and a sideways-looking face, a compact monument to ferocity. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. (to 11 p.m. on the first Saturday of each month). Admission: \$4; \$2, students and the elderly (Holland Cotter).

"AMERICAN SPECTRUM: PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE FROM THE SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART," National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, (212) 369-4880 (through Sept. 10). The Smith College Museum of Art cuts a swath of some 250 years in American art, and here and there in this show - works on loan to the academy while the Smith museum is renovated - there is something particularly enticing. Among the highlights are Edward Hopper's painting of Helen Hayes's Nyack, N.Y., house, "Pretty Penny"; Florine Stettheimer's portrait of the art critic Henry McBride; and the "Mourning Picture" by Edwin Romanzo Elmer. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5 p.m.; Fridays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: \$8; \$4.50, students and the elderly (John Russell).

"ARTIST IN THE MARKETPLACE: 20th ANNUAL EXHIBITION," Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, (718) 681-6000 (through Oct. 15). Organized by Lydia Yee and Edwin Ramoran, this is the 20th edition of an annual residency program show for 36 participants. Three dozen artists are about two dozen too many for the allotted basement space (a survey of past Artist in the Marketplace alumni fills the upstairs galleries), and with room for only one or two entries a person, almost everyone gets the benefit of the doubt, critically speaking. Some work always manages to make an impression, and the most promising this year takes the form of a light-touch brand of text-based conceptualism. Hours: Wednesdays, 3-9 p.m.; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6 p.m.; Admission: \$3; \$2, students and the elderly; Free on Wednesdays (Cotter).

"CURIOS AND TREASURES," Costume Institute, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, (212) 879-5500 (through Jan. 21). Well-selected, expertly installed and beautifully lighted, this exhibition is permeated with the sense of several sets of eyes doing the right thing. Its 65 garments and accessories, some fancy, some very plain, are all from the institute's collection. They travel roughly four or five centuries of European culture, touching down lightly here and there. Highlights include a suite of dresses and capes by the great Mariano Fortuny, a pie-like feather hat from early 17th-century Austria, a formidable farmer's smock from 19th-century England and three rare 17th-century men's doublets. While this assortment may sound a bit piecemeal, the overall effect is close to magical, conveying a vivid sense of how invention, evolution and historical borrowing combine in the life of any art form. The installation makes the act of looking a nearly undiluted pleasure. Hours: Sundays and Tuesdays - through Thursdays, 9:30 a.m. to 5:15

p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays until 8:45 p.m. Admission: \$10; \$5, students and the elderly (Roberta Smith).

"DANCING DEMONS: CEREMONIAL MASKS OF MONGOLIA," Asia Society at DayE30 / 710

Midtown, 502 Park Avenue, at 59th Street, (212) 288-6400 (through Sept. 17). The religious art of Mongolia is a hybrid of shamanism and Buddhism. It takes a particularly dynamic form in fantastic sculptural masks made to be worn in epic-scale religious dramas that were part morality play, part circus and part public exorcism. Several of those masks - vividly painted, larger than life - are in this show. They represent skeletal henchmen of the god of death, clownish holy men and bug-eyed protectors of the Buddhist law who look like demons but were meant to frighten evil away. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: \$4; \$2 for students and the elderly (Cotter).

"FROM THE STUDIO: ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE 2000," Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 West 125th Street, (212) 864-4500 (through Sept. 17). In the past this annual show has given its three artists separate spaces in the gallery; this year the curator, Thelma Golden,

mixed them together, amplifying common themes, all of which touch on history. The paintings of Nicole Awai, from Trinidad, take colonialism as their subject in overlaid images of tropical birds, antique prints and illustrations from the British-published schoolbooks she grew up with. Terry Boddie, from Nevis in the eastern Caribbean, in a hushed blend of photography, paint and collage, looks back to Africa and to his family. California-born Sanford Biggers, who is the standout here, brings together art history, 1960's black-power politics, world religion and hip-hop culture with a wry, urban energy. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6 p.m.; Fridays, noon to 8 p.m.; admission is \$5; \$3 for students and the elderly (Cotter).

"GOOD BUSINESS IS THE BEST ART: 20 YEARS OF THE ARTIST IN THE MARKETPLACE PROGRAM," Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, (718) 681-6000 (through Sept. 10). This episodic sampler of a show is a toast to the Bronx Museum's annual 12-week seminar to coach emerging artists in the byzantine process of establishing their careers. Dozens of former participants are represented by work installed in the galleries, accessible in flat files or reproduced in slide format. Glenn Ligon, Whitfield Lovell, Tomie Arai and Fabian Marcaccio are among program veterans from the 1980's. Rina Banerjee, Lane Twitchell, Paul Henry Ramirez and Katharina Bosse bring the roster up to date. Hours and admission: See above (Cotter).

BARBARA KRUGER, Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, (212) 570-3600 (through Oct. 22). A lot has changed about the art world in the 20 years or so since Barbara Kruger came on the scene with her snappy photomontages, but a lot has not changed about her work. Her trademark red, white and black text-and-photograph montage is a brand product of the immediate past. Dense and noisy, this retrospective, including audio embellishments, has an intended carnival atmosphere without frivolity. Your reaction will necessarily depend upon a blend of generational sympathy, political concord, aesthetic expectation and tolerance for sarcasm. Ms. Kruger was one of the 80's artists adapting Conceptualism via mass-media forms for political ends, thereby helping to broaden the purview of contemporary art and make the art world more sex-balanced. Young artists reacting against her sort of political stridency now explore subtler, more aesthetically varied routes toward expressions of selfhood. Ms. Kruger, in a sense,

helped to pave the way for her own diminished currency, which for a political artist like her may be viewed as a kind of success. Hours: Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Thursdays, 1 to 9 p.m. Admission: \$12.50; \$10.50, students and the elderly

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(Michael Kimmelman).

Metropolitan Museum of Art

An evening dress, circa 1925, is on view in "Curios and Treasures."

* "MAKING CHOICES," 1920-1960, Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, (212) 708-9480 (through Sept. 26). The main event at the Modern these days is the museum itself. This has been the case since last fall, when the project "MOMA 2000" began the first of what will be three successive top-to-bottom re-installations of the permanent collection galleries. The affair has been billed as a test drive for the future, a chance for an institution to rethink the modern art tradition that it helped invent and to consider its own identity in what is often called a postmodern world. This second installment, which looks denser, weirder, messier and more truly modern (or maybe postmodern) than the first, is a big leap in the right direction. Hours: Thursdays through Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m. to 5:45 p.m. Fridays, to 8:15 p.m. Admission: \$10; \$6.50, students and the elderly (Cotter).

*ALICE NEEL, Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, (212) 570-3600 (through Sept. 17). The pleasures of this rewarding exhibition are damp-

ened by the feeling that Neel's long, fruitful career could have sustained a larger effort, one that parses her evolution chapter and verse, on paper and canvas, instead of concentrating on the well-known portraits of her last 25 years. These portraits, which usually feature family members or denizens of the art world, are frequently great and always marvelously loquacious. Color, shape and brushwork, along with Neel's signature distortions of body and face, all have their say, and both the painterly process and the human psyche are repeatedly laid bare. Neel, never less than interesting and always striving, operated in the gap between the Stieglitz circle and the Abstract Expressionists with a fruitfulness matched only by Stuart Davis; like his late work, hers is an indelible part of the postwar period. It's time for a full-dress, or in Whitney terms, a two-floor, treatment. Hours and admission: See above (Smith).

"1900: ART AT THE CROSSROADS," Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, (212) 423-3500 (through Sept. 10). A wacky exercise in historical simulation, the excuse being a new century. It is hard to remember the last time so many bad pictures were in one place at one time, unless you consider eBay a place. There is also a good deal of excellent art mixed in among the dogs, and sometimes what is best is not what you would expect, which is partly the show's point. We're meant to look anew at a moment 100 years ago when it was not yet clear who would be the pioneers in the 20th century and who would be forgotten. Thus recapturing innocence, we can make connections that for the sake of simplification or because of ignorance art historians have glossed over. The show provides just enough compensatory rewards for its schlock quotient and whatever might be unclear about its inclusionary standards. But patience is required. The weak-hearted and modern-day cultural Pharisees may never get past the shock of confronting so much of the art that the abstractionists were rebelling against in a museum created as a shrine to 20th-century abstraction. Hours: Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.;

Fridays and Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission - \$12-18, students and the elderly (Kimmelman).

"PASSAGES," Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher, Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 638-5000 (through Sept. 24). This exhibition is like a giant walk-in issue of National

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Geographic: it is entertaining, titillating and, in places, thrilling; but as art and anthropology it is kitsch. Ms. Beckwith, an American, and Ms. Fisher, an Australian, have sought out remote African tribes whose traditions continue to flourish, apparently unaffected by outside influences. Big to mural-scale color photographs and short videotapes show people from all parts of the continent, in traditional finery, dancing, marrying, tending children, conducting funerals and so on. The Africa that emerges is a sanitized paradise of beautiful noble savages. Hours and admission: See above (Ken Johnson).

* "MARTHA ROSLER: POSITIONS IN THE LIFE WORLD," New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway, near Prince Street, SoHo, (212) 219-1222 (through Oct. 8), and International Center of Photography, Fifth Avenue at 94th Street, (212) 860-1777 (through Oct. 1). This 30-year-career retrospective is also a first major museum show for this seminal Brooklyn-born artist, and even spread over two museums it's of a piece: crowded, agitated, funny and political. Ms. Rosler was involved in the peace movement and feminism in the 1960's and responded with art that combined moral brashness and a television generation sense of the absurd. Aware of the co-opting power of the market, she chose mediums that were either ephemeral or easily reproduced and distributed. The show mixes all of them together, with video and photography - her best work - concentrated uptown and installations (including a cash-and-carry garage sale) at the New Museum. Despite her self-description as a "ham-fisted" artist, her work is full of subtleties. It may have little to say to a viewer for whom taste, style and beauty are the exclusive building blocks of art, but as an art of ideas that lead actions, its deeply skeptical utopianism is as vital now as it was in the past. Hours at the New Museum: Wednesdays and Sundays, noon to 6 p.m.; Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 8 p.m. New Museum admission: \$6 or \$3 for students, artists and the elderly. Hours at the International Center of Photography: Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Fridays, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6 p.m. Center admission: \$6 or \$4 for students and the elderly (Cotter).

"THE S-FILES/THE SELECTED FILES," El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, (212) 831-7272 (through Sept. 24). This museum has a policy of reviewing all slides sent in by artists, and for this group show the curators Deborah Cullen and Yasmin Ramirez selected submissions from the last year for a lively show. It has no overriding theme, and certain political and religious images automatically tagged as Latino are absent or at least played down. The results don't exactly constitute a post-identity gathering, but on the whole the show takes an oblique approach to social issues, exploring them by way of forms and materials. Work by Domingo Nuho's, Juana Valdes, Fernanda Brunet, Alejandro Diaz and the artists who go by the names of Malika, Rabindranat and Vargas-Suarez Universal look particularly good. Hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission: \$4, \$2, students and the elderly (Cotter).

"TREASURES FROM THE ROYAL TOMBS OF UR," Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street,

(212) 685-0610 (through Sept. 10). The Sumerians flourished in third-millennium B.C. Mesopotamia, creating one of the earliest civilizations as they devised essentials like writing, numbers, the wheel and irrigation methods. This sumptuous exhibition attests to their visual achievement with gold, silver and carved calcite vessels; weapons, tools and cylinder seals; and ingenious jewelry made of

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lapis lazuli, carnelian and gold. On view as well are several of art history's most familiar, if least exhibited, masterpieces. All belong to the University of Pennsylvania and are part of one of archaeology's greatest discoveries: the intact, lavishly equipped royal tombs excavated at Ur in the 1920's by C. Leonard Woolley. Hours: Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Fridays, 10:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 10:30 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sundays, noon to 6 p.m. Admission: \$8; \$6, students and the elderly (Smith).

Galleries: Uptown

JAMES LEE BYARS, "The Poetic Conceit and Other Black Works," Michael Werner Gallery, 4 East 77th Street, (212) 988-1623 (through Sept. 16). Relentlessly pursuing perfection, the conceptualist Byars (1932-1997) was a former and object maker in the tradition of Duchamp. His influences included Zen philosophy and Noh drama, and his work ran to austere shapes of gold, marble, glass and paper. In his legendary performances he did things like enveloping 100 nude volunteers in a single overall garment and arranging in an exactly symmetrical pattern 100 white marbles on the floor of an all-white room. His favorite colors were red, gold, black and white, but this small show is devoted to works in black, including "The New Moon" (1993), a poetic wall arrangement of seven black crescents cut from silk paper, each covered by a crescent of glass that gives it a silvery edge. Byars's own presence was very much part of his work, and it's not at all surprising that his fey anima still seems to inhabit it. (Grace Glueck).

"SIX WOMEN ARTISTS," Kate Ganz, 25 East 73rd Street, (212) 535-1977 (through Sept. 15). This show's main attraction is a group of four small works on paper by Eva Hesse, three from the early 1960's made under the influence of Abstract Expressionism and one from 1968 depicting a pair of white circles that is closer to her mature sensibility. Also included are a brushy, four-square abstraction by Grace Knowlton; loopy, linear prints by Dorothea Rockburne; Seurat-like charcoal landscapes by Susan Crowder; more or less abstract drawings by Deborah Hede and Sarah Plimpton; and a pale, multi-framed narrative by Emily Brown (Johnson).

Galleries: SoHo

"LUX ET TENEBRAE," Peter Blum, 99 Wooster Street, (212) 343-0441 (through Sept. 15). This fine selection from 20 years' worth of Peter Blum's print publishing includes a giant, crisp woodcut by Alex Katz; many surreal autobiographical etchings by Louise Bourgeois; exquisitely refined Constructivist compositions by David Rabinowitch; an allegory of racism in the tropics done in overripe colors by Eric Fischl; sensuous yet cerebral colored woodcut checkerboards by Sherrie Levine; and floating blocks made of squiggly red lines by Yukinori Yanagi (Johnson)

"SONIC MATTERS, SONIC KOLLABORATIONS" Printed Matter, 77 Wooster Street, (212) 925-0325 (through Sept. 9). Young artists are always aspiring to the equivalent of rock star status. The members of the music collective called Sonic Youth are the real thing. In the early

1980's they formed an artists' band that was integral to the downtown club scene in and around the East Village. In addition to producing records, they have turned out poetry, art and promotional graphics, books and self-published magazines. Examples of all these are on view here, and although the material is archival, its anarchic energy still generates heat (Cotter).

Galleries: Chelsea

LIZ RIDEAL, Lucas Schoormans, 508 West 26th Street, (212) 243-3159 (through Sept. 8). For the last 15 years this British photographer has made the

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photo booth, that popular mug-shot dispenser, her primary tool. Works here focus on colored fabrics that the artist manipulates in various ways, producing elegant photographic updates of Color Field painting. In "Arras Suite Red" more than 800 little squares depicting slightly crumpled red fabric coalesce into a vibrating field of ordered sensuality (Johnson).

Other Galleries

"AT THE EDGE: A PORTUGUESE FUTURIST - AMADEO DE SOUZA CAR- DOSO," AXA Gallery, 787 Seventh Avenue, at 51st Street, (212) 554-1704 (through Sept. 16). One of those perfect dropped-from-the-sky retrospectives, this show introduces a talented and ambitious Portuguese modernist who died at 30 in 1918. In the previous 10 years he had absorbed several budding modern art movements in Paris, especially Cubism and Futurism, combined them with refer- ences to things Portuguese, and produced vividly colored, carefully calibrated paintings. They seem ahead of their time in their mixing of styles, images, mate- rials and cultural references. His exceptional draftsmanship is shown in a series of ultra-refined drawings that suggest

AXA Gallery

"The Falcons," a 1912 ink drawing by the Portuguese artist Amadeo de Souza Cardoso, is at AXA Gallery on Seventh Avenue at 51st Street Ingres high on Cubism (Smith).

LINDA DANIELS AND TAMARA GONZALES, "A Few of My Favorite Things," Cheryl Pelavin, 13 Jay Street, TriBeCa, (212) 925-9424 (through Sept. 9). In very different ways these two artists each deal cheerfully with the sacred. Ms. Daniels makes neat square or diamond-shaped mandala paintings with hypnotic checker- board and pinwheel motifs. Ms. Gonzales assembles a children's yellow wading pool, strings of Christmas lights, colorful crepe paper decorations and an inflated black smiley-face cartoon character into a funky attar to the Hindu deity Jagannath (Johnson).

"THE MORRIS MUSEUM: A COLLECTED CENTURY," Paine Webber, 1285 Avenue of the Americas, at 51st Street, (212) 713-2885 (through Sept. 8). This miscellaneous sampler from New Jersey's third-largest museum presents selec- tions from all its departments, from paintings to fashion to natural science. The selection includes a bronze statue of Pan by the sculptor Frederick William MacMonnies, beaded Victorian handbags, Navajo rugs, a mechanical Popeye the Sailor toy and a contemporary painting by Wolf Kahn. While almost everything is interesting, nothing in the show is really amazing (Johnson).

"PASTORAL POP!," Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Avenue, at 42nd Street, (917) 663-2453 (through Dec. 15). Nature-inspired kitsch is the theme of this delirious seven-artist show. It includes Rob de Mar's comical landscape in the form of a spindly tree, Lisa Ruyter's psychedelic update of Seurat's "Grande

Jatte," Alyson Shotz's grove of weird plant machines, Peter Gould's transformation of the guard station into a bucolic cartoon, Jason Middlebrook's styrofoam stonewall planter, Katrin Asbury's miniature diorama in a planter and Rachel Feinstein's suspended Rococo-style pitcher exploding flowers like a piñata. (Johnson).

Last Chance

"THE CHANGING FACE OF LIBERTY: FEMALE ALLEGORIES OF AMERICA," New York Historical Society, 2 West 77th Street, (212) 873-3400 (through Sunday). Uncle Sam, the allegorical male representative of the United States, has always had a female counterpart, the damsel dressed in flowing robes who came

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to symbolize Liberty. As a sequel to its "Uncle Sam" show, the historical society mounted this very lively display of his iconic sister in her many guises, from "L'Amérique," an Indian princess with feathers in her hair who represented the New World in post-Columbus maps, to the matronly Lady Liberty portrayed in the Bartholdi statue that stands in New York Harbor. The fascinating story of Liberty's evolution is told in posters, cartoons, illustrations and photographs. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission: \$5; \$3, students over 12 and the elderly (Glueck).

* CHARDIN, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, (212) 535-7710 (through Sunday). This retrospective doesn't tell us much that wasn't already known about Jean-Siméon Chardin, but there's nothing wrong with being reminded occasionally of what great painting is. The art, by contrast with so much Rococo art, is about love, not sex. Quiet and deliberation were Chardin's essential ingredients, combined with a perfect mastery of abstract form. He was the best still-life painter ever because he made the most of the least, his work focusing on the same humble cups and pans in one painting after another, one decade after another. This results in a compilation of precise little observations that together make as true a record of the value of seeing as exists in the history of art. Hours and admission: See above (Kimmelman).

"DRAWINGS BY 20TH-CENTURY AND CONTEMPORARY MASTERS," Forum Gallery, 745 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street, (212) 355-4545 (through today). With work ranging from Picasso and Matisse to contemporaries like William Beckman and Robert Cottingham, this selection of more than 60 drawings is loaded with good work. Some highlights include a finely drawn Cubist cityscape by Lyonel Feininger; a radiantly colorful crayon picture of mill buildings by Oscar Bluemner; a pair of sensuously exploded fantasy girls by Willem de Kooning; and David Levine's caricature of the museum mogul

Thomas Krens (Johnson).

"GLASS WORKS: EMERGING ARTISTS," Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 638-5000 (through Sunday). Thirteen Brooklyn artists were invited to produce a glass artwork in response to a piece from the permanent collection. Their creations are distributed throughout the museum, each presented near the work that inspired it. Highlights include Robert Panepinto's heavy blown-glass vase with the image of an Indian deity traced inside; a thick, frosted tortoise shell shield by Himiko Ohta; Beth Lipman's three-dimensional copy of a complicated 19th-century American still-life painting; and Jeff Zimmerman's mirrored, suspended bulbous form, a deliberately contrary response to Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait's sentimental painting of a girl and a fawn. Hours and admission: See above (Johnson).

RONNIE LANDFIELD/ DAN CHRISTENSEN, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 East 79th Street (212) 879-6606 (through today). Both these contemporary painters look as if they belong more to the 1960's than to the present. Mr. Landfield makes big stain paintings with broad swaths of pure color that call to mind the Color Field paintings of Friedel Dzubas. Mr. Christensen, also a stain painter, makes blurry white lines on black fields, creating, compositions that read at once as large, impulsive doodles in neon and as diagrams of possibly cosmic significance (Johnson).

"OPULENT," Cheim & Read, 521 West 23rd Street, Chelsea, (212) 242-7727 (through today). "Opulent" makes a good case for the visual pleasure principle. It includes Lynda Benglis's lustrous gold intestinal hemisphere; an exotic bronze

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bell by St. Clair Cemin; paintings of lush profusion by Chris Ofili, Beatriz Milhazes and Richmond Burton; and more orderly stripe or grid-based paintings by Juan Uslé and Philip Taaffe. The prize for interesting materials goes to Jeff Perrone's funky stripe paintings made of richly colored sand and buttons (Johnson).

"PERFECT DOCUMENTS: WALKER EVANS AND AFRICAN ART, 1935,11 Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, (212) 535-7710 (through Sunday). At first glance, the photographs of African sculpture taken by Evans (1903-1975) are a far cry from the intensely American depictions of places and people that made his reputation. But actually they are all of a piece, esthetically with his other work. Symmetrically positioned and tightly cropped, with soft lighting that created no shadows, they preview the compressed compositional style he later used. The 50 vintage images here - masks, figures, jewelry, utilitarian objects - are from the more than 450 Evans took to document the show "African Negro Art" at the Museum of Modern Art in 1935. The sculptures, of course, are remarkably photogenic; but Evans saw them for the masterpieces they are and conveyed their power with real devotion. Hours and admission: See above (Glueck).

"RESOLUTIONS: A STITCH IN TIME," American Craft Museum, 40 West 53rd Street, (212) 956-3535 (through Sunday). The latest effort by the veteran feminist artist Judy Chicago is a good candidate for worst museum show of the year. A series of poster-like pictures combine familiar verbal slogans and bland cartoonish illustrations - as in "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," which features a family of hopeful African-Americans in an old wooden wagon. Various forms of needlework added by skilled collaborators, all women, embellish the pictures. At the center, a life-size sculpture of a heroic maternal figure made of beige plastic has an embroidered valentine heart and the words, inscribed in many languages, "Find it in your heart." Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Thursday to 8 p.m. Admission \$5; \$2.50 for students and the elderly (Johnson)

"SIX ABSTRACT PAINTERS," Karen McCready, 425 West 13th Street, West Village, (212) 243-0439 (through today). Emphasis on process is the link in this show. Carleen Sheehan paints lush postcard-size fields of dots, nets and stripes; Margaret Lanzetta layers grid patterns in black, gray and white; Garry Mitchell's loosely gridded pictures are elegantly blurred and richly colored; Beth Miller and Janis Provisor produce drippy, scrawly compositions; and Nicole Parcher mixes gestural drawing and collage (Johnson).

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Wendy Moran
The Art Glass
Of Murano,
Modern Style

The renowned Murano glassmaking industry, on an island in the Venetian

lagoon, has gone through several reincarnations since it was founded in 1291. Its last great period began in 1921 and continued through the 1950's, and it is this era that is now the focus of museum curators, gallery owners and collectors.

"Technically, the idea of art glass really starts in the 20th century in Murano," said Tina Oldknow, curator of contemporary glass at the Corning Museum of Glass in Corning, N.Y. In the 1920's Murano's ancient guild system was infiltrated by outside artistic talent, probably for the first time, and it revolutionized the industry.

Three Manhattan exhibitions of 20th-century Murano glass are coming up. "Masters of Italian Glass: 1900-2000" is at the Barry Friedman Gallery, 32 East 67th Street, from Sept. 12 through Oct. 28. The American Craft Museum will show Venetian glass from the collection of a New York couple, Nancy Olnick and Giorgio Spanu, from Sept. 13 through Jan. 8. And at the Corning Inc. Gallery at Steuben, Madison Avenue at 61st Street, "Art and Design in Italian Glass: The Steinberg Foundation Collection" will run from Nov. 6 through Jan. 14.

The frilly glass "souvenir-johnnies" that Americans have been bringing home for a century - glass seahorses and pastel chandeliers - are still made in Venice. But Murano glass is a different species: bigger, bolder, brighter, organic, often asymmetrical and far more original.

Mr. Friedman, a dealer in 20th century furniture, photography, ceramics, silver and glass since 1967, began collecting 20th-century Murano glass in the early 1980's. "There were no books on the subject then," he said. He sold 60 pieces in 1986 and 1987, he went on, because "my son 'was born and I had no safe place to put them."

He began buying again in the 1990's when "the market for Italian art glass was poor and the prices went way down," he said. In the late 1990's the Murano market picked up; in 1996 an encyclopedic show organized by the Kunstmuseum in Düsseldorf, Germany, traveled to the Corning Museum and the Tokyo Metro-

Barry Friedman Ltd.

A handblown-glass vase (about 1930) made by Napoleone Martinuzzi. Metropolitan Teien Art Museum. The show's catalog, "Italian Glass: Murano-

Milan, 1930-1970" (Prestel Verlag, 1997), by Helmut Ricke, the director of the Kunstmuseum, and Eva Schmitt, a glass scholar, has become a bible for collectors.

The modern art glass movement in Italy started about 1921, when an enterprising Milanese lawyer, Paolo Venini, founded a new glass company in Murano with a Venetian antiques dealer, Giacomo Cappelin. "Venini wanted to develop a modern style in glass, to bring Murano into the new century," Ms. Oldknow said. "Cappelin was the local with all the contacts. Venini was an outsider from Milan whose friends were post World War I intelligentsia."

He hired a painter, Vittorio Zecchin, as his artistic director. Zecchin opposed the decoration of glass. As Mr. Ricke writes: "Venini's fundamental decision, which proved extremely hard to impose on the island's proud master craftsmen,

was undoubtedly the renunciation of all those decorative curlicues and filigree-glass fripperies."

Venini and Zecchin persuaded the blowers to produce vessels with the clean lines and the classic proportions of Renaissance and ancient Roman glass. Instead of pastels, Zec-

chin chose sober, monochromatic hues. These vessels, far from being delicate, had solidity and monumentality. It did not take long for the work to gain popularity, beginning in 1923 at the first International Exhibition of Decorative Arts at Monza, Italy.

Artists often designed for different houses. Mr. Friedman is selling, for \$27,000, a piece from the 1920's that Zecchin designed for Compagnia Venezia Murano: a large unembellished amethyst-colored vase.

In 1925 Venini hired the sculptor Napoleone Martinuzzi, who also designed elegant modern vessels but introduced intense colors. Mr. Friedman has a fire-engine red, handblown vase he designed for Venini. It has a black band at the neck and base, and black glass handles. The body is a brilliant red with gray specks incorporated into the surface. The price is \$24,000.

In 1932, Venini hired two Milanese architects, Tomoso Buzzi and Carlo Scarpa. Scarpa (1906-1978) became one of the most important Italian architects of the 20th century. He did interiors, furniture for Simon International, lamps for Flos and exhibitions as well as buildings. Friendly with Louis Kahn and Frank Lloyd Wright, he taught architecture and

industrial design.

In glass, he was interested in surface and tactile values. He mixed colorless glass with opaque, introducing colorful threads and ribbons. He frosted glass, made it look ancient and corroded, cut it and ground it in new ways. "Scarpa was consciously looking back at history," Ms. Oldknow said. "Scarpa introduced new principles of light and space into glass by using a variety of forms combined with engraving techniques."

Mr. Friedman has a few Scarpa vases. One made by Venini around 1936, called "Carroso," is a handblown glass vase in iridescent dark green and lavender. The surface has protruding irregular ribs that resemble clouds. It's the only one I've ever seen,' Mr. Friedman said. It costs \$30,000.

Two other Scarpa pieces have surfaces like chipped wood. One has facets cut like fish scales. Another has thin glass filaments joined together, and the thin walls have been subtly carved. These vessels remind you of the collaborative quality of art glass. Each piece requires a designer, a master glass blower and a cutter.

Buying art glass from Murano is tricky. Because certain models were reissued and made by two or three generations of glass blowers, they can be hard to date. Signatures matter, but not too much.

The Venini family sold the company in the 1980's to Royal Copenhagen of Denmark, which continues to produce models, but in different forms. "They change the colors and proportions, so Venini products are quite different from what they were when the family controlled the company," Ms. Oldknow warned.

Happily, the art glass influenced other more commercial sectors of the Murano glass industry. Web sites like antique-glass.co.uk and circline.com offer anonymous 20th century Murano vases and decorative pieces for less than \$1,500 apiece. Antiques shops like Neo-Studio, 25 Main Street in Sag Harbor, N.Y., have mid-century unsigned Murano lamps, bowls and vases for a few hun-

dred dollars apiece. The Manhattan galleries Primavera and the Gansevoort both have several name pieces.

And who is buying it? "The movie people love Murano," said Jean Yves Legend, the owner of Neo-Studio. Mr. Friedman said half of his customers were European. "Art dealers like Bruno Bischofberger and collectors of contemporary art are the most serious collectors," he said. "The market is still evolving."

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E32 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Retracing the Steps Trod at the Gettysburg Battlefield

Continued From Weekend Page 25

the New York area, it's a smooth four-and-a-half-hour drive along the New

Jersey and Pennsylvania Turnpikes, about 210 miles.

Our plan was to arrive in mid-afternoon on a Friday and spend all day

Saturday and Sunday morning at the park.

Both of us brushed up on history before we set out, but I was more manic.

I bought several hour-by-hour guides to the battle, consulted Shelby Foote's

multi-volume "Civil War" (Random House, 1963) and scoured the library for books that profiled commanders and analyzed strategy

A Compelling Novel

The best book of all turned out not to be a history book but a novel that many people had recommended as both good reading and good history: Michael Shaara's "Killer Angels," which won a Pulitzer Prize for fiction. Shaara personal-izes the battle, which he presents and analyzes through imagined thoughts and conversations. In the novel, Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. James Longstreet are at odds over Lee's plan to take the battle to the Union lines. Gen. John Buford, a cavalry officer, is the first to skirmish with the Confederates on July 1. Col. Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, commander of the 20th Maine Volunteers, saw some of the most desperate fighting of the battle on the second and third days.

But first a disclaimer. I had never been a Civil War buff.

Perhaps it was the misleading name: Civil War, a flagrant contradiction. It was more likely, though, that I had been numbed by the perpetual tape loop of my childhood social studies curriculum. It unwound each September with Columbus's voyage to the New World and halted abruptly each June just shy of James Buchanan's inauguration. In junior high school we touched on the Missouri Compromise, Fort Sumter and John Brown. Grant drank, we learned, and Lee's horse was named Traveller. We memorized the Gettysburg Address. History as film strip.

A Dysfunctional Country

Then one day, long after college and in pursuit of self-education, I picked up "This Hallowed Ground," Bruce Catton's highly regarded one-volume account of the war. I was hooked on the concept: a dysfunctional young country - a vague cohort of adolescent jurisdictions calling itself the United States - tears itself apart, creating heroes and villains and gory legends at every turn.

In a blood feud between two starkly different cultures, one slave, one free, place names pop up like so many tombstones in a family plot: Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Vicksburg. A rancorous social and political drama played out in the dangerous confusion of 19th-century warfare - a war waged by gentlemanly generals, North and South, many of whom attended West Point together in the 1830's and 40's.

In all of this, Gettysburg stands out, and not just for its ruthlessness. Mistakes were made here, some in the name of glory. But it was the beginning of the end for the Confederacy, the so-called High Water Mark, that ended with the repulse of Gen. George E. Pickett's charge against the center of the Union line on the third day. It was, too, a crushing and bitter defeat for Lee, for whom Gettysburg was the second and final incursion north of the Mason-Dixon line. (The first resulted in the bloody battle at Sharpsburg, Md., in September 1862.)

At the time the two armies came

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upon it, Gettysburg was a market town of 2,000, a quiet crossroads whose dusty pikes led to the state capital, at Harrisburg, as well as to Carlisle, Chambersburg and York. It was home to a Lutheran seminary and Pennsylvania (later Gettysburg) College. Nothing much happened here until, by chance, the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. George G. Meade, and the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, caught wind of each other.

They had last engaged in Chancellorsville, Va., at the start of May, when Lee's army, outnumbered 2 to 1, had brilliantly outmaneuvered the Yankees under the feckless command of Gen. Joseph Hooker.

Emboldened, Lee and the Confederate Government in Richmond had decided to shadow the Yankees, now under Meade's command, as they made their way back north through Virginia and Maryland and into Pennsylvania. This second invasion of the North, the Southerners hoped, would permit Lee to cut off Meade from Washington, forcing Abraham Lincoln to recognize the Confederate States of America.

That didn't happen. On July 4, 1863, after three days of fighting, Lee's army pulled back and headed south. More than 51,000 soldiers on both sides had been killed, wounded or captured.

Defined by Battle

Were it not for the battlefield, which surrounds and includes the town itself, Gettysburg would still be the same quiet hamlet it was in the middle of the 19th century. Today, with a population of 7,000 and a tourist influx of 1.5 million a year, it is an antique stage set for restaurants, pubs and souvenir shops of all kinds.

There's a wax museum, a Hall of Presidents and a business that offers tours of "haunted Gettysburg." The Gettysburg Address is reproduced on plaques, brochures and dinner menus. You can visit the home of Jennie Wade, the only civilian killed during the battle; she was shot through the door of her house by a Louisiana marksman as she baked biscuits for Union soldiers.

But the battlefield, in its scope and the bountiful greens and tans of summer, is a serious monument, and the Park Service treats it as such.

You can of course go to Gettysburg unschooled: with just two brochures, offered free at the visitor center, the war and the battleground become instantly accessible. A foldout map pinpoints all the significant skirmish and battle lines. It includes a 16-point self-guided auto tour, a synopsis of the fighting and diagrams of troop positions on each day. The other pamphlet, "Planning Your Visit," is a schedule of daily educational programs offered by park rangers, who know their stuff. Their spiels tend to be as entertaining as they are informative.

Hallowed Ground

On the Sunday we were there, Matt Atkinson, a ranger from Mississippi, conducted a 35-minute tour of the National Cemetery, which Lincoln dedicated on Nov. 19, 1863, four months after the battle.

"Most of you probably had to memorize the Gettysburg Address," he said, speaking to a gathering largely made up of Northerners. "That wasn't a priority where I came from." Pause for laughter. "Just kidding," he added quickly.

For our full day at the park, Alec and I bought an auto-tour tape cassette for \$10 that includes yet another map of the battlefield. Road signs with stars on them clearly mark the route.

It's almost impossible to get lost. But I had a habit of listening so intently to

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the narration that I stopped either too soon or too late. Often Alec caught me pointing to what I thought was the famous Peach Orchard or McPherson's Barn when actually I had parked at Stop 4 and not Stop 5.

"This is what it must have been like following some general around," Alec said. "And he didn't have a tape."

Fair enough. So a suggestion: before you take the tour, stop at the visitor center, tour the museum of relics - guns, bugles, cannons, uniforms - and go to the electric map. For \$3 you'll see a room-size relief map with blinking lights and hear a

30-minute narration that allows you to get a sense of the park and the battle.

Interesting but less important, perhaps, is the cyclorama of the final day's assault, the charge led by Pickett at Lee's orders: 12,000 men walked a mile toward the heavily fortified center of the Union line; fewer than half came back. The 360-degree painting, housed in its own specially designed building, was completed in 1883 by a French artist, Paul Philippoteaux, whose work was all the rage at the end of the 19th century.

By 5 p.m. on Friday, having viewed the map and grabbed some brochures, Alec and I headed to our weekend retreat, the Battlefield Bed and Breakfast Inn, a five-minute drive on Route 15 at the southern edge of the park. A large comfortable old farmhouse (the original structure dates to 1809), it is really just a disguised theme park for its owners, Charles and Florence Tarbox.

Charlie Tarbox, 52, is a plump, loquacious and utterly engaging criminal defense lawyer from California who retired from the courtroom to pursue his undergraduate love—military history.

"The Civil War," he likes to say, "is the world's longest-running soap opera."

In 1994, after a year of construction the Tarboxes opened the former sheep and dairy farm as an inn on Memorial Day weekend. The rooms are comfortable, the surroundings (46 acres, a horse barn and a passel of feral outdoor cats) bucolic and the breakfasts as good as they look. But the treat is Mr. Tarbox, who lectures each morning from 8 to 9, before breakfast.

He has 15 programs on the war: the cavalry, the artillery, the soldiers' lives. On Saturday morning he was AWOL, but an able substitute, Bill Pulig, a podiatrist at the United States Army War College in nearby Carlisle, stood in for him.

'It Got Pretty Hot'

About 15 guests occupied plastic lawn chairs on a gravel patio outside the inn's dining room, sun breaking through, grass still dewy. Mr. Pulig, who is also a Civil War re-enactor, stood before us in a cavalry trooper's uniform, but with only the collar button buttoned. "Regulations," he said. "The uniforms were made of wool and it got pretty hot. Nevertheless the generals wanted the buttons buttoned."

Apparently the Army has always been the Army. It insisted on uniformity at the collar but failed to mention the rest of the jacket, so most overheated soldiers left the other buttons undone.

Mr. Pulig had plenty of props, including a saddle and a trooper's belt with sword, holster and sidearm. The trooper also carried a carbine: basically a rifle with a short barrel that was effective only at close range but had the advantage, for the horse, of not being long enough to swat its ears.

Props need actors, and Mr. Pulig quickly pulled from his audience the most likely helper, Laura Dietrick, 11. She had come with her parents, Dave and

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Jeanne, and her sister, Amy, 6, from Nazareth, Pa., near Allentown, to see the sights. Suddenly she had become one.

By the time Mr. Pulig was through, Laura was swathed in a trooper's jacket, a hat, a greatcoat and much more. Mr. Pulig told her she would receive a daily ration of 13 hardtack crackers (basically kindergarten paste) and enough beans to make six pints of coffee.

So much for the romance of soldiering.

"Most of the stuff you see in the John Wayne movies is totally inaccurate," Mr. Pulig said, debunking the notion that a trooper could fire 8, 10 or 20 pistol rounds without reloading or stopping to fit caps to miniballs.

Photographs by Salvatore C. DiMarco for The New York Times

At top, a re-enactment of the final day's assault, led by Gen. George E. Pickett; above, visitors at the monument commemorating the cemetery.

Mile 01 MUMMASBURG RD. GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK McPherson's Barn

CHAMBERSBURG PIKE Gettysburg College Gettysburg YORK PIKE 30 15 116 HANOVER RD. East Cavalry Battlefield site Lutheran Theological Seminary HAGERSTOWN RD. Visitor Center National Cemetery Culp's Hill Cyclorama Center High Water Mark Cemetery Ridge Seminary Ridge The Peach Orchard Little Round Top Big Round Top EMMITSBURG RD. TANEYTOWN RD. 134 PENN-

SYLVANIA OHIO PA. N.J. DEL WEST VIRGINIA NORTH CAROLINA VIRGINIA
Washington Richmond

The New York Times

Among his more interesting anecdotes: the Union army trained tens of thousands of horses for its cavalry, but training meant simply that a horse could stand to have a saddle and a rider on its back. A federal trooper would still have to train the horse to be ridden in battle.

The Rebel cavalry, he said, was often better prepared because horse and rider knew each other well.

"In the Confederate Army, you showed up with your own horse," Mr. Pulig said. "Otherwise you'd be in the infantry."

Canon of Cannons

On our second morning at the inn, Charlie Tarbox appeared, with mutton-chop whiskers and garbed in a tattered Union uniform. He had a full house, almost 20 boarders. We sat with fresh coffee and orange juice. Mr. Tarbox explained artillery.

Cannons are everywhere on the battlefield. They all look the same: iron or bronze barrels resting on two large wooden wheels. Basically metal tubes to propel solid iron balls.

Not that simple, it turns out. Mr. Tarbox, who performs with the zeal of a patent-medicine pitchman, described in layman's terms how 12-pound cannonballs that once landed with a thud, possibly injuring just one infantry soldier, eventually became high-velocity rocks, skipping like stones, hitting one man, then another, then another.

The record for one cannonball, he said, was 32 soldiers at the Battle of Zorndorf in 1757, when Prussian and Russian troops clashed.

A typical Tarbox observation: the romance of war suddenly soured by reality.

This came through time and again on the tour. Once you see the wide-open pasture that Pickett's men had to cross, moving without cover toward the Union redoubts above them, romance seems an alien concept.

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Maybe it's the contradictions of Gettysburg that continue to keep people in thrall. Pointless death, but death with honor. Evidence comes from the soldiers themselves, quoted in "Guide to the Battle of Gettysburg," edited by Jay Luvaas and Harold W. Nelson. In his after-action report, Maj. Charles S. Peyton, Ninth Virginia Infantry, commanding Brig. Gen. Richard B. Garnett's brigade in Pickett's division, wrote:

"The brigade went into action with 1,287 men and about 140 officers ... sustained a loss of ... 941 killed, wounded, and missing ... Never had the brigade been better handled and never has it done better service in the field of battle. There was scarcely an officer or man in the command whose attention was not attracted by the cool and handsome bearing of General Garnett, who, totally devoid of excitement or rashness, rode immediately in rear of his advancing line, endeavoring by his personal efforts, and by the aid of his staff, to keep his line well closed and dressed. He was shot from his horse while near the center of the brigade, within about 25 paces of the stone wall."

Reliving the Past

Gettysburg, Pa., is about 210 miles southwest of New York City. Here is a sampling of attractions in the area, along with travel information. All the locations are in Gettysburg, unless otherwise noted.

What to Do

GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK. Nearly 6,000 acres, more than 20 miles of roads and roughly 1,400 monuments. Most visitors drive,

following a 14- point auto tour. This can be done by following the free map available at the visitor center, by buying more elaborate maps at the bookstore or by buying tape or CD audio tours. Licensed guides may be retained, and there are commercial tours via bus and horseback. Bikes are permitted. Many visitors start with a 30-minute viewing of the electric map, a giant relief map at the visitor center, 97 Taneytown Road, opposite the National Cemetery. Narration and blinking lights help orient visitors to the battlefield and the progression of the three-day fight. Admission: \$3 for adults (17 and over); \$2.50 for those over 62; \$2 for ages 6 to 16; under 6, free. Hours: Park grounds and roads, daily, 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.; visitor center, daily, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; in summers to 6 p.m. Admission is free. Information: (717) 334-1124, extension 431.

CYCLORAMA. A 360-degree depiction of Pickett's charge, painted in the 1980's by Paul Philippoteaux. A 20-minute program, next to the visitor center. Additional admission required: \$3 for adults (17 and over); \$2.50 for those over 62; \$2 for ages 6 to 16; under 6, free. Information: (717) 334-1124, extension 431.

AUTO TOURS. Tape and CD tours cost \$10 to \$15, available at the bookstore.

GUIDED TOURS. By licensed battlefield guides. Fees range from \$35 for a two-hour tour with up to 5 people, to \$75 an hour for groups of 16 or more.

BUS TOURS. Gettysburg Tours, 778 Baltimore Street; (717) 334-6296.

EISENHOWER NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE. The farm where Dwight D. Eisenhower retired after his presidency. Open daily April through October, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; closed Mondays and Tuesdays from November through March. Reached by shuttle bus from the battlefield visitor center, where tickets may be bought: \$5.25, adults; \$3.25, ages 13 to 16; \$2.25, ages 6 to 12. Information: (717) 338- 9114.

Where to Stay

BATTLEFIELD BED AND BREAKFAST INN. 2264 Emmitsburg Road, on the southern edge of the battlefield; (888) 766-3897 or www.gettysburgbattle-DayE32 / 728

field.com. Daily rate, based on double occupancy, \$135 to \$205 (\$20 a day for each additional person); all with private bath and including breakfast and an hour-long participatory historical lecture and demonstration each morning at 8 followed by a carriage ride around the farm. Families welcome.

GETTYSBURG HOTEL. This historic hotel on Lincoln Square in the center of the town is a descendant of the one on the site in 1797; (717) 337-2000. Through mid-September, daily room rates, based on double occupancy, \$110 to \$152 weekdays; \$121 to \$157 weekends; no additional charge for a child in the room.

NATIONAL MOTEL CHAINS. Days Inn, Econo, Lodge, Holiday Inn and others are amply represented in the area.

Where to Eat

DOBBIN HOUSE TAVERN. 89 Steinwehr Avenue; (717) 334-2100. Gettysburg's oldest building (1776), the Dobbin house was the home of the Rev. Alexander Dobbin, his wife and 19 children. Seafood, steaks and chops and rich desserts. Full bar. Springhouse Tavern for casual dining. Full-course dinner for two, about \$60.

CASHTOWN INN. A small hotel and bed-and-breakfast on Old Route 30, about eight miles west of Gettysburg. Information: (717) 334-9722, (800) 367- 1797 or www.cashtowninn.com. An 18th-century

inn that served as headquarters for the Confederate Gen. A. P. Hill. Standard American fare. Dinner for two, about \$55.

Getting There

BY CAR. Gettysburg is a four-and-a-half hour drive from New York City along the New Jersey Turnpike, to Exit 6, and then the Pennsylvania Turnpike, to Exit 17. From there take Route 15 south for 28 miles to Gettysburg. There is no rail or bus service to Gettysburg.

Tourist Information

THE WEB: Two Web sites will get you started, one for Gettysburg the town and one for Gettysburg the battlefield. For information on lodging, food, attractions and special events: www.gettysburg.com; for information about the battlefield: www.nps.gov/gett/. The visitor center at the battlefield provides free maps and schedules of lectures by park rangers. The center's bookstore sells maps, tape and CD tours and nearly every book on the battle and the Civil War. In town the original railway station, built in 1858, has been turned into a visitors' bureau.

Recommended Reading

"GUIDE TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG." Edited by Jay Luvaas and Harold W. Nelson (University Press of Kansas, 1994; \$12.95). A 240-page paperback with a step-by-step account of the battle, with maps and official reports by commanding officers.

"THIS HALLOWED GROUND: THE STORY OF THE UNION SIDE OF THE CIVIL WAR." by Bruce Catton (Doubleday, 1956; Wordworth Military Library paperback, \$12.99). The Pulitzer Prize-winning one-volume history of the war.

"THE KILLER ANGELS," by Michael Shaara (1974; Random House hardcover, \$24; Ballantine paperback, \$12), winner of the Pulitzer Prize for fiction. An account of the battle through the eyes of some of its commanders.

CHARLES STRUM

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E33 FAMILY FARE

Laurel Graeber

Unburied

Treasure

A powerful queen. A mystical ram. Marauding lions. A gigantic lyre.

They sound like the elements of a rich fairy tale. But in fact they are parts of

a real history revealed in "Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur," an exhibition at the Pierpont Morgan Library. The library has recently begun offering family tours of the display, perhaps in recognition of the threads of mystery, adventure and folklore running through it.

The tours let children feel as if they were stepping into the shoes of Indiana Jones, an archaeologist as well as a dashing hero. They're actually stepping into the shoes of C. Leonard Woolley, a more sedate fellow who in 1928 led the dig at Ur, a Sumerian city in what is now Iraq.

"What do you think of when you think of treasure?" asked Anne Willieme, the tour guide when I visited with my 5-year-old, Matthew. He grew saucer-eyed when told that the objects were 5,000 years old and had belonged to Puabi, a queen. All that was needed, I thought, was for mummies to appear.

Matthew was especially intrigued by a case filled with daggers, spears and arrowheads. "Are these a lot of weapons?" he asked. "Wow!"

Ms. Willieme observed, "People believed that when you died, you went to a spirit world and had to take things with you." What Puabi took was

remarkable, ranging from elaborate jewelry to most of her servants. (This was noted delicately.)

The children are given art materials to sketch the artifacts. They also each receive a drawing of Puabi, which they can embellish with sketches of objects from the exhibition or from their own imaginations, well enriched by their vicarious visits to ancient Mesopotamia.

Family tours of "Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur," Saturdays at 11 a.m. and Sundays at 3 p.m. through Sept. 10 at the Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street, Manhattan, (212) 590-0331. Free with requested contribution: \$8; \$6 for the elderly and students; children 12 and under, free. Reservations advised.

Flight Paths

Summer is one of the best times to observe things that fly. And though

The Morgan Library

"Ram Caught in a Thicket," on exhibit at the Morgan Library.

the season itself is now on the wing, you still have two weeks to enjoy the

Butterfly and Hummingbird Trail, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's tribute to flying creatures that make up in beauty what they lack in size.

The trail, meant to be followed with the help of a colorful map and fieldguide, is really two. The south trail, which takes about an hour, is especially recommended for children; the north, about a half-hour, is less exciting but includes a duck pond. Each is marked with signs and small activity stations, where children can stamp their maps and feel like official explorers.

For my daughter and son, the biggest hit was the south trail's Logania Family Beds, which the map said were "guaranteed to be loaded with butterflies." We saw monarchs, eastern tiger swallowtails, painted ladies, great spangled fritillaries and a breathtaking indigo blue species that our maps didn't identify.

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The south trail also leads through the Discovery Garden, filled with play stations, and past the Teaching Pavilion, which offers weekend programs for children 5 to 12. This month they can make a butterfly from a party blower.

Another favorite stop was the Con-

servatory Annual Beds, where my daughter, Marisa, briefly coaxed a monarch to sit on her finger.

Subject to the whims of the wildlife, we never did see a hummingbird. But we did spy two rabbits. Judging from their speed, they might just as well have been flying.

Butterfly and Hummingbird Trail, through Sept. 16 at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 900 Washington Avenue, Prospect Heights, (718) 623-7200. Hours: Tuesday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturday, Sunday and holidays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free with admission: \$3; \$1.50 for the elderly and students; under 16, free. Free all day Tuesday and on Saturday from 10 a.m. to noon.

And the Winner Is ...

If watching "Survivor" set your competitive juices flowing, you may want to test your own survival skills this weekend at the Richmond County Fair on Staten Island. Granted, the stakes are lower, but the challenges are much more amusing and far less cutthroat.

You can test your endurance on the Hula Hoop twist, your agility in the potato sack race and your alimentary speed (and shamelessness) in the pie-eating contest. If you're the type to form alliances, try the

three-legged race, the water- balloon toss or the turtle and frog-jumping races (entrants not provided).

There is even a diaper derby, or crawling race. "Usually a parent stands at the finish line, saying, 'C'mon, little Susie,'" said Ellie Galizia, the director of special events for the Staten Island Historical Society, the fair's sponsor.

The fair benefits Historic Richmond Town, a complex of restored 18th- and 19th-century buildings with costumed guides. Children will be invited to dress up in reproduction period clothing and learn how to milk cows, churn butter and shuck corn.

The event will also include music, puppet shows, pony rides, a magician, a hypnotist and a pig race.

No millionaires will be crowned, but, as Ms. Galizia said, "at Richmond Town, every child is a winner." And a survivor.

Richmond County Fair, tomorrow and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. and Monday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Historic Richmond Town, 441 Clarke Avenue, Richmond, (718) 351-1611. Admission: \$6; \$3 for the elderly and ages 6 to 16; under 6, free.

**SPARE TIMES
FOR CHILDREN
Theater**

"THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE," told through rod and shadow puppets and a jazz score, is about a little bee who rejects toiling in the hive and flies off to pursue tastes more exotic than honey. Saturdays at 11 a.m. at the Salon Theater, 45 Bleecker Street, Greenwich Village. Tickets: \$15; \$7 for children. Reservations: (212) 539-6644.

"HANSEL AND GRETEL," presented for the marionette stage by Puppetworks and Nicolas Coppola, artistic director, beginning Sunday and on Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 2:30 p.m. (through Dec. 17) at Puppetworks Park Slope, 338 Sixth Avenue, at Fourth Street, Brooklyn. For children 4 and older. Tickets:

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\$7; \$6 for children; \$4.50 for groups of 20 or more. Reservations required. Information: (718) 965-3391.

KINGS COUNTY SHAKESPEARE COMPANY'S FESTIVAL, through Sunday at Founders Hall Theater of St. Francis College, 182 Remsen Street, Brooklyn Heights. In repertory: Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" (acted from the first Folio), tomorrow at 2 p.m., and "The Rivals," Sheridan's comedy of manners, today and tomorrow at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 2 p.m. For children the highlight will be the preliminary performance at 7:15 p.m., "Shakespeare's Clowns and Villains and Willie's Willful Women," featuring comic scenes from the plays, performed by the KCSC Young Company. Suggested donation: \$5. Information: (718) 398-0546.

Events

"THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY AND BULLWINKLE AND FRIENDS," selections from works by the television animator Jay Ward, through Sept. 17 at the Museum of Television and Radio, 25 West 52nd Street, Manhattan. Screenings are Tuesdays through Sundays at 12:15 p.m., with additional screenings Thursdays at 6 p.m. and Fridays at 7 p.m. Through Sunday, episodes include "Wossamotta U," in which Bullwinkle wins a football scholarship and Boris tries to fix the big game. Admission: \$6; students and the elderly, \$4; ages 13 and under, \$3. Information: (212) 621-6800.

ANNUAL INTREPID TUGBOAT CHALLENGE, Sunday from 12:30 to 4 p.m. at the Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, Pier 86, West 46th Street at the

Hudson River, Clinton, with a parade of tugboats, a race, a spinach-eating contest, competitions and other activities. Sunday, noon to 3 p.m. All these events, which are on the Spectator's Barge outside, are free. For visitors who want to visit the museum or the Intrepid flight deck: \$12; \$6 for children 6 to 11; \$2 for children 2 to 5; free for children under 2 and the military. Information: (212) 245-0072.

CARIBBEAN CARNIVAL WEEKEND, at the Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Avenue, at St. Marks Place, Crown Heights, tomorrow and Sunday, with carnival costume making workshops and the Kiddies Carnival Parade from the front steps of the museum (tomorrow from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.); mask making workshop and an exhibition of the museum's own collection of masks (Sunday from 1 to 2:30 p.m.). While there, a last chance to see the exhibition "Can You Tell Me How to Get to Sesame Street?" Hours this weekend: today, noon to 5 p.m.; tomorrow and Sunday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Suggested admission: \$4. Information: (718) 735-4400.

"BATTERY BOOKWORMS." The storyteller Cecilia Carson will narrate "Frog Prince," "Company's Coming" and "Jack and the Giant: A Story Full of Beans," tomorrow from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. on the Grand Staircase at the Winter Garden, World Financial Center,

West Street between Liberty and Vesey Streets, Lower Manhattan. Free. Information: (212) 945-2600.

"EASTER PARADE," a 1948 musical comedy, presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center as part of the Judy Garland film series, tomorrow and Sunday at 11 a.m. Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center. Tickets: \$3. Information: (212) 875-5601.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSBOYS, a workshop for youngsters to learn about printing and what is required in producing a newspaper, Sunday and Monday from 1 to 4 p.m. at the Children's Center, South Street Seaport Museum, 165 John Street, South and Fulton Streets, Lower Manhattan. \$3 materials fee.

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Information: (212) 748-8758.

WEST INDIAN AMERICAN DAY KIDDIES CARNIVAL, at St. John's Place and Kingston Avenues tomorrow at 10 a.m., ending at the Brooklyn Museum, at 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, about 4 p.m. Beginning at 1 p.m., more than 25 masquerade bands, each featuring a children's band, will perform on a stage outside the museum. (On Sunday from 1 to 4 p.m., these children's steel-bands will perform in a competition.) Related activities include a "Stay in School, Stay Off Drugs" concert today from 1 to 4 p.m. with young artists and surprise guest appearances. Events culminate Labor Day with the annual West Indian Labor Day Carnival Parade, inspired by the pre-lenten carnivals of the Caribbean, beginning at 10 a.m. at Utica Avenue, and runs up Eastern Parkway. All children's shows and events are free. Information: (718) 625-1515.

Exhibitions

"INVESTIGATING WHERE WE LIVE," a summer program offered by the Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Avenue, at 51st Street, exhibits the projects of 20 students, ages 12 to 16, from Hamilton Heights and from Long Island City, Queens. The students focus on the architecture, history and urban design of their neighborhoods through photography and journal writing. The results will be on display through Sept. 9. Hours: daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free. Information: (212) 935-3960.

"ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS," an interactive exhibition at the Staten Island Children's Museum, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond

Terrace, Livingston, featuring a home with walls of recyclable material and

Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum A tugboat near Pier 86, home of the Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, where the annual Tugboat Challenge is set for Sunday.

another with a secret tunnel, demonstrating that animals are concerned with human interests like energy efficiency and comfort. Youngsters are invited to open compartments in the model dwellings to find hidden nests and examine building materials and tiny tenants with microscopes. Today, noon to 5 p.m. Admission: \$4; under 2 and members, free. Information: (718) 273-2060.

"FROM TENT TO TEMPLE: LIFE IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST," an interactive exhibition (through Jan. 14) developed by the Jewish Children's Learning Lab, Center for Jewish History, Yeshiva University Museum, 15 West 16th Street, Chelsea, (212) 294-8330, showing the daily lives of people in Biblical times, featuring 28 interactive learning stations. In more than 30 displays, the exhibition challenges children to solve problems the way their biblical ancestors did, building a miniature plow, grinding grain with stones, constructing a hearth or even hunting game - images of it, that is - with bows and arrows ending in suction cups. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays and Sundays, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Thursdays, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Free with admission: \$6; the elderly and ages 5 to 12, \$4; under 5 and members, free.

THE INVENTOR CENTER, the Children's Museum of Manhattan, Tisch Building, 212 West 83rd Street. Recent products from the next generation of inventors: a car with helicopter blades, a mechanical glove that contains school supplies and a Duck-a-Phone, which quacks instead of rings. Filled with 10 computer work stations, the center is a high-tech idea laboratory in which children use software developed by the museum to realize their wildest dreams. Each hour-long workshop is limited to children 6 and older accompanied by adults. The center offers six workshops a day; registration is required. The museum will provide everything needed, except, of course, imagination. Museum hours through

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Labor Day: Today, Monday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The museum will close Tuesday until Sept. 18 with new hours. Free with museum admission - \$6; infants under 1, free. Information: (212) 721-1234.

"PICKLES AND POMEGRANATES: JEWISH HOMES NEAR AND FAR," an exhibition consisting of two rooms: one representing a Lower East Side tenement in 1897, the other evoking a house of the same period in Persia (now Iran). Children can dress up in reproductions of period clothes and listen to recordings of Yiddish tales or Middle Eastern music. Through March 2001 at the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, Manhattan. Hours: Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.; Tuesdays, 11 A.M. to 8 p.m. Admission: \$8; \$5.50 for students and the elderly; free for children under 12 and pay what you wish for everyone Tuesdays after 5 p.m. Information: (212) 423-3200.

"REPTILES: REAL AND ROBOTIC," including an alligator-snapping turtle 10 times life size and a Western diamondback rattlesnake 36 feet long, are part of the exhibition and related programs (through Sept. 17) at Science Playground at the New York Hall of Science, 47-0111 11th Street, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens. Although those animals are robots, the real ones are no less impressive, including gila monsters, bearded dragons and blue-tongued skinks. Related activities include demonstrations, crafts workshops and "Reptiles Revealed" shows each day in the hall at 1 and 3 p.m., and at noon and 2 p.m. Hours:

Mondays through Wednesdays, 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Thursdays through Sundays, 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission: \$7.50; \$5 for ages 4 to 17 and the elderly; free for ages 3 and under; free Thursdays and Fridays from 2 to 5 p.m. Information: (718) 699-0005.

"SEUSS!" An interactive exhibition featuring Dr. Seuss's characters, including the Cat in the Hat, through Monday at the Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 West 83rd Street. Hours: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free with museum admission: \$6; infants under 1, free. Information: (212) 721-1234.

**SPARE TIMES
ON THE STREET
New York City**

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT, streets surrounding Washington Square Park in Greenwich Village. Tomorrow through Monday, noon to 6 p.m. Also Sept. 9 and 10, same hours.

10th GREENWICH AVENUE LABOR DAY WEEKEND FESTIVAL, Greenwich Avenue, between Avenue of the Americas and Eighth Avenue. Tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center.

16TH BRAZILIAN STREET FESTIVAL, 46th Street, from Park Avenue to Seventh Avenue. Sunday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Brazilian American Cultural Center.

THIRD AVENUE MERCHANDISE FAIR, from 23rd to 34th Streets, Manhattan. Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Rosehill Community Association.

M.E.C.A. FAMILY FESTIVAL, Third Avenue, from 34th to 42nd Streets, Manhattan. Monday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Manhattan East Community Association.

WEST INDIAN AMERICAN DAY CARNIVAL, Eastern Parkway, from Howard Avenue in Crown Heights to Grand Army Plaza, Prospect Heights, Brooklyn. Monday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

**New Jersey
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LABOR DAY STREET FAIR, Park Avenue, Rutherford. More than 100 exhibitors, games, entertainment, food. Monday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**EVENTS
New York City**

"JAZZ NIGHTS IN HARLEM." A tour of the area, followed by dinner and a stop

at a jazz club. Meets tonight and tomorrow night at 7:30 on the northeast corner of Lenox Avenue and 125th Street. Fee: \$50. Sponsored by Harlem Heritage Tours. Reservations: (212) 280-7888.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND WALKING TOUR OF ROOSEVELT ISLAND as seen through the eyes of Charles Dickens, who wrote about his experiences visiting Blackwell's Island (its earlier name) during the mid-1800's. Meets tomorrow at 11 a.m. at the tramway entrance at Second Avenue, between 59th and 60th Streets, Manhattan. Donation, \$10; plus \$3, round-trip tramway fare. Sponsored by the Friends of Dickens New York. Information: (718) 796-8249.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE PAST AND PRESENT," a historical walking tour devoted to writers and artists who have worked and lived in the Village. Meets tomorrow at 2 p.m. at the Washington Arch. Fee: \$10. Sponsored by Street Smarts N.Y. Information: (212) 969-8262.

QUEENS JAZZ TRAIL. A bus and walking tour through the neighborhoods of Corona and Flushing and past the former homes of jazz greats, with lunch and a jazz concert. Meets tomorrow at 10 a.m. at Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, Queens. Fee: \$75; \$65 for

the elderly and students under 21. Reservations necessary: (718) 463-7700, extension 222.

"LABOR'S ACHIEVEMENTS: GRAND CENTRAL AND THE CHRYSLER BUILDING." A walking tour that incorporates a discussion of the history of the structures with stops at each. Meets tomorrow and Sunday at 1 and 2:30 p.m. Sponsored by NYC Discovery Tours. Fee, \$12. Reservations and meeting place: (212) 465-3331.

"BEAUTIFUL OLD BUILDINGS: AN OVERVIEW IN SIX PARTS." A six-part tour that covers mostly pre-1836 buildings. Tomorrow: at 11:45 a.m. (Chelsea to Washington Square); at 2:15 p.m. (Washington Place to Sheridan Square). Sunday: at 11:45 a.m. (Sheridan Square to Hudson Street); at 2:15 p.m. (Hudson to Spring Streets). Monday: at 11:45 a.m. (Charlton to Mulberry Streets); at 2:15 p.m. (Chinatown to City Hall). Sponsored by Gotham Walk. Fee: \$11 a tour; \$5 each additional tour. Meeting place and reservations: (212) 629-1886.

"BROWNSTONE BROOKLYN: FROM PARK SLOPE TO BROOKLYN HEIGHTS" a walking tour that covers the history and architecture of the area. Tomorrow at 10 a.m. Sponsored by New York Like a Native. Fee, \$20, plus lunch. Reservations and meeting place: (718) 393-7537.

"SWEET 16 WIGSTOCK," Pier 54, at the Hudson River, between Little West 12th Street and 13th Street, West Village. The annual drag festival, with music and dance. Sunday, 2 to 10:30 p.m. Tickets, \$15 in advance; \$20 on Sunday. Information: (212) 439-5139.

HARLEM GOSPEL TOUR. Stops at several cultural institutions, and this weekend wraps in the site of an outdoor baptism. Meets on Sundays at 10 a.m. on the southwest corner of Lenox Avenue and 116th Street. Fee: \$20. Sponsored by Harlem Heritage Tours. Information: (212) 280-7888.

"YIDDISH THEATRICAL ROW: ACTORS, JOURNALISTS AND ACTIVISTS," Lower East Side. A tour that focuses on the Jewish heritage of the area that was home and workplace to Leon Trotsky, Lee J. Cobb and Abraham Cahan, a founder

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of The Jewish Daily Forward. Meets on Sunday at 10:30 a.m. inside the Second Avenue Deli, at 10th Street. Fee, \$12. Sponsored by Dr. Phil: New York Talks and Walks. Information: (888) 377-4455.

WALKING TOUR OF RADICAL NEW YORK HISTORY AND ARCHITECTURE, East Village. Includes sites like Emma Goldman's house, Union Square, Colonnade Row and Astor Place. Meets on Sunday at 2:30 p.m. at the Peace Building, 339 Lafayette Street, at Bleecker Street. Donations accepted. Information: (718) 264-3021.

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY. Brooklyn, a two-hour walk through the cemetery where Currier and Ives, Horace Greeley, Samuel F. B. Morse, Louis Comfort Tiffany, Leonard Bernstein and others are buried. Meets Sunday at 1 p.m. inside the main entrance at Fifth Avenue and 25th Street. Fee: \$6. Led by John J. Cashman and Frank Mescall. Information: (718) 469-5277.

PARK SLOPE TO CHINATOWN. A seven-mile walk that begins in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, winds its way through Carroll Gardens, Cobble Hill and Brooklyn Heights and continues over the Brooklyn Bridge to Lower Manhattan. Meets on Sunday at 2 p.m. in front of the Brooklyn Public Library at Grand Army Plaza. Sponsored by the Outdoors Club. Fee, \$3. Information: (212) 348-5344.

"IMMIGRANT LABOR, IMMIGRANT TRIUMPH," East Village and Lower East Side. Important sites in labor history, with stops at the Labor Lyceum and the founding site of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and the location of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory. Meets on Monday at 1 p.m. at the Washington Arch. Fee, \$12; \$10 for students and

the elderly. Sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. Information: (212) 439-1090.

"RADICAL LOVERS TOUR OF GREENWICH VILLAGE," a walking tour with stops associated with Victoria Woodhull, John Reed, Louise Bryant, Eugene O'Neill, Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickock. Meets on Sunday at 1 p.m. at the corner of Macdougall Street and Washington Square North. Fee: \$10. Sponsored by Radical Walking Tours. Information: (718) 492-0069.

Judith Korey Charles/Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit

ON THE STREET There will be pictures aplenty this weekend and next at the Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit.

"LABOR DAY HERITAGE OF UNION SQUARE," A walking tour that explores the area's labor history and its significance as the site of the first Labor Day Parade. Meets on Monday at 2 p.m. outside Barnes & Noble, 33 East 17th Street. Sponsored by Dr. Phil: New York Talks and Walks. Fee, \$12. Information: (888) 377-4455.

Hudson Valley

"THE SOUND OF MUSIC," Westchester Broadway Theater, 1 Broadway Plaza, Elmsford. Tonight and tomorrow night, dinner at 6 with show at 8; Sunday, dinner at noon, show at 1:30. Tickets: \$46 to \$66, including dinner. Information: (914) 592-2222.

19TH WOODSTOCK-NEW PALTZ ART AND CRAFTS FAIR, Ulster County Fairgrounds, off Libertyville Road, New Paltz. More than 300 artisans, food and entertainment. Tomorrow and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Monday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission, \$6.50; \$5.50 for the elderly; \$4.50 for children 4 to 12. Information: (914) 679-8087 or (914) 246-3414.

23RD NEW YORK RENAISSANCE FAIR, Sterling Forest, Route 17A, Tuxedo. With crafts demonstrations, games, entertainment and food. Tomorrow through Monday, 10:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission, \$16.50; \$7 for children 5 to 12; free,

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under 5. Information: (845) 351-5174 or www.renfair.com.

FOLK DANCING, Goldens Bridge Community Center Barn, Hall Avenue, Goldens Bridge. Tonight at 8:30. Admission: \$6. Information: (914) 232-1862. PICNIC AND FIREWORKS, Boscobel Restoration, 1601 Route 9D, Garrison. A fireworks display at West Point will be visible at this historic site; visitors should bring along a picnic dinner. Picnicking begins tomorrow night at 6; fireworks are planned at dusk. Rain date, Sunday. Admission, \$5; \$3 for those 6 to 14 years

old; free for children under 6. Information: (914) 265-3638.

PLAYLAND PARK, Exit 19 off Interstate 95 Rye. Featuring a 40-acre amuse-

ment ride area, beach, swimming pool, boating, wildlife sanctuary, miniature golf, free entertainment and other activities. (Fireworks tonight begin at 9:15.) Rides require three to six tickets. Tickets cost 75 cents each or \$8 for 12-ticket book, \$15 for 24-ticket book and \$19 for 36-ticket book. Parking: \$4 weekdays; \$5 weekends; \$7 on Labor Day. Hours: today and tomorrow, noon to midnight; Sunday and Labor Day, noon to 11 p.m. Information: (914) 925-2700.

CELTIC CONCERT, Michael J. Quill Irish Cultural and Sports Center, Route 145, East Durham. Twenty hours of music featuring nine bands, including Black 47, the Whole Shebang, Brendan Grace, the Andy Cooney Band and the Squelin' Pigs. Tomorrow and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission, \$12 in advance, \$15 at the gate; \$10 for the elderly; free for children under 12; weekend pass, \$20. Information: (518) 634-2392.

CIVIL WAR ENCAMPMENT, Museum Village, 1010 Route 17M (Museum Village Road), Monroe. Tomorrow, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission: \$8; \$6 for the elderly; \$5 for children over 3; free for children 3 and younger. Information: (914) 782-8247.

Long Island

VILLAGE BRASS BAND, Village Restoration, Round Swamp Road, Old Bethpage. Today at 2 and 3:15 p.m. Admission: \$6; \$4 for the elderly; free to children under 5. Information: (516) 572-8400.

PORT JEFFERSON HARBOR CRUISE, sponsored by the Long Island Rail Road. Features a cruise through the harbor and the Long Island Sound, with lunch. Tomorrow; departure times vary from various rail stations. Fee, \$55; \$45 for children 5 to 11. Part of the One-Day Getaways offered by the railroad. Information: (718) 217-5477.

DAVE MASON, Stephen Talkhouse, Main Street, Amagansett. This musician will appear tomorrow and Sunday nights at 8. Tickets: \$55. Information: (631) 267-3117.

DALY ONE-MILE OCEAN SWIM, National Beach, Long Beach. Sunday at 9 a.m. Register at lifeguard headquarters at the beach, Fee: \$25 in advance; \$30 on Sunday. Information: (516) 431-1810.

"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN," Cultural Arts Playhouse, 714 Old Bethpage Road, Old Bethpage. Tonight at 8:30; tomorrow night at 8; Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets: \$18; \$16 for the elderly and students under 17. Information: (516) 694-3330.

HAMPTONS SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Agawam Park, Jobs and Pond Lanes, Southampton. Featuring "Much Ado About Nothing." Today through Sunday nights at 7:30 Suggested donation, \$10. Information: (631) 267-0105.

ARTS AND CRAFTS LABOR DAY FAIR, C. W. Post campus, Long Island University, Northern Boulevard, Brookville. Tomorrow and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free. Information: (631) 724-5966.

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FIREMAN'S FAIR, Boulevard Avenue, Greenlawn. Today, tomorrow and Monday nights, 7 to 11. Free. Information: (631) 261-9103.

INTERNATIONAL CRAFT EXHIBITION AND SALE, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 768 Main Street, Greenport. Today, 1 to 5 p.m.; tomorrow, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Monday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Free admission. Information: (631) 289-3880.

ANTIQUES SHOW, East Hampton Rotary Club, Miss Amelia's Cottage, Main Street, Amagansett. Tomorrow, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission by donation. Information: (631) 324-0362 or (631) 267-3020.

HAMPTONS CLASSIC HORSE SHOW, Show Grounds, 240 Snake Hollow Road, Sag Harbor. Featuring the United States Equestrian Team. Proceeds benefit Southampton Hospi-

tal, Juvenile Diabetes Foundation and the United States Equestrian Team. Today through Sunday, 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission: \$5 a person or \$15 a carload. Information: (631) 537-3177.

New Jersey

"REMEMBERING HARRY CHAPIN," George Street Playhouse, 9 Livingston Avenue, New Brunswick. A concert tribute for the singer and songwriter featuring John McMenamin. Tomorrow night at 7. Tickets: \$18 and \$35 (includes a CD); proceeds benefit World Hunger Year, the Harry Chapin Foundation and Elijah's Promise Soup Kitchen in New Brunswick. Information: (732) 577-6589.

DOO-WOP ALL-STARS, Ocean Grove Summer Concert Series, the Great Auditorium, 15 Pilgrim Passway, Ocean Grove. Featuring Cornell Gunter's Coasters, the Platters, the Drifters and the Shangri-Las. Tomorrow

night at 7:30. Tickets: \$25 (reserved); \$20 (general admission).
Information: (732) 988-0645 or (800) 773-0097.

"RAZZMATAZZ," Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Exit 12 off Routes 78 and 22, Perryville. A musical celebrating popular songs of the 20th century. Today at 11 a.m. and tomorrow night at 6:30. Tickets: \$43.50 to \$51 (includes show and lunch or dinner). Information: (800) 447-7313.

"NINTH GRAND PARADE" leaving from the American Labor Museum, Botto House National Landmark, 83 Norwood Street, Haledon. In celebration of the American worker. Sunday at 1:30 p.m., opening ceremony at 1. Information: (973) 595-7953.

PLANETARIUM SHOW, Trailside Nature and Science Center, 452 New Providence Road, Mountainside. Sunday at 2 and 3:30 p.m. Fee: \$3; \$2.50 for the elderly. Information: (908) 789-3670.

BOB FERRIS ORCHESTRA, Historic Cold Spring Village, Village Gazebo, 720 Route 9, Cold Spring. Tomorrow night at 6:30, Free. Information: (609) 898-2300. 16TH OLDE TIME ANTIQUES AND COLLECTIBLES FAIRE, Ocean County Historical Society, 26 Hadley Avenue, Toms River. Features more than 100 vendors, antiques and collectibles. Tomorrow, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free. Information:

(732) 341-1880. Connecticut

OUTDOOR POPS CONCERT, band shell, Seaside Park, foot of Park Avenue, Bridgeport. A free performance by the Greater Bridgeport Symphony Orchestra. Tomorrow night at 6. Information: (203) 576-0263.

"IOLANTHE," Hotchkiss School, Routes 112 and 41, Salisbury. The Gilbert and Sullivan work performed by the Light Opera Company of Salisbury, to benefit Habitat for Humanity. Tomorrow night at 8 and Sunday at 2 p.m. Tickets:

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tomorrow, \$20, \$15 for children under 12; Sunday, \$15, \$12 for children under 12. Information: (860) 435-4956.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," Greenwoods Theater, Route 44, Norfolk. Shakespeare's comedy. Tonight and tomorrow night at 8, Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Tickets: \$12. Information: (860) 542-0026.

"COLETTE," White Barn Theater, Newtown Turnpike, Westport. Leslie Caron in a one-woman show based on the writings of Colette. Tonight through Sunday night at 8. Tickets: \$27 and \$30. Information: (203) 227-3768.

COUNTRY FAIR, south of Goshen Center, Goshen. Route 63. Tomorrow and Sunday, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Monday, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: \$5; free for children under 12; on Saturday only, \$4 for the elderly. With animals, entertainment, produce and food. Information: (860) 491-3655.

COUNTRY FAIR, Quarry Hill Road, Haddam Neck. Tomorrow, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sunday, 7:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Monday, 7:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. With horse shows, baking contests, animal and tractor pulls and entertainment. Admission: \$5; free for children under 12. Information: (860) 537-6348.

20TH SUMMER FAIR, St. Leo's Church, 24 Roxbury Road, Stamford. Tonight, 6 to 11; tomorrow 2 to 11 p.m. Entertainment, rides, food. Free admission. Information: (203) 322-1669.

COUNTRY FAIR, junction of Routes 171 and 169, Woodstock. Today through Monday, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Monday, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission - \$7 - \$5 for the elderly; free for children 12 and younger. With horse shows, go-kart racing, entertainment, crafts demonstrations and animal pulls. Information: (860) 928-3246.

18TH LIME ROCK PARK VINTAGE FESTIVAL, Lime Rock Park, Lakeville. Car racing and a swap meet. Today through Monday, 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Admission: today, \$5; tomorrow, \$20; Sunday, \$10; Monday, \$30.
Information: (800) 722- 3577 or (860) 435-5000.

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD ACADEMY BAND, Leamy Hall, Coast Guard Academy, 15 Mohegan Avenue, New London. A free performance of Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture. Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Information: (860) 701-6826.

"THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP," Ivoryton Playhouse, Main Street, Ivoryton, The comic play by Charles Ludlam with two actors quick-changing back and forth as they portray eight male and female roles. Tonight at 8:30; tomorrow at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m.; Sunday at 5 p.m. Tickets: \$22 and \$24. Information: (860) 767- 8348.

B. B. KING, BUDDY GUY AND OTHERS, Charles Ives Concert Park, Western Connecticut State University, Mill Plain Road, Danbury. Also appearing: James Montgomery and the New England Blues All-Stars and Blue in the Face Duo. Monday at 3 p.m. Admission: \$25 (lawn); \$10 for children; reserved seats, \$40 and \$60. Information: (203) 837-9226.

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398AD4

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ACROSS

1 Reviewed

10 Colorful squawker

15 Where the Wildcats play

16 Building material

17 Like some immunological agents

18 Join securely

19 Pour _____

20 Cordwood measure

22 He was well-preserved

23 1941 Oscar winner Crisp

26 Oil source

27 First N.L.'er to hit 500 homers

28 Late risers

31 Mysterious visitor

32 Like some decisions

35 Interest, slangily

36 Free from limits

37 Great leveler

38 Allotment

39 Like some decisions

40 On the same page, so to speak

42 Pro _____

43 Ready to deliver?

44 Abbr. on a gauge

4s Follower of "Rocky" or "Superman"

46 Unfair hiring

50 Invoice amount

51 Cause of some stomachaches

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54 It may be skipped

55 Napoleons' relatives

57 Alienates

60 At attention

61 Protect from bugs

62 Wave catcher?

63 It helps you take off the top

DOWN

1. Place for a ribbon

- 2 Total
- 3 Author Sinclair
- 4 Painful piercing
- 5 Hardly a nymph
- 6 "_____ he drove out of sight..."
- 7 Wolves' creations
- 8 Graduation mark
- 9 Bellwether
- 10 Reading buddies?
- 11 Cooler cooler
- 12 Like some seats
- 13 One-eighty
- 14 Retired
- 21 Was contingent (on)
- 24 Favor one side?
- Puzzle by Joe DiPietro
- 25 Opus _____ (work of God)
- 29 Protection from bugs
- 30 Swindle
- 32 More than want
- 33 Half a noted comedy duo
- 34 Played tag, e.g.
- 35 Mixer
- 38 Striking sound
- 40 Of the flock
- 41 Frank's third
- 43 Misinforms
- 47 Buffalo Bill, e.g.
- 48 Avalanche
- 49 Nicholas who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution"
- 9/1/00 (No. 0901)
- 52 Isabel Allende's "Eva"
- 53 Smooth
- 56 Big inits. in cable
- 58 Kind of mil. club
- 59 Eat

Answers to any three clues in this puzzle are available by touch-tone phone:

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DayE34 / 744

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 IRONIES BADRECEPTION AMI DIVA PUREE BOOS ENS MOMA ANTIS IRIS MIR
 MEDICINEBALL ASSURES CAINE NUCLEARBLAST ELIA RARE OTTER SLOT MEAN NEWLY
 TYNE ELMO SNAKE CABAET BUIDE Hiroyki Ito

Queen Esther performs her one-woman show, "Unemployed Superstar," at Joe's Pub at the Public Theater

A selective listing of new or noteworthy cabaret shows in Manhattan this weekend. * denotes a highly recommended show.

QUEEN ESTHER, Joe's Pub, Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 539-8778 or (212) 239-6200. This artist exudes an impish charm that recalls the sorely missed comedian and performance artist Danitra Vance. But by the end of the show her musical identity remains unde- fined. Her nondescript versions of "The Lady Is a Tramp" and "Lush Life" fail to illuminate either the material

or her ideas. And when she caps her show with two more vintage lounge songs, "I've Gotta Be Me" and "The Good Life," it isn't clear whether she's making fun of them or embracing them. The best moments of her show, "Unemployed Superstar," are its nonmusical monologues in which Queen Esther impersonates embittered neighbors she met when she moved to Harlem. Characters like these could form the basis of an unsettling evening of serious political comedy. Tonight and next Friday at 8:30. Tickets: \$12 (Stephen Holden).

"OUR SINATRA," Reprise Room at Dillon's, 245 West 54th Street, (212) 239-6200. The rising young cabaret star Eric Comstock is the mastermind behind this utterly winning tribute to 01' Blue Eyes, which focuses on what Mr. Comstock calls the hidden gems and orphan songs that Sinatra made popular. Joined by Christopher Gines, whose creamy baritone echoes Dick Haymes and Steve Lawrence in their prime, and Hilary Kole, a perky swinger, Mr. Comstock conducts a witty and knowledgeable survey of the Sinatra canon. Mr. Comstock concentrates on the mature Sinatra and Mr. Gines on the dreamy 1940's balladeer, with Ms. Kole bridging the gap. The memorable show proves that there are still young singers good enough to keep the tradition alive. Tonight and Monday through Wednesday-

day nights at 8; tomorrow at 2:30 and 8 p.m.; Sunday night at 7:30. Tickets: \$50 and \$55; premium ringside seating, \$75 and \$80 (Holden).

MARC SALEM, Feinstein's, at the Regency, 540 Park Avenue, at 61st Street, (212) 339-4095. Marc Salem is the mental magician who dazzled audiences at the Westside Theater with his 1997 show, "Mind Games." Now Mr. Salem, accompanied by a trio of bass, piano and percussion, is in residence at Feinstein's with

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"Mind Games and All That Jazz." But handsome as it is, Feinstein's at the Regency may not be the ideal setting for the display of Mr. Salem's enjoyable bag of tricks. The intimacy of Feinstein's, where Mr. Salem seems to be working with a smaller palette than at the Westside Theater, detracts from the aura of magic that can surround, say, a wristwatch that suddenly changes the time it displays. The jazz trio Vibrations, as pleasant and talented as it is, provides little more than a few attractive introductory numbers and a bit of musical commentary of the "Twilight Zone" sort. Nevertheless, Mr. Salem and his wizardry provide cool fun for hot summer nights. Tonight and tomorrow night at 8:30 and 11. Cover: \$40 on weekends; no cover on weekdays; dinner required for early show on weekends, with seating beginning at 6; A la carte supper menu with \$20 minimum for late show; \$35 for early show; Sunday brunch is \$30 and cover is \$30. Through Sept. 9 (Lawrence Van Gelder).

ARCI'S PLACE, 450 Park Avenue South, at 30th Street, (212) 532-4370. Christiane Noll, singer, in an evening of jazz, with David Budway, pianist. Tonight at 9; tomorrow night at 8:30 and 11. Cover: \$25; \$15 minimum. Karen Mason begins Wednesday, through Oct. 15.

BEMELMANS BAR, Carlyle Hotel, 35 East 76th Street, (212) 744-1600. Peter Mintun, pianist. Tuesday through Saturday nights beginning at 9:30. Through Oct. 14. Cover: \$10 at table and \$5 at the bar; no minimum.

CARNEGIE CLUB, 156 West 56th Street, (212) 957-9676. Cary Hoffman, with the 11-piece Carnegie Club Orchestra,

plays music made famous by Frank Sinatra in the 1950's; featuring the original arrangements by Nelson Riddle. Friday and Saturday nights at 9:30 and 11. Cover, \$20; two-drink (\$15) minimum.

CAFE PIERRE, Fifth Avenue at 61st Street, (212) 940-8195. Friday and Saturday nights - from 8:30 to 12:30; Tuesday through Thursday nights 8:30 to 11:30, Kathleen Landis, singer and pianist, in "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz, 1900-1950." Sunday and Monday nights from 8:30 to 11:30, Nancy Winston. No cover; \$20 minimum.

DANNY'S SKYLIGHT ROOM, 346 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 265-8133. Tonight and tomorrow night from 9 to 1 in the piano bar, Jerry Scott. Sunday night from 7 to 11, Sol Yaged and friends. No cover; \$10 minimum.

DON'T TELL MAMA, 343 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 757-0788. Tonight at 8, Laura Burkell, singer, with Richard Danley, pianist; at 8:30, "Poole Party!," with Ron Poole; at 10, Richard Skipper impersonates Carol Channing; at 11 Ron Seykell, Broadway singer, with Lenny Babbish, pianist. Tomorrow night at 8:30, Keith Lawrence, singer, songwriter and pianist; at 9, "Gay and Lesbian Stand-Up and Musical Comedy Festival," with Glenn Schwartz and guests; at 11, "Poole Party!" Sunday night at 8, "Camp Adrienne for Girls," comedy with Adrienne Tolsch. Cover: Free to \$18. Two-drink minimum. No credit cards.

OAK Room, Algonquin Hotel, 59 West 44th Street, (212) 840-6800. Leslie Orofino, singer, in "Summer Wishes." Tonight and tomorrow night at 9 and 11:30. Cover: \$40, with dinner required for early shows; \$15 food or drink minimum for other shows; suggested dinner arrival for early show is 7. Maureen McGovern opens next Friday, through Oct. 14.

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747 / E34 Day

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E35

For Easy Picnics

If a late-summer picnic appeals to you, but the thought of preparing it does

not, you can have a restaurant do it for you. Here are a dozen places that offer excellent picnic fare. (These summaries are taken from dining reviews, columns and articles in The Times by William Grimes, Eric Asimov and others.)

1. Avenue (212) 579-3194 520 Columbus Avenue, 85th Street Manhattan \$\$ All major cards

With light breakfasts and lunches more substantial full-service French-American menu at dinner, Avenue is trying to satisfy all sorts of appetites and succeeding admirably. Last year the chef, Scott Campbell, added a baby food menu, and he now offers a picnic lunch that can include a Mason jar filled with organic baby food. Parents get to choose two sandwiches from a short list that features an Avenue club,

with grilled chicken, hickory-smoked bacon, avocado and haricot verts. In addition, each picnic includes three beverages, cheddar cheese sticks, pockets full of chocolate and a pâté de fruits.

2. Bouley Bakery

(212) 964-2525 120 West Broadway, at Duane Street TriBeCa \$\$\$\$ All major

cards

The sandwiches, salads and pastries available in the retail area at Bouley

Bakery make perfect picnic fare, and the prices are quite reasonable. Salads like shrimp and broccoli, and warm fingerling potato, are \$5.50 to \$7.95. Sandwiches range in price from \$2.50 for a mini baguette roll with prosciutto, mozzarella, fresh basil and balsamic vinegar, to \$11.95 for Maryland soft-shell crab with bibb lettuce on a baguette. For dessert you can try a tart or a package of chocolate chip or oatmeal cookies.

3. Cucina & Company

ttt

The Cellar at Macy's Herald Square \$ All major cards

This branch of Cucina & Company moved into Macy's Cellar in April, offering

what busy New Yorkers have come to expect in a retail food complex: lots of pre- pared food, smoked fish, caviar and cheese, a pizza station, rotisserie foods, a salad

Summaries taken from reviews use the star ratings. Others are taken from the \$25 and Under Column (t), Diner's Journal (tt) and articles (ttt).

What the Stars Mean ****Extraordinary ***Excellent

**Very Good

**Good

None Poor to Satisfactory

Price Range

Based on the cost of a three-course dinner, per person, tax, tip and drinks not

included.

\$ \$25 and under

\$\$ \$25 to \$40

\$\$\$ \$40 to \$55

\$\$\$\$ \$55 and over

Past Reviews Eating Out columns back to June 1998, along with reviews from

The Times and capsule reviews by Times critics of additional restaurants not

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reviewed in the newspaper, are available on New York Today: www.nytoday.com. NEW JERSEY

LINCOLN TUNNEL

Hudson River

HOLLAND TUNNEL

WEST BROADWAY QUEENSBORO BRIDGE QUEENS-MIDTOWN TUNNEL QUEENS
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MADISON AVE.
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E. 72ND ST. Lincoln Center
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10th AVE.
NINTH AVE.
EIGHTH AVE.
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SEVENTH AVE.
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W. 23RD ST.
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Patisserie on the Upper East Side. Cucina offers two custom picnic baskets for two. The International basket includes an assortment of charcuterie and cheese, bread, chocolates, fresh fruit and Badoit water. The other basket, the New Yorker, consists of a hero sandwich, two side salads, pickles, soft drinks and cheesecake. Each basket comes with utensils, plates and napkins.

4. Good and Plenty to Go ttt (212) 268-4385 410 West 43rd Street
Clinton \$ All major cards

This little shop in the Manhattan Plaza complex offers some of the best carry out in the city, with superb sandwiches, excellent entrees and terrific salads. Sandwiches like grilled chicken breast, tuna salad, grilled vegetable and roast turkey are offered daily, and a revolving menu of special sandwiches often includes roast chicken, a turkey club and barbecued beef or chicken. For dessert you can try the freshly-baked cookies and brownies -or the fruit salad. Boxed lunches are also available if ordered by noon a day in advance.

5. It's a Wrap ttt
(212) 362-7922 2012 Broadway, near 69th Street \$ All major cards

If you plan to picnic in Central Park but don't want to lug the food, you can use a cell phone to order from It's a Wrap. This may be the only restaurant that delivers food into Central Park, and the food can be excellent. The wraps are tasty and inviting and have just the right proportion of wet and dry ingredients. The combination of tangy hummus and baba gannouj with carrots, tomatoes and mesclun is particularly good. The roast pork with bean sprouts, scallions, carrot and tomato has a vaguely Vietnamese flavor. For refreshment, you might try the blueberry smoothie. It's a Wrap has another branch in Greenwich Village at 367 Avenue of the Americas, near Fourth Street.

6. Kin Khao Market ttt

(212) 477-445-5179 Prince Street, near Thompson Street SoHo \$All major cards

This little space has housed some noteworthy restaurants, including Bop,

whose owner, Brad Kelley, moved it to the Bowery. Now Mr. Kelley has opened Kin Khao Market, specializing in Thai-style takeout and groceries. Kin Khao offers Bangkok Boxes that feature signature Thai dishes like grilled chicken with garlic, pepper and Thai herbs; wok-seared sun-dried beef with hot chili sauce; green papaya salad with tomatoes, string beans and lemon soy dressing; and fresh veg-etable spring rolls. Each box includes fresh fruit and a ginger cookie for dessert.

7. Mark's

(212) 879-1864 The Mark Hotel 25 East 77th Street Manhattan
\$\$\$ All major cards

Some restaurants specialize in picnics. Mark's at the Mark Hotel offers a backpack with a plastic picnic cloth, a wooden cutting board and a cheese knife, as well as a corkscrew, a T-shirt and a disposable camera. For \$135 you also get a meal for two: salads, sandwiches and desserts, plus sundries like cheeses,

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fruits, nuts, petits-fours, potato chips and a half bottle of wine.

8. Mosaico

ttt (212) 213-4700 175 Madison Avenue, near 33rd Street \$ All major cards

This friendly Pan-Latin takeout shop takes personal service seriously, happily helping you choose the dishes that might be best for a picnic meal. Jicama slaw with mango is tangy and refreshing, a real improvement over cabbage. The aptly named Bolivian picnic chicken, boneless breasts coated with a mustardy paste and bread crumbs, may be eaten by hand.

House-made Rice Krispies treats flavored with dulce de leche are delightfully inauthentic: neither too sticky nor too sweet.

9. Petrossian

(212) 245-2214. 182 West 58th Street Manhattan \$\$\$All major cards

No doubt about it, this is a splurge. A Petrossian caviar picnic runs \$75, but the restaurant makes it easy for you by artfully packing it in two slender rectangular containers, each about the size of a child's box of watercolors. You get a big green salad with a few marinated peppers and a tart vinaigrette. But who cares about that? The caviar's the thing, and a 30-gram container of sevruga and the same amount of salmon roe come with a small tool for prying open the jars and a mother-of-pearl caviar spoon packed in a blue velvet pouch. The luxury of the sevruga can be enjoyed directly from the jar, but the fat, salty salmon eggs need something more, like a few neutral

crackers, which Petrossian does not supply. Dessert is a delicate, delicious fig g noise and a pillbox of tiny, exquisite choco- lates. The vodka is not provided.

10. Tuscan Square

ttt (212) 977-7777 16 West 51 St. Street Manhattan \$All major cards
Tuscan Square is set up almost like a cafeteria, with a salad bar, a pizza sta-

tion, hot meals and desserts. The restaurant has no special picnic menu, but you can easily put together a meal. Ignore the prefabricated sandwiches sitting for- lornly near the salad bar and go directly to the pizza station, where focaccia sand- wiches are heated to order and packed in clever cardboard boxes. Prosciutto and creamy mozzarella with arugula and roasted tomatoes on thin squares of puffy bread are terrific, as is spinach with Parmesan. Or try the excellent pastas like penne in a creamy, spicy amatriciana sauce. You can finish up with a good fruit salad.

11. Vine

(212) 344-8463 25 Broad Street Lower Manhattan \$\$\$ All major cards

It's already famous as the place with the bank-vault dining rooms downstairs. Upstairs, in a bright, airy room that looks out on the New York Stock Exchange, the menu offers American bistro dishes with little ingenious twists. Vine also has a market upstairs that offers picnic lunch boxes with themes like Roman holiday, country picnic and the New Yorker. Each box has a sandwich, a salad or chips, dessert and a beverage.

12. Virgil's Real BBQ \$t (212) 921-9494 152 West 44th Street
Manhattan \$All major cards

This big two-story restaurant is a virtual primer on American barbecue, offer- ing uncanny reproductions of barbecue styles from North Carolina to Texas and dishes from other parts of the Southern food spectrum. Pork ribs and pulled Carolina pork are top-notch, as are biscuits, fried chicken and even hot dogs. Homemade desserts include banana pudding, fresh fruit cobblers and pecan, Key lime and sweet potato pies. All items on the menu are available for takeout, pack-

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aged in a shopping bag with utensils.

DINER'S JOURNAL

William Grimes

Trois Jean, one of Manhattan's handsomest bistros, has ended its long run.

In its place an American restaurant has risen with a clean-cut American look (cre- ated by Larry Bogdanow), a New American menu (created by Mark Spangenthal, the chef at the Screening Room) and a no-frills American name, the Dining Room.

The bar and lounge on the ground floor has a raw bar menu that mixes thor- oughly traditional selections like littleneck clams, oysters and shrimp cocktail with newfangled dishes like tuna tartare with yuzu, wasabi and nuzuna; a mixed seafood ceviche; and cured yellowtail carpaccio, lemon, arugula, sea salt and basil.

In the upstairs dining room Mr. Spangenthal has come up with a short menu with a fresh, direct feel to it.

Appetizers can be as simple as heirloom tomato salad with a basil and onion vinaigrette, or grilled leeks with fingerling potatoes and summer truffles, ascend- ing in complexity no further than roasted quail with cheddar grits, tasso ham and wild mushrooms.

Pan-fried artichokes, a signature at the Screening Room, find their way onto the menu here.

Main courses include braised striped bass with a pan roast of corn, bitter greens and tomatoes; rack of lamb with spinach and corn

Thomas Dallal for The New York Times

The downstairs bar and dining area of the Dining Room, which has opened where Trois Jean used to be.

pudding in a red wine sauce; and an odd Asian-accented red snapper with bok choy, Chinese black rice and candied ginger.

The showstopper dessert is an icebox cake with seven layers of chocolate, caramel, shortbread and

cream, but it should not be allowed to overshadow the bread pudding soaked in coconut milk.

The pudding rests on a layer of tiny pineapple bits surrounded by basil syrup. On top is a glassy sheet of burnt

sugar and a scoop of ginger ice cream.

This may be one for the ages.

The Dining Room, 154 East 79th Street, Manhattan; (212) 327-2500. Dinner entrees, \$19 to \$25.

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E36 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Trapping Dinner in the Bay

By MARGARET MITTELBACH and MICHAEL CREWDSON

As its scientific name *Callinectes sapidus* (delicious beautiful swimmer) sug-

gests, the blue crab is a tasty creature, often winding up in delicacies like Maryland crab cakes, crab-and-avocado salads and "shecrab soup." Although blue crabs are most often associated with the Chesapeake Bay, they have lesser known digs in New York City.

Commercial crabbers pull 800,000 blue crabs out of city waters every year. And amateur crabbers can be found all summer on the city's piers and bridges, dangling traps into bays and inlets.

For years we've observed this fishy phenomenon and wondered, are local crabs good to eat? Would we be able to catch any? This summer we decided to find out whether we could trap a free seafood dinner in New York City.

Before putting on our bibs, we check on the edibility status of city crabs. The state Department of Health puts out an advisory on recreational fishing, and while it issues cautions about eating crabs from certain areas of the city, crabs caught south of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge off the southern shores of Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island get a nod of approval. The only caveat is that they be properly cleaned before eating.

We focus our crabbing efforts on Jamaica Bay, between Brooklyn and Queens, because it is in the safe zone, and it also offers a perfect habitat for blue crabs. With 28 square miles of shallow waters, flushed by ocean tides twice a day, it is a mini-Chesapeake as far as crabs are concerned.

Our first stop is Smitty's Fishing Station in Broad Channel, Queens. On a dock on Jamaica Bay, Smitty's looks out over green marshes and blue water, as well as the causeway carrying the A train, which clatters by every few minutes. Most people go to Smitty's to rent motor boats for fishing, but we're here to see the owner, Dolores D'Ambrosio, the queen of Queens crabbing.

Mrs. D'Ambrosio, 57, knows where to find them, when to catch them and how to cook them. Her husband, Jimmy, who died last year, had a commercial crab-bing license, and she proudly displays a photo of his boat crammed with 2,000 blue crabs netted from pier pilings.

We ask Mrs. D'Ambrosio if she ever worries about eating seafood from the bay. She doesn't.

"I've been eating fish out of the waters of Jamaica Bay my whole life," she says. "The crabs are sweet and delicious. You take the crabs, boil them with beer and bay leaf and garlic, bang them out and eat them. You will say, 'How did I ever eat other fish before I also make a red sauce with plum tomatoes, garlic and olive oil. I add the crab and let it cook. The only difference between a Maryland crab and a crab from Jamaica Bay is the way it's prepared."

Margaret Mittelbach and Michael Crewdson are the authors of "Wild New York: A Guide to the Wildlife, Wild Places and Natural Phenomena of New York City" (Crown, 1997).

Cruising the bay in a boat and using a long-handled net, she says, is the most efficient method of catching the crabs. But we tell her we're too landlubbery for that, so she sells us a crab trap and line for \$8 and advises throwing it off a pier or bridge.

"Just sit the cage on the bottom of the bay with chicken or fish in it," she says, "and lift up every now and then." The legal limit for recreational crabbers is 50 a day, but we probably won't have to worry, about going over. "If you're out for

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five hours with the trap, you might catch six to eight," Mrs. D'Ambrosio tells us. The crab-o-ganza begins the next day at noon, when we head for the Canarsie Pier, a fishing hot spot on the Brooklyn side of Jamaica Bay. On the way we pick up a 10-pack of raw chicken wings from Key Food and a bucket in which to store the huge mess of crabs we plan to catch. (Since both of us were born under the sign Cancer, we figure we'll have a bit of an edge with our crab brothers.)

Run by the National Park Service, Canarsie Pier is a huge concrete and-wood structure that juts out 600 feet into Jamaica Bay. A walk around the pier reveals more than a hundred anglers - mostly fishing for fluke (summer flounder) and snappers (young bluefish) - but only one crabber. He's working five traps attached by lines to the pier railing, and he pulls a huge blue crab out of the water right as we're passing.

We figure this is a good spot and unwrap our crab trap, which reveals itself

to be a clever piece of technology. A small wire cage, it has two doors that snap shut when you pull a string at the top and that open when the tension is released. We introduce ourselves to the crabber, whose name is Joe Busuttil, and ask him how our trap looks. He says it is set up properly but that it is a poor style. Ideally, he says, it should have four doors, so the crabs can get at the bait from any direction.

Then he studies our bait. "You're using chicken?" he asks. "Where's the mashed potatoes?"

Mr. Busuttil's own traps, which he

Limit Is 50 a Day

The crabbing action at the Canarsie Pier in Brooklyn extends through the end

of September. To reach the pier by car, take the Belt Parkway to Exit 13 (Rockaway Parkway) and follow the signs. Free parking is available. By mass transit, take the L train to Rockaway Parkway and transfer to the B42 bus. The pier is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Information: (718) 763-2202.

Crab traps, lines and bait can be purchased near the pier at the Seaview Deli and Grocery, 2126 Rockaway Parkway, Canarsie Brooklyn, (718) 251-1303. Jamaica Bay motor boat rentals and crabbing gear are available at Smitty's Fishing Station, at East Ninth and Lanark Roads, Broad Channel, Queens, (718) 945-2642.

No license is required for recreational crabbing. But the state Department of Environmental Conservation sets a limit of catching 50 crabs a day, and all females caught with eggs must be released.

The state Department of Health recommends that crabs caught in Jamaica Bay be properly cleaned before eating. Specifically, the hepatopancreas (tomalley, or greenish yellow viscera), where any contaminants would be concentrated, should be completely removed. Further details and information on eating crabs caught in other city waterways is available from (800) 458-1158, extension 27815, or on the Web at www.health.state.ny.us/nysdoh/environ/fish.htm.

constructed himself, are baited with tiny silver fish, and his bucket, an industrial size container that originally held potato salad, contains eight feisty crabs.

He jiggles the bucket and the olive-green crabs rattle their claws. "These are all males," he says. It's illegal to keep females with eggs, he informs us, and gingerly flips over one crab to show us how to tell the males from the females. A marking on the crab's white underside is shaped like the Washington Monument, designating its malehood. The female's marking is rounded and looks like the dome of the Capitol.

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Once we tie on our crab line, we chuck our trap tentatively into the drink. It plops down a few feet from the pier and sinks to the bottom. Mr. Busuttill's throwing style is more elegant, and he has a powerful arm. After a brief windup, he pitches the trap out over 25 feet of water. With five cages he is constantly in motion, either reeling them in, throwing them out or coaxing crabs from the traps into his bucket.

We check our trap every five minutes, but the chicken wing remains untouched. After an hour and a half, we still haven't caught anything.

A passing fisherman offers a tip. "Leave the chicken out to stink a bit," he says. "Let it rot, so the crabs can smell it. If you died and fell in, it would take a while for the crabs to start eating you."

Point taken. We put two chicken wings in the sun to fester and add a castoff fish head to our trap to make a tasty surf-and-turf mix.

The time begins to drag. But maybe we shouldn't complain. The anglers are having a tough day, too. A man nearby just caught an empty Pepsi can.

We consult a set of tide charts but realize we have no idea how the tides affect crabbing. Everyone we talk to offers a different theory about whether high tide, low tide or something in between is best. But the consensus is that you have to put in a full day if you want dinner.

We meet another crabber, George Cintron, a low-tide man, who has shown up with wire-mesh nets baited

Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times

Fishermen gathering the crabs they have trapped off the Canarsie Pier.

with bunker, an oily bait fish. "Bunker has more flavor than chicken," he tells us. "More blood."

Mr. Cintron lives in Brownsville, just a few miles away, but to reach the pier,

he has to take the subway, then a bus. Sometimes, on the way home, he'll lug as many as 35 live crabs through the transit system. The crabs, which ride free of charge, wind up boiled with sazón, a Spanish spice mixture.

Although cooking is a moot point right now since we have no crabs, we ask Mr. Busuttill how he prepares his catch, and he tells us he likes crab pasta. "You cook the spaghetti halfway," he says. "Then you add the spaghetti and the crabs to tomato sauce. You cook it all together until the crabs turn red. It makes an unbelievable sauce." When he goes home to nearby Gerritsen Beach with more than a dozen crabs we claim his spot.

But his luck has left with him. Passers-by keep stopping to look inside our bucket. Nothing.

A crusty old pier denizen comes over and says: "What did you catch? A cold?"

To kill time and distance ourselves from the empty pail, we retreat to a bench and play a word game. One of us chooses a letter of the alphabet, and then we have to think of three "celebrities of the sea" beginning with that letter. We start with S: salmon, squid and scungilli. P: porgie, porpoise and pilot whale. L: lam-prey, limpet and lobster. Q: quahog, Queequeg and the QE2. It's time to check the traps.

We pull the salty, wet line from the water and this time we see something with the chicken on the trap's floor. It's a crab waving its claws. And it's a Washington Monument! We wrestle it into our bucket and look it over proudly. It has 10 legs, two of them sturdy claws handsomely decorated with blue markings. And it's very feisty, scrambling to get out of the bucket and pinch someone. It's perfect, our first Canarsie crab.

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But our triumph comes late in the day. We need at least eight crabs to make a decent meal, and after another hour of crabless crabbing we conclude that there's no chance we'll catch, enough by dinner time. So at 4 p.m. we give our sole crab to Mr. Cintron and head home.

Analyzing the situation, we decide we need more traps. We also consult the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Beautiful Swimmers" by William W. Warner (Little, Brown, 1976), a book about the commercial blue-crab fishery in the Chesapeake Bay.

We learn that commercial crabbers call amateurs chicken neckers because they bait their cages with chicken necks, which makes us chicken wingers. We decide to switch bait.

The next morning we're back in Canarsie at the Seaview Deli and Grocery, which sells fishing gear on Rockaway Parkway a few blocks from the Canarsie Pier. We buy another cage-style trap and a ring net like Mr. Cintron's along with bunker for bait.

It's all business when we hit the pier at 10:30 a.m. Within 10 minutes all three traps are baited and in the water.

The first time we pull in the new net trap it comes up with a huge male crab. And it's no fluke because 10 minutes later we pull in another. Our crabbing fantasy has begun. We have visions of a feast: crab chowder, deviled-crab tarts and leftover crab sandwiches.

Unfortunately our personal fishery abruptly shifts to the crabber set up next to us. Over the next two hours his traps (which are baited with chicken) come up with crab after crab. Meanwhile we catch two small

females, which we throw back.

As the day slowly goes by, and we work the traps regularly, our catch does become respectable. Over six hours we pull in nine crabs, a few of them with shells measuring more than six inches across. Our bucket even begins to draw admiring glances.

On the way home the crabs ride on the floor of the passenger seat.

NEW JERSEY

BRONX 0 Miles 10

QUEENS NASSAU

B'KLYN STATEN ISLAND Atlantic Ocean MAN.

ATLANTIC AVE. BROOKLYN QUEENS VAN WYCK EXPWY. WOODHAVEN BLVD. BELT PKWY. FLOYD BENNETT FIELD Canarsie Jamaica Bay KENNEDY INT'L AIRPORT Rockaway Inlet Atlantic Ocean Broad Channel 0 Miles 2

The New York Times

They're mostly quiet, but we can occasionally hear them fighting, in the bucket. We feel a bit guilty about removing them from their briny

home in Canarsie. At the same we feel hungry. Besides, blue crabs eat blue crabs. According to studies as much as 13 percent of their diet is cannibalistic.

Back at our test kitchen we debate how to cook them. The voices of Mrs D'Ambrosio, Mr. Cintron and Mr. Busuttill ring in our ears. Red sake whisper Mrs. D'Ambrosio and Mr. Busuttill. Boil them, urges Mr. Cintron. We search epicurious.com, but its recipes are too elaborate (miniature crab cakes with mustard mayonnaise).

Finally we check the "Long Island Seafood Cook Book," originally published in 1939, which has 16 localized crab recipes, including "Savory Crab Rockaway Beach," "Crab Curry Hempstead" and "Great Neck Baked Crab Shells." In the end, we modify the cook book's simplest recipe: the "Crab Boil."

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Using two-foot-long tongs we transfer the live crabs to a pot and rinse them off under cold water. Then we put another pot of water on the stove and throw in salt, pepper, a tablespoon of vinegar, half a chopped onion, two cloves of garlic, a bay leaf, one chopped chili pepper and a bottle of Brooklyn Lager.

When the water reaches a rolling boil, we lift up the pot of crabs and pour them in, covering the pot with a lid to avoid seeing the carnage. Thirty seconds later we peek, and the crabs have turned from olive brown to bright pinkish red. It looks as if our little friends have headed for the big Red Lobster in the sky.

As the crabs simmer, we cover the kitchen table with sheets of newspaper. In 15 minutes our catch is done Prying the crabs apart, we remove the goopy, greenish yellow viscera (called the liver or tomalley), as well as the thin, tube-like gills.

We stack the crabs on the table. Using nutcrackers, we extract, e white meat from the claws and dies and crack the smaller leg with our teeth, sucking the juicy flesh out. As we get more involved in cracking and slurping, the seaside aroma of the crabs is almost intoxicating Canarsie crab is the sweetest we've ever tasted.

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Mystery Upon Mystery in the Shadows

By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

The enchantment in the title of this entertainingly piquant first novel by

Tucker Malarkey comes from a line in the Koran and seems to refer to an attitude of non-belief, an erroneous conviction that the faith of the ancestors is a sort of bedazzlement, a falsehood. But the phrase "an obvious enchantment" is also mysterious, elusive, suggestive of the world of uncertainty in which Ms. Malarkey places her likable heroine, an archaeologist-anthropologist named Ingrid Holtz who is a flickering column of light trying to penetrate the shadows of a world of exotic intrigue.

Ingrid has garnered an academic grant allowing her to travel to the island of Pelat off the Indian Ocean coast of Kenya, where her academic mentor and adviser, Nick Templeton, has disappeared while doing research. Templeton is a rebel in the world of scholarship, a man who

AN OBVIOUS ENCHANTMENT

By Tucker Malarkey 407 pages. Random House. \$23.95.

He suspects that we have gotten the history of monotheism all wrong. He wants

to answer the question of "how cultures all around the world had all, in their own time and way, come to decide on one god." And he believes that part of the answer lies in rediscovering a long-ago

native king who brought Islam to Africa three centuries before that event is believed to have occurred.

Ingrid, too, is absorbed by the history of monotheism, and she is a believer in Templeton, who is mocked and despised by his colleagues at the University in Michigan, where he and Ingrid both work.

Never mind that the academic questions seem a bit contrived, a bit airy, unconvincingly portentous. Never mind also that some of what happens in "An Obvious Enchantment," including some of the critical turnings of plot, seem unmoored from clear and logical motivation. Ms. Malarkey never entirely solves the mysteries that get her into her African story in the first place. But she is a gifted writer with a keen sense of place and a basketful of aromatic characters, expatriates and Africans alike, who give her book plenty of romantic charm.

The chief mystery has to do with Templeton's disappearance. Strangely, when Ingrid arrives on Pelat, he makes no effort to contact her there, or to let her know

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where he is, even though she has always been his star pupil and special moral and scholarly admirer. Why Templeton behaves so strangely is one of those matters never fully accounted for in Ms. Malarkey's scheme. Still, once you accept that Templeton has vanished and yet is present in the lives of

the savory inhabitants of Pelat, you can enjoy Ingrid's adventurous efforts not only to find him but to puzzle out what he has discovered about the historical king.

Along the way Ingrid unearths a host of others, dissolute, roguish, scheming, vulnerable, drunken and, in one case, unhealthily irresistible. This latter figure is Finn Bergmann, whose Scandinavian father, now dead, founded Salama, a luxurious hotel on Pelat where the island's chatty and catty expats gather.

Finn is a white African. He fishes for a living and is a sort of male counter-part to a femme fatale. He is strong, handsome and seductive. But while he is willing to share Ingrid's eager bed he is unwilling to have sex with her. He also seems to know something important about Templeton, but he doesn't share this precious information with Ingrid, which makes her all the more annoyed that she can't get Finn out of her mind.

"Her thoughts were clear," Ms. Malarkey's narrator intones. "This man was a confused drunk, a fundamentally crippled human being. He could not think, feel or talk. She smiled as politely as she could.

'I'm sorry to have caught you in my confusion.'

"'Don't concern yourself with my opinion of you,' Finn said. 'I have none.'" Some of Ms. Malarkey's characters risk reminding one of central casting.

What recent cultural product about whites in Africa, for example, does not have the equivalent of Ms. Malarkey's Danny Chisham, the man who drinks steadily at the Salama and has no purpose in life other than to be hurt and utter witticisms! Then there is Fatima, the cloaked Muslim woman whom we see striving to keep Finn from losing himself among these dissolute Europeans, as she intrigues from the shadows.

The issue that concerns everybody - and that Ingrid can't quite get a handle on - has to do with a new hotel being built by another cagey expatriate, Stanley Wicks, on the other side of Pelat from the Salama. The first hotel, built by Finn's father, created an opposition group on the island, a kind of proto-fundamentalist core that feared the tourism

business would pollute the native way of life, turning local boys into bartenders and bellhops. Now another eager European wants to bring more commercialism, more liquor, more Euro-

pean fashion to the very part of the island where the dissident faction on lives.

Somehow Templeton is involved with that faction and is opposed to the new hotel. Finn, too. But why can't anybody just tell the mystified Ingrid what is happening? In real life they might have, but then Ms. Malarkey wouldn't have had much a story, and we would have been deprived of the entertainment she has given us. Ms. Malarkey's ending into a kind of showdown among the contending parties. Again, the stakes, especially for the Europeans, do not seem quite large enough to justify the grisly acts that are committed including some by Templeton final battle is fought. But Malarkey has given intimate dose of Africa character whose combination pluck and despair have as much of her "An Obvious Enchantment" from entirely convincing, but its virtues are distinguished enough us to keep reading with pleasure sense of edification about a faraway world that Ms. Malarkey has brought colorfully to life.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 E37

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With Classified Advertising Automobiles F1 FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000
The New York Times

Jack Manning/The New York Times

Shad Interligi turns a Chevy Blazer into a Head & Shoulders
billboard for Autowraps.

And Now, a Few Words

From Your Car's Sponsor

By JULIE DUNN

Suppose a rich uncle gave you a new car, or regularly sent checks to help with

the monthly payments? Two California companies are playing Daddy Warbucks, but their generosity has strings attached: The cars serve as eye-catching mobile billboards for corporate sponsors.

For example, Susan Jarboe, an account executive with an employment agency, parades around San Francisco in a Volkswagen New Beetle with silver- and-purple bull's-eyes on each side - a come-on for an Internet portal called MobileEngines.com.

"I get a lot of stares," she said. "I get stopped at least 20 or 25 times a week." Passersby want to know about the ad that covers nearly every square inch of her car.

For being an auto-exhibitionist, Ms. Jarboe gets \$350 a month from FreeCar Media of Los Angeles. "It seemed like a great way to make my car payment," she said.

FreeCar Media, which started operating in March, and Autowraps, a San Francisco company that is two months older, are leading a charge to wrap private cars with advertising, a trend that is sweeping the West Coast and starting to move east. FreeCar gives selected motorists two years' use of a new car. The owner is responsible for insurance, maintenance, fuel and stares. Autowraps pays participants \$100 to \$400 a month if they agree to have advertising slathered on cars they already own.

The chronically shy would not be comfortable in either program, since the point is to grab attention. The cars are wrapped in sheets of adhesive vinyl film that fit like pieces of a puzzle. The film over the windows is perforated, and thus does not restrict the driver's view.

The process was developed by 3M, the St. Paul-based company responsible for Post-it Notes. The thin film usually comes in four-foot-long sections, with two to four sections forming a large image. The film is designed to withstand wind, snow, rain and speeds of up to 500 miles an hour.

FreeCar Media says it has given away 30 cars. It plans to have 300 on the streets this year and 2,000 by the end of 2001. The company will not have trouble finding takers; more than 70,000 people have applied for cars by registering at www.freecar.com.

"People are chosen because of the way they drive and the way they live their life," said Lawrence Butler, one of FreeCar's three founders. He says 4,000 people see a car driven in a big city for at least an hour.

Autowraps has 40,000 prospects registered at www.autowraps.com, and 250 vehicles on the road. Advertisers pay the company \$430 to \$2,000 a month per vehicle, depending on the size of the wrap and the number of cars sponsored. Daniel Shifrin, president of Autowraps, said the company expected to have 10,000 cars by the end of 2001.

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Advertisers pay FreeCar fees of about

\$1,250 a month. Citing billboard costs in San Francisco of \$70,000 to \$90,000 a month, Mr. Shifrin said he could deliver dozens of roving advertisements for the same money.

Anthony P. Davey, a brand manager at Procter & Gamble, called the wrapping "an exciting new execution." The company has wrapped five Chevy Blazers in conjunction with a new campaign for Head & Shoulders shampoo. "We wanted to be at teen venues specifically - concerts, malls, skate parks," Mr. Davey said.

"I get stopped a lot - at the gas station, going to the gym," said Cherie Rose, a senior service agent for Federal Express in Tempe, Ariz. In July, Autowraps covered her red Blazer in blue vinyl - punctuated by green-and-white checkmarks - to advertise Lowestpremium.com, a search engine that compares insurance rates. "Most people are just astonished by it," Ms. Rose said.

New Beetles and sport utilities are particularly popular with advertisers. "We're directing our clients toward larger vehicles because they're more visible," said Chris A. Gaebler, another founder of FreeCar Media. "S.U.V.'s stand so high above the traffic. But if it was a family-focused campaign, we'd wrap a minivan."

There are strict guidelines. Autowraps requires participants to be at least 18, to prove ownership of the vehicle and to verify that they have not had a moving violation within 12 months. A felony or drunken-driving conviction disqualifies a driver forever.

"We want safe drivers," Mr. Shifrin said.

Both companies require participants to sign contracts pledging to drive a certain distance, usually around 800 miles a month, and to wash their vehicles at least every two weeks. Some contracts require the drivers to park in visible spots.

The vehicles are also equipped with global positioning units that tell the companies where they are being driven and how fast.

Although new technology and a plethora of dot-com advertisers are giving the car wrapping business a high-tech sheen, putting ads on cars is nothing new. VW's bearing cigarette logos used to puff through New York City streets, and of course there are the Oscar Mayer Wienermobiles.

The latest wave may have begun in 1993 when TDI Inc. of New York, which sells transit ads worldwide, wrapped a San Francisco bus. In conjunction with Supergraphics of Sunnyvale, Calif., it has now wrapped more than 6,000 buses worldwide, including about 100 tour buses in New York.

So, after developing a process to sell street exposure to sponsors, are the companies' executives driving slogan-emblazoned vehicles all the way to the bank? Mr. Shifrin, for one, says his own car is ad-free.

"I have a terrible commute pattern," he said. "I work four blocks from where I live, so I walk a lot."

High Fashion for Fall: Black Tie and Tailgates

Lincoln Blackwood's stainless-steel cargo bed and power-operated cover. Black is back. Not the color, necessarily, but the name. Yesterday at the U.S.

Open in Flushing Meadows, Lincoln introduced its 2002 Blackwood luxury truck. And Buick has put the final touches on a show car, the Blackhawk, that will make the rounds of custom-car and hot-rod shows.

The full-size, four-door Lincoln pickup, which closely resembles a design study that was a sensation at auto shows last year, is essentially a Navigator S.U.V. with a pickup bed instead of a wagon-type cargo area. Side-hinged Dutch doors give access to the bed; electric motors open and close the hard tonneau

cover. The bed is lined with stainless steel, punctuated by L.E.D. strips that provide illumination.

Although the original Blackwood concept truck had rare wenge wood outside its cargo box, the production version will have composite panels that reproduce the look of the dark African wood through a

Buick's Blackhawk custom car flaunts a '39 grille and 40's-style body.

photo-lamination process. The Blackwood's cabin has dark-stained wood trim, adjustable pedals, front and rear consoles and four leather bucket seats that are internally heated and cooled.

The Blackwood will share the Navigator's 5.4-liter, 300-horsepower V-8 engine.

The truck goes on sale in the first half of 2001. The price, which has not been announced, is likely to be over \$50,000. Fewer than 10,000 are to be built annually.

The Buick Blackhawk will have a far more limited run of just a single car. A four-seat convertible with a retractable top, it is an amalgam of some of Buick's most famous designs: a grille and lighted trunk logo from 1939, a "torpedo" body of the 40's, a 455-cubic-inch GS Stage III V-8 engine from 1970 and interior touches from the '96 Riviera.

"I've worked on a lot of great concepts for Buick, but this is No. 1 for me," said Mike Doble, the division's special vehicles manager, who will soon retire after 35 years at General Motors.

Although Mr. Doble came up with the idea of creating a custom car based on highlights of past Buicks, the actual design was done by Steven D. Pasteiner, a former Buick designer who now has his own company, Advanced Automobile Technologies, in Rochester Hills, Mich.

JAMES G. COBB

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Inc. Always use your seat belts. SRS/airbags alone do not provide sufficient protection. *Closed-end leases offered by participating Land Rover retailers through Primus Financial, Inc. 2000 Discovery Series II SID: MSRP, \$33,975. Capitalized cost, \$30,587. Total payments are \$14,378.04. At lease end, purchase for \$22,283.75, plus applicable tax. 2000 Range Rover 4.0 SE: MSRP, \$59,625. Capitalized cost, \$52,705. Total payments are \$28,776.96. At lease end, purchase for \$33,390, plus applicable tax. MSRPs include \$625 destination charge. Capitalized costs include \$475 acquisition fee. Scheduled maintenance included for four years or 50,000 miles. Lessee also responsible for repairs, excess wear and tear, insurance and any options, plus \$0.20/mile for mileage over 30,000 miles. Lessee has option to purchase prior to maturity. \$395 disposal fee if vehicle not purchased. For leases executed in the state of New York security deposits are limited to \$749. Other conditions may apply. Retailer participation may affect cost. Must take delivery by September 30, 2000. Subject to availability and credit approval. See participating retailers for details.

DayF1 / 772

F2 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Manhattan Jeep /Chrysler / Plymouth

NEW YORK CITY'S #1 VOLUME JEEP-CHRYSLER / PLYMOUTH DEALER Labor Day Sell-Off Last Call For The 2000s

NOW THRU MONDAY

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0.9% APR FINANCING Available to qualified buyers for 36 mos on ALL 2000s

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The Five Star Experience! IT'S BETTER. WE'LL PROVE IT.

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Stk# Y 8449 26J pkg, Green, 4 dr, 6 cyl, auto, A/C, rf rack P/S, P/B, P/W &

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LEASE \$199 per mo 39 mos \$2023 Due at Signing

LEASE \$219 per mo 39 mos \$4049 Due at Signing

Stk# YC4076, 6 cyl., 26E pkg, auto, white, dual air bags, P/S, P/B, wndws &

locks. AM / FM stereo cass, cruise, tilt wheel, A/C, sunscreen galss, MSRP \$30,065 Include \$1000 Factory Loyalty Rebate plus \$3800 consumer lease cash back.

NEW 2000 JEEP CHEROKEE SPORT 4X4

NEW 2000 PLYMOUTH NEON Stk#Y6550, 22G Pkg, silver, 4cyl, auto 4 dr. p/s p/b, A/C am/fm cass tilt, power windows & locks, MSRP \$16,190.

Price Includes \$1500 Factory Rebate. BUY \$12,799

NEW 2000 CRYSLER 300M

Stk#Y2611, Black, V-6, auto p/s/b, A/C dual air bags, am/fm radio. CD changer cassette. 26M pkg, leather int. 17" Include. \$2000 Mfr's Rebate, MSRP \$31,795 BUY \$25,999

NEW 2000 PLYMOUTH VOYAGER STK#Y6096, white, 4cyl, auto p/s, p/b 7 pass, A/C dual airbags, r def 22T pkg, silver am/fm cass, Inlcudes \$2500 Factory Rebate, MSRP \$19,470. 1 in stock. BUY \$14,449

NEW 2000 JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE LAREDO 4X4 Stk#Y9899, 26F pkg, leather int, sunroof, full size spare, am/fm str cass w/CD, A/C alum rims, sun-screen glass, 6 cyl, auto, ps, p/b, pwr wndws/lcks/mirrs/seat, cruise tilt, roof rack, MSRP \$33,060 Includes \$1000 factory loyalty rebate + \$3800 consumer lease cash back LEASE \$299 per mo 39 mos \$3223 Due at Signing

NEW 2000 JEEP WRANGLER Stk#Y7603, 4 cyl, p/s, p/b, no A/C 23N pkg, green 5 spd man, A/C AM/FM stereo, body side steps, MSRP \$18,620 1 in stock BUY \$15,849

NEW 2000 JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE LIMITED 4X4 Stk#91104, 28K pkg, silver leather int, sunroof, 8 cyl auto, p/s, p/b power windows / locks / seats, mir- rors, A/C cruise, tilt, am/fm cassette w/CD, 600 demo miles, price includes \$4500 factory lease cash back & \$1000 factory loyalty rebate. LEASE \$399 per mo 51 mos \$1424 Due at Signing **NO MONEY DOWN**

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Prices include all costs to a consumer except tax, tags & reg fees. t Closed end leases w/10,000 mi/yr @ 180/mi over. Lessee resp for maintenance & excess wear. Leases require: 1st mo pymt + \$625 bank fee (Laredo Sport \$695)+ ref sec dep. Cherokee Sport=\$200, Laredo 4X4=\$300, Laredo=\$225.Cap cost reduction= Sport: \$1499, Laredo: \$2999, Laredo 4x4=\$1999. Purch Opt/Total Pymts: Sport=\$10,755/\$7761, Limited \$17,988/\$15,571, Laredo=\$14,731/\$8541, Laredo 4x4= \$16,591/\$11,661. All subj to primary lender approval. See us for for details. Prices subject to lender changes. NYC Dept. of Consumer Affairs Lic #854528 * DMV #704345

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26 E Package, Dual Airbags, Anti-Lock Brakes, Auto Trans, Power Windows

& Locks, Tilt & Cruise, Keyless Entry, Deep Tinted Glass, Vehicle Info Center, Carpeted Mats, Air Conditioning Cassette, Aluminum Wheels, Hidden Spare Tire, MSRP \$29,935 Lease For \$275 / mo 39 mos. ONLY \$2995 DUE AT INCEPTION. NO SECURITY DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

SAVE AN ADD'TL \$1000 OWNER LOYALTY PROGRAM DODGE 9.0% APR FINANCING*
2000 DODGE DURANGO SPORT 4X4 Automatic, air conditioning, power windows
& doorlocks, tilt, am/fm cass, 4.7L V8 engine, front & rear floor-
mats, 8 pass. seating, alum wheels, keyless entry, 26B pkg, MSRP
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SECURITY DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

JEEP 2001 WRANGLER SE 4X4 9.0% APR FINANCING* 5spd, A/C, hard/soft
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Lease for \$209 39 mos. Automatic, 7 passenger, A/C floor mats, tilt,
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Prices include all costs to a consumer except tax, tags & reg fees &
incl any/all mfr rebates/incentives. Closed end leases w/ 12,000 mi/yr
0 15¢/mi over (10,000 mi/yr @ 18¢ over for MVP) (10,000 mi/yr @ 15¢ mi
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BMW 94' 318i CONV Manual, blk w/tan int. 6 cd, 44K miles, Exccond. DayF2 / 776

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LANDROVER RANGEROVER '98 Lease for sale, Blk, tan lthr int, mint cond,

DayF2 / 778

10 mos left on lease, \$900.95 mo. Call w. 212-503-1117 Daniel Domato; 212-477- 4782 h.

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Co-Ops & Condos Manhattan Below 34th 840

5th AVE-Huge loft foreclosed. 2800sf. Bank to sell on 9/19. Start offers "ONLY" \$75K. No money dn. Info on list. Others Bank Svc 203-838-8200 Or try a search www.foreclosureworld.com \$368 Fee

BATTERY PK CITY-LG 1BR CONDO w/alcove. Liberty Court, 200 Rector Pl, 4 fir. City view. Excellent cond. Approx 800 sf. \$380K. Lv message 212-786-9411

Chelsea Best P/W 1 BR For \$ \$ 3x Mint Eleg deco DM bldg, comm gdn, big foy, brite, quiet, lg rms, 2 expo. Lo mt \$389K DG NEARY Gil 633-2727 x 201

GRAMERCY PK New listing. Best bldg. Prewar duplex trees. 8 mint reno rms, WBF. 34 BR. C/AC. New elect bathrms. EIK. \$1,950. Bkr 212-980-6285

SOHO-LAFAYETTE PENTHOUSE 3,600 Sq Ft + 2,000 Sq Ft Outside \$2.1 Mill. 3 exposures, 3 BRs, 3 Baths. Call Stacey 212-682-9850

Manhattan Apts. Unfurnished Three, Four & Five Rms. 878

40s-90s Glenwood QUALITY LUXURY RENTALS WITH GOURMET KITCHENS, OVERSIZED CLOSETS, CITY/RIVER VIEWS & FITNESS CENTERS. SERVICE 24-HOUR DOORMAN, ATTENDED GARAGE AND SERVICE ENTRANCE, WITH VALET SERVICE IN BLDG. 1 BEDROOM 2,725 2 BED- ROOM/2BTH \$3,625 CONV 3 BEDROOM \$4,750 3 BEDROOM/ 2.5BTH \$5,850 We Have Other Fine Apartments Available OFFERED

DIRECTLY BY OWNER/MANAGEMENT Free Parking While Viewing Call from 10am-6pm, 7

797 / F5 Day

Days 535-0500 www.glenwoodmanagement.com G YOUR ASSURANCE OF EXCELLENCE

40s-50s West Huge 3BR \$4250 NoFee Lg + Shareable, dishwasher, wash/dry Kent-Direct.com 212-645-9797

41 ST E. Tudor City Studios from \$1100 up; 1 BRs utils incl. DRN RE 212- 661-6708

46th St, 310 East NO FEE TURTLE BAY TOWERS 2 Bdrm Penthouse-\$4,700 w/Spectacular Views & DA, 1,100 s.f. All opts feature 12' ceilings and 7' windows 24-Hour Attended Lobby 212-557-5700 ROCKROSE Developer/Owner/Manager www.rockrosenyc.com

46 ST EAST WALK TO WORK 2 BEDRM w/WINDOWED EAT-IN KITCHEN, 2 1/2 BATHRMS, SEP DIN RM OR DEN CONVTLBLE TO 3RD BEDRM, LRGE LIV RM & SPLIT BEDRMS, EXCEL CLSTS. 24-HR DRMN, GARAGE AVAIL, BLDG WIDE WATER FILTRATION SYSTEM, ROOFTOP SUNDECK. COMPLIMENTARY FIT- NESS CENTER. \$4,850. NO FEE. 212-661-7979.

49ST/10AV NO FEE 1st Floor Studio Apt Avail Sept 1 \$1350/mo, Mgmt Mon- Fri 212-252-6730

50s-60s 57th Street 150 E 57 St. NY's Most Elegant Rental Residence Elegant Spacious Hi Flr 2BR Gracious Marble Entry Foyer leads to 22' Living rm, sep 13'x 12' Dining rm or 2nd BR. 2 lovely Marble Baths w/Jacuzzi & glass enc'sd shower. Granite countertop Kitchen. Custom Closets thruout. Building Amenities Include: RESIDENTS ONLY HEALTH CLUB w/45' SKYLIT INDOOR POOL, WEIGHT TRAINING & EXERCISE ROOM. White glove service, include Doorman, Concierge & Valet. Mr. Williams 755-5645 GUMLEY-HAFT

50's E F/SBldg LUXURY 2 BED W/balc, new kit, mod bth, pool, Pets ok. 350- 8500 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

50's W DM BLDG!! 1 BD W/kit, ceil to flr wndws. All new. 350-8500 DOU- GLAS ELLIMAN

50's EAST CONVERTIBLE 3BR AVAIL OCT. WALK TO WORK CALL BKR 212- 737-5661

Manhattan Apts. Unfurnished Three, Four & Five Rms. 878

50's W Fifth Ave PREWAR HOMES Lovely 2 Bedroom, dining, WBF, nice details, skyline views. Also: Super charming. Also: Huge 2 Bedroom/2.5 bath sep dining WBF, handsome dtls. And huge 1 Bedroom with sep dining, WBF, fine Doorman building. \$3695 705-1040

DOUGLAS ELLIMAN 50's EAST 1 BR Totally renovated. Avail immed. Walk to work. call bkr 212-737-5661

52nd St E Best Block! . . Doorman Bldg PREWAR 1 BR PENTHOUSE! HUGE PRIVATE TERRACE \$3050 New deluxe kit & bath. Pets ok. Immed. CITY CONNECTIONS 627-7800

56 St W (9th Ave) No Fee. 1BR Hi cells, walk up, renov apt, ideal share, \$1950. Imm occpy. 212-465-3149

59 St Central Park South 200 C.P.S. LOVELY SPACIOUS 1 BR, 1.5B 1100+ Sq Ft. Lge Foyer leads to 25' Liv R w/sep 16' Dining Rm. Master with 2 walk-in closets. Rare Space & Value. Full service doorman, concierge & elev. man bldg. Attended garage and valet available. Central A/C included, Mr. Williams 755- 5645 GUMLEY-HAFT

60's East On 5th Avenue 800 5th Ave NY'S Finest Rental Residence WON- DERFUL PARK VIEWS ELEGANT HIGH FLOOR 2BR, 2.5 BTH 1,800 Sq Ft. Direct on Park. Marble Gallery leads to gracious 27' Living Rm W/ 18' sep Formal Dining

DayF5 / 798

Rm or Library. Wonderful Masters w/excellent closets. Lge Kitchen w/sep 13' Solarium or Breakfast Rm. Rarest of opportunities. TRIPLE

MINT ON PARK Superb 1800 SF Entertaining Space One of a kind completely & uniquely refurbished 46' Liv Rm w/ custom built wet bar & entertainment center. All on Park. Formal Din Rm, 2.5 Mrbl Bth, gourmet Kit w/Brkfst area. Wonderful finishes throughout. Must be seen! White glove services incl doorman & concierge. Attended gar & valet avail. Mr. Williams 755-5645 GUMLEY-HAFT

60's/90's E & W - Other Prime Areas! SPECIAL BEDROOMS Brownstone Mint 1BR Only \$1500 Prewar Large New 1 BR \$1850 Elegant Hi Floor Lux Drmn 1 BR \$2600 2,3 & 4 BEDROOMS Sprawling 2 BR 2 Bath Duplex \$2925 Luxury Elev 2BR Duplex + Loft Amsterdam Ave Prewr Elev 2B \$3400 URBAN HABITAT 734- 1800 These & 100's More, All Sizes & Prices

60's W-Lincoln Center
PREMIERE LUXURY HI RISE

Huge 1 Bdrm 1.5 bths, \$3375. Also: 1BDRm Jr 4, DA, 1 Also: 1BDRM on high

floor, \$2680. And giant 2 BDRM/3bath, balcony. 705-1040 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN 60s/70s E PERFECT 2 SHARE!! NEWLY RENO FLEX2 \$1775 MANHATTAN APTS 489-5000

62/E Ren lux 3br + loft \$3300 Prime lease grt for 3 shares; fant opt!

MarcLewisRealty.com 289-3200

70's E Prestigious Rental Tower 220 E 72 St Hi Flr 1 BR, 2B Open North Vus

1000+ Sq Ft. Mrbl Foyer lead, to 24 Living Rm, separate 12' Dining Rm. 19' Master, multiple walk in closets. Elegant Doorman Building. Mr. Williams 755- 5645 GUMLEY-HAFT

70'S EAST 2 BEDRM W/WINDOWED EAT-IN KITCHEN 2 BATHRMS SEPA- RATE DINING RM OR CLSTS INCL MSTR IN, BALCONY SUNNY SOUTHEAST EXPO. 24 HR DOORMAN CEN, A/C, BLDG WIDE WATER FILTRATION SYSTEM ROOFTOP GARDENS, GARAGE AVAILABLE. \$4,750. NO FEE. CALL 212-535- 0088

70's-80s E 3rd Ave Luxury DM Bldgs BEST VALUES!

Huge 1 BDRM home, Jr 4, room large Dining Area, \$3325. Also: Bd floor, new fully renov, view \$2625. And great 2 BDRM \$1200 both. Deal \$3750. 705-1040 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

70's W Lux F/S Bldg PREWAR PERFECT Total renov. 2 baths, Dining area, new kitchen, rarely available. 350-8500 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

70's West Central Park Block NEWLY RENO 4BR/3 BATH Private deck. Working fireplace. Lots of closets. Great for shares! \$5200 ALSO: 3BR/2 BATH + WBFP \$4200 AMBASSADOR R.E. (212) 769-3380

70's-80's W WEA PRWR DRMN 1BR \$2409 Beaut 1 BR in drmn bldg on WEA. Hi cell, hdwd fir, reno kit & bth, gd clsts. qualityliving.com 595-9800

70s-80s and Other Prime Areas "Have A Great Holiday Weekend" For The Best Selection of Apt Rentals PrinceProperties.com 212-737-7770 1487

1ST AVE & 78TH ST 70s-80s E. CHARMING BRWNSTNE All New 1 BR, \$1495 Beaut Spotless Sunny 2BR \$1995 Many more. HechtGroup.com 717-8484

70's E. 900 SO FT Shares OK SPACIOUS 2BR/2 BATH DUPLX Closets Galore. Prime Block! \$2925 URBAN HABITAT REALTY 734-1800

70s/RSD LGE 1BR NEW RENO V'N PRIVATE GARDEN \$2M No Dogs Gotham 595-5785

70's/Park Ave Prewar Bldg. All reno'd 1 BR, marble bath, LR w/FP, sep, DR, hil cells. ANDREW EMMET 570-6000 Extn 13

799 / F5 Day

70sE OFF 3rd GORGEOUS BLOCK AUTHENTIC! ADORABLE BRWNSTN PENTHOUSE! ONE BEDROOM APT \$2500 ZIEGLER 472-9400/472-1902

70's W/off Col-Large 1BR w/WBF SM + Large 1 BR w/separate loft \$2400 +Large 2BR, sep kit, hi ceils N.E.W.S. REALTY 212-873-4700

71 St W. PRIMELEASE PRE-WAR 3BR/2BATH! Charming home w/Southern exposure No Shares, Excellent Value!! Call R.Grossmon 212-490-5000 Ext.282 HERON RESIDENTIAL

72 St E Sweeping River & City Views ELEGANT 2BDRMS 27'x17' LR Wall to wall windows, 19' master suite + sep dressing area 16' 2nd BR, 2 marble baths, 12' dining, 18' center hall, 24 hour drmn & concierge, cntrl A/C. Yr-round rftop pool/hlth club & 24 hour attended garage avail. \$6,500 NO FEE 249-7400

74TH-90'S EAST *NO FEE* STU * LAUNDRY \$1580 1 BR * HI FLR, TERR \$2210 2BR * HI FL, GRT SHR * \$3310 STERLING INT' 212-517-4000

80's/CPW LUX DOORMAN HUGE 1 BR Pre-War Hi Ceilngs Snkn LR Windowed Kit/Bt Hrdwd Flrs Tons Of Closets Dine Area. Newly Renov. Prime Lease \$2800 SOMEKH RLTY 517-7575

80s/CPW RARELY AVAILABLE * * DIRECT PARK VIEWS * * 2BR,2 bths, 24hr drmn. \$5400. FENWICK-KEATS Sandra 772-9225

80s/CPW DUPLEX + LAUNDRY LGE 1 BR + TERRACE \$2600 Sleep loft, fplc. Gotham 595-5785

80-90/ Pk Renov 2br \$2100 Prime lse; pert 2 Execs; super deal! MarcLewisRealty.com 289-3200

Manhattan Apts. Unfurnished Three, Four & Five Rms. 878

80's E Lux Bldg 2 BR \$4900 2 bth, mini apartment in building with pool & HC. Call for Appt. 350-8500 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

80s/CPW. SUPER-SIZE GIANT 2BR, 2 BTH, TERRACE \$3000 Sunny. Laundry Gotham 595-5785

90s West/Broadway No Fee www.THELYRICnyc.com The West Side's Most Notable New Rental

90'S-EAST RIVER 91ST St. SWEEPING RIVER VIEWS 2 BEDROOM, 2 BATH w/CONTEMPORARY EURO STYLE KITCHEN, EXCELL CLSTS INCL. MASTER BEDROOM WALK-IN, RIVER VIEWS. 24-HOUR DRMAN, FITNESS CENTER, CHILDREN'S PLAYRM GARAGE AVAILABLE, BUILDING-WIDE WATER FILTRA- TION SYSTEM, \$3,625. NO FEE. 212-831-8200

90's-100's WEA to BROADWAY Chrmng pre-war P/T drmn. Conv 1BR, hi ceil, brk wall. \$1325, Also vry lg 3 1/2 rooms all new renov. grt share. \$2050 J K. ANSAR 721-2700

90's W 1 BR. newly reno'd (new kitch, new bth) in Prewar bldg. Large& sunny \$2750 NO FEE Michelle 772-7550

Battery Park City NO FEE 333 Rector Place At Rector Park & the Esplanade Studios fr \$1,970 1 Bdrms fr \$2,715 lg 2 Bdrms fr \$4,020 All Apts Offer Newly Renovated Kitchen & Baths 24-Hour Attended Lobby 212-786-0537 ROCKROSE Developer/Owner/Manager www.rockrosenyc.com

Downtown 88greenwichcom 88 GREENWICH UNIQUE DOWNTOWN RESI- DENCES WITH SIGNATURE LOFT QUALITIES Renovated Art Deco Building 24 Hour Attended Lobby Magnificent Views of Harbor Hudson River & City Skyline DirectTV Satellite or Cable Broadband Internet 4,000 SF Health Club 7 Within 3 Blocks of all Major Subways STUDIOS, 1 & 2 BR's fr \$1955 November Occupancy NO FEE 212-968-8080 88 Greenwich St @ Rector St. Equal Housing Opportunity Brokers Welcome

DayF5 / 800

E. VILLAGE 29 AVE C SHOWING SAT & SUN 1:00 PM Beaut new apts. Split lvl dplx. Wlkup. 1 BR \$2525. Conv 2B R \$3225-\$3500 Avail immed. Bkr Kam, 917-716-9050

Financial District NO FEE www.A5wall.com ROCKROSE 45 WALL STREET Developer/Owner/Manager www.rockrosenyc.com 880sf 1 Bdrm / 1 Ba-\$3155 Studio/2 Home Office-\$4295 1,400sq 1,120sf 3 Bdrm/2 Ba-\$4005 Free Rooftop Fitness Facility and Resident Lounge 11-Foot High Beamed Ceilings Concierge and Valet Roof Deck w/Wrap-Arnd Terr T-1, ISDN & Filter Optics Exectitive Con- ference Center 212-797-7000 www.45wall.com ROCKROSE Developer / Owner / Manager www.rockrosenyc.com

Flatiron CONV 2/\$3495 14' ceils, hrdwd flrs. Near All!! 475-8888
DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

Gramercy SKYLINE VIEW One BR w/terr in top condo bldg \$3600 475-8888
DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

GV/Union Sq No Fee Supersized 1 BR Wonderful convertible 2BR with sunny S,E expos, washer/dryer, WIC, 2 limestone baths, granite kitchen, sep dining area plus 24hr concierge, fitness center, rooftop lawn & garden \$5,595. Immed. occup. Call 253-1400.

GV West 2BR/2 both w/din area on charming West Vill street. Full renov w/hrwd flr, new appliances & fixtures. Lndry on each flr, security. \$3500 Caran Prop, Bkr M-F 9am-5pm 207-8118

G.VILL W.-PENTHOUSE 4BR 2 baths, beamed ceils, plank wood flrs, shares ok, best loc! \$6495 bkr 253-5776

NoLiTa- 1300 SQ FT DUPLEX 2BR/2 bath w/French doors & hardwood flrs \$2 doors, new kitchen bkr 212-253-5776

NoLiTa! NoLiTa! 2 BEDROOM Newly renovated. Hardwood floors. New kitchen \$2295 bkr, call 212-253-5776

SOHO -Sullivan St. 1BR sunny P/W 4th fir walk up, \$1,900 Mo. for yr lease. By owner. Avail Oct 1st. No brokers please. Call 212-244-0797

TRIPLEX ONE BDRM DA, hrdwdfllrs. A must see!!! \$3295 475-8888 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

Manhattan Apts. Unfurnished Six Rooms and Over 882

9th St/E Village. Huge 4BR 2bath dplx. Huge pvt terrace w/views. 18' ceil, \$5195. Also 3BR, 2 both dplx, pvt terrace, dogs OK, \$4195. Bkr 228-9300

50's EAST WALK TO WORK GREAT SPACE & LOCATION DELUXE 2 BEDRMS w/3 1/2 MARBLE BATHS, ALL WHITE WINDOWED EAT-IN KITCH, FORMAL DINING RM OVERSIZED MSTR BEDRM SUITE /HIS HER BATHRM, ENTRANCE FOYER, EXCELL CLSTS INCL 3 WALK-INS. HI FLR W/SUNNY CITY VIEWS. HLTH CLUB, CHILDREN'S PLAYRM, 24 HR DRMN, 24 HR GARAGE AVAIL, BLDG WIDE WATER FILTRATION SYS, RFTOP SUNDK, NO FEE, \$10,000 212-752-6300

50sW Carnegie Hall Prewar Condo Fab classic 6, all new reno, 1945 sq ft, lrg LR/deco fpl, FDR, new gourmet kit, W/D, md's/bth. Imm occ. Exclsv \$8,950 ATCO RESIDENTIAL 750-1600 x614

Manhattan Apts. Unfurnished Six Rooms and Over 882

70's West WEA PREWAR DM 3BR/3BTH Spectc 1600 sf in white glove prewar bldg. Brand-new EIK, hi cells, hrdwd flrs, lrg ent foyer, fully renov. quality- living.com 595-9800

80s E/Park Ave Prewar Drmn THE AGE OF ELEGANCE 3000+ sq.ft.home 25ft. gallery w/grand liv rm/WBFP & FDR. Beautiful renov EIK w/stainless steel appls & laundry rm. 3BRs + maid's, 4 marble baths. Hi ceils & moldings. 50 ft on

801 / F5 Day

Park Ave. 80s E/East End Ave Prewar Elevman CROWN JEWEL Triple mint 3BR+library w/s Spectacular chef's kit, W/D, beautiful baths, WBFP & fabulous prewar detail. A perfect apt. DEMARZO, Realty Co 688-698-0898, Ext. 10

80'S EAST NEAR PARK AVENUE EXCLUSIVE BUILDING SPACIOUS 3 BED RM w/3 1/2 MARBLE BATHRMS 1 w/WINDOW, ALL WHITE WNDOWED EAT-IN KITCHEN, WASHER/DRYER, 9' CEILINGS, OVERSIZE MSTR BEDRM w/2 WALK- IN CLSTS. 24 HR DRMN, CONCIERGE, GARAGE AVAIL, BLDG WIDE WATER FIL- TRATION SYST. NO FEE, \$11,000. 212-737-3300

80's W DM Bldg FAMILY FIND 3BR/3bath, F/S bldg, renov. Avail imm. 305- 8500 DOUGLAS ELLIMAN

90s/East NoFee BIG FAMILY HOME Huge 4BR/4BTH w/seperate children's wing or home office, W/D, city vus, tons of light. F/S lux bldg w/health club, pool, private sculpture garden, children's playground, 24hr concierge. Immed. occup. \$9,995. Call 722-0666

TRIBECA WEST HUDSON RIVER DISTINCTIVE 3 BEDRMS w/2 1/2 BATH- ROOMS, ALL WHITE EAT-IN KITCHEN, LARGE ENTRY FOYER, EXCELLENT CLOSETS, OVERSIZED WINDOWS w/SUNNY SOUTHERN EXPO & RIVER VIEW. NEW LUXURY TOWER. 24 HR CONCIERGE, COMPLIMENTARY FITNESS CNTR NEAR PARKS, HUDSON RIVER ESPLANADE & SCHOOL. \$5,850. NO FEE. 212- 535-0088.

Apartments to Share Manhattan 905

SOHO Hi ceils, very sunny, own LR; sep, BR, wood flrs, utils inc. Close trans. \$1800. Avail immed 212-334-9274. Email: jbezel@aol.com

"Clean, goal-oriented, unpretentious, financially screened". NY Magazine describing our clientele. ROOMMATE FINDERS 212-489-6942
www.room- matefinders.com

BRONX (1000)

Bronx Houses for Rent 1010

NE BRONX hse for rent, lux3 BR house incl bkyard & driveway, Pelham Pkwy

No. Nr Jacobi & Albert Einstein Hosp. \$1795 mo. Call 718-515-7200
10am-6pm Bronx Co-ops & Condos 1025

GRAND CONCOURSE-Remod. studio, 24 DM, gorg NYC vu, CAC EIK parqt & mrbl bth & fir. REDUCED FOR QUICK SALE \$69K. 718-681-4242 days; 992-2802 Bronx Co-Ops & Condos 1025

200s-Pel Pky-Allerton-Mosh-Gunh Studio \$550+ 1BR \$650+ 2BR \$850+ 3 BR

\$1200+. Homes, co-op condos. SILVERMAN R.E. 718-881-9693

BRIGGS AVE, 2980 at Bedford Pk Blvd Just East of Grd Concourse "D" Trn MODERN ELEV BLDG NO FEE SPACIOUS 2 BEDROOM Call 718-933-3218 or 212-879-7737

N.E. BRONX-3 BR APT AVAIL. Close to transp, schools, shopp'g & hspit'l.

\$1200. Call 718-515-7487 5:30-7:30pm wklys, 9am-8pm wknds

BROOKLYN (1100)

Brooklyn Houses for Sale 1105

CLINTON HILL 2 family brick vacant, \$350K. Call owner 718-953-4481.

DOUGLSTON CH Colonial 4 BR, 3 bths, 2 porches, 80 x 10. Walk LIRR. \$675K. Broker/Connie 718-224-2901/353-8818

MILL BASIN-New on Market! Terrif 2F S/D, 6 1/2 ovr 6 1/2, fin bsmt, mint.

Nat'nl Dr loc. Call Bo or Roman Ask \$429,000 ALL SEASONS RE 718-345-4545 PROSPECT LEFFERTS GARDENS immac 1914 neo-classic 1-fam limestone offering space, sophistication. A singular opportunity Price: \$610K.
Slope Heights

DayF5 / 802

Realty 718-857-6860 website www.slopeheights.com

Brooklyn Apts. Unfurnished 1145

BAY RIDGE Shore Rd. Renov Studios & 1 Bedrms Call for appointment
718-

630-5844

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS RARE OPPORTUNITY Brooklyn Heights, Most

Prestigious Block, 4BR, 3BA. Facing front, Elevator Bldg, Comp renov w/new appls, new W/D incl, Spac LR, DR, cul de sac blk, overlooking harbor, 10 min from Wall St. Avail immed \$6,000 mo. MCS Equities, 718-686-8680 ext 28

Park Slope, Prospect Hts, Clinton Hill Studios From \$700 1 BRs from \$775 2 Bedrooms from \$850 NO BROKERS FEE. CALL 212-627-2553

Prospect Heights Next to Transp. Large 1 BR w /Garden \$750 NO BROKERS FEE. CALL 212-627-2553

STATEN ISLAND (1200)

Staten Island Apts. Unfurnished 1245

ST. GEORGE Charming Neighborhood 5 MINUTE WALK TO FERRY Luxury

living at 1/3 Manhattan price. Swim pool, indoor parking, cable TV.
1 BR start at \$929 incl heat/HW/gas. 2 & 3 BR APTS AVAIL NO FEE 212-
243-1819

QUEENS (1300)

Queens Houses for Sale 1305

AUBURNDALE For sale by orig ownr 3BR/1bth, frml DR, lrg L-R, rg,
EIK;

bsmt; grg; nice hse on beaut street; \$399K. Day: 516-228-2944 or lv
msg: 516- 623-9929.

BAYSIDE WEEKS WOODLAND Stone & Stucco Col. MBR suite + 4BR, 3bths,
2fpls, CAC, 97x100 \$1.069Mil CARLIN Properties 718-358-7200

KEW GARDEN HILLS

NEWLY BUILT-3 Fam brk Twnhse, balc's, gar, Parsons Blvd/Un Tpke. Ask
\$648K Agt 212-679-5722/718-263-4647

MASPETH Plateau 1 Fam MintCond Encl porch, EIK, DR, 3BR, fin bsmt
w/big pvt yard, parquet firs, 3 car parking. Askg \$325K. Cooper RE 718-
729- 6767

WHITESTONE BEECHHURST A BEAUTY! WATERFRONT 4BR/4b, many Xtras. 6-06
158 St. \$1.4 Mil 718-452-0504. 347-452-0454. 631-477-3394

WOODSIDE 5 FAM, Profl Office. 24's & 4-3's. Handyman special. 5
units vac, el. upgraded, wlk train. Pr to sell. \$425K. Cooper RE 718-
729-6767

Queens Houses for Rent 1310

WHITESTONE BEECHHURST A BEAUTY! WATERFRONT 4BR/4b, many Xtras. 6-
06158 St. \$5K. 718-428-6632. 347-452-0454. 631-477-3394

Queens Co-ops & Condos 1325

BAYSIDE TERRACE Co-op \$209,900 Large 2BR, 2 Bath With Terrace.
Prudential Long Island Realty 516-384-6500 Ext. 265

BIRCHWOOD TOWERS Kayoto Bldg, Spec NYC Panorama from every room, hi
firs, 3BR, 3BA w/balcony, pool, 24hr dmn bldg, Only steps to trains &
shops. 15 min from Manh. Exc moving cond. \$425K. By Owner 516-829-0550
803 / F5 Day

F6 THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000

Queens Co-ops & Condo 1325

FLUSHING-ROOSEVELT AV. Jr 4, hi rise, 24 hr secty, prkg avail, 1 blk
from

Main St sbwy. \$109K. ERA TODAY RE 716-962-6441

FLUSHING on 71 Av & 163 St Estate at Hillcrest. Gorgeous 3 condo on
2 sep

flrs, diamond cond, low \$400s. Call 917-821-0329

FH/Rego 2BR, mt \$480 \$120K, 2 bath, mt \$700, \$145K; 1BR int \$380
\$70K;

Stu \$60K; Lux 3BR \$225K Klein 718-997-9400

<http://users.alo.com/naomiweb> **FOREST HILLS-Elegant** lge 1BR w/ wlk in
clst, LR/DR w/bar section, EIK,

mrbl floor, new applncs, CM. Sell by owner. \$195K. CALL: 718-459-
8783.

KEW GARDENS GREAT 2 BEDROOM/BTH Asking \$150,000 MTC INCLUDES

FREE GAS Dmn Bldg, Near Transportation. Broker 718-275-0900

REGO PARK BIG 1BR CO-OP 61-41 SAUNDERS STREET Apt 67 Just renov, new
kit DW big bedroom Bright-sunshine. \$79,000. 212-751-1221 OPEN

HOUSE: Sunday Sept 3, 1-3

REGO PARK WALDEN TERRACE 1 BR, lots of light. Excellent location,
beau-

tiful bldg, mt \$382. \$75K. No brks, Owner. 516-480-2114

Queens Apts. Unfurnished 1345

ASTORIA SHORE TOWERS BETTER HURRY!!! \$2,300, 2bth, water view, hi
flr

\$2,300 Rent includes indoor gar spot, outdoor tennis, health club, indoor pool, 24hr drman, free Shuttle Bus to N train & much, much more. Call Michelle at: BEST VALUE R.E. 718-939-3988

ASTORIA 10 Minutes Manhattan "BETTER LIVING FOR LESS" Studio \$650 3Rms \$950 2BRs \$1200 renovd 3BRs, good share. From \$1500 Metropolis Realty 7days 718-545-9700

ASTORIA-HOLLYWOOD EAST/LIC The City's Best Kept Secret Studio to 6 rms. Fr \$700 to \$1300+ Prime areas. AAMEN Rlty, 7 dys, 718-746-4141

ASTORIA/B'way: Studios from \$750; 1BR, frm \$900; 2BRs frm \$1200; 3BRs frnn \$1700. Also: Jackson Hts, Woodside. AAMEN Rlty, 30-06 B'way, 718-777- 2322

FAR ROCKAWAY 3 BR apt in Pvt house, sep entrance, LR, DR, Nice area near transportation. No Pets. No Bkr's fee. 718-868-3180

F.Hills-Rego Plk-Kew Gdns-Exp Sub. Studio fr \$825, 1 BR fr \$995, 2 BR fr \$1295 KRAHAM 718-275-0600 103-13 Queens Blvd. (Bet 68 Rd & 68 Dr)

Forest Hills 104-20 Qns. Blvd. Suite 113 PARKER TOWERS LUXURY HI-RISE RENTAL 2 Blocks From E,F,R & G Trains STUDIO, 1, 2 & 3 BR APTS Oversized appr 600 to 1,900 Sq Ft From \$1,200 & up includes Gas, Elec & Carpeting Many /Terraces, Breathtaking Views & Generous Closets NO FEE! Rent Stabilized Homes Avail 24 Hour Doorman On-site parking, dry cleaning avail 1-718-275- 2452 Subject To Availability

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FOREST HILLS PROPER FOREST HILLS LUXURY DOORMAN BUILDING RENT STABILIZED SIGN LEASE IMMEDIATELY Lq Studio w/sep kitch Fr \$795 Lrg 3 1/2 Room Fr \$979 4 1/2 2BR newer kitch Fr \$1,449 KRAHAM 103-13 Queens Blvd (Bet 68th Dr. & 68th Rd.) 718-275-0600 Open 7 Days

FOREST HILLS & Vic 718-520-0303 Rent Stab Lovely studio, quiet loc \$925

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RENT STAB lg 1 br incl G & E \$1,675 Prewar 2 bedroom. Close to all \$1,700 MADELEINE 108-23 ASCAN AVE FOREST HILLS <http://www.madeleine-realty.com>

F/H, REGO PK & Other Prime Area Huge beaut spotless stu \$1895 All new oversized 1 BR, \$1250 Gigantic 2BR, must see. \$695 HechtGroup. Log on Or Call Josh 917-770-2755

FOREST HILLS & VIC Stu's fr\$700; 1BRs fr\$950 2BRs fr\$1250 NUTLACE 718-793-9500

Forest Hills/Rego Pk 3BR, 2 bth dplx, terr, gar, renov \$3500; Studio \$850; 1BR \$1150, 2BR \$1750 KLEIN 718-997-9400

Forest Hills/Rego Pk Lux 3BR dplx, 2 balconies, 1 1/2 bths. Renov'd. Garage avail. \$3500 Princ only. 917-447-8884 <http://users.aol.com/naomiweb>

FH & Vic V. LARGE STUDIO \$837.16 Big 1 BR Pre-war bldg sep kit \$1127.21 Huge 2B R 2 Both. All new. Vacn'd \$1875 HARARI 104-35 QB 718-897-8888

F/HILLS 2BR/2BTH NEAR EVERYTHING Lrg balcony, laundry, parking \$1725 Steven (718)263-4647/212-679-5722

FH/RP/Kew Gdns. Stu \$800 & \$900 bldg, g&e incl, 1BR \$1250, 1400, 3 BR \$1500 some lux drmn bldg, mod new 3Br dplx hse \$2500, Co-ops sale Apt 718- 279-8840

FOR HILLS/Large 2 BR/2 Both w/terr. NEW BLDG, kit w/dw, A/C, cntrl stereo. Lndry 2 blks 71st Ave/Continental Ave. \$2500. NO FEE. Call Joe, 718- 898-8100

FOR HILLS/REGO PK-Lge 1 BR/ JR4 w/terr, kit w/dw, wood Parquet floors, security system, laundry, parking avail. \$1625. NO FEE. Call Joe, 718-898-8100 SUNNYSIDE. Lrg, bright 2 BR apt in 2 fam house. Pvt drvwy, W/D yard. 3 blks subway. Gas incl'd. \$1300. Avail 9/15. Email: sunnysideopt@hotmail.com or

fax 914-332-5827

NASSAU SUFFOLK (1400)

Nassau/Suffolk Houses for Sale 1405

BAYVILLE BEACHFRONT 4-5 BR, 2 1/2 ba, spectac vus, grt sunsets, fpl, lg

deck, lndscpg \$625K 516-628-0748/lv msg

BROOKVILLE UPPER SD#3. UNIQUE BRICK COL on 5 Acs. Spac rms, top qlty amenities, 5-6 BR, 5.5 baths 3 fpl, in-grnd lap pool \$2,400,000 Lic Assoc Brkr: Steven M. Caronia X 24 DANIEL GALE 516/922-9155

BROOKVILLE-UPPER Sunny, spacious L-shaped ranch, 2 acres, well maint home & prpty, 3-4 BR, in-grnd pool. By owner. \$965K. 1-516-676-0680

GARDEN CITY EXCLUSIVES Tic 3Br 1.5br Col Flo Dr EIK Lndry \$265K West 3Br 1.50th Creampuff Col \$439K 3BR 2.5br 2Den,Office Coc Deck \$479K Overlook Golf 3Br 2bt Ranch Coc \$549K Est 5Br 2.5bt Col Den Porch 2Cor \$730K Cox 8Rm 3Br+Music Studio Delx \$895K Dramatic Est Eng 6Br 4.5b Xtras \$899K Jewell Brk CH Col 4.5bt 2Den \$1.8M www.dougallre.com DOUGALL FRASER 516 248-6655

GARDEN CITY EXCLUSIVES \$449,000 Western 3BR Ranch. CAC \$545,000 4BR Estates CH Colonial \$710,000 Estates 4BR, 2.51bh Tudor \$729,000 Great buy. Ests 3BR Contemp \$895,000 6BR Estates Col. Key Here! STUTZMANN.conn 516-742-8888

GARDEN CITY NEWLISTING! EstCol, 3 BR, 2.5 Bth, Nu EIK, Den \$700k FennessyRealty.Com 516-746-6245

Grt Nk/Saddle Rock Est Renov 4BR, 3.5 Bth, New Kid/bths, W/k workshop, fin bsmt, official gar, new roof, cent a/c. stucco frame. \$799K. 917-405-6345

805 / F6 Day

GN-KP-Wtrfrnt Excl-Sun-filled cntmp w/everv amenity. Spac living areas. 7BRs, 6bths, pool & cabana \$3.8M JANE SHAPIRO REALTY 516/482-1111

GN-BAKER HILL 1ST SHOW 3BR Ranch, lot size 74x100, great loc on quiet st call for opot Key here \$499K 516-482-946

Nassau/Suffolk Houses for Sale 1405

GN THOMASTON! \$749K! Charming Dutch Col! 1/2 acre luscious gardns! 3BR! Walk to RR! BROMLEY, INC. 516-482-01103

LAWRENCE prime back 10 rm, lg BR, 6 baths, pool, many fplcs, amazing wrap porches with spect vus, cntry setting on 12 ac, move in cond, call owner 516-239-1418 516-984-5888

MANHASSET HILLS 3.5b ABR Herricks Col. EIK, FDR, den/fplc, lovely fin bsmt, 2 car all gar, profnl lndscpd, beaut loc! Mid \$500's RUMMEL R.E. 516-746- 5320

PORT WASHINGTON MNHST BAY ESTATES Picture perfect 3BR 2 1/2 bth center entry Col. LR/fpl, FDR, up to minute EIK/ greenhse window, fin plyrm, gar, CAC. Beaut lndscpd 1/4 acre \$555,000 ACCENTS/ BETTER HOMES & GAR- DENS 516-944-7711 516-627-9360 917 Pt Wash Blvd, PW 29 Park Av, Mnhst

PORT WASHINGTON CHARM & LOCATION! Wonderfully renovated stone/shingle 4BR 2bth home set in ideal loc. Convenience for the entire turn w/walking distance to middle & high school, LIRR & town. New EIK leading to lge cedar deck, fin bsmt & ovrszd rear yard w/9 zone sprinkler system \$599,000 HARDING 1-800-834-1117 Outside NY 516-944-3870 404 Mn St, PW

PORT WASHINGTON JUST LISTED Col 3 X 2.5 bins, LR w/FP, Form DR, screened Porch, curb appeal \$489,000 HYDE REALTY 516-944-7600

PT.WASH/Mnhst Bay Ests. Eng Tudor 3.4BR, 2.5bath brk fol, FDR, den, Beach Rights! SO #4. Must be sold! \$599,000 AUG MILLANG 516-627-4343

RVC 2 EXCLUSIVES DUTCH COLONIAL \$325K Charm 3-4BR, deep prop loc tax great st WILLIAMSBURG CAPE \$430K LR/fpl, FDR fab des kit, o/s lndscd prop HARVARD TUDOR \$590K Spac 4BR 3bath fl rm, fin bsmt dead-end HARMS 507 MERRICK RD 516-766-4118 www.hormsrealestate.com

ROCKVILLE CENTRE No. Exclusive PRIME AREA! \$425,000 Mint Contemp! LR/fpl, DR, 4BR, EIK, great rm, new windows! Secluded prop SIDE HALL COL \$419,000 LR/fol, FOR, den/built-ins & fob garden rm, o/s prop/garden, convenient to all. VILLAGE HOMES 180 N. Long Beach Rd 516-536-8100

RVC N. EXCLUSIVE EXCLUSIVELY OURS! Spacious 4 Bedroom Form Ranch. large den, country kitchen on close to 1/3 acre, Potential for pool! \$635,000 ROCKVILLE 69 NO. PARK AVE 516-536-3500 www.rockvillerealty.com

RVC "JUST OURS" O'CANT PERFECTION \$700's SUPER SIZE CANT COL 500's MARASHINSKY & NUGENT 36 S. Park Ave 516-764-3625

RVC HAPPY HOLIDAY! C/H COLONIAL \$519,000 Immac 4BR 2.5bth, new eik, lg den, 2fp ROXBURY 516-530-5300

Roslyn OPEN HOUSE Sat. 2:00-3:30 1st SHOW & ONLY w/US! Estate sale! Sprawl'g 4 fam B/R Cntry Club RANCH on beaut. 1/3 Wheat. 5.0 acre! LR/fpl, exp. FOR, enlged e-i-k. Key here! \$649K EAST-BROOK 516-621-4336 96 GLEN COVE RD EXIT 39N

ROSLYN HTS-3 lg BR, 2 Ba new CH Colonial, EIK, DR, LR, Lg den w/FPLC, full fin bsmt, CAC, brck patio. lo tx. Quiet str. Owner. Ask'g \$585K. 516-484-9746 SOUTHOLD Laughing Waters Wtrfmt hse. Core Creek Inlet to Peconic Bay.

\$396K. Bkr Henry V. Pecora, 516-365-0904 or 516-627-5417 Nassua / Suffolk Co-ops & Condos 1425

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GREAT NECK Super Lge 1 BR LR DR, new kit, entry hall, 4 lg clsts hi ceils, hwflrs, fplc, very elegant house thruout. Skip to all \$175K 516-815 4643

GREAT NECK CO-OP Jr 4, EIK, Great bldg near RR & shopping, parking avail. \$170K. Scholit Mgmt. 516-466-3377

LONG BEACH OPEN HOUSE Oceanfront Condo 650 Shore Rd. #1L. Sat & Sun 8/26-27, 9/2-3, 10am-12noon. Immac Jr. 4. Lry BR, Dng, DR, terrace, lrg clsts, mirrors, SE ocean view. Great bldg w/pool, gym, Indry, garage, secure. Pvt beach access. Principals only. \$189K. Intercom 011. 516-432-5434.

LONGBCH OCEANFRONT DUPLEX 2BR/2bth Condo, skylites, hi ceils, marble tith, wood firs, W/Cs, stereo thruout. Beach/pool/gym/tennis court. \$439K. Mt \$280. W: 212-773-6917; H: 516-889-9692, cell: 718-344-0206 no bkrs

RVC NEW EXCLUSIVE 1st SHOW BRYN MAWR Brick & Slate Cent. Hall English Tudor large BR, 3 new baths, family rm w/atrium doors to Bluestone patio. New country kitch, beaut fin bsmt w/TV & exercise rm, 3 car garage, over-size prop w/Golf Course View \$825,000 2More Bryn Mawr Tudors-Details at: martellrealty.com MARTELL 516-678-2133 350 Sunrise Hwy

Nassau/Suffolk Apts. Unfurnished 1445

GREAT NECK 2BR APT In 2-fam hse. Avail immed. Excel cond. Quiet area. SM/mo. Call 516-487-4675

WESTCHESTER COUNTY (1600)

House for Sale 1605

Armonk. Frank L. Wright designed 3 BR, 3b Contemp. Pool/ten Assoc \$895K

VANNIER 914-273-8400 Better Homes and Gardens
BEDFORD "Cottages to Castles" CALL FOR FREE BROCHURES FRANCES
BILLINGSLEY Rlty, Inc. 800-876-5121 914-232-5121
BEDFORD HILLS \$439,000 GREAT INVESTMENT pristine, 2 fam dplx, 2BR,
1.5 bth, PLUS 2BR, 1.5 bth, f/bsmt & den w/full bath, lge stunning
deck, lots of clsts. Nr schl, hwy, wk train. Owner 914-666-7096
CHAPPAQUA & THEREABOUTS Free Call for Listings/School Reports E-
mail: Ssiderow@aolcom Internet: Chappaquahouses.com SIDEROWKENNEDY 800-
997-2774

CHAPPAQUA Northern Westchester call for our Free Color Photo
Magazine Call: HOLMES & KENNEDY 718-1365-7676 914-238-3988

Chappaqua - NEW LISTING \$1,350,000 CUSTOM COLONIAL in sought-after
Heathcote. 5BR/4 1/2 Bth w/superb detls RANDOLPH Properties 914-238-
9001 HASTINGS ON HUDSON Reduced 1950s expanded Cape, boosts 3 BR, 2 1/2
baths, fin bsmt, on ovrstd lot, great yard for kids, walk schl & all
\$349K CROSS-

ROADS 914-478-0000

HAWTHORNE -Sparkling 4BR, 1 1/2 bth Split Level on 1/4 private acre,
fam-

ily rm, basement, garage \$339,900 GAINS REALTY 914/769.9006

LARCHMONT AD ATTRACTIVE SETTING w/golf course views! 4 bdrms, 2
baths, lge rec rm + terrace. Walk to sclhl \$469,000

IN IT'S READY to move into! Charming Tudor in mint condition!
Fireplc, din

rm, fam rm, deck, 3 bdrms, lv, phs. Walk to schls, RR & shops
\$495,000 BUR- BANK OF EMORE 914-834-1070 2179 BOSTON POST ROAD BETTER
HOMES & GARDENS www.burbankwhitemore.com

Westchester County Houses for Sale 1605

LARCHMONT MAMARONECK Merritt first Realty Group WORKING TOO HARD?
Relax in this easy living Ranch with beautiful in-ground pool.
Attractive 3 Bedrm, 2.1 bath home is located on a pretty cul-de-sac in
Larchmont Gardens.

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The large Liv rm w/fplc & wall of windows and slider which open to
deck & rear yard. Cheerful Kitchen, large Fam rm & Den provides plenty
of space to spread out. Reward yourself. Call to see it today! \$749,000
914-834-2800 800-253-4769 150 Larchmont Ave, Larchmont E-mail:
MERRITTRE@AOL.COM <http://www.merrittrealty.com>

Larchmont Casual Elegance CH Col near nature trail 2 fpl h/w flrs,
built-ins, 3 BR, 2.5 Baths \$699,000 McMILLAN SEVERIN 914-834-7100
www.larchmon-trealestate.com

MAMARONECK \$675,000 MOVE RIGHT IN EXCITING 3 BR, 2 BTH CON- TEMP
COL. ON CUL DE SAC. NEW KIT, DEN. BEAUTIFULLY LANDSCPD. JULIA B. FEE
EXCLUSIVE AGENT 914-834-0270 OR CALL TOLL FREE 888-JBF-3922
www.juliabfee.com

NEW ROCHELLE On Dead-End St. 3BR, DR, LR w/fplc. Many xtras, low
taxes. Principals only. Asking \$289K. Call 914-235-8815

NEW ROCHELLE IMMEDIATE STUNNING ELEGANT HOME Superb cond, 8 huge
rms, everything redone. Taxes \$6200. Mid \$300s. Rent \$4000 No Fee.
Owner/bkr 914-235-6611

NEW ROCHELLE-impressive brick Col, Beechmont! LR/fo, farn rm/fo! 4
BRs, 2 1/2 bths. Fabulous cond! \$1,100,000 MARJORIE WOHL 914-636-5558

PELHAM PELHAM MANOR \$439,500 UNUSUAL PM Engl, staggered, brick.
Slate rf, LR/ fm rm, DR, kit, solarium, deck. 3 BR, 2 Baths. ANN DE
SANTIS, REALTOR On Premise Parking 914-738-1360

RYE RYEBROOK Merritt first Realty Group NEW LISTNG * AT WATERS EDGE
* sits a luxury CONDO complex offering in-ground pool and Private beach
over- looking L.I. Sound and 24 hr. gatehouse security. Elegant 3 BR,

2.5 bth contemporary brick Townhouse features step-down Living rm w/fplc/walls of glass opening onto an oversized private Patio, formal Dining room and modern eat-in Kitchen. THE LIVING IS EASY!! \$725,000 * SPARKLING SPLIT LEVEL. You can move right into this picture perfect 4 Bedroom, 3 bath home where all the work has been done for you. The spacious interior offers Living rm, Dining rm w/sliding glass doors to deck, & eat-in Kit, Garden level features Fam rm/laundry & door to private fenced yard \$595,000 * A WONDERFUL FAMILY * HOME. There's room for all the family in this 4 Bedroom, 2 bath Cape Cod with a Colonial flair. The flexible floor plan provides a great flow for entertaining or day to day living. An additional attraction of this home is the beautifully landscaped very Private A. Close to Blind Brook Schs \$450,000 914-967-2010 800-253-0795 43 Theodore Fremd Ave, Rye E-mail: MERRITTRE@AOL.COM hffo://www.merrittrealty.com

RYEBROOK WONDERFUL RANCH complete w/in-grnd pool! So private & inviting! 1st floor fam rm, eat-in kit, 4 BRs, 2 full & 2 half baths \$615,000 COLDWELL BANKER COUNTRY PROPERTIES 914-967-0059 www.coldwellbanker.com HAVE A GREAT LABOR DAY!

SCARSDALE MURRAY HILL \$2,500,000 BREATHTAKING GEORGIAN COL SET ON PRIV 1.44 ACRES WITH PRIV 1.44 ACRES EXQUIS DETAILS THROUGHOUT 4 FPLCs, SKYLTS, 5 BRs, CAC AMENITIES GALORE. MUST SEEN JULIA B. FEE 914-725-3305 OR CALL TOLL FREE 888-JBF-3920 www.juliabfee.com

SCARSDALE-LOTS OF ROOM! Spacious 6 BR, 3 1/2 bath Col. 2 fpls, porches, renovated EIK \$725,000 PRUDENTIAL CENTENNIAL 914-723-5225 800-723-CENT

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YORKTOWN HEIGHTS-BY OWNER Brite & spac: 3 BR, 3 baths, 2-car gar, new EIK, LR/fpl dining area, hwd firs, fin bsmt, beaut landscap, 1 ac, pvcy, great loc, Yrktwn schls. \$349K. 914-962-0757

Westchester County Houses for Rent 1610

BRONXVILLE VILLAGE Family friendly Tudor w/6 BRs, EIK. On great private prop. Bxvle Schl. Occup 9/1/00 \$8,000/p. month HOULIHAN/LAWRENCE 914-337-0400 or 337-5400 www.houlihanlawrence.com

HIGHLAND PK/New Rochelle-4BR, 3.1ba, arid FIR, fplc, lg bkyd, A/Cs, WW cpt, 2-2 ht, 2700 SF. Exc schls. \$3500/mo. 914-576-7510 peterbritton@hotmail.com

LARCHMONT WOODS-Immac C/H Col, 4BR, 2 1/2 baths LR DR den extras Walk to train & shops. Immed avail \$6500/mo. Call owner 914-834-2559

NEW ROCHELLE IMMEDIATE ELEGANT LARGE HOME Newly redone, Entry hall, LR, DR, den, 3BR, 1 1/2 baths, huge rms, gar, \$4000 w/ option. No fee. Owner/bkr 914-235-6611

NEW ROCHELLE/EASTCHESTER 3 BR, 2.5 BA, LR, DR, EIK, fam rm, C/AC, in-grnd pool. \$4800/mo. Sept Occ. 4-9 mos. Ownr/Bkr: 914-833-2890

RYE-Split lvl on landscpd 1/4 acre, 4BR/ 2.5 bath, whrlpl, HW firs, WQ stv, library/ bit-in oak shlvs, fin bsmt, new gas furn & all wndws, prvtdck/patio, secur'y systm, Rye schls, nr train, quiet n 'hood perf for kids. Ask \$5800/ mo. Day 212-255-5300, Eves 914-232-5084

Westchester County Co-ops & Condos 110

BRONXVILLE VILLAGE \$355,000 Luxury co-op in doormn bldg. LR/fpl, formal DR, enclsd terrace. 2BR/2bths Bronxville/Lev BH&G (914) 337-1234

SCARSDALE-GARTH RD. Brite & spacious IBR, lge LR, DR, entry hall, lots of closet space, HW firs, Walk to train & shops. \$110K. Owner 914-472-3082

Tarrytown-New Listing! 3BR/3.1 Ba, end unit w/gar, new pool, MBR/mb1
ba, cust cist, LR/sgd deckwlk out 1.1-4th BR/den, FR+ba \$389K DE
CECCHIS 914- 631-6743

Westchester County Apts. Furnished 1635

WHITE PLAINS Furnished Corporate Residence. Studio \$1500. 1 BR
\$2100. Maid svc. Parkg/Cable/Utils/Fitness Center incl. ESPLANADE WHITE
PLAINS 914-761-8100 ext 7173, Ms. Fosse.

Westchester County Apts. Unfurn 1645

Bronxville Village & Beyond

LYDIAMARIA.COM

BEAUTIFUL: Pre-war 1 BR w/fplc. \$1200 CENTER VILLAGE: 2 BR Tudor.

\$2600 TOWNHOUSE: Village 3 BR, fplc. \$3800 914-337-1720

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\$1299 1BR from \$1500 2BR from \$2000 Immed & Future Occup *30 mins to
NYC/Walk to Station *Concierge & Parking Garage *Outdoor Pool and Party
Room *Fitness Center & Indoor Tennis *Magnificent Lobby & Halls *
Terraces with River Views Furnished Corporate Apts Avail River Hill
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NEW ROCHELLE New lux 2 BR apt. Cent air & ht, W/D, w/w crpt'g. Close
to

train. Walk to all. \$1800. Call Joanne 914-654-8000.

Scarsdale, Hartsdale & All Areas Mod 2BR/3Bth coop, grain, W/D \$1400
Lvly

1 + Den, patio, cndo, Edgmt Sch \$1900 Supr 2BR/2.5B cozy rm, Edgmt
Sch \$2350 Updt 3BR/2.5B, Ynkrs area, mint! \$2400 Elegant 3BR/1.5B Col,
Estchsir \$2600 MELFLOWER RE 914-725-2530

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White Plains RMR RESIDENTIAL Stu's & 1 BRs Fr \$1,375-\$2,100 Pls call
for appt (914) 948-6100

DUTCHESS COUNTY (1710)

Dutchess County Houses for Sale (1710)

RHINEBECK BY OWNER 4BR VICTORIAN IN VILLAGE, 2 BTHS Wraparound
Porch, carriage barn. Ask \$425,000. OPEN HOUSE SUN 1-4. 101 East
Market St. 845-876-6419

Dutchess County Houses for Rent 1713

RHINEBECK RIVER ESTATE 2 BR cottage, fpl, \$1195mo. Year lease. CALL
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ROCKLAND COUNTY (1730)

Rockland County Houses for Sale 1731

CONGERS: New vinyl, new c/a, new kit. Mother/Daughter setup, 5 BRs,
oversized property with pool, screened patio w/deck. Clarkstown
Schools \$329,900 R&B R.E. BKRS 1-800-479-2589

ORANGE COUNTY (1740)

Orange County Houses for Sale 1741

WARWICK HISTORIC LOC Stone & shingle. EIK. libr, DR/fpl frml LR/fpl
& Fr

drs, 3 BR, 2 full baths, 2.7 parklike acres with orig smokehse & lg
dairy born suit for artisan's convrsn to studio or workplace. Extremely
pvt. Stone wall frontage. 1 hr to NYC. Pnn only \$375K. Call 914-634-
4030

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COUNTRY PROPERTIES

SEE OTHER FINE PROPERTIES FOR SALE OR RENT UNDER: HUDSON VALLEY
COUNTRY PROPERTIES

SULLIVAN COUNTY (1760)

Sullivan County Houses for Rent 1763

Catskill Getaway-Furn cabin on Pond, 40 acs, blueberries. 16'x24', basic

Utils. Writer perfect. 90 mi NYC. \$625/mo. Yrmd. Also 10'x10'cabin. 1-845-791- 9694

NEW YORK STATE (1790)

New York State Houses for Sale 1791

CHEMUNG County-Highest point in the Finger Lakes with 360 degree view.

Privacy on 100 acres, half wooded Pond, great hunting, house & barn: \$450K. Call 607-565-8774 evenings.

MOBILE HOME-Upstate New York, 1999 single wide, 3 BR, 2 full bths. & brand new washer & drver, Asking \$36,000. 607-967-6215.

CONNECTICUT (1800)

Connecticut Houses for Sale 1805

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DARIEN bldr offers new constr on 1/3 acre sites, Now is the time to plan & customize your new home. Starting at \$650K. mo Miner 203-322-8567 x 308

GREENWICH SYSTEM 1 New Georgian on a quiet lane in back country, spec-tacular new Georgian overlooking 4 rolling acres in beautiful setting. 2-story center hall w/grand stairway; fireplaces in LR, FIR & master suite w/2 dressing rms & luxurious bath; pnld library; super kitchen; 4 add'l BRs & 4 baths; CA/C. Summer Paradise Four rolling acres near end of traffic free area, this 5580 s.f. center hall home. Overlooks beautiful pool & hot tub adjoining screen porch &

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changing gazebo, the ideal spot for summer living. LR, cathedral ceiling DR, step-down FIR (fp) adjoining cathedral ceiling kitchen, libraray & cathedral ceiling master w/fp & w/jcuzzi. 3-4 add'l BRs (1 w/fp) + guesthse over 3 car garage. CA/C. \$1,895,000 David Ogilvy & Associates CHRISTIE'S GREAT ESTATES 203- 869-9866 www.davidogilvy.com

GREENWICH Country Colonial Retreat Charming New Engl Colonial on 4.5 lush acs w/stne walls, flagstne terraces, grdns, pool & tennis ct. X-lg DR for frml entertaining. 5BR, 6B, 4 Fp \$2,995,000 Sally O'Brien & Assoc. 203-622-1700

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GREENWICH www.prudentialct.com PRUDENTIAL CT. REALTY 800-969- 1127 800-967-6637

Litchfield LAKEFRONT ESTATE 1830's 5000sf Colonial & 2BR guest cottage on 5 beautifully landscaped acres. Tennis, indoor pool, lng scrnd porch, 5 fpls, water gardens. Greenhse & sun mri. 2.4 Mil. 212-722-3584 call for brochure

Connecticut Houses for Sale 1805

NORWALK. Beautiful, well maintained, 3BR, 3.1Bth, 1776 SF Split level home w/ fplc, den, 2-car gar, deck & scenic Pond on 45 acres. Commutable to NYC w/RR stations nearby & conven loct'd betw I-95 & Merritt (Rt 15) in a desirable neighrhd (West Norwalk) w/schls close by \$420K. Princ only. Call 203-656-2334

Redding Excl Affiliate Sotheby's 5 BR, 3.5 bth converted Dairy Barn. Root cel- lar. 3-story staircase \$1,095,000 REALTY SEVEN 203-762-5548

ROWAYTON Open House Sun 9/10 12-4 Charm'g 1870 Victorian, 3 BR, 1 full bth, fin'd attic, .34 acre. \$489K. For direct'ns: 203-853-2808 cheung-crowell.com/house

WESTPORT COMPO BEACH & LONGSHORE For Sale By Owner. Must Sell This Weekend 4BR/3bth, 1.25 acre house w/pool. 30 Jennie Lane Ask \$999,000 Also may be available for year-round rental. Call for appt: 203-226-0217.

WESTPORT WATERFRONT Deep water dock, Long Island sound 5BR, 3BTH, 1/2 acre \$1,750,000. Owner/broker. 203-454-2228.

Connecticut Houses for Rent 1810

RIVERSIDE Direct Waterfront 3BR, 2 full bths, khch, lndry rm, LR, DR, den, oak flrs, lrg deck. Avail immed. \$3600 mo. Call 203-637-1400 WILTON 2BR country cottage in South Wilton. Brand new appliances. 1 yr

lease \$2100/mo incl utils. No pets. Please contact Owners 203-762-5622 Connecticut Co-ops & Condos 1825

GREENWICH WELCOME TO THE NEW MILLENNIUM 2 BR, 2ba Palmer Point condo on the water. Compt renov in 2000. Move right in. Princ only 203-552-1884 Askg \$450K.

NEW JERSEY (1900)

New Jersey Houses for Sale 1905

*Chatham*Madison*Mendham Free Brochure 973-635-7631 email: magleyrl-tr@aol.com

CLOSTER New Construction English style Col, approx 3/4 ac surrounded by

natural setting. 5BR/4 1/2 bth, 3rd flr optional. Frml LR & DR, sunken 2-sty great rm/fplc & columns, ariy kit/sep brkfst rm, 2-car gar, many amenities. \$875K. 201-767-9374

DEMAREST/E.Hill - 1.1 acres, deadend street, 4 BR, 2.5 bths, den w/fplc,

811 / F6 Day

pool w/cabana, xtra lge EIK, marble, hardwood flrs, renov's thruout. \$850K. 201-784-2662 or 220-7903. No brokers

HARDYSTON Luxury home for sale 3.6 acres, 4000 sf ten rms, 4bth rms, live in mountain and relax. Good for a lot of Pressure. Asking 480K

HAWORTH- a RARE find in today's market! Hist home, cpl renov, 3 full bths, 4 BR, 2 fpl, beaut lndscpg, CA too much to list! \$695K Ownr 201-384-2787

LODI cust 2 family 6+6 (3 BR, LR, DR, full kit) 20 mins Manh. Elev, genera- tor, lg great rm, huge deck, mny more xtrs, won't last at \$459K. 201-376-7622

MONTCLAIR/VICINITY INFORMATION PLEASE Thinking of moving to Montclair, Glen Ridge, Verona, Cedar Grove, Essex Fells, Bloomfield or a sur- rounding community? Call for our area information packet. RHODES VAN NOTE & COMPANY REALTORS. (973)744-6033.

PRINCETON AREA All-brick English manor-style house offers graceful floor plan highlighted by handsome details & finishes. Living Room accented by 9' ceil- ing, oak floor, arched French door to terrace, cherry wood paneled library; oak staircase in own light-filled tower. Guest suite. In small distinguished enclave. Call for information about other listings N.T. CALLAWAY Real Estate Broker, LLC 609-921-1050 Exclusive Affiliate, SOTHEBY'S www.ntcallaway.com

TEANECK LOVELY CENTER ENTRY COL \$240's Polished oak flrs, fplc, brkf- st rm, fam rm, FDR, 3 BRs, fin bsmt C/A/C, gar MINTCOND ENG TUDOR \$370's. , Brand new kit, 2 new bths, gorgeous oak flrs, fall, grand LR, FOR, den, 4 BRs, 2 car gar. FABULOUS DESIGNER KIT \$500's Enormous banquet Holi DR, fol, 5 lrg 2nd flr BRs + deck, fin bsmt, C/A/C, gar. Whittier Area. RUSSO REALTORS 201-837-8800

TENAFLY HAPPY LABOR DAY Call Us For Fine Values. All Styles, Areas, Price Ranges. By appt only KERGE Rltrs 201-569-8035, 201-567-8639

New Jersey Co-ops & Condos 1925

FORT LEE Lux Condo, 2BR/2bth, great GWB vu fr terrace, valet, pool, exer- cise & party rms. \$389K negot. Owner 201-926-5988

Palisades/North Bergen Co-Op Apts The Park Hudson 9060 Palisades Ave. SPECTACULAR New York Skyline Views At Unbelievable Prices LARGE 1, 2 & 3 BR APTS STARTING FROM \$95,000 Luxury 24 HR Drmn Bldg. Bright & Sunny Apts, Completely Renovated. 15 Minutes to Manhattan. Electric, Gas, Central AC & Heat includ'd in Maim. Pool / Exercise Facilities Incl'd. Indoor parking avail. No Board Approval Please Call Owner 510-482-1970 ext 18

WEEHHAWKEN BY OWNER \$34K Lux 2BR, 2 bths, 1500sf brwnstn condo, pvt rf deck w/NYC vus, skylts, cath ceils, gar. Easy commute. 201-617-0548

New Jersey Apts. Unfurnished 1945

BLOOMFIELD NO FEE 20 acres of Greenery 1 Bedroom fr \$700.00 2 Bedroom fr \$950.00 Option to buy Indoor Parking, No Pets. Minutes to major hwys Express bus & train to Midtown 25 minutes
www.brookdalegardens.com 973-743-1600

FT LEE vic-ADMIRAL'S WALK-3 BR 2.5 BA lux apt w/waterview. 5/W, W/D, walk-in clsts, Free Pkg, drmn, Pool. \$2800. 516-626-0153

GUTT/Tennis, In & Out Pools, Club 15 Min NYC, Open 7Dys/5Nts COME DIRECTLY TO *GALAXY CONDO* Riverfront Rlty/7000 Blvd E./Lwr Mall RENTALS Stu-1-2-3BR's \$1350-44000 SALES \$125,100-\$625,100 CORPORATE LEASING DEPT RIVERFRONT REALTY CORP 201-861-677

HOBOKEN'S HOT 1 LIBERTY REALTY LLC www.hoboken-real-estate.com 201-222-2900 Realtors

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Jersey City-57 Sip Ave @ Journal Sq. (Betw Kennedy Blvd & Summit Ave) NO FEE 1BR \$1300. 2BR \$1550 Designr kits/DW-microwove. Hi speed wiring. Steps to PATH, 5 min to NYC. OPEN HOUSE SAT-SUN 1-5 Keyah.com (212) 595-5565, ext 611

JERSEY CITY. Downtown, Walk to Path, 1 BR, \$1000+. NO FEE. 201-927-6163

Montclair: 2 BR Townhouse \$1595/mo exclusive development in beautiful section of town among large beautiful homes. Newly renovated kitchens and garage Prkg, h/hw included. NO FEE. Call Days 973-966-0200 Ext 10 Eves/Wknds 973-746-2654

PENNSYLVANIA (2010)

Rhode Island Houses for Sale 2021

LITTLECOMPTON 3000+ sf of contemporary living, opens to 1500, sf of multi

level ocean view decks. 4 BR, 3 ba, wonderful wandering space w/fine detail. Mature landscpg, pvt area, deeded access to pvt beach. New to market! \$775K. SPINNAKER RE. 401-635-2300

LOTS & ACERAGE (2200)

Manhattan 2205

8TH AVE (112-113 St) LOT 25x100 Zoning R7-2, C1-4, just 2 blks from Cntrl

Park, 2073 8th Ave (112-113 Sts) Great for outdoor cafe. Eve: 212-222-1482 Queens 2215

LITTLE NECK North of Northern Blvd. Walk to RR. 3 buildable lots, R2 zon- ing, \$815K. Call Ritchie D, 718-264-7416

Nassau/Suffolk 2217

HUNTINGTON-West Hills. 12.5 acres Prime resid'l area. Zoned R-80. Heavily wooded. Principals only. Bids due 11/30/00. Request plot plan and bid package at: DFILP C/O Mr. Powell PO Box 3037 Norfolk, VA 23514. Fax: 70-629-3169.

MATTITUCK- Exclusive 2500sf 4 BR, 2.5 bth, WF lux contemp! Fab vus, xtras galore, full docks w/6' depth. Pvt spot. Hurry \$659K. Caldwell Banker Celic 631- 298-80000 www.celic.com

WESTHAMPTON- Beautiful wooded 7 acre parcel \$395,000 Cash F#10151 Exclusive Prudential Long Island Realty 631-288-6244
Ulster County 2233

KERHONKSON It's The View!!! 150 acres, meadow & woods/pond/ backs up to 18 hole hotel golf crse. Century 21 Cherrytown. Ask for Jeff 914-626-2005.

New York State 2245

ADIRONDACKS to SO. TIER LANDSALE 10 AC-Cabin w/Fireplace-\$17,900 44 Acres-Tug Hill-\$29,900 All regions avail. Catskills & Salmon River. Waterfront, Woodlands, Borders State & more. Call ACL @ 1-800-229-7843 or www.LandandCamps.com

HERKIMER CO-NORWAY 450+ tilable acres and 100+ acres of pastureland FOR RENT, For more info call 203-966-4236

COUNTRY FARMHOUSE 10 acres - \$54,900 4BR farmhouse on 10 gorgeous acres w/views! Beautiful country setting 30 mins south of Utica/Rome! By owner! 877-912-5263 www.snyland.com

UPSTATE LAND BARGAIN 17 acres - \$12,900 Woods, views, private setting! Ideal country getaway! Town road, survey. EZ terms. Hurry! 1-877-912-5263 www.snyland.com

ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, 42 Acres \$99,000. Upstate, brdrs State land. Long rd frontage. Perfect for hunting. Near major ski areas. Includes vintage

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Adirondack camp. Terms. Call 518-798-7856.

Connecticut 2247

G'WCH NE-Pvt wooded cul-de-sac road, small lake, all aprvals granted for

3000sf 3BR, 2bth home. \$460,000 KATIE FAVOR & ASSOC 203-531-6330 New Jersey 2249

FORT LEE Vacant lot, prestigious neighborhood. Build your dream house on

this lot on Palisades Cliffs, overlooking beautiful views of the Hudson Rvr & NY. Call 201-568-8000 for more info.

Other Areas 2295

CHINCOTEAGUE BAY, VIRGINIA

Spectacular waterfront lots with deep water canal frontage overlooking

Chincoteague Bay and Assateague Island National Seashore. Dock your boat right at home. Amenities include golf, marina, pool, tennis and club house. Great cli- mate, low taxes and only 30 miles south of Ocean City on MD/VA line. Priced at only \$43,000 to \$65,000. Special situation forces immediate sale. Call private owner at 757-336-0025 or email: vabavprop@aol.com

VACATION & COUNTRY PROPERTIES (2300)

Manhattan-Rentals 2306

MANHATTAN SHORT TERM FURNAPTS in NYC Daily / weekly / monthly.

212-447-8546. www.NoMoreHotels.com

Nassau/Suffolk Sales 2317

EAST HAMPTON THE BEST IS YET TO COME SEPTEMBER SUNSETS QUIET

BEACHES A PILE HARVESTS WARM OCEANS AUTUMN ROMANCE READY VINEYARDS PARKING PLACES REDUCED PRICES HARVEST MOONS Etc. Etc. Talk to TINA S. FREDERICKS REALTY 631-324-4418 www.tinafredericks.com

EAST HAMPTON COOK PONY FARM EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTIES! Solid tra- ditional on waterfront lot w/dock! 3BR, 2.1 Bth, fin bsmt. Expandable. Exclusive \$475,000 F#43961 Mint 2BR, 2bth Condo w/garage in unique

Pastoral setting. Assoc. pool & tennis, Exclusive \$525,000 F#45707
1700s Farmhouse. 6+ acres, beam ceil w/ wide plank flrs, 3 fpls + lge
barn/studio. Extroordinary! \$1,50,000 F#47190 (631) 324-9600 800-324-
9601 www.cookpony.com

E.HAMPTON/WAINSCOTT "NEW IS NICE" Wonderful Farmhouse style home on
lush acre. 4BR, 3 F/bth, over 3000sf of lux, custom moldings, Kohler
fixtures, alarm system, CAC & Pool. 2 car gar, Prof lndscapg. Call
today for personal show- ing. Offered \$750,000 F#12669 HAROLD SHEPHERD
REAL ESTATE 631-324- 8484 Visit Us On The Internet
www.haroldshepherd.com

EAST HAMPTON BEST BUYS WATERFRONT BEACH HOME Amagansett 5.5 Acres
Direct Waterfrnt On Gardners Bay, Traditional 3500 sf "Nantucket"
Shingled 4BR 4Bth Unparalleled Water & Sunset Views! Pool, Tennis,
Private Beach & Mooring Rights. Under Construction! \$2.75M EXCLUSIVE
Rustic 3Br 2Bth, Nr Bay Beaches, Cul-De- Sac. Japanese Grain \$325K
Folio #1243 NEW CONSTRUCTION Mins From Village 3BR 2Bth Hardwood Flrs,
Fpl, Full Bsmt. Rm For Pool \$279K EAST HAMPTON VILLAGE REALTY 631-324-
8080

East Hampton Northwest Woods BY OWNER Tucked away at end of cul-de-
sac, the Perfect country home on 1.6 acres with 8 acres reserve,
extensively land- scaped Property, fully decked, htd pool, mstr suite,
great rm + 3 BR, 2 1/2 bath, bright & airy, C/A/C \$795K No brokers 631-
329-1821

EASTHAMPTON-1 year old 2200 sq ft Contemporary. 3-4 BR, 2.1 bth,
Pool, deck, gar. Many amenities \$450k Call 631-239-2399

HAMPTONS-For the widest selection of sales & rentals, call for a
copy a The

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Hamptons Real Estate Network or visit us @AGAWAMREALTY.COM 85 Jobs
Lane 631.283.9200

HAMPTON BAYS 1 acre by appt. NYS police barracks, 3200 sq ft.
Centrally located, ample parking, \$375K. Flocee Realty 631-728-0487.

HAMPTON BAYS-South of Montauk Hghwy. Princ only. \$250K. 631-728-1262
516-764-4626. Just under 3/4 wooded acres/beach right.
Honeymoon/retire- ment cottage. Possibilities limitless. 2 car detached
gar, deck, finished attic.

Nassau/Suffolk Sales 2317

HAMPTONS/VICINITY Prudential Long Island Realty BRIDGEHAMPTON OFFICE
ONE OF A KIND LOT Don't Misst his one. B'Hamptan Village lot for sale
bordering farm fields & seconds to Jitney, train stores & village.

Exclus \$285k WATERMILL SOH Lot, loc backing on 3 reserve w/rm-lg.
house, Pool, tennis & plhse. Newly listed. Exclusive@\$650K

BRIDGEHAMPTON SOH Overlooking Beautiful Reserve, Room for Tenn's & Bike
to Ocean. A Steal @ \$950K. B'HAMP- TON SOH Waterfront Lot Great
location for your dream house w/rm-tennis & more. Priced right @ \$1.5M

B'HAMPTONS. Magnif, totally rnvt'd Victorian Bed & Breakfast Offering
8Br, 6.5Ba, lg. front porch w/gazebo & rm-pool. Exclusively listed @
\$1,590K EXCLUSIVES! B'Hampton Horse Country Stunning Contemp, 2500 sq
ft of grt living on 2.4 acres. Lg. cath LR, open kit. & dining, 3Br /
3Bath grl Pool+decking, old trees, lots of privacy. Our Exclus. Well
Priced @ \$895K E.HAMPTON Farmhse on 2.2 wooded acs, 3Br/2Br, LR w/cath.
ceil, fpl, cntry kit w/brkfst nook, loft, sunrm, skylites, gunite pool,
lush gardens, rm-tennis! Must be seen! #45163 Exclusive \$550K AND GREAT
WINTER RENTALS! 631-537-5900 EAST HAMPTON OFFICE EAST HAMPTON Steps to
Harbor. Ideal for the avid boater. Bright, airy 3Br contemp, skylit LR,
19, sundeck, rm for tennis, 2.6 pvt acs. Exclus \$480K BY THE BAY Walk
to pvt.comm. beach PostMod Shingle front Porch charm w/4Br, 2.5Bth,
fol, decked pool & more. Secluded NW ac. Exclus \$599K HAMPTON Classic

4Br Manor home on 2 lush acs in new, pvt. NW enclave. Lavish master suite, chef's kit, den, library, screen porch, decked pool, 3 car gar. Exclusive Offering \$1,495,000. OPEN HOUSE 9/2 & 9/3, 1-5 PM. Old NW Rd. to Alewife Brook to Hidden Ponds. 631-329-8037 SAG HARBOR OFFICE NOYAC Enjoy Winter waterwvs withis 4Br/2Ba home, oak fls, to, deck, new wndws+roof, mooring rghts. Exc \$385K S. HARBOR Contemp. Near village, 3Br/2Ba, fpl, htd pl, CAC, 1/2ac. \$389k S. HARBOR A short drive to vill & bch, excellently mant. home on quiet rd, 2Br + lg sunny fam rm, enc. Prch. Exc: \$359K SAGAPONACK N. Fabulous Post Mod on 4 Acres, 5Br/5.5Ba, cntry Kit, 2fpl, 20x40 htd. Pool, gym, hot tub, Har-Tru tennis, CAC, 3 car gar. Co-Excl \$1,950K 631-725-0200 SOUTHAMPTON OFFICE VILLAGE VALENTINE Walk to Ocean Beaches. 3Br/2Bth Traditional. Sep. gar room for pool. #45459 Exclusive \$625K 631-283- 4343
www.prudentialhamptons.com

MATTITUCK-Peconic 100' Bayfrnt. Rare & beaut shy acre, new blkhd, 6 BR. Hse needs renov reblng, 28' LR/fpl, full DR, 2 car det gar w/att lndry, 6" curb- ing drvwy. \$795K. No bkrs. 914-6811

QUOGUE OCEANFRONT This fabulous 4 Bdrm, 4 Bth home with on ocean-side pool awaits your family for summers to come. Other amenities include a sauna, fireplace and CAC. F#11887 Exclusive \$2,400,000 Prudential Long Island Realty 631-288-6244

REMSENBURG Breahtaking Bayfront 3 yr old jewel nestled on the beach w/5Bdm + Msr Ste. Gourmet kitchen, open dining area o'looking Moriches Bay. Wrap around deck w/ full size pool. Totally private. Just Listed F#1317 \$2.5 mil-
815 / F6 Day

lion Exclusive Prudential Long Island Realty 631-288-6244

SOUTHAMPTON & Vic COOK PONY FARM NEW EXCLUSIVES WATER MILL

ESTATE Pvt 4000sf + caretakers cottg 5 acs, 2 sty glass enc sunrm o'lkkg pool, wtrfalls, exotic gardens. Excl \$2.4 M F#211180

SAGAPONACK WATERVIEWS Beautiful Villa 1A acre o'lkkg Poxabogue Pond. 4BR 3.5ba + 1st floor Master, o'size heated pool/Jacuzzi & waterfall. Co-Exclusive \$2,150,000 F#47185 S'HAMPTON VILLAGE LAND Rare Oppty-4.4 acs. Subdividable 4 lots Hill St. address. Excl \$2.4M F#45979 631-283-9600 1-800- 323-967 www.cookpony.com

WATERMILL. Spectacular sunsets & water vus. New construct. 7000 SF. 6BR, 7 bths, DR, LR, GR, Libr, media rm, Viking kit, 3000' Pool, tennis + 1500 SF guesthse. \$3.5M. Farrel Building Co. 631-537-1068

WATERMILL. South of highway. New construction. 5000 SF. 8BR, 8Bth + fin'd bsmt. Also inclu 1400 SF guesthse & 50 ft grnite pool. \$2.2M. Farrel Building Co. 631-537-1068

WHB,QUOGUE,REMSENBURG COOK PONY FARM MAGNIFICENT VIEWS Spectac oceanfront 3800sf newly built post mod, beaut gunite Pool, 5BR, 3.5 tiths, viking kitch. Top of line details. Exceptional quality \$1,295,000 F#46998 WHB POST MODERN Excl comm. Sunken LR/fpl, FDR, grnt kit/fpl, 4BR/Mstr ste, fpl, 4bths, grnite Pool/hot tub. 4000sf res. Wlk/Vlg, close/oceanbchs \$1,300,000 F#20832 BY THE SEA! Spectac vws/ 6000sf trad/Est. sec Vlg. 7BR, 7ba, elev, garden rm, 2 car. Decking prof lndscpg, hid gunite pool. Wlk/ ocn/Vlg/ROW to water, sep fenced in bldg parcel/guest house tennis ct/fam soft- ball. Exclusive \$2,499,000 F#43778 631-288-6900 www.cookpony.com

WESTHAMPTON OCEANFRONT New 3,000 sq ft cedar shingled traditional with heated grnite pool on the ocean. \$1295 Million ISLAND ESTATES (631) 981- 7309 (631) 288-2100

WESTHAMPTON-New beautiful 4Bdr, 5Bth, 3 story oceanfront home. Amenities incl. open center island kit. w/great room & central air F#45241 \$855,000 Prudential Long Island Realty 631-288-6244

W'hmptn Beach New Construction 2 YRS New, 4BR, 3 bth, gar, full bsmt, pool. Mint cond. quiet cul-de-sac. WH Beach schls & ocean bchs. \$565k. 631- 653-4101

Nassau/Suffolk Rentals 2318

BOYNTON BEACH-Indian Springs Lg 2 BR, 2 bth condo, EIK, DR, LR, scnd porch. \$1900 incl all, 3 mo min rental. 516-799-3815.

www.isledancer@aol.com

MONTAUK 1BR condo on water w/snset vu/pool/spa/tenn/pvt bch/fishg pier. Avail all yr, 2 day min/wkly/longterm. Also for sale \$189,500. 631-665-1293 cell 516-993-1487

Dutchess County Sales 2325

Millerton, NY-Vacation home/yr round. Handicap access. wrap-around deck, wide board flrs, oversized 2-car gar, skylites, 2 full Bths/4BR, much more. \$192K. Ask for Linda Frewin, Lic. R.E.Bkr Associate-RE/MAX Moniesworth Realty, 845- 897-7030 o r845-223-7743.

Dutchess County Rentals 2326

STANFORDVILLE LAKEFRONT 4 BR furnished cottage, stone patio, wbf, serene lake views thruout. \$1250/mo, Oct 1-Mem Day. Call 914-266-8354

Columbia County Sales 2327

RHINEBECK vic-90 min NYC, hunt/relax, cozy, winterized mint home + 9 acres. Sleeps 12+. Pvt road. By appt 9/9. \$135K. By owner. 516-867-2180.

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Ulster County Sales 2333

ELLENVILLE-Broker/investor retiring-over 20 multi-family homes avail, indi- vidual or as pkg. Financing possible. STOECKLER 945-647-8100

Ulaw county

ELLENVILLE-6 family house, 12 yrs old, cost \$425K to build; asking \$345K OBO. Must sell. Broker/owner. 845-647-8100

HURLEY A-FRAME, 3BR, 2Bth, Jczzi, contemp. on 2.5 priv acs. Min to Woodstock, Rhinebeck. \$205,000. Call broker-SIRPANLIS R.E. 914-339-4841
Sullivan County Sales 2335

MONTICELLO-Elegant 3BR Classsic Col, 3 1/2 Bths, 2 BR suites upstairs, carved frpl, circular drvwy, landscaped corner lot. \$169,900. 914-791-1148

New York State Sales 2345

Southern Tier New York State 200 parcels to choose from. Private owner, 50 Years of selling only country property, cottages, chalets, homes & cabins. Completed & furnished, ready to take possession. \$26,800-\$98,000. High in the mountains, wooded, views streams and spring led ponds. Financing is "NO PROB- LEM". Closing usually within 1-2 weeks. We carry our own mortgages. Phone 1- 716-372-8628 or write 63 Wolf Run Road, Cuba, NY 14727 for FREE 24 Page col- ored brochure. NO calls after 5pm. Land shown by appointment only.

THOUSAND ISLANDS-Alexandria Bay 2BR, fishing camp w/kil, LR, both, den. Furn. Nr. water. Gang & space for boat. 10,000 SF lot. \$35K. Ownr 212-473- 2481

Connecticut-Sales 2347

Madison Furn summer cottage deal location, 80 mile, to NYC \$70,000 203- 753-5442

NORWICH INN & SPA CONDO: Fully turn villa, all year rd resort. Swimm'g, tennis, indr ice skating, golf, and world famous spa. \$99,000 Call Owner 212- 758-4136 or 860-886-7759.

STONINGTON WATERFRONT 9 acre property, 4 BR house, 60 slip marina 1 minute from Watch Hill. \$125 Mil. Call Switz R.E. 860-572-9501

New Jersey-Sales 2349

SUSSEX CO-STOKES STATE FOREST Beaut country cottage w/gardens. Pvt road with lake. Only 1 1/4 hr fr NYC. \$120K. Call: 973-948-7973

Pennsylvania-Sales 2351

BUCKS CO-Vacation cottage, to fish, boat, swim, sail, ice skate, ski, sled, toboggan, hike & really relax. Sleeps 4, all mod conv, Use 100 acs. Lg stream, tall trees. Pvt farm gates. \$33K cash. Owner 215-536-6255, 8am-8pm

DAMASCUS riverfront estate property. Gorgeous land on Delaware River, 2 lots w/rusitic cabin, nr Callicoon & Woodstock, NY. \$80K. 718-423-8771

MILFORD-5 Yr Old Custom log cabin, 7000 SF 1.5 hrs NYC. 6 + B/R 6 Bth. All amenities. Glacier lake vu. 33 ac, gated comm. \$799K. Princ only 570-688- 2390

MONROE COUNTY Custom 3600 sq ft cedar contemp, 52+ ac, island kitch, 4 BR, 4 liths, wet bar, fplc, mstr suite w/2 jacuzzis w/stove & deck, bsmt & 2-car gar, guest cottage. 15 min to Delaware Gap. \$595,000. Teel Realty Rose Gerhard 570-897-7325

N.E.Pa. The Hideout HIDEOUT LAKEFRONT HOME 85' LAKE FRONTAGE Contemp feat lg grt rm w/cath cell, skylites, hw fls, wdstv & wall of glass lake- side, 3BR/3Bath, fam rm, exer rm, enclsd sun rm, decking & Pvt dock! \$259,900 1-800-742-1127 www.changtre.com Davis R. Chant R.E. Inc.

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Rhode Island-Rentals 2354

NARRAGANSETT-Never lived in luxury 2 BR, 2 both Condo across from bch w/ocean views. Mid \$2's/mo. LILA DELMAN REAL ESTATE. 401-789-0666 Massachusetts Sales 2355

Berkshires-18th Century contemporized country house. 50 ac's, surrounded by thousands of ac's of Land Trust. Mi's of X-country skiing, hiking & rding trails, new barn, Pond, complete seclusion, yet 35 mins to Williamstown, Northampton, Lenox & Becket. Retiring after 40 Yrs of ownership. \$335,000. 802-584-3098 or 413-625-6366

BERKSHIRES A JEWEL New contemp on 20 acs in top loc. A harmony of light & space, extensive glass facing South to pond & mt vu. 4BR, 4.5BTH, 3 fplcs, fine arch'l balance, att'd gar, circ drv, barn & more. \$850K. Call 413-232-4611

Berkshires: Year-rnd vac home 3 BR 2 bth in private assoc, swim, tennnis, boating. Nr Tanglewood & ski areas. \$145K. Cal 1 203-359-3335 for photos & appt.

Massachusetts Rentals 2356

BERKSHIRES-10 mins to Jiminy Peak. 3 BR, bths, post & beam home. Beaut'lly furn'd w/antiques, book & stone wall. Very Pvt. \$1500/wk, \$65M ski areas. 718-858-8765 or Peonvsb@mindstring.com

BERKSHIRES/STOCKBRIDGE Unique Contemp on secluded 20 acre pond. 5BRS, 4 bths, indoor Pool. \$3400/ mo. Sept-May. Brochure 510-418-4374 Vermont-Sales 2359

MT SNOW/SOUTHERN VERMONT SALES - RENTAL RESERVATIONS CEN- TURY 21/CARRIAGE-REALTY 1-800-445-7368

CHESTER-Chalet, new Post-and-beam construction. 3 BR/3bth sleeping loft, 2 fplcs, 2 car gar, W/D, mountain & lake views, 30 mins Okemo/Stratton. \$1900/mo. Fall or ski season. 212-757-9433.

Virginia-Sales 2365

CHESAPEAKE BAY/Atlantic Ocean Rural area. FREE CATALOG. PRIME WATERFRONT land, homes & forms. Blue Heron Rlty Co. 800-258-3437

SHENANDOAH VALLEY Country Manor. 360 degree mtn vus, long drvwy, totally prvt 8.5 fenced acres, 3BR/3ba, 2000sf, 2-car sep gar w/attic, barn. \$269,000. Call 540-778-2758.

North Carolina Sales 2367

FREE Real Estate Information if you are interested in Purchasing or renting property in NORTH CAROLINA just drop us a lline with your name & complete address to the "Classified Advertising Manager" c/o the newspapers listed below. No salesperson will call & you will receive our most current real estate publica- tion. Times-News P.O. Box840 Hendersonville, NC 28739 Wilmington Morning Star, P.O. Box 840 Wilmington, NC 28402

South Carolina Sales 2369

FREE Real Estate Information if you are interested in Purchasing or renting property in NORTH CAROLINA just drop us a lline with your name & complete address to the "Classified Advertising Manager" c/o the newspapers listed below. No salesperson will call & you will receive our most current real estate publica- tion. Herald-Journal, P.O. Box 1657. Spartanburg, SC 29304

FLORIDA (2573)

Florida-Sales 2373

BOCA RATON 4 NEW completed luxury homes ST. ANDREWS and BOCA GROVE From \$1.3M to \$2.4 M www.paramount-building.com 561-750-6607 DayF6 / 818

BOCA POINTE COUNTRY CLUB 3BR/3Bth twnhse. Designer decor. gorgeous mstr suite upstairs. Many upgrades. 2300+ sf, garage. \$219K. Can be seen any- time. Owner 561-391-6707

Palm Bch Area DESPERATE SELLER Must move. 2BR/conv/fam rm, 2 full bths, LR,CR, EIK, mrble & w/w crpt. 2-c gar, dsgnr furn/cust blt-ins. Sec sys. Golf comm/gated. All activities/Cc. Furn \$235K unfurn \$215K. 561-964-5631.

Florida-Sales 2373

FREE Real Estate Information

If you are interested in purchasing or renting Property in FLORIDA just drop

us a line with your name & complete address to the "Classified Advertising Manager" c/o the newspapers listed below. No salesperson will call and you will receive our most current real estate publication.

News-Leader, P.O. Box 766 Amelia Island, FL 32035

The Gainesville Suit P.O. Box 147147 Gainesville, FL 32614-7147

Lake City Reporter P.O. Box 1709 Lake City, FL 32056

The Ledger, P.O. Box 408 Lakeland, FL 33802

Marco Island Eagle, P.O. Box 579 Marco Island, FL 34146

Ocala Star-Banner, P.O. Box 490 Ocala, FL 34478

Palatka Daily News, P.O. Box 777 Paiatka, FL 32077

Sarasota Herald-Tribune P O . Box 1119 Sarasota, FL 34230

The News-Sun, 2227 U.S. 27 South Sebring, FL 33870

Florida-Rentals 2374

BOCA RATON Luxury Furn'd 1 & 2 BR Rentals. Off season rates avail.

Wkly/Mthly. Koolik Group, 1-800-881-9918 www.koolik.com

BOCA RATON BocaWest CC Avail Dec 1-Apr 1. 2BR, 2BTH golf/ten.

\$2500/mo. Call 800-775-0701

SARASASOTA Golf course + lake views, lovely 3BR/2.5Ba home, solar hid

pool+spa. No smkg or pets. 10/28/00-4/30/01 \$3950/mo. View:

<http://saraso-ta.get.to> 941-921-7872

WEST PALM BEACH-Golden Lakes Pretty 1 BR with conv alcove, sleeps 5. 2 full BAS, 2nd fl., overlooks wide lake, frnshd clubhouse. Season \$1,000/mo. Early \$750/mo. Kamla 718-591-6511

Europe-Sales 2387

MUNICH-OLD VILLA. 3 story, 400 sq meters w/garden, also former furniture co, 600 sq mtrs & gas station 400 sq mtrs-great rental income

on 2500 sq mtr ppty. Prime location. Mins to center & Autobahn Salzburg
\$4,00,000. No brks. P.O. 1441, Telluride, CO 81435

Other Areas Sales 2395

FREE Real Estate Information If you are interested in purchasing or
renting Property in ALABAMA just drop us a line with your name &
complete address to the "Classified Advertising Manager" c/o the
newspapers listed below. No sales- person will call and you will
receive our most current real estate publication.

Times-Daily P O Box 797 Florence, AL 35630

The Gadsden Times P.O. Box 188 Gadsden, AL 35999

The Tuscaloosa News, P.O. Drawer I Tuscaloosa, AL 35402

FREE Real Estate Information If you are interested in purchasing or
renting

Property in CALIFORNIA just drop us a line with your name & complete
address to the "Classified Advertising Manager" c/o the newspapers
listed below. No sales- person will call and you will receive our most
current real estate publication.

Santa Barbara News-P P.O. Box 1359 Santa Barbara, CA 93102

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The Press Democrat, P.O. Box 569 Santa Rosa, CA 95402

Other Areas Rentals 2396

Sydney Olympics Accomodation Inner city historic pvt home. 2 BR.
Peaceful

leafy courtyrds. \$2K/wk. Longer lease avail. Call 212-780-9884.

TIMESHARE RESALES 2397

World's Largest Reseller ERA STROMAN Since 1979 CALL NOW! Buyers
call

1-800-613-7987 Sellers call 1-800-639-9748 Email: info@stroman.com
HELP WANTED (2600)

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT 1928 Company, a major mfr of fashion jewel-
ry & accessories, is seeking a highly motivated, self-starter who
can maintain the appearance and run the back office of our NY showroom.
Excellent people skills & PC literate a must. Send resume to: 9 E. 57
St 6th Flr, NY. NY 10016. Or Fax: 212-481-4679.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASST Diversf'd RE development firm seeks highly
organ- ized, dynamic AA w/several yrs exp to report directly to
Principal of Company. Must have excel secy communications & computer
skls, MS Excel, Word, MS Access +. FAX res to Elaine Sirols, Baker
Co,. 914-747-9275

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT Suffern NY display co sks admin asst Busy
ofc. Respbls incl ans phone, wrkg closely w/clients, vendors; Mac
knowl, type 55 wpm; Quickbooks. 40 Hrs 10am-6pm. Sal commens w/exp.
Good \$ & bnfts. FAX res: 914-369-1809 att: Doug

ADMINISTRATIVE ASST Real estate firm seeks admin support. Must know
MS Office & be able to handle multiple projects. Fax resume & sal reqs
to 212- 328-4240

ADMIN ASST/SECY Friendly ofc seeks indiv w/basic computer knowl,
typg, phone & great interpersonal skills. 401(k) & bnfts. Empire St
Bldg. Call 212-290- 1140 fax 212-290-1145

ARCHITECT Exciting apply for Proj Arch w/3-5 yrs exp in sml LI firm
special- izing in hi-end resdntl projects w/prestige clients. Pos. ind
design, detail/drafting on ACad 2000, site work & client interaction.
FAX res to E. Roche Architect: 516- 922-2179

ARCHITECT/ DESIGNER With retail exp for MAC COSMETICS; global store
design. FAX resume to: Kate McGowan: 212-343-1598.

ARCHITECTURE Mancini Duffy is a leading architectural firm
specializing in corporate interior design & is seeking highly
motivated, talented & experienced candiaole, w/experienced in corporate

interiors for the following positions: Project Managers-Min 10 m exp, Job Captains/Project Architects Min 8 yrs exp. Project Architects/CAD Architects Min 4 yrs exp. Aperture/CAFM Position Seeking aper- ture user for positon in the facils svcs dept. 2yrs Min autocad reqd. EXD w/other facils, real estate, or database software a +. Exellent oppty to transform CAD skills to a new level. Positions are also available in our offices in Parsippany, NJ, Stamford, CT & San Francisco, CA. Excellent salary, great benefits, incentive bonuses & friendly work environment w/potential growth opportunity available. Please forward resume to: Ginnie Lopez, Mancini Duffy, 2 World Trade Center, Suite 2110, NY, NY 10048. Fax: 212-393-0352. Email: glodez@manciniduffy.com
MANCINI DUFFY

ARCHITECTUR Estalb, growing arch'l/engineering/IT firm with extensive E- commerce & dotcom clients seeks talented, highly org, self motivated Proj Mgrs (8 yrs exp + lic), Pro Arch (15 yrs exp + lic) & CADD Archs (2 yrs exp) for technolo- gy intensive interiors projs coast-to-coast. Excel people & ACAD skills a MUST.

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Exp with finc'l institutions, trading firms or other technology- intensive int projs a plus. Excel sal & bnfts. Openings in NYC & MID offices. Email res & cvr ltr humanresources@cstechnology.com

AUTO CONTROLLER \$2,500 PER WEEK! That's what we are willing to pay for the best Controller in the NYC metro area. We are a well funded multidealer group with import & domestic stores currently making new aquisitions. We need the best hands on creative & dedicated controller to grow with us! This is a great package we are offering. Fax resume in strictest confidence to 201652-4263, attn Patty R.

AUTOSALES Mercedes-Benz of White Plains, the fastest growing Mercedes- Benz retailer in the tri-state area, is currently accepting applications for a quali- fied luxury sales representative. Ideal candidate will have 3-5 years luxury expe- rience and be #1 in customer satisfaction in your current position. We offer com- petitive salary, along with an excellent benefits package and company car. Interested candidates please contact Mark Edens at (914) 949-4001, Monday- Friday.

Auto SERVICE TECHNICIAN Technician needed immed at Bay Ridge Mitsubishi. Union brifts, 401K avail. Excel organization to work for with high earning po and oppty to grow. Contact Sandro 718-238-4144
Help Wanted 2600

AUTOSALES GENERAL SALES MANAGER Ground floor appty for right per- son. Salary commensurate with experience. Store does 140+ units a month. Call 718-324-8700. Ask for Ray.

AUTO L SALES PROFESSIONALS

Due to an increase in business we need to expand our sales force. We have an outstanding opportunity for you with a winner. White Plains Jaguar needs add'l Professionals to handle increased floor traffic. We offer the best comp. Plan, sal/comm, demo plan, bonus, medical & 401 K. High-fine auto sales profession- als please Fax Your resume to 914-347-3377 or call 914-347-3377 and ask for Mr. Bellavia. WHITE PLAINS JAGUAR

BAR Bartenders, Cocktail Wait Staff & DJs. For bar/lounge in Bklyn. Lv mes- sage at 917-202-6677

BOOKKEEPER F/T Brooklyn based advertising firm seeks experienced book- keeper. Light admin. S30-35K to start, benefits + bonus. Flex days/hours. Fax res: 718-855-9009

BKPR/ACCT Min 2 Yrs exp. Int'l womens human rights org. Send res: MADRE, 121 West 37th St, Suite 301, NY, NY 10001

BUTCHERS FT Prime retail; experienced only, PARK RIDGE, NJ. 201-391-4373

Chef Sushi Chef PHILADELPHIA New restaurant in Philadelphia. Big Paycheck for right person. Contact Zurna Tanaka at: Starr Restaurant Group, 215-923-6000 After 10am

COLLEGE GRADS Int'l airline cargo div seeks hi energy, motivated indiv with strong Comm skills for busn dvlpmnt. Exp a plus. Involves travel, Excel bnfts incl Pension Plan & travel. Send res & sal req to Virgin Atlantic Airways Lt. 340, IN Cargo Area, Newark Int'l Newark, NJ 07114, Attn Dist Sales Mgr

Computer Telcordia Technologies, a leading international Provider of information technology services business and public enterprises in the United States and around the world is seeking Telecommunications professionals and Computer professionals. Telcordia Technologies invites you to explore career opportunities

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in New Jersey utilizing the following skills: Multiple positions are available in the following practice areas: ORACLE, JAVA SYBASE, UNIX, C/C++, COBRA POWER-BUILDER, LOTUS NOTES NT, LAN, WAN, AIX, COBO GUI, SAP, C 150-9001, ATM, STTS, SS7, IP, AIN, IN, SONET, SNMP, SHELL. Fiber-Optics, TCP/IP, OSS, ISDN, OO, HTML, CGI, SSL. Most Positions require a Bachelors degree in Computer Information Technology. Some Positions require a Masters degree. We offer opportunities for growth and experience as well as solid compensation. For consideration please send your resume indicating beat Code 658 with salary requirements to: email: jobs@telcordia.com (ASCII text ONLY, no attachments) Telcordia Technologies, Recruiting and Staffing, 6 Corporate Place, Piscataway, NJ 08854. Equal opportunity employer.

COMPUTER DESIGN Experienced for Mac & PC output film. Cust relations billings etc. Salary open. Fax resume: 212-242-8230

CONSTRUCTION / ELECTRICAL PROJECT MGR/ ESTIMATOR Large Westchester-based electrical contractor has immed position for Project Mgr &/or Estimator Must have min 5 Yrs exp. FAX res to: West-Fair Electric (914-769-745).

CONSTRUCTION Brklyn GC seeks CHIEF ESTIMATOR/ PROJECT MANAGER for fast-growing Co. Salary & benefits commens. w/experience Fax resume 631-491-6470.

CUSTODIAN FOR PRIVATE SCHOOL Fax resume: 718-438-3080

CUSTOMER SERVICE REPS Estop & expanding Telecom bkgrnd a plus. Cust Svc Reps. PC skill, phone skills telecom bkgrnd a plus. Sal comm with exp. FAX res, 201-969-0666

CUSTOMS Licensed Cus. House Broker Int'l freight forwarder JFK location has immediate opening for qualified individual. Med bnfts, 401 K. Contact Fracht USA. email: kathy.holland@fracht.com. Fax: 718-553-2713 or 718-995-8242.

DENTAL ASSISTANT Experienced. For busy modern midtown ofc. 7:30pm-3:30pm. Call 212-752-7188.

DENTAL ASSISTANT F/T Exp'd. For busy Bklyn pract. Call 718-462-7436, or fax res: 718-462-2418.

DENTIST-Exp'd wanted for partnership in busy hi grossing prvt Practice. Monmouth City NJ. Serious only. Send res to POB 276, Oakhurst, NJ 07755.

DENTIST Very busy office in Brooklyn needs an experienced PT/FT dentist. Call 718-972-1644 or 718-938-0437

DRAFTSPERSON CAD/ARCHITL WOODWORK DETAILER - for specialty fabrication exhibit co. Must have work'g knowl of construction methods & woodwork shop, drawing. Fax res to: 212-414-4888

DRIVERS, 100 NEEDED Busy limo service seeks prof'l chauffeurs to drive our cars. Must have exp in the limo industry. TLC lic prefd. Top \$ paid for exp'd drivers. Call 718-721-3592

Education-DIRECTOR Pvt learning center in Queens. Approx 20 hrs/wk, sal negot. Fax resume & refs to 978-649-0881

ELECTRICAL SR ESTIMATOR Major L.I.-based electrical contractor seeks expd Sr Elect'l Estimator. Computer skills: "ACCUBID" a must. Sal commens w/exp. Excl medical bnfts. Send res to T8830 TIMES 10108

ELECTRICIANS, MECHANICS NYC. Benefits avail. Call 1718-752-9780. Or fax resume 718-752-9772

Finance Associate, Global Derivative Products Seeking individuals to support senior marketers on Fixed Income Derivatives Desk in New York. MBA and 2 years of related experience required. Please send resume to kparenti@bofa-

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securities.com or fox to 415-913-5460 attn: KPss Bank of America is an Equal Opportunity Employer M/F/D/V. Visit our website of: www.bankofamerica.com Bank of America

Financial Chief Financial Officer AXIS Global, a wholly subsidiary of SunGard Data Systems Inc, is the leading NYSF floor broker with the most advanced hand-held floor broker order and execution device. This international company is currently seeking a CFO. Responsibilities include all financial accounting and reporting functions, including preparation of monthly internal financial reports, forecasts, Profitability analysis, budgets and 3-Year plans, and providing strategic alternatives to maximize returns on resources and investments. This position will be a key member of the Axis management team & assist in international growth. Our candidate will have 10 years of progressive accounting and financial financial analysis, Bachelors degree in accounting with CPA required. Strong communication, leadership and operating management skills are essential. Must be proficient in all applicable software packages including MS Office, Lotus, Excel and various GL databases. Big 5 public accounting, brokerage industry and focus reporting experience a plus. Position will be required to obtain Series 27 registration. Axis Global offers a highly competitive salary and benefit Program, including medical, dental, life, disability, 401(k), with match, stock Purchase Plan and more. To apply send resume via email to Idetke@bross.com or fax to HR Director at 201-840-8470.

GAL /GUY FRI FT/PT Westchester upscale jewelry store. Diversified responsibilities incl sales. For info call Sally or Sonia 914-723-4500 or Fax resume to 914-723-0075

HAIR SALON RECEPTIONIST Robert Kree Salon now interviewing for F/T Receptionist Position. Salon & computer experience necessary. Health bnfts. Fax res: 212-989-4879.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 F7

FREE MAINTENANCE for 4 YEARS and FREE GAS for a Year!

Only through Labor Day Weekend, ONLY at Mercedes-Benz of Greenwich. When you purchase or lease a new, in stock C230, C280, ML320 or ML430 and take delivery on or before September 5, 2000, we'll give you one year of gas FREE* and always when you buy a new vehicle we offer: FREE maintenance for 4 years. This means that for the entirety of your Mercedes-Benz New Vehicle Warranty - 48 months or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first - routine maintenance will cost you nothing!

ML320 and ML430 The M-Class starts at \$35,300. For twisting turns, hair-pin off-ramps and ruthless rush-hour commutes, the M-Class embodies the revolution of the Sports Utility Vehicle. With its Electronic Stability Program, it is one of the most sure-footed vehicles of its type. "Everything about the ML430 is more immediate, and by a whole order of magnitude" according to Car and Driver.

C230 and C280 redefine the concept of value. The C-Class has an abundance of state-of-the-art safety features, luxury and refinement, available at an affordable price.

mercedesbenzgreenwich.com

Hours: Parts & Service M-F 7:30AM-6PM, Sat 8AM-3PM, Evenings by Appointment, Sales: M-F 9AM-6PM Sat. 9AM-5PM

*Based on estimated annual fuel cost of \$844 off MSRP for C230 and \$884 for C280, \$1126 off MSRP for M320 and \$1191 for ML430. Mercedes-Benz Maintenance Commitment applies to 2000 and newer models only. Maintenance beyond that called for in the maintenance manual and wear items are not covered. *Starting MSRP of \$35,000 for a 2000 ML320 excludes \$645 transportation charge, all taxes, title/documentary fees, registration, tags, retailer prep charges, insurance, optional equipment, certificate of compliance or non-compliance fees, and finance charges. Car and Driver May 1999.

The E-Class The M-Class

Mercedes-Benz of Greenwich

261 WEST PUTNAM AVENUE, GREENWICH, CT 06830 1-800-NEW MERCEDES Mercedes-Benz

Help Wanted 2600

Hotel/Restaurant SOUS CHEF Premier CC in Greenwich seeks experienced Sous Chef. Min 5 Yrs exp req, competitive salary & benefits, great Opportunity. Fax resume to 203-869-1945, Attn: Exec Chef.

IMPORT-EXPORT AGENT (OAKLAND) Coord. w/Int'l traffic negotiate settlements btwn foreign/domestic shippers; plan/direct flow of overseas air/surface traffic; supv workers engaged in receive/ship freight documents, way billing, assess charges, collect shipment fee, negot. w/domestic customers as intermediary for foreign customers, resolve problems, negot. May examine shipping interests for reciprocal freight handling agreements. May examine invoices shipping manifests for conformity to tariff/customs regs; resolve customs releases/delays; prep trans-act'n reports to facilitate billing of shippers/foreign corners. Ssuv 5 stockrm employees. 35hrs, \$1305.15/wk, Req's 2 Yrs exp, Fluency in Korean. Send ltr/resume in dupl to Business & Worker Development, RL 199704070113, PO Box 053, Trenton, NJ 08625.

INSURANCE ADJUSTERS Immed positions for NY & NJ. G.L. "with environ exp," auto BI & PIP, & PD "1st & 3rd party" Adjusters. Pos'ns avail for Claims Technicians. Min 2-3 Yrs exp. Call 201-433-0311/Fax res 201-433-0304

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Help Wanted 2600

INSURANCE Exp'd Claims Adjustor For Personal injury low firm. Salary open, benefits. Call 718-728-3412 Or Fax: 718-728-4058

INTERIOR DESIGNER Exciting apply for Interior Dsgnr w/3-5 Yrs exp in small LI firm specializing in hi-end resdntl projects w/prestigious clients. Posn incl working w/principal in running interior dept. Autocad exp nec. Faxres: E. Roche Architect 516-922-2179

JANITOR For 24 hr east side animal hospital Overnight shift available. Fax resume to Margaret: 212-861-2542.

Jewelry, Rough Stone Sorter (Manh) Select rough/polished diamonds & colored stones according to type & size; study grade, quality, color & physical structure of rough or finished stones. Sort stones according to quality & type using a measuring gouge or plate and sort diamonds of same size into containers, weigh stones using a diamond weighing scale to verify weight. Use precision scales to ascertain accurate stones. 2 Yrs exp req'd, \$30,062/yr, 35 hrs/wk, 9:30am-5:30pm. Send resume to: LJ3516, PO Box 703, N Y, NY 10014-0703.

Jewellery-DIAMOND ASSORTERS Jewelry co loc'd in LIC is seeking exp'd trainee diamond sorters. English not req'd. Call Rupal at 718-482-0801

Help Wanted 2600

JEWELRY-Diamond Sorter (Manh). Examine Dockets of diamonds and sort into matching groups according to cut, size, shape, imperfections, examine with loupe & scale, loupe & gouges. 2 yrs exp, 40 hrs wkly. \$480 wk. Send res describing qualifications in duplicate. EC2281, POB 703, NY, NY 10014-0703.

Legal Secy/Paralegal High-Profile global entertainment company seeks Legal Secretary/Paralegal to work with Vice President, Legal Affairs. Candidate must have excellent office and computer skills. Knowledge of Microsoft Word required. Please fax resume and salary requirements to 212-315-5732 Attn: VP, Legal Affairs.

LEGAL SECTY/ADMIN ASST TWO POSITIONS AVAIL 1) Working for managing Partner; typng & WORD; billing, heavy phones; client contact; 2) Work w/senior partner; ADVANCED WORD; billing & phones FAX or Email resume to: 212-371-1084 or Email: admin@tanhelp.com

LEGAL SECRETARY F/T P/T Join our small, established Fifth Ave law firm, relaxed atmosphere, pleasant partners, flexible days/hours. Fax resume: 212-599-3629

Help Wanted 2600

LEGAL SECRETARY to \$59,000 Secretaries w/minlyr+ NY exp to work on Assoc, Pr, Sr Ptr & floater levels. 500 attorney firm. Top benefits & bonus Ms. Evans 212-599-0909 fx 599-1024

LIBRARIAN (Lib 1) CHILDRENS LIBRARIAN MLS reqd. Send resume to: Deborah DeForest, City of Norwich Personnel, 1 City Plaza, Norwich, NY 1381 S. Reply by Sept 10th.

Library Systems Manager Implement & maintain the library integrated on-line system, local files & databases, onsite and other related E-resources. Facilitate Grid coord the Library's on-going strategic Planning. Manage the library LAN on NT and Netware, Compaq (network) servers, 30+ PCs, laptops & printers. Provide on call support as needed. BS in computer sciences read, Send resume to: Associate Dean, Medical Science Library, New York Medical College, Valhalla, NY 10595 or fax 914-594-3171. EDE

Manager, Medical Records Office North Bergen, NJ Coordinate the activities of

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office support, clerical, & records-keeping personnel for the medical/surgical office. Analyze & organize office operations & procedures. Evaluate office production. Review & revise office procedures. Devise ways to improve efficiency of workflow. Establish correspondence & office procedures. Oversee management of medical & business records. Supervise 3 employees: Bach. deg. in Management, Economics or Accounting. 4 yrs exp reqd. 9AM-5PM. 40 hrs/week \$77,771.99/yr. Send resume in dupl to: Business & Worker Development BA199712290147 P.O. Box 053, Trenton, NJ 08625

MANUFACTURING Extrusion lead person needed for growing NJ co. Knowledge of HDPE blown film & co-extrusion an advantage. Call 973-239-4030 for appt.

Marketing-Want to be part of a creative, casual, & fun working enviro. Then join the team of Upshot Marketing. Learn about prod'n, art buying, brainstorming, & a variety of other aspects of advtg promotions as a Creative Coordinator. To take advantage of this exciting oppty, fax 212-888-7964

MASSAGE THERAPIST Lic'd Massage Therapist for West Village doctor's office. 212-243-7800.

See what a few chosen words can do in The New York Times Classifieds. Call 1-800-458-5522 or 212-354-3900.

Help Wanted 2600

MEDICAL GI ENDOSCOPY TECH Two MD gastroenterology office. Low vol/hi quality. Top salary. Wkdys. Excel benefits. FAX: 212-369-7267.

MESSENGER NEEDED - P/T, pickup & deliveries in Manhattan. Must be aggressive, efficient & reliable. Must have flex hrs. Co. based in Jersey City. Pay \$8-10/hr. Call: 201-333-3644 or apply in person 328 Grand St. Jersey City, NJ.

OFFICE MANAGER NEEDED Proficient computer knowldg primarily Excel & Word, math aptitude, gd verbal & written commun skills, ability to handle multi- ple tasks, must have electrical contracting knowldg, coll deg, min 5 Yrs working exp. Fax res 201-457-0840

OPTICIAN F/T Busy ophthalmology practice, Nassau Cty. FAX sal req & res: 631-232-1747.

OPTOMETRIST / OPHTHALMOLOGIST -FT/PT: Queens optical store. Call 718-457-5988 or 718-347-M Dr's office is also available.

PT COLLECTIONS ASST Collections Asst; 2 days/wk; 10am-4pm; good communicatn skills; hvy Phone work. FAX resume to: 212-818-0289.

PHARMACIST FT NJ license req'd. Managerial ability, customer friendly. Exclnt salary & working conditions. Call: 973-589-1759 Or Fax resume to 973- 465-7365

PHARMACIST - FT & PT Excel salary & working condition, Brooklyn area. Fax res to: 718-852-7072

Photography 1HR PHOTO LAB PRINTER Printer needed midtown loc; good career apply. Call: 212-575-0407

PORTER for busy office. F/T Benefits. Must have good refs. FAX 212-529- 9870

PRINTING CSR NYC midtown prepress house seeks CSR Person to join our worldwide network with min 3 yrs exp to handle large Ad Agency accts. Days/nights. Full health bnfts, 401K. Fax resume to: Joe R. 212-627-8336

Process Server/Court Clerk Exp lic'd PROCESS SERVER w/valid drivers lic & knowig of court needs; for immed FT position w/mandatory overtime; fam w/5 boros a must w/Nassou & Suffolk Counties. Good benefits Plus profit-sharng.

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FAX resumes to Evan at: 212-941-0235,

Production Mgr, Union City. NJ Coord. activ. of empl. in sewing, cuffing, pat-

tern making, affix trimmings of women's dressing, skirts, pockets, shirts. Use knowl. of fabric, trim sourcing & textile mills to ensure quality, Price of knitwear, velour, cotton, stretch fabric. Mgr oper. of factory to make shipping date, resp for quality of garments. Analyze proced. to cut costs & improve efficiency. Open fac- tory in morning. Supv. sewing mgr, cutting mgr, finishing mgr, Pattern maker. 40hrs/wk 8am-4pm. M-F. \$80,245, 36/hr. \$60.92/hr overtime, 4yrs exp. req'd. Send resume or letter of exp. in dupl to: Business & Worker Development, CH199801070184, PO Box 053, Trenton NJ 08625.

PROGRAMMERS/ANALYSTS - Analyze current operations & procedures to refine & convert data to programmable form; study existing systems to evaluate effectiveness; operate systems presently in use; develop & implement new sys- tems & applications software to meet time & projected needs; Provide adaptive & corrective maintenance; prepare pertinent system documentation; convene w/users to assess requirements. Use of COBOL II, CICS, DB 2, SQL, QMF, JCL.TSO/ISPF, INTEREST, FILE-8. ADABAS, NATURAL in an IBM mainframe environment. Must have Bachelor's Degree in Computer Science, Engineering, Mathematics or related degree

(math-oriented), or two (2) Years related experience as a software engineer, Programmer or computer software consultant. COBOL II, CICS, DB 2, SQL, QMF, JCL.TSO/ISPF, INTEREST, FILE-8. ADABAS, NATURAL in an IBM mainframe environment. 40 hrs/wk; 9-6 PM; \$60-120K per annum. Please send resume to: August 5 Technology Inc. 2393 Mountain Ave. Scotch Plains, NJ 07076

PROGRAMMER/ANALYST (Westport, CT) Design, develop & maintain a Trades Position System (TPS) for acceptance of commodities trades (futures, swaps & physical & options trades). Use Objective C to run Netstep OS w/Sybase database. Calculate positions & prep risk & position reports. 1 Yr exp & Masters in Comp Sci reqd. \$85,000/yr. Applicants req'd to prove legal authority to work in U.S. Mail or Fax resume & cvr ltr to: CT Dept. of Labor, Program Support, 3rd Floor, 200 Folly Brook Blvd, Wethersfield, CT 06109, ATTN: JO #4033446. Fax (860) 263-6028.

Help Wanted 2600

PROGRAMMER MANHATTAN Convert data from database to create or modify computer programs, analyze workflow diagram applying knowledge of computer capabilities, user requirements & symbolic logic; observe & monitor computer to interpret program operating codes; write instructions to guide operating personnel; analyze, review and rewrite programs to increase operating efficiency. Bachelor's degree, any field. \$35.14/hr. 40 hrs/ wk. 2 yrs exp. Send resume/letter with qualifications in duplicate to #RAF 541, PO Box 703, New York, NY.

Programmer/Analyst. (NJ client sites). Analyze, design, develop, update, & test client's application systems/subsystems; produce job flow diagrams; prepare system's parallel test plans & documentation descriptions; Provide technical support. Environment: IBM mainframe; COBOL II; DB2; IMS/DB; JCL. Bachelor's degree + 18 months exp in job off'd. 40 hrs/wk; 8-5; \$67,500/yr. Send 2 resumes to Business & Worker Devt; BA 199712080110; PO Box 053, Trenton, NJ 08625.

PSYCHIATRIST needed for Mental Health Clinics in Warsaw & Olean New York. Fax resumes to D. Canty at (607) 324-8115.

REAL ESTATE SALES CONSULTANTS Cutting edge, Internet Real Estate co. 827 / F7 Day

is now hiring ambitious, hard-working, computer-savvy, people-oriented, lic. & unlicensed customer care profsnls. Great compensation pkg, (\$50K +) includes salary, comm. health bnfts & stock options! Unique oppty for advancement! Manhattan loc. Call and leave a detailed msg: 973-457-4370

RECEPTIONIST (P/T) T/W/TN 12 noon-close. Med ofc: on Upper West Side. \$10/hr to start, growth potential for right person. Good communication / phone skills a MUST. Fax resume to Joasna 212-787-9781

Restaurant-Boston Concessions at LaGuardia is seeking sous chef, line cook, Garde Manger food prep, wait staff, bartender bus staff food runner, host/ host-ess, dishwasher for upcoming Figs Restaurant Fax 718-457-5376

RESTAURANT In NoHo, well-known, needs talented Chinese Chef & American Cuisine line cooks. High quality only. Paid vacation. Exc opportunity. Interviews T,W,Th 3-5pm at 330 Lafayette St. "corner Bleecker" or call 212-925-0070. You may also Fax resume to: 212-226-6341.

RESTAURANT LaCremoilere Restrint in Banksville NY is offering Positions for Culinary grad or expd sous chef & line cook. FAX res 914-234-0736 or call 914- 234-9647

REST. THE MERCER KITCHEN PASTRY COOK Very busy Soho restaurant seeks friendly, knowledgeable & energetic indiv w/exp. FAX resume: 212-966-0010.

RESTAURANT Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe looking for all FOH positions. Please fax resume to 212-262-6547

RESTAURANT-New upscale Italian in Greenwich CT seeking SOUS CHEFS, LINE COOKS, OYSTER BAR SHUCKERS, ALL DINING ROOM STAFF. Call Lori 212-661-3200 M-F 11-4

Restaurant-BARTENDER For exclusive midtown French restaurant. Must have exp & basic knowledge of French. Fax resume to 212-593-4964

Restaurant Counter/Server Expd for busy downtown rstnt. Apply in person: Mon-Fri, CAFE COLONIAL crnr of Elizabeth & Houston Sts

Restaurant GENERAL MGR, SERVICE & KITCHEN HELP. Mail resumes only: Mike's, 650 10th Av, NYC 10036.

Restaurant FIRST RESTAURANT is expanding. Opening West Village, loc. Looking for BARTENDERS, WAITERS & COOKS. Please Fax res: 212-674-8010.

RESTAURANT Kitchen Helpers Waiters/Waitress Bussers & Sales People for new Queens restaurant. Call/Fax 718-505-1479

RESTAURANT-PARAMUS, NJ Needs chef & cook immed. Good Pay. Call George or Jerry 201-843-0170 or Fax res: 201-843-3770.

RETAIL/SALES Exciting new contemporary design store/showroom seeks style-minded sales personel. Upscale furniture & home furnishings in a presti- gious Madison Ave loc. A quality, gallery-like environment & an oppy for growth. Salary comm w/exp. Fax resume to 212-265-6616.

Help Wanted 2600

Retail ASST STORE VISUAL MGR, NYC. Responsibilities consist of: all visual merchandising / presentation, floor moves, merchandise display/window changes for store engaged in the retail sale of fashion merchandise. Min 3 yrs experience req'd. Must have visual merchandising exp w/hi-end luxury goods. 35 hrs/wk, 10am-6pm. Fax res: 201-617-2398. EOE.

RETAIL- FRONT DESK MANAGER & FRONTDESK Manhattan spa seeks F/T & P/T Front Desk. Call until Sept 4, 718-478-2445

SECRETARY, MEDICAL. Staten Island. Compiles/records medical charts/ DayF7 / 828

correspondence; takes dictation, schedule pools; give info to callers; read/route incoming mail; locate/attach appropriate file to corresp; compose/take corresp/records; answer phone, route/place calls; greet visitors; make copies & prepare outgoing mail. 2 Yrs. exp. & written verif/ref read. Type 55WPM; s/hand 80WPM. 40 hrs/ wk, 9AM-6PM. \$15.03/hr. Send resume in dupl. to: BV1 713, PO Box 703, NY, NY 10014-0703.

SECRETARY F/T Great Neck, L.I. CPA firm seeks responsible indiv. MS Word, Excel: Exclnt salary & bnfts. FAX 516-466-3349

SECRETARY P/T or F/T For jewelry office. Computer and basic accounting a must. Send resume to: PO Box 2544, New York, NY 10185

SECRETARY BILINGUAL, Diplomatic Mission seeks bilingual secretary, French/English w/computer skills. Word 2000. Call 212-421-1580.

SECRETARY/BOOKKEEPER Computer literate, Word & Quickbooks. Fax resume to: 212-366-0979

SECURITY Cambridge Security Services needs retired or active law enforce- ment psn for loc in Upper Manh. \$15 hr. Pls call Larry Mack 212-889-2111 M-Fri, 9-5pm

Shipping BUNKER BROKER An International Bunker Company has an open- ing for a Bunker Broker with experience in bunker brokerage and trading. Must be a self starter with a strong customer base. Competitive salary & benefits. Please send resume and salary requirements to: Aagart Bunker Brokers c/o Borwil Agencies 307 Tchoupitoulas St. New Orleans, LA 70130

Shipping Manager (Bklyn,NY) Verify/ coorl incoming & outgoing shipments. Prep items for shipment. Oversee ship. Ping activities to

ensure accuracy completeness. Control info on requisitions, invoices & shipping notices. Maintain periodic cost inventory & shipment records. 2 yrs exp req'd Exp must incl use of: Word Perfect 6.0 for Windows, Wizard, Report Writer. 40 hrs/wk 10am-5pm, \$22.30/hr. Send res in dupl to: WAB#2052 P. O. Box 703, NY, NY 10014-0703.

SOCIAL WORKER Master of Soc Wk a must. Soc serv coord Position for low income Exp'd w/housing +. Spanish/English bilingual +. FAX resto: 516-333- 9188

Software Profsnls Fast-growing off-shore software services provider seeking qualified profsnl for FT SOFTWARE ENGINEERS, PROGRAMMR/ANALYST, PROJECT LEADS & PROJECT MGRS; applicants need bachelors degree in computer sciences, engineerig, technical or related field w/10yrs of relevant work exp. Senior level positions may req a masters degree or its equivil'nt. Knowlg Of C++ VISUAL BASIC JAVA, JAVA SCRIPT, SYBASE, ORACLE, etc Prefd. The candidate must have good communication skills, leadership abilities & a desire to be a team player. We are offering an excellent salary & benefits Package. Jobs loc'd in Secaucus, NJ, NY, NY All candidates should apply to: TCG, 200 Meadowlands Parkway, Secaucus, NJ 07094. Attn: Human Resources. FAX: 201-864-3399 Email: info@tcg-software.com

STOCKBROKER TRAINEE Get an edge in the financial mrkt. Top tier broker- age firm seeks highly aggressive driven indiv who wants to succeed. Lic'd or not. Series 7 sponsorship, Serious inquiries only. Call: Peter Tempesto 212-768-1800 x3070

Placing a classified ad? Call (212) 354-3900

Help Wanted 2600

STOCKBROKER TRAINEES WANTED: Aggressive, greedy individual to work alongside multi-million \$\$ producer Fast program. Huge upside. Hard work &

829 / F7 Day

drive a must. Partnership potential. Serious inquiries only. Call Jeffrey Abate at: 800-856-6221

SUPERINTENDENT EOE On-site. ISO turn 6-sty elevated bldg. #2 fuel, loc in Far Rockaway, must have or be eligible to obtain NYC FO certificoie of fitness, min 5 Yrs exp, bilingual Span/Engl. Fringe bnft Plkg. Sal commens w/exp. Res to: P.J. Alizio Realty, Inc, 7001 Brush Hollow Rd, Westbury, N.Y. 11590 or fax 516-333- 9188

SUPERMARKET SCANNING SUPERVISOR For Queens supermaket chain. Min 5 yrs exp. Fax resume 718-932-8663

TEACHER. Private girls' HS in Queens Seeks P/T English teacher for Sept 2000 to take leadership role in developing new advanced academic track. Perfect for retired teacher. Administrative exp a plus. Fax resume to 718-793-8533

TEACHERS P/T and/or F/T exp'd teachers needed. Certified or on study plan. Fax resume to 212-577-2733 or call 212-577-2710

TEACHERS/CERTIFIED & GROUP TEACHERS Sr, Jr, major in EC Edu. FT Nursery, Pre-K Jackson Heights, Woodside area, 718-803-1728

TEACHER/CHILD CARE Creative ECE, Psych or child related for home child care enrichment. \$500-\$750/wk. 212-808-5273 www.teachercare.com

TEACHER-Qns/Ll Yeshiva (K-8). Sept openings in Gen'l Studies (PM). Also Jr HS Mth/Sci. Retired teachers welc. Fax 718-658-1022, Ph: 718-658-7066

TEACHERS BOYS H.S. Bklyn location. Exp'd Math Teacher. Top salary-on time. Fax resume: 718-951-3414

TEACHERS - Yeshiva elementary school. Cert & licensed. Afternoon hrs. Mon- Thurs. Gd salary on time. Pls fax res: 718-268-3447.

TELECOMMUNICATIONS TECH Estab & expanding telecom cc seeking Techs to Svc & maint sev'l Lucent switches in lower Manh. Lucent exp & programming exp a plus. Sal Comm with exp. FAX res 201-969-0666

SALES OPPORTUNITIES

ADVERTISING SALES Salary plus large commission. Open territory. Call 212-714-9005. Or fax resume: 212-714-9020

AUDIO/VISUAL EQUIPMNT Electronic rental cc; projectors, computers, all AV equipment; seekng highly motivated SALESPEOPLE to get new corp accts; midtwn Manh loc (35th St); hrs: 8-6. Call Flavio: 212-732-9050

JEWELRY SALES EXECUTIVE For wholesale gold retail & wholesale diamonds; min 1yr exp; FAX resumes to: 212-575-1116

SALES REPS SEAFOOD Wholesale seafood co, serving restaurants and hotels, Sales reps with knowl of seafood Industry. Good salary; bnfts avail. Send res: True World Foods, POB 1188, Elizabeth, NJ 07207-1188, Attn: Human Resources. FAX to: 908-372-1103

SALES CELLULAR is the fastest-growing industry Sal + comm from \$500 & up P/T or F/t Must have sales bkgd. Cal 888-661-9536

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Household Help Wtd. 3102

CHILD CARE/HSEKPR Live in/out, PT, car avail; excel refs. Euro-educatd

prefd. Days: 212-768-2333; eves: 203-637-272D kittens3x@aol.com

COOK (Household), live in (Brewster NY). Prepare, bake & cook meals for working couple. Busn & social rests as suitable for occasion & according to

DayF7 / 830

recipes, taste & dietary reqrmts. Organize & clean utensils, Purchase groceries for household. Free pvt rm & board. 2 Yrs exp read. 44 hrs, 5 1/2 days wk, 8am- 8pm. \$831.16/wk, O/T as needed at \$28.34 an hr. Send resume in dupl to BV1 707 POB 703, NY, NY 10014-0703

HOUSEKEEPER Live out, 5-day week, mostly Monday through Friday with the occasional switch to Saturday and Sunday. General cleaning, vacuuming, laundry, and excellent in ironing. Fax resumes: 212-421-0399

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Home Frngs/Appliances 3222

LG 9 drwr BR dresser, 2 lthr den/ofc chairs lamp table, mrbl top, Fr Prov DR

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1935 STEINWAY MODEL S, 5'1", Steinway Fact Recond. in '99, Orig Sounding

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TOP \$ PAID for Your used cartridges, toners & inkjets. HP, Canon, Sharp,

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID! We need ALL ROLEX Watches Patek, Cartier, Vacheron, Bulgari, Tiffany, Bretling, Piaget, etc. new, used or broken. We also need all Gold, Diamond, and Estate Jewelry. Also all stamps and coins, auto- graphed letters, baseball cards, basically anything of value. We can also travel to your home or office. We are licensed, bonded and Insured, Appraisals available. Call 212-246-2000
PLAZA WATCH & JEWELRY EXCHG. 145 W. 57th St. btwn 6th & 7th Ave

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Capital Wanted 3402
INVESTOR NEEDED FOR 400+ MILL BARREL OIL PROJECT in Columbia. \$3
Mill for 6 months. High return plus equity. Call 626-441-0776
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615-3700
NOTICE To Find Out About A Company's Record Before You Do Business
With Them, You May Want To Contact Your Local Better Business
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20,000sf Discount Center for sale. Completely stocked. Poconos, PA
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Plumbing Supply For sale, Suffolk County, estab 44 Yrs, business,
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N.Y.C. SHERIFF'S EXECUTION SALE N.Y.S. Dept. Of Motor Vehicles &/Or
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JOHN GAIS- ER Aucrtr, DCA#0867680, Tues. Sept. 5, 2000 At 10 A.M. At DON
GLO, 320 West Fordham Road, Bronx, N.Y. R/T/I In & To The Following
Vehicles: Additionally, 13 Vehicles Will Be Sold As Abandoned Property
Pursuant To Section 1224 Of The Vehicle Traffic Laws Of The State Of
New York. 92 FORD 3FAPP13J2NRI29679 93 HYUNDAI KMHJF32MSPU406293 88
MERCURY 1MEBMSBU9JA624035 89 MERCURY 1MESM53U7KG601780 87 ACURA
JH4DA752HS018844 LIEN 89 TOYOTA 5 1G3469U4GM386275 93 FORD 1FACP52U1
PG301129 LIEN 89 TOY- OTA JT2SV21E2K3347033 88 MERCURY
1MEBM6046JH689921 82 FORD 1FMDE11G0CHB20533 96 CHEVY 1G8DM1SZ1GB196719
74 CHEVY 1Q87H4N244272 84 CADILLAC 1G6AL578EE609700 86 CHEVY
1G1BN69FIOGY1238 JH4DA3441KS003315 90 CHEVY 1G1BN84YSLA125477 89
CADILLAC 1G6CO5158K4251453 87 TOYOTA JT2SV21W5H0095796 87 NIS- SAN
1N4PB21SXHC854773 89DODGE 1B3BC4633KD499804 87 PLYMOUTH
2B4FH4134HR309440 89 LINCOLN 1LNLM9847KY747463 86 PONTIAC
2G2GN69ZSG2288907 85 NISSAN JN1HU15S6FX0056W 90 CHEVY 1G1BL5478LR128404
86 BUICK 1G4NJ27U1GM193975 92 CHEVY 1Y1SK5466NZ040807 89 BUICK
1G4AHS1N4KW772 88 FORD 1FABP50D9JG41393 87CADILLAC 1G6CD5181H4319255 86
TOYOTA JT2AW1SC4G0D78814 89 TOYOTA JT2SV21 E7KO269351 90 HYUNDAI
2HMOF32T6LB019136 95 NISSAN 4N2DN11W7SD34786 LIEN 96 NISSAN

JN1CA21D7TT172460 LIEN 90 HONDA 1HGCB755SLA12176 87 HONDA
1HGCAS633HA222855 92 MERCURY 2MELM75W7NX697536 Cash Only Inspect: 1/2
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F8 MB K THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 POTAMKIN AUTO
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As Reported on "Good Morning America" Experts Agree That Labor Day
Weekend is The Best Time of The Year To Buy or Lease a New Vehicle
You hear it all the time, but this time it's true. At this time of year
virtually every manufac- turer has special added incentives on all
makes and models in order to eliminate all remaining 2000 models. This
means added savings for consumers. Dealers also have additional
discounts in order to make room for incoming 2001 invento- ry. As
manufacturer's and dealers alike stride to put the best deals into

ACURA BRAND NEW BRAND NEW 2000 INTEGRA LS

Air conditioning, power windows, power locks, till wheel, cruise,
alloy wheels, ABS, power sunroof, am/fm cassette/CD, tinted gls, int.
wipers, dual airbags, Stk#281C00. Only \$3250 due at inception which
incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total
pymts \$4293. Include. 10 k/mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'l mi. 27 mos lease \$159
per mo. Buy for \$15,965

AUDI BRAND NEW A4 2.8 QUATTRO Automatic transmission, air con-
ditioning, power windows, power locks, cruise, CD, alloy wheels, alarm
system, int. wipers, dual airbags, Stk#287C00. Only \$3567 due at
inception which ind. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec.
dep. Total pymts \$23,688. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'l mi. 63 mos.
lease \$376 per mo. Buy for \$32,199

AUDI BRAND NEW A6 2000 AVANT QUATTRO WAGON Automatic, climate
control, cassette/CD, power windows/locks, cruise, alloy wheels, ABS,
conven- ience pkg., rear wiper/washer, alarm system, dual airbags,
Stk#296C00. Only \$3676 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos.
payment, bank fee & refundable sec, dep. Total pymts \$27,405. Inc. 10K
mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'l mi. \$435 per mo. Buy for \$37,497

BRAND NEW 2000 A6 2.7T QUATTRO 2.71. V6, automatic, air
conditioning, power windows, power locks, poor seats, cassette/CD, ABS
brakes, 16' alum. wheels, till & telescopic steering wheel, dual
airbags, Stk#291C00. Only \$3744 due at inception which incl. your 1st
mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$28,539. Inc.
10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'l mi. 63 mos. lease \$376 per mo. Buy for
\$32,199

2000 CHEVROLET CORVETTE 5.7L- V8 engine, 5 spd, air conditioning,
power windows, power locks, power seats, tinted gls, daytime running
lamps, int. wiper system, cruise, dual airbags, Stk#072CU, 100 mi. Only
\$3765 due at incep- tion which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee &
refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$28,440. Incl, 10K milyr @ 20¢ ea,
add'l mi. 60 mos. lease \$474 per mo. Buy for \$39,673

CHRYSLER BRAND NEW 2000 300M 3.5L. 24 valve V6 engine, automatic,
air conditioning, power windows/locks, am/fm cass/CD player, leather
trim, power moonroof, dual airbags, Stk#95C00. Only \$3559 due at
inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec.
dep., Total pymts \$14,352. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'l mi. 39 mos,
lease per \$368 mo. Buy for \$27,219

DODGE BRAND NEW 2000 RM 1500 QUAD CAB 5.91L V8 engine, automat- ic,
air conditioning, am/fm cassette/CD, remote entry, sliding rear
windows, power windows/locks, alloy wheels, 2TG/2GG plig., dual
airbags, Stk# 111C00. Crity \$3260 due at inception which ind. your is
mos. payment, bank fee & refund- able sec. dep. Total pyrnts \$4056.

Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 24 mos. lease \$169 per mo. Buy for \$19,999

DODGE BRAND NEW 2000 DURANGO SLT Front & rear air conditioning, 833 / F8 Day

power winds/locks, cruise, deep tinted gls, keyless entry, am/fm cassette, 3rd row seat, var int. wipers, cloth high back bucket seats, 26G pkg., fog lamps, 6- way power driver's seat, roof rack, decor group, body color bumpers & molding, dual airbags, Stk#303G00. Only \$3382 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$14,841. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 51 mos. lease \$291 per mo. Buy for \$25,935

4 DAYS ONLY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND MONDAY LABOR DAY FORD

BRAND NEW 2000 ESCORT 2X2 Automatic transmission, air conditioning, power moonroof, power windows & locks, tilt wheel, cruise, am/fm cassette/CD, dual airbags, Stk#92G00, Only \$3250 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$9540. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. lease \$159 per mo. Buy for \$12,900

FORD BRAND NEW 2000 EXPEDITION EDDIE BAUER 4X4

Leather captain's chairs, power window/locks/seat, running boards, comfort conv. group, front & rear climate control, trailer towing pkg., heated seats, am/fm cassette/CD, dual airbags, Stk#13000. Only \$3660 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$26,397. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. lease \$419 per mo. Buy for \$35,470

FORD 2000 EXPEDITION XLT 4X4 Automatic, air conditioning, power windows, power locks, cruise, 3rd row seat, dual airbags Stk#25445U. Only \$3470 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$20,727. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 60 mos. lease \$329 per mo.

GMC BRAND NEW 2000 SIERRA 1500 PICKUP 4dr, automatic, air conditioning, power window & locks, cruise, CD, CA emissions, full size spare, daytime running lamps, int. wipers, theft det. system, tinted gls, dual airbags, Stk#152C00. Only \$3350 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$15,540. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$259 per mo. Buy for \$23,899

HYUNDAI BRAND NEW 2000 ELANTRA, Automatic, air conditioning, power windows, power locks, cruise, tinted gls, variable intermittent wipers, 60/40 split fold down rear seat, tilt, dual airbags. Stk#85C00. Only \$3230 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$3753. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 27 mos. lease \$139 per mo. Buy for \$11,169

BRAND NEW 2000 WRANGLER SE 4X4 Automatic, air conditioning, hard top, am/fm stereo cassette, convenience group, power steering & brakes, cup holder, CA emissions, dual airbags, Stk#108C00. Only \$3290 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$7164. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$199 per mo. Buy for \$18,499

LEXUS NEW 2000 RX300 4X4 Automatic, air conditioning, power tilt & slide sun roof, premium package, keyless remote entry, heated front seats, limited slip differential, dual airbags Stk#22189M. Only \$3650 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$23,313. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$409 per mo. Buy for \$37,089

MERCEDES BRAND NEW 2000 E320 Automatic, air conditioning, dual & side airbags, remote entry system, power seats/windows/locks, leather, am/fm cassette, cruise, Stk#22212M. Only \$3976 due at inception which

incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$22,815. Incl. 10K

DayF8 / 834

mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$585 per mo. Buy for \$44,993
MERCEDES BRAND NEW 2000 ML 320 4X4 Automatic, air conditioning, ML luxury package, Bose audio system, glass sunroof, power windows, leather interior, dual airbags, Stk#22356M. Only \$3680 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sep. dep. Total pymts \$22,389. Incl. 10K

mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$439 per mo. Buy for \$37,993
TOYOTA 2000 TOYOTA SIENNA Automatic, front & rear air conditioning, dual doors, cruise control, power windows/locks, dual airbags, 19,344 rental mi., Stk#25496U. Only \$3270 due at inception which ind. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$14,427. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea.

add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$229 per mo. Buy for \$19,995
VOLKSWAGEN BRAND NEW 2000 BEETLE GLS Automatic, air conditioning, power windows, power locks, cruise, anti-theft system, am/fm cassette, dual airbags, Stk#199C00. Only \$3280 due at inception which incl. your 1st mos. payment, bank fee & refundable sec. dep. Total pymts \$9072. Incl. 10K mi/yr @ 20¢ ea. add'1 mi. 60 mos. lease \$189 per mo. Buy for \$19,179

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Weather

Winter

A couple of breaks of sunshine over the next couple of hours, what little sunshine there is left. Remember, this is the shortest day of the year. Looks like the clear skies hold off till later on tonight. It will be brisk and cold, low temperatures will range from twenty-nine in some suburbs to thirty-eight in midtown. Not a bad shopping day tomorrow, sunshine to start, then increasing clouds, still breezy, with a high near fifty. Couple of showers around tomorrow night, er, tomorrow evening, into early tomorrow night, otherwise partly cloudy later on, low thirty. For Monday, windy and colder with sunshine, a few clouds, high forty-two. And then for, er, Christmas Eve, mostly sunny, but with a chilly wind, high near forty degrees. For Christmas itself, cloudy with a chance for rain or snow, high thirty-six. Forty-three degrees right now and cloudy, relative humidity is fifty-five percent in midtown. Repeating the current temperature forty-three going down to thirty-eight in midtown.

Well, this is a very intense low and it's, uh, located just south of Jones Beach right now. It's going to be sliding off to the east, northeast, here as we, uh, go into the evening hours, but the radar is just loaded, uh, from the city back to the Delaware River. You actually have to get back to Allentown to find the end of the storm, but it's not going to be moving in any great hurry. We probably have a good four, five hours of good, steady snow, and at that time, it's going to be coming down hard, and, uh, therein lies, uh, the problem here because, uh, it's possible that, uh, the snow rate can be so heavy at times, we could easily pick up an inch or two in just one hour's time. So you've got a couple of hours of that and this, eh, one to three, eh, could be exceeded, uh, but right now we're looking for one to three in the city and Long Island, three to six in many of the western and northern suburbs, and even more than that further northwest. So just allow for some extra time to get around here this evening, it's gonna be quite messy for the next several hours. Things will start to improve after nine o'clock, it will be diminishing to flurries from west to east, probably all over by midnight. Stays very windy right on through the night, and then tomorrow will turn mostly sunny, uh, but still quite windy, with some gusts to forty and fifty miles an hour, a high of thirty-eight. Right now we have snowflakes and thirty-three, and a north wind at fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-three going down to thirty in midtown.

It'll be gusty and cold the rest of the day, but sunny for the most part, high temperature thirty-eight. Watch for a refreezing as the sun goes down, clear and cold tonight, diminishing wind, low twenty-four in many suburbs to thirty in midtown. Tomorrow sunny to partly cloudy high thirty-eight, then a little milder for the weekend, reaching forty-two Saturday with sunshine and forty-four on Sunday. No more storms until next week, and it may not snow again until next year. Currently winds out of the northwest at twelve, gusting to twenty-four miles per hour, relative humidity sixty-nine percent, thirty-two degrees in midtown heading for thirty-eight.

We're looking at a fair amount of sunshine as we go through the afternoon, temperatures though, staying on the chilly side, looking for a high of near forty degrees today. It's partly cloudy tonight, dry weather continues right through the weekend. We'll see a mix of clouds and sunshine for tomorrow, the high of forty degrees once again. Sunday begins a, um, warming trend, looking for a high of forty-four with partly sunny skies, also some sunshine for Monday, with a high up to

forty-eight. New Year's Eve we're gonna get up near fifty degrees. Currently in Central Park, mostly sunny skies, thirty-five degrees, the humidity sixty-four percent, and the wind is northwest at seven miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-five headed up to forty in midtown.

Well, we are going to have a very tranquil weekend for the most part, uh, today, uh, sunshine, some clouds, up to around forty degrees. Uh, more clouds probably tomorrow, uh, there'll be a few flurries moving through the area later tonight and first thing tomorrow morning, not expecting to cause any problems but, uh, nonetheless, a couple of flurries passing by. Thirty-two for a low in midtown tonight, then tomorrow, temperatures again up near that forty degree mark, uh, for a high with, uh, wind picking up during the afternoon, so a little bit more uncomfortable tomorrow, from a temperature standpoint. On Monday, a limited amount of sunshine, high forty-two. More clouds for Tuesday, a breezy, milder day high fifty, watch out for some rain at night, especially if you're headed out to Times Square. Currently in Islip it's thirty, twenty-eight in Belmar, in Central Park it's thirty degrees under a partly sunny sky, the humidity at sixty-three percent, winds west at ten. Repeating the current temperature thirty degrees going up to forty in midtown.

Well, mostly clear skies, cold conditions for tonight. We're headed down to a low of thirty in midtown, twenty-two in many suburbs, then as sunshine shares the sky with some clouds tomorrow, we're headed up to a high of forty. More, in terms of clouds, move in tomorrow night, setting the stage for a cloudy day Tuesday, but a southwesterly breeze will bring in warmer air so, believe it or not, we're headed up to a high of fifty-two. It may shower on Tuesday, but more likely look for some rain Tuesday night for New Year's Eve celebrations, as well as for New Year's Day on Wednesday, the high Wednesday fifty. Forty-one, mostly cloudy, as we speak, in Central Park, the relative humidity fifty-seven percent, wind northwest at ten. Once again, forty-one headed down to thirty in midtown.

We have, uh, cloudy skies, uh, we'll see a few light showers, a touch of drizzle overnight, uh, temperatures will be staying, uh, well above the freezing mark. Watch, uh, going, well, north of the city, though, across, uh, Orange, uh, Putnam, into northern Fairfield County, uh, temperatures, uh, right around thirty, thirty-two degrees there, and there is, uh, a bit of icing taking place right now. And for tomorrow, mostly cloudy and milder, with a chance of a shower, high of fifty-two. Tomorrow evening, uh, looks like, uh, just a chance of an evening shower but, uh, as we get on toward midnight, uh, it looks like it'll be dry, uh, with, uh, temperatures, uh, around forty-three degrees at midnight in Times Square with a light northwest wind. Wednesday, New Year's Day, turning cloudy, uh, we will get into some steadier rain, probably late in the day or in the evening, and that will go, uh, right on into, uh, Thursday, high temperature on Wednesday forty-four. Right now we have forty degrees and a cloudy sky, with an east wind at six. Repeating the current temperature forty going down to thirty-five in midtown.

Well, we are looking at a, uh, cloudy, mild evening, also foggy, uh, especially on Long Island, uh, this is just the mild air coming on a southerly breeze off of the, uh, cold ocean which is, uh, causing, uh, that fog bank actually from the Verrazano Narrows bridge, all the way

out to Long Island, and, uh, temperatures tonight will be staying in the forties. It'll be around forty-seven at midnight in Times Square, we may see a shower or two about that time as well, because there is going to be a cold front moving through during the middle of the night. And then tomorrow, uh, a storm on the southern end of that very same front, uh, is going to paying us a visit. So what is just going to be a shower, a bit of drizzle in the morning hours, uh, becomes a steady, cold, rain as we go through the day. Temperatures aren't gonna move much, uh, we'll stay in the lower forties, might even drop a bit in the afternoon. It's gonna get to be windy, the rain heavy at times tomorrow night, uh, even the possibility that we have, uh, some icing problems, uh, before it ends very late tomorrow night, the low temperature of thirty-two. Then on Thursday, cloudy, windy, uh, some leftover drizzle, the high of thirty-six. Right now we have fifty-two and mostly cloudy with a light west wind. Repeating the current temperature fifty-two going down to forty-two in midtown.

Um, I'm currently looking at the radar showing rain of a moderate intensity, in some cases continuing throughout the tri-state area. Our storm system right now is located off the Jersey shore, and the general movement of these, well, they're not moving much at all. Eventually the precipitation will be lifting out to the north and east on Thursday morning, as will the storm, uh, but it's still quite a bit of rain to go, especially up in the Hudson Valley, Rockland, Westchester counties, northern New Jersey. And there are winter weather advisories in effect overnight for the, uh, potential for slick travel because of freezing rain and some sleet, so, not the nicest of nights, really anywhere, um. Union County, you're under a flood warning overnight so, um, a lot of melted snow and rain combined causing problems. We're going to get a break tomorrow by mid-morning, everything should be done, but it'll be a windy and cold day and then Friday, that's when our next storm system comes in, and it looks like it'll be a snow-producer that'll last into Friday night. Thirty-seven in midtown right now, relative humidity ninety-six percent, north wind at twelve miles per hour. It's raining and thirty-seven, heading down to thirty-two.

A cloudy, cold blustery day coming up today, uh, northerly winds, uh, bringing colder air into the region, and what makes that interesting is there's also another storm brewing, this one coming out of the southwest, uh, out of the middle of the country now, and we think that means snow will begin late tonight. It'll continue tomorrow, although probably change to rain and sleet for a while in the city and coastal areas, and then end tomorrow night. We think one to three inches of snow can accumulate, on average, across the metropolitan area. Go up to Interstate 287, three to six inches seems likely, and north of there, six inches or more. Saturday behind the storm, partly sunny, blustery, and chilly, with a high in the thirties. Right now it's thirty-two and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up only to thirty-five.

It's a messy start here, um, we've got, uh, quite a variety of conditions right now, ranging from just an all-out snowstorm in northwestern New Jersey into, uh, northern Westchester and Fairfield County, Connecticut, uh, but you get a little bit closer in, you find mixed precipitation, snow, sleet, even some freezing rain. And you get inside, uh, the Garden State Parkway into the city and out to Long Island, we're just dealing with a cold, wind-driven rain right now. Uh, this, uh, mix is going to be changing over to snow, from west to east, as we go through the night. Uh, in the city, though it's probably going

to take until after midnight and, uh, at the same time, the storm is going to be, uh, almost, uh, over. So we're not not not looking at much in the way of an accumulation of snow in the city or on Long Island, maybe a coating to perhaps an inch, uh, but the further northwest you go, the more snow you are going to see and, uh, tra... uh, travel problems. Uh, temperatures, uh, in the city getting down around the freezing mark. And then for tomorrow, uh, this system will be up, uh, east of Boston by morning, uh, and then hustling away. All that's gonna be left here is a few morning flurries, otherwise a lot of clouds and a cold wind, thirty-six for a high, partly cloudy for tomorrow night. Sunday it clouds up once again with a high of thirty-six, and just a chance we could see a little bit of snow, or just some flurries late Sunday and Sunday night. Right now thirty-three with, uh, rain and a northeast wind at twenty-three miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-three going down thirty-two in midtown.

Well, it wasn't that bad of a storm in New York City proper and certainly not, eh, in south Jersey and on Long Island, in terms of snowfall or wintry precipitation. You go really north of Interstate 84, all the way up to Interstate 88 in New York State, and that's where all the damage is done, generally two, three feet of snow in that corridor. Most of it is done, we're still seeing on radar, a little bit of light snow in eastern parts of Westchester County and in Fairfield County, but accumulations are minimal. Just watch for slippery spots over the next couple of hours this afternoon, leftover clouds and a high of thirty-six. Tonight clearing, we'll get down to twenty-eight, so watch for icy spots, some of that slush refreezing in the suburbs. Tomorrow the clouds return, high thirty-six, and we may see a little light snow or flurries late tomorrow or tomorrow night. Then clouds and flurries for Monday, high thirty-eight, clouds and some sun Tuesday. At the moment, twenty-nine in White Plains, thirty-two in Islip, thirty-one with light snow in Central Park, relative humidity ninety-six percent, winds are out of the northwest at six miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-one going up to thirty-six in midtown.

And we are going to end up with some snow as we go through the afternoon and evening hours, uh, maybe it moves in sometime late this afternoon, and could go throughout the night tonight. A coating to an inch of snow is expected for most of the area with this event. Another storm moves through late tomorrow, into tomorrow night, and once again, brings a small amount of snow into the region. By Tuesday, flurries early in the day, windy with some sun in the afternoon. Wednesday and Thursday will be considerably milder with temperatures making it, uh, well, into the middle-and-upper forties by Thursday. We are looking at temperatures again in the thirties at this point throughout most of the area. We're looking at about, oh, thirty exactly, in White Plains, thirty-three in Islip, and thirty-three in the Park, relative humidity is sixty-nine percent. Mostly sunny right now in New York City, thirty-three right now, we are going to go to thirty-six in midtown today.

Well, it's mostly light precipitation that, eh, we're seeing on the radar, and it is all in the form of snowfall, in spite of temperatures getting up above, uh, the freezing mark today, it's going to remain snow. But it is continuing to taper off, especially across North Jersey, and there's most likely going to be a few hours respite within the, uh, snowfall this afternoon. High temperature thirty-six degrees, most roadways just staying wet. What I'm cautious about is later on tonight, a cold front marches in from eastern Ohio, western

Pennsylvania, temperatures dip back down below freezing, to a low of twenty-six degrees, so you get what's wet, freezing, and you get a covering to an inch of snowfall on top of that. Be cautious outside. Tomorrow windy and cold, clouds, sun, high thirty-two, real feel temperature is only in the teens, still windy Wednesday with a high of forty-two. Right now thirty-three Islip, thirty-two degrees, flurry action Central Park, going to thirty-six in midtown.

It's blustery and it's cold outside this morning, and it's going remain that way throughout the day today, clouds and a few peeks of sun. The, uh, air temperature will not get above freezing, and when you weigh in the effect of the wind and the cloud cover, that real feel temperature is generally going to be in the teens. Tonight some milder air will begin, uh, to push toward the area. It will eventually make itself felt, but at first it will produce a period of snow tonight, a covering to an inch can occur, even in midtown, outside of the city, uh, an inch to maybe a couple of inches. Then tomorrow, turns partly sunny, windy and milder, up to forty. We'll take a run at fifty on Thursday, back to about forty on Friday, and then blustery and, uh, colder but, uh, dry over the weekend. Right now it is twenty-seven degrees and mostly cloudy in Central Park, the humidity is sixty percent, winds from the north at twelve, that makes the real feel temperature sixteen. Again the current temperature twenty-seven going up only to thirty-two.

And what we have here tonight is, uh, brisk conditions under partly to mostly cloudy skies, uh, relatively mild, uh, temperatures, uh, staying above freezing all across the region tonight, a low of thirty-eight in midtown. And a very mild day coming up tomorrow, partly sunny, windy, fifty in the afternoon. Enjoy it, it's going away, uh, cold air is going to be plunging in here tomorrow night and Friday, uh, Friday, once again, gusty winds but, uh, we will have the sun out, but a high temperature of only thirty-eight. And then we will step it down again over the weekend, lots of sunshine both Saturday and Sunday, but brisk and cold with a high both days around thirty degrees. Right now we still have forty-three, a cloudy sky with a west wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature forty-three going down to thirty-eight in midtown.

If you're a warm weather fan, today's your day, uh, but, uh, try to get out and enjoy it because it's not going to be repeated again for a while. It's windy today, that wind will be gusting frequently to thirty miles per hour, occasionally to near forty miles per hour. The temperatures will be up and above fifty in a lot of places, through the middle of the day and this afternoon. Tonight a cold front passes through, uh, temperatures drop into the thirties tonight, stay in the thirties tomorrow, despite sunny intervals. There'll be a gusty wind tomorrow also. As for the weekend, it'll be dry but cold. No worse than partly cloudy, high temperatures around thirty, thirty-two. Nighttime lows in the city down there, twenty, and down near ten in the colder suburbs. Right now it's forty-seven, cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to fifty.

For the football game on Sunday in Oakland it'll be cloudy, temperatures will be in the fifties. Could be a little bit of rain, uh, around the Oakland, San Francisco area as well. Around these parts, no rain and no snow in the forecast either, but plenty of cold. It'll be partly sunny, blustery today, the temperature slowly dropping, steady to slowly falling, probably down into the middle-thirties by the end of

the day, into the low twenties tonight. The both days of the weekend are sunny but cold, with high temperatures only around thirty-two. Right now it's forty-one and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going down to thirty-six by evening.

Well, just a cold night in progress here, mostly clear skies. Uh, we'll start the day tomorrow with temperatures in the low to middle-twenties, and we'll see intervals of clouds and sunshine tomorrow with the wind picking up, and a frontal system, which is now in the upper Great Lakes, high around thirty-eight in the afternoon. That front will move through here quietly, skies will clear once again later tomorrow night, uh, windy, low twenties for an overnight low. And then just a blustery, colder day Tuesday with a good deal of sunshine, and a high of only twenty-eight degrees. Uh, we will be in the twenties again on Wednesday, clouds and some sun, brisk, maybe, eh, some flurries. Uh, there'll be another front moving through, and behind it, uh, a dry, cold day Thursday, with a high of thirty degrees. Currently we have twenty-seven in Islip, twenty-nine and clear in Central Park, a west wind at six. Repeating the current temperature twenty-nine going down to twenty-six in midtown.

We are locked into a cold weather pattern now that's going to last all week, and probably for the next couple of weeks. Every now and then we'll get a day like today, in which temperatures moderate modestly, we'll get up close to forty this afternoon, although there will be a gusty wind. Then a fresh batch of arctic air will arrive tonight and temperatures, by daybreak tomorrow, down to near twenty, with wind blowing, and despite sunshine tomorrow, for Wednesday we're only looking at high temperatures around thirty. So, continuously below freezing from tonight, uh, probably right into, if not through the day, on Thursday. It'll cloud up Thursday and there is a chance for some snow or flurries along about Friday. Right now it's twenty-six and partly cloudy in Central Park, humidity sixty-three percent, wind, uh, from the southwest at twelve, that makes the real feel temperature fifteen. Repeating the current temperature twenty-six going up thirty-eight.

Nice and sunny outside, but it's cold and it will remain cold for the rest of the day today, the rest of this week, and probably most of, if not all of, next week. Mostly sunny, though, for the rest of the day today, with a high about thirty. Then clear tonight, low twenty in the city, but down into the teens in the suburbs. Partly to mostly sunny, cold tomorrow, high near thirty. Increasing cloudiness Thursday, and there is a chance for a period of snow Thursday night into Friday morning. That's going to depend how far north the storm, uh... we do expect it to be in the southern states, if it decides to come northward, we'll certainly keep you posted. Right now it is twenty-three and mostly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty.

Well, that four day forecast contains much of the same, just cold weather coming up, uh, for the foreseeable future. Right now, cloudy skies across the area, they're gonna stay mostly cloudy as we go through the overnight, temperatures drop off to twenty in midtown, teens in most suburbs. Then for the day on Wednesday, clouds can break for some sunshine at times, and there may be a couple of flurries as well, but temperatures can only manage the upper twenties for our highs later on Wednesday afternoon, also only in the twenties on Thursday.

Thursday is dry with sunshine, followed by increasing clouds, and then Friday morning, we may see a little bit of snow or flurries, but some sunshine returns for the afternoon, Friday's high twenty-eight. Right now it's cloudy and twenty-five in Central Park, the humidity fifty percent, and the wind is from the west at nine miles an hour. Again, the current temperature twenty-five, it'll go down to twenty in midtown.

Well, uh, on this Thursday morning, early we have a clear to partly cloudy sky and, of course, it's been cold, it is cold, it will continue to be cold, seems like forever. But, uh, the question now is snow, when will it occur, how much will we get? I think the amounts will be on the light side. Of course, what is the definition of that? An inch or less in the city, and perhaps upwards of three inches on eastern Long Island. When will it happen? Well, it should all get started about twenty-four hours from now, perhaps a little sooner than that. It's ba... basically gonna be a, uh, storm out over the Atlantic, which will be pointing some of its moisture in our direction late on this Thursday night and early Friday. We'll see that light snowfall, and the temperature heading down to nineteen in midtown this morning, later today, our high thirty. And it looks like Friday and Saturday, uh, temperatures will be in the upper twenties as the cold air, uh, snow or no... that's a mainstay. Twenty-two in midtown right now, relative humidity fifty-five percent, the wind west ten miles per hour, making it feel like eleven. Clear and twenty-two heading down to nineteen.

Well, uh, right now the visibilities are up just a little bit, uh, two miles, for instance, at Newark and LaGuardia, uh, the snow coming down lightly. It was worse an hour ago, but visibilities have improved a little bit, and this is a sign, of course, that the, uh, snow is going to be much lighter, and letting up here over the next few hours. Uh, really I think, eh, whatever, uh, slippery conditions there have been, well, by the morning rush hour, they'll be gone because the roads will be treated definitely by then, so, uh, not much of an impact on the morning commute. Still, though, when all is said and done, most locations getting around an inch of snow. Later today we will see some sun, it will become windy after a low this morning of twenty-one, the high later today thirty-two. Very cold on this Friday night, the low fifteen in midtown. Uh, we haven't been fifteen in Central Park in over two years, and there will be lots of readings in the single digits in the suburbs. Looks like a cold weekend coming up, temperatures Saturday in the twenties. Right now twenty-three in midtown, the relative humidity ninety-six percent, light and variable winds, snowing lightly. Twenty-three, we're heading down to twenty-one.

Well, it's going to be moonlit for the first part of the night, but we're going to see the clouds increase, as a cold front heads eastward across, uh, Pennsylvania and New York, and eventually, uh, there could be some flurries breaking out as well, low sixteen in midtown, six in many of the suburbs. Any flurries should depart by the afternoon tomorrow, clouds, some sun, brisk and cold, the high of twenty-eight. Mainly cloudy tomorrow night with a low of twenty. A bit of snow or flurries to start on Monday, otherwise clouds and sun, high thirty-two. And for Tuesday and Wednesday, bitterly cold again, with some sunshine, high both days twenty-one. We're at twenty-one right now, humidity forty-five percent, under clear skies, the wind from the west at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature twenty-one going down to sixteen in midtown.

Well, more cold weather today, and also more cold weather for much of the upcoming week. Temperatures, uh, in the mid-and-upper twenties for the most part right now, headed up to a high of twenty-eight degrees in midtown for the day today. We will see clouds and occasional sunshine, there may be a few flurries late tonight into tomorrow morning. Tonight, we're going to see temperatures drop down to between sixteen and twenty-two across the tri-state. Then for tomorrow, after the flurries move away, some sunshine with a cold, gusty wind, and a high of thirty degrees, lower twenties for highs Tuesday and Wednesday. Right now it's nineteen and mostly cloudy in Central Park, the humidity seventy-seven percent, and the wind is west at nine miles an hour. Again the current temperature nineteen, we'll go up to twenty-eight in midtown.

A cold afternoon it is, uh, the real feel readings right now between ten and fifteen. We have a fifteen to thirty mile an hour wind moving along and, uh, that wind will continue here this evening, and then drop off a little bit as we go through the rest of the night. But we're looking at cold weather here all week long. This is easily the coldest week of the winter so far, uh, maybe the coldest week that we're going to see as well. Uh, temperatures tonight, uh, dropping to fourteen, uh, and that's in Central Park but, uh, we will see some readings down around ten in many of the suburbs. Twenty-five tomorrow despite a lot of sunshine, uh, once again, uh, a pretty stiff wind, too, which will make it feel much lower than that. Uh, tomorrow night gets even lower, we're talking eleven in Central Park, uh, single digits everywhere else. Wednesday, mostly sunny and only twenty-three, Thursday, cloudy to partly sunny, uh, mid, uh, twenties, and then on Friday, uh, a cold northwest wind, partly sunny skies the high only twenty-one. Right now we have twenty-nine under a partly sunny sky, northwest winds fifteen to thirty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature, twenty-nine going down to fourteen in midtown.

Well, we have more cold weather in store coming up overnight, and also through the end of the week, we do stay cold, looking for a low of fourteen in midtown overnight, with clear to partly cloudy skies across the area. It is going to be staying rather windy as well, making it feel like it's near zero for much of the night. As we go through the day on Tuesday, we will see a good deal of sunshine, that gusty wind is going to continue, and we are going to see a very cold day with a high of twenty-five degrees, back down to eleven for a low Tuesday night, a mainly clear sky. Still lots of sunshine Wednesday, but more in the way of clouds on Thursday, highs in the lower to middle-twenties throughout the rest of the week. Currently in Central Park, partly cloudy and nineteen degrees, the humidity fifty-nine percent, and the wind is west at nine miles per hour, gusting to twenty, the RealFeel temperature nine. The current temperature nineteen headed down to fourteen in midtown.

Well, cold continues to be the headline weather story around these parts, and that's going to continue to be the case all week and into the weekend. It really... there really doesn't appear to be any significant moderation until sometime next week, but at least it will be sunny the rest of the day today, with the high in the middle-twenties. Clear and cold tonight, low, uh, about fourteen in the city, but down near zero in the interior cold spots. Mostly sunny tomorrow, high again in the middle-twenties. Clouds and sun Thursday, with a

couple of flurries a possibility. It looks like Thursday and Friday are probably the coldest days of the week, with highs in the low twenties, and then sunny and cold on Saturday, with a high of twenty-five. Right now it's seventeen and sunny in Central Park, humidity's fifty-six percent, wind from the west at ten, makes the RealFeel temperature nine. Repeating the current temperature seventeen going up to twenty-five.

Yeah, it's definitely another bundle-up-before-you-step-outside, uh, morning, uh, sunshine not going to be very effective today, uh, the temperature only into the middle-twenties, as our string of days of, uh, freezing and below continues. Tomorrow probably even colder, we don't look for temperatures to get out of the teens tomorrow, and there'll be a wind blowing, that real feel temperature will be below zero much of the day tomorrow, there may be a couple snow flurries, especially tomorrow afternoon and night. Friday, it's still cold but sunny, windy, high of twenty-five. Sun, less wind, but still cold Saturday, and then Sunday we may get all the way up to thirty-two. Next week we should get above freezing, but right now it's thirteen and mostly sunny in Central Park, humidity sixty-one percent, wind from the west at fifteen, makes the real feel temperature four below zero. Repeating the current temperature thirteen going up to twenty-five.

Well, it continues to be extremely cold, uh, this morning. The sun is up but it's not helping a whole lot. We only expect readings to be in the teens this afternoon, the wind will gust to between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and that will make that the real feel temperature well below zero. Tonight the temperature doesn't drop a whole lot, but the wind stays up so it's going to continue to feel extremely cold. And tomorrow will be cold and windy, but the sun will help out a little bit more tomorrow, up to twenty-seven. About thirty with less wind and sunshine on Saturday, and then increasing cloudiness on Sunday. Right now it is ten mostly sunny in Central Park, humidity is sixty-three percent, wind from the northwest at ten, that makes the real feel temperature zero. Repeating the current temperature ten, going up only to eighteen.

It's a bitterly cold morning out there. That's nothing new it's, uh, very similar to the way it was yesterday, real feel temperature right now minus eleven. We're in frostbite territory. It going up to twenty-seven, though, this afternoon, some relief, but still, very cold. Tonight, going to to twenty in midtown, ten to fourteen in many suburbs. Tomorrow sunshine, temperature inching up toward thirty-two. We have a shot at thirty-four to thirty-six degrees on Sunday before the next cold front arrives. Flurries, or a period of snow late, Sunday or Sunday night into early Monday, and then partly sunny late Monday, high twenty-six. It's eight degrees, relative humidity fifty-seven percent, winds out of the west northwest at thirteen, gusting to seventeen, the real feel temperature minus eleven, the temperature eight heading to twenty-seven.

Well, uh, I'm looking at, uh, current radar, and it's still showing some of the light snow occurring in the city, and especially out on central and eastern Long Island. Uh, as you look to the west, though, across northern parts of New Jersey, this is beginning to taper off now, it's just a few flurries, for instance, in Morris County and Sussex County. Uh, this all associated with the leading edge of a bitterly cold air mass, of course, um, really much of this month, we've

had temperatures below normal, but you haven't seen nothin' yet. Uh, looks like our temperatures tomorrow will be in the teens, we're headed down to thirteen in midtown overnight, and real feel temperatures tomorrow, when you factor in the wind, they will be below zero. So, uh, basically we're spending the, uh, entire day tomorrow, albeit a sunny day, between thirteen and eighteen degrees. Very cold tomorrow night, temperatures moderate somewhat Tuesday and Wednesday, we could have a rain or snow shower. Right now twenty-nine in midtown, relative humidity ninety-two percent, the air calm. It's snowing lightly and twenty-nine, we're heading down to thirteen.

It's exceptionally cold this morning, twelve degrees in Central Park, the wind is, uh, gusting, that real feel temperature is near zero. It's a pretty-looking morning, and it will be a nice-looking day with sunshine, but that sun is gonna be rather ineffective as temperatures will only be in the teens this afternoon, and the wind will continue to be gusty. Tonight will be clear and very cold, with a low of eight, but down near, and even below zero, interior sections. We could have a five or eight below zero somewhere in some of the, uh, snow-covered areas north of the city. Sunshine tomorrow, less wind, it will feel better in the afternoon with a high in the twenties, and mostly cloudy on Wednesday, moderating up to thirty-seven, and maybe there's a little bit of either snow or rain. Right now it is twelve degrees, mostly sunny in Central Park, northwest wind at eleven, that makes the real feel temperature zero. Repeating the current temperature twelve going up only to eighteen today.

Temperatures today are going to moderate, albeit slowly because of cloud cover. That cloud cover could produce a snow flurry today, but the temperatures should get into the low to middle-twenties later in the day, and then not drop very much tonight, might not drop, uh, below twenty in most places, but there'll also be, uh, a little enhancement in some snow tonight, not a big storm, but there could be a covering to a fresh inch, or at most two, by the time it ends tomorrow morning. Clouds linger the rest of the day tomorrow, but temperatures moderate into the thirties. Thursday will be mostly sunny, cold about thirty-two, and then increasing cloudiness on Friday. Right now it's twelve and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to twenty-six.

Well, uh, our radar continuing to show light snow scattered around the metropolitan area right now, uh, there are breaks in the snow pattern, but it extends all the way back into, uh, central and western Pennsylvania. So we've got several hours yet in which there will be intermittent light snow, certainly not piling up, uh, an inch or probably less in Manhattan and across most of the five boroughs, but there might be a little bit more than an inch, uh, on, in some areas, uh, west and to the southwest of the city. All in all, a light kind of a snowfall, and the important thing is that the cold is nowhere near as intense as it's been. With clearing tonight, we look for low in twenties. A partly sunny day tomorrow, high thirty-four, up to thirty-six Friday, chance for some rain or snow late Friday night into Saturday. Right now twenty-nine degrees, cloudy, there is some snow around the area, uh, in midtown, the temperature today going up to thirty-six.

Well, we're going to see mainly clear skies now as we go through the overnight, lows going down to around twenty-two degrees. Then for the day Thursday, we have some sunshine coming up, and a high goes to

thirty-four degrees in the afternoon. It won't be quite so cold as we get into the weekend, Friday's high is thirty-eight as clouds increase, looking at temperatures going into the forties for both Saturday and Sunday afternoon. On Saturday, we may see a bit of rain or snow, Sunday is dry with some sunshine. Right now it's clear and thirty degrees in Central Park, the humidity seventy-eight percent, and the air is calm. Again the current temperature thirty, we'll go down to twenty-two in midtown.

Ah, yes, indeedy, and actually it's a... uh, you know... fairly tranquil as well, with sunshine getting dimmed by high mid-level clouds, high temperature thirty-four degrees. Clouds easily thicken tonight, low thirty. That's the easy part of the forecast. The question mark is whether or not the, uh, rain that's currently over the Delmarva Peninsula will actually come this far north, or will it get to a certain point over central Jersey, then pivot offshore? It's gonna be a close call, we could see a little bit of light flurry action or freezing drizzle first thing tomorrow morning, if that precipitation's here. In a best case scenario, it doesn't do anything until tomorrow afternoon, and by that point, it would just be rain and drizzle, with a high of thirty-eight degrees, but watch out for air and dense fog. A secondary storm system on Saturday brings in rain or wet snow, with a high near forty. Right now it's thirty in Caldwell, thirty degrees and partly sunny in Central Park, headed up to thirty-four in midtown.

Well, uh, of course, uh, T.G.I.F., uh, that applies to the work week but, uh, not so really in terms of the weather, which will be going downhill later on today. We've got clouds now, thirty-two in midtown. Well, the temperature at daybreak should be, in most places, between twenty-eight and thirty-two. Now it'll be later this morning, probably around ten or eleven o'clock, we'll start to see a little bit of light rain and snow breaking out. I think that by the afternoon rush hour, it's just going to be plain rain in the city, but again as you go farther north and west, especially north and west of I-287, could see a, uh, wintry mix, uh, but everything should go over to plain rain, if not late on this Friday night and early Saturday. Once we get this wet weather out of the way, we're going to be treated to temperatures in the forties. Remember, the last time it was forty in midtown was back on the thirteenth of this month. We should start off February with a high of forty, going up to forty-eight, we think, by Monday. Right now thirty-two in midtown, the relative humidity sixty-four percent, wind northeast five miles per hour, cloudy and thirty-two, we're going down to near twenty-eight.

Well, we have a damp Friday afternoon ahead and, uh, some rain and drizzle in spots. There have been a few sleet pellets recently but, uh, it should be well above freezing, so no problems for travel, a high of thirty-eight. Now tonight, periods of rain, and that will be for tomorrow as well, low tonight thirty-four, high tomorrow forty. However, a winter weather advisory, where the rain will mix with ice and snow, northwest of Interstate 287, could be a coating to an inch there. It'll turn out partly sunny, up to forty-four Sunday, and then Monday sun followed by clouds, breezy, mild with a high of forty-eight. Right now we have some light rain, a few sleet pellets in Central Park, thirty-four degrees, the humidity ninety-two percent, the wind northeast at six. Repeating the current temperature, thirty-four headed up to thirty-eight this afternoon.

Well, we are looking at clouds and some sunshine today, and we're also looking at an area of rain which is in eastern Pennsylvania now, and looks like it's, uh, tending to shrink as it comes eastward, but it's certainly gonna move into northwest New Jersey within the next hour, and I think there will be some rain in areas north and west of Interstate 287 today. There certainly could be a shower in parts, and other parts, of the metropolitan area, but a mild day getting up to around fifty, highs tomorrow in the forties, with a mix of clouds and sun. And, most importantly, it's Ground Hog Day eve, just one day before the big holiday and, uh, the weather today looks like it's going to be just fine. Clouds, there's a slight chance of a slight sprinkle this morning, but there will also be sunshine, and the temperature getting into the forties. Tomorrow there may be a couple of hours of either wet snow or rain as a cold front passes through. Right now, cloudy, forty-four in Newark, forty-three in Central Park, winds out of the east at six miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-three going up to forty-eight in midtown today.

Now Staten Island Chuck did not see his shadow, meaning that Spring is, uh, getting ready to spring. But of course, Punxsutawney Phil did see his shadow, indicating six more weeks of winter. We've also heard from, uh, from, uh, Buckeye Chuck out in Ohio, and he agrees with Staten Island Chuck, and they're against old Punxsutawney Phil. So, uh, we've got battling groundhogs here, and I guess time will tell, as it usually does. As far as weather is concerned, another mild day today, but then it turns colder tonight, there can be some rain and snow this afternoon and evening, maybe a few hours worth. At this point, we are not anticipating any snow accumulation, but it will be a whole heck of a lot colder tomorrow, despite sunshine, high temperatures tomorrow will only be in the thirties, and maybe not too far into the thirties at that. Right now we're thirty-three degrees in midtown, headed down to twenty-two tonight.

Well, uh, on this Tuesday morning, we still have a temperature of forty degrees in midtown, uh, we're not expecting the temperature to change all that much here over the next few hours. We have clouds, the radar showing a bit of rain going on across the, uh, Hudson Valley and in Connecticut. Later on today, uh, that radar will be filling in throughout the tri-state area, I think after five a.m., and, uh, we'll be seeing periods of rain right through the morning rush hour on into, uh, midday. Probably the rain will be wrapping up around twelve noon or one o'clock, uh, but we're to be, uh, undergoing some big temperature changes here. It should rise to fifty-two later on today, with a mild southwesterly wind, and then the rain stops. Drier and much colder air will be rushing in later this afternoon, temperatures, probably winding up near forty by the afternoon rush. We're headed all the way down to twenty-eight on this Tuesday night, and we'll stay cold and mainly dry the rest of the week, other than for a flurry on Friday, I don't expect much to happen, temperatures will be in the lower and middle-thirties. Right now forty in midtown, the relative humidity seventy percent, the wind south, six miles per hour. Cloudy and forty, heading down to thirty-nine.

It's going to be windy and cold today, uh, that wind gusting still close to thirty miles an hour at times, uh, and actually are one or two little very light snow flurries scattered around, but there will also be ample sun today, with a high in the middle-thirties. Clear tonight, a low twenty-four in the city, teens in the suburbs. Sun followed by

clouds tomorrow, and there's a chance for a period of snow tomorrow night into Friday morning, if it materializes. It doesn't look like a major storm, but there will be a pretty important storm along the middle Atlantic coast Friday morning that we're going to have to keep a watch out on. Then clearing later Friday, the weekend looks dry and chilly. Thirty-one degrees now and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-six.

Well, we are not going to see any weather troubles for the Thursday morning rush hour, but the Friday morning rush hour could bring a very different story. Clouds are going to be increasing as we go into the day on Thursday, then Thursday night into Friday, we're going to be watching low pressure, uh, swinging up the mid-Atlantic coast. It's going to be throwing some snow our way. Looks like overnight Thursday night, into the first half of Friday, is going to be our snow chance, and there can be a couple of inches on the ground by the time this storm is all said and done later Friday afternoon. We'll dry out, though, on Saturday, mostly sunny skies, the high thirty-four, but there could be a bit of snow and flurries again by the end of the day Sunday. Right now twenty-six and clear in Central Park, the humidity forty-two percent, and the wind is from the west at nine miles an hour. Again the current temperature twenty-six, it'll go down to twenty-four in midtown.

About two inches of snow on the ground in Central Park now, three to four inches of snow, uh, just about everywhere else, and looking at our radar now, heavy snow covering the metropolitan area. It's gonna stay that way for at least the next few hours, probably until around noon, it'll snow at the rate of a half-an-inch to an inch per hour, and that means we think we'll wind up with a pretty solid average of six inches across the metropolitan area, a little less than that, of course right, in midtown Manhattan, a little less to the north, a little more to the east and to the south, six to ten inches worth out toward the, uh, Nassau and Suffolk County, uh, line, and also in Hunter and Somerset and Middlesex and Monmouth Counties in central New Jersey. Snow ends early to mid-afternoon, it'll be clear tonight, sunny tomorrow, high of about thirty-two, clouding up Sunday with a chance for some snow on Monday. Right now, twenty-eight degrees and snowing in Central Park, with the temperature today going up to thirty-two.

Feels pretty quiet across the country this evening. We do have a front, uh, draping from Michigan back into the Central Plains, and curling back up into the northern Rockies. Also a low over the southern Rockies is generating some rain and mountain snow. We may eventually have to deal with that one, uh, come Monday, but for the rest of the weekend it's just dry, cold weather. We'll have, uh, temperatures in the teens tonight, to around twenty in midtown, thirty-eight tomorrow under partly sunny skies. And then that system from the southwest, uh, runs over to the southeastern states, and then up the eastern seaboard, and likely to deliver a little bit of snow here on Monday, uh, with a high temperature around thirty-four. Behind it, another shot of some very cold air. Tuesday and Wednesday it's going to be blustery, uh, we will have some sunshine both days, but temperatures only in the twenties. Right now twenty-eight and a clear sky, with a southwest wind at nine. Repeating the current temperature twenty-eight going down to twenty in midtown.

Yeah, well, things are relatively quiet right now, though we're going to be seeing an increase in those clouds as we go through the afternoon, and into the nighttime hours. High this afternoon thirty-six, low tonight twenty-eight. Then by tomorrow morning an area of low pressure off the Carolina coast will throw some snow our way. Snow may arrive at some point during the morning, perhaps between seven and nine a.m., and continuing into the afternoon, accumulating a general one to three inches, possibly, uh, a few higher spots, uh, a few higher amounts, I should say on eastern Long Island, high thirty-four. Tons of clouds and sun for Tuesday and Wednesday, it'll be windy and cold each day, the high Tuesday twenty-five, and on Wednesday there could be a few flurries, high twenty-eight. Thirty-five with some sunshine in Central Park, humidity forty-five percent, the wind west at fourteen, gusting to twenty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-five going up to thirty-six in midtown.

There's a low pressure area on the North Carolina coast, another one coming from the Ohio Valley, and the two should combine to give us snow during the afternoon hours, most of it falling between about two or three this afternoon, and seven and eight this evening, so the evening commute is the target time for most of the trouble. And the first snow will simply melt on the streets, and the reason is that it's well above freezing right now. We're expecting one to two inches when all is said and done by late this evening around the city, two to four inches in many suburbs, as much as six, perhaps, on eastern Long Island, because the storm will be strengthening as it moves away from the coast. The temperature steadier, slowly falling this afternoon, it should be down to thirty-two degrees by four or five p.m., then down to twenty-four tonight. Tomorrow's high twenty-eight, then blustery and cold Wednesday and Thursday, the high Wednesday twenty-eight, only twenty-four on Thursday. Currently in midtown thirty-six degrees, relative humidity fifty-nine percent, winds out of the south, southeast at eight miles per hour. Thirty-six degrees in midtown, heading slowly down this afternoon.

Well, we're looking, uh, partly to mostly cloudy skies tonight, uh, we'll see some flurries here a little later on this evening. There's actually a pretty good area of snow coming through central Pennsylvania at the moment. It should weaken a bit as it approaches us but, uh, we could, uh, see a dusting of snow here a little bit later on. Uh, that will probably stop only to renew again, uh, toward daybreak as an arctic cold front arrives on the scene, a low temperature of around twenty degrees. Uh, flurries tomorrow morning, maybe even a heavier snow squall as that boundary moves through, and then the rest of the day, a cold wind with some sunshine, a high of thirty. Uh, just a windy bitterly cold night coming up tomorrow night, clear to partly cloudy skies, temperatures in the upper single digits to around ten, but it's gonna feel like it's well below zero. Thursday partly sunny, brisk and quite cold, a high only twenty-two. Right now we have twenty-four, a partly cloudy sky, with a northwest wind at six. Repeating the current temperature twenty-four going down to twenty in midtown.

The, uh, story of, uh, afternoon weather, in fact, the weather right through tomorrow, is that the wind is going to make these temperatures that are cold anyway, feel even colder as this arctic air pours into the region, uh, behind this morning's arctic front. We'll see intervals of sun this afternoon, temperatures will slowly fall, twenty-five by day's end, but the winds gusting up to forty will bring our RealFeel

temperature down to near or below zero by the evening rush. Same story tonight, bitterly cold, ten in midtown, single digits in the suburbs. Brisk, very cold, only twenty-two for a high tomorrow, could see some snow then by the weekend. Right now it's partly sunny, thirty-one in Central Park, humidity forty-one percent, a west wind gusting to thirty-one, gives us our real feel temperature of about nineteen. Repeating the current temperature thirty-five and it's going down to twenty-five.

Clear, brisk and very cold overnight, uh, we'll reach, uh, fourteen in midtown, ten, maybe eight degrees in some of the suburbs. And then a partly sunny day tomorrow, with afternoon temperatures around thirty degrees, a little lighter wind now that the high will be on the eastern seaboard. Uh, the next, uh, system we have to tangle with is a big storm which is, uh, causing precipitation over much of the West, actually all the way from California, now spreading out into the, uh, mid-Mississippi Valley. And, uh, we do expect to see some snow to come in here around or shortly after midnight tomorrow night, and go into Saturday morning, we could pick up to, uh, two, to perhaps, four inches accumulation. And then Saturday afternoon, and Saturday night, into Sunday morning, cloudy, windy and cold, temperatures will be in the twenties, and we can see some snow once again, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. Right now eighteen and a clear sky, with a northwest wind at six. Repeating the current temperature temperature eighteen going down to fourteen in midtown.

The clouds are going to be building as we head for the early part of tonight, and by later tonight, some snow could arrive, our low down to eighteen degrees. Snow amounts will generally be on the light side. It could cause some problems if you're going to be traveling tomorrow morning, um, as much as an inch, but a lot of places see just a dusting. Later tomorrow brisk and quite cold, clouds should give way to some sunshine, the high twenty-three. Mainly clear, brisk and very cold tomorrow night, low ten in midtown, single digits in the suburbs. And clouds return on Sunday, and we could have some snow arriving later in the day or at night, and this time it could be a more significant storm. Details are still sketchy at this point, you'll want to keep it tuned right here. High twenty-two degrees, windy and cold on Monday, some snow or flurries possible through the morning hours, and clearing in the afternoon, the high thirty-two. Twenty-nine and mainly cloudy in Central Park, the wind from the west at about nine miles an hour, and the real feel temperature twenty. Current temperature once again twenty-nine headed down to eighteen in midtown.

And we see a little sunshine popping out of the clouds this afternoon. Overall not that bad of an afternoon, a couple of spots a little windy, actually at JFK winds, uh, north at seventeen miles an hour, gusting to twenty-two miles an hour right now. We are going to see some inclement weather as we go through the morning, now, clouds do increase tomorrow, that's in advance of a storm that will bring six to twelve inches of snow later tomorrow night, and into the day Monday. By Tuesday and Wednesday, things start to warm up a little bit, we should see a little sun as well. Twenty-four at Newark, twenty-four at LaGuardia, and twenty-three in the Park, cloudy in New York, relative humidity fifty-two percent, wind north at nine miles an hour gusting to twenty-two miles an hour. Twenty-three now, we'll go to twenty-six this afternoon.

And what a forecast it is too as we're, uh, hearing here the snow is starting to fly around the region. Uh, it will become steady, uh, over the next couple of hours, and inch its way northward through the, uh, tri-state area. Uh, the storm is a very slow moving system, we're looking at probably snow in the air for at least the next thirty hours, which is why we're talking about so much snow and, uh, part of the problem too is the fact that it is so cold, uh, with temperatures only in the teens right now and, uh, they will slowly rise up into the middle-twenties, uh, but we're easily looking at easily a foot to a foot and a half of snow. There is potential for a couple of feet, uh, before it finally tapers off around midnight tomorrow night, uh, we'll probably have three to six inches on the ground by the morning rush hour, and around a foot by the evening rush hour. So it going to be tough getting around here tomorrow. In addition to the snow on the ground, we're gonna have a lot of blowing and drifting, because we're gonna look at a very strong northeast wind, uh, poor visibility during the height of the storm. And then on Tuesday, uh, clouds may even break for a little bit of sunshine, thirty-two degrees for a high. Fifteen and cloudy right now, a north wind at six. Repeating the current temperature fifteen and temperatures, uh, steady and or slowly rising in midtown tonight.

It continues to snow hard, uh, very hard in parts of the metropolitan area, and looking at the radar, there's more heavy snow from here southwest all the way down to the Chesapeake Bay area, and that snow has got to come northeastward, so we're going to continue to get snow falling at the rate of an inch to two inches per hour from now, probably, until early afternoon, maybe two to three o'clock. And that means that we could get another four to six or in some places, even eight inches of new snow on top of what we've already got. The storm total in Central Park will wind up pretty close to twenty inches or so, with some places winding up with, uh, probably over two feet, and then you've got to add in the drifts caused by the thirty to forty mile an hour winds. It will end this evening, tomorrow turning partly sunny, up to about thirty-two. By Thursday it will be up forty, but right now it's twenty degrees and snowing, the temperature today only going up to twenty-six.

Well, uh, partly cloudy skies here for the rest of the night, high teens in the suburbs, uh, for an overnight low to, uh, twenties in the city. And we will have a decent day tomorrow, uh, a dry one with sunshine followed by clouds, upper thirties in the afternoon. The next, uh, frontal system is, uh, a relatively weak one now, causing some flurries out in Wisconsin, uh, down into the Chicago area, that'll be passing through here tomorrow evening. Uh, we can see a, uh, few flurries or sprinkles, and then it will clear late tomorrow night. Some nice weather, then, Thursday and Friday behind that front, milder actually, lots of sunshine, Thursday forty-four, Friday sunshine followed by clouds, the high of forty-six, and then a shot of rain Saturday, with temperatures in the forties. Thirty-two and partly cloudy with, uh, a light north to northwest wind. Repeating the current temperature thirty-two going down to twenty-six in midtown.

We're gonna get a break in the weather, not only for today but for the next, uh, well, three days as clouds, uh, thin out for partial sunshine today. We'll get the temperature up close to forty this afternoon, certainly above freezing and well into the thirties. Might be a sprinkle or flurry this evening then clearing tonight. Tomorrow a

mostly sunny day. I'll tell ya, if you're outside tomorrow afternoon, there won't be much of a breeze, the sun will be out, temperatures into the forties, it will feel good. And then a, uh, nice day Friday but increasing clouds. Rainy and windy Saturday, and that combination of rain and melting snow can cause street and highway flooding Saturday. Dry Sunday but blustery and colder. Right now it's thirty-two and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-eight.

Uh, yes and, uh, gee, where have you heard a cold forecast before? I think, uh, basically this entire winter, uh, really exceeded our expectations, or maybe last winter was just so darn mild, uh, that you wanted to believe, uh, winters would stay this way forever. Well, we've got arctic air tonight, some clouds, thirty-four in midtown, we're heading down to twenty-four. We'll be hard pressed to get, uh, close to the freezing mark tomorrow, looking like thirty, thirty-one degrees, with some sunshine and a brisk wind. Now, tomorrow night when that wind dies down, we're going down to the teens, about thirteen in midtown, single digits in many suburbs. A cold and dry pattern takes us through mid-week, but the storm system organizing in the southern states, where have you heard that before?, uh, will be providing us with some precipitation Thursday, Thursday night, early Friday and much of that will be in the form of snow. How much? A little too early to tell. Right now thirty-four in midtown, relative humidity fifty-nine percent, the wind light and variable. It's cloudy and thirty-four, heading down to twenty-four.

Our cold weather continues, and despite sunshine today, the temperature won't get above thirty-two in most places, and it'll drop down into the teens throughout tonight, single digits in many suburbs. Tomorrow, uh, kind of a mix of clouds and sun but, uh, by the time we get to Thursday, it'll be cloudy and we've, uh, got snow again in the forecast later Thursday, Thursday night, into Friday morning. This next storm still way out into southern California, so it's got a long ways to come, and we've still got a lot of time to watch it. It's not going to be the kind of a storm like the President's Day blizzard, but it could be a formidable storm, enough snow to get the shovels and plows out again, and we'll keep you posted. Right now twenty-eight and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-two.

Uh, it's that old Christmas song "Let It Snow, Let It Snow," not so this afternoon. A lot of cloud cover, twenty-six degrees but, see, this is just one piece of our latest storm system. It's actually going to move farther away tonight, so the clouds part company, low fifteen to twenty, then the clouds quick to return tomorrow, with the high near thirty degrees. It's shortly after midnight tomorrow night, through the first part of Friday afternoon, that we'll have that accumulation, most areas, at least from the, uh, nearby suburbs, from the city on eastward across Long Island, three to six inches. North of the city, it'll be one to three inches and that's probably a similar, uh, bet, uh, north of I-80 as well, but once get on into, uh, central Monmouth County on southward, it could be as much as six to ten inches worth of snow. I got my shovel. It's sixteen this hour, White Plains twenty with clouds, going to twenty-six in midtown.

Well, if this were a baseball game, we might call this a, uh, swing and a miss. Uh, this is a pretty good storm, but most of it's going to be passing us by to the south. It's been snowing most of the day down

across Washington, Baltimore and getting into, uh, the southern half of New Jersey, and that corridor is looking at a good half-a-foot, some places as much as eight inches, before it tapers off tomorrow morning. Uh, but the northern fringe of it is having a hard time making its way up through New Jersey, but eventually we are going to see some snowflakes in the pre-dawn hours, uh, but it's not gonna last long. It'll, uh, continue on through the morning, but will taper off to flurries again during by lunchtime, and we may have to scrape together the snow to get up to an inch, uh, we're calling for one to three. Of the three, I think it's definitely more likely south of the city. Temperatures will be in the middle-twenties to start the day, thirty-four in the afternoon. Over the weekend, upper thirties to near forty both days, uh, Saturday a little bit of sunshine, Sunday looks to be a cloudy day, we may even see a bit of wet snow or rain. Currently thirty degrees and cloudy with the northeast wind at nine. Repeating the current temperature thirty going down to twenty-six in midtown.

Well, two things we know about this weekend, one, we're not going to have the big washout like we did last weekend, and two, cold air is going to be held at bay, for now. It will be arriving here with a vengeance on Sunday night, as an arctic cold front moves through, and temperatures, therefore, Monday will be no higher than about thirty-three. Tuesday will be even worse but, eh, Monday and Tuesday, well, that's still a long way off we hope, uh, let's enjoy the weekend and moderate temperatures. Temperature thirty-three right now, heading down to twenty-eight, clouds will limit sun later today, but still not all that bad with a high of thirty-eight. There'll be a few showers with rain and wet snow, especially on this Saturday night and early Sunday. Sunday's high actually will be forty-two, but then that much colder air moves in, and as I gave you the details earlier, Monday and Tuesday, lower thirties. Thirty-three right now, relative humidity seventy-two percent, light and variable wind, cloudy, thirty-three, heading down to twenty-eight.

Well, we've got a little bit of everything here, uh, over the next forty-eight hours. Uh, at the moment, uh, we have an area of, uh, both rain and wet snow breaking out from the Pennsylvania and upstate New York, uh, some flakes have been, uh, on occasion, across Sussex and Orange county, uh, they might even pick up, uh, an inch of slushy snow there before it goes over to rain very, very late tonight. In closer to the city, we do expect to see a bit of rain at times here tonight, uh, there could be some wet snowflakes mixed in as well, at least though midnight or two in the morning, and then it's, uh, too mild aloft to support anything frozen, a low temperature of thirty-five. Tomorrow though, it's periods of rain and drizzle for everybody, forty-four for a high temperature. That'll come to an end tomorrow evening, then it's a shot of arctic air tomorrow night and Monday, uh, strong winds and, uh, temperatures only in the twenties on Monday despite a lot of sunshine, but it's gonna feel like low teens or single-digits. Tuesday, without the wind, it won't feel as harsh, clouds, a little bit of sun, and temperatures recover into the mid-thirties. We have thirty-six and a cloudy sky, with a south wind at seven. Repeating the current temperature thirty-six going down to thirty-five in midtown.

A kind of a damp day out there today, well, periods of rain will continue through the evening hours, some of that rain may be heavy for the next few hours, we'll have a high of forty-four degrees. Winds will increase tonight, it becomes much colder with clearing skies, falling

back to nineteen. Watch for some slippery patches if you're out driving around late tonight. For tomorrow, brittle and cold wind with sunshine, we'll have a high of twenty-eight, but the real feel temperature is only in the low teens and single digits. Not quite as harsh for Tuesday with times of clouds and sunshine, high near forty. And now Wednesday, cloudy and windy with a chance of rain, a high of forty-six. Currently thirty-five degrees in White Plains, thirty-four in Bridgeport, in Central Park thirty-eight degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, and the wind out of the northeast at six miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-eight heading up to forty-four in midtown.

We are awaiting some bitterly cold air that will be arriving in the tri-state area in a matter of hours, the current radar showing a few light snow showers, flurries, really, uh, for instance right now, Sommerville, New Jersey getting those flurries, while Teterborough Airport is getting a few sprinkles. The arctic front moves through, and even though it's thirty-nine now, we'll be plunging all the way to twenty-two later this morning. Later today temperatures stay in the twenties, and it'll feel like it's in the low teens when you factor in the wind so, uh, not, uh, good stuff, more like early January rather than early March. It'll be eighteen on this Monday night, we'll recover to a high of about forty Tuesday. Just when it looks like things are gonna be better, and it'll be around fifty or so Wednesday, we could see some rain in the afternoon. Thirty-nine in midtown right now, relative humidity fifty-seven percent, wind west ten miles per hour, gusting to twenty. Fair, thirty-nine, we're heading down to twenty-two.

This is, uh, a little silly here with temperatures around twenty-one degrees. We should actually be in the mid-forties at this time of the year, so some twenty-six, twenty-six degrees below normal this afternoon and, uh, tonight, uh, we're gonna need several logs on the fire too. Fifteen in midtown, ten in a lot of the suburbs. Clear skies, uh, the better part of the night, but it is going to be clouding up before morning. Uh, tomorrow, clouds, some breaks of sun, but, uh, we'll finally get the air mass to moderate a little bit, thirty-seven in the afternoon. Uh, tomorrow night it doesn't drop hardly at all, could even see a bit of rain late tomorrow night. Wednesday, intermittent rain, but at least it's a little bit milder too, with temperatures getting up to around fifty in the afternoon. Thursday, though, it's, uh, windy and turning colder once again, clouds breaking for some sun, high of thirty-six, and then Friday we'll bounce into the mid-forties, as it clouds up once again. Twenty-one and sunny, the real feel reading is nine on a northwest wind, ten to twenty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature twenty-one going down to fifteen in midtown.

It is cold again this morning, although not as bitter as yesterday, and the leading edge of warmer air, or a warm front, is pushing through the area today, uh, that's producing cloud cover now. There are even a few light flurries around, most of them are north of the city, Sussex, Passaic, northern Bergen counties in New Jersey, and then Orange, Rockland, northern Rockland, Westchester, and Putnam counties. Uh, there, uh, it'll be a couple of light flurries, but there'll also be some sun as we go through the mid-day and afternoon, and it will get milder up into the thirties. The temperature won't drop much tonight. We will have drizzle, rain, and fog tomorrow with a high forty-five to fifty. When the rain begins late tonight, it still could be cold enough

north and west for there to be a little freezing rain and then, uh, it clears on Thursday, uh, chilly again with a high in the thirties. Right now it's twenty-one, mostly cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-seven.

Well, yes and, uh, we should plan on most of that rain occurring between the hours of, uh, five o'clock on this Wednesday morning and around noontime, so it will have an impact on the morning rush hour and, uh, even more so, we're concerned about some of that rain freezing on some surfaces north and west of the city. Many counties in northern New Jersey, Rockland and Orange counties, Westchester, northern Westchester, New York, are under winter weather advisories for that reason. Keep in mind, even though it's thirty-nine in midtown right now, and there's been no change within the past couple of hours, many suburbs near thirty. So we've got that to contend with. But everybody'll getting... it will be getting milder on Wednesday afternoon when the rain stops, highs will be close to fifty degrees. We'll turn drier on Wednesday night and Thursday but also colder, Wednesday night, the low twenty-nine, Thursday's high in the mid-thirties, Friday forty-three, and rain may return, especially late in the day or at night. Mostly cloudy, thirty-nine in midtown, relative humidity seventy-six percent, the air is calm. It's mostly cloudy and thirty-nine, heading down to thirty-four.

Well, we're looking at, uh, just a stray shower this evening, but otherwise mild, uh, here early this evening. It will be turning, uh, chillier during the night behind a cold front, with temperatures getting down around the freezing mark by daybreak. Uh, for tomorrow it's a cloudy, brisk, colder day and we've got a storm, uh, developing over Arkansas, with some rain breaking out that's going to be spreading northeast. Word now is that there's some wet snow starting around daybreak, uh, probably ending during the afternoon hours. Right now, looks like a one to three inch, uh, snowfall, uh, with the roads wet and slushy, as temperatures just kind of hover near freezing. It'll clear out tomorrow night, and then it's a stretch of some nice weather Friday, through the weekend, uh, at least partly sunny skies, and temperatures getting back into the forties. Right now we have fifty-one, mostly cloudy skies, and a southwest wind at twelve. Repeating the current temperature fifty-one, going down to thirty-two in midtown.

Well, in the wake of our, uh, generally three to six inch snowstorm we had earlier, uh, skies are going to be clearing out. Now, the rest of the night, uh, high pressure, which stretches from Michigan all the way down to the Mississippi Valley, is going to be sliding eastward and giving us very cold conditions overnight. The wind will settle down, that'll help because right now it feels like it's down in the single digits, temperatures are going to drop eighteen in midtown, ten in some of the suburbs. Underneath the center of this high, not a bad day coming up tomorrow, sure it's chilly but, uh, lots of sunshine and lighter winds, the high of thirty-four. And then we're gonna warm it up as the high moves offshore this weekend, Saturday partly sunny and forty-nine, Sunday fifty-one degrees ahead of the next front, uh, it'll be a windy day on Sunday, uh, maybe a shower early on. Right now we have mostly cloudy skies, twenty-four degrees and a north wind, fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature twenty-four going down to eighteen in midtown.

We're looking at a, uh, nice, uh, weekend weather-wise. Tonight partly cloudy skies, temperatures in the upper twenties in the city, low twenties in many of the suburbs. Uh, but milder air is going to be on the move here for the next couple of days. We'll see afternoon temperatures in the upper forties, uh, both days, uh, featuring a little bit of sunshine and breezy tomorrow, uh, tomorrow night, actually late tomorrow night or first thing Sunday morning, we could see a shower or two, as a front moves through, uh, but, uh, with that front approaching, tomorrow night's gonna be quite mild, a low of forty degrees. And then Sunday, uh, becoming windy behind the front, clouds, some sunshine, and high of forty-nine. Colder air does come in then to start the new week, um, Monday mostly sunny, brisk, and a high of thirty-four. Clouding up Tuesday, we may even see a little snow, especially Tuesday afternoon, a high of thirty-six. We have thirty degrees and mostly cloudy sky in Central Park, a southwest breeze at seven. Repeating the current temperature, thirty going down to twenty-eight in midtown.

Well, temperatures aren't going to be falling too much this evening ahead of a cold front, in fact they may rise a little bit as we head through the overnight hours. Uh, we're gonna see those clouds start to increase, low near forty degrees, maybe a shower or two by dawn and early tomorrow, with a cold front moving on through. In the wake of that front, it turns windy for tomorrow afternoon, some sunshine returning, high forty-nine degrees but, uh, temperatures should fall during the afternoon. Mainly clear, windy, and colder tomorrow night, low twenty-one. A cold, gusty wind continuing on Monday, sunny to partly cloudy, high thirty-four, partly sunny on Tuesday, the high thirty-eight. We're at forty-two right now, mostly cloudy in Central Park, humidity fifty-seven percent, the wind southeast at thirteen miles an hour, and repeating the current temperature forty-two, going down to forty in midtown.

Temperatures continues to drop like a stone here. We're down into the middle-twenties now, easily going to be getting into the teens in many locations, maybe around twenty in midtown, enough wind to make it feel like it's down into the single digits overnight. Right now the real feel reading eleven and, uh, we will see, uh, a cold wind continue right on through the day tomorrow, lots of sunshine. We'll struggle to get back near the freezing mark, and then drop back into the teens again tomorrow night. Tuesday, as this, uh, arctic high gets off the East Coast, we'll start a moderating trend, get back to forty in the afternoon with sunshine. Wednesday, a windy day once again, as another front moves through but, uh, otherwise, clouds and sunshine, expecting temperatures in the mid-forties. Currently twenty-seven in Newark, twenty-six degrees and, uh, clear skies in Central Park, we have a northwest wind still, fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature twenty-six, going down to twenty in midtown.

This is going to be the coldest day of the week, and tonight a very cold night, but after that the temperature trend will be upward, modestly, but upward nevertheless. Today, uh, only in the twenties to near thirty, despite plenty of sunshine, and, um, the wind, uh, certainly this morning making it feel a lot colder than that, that real feel temperature even, uh, near zero at times. Tomorrow, uh, and Wednesday will be partly sunny and it will get milder. Tomorrow, temperatures take a run up toward forty, on Wednesday they'll run into the forties, and may even take a run toward fifty. Next chance of any

rain, or any rain and snow comes along about Thursday. Right now it's twenty-two and sunny in Central Park, humidity forty-three percent, wind from the northwest at ten, that makes the real feel temperature sixteen. Repeating the current temperature twenty-two, going up to twenty-nine today.

Well, uh, I guess, uh, this is a tranquil weather pattern from the standpoint that we're not talking about any major storms this week, uh, but it's still cold, bottom line, twenty-five and clear in midtown, we're heading down to twenty overnight in many suburbs. We'll be in the teens early tomorrow morning, seems like about the, uh, hundredth morning, uh, since November that we've been in the twenties or lower. Well, uh, tomorrow somewhat of an improvement after a high of just twenty-nine today, with a partly sunny sky, high will be close to forty. Tomorrow night, not as cold as tonight, lows only in the mid-thirties, and with a southwest wind. Wednesday, we'll, uh, get temperatures up to a very mild fifty-two. Thursday, though, it looks colder again, a weak weather system may produce some rain or wet snow Thursday afternoon or night, and then Friday clouds break and we'll, uh, settle into readings in the mid-forties, not too far from the seasonal average for this time of year. Clear and twenty-five right now, relative humidity thirty-seven percent, northwest winds six miles per hour. It is clear and twenty-five, we're heading down to twenty.

Well, we've got some nice weather coming up for tomorrow on a southwesterly flow ahead of an approaching cold front. Uh, we'll have a milder afternoon with temperatures climbing into the fifties, uh, clouds and some sunshine, but once that front goes through, we're back down into the thirties later tomorrow night and Thursday. And in addition to the chillier air, we're also going to have to deal with a system coming all the way from the Pacific Northwest, uh, which is likely to generate, uh, a cold rain, perhaps even some wet snow on Thursday with, like I said, temperatures, uh, in the mid-and-upper thirties. Once that gets offshore, we will be clearing out, uh, with, uh, temperatures back into the forties on Friday. And it looks like some nice weather for the upcoming weekend, milder once again, mostly sunny Saturday and fifty-two. Central Park reporting thirty-six degrees under a partly cloudy sky, we have a southwest wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature thirty-six going down to thirty-four in midtown.

Well, we have a cold front, uh, which is on our doorstep. This'll be slipping through here this evening, uh, with, uh, little more, uh, than a sprinkle. Uh, our radar showing just some light echoes, uh, near the city and just to our north, a lot of this is probably not even reaching the ground, uh, otherwise mostly cloudy tonight, a low of thirty-six. Uh, tomorrow is a much chillier day, we're looking at temperatures staying in the upper thirties, uh, there is a wave of low pressure, which is gonna run along this boundary. We expect to see some rain develop during the morning hours, that'll, uh, change over to wet snow from north to south, as we go through the day and could, uh, amount to, uh, a slushy coating to an inch on the non-paved surfaces as, uh, temperatures will be staying above freezing. It's going to have a hard time sticking to roadways, and the best chance of that, obviously, higher elevations across northern New Jersey and into, uh, southeastern New York state, uh, actually in that region there could be an inch or two. Uh, tomorrow night we'll clear out, it does get cold, the low of twenty-six, but then some nice weather Friday through the weekend.

Friday mostly sunny and forty-two, and then we'll jump into the fifties with sunshine Saturday and Sunday. Forty-nine and cloudy at the moment, a southwest wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature forty-one going down to thirty-six in midtown.

We do have some rain and snow on the way today, but still not yet for a couple of hours, uh, and so, uh, we'll be O.K., uh, getting through the rest of the morning rush hour. Then it'll begin to rain, uh, the rain will change fairly quickly to snow late this morning in the northern and western suburbs, continue this afternoon, north and west of Interstate 287. In the usual spots there can be an inch, or two, or maybe three, that accumulates. In the city, rain could mix with some sleet or some wet snow, but the temperature will be above freezing and the, uh, sleet and snow will melt when it hits the ground. We're not anticipating any accumulation. Clearing tonight, mostly sunny tomorrow, high around forty, at least partly sunny Saturday with a high near fifty, into the fifties Sunday with increasing clouds. Right now forty-two and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going down slowly to thirty-four.

The weekend's going to get milder, so hang in there. We'll get through today, uh, it will be a partly to mostly sunny day, but the high temperature only in the upper thirties, and fair and cold tonight, low in the twenties, probably the teens in the northern suburbs. Tomorrow it will be partly sunny, and it will get milder, up to forty-eight. The trend toward milder weather continues Sunday, with a high in the low fifties, although Sunday there will be an increase in cloudiness, and on Sunday, there will also be a breeze off the water so, uh, from the south, which means the Rockaways, uh, the south shore of Long Island, the Five Towns, that area, will tend to be cooler, probably staying in the forties, then some rain Sunday night and Monday. Twenty-two and partly cloudy now in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-eight.

Well, uh, certainly the weather will be treating us a lot more kindly over the next few days. I mean, sure, we're going to encounter some cloud cover, and even a bit of rain early Monday perhaps and, uh, more rain can occur Wednesday and Thursday, but there will be long stretches of time that will be dry, and no arctic air is coming, that's the bottom line. Eh, you may remember two out of the last three Sunday nights and Mondays, we had a visit from arctic air. Not this time around. Temperatures will be near forty later on this Sunday morning. Today we're expecting a high in the mid-fifties in midtown, cooler on Long Island, warmer in the western suburbs. It's always that way this time of year, whenever you get a warm-up. Now, uh, as I said, a bit of rain possible Monday, but still a high will be about fifty-four, and we'll be near fifty Tuesday and Wednesday. Right now in midtown forty-eight and fair, and that relative humidity fifty-eight percent, the wind variable seven miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-eight, heading down to forty.

Well, we will see some clouds increasing through the evening. We'll actually turn out mostly cloudy tonight, and we do expect to see some patches of fog and drizzle, especially after midnight, low forty-six. Tomorrow, cloudy in the morning where there is fog and drizzle still around, then clouds may break for some afternoon sunshine, bringing in another mild afternoon with a high around sixty. Patches of clouds tomorrow night, low forty-eight degrees. Clouds and some sun on Tuesday

with a high of fifty-seven, partly sunny and noticeably cooler Wednesday, high forty-eight degrees. Cloudy on Thursday with a chance for rain and drizzle, Thursday's high again, around forty-eight degrees. Sixty right now in midtown, the relative humidity is sixty-one percent, winds light and variable. Repeating the current temperature, sixty going down to forty-six in midtown.

Well, for too long the air felt like it was coming from Greenland, but for today it's coming from Shamrock, Texas, Cloverleaf, and also Greenville, South Carolina. It'll be mild, going to sixty-four, partly cloudy tonight, low forty-eight. Tomorrow partly sunny, high fifty-seven, chillier Wednesday, with clouds and sun, high forty-six, it's likely to rain on Thursday. Currently in midtown forty-nine degrees, relative humidity eighty-three percent, wind northeast three miles per hour, forty-nine heading for sixty-four.

There's going to be some sunshine today. The temperature will get up to sixty, uh, interior sections could get into the low sixties, maybe not like seventy, uh, like we got yesterday, but still, pretty comfortable. Then tonight will be partly cloudy, it'll chill down into the thirties. A cooler day tomorrow, with the wind off the water, and a mix of clouds and sun, high tomorrow forty-four. Clouding up, followed by some rain Thursday, especially late Thursday, Thursday night and into Friday, Friday night, with Friday's high back into the fifties. Right now it's fifty-six and partly cloudy, or partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to fifty-nine.

Spring

Oh, we are looking at, uh, weather, uh, across, uh, Iraq obviously here for the next several days, uh, we have, uh, actually some good, good weather is expected. They did have a sandstorm here earlier, uh, over the last twelve to twenty-four hours those winds have subsided and will actually continue to subside. Uh, there will be enough of a wind across the southern portion of the country that still may cause some blowing sand tomorrow. Otherwise we're looking at clear to partly cloudy skies tonight and tomorrow, uh, the weekend, uh, it is good weather, and then we could have a storm, uh, generating some strong winds, uh, for Sunday night and Monday, uh, even the possibility of a little rain in Baghdad. Uh, currently we have, uh, uh, increasing cloudiness, uh, forecast locally tonight, uh, it's gonna be brisk and chilly, temperatures getting down into the middle-thirties, and then some, uh, intermittent rain is expected tomorrow and tomorrow night. It'll become steadier and heavier late in the day and, uh, actually a pretty good soaking tomorrow night. Uh, temperatures getting into the mid-forties tomorrow, and then staying in the forties tomorrow night. Friday it's a breezy and warmer day but, uh, still a few more showers maybe even a thunderstorm, the high of sixty degrees. Currently we have sunshine and forty-four with an east wind of ten. Repeating the current temperature forty-four, going up to forty-six in midtown.

We still have clouds, we still have some fog outside of the city this morning but, uh, during the afternoon the sky can brighten, the sun can peek on through, temperatures get on up into the sixties. A couple of showers and maybe a thunderstorm this evening, and then the weekend to follow looks pretty good, at least partly sunny. It'll be breezy tomorrow, the high about sixty and in the, uh, fifties for a high on Sunday. As for Middle East weather, it continues to be favorable for military operations, and that'll remain the case through Sunday, but Monday and Tuesday, there may be another episode of strong winds, poor visibilities, and, uh, even some sandstorms. Right now fifty-seven and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty-two.

Well, sunshine will be mixing with clouds as we go through the day today. It is going to be on the mild side again this afternoon, the high up to sixty-four degrees in midtown today. Tonight, we're partly cloudy, dropping back to a low of forty-two. We're gonna stay dry tomorrow and Monday as well. Partly to mostly sunny skies, highs in the mid-to-upper fifties, and then back to sixty-four for a high on Tuesday, with increasing clouds. No chance of rain in sight until we get to the day Wednesday. Dry weather in Baghdad for the rest of the weekend as well, partly cloudy skies Saturday night, and also some sunshine across Baghdad on Sunday. Right now it's fifty-four degrees and sunny in Central Park, we're going up to sixty-four in midtown today.

With sunshine, the temperature's headed on up to sixty-one for the high this afternoon, partly to mostly cloudy tonight the... or clear to partly cloudy tonight, I should say, the low forty-six in midtown, forty in many suburbs. Tomorrow another mild day, going towards sixty-four with sunshine, then a cold front will arrive Wednesday with a couple of showers, high sixty. Rain could follow Wednesday night and Thursday morning if that front stalls and a low pressure area forms along it. Afterwards, Thursday afternoon, high fifty-four with some sunshine. In Iraq, the winds are likely to be picking up in the next twenty-four hours, raising more sand and dust into the atmosphere, and that's going to be a problem through Wednesday. Things should settle

down after that, after the current storm from the Mediterranean moves past. Currently, the winds are light and variable, the relative humidity forty-six percent, fifty-five in midtown heading for sixty-one.

A nice evening, clear to partly cloudy skies overnight. We'll be in the mid-forties come daybreak, uh, tomorrow another mild day but, uh, clouds and, uh, limited sun, a couple of showers around associated with a cold front which will be moving through, especially in the afternoon and evening. Clears out later tomorrow night, and Thursday and Friday lots of sunshine and only, uh, a bit cooler, fifty-four Thursday, fifty-eight Friday. The battlefield forecast, uh, the weather is nasty over there right now. Strong winds accompanying a powerful cold front, uh, really kicking up the sand and making for poor visibility. Uh, that wind speed will gradually come down over the next twenty-four hours, but it'll still be causing some problems. Rain, in mountains, snow in northern Iraq on Wednesday, a couple of showers still down in Baghdad, uh, then better weather Thursday, right on through the weekend. Back home we have fifty-seven in Caldwell, fifty-three and sunshine in Central Park, the southeast wind at eleven. Repeating the current temperature fifty-three going down to forty-seven in midtown.

Well, not much on the radar, literally, just oneshower up over northern Bergen County, and also over northeastern Morris County. And as they move off to the northeast, the balance of this afternoon is on the dry side, so you really don't need the umbrella for the most part here, sixty-eight degrees for the afternoon high. What we'll see, in terms of showers, will be for the evening rush hour, through the remainder of this evening, but already by daybreak the clouds are parting company in the wake of our most recent cool front. We're in at forty degrees, and, yeah, we're gonna cool it, now, that's what a front does. Despite the sun back there'll be a breeze tomorrow, high fifty-six. Sunshine, patchy clouds Friday with a high of fifty-eight degrees. As for our battlefield forecast, one or two showers left over the northern two-thirds of, uh, Iraq during the course of this evening, but better weather ahead later tonight and over the next couple of days, as the wind dies down. Around here, not much wind, it's seventy in Morristown, sixty-six Belmar, sixty-four and partly sunny in Central Park going to sixty-eight in midtown.

We'll look for sunshine to be with us, uh, all day today, and temperatures will respond and get up to about the sixty degree mark, and then it'll be partly cloudy tonight, low forty-four. Increasing clouds tomorrow, a little cooler, thanks to a breeze coming in off the water, high tomorrow fifty-six. Rain at times Saturday, Saturday night, ending Sunday morning, but brisk and, uh, pretty cool the rest of the day Sunday, with the temperature not getting much at all above fifty. Weather conditions in Iraq, uh, and Kuwait have improved, ur, improved considerably over the last twenty-four hours. Skies are clear, visibilities are much better, winds are much, much lighter, and it does not look like weather is going to be, uh, any kind of a major player for at least the next few days. Around these parts, it's forty-five and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty.

Sunshine still with us and temperature still climbing, and it should get to sixty, and even into the sixties today. It'll be coolest on the south shore of Long Island and the Connecticut coast with a southerly breeze coming in off the water. Then it clouds up tonight, could start

to drizzle. We get drizzle and rain at times tomorrow, especially tomorrow night on into Sunday morning, could be some heavy rain and maybe a thunderstorm. The rain, um, er, probably at least the steady rain, ends Sunday morning, but there still may be some rain showers around Sunday afternoon, and it will be noticeably colder with temperatures no higher than the forties. Right now, though, uh, it is fifty-six degrees and sunny in Central Park, and the temperature today going up to, uh, about sixty.

Brisk and cold today, clouds and sunshine. We're going to have a high temperature near forty-two degrees and, for the Mets home opener, the real feel temperature upper twenties and low thirties, so definitely a bundle-up time, but a dry afternoon. Partly to mostly cloudy tonight, low thirty in midtown, twenty-four in outlying areas. Tomorrow turns out cloudy, and as a warm front approaches, we'll have some rain in the afternoon, could start as a little wet snow, but the temperature by end of the day, forty-four northern suburbs, fifty in central Jersey, well up in the forties in the city. Wednesday variable cloudiness, with a shower possible, high fifty, then into the fifties with a few showers on Thursday. Meanwhile on the battlefield, sunshine, seventies today, but nineties by the end of the week in many areas. Currently in midtown thirty-two degrees, relative humidity fifty-one percent, wind west northwest at twelve, thirty-two heading for forty-two.

Clouds thickening over the next couple of hours, then we expect some rain during the midday and early afternoon hours, could be some wet snow mixed in the beginning but it won't stick. High today forty-two, tonight's low forty. Tomorrow, some clouds and sun, perhaps a shower, high fifty-four. Then we'll be close to the boundary between cool air and warm air on Thursday and Friday. We're calling Thursday, clouds and sunshine, maybe a shower, high fifty-nine, then Friday partly sunny and warmer, high sixty-eight degrees, with a thunderstorm possibility in the afternoon. On the battlefield, temperatures in the eighties in the afternoon hours through midweek, getting closer to one hundred as we close out the week. Currently in midtown thirty-three degrees, relative humidity forty-nine percent, wind north at five miles per hour, thirty-three heading for forty-two.

Uh, it looks like the next couple of days we're gonna be close to a boundary between warm air, with temperatures in the seventies from Philadelphia southward, however, in upstate New York it probably stays in the thirties and forties, hopefully we get into the fifties today and tomorrow with a few breaks of sunshine. Central New Jersey and on, uh, inland, it can get into the sixties. It can always sprinkle or shower but, uh, at least through tomorrow we're not looking for much in the way of rain. Friday, rather cloudy, cool, high in the fifties, uh, chance of showers, maybe a late day thunderstorm. And then pretty cool on Saturday, may not get above fifty with some rain likely. Sunday partly sunny, but chilly, with a high of forty-eight. Right now it is forty-five and mostly cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to fifty-four.

A mostly cloudy, cool day coming up today, the temperature will get to about fifty, or maybe or maybe the low fifties, and that's about it, drops back to about forty with some clouds and patchy fog and drizzle tonight. Then it'll start to rain tomorrow, probably late in the day, we'll have rain tomorrow night on into the day on Saturday, with a high Saturday into the fifties. No, uh, genuine prospects for sunshine until

Sunday, but even then it'll be chilly, a high around fifty. Uh, battlefield weather is sunny and hot in, uh, Baghdad, the temperature into the low nineties at this moment, and it'll be middle-to-upper nineties tomorrow, and over the weekend with one hundred degrees plus, in the southern and eastern deserts. Some gusty winds over the weekend could cause isolated pockets of, uh, blowing sand and reduced visibilities, but nothing near as widespread as last week. Right now it's forty-four and mostly cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to about fifty.

It's going to be overcast, drizzly, with some fog today. We'll have drizzle, rain, and fog tonight and tomorrow, uh, temperature today not going to go up much, it may even drop a couple of degrees, and the lows tonight will be near thirty in the northern and western suburbs, and that means there can be some freezing rain, as well as just rain, high temperatures tomorrow forty-five to fifty, Sunday mostly sunny with a high around fifty. The, uh, battlefield forecast, the heat will peak Saturday, with highs in Baghdad near one hundred, then not as hot Sunday and Monday, but windy at times. Those gusty winds will pick up some sand and dust, and cause areas of reduced visibility. Right now it is forty-one and cloudy in Central Park and our temperature today going up only to forty-three.

Oh, just a damp and chilly day underway. There will be some occasional light rain and drizzle, some areas of fog, and even a rumble or two of thunder, we'll have a high of just forty-four degrees, and then windy and cold, with clearing skies tonight, low thirty-six. A sunny but windy and chilly day, with a high around fifty degrees. Monday, cloudy, windy, and cold with some snow, sleet, and rain, and we're probably going to be talking accumulations north and west of the city, Monday's high just forty degrees, though. Cloudy, with a chance for lingering rain Tuesday, especially during the morning, with a high around fifty, and partly sunny Wednesday, with a high around near fifty degrees. Battlefield forecast is as follows, we do have a partly cloudy sky with gusty winds over Saturday night, and a mix of clouds and sun, with blowing sand and dust on Sunday. It's thirty-seven degrees right now, heading up to forty-four in midtown.

We are going to have increasing and thickening clouds tonight, and, uh, temperatures will, for the most part, be between twenty-five and thirty-two at daybreak on Monday. Then get ready for the snow. It will tend to mix with some sleet and freezing rain in some locations, uh, but we're looking at a significant accumulation, especially for this time of year, uh, most places will get between four and eight inches. We've got the winter storm warnings in effect for Monday and early Monday night. It should wind down Monday night as a few flurries and some drizzle. Still, it's going to be tough getting around tomorrow, so allow yourself some extra time. The high tomorrow in the mid-thirties, Monday night's low about thirty degrees, and it's going to be cloudy on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and on the cool side. The battlefield forecast, Baghdad tomorrow, could be a rain or, uh, thunderstorm, uh, shower. Temperatures will be in the upper eighties. It'll be hotter Tuesday. Back home, forty-one in midtown right now, clear, relative humidity forty-four percent, the wind northeast seven miles per hour. Clear and forty-one heading down to thirty-two.

It's getting closer and closer now. It is now snowing now in Hunterdon and Somerset counties, parts of southern Morris and Union counties as

well, and the snow is spreading eastward. It will spread across the metropolitan area within the next hour to two hours, and then we look for heavy snow this afternoon, and on into this evening, with an average accumulation across the metropolitan area of four to eight inches. Keep in mind during the day today, during the daylight hours, temperatures high enough so that a lot of the snow is going to melt, at least initially, on city streets and highways and parkways, but they can get slushy and slippery in spots for sure, uh, there can even be, uh, a few extra inches in the hilly areas north and west of Interstate 287, but an average, we think, of four to six or eight inches across most of the tri-state area. Right now it's thirty-six and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going down to thirty-two.

Well, a cloudy day today, uh, there's been a little drizzle, there's been a little freezing drizzle, there'll continue to be a little drizzle at times, uh, during the day today, with a high of thirty-six. We look for some rain, eh, at times tonight and tomorrow, low tonight thirty-four, and the high tomorrow forty. It's cloudy Thursday, there's still the chance for some rain, a high in the forties. And then we may have a major storm, uh, even a nor'easter, come up the eastern seaboard Friday, Friday night, into Saturday morning. Odds favor rain, coastal areas, and maybe some gusty winds as well, high tides and all of that, clearing beginning later on Saturday. Right now it's thirty-one and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-six.

We've got rain all across the metropolitan area now, there's been a little bit of sleet that's bounced around but this is, uh, mostly just a cold, wet, nasty rain and it'll rain pretty steadily into the middle part of the afternoon with, uh, a high of thirty-eight. Clouds tonight, low thirty-four. Variable cloudiness tomorrow, perhaps a few brighter intervals, and, uh, if we, uh, get even a little bit of sun, the temperature tomorrow will get into the forties. Clouds, rain and wind back for Friday, in fact, could be pretty stormy, Friday afternoon and Friday night, with winds gusting, perhaps to forty miles an hour. Clearing begins Saturday afternoon, and Sunday looks mostly sunny and pleasant with a high near sixty. Right now it's thirty-five and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to thirty-eight.

Well, it will be a cool and breezy day today, but no rain, and although there'll be a lot of clouds. Uh, the sun will peek out from time to time, in place to place, and that gets temperatures into the forties for the first time all week long. Tomorrow, though, a rainy windy day, uh, windy, chilly with temperatures in the low to middle-forties, and some of the rain, tomorrow, tomorrow night, will be heavy enough to cause street and highway flooding. It clears on Saturday and Sunday looks good, mostly sunny and the high fifty-six to sixty. Iraqi weather has cooled down, it'll be dry through the weekend, relatively comfortable, sixties in the northern part of the country and, uh, no higher than the eighties in Baghdad. Right now in Central Park, forty degrees and cloudy, the high today forty-eight.

Well, it's not very nice outside, and it's not going to get a whole lot, uh, in fact, probably not going to get any better, as we go through the day. We're going to have rain intermittent today and tonight, and into tomorrow morning, some of the rain will be heavy, eh, other times, the rain can stop completely. And there will also continue to be a gusty wind, that wind gusting frequently to thirty miles per hour, and occasionally to between thirty and forty miles per hour. The

temperature not much above forty, so not only is it wet, but it's kind of nasty and cold. Clearing tomorrow afternoon, though, and with the sun coming out, temperatures will jump into the fifties, and then Sunday should be mostly sunny, with a high around sixty. But right now, it's forty and raining in Central Park, and that wind out of the northeast, gusting to twenty-nine miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty, going up to forty-four today.

It looks like the rain has ended in New York City, it should be ending across Long Island in the next couple of hours. Clouds will break for sunshine, from west to east, across the area we'll have a high of sixty. Mostly clear, brisk, cold tonight, low falling back to about forty-two. It'll be mostly sunny tomorrow, the high of fifty-eight, partial sunshine. Nice day for your Monday, high sixty-four. Sunshine, breezy, turning much warmer for Tuesday, with the high of seventy-three degrees. Currently fifty-four degrees in Bridgeport, some rain out in Islip, fifty-one, in Central Park, fifty-seven degrees, relative humidity seventy-four percent, wind out the north, northwest at ten miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-seven going up to sixty in midtown.

Well, the region will be basting in plenty of sunshine that'll be overhead via the area of high pressure that moved in over the last twelve to twenty-four hours, a breezy and nice afternoon with the high of fifty-eight degrees. Clear and cool tonight, low forty midtown, thirty-four in the suburbs. And we'll see more in the way of sunshine, as we head through the middle part of the week, temperatures actually moderating, as we head through the day on Monday and Tuesday. Breezy Monday, high sixty-four, windy Tuesday, with a high of seventy-six degrees, sunshine, patchy clouds, breezy and warm, a high again of seventy-six. Forty-six degrees and sunny in Central Park, humidity fifty-eight percent, wind north at three miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-six, we're headed up to fifty-eight in midtown.

Ah, still a dazzling day out there with bright sunshine, temperatures are, uh, almost to fifty degrees right now, and we expect them to top out into the sixties today. It will be a gentle sea breeze that keeps shore points cooler, but then, uh, tonight will be, uh, fair and relatively mild, with a low about fifty and tomorrow, a gusty southwest wind combines with sunshine and temperatures tomorrow will be off to the races, eighty or above inland areas, probably at least seventy-eight or eighty in midtown, cooler on the south shore of Long Island and the Connecticut coast, where the breeze comes in off the water. Still warm Wednesday, but could be a late day thunderstorm, and then it will be noticeably cooler Thursday and Friday, both of those days, eh, probably clouds, and the chance of rain and the high temperatures, not much above fifty. Right now, though, forty-eight and bright and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty-four.

Well for today and tomorrow, it will seem like we have sprung right past spring and into summer, but by the end of the week, by Thursday and Friday, we will have fallen back toward winter. But today and tomorrow, if you're a warm weather fan, will be to your liking. Sunshine, patchy clouds, a gusty southwest wind, and in midtown as well as in adjacent New Jersey and the Hudson Valley, temperatures will climb to between eighty and eighty-five, while it stays closer to seventy on the south shore of Long Island and the Connecticut coast.

Thursday, though, we turn things around. A cold front passes through Wednesday night that could produce a shower or a thunderstorm, and Thursday and Friday will be noticeably chillier with clouds, uh, some drizzle or rain, and temperatures no higher than the forties. Right now, though, we're already fifty-three and mostly sunny in Central Park, the temperature today going up to seventy-five.

We've got one more for you, but then quite a dramatic change tomorrow, but for the rest of the day today, sunshine, a few patchy high clouds, a gusty breeze out of the southwest, and high temperatures getting to between eighty and eighty-five in midtown, across most of New Jersey, and up the Hudson Valley. Long Island will be cooler, especially the south shore, maybe a shower tonight. And it will turn colder overnight, with a low near forty, and a dramatically colder day tomorrow, some forty degrees colder than today, with afternoon temperatures no higher than the forties. Remaining cloudy, chilly Friday, chance for some rain, clouds breaking for some sun Saturday, up to fifty-six, and Easter Sunday looks O.K., partly sunny with a high of sixty-two. Right now, sixty-seven and sunshine in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-three.

Well, once again the radar showing some of the, er, showers right along the, uh, Essex, Union County line, just off to the north of Interstate 78, crossing, eh, 280, eh, once you get, eh, past, eh, West Orange, eh, Livingston, in through that corridor, as well as, eh, Bloomfield, Caldwell, so if you're in through this corridor, you've definitely got some wet weather to contend with as well as, uh, well, southern areas of Brooklyn down along the, um, er, well, down along the Belt Parkway. Quite honestly, once you get, eh, south of, eh, Linden Boulevard we have, uh, a couple of showers to contend with. We'll also get a little sun this afternoon, but, oh, that cold wind means business, with the high of forty-six degrees, and while it may drizzle tonight and tomorrow, well, most of the time it's just going to be cloudy, cold, thirty-six tonight, fifty tomorrow. Even Saturday's a damp start, but we should see a little late day sun with the high of fifty-eight, so at least it does turn somewhat milder. Right now, though, it's only thirty-nine Belmar, forty-three with the clouds Central Park, only going to forty-six this afternoon in midtown.

Uh, a cloudy, chilly, and brisk day, uh, temperature this afternoon will only be in the forties, the wind will still be gusting to about twenty miles an hour. There can be a bit of drizzle, there can be bit of rain, the same goes for tonight, and on into tomorrow morning. After that we do look for a slow improvement, the sky brightens tomorrow afternoon, the sun may come out, temperatures get into the fifties, and then Easter Sunday looks O.K., mixed clouds and sun, the sunrise temperature about forty-five, the afternoon high on Sunday should be into the sixties. Right now, though, it's thirty-eight and cloudy in Central Park, humidity at ninety-two percent, wind from the east, gusting to twenty-one miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-eight, going up to forty-eight today.

Well, it's shaping up to be a pretty nice day across the tri-state area. So far lots of sunshine, uh, this morning, it looks like the sunshine will be sticking around through much of the day, and with that sunshine, temperatures up near sixty degrees in midtown for the afternoon. We stay dry tonight with clear to partly cloudy skies. Tomorrow's partly sunny as well, and the high goes back up to sixty in

the afternoon, after a sunrise temperature tomorrow morning of forty-eight degrees. Clouds do return to the area Monday, and then Monday night into Tuesday, and we could see some rain, Monday's high sixty-four, Tuesday's high sixty. Currently sunny and forty-three degrees in Central Park, the humidity seventy percent, and the wind east at ten miles an hour. Again the current temperature forty-three, it'll go up to sixty in midtown.

Uh, mostly cloudy skies here for the remainder of the night, we'll see a few showers during the course of the night, maybe even a little fog developing, uh, with temperatures drifting down, uh, into the middle-forties. And then a mostly cloudy day Tuesday, as a front slowly works its way through the region, uh, this will generate a few showers, you may even hear a few rumbles of thunder, high temperature around fifty-nine. There's going to be a storm developing on that front, and that's why the wet weather for tomorrow, and that storm lifts up through New England, uh, later tomorrow night and Wednesday, and deepens, and the net result is that the wind'll pick up out of the northwest. It'll be cool, uh, well get some, uh, clearing, temperatures in the mid-forties tomorrow night, Wednesday around fifty-six, Thursday still kind of windy, but skies will be partly sunny, about sixty degrees, and then a nice day Friday. Currently in Central Park cloudy and forty-nine degrees, with a south wind at seven. Repeating the current temperature forty-nine going down to forty-six in midtown.

Indeed it is dreary and dull, damp, and dim. It's been this way since the day's dawn. Will it stay this way till its dreary and dull, dim, demise after dinner? We'll have to see but, if you live in eastern Nassau or Suffolk County, watch for some rain that's going to come ashore in about fifteen or twenty minutes, and sprinkle the area for about an hour. Rest of the area, not too much in the way of showers the next couple of hours, but there will be some more later today. Parts of the area can still have a thunderstorm, high fifty-nine. A leftover shower tomorrow tonight, low forty-six, then tomorrow becoming partly sunny, cool winds, gusty winds, temperatures won't get out of the fifties. Thursday looks like a nice day, still windy, high sixty-four, Friday sunshine, more tranquil, a high sixty-six. Currently forty-seven degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, winds out of the northeast at eight miles per hour, forty-seven heading to fifty-nine.

We'll have a mixture of clouds and sunshine today, a gusty wind. It's going to be cool, temperature getting to about fifty-eight this afternoon, then clearing, windy, and chilly tonight, low forty-two in midtown, thirty-four in some suburbs. Now, as the high pressure area that's now in the Midwest moves toward us, tomorrow will be a sunny day with a gusty wind, but milder, high sixty-four late in the day, as the high pressure area moves offshore. Friday looks nice to start, followed by increasing cloudiness, high sixty-six, and a storm that's causing rain to spread across Kansas, Oklahoma, and Nebraska today, can reach us with rain Friday night into Saturday, Saturday's high fifty-six. Currently it's forty-six, relative humidity sixty-two percent, winds out of the west at ten, gusting to eighteen. Forty-six heading for, um, to fifty-eight.

Well, uh, the, uh, current radar filling in across the tri-state area, we're seeing, uh, fairly light rainfall right now, but we're anticipating that the intensity of the rain will be picking up very late tonight and tomorrow morning, uh, so a soggy Saturday definitely,

uh, if you have some chores to do this weekend indoors, tomorrow would be the day to do them, and I think that Sunday, if you want to get outside, it'll be a much nicer day. But we're gonna be dealing with this storm system for the next twenty-four hours or so, the low overnight in midtown with the rain forty-eight, tomorrow's high only fifty-two, but as the rain comes to an end, probably tomorrow evening as some drizzle. You should see some late night clearing Sunday, it'll be a bit on the windy side, but with sunshine, highs will reach the mid-and-upper sixties. Monday also will be about sixty-eight, our next shot at getting a shower, Tuesday. Cloudy, fifty-two in midtown, right now relative humidity eighty-nine percent, the wind variable, six miles per hour. Cloudy, fifty-two, we're heading down to forty-eight.

It's kind of a windy, wet, cool start to this weekend, in fact, uh, today looks like, eh, kind of a washout. Occasional rain, in fact, the rain can come down hard enough so that we could see a little bit of street and highway flooding, the high fifty-six. Tonight, drizzle in the evening then partial clearing, a low forty-eight. What a big improvement for Sunday with bright sunshine, a high of seventy degrees, sunny to partly cloudy, up to seventy-four on Monday. Uh, Tuesday it'll stay warm, we'll still go into the mid-seventies, but there is a chance for a shower. Right now we have forty-nine in White Plains, it's forty-seven in Bridgeport, cloudy and fifty in Central Park, with a humidity of one hundred percent, the winds east at nine. Repeating the current temperature fifty going up to fifty-six today.

Well it looks like our weather will be just beautiful for today, Monday looking nice, Tuesday even looks pretty nice, uh, even though a cold front will come through by then that could trigger a shower. But today, just sunshine and a high of sixty-eight, clear and comfortable tonight, fifty-four in midtown, forty-two in the suburbs. We'll go up to seventy-six with the sunshine tomorrow, cooler on the coast and on the Island, and on Tuesday, intervals of clouds and sun, as a cold front approaches the region, maybe a shower, the high seventy-four. Currently we have fifty degrees in Bridgeport and White Plains, partly sunny, fifty-two in Central Park, eighty-nine percent humidity, and northwest wind at nine. Fifty-two right now going up to sixty-eight.

We'll take it, huh? This is a beautiful day and, uh, actually, we've got nice weather for much of the, uh, coming week, uh, we've got, uh, mostly clear skies tonight, temperatures heading for the mid, upper fifties, uh, even warmer tomorrow, eighty-two under a partly sunny sky. Uh, we will cool it down a little bit on Wednesday, there's going to be a front slipping through here tomorrow morning, uh, Wednesday will be in the upper sixties, but that's still a nice day, lots of sunshine. Thursday, partly sunny and sixty-eight, Friday, low seventies. Uh, cloudy to partly sunny on Friday, and that's our first chance of seeing a shower or thunderstorm, as there will be a cold front moving through probably Friday evening. Right now sixty-six at JFK with a sea breeze, seventy-six in Central Park, sunny, and a south wind at twenty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-six going down to fifty-eight in midtown.

Uh, we have, uh, it's, uh, a very small area of some light rain it's, uh, gonna be over very, very shortly, as a matter of fact, in the city and, uh, mmm, looking at definitely less than a tenth of an inch, uh, so it's just enough, uh, to hold the dust down, uh, the clouds leave, in part, for some sunshine once again for the late afternoon hours. Uh,

temperatures obviously have cooled off here with the rain falling, and we will bounce back into, at least the lower seventies here, once, uh, uh, the clouds break up once again. Uh, the evening hours will be nice, and then tonight will be clear to partly cloudy, a low of fifty-two. Next couple of days, uh, some nice weather, lots of sunshine, sixty-eight tomorrow, partly sunny on Thursday with a high around seventy degrees. Uh, do expect to see some showers, maybe a thunderstorm in the, uh, Thursday night, Friday time period, that'll be the next, uh, front. Uh, could even be, uh, some steadier rain, uh, Friday night into Saturday, as a storm develops along that frontal boundary, then we'll start to clear out Saturday afternoon, Sunday should be nice. In Central Park reporting some light rain, and we've cooled off to sixty degrees, uh, still a northwest wind fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty going up to seventy-nine in midtown.

Fine day today, cloudiness and some sunshine. There are a couple of showers, uh, twenty to thirty miles north of the city that'll bypass us, and we're going to have a very nice afternoon, uh, high temperature sixty-eight. Partly cloudy tonight, low fifty-two as the front that moved south of us yesterday, with a shower in the afternoon, moves back north as a warm front tomorrow. Can't rule out a shower, but overall, clouds and sunny breaks, the high seventy. Friday, clouds and some sun, a warm day high seventy-two, showers and thunderstorms possible, especially in the afternoon to tonight. Saturday looks like it'll start damp, but then turn partly sunny in the afternoon, high sixty-two. Currently, winds out of the north at four miles per hour, the relative humidity a low forty-three percent, fifty-five in midtown heading for sixty-eight.

Well, cloudiness today, there will be some showers around, they can occur just about any time, one batch of showers has gone by, but new ones are forming southwest. High sixty-six degrees, cooler on the south shore of Long Island and coastal Connecticut, partly to mostly cloudy and breezy tonight, low fifty-eight. Tomorrow, clouds wrap some sunny breaks, breezy and warm, but a pushing cold front can cause showers and thunderstorms just about any time, best chance is the afternoon and night. High seventy-two now. Assuming the front leaves, chance of morning rain, then clearing Saturday, front stalls, all bets are off on clearing. High Saturday sixty, Sunday looks to be sunny, high sixty-four. Currently in midtown, relative humidity ninety-two percent, the wind is out of the north at four miles per hour. It's fifty-four degrees heading for sixty-six.

It's a mild morning and it's going to be a warm day today, the temperatures likely to climb well into the seventies. Lots of sunshine for a while, then cloudiness during the course of the afternoon, there can be a thunderstorm. Any thunderstorm that develops can be strong and gusty, temperature today climbing well into the seventies. Then for tonight, clouds and a few showers and a thunderstorm, then tomorrow turning cooler, some sun by afternoon, low tonight fifty-two, high tomorrow sixty. Sunday looks like a sunny cool day, high sixty-four, Monday partly sunny, high sixty-four. Currently the winds out of the east at four miles per hour, the relative humidity eighty percent, sixty-two degrees, heading well up into the seventies this afternoon before cool air arrives.

Well, I suppose some folks might like it just a little warmer but, uh, it's still going to be very nice for early May today. We'll see sunshine, some clouds, a high of sixty-four. It'll mainly be clear and chilly tonight, we'll go down to thirty-eight in some of those colder suburbs, you know who you are, uh, down to about forty-eight in midtown. Sunshine followed by clouds tomorrow, still a cool breeze with a high of sixty-two, mostly cloudy with a cool breeze Tuesday, showers, maybe an afternoon thunderstorm, the high sixty to sixty-four. Warmer on Wednesday, but still a chance for a thunderstorm. Right now partly sunny, fifty-one in Central Park, it's forty-nine at Kennedy, and also at LaGuardia. It's fifty-one at Central Park, and it's going up to sixty-four.

We're gonna have increasing cloudiness today as that massive storm system from the middle of the country comes eastward, uh, we do not believe the risk of tornadic thunderstorms is, uh, very high here, but we're gonna get some rain starting either late this afternoon or early this evening. We'll have off and on rain tonight, and on into tomorrow, and it'll be kind of cool, with a breeze coming in off the water. Today it can get to sixty or a little bit above, but highs tomorrow not too far into the fifties. It'll get warmer Wednesday, clouds can break for some sun, could also be a shower or a thunderstorm, high Wednesday seventy-three, and then mostly cloudy on Thursday, high in the sixties. Right now it's fifty-four and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty.

It's a gray, kind of a drizzly morning, and it's gonna stay that way all day, uh, there will be drizzle every now and then, there could be enough rain to form a puddle and to wet things down. The same goes for tonight, also areas of fog, and that fog could become pretty thick in places, uh, as we get into tonight and tomorrow morning. Temperatures today get into the fifties but, eh, probably not the sixties. Tomorrow we'll get milder, into the sixties, uh, then there's, uh, a period of rain, and maybe a thunderstorm tomorrow night into, into, eh, Thursday morning, followed by a dry period Thursday afternoon into Friday, but maybe more showers again later Friday. So, stringing a long period of dry weather, and certainly stringing a couple of sunny days in this weather pattern together is gonna be pretty tough. Right now it's forty-eight and cloudy in Central Park, the temperature today going up to fifty-eight.

It's cloudy and gray, but not much going on in terms of precipitation. We'll have a couple of showers around today, mostly this morning, but the vast majority of the time we'll just see clouds, high sixty-six. Partly to mostly cloudy tonight, low fifty-four, tomorrow a little brighter, clouds and sunny breaks, high about sixty-eight degrees, and Saturday should also be partly sunny, though a shower can't be ruled out, high sixty-eight. Showers a better bet for Sunday maybe a thunderstorm, high temperature sixty-eight on Mother's Day. Currently winds out of the east at seven miles per hour, the relative humidity ninety-six percent, fifty-eight degrees in midtown heading for sixty-six.

And what we have here tonight, is, uh, looks like, uh, dry weather from this point on. The light shower activity that, uh, was over the region is, uh, now moved offshore. Uh, partly to mostly cloudy skies, temperatures in the low to middle-fifties at daybreak, uh, tomorrow, a little bit of sunshine and a milder afternoon, upper sixties to low

seventies for a high. Maybe, uh, a shower, thunderstorm also in the afternoon or evening hours, but better chance for showers and th... uh, thunderstorms coming along later Sunday afternoon, Sunday night, that from a strong storm, which is, uh, still back in the Rockies right now. It'll be moving into Kansas tomorrow morning, and then up into the Great Lakes on Sunday, and, uh, sweeping, uh, a strong cold front over toward the East Coast, a high on Sunday around sixty-four. Currently we have sixty-three degrees, a cloudy sky, a southwest wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature sixty-three going down to fifty-four in midtown.

Mostly cloudy skies overnight, uh, temperatures in the mid-fifties come daybreak, and our Sunday will also be mostly cloudy, with a couple of rounds of showers and thunderstorms, mainly during the afternoon and early evening, as a strong cold front, uh, sweeps over to the eastern seaboard, a high temperature around sixty-five. Gusty winds and cool conditions both Monday and Tuesday, intervals of clouds and sunshine, just the possibility of a shower either day, sixty-eight degrees on Monday, sixty-six on Tuesday. Wednesday, lighter winds and partly sunny with a high of around sixty-eight. Currently we have fifty-six at JFK, sixty-four, mostly cloudy in Central Park, a south wind at five to ten. Repeating the current temperature sixty-four going down the fifty-six in midtown.

We'll continue to have that patchy, dense fog around the area this morning. That should burn off over the next couple of hours, then the next threat comes in this afternoon as we have some locally heavy thunderstorms that will move through the area, especially to the west of the city. We'll have a high today of about seventy degrees, evening showers, thunderstorms tonight, then clearing, breezy, turning cooler, with a low falling back to fifty-three. Both tomorrow and Tuesday will be windy with times of fog and sunshine, we could see a shower either day with highs in the mid-to-upper sixties. And as we look ahead to Wednesday, a partly sunny, pleasant day with a high of sixty-eight. Dense fog at White Plains right now, fifty-six degrees, fifty-eight degrees at Islip, in Central Park, sixty-one degrees, relative humidity ninety-three percent, and the winds east, northeast at seven miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-one going up to seventy in midtown.

Well, a glance at the radar, not much out there, but a couple of showers most notable, just off to the south of Danbury, Connecticut and also, uh, kind of sandwiched in between the Garden State Parkway and 287, eh, coming down through, eh, Bergen, Passaic, as well as Essex, Morris counties, Union, in through that area. But again, it's more miss than hit. We'll have clouds and limited sun this afternoon, with the high of sixty-eight degrees. What we're going to notice tonight is the increase in the wind, lock, stock, and barrel, low temperature fifty-two degrees. And when I say it's a bad hair day tomorrow, that's an understatement on my part here. Clouds, limited sun, maybe an afternoon shower, forget the umbrella, high sixty-six. Wednesday will take the wind down a notch, partly sunny with the high sixty-eight. It's currently seventy Belmar, sixty with the clouds in Central Park, going to sixty-eight this afternoon in midtown.

We're starting out today O.K. with, uh, mixed clouds and sun. We think as the day wears on, there will tend to be more in the way of cloud cover. We're still under the circulation of a large storm system which

is centered, uh, in northern New York state over the Adirondacks, and that could produce a shower or two as we go through this afternoon and this evening. Showers, mostly of the brief variety, high today sixty-four, then clearing late tonight, low fifty-two. Sunshine in pretty good supply tomorrow, should be a nice day, high sixty-eight, increasing clouds Thursday, and some rain again Thursday night and Friday. Right now it's fifty-two and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty-four.

A better today, although it's not going to stay completely sunny. There will be cloudy intervals, and there will still be a cool breeze, but with the sun out at least at times, temperatures get into the sixties, probably the upper sixties this afternoon. Then it'll be fair and cool tonight, low around fifty. Increasing clouds tomorrow, and we do look for some rain again as we get into tomorrow night, and during the day Friday. And a cool day Friday, with a breeze coming in off the ocean, temperatures only in the fifties. However, we are optimistic about improving weather for the weekend, gradual clearing Saturday, high sixty-two, and partly to mostly sunny on Sunday, high sixty-eight. Right now it's fifty-four, partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty-eight.

We still have sunshine and, uh, temperatures are getting into the sixties now and, although clouds will increase as we go through the afternoon, it'll still be comfortable with temperatures, uh, getting close to seventy, or at least on well up into the sixties. However, with the increasing clouds, the result of a storm which is in the Ohio Valley now, that storm is going to hit the eastern seaboard tomorrow and intensify and, around these parts, tomorrow is not looking like a nice day. Rain, some of it heavy, tomorrow and tomorrow night, ending Saturday morning. There'll also be gusty winds out of the east, they will be strong enough to raise concerns about some coastal flooding, at the time of high tide, tomorrow and tomorrow night. The atmosphere will dry Saturday afternoon, Sunday looks good, mostly sunny, with a high of sixty-eight. Right now it is sixty-two and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to sixty-eight.

Radar right now showing a little bit of light rain across Staten Island, on further south and west, and that'll be about where it stays for the overnight hours into the first part of tomorrow morning, a low forty-eight degrees. Then later tomorrow, still gusty winds, still fairly cold, drizzle to start, then little bit breaks of sunshine, a high around sixty. Lingering clouds and some late night fog tomorrow night, low forty-eight. Here comes the improvement on Sunday, turning out mostly sunny, noticeably milder, with a high of sixty-eight degrees. Plenty of sunshine on Monday with a high of seventy-four, and partly sunny and real nice on Tuesday, high seventy-six. Fifty-two right now in the Park, fifty-four in Newark, and fifty-three de... er, degrees at LaGuardia. Repeating the current temperature fifty-two going down to forty-eight in midtown.

Well, a few clouds lingering south and west of the city. Turned out to be a nice sunny afternoon, north and east, tonight no exception, uh, partly cloudy, uh, watch for some late night fog, though, a low of forty-six degrees. A nice day tomorrow, though, with plenty of sunshine and a high of sixty-eight. Mostly clear skies tomorrow night, low fifty-two, and another sunny day on Monday, with a high of seventy-four. Tuesday not looking too bad either, partly sunny with a high of

seventy-four degrees. Right now in midtown fifty-nine degrees, northeast winds at nine miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-nine going down to forty-six in midtown.

It'll be mostly sunny and warm today, it's going up toward eighty. A little cooler in coastal areas, then increasing clouds tonight, low fifty-eight. Tomorrow, mostly cloudy with a couple of showers, as a cold front arrives, high seventy-two. Then behind the front, mostly cloudy and cooler. Thursday, there still could be a shower, high sixty-four. It's going to turn rainy at the end of the week for Friday and Saturday, temperatures in the fifties to low sixties at best. Currently winds out of the northeast at three miles per hour, beautifully sunny, relative humidity fifty percent, sixty-seven heading for eighty.

Well, uh, on this Tuesday evening, the radar showing a few showers to the west of the tri-state area, mainly around eastern and central Pennsylvania. These are associated with a cool front that will be approaching us tomorrow. And as it does, it'll be slowing down, and virtually stalling, along the eastern seaboard, and, of course, that doesn't bode well for our weather here for the remainder of the week. Temperatures tomorrow around seventy degrees, this despite clouds and a few showers and, uh, a wave of low pressure moving up from the southeastern United States, cruising along that nearly stationary front, I think that is what will have some very soggy implications for things around here, uh, Friday, and especially Friday night, uh. Temperatures Thursday expected to be no higher than the mid-sixties, that's well below normal, and then just as the Memorial Day weekend holiday gets started, the rain will be kicking in. Partly cloudy, sixty-five in midtown right now, relative humidity thirty-six percent, the wind light and variable. It's partly cloudy, sixty-five heading down to fifty-eight.

Well the rain has stopped from the city westbound, at least from midtown westbound, but we still find rain from Nassau eastbound, across Long Island. Looking live at the radar, I can tell that it'll be a while before the rain stops in those areas. We're gonna stay wet, at least damp early tonight, and late tonight, simply cloudy, we'll cool down to fifty-two. Mostly cloudy, breezy, cool weather tomorrow, rain could return to the area late in the day, a high of sixty, if not late in the day, then tomorrow night. We'll be dealing with the rain, that rain will continue Friday, Friday's high temperature only fifty-eight and, yes, unfortunately it looks like rain on Saturday as well, to kick off the holiday weekend, continued cool, somewhat windy, high of sixty degrees. Most of that rain should be over Sunday. Sunday mostly cloudy, high of sixty-six. Right now it's sixty, cloudy in Central Park, ninety-six percent humidity, winds variable at six miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty going down to fifty-two in midtown.

Well, we have a damp night in the tri-state area, current radar showing most of the light rain over Long Island and, uh, coastal areas but, uh, actually a bit of drizzle occurring at all the airports right now, and it's cloudy in midtown. Temperatures, they're not going to change much overnight, fifty-one right now in midtown, we're heading down to fifty, and as we get the, uh, Friday started up, eh, the getaway day for the Memorial Day holiday weekend, more of this damp weather. We're waiting, actually, on a storm system organizing in Georgia right now to bring the real rain of consequence. Most of that should occur Friday night,

and then Saturday it should stay dull and damp throughout much of the weekend, although we hold out hope for some brightening, uh, with, uh, Sunday afternoon and Monday rolling around. Right now cloudy, fifty-one in midtown, relative humidity one hundred percent, the wind northeast ten miles per hour. It's cloudy and fifty-one, heading down to fifty.

Well, for the rest of this afternoon, it'll be kind of dreary out there, lots of clouds, windy, cool, patchy fog, also intermittent rain and drizzle, with a high of fifty-eight degrees. Showers, drizzle lingers early tonight, maybe some clearing late, patchy fog continuing, well, falling back to fifty-four. For tomorrow, a warmer day, with clouds breaks and sunshine, could be a shower or thunderstorm in the afternoon, with a high of seventy-two degrees. Clouds, limited sunshine for Memorial Day, couple of showers and a thunderstorm possible, with a high of sixty-four, and a chance of a shower even lingers into Tuesday. Currently in Central Park, a cloudy sky, fifty-three degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, and winds out of the east at fourteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-three going up to fifty-eight degrees in midtown.

Well, the rain has moved away from the area, however, we'll still have a lot of clouds around tonight, kind of a damp night, patchy fog will form with a low, falling back to about fifty. For Tuesday, a mostly cloudy day, could see an afternoon or nighttime shower. We'll have a high of sixty-six on Tuesday, low on Tuesday night of fifty-six. It continues mostly cloudy on Wednesday, couple of showers possible, high once again fifty-six degrees. And as we look ahead to Thursday, a little bit of sunshine, a little bit warmer, but still a chance of a shower or a thunderstorm, with a high of seventy-four degrees. Currently fifty-five degrees in Newark, in Central Park a cloudy sky, fifty-four degrees, relative humidity ninety-seven percent, and a wind variable at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-four going down to fifty in midtown.

We've got a very nice morning, certainly a lot better than yesterday looked at this time. As we go through out the afternoon, we'll have an increase in cloudiness, not out of the question there's a shower, but basically, it's going to remain dry now. Tonight, showers are going to come in, most of them late tonight, the low fifty-six. Tomorrow will be a rainy day at times, high sixty-four at best, may stay in the low sixties. Thursday, though, cloudy to partly sunny and milder, could be an afternoon shower or thunderstorm, high seventy-four, then Friday, partly sunny and breezy, high seventy-eight degrees. Currently in midtown it's sixty-one, the relative humidity is seventy-two percent, the wind is light and variable, still sunny but it will turn cloudy for the afternoon. Sixty-one heading for sixty-eight.

Well, our radar not showing any significant rain, uh, around the metropolitan area at this point, there might be a sprinkle over the next few hours, but a little bit of a break. However there is another disturbance producing some rain in central Pennsylvania. The bulk of that will slide by to our south, but a couple of showers around here this afternoon and early this evening, and then clouds linger tonight. Tomorrow we look for breaks of sunshine and that'll get temperatures into the low, to maybe middle, seventies tomorrow. Couple of showers, maybe a thunderstorm tomorrow afternoon and night, and there may yet be a shower Friday morning. Then partly sunny, breezy, during the day Friday, high about seventy. Partly sunny Saturday, high into the

seventies, but yet another chance of showers later Saturday or Saturday night. Right now it's fifty-seven and cloudy in Central Park, humidity is ninety-three percent, and the wind is calm. Repeating the current temperature fifty-seven going up to sixty-four today.

This time around we've got to flip up the expanded view of our radar. We are seeing the beginnings of thunder shower activity, but it's as far away as Poughkeepsie, so nothing close to home just yet, still more sunshine than clouds. We'll manage seventy-six for a high temperature, but it does go to show the fact that at least one or two neighborhoods can pick up a thunderstorm by this evening. Otherwise patchy clouds tonight, low fifty-eight. While tomorrow might start with a little bit of fog, I don't think it's going to be a scenario where we have to leave early to work or school. The balance of the day is going to be partly sunny and warm, so plan accordingly, high seventy-eight. Unfortunately, the clouds move in over the weekend, high seventy on Saturday, and starting Saturday afternoon, through the nighttime hours, it is a soaker. Right now seventy in Bridgeport, seventy-three and mostly sunny in Central Park, going to seventy-six this afternoon in midtown, so get out and enjoy it.

Nice day today. Beautiful. Sunshine. Afternoon temperature getting to about eighty. Then tonight, partly cloudy low sixty-two. Even tomorrow could start out O.K., but then showers and thunderstorms will visit as a cold front approaches, low pressure area will be strengthening over us. Some of the rain could wind up being heavy, some of the thunderstorms could be gusty, tomorrow's high seventy, and some more showers tomorrow night. With a storm offshore on Sunday, it'll turn into a windy cool day, plenty of cloudiness. There could be some showers left over, not out of the question, starts to clear late in the day, but the main theme is windy and cool, high sixty-eight. Then Monday things start to settle down, partly sunny, high seventy-four degrees. Currently it's sixty-three in midtown, relative humidity seventy-two percent, wind out of the north at five miles per hour. Sixty-three heading to seventy in time for lunch, and to eighty this afternoon.

Our radar shows, uh, a small but fairly intense thunderstorm, uh, just west of the city now, this is just southwest of Orange and into Union, and it's going to be following I-78, uh, right into, uh, Elizabeth, uh, clipping, uh, probably Jersey City and the upper portion of Staten Island in a few moments, uh, you can expect some brief, heavy downpours, uh, with this particular cell. Uh, smaller and lighter showers just about to move into White Plains, uh, heading eastward, and that'll eventually get into Greenwich in a few moments, uh, so we've got a little action around here this afternoon and, uh, a little later on tonight, just partly cloudy skies, the low around sixty-two. Now, for tomorrow and tomorrow night, as a matter of fact, mostly cloudy skies, uh, showers, they will become more numerous as we get into the afternoon, uh, some heavier thunderstorms as well, and by the time this one's over, uh, we could have, uh, quite a dose of rain, uh, through Sunday morning, uh, probably three-quarters, to maybe an inch-and-a-half of water, temperatures near seventy tomorrow, mid-fifties tomorrow night. Sunday a very windy day on the back side of this storm, clouds, breaks of sun and a few more showers, the high only sixty-nine. Currently we have, uh, seventy-eight degrees with some sun in Central Park, a west wind at five. Repeating the current temperature seventy-eight going down to sixty-two in midtown.

Well, we've had a bit of a break over the last hour or so across the five boroughs, but there are more showers coming our way from, uh, central New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. There's still rain up the Hudson Valley, there's still rain in Connecticut, there's still rain on Suffolk County and eastern Nassau. So it's going to be a wet evening, and a wet night, some of the rain heavy enough to produce street and highway flooding, and a flood watch remains in effect for areas north and west of the city. Tomorrow morning will be rainy and windy, the rain will end around midday, but the wind will continue to be strong and gusty all day tomorrow, upwards of forty miles per hour, even higher. Slowly diminishing wind tomorrow night, and Monday and Tuesday will be much nicer days, with sunshine and temperatures back into the seventies. Right now it's sixty-one and mostly cloudy in Central Park, temperature tonight going down to fifty-six.

Well, the flash flood watch continues until 11:41 this morning for pretty much all of the area west and north of New York City. We're seeing some urban and street and highway flooding even, in and around the city as well as, uh, heavy rain is in the area, and we have a flood warning for the Mahwah River, up around Suffern, New York. So, uh, all kinds of, uh, wonderful stuff going on this morning, with all of the rain and wind. We'll see things begin to abate this afternoon, the rain letting up, in fact, it'll end by late this afternoon, the high sixty-four. Windy, chilly tonight, down to fifty-four. Tomorrow and Tuesday, a couple of very nice days, a high in the mid-seventies. Right now, some rain, fifty-eight in Central Park, repeating the current temperature fifty-eight going up to sixty-four.

And it's a forecast that contains rain once again. Another storm is, uh, moving across Missouri right now puttin' down a lot of water across, uh, Illinois, and this system is going to be tracking, due east the next, uh, forty-eight hours, moving across Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia, oh, but that's close enough, and it's gonna deliver some rain here once again. Overnight, though, it's mostly clear and comfortable, and Tuesday is a nice day with sunshine, uh, fading behind the clouds with a high of seventy. Rain comes in tomorrow evening, continues rather steadily throughout the night, a low of fifty-two. Wednesday, a cloudy, cool, day with off-and-on rain and drizzle, a high of sixty-three, and by Thursday, the system will be well offshore. The clouds will break for some sunshine once again, and will warm things back up, seventy-four on Thursday, Friday partly sunny and seventy-eight. Currently sixty-nine degrees, a clear sky in Central Park, the wind west at seven to fourteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-nine, going down to fifty-six in midtown.

Mostly cloudy for a time this evening. Partly cloudy overnight, and no rain to talk about, for a change, a low of fifty-eight degrees and, in fact, tomorrow will turn out quite pleasant, with a good deal of sunshine. Noticeably warmer, with a high near eighty tomorrow afternoon, although cooler near the beaches. Clear early tomorrow night, increasing clouds late at night, a low of sixty-four. We're back to mostly cloudy skies Saturday, looks like showers and a thunderstorm or two during the afternoon, high of seventy-two degrees. Drying out on Sunday, and a mix of clouds and sun, high of seventy-four, maybe a shower or two Monday, and a high of seventy-two. Right now, sixty-nine and cloudy in Central Park, fifty-four percent humidity, a west wind at ten miles per hour, gusting to eighteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-nine going down to fifty-eight in midtown.

Well, I just can't find anything bad with today's weather here, still lots of sunshine, temperatures gradually approaching eighty degrees midtown, cooler coastal Connecticut, and on Long Island, of course, but, uh, even as we head on into tonight, it stays dry. Clear skies will make way for more clouds after midnight, a low of sixty-four degrees midtown, fifty-eight throughout the suburbs. That's not bad. Unfortunately, if you're headed out and about over the course of the weekend, hey, it's the, uh, summer holiday season, seventy-two degrees with a lot of cloud cover tomorrow. Keep in mind you'll need the, uh, well the babushkas, the ponchos, the, er, ra, well, the Paddington Bear weather gear, starting tomorrow afternoon, and you know what, all kidding aside, late tomorrow, tomorrow night, the possibility of flooding does exist with this nasty storm. Sunday could start off damp, otherwise it turns partly sunny, breezy, high seventy-six. Right now seventy-two Islip, seventy-three with the sun in Central Park, we'll manage eighty this afternoon in midtown.

A little cloudiness for the balance of the morning, this afternoon the clouds may break, allowing temperatures to get into the mid-seventies, to about seventy-six, clear tonight low sixty-four. Tomorrow should be a sunny, warm day, high eighty-two. A front now crossing the Plains states may trigger a couple of showers and thunderstorms during the day Wednesday, high eighty, before that system moves offshore Thursday. That day should be partly sunny, high seventy-eight. Currently in midtown sixty degrees, the relative humidity is seventy-five percent, still cloudy, heading for seventy-six this afternoon.

Hey, it's a beautiful morning, and it's gonna stay nice and bright and sunny all day long today, and temperatures get to eighty and above from, uh, midtown on across the river and into adjacent New Jersey. It'll be a little cooler right at the shore, but still nice and sunny. Tonight partly cloudy and mild, with a low in the sixties. Tomorrow, more in the way of clouds, and the humidity returns as well, so there can be a shower tomorrow, maybe afternoon thunderstorms, high near eighty. Partly sunny weather returns for Thursday, that should be a nice day, high seventy-four, and then a shower possibility back into the scene for Friday and Saturday, but right now, it is sixty-seven and bright and sunny in Central Park, humidity sixty-two percent, wind from the west at nine. Repeating the current temperature sixty-seven going up to eighty-two today.

Well, dew points are well into the sixties at this hour around the region, that's an indication of how humid it is. Those high dew points will help fuel more showers and a thunderstorm around the tri-state as we head through the afternoon hours. Currently, I see some showers north of the Tappan Zee, and across a good bit of Connecticut, but little rain across New Jersey. Our high this afternoon will approach eighty, rain at times and muggy tonight and tomorrow, even a thunderstorm or two, maybe even some flooding problems, the low sixty-six. High tomorrow seventy-four, cooler on Long Island and in Connecticut. Lots of clouds, maybe a little sun at times over the weekend, but still a chance for a shower each day, especially Saturday, high both days seventy-four. Right now seventy-three in White Plains and Islip, seventy-four, mostly cloudy in Central Park, relative humidity seventy-five percent, winds west at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-four going up to eighty in midtown.

And, what we have here is, uh, very humid conditions for the nighttime hours, uh, temperatures only dipping back into the mid-sixties. Uh, it has been, uh, quiet on the radar, uh, we did have quite a bit of rain north of the city all day long, and the rain is now starting to show up, uh, to our southwest, this is getting into the, uh, Harrisburg, Lancaster area. Heavy thunderstorms out in Washington and Baltimore, and it's all pushing northeastward toward us. Uh, we are expecting to see periods of rain late tonight and tomorrow, even a thunderstorm, uh, temperatures tomorrow in the low to mid-seventies. Tomorrow night, uh, leftover showers or thunderstorms, and as we go through the weekend, uh, improving conditions. Saturday is a transition day, uh, we'll see clouds break for some sun, but there still could be a shower or thunderstorm, but Sunday should be partly sunny and seventy-four, and then lots of sunshine on Monday. Currently cloudy skies, seventy-seven degrees, an east wind at seven. Repeating the current temperature seventy-seven going down to sixty-six in midtown.

Well, our flood watch continues in effect until midnight for Rockland, Bergen, Essex, Passaic, and Union counties, but the radar not really showing much of anything out there. A lot of cloud cover, uh, there's the shower here and there, along with the spot of drizzle, but seventy-four degrees. That's not all that bad. High humidity, temperatures running in the sixties for Long Island and Connecticut. Late this afternoon throughout the, uh, first part of the nighttime hours, this is our best bet to pick up a heavier thunderstorm, later on tonight just be cautious about fog, low sixty-eight. But honestly, tomorrow's not much of a change, clouds, a little bit of sun, still warm and humid, we're up at eighty degrees, but still, the threat of a shower and thunderstorms primarily during the midday and the afternoon. It's on Sunday that we finally dry things out with the high near eighty. Right now it's sixty-seven degrees Newark, sixty-three with the clouds in Central Park, going up to seventy-four this afternoon in midtown.

Uh, gray skies tonight, humid conditions, areas of dense fog, drizzle. On top of that a coupla showers, even an evening thunderstorm, uh, right now we have some thunderstorms over southeastern Pennsylvania, working their way slowly northeastward toward us. Uh, temperatures, uh, steady, we're slowly rising, we're gonna be up in the middle-sixties at daybreak. Tomorrow the, uh, frontal boundary, which is stalled on top of this, will have drifted back up to our north and, on a southwest breeze, it's gonna be a much warmer day, eighty-three with the high temperature, uh, clouds, uh, little bit of sunshine, but, uh, another shower or thunderstorm is a good bet in the afternoon and evening, uh, as one last wave of low pressure comes eastward from the Ohio Valley. Behind that, we will finally build in high pressure for a few days, uh, Sunday will be partly sunny at eighty, Monday and Tuesday lots of sunshine, temperatures in the upper seventies. Cloudy skies, sixty degrees in Central Park, ninety-six percent humidity, and a northeast wind at thirteen. Repeating the current temperature sixty and holding steady or slowly rising in midtown tonight.

Yeah, that there is, uh, we have, uh, a couple of, uh, very strong thunderstorm cells north of the city right now. Uh, the, uh, closest one, eh, actually due north of the city, this is near the Tappan Zee Bridge, actually or, or just north of there, and extends, uh, westward, uh, back into, well, right along the, uh, Morris, uh, Sussex County line, this will be north of Rockaway, uh, probably, uh, six to eight

miles to the north, northwest of there, uh, but a couple of those cells are extremely intense, uh, causing frequent cloud-to-ground lightning and, uh, some torrential downpours. Ah, the line moving towards the east, southeast at about twenty-five miles an hour, uh, so areas that are effected, it's going to be moving through much of Bergen county, uh, it will also be hitting, uh, much of central and southern Westchester Country and maybe getting down into, uh, the Bronx, uh, it's probably going to take another, uh, twenty, twenty to twenty-five minutes or so for it to, uh, reach the northern side of the city. Uh, we do have a severe thunderstorm watch until seven p.m. for all of, uh, New Jersey. Uh, we'll call it a very humid evening, uh, with a couple of showers and heavy thunderstorms moving through the region late tonight, just partly cloudy, and then on the other side of this front, some nice weather, tomorrow, Monday, and Tuesday. Uh, it's not until Wednesday that we, uh, mention a shower once again. Currently seventy-five degrees, with some hazy sun, and a southwest breeze eight to sixteen miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-five going up to eighty-three in midtown.

Those who were stressed by the fact that it's been dry for, oh, almost, uh, eighteen, twenty hours, uh, well, rest assured, rain has returned. We'll have rain at times today and tonight. There's a flood watch through tomorrow morning for Morris, Warren, Sussex, Hunterdon, Somerset, and Monmouth counties in New Jersey. Others may be added depending on how heavy the rain is tonight and tomorrow morning. Today's high seventy-four, low tonight sixty-four, and for tomorrow and Saturday, cloudy and cool, periods of rain, high sixty-seven both days. Sunday, ending rain in the morning will finally depart, give away to clearing, high seventy-two, and much warmer weather next week. Currently in midtown with some rain, relative humidity is eighty-nine percent, the air is calm, sixty-eight degrees heading for seventy-four.

There is rain around the metropolitan area now, uh, most of it to the west and north of, uh, Manhattan, but, uh, it will become more widespread and prevalent as we go through the day today. We'll have rain a good part of the time tonight, and tomorrow, and tomorrow night, and into Sunday morning. Parts of our area could get more than two or three inches of rain, primarily north and west of the city, and there is concern about flooding, and flood watches are in effect. The atmosphere will begin drying out during the afternoon on Sunday and, uh, the Mets and Yankees have a chance of getting in Sunday night's game, not much of a chance we don't think, tonight or tomorrow, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, of next week, though, sunny and much warmer, well on up into the eighties. Right now sixty-five and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up only to sixty-eight.

Summer

Well, what we can see here is the scattering of showers across much of the tri-state area, maybe between New York City, and now westward. This coverage will increase as we head through the afternoon, it will become heavy at times, as well, late in the day and at night. As a result, we have a flood watch out for just about the entire tri-state area, except for eastern Long Island and eastern Connecticut. We'll have a high today only of sixty-five, low tonight falling back to fifty-eight. A couple of leftover showers tomorrow, with the high of seventy-four degrees, then it turns mostly sunny and warmer on Monday and Tuesday, with highs both days in the upper eighties. Currently some light rain falling in Newark, in Central Park we have a cloudy sky, sixty-two degrees, relative humidity seventy-seven percent, and a wind out of the east at fourteen, gusting to eighteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-two going up to sixty-five in midtown.

We are going to continue to see showery weather over the next twelve to twenty-four hours. The good news is, eventually, and, well, soon, some much nicer weather. As soon as tomorrow, we are going to see beautiful, warmer weather with sunshine, we hit the mid-eighties tomorrow, but upper-eighties by Tuesday. Wednesday, believe it or not, ninety degrees is what we're forecasting for midtown, the humidity comes up, so while it will be nice and sunny, it won't necessarily be comfortable. The south shore of Long Island and coastal Connecticut will likely stay in the mid-eighties. Sixty-one at Newark, sixty at LaGuardia, and fifty-nine at JFK right now. It's fifty-nine in the Park, cloudy in New York, the relative humidity ninety-three percent, winds light and variable, fifty-nine now, we'll go to seventy in midtown today.

It will be a sunny to partly cloudy day today, as temperatures warm into the eighties this afternoon. And it's clear tonight, the low about sixty-five. Sunny tomorrow, getting close to ninety, and then into the nineties with the humidity starting to build up Wednesday and Thursday, could even be some ninety-four's or ninety-six's showing up in the interior hot spots Wednesday and Thursday, so an early summer heat wave. Next chance for a shower or thunderstorm comes on about Friday. Right now it is sixty-five and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-three.

Temperatures in most places riding about two or three degrees above the pace of yesterday, and in Central Park yesterday, we topped out at ninety-three, so a ninety-six or thereabouts this afternoon, uh, seems like a pretty good representative number, but it could get to one hundred in some of the interior hot spots around Morristown and Caldwell and Newark this afternoon. And tomorrow, a similar day, and that real feel temperature will be up over one hundred. By the time we get to Friday, a cold front will be approaching that could produce a thunderstorm in the afternoon. The weekend, the humidity drops, the temperature should be trimmed by several degrees, highs in the eighties, and both days should be at least partly sunny. Right now, though, it's eighty-one and sunny in Central Park, and the temperature today going up to ninety-six.

Today probably the hottest day of the week, the hottest day of this heat wave, uh, and, uh, a real sizzler, and because of the sunshine and the heat, uh, and, uh, a lack of wind, that combines to produce, eh, ozone, a combination of oxygen and sulfur compounds that are produced, uh, a lot by automobile exhaust, and so we have, uh, an ozone alert in

effect. If you're sensitive to that kind of thing, take it easy, otherwise, you want to take it easy anyway, because it'll be ninety-six or ninety-eight degrees this afternoon. Tomorrow, partly sunny, still hot and humid, maybe an afternoon thunderstorm, and then we get a nice break for the weekend. The sun returns Saturday maybe after some morning clouds, the humidity lowers, the high eighty-six, and partly to mostly sunny on Sunday, the high eighty-four. Right now it is seventy-nine and sunny in Central Park, and the temperature today going up to a sizzling ninety-six.

There is relief on the way, but for the rest of the day today, it's going to be hazy and hot. Sunshine will mix with some clouds as we go through the afternoon, but the temperature gets into the nineties anyway, and maybe there's a thunderstorm this afternoon as a front passes through. It'll clear behind that tonight, temperatures drop into the sixties, and a nice day tomorrow, warm enough to be outside for the beach, eighty-four, but the humidity down enough to make it comfortable. Clouds and sun on Sunday with a high of eighty-two. There's a slight chance for a shower Sunday, better chance to hold off till Sunday night or Monday. Right now, uh, we have sunshine, it's eighty-one degrees in Central Park, the temperature today going up to ninety-three.

Well, you can already feel that heat and humidity out there as the sun, uh, has been really warming us up and, uh, we'll stay that way today. Some clouds and parts of the area could get a thunderstorm this afternoon or early tonight, as a cold front passes through, but not all of us seeing any shower activity, a high of eighty-eight, clear tonight, a low of sixty-eight. Sunshine tomorrow and Wednesday, highs in the mid-to-upper eighties, with fairly comfortable humidity levels. And hot and more humid Thursday, and also the Fourth of July, with highs back up around the ninety degree mark. Right now we have seventy-five at Morristown, it's seventy-four at Islip, mostly sunny and seventy-five in... seventy-six that is, in Central Park, west wind at six, and eighty-two percent humidity. Seventy-six going up to eighty-eight today.

Mostly clear, comfortable conditions tonight, and another nice day coming up tomorrow, sunshine, some high clouds starting to move in, afternoon temperatures low to middle-eighties. Those clouds will lower and thicken tomorrow night, and then we're, uh, we've got a shot of seeing some showers late tomorrow night and Thursday. Those are remains of tropical storm Bill, uh, that's, uh, pushing northeastward right now into extreme northwestern portions of Georgia, uh, with the rain already up into, uh, southern and central portions of Virginia this hour, uh, so we could see a bit of rain out of that, uh, late tomorrow night and Thursday. And then for Friday, the Fourth, and Saturday, it looks hot and humid as that system heads out to sea, partly sunny skies, afternoon temperatures in the low nineties. We have eighty degrees under a mostly clear sky in Central Park, a southwest breeze at ten, repeating the current temperature eighty, going down to sixty-eight in midtown.

Well, we are watching some rain on our radar, most of it, uh, is east and south of the city, central and southern New Jersey, and also the south shore of Suffolk County, but they are a couple of little sprinkles, a couple of little drizzles, scattered around. During the middle of the day in the afternoon, clouds will thin out, there'll be

some sun, temperatures get into the lower eighties. Then tomorrow it turns, uh, hot and humid, with hazy sunshine, and the high in the low nineties. And a similar day on Saturday, although late Saturday there could be a shower or a thunderstorm, as a weak front passes through. Behind that front it's still hot Sunday, it's still sunny, but the humidity should lower pretty noticeably in the Sunday, Monday, time period, high temperatures those days around ninety. Right now it is seventy-one and cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-two.

Partly cloudy, warm, humid conditions overnight, and a hot, steamy day coming up tomorrow, a good deal of sunshine with afternoon readings in the middle-nineties, our real feel reading, though, might reach one hundred to one hundred and five. It's gonna be warm and stuffy tomorrow night, seventy-eight for a low, with a cold front finally arriving on the scene Wednesday with thunderstorms, uh, one more hot, humid day, however, temperatures getting near ninety degrees. That'll be it for the rest of the week, uh, Thursday it's only in the mid-seventies, mostly cloudy skies, a few showers. Showers still a possibility Friday morning before clearing out, the high temperature near eighty, and it looks like the weekend should be pretty nice. We have seventy-seven degrees and a partly cloudy sky in Central Park, west wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature seventy-seven going down to seventy-four in midtown.

We're going to have a hot day today, the temperature climbing through the rest of the seventies in the next hour or so, getting to eighty-five to ninety degrees in time for lunch, and then into the nineties for the afternoon, the projected high temperature ninety-six, and we'll have high humidity. The wind'll pick up a little bit out of the west, won't help that much, though. Thunderstorm chance is quite low today. Then tonight quite warm, only dropping to seventy-eight. Tomorrow very warm, humid, clouds and sunshine, a couple of thunderstorms, especially in the afternoon and evening, high eighty-eight. Thursday looks to be cooler, plenty of cloudiness, a high seventy-eight. Friday, cloudy to partly sunny with a thunderstorm or two, the high eighty degrees. Currently in midtown seventy-seven, the relative humidity eighty-one percent, wind light and variable. Partly sunny seventy-seven, heading for ninety-six.

Well, it's humid, but it's not so hot, with the clouds this afternoon, high temperature eighty-four degrees. As a matter of fact, some areas picking up a shower or thunderstorm, most notably over parts of Suffolk County, but also one now developing for our radar, along the part of 280, stretching out over Essex County, all of it moving off to the east, southeast. Once again, we'll manage eighty-four this afternoon, still a shower, thunderstorm around early tonight, then partial clearing late with the low of sixty-eight degrees. Tomorrow mostly cloudy and even cooler, believe it or not, with the high of seventy-eight, although it still could shower in the afternoon. Oh ho! Come tomorrow night and Friday, we get soaked! Friday's high eighty-two. Right now, it's eighty-six Newark, eighty-three with clouds, Central Park managing only eighty-four this afternoon in midtown.

Cloudiness, there can be a few sunny breaks, there can be a shower from time to time. It's not going to be a cold day, but it's a lot cooler than it's been recently, sixty-seven currently, turning to seventy-four this afternoon. A few showers and a thunderstorm likely tonight into

tomorrow, low tonight sixty-six. Then tomorrow afternoon, clouds and sunshine with a high eighty-two, could be a thunderstorm late tomorrow or tomorrow night, the low seventy. Then things should settle down for the weekend, Saturday partly to mostly sunny and less humid, high eighty-four, Sunday mostly sunny, high eighty-six degrees. Currently it's sixty-seven, relative humidity eighty-six percent, winds out of the east, northeast at eight, plenty of cloudiness, shower here and there, sixty-seven heading for seventy-four.

Well, in most areas the rain has moved on. We still find some shower activity over Suffolk County, Long Island, northbound into parts of Connecticut, but even there the rain will stop within the next hour or so. We're gonna be left with a partly cloudy night, low temperature tonight overnight at sixty-eight degrees. Tomorrow, a pretty good start to the weekend, sunshine, some clouds, a warm breeze, but not as humid as today, with a high of eighty-four degrees. Dry and comfortable tomorrow night, clear to partly cloudy, low sixty in the suburbs and sixty-eight in midtown. Sunday, a mixture of clouds and sunshine, a high again of eighty-four. Now, there could be a shower or thunderstorm some point Sunday night and Monday, otherwise for Monday, partly cloudy to partly sunny, high eighty-two. Partly sunny, warm, a little more humid on Tuesday, and a high of eighty-four. Right now it's seventy-two, mostly cloudy in Central Park, winds to the west at three miles per hour, one hundred percent humidity. Repeating the current temperature seventy-two going down to sixty-eight in midtown.

It'll be mostly cloudy today and tonight, a couple of showers and a thunderstorm, the high seventy-eight, tonight's low near sixty-eight. Tomorrow, humid with changing amounts of clouds and sun, as well as a chance for a shower or thunderstorm, high eighty-four. All this caused by the action of warm, humid air climbing over the retreating, slightly drier air that we had during the weekend. Wednesday, as a weak cool front approaches, warm and humid, with times of clouds and sunshine, a thunderstorm possible, high eighty-eight. Behind the front, not much temperature change, but probably less humid for Thursday, partly sunny, high eighty-six. Currently it's seventy-two, the relative humidity eighty-seven percent, wind light and variable, seventy-two heading for seventy-eight.

We started with some low clouds and fog in many areas this morning, but now we're seeing sunshine in most places, and it's going to warm up nicely into the mid-eighties this afternoon. A partly cloudy start to the night, then clouds will increase late at night, with a low near seventy. A front will cross the area tomorrow, with it some clouds, some intervals of sun, and the chance for a thunderstorm. It'll be very warm tomorrow, with a high in the upper eighties, then behind that front some rather tranquil weather on Thursday, a mix of sun and clouds, high eighty-six. About the same Friday, maybe a thunderstorm at some point before the day is through on Friday. Currently seventy-five at JFK and at LaGuardia, seventy-four and partly sunny in Central Park, relative humidity eighty-one percent, the air is calm. Repeating the current temperature seventy-four going up to eighty-four in midtown.

We played down the shower, and we're mentioning just a brief shower in a few spots this morning. There are a few scattered across northwestern New Jersey, a batch went across the Rockland, Westchester County area a few hours ago, and are now in central Connecticut, but most areas getting nothing. Maybe a thunderstorm occurs late this afternoon, this

evening, as a cool front arrives ahead of it, going to eighty-four. Partly cloudy later tonight, the low seventy. Tomorrow partly sunny, less humid, a fine day, high eighty-six. Friday, times of clouds and sunshine, a slight chance for a shower or thunderstorm as the next cold front approaches, high eighty-six, not much cooling behind it, though. Saturday some sunshine and some clouds, high eighty-four degrees. Currently in midtown it's seventy-three, the relative humidity is eighty-five percent, wind light and variable, seventy-three heading for eighty-four.

It's been sunny so far, it'll stay that way all day, going to eighty-six this afternoon, with low humidity. Clear to partly cloudy tonight, low seventy-two. Tomorrow there'll be an increase in cloudiness and also humidity, a shower or thunderstorm could occur as a weak cool front approaches from the northwest. Best chance for that is in the afternoon, high eighty-four. And behind the front, uh, a day like today on Saturday, it appears partly to mostly sunny, high eighty-four degrees. Then the humidity increases again on Sunday, warm and humid, a mixture of clouds and sunshine, high eighty-six. Currently, it's seventy-one degrees in midtown, relative humidity sixty-eight percent, wind out of the north at six miles per hour, seventy-one heading for eighty-six this afternoon.

There are a few showers that'll pass just to the north of the city in the next hour or two, but the next batch is not coming until later. So we're gonna say that the best chance of the showers and thunderstorms will be later on this afternoon and this evening. Anything before that would be just a hit or miss kind of thing, temperature today going well up into the eighties, in any case. Then tonight things settle back to the seventy degree mark. Tomorrow we're expecting, uh, a mixture of clouds and sunshine, slight chance of a thunderstorm, could be that all the moisture is offshore, the high eighty-two. Sunday looks like a fine day, sunny, warm, rather humid, high eighty-six degrees, standard mid-to-late July weather. Monday variable cloudiness, warm and humid, a couple of showers and thunderstorms, the high eighty-six. Currently in midtown, with sunshine, seventy-four degrees, relative humidity sixty-six percent, wind out of the west, southwest at nine miles per hour, seventy-four heading to eighty-four.

We're going to have some showers and thunderstorms forming around the area during the course of the day, although nothing is imminent right now, and it appears that most places are not going to get anything until this afternoon or this evening, whereupon there will be some showers and thunderstorms, today's high near eighty-two, backing down to only seventy-two tonight. Any shower or thunderstorm that forms tonight, tomorrow, or through Wednesday can be heavy, but again, the majority of the time, it won't actually be raining, tomorrow's high eighty-two, Wednesday's high eighty. Thursday mostly cloudy and humid, there still can be a shower or thunderstorm, the high eighty-four degrees. Currently in midtown the relative humidity is ninety-five percent, the wind is out of the south at seven miles per hour, seventy-one degrees in midtown, heading for eighty-two.

It is going to rain, but the important thing to keep in mind is even when it does rain, it can really pour, it can be a lot of lightning, thunder, and strong winds. The actual number of hours that it rains in a given twelve-hour period, usually less than two, so, most of the time you can go about regular activities, just keep an eye on the sky, and

an ear right here. Going to eighty-two today, down to seventy tonight, up to eighty tomorrow. Thursday clouds and sunshine, a shower or thunderstorm, high eighty-four. Then Friday, partly sunny and warm, high eighty-six degrees. Currently we see no showers upstream from us, to the south and west, there are some in central Connecticut, retreating to the northeast. Currently in midtown seventy-one, relative humidity one hundred percent, wind south at six, seventy-one heading for eighty-two.

Showers and, uh, a couple of thunderstorms are still in the area, but the back edge is moving northeastward across central New Jersey. If it holds together, these showers will be out of the way by nine o'clock or so. There are a couple of small showers showing up to the southwest of there, so it may not be totally dry the rest of the morning, but probably nothing heavy. Showers and thunderstorms, potentially damaging and potentially flooding, though, can occur later this afternoon and again tonight. Today's high temperature eighty degrees... sounds like I'm underwater... eighty degrees, going down to seventy tonight, then up to eighty tomorrow. We expect sunshine to increase on Friday and Saturday, much less chance of any rain, afternoon temperature in the eighties. Currently in midtown seventy-one degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, going up to eighty this afternoon.

Well, so far so good here this afternoon, our radar not picking up any activity. We still have, uh, this front, however, in the region, so there is at least a possibility that, uh, a few spots could see a shower or thunderstorm this afternoon or early evening. Otherwise, partly sunny, humid, low eighties for a high temperature, and tonight just a few clouds, maybe a bit of fog forming in some of the suburbs late tonight, seventy in midtown, with sixties in the suburbs. And then for the next couple of days, uh, this boundary is finally out of here, uh, we're just left with, uh, a ridge of high pressure giving us, uh, sunshine and warm weather, eighty-six tomorrow, ninety-two degrees on Saturday. Sunday looks to be a breezy, very warm, humid day with some sunshine, could see an afternoon or evening thunderstorm as the front does approach. Currently seventy-nine in Caldwell, seventy-six degrees and sunshine in Central Park, a southwest breeze at nine. Repeating the current temperature seventy-six going up to eighty-two in midtown.

Well, after all the showers and even severe weather that we've had this week, calm weather is certainly welcome. It's going to be gorgeous with sunshine, low humidity, and a high of eighty-eight degrees this afternoon. It'll be clear tonight, low seventy-two. Hot and becoming more humid tomorrow, mostly sunny, a high of ninety-two, and a real scorcher for Sunday, humidity, and a high of ninety-four. Now there could be a thunderstorm late in the day or at night on Sunday, then it'll be cooler and less humid, with some sunshine on Monday. Right now we have seventy-one at Caldwell, at Islip it's seventy-two, it's sunny in Central Park, sixty-eight percent humidity, and a calm wind. Seventy-two right now going up to eighty-eight.

Tonight will be warm and humid, the skies will stay clear, low seventy-six degrees. Ah, it'll stay muggy tomorrow, with a mix of clouds and sun. There's a chance of a thunderstorm late tomorrow as well as tomorrow night, high ninety-four through the afternoon, and tomorrow night's low seventy-eight degrees. Monday, clouds and sun, not as warm, there's still the chance of a thunderstorm, especially south of the city. Monday's high eighty-five, and then Tuesday and Wednesday will

bring clouds and sun, and possibly a thunderstorm either day, Tuesday's high eighty, and Wednesday's high eighty-two. Eighty-six degrees right now in Central Park, the winds are west at seven miles per hour, fifty-one percent relative humidity, it's eighty-eight at both LaGuardia airport and in Newark.

We're still watching one or two little light showers on the radar into central and southern New Jersey, but for the most part, though, the tri-state area today will be a dry day. Sun, uh, mixed with clouds and, uh, not as hot as yesterday, not nineties today, but middle-eighties, uh, generally, and then fair tonight, low seventy or so in the city, but into the sixties in many suburbs. Partly to mostly sunny tomorrow, high eighty-two. Mostly sunny Wednesday, the high eighty-four. Next chance of showers and thunderstorms comes, uh, Thursday and also into Friday. Right now it is seventy-seven and mostly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-four.

Just some scattered high clouds today, otherwise it will be a mostly sunny day, and temperatures get to the low eighties, and the humidity, eh, under control so that eighty-two this afternoon should be pretty tolerable. And a clear, comfortable night tonight, low sixty-six in midtown, sixty in many suburbs, even, the uh, well, middle-fifties in some of the coolest northern and western suburbs, so a nice night for the middle of summer. Tomorrow mostly sunny, high eighty-four, sun followed by clouds Thursday, high again eighty-four, and we start to pick up the chance for a shower or thunderstorm Friday, and that chance stays with us Saturday and probably Sunday. Right now it is seventy and mostly sunny in Central Park, and the temperature today going up to eighty-two.

Well, it's definitely been a very nice start to the week, uh, you're gonna love this afternoon, but then things begin to change. Well, we'll give you the good news first. Sunshine, nice this afternoon, high about eighty-four. Clear to partly cloudy tonight, a low of sixty-eight, and moisture begins to return from the south tomorrow, so sun will give way to clouds. It'll become more humid in the afternoon with a high of eighty. A shower tomorrow night, then, uh, a shower or thunderstorm at anytime, and more humid Friday and Saturday, up to eighty on Friday, and about eighty-four on Saturday. Right now it's seventy-six at White Plains, seventy-five at Bridgeport, mostly sunny and seventy-eight in Central Park, fifty-seven percent humidity, and a south wind at three. It's seventy-eight and it's going up to eighty-four today.

Well, a gusty wind and the humidity are two factors that, uh, go against the good hair day this afternoon. We'll have clouds, sun, high temperature eighty-one degrees, but more cloud cover even tonight. But if there's a shower, that's well after midnight, low temperature sixty-eight degrees. And that's pretty much a similar bet tomorrow morning, maybe a brief shower here and there, otherwise mostly cloudy. Now, starting tomorrow afternoon, uh, more numerous showers than a thunderstorm, so this is where you're definitely gonna need the umbrella, with a high temperature of seventy-six degrees. Over the weekend, the balance of the time it's going to be sunny, warm, humid, highs of eighty-four and eighty-six. Yes, there will be a thunderstorm but, I tell you what, at least seventy-five to eighty-five percent of the weekend rain-free, so don't cancel outdoor plans yet. It's seventy-three in West Hampton, seventy-nine, mostly sunny in Central Park, going to eighty-one this afternoon in midtown.

We have a lot of cloudiness today. There can be a shower from time to time, most of the time just the clouds, a little bit of drizzle, it's going up to seventy-six, humid tonight, a shower or thunderstorm, low seventy. The weekend, changeable, sometimes the sun'll be out, it'll get warmer than today, going to eighty-two tomorrow, eighty-six on Sunday, but parts of the area will also get a thunderstorm each day, so keep an eye on the sky, and an ear right here as those approach. Monday and Tuesday, more of the same kind of weather, the pattern not really changing that much. Currently in midtown it's seventy-one degrees and cloudy, the relative humidity is one hundred percent, winds out of the southwest, five miles per hour, seventy-one heading to seventy-six.

Yeah, it sure is, and it's another, uh, day in which we're concerned about the possibility of some heavy, uh, rainfall but not immediately. Still looking at our radar, I don't see any significant rain around the area, even a few little minor breaks in the cloud cover, but later this afternoon, tonight, and tomorrow, an upper air disturbance comes overhead and helps to squeeze out some additional moisture. Showers and thunderstorms could be very heavy and a flood watch, uh, is in effect for most of our area. Thursday and Friday should bring some sun, highs in the eighties and muggy, and there can still be a shower or thunderstorm. Right now it is seventy-five degrees, uh, and mostly cloudy in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-two.

For a change, we're not talking about a lot of thunderstorms popping up in midday as we have the past two or three afternoons, but there can still be one or two of them around, but again, a much less active afternoon around the tri-state than what we've grown accustomed to earlier this week. Still it'll be warm and humid, with clouds and sun, and a high of eighty-four. Tonight it's humid, uh, a leftover shower or thunderstorm, mainly early, low seventy-two. Tomorrow, much like today, partly sunny, warm and humid, but watch for a shower and thunderstorm in the afternoon, the high eighty-four. Looks like Friday will be the most active day for the rest of the week, better chance for showers and thunderstorms, the high eighty-two. Then for Saturday, some intervals of sunshine, warm and humid, maybe a thunderstorm much like today, Saturday's high eighty-four. It's eighty-one in Morristown now, and seventy-nine at Teterboro, seventy-five and partly sunny in Central Park, relative humidity eighty-seven percent, the wind is variable at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-five going up to eighty-four in midtown.

Our weather's going to deteriorate as the day progresses. Looking at our radar right now, we see an area of rain and thunderstorms moving up through central Delaware, getting over to the southern tip of New Jersey at this hour. It's making slow progress so, a good bit of the afternoon around the tri-state will be dry, but as we get closer to the evening rush hour, the chance for rain will go up rather steadily, our high about eighty because of a lack of sun in most areas this afternoon, and then wet tonight with a low of seventy-two. The clouds will begin to break for some sun tomorrow, it'll be a warm and humid day, with a shower or thunderstorm in parts of the area, but overall it'll end up being a drier day with the high temperature tomorrow getting up to about, uh, eighty-four. Saturday, variable cloudiness and humid, another shower and thunderstorm or two around, the high eighty-four. Still unsettled on Sunday with some sunshine, the high eighty-six. Right now it's seventy-nine degrees in Teterboro and in West

Hampton, seventy-seven and partly sunny in Central Park, relative humidity eighty-four percent, the wind northeast at six. Repeating the current temperature seventy-seven going up to eighty in midtown.

Oh, we are keeping tabs on the radar, and while nothing's cooking at this point in time, that rain that I was talking about out over, uh, parts of Delaware and parts of south Jersey, continues to creep slowly northward on up into, uh, Salem County at this point in time, not quite Ocean County. But while it's going to be mostly cloudy at this point in time for the next couple of hours with the high temperature of eighty-two degrees with some fog, we are going to pick up a period of rain and a thunderstorm or two very late this afternoon into tonight, with the low of seventy-two degrees. So yes, we will need the umbrella. Tomorrow turns, uh, partly sunny, but there's still going to be a shower or thunderstorm around, with the high of eighty-four degrees. Saturday turns yet more active with more numerous showers and thunderstorms, and a high of eighty-four. We won't dry it out completely until next week unfortunately. Right now it's eighty Caldwell, seventy-nine with the clouds Central Park, managing eighty-two in midtown.

Uh, we continue to not see any significant rainfall on our radar in the immediate tri-state area, but we are starting to see some thunderstorms developing, uh, in, uh, extreme southern New Jersey, there's actually one just south of Philadelphia, and other showers south of, uh, Cape May in the Atlantic Ocean are moving northward so, there will be showers and thunderstorms around the tri-state this afternoon and on into tonight. Uh, any of them can produce drenching downpours and local flooding, and that's the reason the flood watch remains in effect. Our high today will be in the low to middle-eighties, uh, low tonight in the low seventies. Partial sunshine for tomorrow, chance for a shower or thunderstorm, high about eighty-four and then, uh, partly sunny Wednesday, could be an afternoon thunderstorm, maybe it gets up to eighty-six or eighty-eight on Wednesday, and perhaps close to ninety for Thursday and Friday. Right now seventy-six and partly sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty-four.

There's going to be so much sun that the high pressure, both at the surface and aloft, is going to start to build. Now, we've been talking about that quite frequently during this, uh, very wet and humid pattern over the past two weeks. The high pressure has been, uh, located or positioned over the western Atlantic. Finally, now it's gonna overspread the landmass and that will contribute to some hot weather later on this week too. But first of all, some dense fog overnight, uh, it's already occurring at JFK where the visibility is one-sixteenth of a mile. Temperatures are going to remain in the mid-seventies tomorrow, a warm, humid day, high of about eighty-six, slight chance for a thunderstorm, and then Thursday and Friday, well, we'll be at least ninety and probably hitting, Friday, uh, ninety-two degrees, so get ready for the hot weather. Mostly cloudy, and seventy-five in midtown right now, the humidity ninety-four percent, the wind east three miles per hour, it's again mostly cloudy. Repeating the current temperature seventy-five, we're heading down to seventy-four.

The trend over the next few days around these parts is going to be for the sun to be out longer, for there to be less in the way of thunderstorm activity, and that means it's going to get warmer. Today will turn out at least partly sunny, and temperatures will get on up into the, uh, middle-eighties. Then it's partly cloudy tonight, with a

low in the seventies. Hazy sunshine tomorrow and also Friday, with high temperatures around ninety, could even get into the nineties on Friday. And right now, Saturday also looks, uh, to be reasonably sunny, and the temperature still getting up to around ninety. Right now it is seventy-seven and partly sunny in Central Park, humidity ninety-three percent, and the wind is calm. Repeating the current temperature seventy-seven, going up to eighty-six today.

Partly cloudy, warm, humid conditions the rest of the night, low to mid-seventies, uh, come daybreak and hot, sticky weather coming up for the next, uh, few days with a good deal of sunshine. No mention of any precipitation until maybe Saturday afternoon or evening. There is going to be a front approaching from the north, and that may set off a thunderstorm, uh, afternoon temperatures, uh, right around ninety, ninety-two degrees each day. Currently we have eighty-six at LaGuardia, eighty-three degrees and partly cloudy in Central Park, a west wind at six. Repeating the current temperature eighty-three going down to seventy-four in midtown.

Well, it does appear that we have turned the spigot off and we've turned the thermostat up. Sunshine today with temperatures getting into the low, and even middle-nineties, and it'll be fair tonight with a low in the seventies. Hazy sunshine, hot again tomorrow, highs low to middle-nineties, and keep in mind that real feel temperature during the afternoon, uh, will be up into the upper nineties, to even near triple digits. Saturday is still hot, there'll be some sun, high near ninety, but a cold front approaching by the end of the day could bring a thunderstorm, and then on Sunday there'll be less heat and less humidity. Right now it is seventy-seven and sunny in Central Park, humidity is eighty-one percent, wind from the northwest at three. Again the current temperature, seventy-seven going up to ninety-two.

Well, it's going to stay very warm and humid this afternoon, a combination of sunshine and building clouds, high temperatures around eighty-nine degrees. Those pop-up showers and thundershowers in Northern New Jersey will become more widespread with time this afternoon and this evening. And there can be some flooding and downpours in a couple of spots late this afternoon into this evening, uh, due to the heating of the day, and also the approach of a cool front, which will be sweeping through the area tomorrow and later on tonight. Those thundershowers will carry on into the first part of tonight and again, it can be locally heavy and gusty. Still sticky later on tonight, lows around seventy-two. Tomorrow the transition, cooler, drier air mixing in, breaks of sunshine, just a brief shower in a couple of spots, high eighty-two. Monday partly to mostly sunny, the high near eighty, Tuesday and Wednesday mostly sunny, the high eighty-four, Wednesday's high eighty-six. Currently it's eighty-four, partly sunny in Central Park, the humidity seventy-one percent, the wind west at eight miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature eighty-four going up to eighty-nine.

Well, it'll be partly cloudy and will turn more comfortable overnight tonight as our dew points begin to lower, we'll have a low falling back to about sixty-four degrees. Lots of sunshine on Monday, pleasant temperatures, we'll see a high of eighty. On Monday night it'll be mostly clear, low-falling clouds, back to sixty-six in midtown, some of the suburbs dropping down to around sixty, very comfortable sleeping weather. Sunshine, a little bit warmer for Tuesday, with a high of

eighty-four degrees. And looking ahead to Wednesday, plenty of sunshine, quite warm with a high of eighty-eight. Currently sixty-seven degrees at LaGuardia, sixty-six at Kennedy Airport, in Central Park, it's partly cloudy, sixty-five degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, and we have a north wind at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature, sixty-five going down to sixty-four in midtown.

We've got a nice day coming up today with plenty of sunshine, temperatures this afternoon will top out at nearly the eighty degree mark, but the humidity will lower steadily and noticeably during the day. There's a slight chance for an afternoon thunderstorm east and north of, uh, most of the area, maybe north of the Tappan Zee Bridge, maybe parts of Connecticut, maybe the east end of Long Island, but most of us will, uh, not get any rain today, nor tomorrow, or Wednesday. Those days will be sunny and a high tomorrow in the middle-eighties, with the humidity still low. Upper eighties on Wednesday, and then hazy sunshine, hot, and humid on Thursday, high near ninety. Right now it is sixty-eight and sunny in Central Park, temperature today going up to eighty.

Absolutely nothing that we have to worry about in terms of toting umbrellas around the region until the tail end of Friday so, with that being said, sunglasses between now and then. Eighty-six degrees this afternoon, a little cooler along the shore, clear sky tonight, seventy-two midtown, sixty-four suburbs. Now the humidity's been at a moderate level, yesterday, again today, it's at a high level tomorrow. Sunny to partly cloudy, high temperature eighty-eight degrees, and it gets even worse Thursday, with the aid of sunshine, we're in at ninety degrees, ditto that for Friday, although as I mentioned before, thunderstorms by day's end Friday. Right now seventy-nine Westhampton, eighty degrees with the aid of sunshine in Central Park, going up to a high of eighty-six in midtown.

Absolutely nothing cookin', at least as far as wet weather's going to be concerned, during the course of this afternoon, so with that, humidity's getting up there, and so is the temperature, eighty-nine degrees, but this ain't even the worst of the air mass. It's warm, it's humid tonight, no moisture. It's clear, seventy-four in midtown, sixty-eight degrees throughout the suburbs and if you're looking to broil, sunburn, bake, call it what you will, ninety-two degrees tomorrow, more sunshine. Now we are going to tone it down, uh, hazy sun, cloud mixture during the course of Friday, but it's still ninety-two degrees. A cool front that's due in toward the tail end of our Friday could trigger a thunderstorm, but I don't even think it's before the evening rush hour, I think we're looking at the time frame between eight o'clock and about two o'clock in the morning on Saturday. Right now it's eighty-four degrees at LaGuardia, and in Central Park with the aid of sunshine, we don't stop until we hit eighty-nine degrees in midtown.

Foggy conditions the rest of the night. We'll start the day with temperatures in the low to middle-seventies, climbing to the low nineties in the afternoon, with a lot of sunshine. Clear to partly cloudy, warm and sticky tomorrow night, seventy-six for an overnight low. Once again, low nineties before a cold front arrives on the scene, and it may touch off a late day or nighttime thunderstorm. Behind that front we're looking at a nice weekend, not as hot Saturday, turning less humid during the day, partly sunny skies, about eighty-four degrees. Then a pleasant day Sunday, around eighty with lots of

sunshine. Currently we have eighty-two at Teterboro, also in Central Park, a clear sky, a southwest wind at nine. Repeating the current temperature eighty-two going down to seventy-four in midtown.

O.K., it's, uh, a wet one, damp, if you will, not soaking just yet, of course, I say that because where we're dealing with the heavy juices is right along the Mason-Dixon Line, and well in advance of it. A little bit of light rain, drizzle this afternoon, watch for the fog, high sixty-seven degrees. Low tonight sixty, eh, we continue with the damp stuff. But this heavy rain corridor along the Mason-Dixon Line that separates Pennsylvania and Maryland is going to be shifting northward very late tonight into tomorrow morning. Some of that heavy rain could try to, uh, skim the outer bridge crossing, and parts of Staten Island so, be cautious. Farther off to the north, light rain, drizzle tomorrow, with the high of sixty-nine. Now it warms to seventy-eight Thursday, but our latest cold front has another shower or thunderstorm, so we still need the umbrella. Right now sixty Caldwell, sixty-one with the clouds and drizzle in Central Park, going to sixty-seven degrees in midtown.

Well, September is "Be Kind to Writers and Editors Month" and individuals always have to worry about parts of speech and elements of style. We don't want, say, a writer to die a critical death. Today is renowned for cloudiness, but the big thing is, when will things improve? It's all predicated on the movement away of this moisture, and that's not going to happen today. We'll have periods of rain, some fog, high today sixty-nine, low tonight sixty-six. Tomorrow variable cloudiness, becoming warmer, remaining humid, a couple of showers are likely, a thunderstorm possible, high seventy-eight. But hear this preposition, partly sunny on Friday, high seventy-six, Saturday, partly to mostly sunny, high seventy-six. Not necessarily perfect, but good weather for vi... for visiting grammar's house. Currently sixty-three degrees in midtown, relative humidity ninety-six percent, winds out of the east at six, sixty-three heading for sixty-nine.

Well hang with me one more day and we're gonna get some much improved weather, but today, another day of clouds, another day of showers. There is, though, heavy rain immediately within the tri-state area, but there's a pretty good batch of thunderstorms in eastern Pennsylvania and so, uh, as we get through, uh, the late morning and into the afternoon, any of the showers or thunderstorms can produce some local flooding, downpours. Our high today seventy-eight, but the sun returns tomorrow, the humidity lowers, the high seventy-eight both days. The rest of the weekend will be sunny and nice, the highs in the middle-to-upper seventies, and low humidity. Right now it's seventy-two and cloudy in Central Park, humidity one hundred percent, wind from the southwest at seven. Again the current temperature seventy-two going up to seventy-eight today.

Well, on Bermuda now, they're getting squalls and wind gusts to between fifty and sixty miles per hour, and as hurricane Fabian moves northward through, uh, the open Atlantic Ocean this weekend, it will cause some rough surf, and maybe some riptides on our beaches. But other than that, the weather will be just fine, a mix of sun and clouds tending toward the sunny side today, low humidity, and the high seventy-eight. Clear, cool tonight, low sixty-two in the city, fifties in the suburbs. Sunny and nice tomorrow, and Sunday with low humidity, the high tomorrow seventy-eight. Sunday's high eighty-two, and nice, uh, dry,

sunny weather for the first couple of days of next week as well. Right now it is sixty-six and mostly sunny in Central Park, humidity seventy-four percent, wind from the north at seven. Repeating the current temperature, sixty-six going up to seventy-eight today.

High pressure is building to the northeast today, and it shoved all that rain off to our east. Looking at the current satellite picture, not a cloud in the sky this morning, it looks like a spectacular day, today's high about seventy-eight degrees. Clearing and cool tonight, low fifty-six in the suburbs, sixty-three in midtown. Plenty of sunshine once again for tomorrow, a warm afternoon with a high of eighty-two. We'll see a mix of clouds and sun on Monday, high seventy-eight. Partly to mostly sunny, breezy, and cooler for Tuesday and Wednesday, Wednesday's high about seventy-six. Currently it's sixty-one in Central Park, the relative humidity is eighty-one percent, the wind northwest at ten miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature, sixty-one going up to seventy-eight later today.

The weekend weather turned out to be every bit as nice as advertised, and the next couple of days will be just fine also, but we are watching moisture, uh, associated with remnants of tropical storm Henri, which are down along the Carolina coast, and if that moisture were to creep northward later in the week, our weather could go downhill, but for today and the next couple of days, it still looks pretty good. Sunny to partly cloudy today, high seventy-six, and fair tonight, low sixty-one. Mixed clouds and sunshine for tomorrow and Wednesday, high tomorrow seventy-two, Wednesday's high seventy-four, and right now partial sunshine on tap for Thursday, high seventy-six. So hopefully we're gonna be O.K., at least for the next three to, maybe, four days. Right now sixty-seven and sunny in Central Park, humidity eighty-one percent, wind from the north at five. Again the current temperature sixty-seven going up to seventy-six today.

One high pressure area has departed, but a new one is developing to our north, and it looks like it'll strengthen and move southward and control the weather the next few days, meaning sunshine, a little bit of a cool breeze, going up to seventy-two today. Tonight clear, low sixty-one in midtown, fifty-four in many suburbs. And then for tomorrow and Thursday, sunshine, seventy-four tomorrow, seventy-six on Thursday, and Friday, partly sunny, high seventy-four. So some nice weather the next few days. Currently, winds out of the northeast at six miles per hour, the relative humidity eighty-two percent, sixty-four degrees is midtown, heading to seventy-two.

True artistry in the sky today, sunshine, occasional clouds, going up to seventy-six. Tonight, palatable, clear, low sixty-two in midtown to fifties in some suburbs. Tomorrow it'll be like it, easily, mostly sunny, high temperature seventy-eight. And Friday shouldn't have any poor traits, times of clouds and sunshine, a high of seventy-four degrees. On Saturday, uh, we may see some grays, mostly cloudy, windy, a chance for some rain, high seventy-two. Currently in midtown fifty-seven degrees, relative humidity ninety-three percent, wind out of the northeast at three miles per hour, fifty-seven heading to seventy-six with sunshine today.

Beautifully sunny day today, with a high pressure area in charge, it's going up seventy-eight this afternoon. Clear tonight, low fifty-six in some suburbs, sixty-four in midtown. Then tomorrow, sunshine will be

followed by cloudiness, and the wind will start to increase in the afternoon. There's a storm off the Carolina coast, it hasn't moved anywhere in the last several days, but as the flow aloft becomes southerly, it probably will come off the coast, and that can mean some wind-driven rain at times on Saturday, with a high near seventy, and even Sunday is somewhat questionable, although the sky could start to clear in the afternoon, high eighty. Currently in midtown sixty-five degrees, relative humidity sixty-seven percent, winds out of the northeast at six miles per hour, and it's sunny, sixty-five heading for seventy-eight.

Huff and puff, that it does, but the wind is going to be relentless here, not just this afternoon, not just tonight, tomorrow, and to a certain extent, Sunday as well. So keep that in mind. Some sunshine followed by thickening clouds this afternoon, otherwise high seventy-two. It is dry, even this evening. We're gonna be A-O.K., but the problem is the rain coming in a few hours after midnight, then it's off and on during the course of tomorrow. Uh, our storm system's going to be weakening in the rain department, I guess that's the good news, but when you factor in the wind, there's still going to be at least minor tidal flooding and beach erosion, high tomorrow at about seventy degrees. Sunday's partly sunny, more humid with the high of seventy-eight, but don't you just know that there could be a shower or a thunderstorm kicking around. Right now it's sixty-nine at LaGuardia, ditto Central Park, headed to seventy-two in midtown.

It's a cloudy day in New York City, and it looks like we're going to see the clouds, a little bit of rain and drizzle at times, just kind of a damp, cool afternoon with a gusty wind, and a high around seventy. It'll be cloudy and breezy tonight with occasional rain and drizzle, low of sixty-eight. Tomorrow mostly cloudy, humid, a couple of showers, could be a thunderstorm. Several dry hours tomorrow, though, a high of seventy-eight, and then for Monday, clouds will break for some sun at times, it'll be humid with a chance for a shower or thunderstorm, and a high of seventy-eight. Right now we have a, uh, sixty-eight degree reading at Morristown, seventy-one at Islip, cloudy and sixty-eight in Central Park, one hundred percent humidity, and a northeast wind at twelve.

We'll have patchy morning fog for the next couple of hours, otherwise a barely cloudy, humid day today with a few showers around, maybe an afternoon thunderstorm is possible, we'll have a high of seventy-eight. A couple more showers tonight, we'll fall back to about sixty-eight. Clouds, a little sunshine, muggy tomorrow, a couple more showers, maybe a thunderstorm once again, high once again seventy-eight degrees. There's a small chance of a shower on Tuesday with clouds, some sunshine, high of seventy-eight. Clouds and sunshine, a dry day for Wednesday with a high of seventy-six. And all eyes turn to the south as we watch hurricane Isabelle, could be effecting our weather, come Thursday night, right into Friday. Currently in Central Park, a cloudy sky, seventy degrees, relative humidity one hundred percent, and a calm wind. Repeating the current temperature seventy going up to seventy-eight in midtown.

Isabelle is currently located a little over eleven hundred miles south, southeast of New York City, and moving west northwest at ten miles per hour. It's likely to hit somewhere in the Virginia, Maryland coastal area late this week. If it does that, then it's going to pass to our

west, and we could have some gale-force, hurricane-force wind gusts, and very heavy rain as it does, but there's a more immediate threat going on right now. Flooding, rains, people had to be pulled from their cars, just west of Philadelphia, and also very heavy rain in northwest New Jersey from ongoing showers, and some of those locally heavy showers and thunderstorms will be around the area today and tonight. Then tomorrow it'll start to clear up and get beautiful, sunshine with afternoon temperatures in the seventies. And Wednesday and Thursday should be nice days until the storm approaches from the south, seventy-eight tomorrow, and seventy-six on Wednesday. Currently in midtown, seventy-three degrees, relative humidity ninety-three percent, winds out of the east at five miles per hour, seventy-three heading for seventy-eight.

It's a beautiful sunny day and it's going to stay that way, the humidity is lowering, and there's a nice, little, gentle, refreshing breeze, and the temperature today will get up close to eighty. And it's clear tonight with a low fifty-five to sixty and sunny tomorrow, high seventy-eight. Of course we are playing a waiting game, we're waiting to see what hurricane Isabelle is going to wind up doing and right now, it's weaker, considerably weaker, than it was yesterday, but still a formidable and dangerous storm, and it will probably cross northeast North Carolina on Thursday with winds in excess of one hundred miles per hour. Then it will weaken, but it can bring us a wind-swept, and perhaps heavy rain Thursday night, into part of Friday. Right now it is sixty-five and sunny in Central Park, humidity eighty-four percent, wind from the northwest at six. Repeating the current temperature sixty-five going up to eighty.

We have some beautiful weather here, yet, for this afternoon and tonight. Things will start to deteriorate tomorrow, though, as hurricane Isabelle, uh, makes her landfall near, uh, Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, uh, pushing clouds, uh, into our sky, the wind picking up during the day tomorrow, temperatures will be in the low seventies. And then we will start to get into some rain later tomorrow night, and that'll be off and on into Friday, uh, some of that can be heavy and, uh, it'll be quite windy as well. But the main problem is going to be, uh, the piling up of the water along the eastern seaboard. Tides are going to be running well above normal, uh, perhaps, uh, three to five feet above normal, uh, causing coastal flooding, especially at times of high tide and that'll, uh, start later tomorrow night and, uh, right on through the day Friday. But by the weekend, the storm will move up into Eastern Canada and, in its wake, uh, actually some nice weather, lots of sunshine, temperatures will be in the middle-seventies Saturday and Sunday. Seventy-four and sunny in Central Park, with a northeast wind ten to twenty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-four going up to seventy-eight in midtown.

The tropical storm warning that had been along the New Jersey coast is now been extended into parts of the city and adjacent counties, and that goes along with the forecast we've been talking about, a thirty-five mile per hour sustained wind, and gusts to fifty-five at the height of the storm, late tonight and tomorrow morning. The storm itself is just off the coast of North Carolina, heading straight into the northwest. It'll move up into central and western Virginia, western Pennsylvania, miss us by quite a bit, but it's a very big storm, and the gales extend out more than three-hundred miles from it. So for today, mostly cloudy, the wind slowly increasing, the high seventy-two.

Then tonight and tomorrow, very windy, rain at times. At times, it'll be falling in horizontal sheets, it could be a thunderstorm, and peak winds should be sustained at thirty-five miles per hour for a while, with gusts of fifty-five. Low tonight sixty-six, high tomorrow seventy-two. Then for Saturday it's all gone, sunshine, some clouds, high seventy-eight degrees, and it looks like a nice rest of the weekend. Currently in midtown the wind out of the northeast at twelve, gusting to twenty-two miles per hour, relative humidity sixty-seven percent, sixty-six heading for seventy-two.

Well, for us, more a windstorm than a rain storm as, uh, Isabelle taken a track, uh, so far inland here, that most of the rain, uh, also shifting, uh, westward. Uh, we will see a little bit of rain here overnight and into tomorrow at times but, uh, that's probably not going to amount to a great deal. Uh, we are getting a very stiff wind, however, which is gusting past forty miles an hour, and that will continue right on through the night and, uh, finally through tomorrow morning, uh, start to diminish some, uh, tomorrow afternoon, uh, we could get some gusts as high as fifty, fifty-five miles an hour. Tides running two to three feet above normal, so coastal flooding may be our biggest headache. Uh, later tomorrow night, partly cloudy skies, diminishing winds, and then some nice weather for the weekend. Right now we have some light rain at LaGuardia, uh, we have seventy degrees at Central Park under a cloudy sky, with a northeast wind twenty gusting forty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy going down to sixty-four in midtown.

Well, Isabelle is in western Pennsylvania, moving rapidly northward and weakening very rapidly too, and the worst of the storm has already occurred here. There will still be gusty winds, uh, thirty to maybe forty miles per hour in gusts, and there'll still be a couple of, uh, squally showers around, but there will also be intervals of sunshine, and later in the day the breeze will subside. Tonight will be partly cloudy, our high today seventy-six, and the low tonight sixty-eight. Tomorrow a warm day, sunny to partly cloudy, up to eighty-four and mostly sunny Sunday, the high seventy-six. Right now it is seventy-three and cloudy in Central Park, humidity ninety-six percent, wind from the southeast, gusting to nineteen miles per hour. Again, the current temperature is seventy-three, going up to seventy-six today.

It'll be warm today with a mixture of clouds and sunshine, probably more sunshine in the afternoon hours, we'll have a high of eighty-two degrees. Clear to partly cloudy, comfortable tonight, low falling back to fifty-eight degrees in the suburbs, to sixty-four degrees in midtown. Lots of sunshine, a nice day tomorrow with a high of seventy-eight. On Monday, clouds will increase, we could see some showers late in the day, but more likely at night, with a high of seventy-four. And a chance of showers lingers into Tuesday, high on Tuesday seventy-two degrees. Currently seventy-two degrees at LaGuardia, sixty-eight at Newark, in Central Park a cloudy sky, seventy degrees, relative humidity eighty-four percent, and we have a calm wind. Repeating the current temperature seventy going up to eighty-two in midtown.

Fall

Well, we've got rain this morning and, in fact, it's going to really pour for several hours with the heaviest rain probably coming between, uh, eight to nine or about eleven o'clock. In that time period, there could be widespread street and highway flooding, so do allow yourself plenty of extra time to get around. It'll begin drying out late in the day, and tonight will become clear and cool. Tomorrow a sunny, beautiful day, afternoon high about seventy-two, and that ought to be the temperature in Central Park about three o'clock, as folks start gathering for the, uh, Dave Matthews concert. By nine o'clock, though, temperature down about probably to sixty-four. Thursday, sun followed by clouds, and there's a chance of showers again by the end of the day. Right now it is seventy and raining in Central Park, humidity one hundred percent, wind from the south, gusting to eighteen miles per hour. Again, the current temperature, seventy going up to seventy-six today.

A beautiful day, and, uh, sunshine will stay with us for the rest of the day, and temperatures get into the seventies this afternoon, very comfortable. For those folks, uh, who will be congregating in Central Park for the Dave Matthews concert tonight, about three o'clock, temperature at seventy-six, at six o'clock about seventy-two, by ten p.m. down to sixty-eight, and midnight, maybe down to sixty-four. So, cool after dark, maybe a light sweater or jacket. Tomorrow, sun followed by clouds, afternoon showers, and the high seventy-six. We get out, uh, toward Friday, it looks like a dry day with clouds and sun. Another chance of showers, though, long about Saturday. Sixty degrees and sunny now in Central Park, humidity seventy-two percent, and the wind light and variable. Again the current temperature sixty, going up to seventy-six today.

Uh, it is, eh, certainly a little warmer and more humid across the area during the course of this afternoon but, while we do have some sunshine, the clouds are going to be on the increase, and what we're dealing with over the Poconos, in terms of some wet weather, is going to continue to shift eastward. Now, once it gets east of the Delaware Water Gap, it is going to tend to, uh, thin out and weaken, but nonetheless I think, eh, during the middle, latter stages of this afternoon into early this evening there'll be a shower, thunderstorm in a couple of spots, high temperature seventy-six degrees, maybe a leftover shower tonight with the clouds, low sixty-two. Tomorrow, variably cloudy with this front stalling out, still can't rule out a shower, high seventy-four. But honestly, I think with the secondary storm system pulling down from the Great Lakes and the available moisture sitting on top of us, I'll look for steadier rain Saturday and a high of seventy-four. Right now it's seventy-two Caldwell, and in Central Park, that's with a lot of sunshine, mind you, going to seventy-six in midtown.

Our radar shows a smattering of showers immediately west and north of the city. Just about anybody can get a shower today, but the ones around this morning, uh, look like they're going move away, and the chance of a shower this afternoon, this evening, is less than this morning. Even this morning they're just, uh, very spotty. It's going up to seventy-four today, down to sixty-four tonight. Tomorrow, uh, another, uh, case of a spotty shower possibility, but most of the day being O.K., clouds, some sun, and humid, high seventy-six. Then rain is

likely to fall in earnest tomorrow night into Sunday, followed by clearing later in the day Sunday, cooler with a high near seventy. Then for Monday, partly sunny and cool, high sixty-eight degrees. Currently in midtown it's sixty-three, the relative humidity eighty percent, it's mostly cloudy, watch for a couple of showers this morning, going up to seventy-four late today.

It's going to be a warm, sticky day today, with temperatures getting into the upper seventies to near eighty degrees, with clouds and some intervals of sun, but also a couple of showers and even a thunderstorm will move through the area. There appears to be a thunderstorm right now on the radar, in the Hackensack area moving north about fifteen to twenty miles per hour. Then tonight, look for more rain and thunderstorms to move into the area, particularly later at night, and lasting into tomorrow morning, the overnight low sixty-six. We'll clear out late tomorrow as a cold front moves offshore, the high seventy-two, then cool air takes over for much of next week, temperatures Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday only in the sixties with some sunshine each day. Right now across the tri-state, it is sixty-nine degrees in Somerville and in Westhampton, it's seventy-one and cloudy in Central Park, relative humidity one hundred percent, the winds southeast at eight miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature seventy-one going up to seventy-six in midtown.

Uh, we are looking at a clearing trend here tonight, eh, with temperatures comfortable, fifties, to around sixty, at daybreak. Cool weather much of the coming week and, uh, generally partly sunny skies each day, sixty-eight tomorrow, and sixty-four degrees for a high on Tuesday. Wednesday is the one day, eh, which, uh, may feature more clouds than sun, and it's the only day we're mentioning the possibility of seeing an afternoon or evening shower, high around sixty-four. And then Thursday, partly sunny, breezy, quite cool, only sixty-two. Currently we have... have, plenty of clouds, sixty-five degrees in Central Park, a northwest wind at ten to fifteen miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-five going down to sixty in midtown.

Showers now crossing parts of Brooklyn and Queens, will head out across the rest of Long Island and also western Connecticut during the next hour or two, they pretty well ended across northeast New Jersey, and they weren't that heavy to begin with. A few places, uh, came down hard enough to wet the ground, give one one-hundredth, or two one-hundredths of an inch, in any case, it turns out partly sunny for the afternoon, high sixty-eight. Clear tonight, low fifty-four in midtown, suburbs closer to fifty. Tomorrow partly sunny, breezy, and cool, high sixty-four. One o'clock for the first pitch for the Yankees, should be sixty-two degrees, partly sunny, our estimate. Wednesday, changing amounts of clouds and sunshine, maybe a shower, high sixty-four. Then Thursday, partly sunny, breezy, and quite cool, high fifty-nine. Currently in midtown fifty-nine degrees, relative humidity seventy-seven percent, wind out of the west at five, fifty-nine heading for sixty-eight.

The chilliest weather of this week actually still lies ahead of us, that chilliest moment will probably be Friday morning, in the meantime, today will be sunny to partly cloudy, with a high of sixty-six and at, uh, first pitch at Yankee Stadium this afternoon, it's probably around sixty-three and fair tonight, low fifty-four. Variable cloudiness tomorrow, there can be some sun, there could be a shower tomorrow, a

high sixty-four, and then clouds and sun, brisk and quite cool for Thursday, the high fifty-nine. A mostly sunny day Friday, with a high of sixty-two. Right now it is fifty and sunny in Central Park, humidity is eighty-seven percent, wind from the west at three. Repeating the current temperature fifty going up to sixty-six today.

Well, partly cloudy skies, chilly conditions overnight, and we're looking at a windy, very cool day coming up tomorrow, with some sunshine, and a high temperature of only fifty-nine degrees, well below normal. Uh, the Yankees play tomorrow evening and, uh, looking at, uh, a partly cloudy sky, brisk conditions, and it's going to be a cool evening, temperatures, uh, at the start of the game around fifty-four degrees, and that temperature will continue to, uh, plunge tomorrow night under, uh, a clearing sky, uh, we'll get to around forty-six degrees in midtown, thirty-nine in some of the suburbs. Uh, Friday a good deal of sunshine, not as windy, as the high gets over to the East Coast, we'll still be upper fifties for a high, and then some milder weather for the weekend, a little sunshine Saturday, a southwest breeze, and it'll be in the upper sixties. The next front that may bring us a few showers, uh, later Saturday night and first thing Sunday morning. Currently fifty-six, mostly cloudy in Central Park, the west wind six to twelve miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-six going down to fifty in midtown.

A weak cold front is causing a couple of showers in northeast Pennsylvania right now, they're probably going to slide north of the city in about two or three hours, could reach places like Poughkeepsie, and then head into the Litchfield Hills, northwest Connecticut. Overall, a partly sunny day going to fifty-nine. For the Yankees, game two this evening, temperature dropping through the fifties, into the upper forties, a chilly evening, it's going down to thirty-eight in some suburbs, forty-eight in midtown at daybreak. Tomorrow, sunshine for the most part, high fifty-nine, Saturday breezy, times of clouds and sun, but milder, going to sixty-eight. Next cold front will then approach, cause some showers Saturday night into Sunday, Sunday afternoon may start to clear, the high Sunday sixty-six. Currently the air is calm, relative humidity sixty-six percent, it's mostly sunny, fifty-two degrees heading for fifty-nine.

We start off with a chill in the air and frost in many of the outlying areas. Temperatures in the city got into the low forties, a few places got to the upper thirties, but now with the dazzling sunshine and very little winds, it's going to be pretty comfortable this afternoon, as it goes up to fifty-nine. Fair and cold, uh, this evening, going down to forty-five to fifty, not as cold as last night, though. Then tomorrow, some sunshine followed by cloudiness, high sixty-four. A system now coming through Minnesota and Iowa could cause some showers tomorrow afternoon and tomorrow night, tomorrow night's low fifty-four. That system will whisk on out of here Sunday and it'll turn partly sunny, the high sixty-four, and Monday looks nice, partly sunny sixty degrees. So no real, uh, big weather problems the next few days. Currently in midtown forty-one degrees, relative humidity seventy-five percent, the air is virtually calm, sunny, going to fifty-nine.

Well, skies continue to cloud up as we have a cold front approaching from the west. It'll be windy and cooler the rest of today, and we will be... see a few periods of rain, from mid-morning on, a high of sixty-four. Nothing heavy in the rain, though, some clearing late tonight, it

drops down to forty-four in the suburbs, and fifty-two in midtown. And, due to a cool Canadian air mass, it'll be brisk and cool tomorrow, Monday, and Tuesday, with partly to mostly sunny skies and highs in the upper fifties to low sixties. It should begin to warm up nicely Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Right now it's sixty at JFK, fifty-eight at LaGuardia, mostly cloudy, fifty-seven in Central Park, sixty-nine percent humidity, a southwest wind at seven. Repeating the current temperature fifty-seven going up to sixty-four.

A very nice evening, uh, it's going to be cool overnight under a clear sky, low fifties in midtown, upper forties in many of the suburbs at daybreak, and a warmer day coming up tomorrow, uh, with plenty of sunshine, a gentle breeze, uh, seventy-five in the afternoon. So some great weather for the, uh, start of the American League Championship series tomorrow night. Uh, the Yankees will have, uh, clear skies, light winds, temperatures will be in the upper sixties when the game gets underway. Thursday, another nice day, mid-seventies, sunny to partly cloudy. Friday, uh, more clouds showing up, and that'll hold the temperature in the upper sixties in the afternoon, then we could see some rain come in on Saturday. Currently we have sixty-two in Caldwell, sixty degrees, clear in Central Park, the winds south, eight to sixteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty going down to fifty-three in midtown.

Well, we're looking at, uh, clear, mild weather conditions tonight, only dropping to around sixty degrees in, uh, midtown at daybreak. Uh, patchy fog will be around for the early morning hours, and then it'll be turning mostly sunny, uh, as the day wears on. A warm afternoon, seventy-six for a high temperature, uh, again, very pleasant weather for game two tomorrow evening, temperature will be around seventy degrees as the game gets underway and, uh, it will be mild tomorrow night, a low around sixty-two. Friday may also have some fog early, otherwise clouds, some sunshine, at around sixty-eight. Over the weekend, the wind picking up Saturday, mostly cloudy, we'll start the rain either late in the day, or more likely, Saturday night and that'll likely continue right on through Sunday. We have sixty-seven degrees, a clear sky in Central Park, a southwest wind at eight. Repeating the current temperature sixty-seven going down to sixty in midtown.

Uh, we're going to have a nice day today with plenty of sunshine, and temperatures warm into the seventies, although a little cooler right at the shore. At Yankee Stadium this evening, it should be close to seventy at first pitch, or at least the upper sixties, and stay in the sixties throughout the game, so another very comfortable October evening for baseball. Tomorrow a mix of clouds and sun, back up into the seventies. We're going to continue to watch, for the next couple of days, this moisture that's down across the Carolinas. It's not racing northward, but there are some signs that at least some of it will come northward, and there is a chance for rain here by the end of the day on Saturday. Right now fifty-nine and sunny in Central Park, humidity is eighty-nine percent and the wind is calm. Again, the current temperature, fifty-nine going up to seventy-six today.

We do have low clouds this morning and, uh, a few fog patches but, uh, we think they'll evaporate as we get to mid-to-late morning, and there will be several hours of sun during the middle of the day, this afternoon, we'll get temperatures into the seventies. Then it's partly cloudy tonight, low sixty-two. Partly sunny, breezy tomorrow, high

seventy to seventy-four, and then on Sunday, we're going to have to deal with a combination of a cold front approaching from the west and, uh, low pressure, uh, down along the Carolina coast that probably brings us clouds Sunday. There is at least a chance for some rain. Then the sun's back on Monday for Columbus Day, with a high of sixty-eight. Right now it's sixty-one and cloudy in Central Park, humidity ninety-three percent, wind from the northeast at ten. Repeating the current temperature sixty-one going up to seventy-four today.

And we are going to end up with plenty of fog, well, decent weather, as we hook through the rest of the afternoon, quite honestly. What a beautiful afternoon, temperatures heading to about seventy in the Park, plenty of sunshine throughout the tri-state area. We are going to see clouds unfortunately increase as we go through the night, though, and there is actually the possibility for a little drizzle later tonight and the early part of tomorrow, areas of fog, as well, as we start tomorrow morning, clouds might actually be breaking as early as later tomorrow. We are going to hit about sixty-eight tomorrow, seventy-two Monday with plenty of sun, and we are going to end up with beautiful weather again Tuesday, cool, sixty-eight degrees, but we should have plenty of sunshine. Seventy-one at Newark, seventy at JFK, same thing in the Park. It's mostly sunny in New York, relative humidity fifty-nine percent, wind northeast at twelve miles an hour, gusting to eighteen miles an hour, seventy now, we'll drop to sixty overnight in midtown.

Oh, we're looking at partly cloudy skies here this evening. Overnight it'll be mainly clear, breezy, temperatures will be in the low to mid-fifties for the morning rush hour. Uh, a beautiful day coming up tomorrow with, uh, sunshine and, uh, unseasonably warm conditions, uh, temperatures be in the low seventies in the afternoon. Uh, clear tomorrow night, low fifties and upper forties, and Tuesday, sunshine will be giving way to clouds, uh, ahead of the next, uh, frontal system, a high around sixty-six. That next front is likely to generate some steady rain, uh, it'll start late in the day or Tuesday evening, and continue through much of the night, uh, it'll end early Wednesday, and the rest of the day it's going to be quite windy behind this system, clouds, some sunshine with a high around sixty-four. Currently seventy-two degrees in Newark, we have sixty-eight in Central Park, clouds, some sun, a north wind, ten to twenty miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-eight going down to fifty-six in midtown.

Today will be dry, we'll have variable cloudiness, not out of the question if a shower shows up this afternoon, but overall a dry day, moderate temperature going to sixty-six. Not a lot of wind, either, and there'll be some sunshine, there's some now. Then rain will move in tonight, we have cloudiness during the next few hours. There can be some sunny breaks as a little slot of dry air comes in, and then the clouds will thicken overhead, and we do expect some rain to be around later this afternoon and this evening, today's high fifty-eight, going down to forty-five tonight. Then tomorrow, partly sunny, breezy, and cool, high fifty-six and, at first pitch time for game one of the World Series, temperature fifty-two degrees and partly clear. Sunday partly sunny, high sixty-two, Monday mostly sunny and sixty-two. Currently in midtown it's fifty-two, the relative humidity is sixty percent, the air is virtually calm. It's mostly cloudy, heading to fifty-eight today.

The rain that we had overnight is long gone. The radar is all quiet now, and we'll see enough sunshine today to boost temperatures well into the fifties this afternoon. If you're heading to The Bronx for game one of the World Series, dress warmly, it'll be dry, partly cloudy, fifty-two at the first pitch. Partly to mostly cloudy overnight, down to forty-eight in midtown, and forty-two in the colder suburbs. Gotta watch out for a weak area of low pressure to move by the area late tonight and tomorrow morning, there may be a little rain in the area with it, and clouds will break for some sun later tomorrow, with a cool breeze, and a high close to sixty. More sunshine than clouds Monday, high sixty-two, but the rain may return Tuesday afternoon with the high of sixty-six. Currently forty-three in Belmar and in Islip, forty-five and cloudy in Central Park, relative humidity one hundred percent, the wind west at six miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-five going up to fifty-eight in midtown.

Well, we are looking at a shower in one or two spots, as we head through the early part of the afternoon, but probably after two or three in the afternoon, that chance of a shower will be diminishing to all but nothing. A little bit of sunshine, a high of sixty degrees, but skies will clear on out for game two of the World Series, temperature fifty-four degrees for first pitch, mainly clear tonight, low forty-four. Sunshine, some clouds on Monday, the high sixty. It'll be windy on Tuesday, maybe some showers possible, the high sixty-six. Cloudy to partly sunny, windy and cooler Wednesday, high fifty-eight. Fifty degrees and cloudy in Central Park, humidity coming in at eighty-nine percent, wind variable at six miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty, we're going up to sixty in midtown.

Sunny to partly cloudy for the entire day, it's going up to sixty. Partly cloudy tonight, not as cold as last night, low fifty-two. Tomorrow we have a shot at seventy degrees, it'll be a windy day, though, variable cloudiness, could be a couple of showers as a cold front approaches, probably won't rain very long, if it rains at all. Then Wednesday, behind the cold front, windy and cooler with clouds and sun, perhaps a brief shower, high fifty-six. Thursday, partly sunny still windy and cool, high fifty-four. No major storms coming this week. Currently in midtown forty-six degrees, the relative humidity is seventy-three percent, and the air is virtually calm, forty-six heading for sixty.

Well, partly cloudy, breezy overnight, we'll be in the low fifties at daybreak, and temperatures tomorrow staying in the fifties, uh, gusty northwest wind, clouds, a little bit of sun, it may even shower. Tomorrow night, uh, we'll get chilly, uh, around forty degrees in midtown, upper thirties in many of the suburbs. Thursday a chilly day, clouds, some sun, brisk, uh, with about, uh, temperatures in the upper forties. And then as we get toward the end of the week, uh, high pressure, which will be dropping in from central Canada, gets over to the eastern seaboard, we'll see more of the sun, temperatures in the mid-fifties on Friday, and then back into the middle-sixties on Saturday. Currently we have sixty under a cloudy sky in Central Park, wind out of the north at ten to eighteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty going down to fifty-four in midtown.

Uh, mostly cloudy, brisk, cold overnight, eh, a sprinkle here and there, but nothing of consequence. Temperatures will be in the upper thirties at daybreak, we'll climb to forty-nine in the afternoon,

clouds, breaks of sun, it still may shower. Uh, we'll drop back into the thirties tomorrow night, and then a warming trend Friday through the weekend, as the big high gets over to the East Coast, and the wind goes back around to the south, uh, a lot of sunshine. We'll be in the middle-fifties on Friday, low sixty Saturday, mid-sixties on Sunday under a partly sunny sky. In Central Park right now, forty-one degrees under a cloudy sky, with a north wind at ten. Repeating the current temperature forty-one going down to thirty-nine in midtown.

No wet weather around these parts per our live scan radar, but it is partly sunny, it is windy, and it is colder than any day in recent memory, high temperature just forty-nine, factor in that wind, the real feel temperature, believe it or not, this hour is thirty-nine. That's cold! As a matter of fact, it's going to be clear and cold tonight, thirty-seven midtown, thirty-two suburbs. While that's happening, in the seventies in Miami, all game long. Good weather, at least down in that part of our nation. Meanwhile, we'll have sunshine, a little cloud cover tomorrow, not as cold, high fifty-four. Partly sunny Saturday, high sixty degrees, more clouds Sunday, with a high of sixty-six. We probably won't get wet until sometime on Monday. Right now forty-four Bridgeport, and in Central Park we've toned it down to partly sunny, but we'll manage a high of forty-nine this afternoon in midtown, high sixty-two.

It's bright and brimming with sunshine, and it will go up to fifty-two this afternoon. Tonight, another chilly one, frosty, thirty-four in some suburbs, to forty-four in midtown. Tomorrow, sunshine mixing with clouds, but it's suddenly going to get a little milder, going to fifty-eight. And Sunday is apt to turn cloudy, it could rain later in the day, high sixty-six. Monday, cloudy and windy with rain likely, high sixty-two. So, obviously tomorrow would be better of the two days for outdoor activities. Currently thirty-seven degrees in midtown, relative humidity sixty-nine percent, winds out of the north at five miles per hour, thirty-seven heading to fifty-two.

Well, we've got a nice bright and sunny morning, and it looks like the dry weather will hold on through game six of the World Series tonight. We could have the first pitch temperature of fifty-four, but during the day today, it's going to be nice. It'll go up to about fifty-eight this afternoon, could be a little drizzle after midnight tonight, a low of forty-eight in the suburbs, and fifty-two in midtown. Cloudy, breezy on Sunday, just a little rain and drizzle at times, a high of sixty-four, and a soaking rain and wind for Sunday night and Monday, the high Monday about sixty-two. Right now, thirty-seven at JFK, it's forty-four at LaGuardia, we have sunshine, forty-five in Central Park, sixty-three percent humidity, and a southeast wind at six, forty-five right now headed up to fifty-eight today.

Well, it'll be mostly cloudy and milder today, we'll have a shower in spots, also some patchy drizzle, a couple of light showers moving across portions of western Suffolk County, as we speak. We'll have a high today of sixty-seven degrees. Mostly cloudy, breezy tonight, a bit of rain possible, with a low falling back to fifty-eight. Real rain comes in tomorrow, windy with wind-swept rain, could even be a thunderstorm, some of that rain heavy at times, with a high of sixty-five. Dry again on Tuesday, clouds and sunshine, with a high of fifty-eight. Maybe a little rain to start Wednesday, breezy, with clouds breaking for some sunshine, with a high right around sixty. Currently

sixty-three deg... degrees in Caldwell, in Central Park it's sixty-four, relative humidity ninety percent, and a variable wind at seven miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-four going up to sixty-seven in midtown.

We had a squall line associated with a cold front, uh, which went through the, uh, region, during the, uh, late afternoon hours, uh, some places causing, uh, fifty, sixty mile an hour wind gusts, uh, but like I said, that has pushed well off to our east, uh, the rain is just about over as well. The radar is showing us dried out across northwestern New Jersey, down to about Philadelphia, and it'll be coming to an end in the city over the next hour or so, and, uh, continue to end from west to east, then out Long Island. Overnight, partial clearing, a low of fifty degrees. And tomorrow is a nice day, sixty under a partly sunny sky, could see a little rain once again late tomorrow night and Wednesday morning, but this'll be light, and then clearing Wednesday afternoon, the high of sixty-two. Fifty-six degrees and light rain in Central Park with a southwest wind, eight to sixteen miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-six going down to fifty in midtown.

And it's a nice day, uh, and we've got a break in the rain today, with sunshine followed by increasing clouds, temperatures get up to around sixty, but the combination of a new storm over the Great Lakes, and moisture along the Carolina coast, will combine to bring us rain beginning late tonight. It will rain through tomorrow morning, and end tomorrow afternoon, and some of that rain will be heavy enough to cause street and highway flooding. Tomorrow morning's rush hour is likely to be very messy, so plan on allowing yourself some extra time. Sunshine back for Thursday, though, Friday and Saturday also look like sunny days, with high temperatures around seventy. Right now it's forty-eight and sunny in Central Park, humidity seventy-three percent, the wind is calm. Again, the current temperature, forty-eight, going up to sixty today.

As we continue to keep tabs on our, uh, live scan radar, the, uh, steadiest, heaviest of the rain is already east of Islip. That's going to be moving away within the, uh, next hour here. Farther off to the west of that, ur, rain corridor, honestly to just, you know, light rain showers, sprinkles if you will. Now, there are additional showers back over Pennsylvania, but they're hit or miss. So, you know, we're still going to get on the wet side this afternoon, but it's nothing compared to what we just went through. Otherwise, rather cloudy, high temperature this afternoon fifty-nine degrees. We clear it tonight, forty suburbs, forty-eight midtown. And the sun is back! It's beautiful! I say that because it's sixty-four tomorrow, sixty-eight Friday, seventy degrees on Saturday. I hope you have outdoor plans after this mess we're going through now. Fifty-six this hour Caldwell and in Central Park, we'll manage fifty-nine this afternoon in midtown.

Gorgeous weather continuing across the region and, the beauty of the air mass, and I passed this along before, but I want to do so again, if you don't have opportunity to take advantage of it this afternoon or perhaps tomorrow, it's still gonna be great, Saturday, Sunday, and there's no threat of wet weather until next week. So, with that being said, sixty-four this afternoon, mainly clear tonight, forty-two suburbs, fifty-two midtown. Sunny to partly cloudy tomorrow, breezy, high sixty-eight. Partly sunny on Saturday, with a high of seventy-two

degrees. If there's a stumbling block, could be a little of morning fog tomorrow or Saturday, but I wouldn't count on it. Count on fifty-nine degrees this hour in Bridgeport, sixty-one Belmar, fifty-nine, by the way, with the sun in Central Park, going to sixty-four in midtown.

It is going to be beautiful today, high temperature sixty-eight with the sunshine. We do have bad news for one Halloween monster, however, who likes to fly it's kite in a thunderstorm, the Franklinstein. Anyway, partly cloudy tonight, going down to fifty-eight. Intervals of clouds and sunshine tomorrow, breezy and warm, high seventy-four. For the marathon Sunday, partly sunny, high sixty-four. Monday, breezy and very warm for early November, with clouds and sun, perhaps a shower, high seventy-six, and then probably cooler on Tuesday. But for today, going to sixty-eight. Currently fifty-two degrees in midtown, relative humidity eighty-seven percent, the air is calm and it's sunny, fifty-two heading to sixty-eight.

Well, I don't think you should sit around the house today, enjoy this Indian summer weather. We're going to have temperatures go up to seventy-four for this first day in November. How about that? Normal high is fifty-nine. Partly to mostly cloudy, a couple of sprinkles tonight, down to fifty-four. Tomorrow cooler, but still very nice, clouds and sun, a high of sixty-four. And for Monday, sun and clouds, record-challenging warmth, now, we're expecting a high of seventy-six. The record is seventy-eight set in 1990. We'll be very close to that. Right now fifty-four at White Plains, it's fifty-three at Bridgeport. Very mild morning, cloudy, fifty-seven in Central Park, eighty-three percent humidity, a southwest wind at six. Repeating the current temperature fifty-seven headed up to seventy-four.

Checking the current radar, we see a couple of showers cruising through the Long Island Sound, also a couple of showers about to, uh, move across, uh, Staten Island at this time, a hit or miss shower out there this evening. Later on tonight, partly to mostly cloudy, the low fifty-eight. Record-challenging warmth tomorrow, intervals of clouds and sunshine, the high seventy-six. The record is seventy-eight set back in 1990. Maybe a few fog patches tomorrow night, perhaps a shower later on, low fifty-eight. A flow from the ocean sets up Tuesday and Wednesday, inland areas can still climb into the seventies on Tuesday. We should see a high around sixty-four in New York City, variable clouds, and a chance of that shower. A better chance with more generous rainfall here on Wednesday, the high sixty-four. Thursday, a shower possible early, then mostly cloudy, high sixty. Currently it's sixty-four, mostly cloudy in Central Park, the relative humidity seventy-two percent, the winds south to southwest, averaging five to ten miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature sixty-four going down to fifty-eight.

Reasonably warm day coming up today, in fact, so unseasonably warm that we may challenge record-high temperatures. That record-high in Central Park is seventy-eight, goes back to 1990 and, uh, that's certainly a number that's reachable. Some fog outside of the city this morning, otherwise just kind of a murky start to what will be, at least, a partly sunny day, then clouds tonight and, uh, the low fifty-eight. Tomorrow, clouds and cooler, and there may be a shower, high tomorrow sixty in midtown, sixty-five in adjacent New Jersey, but only fifty-five on, uh, Long Island and in Connecticut. Chance of showers Wednesday, maybe into Thursday morning, and then partly sunny Thursday

afternoon, the high around sixty. Right now it is sixty-three and partly cloudy in Central Park, humidity is ninety-three percent, wind from the southwest at ten. Again, the current temperature sixty-three, going up to seventy-six today.

A tricky day of weather today, uh, clouds and sun will probably alternate, uh, but the thing is it's a lot cooler than yesterday when we got to a record high of seventy-nine. Today the temperature can sneak into the sixties for a while this morning, then wind up in the fifties again this afternoon and, uh, drizzle and fog settling in this evening, and remaining with us into tomorrow morning. Tomorrow gets milder, temporarily, up to sixty-eight, and then we get some rain tomorrow night into Thursday morning. Clearing beginning later Thursday, followed by a partly sunny, windy, cool day Friday, high fifty-six. Right now the weekend looks dry, but chilly. Right now it is mostly sunny and fifty-nine in Central Park, humidity ninety-six percent, wind has shifted into the northeast now at seven. Again, the current temperature fifty-nine, going up maybe to sixty-six this morning, dropping again during the afternoon.

Ah, take your umbrella, uh, take your coat, uh, leave your sunglasses behind today, they would certainly be excess baggage. It'll be overcast, drizzle, rain at times, uh, areas of fog, and that's the case today and tonight. It will slowly get milder, but this high of sixty-eight that we're talking about today probably does not occur until after dark, until some time between eight p.m. and midnight, and most of the day today will be considerably cooler than that. Cloudy tomorrow, some rain in the morning, sun's back for Friday but cool, high fifty-six. Sunshine both days of the weekend, but cold with highs in the forties. Right now fifty-one and cloudy in Central Park, humidity ninety-six percent, wind from the northeast at ten. Again, the current temperature fifty-one going up to sixty-eight, but not until the evening.

We'll have cloudiness this morning, uh, not much going on rainfall-wise the next several hours, but rain will fall this afternoon and this evening, and we can get a soaking at that time, the high today sixty-two. Tonight, cloudy and cooler, low forty-six. Tomorrow brisk and cool, times of clouds and sunshine, high fifty-eight, and then a chilly, but dry weekend. Saturday sunny, high forty-six, Sunday sunny, high forty-six, not quite as chilly early next week. Currently in midtown fifty-eight degrees, relative humidity ninety-three percent, wind north at six miles per hour, fifty-eight heading to sixty-two.

Partly to mostly sunny today, it's going up to sixty. Clearing tonight, low thirty-two in some suburbs, forty in midtown. Tomorrow much colder than today, with some sunshine and a brisk wind, high forty-six, then we have the total lunar eclipse tomorrow night. It's totally the opposite of the case of solar eclipses, where total eye protection is necessary, whether the eclipse is partial or total. In this case you don't need any eye protection, it's a total one this time not a partial. Sunday, brisk and still cold, high forty-six. Monday, some sunshine followed by increasing cloudiness, high fifty-four. Currently, winds out of the north at six miles per hour, the relative humidity eighty-six percent, forty-nine degrees in midtown heading to sixty.

It's going to be a chilly day today, no no no no eg... uh, way to get around it. Temperatures have been falling all morning long, we'll only

recover to about, let's say forty-six, for a high this afternoon in midtown, despite a lot of sunshine. And it looks like a freeze-morning for tonight, late tonight, between midnight and eight a.m., when it'll be clear, breezy, and cold, lows in the twenties in most suburbs, thirty-two in midtown. Sunny tomorrow, brisk and cold, high forty-four. Sunny to partly cloudy Monday, high fifty-two, the clouds return Tuesday with them, a chance for some rain on Veteran's Day, the high fifty-four. Right now it's thirty-nine in Caldwell and White Plains, forty-one and sunny in Central Park, relative humidity forty-six percent, the wind northwest at nine, gusting to twenty-one miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-one going up to forty-six in midtown.

A kind of a good and bad thing today. We have a lot of sunshine out there today, that's a good thing, but it's going to be very chilly out there, brisk as well, we'll have a high of only forty-four degrees. Clear and cold again tonight, low falling back to about thirty-four degrees in midtown, a lot of the suburbs falling back into the twenties, though. Mostly sunny, still a bit chilly tomorrow, with a high up to about fifty degrees. Now to look ahead to Tuesday and Wednesday, mostly cloudy skies, could be some rain or drizzle, either day, Tuesday's high fifty-two, Wednesday's high up to fifty-six. Currently thirty-four degrees in White Plains, thirty-four degrees in Teterboro, in Central Park, lots of sunshine, thirty-three, relative humidity forty-seven percent, and a northwest wind at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty-three going up to forty-four in midtown.

It is chilly, but it's going to warm up to fifty this afternoon, that's not all that warm, but it won't be very windy. Clear early tonight, partly cloudy after midnight, low thirty-four in some suburbs to forty-one in midtown. Now, tomorrow will be a little warmer than today, going to fifty-four, but the breeze is going to be a little stronger and clouds will increase, could be a little bit of rain in the afternoon and at night, as a warm front approaches. Wednesday the warm front will go by, but a cold front will approach. That could mean some rain, high fifty-eight. Then behind the cold front, times of clouds and sunshine, blustery, chilly again Thursday, high fifty-two. Currently thirty-four, relative humidity fifty-eight percent, the air is virtually calm, it's sunny, thirty-four heading for fifty.

It's a little warmer this morning than it was at this time yesterday. Cloudiness will increase today, could be a little rain or drizzle later this afternoon, going up to fifty-two, only down to fifty tonight. Now, tomorrow will feel genuinely mild, there will be a fair amount of cloudiness around, maybe a shower, but most of the time just the clouds, high sixty. Then a strong cold front will sweep through tomorrow night, or first thing Thursday, triggering some gusty showers behind it. Winds could gust to forty miles an hour out of the northwest Thursday as temperatures drop from the fifties into the forties. Friday, sunny but with a cold wind, high forty-six, so we'll be back in the same place we started the week. Currently in midtown forty-one degrees, relative humidity fifty-seven percent, winds southwest at three miles per hour, it's mostly cloudy, forty-one heading for fifty-two.

Well, while the clouds continue to hang tough across the region here this afternoon, high temperature fifty-eight degrees, we are going to

see some holes, uh, developing here but, I tell you what, the... very easily it turns out overcast later tonight, rain is in after midnight, could even be a heavy, gusty thunderstorm by daybreak, with a low temperature of fifty degrees. Tomorrow, dry and it's going to turn out partly sunny, but there's problems, it's going to be the wind, upwards of fifty miles an hour on occasion, speed restrictions. So that's going to equal more delays than we typically have for the morning rush hour. High tomorrow morning fifty-two, temperatures into the forties during the afternoon, and winds will continue to be just as strong tomorrow night, maybe coming down a notch on Friday, but still windy enough with some sun, the chance of a snow flurry, Friday's high forty-four. Right now fifty-five in Teterboro, also in Central Park, going to fifty-eight in midtown.

We're going to have very strong winds today. The winds are going to gust past fifty miles per hour at times and this is going to bring down some tr... tree limbs, power lines. Already thousands of people as close as Philadelphia are without power, across parts of New Jersey as well. This all spreading northeastward. The other thing today is the temperature's going to be falling, so dress warmly. It's going to be going down through the forties, could even reach the upper thirties by seven o'clock this evening. There could be a snow flurry or two, overall though, a dry pattern. And then tonight, the temperature is going to be sinking toward thirty-three, thirty-four degrees, as a strong wind continues. Tomorrow a little less wind, the high forty-four, but it'll feel like it's freezing with the real feel temperature. Saturday, sunshine, high fifty-two, Sunday partly to mostly sunny, high fifty-two degrees. But today the main story is the wind, and currently the wind is out of the west, northwest at twelve, gusting to twenty-eight miles per hour, a few communities have gusts over forty. The temperature, sixty degrees, heading down into the fifties and then the forties.

We're still getting winds gusting in the, er, forty, forty-five mile per hour range. We don't expect them to be as fierce as yesterday, but they're certainly still formidable and it will, by all counts, still be a windy day, uh, it will also generally be a sunny day, with temperatures getting into the forties. And tonight clear, diminishing wind, with lows in the thirties. Less wind tomorrow, it should be a pretty good day tomorrow, sun, followed by some clouds, the high fifty-two, and then mostly cloudy Sunday, high also fifty-two. Not a... out of the realm of possibility that there's a little bit of rain around on Sunday as well. Right now partly cloudy, thirty-five in Central Park, humidity forty-two percent, wind from the west, gusting to twenty-four. Again the current temperature thirty-five going up to forty-four.

Well, you know it's a pretty nice morning out there, we have plenty of sunshine and unfortunately we can't shake that, uh, chilly, gusty breeze. It won't be as windy as the last couple of days, but nonetheless the chilly, gusty breezes continue for one more afternoon, along with the sunshine, a high of around fifty-two, that's pretty much typical for this time of year. Partly to mostly cloudy tonight, uh, low forty-two. Tomorrow we'll call it variably cloudy, we'll see some sun at times, the high around fifty-two. Then times of sun and clouds and, uh, about fifty-two on Monday, so not much change through Monday, and then a chance for rain coming in on Tuesday.

Well, it's going to be a mostly cloudy day today, we could see a couple of sprinkles around for about the next hour or two. Other than that, it looks mainly dry and just cloudy, with a high of fifty degrees. Mostly cloudy tonight, a little more rain and drizzle comes in after midnight, with the low slipping back to about forty-four. Maybe a little rain, drizzle to start the day tomorrow, then some afternoon sunshine with a high of fifty-two. Mostly cloudy day on Tuesday, chance of rain, especially during the afternoon and the nighttime hours, with a high of fifty-six. As we look ahead to Wednesday, a cloudy, windy day with periods of rain. A little bit warmer, though, with a high around sixty. Currently in Central Park, we have a cloudy sky, it's forty-five degrees, relative humidity sixty percent, and a wind out of the west at five miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-five going up to fifty in midtown.

Partly to mostly cloudy tonight, patchy fog, temperatures not moving much. We'll still be in the forties for the morning rush hour, and then tomorrow, a mostly cloudy day, maybe a bit of drizzle in the afternoon with a high of fifty-four. Mostly mild weather for the rest of the week, but it's certainly going to turn very, very wet as well. Uh, we have a front right now which is cutting down through the Plains and into Texas, uh, it's going to be pushing over to the East Coast, stalling here, as a storm forms on the boundary, and brings us quite a dose of rain from Wednesday onward, uh, especially, uh, Wednesday afternoon and night, it could be heavy at times, a high of fifty-eight. Thursday and Friday, cloudy, windy, additional rain, uh, a good, uh, likelihood, a high temperature both days of fifty-four. We have forty-eight degrees right now in Central Park, it's a cloudy sky, northeast wind at seven. Repeating the current temperature forty-eight going down to forty-six in midtown.

We have a lot of cloudiness, but there won't be much production from these clouds because they're really not all that thick, even though it looks gray, the high temperature this afternoon about fifty to fifty-four degrees. It may just hold up like yesterday, it got to fifty in the late morning, then just sat there. Certainly, it's not going to be all that warm today, cloudy and breezy tonight, whatever it gets to today, it doesn't drop much tonight, the low fifty. Then tomorrow cloudy, windy, becoming warmer than today, warmer for November, of course, a bit of rain early, steadier, and heavier in the afternoon, high sixty-two. Thursday, cloudy and windy with periods of rain, high fifty-four, and Friday also could be damp, with a high of fifty-four. Currently it's forty-six, the relative humidity ninety-three percent, wind light and variable, it's forty-six heading to fifty-four.

It isn't raining everywhere but where it is raining, the showers are heavy, and a batch of them are crossing the area, from southwest to northeast right now. The main batch of rain is going to be later this afternoon and this evening, it's almost like a wall of water on the radar and will actually appear that way, but it'll be pouring late this afternoon and this evening, we can even get a thunderstorm at that point, temperatures reaching the low sixties. Then tonight the rain'll taper off late, and tomorrow, come to an end for a while. Now the big question for tomorrow and Friday, is whether we actually get additional rainfall or it shifts offshore. It's going to be a very close call, and we can be expecting temperatures in the mid-fifties. The weekend looks good, partly sunny Saturday, high sixty degrees. Currently in midtown

fifty-seven, relative humidity one hundred percent, wind out of the south at nine, fifty-seven heading to sixty-one.

Our radar shows that there is still some more rain for us this morning, especially from the city across Long Island into Connecticut, much less across New Jersey, just a few leftover showers are starting to clear, back of the Delaware River. That whole trend will progress eastward, and we'll see some clouds breaking for sunshine later today, the high fifty-six. Clear and chilly tonight, low thirty-six in some suburbs, forty-six midtown. Tomorrow a beautiful sunny day, high fifty-eight, and the weekend, spectacular for the week before Thanksgiving, sunshine, high both days sixty degrees. Currently, the winds out of the north at four miles per hour, relative humidity ninety-two percent, forty-six degrees in midtown heading to fifty-six this afternoon.

It's a fine morning, we'll have dazzling sunshine today, becoming milder, high temperature sixty-two. Clear tonight, low forty in some suburbs, to forty-eight in midtown, and then the weekend looks great, one high pressure area will be leaving, another comes in. We don't see any storms, high temperatures both days around fifty-eight in midtown, warmer inland, cooler at the coast. Looking at Monday, increasing cloudiness, chance of rain later in the day and at night, high on Monday sixty. Currently in midtown forty-five degrees, the relative humidity sixty percent, winds out of the west at five miles per hour, forty-five heading for sixty-two.

It looks like a very nice day out there today, lots of sunshine, mild temperatures with a high getting up to near sixty degrees. It'll be clear to partly cloudy tonight, low slipping back to forty-six. Lots of sunshine again tomorrow, not as mild, but still pretty nice for this time of year, high of fifty-six. On Monday, morning sunshine, followed by increasing clouds, becomes windy, could be some rain late in the day, but more likely at night, high sixty-two. Then a partly sunny, breezy, cooler day for Tuesday, Tuesday's high only forty-eight. Currently fifty-three degrees at Newark, fifty-four degrees at LaGuardia, in Central Park lots of sunshine, fifty-two, relative humidity fifty-eight percent, and a variable wind at seven miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature fifty-two going up to near sixty in midtown.

Well, it may be late November, but these nice balmy temperatures will continue right through Monday. Today just beautiful, fifty-eight this afternoon with sunshine. Tonight, clear to partly cloudy, down to forty in the suburbs, forty-eight in midtown. Sun followed by clouds tomorrow, some rain at night, the high tomorrow near sixty. Then brisk and colder Tuesday and Wednesday, sunny to partly cloudy, highs in the upper forties to low fifties. Everybody's wondering about Thanksgiving Day. Well, I think we're gonna see some rain for Turkey Day, especially in the afternoon. Now, right now we have forty-five in Morristown, forty-six in Islip, sunshine and forty-eight in Central Park, seventy-three percent humidity, east winds at eight, forty-eight right now, going up to fifty-eight today.

Clouds increasing after a beautiful weekend, and it does look like some rain on the way starting late afternoon or early evening, and then it'll rain for, ur, five or six hours during the night tonight, and clear up late tonight, turn blustery and chilly, though. Our high today up to fifty-nine, low tonight forty-two. Tomorrow a sunny day, but

brisk and colder, the high forty-eight. Mostly sunny and seasonably chilly on Wednesday, the high of fifty. Then clouding up on Thanksgiving Day, with a chance of rain, hopefully late in the day, but we'll keep you posted on that. Forty-six and partly cloudy now in Central Park, humidity eighty-eight percent, wind out of the east at four. Again, the current temperature forty-six going up to fifty-nine today.

It will be chilly, but it will be sunny today with the temperature, uh, getting up to about forty-eight this afternoon, then it'll be clear and cold tonight, low middle-thirties, in the city but the twenties in most suburbs. Sunshine for the most part tomorrow, with a high near fifty. We get to Thanksgiving Day, we'll have thickening clouds, and then by the end of the day, some rain. But it looks like that rain will hold off long enough, we'll be able to get the, uh, parade festivities in, and by the time it starts to rain, most of us, uh, including yours truly, uh, may be asleep on the couch. And Friday is partly sunny, windy, and chilly again. Thirty-seven and sunny now in Central Park, humidity fifty-nine percent, wind out of the northwest, gusting to eighteen miles an hour. Again, the current temperature thirty-seven, going up to forty-eight today.

No snow. No rain. No fog. The three big dangers of travel this time of year, and that's the case up and down the eastern seaboard as it's a dry day, and also dry into most of the Midwest, afternoon temperature getting to fifty-two today, down to forty-four tonight. Tomorrow, clouds and sunny breaks, temperature forty-six around nine in the morning, then in the afternoon getting into the fifties, and it'll rain tomorrow night and Friday morning, becoming windy Friday afternoon with some clearing, high fifty-eight. And Saturday looks like a cold, blustery day, it'll feel like it's in the thirties all day with gusty, northwest winds. Currently thirty-seven degrees in midtown, relative humidity sixty-nine percent, wind northeast at five, thirty-seven heading for fifty-two.

Crowds are lining up already for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, temperature in an hour forty-six. It'll climb into the low to mid-fifties this afternoon, just a beautiful day, but then rain will be arriving overnight, and will last into tomorrow, and by this time tomorrow the, uh, the weather'll look, uh, a lot drippier than it'll be right underneath where the, uh, turkey is dripping into the pan today. Tomorrow's high fifty-eight degrees and Saturday, wind, much colder, intervals of clouds and sun, could be a flurry especially in the morning, high forty-six, the real feel temperature will be near freezing, and Sunday still windy with some sunshine, high forty-eight degrees. So a cold, but dry weekend coming up. Currently in midtown forty-three degrees, relative humidity sixty-seven percent, the air is calm. It's partly to mostly cloudy across the area, forty-three heading to fifty-four.

With the... between the rain and the fog today, it will be, uh, messy driving if you're driving about, uh, periods of rain continuing well into tonight, some of it heavy, the high this afternoon sixty. There is a dense fog advisory now for Bronx, The Queens, uh, The Bronx and Queens and all of Long Island, and up into Connecticut as well, so please be careful if you're driving. It's going to become windy and colder late tonight, with the low down near forty by daybreak, and then a rain or snow shower possible early tomorrow, very windy and colder,

with some sun in the afternoon, winds gusting past forty miles per hour. So the high will reach forty-six, but the real feel temperature will only be thirty-two, degrees for a high tomorrow. Sunday, partly sunny and windy, high fifty. Monday, variably cloudy with a chilly wind, high forty-six. Tuesday, mostly sunny and chilly, high forty-two. Currently in midtown it's fifty-four degrees with light rain, relative humidity of one hundred percent, winds out of the south at nine, the barometer twenty-nine point eighty-three and falling. Repeating the temperature fifty-four going to a high of sixty today.

Strong winds have pushed the rain and warmth of the tri-states, uh, that we had yesterday well offshore, in fact, today's just going to be a very windy, chilly day with clouds and some sunshine, and it's a sprinkle, or even a flurry, our high forty-six. Those winds will gust over forty miles an hour at times. Tonight, partly cloudy, less wind, a low in the low to mid-thirties. A mix of sun and clouds on tap for tomorrow, a high near fifty. It'll become windy Monday with more sun than clouds, high forty-eight. Blustery and cold Tuesday, partly sunny skies, the high close to forty. Currently it's forty-three in Islip and at LaGuardia, forty-two and cloudy in Central Park, relative humidity fifty-seven percent, the wind out of the west at seven, gusting to twenty-three miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-two going up to forty-six in midtown.

A windy day today, with a mix of clouds and sunshine. There's a slight chance for a sprinkle, uh, mid to late morning as a cold front approaches and passes through the area. And behind that, the wind will really kick up, could gust to between thirty and forty miles an hour this afternoon, and it will get colder tonight, with a low down near freezing in the city, and windy and cold with sunshine tomorrow, the high temperature tomorrow only thirty-six, and the real feel temperature will be well down into the twenties. Sunshine, less wind but still cold Wednesday and Thursday, and then increasing cloudiness on Friday. Right now it is forty-six and partly cloudy in Central Park, humidity fifty-three percent, southwest wind gusting to eighteen miles per hour. Again the current temperature forty-six going up to fifty today.

It's squalling in some neighborhoods, not everywhere, in fact, in most places it's either flurrying or, uh, not snowing at all, but we've had a couple of intense snow squalls. They don't last much more than ten minutes or so. One is now, uh, moving into, uh, Suffolk County east of Mineola and the other one, coming across the Bronx, it'll probably, uh, get to Flushing, uh, around Shea Stadium, in, uh, the next, uh, ten to twenty minutes. Then there'll be sunshine, uh, but the wind and the cold will be constant today, with the high in the middle-thirties. Then it's clear tonight, low near twenty. Sunny, less wind and cold tomorrow, increasing clouds Thursday and Friday, into the weekend. We may have to deal with a real nor'easter-type storm along the eastern seaboard, so keep in touch with us. Right now thirty-three and mostly cloudy in Central Park, humidity fifty-one percent, wind from the northwest at ten. Again the current temperature, thirty-three going up to thirty-six today.

Mostly sunny and cold today, going up to thirty-four, the real feel temperature this afternoon will be in the twenties. As a reference point, the real temperature right now is eleven. Clear and cold tonight, low twenty-six in midtown, fourteen in some suburbs. Tomorrow

sunshine followed by clouds, high forty-two. Part one of a potential two-part storm would reach us on Friday, with some snow or rain arriving, high thirty-eight. The biggest part, assuming it develops, would be during the course of the weekend. We'll be very close to the snow-rain line and so it's impossible to estimate how much snow there could be, but it could be a disruptive storm throughout the region, in terms of travel, during the course of the weekend. Forty degrees our projected high, or thirty-eight on Saturday, and about the same on Sunday. Currently twenty-one degrees, relative humidity fifty-nine percent, wind west at eight miles per hour, twenty-one heading to thirty-four.

Fine weather for today, not much wind, the temperature rebounding from the recent chill, going to forty, thickening clouds tonight, low thirty-four. Now, we're predicting some snow spreading across the area between eight and noon tomorrow, then accumulating one to three inches along the coast, three to six inches inland. Does it have to happen? No. There are some indications the storm can weaken, never get here. We'll rate that about a one in four chance that nothing would actually happen tomorrow, but three out of four that something will, so we need to be ready for slippery places, and then a change to rain at the end of the day. Saturday, the storm will strengthen offshore, again, will it be close enough to the coast to give us a lot of snow and strong wind, or just offshore far enough that we don't get much precipitation at all? That is partly dependent on what happens to the first system. The high at that... Saturday, thirty-four, Sunday, an easier forecast, sunshine thirty-eight, Monday, sunshine thirty-six. Currently thirty-two degrees, relative humidity forty-nine percent, wind north at five, thirty-two heading for forty.

Well, we're continuing to watch snow sloat... spread slowly northward, uh, through New Jersey, uh, snowing around Trenton and, eh, Princeton, uh, not yet to Somerville, uh, or, a, to Belmar, but it probably begins there by about nine o'clock, uh, nine to ten o'clock into, uh, Manhattan by about noon. And then, a couple of hours after that, it'll spread across Long Island and into Connecticut. There can be rain mixed with the snow at times this afternoon and evening, but then the snow falls, uh, continuously later tonight, and into tomorrow morning, and we think we're gonna wind up with an average of three to six inches of snow across the metropolitan area with the, uh, six, perhaps, more favored than the three. And you go north and west of Interstate 287, there can be a foot of snow or more, before it tapers off later tomorrow. Right now thirty-three, just cloudy in Central Park, humidity eighty-eight percent, wind out of the northeast at nine. Again, the current temperature thirty-three, temperatures around freezing during the snow.

It is closing in again. Snowfall intensities picking up across the tri-state area, and we will have heavy snow through the, uh, day today and into, uh, part of tonight as well. The snowfall rates can be on the order of an inch, to even an inch to two inches per hour, on occasion. And, uh, we think by around midnight tonight, we'll have an average of twelve to eighteen inches of snow across the metropolitan area. And that does not include drifting, which is going to become more significant with time, because the wind will be picking up and, uh, that's the reason the blizzard warning is in effect. The combination of blowing snow and falling snow can create near visibilit... near zero

visibilities on occasion. Twenty-five degrees and lightly snowing now, we're headed up to thirty in midtown.

Well, this storm winding down here as far as, uh, accumulating snow goes. Uh, there should be little accumulation from this point on and, uh, we will see, though, very strong winds continuing right on through the night. Uh, the center of this nor'easter only moving to about Cape Cod by morning, temperatures staying in the middle-twenties, uh, a lot of blowing and drifting in open areas. Uh, for tomorrow also very wind, cold, but, uh, we will see some sunshine returning, thirty-two in the afternoon. Monday a much more tranquil day, lots of sunshine, thirty-eight, mid-forties on Tuesday with sunshine. We may hit fifty on Wednesday as clouds come in ahead of the, uh, next frontal system, and that one will be delivering rain. In Central Park twenty-five degrees, light snow, we have a north wind twenty-five, gusting forty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature twenty-five going down to twenty-three in midtown.

Well, our storm is over now, uh, all except for the melting which, uh, will begin a little bit this afternoon, then it'll freeze up tonight, with plenty of sun today, and temperatures getting above freezing this afternoon. There will be some melting, but tonight will be clear and cold, low twenty-six in the city, into the teens in the suburbs. Sunshine tomorrow, up to forty, that'll really start the melting. The problem is there'll be rain that comes along Wednesday afternoon and night, into part of Thursday, with temperatures getting into the forties, and that rain and thaw and melting snow could create some flooding problems Wednesday night and Thursday. Right now, twenty-five and, um, mostly clear in Central Park, humidity fifty-eight percent, wind northwest at seven. Again the current temperature twenty-five, going up to thirty-six.

Plenty of sunshine will be the rule, although at times there will be a deck of clouds that show up, so it's not going to be a totally sunny day, temperature today getting to about forty degrees. Partly to mostly cloudy tonight, low thirty-six in midtown, twenty-five to thirty in many of the colder suburbs. Then as we look at the day tomorrow, variable cloudiness, high forty-eight. Now, it's not out of the question if some drizzle breaks out early, as moist air comes in from the southeast, but rain will be with us tomorrow night, and that rain can be heavy. That, plus melting snow, can lead to flooding in, uh, poor drainage areas, lots of slush around. And Thursday afternoon, the rain's all gone, clouds breaking for sun, windy, high fifty-two. Then Friday partly sunny with a cold wind, high forty-six. Currently it's thirty-one and cloudy, relative humidity sixty-nine percent, winds out of the north at four miles per hour, thirty-one heading for forty.

Well, uh, back when we got the snowstorm over the weekend, that generated about two-thirds of an inch of liquid equivalent or, in other words, if it wasn't cold enough for snow, but had it rained, we would've had about two-thirds of an inch of rain. Now, uh, we're expecting just as much rain, if not a little more, maybe around an inch, Wednesday night and Thursday morning. So, with melting snow and, uh, just about as much if not more rain, well, you get the idea where I'm going with this. Uh, there will be, I think, areas of flooding, poor drainage areas, some side streets, uh, places with storm sewers that are clogged, and you're gonna have, uh, a little bit of flooding to deal with. There's one good thing about all this, it will be turning

milder with temperatures later today in the mid-forties, holding nearly steady or rising Wednesday night, peaking at fifty-two Thursday, then we turn drier and colder again. Right now it's cloudy and thirty-seven, humidity seventy-two percent, the wind east at six miles per hour. Cloudy, thirty-seven, heading down to thirty-four.

Pretty nice day out there, of course the snow melting, it is slush and water, but variable cloudiness, high forty-eight. Overcast tonight into tomorrow morning with rain, it'll be heavy at times after midnight, with flooding in poor drainage areas, a combination of rain and melting snow likely to cause a mess for the morning commute, temperatures steady or rising overnight. Then later tomorrow, but not till after lunch, windy and mild, clouds may break for some sun, high fifty-two. Friday sunny with a cold wind, high forty-four, real feel temperature in the low thirties. Then for Saturday sunshine, high forty. Currently the winds are light and variable, the relative humidity sixty-five percent, forty-three degrees in midtown heading for forty-eight.

We are going to continue to get a wind-swept, heavy rain for at least the next few hours. Uh, we've had street and highway flooding that will continue to be an issue into the early afternoon, and that wind gusting to between thirty and forty miles an hour on occasion, making umbrellas hard to handle as well. At least it's mild, temperatures in the fifties. Late in the day it'll begin clearing up and turn colder. Tonight partly cloudy, blustery and cold, a low thirty-six. Sunshine tomorrow forty-four, sunshine on Saturday, cold, high thirty-eight, then clouding up Sunday, followed by the chance for some rain or snow. Fifty-six degrees and rainy now in Central Park, humidity one hundred percent, wind from the east gusting to twenty-seven miles an hour. Again, the current temperature fifty-six going up to fifty-nine today.

Skies will be clearing out as we go through the night, uh, a gusty northwest wind will continue, and temperatures will be in the low thirties by daybreak. High pressure heading in our direction, uh, from, uh, south central Canada, uh, will bring us a good deal of sunshine here the next couple of days and, uh, chillier weather, mid-forties tomorrow, only upper thirties on Saturday. The next system we have to tangle with is currently dropping some rain down over Arizona. This will be, uh, spreading across Texas during the day tomorrow and the, uh, reach, eh, the rest of the Gulf states on the weekend, and start heading northeastward. Uh, we expect an increasing wind and, uh, uh, cloudy skies here on Sat... or Sunday, I should say, uh, with, uh, snow or sleet breaking out. Probably changing over to rain late in the day or during the evening, and that would continue on into Monday morning, high Sunday about thirty-six. We have forty-five degrees and a cloudy sky in Central Park, a northwest wind twenty-five, gusting forty to forty-five miles an hour. Repeating the current temperature forty-five going down to thirty-four in midtown.

Yesterday we had the teeming tarns, the rain, the flooding, warm air. Today, dry air, cold winds, and that's pretty much it, the high'll be forty-four, real feel temperature this afternoon in the low thirties. Partly cloudy to clear tonight, cold, winds diminishing early, low thirty in midtown, twenty-two to twenty-six most suburbs. Tomorrow, sunshine followed by cloudiness, high thirty-eight. Then it looks like a storm visits on Sunday, snow at first mixing with or changing to rain in the city, and elsewhere along the coast. Too early to tell whether there'll be any snow still on the ground at the end of the storm after

the rain. In the northern and western suburbs, it may stay below freezing the whole time, and that could allow snow and ice with several inches accumulating. Monday the storm leaves, and it's dry into Tuesday. Currently, winds out of the west at ten, gusting to eighteen miles per hour, the relative humidity fifty-two percent, thirty-seven in midtown heading forty-four.

It'll be sunny to partly cloudy today, we'll have a high of thirty-eight degrees. Clouds increase, thicken and lower tonight, low falling back to thirty. Cloudy, increasingly windy, a cold day tomorrow, snow or sleet will begin during the morning hours. Pretty quick change over to rain in the afternoon, though, from New York City on to the southeast, one to three inches there. We... north of 180... um, 287, I should say, however, we'll see a mixture continue most of the day, could see three to six inches of ice and snow by the end of the day, with a high of thirty-six. Maybe a little rain or drizzle will start the day Monday, otherwise mostly cloudy with a high of forty. Mostly sunny, warmer Tuesday, high forty-six. Currently in Central Park, thirty degrees, relative humidity fifty-nine percent, and a west wind at six miles per hour. Repeating the current temperature thirty going up to thirty-eight in midtown.

Well, uh, the wind is in the process of diminishing this Monday night, and because of that, well, it's gonna be a lot, uh, more tranquil around here late tonight and tomorrow. It should be a fairly sunny day, the nicest day of the week actually. We're headed down to thirty in midtown, twenty-five in most suburbs, highs tomorrow in the mid-forties. Clouds will roll in, though, tomorrow night and this'll be followed by periods of rain on Wednesday, some of which can be heavy, that's not good news, a weekend storm, then by Wednesday it rains. That seems to be the pattern the last two weeks. It'll be very windy in the wake of the rain on Thursday, with clouds and sun, Friday, temperatures near forty. It's clear and thirty-four in midtown right now, the humidity sixty-seven percent, wind west at twelve miles per hour gusting to eighteen. It's clear, thirty-four heading down thirty.

A nice day today. Sunshine will take temperatures up into the forties, and it'll be mild tonight but it will also cloud up, with a low near forty. Tomorrow our next storm begins to bring us rain, and rain tomorrow, and on into tomorrow night, will be heavy at times, could get an inch of rain, and that'll produce street and highway flooding. Inland areas, uh, the ground is saturated, uh, there's snow on the ground to melt, the rivers are high, and there's concern about river and stream flooding. And, in fact, flood watches are in effect in western and northern suburbs, uh, for tomorrow and tomorrow night. Thursday, very windy, clouds break for some sun, maybe a few flurries around in the morning. Temperatures in the thirties and mostly sunny Friday, the high thirty-eight. Thirty-three and, uh, mostly sunny now in Central Park, humidity seventy-one percent, wind from the southwest at seven. Again, the current temperature thirty-three going up to forty-six today.

We've got rain west and north of the city. It will be raining, uh, by nine o'clock across most of the metropolitan area. The rain will be heavy and continue into this evening and street and highway flooding certainly can occur and, uh, with rivers and, uh, streams high in interior sections. There's also concern about that kind of flooding, and the flood watch is in effect for much of the area, our high today

fifty-four. Turning windy and colder tonight, rain could end as a brief period of snow and flurries, the low thirty-four. Tomorrow partly sunny, very windy and cold, temperatures in the thirties. Partly sunny Friday, high thirty-eight, chance of flurries on Saturday. Right now it's fifty degrees and cloudy in Central Park, the rain still may be an hour or an hour and a half away, humidity one hundred percent, wind from the southeast at six. Again the current temperature fifty going up to fifty-four today.

Recently we've had storms every couple of days. One would be snow, one would be a mixture, one, like yesterday, would be all rain and wind. The big thing about the next five days is there aren't going to be any big storms, just cold, dry weather. Today's high thirty-nine, going down to thirty-two in midtown tonight, twenty-four in many suburbs, up to thirty-eight with some sun tomorrow, thirty-six on Saturday, maybe a flurry, Sunday partly sunny thirty-eight. Monday forty-two and we have time to, uh, make up some lost time on holiday shopping if, uh, any of those storms of previous weeks delayed you. Currently in midtown thirty-two degrees, relative humidity sixty percent, wind west at twelve, gusting to twenty, thirty-two heading to thirty-nine.

It looks like a fine weekend and, for outdoor activities, no problems. You can go skiing, go shopping, go nowhere, but the weather's going to be decent. We don't see any storms coming before Tuesday or Wednesday. For today, a mixture of clouds and sun, going to thirty-six. Partly cloudy tonight, low twenty-eight in midtown, twenty-two in some suburbs. Tomorrow, cloudy to partly sunny, brisk and cold, a flurry possibility, high thirty-six. Sunday, partly sunny, high thirty-six. Monday, not as cold, going to forty-six, and up to forty-eight, as clouds increase on Tuesday. Currently winds out of the west at five, relative humidity sixty-nine percent, thirty degrees in midtown heading for thirty-six.

Well, it looks like a quiet weekend if you're headed out to do some last-minute shopping for the holidays. You'll find cloudy to partly sunny skies, it'll be brisk and cold, with a stray flurry, and a high thirty-eight. Partly cloudy, cold tonight, down to twenty-five in midtown, twenty in the suburbs. Remember, tomorrow is the shortest day of the year, so we'll see times of sun and clouds, still cold, the high again tomorrow only thirty-eight. And we warm up on Monday, it'll be partly sunny with a high of forty-six. Increasing clouds on Tuesday, a high up to fifty, for Christmas Eve, windy with a chance for rain. Right now we have a temperature of thirty in Morristown, it's twenty-eight at Islip, and it's clear and thirty in Central Park, eighty percent humidity, a west wind at five. Thirty right now, headed up to thirty-eight this afternoon.

Weather

Interviewer: When did you start with the "Death" series?

Andy Warhol: ... I realized that everything I was doing must have been Death. It was Christmas or Labor Day, a holiday, and every time you turned on the radio they said something like, "Four million are going to die." That started it. But when you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect.

12:01

Well, in conjunction with the big holiday weekend, we start out with the Hudson River horror show right now. Big delays in the Holland Tunnel either way with roadwork, only one lane will be getting by. You're talking about, at least, twenty to thirty minutes worth of traffic either way, possibly even more than that. Meanwhile the Lincoln Tunnel, not great back to Jersey but still your best option. And the GW Bridge your worst possible option. Thirty to forty minute delays, and that's just going into town. Lower level closed, upper level all you get. Then back to New Jersey every approach is fouled-up: West Side Highway from the 150's, the Major Deegan, the Bronx approaches and the Harlem River Drive are all a disaster, the Harlem River Drive could take you an hour, no direct access to the GW Bridge with roadwork. And right now across the East River 59th Street Bridge, you've gotta steer clear of that one. Midtown Tunnel, Triboro Bridge, they remain in better shape. Still very slow on the eastbound Southern State Parkway here at the area of the, uh, Meadowbrook there's a, uh, stalled car there blocking a lane and traffic very slow.

12:11

Oh, one of the nastiest nights we've had in a while across the Hudson River. Holland Tunnel can be up to a half an hour in either direction, it's repairs and only one lane available. Lincoln Tunnel, which was a good way out is a bad way out now. Now we've got troubles back to Jersey it looks like, uh, now, mmm, watching here on the WINS Jam Cam, it's double trouble. The north tube all traffic's grinding to a halt going back to Jersey, that'll impact the 41st and 40th Street approaches. The center tube, that's another problem: you got a stuck bus in the tube. We just got a call from Dennis who, um, a member of our traffic team, who said that there was only one lane open, the right lane in that tube back to Jersey, with a, uh, bus stopped there, Port Authority police crews are on scene. Right now traffic stacking up, Lincoln Tunnel Jersey-bound, GW Bridge can easily take you thirty to forty minutes to go either way, even worse off the Harlem River Drive with no direct access to the G. W. Bridge because of repairs going on and the 59th Street Bridge, still an absolute must to avoid. You've got roadwork there and delays on both decks either way.

12:21

Well, we could spend an hour talking about the Hudson River right now because that could be the delay going back to new Jersey on the Harlem River Drive approach to the GW Bridge. It's all because of repairs. Bronx approaches are an absolute sickening ride at this point and, uh, going into New York City the, uh, GW Bridge with a thirty to forty minute delay. They're doing repairs in each direction tonight on the lower level. Meanwhile, the Lincoln Tunnel, nobody's coming back to New Jersey. Remember Dennis phoned in, our traffic team member, the last report said there was a stalled bus inside the Lincoln Tunnel? Well, now they're holding all traffic back on the way back to Jersey so right now you're at a dead stop. And, uh, and looks like here on the Panasonic Jam Cam nobody getting through as yet. As you, uh, make your way at the, uh, Holland Tunnel, thirty minute delays either way, that because of repairs. Whitestone Bridge, that's where Bobby phoned in, at least a half an hour delay to Queens with roadwork, stick with the Throgs Neck or the Triboro. Avoid the 59th Street Bridge either way, use the Midtown Tunnel to avoid repairs there.

12:31

Unbelievable what's happening out there tonight: midnight gridlock. Where do we begin? There is a stalled bus inside the Lincoln Tunnel that is refusing to move, blocking all access to New Jersey. That means we're jammed-up deep on the Manhattan side. All approaches to the Lincoln are packed, spilling over into the midtown grid: Times Square, Columbus Circle, Eighth Avenue up to the Park, nothing is moving, just a lot of angry drivers at the point. Well, you might think, hey, why not head up to the GWB? But nope. That's jam-packed due to repairs. We're looking at at least forty-five minutes to an hour up there. And remember there's no access off the Harlem River Drive, gumming things up all the way to Riverdale, even bumping up to the Tappan Zee. Wow! Now, the Holland Tunnel is still looking better, but still you're going to hit nearly a half an hour getting in and out of town. On the East River crossings it's no better with the Whitestone out with, uh, roadwork. And the 59th Street Bridge is mobbed both ways in and out of town. You'll want to avoid that. We've got a smoother ride into the Midtown Tunnel, with scattered ten to fifteen minute delays there, but it might be your best bet.

12:41

Well, hard to believe that on a night as a holiday weekend is beginning, you've got one hour delays each way at the GW Bridge, 80/95 Local lanes are, uh, going to be closed down on the approach to the bridge, so all traffic going to the GW Bridge will be pushed to the upper level. That's why the backup right now is solidly all the way back into Teaneck as you, uh, travel right now on 80/95 here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. You've also got big delays on the Harlem River Drive, especially going back to Jersey, that's about a one hour wait as well. Cross Bronx approach is also gonna be a mess as you, uh, make your way towards the bridge, it's about a two mile delay. Lincoln Tunnel still jam-packed with about a half an hour back to Jersey and gumming up Manhattan with a stalled bus that's being cleared. Holland Tunnel delays are about a half an hour in each direction. Across the East River avoid the Whitestone Bridge to Queens and just flat out avoid the 59th Street Bridge, delays in both directions on both decks.

12:51

Oh right now, you want nothing to do with the GW Bridge, which can take you up to an hour or more to use the GW Bridge into the city. The, uh, problem is the lower level is closed either way, that's why the upper level is completely stacked up. And you've got, uh, big time jam-up's right now on 80/95 Express. Meanwhile, back to Jersey, avoid the Harlem River Drive approach, that approach can take you about an hour back to Jersey. On the, uh, Harlem River Drive approach all traffic diverts to Amsterdam Avenue, you can't even get to the GW Bridge directly, and that's why you've got that huge backup, Bronx approaches are not looking good either. Lincoln Tunnel about a twenty minute delay back to Jersey, that's the best we've got. Holland Tunnel, thirty minutes in either direction, that because of roadwork. 59th Street Bridge, you want to avoid it completely, use the Midtown Tunnel or the Triboro. Also, steer clear of the Whitestone Bridge, which is jammed on the way to Queens. And the BQE is also bumper-to-bumper westbound through Atlantic Avenue here in the camera. It's roadwork causing more than a one mile delay. Only one lane'll be getting by.

1:01

Well, the big delays continue across the Hudson River, could take you up to a half an hour to go, uh, at the, uh, Holland Tunnel either

way. Lincoln Tunnel will be better on the way a back to Jersey, delays are winding down a little bit, but still better than the Holland Tunnel overall. And the GW Bridge is just an absolute, flat out disaster. If you're gonna use it back to Jersey, take the West Side Highway to get there. Harlem River Drive approaches still upwards of a, uh, one hour delay, matter of fact, I'm gonna make that even more. Delays are back to the Triboro Bridge now so it's going to take you well over an hour to use the Harlem River Drive going up to the GW Bridge. Bronx approaches should be a little bit better, not much, just a little bit. And the GW Bridge at least an hour into New York, only the upper level available, lower level closed with repairs. Avoid the Whitestone Bridge to Queens, it's jammed with roadwork. Avoid the 59th Street Bridge no matter which way you go, it's jammed with roadwork. The BQE is also jammed with roadwork westbound through Atlantic Avenue, one lane gets by.

1:11

Well, two bridges you want to steer clear of over the East River, the Whitestone Bridge still jammed to Queens with roadwork and only one lane available and the 59th Street Bridge, still a mess no matter which way you go, you've got repairs there as well. Now, across the Hudson River, you gotta head to the Lincoln Tunnel. While the Lincoln Tunnel is not great, it's a whole lot better than the thirty minute delay either way that awaits you at the Holland Tunnel or the GW Bridge, which is just an absolute nightmare, uh, about one hour or more going into New York for the GW Bridge, lower level closed, 80/95 Express lanes are backed up almost to Teaneck and, uh, right now you've also got big delays back to Jersey. The Harlem River Drive is backed up almost to the Triboro heading up to the GW Bridge. That's going to be at least an hour to ninety minutes worth of traffic. Again, all traffic diverts off on Amsterdam Avenue, you can't even get to the GW Bridge that way. Stay with the West Side as your better alternate. And in New Jersey we're just getting reports of a crash, uh, on the New Jersey Turnpike truck lanes just after Exit 11 going northbound.

1:21

We are still getting hit real hard over the Hudson as we switch, uh, the cameras over the Harlem River Drive approach, backed up well over an hour to an hour and a half trying to get over to the GW Bridge. You've got, uh, all access to the GW Bridge knocked out, you get pushed to Amsterdam Avenue instead. Right now the West Side, worlds better than the East Side going north and it looks like, eh, GW Bridge into the city still bucking the one hour mark on the way into town, depending on your approach. Now, if you sneak in via Route 46 to Route 4, you can really knock that delay down a lot. As you, uh, travel the Lincoln Tunnel still your best way across the Hudson River. And across the East River avoid the Throgs Neck Bridge to Queens with roadwork, avoid the 59th Street Bridge that's still very slow on the outer roadway exiting into Queens on the lower roadway. Lower roadway, though, inbou... in the, uh, inside the lower roadway is getting better in either direction so that can help you out. And right now the BQE still a mess down through Atlantic Avenue due to roadwork, just one lane there will be getting by. No repairs tonight on Long Island's North Shore. LIE repairs are finished with.

1:31

Oh, as we're waiting for a little good news at the GW Bridge. It looks like that delay now going into the city is about thirty to forty-

five minutes. A lot of folks are getting the hint: don't use the GW Bridge. Big delays not only into New York with the lower level closed, but huge delays back to Jersey with the lower level closed. You've got backups on the Harlem River Drive stretching back at least an hour with traffic. Right now the Lincoln Tunnel still the best way overall to cross the Hudson. Across the East River you want to steer clear of the, uh, Whitestone Bridge to Queens with roadwork. 59th Street Bridge try to avoid the upper level either way. Bruckner Expressway going north you have only one lane open by White Plains Road. That's the scene of an accident. And in New Jersey on the Turnpike, truck lanes, you have a wreck just north of Exit 11, a couple of trucks involved car lanes going north on the Turnpike. They will wind up being a better ride.

1:41

Oh we still have a lot of traffic on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Westbound side still hung up with roadwork down through Atlantic Avenue where you've got only one lane getting by. At least if you're gonna be, uh, heading right now to the, uh, Hudson River at least you've got the Lincoln Tunnel to use. The Holland Tunnel, there's still delays either way with repairs. GW Bridge is still a mess because of repairs but now no more than thirty to forty minutes on the way into New York, we're actually seeing an improvement for that GW Bridge upper level. The bottom line is you still want to use the Lincoln Tunnel either way and avoid the Harlem River Drive back to Jersey. It's an absolute mess, no direct access to the GW Bridge, you'll be pushed off to Amsterdam Avenue. As you, uh, make your way across the East River, Whitestone Bridge there's only one lane open to Queens. 59th Street Bridge, there's upper level repairs either way. No incidents reported in Queens on the LIE, the Grand Central. Westchester County main arteries 287, 87, 95 reportedly in good shape.

1:51

Well the good news finally is delays are dropping a bit at the GW Bridge going into New York. It's still gonna be about twenty minutes but, uh, the good news is the upper level is thinning a bit and, uh, looks like the 46 and Route 4 approaches will knock that down even further and as you, uh, make your way to the Lincoln Tunnel, that's still your best way across the Hudson. Big backups at the Holland Tunnel either way and that's because of repairs. Across the East River the, uh, right now the Whitestone Bridge is only one lane available in either direction with roadwork. And the 59th Street Bridge upper level, looks like they've, uh, closed that down going over to Queens, I don't see anybody coming over. Right now all traffic diverts to the lower level and it is jam-packed right now on the, uh, lower level going to Queens as we see live on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Brooklyn-Queens Expressway equally packed bumper-to-bumper westbound side through Atlantic Avenue, roadwork only one lane open. There's inbound delays exiting the Gowanus to the BQE as well, you've got repairs there too. And, uh, right now in Queens too, both the LIE, the Grand Central they look to be in very good shape.

2:01

Oh right now getting up to the GW Bridge certainly a chore. Something's going on on the northbound side of the, um, uh, West Side Highway as you, uh, travel up toward, uh, the area north of 96th Street. I can see delays here on the WINS Jam Cam, definitely get you a further update on that the next report. Meanwhile as you, uh, make your way right now onto, uh, the Harlem River Drive, there's still delays

exiting for the GW Bridge. Remember there's no direct access off the Harlem River Drive, you have to follow the Amsterdam Avenue in. The, uh, Bronx approaches are getting a little bit better. And the GW Bridge overall is getting better on the way to New York. Lincoln Tunnel still a very good way across the Hudson either way. And across the East River, Whitestone Bridge only one lane open to Queens. You can steer clear of that to the Throgs Neck or the Triboro. 59th Street Bridge, only the lower level open to Queens and it is stacked up Queens-bound here on the WINS Jam Cam. Brooklyn-Queens Expressway still very jammed up heading down toward Atlantic Avenue you've got roadwork there.

2:11

Oh delays are finally easing out of the GW Bridge going into New York, still you have to watch out going back to New Jersey off the Harlem River Drive approach. You'll have delays there because the, uh, ramp to the GW Bridge is closed and everyone gets pushed off to Amsterdam Avenue. Lincoln Tunnel still remains an excellent way to cross the Hudson. Holland Tunnel about a twenty to twenty-five minute delay back to Jersey with roadwork. Whitestone Bridge, steer clear of that one, only one lane open to Queens with repairs. 59th Street Bridge with the upper level closed. The lower level is bumper-to-bumper going Queens-bound. That's all because of roadwork. You've also got roadwork in Manhattan on the West Side Highway at 96th Street, only one lane will be getting through. You've got repairs on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway westbound side, one lane open and still a jam getting down through Atlantic Avenue. Looks like things are alright, though, in Queens on the LIE and on the Grand Central. And apparently they are still trying to clear a crash on the Bruckner Expressway north, it's been out there for a while by White Plains Road.

2:21

A few big repair jobs out there, one of them on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. There is still traffic going westbound down through Atlantic Avenue with roadwork and only one lane getting by. Also watch out on the West Side, northbound on 96th Street, you've got a repair job there as well. Traffic right now in the Bronx doing better on the Cross Bronx west into the GW Bridge, Harlem River Drive. Remember there's no direct access to the GW Bridge because of roadwork so you have to, uh, follow a detour and, eh, right now as we check the bridges and tunnels: GW Bridge going into New York, looks like all the delays have finally wound down. Lincoln Tunnel same story here on the WINS Jam Cam. 495 looks to be in good shape going into the tolls going into New York City. Right now the Holland Tunnel still about a fifteen minute delay back to Jersey with roadwork. And across the East River got, uh, big delays on the 59th Street Bridge, upper roadway closed to Queens. That means that all traffic has to use the lower roadway. That's why it's all stacked up. The, uh, GW, uh, the 59th Street Bridge closed on that upper level so no matter which way you go, lower roadway's all you get.

2:31

A couple of bridges you want to avoid across the East River, the 59th Street Bridge they're working on the upper level either way. They could hold traffic back going Manhattan-bound, which they're doing right now. Stay with the lower level going into Manhattan, but avoid the lower level to Queens, it's completely stacked-up with repairs. Meanwhile, you want to stay with the Midtown Tunnel, the Triboro Bridge, and avoid the Whitestone Bridge. Whitestone Bridge has roadwork

going on going to Queens. There's only one lane available now. Now across the Hudson, GW Bridge delays definitely winding down. Just avoid the Harlem River Drive approach to the GW Bridge. Lincoln Tunnel, they're temporarily holding traffic back again going back to New Jersey. There may be a problem with a tractor-trailer stuck inside the tube. Holland Tunnel about a fifteen minute delay going to New Jersey with roadwork. Right now the Tappan Zee alright in Westchester County. Your main arteries 287, 87, 95 all are in very good shape. Travel in Nassau County, the LIE, the Northern Parkway, they are both looking good.

2:41

Well, they were taking out a tractor-trailer that was a little too big at the Lincoln Tunnel going back to Jersey. They moved him out, the delays are gone. Now you're looking good either way at the Lincoln Tunnel. Holland Tunnel about a ten minute delay back to Jersey, best that's been in a while with repairs going on. GW Bridge, you still have repairs there too but at least the city-bound delays are gone. Just watch out for a, uh, backup on the Harlem River Drive exiting for the GW Bridge. No direct access. You get pushed off to Amsterdam Avenue. And on the West Side Highway there's roadwork at 96th Street. Meanwhile across the East River, 59th Street Bridge you got to avoid. Upper level is closed to Queens. Lower level, that has just picked up a ton of traffic going Queens-bound and, uh, you've got to avoid that upper level to Manhattan too, they could shut it down at any time to do repairs. As you, uh, make your way right now in Brooklyn on the BQE, you still have roadwork in each direction in the area of Atlantic Avenue.

2:51

Well, troubles still continue on the 59th Street Bridge with the upper level closed to Queens, lower level's all you get. And there is a delay going Queens-bound here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Steer clear and you may wanna opt for the Midtown Tunnel, the Triboro Bridge, they're going to be better. Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg Bridge, they're all looking good. And across the Hudson lower level each way of the GW Bridge shut down so all traffic will be using the upper level. The, uh, Harlem River Drive, with no direct access to the GW Bridge. Lincoln Tunnel now looks good. Holland Tunnel about a five to maybe eight minute delay going back to Jersey. And things looking very good for ya right now along the Belt Parkway, but on the BQE watch out for repairs each way near Atlantic Avenue. Nassau County, no troubles on the LIE or on the Northern Parkway. And in Westchester County your main arteries 287, 87 and 95, they are all good.

3:01

Well getting across the Hudson River definitely's gotten a whole lot better going back to New Jersey. Holland Tunnel still about a five to ten minute delay depending on your approach. Now the Lincoln Tunnel looks good in either direction. GW Bridge repairs closed the lower level each way. And the 59th Street Bridge, the upper level going to Queens is shut down. The, uh, upper level going into Manhattan at the Queensboro can shut down at any time, so you need to be on the lower level which has thinned out in either direction. Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg Bridge, they're all looking good. In Brooklyn you've got roadwork each way on the BQE right near Atlantic Avenue and as you, uh, travel right now on the, uh, Gowanus just exiting from the BQE, watch out for roadwork right there. In Queens on the Grand Central westbound

side in front of LaGuardia, a couple of lanes down but no delays through that stretch.

3:11

Oh, as we start this holiday weekend, first in Nassau County tonight, things very quiet, the LIE, Northern Parkway no repairs, no delays. Things also moving along pretty well through Queens on both the LIE and the Grand Central. Grand Central does have an eastbound repair job before LaGuardia but no backups through that stretch. In the Bronx, Cross Bronx, Bruckner, Major Deegan, they're alright. Remember the Harlem River Drive northbound ramp to the GW Bridge is closed to everybody, pushed off to Amsterdam Avenue with a repair job for the rest of the evening. And as we check the bridges and the tunnels, GW Bridge, even with the repairs going on now, no delays either way. Lincoln Tunnel now looks good. Holland Tunnel very short delays back to Jersey. And, uh, looks like in... across the East River we have roadwork at the Whitestone Bridge, just one lane open to Queens. 59th Street Bridge upper level you want to avoid. Lower level is open now either direction and is in better shape.

3:21

Well, let's talk bridges and tunnels right now. Now it looks like the delays have completely eased away at the Holland Tunnel. The Lincoln Tunnel looks good despite repairs and the GW Bridge, even though you have the lower level closed. By the way, the upper level is open now. One thing you do have to watch out for at the GW Bridge, the Harlem River Drive ramp is closed down so you will be pushed off to Amsterdam Avenue and you have to follow to a local detour. So you'll add more minutes to your ride. West Side Highway going north at 96th Street there's roadwork and only one lane getting by. And as we check across the East River, looks like you've got the Whitestone Bridge narrowed to one lane on the way to Queens. 59th Street Bridge, lower level is all you get going Queens-bound and, uh, right now as we see on the Panasonic Jam Cam, even with that going on, lower level looks to be in pretty good shape for ya. As you, uh, make your way right now in Brooklyn, the Gowanus Expressway alright between the Belt and the BQE. Staten Island highways are shaping up well.

3:31

Well traffic right now, not looking at any accidents but definitely a lot of construction going on. The Van Wyck Expressway in Queens northbound, you've got two lanes blocked, Atlantic Avenue to Hillside Avenue. The Bronx northbound Major Deegan Expressway two lanes closed from the Cross Bronx overpass to Boston Post... Boston Road the left and center lanes are, uh, shut down there. And if you're heading west on the Cross Bronx Expressway watch for construction under the apartments on the ramp near the lower level. Now checking the bridges and tunnels, this is not affecting traffic at the bridge itself. Inbounders, you've got the lower level closed so you'll be detoured to the upper deck. Lincoln and Holland Tunnels each with some construction but no delays. Tappan Zee Bridge is fine. I see through the WINS Jam Cam Queensboro Bridge upper deck is closed going back to Queens, but no real problems on the lower level and back into Midtown you're fine. Brooklyn crossings are all holding up well.

3:41

Oh we'll start this holiday weekend by checking those bridges and tunnels. If you're going from Staten Island to New Jersey, skip the Goethals Bridge. Typical overnight construction closes that down until

five a.m. but just in that direction you're OK coming back into Staten Island. The Outerbridge Crossing and Bayonne Bridge are fine. Despite construction, no delays at the Verrazano Bridge. Lower East River crossings no problems into and out of Brooklyn from Lower Manhattan. Midtown Tunnel and Queensboro Bridge, you may find some construction, especially at the Queensboro Bridge, but again, no delays. You do have construction at the Whitestone Bridge coming out of the Bronx to Queens, two lanes are closed 'til five a.m., that can get a bit tight. No problems at the Throgs Neck or the Triboro. GW Bridge inbound lower level is closed, no delays upstairs. Outbound is if you're heading up Manhattan's East Side the northbound, uh, Harlem River Drive ramp to the bridge is closed, you're detoured off to Amsterdam Avenue to five a.m.

3:51

Oh, traffic right now is looking pretty good around the area. We do have some construction, fortunately no accidents. Some of this construction can close, um, roadways partially to the point where, um, you might see some slowdowns here. If you're on the Van Wyck Expressway in Queens heading north, two lanes are closed down Hillside Avenue 'til five a.m. Cross Island Parkway looks good. And on Long Island you have no problems on the LIE or Northern State Parkway at this point. It looks like you've got a good go on the Cross Bronx Expressway, just remember if your heading west to the GW Bridge there is some construction under the apartments although right now, through the lens of the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam, we certainly don't see it causing any delays for commuters coming off the Deegan or on from the, uh, from the Cross Bronx Expressway itself. The Whitestone Bridge going to Queens has construction work, closing two lanes on the span. If you're heading uptown to Manhattan's East Side the Harlem River Drive ramp to the GW Bridge is closed. You're detoured to Amsterdam Avenue.

4:01

Traffic right now on the Connecticut Turnpike is doing quite well. The southbound side does see construction through Stamford. Watch for lanes being closed between exits 9 and 7. It's blocking at least one lane 'til six a.m. Once you make it down to the city line you're OK here. The Westchester County portion of the New England Thruway right on down through the Bronx on through the, uh, Bruckner Expressway are looking good right to the Triboro Bridge. Now the Triboro Bridge holding up quite nicely to all points. You've got a pretty decent ride being reported over at the Throgs Neck. There is construction at the Whitestone Bridge leaving Queens, two lanes are closed across the span until five a.m. or leaving for Queens, I should say. Bronx-bound news, you've got one lane closed but that doesn't appear to be a problem. At the Hudson River crossings, GW Bridge inbound lower level is closed but no delays upstairs.

4:11

Ah, you're not going to find too many tie-ups out there, plenty of orange cones though if you are making your way onto Grand Central Parkway going west, watch for some work going on just before LaGuardia Airport. And if you're heading north on the Van Wyck Expressway you've got some construction here coming north here at Atlantic Avenue closing two lanes. Two lanes also blocked north on the Bronx River Parkway from the Cross Bronx Expressway to Boston Road. And it looks like you've also got construction on the BQE, eastbound there's two lanes blocked Atlantic Avenue to Hamilton Avenue until five a.m. Looking at the

bridges and tunnels, if you're going to the GW Bridge on Manhattan's East Side, the FDR Drive, or rather the Harlem River Drive portion, has the ramp to the bridge closed. You are forced onto the Amsterdam Avenue approach. Inbounders have the lower level closed but no delays upstairs. Don't see any problems right now at the Queens or Brooklyn crossings, despite any construction.

4:21

Alright, as we kick off the morning rush, we're going to head first to the Brooklyn crossings, my live view of some of them with the WINS Panasonic Jam Cam system and let me tell you, things are really starting to heat up out there. I see now the Manhattan Bridge is loaded up across the span from the Brooklyn side into lower Manhattan. Uh, the Williamsburg Bridge and the Brooklyn Bridge are still holding up fairly well. Right now a very slow crawl at the Manhattan Bridge. Battery Tunnel doesn't look bad. We are starting to see some build-up online now into the tolls at the Midtown Tunnel coming in from Queens to Midtown Manhattan. Construction still closing two lanes at the Whitestone until around five a.m. The Queensboro Bridge, although better, still looks jammed, both decks, both directions. No problems up at the Triboro. The GW Bridge still has the ramp to the bridge closed and it will remain that way until five a.m. Until then, you're forced onto the side streets at Amsterdam Avenue. All other Hudson River crossings are in good shape. Still no problems to report with the outlying mass transit systems in Jersey, Long Island and Westchester and Rockland Counties.

4:31

What a mess with a lot of traffic in view in Brooklyn with the WINS Jam Cam. The eastbound side of the BQE very slow coming up from just past the Battery Tunnel split, past the Brooklyn Bridge and on into, uh, well, it looks like a lot of people are choosing the Manhattan Bridge. For the next half hour, I'm sure, we're going to see the Manhattan Bridge staying stacked up into lower Manhattan. The Brooklyn Bridge remarkably enough still looks quite manageable. I'd use that over the, eh, over the Manhattan Bridge at the moment and also the Williamsburg Bridge really doesn't look too bad. At the Queens crossings, the Queens-Midtown Tunnel is the busiest. We do have a bit of a line here coming into Midtown off the LIE waiting to pay money at the tolls. Uh, the Queensboro Bridge looks better, though, with construction starting to clear on both decks. At the Hudson River crossings the heaviest traffic is outbound, believe it or not the GW Bridge, because of construction going on under the apartments, we see a bit of a stack-up here now on the westbound Cross Bronx Expressway approach. Don't forget the alternate side of the street parking rules, if you do manage to drive into the city, will be suspended for the duration of the holiday, but you'll still have to pay the meters.

4:41

Most of the traffic nightmare around seems to be centered around the Brooklyn area. First of all, I see with the WINS Jam Cam we're starting to pick up heavier traffic now on the inbound Gowanus Expressway. So we're seeing some moderate to heavy traffic coming up from the Belt Parkway merge all the way through Industry City to the Battery Tunnel BQE split and then it's bumper-to-bumper on the eastbound BQE up to and just past the Brooklyn Bridge. The Brooklyn Bridge itself is looking good. I don't see any problems there or the Williamsburg but in between, the Manhattan Bridge is loaded up bumper-to-bumper across the

span from Brooklyn to lower Manhattan. The Midtown Tunnel has a fairly long line at the tolls as well. However you could do a little bit better if you want to use the Queensboro Bridge, which is starting to move for the first time in hours since they're clearing out the construction there. If it's all the same to you that's, eh, just the same, both directions, both decks. Hudson River crossings no unusual tie-ups, but keep your eye out for, oh, the next twenty minutes or so on the traffic still being diverted to Amsterdam Avenue coming off the GW Bridge ramp. New Jersey and Long Island and Westchester County mass transit systems are on schedule. Alternate side parking suspended today but you still pay the meter.

4:51

Traffic right now at the Hudson River crossings looking pretty good as construction has wound down on that GW Bridge ramp, which has been a headache for us all night. The ramp appears to be opening as I look at it here on the Jam Cam. We also see a lot of people at the East River crossings with the Panasonic Jam Cam. BQE, it is a long line of barely moving traffic. Eastbound BQE in Brooklyn coming up from the Battery Tunnel split to the Brooklyn Bridge. The Brooklyn Bridge itself does have a bit more, a bit more traffic on it that we're used to seeing at this time in the morning, but it's not as bad as the Manhattan Bridge, which is a bumper-to-bumper crawl across the span into lower Manhattan. The Williamsburg Bridge still looks in decent shape. The Queens-Midtown Tunnel has quite a line at the tolls waiting to come in. Ur, you're better at the Queensboro Bridge which appears to finally be moving now that the overnight construction has been cleared. Everything looks OK up at the Tappan Zee Bridge still. The George Washington Bridge looks good on both decks and no problems at the Lincoln or Holland Tunnels for the moment. Staten Island bridges are still in good shape. Alternate side parking suspended today but you still pay the meter.

5:01

Well, the weekend getaway morning rush is in full swing and what a doozy it is. It looks like some of the first early delays I'm seeing here on the, uh, Jam Cam is on the westbound side of the Long Island Expressway service road coming up towards the, uh, Grand Central Parkway in Queens as I see it live on the Jam Cam. So it's gonna be, uh, again, the makings of a rough ride. And, uh, we're noting across the East River as we track the, uh, bridges and tunnels, already very busy on both levels of the Queensboro Bridge coming back into Manhattan to anticipate all of those delays on any of the crossings below 96th Street. And of course even above that at the George Washington Bridge which got hard hit yesterday, will likely catch, uh, massive delays again today. Right now still minor delays coming into the GW Bridge, Holland and Lincoln Tunnel as well. Other, uh, holiday information, Jersey Transit operating normal service and customers will be allowed to cross out of their passes on any New Jersey Transit bus, train or light rail for the duration of the holiday. PATH trains running normally with, uh, special service between, uh, World Trade Center Station, uh, 33rd Street Station to handle the holiday crowds. Uh, they'll do that between six in the morning and eight in the evening. And also, uh, you've got many Park-And-Ride locations such as New Jersey Turnpike's Vince Lombardi service area. And other ones include Liberty State Park in Jersey City, Livingston Mall, South Mountain Arena in West Orange, Rockaway Town Square Mall and the Mother's Park-And-Ride in Wayne. Also in New Jersey you can take advantage of, uh, Park-And-Ride locations at the Menlo Park Mall, the Ferren Deck in New

Brunswick and the Flemington Outlet Center, as well as Forestdale Center in Plainsboro and Union Center One and Two in Union. You can come to our website at 1010wins.com for a complete list of all the holiday plans. Throughout the holiday, alternate side suspended citywide. You do have to pay the meters.

5:11

5:21

Well, good morning. I don't know if it's going to be a good morning for a lot of the, uh, drivers and also the commuters around the area. We have an accident at the Midtown Tunnel leaving Manhattan, it's inside of the tube. And coming back into Manhattan it's been especially crowded already on both levels of the Queensboro Bridge. We've also seen some slow traffic on the Manhattan Bridge coming back into Manhattan as well. Otherwise, across the East River, no reported major incidents, but there are reports of scattered accidents across the BQE so you're gonna find a lot of traffic starting to build. As far as the, uh, ride across the Hudson, we're still looking good on the Holland and Lincoln, but there's heavy traffic before you get to the tolls, so do expect some delays, uh, to build up. We're still in good shape on the GW Bridge as I see it live on the Panasonic Jam Cam and not too bad up and across the Tappan Zee. Already downtown delays building on the West Side of town, 120's back into the 90's. Expect more of the same on the FDR Drive coming, uh, past the Triboro Bridge and heading down towards the 90's as well. Long Island buses operating on a normal schedule throughout the holiday. Many Park-And-Ride and carpool staging areas, uh, set up too for Long Island Railroad, uh, Macy's parking lot in Manhasset, Eisenhower Park as well and there are many others in Suffolk County too. You can come to our website at 1010wins.com for a complete, uh, list of those, uh, locations. And alternate side suspended for today and throughout the duration of the holiday. You will have to pay the meters, though.

5:31

Alright, let me tell you about some of the heaviest traffic I'm spotting here on the Jam Cam. One would be on the westbound side of the Long Island Expressway, outer roadway right at 108th Street. If you're on the main road, you're doing fine, but again, it's the outer roadway that is, uh, absolutely crawling coming up in towards the area of the Grand Central Parkway. We're also hearing about some very heavy traffic getting, uh, Brooklyn-bound along the Verrazano. This is all because of an, uh, accident on the other side, on the Gowanus, right at Fort Hamilton Parkway, so that traffic is really crowded indeed. Farther up on the BQE it doesn't look too bad as of yet passing by the Brooklyn Bridge. We also do have some very heavy traffic Manhattan-bound up and across the Queensboro Bridge. And still not seeing any extra delays on the inbound side of the Hudson River tunnels, the GW Bridge or up and across the Tappan Zee. Good news about, uh, Park-And-Rides this morning. The, uh, locations are up and running this morning at Shea Stadium for Long Island Railroad and Yankee Stadium for Metro North, so that should help at least a bit. Also an LIRR shuttle train service will operate between Jamaica and Penn Station. To accommodate the holiday mobs, seven trains will be added during morning and afternoon, uh, drive. Westchester Bee Line bus systems operating on a normal schedule. Extra Park-And-Ride lots open at the Glen Island Park in New Rochelle, Tibbetts Brook Park in Yonkers, and FDR State Park in

Yorktown. Also Playland in Rye, Saxon Woods Park in White Plains and Sprain Ridge Park in Greenburgh. And also Park-And-Ride lots in Greenwich at Horse Neck Lane, at the Greenwich railroad station, Sound Beach Avenue at the Old Greenwich railroad station and Corona Avenue, Oval Avenue at Riverside Avenue station. Alternate side suspended for today and throughout the weekend. And you do have to pay the meters.

5:41

Well, as far as what I'm seeing on the Jam Cams in the early going here, the heaviest traffic I'm spotting is on the Long Island Expressway, the outer roadway coming up towards the, uh, uh, Grand Central Parkway. The traffic is at a dead stop as you come into that vicinity. You've also heard about some very heavy traffic on the Grand Central west, that's an accident by the Van Wyck, the right lane is blocked off because of that. And meanwhile if you're trying to cross the East River you do have a ton of fender benders, of course, so watch out for all kinds of delays getting to those spans. Not necessarily heavy, uh, across them, although it's been kind of busy along the Queensboro Bridge coming into Manhattan. So far across the Hudson River, we're not seeing any major backup into the tolls. The GW Bridge still doing pretty well winding down to the tolls at the Holland and the, uh, Lincoln Tunnels. Metro North holiday plan includes shuttle train operating between the Bronx and Grand Central Station. Also Park-And-Ride stations set up at Yankee Stadium for service to Grand Central Station and also on the Harlem and the Hudson lines, they are skipping the regular Bronx stops. New Haven trains will make all regularly scheduled stops. And alternate side suspended for today and through the duration of the weekend.

5:51

Well, out to Long Island, the Northern State westbound side, you've got a crash in the right lane just before 106th and 107th. Apparently a car struck the, uh, crash barrels over there, police are on the scene. You get farther west back into Queens and more delays on the Grand Central westbound side right near the Van Wyck, thanks to Mike, part of our traffic team checking in. You've got an accident in the right lane of the LIE, has been extra crowded on the outer lanes coming up, uh, towards the Grand Central. Another area that's gotten really crowded already is the, uh, Verrazano getting over to the Brooklyn side. Apparently there's a crash on the inbound side of the Gowanus at Fort Hamilton Parkway. And as far as the ride across the East River, it's been, uh, very busy at the Midtown Tunnel, especially since we've had an accident just cleared leaving Manhattan and, uh, two-way traffic has resumed but again, uh, delays are starting to build heading towards those East River crossings. So far the BQE building up just a little bit coming up towards the Brooklyn Bridge here, it doesn't look as bad as it did this time yesterday. Across the Hudson River, still seeing minor delays at the Holland and Lincoln Tunnel tolls. GW Bridge up to maybe a five minute delay. Not too bad along the Tappan Zee. Park-And-Ride locations are open this morning at Shea Stadium for Long Island Railroad and Yankee Stadium for Metro North. Alternate side suspended for today and for the duration of the weekend.

6:01

Well, good morning and I hope your weekend will be a great one. We're going to try to help you get out of here today the best we can. The heaviest traffic that I'm able to spot here on our Jam Cam system is in, uh, two places. The Long Island Expressway, the outer roadway is

absolutely crawling coming up towards the Grand Central. I also should note that there's an accident on the Grand Central west over by the Van Wyck. And I'm also seeing a heap of traffic on the Verrazano, just absolutely at a standstill trying to get over to the Brooklyn side, especially on the upper level but even the lower level, this is all tied into a horrible crash on the Gowanus at Fort Hamilton Parkway. The only other problem, eh, we're spotting at the bridges and tunnels is the inbound GW Bridge, five minutes into the upper level tolls, better downstairs. New York Water Taxi is adding additional service between Brooklyn Army Terminal and Pier 11 operating between, uh, six a.m. and ten p.m. and New York Water Taxi service between Long Island City and East 34th operating from, uh, six a.m. to ten p.m. as well. New York Water Taxi service between Jersey City and Pier 11 and South Amboy is operating normally and New York Waterway operating normal service and providing additional ferry service if needed. Park-And-Ride locations are open this morning at Shea Stadium for LIRR and Yankee Stadium for Metro North. And a traffic note from central New Jersey, word of a water main break slowing the ride 18 North near the Turnpike at East Brunswick. Alternate side suspended today.

6:11

We've got some big troubles on the Staten Island Expressway the eastbound side over by Clove Road. There's a broken down tractor-trailer in the center lane. You get past that and it's very crowded on the Staten Island Expressway en route to the Verrazano Bridge as we track it on the Panasonic Jam Cam. The problem here is on the other side of the Verrazano. It's one of those fiery accidents on the, uh, Gowanus or, uh, coming into the Gowanus. The fire department is on the scene right now working to douse that one. It's up, eh, toward Fort Hamilton Parkway and that's why it's so slow on the Verrazano Brooklyn-bound on both the upper and the lower levels. Right now up and across the bridges, uh, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg Bridge and in through the Battery Tunnel not spotting any problems. Same deal on the Queensboro Bridge and the Midtown Tunnel. Triboro Bridge now, in view on our camera, that's still moving along pretty steadily. And across the Hudson the worse for wear appears to be the inbound GW Bridge. That is sneaking up to at least a ten minute delay. Park-And-Ride locations open this morning at Shea Stadium for LIRR and Yankee Stadium for Metro North. Staten Island railway and Access-A-Ride paratransit service operating normally and Staten Island Ferry peak service extended during the morning from six until ten and during the afternoon from 2:30 until eight. Alternate side suspended today.

6:21

Well, we are really getting socked in Brooklyn now. Locally in Brooklyn, eh, things are just a total mess around, uh, Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, Third and Fourth Avenues as well, just totally clogged up. The Verrazano is just overloaded, jam-packed coming from Staten Island right over the bridge and back over to the Gowanus into Fort Hamilton Parkway, so this is not good at all. The thing is, once you get to the bridges, things are doing pretty well. But again, it's all deceiving here by looking at it on our Panasonic Jam Cam, that's because traffic is all tied up on those local streets. Meanwhile the ride up and across the Queensboro Bridge and the Midtown Tunnel, still not faring too badly, but again you've got huge delays on the LIE. The westbound side has been at a standstill, especially those outer lanes coming up toward the Grand Central. The Verrazano again, we mentioned extra slow going over to Brooklyn. And across the Hudson River, the

tunnels, uh, minor delays winding out of the tolls, but expect delays getting to the Lincoln Tunnel via 495. And also the GW Bridge is up to at least a fifteen minute delay on the inbound side. It looks like they're holding traffic up on the city side trying to get on to the Harlem River Drive. Some kind of a problem in that area as well. Alternate side suspended throughout the duration of the weekend.

6:31

Alright, it looks like they've did a little change in where they've got the checkpoints set up here as you come inbound to the GW Bridge. They actually, uh, have a checkpoint right off of the bridge in the ramp into the, uh, Harlem River Drive and the, uh, West Side Highway, and also coming off the Triboro Bridge as well, uh, on to the FDR Drive so, uh, you will find big delays at that. We're already noting at least a twenty minute jam on the inbound side of the GW Bridge. As we, uh, tell you what you need to know about the bridge and tunnels, Tappan Zee getting a little bit slower coming into Westchester. The Hudson River tunnels not bad into the tolls, but you can expect delays getting there before you get down to the final exit in New Jersey at the Lincoln Tunnel. 495 was a mess yesterday, it's building up again today. Staten Island Expressway crawls getting to the Verrazano heading over to Brooklyn. It's been a real tough task because of a checkpoint on the Gowanus at Fort Hamilton Parkway. And we're all clogged up locally in Brooklyn on the Gowanus Expressway and also on Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, Third and Fourth Avenues as well. It's not good at all. And the Midtown Tunnel, you've got delays getting there via the westbound side of the LIE. That traffic has been extra heavy, especially on the outer lanes of the LIE. And the, uh, transit situation, uh, Westchester Bee Line bus service operating normally and also extra Park-And-Ride lots open at Glen Island Park New Rochelle, Tibbetts Brook Park in Yonkers, FDR State Park in Yorktown, Playland in Rye, Saxon Woods Park in White Plains, and the Sprain Ridge Park in Greenburgh. For the duration of the holiday, alternate side suspended.

6:41

We've had all kinds of slowdowns with some of these checkpoints going on, one of them, uh, reported on the southbound Bruckner coming down to White Plains Road. And today they've moved the, uh, checkpoint, rather, the George Washington Bridge becoming inbound, it's on the other side. As you try to connect with the downtown, er, the Harlem River Drive and the West Side Highway. And the traffic at the inbound GW Bridge is just horrendous. This is getting awfully close to a half an hour delay, I'll bet it's even more because that traffic is not even moving coming out of the tolls, especially on the lower level as I see it live here on the, uh, Jam Cam. Meanwhile the, uh, Lincoln and Holland Tunnel looks, uh, like there's no backup into the tolls, but any checkpoint would be away from that area. And the Verrazano remains, uh, very congested getting back over to the Brooklyn side heading for the Gowanus. Local streets in Brooklyn have been all jammed up including the Gowanus, Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, and Third and Fourth Avenues as well. Coming into the, uh, Midtown Tunnel you've got delays to be expected before you get there. On the Long Island Expressway the outer roadway is at a standstill coming up past the Grand Central Parkway as I see it live. And the Van Wyck has delays south into Hillside Avenue, that's related to an accident. Alternate side suspended for today and for the duration of this holiday.

6:51

Well, we're still seeing a heap of traffic in Queens as I watch on the Long Island Expressway here on the Panasonic Jam Cam and the thing about it is, is that the westbound side of the LIE, the main roadway coming up past the Grand Central is moving along very well. The problem here is the service road and that seems like it's where all the traffic is. It's at a snail's pace on the westbound LIE service road coming up towards, uh, the vicinity of the Grand Central Parkway so, uh, you'd better not travel through that area. There's also extra heavy traffic in the Bronx coming down the southbound side of the Bruckner in towards White Plains Road, with another checkpoint set up. We've had plenty of traffic as well on the Staten Island Expressway coming eastbound, Richmond Avenue right down to the Verrazano, which has been crawling coming back into the Brooklyn side. And we're loaded up in Brooklyn on so many of the area roadways, Third and Fourth Avenues, Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, the Gowanus and Ocean Parkway, according to Ken, part of our traffic team checking in. The traffic is also extra heavy on the Bronx and Manhattan-bound side of the Triboro Bridge. And across the Hudson River, you've got delays, eh, at the GW Bridge of now over a half an hour from 80/95 Express, twenty minutes from the local lanes and, uh, Route 4, and ten minutes from 46 and five minutes off of the Palisades, but extremely crowded across the GW Bridge as you hit a checkpoint on the city side. Alternate side suspended through the duration of the holiday.

7:01

Oh, we're dealing with these checkpoints that are set up around town and that is causing all kinds of gridlock around the area, including on the Van Wyck each way coming in towards the Long Island Expressway. The westbound LIE is very heavy from Francis Lewis Boulevard up to Main Street, where traffic is diverted to the service road because of that checkpoint. The service road is absolutely crawling west on the LIE coming back to the Grand Central. Big downtown delays on the West Side, 120's into the 90's. And coming down to the Bronx, the southbound Bruckner is extra slow into White Plains Road. Belt Parkway in view on the camera, that's been extra heavy westbound away from Kennedy, back up to Pennsylvania Avenue. And the inbound Gowanus crawling, Gowanus Canal to Hamilton Avenue and back to the Brooklyn Bridge. Staten Island Expressway has been loaded up at Richmond Avenue back into the Verrazano, which has been very crowded crossing over to the Brooklyn side because of more checkpoints. Locally in Brooklyn we're all jammed up on the Gowanus, Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, Third and Fourth Avenues as well. We've spotted extra heavy traffic on the Bronx and Manhattan-bound side of the Triboro Bridge. And across the Hudson River expect, uh, checkpoints en route to the Lincoln and Holland Tunnel. The inbound GW Bridge over a half an hour delay. The inbound Pulaski Skyway at Raymond Boulevard, Newark you've got a crash in the right lane. And as of today, the Park-And-Ride locations are open at Shea Stadium for Long Island Railroad and at Yankee Stadium for Metro North. Alternate side suspended throughout the holiday.

7:11

Well, there's other checkpoints in other places out of Manhattan as well. They've had 'em, uh, in Brooklyn and the traffic is still very busy, eh, looks to be getting better on the Gowanus coming up through Industry City but, uh, Third and Fourth Avenues, still absolutely crawling. A lot of traffic along Flatbush Avenue and Tillary Street locally in Brooklyn as well. And a tremendous backup being spotted still, uh, on the Staten Island Expressway east of Richmond Avenue down

to the Verrazano, which has been extra slow going into Brooklyn. And a huge backup west on the LIE as well on the, uh, ride from Francis Lewis Boulevard to Main Street where traffic is diverted onto the service road because of a checkpoint at the Grand Central, and that makes for a total mess on the service road of the LIE coming west up to the Grand Central. The Triboro Bridge is extra heavy Bronx and Manhattan-bound. And across the Hudson, today they have a checkpoint at the, uh, tolls at the Holland Tunnel. And at the Lincoln Tunnel, the checkpoint is at the, uh, top of the ramp coming into, uh, 495. Now I don't see any big backup into the Holland Tunnel tolls or the Lincoln for the moment. The GW Bridge, that's another story, could be over a half an hour delay with the checkpoint on the city side coming out of the Harlem River Drive. Not too bad along the Tappan Zee and alternate side suspended throughout the holiday.

7:21

Oh indeed, we've got those, uh, checkpoints up and running and that has been making for some real mayhem, especially in Queens along the Van Wyck coming into the Long Island Expressway and the LIE westbound side is crawling at Francis Lewis Boulevard up to Main Street with traffic diverted on the service road, which is also at a dead stop coming westbound up toward the, uh, Grand Central. Staten Island Expressway's been jammed pretty much from 44 right down to the Verrazano. Lots of traffic on the westbound side of the Belt through, uh, Lefferts Boulevard and beyond. The, uh, Prospect is heavy, Ocean Parkway, uh, Church Avenue back into the Gowanus BQE. Lots of traffic locally in, uh, Brooklyn as well on, uh, those roads like, uh, Third and Fourth Avenues and Tillary Street and Flatbush Avenue too. As far as the, er, ride across the, uh, Triboro Bridge has been slow Bronx and Manhattan-bound, you do have a checkpoint off of the Triboro Bridge coming on to the FDR Drive. And also on the, uh, George Washington Bridge on the city side, that's where the checkpoint is today, trying to get on to the, uh, Harlem River Drive ramp. And that traffic at the inbound GW Bridge has ballooned to a forty minute delay from 80/95 Local and Express, fifteen minutes from 4 and 46 and five minutes off of the Palisades, but everybody will slow down across the, uh, uh, upper and lower level of the GW Bridge. The tunnels are still moving along pretty well. And we do have alternate side suspended for today once again with, uh, the, uh, holiday.

7:31

We do have some checkpoints that are really making for a mess in Queens. The Long Island Expressway has been extra heavy coming up to the Fair Grounds area at Van Dam Street, just before the Midtown Tunnel. They have another active checkpoint and that is, uh, causing some delays as well. Meanwhile, we've had lots of local traffic reported in, uh, Brooklyn over on, uh, Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, Third and Fourth Avenues, but today it has looked a lot better up in, uh, on the BQE, as I see it live here on the Jam Cam, coming up towards the Brooklyn Bridge area. And the traffic coming on up and across the Brooklyn Bridge looks to be moving along pretty well. It's gotten better along the Verrazano too going back over to the Brooklyn side after some earlier mammoth delays. The ride up and across the Triboro Bridge has been slow Bronx and Manhattan-bound side. And across the Hudson River, worst of it's the inbound GW Bridge. As much as a forty minute delay from 80/95 Local and Express, fifteen minutes from 4 and 46 and five minutes off of the Palisades. And then just heavy going across that span, checkpoint in place to the Harlem River Drive.

Getting away from the GW Bridge as Nigel checks in on the, uh, traffic team, Route 4 west at Teaneck Road, that's an accident. The left lane is blocked and the Garden State Parkway north near the Bergen tolls, an accident has two right lanes closed off. Alternate side suspended today.

7:41

Well, it would appear as though the worst of the Hudson River crossings right now is the inbound side of the GW Bridge, as much as a forty minute delay. I'll say it's probably even more than that coming from 80/95 Local and Express, fifteen minutes at least from 4 and 46, and five from the Palisades, but it will be very slow up and across the span of the GW Bridge as they've moved some of these checkpoints around today. Checkpoint in place on the ramp right off the Harlem River Drive right off of the GW Bridge, so they get you right off of the bat. Uh, down at the, uh, Lincoln Tunnel, the checkpoint is on, uh, 495, before you get down to the, uh, the spiraling ramp into the Lincoln Tunnel. And it actually, uh, looks pretty good once you get beyond that into the tolls. The traffic at the Holland Tunnel still looking good, coming into the tolls. And that's apparently where they, uh, have the checkpoint over there at the Holland Tunnel. Meanwhile, uh, in and out of Staten Island, it's gotten better on the Verrazano going over to Brooklyn, but still a lot of traffic on the Staten Island Expressway, especially on the eastbound side. A lot of local roads in Brooklyn all jammed up including Tillary Street, Flatbush Avenue, Third and Fourth Avenues. And the traffic is jammed west on the LIE coming up through the Fairgrounds. The traffic on the Triboro has been slow Bronx and Manhattan-bound. And we do want to point out a six-mile jam on the Garden State Parkway in New Jersey north to the Bergen tolls with an accident blocking out two right lanes. Scattered delays on Long Island Railroad, ten minutes into Penn Station. Alternate side suspended.

7:51

Well we are seeing a lot of traffic if you're gonna be coming south on the Henry Hudson Parkway in towards the Mosholu. And also the southbound side of the Bruckner has had delays coming into White Plains Road with a checkpoint set up in that area. And the traffic has been extra heavy in Queens, west on the LIE, Francis Lewis Boulevard to Main Street, where a checkpoint has now been picked up at Main Street, but then more delays Queens Boulevard up towards Van Dam Street where we've got another one heading for the, uh, the Midtown Tunnel. The Gowanus has been a bit... slow, the BQE westbound side from the Kosciuszko into the Williamsburg. The inbound Gowanus has actually improved coming up through Industry City. And as far as the, uh, bridges and tunnels, kind of slow Triboro Bridge, Bronx and Manhattan-bound side. Across the East River, the worst of the bridges once you get on to them appears to be the Manhattan Bridge, upper level to Manhattan. Verrazano still kind of slow, both levels going over to Brooklyn. Hudson River tunnels actually holding up pretty well this morning. The inbound GW Bridge at least a forty minute delay from 80/95 Express and Local lanes. There is a checkpoint on the city side, on the ramp into the Harlem River Drive, as I track it live here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Note from Long Island, Sunrise Highway east in Lynbrook has been closed with nearby fire department activity. And, uh, Southern State westbound side, looks like a car fire has been cleared over by Deer Park Avenue. Park-And-Ride locations open this morning at Shea Stadium for LIRR and Yankee Stadium for Metro North. And Long Island Railroad with up to ten minute delays on trains coming into Penn Station.

8:01

Well, good morning to you, good morning everyone. It's been a mess of a morning, just like it's been a mess for the past few mornings, and it's bound to be a mess for the next few mornings. In New Jersey we're expecting big backups onto the roads leading into the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels. Well, some of the worst traffic I've been seeing the entire morning is on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and also the Long Island Expressway. The BQE is just in slow motion in both directions over by the LIE heading right on down past the Brooklyn, the Williamsburg, the Manhattan Bridge as well. The inbound Gowanus has been jam-packed as well, coming through Industry City and back up past the Brooklyn Bridge too. The Long Island Expressway, long delays Woodhaven Boulevard up to Van Dam Street, then stays pretty bad heading back in towards, uh, the Midtown Tunnel area. There's also been plenty of heavy traffic trying to come below 96th Street. The FDR Drive is crawling from the Triboro Bridge down to 96th. And also the West Side from off of the GW Bridge heading back down to the 120's are rather congested as well. In addition to all of that, we're just getting word of a closure of the Cross Bronx west at Jerome Avenue. That's a smoky car fire blocking off all lanes. Now, as far as the bridges and tunnels go, the George Washington Bridge has extremely heavy conditions, we are talking about delays of as much as, uh, over an hour on the inbound and upper deck coming from 80/95 Express, thirty minutes from the local lanes in Route 4, twenty minutes from 46, and five to ten minutes off of the Palisades. The inbound Lincoln Tunnel could cost you about thirty minutes or so. We have had delays on Jersey Transit with a stalled train.

8:11

Well, we have a lot of extra traffic coming downtown on both the FDR Drive and the West Side Highway. We have a ton of traffic reported on the Whitestone Expressway north of Linden Place getting up to the Whitestone Bridge, and also it's been really rough trying to get up to the Midtown Tunnel on the westbound side of the Long Island Expressway. We've been getting clobbered all morning long in Brooklyn on the BQE Gowanus Expressway, just jam-packed coming up through Industry City heading up towards the Brooklyn Bridge area. In addition to that, the Cross Bronx has been closed on the westbound side near Jerome Avenue, that's a car fire that needs to be cleared out of the way. If you're trying to come into town across the Hudson River, the heaviest traffic has been the inbound side of the GW Bridge. There are delays of over an hour from 80/95 Express lanes. Uh, you'd do better from the local lanes of 80/95, but still a solid thirty minute delay, five to ten minutes from Route 4 and the Palisades Parkway. Lincoln Tunnel not bad coming into the tolls but you do catch delays on 495 before you, eh, head down to the ramp to the Lincoln Tunnel. That could cost you about thirty minutes there at the Holland.

8:21

Well, looking live here on the BQE on the Panasonic Jam Cam right by the exit for the Brooklyn Bridge and what they have set up here is a checkpoint and it seems like every, oh, I don't know, fifth or sixth car they stop someone, they check, even if they do let them through sometimes, they, uh, the... I guess they're answering questions or whatever, these traffic agents or officers who are out there and so... there's goes one that was just sent away... you're not allowed to go in there. And that's pretty much the story and that's why it's so slow.

The BQE's been taking an absolute pounding on the inbound side from Industry City right past the Brooklyn Bridge up towards the Manhattan Bridge and then up to the Kosciuszko. Wouldn't you know? A stalled car up around Queens Boulevard adding to the mayhem. BQE westbound side jammed Roosevelt Avenue down to the Williamsburg and again for the Manhattan Bridge. Plenty of extra traffic west on the LIE through Queens as well. Plenty of downtown delays on the East and West Side of Manhattan, coming down by 96th Street. And if you're trying to cross the Hudson River, it has been extremely crowded on the inbound side of the GW Bridge, we are talking delays of as much as one hour from 80/95 Express lanes, maybe a, uh, half an hour from the local lanes and Route 46, and five to ten minute from Route 4 and the Palisades. We're expecting heavy delays coming into the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels. You will catch delays trying to, uh, get into that whole vicinity. Meanwhile on Long Island we've got delays west on the Southern State and an accident out by, uh, Route 109 to watch out for and then doing better, uh, coming up toward the Cross Island Parkway. Long Island Expressway has had a bad ride through Nassau County, some delays coming into the Queens line, but the big jam is getting back up towards the BQE and back up to the Midtown Tunnel.

8:31

Well, one of the hardest hit roads has been the inbound Gowanus BQE still crawling from Industry City up to the Brooklyn Bridge and heading out past the Brooklyn Bridge, the Manhattan Bridge. Same deal across the Hudson River too. Loads of traffic on the downtown West Side 120's back into the 90's. And the traffic has also been very crowded on the downtown East Side of Manhattan as well, coming pretty much from the Triboro Bridge and in towards the 90's area. So far as the bridges and tunnels, uh, go, extra delays getting to the Whitestone from the Whitestone Expressway. Eh, traffic is extra heavy trying to get to the Midtown Tunnel. We've had long delays west on the LIE and in and out of Staten Island. Big delays crossing the Hudson. We have delays of over an hour on the GW Bridge off of 80/95 Express. A bit better from the local lanes but still a thirty minute jam. Tappan Zee's been carrying some extra heavy traffic crossing back into Westchester County. Many Park-And-Ride areas have been set up including Shea Stadium in Queens, Yankee Stadium in the Bronx and also in Staten Island at St. George Ferry Terminal, Cromwell Center and also Staten Island Yankee Stadium. And certainly ferries will be a good way to try to cross the East or Hudson River. And over in New Jersey 280 westbound, a crash in the left lane over by Exit 4 Eisenhower Parkway, so watch out for that.

8:41

Well, you were talking about gridlock, well, I'll tell you, we've had reports of some really, uh, serious gridlock on those cross streets uptown between the, uh, 90's and the 120's. Gridlock conditions north of the 96th Street checkpoint, causing motorists to sit for literally hours on those, uh, roadways so, uh, carpool or walk if possible, but again, this is going to be a major mess. We've been talking about the downtown delays on the FDR Drive and the West Side Highway coming into the checkpoints on 96th and the delays due to the checkpoints that you'll have to contend with. We've also been watching throughout the morning the checkpoint on the BQE, heading into the Brooklyn Bridge and that's just been adding to the delays because it seems every third, fourth or fifth car they stop and check. Sometimes they let them go through, sometimes they don't. Obviously, it depends on the car. We've also noted, uh, a lot of pedestrians streaming up and over the Brooklyn

Bridge. There are many bridges that offer designated bike and pedestrian lanes, not only the Brooklyn Bridge but the Broadway Bridge, Henry Hudson Bridge, Macomb's Dam Bridge, Madison Avenue Bridge and the Manhattan Bridge as well. Also the Queensboro Bridge, the Third Avenue Bridge, the Triboro Bridge, University Heights Bridge, Washington Bridge, George Washington Bridge and the Williamsburg all have designated bike and pedestrian lanes. If you're looking for somewhere to put the bike today, they've actually got temporary bike storage set up in parks like Washington Square Park, Tompkins Square Park, Union Square Park, Madison Square Park, and Bryant Park. As far as, uh, what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels, it's a mess. One hour delay on the inbound side of the GW Bridge. We've got a couple of accidents on upper level as well on the city side, just adding to it. Holland and Lincoln Tunnels as much as fifteen to twenty minutes coming into checkpoints and also expect some delays too on the Whitestone Expressway getting into the Whitestone Bridge. It's been tough getting to the Midtown Tunnel and the westbound side of the LIE is really bad.

8:51

We'll we've been talking about gridlock locally in Brooklyn. We've had a lot of that too in Manhattan, especially a lot of those cross streets between the 90's and the 120's, uh, north of that checkpoint at 96th Street in, uh, Manhattan. And yes, they are being very strict at those checkpoints. We've been watching that throughout the morning on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, over by the Brooklyn Bridge. Also spotted by the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels as well. As a matter of fact, there have not been big delays at the tolls at the Lincoln Tunnel, but looks can be deceiving because all that traffic is back on 495, close to forty-five minutes, a half an hour sitting in traffic in the Lincoln Tunnel, at least on the approach on 495 east coming down through Pleasant Avenue with, uh, traffic being, uh, checked there. A lot of people diverting off in that exit where you can go grab the ferries. The, uh, Holland Tunnel also has delays of, uh, about, uh, at least twenty, thirty minutes as well, coming into checkpoints too. The George Washington Bridge has been the really bad one across the Hudson River with still delays on the inbound upper deck, uh, probably, eh, approaching, ur, over one hour. We've had a couple of accidents on the city side, thirty minutes from the local lanes of 80/95, Route 46 and the, uh, Route 4 in Palisades Parkway, uh, approach is actually is faring the best now, the GW Bridge. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan we've had a lot of extra traffic along the BQE and also lining up at the Midtown Tunnel west on the LIE. The Whitestone Expressway's had heavy traffic too and, of course, we've mentioned the downtown delays on the East and West Side of Manhattan. We're also getting word of delays on Long Island Railroad trains, but again it, uh, as they load up these trains with passengers on board, they've got delays of twenty to thirty coming into Penn Station on the Long Island Railroad.

9:01

We'll we've talked about what's not running but, what is running is trains, uh, systems like the Long Island Railroad, however they are running with delays of up to, uh, twenty to thirty minutes coming into Penn Station, Metro North is up and running, so is Staten Island Railway, Access-A-Ride. PATH trains are running, so is Amtrak and the AirTrain to and from Kennedy Airport. Jersey Transit's commuter rail and buses are up and running, as are the Long Island Buses, Westchester County Bee Line buses, Staten Island ferry and private ferries, as well. Now we've had a lot of traffic on the roadways, a lot of

gridlock. We've talked a lot about that locally through Brooklyn and also on those cross streets in Upper Manhattan above the, uh, checkpoint area at 96th Street. Through the 90's to the upper 120's, a lot of those cross streets are absolutely gridlocked. We've seen lots of pedestrian traffic streaming across some of the area bridges, especially the Brooklyn Bridge as they do have the, uh, designated bike and pedestrian lanes on that bridge as well as many others around town. And as far as what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels right now, some of the heaviest traffic has been the GW Bridge, still over a one hour delay from 80/95 Express and it's, uh, better from all the other approaches, but still heavy on the upper deck with a broken-down truck, uh, just before you get down to the Cross Bronx. Now the Lincoln Tunnel is not bad at the tolls, but it could cost you over a half an hour getting through a checkpoint down by the last exit in New Jersey. And the Holland Tunnel also is slow coming into a checkpoint as well, but again, not bad as you come down to the toll area. Long Island Expressway looks to have eased up a bit coming in toward the BQE as you aim for the Midtown Tunnel. And if you're gonna be riding, uh, in Northern New Jersey on the Garden State Parkway getting rid of a crash south at 143B and they've cleared an accident at 280 west by Exit 4.

9:11

Well, we do have a lot of traffic on the Belt Parkway, westbound side of Lefferts Boulevard due to a crash on the ramp to the Verrazano to watch for as well. We've had lots of heavy traffic, traffic coming into the Five Boroughs and also coming downtown on the East and the West Side in towards the checkpoints by 96th Street. Also we have heavy traffic still with us on the inbound side of the GW Bridge. We are still talking about delays of one hour or so on the inbound side of the GW Bridge, coming off of 80/95 Express lanes, better from the other approaches. The inbound side of the Lincoln Tunnel has had delays. 495 on the eastbound side coming down through the last exit in New Jersey with a checkpoint to get through and the traffic on the Holland Tunnel not bad coming into the tolls but delays before you get there as well. New Jersey's 280 west, you've got an accident by Exit 10 on the right shoulder and then a crash up by Exit 8B to watch out for. On 287 north at Exit 22B, yet another crash. Now regarding mass transit, or course, uh, Long Island Railroad's up and running but there have been delays of, uh, twenty to thirty minutes, scattered delays on Long Island Railroad on those trains coming back into Penn Station. Metro North is operating, so is Jersey Transit, uh, the PATH trains and the Amtrak trains as well. And if you're headed down towards Kennedy Airport, you'll be delighted to know that the AirTrain is running normally today in either direction.

9:21

Well still, uh, pretty rough trying to come into town via the, uh, GW Bridge. You've got delays of over an hour from 80/95 Express, getting better from the other approaches, but still heavy across the upper level with a broken down truck on the city side and, uh, again farther down the Hudson, they're still having checkpoints as, uh, you come into town, and so though it's not backed up into the tolls, do expect delays from 495 heading into the Lincoln Tunnel and also, uh, coming down towards the Holland Tunnel, you'll catch, uh, some slowdowns as well. The, eh, traffic in and out of Staten Island, no reported incidents now. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, we're doing pretty well up and over the bridges. We've spotted a lot of pedestrians over there on the Brooklyn Bridge, more so than usual, crossing, eh,

walking across that span. And we've had heavy traffic trying to get up to the Midtown Tunnel on the westbound LIE, although it has improved lately coming up towards the, uh, BQE. Now we do have, uh, delays on the, uh, eastbound side, coming down to the Clearview, that's an accident or actually a stalled car in the left lane. Watch out for a crash on the Cross Island north that slows you down coming into Northern Boulevard, the right lane and exit ramp are, uh, closed because of that. We've also had delays getting to the Verrazano west on the Belt, an accident in the left lane on that ramp. We continued to have again, uh, delays in subway service and city bus service. All the other, uh, transit systems are running on or close to schedule. The Long Island Railroad has been running with some delays, though, scattered with twenty to thirty minute's worth of delays coming back into Penn Station. The ferry's always a good option and they are up and running as well, so you may want to take advantage of that.

9:31

The Long Island Railroad's running, but they're running with delays, uh, twenty to thirty minutes coming into Penn Station. And a good way to try to travel to and from is, uh, perhaps on the ferries. Peak service on the Staten Island Ferry is extended in the morning from six until ten o'clock and in the evening from 2:30 until eight. The city has requested private ferries operators extend peak service to accommodate holiday weekend schedules and additional riders. Private ferries will operate service along the East River with stops at Hunterspoint in Queens, 34th Street and Pier 11 at Wall Street in Manhattan, and the Brooklyn Army Terminal. There's also private service, er, running on New York Waterway, C Street, and Liberty Water Taxi and New York Water Taxi as well. As far as what you need to know right now about the bridges and tunnels, still some tremendous delays on the inbound GW Bridge, forty-five to sixty minutes from the 80/95 Express, better from the other approaches. And the Hudson River tunnels, you still have, uh, checkpoints heading down towards the Lincoln and Holland, uh, it's been heavy on the 495 coming down through the Weehawken area before you get to the tolls as they're tuning away cars. Meanwhile, uh, the ride in and out of Staten Island, slow on the westbound side of the Belt with an accident on the ramp to the Verrazano Bridge. Still lots of traffic on the BQE, been watching the checkpoint east on the BQE right by the Brooklyn Bridge. Up at the Whitestone Bridge, you've got heavy traffic north on the Whitestone Expressway Linden Place heading towards the bridge area. And the traffic is heavy in New Jersey now on Route 80 eastbound side near Rockaway, with a crash on the shoulder. We've had a number of bad accidents along 280, one west in West Orange, another one, uh, just beyond that one in Exit 8B.

9:41

Well, certainly it's not been a very good morning trying to get around as, uh, we kind of expected going into this thing. Checkpoints are setting back everything and everyone. We've got big delays at some of the bridges and tunnels, uh, it's been especially heavy on the George Washington Bridge, a sixty minute delay. A lot of people have been going up there and it is a forty-five to sixty minute delay from 80/95 Express getting better from the other approaches. You'll still catch delays trying to get down to the Lincoln Tunnel from 495 getting through the checkpoint in the Weehawken area. Same deal over at the Holland Tunnel and also at any of the East River crossings below 96th Street, you'll find more of the same. The BQE has been especially

hampered by, uh, checkpoints along the way and so that, uh, continues to be the case. We've had delays, too, once you get into Manhattan, trying to work your way downtown anything below 96th Street. The West Side is jammed from the GW Bridge pretty much into the 120's. And the East Side of town is extra heavy from the One-teens right down to 96th Street. We've heard about gridlock conditions on the, uh, upper part of Manhattan above 96th Street anyway on many of those cross streets as people kind of, uh, drive around looking for a place to go. We do have some delays getting to the Whitestone, to the Whitestone Expressway, uh, Linden Place on up, uh, we've had a crash on the westbound Belt right on the ramp to the Verrazano Bridge. And the, uh, trains that are running have been running pretty well except Long Island Railroad reporting delays of up to, uh, twenty to thirty minutes on those coming back into Penn Station.

9:51

Well the traffic that we've been dealing with is, uh, mainly surrounding the, uh, bridges and tunnels. It's been, uh, quite a day trying to get there. And the Long Island Expressway, heading up toward the Midtown Tunnel, has eased, uh, quite a bit over the last, uh, half hour, uh, forty-five minutes or so, so that's certainly some welcome news. However, we still have a lot of traffic over at the inbound side of the GW Bridge, as much as a one-hour delay coming in off of 80/95 Express lanes. Better from the other approaches. Heading toward the, uh, Hudson River tunnels we have delays, uh, not looking too bad coming to the tolls themselves, but you do have major checkpoints along the way. Most notably 495 has been very crowded on the eastbound side coming down through Weehawken, getting through a tough checkpoint as well. We've had, uh, lots of slowdowns along the, uh, Brooklyn-Queens Expressway coming up towards the Brooklyn Bridge area too and back up from the Manhattan Bridge, in fact, all the way back up towards the, uh, Triboro Bridge as well. Belt Parkway west is heavy into the Verrazano Bridge and that's because of an accident that has been on that ramp and is still there in the left lane so look out for that as well. And as far as the mass transit that is running, we do have delays on the Long Island Railroad as much as twenty to thirty minutes scattered delays coming back into Penn Station. And now to add to that, a broken rail in Greenlawn, which will effect, uh, traffic, uh, trains along the Port Jefferson branch of Long Island Railroad.

10:01

Well, the commuters coming in from Westchester County, you, uh, have some Park-And-Rides to choose from including Glen Island Park in New Rochelle and Tibbet, uh, Brook Park in Yonkers and Spring, uh, Ridge Park in Greenburgh and Saxon, uh, Woods Pool in, uh, White Plains and Playland in Rye, Croton Point Park in Croton-on-Hudson and the FDR State Park Lot Number One in Yorktown. Westchester commuters may want to take Metro North trains into Manhattan and then walk or take a taxi. The Bee Line buses on a regular schedule. A lot of the suburban, uh, transit everything running on a timely schedule, too, and they are up and running. The Long Island Railroad has had some delays because of a couple of different problems. Scattered twenty to thirty minute delays on the LIIRR into Penn Station and now to add to it, a broken rail in Greenlawn, which is affecting the Port Jefferson branch of Long Island Railroad. As far as the roads go, I'll tell you, one of the hardest hit has been the BQE. This has been at a snail's pace all morning long, still is as I watch here on the Jam Cam, coming eastbound up towards the Brooklyn Bridge area. The problem is they've got these checkpoints

set up so they stop cars. And again, it holds everybody up while they do that. And the traffic, uh, remains very crowded on the westbound BQE as well, coming from Roosevelt Avenue down past the Manhattan Bridge. Lots of company west on the Belt coming into the Verrazano. That's because of an accident on the ramp into the Belt Parkway. And watch for some slowdowns too across the Hudson River, especially on the inbound GW Bridge. Forty-five minutes from 80/95 Express, better from the other approaches. Now it's not bad on the Hudson River tunnel tolls, but we've had delays especially on 495 inbound for the Lincoln Tunnel, heading into Weehawken getting through another checkpoint.

10:11

We'll certainly we've been touting the virtues of the ferries today, uh, certainly a good way to get to and from. Peak service on the Staten Island Ferry has been extended this morning from six until ten, and this afternoon from 2:30 until eight. The city has also requested private ferry operators to extend peak service to accommodate staggered work schedules and additional riders. Private ferries will operate service along the East River with stops at Hunterspoint in Queens, 34th Street and Pier 11 at Wall Street in Manhattan and the Brooklyn Army Terminal. And you can, uh, also access of course those private ferries like New York Waterway, Sea Street, Liberty Water Taxi and New York Water Taxi. The, uh, trains have been running outside of the, uh, boroughs, uh, of course obviously the Long Island Railroad is up and running, but we might add there have been major delays. They do have twenty to thirty minute delays into Penn Station and now a broken rail in Greenlawn is affecting service along the Port Jefferson branch. Riding around the Five Boroughs we've had heavy traffic along the Belt Parkway, trying to get west up toward the Verrazano, did have an accident up into Verrazano Bridge and that's been slowing down the ride. And also the BQE still just getting pummeled here as I see it live on our camera. The eastbound side jam-packed heading up towards the Brooklyn Bridge getting up to the checkpoints. And there's more delays on the westbound side of the BQE coming back down towards, uh, the Manhattan Bridge area. They have a slippery situation on the Cross Island north resulting from an overturned oil tanker, north up around Northern Boulevard, right and center lanes and the exit ramp to Northern Boulevard also blocked off. Cleaning crews are making their way out there now. Big deal across the Hudson has been trying to come inbound at the GW Bridge. Still forty-five minutes from 80/95 Express, better from the other approaches. Not so bad at the Hudson River tunnel tolls, but still, uh, checkpoints along the way, which will certainly add to that, uh, travel time. Meanwhile the, eh, traffic to the north of town, it is slowing down on the Cross County west in Yonkers. That's an accident in one lane, right by the Saw Mill.

10:21

We're dealing with big delays coming downtown toward 96th Street. I'm watching some slow traffic downtown on the FDR Drive here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. The West Side is rather crowded away from the GW Bridge in towards the 120's. And of course we still have delays, uh, trying to cross the Hudson River, especially at the inbound GW Bridge, which is as much as a, uh, forty-five minute delay from 80/95 Express. It's not so bad, uh, to the Lincoln Tunnel tolls. We've had delays on 495 eastbound side, though, uh, coming down through a checkpoint before you get down, uh, to the last exit in New Jersey and the Holland Tunnel still moving along well pretty well to the tolls. Verrazano we've had delays westbound side with an accident on the Belt Parkway ramp into

the Verrazano Bridge. That has now been cleared. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, oh, there's just a whole ton of traffic on the BQE, the eastbound side Gowanus Canal past the Brooklyn Bridge and then farther up the line that traffic on the BQE stays really crowded Manhattan Bridge all the way back up to the Triboro. The westbound BQE pretty bad too from Roosevelt Avenue back down towards the Manhattan Bridge. LIRR running with twenty to thirty minute delays into Penn Station and there are delays on the Port Jefferson branch all because of a broken rail.

10:31

Well, we still have these downtown delays, FDR Drive, One-teens towards 96th Street and the West Side Highway is also at a crawl coming off of the GW Bridge into towards the 120's and so you're sitting in a lot of that traffic. Meanwhile, the traffic on the Prospect in, uh, Brooklyn is starting to ease. Ocean Parkway, uh, Church Avenue into the Gowanus BQE, uh, certainly some welcome news. We've had gridlock conditions, not only in, uh, Brooklyn locally but also, uh, uptown in Manhattan above 96th Street. And those cross streets in the 90's and the, uh, 11's and 120's, uh, just a lot of traffic in and around that whole area. So, it's just a must to avoid, if you can. Now if you're trying to travel the bridges and tunnels, the inbound GW Bridge, you do have delays of as much as forty minutes from the 80/95 Express. The other approaches are fine and up and across the bridge not too bad. The Cross Bronx is very heavy eastbound side over by the Deegan, as I see it live here on the Jam Cam. Hudson River tunnels not so bad into the tolls but getting there along 495. The Lincoln Tunnel has been rather crowded getting through the, uh, continuing checkpoint. In and out of Staten Island no reported incidents. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan it's just been rough on that BQE and not so bad crossing the bridges but the BQE's just been getting pounded with delays in each direction. Do watch for roadwork on the Whitestone to the Bronx and slow traffic to Queens. And the Triboro Bridge is extra heavy Bronx to Manhattan-bound too. The, uh, New York City Park-And-Ride situation of course they've got 'em set up at Yankee Stadium, Shea Stadium and Staten Island Park-And-Rides as well. Over at Staten Island, Yankee Stadium, St. George Terminal and Cromwell Center. Long Island Railroad delays of thirty minutes coming into Penn Station and alternate side suspended for the duration of the holiday.

10:41

Well, the one good thing I can say as we, uh, take a look at some of the bridges and tunnels here with the, uh, Panasonic Jam Cam is that delays have finally eased on the GW Bridge. It was a long morning over there but it has eased out very nicely now into the tolls, upper and lower level. Still a bit heavy, actually not doing to badly up and across the span. The, uh, Lincoln and Holland tunnels, minor delays into the tolls too but still, uh, checkpoints, uh, coming into those crossings, uh, before you get down to the tolls. In and out of Staten Island no reported incidents. Still not bad up and across the, uh, East River bridges between Brooklyn and Manhattan, although the BQE still gets clobbered in each direction. Queensboro Bridge, Midtown Tunnel, no reported incidents. You do have delays on the Whitestone going to Queens and the Triboro Bridge has been looking slow leaving Queens, going Bronx and Manhattan-bound. We do have that extra traffic downtown on the West Side from the GW Bridge to the 120's and on the East Side One-teens down towards 96th Street with those checkpoints. Other mass transit in the area has been running, uh, pretty much, uh, normally but you do have delays on the Long Island Railroad twenty to thirty minutes

into Penn Station and delays on the Port Jefferson branch of LIRR because of a broken rail. On the PATH line they're operating a special service between World Trade Center Station and 33rd Street, from six a.m. to eight p.m. This service will make stops at the Pavonia-Newport and Exchange Place stations in Jersey City and run every seven minutes during the morning and afternoon drive. Normal operations will continue on all four PATH train lines. Jersey Transit buses running normal service but with heavier passenger volume to be anticipated. Alternate side around town suspended, but you do have to pay the meters.

10:51

Oh as you're trying to get around town with all of this going on, Taxi and Limousine-licensed taxi and livery vehicles will be allowed to pick up multiple passengers in a single trip. In addition, livery cars and commuter vans will be allowed to pick up passengers at bus stops and at Park-And-Ride locations and carpool areas. Taxis and livery cars will operate on a modified fare schedule based upon the zone of travel. Meanwhile the travel's been very busy. As you've been hearing if you're trying to come downtown towards these, uh, checkpoints, it's been especially rough on the downtown FDR Drive and the West Side Highway too, and still is. FDR Drive from the One-teens down to the 90's on the West Side right off the GW Bridge coming in towards 120's area. Things are getting better on the Whitestone Expressway north of Linden Place back up to the Whitestone Bridge. You do have some slow traffic on the Whitestone going to Queens and also on the Triboro Bridge, Bronx and Manhattan-bound has not been bad. Otherwise across the East River, although the BQE's been taking a pounding in both directions in and out of Staten Island, no reported incidents for the moment. Delays have eased into the tolls anyway across the Hudson, including the GW Bridge. As I watch here on the Panasonic Jam Cam, we do have an accident on the New Jersey Turnpike car lanes, a flipped over car northbound side of the right lane, right past Interchange 14. Long Island Railroad still twenty to thirty minute delays coming into Penn Station and delays on the Port Jefferson branch as well because of a broken rail. Alternate side remains suspended.

11:01

I still see police cars sitting here on the downtown FDR Drive by 96th Street and the traffic is still on the, uh, crowded side. Meanwhile we've had, uh, heavy traffic on the West Side too, on the way downtown into at least the 120's. And lots of company on the BQE eastbound off of the Gowanus back to the Brooklyn Bridge and again from the Williamsburg into the Triboro Bridge. Westbound BQE jammed Northern Boulevard all the way down to the Manhattan Bridge and out to the Bronx, a crash on the New England Thruway slows the ride from Gun Hill Road with at least one lane closed. As for what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels, it is heavy Bronx to Manhattan-bound on the Triboro Bridge and also on the Whitestone either way. Otherwise across the East River, not bad once you get to those bridges. In and out of Staten Island we've been moving pretty good. Well, across the Hudson River we have delays of under five minutes into the tunnels, but again, I expect we would probably see more traffic down in the Lincoln Tunnel very soon. The GW Bridge delays have eased as well. In New Jersey for the Park-And-Ride, uh, users, you've got, uh, that available at PNC Art Center, Vince Lombardi parking lot as well, north of Interchange 18 on the Turnpike and also from statewide Park-And-Ride locations. Jersey Turnpike we've had an accident on the car lanes north nearer to

Interchange 14 and has the right lane closed. Alternate side suspended for today.

11:11

The FDR Drive is starting to show signs of loosening up now, One-teens to the 90's. As I, uh, scope things out there on the Jam Cam watching the bridges and tunnels, I still see at the inbound Lincoln Tunnel a ton of traffic, on 495 and then on the local streets in, uh, Weekhawken, uh, coming away from the Lincoln, uh, look, I think, just at this very moment they've let traffic come down the spiraling ramp down to the Lincoln Tunnel. Here they come! Comin' around that turn! There are still going to be minor delays in the tolls for the moment, but that may change and build up for at least a little while, as that traffic, uh, starts to settle in over there. The inbound Holland Tunnel has already mounted to a fifteen to twenty minute wait into the tolls, heading past what was a heavy checkpoint earlier. In and out of Staten Island holding up pretty well. Not bad between Brooklyn and Manhattan for the moment. The Midtown Tunnel has suddenly slowed to about fifteen minutes into the tolls. The Queensboro Bridge moving along pretty steadily. You do have delays on the Whitestone Bridge going to Queens and the Triboro Bridge Bronx to Manhattan-bound side as well. Watch for extra slowdowns, too, the north of town. The New York State Thruway between Exit 7A and 7, that's a water main break. And also, uh, some slow traffic now on the Tappan Zee coming into Westchester. That's an accident in the process of being cleared out of the way. Long Island Railroad running with fifteen to twenty minute delays on trains coming into Penn Station. And because of a broken rail in Greenlawn, Port Jefferson branch also has delays. Alternate side remains suspended, but you still have to pay the meters.

11:21

Whoa! What a backup lining up to the tolls here at the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels. We now have probably close to a twenty minute wait lining up for the tolls at the Holland Tunnel from all approaches, and twenty-five to thirty minutes coming down into the Lincoln Tunnel. Still pretty good along the GW Bridge. And we had an accident and construction on the Tappan Zee Bridge in Westchester, but not a bad looking ride overall. The Brooklyn Bridge has gotten very slow coming back into Manhattan and the delay coming into the Midtown Tunnel has ballooned. There's gotta be over a thirty minute backup, it goes back up to before the BQE. As I look in live here on the Panasonic Jam Cam, you do have delays along the Whitestone and Triboro Bridge too. And if you're in Manhattan coming downtown, it has improved a bit on the West Side Highway and the FDR Drive, especially the FDR Drive in the 90's. But what has gotten worse is Broadway. Don't get involved in Broadway at all. A lot of downtown traffic. You'll probably find a lot of the same in some of the other, uh, downtown avenues away from the East and West Side is where a lot of that traffic has gone to. So again, uh, try to avoid, uh, downtown Broadway, big time delays through the One-teens right back down into the 90's area. And keep in mind if you are trying to get around town and you are using a bike, it's a good idea. The Department of Parks and Recreational offering temporary bike storage at, uh, parks around town like Washington Square Park, Tompkins Square Park, Union Square Park, Madison Square Park, and Bryant Park. Bicycle storage areas which will be, uh, created by using moveable barriers are staffed by the Parks Department from six in the morning 'til ten at night. Meanwhile the traffic is slowing down in New Jersey along the Turnpike car lanes near Interchange 14, that's an accident being

cleared. LIRR still fifteen to twenty minute delays coming into Penn Station. And the Port Jefferson branch running with some delays because of a broken rail in Greenlawn. And we do hear about a problem on the Southern State east at Exit 44. That's an accident being cleared. Alternate side suspended.

11:31

Well, now we're seeing a whole lot of traffic on the downtown side of Broadway. A whole lot of people were, uh, going away from, uh, the FDR Drive and the West Side Highway heading down Broadway and some of the other avenues too. The restrictions have been lifted. Traffic is still heavy on the West Side from the GW Bridge coming into the 120's. It's gotten better along the FDR Drive. I'm seeing long delays on the LIE heading west toward the Midtown Tunnel. The BQE is still taking a pounding in each direction as well. Let's put that Midtown Tunnel delay at, uh, well over a half an hour on the Manhattan-bound side as I track it here on the camera. Meanwhile the, uh, ride will still be a bit slow up and across the Whitestone and the Triboro. The Brooklyn Bridge very slow to Manhattan. And across the Hudson River, we've got delays of over a half an hour at the Lincoln Tunnel, twenty or more at the inbound Holland as well, maybe close to a thirty minute backup. We're not doing badly going into the tolls at the GW Bridge. Now the Tappan Zee has gotten pretty slow crossing back onto the Rockland County side. Meanwhile in New Jersey, Route 80 a nasty accident slows you down, coming east at Exit 30 down to Exit 38 in Denville. And the Jersey Turnpike northbound car lanes, an accident cleared just beyond Interchange 14, things should begin to improve heading into that vicinity. Some transit issues, uh, LIRR fifteen to twenty minutes into, uh, Penn Station. And the Port Jefferson branch with a broken rail into Greenlawn will cause some delays on that Port Jefferson branch. Alternate side suspended for today.

11:41

Well, we still have a lot of traffic up and down the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. The inbound Gowanus BQE jammed. Gowanus Canal and the Brooklyn Bridge loaded up from the Williamsburg to McGuinness-Humboldt and the westbound BQE is mighty crowded, Northern Boulevard right down towards the Manhattan Bridge as well. We still have a lot of traffic coming downtown on the West Side especially 150's to the 90's. Downtown Broadway is absolutely cluttered, gridlocked from the, eh, reports that we're getting. And as we tell you what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels, the traffic is very heavy Bronx to Manhattan-bound on the Triboro Bridge. The Whitestone you've got construction on the Bronx, but also heavy traffic going to Queens. Queensboro Bridge very slow to Manhattan. The Midtown Tunnel thirty-plus coming into those tolls Manhattan-bound. Williamsburg, Manhattan Bridge, Brooklyn Bridge are all very heavy coming back into Manhattan. In and out of Staten Island no reported delays. And across the Hudson, flirting with a thirty minute backup on the city-bound Holland. And Lincoln Tunnel may have a little more wiggle room on the 1-9 approach into the Holland Tunnel. As I see it live here on the Jam Cam, not doing badly on the GW Bridge. The Tappan Zee is crawling heading back into Rockland County. Out to Long Island, Southern State eastbound by Islip Terrace at Exit 44, that's an accident, two lanes reported to be closed as a result. And, uh, the New York State Thruway is improving in Westchester between Exit 6A and 7. Apparently a water main break problem has been all squared away. Checking mass transit, LIRR fifteen to twenty minute delays on trains coming back into Penn Station. And delays to be

expected on the Port Jefferson branch because of a broken rail in Greenlawn. Alternate side suspended. You do have to pay the meters, though.

11:51

And I will tell you what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels, as it stands right now, all that traffic that was being held up at checkpoints now, uh, coming into the, uh, Lincoln Tunnel. We've got delays of about a half an hour at the very least. The Holland Tunnel looks to be heavier from the Turnpike, rather than 1-9, and still delays of maybe twenty minutes or more. Not bad on the inbound GW Bridge. Tappan Zee overloaded into Rockland County. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, we're getting slammed coming into Manhattan on the Brooklyn Bridge, upper level Manhattan Bridge and the Williamsburg too. Midtown Tunnel, a solid thirty minute delay, if not more, lining up for those tolls. Queensboro Bridge has been slow Manhattan-bound. Lots of traffic on the Whitestone Bridge going to Queens and the Triboro Bridge Bronx to Manhattan-bound as well. BOE has been getting pounded all day long. The inbound Gowanus jammed, Gowanus Canal to the Brooklyn Bridge back up towards McGuinness-Humboldt. Westbound jammed Northern Boulevard right down to the Manhattan Bridge. And the traffic is, uh, also very busy coming downtown, East and West Side. It is getting a little bit better on the FDR Drive. The West Side still with some delays 150's into the 90's. And downtown Broadway has been, uh, getting creamed with all kinds of traffic too. An accident on the New England Thruway south, up around Gun Hill Road, that has been blocking off at least one lane. And a check of Long Island, Southern State eastbound by Exit 44, that's an accident still there, blocking off a couple of lanes. LIRR fifteen to twenty minute delays on trains coming back into Penn Station. And because of a broken rail in Greenlawn, expect delays on LIRR Port Jefferson Branch. Alternate side remains suspended, you will have to pay the meters, though.

12:01

Well, things are starting to improve after we had earlier delays really mount up on the inbound Hudson River tunnels. The checkpoints have been removed and as a result, it's eased down to just minor delays coming into the Lincoln Tunnel and the GW Bridge. Holland Tunnel's also getting better now. This is, uh, rapidly easing down to ten minutes or less coming in via the Holland. In and out of Staten Island no reported incidents. And the traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge still very slow Manhattan-bound. We've had delays on the Manhattan Bridge and on the Williamsburg too. The Midtown Tunnel still with lengthy delays of, um, lining up for those tolls, urm, maybe a thirty minute jam. And the traffic on the Queensboro Bridge has been slow Manhattan-bound too. Also still some slowdowns on the Queens-bound side of the Whitestone Bridge. And up on the Triboro Bridge Bronx to Manhattan-bound side has had extra traffic as well. Still taking a pounding up and down the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. We've had lots of traffic on Manhattan's, uh, avenues coming downtown in towards the 90's, the scene of those earlier checkpoints. The West Side is still slow 150's into the 90's and the FDR Drive no reported incidents now. And as far as the, uh, ride on mass transit, well, LIRR is running but with twenty minute delays coming back into Penn Station. We're getting word that we still have delays on the Port Jefferson Branch as well, that's because of a broken rail in Greenlawn. And as far as alternate side goes, that will remain suspended but you will have to pay the meters.

12:11

Keep in mind, uh, that there are a number of bridges that do have designated bike and pedestrian lanes. Maybe you were unaware of that. Well of course the Brooklyn Bridge, we know about that, but how about the Broadway Bridge, the Henry Hudson Bridge, Macombs Dam Bridge and the Madison Avenue Bridge, Manhattan Bridge and the Queensboro Bridge, also with designated lanes for, uh, walkers and bikers, Third Avenue Bridge, Triboro Bridge more of the same, and University Heights Bridge, the Washington Bridge and the George Washington Bridge, as well as the Williamsburg Bridge. And if you use your bike, the Department of Parks and Recreation offers temporary bike storage at the following parks: Washington Square, Tompkins Square Park, Union Square Park, Madison Square Park and Bryant Park. Around the Five Boroughs, well, we've had, uh, some hard hit conditions along the BQE, uh, all day. Eastbound side is heavy coming off the Gowanus, all the way up past the Brooklyn Bridge and again at McGuinness-Humboldt, that's where there is now a crash in the right lane. As far as what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels, heavy traffic on the Triboro Bridge, Bronx and Manhattan-bound. The Whitestone's been slow going to Queens. Still very busy Manhattan-bound on the Queensboro Bridge. And the Midtown Tunnel, still about thirty minutes lining up for those tolls. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, extra slow into Manhattan on the Brooklyn Bridge, the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge, and the Williamsburg too. Things have thinned out nicely across the Hudson. Minor delays delays at the Holland and Lincoln. Not too bad up and across the GW Bridge or the, uh, Tappan Zee. And the traffic is still, uh, a bit on the slow side in Westchester County along the, uh, southbound side of the Hutch in Scarsdale. We've got some road repairs in the right lane. LIRR fifteen to twenty minute slowdowns into Penn Station and delays on the Port Jefferson Branch because of a broken rail in Greenlawn. And alternate side remains suspended.

12:21

We'll go right with what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels. We still have delays of close to a half an hour at the Midtown Tunnel coming back into Manhattan. And as I watch it live on the Panasonic Jam Cam, the Queensboro Bridge has been very slow Manhattan-bound as well. And coming back into Manhattan from Brooklyn, still extra slow on the Brooklyn, upper level of the Manhattan Bridge and the Williamsburg too. Not bad at the Battery Tunnel. Do watch for some delays on the Whitestone Bridge, heading over to, uh, Queens, and also on the Triboro Bridge, Bronx to Manhattan-bound. Now across the Hudson, things have eased very nicely at the Holland and Lincoln Tunnel. We're not faring too badly up and across the GW Bridge or the Tappan Zee. The BQE still taking a pounding eastbound side Gowanus, uh, Canal up to the Brooklyn Bridge and the back to McGuinness-Humboldt, where there is a crash blocking off the right lane. Westbound slow at the Kosciuszko and back in towards the Tillary Street vicinity. Meanwhile, if you're gonna be riding out to, uh, Long Island this afternoon, looks like so far we're holding up pretty well on the LIE, The Northern and Southern States. Southern State is actually improving now, coming east into Islip Terrace with an accident cleared out of the way. Keep in mind Long Island Railroad, you do have scattered fifteen to twenty minute delays coming back into Penn Station and also a broken rail in Greenlawn is affecting service on the Port Jefferson Branch of LIRR. Alternate side is suspended around town but you do have to feed the meters.

12:31

Of course the evening rush looms large, but we've just gotten through the morning rush and things in general are easing up nicely. But for now getting a look from the East Side of the BQE, we've got heavy traffic from the Gowanus Canal, through the Brooklyn Bridge, easing out through McGuinness-Humboldt Street, an accident there has been cleared downtown, still heavy from the Kosciuszko to the Manhattan Bridge, extra volume there. Now street cleaning suspended today, but you still need to feed the meters. As we check over the westbound side of the Cross Bronx Expressway now, heavy traffic from the Bronx River Parkway through the George Washington Bridge. Let's take you out to Long Island for just a moment. And, uh, right now as you travel on the eastbound Northern State Parkway, picking up some delays near Lakeville Road, earlier problems there appear to be cleared and word is all construction work on Long Island roadways has been cancelled because of the holiday. Now, Long Island Railroad normal schedule in effect. Right now we've got scattered fifteen to twenty minute delays into Penn Station and a broken rail in Greenlawn which is, uh, causing some delays on the Port Jefferson Branch as well. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels. Hudson River crossings all looking pretty good as of now. Here's what we've got now: over the Queens-Midtown Tunnel still stuck there, about a thirty minute delay. As you head toward the city back out to New Jersey, actually looking, uh, pretty good at this, urm, back, ah, back out to, uh, Queens rather, looking pretty good at this point. Brooklyn Bridge, kind of heavy across the span. Manhattan Bridge is a little bit slow as well, particularly on the upper level and, uh, Williamsburg seems to be doing OK. No problems to report now at the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel.

12:41

Let's get a look, first of all, at the northbound side of the FDR Drive. We're picking up heavy traffic from the Brooklyn Bridge on up through the Williamsburg. Both directions on the Major Deegan. Over in the, uh, Bronx, we've got heavy traffic coming in through the Cross Bronx Expressway, just a little bit of extra volume in there as of now. Now southbound over on Fifth Avenue, delays from West 57th down to West 47th. We do have street cleaning rules suspended today and for the duration of the holiday is what we're told but the, uh, meter rules still apply, so you still have to feed the meters. Back over on the, uh, eastbound side of the BQE, heavy traffic from the Gowanus Canal to the Brooklyn Bridge and then easing out from the Williamsburg in through McGuinness-Humboldt Street. An accident there has been cleared. Over on the westbound side it's heavy from the Kosciuszko Bridge in through the Manhattan Bridge. And, uh, here's what you need to know now about the bridges and tunnels. Pretty quiet over on the Hudson River now. Holland, Lincoln Tunnels in relatively good shape, across the st... uh, ur, across to the city. And the same goes for the George Washington Bridge, minor delays at the tolls now and a pretty good ride as you come across the span. East River, Queens-Midtown Tunnel, still looking at about a thirty minute delay on the way back into the city. Back to Queens looks pretty good. Brooklyn Bridge a little bit slow both directions across the span. Manhattan Bridge heavy on the upper deck. And the Williamsburg looks to be in, uh, fine shape in both directions. 59th Street Bridge still kind of loaded up, both into and out of the city as well at this point. As we, uh, get a look now up at the Throgs Neck Bridge, we've got a good ride there across the span. A little bit of construction work over at the Whitestone. Now Tappan Zee Bridge has a lane down as you head across the span into Rockland County

for some midday construction work but not causing much of a delay as of now. As we take a look over back into New Jersey, east on Route 80, all lanes cleared out through Route 46 in Denville. Accident cleanup has been completed there. And we've been telling you about Long Island Railroad, still looking at fifteen to twenty minute delays into Penn Station now and a broken rail in Greenlawn that's causing extra delays on the Port Jefferson Branch.

12:51

Alright here goes. First of all we look at the eastbound side of the BQE at Broadway, Roosevelt Road construction there, shutting down the exit ramp. And we still do have some delays through the Kosciuszko Bridge but not as bad as they were before as that checkpoint seems to have disappeared, looks like things are starting to ease out a bit through that spot. Both directions Major Deegan, no problems to report as you come up through the, uh, Cross Bronx Expressway. George Washington Bridge area looking pretty good and, uh, westbound side of the Cross Bronx, uh, a little bit of heavy traffic from the Bronx River Park..., um, Parkway now over to the George Washington Bridge. Street cleaning rules suspended today throughout the Five Boroughs of the city. They will be suspended until the end of the holiday. Meter rules are still applying in the city so, you do still have to feed the meters. Now, here's what we, uh, need to tell you about the bridges and tunnels, currently, uh, as we check the, uh, Hudson River crossings, not too bad at Holland and Lincoln Tunnels, earlier checkpoints have been lifted, into and out of the city now. Looks pretty good at the George Washington Bridge through the tolls and, uh, pretty good ride across the span. Over on the East River, Queens-Midtown Tunnel still about twenty-five to thirty minute delays on the way into the city and on the way back out into Queens we're doing OK. Triboro Bridge construction work, Bronx-bound side, two of the toll lanes are shut down and traffic kind of heavy across the span now. Queens-bound side looks pretty good. Whitestone Bridge on the way to the Bronx, one lane down for ongoing deck replacement work and we do still have some minor delays there. Throgs Neck seems to be holding together pretty well as of now. We've got some delays on the Long Island Railroad. Scattered fifteen to twenty minute delays in through Penn Station. We've also got a broken rail in Greenlawn and that's, um, making for some delays on the Port Jefferson Branch at this point.

1:01

Alright and word from Long Island now all the construction work on the roadways has been cancelled today due to the big holiday. Thank you very much. And, uh, here's what we've got for you now as far as the Long Island Railroad's concerned. Uh, sch... normal schedule in effect for today. Right now still showing about fifteen to twenty minute scattered delays into Penn Station. And with a broken rail continuing to be a problem into Greenlawn, that's affecting the Port Jefferson Branch and we do have delays there as well for both city-bound and outbound trains. Take you back to New Jersey, eastbound Route 80 all lanes reopened through Exit, uh, Route 46 that is, in Denville, very bad accident cleanup there has now been completed. Uh, once up in Westchester County, uh, we've got westbound Fifth Avenue at Second Street in Pelham, a lane closed until further notice. We've had a partial building collapse through that area. They're working on getting that cleared up. Here's what you need to know now about the bridges and tunnels: pretty quiet all around at the Hudson River crossings now. George Washington Bridge, looking at it on the Jam Cam, pretty good

ride in through the tolls and moving well across the span. No problems to report right now at the Holland or Lincoln Tunnels, either into or out of the city. As we take you over to the East River now Throgs Neck Bridge headed to Queens, no problems on the span looking good Bronx-bound side as well. Whitestone Bridge a lane down headed to the Bronx for some construction work, ongoing deck replacement there. Queens-bound side kind of heavy in through the toll plaza and across the span as well. At the Triboro Bridge construction work shutting down two of the toll lanes as you head Bronx-bound and, uh, that's causing some heavy traffic across the span. Doing OK on the Queens-bound side as of now.

1:11

Alright and certainly because of the big holiday, right now Long Island Railroad schedule in normal effect for today, right now still showing scattered, uh, fifteen to twenty minute delays in through, uh, Penn Station. And a broken rail still a problem over at Greenlawn. That's affecting the Port Jefferson Branch so you can expect delays and some, uh, service interruption there as well. All of the construction work, by the way, on Long Island roadways has been cancelled today because of the holiday. Let's head to New Jersey now, eastbound Route 80 everything's improving now through Route 46 in Denville, accident cleanup has been completed there, just some residual delays left over. And, uh, over in Westchester County, or rather make that Warren County, New Jersey, westbound Route 78 at Exit 4 in through, uh, Stewartsville look for delays, we've got some debris on the roadway in that spot. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: currently pretty good at the Holland, Lincoln Tunnels, and the George Washington Bridge, no problems to report into or out of the city as of now. Still some delays over at the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, call it about fifteen to twenty minutes on the way into the city, back to Queens looking pretty good now. Brooklyn Bridge, inbound side is heavy back across the span, um, we've got no outbound delays right now. Actually things are looking kind of good there. And, uh, a good ride on the FDR Drive between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges in both directions as of now.

1:21

Let's get a look, first of all, at the westbound side of the BQE coming in through Flushing Avenue, an accident taking down the left hand lane. Do be careful as you come through that spot. Looks pretty good on the, uh, eastbound side right now as we, uh, take a look at the southbound Harlem River Drive into the FDR. Kind of heavy from 116th Street down through Gracie Mansion. Once again we've got some delays in through 86th. The westbound side of the Cross Bronx a little bit slow as you take it from the Sheridan Expressway through the George Washington Bridge. By the way, GWB not bad either direction across the span. Here's what you need to know about the other crossings: Holland and Lincoln Tunnels looking just fine, as a matter of fact I'm looking at the Lincoln Tunnel on the, uh, Panasonic Jam Cam, doing just great on the way into the city. No problems to report on the way back out, but again, watch for the building afternoon rush as folks make their getaway for the big holiday weekend. Here's what we've got for you as far as, uh, Long Island Railroad, still showing scattered fifteen to twenty minute delays in through Penn Station, um, increased volume there, and also we've got problems on the Port Jefferson Branch because of a broken rail at Greenlawn. Here's what we've got for you over in New Jersey: Northbound 23 at Ozone Avenue-Cedar Grove we've got road construction there, right lane's closed and some delays in through that spot as well.

1:31

Alright, eastbound side of the BQE... make that westbound side of the BQE at Flushing Avenue... an accident taking down the left hand lanes, some delays starting to build in through that spot. From there we go to Long Island and, uh, right now, ah, out in Suffolk County, southbound on the Sagtikos Parkway southbound side at S3, Pine Air Drive in Baywood, an accident there, one lane is down. By the way, word from Long Island is all construction work has been cancelled today due to the holiday weekend. And, uh, Long Island Railroad right now running a normal schedule for today. Still scattered ten to fifteen minute delays into Penn Station. A broken rail continues to be a problem at Greenlawn as well, that's affecting the Port Jefferson Branch, although not badly as of now. As we, uh, check back in Westchester County, westbound Fifth Avenue at Second Street in Pelham, a lane closed until further notice as they work on clearing out a partial building collapse in through that spot. And, uh, northbound Route 31 in New Jersey, look for delays in through Parkside Avenue in Ewing, we've got a gas main break, Fire Department activity there at the moment clogging up the roads. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: currently at the, uh, Holland and Lincoln Tunnels into and out of the city we're doing well. George Washington Bridge not bad in either direction across the span, looking pretty good in through the tolls as well. And over on the East River, still about ten to fifteen minutes at the Queens-Midtown Tunnel on the way into the city, that's been that way all afternoon. Not too bad on the way back out to Queens, the Brooklyn, Manhattan, the Williamsburg, pretty normal delays.

1:41

And getting a look right now over on the westbound side of the BQE at Flushing Avenue, a bad accident taking down the left hand lane. Looks to be a flame-engulfed limo, blowing lots of black smoke. Crews haven't yet arrived on the scene. A big tie-up through that spot until they can get that cleared out of the way. By the way, street cleaning rules suspended today citywide, that's throughout the Five Boroughs, the rules will be suspended until the holiday weekend is over, meter rules are still applying, though. Word from Long Island, uh, that they've basically cancelled all of the construction work until the holiday weekend is over as well. Word from Suffolk County now, southbound on the Sagtikos, in through Exit S3, Pioneer Drive in Baywood, an accident. One lane is down and starting to build with some delays through that spot. LIE looks pretty good through Suffolk County. Take you to Orange County now, westbound on Route 84 at Exit 4 in Middletown, accidents, some injuries involved. They're working on getting that cleared up as well. Also, on Route 100, uh, Highway 100 now, at 134 in Yorkturn, eh, uh, Yorktown, accident involving a rolled over vehicle and they're working getting that cleared as well. Here's what we need to tell you about the bridges and tunnels: Hudson River crossings pretty quiet, Holland, Lincoln and the George Washington Bridge right now. Triboro look for construction work and that takes down two of the toll lanes as you head to the Bronx, uh, that is causing heavy traffic on the span. Queens-bound side looks OK. Whitestone Bridge, a lane down as you head to the Bronx as they do some ongoing deck repairs there. No bad, though, Queens-bound side a little bit slow through the toll plaza. Looks good all around at the Throgs Neck.

1:51

We take you first to Westchester County and, uh, right now Highway 100 at 134 in Yorturn, uh, Yorktu... uh, I still can't say that, Yorktown, accident involving a rolled over vehicle in through that area. Westbound side of 84 coming through Exit 4 in Middletown, an accident with injuries, that's still being cleared. As we, uh, take you out to Long Island now, problems on the Sagtikos State Parkway in through Pine Air Drive southbound side at Exit S3, accident takes down a lane. Traffic is jamming back to Crooked Hill Road in through that spot. By the way, no construction work on Long Island for the duration of the holiday weekend. Right here in the city, street cleaning rules are suspended today throughout the Five Boroughs. Those rules will be suspended until the weekend is over as well. Meter rules, though, still apply, which means you still have to feed the meter. Back over on the westbound side of the BQE at Flushing Avenue, a fiery limo crash taking down the left-hand lane as they're still waiting for crews to arrive. And, uh, right now here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: we're looking at some delays on the East River crossings right now. The Manhattan Bridge right now kind of slow coming across the span leaving the city. Uh, we've got the Brooklyn Bridge a little bit slow in both directions, and the Williamsburg's not too bad as of now. Queens-Midtown Tunnel we've got about, uh, ten to fifteen minute delays into the city, back out to Queens looking just fine. And looking at the Hudson River crossings Holland and Lincoln OK. George Washington Bridge, on the Panasonic Jam Cam right now, moving well in both directions across the span.

2:01

Alright let's get you out to Suffolk County now. Southbound on the Sagtikos State Parkway at Exit S3 Pine Air Drive in Baywood accident cleared, traffic starting to ease out there. Word in Nassau County now the eastbound Northern State Parkway, kind of tying up into Glen Cove Road, Exit 31 in Westbury, heavy traffic. Some sort of debris being cleared up from the Parkway. Westbound side appears to be OK. Long Island Railroad, still about ten to fifteen scattered delays in through Penn Station, been that way most of the day. And they've still got a problem with a broken rail at Greenlawn and that's affecting service on the Port Jefferson Branch. No word as to when that will be cleared up. And here's the story right now over on the BQE westbound side at Flushing Avenue, accident there. Crews have finally arrived but it's still a mess, left lane is shut down. We do have alternate side of the street parking rules suspended today throughout the Five Boroughs. They will be suspended until the holiday weekend is over. Metered parking rules, though, are still in effect.

2:11

And right now we get a look at the westbound side of the BQE in through Flushing Avenue, what was a fiery limo that has now been tamed is taking down the left-hand lane. And a little bit slow as you come through that spot. Now, we head to Nassau County, eastbound Northern State Parkway in through Glen Cove Road that's Exit 31 in Westbury. Heavy traffic starting to build there. Apparently some debris on the roadway. They're working on clearing that now. Now, not affecting the westbound side of the roadway, at least not right now, but looks like a big cleanup job. Word from the Long Island Railroad, normal schedule in effect for today but still running about ten to fifteen minutes scattered delays in through Penn Station. Been that way, uh, pretty much all day. Broken rail in Greenlawn that's affecting the Port Jefferson branch, no word's as to when that will be cleared up. Uh,

also Metro North running a normal schedule today. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: right now Holland, Lincoln Tunnels, George Washington Bridge into and out of the city doing just fine. Over on the Whitestone Bridge now headed to the Bronx, lane down for ongoing deck replacement work. Queens-bound side is heavy as well. Also, uh, word from Kevin, a member of our traffic team now, we've got heavy traffic over on the 59th Street Bridge, both levels, outbound appears to be in good shape, looks like just volume there.

2:21

Street cleaning rules suspended today and will be until the end of this holiday weekend. Meter rolls... uh... rules still apply, which means you still have to feed the meters. As we check out now in Suffolk County, Sagtikos coming in through Exit S3 southbound side accident cleared, traffic easing out there. Um, also on the eastbound side of the Northern State Parkway, uh, we've still got delays in through Glen Cove Road, traffic, uh, heavy there because debris is still being cleared up from all over the roadway in that area. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: right now Holland and Lincoln, George Washington Bridge, into and out of the city not bad at all. Over at the, uh, Whitestone Bridge headed to the Bronx, a lane down for deck replacement work there. We do have some heavy delays and a little bit slow on the way to Queens as well. Throgs Neck Bridge looks good in both directions and over at the 59th Street Bridge we've got heavy traffic inbound on both levels. Outbound side appears to be OK right now. And, uh, no problems to report at the Manhattan or Williamsburg Bridges as of now.

2:31

Well, still having troubles in Westchester County on the Saw Mill, southbound side of the Saw Mill Parkway at the Thruway. And in Elmsford there's an accident with a flipped-over car, emergency crews still on scene. And it looks like at least one lane is at least still out of service. As you, uh, make your way on 287, that's looking good over to the Tappan Zee Bridge. Tappan Zee Bridge, GW Bridge, Lincoln Tunnel all OK. It's the Holland Tunnel, though, where there's still some traffic going back to Jersey. Now, across the East River, it looks like, uh, the Whitestone Bridge is slow to the Bronx, you've got roadwork there. Also expect some company on the Brooklyn Bridge. And the, uh, BQE you've got, uh, right now delays exiting to the Long Island Expressway. The, uh, Long Island Expressway has been an absolute horror show, you've got delays now forming back at the BQE again. This delay goes bumper-to-bumper straight through to the Fairgrounds area. There may be something along the way past Queens Boulevard. Grand Central there was an accident being cleared over by the BQE on the westbound side of the Grand Central.

2:41

Well, looks like as you, uh, make your trip right now, uh, in Queens, the Grand Central's gonna start getting better. They're clearing that accident over by the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, all lanes are being reopened. But the LIE, something's going on through Queens Boulevard, because it is much slower than normal, jam-packed from the BQE heading over toward Woodhaven and toward Queens Boulevard, that we see on the WINS Jam Cam. Now the BQE is getting better going up toward the Kosciuszko Bridge. And in the Bronx things are getting a lot better on the Cross Bronx west to the GW Bridge. Only hot spot across the Hudson, the Holland Tunnel there's still delays back to Jersey. If

you use the Whitestone Bridge, be prepared for a little bit of traffic on the way to the Bronx. You've got roadwork in place. The, uh, Throgs Neck Bridge very good out of Queens into the Bronx. And, uh, be aware on the Saw Mill still in Westchester, southbound side of the Saw Mill Parkway right by 287 in Elmsford, there's an overturned car. Emergency crews still remain on scene.

2:51

Let the rush begin and let's see now what the roads are looking like in and around the city. And it's not so good over on the Tappan Zee heading into Rockland as I see it on the Panasonic Jam Cam, suddenly getting very slow. Not bad on the GW Bridge inbound on the upper and lower level. Lincoln Tunnel, you've got delays of maybe five minutes leaving town. The Holland Tunnel looks to be so far in, uh, pretty decent shape in, uh, both directions. In and out of Staten Island it's been rough. The Goethals going to Jersey, a stalled car. The Outerbridge is slow heading out back to Staten Island. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, it's building to a jam on the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge to Manhattan as I watch it on the Panasonic Jam Cam. The Brooklyn Bridge is bad news either direction and I still see a lot of, uh, people traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge, a lot of walkers there heading across that span in either direction. Over to the Queensboro Bridge still slow in the lower level coming into Manhattan and watch for roadwork on the Whitestone-bound for the Bronx.

3:01

The traffic on the BQE westbound side is gonna be heavy into Atlantic Avenue with a stalled car in the right lane. Belt Parkway west at the Van Wyck, that's a crash in the left lane to watch out for. And the, uh, traffic on the Cross Bronx, still pretty heavy Jerome Avenue back to the GW Bridge, Harlem River Drive from the 150's on up. No reported incidents on the West Side Highway. Here's what you need to know regarding the bridges and tunnels: roadwork along the Whitestone, bound for the Bronx. Queensboro still a bit slow lower level into Manhattan. And between Brooklyn and Manhattan it has just been awful on the Brooklyn Bridge either way and the upper level Manhattan Bridge to Manhattan. Stalled car on the Goethals heading back to Jersey side to watch out for. And, uh, the Outerbridge has been slow going over to Staten Island. Across the Hudson River not bad on the tunnels. Inbound GW Bridge, uh, maybe a five minute delay. The Tappan Zee looks pretty slow crossing back into the Rockland County side. Jersey's 280 west, an accident's cleared in West Orange. And the, uh, traffic is still stop-and-go on Route 1 south in Edison with some line painting that continues. Alternate side has been suspended for today.

3:11

Well, the traffic on the, uh, Tappan Zee is still crawling going into Rockland County as I see it here live on the Jam Cam. Farther down the Hudson River it looks like that traffic along the, uh, GW Bridge is not faring too badly into the tolls. The Lincoln Tunnel a bit slow leaving town. Holland Tunnel is heavy getting back out onto 1 and 9. And in and out of Staten Island we've had slowdowns on the Goethals going to Jersey and the Outerbridge getting back over to Staten Island. Meanwhile the Manhattan Bridge is still jammed on the upper level into Manhattan. The Brooklyn Bridge is crawling either way. And over to the Queensboro Bridge it's been crowded along the, uh, lower level coming back into Manhattan. The upper level looks to be fine. Big delays ahead. And there's still round-the-clock repairs on the Whitestone Bridge going to the Bronx. BQE westbound side Atlantic Avenue, watch

for a stalled car, that one sits in the right lane. And there's a crash on the westbound side of the Belt and the Van Wyck, that one in the left lane.

3:21

Staten Island Expressway east is heavy to Todt Hill Road. It's a stalled car in the right lane. BQE west at Atlantic Avenue the stall's been cleared. There's a crash west on the Belt at the Van Wyck. And here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: still some roadwork on the Whitestone going to the Bronx. Queensboro Bridge slow in the lower level coming into Manhattan, as I watch it live on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Avoid the Manhattan Bridge upper level into Manhattan. I see delays on the FDR Drive heading downtown towards the Brooklyn Bridge which is crawling in both directions. Not too bad in and out of Staten Island, although we've had a stalled car recently cleared from the Goethals getting over to the Jersey side. And across the Hudson River, slow in the Holland getting back to 1-9. Lincoln Tunnel looks pretty good in each direction. Same deal with the GW Bridge, but the Tappan Zee is rather crowded crossing into Rockland County. Alternate side of the street parking has been suspended throughout the duration of the holiday weekend.

3:31

Well, here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: on the Staten Island Expressway east we're heavy to Todt Hill Road, all due to a stalled car in the right lane. The Queensboro Bridge remains slow in the lower level coming into Manhattan. The BQE west at Atlantic Avenue is moving once again after the stall's been cleared. There's a new crash west on the Belt at the Van Wyck that you want to look out for. On the Whitestone, there's still some remaining roadwork going back the Bronx. You'll want to avoid the Manhattan Bridge, upper and now lower levels into the city. Still delays on the FDR downtown, heading towards the Brooklyn Bridge. And you need to stay away from that one, its crawling in both directions. Looking across the Hudson River, we're slow in the Holland heading back to 1-9, but the Lincoln Tunnel is looking very good in either direction. The GW Bridge is not bad and further up the Hudson, we see some delays at the Tappan Zee headed towards the Rockland side. Staten Island looks good after that stall has been cleared, which had been clogging up the Goethals Bridge, Jersey-bound. Remember, alternate side of the street parking is suspended today and for the duration of the weekend.

3:41

Over in Staten Island, we're flowing following an afternoon of backups. Most of you will remember the chaos that one stalled car caused on the Goethals earlier. I'm happy to report that that's been cleared. Now we're moving on the Verrazano as well. But here's a new one you need to watch: Staten Island Expressway east is stop-and-go to Todt Hill Road, due to a stalled car westbound, heavy on in through that whole area. Over at the Hudson, well, it's better than it's been in a while, about five minutes over the GW Bridge and another five to ten at the Lincoln. Upriver, well, it's still slow over the span on the Tappan Zee on the way to Rockland. In Queens, the Whitestone, yep, watch out for that continuing roadwork to the Bronx. Looking at the Jam Cam, over between Brooklyn and Manhattan, we've still got heavy traffic on the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge coming into the city. And you'll want to steer clear of the Brooklyn Bridge in both directions. The 59th Street Bridge is very heavy on the lower level coming into

Manhattan. Alternate side of the street parking is suspended today but you've still gotta feed the meters.

3:51

Live at the, uh, Panasonic Jam Cam and a view of the Belt Parkway. It's getting very crowded on the eastbound side down beyond Pennsylvania Avenue, heading out towards Cross Bay Boulevard. A lot of westbound traffic at Lefferts Boulevard too. Staten Island Expressway east is on the brakes to Todt Hill Road, got a stalled car westbound. Heavy on in through that same area. And out to Long Island, Southern State very crowded Hempstead Avenue in through Merrick Avenue. LIE lots of slowdowns into Route 11. Now here's what you need to know regarding the bridges and tunnels: Tappan Zee is still very busy crossing into Rockland County, although it is showing some signs of loosening up a bit. Across the Hudson otherwise, really not too bad, still under five minutes, Holland and Lincoln Tunnel and GW Bridge. In and out of Staten Island, it's been a little bit slow getting over to Staten Island along the Goethals Bridge and the Verrazano no reported incidents. Between Brooklyn and Manhattan, still jammed on the upper level Manhattan Bridge to Manhattan. Avoid the Brooklyn Bridge in each direction. That's still loaded up. And the Queensboro Bridge still heavy on the lower level coming into Manhattan. Round-the-clock repairs on the Whitestone going to the Bronx.

4:01

And already it's getting bad in Midtown. We have the WINS Jam Cams in motion. We've got delays on Seventh Avenue that already stretch back to Central Park coming all the way down into Times Square. Broadway's going to be impacted by that as well. You've got extra traffic on Sixth Avenue going into the 40's, East Side. First, Second, Third Avenues gonna pick up a lot of traffic because there's a lot of cross street traffic through the 40's and 50's. So, again, budget a lot of extra travel time getting through Midtown. Now, the West Side's a very good way up to the GW Bridge. And across the Hudson, things are really not that bad. But across the East River, 59th Street Bridge, the lower level's swamped coming into Manhattan. The upper level, both ways on the upper level are only going to be going Queens-bound. You got the Manhattan Bridge jammed right now into Manhattan. The Brooklyn Bridge is gonna be slow either way. As you make your way through Queens, it's already bumper-to-bumper on the eastbound LIE toward the Fairgrounds. The Grand Central, as we, uh, switch cameras here right now, also picking up delays to Kew Gardens, coming off the Triboro, though it's not that bad. Eastbound side of the Cross Bronx delays through Jerome and Webster Avenue but then the pace will start to pick up.

4:11

Remember how bad it was yesterday? Here we go again. West Side Highway delays now begin in the 70's but it's not going north. It's fine going north. The delays are going south and they go all the way down into lower Manhattan and all the way through to the Battery Tunnel. You're also gonna hit a lot of traffic on the East Side too. FDR Drive delays south of the Triboro into the 59th Street Bridge. More delays Williamsburg into the Brooklyn Bridge. The interior avenues already starting to take a beating. Seventh Avenue delays begin back at Central Park, goes all the way down through Times Square. Broadway's obviously gonna be impacted by that too. A lot of East Side traffic on the avenues and the side streets through the 40's and 50's are an absolute mess. As you make your way across the East River already

bumper-to-bumper each way Brooklyn Bridge. Manhattan Bridge is jammed either way. The Williamsburg is picking up traffic and the 59th Street Bridge is already taking a big beating going Manhattan-bound. Triboro Bridge is really looking good here on the WINS Jam Cam, an excellent way between Manhattan and Queens. Right now in Nassau County no accidents reported on the LIE or the Northern State Parkway. In New Jersey, we're off to a pretty decent start on the Turnpike and the Garden State Parkway.

4:21

And we are still gonna have to get through, uh, a pretty bad rush hour. Already we've got major delays on, uh, Seventh and Eighth Avenue as you, uh, make your way through the Midtown area. Seventh Avenue delays begin right out of Central Park, all the way down through Times Square. Broadway's impacted obviously, Ninth and Tenth Avenues seeing more traffic as well, but not as bad as, uh, heading through the Times Square area. Meanwhile, on the East Side it's a torture test, because a lot of the, uh, side streets are taking a beating, especially through the 40's and 50's. That will impact traffic at the 59th Street Bridge, which is jammed coming into Manhattan. Right now you've also got jam-ups on the Brooklyn Bridge, bumper-to-bumper to Brooklyn but the lower roadway is wide open. The Brooklyn Bridge is swamped. The FDR Drive's not looking very good either, bumper-to-bumper right off the Brooklyn Bridge. Something's going on on the drive going north toward Houston Street. Meanwhile the West Side delays begin in the 70's and they go south all the way to the Battery Tunnel. Now, we've got something going on on the Belt Parkway. It's going eastbound. We had, uh, Tonya, we had Willie, uh, they both checked in, members of our traffic team and, uh, Michael too, said that the, uh, Belt was not moving off the Verrazano Bridge. As you make your way through Queens, we're also not moving on the LIE but the Grand Central seemed to have a little bit more give for now. Eastbound LIE by Woodhaven, we're getting reports of a stalled car.

4:31

Remember how bad it was yesterday? It's starting again. The, uh, East Side delays begin at the Triboro. It's pretty much one long line now all the way to the Battery. The West Side delays to the Battery begin back at the Boat Basin at 79th Street and we've got a ton of interior traffic in Midtown. Seventh Avenue, Times Square, that's the delay, that's where it's all going: it comes out of Central Park. Broadway's gonna be impacted by that. You're gonna see extra traffic on Eighth Avenue through the 40's and 50's. On the East Side, the side streets are packed through the 40's and 50's and that is why First, Second, Third and Park Avenue right now, an absolute mess. So, trying to get around Midtown, just like yesterday, is not gonna be easy at all. Across the East River already a ton of traffic each way on the Brooklyn Bridge. Now the Manhattan Bridge is fine coming into Manhattan, it's just jam-packed on the upper roadway to Brooklyn. But here on the WINS Jam Cam, the lower roadway will wind up being better. 59th Street Bridge is getting real bad, but the Triboro is looking good. And across the Hudson, you're good to go at the Lincoln and the Holland Tunnel. Trouble in Queens, eastbound LIE, Woodhaven Boulevard, that's a stall in the center lane. More traffic heading toward, uh, central Queens on the Van Wyck, you'll wanna get around that for now with the Grand Central. The Belt is jammed east off the Verrazano, some type of problem on the way toward Coney Island. And right now on Staten Island, delays right off the Verrazano, heading out toward Todt Hill

Road. In New Jersey we're off to a pretty decent start on the Turnpike. And, uh, right now no transit delays, but just budget extra travel time taking the LIIR out of Penn Station.

4:41

Looks like it's gonna be just as bad as it was yesterday. Interior avenues in Midtown right now is in torture mode. You got delays on Seventh Avenue right into Central Park into Times Square. Of course that will impact Broadway too. Sixth Avenue's taking a beating coming up through the 40's. You've also got delays on Park Avenue, across the East Side because the side streets are all messed up through the 40's and 50's with a ton of extra traffic. Now this is also gonna impede the East River, you've got delays already at the Midtown Tunnel, about fifteen minutes either way. 59th Street Bridge coming into Manhattan, first of all you can't even get onto the bridge because it's jammed in Long Island City, then once you do, it's jammed across to the Manhattan side, where it's all jammed-up on the East Side. You want to avoid all those jams with the Triboro Bridge. But the problem? The FDR Drive. That's jammed from the Triboro into the 59th Street Bridge and then again from the U.N. all the way to the Battery. You've also got big delays on the West Side, 70's on down the Battery. And, uh, on the northbound side, it's about the One-teens all the way up to the GW Bridge. Brooklyn Bridge a mess either way. Manhattan Bridge better to Manhattan, but it's swamped to Brooklyn. But across the Hudson, there's nothing going on at the Lincoln or the Holland Tunnel. Karen is on Route 4, a member of our traffic team, said we've got real bad delays going west on Route 4, too many cars and trucks. Not enough Route 4 heading west over to Route 17 in Paramus. Those delays begin out of Teaneck.

4:51

And it's getting real bad again. Across the East River that delay at the Midtown Tunnel has got to be at least thirty minutes coming into Manhattan. It's probably going to be even worse if you take the 59th Street Bridge out of Long Island City. Just the streets in Long Island City are a mess. And then, of course, coming into Manhattan you've got a big mess to deal with too. On the East Side, it's just like yesterday. First, Second, Third Avenue taking a beating through the 40's, 50's and 60's. Side streets are all fouled-up. Getting into Times Square, both Broadway and Seventh Avenue, you can expect the delays to begin back in Central Park, right out of Central Park South. So, again, a bad rush hour just like last night. On the East Side, one long line of traffic. It begins at the Triboro Bridge at the FDR, it goes pretty much all the way down to the Battery. There's a little gap in the 50's, but other than that, you'll be on the brakes all the way through. West Side Highway delays begin south in the 70's and north now in the 80's up toward the GW Bridge. You've also got, uh, troubles right now trying to get across the, uh, Hudson River. There is something going on on the Tappan Zee Bridge. I think we got an accident Rockland County-bound, it's over toward the Rockland side, here on the Panasonic Jam Cam, but traffic is barely moving. And you've already got delays on 287 merging in with the Thruway out of White Plains. Lincoln, Holland Tunnel both in very good shape. And also watch out for big delays as you, uh, make your way along the Belt eastbound. There's a stall by Knapp Street in Sheepshead Bay. It's got ba... traffic backed up all the way onto the Verrazano Bridge.

5:01

Still real bad right now, especially along the East Side. The side streets through the 40's and 50's are packing it in. That's why the East Side, uh, avenues are having a tough go. And of course it's not easy coming across the 59th Street Bridge when the East Side's having a tough go. Queensboro Bridge is jammed right across the span into Manhattan. You've got at least thirty to forty minutes at the Midtown Tunnel Manhattan-bound. And big backups now, each way on the Manhattan Bridge and on the Brooklyn Bridge. You got, uh, looks like a decent ride on the inbound Gowanus heading toward the Battery Tunnel. But on the Manhattan side, it's a torture test. The, uh, West Side delays 70's on down and 80's on up to the GW Bridge. Meanwhile, you've got on the FDR Drive one long line of brake lights. Triboro into the 59th Street Bridge more traffic, 40's all the way down to the Brooklyn Bridge and down toward the Battery. Right now across the Hudson, though, the Lincoln, Holland Tunnel, they're both gonna be in good shape. In Queens, we've got troubles on the Grand Central. At least a two-mile delay east to Kew Gardens. You've got big backups here as you, uh, travel in the Bronx. On the, uh, Bronx River Parkway south at 233rd Street, a wreck leaves just the right lane passable. And also watch out for traffic on the Deegan north as you, uh, make your way up toward the, uh, oh check that.. the Deegan south around Willis Avenue, stalled bus is gonna be in the right lane. Right now, uh, in New Jersey, the Turnpike picking up a ton of extra southbound traffic down toward 15W in the western spur. Eastern spur slightly better going south. And alternate side parking, hey, we just got this in. Alternate side parking will be back in effect for tomorrow. We just got that in. There are no, uh, transit delays.

5:11

Uh, let's go borough by borough. First you've got troubles in the Bronx on the Bronx River Parkway going south at 133rd Street, an accident, just one lane there is getting by. Because of that there's northbound traffic on the Deegan north, extra traffic on the way through Fordham Road. Also watch out for slow traffic south of the Deegan into Willis Avenue with a stalled bus. In Queens, Long Island Expressway, they're still working with a stall eastbound at Woodhaven Boulevard. It's jammed right off the BQE. You've also got traffic on the Grand Central, east into Kew Gardens. Uh, the Gowanus Expressway in Brooklyn better than you might expect between the Belt and the BQE. But on the Belt, you're jammed right off the Verrazano to Knapp Street, they just cleared a stalled car. And on the Staten Island Expressway, you've got delays west into Todt Hill. Big problems across Manhattan right now. East Side delays on the FDR Drive, Triboro into the 59th Street Bridge, jammed 40's all the way into the Battery. There's something going on northbound on the drive north of the Manhattan Bridge. I can see police on the way to it on the WINS Jam Cam. Meanwhile the West Side delays south 70's on down, northbound 80's on up. And you've also got, uh, big troubles right now trying to get through the interior streets of Midtown, especially Seventh Avenue, we're watching right now on the camera. Times Square is where it ends but it be... uh, the delay begins all the way back in Central Park. Across the Hudson, the Lincoln, the Holland Tunnel fine. At least twenty-five minutes for the GW Bridge into New York. And big delays across the East River from the 59th Street Bridge, uh, down to the Brooklyn Bridge. It's gonna be a mess no matter which way you go.

5:21

And one thing that you do need to know about tomorrow, alternate side parking will be back in effect citywide in all Five Boroughs. Meanwhile just trying to get around town is a grueling torture test almost like yesterday. Manhattan Bridge bumper-to-bumper both decks going over to Brooklyn. The Brooklyn Bridge is jammed each way, the Williamsburg is not looking very good, and the 59th Street Bridge, oh, that's particularly ugly here on the camera, you got right now the, uh, south upper roadway jammed on the way to Queens, you've also got a lot of lower level traffic too. There's a ton of traffic in Long Island City when you come off the bridge in Queens Plaza. There's also a ton of traffic on the East Side of Manhattan. That's why the Midtown Tunnel's got at least a thirty minute delay going Manhattan-bound. Your, uh, cross streets in Manhattan in through the 40's and 50's are a mess. The, uh, avenues are not looking very good either. You've got that gridlock situation back again. Seventh Avenue, you can expect delays right out of Central Park right down to Times Square and that's also doing a number on Broadway. Meanwhile, across the Hudson, the Lincoln, the Holland Tunnel, you wouldn't know anything's going on there. They're both fine. But the GW Bridge, because of slowdowns in the Bronx, you've got the GW Bridge delays of at least twenty-five minutes going into town. Slower than normal traffic Route 4 going west out of, uh, Teaneck going over to Paramus on Route 17. Slower than normal traffic on the Turnpike's western spur, south to 15W east, eastern spur better. And again, alternate side parking back in effect for tomorrow.

5:31

You know this may just be a case of a lot of folks trying to steer clear of Midtown and stay off the avenues. You've got the FDR Drive still packed in solid, Triboro Bridge into the 59th Street Bridge and from the 40's straight on down to the Battery. Delays on the West Side still back near the Boat Basin at Seventy-ninth Street all the way down into the Battery. And you've also got big delays north up toward the GW Bridge too. Now the Lincoln and Holland Tunnel are fine. Your, uh, Midtown areas, still a mess pretty much from, uh, Ninth Avenue all the way over to the East Side through the 40's and 50's it's really gonna be bad. And as you, uh, travel right now, uh, across the East River, Brooklyn Bridge, no matter which way you go you'll be, uh, riding the brake pedal, it is just jam-packed. The Manhattan Bridge, while it's good into Manhattan, it's horrible into Brooklyn on both decks. You got delays on the Williamsburg, at least a half an hour Midtown Tunnel into Manhattan. 59th Street Bridge, I wouldn't even go near that. The Triboro Bridge is not that bad -- that you can use. And, uh, right now in Queens, you can't really use the Grand Central, at least it's a two mile delay to Kew Gardens. Nassau County no major incidents along the LIE and Northern, just a lot of traffic east toward Westbury. As you, uh, travel Route 4, much slower than normal each way as you travel Queen Anne Road in Teaneck all the way to 17 in Paramus. Again, just a lot of traffic there. Remember alternate side street parking back in effect for tomorrow.

5:41

Oh we've got a lot more problems right now coming into New York. The GW Bridge is a mess. That's well over a half an hour express lanes 80/95 and every other approach now taking a beating except for the Palisades. The Lincoln, the Holland Tunnel, they're phenomenal across the Hudson. What isn't good, though, is the West Side. You've got massive backups right now on the, uh, West Side Highway as you, uh,

travel northbound. Looks like, uh, the delays now are gonna begin in the 70's on up. The delays southbound begin right in the area of the sewer treatment plant in the 120's and it's one long ride all the way to the Battery. You've also got big backups on the East Side, too, FDR Drive from the Triboro on down, it's just an absolute mess. Across the East River, absolute mess really doesn't say it all. You got the Brooklyn Bridge bumper-to-bumper either way. Now, the Manhattan Bridge, if you take it into Manhattan it's actually moving along pretty well. If you're going back to Brooklyn though, you might as well just put the car in park for a while, it's that bad. The, uh, 59th Street Bridge is taking a beating. The Midtown Tunnel's gotta be at least a half an hour coming into Manhattan. Triboro Bridge is picking up some traffic on the way to Queens and that links up with a big delay in Queens on the Grand Central from La Guardia going over to Kew Gardens. The Tappan Zee, we have an accident on the span. It's much slower than normal across to Rockland County. And, uh, right now as you make your way in New Jersey, extra company on the Turnpike as you travel south on the western spur at 15W. Eastern spur not great but better. Nassau County it's the typical grind on the LIE and on the Northern Parkway heading east toward Westbury.

5:51

Still not having the easiest ride across the Hudson River. We're seeing a ton of traffic at the GW Bridge, well over a half an hour for the upper level. The lower level, well, the Port Authority says five minutes, but I'm thinking more like twenty-five minutes. The, uh, approach off the Palisades does look to be a lot better here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Right now the Lincoln Tunnel back to Jersey, a lot of traffic off the, uh, Tenth Avenue, 40th Street approach, that's actually the Eleventh Avenue to 40th Street approach, you've got a lot of buses there. So that's why you've got, uh, the delay. The Holland Tunnel into the city starting to slow down. Across the East River, well, slowdown is the key word here. The Brooklyn Bridge jammed either way. As a matter of fact, let me just do the easy thing, let me tell you what's actually moving. The Manhattan Bridge to Manhattan is moving, the Triboro Bridge going Bronx Manhattan-bound is moving. Everything else below the Triboro is not moving. And, uh, not moving also describes the West Side Highway. Bumper-to-bumper delays 120's all the way to the Battery. Northbound delays 80's on up to the GW Bridge. And you've got big backups on the FDR Drive too, Triboro pretty much all the way down to, uh, the bumper-to-bumper Brooklyn Bridge. So right now the FDR Drive won't help you. Interior Avenues, especially in Midtown through the 40's and the 50's are gonna be really messy from First Avenue all the way over to Ninth. And right now as you make your way through Queens, very slow ride Grand Central East all the way through to Kew Gardens. The LIE not great, slightly better once you get past Kissena Boulevard. Alternate side parking will be back in effect for tomorrow.

6:01

Probably the easiest way, uh, to talk about the East River right now from the Triboro Bridge on down to the Battery Tunnel is just to tell you what's moving, and what's moving is the Manhattan Bridge going into Manhattan, everything else right now is gonna be a slow ride no matter which way you go, including the Triboro, which is picking up a lot more traffic at this point. FDR Drive, you're jammed right off the Brooklyn Bridge up to the 40's with an accident. Southbound delays Triboro pretty much all the way down to the Battery now. And the, uh, West Side Highway is horrible. You got delays 120's going south and this delay

goes way past Chelsea Piers, all the way down to the Battery. Yesterday it took somebody well over two and a half to three hours to cut through traffic like that. So budget at least two hours to use the West Side going south. And, uh, the interior avenues in the 40's and 50's still a mess, especially going east of Ninth Avenue. As you, uh, make your way across the Hudson, though, Lincoln Tunnel slower than the Holland Tunnel back to Jersey. There's a lot of 40th Street traffic at the Lincoln Tunnel right now. GW Bridge don't bother. The upper level's gotta be over a half an hour, lower level near that much. Palisades Parkway approach'd be better. On the Deegan south we still have that stalled bus by Willis Avenue in the right lane. And, uh, troubles on the Cross Island north now in Queens at Hempstead Turnpike. Tractor-trailer wandered on, that's along the right side. As we've been saying, alternate side parking will be back in effect for tomorrow.

6:11

Well, we've been telling you how bad the rush hour's been in Midtown and through Manhattan and it's only getting worse right now. We've been, uh, checking out the FDR Drive just south of the Triboro. This delay goes straight on down to the Brooklyn Bridge. And the northbound side, there was a crash in the 40's with delays right off the Brooklyn Bridge going north. And the West Side, I'm telling you, it can take you upwards to two and a half to three hours to sit in this mess from the 120's all the way down to the Battery Tunnel. I'm not seeing any movement at all right now around the Chelsea Piers area, around the 40's, up in the 90's. It's just horrible on the West Side. Eighth Avenue's gonna be bad, Teens all the way up to Columbus Circle. You got a ton of traffic right now on Seventh Avenue out of, uh, the area of Central Park, all the way down, going past Times Square. Broadway's being impacted by that too. On the East Side steer clear of Second Avenue. Because of the dump-off off the 59th Street Bridge and coming out of the Midtown Tunnel, you've got delays on Second Avenue from the 80's all the way down to the Teens. And the East Side side streets through the 40's and 50's are an absolute mess. Big problems right now across the East River. The only thing south of the Triboro that's moving is the Manhattan-bound Manhattan Bridge. Other than that, forget it. And right now off the Verrazano we've got troubles, Brooklyn-bound lower level there's an accident. It's a flipped over car, the Brooklyn-bound lower level of the Verrazano on the ramp to the Belt. This will impact the upper roadway too. So right now coming out of Staten Island coming off the Verrazano, it'll be very slow.

6:21

Well, across the East River it's just easy to sum it up like this: the Throgs Neck and the Whitestone Bridge are not that bad. And the Manhattan Bridge is actually moving along fairly well into Manhattan. Everything else is not gonna be moving at all. And especially avoid the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridge going over to, uh, Brooklyn, they've been, uh, just an absolute horror show. You got tons of traffic on the FDR Drive coming down from the Triboro all the way to the Brooklyn Bridge. And also major delays along the West Side from the 120's on down to the Battery. No joke here. It could take you two to three hours to cut through that kind of traffic. Also big delays, uh, north from the, uh, it looks like from the 80's up toward the GW Bridge. GW Bridge has gotta be about forty-five minutes now from the upper level into the city, we've been tracking this on a Panasonic Jam Cam, the, uh, lower level, maybe a half an hour. I'm telling you, off the Palisades it'll work. But a lot of this traffic going into the Bronx. Eastbound Cross

Bronx is slow through Jerome and Webster Avenue. And of course then you've got the West Side to worry about coming off the GW Bridge as well. Big troubles coming off the Verrazano. The Brooklyn-bound lower level is now closed. Flipped over car on the ramp to the Belt. You will take the upper level, no choice, it's gonna be better, but a lot of traffic coming out of Staten Island because of it. And alternate side parking will be back in effect for tomorrow.

6:31

Well across the East River between the Triboro Bridge and the Battery Tunnel the only thing that has any movement to it is the Manhattan-bound Manhattan Bridge. Otherwise, we've got big jam-ups up and down the line across the East Side. Across the Hudson, while the Lincoln and Holland Tunnel are really not that bad, although the, uh, Lincoln Tunnel's 40th Street approach doesn't look very good off of Eleventh Avenue. You got big delays at the GW Bridge, about a forty-five minute wait coming into town on the upper level. Lower level, that'll cut it down to about a half an hour, but still you're better off at Palisades. Now the West Side by far your worst side. This is a two and a half to three hour delay, 120's down to the Battery, it's just not moving. On the East Side, it's from the 100's down to the Brooklyn Bridge going south. Your interior avenues are a mess, especially Eighth Avenue right now, heading up into the 40's it's jammed all the way back into the Teens. Ton of traffic on Seventh Avenue out of Central Park into Times Square. The East Side though the 40's and 50's are gonna be bad, especially worse is Second Avenue from the 80's down to the Teens, just a real slow go. You got all that feeder traffic coming out of the Midtown Tunnel and off the 59th Street Bridge. Still got big delays on the Verrazano. It's closed on the way to Brooklyn on the lower level. Flipped over car on the ramp to the Belt. Everybody goes up top. And something going on in Queens on the Grand Central going west. You're jammed up right now passing the LIE, the LIE going better right now on that eastbound side.

6:41

Well, traffic we sure have. That delay for the Midtown Tunnel now, I'm gonna call that at least forty-five minutes to an hour trying to come into Manhattan. And a lot of folks bailing out of the BQE which is swamped down to the Williamsburg Bridge. The only thing that's moving across the East River between the Triboro Bridge and the Brooklyn Bridge just happens to be the Manhattan-bound Manhattan Bridge. Other than that, it's gonna take you an awfully long time to cross the East River. Now, uh, the Brooklyn Bridge is getting a little bit better to Manhattan so that may be an option too. But Brooklyn-bound, both the Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridge a mess as we see them on the WINS Jam Cam. You've also got troubles across the Hudson at the GW Bridge, gotta be at least a forty-five minute delay to the city on the upper level. This links up with whatever the problem is on the eastbound Cross Bronx to Jerome and Webster Avenue, it's has been bad all afternoon. And, uh, right now the West Side a horrible side. Delays 120's all the way down to the Battery. That delay can easily take you more than two hours to cut through. A lot of traffic also through Midtown on every avenue at this point. As you make your way through Nassau County, the LIE, the Northern, no incidents reported, just some traffic going east toward Westbury. And on the Grand Central, whatever the problem is near Shea Stadium, it is doing a number on traffic westbound side right now, barely moving. And they cleared an accident off the Verrazano Bridge.

6:51

How can you tell when a roadway may be closed? Well, maybe it's because nobody is moving on the Grand Central Parkway, they're trying to, uh, mop up an accident on the westbound Grand Central by Shea Stadium. I don't see anybody moving. Back near, uh, the area of the LIE near Jewel Avenue, so the bottom line is you wanna go with the LIE. The LIE's gonna be better but only to a degree. There's a backup that begins at the BQE, right before it, that goes into the Midtown Tunnel. That's about a one hour delay. You've also got big backups just about every bridge and tunnel across the East River, from the Triboro on south. The, uh, Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridge, though, better on the way into Manhattan. And again, that Midtown Tunnel delay's gotta be about an hour. The BQE, uh, is jammed up down to the Williamsburg, that's still a mess. And across the Hudson River, GW Bridge right now, the epitome of mess, at least a forty-five minute delay for the upper level, lower level about a half an hour, best still off of the Palisades. And you've got a lot of company now if you're gonna make that trip on the West Side, 120's all the way down to the Battery, it's still jammed. The FDR Drive's not looking very good either going south 100's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. And you've got big delays on the interior avenues, especially on Second and Eighth, those two you've really gotta steer clear of. Seventh Avenue downtown into Times Square, that's a mess too. Nassau County, no accidents reported on the LIE or on the Northern.

7:01

Let's start across the East River where, actually, if you can believe this, it's getting worse in some places. This delay to the Midtown Tunnel has got to be forty-five to sixty minutes easily. It's bumper-to-bumper well before the LIE. Right now the, uh, BQE is jammed from Queens Boulevard down to the Williamsburg. Williamsburg's not looking very good. Now the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridge, they both are doing better on the way to Manhattan but they're both unbelievably jammed on the way to Brooklyn. Battery Tunnel smarting, the 59th Street Bridge isn't working out, and the Triboro Bridge has got delays too. Right now across the Hudson, GW Bridge is a mess, forty-five minutes at least upper level, lower level's gotta be a half an hour and growing. Now, here's the fun part: the Lincoln, the Holland Tunnel, no delays at all either way. And you still have a ton of traffic on the West Side 120's all the way down to the Battery. That delay alone can take you somewhere in the range of two to three hours to cut through. All the interior avenues taking a beating, especially in the Midtown area. Second Avenue worse going downtown, Eighth Avenue worse going uptown. And now we got a new problem on the Belt that I found here on the WINS Jam Cam. We got a stall westbound Belt, right off the ramp from the Van Wyck, he's in the right lane. This will cause a tight merge delay from the Van Wyck and a delay on the westbound Belt by JFK. Westbound Grand Central, they're still working with a big hit in front of Shea Stadium. That's got a couple of lanes knocked down. LIE's actually better going east at this point.

7:11

It has been torture right now trying to get through Manhattan. We still have those major delays, especially along Second Avenue going downtown. The reason Second Avenue's got the worst traffic on the East Side, you get all the traffic filtering in off the 59th Street Bridge and off the incredibly crowded Midtown Tunnel. Also, you've got major delays along Seventh Avenue getting into Times Square. Big backups on Eighth Avenue coming uptown toward the Port Authority. Very slow

traffic too, uh, through the 40's and 50's on the side streets. And the West Side may by far actually be your worst side. The West Side Highway still slow traffic 120's on down to the, uh, area of the Battery Tunnel. Now, this delay can easily take you about two hours or more to cut through. Two to three hours. The traffic is, uh, packed in that badly. On the East Side FDR Drive delays 100's down to the Tr... the, uh, the area of the Brooklyn Bridge. And across the East River, here's what you need to know: Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridge are both stacked up solid to Brooklyn but they're both better Manhattan-bound. The Williamsburg is still slow. The Battery... uh, the Midtown Tunnel, you've got delays in the Midtown Tunnel for an hour just trying to get into Manhattan. 59th Street Bridge, the lower level jammed on the way to Manhattan but the upper level's improving on the way to Queens. Of course the big problem is actually getting over to it. And the Triboro Bridge is still sluggish but moving traffic. And, uh, update on the Manhattan Bridge, now we're getting a better camera shot. That Manhattan-bound side's picking up more traffic. Across the Hudson, forty-five minutes solid GW Bridge into the city. Lincoln, Holland Tunnel no delays either way. They cleared a stall on the Belt westbound by JFK and they also cleared an accident on the westbound Grand Central in front of Shea Stadium. Right now in Nassau County the LIE, Northern still some sluggish traffic near Westbury. In New Jersey the Turnpike spurs are doing better.

7:21

Well, hopefully this will be our last brutal holiday-weekend getaway day. We still have massive backups across the East River. We've got delays at the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, jammed right now on the way to Brooklyn. The Manhattan Bridge is now picking up more traffic coming over Canal Street. Williamsburg Bridge won't work, the Triboro Bridge is still sluggish, 59th Street Bridge better to Queens but jam-packed Manhattan-bound. The, uh, local streets around Long Island City and off of, uh, Second Avenue just a real mess in Manhattan too. And, uh, right now that Midtown Tunnel could easily take you an hour still trying to come into Manhattan. Meanwhile, across the Hudson, hard forty-five minutes at the GW Bridge, Palisades approach better but the Lincoln, the Holland Tunnel, as they've been pretty much through the day, both the tunnels are in fantastic shape. Matter of fact, the Lincoln Tunnel here on the Jam Cam, there's nobody going in off the 40th Street approach. Meanwhile, trying to get around Midtown is not easy. Every avenue's got some type of big delay except for Tenth and Eleventh. And, uh, right now you've still got big delays still on Seventh Avenue into Times Square, Eighth Avenue into the Port Authority. Second Avenue is just a horrible ride, 80's on down to the Teens. We have all that filtering traffic coming off the Midtown Tunnel and the 59th Street Bridge. And we've also got delays along the Belt Parkway. Westbound is jammed by JFK, after Cross Bay Boulevard it'll open up. The Cross Bronx is bumper-to-bumper east to Jerome and Webster Avenue. That's what's been doing a number on GW Bridge traffic. In New Jersey, better on the Turnpike, better on the Garden State Parkway. And alternate side parking back in effect for tomorrow.

7:31

Still having a real hard go across the Hudson at the GW Bridge, but not at the Lincoln or the Holland Tunnel. They've been phenomenal all day. It's that GW Bridge that still backs up nearly forty-five minutes on the way to New York on the upper level, Palisades approach better, lower level about a half an hour. And a lot of this is because of

delays getting through the Bronx on the eastbound Cross Bronx to Jerome and Webster Avenue. The big problem on the West Side, well it is the West Side. The West Side Highway, delays, uh, start now on the southbound side pretty much, uh, from the, uh, 70's, which is actually an improvement, all the way down to the Battery Tunnel, still a mess to get through. The northbound side of the West Side in the 120's, there's a stall. Interior avenues are taking a real bad beating. Eighth Avenue up to the Port Authority, Seventh Avenue, Broadway into Times Square, Second Avenue you don't even want to go near at this point. And right now on the FDR Drive still plenty of traffic south heading down to the Brooklyn Bridge. Now across the East River, here's what you need to know, Brooklyn Bridge jammed right now both ways. You've got, uh, actually... check that, just Brooklyn-bound, Manhattan-bound it's getting better. The Manhattan Bridge is the one that's jammed both ways. The Williamsburg still has traffic. The Midtown Tunnel could take you forty-five to sixty minutes to come into Manhattan. 59th Street Bridge better on the way to Queens but the big problem is getting there. All of the, uh, interior streets in Manhattan, they're all fouled up through the 40's and 50's. And, uh, meanwhile at the Triboro Bridge things are getting a little bit better there now. Meanwhile the westbound Grand Central, they cleared a crash in front of, uh, Shea Stadium. As you, uh, travel in Nassau County, the LIE and the Northern getting better. And in Westchester County the main arteries 287 and 87 and 95, they've all improved. And alternate side parking in effect for tomorrow.

7:41

Well, still tough going right now trying to get around Manhattan. The worst places you could be driving is Second Avenue downtown, especially near the 59th Street Bridge and the Midtown Tunnel. Steer clear right now of, uh, Times Square coming down Seventh Avenue and Broadway, and also avoid Eighth Avenue near the Port Authority. You've got a ton of traffic to deal with still at the GW Bridge but the Lincoln and Holland Tunnel are good into and out of the city. Right now the GW Bridge to New York still thirty to forty-five minutes depending on your approach. And right now across the, uh, Bronx there's still a lot of traffic on the eastbound Cross Bronx to Jerome and Webster Avenue, it's been this way all afternoon. Across the, uh, East River, oh boy has this been bad, bumper-to-bumper traffic right now. We are still feeling the effects on the Brooklyn Bridge coming into Manhattan. The Manhattan Bridge is still jammed up either way. The Battery Tunnel, the Midtown Tunnel still both very slow, as a matter of fact, the Midtown Tunnel, forty-five minutes to an hour still trying to come into Manhattan, 59th Street Bridge better on the way to Queens, but a lot of local traffic on the East Side and also in Long Island City, when you come off the Queensboro. And the Queensboro is still jammed on the way to Manhattan. The Grand Central doing better around, uh, the area of LaGuardia and Shea Stadium with an accident cleared but still slow east into Kew Gardens. And also, uh, if you want to get through Queens, take the LIE, it seems to be in a lot better shape. Gowanus Expressway not bad in Brooklyn. The Staten Island highways picking up.

7:51

Well, uh, it looks like this may be the last of one of those days. Trying to get though Manhattan there's still extra traffic on the West Side, pretty much 40's on down to the Battery. Also, er, check that... make it 30's on down to the Battery, that's a big improvement. And, uh, on the East Side still plenty of traffic, FDR both ways into the 59th

Street Bridge and down into the Brooklyn Bridge. And what you need to know across the East River is this: we still have a mess to deal with. The Triboro Bridge still extremely slow on the way to Queens. The 59th Street Bridge, still extremely slow on the way to Manhattan. 59th, ur... the Midtown Tunnel still take you forty-five minutes Manhattan-bound. You still have delays at the Williamsburg Bridge either way. And a bumper-to-bumper ride each way on the Manhattan Bridge, the one you absolutely must avoid. Brooklyn Bridge better to Manhattan but also jam-packed on the way to Brooklyn. Battery Tunnel sluggish either way. Now if you want to go across the Hudson River, go with the tunnels. The GW Bridge, still a huge backup trying to get into New York off the Express Lanes of 80/95. That was all because of delays getting through the Bronx. The, uh, all other approaches a little bit better but still the Palisades your best one as we see here on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Right now as you, uh, travel the avenues, they're getting better in Midtown. But still, watch out on the East Side, especially of the 59th Street Bridge to the Midtown Tunnel and also on the, uh, lower end of Manhattan, around the Battery and the Brooklyn Bridge. Right now in Brooklyn the Gowanus getting better as you make your way inbound but after that, outbound slow through Industry City. The Belt is still very slow by JFK. The Van Wyck is jammed south to Atlantic Avenue, that's leaving a two-mile mark on the Grand Central east into Kew Gardens. Alternate side parking will be back into effect for tomorrow.

8:01

Well, hopefully there will soon be an end to the traffic nightmare caused by this holiday weekend getaway, but it's not over yet. East River crossings are all jammed up and it's a mess getting there. Queens-Midtown Tunnel Manhattan-bound a forty-five minute wait. 59th Street Bridge, upper level is handling only Queens-bound traffic, not too bad as I check in on the Jam Cam. Manhattan-bound lower deck is heavy. Triboro is, uh, slow going both directions and it's pretty decent at the Throgs Neck and the Whitestone but getting to the Whitestone there's trouble. Whitestone Expressway slow from 20th Avenue to the bridge because of a stall. Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn-bound very heavy, Manhattan Bridge, Brooklyn-bound is slow, and to Manhattan it's heavy on the upper level. Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel is all jammed-up Manhattan-bound. Williamsburg Bridge not too bad. At the Goethals, very slow going if you're Staten Island-bound. And not too bad at the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels. GW Bridge, however, if you're heading into town, and it's about a twenty minute delay on the upper level, about ten on the lower deck. Harlem River Drive southbound slow from the Triboro to the Brooklyn Bridge. Northbound it is jammed up from the 40's to the 60's. West Side Highway northbound, a stall at 125th Street that's being cleared and then you're OK to the GW Bridge. And it's better southbound too, those earlier delays easing to the Battery Tunnel. In Queens, the Belt Parkway very heavy westbound from JFK into Lefferts. Checking mass transit, LIRR delays up to fifteen minutes through Jamaica because of congestion. And street cleaning rules back in effect tomorrow.

8:11

Well, the East River crossings still feeling the hopefully last of the holiday weekend getaway crunch. At the 59th Street Bridge upper level is handling Queens-bound traffic only not too bad, but the lower level is jammed-up both Queens and Manhattan-bound. Queens-Midtown Tunnel, you'll have to wait forty-five minutes to get into Manhattan. Triboro earlier delays have eased out. Not too bad at the Throgs Neck,

the Whitestone, but getting to the Whitestone you have to deal with slowdowns on the Whitestone Expressway from 20th Avenue up to the bridge because of a breakdown. FDR Drive slow southbound from the Triboro down to the Brooklyn Bridge, which is jammed Brooklyn-bound. Manhattan Bridge in view on the Jam Cam, it is crawling Brooklyn-bound, also slow Manhattan-bound on the upper level. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is, uh, very slow going Manhattan-bound. Not too bad at the Williamsburg Bridge but at the Goethals it's very heavy if you're Staten Island, headed to Staten Island. You're, uh, a heck of a lot better at the Hudson. Holland and Lincoln Tunnel no troubles there. GW Bridge Manhattan-bound on the upper deck, it's about a fifteen, twenty minute delay. Lower deck about half that, then it's slow on the eastbound Cross Bronx from the Bridge out to Jerome. In Queens, eastbound the LIE at the Cross Island, watch out for a disabled vehicle blocking a lane and causing lots of delays. And on the Grand Central eastbound, it is slow from the LIE out to the Van Wyck. And a slowdown on the Belt Parkway, westbound heavy from JFK out to Lefferts. Checking mass transit, LIRR delays up to fifteen minutes through Jamaica because of congestion.

8:21

Well, what a mess trying to get across the East River. The best on the list the Triboro, the Throgs Neck and the Whitestone except Bronx-bound from the Whitestone Expressway. Northbound it's slow 20th Avenue up to the bridge because of a stall. The Williamsburg Bridge is in decent shape. You wanna stay away from the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, it's in view on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam, Manhattan-bound a forty-five minute plus wait. 59th Street Bridge upper level only handling Queens-bound traffic now, not too bad. The lower deck is all jammed-up, both Queens and Manhattan-bound. And, uh, at the Brooklyn Bridge, it is very, very heavy Brooklyn-bound. Manhattan Bridge Brooklyn-bound is a slow go into Manhattan, it's heavy on the upper level. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is a slow-go Manhattan-bound. On the Harlem River Drive southbound, expect delays from the Triboro down to the Brooklyn Bridge and northbound it's slow from the 40's to the 60's. Not too bad now on the West Side Highway. And it's looking pretty decent at the Hudson River crossings. Holland and Lincoln Tunnels in fine shape, both into and out of town. At the GW Bridge inbound, we have about a ten minute wait on both decks, checking that on the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam. Then a bit slow on the eastbound Cross Bronx from the bridge out to Jerome. In Queens, the LIE eastbound at the Cross Island, a breakdown there blocking the center lane, causing some big delays. The Grand Central eastbound, very heavy from the LIE out to the Van Wyck. Checking mass transit, LIRR delays up to fifteen minutes through Jamaica because of congestion.

8:31

Well, the Williamsburg Bridge was one of the few East River crossings in decent shape until now. The Bridge itself is OK, but getting there, you can't do it off the BQE, the ramp to the bridge is closed with police department activity. Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn-bound very heavy across the span. You're crawling on the Manhattan Bridge Brooklyn-bound and also Manhattan-bound it's heavy on the upper level. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is a slow go if you're heading into Manhattan. At the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, a little bit better there. Manhattan-bound, is still about a half hour wait. 59th Street Bridge upper level handling Queens-bound traffic only, not too bad there, but on the lower deck, you are, uh, slow going to Queens and also Manhattan-bound. Not

too bad at the Throgs Neck and the Whitestone and it's better getting to the Whitestone Bridge on the Whitestone Expressway, a stall has been cleared from 20th Avenue to the bridge. Goethals is heavy Staten Island-bound. Not too bad at the Hudson River crossings. Holland and Lincoln Tunnel in fine shape. GW Bridge, earlier delays have eased out, it's clear sailing in both directions, but I do see an oversized load waiting to make its way across the inbound upper deck, so stick with the lower deck, it's in view on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. And then on the eastbound Cross Bronx, very slow from the bridge out to Jerome. On the East Side of town, still slow southbound on the Harlem River Drive from the Triboro down to the Brooklyn Bridge and northbound is slow from the 40's to the 60's. In Queens, eastbound the LIE at the Cross Island a disabled vehicle knocking out the center lane.

8:41

Well, I see a solid line of traffic at the Manhattan Bridge on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. Brooklyn-bound very heavy and Manhattan-bound very heavy on the upper level. Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn-bound is a slow go. And the Williamsburg Bridge, access from the BQE is blocked because of police department activity, closing the ramp. At the bridge itself is not too bad. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is heavy Manhattan-bound. On the Harlem River Drive, FDR Drive southbound it's a slow go from Gracie Mansion down to the 59th Street Bridge, then it's a solid wall from the 40's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. At the 59th Street Bridge upper level only Queens-bound traffic, that's not too bad, but it's all jammed-up on the lower level both Queens and Manhattan-bound. The Queens-Midtown Tunnel, a half hour delay heading into Manhattan. At the Triboro not too bad there and you're good to go at the Throgs Neck, the Whitestone too. In Queens eastbound, the LIE at the Cross Island Parkway, disabled vehicle knocking out the center lane causing some significant delays. Along the Grand Central eastbound it's a slow ride from the LIE out to the Van Wyck. Hudson River crossings still in fine shape. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels no major delays to report. At the GW Bridge, coming off the span, the Cross Bronx is very heavy from the bridge out to Jerome. And in New Jersey, we heard from Michael from the phone force about a crash on the southbound Garden State Parkway at Exit 143.

8:51

Well, the 59th Street Bridge in view on the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam Queens-bound, a very slow go on both decks, both the lower and upper level. Looks like the upper level is easing out ever so slight, slightly. And also keep in mind that the upper deck is Queens-bound only. And, uh, we do have some emergency vehicles on one side of the, uh, bridge allowed only. Queens-Midtown Tunnel Manhattan-bound is a half-hour wait. Triboro, Whitestone and Throgs Neck in pretty decent shape but the Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn-bound is, uh, very slow. Manhattan Bridge, you are crawling Brooklyn-bound and, huh, it is all jammed-up Manhattan-bound on the upper level. Williamsburg Bridge, the access from the BQE, you can't do it. It is blocked with some police department activity on the ramp. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel very heavy Manhattan-bound. On the Harlem River Drive, FDR Drive southbound, it's a slow go from Gracie Mansion to the 59th Street Bridge and then you're all jammed up from the 40's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. Not too bad still at the Hudson River crossings. Keep in mind, however, at the GW Bridge Manhattan-bound on the upper deck, it looks like an oversized load is waiting to make its way across the span. In Queens eastbound, the LIE at the Cross Island, a disabled vehicle has been cleared away, that's good news. Still slow at the Grand Central eastbound from the

LIE out to the Van Wyck. And in New Jersey, southbound on the Garden State Parkway at 143 in Irvington there's a crash blocking the left lane. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

9:01

Well, you just can't catch a break at the lower East River crossings. Here's the way the delays stack up: at the Brooklyn Bridge very slow going Brooklyn-bound. At the Manhattan Bridge, it's in view on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam, you are crawling Brooklyn-bound, looks like delays Manhattan-bound are beginning to ease ever, ever so slightly. Williamsburg Bridge, access from the BQE, you can't do it, the ramp is closed because of police department activity. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is very slow Manhattan-bound. 59th Street Bridge Queens-bound crawling on both lower and upper decks, the upper deck is Queens-bound only. Queens-Midtown Tunnel Manhattan-bound, there's about a thirty minute delay. Not too bad at the Throgs Neck, Whitestone and Triboro Bridges. And on the Harlem River FDR Drive southbound slow from Gracie Mansion to the 59th Street Bridge, then traffic is stacked up from the 40's to the Brooklyn Bridge. And at the Hudson River crossings, there goes that oversize load at the GW Bridge Manhattan-bound on the upper deck. Expect some slight delays, might stick with the lower deck instead until that completely clears. Looks like it's heading out to the Cross Bronx eastbound now. That's why it's slow from the bridge out to the Deegan, um, almost to Jerome. Holland and Lincoln Tunnels both in fine shape, checking those on the Jam Cam live view. In New Jersey southbound on the Garden State Parkway at Exit 143 in Irvington, there's an accident blocking the left lane. Alternate side of the street parking rules are in effect tomorrow.

9:11

Well, we have a wee bit of relief at the Manhattan Bridge, Manhattan-bound and delays are beginning to ease Brooklyn-bound. Still crawling across the span Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn-bound. Very heavy at the Williamsburg. Access from the BQE is blocked, police department activity closing the ramp. Brooklyn Battery tunnel heavy Manhattan-bound. Speaking of the BQE, slow go into the Kosciuszko, an accident quickly cleared away as I'm checking it on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. 59th Street Bridge Queens-bound, very heavy on both the lower and upper decks. Looking at the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, you still have to budget about a half hour if you're Manhattan-bound. Triboro, Whitestone, Throgs Neck in decent shape. Willis Avenue Bridge Bronx-bound, a disabled truck blocking the center lane, thanks to Leslie on the phone force for information on that one. Harlem River, FDR Drive slow from Gracie Mansion to the 59th Street Bridge, then from the 40's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels all check in trouble-free. At the GW Bridge those delays Manhattan-bound have eased out now that an oversized vehicle has made its way across the span. Checking mass transit, LIRR delays up to fifteen minutes at Jamaica because of congestion. And alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

9:21

Well, traffic is still a mess Brooklyn-bound at the Manhattan Bridge but much better at the Brooklyn Bridge, looks fine in both directions as I check it on the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam. But at the Williamsburg Bridge it's slow on the outer roadway Manhattan-bound. And the approach from the BQE shut down because of police department

activity, delays stretch back to the LIE. At the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, very heavy Manhattan-bound. Harlem River FDR Drive crawling from Gracie Mansion down to the 59th Street Bridge and then heavy traffic from the 40's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. 59th Street Bridge Queens-bound on both decks, very heavy across the span. And it's a slow go Queens-Midtown Tunnel Manhattan-bound, delays running about twenty, twenty-five minutes. Triboro, Whitestone, Throgs Neck still in pretty decent shape. Willis Avenue Bronx-bound, watch for a disabled truck slowing things down. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels all in fine shape. No delays to report in New Jersey. Big delays on the Garden State Parkway southbound from Exit 145 to 133 in Irvington, oh, that's 143 in Irvington, that's because of an accident blocking both lanes. Checking mass transit, LIRR fifteen minutes through Jamaica, that's because of congestion. And alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

9:31

Well, checking out the 59th Street Bridge on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam looks like the upper level now handling two-way traffic again. Big delays still on both decks if you're Queens-bound. And big delays at the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, still about a twenty to twenty-five minute delay into the tolls. Southbound on the Harlem Drive FDR Drive, a slow go from 86th Street to the 59th Street Bridge, again, from the 40's down to the Brooklyn Bridge. And on the northbound side, we're stacked up from the 59th Street Bridge up to the Triboro. The Triboro Bridge itself, not too bad and same with the Throgs Neck, the Whitestone Bridge. Queens-Midtown Tunnel, still delays if you are Manhattan-bound. And at the Manhattan Bridge, Brooklyn-bound is a very slow go. Williamsburg Bridge, access from the BQE still blocked with police department activity. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels all in fine shape. And in New Jersey, crash on the Garden State Parkway southbound at Exit One Forty-three has been cleared away. Alternate side of the street parking rules are back in effect tomorrow.

9:41

Well, it is a really slow ride on the East Side northbound the FDR Drive, heavy traffic from 63rd Street up to 116th because of a disabled vehicle knocking out the center lane, then a slow go to the Triboro. And on the southbound side, they're crawling from the 60's down to Houston Street. Lower East River crossings, Brooklyn Bridge heavy Manhattan-bound at the Manhattan Bridge, Manhattan-bound delays. And we have also Broadway-bound a solid wall of... uh, Broadway-bound... Brooklyn-bound, a solid wall of traffic in view on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. Williamsburg, you still can't get there off the BQE, the ramps are closed because of police department activity, delays on the BQE start at the LIE. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is very heavy Manhattan-bound. 59th Street Bridge slow on the upper deck if you're Manhattan-bound and then if you're Queens-bound, the slow ride is on the lower level. Queens-Midtown Tunnel's still about a twenty to twenty-five minute delay into town. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels, no troubles there. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

9:51

The delays Manhattan-bound at the Manhattan Bridge and Brooklyn-bound delays have been there all night, I'm checking it on the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam. Brooklyn Bridge slow go Manhattan-bound. Williamsburg Bridge, no access off the BQE, the ramps are closed with police department activity, delays stretch back to the LIE. Brooklyn

Battery Tunnel is slow Manhattan-bound. 59th Street Bridge Manhattan-bound lower level heads up on a disabled vehicle, then it's slow on the upper deck if you're heading into Manhattan. Queens-bound, the lower deck is the one to avoid. Queens-Midtown Tunnel you want to avoid that Manhattan-bound, there's about a half hour delay. Northbound on the FDR slow from 63rd to 116th, disabled vehicle blocking the center lane, then heavy up to the Triboro, then southbound 60's down to Houston Street. Hudson River crossings, no significant problems there. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

10:01

Well, here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: we have double trouble at the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn-bound, a couple of disabled vehicles slowing things down and Manhattan-bound isn't much of a picnic either, as I check the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. At the Manhattan Bridge, you are slow in both directions. Williamsburg Bridge no access off the... from the westbound BQE, the ramp is closed with police department activity, delays now back to Meeker-Morgan. Brooklyn Battery Tunnel is clogged Manhattan-bound. 59th Street Bridge heavy Manhattan-bound on the upper deck and Queens-bound the lower deck is the one you want to avoid. At the Queens-Midtown Tunnel you want to avoid that Manhattan-bound, expect a half hour delay to the tolls. Slow ride on the East Side, northbound FDR Drive from 63rd to 116th because of a breakdown and slow up to the Triboro, and southbound it's sluggish from the 60's to Houston. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels no troubles. And northbound on the Bronx River Parkway at 233rd Street one lane is blocked with an accident. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

10:11

We have a breakdown on the East Side of town. Northbound the FDR Drive, it's slow from 63rd to 116th because of a disabled vehicle blocking out the center lane, then it's slow to the Triboro. And southbound, a heavy ride from the 60's to Houston Street. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn-bound, a couple of disabled vehicles slowing things down, then you're loaded up Manhattan-bound. And at the Manhattan Bridge, you're tied up in both directions. Williamsburg Bridge no access off of the westbound BQE, the ramp is closed, police department activity, delays now back to Meeker-Morgan. 59th Street Bridge, it's in view on the 1010 WINS Jam Cam. Manhattan-bound upper deck is slow and Queens-bound, it's the lower deck to avoid. Queens-Midtown Tunnel still thirty minutes into the toll Manhattan-bound. GW Bridge, Lincoln and Holland Tunnels in fine shape. And in the Bronx, Bronx River Parkway northbound at 233rd Street there's a crash. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect.

10:21

Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: it's better at the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn-bound, a couple of breakdowns cleared away, but Manhattan-bound a bit of a slow go, checking it on the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam. Manhattan Bridge tied up in both directions. At the Williamsburg Bridge no access off of the BQE, the ramp closed because of police department activity. 59th Street Bridge heavy Manhattan-bound on the upper deck, and if you're Queens-bound, the lower deck is the one to avoid. Queens-Midtown Tunnel still Manhattan-bound delays into the tolls running about twenty-five minutes or so. Slow ride on the East Side still, northbound the FDR Drive heavy

from 63rd to 116th, a disabled vehicle, then slow to the Triboro. And southbound, heavy from the 60's to Houston Street. GW Bridge, checking that on the Jam Cam, looks like on the upper deck heading into town some slight delays at the cash tolls, use the lower. Lincoln and Holland Tunnels no troubles. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect for tomorrow.

10:31

It is quiet on the GW Bridge here, as the numbers go. We're running about five minutes on 80/95 Express, which has significantly decreased from the earlier nightmare at the evening rush, so five from 80/95 Express and five minutes on everything else. Lincoln and Holland Tunnel, smooth sailing. 59th Street Bridge both decks are still heavy, upper deck Manhattan-bound can run you up to a half hour. And the Queens-Midtown Tunnel doesn't look a whole lot better with delays Manhattan-bound at about twenty to twenty-five minutes. We've still got police department activity blocking off the ramp to the Williamsburg, causing delays on the BQE back to Morgan-Meeker. Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn-bound looking better after breakdowns have been cleared, but inbound it's another story, still a half hour into town. Manhattan Bridge, Manhattan-bound upper deck looking good and the lower deck is still stacked to the BQE. Southbound FDR Drive, we do have an accident in the left lane at 59th Street, heavy all the way downtown to Houston Street. Northbound the FDR Drive heavy from 63rd to 116th, a disabled vehicle, then slow to the Triboro. Alternate side parking is in effect.

10:41

And here comes Hershel, down the southbound FDR Drive talking to us on a cell phone, and of course a hands-free device, I'm sure, and he reports that the accident is now cleared out of the way on that southbound FDR, just below the 59th Street Bridge. It's still heavy, just as it's been all day downtown to about Houston Street, but things should start to improve there soon. Northbound the FDR Drive heavy from 63rd to 116th, with a just-cleared disabled vehicle, but still slow to the Triboro. The BQE westbound we still see police activity on the entrance ramp coming into the Williamsburg, heavy out to the Kosciusko. And as we check the rest of our bridges and tunnels, we're running about five minutes on the GW Bridge from the 80/95 Express, five minutes or less from the remaining approaches. No troubles at inbound Lincoln Tunnel, maybe five minutes on the Holland. Whitestone, Throgs Neck, Triboro bridges really in fine shape. Just watch that right lane construction work on your Queens-bound Whitestone. 59th Street Bridge both decks are still heavy, upstairs to Manhattan can run you up to twenty minutes. And the Queens-Midtown Tunnel actually starting to improve with delays now into the city at about fifteen to twenty minutes. Alternate side parking's in effect for tomorrow.

10:51

Well, things are finally starting to unwind here on the East Side as the accident that had been gumming up the works has now been cleared out of the way on the southbound FDR near the 59th Street Bridge. Things easing up, but still moderately slow headed downtown to around Fourteenth Street. Northbound the FDR Drive still heavy from about 63rd to 116th, but with a cleared vehicle in the right lane, we should be looking better up to the Triboro. George Washington Bridge five minutes or less into the tolls, light on the upper deck. Great on the lower deck but no trucks on the lower deck, please. Five to ten minutes at the Holland Tunnel, Lincoln is smooth sailing. Triboro Bridge, Throgs

Neck, OK. Whitestone Bridge Queens-bound a little slow with the right lane shut down, three lanes open to The Bronx. 59th Street Bridge, both decks easing out to Manhattan. We still have delays inbound at the Midtown Tunnel, could cost you fifteen to twenty minutes. And finally some good news from the Williamsburg Bridge, police department activity has ceased and we're just awaiting the opening of that on-ramp to the bridge into Manhattan. BQE, though, still backed up due to the earlier activity. Brooklyn Bridge starting to move as outbound breakdowns have now been cleared. But you're still gonna have to wait both directions on the Manhattan Bridge. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect.

11:01

It's been a long day here but there is an end in sight on the East Side as we are actually beginning to see movement on the southbound FDR for the first time in hours now that that accident's been cleared by the 59th Street Bridge. Downtown, though, you still need to watch out for slow patches around 14th Street, the lower Teens. And here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: Jersey-side looking fine with no delays to speak of at the Holland or Lincoln Tunnels. George Washington Bridge five minutes or less into the tolls, ten maybe from 80/95 Express with some slight congestion. Queens crossings also shaping up, but you've still got residual backups from earlier this evening in both directions on both levels of the 59th Street Bridge, particularly Manhattan-bound into the still heavy southbound FDR. Queens-Midtown Tunnel inbound still about fifteen to twenty, outbound no problems. A view of the 1010 WINS Panasonic Jam Cam shows the Williamsburg Bridge flowing again into Manhattan and the delays that stretched all the way back to Morgan-Meeker have now wound down, so that's good news. Wish I could say the same about the other lower East River crossings. Still trouble both ways of the Manhattan Bridge in both directions and the Brooklyn Bridge heavy inbound and outbound. No reported troubles between Staten Island and Brooklyn or at the Battery Tunnel. Alternate side parking will be back into effect for tomorrow.

11:11

Well, troubles still continue on the 59th Street Bridge, particularly on the upper deck inbound as we've still got some congestion on the FDR and near Second Avenue where the bridge lets out. Otherwise, let the traffic flow! Yes, you heard me right: I'm actually seeing movement on the southbound FDR from the Triboro all the way down to the Battery. And if you remember what it was like, oh, about six hours ago, you'll know what I'm talkin' about. Northbound, though, we've got intermittent slowdowns up from the 59th Street Bridge up to the Triboro which, by the way, is looking great to both Manhattan and to Queens. In Queens at the Midtown Tunnel inbound now down to anywhere between fifteen and twenty minutes, no problems outbound. Here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: in New Jersey, no real delays at both the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels. Up at the GW Bridge we've got five or ten into town and no problems leaving the city. Lower East River crossings, the Jam Cam showing things moving now at the Williamsburg Bridge and the BQE into the bridge, no problems to report. But still trouble both decks of the Manhattan Bridge in and out of the city. Brooklyn Bridge heavy, too, in and out. Back across the East River, we have no delays at the Verrazano or between Staten Island. Alternate side parking is back for tomorrow.

11:21

And a happy holiday to you. Well, troubles still continue on the 59th Street Bridge, particularly on the upper deck inbound as we've still got some congestion on the FDR and near Second Avenue where the bridge lets out. Otherwise the traffic appears to be flowing once again. We're really seeing things move on the southbound FDR, oh, from the Triboro, breezing all the way on down to the Battery. We've got some slowdowns northbound around the 59th Street Bridge area, but easing up to the Triboro. Earlier delays have significantly decreased at the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, I'm gonna say now down to about five to ten minutes. Now, here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: overall in New Jersey, we're looking swell with nothing to speak of at both the Holland and Lincoln. GW Bridge still moving nicely, nothing like this evening's rush, with, oh, maybe five to ten across the outbound span. Things easing at the Manhattan Bridge, but you're still gonna have to wait a few minutes in and out. Better to go with the Williamsburg if you can, where earlier delays have now vanished and the traffic is flowing freely in both directions. Brooklyn Bridge still heavy but we have no delays at the Verrazano or between Staten Island. Remember, alternate side parking is back for tomorrow.

11:31

We take you first to Westchester County and, uh, right now Highway 100 at 134 in Yorturn, uh, Yorktu... uh, I still can't say that, Yorktown. Accident involving a rolled over vehicle in through that area. Westbound side of 84 coming through Exit 4 in Middletown, an accident with injuries, that's still being cleared. And, uh, right now here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: we're still looking at slight delays on the East River crossings right now. The Manhattan Bridge right now still kind of slow coming across the span leaving the city. Uh, we've got the Brooklyn Bridge a little bit slow in both directions and the Williamsburg flowing now. Queens-Midtown Tunnel we've still got about, uh, five to ten minute delays into the city, back out to Queens looking just fine. FDR Drive in both directions finally easing out, not too much to talk about there except for a few knots northbound between, uh, 63rd Street and the Triboro. And looking at the Hudson River crossings Holland and Lincoln OK. George Washington Bridge on the Panasonic Jam Cam right now moving well in both directions across the span.

11:41

Long Island Railroad schedule in normal effect for today, right now still showing scattered, uh, fifteen to twenty minute delays in through, uh, Penn Station. Let's head, uh, over to Westchester County, with a bad accident in Yorktown, some serious injuries on Highway 134. You'll definitely want to avoid that. In and around town, much better on the 59th Street Bridge with traffic now moving in both directions inbound and outbound. And the FDR is also a much improved situation all the way from the Triboro down to the Battery. No problems to report on the West Side from the GW Bridge downtown. Over in Queens, the Midtown Tunnel is showing marked improvement from earlier with delays now knocked down, oh, to about five to ten into town and smooth sailing on the way out. Williamsburg and Manhattan both seemed to be moving relatively well. But there's still some backups on the Brooklyn Bridge headed to Brooklyn. Take the Manhattan if you're in a hurry. Over in Jersey, not too much to talk about, Lincoln and Holland breezing in both directions and minor delays at the GW Bridge. Alternate side of the street parking rules back in effect tomorrow.

11:51

Well, we're winding the end of a very long day here. Scanning the area on the Panasonic Jam Cam, things are really looking pretty good. The East River crossings are all finally in fine shape from the Triboro all the way down to the Battery Tunnel. The only slight snag might be outbound Brooklyn Bridge, but compared to what we saw earlier, it's minor, five minutes or so. Williamsburg, Manhattan and 59th Street Bridges all in fine shape. And so is the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, where I see no problems at all. Over on the Jersey side, it's looking just as good with no reported delays at either the Lincoln or Holland Tunnels. Even the George Washington Bridge is streaming well in both directions. Over in Westchester County, though, ambulances are on the scene with a bad collision on Highway 134 in Yorktown. Some serious injuries there. Alternate side of the street parking rules are back in effect.

12:01

We're over the hump and into the official holiday weekend. I want to wish everybody out there a safe and happy holiday, especially when traveling on the road this weekend. If you're trying to get out of town now, you're in for an easy time of it. No reported delays around the metropolitan area as I see it live on the Panasonic Jam Cam. Let's head over to the East River where we've got no reported delays running the length of the river from the Battery on up to the Triboro. FDR is moving nicely as well. No reported incidents on the West Side Highway which, if you recall, oh, say about six hours ago was simply not moving at all with delays up to three hours. Now it's deserted. And here's what you need to know about the bridges and tunnels: all the East River crossings moving well. No reported incidents at the Triboro, 59th Street Bridge, Queens-Midtown Tunnel. Looking down to the Williamsburg, Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges, it's one big green light. And over in Jersey, it's never been better with traffic flowing smoothly across the Hudson at both the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels. Even the GW Bridge which has been choked for what seems like the last twenty-four hours is now flowing like water. Remember, alternate side of the street parking rules are in effect for tomorrow.

Sports

- 1 800 LAW CASH reminds you that this copyrighted broadcast is presented by authority of the New York Yankees and may not be reproduced or retransmitted in any form. And the accounts and descriptions in the game may not be disseminated without the express written consent of the New York Yankees. Have a lawsuit? Need money? 800 LAW CASH will get you money right now. Don't wait for your case to settle. You or your attorney should call 800 LAW CASH today. Well, the pitching match-ups are as follows: for the New York Yankees Sidney Ponson. It's his third start as a Yankee. He last pitched on the 11th of, uh, August, went three innings giving up five hits and three runs. His last start was on the 23rd of July in Toronto. He only went two and a third innings, giving up six runs. He's 0-1, 8.77 ERA. When I went down to do, uh, the postgame, I was in the back row coming up and Sidney was, uh, there pouring over scouting reports and just trying to take everything in. I don't think anybody can have any idea what they're going to see from Sidney Ponson. On the mound and now starting to take his, uh, warmup pitches in a minute will be 22 year-old John Lester, who is 6'4", about 200 pounds, and, uh, may be rushed a little bit to the big leagues. He's 6 and 2 with a 4.09 ERA, big strong lefty pitcher. Yankees generally have problems with pitchers they haven't seen before. John Lester throws a lot of pitches. He hasn't gone more than five innings and what they would like him to do is be more economical. He has very good stuff, um from, uh, from Washington State, he's got a fastball that can go in the mid-90s, with a great sink and tailing action, he's got a great curveball and, uh, he's got a terrific, um, changeup. He's gonna be a very good pitcher at some point, whether it's now or not, you just don't know, they've been trying to be very careful with him. If you remember they brought up David Pauley in New York. He was in Double A instead of bringing up, um, John Lester. He was very good at the beginning and now has come down to earth a little bit and it's mostly because his pitch count is up. And, uh, he is 6 and 2, ERA now 4.09. He did throw a one-hitter against the Kansas City Royals and he is part of their future. Whether it is too early or not for John Lester, we will have to see. As we said, Bobby Abreu DH today, so he gets half an evening off and, uh, Bernie will be in right field, Sal Fasano behind the plate and Jason Giambi gets the evening off. For the Red Sox, very different lineup, Youkilis at third, Hinske goes to first base, Willy Mo Peña in right field, Coco Crisp stays in left, Doug Mirabelli behind the plate and Alex Cora is the shortstop. And you look at the Red Sox they have lost 8 of their last 12 games, they've lost 10 games in the month of August, which is the worst August they've had, um, in a while and, uh, they need to get going here. And as for the Yankees, what they would love to see out of Sidney Ponson is some innings. And I don't think that anybody knows and we're going to find out together. Well, Johnny Damon who just had an amazing afternoon steps up to the plate, gets booed and stepping up to the microphone is the voice of the New York Yankees. Here is John Sterling.

- Why thank you Suzyn and once again, good evening everyone. Beautiful evening as we get set for baseball, game 2 of the day night double header. Johnny Damon was 3 for 6 with a homer, triple, single and four RBIs in the first game. So I guess the booing didn't affect him. And the pitch to Damon is a strike and we're underway.

- Tonight's game time temperature is 79 degrees and that's sponsored by Sheds USA at Home Depot, call 1 800 79DEPOT.

- Damon swings and misses at a fastball. Johnny's at .291, 19 homers, 63 RBIs. Well, the Yankees had a great Game 1. Just about

everyone had two hits or more. Damon had 3, Jeter had 3, Abreu had 4 hits and now it's on to Game 2. And the young lefthander deals fouled-back. We'll give you numbers on Lester. He is 6 and 2, an ERA 4.09, 13 games in starts, 73 innings, 77 hits so just a few more hits than innings pitched. He's walked 36, about 4 1/2 for 9. The Yankees will try to be patient. He has struck out 54 and deals 0-2 foul, third base side out of play Opposing hitters hitting at .283 off Lester, he's given up 6 home runs. As Suzyn's said, a very different configured Boston defense with Youkilis at third, Lowell gets the night off, Cora at short, Gonzalez is not starting. Here is the 0-2 a breaking ball, low. Loretta is at second base and over at first base is Eric Hinske, who played right in the first game. The outfield Manny Ramirez who's at Little League depth in the line for Damon. Coco Crisp, a couple of steps over in left center, in center, and Willy Mo Peña in right and Doug Mirabelli catches Lester. Here's the 1-2 to Damon. It's popped foul third base side out of play and Damon broke his bat so he'll go off and get a new club. Yankees cannot obviously rest on their laurels, but as Suzyn said, a a a and so true, how do you know what you're gonna get out of Sidney Ponson? If the Yankees got five innings out of him, they would be deliriously happy. They'll fill in after that, if they're in the game after five. It'll be a 1-2 to Damon and pitch is foul third base out of play. Damon is wearing out Lester. Good start for the Yanks. You know Suzyn, it isn't like Ponson hasn't done anything, he's been a big winner in the American League, but he hasn't pitched any innings for the Yankees.

- I I think that's exactly the point, it doesn't matter, you know, how great you're stuff is, you can have two great innings. He hasn't pitched more than a couple of innings, except for that first game where he pitched six. That's a long time ago.

- It was a long time ago, or is a long time ago. It'll be a 1-2 to Damon. The left-hander deals a slow breaking ball low, and the count 2 and 2.

- This is what Damon does so well, I mean it's just, seeing everything and all the first or f... first three guys in this lineup do that. Damon and Abreu really are taking pitches against everybody.

- Now the 2-2, lined hard and foul down the right field line. Damon gave the Yanks such a lift. First of all, he tripled to the, uh, the alleyway, in the 420 mark off deep center field, deep right center center and then scored on Jeter's single and then when the game is tied, he hit a two-run home run to give the Yankees a 3-1 lead, where they were headed. The 2-2 swung on and chopped up the middle, it's gonna be a base hit, fielded at deep short by Cora but he had no throw so Damon gets another base hit, a ground ball up the middle past Lester. Once it went past Lester it was a base hit. So Damon is now the double header 4 for 7 with a homer and 4 RBIs.

- And that was a ten-pitch at bat. What an at bat, John, and and you know, we've said it all the time, that a lead-off hitter is supposed to take pitches so that everyone else that follows can see what the pitcher is throwing. And what a job Damon did. Ten pitches.

- Here's Derek Jeter. He's a .341, 10 homers, 72 RBIs. Derek was 3 for 6 with an RBI in Game 1. Damon a threat to go, he has stolen 22 out of 29. He has to pick up Lester's moves, which he's never seen. Jeter bluffs bunt and takes low and the count 1 and 0. Now Larry Bowa goes through all the signs. Yankees could very well play hit and run on this pitch. They've got a guy who handles the bat and they've got a guy who can really run at first base. And if Lester throws a pitch way off the plate, Damon can steal it. The pitch outside, 2 and 0. They obviously

weren't playing in front. Heh heh. So the count's 2 and 0 on Jeter, who again looks down at his third base coach.

- He took three steps down there. These must be very complicated sides today.

- Hinske playing first holding Damon on. And the 2-0. There's a strike. Jeter taking all the way. Abreu's the on deck hitter. Now Giambi does not play in the second game. He'll be there to come on in a big moment if it's close in the seventh, eighth or ninth. So the Yanks played Bernie in right and giving Abreu the half night off, outfield DH. It'll be a 2-1 and the pitch is low and the count is 3 and 1. I don't think Damon figured out... left his move, cuz he was moving back. However Jeter's ahead on the count 3 and 1. Lester walks, as I mentioned, 4 1/2 per 9 so the Yankees would not mind a walk and then have two on and 0 and 0 That'll be a 3 and 1 to Jeter the pitch is a strike. Jeter threw the bat away. How do ya like that? It was a fastball in the middle of the plate, I guess Jeter thought it was low. That's embarrassing, Jeter threw the bat away. Hopefully he didn't hit Jim Wolf, the home plate umpire... Was it low?

- Yeah.

- Yeah. No wonder he threw the... we just saw a replay, heh it was about shin-high. No wonder he was... anyway the count 3 and 2. Damon will be going 3 and 2 Now the stretch by the left-hander and here's the payoff pitch, it's thrown to first and he just got back. So one thing, he hasn't figured out Lester's move and, you know they call it the lefty balk move and Damon just got back.

- He just got back and now he's talking to Tony Peña about what he saw, the lefty balk move. You know who did that better than anybody was Stennett. Great move and he just...

- Oh...

- Oh my goodness. He just he just got back.

- Now the 3-2. He struck him out swinging. The throw to second. He's out by a mile. Damon got a terrible jump. So John Lester's pickoff move really stopped Damon and it was a strike-'em-out throw-'em-out double play. Two away and here's Abreu.

- And he really does have that kind of move that's... that a Petit has and he's so tall that tha... tha... and so big and so many arms and legs and parts going that it looked like Damon really had no idea when he was gonna release the ball and he got a bad jump and as John said that's absolutely right.

- Here's Bobby Abreu with two outs. Bobby as a Yankee is 26 for 66, a homer and 6 RBIs. By the way that as an average that's .394, but we'll give it when he gets 100 at bats. And in the... pitch is a strike, in the first game, he was 4 for 5 with a walk, up six times, on-base five times. Look at his on-base percentage, Suzyn, it's .481 with the Yanks. It was .427 with the Phils. Now the 0-1, fouled straight back, now the count 0-2.

- I I thought it was interesting, John, during the pre-game when Bobby was telling me that one of the ways you learn about a pitcher you haven't seen before -- and it's hard to do if you're throwing strike after strike -- but you try and keep fouling pitches back, fouling pitches back, fouling them off so he has to expand his repertoire. He won't throw you the same pitch usually, so he finds what people throw by being able to go deep in counts and being able to foul pitches off.

- It'll be an 0-2 to Abreu. The pitch is popped foul, out of play. We are coming your way live from the Lowes broadcast booth, let's build something together. Uh, that was a big play the, um, the near pick off really stopped Damon from getting a lead and you know what? If you don't get a jump, you shouldn't run at all. Of course he didn't know

Jeter was gonna strike out... the 0-2, breaking ball, low, the count 1 and 2... and neither did Jeter. Jeter thought he could have walked on the 3-1 pitch. Who knows how that call would've changed the inning because if he calls it ball four they'd have two on, no one out.

Whaddya gonna do?

- What are you gonna do?

- Here's the 1-2. Swung on and lined toward center. Crisp is there to make the catch. Abreu hit it right on the nose. Yankees no runs, one hit, no one left. And at the end of a half inning, Yankees nothing, Boston coming to bat on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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You're making copies on the company's digital copier?

I own the company, Phil.

Yeah, Charlie. But all your personal tax stuff. It's in your digital copier's memory. Your employees on the network? It's possible they can access those documents.

You're kidding. My CFO is using the digital copier for our corporate tax information.

I don't think your confidential documents are very confidential, Charlie.

So, what do I do now?

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- Now to the bottom of the first. Don't miss HBO's Boxing After Dark when Paul Williams takes on Sharmba Mitchell in a welterweight fight. See it live Saturday, August 19th at 10 pm Eastern and Pacific, only on HBO. Now let's see what Sidney Ponson can do. The Yankees are a-hopin' and a-prayin' that Sidney can give 'em five innings. We'll give you his numbers as we go. Right-hander deals to Kevin Youkilis and the pitch low. You have to throw strikes to Youkilis. He has a great batting eye and takes pitches. He's hitting at .293, 13 homers, 61 RBIs, a right-hand hitter and there's a strike. Ponson has a good fastball, gotta get the curveball over and I guess that's biggest thing... And there's the 2-1 there's a strike ...although it didn't affect Wang, you really basically you have to get Youkilis and Loretta, because you have people on, it's tough to pitch to Big Papi and Manny Ramirez... it's tough to pitch to them anyway. There is the 1-2 and it's fouled off the first base side. Coco Crisp was the lead off hitter in the first game. They stopped him. Loretta had three doubles, but I guess the key to the game, Suzyn, was they got Big Papi out every time.

- Well and this will be a test because when Big Papi comes up we'll tell you his numbers against, uh, Ponson and they're pretty scary.

- Pitch. And it's a breaking ball, low. I guess that's scary for the Yankees.

- Or anybody that's listening that, uh...

- ... is rooting for the Yankees.

- Yeah.

- Also you have to feel sorry for Ponson. He has not pitched a lot of innings as a Yank. The 2-2, lined right to A-Rod. One away. Whooooo. A noisy out, a bullet right at A-Rod. Here are the Ponson numbers, now these are just the Yankee numbers rather than give you the Cardinal's numbers, and there's one good reason for it. It's been so long since he's pitched for the Cards, they don't mean anything. Most managers, coaches, they look at what's happened recently. Anyway, Ponson as a Yank 0 and 1 with an ERA of 8.78, 4 games, 2 starts, 13 innings, 17 hits, 6 walks, and 11 K's. The pitch to Loretta is a fastball, strike on the inside. Loretta .306, 4 homers, 46 RBIs, a left-hand hitter, 3 for 5 in the first game, he had three doubles. Boston was double crazy in the first game. Hinske had three doubles, Loretta had three doubles. The 0-1 the pitch low and the count 1 and 1.

- You know when they made the trade for Loretta for Doug Mirabelli, I I think everybody thought he was gonna be good and a good steady player. I didn't think, uh, I don't think that they thought he was gonna hit over .300 all of the season and play this kind of defense.

- The pitch missed the outside corner and the count 2 and 1.

- He's got great bat control and hasn't had... he doesn't have the greatest range in the world but if he gets to the ball he will make the play.

- Yeah, he made a terrific double play in the first game. Here is the 2-1 to Loretta. It's popped foul down the left field line, out of play. Now the count 2 and 2.

- And so far Ponson is, is getting that fastball over. It came inside there to Loretta there and turned on it just a little bit quick, so he doesn't look like he's afraid to throw inside so he must think his stuff is pretty good, John.

- Well, you gotta trust your stuff. You're facing tough hitters in a small ballpark. The 2-2 fastball high and the count 3 and 2.

- Now after the first game the Red Sox activated Keith Foulke from the DL and designated for assignment the starting pitcher Jason Johnson.

- Now here's the payoff. A half swing. Did he go? He did. He struck out on a pitch that was away, off the plate. So Loretta, who does have good back control, chased the pitch low and away. Well, there are two outs and here is David Ortiz.

- And here are the scary numbers. Big Papi off of Sidney Ponson 15 for 34, that's .444, 2 homers and 8 RBIs.

- Of course Ortiz, you know, puts up numbers like that against, not a lot of people, but some. A left-hand hitter with great power and takes a breaking strike, the count 0 and 1. On the year, Ortiz at .283, 42 homers, 113 RBIs and he was 0 for 4 in the first game.

- By the way, the next hitter hits 'em pretty well too.

- The 0-1. A high fly to deep center! Damon back in the deepest part of center at the wall. It is off the wall. Ortiz goes to second with the double. That's in the alleyway, the triangle at the 420 mark. Hit it over Damon's head off the wall, backed up by Bernie and they held Ortiz to a double.

- And that was a fine play by Bernie Williams who was in right center and came all the way across in front of Damon, saw immediately

that the ball was gonna go off of the wall in the triangle and it was gonna go over Damon's head and Bernie was right there. That is a fine defensive play.

- And we don't have to guess on how far the ball went because he hit it right near the 420 foot sign and if any other area of the ballpark - if he pulls it or hits it a little bit towards left, it's a home run -- so the Yankees got lucky. Here's Manny Ramírez. Now here's Manny Ramírez's numbers against the Yankees this year: he's 18 for 36 with 6 homers and 15 RBIs. Now that is fabulous.

- It is. Wanna hear his numbers against Ponson?

- Yes.

- 17 for 45, that's .378, one homer, 10 RBIs. Only one homer, but 10 RBIs.

- Ponson deals. Ramírez takes a strike, fastball on the inside corner, the count 0 and 1. You know, I don't know if Big Papi got all that, but he extended the arms and had that great swing. Does he... is he powerful? Does he have strength? The pitch is fouled away. Now it sounds like he got all of it, it went 420 feet but he couldn't pull it. He just... he extended the arms into it and hit it dead center and he hit it 420 off the wall...

- Hmnnnn.

- ...and got just a double. Ramírez was walked intentionally twice because they got Ortiz out after Loretta's doubles, then Manny hit a home run down the right field line. Ponson ahead of Ramírez 0-2. The pitch is swung on and lined. Here's a base hit to right field. Ortiz rounds third, he'll score. It's a base hit and an RBI for Ramírez and the Red Sox take a 1-0 lead.

- Well, numbers don't always tell you what's going to happen but, uh, they've got Manny and Ortiz have had great numbers their whole career off of Sidney Ponson. Ponson has been around a long time. And that was a curveball that stayed up and John had talked about getting the curveball over and not hanging it and that's what he did that time. You know, it's not that hard, as John said, if you're gonna hang that... when you, when he needs... not to hang that curveball and he did and a hitter like Manny's gonna hit it.

- Now here's Eric Hinske, a left-hand hitter and there's a strike. Hinske had a great first game as a member of the Red Sox. He had not one, not two, but three doubles. 3 for 4 on the day. On the year he's hit .274, 12 homers, 29 RBIs. Now Ponson deals outside. And the count 1 and 1.

- Three hits and four standing ovations. That's not bad for a debut.

- What a debut.

- Ohhh.

- The Boston grabs their first lead of the day. They never led in the day game and they have a one nothing lead. The 1-1 is low. They're so good, Ortiz and Ramírez, that you're not even surprised.

- You know, when do you get to the point where you've got two outs and nobody on that you don't pitch to David Ortiz, when you've got numbers like this? Does it ever happen?

- But I don't know, but after the double maybe you walk Ramírez. The 2-1. Hit on the ground and grabbed by Ponson he knocked it down threw to first in time for the out, and it ends the inning. One run, two hits and one left. And at the end of one inning of play it is one nothing Boston on the Yankees Radio Network presented by AIG, the strength to be there, AIG.

Alright. I've got some great news from Foxwoods and it's real simple: play slots, get cash. I told you it was simple. Play slots, get cash. That's it. Four little words with big value. You can now redeem

up to half the wampum rewards points you earn playing your favorite slot machines at Foxwoods for cash. You play slots, you get cash rewards. Life should be so simple. And if that's not reason enough to go to Foxwoods, from now until September 7th, it's our two and a half million dollar summer blast. We're giving away gas cards, gift cards, wampum rewards points and two million dollars in cash. It's the biggest giveaway in Foxwoods history. For more details you can go to foxwoods.com and yes, you do have to be 21 to participate. But for now, just remember four words: Play slots, get cash. Goodbye! Alright, six words. Meet me at Foxwoods. Foxwoods.

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I'm meteorologist Craig Allen. Be sure to start your day with my weather forecast every ten minutes weekday mornings right here on WCBS Newsradio 880.

- Now here's A-Rod to lead off the second inning. And Lester deals low. A-Rod at .285, 26 homers, 88 RBIs. He was 2 for 5 with 2 RBIs in Game One. I mean, the first six hitters for the Yankees had no less than two hits a man. Jeter and Damon had three and Abreu had four. The pitch a strike. Now don't, um, think Ponson pitched badly. That's a normal state of affairs for the Yanks, to give up a double to Ortiz and a single to Ramírez. Ponson hadn't pitched against Ramírez this year and he's hitting .500 against the Yankees. The pitch is low and the count 2 and 1.

- You know, I know you don't like to walk hitters in this ballpark, but when two hitters who do all the damage and you've got two outs, I, I don't know. It is the first inning, I do understand.

- And here's the 2-1. Fouled back by Alex. Well, the count 2 and 2.

- Lester has, uh, been throwing that fastball about 93 to 95, has a curve that he'll use. That's good stuff, he just needs to put it together, another pitcher who has rushed cause of necessity.

- Now A-Rod backs up. Boston in -- I don't know when it is, a week? -- they're gonna get Tim Wakefield back. Now if he's healthy, that would obviously really help. The pitch, high and tight and the count 3 and 2.

- Well it would because now they've said they've, uh, designated their fifth starter for assignment so there's nobody there in that spot. I think the 27th is when Tim said that he's eligible to be activated.

- Now A-Rod runs the count to 3 and 2 and the Yankees are at least running up Lester's pitch count early. And there's the payoff. Inside. Ball four.

- And that is the problem with, uh, Lester so far. I talked to the Red Sox, that's exactly what it is that he has... that he is already, as John said, now he's up to 27 pitches here in the second inning and there's nobody out so no matter how great he pitches you're not gonna let a 22-year-old go more than, uh, 90, 100 pitches at the most.

- Well, the Yankees have a runner on and here is Robbie Cano who is 2 for 5 with a couple of RBIs in the first game, hitting at .327, 7

homers, 36 RBIs. Youkilis is in at third and the pitch to Cano is in at a strike. Manny is playing in at Little League depth in left field. It would be very tough for Cano to hit a line drive hit. He might hit a single between third and short, he could hit a line drive down the left field line, Ramírez obviously playing off the line, but but he can almost catch any line drive hit there, he's so shallow. Now the 0-1 hit foul third base side, out of play and the count 0 and 2.

- Aw, Manny's got that one down to a science. He knows how far... with the wall in back in back it's such a safety net, it really is.

- Right. I I think this, Suzyn, he he probably believes and the Red Sox believe that more hits will be in front of him than will go over his head.

- Um hum.

- If it's really over his head it hits the wall anyway. There'll be an 0-2 to Cano. And that pitch low and gets away from Mirabelli and on to second goes Alex. So there's a runner in scoring position, the tying run. It was a wild pitch...

- ... and bounced in the dirt. Mirabelli couldn't get his glove on it and it went all the way back to the wall.

- Now if, um, Cano's able to pull the ball, he could get Alex over to third. So a walk and wild pitch. And that's the tying run with no one out. The left-hander Lester deals, swung on, base hit down third on the left field line, going to the left field corner. A-Rod scores easily, Cano goes to second with a double. So Cano lined one between Youkilis and the bag, a bullet line drive down the left field line. It's a RBI double for Cano and the Yankees have tied the game at one.

- And that was a fastball that was up on the outside part of the plate and Cano does what he just does so well, it's getting to be a broken record with us, and Cano, when he's late on a fastball, he's still got enough strength and enough bat control to get it into the left field corner and that's exactly what he did.

- The pitch was there, he went with it and bang! He lined a double down the line. Now here's Craig Wilson with the lead run now at second and no one out. Cano's 37th RBI. He's just a plain old good hitter.

- 23rd double.

- And here's another thing, Suzyn. Why would they bat him fifth if they didn't think he was a terrific hitter? They're batting him fifth tonight against a lefty. The pitch, a breaking ball low. Robbie Cano is a very unusual, young, left-hand hitter. He hangs in against lefties. It's his second year in the big leagues and they batted him fifth. Boy, that oughta tell you something. Wilson is 14 for 51 as a Yank, two homers, five RBIs. Now the 1-0. Now time is called...

- Whoa!

- ...and Lester threw the ball to the screen. Heh heh heh heh.

- Well...

- Well maybe when he found time was called he didn't wanna hurt him so he just threw it.

- I think that's exactly right. You don't want to stop your motion cause pitchers can get hurt like that and he saw it, home plate umpire Jim Wolf move away from the plate and he just let it go anyway. You don't want to stop your motion. You never know what you're gonna pull to try and stop something.

- It'll be a 1-0 to Wilson. The pitch a breaking ball low, and the count 2 and 0. And there's no question they're gonna be very patient with John Lester. I don't mean the Red Sox, the Yankees. They are letting him throw a lot of pitches.

- And he is.

- And that... and he is... and that's not an accident. There is the 2-0. It's low outside and the count 3 and 0. Bernie Williams is on deck. The rest of the hitters are all right-handed. Wilson, of course, is right-handed, Bernie is switch hitter, Fasano a right-hand hitter, and Cabrera a switch hitter. We're tied at one, top of the second. It'll be a 3-0 to Wilson and the pitch is low inside, ball four. So Wilson walks the second walk of the inning, the second walk given up by Lester. Two on, no one out, here's Bernie.

- And I've got a question for you, you can think about it. I'm trying to think -- and I can't -- I'm trying to think of a left-hand pitcher who gives Robbie Cano trouble. I'm not saying that he gets a hit off him all the time...

- Right.

- But you know what I mean? Like when O'Neill would face Randy.

- Right. We'll there's no Randy...

- Alright when uh, uh, Wade Boggs used to get fits given to him by John Candelaria. I mean, there's nobody like that.

- No. Candelaria had that...

- ...swervy thing.

- Yeah that, that, uh, uh, that sidearm. He threw hard. He was really nasty to lefties, obviously Randy was. No... The pitch to Bernie and he bluffs bunt and takes one, 1 and 0. But Cano really hangs in and he has an ability, which lefties have to have, of going to left and left center against lefties. If the pitch was going away from he is terrific.

- Yeah, it really is. I'm racking my brains.

- I can't think of that kind of lefty.

- I'm all...

- I don't know one.

- I don't either. And I'm also trying to think of some lefties like Randy and John Candelaria that are in the league.

- None.

- They're gone too. -

- Yeah. Doug Mirabelli's now talking to his pitcher.

- Now he, he can't be going anywhere for a while either cause you think the Yankees bullpen is shot? You should take a look at what's in there. I don't know where they go either. They don't know where they go. Francona, by the way, apologized to having to... having to keep Rudy Seanez in there, but he had just took one for the team.

- It'll be a 1-0 to Bernie. And that pitch is low. So the Yankees are letting Lester get in a lot of trouble. Mirabelli walks the ball out and talks to him. And now Davey Wallace comes out.

- They also wonder, now this is a prime prospect, just 22 years old, being rushed because so many people in the rotation got hurt and they needed him here and they didn't want to have to bring him up and as long as he's here, you know, he had, he had one hitter... uh, eight innings of, of, one hit ball and it ended by Pat Labon against Kansas City but a different kind of team. Kansas City doesn't take pitches, they're not as patient as the Yankees. This is tough for any youngster.

- A walk wild pitch double by Cano scored the run. Wilson walked. The Yanks have two on and no one out and the 2-0 count to Bernie. Now Bernie oughta look for a pitch he can drive off the wall or into the Monster seats because you figure desperately Lester's gonna try to throw a strike. Now it'll be a 2-0 to Bernie. Caught on a miss. He was ready. And Lester threw a very good fastball, low and in. Bernie's at .280, 8 homers, 46 RBIs. It'll be a 2-1, pitched low and the count 3 and 1. So one more bad one, they'll be loaded up. Right-handed hitting

Sal Fasano is on deck. Now Bernie, of course, is on his own and boy, is Manny Ramírez shallow in left.

- Hmnnnnnn.

- I wonder if they will be able to take advantage of that. Runners lead first and second and now time is called for a moment. Cano's at second, Wilson's at first, there's no one out. Yankees have a run in, they've tied the game. It'll be a 3-1 to Bernie. The pitch is inside ball four, they'll load it up.

- Well, and still nobody out here and you just wonder how long they're gonna go here and the Yankees won't change their philosophy keep taking pitches, keep taking pitches.

- Now you know Fasano's a backup catcher and not a great hitter, no question about it, but he's strong and, you know, the saying in the dugout is you know if he can run into one, and if he runs into one, he'll hit a grand slam. He has good power. Fasano 3 for 20 as a Yank, no homers, 2 RBIs. And the pitch a breaking ball, strike. Yankees have an opportunity to take a lead, they have the bases loaded, no one out. Even the ground ball double play in the infield would give them the lead. Of course the Yankees would want a lot more than that. The 0-1 swung on and grounded to third. Youkilis comes home, there's one and that's all they get. So Fasano grounded to third, Youkilis made the right play and you know, Suzyn, I honestly thought it was gonna be a double play because when Mirabelli caught the ball, Fasano was only half way to first. I think Bernie, I think whoever slid in from third, Cano, got in the way of Mirabelli.

- Well, I think that's true. No, he he dropped the ball. He couldn't get the ball out of his glove and he went to transfer and I thought that too and I looked down we're looking at the replay now and Youkilis throws to Mirabelli and when he went to transfer the ball to his right hand, he dropped it.

- That's what happened. He didn't have an angle either, but he had Fasano. Fasano was only half way down the line. So bases loaded, one out, here's Melky Cabrera and the breaking ball is low. They threw a breaking ball for a strike and then Fasano hit the ground ball. They came back to the breaking ball, but he missed. Melky's at .288, 7 homers and 38 RBIs. The ball game's tied at one, we're in the top of the second, but the Yanks are threatening with bases loaded, one out. Now the left-handed Lester deals a strike on the outside corner, the count one and one.

- And I don't wanna state the obvious but I will. It would be terrible to waste this situation with a a young rookie on the ropes and if they let him off it.

- Bases are jammed. The 1-1. Caught him on a miss, flew by, good fastball, up, and the count 1 and 2. Wilson's at third, Bernie Williams at second and Fasano's at first and it'll be a 1-2 to Cabrera. And the left-hander's set the pitch, swung on and lined to left field, there's a base hit. Only one run will score. A line drive base hit, a RBI single for Cabrera and the Yankees take a 2-1 lead. Manny Ramírez plays so shallow that he had the ball on one hop before Bernie Williams got to third, so how's he gonna score? He he could've run the ball in. So anyway, but a, a big hit for Melky gives the Yankees the lead.

- And what was so good I think about that hit was that he... Lester really had him fooled. He looked like he was not gonna be able to hit that high fastball at all and Lester made the mistake and had the ball down low and Melky plonked it. That's a really... he really is learning day by day, isn't he, John?

- Yes, he's a very good hitter. The pitch to Damon is a breaking ball low. And you know, you, ya... as I said before, I don't know if a

line drive could get in Manny's... that was a low line drive that hit way in front of Manny, that's the only reason the ball landed. If it was a longer line drive, he would have caught it. Damon singled to deep short his first time, right in back of the second base bag. Two runs are in, bases loaded, one out and the left-hander deals, inside and the count 2 and 0. One thing I will tell you about Lester -- I, I made the point about five times during the pre-game -- the Yankees would love Ponson to go five but, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Lester is about ready to throw his 49th pitch so I don't know even if he straightens out if he can go five innings. There's the 2-0, swung on and lined toward center field, Crisp on the run dives, can't make the catch, it rolls behind him. Bernie Williams scores, Fasano goes to third and they hold him up. So a single by Damon, Crisp dove, I think he might've had the wind knocked out of him, he's slow getting up, the ball went off his glove. Fasano had to hold up, he couldn't run because after all, Crisp did get his glove on it, he almost made the catch. So the Yankees going station-to-station. It's a base hit and an RBI for Damon and the Yankees take a 3-1 lead and they just want to make sure that Crisp is OK. I think he got wind knocked out of him for a moment.

- Yeah, I think he do too. Well he hit it... oh, yeah, when he, he dove for that ball he hit his head, his chest and then his head almost bounced on that grass. He got hit, really bounced, and he lay there for a couple of minutes. Terry Francona half way out with the Boston trainer and, uh, Wily Mo Peña went over to see if Coco was OK. He just lay there but I think it's cause... John, you're right, he had the wind knocked out of him, hit his head on the grass.

- In the double header, Damon is now 5 for 8 with a homer and five RBIs. And you know what? They're only in the second inning of the second game. Here's Derek Jeter with the bases loaded and one out. Fasano's at third, Cabrera's at second, Damon at first. And the pitch to Jeter cut on a miss on a high fastball, the count 0 and 1. Well, Lester has reached 50 pitches in two innings, and of course it's not two innings, it's only an inning and a third. Now the pitch, fouled off by Jeter and he's behind on the count 0 and 2.

- Trying to think who's out there. Someone in the Red Sox pen is doing a little stretching. I wonder if it's Kyle Snyder, who could have blanked... if they decide...

- Yeah, Snyder could come in but he went two innings in the first game. It'll be an 0-2 to Jeter. Jeter wanted to make sure that everyone's OK in the stands where the foul ball went. It hit someone, just to the right of the screen in other words, the ball didn't hit the screen. It went just... we're, we're over it, you have to stand up to see it... now Jeter's back. Bases loaded with one out, three in. It'll be a 1-2 to Jeter and the left-hander deals, swung on and fouled back, so the count holds one and two.

- Tavares, I guess, could come in.

- Yeah. He didn't pitch.

- Right. Tavares, Timlin...

- I would say the the likely guy would be Tavares. Seanez pitched and Snyder pitched well, Keith Foulke, but they would keep him for later in the game. It'll be a 1-2 to Jeter. And the fastball is high outside 2 and 2.

- The first game was so long it seems like yesterday, doesn't it?

- It was yesterday, was... wasn't it? No, it was early...

- Ha ha ha.

- They had the count wrong before. On the board they have 1 and 2. I thought that it was 1 and 2 but I saw the bulb lit up... What do I know? Let's call it one and two.

- Ha ha ha.

- The pitch to Derek is high, the count 2 and 2. You know they always tell you in those multiple choice tests in school to trust your first choice? Ah, I should trust my choice. I knew that he had thrown a ball before. Anyway, now it's 2 and 2 to Jeter, Fasano at third, Cabrera at second, Damon at first. Three runs are in, Yanks have a 3-1 lead with one out. It'll be a 2-2 to Derek. The pitch is swung on and fouled away. Off-speed pitch and Jeter double clutched and made contact and fouled it away. I don't know what the number is, Suzyn, I did see it, Jeter's hitting unbelievably against Boston this year, somewhere around .400 not hitting badly against the rest of the league. Now Lester to the plate, cut on a miss, struck him out swinging on a high fastball, two away.

- They had that fastball clocked at 91, but he put it in such a great place.

- Now two away and here's Bobby Abreu. Abreu socked it right on the nose his first time, but caught in center field by Crisp. Abreu hits lefties. He has no problem whether the guy throws lefty or righty. Bases loaded two out. Gee, uh, Suzyn, wh... what a lucky thing that Brian Cashman could make the trade.

- Ohhhh.

- You've never seen a ballplayer fit better into a team.

- You know I, I told Bobby after we were doing, uh, pre-game show and he was talking about how comfortable he felt and how everyone made him feel comfortable...

- The pitch. It's high and, uh, tight. It was a breaking ball. Abreu got out of the way.

- ...and, and you make your own comfort in a locker room if you come in and you, you're... you're the right personality. You know who was the last person I think walked into a clubhouse and immediately became part of the team? David Justice was the last one who really just walked in and became part of it instantly.

- The person who had been hit by the foul ball returned to their seat and that was the ovation. It'll be a 1-0 to Abreu. Lined like a bullet, base hit. Over first down the right field line, rolling to the right field corner. Fasano scores, Cabrera scores, Damon goes to third. Holding at second with a double is Abreu. Can you say more about Abreu? Bobby Abreu drills a two-run double down the right field line and the Yankees take a 5-1 lead. I mean, he is too good to be true.

- Eh, it's, it's amazing and you know what, John? There are now pitchers in... and the Red Sox are now starting their bullpen. And these are now pitchers that he hasn't, that he hasn't seen. He takes pitchers, he finds out very early as he, as he's doing it what they're throwing.

- Here's A-Rod. He began this with a walk, scored a run, and now has second and third with two out. The Yankees have scored five runs and have a 5-1 lead. The pitch to A-Rod is high. Abreu in the double header is now 5 for 7 with a walk. He is something. I mean, he is... as Julian Tavares up in the bullpen, so we we narrowed that down...

- Mmm, mmm.

- ...process of elimination. Lester holds and sets and deals, high and the count 2 and 0. A left-hand hitter Robbie Cano is on deck, but we've been down that path before. Cano in this inning had an RBI double.

- Let's see who he's pitched against...

- Damon off third, Abreu off second. Pitch, caught on and missed to and count of 2 and 1.

- ...well Lester won his last time out against Baltimore, went five innings. His problem anyway, even when he pitches well, he goes five innings or six innings every time out.

- Well tonight, in two innings, not complete yet, he has thrown 61 pitches. Wow! A-Rod swings, it is a high pop to second. Loretta in the outfield grass makes the catch but the Yankees get five runs and at the end of two innings of play, the Yanks have a 5-1 lead on the Yanks Radio Network.

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- And we're going to, uh, the bottom of the second inning. Sidney Ponson now with a 5 to 1 lead so let's see what he can do with Wily Mo Peña, Coco Crisp and Doug Mirabelli. And, uh, while we're doing that I want to talk again about, uh, Jimmy Fund Day here, uh, at Fenway Park and I know that a lot of the Yankees have, uh, been taping messages and, uh, telephone and radiothon that's gone on all day and the Red Sox have brought so many of the youngsters from the Dana-Farber Cancer Center here. And the Yankees have helped Mr. Steinbrenner who always calls in and pledges something. And if you want to help this wonderful cause 877 738 1234 or go online at www.jimmyfund.org and take a look at what they've done. And the Red Sox before the game had nine little children from the Dana-Farber Cancer Center out with the players for the National Anthem and it was sung by, uh, a cancer patient, a six-year old, uh, the National Anthem. Eh, it's just been an extraordinary day here. They're in, at a million and a half dollars and both the Yankees and the Red Sox are a part of this. Wily Mo Peña steps in against Sidney Ponson and fouls the first pitch back. 0 and 1 to Wily Mo Peña. Peña has been batting .312, he's got 9 homers and 34 RBIs. If you remember, Wily Mo came over in the Bronson-Aroyo trade and wouldn't Theo Epstein love to have Aroyo back right now. The 0-1 pitch to Wily Mo is popped up on the right side. Cano and Wilson going over. Who can get it? Cano? Did he get it? Yes he did.

- Well, what a catch!

- My goodness.

- What a catch! He got to the level of the seats and just snaked his glove in there and some... somehow made the catch. Suzyn, that's a heck of a catch. Let's watch it.

- It's a tremendous catch and, uh, hee hee hee, he just snapped his wrist out...

- Oh.

- ...and got the ball away from the fans who were starting to come over the fence. What a great play! He saw a gentleman in.. in a... in a green t-shirt start to go for it and he snapped that wrist and got the ball.

- So Peña pops out and here's Coco Crisp who takes a pitch low. Yanks have a 5-1 lead in the second. Ponson deals to Crisp and that's looped to center field. There's a base hit. So Crisp with a one out

single. We can't, uh, I have thought about this but you can't talk about it for a couple of more innings, but if, if Ponson can get outs that's the key thing if he can pitch O.K. and get outs, the Yanks have a four run lead now and they're not gonna try to stop scoring you get to the fourth or fifth inning and then Joe kind of platoon his bullpen which is rested, Farnsworth and Rivera particularly are rested, Proctor can pitch an inning, Malone can pitch an inning. One on, one out, here's Doug Mirabelli. Ponson throws to first.

- Of course no one would mind if Ponson pitched seven innings, and they didn't have to do any of, uh, that. He'd like to. I know he wants to contribute. Scoreboard update sponsored by Acela. Book your trip today at amtrak.com or call 1 800 USA RAIL. A final in Chicago, the Cards beat the Cubs 11 to 3. Third inning in Philadelphia, Washington leads the Phillies 5 to nothing.

- There's the first pitch to Mirabelli and the first pitch speed to Mirabelli is sponsored by Road Runner High Speed Online from Time Warner Cable. The pitch came in at 92 miles an hour. Mirabelli hitting .200 on the nose with 6 homers and 19 RBIs. Make no mistake, he can hit it out, he's got good power. The pitch, a strike a breaking ball strike from Ponson.

- They're in the fourth inning at Shea, Colorado leads the Mets 2 to 1. Third inning in Cincinnati, Pirates over the Reds 5 to 1. Second inning in Florida, Atlanta holding a 5 to 1 lead over the Marlins. All tied up 1 apiece, Houston and Milwaukee in the second.

- The 1-1 fouled back. And the count 1 and 2.

- Later on Arizona at San Diego and L.A. at San Francisco. A final in Kansas City, Kansas City beat Oakland 7 to 1. They're in the sixth in Baltimore, Baltimore leading Toronto 6 to 2. Texas with a 2 to 1 lead over Detroit, they're in the seventh inning in Detroit at Comerica.

- Here's the 1-2 the pitch low and the count 2 and 2.

- Fifth inning at Tropicana Field, Cleveland leads Tampa 4 to 1. Second inning in Minnesota, Twins over the White Sox, 1 to nothing. Just underway, Oakland at Kansas City oh, there's two games Oakland at Kansas City the second game and Mariners at L.A.

- Ponson's 2-2 coming to Mirabelli and the pitch, just... no it's strike three! Excuse me, Jim Wolf takes a long time. So he looked at it, stood up, and then pumped him out. Second strikeout for Ponson. Two away, a runner at first base and he will score. Also Suzyn, you know what Joe Torre thinks, I won't repeat it again, but this would be a big inning for Ponson to get the third out. In other words it would preserve with a 5-1 lead.

- That's right 'cause Joe Torre always says it's not a 4 run lead until the bottom of the inning is over.

- Well, here is Alex Cora, left-handed, he takes outside. Cora, really having a pretty good year on the bench hitting at .278, no homers, 13 RBIs, has excellent speed, bunts a lot. He's just like his brother Joey.

- Hmmm... he looks just like him, too.

- Ozzie Guillen third base coach... the pitch to Cora is low and the count 2 and 0.

- I've only called him Joey once today.

- Yeah, that's easy to do.

- They look so much alike. Well, they would be. They're brothers. But really and particularly when he smiles he looks just like his older brother.

- Crisp leads off first, the 2-0, there's a strike. I'll tell you one thing about Ponson which surprises me cause he's pitched so little

as of late, I mean in weeks, that he's getting a lot of strikes on corners and you would think it'd be very tough to have that kind of control in the strike zone. So far, so good. It'll be a 2-1 to Cora and the pitch is low, inside, 3 and 1. The run Boston got, nothing to be ashamed of, a double by Ortiz and a single by Manny Ramirez. Now the right-hander is set and deals. Runner goes, pitch is grounded foul outside of first. I know it sounds strange to think that a runner is going down four runs but Crisp runs very well. He's stolen 16 out of 20 and I guess the feeling is if you're gonna get a jump, go now he's going, automatic 3 balls, 2 strikes, two outs. Yanks with a 5-1 lead here in the bottom of the second inning. Ponson is set and the 3-2, fouled at home plate. So the count holds at 3 and 2.

- You know Ponson always had great stuff. When he was in Baltimore, he'd pitch five or six innings, shut out the Yankees, then he'd lose it. And he, uh, we haven't seen you know, that great 95 mile-an-hour fastball he used to have. But he's a different kind of pitcher. He told me that he tries to get ground balls now, not strikeouts.

- The pitch is outside, ball 4. So Cora walks. And indeed the inning is not over and here's Kevin Youkilis. You know, we mentioned this about Jason Johnson in the first game. We'll give you a pitch count, but the pitch count is meaningless, because you know he's never gonna go more than five anyway and the Yankees, who'd have a celebration if he went five, anyway he's gonna throw his 38th pitch. Youkilis hit it hard his first time, he lined it hard to A-Rod at third. So two on and two out and Ponson deals. There's a strike right on the outside corner. Good pitch.

- Eh, you know he's less wild than I actually thought he would be after not pitching for, for so long. He hasn't started since the 23rd of July.

- Now the 0-1. Lined, base hit over third down the left field line. Crisp scores, Cora goes to third and it is a double for Youkilis. So Youkilis rips a double to the left field corner, a rippy double, and the Red Sox now trail 5-2.

- And Fasano is going out to talk to Ponson. That was one of his curveballs and it started too high. If you're gonna have it break you've got to start it at the waist and have it break down. He... that started at the letters and when it broke, it broke to the waist, which is obviously very hittable. Melky played the wall very well, because that wall, if it hits the side wall then it usually bounces off the back wall of the Green Monster and, uh, a lot of players have lost, uh, gotten lost out there so Melky played that well. So Youkilis's 33rd double of the year.

- And Youkilis who lined one to A-Rod his first time, hit the same ball only higher so it went down the left field line. Youkilis picks up his 62nd RBI. Here's Mark Loretta and there is a strike. You know the mistake in this inning? Walking Alex Cora. Cora's a singles hitter. Was that... when you said he hasn't started since July 23rd, that was the start in Toronto that...

- Mmm hmmm.

- ...he got shelled.

- Mmm hmmm, yep. That's the one.

- Well that's a long time. The 0-1 low and the count 1 and 1.

- You know he's come in. The last time he came in the 11th of August as a... three inning... that peculiar three innings where balls kept bouncing off his body if you remember.

- This is a big batter in the ballgame. A base hit could make it 5-4. And the pitch, breaking ball, a strike and the count 1 and 2.

Loretta struck out his first time, he was called out on strikes. I think we're gonna be here a while.

- Yes. I do too.

- The three doubles that Loretta hit in the first game, he's done that three times in his career, three doubles in a game.

- Now Ponson deals inside and the count 2 and 2. You think Ponson should throw a strike? Well, the on deck hitter is David Ortiz. Heh heh heh... heh heh heh.

- Oh.

- Runners lead second and third, two out, 5-2 Yanks, bottom of the second. Now the right-hander's 2-2. Outside. Way outside. Not close. The count 3 and 2. Threw a slider. Well Loretta is in, as they say, a pretty good spot. There's second and third, two out, and if Ponson walks Loretta looming on deck is one David Big Papi Ortiz.

- Looming is a very good word.

- Heh heh heh...

- Sort of connotes a large shadow.

- It'll be a 3-2 to Loretta. Then pitch. Lined. Base hit. Down the left field line, rolling to the left field corner. Two runs will score. On his way to second is Loretta with a double. It's a two-run double for Mark Loretta and the Yankees lead is now 5-4.

- And another double for Mark Loretta and it looks like doubles is all he ever hits is doubles, three in the first game, another one here. Let's look on the replay and see what this pitch is, another breaking pitch that that broke and when it broke about thigh-high. Loretta has good wrist control and really good bat speed. And he just whipped it down the left field line.

- So Loretta in the double header is now 4 for 7 and all four hits have been doubles and all have been hit hard, too.

- And Ron Guidry going out to talk to Sidney Ponson and, um, scurrying. Both bullpens are scurrying, movement everywhere out there. Well, ya heard MVP chants at Yankees Stadium when Derek Jeter came up. There are now MVP chants in Fenway Park for Big Papi, David Ortiz.

- Big Papi hit one off the center field wall 420 feet away his first time for a double, scored on a Ramirez single. The Yankees then went out and scored five runs in the second inning but Ponson, who had a runner on and two outs, walked Alex Cora. The pitch, a foul third base side and Suzyn, he will long remember that walk. He walked...

- Hmmmm...

- ...he walked a singles hitter, at best a singles hitter, and since then doubled Youkilis, doubled Loretta. It is 5-4 and here is Ortiz. Here's the 0-1. It's a strike. That's what they call the high strike. It was about at his eyebrows.

- Heh heh heh.

- It looked high.

- Oh my goodness!

- Oh, we... we're about a mile up but anyway...

- Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.

- ...anyway, the count 0 and 2. It wasn't as high as we are but...

- Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha. It was... ha ha... it was close. Oh goodness...

- Loretta leads off second, the tying run with two outs. It'll be an 0-2 to Ortiz. High, fastball, 1 and 2.

- Hey John, they just had a note up on the board. There's really... I had to read it twice... 'cause it's it's hard to fathom. He's the first Red Sock in history Big Papi to have 105 RBIs by the end of July. You know how many great hitters have been...

- Oh no.

- ...on this team?
- Yes!
- Wow!
- The 1-2. Breaking ball low, 2 and 2. Ted Williams and Jimmie Foxx and Vern Stevens and Carl Yastrzemski and on and on...
- Jim Rice and... my goodness!
- That is a lot of RBIs for the end of July, though. The pitch it's strike three called, a breaking ball caught him looking. So the Yankees still have the lead barely as Boston gets three runs on three hits and leaves one. And now at the end of two innings of play, the Yankees 5, Boston 4 on the Yanks Radio Network.

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- Ford Explorer has a more powerful engine and a new luxurious interior, all the style and comfort that's made Ford Explorer the best selling SUV. Ask your Tri-State quality Ford dealer for a price that's even better. Robbie Cano grounds one foul outside of first. So Lester stays in, that's a sixty-second pitch, and he should stay in now that Boston has caught up. The Yankee lead is only 5-4 as Lester and Ponson have had big problems here in the first two innings. Cano had a RBI double his first up. Now Lester deals and the pitch high and the count 1 and 1.

- Hideki Matsui may be out but you don't have to miss out. There's always a great show at Benihana, not to mention the delicious sizzling steak, chicken or shrimp. Benihana restaurants are proud to support Hideki Matsui and Yankees baseball.

- Now the pitch is popped foul, out of play, so the count 0 and 2. I'm sure each dugout is saying, "Don't stop. Keep scoring. Don't stop." This ballpark itself leads to runs but pitching is suspect, a nice way to put it. The 0-2... Hey! Struck 'em out swinging, one away.

- And struck 'em out with a 91 mile-an-hour fastball. And he throws harder than that. Let's see, let's look where this was... up and in. Up and in. Great pitch.

- Good spot. Really choked him inside. One away, here's Craig Wilson. Wilson walked in the second inning when the Yankees scored four. Yankees scored five in the second, Boston came back with three. Red Sox had scored a run in the first. 5-4 Yanks in the third. Craig Wilson cuts and misses. Now the pitch is inside, a fastball. And the count 1 and 1. I, I guess the bullpen's gonna have a lot to say about who's gonna win this ballgame, cuz neither starter seems like they'll go very long. There'll be a 1-1 to Wilson. The left-handed John Lester deals and that's a bouncer up there and the count 2 and 1.

- Tried to throw him a changeup, threw it about 57 feet.

- Probably held on to it too long, I guess. It's almost a perfect night, I mean, it's cool, ya... you're in your shirt sleeves, you're very comfortable. Great weather for the hitters. The pitch is grounded foul at home plate and the count 2 and 2 on Wilson.

- You know, a lot of guys were talking about that in the clubhouse between games. It's it's it's warm, but it's not too hot so you don't get overly tired cause of the heat and because it's warm and not cool, your muscles don't get stiffened up. Perfect weather today.

- Here's the 2-2. A high chopper over the mound, fielded at short by Cora, throws to first in time and there are two away. Hey fans. It's time for Yankees baseball and Black Bear beef franks. Black Bear beef franks deliver the snappin' taste that New Yorkers crave. So get that real home run taste by going to your favorite ShopRite for Black Bear beef franks. Now two away. Here's Bernie Williams, who walked his first time up. We're in the top of the third in Game 2. Yankees have a 5-4 lead. They won the first 12-4. And Lester deals a breaking ball strike on the outside corner and the count 0 and 1. Now the left-hander to the plate, hit on the ground to short. Cora fields, fires across. Lester has a 1-2-3. Three up, three down for the Yanks. At the end of two and a half, it's 5-4 Yanks, on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

Clifford Schweir was a 74-year-old mountain climber.

Clifford Schweir was a 74-year-old mountain climber.

He learned that the arteries in his heart were blocked.

He learned that the arteries in his heart were blocked.

His lifelong passion quickly became a memory.

His lifelong passion quickly became a memory.

Doctors at a local hospital performed an angioplasty.

Doctors at a local hospital performed an angioplasty.

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- Connecticut fans can buy or sell just about anything with a classified ad in the Bargain News. Ask for it at a newsstand or find them online. There's no news like the Bargain News. Well, we go to the, uh, bottom of the third Ponson has a one run lead, 5-4. He's given up a run in the first and three in the second. His big mistake, two outs and a runner on second, ain't no runs were in, he had a 5-1 lead and he walked Alex Cora. Boy, did he pay for it. When Bernie Williams grounded

out to short to end the top of the third, that was the fifteenth out and GEICO wants to remind you that a fifteen minute call can save you fifteen percent or more on car insurance. Call 1 800 947 AUTO, 1 800 947 A-U-T-O for GEICO Direct. Manny Ramírez will lead off. Manny had a RBI single his first time and is 19 for 37 against the Yanks this year. The pitch it's lined, there's a base hit into left center field in the gap, going to the left center field wall. Manny heads towards second. He is there with a double. It's so simple for him. It's so easy. He's such a great hitter. I don't see Albert Pujols play very much but I don't know how anybody can be a better hitter than Manny Ramírez. He can hit for average, he can hit for power. He's just a flat out great hitter. And he isn't hitting as much against the Yanks Miguel Tejada is.

- I was gonna ask you because now he's 20 for 38. So Tejada is is better.

- Heh heh. I'd say.

- The pitch to Hinske is low. So there's the tying run at second with no one out.

- What do we figure, was he up to .618 at one point during the Baltimore series?

- Remember he was what, like, 21 for 38 or something like... some ridiculous number. Here's the 1-0 to the left-hand hitter. A grounder foul outside of first. Hinske grounded out his first out. Well, the third inning means it's time for the Time Warner Cable triple play contest. Now, if the Yanks turn a triple play in the third inning, Janet Lohman of Amityville New York will win \$10,000 and Time Warner Cable's Triple Play Service free for a year. Ponson deals and it's fouled down the left field line, out of play. To enter, log on to www.WCBS880.com. Manny Ramírez the tying run at second, there's no one out, it'll be a 1-2 to Hinske. Hinske steps out for a moment. Hinske hit a hot shot his first time at bat but Ponson grabbed it, knocked it down anyway then threw 'em out. The pitch strike three. Good fastball.

- Ah, Hinske doesn't like the call and he has said something to Jim Wolf.

- So, one away. Now again, we are so far up. It's tough to tell high and low. We can tell the plate and that pitch had the plate. Let's see where it is. It was, up, maybe letter high. Obviously he's throwing high strikes.

- Well, it it was at the letters. It did cross the plate at the letters.

- Well, one away. Here's Wily Mo Peña. Ponson has four strikeouts and Peña takes a pitch, low, a sinking fastball, the count 0 and 1. It really doesn't matter about Ponson's pitch count because how far is he gonna go anyway but he's at 56 pitches. I think both managers would like five if they could. Now the 1-0 cut on and missed. Question is, Suzyn, what will the score be?

- Ah...

- But I mean, if it's, if it's like this, 5-4, 6-5, they'll take it and then...

-...right, and they'll move on...

-...yeah, hope their bullpen stops the other team.

- I think both managers are thinkin' the same thing.

- The 1-1. Half swing, an awkward swing, good fastball and the count 1 and 2.

- Willy Mo has tremendous power but a very free swinger, strikes out much too much, doesn't have the kind of bat control and the kind of eye at looking at pitches that, uh one would want.

- The 1-2 is inside, another sinker. And the count 2 and 2. Ramírez leaves off second, Cano plays near second, trying to hold his lead down. Peña, a right-hander, as Suzyn said, with fabulous power. The 2-2 is fouled off the end of the bat, first base side. So the count holds at 2 and 2.

- Let's see how old he is. I think he's pretty young 'cause when he was with, uh... yeah, he's only 24, still just 24.

- Is that right?

- Yeah. I remember he was 16 when he was with the Yankees.

- That's why.

- Yeah. 24 in January.

- Gee, I thought it was so long ago when I was 16...

- Ha ha ha ha ha.

-...but I got that wrong.

- Ha ha ha ha. You know one of you was 16.

- The 2-2 is low outside. And the count 3 and 2. It is an ability to throw strikes on the corners. That's an ability. So Ponson is trying but half the time he'll miss. Ramírez off second with one out. It'll be a 3-2 from Ponson to Peña. Swung on and lined to center. Damon charging, charging makes the catch! And there's the second out. So there are two away. Manny Ramírez is really funny. Here's what he did: Damon's charging, he caught the ball in shallow center. Now after the catch Ramírez started off second like he was going to third. Obviously he wasn't going to third. He only went a couple of steps, turned around, and as Damon was getting his equilibrium back, Manny Ramírez was yelling at him. I don't know what he was yelling but...

- Ha ha ha...

-...probably, one, he let the ball drop.

- Probably. That's probably sounds exactly like what he...

- Here's Coco Crisp and he takes a strike.

- ...when, remember when Melky made that great catch against Manny and they... and he was yelling at him, "You're supposed to let that drop! That's me up here!" "No, no. I wanna win," said Melky.

- Crisp had a single his first time with two outs, then Cora walked and all the fun began for the Red Sox. The pitch to Coco fastball inside, the count 1 and 1. One thing I will say about Ponson, he got pretty good stuff. He does not throw as hard as he did when he was with the Orioles. He throws hard enough. Now that's only one part of it, of course. The biggest part is control in the strike zone which is now called location. The pitch, a ground ball foul and a breaking ball, the count 1 and 2. And that is something that I don't think you can teach. I think that's ability. Ramírez led off the inning with a double but then Hinske struck out, Peña hit it hard but lined out to Damon in center, and now Ponson deals 1-2 to Crisp, hit hard on the ground to first and through Wilson! It went by him for an error to right field. Ramírez scores the tying run and on to second goes Crisp. Now that should have been the third out. A ground ball to first and it ate up Craig Wilson and it went through him for an error and the ballgame is tied at 5.

- Well that should have been, as John said, the third out. It just went right through his legs. He just didn't get the glove down on the ground and he's pretty sure-handed, that obviously is an error. E3 on Craig Wilson and that that actually, yeah, you're right John, that would have been the third out and he would've gotten out of the inning harmlessly.

- So the ballgame tied at 5, the go-ahead run's at second, that's Crisp, and here is Doug Mirabelli. The ball was hit hard but Wilson got there and I think if Wilson had to do it over again, he would've made

sure that he knocked it down because he would've made the play. The ball was hit so hard, he would've made the play. Here's Mirabelli, a right-hand hitter and Ponson deals, a strike. Mirabelli stuck out his first time. Now the 0-1 is low and the count 1 and 1. Coco Crisp, who runs so well, is the go-ahead run at second. The pitch, there's a breaking ball, it's high and the count 2 and 1. I don't know if Lester's pitch count -- we'll give it to you at the beginning of the fourth -- but Ponson will now throw his 70th pitch. The 2-1, cut on and missed. He threw it right by Mirabelli. And the count 2 and 2.

- Mirabelli has pretty good power. He doesn't hit for average cuz he really doesn't have a good sense of the strike zone or as good as he could but he's got good power. If he connects, as the Yankees have found out through the years, he'll hit it a long way. He's getting to play a lot more regularly now that Jason Varitek is on the DL, obviously.

- Now here's the 2-2 a high fly to left, not deep. Cabrera comes in and makes the catch. Well, the Red Sox tie it on the error, one run, one hit, one error, one left. And now at the end of 3 innings of play, we're tied at 5 on the Yanks Radio Network.

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- John Sterling, Suzyn Waldman back at Fenway Park, top of the fourth, tied at 5. Sal Fasano swings and misses at a curveball from the dirt, count 0 and 1. And the Yankees scored five in the second, A-Rod

walked and moved up on a wild pitch and Cano doubled him in. And that was the Yankees first run tonight the first run the Yankees scored in the game, sponsored by Fox News channel. Fox is where the news is. Now here's the 0-1. Fasano takes a strike on the outside corner and the count 0 and 2. Fasano bounced into a force-out at home with the bases loaded 5-2. Sal reached first and later scored a run behind Lester 0 and 2. Lester... this pitch for Lester will be his 75th fouled back by Fasano.

- And this is something, John, that Joe Torre does not like a big inning and not... then not being able to add on. That's why he was so pleased at the first game, keep adding on. In this place, you can't just score in one inning. It's never enough. Never.

- The 0-2 he struck 'em out swinging on a slow curve. So, uh, the Red Sox can hope now that Lester has found something. One away. Here's Melky Cabrera who singled and knocked in a run his first time, switch hitter batting right. I mean, by all rights Ponson should still have the lead. Wilson made an error. I mean, errors are all part of it. Cabrera takes low. I, I guess both managers -- we've been saying this -- are probably thinking the same thing: hey, 5-5 I'll take it. Get me through five and then we'll piece it together with the bullpen.

- Yep.

- No, uh, wait, you've gotta get a couple of scoreless innings to do that heh heh heh. The 1-0, Cabrera bluffs blunt takes a strike. Ran his hands up.

- Well, as you, as you said John, John Lester has found something here. He's got the side in in order in the third, struck out Fasano.

- Now he's retired five in a row. And the 1-1 is low and the count 2 and 1. Now the left-hander to the plate fouled back, first base side of home plate, the count 2 and 2. Johnny Damon is on deck and Lester ready to deal 2-2 to Cabrera swung on and fouled, first base side, out of play. Tomorrow's game is a Fox game, so instead of starting at 1:05, it'll start at 1:25. We'll be on there at 12:40 with a long pre-game.

- {Yawn} -

- Here's the 2-2 fouled at home plate Now, here's Lester's 2-2. Swung on, lined like a bullet! Base hit, center field! Oh, is Lester lucky! That ball coulda taken his head off! He just got out of the way. Well that would shake me up, I don't know if it's gonna shake Lester up, though. Vicious line drive right through the box.

- Well, he's walking all the way back to the shortstop position.

- That missed his head... -- Oh. -- ...ooooohhhh, man. Ah, if that if that missed his head by two inches that's a lot. He ducked way down and he's 6'4" so he's a big big kid. Oh my goodness, that could've been awful. -

- Oh boy, is that scary? It was even worse on the replay.

- Hmmh...

- Here's Damon, who is 2 for 2 and has five hits in the double header and 5 RBIs and a home run. Damon takes outside and the count 1 and 0.

- John talked about tomorrow afternoon, Josh Beckett and Randy Johnson.

- And I think both teams are hoping that they'll have better pitching on their team.

- Oh.

- Now the 1-0. Lined deep down the right field line toward the Pesky Pole it is gone! There's a two-run home run for Johnny Damon having a day that he'll never forget for the rest of his life! He's homered in

both games! He has six hits! He has seven RBIs! A two-run Damon dinger and the Yankees take a 7-5 lead!

- You know John, Johnny Damon said to me when I said I, you know, you're a human being, I know you want to do... I know you want to do well here and he said, I don't want to do well against every team. Well that may be so but you know, you know he's loving this.

- Absolutely. He hit a line drive right down the line and into the seats near the Pesky Pole down the right field line. Another home run, another hit for Damon. And what a, what an afternoon evening for Johnny Damon. He'll never forget this as long as he lives. Here's Derek Jeter. Breaking ball low. So Ponson's been given a two run lead. The Boston bullpen is up. It's... what an unbelievable day for Damon. He's answered back to boos the best way: performance. And here's the 1-0, swung on, popped foul, out of play.

- And that ball went into the first row. It was caught by a man in the first row around that Pesky Pole.

- You know, it's such an odd angle. When you walk in you can't believe that a ball could go there. You could see it go straight, out a little bit, but it's just... that's a very odd pole. It'll be a 1-1 to Jeter. Swung on and hit in the air, right down the right field line and it's fouled to the seats and the count 1 and 2. Here's what Damon has done he has six hits in nine at bats. He has two homers and he has seven RBIs. What an afternoon... evening... whatever this is... what a day!

- Heh heh heh heh heh heh...

- What a day. The 1-2. In side. And the count 2 and 2.

- This is getting to be the dead of night. We... I mean we're... we're... we might have to start the game... we might have to keep going and uh, a one o'clock game. We might still be here.

- Well the Yanks have a 7-5 lead in the fourth with one out. Julian Tavares up in the Boston bullpen again. And the left-hander is 2-2. It's grounded to second. Loretta will throw out Jeter and there are two away. Damon, lefty to lefty. Now, you know, Damon hits lefties, Abreu hits lefties, Cano hits lefties and Giambi hits for power against lefties but Damon has a single, a single, and a home run against a left-hander in this second game. Well, two away, here's Bobby Abreu, he hits lefties very well too. Bobby has lined out and hit a two-run double down the right field line. Hey, the Yankees have worn out Boston. If they had any pitching, it'd be a double header sweep. They're wearing 'em out. The pitch, Abreu breaking ball low. The Yankees had 12 runs and 16 hits in the first game and in half the game, less than half the game, they have 7 runs and 7 hits. That's... that's 19 runs and 23 hits, you know, it should be enough, it's not nearly enough but... the 1-0 is low, 2 and 0.

- It's not enough.

- Awww...

- I don't...

- Not even close to being enough...

- ...no, it's not enough, trust me. So does Joe.

- Two outs, no one on, it'll be a 2-0 to Abreu, the Yankees with a 7-5 lead, top of the fourth. Pitch there it's a strike and the count 2 and 1.

- Abreu's on-base percentage now, John, .481.

- Aw, that's incredible, now he hasn't had a lot of at bats, less than 100 with the Yanks but he was .427 with the Phils. There is a 2-1 lined base hit left field. Well, we're seeing something. You know, uh, Abreu's swing was... Suzyn, I know you know what I'm talking about. If

this had happened in the 30's or 40's and we read about it, it would sound, wow, unbelievable. Well, it's happening right here.

- And Terry Francona has seen enough and he is coming out slowly to get the rookie John Lester and this call to the bullpen is sponsored by digital phone from Time Warner Cable. Check it out at timewarnercable.com.

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- And that call to the bullpen was sponsored by GEICO, where a fifteen minutes call can save you fifteen percent or more. Call 800 947 AUTO, 800 947 A-U-T-O, GEICO Direct. Well, Julian Tavarez is on for the Red Sox in relief of John Lester. We'll give you his stats: in 59 and two-thirds innings, 69 hits, so 10 more hits than innings pitched, 33 earned runs, 8 home runs, so 8 home runs in 59 innings, 25 walks and 30 strikeouts and hitters are batting .300 off of Julian Tavarez.

- Well John Lester goes three and two-thirds. He has give up 7 runs and he's responsible for Abreu. 7 runs, 8 hits, 4 strikeouts, 3 walks: he can lose it, he can't win it. Abreu, in the double header is 6 for 8 with a walk. Here's A-Rod who has walked and popped out in the same inning, the second. And Tavarez throws to first base to check on Abreu.

- When Tavarez is throwing well, he'll have a hard sinker and he'll get a lot of ground balls. Not having a great season.

- He's been around the pike, boy, he's been with a lot of teams. The pitch, swung on and hit in the air to shallow right. Charging in is Peña, coming hard, it drops for a hit. Abreu goes to second. Abreu made a base running mistake and he knows it right now. And he just looked at Larry Bowa and kind of hit his helmet. There are two outs. What was he doing? But, he made a mistake. We all make mistakes and he would've only gotten to third. He would not have scored. He knows it, he's shaking his head, looking at Larry Bowa.

- Larry Bowa's standing at third base with his hands on his hips.

- Pugnaciously.

- Yep. Well, you know, they know each other. He managed him for four years so he knows him and he hit his helmet. He knows him.

- Heh heh heh...

- Oh my goodness!

- Well he... the thing is, it didn't cause the Yanks a run. He could have only gotten to third, but he should be a third and there's a, you know, a fastball, a wild pitch kind of thing or and infield error, he won't score. Here is Robbie Cano. Well, I guess you can get away with that when you're 6 for 8. The pitch to Cano is low and inside. That was almost a wild pitch and Mirabelli made a nice scoop.

- Bowa's still talking and, boy, will he hear about it when he gets to the bench.

- You're right.

- Larry Bowa can get on people. I... I haven't heard stuff like that. He needles as well as anyone I've ever heard.

- Cano has a RBI double and has struck out, now facing a right-hander. Yankees have a 7-5 lead. The pitch high outside. And the count 2 and 0. You know that Joe and Gator are talking this over and if they can get a scoreless inning or two out of Ponson... that's a big question mark.

- They haven't gotten one yet.

- Heh heh heh heh heh heh heh. You're right. 1, 3 and 1 for Boston. There'll be a 2-0. Hit on the ground off the glove of Tavaraz, fielded and short, throw to first in time for the out, a nice play. Very nice play. If that ball didn't hit Tavaraz's glove that's a base hit to center field. For the Yankees they get 2 runs on 4 hits and leave 2. And now at the end of three-and-a-half innings of play, 7-5 Yanks on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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- Well, Sidney Ponson comes out for the bottom of the fourth inning. New York now taking a 7 to 5 lead and wouldn't you know that Joe would love to have a scoreless inning. Ponson gave up one in the first, three in the second and one in the third and he will face the bottom of the order, Alex Cora and then going around to the top and Kevin Youkilis and Mark Loretta. The big mistake that Sidney Ponson made in that second inning when the Red Sox scored three runs was the walk to Alex Cora. And here's Cora again. You know, you always wonder why pitchers just don't -- he's got great stuff -- don't try and nitpick on the corners. Alex Cora hasn't hit a home run all year. He probably isn't gonna hit one now. So to try and pick at the corners is a mistake and Ponson paid for it. So Alex Cora gets in the box as the Yankees have taken a 7 to 5 lead. And the first pitch is in for a strike, 0 and 1. That was a fastball, 88 miles an hour. Ponson has tried to have more control, not to just throw his hard stuff anymore. The 0-1 pitch to Cora is hit past the diving Jeter into center field and Cora is on again. That was a fastball 90 miles an hour and got too much of the middle of the plate to Alex Cora. Just right over the middle of the plate, and a little on the low side and he just smacked it past Jeter. Jeter dove for it but it went underneath his glove. That's a solid single for Alex Cora. Now Kevin Youkilis. Youkilis has an RBI double in the second inning. Youkilis spent most of the season, before as... when Coco Crisp was on the DL, as a leadoff hitter, did a great job there.

- Now Ponson deals and Youkilis takes a fastball high 1 and 0. So Cora leads off first Youkilis the tying run. The pitch lined to left field base hit. A looping glider. So Youkilis singles and the tying runs are on. And Gator visits the mound. Now the Yankee bullpen is

going. They have the lead and I guess they would go to their bullpen to try to hold on to their lead right now.

- Well, Brian Bruney, the youngster who came over from Arizona, up as a righty and Ron Villone, the indispensable Ron Villone, is up. He got a half a day off. That's enough for Villone. Now home plate umpire Jim Wolf goes out and, uh, getting Fasano back behind the plate.

- Well, the conference is over Villone and Bruney continue to warm. Here is Mark Loretta with the tying runs on and no one out, Lorttea and then, uh oh... The pitch is grounded foul and over third.

- I think uh oh is sufficient.

- I think people know who is coming up if I say uh oh.

- Scoreboard update sponsored by UPS, what can brown do for you. A final in Kansas City. The first game, uh, Kansas City beat Oakland 7 to 1. There's no score in the second game. They're in the fifth inning in Kansas City.

- Loretta has struck out and doubled. The pitch is low. And the count 1 and 1.

- Top of the ninth inning in Baltimore. Baltimore leads Toronto 7 to 2. Troy Glaus and Vernon Wells homered for Toronto. Melvin Mora hit his thirteenth for Baltimore. Texas leads Detroit 2 to 1. They go to the bottom of the ninth in Detroit.

- Now Loretta is tired of waiting so he gets out of the box. Cora at second, Youkilis at first, no one out, bottom of the fourth, already, and the Yankees have a 7-5 lead.

- Mark Teixeira had his nineteenth homer in that, uh, Texas Detroit game, Dmitri Young, number six. Cleveland leading Tampa Bay 5 to 3. They're going to the top of the ninth in Tampa. Travis Hafner and Andy Marté hit his first homer.

- The pitch is lined to right field. There is a base hit. Bernie fields and fires in. And the bases are loaded as they held up Cora. He could've scored easily. But if you've got David Ortiz and Manny Ramírez coming up, why chance it? That'll be all for Ponson.

- And this pitching change is sponsored by Foxwoods Resorts Casino, the wonder of it all in Mystic country, Connecticut.

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Alright back to the phones here on Talk New York and we're talking about how to find a good used car. Here's Fred from Queens.

Hi, I needed a used van to start up a new business and a friend told me about carbuyersmarket.com. I logged on and found an incredible selection of vans on their website. You know, I found and bought one right here in Flushing. It was a snap. And I even saved a few bucks.

Thank you Fred. Now, let's talk to Dolores from the Bronx.

We needed a used car for our daughter who's going to Fordham. We bought a copy of Car Buyer's Market at the convenience store down the street. You know, there's over 200 pages of cars for sale from both dealers and private owners? We found her a really nice Honda with low miles at a great price. It sure beat driving all over New York City looking for one.

That's for sure Dolores. Say, good luck to your daughter at Fordham. Sounds like Car Buyer's Market is the best way to shop for a used car here in New York. It's online at carbuyersmarket.com or at the

newsstands everywhere. Well, that's it for this week's Talk New York. See you next time.

- Well, the indispensable one Ron Villone is pitching again, coming in to face Big Papi. And with the, uh, bases loaded here and nobody out this is quite a job for anybody.

- Now, I, I must say this is quite a job.

- Well, you know what Joe says, John it's not a two runs complete...

- Right...

-...until the bottom of the inning.

- So here comes Villone, lefty to lefty against Ortiz. Cora at third, Youkilis at second, Loretta at first and no one out. Ortiz and then Manny Ramírez. Yikes. Ortiz has doubled and struck out. Now Villone deals and the fastball high. Yankees play the infield back. They will gladly give up a run to get a double play. No overshift but Jeter plays just a couple of steps on the third base side of second. Now the left-hander deals, fouled back. And the count 1 and 1.

- In the National League, Mets are leading Colorado 6 to 3. Alfonso Soriano had his 39th home run, Ryan Zimmerman his 17th, Washington is leading the Phillies 6-3, they're going to the bottom of the seventh in Philadelphia. Pirates over Cincinnati 7 to 1, they are in the eighth. And Atlanta over Florida 6 to 1, they're in the bottom of the seventh. Everything else is later.

- Now Villone's 1-1. There's a strike. And the count 1 and 2. We'll give you the Ponson numbers, not very pretty numbers but we'll give them to you anyway. It'll be a 1-2 from Villone to Ortiz. Bases loaded, no one out. It'll be a 1-2 pitch. Half swing, a check swing foul. Pitch up and in, so the count holds and 1 and 2. You know, a couple of days ago I get to the booth and, and Suzyn tells me about Brian Bruney. It was the afternoon game, the Yankees got shelled in New York by Baltimore. He pitched an inning. Well, here he is warming up. He's about to come into a ballgame with the Yanks and Red Sox...

- Heh heh heh...

-...amazing.

- ...yep.

-...I mean really amazing. Villone holds the set and the 1-2 just missed low outside, the count 2 and 2. That was the Villone slider. Good pitch, I mean it missed, but Ortiz couldn't pull the trigger and I mean that was on the knees just off the outside corner I guess.

- I guess.

- 7-5 Yankees, bottom of the fourth, a wild second game. Now here's the 2-2, fouled back. Joe loves Villone for about 100 different reasons but one of them is he has no fear and you have to have a pitcher come in who doesn't have any fear, you know, the fear to fail, in other words. He comes in and he's gonna throw his fastball and slider and see if he can get you out. He's been doing a great job this year.

- I guess one of the signs, he's not trying to hit spots with Ortiz. He's going at him. If he misses, he misses. He's going right at him, you know, he's not trying to stay away from him and miss his back.

- It'll be a 2-2 to Ortiz. Villone deals, check swing, ground ball to short. Jeter, Cano one, on to first, double... safe. I'm sorry. Safe at first. A run scores, 7-6. Runners first and third, one out. It was a check swing, it wasn't hit hard enough, but Ortiz doesn't run well and they just missed getting the double play. So give Ortiz an RBI. Scoring is Cora. That run, of course, charged to Ponson. Youkilis goes to third. Ortiz picks up his 114th RBI. Here's Manny Ramírez now with a 7-6 ballgame, first and third, one out.

- And as John said, Ortiz didn't mean to hit that. He was trying to check a swing and Villone almost got it. It was hit a little too hard,

but if he had gotten it, you could have a double play there but the ball was hit too slowly, even though Big Papi doesn't run very well, it was hit too slowly to cleanly turn the double play and he beat it out.

- Manny Ramírez has singled and doubled knocked in his 95th run. First and third, one out. And Villone deals, lined like a bullet, base hit, left field. Youkilis scores the tying run. Ortiz stops at second. It's a base hit and an RBI for Manny Ramírez. And the ballgame is tied at 7. Manny, he doesn't waste any time. He goes up. Bang! Base hit! Now even though Ortiz faced Villone, the force-out goes on a Ponson-base runner, so that is still Ponson's responsibility so we can't give you his numbers yet. Here is Eric Hinske, a left-hand hitter and Villone deals a strike. We're tied at 7, we're in the bottom of the fourth. 7, 9 and 1 to 7, 10 and 0. And this ballgame isn't half over. Now here's the 0-1 to Hinske, cut on and misses, the count 0 and 2. Hinske has grounded out and struck out. He had three doubles in the first game, his first game as a member of the Sox. The 0-2, he struck him out swinging, 2 away. Ten second station ID on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

Thank you for listening to the Yankees on 880. And remember to stay tuned for news, traffic, weather, sports and business on WCBS, New York.

- John Sterling, Suzyn Waldman at Fenway Park in Game 2. In the day game, the Yankees won 12-4. In the night game, we're tied at 7. Here's right-hand hitting Wily Mo Peña with Ortiz and second, Ramírez at first, and two outs. Boston has scored in every inning. 1-3, 1-2. The Yankees scored five in the second and two in the fourth. We're tied at 7. And Villone deals popped foul first base side, out of play.

- And this is Villone's fourth day in a row he's been in a game.

- And, you know Manny Ramírez is such a great hitter. He got a single, a lined single. Villone's really pitched well. Ortiz got a lucky check swing, grounded and knocked in a run, got a force at second. He struck out Hinske now trying to get Peña with the go-ahead runs on-base at second and first, two outs, bottom of the fourth. Here is the 0-1 and there's a strike on the outside corner and the count 0 and 2.

- Peña up to .312, now that's pretty much courtesy of, uh a hot streak he's been on, 15 for 43, that's .349, in his last ten games.

- Well, a pitch, a fastball, up and in. And the count 1 and 2. Ortiz on second, Ramírez on first. Now the left-hander Villone is set. Here's the 1-2. Lined foul to left field seats behind third. And the count holds at 1 and 2.

- And Wily Mo just too quick for that one. He recognized the slider but was a little out in front of it, so fouled it off.

- The seats behind third in the grandstand kind of bend around and face home plate, so back at third there are seats that are on top of the left field line. It'll be a 1-2 to Peña. Outside 2 and 2 fastball. And, of course the other thing that Joe loves about Villone, he takes the ball every time.

- Yep.

- Every time. It'll be a 2-2 to Peña. The pitch is fouled on the first base side of home plate, so the count holds 2 and 2.

- I did finally get him to admit this morning that he actually would tell Joe if, if he felt that he couldn't, cause he says he knows right away, so we were talking during the first game, he knows when he wakes up in the morning. He doesn't have to throw and stretch. He knows what he feels like and I says you wouldn't say you could do it if you couldn't? You seem like you wouldn't even... he says well I would be

hurting the team. That doesn't hurt anybody if I don't think I can get people out to go out there. And he hasn't said no yet. All year.

— Again, it'll be a 2-2 to Peña. A groundball, right back to Villone, flips to first to end the inning. Well, Boston gets the tie. They get two runs on four hits and leave two. Now at the end of four innings of play we're tied at 7 on the Yanks Radio Network, presented by AIG, the strength to be there. AIG.

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Hi, I'm Donna Murphy. I just won a million dollars from Scratch 'n' Match in the Daily News.

How does it feel to win a million dollars?

It's amazing. There's still millions more to win.

So Donna, how do you win the Daily News?

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Keep playing the Daily News Scratch 'n' Match Millions Game. The only newspaper game in town where you could still win one million dollars. There are more than 2,500 cash prizes, from \$25 up to \$100,000 available to be won each week. That's more than \$6 million dollars in prizes. Have you caught million dollar fever? Look for your Scratch 'n' Match game card every Sunday in the Daily News and play every day. Three one million dollar prizes offered. Pay over \$25,000 for four years without interest. Odds one in 5.5 million. For official rules and how to play for free back of game card. Call 1 800 718 4037 or visit nydailynews.com. Subject to official rules.

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— Now here, uh, Craig Wilson to lead off for the Yanks in the fifth. Tavarez deals a strike. Wilson has walked and grounded out. The right-handed Tavarez will then face the left-handed hitting Bernie Williams who will try to turn around, and then Fasano. The pitch is a breaking ball. Strike.

— And it's time for the BP Grand Slam Inning. Congratulations to Leo Hartz of Middletown, New York. You've instantly won a \$50 AAMCO ultimate from BP Gas Card. If the fourth batter of the inning is a... hits a grand slam, Leo wins a Toyota, courtesy of Atlantic Toyota, located at 200 Sunrise Highway, Amityville...

— Here's the 0-2. Swung on and hit in the air to deep left. That ball is gonna be caught by Manny right on the track in front of the wall. At first it looked like it might hit the wall, but it didn't have enough oomph. And Manny going back... now that was high enough for him to get back and he caught the ball, maybe a step or so from the wall, from the Green Monster, on the warning track, one away.

— ...visit them online at gotoyota.net. Now if he just... oomph is a good word, John, and if he just had put a little more in it... so many balls over the years have gone way high, fly balls that just get over the walls and, uh, now on the Monster seats.

- Now here is Bernie Williams with one out. John Lester went three and two-thirds, seven runs, eight hits, four strikeouts, three walks. Bernie takes low. Ponson went three plus, seven runs, nine hits four strikeouts. The pitch to Bernie, swung on, hit in the air to deep center. Crisp back, away back, on the track, looking up, it's all... it's gonna be a rule. Bernie heads toward second. He is there with a double. And he misses a home run by a few feet. He hit a bullet straight away. It just wasn't high enough to get out. The ce... the center field wall is high about, I'd say, 15 feet high, and that banged off the ce... center field wall. Oh, what a game! So Bernie hits a robust double to straightaway center.

- I'm just looking at the replay of that on the on the monitor. He really didn't miss a home run by much. Another five, six feet.

- Now there's Fasano with a runner at second, one out. And there's the pitch it's grounded foul off third. So Ponson three plus, seven hits, four strikeouts, one walk. And Lester three and two-thirds, seven runs, eight hits, four strikeouts and three walks. So they are not gonna be involved in the decision. It's a tie game and now here's Villone and Tavarez. Bernie, the lead run, leads off second with one out. It'll be an 0-1 to Fasano. The pitch hit on the ground... whoa, lined right to third, excuse me. Tavarez threw the pitch and Youkilis caught it off third, a little line drive, so two away and that'll bring up Melky Cabrera.

- Mirabelli going out to talk to Tavarez on, uh, probably how to pitch to Melky. The other thing is, with Bernie at second, they do change the signs. He's telling him what the sequence is going to be. Bernie Williams standing at second base can pick up the signals when Mir... Mirabelli puts them down. So that's, that's becoming more and more coming. You know, John, when you see Yankee and Red Sox fans, they do it all the time, cause I think they just play each other so so often, as soon as there's a runner at second you'll always see one or the other catcher going out to talk to the pitcher.

- And for that reason, too. Cabrera takes outside. We are coming to you live from the Loews broadcast booth. Let's build something together. Uh, it'll be a 1-0 to Cabrera, now turns around to the left side. He's 2 for 2 in game two. The pitch grounded foul at home plate. Last inning Johnny Damon hit a two-run home run, his second two-run home run of the day night double header. It was the first run -- the first home run -- the Yankees have hit in the game tonight. For that home run, the Eastern Region Hyundai Dealers will donate \$150 to the Hope & Heroes Children's Fund, benefiting the Morgan Stanley Children's Hospital of New York Presbyterian. It'll be a 1-1 to Cabrera. The pitch is fouled, third base side, out of play. And the count 1 and 2.

- Well we thought this was gonna to be this kind of game and all our fears have been realized.

- And it certainly is that kind of game. Now the bullpens will have a go at it. Bernie is the go-ahead run at second. There are two outs, there will be a 1-2 to Cabrera. And the pitch. Half swing. Did he go? No. Tavarez was running off the mound toward the Boston dugout. The third base umpire James Hoye said no swing. Of course Tavarez might have been trying to sell it too.

- Well he might've. It doesn't, uh... umpires don't like that. And of course protocol made it that, uh, James Hoye only gave his call after Jim Wolf asked him.

- There'll be a 2-2 to Cabrera. Foul, third base side, out of play.

- Usually, the home plate umpire will give a little sign, which you could miss it to ask the third base umpire for help. Jim Wolf really points go ahead, tell me what you saw.

- It'll be a 2-2 to Cabrera and the pitch low kind of boxed by Mirabelli, rolled away, but no advance, so the count 3 and 2 and you know who's on deck, Johnny Damon. I think it might be a mis... ah sh... the Yankees ask Damon to get another hit, but he has had a great day at Fenway Park. It'll be a 3-2 to Cabrera. Bernie leaves off second with two outs. He has to play it safe of course. Now the stretch and here's the 3-2. High. Ball four. So Cabrera is on. First walk given up by Tavaréz. Now here is Damon, who in the nightcap has singled, singled to knock in a run, hit a two-run home run. And in the opener he was three for six, so the homer made four RBIs. So he is 6 for 9 with 2 homers and 7 RBIs. Well, wouldn't you like to ask these Boston fans booing, what do you think of Damon as a ballplayer?

- Well, they love him. That's why they're booing.

- Right. Just have... just have a Yankee uniform on, that's all. Pitch is a strike. A fastball, the count 0 and 1.

- Um hum.

- Bernie Williams off second and Melky Cabrera off first. Now the 0-1 uh, strike, half swing. Called a strike by the home plate p... the home plate umpire Jim Wolf and the count 0 and 2.

- I kind of feel that the other part of that, John, is that Coco Crisp has not been as advertised, he is not ha... having a good year for him here.

- They, they should've offered Damon more money. He would've stayed.

- That's exactly right.

- So it's their fault.

- Yup.

- It'll be an 0-2 to Damon. And Tavaréz deals outside. And the count 1 and 2.

- You know, Joe was asked by one of the Boston writers between Da... games how Damon fits into the clubhouse, was he everything he expected and he said I expected everything as a ballplayer, but his demeanor in the clubhouse, his personality is so great for this team, he keeps everybody loose all the time even in the in the worst losing streaks they've had. He comes in and he's always smiling...

- It'll be a 1-2. Outside 2 and 2.

-...and that's very important, uh, this Yankee clubhouse, as you know, is pretty corporate, pretty buttoned-up and sometimes you need a personality like Damon, just loosen things up a little bit.

- Runners lead off of first and second. It'll be a 2-2 to Damon. He struck him out swinging. No runs, one hit, and two left. And now at the end of four and a half innings of play, the ballgame is tied at 7 on the Yanks Radio Network.

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Ah, uh, guys?

Yeah.

I don't feel so good.

Oh.

Oh you're looking a tad green for a raccoon.

Yeah, you look like a tree frog.
I think it might be the taca rico burlito I ate.
You ate a what?
A taca rico burlito.

Why?

It was cheap.

Oh, you're paying for it now.

Yeah, in spades. Ohhhhh.

Look. I believe his stomach's growing.

Oh, that's gotta hurt.

Why eat junk at night when you can go to Wendy's? We make everything fresh right when you order. Like our new 99 cent crispy chicken sandwich. That's right. All white meat chicken for just 99 cents.

Ohhhh.

Oh, Why didn't you just go to Wendy's?

Yeah, they make everything fresh.

What can I say? I'm weak. Weak and green.

Not a good combination.

No.

Heh heh heh heh heh.

Make it a Wendy's night and do what tastes right 'til one a.m. or later. Prices and participation may vary. Bacon and cheddar lovers cheeseburger combo with any of seven delicious sides at no extra cost. Choose any side order, one of two sides of salad, with the old standby French fries. Don't compromise. Customize. Wendy's. Do what tastes right. Wendy's take out windows are open 'til one a.m. or later.

- Well, we go to the bottom of the fifth. And, this ballgame, as we get to the halfway point is now two hours and thirteen minutes old. And here's Coco Crisp to lead it off. 7, 10 and 1 Yanks. 7, 10 and 0 Boston. Ron Villone in relief of Ponson deals high to Crisp who turns around to bat from the right side. Here's Sam Gordon. We can ask him all of our questions. We'll get a lot of great answers from Sam Gordon of the Daily News and the Daily News Special.

- Sam, are you ready?

- You think that I'm that awake, John, that I am really able to be sharp and on top of things after a after a day, a day like this?

- The 1-0. Outside. Well, you know you're gonna write all this in tomorrow's Daily News. It's a night that Johnny Damon will never forget for the rest of his life.

- Uh, there's there's no doubt about it, I mean, he says that it's not a big deal about how he does against his former team and that he's kind of over that, but you look at the way he reacts and the way that he's coming up big for the Yankees tonight and you know that's just not true.

- The 2-0. Strike. He's human. Of course he feels that way. He's not gonna say it, but of course he feels this way. And they keep booing him.

- Heh heh heh heh heh heh. Who are they kidding?

- Whoa, no kidding and he, eh, I'm sure he welcomes the the boos at this point, I mean, he's having a terrific night, uh, and you know, not just, uh, at the plate too. He made a great play in the field and in, uh, Game 1 that, you know, uh, kept the Red Sox at bay and let the Yankees, uh, break it open shortly thereafter.

- The 2-1 is low to Crisp and the count, 3 and 1.

- You know what else, Sam, he he also knows what his replacement has done and that Coco's having a very hard time here. The fans have been booing him. He's not doing at all the job that he would ever wish bad

for anybody. I've got a question for you. Does Sidney Ponson get another start?

- There's the 3-1. Outside, ball 4. Isn't that interesting? You know what I was gonna ask him?

- What?

- If Rudy pitches well again, when Lidle comes back for a start on Monday do they do they say goodbye to Ponson?

- Well, why, eh, I'm gonna lead more towards Johnny Damon. I was actually, uh, gonna answer by saying I'm not sure if he can get another appearance, let alone another start. Uh, you know, obviously he's not gonna be helpful for them for the next few days cause he pitched today. So I think that, uh, the scenario, John, you just mentioned is very realistic. I don't really see, uh, the Yankees keeping him around as a, a long reliever. I mean, they could certainly use anybody else, uh, in that role. He just hasn't been effective, I mean, I think that, uh, you know, tonight was just the latest example. He just does not have it.

- Here's Doug Mirabelli and the throw to first base by Fasano and Crisp is back. So Crisp walks, the first walk off Villone. Mirabelli is 0 for 2 and he has a count of 1 and 0. We're tied at 7 in the bottom of the fifth.

- You know, the worst part of that is that it just doesn't effect tonight's game. Villone -- this is his fourth day in a row -- and you have to believe that he's going not to be available tomorrow, maybe even the next day...

- Right.

-...I mean, this is a lot of pitches for him and so Ponson's bad outing tonight, you know...

- Right.

- ...could end up costing the Yankees this game but also, you know, the next one and the one after that as well.

- A throw to first base. Well, Suzyn, why don't you tell Sam what, uh, Villone told you?

- Villone told me that I asked him because we were kidding about him pitching every day, and don't you have to warm up and he said, I said, he knows when he wakes up in the morning whether he can pitch or not. He doesn't need to warm up and, um, and I said, well, would you ever say you can't pitch if Joe asked you cause... and he said no, yeah, I actually would if I couldn't because I wouldn't do anybody any good if I came in and I couldn't. But it hasn't happened yet. He hasn't said no yet all year.

- The 1-0 is high. So Fasano trots out to talk to Villone.

- Yeah, I mean that...

- No go ahead...

- ...I was gonna uh, yeah, you know that's, that's pretty common, ah, you know, it seems like there's rarely a pitcher who would admit that he couldn't pitch and Villone is a real tough, blue collar kind of guy, you know, who will always want to take the ball, you know, he remembers early in the year when he felt like he wasn't being used at all... enough. It's kind of hard to fathom that concept now the way he's been used the last month or so, but, you know, I remember at the start of the year this is a guy that barely got into the games at all when they counted. So you know, I think that, uh, he's a veteran. He knows what his body is capable of, what, you know, whatever he says, the workload he's gotten over the last four days is... is excessive.

- Excessive.

- It'll be a 2-0 to Mirabelli. High. 3 and 0. So Villone who walked Crisp is behind 3 and 0. Yankees have started their bullpen. That's Brian Bruney, the right-hander. And Villone is showing signs of fatigue

here. I don't blame him. And he's behind Mirabelli 3 and 0. Well, you have to, Sam, earn Joe's trust. There'll be a 3-0. There's a strike. Let's put it this way: he's earned Joe's trust.

- Oh, no doubt about it, I mean, he almost, uh, very nearly had a double play ball in the last inning there and, you know, that would've been huge obviously. You know, and Villone is a key piece, you know, and that's why, you know, it hurts Joe to bring him in, you know, to the middle of games like this cause they love to have him in the seventh, you know, in the big spot uh, so he doesn't, but there really was just no other choice at this point.

- It'll be a 3-1 to the right-hand hitting Mirabelli. Crisp leads off first. The pitch is grounded to deep third and hit the bag and turned over the bag and toward left field. On his way to third is Crisp. He'll stop there. Mirabelli holds at first with a single. A ground ball that was going over third and it hit the bag and it carried over A-Rod's head. So the Red Sox have a great chance to take the lead. They have first and third and no one out and here is Alex Cora.

- You know, while we're waiting here, Sam, I've gotta ask you something about what Joe said in between games about Chien-Ming Wang, which struck me, which puzzled me a little bit. Now we noticed that he wasn't using his finger, that he was using mostly sliders and Joe, Joe had said that, uh, uh, he didn't have good he didn't have his good stuff. That's three starts in a row that he hasn't had good stuff. And then he started talking about we're in uncharted waters with him as much as as pitches thrown and pitch count. Do you think in the back of their mind they're a little bit worried about Wang, ph... physically?

- Yeah. I mean, I, I think they have be. Uh, I think that it, eh, what, you know, what Joe said, like you guys have said and we've all, all, all are well aware, you know, that this is a kid who hasn't pitched that many innings in his career. Uh, he's being asked to do more than he's done in the past and, uh, that has to be a concern. I mean, this, this is a guy... let's not forget that missed two months last year with a shoulder injury, so to expect that he'd be able to make it through a whole season throwing more innings than he's ever thrown in his life, without an issue, I think, might have been a little bit unrealistic.

- The pitch to Cora is inside, 1 and 0. First and third, no one out, bottom of the fifth, the game is tied at 7, but Boston could take the lead with almost anything, almost anything.

- Well he, he could, actually, be going through, you know, you've you've heard guys going through dead arm periods around this time of year and I think that's.. I think that's just waiting for him to come out of it, don't you?

- Well, that's what I was gonna say. It doesn't necessarily mean that...

- ...anything wrong...

- ...that he has something's debilitating, right.

- Here's the 1-0. There's a strike, count 1 and 1.

- ...but, I mean, you look at it and... and the number of innings that he's thrown in years past, he might not have even thrown enough to get to a dead arm period, you know what I I mean? So this is, uh, like like you say, uncharted waters and clearly he's gonna have some issues with, uh, you know, the, uh, uh, higher workload. So I don't think it's unexpected. I think that the Yankees are concerned because they don't know exactly how, how, you know, a young player like he is is gonna react.

- Villone's 1-1 is low and the count 2 and 1. Cora has walked and singled and scored two runs. Cora is a a Punch and Judy, isn't it? But

he's had some great games against the Yankees this year. Every time he plays he does something that works for Boston. The Yankees playing the infield back. They will look for two, though, gotta get a quick double play to double up the speedy Cora. Crisp off third. Mirabelli on first. Tied at 7. Bottom of the fifth. Now the 2-1. Swung on and lined to right field. There's a base hit. Scoring is Crisp. Mirabelli holds at second. It's a base hit and an RBI for Alex Cora. Boston takes an 8-7 lead and that will be all for Ron Villone, who is gassed. He has done as much as he can. He just ran out of steam. So Joe comes to the mound. We'll till he takes the ball to make sure he's taking him out. He is taking him out.

- And this pitching change is sponsored by the Tri-State Quality Ford Store. Check out the best selling Ford Explorer at your Tri-State Quality Ford dealer.

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Dear Scott, It was great seeing you outside Tipper Pass. I love your new haircut. Your stylist obviously gave you good advice. You seem more confident. Look, I'd like to see you again. See, I only dumped you once you stopped going to Super Cuts. You looked uglier, like a rodeo clown. With mange. And it became too easy to make fun of the way you breathe and that stupid laugh. But now that you're hot, I love you tons. Super Cuts. Every time.

- Well, the youngster just brought up from Columbus property. Used used to be property of the Arizona Diamondbacks, Brian Bruney, and, uh, he pitched the other day -- he's been in one game -- one inning, one walk, and three strikeouts. He throws hard, had some problems in Arizona. While he's warming up Sam, uh, before the game, you know, when Joe was talking about the bullpen, one of the reasons they brought up T.J. Beam was because Joe, at least hinted at the fact, that Villone was not available and Dotel was not available... and and and Villone was in anyway.

- Eh eh eh, it goes to show you exactly how strapped their bullpen is, which is kind of amazing when you consider they have 13 pitchers on the staff right now and they're playing with a three-man bench and yet we're in a situation now where they had to use a guy that, you know, is pitching for the fourth day in a row, threw forty-something pitches yesterday and now thirty-something pitches today. I mean, as as durable and tough as Villone is, that's a little much for anybody, I think.

- A run in. Two on. No one out. Bruney deals, Youkilis takes low inside. It's an 8-7 ballgame, Boston. Oh, I think the Yankees kind of suspected this would happen, that's why winning the first game was a big game.

- Absolutely and you you can tell, I mean, they they used, uh, Joe used, uh, you know, all the good relievers, Myers, Proctor, the guys he trusts and and make sure they won that first game before they blow it out.

- Youkilis takes a breaking ball strike from Bruney. Bruney came in for an inning, now it was a throwaway game. It was 12... whatever, it was 12-2. But he threw very well against Baltimore and the Yankees thought, you know, basically, this guy throws pretty hard. So they bring him in here, two on, no one out. The 1-1. Youkilis hits a ground ball to third. Backhanded by A-Rod. The long throw is in time. A long

throw by A-Rod from the foul line and the runners move up to second and third. So Boston has a great chance to add to their lead. They have second and third and one out and here is Mark Loretta who has struck out, doubled and singled. One more thing for Sam: um, some thoughts on, uh, I mean the guy has had a phenomenal double header, Bobby Abreu.

- Yeah, he's clearly not at all, uh, bothered by the the rivalry or the pressures of the rivalry. You know, he's a pretty laid back guy. I mean, he, you can kind of tell looking at him that not a whole lot bothers him to begin with.

- Pitch. Loretta takes low.

- You know, he was talking after the game. You know, hey, I've been in some rivalry games, Mets, uh, Mets Phillies, Philles Braves, that sort of thing and, you know, most players will say there's a big difference between the intensity, uh, but, you know, these games here or in those kinds of games there but, for sure didn't look like he was bothered by any of it and I think that's exactly what the Yankees are looking for, somebody who's calm under pressure...

- The 1-0 to Loretta is swung on and lined toward left center. It's a base hit. Two runs will score. Damon throws it in. It's a two-run single for Loretta and Boston takes a 10-7 lead.

- ...and when Mark Loretta had to face Brian Bruney in the National League, he was one for three off him in the National League when, uh, Brian pitched for Arizona. And now he's two for four off him. You know, something, I know Bobby Abreu's had a great afternoon. How about Mark Loretta?

- Unbelievable.

- He is 6 for 9. I'll tell you another guy who's had a great day is Manny Ramirez. He goes up sees one pitch. Bang! Base hit.

- And that and that home run was the, uh, gift pitch don't forget too.

- Right. Thank you Sam.

- My pleasure.

- Gift pitch. I like that.

- You're welcome anytime. David Ortiz takes outside. So Boston scores three more. Boston's scored in every inning 1-3, 1-2, 1-3 and they have a 10-7 lead here in the bottom of the fifth. Ortiz has doubled, struck out and had an RBI ground out, pops it foul back. And the count 1 and 1.

- Well, you know, you you touched on it a minute ago and Brian Bruney got a taste of American League yesterday. But this this is different. I don't care who you are, you come in your first time and you're in this park in the middle of Yankees Red Sox, totally sold out and you're facing David Ortiz.

- Here's the 1-1. Caught on a miss. Major League fastball up. Major League did I say? 96. And that was thrown in a great spot. Ortiz has more trouble with pitches up than he does down. Down he drops the bat head on it with that great power and hits it out into any part of the ballpark. It'll be a 1-2, high fastball 2 and 2.

- I was talking to Ron Guidry about Brian Bruney and I I think he's gonna get a a shot here. Um when he got injured, he always just threw hard stuff but it was his walk ratio... Ron Guidry told me that in the minor leagues he had 100 innings and 80 walks. Hard to pitch like that.

- Here's the 2-2. Pop foul back. So the count holds 2 and 2.

- When the Yankees acquired him after the Diamondbacks, um got rid of him, they signed him and they sent him down to Tampa to work with Gil Patterson who, uh, is a great pitching coach and is now down in Tampa working there. He was pitching coach at Columbus, pitching coach for the Blue Jays for a while a great pitcher by himself and worked out

mechanics and Guidry said that Gil smoothed him out so that he's not just raring back and throwing now, that he's starting to pitch.

- The 2-2. Outside. 3 and 2.

- And that is something you have to teach young pitchers and Bruney's still in his early to mid-twenties. You got an arm like that, you try and smooth it out a little bit and refine it and that's what Gil Patterson did with Brian Bruney and they hope that works up here.

- It'll be a 3-2 to Big Papi. Pitch is fouled, tipped at home plate. Fasano bangs his hand into his mitt, angry that he didn't hang on. The runner Loretta was going. A baseball guy -- and I can't think who it was... I talked to so many people today -- couldn't believe that Arizona would release a guy with an arm like that. If you have an arm like that you can work with it.

- Oh, there must've been other things that we don't know. How could anybody release Bobby Jenks?

- Oh, that's true. And Andrew Sisco.

- Yep.

- Here's the payoff. Inside. Ball four. First walk given up by Bruney third by Yankee pitching and here is Manny Ramírez who in the second game has singled, doubled and singled and Suzyn, I don't think he's taken a pitch.

- I know... well, you don't really... Manny is, uh... can hit from anywhere. He got... he does have a great eye but he can hit on all four quadrants, he can hit high balls, he can hit them low. He sees a ball he likes and it's a fastball and he'll smack it. 3 for 3, two singles, a double, two RBIs and a run scored.

- 1 for 2 in the first game, a homer and an RBI. And takes a strike. Loretta at second Ortiz at first with only one out in the inning, the fifth, Boston's already scored three times. They've taken a 10-7 lead. Now, the 0-1. Just missed outside. The count 1 and 1.

- Manny got the 1500 RBI on August 3rd. Only the 45th player in major league history.

- Now, the 1-1 inside. The count 2 and 1.

- I would think, John, wouldn't you, that Joe Torre and Ron Guidry also want to see how Brian Bruney reacts in this kind of situation. New to the team, new to the league and right in the middle of Yankees Red Sox.

- Here he is, the second day on the job. And it'll be a 2-1 to Manny. He swings and misses a slider. And the count 2 and 2. There's a left-hand hitter Eric Hinske up on deck. But right now Bruney has a lot to worry about at home plate, Manny. Loretta at second, Ortiz at first. The 2-2. Hit on the ground to short, off Jeter's glove to left field. Loretta rounds third. Melky fires home. He's gonna be a dead duck. Another outfield assist for... they're going back to first. Manny is safe. Melky Cabrera guns down another runner. I think he must lead in outfield assists and Melky has such a good arm. Wow! It was a hot shot off Jeter's glove to left. Cabrera came up throwing and I mean, and Loretta was a dead duck. He never got to home plate. Fasano blocked the plate. Fasano had the ball waiting for him. So, give Ramírez another base hit to left and Loretta is out 7-2. Ortiz went to second. Two on, two out, here's Eric Hinske. And the pitch is fouled away, third base side.

- And one of the best things about that play was, Melky threw the ball, it was right on target, almost on the plate. And that's what, uh, Lee Mazzilli works with when he works with an outfielder. Ya throw the ball so that it's not high so it... so that... they way Fasano's throwing to second. So it's on the plate, so the runner has to go into your glove.

- The pitch is low. Well that was such a great throw by Melky. You can see that right in front of you. And Fasano was able to catch it and he was waiting and he dropped down -- Fasano did -- in front of home plate and Loretta had not where to go, I mean, he never got to home plate. Here's the 1-1. Fastball high and tight, count 2 and 1.

- And all these people that are throwing now, in a way when Posada plays, when he throws to second base now it's on the ground so that you don't have to move the glove. That's what Melky did. On the ground. Fasano didn't even have to move.

- That was a great throw. I don't know how many assists he has -- 11 or 12 -- but he is amazing. The 2-1 high, 3 and 1.

- He's got 12...

- ... says Carlos Silva.

- And he would know.

- Our prolific producer and engineer. It'll be a 3-1. The pitch cut on and missed. He threw the fastball by him, the count 3 and 2.

- That's a 96 mile an hour fastball. Good spot. 96 miles an hour.

- Ortiz off second and Ramirez off first. Manny 4 for 4 in the nightcap. The pitch fouled back. Do you know that Ortiz snuck out to steal third and Manny behind him. Amazing.

- Heh heh heh...

- Ortiz is very very popular and as he slowed down, he just grabbed A-Rod around the waist and then circled around him and headed back towards second. 3 runs are in in the bottom of the fifth. There are two outs. It'll be a 3-2 to Hinske, 0 for 3 in the nightcap. And Bruney deals fouled back. So the count 3 and 2. And Ortiz... they're running 3 and 2... I kind of missed that. And Ortiz is doing the same thing with A-Rod.

- Heh heh heh heh. He has such a good time playing. These two play their own game, don't they? Ortiz and Manny?

- When you're talented...

- ...yes. And when you produce at every turn.

- So again they'll be off on the 3-2 pitch. Now the payoff grounded foul. Hah hah hah hah hah. And Ortiz did the same thing. He's running -- they have to run 3-2, two out -- and he gets to A-Rod and he stops and he uses A-Rod to change his momentum to go back the other way. Puts his arm around his waist, circles around him...

- Hah hah hah hah hah...

- Once again, it'll be a 3-2. High ball 4, they're loaded up. So bases loaded, two outs. And here is Wily Mo Peña. Now, not to get overly dramatic, but this, to this point, could be the most important batter in the game. Yankees are only down by three in this ballpark, please but a base hit by Peña, it'd be a five run lead and an extra base hit for Boston to blow it open. Bruney deals. Peña takes a strike and the count 0 and 1.

- And no movement at all in the Yankee pen. They're gonna see if Bruney can get through this.

- The 0-1, cut on and missed with a fastball clocked at 95 up. I like the fact that he throws high fastballs.

- Um hum.

- Something in on top of that. I mean, you throw that hard. It'll be an 0-2 to Peña. High curve fastball and the count 1 and 2. It'll be a 1-2 to Peña. Swung on, popped foul, first base side, out of play. You know, in this inning, this is what Boston's done: against Villone, walk, single, single. And against Bruney, ground out singled, walked, singled, walked. That's a lot of base runners, but one of the outs came when Melky threw out Loretta. Pitch. He struck him out, swing, slider, down and away. Boston takes the lead. They get three runs on four hits

and leave three. And now at the end of five innings of play, it's 10-7 Boston on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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Today we have Leon Carter, sports editor of The Daily News in the studio. Leon, what's your lineup for the All-stars?

Well, I got Mike Lupica leading off, John Pauperson, Dick Siegel and Bill Madden in cleanup. In the bottom of the lineup is the strongest and toughest with Lisa Olsen, Anthony McCarren, Peter Botti, Adam Ruben and Philip Bondy. And of course, our DH Phil Gallo always gets a hit. That's some lineup. It's our All-star sports writing team. That's why the Daily News keeps getting voted the number one sports section in New York.

Sounds like you've got a lot to celebrate.

And we are celebrating by we giving four free Yankee tickets when you sign up for the Daily News now for just \$1.99 a week. You get the Daily News delivered to your home seven days a week and you get the best sports writing team in town. And you also get four free Yankees tickets. How do I sign up? Just call 1 800 531 1367.

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Cannot be combined with any other offer.

Yankees highlights are just the beginning. Sports at fifteen and forty-five past the hour on WCBS.

- We got to the, um, top of the sixth. Julian Tavarez has a three-run lead and faces Jeter who takes a breaking ball, strike.

- Time now for the injury report, sponsored by the Napoli Bern Ripka, the voice of experience in personal injury law. Call 888 LAW IN NY.

- Here's the 0-1 from Tavarez. And Jeter hits a hot shot to second grabbed by Loretta. Throws to first. One away.

- Yankees have placed twelve players on the DL, thirteen times in 2006. Besides, uh, Cairo, Posano, Matsui, Sturtze, Sheffield and Razner, who are on there now, also Aaron Small, Sean Chacon, Bubba Crosby, Robi Cano and Octavio Dotel.

- There's Bobby Abreu, who is two for three on the day in the second game, he was four for five the first game. So he and Damon have had great, great days as have had Manny Ramirez. And there's the pitch Abreu takes a strike. In the second game Abreu has flied out, doubled and singled, he's knocked in two. Now, Tavarez comes set. Here's the 0-1. Fastball. High, outside and the count 1 and 1. Abreu has provided vital signs, the vital signs sponsored by Amino Vital, the official amino acid sports supplement drink of the New York Yankees. Now Tavarez holds his hands just above the belt. And the 1-1 fouled back. In the

double header, Abreu is now six for eight with a walk. No, he certainly has given the Yanks vital signs. Craig Hansen is starting to warm in the Boston bull pen.

- And it's still, amazing, every time you think of how seamlessly Bobby Abreu has made the transition into this clubhouse and into this lineup. New league, new team.

- It'll be a 1-2 to Abreu. He struck him out swinging, two away.

- Eh, you know what else, John? I keep thinking about, uh, all the time people were saying, we heard people writing in the press, well you don't need to go get a big, um, right fielder or big a slugger or big a player, whatever, because when Matsui and Sheffield come back, as if they were coming back tomorrow, and the longer this goes on and the less likely it looks like either one of them are gonna be back.

- And and that notwithstanding, they have Abreu. He's such a terrific player. I mean, Joe loves him. He's such a terrific player in every way, he does everything right. He fits seamlessly into this lineup. They have him.

- Yep.

- Ah, he's only 31 or 32. He'll be a Yankee for several years.

- Here's A-Rod with two outs. And takes a breaking ball, strike. Alex has walked, popped up and singled. 2 for 5 with two RBIs in the first game.

- And Tavaraz, who generally has a terrible time with the strike zone has certainly found it in the sixth inning.

- Yeah, he has pitched really well, he's gone two and a third. The pitch there's a strike and the count 0 and 2. Well if you had asked any Yankee or Joe Torre, would they take 19 runs and 26 hits in two games, they'd say yes. They didn't know they were gonna have the pitching problems in the second game, but maybe they did.

- Well maybe if you were playing a different team too it would stand up.

- There'll be an 0-2 to A-Rod. And a little ground ball towards second. Loretta fields and throws out Alex and that'll do it. 1-2-3 go the Yanks in the sixth. At the end of five and a half, it's 10-7 Boston on the Yanks Radio Network.

Baseball players sure do a lot of waiting. Waiting for their turn at bat, waiting for someone to hit it to center field, waiting for the pitcher and the catcher to finish talking about whatever they're talking about. They wait so much we think they must like it. I mean, what is wrong with these people? At UPS, we know our customers hate waiting so we've made our ground shipping faster than ever. In many cases, we can deliver in under 48 hours. If you like waiting, well, there's baseball. Or those other shipping companies. UPS. What can brown do for you?

Real men of genius.

Today we salute you, Mr. Enormous SUV Driver. Your mammoth machine strikes the perfect balance between the towing capacity of a tractor-trailer and the sleek styling of a tractor-trailer.

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Fill 'er up.

So truck on home and grab a Bud Lite, Enormous SUV Guy.

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Hey fans, it's Yankees time again. Perfect time to pick up Black Bear beef franks at ShopRite. Black Bear beef franks deliver the snap and taste New Yorkers appreciate. So if you love franks with your

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- Let's take ten seconds for station ID on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

Yankees on 880. News on WCBS880.com. On air and online. We've got you covered. WCBS, New York.

- Now we go to the bottom of the sixth inning, Boston has a 10-7 lead and Brian Bruney is out there to pitch another inning. And he has to pitch well if the Yanks are to have a chance to come back. They're down by 3. That certainly is doable but...

- Scoreboard update sponsored by Foxwoods Resorts Casino, the wonder of it all in Mystic Country, Connecticut. Four finals in the American League... -

- Coco Crisp leads off and takes a strike.

- ...Kansas City beat Oakland 7 to 1. Luke Hudson with the win, Joe Blanton with the loss. Baltimore with a 7 to 2 victory over Toronto. Chris Benson with the win, Scott Downes with the loss. Texas with a 2 to 1 victory over Detroit. Kevin Millwood goes to 12 innings and Zach Miner takes the loss. He is 7 and 4

- Crisp take the pitch outside. Coco, batting left-handed against the right-hander Bruney, is 1 for 2 with a walk. He reached on an error as well. He's been on-base all three times.

- Tampa Bay has defeated Cleveland 6 to 5.

- Now the right-hander Bruney is set. Here's the 1-1. Cut on a miss. 2 and 5 and the count 1 and 2.

- They're going to the top of the ninth at the Metrodome. The Twins lead the White Sox 7 to 3. These are big games by the White Sox. Twins in Detroit for the last two weeks. And in the second game, 1 to 1, Oakland and Kansas City -- they're at Kansas City -- they're in the top of the eighth.

- Crisp hits a pop foul, third base side, it'll make the seats.

- Just underway Angels and Mariners. Angels scored one in the bottom of the first. They lead 1 to nothing, that's Jared Weaver. In the National League, all finals, St. Louis beat Chicago 11 to 3. Jason Marquis with the win, Carlos Marmol with the loss. Washington over the Phillies 6 to 4. Mets beat Colorado 6 to 3...

- The pitch to Crisp is cut on and missed. So Bruney strikes out Crisp, 1 away.

- ...Steve Trachsel goes to 12 and 5 with the victory. Byung-Hyun Kim takes the loss, he is 7 and 8. A 7 to 3 victory Pirates over Cincinnati. Ian Snell with the win, Chris Michalik with the loss. Uh-huh. Excuse me. Atlanta with a 6 to 1 win over Florida. Tim Hudson beat Scott Olsen.

- Now one away, here's Doug Mirl... Mirabelli. He is 1 for 3. A right-hand hitter. And Bruney deals and there's a strike on the outside corner.

- They're going to the bottom of the ninth in Milwaukee, all tied up 2 apiece. Milwaukee got their runs, one in the first, one in the fourth. Houston scored two in the second inning. San Diego leads Arizona in the third 3 to nothing.

- The 0-1 is low, outside.

- And the Dodgers are leading San Francisco 1 to nothing. They're in the bottom of the second inning in San Francisco.

- It'll be a 1-1 to Mirabelli as this game is about to hit three hours.

- Already?

- Pitch. There's a breaking ball strike.

- And the fine columnist from the Daily News Bill Madden has come to our booth to impart his wisdom on this thirteen hour day so far in the ballpark.

- He hasn't speeded up this game any, though.

- Heh heh heh.

- It'll be a 1-2 to Mirabelli. The pitch is grounded foul. Um you wanna give our fans a hint of mad mad mad mad mad world on Sunday? It is a mad mad mad mad mad world but...

- Mad mad world. Well, um we got a lot about the Dodgers. Ned Colletti's done a remarkable job over there and, um, the National League...

- Here's the 1-2. Caught on a miss and Bruney has... deserves a look because he can throw. That was clocked at 97. So you're gonna do a little bit on the Dodgers, then?

- Yeah.

- OK.

- No Yankees Red Sox? Not for Sunday. That's for tomorrow.

- Hmmm... Tomorrow? I think we're all writing opuses for tomorrow.

- Heh heh heh ah hum.

- Now two away and here's Alex Cora.

- Is there anybody at the paper? You're all here.

- Heh. Oh yeah, we have the entire sports department up here covering this series.

- The pitch to Cora is a strike and the count 0 and 1.

- Like a blanket, they say.

- Cora, who has good games against the Yanks, has walked and singled twice. The 0-1 is inside and the count 1 and 1. Two outs, no one on, bottom of the sixth, Boston with a 10-7 lead. Yankees won the opener 12-4. And Bruney's 1-1 is lined foul, down the right field line.

- Well, and what we've seen of Brian Bruney, and obviously two innings isn't a whole lot, but he looks like he is more in control wh... when Ron Guidry was telling me about him going down and working with Gil Patterson you know, that gives you hope because Gil Patterson is a... is as good with mechanics as anybody around.

- It'll be a 1-2 to Cora. And the fastball is high, the count is 2 and 2.

- Because it certainly doesn't matter if you're throwing 97 miles an hour, the thing is if your minor league totals is 100 innings and 80 walks that, uh, doesn't matter if it's 97 if it's out of the zone.

- Now the 2-2 fouled back. Craig Hanson is warming up, so he probably is coming in in the seventh. The Yankees have Cano, Wilson and Bernie Williams as the first three hitters due. Now the right-hander is set. It'll be a 2-2 to Cora. That's fouled off, so the count holds 2 and 2. A lot of pitches, a lot of runs.

- Well, if Bruney hits Cora here, it'll be the first inning all night that the Red Sox have not scored.

- Right. And also it'd be a 1-2-3 inning. Amazing. The pitch just missed inside and so the count 3 and 2.

- Well he's throwing a lot of pitches also. Brian Bruney's next pitch will be his 50th. Yankees had a... a 5-1 lead in the second, two outs and a runner on and Ponson walked Alex Cora -- The 3-2 fouled away -- and, boy, was that a mistake because Youkilis followed with an RBI and Loretta followed with a two-run double and all of a sudden it was 5-4. It was a ballgame again.

- Hey Bill Madden, Bill... quick question for you, yes or no. When Cory Lidle comes back does Sidney Ponson find himself out of work?

- Well, you know, I I was tr...

- Pitch to Cora, swung on, a little pop fly to shallow center. Damon coming on, coming on. It drops in for a base hit. So, a little bloop single for Cora... Yes, Bill?

- I wonder if there's ever been a double header in which pitchers from both teams got released after the games they pitched?

- Heh heh.

- Situations where pitchers were sent to the minors, you know, they were up for one start but we may have a case here of two veteran pitchers getting released who have held onto their clubs just for the purpose of this double header.

- Well it's possible because someone has to go when Lidle comes back and Bruney has showed he has a pretty good arm.

- And also Ponson is not gonna be able to pitch, he's not going to be any good to you for Saturday and Sunday and Lidle's back on Monday.

- Now here's the top of the order, Kevin Youkilis, a right-hand hitter. And the pitch is low. Youkilis is two for four on the night. Now Mike Myers is up in the Yankees bullpen. And if you're thinking ahead, you're right. He's there for Ortiz. Joe's trying to keep the game close trying, in case the Yankees have another rally in them. Here is the 1-0. It's low outside 2 and 0. Now the right-hander is set. It'll be a 2-0 to Youkilis and there's a strike. Youkilis takes a lot of pitches.

- Uh hmm.

- But Cora has... looks like a brilliant move by Terry Francona. He played Cora for Gonzalez in the second game and Cora has three hits and a walk. Now the 2-1. Runner goes, eh, no throw by Fasano. He... he lost the ball coming out of the glove. I think he had a great jump anyway, so the count 3 and 1.

- Yeah, Cora was off an running as Bruney went into his windup. He's not particularly quick to the plate either. And Cora was going as he started into that windup and he... You know, the Yankees starting pitchers, none of them are very quick to the plate. Bruney no different very slow, deliberate.

- Now Youkilis backs out.

- Kevin Youkilis, nicknamed the Greek God of Walks.

- And he's one pitch away from another walk. Cora dancing off second is bothering Bruney so Bruney steps off. Here's the 3-1 and it's low, so Youkilis walks so there's two on and two out.

- And here comes Joe Torre. Now I was just watching it. Mike Myers was up in in deeper, but he just got up. So let's see if he makes the uh, I see the door opening so I guess that is Mike Myers gonna come in right now so the pitching change is sponsored by Foxwoods Resorts Casio. The wonder of it all in Mystic Country Connecticut.

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Dah dah dah dah dah.

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—Well, Mike Myers is in. A batter, uh, earlier than one would think, uh, but he'll face Mark Loretta and then Big Papi. Mike Myers came in a third of an inning and got uh, David Ortiz in the first game, but, but... and now Joe Torre has no no choice here. You can't... you've gotta keep this game within reach and the last thing that, uh... you know, Joe Torre would rather see a hit than walking somebody. When he walked Youkilis, that was enough for Brian Bruney. And Brian Bruney threw 56 pitches. Now that's a lot for a couple of innings so... So Mike Myers will come in and face Mark Loretta, probably not a match up that, uh, he is very used to. Mike Myers with the fastball and the slider on deception, but when you have the right-hand batter, the deception goes out the window. And then it becomes a matter of, uh, timing the pitch which will be coming in and you can really see it if you're the right-handed batter. If you're standing on the right-handed, uh, side of that batter's box, you can see what Mike Myers is throwing and he doesn't hit 80. And the last time, uh, the last, uh, game he didn't hit 76. In 42 games and ERA of 2.53, 21 and a third innings in 42 games. 20 hits, 6 walks, and 16 strikeouts. And he was gotten by the Yankees to face David Ortiz, righties or not his forte. But he probably said he could come in because this bullpen is really strapped today. So Loretta digs in and it's outside outside with a slider, came in at 68 miles an hour. Now, the count is 0... 1 and, uh, 1 and 0.

—Loretta has banged out three hits in each game. Um, he's had quite a a double header. Hmmm... the pitch is a strike. The count 1 and 1. I just ran across Gordon Edes...

—Um hum.

—...of the Boston Globe. He says, amazing, the Yankees and the Red Sox in a double header. One team pitches Jason Johnson, the other pitches Sidney Ponson.

—Hah hah. I guess that's going to be the story line in the... in the New York papers and the D... and the Boston papers.

—You'd better believe it.

—Isn't that somethin'?

—The 1-1 upside and the count 2 and 1.

—You know it really is amazing that the dearth of pitching in this league that this is what, uh, this is what the Yankees Red Sox is today in a double header. It's amazing.

—Now, Myers deals and it's grounded foul outside of third and the count 2 and 2. Very rarely has Myers ever called in to face a right-hand hitter but I guess they figured that Bruney had exhausted himself.

—Well, 56 pitches I would say. Oh, now he's unavailable now for uh, a while. 56 pitches is a lot.

—Especially when you haven't pitched that much, huh?

—Uh huh.

—Here's the 2-2 outside 3 and 2. David Ortiz on deck. Cora leads off second, Youkilis leads off first, two out bottom of the sixth. Myers deals swung on and lined to center. Damon toward right center, makes the catch and ends the inning. No runs, one hit, two left. And now, at the end of six innings of play, it's 10-7 Boston on the Yanks Radio Network.

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- Well, 22 year-old Craig Hanson, Red Sox first round pick last year, the pride of St. Johns University from Glen Cove, Long Island, is in for the Red Sox. 22 years old. I remember when he was, uh, drafted by the Red Sox and the Red Sox were thrilled, thrilled, I tell you, that the Yankees did not take him. They could've taken him and didn't want to and some of the scouts were saying, you know, this kid'll be in Fenway Park in September and he was last year. And maybe rushed a little bit this year, he could've used some seasoning. Number one pick last year out of St. Johns. He throws hard 90 to 97 miles an hour sinking fastball, slider, curve and a changeup.

- Oh here are the numbers on Brian Bruney: two innings, no runs, three hits, three strikeouts, three walks. And the numbers on Tavarez: two and a third, no runs, two hits, two strikeouts, no walks. He pitched very well for Boston. The Red Sox have a 10-7 lead, we're in the seventh. And Robbie Cano takes a pitch inside. Well, it's time for the Yankees Power Report brought to you by Indian Point Energy Center, the region's most reliable source of electric power. Johnny Damon has been the power for the Yankees. He has hit a home run in each ballgame. He now has 20 home runs on the year and 66 RBIs. Pitch, a strike from Hanson. You know, I think that ties his career high in home runs, 20.

- Mmmmm...

- Boston with a 10-7 lead in the nightcap, Yankees won the opener 12-4. The pitch to Cano is a strike.

- Eh, not that this is over by any shot. Yankees still have three more sh... shots at it. Craig Hanson has been very hittable, another one of the youngsters that had great, great talent, great, great promise, is being rushed because they really are strapped for pitching. Probably should spend... you know, you know, a year ago at this time or a little... more than a year ago, he was pitching for St. Johns.

- Now the 1-2 is outside and the count 2 and 2. That fastball clocked at 96.

- Last eight appearances -- been used a lot -- last eight appearances he's got an ERA of 8, 11 hits and 10 runs in nine innings.

- Cano backs out. Robbie has doubled in three trips, knocked in a run. Now the right-hander deals ur... grounded foul. One thing, Suzyn, the Yankees didn't have problems with, was facing a pitcher they had never seen before. They had very few problems with Lester.

- Right. That's right. Just... now he, um, you know he didn't... he doesn't... usually... usually they have trouble with, with the lefties that change speeds...

- Right.

- ... and hits spots. He throws hard.

- Right. I would agree with that. That's a good point. They have trouble with the off-speed pitchers. Here is the 2-2. Hit hard on the ground to short fielded by Cora who throws out Cano, one away.

- This certainly is why if this game holds up like this, 10-7. Nothing stays in this ballpark for either team. But that's why it's so important when you -- it's so hard to win double headers -- and that's why it's so important to get the first game. Joe Torre was talking about that between games.

- And that's also why teams do everything they can to avoid double headers.

- Mmm hmmm.

- Now Jason Giambi will hit for Craig Wilson and he'll go in and play first base. Wilson was 0 for 2 with a walk. The pitch to Jason is inside. Jason had a very good first game. He had 2 hits and 2 walks and knocked in two runs. The pitch, a high pop down on the left field line outside of play. We are coming to you live from the Loews broadcast booth let's build something together. We're in the top of the seventh, one out, no one on, the Yankees are trailing 10-7 in the nightcap which is what I need. The pitch is outside.

- Twenty after eleven in the seventh inning, I don't think so.

- Now the count 2 and 1 on Jason.

- And the remainder of the weekend, tomorrow we might just stay here and start the game pretty soon. Josh Beckett and Randy Johnson.

- Giambi takes outside, 3 and 1. Overshift is on. Well, I know both teams will say the same thing, both managers. You know, we want length out of our starters because our bullpens are exhausted. One thing odd about the Yanks... it'll be a 3-1 outside ball 4, Jason's on... one thing is, is odd, if the Yankees don't make a charge here, they probably won't use Farnsworth or Rivera. It's so odd being a closer. They have the greatest closer in the world, you never have to lead you never use him and in the first game why would you use him at 12-4, they didn't use either of them. But the Yankees gonna try to make a charge, they've got a runner on with one out. Here's Bernie and Posada is on deck to hit for Fasano. The Yankees have so many pitchers, but they only have three men on the bench, so they're using their bench right here. Bernie takes the strike. Bernie has walked, grounded out and doubled. So Giambi gets a one out walk. Now the right-hander Hanson deals 0-1 and the pitch is low. Hanson's a big fella. What is he about 6'4", 6'5"?

- He is 6'6", 210. 22 years old.

- Is he from the New York area?

- From Glen Cove.

- Oh! Very good! On our network we have stations that have never heard of Glen Cove. It's on the north...

- Hah hah hah...

- ... shore of Long Island. It's a very lovely town. It'll be a 1-1. There's a strike and the count 1 and 2.

- And yeah, he was a Yankee fan growing up. This might be one that got away. Passed on by the Yankees, they drafted C.J. Henry instead and the Red Sox got Craig Hanson.

- The 1-2 a little tapper toward first and it is a fair ball or a a foul ball? A Foul ball.

- Well, you almost couldn't for a minute, cause Yo... uh, Hinske got the ball and stopped. Bernie stopped. And the umpire stopped. They were halfway up the line, the three of them.

- Well, he fielded it. His glove was on the foul side of the line. I didn't see any umpire make any notation that it was foul.

- But I mean, yeah, hmmm...

- Everybody's stopped. It'll be a 1-2 to Bernie. Now Hanson deals lined hard, base hit, right field. Giambi goes to second and holds on. So, there's another base hit for Bernie left-handed. I don't know how it's all gonna shake out Suzyn, and obviously you don't, no one does. I hope there's a spot for Bernie next year. He can still play. He gets a lot of hits.

- Well, I don't know why they're... I really don't know why there wouldn't be. A switch hitting outfielder. He can DH, he can play a little center, if need be, he can play right, if need be. And he can obviously still hit. He told us that at, uh, inspring training, I can still play. He can still play. And Joe knows that.

- He was hitting .280 coming in. He had his 2 for 3 and tonight on his weaker side, the left side, he hit a line drive double to the center field fence and from there he hit to right. Here is Posada to hit for Fasano. And you know what Posada is? He is the tying run.

- Hmmm. Oh my gosh.

- Posada for three. Mike Timlin gets up in the Boston bullpen. The pitch to Posada is low.

- Another milestone for Bernie. This one I, I... uh, missed. That was single number 1,531. You know who he just tied on the all-time list who's number one? Lou Gehrig.

- And he needs only one more single. He has... and then he'll have more singles than any other Yankee player in history.

- Oh my goodness.

- It'll be a 1-0 to Posada. That pitch is low and the count 2 and 0. Posada caught the first game was 0 for 4 with a walk. Fasano was 0 for 3 when he was in there. As I said Posada is the tying run. It's 10-7 Boston, 2 on and one out. Melky Cabrera on deck. And the right-hander deals high, and the count 3 and 0. You know, it's easy to say he's the tying run, which means if he hits a three-run homerun... But if Hanson throws one more bad pitch the Yanks will have the bases loaded and they'll have two really good hitters coming up, Melky and Johnny Damon... It'll be a 3-0 to Posada. The pitch strike. And a base hit, if that happens, and Posada has to get the walk first the Yankees'd be a base hit from being right back in the game.

- Absolutely. Hanson's been very hittable lately. He's allowed a run in the last of his five outings, but I already said 11 hits and 10 runs in nine innings over the last eight games.

- Here's the 3-1. Swung on. Base hit left field. Giambi will only go to third. As Ramírez threw the, heh heh heh, ball in. Giambi was just hitting third. So Posada, a little inside out swing smacked it between third and short, so walk, single, single. And, and believe me, I'm not knocking Giambi. If the Yankees had whoever you think their fastest player... If Johnny Damon was at second, he would have only gotten to third. Ramírez played so shallow, that is all now for Craig Hanson.

Anyways, the Yankees have bases loaded, one out, and a base hit could make it 10-9.

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Hey Mike! Over here in the dugout! I wanted you to steal second on the next pitch, but don't tell anybody. Otherwise they might throw you out.

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- And 40 year old Mike Timlin in. He's, uh, 5 and 2, ERA of 3.13, 48 games, two saves, forty-six innings, 45 hits, 12 walks, 22 strikeouts. Now 40 years old. So 18 years older than Craig Hanson. Heh heh heh.

- Hah hah ha.

- But I'm sure he'll still be thrilled that I said that.

- Ha ha ha ha.

- Heh heh... it's amazing, isn't it?

- Well, Hanson just works a third of an inning and gives up two hits and one walk. So the Yankees have the bases loaded, at one out and they got two shots at a base hit that would bring 'em right back in the game. Boston, obviously, wants this game so they're hopin' that Timlin can get 'em through the seventh and into the eighth and then if they have to use Papelbon for four or five outs, I'm sure that they would. But Timlin is the next step to Papelbon and then there won't be anyone else coming in. Now the Yankees have the bases loaded, one out. They need a base hit. Melky has singled twice and walked. He stands in at .290. He's a switch hitter batting left. Giambi at third, Bernie at second, Posada at first with one out. And the fastball is inside, 1 and 0. Timlin's 40 but he still throws hard. He throws fastballs and sliders primarily. We're in the seventh. Now, the right-handed Timlin is set. The pitch is a strike and the count 1 and 1, fastball on the inside corner. Now the right-hander deals there's a strike on the inside corner and the count 1 and 2. Everything has been in to Cabrera. He missed with one, got two strikes, and now ahead 1 and 2. Bases loaded, one out in the seventh, Boston with at 10-7 lead. Yankees trying to get back in the game. Now the 1-2, fouled made contact on a 92 mile-an-hour fastball. Let's take a ten second station I.D. on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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- John Sterling, Suzyn Waldman at Fenway Park. It'll be a 1-2 to Cabrera and the pitch foul ball popped back, so the count holds at 1 and 2. Both bullpens are quiet. As I mentioned, Timlin, they hope, is gonna be the step to Papelbon. Runners lead from every base. Now the

right-hander is set. Here's the 1-2. Outside and the count 2 and 2. Fastball took off.

- Steady array of fastballs 91, 92 and 93, cuts it now and comes in with that slider.

- Johnny Damon on deck. It'll be a 2-2 to Melky. Low inside, 3 and 2. So now Melky's in the driver's seat. Pretty, good at bat. Now he's in the driver's seat. If Timlin has to throw a strike. He doesn't want to force in a run, that he really does not want to do. It'll be a 3-2 from Timlin to Cabrera, bases loaded, one out, top of the seventh. The pitch swung on, fouled back and the count holds at 3 and 2. His fastball up and away, Melky got a piece.

- And a pretty good at bat by Melky. He really has an idea there. He really sees the ball, hits the ball, got a piece of it there, as John said. Very impressive.

- All year long he's gotten big hits for the Yanks, lead inning hits. See if he can get one more. The payoff swung on and lined! It is a base hit right field! Giambi scores and they'll hold everyone else up. Ball was hit too hard. Shame on you, Melky.

- Heh heh heh.

- Now Melky comes through again with another base hit and an RBI and the Yankees trail 10-8 and the bases loaded, one out for Johnny Damon.

- And Wily Mo Peña was playing in. He wasn't playing far back at all and he charged that and there was no way that anybody but Giambi could have scored. That was just hit too hard. You're absolutely right. That was a shot.

- The 39th RBI for Cabrera. So Melky has three hits and a walk in the nightcap and here's Johnny Damon who has singled, singled, homered, knocked in four and struckout. Bases loaded, one out. Pitch low, 1 and 0. You could've, as they say, hung the wash out on that line drive by Melky Hit so hard that Bernie couldn't score from second. He had no chance. So it's 10-8 bases loaded, one out. And Timlin deals a strike on the outside corner. From their days before they were teammates, Damon is 0 for 12 against him.

- Hmmm...

- Bernie is at third, Posada's at second, Cabrera's at first. Timlin holds to set now the 1-1. Swung on, a high pop down the left field line and it is caught by Manny, no advance, it was very shallow. So two away and that'll bring up Jeter.

- And a round of applause from the Fenway faithful. Somebody finally got Johnny Damon out in a thick spot.

- Well, I think Damon has had a pretty good night anyway. Here is Jeter. He also has terrible numbers against Timlin, 3 for 20. Timlin's been a very tough pitcher over the years.

- You know, Timlin you could understand being so tough in... on Jeter. I I was startled when I saw Damon's numbers.

- Yeah.

- Against a lefty? I would think he would see that unless he throws him an array of cutters. I wonder how Mariano's cutters work on lefties, that might look... be what he does. He's been a really good pitcher for a very long time, Timlin.

- Oh, here's Jeter with the bases loaded, two outs. Derek is 0 for 4 in the nightcap. He was 3 for 6 in the opener. Bases loaded, two down. And the right-hander Timlin set, deals and the pitch is low and away, 1 and 0. Runners lead. It'll be a 1-0 to Jeter. Breaking ball, strike, and the count 1 and 1. The Yankees do have 8 runs, 13 hits in the nightcap and they are losing but they, they certainly have done their share. Timlin just staring it now, you said. It'll be a 1-1 to Jeter and that's fouled off, first base side and the count 1 and 2.

- Mike Timlin turns 40 in March. Came up as a rookie with, uh, Toronto. He was their number 5 pick out of Southwestern University. That's Texas way back in 1987, 19 years ago, Mike Timlin was drafted by the Blue Jays and a fine, fine career.

- Now Timlin deals. Fouled off by Jeter, fastball up and in and with that inside out swing stayed alive.

- And my favorite story, John, about about Timlin. When he was a rookie he got the final out in one of the Blue Jay's World Series when he was a rookie and I remember talking to him, asking him, I said, were you nervous and he said, no. What did you think of when you came in as a rookie? and he said, I pretended I was in Dunedin.

- Heh heh heh heh

- Dunedin the spring training home of the Blue Jays and their A ball team.

- It'll be a 1-2 low, outside. Well the count 2 and 2. Timlin throwing cutters and sliders so the ball moves. Jeter has his buddies Bernie Williams at third, Jorge Posada at second Melky Cabrera at first with two outs in the seventh. Yankees have scored a run, they trail 10-8. Now Timlin is set. The pitch inside, almost hit him and the count 3 and 2.

- Very disciplined at bat by Derek Jeter.

- Well now that would give Posada a chance to score on a hit anywhere but left field, he'll never score on a hit to left. You oughta see how shallow Manny Ramirez is playing. It's amazing. It'll be a 3-2 to Jeter. A walk forces in a run and brings up Abreu. The stretch, the 3-2 fouled back, threw a fastball over the plate up and Jeter fouled it back.

- He still has that good movement John, it moves at the... it crosses the plate, it really moves late like as the pitchers like to call it.

- Well once again, it'll be a 3-2, bases loaded, two out. They'll be running on the pitch here in the seventh. The pitch swung on and lined, there's a base hit to right field toward the right field corner! Two runs score! On his way to third is Melky! They're gonna send him! Here he comes! No throw! It's a double for Jeter and Jeter gets back to second base. It is a bases clearing, three-run double by Jeter on a 3-2 pitch with two outs in the seventh. And the Yankees have come all the way back to take an 11-10 lead! How do you like that Jeter?! He hit a line drive down the right field line and all three runs scored.

- Going the other way as he does so well. Wily Mo Peña goes to try and cut this off, it bounced off his glove. He had trouble picking it up, he's got a very good arm, but by the time the relay throw came in to Youkilis, the third run had already scored and he threw to second and Jeter just got back!

- Now they'll walk Abreu go after Alex Rodriguez. An intentional walk coming up to Abreu. For Jeter the three-run double gives him 75 RBIs. A lot of RBIs out of the two hole, huh? So Abreu will walk. And now the Yankees get their bullpen up. Myers will pitch to Ortiz and then they'll go to Farnsworth, I guess.

- Yeah that's Farnsworth up, out there. It's amazing. See? It's not enough. Ten runs are not enough.

- And look what the Yankees have done in this double header.

- Mmmm...

- Well, they scored 12 runs in the first game and 11 runs in the second game. Well here's A-Rod with two on and two out. Alex is one for three in the second game two for five in the first. Well, what a big hit by Jeter, huh?

- Mmm hmm.

- And a big hit by Melky. The pitch, cut on and missed. And the count 0 and 1 on Alex.

- And that's why everyone at Yankee Stadium yelled MVP when Jeter comes up. They're think... paying attention, they know what he's done he's done all year.

- Yanks now with an 11-10 lead but... a long way to go. The pitch. Hit on the ground over third. Base hit down the left field line kicking off the stands away from Ramirez! Scoring is Jeter, on his way to third is Abreu. A-Rod goes to second. No throw. It is a base hit and an RBI for Alex Rodriguez and the Yankees now take a 12-10 lead. It was a hot shot over the bag at third and I guess if it goes in the corner, Abreu had a better chance to score. The ball hit the stands that jut out, kicked out to Ramirez but away from him and so Abreu goes to third, A-Rod to second. It's a single and he goes to second on the throw. It's RBI single. So Jeter scores, Abreu goes to third, A-Rod takes second on the throw and now here is Robbie Cano who began the inning. You know what one thing? Boston doesn't really have any options. This is the time they wanted to set up Papelbon. So second and third, two out, here's Cano. The pitch low inside and the count 1 and 0.

- And getting ready in the Red Sox bullpen in a hurry is Keith Foulke, who just was reinstated from the DL this afternoon, between games.

- The Yankees had a five-run second, they now have a five-run seventh. They had a two-run fourth and they have twelve runs for the second time today. The pitch to Cano lined hard. Base hit! Right center field! Scoring is Abreu! Scoring is A-Rod! Cano holds at first. It's a two-run base hit for Cano. The Yankees have scored seven runs in the seventh inning and they take a 14-10 lead. Is that amazing? Is that utterly amazing? Timlin has gotten racked. Dave Wallace, the pitching coach goes out. A single by Cabrera and after Damon flied to shallow left, Jeter a three-run double, Abreu an intentional walk, A-Rod an RBI single, and Cano a two run single and the Yankees have seven in the inning and a 14 to 10 lead.

- And with this bullpen, I was just looking at some of the Red Sox stats and they're... this bullpen has... is really overworked and they're getting shelled. Uh, Mike Timlin has given up 11 earned runs in the last 18 innings of the seventeen games. I mean, that's not Timlin-like. That's what happens when you get overworked and your missing pieces of your bullpen. Foulke's been gone most of the year, Papelbon has hit a little bit of a wall. He's had an awful lot of innings. Remember, he's a rookie also.

- You know there was one out, no one on. Cano grounded out to start the inning. The Yankees put up Giambi, who takes a, uh, slider inside 1 and 0. They put Giambi up. Might as well use your players. Giambi walked. Then Bernie singled. Well, they put up Posada for Fasano. He singled. And Timlin came in the game and he has gotten racked. So a runner at first, two out, the pitch to Giambi lined hard, fouled outside the pitch. And the count 1 and 1.

- He's fooling no one. That was a rip that Giambi had. Just a little early on it.

- Now the Yankees have taken a 14 to 10 lead and they have a chance now to sweep the double header. Myers will get Ortiz and I gather Farnsworth will come in try to get them through the eighth. Pitch. Grounded foul first base side. Let me put it this way I think Farnsworth would have the seventh and he would start the eighth and if he had problems Mariano would come in. Now that's... what a rally, huh?

- Mmm hmm.

- That's a pretty fabulous rally. A lot of big two out hits here. It'll be a 1-2 to Giambi. The pitch, swung on, a high pop to shallow left. The third baseman is out and Ukules makes the catch. But the Yankees -- as the Red Sox get booed -- the Yankees get seven runs on six hits and leave one and now at the end of six and a half innings of play, the Yankees 14, Boston 10 here on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

People are constantly trying to get your attention. And sometimes that can be done with a single voice.

People are constantly trying to get your attention. And sometimes that can be done with a single voice.

Dah dah dah dah.

You might pay more attention if more voices were raised in unison.

Dah dah dah dah.

That's because more often people tell you something, the more likely you are to remember it.

Dah dah dah dah dah. Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah.

So, if I am the only one...

Dah dah dah dah.

...to tell you that no gasoline was rated higher in quality than AMOCO you might be impressed. But chances are, if I told you that drivers in annual surveys across the nation rated AMOCO fuels number one in quality...

Dah dah dah dah dah.

...you'd really be impressed. And that's what happened year after year. AMOCO fuels are rated number one.

Dah dah dah dah dah.

So now, you don't just have to take my word for it.

Dah dah dah dah dah.

You can take theirs as well. When it comes to high quality gasoline, go with AMOCO fuels at BP.

When you don't signal properly, bad things can happen.

Hey Mike! Over here in the dugout! I wanted you to steal second on the next pitch, but don't tell anybody. Otherwise they might throw you out.

Good plan, coach! He'll never know what hit him.

As you can see, proper signaling is important. It's even more important when you're driving. That's why Allstate encourages safe driving with deductible rewards. Part of your choice auto insurance. Only from Allstate. For every year of safe driving, you earn \$100 off your deductible. Another year, another hundred off, up to \$500, which means it pays to play it safe. It's time to make the world a better place to drive. With Allstate there, you are in good hands. Hey Yankee fans, call agent Beth Hamlin at 631-277-1700 today. You'll get \$100 off your deductible the day you sign up. Feature is optional and subject to terms, conditions and availability. Deductible awards apply to collision coverage in Pennsylvania and New York. Deductible amount will not go below \$100. Allstate Property Casualty and Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois.

- Well Mike Myers is coming in to start the bottom of the seventh and he will face Big Papi and Myers is... I'm looking to see if Farnsworth is just starting to throw now. He threw a little bit in the other ring but he was just standing around home mostly as Myers now takes his warmups to Jorge Posada.

- Well, I have trouble always with numbers and figuring this out. You should've seen my scorecard. Hanson goes a third of an inning and gives up three runs on two hits and a walk. So that meant that Timlin... well, he isn't done yet so we won't give you his numbers but

if he would've given up four runs... So Timlin in essence, would be the losing pitcher if the Yankees hang on to the lead. However, it is 14 to 10 in the seventh. The Red Sox have three more at bats but I would gather that Myers will pitch to Ortiz and then you would see Farnsworth. That's what I would gather. It's an amazing day and night if the Yankees can pull it off. And you know what, Suzyn? This game is gonna go over four hours. You know what? We are gonna have to find out the record for the longest nine inning game. It's it's it's 11:53.

- Isn't that the Baltimore Yankee game in...

- Now there's a strike to Ortiz.

-... '96?

- At 12:06, let's say, it'll be a four hour game. And we still have two and a half innings to go. The pitch to Ortiz, fouled back and the count 0 and 2. It's really an amaz... Again, if this was done in the 30s or 40s or 50s it and you've read about it, you'd say, oh I wish I had been there. I can't believe that it happened. And it's not over! It's not even close to being over. The Yankees won the opener 12-4 and they have a 14 to 10 lead in the second game. They have scored 26 runs and have 32 hits in the double header. Ortiz has doubled in three at bats. He has an RBI and a walk. And Myers deals, swung on and grounded to first. Fielded there by Giambi, takes it to the bag, one away. Posada's got in behind the plate obviously and Giambi's gone to first. They had pinch hit for Wilson and Fasano. How do you like this?

- Oh it is... looks like Farnsworth had just gotten out. He didn't throw in that six innings.

- So they're letting Myers go to Ramirez. You know the next batter up's a lefty hitter but I would imagine that Tito would go to his bench. He has a lot of right-hand hitters on the bench.

- So Myers stays... how do you like this? Here he pitches to Manny Ramirez, he can't be worse than anyone else has, the pitch is a strike. Manny Ramirez has singled, doubled, singled, and singled. So they have Myers pitch to Manny. Maybe all that slow stuff will get 'em off stride, huh? It's possible. The pitch is lined! There's a base hit center field! Well maybe not.

- Ha ha ha ha. Very little gets Manny offstride.

- Well, he's 5 for 5 in the nightcap. And now here is a pinch hitter for Eric Hinske to get a right-hand hitter in.

- And here comes Joe.

- Now Mike Lowell will hit for Hinske and now that they've used up a player and Joe will come on and bring in the right-hander.

- And this pitching change is sponsored by Foxwoods Resorts Casino. The wonder of it all in Mystic Country Connecticut.

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Some people really thrive under pressure: the tougher it is, the better they perform. So would they appreciate the convenience of the Acela Express and it's frequent departures, with the relaxing, spacious seating? Or the extra time to get work done, because they aren't waiting in line? Of course they'd appreciate Acela Express. But if these people still crave pressure, they can always pretend they're stuck in traffic. Call 1 800 USA RAIL or visit amtrak.com to book today. Fares, routes and schedules subject to change without notice.

- While Kyle Farnsworth comes on, ideally the Yankees would like Farnsworth to get five outs two here and then three in the eighth and then have Mo. But, eh, if he could get through this inning and maybe get an out, they could use Mo for five outs, he hasn't pitched in a couple of days. Eh, Mike Lowell will be the pinch hitter for Hinske. Yankees have a 14 to 10 lead in an improbable double header. And it is getting near the witching hour. And so it's a propitious time to take ten seconds for station ID on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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- John Sterling, Suzyn Waldman back at Fenway Park. And the Yankees scored seven in the top of the seventh and have a 14 to 10 lead. Well Suzyn, I just found out some information: the American League record is the Yankees and Orioles, we were there...

- Hm hmm.

-...4 hours and 22 minutes.

- Hm hmm.

- The major league record is 4 hours and 27 minutes. I don't know who played. Heh heh heh. And, um, this game is gonna be four hours in a couple of minutes. The pitch to Lowell from Farnsworth is outside.

- And there is, there is two and a half innings... oh, we've got plenty of time to beat that record. It's only a half an hour. We'll be in the eighth inning.

- Heh heh heh heh heh heh...

- Hum hum hum hum... I'm getting loopy.

-The 1-0, lined hard outside of third, the count 1 and 1. Lowell is hitting at .283. He has 14 homers, 60 RBIs, having a terrific year. He made an error in Game One, which seemed like about a week ago and, um, it was his first error in 70 games. Think of that. Playing third base with all those hotshots down third. First error in 70 games. That is amazing. It'll be a 1-1. Fouled back and the count 1 and 2. It is midnight officially. I don't know... did you ever write down? I didn't... that... when the game started?

- No.

- I didn't either. 8:05, 8:06, 8:07 something like that. But we're only in the seventh inning. Hmmph. Of course Boston scored in every inning till last inning. Now the pitch is fouled away and the count 1 and 2.

- Yeah, you wondered about Lowell when he had signed here. He hit .236 last year. He had one of those years and everybody said, oh this guy is probably through and when you think about it... he... when they got Josh Beckett, he had to be included in the deal or there wasn't gonna be any deal. And they absolutely were not sure that he was ever gonna recover from last year, .236 and look at what he's done this year. He's been tremendous for this team.

- It'll be a 1-2. Lined in deep left field. Cabrera back. He has to play it off the wall and holding up at second is Manny. He wasn't sure the ball was... land in. Cabrera got too close to the wall. He did a good thing. When the ball came up he kind of blocked it with his body. So a base hit for Lowell and there's two on and one out.

- Well, that was a... a breaking pitch that Lowell was absolutely waiting for. And that's that slider again and threw the slider through the middle of the plate is what happened. It went down but it didn't go in. And Melky... John, you're right. It... it... he made a bad play into a pretty good play 'cause he got too close to the wall but he blocked it with his foot. Oh, I don't think he did it on purpose, but it worked out well.

- Yeah. Well, two on and one out, here's Wily Mo Peña and the pitch is lined, right off Farnsworth, recovers, throws to first in time. Now we'll see about Farnsworth. The runners move to second and third. It was a bullet by Peña. Here comes Gene Monahan and Joe Torre and Ron Guidry and all the infielders. I don't know where it hit him. He kind of turned. It may have hit him on the hip or... so, where do you think it hit him, Suzyn?

- I think it hit him on the outside of the knee, on the right outside of the right knee. And they're walking around... he's walking around the circumference of the... I think they're taking him right out of this game. And it... it did indeed. It went right on the outer part of the right knee and they are gonna take him out of this game and, uh... no one.... they haven't made a move to the, to the bullpen to see who is coming in. Whoever... whomever it is they can warm up as long as they want and that's all the Yankees need is for something to happen to Kyle Farnsworth and it's... oh, he's being helped down the stairs by Mike Myers. Oh, this is... this does not look good. And maybe it just hurts and maybe it is just a stinger in there, but Mike Myers ran over and helped him down the stairs to go to the clubhouse and Robbie Cano is looking at everybody standing around, uh, the mound and Scottie Proctor is coming in and he will get as long as he needs to warm up and, uh, Robbie Cano, who is right there was shaking his head saying something to, um, Alex Rodriguez. And we're gonna see a replay of it here on our monitor and the ball comes right off the bat and hits him right on a line drive right on the side of that right leg, on the side of the knee and Gene Monahan and Joe Torre didn't even ask him how he felt. They just said you're out of here and he walked off and as he was going down the stairs Mike Myers actually ran over from the other side of the dugout and helped him get down the stairs. So... so this is, uh, we'll wait and see if we get anything. Certainly on the post game we will tell you what is going on with Kyle Farnsworth. That's all the Yankees need... lose somebody else. So Scott Proctor is in and he will get, as I said, as much as, uh, as much time as he needs because it is an injury and Scottie came in and went an inning and two thirds, two hits and no runs. And meanwhile here is... Scottie is warming up. We've been talking about Jimmy Fund Day here and the pledges and everything and, uh, people have been calling in all from New England and I was told they were getting calls from New Jersey and New York and Connecticut. Well the Jimmy Fund tote board up there they have so far raised \$2,556,998 for the Jimmy Fund. It is an unbelievable organization that has been part of this community for over 50 years. It was started by a wonderful man named Lou Perini who used to own the Boston Braves and, uh, when the Braves moved it became the Red Sox charity and it was the pet charity of Ted Williams and over the 50 years they have built quite a complex and they, uh, one little building is now two big city blocks with clinics and so many people from all over this county, so many children have been, uh, helped by the Dana-Farber Cancer Center, so over two and a half million dollars and I was told by the Red Sox announcers that they got so many calls from New Jersey and New York and Connecticut and they want to thank everybody and all those children wanna thank you too. So Scott Proctor is now warming up and he will get as long as he wants as, uh, we were talking about and we will wait and hear about Kyle Farnsworth. If nothing else, we will have something on post game because, uh, he's certainly needed help getting down those stairs. So when you go into the, uh, Re...

- Ugh.

- ...the, uh, Yankee locker room from this dugout, it's a... it's a very old ballpark, so you leave the dugout and you go down about eight

or nine stairs, very, very steeply and Mike Myers came over, as I said, and helped him down the stairs and maybe it's just stiff and hopefully nothing is really wrong but that did not look good.

- Boy, what else can happen, huh?

- Ugh.

- Aw, did he get a bullet. Ah, we'll see, uh, Suzyn will have that on her clubhouse report. Well, two outs, second and third, 14 to 10 Yanks. Proctor now comes in and they hope he can give 'em... well, first of all, they hope they get them out of the seventh inning. Humph. Coco Crisp takes a breaking ball low.

- And Scott Proctor pitched in the first game and when we were talking to him after after the game, he said, well I can go an inning, I can go an inning in the second game. I'm sure he didn't expect to. He went an inning and two thirds giving up no runs and two hits in the first game.

- Crisp, a switch hitter batting left and Proctor deals lined deep down the right field line it is a foul ball. The Yankees got a break. Crisp hit a rocket down the line but it tailed foul into the seats.

- And Scotty did not mean to put that fastball there. That was middle in to Coco Crisp. Wanted to get it all the way in 95 miles an hour fastball, but not in far enough.

- Ramirez at third and Lowell at second. There are two out and here's the 1-1. Breaking ball, missed. And the count 1 and 2. So Farnsworth goes two batters one base runner is Myers and one base runner is Farnsworth. The pitch high and the count 3 and 1 on Crisp. Now, Proctor's 3-1. Fouled back. High fastball. Maybe out of the strike zone and the count 3 and 2.

- I think it was up around his neck. Those are so hard to lay off. Now the Major League record, 4 hours 27 minutes, that would be at 12:34. The American League record, that's what the Yankees have, 4 hours and 22 minutes, that's at 12:29. So, we're twenty minutes away from the American League record. Thir... twenty-five minutes away from the Major League Record.

- You may set a record, Suzyn, that no one may ever touch.

- Ha ha ha.

- And here is the payoff. Swung on and lined to center. Damon goes back he makes the catch to end the inning and the Yankees preserve their four run lead. No runs, two hits no errors, two left. At the end of seven, it's the Yankees 14 Boston 10 on the New York Yankees Radio Network presented by AIG. The strength to be there. AIG.

Honey, let's start looking for a car this weekend.

When? Josh has soccer on Saturday and Julie's got a swim meet, plus your parents are coming for dinner.

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Hi, this is Derek Jeter and you're listening to WCBS NewsRadio 880, home of the New York Yanks.

- Well, as we said earlier, Keith Foulke was, uh, reinstated from the DL today and here he is. Foulke has been on the DL since June 13th. He had right elbow tendonitis and, uh he's 33 years old. 2 and 1 with a 5.63 ERA and 29 relief appearances this season. His last appearance with the team was on June 11th when, uh, he's been trying to get through elbow tendonitis, he's had a bad back, and on that game in Texas before he went on the DL he allowed 7 hits and 4 runs in two innings. But he is back now and, uh, has to come in for the eighth.

- And pitches to Bernie Williams who pops it foul back. Bernie had two hits. He had a big hit in the seven-run seventh that had given the Yankees the 14 to 10 lead. Now the pitch to Bernie is cut on and missed on, a change fastball change. That's Keith Foulke. Timlin went two-thirds of an inning, two runs, four hits. He would be the eventual loser. Hmmp. Now the pitch to Bernie is outside. 14, 16 and 2 to 10, 16 and 0. And the Yankees in the first game, if I'm remembering right, had 12 runs and 16 hits. 26 runs and 32 hits, my goodness. The pitch, is low and the count 2 and 2.

- Foulke is never your prototypical closer, fastball and changeup, not the hard-throwing kind like Papelbon. He would fit in really nicely in back of Papelbon...

- The 2-2 is low and the count 3-2 to Bernie.

- ... actually in front of Papelbon. And during their World Series run in 2004, that's how Gino used him to get big outs and he didn't care where they were. He'd come in after a hard thrower like Schilling and get a few outs, changing speeds.

- Here's the payoff, strike three is called. Bernie is caught looking. One away.

- And that fastball was only 88. Bernie didn't like the call a lot, shaking his head, and made his displeasure known to Jim Wolf. But he doesn't get... he doesn't throw much harder than that 88 mile-an-hour fastball, fastball change. He can get a low 90s. He hasn't pitched in two months, so he probably won't tonight.

- Here's Posada, he pinch-hit in the seventh inning and singled. And he lines one to right center field in the gap. It's a base hit. It goes past Peña to the right center field wall. Posada will go to second with a double. Well, one thing, even though you have Proctor and you're gonna have Rivera after an out or two, if Proctor's in trouble -- I know we sound like a broken record -- you can never enough runs, especially in a game, a double header like this. So Posada rips a double to right center and that brings up Melky Cabrera who has had a great second game. 3 hits and a walk.

- A coupla RBIs, two runs scored, hmmm....

- Now the pitch, a strike and the count 0 and 1.

- That fastball at 87, right in a great place, right on the inside part of the plate. Right on the corner.

- Now the right-hander Foulke is set and the 0-1 is low and the count 1 and 1.

- Did you notice how, how this place has cleared out?

- Yes.

- Do you know why it happened? Besides the fact that they're losing by 4... 4 runs?

- No.

- A sign went up. They have commuter rails that go to the suburbs. They leave from outside Yawkey Way. The last train leaves at 12:35.

- Ah!

- It's twenty after twelve. And that's what... I looked and all of a sudden it was like a parade. Everybody was leaving. I mean, you can't park your car here so people take the commuter rails. It's the perfect train thing, and they stop right outside the park here.

- It'll be a 1-1 to Cabrera. And the pitch is low. You know, I I'm glad you you told me that, you educated me. I thought, well, first of all, the game's going on for... forever. Secondly, Boston is losing and they got killed in the first game, so I figured people just packed up, but that's a... that's a real reason for relief.

- It's a real reason. You know, you live a... an hour out of the city and you don't have a car...

- Well, this is the record tonight. It's 12:17 on the board. We're only in the top of the eighth inning.

- We're gonna fly by that record.

- We're gonna kill that record.

- Heh heh heh.

- And, if we weren't sure of it, we are now because Mirabelli's gone out to have a talk with Foulke. The home plate umpire Jim Wolf will... must be delighted at umpiring this game...

- Heh heh heh.

- ...goes out to talk to them as well.

- They're really... they're having a conversation about something, really, wi... with the umpire. Hmummph.

- Now we're set to go and Melky takes low and he's ahead on the count 3 and 1. Remember Bernie was called out on strikes on a 3-2 pitch that he protested against, as much as Bernie protests anything. So now Cabrera, with a 3-1 count. The pitch fouled back.

- They're having a countdown. 4 hours and 12 minutes.

- Well, that's the longest game in Red Sox...

- ... in Red Sox history. Oh, they've got ten minutes to go to catch up to us. Baltimore.

- Well, we have 3-2 to Cabrera, fouled back. Yankee bullpen is quiet. Proctor will start the eighth and they hope will finish the eighth. Now the pitch is fouled back. You know, Suzyn, if the Yankees hang on...

- Um hum...

-...to this game...

- Umm...

-...that they will leave Boston ahead on the loss side...

- The reason I can figure it out is the standings...

- Hah hah hah...

- are on the scoreboard...

-...but about 30 feet high, yes.

- The pitch. Fouled back. The Yanks will be four up, only three games left...

- Hmummm...

- ...four from the loss side now and they only would... and they're only at three games left.

- Too bad the season doesn't end on them.

- Right. And, uh, it doesn't prove anything. You're absolutely right. They have so many games to play. Here's the 3-2. It's fouled back.

- You know, it's so interesting 'cause baseball as John says all the time is so different from any other sport. People talk about statement games. Is this a statement game?

- Right.

- It's not statement game!

- There are no statement games!

- Not in baseball.

- This is percentage. How many do you win out of how many? But I think if the Yankees win it, they'll be very happy.

- Yeah.

- Here's the 3-2. High, ball four. Cabrera walks.

- See even, I, I guess the point I'm making even the, even if, uh, people say, oh, the Red Sox lose, they're finished, well, no one's gonna tell Josh Beckett that they're finished...

- No.

- ...or Kurt Schilling...

- No.

- ...'cause they're the ones with the ball... the mo... as Shawn always says, the most important person on the field had the ball in his hand. That changes every day.

- Here's Johnny Damon who has three hits in both games and a homer in both games and takes a strike and the count 0 and 1. The 0-1, cut on and missed and the count 0 and 2. Damon began the, the double header with a triple. The pitch and he pops this one foul third base side, out of play.

- An afternoon for Damon. An afternoon and evening.

- Well, you just know it that it's a day that he'll never forget.

- Yep.

- Runners lead first and second, one out. Pitch popped foul back.

- Even though he says he always wants to do well and I'm sure he does, but this has gotta be special. He's... he'll never admit it because he doesn't want to admit that one game is more important than another. Most of them don't but they're human beings.

- Damon hits a high pop to left. Ramírez backs up a step or two. He makes the catch and there are two away. Now queued down here is Derek Jeter. Jeter was 0 for 4 in the nightcap, but his last at bat was a doozy. He hit a three-run double down the right field line on a 3-2 pitch from Timlin. Derek in the double header has four hits and four RBIs. And fouls the pitch off third base side. Someone made a great catch in the seats.

- Hmmm hmmm hmmm. Stands up and takes a bow.

- At Foxwoods Resort Casino, you'll find exciting places every day at six different casinos. Find out more about the largest resort casino in the world. Log on to foxwoods.com. It'll be an 0-1 to Jeter. Inside fastball, 1 and 1.

- Well, this isn't exactly turning out to be a night off for Jose Posada, who was supposed to get the day off or this game off. You look at him in the dugout.

- Runners lead first and second, 2 outs. Pitch is fouled off. Posada at second, Cabrera at first, two out and 1-2 comin' to Jeter. Yankees with a 14 to 10 lead here in the top of the eighth. Now the right-hander deals. It's squibbed on the ground to first fielded to Youkilis,

takes it himself and that'll do it. No runs, one hit, two left, and now at the end of seven and a half innings of play, 14 to 10 Yanks, on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

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You think I should get a vanity plate? Or is that just pushing it?

So don't compromise. Customize. Do Wendy's. Do what tastes right. Eat great even late at Wendy's pickup window, open 'til one a.m. or later with a full menu to choose from. Try one of Wendy's new deli fresh Frescata combos and choose any of seven delicious sides at no extra cost. Don't compromise, customize your combo. Do Wendy's. Do what tastes right.

— Well, Scott Proctor back out there as we're about to start the bottom of the eighth inning here at Fenway Park, Yankees leading 14 to 10. 14 runs, 17 hits, two errors for the Yankees. 10 runs, 16 hits for the Red Sox. So the Yankees in this game... in this, uh, game have the same amount of hits that they had in the first game. 17 first game, the Yankees had 12 runs and 17 hits, Boston had 4 runs and 10 hits. So 26 runs and 34 hits so far for the Yankees in this double header. I'm not sure anybody expected this, but they'll take it. Scott Proctor will face Doug Mirabelli Alex Cora, and then the top of the order Kevin Youkilis. Closing in on the record of the longest ga... game in both the American League and in Major League history. Proctor deals to Mirabelli, takes a strike on the outside corner. Proctor started 'em off with that slider, really starting to mix up the way his pitch patterns are going usually started them off last year... started people off with fastballs, now he could be a... a... a slider or a curve and he doesn't care. Swing and a miss by Mirabelli, also on the slider, 0 and 2. That clocked in the low 90s. Proctor has really learned how to pitch. Slider, slider, now probably come back with a fastball or he could come back with that curve. He has really learned what to do in this last year. Ground ball to Jeter up over to Giambi at first and one down. And Proctor puts his finger up and he's, uh, he knows, uh, this is a big game. He wants to get through this inning. And you know what, John? I don't see anybody even moving or stretching in the bullpen.

— Well, they're gonna, hope... obviously tha... that Proctor gets through this inning then they can have Mo for... for the four... uh, ninth, with a 14 to 10 lead. Here's Alex Cora's had a perfect night, three singles and a walk. And Proctor deals a strike. However, what you find out in the clubhouse is is ultra-important. How badly hurt is Farnsworth? I mean, they can't go without Farnsworth.

— No.

- Cora swings and misses, the count 0 and 2.
 - Here we go. Alright. Four hours, twenty-three minutes.
 - Pitch popped foul out of play.
 - This is now the longest game in American League history by one minute. We're gonna shoot right by this record. Four hours and twenty-two minutes was the record. That was Yankees and Orioles. We were there. I remember it well.
 - Do we know who, um the other two teams are?
 - I, I, uh, I'm I'm gonna guess. I think it's... wasn't Oakland involved in one of those?
 - The 0-2, a high pop in back of second. Jeter is there and on the grass he makes the catch and there are two away.
 - We don't know.
 - Well...
 - Yank... Yankees are now at four hours and twenty-three plus so anything now is gravy for the record.
 - That's the American League.
 - Right.
 - The National League, I think, is 4:27. So...
 - Oh, I thought that was the major league record...
 - Yeah.
 - ...the National League?
 - Yeah, it is.
 - Well, it would be.
 - Yeah.
 - Of course.
 - Now here's Youkilis and he takes a strike. That'll be a curve...
 -...yeah. Hah hah.
 -...too.
 - Yeah. See it... yeah... If it's not in the American League and it's a Major League, so it has to be in the National League, Suzyn, yeah.
 - Youkilis is two for four with a walk. Hey, it's late. And it gets late earlier or something, Yogi. Heh heh heh...
 - Uh, it's getting early, early...
 - Late... It'll be an 0-1 to Youkilis. Pitch is inside, the count 1 and 1.
 - Oh, Mariano is up throwing, some stretching.
 - But when you look back on it, what a rally for the Yanks...
 - ... hmmm.
 - ...in the seventh inning. Seven runs a lot of hits.
 - Youkilis grounds it foul outside of third where Mike Myers made the catch. Now the pitch is inside. Now the count 2 and 2. Two outs, no one on. We're in the bottom of the eighth and the Yankees have a 14 to 10 lead over the Red Sox. And Proctor deals to Youkilis. Lined and Proctor knocked it down with his glove, fields, throws to first and the inning is over. Giambi caught the ball, lying down on the ground. Ha ha ha ha ha. So Proctor gets 'em one, two, three, gets it four outs in a row. He's OK, that ball hit his glove and at the end of eight innings of play, it's 14 to 10 Yanks on the New York Yankees Radio Network.
 Ball four. Did you know that you'll gain about two hours of life expectancy for each hour of walking you do? Take a base. The American Heart Association urges you to start walking Yankees fans. Visit americanheart.org.

WCBS and your Mercedes-Benz Tri-State dealers want to put a Palm Treo Smartphone in your pocket and send you to Tampa next March. Listen to the Mercedes-Benz Tri-State Yankees trivia question during the game. Then give us your answer at WCBS880.com. While you're there, see the

all new seven passenger Mercedes-Benz GL 450 SUV on the Yankee trivia link. Daily winners will receive the all-in-one Palm Treo Smartphone and one grand prize winner will win a trip to Tampa next March. Only from WCBS and your Mercedes Tri-State dealers. We understand. We live here too.

And they're off. Out of the gate it's Backyard Barbeque with Beautiful Day and All Beef Patties. Now here comes Charcoal Grill with Open Flame. But Open Flame is fading fast. And here comes the favorite, Lighter Fluid. Lighter Fluid is all over Charcoal Grill and no no, it's Let Light A Match. And now it's Kaboom and Eyebrows are nowhere in sight. Where the heck did Eyebrows go? And from out of nowhere comes Thunderstorm, with Thunder, Lightening, and Get Out Of The Pool and in the end, it's Running For Cover, Let's Order Chinese, and Did Anyone Remember To Bring In Grandpa.

For a better time, go to the track. Horse racing. We bet you love it. Come out to beautiful Belmont Park for heart-pounding excitement every Wednesday through Sunday at the Taj Mahal of American racing. Bring the entire family on Sundays for Belmont's fabulous Family fun days. It's the best value in New York sports. General admission is only \$2.00. First race 1:00. Belmont is a proud member of the NCRA. Who do you like today?

- Hah hah hah hah hah.

- It was a Dodger Giant game in 2001 did he say?

- Yes he did. On October 5, 2001, San Francisco at L.A. The Dodgers won and I think he said in the eleventh inning and I think he said that Alex Cora played in that game too.

- The 0-1. Abreu takes it inside.

- Oh, that's funny.

- Yanks have a 14 to 10 lead. Mo will pitch the ninth. Abreu takes inside. Bobby had four hits in the opener and he has two hits and a walk in the nightcap. One thing. We're so close to it now... the 2-1 is high... that, you know, you just know it's been a long day and two wild games, but they'll remember this double header for years.

- Yeah, I think everybody associated with it will on both sides, by the way.

- They sure will. Here's the 3-1 to Abreu. Fouled third base side out of play. Abreu grounds it foul, so the count remains 3 and 2 on Bobby. Abreu, A-Rod, Cano here in the ninth. The longest Major League nine inning game in history, right here.

- Hmmp.

- Now the payoff. Outside ball 4. Abreu's on. In the double header, the Yankees have scored 26 runs and have 33 hits.

- And of course in less than twelve hours they face... in exactly twelve hours just about, we will be on the air again.

- Hmm... The pitch to A-Rod is outside.

- Go back to the hotel, take a shower and come back, start working on this afternoon's game.

- A-Rod has walked, popped up, singled, grounded out, and singled. And the pitch is high and the count 2 and 0. Now the right-hander Foulke holds to set and here's the 2-0, a high pop in the middle of the diamond. Mike Lowell behind the mound makes the catch and there's one away. Yankee Stadium is for more than just baseball. With year-round availability, the Yankees are currently taking reservations for corporate outings, parties, meeting, weddings, and more. For more information, call Gina Chindemi at 718 579 4416 or email events@yankees.com. Here's Robbie Cano with one out and one on, Abreu at first. And he hits a high pop right around the pitcher's mound,

Youkilis the first baseman calling makes the catch and there are two away.

- You look at Keith Foulke and, you know, they signed him as a closer. He throws his fastball at about 87 miles an hour. That change, which he popped up, was 76, so you know, he really is... it doesn't matter how hard you throw. He hasn't hit 90 yet and doesn't.

- Giambi takes a strike.

- OK. We have a, uh, update... so far he was about... on Kyle Farnsworth examined by Yankees team doctor Stuart Hershon. He has a contusion of the right lower leg. His X-rays taken here at Fenway were negative...

- A throw over and Abreu gets back.

- ...he is, uh, day-to-day, and, uh, will be re-examined tomorrow.

- Giambi takes outside and the count 1 and 1. Giambi played a big part in the rally. One out, no one on, bottom of the seventh, Yankees down 10-7, he pinch hit and walked. Bernie singled, Posada pinch hit and singled to load 'em up, Cabrera singled in one after Damon popped up, Jeter... that pitch is fouled away doubled in three, so that's four runs Abreu walked, A-Rod singled in a run, that's five and then Cano... A-Rod took second on the throw... Cano then singled in two for the seven runs. Now here's the 1-2. Popped foul, third base side out of play.

- This is improbable if Mariano gets through the bottom of the ninth inning. This really is an improbable double header.

- Yes. Unbelievable. Yeah. And as I mentioned, it will be written about and talked about for years. Here's the 1-2 to Giambi. A high fly to left. Manny Ramírez drifts back. He's there to make the catch and that ends the top of the ninth. No runs, no hits, one left. Now at the end of eight and a half, it's 14 to 10 Yanks on the New York Yankees Radio Network.

I'll never forget my wedding day. My car ran into a ditch 'cause I didn't get my brakes checked.

Don't let this happen to you. Come into Meineke for our oil change special and receive a filter, up to five quarts of oil, a tire rotation, a balance check and a brake check for only \$19.95.

This is George Foreman. For your wedding day or any day come into Meineke.

Now for most cars and light trucks at participating Meineke locations. Disposal fee and shop supplies may be extra. Ask store managers for details. Offer ends August 13th, 2006. Visit Meineke car care center for all your car care needs.

These days everybody wants things customized.

Got a flat screen TV, DVD, DVR, CD, MP3, XYZ, up in this mug.

That's why Wendy's brings you combo choices. Pick any combo and pick from seven delicious sides at no extra cost.

I got the suede seats, saltwater aquarium, shoe rack, hat rack, mini fridge, espresso machine, yeah, I got cable.

Enjoy two new choices like baked lays and yogurt with granola or get a baked potato, chili, one of two sides of salad or French fries.

You think I should get a vanity plate? Or is that just pushing it?

So don't compromise. Customize. Do Wendy's. Do what tastes right. Eat great even late at Wendy's pickup window, open 'til one a.m. or later with a full menu to choose from. Try one of Wendy's new deli fresh Frescata combos and choose any of seven delicious sides at no extra cost. Don't compromise, customize your combo. Do Wendy's. Do what tastes right.

- Well, Scott Proctor goes an inning and a third, no runs, no hits. Mariano comes on. Ponson, Villone, Bruney, Myers, Farnsworth, Proctor,

Rivera. Nick Green goes to first base for the Yanks. I don't know if he's ever played first but the rule of thumb is that if you're a middle infielder or a third baseman, you can field ground balls, you can make throws to second and so why can't you play first? And over the years, the Yankees have used Luis Sojo and Miguel Cairo and infielders like that at first so, Nick Green takes over at first, for the ninth. Mariano comes in to get the final three outs. If he does, the Yankees sweep the double header and will move up by three and a half and by four on the loss side. Now here's uh... Mark Loretta to lead off and he hits a high pop to first. Nick Green in foul territory makes the catch. One away. Boston used Lester, Tavarez, Hanson, Timlin, and Foulke. So one away and here is David Ortiz. And Rivera deals a strike. Yankees have a 14 to 10 lead in the bottom of the ninth, one out, no one on. Ortiz one for four. He hits a high drive to right. That ball is high. It is far. It is gone! Into the Yankees bullpen, a long home run for Ortiz and the Red Sox trail 14 to 11. For Ortiz, his 43rd homer, his 114th RBI. And now here is Manny Ramírez who has singled, doubled, singled, singled, and singled. He is five for five. Rivera deals a strike to Manny. Now Rivera deals and the pitch is grounded to third, off the glove of A-Rod an error for A-Rod. So one on and one out, Yanks with a three-run lead 14-11. A-Rod he kind of let the ball play him. Kind of backed up and played it to the side, it went off his glove. So here is Mike Lowell. Now Rivera holds to set and deals a strike. Lowell takes inside, the count 1 and 1. Road Runner high speed online from Time Warner Cable, that pitch came in at 95 miles an hour. Now, here's the 1-1. Fouled back and the count 1 and 2. Now Rivera deals low outside. It'll be a 2-2 to Lowell. Rivera swung on, hit in the air to right. Bernie moves to right center. He's there to make the catch and there are two away. Here's Wily Mo Peña, Boston's final hope. Peña's 0 for 4 on the night. Rivera deals. Inside and low, the count 1 and 0. Now the pitch. There's a strike. And the count 1 and 1. The Yankees with a 14 to 11 lead here in the bottom of the ninth with two outs. The 1-1 fouled back and the count 1 and 2. Now Rivera deals. Grounded wide at first, fielded by Green. Goes to Rivera covering. In time for the out. Ball game over! Yankees win! The Yankees win!

Seven American Deaths and Disasters

John F. Kennedy

See the Wheeler Dealer.
God bless you sir.

That's alright, buddy. We all feel the same. Anybody who has the courage to marry somebody named Eunice can't be all bad.

See the Wheeler Dealer, won't you? Now showing at showing at two theaters in downtown Dallas, the Capri downtown Dallas and The Hollywood in downtown Fort Worth. Don't forget, President Kennedy's speech today has been billed as a major event. KLIF news, of course, will be bringing you excerpts of that speech throughout the afternoon. OK? I'm Andy Fine and away we go on the Rex Jones show.

The first of the two most glorious holidays of the year is coming. So it won't be long until you make a most important meat purchase. Yes, Thanksgiving is only days away and this happy holiday will be just a little better this year if a little forethought goes into the purchase of a traditional turkey. Naturally, you want a turkey that gives you extra meat per pound. And if you're like most families, you'll want a turkey that offers the most sweet, absolutely delicious white meat per pound. There are turkeys that meet these requirements. You'll find them at your grocer's bearing the famous Armour Star. Yes, ma'am, I'm talking about Armour Star broad breasted turkeys, government inspected and graded to give your family a very special treat this Thanksgiving. Armour Star turkeys have moderately deep, well-rounded breasts with extra white meat, plenty of dark meat too. When you shop at your grocer's for that Thanksgiving turkey, get an Armour Star broad breasted turkey. Government inspected and graded to assure you of the very best. Armour Star, best by far.

I know what he's talking about. Twenty-two-and-a-half minutes now away from one o'clock. Alright, now let's take a little bit of time out here. Everybody to the icebox, let's get a beer.

The teams are on the field, the game time's here. Let's kick off the fun with a Falstaff beer. A great teammate for all your good times. Premium quality Falstaff, coast-to-coast for the most refreshing taste in beer, this is the one. Light, brisk Falstaff. For extra convenience, buy Falstaff in no deposit, no return cans in handy packs of six. Falstaff. This is the one.

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom)

I have a boyfriend

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

Met him a week ago

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

He's my forever

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

(Boom-sh-boom)

Last night he told me so

He's the boy that I adore

Never felt like this before

And I know I'll never let him go

*I have a boyfriend
(Boom-sh-boom)
(Boom)
(Whoo-eee-who)
We'll never say goodbye
(Boom-sh-boom)
(Boom-sh-boom)
He made a promise
(Boom)
(Whoo-eee-who)
He'll never make me cry
(Boom-sh-boom)
Every time we kiss goodnight
Feels so good to hold him tight...*

This is a KLIF bulletin from Dallas. Three shots reportedly were fired at the motorcade of President Kennedy today near the downtown section. KLIF news is checking out the report. We will have further reports. Stay tuned.

*... up in the sky
(And someday I know) oh-oh, yeah
(We'll walk down the aisle)
Yes, we will (so much in love)
Whoa-oh-oh-oh (wearing a smile)
Every time we kiss goodnight
Feels so good to hold him tight
Oh-oh, I'm so glad I have a boyfriend
I have a boyfriend
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh
I have a boyfriend, yeaaaaah, I do*

Oh yeah, I Have A Boyfriend is the name of that one by The Chiffons. And I think that is a real winner. As a matter of fact, you must think so too, already voted #36 on the instant Top 40 on KLIF.

*We're doing our Christmas shopping at Robert Hall this year.
We're saving on clothes for Christmas at Robert Hall this year.
More quality for low prices
On gifts for one and all.
There's a wide selection,
A bigger collection
Where America goes for family clothes,
It's Robert Hall this year.*

For the lady who wants more fashion at less cost, Robert Hall has a delightful array of holiday dresses priced as low as \$7.97. Other Christmas features are the elegant three-piece wool suits priced from only \$12.97. Robes and pajama sets are priced from only \$3.97 at Robert Hall, gift center for the family.

You bet your sweet life. Hey fellas, get the aristocrat suit, the Julliard worsted suit, nationally advertised in Look and Life magazine. Robert Hall now features the Julliard suit at just \$46.95. Don't forget. Alterations definitely are included.

KLIF 1190.

Hello, we have 63 degrees in Big D at the moment, going up to...

The best meat from the farmer goes to Armour and from Armour to the butcher to you. If you want the best from the farmer ask for Armour and do what the butchers do. Be sure it's Armour, the meat the butcher brings home. Say, if you fix lunches for the family every day, there's a mighty happy solution to the variety problem. Armour Star lunch meat. Why, there are so many varieties, you could go for a couple of weeks without ever repeating. Nourishing? Four slices of Armour lunch meat in

a couple of sandwiches pack all the wallop of a bowl of beef stew. Get Armour Star lunch meat for the kids. The sandwich meat that sticks to your ribs. Lots of different kinds. Easy to make. So for goodness sake, be sure it's Armour. The meat the butcher brings home.

Six minutes away from the hour of one o'clock right now on the Rex Jones show. This is Tommy Roe. He includes just about everybody.

*Everybody, everybody,
Everybody's, had a broken heart now...*

Here is a further report after we have just received word that shots have been fired at the Kennedy motorcade. We just talked to the police department. Here is that conversation.

Several persons arrived at Parkland and no information is being given at this time.

But you did have a report of shots being fired.

We have reports, yes sir.

KLIF news. On at Parkland Hospital to confirm the reports that someone had been wounded in the firing of shots in the Kennedy motorcade at downtown Dallas. Stay tuned for more news.

*...everybody, everybody,
everybody's, blue when they're lonesome.
Everybody, everybody,
everybody's had the blues.*

*One time or other everybody listen to me,
you lose somebody you love
But that's no reason for you to break down and cry
I said a hey, everybody, everybody,
everybody's, had a lonely moment.*

*Everybody, everybody,
everybody's had the blues.*

*One time or other everybody listen to me,
you lose somebody you love.*

*That's no reason for you to break down
and cry.*

*I said a hey, everybody, everybody,
Everybody's, had a lonely moment.*

*Everybody, everybody,
everybody's had the blues.*

Here he goes. And that's Tommy Rowe, of course and that one's called Hey Everybody and that's instant survey number one for about the fourth day in a row.

Refreshing as a glass of water, that's the taste, fresh taste that Hamm's has captured. Rural Texas, the people of Hamm's say thank you. Yes, thanks for making Hamm's beer such a favorite. It's got that famous taste that thousands of Texans are enjoying every day. In fact, somewhere in Texas, someone is opening and enjoying a Hamm's beer every three seconds. This weekend is the perfect time to refresh yourself with a cold Hamm's beer. Thanks again for the spectacular welcome. May we suggest you stock up for the weekend with Texas brewed premium Hamm's beer at popular Texas prices. Refreshing as a glass of water, that's the taste, fresh taste of Hamm's.

Hey, be sure that you stock up for this weekend with Texas-brewed premium Hamm's beer at popular Texas prices.

And now we take you to KLIF Mobile Unit No. 4 in downtown Dallas.

The latest information -- and things are rather confused at this moment -- shots definitely were fired at the presidential motorcade as it passed through downtown Dallas. All squads are converging code three in the area of Elm and Houston in downtown. There is a tentative description of the shooting suspect. A man, a white male believed to be

approximately 30 years old, reportedly armed with a .30 caliber rifle. How many shots were fired, how many persons if any were struck and wounded, we do not know yet. Very closed-mouthed officials are clamping down on the entire story. We'll bring you what details are available just as quickly as they come into our possession.

Sandra Dee has her troubles. Listen. A lot's been said about the wild teenage thing. But wait till you see the scrapes my dad Jimmy Stewart gets into. Yikes! You just wouldn't believe it. Can you picture Jimmy Stewart battling the police? Get 'em boy! Now! Oh no you don't! Mixed up with a French cutie. Holy Chihuahua! Doing a strip-tease. Yikes. You've just got to see our new picture, *Take Her, She's Mine*, to believe it. The wonderful Broadway smash is even funnier on the movie screen. *Take Her, She's Mine*, the hilarious story of a baby who suddenly becomes a babe. So take her, take him, take the family to see James Stewart and Sandra Dee in *Take Her, She's Mine*, co-starring Audrey Meadows. From Twentieth Century Fox in color by Deluxe. *Take Her, She's Mine*.

I'll do it friend, if you don't watch me very closely. It's the surprise fun show of the season now held over for a third big week at Interstate Palace Theater in Dallas.

*You know that once upon a time
I didn't need you so
It would have been so easy then
For me to turn and go
But now there's no leavin' you
I know that for a fact
I'm at the point of no return
And for me there'll be no turning back
I told myself you'd always be
A habit I could break
But now a day without your kiss
Would be so hard to take
You just can't get off a train
That's movin' down the track
I'm at the point of no return
And for me there'll be no turning back
Once I could have said "goodbye" but that was at the start
Now I think I'd rather die than be the one to say "We'll part"
Maybe you will break my heart
Or maybe you'll be true
No matter what the future brings
I've got to see it through
Maybe your love for me is nothin' but an act
I'm at the point of no return
And for me there'll be no turnin' back
Yeah, for me there'll be no turnin' back
Unh, unh, unh, unh, unh, unh*

That's Gene McDaniels with a KLIF classic. And ladies and gentlemen stand by at 1190 on your dial for further developments in the reported shooting during the motorcade of President Kennedy on his visit to Dallas, Texas.

Are you hoping that someday you'll find something that's really good for pimples and a bad complexion? Search no more. Baker's Beauty Lotion is what you need. A brand new, modern formula. Safe, easy and pleasant to use. Mrs. H.W. Henchbeth, 1044 Garden View Drive, Dallas, says: My grandson had pimples all over his face and Baker's Beauty Lotion sure has done wonders for him. I highly recommend it for pimples and skin blemishes. Baker's Beauty Lotion is a part of the old reliable

Baker's Hair Tonic for dandruff. For pimples and bad complexion, Baker's Beauty Lotion is the best yet. It's a new formula containing no harmful or unpleasant ingredients. It's easy and safe to use. Those who use Baker's Beauty Lotion face the world with a clear face. Or your money back.

And now another report from downtown Dallas.

Details on the chase and search in downtown Dallas. An unidentified man fired several shots from what apparently was a high-powered .30-30 caliber rifle at the presidential motorcade. So far, the authorities are not releasing details on who, if anyone, was hit by any of the bullets or how badly they were injured. Parkland Hospital, being very closed now about the situation, but the search now centers at the area of Elm and Houston near the old Texas Schoolbook Depository building and there is a possibility that the would-be assassin is still inside that building. All of the available downtown units are converging at emergency speed to that area. The entire area has been blocked off and is roped off now. No one allowed in or out as the search for this would-be presidential assassin continues in downtown Dallas. What has been a very smooth journey to Texas for the president and his, uh, wife and other officials, Vice President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson now has turned into another black smear. And we are keeping up to date on all the details through official police sources and we'll bring you full details as soon as they're available.

I do 90 percent of your work. I'm Bab-O cleanser. Grease dissolving, stain removing, powerful new Bab-O. Now do you believe me? KLIF, 1190. Break in!

This is the KLIF newsroom. The police department is still trying to confirm the fact that President Kennedy and Governor John Connolly have been wounded, perhaps tragically in a late-morning shooting in in the downtown area. According to the latest reports, both have been cut down by at least three bullets that pierced the atmosphere as the motorcade made its way from Love Field through the downtown area to the Trade Mart where President Kennedy was to speak at a luncheon. They were riding in an open automobile when the shots were fired. The bubble had been discarded when the sun broke through the clouds here in Big D. The president, his body cradled in the arms of Mrs. Kennedy, has been rushed to Parkland Hospital. We are still waiting word from Parkland the extent of his injury. We just talked with the police department just a moment ago. Here was the conversation.

Can you give us confirmation that the president has been shot?

No sir.

Can you give us the description again, please, ma'am?

Well, we're busy right now. Did you get it off the radio or, uh...? It's a white male, .30-30 caliber rifle and, uh, uh, I believe it's at Elm and Houston where it came from. Now, I don't know definitely and I don't like to say...

That was the police department, Mrs. Shrimpton saying they have not received a confirmed report. And now we'll switch you to the downtown area of Dallas and this is Joe Long.

This is the latest unconfirmed report we have -- and we must stress that this is unconfirmed but it comes from a very high placed official who refuses to be quoted -- it is now reported that Governor Connolly and the president have perhaps been wounded in this assassin's attempt. It is an unofficial report that both the president and Governor Connolly were wounded in this event of the shooting in the downtown area during the passing of the motorcade. The automobile in which the president was riding reportedly sped out to Parkland Hospital and, uh, we do not know if Mrs. Kennedy or Mrs. Connolly suffered any injury.

The first report we had said that both of the men were lying prone in the automobile in the caravan limousine at the time it made its way rapidly to Parkland Hospital. We have no further details. Parkland Hospital is being placed off limits to reporters at this time but those details that are available will be brought to you just as quickly as we possibly can. Very briefly recapping, there has been an assassination attempt in downtown Dallas. Shots fired from a high powered rifle at the presidential car in the motorcade as it was en route to the Trade Mart for a scheduled presidential speech. All of the security precautions have been taken and now this happened. And, uh, the police are converging on and surrounding the area of Elm and Houston, the Old Technical Schoolbook Exchange building where they believe they may have trapped the would-be assassin. We'll bring you further details momentarily. Joe Long with Mobile Unit No. 4. 1190 and out.

We're back at the KLIF studios issuing the bulletin again for the man armed with the .30-30 caliber rifle. He was described as about 5'10", 165 pounds, a slender build, about 30 or 35 years old. This tragic incident occurred at Elm and Houston as the motorcade was en route to the Trade Mart for a noon luncheon. The president, of course, was to deliver a speech during his appearance in Big D. Newsmen, uh, some five car lengths behind the president heard what sounded like three bursts of gunfire. Secret Service agents in the auto following the president quickly pulled out automatic rifles. The bubble, as we'd mentioned previously, on the president's car was down when the shots rang out. The president slumped over the back seat, face down. Governor Connelly lay on the floor of the rear seat. Wounds in the governor's chest were clearly visible. The wounds indicated that an automatic weapon had been used. Police say this is believed to be a .30-30 caliber pistol, er, rather rifle. Three loud bursts of gunfire, a possible tragedy on this November 22nd in Big D. We're going to switch now to the Trade Mart and, uh, here is a statement from Gordon McLendon.

Gordon McLendon at the Trade Mart in Dallas. Here the scene is of wild pandemonium as 2,000 guests waited anxiously for President Kennedy, Governor Connelly, and the vice president. Now, rumors run rampant. No one here knows what has happened, but the rumors continue to circulate that the president and Governor Connelly have both been shot. And, here at the Trade Mart, we have nothing but rumors and a wild scene of chaos. This is Gordon McLendon from the Trade Mart in Dallas.

That was Gordon McLendon from the Trade Mart in Dallas. Again, we are still trying to get confirmed reports from Parkland Hospital that President Kennedy and Governor Connelly have been cut down by an assassin's bullet, a fusillade of bullets at the intersection of Elm and Houston in downtown Dallas. It is impossible -- and it was impossible at that time -- to tell where the president was hit, but bullet wounds in Connelly's chest clearly indicated that he had been wounded in that region. There were three loud bursts visibly heard by members of the motorcade of the president, who quickly leaped off their bikes and raced up a grassy hill. That description again, a man about 5'10", 165 pounds, about 30 years of age, he was armed with a .30-30 caliber rifle. He was of slender build. The police department has thrown out an extensive dragnet. We are still trying to get in touch with Parkland Hospital, where we hope to have confirmation. The latest report that we have from one press source, Clint Hill, a Secret Service agent assigned to Mrs. Kennedy said, he's dead, as the president was lifted from rear of the White House touring car. Mr. Kennedy was rushed to the Parkland Hospital emergency room. Other White House officials

reported that the hospital corridors erupted in pandemonium. The incident occurred at Elm and Houston in the downtown area as the motorcade wended its way through the region. Newsmen in the motorcade did hear the three bursts from the automatic rifle. It is impossible and was so at the time to tell where the Chief Executive was struck by the bullets. We are now in contact with, uh, one of our news units and we are going to switch you now for another report from the downtown section of Dallas.

Joe Long again from Mobile Unit No. 4. The police cordon and the wide search net continues. We still do not know whether this would-be assassin is trapped in the building or in the area at all. The search continues. We're going to vacate this mobile unit momentarily and we'll be back in touch with you just as quickly as possible. KLIF newsmen and mobile units are spread throughout the strategic spots, uh, covering this story. We'll bring you full details momentarily. Joe Long, Mobile Unit No. 4. 1190 and out.

The possible tragedy came after President Kennedy arrived three minutes late at Love Field as his big jet plane with Number One on its side floated down to earth and the sun broke through the clouds. After the president was ten minutes away leaving Fort Worth, he was ten minutes late... he was three minutes late arriving at Dallas Love Field. An estimated 250,000 persons lined the streets this afternoon as the president's motorcade moved through the streets. Then at 12:50 pm central time, acting White House news secretary Malcolm Kilduff was asked whether the president was dead. He said, I have no word now and that is the word we are awaiting. I have no word now, the latest. Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth had just said that both President Kennedy and Governor Connally were seriously wounded in the attack but were alive. This is the latest: Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth has said that both President Kennedy and Governor Connally were seriously wounded but were still alive and now here is KLIF's Joe Long.

Still no official word from Parkland Hospital. We were en route from Love Field. We had described the arrival of the presidential party and that is when the first word of the shooting came out. We have been in the deep downtown area in the area of Elm and Houston and the dragnet continues. So far Parkland Hospital has not released an official statement of President Kennedy and Governor John Connally. We do know now, however, that both of these men were wounded in the assassination attempt. And the dragnet and search continues. We are finding these details slow in coming. We have many official and unofficial comments coming from various sources, but at this moment, let's summarize it this way: As the presidential motorcade made its way through downtown Dallas, at least three shots rang out in the vicinity of Elm and Houston and one child reportedly was a witness to the shooting, uh, a young colored boy, who said that as he heard the first shot, he looked up at the fourth floor window of the Old Texas Schoolbook Exchange Building and saw a man leaning from the window and then he fired at least two more shots. The report we had from witnesses at the scene said that both the president and Governor Connally were lying prone in the presidential limousine as it had sped to Parkland Hospital. From Parkland, Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth said that both Kennedy and Connally were seriously wounded but are still alive. However we must stress that this is an unofficial report. It is not a medical report. Here is a description now, of the man who fired the shots.

Well, we're busy right now. Did you get it off the radio or, uh...? It's a white male, .30-30 caliber rifle and, uh, uh, I believe it's at

Elm and Houston where it came from. Now, I don't know definitely and I don't like to say...

That was an official police department dispatcher description of the man we believe fired the would-be deadly shots at the presidential motorcade. There were about 250,000 persons lining the downtown streets at the time this incident took place. As the motorcade made its way toward the triple underpass, the crowd would break up and flood into the streets. But still it was an orderly crowd, held back from the streets at the time the shooting occurred. Obviously this had to be a high-powered rifle for there to have been such a degree of accuracy on the part of the assassin firing bullets into both the president and Governor Connally. It was approximately 12:50 our time when acting White House news secretary Malcolm Kilduff was asked whether the president was dead. He said I have no word at this time. That is acting news secretary Kilduff who made the trip instead of the usual White House news corps. Vice President Johnson was in the car behind the president and there was, uh, no indication at all that he was injured. Also, we do not have any indication whether the First Lady, Mrs. Jackie Kennedy or Mrs. John Connally suffered any injuries.

The report we have now, here it is, officially Mrs. Kennedy apparently is safe, Mrs. Connally also safe it appears to those witnesses at Parkland Hospital and, um, to say it mildly, both women extremely stunned. Mrs. Kennedy reportedly had cradled her husband's head in her lap during the speedy trip to Parkland Hospital. Kennedy, according to a member of his staff, was still alive ten minutes ago. Ten minutes ago we had word that the president was still alive. The blood was spattered all over the inside of the limousine, which had been flown in specially to carry the president. Ordinarily there is a huge plastic bubble which allows the public a view of the president and those in the car with him, but gives those inside the limousine protection from the weather and would-be assassins. But because of the rapid, beautiful turn in today's weather, the bubble had been removed and the president and all those in the limousine were fully exposed not only to the public and the elements, but also to these would-be killer bullets. Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth, as we told you earlier - - he, in addition to Kilduff, would be perhaps the most official source we've been able to contact so far -- told us that both Kennedy and Connally were seriously wounded, but as of 12:55, eleven minutes ago, both were alive. A call has been sent out for some of the top surgical specialists in the city. A call also has been placed for a priest to report to Parkland Hospital.

Now, let's summarize this so we can bring you up to date and give you full details of all the facts that we have available at our disposal at this moment. President Kennedy arrived in Dallas at approximately 11:35. He received a rousing welcome from some 2,000 spectators at Dallas-Love Field. Then the motorcade began its trip through downtown Dallas to the Trade Mart, where he was scheduled to address some 2,500 spectators and supporters. But just short of the moment he would have left the downtown area, as the motorcade began its trip toward the triple underpass at Elm and Houston, three bullets rang out, apparently fired from a .30-30 caliber rifle. The assassin supposedly was in a building about three or four stories up when he unleashed the deadly veil of bullets. We said deadly. That word was ill-advised. We will correct that. We do know, however, that the president and Governor Connally, both riding in the presidential limousine were wounded. As they departed Love Field, the president and Mrs. Kennedy sat on the main back seat and Governor Connally and his wife were on the jump seat. The Secret Service men and the chauffeur

were in the front seat, but as witnesses stated, both men were prone in the vehicle. They did not bother with ambulances. The police escort made its way immediately to Parkland Hospital where top surgical specialists have been summoned. A call also has gone out for a priest. At this moment, word is that both men are still alive as of 12:55. The picture in downtown Dallas is one of extreme activity on the part of the police. There was that sudden call: all units report Code 3 to the downtown area of Elm and Houston. They are trying to surround this building and close it off in case this man still would be there. He is approximately 5'8" tall, weighs about 160 pounds, and is a white man. He was carrying a .30-.30 caliber rifle. We're going to call Roy Nichols in one of the KLIF mobile units downtown to see what details he has on the search for the would-be killer.

We have just left the corner of Elm and Harwood where the shooting took place. There is no information to be gained at that point right now other than what Joe has just told you. Police are still looking for the would-be assassin. We will be at Parkland Hospital in just a moment to see if we can gain any information from Parkland at all. Of course Parkland is not putting out any information at the moment as to whether the president and Governor Connally have been critically wounded or not. But we will be there in just a moment and will bring you the official word from Parkland Hospital as soon as it is released. At Elm and Harwood, of course, police have converged on the area, still searching for the would-be assassin. We'll be at Parkland in just a moment and we hope to have an official report as soon as we get there. Roy Nichols, Mobile Unit No. 4. Out.

We now have received word from Parkland Hospital that the president is still alive. No official report yet on Governor Connally's condition, however, both men were alive at 12:50. We do now have information that both -- or rather that President Kennedy -- is still alive. Word from Hyannis Port Massachusetts, just handed to us. Word is that President Kennedy's mother and father have been advised that he has been shot here in Dallas. They are presently at Hyannis Port. And from New York City, only minutes after the president was shot, stocks moved actively lower, but a few issues stayed on the upside.

The search continues through downtown Dallas for the man who today loaded a gun and intended to snuff out the life of the President of the United States and the Governor of the state of Texas, John Connally. How closely he has come to accomplishing his devious aim we do not know. We do have word that the president is still alive but the true extent of his injuries and what his present condition might be, we have not yet received official word on that. Top surgical specialists have been summoned to Parkland. A priest also has been summoned there. The president and Governor Connally, riding in the same car were rushed directly to Parkland Hospital as the motorcade broke up once this shooting incident took place. The First Lady and Mrs. Connally, neither of them suffered any injuries from the gunfire. That's the latest word we have on their condition but both women, of course, in a high degree of agitation and state of shock over the wounding of their husbands. It was reported to us by one bystander that as the vehicles sped toward Parkland Hospital, the first lady cradled the president's head in her lap. Governor Connally and the president were prone in the automobile. Having been past the intersection of Elm and Houston quite a number of times, if you will recall the old Texas Textbook Exchange building, it sits only some 20 to 30 feet from the edge of the street where the presidential motorcade would have been passing. And from a three storey... third storey window, accuracy could be pretty well counted upon if a person knew how to use a weapon at all. Also, it would have

been a very devastating shot, should it come into contact with the person for whom it was intended. So we still are awaiting more official word on how critically the president has been injured.

Everything seemed to be going well for Dallas today. The weather cleared up, everything cleared up, and the crowd was orderly at Love Field when the president arrived. It looked like Dallas was going to have a smoothly operating presidential motorcade and visit and speech and then departure this afternoon. And then suddenly, a black cloud descended on Dallas as the president and Governor Connolly were wounded. We have only two official sources with whom we have been able to be in contact within the presidential party itself. Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth is one of those. He says that both the president and the governor have been seriously wounded but they are still alive. However, Clint Hill, a Secret Service agent assigned to protect Mrs. Kennedy had a much more critical description of the president's condition but, as we say, these are individual opinions and we have yet to receive direct official word from the surgeons at the hospital.

It is now reported to us by Parkland that president Kennedy is receiving blood transfusions. The president now receiving blood transfusions as a result of these assassin's bullets that tore into his body today. Three shots reportedly were fired at the motorcade.

And now we have word that a 25-year-old man has been caught at Field and Elm Street. He obviously is a suspect in this assassination attempt. He has been captured at Field and Elm and is being taken directly to police headquarters. We will be in touch with our reporter at police headquarters to let you know precisely, how accurately this man might be fitting the description of the man for whom they've been searching ever since the shots were fired that struck the president and the governor. Although Dallas has been regarded as a stronghold of political opposition to Kennedy, the heavy street crowds between Love Field and the scene of the shooting were overwhelmingly friendly. They were friendly at Love Field. There were a few derogatory signs but there were no physical incidents of, uh, any note at all. There were numerous Welcome Kennedy signs, a few anti-Kennedy signs, but all in all, the crowd was very orderly... all but one person. And that person is the subject on the lips of the world at this moment, as he has pumped bullets into the body of President Kennedy and Governor John Connolly, both of whom have been rushed to Parkland Hospital. Our reporters are in direct touch with the police department and Parkland Hospital. The search through the downtown area continues as we attempt to determine who has done this, has he been caught, and in what condition are we finding the president and Governor John Connolly.

The latest word from Parkland Hospital is that the president is receiving blood transfusions. He has been wounded, but he is alive. And the downtown area is not the place to be this moment unless you are on official business because the police department, the Secret Service, the highway patrol and the sheriff's office are making one of the biggest manhunts in all Texas -- in fact all the nation -- as they attempt to find the man who fired these shots at the president. One man perched on the roof of his car had held up to the president a sign saying that, because of Kennedy's socialistic beliefs quote, I hold you in complete contempt. That was one of the few derogatory signs that we have found in the downtown area. And now, back to Gary DeLaune.

The police have reported that they arrested a man about twenty-five years of age, fitting the description broadcast earlier by the Dallas Police Department, 5'10", 165 pounds. This last report stated that the president is undergoing emergency transfusions at this time at Parkland Hospital. The last word that we had shortly before 1:00, about two

minutes before one is that both the president and Governor John Connolly were fighting for their lives. The man armed... believed armed with a .30-30 caliber rifle was perched from a building at Elm and Houston as the motorcade made its way to the Trade Mart. Now it is a very dejected, depressing, desolate room where the luncheon was to have taken place. A city in great apprehension this afternoon. The New York Stock Exchange closed operations after word of the assassination attempt against the president and Governor Connolly. The Cotton and Wool Exchanges also closed. We are still awaiting word from Parkland Hospital as to the immediate condition of the president. As of sixteen minutes ago he was still battling for his life, undergoing blood transfusions. There have been, uh, many incidents in Big D in recent weeks that have tarnished the reputation of Dallas and this morning it appeared that the city in Texas we call The Gateway to the South was going to have a chance to redeem itself. The sun broke through the clouds and about 2,000 persons gathered at the airport to greet the president. Departing from political procedures somewhat, the president left the limousine and walked behind the car. Mrs. Kennedy did likewise. They shook hands with well-wishers alongside the Love Field fence. Then the president and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Governor and Mrs. Connolly greeted their cars and made their way to the downtown area. At twenty minutes before one, approximately, the dastardly deed was done here in Dallas -- that was the approximate time we received the news. One man was perched on the roof of his automobile. He held out toward the president a sign saying that because of Kennedy's socialistic beliefs, I hold you in complete contempt. And now we're going to turn you back over to Joe Long.

Let's summarize again precisely what has occurred here today. President Kennedy and his official traveling party took off from Fort Worth Carswell Air Base this morning shortly after 11:00. He arrived in Dallas shortly past 11:30. Everything went smoothly. The rain cleared away, the sun came out, there was a good crowd on hand, well-behaved. The president departed from protocol. He left the official limousine, walked along the fenced area shaking hands with the spectators. Then the motorcade departed and the trip had just about concluded when the three shots rang out from an assassin's rifle, striking the president and Governor John Connolly. Both men rushed to Dallas Parkland Hospital by emergency speed. Official surgical reports are not available at this moment. A special carton of blood, apparently for transfusion purposes, has been rushed into the emergency ward. Two Dallas police officers carried that carton. The president's body was limp as he was carried into the hospital, cradled in the arms of his wife. He was rushed to Parkland Hospital. The governor was also taken there. The surgical specialists have been called in. A Roman Catholic priest also has been sent for. Shortly after the shooting, Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth said both the president and Connolly were alive, but seriously wounded.

And now here's a late report from Dallas police. One Secret Service agent reportedly was killed in the assassin's attempt. The Secret Service men have been in Dallas throughout the week, paving the way for this trip, hoping that it would go smoothly but, no, this has not been the case today. In fact, it has gone tragically at this moment. We now have reports that a 25-year-old man has been arrested in the downtown area, a hot suspect in this case. The assassin apparently fired his shots from a .30 caliber rifle from a third floor window of a schoolbook exchange building, just before the presidential motorcade was to go under a triple-overpass, then out on to the main Stemmons Expressway, along to the Trade Mart, where the president was to have

lunch and give his address. Blood was spattered all over the White House car. Mr. Kennedy was slumped over the back seat. Governor Connelly lay on the floor at the rear of the seat. Mrs. Kennedy apparently was not hurt. Mrs. Connelly was safe. The witnesses in the downtown area said there were three loud bursts of gunfire. The motorcycle police who were escorting the president quickly jumped from their bikes and raced up a grassy hill to take up position for possible action against the assassin. At the height of the emergency room drama, a weeping Negro woman bearing a small bloody child rushed into the hospital, where a nurse and intern went quickly to her side. The business of Parkland Hospital emergency room is continuous, 24 hours a day, but never has it been so busy with such a distinguished pair of patients as they have received there today -- Governor John Connelly and President Kennedy, both wounded in an assassination attempt in downtown Dallas. One man has been arrested as a prime suspect. He fits fairly closely the description of the man who supposedly fired these bullets. He was arrested in the vicinity of Elm and Houston where the dragnet has been for some 45 minutes now and is being rushed to police headquarters for further questioning. There was absolutely no warning that this would take place. Of course these things always come so spontaneously. Should there be any warning, then the president would be better protected and an alternate route could have been prepared. But everything had gone smoothly to this very moment. Then, the three shots rang out and the vehicle bearing the president and the governor rushed to Parkland Hospital, both men prone in the back seat area of the vehicle. The president's head was cradled in the First Lady's lap. We repeat -- both Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Connelly apparently escaped any injury from this assassination attempt. But it is now official, both President Kennedy and Governor Connelly have been shot and wounded. At Parkland Hospital, top surgical specialists have arrived, a Roman Catholic priest has arrived, and a few moments ago, a special shipment of blood was brought in by two Dallas police officers. Bill Tomlinson, an assistant to Governor Connelly talked from the operating room -- this is late word from Parkland -- saying that the governor had been shot just below the shoulder blade in the back. Tomlinson said he asked Connelly how it happened and he said, I don't know, I guess from the back, but they got the president too. Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth says that both men were still alive as of 12:55 Dallas time, approximately thirty minutes ago, but all indications -- according to the extensiveness of the treatment at Parkland Hospital -- every indication we have is that the wounds possibly are of a serious nature. The latest report from United Press International leads off this way: President Kennedy has been shot. He is perhaps fatally wounded. But we must keep repeating that there is no official word that the president is in critical condition at this time. However, he was slumped over in the back seat from the impact of the high caliber bullets that were poured into the back seat of the presidential limousine.

The last shooting incident involving a president occurred in 1950, when President Harry Truman was in office and living in Blair House in Washington when The White House was being renovated. Two Puerto Rican nationalists tried to gun their way into Blair House and assassinate Truman, who was taking a nap at the time on the second floor. One White House officer was killed in that assassination attempt and another was seriously wounded, and one of the assassins was cut down in the blaze of defensive gunfire on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Senate has adjourned in Washington upon learning of the assassination attempt. The American Stock Exchange closed its operations today after word of the attempt and the New York Stock Exchange took an expected dip.

Late word from Parkland Hospital. A Father Huber of Holy Trinity Church in Dallas has administered the last sacraments of the church to the president. This does not mean that the president has died. It is a religious precaution for those persons who are seriously ill or who have been seriously injured. But a Father Huber of the Holy Trinity Church of Dallas has at Parkland Hospital administered the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church to the president. There have been many reports coming from Parkland Hospital, some of which we have been able to confirm, others we have not. But we must stress this: KLIF is only accepting news from official sources, those with whom we are in contact with daily, those persons we know and can be absolutely certain of the reliability of their statements. So what you hear us broadcast, please bear in mind it is all of official nature or of eyewitness detail.

Sheriff's officers took a young man into custody at the scene. They are questioning him behind closed doors. But the word from Parkland is that a Roman Catholic priest has administered the last sacraments of the church to the president. The sacrament was administered shortly before 1:00. However, we have received no further word on the severity of the president's condition. There are reports circulating by other news media in Dallas that the president has been killed, but we have yet to receive our official source word on this from Parkland Hospital or any of the other officials involved in this operation. A prime suspect in the assassination attempt is in custody. He is being questioned.

And now, we will see if Roy Nichols has made his way back into the mobile unit. He has been at Parkland Hospital and at the search scene. Perhaps we can contact Roy Nichols now. Roy obviously is out of the unit at Parkland Hospital checking with emergency sources there at this time. But at last report, the president and Governor Connolly both have received transfusions. A Roman Catholic priest has administered last sacraments of the church to the president. We do not know how seriously he was injured but Governor Connolly was conscious in the hospital emergency room. One of his aides, Bill Stinson -- he's an assistant to the governor -- says that he talked to the governor in the hospital operating room and said the governor was shot just below the shoulder blade in the back. Stinson said he asked Connolly how it happened and he said, I don't know, I guess from the back, but they got the president too.

So that's the situation to this moment as we await further official word on the condition of President Kennedy, who has been rushed to Parkland Hospital after being shot, bullets crashing from a high-powered rifle in the downtown Dallas area, almost at the conclusion of a near-perfect reception and motorcade from Dallas-Love Field. It was headed for the Trade Mart, where some 2,500 supporters and well-wishers stood by waiting to greet the president and to hear the address he was to give there this afternoon. So that is the situation to this moment. One suspect is in custody. The last rites of the church have been administered to the president. Another priest, who declined to give his name, said the Chief Executive still was alive at the time the sacrament was administered shortly before 1:00 Dallas time. Sheriff's officers have a young man -- the prime suspect in custody at the scene -- and are questioning him behind closed doors at this moment. The dragnet was all over all of the downtown Dallas area, but most of all, it was concentrated in the vicinity of Elm and Houston Streets, where the bullets were fired. The presidential car immediately sped the president and Governor Connolly to Parkland Hospital. Emergency blood supplies have been brought in, top surgeons have been called in, and

two priests -- two Catholic priests who were summoned to the scene -- one has administered the last sacrament of the church to the president, but at last report, he apparently is still alive and how critical his injuries may be we have not yet been able to determine.

There is, uh, a strong rumor that the president is dead, Joe, but until Parkland says it is official... but there is... is strong indication that the President of the United States is dead.

This is the strong indication. We have received several reports to that effect but as we have outlined before, until the official word is received, KLIF is withholding any stern and final pronouncement on that.

Were that true, Joe, it would be the second time in American history that a Johnson had succeeded to the presidency from the death of a president, the last time having been, of course, the assassination of President Lincoln and he was, of course, succeeded by Andrew Johnson. We have word that Vice President Lyndon Johnson is somewhere in Parkland Hospital. It has been impossible to determine his precise whereabouts at this moment. He was reported, of course, badly shocked by the shooting. Doctors were trying to keep him as quiet as possible. Vice President Johnson occupied the limousine directly behind the president's car. He is now under heavy Secret Service and police protection. Throughout the Texas trip, when Kennedy and Johnson had been in the same motorcade -- as an obvious security measure -- they have ridden in separate cars as they did today. The Johnson car has always been some distance behind the presidential car. Senator Ralph Yarborough, in a nearby car said he saw the president's lips moving at a normal rate of speed while he was being rushed to the hospital.

Gordon McLendon has just returned from the Trade Mart, where the scene that had been so beautifully set there for the president's arrival, the luncheon, and his speech this afternoon is empty now. Gordon, what was the effect on those, some 2,000 people waiting there?

Stunned, of course, Joe. There was a wild scramble for transportation out of the Trade Mart, particularly by reporters from throughout the United States seeking to get transportation some way, somehow, to Parkland Hospital. By the time we left, which was approximately ten minutes after the shooting, the giant Trade Mart had been more than half-emptied of the 2,000 people who had been assembled there to see the president, the vice president, and the remainder of the luminaries. Rumors ran rampant. At first it was, uh, thought that Vice President Johnson had also been shot in the attack. I can only say that no one at the Trade Mart knew very much, but now everyone is fully aware. Malcolm Kilduff, the acting press secretary -- he is in charge of press relations on this tour -- says he cannot say at this time whether the president is still alive and cannot say where he was hit. Says Kilduff, there are just too many stories at this time. Perhaps it was a gap in the motorcade, which we mentioned earlier, that saved Johnson from being a target today. These are the security precautions that they've been taking to keep the president and the vice president separated. The priest that accompanied Father Huber did not go into the emergency room itself. He said that he understood the president's condition was critical but was still alive at 12:55.

We're in direct contact, Joe, with Parkland Hospital. We are in direct contact. We have been unable yet to verify the rumors -- and to this point they are strictly rumors -- that the president is dead. We will not know until the word comes through officially, but there have been strong indications that the president has expired but, uh, again we repeat, it is unofficial. President Kennedy and Governor John Connally of Dallas, Texas having been cut down by assassin's bullets

today at lunch. They were shot as they toured downtown Dallas in an open car. Specialists are arriving at the hospital -- which I might mention is the scene of wild pandemonium. As we were coming from the Trade Mart a moment ago in a Dallas police car, there was a call for twenty additional police units at Parkland Hospital. And, incidentally, on the fifth floor of the downtown building, from which the president and the governor were shot, they have now discovered empty rifle hulls and there is also indication that more than one man is involved in the attack. Joe?

We have had descriptions of three men, actually -- two white men and one colored man -- as being possible suspects in this shooting, but at present, a 25-year-old white man has been taken into custody. He is behind heavy security guard at this time and is undergoing extensive questioning, but it obviously had to be a high-powered rifle in order to have the almost deadly effect it had from that distance. And it was just... you could say the motorcade was almost home free at the time this took place.

It was almost there.

It was leaving the most congested area of downtown. From there on, the route would have been relatively free of bystanders because it was a major expressway.

Clint Hill, a Secret Service agent assigned to Mrs. Kennedy, said as the president was lifted from the rear of the White Ho... House touring car at Parkland Hospital, he's dead. However, that again, comes under the category of an unconfirmed statement. We can only give you unconfirmed statements at this point. There are strong indications that the president has expired, but there has been no bulletin to that effect, and as Joe has told you, the last rites and sacrament has definitely been administered.

Correct. Two Catholic priests were summoned to the scene. Only one of them visited the president. That was the Father Huber and the word was that the president still was alive at the time the sacrament was administered, shortly before 1:00 Dallas time. Several of the surgeons have arrived. Blood plasma -- a special carton of blood plasma -- was brought into Parkland emergency not too long ago by two special Dallas police officers. Our KLIF reporters are in the downtown area where the search has been conducted for the would-be assassin, also at Parkland Hospital and at police headquarters and the sheriff's office to bring us the very latest and most official word that we are able to gather on this assassination attempt on the president's life today.

It would be the first time, of course, since the assassination of President McKinley that such an event has taken place in the United States and it would also be the second time in American history that a Johnson has seceded to the presidency upon the death of a president by assassination, the last time, of course, having been the secession of Andrew Johnson after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Joe?

At the time of these three shots -- and that is a little confused right now as to how many there were, but we do know of three because that's the consensus of witnesses who were there -- at the time the shots rang out, the motorcycle escort immediately jumped from their bikes, dashed up the grassy hill to the parkway just across the street from the old Texas Schoolbook Exchange Building and began their perusal of the building. One policeman fell to the ground, pulled his pistol and screamed, get down. And a man across the street standing in the crowd snatched up his little girl and ran. This was the man the police first chased because he had panicked and run at the hearing of the shots.

The building, incidentally Joe, the correct name of that building - - although it is the Texas Book Depository -- is the Sexton Building. The Sexton Building.

Correct. And it is a very strategic point in the parade route. Whoever pulled this devious act knew that he was choosing a key location for his attempt on the president's life.

Well of course the major attention is being focused on the condition of the president. No one yet has any authoritative report on the nature of the wounds to Governor Connelly. Bullet wounds were plainly visible in Connelly's chest, so we know that he was shot in the chest. His condition, however, remains more of a mystery than that of the President of the United States. The president is clearly gravely, critically, and perhaps fatally wounded. There are strong indications that he may already have expired although that is not official. We repeat, not official. But the extent of the injuries to Governor Connelly is a closely shrouded secret at the moment.

President Kennedy is dead, Gordon. This is official word. The president is dead. The president, ladies and gentlemen, is dead at Parkland Hospital in Dallas.

The shock, uh, of an incident like this, particularly to those of us of the press, radio, and television corps, who had seen the president alive only a few moments ago, uh, can never be described. At Dallas-Love Field he arrived. He was his usual smiling self. He even deviated from protocol and went to the fence and shook hands with the people. So did Mrs. Kennedy. So did Vice President and Mrs. Johnson. And then the motorcade began its trip and then rang out the deadly bullets from the assassin's gun.

Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the United States is dead. The new president of the United States, by secession, is Lyndon Johnson. It will be the second time in American history that a Johnson has succeeded to the presidency upon the assassination of the president. The last time being of course, uh, in the post-Civil War days upon the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, when Andrew Johnson succeeded as president. And you will recall that this is the second assassination of this century, the last having been the assassination of William McKinley in 1901. President Kennedy and Governor John Connelly of Texas, cut down by assassin's bullets, the condition yet of Connelly undetermined. We know he's been shot in the chest. We do not know whether he has been shot once or twice but bullet wounds were clearly visible in his chest. We repeat, ladies and gentlemen, the flash of a moment ago -- and you get these flashes once in a lifetime -- the President of the United States is dead.

Robert F. Kennedy

I.

My thanks to all of you and it's on to Chicago and let's win there.
We want Bobby! We want Bobby! We want Bobby! We want Bobby!

Senator. How are you going to counter Mr. Humphrey in his, uh,
backgrounding you as far as the delegate votes go?

Senator Kennedy has been... Senator Kennedy has been shot! Is that possible? Is that possible? It could... is it possible, ladies and gentlemen? It is possible he has... not only Senator Kennedy... oh my god! Senator Kennedy has been shot. And another man, a Kennedy campaign manager. And possibly shot in the head. I am right here. Rafer Johnson has a hold of a man who apparently has fired the shot. He has fired the shot. He still has the gun. The gun is pointed at me right at this moment. I hope they can get the gun out of his hand. Be very careful. Get that gun! Get the gun! Get the gun! Stay away from the gun!

Get the gun!

Stay away from the gun! His hand is frozen. Get his thumb! Get his thumb! Get his thumb! Take a hold of his thumb and break it if you have to! Get his thumb! Get away from the barrel! Get away from the barrel, man!

Watch it with the gun. Watch it with the gun!

Look out for the gun! Okay. Alright. That's it, Rafer! Get it! Get the gun, Rafer!

Get the gun! Get the gun!

Okay now hold on to the guy!

Get the gun! Get the gun!

Hold on to him! Hold on to him! Ladies and gentlemen, they have the gun away from the man. They've got the gun. I can't see... I can't see the man. I can't see who it is. Senator Kennedy right now is on the ground. He has been shot. This is a... this is... what is he? Wait a minute. Hold him! Hold him! Hold him! We don't want another Oswald! Hold him Rafer, we don't want another Oswald! Hold him, Rafer! Keep people away from him! Keep people away from him! Alright ladies and gentlemen, this is... now... Make room! Make room! Make room! Make room! Make room! The Senator is on the ground. He's bleeding profusely... from apparently... clear back!... apparently the senator has been shot from the, ah, in the... frontal area. We can't see exactly where the... where the senator has been shot, but... c'mon. Push back. C'mon. Grab a hold of me. Grab a hold of me and let's let's pull back. That's it. C'mon. Get a hold of my arms. Let's pull back. Let's pull back. Alright. The Senator is now... the ambulance has been called and the ambulance is... Bring the ambulance in this entrance! And... this is a terrible thing. It's reminiscent of the Valley the other day when the senator was out there and somebody hit him in the head with rock and people couldn't believe it at that time, but it is a fact. Keep room! Ethel Kennedy is standing by. She is calm. She is raising her hand high to motion people back. She's attempting to get calm. A woman... with a tremendous amount of presence. A tremendous amount of presence. It's impossible to believe. It's impossible to believe this. There's a... certain amount of fanaticism here now as this has occurred. No one... they're trying to run everybody back. Clear the area! Clear the area! Right at this moment... the senator apparently... we can't see if he is still conscious or not. Can you see if he is conscious?

What?

Can you see if he is conscious?

I don't know. He is half-conscious.

He is half-conscious. And ladies... we can't see, ladies and gentlemen. One of the men, a Kennedy, apparently a Kennedy supporter is going first.... C'mon. Out! Out! Out! Is there some way to close these doors? Is there any doors here?

Get out! Get out!

Out through the... out through the exit. Let's go. Out we go.

Out.

Unbelievable situation. They're clearing the halls. One man has blood on himself. We're walking down the corridors here. Repetition in my speech. I have no alternative. The shock is is so great. My mouth is dry. I can only say that here in the kitchen of The Ambassador Hotel, the back entrance, from the podium, in the press room, the senator walked out the back. I was directly behind him. You heard a balloon go off and a shot. You didn't really realize that the shot was a shot. And yet a scream went up. Two men were on the ground, both bleeding profusely. One of them was Senator Robert Kennedy. At this moment, we are stunned, we are shaking, as is everyone else in this kitchen corridor at The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. They're blocking off the entrance now supposedly to make room for the ambulance. That's all we can report at this moment. I do not know if the senator is dead or if he is alive. We do not know the name of the other gentleman concerned. This is Andrew West, Mutual News, Los Angeles.

II.

... about 350. David Hayward with 260 and Walter Tucker with 235. For the Republicans in the 17th, Richard Howard has about 300 votes. In the 22nd, uh, congressional district, James Corman, incumbent, is having no trouble at this point with his reelection bid in the primary in any event. He has about 84 percent of the vote. The leader for the Republicans is Joe Holt with about 55 percent of the vote. In the 29th congressional district, in...

Jerry I'm sorry we're going to have to interrupt you. We have to go to Ray Williams right now to Kennedy headquarters in The Ambassador Hotel.

Right, Bob, and here we have a situation. Senator Robert Kennedy has been shot. The man is now calling for a doctor.

Is there a doctor in the house?

We don't know exactly who did the shooting or how it happened. The rumor we have is that, in the midst of some hysterical teenagers, a shot rang out. There was a noise. No one knew at the time whether it was a balloon or just what, but the senator has been shot. Exactly what his condition is, we don't really know. However, our producer has gone over to check and see if he can find out anything, but there is complete pandemonium here at the Embassy Room at The Ambassador Hotel. Women are hysterical, they have been screaming.

The best thing that anyone can do here...

No one really knows who did it, whether they have apprehended the person who shot him or what.

...is to leave the room in an orderly way.

They're now asking for everyone to leave the room in an orderly fashion. Perhaps once they clear this room, then we can begin to probe into this drastic incident that is taking place here, find out exactly what it is.

We don't know what has happened.

Right now the gentlemen in charge of the Kennedy party are trying very hard to retain their composure, hoping that this will affect the crowd and help them to move out in an orderly fashion.

Would you please clear the room? Would you please clear the room in an orderly fashion?

Bob, it's unbelievable, what has happened here at the Embassy Room. We now have our producer coming this way with a youngster who evidently was very close to what was going on. We should be able to find something from him. Bring him over here.

Please leave the room.

What happened?

I saw this man go in the back. He started running back. And I saw and I heard he's been shot. That's all I heard.

What, uh, what man was it?

It was young... it was a young person. That's all I saw. Run back... I saw... I just saw somebody run back and then I heard somebody say he's been shot. And that's all I heard.

There were two people that people ran back.

That's all. I saw this man run back there.

There has... has been a chase after that man?

Well, everybody started...

Nobody said anything...

Nobody said anything.

... and then a bunch of people who ran out said he's been shot... he's been shot. I saw this man run in. Everybody started running after him and said, he's been shot and that's... oh!

Did you hear him shot?

I heard... just, like, it was... like a balloon pop... a balloon pop... it was a muffled sound. That's all I heard when I was back there. I was going back there but they threw me back inside.

That was actually somewhat of an eyewitness report as to what has taken place here at the Embassy Room. This young man is completely exhausted. Evidently he was tossed around pretty good by those around the senator. We're going to switch back to you, Bob, and we ourselves are going down into this crowd and see if we can find out any more.

That was Ray Williams giving a very graphic description of a tragedy that's occurred on this night of the election, the Democratic presidential election. We say tragedy in the sense that Senator Kennedy has been shot. As Ray pointed out, he has no knowledge as to the extent of the injury or the extent of the wound, only that eyewitnesses said the senator had been shot. As you heard, uh, it is pandemonium. Officials there are trying to clear the room so that they can ascertain exactly what did happen or what did not happen. All we can go on at this time is the report that Ray has and, as you heard, it was fragmentary, as it must necessarily be in the scene of such confusion and such drama. So we will be standing by here.

It would be strange if, indeed, to have this California election primary -- which has been filled with a great deal of drama and a great deal of excitement from the time that it started -- to culminate in a disaster, meaning the expiration of the senator. We have no idea how seriously he has been wounded. We hesitate... we hasten to assure you that we will bring you that information just as soon as it's possible. Boyd?

Well, Bob, you said the word disaster and whether it was only a flesh wound, it's still a disaster to think that such a thing could happen in a crowded hotel room surrounded, as he undoubtedly would be, by admirers and by aides. How could such a thing happen? One just

wonders how much tragedy one family can stand, the Kennedy family. Now let's go back to the Kennedy headquarters and Ray Williams.

Boyd, we have here our own Ray McMackin who was right there and he's going to fill us in exactly on what happened. Ray?

Boyd, I am sorry, but I can't hold back the tears. He's been shot right in the head. And he's not moving. There are several people back there who have also been shot, one right in the head. Excuse me... I just can't control it... He's not moving. His eyes are not open... and he's shot right in the head. He's laying on his back and there's two other people wounded, just bystanders. And I can't understand it... I was right there and it just... the doctors... It's just mass confusion. It's terrible.

And there you have it, a reporter that was standing right next to the incident, an eyewitness report.

Ray? Ray? This is...

A disaster has occurred here at the Embassy Room.

Ray? This is is Bob Arthur. Ray? Happiness has now turned into tragedy. The men on the stage are requesting more doctors. If what Ray says is true -- and we have no cause to doubt his word -- Senator Kennedy has suffered a severe head wound. Bob, I'm going to switch back to you and see if we can find out anymore as to what's going on.

And there is another chapter in this drama that's unfolding. As you can tell, Ray McMackin, KNX reporter overcome by emotion as he tried to report on what he had seen. From what we can gather, Senator McCarthy has been shot.

Senator Kennedy.

Senator Kennedy, I beg your pardon, yes. Senator Kennedy has been shot. It is a head wound as we understand and Ray McMackin said two other persons had... bystanders have also been wounded in the shooting. At this time we have no information as to who might have committed this crime, other than the fact that a man had been seen running from the scene. We're standing by waiting for Ray to return to the microphone. He's trying to investigate, to make a determination as to exactly what did happen to get as much information as possible so that he can relay it on to you.

Bob, from, uh, what Ray McMackin said, with two others wounded, apparently there would have to be more than one shot fired. And the first fragmentary reports that we got from Ray Williams said was that it sounded like a balloon popping. And that would lead us to believe that only one shot had been fired. Now it appears that more than one shot was fired. Do you have something from the wire services there?

Yes, but this is one of those things that usually adds to the confusion in something like this. Ray McMackin was there and said that the senator had been shot in the head. The Associated Press is saying that he was shot in the hip as he left the platform from which he made his victory statement. We are going to switch back right now to The Ambassador, where the PA system is operative enough to pick up the announcements as they are being made. It may be slightly chaotic, it may not be all connected, but you at least will be at the scene and then you will hear what we hear as it develops.

...mortally wounded and who are back in, uh, the anteroom now. There are at least three doctors there, two of whom were out here in the auditorium, the victory celebration room, listening to the Kennedy statement. Just a few minutes ago.

Everybody, please move out of here.

Take it easy...

This is Jerry Dunphy back at KNX election headquarters. We do have a little more definite information. Many people are reluctant to talk to the reporters on the scene. Senator Robert Kennedy was shot in the

hip tonight in Los Angeles as he left the platform on which he made a victory statement, the statement you saw just about seven minutes ago. The scene at The Ambassador Hotel right now is one of shock and terror, really. Many shots were fired, as you heard. Senator Kennedy, brother of the assassinated President John Kennedy, lay on the floor of the hotel kitchen. Blood streamed over his face, his eyes were unseeing. That's the report that we have.

We are informed that the senator's assailant, as yet unidentified, has been... or is being held a few feet away by a half dozen of the Kennedy supporters.

Bob Ferris is outside the lobby on the telephone line. He has more information. Bob, come in.

Yes, we just saw a tremendous amount of people come out of the Embassy Room, actually. There were three or four policemen who had a young Negro person. They had their shotguns drawn, and were trying, uh, to get him out of the hotel. I do not know whether he was a suspect or not, but apparently he was. The crowd at least thought that he was and closed in on the police. There were several fistfights that broke out out here in the lobby and finally, police and firemen shunted away the crowd, which was eager to get at this, suspect -- if it was a suspect -- and he was carried down the stairs and actually out of the hotel. So, at this point, it appears that one of the suspects -- I can only say that it appears that one of the suspects is a young Negro youth who was cringing in the midst of this cordon of policemen with sawed-off shotguns -- was finally carried down the stairs and out of the hotel. There is pandemonium in the lobby out here. People are crying openly, weeping and people are saying, oh no, oh no. And there are fistfights around as various people just plain get too emotional and attack each other. This is Bob Ferris now in The Ambassador Hotel lobby. I'll go out and see if I can find out what is happening now. Back to you Bob Arthur at KNX news headquarters.

Thank you Bob. We're going to go back inside The Ambassador now to Ray McMackin, an eyewitness. Ray, come in.

Bob, Ray McMackin is right here next to me. We do know that one lady who has suffered a head wound is being treated here in the Embassy Room. Again, they're asking the press and everyone else to back up so that they can turn off some of the lights. The lights make it awful hot. Here's Ray now, more composed, to give us more of what he saw. Ray?

It was, uh, well, I'm a little more composed. I was right there. I hope I never see a sight like that again. Ah, this won't be a newsman's type of report, it will be quite biased. It was terrible. Absolutely horrible. There was a man wounded in his side, a young boy. I... I before I cracked up here I... I... I had time to interview him. He was not severely wounded. Right on the left side, uh, the right side of his hip just above the, uh, bone there, and he's he's alright. There was another man that was shot right in the stomach. He had blood all over his white shirt, from his chin all over the floor and he looked in bad shape. There was a woman that was shot right in the forehead, right smack in the forehead. When I saw Senator Kennedy, he was laying on the... after he fell... there was just, uh... it was just terrible... he was laying there... it was just, all over again, uh, the Dallas thing. Er, his, uh, eyes were closed, he was not moving. It took, uh, two, with three minutes to get a doctor. It seemed like hours, but they finally got a doctor in there and then they partitioned it off and all the newsmen were trying to back people off. It was mass confusion. I'll try to describe Senator Kennedy, but I'll never forget that sight as long as I live. He was lying there just... just... I hate to say it,

but he was just dead still. His eyes were closed and there was blood, blood, blood all over the side of his head.

Ray's description, Bob, of exactly what he saw. As we said, in addition to treating this woman for her head wound, they are also searching suspects. Now, I would imagine that no one is going to be allowed to completely leave this hotel. I would imagine that it's completely sealed off at this particular time. Perhaps some of our men on the outside can give us more information on that. Bob, back to you now.

Ray Williams at the Kennedy headquarters in The Ambassador Hotel. Now we switch over to our sister station KNXT. Another eyewitness report.

... had some medical attention at that point?

No. I... no. I really I couldn't.

Was there... did he appeared to be conscious?

No. He didn't appear to be conscious, no. He might have been...

He was conscious and coherent. I gave him a pair of rosary beads, which are from Ireland. I told him and he looked straight up. I was wondering what this meant. I got a little frightened to see him looking straight up but, he looked at me. I said the act of contrition. I am a Roman Catholic. A Roman Catholic is trained to do this in case of any serious accident. I said to the president the act of contrition slowly and audibly and he heard it, I'm sure of it. He was breathing, he was alive. Please God. And I said to him, Mary, queen of peace, pray for us and with that he took my hand in the rosary beads and tightened.

Where was this, at what stage?

This was right after he was shot. I heard a balloon pop and I said to some woman, what a terrible thing to have around here. These these sounds, I said, it's not good for another Kennedy. And the woman said, don't be silly. And that's when I realized it wasn't a balloon.

Was he... was he conscious when you left him?

He was conscious. I was pushed away from him. I didn't need to do... do any thinking about his consciousness. I did what I believe I could do...

Did you see where he was wounded, if he was wounded?

He was wounded. The blood came from his hand and from his ear. I believe he was shot in the rear of the neck. I'm not sure. His blood came...

Are you certain that it was the senator? Are you certain that it was the senator?

It was Senator Kennedy.

You definitely saw that?

I know it was Senator Kennedy.

Did you see anyone else shot?

I saw someone else.

Who was it? Do you know?

Was there a woman shot?

Did they get the suspect?

There was someone else shot. I did not look at... because I looked to see Senator Kennedy.

What did the person look like? Was it a man or woman who shot him?

I really cannot tell you. I... I didn't... I didn't take notice. I was looking for the senator. I'm a Catholic, uh... a little slightly moody, I guess.

Do you know how many people were shot?

I don't think more than two were shot. I don't know about the one who did the shooting. All I know I... they had him up on some bins, some towel bins.

It was a him? It was a he, right?

I saw curly hair. Yes and it was a male.

Was it a male, curly hair?

I don't know about any woman.

Was it blond hair? Black hair?

Hey, I don't... I just did what I could do. Thank you.

I've spoken... I've spoken to several eyewitnesses...

This is Jerry Dunphy back at KNX, the election headquarters. We have this late report. If you're finding it hard to see your television pictures at home, it's because the lights have gone out in the Embassy Ballroom at The Ambassador Hotel. The Kennedy campaign managers have asked reporters to leave and dim their television lights. When they wouldn't leave, they turned the lights out in the ballroom, just after Senator Kennedy was shot. We also have this note. An ambulance from Central Receiving Hospital was sent to The Ambassador Hotel to remove Senator Kennedy. That's all we know at this time. We don't know exactly where the senator was shot, whether it was the head, whether it was hip, how many people were shot, we don't have that, or how seriously injured the woman who was shot was hurt.

This is Bob Arthur at KNX election headquarters. Ray McMackin, KNX radio newsman, was on the scene, an eyewitness. And you heard his very emotional report a few moments ago. Ray, as an eyewitness, said at least three persons were shot -- one shot in the arm, another shot in the stomach, and that still another had been shot...

... a young man, yes... he said was shot in the hip and a woman shot in the head. So that would be, uh, four all together.

Yes, we're trying to piece all these things together.

Even as emotional as Ray McMackin was, I would tend to put more credence in his report than in the report that we just heard, which was the interview on television that four persons actually have been wounded. Whether or not any have expired, that will have to await further developments.

We do know, as Jerry Dunphy just said, that the senator is being rushed to Good Samaritan Hospital. John D. O'Connell, KNX radio newsman, is right behind the ambulance, and he will give us a report just as soon as he possibly can from the scene. We have a report added to this -- Kennedy's brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, was one of those that was reportedly shot. The gunman, according to one report, was said to have been captured by Rafer Johnson, former Olympic decathlon champion and a Kennedy aide. This tragedy occurred right at a moment of triumph for Senator Kennedy -- at least an appearance of triumph -- because it has been pretty well established by the major news reporting services, including CBS and NBC, that Senator Kennedy had won the Democratic presidential nomination here in the California area, with something like 50% of the vote to McCarthy's 39%. We are more or less flying as blind as you are on the subject because, as you have heard, the reports have been anything but complete. Probably the most complete report is that of Ray McMackin, our reporter, who was an eyewitness, but there is still some confusion in the minds of a great many people. To recap, Senator Kennedy was stepping from the platform, had just made what had appeared to be a victory statement thanking a great many individuals who had helped in his campaign, including Rafer Johnson, who had reportedly captured the gunman. And as he started to leave, he was shot along with at least three -- possibly four -- other persons. Bob Ferris, reporting from outside The Ambassador Hotel, said that heavily armed police had rushed a young man -- and his report said a young Negro man -- from the scene, apparently with the idea of getting

him away as possibly could. Now we switch to John D. O'Connell on the mobile unit and here is his report.

Right Bob. The news bad at this hour. I've just pulled up behind the ambulance at Central Receiving Hospital. Senator Kennedy has been brought in on the stretcher here at Central Receiving Hospital. About sixteen police cruisers are also on hand here. The streets are now being roped off. I do hope everyone in the audience who can hear my voice will not come over here. It will only harm, rather than do any good. Senator Robert Kennedy is here at Central Receiving Hospital. He's been rushed into the emergency room. I'll report more as the news develops. This is John D. O'Connell at Central Receiving Hospital for KNX radio news.

John D. O'Connell on the scene and, as he said, he will relay to us whenever new information becomes available. This much we do know, recapping again, because we're going from fragmentary reports -- Senator Kennedy, brother of the assassinated president John F. Kennedy, was shot in The Ambassador Hotel, lying on the floor of the hotel kitchen after the shooting, blood streaming over his face, his eyes reportedly opened but unseeing. The Senator's assailant, as yet unidentified, apparently was captured by Rafer Johnson and a half dozen of Kennedy's supporters. Police reportedly, heavily armed, have rushed the young man or the suspect away from that scene apparently for interrogation. Boyd?

Bob, a thought just struck me. One of the last remarks that Senator Kennedy made, when he was making what appeared to be a victory statement, was a joking remark that he had received a message from his old adversary Mayor Sam Yorty that he had stayed too long. And little did anyone know at that moment that he had indeed stayed too long. I'm wondering if Ray McMackin has been able to compose himself, and whether we can reach him down at Kennedy headquarters, or whether or not we have been, uh...

I'm signaled that we cannot at this moment Boyd.

I would imagine that one of the first things they would try to do would be to move all of the news people out of there, and as we heard from Jerry Dunphy, they shut off the power so that the TV crews didn't have any lights anymore, removing some of the carnival atmosphere. Unfortunately, that's what always appears to be happening when all of the bright lights are on. Now we can go back to Kennedy headquarters. Here's Ray Williams.

Right Boyd. What's happening now is that evidently we're going to be ushered out of here very shortly. They want this room completely empty. They are now asking the television crews to remove their equipment, to conduct their interviews on the outside. No new evidence has come our way as to just what occurred or who was involved. All persons evidently involved in the shooting -- those being shot as well as the suspects being apprehended -- have been removed from the premises. The whole room is going to be cordoned off. Outside in the halls, we know it's complete bedlam. We understand that they've completely blocked off this building. The police are coming through now and they're making motions that it's going to be time for us to go.

Well, there was a request for another doctor, so we might still have one of the injured persons on the inside yet. But the big problem is that some of the Kennedy workers are still here. They're causing more confusion than the press. Members of the press are running around taking, in some instances, rampant reports that have no credence whatsoever, but that's the way it goes in a moment of tragedy like this. That's about the scene here at the Embassy Room -- much quieter,

much sadder, quite a bit more tragic that it was just an hour ago. Back to you, Bob.

Ray Williams there. We have added information and it's fragmentary, of course, that the apparent assailant, a man about 25 years of age, curly-haired and, according to this report, of Latin appearance, was captured by Kennedy supporters. He was rushed through The Ambassador Hotel lobby by police. If we dovetailed these reports, this will coincide and correlate with what Bob Ferris was saying from the outside. He had watched the armed police come rushing out with a suspect apparently in custody, and at that time, there was a number of fights that also broke out as people became excited and as rumors spread, as they always do in a case of this nature. Unfortunately, no one seems to have a clear and concise idea as to who the individual might be. We earlier had a report that it was Negro. Now it is of Latin American extraction, and we would hope that all would bear with us until we can sift out this fragmentary information and try to bring you a complete and accurate report as we possibly can. Ray McMackin was an eyewitness to it. He said the senator had been shot and he said in the head. Three other persons have also been shot -- we had a report that one was Kennedy's brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, another a woman, another a small child.

Bob, the thought occurs that something like this very definitely had to be premeditated. Someone with hate in his heart had to have thought to himself that this was what he wanted to do. He had to arm himself undoubtedly with a revolver, something that would be easily hidden. We'll now go to Senator McCarthy's headquarters.

Bob, I am witnessing a silent procession from the grand ballroom of McCarthy headquarters here at the Beverly Hills Hilton. The Senator just sent down word about a minute and a half ago. He asked for a moment of silent prayer for Senator Robert Kennedy. There were probably about 150 still left in the grand ballroom. That wish was acknowledged. The moment of silent prayer ended just a few seconds ago and the senator asked that each, in his own way, then go home and meditate and say a few more silent prayers for Senator Robert Kennedy. So far, those are the only comments from Senator McCarthy. The grand ballroom here at the Beverly Hilton is very quiet, it is very solemn, it is subdued. That moment of silent prayer has been extended into several moments, not only for the supporters of Senator McCarthy, but for the newsmen from all of the broadcast media. This is Dennis Bracken from the grand ballroom, McCarthy headquarters. Back to Bob Arthur at KNX election headquarters.

The shooting of Senator Kennedy occurred right after he had spoken to about 1000 supporters in that crowded ballroom. His wife Ethel, who was with him was not injured.

Ray, you were pointing out a minute ago that someone had to premeditate this action.

Yes. Someone had to have hate in their heart and arm themselves with a weapon that could easily be hidden so they could get into this place and someone also had to figure out where the senator would be so he could intercept him. Someone very definitely planned this, someone with hate in their heart.

We would point out that that Senator Kennedy's appearances had been delayed throughout the course of the evening. As we know, he had been expected from almost 10 o'clock on, but had delayed his appearance in The Ambassador Hotel so that he could watch the returns, and listen to the returns as they were broadcast checking, obviously, with his lieutenants up and down the coast to make some sort of determination as to whether or not he was, in fact, the winner of the California

Democratic primary. When he became convinced in his own mind that he had won, then he did make that appearance. So, whoever did lie in wait for the senator apparently had been there for quite a long period of time, knowing the senator would eventually make some sort of an appearance and some sort of a statement, whether in victory or in defeat.

We have late information that has just been handed us. We had not yet been able to make contact with Central Receiving Hospital. The phone was finally answered after a great many tries but only silence followed, then taking that phone off the hook. We do know that John D. O'Connell of KNX news radio is at the hospital and just as soon as it possible for him to give us some information, he will.

Don Schulman, a witness, said that Senator Kennedy was walking to the kitchen when he was shot -- and here's another report -- three times by the gunman who stepped out of the crowd. We do know there was were a flurry of shots fired, and we that know others were also wounded. Shulman, who witnessed the shooting, said the gunman was shot by Kennedy bodyguards and taken into custody. This is in conflict with other statements that we've had. This we have found, in our experience as a newsmen, is the thing that normally happens in such a tragedy like this or when there are rapid-fire events taking place. A great many witness have a great many ideas and it takes some time in order for the truer reports to come out. We had this recently in the case of Dr. Martin Luther King, who was shot fatally in Memphis. At that time, first reports had Dr. King being shot and wounded as he sat in a car outside the hotel, then later on shot on the balcony. As it turns out, that was the correct report.

Well, even more recently, Bob, when the senator was here on a campaign tour, he had made several stops and several appearances. And after a rally out in The Valley, when he was returning to his hotel, there were all sorts of reports that the senator had been hit with some sort of a missile or some such thing. I asked the senator himself about it at that time. He said nothing had happened. I got it then from another reporter who said that what had happened was that some youngsters standing on an overpass had wanted to drop some candy into the senator's car as he went by. The candy fell. Some of it apparently touched the senator. He was shocked and he sat down. And this led to all kinds of reports that the senator had been hit by a missile, he was hit in the head, he was hurt, and so on and so forth. So we do in these instances, have all sorts of conflicting reports. I say again Ray McMackin -- a trained reporter on the scene there -- should very well have given us a true picture of what is going on. Now we'll go back to Kennedy headquarters at The Ambassador Hotel. Ray? Is Ray McMackin there? Or Ray Williams? At The Ambassador Hotel?

We were expecting... apparently they are not making contact right now. We'll stand by and complete that call just as soon as we possibly can.

It would seem, as a result of this tragedy and other tragedies that have taken place in the last few years, that there will be greater and tighter security for the nation's major political candidates, no matter what the occasion, Boyd. There are many who have called for greater security in times past. Of course a candidate's appeal is that of being able to mingle with the crowd, to say hello, to shake hands, and to speak a few words. This, of course, puts him -- under these trying circumstances -- puts him in grave danger, as we know here. Of course, who would think for a moment that a victory celebration, such as the one that the senator was enjoying, that this would turn into a personal tragedy and personal injury to him? How you could possibly screen

everyone at a victory celebration is the unanswered question. Obviously, you could not, unless candidates appearances are confined, away from large crowds and into appearances on television or appearances on radio. This again, takes the senator or the candidate -- whoever he might be -- out of that personal contact with the people. You must have contact in order to influence a voter and influence those who would cast their ballots. Now we're going to swing back to Kennedy headquarters to Ray Williams.

Well, Bob, my producer Marshall Boyd has been out in the crowd all evening getting people to interview. Just as Kennedy was leaving the platform, there was quite a bit of pandemonium that broke out. He immediately ran over to see what was happening as the females there were hysterically screaming. And he came back with the word that there had been a shooting. Now, he has talked with a friend of his and he will now tell us exactly what it was his friend related to him in connection with this tragedy.

Yes Ray, I saw a fireman friend of mine who wanted to remain anonymous, and he confirmed that Kennedy had been shot, that he had been taken to Central Receiving Hospital. He said the suspect was apprehended and that Kennedy fans and Kennedy supporters literally tried to beat the suspect to death -- they were really giving him quite a pummeling on the ground.

Well, this was somewhat evident at the time that you ran over, that there was at least a fight in progress or some unnecessary commotion.

As you know, Ray, I went over there on a wild thousand-to-one shot trying to get Kennedy to go on microphone, and I heard screaming, which I thought were Beatle-type screams from young fans and I heard breaking glass and... and then people crying and saying that he had been shot... he had been shot and...

From that point on, Bob, we know just about the same thing that you know. The Embassy Room is pretty well barren now of supporters of Kennedy. The majority of the people here are the press. We have been told that that's it, we should move on. And actually that's about the story, tragic as it is, from here the Embassy Room at The Ambassador Hotel. Back to you Bob.

Ray Williams there. Boyd, as happened in the aftermath of the assassination of President Kennedy, the scene of shock and turmoil here was nationally advertised and televised, just as it was when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. The television reporter said the man who fired the shots was just about 10 feet from Senator Kennedy at the time. Reporters said that Stephen Smith, Kennedy's brother and campaign manager, also was shot. The American Broadcasting Company said its unit manager, William Weisel, was shot. Kennedy, of course, has been taken to a Los Angeles hospital and John D. O'Connell, KNX radio newsman, is on that scene and will report to us just as soon as possible.

Of course, the major emphasis is on the results of the treatment of Senator Kennedy, but I would also like to know what happened to the other people involved -- Steve Smith and this woman Ray McMackin said he saw shot in the head. They they set up an emergency operating room apparently in one of the kitchens there at The Ambassador Hotel. Perhaps Ray Williams or Ray McMackin can get in there and see if we have any report on the others involved.

We understand that five doctors treated the senator before he was removed to the hospital. Another witness of the shooting said he fell down right away. He just lay there. Gabor Kadar, who said he was waiting at the rear exit to the room to shake hands with the senator, heard four or five shots and saw Kennedy and a woman fall to the floor. Kadar said Senator Kennedy was holding the right side of his chest and

there was also blood on his head. A priest, before the senator was removed from the hotel...

Back to Kennedy headquarters for more information from Ray Williams.

Well, Bob, we have a young lady here that just informed us that Steve Smith, the Kennedy campaign manager, was not shot. If you would come over here, please, with us and let us have your information.

Uh, Stephen Smith, the senator's brother-in-law was not shot. I was right there at the time and he was standing up on a table. He was rather angry and rather distraught, but he certainly was not shot. He's perfectly all right. He seemed to be going with the senator to the hospital.

Fine. Thank you very much. And so, that clears up the point on Stephen Smith, Bob.

Thank you, Ray. We'll be standing by for any late information that you might have. A priest, as I started to say, before the senator was removed from the hotel, said he attempted to give the senator final rites of the Roman Catholic Church, but the surging crowd pushed him away. The priest said, I did give him the rosary and he clenched it tightly. As I was pushed away, there was blood on his head. The arrested man was hurried through a lobby, throngs still yelling and screaming at the news of the shooting. Kill him, lynch him, many in the crowd shouted, and many tried to reach the man, as we know from Bob Harris's report, there were some fights that broke out at that time. Police did manage to hustle him out of the lobby and down the stairs to an exit. We have no information as to who the man was. Two reports surfaced, one that he was Negro, another that he was Latin American. We will not know until police issue an official report on that.

I would imagine in this case, Bob, that the police are not going to be issuing very many reports for some time, in order to remove the carnival atmosphere that surrounded the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas. Police, as we say, captured a man believed to be the assailant, about 25 years of age, curly hair, and olive-skinned. They hustled him out through the lobby of The Ambassador Hotel, a shotgun at his back. The gunman was caught standing on some sort of a box. The shooting occurred in a small anteroom off the main ballroom. Only those near the door knew at first there had been a shooting. Five doctors, as we mentioned earlier, treated the senator before removal to the hospital. Several Kennedy supporters called for towels immediately after the shooting. A news reporter hastily stripped off a velvet tablecloth and rushed into the kitchen area, jammed with the shouting political supporters of the senator. The scene was complete confusion. Television cameramen and men carrying tape recorders stood on serving tables and tried to hold their equipment close to where first aid was being applied to the wounded, who were shot and bleeding. A tablecloth was used to stem the flow of blood from a blond man, who was stretched over a chair, his shirt up, bleeding profusely around the body. Kennedy's eyes were reported to be open. KNX news reporter Ray McMackin, who was an eyewitness to that seen said they were open, very definitely, but that he was not moving. The wife of one of the doctors said his condition seemed not to be critical, however. As we say, there have been a number of conflicting reports as to who was shot and who was not shot in this case. We hope to have information on it.

Bob, those reports that we have from the wire services seem to confirm what Ray McMackin said about a blond man being shot somewhere in the waist area. He told us that someone -- one of the victims -- may have been shot in the waist. He also told us about a young man being shot apparently in the hip. We also had the report of a 17-year-old

youth being taken to Central Receiving Hospital by a friend, but apparently not seriously wounded. And the 17-year-old shot being in the hip would apparently clear up some of the confusion over some of the earlier reports that Senator Kennedy had been shot in the hip. We are waiting for John D. O'Connell to report from the hospital to try to give us some further information on Senator Kennedy's condition. There's absolutely no report available as yet on his condition.

This is the CBS radio network.

This is KNX, 1070 news radio, Los Angeles.

And this is Boyd Harvey, along with the entire election coverage here. Bob Arthur is with me in the studio as we're trying to piece together the facts that have occurred. A tragedy of major proportions at the Kennedy headquarters here in Los Angeles, where Senator Robert F. Kennedy and apparently three others were shot by an unknown assailant, who has been apprehended by Los Angeles police. The condition of Senator Kennedy is still not known. He is at Central Receiving Hospital in Los Angeles. Bob?

Senator Kennedy's wife, Ethel, was at his side during that victory talk that he had made just prior to the shooting. He mentioned his dog Freckles and said the pet had been maligned during the campaign. Kennedy then waved to his supporters and was ushered backstage through a kitchen passageway en route to a room where he was to hold a news conference. And at that time, as best as we can piece together, four or five pistol shots rang out. Reporters ran into the kitchen passageway and saw the tumultuous scene and such exclamations as -- oh my god, not again, no, no -- cries from the crowd were heard. Stand back, give them room -- others shouted as they tried to make space around the fallen candidate. KNX and CBS reporters are on the scene trying to glean what information they can, trying to get information from the Los Angeles Police Department, without success. We have been told that one of the other victims in this tragic episode at The Ambassador Hotel was an assistant director for the American Broadcasting Company. He was identified by ABC as Bill Weisel. His wounds were said to be superficial. He is from the Los Angeles area. This, the climax of a California presidential primary, regarded to be one of the most important and the important...

III.

There's been no new word on Senator Robert Kennedy's condition, no official word for more than eight hours now although a bulletin is expected shortly. There have been a lot of rumors. Now we will cut to the... to the hospital auditorium where apparently a bulletin is forthcoming.

Here is that bulletin.

I have a short announcement to read, which I will read, uh, at this time. Senator Robert Francis Kennedy died at 1:44 a.m. today, June 6, 1968. With Senator Kennedy at the time of his death were his wife Ethel, his sisters Mrs. Stephen Smith, Mrs. Patricia Lawford, his brother-in-law, Mr. Stephen Smith, and his sister-in-law Mrs. John F. Kennedy. He was, uh, 42 years old. Thank you.

And that was the word, Frank Mankiewicz making a very quick, a very short announcement that at 1:40 this morning Robert Francis Kennedy died at Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. He was 42 years old. At his bedside, Ethel Kennedy and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. Again, that very brief, very short bulletin. John... er, Robert Francis Kennedy died

this morning at 1:40 at Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. In the press room at this time, reporters have rushed to the phones to make calls overseas to inform the rest of the nation what has happened here tonight. It was reported earlier that Senator Kennedy was very near death, apparently he was paralyzed on one side. And an earlier medical bulletin had said that there wasn't much hope for Senator Kennedy. He was not improving and conditions did not look good. So, very early this morning, his Press Secretary Frank Mankiewicz his eyes... tears in his eyes, announced that Robert Francis Kennedy, Senator from Massachusetts, had died this morning at Good Samaritan Hospital at the age of 42. There's word other than that. There is not much to say other than that except that America has lost a man, has lost a senator, and has lost an image that perhaps will not be replaced.

John Lennon

I.

John Smith is on the line and I don't care what's on the line, Howard Cosell, you have got to say that we know in the booth.

Yes we have to say it. Remember this is just a football game no matter who wins or loses. An unspeakable tragedy confirmed to us by ABC news in New York City. John Lennon, outside of his apartment building on the West Side of New York City, the most famous perhaps of all of The Beatles, shot twice in the back, rushed Roosevelt Hospital, dead on arrival. Hard to go back to the game after that newsflash. Frank Gifford?

Indeed it is.

...for scenes on December 10, 1938, the first scenes from the film Gone With The Wind. The burning of Atlanta sequence lights the sky for miles... We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin from NBC news. Former Beatle John Lennon is dead. Lennon died in a hospital shortly after being shot outside his New York apartment tonight. A suspect is in custody but has not been identified. Again, John Lennon is dead tonight of gunshot wounds at the age of 40. We now return to the Tonight Show.

In the latest report that we've got from the Associated Press, a police spokesman says a suspect in the killing of Lennon is in custody but he would give no further details. The spokesman did say it was not a robbery and that Lennon was killed most likely by a deranged person. It's 11:15 right now and we're gonna be doing a full hour of The Beatles in lieu of Boston on Moon Rocks tonight.

It's 18 minutes after 11 o'clock on this, a rather gloomy Monday now for, uh, I was going to say for fans of music, but certainly anyone. John Lennon, former Beatle, shot to death in New York City this evening. It happened outside his apartment building on the city's Upper West Side. Lennon, who just had his 40th birthday in October, was rushed by police to Roosevelt Hospital and pronounced dead upon arrival. According to police, the shooting took place outside The Dakota, the century-old luxury apartment building where Lennon and wife Yoko Ono lived. Police have a suspect in custody. They describe him as a, quote, local screwball. And they say there doesn't seem to have been any motive for the shooting. It was just two months ago that John released his first single in more than five years, ironically titled Just Like Starting Over. John Lennon, dead tonight in New York at the age of 40.

... I would imagine Beatle fans, at this point, just fans of John Lennon who, for no other reason, are all shocked and just felt they wanted to come here and.. and be close to him.

... every other song for the remainder of his hour will be, uh, a track of music by The Beatles, as we kind of, uh, shall we say, think or exist in memorial for the death of John Lennon.

... his wife Yoko Ono was with him when he died. They do have a suspect in custody but the police have released no other details at this time. We will keep you posted on that situation of course.

John Lennon was shot tonight in New York and, uh, he is dead. And I think if you're looking for a radio station tonight that's not playing Beatles music, you will have a long hunt.

Stereo 101 doing a complete hour of Beatles songs, some written by Lennon some written by Lennon and McCartney, but John Lennon was a part of them all. It's 11:49 right now and in case you haven't had your

radio on, former Beatle John Lennon was shot and killed in front of his home on Manhattan's Upper West Side tonight. He was 40. Police said Lennon was shot three times about 11 o'clock tonight New York time and died in the Emergency Room at Roosevelt Hospital. His wife Yoko was with him when he died. A police spokesman says a suspect is in custody, but he had no other details available on the circumstances of the shooting. The spokesman did say that it was not a robbery and the person who shot Lennon was most likely deranged. A witness says a man in his mid-30s with quote almost a smirk on his face gunned down the singer as Lennon, his wife, and several other people walked into the vestibule of the apartment building where the Lennons lived. The witness says the residents of the hotel told him the man had been in the vestibule for hours before the shooting. According to the witness, the man quote just walked out and shot Lennon. Lennon, who celebrated his 40th birthday on October 9th, just released an album, Double Fantasy, that he made with his wife in what was to be a comeback for the pair. Once again former Beatle John Lennon was shot and killed tonight at his Manhattan Upper West Side apartment. He was 40.

WWDC remembers a rock 'n roll legend, John Lennon.

Standing in the dock at Southampton, tryin' to get to Holland or France.

John Lennon was brought to the emergency room of the Roosevelt St. Luke's Hospital this evening shortly before 11 p.m. He was dead on arrival.

That is Stephen Lynn, a doctor at Roosevelt Hospital who just a little while ago confirmed that John Lennon has been shot and killed in New York City. Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono were on their way back from The Record Plant, a recording studio in New York City. Their limousine pulled up to their apartment building, The Dakota on New York's Upper West Side, and as they were walking into The Dakota, Lennon was shot apparently seven times in the chest. Lennon was shot reportedly by a white male who has been taken into custody. His identity has not been released but local police have described him as a local screwball and that's about all they've said so far. After Lennon was shot, he was taken by police car to Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. According to witnesses, there was blood all over the place but there was absolutely nothing that anybody could do. Lennon was pronounced dead on arrival at around 11:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. With me is Source correspondent CD Jako, who has just come back from Roosevelt Hospital. CD, you had an opportunity to hear the doctors explain what happened. What did they say?

The doctor, Stephen Lynn, told us that there was absolutely no chance for John Lennon. He said, in his medical opinion, that he was probably dead before he hit the ground. He had seven massive wounds in his chest at close range. The caliber of bullets he couldn't ascertain, but that the shots apparently ruptured most of the internal blood vessels and major organs. A policeman who was there, however, told me that Lennon was conscious after being shot. When he asked him -- are you John Lennon? -- Lennon replied, yes, before being put into the police car and rushed to Roosevelt Hospital. The doctor said he informed Yoko Ono, who was at the hospital at the time and that she, in his words, found the news very, very difficult to take. She has been rushed from Roosevelt Hospital, possibly back to The Dakota. He said it was massive chest wounds and that there was absolutely nothing anyone could do. We spoke to Jack Douglas, who was Lennon's producer on the new album Double Fantasy. He said that Lennon had been, as you said, at the Record Plant working on a new single and that that new single was

to have been mastered by John Lennon tomorrow. Mr. Douglas obviously was completely distraught, as were most of the people there.

Thanks, CD. John Lennon, of course, was one of the architects of The Beatles, one of the most important rock 'n roll bands in the history of rock 'n roll -- that probably goes without saying. Lennon had been in retirement for about the last six years, and in just the last few months, Lennon had gone back into the recording studio to record a new record with Yoko Ono called Double Fantasy. And again, John Lennon was shot dead tonight on his way inside his apartment in New York City.

We'll be doing a Devo / Hall and Oates concert starting at 12 o'clock and any news about the Lennon situation that we have, we'll be interrupting the concert as soon as we get the news. Okay? Let's try some material from the former Beatle, John Lennon at KQ92.

Straight quote off the police report: a local screwball. And they say that there doesn't seem to have been any motive at all for the shooting. It was just a couple of months ago that Lennon released his first single in more than five years from the Double Fantasy album which he recorded with Yoko Ono. That record is now in the Top 10. And in light of Lennon's death tonight, the title is ironic: Just Like Starting Over. Record producer Jack Douglas tells us that he and the Lennons had been in a studio called the Record Plant in midtown Monday night and that Lennon had left about 10:30 to get a bite to eat and then go home. A man named Sean Strub says he was walking south near 72nd St. on the Upper West Side, when he heard four shots ring out. He said he went around the corner to Central Park West just in time to see John Lennon being put into the back of a police car. Strub said some people heard six shots. Others said Lennon was hit twice. The NYPD said he was hit in the back. Reports from the various wire sources say then he was taken to Roosevelt Hospital in Manhattan and pronounced dead on arrival. But they did try various resuscitation efforts and revival efforts for approximately 15 minutes -- even to the point of blood transfusions and special hookups to see if they could revive his heartbeat -- but obviously to no avail. Other witnesses say that the assailant had been crouching in the archway of The Dakota, the Lennon's apartment complex in Manhattan. Police described the suspect -- who is in custody at this point -- as a pudgy kind of man, aged 35 to 40 with brown hair. He was put into a police car with a smirk on his face -- that's a partial quote from the police report.

CBS news. Former Beatle John Lennon was shot and killed tonight night in New York City. Police say a man with the gun apparently had been waiting in the entrance of The Dakota, the apartment building where Lennon lived. Just as Lennon got out of the car, the man opened fire. Lennon was brought to Roosevelt Hospital's emergency room shortly before 11 p.m., according to Dr. Stephen Lynn, director of emergency room services. He was dead on arrival. Extensive resuscitative efforts were made, but in spite of transfusions and many procedures, he could not be resuscitated.

Where was he shot, Doc, and how many times?

He had multiple gunshot wounds in his chest, in his left arm, and in his back.

Lynn said there were seven wounds in Lennon's body, although he could not say how many shots were actually fired. Lennon died, said Lynn, from damage to the large blood vessels in his chest. He probably died, Lynn said, almost instantly. Lennon's wife, Yoko Ono, was with the singer when he was shot and later at the hospital. According to Lennon's record producer, Jack Douglas, Lennon had been at a recording session, then had taken a break to go home to get something to eat. He

was shot in the entrance to his apartment. One witness, Sean Strub, says the man who shot Lennon had what was described as almost a smirk as he pulled the trigger and he describes the suspect.

Between 30 and 40 years old. He was kind of fat. He didn't look like a groupie or, you know, anything like that. He almost had a sort of smear on his face, I mean, he was almost proud of what he had done apparently. Uh, he scuffled with them... getting into the police car, uh, you know, his... his head was... was.... was held high. He had... he had... kind of a sort of a smile almost. One person that lives across the street said he had seen the guy there on the sidewalk, like, all week, just been kind of hanging around. I think he intended to kill John Lennon. I mean I... I... I don't think it was a robbery or anything like that.

One police spokesman says the gunman, in his words, is a local screwball. Lennon has a single record in the Top 10 now. It's called Just Like Starting Over, from an album he recorded with Yoko Ono entitled Double Fantasy. It's the first single that Lennon has released in more than five years. It's been out just two months. Repeating, former Beatle John Lennon was shot and killed tonight in New York City. He was 40. More CBS news in a minute.

Initial police reports say the world renowned singer-songwriter was returning to his exclusive Manhattan apartment building, The Dakota, with his wife Yoko Ono when a man opened fire on Lennon. Eyewitnesses say that the man had been loitering in the area and started shooting the ex-Beatle for no apparent reason. Police say Lennon died shortly after the shooting. Police have a suspect in custody. Dozens of shocked fans, hearing the news on the radio, began arriving here at the hospital. Some spontaneously sank to their knees when Lennon's death was announced and began praying.

It's midnight. Good evening. I'm Michelle Diamond. John Lennon dead, shot down about 10 p.m. tonight outside of his Manhattan apartment. And tonight on KCLD-FM, instead of Full Trackin' and we have an hour of John Lennon and Beatles music, in honor and memory of a great man, a great musician. Here's a track from the album Yesterday and Today, I'm Only Sleeping.

When I wake up early in the morning

Lift my head, I'm still yawning

When...

Good night.

II.

KQ92 at 10 in front of 7. That is Jackson Browne from Hold Out. Well, I'm sure a lot of you people are kind of just getting the sleep bugs out of your eyes and are getting up to a new day. You might be interested to know that, uh, John Lennon was shot and killed yesterday as he was entering his New York apartment. We'll have a complete report from The Source in just a moment. And we'll have another special report from them that will occur at a little bit after 7:30. And, of course, John Lennon is the morning feature. We'll be hearing from him next on KQ92.

Good morning. Former Beatle John Lennon was shot to death in New York City last night. It happened just outside of his apartment building on the city's Upper West Side. Lennon, who was just having his 40th birthday, had been rushed by police to, uh, Roosevelt Hospital and there he was pronounced dead. According to police, the shooting took place outside of The Dakota -- that's the century-old luxury apartment house where he and his wife Yoko Ono lived -- and, uh, police have a

suspect in custody. They described him as a local screwball. They say there doesn't seem to have been any motive for the shooting. When the suspect was put into the police car, he had a silly smirk on his face. It's a terrible tragedy. It's clear and 13°.

... they didn't want to make the move until four years later because, in his words, he quote, just didn't have the guts. After The Beatles broke up in 1970, Lennon continued writing songs and recording but in 1975, he dropped out for five years, saying he wanted to be with his son Sean and his wife Yoko Ono. It was not until last summer that he returned to music. His 14-song album Double Fantasy was released last month. Ironically the record -- which is in the Top 10 -- has a single which is titled Just Like Starting Over. This is from Abbey Road.

Something in...

...1971. Uh, good question for everybody to ask themselves, uh, when they are going over this event in their minds, I would say, particularly those of you that are hovering around 30 -- between 25 and 35 maybe -- ask yourself where you would be, what you would be thinking, how you would look, possibly -- even today -- if it wasn't for John Lennon?

Mutual News. Former Beatle John Lennon was shot to death last night outside his apartment building in New York's Manhattan. Authorities say Lennon was rushed in a police car to a nearby hospital and was pronounced dead shortly after arriving. Doctors say he suffered seven severe wounds in his chest, back, and left arm. Mutual's Bernard Gershon has been following the story over the last few hours and says New York City police have now identified the suspect in the assassination of John Lennon as Mark David Chapman, a 25-year-old man they believe is from Hawaii. New York City police believe the suspect came to New York a week ago and got an autograph from John Lennon on Monday afternoon. On Monday evening he shot John Lennon to death, they believe. This is John Hanrahan, Mutual News.

The music world was rocked by the sound of gunshots. John Lennon is dead. I'm Bob Madigan from The Source. John Lennon preached peace and nonviolence but last night outside his New York City luxury apartment building, John Lennon was gunned down by someone he probably thought was a fan. John and Yoko were taking a break from a recording session. They decided to head home for a late night snack. John walked from the limo to the apartment building and just as he was getting to the door, a man called out -- Mr. Lennon! John turned. The man crouched into a combat position and unloaded his revolver. Five shots. He fell to the ground, mortally wounded, moaning, I've been shot. A short time later, John Lennon was pronounced dead at Roosevelt Hospital. In the moments before the police arrived, the doorman of the building kicked the weapon out of the way and the gunman just stood by. Police booked the man immediately on murder charges. Reporters stood by, waiting to find out more. In an emotion wrought moment, the chief of detectives, James Sullivan, handled it with typical Jack Webb dryness.

We have arrested Mark David Chapman of 55 South Kukui--K-U-K-U-I--Street, Hawaii, for the homicide of John Lennon. He's a male Caucasian, tan complexion, 5 feet 11, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes and he's 25 years of age.

Chapman reportedly had been hanging around the Lennon's home for almost a week, had even gotten Lennon's autograph earlier in the day. This morning, a crowd several hundred strong remains outside the Lennon's apartment. One of those -- one of the few outside Lennon's tight circle of friends who made contact with Lennon -- said, I delivered groceries to his apartment and he was a gentleman, he was a

genius, he was an artist. He wasn't a politician that got shot. He was an artist and he was a great man. And, uh, god bless him, the lord's with him. John Lennon is dead at 40. He was murdered last night outside his New York City apartment house. And that's news. I'm Bob Madigan from The Source.

And the weather for today, uh, chance of maybe a snow flurry this morning. It'll be mostly cloudy. Variable cloudiness and cold for tonight and tomorrow, 23 the high today, lows tonight down to about 5. And tomorrow's high up to about 20. Right now, we have 15 degrees under a cloudy sky. Three minutes in front of seven o'clock. It's Wally Walker and, uh, well, we are gonna be playing more John Lennon tracks throughout the day today. As a matter of fact, I think I'm gonna do a John Lennon mini-concert right now. We have John Lennon as the morning feature, so you'll be hearing a lot of Beatles tracks and John Lennon's solo stuff throughout the morning. And we also hope to have that Source report for you at about 7:40, a little bit later on. And we're gonna start off with a 25-minute jam from the man himself...

... and the world will live as one.

None of us will probably ever forget where we were and what we were doing when we first got word, when we heard the first reports that John Lennon, the man who gave birth to The Beatles was dead, felled by a lone gunman in front of his New York City home. Correspondent CD Jako has been with this story since it began and tells us of John Lennon's last day.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono left their apartment in New York's famous Dakota apartment building Monday afternoon headed for the Record Plant, a local studio. They were preparing to cut a new single. They may not have noticed a young man standing on the street. Neighbors say he had been hanging around The Dakota for several days. Only hours before, he had asked John for an autograph on an album. Lennon signed it. About 10:30 at night, John and Yoko returned from the studio. They stepped out of their limousine and started inside. The young man who had been hanging around, called to them. John turned. The young man was in a military firing position, both hands around the grip of a Charter Arms .38 caliber revolver, his knees bent. He emptied the gun into Lennon. Lennon staggered several feet and collapsed in an office area.

I saw John and Yoko get out of the... get out of the limousine. They... they walked into the gate and, oh god... let me just... and then I heard four or five shots. It was ear-shattering, ear-shattering. And then I heard Yoko... I heard a woman screaming... it was Yoko. She was screaming, help me!

Police cars raced to The Dakota, where officers found Lennon and lifted him into the back seat.

I saw the cops wrestling with the guy in the tan jacket and tinted, uh, tinted glasses. He had a kind of brownish-blond haircut, heavysset, and they, uh, threw the cuffs on him and put him into a police car. Moments after that, I saw four officers carrying, uh, John Lennon and, uh, he was bleeding in the mouth and he looked very unconscious. And they put him into the back of the police car and they took him to the hospital.

The squad car was driven at top speed to the emergency room of Roosevelt Hospital, about a mile away. Dr. Stephen Lynn is in charge of that emergency room.

John Lennon was brought to the emergency room of the Roosevelt St. Luke's Hospital this evening shortly before 11 p.m. He was dead on arrival.

Dr. Lynn broke the news to Yoko.

I did, uh, tell his wife that he was dead, and she was most distraught at the time and found it quite hard to accept.

Outside The Dakota hundreds of people, shocked and stunned, gathered in the warm New York night.

Woo! Woo!

All we are saying is give peace a chance...

Local New York radio stations played nothing but Beatles songs. The faithful lit candles, wept in each other's arms, laid flowers on the building grillwork and cried for John Lennon and for that part of our youth that had died.

I imagine I started to cry and then I called my sister and she started to cry and it was horrible.

To a lot of people... something like this... you know... to millions of people, this has the impact of a presidential assassination. There's no question about it.

The first thing that went through my mind... like... this is for me like John Kennedy. Because I remember I was, like, seven at the time and I remember my parents crying and stuff like that. And this is the first time this kind of impact has occurred on me. I just... I don't know... I can't imagine the world without him. I really can't.

And amid the sorrow, confusion. Who shot John Lennon? Why? The young man who had been hanging around for a week just stood there after firing, threw the gun down and was grabbed by the doorman. He was taken to 20th Precinct headquarters nearby.

We have arrested Mark David Chapman of 55 South Kukui--K-U-K-U-I--Street, Hawaii, for the homicide of John Lennon. He's a male Caucasian, tan complexion, 5 feet 11, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes and he's 25 years of age.

Mark David Chapman, three names straight off the police blotter. Three names like many accused assassins -- Lee Harvey Oswald. James Earl Ray. Mark David Chapman. Chapman flew to New York from Honolulu last week, allegedly with a .38 caliber revolver police say he'd bought in Hawaii. He supposedly stayed at YMCAs and at local hotels and walked back and forth in front of The Dakota. Mark David Chapman has been charged with the first-degree murder of John Lennon.

I delivered groceries to his apartment and he was a gentleman, he was a genius, he was an artist. He wasn't a politician that got shot. He was an artist and he was a great man. And, uh, god bless him, the lord's with him. John Lennon is dead at 40.

I read the news today, oh boy

About a lucky man who made the grade

And though the news was rather sad

Well I just had to laugh

I saw the photograph

John Lennon was born in Liverpool, October the 9th, 1940. By the time he was a teenager, his father was gone and his mother was dead. But in 1958, he struck up a friendship that was to change his life and all of rock music, because that's when he started playing with Paul McCartney, traveling in 1959 to Hamburg, Germany with a new band. John, Paul, drummer Pete Best, and guitarist Stuart Sutcliffe. Best was soon replaced with Ringo Starr and Sutcliffe died. Then back to Liverpool and a booking in a cellar club called The Cavern, where the band was discovered by Brian Epstein, the man who was to become The Beatles' manager. By 1963, The Beatles were performing for the Queen. A year later they were honored by being named members of the Order of the British Empire.

Oh yeah, I'll tell you something,

I think you'll understand,

*Then I'll say that something,
I wanna hold your hand,
I wanna hold your hand,
I wanna hold your hand.*

It was during this time that John first became a father. His son, John Julian Lennon, was born to his first wife Cynthia. But by 1968, that marriage was gone, Yoko Ono announcing to the world that she would bear Lennon's second child fully a month before his divorce was finalized. As Lennon's life was starting over, The Beatles were falling apart. In 1967, Brian Epstein died and along with him with the only thing keeping the band together. Writer Laurence Shames remembers those times.

Lennon in the 60s -- although on the one hand, he was already tremendously wealthy and powerful and famous -- was really in... in many ways, uh, terrifically naïve and an incurable idealist. And that idealism carried over into politics.

*All we are saying is give peace a chance.
All we are saying is give peace a chance.
Ev'rybody's talking about Bagism, Shagism...*

You know you have peace and staying in bed for peace. Do something that can't be smashed.

In the early 70s, John Lennon became the target of deportation. The U.S. government argued that he was ineligible for permanent residency in the country because of a 1968 drug conviction. Lennon fought the government and won.

This is the land of the free, right? And... and since the last hundred years, all the artists -- major and otherwise -- have been attracted to this country. And although initially it was on... I came as a Beatle, it was Yoko's influence that got me to look at it as a... a place to be in rather than just scoot in and run back with the loot.

Ultimately, it was only money that kept The Beatles together or at least kept the four members talking to each other. But in 1977, when they tried to end even that tenuous relationship, Paul McCartney remembers they couldn't even agree on that.

Basically, the three of us, uh, George, Ringo and myself, are ready to sort of get settled and ready to, uh, finish up and get it all cooled out, but, uh, John has got certain objections at the moment. And, uh, lord knows what they are, you know, but, uh, he's been a bit funny at the moment.

Between 1975 and 1980, John Lennon didn't even record, turning his time and energy instead toward his personal wealth, buying homes, buying land, and even some prize-winning cows.

*Whatever gets you through the night 'salright, 'salright
It's your money or your life 'salright, 'salright
Don't need a sword to cut through flowers oh no, oh no*
Again, writer Laurence Shames.

When Lennon was singing in the streets and and... and giving his support to... to radical causes, he opened himself to a lot of criticism and... and he showed himself to have this sort of leftist working-class anger. Uh, in his later years, with his tremendous resources and... and his decision to invest and to try to build security for himself and his family, obviously that's something of a different side of him.

*People say I'm crazy doing what I'm doing
Well they give me all kinds of warnings to save me from ruin
When I say that I'm o.k. well they look at me kind of strange
Surely you're not happy now you no longer play the game
People say I'm lazy dreaming my life away
Well they give me all kinds of advice designed to enlighten me*

*When I tell them that I'm doing fine watching shadows on the wall
Don't you miss the big time boy you're no longer on the ball
Soon John and Yoko came to call New York City their new home,
buying into the very expensive and very exclusive Dakota Apartments.*

One of the things, uh, that characterized him and Yoko golf was a real love-hate for the city and a love-hate for the whole idea of being that well-known and recognized. I think that although Lennon genuinely did want his privacy, he couldn't really just go somewhere where he would be obscure and unknown -- he just he just couldn't quite make that break.

Lennon really liked New York. He'd travel the streets in public, often showing up at local clubs, but always in the shadows, lurking more than strutting the way that some stars did. And now this star shines no more. The dream is over and with it, a part of us is also gone. One day before John Lennon died, he and Yoko recorded their annual Christmas message for the BBC.

And so this is Christmas and what have you done. Ha ha ha. Another year older etcetera, etcetera. It's nice to be here. Hi. We're pretty damn steady, as they say. We're... we're in good condition. Thank you very much. It's great to talk to you and it's not kindness. We want to sell the record. And we want to tell the English to play Happy Christmas. Happy Christmas.

*I read the news today oh boy
Four thousand holes in Blackburn, Lancashire
And though the holes were rather small
They had to count them all
Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.
I'd love to turn you on.*

Okay, you're on the air at CBS-FM. Do you have a question?

Uh, I have, uh, a few comments.

Okay.

I would like to say that I can't think of anyone who, uh, who deserves more to live for what they have given us. And, uh, another, uh, feeling that I have is that he is very, uh, consciously with us because he remains in my consciousness. I would also like to encourage the news media to never publish the name of the man who assassinated him.

Well, there's an idea because of the fact that that could be exactly what he's looking for. Unfortunately with the structure of news media that we have today, I would feel this that would be pretty much impossible. Don't you Eric?

Yeah. I don't think there's chance in the world, although it's a nice thought.

*Blackbird singing in the dead of night.
... the sound of a revolution.
...in so many ways. But now these days have gone...
... the English army had just won the war.*

We'll be doing The Beatles from A to Z in a special tribute. We'll be back with She Loves You in just a moment.

Okay and again, I'd like to say this is a bit of a tribute to John. He just had an interview in Playboy. I don't know if you've read it or not, but he mentioned a few things about death that I'd like to read to you. They asked him, what about death? What about rust never sleeps, Neil Young's thing about how it's better to burn out than to fade away? What did he say? I hate it, he said. It's better to fade away like an old soldier than to burn out. I don't appreciate worship of dead Sid Vicious or dead James Dean or dead John Wayne. It's the same thing, making Sid Vicious a hero. Jim Morrison is garbage to me. I worship the

people who survived. Basically, he doesn't want to be worshiped. He wants to be remembered and I think that's about it. And of course everyone is taking this tragedy with shock and disbelief, but none hard probably harder than Yoko Ono, John's wife, who was said to be back at The Dakota Hotel in a state of shock. Of course, she was with John until the end. And also at The Dakota Hotel, it appears an impromptu memorial is being staged right now. There's hundreds of Beatles fans outside mourning. They'll probably be out, uh, all night, while still just a few feet away is the puddle of blood left from the attack. I guess it's kind of a reminder of the sickness of any violence, especially as senseless as this.

... I am, I'm only sleeping...

But it was always for peace.

Good afternoon, everybody. My name is Arne Fogel. John Lennon. The name itself is enough to bring about an instant flash of memories of a lifetime -- not just his lifetime, I'm talkin' about your lifetime, too. Sitting as a kid in front of the TV screen during an early Ed Sullivan show or an even earlier Jack Parr program, the memories of the radio stations as they would tease you by playing a choice cut or two from the latest Beatles album two or three days before it was available. And later on, when you first began to study him and his three partners, the revelation that they weren't newborn the first time you saw them with Sullivan, but that they had a history, long nights of playing for next to nothing in the dingy cellars of Liverpool and Hamburg, Germany.

... let me tell you about a girl I know. Woo. Thank you.

You learned that the voice of John Lennon was first recorded in 1961 and the first Lennon composition to be recorded was an instrumental also from 1961 called Cry For A Shadow.

Oh ain't she sweet...

Ain't She Sweet, Cry For A Shadow. It was all nearly 20 years ago. No need to go into a long rehash of the recent facts, suffice it to say that John Lennon at age 40 is dead, cut down by an assassin's bullets in the flush of success of his first album in nearly six years. It's a tremendously sad time for those of us who treasured his work and career and for those like myself, who literally idolized the man and all he stood for. John was a brilliant man, a witty man, and perhaps the most important popular musician of the last 35 years. And in compiling the celebration of his life, I'm happy to report that I have been studying him, laughing a little, and listening a lot.

We didn't break up because we weren't friends. We just broke off out of sheer boredom.

Merry Christmas everybody.

Christmas cheer from John, Paul, George, and Ringo in 1963. A tribute to John Lennon today. We'll be here till four o'clock and we'll be doing another John Lennon tribute tomorrow from two to four. Once again my name is Arne Fogel. His name is John Lennon.

And it tends to get into a format, you know? Because we were together much longer than the public knew us.

No reply.

And now a demonstration of the voice that over the last 20 years has often been described as one of the greatest rock 'n roll voices in the history of the music: angular, lean, passionate, and infinitely emotive. Here's John Lennon interpreting the classic rock 'n roll of composers other than himself.

Oh yes, wait just a minute mister postman

Wait, wait mister postman

Mister postman look and...

He's in Bellevue Psychiatric Center in New York City right now. He won't be back to court until January 6. That's because the judge says Chapman needs to go undergo psychiatric tests. Who is Mark David Chapman? He's 25, 5 feet 11, 190 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. He'd been living in Hawaii for several years and before that had lived in Texas and Georgia. He worked as a security guard and a printer in Hawaii. He graduated from Columbia High School near Atlanta in 1973 and Lucy Badgett was a classmate.

I met him in eighth grade he was real, um, very straight, alright I mean, you know, he was very into, uh, school work and everything and, you know, just real straight. And then he just changed over the years. And I know he played in a band, a local band. Senior year he was more into religion and everything.

Just last week, Chapman supposedly borrowed \$2000 for from a friend to fly to New York. Robert Connell is the superintendent of Chapman's Honolulu apartment building.

I didn't even know he was gone. In fact, uh, I just saw him last week out in front out in front of the condominium and did not speak to him at the time, but I saw him out there and I just couldn't believe that he was in New York for this. So it was probably a... one of those spur of the moment deals that he went to New York for what purpose god only knows.

Mark David Chapman allegedly gunned down Lennon with that snub nosed revolver that he bought October 27th in Honolulu. It was legally registered at the police station down the street from the gun shop. Richard Lester, who directed Lennon in A Hard Day's Night.

It seems appalling to me that all this time nobody has spoken about the problems of people having guns in America and the problem that people can shoot a man on the street and when... how many more public figures will be killed before some sensible gun control will be passed?

But the gun Chapman supposedly used was registered. He was able to register it, Hawaii police say, because he had no known a narcotics record in Hawaii and because he had no known felony record anywhere in the country. So now Mark David Chapman is being looked at by psychiatrists and John Lennon is dead.

The reaction to the word of Lennon's murder was quick. With that story, Bob Madigan.

Almost as soon as the news of Lennon's death hit the air, people began to flock to The Dakota. It was too late to help -- they knew that -- but the vigil was sincere. Signs went up almost immediately telling Yoko Ono she was not alone in her grief. Flowers began to arrive before dawn. Photos of John were tacked to the iron gates, gates closed to keep the milling mourners out of the luxury apartment building's courtyard. Through the night the crowd grew but remained quiet, talking among themselves in hushed tones. But every so often the emotions would become so intense that the crowd would break into song.

All we are saying is give peace a chance.

All we are saying is give peace a chance.

We don't love anyone as much as you.

When you're not near us, we're blue.

Oh John we love you.

Of the thousands gathered at The Dakota, everyone appeared bewildered. They couldn't believe the news. And many seemed to be looking for spiritual answers to what happened. That's why they were drawn to the fashionable address opposite Central Park.

I imagine I started to cry and then I called my sister and she started to cry and it was horrible.

To a lot of people something like this, you know, to millions of people this has the impact of a presidential assassination. There's no question about it.

The first thing that went through my mind... like this is for me like John Kennedy. Because I remember I was, like, seven at the time and I remember my parents crying and stuff like that. And this is the first time this kind of impact has occurred on me. I just... I don't know... I can't imagine the world without him. I really can't.

That feeling was shared by many others. Steve Soroka.

I guess I owe the man something. He's done a lot for me all these years and I don't know... I was in kindergarten when John Kennedy got shot and, uh, this day just keeps reminding me of the day Kennedy got shot. In fact, the impact is even twice as bad.

The main reason people gravitated to the Lennon's home was because they didn't know what else to do. They lost a friend, someone they had known intimately, though never met. Michael Allerman was one who stood in the rain.

All I have ever wanted to do was to meet him once. An autograph was secondary. But just to say thanks, because I thought I owed it to him and some guy just robbed me of my opportunity. It's just an awful, awful thing. And I... I mean I wish I could say something to Yoko. I mean, but no chance. I feel so bad for her.

Some of the people came from far away. Richard Perkins was at home in Ohio when he heard Lennon had been shot. He headed to the Toledo airport, flew to New York City, and took a cab to The Dakota to be part of the vigil.

I'm 31 years old and, you know, I've grown up with The Beatles since I was, like, in eighth grade, freshman year of high school, all through college, and, uh, you know, their life is part of mine. And, so, I had the opportunity, I figured I ought to come.

What were you doing when you heard ?

I guess I just turned on the TV, uh, getting dressed and all of a sudden I heard about it and I was pretty shocked, uh, it's like a little bit of your life has been taken away from you.

Andrew Gelpman felt the same.

I just sat there for, like, an hour, just listening to The Beatles music and it's just, like, I didn't understand why anyone would want to do something, you know, just go out and kill someone because they're famous or something.

And the neighbors were shocked. Joe Plava lives but a stone's throw from the Lennon's apartment.

Well, for five years I've seen John and Yoko around a lot of times, very, uh, very nice people, always nod, always wave, always say something, just... just... just blows me away.

John Lennon was always a man of peace and love. Perhaps even for the man who took his life. In 1969, John was asked what he thought of capital punishment.

I can understand people thinking, uh, it's the only way to deal with them because I... I understand those people. I don't think they're right because it doesn't help murderers to hang them or help violent people to be violent to them. That's... it is all they understand really. It doesn't... I don't believe... violence begets violence, you know.

Hours after his death, John's widow and son released a statement to the press and his many fans. Yoko and Sean said that there'd be no funeral for John, just time set aside for a silent vigil to pray for his soul. John loved and prayed for the human race, they said. Please

pray the same for him. John Lennon died December 8, 1980, and with him died a little bit of each of us.

And in the and the love you take is equal to love you make.

III.

Good afternoon. This just in. Thousands of people, many bearing flowers and candles in their hands and tears in their eyes gathered today in New York's Central Park for a last farewell to slain Beatle John Lennon. Millions more around the world joined the observance. Some attended local memorial services like the one in New York, others simply paused for a few moments as hundreds of radio stations joined in a vigil of silence and quiet music. Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, asked that the world pray for John's soul for 10 minutes, which started at 2 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. That was one hour ago. Police originally estimated as many as a half million people would attend the gathering in Central Park, but freezing temperatures and biting winds apparently kept away all but the faithful. For 10 minutes, not a whisper or a word was heard in the heart of New York, the adopted home of the man who helped shape the thinking, singing, and living of an entire generation.

Space Shuttle Challenger

This is a special report from Channel 4 News. Good morning. The Space Shuttle Challenger is just a few seconds away from blasting off from the Kennedy Space Center near Cape Canaveral, Florida. Challenger finally getting ready to leave KSC, its launch delayed a couple of times because of weather and mechanical problems.

T minus 15 seconds...

That's the voice of Launch Controller Hugh Harris of NASA.

10...9...8...7...6... we have main engines starting...

4...3...2...1 and liftoff... liftoff...

Solid booster rockets kicking in...

...and liftoff of the 25th Space Shuttle mission and it has cleared the tower.

Challenger going into its roll. That's planned. Watch it spiral away from pad 39B. The first launch at 39B since the old Apollo days and the Skylab missions. It's chilly here in Florida. Icicles formed on the pad overnight. NASA engineers were concerned that they might have broken off during the launch and have affected the fragile heat protection tiles which protect the Shuttle on its way back in during reentry.

...will travel down to, uh, 65% shortly.

I don't know what the effect might be yet. The astronauts might take a look later on during the mission.

Engines at 65%. Three engines running normally. Three good fuel cells. Three good A.P.U.'s.

A.P.U.'s are the auxiliary power units.

...257 feet per second, altitude 4.3 nautical miles, downrange distance 3 nautical miles.

It's always amazing to hear how quickly the Shuttle moves. It's already more than four miles downwind as we just heard.

Challenger throttling up. Three engines now at 104%.

Challenger go with throttle up.

This Shuttle mission will launch...

My god! There's been an explosion!

...velocity 2900 feet per second, altitude nine nautical miles.

Down range distance seven nautical miles.

This is not standard! This is not something that is planned of course! I can see a solid rocket booster has broken away from Shuttle Challenger. I cannot see the Shuttle itself! I don't know if it's able to continue on one rocket booster! If it's able to jettison that rocket booster, it will be able to return to the Kennedy Space Center. Perhaps the Shuttle engines are not enough to power the Shuttle back down and they'll have to shut down.

We're looking very carefully at the situation. Obviously a major malfunction.

I hope they were able to survive! I hope the astronauts... we have absolutely no sign at all of the Shuttle itself. All we saw was that one explosion only about a minute into the flight and we saw the solid rocket booster. Now here's something coming down. I don't know what that is! I don't think that that's the Shuttle. I believe that that's a piece of debris that's coming back earthbound. I don't know. It's too small for the Shuttle itself. Pieces falling out of the sky in the Florida morning. It's about twenty till noon in here Florida. There are contingency plans for the Shuttle when something does go wrong, when something goes terribly wrong.

We have a word from the Flight Dynamics Officer that the vehicle has exploded. The director confirms that. We are checking with the recovery forces to see what can be done at this point.

We hear from Launch Control the vehicle has exploded, that's the orbiter itself. The Shuttle Challenger, has exploded. We must...

Emergency procedures are in effect.

...assume that the crew is not alive. This is unheralded in the history of the space program! Ladies and gentlemen, I... I have covered space Shuttle launches since the very first launch since before the first launch itself going way back and nothing like this has ever happened. Of course, there was the Apollo fire on the ground at the Kennedy Space Center -- the Apollo 1 fire that killed three astronauts during a test run back in the '60s -- but the Shuttle program itself, to this time, has been untouched by any human problem. But this is a major problem which developed just a few moments ago. We could see it happen. There seemed to be some kind of a, uh, of a, uh, of an explosion aboard the rocket and all of a sudden all communication with the spacecraft was lost. Obviously it is going nowhere at this point. It looks as if debris is falling out of the sky. It almost appeared as if one of the solid rocket boosters or one of the spacecraft main engines went awry and something happened.

The Flight Director confirms that that we are looking at checking with the recovery forces to see what can be done at this point.

Oh! A great tragedy here! Christa McAuliffe the first private citizen in space. And the rocket has apparently exploded in the first minutes of flight.

Emergency procedures are in effect.

We're trying to get some information by listening to Mission Control.

We will report more as we have information available. Again I repeat we have a report relayed through the Flight Dynamics Officer...

Oh! A terrible thing!

...that the vehicle has exploded. We are now looking at all the contingency operations and awaiting word from any recovery forces and the downrange field.

A terrible thing! Debris falling out of the sky -- falling slowly, painfully, tragically slowly -- toward the Atlantic Ocean, just a few miles offshore. This flight was to have been such a bright chapter in the history of the manned spaceflight program, but it turned -- in a flash of an instant -- into a terrible, terrible tragedy. Of course Mission Control is only giving very scanty information as they scramble to try to find out what happened and to determine exactly what the status is. But as you heard them say, apparently the Shuttle Challenger exploded within the first minute or so of flight and the fate of the crew members is unknown but it does not look good at all. The smoke just, um... crazy patterns in the sky, contrails from bits of debris going... going down toward the ocean, still falling. People in the grandstands -- fans who had come from many miles from all over the country to wish Christa McAuliffe well -- are sitting stunned, some of them leaving and shaking their heads in disbelief. We can see them from where we sit. It's an awful sight.

This is Mission Control Houston. We have no additional word at this time.

A terrible sight and one that I certainly had hoped that I would never have to see. NASA is looking at its contingencies at this point, but really it looks absolutely awful. It looks like there is no hope for any of the people aboard that flight.

Reports from the Dynamics Flight Officer indicate that the capsule apparently exploded and impacted in the water at a point of approximately 28.64° north, 80.28° west.

The worst fears of all of us who have covered space for a long time were realized this morning at Cape Canaveral.

We are waiting for verification as to the location of recovery forces in the field to see what may be possible at this point.

It appeared as if the debris from the exploded Challenger Shuttle came down...

... and we will keep you advised as present information becomes available. This is Mission Control.

... just a few miles offshore. So of course they will be rushing to that area to try to see what they can find. A most terrible sight! The most terrible event! Naturally, a great deal of confusion as we try to piece together exactly what did happen and so far, there has been no specific word on what caused the malfunction -- what caused the explosion aboard Challenger. It just seemed to be going perfectly as we watched it leave. We had thought all was going well, but within ten seconds after the launch of Challenger, a bright orange flash in the sky, one piece of the rocket seemed to break off from the rest of the main assembly. The main engines were still going on the Challenger itself and then this spark, it seemed, an ember almost flipped out to the side, and all of a sudden the smoke contrails were no longer straight and true. They were haywire and going crazy in the sky, and it was obviously and immediately apparent that an awful disaster had just been made. Still now we can see smoke as the wind starts to carry it -- its patterns are dispersed in the bright blue Florida sky. It was an absolutely perfect day for a launch and everything seemed to be going well. And all of a sudden it happened. Christa McAuliffe and her crewmates, the pilot Mike Scobee; astronauts Michael Smith and Judy Resnik; Mission Specialist Ellison Sizuka -- a Mission Specialist who'd flown before; Ronald McNair, a black American astronaut -- a Mission Specialist who had also flown before; Gregory Jarvis, Payload Specialist; and, yes, Christa McAuliffe, the 37-year-old Concord, New Hampshire school teacher from Concord High, listed as a Teacher Observer on this flight, but of course she was more than that. She had been picked from over 10,000 teachers who had applied to be the first private American citizen in space -- a mission which had been called for by President Reagan some time ago -- and had spent many months in training for this moment. She and the rest of the crew had suffered many delays as the Challenger sat on the launch pad and waited out the weather for three days in a row, some mechanical snafus, which, uh, at the time we thought were embarrassing but now, of course, all of that has shrunk into insignificance alongside of this awful, awful tragedy. We can see people running from the, uh, the NASA headquarters building here...

This is Mission Control, Houston...

...trying to get a better look at the water.

...recovery forces are in the field...

That news that the, uh...

...equipment, recovery vehicles intended for the recovery of the SRB in the general area. Those parachutes believed to be paramedics going into that area.

...paramedics are now parachuting into the Atlantic in the area where the debris from Challenger fell.

Chris, this is Judy Muller in New York.

To repeat, we had an...

We are following this with you.

... apparently normal ascent with the data coming to all positions being normal up through approximately the time that the main engine throttled back up to 104%...

Mission Control saying now that everything on the instruments reading in the log centers seem to be looking all right.

...on the flight, there was an apparent explosion. The Flight Dynamics Officer reported... the tracking reported that the vehicle had exploded on impact with the water in an area approximately located at 28.64° north, 80.28° west. Recovery forces are proceeding to the area.

Chris, we just saw the parachutes going into that area.

Yes, Judy. Those are -- according to Mission Control -- they are paramedics who are parachuting into the area where the debris fell in the Atlantic.

...flight controllers are reviewing their data here at this point.

What they will find there is not known.

...we will provide you with more information as it becomes available. This is Mission Control, Houston.

So the gleanings from that Mission Control report was that everything was looking normal as far as the instruments were concerned and that this apparent explosion aboard Challenger just happened in a flash with no forewarning and no instrument indication that anything was amiss, as the Shuttle headed out downrange over the Atlantic in the first minute of its flight.

Chris, as you know, the voice of NASA, the voice of Mission Control, whatever voice we hear, is always calm. But... but today, of course, we hear a different note of terrible...

Well it's a... it's a steely tone, I think, one that is, you know, a forced calm, the way you get when you are faced with an intensely emotional and tragic situation and try very hard to cover it. I must admit I feel the same way.

Here in New York we see the pictures on the monitor that NASA sends up of Mission Control and the faces in that room just tell it all.

Certainly do. Grim. Everybody sitting still, very little movement.

This is the first such first failure in 56 such manned space missions.

Never before has there been one like it and I very much hope that there will never will be again.

We have come to accept this nominal idea, we're so used to things -- except for minor glitches that we've been hearing about in recent launches -- we're so used to this going almost flawlessly, that we, I think, have taken it for granted almost.

That's true. The hard part of this is, I think, that they plan so carefully for emergency situations. They can turn around immediately after launch and come back and land at the Kennedy Space Center if anything goes wrong. They can have an abort across the Atlantic at any one of numerous landing sites in western Africa. They can abort once around the world and then come down again in California or even back here at the Cape if they have an emergency in the first orbit. They can abort to orbit if something goes wrong just before they get there. They can go up and get into a preliminary orbit and then see what they're gonna do -- as a matter of fact, they've done that once -- but to have this happen without any warning whatsoever, uh, without any chance...

With all those computer backups telling them when anything goes wrong, even a hatch problem, it's... it's amazing that something wouldn't have shown up. I wonder in all that debris if they'll ever know.

I don't know. I don't know how deep the water is at that point, but I imagine that it's probably still well within the limits of the

continental shelf and it's probably not too deep for salvage operations. There has been, of course, no official word on the fate of the crew, but from our vantage point and from what we could see -- and we could see it at all, albeit it was several miles away-- it did not look like they had a chance. It doesn't appear that any of them could've survived.

This would be tragic if it involved anybody -- a member of NASA, an astronaut -- but it is especially tragic with the first civilian in space aboard. I imagine her family was watching or is at the Cape.

Indeed they were, husband and children. And many dignitaries from all over the country and literally hundreds of educators and school kids who had come here to watch a person that had become something of a hero to them fly away into history. Perhaps history was made here today, but it's not the pleasant variety, not the glorious variety at all. This was to have been, of course, NASA's most ambitious year. They had more than a dozen Shuttle flights planned, which would far and away top the number that they've ever been able to launch in a single year before. What's going to happen to those plans now? What this is going to mean to America's manned spaceflight program or to the space program in general, of course, remains to be seen. Right now there's no talk of that, only of determining what happened and getting the official word on the fate of the seven man crew.

Chris, this happened just about a minute after launch. Did it not up to that point -- since I was not there -- could you describe what did it look like right up to that point?

Oh, it looked perfect, I mean, it looked like every other space Shuttle launch that I've ever seen -- and I've seen about ten, I think. Everything was going very smoothly. Mission Control was sounding very, very confident. The Shuttle was climbing up into a very clear blue, cloudless Florida sky and all of a sudden... Flash! The one bright flame that we can usually spot as the spacecraft carries out over the Atlantic for dozens and dozens of miles, became two bright flames. It looked almost as if one of the solid rocket boosters had exploded and split off from the spacecraft, sending it off course in a crazy, spiraling pattern for a few seconds. Then debris started to fall out of the sky into the sea.

Of course they have search and recovery people standing by for all these missions but it's almost become assumed that they would never going to action. It... it must be terrible for them too.

Well, they've always been ready and certainly they had people parachuting into the crash site into the water within, I would say, two or three minutes after the event, so they were ready and they did perform as they were supposed to. But there seems little chance that they'll find anybody alive out there.

For those who may have just tuned in, could you go over who the crew members are again?

Yes, of course. Frank Scobee, the Commander of this mission, Michael Smith, the pilot, Judy Resnik, a Mission Specialist, Ellison Onizuka, a Mission Specialist, Ronald McNair, a black astronaut and also a Mission Specialist, Gregory Jarvis, who is a Payload Specialist and, uh, uh, Sharon Christa McAuliffe, the 37-year-old high school teacher from New Hampshire who was to have been America's first private citizen in space.

And for those of us who have covered the Space Program for several years, some of those names are firsts in themselves. Ronald McNair, the first black astronaut in space, Judith Resnik was the second woman, I believe, in space or the third, she's among the first certainly, um, Dick Scobee, a veteran of space flights.

Yes he is. Well, Mission audio has been silent for a few minutes now and there has been no word specifically on what happened. All about all that Mission people have said is that there was an explosion aboard the Shuttle Challenger and, of course, the crew members at that point are very securely strapped into their seats. They have no ejection seats or anything like that, any kind of life saving device like that, which you might expect to find in a fighter plane when something like that happens. It's, uh, it's just the end. There is nothing they can do about it. They don't wear parachutes. There wouldn't be any way for them to get out of the spacecraft if they had the chance to do that anyway. They're sealed in there until they land.

As we see in NASA's optics, the Atlantic is just a stretch of blue calm belying what has just happened here. I see no debris. I see nothing as we scan the horizon there.

No. I'm looking at, uh, the video picture too and I... I can't see anything like that either.

You mentioned the solid rocket booster seemed to explode and burst away.

Well, I was, you know, tracking it with my eye and it seemed that something popped out to the side. Another flaming rocket piece popped away to the side of the spacecraft and the main body of it carried on for a little while longer and then started gyrating and twisting in the sky and finally started plunging straight down.

There was, of course, a crowd of spectators in the stands... Hundreds of them.

... hoping to celebrate Christa McAuliffe's triumph today.

Yes, it was, uh, pretty grim. I looked over that way as soon as I could tear my eyes away from that terrible tragedy in the sky and people were just... just leaving, you know, what else could they do? They were getting out of the grandstands and walking away. Some of them seemed to be shaking their heads in disbelief, but there didn't seem to be any hysteria, no running. It was just like they could not believe what their eyes had just recorded in their minds.

A terrible thing for you and everyone there and I think, uh, it will take some time for the shock of this to sink in.

Yes indeed. Let's just recap here. We haven't gotten much additional information from NASA recently and we'll just say that within one minute of what appeared to be a perfect launch, there was an explosion this morning aboard the Space Shuttle Challenger carrying teacher Christa McAuliffe and six crew members into orbit. The rockets seemed to spin wildly in space for a few seconds and then plunged into the Atlantic.

We have with us now NASA spokesman George Diller and perhaps we can get some more additional information from him. George can you add anything to the reports we received from Mission Control?

Uh, not a great deal. One of the problems at this point is that before we can send any emergency team in to see what state the orbiter is in -- if it is, in fact, intact -- is that there is debris that falls from that altitude that takes a considerable amount of time to impact the ocean. Normally that is 15 minutes after any mishap. There is the possibility that we have gotten some paramedics into that general area but most aircraft and ships will stay clear until the period of the debris ends because the debris falling out of the sky, obviously, endangers the planes and the ships that would be going in to do whatever rescue attempt can be done. So we don't know what the state of the orbiter is at this time and as soon as, by calculation, we know that the debris has cleared, then we can go in and check the impact

area, because we will know from Flight Dynamics Officer that it's past the point of vehicular impact.

Now, this very painful question: Is it possible that anyone could have survived an accident like this?

It depends on whether or not the orbiter is damaged. If the orbiter did not explode and it is not seriously damaged, it will float for a period of time. That's why we try to get crews in as soon as we can because there is, I believe, about an hour, where there's no problem.

Gary, I guess President Reagan is watching -- as we all are -- in shock and disbelief, waiting to find out if there's any possibility that the orbiter might have landed intact. And, going back to Chris, that was the question I suppose we'll know, um, soon -- will we not?

Well, it's difficult to say. If there is the possibility that the orbiter could have remained intact and have plunged into the sea intact, then it becomes a question of finding the orbiter -- how deep is it? How quickly can we get divers down there to see what's going on? Now, don't forget, at the same time, even if the orbiter were to have, um, survived the explosion intact, it was falling from an enormous height. I don't know exactly how high it was at the at the moment of the explosion but, it was falling from a very, very great height and gaining speed as it came down and, uh, when it impacted on the water, it would be sort of like driving into a brick wall. It's not just, uh, a swan dive -- it would be falling and impacting with enormous force on it. So, even if it did survive intact, what could be the likelihood that anyone could have survived the fall from that height? I don't know the answer to that and NASA, of course, is spending every possible ounce of energy to try to find the answer to that question. We can hope for the best but it does not look good.

How long do you think it will be before they know one way or the other?

Well, he said it was 20 miles offshore or so and they do have rescue teams on the site. I don't know how they are equipped or whether they're equipped to do any deep sea diving. It takes about 15 minutes for something to fall from the sky at that altitude. It appeared to my eye -- as I watched the debris falling toward the Atlantic -- that it was approaching the surface of the water much more rapidly than that, but of course I could be wrong. I did not see anything large enough to appear to be the main body of the Shuttle. Now we do have here in our studios with us now Jim Rivers who is with WKXXL in Concord, New Hampshire. Jim, can you give us your impressions of what's happened and how the folks in Concord must feel?

Well, as you can expect, Chris, utter, utter shock at the, uh, tragedy of the situation. At Concord High School, uh, party hats and noisemakers and New Year's Eve types of things had been handed out. The student body had lined into the auditorium and it had become just a festive affair. From the moment the countdown got down to the final minute, the cheering began and it began to build until liftoff. Even a minute in, when the explosion came, there was cheering... and then all of a sudden... silence. Just moments ago, at Concord High School, the auditorium was littered with party hats and noisemakers. The students have filed out. The media, too, has been asked to leave the high school. The situation right now, as you would expect, in the city of Concord, not only for Christa McAuliffe but for the entire crew is... is... just pray to God that they're somewhere...

And the state of New Hampshire and the nation and -- without a doubt, the entire world -- is mourning this great tragedy.

Jim, any further insight into the way that Concord feels about this?

Well, Chris, I've been in contact with the city and its it's desolate. We talked to a caller on a talk show this morning and he said you would've thought that the town had been evacuated. Everybody was in front of TVs. So this is an event that people aren't just going to read about in the papers. It's something that everybody saw as it happened. And a lot of us in Concord are rookies seeing this, so when we saw the ball of fire we thought it was part of the whole event. And everybody's just sitting back and praying and hoping that there are seven people out there in the water somewhere. We've had a couple of calls in the studio in the last few minutes from concerned people. We had a call from a young boy who wanted to talk to someone. He asked if the apple had anything to do with it.

A member of the closeout team outside the rocket just before Christa McAuliffe got aboard this morning handed her an apple for the teacher. This young listener said -- did anyone check the apples? So everybody's saying, why? What happened? What went wrong?

Chris, anything new from the Cape at all?

No Judy. It's really... it's calm here. Of course, we're sitting in the position from which we watched the space launch and it's a benign looking scene. About the only reminder of this tragedy within our eye's range is still the traces of those awful clouds that formed as the rocket exploded, still drifting in the sky, with no wind today to push them out of the way.

Things have just been going so badly for NASA and this is bound to set back the program. It would seem to me to be a long time before they send another civilian into space.

I don't think they'll be sending anybody into space for quite a while, Judy.

The last tragedy anywhere near this magnitude, of course, was the Apollo launch explosion. That was on the pad in which Gus Grissom, Edward White, and Roger Chafee were killed.

Yes, that was not a space flight. It was a training mission. It was a static Apollo module and the situation at that point -- I think it was in 1967, if I'm not mistaken -- was that there was a flash fire inside the command module -- the Apollo command module -- and before anybody knew what was happening and they could get them out, they were all asphyxiated and subsequently burned to death.

It was, interestingly enough, January 27, 1967.

Nineteen years ago. Exactly. There never been to my, uh, recollection any space flight tragedy of this dimension in the history of manned space flight for any nation. Of course the United States has never had anyone die in flight before, only those, those three -- Chafee, White, and Grissom -- who died on the pad here at Cape Canaveral. But the Soviets did have a couple of losses of life. I seem to recall sometime back -- and I'm picking my memory for fifteen-year-old details here -- but two Cosmonauts were killed on a landing attempt. Something went wrong there and, of course, the Soviets are very hesitant about explaining publicly any tragedies. And even at the time there was very little information on that, but I do recall that happened. And that's about the worst previous in-flight manned space incidents I can think of.

The debris does appear to have cleared at this time and they are sending in crews now to see whether or not the orbiter may by some chance be intact. And we don't know what state the orbiter itself is in so it's premature to speculate that we've lost it. We really don't know.

Given a fall of a of a body that massive from that great altitude, is it possible it could have survived the impact in one piece?

Well, it depends on, you know, what the nature of the explosion was. Was it the solid rocket boosters or was it the orbiter? The orbiter could float for up to an hour if it's intact and not damaged. If the orbiter is damaged, how long it will float for is undetermined. It is NASA's hope that somehow, some way, the orbiter survived the explosion intact and might have been able to perform a successful ditch into the Atlantic. Rescue teams are moving to the craft site now and what they will find there is anyone's guess at this point. But from the eyeball view of it and from all indications so far -- the lack of communication and anything else -- it did not appear that anyone survived, uh, the explosion this morning.

Well, it was nearly an hour ago that Shuttle Challenger, less than a minute and a half off the launch pad exploded in flight. The fate of the crew is still officially unknown. It was an awful long way down and the water there is quite deep -- they're about 20 miles offshore -- so it's going to be a long time before we get any from information on what has happened to the crew, but it does not appear too bright for their survival at this point.

So far the main recovery efforts underway are by the Coast Guard. They have a couple of ships in the area there along with aircraft to see what they can achieve there. At the same time, the Navy says two ships that happened to be in the general vicinity -- they weren't there on station, they weren't there on duty, but they were in the general location -- are now rushing toward the disaster area. One, we're told, is about 45 minutes away -- a hydrofoil -- which carries about 21 men. Another ship, a U.S. guided missile frigate with 200 men is steaming toward the location, but that ship is a good two hours away. A Navy official said that, as best they could tell, there were no Soviet ships in the immediate area. We don't know if the Soviets at this time were off the Florida coast -- well off the Florida coast I should say -- watching this launch. They have been out there in the past. Whether they were there this time is unknown. And as best the Navy can tell, there were no ships anywhere around because area had been cleared prior to the launch.

Chris, any new news?

No, nothing new Judy, only to say that at this point, nothing is known for sure. It just happened. We did, however, receive word that the Senate has scheduled a prayer session for this afternoon. Of course it seems so long -- so agonizingly long -- since this happened that those of us were waiting and hoping wonder what's going to happen now. What will happen now?

It's hard to say. What was immediately apparent was what we could see with our eyes. This rocket appeared to be going so well without warning -- to the eyes or to instruments of any kind -- then it just blew apart in the air.

Christa McAuliffe was, of course, aboard that flight -- the first citizen in space, the first teacher in space -- and she was thrilled when she accepted her choice as the first private citizen to fly on the Shuttle. The parents of the New Hampshire teacher, of course, were on the scene at the Cape when the disaster occurred. They stared in utter disbelief as they watched the Shuttle explode. There was cheering before the explosion, there was happiness, and then -- oh my god! Oh no, said one. And with looks of shock, the Corrigan's -- Edward and Grace Corrigan of Framingham Massachusetts, the parents of Christa McAuliffe -- were taken to another room by NASA officials. She had said long before the flight that what she really wanted to do -- the real reason that she wanted to go into space -- was to demystify NASA and space flight. She herself said it's a safe place to be.

I want to prove that this is as safe as walking across the street.

Christa wanted to show ordinary people and generations of young Americans that there was a place for them in space and a reason that they should be going there, and I think her words are ironic and, uh, especially tragic today given the scope of this disaster which we have seen before our eyes. This from her White House speech.

It's not often that a teacher is at a loss for words. I know my students wouldn't think so. I've made nine wonderful friends over the last two weeks. When not Shuttle goes they might be one body, but there's going to be 10 souls that I'm taking with me. Thank you.

Columbine

Jefferson County 911.

Yes. I am a teacher at Columbine High School. There is a student here with a gun. He has shot out a window. I believe one student, uh, um, um, I've been, um, I don't know if it's... I don't know what's in my shoulder, if it was just some glass he threw or what.

Has anyone been injured, ma'am?

Yes! Yes!

Okay.

And the school is in a panic and I'm in the library. I've got... students down! Under the tables, kids! Heads down! Under the tables! Um, kids are screaming, the teachers, um, are, y'know, trying to take control of things. We need police here.

OK, we're getting them there.

Can you please hurry?

Who is the student, ma'am?

I do not know who the student is.

Okay.

I saw a student outside, I was in the hall-- [sound of shots being fired out in the hall; Patti begins to panic] Oh, dear god! Okay! I was on hall duty, I saw a gun. I said what's going on out there? And the kid that was following me said it was a film production, probably a joke, and I said well, I don't think that's a good idea and I went walking outside to see what was going on. He pointed the gun straight at us and shot and... my god! The window went out and the kid standing there with me, I think he got hit!

Okay.

There's something in my shoulder.

Okay. We've got help on the way, ma'am.

Oh, god! Stay on the line with me. Oh, god! Kids, just stay down!

Do we know where he's at?

I'm sorry?

Do we know where he's at?

I'm in the library. He's upstairs. He's right outside of here.

He's outside?

He's outside of this hall.

Outside of the hall or outside...

He's in the hall. I'm sorry. There are alarms and things going off. There's smoke. My god! Smoke is, like, coming into this room.

Okay.

I've got the kids under tables here. I don't know what's happening in the rest of the building. I don't know. I'm sure someone else is calling 911.

Yes, we have a lot of people on... Okay. I just want you to stay on the line with me, I... we need to know what's going on.

Okay.

Okay?

I am on the floor.

Okay. You've got the kids there? Okay?

In the library. And I've got every student in the library... ON THE FLOOR! You guys STAY ON THE FLOOR!

Is there any way you can lock the doors?

Um, smoke is coming in from out there and I'm a little... [More shots, louder this time] The gun is right outside the library door, okay? I don't think I'm going to go out there. Okay?

Okay. You're at Columbine High School?

I've got... I've got three children...

Okay. We've got it.

Okay, um, I'm not going to go to the door. He just shot toward the door. I've got the kids on the floor, um, I got all the kids in the library on the... Yes. I mean... He's... I can't believe he's... not out of bullets! He just keeps shooting and shooting and shooting!

Okay. Yeah. We have a police officer on scene. Okay. Just try and keep the kids in the library calm. Is there any way you can block the door so no one can get in?

I think... I do not...

Okay.

I... Yeah. I guess I can try to go, but, I mean like, he's right outside that door. I'm afraid to go to the door.

That's okay.

That's where he is. I'm afraid to go there.

Okay.

Okay. I told the kids to get on the floor. I told them to get under the tables. All of the children are on the floor, under the tables. Um, um, yeah, they're all under the tables.

Okay. As long as we can just try and keep...

...I'm just trying to keep calm. No one's saying a word.

Okay. As long as we can keep everyone there as calm as we can...

I hear some yelling out there going on right now! Yeah, we've got alarms going off now as well. Yeah, there's alarms. This room is filled with smoke!

Okay. Okay. Keep everyone low to the floor.

Yeah. Yeah. Everyone's... uh, everyone stay on the floor! Stay on the floor! Stay under the tables! Um..... I... I don't know. I...

Okay, I know. Just...

I don't know. I didn't... I said... what... what has that kid got? He was outside at the time. And... and... and, um, I was on hall duty.

[Explosion] Oh, God! Um, he was going like woo-hoo-hoo! They're getting shots off.

Who was the student?

I do not know who the student was. I don't even... I saw him. He was wearing black. He looked very large, um, male student, um, he was out there shooting. [Another explosion] It looked like he was... out shooting and somebody.. I said what is that? [Another explosion]

Mm-hmm.

I said what's going on out there? Well it's probably a cap gun. Probably a video production, you know, they do these videos...

Right.

And the kids... Well, I said, that's not, you know, a play gun, a real gun, I was goin' out there to say no, and I went... [Another shot, very loud] Oh, my God! That was really close! That just rattled me.

Okay.

One of the shooters: YEAH! [Another shot]

[whispering] Oh, God. I'm really... frightened. [More shots, extremely close] I think he's in the library.

What's your name, ma'am?

[whispering] My name is Patti.

Patti?

[whispering] He's yelling everybody get up right now. [More shots] He's in the library. He's shooting at everybody.

Okay. I have him in the library shooting at students and... the lady in the library, I have on the phone.. Okay. Try to keep as many people down as you can.

World Trade Center

I.

This just in. You are looking at obviously a very disturbing live shot there. That is the World Trade Center, and we have unconfirmed reports this morning that a plane has crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center.

We are right now just beginning to work on this story, obviously calling our sources and trying to figure out exactly what happened. But clearly, something relatively devastating happening this morning here on the south end of the island of Manhattan.

This is, once again, a picture of one of the towers of the World Trade Center.

And as we can see in these pictures, obviously something devastating that has happened. And again, there are unconfirmed reports that a plane has crashed into one of the towers there. We are efforting more information on the subject as it becomes available to you.

Right now we've got Sean Murtagh -- he is our producer -- on the telephone. Sean, what can you tell us what about you know?

This is Sean Murtagh. I just was standing on the vice president of the vice president of finance.

Sean, we're on the air right now. What you can tell us about the situation?

Hello?

Yes, Sean, you are on the air right now. Go ahead. What you can tell us?

I just witnessed a plane that appeared to be cruising at slightly lower than normal altitude over New York City, and it appears to have crashed into -- I don't know which tower it is -- but it hit directly in the middle of one of the World Trade Center towers.

Sean, what kind of plane was it? Was it a small plane, a jet?

It was a jet. It looked like a two-engine jet, maybe a 737.

You are talking about a large passenger commercial jet.

A large passenger commercial jet.

Where were you when you saw this?

I am on the 21st floor of 5 Penn Plaza.

Did it appear that the plane was having any difficulty flying?

Yes, it did. It was teetering back and forth, wingtip to wingtip, and it looks like it crashed into, probably, 20 stories from the top of the World Trade Center, maybe the 80th to 85th floor. There is smoke billowing out of the World Trade Center.

Sean, what happened next? Does it appear to you that the plane is still inside the World Trade Center?

From my angle -- I'm viewing south towards the Statue of Liberty and the World Trade Center -- it looks like it has been embedded in the building. I can't see, from my vantage point, whether it has come out the other side.

Sean, what about on the ground or any debris that has hit down there?

My vantage point is too far from the World Trade Center to make any determination of that.

Did you see any smoke, any flames coming out of engines of that plane?

No, I did not. The plane just was coming in low, and the wingtips tilted back and forth, and it flattened out. It looks like it hit at a

slight angle into the World Trade Center. I can see flames coming out of the side of the building, and smoke continues to billow.

Generally, is that a trafficked area in New York for aircraft?

It is not a normal flight pattern. I'm a frequent traveler between Atlanta and New York for business, and it is not a normal flight pattern to come directly over Manhattan. Usually, they come up either over the Hudson River, heading north, and pass alongside, beyond Manhattan, or if they are taking off from LaGuardia, they usually take off over Shea Stadium and gain altitude around the island of Manhattan. It is rare you have a jet crossing directly over the island of Manhattan.

For our viewers who are just tuning in right now, you are looking at live pictures of the World Trade Center tower, where, according to eyewitness Sean Murtagh, the vice president of finance and eyewitness to what he describes as a twin-engine plane or possibly a 737 passenger jet, flying into the World Trade Center. It appears to be still embedded inside the building.

Sean, are you in a position to hear whether any sirens are going, any ambulances, any response to this yet?

Not from my vantage point. I am probably 1½ to 2 miles from the World Trade Center.

It is a remarkable scene. Flames are still coming out of the windows, black smoke is billowing from what appears to be all sides. Obviously, windows are shattered and steel is jutting out from the structure right now.

Sean, we are looking at these pictures.

Yes. I see them in my office. I have them on all my TVs.

And you are telling us you believe the plane remains embedded?

I can't tell from my vantage point.

Sean, thank you so much for your eyewitness account there.

Right now, we want to go to our affiliate NY1, reporting on this as we speak.

... a little girl in his arms?

Did you see what happened, sir? Did you see what happened? What happened?

I was in the PATH train, and there was a huge explosion sound. Everyone came out. A large section of the building had blown out around the 80th floor.

Was it hit by something, or was it something inside?

It was inside.

It was inside.

It looked like everything was coming out. All the windows and the papers.

What is on the sidewalk?

I didn't see anything. I just ran, and everyone on the passenger train just ran. I don't know if anyone was hurt, but I assume they were because the windows were all blown out.

Thank you.

You have to assume a very, very terrible situation if that is indeed the case, because I'm sure there were people up there.

We have lost... again, our transmitter is on top of the World Trade Center. So we, apparently, have lost contact...

Again, you are looking at pictures now. We understand from our vice president, Sean Murtagh, who was an eyewitness to this, that a commercial jet has crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center. You can see the smoke billowing out. There are flames billowing out there, a commercial jet crashing into one of these towers. At this

point, we do not have official injury updates to bring you. We are only now beginning to put together the pieces of this horrible incident.

We want to go to an eyewitness on the telephone right now.

Jeanne, what can you tell us what you saw?

I can tell you that I was watching TV, and there was this sonic boom, and the TV went out. And I thought maybe the Concorde was back in service, because I've heard about that sonic boom. And I went to the window -- I live in Battery Park City, right next to the Twin Towers -- and I looked up, and the side of the World Trade Center exploded. At that point, debris started falling. I couldn't believe what I was watching.

Can you hear anything from your position now -- ambulances, sirens?

Absolutely. Positively. There are crowds of people downstairs in Battery Park City. Everybody's come out from the buildings. This is the financial area in Manhattan. There are a lot of fire engines -- I can see them from my window.

Jeanne, I don't know if you can tell which tower it is that is on fire, or the kinds of services that are inside that tower.

I can't tell what is inside. It's the northern tower versus the southern tower, and it seems to be all sides of the building, from what I can tell. The west side, the south side, and it looks like smoke's coming from the east side as well.

Jeanne, can you see any of the debris currently on the ground area?

Absolutely. It's continuing to flutter down like leaflets, and at first there was tons of debris, and it continues to fall out. And it looks like these uppermost floors are definitely on fire.

Can you see any actual people in that area who may have been may have been hit by any of this debris or were not able to get out of way? Can you see any crowds that are maybe too close to where they should be? Anything like that?

No, I don't think so. It's not a highly trafficked area at the base of the World Trade Center. So that is one fortunate thing.

Jeanne, we are continuing to look at pictures of this devastating scene. Sean Murtagh, vice president of finance, witnessed what he described as a twin-engine plane, possibly a 737. He was almost absolutely sure it was a large passenger jet that went into that. Jeanne, you are saying you didn't see anything initially. You didn't see a plane approach the building?

I had no idea it was a plane. I just saw the entire top part of the World Trade Center explode. So I turned on the TV when I heard them say it was a plane. It was really strange.

Were you living in New York during the World Trade Center bombing?

No, I wasn't.

Fortunately so. When you say a sonic boom, did you feel anything? Were things shaking in your apartment?

Yes, you could feel it. It was a gigantic sonic boom. The TV went off for a second and went back on. And the windows -- you felt the vibrations on the windows.

You were saying it's not a highly trafficked area usually. You can guesstimate how many people may be in an area like that at this hour of the morning?

It would be hard to say. There is a huge courtyard between the two World Trade Center buildings, and the only issue might have been tourists or business people out in this courtyard area, and they possibly would have been hit. But the people that are immediately around the base of the World Trade Center, I would say, at any given time, you're talking about maybe 20 or 30 people at best.

We were talking with Sean Murtagh earlier, and he said this is not normally an area where you would see some sort of aircraft, certainly, obviously, that low. That is not a high traffic area in terms of flights?

I don't know about flights. I have a balcony down here in Battery Park City, and they have that needle sticking out of the top of the World Trade Center, and I have always wondered if anyone would get too close to the building and accidentally bear into it.

Jeanne, tell us a little bit about that area and how emergency crews would be able to access that area? Would that be relatively difficult or easy to access for emergency people?

I would imagine it would be slightly difficult because to get around the base of the World Trade Center building there is really only the one street entrance. The other sides of the building are surrounded by other buildings in the courtyard, and so it's just the West Side Highway, the one major street that runs up the west side of Manhattan that makes it accessible for the fire engines. And you know, it's amazing to sit here and watch this building on fire and you've got this tiny little fire engine that I'm watching.

That's all you see right now, is the one fire engine?

Well, where the fire engines are it's a little bit obscured by other buildings.

Right. Jeanne, let me ask -- I know I'm asking you to be a bit of an expert on the World Trade Center -- but there's a famous viewing deck for tourists on one of the towers. When you say that this is the North Tower, is this the one that services a lot of the tourists to get to the view and get to the restaurant at the top?

As a matter of fact it is. And, as I'm sure you can see, there's a ton of smoke coming out right now.

I'm just guessing, the fire seems to be worse on -- it looks like it's about 15 floors down from the top of the building.

Yes. One of the eyewitnesses -- one of our affiliates I was talking to -- said that she thought this was on the 80th floor. We know there is an open air deck 110 stories high and the glass enclosed observatory is on the 107th floor. So there is the possibility that people may very well be trapped up there.

Now, when you say a huge hole, one of our earliest witnesses, Libby Clark, said not much of the plane came down off the building, much of it went...

No, it went totally into the building.

It's in the building, from what you can see?

Right, yes.

Now, can you see if there is a lot of debris downstairs, Jeanne?

No, because it looks like it's inverted. With the impact everything went inside the building.

Inside?

The only thing that came out was a little bit of the outside awning. But I'd say the huge... the hole is... let me just get a better look right now...

OK, go ahead.

I'd say the hole takes about... it looks like six or seven floors were taken out.

And there's more explosions right now! Hold on! People are running. Hold on!

We should hold on just a moment. We've got an explosion inside.

The building's exploding right now! You've got people running up the street!

Hold on, I'll tell you what's going on.

OK, just put Jeanne on pause there for just a moment...

OK, the whole building exploded some more, the whole top part! The building's still intact, people are running up the street! Am I still connected?

This would support probably the idea that perhaps the fuselage is in the building. That would cause a second explosion like that.

Well, that's what just happened then.

That would... certainly...

People are running up!

We are getting word that perhaps...

OK, hold on, there some people here... everybody's panicking!

All right, Jeanne, you know, let me put Jeanne on hold for just a moment.

OK. How much longer are we staying on? I'm inside of a diner right now.

Well, Jeanne, you know what, if you could give us a call back... I just... don't panic here on the air.

Goodbye, Jeanne.

We thank you very much for your insight. Why don't we take a quick look at traffic. Debbie, I'm sure traffic has got to be a mess. Debbie, are you there?

Yes I am. Um, traffic is a nightmare. All the bridges and tunnels getting into the city are being shut down right now. Lincoln, Holland, George. Shut. Forget about it. Turn around. Go back home. Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. Closed. Brooklyn Bridge, Williamsburg, Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, again the Manhattan Bridge, uh, everything being closed heading into the city. And of course you want to avoid the area of the Twin Towers right now. You have tons of emergency vehicles there. And also all the area airports are closed, uh, Newark, Kennedy, LaGuardia, all the major airports are shut down. So again, avoid this area of the city. It is a nightmare.

Thanks, Debbie. Best to stay right where you are. And a reminder to folks trying to watch this on TV in the metropolitan area. Most of the television broadcast antennas are on top of the World Trade Center towers, so you're most likely not going to be able to get a picture. Your best bet is satellite dish or radio.

And we're showing you live pictures now. Smoke and fire taking place in both towers of the World Trade Center. It is a terrible scene. People are just walking down the street with their hands covering their mouth in disbelief. They can't believe it. And then you hear the sirens and people screaming as they look up at the building and see people trying to get out and some people jumping. Now, the EMS is here, fire personnel, police, everyone's here trying to keep calm and get everyone away from the building and keep it safe. Let's listen.

... but, um, I did see someone jump. I did. And I talked to someone and in her own voice you could hear it and she just lost it...

... they... they're throw themselves off the building. Oh my god.

II.

There are explosions right now! Hold on, people are running! Hold on!

Hold on just a moment! We've got an explosion inside!

The building is exploding right now! You've got people running up the street! Hold on, I'll tell you what's going on.

The whole building just exploded some more, the whole top part! The building's not intact! People are running up the street! Am I still connected?

People are running out.

Joe? Joe! There's been another explosion now...

Oh my gosh!

... at the World Trade Center.

Oh! Oh my god!

This is on the right hand side?

Yeah. Oh! Oh my gosh. The entire building... it looks like the side of the building has collapsed. Oh my gosh, this is horrific, absolutely horrific. How could that have happened? How could that have happened unless there was some sort of secondary explosion within those planes? Now this, uh, Ed, was the World Trade Center 2. Oh my gosh! This is... this is absolutely...

Uh, Joe, we can't... I can't tell from my perspective, eh... exactly what's... what's happened here... how much of the building is still standing.

But... but.. but... but... Ed... but Ed... it looks like the side portion of that has totally fallen and there is just a huge cloud of dust that is encompassing several city blocks. Oh god... eh... eh... what... this... this... would... this would fall into the area of Lower Manhattan toward, uh, the eastern portion of the World Trade Center. It looks... now... uh... eh... is that? I'm trying to look... Can you see? Is that building still there?

I... I can't tell.

I don't see it!

I don't see the building because there's an awful lot of thick smoke.

Oh!

Ed, it doesn't look like the building is there!

I can't see because of the thick smoke so I don't know the answer to that, Joe, but it does not appear... and the only thing I can see is that police helicopter overhead... that smoke is so thick it has now drifted off to Lower Manhattan to the East River.

Oh! Ed?

We just received word that the south tower has collapsed!

OK.

Wow.

The. South. Tower. Has. Collapsed.

You'd almost think there was some type of secondary explosion..

Ugh! Oh! I mean that's... that's... that's...

That would... that would... that would... and you have to wonder how that...

Let's just think about this logically.

There is no logic.

Oh my god!

... uh... uh... a hijacked air... air...airliner.

The scene, I mean, Ed, Ed... I mean, it's... it's horrific. Clouds and clouds of dust for blocks and blocks. Oh! I mean, people who were on the street near that building, um, are... are definitely in peril. It... it... it... you probably can't even breathe right now just given the amount of smoke. This... this building is collapsed!

This smoke, Joe, is now so thick. You're... you're correct. The building has collapsed! It's gone as much as eight to ten city blocks, so I can't see the top of any of the other buildings down there at all. That's how thick the smoke is.

Oh!

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! I... I... I... You're listening special coverage of what is a catastrophic, um, day. This is beyond belief that the United States, uh, could be under attack. The Pentagon attack, now the south tower of the World Trade Center, um, has collapsed with, I'm sure, enormous, enormous loss of life.

There are two different types of smoke. First, that grayish-black smoke that was burning from the top of the Trade Center. Then, I would say below 70 stories, it's all white, which means there's been some type of collapse and debris.

Oh my gosh! This is terrible and, um, as we heard earlier... alright, we're just getting something else here, Ed. Police are advising people who live in lower Manhattan, such as Battery Park City, to try to evacuate as soon as possible although...

Try to evacuate.

Yes, I mean, this, um, I'm sure they fear other explosions but, um, this... this... this... debris and... and smoke... I'm not quite sure how far the debris has... has spread but, uh, the collapse has encompassed much of lower Manhattan. If... if you wanted to sort of put a landmark in in your head... in your face... you're facing Lower Manhattan, you're facing two World Trade Center towers on the west side of Manhattan, World Trade Center 1, the one with the tower, the one closest to the Hudson River is still standing, billowing from smoke. The second one has, uh, disappeared or, uh, the top portion has disappeared in this huge, huge cloud of, uh, smoke, white, black, yellow and it's... it's... it's... that sort of, uh... the collapse is spreading towards the eastern and southern portion of Manhattan and a huge cloud has just enveloped a lower part of the city and, uh, god help anybody who is in that area.

I don't know about you, Joe, but I got the shakes.

Uh, we... we should point out that the... we do have confirmation that the east building has collapsed. Is it building 2 that has collapsed?

Yes, tower 2, the south tower has collapsed. The south tower has collapsed.

The amount of smoke, which has billowed, reaches as high, as does the still-burning tower 1.

Well, oh boy, oh boy! This is, uh, this is, uh... it's not over yet and you know what? Un... un... unfortunately this is just going to get, um, worse and worse throughout the day as we get a closer look at the devastation that has been wrought on, uh, New York City and Washington and... and... and America in general as the smoke continues, uh, to billow out of the, uh, World Trade Center 1, the one that is still standing. And the, uh, dust is still, um, rising into the air from the collapse of the south, uh, World Trade Center building. It's just a, uh, eh, it's... it's... it's... this is a day that will live in infamy.

Yeah, you're... you're... right. That's, um, not overstating it... the morning of this day... the 11th of September, 2001... will live in infamy. There's almost no textbook for any of us here on the radio to figure out just what to say. There are no words at all to express this.

III.

Everybody here is panicking. There's a huge crowd outside. There are hundreds of people on the streets that come from south to north. I mean literally thousands of people have been running from inside these building. It's a very heavily trafficked area in downtown. Many of them were inside the building when they felt the explosion. And they say there was just pandemonium -- no warning, no alarms, no anything.

Everyone just raced from their desks, ran downstairs and now there is a steady stream of folks running away from the building, fearing that there will be another collapse. And when they saw the second plane, they were convinced that this was dangerous. There is an actual flood of folks escaping downtown midtown Manhattan right now. Right now, honestly, there are scores of people literally running behind me. There is debris on the base of the building that has continued to fall, as you know, as far as several blocks away from the building. And what's happened is everyone seems to have figured out that there's ongoing danger, and there's just a stream of folks running as quickly as they can uptown away from this.

IV.

What's that sound? There's another sound! Something is happening! There's a big sound! I don't know what this says...

It appears that... It appears, again there is a lot of smoke... it appears that the remainder of the World Trade Center Tower has collapsed to the ground!

We're in the worst place we can be. We can't see a thing!

It's gone! Are you saying it's gone?

It's gone! It's gone! We can't see anything! All this smoke is moving and there's no towers standing there anymore.

We do have confirmation, that the, the north tower... has collapsed.

Oh, yes, it's not there!

It is not there.

It is not there.

People are running up Broadway again. Whatever was left has now...

We just heard another big explosion it sounded like a subway rumbling, but louder. And suddenly we looked up and it had come down! So then I got in my stomach, like, this knot, like, oh my god, oh my god, when? And where? Am I going to hear it? Or see? Or feel it?

Oh God!

Indeed, nothing remains. Virtually nothing remains of the two World Trade Center towers. There are no World Trade Center towers at this moment.

There's smoke coming up lower Broadway. You can't see the Brooklyn Bridge. We can't see anything but what we can tell you is that there are no towers standing. I would presume that this latest explosion that we heard and all the smoke was caused from the tower coming down. Did it sound like an explosion or perhaps the sound of collapsing building materials? Can you differentiate?

It did... it did... you know, you know, when they tear down a building, you know, a building that's been planned to come down... and you hear that explosion sound? It almost sounded like that or like the rumble of the subway.

There's somebody standing here with me right now. Come here. Tell us your name.

David Donovan.

I see you're covered with...

... smoke, dust, dirt, you name it. I was on the 87th floor and, uh, something hit. Uh, we didn't know exactly what it was when we were coming down. Somebody said it was a plane. Two planes at the building. We walked down 87 floors. As we were coming out, uh, the first roof collapsed and I lost everybody. I don't know where anyone is. All I heard was the building shake and it filled up with smoke and fire. We

didn't know what to do. We were going to stay there and then finally we got too much smoke and it took about 15 minutes to start walking.

As you stand there right now...

... I'm shaking.

Can you believe it?

I... I can't. I just see dust. This is insane. I'm shaking. I'm covered in dust and stone. My clothes are all ripped.

The World Trade Center has been virtually eliminated to nothing by virtue of these terrorist attacks this morning. Two buildings are not in evidence as I sit and look at what is the outline of half a moon just over, uh, midtown Manhattan.

La... ladies and gentlemen, the World Trade Center buildings are gone. The World Trade Center buildings are gone. They are ashes. And, um, it's... it's... it is a situation beyond description.

V.

... and who were there because they were working when this attack occurred describe it as a "war zone." One fire marshal, a gentleman by the name of Mike Smith says everyone was screaming, crying, running, cops, people, firefighters, everyone. One businessman said, I just saw the building I work in come down. And that of course is the World Trade Center, which is... which has just collapsed in rubble... uh... in rubble behind him. Dust and dirt is everywhere and it still is everywhere covering, uh, nearly all of Lower Manhattan, ashes two to three inches deep in places, uh, people were wandering around, just dazed and terrified. It a horrifying, horrifying picture. Karen?

And President Bush has called it both a terrorist attack and a national tragedy. Attacks on American landmarks with American Airlines airplanes. We have the two Trade Towers coming down, we have a plane flying into The Pentagon, which has been evacuated and is still burning at this hour, and we also have a report of a plane down -- a large plane -- in Western Pennsylvania, a 767. The FAA is also still trying to locate several planes that are still missing and may be hijacked. Officials also say it is still too soon to speculate who may have been behind this. Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat has denied responsibility, condemned it and has called it unbelievable, unbelievable, unbelievable. Jim?

The, uh, the stories that, uh, people are now telling about, uh, what happened this morning are... are now coming and the eyewitness are telling, um, oh, these horrifying stories. People, before the two buildings collapsed, uh, jumping out of windows, uh, falling to their deaths, uh, trying to escape, the burning, uh, plane and the and the smoke. One, uh, eyewitness, uh, a man by the name of Kenny Johanamen, uh, tells us what what he saw when he was, uh, in in the building... Uh, eh, do we have Kenny? Apparently we don't have Kenny Johanamen there. Kenny, eh, said that he was in the basement, ah, apparently of the World Trade Center, uh, when the building just came down and the elevator just blew up. There was lots lots of smoke. He says, I dragged a guy out, his skin was hanging off. I dragged him out and I helped him to the ambulance. For many other people, unfortunately, there was to be no help because both buildings collapsed upon them.

And recapping what we've told you, we have America under attack, a terrorist attack is what President Bush is calling it. Both World Trade Center towers have collapsed. The scene in New York is one of disbelief. Smoke is now obscuring the entire skyline of Manhattan. All Fed... Federal buildings in New York and Washington D.C. are closed.

There have been attacks in Washington as well. We have a report of The Pentagon being struck by a plane, the fire is still burning there. There was a report of a car bomb outside of the State Department. That has since been shot down. We also have a report -- we had a report -- that there was a bomb at the Capitol Building, but that has since been, uh, shot down as well. Most of the, uh, Federal Buildings in Washington have been evacuated -- the Treasury Department, the Capitol, even the White House, where reporters were hurriedly herded out of the building where a plane was circling overhead -- are empty.

It's unclear who was responsible for these attacks and... and... that, um, will become clear in the weeks and months ahead but, uh, clearly this was a coordinated attack. It happened in rapid fire fashion, uh, one plane and then another, uh, into the World Trade Center in New York and then a third plane into The Pentagon in Washington and a fourth plane crashing in Pennsylvania. We believe it may be connected, we don't verify that yet. This all happened very quickly and the reports came in just as quickly.

We are boarding Air Force One. They have bomb squads out here checking all of our gear.

Here on Capitol Hill. We've just been told that the Capitol is being evacuated and that all reporters follow the...

America Under Attack. War coverage continues from WABC radio news. This is WABC, New York City.

It just blew up. A big explosion... people started running, it was chaos everywhere.

An eyewitness describing the scene in what used to be the World Trade Center towers in New York City in Lower Manhattan. Both towers hit by airplanes this morning. We were told an American Airlines jet crashed into one of the towers, then incredibly, both 110 story towers collapsed. They crumbled, bodies falling from the buildings. American Airlines now says it lost two planes, around 160 people on board both of those planes. They are gone. New York City is closed down. Then in Washington, another plane crashed into The Pentagon.

This is one of those things that you dream of in your worst nightmares. It appears that a large jet aircraft, perhaps the size of a large passenger plane came, uh, very low, clipping off light posts as it approached The Pentagon and it slammed into the side of The Pentagon and it drove itself from the outer ring all the way to the inner ring. The area of the building that it went into burst into flames. Um, there are many, many floors of destruction, deep into the heart of The Pentagon.

No casualty numbers yet but they're sure to be very high. Another large plane has crashed in southeastern Pennsylvania in Somerset County. Apparently that may be a United jet that was hijacked out of Chicago. The FBI is now trying to determine who is responsible for today's attacks. All planes are grounded around the country.

A gargantuan explosion! Oh my god! I don't believe it!

An eyewitness to an unbelievable disaster in the past hour. A plane apparently hit one of the towers of the World Trade Center in lower Manhattan in New York.

America Under Attack. Our coverage continues. WABC News. This is WABC, New York City.

Airliners do not fly into the World Trade Center. I mean, it just doesn't happen unless they are directed that way by its pilot. Obviously this is not something that's accidental. I think it's interesting, too, that Manhattan island is completely locked down.

We're locked down. Those of us who are on Manhattan can't get off and those of us who are not on this island cannot get on. And for good reason: they've shut down virtually every major transit route onto or off of the island. And it almost reminds me of February of 1993, where there was the first act of terrorism directed at the World Trade Center, when the Ryder van that rolled into a parking lot there with 1,500 pounds of nitrate explosives, took out five floors, rocked the foundation, close to half a dozen deaths, thousands of injuries, but the building was able to withstand that blast and stay tall. In this particular case, John Gambling, both towers collapsed almost within a half an hour of each other.

I'm not, uh, a construction expert, but it just seems to me that that was awfully rapid for it to have been the result of just the airplane crashes and the fire. Although the fires were very intense, obviously, fueled by the jet fuel that was on board both of those aircraft.

I think the other thing that we have to understand here is that this is the first time in American history that our government has really gone into exile. I mean, our government at the moment, is in control and they're controlling things and they're... and they're... discussing, um, everything, but they are in exile.

Is it okay if a few of us start to assume that is a terrorist attack?

Well, you know, you can assume it. But I don't agree, based on what G.W. Bush is talking about.

He is the President of the United States, Ron.

I know that, but he's not often the most well informed guy around, Bill.

Well, but right now you would think he would be locked in to the information pipeline.

You would think.

And you would even hope. I'm just not assuming, Bob.

I think it's fair to say that people in the Middle East have declared America to be the big Satan and...

Wait! Not only have we called them terrorists, but now we're pointing fingers, okay?

Well, excuse me, Ron. Who had targeted the World Trade Center before?

I remember when the Murrah building went up and for a day and a half everybody was talking about, yes, the terrorist cells right there in Oklahoma, a hotbed of Middle Eastern Arabic activity. Nobody doubted these were Arab terrorists who blew up the Murrah Building. Well, it turned out to be blond-haired, blue-eyed, corn-fed country boys.

Ron, can we talk probabilities, though? Is it more likely this might have had something to do with the Middle East than it does with the Michigan Militia? Wouldn't it be more likely?

Well, that would've been the case in the Murrah Federal Building, too. It absolutely would have been more likely that terrorists blew up the Federal Building in Oklahoma when it was in fact a bunch of neo-Nazis.

Ron, as you know, in radical Muslim literature, they refer to New York City as sort of the Jewish capital of the world, even larger in scope than Tel Aviv.

Well, certainly the Twin Towers were specific targets of the original bombing and they specifically talked about the importance of hitting the Trade Center as a target of American wealth and power.

Lawrence Eagleburger, former Secretary of State, just said that this was a total intelligence breakdown and that with the magnitude of the attack he considers this a total act of war and that there hasn't been anything like this since Pearl Harbor. He equates this devastation to Pearl Harbor and said that basically only Osama bin Laden would have the capacity to coordinate this. He says an attack like this takes months or years to coordinate and that's why, he says, there was a total breakdown in our intelligence. He also pointed out the obvious, that we thought that we had licked hijacking in this country and apparently, at least, it appears on the surface that we have not licked hijacking. Whether they had weapons or if they just rushed the cockpit or whatever did, if they did that it still remains a possibility here in the United States. So, Lawrence Eagleburger said that George Bush needs to respond quickly and go after terrorism where ever terrorism exists, indicating that even if we don't know for sure that they were the people directly responsible, we must go after those who support Osama bin Laden and who have done so in the past.

Well, so Lawrence Eagleburger advocated attacking who?

Well, he said our first target should be Osama bin Laden. He also talked about the Taliban and the government in Afghanistan. Uh, we have warned them, apparently according to him, though our State Department and through Washington that, should anything in the future occur against any American targets, they would be held responsible if bin Laden was implicated or found to be responsible.

We would have attacked Osama bin Laden already if we knew where he was.

Well, that's what I was just going to bring up. Several weeks ago, maybe several months ago -- you know the way time flies -- I remember saying on the air that Osama bin Laden was handing out promotional video tapes to the media. Osama bin Laden was interviewed by I don't know which network but that means they...

But you're saying we know where he is.

Well, they... we have to know where he is.

Well, I don't think he's having a news conference today.

No, not today.

Well, I don't know where he is. I don't know that he's responsible, with all due respect to former Secretary of State Eagleburger, if this was a matter of three people coordinating hijacking of three planes, you don't need a huge infrastructure and a lot of money. This was not a particularly hi-tech terrorist attack, although it was obviously a very well coordinated and very well planned one, but you don't need 100, 200 people. You don't need...

But Ron, Afghanistan has consistently given sanctuary to Osama bin Laden and his minions. They have been warned about this, not just by the United States but internationally, and also by some of their fellow Muslim countries who also fear Osama bin Laden because of his radical fundamentalist ways. And if you're providing a base, a haven, a sanctuary for a terrorist who has targeted the United States and Israel, well then, you're just as culpable because you do nothing to sort of relieve yourself of that.

Again. We've made a leap here that I don't think is justified in making yet, which is we've assigned blame to Osama bin Laden.

Well, I can bet you he's got a big smile on his face right now. Yeah.

Either way, he's probably happy, but you can't kill a guy for being happy.

Oh, actually given the way I feel right now you probably could.

Well, maybe you should just take the day off.

I'm not a huge fan of U.S. military power, but it would be nice to see aircraft or a military jet sort of flying around the perimeter of Manhattan.

Absolutely. You'd expect to see that at any moment. You'd expect to see U.S. military flying around the World Trade Center and also perhaps the Empire State Building or any other monument that we have.

Well, in fact, the only times we've ever had airline crashes or planes crashing into buildings here in New York -- obviously there are very high buildings and planes are constantly flying overhead -- is in times of fog. But today is...

... a clear day. Blue sky. That's not what this is.

Couldn't be, even if navigation systems failed.

I'm appalled at, uh, what we're gonna find out as the day goes on in terms of the loss of life. It is going to be dramatic and, um, you know what? With all due respect to the president, it's not good enough to say, at this point, we're gonna hunt them down and find those responsible. I mean we got to get them and get them fast.

I've just been trying to think back. After Pearl Harbor there were about two thousand, twenty-five hundred American casualties on American soil. Uh, there were a couple of instances, I believe, in California during World War II -- more accidental than anything else -- where there were some people who were killed, but that's it. This country has remained impervious to this sort of attack ever since that time.

All of that has ended today.

I said earlier that this is a day that will live in infamy. This is this is one horrific day. And given the enormity of the situation the organization of these attacks, Ed, this is not one lunatic. Right away we're gonna think Osama bin Laden, maybe Osama bin Laden is behind this, and if he is, then, he's gonna get it. But you know what? It isn't one man. It isn't Osama bin Laden and a couple of cronies in some tent somewhere in Northern Africa or wherever. This is an organized attack against the United States which can only be state-sponsored terrorism. This isn't one lunatic with a lot of money doing anything on the scale that we are seeing unfold before our eyes here today in New York and around the nation.

You're right, Joe. The instinct for bloodlust, for retribution is extraordinarily strong. They may not be done.

VII.

George Weber is near the scene of the World Trade Center now. George? Tell us what you know at the moment.

Bruce I've now moved a good way east, I guess, out of sheer curiosity. A giant plume of black and white smoke is blowing across downtown. This afternoon, they're not letting reporters anywhere close to the area where the two World Trade towers collapsed earlier today. I'm standing right next to the Manhattan Bridge, which is one of the entry points where they're bringing in ambulances and emergency personnel. We still periodically see some U.S. military aircraft doing flybys. This is the sound that you hear... hour after hour down here.

And just below me is a park right near the edge of Chinatown. And while there's some curiosity among these people, they continue to play

their card games. They continue to chat as if nothing is going on. Their markets are open. They're shopping, they're... they're... they're buying their fish. Uh, it's... it's as if this little corner of New York City was totally unaffected, but you know it's at the top of their minds. They're talking about it. They're pointing up in the air periodically and they're continuing with their card games. So it's, uh, just a little snapshot of, uh, a piece of New York as they deal with this immense tragedy.

Michael Jackson

I.

Wow, it's weird cause, uh, I'm hearing this music and I'm seeing online this video of the three Charlie's Angels running out of a door, you know. Uh oh. Jeff McKinney's running into the room.

Well, much talk today about Farrah Fawcett certainly, but now there is news that Michael Jackson has been rushed to a hospital, um, I think it's in Los Angeles, I'm not sure. The CBS newsroom just came on saying that there is a special report coming up for Michael Jackson's physical condition, which apparently is, uh, dire at this moment.

It's so interesting. Before we came on the air today -- I hope this is not the case -- but Jimmy and I were talking about how things happen in threes. We just lost Ed McMahon, today we lose Farrah Fawcett, now we're hearing Jeff McKinney walking in telling us...

I'm saying he's ill. I'm saying he's ill. I don't know how dire he is but the indication is that he is quite ill. They're gonna run a special report. They don't do that lightly, the folks back in New York. So we're gonna do this in about ten seconds here. We're gonna get the latest on Michael Jackson.

Boy, there's a lot, a lot of curiosity here.

Alright so let's take it away. It's 4:15.

This is a CBS News special report. I'm Dan Raviv. We are receiving word from Los Angeles that the pop superstar Michael Jackson has been rushed to a hospital. The Los Angeles Times website says it got some confirmation from the L.A. Fire Department that Michael Jackson was not breathing when paramedics arrived and took him to the hospital. Let's go to the CBS newsroom in Los Angeles. Correspondent Steve Futterman, what are you learning?

Dan, we're just hearing these reports, still nothing confirmed. Reportedly Michael Jackson has been taken to the UCLA Medical Center, which is not far from his home, but nothing official yet from the UCLA Medical Center. According to the L.A. Times, Captain Steve Ruda, who's with the L.A. Fire Department says that paramedics responded to a call at Jackson's home around 12:26 local time -- that's just under two hours ago. According to The Times, he was not breathing when they arrived. The paramedics, according to the newspaper, performed CPR and took him to the UCLA Medical Center. The website TMZ says that Jackson was in cardiac arrest and that paramedics administered CPR in the ambulance. According to TMZ, Michael Jackson's mother is on the way or may be there already at the UCLA hospital to visit him. But again, we want to emphasize that there has been no official confirmation. Two reports, one from the L.A. Times, one from the website TMZ, both of them saying that Michael Jackson has been taken to a hospital.

Jackson, by the way, is age 50. This comes on the same day that the actress and star Farrah Fawcett died of cancer in Los Angeles at age 62. CBS News special report. I'm Dan Raviv.

Okay. So as far as we know, Michael Jackson is still alive but there are two reports saying that he was in cardiac arrest when, uh, EMT got to him and they were administering CPR as they rushed Michael Jackson to the hospital. Shocking to hear that Michael Jackson is 50 years old.

I was just thinking of that. We were talking earlier about how, you know, it seems like yesterday we were watching Farrah Fawcett in her youth and beauty -- and 62 years old to me is still young -- you don't

think of Farrah Fawcett being 62 years old. You don't think of Michael Jackson as being 50. It's... it's just strange.

There's some real parallels between these two people -- Farrah Fawcett and Michael Jackson -- in that they both had overwhelming, huge effects of popularity in their heyday.

Um hum. Um hum.

I mean, Michael Jackson did have the same sort of... different effect, but he had the same sort of all encompassing effect on... on the world as Farrah Fawcett did, you know?

When he... when he was at his height...

...1983, 1984...

... his peak, it was like nothing you'd ever seen. I mean, it was...

But you could say the same for Farrah Fawcett, though.

Yeah, you could. I... I think it's... yeah, you're right. You could. You absolutely could say the same thing for her. And then she went and married, uh, Steve Majors? Steve Majors? Remember she became Farrah Fawcett.

Six Million Dollar... Lee Majors.

Yeah. Lee Majors. Why did I think it was Steve Majors? Next thing you know I'll say Paul Majors, but no it was Lee Majors.

Farrah Fawcett herself as well, I mean, there is, you know, in... in her heyday...

For a brief period of time...

Excuse me?

For a brief period of time she had at least, domestically... she was about as famous as you can get within the confines of the United States of America.

Absolutely. Charlie's Angels was the biggest hit on television. That poster, the famous poster of her...

The poster, yeah.

...was the biggest seller. I mean, she did she did a spread for Playboy in the 90s and that was the biggest selling issue of the decade. I mean, she was a big star as well.

Do you know what kinds of health problems Michael Jackson had?

I didn't know he had any.

He has had occasional fainting attacks and things like that. We've always heard that. I mean, he's certainly never looked robust, Michael Jackson, to say the least.

No.

But I think this is the first indication we we've ever had that Michael Jackson has any sort of serious health issues and this appears to be a very serious health issue.

Two updates that have come to TMZ here in the last few minutes. A Jackson family member tells TMZ that Michael is in, quote, really bad shape and that the brothers are now headed to UCLA.

Well, that sound very unofficial, of course.

Yes. And then there's another update from TMZ saying that they've just got off the phone with Joe Jackson -- that's the father, Michael's dad -- who says he is, quote, not doing well.

OK.

So?

So, Farrah Fawcett has died, the great superstar of the 70s. And now, the great superstar of the 80s -- equaling her superstardom -- there are reports, that he has been in cardiac arrest this afternoon and has been rushed to the hospital in Los Angeles. So, stay tuned, I guess. We'll continue to get news throughout the day on that.

There are probably at least a thousand people outside the hospital right now where he is in Los Angeles. Evidently, they're gathering and they're in a perfect rectangle, I guess holding a... some sort of séance?

Not a séance. A, uh, vigil.

Well, a séance would make more sense for him. He's got plenty of eccentricities, but the music...

Well, he doesn't anywhere close to the talent Elvis had.

We're not talking about talent. We're talking about influence. I'm just saying that Elvis's influence overshadows his by 100 times.

I... I don't know about that.

I do.

Well, OK, I'm saying between 1980 and 1990, I mean, doesn't he have like five of the all time top ten records sold?

Jeff. Jeff. There are still people who want to sound like Elvis! There's nobody who wants to sound like Michael Jackson. Not the impersonators. I'm talking about real bands, I mean, you know, not Elvis impersonators.

Elvis will be impersonated for another hundred years.

It's got nothing to do with impersonation. You've got real rock bands out there who still love Elvis and are trying to do music like Elvis. Without Elvis, is there rock 'n roll? You know? What is Michael Jackson responsible for? What did he come up with that's so special?

He created a video channel, essentially. If not for Michael Jackson videos, MTV wouldn't be on and what it is today.

So we can blame him for that.

On the other hand, The Jackson Five...

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome up on stage, The Jackson Four!

It doesn't have the same ring.

No, it doesn't.

Well, this is gonna be a bizarre day if this story continues to develop. I mean, if he stabilizes, we can all sort of breathe a sigh of relief and say...

...speaking of which, did you hear that the World Climatological Society has issued a, uh, wind alert this afternoon?

No.

Yeah, all of the children across the world let out a collective sigh of relief.

I've got more! I've got more!

That's enough.

What a week! Ed McMahon, Farrah Fawcett...

...and Michael Jackson.

Uh, guys. He's still with us. He's, uh...

...as far as we know.

II.

This is a CBS news special report. I'm Dan Raviv. About an hour after first word that pop music star Michael Jackson suffered a heart attack in Los Angeles, it's now reported and, reliably reported, that he has died. The Los Angeles Times website says Michael Jackson, age 50, has died. He was in a coma when taken from an expensive rental home in Los Angeles. The website TMZ.com has also been reporting that Jackson died. We go live to Los Angeles. CBS news correspondent Steve Futterman.

Well, Dan, if all this is correct, it's just a shock here in Southern California and around the world. The L.A. Times, as you said, saying that, uh, Michael Jackson was pronounced dead -- this is according to the L.A. Times -- by doctors this afternoon after arriving at the hospital in deep coma. The L.A. Times is quoting city and law enforcement sources. The L.A. Times, uh, a very reliable newspaper. Obviously the website TMZ, which also has been very reliable in the past, had earlier reported that Jackson had died. Now we had reports confirmed by Los Angeles Fire Department Capt. Steve Ruda that Jackson was not breathing when paramedics arrived at his home. All this began around three hours ago, that's when the 911 call was made, exactly 3 hours ago. Paramedics came to the home -- that's when Jackson reportedly was not breathing -- and was taken to the UCLA Medical Center. Now, as we've heard, both the Los Angeles Times and TMZ are reporting that Michael Jackson, the pop star, the legendary pop star, known by millions of fans around the world has died.

Steve Futterman reporting live from CBS News in Los Angeles. Michael Jackson was 50 years old. Here's a look back at his career from CBS's Dave Browde.

They called him the King of Pop. At least his fans did. But that nickname was his publicist's invention, a kind of tabloid label for the prodigiously talented but, bizarrely behaving, superstar. They called him Wacko Jacko. Michael Jackson, the son of an Indiana steelworker who'd started an astonishing show business career at the age of five as the lead singer of the Jackson Five, the group featuring Michael and four of his brothers. The Jackson Five turned out fourteen albums of hits. Michael broke out with four solo discs. But he truly became a superstar and thrilled the world in 1982. Michael Jackson's Thriller broke all records, selling some 50 million copies worldwide. Jackson broke more new ground in the then-fledgling music video field with his fourteen-minute Thriller video, in which Jackson began displaying the remarkable dance skills that would again launch his career over the moon. But Jackson's increasingly reclusive and bizarre behavior -- along with his reported multiple plastic surgeries -- made tabloid headlines surpassing his sales, as did an incident in which his hair caught fire during the 1984 filming of a soda commercial. Then there was Jackson's purchase of the ranch he called Neverland, which he stocked with animals, amusement park rides, and a constant flow of children. Suddenly, swirling accusations exploded. In 1993, Jackson released a video denial that he'd molested a 13-year-old boy who visited Neverland.

These statements about me are totally false.

Jackson reportedly settled by paying the boy's family millions.

Please welcome Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jackson.

Jackson's marriage to Lisa Marie Presley almost immediately thereafter, was seen by many as a desperate ploy to rehabilitate his image -- it broke up after only nineteen months. Jackson's next album was a disappointment, despite a duet with superstar sister Janet. After another album -- his first complete flop -- Jackson married again to a nurse, Debbie Rowe. The couple had two children in as many years, followed quickly by divorce, fights with his record company, litigation over allegedly canceled appearances, and apparently, even more plastic surgery. Jackson explained his changing skin color as the result of a disease of vitiligo. Then, Jackson's most incredible public incident: dangling his 11-month-old son, Prince, over a balcony, followed quickly by Jackson's arrest on charges of molesting a 12-year-old cancer patient. Jackson's denial this time on 60 Minutes.

Totally false. If I would hurt a child, I would slit my wrists. I would never hurt a child.

Jackson's behavior while facing the criminal charges, redefined eccentricity. Jumping on his limo to delighted fans one day, showing up late in pajamas another. Ultimately, he was acquitted, but despite many loyal fans, his image was in tatters.

That CBS's Dave Browde. If you've just tuned in, Michael Jackson, at age 50, has died. He suffered a heart attack -- an apparent heart attack -- in Los Angeles. Michael Jackson died, yes, on the same day that Farrah Fawcett died of cancer in Los Angeles at age 62. We turn to Anthony DeCurtis who has written about music for so many years for Rolling Stone magazine. Uh, Anthony, uh, indeed it's the music we should focus on because that... that's what will last.

Well, absolutely. I mean it's, you know, with all the scandals and all the problems and all the weirdness that Michael represented, you know, it's easy to lose sight of the music and the music is extraordinary. I mean, this is somebody who is as important a figure of as popular music has produced.

And, just the way he went at age, at age 50, I guess we realize there was something wrong with his health, with his behavior, or with the advice he got from others.

Well, it's, you know, I mean, Michael's life.. it's been a struggle, I think, in recent years, you know, I mean, he's been attempting these comebacks, they never really gain any traction and I mean, obviously, you know, if he's getting set to do the shows in London, you know, a run of 50 shows, you know, clearly that's not going to happen. You know, we don't really yet have enough information on, you know, what exactly, you know, created the situation but, you know, you know, there's been a kind of tragic aspect to what, you know, Michael Jackson's life has been, you know, without any question.

Anthony DeCurtis has written about music for so long for Rolling Stone magazine.

Let's turn to the media critic and historian Robert Thompson of Syracuse University. Michael Jackson may have had, well, a tattered image at times, but when it comes to the music and the dancing he gave pleasure to tens of millions of people. Robert?

Not only pleasure, but I would put him right up there with Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and P.T. Barnum. I mean, this guy was far and away one of the greatest American entertainers that has ever lived in this country since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. I mean, he was not called the King of Pop for nothing. He was a superstar. I'll never forget when I watched the moonwalk on that Motown 25th anniversary show in 1982 and it literally made my jaw drop. Nobody had moved like that before. And what he did for MTV and the art of music videos, what he did for all kinds of performance styles in the 80s. He was really a superstar.

Well, Robert, what about the image part of it? You know, if there's a pr... problem with his personal behavior, does it take away from the way we'll remember Jackson the musician?

Well, I think for, uh, at least 50 years, yes. As long as anybody's around that remembers the trials and dangling the kid off of the balcony and all of this kind of stuff, we'll never be able to separate those. However, 100 years from now -- and I'm convinced we'll still be listening to the Thriller album 100 years from now -- when nobody is making all of those connections, I think his musical legacy will probably last a lot longer than the legacy of his multiple peculiarities. But we shouldn't ignore them. I think this was really one of the great American stories of what celebrity can do to a human

being. I think this guy became so famous, I think he became such a huge celebrity, that he was isolated from the real world as most people know it. He was living on Planet Michael and he called it Neverland, of all things. And I think that if anyone else behaved like that, someone would tell you to knock it off and you'd have to get your act together, whereas Michael Jackson was almost free to live in a world where he made up and lived by his own rules. It's a really almost a Greek tragedy-like story.

Capital: New York Capital of the 20th Century

Facilis descensus Averni:

**Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradium superasque evadere ad auras.
Hoc opus, hic labor est.**

- Virgil, *Aeneid*

Preface

Chapter One. He adored New York City. He idolized it all out of proportion. Uh, no, make that, he-he . . . romanticized it all out of proportion. Now... to him...no matter what the season was, this was still a town that existed in black and white and pulsated to the great tunes of George Gershwin. Ahhh, now let me start this over. Chapter One. He was too romantic about Manhattan as he was about everything else. He thrived on the hustle, bustle of the crowds and the traffic. To him, New York meant beautiful women and street-smart guys who seemed to know all the angles. Nah, no . . . corny, too corny . . . for . . . my taste... I mean, let me try and make it more profound. Chapter One. He adored New York City. To him, it was a metaphor for the decay of contemporary culture. The same lack of individual integrity to cause so many people to take the easy way out . . . was rapidly turning the town of his dreams in — No, it's gonna be too preachy. I mean, you know . . . let's face it, I wanna sell some books here. Chapter One. He adored New York City, although to him, it was a metaphor for the decay of contemporary culture. How hard it was to exist in a society desensitized by drugs, loud music, television, crime, garbage. Too angry. I don't wanna be angry. Chapter One. He was as tough and romantic as the city he loved. Behind his black-rimmed glasses was the coiled sexual power of a jungle cat. I love this. New York was his town. And it always would be.

Allen & Brickman, *Manhattan*, p. 1.

A - Dream City

Enough leeks to coat all Fifth Avenue with vichyssoise.
Brook, p. 53.

A Good Humor bar gooiily obstructing Park Avenue.
Conrad, p. 316.

A violin crafted from wood from an old house in Elizabeth Street.
Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 164.

The Library lions refuse any longer to guard people who believe that wisdom lies in books and vow that they'll repatriate themselves to Africa, "where there is still some freedom."
Conrad, p. 203.

The statue of Father Duffy in Times Square, mummified on his pedestal by a shroud of plastic sheeting, bundled in his sacking against his cross, against a sky of streaming neon and balletic peanuts.
Ibid., p. 169.

When the south tube of the Lincoln Tunnel was officially opened on December 12, 1937, it had already been sanctified by the legend that its glass roof was intended to give travelers a good view of the fishes in the North River.
Federal Writers, p. 407.

On Sutton Place a man fishes out his eighteenth-story window for eels.
Talese, p. 48.

If it were blood pouring out of the hydrants, would people stanch the flow?
Atkinson, p. 229.

A naked butcher on a roof in Hester Street.
Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 189.

Dogs wag their tails up and down instead of sideways in the Flatiron Building.
Barnes, *New York*.

Sea monkeys from a curio shop peddling twentieth-century Americana, and these sea monkeys mutate into King Kong-sized jumbo shrimp that almost destroy the futuristic city of New New York.
Bennett, p. 41.

An urban science fiction.
Koolhaas, p.15.

A thick-hipped and swollen-breasted nude ignores the snow on the Museum of Modern Art courtyard, tilting her pelvis at the muffled landscape.
Conrad, p. 174.

Cloud-descended, these Venuses in transit between the sky and the streets land on the city's rooftops.

Ibid., p. 174.

What is a ship, in fact, but the great skyscraper turned upon its side and set free?

Sanders, p. 279.

Los Angeles is just New York lying down.

Steele, p. 26.

skyscrapers / filled with nut-chocolates

Williams, *Collected*, p. 187.

An evening on up on the Empire State roof—the strangest experience. The huge tomb in steel and glass, the ride to the 84th floor and there, under the clouds, a Hawaiian string quartet, lounge, concessions and, a thousand feet below, New York—a garden of golden lights winking on and off, automobiles, trucks winding in and out, and not a sound. All as silent as a dead city—it looks *adagio* down there. [Death] [Silence]

Powell, p 12.

The Seagram Building fountains dissolve into snowflakes, I enter a revolving door at twenty and come out a good deal older.

Didion, "Goodbye," pp. 168-77.

The buildings, as conceived by architects, will be cigar boxes set on end.

White, *Here*, p. 55.

Dalí's New York is a laboratory of intensified entropy, where things become surreal in a thermodynamic malaise.

Conrad, p. 146.

One of Oldenburg's 1965 projects was an ironing board, canoping the Lower East Side. The board replicates the shape of Manhattan and with its shadow blesses the former ghetto. Its baldachin testifies to the "million miles of devoted ironing" done beneath it by immigrant mothers sprucing up their offspring.

Ibid., p. 318.

He would love to pad Central Park and the slope of Park Avenue with green baize, in homage to the grass of the former and the merely titular vegetation of the latter, and to use them as pool tables. Colored balls would be sent bumping through the park to roll down the declivity of the avenue. They'd be collected at Grand Central and shipped back uptown on the underground railroad tracks. At 96th Street they'd pop into view again, ready to resume the game.

N. cit.

Christo during the 1960s planned the packaging of three New York buildings, 2 Broadway, 20 Exchange Place, and the Allied Chemical Tower in Times Square.

Conrad, p. 312.

Bill told me he had been walking uptown one afternoon and at the corner of 53rd and 7th he had noticed a man across the street who was making peculiar gestures in front of his face. It was Breton and he was

fighting off a butterfly. A butterfly had attacked the Parisian poet in the middle of New York. (cf. Federal Writers' Project: "An occasional butterfly pirouettes through Wall Street's canyon." [Nature])

Denby, p. 3.

Breton continued to live in New York City; he remained totally French, untouched by his residence in America, almost as though he had never left Paris.

Myers, p. 37.

As reality goes into hiding in the prudish city, realism becomes an illicit art. Sometimes Marsh was denied permission to sketch in the burlesque houses, so he taught himself to scribble on paper concealed in his pocket.

Conrad, p. 97.

He wishes that some aesthetic tyrant would make amends for the grayness of New York by decreeing that all the avenues be painted in contrasting colors.

Ibid., pp. 139-140.

The patterning of tracks in Washington Square after a blizzard is decorative rondure.

Ibid., p. 175.

Surreal New York is a pornotopia, a jungle of regression or an infirmary of the psychologically maimed.

Ibid., p. 142.

Invading New York, the modernists put it through a succession of iconographic torments. It's demolished by the cubists, electrified by the futurists, sterilized by the purists. Cubism piles up New York's architectural building blocks only to capsize them. Surrealism carnivorously interprets its stone and steel as flesh, of which it makes a meal. Inside the body, the surrealist city rots; purism arrests that fate by setting its temperature at a sanitary degree zero. But the radical muralists, unrelenting, inscribe on the city's walls a prophecy of doom.

Ibid., p. 127.

Tex Rickard built a giant swimming pool in Madison Square Garden in 1921. The giant white-tiled pool was 250 feet long by 100 feet wide, two-thirds the size of a football field. The water tank held 1,500,000 gallons of water. The ends of the pool had a depth of three feet and sloped to the center for a depth of fifteen feet, an area that served amateur and professional swim and dive competitions on Thursday evenings. A cascading waterfall was incorporated into the design at one end.

Aycock, p. 137.

On the side of a blazing warehouse is a proud advertisement for the food products manufactured therein: "SIMPLY ADD BOILING WATER." And the fire occurs, to make the joke even crueler, on Water Street.

Conrad, p. 291.

Astronauts from the future discover that the mysterious world on which they have landed actually sits atop a post-apocalyptic New York—the ruined Grand Central has become the temple for a future race; a

wide, double staircase serves as the altar. Like Luthor's lair, this set is not a reconstruction of the real building, but a rather free interpretation that takes advantage of the enormous familiarity of the station's design, manifested in details as simple as the shape of an arch or a style of lettering. In such details resides Grand Central's power as an almost universally recognizable "place," even as it offers a superb springboard for fantasy. How many other structures could be so universally identified by a few fragments of their graphics?

Sanders, p. 284.

Stephen Crane's description of the sensation of riding in an elevator, written in 1899: "The little cage sank swiftly; floor after floor seemed to be rising with marvelous speed; the whole building was winging straight into the sky."

Crane, *Active*, p. 32.

Transference of night imaginations to the daytime world—a way of forcing the impressions gained on the radically-changed night streets back upon the "real" world.

Haden, p. 49.

The city is a built dream, a vision incarnated. What makes it grow is its image of itself.

Conrad, p. 207.

I am going to carry my bed into New York City tonight
complete with dangling sheets and ripped blankets;
I am going to push it across three dark highways.
Stern, p. 55.

A dream, not a place.

Pomerance, p. 3.

These New Yorkers are often shunted to the margins of a spectacle that is half like a poster and half like a dream. They exist in an urban-scape made up of just bits and pieces that have little in common but their amputation by the frame.

Kozloff, n. pag.

Sleep... is where you find it. But the other fire escape is somewhat overcrowded... it's not so bad sleeping that way... except when it starts to rain... the back to the stuffy tenement rooms.

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 20.

Both Kansas and Oz, both black-and-white and technicolor, with wicked witches on both sides of town, and good ones too, showing up in bubbles every so often—if you know how to blow them.

McCourt, p. 79.

Battery Park, the rendezvous of dreams.

Reisenberg, p. 13.

Absent-minded city of unconscious revelations in our mental age of the nightjar and the candle.

Ibid., p. 206.

I stopped in this restaurant down on 2nd Avenue, sat at the counter for a moment and ordered a cup of coffee, feeling kind of warm and

happy, the remnants of some dream from that morning still in my head.
Wojnarowicz, p. 187.

There were tracks of iron stalking through the air, and streets that were as steep as canyons, and stairways that mounted in vast flights to noble plazas, and steps that led down into deep places where were, strangely enough, underworld silences. And there were parks and flowers and rivers. And then, after twenty years, here it stood, as amazing almost as my dream, save that in the waking the flush of life was over it. It possessed the tang of contests and dreams and enthusiasms and delights and terrors and despairs. Through its ways and canyons sand open spaces and underground passages were running, seething, sparkling, darkling, a mass of beings such as my dream-city never knew.

Dreiser, p. 1.

Here, in this ever renewed dreamland of the city, the comic-book shadows and cinematic styles of 1930s Manhattan are always present, always available, beckoning us to a mythical past.

Kingwell, p. 200.

Cinema

A thousand movie screens flickered in New York from morning to midnight.

Jones, *Dynamite*, p. 200.

Wandering through the souk of the Lower East Side, you could find the Palestine, the Florence, the Ruby, and the Windsor (among many others, most of which were nicknamed The Itch); they, too, died, driven into the Lost City with the great Yiddish theaters: the Grand, the Orpheum, the Yiddish Arts. Out in Queens, around 165th Street, the Loew's Valencia closed, along with the Alden, the Merrick, the Jamaica, the Savoy, and the Hillside. On East 14th Street in Manhattan, there was a place called the Jefferson, where we went to see the Spanish movies and vaudeville acts, improbably trying to learn the language from Pedro Infante and Jorge Negrete, lusting for Sarita Montiel, laughing at the comedy of Johnny El Men, while ice-cream vendors worked the aisles. Gone. In Times Square, the Capitol disappeared, the Roxy, the Criterion, the Strand. The Laffmovie on 42nd Street played comedies all day long, but now, where Laurel and Hardy once tried to deliver Christmas trees, the movies are about ripped flesh. Who now can verify the existence of the old Pike's Opera House on 23rd Street and Eighth Avenue (converted first to vaudeville and then to movies after the Metropolitan Opera established itself at 39th Street and Broadway)? It was torn down to make way for the ILGWU houses, thus eradicating the building where Jay Gould once had his office and where Fred Astaire learned to dance. And most astonishing and final of all, the Paramount itself was murdered in its sleep.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

You should not begin with the city and move inwards to the screen; you should begin with the screen and move outwards to the city."

Baudrillard, *America*, p. 56.

The view of Manhattan's skyline emerging, walking on the Brooklyn Bridge to Manhattan: However far the stranger has come to see this

view, he will almost certainly feel that it has been somewhere in his background for most of his life, courtesy of the cinema or (as likely) the television screen.

Moorhouse, p. 19.

When they shoot, no one dies. The Pop city is becoming a kindergarten.

Conrad, p. 310.

From a brownstone wall to carved wood paneling to a limestone facade. Dozens of these panels stood drying outside the shop, awaiting the artful painting that would assure their verisimilitude. The thick plantings of a soundstage Central Park—either real or, more likely, artificial—could be provided by the nursery's greensmen; the enormous plate-glass windows of a mythical Fifth Avenue department store readily supplied by the studio glazier. The Chinese or Yiddish store signage that graced the Lower East Side's streets were no challenge for artisans of the paint-splattered sign shop, while the lacy ironwork of a Gramercy Park balcony was probably not iron at all but inexpensive "pot" metal, cast from a plaster original produced in the high, glassy sculptor's studio.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 67.

With lobby, elevator, and hallway behind us, we at last open the door and enter the apartment itself—and therein find the single most familiar interior in New York movies. As in the real city, where apartments are by far the most common kind of domestic interior, the movie apartment long ago became the standard setting for middle-class New York life, the background of hundred upon hundreds of films.

With its relatively simple and standardized layouts, the movie apartment's importance has often been less a space in itself than the neutral canvas for a decorating scheme bent upon revealing its occupant's personality.

Ibid., p. 199.

"New York Street"—half a dozen can be found around today's Los Angeles: at the height of the studio era, six decades, almost twenty such "streets" stood around Southern California, on lots large and small, celebrated and obscure.

Ibid., p. 143.

Brick facades and brownstone stoops, canvas awnings and fire hydrants and street lamps evoke a New York that is, if anything, a little *too* real, even brick popping out with intense clarity. But soon discrepant details start to creep in, like the strange incongruities of real dramas. There are few people, no traffic, and a very un-New York sense of quiet. Through the upper windows can be glimpsed not bedrooms, but snatches of blue sky. Views of good-sized hills and, yes, snow-peaked mountains appear beyond the building cornices. As in a dream, these peculiar details hint at something about the experience we are having (something, in fact, we already know).

But meanwhile the street continues to beckon, encouraging us to stay within its surreal confines. At the end of the block we spot another street, crossing ours. We turn the corner and find ourselves on a new street, somewhat different in style and mood but still plainly part of the same city. Ahead there is another intersection, and another block; by now we realize that the term "New York Street" is something of a misnomer: this is not one street but many, an entire matrix of

streets, in fact, meeting at odd angles and T-shaped intersections and spreading over several acres.

Eventually, however, we wander a few steps too far, and catch sight of the buildings from the back—only to be instantly confronted by the secret they tried so hard to keep: that they are not buildings at all, but merely false fronts, propped up with bracing. Nothing could be farther from the conscious urban clarity of the façades than this behind-the-scenes thicket of raw lumber. The front doors and entries, so prominent from the sidewalk, are from here hardly visible, leading not to actual parlors or lobbies but, we now see, to vestibules just big enough for an actress to kiss the leading man goodnight before scampering down the steps and onto the next scene. Behind the upper-floor windows, meanwhile, are narrow platforms stretched below the sills, allowing grips and stagehands to install curtains or flower pots, or rig lights, or cover the windows with sheets of non-reflective cloth, called *duvetyn*, to keep the sky from poking through and destroying the illusion. And no matter what elaborate materials are implied up front—granite, limestone, brick—from behind it is plain that these “buildings” are all made of the same stuff: plywood sheets, overlaid with molded veneers of plaster staff or fiberglass. This is a street just inches thick.

It has always been thus, ever since Hollywood first started reconstructing New York on a large scale in the early 1920s. To do so, the city’s urban fabric had to be sliced in two—the outer layer of its buildings neatly sheared away from the interiors, which were shot inside enclosed soundstages, some distance away. The reason lay in part with the nature of film stock itself, which responds very differently to natural and artificial light: the higher “color temperature” of the sun’s light makes it difficult to blend with that of electric lamps. From this technical constraint arose an entire production strategy, separating the movie city’s exterior skins from everything else. Lacking any internal structure, the “buildings” of New York Street formed a membrane-like container, a vessel of space that encompassed only the public, outdoor life of the city—a reality with some provocative implications of its own.

Ibid., pp. 143-5.

Night scenes on the New York Street were rarely filmed after dark, when expensive overtime provisions would be in effect, but during the day, with sections of street darkened by black tarpaulins stretched from timber frameworks rising above the facades on either side. The result was an almost surreal sight: a cocoon-like enclosure, blocking out the bright sun of a California day to create a sleek, velvety Manhattan night.

[...]

In this light, it was worth taking a last look at the New York Street itself, still standing in the California sun. For clearly it was a place with its own distinctive reality, less a copy of the real city than a vigorous interpretation. This was especially true of its layout, more picturesque than the notoriously rectilinear Manhattan street grid, where except for a few blocks in Greenwich Village and another couple near Wall Street, the streets are arrow-straight, flying off into infinity. The blocks of Hollywood’s New York Street, by contrast, had a gentle bend midway in their length, or met each other in T-shaped intersections very unlike the real city. Though the effect may have been picturesque, the motivation was anything but: bending the street, or having it intersect another, served to close down the vista and

eliminate the need for expensive additional streets trailing into the distance.

The curious result, evident in countless films, was to give a distinctly small-town scale to one of the world's largest cities. In doing so, the filmic street illustrated one of the more surprising characteristics of New York: that what outsiders see as endless stretches of avenue actually break down for residents into small overlapping neighborhoods, each just a few blocks in size and encompassing the shops and services of daily life. The New York Street's great conceit, that it could condense the urbanism of the sprawling metropolis into a few blocks, thus made manifest what most New Yorkers know to be the truth, that their "city" does in large part consist of the few blocks around them.

Ibid., pp. 176-7.

The apartments all had to be separately wired to allow their lights to be switched on or off individually, as they would in a real city. A subtle lighting design was required to ensure that the apartment interiors did not appear artificially bright, like shop windows, when seen from outside. And the huge space of the courtyard itself had to be bathed in the glare of a summer day.

Ibid., p. 237.

Los Angeles's horizontal endlessness... would be avenged by movie New York's overwhelming verticality. If the real New York had many tall buildings, it had plenty of low ones as well, especially in its outer boroughs and residential districts. But the dream city would seem to be all vertical, every scene playing in a penthouse, on a terrace, in a rooftop nightclub, every window looking onto a glittering view of rising towers.

Los Angeles's sleepy boulevards, meanwhile, would be retaliated against with an imaginary New York street life that surpassed almost anything the real city could offer. The lowliest side-street would have scores of pedestrians rushing purposefully across the frame; dozens more sat on stoops and played on the sidewalk. The quiet landscape of Los Angeles's bungalows or the orange groves of the San Fernando Valley would be shattered by the backlot cries of the Italian hurdy-gurdy man, the Irish cop, the Jewish pushcart vendor, as if packing, by scripted instruction, all of New York's human diversity onto a single block. And on these streets, leading men and women would constantly bump into one another, chance encounters that not only served the needs of the plot—but worked to demonstrate how a real city worked.

With the twilight, imagination took a special leap. The dream city would burn most brightly after dark, would indeed seem to live by night, as if to exorcise Los Angeles's dreary early-to-bed puritanism. The rain-slicked streets, the bright glow of the theaters as audiences spilled out, the warm interiors of the supper clubs, the sequence of overlapping neon signs ("Panorama Club," "Casino Moderne," "Café Intime") that signified a romantic dusk-to-dawn, all these would feed the projected fantasies of the ex-New Yorkers. The movement, by turns languid and urgent, of the *demimondaine* through a nocturnal cocoon of dark, slick exteriors and luminous interiors would give movie New York its most dreamlike aspect.

The characters moving through these evenings, walking these streets, surveying this skyline from its upper precincts were in some sense the greatest creation of all: idealized "New Yorkers," polished and elegant, or exquisitely rough-hewn, and equipped with all the wit and style that had once graced the Round Table and its like. In these

filmic New Yorkers—Gary Grant and Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Myrna Loy and William Powell, Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis—the style of Café Society was wed to the verbal agility of the Algonquin crowd to create an elite worthy of populating the impossibly grand city that the writers were inventing. As Pauline Kael has noted, apropos of one of the greatest of these “New Yorkers”: “Sitting out in Los Angeles, the expatriate New York writers projected their fantasies of Eastern connoisseurship and suavity. Los Angeles itself has never recovered from the inferiority complex that its movies nourished, and every movie-going kid in America felt that people in New York were smarter, livelier, and better looking than anyone in his hometown. There were no Cary Grants in the sticks. He and his counterparts were to be found only in the imaginary cities of the movies.”

Ibid., pp. 58-9.

If shooting the real city was impossible, Hollywood would simply rebuild New York.

Ibid., p. 63.

Tall file cabinets bulged with thousands of special photographs of New York, taken by crews regularly sent back East to shoot parts of the city for a specific film or to supplement the general collection. They recorded everything, from the broadest skyscraper views to the homeliest details of streets and sidewalks, creating a file-cabinet panorama that comprised one of the most exhaustive urban portraitures ever realized.

Many of the collection's images were prosaic, at least when looked at individually. But they gained a kind of cumulative power from the sheer volume with which they were assembled. Nothing was beneath the studio's notice, not even the humblest elements of the civic landscape: the lampposts, fire hydrants, police call-boxes, street signs, and manhole covers that constituted New York's municipal “street furniture,” even down to the granite Belgian blocks that gave the street bed its distinctive cobbled texture. Other views showed the various building fronts that lined the city's streets: the awnings and show windows of department stores, the classically carved names over the entrances to banks and office buildings, the elegant stenciled lettering on the glazed storefronts of *modistes* and jewelry shops. The images sought to catalog every element of the urban landscape, both inside and out: the riveted columns and ornate staircases of the El; the benches, water fountains, and statuary of Central and Bryant Parks; the canopies, taxi lights, and uniformed doormen of Park Avenue apartment houses. And onward, through hotel lobbies and elevator cabs, bars and restaurants, tenement hallways and the observation deck of the Empire State Building. Probably never has any living city been documented quite so obsessively, in thousands of sharp, large-format photographs carried across a continent to be assembled, labeled, and filed into an encyclopedic collection, all for the purpose of rebuilding any and every portion of it on a moment's notice.

Ibid., pp. 66-7.

Against shooting on location in New York. Studio telegram to director hoping to shoot in NYC: A TREE IS A TREE, A ROCK IS A ROCK, SHOOT THE PICURE IN GRIFFITH PARK.

Ibid., p. 332.

This being Manhattan, a totally made-over rock with barely a patch of what is natural left upon it, it is taken for granted that what does not exist can spontaneously be created.

Ibid., 143.

Rosalind Russell: "I had the same set in I don't know how many pictures! Ten or fifteen!! The opening shot was always an air shot over New York. Then it would bleed into my suite of offices on the fortieth floor of Radio City. Out of the window behind me was always a view of the Empire State Building, in order to identify the setting. I used to say to cameraman Joe Walker, 'Joe, where was the Empire State Building in the last picture?' He would say, 'I had it a little to the left.' I'd say, 'Well, this time throw it over to the right.'"

Ibid., p. 62.

Hitchcock quietly sitting between takes of *Rear Window* in different spots around the set, as if to more fully enjoy the "city" he had brought into being.

Ibid., p. 238.

The year of *Rear Window's* release, 1954, also marked the construction of a landmark in postwar urban design: the Pruitt-Igoe Houses in St. Louis, a design similar to most postwar housing developments across the country. A series of freestanding slabs poised in open space, it offered no hierarchies at all outside the apartment door. There were no rear windows at Pruitt-Igoe. Or front windows, for that matter. Every window was the same. Everything existed in a field of open space, equal to everything else. As an expression of the professional understanding of cities at the time, it represented what can only be described as a profound impoverishment of urban vision, a broad failure of imagination that transcended this particular project's notorious social failure, which resulted in its state-sponsored destruction by dynamite, two decades later.

Ibid., p. 241.

The Naked City (1948): the first feature shot on location in New York since the late 1920s... two hundred thousand New Yorkers turned out to watch the camera crews; at one point the producers turned to a professional juggler to help distract the crowds while the actual shooting was completed.

Ibid., p. 330.

Unable to find a suitable freestanding tenement on the Lower East Side, the designer for *batteries not included* (1987) and his crew spent ten weeks constructing a four-story exterior set on a bombed-out lot in Alphabet City, built on three sides and wide open in the back, whose façade of brick-patterned fiberglass was "aged" by burning, chipping, and staining. The result looked so authentic that passersby inquired about available apartments and the sanitation department emptied prop garbage cans in front of the building.

Trager, p. 430.

One day, probably early in 1980, a film crew commandeered Eleventh Street between Avenues A and B and, with minimal adjustments, returned the block to the way it had looked in 1910. All they did was to pull the plywood coverings off storefront windows, paint names in gold letters on those windows, and pile goods up behind them. They spread straw in the gutters and hung washlines across the street. They fitted

selected residents with period clothes and called forth a parade of horse-drawn conveyances.

When I walked down that street at night, with all the trappings up but the crew absent, I felt like a ghost. The tenements were aspects of the natural landscape, like caves or rock ledges, across which all of us—inhabitants, landlords, dope dealers, beat cops, tourists—flitted for a few seasons, like the pigeons and the cockroaches and the rats, barely registering as individuals in the ceaseless churning of generations.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

Sprayed with graffiti and strewn with garbage, streets in Toronto and Montreal became blandly familiar stand-ins for crime-ridden "New York" neighborhoods.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 381.

It was rewarding for filmmakers to cast middle-class citizens into a loft setting and show them trying, and often failing, to find their bearings.

Ibid., p. 215.

Battery Place and the Bay are operatic, the stage for a thrilling fairy spectacle.

Conrad, p. 74.

Photographed in the spring or fall, the city proved a cinematographer's delight, with its complex cloud formations, its lucid sea-washed air, and its relatively low sun angles, which softened the daylight and cast long shadows on the buildings' ornamented masonry—offering unbounded visual richness and texture that registered handsomely on black-and-white film. [Weather]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 333.

During the day, his New Yorkers pine for the oblivious dark. The movies sell them an artificial night: many of them go to matinees just to sleep.

Conrad, p. 274.

People are waiting in line in the cold to see the new Gloria Swanson picture.'

Wilson, "Leaving New York," p. 477.

Filmmakers that represent NYC as a city of ethnic and racial groups: Allen on Jews; Scorsese on Italians; and Spike Lee on African Americans.

Halle, p. 487.

The exterior of a movie theater, its marquee saying: "Inagaki's Chushingura; Dovzhenko's Earth."

Allen & Brickman, *Manhattan*, N. pag.

(They move into the ticket line, still talking. A billboard next to them reads "INGMAR BERGMAN'S 'FACE TO FACE , 'LIV ULLMANN")

Ibid.

I'm not in the mood to see a four-hour documentary on Nazis.

Ibid.

The movies being shot all over SoHo tonight are backing up traffic everywhere.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 153.

From 1977 to the present there is only one ethnically themed New York hit movie, the comedy *Coming to America* (1988). In it, an African aristocrat travels to New York City seeking an untraditional wife.

Halle, p. 487.

I like the idea that people in New York have to wait in line for movies. You go by so many theaters where there are long, long lines. But nobody looks unhappy about it. It costs so much money just to live now, and if you're on a date, you can spend your whole date time in line, and that way it saves you money because you don't have to think of other things to do while you're waiting and you get to know your person, and you suffer a little together, and they you're entertained for two hours. So you've gotten very close, you've shared a complete experience. And the idea of waiting for something makes it more exciting anyway. Never getting in is the most exciting, but after that waiting to get in is the most exciting.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 115.

B- Empire

If, as Walter Benjamin said, the capital of the nineteenth century was Paris, then the capital of the American Century was New York.

Shefter, p. 1.

Skyscrapers and swing, action painting and modern dance, Beat poetry and Pop art, *Partisan Review* and *West Side Story*, the Living Theater and the Guggenheim Museum: if Paris was, in Walter Benjamin's famous phrase "the capital of the nineteenth-century," then New York surely has become the capital of the twentieth.

Wallock, p. 9.

New York is not a capital city—it is not a national capital or a state capital. But it is by way of becoming the capital of the world.

White, *Here*, p. 55.

There it was, the Rome, the Paris, the London of the twentieth century, the city of ambition, the dense magnetic rock, the irresistible destination of all those who insist on being where things are happening.

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 78.

John Lennon: "If I had lived in Roman times, I would have lived in Rome. Where else? Today America is the Roman Empire and New York is Rome itself."

Norman, p. 682.

Walter Winchell.: "New York is a glorious monument to the 20th century."

Ibid., p. 9.

Now I live in New York City, which I believe to be the center of the world.

Haring, *Journals*, p. 90.

Imperial Rome was one-eighth the size of New York.

Caro, p. 838

Athens at the height of its glory was never larger than Yonkers.

Ibid., p. 838

Manhattan was the unchallenged center of the planet. Political decisions were made in Washington, but most of the other decisions that counted in the United States—those involving the disposition of money and fame and the recognition of literary and artistic achievements—were made on that rocky island, that diamond iceberg between rivers. Eight major papers made everything that happened in the five boroughs, the matter how trivial, some great inconsequential, while a battalion of gossip columnists made the city seem smaller than it was with their breathless chatter about the famous, and those who would like to be famous.

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 78.

Whatever the cause of the New York turnaround, it would not have been possible without Robert Moses. Had he not lived, or had he chosen to spend his productive years in isolation on a beach or a mountaintop, Gotham would have lacked the wherewithal to adjust to the demands of the modern world. Had the city not undertaken a massive program of public works between 1924 and 1970, it had not built an arterial highway system, and had it not relocated 200,000 people from old law tenements to new public housing projects, New York would not have been able to claim in the 1990s that it was the capital of the 20th century, the capital of capitalism, and the capital of the world.

Ballon, p. 68.

Greenberg plotted modernist art's relocation from Paris to New York City as the "main premises of Western art... migrated to the United States, along with the center of gravity of industrial production and political power."

Bennett, pp. 12-3.

In 1948, Jack Kerouac writes, "What a great city New York is! We are living at just the right time—Johnson and his London, Balzac and his Paris, Socrates and his Athens—the same thing again."

Trager, p. 565.

A metropolis without being a national capital or even symbol.

Bender, p. xi.

Not representing the nation but rather its own culture and economy.

Bender, p. xi.

No wonder that one accustomed to the rich memories of the Old World thinks he has come upon an eighth wonder—a city without a past!

Josephy, p. 52.

I had witnessed the growth and expansion of New York... and therefore I was feeling entitled to interpret the titanic efforts, the conquests already obtained by the imperial city in order to become what now She is, the center of the world.

Sharpe, p. 199.

While Europeans still shivered, exhausted in their damp monochrome deprivation in the aftermath of the ruinous war, New Yorkers assumed world leadership with a cool sophistication that they'd previously granted to Paris, Rome or London. In the excited, urgent chatter in the new air-conditioned offices, in the packed bars and increasingly worldly restaurants, in the crammed theater lobbies and Fifth Avenue stores there was a new confidence gained from global domination. New Yorkers basked in the health and wealth reflected back at them in the glass and chrome of their elegant bustling streets. They reveled in the status as citizens of the busiest, noisiest, fastest growing, most advanced, most cosmopolitan, coolest, most desirable and most photogenic city in the world.

Cracknell, pp. 16-7.

The sun is rising overhead, the sun which once shone brightly on Europe alone and threw slanting rays merely upon New York. The sun has moved across the Atlantic. The far coasts of Europe still shine with light. But they shine mildly, softly, like eastern coasts in late summer afternoon when the sun commences to slope toward the western sea. And behind us, over the American hinterland, morning rays slant where deep, impenetrable murkiness lay, and begin to unveil the face of a continent. But over New York dayspring commences to flood his fruity warmth.

Rosenfeld, p. 471.

The returning troops marched up Fifth Avenue and girls were instinctively drawn East and North toward them— this was the greatest nation and there was gala in the air.

Fitzgerald, "My Lost City," p. 108.

There was a certain romantic grandeur to American pessimism that was different from anything found in Europe.

Money was flowing again. the ash-in-your-eye bleakness of New York in the Depression was lifting.

Stevens & Swan, p. 297.

Manhattan is the sun at the center of all the wealth in the universe. No power on earth, or in the rumored colonies of the moon and the planet Mars, is greater than the power emanating from Manhattan. If there was a Golden Age of Babylon, in which all that made it a name of infamy had not existed, Manhattan is that Babylon. There are streets of gold in Manhattan.

Abbott, p. 78.

New York always asserts itself. Gathering into itself all ships and all flags, New York makes a summary of and a distillation from the world, equalizing all nations and all creatures, as cubism does in showing them all to be recombinations of a few unitary and universal forms. Abstraction, like New York, is a melting pot.

Conrad, p. 117.

It is the place where all the aspirations of the Western world meet to form one vast master aspiration as powerful as the suction of a steam dredge. It is the icing on the piece called Christian civilization. That it may have buildings higher than any other, and bawdry shows enough, and door-openers enough, and noise and confusion enough—that these imperial ends may be achieved, millions sweat and slave on all the forlorn farms of the earth, and in all the miserable slums, including its own. It pays more for a meal than the Slovak or a Pole pays for a wife, and the meal is better than the wife. It gets the best of everything, and especially of what, by all reputable ethical systems, is the worst. It has passed beyond all fear of Hell or hope of Heaven. The primary postulates of all the rest of the world are its familiar jokes. A city apart, it is breeding a race apart. Is that race American? Then so is a bashi-bazouk American. Is it decent? Then so is street-walker decent. But I don't think that it may be reasonably denounced as dull.

Mencken, p. 188.

A poem compresses much in a small space and adds music, thus heightening its meaning. The city is like poetry: it compresses all life, all races and breeds, into a small island and adds music and the accompaniment of internal engines. The island of Manhattan is without any doubt the greatest human concentrate on earth, the poem whose magic

is comprehensible to millions of permanent residents but whose full meaning will always remain elusive. At the feet of the tallest and plushiest offices lie the crummiest slums. The genteel mysteries housed in the Riverside Church are only a few blocks from the voodoo charms of Harlem. The merchant princes, riding to Wall Street in their limousines down the East River Drive, pass within a few hundred yards of the gypsy kings; but the princes do not know they are passing kings, and the kings are not up yet anyway – they live a more leisurely life than the princes and get drunk more consistently.

White, *Here*, pp. 29.

Paris

New York is not and will not be Paris.
Bender, p. xi.

Gertrude Stein: "Paris was where the twentieth century was."

Stein, *Paris*, p. 13.

Manhattan is a counter-Paris, an anti-London.
Koolhaas, p. 20.

Manhattan, the other of Mont-Saint-Michel.
Federal Writers, p.10.

Instead of being a province of Paris, or even an imitator of Paris, New York in the 1940s became Paris.
Bender, p. 335.

The New Yorker dreams of Paris while the Parisian wonders about New York... They all remain unreal for us.
[Flâneur]

Parsons, p. 152

New York's new identity is as the American Paris. It becomes cultured by its importation of vice.
Hawes, N. pag.

Instead of being a province of Paris, or even an imitator of Paris, New York in the 1940s became Paris.
Bender, p. 335.

Park Avenue, like Paris, is finished. It will never be changed.

Hawes, N. pag.

"On the Champs-Élysées," he said, "or in Mayfair, I feel myself a part of the street. Spiritually I seem to own a piece of it. Park Avenue—beautiful, yes, and absolutely American—but a little scornful. In Mayfair and in the fine districts of Paris and Rome, you see façades, but in Park Avenue only walls. A façade welcomes; a wall forbids. A curious manifestation in a democracy, isn't it?"

Irwin, p. 220.

Seen from Broadway, the massacres in France seemed like a colossal advertising stunt for the benefit of some giant corporation.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 57.

The city's transformation is Parisian in the wrong way: the old bits of the city are taken over by the rich while the poor and the unwashed are crowded right off the island. Gopnik, p. 11.

Paris represents "years to think," he writes, "in New York one falls too easily in the habit of working without thinking on account of the amount of work there is to do."

Koolhaas, p. 162.

They've planted sycamore trees on Third Avenue: by 1960 it'll look like the Boulevard St. Germain and the only eyes that scope you being seen on the second floor will be the little eyes of nesting sparrows. [Nature]

McCourt, p. 95.

Without notable exception, the gray-stone or cream-brick buildings are of French Renaissance architecture. Their builders have even adapted that trick which the French so well understand, of making the façades to these marts of luxury a trifle more ornate than would seem tasteful for public buildings or office structures. Fifth Avenue adapted its street-lamps, stretching their double line of twin saffron globes over the curve of the hill, from the Bois de Boulogne; and even the graceful traffic towers took their inspiration from the court accessories of Louis XIV. In the nineteenth century the French put their stamp on the creation and distribution of luxury goods the world over. The glory is now passing from Paris to New York, from the Rue de la Paix to Fifth Avenue. But they have had a partial

revenge. This successful rival has itself become half French.

Irwin, pp. 185-6.

The world's second metropolis.

Dos Passos, p. 11.

city of cities

I feel you a thousand times

more than chaotic paris

more than the prey

of any naked starving girl

at the folies bergere

Meyer, p. 296.

In 1930 the Chrysler Building was the first structure to rise higher than the Eiffel Tower, which was erected in 1899.

Trager, p. 453.

The Abstraction Expressionist painters felt that New York City, especially with the influx of European painters during World War II, had replaced Paris as the art capital of the world. Their belief was that expressed by O'Hara: "New York is everywhere like Paris!"

Gooch, p. 191.

As a poet of the New York School of Poetry, O'Hara also lived aesthetically under the umbrella of the Cedar painters, who had coined the phrase "New York School" to cover their own painting as a sort of joke-cum-power-play on the "Ecole de Paris."

Ibid., p. 212.

"You know, Paris has been limping along as the world center of art since 1936." But what will replace the school of Paris?" I asked. "The place where the money is," he replied, "New York."

Myers, p. 66.

Always desperate for the café life of Paris, for their own version of Picasso's *Au Lapin Agile*, the painters had gathered during most of the 1940 season at the Waldorf Cafeteria at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street where they drank coffee and talked leftist politics and modern art.

Gooch, p. 214.

Living near Washington Square because the rooftops there

remind him of Paris.

Conrad, p. 174.

As Gramercy Park seems a bit of London and Stuyvesant Square a corner of Philadelphia, so this is a piece of Paris. A taller Paris, if you will, and a richer Paris but bearing the stamp nevertheless.

Irwin, p. 185.

A fashionable *modiste* told me once that her French seamstresses, landing from the boat, go at once to a cooperative French boardinghouse, thence to the job. From that time forth, the work-room, the boarding-house, and the Woman's City bound their lives. They never seen and American newspaper—not even a tabloid—but the girls in the house combine and subscribe for *Le Matin* and the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Three or four years of this, and then Mlle. Parisienne suddenly packs up her modest trunk and goes home by steerage. She has saved up a *dot*; now she can marry and live happy ever after in her dear Paris!

Ibid., p. 188.

One of the special characteristics of New York is that it is different from a London or a Paris because it's the financial capital, and the cultural capital, but not the political capital.

NY Journal, p. 65.

Ginsberg's poetry walked down the streets of New York in the black cloak of French poetry.

Bennett, p. 18.

I miss New York when I'm away. Paris is a city of monuments and streets with buildings that are so symmetrical, they look like stranded ocean liners. But I cannot find that great, brooding mix of aces, that sense of a constant carnival.

Charyn, "Masonry," p. 153.

I must dip into these depths, if it proves possible, later on; let me content myself for the moment with remembering how from the first, on all such ground, my thought went straight to poor great wonder-working Émile Zola and his love of the human aggregation, the artificial microcosm, which had to spend itself on great shops, great businesses, great "apartment-houses," of inferior, of mere Parisian scale. His image, it seemed to me, really asked for compassion—in the presence of this material that his

energy of evocation, his alone, would have been of a stature to meddle with. What if *Le Ventre de Paris*, what if *Au Bonheur des Dames*, what if *Pot-Bouille* and *L'Argent*, could but have come into being under the New York inspiration?

James, p. 82.

The Grand Concourse was an experiment in boulevardism. A Bronx mirror of Park Avenue—but without the "Park." In Brooklyn, both Eastern and Ocean parkways, laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, designer of both Central and Prospect parks, were intended as boulevards and still serve as great auto routes without the tall and grand buildings intended in the Parisian manner.

White, *Physical*, p. 121.

The Grand Concourse, from whose heights I watched and thought, was our borough's closest thing to a Parisian boulevard.

Berman, *Solid*, p.

On the development of Park Avenue: The treatment of a whole area, residential buildings interacting with a great symbolic monument at their center, was not unlike Napoleon's plan for Paris.

Hawes, N. pag.

Park Avenue was insulated against the ruder aspects of city life. Its park malls, landscaped with undulating walkways to suggest a leisurely stroll, looked like trim little European gardens.

Ibid.

Park Avenue buildings looked like clusters of houses or small European villages.

Ibid.

And the express elevators take forty-five seconds to go from the bottom to the top, that is, for sixty-five stories, a time equal to that taken by our elevators, sanctimoniously installed in the Haussmann stairwells, to go to the sixth story.

Corbusier, p. 45.

Paris bistro, you disappointed me on my return from Manhattan, with your faded charm. It's too old, too old, saddening!

Ibid., p. 46.

Let's throw a bridge across the Atlantic. New York is the city nearest to Paris.

Ibid., p. 92.

What are we in our flat cities? What is our response to the skyscrapers of Manhattan? Versailles and Fontainebleau, Touraine with Chenonceaux and Chambord? They came to study all that at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and they have made skyscrapers out of them!

Ibid., p. 95.

The USA is no longer the purchaser of "French good taste."

Ibid., p. 95.

The Americanization of Europe: Paris, capital of the *Valutaschweine*, became the bourne of good and gay New Yorkers.

Federal Writers, pp. 3-4.

I wish I were reeling around Paris instead of reeling around New York
O'Hara, p. 328.

World City

New York is really the oldest city in the world. Meaning it is the oldest *modern* city. It was born modern. Rome only becomes a modern city after the war, with the 50s boom. London and Paris too. Beijing, a truly ancient city, only becomes modern after the "open door" policy in the 80s. Within the frame of modernity, New York what is ancient. It is a kind of living archaeology of modern urban forms.

Wark, email.

Unlike London and Paris, the two other great capital of bourgeois civilization, Manhattan has never really been symbolized by middle-class housing. The sweep of semi-detached houses in Knightsbridge or Kensington, the long boulevards filled with bourgeoisie in the sixteenth and eighth *arrondissements* of Paris, sum up the image of those places. New York, on the other hand, is famous for William Randolph Hearst's penthouse and Sister Eileen's basement apartment, or, more recently for the Trump Tower aerie and the Tribeca loft. A nuclear family living in a little house in Manhattan is a sight. The old enclaves of the true

bourgeoisies, Riverside Drive and York Avenue, were on the margins of the island, and their high period was a short one.

Gopnik, p. 33.

New York is nothing like Paris; it is nothing like London; and it is not Spokane multiplied by sixty, or Detroit multiplied by four. It is by all odds the loftiest of cities. It even managed to reach the highest point in the sky at the lowest moment of the depression. The Empire State Building shot twelve hundred and fifty feet into the air when it was madness to put out as much as six inches of new growth. (The building has a mooring mast that no dirigible has ever tied to; it employs a man to flush toilets in slack times; it has been hit by an airplane in a fog, struck countless times by lightning, and been jumped off of by so many unhappy people that pedestrians instinctively quicken step when passing Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.)

White, *Here*, pp. 30.

Those who have Paris or Vienna or Budapest or Mexico City or Buenos Aires (or one of many other cities) in their minds as proper metropolitan centers will be disappointed by New York. From such a point of view New York has not yet completed its progress to full metropolitan status.

Bender, p. xi.

In 1930 a journalist comparing the transit systems of the world concluded that New York's subways were more an expression of itself than any in Europe. "In no European city," he said, "would the subway be chosen as a symbol of urban life." The subway represents New York City as surely as the freeway represents Los Angeles.

Brooks, p. 3.

It is all very well for someone who has never been much in Italy to say that the Italian quarters of New York resemble Naples; they do not. They resemble New York where some Italians live . . . and grow less and less Italian.

Ford, *America*, p. 97.

While viewing the Bay of Naples, you dream of New York Bay.

Reisenberg, p. 188.

New York does not have white sunlight, white housefronts, white plane trunks—nor indeed does it have the Mediterranean just round the corner of the square.

Ford, *America*, p. 288.

But the life of the city, it must be confessed, is as interesting as its physical aspect is dull. It is, even more than London or Paris, the modern Babylon, and since 1914 it has entered upon a period of luxuriousness that far surpasses anything seen on earth since the fall of the Eastern Empire.

Mencken, p. 180.

Visitors from Europe view New York with more astonishment than any tourist could possibly feel in "doing Rome."

Hood, p. 192.

Washington Square is the Latin piazza where pleasure becomes performance.

Conrad, p. 174.

The collision and the intermingling of these millions of foreign-born people representing so many races and creeds make New York a permanent exhibit of the phenomenon of one world. The citizens of New York are tolerant not only from disposition but from necessity. The city has to be tolerant, otherwise it would explode in a radioactive cloud of hate and rancor and bigotry. If the people were to depart even briefly from the peace of cosmopolitan intercourse, the town would blow up higher than a kite. In New York smolders every race problem there is, but the noticeable thing is not the problem but the inviolate truce. [Apocalypse] [Unrest]

White, *Here*, p. 47.

Marcel Duchamp could praise New York for a deracination which was the condition of the migratory modernist, who must be a world citizen: "The artist," he said, "should be able to work in one place quite as well as another." [Art]

Conrad, p. 115.

Duchamp, on arriving in New York in 1913, declared "New York is itself a work of art, a complete work of art." Europe, he thought, was finished. This view was shared by Francis Picabia: "New York," he famously declared in 1913, "is the cubist city, the futurist city. It expresses in its architecture, its life, its spirit, the modern thought."

Bender, p. 117.

In a manner, New York may be said to be the essential America: acutely conscious of itself as an entity and yet composed, as no other city in the world is composed, of a thousand alien elements. On the other hand, the capital of every country in the world is something quite "other" than the country itself, and this may be said even more of America and New York than of England and London, France and Paris, Italy and Rome. In the United States, each State has its capital and its own tradition, while New York represents the cosmopolitan world which is growing up on the western shores of the Atlantic.

New York contains more people than the other eight greatest cities of America combined. In fact, it is only possible for a percentage of the population to be out of doors at the same time. Failure as unminded, everyone must laugh and grow rich in the town built upon commerce. The idle leave it, the elite escape from it. Ezra Pound, leader of the young poets, has not returned in twenty-five years.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 247.

Herbert Croly's visions for the construction of New York in the 20th century: "If New York was built like a grand and important city, it would function like one."

Hawes, N. pag.

I can think of no great city of this world (putting aside Rio de Janeiro, Sydney and San Francisco) that is set amid scenes of greater natural beauty than New York, by which I mean, of course, Manhattan. Recall Berlin on its dismal plain, Paris and London on their toy rivers, Madrid on its desert, Copenhagen on its swamp, Rome on its ancient sewer and its absurd little hills, and then glance at Manhattan on its narrow and rock-ribbed island, with deep rivers to either side and the wide bay before it. No wonder its early visitors, however much they denounced the Dutch, always paused to praise the scene! Before it grew up, indeed, New York must have been strangely beautiful. But it was the beauty of freshness and unsophistication—in brief, of youth—and now it is no more. The town today, I think is quite the ugliest in the world—uglier, even, than Liverpool, Chicago or Berlin. If it were actually beautiful, as London, say, is beautiful, or Munich, or Charleston, or Florence, or even parts of Paris and Washington, the New Yorkers would not be so childishly appreciative of the few so-called beauty spots that it has—for example, Washington Square, Gramercy Park, Fifth Avenue

and Riverside Drive. Washington Square, save for one short row of old houses on the North side, is actually very shabby and ugly—a blot rather than a beauty spot. The trees, year in and year out, have a mangy and sclerotic air; the grass is like stable litter; the tall tower on the South side is ungraceful and preposterous; the memorial arch is dirty and undignified; the whole places looks dingy, frowsy and forlorn. Compare it to Mt. Vernon Square in Baltimore: the difference is that between a charwoman and a grand lady. As for Gramercy Park, it is celebrated only because it is in New York; if it were in Washington or London, it would not attract a glance. Fifth Avenue, to me, seems to be showy rather than beautiful. What gives it its distinction is simply its spick and span appearance of wealth; it is the only New York street that looks well-fed and clean. Riverside Drive lacks even so much; it is second-rate from end to end, and especially where it is gaudiest. What absurd and hideous houses, with their brummagem Frenchiness, their pathetic effort to look aristocratic! What bad landscaping! What grotesque monuments! From its heights the rich look down upon the foul scars of the Palisades, as the rich of Fifth Avenue and Central Park West look down upon the anemic grass, bare rocks and blowing newspapers of Central Park. Alone among the cities of the East, New York has never developed a domestic architecture of any charm, or, indeed, of any character at all. There are neighborhoods in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore and in many lesser cities that have all the dignity and beauty of London, but in New York, the brownstone mania of the Nineteenth century brought down the whole town to one level of depressing ugliness, and since brownstone has gone out there has been no development whatever of indigenous design, but only a naïve copying of models—the skyscraper from Chicago and the dwelling-house from Paris. Along Fifth Avenue, from the Fifty-ninth Street corner to the upper end of Central Park, there is not a single house that looks reposeful and habitable. Along Park Avenue—but Park Avenue, for all its flash of creamy brick, is surely one of the most hideous streets in all the world!

Mencken, pp. 179-80.

Politicians ritualistically praised New York as the largest Irish city, the largest German city after Berlin, and the largest Italian city after Rome.

Peretti, p. 3.

We saw the mystic city of the New World appear far away, rising up from Manhattan. It passed us at close range: a

spectacle of brutality and savagery. In contrast to our hopes the skyscrapers were not made of glass, but of tiara-crowned masses of stone. They carry up a thousand feet in the sky, a completely new and prodigious architectural event; with one stroke Europe is thrust aside.

Corbusier, p. 109.

Well, one hears eternally that New York is not America. It is obviously not Europe—the Atlantic lies between. Is it, then, the outer fringes of America—or the end of Europe? Perhaps, the one overlapping the other, here we have the beginning of the world.

Ford, *America*, p. 48.

Sometimes Europe doesn't compare well. London slows you down. Rome is too crowded. Munich is a showcase. Zurich hems you in.

Balliett, p. 89.

The city is a center like every other point upon the circumference of the globe. The circle of the globe commences here, too. The port of New York lies on a single plane with all the world to-day. A single plane unites it with every other port and seacoast and point of the whole world. Out of the American hinterland, out of the depths of the inarticulate American unconsciousness, a spring has come, a push and a resilience; and here where Europe meets America we have come to sit at the focal point where two upsurging forces balance.

Rosenfeld, p. 471.

It was beauty in America one wanted, not in France or in Switzerland. It was the towers of Manhattan one wanted to see suddenly garlanded with loveliness.

Ibid., p. 467.

We had been sponging on Europe for direction instead of developing our own, and Europe had been handing out nice little packages of spiritual direction to us. But then Europe fell into disorder and lost her way, and we were thrown back on ourselves to find inside ourselves sustaining faith.

Ibid., p. 472.

It seems so much easier to entertain in Europe than in New York. You just throw open the doors to the garden and eat out in the open air with flowers and trees all around. Whereas New York is funny, most of the time things just

don't come off. In Europe, even having tea in the back yard can be wonderful. But in New York it's complicated—if the restaurant is nice, the food can be bad and if the food is good, the lighting can be bad, and if the lighting is good, the air circulation can be bad. [Light] [Air]

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p.159.

At that time we all talked a great deal about scale in New York, and about the difference of instinctive scale in signs, painted color, clothes, gestures, everyday expressions between Europe and America. We were happy to be in a city the beauty of which was unknown, uncozy, and not small scale.

Merrill, p. 820.

This waterfront, seen so, always raises in me an emotion so subtle and complex as to defy analysis. There is a sense of romance in it, and awe; and beyond all that, a curious longing to do or experience something violent. That element in emotion is akin to what I felt once at Verdun when for the first time I stood among two thousand guns pouring curtain-fire.

Irwin, p. 16.

An apartment was... a rare laboratory in which a tenant might try out strange paraphernalia reserved for a modern life. Its gadgets and gimmicks and services distinguished it from the European counterparts, which had served as the models of design and urban behavior and had once been the source of all inspiration. In Paris or Vienna, apartments were still simple houses coincidentally built one on top of the other, as Hubert and Pirsson had phrased it twenty years earlier.

Hawes, N. pag.

He suffers from the delusion that there are no health resorts or mineral springs or natural scenery in his own country comparable with those of Europe.

Girdner, p. 55.

No monumental malls, no colonnaded boulevards or pompous segmented circuses, only a bare minimum of statued squares.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 18.

Our city is unquestionably the most marvelous that so far has appeared in civilization. There is nothing in the annals of history to compare with its incomparable growth, its commercial importance and its remarkable activities in

a thousand directions. When it is recalled that our City Directory is only one hundred thirty-six years old, while the directories of London and Paris are nearly one thousand, you get some idea of the tremendous growth of our city in a very, very short time. It seems to be reborn almost every quarter of a century. It is quite within bounds to say that almost ninety per cent of the buildings now standing were not in existence fifty years ago; and the building at which we gaze to-day with so much pride and exultation will doubtless follow their forebears within the next half century.

The City of New York in 1860 might have been placed on another continent, compared with what it was twenty-five years later, and in any comparison with to-day's aspect, there are absolutely no words adequate for the description.

Brown, *Valentine*, p. 155.

While New York was rising into the air, London and the towns of Germany were satisfied with the illusory idea of garden cities: a rural humanity, living idyllically in cottages, served daily by a purgatory of transportation systems.

Corbusier, pp. 36-37.

London is a wide flat pie of redbrick suburbs with the West End stuck in the middle like a currant. New York is a huge rich raisin and is the biggest city I can imagine.

Behan, p. 12.

When it's three o'clock in New York, it's still 1938 in London.

Hamann, p. 11.

In Algiers, a single skyscraper will suffice.

In Barcelona, two skyscrapers.

In Antwerp, three skyscrapers.

Corbusier, p. 68.

The opulent shops, with their immense show-windows, remind one of our own boulevards; but the electricity which flows in rivers, and dominates everything, is a thousand times more aggressive than it is with us. Everything seems to vibrate, to crackle... One is himself electrified almost to the point of quivering under the stimulus... The apparitions flash out, move, fade away, quickly, very quickly—so quickly, indeed, that the eye barely follows them. From time to time, some enormous advertisement perched on top of a dark sky-scraper, almost invisible in

the murky atmosphere, breaks out into red flame, like a constellation, hammers some name in your memory, and then as quickly vanishes.

Sharpe, p. 198.

The physical changes in the city are even more amazing than the atmosphere changes. All cities alter somewhat in the course of time, but they alter slowly. In Rome we can follow the trend of these alterations through the last two thousand years, a souvenir of every century remains. Medieval Paris has entirely disappeared, and there are comparatively few traces even of the eighteenth century in modern London, but what has happened in the way of demolition and construction in these two cities has happened separately and not unexpectedly. New York on the other hand is in a constant state of mutation. It's a city conceivably may be compared to a liquid, it may be reasonably said that New York is fluid: it flows.

Van Vechten, p. 137.

It is truly the city of Now.

Atkinson, p. 262.

Out into the sunlight of Fifth Avenue and the Plaza, a gargantuan white chateau rising in the middle of the island like a New Money dream of the Old World.

McInerney, p. 151.

The minarets of Ellis Island.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 677.

Morocco, which is contemporary with New York, is not under the sign of the new times.

Corbusier, p. 36.

In New York, precisely because it is so polyglot and international, the walker-writer can turn a corner and imagine being in Prague, say, or Montevideo. [Flâneur] [Psychogeography]

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 200.

You smell brown fog on the East River, even though the sun is burning you in Calcutta or in Singapore.

Reisenberg, p. 188.

A book of verse:

"Under the stone I saw the flow
express Times Square at five o'clock

eyes set in darkness"
read in a shepherd's hut in New South Wales.
[Psychogeography]
Federal Writers, p. 3.

Cosmopolis

The map of Europe is reproduced in New York by the different nationalities living here; each nationality having as neighbor the same that it has in Europe. Thus the Greeks, Turks, Syrians, and Italians are close neighbors in Europe and also here. The same thing applies to the Russians who are neighbors with the Roumanians the Poles the Austrians and the Germans. [Psychogeography]
Bercovici, pp. 52-3.

New York, an immense seaport, is as landlocked for its inhabitants as Moscow.
Corbusier, p. 190.

The Syrian Quarter on the lower west side: Tins of olive-oil with gaudy labels in French and Arabic... water-pipes, their stems tassled in scarlet and bright lemon... Prussian blue... golden-brown taborets inlaid with white woods like ivory... heaps of cream and purple egg-plant and russet pomegranates... big, flat cakes shaped like artists' palettes or like doughnuts seen in the distortion of a magic mirror, their surfaces dusted with fine seeds... appetizing piles of yellow, white, and pink nougat... rows of glass jars brimming with strange, big seeds—whether used for food or for medicament, I do not know... streamers and foamy pikes of fine-meshed lace... buff earthen oil-jars in the classic form of a Greek amphora... Turkish vases, their enamel an intricate kaleidoscope... Buddhas of glazed pottery or enameled metal in green, tawny-red and gold. The eye grows weary with color.

Irwin, p. 32.

But when I walked out of Malouf's store, boys were just lighting the paper lanterns for a block dance. Across the street hung a big war poster with famous sayings penned underneath.

As if lit by a huge flying glow-worm, the torch of the Lady of Liberty in bronze pointed to the flitting stars. Dark-eyed men and women returned home, to the Orient from the Occident. Night was coming.

Bercovici, p. 85.

The East Side housewife can within a few blocks shop at will in Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, or Palestine. The East Side housewife can within a few blocks shop at will in Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, or Palestine.

Conrad, p. 261.

If you ever find yourself on Thirty-fourth Street near Seventh Avenue, don't fail to hunt up a certain Spanish table d'hote restaurant. This section of New York is like a border town on the lower Pyrenees in France. People speak French with the Spanish accent and Spanish with the singsong of Southern France.

Sitting on the broad steps of the fine old massive brown stone houses of the district, children of old Catalonia, Dons and Doñas from Madrid and Barcelona using a Latinized English all their own exchange stories and opinions with their French neighbors.

Chords struck on a guitar to accompany a subdued voice high colors on the window curtains a mixed odor of garlic incense and heavy-scented perfumes suggest something indefinably Moorish Alhambresque; slow yet passionate like cold fire.

And lo! the mirage vanishes! You are out of the district The modest warm curve of the Orient has disappeared the arrogant cold straight line of the Occident stares at you. You are in the heart of busy old New York. [Sound] [Smell]

Bercovici, pp. 22-23.

You hear people talk about the disadvantages of living in New York. Personally, I cannot think of greater happiness than being in this great metropolis if only for the reason that I can be all over Europe in one night. Five cents carfare lands you in the French district. Five more minutes reading of the "Subway Sun" lands you in Hungary; from whence you can tramp in fifteen minutes to Italy or Greece or Turkey, as the spirit moves you, or inclination dictates. You can eat your breakfast in a Russian restaurant on East Fifth Street; have caviar and Bolshevik talk; go for lunch in China, on Mott Street, where they will serve you tea grown on the highest mountain of Asia; for dinner, you can have your choice between Persian, French, Hindu, or Greek menus, and still have the cuisines of a dozen other foreign nationalities to choose from if you are alive the next morning.

Ibid., pp. 54.

Manhattan Island

When the rest of the world thinks about New York, they mean about Manhattan. The odds that partygoing Manhattanites are more likely to have dined, drunk, and danced in boîtes in London, Paris, St. Moritz, Miami, and Los Angeles than in Queens, Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Staten Island bounce off the scale.

Manhattanites have a whole xenophobic repertoire to deal with humans who happen to dwell in the outer boroughs. They mock their accents, deplore their dress codes, and have names for them—BBQs (for Brooklyn, Bronx, and Queens), Bridge and Tunnels (for the ways in and out of the city), and 718s (for the Brooklyn and Queens area codes.) In *Saturday Night Fever* John Travolta's arrival at Manhattan is depicted as though a Neanderthal were suddenly to find himself stumbling among Homo sapiens, and Melanie Griffith, the commuter from Staten Island in *Working Girl*, is shown supporting her big hair, leather coat, and lots of jewelry, like the totems of some peculiar tribe.

Haden-Guest, p. 17.

When I say "New York" in these pages, I have to mean "Manhattan Island." Greater New York is too big to write about. If I were to attempt to include all the other boroughs that make up the city—Queens, Richmond, Brooklyn and the Bronx—I would find myself in trouble... Manhattan is my world; Manhattan is where I was born and raised. When I write about New York, I had better stick to that.

Atkinson, 15.

Beyond Manhattan, the movie city all but dropped off the map: Brooklyn was reduced to a handful of picturesque blocks, while the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island scarcely existed at all.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 176.

Manhattan is not a decent city. Salt Lake City is a decent city. There is no mad rush of human beings to go to Salt Lake City, either. Unless we carefully define what we mean by the word culture, we cannot seriously say that there is culture in any "decent" city.

Abbott, "Bowery," p. 78.

And then, again, I think of all the powerful or semi-powerful men and women throughout the world, toiling at one task or another—a store, a mine, a bank, a profession—somewhere outside of New York, whose one ambition is to

reach the place where their wealth will permit them to enter and remain in New York, dominant above the mass, luxuriating in what they consider luxury. [Power]

Dreiser, p. 4.

Then he came to New York; don't we all?

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 73.

C - Antiquity

Prehistoric

The asphalt paves a jungle.
Conrad, p. 287.

when the pavement was grass, when
it was swamp, through the age of tusk and mammoth,
through the age of silent sunrise
Severini, p. 49.

New York had all the iridescence of the beginning of the
world.
Fitzgerald, *Crack-up*, p 25.

The cockroach and the ginkgo tree are the oldest things
on earth.
Lesueur, p. xiv.

The ginkgo rates as a fossil growth—it has gone
unchanged for millions of years, and is exactly like
specimens found in Paleozoic, Triassic, Jurassic and
Tertiary formations.
Berger, *New York*, p. 95.

Roaches as prehistoric relics.
Bladford, p. 7.

The greatest of cities towers above prehistoric
depositories of garnet, beryl, tourmaline, jasper,
muscovite, zircon, chrysoberyl, agate, malachite, opal,
rose, smoky and milky quartz—even minute veins of gold and
of silver.
Berger, *New York*, p. 54.

By day New York turns to practicality, to the provident
tasks of survival. But at night ancient Manhattan comes
back as a ghost from a deeper world still living but
unwisely forgotten.
Caldwell, p. 353.

The tradition of dumping the grotesque elastic heads
worn by Thanksgiving Day parade flankers in the basement of
the Museum of Natural History, right alongside stores of
brown dinosaur bones and other prehistoric relics.
Berger, *New York*, p. 112.

He visits the Museum of Natural History to estimate his adversary and sees there the stranded, lumbering skeletons of prehistoric beasts. He wonders at the forces which produced them, the indifference, apparently, with which they had been allowed to die. Nature's atavistic unconcern about its creatures corresponds to the modern city's carelessness of its harried inhabitants.

Conrad, p. 178.

During the excavations for the Cortlandt Street subway station in 1916, the workers suddenly came across the remains of an old vessel, a ship that arrived from the Netherlands in 1613. Part of the ship obstructing the subway dig was salvaged. The remainder, along with the other old artifacts (a canon ball, tools, pipes, shards) were reburied. Although archeologists were assigned to look for the vessel when the area was excavated again during the construction of the World Trade Center, they were unable to locate the rest of the ship.

Solis, p. 14.

In the midst of all this—the wealth of things that have disappeared and the little (or much) that has survived (names, memories, signs)—one presence has survived down the centuries and millennia to the present day. A silent, stern witness to events, it can be touched with a hand. Erupting from the deep, dark heart of the earth, the black, shale rocks that sprout from the green knolls of Central Park, and the clear dolomitic rocks that rub shoulders in the primeval forest at the northernmost extremity of the island, have always been here: they proceeded and accompanied the recent history of natives, the Dutch, the Huguenots, the Africans, the Jews, the English, and the Americans.

Maffi, pp. 9-10.

Leon Trotsky: "Today, not only in peasant homes but also in the city sky-scrapers, there lives alongside the twentieth century the tenth or the thirteenth. A hundred million people use electricity and still believe in the magic power of signs and exorcism."

Brass, p. 189

I tried. I stared out at the uncountable thousands of windows in the sooty sides of hundreds of buildings, and down at the streets nearly solid with car tops. I tried to turn it back into a rural scene, imagining a man down there

with buckles on his shoes and wearing a pigtailed white wig, walking along a dusty country road called the broad way. It was impossible.

Finney, p. 66.

Adam and Eve, naked and panicky, were stumbling across the Brooklyn Bridge away from Manhattan, with a great Godly hand in the sky sternly pointing them the way... There was no reason at all to suppose, looking at this static moment, that Adam and Eve would be stopping on the other side of the East River. Might they not have to wend their way all the way out the L.I.E., into Nassau, and then Suffolk Counties, and thence maybe by ferry into the upper reaches of Connecticut, even Massachusetts?

Pomerance, p. 10.

Bowling Green: a small clearing in the primeval forest.
Bunyan, p. 6.

In ancient New York, everyone shared walls.
Delgiannakis, N. pag.

Antiquity

The first—and only—simulated Greek temple to adorn the city's skyline sat anachronistically and incongruously atop 50-52 Wall Street. A penthouse of forgotten gods, the structure could best be seen from the air.

Moscow, p. 110.

The Royal Insurance Company Building at 150 William Street (1931) balances a Greek temple on its head, while the Bank of New York at 48 Wall (1929) has for its headdress a copper eagle with upraised wings... The Cunard Building (1921) at 25 Broadway raises the ocean to roof level, setting atop itself a Nereid frisking on sea horse among a ruffled bed of waves.

Conrad, p. 200.

The Standard Oil Building on Lower Broadway: "Two wings extend toward you, like the paws of a sphinx. Over these the tower; topped by a pyramid and a single glorified chimney which streams a plume of smoke line incense, and flanked by four obelisks. The group of which this tower is the crown creates an illusion not uncommon among the building-masses of Manhattan. It seems impossible to believe that one is not beholding a splendid hill-city, like the Acropolis... There is another view of this group

even more stirring to the imagination; but to see it as its best, you must pick your day and hour. Some morning when the skies are overcast and the air is perfectly still, go to Telegram Square under the elevated, put your back to the westward walls, and look up again. The tower with its obelisks just peeps above the bizarre elevated structure and the roofs to eastward. All the lower buildings about it are streaming columns of white smoke against the violet-gray skies. It seems then like the exalted altar of some strange rite; an altar beyond the conception of man-raised by the gods to a greater god."

Irwin, pp. 14-5.

On an upper East Side rooftop in 1956 a Greek nymph, clutching her lyre as she surveys the city: her terrace is a chapel, sacred to a Mediterranean cult of physical delectation.

no.cit.

The slogan on the General Post Office on Eighth Avenue is a mistranslation of Herodotus. Herodotus says: "No snow, nor rain, day's heat, nor gloom hinders their speedily going on their appointed rounds." This reference in Herodotus was to Persian couriers who figured in the to-do between the Greeks and the Persians five centuries before Christ. It was translated by William Mitchell Kendall, senior architect for McKim, Meade & White, who designed the building just before WWI as: "NEITHER SNOW, NOR RAIN, NOR HEAT, NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT, STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUND" and boldly added the signature HERODOTUS. The quotation was approved by the Post Office. Kendall, an amateur linguist, combed all the English translations: Rawlinson's, Macauley's, Carey's, but thought they hadn't quite caught it. (cf. Glanz and Lipton on Tobin's redacting of Emma Lazarus poem on the Statue of Liberty. [Monument]) [Textuality]

Berger, *New York*, p. 202.

In her 1981 hit song "O Superman," Laurie Anderson further misquotes Kendall's mistranslation: Neither snow nor rain / nor gloom of night / shall stay these couriers / from the swift completion / of their appointed rounds.

Anderson, "O Superman."

A third-rate Babylon.

O'Connell, p. 303.

There were Babylon and Nineveh; they were built of brick. Athens was gold marble columns. Rome was held up on broad arches of rubble. In Constantinople the minarets flame like great candles round the Golden Horn... steel, glass tile, concrete will be the material of the skyscrapers. Crammed on the narrow island the millionwindowed buildings will jut glittering, pyramid on pyramid like the white cloudhead above a thunderstorm.

Dos Passos, p. 12.

In our ramble amid the arguments of Abaddon, loud with the disputes of *meum* and *tuum*, the wranglings of poverty and wealth, we are lifted by a taut wire a speed without effort and at a moderate charge, to the topmost terraces of Illium, the high stage of this Radian City, the Thirteenth Wonder of an Amusing World.

Reisenberg, p. 92.

In this forest of glass, steel and cement, in this extraordinary New York so difficult to define you will rediscover, O voyager, the gigantic masks of the antique gods, you will rediscover the eternal sadness of the plaster Antinous and the immense solitude of the Pantheon on summer nights, beneath the great sky all streaming with stars.

de Chirico, "I Was in New York," p. 401.

Fifth Avenue, an Elysian Fields with flags as its foliage.

Conrad, p. 87.

New York as a cemetery of immemorial Titans, whose gravestones are the granite house-tops. [Death]

Conrad, p. 74.

Stained glass panels in the Empire State Building include the Colossus of Rhodes. Chares of Lindus, who designed the massive bronze Colossus in 278 B.C., committed suicide when it far overran its construction budget.

Kingwell, p. 30.

New York is becoming as much a vanished city as Atlantis or the lowest layer of Schliemann's Troy.

Trager, p. 483.

We will somehow escape Manhattan, fleeing like the last Trojans, in a sailboat, gliding out past the Statue of Liberty. [Apocalypse]

Gopnik, p. 182.

The green and red guide lines in the subway shuttle system stem directly from the legend of Theseus' slaying of the Minotaur in the labyrinth in Crete.

Berger, *New York*, p. 102.

Once Robert remarked that when he got on the Fifth Avenue bus, he felt he was in reality the King of Crete.

Holleran, p. 6.

"Prometheus in Rockefeller Center," is greeted by an idolatrous crowd: the gilded bringer of fire, having leaped perhaps from the top of the skyscraper above (which is as hubristic as he), lands in the ice rink, and the pirouetting skaters dance for joy on their blades or abase themselves in adoring, humbled heaps.

Conrad, p. 100.

Out on Fifth Avenue, in cold candent light, reflected by the mocking moon, lies Melpomene prostrate before the toes of Atlas, and a grinning Momus sits upon his brazen head.

Reisenberg, p. 92.

For us the city was inevitably linked up with Bacchic diversions, mild or fantastic. We had no incentive to meet the city half way.

Fitzgerald, *Crack-up*, p 29.

Realize that the East and North rivers, with a little assistance from the Harlem Ship Canal, ring Manhattan island exactly as Phlegethon and Cocytus ring Hades, and that we are all of us alive on this island of fallen souls. We entered under Cancer—the island's sign and must depart under Capricorn, in the cold of the year and the dead of the night.

McCourt, p. 154.

My coming to New York had been a mistake; for whereas I had looked for poignant wonder and inspiration in the teeming labyrinths of ancient streets that twist endlessly from forgotten courts and squares and waterfronts to courts and squares and waterfronts equally forgotten, and in the Cyclopean modern towers and pinnacles that rose blackly Babylonian under waning moons, I had found instead only a sense of horror and oppression which threatened to master, paralyse, and annihilate me.

Joshi, N. pag.

Roman

The great hall of Penn Station: Designed after the Tepidarium of the ancient baths of Caracalla.

Lancaster, p. 63.

Externally, Pennsylvania Station resembled an ancient Roman, Doric temple.

Morris, *Incredible*. p. 289.

The soot-stained travertine of Penn Station's interiors, reputed to be the first used in this country, was from quarries in Tivoli employed in buildings the Eternal City. Its mellow, golden cream was used in the Colosseum in the first century A.D. and St. Peter's 15 centuries later. New York could be called the Mortal Metropolis.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 50.

The raw, massive hole that will become Pennsylvania Station is partially lit by arc lamps, partially plunged into a deep darkness punctuated by a raging fire around which huddle minute workers in the bottom of the pit. Like a battlefield at night, the scene gives evidence of a terrible and costly struggle; it is by turns garish, gloomy, infernal.

Sharpe, p. 187.

The station, as he entered it, was murmurous with the immense and distant sound of time. Great, slant beacons of muted light felt ponderously athwart station's floor and the calm voice of time hovered along the wall and ceiling of the mighty room, distilled out of the voices and movements of the people who swarmed beneath. It had the murmur of a distant sea, the languorous laps and flow of waters on the beach. It was elemental, detached, indifferent to the lives of men. They contributed to it as drops of rain contribute to a river that draws its flood and movement majestically from great depths, out of purple hills at evening.

Few buildings are fast enough to hold the sound of time, and... there was superb fitness and the fact that the one which held better than all the others should be a railroad station. For here, as nowhere else on earth, men were brought together for a moment at the beginning or end of their new memorable journeys, here one saw their greetings and farewell, here in a single instant, one got the entire

picture of human destiny. Then came and went, they passed and vanished, all were moving through the moments of their lives to death, all made small tickings of the sound of their lives of time—but the voice of time remained aloof and unperturbed, a drowsy and internal murmur below the immense and distant roof. [Time] [Light] [Weather]

Wolfe, *You Can't*, p. 43.

If you can forget the spindling steel pillars supporting the outer runways of the Brooklyn Bridge, these odd cave-shops have a Roman sturdiness, a very simple beauty of proportionate building grown ripe with use. They much resemble, indeed, the dwellings of the Theater of Marcellus in Rome over which the New York tourist raves, in ignorance that we have almost a replica at home. [Simulacrum]

Irwin, p. 73.

The Judson Church is a cream-colored variant of Santa Maria Cosmedin.

Irwin, p. 117.

The window panels of the Cornell Medical Centre are deliberately modeled after the Palace of the Popes.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 66.

He likens the New York skyline to that of San Gimignano.
Conrad, p. 75.

A Venice in the making, a latter-day Rome, picturesqueness by an anticipated decay, a transatlantic Paris, an impressionist pleasance.

Ibid. p. 83.

A thirsting Venice.

Ibid. p. 127.

Looking down on the electric luminosity at midnight, undulating stream of blue and grey and frosty white as the tonalities of Venice. But it's a Venice gone wrong, dessicated and petrified, a Venice of receded seas, a spun-steel Venice, sans hope, sans faith, sans vision.

Ibid. p. 73.

Huneker's heroine imagines New York as a stony Venice, from which the seas have despairingly receded. De Casseres liquefies it again and believes it to be afloat on an ocean of alcohol. He nicknames it a Booze Venice and dubs its main thoroughfare the Great Tight Way.

Ibid. p. 202.

The streets turn into rivers of molten tar, like a Venice from hell, with crazed cabdrivers careening like possessed gondoliers.

Sullivan, *1001*, p. 55.

SoHo was supposed to be a Venice of the New World.

[Downtown]

Anderson & Archer, p. 13.

The past, even the immediate past, in New York is organized more or less like the cemetery in Venice: The skeletons are buried and then, after a dozen years, dug up and evicted and thrown onto a second island in a mixed-up heap of remembrance. New Yorkers live on that second island and sort through crazy heaps of memory to find a past. There are compensations for our indifference, though. Freed from its connection to its origins, the past has more carry. [Dream City]

Gopnik, p. 109.

In 1905, the story went around of two strangers meeting in the city: "What do you know of New York?" said one wanderer to another. "Only what I have read in Dante," was the bleak reply.

Sharpe, p. 201.

Later, Isabel Bishop would paint *Dante and Virgil in Union Square* (1932).

Ibid., p. 201.

Leonardo da Vinci would turn subways into pipe galleries and transport tunnels for dry rubbish, instead of human beings. He would start at Houston Street and level the blocks between Second and Third avenues, with a park space in the center, and, young-thinking Leonardo, ages ahead of the experts, would cut down blocks of crosstown houses, at suitable intervals, making true express streets and sub-surface parking areas, plus grass parks with benches.

[Surreal]

Reisenberg, p. 71.

A 1919 view of the Cortlandt Street ferry from the Jersey shore uses the interior of the ferry house with its chains and pulleys as a Piranesian vault, a carious, overgrown prison which consumes the Manhattan skyline across the river.

Conrad, p. 75.

Then there are fastidious people from up-town, some of them bringing with them thoughts and half memories, dim and splendid, of things they had seen in Rome and Greece, in many a noble little Italian town, and in the mysterious and race trodden homes of men in the Orient.

Hapgood, pp. 369-71.

Roman dungeons or attic walls of Montmartre propped against the Seventh Avenue sidewalk outside of the Met.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 203.

Today Long Island makes better rope than the Romans did.
Simpich, p. 281.

Today there are new symbols for a new age. The modern traveler, fed on frozen flight dinners, enters the city, not in Roman splendor, but through the bowels of a streamline concrete bird, as a Tran World Airline's Kennedy International Airport terminal. Classical columns are replaced by catenary curves. (Reminiscent of Vincent Scully's remark about the new Penn Station: "One entered the city like a god. One scuttles in now like a rat.")

Huxtable, *History*, p. 50.

Gothic, Medieval

As one walks north from the Battery, one moves through and beyond a medieval street plan, one populated in our time by skyscrapers.

Bender, p. xvi.

Broadway looked so medieval
It seemed to flap, like little pages
Television, "Venus."

We have not, in a modern city like Brooklyn, such marked specimens of magnificent architecture as the ancient or mediaeval cities, many of whose ruins yet remain.

Christman, p. 57.

Steely New York has a Gothic cellarage.

Conrad, p. 288.

A five-room furnished suite at a luxurious hotel, its walls practically invisible under her aggregated Vermeers,

Rembrandts and Italian primitives. These were indisputably more authentic than her Scotch and gin. A "little Gothic nest" high up in the Ritz Tower.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 297.

In the twenties, an age that was celebrating the lightness of being, the medieval was still popular, and many of the social elite abandoned their town houses for the twelfth floor of an apartment house, only to expend great effort in the elaboration of vaulted vestibules, stone arches, and Gothic stairways. They were still seeking the reassurance of the heavy and permanent, albeit encased in the steel skeleton of a fifteen-story skyscraper.

[Simulacrum]

Hawes, N. pag.

Maybe there is no city left, and these familiar comedies of density are busy parts of a soon-to-be consigned past; we are in a Brueghel painting and not wise enough to know it yet. New York, which was lost, and then found, and then lost again, only to be found again, at least for now, may be as doomed as the dodo no matter what we do or whom we do it for.

Gopnik, p. 293.

The Macy Parade is moving between the cliffs and buildings; its great helium-filled giants... its dragons and nameless monsters blot out the sky, held to earth by medieval soldiers and fairly-tale characters.

no.cit.

Egyptian

From the ruins, lonely and inexplicable as the sphinx, rose the Empire State Building.

Fitzgerald, *Jazz*, p. 28.

I glimpsed the Queensborough Bridge as if through a haze or smoke, first an edge, then the top—but which I now suddenly saw whole! It was a PYRAMID, the real thing, resembling those the Egyptians built. Not the mightiest, perhaps, but undoubtedly the last of all the pyramids erected on earth.

Lobas, p. 91.

The Triborough Bridge. Its anchorages, the masses of concrete in which its cables would be embedded, would be as

big as any pyramid built by an Egyptian Pharaoh, its roadways wider than the widest roadways built by the Caesars of Rome.

Caro, p. 386.

The anchorage of the Hell's Gate Bridge: "Immense things they are, beside the Nile they would pass for pyramids."

Ibid., p. 397.

The Brooklyn Bridge's pylons were conceived in the style of the gateways to the temples at Edfu and elsewhere along the River Nile.

Moorhouse, p. 22.

The whole of it stretched out and illuminated by the silvery gray light of the afternoon. I had never seen New York from such a vantage point. Its skyscrapers became minarets, it seemed to float on a low-lying mist. It was Baghdad.

Myers, pp. 73-74.

In 1904, O. Henry began characterizing New York as "Baghdad-on-the-Subway."

Fitzpatrick, *Subway*, p. 5

American Indian, Archeological

Here is the last survival of prehistoric man (brought from his habitat in Lodi, New Jersey).

Reisenberg, 154.

The Telephone Building and all its brothers on Manhattan seem descendants from the very earliest native school of architecture. The building is only a sophisticated and glorified version of the old Southwestern Indian pueblo. Except for some remnants in Acoma, Sister of the Eagle, only two exemplars of that style survive—the twin pueblos at Taos.

The Summer House at Taos might have suggested this building, as Strasbourg Cathedral probably suggested the Woolworth Building. In cold fact, the two styles have no historical connection. Adaption to use is the first law of successful architecture. The Indian pueblo builders raised their structures high because they must needs huddle for defense against raiding enemies; the New Yorker, because he must get all he can out of the most expensive land in the world. The Indian narrowed each successive story partly

because he had not found how to build a frame for a square, multi-storied structure, and partly because he wanted sun-balconies for each apartment; the American, because he wanted light in the lower windows. Perhaps, however, one common subtler influence moved them both. As artists, they may have felt rather than perceived that this form harmonizes somehow with the shrewd, violent light of the American continent. But there it is, the accidental culmination of that art which budded in the Mesa Verde caves before Christ was born.

Irwin, p. 19.

The Manhattan Savings Bank at Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh Street is offering in its lobby this week authentically garbed Puritan choristers against a seventeenth-century New England setting, singing Thanksgiving music. The solo is, a pretty contralto in Indian maiden garb is Hoté-Mawe, a Cherokee. She sings ancient traditional dawn and sunset songs, the butterfly dance, the happy song of her tribe and a moving invocation to the sun god, all against the background clink of coins going into and out of, the tellers' cages.

Berger, *New York*, p. 300.

On razing Madison Square Garden in 1925: "There is probably no other nation in the world which could lament a thirty-year-old building as an ancient relic of a forgotten age."

Aycock, p. 164.

No place for antiquarians. There are no ruins, and never will be. They would be too costly. New York is exactly different because it insists that you live precisely in the present, with all your capacities stretched to the limit.

Brook, p. 285.

Those places are fragments still remaining, of days which once lay out there as real as the day lying out there now: still-surviving fragments of a clear April morning of 1871, a gray winter afternoon of 1840, a rainy dawn of 1793.

Finney, p. 67.

D - Nature

In the real country, far from other people and the cozy hum of electric generators and the clatter of traffic, I am often frightened. The nights are impossibly dark, and the animal noises from the deep woods where coyotes chase rabbits and owls pick off their prey terrify me. Nature in the country is not so cute. I listen to something howling in the trees on the other side of a flimsy cottage wall, and I feel utterly defenseless. I long for the safety of the city, where nature is so beautifully and spectacularly kept on a leash. I long for Manhattan, where my door is locked at night and the noises are the comforting human noises of car and crowds.

Cheever, "Country," p. 152.

Astonishing city free of microbes and captive elephants.
Reisenberg, p. 202.

It's difficult to see in the Manhattan of today any trace of that primeval island. But not impossible. Perhaps the place to start is with a pair of trees: two gaunt pines growing close together, just west of Broadway, in the south graveyard of Trinity Church. Almost hidden in the corner between the walls of the church and the sacristy, they're nearly always in shadow. But at the right time, seen from the right vantage point, they make it possible to imagine the island of the Lenape and the earliest Dutch, surviving spectrally amidst four centuries of development.

Standing at the corner of Broadway and Rector Street on a clear late winter afternoon, these pines loom starkly against the brown stones of the church. The steeple rises above, and above that an expanse of sky. When darkness falls, the pines sink gradually into the shadows between the church and attached chapel, the spire and the buttress in sharp relief behind. Ignore the skyscrapers (easily done from there) and you see something what would have been there in 1700. In darkness the brownstone church loses its shape: imagine it gone (the original church opened in 1697), multiply the pines in your imagination, and you see it as it was even in 1650—a graveyard, among the earliest in New Amsterdam.

Caldwell, p. 10.

When most Americans think about environmentalism, they picture wild, unspoiled landscapes—the earth before it was

transmogrified by human habitation. New York City is one of the most thoroughly altered landscapes imaginable, an almost wholly artificial environment, in which the terrain's primeval contours have long since been obliterated and most of the parts that resemble nature (the trees on side streets, the rocks in Central Park) are essentially decorations.

Owen, p. 11.

The last relics of the a primeval forest that blanketed Manhattan when the white man first arrived survive precariously on forty acres along the Bronx River gorge in the South Bronx. The trees, stately Canadian hemlocks, rise on one of the few sites in the nation that have never been logged. The virgin forest dates back to the end of the Ice Age some 20,000 years ago.

Moscow, p. 125.

In the stoniest pavement of the city there are cracks. And out of the bleakest soil, between these cracks, a few blades of grass will sooner or later show, whose seeds are borne by the birds; here, even, the germ of a tree will take root and spring up, if no foot disturbs it.

Mumford, "Metropolitan," p. 33.

A city is not a tree.

Kittler, p. 720.

The New York I lived in, on the other hand, was rapidly regressing. It was a ruin in the making, and my friends and I were camped out amid its potsherd and tumuli. This did not distress me—quite the contrary. I was enthralled by decay and eager for more: ailanthus trees growing through cracks in the asphalt, ponds and streams forming in leveled blocks and slowly making their way to the shoreline, wild animals returning from centuries of exile. Such a scenario did not seem so far-fetched then. Already in the mid-1970s, when I was a student at Columbia, my windows gave out onto the plaza of the School of International Affairs, where on winter nights troops of feral dogs would arrive to bed down on the heating grates. Since then the city had lapsed even further. On Canal Street stood a five-story building empty of human tenants that had been taken over from top to bottom by pigeons. If you walked east on Houston Street from the Bowery on a summer night, the jungle growth of vacant blocks gave a foretaste of the impending wilderness, when lianas would engird the skyscrapers and mushrooms would cover Times Square.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

There were vacant lots everywhere, sometimes whole blocks of them, and occasionally, a farm or a farmhouse. There were working railroad tracks below Riverside, from which the smell of the cattle en route to market would rise with the eastern wind. There were barnyard animals and apple trees that bloomed in May at the corner of 79th and Broadway, on the farm on the Astor property. Above 125th Street, agricultural tracts, interspersed with roadhouses and beer gardens, where Sunday cyclists downed schooners of beer for five cents.

Hawes, N. pag.

A southern view from Sherman Square, at 72nd Street, taken in 1897, shows how lush and carefully tended the middle islands of Broadway are—the grass as thick and even as a lawn, the flowerbeds enclosed in ornate stone planters.

Ibid.

Where Canal Street cut west of Broadway, meadows were flooded by the evening tide.

Ibid.

In the old days when this whole seething turbulent spot was quiet meadows sloping to the East River.

Campbell, *Darkness*, p. 89

The Bronx between Claremont Parkway and Bronx Park has known Hirsh Roth of the firm of Hirsh Roth & Co., wholesale and retail liquor dealers for the last twenty years. He was there a believer in the Bronx when it was yet all rocks and farms with a few scattered wooden shacks. He was there when the downtown people moved to the Bronx because the doctor said they needed country air and higher ground.

Bercovici, p. 186.

The fuss and hubbub over the sites for the Lincoln Center for Performing Arts, for a Fordham University campus and for a Lincoln Square housing project would have been way beyond the wildest imagining of the husbandmen and gentlemen farmers who settled the area almost 300 years ago.

They could not have dreamed that their Bloemendaal (Dutch version) or Blooming Dale (later English form) their Valley of the Flowers—would one day be a tight and untidy huddle of weathered brownstones and decaying tenements

swarming with contending hosts of middle-class and impoverished city dwellers.

Eighteenth and nineteenth-century visitors and guidebook scribblers thought that the Valley of the Flowers, with its lush gardens, fruit orchards, great-girthed elms and dreamy views of the lordly Hudson, was one of the loveliest spots on earth.

Frances Trollope drove the five miles from City Hall in 1831 to visit with gentry who had summer homes there. She wrote later: "Hardly an acre of Manhattan but shews some pretty villas or stately mansions.. Among these perhaps, the loveliest is one situated in the beautiful Village of Bloomingdale."

Dutch farmers broke Lincoln Square soil and ran ox-drawn plows across Indian trails down to the Hudson as early as 1660. Indians and mynheers alike found monster oysters, giant lobsters, sturgeon, shad and crabs. There was good hunting, too.

Flocks of passenger pigeons would virtually shut out the sky some days. Foxes, wolves and bear roamed the woods. Blooming Dale made ideal country seats for English squires who owned great numbers of slaves. Silver streams, branches of the Great Kill that came in at Forty-second Street, were alive with fish.

The squires hunted wild foxes, raised blooded horses; lived pretty much as they had in Merrie England—until the American Revolution. The war tore neighbors apart. James Delancey's Bloomingdale farm was burned by patriots. After the war it went, at auction, to John Somerindyke.

The Reign of Terror in France brought royal refugees into the area. Mme. D'Auliffe, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, built a French cottage near Broadway, a half-mile above Lincoln Square. She and her daughters entertained Talleyrand there and Louis-Phillipe, King of France. Louis-Phillipe taught school in Bloomingdale in 1799.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote "The Raven" in Bloomingdale's upper reaches. George Pope Morris' "Woodman, Spare That Tree" flowed from his pen in Bloomingdale after he and an unidentified "old gentleman" on a walk in the Flowery Vale had paid \$10 between them to persuade a woodcutter to swing his axe at some lesser giant than the primitive elm he had set his heart upon.

The area's loveliness was doomed from about 1825 when J. L. Norton, William De Peyster and others of the gentry allowed the City Fathers to put the first streets through. In 1826 a stoneyard was built on the lovely river bank

between Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth Streets. Squatters filtered in during the Fifties.

Hip-to-hip brownstones and cobbled pavement hid a good part of the Valley of Flowers by 1885, although there were still some wide spaces in and around Lincoln Square. The gentry's family gravestones were kicked over in the frenzied population push that came with the subway cut-through around 1904. Then new theatres threw their brazen lights, but they were death candles. The area turned slummy.

Now the Valley of the Flowers will change again. Metropolitan Opera stars will lift their voices where the larks sang. Fordham undergraduates will walk green sod where the crude plow and the ringing axe echoed three centuries ago. [Ancient] [Primeval]

Berger, *New York*, pp. 252-3.

Skyscrapers as tendril-covered shoots bursting from urban soil.

Sharpe, p. 228.

Plants sprouting from a brick cliff beneath Tudor City. Conrad, p. 175.

Palms may soon sprout in Central Park. The climate of New York may be undergoing change.

Reisenberg, p. 185

Washington Square, Gramercy Park, Madison Square, Tompkins Square are all located on one-time swamps.

Federal Writers, p. 24.

A short distance to the west, and formerly in the densest woods, is the location of a veritable freak of nature, the mysterious Black Swamp, in whose dreaded and notorious waters, feared since the days of the Indians, so many blooded cattle have met their death. For the longest time this marsh defied all efforts to fill it up. Thousands of tons of earth and rock would be dumped into its deep maw. Success was apparently in sight, but when the next day dawned all would have disappeared as if by magic, leaving only the dark waters in sight, smiling in the morning sun. Human persistence backed by more thousands of tons of material, at last proved triumphant, and now Morris Avenue reigns supreme.

Brown, *Valentine*, p. 243.

Topography

The city had crystallized itself, had set itself. The sky was different... The people were etched with a sharper acid.

Douglas, p. 59.

The largest garnet crystal ever found in the U.S.A. came out of a ditch on West 35th Street, and for some time was used as a doorstep.

Granick, p. 17.

I do like stones to be covered with moss or ivy and that, in consequence, Paris round the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile really repels me. The stones of New York are no less machine-sawn, hard and antiseptically resistant to the growth of lichen. [Empire] [Europe]

Ford, *America*, p. 108.

"Is there any danger of Manhattan sinking under the weight of its skyscrapers?" we asked Mr. Alfred Rheinstein, our favorite New York builder. He says not, since what is put onto the earthy usually weigh less than what has been taken out.

Josephy, p. 64.

The red sandstone for Manhattan's brownstones was mined at Sneden's Landing, a very private and small community along the Hudson just twelve miles north of the George Washington Bridge. Residents included Orson Welles, Noël Coward, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, Aaron Copland and Jerome Robbins.

Gooch, p. 241.

He sketched a stone he had picked up in Central Park. It already had the shape of a skull.

Conrad, p. 148.

Framed in the spirit that called for "the conquest of nature" instead of an accommodation between nature and man, he preferred to iron out the hills of Manhattan by force rather than attempt to blend them into the contexture of a more habitable city. [Robert Moses]

Federal Writers, p. 405.

"There aren't any mountains in Manhattan," she points out.

"Tall buildings," he replies.
"Same thing."
Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 359.

Where Broadway stood, a rocky ridge once ran diagonally up across the island like a sash. [cf. Struabenmüller, "The ridge of rock running in the general direction of Broadway is the backbone of the island." [Body] [City as Body])
Hawes, N. pag.

Momentarily he is gazing straight along Broadway. It slashes the building-mass clean and sheer and narrow, suggesting infinite heights and mysteries. Man, you would say, had nothing to do with it; the hand of nature, working through eons, eroded this gorge.
Irwin, p. 39.

In New York City 690 men and women are employed in the "extraction of minerals."
Conrad, p. 249.

From Park Avenue at 93rd Street, Manhattan drops away in geologic, economic, and spiritual degrees. On that spot the city's ancient bedrock rises to one of its highest points. To the west shine the sycamores in the park and the Eldorado's lights. Southward lies the magisterial city, flanking the broad, solemn avenue with Harry Helmsley's flashing gilding at its foot. To the east there is a hill banded by the gray river; as you descend it, the granite facades become brownstone and then red brick and yellow, and the doormen and fine food shops disappear.
Trebay, p. 226.

A 1932 photograph of Rockefeller Center under construction: "The aged and weathered, almost fleshly formations of rock are gouged out and carted away, to be supplanted by the riveted skeletal steel of the rising buildings."
Conrad, p. 167.

Long stretches of road it's like the Bowery or Broadway actually retracting ancient trails atop the summit of hills (later level down in the wake of property speculation), over water meadows and marshlands. [Primeval]
Maffi, p. 4.

The skyscrapers of New York and Chicago are made of stone and not of glass. Whole quarries have been fastened

to their steel skeletons by means of cramps, quarries suspended in empty space. It is inconceivable. I thought that I would find an erect city of steel. Not at all! It is a city of stone.

Corbusier, p. 66.

Gleaming richness exploding out of the ground. Curtained glass and radiant jewels.

Donleavy, N. pag.

The many faces of Jesse James resplendent on a rock at Spuyten Duyvil.

Berrigan, p. 92.

Jumping off a high rock on the north side into the currents of Spuyten Duyvil and letting the currents carry you across to Manhattan.

Trebay, p. 350.

The bottom of Spuyten Duyvil is manmade and endless, dredged in the earliest years of the century as the Harlem ship channel. No one ever hit it. The motorboats that thud across the surface now are like bugs on a pond.

Ibid. p. 350.

Flora

Probably the most active farm in New York City lies, incongruously, in the East River. It is on Riker's Island, and is worked by men from the city's penitentiary and workhouse.

The farm by 1930, with the accumulations of city waste dumped on its margins has grown to about 500 acres.

Last year, felon farmers raised 10,895 pounds of chickens and gathered 5,917 dozen eggs; they brought in a vegetable crop that came to 59,315 pounds. They've grown 75,000 trees for the Park Department and 70,00 flowering shrubs. They have a sizable peach orchard—268 trees—and get a crop from that, too.

The farm output is for city institution kitchens, mostly for city prisons. The bakery on the island turned out over 2 million loaves last year from prisons and public school lunch rooms. [Prison]

Berger, *New York*, p. 156.

Prisoner work farms on Riker's Island in the 1930s. A sixty-acre farm cultivated by prisoners is being steadily enlarged; the renowned prison piggery produces more than fifty thousand pounds of pork every year.

WPA Guide, p. 426.

New York is pastoral only to those who are out of work.
Conrad, p. 171.

One penthouse hostess offered her dinner guests the novelty of corn harvested from her "little farm" on the thirty-second floor.

Morris, *Incredible* p. 297.

Pump-house crews eat from a vegetable garden in Central Park: tomatoes, lettuce, sweet fennel, fresh scallions, and cucumbers.

Berger, *New York*, p. 99.

The Bronx has had its own Johnny Appleseed for fifty-four years. He has planted fig trees, peach trees, finocchio, hot peppers, sweet peppers, miniature tomatoes, eggplant, beets, corn, lettuce, long squash, round squash, garlic, onions, string beans, carrots, basil, Swiss chard.

He has sown seeds of his own all these years. He has grafted apples onto pears, pears onto apples. He has preserved enough each fall to feed himself, his wife, his two sons, his daughters and sons-and-daughters-in-law and their five children. He has kept his neighbors in fruits and vegetables. He toils from sunup to sundown. He is a contented man.

The garlic shakes when the Pelham trains rumble by. If he passes an empty lot, he stops dead and his eyes come alive. He always says: "There is a sin."

Ibid. p. 104.

He kept saying: "Where is the grass? Where will I keep my chickens? *Putta madre!* There is no grass?"

Hughes, *Big Sea*, p. 80.

I stared out over a strange astonishing view of farm after tiny farm clear to the Hudson.

Finney, p. 176.

Here they are—the farmers and livestock raisers beside the elegant Dakota doing their chores, the kids playing, the animals foraging for whatever they could find among patches of half-melted snow.

Ibid. p. 176.

The last Manhattan farm ceases operations at the corner of Broadway and 213th Street in 1930.

Trager, p. 456.

New York is sad before it is busy, it is a kind of inverted garden, with all the flowers blooming down in the basements.

Gopnik, p. 110.

synthetic avenues, streets, and gardens
gardens that grow shit
plastic trees and phony grass
Last Poets, "NY, NY."

The world's smallest garden in a three-room flat in Brooklyn. Planted lemon seeds, orange seeds, grapefruit seeds, podocarp, ardisia, and begonias in toothpaste-tube caps and thimbles. Watering is done with an eye-dropper; main garden tools are a razor-blade and toothpick.

Berger, *New York*, p. 240.

There is a green world high above the pavement that city groundlings rarely see. Familiar and exotic growths flourish in this sky acreage. The same birds, insects and crawling things that invade open countryside plantings climb to apartment house and skyscraper gardens—as high as thirty-eight floors at Radio City—to rob or destroy crops... The Schwartzes, like most other crow's-nest horticulturists, grow thousands of annuals and perennials. They put their fruits and berries up in jars. They fight off crows, woodpeckers, bats, pigeons, aphids, tent caterpillars and go after all sorts of crawlers with spray guns. They grow magnificent orchids. Their pet dachshund, Penny, cremated, sleeps inside a miniature grave fence under an olive tree... The Rooftop Gardeners eat under whispering leaves with flower scent drifting across their candlelit tables. Some sleep in their gardens, under the stars. Some have forsaken the country entirely; just live on their green roofs.

Ibid. pp. 254-5.

A housewife from the Jacob Riis projects favors tropical zebra plants from Woolworth's.

Trebay, p. 215.

The East Village, on 9th Street at Avenue D, on 8th Street farther west, in lots tucked up between tenements and fenced off from the debris, is alive with produce: lettuce leaves, collard from the sun and rats, grows in one plot beneath a stuffed sock-monkey effigy. On a stake in another patch, a plastic hobby horse is impaled: he snorts mid-air over a plot of beans.

Ibid. p. 203.

A local witch grows medicinal herbs in her 6BC plot.

Ibid. p. 215.

In the Channel Gardens in Rockefeller, Swiss chard, broccoli, carrots and sweet corn were growing as Victory Gardens. Two hundred tomato plants grew in beds along the rim overlooking the Lower Plaza skating rink.

Diehl, p. 151.

The exit of the BMT subway in Brooklyn Heights is guarded by an old church made of red flagstones and surrounded by a heavy black iron gate. Imprisoned behind these gates are five bushes I remember from my childhood, bushes so ugly that you would wonder why they had been planted at all, until one spring day when they blossomed into thousands of yellow flowers called forsythia. As I emerged from the subway my monochrome vision suddenly registered yellow; all five bushes were bursting with flowers. I couldn't understand it. It was midwinter and freezing. Snow was still on the ground.

Wornov, p. 221.

Once the tree tips and the eaves of roofs met, their height equal, and they would lend an extra quality to each other like two friends, two women meeting to share the substance and bake a cake: like a woman just about to take a bath, like a woman always just about to be refreshed, oh like moonlight on snow it was then, like furnaces pouring out their plentitude of heat to the iced streets, and birds nestling between the rows of houses and warm bars, and warm feelings.

Coleman, p. 207.

A tree in a treepot in Times Square has to make oxygen for a million people. In New York you really do have to hustle, and the trees know this, too—just look at them. The other day on 57th Street, I was walking and I was looking at the new, sloping Solow building across the street and I

walked straight into a treepot. I was embarrassed because there was no way at all to carry it off. It just fell on top of this tree on West 57th Street because I wasn't ready for it to be there.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p.154.

Television aerials look like pruned and spiky saplings, sunning themselves in the hope that they too may grow.

Conrad, p. 175.

Flags look like a vegetative outgrowth on the dour stone of the buildings.

Ibid., p. 87.

The leafbud straggles forth
toward the frigid light of the airshaft
Rich, "Upper Broadway," p. 57.

Below the shops in Madison Square Park a lone tree stood in the darkness, a happy beacon; then comparative loneliness and unlighted windows to a point below Fourteenth Street.

Berger, *New York*, pp. 241-2.

Plants grew pale and died in the air-shaft window.
Johnson, "Minor Characters," p. 974.

There are no trees in the city! That is the way it is.
Corbusier, p. 71.

Even plants hardy enough to thrive in a thin bed of city dust and soot need watering.

Brennan, p. 32.

New Yorkers who lash each other using twigs of birch and premature chrysanthemums—with the means of sensual arousal and of chastisement.

Conrad, p. 198.

Gasoline or vibration or both combine hereabout to blight all vegetable life; the scattered trees of Bryant Park are very sick.

Irwin, p. 196.

There isn't much vegetation here, apart from packets of marijuana.

Brook, p. 12.

Electric glamour of tree boughs.
Galwey, p. 421.

The Hamptons: Manhattan with pruned and pristine trees
and aquamarine pools.
Blandford, p. 183.

Doubtless Connecticut is magnificent right now in its
plump vermilion and yellow plumage, but so too is Central
Park.
Ibid. p. 120.

One need never leave the confines of New York to get all
the greenery one wishes—I can't even enjoy a blade of grass
unless I know there's a subway handy, or a record store or
some other sign that people do not totally regret life.
O'Hara, p. 197.

A block or two west of the new City of Man in Turtle Bay
there is an old willow tree that presides over an interior
garden. It is a battered tree, long suffering and much
climbed, held together by strands of wire but beloved of
those who know it. In a way it symbolizes the city: life
under difficulties, growth against odds, sap-rise in the
midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun.
Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of
the planes, I think: "This must be saved, this particular
thing, this very tree." If it were to go, all would go—this
city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to
look upon would be like death.
White, *Here*, p. 56.

No tree was to be seen, but as if by a miracle little
heaps of twigs and blown leaves gathered in the gutters.
Hardwick, "Sleepless," p. 449.

The rocky base of Manhattan, always unkind to live,
steadily lost its filament of soil. The trees in the
streets became more infrequent as the city grew; and their
leaves grew sear before autumn came... while only the
ailanthus tree, quick growing and lean living, kept the
back yards occasionally green, to gladden the lonely young
men and women from the country, who faced their first year
in the city from hall bedrooms on the top-floor rear of
unamiable boardinghouses.
Mumford, *Empire*, p. 22.

Ailanthus trees, the Tree of Heaven. [Cosmic]

Williams & Noël, p. 177.

We were fascinated to learn that a skyscraper may contain the following exotic woods, whose very names would make a Kipling poem if they could be rhymed up a bit: Satinwood from San Domingo; Makassar ebony from the Dutch East Indies; bubingo wood from South America; English gray harewood; padouk from the British East Indies; avodire from the French Congo; East Indian rosewood; Australian sandalwood; Brazilian burl; and South African madrone.

Josephy, p. 62.

Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton turns 18, November 1930. Debut ball at Ritz-Carlton Hotel, whose first floor has been transformed with white birches, eucalyptus trees from California, mountain heather, scarlet poinsettias, and 10,000 American beauty roses (workmen have labored for 2 days and nights to create the opulent bower).

Trager, p. 452.

Here, the flowers themselves have forgotten nature, and enter heartily into the artifices of a sophisticated society.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 84.

Often enough city roses are attached to a padlocked chain.

Trebay, p. 217.

As far as I can tell, the rose bush outside the brick apartment house at 305 Madison Avenue has no official affiliation.

Ibid. p. 216.

At this moment it is a red rose giving its voluptuousness all to the residents of Chinatown.

Ibid. p. 216.

Daniel Coetzee recently took charge of the Jefferson Market Library garden, where some of the rose bushes are nearly 20 years old, practically ancient in New York.

Ibid. p. 215.

Perhaps New York City itself is an unexpected place for a rose, but they seem to thrive here in lots reclaimed from pulverized rubble, dumped tires, auto parts, and in soil fertilized with shredded bread wrappers, condoms, and poison-green puddles of antifreeze.

Ibid. p. 216.

Outside a tenement in the East 80s, for instance, there's a leggy, cascading Golden Shower; by a Chelsea stoop, a rare Zepherine Drouhin; in a rigidly tasteful Greenwich Village commons, an example of Aloha; and not far from the Claremont stables on West 89th Street, I once spotted an unidentifiable climber—possibly the old-fashioned white named Dr. Van Fleet—that looked fat and happy, maybe from a diet of rotted manure.

Ibid. p. 216.

Girls tittering in a nickelodeon are a bouquet, an untended growth garnered from the arboreal paradise which was the impressionist city.

Conrad, p. 114.

Fauna

It is a city with cats sleeping under parked cars, two stone armadillos crawling up St. Patrick's Cathedral, and thousands of ants creeping on top of the Empire State Building.

Talese, p. 2.

It's the Bronx. It has woods, deer, fish, muskrats, possum, owls, snakes.

Donleavy, N. pag.

You can swim in the rivers without fear of disease, and even swim at night with the seals in the Prospect Park Zoo. You can trust the oysters from Long Island Sound.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

If you were to take a wild lion or a tiger or a hippopotamus or an elephant and force it to ride the New York subways in rush hour every day for a week, the poor creature would have a nervous breakdown.

Atkinson, pp. 18-19.

Sometimes a bewildered cat or dog gets into the Lincoln Tunnel. Occasionally a duck or hen falls from a poulterer's truck. The inspector remembered when a steer dropped off a cattle truck in the tunnel.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 204.

A clowder of some sixty to seventy semi-wild cats, mostly tiger-topped and white-bellied, prowls the yards and fences back of the chip-faced brownstones on the north side of Fifty-first Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The block legend is that the cluster never leaves the yards, that it has lived there sixty years or so. All the cats have six claws on each paw. Weird, primitive thing to run into so near Times Square.

Berger, *New York*, p. 103.

A six-month-old civet cat, who had escaped from his cage at the antelope house, was captured in the service entrance of Bergdorf Goodman store, at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. He ducked through the wheels of a victoria and crossed Fifty-ninth Street. He swept passed the Plaza Hotel, over Fifty-eighth Street, and headed for the entrance of Bergdorf Goodman. The cat doubled back and sped down the service entrance to the store.

Peyton, p. 11.

Ladies screamed and ran in all directions this morning at eleven thirty when a big snake crawled out of a crack in the masonry of the retaining wall of the reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and started to cross the sidewalk.

Dos Passos, p. 19.

Out of the subway grilles a plethora of snakes filled the sidewalks.

Mueller, p. 247.

The stuff from which Confusion Dust is made does not grow on bushes in Central Park and they will lock you up if you try to steal the snakes in the Reptile House in the Bronx.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 467.

At 608 West Forty-eighth Street you can rent a lion for \$250 a day.

Talese, p. 48.

In this delicious sweltering fatigue, New York seems almost pastoral. He expects a flock of sheep to turn the corner. (cf. Jacob Wrey Mould's sheepfold in Central Park; "Moses getting tired of waiting for the sheep to cross the streets on his drives through [Central Park].")

Conrad, p. 197.

We have to get to sheep fast before maggots get to them. Dead sheep have a horrible odor, much worse than horses.
Talese, p. 80.

A city is a place where you are least likely to get a bite from a wild sheep.
Behan, p. 12.

Fifth Avenue and 91st Street in 1901: wild game, wandering goats, and a clear blue horizon.
Hawes, N. pag.

the centre of the wholesale fur trade, starred with teepees of ermine and peopled with foxes, the ground dotted with deer-skins—white with white spots
Moore, "New York," p. 42.

In 1999 a carriage horse was electrocuted when it stepped on a Con Ed cover near Park Avenue.
Jones & Yaniv, N. pag.

Each week an average of four horses will drop dead in the city.
Talese, p. 79.

This decline of the horse removed one especially potent experience of monstrosity in the city—that of seeing and smelling dead horses in the street (15,000 were worked to death in 1900 alone, dying in the street). The smell of a dead old horse in the night air was said to be appalling... "When a horse died, its carcass would be left to rot until it had disintegrated enough for someone to pick up the pieces."
Haden, pp. 57-8.

A three-bell signal means that an animal has dropped dead somewhere in New York.
Talese, p. 80.

In 1905, horses were grazing in Elmhurst on a site that is present-day Queens Boulevard.
Winkleman, p. 30.

Until 1800 cows grazed on the site of the first Waldorf. (cf. Conrad: "1893—The Waldorf Hotel opens / 1897—becomes Waldorf Astoria" [Empire State Building])
Koolhaas, p. 150.

Fat pigs, scarred from fights with wandering dog packs, slopped and grunted through Broadway mud, rooting for dainties.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 25.

When Times Square was a dark spot, when pigs, steers and mustangs were herded from barges down Eleventh Avenue.

Berger, *New York*, p. 88.

A nine-foot shark was removed that someone left one night on Park Avenue and 150th Street in the Bronx.

Talese, p. 79.

Today I drove from the appointment onto the West Side Highway through the tunnel to Brooklyn. I wanted to film the beluga whales. These whales are so beautiful. Pale, almost gray-white bodies, streaming through the sun, luminous waters of a giant tank viewed from the side in a darkened building.

Wojnarowicz, p. 204.

George I. Schwartz's specimens he dug out of his own backyard on Fifty-ninth Avenue in Queens: assorted beetles, cicadas, snails, slugs, butterflies, garter snakes, DeKay's snakes, toads, mantises, moths, pill bugs, water bug, caterpillars. Mr. Schwartz knows a man who found 350 snakes within thirty square feet in Flushing.

Berger, *New York*, p. 27.

Since newspapers reported about ten days ago that a little girl in Flushing, Queens, had been nipped by a black widow spider she had picked up with a stone, the Health Department in town had been getting quite a collection of live black widows. More than thirty have been turned in... New York has always had black widows, at least since the mid-eighteenth century.

Ibid., p. 107.

An occasional butterfly pirouettes through Wall Street's canyon. (cf. Denby: "It was Breton and he was fighting off a butterfly." [Dream City])

Federal Writers, p. 34.

The tiger swallowtail butterfly grazing in a patch of threadleaf coreopsis on the Bowery carries a sheen on his wings that indicates he's local, newly emerged from his cocoon.

Trebay, p. 217.

Rockefeller, whose lifelong hobby was collecting beetles.

Glanz, p. 11.

Mrs. Astor reports bedbugs in the Ritz.

Reisenberg, p. 20.

Do you know what's eating this city. Besides envy and graft. The cockroach.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Baby cockroaches sneak back again behind the basin.

Ibid., N. pag.

The eternal New York war against the cockroach is being waged with J-O Paste and Flit.

Hamill, "Lost," n. pag.

And I killed a roach and it was a trauma. A very big trauma. I felt really terrible.

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 682.

I know, I know--yesterday I was so worried about killing a cockroach. But this is different--the cockroach didn't do anything to anybody, and I didn't kill it right so it was squirming and it was so big, it'd lived to be so big.

Ibid., p. 684.

BOCKRIS: Up at the Natural History Museum there is a woman studying the international roach population, spending nights with them, and doing very close-up portraits of them. She obviously knows what's going on, whatever it is. These roaches are widespread and venomously effective.

BURROUGHS: Widespread they are, yes.

BOCKRIS: They're brave and aggressive creatures, because what chance do they stand against you when they come out?

O'BRIEN: Some of them are smart, some of them learn to jump at the right time.

BURROUGHS: Some of them have wings.

BOCKRIS: You stated flatly that all waterbugs had wings.

BURROUGHS: As far as I know, although they may undergo various cycles.

O'BRIEN: They eat plastic.

BURROUGHS: Yes. They eat glue, they eat the bindings out of your books.

BOCKRIS: We're closer to roaches than almost anything else in New York and we don't know anything about them, their habits.

BURROUGHS: I think you're a bleeding heart do-gooder; you think we should get to know more about roaches. I doubt it, frankly.

Bockris, *Burroughs*, pp. 176-7.

There's a big fly in here and I'm going to open the window to let it out , there's this black guy across the street with plastic bags going from door to door ringing. Could he really be a dry cleaner? One door just opened, I'll wait to see if he comes out with more bags, but if I pull the shade so the fly will stay out, then I won't be able to see out, oh, here he comes, yes, he's got another bag, but, he's going toward Park with it.

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 580.

... while on the mountain-sides of Harlem Park are still a few squirrels, last survivals of an almost extinct race, the rest having been shot and their skins sold by the Harlem Negroes.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 167.

And then there is a whole race of pigeon and squirrel feeders, whose generosity stuffs to bursting the gluttons in parks and public places. These scatterers of grain may not all be lonely people, of course, but they give the impression that the pigeons and the squirrels fill a large part of their lives. I never see an elderly lady toting a bag of earnestly collected crumbs and crusts to her part-time pets that I do not reflect on the injustice of the situation. These gentle ladies, feeding the never-satiated birds, make me feel that it would be far better if the situation were reversed. A nice roast pigeon would make a nourishing meal for one of these kind women and I'd be willing to do something about it. A squirrel pie would fatten and redden the pale cheeks of elderly gentlemen who doubtless deprive themselves of small comforts to feed those ungrateful gray rodents, the squirrels. Pigeons and squirrels give these lonely people the illusion of being needed and loved.

Atkinson, p. 264.

Pigeons rise from the airshaft and scatter.

Conroy, p. 44.

New York is not on the whole, the best place to enjoy the downright miraculous nature of the planet. There are, I do not doubt, many remarkable stories to be heard there and many strange sights to be seen, but to grasp a marvel fully it must be savored from all aspects. This cannot be done while one is being jostled and hustled along a crowded street. Nevertheless, in any city there are true wildernesses where a man can be alone. It can happen in a hotel room, or on the high roofs at dawn.

One night on the twentieth floor of a midtown hotel I awoke in the dark and grew restless. On an impulse I climbed upon the broad old-fashioned window sill, opened the curtains and peered out. It was the hour just before dawn, the hour when men sigh in their sleep, or, if awake, strive to focus their wavering eyesight upon a world emerging from the shadows. I leaned out sleepily through the open window. I had expected depths, but not the sight I saw.

I found I was looking down from that great height into a series of curious cupolas or lofts that I could just barely make out in the darkness. As I looked, the outlines of these lofts became more distinct because the light was being reflected from the wings of pigeons who, in utter silence, were beginning to float outward upon the city. In and out through the open slits in the cupolas passed the white-winged birds on their mysterious errands. At this hour the city was theirs, and quietly, without the brush of a single wing tip against stone in that high, eerie place, they were taking over the spires of Manhattan. They were pouring upward in a light that was not yet perceptible to human eyes, while far down in the black darkness of the alleys it was still midnight.

As I crouched half asleep across the sill, I had a moment's illusion that the world had changed in the night, as in some immense snowfall, and that if I were to leave, it would have to be as these other inhabitants were doing, by the window. I should have to launch out into that great bottomless void with the simple confidence of young birds reared high up there among the familiar chimney pots and interposed horrors of the abyss.

I leaned farther out. To and fro went the white wings, to and fro. There were no sounds from any of them. They knew man was asleep and this light for a little while was theirs. Or perhaps I had only dreamed about man in this city of wings—which he could surely never have built. Perhaps I, myself, was one of these birds dreaming unpleasantly a moment of old dangers far below as I teetered on a window ledge.

Around and around went the wings. It needed only a little courage, only a little shove from the window ledge to enter that city of light. The muscles of my hands were already making little premonitory lunges. I wanted to enter that city and go away over the roofs in the first dawn. I wanted to enter it so badly that I drew back carefully into the room and opened the hall door. I found my coat on the chair, and it slowly became clear to me that there was a way down through the floors, that I was, after all, only a man.

I dressed then and went back to my own kind, and I have been rather more than usually careful ever since not to look into the city of light. I had seen, just once, man's greatest creation from a strange inverted angle, and it was not really his at all. I will never forget how those wings went round and round, and how, by the merest pressure of the fingers and a feeling for air, one might go away over the roofs. It is a knowledge, however, that is better kept to oneself. I think of it sometimes in such a way that the wings, beginning far down in the black depths of the mind, begin to rise and whirl till all the mind is lit by their spinning, and there is a sense of things passing away, but lightly, as a wing might veer over an obstacle.

[Singularity] [Sound] [Light]

Eiseley, pp. 790-1.

Flagpoles attract them; so do pillars, perhaps from some primeval instinct for guarding one's rear. They also like to form in a line abreast at the curb, facing inward toward the action.

WPA Guide, p. xxxii.

It is curious that, in the most modern of cities, the most ancient form of messenger service should be employed. At the half-time siren at distant football or baseball matches, a flock of pigeons will be released to fly with the latest photographs of the match back to the roof of Mr. Hearst's building Downtown; and I believe that the latest Paris fashions are flown from the Atlantic liners straight to Harper's Bazaar.

Vreeland Archive, NYPL.

Where pale pigeons unleash trifling indignities splattering on balconies and window sills.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Lapping the leaves outside my window where a pair of pigeons were flapping and screwing.

Ibid.

Perhaps New Yorkers cannot find time to look from windows. Perhaps it is only on Sundays that they see the pale yellow sky, the sunset of rose and opal, and the pigeons. A distant flock of black, brown and white specks vanishes completely each time it wheels back and forth over the same three blocks of skyscrapers. Soaring, dipping and weaving in unison, the pigeons repeat, continuously, their conjuror's trick of disappearance and reappearance, until their leader drops to rest on a rooftop, where an Italian boy comes to feed them. [Air]

Beaton, *New York*, p. 40

For one thing has always caused a note of sadness to me—the fact that I seldom see a bird here. And for me a city without a bird is like a house without a piano—something a little deadened. I seldom see—practically never—see even the humble, troublesome sparrow in New York. Even years ago that fact used to impress me. One went along the streets and never saw a bird. There were, however other beautiful flying things. A great moth with a wing-spread larger than that of a sparrow. And, after that I used to take pleasure in observing those fine things floating with the boldest and most beautiful flight in the world—smoother than that of the finches and more floating than the swallows—over the buses on Fifth Avenue or round and round the trees of Madison Square in an autumn season. I have not seem them lately—but that, I am aware, is no proof that they are no longer there. For sitting the other day with a lady in the window of the National Arts Club looking down over Gramercy Park—which in London would be called a square—I remarked to her that New York had for me always a certain note of sadness because there are no birds here—not even sparrows. She remarked drily: "If you will give yourself the trouble to look down you will see at least seventeen." And there they were—at least seventeen sparrows fling across the gray winter grass of the square.

Ford, *America*, p. 62-3.

Brooklyn Bridge aerial workers never disturb birds' nests up in the towers if the nests hold eggs. Craft superstition says the destruction of eggs means ill fortune.

Berger, *New York*, p. 14.

In early evening when thin winter light begins to fade in Chambers Street, starling flights drop through the dusk

to twittery homing in the portico of the Old County Courthouse just north of City Hall. They roost there in thousands and their bedding song is as of thousands of nail files, synchronized.

The nine City Court justices who have chambers in the structure are accustomed to starling features floating in on their papers. They say it gives them the feeling they are in the city, but not of it.

Ibid., p. 234.

The most clamorous show in New York's wintry dusk is the mass return to nesting of starlings from city parks and other open spaces that are bird feeding grounds. The flocks move in dark masses, blacker than thunder cloud.

Uptown, coming from Westchester, they have a way-stop at Trinity Cemetery in 155th Street off Broadway. Downtown, they swoop into the Municipal Building arches and into courthouse porticoes off Foley Square, usually a little after 5 P.M. Their combined twittering startles city dwellers who've never heard all that sound before. The flocks take off for their feeding grounds again in frosty dawn with the same outcry.

Ibid., p. 125.

Yesterday at 4:30 p.m. a group of starlings swerved around the rigged of elevated billboards along Riverside Drive, swung abruptly about a large gas tank and then swooped below the underpinnings of the 125th Street viaduct to roost for the night.

Peyton, p. 8.

A storm which swept the Atlantic coast late in 1932 brought a swarm of Arctic birds, called dovebies, and dashed many of them against the skyscrapers. Thousands were found all over the city, their limp bodies draped on telephone wires, in the streets, on the lakes and lawns of the parks.

N. cit.

A songbird of the canary family, the house finch (*Carpodacus purpureus*) has been taken illegally by nets in the Sierras and sold through the 1930s to dealers at a few dollars per hundred: it will propagate itself throughout New York... entertaining the city with arguably the most musical call of any wild bird.

Trager, p. 525.

Hartz Mountain founder arrives in New York in 1926 from

Germany with 5,000 singing canaries.

Ibid., p. 471.

More ducks than people live on Long Island.

Simpich, p. 281.

A monkey was captured in the subway in 1960.

Kennedy, *Subwayland*, p. 107.

"Say, what is it anyway?"

He says he understands it's "some kind of gorilla."

"Ain't we got enough of them in New York already?" she demands.

N. cit.

E - Panorama

Wide

The words "United Artists, a Transamerica Company," appear in white over a silent black screen, cutting almost immediately and suddenly to a series of shots of the New York City skyline. As "Rhapsody in Blue" is heard over the scenery, the images flash on and off: the skyline at dawn, the sun silhouetting the Empire State Building, jutting skyscrapers, parking lots, crowded streets, the Brooklyn Bridge, neon lights advertising Broadway, Coca-Cola, various hotels, the snow-covered and lamp-lit streets of Park Avenue and Central Park, the garment district, an excited demonstration downtown . . . As the music swells over the Manhattan scenery, Ike's voice is heard, as if reading aloud from his writings.

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 181.

We sweep the turquoise haze of contemptuous Palisades, gazing unwinking at the young intruder city. We see the Park, a parallelogram of green; the Hudson slinks off to the north. But south, done to a turn, below our eyes spreads an impossible nightmare. It is the Floor of Hell. It is the cockpit of a ghoulish ideology, a blind era that winks at the malnutrition of children, while boosting the prices of groceries by destroying food.

This before us, and around us, is Big Headquarters, the city of office men and agents, middlemen and lawyers, exempt crooks, public relations fakirs, venial judges, priests, police, and the victims of circumstances.

We look down on a hallucination, a mad Halicarnassus sacked each night by the cohorts of Comus, entered by thieves and saved from time to time by temporary Galahads. The sneering city curls brown smoke from its chimney censers; the bitter incense carries a faint odor as of burning sacrificial flesh. [Antiquity] [Smell]

Reisenberg, pp. 92-3.

Over the decades, the New York skyline has opened countless feature films—more films, probably, than any other single place on earth. The specific shot varies all the time, of course: a view of midtown from the East River in one film, downtown Manhattan from Brooklyn in another; a sweeping aerial of the entire island in yet another. We may see the city by day, its towers rising tall and solid, or by night, those same towers dissolved into the tracery of a

million points of light. Accompanying the view might be that familiar "big city" theme music—its brisk tempo, dissonant brass, and bustling xylophone conjuring up busy streets, taxi horns, and rushing crowds. Or a haunting blue melody, a saxophone and orchestra evoking a kind of sweet urban sadness. Or simply a medley of city sounds—traffic, police sirens, a tolling church bell.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 67.

The summer traveler swings in over Hell Gate Bridge and from the window of his sleeping car as it glides above the pigeon lofts and back yards of Queens looks southwest to where the morning light first strikes the steel peaks of midtown, and he sees its upward thrust unmistakable: the great walls and towers rising, the smoke rising, the heat not yet rising, the hopes and ferments of so many awakening millions rising—this vigorous spear that presses heaven hard.

White, *Here*, pp. 31.

The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.

Fitzgerald, *Gatsby*, p. 68.

One becomes aware of Manhattan itself in the distance, a shimmering silvery-blue mass, mountainous and buoyant, like a bundle of Zeppelins set on end; and, though one sees it now for the hundredth time, one feels like a little boy witnessing a skyrocket ascend, one wants to greet it with a cheer. As architecture, New York ought to be in fact what it seems so surely at a distance: the most exhilarating embodiment of modern form. Unfortunately, it is not. As one walks through the streets of the city once more, amid such a mass of new and almost new buildings, one has a fresh sense of shame over all this misapplied energy and wasted magnificence.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 85.

From the river, the Woolworth tower shows its most airy metamorphosis; a needle, stitching the clouds—as Howells said of the Palazzo Publico in Siena, not so much a tower as a flight. [Antiquity]

Irwin, p. 17.

X looks at lower Manhattan. The city gleams in clustered cliffs of jewels.

Jolas, p. 474.

A colossal hair-comb turned upward and so deprived of half its teeth that the others, at their uneven intervals, count doubly as sharp spikes.

James, p. 136.

"Someone to Watch Over Me" is still playing as the film switches to the 59th Street Bridge. It is almost dawn and the scene has a nearly perfect feel of light and beauty to it. Mary and Ike, their backs to the camera, are sitting on a bench looking out over the water.

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 210.

marvelous geometropolis
clinging to manhattan
island's arm
and caressing the sun
with rectangular
skyscraper fingers
Farfa, p. 296.

The sun has risen behind Brooklyn. The windows of Manhattan have caught fire.

O'Connell, p. 141.

Squares after squares of flame, set and cut into the ether.

Sharpe, p. 130.

Sparkling with windows like mica.

O'Connell, p. 139.

Gradually mellowing, the scene at night is most significant of all. Then the towering mass of the island deepens to a rich silhouette against the sky, luminous with the city glow. The lower end is deserted, and looms mysterious and awful in its empty vastness. To one who goes in for rich effects there can be nothing more impressive of the value of New York, as a unique city, than a study of the various and bizarre pictures it makes from such vantage points as the Brooklyn Heights, the ferries, or from any of the several bridges. There, comfortably ensconced, one may ponder at one's leisure upon its most curious unsubstantial quality as of some gigantic Luna Park, its outlines traced by prodigal dots of light, its features illumined in so strange a fashion as to make them appear translucent; the whole high strung to the strident note of perpetual fête.
[Coney Island]

Henderson, pp. 18-19.

Laid back in the calm of the night, the moving Hudson River at our backs and sides... movement of lights coiling and fracturing on the dark surface of the water, looking back through the darkness towards the skyline, Empire State Building, shafts of illuminated sides of darkened windows, spheres of luminous streetlamps, barely illuminated water tanks, the moon half full and blazing out there in its loneliness: some kind of barometer of the senses depending on time and distance you feel. Normandy moon has a clear foreign sense. New York City moon not so remote and wondrous.

Wojnarowicz, pp. 115-16.

As if squeezed from myriad rainbows, here float infinite vistas of color, some painted walls blending so gradually into a skylike blue that sometimes it's hard to tell where man's work ends and real sky begins.

Simpich, p. 281.

I had seen it in the sunset from a bridge, majestic above its waters, its incredible peaks and pyramids rising flowerlike and delicate from pools of violet mist to play with the flaming clouds and the first stars of evening. Then it had lighted up window by window above the shimmering tides where lanterns nodded and glided and deep horns bayed weird harmonies, and had itself become a starry firmament of dream, redolent of faery music, and one with the marvels of Carcassonne and Samarcand and El Dorado and all glorious and half-fabulous cities.

Lovecraft, *Fiction*, p. 295.

As the ship glided up the river, the city burst thunderously upon us in the early dusk—the white glacier of lower New York swooping down like a strand of a bridge to rise into uptown New York, a miracle of foamy light suspended by the stars. A band started to play on deck, but the majesty of the city made the march trivial and tinkling.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 113.

Whole panoramas of New York everywhere, from New Jersey, from skyscrapers.—

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 105.

Above

To paint New York from above, at the top, is to rely once again on the first spiritualist myth, i.e., that geometry kills man. [Grid]

Barthes, *Reader*, p. 160.

Aerial perspectives cantilever bare rooms in a bleak sky or elide architecture, propping up unanchored arrays of water tanks, chimney pots, and cornices with no buildings to belong to.

Conrad, p. 105.

Water towers on all the flat tarred roofs.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Not an accretion of streets and squares that can be comprehended by the pedestrian, but instead manifests its shape from the air.

Amin, p. 3.

The thick summer sky flared to the east with the lights of Harlem, and on this high roof one had a sense of separation from the rest of the world one usually doesn't achieve in Nature at a level lower than five thousand feet.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 51.

My hotel room is on the twenty-first floor, about two hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground. I was greatly surprised to find that I had by no means lost contact with the ground. My myopic eyes easily, even very clearly, grasp the activities in the street—people, cars in movement.

Corbusier, p. 65.

Gaze down on Manhattan Island from the air, and you will see the world's most extravagant architectural fantasy. It won't look the same next week.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 354.

It's a city of shapes that hang together and rearrange themselves as if seen through a kaleidoscope. Move 20 years and the view changes. Even if the foreground hardly shifts, the entire background may have vanished and been replaced. No two views are ever the same.

Brook, p. 14.

From the street, or from any window, the city often seems like a place thrown up without regard for reason, and haunted by chaos. But from any rooftop the city comes into focus. The roof is in proportion to the building beneath it, and from any roof it can easily be seen that all the other roofs, and their walls, are in proportion to each other and to the city. The buildings are tightly packed together, without regard to size or height, and light and shadow strike across them so that the scene changes every minute. The struggle for space in Manhattan creates an oceanic uproar in the air above the streets, and every roof turns into a magic carpet just as soon as someone is standing on it.

Brennan, p. 32.

The multi-souled city opens its central viscera and extends its peripheral members like tentacles.

de Torre, p. 57.

To assure himself that New York is beautiful, the pedestrian must crane his neck in crowded streets, and perhaps doubt still remains. Yet only from the windows, making the buildings into great honey-combs, can New York be seen at her most beautiful.

N. cit.

(for New York is in fact a deep city, not a high one)
Barthes, *Eiffel*, p. 150.

Proscenium

The skyline view is a kind of proscenium, after all, a metaphoric arch framing everything to come, offering a reassuring familiarity even as it plunges us into a new and unpredictable experience. How many places are as widely (or instantly) recognizable as New York? Older films sometimes placed a printed title across the view; newer ones rarely do—but in any case the name has always been superfluous. Like Big Ben or the Taj Mahal, the New York skyline is one of the world's unmistakable icons, thanks in large part to films themselves: each new opening shot trades on—and reinforces—the skyline's preexisting fame. Unlike those other icons, though, the skyline carries civic as well as national significance, standing for a city as much as (or more than) a country. And unlike the others it is not just a single structure but an entire place—the very thing, in

fact, being symbolized. The Eiffel Tower denotes Paris; the skyline not only denotes but is New York.

Of course, the skyline also denotes something else: the "big city," the endless metropolis. This turns out to be less a function of the skyline's vertical thrust, surprisingly, than its horizontal spread: its hundreds upon hundreds of buildings, with their thousands upon thousands of windows—each window providing the symbolic marker of an individual and so, by extension, an individual story. Over the next few hours, the skyline vista suggests, we will follow one such story—but we might well have turned to some other window and there found another, equally interesting story to watch. Next time, perhaps. There are, the skyline proposes, millions of stories to choose from—a whole city of stories, all proceeding at once, whether we happen to see them or not.

Some establishing shots try for more, searching the skyline for clues about the story to come. The image that starts *Young Man with a Horn* (1950) gazes high up at the Chrysler Building, soaring into the sky as confidently as the jazz trumpeter on the soundtrack rises into his upper register. But soon the camera begins to tilt down, descending roof by roof to the modest tenement apartment of piano player Hoagy Carmichael, the film's narrator. This turns out to be a sketch of the film itself—a struggle between the transcendent "high note" that cornetist Kirk Douglas dreams of reaching and the worldly complexities of life and love that threaten to wreck his career. An identical shot, opening *Miracle in the Rain* (1956), offers a simpler meaning: New York, as the narrator tells us, is home to not only the high and mighty (the skyscrapers) but to millions of ordinary people—including Jane Wyatt, a tenement dweller who is the film's romantic lead. Barbara Stanwyck's smoky voice—over at the opening of 1949's "East Side, West Side" "Yes, this is my town... the most exciting city in the world, they say, the (glamorous, the most frightening, and above all, the fastest...)" underpins a glide from the sleek towers of midtown to a modest apartment house on Gramercy Park ("for me, it's home"), again evoking the distinction between the celebrated and the ordinary—and the city's embrace of both.

The same kind of movement is elsewhere turned to very different purpose. Among other things, the New York skyline remains an abiding symbol of American wealth and power; an opening that shifts from the gleaming spires to a slum district effectively reminds the audience that the wretched conditions they will be sharing over the next few hours are to be found not in some obscure locality but in proximity

to a national landmark. Over time, the simple tilt or pan from proud skyscrapers in the distance to shabby tenements nearby (in *Street Scene*, 1931, and *The Window*, 1949) has given way to the ambitious, planimetric aerial shots that open *West Side Story* (1961) and *New Jack City* (1991), which, surveying all part of New York from above—as if through a giant microscope—imply a kind of social-science objectivity, linking the city's riches and poorest districts in a single socioeconomic system. [Luxury] [Power]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 67.

Huneker likened it to "a mad medley of pepperboxes perched on cigar boxes" and said the windows of the office blocks on Wall Street resembled waffles.

Conrad, p. 77.

Honeycombs! That's what they are, / Those lights from city windows

Edholm, p. 104.

A "democratic" skyline, in which buildings complement one another, and a "star" skyline, in which buildings compete with each other; in Manhattan, buildings challenged each other directly.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 436.

In this twisted, seething mass stand quaint houses with hipped roofs; squat buildings crouching close to escape being trampled on—some hugging the sides of huge steel giants as if for protection; patches of thread-bare sod sighed over by melancholy trees guarding long forgotten graves; narrow, baffled streets dodging in and out, their tired eyes on the river; stretches of wind-swept spaces bound by sea-walls, off which the eager, busy tugs and statelier ships weave their way, waving flags of white steam as they pass; wooden wharves choked with queer shaped bales smelling of spice, and ill-made boxes stained with bilge water, against which lie black and white monsters topped with red funnels, surmounting decks of steel.

Smith, *Charcoals*, N. pag.

City of skyscrapers, man-made Rocky Mountain range.

Sullivan, p. 14.

Here, on days when the violet mists obscure the distance, it is a curving cliff; the upper turrets of the

higher structures might be castles or temples balanced on the dizzy edge.

Irwin, p. 78.

To the European these colossi seem either banal, meaningless, the sinister proof a material civilization, or a startling new achievement in art. And I have often wondered whether it does not all depend upon the first glimpse; whether at the moment when he stampedes to the rail they appear as a jumble, like boxes piled on boxes, or fall into one of their super-compositions.

Ibid., p. 15.

The city, magic and fantastic from afar, now appears an absurd jumble of straight lines of wood, a cheap, hastily constructed toy-house for the amusement of children. Dozens of white buildings, monstrously diverse, not one with even the suggestion of beauty.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

The residents of the high-rent apartment houses that lined the Manhattan side of the East River had never gotten much of a view for their money. Opposite them—to the east and dragging off to the south—was scenery done in Early Industrial Era Midlands, the grimy warehouses, factories, tenements, oil tanks and open storage depots of Astoria and Long Island City. Its dreariness broken only by the gaudiness of occasional monster billboards painted large enough so that their messages could be seen clearly across the river, that vista stretched away without a break (There were no housing developments or parks before then) beneath a pall (the word "smog" had not yet gained currency) cast over it by belching smokestacks. And the scene to the north where Ward's Island lay, low in the water with Randall's behind it, had not been any prettier. Dull-colored and lifeless in the distance even when the fog didn't shroud them, the two islands had been adorned only by the squat red and gray industrial buildings that failed to block out the scenery behind the islands: the South Bronx, Long Island City's spiritual descendent. Since 1932, the piers erected for the first, abortive attempt to build the Triborough Bridge had been part of the scene, but, dun-colored, featureless and, without a bridge on top of them, seeming in the distance like a succession of walls to play handball against, they did little to relieve its drabness. The view had not been inspiring. [Advertising]

[Pollution]

Caro, p. 396.

It's a well-known fact that you can live in Manhattan all your life without ever seeing it from the water.
Trebay, p. 221.

Queens had been moribund and torpid, Manhattan was effervescent. The lights had come on in the midtown skyscrapers, the pavements were crowded, the yellow cabs bumped their ways over the potholes of the great avenues, and the peddlers displayed their wares and yelled their street cry: 'Check it out!'
Brook, pp. 4-5.

It seems an odd thing to say of creations so massive and magnificent as the sky-scrappers; but they have a strangely elusive beauty. Seen from one point of view, they are a meaningless jumble, justifying every charge the foreigner used to bring against them; seen from another, they fall into a composition, as though a Michelangelo or some other super-artist had designed the whole group for a single creation.
Irwin, p. 13.

In "From An American Place, Looking North" (1931) a building is under construction opposite Stieglitz's window. At present he can see through the girders. When it's complete, it will block his view. Even from this height, his visual dominion is threatened. [Photography]
Conrad, p. 83.

The Gothic quirks of the church spire on West 23rd Street are partly obliterated by the bare rectangle of an office block.
Conrad, pp. 111-12.

Hotel New Yorker, which has eight thousand rooms, each with an inside view.
Gooch, p. 189.

Scale, Magnitude

The city is too big, and they have to touch too much, and touch it too rapidly. From the sheer impossibility of doing it justice they fall into conventionalism. Literature is nipped by the wealth of opportunity.
Hapgood, p. 97.

America has given us that sensation: magnitude which is noble, which can be very noble, as it often was in the past.
Corbusier, p. 77.

The city as merely an accumulation: the largest size, the greatest number (even of units of quality), and the highest speed.

Federal Writers, p. 312.

We felt like small children in a great bright unexplored barn.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 110.

The biggest world is Manhattan; the smaller world is in this case this tip of the island, the smallest one of all is the world of shops and restaurants that cater to it.

Atkinson, p. 94.

The rush of emotion that rises as the car pulls down the Hudson Parkway, as the cab comes across the Triborough Bridge from La Guardia, the sense of a scale too big to be credited and of a potential too large to be quite real—all that remains available, which is the most you can say of any emotion. The other emotions—the daily frustrations, the long-term fears—remain available, too. The city we are in, the home we have made, and the other city we long for all remain in existence.

Gopnik, p. 296.

Ground

The city looks one way from a distance, a skyline full of symbols, inviting pilgrims and Visigoths, and another way up close, a city full of people. [Crowds]

Gopnik, p. 122.

First there was steelwork and concrete in the sky, immense towers, thick cables, a roadbed above the water—the George Washington Bridge, looking above the leaves, casting a dark shadow over the parkway so that the reporters' limousine rolled across it as if it were a gigantic welcome mat to a gigantic city. Then, above the parkway to the left, there were apartment houses of Riverside Drive. Far away to the left, there were the spires of the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building, canyons of skyscrapers toward which the limousine was headed. Ahead of the reporters was the panorama of the harbor, serene water

turned busy, churned by the giant screws of giant ships, dented by piers jutting from shore.

Caro, p. 555.

North across fourteen bridges and three tunnels. Under the flat tarred roofs. In the buildings zig zag with iron staired fire escapes. Stacked on the hills, brick hives of grey and brown. Packed with ginneys, micks, kikes and coons.

Donleavy, N. pag..

The dome of the Manhattan Savings Bank over Chinatown at the entrance to Manhattan Bridge, and then in Brooklyn again, after we had traveled from light into dark, dark into light, along the shuddering shadowy criss-cross of the pillars.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 678.

Along Queens Boulevard. The stacks and stacks of apartment houses. Boxes and boxes of little homes down all the crosshatched streets.

Ibid.

I gazed out the window, past the crawling traffic, those battered ungainly cars, past the cemeteries that cover hillside after hillside of suburban Queens, and looked idly at the Manhattan skyline just becoming visible through the late afternoon haze.

Brook, p. 2.

"That," he reflects, "is the way you ought to come into Manhattan. See the black heart before you were dazzled by the chromium-plated wings and turrets."

Conrad, p. 281.

If you will stand at any of the cross-streets that lead east from Second Avenue you will obtain a splendid panorama, window after window ornamented with a red or green or orange iron balcony and hung, in the summertime, with an array of green vines and bright flower-pots.

Dreiser, p. 269.

You sit down on a piling and look out over the river. Downriver, the Statue of Liberty shimmers in the haze. Across the water, a huge Colgate sign welcomes you to New Jersey, the Garden State.

McInerney, p. 10.

New York reveals itself only at a particular sight, a particular distance, a particular speed. These are not the height, the distance, or the speed of the pedestrian. This city is strikingly like the great Andalusia plains—monotonous when you pass through on foot, superb and varying when crossed by car.

Sartre, p. 123.

But if here I look up amid the shadows and out into the backyard I see nothing—a cement floor, an incredibly begrimed glass roof of an open shed. And it is just a well; except for soot, clean but eternally Cimmerian. As well—for although the house I have chosen to live in is old and relatively low, on the other three sides that surround my yard there tower up the skyscrapers, and I live either in funereal shadows or in artificial light... Where a sparrow can lodge a sparrow will lodge—but on the faces of these immense cliffs there is not lodgment even for a sparrow—except maybe skywards. You see, I have been gradually raising my eyes towards the tops of these cliffs by way of the backyards and the shadows. [Nature] [Death]

Ford, *America*, p. 64-5.

River

Time on the river had become irrelevant—walking down into the darkness of the side streets and avenues, crossing the highway, cars burning in lines going uptown and downtown, waiting beneath the overpass, papers skidding along the loading docks, some character standing beside a solitary car in darkness, over by the river a series of cars easing from parking spots on the asphalt runway, others turning off along the waterfront, circular motions of vehicles, burning headlights acting like beacons that sweep over the surface of the river, the river looks like clouds, the rafts of ice driven together by currents, spread from the shore to the center of the river protected from being swept away by the piers. When the headlights swing away from the surface of the river, everything is settled into a calm easy darkness, ice merges into a slow illuminated color of night, the bare ridges of the ice floes exposed, like arctic childhood memories, waiting for the polar strides and windy howls of desolation.

Wojnarowicz, p. 135.

Out along the waterfront asphalt strip, more cars are turning and circling. Headlights like lighthouse beacons drift over the surface of the river, swinging around and

illuminating men, strangers, men I might or might not have known because their faces were invisible, just disks of black silhouette outlined briefly as each car passes, one after the other, pale interior faces turned against the windows, then fading into distance.

Ibid., p. 147.

Coda

Then I understood—everything was explained: I had discovered the crowning error of the city, its Pandora's box. Full of vaunting pride the New Yorker had climbed here and seen with dismay what he had never suspected, that the city was not the endless succession of canyons that he had supposed but that it had limits— from the tallest structure he saw for the first time that it faded out into the country on all sides, into an expanse of green and blue that alone was limitless. And with the awful realization that New York was a city after all and not a universe, the whole shining edifice that he had reared in his imagination came crashing to the ground.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 115.

F - Architecture

Skyscrapers were unknown until 1900.
Britt, p. 5.

New York's character is to be unfinished... its very essence is to be continually in the making, to never be completely resolved.

Bender, *Unfinished*, p. xi.

New York refuses a single logic and it declines any notion of completeness.

Ibid., p. xi.

Whitman's unfinished *Leaves of Grass* as a parallel to NYC's state of incompleteness.

Ibid., p. xii.

Man's rush to the *n*th floor is a neck-and-neck race between plumbing and abstraction.

Koolhaas, p. 130.

Unrealized

Early in 1906 advertisements appear in New York papers announcing "a ground floor chance to share profits" in "the largest steel structure ever erected... the greatest amusement enterprise in the whole world the best real estate venture," the Globe Tower. It will cost \$1,500,000 to erect. The public is urged to invest. The stock will pay 100 percent interest annually. The most voluminous building ever proposed in the history of mankind, it combines in a single gestalt the opposites—needle and sphere Trylon and Perisphere—that have been the extremes of Manhattan's formal vocabulary ever since the Latting Observatory and the balloon of the Crystal Palace were juxtaposed in 1853. It is impossible for a globe to be a tower. A sketch illustrating the ad—of a skyline dominated by a blob—reveals the Globe Tower's concept: the sphere is to be so colossal that simply by resting on the earth it can claim—through the height of its enormous diameter—also to be a tower, for it is at least "three times as high as the Flatiron building, the present marvel of New York."

[World's Fair 1939]

Vale, p. 226.

The tower's blueprints showed a gigantic steel planet that had collided onto a replica of the Eiffel Tower. As a whole it was 700 feet high, three times as high as the Flatiron Building, New York's marvel at the time. The Globe Tower would be the largest building in the world with enormous elevators to carry visitors to its eleven completely different floors. It would be an agglomeration of Steeplechase, Dreamland and Luna Park, all contained in a single interior volume.

Friede leased a small corner of the Steeplechase property on Surf Avenue to erect this colossal structure. The structure would be supported by eight enormous *socles* (pedestals) whose foundations would be 35 feet deep. Underground was planned as a multi-level interchange of various modes of transport: a combination parking garage, subway and railroad station with a branch heading out towards sea to connect with the boat pier.

The Globe would be divided into eleven floors, beginning 150 feet above the ground and spaced at intervals of fifty feet. The lowest or first level would feature a Pedestal Roof Garden with a popular priced restaurant, continuous vaudeville theater, roller skating rink, bowling alley, slot machines, etc. At the 250 foot level there would be an Aerial Hippodrome seating 5000 people. It would feature four large circus rings and four immense animal cages; each ring representing a different continent. Performances would be continuous and a miniature railroad would circle the arena's perimeter. The Globe's Main Hall would be located at the 300 foot level. Here would be the largest ballroom in the world and a moving restaurant enclosed in glass. A revolving strip twenty-five feet wide would carry tables, kitchens and patrons around the outer edge of the Tower to give the effect of eating in an airborne dining car. Diners would have a moving panoramic view of Coney Island, the countryside and Greater New York.

Friede, who envisioned continuous 24 hour use of his Globe Tower by its 50,000 temporary residents, planned a hotel floor at the sphere's equator. Rooms would be small but luxuriously equipped and padded with sound proofing for undisturbed sleep.

[...]

Friede's floor layout implicitly used social stratification. The facilities were increasingly refined and elegant the higher one would ascend. The level above at 350 feet would feature an Aerial Palm Garden, a more expensive restaurant with tables scattered in a palm garden with cascades of running water screened from each other by

shrubby. It was to be arranged on the Italian Garden plan.

The Observatory platform was at the 500 foot level. At the highest platform in New York visitors could use coin operated telescopes to see more than 50 miles. There would also be a souvenir stand and various small concessions. Near the tower's top at the 600 feet level would be the United States Weather Observation Bureau and Wireless Telegraph Station. It would be equipped with modern weather recording devices. And at the very top would be the largest revolving searchlight in the world. The tower itself, lit by thousands of electric lights, would resemble a gigantic tower of fire.

There was a cornerstone laying ceremony on May 26, 1906. It was complete with speeches, band concerts and fireworks. There was a rush of investors at the Globe Tower Company office built next to the first *socle*. But by the end of the 1906 season, when the foundations were still incomplete, investors became anxious.

Another ceremony was held on February 17, 1907. A band was on hand when they put the first piece of steel in position. The company claimed they were driving 800 concrete foundation piles, each 30 feet long and five feet in circumference. They promised that half of the eleven floor structure would be open to the public on May 15th and the remainder would be fully operational the following year.

Meanwhile in March, George Tilyou, tired of the endless delays, threatened an injunction. A Brooklyn Supreme Court judge prevented it. None-the-less, by 1908 it became clear that the most impressive architectural project ever conceived was a fraud. Tilyou was left with the problem of removing thirty foundation piles on his property.

The Friede Tower, if it had been built would have been the first single building in the world to claim the status of resort.

Stanton, N. pag.

By 1908 it is clear that the most impressive architectural project ever conceived is a fraud.

Koolhaas, p. 71.

The Globe's treasurer was convicted of embezzlement.
Panchyk, p. 40.

Harvey Wiley Corbett in 1923 proposed for the New York of the future a segregation of vehicular from pedestrian

traffic, which would consign cars to ground level and raise people onto elevated walkways.

Raymond Hood in 1929 conjectured that apartment houses for three million people could be built on the East River bridges. These would be doubly abstracted from earth, placed over water and hung from the air by cables.

Hugh Ferriss, who after 1915 renounced architectural practice and contented himself with the graphic rendering of unbuildable fantasies, saw buildings as landing stages for futuristic visitors from the upper air and planned airport terminals on the upper shelves of skyscrapers. He was sure that the New Yorkers of the future would live in the sky, and his imaginary dwellings are terraced with aerial golf courses, hanging gardens, and swimming pools. Rather than traveling horizontally to the country, New Yorkers find it upstairs. Those heights are dizzy pleasancess: Ferriss drew masked balls and carnivals atop his skyscrapers. What he called in 1936 "the air age" had reoriented architecture. Buildings, dangling from the sky into an abyss, should be designed to be seen from above. Following his own advice, Ferriss drew the United Nations Headquarters from a helicopter.

At the World's Fair in 1939, Norman Bel Geddes laid out a city while hovering in midair. For the Futurama metropolis of 1960 in the General Motors pavilion, which was to be seen from sound-chairs traveling above it, Geddes relied on the drastic aerial perspectives he'd become accustomed to when looking down from theater catwalks during his period as a stage designer. Geddes places you in the future, patronizing the present from a steep vertical distance of foresight. The Futurama passengers disembarked at a street intersection in Tomorrow. As they stepped into "the wonder world of 1960" they were reminded that "1940 is twenty years ago!" and admonished 'ALL EYES TO THE FUTURE.' (cf. Warhol: "The thing I most of all remember about the World's Fair was sitting in a car with the sound coming from speakers behind me." [World's Fair 1964])

Conrad, pp. 258-60.

One of the biggest standing sets on the Fox lot in Beverly Hills was an East River vehicular tunnel under construction, an interior tube of raw, exposed steel plating. Built for a 1933 picture called *Under Pressure*, the set remained on the lot for decades, forever 'unfinished,' a testament to the city as an ongoing work in progress.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 400.

Buckminster Fuller envisioned cutting people off from the elements entirely by building domed cities, which, he claimed, would offer free climate control, winter and summer: "A two-mile-diameter dome has been calculated to cover Mid-Manhattan Island, spanning west to east at 42nd Street," he observed. 'The cost saving in ten years would pay for the dome."

Kolbert, N. pag.

Fuller calculated that the single one-mile-diameter dome enclosing the mid-Manhattan area between Twenty-second and Sixty-second Streets and between the Hudson and East Rivers would have a surface area of only 1/84 of all the buildings it would enclose. That dome would reduce the heating and cooling requirements of the buildings it covered to 1/84 of the current requirements. In addition to regulating the temperature, such a dome would also control the precipitation and the air quality within the enclosed environment.

Sieden, p. 363.

Suppose that there existed, between Madison Square and Central Park, an avenue three hundred feet in width, planted with trees on either side of a spacious roadway, with broad sidewalks, and a continuous series of flower beds, clumps of shrubs and patches of well-kept grass—in fact, something similar to the Avenue des Champs-Élysées in Paris; and suppose, further, that this avenue was bordered by the palaces of American millionaires—Silver Kings, Petroleum Kings, and other monarchs. In that case New York would possess a central artery worthy of the city and the renown of which would be world wide. [Empire]

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 439.

King's "Dream of New York" (1908). A drawing of the imagined future. Lower Broadway has been transformed into a stepped range of tall buildings, linked here and there by aerial walkways and finished off with small pantheons, cupolas, statuary, or flags. Dirigibles are casting off from lofty mooring masts (according to their labels, bound for Japan, Europe, the Panama Canal, the North Pole); several unidentifiable flying structures veer about like strange mechanical birds. The upper atmosphere teems with activity; it is not mere space but a realm of great potential drama, and it appears to be almost within arm's reach, for the hypothetical viewer is perched aloft, thirty or forty stories above the street.

Hawes, N. pag.

Glass Box

Architecture is capital.
White, *Here*, p. 163.

The word 'skyscraper' originally meant the topsail of a clipper ship.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 261.

The very name, initially a mixture of irony and awe, confesses its own transcendent ambition and awareness of failure. Though we long to scrape it, the sky always retreats from our touch. And the building, once tall, feels its inadequacy. Not least, perhaps, because another building, somewhere else, a few blocks or an ocean away, is ascending just a little bit higher.

Kingwell, p. 56.

They are not buildings, they are concrete realizations of thought.

Ibid., p. 83.

Euphemisms for skyscrapers : "tombstones," "jealous bitches," and "granite cocks."

N. cit.

granite cocks!
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 7.

Skyscrapers and the men who built them may have represented the zenith of a modernist masculinity; yet there is something distinctly modern and female about them too.

Rabinowitz, p. 155.

The model is Jamesian rather than Freudian; James had his own ideas about the return of the repressed... The male-female presence, the realized alliance of masculine and feminine impulses, was crucial to the special euphoria of top promises fulfilled, the sense of heaven here on earth that the skyscrapers inspired in those who designed and viewed them. Only when the masculine and feminine elements are present in equal strength, only when the genders collaborate rather than compete, only when they come fully abreast or flush of each other, can the artifact or culture involved be, by a process of simultaneous gender

reinforcement and gender cancellation, both gender-doubled and beyond gender and so satisfy the deepest needs of the human heart, mind, and psyche. Houdini remarked that "if the wish is father to the thought, it is mother to the hallucination." The New York skyline, "built with a wish," was that thought and that hallucination. [Psychoanalysis] Douglas, *Honesty*, pp. 442-6.

Sartre: "When we were twenty, we heard about skyscrapers. We discovered them with amazement in the movies. They were the architecture of the future, just as cinema was the art of the future."

Sartre, p. 124.

Sartre: "To the man who strolled through New York before 1930, the high-rise buildings towering over the city were the first signs of an architecture destined to radiate over the entire country. Skyscrapers were then living things. Today, for a Frenchman arriving from Europe, they are already mere historical monuments, witnesses to a bygone age. They still rise up into the sky but my spirit does not soar with them, and the New Yorkers pass by at their feet without so much as a glance. I cannot think of them without melancholy; they speak of an age when we believed in peace. They are already a little run-down; tomorrow, perhaps, they will be demolished. At any rate, to build them took a faith we no longer possess."

Ibid., p. 125.

Quentin Crisp: "When I was young, no one who visited Manhattan talked about anything but its skyscrapers. Now every city has skyscrapers."

Crisp, p. 217.

The aesthetics of skyscrapers have long passed the point of diminishing returns; there is nothing to say about a new skyscraper tower except that it is another skyscraper tower.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 81.

What is astonishing about the skyscraper is that it does not astonish. When we actually see one (but do we ever see one, actually), the feeling it inspires is: *why not?*

Barthes, *Eiffel*, p. 150.

By the late 1940s, as the swaggering individual entrepreneur of the past was transformed into the team-playing corporate man in the gray flannel suit, so the

instantly identifiable cathedrals of commerce that exemplified the city's architecture from 1900 to 1929 gave way to an architecture that celebrated repetition to the point of anonymity.

Bennett, *WWII*, p. 63.

The architect-hero, Howard Roark, commonly believed to be modeled on Frank Lloyd Wright, had made generations of young women swoon. Roark is portrayed as a brilliantly creative, fiery genius, embattled by the establishment, who defiantly blows up his consummate work of art, a skyscraper [*sic*], rather than see his talent and integrity compromised.

Berliner, p. 43

The terror of a city of architectural individuality.
Monson, p. 31.

A physically sordid agglomeration of endlessly repeated submediocre typologies and overblow engineering stunts with little history and a dubious future.

Kunstler, p. 2.

The skyscraper appeals not only because of its combination of imposing form and enticing lights; there is also the magnetic pull of its human interior—and perhaps an underlying relief that one is not imprisoned there too.
[Punishment]

Sharpe, p. 230.

Such buildings do not shelter or isolate men as do those of Europe. They gather and shuffle them.

Still, p. 298.

Batman could not function in a city of sheer glass towers, for what would his hooks tie into, and how would he scale their sides? [Reflection]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 104.

Glass is the only material in the building industry which expresses surface and space at the same time.

Friedberg, p. 119.

The UN building: the first building in the city with an all-glass curtain wall.

no.cit.

Glass gives a new, uncertain, meaning to the wall.

Boorstin, N. pag.

Mies is basic to the miracle: "Can anyone stand unmoved at the top of a steel-framed skyscraper today, looking out across a city's glittering 20th century towers, glass walls reflecting clouds, sky and structures in a massed, changing pattern of light and color? This architecture is not static, any more than life is static. Can anyone fail to recognize and react to this miracle of our time?"

[Reflection]

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 165.

The Seagram Building is New York's ultimate skin building. The wall is held unrelentingly flat; there are no tricks with projecting or extending mullions; thin and flush, they are used only to divide the window glass. The metal spandrel facing, in one smooth piece, echoes the placing of structural steel and seeks no "artful" plasticity. The taut, shiny-dark sleekness of matte black aluminum and gleaming bronze glass is an architectural statement of positive excellence as well as a foil for the ornate masonry around it.

Ibid., p. 114.

The anti-individualistic static of the Seagram building, which Mies himself described as "completely opposed to the idea that a specific building should have an individual character."

Bennett, *WWII*, p. 63.

The proportions of a Mies design are so sensitively adjusted, his understating of the richness of marble, the brilliance of glass and the substantiality of bronze so sensuously sure, his feelings for the materials of our time so overwhelmingly rich and yet so far from vulgar, that no one has matched the precise and timeless beauty of his buildings. The Seagram Building, for example, is dignified, sumptuous, severe, sophisticated, cool, consummately elegant architecture—architecture for the 20th century and for the ages.

The Miesian example is a lesson of principle. But in too many cases, the Miesian principle has been ignored and the Miesian example simply 'knocked off' in the cheapest Seventh Avenue terms.

Without fine materials and meticulous details, Mies's diamond-sharp doctrine of "less is more" becomes a most ordinary formula. Raised about the shoddy and speculative, however, it is a competent and appropriate formula and it

from a Third Avenue still holding on to the grubbiness it would soon lose under high-rise development. The whole atmosphere of the city in the 1950s was a blend of energy and enervation. In retrospect it looks—and the culture that surrounded it seems—incomplete, either half-built or half-decayed, with energy seeping away even where it seemed abundant. (cf. Lesueur: "Third Avenue's The Bird Circuit of gay bars..." [Sex])

Mencken, pp. 186-91.

Oppen often specifically asked why we must look to Lever Brothers to provide the missing center that the city lacked. As Oppen's imagery suggests, Lever House cannot center the city's urban typology because it is merely a local address: it covers a single square block, containing some "thousand lives / Within that glass."

Friedberg, p. 133.

The lights that blaze and promise
Where are so many—What is offered

In the wall and nest of lights?
The land

Lacked center:
We must look to Lever Brothers

based in a square block, A thousand lives

Within that glass. What is the final meanings
Of extravagance? What are the office

Buildings, storehouses of papers,
The centers of extravagance?

Oppen, "Tourist," p. 27.

The "glass box" is the most maligned building idea of our time. It is also one of the best. Whatever its deficiencies, and there are many, due to the complex factors of architects who are less than perfectionists and businessmen who are less than philanthropists or sociologists, it is the genuine vernacular of the mid-20th century. It derives legitimately from Mies's masterful and meaningful innovations, and it serves legitimately the needs of a commercial society that builds on an industrial scale. It does this with sheer and brilliant modern magic

and with as much validity and suitability as the last great vernacular style, the Georgian.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 163.

It is now possible to live in Mies apartment houses in Chicago, Detroit, Newark, Montreal and Baltimore. It is not possible to do so in New York. (It remains a mystery how New York's status-symbol-conscious rich can continue to accept, at the nation's highest prices, residential architectural trash.)

Ibid., p. 164.

Corbusier: "The skyscrapers of New York are too small."
Corbusier, p. 51.

On the morning after my arrival in New York the New York Herald Tribune printed in big type, over my caricatured newspaper photograph:

FINDS AMERICAN SKYSCRAPERS MUCH TOO SMALL

Skyscrapers not big enough

Says Le Corbusier at first sight

Thinks they should be huge and a lot farther apart.

Ibid., p. 51.

The cardinal question asked of every traveler on his arrival is: "What do you think of New York?" Coolly I replied: "The skyscrapers are too small."

Ibid., p. 51.

Though its buildings are fabled to be awesomely tall, for Le Corbusier they're not tall enough. Because it's an unplanned city, the skyscrapers flaunt themselves as brainless exhibitions of physical prowess, mere "acrobatic feats."

Ibid., pp. 138-9.

Carl Ruggles, the futurist musical composer, whose immoderation in speech is the delight of his friends, made his first visit to New York some twenty years ago. When he returned to Cape Cod someone asked:

'What did you think of the sky-scrappers?'

'By the Lord," he replied, "I wished they were twenty times higher!'

Irwin, p. 16.

Schuyler criticized the tall new commercial buildings for being too tame, which was a reminder that the new technological advances were breeding certain expectations,

encouraging invention and originality.

Hawes, N. pag.

The New York skyscrapers are out of line with the rational skyscraper which I have called: the Cartesian skyscraper.

Corbusier, p. 51.

Jazz, like the skyscrapers, is an event and not a deliberately conceived creation. They represent the forces of today. The jazz is more advanced than the architecture. If architecture were at the point reached by jazz, it would be an incredible spectacle. I repeat: Manhattan is hot jazz in stone and steel.

Corbusier, p. 161.

Skyscrapers were the architecture of the future, just as cinema was the art of the future and jazz the music of the future. Today we know all about jazz; it is more a music of the past than of the future. It is a popular black music, capable of limited development, but in gentle decline. It has had its day. And the talkies have not fulfilled the promise of the silent films: Hollywood is stuck in a rut.

Sartre, p. 125.

The skyscraper is a light radiator.

Corbusier, p. 51.

Abstracted isolation.

Rock, p. xix.

Architecture is Manhattan's new religion.

Koolhaas, p. 21.

Skyscrapers: new white cathedrals. They are sublime, naive, touching, idiotic.

Corbusier, p. 56.

Ethereal lyricism.

Rock, p. xix.

Corbusier undoes Manhattanism with this 'tower-in-the-park' concept, as best expressed in the UN and Lincoln Center.

Koolhaas, p. 281.

Corbusier: "Skyscrapers are machines for making money."

Corbett, p. 225.

An aseptic skyscraper city, an immense machine for living.

Federal Writers, p. 13.

For Chtcheglov, Corbusier's city was not modern, it was already out of date. It was a product of a retrograde culture, lagging behind science. The physical world is no longer understood as an orderly geometry, but culture has yet to catch up. The purpose of technology is not to make a city purified of complexity, a Platonic form gleaming in the sun. Spirit is earthy, not heavenly; spirit is movement, not an ideal.

Wark, *Beach*, p. 20.

At the same time that its gridded exterior and glass-and-steel box structure finally realized the thirty-year-old utopistic ideas of Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier... At full scale, its primary building slab was also lifted on a base and turned at aright angle to the grand axis of Park Avenue, the traditional street—the *rue corridor*—so loathed by Le Corbusier to create a new urban order of individual, object-like buildings liberated in space and set apart from one another.

Bennett, *WWII*, p. 68.

Le Corbusier's ineffable space [*espace indicible*].

Richards, p. 141.

You are in it.

Corbusier, p. 90.

On a sunny day, Jones Beach transports us into the great romance of the Mediterranean, of Apollonian clarity, of perfect light without shadows, cosmic geometry, unbroken perspectives stretching onward toward an infinite horizon. This romance is at least as old as Plato. Its most passionate and influential modern devotee is Le Corbusier. [Antiquity]

Berman, *Solid*, p. 297.

Not the rational city but the playful city, not the city of work but the city of adventure. Not the city that conquers nature, but the city that opens towards the flux and change of the universe.

Wark, *Beach*, 19.

The skyscraper as a form has encouraged every species of romantic extravagance.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 68.

The Beaux-Arts Ball of 1931, "Fête Moderne—a Fantasia in Flame and Silver": In the main ballroom of the Hotel Astor ... A small-town Main Street was built as a midway but redesigned in the Cubist style, with modernist trees dotting the village green. An orchestra directed by the architect Kenneth Murchison consisted of pneumatic riveting machines, live steam pipes, ocean liner whistles and sledgehammers. A puppet show designed by the puppeteer and children's book illustrator Tony Sarg presented robots on strings with bodies of metal coils. Ballet dancers rendered a modernistic impression of the blues.

[...]

At least two dozen architects came dressed as buildings they had recently designed. These included Chester Aldrich as the Union Club, at 69th and Park, and William F. Lamb as the Empire State Building. Arthur J. Arwine, a heating contractor, came as a "low-pressure heating boiler." Murchison came as a model tenement.

But most architecture aficionados are familiar with only the well-known image of William Van Alen as his Chrysler Building.

But they all wore helmet-like constructions of the tops of the buildings they had designed.

A. Stewart Walker was completely hidden under the black and white ziggurat at the top of his Fuller Building, at 57th and Madison; Leonard Schultze wore the rocket-shaped crown of one of his Waldorf-Astoria towers; Ely Jacques Kahn peeked out from under the castlelike top of his Squibb Building, at 58th and Fifth; Ralph Walker wore the Art Deco tower of his building at 1 Wall Street; and Joseph Freedlander—one of the heads of the costume committee—looked pretty silly under the horizontal neo-Georgian pavilions of the Museum of the City of New York, at 103rd and Fifth.

They all played supporting roles to Van Alen, the star of the group, whose attire included a Buck Rogers-style cloak and boots, both made of patent leather and flame-colored silk, with flexible inlays of the same exotic woods used on the Chrysler Building's elevators. Indeed, his cloak was designed to emulate the design of the doors, and two shoulder ornaments replicated the eagle heads at the 61st-floor setbacks. On his head rose a strikingly dangerous-looking crown, the graduated layers of the

Chrysler tower itself rising to a spire, the ensemble at least four feet above his scalp.

Gray, "Beaux-Arts" N. pag.

It's the top of the world. All we can do is go round and round in a squirrel cage.

O'Connell, p. 141.

The skyscraper appears through a tracery of tree branches that domesticate the rude force of American capitalism.

Sharpe, p. 123.

Skyscrapers are not by day remarkable for grace or beauty of line, but by night under the electrician's skill, they were shown to be capable of transformations which suggested rather palaces and dreams than the sober realities of the modern Land of the Dollar. [Dream City]

Ibid., pp. 134-5.

Skyscrapers turn into sky shapers.

Ibid., p. 250.

Bernice Abbott: "Poetry in our crazy gadgets, our tools, our architecture."

Rock, p. 205.

Once the city is geared for and goaded to transport itself into the future, its buildings begin to resent their anchorage to the earth.

Conrad, p. 257.

Gertrude Stein: "It isn't the way they rise into the sky. It's the way they spring out of the ground."

no.cit.

Skyscrapers are an architectural accident. Imagine a man undergoing a mysterious disturbance of his organic life: the torso remains normal, but his legs become ten or twenty times too long.

Corbusier, p. 89.

Day after day in gray and desperate weather even, one can see its mystic aspiration above the skyscrapers of New York. Over our melancholy it rises high. It seems that we have taken root. The place has gotten a gravity that holds us. The suction outward has abated. No longer do we yearn

to quit New York. We are not drawn away. We are content to remain in New York.

Rosenfeld, p. 471.

Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs!

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 6.

They are the expression of "great movements"—the social and economic tug-of war of those "pull forces"—and they in turn discharge movement to their jagged or jittery surroundings. Their surfaces are warped or rippling. The Brooklyn Bridge is seen swaying... The World Trade Center towers twist in the wind.

Conrad, p. 131.

A skyscraper with a facade of oblong glass eyes. No longer blind, the building has become an ocular eminence.

Ibid., p. 85.

They were Manhattan's Rosetta Stone, the hieroglyphics of the modern American nation; skyscraper Manhattan offered the spectator the biggest sculpture, the largest-scale self-portrait yet seen in the world, a case study, one might say, set in stone.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 438.

The skyscrapers are greater than the architects.

Corbusier, p. 59.

In the metropolitan archipelago, each skyscraper—in the absence of real history—develops its own instantaneous "folklore."

Koolhaas, p. 296.

They aren't just gigantic; in an immense act of impersonation and appropriation, they play at being "giants."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 447.

Like airplanes, they offer a concrete expression of human ambition, an ambition to transcend the mundane, dirty, or slow. If the airplane or racing car was the era's purest expression of speed, the desire to overwhelm and annihilate space, the skyscraper was a materialization of pure direction.

Kingwell, p. 62.

Image literally outdistances actuality. They won't defer to our imagery; the best we can hope for is that we might be allowed to become images of them. The skyscraper betokens the re-arising of prostrated man. Its upper tiers reclaim the sky from which he has been hurled. Whereas the image tentatively reaches out toward the infinite, the skyscraper boldly reaches up to it. Its architecture is a ladder of evolutionary elevation.

Conrad, p. 209.

The perfection of cast iron in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the super-perfection of steel in the twentieth.

Kingwell, p. 77.

Every tycoon was a nascent skyscraper. Frank Woolworth and Frank Taft clambered to the tower of the Woolworth Building, shinning up ladders to scrawl their names on the rafters.

Conrad, p. 209.

The tall skyscraper is the businessman's toy, his plaything, his gewgaw; in an expansive mood, he calls it alternatively a temple or a cathedral, and he looks upon the romantic altitudinous disorder of a modern city with the same blissful feeling that the Victorian industrialist had for his factory chimneys, belching forth soot and foul gases. The skyscraper makes him feel prosperous even when he is losing money on it. In the interests of congestion, the businessman is willing to make the streets impassable, lose thousands of dollars a day in lost motion and delay, waste millions in building more subways to promote more congestion, and in general to put up with any and every sort of nuisance, so long as he can feed his inflated romantic dream.

Kingwell, p. 83.

Walking so small with the distant windowed mountains all around pointing in the sky. Climb up there and be rich.

Donleavy, N. pag.

It seems a misty architectural shape taking up into itself like individual building stones the skyscrapers, tenements, thoroughfares, and people; and with the mass of them erecting a tower higher than any of them, even the highest, toward the sky.

Rosenfeld, p. 470.

I wish the word "skyscraper" had not been invented for them; its suggestion is one of ugliness that makes the superior European hug himself for his superior virtues. He does not do anything ugly to the skies, he says. But these great, beautiful pinnacles aspire to the skies and the clouds caress them. It would indeed be better if the European would regard them as cloud-houses, though the term is too clumsy for everyday New York to use, the initial of the word in common use taking the sound along faster.

Ford, *America*, p. 74.

The violence of the name-gashing nature-gives permission for unbridled and unstoppable American ambition.

N. cit.

The American Will inhabits the skyscraper; the American Intellect inhabits the colonial mansion.

Hawes, p. 176.

Manhattan has been compelled to expand skyward because of the absence of any other direction in which to grow. This, more than any other thing, is responsible for its physical majesty. It is to the nation what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up.

White, *Here*, pp. 31.

At the base of these
square mountains
luminous boxes
there burst onto
the streets colored hair
Depero "24th Street," p. 429.

The age of the skyscraper is gone. This is the age of the housing project. Which is always a prelude to the age of the cave. This will be the last skyscraper built in New York... the last achievement of man on earth before mankind destroys itself.

Conrad, p. 209.

Setback

To a remarkable degree, New York's buildings have been shaped by its zoning code, and it by them. It was New York, indeed, that initiated the practice of zoning back in 1919,

and it has continued to be the most innovative of cities in that respect—ahead of all others, for ill or good, by about a decade. It is the shift from one zoning innovation to another that gives us our key to the city's postwar architecture: If you know the sequence of the shifts, you can look at a building and gauge its history with some accuracy.

In the late 1940s, zoning was quite prescriptive. Builders could pile up about as much bulk as they wanted to, but there were strict rules governing how the building had to be set back as it went up. Architects were customarily instructed to fill in the zoning envelope. They did so faithfully, producing a series of nearly identical buildings in the wedding cake, or ziggurat, form. Then, in 1958, a building came along that was to have a profound new influence on architecture and zoning: the Seagram Building, designed by Mies van der Rohe in collaboration with Philip Johnson. It was a pure tower, rising straight up and set at the rear of a broad plaza. The plaza, fronting on Park Avenue between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, proved—to the surprise of everyone, including the architects—to be immensely popular with lunchtime crowds searching for a place to sit, picnic, or sunbathe. New York City's planning commission thought it would be good to prod other architects and builders to provide similarly elegant structures and public spaces. Thus was born New York's incentive zoning. For the next ten years every builder who put up an office tower went for the plaza bonus, which allowed them to build higher as compensation for leaving more space open at ground level. In the process, more new open space was created than in all the country's other cities combined. Unhappily, many of the plazas were sterile and empty, neglecting such essentials as a place to sit. In 1975, however, zoning laws were changed so that essentials would be included. Before long, though, plazas were old hat; arcades, through-block corridors, covered pedestrian areas, and rooftop parks were in. Atriums were especially popular, in part because of the success of the atrium within the Citicorp Center at Lexington Avenue between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets. Before long, Midtown was awash with atrium projects. Some turned out well—indoor parks, essentially, with "waterwalls," cafés, and occasional entertainment. Others looked very much like big office building lobbies. Either way, the builders got lots of extra office space to rent.

Excess piled on excess. As more big buildings went up, east Midtown seemed as if it must soon tilt into the East River. One solution would have been for the builders to

head elsewhere—to the neglected west Midtown area, for example. But they didn't. Instead, they got the planning commission to modify the rules so that they could put up bigger buildings on smaller sites. This was done on a case-by-case basis, with much haggling back and forth. In the planners' lexicon, this came to be known as "fine tuning" or "sophisticated zoning." When you see an oversized building adorned with lots of greenhousery and skylights, you can bet it was built sometime between 1977 and 1981.

With bonuses for this and bonuses for that, and air rights as a kicker, developers began putting up "sliver" buildings. Ordinarily, very thin, tall buildings are uneconomical, amounting to mostly elevator banks and stairwells. But space was at a premium and the developers prevailed. If you see such a sliver—some thirty stories high but no wider than a brownstone, you can date its construction as 1981-1982.

WPA Guide, pp. xxiv-xxv.

Building setback laws occur the same time Cubism does.
no.cit.

The club sandwich is probably one of the best products of the synthetic meal mentality the gastronomic equivalent of the skyscraper in architecture. (cf. Parker: "Meals will largely consist of various pellets according to the hunger of the masses." [Food]) [City as Body]

Beaton, *New York*, p. 53.

The setbacks imposed by zoning regulations made the architect a carver. He must, Ferris said, "cut into the mass to admit light into the interior." Architecture is thus the ventilation of a geological solid, the erosion of a granite lump. When Ferriss declared that the skyscrapers were a "Grand Canyon," he meant the tribute quite specifically: both have been made by reduction, emptying, a sculptural discarding of matter."

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 66.

The city has been blossoming cantilevered fronts this past year.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 249.

Unlike the recent, harder-edged profiles of New York and other cities, the profusion of setback terraces softened the skyline, and textured it, but above all, gave it *life*, making it the public extension of ten thousand private—even intimate—realms.

Ibid., p. 250.

The tradition of these wide, setback terraces was about to come to an abrupt end; the city's new 1961 zoning law tossed out the older, stepped design for a new and very different model. Based on the same modernist prototype as the city's boxy new office buildings, apartment houses would now be fashioned as monolithic slabs, rising from sidewalk to roof in a straight line, with little or no variation from top to bottom. Just one element marked them as residential rather than commercial towers: the narrow balconies that were pasted onto the facade at every floor, running up the length of the building. Small and mean, open not to the sky but to the concrete underside of the identical balcony of the floor above, these appendages offered none of the amenities of traditional terraces; indeed, their endless repetition worked to make each apartment (and by extension its occupants) feel like an interchangeable cog in some vast, anonymous machine. If the traditional setback terraces brought profuse signs of human life to the top of each apartment house—while at the same time giving it a distinctively idiosyncratic and highly sculptural shape—the long vertical rows of pasted-on balconies worked only to emphasize (on the very face of the building, for all to see) an interminable, inhuman repetition of units within; an artless, mechanistic stacking of floors; a cookie-cutter mentality that made every new apartment house look just like every other one.

Koolhaas, p. 82.

Architecture should not be humanized.

Baudrillard, *America*, p. 17.

Poetry says Epstein along with me is no longer in mythology, not in the lives

of saints nor in the museum

It's right at hand in railway stations and piers

de Torre, "Mental Diagram," p. 459.

Huxtable's quote is in line with the idea that nobody knows the names of the architects of the Empire State Building: "It is perhaps inconsistent that New Yorkers, who have such a love for celebrities, do not know the names of their most brilliant architects. But it is the fault of the architect... He has succeeded in making some of the biggest buildings in the world ordinary and inconsequential."

[Empire State Building]

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 81.

Rockefeller Center is a masterpiece without genius. (cf. Kingwell "Most people, when asked, cannot name the architects of the Empire State Building, nor do they much care." [Empire State Building])

Koolhaas, p. 178.

All that solid brick and stone means nothing. Concrete is as evanescent as air. The monuments of our civilization stand, usually, on negotiated real estate; their value goes down as land value goes up... In addition to land economics, buildings, even great ones, become obsolete. Their functions and technology date. They reach a point of comparative inefficiency, and inefficiency today is both a financial and a mortal sin.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 85.

My father and most "sound" businessmen considered the purchase of an apartment, which they called "a hole in the air," to be a gambling venture as unwise as playing the market.

Hawes, N. pag.

Space has no meaning without scale, containment, boundaries and direction.

no.cit.

The loose nosegay of architectural flowers.

James, "American," p. 373.

Adorno: "[Great] architecture asks how a specific purpose can become space, through which forms and materials, all these moments are reciprocally related to each other. Architectural fantasy would thus be the ability to articulate space through the sense of function, and let the sense of function become space; to translate purposes into formal structures."

Wellmer, p. 277

The turning away from any straightforward consideration of buildings and from the immediacy of such an experience toward a consideration of the very experience in which buildings are given.

Gasche, p. 13.

Builders, notoriously, are not urbanists.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 86.

On Madison you pass a construction site, walled in by acres of plywood on which the faces of various rock stars and Mary O'Brien McCann are plastered. Thirty stories above you, a crane dangles an I-beam over the street beside the skeleton of a new building. From the sidewalk the crane looks like a toy, but a few months back you read about a pedestrian who was killed at this site when a cable broke. DEATH FALLS FROM SKY, the *Post* said.

McInerney, p. 66.

An army of men, bare to the waist, operate pneumatic drills that shatter the seemingly unshatterable air. The men, raising their voices above the voices of the drills, shout angrily at one another and enter into vigorous altercations with the foremen. Others pour lakes of hot tar, or some mixture that looks and smells like hot tar. Smoking-hot tar spreads menacingly all over the place. Steam rollers, driven by irate men who peer out furiously and shout at everybody, roll with a horrible clanking and groaning and steaming. Nobody in the neighborhood can remember when these construction men were not in the process of constructing. The whole area settles down, grits its collective teeth and tries to endure.

Atkinson, p. 37.

Skyscrapers exist in time—complete even to renting offices—months before they appear in space!

That is, after the ghostly first building is all completed, on a time schedule, the pig iron to be used in the more tangible version still lies in the mill yards and the limestone in the quarries. Even the bricks are only red clay at this juncture.

Yet every joining of stone and steel, every laborer and exact payment, every delay has been accurately blue-printed.

Moreover, the real structure moves upward exactly as its paper shadow has prognosticated. (cf. Koolhaas & Kingwell on [Empire State Building's] mechanized construction.)

Joseph, p. 60.

Something had been torn down; something was being put up, but the steel structure had only just risen above the sidewalk fence and daylight poured through the gap.

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," pp. 28-34.

The buildings make way for the sky, and the frame of a tower under construction, ignited by the sun on its steel, seems to catch fire.

Conrad, p. 83.

The light from the street yellowed faintly a big sign on which was a picture of a skyscraper, white with black windows against blue sky and white clouds. SEGAL AND HAYNES will erect on this site a modern up-to-date TWENTY-FOUR STORY OFFICE BUILDING open for occupancy January 1915 renting space still available inquire.

Dos Passos, p. 192.

Machine Age Temples

Rockefeller Center is the fulfillment of the promise of Manhattan. All paradoxes have been resolved.

From now on the Metropolis is perfect.

Beauty, utility, dignity and service are to be combined in the completed project. Rockefeller Center is not Greek, but it suggests the balance of Greek architecture. It is not Babylonian, but it retains the flavor of Babylon's magnificence. It is not Roman, yet it has Rome's enduring qualities of mass and strength. Nor is it the Taj Mahal, which it resembles in mass-composition, though in it has been caught the spirit of the Taj—aloof, generous in space, quieting in its serenity.

The Taj Mahal lies in solitary grandeur on the shimmering bank of the Jumna River. Rockefeller Center will stand in the mid-stream rush of New York. The Taj is like an oasis in the jungle, its whiteness tense against the gloomy greenness of the forest. Rockefeller Center will be a beautiful entity in the swirling life of a great metropolis—its cool heights standing out against the agitated man-made skyline. And yet the two, far apart in site and surroundings, are akin in spirit.

The Taj, in tribute to pure beauty, was designed as a temple, a shrine. Rockefeller Center, conceived in the same spirit of aesthetic devotion, is designed to satisfy, in pattern and in service, the many-sided spirit of our civilization. By solving its own varied problems, by bringing beauty and business into closer companionship, it promises a significant contribution to the city planning of an unfolding future. [Antiquity] [World City]

Koolhaas, p. 207.

Radio City Music Hall: Its elaborate facilities include dormitories, a small hospital, rehearsal rooms, a

gymnasium, an art department, costume workshops. There is Radio City Symphony and a permanent troupe of 64 female dancers—the Roxyettes, all between 5'4" and 5'7"—a scriptless chorus line without any action to sustain. Furthermore, there is a menagerie—horses, cows, goats and other animals. They live in ultramodern stables, artificially lit and ventilated; an animal elevator—dimensioned to carry even elephants—not only deposits them on the stage but also on a special grazing ground on Radio City's roof. Finally, there is Roxy's own apartment fitted in between the roof trusses of his theater. It is round, all white plaster and the walls describe a parabola to meet in a domed top. The whole thing is really breathless—vague, spaceless, timeless. Makes you feel like an unhatched chicken looking up at the top of his eggshell. To make the whole thing even more fantastic, there are telephone dials in the walls. When you turn a dial, a red light starts to flash on and off—something to do with radio. But most painfully inactive is the colossal theatrical machine, the most complete mechanical installation in the world, including a revolving stage; three manipulable sections of stage flooring; a power-driven orchestral dais; a tank; an electrically draped curtain; seventy-five rows of fly lines for its scenery, ten of which are electrically operated; a cyclorama 117 feet by 75; six horns for motion pictures and two motion picture projection sheets; a fountain in the middle of the revolving stage which can be used for water effects while the turntable is in motion; a public-address system for amplifying speech and producing thunder and wind effects (played from records with fifty-four ribbon type); semi-invisible microphones on the stage, in the footlights, in the orchestra pit and in the sub-basement and an amplifier and six loudspeakers concealed above the proscenium; a monitor system in connection with the public address system which reproduces words spoken on the stage in the projection booths and the director's office and even in the foyer and lobbies if desired, and which also carries the directions of the stage manager to the dressing rooms and electrical stations; an elaborate lighting system with six motor-operated light bridges over the stage, each 104 feet long, from which lens units and floods can be used for special lighting; eight portable sixteen-floor lighting towers; four spotting galleries, two on each side of the stage, and a spotting booth in the auditorium ceiling; a cyclorama strip in the floor and a floor battery of self-leveling, disappearing footlights; six projection machines, four effect machines and the usual, or rather more than usual, complication of controls. (cf. Globe Tower)

Ibid., pp. 213-14.

Almost without seeing daylight it would be possible to breakfast, shop, visit the consulates of six different countries, procure a passport, visit the Science Museum, lunch, enjoy movies projected on to the largest screen in the world, watch the radio performances of the National Broadcasting Company, have a hair-cut, skate, dine and dance here all in one day... from now on each new building.. strives to be "a City within a City."

Ibid., p. 89.

It was by the canons of Cloudcuckooland that Radio City was designed.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 58.

Rockefeller Center is the most mature demonstration of Manhattanism's unspoken theory of the simultaneous existence of different programs on a single site, connected only by the common data of elevators, service cores, columns and external envelope.

Koolhaas, p. 197.

Beyond, however, is the new pinnacle of Rockefeller Center, lit from below, from within, and from behind by the setting sun, which also gilds the clouds. Reading from right to left, the eye advances from black by way of Rockefeller Center's gray to the white of the sky. Its passage is a triumphant ascent toward the heavenly city, hovering there in midair on the other side of Fifth Avenue.
[Cosmic]

Conrad, pp. 83-5.

Rockefeller Center has now reached a convenient halfway point in its construction. The mice have labored, and they have brought forth their mountain. It was the Rockefeller Center building that pleased me most. . . . Alice Toklas said it is not the way they go into the air but the way they come out of the ground that is the thing. (cf. quote attributed to Stein-Irwin: "As Gertrude Stein, futurist poet, says..." See above.)

Sharpe, p. 247.

The name Radio City derives from the fact that, at an early stage in the project, someone had the notion of dedicating this site to radio broadcasting, and with the prospect of television not very distant, had conceived of

putting vaudeville theatres and the Metropolitan Opera House on the same site.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 54.

In the first announcements about Radio City it was pointed out that Mr. Rockefeller, after a winter out in Egypt, had suggested an Egyptian style of architecture for the steel-framed skyscrapers which the practical men assigned to the site... No one thought of a Pyramid or tried to render it, to suit modern urban conditions, as a Babylonian zikkurat. [Antiquity]

Ibid., p. 56.

When the plans for Radio City were first announced a healthy reaction expressed itself: no one liked them.

Ibid., p. 54.

Architecturally, in short, Rockefeller Center is much ado about nothing. It lacks the distinction, the strength, the confidence of good architecture just because it lacks any solidness of purpose and sincerity of intention. On the one hand, the projectors have eaten into a colossal fortune with a series of bad guesses, blind stabs, and grandiose inanities; on the other, they have trimmed and played for a decent mediocrity. And the whole effect of the Center is mediocrity—seen through a magnifying glass.

Ibid., p. 109.

The elemental divinities of wind and wave that romp along Radio City are its messengers, through whom it will radiate into the air.

Conrad, p. 257.

At last I have found something to admire in Rockefeller Center, and I hasten to express my feelings before any changes are made.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 137.

Radio City's air conditioning was laced with ozone, to make the audience feel more happy. But not with laughing gas as its creator Samuel Rothafel had originally proposed.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 222.

An early name for Rockefeller Center was Rockefeller City.

no.cit.

But the apogee of his cleansed and hermetically sealed New York is Radio City, where he goes with Léger to make a broadcast. As its name proclaims, it's a city within—and immunized against—the city. It's installed "in one of the skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center," safe from the savage, infested outdoors.

Conrad, p. 137-8.

Radio City is a machine age temple installed in one of the skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center.

Corbusier, p. 33.

The Center is the apotheosis of the Vertical Schism: Rockefeller Center = Beaux-Arts + Dreamland + the electronic future + the Reconstructed Past + the European Future, "the maximum of congestion" combined with "the maximum of light and space," "as beautiful as possible consistent with the maximum income that should be developed"

Koolhaas, p. 207.

City Under One Roof

The tendency is toward related communities in the city—communities whose activities are confined within certain areas whose traffic does not need to travel distant streets to collect supplies and orders. It seems to me that the salvation of New York depends on the wider application of this principle... In Hood's "City Under One Roof," all the movement that contributes to congestion—horizontally across the surface of the earth—is replaced by vertical movement inside buildings, where it causes decongestion.

Koolhaas, p. 174.

Every business man in the city must at some time have realized what an advantage it would be to live in the building where his office is located... Put this worker in a unified scheme and he need hardly put his feet on the sidewalk during the entire day. His business, his lunch, his club and his apartment are all in the same building. The time he saves goes either into recreation or into greater production.

Hood, p. 195.

Sounding much like Bix Beiderbecke, Raymond Hood pledges not to build the same building twice.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 451.

Hood builds what Hood feels; it's the jazz ethos; his large office staff resembled a jazz band more than a bureaucracy; work was done in the ferment of creative chaos.

Ibid., p. 453.

He welcomed the absence of tradition manifest in the skyscrapers. He was New York—its people and buildings crowded every which way on an irregular non-gridlike grid, constantly shoved into instant closeups and surprising long-shot vistas—as an unending exercise in shifting perspectives as stimulation... Pressed to define his style, he responded "I am as much in the air about style as I am about everything else." Hood wore his hair cropped; it looked, in the words of *The New Yorker*, like "a shock of amazing gray-black bristles sticking straight up in the air." He built and flew endless kites and he loved to set off firecrackers and watch their aerial pyrotechnics. "In the air," in the American air, was just the place Raymond Hood wanted to be. [Grid] [Air]

Ibid., p. 453.

In postwar Manhattan, Lincoln Center is doomed to be one project only. It has no Beaux-Arts basement, no parks on the tenth floor—no tenth floor—and missing most of all are the commercial superstructures of the skyscrapers.

Koolhaas, p. 289.

City as building: "The girders and the roofs of the elevated railways often amount to a continuous awning, running the whole length of a street, and you can see neither the sky nor the houses to the side. There is just the thundering of the trains above your head, and the thundering of the heavy traffic in front of your nose—chunterings, of which you really can't make out as much as a word. In order not to lose the art of moving your lips, it only remains to chew silently the American cud—chewing gum." [Sound]

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 48.

My ideal city would be one long Main Street with no cross streets or side streets to jam up traffic. Just one long one-way street. With one tall vertical building where everybody lived with:

One elevator

One doorman
One mailbox
One washing machine
One garbage can
One tree out front
One movie theater next door.
Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 156.

City Under One Roof: Hotel

These facilities are atomized and scattered throughout the structure in optimal locations for serving the farthest reaches of the building. Instead of a kitchen, the Waldorf has a system of kitchens. The main station is located on the second floor; from there octopus-like tentacles in the form of service pantries are extended in all directions providing contact with all the Rooms and innumerable private dining rooms on the 3rd and 4th floors. On the 19th floor, in the residential part, is a Home Kitchen where all the cooking is done by women... "Suppose that you want a dinner in your own language? Instead of the exotic masterpiece of a French chef, you may pine for your country ham and eggs, or Vermont cakes and maple syrup... It is for that reason that I put a home kitchen in the Waldorf. There are times that we all long for everyday food, so for instance if you wake up feeling hungry for chicken dumplings, or cherry pie, you simply call the American kitchen..."

The concept of Room Service is also elevated. For the benefit of those guests who choose to remain in the tower rather than descend to the living floors, it is transformed into a transcendental service that offers each visitor a choice between remaining a provincial or becoming a cosmopolite without ever leaving his room. All these services are orchestrated and coordinated by means of the telephone, which becomes an extension of the architecture. The volume of telephone calls and special services rendered by telephone to the Waldorf's guests requires equipment that is extensive enough to serve a city with a population of more than 50,000.

Through all these revolutionary arrangements and the facilities that take care of elaborate private or public functions—balls, banquets, expositions, concerts, theatrical performances—all of them in self-contained spaces that include halls, theater, restaurants, cloakrooms, dance floors, etc., the Waldorf-Astoria becomes

the social and civic center which it is today: Manhattan's first Skyscraper House. [Food] [Technology]

Koolhaas, p. 148.

The munificence of its culture-loving patrons has finally made possible the subsidized existence of an opera *only*, a theatre *only*, a philharmonic *only*. Culture lovers have paid for the dissolution of Manhattanism's poetic density. Through its amnesia, Manhattan no longer supports an infinite number of superimposed and unpredictable activities on a single site; it has regressed back to the clarity and predictability of univalence—to the known.

Ibid., p. 289.

At the turn of the century, the hotel emerges as the mode of public discourse.

no.cit.

With the Waldorf, the Hotel itself become a movie, featuring the guests as stars and the personnel as a discreet coat-tiled chorus of extras.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 293.

The hotel as glittering theater.

Hawes, N. pag.

The evolution of the Empire State Building site from dual private homes, to joined home, to hotel, to Empire State Building. Waldorf-Astoria becomes early example of isolated self-contained island of congestion.

Koolhaas, p. 289.

The old Waldorf Astoria, which was demolished to make way for the Empire State Building, was dumped into the sea five miles off Sandy Hook. The destruction of the Waldorf was planned as part of the construction of the Empire State Building.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 437.

The electrically retractable Starlight Roof rejected a building's need to be and to have a sheltering canopy. Since the Waldorf was conceived to be in motion, its roof became a disposable hood, like that of a convertible car, rolled back to allow union with the element through which the building fancied itself to be speeding.

Conrad, p. 258.

The Waldorf had its own hedonistically revolving cosmic totem, a rug by Louis Rigal inside the Park Avenue foyer representing "The Wheel of Life." You climbed aboard its dizzy circle, metaphorically at least, when you checked into the hotel. Such items of decor cast the buildings as autonomous worlds voyaging through space. Veined with pneumatic tubes, internally wired by 2700 telephones and a switchboard which was said in 1939 to be "large enough for a good-sized city," transmitting messages through itself by electrical impulse, receiving dictation on its clattering teletype machines or dispatching radio signals to the air, the Waldorf seemed to have encompassed first New York and then the planet.

Ibid., p. 261.

"We've sat in hotel lobbies all over the world, and it's always nice," I said. The lobbies are always the best-looking place in the hotel—you wish you could bring out a cot and sleep in them. Compared to the lobby, your room always looks like a closet.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p.165.

Some of the Plaza suites have been done over by occupants of days gone by and the decorations remain for transients to enjoy. One gentleman whose fortunes melted away over night, left a fireplace transplanted from a Florentine Palace. [Psychogeography]

Josephy, p. 195.

Office

Since I began rightly to understand this cliff city, I look upon every casual visit to an unknown office as an adventure. There they stand, window after window up a thrust of thirty or forty stories, just alike. The elevator doors, opening to discharge passengers, reveal only white corridors and uniform doors of mahogany or oak or green-painted steel. As Gertrude Stein, futurist poet, says in her masterpiece on the Bon Marché, "One, one, there are many of them. Each is like the other." Within, you feel, must be the same neat, sanitary uniformity—steel or near-mahogany desks and chairs of the latest fashion in office furniture; rows of scrubbed clerks and well powdered stenographers, all cut from the same pattern. (cf. quote attributed to Toklas—Sharpe: "Alice Toklas said it is not the way they go into the air ..." see below.)

Irwin, p. 49-50.

It is just an office building, capable of being divided into a maximum number of cubicles.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 68.

Seen as terrain, the office floor resembles a series of concentric rings, nestled one into another. The innermost space, the building's core, held only the elevators and mechanical areas and is thus not contested. Surrounding the core is a ring of open floor area—"the bullpen"—given over to junior employees. Open and undivided (except by low partitions), it is noisy and lacks privacy. It offers no windows or view, looking out only upon the walls and doors of the floor's third and outermost ring: the private offices reserved for the corporate elite. These offices have actual walls. They are quiet. And occupying the perimeter of each floor, they—and only they—have authentic windows, and real views... After the war, central air-conditioning, fluorescent lighting, and a new zoning law allows office floors to become as large as desired—which turns out to be large indeed. Broad interior vistas became common with the advent of "open office" design with its low, flexible partitions. The same wide office floors that cause the building's exterior to balloon from a slender pinnacle to an ungainly box has an additional consequence: creating a vast interior field of space in which to play our a shot of stories. The scene suddenly shifts, from the outside in.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, pp. 136-7.

For a while our 1,200,000 square feet of rentable area seemed almost like a new continent, so vast and vacant were its many floors.

Koolhaas, p. 88.

In the winter you can almost hear the tides of information flowing through the rooms and corridors.

Atkinson, p. 214.

I swam into the swift current of stenos and clerks and moved along with them as though my destination was still the same as their own. I felt that I could enter any building, go up in any elevator and get off at any floor. Then I could enter any office, go to the files and put my hand immediately upon that folder of correspondence that had been missing for days. I felt that with no effort I could dictate a soothing letter to that irate customer in

Omaha that would make all serene once more. I felt that more than likely the girl at the switchboard, catching sight of me, might say, "Thank God, you're back! Here, take the board a minute. I'm dying for a butt."

Ibid., p. 100.

You can smell the newness, and it looks like a floor in any modern office building: polished vinyl-tiled corridors under a string of skylights; beige-painted walls with stenciled black arrows indicating groups of office numbers; looped fire hoses behind glass; occasional drinking fountains; numbered flush doors each with a black-and-white plastic name-plate fastened to the wall beside it.

Finney, p. 30.

The corporate epicenter is moving north, to Midtown—a place so far away, in commercial terms that it might as well be a separate city. The new corporate showplaces in Midtown—with their enormous windows, wide-open floor spaces, and, perhaps the most glorious, central air conditioning—leave the downtown towers looking like quaint but shopworn antiques.

Glanz, p. 9.

In Guglielmi's "Nocturne" (1931), the navigator on his column in Columbus Circle plaintively confronts the featureless pile of the General Motors Headquarters.

Conrad, p. 112.

515 Madison Avenue
door to heaven? portal
stopped realities and eternal licentiousness
or at least the jungle of impossible eagerness
your marble is bronze and your lianas elevator cables
swinging from the myth of ascending
I would join
or declining the challenge of racial attractions
they zing on (into the lynch, dear friends)
while everywhere love is breathing draftily
like a doorway linking 53rd with 54th
the east-bound with the west-bound traffic by 8,000,000s
o midtown tunnels and the tunnels, too, of Holland
O'Hara, p. 325.

515 Madison, DuMont Building. A 1931 art deco office building on 53rd and Madison... One of the building's most distinctive features is a broadcasting antenna that traces back to the building's role in the first television

broadcasts of WNYW in 1938. In 1938, Allen B. DuMont began broadcasting experimental television W2XWV from the building. In 1944, the station became WABD, named for his initials. The station was one of the few that continued to broadcast through World War II. The broadcast of news about the dropping of the atomic bomb on Nagasaki in 1945 was considered the beginning of the DuMont Television Network.

"DuMont Building," N. pag.

Verticality

In the era of the staircase, all floors above the second were considered unfit for commercial purposes, and all those above the fifth, uninhabitable. Since the 1870s in Manhattan, the elevator has been the great emancipator of all horizontal surfaces above the ground floor. Otis' apparatus recovers the uncounted planes that have been floating in the thin air of speculation and reveals their superiority in a metropolitan paradox: the greater the distance from the earth, the closer the communication with what remains of nature (i.e., light and air). The elevator is the ultimate self-fulfilling prophecy: the further it goes up, the more undesirable the circumstances it leaves behind. It also establishes a direct relationship between repetition and architectural quality: the greater the number of floors stacked around the shaft, the more spontaneously they congeal into a single form. The elevator generates the first aesthetic based on the absence of articulation. In the early 1880s the elevator meets the steel frame, able to support the newly discovered territories without itself taking up space. Through the mutual reinforcement of these two breakthroughs, any given site can now be multiplied ad infinitum to produce the proliferation of floor space called Skyscraper. [Nature] [Light] [Air]

Koolhaas, p. 82.

You enter: when you are three feet away from the entrance you have chosen, the door opens of its own accord. You are going out; the door opens again. What is the intelligence breathed into so many doors across the entrance? They explain: notice the glass bulb which appears in front of each door, on the level of your hips; an invisible infrared ray radiates from it horizontally; when you step within three feet of the door, your body intercepts the invisible ray; an electric circuit is

established which operates an opening mechanism. It will open thus, automatically, ten thousand times a day if necessary.

Corbusier, p. 62.

Obviously there is no limit, within the realm of practical possibility, to the velocity at which an elevator can travel... from the view point of a passenger, boxed in a car running on well aligned, well lubricated guides. It seems no different to him whether he be traveling at 200 feet per minute or 2,000 feet per minute, provided only that the velocity be constant. High speed vertical transportation differs from high speed horizontal transportation in two important items. The distance we travel horizontally, at a given velocity, is not a matter of moment. But, due to the effect of variable air pressure, the distance we travel vertically, at a given velocity, may be a matter of considerable momentum, particularly to people with weak hearts or otherwise sensitive to such changes... The question is how fast can we safely drop a man through a given change in air pressure? At the present time it is possible to travel a thousand feet vertically at 1,000 feet per minute with no more discomfort than may be cured by one or two swallows to relieve the pressure on the ear drums. It is interesting to note, however, that a few immediate successive round trips in such an installation result in violent seasickness to those who are either not immune or not accustomed to continuous seesawing between one air pressure and another, though the difference may be only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of water pressure, as between the eightieth and the ground floors of the Empire State Building.

Reisenberg, pp. 74-5.

Everything about the vertical-aspiration, hierarchies, the Chrysler Building-is being replaced by the modular ideation in the immense Los Angeles interlock. We still dream in and of New York, but the paramount aggregate has gone to L.A.

McCourt, p. 39.

The infinity of crystal buildings-vertical villages-capped by domes of agricultural stations, traverses convulsive dynamism of clear rectilinear avenues.

de Torre, "Upon Landing," p. 58.

In America the elevators do work, just as the water in the pipes, the lighting of the streets work, as do the trains in the stations, etc... It is something that has been

accomplished; there is no longer any discussion about it.
[Plumbing] [Streets]

Corbusier, p. 62.

I live at an altitude of seventy-two feet while my friend Harrison works at a height of eight hundred and twenty feet in Rockefeller Center. And when we take the elevator at the same moment, we arrive at our doors at the same time, in forty-five seconds.

Ibid., p. 58.

Dwelling Machines

The New York house: 20 or 25' wide, but two rooms deep.
Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 31

If an Englishman's home is his castle, a New Yorker's apartment is his fallout shelter.

Blandford, p. 34.

Vogue magazine runs an article entitled, "The Rise of the Walkup." People who once lived in Fifth Avenue town houses or Park Avenue apartments have moved into tenements, says *Vogue*, and praises them for "living gallantly in simplicity and liking it."

Trager, p. 479.

If the modern apartment building was, in Le Corbusier's terms, a 'dwelling machine,' it was also a viewing machine.
no.cit.

The wonder, really, is that there are any low buildings at all in Manhattan. Many of them were restricted not by desire but by material constraint. The six or eight stories of many residential blocks in Lower Manhattan is a function of human fatigue, since a walk-up—the casual-sounding name, as if everything to do with it were a sort of stroll, for a building without an elevator—cannot demand too much from its tenants' legs and lungs.

Kingwell, p. 65.

Often the dwellers in other American cities may escape to a small garden plot, to the open road, to playing fields, even to mere restful idleness among quiet houses and streets whose tree-lined aspect offers relief from the grimness of factories and the austerity of office

buildings. The New Yorker lacks such workaday variety. The end of his day's work, or his day's search for work, brings no relief. On the contrary, it intensifies his feeling of oppressive concern.

The sense of physical confinement that lurks in a removed corner of his consciousness during the day becomes overwhelming as he goes down into the crowded subway. Even his cramped living quarters offers no room for the unbending of his weary spirit. The apartment houses in which he lives are as closely packed as the office buildings where he works. The tenements look as grim as the factories. His mild but recurrent claustrophobia is fully roused by the time he has finished his evening meal; and the habit of a narrow but intense physical activity urges him like a drug. Where to go?

Federal Writers, p. 286.

Eventually, when New York was built and its population was settled, individual apartment buildings would not catch the attention like odd or flamboyant people. The eye would have grown nonchalant. The mind would be preoccupied. Apartment houses would be simply housing or real estate.

Hawes, N.pag.

The rule of thumb seemed to be the more modest the building, the more esoteric the name and claim. Exotic names of early apartment buildings: The Sunnycrest and The Ogontz, The Veronique and The Hyperion; The Sandringham, The Bertha, The Marimpol Court; a block comprised of The Fanta, The Huldana, The Helena, and The Sigfried; The Nottingham, The Mannados, The King, The Zenobia, The Clifden, The Dreadnaught.

Hawes, N.pag.

The townhouse, built on East 38th Street as a swank cooperative and charming in its exterior and interior modernism, doesn't go at all until some blurb writer has the inspired idea of naming the apartments and describing them as though they were human. Immediately crowds come to view—and rent—"Harry" and "Creighton."

Joseph, p. 235.

People living in apartments, continually glancing up at the rising masses of residential buildings, or glancing out at a strange new geometry, were quietly revising their psyches. They were beginning to realize the advantages of height. [Grid] [Panorama]

Hawes, N. pag.

Once it had been the tall and ungainly new apartment house that was a self-conscious presence in the urban landscape. Now it is the old brownstone manse that is beginning to look awkward and isolated, like a survivor—brave, vulnerable, and no longer indomitable.

Ibid.,

The fear of sunlight and air, which we quaintly think of as confined to the French, is beginning to disappear among the well-to-do, who have so often been content with dark, back-to-back houses and apartments which differed only in price, space, and internal cleanliness from our worst slums.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 74.

When one thinks of their airless back rooms, untouched by daylight, whose hangings are always drawn in order to keep the occupants from staring at the blank wall ten feet away, one wonders that more murders are not committed there. Or perhaps that's the reason so many murders are committed there.

Ibid., p. 117.

To overcome the base deficiencies of the building, we shall call in the services of a fashionable architect, he will arrange the scenery to persuade his client that he is a Spanish ambassador, an Italian prince, or a medieval English baron—but woe to the poor client if he takes it into his head to draw back the hangings and look out the window. The chances are that he will find himself facing directly a blank honeycomb of windows: the virtues of a Park Avenue apartment are those of an honest barracks.

Mumford, "Intolerable," pp. 283-93.

Sutton Place building code: no windows north are allowed. (cf. Monaghan: "There are no windows in Fair-built buildings" [World's Fair 1939])

Hawes, N. pag.

The skyscraper should not have offices on the north side.

Corbusier, p. 51.

The apartment house as an expression of "modernized existence."

Hawes, N. pag.

You can still call down to a neighbor through the dumbwaiter shaft.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

The meaning of the doorway.

Arnett, N. pag.

Stairs are novelties.

White, p. xix.

For two and a half months I did not see a stairway in America! They are something that has been buried. They exist nevertheless, off each corridor, but hidden behind a door that you are not supposed to open. There is a lighted sign above the door: Exit. The stair can be used in case of panic or fire. But there are no fires in skyscrapers. Already they are large enough to have their own public services, including firemen. And there are fire extinguishers, hydrants, all the necessary preventive devices. How beautiful, clean, gleaming, this apartment is, and always kept in good order and ready to use!

Corbusier, p. 61.

What makes New York so dreadful, I believe, is mainly the fact that the vast majority of its people have been forced to rid themselves of one of the oldest and most powerful of human instincts—the instinct to make a permanent home. Crowded, shoved about and exploited without mercy, they have lost the feeling that any part of the earth belongs to them, and so they simply camp out like hoboes, waiting for the constables to rush in and chase them away. I am not speaking here of the poor (God knows how they exist in New York at all!): I am speaking of the well-to-do, even of the rich. The very richest man, in New York, is never quite sure that the house he lives in now will be his next year—that he will be able to resist the constant pressure of business expansion and rising land values. I have known actual millionaires to be chased out of their homes in this way, and forced into apartments. Here in Baltimore, of course, the same pressure exists, but it is not oppressive, for the householder can meet it by yielding to it half-way. It may force him into the suburbs, even into the adjacent country, but he is still in direct contact with the city, sharing in its life, and wherever he lands he may make a stand. But on Manhattan Island he is quickly brought up by rivers, and once he has crossed them he may as well move to Syracuse or Trenton.

Nine times out of ten he tries to avoid crossing them. That is, he moves into meaner quarters on the island itself, and pays more for them. His house gives way to a large flat—one offering the same room for his goods and chattels that his house offered have vanished. A few years more, and he is in three or four rooms. Finally, he lands in a hotel. At this point he ceases to exist as the head of a house. His quarters are precisely like the quarters of 50,000 other men. The front he presents to the world is simply an anonymous door on a gloomy corridor. Inside, he lives like a sardine in a can.

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, p. 191.

The seasoned families will never live on apartment-house terms, like larvae in a honey-comb.

Irwin, p. 221.

The very rich do not wish to live in apartment houses, nor near apartment houses, and they do not like their effect on the city so they go about buying up lots to protect against projected development. Even talk of an apartment house in the vicinity throws the old guard into a panic.

Hawes, N. pag.

The apartment house as destroyer of social order: "Bring together in a single tenement-house a score of families enjoying equal incomes, each of which has hitherto lived in comfort and contentment in an isolated dwelling, and then add a family whose heads enjoy a better income, or, being of a more reckless nature, are willing to take all sorts of risk for the sake of cutting a dash, shortly thereafter, peace and comfort will vanish from most of the other twenty families, each of whom, disliking to be outshone, will also try to make a splurge and will sacrifice its children's rights to a 'plush rocker,' a piano, or a too expensive dress. That means debt, sooner or later, and debt too often means drink."

Hawes, N. pag.

At a party Paul meets a novelist he has long admired. "When I'm working," she tells him, "I can disappear into my study and not come out... for days." As it happens the novelist is married to a stockbroker, and lives on Central Park West. How enviously Paul envisions her study, its walls upholstered in some quieting damask fabric, its capacious oak desk overlooking the Park.

Leavitt, p. 109.

A friend tells me of his grandmother, who lived in a tiny Bronx apartment, dreamed of opening her linen closet and stepping into a paradise of clean, well-lighted space. Bahrapour, p. 101.

One evening when I was still living at Grand Street and Monroe, Isamu Noguchi came to visit me.

There was nothing in the room (no furniture, no paintings).

The floor was covered, wall to wall, with cocoa matting.

The windows had no curtains, no drapes.

Isamu Noguchi said, "An old shoe would look beautiful in this room."

Cage, *Indeterminacy*, N. pag.

The architects of the Alwyn, were so pleased with their floor plans that they cautioned the industry against plagiarism under the threat of lawsuit.

Hawes, N. pag.

Developers of Rosario Candela's luxury buildings called their offerings "country houses."

Ibid.

Rosario Candela did the crossword puzzle in ink.

Gross, p. 38.

Candela's windows are perfectly framed in doorways, allowing maximum daylight.

Ibid., p. 40.

Oldenburg: "New York is my favorite room."

Conrad, p. 316.

The lobby was done in plush, gilt and leather. From the ceiling ancient gas fixtures had been converted to electricity whose yellow bulbs did little to brighten the mortuary effect of the mahogany-paneled walls. The pictures spotted around the place showed the city of long ago when it was at peace with itself.

Spillane, p. 323.

Once all the rental buildings along the street had brass accessories, upholstered armchairs in their downstairs lobbies and thick, rich carpets leading to wood paneled elevators. Now but one carpet remains, cherished by the proud super to whose care it has been entrusted, while the

rest must accept a life of plastic-covered banquettes, rubber mats and bare stone floors dictated by those who gather the rent.

Bladford, p. 31.

October 1: Moving Day.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 292.

It never ceased to astonish me that some of the most luxurious apartments in the world are being constructed in the east and west 80s and 90s, while a few hundred yards away fester the slums of Harlem. New Yorkers blinker themselves against this, unless they travel by the commuter trains that slice through the ghetto at high speed. Drivers leaving the city to the north to reach the Westchester suburbs or New England are more likely to speed up one of the riverside highways than drive through Harlem. As long as the service industries prosper, and the glitter and glamour of the city are constantly refueled by fresh injections of talent and money, Manhattan will continue to gleam and shine and beckon as the prince of cities, welcoming acolytes who can make their contribution to it. That this prosperity and sophistication sours with every step that you take north of 96th Street doesn't concern affluent New Yorkers. They simply don't see it.

Hawes, N. pag.

The building where we have been accommodated is enormous, dense with so many kinds, a layer cake of the original inhabitants, who began as renters back in the sixties, were part of the original co-op, and now are the stunned (and imprisoned, really; where can they go?) inheritors of million-dollar apartments, schoolteachers and cookbook writers who contribute the odd recipe to the *Wednesday Times* and really believe in City Opera; true yuppies of the eighties generation, still in sneakers and skirts, upwardly mobile; single men in studios and lonesome Eleanor Rigbys who have occasional shouted telephone conversations with distant children, audible at seven o'clock in the morning and then again at the same time that night. [Loneliness]

Gopnik, pp. 91-2.

It is small and dark, but you like the imperfectly patched pressed-tin ceiling, the claw-footed bath in the kitchen, the windows that didn't quite fit the frames.

McInerney, p. 9.

The apartment has become very small.
Ibid., p. 170.

The method of acquiring an apartment in those days was this. The *Village Voice* was published on Wednesday, but advance copies were delivered to Sheridan Square around noon on Tuesday. One waited as a nervous pad-junkie for the delivery truck and when it arrived, grabbed a copy and ran rudely, without even opening it, to the cigar store, where there were phone booths. Once inside the booth and the door was closed, one read the pad ads, and made an immediate phone calls.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 144.

They had the coolest pad, large for the East Side, with three separate bedrooms. Everything was a haphazard yet carefully chosen. They collected art. Somehow, without paying one dime, they packed the walls of that one slum living room / kitchen with a Joe Brainard, a Rauschenberg, a Mike Goldberg, a Louise Adams, a Larry Rivers, an Oldenburg, a Marisol, a Schneemann, *et alia moochifica*.
[Downtown] [New York School]

Ibid., p. 364.

Shortly before he died, we were invited to dinner at Merce Cunningham's loft on Sixth Avenue. Upon entering, we were astonished to see numerous priceless works of art lining the walls. When we inquired "Is that...?" we were unceremoniously cut off and told that everything here is what you think it is. There were Johns', Rauschenbergs and even a little Duchamp *Tzank Check* framed in a 70s plexiglass frame close the floor, covered in cooking grease, dust and cat piss. Over many valuable works of art were leaky skylights. During dinner we asked Merce what would happen if one of these works were damaged. He smiled and said, "But of course our friends would just make us another."

Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag.

Furniture imprisoned in the fortress of the Manhattan Storage Company is running up enormous bills.

Wilson, "Leaving NY," p. 477.

Soon will come the no-room apartment, with all sleeping on the same floor, all listening to the same radio speeches by the same bland speaker.

N. cit.

There is no subject dearer to the heart of an upwardly mobile New Yorker than real estate. It has everything: romance, sex, status, fantasy, the security of deep love, the fever of grand passion.

Blandford, p. 205.

The moment in the late seventies when, at parties, artists stopped talking about art and began talking about the value of their lofts.

N. cit.

Among people my age, from wealthy lawyers to struggling musicians, I never attend a party where the subject of real estate doesn't come up. The head-shaking. The low clucks of the tongue. The "Oh, it's so horrible," and "If I didn't have my place, I'd have to leave the city." I slink away from these conversations and wonder how the demographic makeup of the city might be different in a softer market... I imagine older people in rent-controlled digs, whose parties are free from this obsession. Unless they're going through divorce, they tend to be settled. They might have slumped it in their youth, but they had room to grow out of it.

Bahrampour, p. 97.

A couple of weeks ago I was talking to a self-described 60's activist.

"Don't take this wrong," she said, "but I don't understand your generation. Why aren't you all in the streets fighting for the environment?"

"It is because we are fighting for real estate," I replied.

Ibid., p. 97.

Another reason I want to sell my apartment: I loathe my fellow neighbors.

Braly, p. 399.

You pass the Helmsley Palace—the shell of old New York transparently veiling the hideous erection of a real estate baron.

McInerney, p. 134.

Leona Helmsley: The Queen of Mean.

Haden-Guest, p. 156.

How's all the big money in New York been made? Astor, Vanderbilt, Fish... In real estate of course.

Dos Passos, p. 29.

Aerie, Mansion

Final touch of strange luxury is the roof-house, the "cote"; sometimes merely a super-cottage surrounded by painfully cultivated gardens, but often a veritable mansion. Here, twenty inhabited stores above ground, the circle swings full turn; the tenant has achieved a detachment impossible to any dwelling set on the earth. There are no neighbors to his right and left; only the tinted air above Manhattan. Though hundreds of strangers dwell just underfoot, his only connection with his six million fellow-citizens is the opening to his private elevator-shaft.

Federal Writers, p. 224.

Bette Davis's penthouse loft in *Deception*, all skylight view and grand piano, is said to be modeled on Leonard Bernstein's first New York loft apartment.

Hawes, N. pag.

The reason that then-Mayor John Lindsay did not send snowplows to Queens during that much publicized blizzard was that he lived on Gracie Square, where on the day in question he was lying on his terrace taking in the sun.

Leibowitz, p. 102.

On top of a distant building perches a house. Here, for our admiration, is the city penthouse, theoretical habitat of slim gazelles who dress by Schiaparelli and lunch lightly at Voisin.

Reisenberg, p. 96.

A city without chimneys.

Maffi, p. 26.

The result has been an aerial landscape less picturesque perhaps than the chimney-pots of London or the slate roofs of Paris, but one whose essentially horizontal surfaces can accommodate all kinds of human pursuits and become, in effect, a series of open-air rooms. [Panorama]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 251.

At first, real penthouses were simple, single-story affairs placed atop the flat roofs of early apartment houses, taking their name and style from the utilitarian

structures that contained the buildings' elevator machinery and other rooftop equipment. But they quickly sprawled and grew elegant as New Yorkers realized the value of their superior views and light, and soon architects were treating penthouses as an integral part of apartment-house design. The city's 1916 zoning law, which mandated that the upper portion of buildings be stepped back in order to provide more light and air for the streets below, turned out to have an important side benefit: the creation of habitable terraces and the encouragement of freer variation in apartment layouts on the upper floors. The tops of New York apartment houses no longer consisted of carved stone cornices and other inanimate architectural devices, but terraces, plantings, windows, doors, and awnings that were clearly signs of life—a whole way of life, in fact, that could become the object of fantasy for those below. By the mid-1920s, traditional society-page accounts of Fifth Avenue mansions were being quickly replaced with stories of chic penthouse parties held on expansive terraces high above Park Avenue.

Ibid., 245-6.

Even Babylon had its roof-gardens—far away and long ago. And it is a mere commonplace that where space is very valuable the rooftops will be utilized be they four stories high or a hundred and fifty.

Ford, *America*, p. 68.

Senator Copper of Tonapah Ditch
Made a clean billion in minin' and sich,
Hiked fer Noo York, where his money he blew
Buildin' a palace on Fift' Avenoo.

Forty-eight architects came to consult,
Drawin up plans for a splendid result;
If the old Senator wanted to pay,
They'd give 'em Art with a capital A,

Pillars Ionic,
Eaves Babylonian,
Doors cut in scallops, resemblin' a shell;
Roof wuz Egyptian,
Gables caniptian,
Whole grand effect, when completed, wuz—hell.
Irwin, "Regal," p. 40.

When Mrs. E. F. Hutton, for example, was reluctant to sell her town-house property at 1107 Fifth, the builder

contracted Rouse and Goldstone to re-create her fifty-four-room mansion atop the apartment structure. To ensure her autonomy, they cut a private *porte cochere* into the side of the building, which gave entrance to a private elevator that ascended directly to a three-story suite that filled its crown. In appearance, that crown might have been a grand house, planted like a dizzy fiefdom on a huge pedestal. The heavy band course above the lower floors might have been a garden wall. Like a great portal, a Palladian window at the center of the twelfth floor opened into a main foyer, with separate men's and women's coatrooms. From there, the apartment, decorated in the manner of a Newport estate, spread through a drawing room, a library, dining room, breakfast room, kitchen, and a servants' wing up to the bedrooms, sitting rooms, workrooms, sun porches, and on the roof, a laundry, children's bedrooms, a playroom, and gardens that changed with the seasons. It included a self-contained guest suite with maid's rooms and a private elevator, a silver room, cold-storage rooms for flowers and furs, and valets' workrooms, ten fireplaces, gown closets, cedar closets and bedroom balconies.

Hawes, N. pag.

A feature is numerous entrances—one for the ballroom, another for the dining room, still others for transient guests, so that Mrs. Vanastorbilt may go direct to her own party, avoiding the stares of curious outsiders.

Josephy, p. 193.

The largest apartment which we found record was sold to John Markell—41 rooms and 17 baths at 1060 Fifth Avenue for \$375,000. The story goes that shortly after Mr. Markell moved in, a servant unlocked a door that nobody had notice and discovered ten rooms they didn't know they had.

Ibid., p. 224.

The Very Rich Man set an elaborate example, involving numerous residences, each one adapted to a season of the year (Thanksgiving until the New Year in a mansion in New York, spring on a farm on Long Island, summer in Newport, fall in the Berkshires, a winter interlude in Aiken, South Carolina) and each involving domestic machinery worthy of English nobility. The Rich Man lived in only two or three permanent homes; the Prosperous frequently didn't own either his New York town house, his summer house, or his carriage, and retained fewer servants. More industriously, the Well-to-Do Comfortable Man adjusted the facts of his

existence, boarding in the country for the summer months, leasing a row house on a cross street of the city, as did the Well-to-Do Uncomfortable, who had "a certain fashion to maintain, but... not the means to do it with either comfort or decency."

Hawes, N. pag.

The sort of apartment the mere thought of which ignites flames of greed and covetousness under people all over New York, and for that matter, all over the world.

Gross, p. 25.

As early as 1921, Park Avenue is hailed as the new Fifth Avenue.

Hawes, N. pag.

Park Avenue offers a new and revised version of well-to-do urbanity; it spells out how the modern aristocracy intends to live now: lavishly, privately, but also cooperatively and efficiently, well served and well serviced, "near 'business" (and yet not actually, in their homes, on a business street). From a Park Avenue address, it is walking distance to the new "Little Wall Street" of Madison Avenue, to the theaters and clubs of the West 40s, to Grand Central and points north and west. The city encircles, but it does not encroach.

Ibid.

The luxury apartment is house-like, but does not feel exactly like a house, however. It is a question of more than the verticality or common stairs or even the doorman and gilded lobby. The apartment has a different character. Almost in spite of itself, it has developed different virtues. It is social rather than domestic, pretentious rather than practical. More than a sequence of spaces programmed for family-oriented activities like reading or sewing or games playing, it seems to have been conceived for more sophisticated, more courtly behavior. The majestic entryways, carriage turnabouts, and gilded lobbies set the tone. Inside an apartment, the most prominent spaces are designed for entertaining on a grand scale, almost like Fifth Avenue mansions. Rooms en suite that sweep through fifty or sixty feet of elegant contiguous space and oversized windows that look down on busy city streets put one in the mind of theater people, literary soirees, the cosmopolitan gatherings that are described in novels and newspaper columns.

The interior decoration of an apartment, too, conjures up a world of wealth and refinement. It is lavish but specific—parquet floors, marble or carved fireplaces, painted beams, plaster friezes, elaborate lighting fixtures—and is intended to render rooms "artistic."

Ibid.

City Homes for Those with Country Houses.

Ibid.

The specifics of the Dorilton are as carefully chosen as a lady's wardrobe: mahogany, oak, white enamel, and bird's-eye maple trim throughout; high wooden wainscoting carried under a Dutch shelf molding for the dining room; five feet of marble wainscoting for the kitchen; French plate glass above French tiles in the bath; glass doors between major rooms. In most buildings, there are extra little touches here and there like signposts of taste—a sculpture niche, a Wedgwood frieze, a pair of silver wall sconces, a Delft-tiled fireplace.

Ibid.

The new apartment houses, which look like mansions blown into ridiculous proportions.

Ibid.

In the past decade Greenwich Village, Washington Square, Murray Hill, the châteaux of Fifth Avenue have somehow disappeared, or become unexpressive of anything. The city is bloated, glutted, stupid with cake and circuses, and a new expression "oh yeah?" sums up all the enthusiasm evoked by the announcement of the last super-skyscrapers.

Ibid.

G - Empire State Building

The Empire State Building is both sign and ambassador of New York, capital of the world—or, as we should better say, after Walter Benjamin's characterization of Paris and its epoch, capital of the twentieth century.

Kingwell, p. 19.

The world surveyed from the Eiffel Tower is no longer the world to be owned. That site has shifted, and its new coordinates, are Thirty-fourth and Fifth.

Ibid., p. 61.

This was no mere practical result; rather, it was the thin edge of a massive theoretical wedge that dramatically changed American social thinking. The Empire State, that sweeping gesture in the positional-goods race of height, is also an expression of coordinated technocratic ambition, a foreshadow of American megaprojects to come, from the Hoover Dam to the space program. The central-command progressivism of the 1930s morphed, over the course of the Second World War, into what used to be called the military-industrial complex.

Ibid., p. 111.

A cathedral not merely of architecture but of Americanness.

Ibid., p. 35.

Empire State Building site: in 1827 it was farmland, and William Backhouse Astor was able to acquire it for \$20,500.

1856—free-standing brownstone

1893—The Waldorf Hotel opens

1897—becomes Waldorf Astoria

1925—site bought by real estate speculator

1928—sold to Bethlehem Engineering Corporation for a sum rumored to be between \$14 million and \$16 million.

Conrad, p. 211.

The groundbreaking of the Empire State Building—eight years ago, a short time when one stops to think, that this land was part of a farm.

Kingwell, p. 6.

The hotel at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street represents a transitional moment, regrettable commercial enterprise corrupting, however luxuriously, a venerable

Manhattan site. When it, in turn, made way for a skyscraper, and moreover a skyscraper explicitly organized around ideals of speed and efficiency, clearly the past world of New York was gone forever. Manhattan is finally, and irreversibly, what most of us now consider it, a thick palimpsest of newness and sometimes greatness, a city forever erected anew on the bones and dust of the past.

Ibid., p. 100.

Mechanized construction: Down below, in the streets, the drivers of the motor trucks worked on similar schedules. They knew, each hour of the day, whether they were to bring steel beams or bricks, window frames or blocks of stone, to Empire State. The moment of departure from a strange place, the length of time allowed for moving through traffic and the precise moment of arrival were calculated, scheduled and fulfilled with absolute precision. Trucks did not wait, derricks and elevators did not swing idle, men did not wait.

Koolhaas, p. 141.

On each floor, as the steel frame climbed higher, a miniature railroad was built, with switches and cars, to carry supplies. A perfect timetable was published each morning. At every minute of the day the builders knew what was going up on each of the elevators, to which height it would rise and which gang of workers would use it.

Kingwell, p. 116.

As automatic architecture, there was nothing that was not easy. (cf. "It seemed that an entire nation had been mobilized to build the [World Trade Center].")

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 436.

So perfect was the planning, so exact the fulfillment of the schedule that workmen scarcely had to reach out for what they next required. As if by magic, their supplies appeared at their elbows.

Kingwell, p. 116.

The Empire State Building rose so fast it seemed to appear by magic, downloaded from the ether of technological possibility.

Ibid., p. 97.

At one point the "velocity" of this automatic architecture reaches 14½ stories in ten days.

Koolhaas, p. 141.

This was the captivating technology of the Ford-hatched assembly line married ingeniously to the old-world appeal of haptic materials such as polished marble and carved granite.

Kingwell, p. 9.

It was not only built using assembly-line principles, it was itself the product of an assembly line that, in the event, produced just one product. Construction is here reduced, or rationalized, to the point of simple assembly. The building is unique, yes, but only as a mere matter of fact: there could easily be other tokens of the exquisitely precise design erected elsewhere.

Ibid., p. 160

"Sky boys" and "poet builders" conjuring the Empire State out of thin air.

Conrad, p. 211.

The finished Empire State Building is a sign, a representation in built form, of the logic of construction.

Kingwell, p. 94.

Fed by spooling assembly lines and thrusting upward in the middle of exurban Manhattan, a mega-project motivated by equal parts grandiose rhetoric and profit motive, it is a great machine work that sweeps away its surroundings, obliterating in a moment not just the previous occupants of its site but all previous conceptions of Manhattan, New York, and America.

Ibid., p. 110.

Empire State is not a new load placed on bedrock. Instead, the inert load of earth and stones put there by Nature has been dug away and a *useful* load in the form of a building has been placed there by man.

Koolhaas, p. 139.

Every building is an implied hymn to what lies beneath its surface, the plumbing and electricity and telephone lines, but none more so than the implausible Empire State, erected on the very cusp of capitalism's worst ever spasm, what economists like to call a market correction and other people call, simply, a crash. The building goes up just as the market goes precipitately down, a living challenge, in its very uprightness, its physical assertion of height created and maintained, against the possibility of

downfall.

The building's design communicates this message, but it is delivered even more tellingly in accounts of the building that emphasize its gargantuan appetite for materials, like those still distributed by its in-house publicity department. It is, in this way as in so many others, a fitting synecdoche for New York itself, the city of self-conscious massiveness in consumption and production. Unlike the signature buildings of a more recent architectural moment, the Empire State makes itself a kind of organic genius of destruction (of raw materials and money) and creation (of office space and... money). In this way, it utterly fulfills the structural and commercial drives of its creators, realizing along the way the inner logic of all hyper-technological modernism. (cf. "The violence of the name-gashing nature-gives permission for unbridled and unstoppable American ambition."

[Architecture])

Kingwell, p. 112.

Upon the completion of the Empire State Building: The familiar skyline, so much the stuff of future cinematic fantasy and youthful ambition, was now substantially done. The city's grid was set, its compression of desire and energy made into a presumptive ideology of constant circulation and exchange. [Grid]

Ibid., p. 7.

When the scaffolding was still up around the mooring mast of the Empire State tower it was far better in design than the structure that was finally revealed.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 69.

In 1932, the journalist Elmer Davis described the "newest New York" as a "sixty-story city unoccupied above the twentieth floor. Some nicknamed the Empire State Building the "Empty State Building."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 460.

After it is built, it stands unlet. and can only pay its taxes by collecting dollars from the sightseers who ascend to its eyrie for the stupendous view.

Trager, p. 468.

"As a commercial building, it has never stood out and has never made sense," a broker with Helmsley-Spear, the building's manager, told me, sitting at a desk on its twenty-ninth floor surrounded by images of the exterior we

could not see. "It's more about being gorgeous to look at."
Kingwell, p. 143.

One longtime tenant, descending to the lobby coatless one winter day, overheard a visitor say, "Hey, do you think there are offices in this building?" "Well, yes. I mean, it's not like the Eiffel Tower, where you can see that there's nothing there," the tenant said, shaking her head and laughing. "Do they think it's all an empty façade, with just a tourist shunt running people from bottom to top?"
Ibid., p. 128.

Most people, when asked, cannot name the architects of the Empire State Building, nor do they much care. (cf. Koolhaas "Rockefeller Center is a masterpiece without genius." [Architecture])
Ibid., p. 35.

Like all contemporary principles of the project, Lamb always refers to the building simply as "Empire State" rather than, as both visitors and native New Yorkers tend to do today, with the full title of "The Empire State Building."
Ibid., p. 16.

It is beautiful, certainly, but not revolutionary in its looks the way buildings by Corbusier, Mies, or Gropius, some of them going up at the very same time are. Its American solidity contrasts with the European flights of fancy that make the French and German designers into visionaries, social planners, utopian philosophers.
Ibid., p. 35.

In 1932, the year after the Empire State Building opened, Philip Johnson organized a landmark show, "The International Style," at the Museum of Modern Art declaring the Empire State Building's obsolescence by promoting the architecture pioneered by Le Corbusier and others. The show established the sleek glass-curtain skyscraper as a central modernist ideal.
Ibid., p. 106.

Not for the Empire State, or New York, the historically conditioned grandiosity of Albert Speer's almost exactly contemporary structures. Speer famously advised Hitler to construct massive buildings with traditional load-bearing masonry rather than steel or concrete frames. Such edifices would be longstanding but noble, such that when they

eventually crumbled, a thousand years hence, their broken columns and tumbled-down stone walls would convey a message of glorious achievement followed by decay. Steel frames would simply topple and tangle, breaking into a refuse pile of rusted beams and glass shards—the very images we now associate with the chaotic scenes of the postwar imagination. Speer instinctively sensed that the Nazi desire for ostentatious posterity, the dreams of a new Roman imperium and millennial Reich, would be served better by classicism than by the sleek modernism of the architectural moment. The architect Otto March had designed for the 1936 Olympiad what Speer called “a concrete structure with glass partition walls”—a scheme Hitler furiously rejected, calling for the cancellation of the games. Hitler, Speer wrote, angrily vowed “never [to] set foot inside a modern glass box like that,” a perverse endorsement of at least some of the revolutionary ideas of architectural modernism. [Apocalypse] [Destruction] [Ruins]

Ibid., p. 112.

The Empire State embodies its own kind of technotopian dream: not the genocidal Nazi fantasy, of course, but an extended celebration of machine logic and the forces of capital. The building achieves, in its smooth and hygienic Huxleyan fashion, a totalitarian ideal of command and control, the inexorable logic of assembly line and social engineering. The building is all about vertical space, and in Manhattan’s force-grown grid, space is money: upward is not upward for its own sake, but for the sake of possibility and profit. On the cramped Manhattan street plan, there is nowhere else to go, and so the skyscraper was born. The Empire State’s relation to the grid is therefore symbiotic, born of its pressures but also exploiting its conduits, the streets and pipes and gas lines that tangle beneath its surface. It is a node growing, massing, developing in the entire network of power and commodity, rising like a magic tower from sheer force of energy concentrated below. [Grid]

Ibid., p. 114.

It is another cold day, a weekday in the last sunny dregs of fall, the city gathering itself for the giddy push of the holidays and the long wet months of the New Year. The lobby prep space and ticketing zone are filled and jostling, the lines at each way station of the elevated pilgrimage long, and long-suffering. You are yourself impatient to get to the top, for you have only a little time. Not for you the bovine sluggishness of the sight-

seeking tourist, that slowing of the soul that comes, and finds its gait, with the gallery shuffle, the cathedral crawl. You have just left the jaywalked grid, the laced and scored streetscape, and still have the knifing urge to cut through the crowd.

You get to the top faster than ever, faster than anyone. And here there is a small crowd, as usual, and you are surprised, as usual, to remember how small it is here, really. Just a balcony, a gift shop, the dimensions of a not so grand apartment, especially in this city of grand apartments.

Ibid., p. 201.

Skin, Shadows, Reflection, Light

It doesn't stand on earth, rather it's an anchor for the sky.

Conrad, p. 213.

The Empire State's dirigible mast announced its new upside-down ambition. Rather than being founded on earth, it was tethered to the clouds. Buildings that couldn't fly transmitted themselves to the air by broadcasting themselves.

Conrad, p. 257.

Its foundations are firmly planted in bedrock; its stairwells are encased in thick concrete, and its steel interior, married to the limestone cladding, is more like a vertical radiator than the spindly framework typical of newer towers.

Kingwell, p. 124.

The rock and earth removed in digging the foundation of the Empire State Building weighted three-quarters as much as the building itself. This fact caused Henry Ford to worry about the building's potentially disastrous effect upon the rotation of the earth itself.

Feininger, *Forties*, p. 8.

Pure product of process, Empire State can have no content. The building is sheer envelope... The building is process, not a fixed state.

Kingwell, pp. 9, 16.

The skin is all, or almost all.

Koolhaas, p. 141.

The truth of the building lies in its entire universe of use and meaning: the webs of relation and work that spin through its webs of plumbing and wiring; the shunting workers and tourists who find themselves here today, or tomorrow, and carry away memories and postcards; the entire palimpsest of history, of events and moments over seventy-five years, which together embed the site, rising in layers with each passing year to a soaring height of lived reality equal to the physical span.

The truth of the building is me sitting here right now, thinking these thoughts, my models before me, experiencing the building as a place and not just a space—not just an orientation in three dimensions, in other words, but an orientation to how I walked here this morning, and who is nearby and what they said as I came in, and how I will leave, too soon, always too soon, and walk up Fifth Avenue to another Shreve, Lamb & Harmon creation, the brick-clad little brother at 500 Fifth, with its similar setbacks and funny family-resemblance familiarity, where I will stop in at the ground floor and buy some cigars at Nat Sherman, a shop that has been here since the year before the Empire State opened its doors, and then walk along Forty-second Street to Grand Central Terminal, where I will order a manhattan—because, today, what else?—and drink it looking over the Grand Concourse and think of those ethereal, iconic black-and-white pictures of the same place, from another era, with hatted men and gloved women.

Kingwell, p. 161.

The automonument is not the monument as described, for example, in Aldo Rossi's structuralist architectural theory: the building that becomes prominent over time, defining a crossroads of arranging an urban fabric around itself via use. Rather, the automonument simply asserts its monumentality, makes itself its own argument. No architectural program is necessary, or even desirable. The paradox of the automonument is that, as a building, it is both there and not there; it is dream architecture. [Dream City]

Ibid., p. 15.

Empire State will gleam in all its pristine beauty, for our children's children to wonder at. This appearance comes from the use of chrome nickel steel, a new alloy that never tarnishes, never grows dull.

The disfiguring shadows which so often comes from deeply recessed windows, to mar the simple beauty of line, in

Empire State are avoided by setting the windows, in thin metal frames, flush with the outer wall. Thus, not even shadows are allowed to break the upward sweep of the tower.

Koolhaas, p. 141.

One dramatic feature of the Empire State Building is its tendency to disappear—that is, as Wittgenstein said of language, to “lie hidden in its obviousness.” All icons are more than themselves; it is worth remembering that they are, likewise, less than themselves.

Kingwell, p. 19.

The Empire State Building is, at once, always a building and never a building. It is always present, always absent; forever full and empty; unignorable and virtually invisible. When, fifty years into its existence, it passes from being an architectural achievement and becomes historic, a landmark, a site of preservation, it becomes more treasured yet harder to appreciate. Now, a quarter century later still, we may be forgiven for confessing that we sometimes wonder if we have ever really seen it.

Ibid., p. 35.

The structure of transcendence does not much guide the business conducted within its elevated walls.

Ibid., p. 83.

In an age overwhelmed by science and its instrumental application, technology, we somehow find it unacceptable to emphasize anything other than the use-value of even so obvious an illustration of human desire. Al Smith, singing the transcendental pleasures of the Empire State Building in his 1934 souvenir pamphlet, *Above the Clouds*, could not resist doing the very same thing. “The Tower has served many purposes besides that of a platform to look out on the world beneath,” he said of the building’s summit. “Aviation authorities, many times each week, telephone to learn the wind velocity and the height of the ceiling above its pinnacle. Scientists have used it as a laboratory for the study of radio transmission; for the study of wind velocity and pressure; and for the study of electrical action.”

[Technology] [Air] [Weather]

Ibid., p. 59.

The building even becomes, after the fashion of all perverse cultural physics, a mythic unit of energy.

Ibid., p. 132.

Sufferers from hay fever and sinus afflictions sought relief in its vast elevator shafts. "One dear old lady rose up and down for hours on the fast-moving elevators in an effort to cure or reduce the intensity of approaching density."

Ibid., p. 59.

Reproduction, Replication

The Empire State Building may be the most reproduced building in America.

Kingwell, p. 122.

Guy de Maupassant may have wanted to lunch in the Eiffel Tower café in order not to look at what he regarded as a cast-iron monstrosity, but workers in the Empire State Building seem to want multiple images of their tower around them, toys and photos and paintings, perhaps because they are virtually the only New Yorkers who cannot look up, or out a window, and see it. They feel deprived, perhaps, of that sense of connection, the linked sightlines of the shared nodal view—I see it and see you seeing it too—that is offered to every other New Yorker. It may be that a model or a poster, held near, allays the sense of interior blindness, a felt invisibility of one's identity with the building when inside.

Ibid., p. 128.

Not long ago, taking a wrapped thirty-inch model of the building into the elevator, the product of some inspired haggling in a tourist shop across Fifth Avenue, I was stopped. "The supervisor thinks that's a drill," the young guard said, pointing to his exposed X-ray view of the building's familiar pinnacle, which did indeed resemble a power tool if not quite a deadly weapon.

Standing there on the security threshold, off the street but not yet quite inside the building, I said, "It's the building." Meaning, of course, not that it was the building, since we were standing inside that, but a model of the building. Actually, an X-ray image of a model of the building. "Obviously it's the building," I said, pointing at the screen. Of course it was not obvious at all. It was the opposite of obvious.

"Obviously it's the building," the guard repeated, nodding in what he probably did not realize was agreement in a strange metaphysical bargain.

Ibid., p. 129.

There is a scale model of the building in the lobby itself complete with lighting that stands in a glass case next to the ground-floor information desk.

Ibid., p. 136.

All the multiple reproductions of the building, especially when keyed to size and greatness, which on the surface appear to constitute an extended exercise in type-token metaphysics and so affirm the superlative nature of the building, actually work to diminish, and then eliminate, the physical reality of the building. They and it are caught in a new, simulacral economy typical not only of the twentieth century's image-proliferating visual culture but also of the culture of tourism more generally. New York becomes suffused with visual memory, images and dreams entertained before. The Empire State is, in this sense, just one of a series of much-reproduced images that cycle through our collective experience, a thing whose materiality shimmers and goes out of focus with each added postcard or tchotchke.

Ibid., p. 138.

These would not be models or copies, just late-model examples of the same. We cherish the building's uniqueness in part because, as we think more deeply, we realize how contingent it is! There could be any number of Empire State Buildings—how wonderful that there is only this one! Of course any such desire for duplication is absurd, and misses the point. A second full-scale building, fancifully called a "model," would no more make the first "building" definitive than a six-inch-high model does. Neither edifice can escape the logic of their shared subjection to cycles of image-making. Like a Borgesian library of self-collapsing taxonomy, the entire set of feedback loops of the Empire State Building is just part of its relation to all other buildings, both those literally around its space and those surrounding it in time, themselves including both the precursors of the past, which are set into a different position and meaning by its greatness, and those that will come after it, unable to ignore that achievement.

Ibid., p. 160.

Images obscure as well as celebrate, and cultural icons shoulder a heavy burden of metaphysical speculation in the very act of being represented.

Ibid., p. 16.

Proliferation

An anonymous man from Tacoma, Washington, used 135 decks of playing cards to construct a house of cards in the form of the Empire State. Another man carved a four-foot-high version out of soap. Students from Kelvedon Hatch Primary School in Brentwood, England, closed the distance between them and the New York landmark by constructing a seven-foot eight-inch model that used 3,212 matchboxes. T. B. Wu fashioned a ten-foot-high model out of plaster and powdered sugar. Models have been built at all scales from Lego blocks, carved out of cheese, chocolate, and butter, stitched into crochet samplers and embroidered onto jackets, made into abstract prints and decorative batik wall coverings. It has been mimicked in stacked champagne glasses in its own lobby, and there is at least one headstone carved in its likeness, marking the grave of a man who worked on its construction.

Kingwell, p. 135.

Officials estimate that more than a billion postcards featuring its image are produced every year. These are supplemented by commemorative posters, pennants, place mats, and eventually, the billboard of the late century T-shirts.

Ibid., p. 134

By the fiftieth anniversary of the building in 1981 it was estimated that some 80,000 miniatures of all kinds had been sold, making the building the most replicated structure of all time. By the seventy-fifth anniversary in 2006 the number will likely have reached 150,000 or more.

Ibid., p. 135.

Such items are still to be found in the shops scattered around the base of the building, along with crystal, steel, plastic and rubber models of the building, ineffective pencil erasers in its image, and even pewter salt and pepper shakers in the shape of the respective summits of the Empire State and the Chrysler buildings—a fitting counterpart to the sphere and obelisk shakers designed for the 1939 World's Fair.

Ibid., p. 134.

The spire of the Empire State Building reflected in a pool on the sidewalk.

Conrad, p. 175.

I see a shot of the summit, apparently taken from a helicopter; I remember the sight of soaring planes of limestone when I paused very briefly to look up while crossing Thirty-third Street at lunchtime; I recall the last time I walked over the Brooklyn Bridge at night, after eating pizza in Park Slope, and noticed that the building's signature lights were not red, white, and blue, though I can't now remember what they were; I visualize the opening sequence of a popular television show, now in reruns, that uses a titled time-lapse image of the building against a cerulean sky.

Kingwell, p. 153.

Empire State seemed almost to float, like an enchanted fairy tower, over New York. An edifice so lofty, so serene, so marvelously simple, so luminously beautiful, had never before been imagined. One could look back on a dream well-planned.

Ibid., p. 15.

The Empire State Building, though not an artwork—not, that is, created first and foremost to be viewed with rapt attention—nevertheless has acquired such a status.

Ibid., p. 142.

a sight of Manahatta in the towering needle
multi-faceted insight of the fly in the stringless
labyrinth

Canada plans a higher place than the Empire State
Building

O'Hara, p. 325.

Scale

Al Smith, the former governor of New York who became a mascot for the Empire State, demonstrated that the building was a prodigy by having himself photographed on the observation deck looking up through a telescope at an 6'7" giant, reputed to be the world's tallest man.

Conrad, p. 209.

"Stone of this size will be used all the way to the top of the building, in keeping with its massiveness," Lamb told reporters a month before steelwork began on the building.

Kingwell, p. 110.

I reach such states, in which my brain feels so open—so full of light, it feels huge, it feels as big as the Empire State Building.

McNeil & McCain, p. 161.

View

Some tourists seem to think the whole thing is there just to support the view.

Kingwell, p. 124.

The observation deck becomes a kind of safety valve or ritual space of avoidance. Visitors are herded (sometimes, alas, literally) along vertical chutes of permitted access, deposited into the controlled space of the uppermost view, a platform far smaller than most people usually imagine, and then ushered back down to the street from which they have come.

Ibid., p. 59.

Sitting here, in the office on the twenty-ninth floor, we are all at sea.

Ibid., p. 153.

That is one reason I write from a position of actually sitting in the building, touching the nose on my face you might say.

Ibid., p. 160.

The right building for New York, for the New World, for the Empire State, for the American empire itself. Joyful but tough, a place to think big thoughts and survey worlds to conquer. From here, I look down at the city, and the world, I will overcome. Poems are not written for this building.

Ibid., p. 60.

Empire

The inspiration for *Empire* came from an eighteen-year-old named John Palmer, while he was camping out on the roof of the Film-Makers' Cooperative. Seen from Palmer's sleeping bag each night, the Empire State Building six blocks away dominated the New York skyline. Palmer had come to New York from Hartford, Connecticut, with an art background and an interest in film. He knew about Warhol's

Sleep, although he had not seen it. "It occurred to me, after Man Ray, what about a movie of a building?" Palmer wrote. "As a movie. Not as time lapse or National Geographic but as MOVIE?"

One day while he and Jonas Mekas were lugging copies of *Film Culture* to the post office branch at the Empire State Building, Palmer suggested, "We should tell Andy. This is a perfect icon, a perfect image for Andy?" Mekas presented the idea by talking to Andy Warhol and Marie Menken.

By the summer of 1964 Andy Warhol had moved away from the editing of *Sleep*, the multiple camera setups of *Haircut*, and the narrative of *Batman/Dracula*. *Empire* required only a handful of decisions: where to point the camera, and when to turn it on and off. Around this time the Empire State Building's spire was floodlit by master lighting designer Douglas Leigh, just in time for the opening of the 1964 World's Fair. Before, it would have been too dark to film.

Jonas Mekas had recently rented a large Auricon sound camera, to film a movie of the Living Theater's production of *The Brig*. He shot the play in real time, and two days later, Diane di Prima showed the movie at the New York Poets Theater. The sound was crude and the process simple, so Warhol decided to shoot the Empire State Building with an Auricon. Marie Menken, who worked in the Time-Life Building, arranged with Henry Romney that Warhol, Jonas Mekas, John Palmer, and Gerard Malanga could set up the camera in Romney's Rockefeller Foundation office on the forty-first floor of the Time-Life Building. On the evening of July 25, 1964, while the sun was still visible, Mekas set the camera on the tripod and framed a shot of the world's largest building. Warhol looked through the lens, said yes, and turned the camera on at 8:10 P.M., about ten minutes before sunset.

In the background, dwarfed by the Empire State Building, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Tower was topped by a light that flashed every quarter hour, so that in the film the audience can not only feel time going by but see it as the lights flash. The passing of time and the change of light are the only dramatic events in the film, with the exception of a brief glimpse of Warhol and John Palmer reflected in the window at the beginning of reel seven. (This image of the filmmaker had never been mentioned until Callie Angel noted it in restoring the film—which suggests how few people had actually watched the legendary film in its entirety.)

Surviving bits and pieces of description from Jonas Mekas's column suggest the jovial tone of those long hours

of filming. When Andy gazed at the building, he repeatedly said, "An eight hour hard-on!" Henry Romney jokingly tried to goad Andy into making the movie more action-filled: "Andy?! NOW IS THE TIME TO PAN!" John Palmer occasionally noted, "The lack of action in the last three twelve-hundred-foot rolls is alarming." At one moment the group makes a string of campaign promises, and Andy contributes, "Jack Smith in every garage."

After the night of shooting, 654 feet of film were delivered to the lab. But when John Palmer went to pick them up, the lab would not release the film without payment. He called Warhol from a phone booth. "Ohhh, John, I don't have any money to pay for thaaaat' he said. "It will just have to stay in the lab." Palmer suggested he could try to get the \$350 from his mother; if so, he would have to appear on the credits as co-director. The phone went silent for fifteen seconds, Palmer recalled, and then, "Andy, in a voice I never heard and will never forget, said, 'Now you're learning.'"

The result is a moving picture of a stationary object, a silent film shot on sound equipment. Whatever the circumstances of its communal creation, *Empire* became an indelibly Warhol image. "Andy was so taken with the Auricon" recalled Mekas, "that he abandoned the silent camera. Unfortunately, I am guilty of that."

Watson, *Factory*, pp. 244-5.

Gerard Malanga: "It was John Palmer who came up with the idea for *Empire*. John, Jonas Mekas and I changed the reels for Andy. He barely touched the camera during the whole time it was being made. He wanted the machine to make the art for him.

We started shooting around 6 p.m.—it was still daylight—and completed around 1 a.m. The first two reels are overexposed because Andy was exposing for night light, but it was all guesswork. What happens in the course of the first two reels, and partway through the third, is the building slowly emerges out of a twilight haze, balancing out the exposure for the darkness that slowly blankets the sky."

Andy looked through the lens, composed the shot and told Mekas to turn it on, while he encouraged Henry and John to "say things intelligent." Later, on seeing the rushes, he opted for the purity of silence in the movie.

Most people thought Andy was really crazy when they heard he had made a film of the Empire State Building from dusk till dawn, but Andy was excited. "The Empire State Building is a star," he announced. "It's an eight-hour hard

on. It's so beautiful. The lights come on and the stars come out and it sways. It's like Flash Gordon riding into space."

Gerard Malanga: "I remember once—this happened so many different times and in varied contexts—we were attending the premiere screening of *Empire* at the Bridge cinema in New York. We were standing in the rear of the auditorium. Andy was observing the audience rather than film, and people were walking out or booing or throwing paper cups at the screen. Andy turned to me, and in his boyish voice said, 'Gee, you think they hate it... you think they don't like it?' *Empire* was a movie where nothing happened except how the audience reacted."

Like the death-and-disaster series, *Empire* was a work inspired by an amphetamine vision. "Among the younger artists Andy was involved with alcohol got almost completely phased out by marijuana in 1964, and then three months later by LSD, which made alcohol seem gross," recalled one observer. "But while everyone else mixed speed and grass and LSD, which made everything softer and more confused, Andy didn't give up the speed for a second."

[Drugs]

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 207.

At about the six-and-a-half-hour mark, the floodlights illuminating the building are dimmed, and for the remaining ninety minutes of the film its ostensible subject is invisible.

Kingwell, p. 144.

(The following interview was recorded with Andy Warhol at 4:30 A.M. on the 43 floor of the Time-Life Building, just 30 minutes after the completion of the shooting of the 8-hour "underground" movie, EMPIRE, in the summer of 1964.)

Gerard Malanga: *Could you tell me who you felt as you were being taken up into the building?*

Andy Warhol: The actual elevator ride to the top of the Empire State Building took as little as one minute, but a visit to Empire State is an experience that each visitor will remember all his life.

My thrills began the moment I stepped aboard a modern express elevator which whisked me to the 86th floor Observatory at a speed of 1,200 feet per minute. A special elevator took me to the 102 story peak.

GM: *What did you see once you reached the top?*

AW: Once atop the Empire State Building, the most spectacular view in the world was spread at my feet. From

the outdoor terraces or the glass-enclosed, heated Observatory on the 86th floor (1,050 feet or 320 meters), other buildings are dwarfed by this engineering marvel.

The view is even more amazing from the circular, glass-enclosed Observatory on the 102nd floor (1,250 feet or 381 meters). Here I was often at cloud level nearly a quarter of a mile above the streets.

I could distinguish landmarks as far away as 25 miles and was able to gaze as far as 50 miles into five states... Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

GM: What were some of New York's landmarks that you were able to see from atop Empire State?

AW: To the north the RCA Building stands out against the 840 acres of Central Park. The Hudson River to the left leads to upper New York State and New England. The Bronx is in the background.

From the northwest corner of the 86th floor Observatory, visitors look into Times Square (center) and the bustling piers along the Hudson River, where giant ships from all over the world tie up.

Looking northwest from the top of Empire State, the visitor looks down on such landmarks as the United Nations Building (center) on the bank of the East River and the Chrysler Building (left). The Borough of Queens is in the background.

By night, New York becomes a honeycomb of light, dazzling and unbelievable in its beauty. This view from the northwest corner of the 86th floor observatory looks down into Times Square and the heart of the theatre district.

GM: What do you know about Empire State's TV Tower?

AW: At the 102nd story level of the Empire State Building—on a space the size of a pitcher's mound—a 22-story, 222-foot, 60-ton mast-like structure stretches upward to a height of 1,472 feet into the clouds. It is the world's most powerful and far-reaching TV tower. From here all seven of the New York area's television stations transmit their programs to a four-state sector in which 15 million persons live and own more than 5,200,000 TV sets. Programs transmitted from the Empire State Building, in other words, reach an area in which one of every ten persons in the United States lives.

GM: Andy, can you brief me on some of Empire State's vital statistics in comparison with other structures of similar nature?

AW: The internationally known Empire State Building is the world's tallest building. Comparative statistics show that the 1,472-foot-high Empire State Building towers over

such other international structures as the 984-foot-high Eiffel Tower, the 555-foot-high Washington Monument, the 480-foot-high Pyramid of Cheops, and the 179-foot-high Leaning Tower of Pisa.

GM: *What can you tell me about Empire State's huge floodlights?*

AW: The spectacular lighting of the tower portions of the Empire State Building allows the world-famous silhouette of the world's tallest building to occupy the same dominant position on the horizon of nighttime New York as it does during the day. Basic light source for this gigantic floodlighting task is a 1,000-watt, iodine-quartz lamp which is in the same family of lamps as those used to illuminate missile launching pads at Cape Kennedy. The floodlights, which are distinguished for their high intensity, long throw and fine beam control capabilities, are strategically located on various setbacks of the building so as to do the best job of illumination without interfering with the famous nighttime view from the Observatory.

GM: *Before the floodlights were installed to coincide with the World's Fair, was there a time when Empire State had four powerful beacons?*

AW: Yes; you are quite correct. Visible from the Observatory are the four Freedom Lights, the world's most powerful beacons, which have made the Empire State Building the tallest lighthouse in the world... a landmark to sea and air travelers alike. A bronze plaque inscribed with famed author MacKinley Kantor's 168-word tribute to the Freedom Lights is located on the western terrace of the 86th floor Observatory.

GM: *What about Empire State's interior decoration?*

AW: "The Eight Wonders of the World," the eight original art works in the lobby of the Empire State Building, which were created by artist Roy Sparkia and his wife Renee Nemerov, have become a prime additional attraction at Empire State since their unveiling in 1963. Employing a new technique which permits the artist to paint with light as well as color, the subjects include the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World as well as the Eighth Wonder of the Modern World... the Empire State Building.

GM: *Can you tell me about the exterior of the Empire State?*

AW: Not only the highest building in the world, Empire State is also one of the most beautiful. The exterior is of Indiana limestone trimmed with sparkling strips of stainless steel which run from the sixth floor all the way

to the top. Whether seen in sunlight or moonlight, the effect is magnificent.

Marble in the cathedral-like lobby was imported from four different countries, France, Italy, Belgium and Germany. Experts combed these countries to get the most beautiful marble, and in one case, the contents of an entire quarry were exhausted to insure matching blocks of exactly the right color and graining.

GM: *Do you feel that Empire State is a popular subject?*

AW: The Empire State Building has been featured in many movies, Broadway plays and several big-hit musicals. Hardly a day passes that it isn't mentioned in one television program or the other. It's been included, too, in popular songs—and many, many books.

GM: *Who are some of Empire State's celebrated visitors?*

AW: Each year the Empire State Building plays host to many Heads of State or dignitaries and celebrities. Had you been here on the right days in the past, you might have seen Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip of England, or the King and Queen of Thailand, or Princess Birgitta and Desiree of Sweden, or Queen Frederika of Greece or even your favorite movie actor.

GM: *Oh, by the way, that reminds me, who is your favorite movie actor?*

AW: My favorite movie actor is Troy Donahue.

GM: *In closing, do you know what others think of Empire State?*

AW: Of the many publications that have commented on Empire State, the following superfluous praise has been said (I hope I get the quotes right.):

"Empire State... one of USA's 7 engineering wonders."—Time Magazine

"The unbelievable Empire State Building."—Reader's Digest

"... see New York from the top of Empire State. There's nothing like it."—Dorothy Kilgallen

"From Empire State you can see 50 miles."—Allentown Sunday Call Chronicle

"No visitor should miss Empire State"—New York Times

"Empire State's best view is at night"—Glasgow (Scotland) News

"Empire State's view is breathtaking"—Britain's Queen Mother

"New York's most visited building"—NBC

Malanga, "EMPIRE," pp. 54-8.

Quantification

Child's Restaurants estimated that two days' servings of its popular pancakes would make a stack as high as the building.

Kingwell, p. 130.

Scribner's Magazine informed the world that the copies of Margaret Mitchell's potboiler *Gone With the Wind* sold in 1933 would, if piled one on top of the other, form a stack 250 times taller than the Empire State Building.

Ibid., p. 130.

If all the materials which came to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street for the construction of Empire State had come in one shipment, a train fifty-seven miles in length would have been needed. When the locomotive of such a train would have entered New York, the caboose on the rear end would have come to a halt in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Ibid., p. 130.

Ten million bricks were used in building Empire State. A single workman, had he continued at it every day, would have had to work for 25 years before he could have finished mortaring these bricks.

Ibid., p. 130.

Wiring expressed in miles, marble in acres, plaster in the form of an imaginary sidewalk that Starrett Brothers estimated would run from central Manhattan to the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C.

Ibid., p. 130.

Kelvinator officials estimated that the 6 million square feet of porcelain tile they used in 1933 would clad the Empire State seven times over.

Ibid., p. 131.

Once every eight hours Kellogg's Cereals used enough Waxtite paper to encase the building.

Ibid., p. 131.

All the fresh linens stocked aboard the French Line cruise liner *Normandie*, sheets, tablecloths, and napkins included, would completely cover the building in snowy white material.

Ibid., p. 131.

"The energy women use in a year to wash clothes," a contemporary ad for Oxydol detergent said, "would move the Empire State Building a block if translated into moving power."

Ibid., p. 132.

A Sinclair gasoline ad shows the building being picked up by a crane: "Amazing as it may seem, there is enough energy stored up in a single gallon of the powerful new H-C gasoline, if it could be fully utilized, to hoist the world's tallest building one-quarter inches in the air."

Ibid., p. 132.

The building is as high as all the original Seven Wonders tacked together.

Ibid., p. 31.

The total volume of one day's worth of trash produced by McDonald's packaging would fill the total interior space of the Empire State Building.

Ibid., p. 132.

In the Empire State lift-up, 102 stories to the sightseeing platform, 80 to the top service landing in the tower rental section, the elevators can, assuming the building to be fully occupied, carry 15,000 well drilled inmates to street level in a half an hour. This would mean 15 full regiments suddenly assembled on Fifth Avenue and 34th and 33rd St. in 30 minutes – a regimen delivered at the curb every two minutes. Hitler can't beat that.

Reisenberg pp. 77-8.

There is nothing like having to change elevators three times to remind you that cable does not stretch infinitely far.

Kingwell, p. 192.

Such imaginative equivalences, the stuff of a gee-whiz worldview ("amazing as it may seem"), were so neatly parodied by Dorothy Parker "If all the young ladies who attended the Yale promenade dance were laid end to end, no one would be the least surprised."

Ibid., p. 132.

King Kong, Simulacrum, Death

The Empire State Building, which to the photographer Lewis Hine is a trapeze for supermen, finds itself within two years assailed by King Kong, who from its spire briefly rules the city as a debased and tyrannized jungle.

Conrad, p. 207.

In 1969, Fay Wray herself wrote, "When I'm in New York, I look at the Empire State Building and feel as though it belongs to me, or is it vice versa?"

Kingwell, p. 167.

During a visit to the building, Wray refused outright to be photographed next to one of the building's nameless gorillas—a rare moment of abruptness in an afternoon of sophisticated good manners and good feeling. And yet, when she lay dying just a few months later, on a sticky Sunday afternoon in August, she asked her companion and caretaker to put the film on her video recorder. She fell asleep watching it, and paid her second final visit to the top of the building, this time in the virtual reality of celluloid and magnetic tape.

Ibid., p. 167.

A scheme to place an inflatable Kong on the Empire State Building's side in 1983 collapsed when, larger and heavier than expected, the balloon Kong itself collapsed, hanging in deflated puffs and flaps off one side of the great building.

Ibid., p. 166.

The Empire State Building bends out of the path of a low-flying jet airplane.

Valenti, p. 29.

A B-52 Mitchell bomber struck the Empire State Building, driving a hole into both the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth floors. Most of the wings sheared off at once and dropped into the street, though the propeller remained embedded in the wall. One of the two engines plowed straight down the corridor on the 78th, went through the wall at the other end, and crashed onto somebody's roof on 33rd St. The second engine plunged down one of the Empire State elevator shafts, taking the elevator with it. Some sections of the fuselage were blown—by the impact and by the explosion of the plane's fuel tanks—up to the observation platform on the 86th floor. Other parts remained sticking out of the hole in the wall. People on the street said that an orange glow spread eerily up the side of the

building behind the mist. Inside, flames were everywhere, as blazing aviation fuel began to pour down stairwells and across office floors. The shock of the impact was felt several blocks away. The Empire State itself was said to rock a couple of times before settling very gently down. Then it stood fast.

Moorhouse, p. 53-4.

The Empire State Building swayed back and forth like a whipsaw... People on the streets heard two rumbling booms. A brilliant orange mushroom of flame rushed up the side of the building to the Observation Deck on the 86th floor... Plane parts from the fire weakened an elevator cable, which snapped, the car plummeting seventy-floors into a subcellar... One man was either blown out of a window or jumped to escape the inferno, and he died when he landed on a terrace seven floors below... The next day the ragged hole that the plane had torn in the world's tallest building drew crowds on Fifth Avenue... the mangled remnants of the plane's tail sticking out.

Glanz, p. 130.

"It seems, to some extent, fortunate that if the crash did have to occur, that it was so squarely into such a well-constructed building. It is difficult to fully visualize what the result would have been if the plane had crashed into a less sturdy building." - NYC Fire Department report on how the building survived the July 1945 crash.

Ibid., p. 130.

jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

"When you're ready to sell your diamonds
it's time to go to the Empire State Building"
and jump into the 30s like they did in 1929.
O'Hara, p. 85.

The Empire State Building, in whose polished stones and mournful black lobby Le Corbusier finds a tragic gloom and grandeur: it too, like the wax museum, is a mortuary. (cf. Corbusier: "Funereal entrances of the Empire State Building (the largest skyscraper, which has since been dethroned by Rockefeller Center)... The black of polished stones, the walls faced with dark, gleaming slabs." [Death])

Conrad, p. 140.

His goal is the highest point on this island, a manmade mountain called the Empire State Building. His rise to the top was illusory, short-lived. In the end, the city has defeated him.

Sanders, pp. 97-8.

To pogo or walk backward up the stairs, rappel or BASE jump off the building, or otherwise subvert its businesslike efficiency.

Kingwell, p. 59.

H.G. Wells in *The Shape of Things*: published in 1933 just two years after construction tools were laid down, the Empire State Building, eighth wonder of the world, grows despised and neglected, and is finally torn down in the year 2016.

Ibid., p. 32.

As opposed to World Trade Center, from the start it has been an architectural winner, a class star; it has also become, with the passage of time, a national treasure.

Ibid., p. 32.

It is a poignant detail that Lamb avoided the gala opening of the building by sailing to Europe that very day. Three miles out, and so past the Prohibition boundary, he poured two martinis from a chrome shaker, pointed at the building visible in the distance, and said to his wife, "Isn't this marvelous? Here we are and we don't have to go to the party and listen to all those speeches."

Ibid., p. 16.

Chrysler

If Chrysler produced a new model every year, why shouldn't architects do the same? The skyscrapers were not only technology soon to be junked as obsolete, but pop and mass art, and whatever else it may be, mass art is transient, disposable, replaceable.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 437.

At first the Empire State was to be only four feet taller than the Chrysler, and John Jacob Raskob worried that Walter Chrysler might cheat by hiding a mast in his spire and suddenly raise it to win the race. For these men the buildings symbolize a power over mortality and over the

human body which, for all their wealth, they themselves don't possess.

Conrad, p. 209.

By 1929, construction was already under way on Walter Chrysler's tower at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, with a planned height that would overtop the Woolworth Building. Developers of another downtown structure at 40 Wall Street briefly tried to keep the prize in Lower Manhattan by making plans to build their tower just a few feet higher than Chrysler's. What they did not know was that Walter Chrysler had been planning a little trick: a 185-foot metallic spire that was secretly being assembled inside the fire shaft of his new building. Only once the new Bank of Manhattan tower had been topped out did Chrysler have it hoisted into place, giving the building a height of 1,048 feet when it opened in May 1930.

Glanz, p. 27.

He pomades his hair with bear's grease until it shone like the silver tip of the Chrysler Tower.

Conrad, p. 201.

Bourke-White photographed the Chrysler under construction during the winter of 1929-30. As the handmaiden of the machine, she had to learn its hardihood. She worked on a tower eight hundred feet in the air, which swayed eight feet in gales. Often the temperature was below freezing. Descending from open scaffolds, she had to negotiate flights of unfinished stairs. After the building's completion, she decided she must have a studio on its sixty-first floor, level with the stainless-steel gargoyles. She often crawled out onto those gargoyles to photograph the city and was herself photographed on this perch by her assistant Oscar Graubner; Walker Evans too had been photographed by his helper Paul Grotz kneeling underneath his tripod on a parapet of the building next to the Chrysler during its construction in 1929, peering perilously into the gulf of the street. Bourke-White declared her new premises to be "the world's highest studio."

Conrad, p. 210-11.

The brick friezes of cars along the sides of the Chrysler Building employ it as a runway and take to the air at the corners. With hubcaps, fenders, and radiator covers around its shaft and murals of airplanes and automobiles in its lobby, the Chrysler seems straining to lift off.

Conrad, p. 257.

The Empire State and Chrysler buildings exist as symbols of thirties materialism and as abstract ideas of skyscrapers and as big dowdy office buildings—a sign and then a thing and then a sign and then a thing and then a sign, going back and forth all the time. (It is possible to transact business in the Empire State Building and only the nudge yourself and think, *Oh, yeah, this is the Empire State Building.*) The World Trade Center exists both as a thrilling double exclamation point at the end of the island and as a rotten place to have to go and get your card stamped, your registration renewed.

Gopnik, p. 122.

H - Crowds

Restless machine and body parts: torrents of legs that mow each other down, herds of cars that move in close formation with shivers of disciplined brilliance, confetti-crowd, ants-crowd, human cage that runs, unlaces, slides, picks, thins and thickens with exasperating order and continuity; and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comesandgoesandcomesandgoes.

Depero, "24th Street," p. 429.

Nothing could be more intense, electrifying, turbulent and vital than the streets of New York. They are filled with crowds, bustle and advertisements, each by turns aggressive or casual. There are millions of people in the streets, wandering, care-free, violent, as if they had nothing better to do—and doubtless they have nothing else to do—than produce the permanent scenario of the city.

Baudrillard, *America*, p. 18

Crowd rushes by with a kind of hallucinated step, very staccato, monotonous, almost disciplined.

Jolas, p. 472.

The crowd says rhythmically. There is a feeling of erotic mass-insanity in the air.

Ibid., p. 473.

Space is exploding on all sides.

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 190.

As the flow of polyrhythmic human tide jostles with noisy machines and telegraphic gestures

Sensory perceptions flow out osmotically.

de Torre, "Upon Landing," p. 58.

Compounding bodies, packing them together or piling them in orgiastic heaps.

Conrad, p. 97.

hurtful crush of hateful bodies smashed into buildings one on another on another (heap overproduction)

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 228.

There is just such a bombardment to the senses here that it gets taxing. Even walking out on the street for a leisurely stroll can be hair-raising. Car horns blare,

people scream at you, you walk in dogshit, your feet get tangled in garbage, people bump right into you and don't even say excuse me, buses will mow you down, bicyclists will play chicken with you, taxi cab doors open in your path and some people will even laugh at your shoes.

Mueller, p. 240.

Thousands are hurrying in every direction. The street cars which ply this area are packed as only the New York street car companies can pack their patrons, and that in cold, old, dirty and even vile cars. There are poor dresses, poor taste, and poor manners mingled with good dresses, good taste and good manners. In the glow of the many lights and shadows of the evening they are hurrying away, with that lightness of spirit and movement which is the evidence of a long strain of labor suddenly relaxed.

Dreiser, p. 278.

Infatuated with the rush and roar of a great metropolis, fascinated by the illusion of pleasure. Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the mansions, the lights, the beauty. A fever of living in their blood. An unnatural hunger and thirst for excitement is burning them up. For this they labor. For this they endure a hard, unnatural existence. For this they crowd themselves in stifling, inhuman quarters, and for this they die.

Ibid., p. 275.

I think of the crowds out there swarming over the streets with their minds clicking and buzzing and yawning with schedules and breakfast table slights and anticipations of the boss' reactions and big hopes and my mind goes blank the way it does when a mathematical problem gets too complicated.

Hell, p. 26.

Monster crowds in Brooklyn, across the East river; monster crowds in New Jersey, across the Hudson river.
Springer, p. 332.

Rushing and slithering human vermin.
Joshi, p.101.

Shining top hats and a whirl of straw hats
Yeosh, p. 407.

The people huddled together in this city actually number hundreds of thousands. They swarm into the cages like black

flies. Children walk about, silent, with gaping mouths and dazzled eyes. They look around with such intensity, such seriousness, that the sight of them feeding their little souls upon this hideousness, which they mistake for beauty, inspires a pained sense of pity. The men's faces, shaven even to the mustache, all strangely like one another, are grave and immobile.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

Everything rocks and roars and bellows and turns the heads of the people. They are filled with contented ennui, their nerves are racked by an intricate maze of motion and dazzling fire. Bright eyes grow still brighter, as if the brain paled and lost blood in the strange turmoil of the white, glittering wood. The ennui, which issues from under the pressure of self-disgust, seems to turn and turn in a slow circle of agony. It drags tens of thousands of uniformly dark people into its somber dance, and sweeps them into a will-less heap, as the wind sweeps the rubbish of the street. Then it scatters them apart and sweeps them together again.

Ibid., p. 312.

The crowd increases with the light, a black moving mass, workbound; a million pale faces; a clicking of heels that swells to one sustained roll of thunder.

WPA Guide, p. 49.

Huddling together in thick, gummy streets.
Dreiser, p. 7.

White necks, clumps of powdered bodies.
Yeash, p. 407.

cold callous feet trotting up and down
Last Poets "NY, NY."

The people surging in the direction of lights suspended far off in the darkness, writing multicolored snakes. They flow from all the neighboring streets. A crowd like that, I say to myself, adds up to a lot of dollars in handkerchiefs alone or silk stockings! Or just in cigarettes for that matter!

Céline, p. 562.

Eyes that have seen too many people,
a brain jazzing wearily.
Parland, p. 347.

Children cover the pavement, busy as ants, women, almost invisible in black, make little dark mounds before each tenement door. From each mound a buzzing hum of angry gossip rises to the summer, starry sky.

Puzo, p. 5.

Bull-like men back off and plunge against walls of flesh, denting in and being pushed home.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

They're like a gray mass
with bubbling eyes

Beaudin, p. 3.

Women are pinned, their faces a few inches from those of strangers, their make-up running. It is a mingling and crushing of body to body, and close indecent contact.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

People are hurrying along the sidewalk; hurrying, hurrying from work, from tea, from the theater, from their dentists; hurrying to the busses, the subways, calling for taxis; hurrying, hurrying.

Atkinson, p. 41.

The streets are filled, with magical quickness, by hundreds of thousands, who chatter, and shout, and laugh, and shake hands, and ask questions, and tell their experiences, and demand if anybody has ever heard of such a thing before, and wonder what it is, and what it means, and whether it will come back again.

Serviss, p. 64.

The garment factories, which have steadily inched their way northward to 42nd Street; in the evening their workers pour out of the tall buildings and place a blight on the streets like so many ravening grasshoppers.

Peretti, p. 106.

Below the buildings, on the streets we find the crowded mass of "tired and scattered" people (wearing "cynical masks of struggle and tiredness—faces of iron—hearts of iron—tongue of iron—crowd of iron...") pressed together with more goods (slicing down and across the corner of 24th Street and 7th Avenue: "real furs and fake furs by the million: mountains of the most delicate breasts to cover millions of PINK-WOMEN; BROWN AND BLACK WOMEN")

Depero, "24th Street," p. 429.

The faces of the people themselves seem unreal, like freaks come to life from a dreadful nightmare: Cauliflower ears, beggars, sleazy crones, skinny girls, twisted old men, sleek youths with pale faces, the blind and the maimed.

Walker, p. 205.

Faces coming into and out of view.

Amin, p. 38.

One searches vainly in the crowd on Broad Street for a smiling face.

Talbot, p. 32.

Cigars in big overseeing fat faces.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Walking up Broadway, he avows that "each face [is] beautiful and individual," and on another promenade with his wife he restores individuality of character to the avenues which have been rendered uniform by their numerical naming, differentiating unscrupulous Sixth ("tenderloin, fast") from demure Eighth ("real lower class, honest") and piteous Third ("poor, foreign").

Koolhaas, p. 123.

Full-length figure: all people appear at a distance, the face becomes unimportant, the overall gesture of the figure; silhouette, the figure always appears in relation to the background or frame of the composition.

Turner, *Backward*, p. 101.

So I joined the line of pedestrians entering one of the neighboring streets. We progressed by fits and starts because of the shop-windows, which fragmented the crowd.

Céline, p. 558.

The eyes of them! The bodies! The hats, the coats, the shoes, the motions! How often have I followed amazedly for blocks, for miles even, attempting to pigeonhole in my own mind the astonishing characteristics of a figure before me, attempting to say to myself what I really thought of it all, what misfortune or accident or condition of birth or of mind had worked out the sad or grim spectacle of a human being so distorted, a veritable caricature of womanhood or manhood. On the streets of New York I have seen slipping

here and there truly marvelous creatures, and have realized instantly that I was looking at something most different, peculiar, that here again life had accomplished an actual chef d'oeuvre of the bizarre or the grotesque or the mad, had made something as strange and unaccountable as a great genius or a great master of men. Only it had worked at the other extreme from public efficiency or smug, conventional public interest, and had produced a singular variation, inefficient, unsocial, eccentric or evil, as you choose, qualities which worked to exclude the subject of the variation from any participation in what we are pleased to call a normal life. [Surveillance] [Voyeur] [Flâneur]
Dreiser, p. 155.

Vito Acconci: "*Following Piece*, potentially, could use all the time allotted and all the space available: I might be following people, all day long, everyday, through all the streets in New York City. In actuality, following episodes ranged from two or three minutes when someone got into a car and I couldn't grab a taxi, I couldn't follow—to seven or eight hours—when a person went to a restaurant, a movie." [Surveillance] [Voyeur] [Flâneur]
McMahon, N. pag.

Everyone on the sidewalk looks exactly seventeen years old and restless.
McInerney, *Bright Lights* p. 160.

The crowds are beginning to prey on my nerves.
Haggood, p. 156.

His life is spent among great crowds of his fellows, herded together in search of happiness or trains. He belongs at one time to the subway public, at another to the theater audience or the fight mob. But he always belongs to a crowd, and except at rare moments (in telephone booths or shower baths) he is only one of the faces one sees without recognition in such crowds. [Flâneur]
Federal Writers, p. 312.

New Yorkers are huddlers. In streets, on buses, in shops, they crowd together so that they may talk and feel the reassuring closeness of other bodies. Even the arguments that break out so fiercely and so quickly between strangers are an expression of that need for contact—that compulsion to break the silence of aloneness. [Singularity]
Bladford, pp. 93-4.

The city has never been so uncomfortable, so crowded, so tense. Money has been plentiful and New York has responded. Restaurants are hard to get into; businessmen stand in line for a Schrafft's luncheon as meekly as idle men used to stand in soup lines. (Prosperity creates its bread lines, the same as the Depression.) The lunch hour in Manhattan has been shoved ahead half an hour, to 12:00 or 12:30, in the hopes of beating the crowd to a table. Everyone is a little emptier at quitting time than he used to be. Apartments are festooned with No Vacancy signs. There is standing-room-only in Fifth Avenue buses, which once reserved a seat for every paying guest. The old double-deckers are disappearing—people don't ride just for the fun of it anymore.

At certain hours on certain days it is almost impossible to find an empty taxi and there is a great deal of chasing around after them. You grab a handle and open the door, and find that some other citizen is entering from the other side. Doormen grow rich blowing their whistles for cabs; and some doormen belong to no door at all—merely wander about through the streets, opening cabs for people as they happen to find them. By comparison with other less hectic days, the city is uncomfortable and inconvenient; but New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience—if they did they would live elsewhere.

White, *Here*, p. 52.

In aboriginal America a person moving within the ten-mile circle could potentially make only 313 different contacts with other human beings. In contrast, the density of the United States as a whole today would make possible 15,699 contacts in the same land area. The density of the average central city in the United States would permit over 2.5 million contacts, the density of Chicago over 5.3 million contacts, the density of New York City over 7.8 million contacts, and the density of Manhattan over 23.5 million contacts in the same land area.

Hauser, p. 12.

If you take the population of a small town, say thirty thousand souls who are usually spread over houses bordering on several miles of road—I believe that if you wanted to walk over all the roads of London Town it would take you two hundred years at four miles per hour!—if you take that population and crowd it all into one house having a frontage of say sixty feet of say sixty-foot road, you will find that that road-space is singularly little for the needs of that population when another population of the

same size is housed just a foot away along that same road. You will increase the bewilderment if you consider that of the population of a rural township of thirty thousand, about two-thirds—the children and the housekeeping women—use the roads very little, whereas your thirty thousand will all be active movers using their sixty feet of sidewalk and the sidewalks of their neighbors at least four times daily and all at about the same hour of the day—in tides. The congestion between—to be liberal—eight and ten of mornings and four and seven in the evening will be terrible. In addition there is the lunch hour. That is the situation of New York.

Ford, *America* p. 73-4.

Living in New York City gives people real incentives to want things that nobody else wants —to want all the leftover things. There are so many people here to compete with that changing your tastes to what other people don't want is your only hope of getting anything. For instance, on beautiful, sunny days in New York, it gets so crowded outside you can't even see Central Park through all the bodies. But very early on Sunday mornings in horrible rainy weather, when no one wants to get up and no one wants to get out even if they are up, you can go out and walk all over and have the streets to yourself and it's wonderful.
[Commodity]

Warhol, *Philosophy* p. 93.

This sense of dispossession, to be brief about it, haunted me so, I was to feel, in the New York streets and in the packed projectiles to which one clingingly appeals from the streets, just as one tumbles back into the streets in appalled reaction from them, that the art of beguiling or duping it became an art to be cultivated—though the fond alternative vision was never long to be obscured, the imagination, exasperated to envy, of the ideal, in the order in question; of the luxury of some such close and sweet and whole national consciousness as that of the Switzer and the Scot.

James, pp. 380-1.

New York's most congested time was 1904.

Reisenberg, p. 54.

I had to get used to it, but now that I have, nowhere do I feel freer than amid the crowds of New York. This light, ephemeral city, which every morning and evening, beneath the curious rays of the sun, seems a mere juxtaposition of

rectangular parallelepipeds, never opposes or depresses.
You can feel the anguish of solitude here, but not of being
crushed. [Grid] [Loneliness]

Sartre, p. 124.

Shared spatial consciousness.

Jacks, p. 34.

I've seen them come dark

wondering

wide-eyed

dreaming

out of Penn Station—

but the trains are late.

Hughes, *Collected*, p. 427.

It's a tight little island.

WPA Guide, p. 52.

And in the Upper West Side fifty thousand families will
be reading the newspaper by the sitting room table; fifty
thousand Upper East Side families will be finishing a quiet
game of bridge or sitting at the library table; and among
the thousand already asleep on the Lower East Side will be
a large number of old timers who have never seen Broadway.

Ibid., p. 51.

New York is the first place in the world where a man can
work within a ten minute walk of a quarter of a million
people.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 453.

An island is, after all, no place for sprawling; so many
people, so little space.

Kingwell, p. 65.

No time for consciousness.

Conrad, p. 199.

This city is full of self-conscious high achievers who
strive to appear as confident and fearless as New York
itself. Claustrophobia, which involves both the fear of
being unable to escape the crowd and the feeling of being
painfully self-aware and isolated by one's own limitations.

Marsh, p. 109.

You may point out a street, correctly enough, as the
abode of washerwomen; but, in that second floor, a man may

be studying chaldean roots, and in the garret over the way,
a forgotten artist is dying by inches.

.Ibid, p. 39.

A new contradiction appears on the horizon: that between
flows (the moving, the ephemeral) and fixities (established
centers, decision-making positions) institutions, various
"properties," etc.).

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 202.

Another hundred people just got off of the train
And came up through the ground,
While another hundred people just got off of the bus
And are looking around

[...]

Can they find each other in the crowded streets and the
guarded parks,

By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the
battered barks,

And they walk together past upholstered walls with the
crude remarks.

And they meet at parties through the friends of friends
who they never

know.

Sondheim, "Another Hundred."

On the sidewalk pedestrians of every class in every kind
of dress of every colour swept past Hamish or walked by his
side. The show-windows on the bright spring day were
resplendent with temptations for strollers. [Flâneur]

Van Vechten, p. 245.

The streets and parks were thinned of people, but New
York is so dense—an experiment in density, really, as
Venice is an experiment in water—that the thinning just
produced the normal density of Philadelphia or Baltimore.
It added to the odd calm.

Gopnik, p. 119.

Manhattanism is the one urbanistic ideology that has
fed, from its conception, on the splendors and miseries of
the metropolitan condition—hyper-density—without once
losing faith in it as the basis for a desirable modern
culture. Manhattan's architecture is a paradigm for the
exploitation of congestion.

Koolhaas, p. 10.

The Culture of Congestion is the culture of the 20th century.

Ibid., p. 125.

Raymond Hood: "Congestion is good."

Kilham, p. 188.

Hardened Arteries

The traffic is heavy this time of the evening.

Hollander, p. 164.

The congestion on the streets gets heavier and heavier.

Lobas, p. 141.

Traffic is tied up, and horns are blowing urgently on a crosstown street in the distance. [Sound]

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 3.

At that very moment, hundreds of thousands of cars are pouring into Manhattan island over twelve bridges and through four tunnels. Once the finally reaching the city, they end up in more traffic snarls; and they instantly wish, at all costs, to break out of Manhattan again.

Lobas, p. 132.

Vehicles jumping the lights often block intersections, inspiring whole symphonies of honking and hooting from frustrated drivers facing a green light and obstructed crossings. Spillback causes gridlock. [Sound]

Brook, p. 144.

Trucks jam along the gutters.

Donleavy, N. pag.

A savage confusion in the streets of New York. A great tidal counterpoint of traffic noises flows across a strange, roaring undertone that never ceases, night or day. It jangles the nerves of the people of the city, and creates tensions and strains that make everything a crisis. [Sound]

Atkinson, p. 19.

Fifty-ninth Street is almost solidly filled with two heavy, sluggish streams of traffic moving in opposite directions.

Ibid., p. 41.

The traffic on Seventy-ninth Street has thickened into a querulous, honking rush-hour crowd.

Gopnik, p. 53.

Getting around town by any means except by subway is virtually impossible.

Atkinson, p. 23.

Trying to get through the side streets of New York in an automobile is like trying to thread a maze.

Ibid., p. 23.

Blue exhaust chuffs steadily from heated cabs that lined the curb. Drivers re huddled behind the wheels. Taxis desert the line. They U-turn with a violent protest of tires and tear away with a rush.

Berger, *Eight Million*, pp. 166-7.

November seventh there is a heavy rain; the streets become slippery; traffic is completely tied up.

Corbusier, p. 69.

12:01 Well, in conjunction with the big holiday weekend, we start out with the Hudson River horror show right now. Big delays in the Holland Tunnel either way with roadwork, only one lane will be getting by. You're talking about, at least, twenty to thirty minutes worth of traffic either way, possibly even more than that. Meanwhile the Lincoln Tunnel, not great back to Jersey but still your best option. And the GW Bridge your worst possible option. Thirty to forty minute delays, and that's just going into town. Lower level closed, upper level all you get. Then back to New Jersey every approach is fouled-up: West Side Highway from the 150's, the Major Deegan, the Bronx approaches and the Harlem River Drive are all a disaster, the Harlem River Drive could take you an hour, no direct access to the GW Bridge with roadwork. And right now across the East River 59th Street Bridge, you've gotta steer clear of that one. Midtown Tunnel, Triboro Bridge, they remain in better shape. Still very slow on the eastbound Southern State Parkway here at the area of the, uh, Meadowbrook there's a, uh, stalled car there blocking a lane and traffic very slow.

Goldsmith, *Traffic*, p. 1.

A million people surly with traffic.

Conrad, p. 208.

For tardiness, sloppiness, and straining the nerves, you are sentenced to the maximum punishment—the Belt Parkway.
Lobas, p. 156.

Whatever our differences, we agreed that the Cross-Bronx Expressway, a deep, eternally sluggish river of brake lights and diesel exhaust coursing through a waste of twisted rebar and abandoned scrap, is as gruesome a stretch of highway as exists in these parts.

Paumgarten, N. pag.

About a million cars prowl around Manhattan each working day, and three-quarters of them leave the island every evening. Saturation point is frequently reached.

Brook, p. 144.

Fifty minutes is needed at this time of day for a journey that in the morning would take a quarter of an hour, and pedestrians have to stand and wait for two minutes, deprived of any hope of an immediate crossing.

Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 51.

On the most crowded street, Fifth Avenue, which cuts the city in half, from the height of the upstairs of the hundreds of trundling buses, you can see tens of thousands of cars, racing in six or eight lanes in either direction. Drenched in the rain that had just fallen, they are now gleaming with a lacquer finish. [Air] [Weather]

Ibid., *Discovery*, p. 51.

Mayor William J. Gaynor, astounded by the automobile traffic he saw snarling Fifth Avenue, called for a broad new thoroughfare to be carved out of Midtown, just west of Fifth Avenue. [Robert Moses]

Goldenberg, p. 19.

The sun illuminated a gracious picture on Fifth Avenue. At the corner the traffic policeman held up his hand and the black and white cabs, the yellow cabs, the cherry cabs, the green and silver cabs, the Chryslers, the Rolls-Royces, the Fords, the Packards, lined up restless for the signal to press onward, for all the world like a row of Roman charioteers behind the tape waiting for the race to begin.

Van Vechten, p. 245.

Buckminster Fuller was driving through New York with a group of editors from the *New Yorker* and *Fortune* when he

was stopped by a traffic officer at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. While the officer demanded to know exactly what Bucky was driving, Bucky cleverly turned the steering and slowly rotated the entire Dymaxion car around the stationary police officer. That maneuver backfired because, upon witnessing the traffic-stopping event one block away, the next officer demanded a similar demonstration. The incident was then repeated at almost every successive corner, causing Bucky and his guests to spend nearly an hour traveling one mile down Fifth Avenue.

Sieden, p. 167.

Broadway is the main artery of New York life—the hardened artery.

Clapp, p. 390.

Broadway as a river with no bridge to detain it.

Conrad, p. 232.

Our traffic snarls irritate us, but the sleighs on lower Broadway caused such tangles a hundred years ago that people used to get out and walk "in a huff" rather than try to get anywhere behind horses.

Atkinson, p. 262.

By the late nineteenth century, the Brooklyn Bridge had become clogged with traffic.

Hawes, N. pag.

Motor trucks average less than six miles per hour in traffic, as against eleven miles per hour for horse drawn vehicles in 1911.

Goodman, "Banning Cars," N. pag.

Manhattan traffic congestion returns by late July 1945 to its prewar levels.

Trager, p. 549.

The traffic problem in New York seems insoluble. Like some backwater of a lazy, powerful stream, it has eddied slower and slower until of late years it hardly moves at all.

Atkinson, p. 23.

In 1911, the architect Henry Rutgers Marshall suggested a broad, gently curved boulevard linking the old Pennsylvania Station with Fifth Avenue and 42 Street.

Goldenberg, p. 19.

We propose banning private cars from Manhattan Island.
Goodman, "Banning Cars," N. pag.

Corbett's "solution" for New York's traffic problem is the most blatant case of disingenuity in Manhattanism's history. Pragmatism so distorted becomes pure poetry. Not for a moment does the theorist intend to relieve congestion; his true ambition is to escalate it to such intensity that it generates—as in a quantum leap—a completely new condition, where congestion becomes mysteriously positive.

Koolhaas, p. 120.

Anytime one attempts to insert speed into any system, slowness results. The traffic jam was the old proof of this truth.

Gopnik, p. 232.

The new roadways are expected to ease traffic on the Southern and Northern State parkways, but they are quickly as jammed as the older roadways. [Moses]

Trager, p. 495.

The city designates all of Manhattan below 96th Street a tow-away zone for illegally parked cars.

Ibid., p. 621.

Oldenburg's Broome Street expressway was a tube for traffic in the form of a cigarette extending across Manhattan. He says, "you would be driving inside a cigarette and wouldn't even know it was a cigarette."

Conrad, pp. 318-20.

By the late '80s, I'd discovered how relatively easy it was to get a parking space on the street in Manhattan. Greenwich Village, the Upper East Side, and even the Theater District—areas that I would previously never have dreamed of driving to—began yielding spots pretty quickly.

McLoughlin, p. 198.

Movement

Oh (cosmic sensation of speed!

Parland, p. 5.

Lefebvre's rhythmanalysis, a concept that interweaves cyclical and linear rhythms in the everyday. The linear, which can be made totally uniform and quantifiable, has more and more eliminated the qualitative from time and space. The disappearance of rhythms and cycles engenders in turn a need for rhythms, exemplified by the growing significance of music in social life or the commercialized and recuperated fête.

Lefebvre, *Writings*, p. 31.

And now the traffic was dim shapes and moving shadows visible only in bits and pieces.

Finney, p. 156.

Park Avenue is one of the most dangerous thoroughfares in the city; one should never try to beat the lights there. The traffic lights on Park Avenue change at intervals that allow a driver to cross about five streets at city limits. If you hustle you make a sixth.

Lobas, p. 158.

There was already the tall white city of today, already the feverish activity of the boom, but there was a general inarticulateness.

Fitzgerald, "My Lost City," p. 109.

The Grand Concourse was also know as The Speedway Concourse, a route originally planned for Manhattanites to reach the open parks of the Bronx. When only a boulevard without dwellings on boulevardiers, the Speedway was an engineer's dream.

White, *Physical History*, p. 121.

Peeling rubber all the way up
SECOND AVENUE into Harlem Heights
Our yellow Triumph took us out of Manhattan tenement
hells

Into the deer-ridden black earth dairylands.

Berrigan, p. 522.

I - Street

Corrupting the rational spaces of modernity through a kind of material or virtual "street haunting."

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 222.

If you laid all New York's paved streets end to end they'd bridge the Atlantic.

Conrad, p. 249.

Street Names

The junction of Grand and Center Streets was Bayard's Mount, or Bunker's Hill; East Thirteenth Street at Avenue D was Burnt Mill Point; just north of City Hall stood Windmill Hill, and around that spot were Gallows Hill, Potbaker's Hill and Cowfoot Hill. The inlet that cut into Seventy-fourth Street from East River was Sawmill Creek and the great dimple east of Riverside Drive between 129th and 132nd Streets was Mother David's Valley.

Berger, *New York*, p. 204.

Abattoir Place was the former name of West 12th St. between 11th Ave. and the Hudson River.

Brown, *Valentines No. 7*, p. 66.

Art Street was the former name of Astor Place. Originally it was a lane leading from the Bowery to a part of the Stuyvesant Farm. It was known as Art St. in 1807.

Ibid., p. 69.

The lower end of William Street has probably undergone more changes of name than any other street in the city. It has been known as: The Glass Makers' Street, The Smith Street, Smee Street, Smit Street, Suice Street, De Smee Street, Burghers Path, Burger Jorisens Path, King Street, Berger Joris Street, and Borisens Path.

WPA Guide, p. 89.

Dirty Lane was the former name of South William St. This street was opened 1656 and was called by the Dutch Slyck Steegh, meaning Dirty Lane. In 1674 it was called Mill Street Lane; name changed to South William St. about 1832.

Brown, *Valentines No. 7*, p. 77.

Jew's Alley was the former name of South William St. Between Broad Street and Mill Lane. Jew's Alley formerly ran from Madison St. between Oliver and James Sts.
Ibid., p. 90.

Smell Street Lane was the former name of Broad St. Between Exchange Place and Wall St.
Ibid., p. 106.

On naming and utopianism.
Buse, p. 67.

Street name changes: "The Street That Leads to the Pie Woman's" to Nassau Street, "Windmill Lane" to Cortlandt Street, "Smell Street Lane" to Broad Street, "Tinpot Alley" to Edgar Street, "Sugarloaf Street" to Franklin Street. A country road that wound around the west end of what is now Times Square toward the river was Verdant Lane.
Berger, *New York*, p. 25.

She says she knows that she lives at 126 "Boddeh Stritt." Even this isn't correct, since her husband demands that she call it "Bahday Street," which she reconverts to German where it means, meaninglessly, "bath street." When David gets lost, he claims to live on "Boddeh Stritt." A passerby chucklingly translates this into Potter Street, and an Irish policeman into "Body Street-sounds like the morgue" or "Barhdee Street."
Conrad, pp. 122-3.

David says he lives at "S-sebm fawdynine N-nint' Street," which someone in the crowd alternately locates as "on de cunner Evenyuh D." [Speech]
Ibid., p. 123.

A lexicon of pseudonyms for Broadway: the Illuminated Thoroughfare, the Modern Appian Way, the Rue of Roués, the Gay Lit-Up Canyon, Golden Gulch, Orange Juice Gulch, Beer Gulch, Mazda Lane, Fruadway, Via Lobsteria Dolorosa, Neon Boulevard, Tungsten Territory.
Conrad, p. 284; Maffi, p. 109.

Stripty-Second Street.
Conrad, p. 285.

Maybe men will remember that Wall Street was named for a real wall that the mynheers built to keep out Indians. Maybe they will recall that Mill Lane took its name from an

old Dutch mill; that Marketfield Street was Petticoat Lane, the Hausvrows' road to Bowling Green market; that there were once aromas and trades and events identified by every name that will then be only a signpost. [Smell]

Berger, *New York*, pp. 279-80.

SoHo was one of the few New York City places whose streets were named for American generals from the Revolutionary War: Lafayette, Crosby, Greene, Wooster, along with Thompson, Sullivan, and MacDougal, whose names grace streets to the west of SoHo. The current exception, West Broadway, was originally named Laurens Street after Henry Laurens (1724-1792), a president of the Continental Congress.

Kostelanetz, *Soho*, p. 29.

I had barely recovered from the appellative blow struck by SoHo (*South of Houston Street*) when I received a quick left to the sensibility in the form of NoHo (*North of Houston Street*) ... I've come to the conclusion that this crazed naming of extremely specific areas of the city has yet to come to full flower... It is abundantly clear that such vague terms as Midtown will no longer suffice; it will only get worse.

Leibowitz, p. 110.

As early as the mid-nineteenth century, a Russian visitor noted that the roads cutting through Broadway down to Washington Square bore historical names, while those beyond were numbered, as if history has dried up and stopped nursing imagination.

Maffi, p. 15.

Christopher Street became so gay in the 1970s that some gay men wrongly assumed that Gay Street had been named in their honor.

Carter, p. 13.

Street Numbers

We have also a deplorable habit of naming our streets and avenues in numerical order. There is no reason why we should not bestow on these streets the names of some of our great statesmen, authors or littérateurs—anything that would save us from this humdrum, prosaic one, two, three stuff would be a relief—and the beauty of it is that all these new names would be suggestive and lead to further

inquiry regarding the accomplishments of the men and women so honored. [Grid]

Brown, *Valentines No. 7*, pp. 153-4.

Too distracted to read the street numbers from the northbound bus he's caught on Fifth Avenue, he mistakes 127th Street for 137th. He tells himself that "two and three look alike," then admits that they don't really.

Conrad, p. 197.

Sixty-sixth Street, which muddles the general odd-even rule for Manhattan, leads westward.

Lobas, p. 24.

89 East 42nd Street, the official address of Grand Central Station.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 172.

Ask me why they change Eleventh Avenue to West End at Fifty Ninth Street, and Tenth Avenue to Amsterdam and Ninth to Columbus, and Eighth to Central Park West. Because people thought they were big hot shit up there. That's why.

Donleavy, N. pag.

The fundamental reality of streets, as with all public space, is political.

Blomley, p. 16.

Your streets are narrowing and must be widened.

Reisenberg, p. 205.

The street widths of Manhattan were designed, in 1811, for buildings of one to four stories.

Goodman, p. 304.

Corner

The ecology of the street corner.

n.cit.

Only the meeting of two different street names makes for the magic of the corner.

Buse, p. 67.

Outdoor corners may be instructively contrasted with interior ones.

O'Neill, p. C1.

The freedom of corners may be expressed thusly: A corner is where travel options are multiplied, usually by two. (Rare is the New York corner that is not one of a quartet.)

Ibid., p. C1.

The pedestrian traffic accordingly doubles at corners, and because corners are where pedestrians are held up by stoplights, corners are also where temporary groups of people form.

Ibid., p. C1.

On the phenomenon of corner boys: "A corner boy is a loiterer up to no good, a brazen article who hangs around hoping for action. The action may be narcotic, it may be sexual (in the case of corner boys who are girls or, indeed, boy/girls), or it may be more innocently risqué." [Drugs] [Sex]

Ibid., p. C1.

This corner is a paradise for semiologists. There is a very cluttered pole on which are mounted two pedestrian lights and a vehicular traffic light; a one-way sign; a sign alerting us to the possible presence of blind persons; a no-left-turn sign; a chirping yellow gadget (presumably for the blind); and, at the pole's overhanging extremity, a streetlight.

Ibid., p. C1.

Go to the intersection of Fifth and Fiftieth.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Looking upon a street intersection the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., we can imagine the scene, in large to a vast size, a mural in some future museum, showing maximum surface pressure, pedestrian and motor, into this crude city of today.

Reisenberg, p. 64.

The lion and the tiger passing, as Tom Wolfe used to say about certain types passing that corner.

Jackson, p. 753.

Suddenly a psychopathically worried policeman appears on the corner and tells everybody to go away.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 108.

I stood at the corner waiting for the light to change to get across to the subway and was overtaken again and started crying.

Wojnarowicz, p. 45.

Waverly Place achieves the distinction that makes it unique among the streets of New York City: the only street in the city to wrap around itself, it does so where it crosses Christopher Street, throwing itself around the three-sided Northern Dispensary (as a New Yorker once put it, "Where Waverly intersects Waverly intersecting Waverly"). From this point, as if having succeeded in confusing itself, Waverly takes a sudden sharp bend like the irregular path of a drunk and continues east to Sixth Avenue. But not before running into Gay Street on its northern side, a surprisingly short street that in its own diminutive existence of one block cannot keep itself straight, veering back upon itself at an odd angle, only turn back into Christopher Street.

Carter, p. 13.

Sidewalk

Sidewalks first appeared in Paris in the 1760s. By the mid-nineteenth century, they became common in major cities and began to be elevated about the road. Yet early sidewalks were tentative in nature: graveled edges, footbridges over muddy streets. In the 1880s, they were poured concrete. Once produced and identified as a space, the sidewalk became an object of urban governance.

Blomley, pp. 57-9.

The first laying down of hot asphalt was in 1871 at the Battery, and as this practice spread it presumably greatly aiding the early bicyclists. Concrete was first used as a base for pavements in New York in 1888. In 1889 the city fathers decided to implement a general project for the improvement of the pavements and sidewalks, seemingly after an especially hard winter which had led to an issue of bonds to help pay for road repairs.

Haden, p. 53.

Arshile Gorky, in the early thirties, often spoke of the cracks in the sidewalks as something that could interest and excite the eye.

Stevens & Swan, p. 105.

Sites of both domination and resistance.
Lokaituou-Sideris, p. 86.

Central to the drama of "life and death" in the city.
Sidewalks, their bordering uses and their users, are active
participants in the drama of civilization versus barbarism
in cities.

Blomley, p. 19.

The sidewalk ballet.
Ibid., p. 19.

Pests of the pavement.
Ibid., p. 68.

Inanimate bandits of the sidewalk.
Ibid., p. 68.

A constant succession of eyes.
Ibid., p. 19.

Micro-politics on public sidewalks.
Lokaituou-Sideris, p. 87.

When you are crawling on a sidewalk there is no
proscenium: no front, no back.
Pope.L, p. 75.

Concrete excited him most.
Freeman, p. 102.

Passing and repassing.
Blomley, p. 74.

Bodies as urban forests.
Lokaituou-Sideris, p. 189.

sidewalks into catwalks
Tomlinson, p. 137.

The scourge of street encumbrance.
Blomley, p. 61.

Amiable disorder.
Ibid., p. 41.

Friction risk.
Ibid., p. 41.

Calculus of delay.

Ibid., p. 41.

Their emotional nature.

Ibid., p. 23.

These same slates. Scratched with marks hoboes made.
Donleavy, N. pag.

In the New World of pavements, asphalt and cement.

Ibid., N. pag.

They're of cut stone, not concrete.

Finney, p. 326.

The side of the street with the most obstructions and slowest going is the side that attracts people.

Blomley, p. 22.

Here falls a well-dressed woman and her dinner spills from a bag and onto the sidewalk.

Barry, p. xiv.

Someone sweeps his portion.

Lee, "City," p. 223.

Attempts at sidewalk control: pedestrians were advised to keep to the right. Advisory placards were set up, but soon vandalized or destroyed. In the 1920s, painted white lines as to separate the two streams of pedestrians.

Blomley, p. 70.

Impediments to the free flow of pedestrian traffic are a hallmark of city life.

Ibid., p. 93.

Narrow and crowded; the pavements are cracked, full of holes and subway gratings; they're obstructed by a host of badly designed light standards, parking signs, mailboxes, trash containers; much of the surface is in permanent use for temporary storage of crates, newspapers, displays of merchandise, signs and what not. Further obstructing the flow is a host of street operators: handbill passers, demonstrators, hustlers for second-floor establishments, pitchmen for stores, pushcart food vendors, knickknack vendors, and barkers.

Ibid., p. 22.

Most of us take sidewalks for granted. An undervalued element of the urban form, this public ground connects points of origin and destination, and few people go through the day without traversing at least one sidewalk. Sidewalks are unassuming, standardized pieces of gray concrete that are placed between roadways and buildings, and their common appearance belies their significance and history as unique but integral parts of the street and urban life. A commercial terrain for merchants and vendors, a place of leisure for flâneurs, a refuge for homeless residents, a place for day-to-day survival for panhandlers, a space for debate for political activists, an urban forest for environmentalists ... Like streets, sidewalks are ubiquitous and difficult to avoid. Motorists observe them from their vehicles, and pedestrians walk along them from point of origin and destination or from car to building.

Lokaituou-Sideris, pp. 3, 6.

On a warm and blue early October day, I walk half a block from my home and investigate this question at West 23rd Street and Seventh Avenue, an intersection I constantly but heedlessly use. There are no other lingerers, and partly out of embarrassment I pay attention, for the first time ever, to the street furniture.

O'Neill, "p. C1.

By the early twentieth century, the canopy had supplanted the row-house stoop as the common signature of the middle-class New York residence—yet its importance was far more than symbolic. As the apartment house's clearest gesture to the street, it revealed the interlocking of domestic and public realms that made the New York apartment house, for all its layers of remove from the city, a profoundly urban form of housing. The canopy engaged the street—literally—by passing over a portion of the sidewalk and claiming it for the building; yet it simultaneously allowed free passage for the city's street life beneath. In this overlap the film city found enormous dramatic possibility.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 198.

Street Furniture

The difference between "street architecture" and "landmarks": built as part of street, they continue to live

as a part of it, even in incongruous transformations; in isolation they lose their meaning.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 32.

I walked along for half a block staring up at a gray winter sky actually darkened, or so it seemed, by literally hundreds and hundreds of black telegraph wires on both sides of the street and running across it in bunches of sometimes several dozen, an astonishing mess. Every few yards wooden telegraph poles sprouted from the walk, some of them—I stopped and counted—with as many as fourteen crossarms loaded with wires, each pole, I noticed, marked with the name of whatever competing company had put it there.

Finney, pp. 227-8.

Street lamps hang, two big tears above signs. No parking no commercial traffic. [Light]

Donleavy, N. pag.

Waiting for a light at Forty-second, you scope among the announcements of ancient upcoming events, strangling the lamppost like kudzu. [Times Square]

McInerney, p. 13.

These white stripes form the rungs of a "ladder" crosswalk, where two parallel white lines serve as the side rails. A "continental" crosswalk, by contrast, is not bordered by rails, and its bands simply float on the blacktop. Some crosswalk markings have side rails but stripes that run diagonally: "zebra" crossings. [Grid]

O'Neill, p. CY1.

In all his thoughts and actions, there is a flavor of asphalt.

Hapgood, p. 76.

Look down and see all the bottle tops embedded in the asphalt.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Harum-scarum haze on the Pollock streets

Berrigan, p. 44.

Because of the building boom and the quickening thrust of the population toward the north, streets were ripped up much of the time.

Ellis, p. 460.

I think I forgot to tell about the girl on 57th at Park who took off all her clothes and peed in the middle of the street and then walked over and put her clothes on again. In front of that luggage store that I never see anybody in. The southwest corner, you know? Everybody pretended like nothing was happening. She had high heels on. (Tuesday, January 21, 1986)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 710.

In 1961 Frank and I were walking along First Avenue and noticed the funny steeples of St. Bridget's Church on Tompkins Square Park in the distance—one steeple curved limply...The steeple of St. Brigid's on Tompkins Square which is "leaning a little to the left."

Gooch, p. 74.

How funny you are today New York
like Ginger Rogers in *Swingtime*
and St. Brigid's steeple leaning a little to the left
O'Hara, p. 370.

What, in fire escapes, do I admire? Their universality; their economy of design; their rugged skeletal strength and transparent utility; their spontaneous novelty; the simply sturdy curves overlapping when viewed from a given vantage, filtering the masonry or brick; their constancy; sounds as a dollar, firm as Gibraltar, unshaken by the aged, neglected yet shouldering their vital charge, clinging, like Ulysses to his barque, through hurricanes, freezing gales of winter; safely conducting bolts of lightning; supporting, as Atlas, the gravid snows of winter.

Deyo p. 103.

Signs to Maspeth, Flatbush and Ozone Park.
Donleavy, N. pag.

These are the hands that paste posters and notices on lamppost and wall. Over the course of time, one poster is pasted over another and each in its turn crumbles and peels and fades away. But bits of each remain to form collages which are subject to change whenever the wind blows hard or another hand puts up a fresh poster.

Binzen, N. pag.

Character of Streets

Every street and avenue should be studied as an individual artistic problem.

Goodman, p. 304.

The use and purpose of streets: history.

Turner, *Glances*, p. 101.

Rear Window is set on a fictitious 125 West 9th Street, nonexistent because West 9th has a career of only a single block.

Conrad, p. 293.

Eighth Avenue: the greater lower middle class highway of New York.

Hawes, N. pag.

Allen Street: the Riviera of the bums.

Conrad, p. 285.

Fifth Avenue automatically denotes a gentleman while Central Park West a commoner.

Hawes, N. pag.

People on Lexington Avenue are wishing that they lived in a more cheerful street.

Wilson, "Leaving NY," p. 477.

In the Hunter's Gate and out the Miner's Gate and down Fifth Avenue.

Donleavy, N. pag.

The curve of lower Broadway around Bowling Green Park when you went up to Wall Street.

Jackson, p. 678.

The Bowery alive outside the window with its traffic and muttering winos, inside a house with alley cats chasing each other through the dimly lit room.

Wojnarowicz, p. 184.

Broadway has a kind of island in the center, with strips of grass and a green bush or two, and at each street crossing there are a few benches on this island where the real hard-bitten city dwellers sit, in the very center of the rushing traffic, happily relaxed and cheerfully chatting.

Atkinson, p. 25.

Riding up Broadway amid the soft hail of ticker tape.
Ellis, p. 526.

Socked in on Park Avenue.
Donleavy, N. pag.

These streets are constantly stalked by high buildings.
Bennett, *Deconstructing*, p. 9.

Where every street is a dead end and in which the
sluggish rivers trap the island like a moat.
Brook, p. 16.

all these streets leading / so crosswise, honking,
lengthily, / by avenues
Bennett, *Deconstructing*, p. 9.

The streets are always disappearing around here.
Maffi, p. 50.

The brutal breaking of the streetscape, both
historically and aesthetically.
Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 17.

The East Side street could not be banished with a
leather strap.
Gold, p. 19.

Leaving the island of Manhattan. Arrive on the mainland
of the Bronx.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Truth to tell, Sixth and Eighth at the best of times is
no cozy byway of the Village. Back when the Women's House
of Detention occupied the site of the fenced neighborhood
garden some neighbors refer to "Pansies in Bondage," the
streets veritably rang with conversations between inmates
and loved ones six stories apart. The traffic island
dividing Sixth and Greenwich avenues is an *old* haunt of
brass bands partial to Souza medleys. And the intersection
itself—can you try to imagine a sleazy incensed souk run by
people in Mohawks, leather boots, and jackets that say
"Stormtroopers of Death, Speak English or Die"? [Sound]
Trebay, p. 80.

Abandon all hope ye who enter here is scrawled in blood
red lettering on the side of the Chemical Bank near the
corner of Eleventh and First and is in print large enough

to be seen from the backseat of the cab as it lurches forward in the traffic leaving Wall Street and just as Timothy Price notices the words a bus pulls up, the advertisement for *Les Misérables* on its side blocking his view, but Price who is with Pierce & Pierce and twenty-six doesn't seem to care because he tells the driver he will give him five dollars to turn up the radio, "Be My Baby" on WYNN, and the driver, black, not American, does so... Price calms down, continues to stare out the cab's dirty window, probably at the word FEAR sprayed in red graffiti on the side of a McDonald's on Fourth and Seventh... Like in a movie another bus appears, another poster for *Les Misérables* replaces the word—not the same bus because someone has written the word DYKE over Eponine's face. [Technology] [Sound] [Advertising] [Text] [Graffiti]

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 3.

Subjective Streets [Flâneur]

The street gets you.
Walker, *Night Club*, p. 200.

As time went on, the streets were what I came to dread most, and I was willing to do almost anything to avoid them.

Auster, "Fogg," p. 104.

I remember my favorite nights were just getting drunk and walking around the East Village kicking over garbage cans. Just the night. Just the night. Just that it would be night again. And you could go out, you know? It just seemed glorious. And you'd be humming these great songs and anything could happen, and it was usually pretty good. You'd pick up some chick. You'd have an adventure. You'd go to some fantasy where you'd never been before.

McNeil, p. 299.

My heart would just be racing every time I did that block. And then the doors would open and I'd be there. I was so excited every night I went. Everything was new, and it was so exciting because I knew I was walking into the future.

Ibid., p. 299.

"The streets," Cory would say with a flash in his eye, "are mine."

As if to prove it, he stopped me one evening under a lamp at the corner of Christopher and Seventh Avenue.

"Kiss me," he commanded.

Well, I was out of the closet and all that, but the corner of *Seventh Avenue and Christopher* with traffic going by like there was no tomorrow...?

"Here?" I said.

"Here," he said.

Hamilton, pp. 14-5.

And it's midafternoon and I find myself standing at a phone booth on a corner somewhere downtown, I don't know where, but I'm sweaty and a pounding migraine thumps dully in my head and I'm experiencing a major-league anxiety attack, searching my pockets for Valium, Xanax, a leftover Halcion, anything, and all I find are three faded Nuprin in a Gucci pillbox, so I pop all three into my mouth and swallow them down with a Diet Pepsi and I couldn't tell you where it came from if my life depended on it.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 148.

Streets coming fast,

One after the other.

Lowell, p. 54.

I find myself walking through the antique district below Fourteenth Street. My watch has stopped so I'm not sure what time it is, but probably ten-thirty or so. Black guys pass by offering crack or hustling tickets to a party at the Palladium. I walk by a newsstand, a dry cleaners, a church, a diner. The streets are empty; the only noise breaking up the silence is an occasional taxi cruising toward Union Square. A couple of skinny faggots walk by while I'm at a phone booth checking my messages, staring at my reflection in an antique store's window. One of them whistles at me, the other laughs: a high, fey, horrible sound. A torn playbill from *Les Misérables* tumbles down the cracked, urine-stained sidewalk. A streetlamp burns out. Someone in a Jean-Paul Gaultier topcoat takes a piss in an alleyway. Steam rises from below the streets, billowing up in tendrils, evaporating. Bags of frozen garbage line the curbs. The moon, pale and low, hangs just above the tip of the Chrysler Building. Somewhere from over in the West Village the siren from an ambulance screams, the wind picks it up, it echoes then fades. [Sound] [Garbage] [Light] [Nature] [Wind] [Silence] [Air]

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 128.

This is not hell, but the street.
Lorca, *Poet*, p. 123.

University Place: nothing of interest comes to mind about this minor thoroughfare of drab commercial buildings and boring apartment houses, with equally drab and boring bars, delis, and coffee shops interspersed, from shoddy, ugly Fourteenth Street down to what was then the staid and quiet corner of Eighth and University, where one found, inexplicably, completely out of place, the misnamed Cedar Street Tavern.

Lesueur, p. 165.

Another night, deep in the summer, the heat of my room sent me out into the streets. I walked down Third Avenue to Fifty-first Street, where there was an antique store with an object in its window I admired: a palace of a bird cage, a mosque of minarets and bamboo rooms yearning to be filled with talkative parrots. But the price was three hundred and fifty dollars. On the way home I noticed a cab-driver crowd gathered in front of P. J. Clark's saloon, apparently attracted there by a happy group of whiskey-eyed Australian army officers baritoning, "Waltzing Matilda." As they sang they took turns spin-dancing a girl over the cobbles under the El; and the girl, Miss Golightly, to be sure, floated round in their, arms light as a scarf. [Summer] [Heat]

Capote, p. 13.

There's nothing better than taking a walk through the seedy part of downtown Manhattan during the steamy summer nights. I distinctly remember the smell of cigarettes, alcohol, garbage and cheap perfume. On the way to Keith Haring and Juan Dubose's cluttered apartment on Broome Street, hookers lined the blocks of Chrystie Street. We always knew that we were near because we could hear the sound of their vinyl hot pants snapping back and forth and their heels clicking. [Weather] [Smell]

Frisa, p. 167.

At the corner of Jones and Bleecker a Chinese restaurant has replaced the bar whose lesbian patrons kept you awake so many summer nights when, too hot to sleep, you lay together with the windows open. [Sound] [Summer] [Heat]

McInerney, p. 134.

Q: What were your early influences?

A: The sidewalks of New York. East 11th Street, West 12th Street . . . so many side streets one doesn't think of when not in town.

Creeley, N. pag.

A six-year-old boy was recently asked at the kindergarten to name the principal use of the streets of New York. He promptly replied that the streets of New York were made for the cable-cars to run over. If this boy spends his life on Manhattan Island, the chances are he will never have occasion to amend this answer, and never think what the streets of New York are really for, and to whom they really belong.

Girdner, pp. 51-2.

Riding a bike in Manhattan is indeed perilous sport... "You ride through red lights, you ride against the traffic. You can be a felon," said Chester... There's a freedom in being on your bike in the city. You feel like you're floating above the masses. I'm pretty fearless on my bike, in ways that I can't be in the rest of my life. I feel like I'm the best on my bike, the most in tune with myself and the city." [Traffic Lights]

Bushnell, N. pag.

Streetscape

Montgomery Schuyler reviewed the streetscape of New York, pronouncing buildings appropriate or innocent or adventuresome or conformist, as if they were interesting characters or coded bits of behavior. He always seemed to sense where these buildings had come from, from the heart or the mind or the ego, born of ambition or pretension, nostalgia, or sheer mechanical ingenuity. His pronouncements applied as aptly to the citizens of the city as to their structures. As the new Fifth Avenue buildings were "amusing," so, in a way, were their pretentious owners. The older generation of houses, by contrast, were "primeval venerable things"—"dull" but innocent. [City as Body]

Hawes, N. pag.

A walk first: past the rich people eating chicken dinners on the sidewalk terraces of the Fifth Avenue Hotel... past the Young Marrieds, determinedly busying lousy paintings under the street lamps to take them back to the three-and-a-half out in Queens... past the glittering stream

of lion tamers, pirates, hoods, Englishmen, movie stars, poets, motorcycle riders, citizens, ingénues, bright young urine-analysts and beards on Eighth Street. Then through the park and under the dark, rustling trees, and the young lovers eating cantaloupe on the black lawns, and out onto Fever Street, MacDougal Street and then around, taking Sixth Avenue back (stopping often to have our silhouettes drawn on soft copper "by genuine artists"), then west on Greenwich Avenue and into the Picador.

Manville, p. 345.

He's now on Second Avenue, in the Yorkville section of Manhattan. He stops running for a moment to catch his breath. Once again he tries to hail a cab in the truck-filled street. No luck. He starts to run again. The music continues. The camera shows an empty phone booth; Ike runs over to it. He puts a dime into the slot and dials. The number is still busy. He drops the receiver back and leaves the booth quickly. He continues to run, now past Gramercy Park, oblivious to the passers-by, the traffic, everything but getting to where he desperately wants to go. The camera shows the lobby of Tracy's apartment house, looking outside from its interior. A limousine is parked at the curb. The music changes to "But Not for Me" as Ike runs onto the screen. He looks inside the glass doors, breathing hard. He looks pleased. [Technology] [Sound]

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 269

Just rain, black squares of windows, a drunk that weaved up the sidewalk.

Spillane, p. 267.

Onward: across the park and out into Fifth Avenue: stampeding against the noonday traffic, taxis, buses that screechingly swerved. Past the Duke mansion, the Frick Museum, past the Pierre and the Plaza.

Capote, p. 70.

Every day on this corner, summer or winter, spring or fall, a small group of men meet. They have no steady employment, nothing they can speak of; they do, however, have the gift of gab. These men can talk, talk, and mo' talk, and when a bottle is going round and they're feeling "nice," they get philosophical. These men become the great thinkers of the world, with solutions to all its ills; like drugs, the homeless, and AIDS.

Lee, p. 12.

A distant street corner seen between two buildings. The traffic is very light at this hour, but a Sanitation Department truck moves through the intersection spraying water out behind it to cool the pavement and keep the dust down. Three little kids in bathing suits run behind the truck, playing in the water.

Hayes, p. 2.

Hasidim hurry up and down the street, holding their hats, stopping to confer with one another, taking care not to eyeball the women in miniskirts.

McInerney, p. 68.

Empty cabs keep rolling past and you and Vicky continue to talk.

Ibid., p. 97.

While lighting a gargantuan joint, camcorder guy shoots out the huge expanse of French windows, the lens staring at a view of a leafless Union Square Park, at a truck with a massive Snapple logo driving by, limousines parked at a curb. [Drugs]

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 12.

Cabs lumber by silently, someone dressed exactly like me crosses the street, three beautiful girls pass by, each maybe sixteen and eyeing me, trailed by a thug with a camcorder, the muted, dissonant strains of Moby float from the open doors of the Crunch gym across the street where on the building above it a giant billboard advertises in huge black block letters the word TEMPURA. [Sound] [Publicity] [Text] [Food]

Ibid., p. 107.

You take in the street by layers: this guy with the hat stepping too close to your shoulder; the storefront signs and window displays prompting impulse purchases; the stone-cut ornaments just above your head (cornices, cherubs, lions), and sometimes a whole second-story tier of retail or an upstairs restaurant; the wall posters on construction sites selling movies, politicians, rock stars; and, finally, the tops of buildings, for which the best touches are often saved: Babylonian roof gardens, green copper domes, medieval castle turrets, Mayan setbacks, Greek temples, and all manner of pointy needles symbolizing the heavenward aspirations of commerce. [Commodity] [Antiquity] [Cosmic]

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 202.

By the mid-thirties the stores and entertainment palaces had long since closed, becoming empty-eyed witnesses to an earlier prosperity. When de Kooning moved in, the side streets were lined with graceless loft buildings that contained small factories and manufacturing spaces. Each was four or five stories high—sometimes as tall as eight—and without much enlivening decoration, careful proportion, or, indeed, any regaining architectural quality. The treeless streets, city canyons devoid of much light and space, were narrow. After dark, the area was deserted and grim. Few buildings were legitimate residences. Most were cold-water lofts, home to artists, dancers, and others.

Stevens & Swan, p. 119.

Traces of an earlier era, before the lofts, could be seen in the rows of ornate, wrought-iron stoops that were never torn down.

Ibid., p. 119.

In one night scene on the streets of New York, he depicted de Kooning as a haunted, brainy figure emerging from the abstract flicker of the city. [Abstraction]

Ibid., p. 420.

Greenwich Avenue is dishing up some of the sexiest girls and gayest boys in town. The former gaze at the boutiques and the latter at each other, all with shameless rapaciousness.

Binzen, N. pag.

The light changed and I saw my street coming up. I had to circle the block because it was a one way, then squeeze in between a decrepit delivery truck and a battered sedan. The number I wanted was a weather-beaten loft building, with an upholstery shop fronting on the street. On one side was a narrow entrance with a service elevator in the rear and a sign announcing the available vacancies hanging on the door.

Spillane, p. 290.

New York had its sinkholes, too, and the number of this one placed it smack in the middle of the slime. It was a one-way street of rats' nests with the river at one end and a saloon on each corner, peopled with men and women that had the flat, vacant look of defeat stamped on their faces.

Ibid., p. 189.

On one corner was a run-down candy store whose interior was obscured by flyspecked signs, but for all its dirt it served as a neighborhood hangout. In front of the paper stand were three young punks in sharp two-tone sports outfits making dirty cracks at the girls passing by. A husky blonde turned and slapped one across the jaw and got a boot in the tail for her trouble. This time she kept on going.

Ibid., p. 171.

I wasn't going anywhere... just driving, taking it easy along the main stem, following anybody that was ahead of me. Somehow we got to the approach of the Manhattan Bridge and it was easier to go across than to cut out of traffic. This time I was behind a truck that led the way down Flatbush Avenue at a leisurely pace. Evidently he was in no hurry, because he didn't bother going through light changes and never jumped the reds. He set such a nice pace that when he parked at Beverly Road for ten minutes I sat behind him and waited until he came back and followed him some more. The first thing I knew we had the lights of the city behind us and were skirting Floyd Bennett Field, and the air was carrying the salty tang of the ocean with it. We crossed the bridge then and he turned left, but I didn't follow. The winding macadam on the right led in the direction of the breezes and I took it to a gate and on into Rockaway Point.

Ibid., p. 174.

J - Flâneur

The grid reproaches the flâneur.
Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 406.

The flâneur seemed out of place in a city growing so rapidly and re-constructing itself every ten years, as buildings within the grid were pulled down and replaced.
Tallack, N. pag.

Who's going to write the history of the streets? And, anyway, what will it matter? Is there anyone around who can say, with calendar accuracy, when the solitary and quiet length of pavement and curb on which you walk every day became, let us say, a hooker's stroll?
Trebay, p. 63.

The moment you decide to go in search of the city is fraught with difficulties. Magical, yes, but also very tricky, because it is precisely in that moment that you determine your relationship with it: where and how to begin.
Maffi, p. 13.

I have contracted the habit of wandering. This great town, with its infinite modifications of nationality and external form, holds me in the afternoon and evening when I am through work, in a vise. But, somehow, altho there is movement and life in plenty, there is nothing vivid, or exciting about it, nothing irritating as are one's own little affairs. Life is lived in big masses by the common people. The rhythm of life is low because it is big and important. That street moving with quiet energy is more peaceful than a country scene. It lulls like the perpetual breaking of waves. I start out on one of my long wanderings because I want diversion in my loneliness and usually end up with feeling that it is deep folly to desire diversion at all. The contented masses of humanity gently vibrating through the broad street flooded with warm and liquid light, make me hate my individuality, despise my intelligence and my ambitions, and minimize the importance of everything except the essentials of life.
Hapgood, pp. 216-7.

Momentary disorientation, intimate exposure, physical contact with strangers, pratfalls, public humiliations—

conditions that in other circumstances might have been excruciating—become richly entertaining.

Kasson, p. 61.

Think about what happens to you during any two minutes spent walking on a city street—the flood of sensations, perceptions, and feelings that courses through you, most of them hardly deserving your attention. The multiplicity and density of detail is far greater than even the richest collection of verbalized thoughts or conversations with yourself that may have been going on at the same time. The process by which the world impinges on us at all times and the constantly shifting apprehension of our relation to it are too enormous for us to fully grasp.

McCourt, p. 7.

More than anything else, what he liked to do was walk. New York was a labyrinth of endless steps and no matter how far he walked, it always left him with the feeling of being lost. Each time he took a walk, he felt he was leaving himself behind. By giving himself up to the streets, by reducing himself to a seeing eye, he was able to escape thinking. All places became equal, and on his best walks, he was able to feel that he was nowhere. This was all he ever asked of things: to be nowhere. New York as the nowhere he had built around himself and he had no intention of ever leaving it again.

Auster, *Glass*, p. 4.

Walk down any street in the soft violet light. Make the mind blank. A thousand sensations assault you at once from every direction. Here man is still furred and feathered; here cyst and quartz still speak. There are audible, voluble buildings with sheet-metal visors and windows that sweat; places of worship too, where the children drape themselves about the porticos like contortionists; rolling, ambulant streets where nothing stands still, nothing is fixed, nothing is comprehensible except through the eyes and a mind of a dreamer. Hallucinating streets too, where suddenly all is silence, all is barren, a fevered temple, streets to die on and not a soul takes notice. Strange frangi-panic streets, in which attar of roses mingles with the acrid bite of leek and scallion. Slippered streets, which echo with the pat and slap of lazy feet. Streets out of Euclid, which can be explained only by logic and theorem.

Miller, *Sexus*, pp. 535-7.

A lyrical expectancy and openness, expressed through a mixture of the poetic and the factual.

Amin, p. 11.

A man must make a great effort not to lose himself in the crowd, not to be overwhelmed by his amazement—an amazement in which there is neither transport nor joy. But if he succeeds in individualizing himself, he finds that these millions of fires produce a dismal, all-revealing light. Tho they hint at the possibility of beauty, they everywhere discover a dull, gloomy ugliness.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

On a mild October day, sunshine is said to be loitering in the cross-streets. The avenues won't even permit the light to dawdle. If it wants to be idle, it must do so around the corner. But the avenues can be won over if you stroll on them at leisure, rather than hurrying like the preoccupied men of business.

Conrad, p. 196.

Twice I had passed through it; but this was really my first visit to New York; and as I walked about that evening I began to feel the dread power of the city; the crowds, the lights, the excitement, the gayety awl all its subtler stimulating influences began to take effect upon me. My blood ran quicker, and I felt that I was just beginning to live. To some natures this stimulant of life in a great city becomes a thing as binding and necessary as opium is to one addicted to the habit. It becomes their breath of life; they cannot exist outside of it; rather than be deprived of it they are content to suffer hunger, want, pain and misery; they would not exchange even a ragged and wretched condition among the great crowd for any degree of comfort away from it. [Drugs]

Johnson, *Autobiography*, pp. 86-7.

Walking affirms, suspects, tries out, transgresses, respects, etc., the trajectories it "speaks."

Jacks, p. 35.

In the crowd he is sublimely reminded of his own paltriness and finitude, as against the annihilating infinitude of nature.

Conrad, p. 84.

The trialectics of being: historicity, sociality, and spatiality.

Jacks, p. 34.

Enter the reflexive walker who engages in a two-way encounter between mind and the city.

Amin, p. 10.

The constant physical closeness of mutually anonymous strangers needing to deal with each other in daily life.

Reinicke, N. pag.

When bored we took to our city with a Huysmans-like perversity.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 607.

Commander Thomas J. Keane, 65 years old, hopes to complete next Sunday afternoon, if the weather is bright, a project he started a little less than four years ago—to walk every street, avenue, alley, square and court on Manhattan Island.

He started at the island's tip, taking all the east-west streets. He has had to weave and backtrack a lot in the crooked lanes and alleys in the financial district and in Greenwich Village.

He worked the flanks of Central Park as solid east and west blocks—took them from Fifty-ninth to 110th and then resumed his river-to-river hikes north of that point. The going was roughest where the marginal motor highways block easy access to the rivers' brims.

All told, the commander has covered 3,022 city blocks, which add up to roughly 502 miles. After he had done all the side streets he took the avenues, working from east to west. He left Broadway for the last, because it is the only avenue that runs the island's full length.

The most curious things he saw were a goat farm, or stable, at 128th Street near the East River and the shacks on stilts on Harlem River around 223rd or 225th Street.

[Primitive] [Pastoral] [Nature]

Berger, *New York*, p. 116.

The first man to walk the length of Manhattan backwards.
WPA Guide p. 50.

Walking every street in the grid temporarily unearths an apparently comprehensive collection of memories in physical things.

Jacks, p. 43.

The only people ever to walk through the 8,500-foot

Holland Tunnel for pleasure were members of the throngs (20,000 people) that attended the dedication ceremonies on November 12, 1927, at the Broome Street entrance plaza to Jersey City. After the speeches had ended and President Calvin Coolidge had pressed a button in the White House, thousands crowded into the tubes to make the first crossing of the Hudson River on foot; one enthusiast walked the tunnel—a mile and a half from portal to portal and at the time the longest underwater tunnel in the world—seven times before asking a tunnel policeman in Jersey City for directions to the nearest ferry.

Moscow, p. 105.

From about six or seven, Broadway lights up—my very favourite street, the only one that capriciously and brazenly butts through streets and avenues as regular as prison bars. It's harder to get lost in New York than it is in Tulsa. From north to south run the avenues, and from east to west the streets. Fifth Avenue divides the city in half, between West and East. And that's all there is to it. I'm on Eighth Street, on the corner of Fifth Avenue. I want to get to the Fifty-third Street and Second Avenue corner. That means I have to go forty-five blocks, and turn right to the corner of Second.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 52.

To find the nearest street if you only have an Avenue address, drop the last digit of the building's number, divide it by two and add specified numerals—for 500 Fifth Avenue—for instance, you add 18 to 25 and discover that your destination stands near the corner of 43rd St.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 69.

In Midtown Manhattan you walk as though on a conveyor belt, the grid pulling you along... you keep moving, you feel purposeful, wary, pointed, athletic. You can gauge your progress to an appointment by the rule of thumb that a block takes roughly a minute on foot.

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 202.

The avenues may be ladders of ascent, but the cross streets at right angles to them are exits to dalliance, resorts of indolence.

Conrad, p. 196.

I have often walked it at night, scanning the rectangles of lighted panes and wondering. [Voyeur]

Morley, *New York*, p. 66.

Hunter the millionaire walks up Fifth Avenue at 4 a.m. from a nightclub on 53rd Street to his home on 71st and ponders as he goes his ancestral ownership of New York, marking "the mounting numbers, significant as names, of the marching streets." He receives the salutation of the reeling avenue.

Conrad, p. 195.

After the party I walked around the city, beginning my farewells. The customary tinder lights beat up from the streets onto the low clouds overhead. On a sidewalk somewhere in the Eighties I saw a Cuban going through the steps of a rhumba, holding a baby in his arms. A dinner party in the Sixties was breaking up and men and women were standing in a lighted doorway calling good-by and good-night. In the Fifties I saw a scavenger pushing an enormous English perambulator—a carriage for a princess—from ash can to ash can. [Garbage]

Cheever, "Moving Out," p. 979.

I know the deep night ballet and its seasons best from walking long after midnight to tend a baby and, sitting in the dark, seeing the shadows and hearing the sounds of the sidewalk. Mostly it is a sound like infinitely pattering snatches of party conversation and, about three in the morning, singing, very good singing. Sometimes there is a sharpness and anger or sad, sad weeping, or a flurry of search for a string of beads broken. One night a young man came roaring along bellowing terrible language at two girls whom he had apparently picked up and who were disappointing him. [Sound]

Rorem, pp. 813-4.

The men were passing, too, mostly young ones with faces that seemed to be made of pink wood, with a dry, monotonous expression, and jowls so wide and coarse they were hard to get used to... Well, maybe that was the kind of jowls their womenfolk wanted. The sexes seems to stay on different sides of the street. The women look at the shop windows, their whole attention was taken by the handbags, scarves, and little silk doodads, displayed very little at a time, but with precision and authority. You didn't see many old people in the crowd. Not many couples either. Nobody seemed to find it strange that I should sit on that bench for hours all by myself, watching the people pass. But all at once the policeman standing like an inkwell in the middle

of the street seemed to suspect me of sinister intentions. I could tell.[Commodity] [Window Display] [Desire]
Céline, p. 168.

I liked to walk up Fifth Avenue and pick out romantic women from the crowd and imagine that in a few minutes I was going to enter into their lives, and no one would ever now or disapprove. Sometimes in my mind, I followed them to their apartments on the corners of hidden street, and they turned and smiled back at me before they faded through a door into warm darkness..

Fitzgerald, *Gatsby*, p. 45.

Daydreaming on a country road is one thing. Daydreaming on Fifth Avenue with hundreds of other people striding down the same sidewalk is quite another. But because we are so crowded here, active recognition of other people has become mostly a matter of choice. Even so, compliments, insults, banter, smiles and genuine conversations among strangers are part of the city's noise, its stimulus, its charm.
[Sound]

Hustvedt, N. pag.

I left the hotel and walked down Broadway. The pursuit of my type gave a pleasant savor of life and interest to the air I breathed. I was glad to be in a city so great, so complex and diversified.. I strolled along with my heart expanding at the thought that I was a citizen of great Gotham, a sharer in its magnificence and pleasures, a partaker.

Henry, "Man About Town," p. 88.

The endless feeling of one street leading to another, an ancient chain of physical communication.

Turner, p. 102.

The pedestrian soils the pavement as he walks; his eye likewise stains or fades what he looks at.

Conrad, p. 302.

I prefer New York with soiled pavements to other cities set upon floors like those of Heaven. [Cosmic]

Ford, *America*, p. 80.

Broadway at Forty-second Street, on those selfsame spring evenings when the city is crowded with an idle, sightseeing cloud of Westerners; when the doors of all

shops are open, the windows of nearly all restaurants wide to the gaze of the idlest passer-by.

Dreiser, p. 3.

All these April nights combing the streets alone a Broadway skyscraper has obsessed him—a grooved building jutting up with uncountable bright windows falling onto him out of a scudding sky.

Dos Passos, p. 253.

As I walk up Broadway, the people that brush past me seem always hastening toward a destination they never reach. Their motions are eager, as if they said, "We are on our way, we shall arrive in a moment." They keep up the pace—they almost run. Each on his quest intent, in endless procession they pass, tragic, grotesque, gay, they all sweep onward like rain falling upon leaves. I wonder where they are going. I puzzle my brain; but the mystery is never solved. Will they at last come somewhere? Will anybody be waiting for them? The march never ceases. Their feet have worn the pavements unevenly. I wish I knew where they are going. Some are nonchalant, some walk with their eyes on the ground, others step lightly, as if they might fly if their wings were not bound by the multitude. A pale little woman is guiding the steps of a blind man. His great hand drags on her arm. Awkwardly he shortens his stride to her gait. He trips when the curb is uneven; his grip tightens on the arm of the woman. Where are they going?

Like figures in a meaningless pageant, they pass. There are young girls laughing, loitering. They have beauty, youth, lovers. They look in the shop windows, they look at the huge winking signs; they jostle the crowds, their feet keep time to the music of their hearts. They must be going to a pleasant place. I think I should like to go where they are going.

Keller, p. 298.

On Broadway I am not accustomed to find the "real thing." Judge of my delight, therefore, to find an atmosphere and an assemblage which were, in their way, the realest of the real. Here were men and women who combined qualities rarely found in conjunction on Broadway. They were not merely riotous. They were not really riotous at all, for they evidently didn't try to be. It was natural. And then they were all intelligent—and oh! word that covers a multitude of sins—artistic!

Hapgood, p. 220.

Before the light fades I went for a walk and headed towards Sixth Avenue. The rush hour was building up. It was my favourite time of day, when immobilized cars buzz and growl across six lanes of avenue while pedestrians, free as air, thread between them. The liberty of the unmechanized is deliciously intensified by the sorrowful captivity of the motorized.

Brook, p. 144.

The streets shunt him along, and from his privileged platform he reviews the city as a performance staged to divert him.

n.cit.

Flown were the real things. Flown was the world of expression.

Hapgood, p. 366.

Suspended in time and space, an interruption in the whirlwind of urban rhythms, an Arcadia carved out of the heart of the metropolis.

Maffi, p. 20.

The watching of streets: the old, chance meetings, the insecurity of being in an open place, of vulnerability.

Turner, p. 102.

I STARTED OFF from South Ferry one night upon a zigzag walk. Sleepless tramps were huddled in the seats in Battery Park; others were lying on the grass, flat and dazed as if they had fallen from balloons. There were hoots and howls from across the river, red lights and green lights, the hum-grum of machinery, and the strange electric-light cascade of moving elevated trains. 'Twas one by the clock. Syria slept. Greece slept.

I walked by Front Street to Moore Street, to Water Street, to Broad, to Pearl, to Coenties Slip, to Stone, to Mill Lane, to South William Street, to Broad again, past a blank empty lighted telegraph office, to Exchange Place, to New Street, to Wall Street. Thus I arrived at the financial anvil of the world. But all was still, no hammering, no bellows blowing, no flying sparks. Yellow stars looked down on the deserted Exchange. But I saw what appeared to be some Pagan temple, a stark altar of human sacrifice, and it proved to be a famous Christian Church, none other than Holy Trinity on Broadway, and as I stood by the strange little graveyard the church clock struck half past one. The little white headstones looked like the dead popping up

from the tomb. There was heard the resounding hoot of a steamer on the river—yea, the last trump. Fast cars scooted along wet empty Broadway as if fleeing the wrath to come and all were going uptown.

Then I went on by Little Thames Street, and felt for a moment as if I were in part of the City of London. It also is deserted in the regions of Capel Court at that hour of the night. There are no nightshifts in stockbroking. You do not see a relief of stenographers being marched up Wall Street by a Managing Clerk; the stenographer's relief is prancing in the White Friars and Tangoland.

I was in Cedar Street and Greenwich Street, walking under the "El" like a rat, and came to Liberty Street—O Liberty, most empty was thy street—and to Washington above that sleeping Syria and sleeping Greece, and so, going by Cortland Street, I came to West Street and its great market. It was two o'clock, and New York here was very much alive.

There were horse waggons and motor waggons, cases and baskets of vegetables and fruit, and porters innumerable hurrying hither and thither with gleaming white-wood boxes on their shoulders. I emerged from the dead city where never a blade of grass twinkles before square toes and came into a fairyland of cucumbers and corn, cabbages and melons and Malaga grapes. Refreshing fruit odours invaded the nostrils.

Heaps of small black grapes looked in the dim light like exaggerated caviare. I kicked a peach as I walked along. What largesse in the night, peaches are like stones in the roadway! They tumbled from wooden troughs and buckets uncovered and overfilled. There were South Mountain oranges and California lemons. There were crates of greens stacked higher than men. There were cabinets of blackberries and raspberries. The nose whispered to the heart "Raspberries, raspberries" as it tasted the air. Coloured porters with perspiring gleaming faces shouldered boxes of green varnish-surfaced peppers along narrow alley ways between piles of other boxes. Carrots peeped out of their ventilated crates like brown ribbons. Side streets were blocked with potatoes and yams. Activity, activity, activity—and quietude. The workers do not help themselves along with foul expletives and abuse as in London. They seem to be conserving their energy, or imitating the electric lamps which do their job and say nothing about it. But it is a big market, bigger than Covent Garden in London, and I reflected that New Yorkers eat more fruit and vegetables than we do. There is more for them to eat. Their reserves are greater.

The quayside beyond the market is long and spacious and empty. The freer air seems to be minus something—is it the mental ozone of New York? West Street is a long backyard. It has no mechanical turnings on the left. If you wish to take a turning on the left, the way of the heart, you must take a ship. There are ships in the wharves still as birds dozing head on wing in a covert at night. Not a rustle nor a whisper comes from the giant Cunarder. West Street is the landing stage of the Atlantic ferry. You stand on West Street and you think Southampton. You stand in West Street and you think Havana, San Juan, Cristobal, Panama, Valparaiso. You stand on West Street and think Cherbourg, Naples, the Piraeus. But now no one is thinking anything. The gangways may be down, but no one is on them. Eastward New York's luminosity lies in layers like masonry of light and darkness built from the rocks to the night-sky. Westward lies the beautiful river flowing away to the calm ocean. And on the wide roadway of the quay laden lorries rush and crash bearing produce to the market or away.

I sought a turning on the left and did not find one till Fourteenth Street. It was a lonely walk. A drunken man sitting on a bit of paving addressed me vaguely. He was looking at the heavens with lacklustre eye.

"There's only one star left. How far's that from here?" he queried.

I passed an empty "Goulash Kitchen," passed standing freight cars, passed the embarkation for Tampa and Mobile, passed the Boston and Providence pier, passed the R.M.S.P., passed the Hoboken Ferry and entered the Gansevoort market stirring feebly. A black and white cat was squatting in the roadway fastidiously eating melon.

My turning to the left proved to be the virtual one of Eleventh Avenue where it starts North near West Fourteenth Street, and there, like a derelict trolley car left stranded on the ooze after the subsidence of a flood, was a windowed shed with the explicit word LUNCH printed on it. This was kept by a lonely Greek.

"Where do you come from?" I asked, perched on my revolving stool at the counter and munching pie.

"Island," he answered.

"What? From Ireland? You don't look it."

"No. Island. Crete. Greek, yes."

"Fine country."

"No. Some nations go up. Some nations go down. The great Alexander thousand year ago take whole world. Then Venetians come. Before Jesus. Romans. Yes, the French. Napoleon. Germans. Now English, I guess."

"Not Americans?"

"No, English now. But in two hundred year maybe England go down. Other nation rise up."

"How d'ye like NewYork?"

"Not like it. Bad place here. Kill you for a dime. Want woman; cost ten dollars. Take her hotel two more. Drinks bad poison. Good drink cost big money. Not like New York."

A friend from the island of Rhodes rolled in for his morning coffee on his way to work at the National Biscuit Factory. "Rhodes no good. Italians there. They turn out Greeks. New York fine. Plenty money. Rodos bad."

I said Good Morning and Good-bye, and walked out on to Fourteenth Street, turned into Tenth Avenue and then into West Fifteenth Street where the "fleet" of the Biscuit Company was waiting in the dark like a string of camels before dawn on the outskirts of Baghdad.

Biscuits are not made all night. They are evidently partly compounded of daylight. But here was where my friend from Rhodes belonged, or in local parlance here the islander "held down his jahb."

Ninth Avenue was drear. Orion up above the roofs was striding hastily across Sixteenth Street. On Eighth Avenue a big fruiterer's stood wide open, very still and empty. What zest for trade!

West Seventeenth Street, Seventh Avenue, West Eighteenth, Sixth Avenue, West Nineteenth, passed as one. I was thinking of London and did not notice them. At Fifth Avenue I paused, for the speedway had had its nightly wash and was all aswill with water like a bathhouse floor.

I zigzagged across to Lexington and saw an iceman dragging blocks of ice into a large clean-swept and ready but empty cafeteria.

On Twenty-third Street I stopped at a shop window which was stacked with dollar shirts. A tall notice said "FORCED TO SELL." The shop was closed but it was flooded with electric light. I saw many offices and barber shops where the lights had been left on all night. And on Twenty-ninth Street I paused in front of a locked undertaker's where, a white-lined baby's coffin was exposed, charmingly illuminated.

On Avenue A, the ashpan of the other avenues, there were notices which struck an Englishman as strange. The words TRANSIENTS met my eye. We advertise "Short Garage" but New Yorkers talk of "Transients." What poetry there is in the word! In some streets all other lighted signs have been put out and the one word remains brilliantly enshrined, now here, now there, "Transients!" "Transients!"

After all, every one in the great caravanserai of New York is a transient. Every one in the caravanserai of the

world is a transient. The world itself is a transient. Look up among the stars; you will see it as a celestial sky sign. There it is pricked out all over the dark deep of space—TRANSIENTS.

I am a transient in the city of New York at night. I am gyrating across the fitfully sleeping city from the Hudson to the East River. No other great city can be got across so quickly. One could run across it in less than half an hour. I was soon out at the water edge on the other side of the island, listening to the ceaseless Edison works. Oh, what is Edison contriving there, are they engines of death or of life? The wonder name of Edison stirs the imagination as if he were an arch wizard, the Michael Scott of the New World. The river of Time flows by and the great works climb upward on its banks.

It is five a.m. Something of the burden of the city has been lifted. The air is light. The heart seems freed. I feel happy to be walking. I love the space and the quietness. I have got rid of the idea of going to bed, got rid of the routine of daily life. New York and its millions, its wealth, its mysteries, are mine. There is a sense of conquest. The bustle has died down and I am still walking. The majority of people are asleep—but I am not the least sleepy. It seems as if life has just begun. I am dancing on a sprung floor. The stones of the side-walks help me to leap along First Avenue, grim, empty, gloomy Avenue One, which has no turning to the right except little bottle-neck lanes which go down to the edge of the water of the East River.

I spent many nights in this way wandering about the city and returning at dawn, resuming next night at the point where I had left off the night before.

Whoever would know the poetry of New York must walk it in the after-midnight hours, see the red light come out on the Metropolitan tower preliminary to the striking of the hour; one is too pre-occupied and diverted to observe it in the livelier hours; enter the Central station at four a.m. and see it anew, deserted, silent, beautiful as on the morning of Opening Day; see the City Hall at dawn hanging down from on high like the sky's apron.

Queensboro Bridge, seen from the foot of East Fifty-third Street late at night, is a marvellous spectacle. There is light in the sky above and wandering light on the river below. There is all the grandeur which circumambient shade can give. "What have I come to?" you ask, astonished after the sordidness of the Avenue, with its many garbage cans. Suddenly you see a mirage. It is called Queensboro Bridge. It takes the mind to the finest parts of the Seine

and the Thames. You feel you must be at the centre of a great city, near its Parliament, its palaces, its pontifical grandeurs. But this is Rome without a Pope—a mere bridge, beautiful and awe-inspiring by accident, a convenience whose formal magnificence goes unheeded in the daytime, when business absorbs all the interest and takes the first and only place in men's eyes.

Still as I walk on I find the influence of the bridge expressed in men's habitations. As I approach the great viaduct of the bridge the poor district smartens up dramatically. The massive piles of the viaduct and the lofty exaggerated attendant factory chimneys, the vague Colossus of a gas works, all suggest more spacious living, and Sutton Place is the reply.

But I descend rapidly a long straight empty street nameless here for evermore, and it becomes Avenue A—the old ashpan once again. People of no social prominence are herded in grim unremarkable blocks. Fire ladders disfigure the houses, or do they merely hide them like black veils, the ravaged faces of elderly ladies. Perhaps the houses look worse than a similar variety in London. But imagine Bow and Whitechapel all festooned with rusty fire ladders! There is something queer about these ladders. They look like the old black ladders of tramp steamers let down to the wharves. The immigrant never gets away from the debarkation gangway. All New York is a quay. I see all the vessels that have arrived there—then the population swarming on the streets are all people who have come off ships.

But it is the most extraordinary shore in the world. It is well to have arrived there sometime or other on life's voyage.

Solitary walking along the empty streets seems to attune the mind to the city. True thoughts flow like music from the mind. I came to another outside street happily named Exterior Street. It has a Venetian view of river, lights, ferries, and small boats. Away beyond the river the sparse lights of Welfare Island diamond the dark. On the right is the grandeur of the bridge. But Exterior Street is below New York. It is bounded by the great grey cliff of the original Manhattan Island. Somewhere up above there are houses and gardens. Children perhaps come and drop pebbles down into Exterior Street or on to the shaggy tufts of old grass. It is like a bit of mountain road. There are hunks of uncontrolled rock. The shoulder of the world juts out. The silence is only accented by the rustling of the wind. No, there is another sound which is part of the silence, it is the undying whirr of rotary machines. I am walking

towards a huge factory and from its little doors strange dwarfs with darkened faces come out, look round, and go in again the workers, they don't belong. I sit on the grass under the cliff and look over the water. It is Exterior Street: I am outside New York.

To understand any experience you must get outside of it.

King Canute went to Exterior Street and bade the waves keep away from his toes. The gentry from Park Avenue and Upper Fifth might well make a pilgrimage to Exterior Street at four in the morning and sit there in the grass, outside the scene of their wealth and their power.

I left this curious street by smart residential East Seventy-ninth, thence by East End Avenue to East Eightieth. I had been outside; soon I was very much inside. I came to a steaming curtained window, lighted and murmurous. The one word STUBE was explanatory. I went inside and asked for cider. This seemed to amuse the bar-tender who, however, poured out two mugs of it at once and set them before me. There was a big notice on one of the walls, NO GAMBLING, and under it a vociferous throng were throwing scarlet dice.

"Splitz!" "Splitz!"—every one at the bar was asking for "Splitz."

I was invited to join the "Wilhelm Union." No one spoke a word of English. Mine host kept saying something about *zwei kasen Scotch verkauft*. I had a glass of whisky with a red-faced and puffing, very drunken man who showed me an iron cross and very paradoxically wanted to kiss me. I pointed to the only girl in the establishment, sitting sulkily in a corner. He took me over to a poster depicting the American Unknown Soldier which was inscribed—"Work for the Living," and he nodded his head sententiously. A fig for unknown soldiers; all German soldiers were unknown. At least, so I surmised.

In this tavern ended another night and when next I resumed I quickly reached luxuriant, spacious, Southern-looking Fifth Avenue, the Avenue, as it is affectionately called. Curious fact about the avenues—the word avenue means approach; in England avenues are usually bordered with trees; in order to make a road into an avenue you plant trees. An avenue's trees are its guard of honour leading to the portals of country house, castle, or palace. But the avenues of New York do not lead anywhere. They are paved rivers which go on and on through various districts to lose themselves eventually in wildernesses, to be dried up in social deserts. But Fifth Avenue for one hundred and ten streets does preserve its character of grandeur, and it is one of the most exhilarating ways to walk in any city.

With Central Park on one side and fine houses on the other, I walked twenty blocks, the Harlem moon standing over the street and raising gleaming reflections all the way. Moonlight also glistened from the highly polished varnish of fast moving automobiles. No one was walking except myself, and many men and women passed in cars and taxis, mostly lovers indulgently petting one another in course of transit from one night-club to another, or from a dance to their homes.

I turned with the park railings along Hundred-and-Tenth Street and came to the gay base of Lenox Avenue, then went in a circle through the Morningside district back to Fifth Avenue. I came to Harlem all aflame with the lure of pleasure-cabarets, night-clubs, dance-halls, chop-suey restaurants, parlours. At three in the morning I watched a bevy of coloured girls operating a barber shop, cutting the fuzzy hair of Harlem dandies in a brilliantly lighted hairdressing saloon. I strayed into Capitol Club and saw white women dreamily trotting with Negroes in slow jazz, strange women who defy the custom of night to enjoy the sensual thrill of the black man's dance.

By the cross-streets I passed through Africa. Street after street was entirely black, housing swarms of families, all black. Banjos still throbbed in some; the ukuleles gurgled dance music, but most houses were silent. They were sleeping and snoring. They were bathed in the deep physical ardour of Negro sleep—only in doorways here and there petting couples lingered awake, oblivious of the clock.

I left Harlem by Edgecombe Avenue and St. Nicholas Avenue, the road dug up and dotted with red lanterns, and came to a substantial quiet and English-looking neighbourhood, Hamilton Terrace, 144th Street and Convent Avenue, very respectable.

But respectability only held a strip, and having crossed it I was in Amsterdam Avenue. Then I came to Broadway still very much Broadway and, making a sharp descent by 147th Street, came once more to the end of New York—the grandest backway of all Riverside Drive. The view was very beautiful. I could imagine that the Hudson River was the Danube and that I was in Bratislava again. The esplanade was high, serene, and wind-blown, fresh with raindrops flickering across the eyes. Little boats, like sleeping ducks, lay upon the surface of the water. The automobiles which whirled along the drive seemed unreal; the river is the great reality. It is on view here. It knows it was before all the rest and will survive it, with thousands of years both before and after.

A ferry boat crosses the river like a tram on the sea-transients once more, transients. Three shooting stars follow and pass over New Jersey—transients, transients. All is transient. New York is a setting for a drama that is being played, a spectacle which is being rehearsed. At four in the morning I am walking along like the Wandering Jew, but my taste is shared by two lovers in a solemn closed car drawn up overlooking the river. Through the misty glass I see them in one another's arms, in close embrace.

Through silver-tinted clouds the moon seems to beat her way, keeping coming out, keeping going in, and as I climb Washington Heights I seem to be making another exit from the city, upward to the stars. All the way from South Ferry to the sky—I have skated the stairways of the city. I have gone from outside to inside, by Exterior Street to the heart. The mystic closes his eyes that he may see better. The curtain which comes down gives leisure to the mind to consider the hidden springs of drama. Night reveals the day.

Graham, pp. 36-52.

Strolling is almost a lost art in New York; at least, in the manner in which it is so generally practised in Harlem. Strolling in Harlem does not mean merely walking along Lenox or upper Seventh Avenue or One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street; it means that those streets are places for socializing. One puts on one's best clothes and fares forth to pass the time pleasantly with the friends and acquaintances and, most important of all, the strangers he is sure of meeting. One saunters along, he hails this one, exchanges a word or two with that one, stops for a short chat with the other one. He comes up to a laughing, chattering group, in which he may have only one friend or acquaintance, but that gives him the privilege of joining in. He does join in and takes part in the joking, the small talk and gossip, and makes new acquaintances. He passes on and arrives in front of one of the theatres, studies the bill for a while, undecided about going in. He finally moves on a few steps farther and joins another group and is introduced to two or three pretty girls who have just come to Harlem, perhaps only for a visit; and finds a reason to be glad that he postponed going into the theatre. The hours of a summer evening run by rapidly. This is not simply going out for a walk; it is more like going out for adventure.

Johnson, *Black Manhattan*, p. 163.

Map in hand, walking fifty, sixty blocks a day that first heart-pounding week, resorting to the subway only to get to far-flung parts of Manhattan, I eagerly surveyed the reaches of the island I'd so long ago decided would one day be my home. Yet the place I'd envisioned paled beside the reality—an understandable reaction for me to have, since all I ever knew, all I could compare the city of my dreams with, were dismal suburban sprawls where nobody walks because there's nothing to see, where there is no spring, summer, fall, or winter, only unchanging days of humdrum sunshine that lull you into thinking comfort is all that matters in life. Small wonder I was agog over what I instantly recognized as the cosmopolitan atmosphere of a true city, whose want of any hint of provincialism thrilled me to the quick and whose awesome scale, ceaseless roar, and pounding tempo at once stunned, stirred, and seduced me. God, how the place bustled with people and activity! And it was now my home, it was where I should live.

Lesueur, p. 15.

Feeling a little cool, for the heat of the season was not yet excessive, he rose to stroll once more, now towards Fifty-ninth Street where over the tops of the greening trees myriad towers rose against the sky, creating an amazing spectacle which confirmed his desire to go somewhere, were it only for the pleasure of coming back to New York, a pleasure of which he never seemed to tire. Then the cock on the Heckscher Building reminded him of the storks of Strassbourg and Strassbourg reminded him of Germany. [Psychogeography]

Van Vechten, p. 242.

Rauschenberg: a flâneur who becomes a bricoleur. The bricoleur is Crusoe on his island. He is also Rauschenberg in New York, scavenging on the beaches of Staten Island and among the downtown gutters and the junk shops of Canal Street for the urban jetsam which is to be the raw material of his art. The artist's compact with the city requires him to behave as if, like Crusoe, he were the first and only man there. He must adapt to its random order by limiting his range of choices. [Garbage]

Conrad, pp. 303-4.

Rauschenberg had a rule, when on the lookout for objects to make art from, that he'd go once around the block in quest of them. If that didn't yield enough, he could go one further block in any direction; then no more.

Ibid., p. 304.

On his forays Rauschenberg picked up ventilation ducts, bicycle wheels, rubber tires, packing cases, cardboard, corrugated paper, and a stuffed angora goat.

Ibid., p. 304.

Rauschenberg takes a snippet of the Manhattan telephone directory, recesses it, frames it in an expanse of paisley shawl, and renames it "Hymnal."

Ibid., pp. 304-5.

Fitzgerald ended an alcoholic rampage of his own on Fifth Avenue early one Sunday morning in 1919, and instigated a giddy parade by rolling empty champagne bottles down the roadway.

Ibid., p. 195.

Getting out of the labyrinthine West Village is easy only for those who know the neighborhood. Turning from one alleyway into another, I wandered around in search of a familiar thoroughfare and could not find either Sixth or Seventh Avenue, both of which were somewhere quite close by.

Lobas, p 50.

The streets as a place of danger: a place of crime, of confusion, movement, speed, noise, many fleeting images confront the walker of the streets. A place where anything can happen.

Turner, p. 101.

There is a sleepy, melancholy charm for the wanderer, stranger or native, among these hangovers of a bygone day, especially on weekends when they are silent, barred and shuttered, staring with dust-covered, bleary panes on the narrow thoroughfares.

Berger, *New York*, pp. 279-80.

automatons and somnambulists

Roche, p. 404.

By this time the 3126 electric lights on the Rialto were alight. People passed, but they held me not... Diners, heimgangers, shop-girls, confidence men, panhandlers, actors, highwaymen, millionaires, and outlanders hurried, skipped, strolled, sneaked, swaggered, and scurried by me; but I took no note of them. I knew them all; I had read their hearts; they had served.

Henry, *Complete*, p. 83.

There is a type of 'Man About Town' in New York... The term is quite familiar to me, but I don't think I was ever called upon to define the character before. It would be difficult to point out an exact specimen. I would say, offhand, that it is a man who had a hopeless case of the peculiar New York disease of wanting to see and know. At 6 o'clock each day life begins with him. He follows rigidly the conventions of dress and manners; but in the business of poking his nose into places where he does not belong he could give pointers to a civet cat or a jackdaw... He is always on the scent of something new. He is curiosity, impudence and omnipresence. Hansoms were made for him, and gold-banded cigars; and the curse of music at dinner. There are not so many of him; but his minority report is adopted everywhere.

Ibid., pp. 85-6.

He haunts the department stores, he does not buy. He consumes the city at one remove, savoring the display without expenditure, financial or emotional. All the women in the street belong to his personal harem. He need not choose, and he need not pay. Of course, he *could* choose and he *could* pay. This illusion of disinterest, of disinvolvement with the commercial, can only be indulged by men "of leisure and wit."

Tester, p. 28.

The *flâneur*—once a full time job—today is merely a pleasurable suspension of social claims, a temporary state of irresponsibility.

Ibid., p. 31.

The street level is a dead space... It is only a means of passage to the interior.

Ibid., p. 149.

Tonight you probably walked over here from Bethune Street
down Greenwich Avenue with its sneaky little bars and the Women's De-
tention House,
across 8th Street, by acres of books and pillows and shoes and
illuminating lampshades,
past Cooper Union where we heard the piece by Mortie Feldman with "the

Stars and Stripes Forever" in it
and the Sagamore's terrific "coffee and, Andy," meaning
"with a cheese

Danish" —

did you spit on your index fingers and rub the CEDAR'S
neon circle for

luck?

did you give a kind thought, hurrying, to Alger Hiss?
O'Hara, p. 257.

I remember Delancey Street. The Brooklyn Bridge. Orchard
Street. The Staten Island Ferry. And walking around the
Wall Street area late at night. (No people.)

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

I've been living
at Broadway and West 74th
for a week and still haven't
ventured on a stroll in
Central Park, two bizarre blocks
away.
Schulyer, p. 693.

Since the street is ambling along at your bidding, you
are free to sidle off it at any point.

Conrad, p. 196.

At midnight I turned up at the place. I had been,
earlier in the evening, wandering on the Bowery, where I
had been looking for "real things."

Haggood, p. 365.

Always at night he walked the streets alone, always the
horn in his ears.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 72.

On his nocturnal rambles, the street seems to be
murmurously snoring, like the horse in the dormitory of
buses; but it's only a drill at work early—the travail of a
mechanical and therefore enviably immortal body. [Sound]

Conrad, pp. 137-8.

I went out, shaken, and I wandered, dazed, often
muttering to myself, once or twice even overturning
children as I strode throughout those horrid crowded,
superheated streets. Finally, when I cared to look, I found
myself on the far East Side, well toward the East River and
I was compelled to turn back and retrace steps to the

Bowery and the Third Avenue Elevated in that intense heat. I was all but exhausted when I reached it, and though I cooled my scarlet face and reduced my throbbing pulse beats somewhat in the breeze of my transit uptown, yet when I finally reached my quarters I was almost prostrated. A raging headache held me, with a not unnatural fear of heat exhaustion. Try as I would, I could neither think nor act. There was but one thing for me to do: I took to my bed, and finally sleep intervened upon my physical misery. It was night before I awoke again, and leaned out my window to see a city asleep—or struggling to sleep in the heat. I went back and, falling heavily on my disheveled bed, passed once more into a half stupor.

Turner, "Red Friday," p 18.

Off we reeled into the night streets. It was a difficult journey because the streets kept moving under our feet.

Hamilton, p. 7.

Feet of passers-by become epileptic.

Jolas, p. 472.

Walking around absentmindedly.

Maffi, p. 19.

City of orgies, walks and joys.

Turner, p. 119.

I have long been convinced of the unattractiveness and disagreeableness of people. I have noticed how they always turn the sharp side of their shoulders toward you when you pass them in a crowd. I have noticed how two or three walking together remain steadfastly side by side in spite of the narrowness of the pavement and the fact that some persons are going in the opposite direction.

Hapgood, p. 192.

Three men wearing hats walk by, two toward our left, one the other way. In this chance cluster, a leg that stretches down to the bottom right is obscured at the knee, which makes us uncertain as to the direction it is going, let alone to whom it belongs. A view of his foot would be enlightening, but it is withheld.

Kozloff, n. pag.

I know two or three men of education who whenever they want to have a good "temperamental" time, go out at night alone, and wander for hours about the lowliest streets in

the city. They go in search of anybody whose face shows that he has been subjected good and hard to what Henry James calls the "irregular rhythm of life."...In these tours through the side streets there is not only temperamental satisfaction to be derived but also undoubted material for literature.

Hapgood, p. 23-24.

Linking chewing gum to the rhythm of the city—it's rather like humming, something that is particularly suited to walking the streets.

Turner, p. 103.

Then there's time in the street, when you run into somebody you haven't seen in, say, five years, and you play it all one level. When you see each other and you don't even lose a beat, that's when it's the best. You don't say "What have you been doing?"—you don't try to catch up. Maybe you mention that you're on your way to 8th Street to get a frozen custard and maybe they mention which movie they're on their way to see, but that's it. Just a casual check-in. Very light, cool, off-hand, very American. Nobody's fazed, nobody's thrown out of time, nobody gets hysterical, nobody loses a beat. That's when it's good. And when somebody asks you whatever happened to so-and-so you just say, "Yes, I saw him having a malted on 53rd Street." Just play it all on one level, like everything was yesterday.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 111.

All modern metropolitan persons who compete in our fierce struggle are hypocrites when they pretend to enjoy anything. The nearest we can come to enjoyment is to see what we miss. When I look now at the mob passing along the avenue they mean nothing to me. The mood has passed.

Hapgood, p. 219.

and for Mike I just stroll into the PARK LANE
Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of Strega
and then I go back where I came from to 6th Avenue
and the tobacconist in the Ziegfeld Theatre and
casually ask for a carton of Gauloises and a carton
of Picayunes, and a NEW YORK POST with her face on it
O'Hara, p. 325.

The weather, for all that experience, mixes intimately with the fullness of my impression; speaking not least, for instance, of the way "the state of the streets" and the

assault of the turbid air seemed all one with the look, the tramp, the whole quality and *allure*, the consummate monotonous commonness, of the pushing male crowd, moving in its dense mass—with the confusion carried to chaos for any intelligence, any perception; a welter of objects and sounds in which relief, detachment, dignity, meaning, perished utterly and lost all rights. It appeared, the muddy medium, all one with every other element and note as well, all the signs of the heaped industrial battle-field, all the sounds and silences, grim, pushing, trudging silences too, of the universal will to move—to move, move, move, as an end in itself, an appetite at any price.

James, pp. 83-4.

The walls of the high buildings which line the streets effectually limit the field of vision. The only opportunity for using the eyes for distant vision is to look up at the sky.

Girdner, p. 121.

For it was a couple or so of days afterwards when walking along the opposite side of the Avenue between Twenty-Second and Twenty-Third that looking across at the Flatiron and remembering something that had been said on that particular walk there came into my head a sudden, half-philosophical, half-literary idea that has ever since formed the chief basis of my technical stock in trade and the mainspring of my actions.

It would be superfluously biographical at this point to dilate on that idea. It is sufficient to say that very early on an October morning of strong damp shadows, looking across at the almost forbidding, dumb, purplish column of the Flatiron whose side towards me was in the deepest shade and feeling at the moment a mood of intense loneliness, I suddenly conjured up on that then deserted opposite sidewalk the figure of the companion who the day before or so had been walking with me at the foot of that same Flatiron that now seemed a barrier of gloom between myself and a desirable sunlight. And it occurred to me to think how the imagination of that figure made the Flatiron suddenly alive for me whether as an architectural mass or as a figurative barrier between myself and the sun.

[Shadow] [Light]

Ford, *America*, p. 180.

But he isn't staying. "I've been in New York four days," he says, "and I'm lost already."

Sanders, p. 400.

The gifted meditative walker, purposefully lost in the city's daily rhythms and material juxtapositions.

Amin, p. 11.

Walter Benjamin once wrote that we need to learn how to get lost in the city as in the forest. But, as in the forest, it is also nice to learn how to find ourselves, how to find the paths and trails across the city.

Maffi, p. 13.

At this point, you really *can* get lost in the city.

Ibid., p. 22.

Where getting lost is child's play, where the roads become anonymous, directions are almost nonexistent, the small gardens become a mirage, and the mighty buildings (colonnades, roof gardens, spires, entablatures, streets) explode with architecture that seem Assyro-Babylonian, removed from any time or space, or like a dreamlike distillation of the subconscious. [Dream City] [Antiquity] [World City]

Ibid., pp. 18-9.

I will tell you
how to get there:
walk 3 blocks down
& 8 blocks across
& 4 blocks backwards
& 7 blocks around
& 6 blocks up
& 9 blocks down
& 5 blocks across
& 1 block backwards
& 2 blocks sideways
& 3 blocks wherever
& you will get there
sooner or later
Ibid., p. 107.

Hordes of people bustle all about you, and once again it feels like you are back in a village in the metropolis. Perhaps you are stuck on the corner, unsure of where to go next.

Ibid., p. 57.

The invisible web of laws that guides people's behavior.
Inam, p. 21.

Central Park and Fifth Avenue are crowded with people who do not wish to hurry. They walk in the shade.
Talese, p. 42.

Lovecraft lived in that paradisiacal age of the pedestrian, which lay somewhere between the decline of the horse in large cities and the pestilence of mass car ownership.

Haden, p. 9.

In the 1920s cars were not dominant over pedestrians in the city, especially during the evenings and night.
Ibid., p. 55.

The sight of a horse had become rare by the late 1920s.
Ibid., p. 57.

As Lovecraft threaded his way through a maze of tenuous and delicate mental impressions, in the night shadows and dawn glimmerings of New York City he found a new dream-city that could function simultaneously as an inspirational fever-dream, as a text, as an antiquarian reliquary, and as a sort of psychic comforter to aid him in his battle against the mundane and horrifyingly noisy reality of its daylight hours. [Dream City] [Textuality]

Ibid., p. 9.

Lovecraft and his circle spent several years, on and off, exploring the city by night, and from these experiences he shaped and sold the thrill of unspeakable fears and nightmares. His walking was not in the rural "tromping" style, or that of the rambling clubs then newly in vogue. Rather it was walking of fits and starts, of zig-zags and jumps, of adventuresome following of intuition, of stopping to see, hear, and consider, to fondle the past and also any passing kitty-kat that might come with range. (cf. Conrad on Hopper's "'East Side Interior' (1922) derives from 'memories of glimpses of rooms seen from the streets in the eastside in my walks.'" [Flâneur])

Ibid., pp. 11.

He and his friends delved into the slums, the ancient wharfs and graveyards, the neglected back courtyards, the crumbling churches and graveyards, the eerie wharfs, the winding alleys, plumbing the depths of the rapidly-widening civilisation chasm opening between the hoary past and the brash new modernity. Out of this chasm he dredged the

elements of what would, in time, establish his own weirdly dark and now seemingly eternal empire of the fantastic.

Ibid., pp. 11-12.

Lovecraft found walking useful for working up a mood suitable for creation, and the plot for the famous "The Call of Cthulhu" was written directly after a marathon all-night walking session in the city.

Ibid., p. 12.

Lovecraft's expeditions into the night of New York City were near-contemporaneous with the more well-known night walks of the Surrealists in Paris. In a city just a few years away from the brink of a new car-borne hostility to the pedestrian, his walking, Lovecraft's cross-cutting of histories, his seeking out of little known routes, his stopping to look up at the buildings instead of into shop windows, his stepping back into the street for a better view—all these acts can be seen as implicit varieties of subversion of the 'normal' commercial experience of the modern city. His actual techniques, and those of his companions interestingly anticipated some of those used in the walks of the Situationists in the 1950s and early 1960s. His antiquarianism and attention to the old vernacular of the streets, and to the layered and confused pasts of the city edge-lands, has many parallels with the 'London turn' in the modern psychogeography of the 1990s and 2000s. He was not simply being 'a tourist' or some fogeyish daytime architectural train-spotter. Like the classic Paris flâneur, Lovecraft perceived modernity well enough—he marveled at its flow of seductive images when done well, enjoyed its childishly garish ice-cream parlours, ate at the coffee shops and the automats (all night self-service cafes), went on the amusements at Coney Island, and visited its vast new cinemas and theatres. To illuminate this, Christopher Morley usefully gives a vivid glimpse of the New York streetscape in 1935 with modernity crowding in, seemingly from the edges...

"Walking on crowded city streets at night, watching the lighted windows, delicatessen shops, peanut carts, bakeries, fish stalls, free lunch counters piled with crackers and saloon cheese, and minor poets struggling home with the Saturday night marketing [...] the great symbols of our hodgepodge democracy: ice cream soda, electrical sky-signs..."

But in turning his back on the modern and on the legendary American 'compulsory cheerfulness', he became for a moment something that now seems a crucial addendum to New

York's literary history—a conscious 'anti-collector' collecting impressions of overlooked places rather than objects, righting wrongs being done upon the city by modernity through a kind of psychic collection and excavation of dark places, seeking out the obverse of modernity and making it into highly subjective fictional detours that nevertheless rested very much on his experiences in real places...

"... hidden in cryptical recesses which no street, lane, or passageway connects with the Manhattan of today!"

In short order he succeeded in powerfully re-imagining city as haunted by its suppressed 'other', the hoary and hidden past. He did not so much "re-enchanted places"—as the Romantics had tried to do, and the neo-Romantics in Britain were then still trying to do—as to "re-nightmare" them. He succeeded in doing this, not for any one place in the city, but for the whole of New York City. [Window Display] [Psychogeography]

Ibid., pp. 12-14.

He also engaged in the typical bohemian *modus operandi* of "anti-consumption," happiest with the idea of the city as garden and as museum, as basically free and pleasurable—the free pleasures of the parks, pet shops, the public libraries and museums, the art galleries, street cats, even the joy of lingering in a café over a cheap coffee in the small hours so as to be able to read the free morning-edition papers, and talking with like-minded friends on long night walks. Such free pleasures are, of course, one of the rights and prerogatives of the talented artist. If society refuses to pay now for what it will value only after one's death, then one is perfectly entitled to sponge upon it mercilessly. Lovecraft did just that, becoming a lifelong expert at getting a free ride and then walking away leaving everyone smiling.

Ibid., p. 14.

Lovecraft's extreme sensitivity to the cold meant that walking was, with a few notable exceptions, a passion only enthusiastically undertaken in pleasant weather. [Air]

Ibid., p. 15.

What awesome images are suggested by the existence of such secret cities within cities! ...The active imagination conjures up endless weird possibilities... having seen this thing, one cannot look an ordinary crowded street without wondering what surviving marvels may lurk unsuspecting beneath the prim and monotonous blocks.

It is a mistake to fancy that horror is associated inextricably with darkness, silence, and solitude. I found it in the glare of mid-afternoon, in the clangour of a metropolis.

Lovecraft, "Cool Air," N. pag.

I walked slowly southward by the light of a waning misty moon [...] amongst the curious houses, imagination-kindling streets, & innumerable kitty-cats... Long all-night solo walk of early August 1925.

Haden, p. 15.

Lovecraft: "I always have a supply of catnip on hand."
Ibid., p. 15.

Lovecraft is exploring without map and guide as early as August 1924. At the end of September 1925 he spends several days and evenings without a map, exploring the furthest outer suburbs and boundaries of New York. "I had no map, & knew nothing of the country—trusting to chance with a very agreeable sense of adventure into the unknown."

Joshi, p. 210.

I didn't buy a map; that would have spoiled it, somehow; to see everything plotted out, and named, and measured. What I wanted was to feel that I was going where nobody had been before.

Machen, p. 72.

If these ancient spots were fascinating in the busy hours of twilight, fancy their utter and poignant charm in the sinister hours before dawn, when only cats, criminals, astronomers, and poetic antiquarians roam the waking world! ... truly we had cast the modern and visible world aside... the fever of the explorer was upon us.

Joshi, pp. 65-6.

Lovecraft adored cats and made almost a game of his very serious attempts to encounter as many street and garden cats as possible on his walks. There were then a great many cats to encounter, as his good friend Loveman commented, "One of the quaintest features of all colonial New York is the number of cats seen at large..."

Ibid., p.74.

Promenade—dressing up and promenading up and down a street engaged in witty and intellectual conversation to see its effect on ordinary people.

Haden, p. 48.

Lovecraft on an August, 1925 nocturnal ramble: "I could go where I darned please and when I darned please... I set forth on a nocturnal pilgrimage after mine own heart; beginning at Chelsea... & working south toward Greenwich... south along Hudson St. to Old New York... under Brooklyn Bridge [then back] toward The Battery [and as dawn broke, onto] a Staten Island ferry."

Joshi, p. 170.

Navigation was aided by the illumination of shop display windows and signs at night, by which one might read a finely-printed map or a pocket notebook without the aid of a flickering match. [Light] [Commodity] [Psychogeography]

Haden, p. 61.

Only once, attempting to explore the outlying suburb of Jamaica, did Lovecraft find that he not have enough light to walk by at night.

Ibid., p. 64.

What is it about the city that stimulates? Surely that altogether special blend of closeness and distance, crowd and flickering, surface and gaze, freedom and danger. Others are defenceless vis-à-vis your gaze and you yourself are on display to theirs; you come so close to them that you can actually touch them, yet ought not to: a distance that incites you to overstep yet still maintain it; surfaces intercept gazes and turn into signals, and the flickering vibrates; the crowd generates feelings of supply and possibilities; the anonymity and the absence of immediate social control amplifies the feeling, and the risk of nevertheless being monitored and uncovered increases the tension. You sense this omnipresent, diffuse sexualization of the city and confirm it by designing your surface accordingly and by taking up a position, perhaps also by engaging in cruising and brief encounters.

Turner, pp. 59-60.

Oh! marvels of the fleeting moment, only for a moment seized.

de Torre, p. 459.

He studied cities as women study their reflections in mirrors; as children study the glue and sawdust of a dislocated doll; as the men who write about wild animals study the cages in the zoo. A city to Raggles was not

merely a pile of bricks and mortar, peopled by a certain number of inhabitants; it was a thing with a soul characteristic and distinct; an individual conglomeration of life, with its own peculiar essence, flavor, and feeling. Two thousand miles to the north and south, east and west, Raggles wandered in poetic fervor, taking the cities to his breast. He footed it on dusty roads, or sped magnificently in freight cars, counting time as of no account. And when he had found the heart of a city and listened to its secret confession, he strayed on, restless, to another. Fickle Raggles!—but perhaps he had not met the civic corporation that could engage and hold his critical fancy. [Mirror] [Window] [Reflection]

Henry, p. 1098.

The citizen, about his occasions, butts ahead into on-rushing traffic, his eyes level or sweeping the sidewalks for dimes. He never looks up, unless he sees a crowd gazing at a window washer or a jumper. [Death]

Reisenberg, p. 27.

Mayhap you like to roam in the rusty shadows of the Third Avenue El as trains roar overheard on a broiling day in the holy month of Ramadan, drinking cool beer in the corner places with infidel dogs.

Ibid., p. 100.

Traffic lights flash; the street-crossing crowd starts and stops as if ordered by a corporal of marines. But there is always the disobedient citizen, the nonconformist. A mad adventurer dashes against the lights.

Ibid., p. 153.

First there is the problem of traffic; if the *flâneur* does not pay attention when he crosses roads he too will become a victim of it.

Tester, p. 13.

I walk quickly wondering how to say urinate in slang.
Jolas, p. 471.

That night walked crosstown on Fifty Seventh Street and turned left up the tiny hill into the automat. For the two dollar bill I gave the woman in the little booth she swept into the hollow of her marble counter a fistful of nickels dimes and quarters.

Took deep breaths of air along the big shadowy darkneses of Fifth Avenue to bring back my appetite. Went

back and forth examining the thicknesses of meat between the bread sitting in these glass tabernacles. Dreamt all my young life of moments like this. When I could shove in the nickels and open up all the doors on all the doughnuts and pies I wanted. And show my little brother that I was magic.

Donleavy, N. pag.

To walk up one side and down the other of a people flooded pale grey Fifth Avenue.

Ibid.

Now head north up Fifth Avenue. More canopies. Into the stacked palaces of the rich. Turn east. Between the shadows of the grey stone town houses. And come to an empty space in the sky.

Ibid.

Under its influence he could fall asleep in construction sites, play "chicken" with buses on Second Avenue, run naked into the ocean at night during a lightning storm.

Gooch, p. 436.

I was once afraid of nothing... I'd walk home those sixty blocks alone all those years. I loved the fur district, that's where I'd walk when I finished working.

These are the war years I'm speaking about now... believe me, there were no cabs; I'd walk these *long, long* blocks. We were practically in a blackout—what they called a brownout—the lights were very dim. I was absolutely *freezing*. [Light] [Blackout]

Vreeland, DV, p. 8.

The city is so accommodating for the exploration of identity that it is a place of doubles, where the individual can be both self and other, where he can become an underground man and go unnoticed and where his secrets can remain secrets.

Turner, p. 127.

Dizzily he staggered up into the air and the blinking block of lights. Upper Broadway was full of people. Sailors lounged in twos and threes at the corner of Ninety-sixth. He ate a ham and a leberwurst sandwich in a delicatessen store.

Dos Passos, p. 148.

Take a walk through junky littered downtown streets to that pier on the East River where they pile the great beams

of mahogany, breakfast all alone at the Lafayette, coffee and crescent rolls and sweet butter, go shopping at Lord & Taylor's early before everything is stuffy and the salesgirls wilted...[Garbage] [Department Store]

Ibid., pp. 240-1.

She dresses in a hurry and goes out, walks down Fifth Avenue and east along Eighth Street without looking to the right or left.

Ibid., pp. 240-1.

Walked along the West Side Highway structure, roaring autos and grainy darkness, filthy streets with the tugboat strike, a few transvestites out hooking in the shadows of the girder stanchions.

Wojnarowicz, p. 115.

the flat drift of sensations gathered from walking and seeing and smelling

Ibid., p. 144.

There's a discreet pleasure I have in the walking of familiar streets, streets familiar more because of the faraway past than for the recent past, streets that I walked down odd times while living amongst them. Each time different because of the companions I had previously while walking those streets.

Ibid., p. 145.

Walking downtown in the rain, a quick bite at Tiffany's restaurant on Fourth Street and down into SoHo via Italian neighborhoods, all-night bars, neon in the drizzle, we're talking friendly and I'm feeling mellow and I say, I feel like I've really lost my innocence, now that I finally have fucked with needles, the whole romantic attachment to them being blown with the first shot. Now it's just down to the simple level of intake and warmth. Whatya mean? he says. You think we'd be walkin' in this fuckin' rain talkin' like this if we'd lost our innocence? And he was right. We walked through Chinatown checkin' out kung-fu movie posters and over into his old neighborhood where we caught the train, shook out our wet jackets, and made it home. [Drugs] [Junk]

Ibid., p. 153.

Went out walking around the neighborhood along the river where the dark streets are gently illuminated, pools of

light slipping down brick and stone and iron walls and easing over the smooth surfaces of cobblestones.

Ibid., p. 133.

We headed west down the street glittering with lamps and pools of broken glass an emptiness in the dark air, a taxi in the distance bouncing over a hole in the street.

Ibid., p. 177.

I crossed Broadway and 7th Avenue in the midst of heavy traffic, dodging vehicles, drivers with feet on the gas pedals, heavy traffic mayhem like rush hour. I remember fragments of other people in the middle of the avenues dodging the cars as well, I got to the other side. I had to go back, dodged the traffic again barely missed by cars. Found myself at 42nd and 7th Avenue facing west, rows of movie houses and the streets were filled with people moving in different directions. Intensity from all the movements around me but I'm surrounded by anonymity and a sense as if the streets of the entire city were empty, emptied of people, houses, automobiles, mobiles, movements, and sounds. I'm magnified and I'm seeing the movie view of myself from behind. I'm seeing my upper body, the back of my head almost silhouetted against the intensity of dusk, light blowing from the west across 42nd Street, and I begin to scream. I see the grillwork of the movie marquees and the lettering of the current shows. I see the glimmering of the asphalt between 8th Avenue and 7th Avenue in the bleached out blind light as if the street were wet after a brief spitting rain and all that light is reflecting off it turning it lakelike in pools of light and I am screaming. I am screaming so loud and so deep I am inside my body and I feel the scream and it is as if I have a ten-year-old's body and that body is as full of life, full of flesh and muscle and veins and blood and energy and it all produces and propels this scream, this scream that comes from twenty to thirty years of silence. It is a sad great deep scream and it goes on forever. It lifts and swells up into the air and the sky, it barrels out into the dusk, into the west and my head is vibrating and the pressure of it makes me blind to everything but the blood running in rivers under my skin, and my fingers are tensed and delicate as a ten-year-old's and all my life is within them and it is here in the midst of that scream in the midst of this sensation of life in an uninfected body in all this blurry swirl of dusky street light that I wake up.

Ibid., pp. 223-4.

Yeah if those floorboards could talk, if those streets could talk, if the whole huge path this body has traveled—roads, motel rooms, hillsides, cliffs, subways, rivers, planes, tracks—if any of them could speak, what would they remember most about me? What motions would they unravel within their words, or would they turn away faceless like the turn of this whole river and waterfront street, all of its people, its wanderers, its silences beneath the wheels of traffic and industry and sleep, would it turn away speechless like faces in dreams, in warehouses, pale wordless faces containing whole histories and geographies and adventures?

Ibid., p. 147.

Of shoes, umbrellas, each eye attending its shoe.
Crane, "The Tunnel," p. 95.

heavy walking shoes
Jackson & Dunbar, pp. 497-8.

sixteen million feet nationals florsheims
tom mccanns stepping on each other
Last Poets "NY, NY."

Walking in the city, we seldom turn and look back.
Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 3.

The whole organization of the metropolitan community is designed to kill spontaneity and self-direction. You stop on the red and go on the green. You see what you are supposed to see, and think what you are supposed to think...To choose, to select, to discriminate, to exercise prudence or continence or forethought, to carry self-control to the point of abstinence, have standards other than those of the [mass] market, and to set limits other than those of immediate consumption—these are the impious heresies that would challenge the whole megalopolitan myth and deflate its economy. In such a free society Henry Thoreau must rank as a greater public enemy than Karl Marx.
Mumford, *City in History*, p. 546.

I was gripped by the horror at the thought of what it would be like to stroll aimlessly through this part of Manhattan. Always have a purpose and walk rapidly between appointments, to work, and on errands. In this way you cannot be overwhelmed, overtaken, enveloped by the mammoth emptiness of square grey spaces and buildings. Your tiny remnant of a soul, crushed into a minute fragment of itself

by traveling the streets of New York—your soul can't be obliterated if you keep walking. Walk briskly, ride, escape if it's over fifty degrees, wear dark glasses if the sun is out, stay near Central Park on the Upper East Side, never go to a business district on weekends, never even be in New York on the weekend. Even a Friday is not safe—don't let yourself try to imagine what it would feel like to be on Park Avenue and Forty-sixth Street on a Sunday in the summer. You would be the only one there—maybe a lost or story derelict in some state of delirium tremens would be someone to share the empty corner with.

Hecht, p. 320.

I hired a hack to Wanamaker's, cut over to Third, walked up to Fourteenth. At Twelfth a mink-faced jasper made up as a street cleaner tailed me for a block, drifted into a dairy restaurant. At Thirteenth somebody dropped a sour tomato out of a third-story window, missing me by inches. I doubled back to Wanamaker's, hopped a bus up Fifth to Madison, and switched to a cab down Fourth, where the second-hand bookshops elbow each other like dirty urchins. [Department Store]

Perelman, p. 21.

Go to a pulp novel in the late 1950s and learn which streets in the Village to walk, which corners in particular to pass, and where to linger.

Turner, p. 127.

Wandering along the familiar but long-lost streets of my native Greenwich Village some June day.

Atkinson, p. 40.

But everything I can really tell you I will have said before we reach Fifty-sixth Street.

Finney, p. 10.

drunks somnambulist strutters lolling by cab-stands
Stefanile, p. 32.

What people call love is small compared with that orgy, that holy prostitution of the soul that gives itself totally, in all its poetry and charity, to the unexpected that appears, to the unknown that passes by.

Berman, *Town*, p. xxiii.

Moments excluded from histories of the day, a counterpoint within the time, space, and place governed and

regulated by the logic and commerce of economic rationality and the structures of political rule.

Peretti, p. 8.

The Rounder is merely a hardened specimen of the man about town anywhere. He is the man who frequents the club, the theater, the saloon, the restaurant, who turns up at every habitual place regularly.

His habits are stiffened into the inevitableness of reflex action. So stiff are they that he is stripped of all initiative and carried automatically every day into the same old haunts. He may have his business and his family, but they are the accidents of his career. His heart is not with them. His real life is the life of the theater, the restaurant, the society of other Rounders. It is this life which forms his ideals and determines his habits of thought. In it he moves and has his moral and intellectual being.

The Rounder is thoroughly a public man. He holds no public office and does no public work, but he is yet as public as the street. All the world is admitted to his inner life, which is the glittering apparent life of the city. He is occupied solely with what is in the common gaze, and has less of a private life, even than the excellent actor, for the actor's genius secures for him an inner life into which the public can not enter. But the more excellent the Rounder the more completely are his interests confined to the most public of things, the more completely does he sink his individuality in the glare of the hard thoroughfare.

Broadway indeed is the external symbol of the Rounder's life. Everything in this brilliantly lighted street suggests the concentrated publicity of metropolitan life—the stranger eager to investigate the Tenderloin; the restaurant with its breath of hospitality; the flaunting show of dress in the passers-by; the music hall luring to a vision of the ballet or the topical song satirical of the country or illustrative of the streets; the theater in which a new farce, a new comic opera, is bidding loud for the indiscriminating favor of the crowd.

Of this unpleasant aspect of the street the Rounder is the interpreter. He realizes the street's ideals and rejects all else. In all his thoughts and actions, there is a flavor of asphalt. In what is only the occasional pastime of the ordinary human being, the Rounder is absorbed. He is the embodied spirit of Broadway. There his tastes are formed. He hates with the special hatred of a highly differentiated type whatever is foreign to the basic

instincts of the Tenderloin. Filled with the feeling of the street, the Rounder hates poetry above all else. The light that never was on sea or land he sees not and believes only in the lights of Broadway. He looks with suspicion upon a man who thinks for thought is a private privilege. The reformer in politics, the optimist, the lover, anybody with emotion or enthusiasm, fills him with loathing, for such he regards as fakes or fools, or at best as snobs in excellence. In politics he sees nothing but patronage, stares at a principle, which to him is as unreal as a poem. The word literature means pretension and reform is synonymous with hypocrisy. Sentiment is unpractical and love a name for something worse or the sign of a private life.

Pinned to the fact, blasé to the core, the Rounder is the modern soul in its narrowest aspect. So narrow is he that it is only generically that he can be said to have a soul at all. In the metaphorical sense he has none. Even for the latest happening in the trodden centers of the city's external life he has no enthusiasm. He merely recognizes its excellence states it and passes on to the next manifestation of the mundane.

The Rounder, limited to a hard and fragmentary fact, is as thoughtless as he is definite. There is no "fringe" to his ideas, no light and shade, only the hard perception of a limited line of facts. Each thing as he experiences it is finished and has no meaning beyond. There is nothing vague about him, except perhaps a vague distrust of anything intellectual or poetic, which he looks upon as amateurish or insincere.

Perhaps the Rounder is dry because his "rounds" bring him only to the street in one form or another, and for a soul to strike its roots for nourishment through the asphalt is a desperate proposition.

Hapgood, pp. 74-9.

He flees from one desolation to another, he escapes by buying a seat "at some show," or snatching at food in a cafeteria, he lashes about the huge streets of the night and he returns to his cell having found no doors that he could open, no place that he could call his own.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 568.

It's my lunch hour, so I go
for a walk among the hum-colored
cabs. First, down the sidewalk
where laborers feed their dirty
glistening torsos sandwiches

and Coca-Cola, with yellow helmets on. They protect them from falling bricks, I guess. Then onto the avenue where skirts are flipping above heels and blow up over grates. The sun is hot, but the cabs stir up the air. I look at bargains in wristwatches. There are cats playing in sawdust.

[...]

And one has eaten and one walks, past the magazines with nudes and the posters for BULLFIGHT and the Manhattan Storage Warehouse, which they'll soon tear down. I used to think they had the Armory Show there.

A glass of papaya juice and back to work. My heart is in my pocket, it is Poems by Pierre Reverdy. O'Hara, pp. 257-8.

Whenever I walked out among crowds, I was quickly shamed into an awareness of myself. I felt like a speck, a vagabond, a pox of failure on the skin of mankind. Each day, I became a little dirtier than I had been the day before, a little more ragged and confused, a little more different from everyone else.

Auster, "Fogg," pp. 101-2.

Today's flâneurs are mere shadows of their former selves. Today the very notion of a "walking city" begins to sound precious, or curated...What if walking ceased to be a form of entertainment, and became a cultural duty, something "good for you"? Will all future literary mediations take place from behind the wheel?

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 209.

Around this time I began to appreciate the performance art of pedestrianism. Each New Yorker can seem like a minor character who has honed his or her persona into a sharp, three-second cameo. You have only an instant to catch the passerby's unique gesture or telltale accessory: a cough, hair primping, insouciant drawing on a cigarette, nubby red scarf, words muttered under the breath, eyebrow squinched in doubt. Diane Arbus used to say that in that split-second of passing someone, she looked for the flaw. I would say I look for the self-dramatizing element. How often you see

perfectly sane people walking along grimacing to themselves, giggling, or wincing at some memory.

Ibid., pp. 202-3.

The walk becomes a technique to deal with, act out, dramatize, defend, or deplore one's solitude. With solitude, of course, comes a danger: self-preoccupation. The literary walk inscribes the struggle between self-absorption and self-forgetting, between the poison of ego-brooding and the healing parade of sensory stimuli. One of the classic preoccupations of peripatetic literature is how a mood changes in the process of traversing a city on foot. In the meantime, perception is sharpened, by charting the precise movement between interior monologue ("the daily fodder of my mind" is how Rousseau put it in *The Reveries of the Solitary Walker*) and outward attentiveness, like the rack-focus in movies that pulls first the foreground, then the background, into clarity.

Ibid., p. 200.

Some walks follow habitual routes, and are intended to reassure; others are undertaken to disorient oneself in a strange neighborhood—to court, as in childhood, the sensation of being lost and afraid, albeit in safe, small doses.

Ibid., p. 200.

Idlers and literary bohemians, looking down on nine-to-five "wage slaves," try to swallow their guilt toward the worker and promote walking into a sacred vocation.

Ibid., p. 200.

The mind relaxes through the calming, repeated movement of a stroll, while the legs' cadences trigger the rhythms of poetry. [Textuality]

*Ibid.*p. 204.

Charles Reznikoff was a great walker, putting in twenty miles a day, usually starting from his home on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

Ibid., p. 204.

Self-dislike is the doppelganger dogging the flâneur who must evade it at all costs by immersion in the present.

Ibid., p. 204.

I walked, I walked.

Ibid., p. 206.

There is about this walking (usually in the case of men, though not exclusively) an imperialistic vanity, as though you could possess a city by marking it with your shoe leather, side-by-side with a conviction of incurable solitude, that stems from early feelings of powerlessness: mind-locked, onanistic, boastful, defensive, and melancholy (as all flirtations with the infinite must be).

[Loneliness]

Ibid., p. 207.

When beset by his demons, de Kooning would pace the dark streets for most of the night... walking as far south as Battery Park at the southern tip of the city and then back. Often he went on these prowls alone, but friends occasionally accompanied him. Denby said: "I can hear his light, tense voice saying as we walked at night, 'I'm struggling with my picture, I'm beating my brains out, I'm stuck.'"

Stevens & Swan, p. 141.

It was on one such evening that de Kooning, restlessly roaming the streets late at night, first met Mark Rothko, who rarely went to the artists cafés... And so, one night in the park, it was late, wasn't a soul around. I walked around—thought I would sit a little bit on a bench. I was sitting way on the right side of the bench and kind of a husky man was on the left end of the bench, and I thought maybe I ought to move and sit on another bench. Maybe people would think we were a couple of queers or something. I didn't know what I was thinking. We were just sitting there—there wasn't a soul around...and we just sat there until Mark said something like it was a nice evening. And so I said, "Yes, a nice evening," and we got to talk.

I guess he must've asked me what I did. I said, "I'm a painter." He said, "Oh, you're a painter? I'm a painter, too." And he said, "What's your name?" I said, "I'm Bill de Kooning." I said, "Who are you?" He says, "I'm Rothko." I said, "Oh, for God's sake," and said it was very funny. We then talked in a couple of days later he came to visit me in my studio. [New York School]

Ibid., pp. 147-8.

Average pedestrian speed: three hundred feet per minute.
WPA Guide, p. xxx.

Before the light fades I went for a walk and headed towards Sixth Avenue. The rush hour was building up. It was

my favourite time of day, when immobilized cars buzz and growl across six lanes of avenue while pedestrians, free as air, thread between them. The liberty of the unmechanized is deliciously intensified by the sorrowful captivity of the motorized.

Brook, p. 144.

Sometime in the evening, getting on kind of late. This is a Thursday night. 2nd Avenue full of people, the kinds of people I never really notice anymore when walking down a street, not quite tourists but something like that (characters like middle-aged couples going into Abe's delicatessen or off to see some harmless show), lots of these people, nameless, faceless, almost uninteresting.

Wojnarowicz, p. 186.

In the streets, everything is bodies and commotion, and like it or not, you cannot enter them without adhering to a rigid protocol of behavior. To walk among the crowd means never going faster than anyone else, never lagging behind your neighbor never doing anything to disrupt the flow of human traffic. If you play by the rules of this game, people will tend to ignore you. There is a particular glaze that comes over the eyes of New Yorkers when they walk through the streets, a natural and perhaps necessary form of indifference to others. It doesn't matter how you look, for example. Outrageous costumes, bizarre hairdos, T-shirts with obscene slogans printed across them—no one pays attention to such things. On the other hand, the way you act inside your clothes is of the utmost importance. Odd gestures of any kind are automatically taken as a threat. Talking out loud to yourself, scratching your body, looking someone directly in the eye: these deviations can trigger off hostile and sometimes violent reactions from those around you. You must not swagger or swoon, you must not clutch the walls, you must not sing, for all forms of spontaneous or involuntary behavior are sure to elicit stares, caustic remarks, and even an occasional shove or kick in the shins. I was not so far gone that I received any treatment of that sort, but I saw it happen to others, and I knew that a day might eventually come when I wouldn't be able to control myself anymore. (cf. Lofland: "Avoid coming close to anyone who either looks or behaves oddly." [Loneliness])

Auster, "Fogg," pp. 101-2.

Body space is carefully apportioned so that even elbows never jar, bare flesh is never thrust before another's eyes which, in any case, would be carefully averted.

Bladford, p. 115.

Pedestrians can twist, duck, bend, and turn sharply, and therefore, unlike motorists, can safely count on being able to extricate themselves in the last few milliseconds before impending impact. Should pedestrians actually collide, damage is not likely to be significant, whereas between motorists collision is unlikely (given current costs of repair) to be insignificant. Further, a pedestrian who walks aggressively or drops in his tracks or collides with another can hardly produce a traffic jam, although, of course, he can produce a considerable audience.

Goffman, pp. 28-9.

A popular maneuver in busy traffic (to avoid collision) is the "step-and-slide"—a slight angling of the body, a turning of the shoulder and an almost imperceptible sidestep, all of which is reciprocated by the oncoming pedestrian.

Ibid., p. 35.

One pedestrian trips over another, says 'Sorry', as he passes, is answered with 'Okay', and each goes on his way.

Ibid., p. 172.

A pedestrian has a buffer, a 'no-touch' zone.

Ibid., p. 42.

Bodies that may impede and obstruct other bodies.

Ibid., p. 89.

Bodies and objects are viewed as interchangeable.

Ibid., p. 89.

The pedestrian as object in motion, rather than a person.

Ibid., p. 42.

The spatial needs of two persons walking side by side is four-and-a-half feet (known as "spatial bubbles").

Ibid., p. 43.

Their movements are such that they appear to be headed for a collision.

Lofland, p. 152.

The freedom to choose desired speeds and to bypass others. The ability to cross a pedestrian traffic stream, to walk in the reverse direction of a major pedestrian flow, and to maneuver generally without conflicts and changes in walking speed.

Blomley, p. 45.

The successful sidewalk is wide and largely empty, devoid of "pedlock."

Ibid., p. 45.

City walkers who could be pushed along by a variety of causes and impulses, lagged and sped along, shopped and rushed to work, depending on the neighborhood and hour of day. They stopped and crossed streets at random: an order was not yet imposed on how they moved, stood, leaned or squatted under haunches, waiting in line... Absent traffic signals and police, anything resembling a full system of sidewalks, and a shared sense of etiquette, walkers, as individuals and groups, were undisciplined and unruly. At any one moment they might vary their pace and direction as they darted from one place to another, swerved to avoid a vehicle, circled to pass an unobstructed walk or made a beeline to greet an acquaintance.

Ibid., p. 59.

In cities walkers were organized around narrower and tighter regimes... Gathered together by hundreds of thousands in cities... The walking public—by force, law and regulation and manners—must be coordinated and it's everyday actions... Issues that might seem trivial to us, who have long ago learned the ways and etiquette of city walking or rarely at all, surround the proper use of sidewalks, stairs, escalators, ramps, doorways and fenced walk ways. These issues include questions about who can walk them, in what ways—circling, going arm in arm, or with an unleashed dog—and with what things—long poles, big swords, or big picket signs. These issues consist of matters pertaining to the right to approach, sell and solicit passersby or stop traffic by not moving, but entertaining, or by lying down.

Ibid., p. 70.

Then there are some very special niches within the city, where time seems to slow down as if suspended, to allow you a moment to reflect anew on the paths you have already trodden, reorganize the sensations you have felt, and think over the faces, voices, and stories you've come across.

Maffi, p. 118.

The paradigm of the "self-sustaining" city incorporates a certain degree of disorder.

Sennet, p. 17.

To look at things from an alien standpoint—externally and from a reasonable distance—is to look at things truly.
Lefebvre, *Critique*, p. 20.

New York installs "Walk / Don't Walk" signals at busy intersections beginning April 19, 1955. Park Avenue is exempted.

Trager, p. 601.

If a Chinese woman has nothing to do she never walks aimlessly through the streets.

Chin, N. pag.

We spent entire evening s together during which we exchanged less than a hundred words; once, we walked all the way to Chinatown, ate a chow-mein supper, bought some paper lanterns and stole a box of joss sticks, then moseyed across the Brooklyn Bridge and on the bridge, as we watched seaward-moving ships pass between the cliffs of burning skyline.

Capote, p. 67.

You start north, holding a hand over your eyes. Trucks rumble up Hudson Street, bearing provisions into the sleeping city. You turn east. On Seventh Avenue an old woman with a hive of rollers on her head walks a German shepherd.

McInerney, p. 9.

You walk across town, east on Forty-seventh, past the windows of the discount jewelry stores. A hawker with an armful of leaflets drones in front of a shop door: "Gold and silver, buy and sell, gold and silver, buy and sell."
Ibid., p. 67.

The evening is cool. You find yourself walking the Village, pointing out landmarks and favorite townhouses. Only yesterday you would have considered such a stroll too New Jersey for words, but tonight you remember how much you used to like this part of the city. The whole neighborhood smells of Italian food. The streets have friendly names and cut weird angles into the rectilinear map of the city. The

buildings are humble in scale and don't try to intimidate you. Gay giants stride past on hypertrophied thighs, swathed in leather and chains, and they do intimidate you.

Ibid., p. 94.

Down on the street, you clamp your sunglasses to your face and wonder where to go. An old question, it seems to come up more and more frequently.

Ibid., p. 107.

You want to go somewhere, do something, talk to someone, but it's only eleven-thirty in the morning and everyone else in the world has a job.

Ibid., p. 107.

You expect people to gaze at you, horror-stricken, yet nobody pays any attention. On the corner a fat man in a Yankees cap is selling pretzels from a pushcart. A woman in a fur coat holds her right arm erect, hoping to conjure a taxi. A bus roars past. Cautiously, as if you were entering a swimming pool for the first time in years, you ease yourself into the ranks of pedestrians.

Ibid., p. 127.

At Fiftieth you get off and walk up the stairs to the street. Walking east, you cross abrupt thermoclines as you move between the cool shadows of tall buildings and brief regions of direct sunlight. At Fifth Avenue you stand on the corner and look over at the long row of windows fronting Saks. You cross the street to the third window down from the uptown corner.

Ibid., p 77.

You walk up Fifth Avenue along the park. On the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, a mime with a black-and-white face performs in front of a small crowd. As you pass you hear laughter and when you turn around the mime is imitating your walk. He bows and tips his hat when you stop. You bow back and throw him a quarter... You go to the Egyptian wing and wander among the obelisks, sarcophagi and mummies. In your several visits to the Met this is the only exhibit you have seen. Mummies of all sizes are included, some of them unwrapped to reveal the leathery half-preserved dead. Also dog and cat mummies, and an infant mummy, an ancient newborn bundled up for eternity.

Ibid., p. 52.

You're not sure exactly where you are going. You don't feel you have the strength to walk home. You walk faster. If the sunlight catches you on the streets, you will undergo some terrible chemical change.

Ibid., p. 180.

You like to prowl your own uncompleted buildings at night, treading on shivering planks hung over emptiness... to the open edges where girders stuck out like bones through broken skin.

Conrad, p. 209.

Their impressions of New York remained the same that they had been fifteen years ago: huge, noisy, ugly, kindly, it seemed to them now as it seemed then. The main difference was that they saw it more now as a life, and then they only regarded it a spectacle; and March could not release himself from a sense of complicity with it, no matter what whimsical, or alien, or critical attitude he took.

Howells, p. 305.

One day Raggles came and laid siege to the heart of the great city of Manhattan. She was the greatest of all; and he wanted to learn her note in the scale; to taste and appraise and classify and solve and label her and arrange her with the other cities that had given him up the secret of their individuality. And here we cease to be Raggles's translator and become his chronicler... Late in the afternoon he drew out of the roar and commotion with a look of dumb terror on his countenance. He was defeated, puzzled, discomfited, frightened. Other cities had been to him as long primer to read; as country maidens quickly to fathom; as send-price-of-subscription-with-answer rebuses to solve; as oyster cocktails to swallow; but here was one as cold, glittering, serene, impossible as a four-carat diamond in a window to a lover outside fingering damply in his pocket his ribbon-counter salary.

The greetings of the other cities he had known—their homespun kindness, their human gamut of rough charity, friendly curses, garrulous curiosity and easily estimated credulity or indifference. This city of Manhattan gave him no clue; it was walled against him. Like a river of adamant it flowed past him in the streets. Never an eye was turned upon him; no voice spoke to him. His heart yearned for the clap of Pittsburgh's sooty hand on his shoulder; for Chicago's menacing but social yawp in his ear; for the pale and eleemosynary stare through the Bostonian eyeglass—even

for the precipitate but unmalicious boot-toe of Louisville or St. Louis.

On Broadway Raggles, successful suitor of many cities, stood, bashful, like any country swain. For the first time he experienced the poignant humiliation of being ignored. And when he tried to reduce this brilliant, swiftly changing, ice-cold city to a formula he failed utterly. Poet though he was, it offered him no color similes, no points of comparison, no flaw in its polished facets, no handle by which he could hold it up and view its shape and structure, as he familiarly and often contemptuously had done with other towns. The houses were interminable ramparts loopholed for defense; the people were bright but bloodless spectres passing in sinister and selfish array.

The thing that weighed heaviest on Raggles's soul and clogged his poet's fancy was the spirit of absolute egotism that seemed to saturate the people as toys are saturated with paint. Each one that he considered appeared a monster of abominable and insolent conceit. Humanity was gone from them; they were toddling idols of stone and varnish, worshipping themselves and greedy for though oblivious of worship from their fellow graven images. Frozen, cruel, implacable, impervious, cut to an identical pattern, they hurried on their ways like statues brought by some miracles to motion, while soul and feeling lay unaroused in the reluctant marble.

Gradually Raggles became conscious of certain types. One was an elderly gentleman with a snow-white, short beard, pink, unwrinkled face and stony, sharp blue eyes, attired in the fashion of a gilded youth, who seemed to personify the city's wealth, ripeness and frigid unconcern. Another type was a woman, tall, beautiful, clear as a steel engraving, goddess-like, calm, clothed like the princesses of old, with eyes as coldly blue as the reflection of sunlight on a glacier. And another was a by-product of this town of marionettes—a broad, swaggering, grim, threateningly sedate fellow, with a jowl as large as a harvested wheat field, the complexion of a baptized infant and the knuckles of a prize-fighter. This type leaned against cigar signs and viewed the world with frapped contumely. [Textuality] [Commodity] [Window Display]

Henry, *Trimmed*, pp. 105-7.

Theater is a metaphor for the city because it renders experience unreal, abstracts you from yourself. Dreading the vulnerability of self-exposure, we all devise protective false fronts and wear them on the street as a defense against the crowd's assault.

Conrad, p. 107.

New York provides not only a continuing excitation but also a spectacle that is continuing. I wander around, re-examining this spectacle, hoping that I can put it on paper.

White, *Here*, p. 38.

Boredom, Loafing, Sloth

On mild sunny days the drifters sit along the docks with their 'junk bags,' sharing cigarette butts, and stare endlessly into the water.

WPA Guide p. 81.

I have never been bored since I came to live in Manhattan, but, inevitably, I am gradually becoming permanently tired.

Crisp, p. 124.

New Yorkers do nothing.

Conrad, p. 199.

Two policemen work two hours on the Lincoln Tunnel catwalks and two hours in open air at the tunnel plazas. They have an eight-hour day. There are no health hazard in the job. It's the monotony that gets them. The constant stream of cars seems to have a dulling effect on a man if he's on the catwalk too long.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 204.

Theater patrons settling themselves into the otherwise empty stalls and studying the program of a nonexistent, putative show, though they know it never will.

Conrad, p. 106.

I was sitting on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum at quitting time, watching people head home. It was nearly evening, too warm for the season, and the sky was Parker's inky blue. Men walked by with the slanted carriage you associate with Dads in *New Yorker* cartoons. Fifth was weirdly vacant—one of those lulls after a herd of buses has taken off... The museum was closing, so I dropped down the steps and sat, the only person going no place besides a chauffer in a Rolls and a curbside Santa.

Trebay, p. 150.

Free countries are great, because you can actually sit in somebody else's space for a while and pretend you're a part of it. You can sit in the Plaza Hotel and you don't even have to live there. You can just sit and watch the people go by.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p.146.

Sunday in the city: a term of compulsory inoccupation.
Conrad, p. 106.

The girl on the El gazes at a procession of chimney pots, but her motive is boredom, not curiosity or yearning.
Ibid., p. 104.

The painter, shuttled past on the El, can't wait for a narrative to ensue. Nor do his people have stories to tell about themselves. They're seen waiting for something to happen.

Ibid., p. 106.

New York animates the plastic universals in a jittering, nervous, constant motion, yet it stays always the same.

Ibid., p. 121.

People disconsolately accept their placement in the composition because, sweltering in their rooms or moping behind the counter of an all-night diner, they have nothing else to do.

Ibid., p. 102.

Blinded by the gleam of the light, lured by the cheap, but glittering sumptuousness, intoxicated by the noise, they turn about in a slow dance of weary boredom.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 314.

Gorky on Coney Island: "a marsh of glittering boredom."
Kasson, p. 108.

To old people whose dwellings are tiny or dreary or places of endless boredom, the waiting room is a kind of indoor park. It never rains in the Port Authority bus terminal. [Loneliness] [Singularity]

Philips, p. 6.

After seven-thirty in the evening, in order to read a book in Grand Central or Penn Station, a person either has to wear hornrimmed glasses or look exceptionally prosperous. Anyone else is apt to come under surveillance.

On the other hand, newspaper readers never seem to attract attention and even the seediest vagrant can sit in Grand Central all night without being molested if he continues to read a paper.

Lofland, p. 127.

A man who sat in a 42nd Street cafeteria for eighteen hours a day, sometimes for twenty-four when there was nowhere else to go, his expression always weary, indifferent, somehow astonished too, aware of everything. He had the look of a man who is sincerely miserable in the world.

Reay, pp. 265-6.

Downtown, the days of small shops for fresh-ground coffee or odd electronic gadgets or conviviality in a not-too-pure circa 1827 bar are past and numbered. (It's not very convivial in the personal credit department of a bank and the place smells of computers, not coffee. If New Yorkers survive the rape of the city, or just crossing the street or breathing the air, there is one last, lethal urban hazard: boredom. [Smell]

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 116.

Later on, after I had been rescued, they kept asking me how I managed to do nothing for so many days. Hadn't I been bored? they wondered. Hadn't I found it tedious? These were logical questions, but the fact was that I never became bored. I was subject to all kinds of moods and emotions in the park, but boredom wasn't one of them.

Auster, "Fogg," p. 107.

The mysteries of the city could well become just banal and boring.

Tester, p. 13.

But there was also an *excitement* in the streets of New York in 1882 that is gone.

Finney, p. 266.

I remember awkward elevator "moments."

Brainard, 'I Remember,' N. pag.

Chtcheglov: "We are bored in the city, there is no longer any Temple of the Sun. ... We are bored in the city, we really have to strain still to discover the mysteries on the sidewalk billboards..."

Pinder, p. 127.

Loafing is a subject often talked about in the journals of New York. Man usually thinks and dreams a lot about what he does not experience. In the ideal world he insists on what hard fate shuts away from him in the actual world of the setting and the rising of the sun. Thus it comes about that loafing, which in the actual world of New York does not exist among the decent classes is exhaustively treated in literature and the press. Man's intense longings, and man's conscience smothered by the dusty ordeal of daily life is eased by the contemplation in print of all that ought to be.

Therefore no apology is needed for a few more melancholy remarks on loafing. If I were in Paris or Berlin in Rome or in the languid East, I should consider such a subject a superfluous impertinence. But in New York I know the subject is in the minds of all idealists and you can always talk about a big subject, no matter how shabbily and tritely without being very rudely sat upon. [Empire]

Hapgood, pp. 193-4.

Bohemianism combined loafing and agreeable companionship to form a philosophic and artistic habit of mind. Bohemianism was foreign to the American experience because in New York, a very swift town, contemplation was shut out of the life of its residents. In choosing bohemianism, and few men did, one endured social reprobation, for when a man is not busy in American, he is generally a bum or a foreigner. [Downtown]

Humphrey, p. 61.

I know a common loafer, or "bum" or "gorilla," as they call such on the Bowery, who in his spoken language has the elements of literature. His phrases are not frozen, but adequately and originally and temperamentally express his thought.

Hapgood, p. 20.

It was swelteringly hot in Washington Square. Wherever there was a bit of shade the benches were crowded, for it was Sunday, and the number of the New York Sunday afternoon loafers in the open air increases with the age and cosmopolitanism of the city.

Ibid., p. 151.

Two men sat in a café on Second Avenue—one of those open air cafés, characteristic of Europe and of the broadest, lightest, and handsomest streets in New York. It was on a

Sunday afternoon and they watched the sauntering Teutonic crowd pass—men, women, and children in easy domestic fashion. Around them in the little garden sat several men, some playing cards some in almost complete silence staring sturdily at their beer all seeming to be fixt there, settled comfortable with no nervous consciousness of the uncompleted task or the unkept engagement They belonged to the happy crowd of the unnoticed and the unambitious; and to a race that prefers calm and almost sensuous contemplation to "getting there" in any sweaty form. The day was warm and the sun shone through an atmosphere rendered heavy by a recent shower; the hot, bright globules of moisture marking the path of the rays.

Perhaps it was the pacifying weather and the undulating rich quiet of the street that put the two nervous Americans into unusual mood. For a long time they were silent. They sipped the repose-inducing beer and almost felt that they were a part of their surroundings. Ultimately, however, being of expressive character, they must needs give vent to what was an unusual and delightfully literary sensation, and talked of many things, through the heterogeneity of which, however, there was a strain of unity—the tone of the place and the mood of the day being subtly manifest in the diverse things they said.

Ibid., pp. 215-6.

He was born with a genius for doing nothing.

Ibid., p. 247.

The people there sat long hours and did not hurry. It did not seem like New York.

Ibid., p. 274.

He began adult life as an esthete. He was not an actor, or a musician, or anything like that. he was just a loafer, well-born, with keen senses and much joy in life.

Ibid., p. 280.

You will see crowds of people loafing around the streets with nothing to do. They will all stop and talk to you about any subject. If you raise your eyes to the heavens and stand still for a minute, you will be surrounded by a mob which a policeman would be hard to put to disperse. Their capacity for entertaining themselves with something beyond the stock market goes a long way towards reconciling me to the crowds of New York.

Mayakovsky, *America*, pp. 50-51.

When S. inherited his father's estate, although it was not a major sum, he promptly retired. That is, he quit his job, moved into a room in the George Washington Hotel on 23rd Street, and took his meals at the donut shop on the corner. He read, wrote, strolled, napped. It was the life of Riley. He might have continued in this fashion indefinitely had he not made the acquaintance of cocaine.

[Drugs]

Sante, "Commerce," p. 112.

K - Psychogeography

On his visit to New York in 1930, Sergei Eisenstein found numbered streets confusing or else he could not remember addresses full of numbers. And so he attached images to the streets and street corners. He then found that, armed with his images, the rectangular, numerical experience of walking New York, and the shocks and collisions of its intersections, confirmed and refined his theory of cinematic montage. [Grid]

Tallack, N. pag.

A number of places I had come to think of as mere sights were restored as memories. A familiar corner became not just an intersection, but a spot where I anxiously waited for her all those years ago. Places, bricks and mortar, rang with an emotional resonance they hadn't had before.

Brook, p. 90.

In an episode that sounds like familiar fiction, but was in fact quite true, the father in my building went home by mistake to the identical building across the way. He went upstairs in the identical elevator, got off at his floor, went to his apartment, with the door was unlocked (this was in the 50s: doors were unlocked during the day so the kids could run freely from one apartment to another) and walked in. He wondered if his wife had gotten new furniture, shouted "hello!" To her, and the strange woman screamed in the bathroom.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 6.

O'Hara's "lunch hour" poems explore what the city can be like—and in fact what it is like—for urban subjects who are not confined, either spatially or psychologically, by the city's homogenous spatial grid... O'Hara laid the seeds for an urban aesthetic based on New York City's socio-spatial geography. [Grid]

Ibid., pp. 9, 20.

O'Hara used the cityscape constantly in his wishful need to transmute life into game or art. "Once we were walking down Fifty-seventh Street. There were all these grand antique shops, but small, each one with a window that would be arranged as a little Louis Quinze salon or a Victorian *fumoir*. One night Frank and I stopped and looked and a game began spontaneously where this was our living room and we

were inviting all our idols in. He would say, 'Tab, how nice to see you,' and I would say, 'Sugar Ray, I'm so glad you could come.' We played the game the length of Fifty-seventh Street. This sort of thing happened every time you were with him."

Gooch, p. 218.

Then we strolled along Fifth Avenue northward, still discussing Style. Writers do sometimes do that. At the southeast corner of the intersection of the Avenue and Fourteenth Street, just as he was stepping off the curb to take his trolley-car he halted with one foot in the air and said: "I have read your books: I like them very much." So I said: "Well, I have read your books and I like them very much, too."

So that angle of that street has its pleasant association for me. Crossing onto the corner immediately opposite on a very slippery day I once had a very bad fall--so that corner, too, has its clothing of memory.

Ford, *America*, p. 100.

The urban connoisseur is also an amateur archaeologist of the recently vanished past. Not surprisingly, an elegiac tone creeps into this genre, as personal memories intersect with what had formerly existed on a particular spot. The walker-writer cannot help seeing, superimposed over the present edifice, its former incarnation, and he/she sings the necropolis, the litany of all those torn-down Pennsylvania Stations.

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 201.

A famous crozier-shaped lamppost on Union Square, dating from the 1890s. Reginald Marsh could see it from his studio and sketched it in 1954. By then it was a signifier which signified so much that it polymathically contradicted itself, asking to be read not as use but as ceremonial beauty. Traffic lights, street signs, embargos against parking, warnings against turns, and even a mailbox had been hung on it. Pointing every way at once, it offered itself as an all-purpose guide to the city, which it had transliterated in symbols, signs, and numerals referring to streets, postal zones, and periods of the day. It can cope with one symbol's sudden metamorphosis into another, as when East 14th Street unexpectedly renominates itself as Union Square or (since the pole, like a bemedaled veteran, also bears a highway shield) as N.Y. Route 22. As well as a many armed and all-wise directory, it's a tribal elder, a symbol of the city whose contradictory symbols it

regulates. In Marsh's sketch, someone mails a letter in the box tethered to the post, not so much using it as gravely consulting it and trusting it to care for and relay a personal message, treating it as a clearinghouse for prayers. New York's policemen totemize their bodies in the same way as that lamppost, attaching to their sagging belts an armory of guns, whistles, truncheons, and handcuffs, with their clanking bunches of keys announcing their right to open every door in the city. Walkie-talkies crackling, they are human radio stations, absorbing and giving off information like the plurally gesturing lamppost.

Conrad, pp. 305-6.

Oldenburg reconstitutes the frugal and dexterous economy of Crusoe's island in a block-long studio on 14th Street at First Avenue. He reads the city as a landscape, of which he, like Crusoe, is the sole proprietor. A note in 1963 effects a sequence of beautiful metamorphoses, seeing urban objects as flora and fauna—people, Oldenburg says, are single trees, vehicles are animals, stores are collective forests, streets are plains or rivers. [Nature] [Primeval] *Ibid.*, p. 315.

Apart from that, Wall Street might, for all I care, emigrate to Norfolk, Va. And yet it mightn't.

Ford, *America*, p. 82.

In *The Wiz* (1978) the yellow brick road is rerouted across the Brooklyn Bridge to the World Trade Center.

Conrad, p. 299.

"Americans have practically added a new dimension to space," a British journalist wrote in 1899, "when they find themselves a little crowded, they simply tilt a street on end, and call it a skyscraper."

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 114.

Jenny Holzer on Forty-second Street marquee: "In Greenwich Village / a tourist asks directions / to Greenwich Village"

Delany, p. 5.

Superimposed on a map of midtown Manhattan, the World's Fair plan would reach from the Central Park menagerie deep down into Greenwich Village; and the transverse Central mall, lying approximately over Forty-Second Street, would extend from Times Square to Tudor City. [World's Fair]

Federal Writers, p. 48.

A map of Europe superimposed upon the map of New York could prove that the different foreign sections of the city live in the same proximity to one another as in Europe: the Germans near the Austrians, the Russians and the Rumanians near the Hungarians, and the Greeks behind the Italians. People of western Europe live in the western side of the city. People of eastern Europe live in the eastern side of the city. Northerners live in the northern part of the city and southerners in the southern part. Those who have lived on the other side near the sea or a river have a tendency to live here as near the sea or the river as possible. A reformation of the same grouping takes place every time the city expands. If the Italians move further up Harlem, the Greeks follow them, the Spanish join them, with the French always lagging behind and the Germans expanding eastward.

Ibid., p. 83.

The private map turns out to be as provisional as the public one—not one on which our walks and lessons trace grooves deepening over the years, but one on which no step, no thing seems to leave a trace. The map of the city we carried just five years ago hardly corresponds to the city we know today, while the New York we knew before that are buried completely.

Gopnik, p. 4.

Lay a Central Park map of the early eighteen eighties beside a map of today, and there on both maps are all the old names and places: the reservoir, the lake, North Meadow, the Green, the pool, Harlem Mere, the obelisk. We've photocopied some of the old maps to precisely the size of a modern one, then superimposed one over the other between glass sheets, and shot a good strong light through them. Allowing for small mapmakers' errors, they've coincided, the sizes and shapes of the things in the park unchanged through the years... the very curve of this road, and nearly all the roads and even the footpaths, are unaltered.

Finney, pp. 76-8.

The city is a map of the hierarchy of desire, from the valorized to the stigmatized.

Califia, p. 216.

One morning, with the sun at your back illuminating everything in front of you, you might, then, take 14th or 23rd or 42nd or 57th on the eastern side of the island and

walk toward the Hudson River in the extreme west. Your steps will follow another map, and this will allow you to cut across the metropolis transversely—thus sharpening your perception of the city—land that openly proclaims, on the one hand, it's monumental immensity, and on the other, at the same time, it's insurmountable limits. [Flâneur]

Maffi, p. 18.

A new agenda for geography, where geographers would explore the *terra incognitae* of the simultaneously real, experiential and imaginary, and profoundly personal world.

Goodman, *Secret*, p. 14.

Even if we must have a vertical city instead of a horizontal one, why have a West Street bordering the North River, which isn't the North River but the Hudson, and a South Street bordering the East River, which isn't any river at all?

Collins, p. 8.

As she always has, when we have a long way to go downtown at night, Martha will ask cab-drivers to take the "East Side Highway"—and no matter how often, or how obnoxiously I tell here that there is no East Side Highway, that it is called the FDR Drive, or just the Drive or the FDR, she persists. The East Side Highway is a sacred place for her somehow, the Yellow Brick Road of her mind and heart, never really settled in New York, still dreaming of Canada or Paris and a road to take you there.

Gopnik, p. 79.

Fifth Avenue, by virtue of ghetto blasters usually no larger than refrigerators, was a temporary trade outpost of Japan.

Trebay, p. 136.

271 West 52nd Street is the easiest of all addresses to find, but the hardest of all addresses to remember.

Conrad, p. 120.

Transversed by seven parallel avenues, and on the grid by any number of names, letter and number streets, all out of sequence and Oz-like willy-nilly. [Grid]

McCourt, p. 6.

The city itself could be read, interpreted, and signified upon even by writers and artists who were unable to alter its physical topography.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 18.

Observe the island, measuring it, superimposing one view over another, following its contours.

Maffi, p. 19.

The street evolves over decades into a post-modern, non-linear cluster fuck event construction.

McCourt, p. 29.

I am twenty-two blocks from where Rudolph Valentino lay in state, eight blocks from where Nathan Hale was executed, five blocks from the publisher's office where Ernest Hemingway hit Max Eastman on the nose, four miles from where Walt Whitman sat sweating out editorials for the Brooklyn Eagle, thirty-four blocks from the street Willa Gather lived in when she came to New York to write books about Nebraska, one block from where Marceline used to clown on the boards of the Hippodrome, thirty-six blocks from the spot where the historian Joe Gould kicked a radio to pieces in full view of the public, thirteen blocks from where Harry Thaw shot Stanford White, five blocks from where I used to usher at the Metropolitan Opera and only a hundred and twelve blocks from the spot where Clarence Day the Elder was washed of his sins in the Church of the Epiphany (I could continue this list indefinitely); and for that matter I am probably occupying the very room that any number of exalted and some wise, memorable characters sat in, some of them on hot, breathless afternoons, lonely and private and full of their own sense of emanations from without.

White, *Here*, p. 19.

What do maps and records and guide-books really tell [of the city, for] these ancient places are dreaming gorgeously and overflowing with wonder and terror and escapes from the commonplace, and yet there's not a living soul to understand or profit by them.

Lovecraft, "Pickman," pp. 505.

The civic orientation is inexact, north-south avenues running twenty-eight degrees out of true, west-east streets really running northwest to southeast.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 18.

I went downtown and met a man who was making a perfect map of New York. He worked for the city, and from a set of aerial photographs and underground schematics he had turned

every block, every highway, and every awning—every one in all five boroughs—into neatly marked and brightly colored geometric spaces laid out on countless squares. Buildings red, streets blue, open spaces white, the underground tunnels sketched in dotted lines... everything in New York was on the map: every ramp to the Major Deegan Expressway and every abandoned brownstone in the Bronx.

The kicker was that the maniacally perfect map was unfinished and even unfinishable, because the city it described was too "dynamic," changing every day in ways that superseded each morning's finished drawing. Each time everything had been put in place—the subway tunnels aligned with the streets, the Con Ed crawl spaces with the subway tunnels, all else with the buildings above—someone or other would come back with the discouraging news that something had altered, invariably a lot. So every time he was nearly done, he had to start all over.

Gopnik, p. 3.

Built by Robert Moses for the 1964 World's Fair, in part as a celebration of the City's municipal infrastructure, The Panorama of the City of New York, a 9,335 square foot architectural model includes every single building constructed before 1992 in all five boroughs; that is a total of 895,000 individual structures. After the Fair the Panorama remained open to the public, its originally planned use as an urban planning tool seemingly forgotten. Until 1970 all of the changes in the City were accurately recreated in the model by Lester's team. After 1970 very few changes were made until 1992, when again Lester Associates changed over 60,000 structures to bring it up-to-date. [Robert Moses] [Panorama]

Queens Museum, "Panorama," N. pag.

In his Brooklyn Heights apartment, Norman Mailer constructed a Lego-block model of his 15,000-unit apartment building in the pure-geometry style International Modernism, as an act of protest. After a year or so of slamming away at the modern "Kleenex box" school of architecture, Mailer decided to demonstrate the kind of city he thinks architects should be building. Using children's building blocks with aluminum beams here and there to provide structural support, he built a six-foot sculptural model of his dream city.

In the summer, Mailer says, his city would be a tropical paradise "with all sorts of wonderful bright colors, beach umbrellas on terraces, people sunning themselves, all sorts of music." Mailer's city would be extraordinary in winter,

too. "Think of it after a snowstorm," said Mailer ecstatically. "You'd think you were living in the Alps."
Nichols, N. pag.

The real is produced from miniaturized cells, matrices, and memory banks, models of control and it can be reproduced an indefinite number of times from these.
Baudrillard, *Selected*, p. 167.

A city of accommodations and of many maps. We constantly redraw them, whether we realize it or not, and are grateful if a single island we knew on the last survey is still to be found above water.
Gopnik, p. 5.

And yet both shape the city's maps, for what aspirations and accommodations share is the quality of becoming, of not being fixed in place, of being in every way unfinished. An aspiration might someday be achieved; an accommodation will someday be replaced. The romantic vision ends up harmonizing with the unromantic embrace of reality.
Ibid., p. 5.

We can't make any kind of life in New York without composing a private map of it in our minds—and these inner maps are always detailed, always divided into local squares, and always unfinished.
Ibid., p. 3.

Ever since its beginnings, the New World constantly demanded and presumed that real and metaphorical adjustments being made to its topography, and so New York maps are potentially unlimited.
Maffi, p. 22.

Other cities that share NYC's latitude—40 degrees north—Beijing and Madrid.
Mittlebach, p. 4.

The middle of Central Park lay at latitude 40°46'56" N, longitude 73°57'57" W.
Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 6.

The invention of all manner of strange mappings—the network, the fluid, the blank figure.
Amin, p. 4.

This confused knot of streets could certainly be termed, however anachronistically, a queer geography.

Carter, p. 13.

In New York, even monuments can fade from your mental map under the stress of daily life. I can walk to the Guggenheim if I want to, these days, but in my mind it has become simply a place to go when the coffee shops are too full. Another day, suddenly turning a corner, I discover the old monument looking just as it did the first time I saw it, the amazing white ziggurat on a city block, worth going to see.

Gopnik, p. 6.

Charles Scott Landers' 1929 sub-surface map of Manhattan, on which subway lines in use or projected are show against the original hills, swamps, watercourses and made land. [Primeval] [Nature]

Federal Writers, p. 415.

Fashioned and refashioned through commentaries, recollections, memories and erasures, and in a variety of media—monumental, official and vernacular, newspapers and magazines, guides and maps, photographs, films, newsreels and novels, street-level conversations and tales.

Amin, p. 2.

Set Riker's Island adrift.

Brook, p. 211.

Or the filling in of the East River nearly as far as Brooklyn Suspension Bridge might solve the problem.

Ford, *America*, p. 84.

Why the time will come—and I firmly believe that you and I will see it—when bridge after bridge spanning the East River have made Long Island and Manhattan one, when the Borough of Queens will be as much the heart and throbbing center of the great metropolis as is Astor Place today.

Dos Passos, p. 15.

What if a super-tugboat could cast a line about Long Island and haul it out to sea! Left exposed would be the broken ends of all the bridges and the under-river tunnels that now tie it to Manhattan. Riding off on the runaway island would go more than 4-1/2 million people—but only if the start were made at night, for in the daytime a large share of these people work in New York.

Simpich, p. 281.

PLUG up the Hudson river at both ends of Manhattan . . . divert that body of water into the Harlem river so that it might flow out into the East river and down to the Atlantic ocean . . . pump out the water from the area of the Hudson which has been dammed off ... fill in that space . . . ultimately connecting the Island of Manhattan with the mainland of New Jersey . . . and you have the world's eighth wonder—the reconstruction of Manhattan!

Abelli, "Hudson," p. 38.

... a plan to fill in the Harlem river and eliminate the East river entirely.

Ibid., p. 38.

The startling plan to fill up the Harlem River in order to make more space for the city's expansion, was never fulfilled. It still ebbs and flows.

Brown, *Valentines*. p. 241.

So I am certain that, in the end, the East River will be covered in, since sooner or later, New York must either succumb or find more breathing space.

Ford, *America*, p. 68.

The East River is not a river at all, but a turbulent strait.

McCourt, p. 43.

It is a peculiarity of Manhattan that it has two rivers running more or less parallel and one of the is called the East River, while the other is called the North River. The North River is like a broad avenue, smoothly paved. The East River is more like a narrow side street, clogged with traffic and badly pitted.

Philips, pp. 129-31.

Increasing traffic congestion... recently called forth this vast plan of draining the East River and converting what now is a busy waterway into a five-mile system of automobile and motor-truck highways, subway lines, parking spaces, and city centers... The project calls for erection of two concrete dams—one at lower Manhattan near the Williamsburg Bridge, the other where the Harlem River joins the East River near Hell Gate. The river then would be drained, and the 500 feet between the Manhattan and the

Brooklyn docks bridged with levels supported by steel uprights.

"Plan to Drain," p. 47.

In 1853, foresighted Charles E. Appleby purchased from the city a grant of land then mainly under the waters of the Hudson River between 39th and 40th Street. According to the terms of his grant, Appleby was required to fill in streets and build wharves and bulkheads. This work was left undone by Appleby and his heirs. Eventually, the city filled in the area, built streets, constructed piers. As a result, in 1928 Appleby's descendants sued the city for trespass, and ultimately received more than three million dollars in awards, interest and damages. They still own the property, which today—largely because of the city's trespass—is valued at more than 150 times what it cost their ancestor.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 355.

A view of the Wall Street skyscrapers through the masts and rigging of a schooner moored at Pier 11; the past is visually canceled by the efficient present as it is by the refrigerated containers for bananas parked in front of the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Conrad, p. 167.

Of only one thing about Henry Hudson's visit can we be sure: when he landed on Manhattan Island in 1609 he received no shower of torn-up phone books from skyscraper windows.

Collins, p. 3.

The patient thinks in a circle bounded by the confines of Manhattan Island.

Girdner, p. 54.

Central Park not as a landscape but—with its model yacht basin and its boating lake— as a surrogate landlocked sea, mimicking the maritime commerce of New York.

Conrad, pp. 256-7.

The difference between the Upper East Side and the Upper West side used to be substantial. Now it is a question of gradations. The lack of delineation is one of the weirdest changes to the psychic landscape of New York in the last twenty-five or so years. Today a visitor might wander through the park from one side to another and feel it was a kind of oasis in the midst of a continuous fabric, but in

recent decades it also served as a kind of moat, a Maginot Line that separated two worlds and worldviews. And if the park was a kind of DMZ in which one could wander, there was also means to cross the border from one side to the next. No one asked for your passport. It was an interval of stopped time: the Central Park Transverse. [Central Park [Flâneur]

Beller, p. 129.

People use the cross streets, imaginatively projecting them across the Park, like latitude lines, as a way of imposing a New York grid on this bit of New York gridlessness. [Grid]

Buford, p. 179.

At auction in 1973, Matta-Clark bought some small pieces of land in Queens and Staten Island... which had reverted to the ownership of the City due to non-payment of taxes by previous owners. Each property was a small, irregularly – shaped plot between buildings, known as a ‘kerb property’ or ‘gutterspace.’ These were aberrations within the property system, for which Matta-Clark paid between \$25 and \$75 each. He described how he was drawn to the auctions by the description of the properties as ‘inaccessible’: “When I bought those properties at the New York City Auction, the description of them that always excited me the most was ‘inaccessible.’ They were a group of fifteen micro-parcels of land in Queens, left over properties from an architect’s drawing. One or two of the prize ones were a foot [wide] strip down somebody’s driveway and a square foot of sidewalk. And the others were kerbstone and gutterspace that wouldn’t be seen and certainly not occupied. Buying them was my own take on the strangeness of existing property demarcation lines. Property is so all-pervasive. Everyone’s notion of ownership is determined by the use factor.” (cf. Hess’s triangle [Gentrification])

Walker, *Matta-Clark*, p. 135.

Matta-Clark died in 1978 at the age of 35 without realizing his plans for *Fake Estates*, and ownership of the properties reverted to the city. The archival material that he had assembled went into storage and was not rediscovered until the early 1990s, when it was assembled into exhibitable collages. Thus, *Fake Estates* has emerged not only as a mordant commentary on issues surrounding property, materiality, and disappearance that marked the whole of Matta-Clark’s career, but as artifacts of his own estate, reminders of the powers of absence and presence

that govern our relationship to the past. [Real Estate]
[Art]

"Odd Lots," N. pag.

An avenue is defined by its having been planted. It's a trail through a landscape, not a mere route for traffic.

Conrad, p. 87.

For his "Automobile Tire Print" in 1951 Rauschenberg glued together twenty sheets of paper, then inked the pavement on Fulton Street. John Cage drove a car through the ink and along the paper.

Ibid., p. 314

Sixth Avenue which Mayor LaGuardia, in a pixie moment, renamed the Avenue of the Americas.

Granick, p. 139.

The length of a tennis court fits across Ninth Avenue.
Goodman, "Banning Cars," N. pag.

Pedestrians cross the street even earlier than I recalled, treating Second Avenue as a country lane.

Gopnik, p. 78.

The Times Tower, a Northern Flatiron.

Irwin, p. 323.

The bisected Flatiron. Halved, it is set in motion, mounted on wings in readiness for flight, or sharpened into a prow which slices its way nautically out of the space where it has been tethered.

Conrad, p. 133.

An apartment house called Stadium View, which claimed a western vista to a sports arena in New Jersey that was never built. [Architecture] [Unrealized]

Hawes, N. pag.

An overhang or bridge becomes the roof of a temporary home; lampposts can be used to lean against. [Sloth, Loafing]

Franck, p. 8.

In the distance was a small old-fashioned brick building, probably a pump house. By cutting off the surrounding environment, it became a Swiss chalet nestling

among trees. It looked like the kind of romantic vista one sees in an old engraving.

Myers, pp. 73-4.

An elderly brownstone has as its neighbor a new residence fronted in glass brick, vitreously and metallically immaculate, all right angles and streamlined curves. Like different generations, they sit together amiably enough, but they're biologically at war. Even so, the victory of the present is temporary. It too will soon enough be the past. Indeed, it already is, for the glass-faced newcomer is the identical twin of its senescent companion and has simply had cosmetic surgery. Both were built about 1860; one was remodeled in 1934.

Conrad, p. 167

Rooftops deputize as beaches.

Ibid., p. 174.

In the summer, windowsills, fire escapes, and parked vehicles are annexed as dormitories.

Ibid., p. 69.

From the Woolworth Building you can take your vacation menially in the circumambient states.

Ibid., p. 202.

The steel frame-work of the old Madison Square Garden was preserved and is languishing in storage in anticipation of the day when it will be set up again in another city.

Bennett, "Smashing" pp. 52-3.

The façade of the Bank of the United States was cunningly tucked away as the south façade of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art when the rest of the bank was demolished. This fine and important front is now a kind of a rear at the back, visible to the facing stone walls and the most diligent and dedicated searcher. Preservation can be an act of polite disposal.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 68

Given the proper investment of time and money, no two apartments needed to look alike.

Hawes, N. pag.

At the Grand Central Station's center stood the Main Concourse, the great room at the heart of the complex. "Nice looking city," observes the country bumpkin upon

entering the space. "Pa," this is the station," his daughter explains.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 282.

The very things that are objectively wondrous, the rising towers and majestic bridges, must go unnoticed in order that the street dweller can maintain his obligatory demeanor of weary cool. It is famously goofy, by local standards even to look up at the awesome structures stretching away above the sidewalk. This is the act of a rube, one likely to fail at the other cognitive imperatives of the real New Yorker, like checking the time, noticing an attractive stranger, and thinking about dinner even while crossing against the light. The rube, by contrast, notices all the wrong things: he or she is that person likely to take notice of a streetside entreaty, for example, and yet be unable to jaywalk successfully.

Kingwell, p. 53.

On the Waldorf-Astoria: "Its site does not really exist: the entire hotel is built on steel columns wedged between the railroad tracks." [Hotel]

Koolhaas, p. 145.

The tunnel to an invisible city depicts that city as an area of self-extinction, a subway to nowhere or to the ultimate estrangement and abstraction of death. [Death] [Grid]

Conrad, p. 108.

It is the symbolic city that draws us here, and the real city that keep us.

Gopnik, p. 123.

You become a connoisseur of negative space. These spaces are refuges, tiny oases, sought after, multipurpose. They are meditative temples. They are moments of rest. Where nothing is happening. These places become little pockets of possibility. They are unidentified, off the grid, the staging areas for trysts, seductions, encounters. They are the places where crimes are committed, of one kind or another. The most conspicuous, hiding-in-plain-sight negative space in New York is Central Park. [Grid] [Sex]

Beller, p. 122.

The degree of change each day is usually too slight to perceive much difference. Yet those tiny daily changes have brought us from a time when what you'd have seen down there

instead of traffic lights and hooting fire engines, was farmland, treetops, and streams; cows at pasture, men in tricornered hats; and British sailing ships anchored in a clear-running, tree-shaded East River. It was out there once. Can you see it?

Finney, p. 66.

And near the old Medcef-Eden farm today, in Forty-second Street's subway station, are pinball machines and boys with narrow, cuffless pants who wiggle their hips and snap their fingers at each other.

Talese, p. 126.

In the guidebook which I use, the visitor to New York is given advice on how not to look like an out-of-towner. And wandering slowly around with no obvious purpose, standing on street corners gazing in a detached manner at skyscrapers or at commodity fetishism in action (or at the crazies), breaks rules 1, 2, 5 and 8 on how to avoid getting mugged.

Tallack, N. pag.

A Harlem band playing *Young Woman's Blues* from a phonograph as the safari breaks camp in Tanganyika under a tile-blue morning sky as intensely lighted as the panorama closed by mountains in the ceiling dome of the African section at the American Museum of Natural History. [Sound] [Psychogeography]

Federal Writers, p. 3.

From a balcony in One Times Square I gazed down on Broadway last week and mentally erased the crowds.

Trebay, p. 157.

L - Body

City As Body

Le Corbusier whitens New York; Dalí proclaims it to be a sanguinary, intestinal red.

Conrad, p. 145.

Business, mass transit, is the circulation of that flood through the urban body, and he admires the El as an exact solution to the problem of traffic in New York.

Ibid., p. 183.

Each of these huge constructed and compressed communities throbbing, through its myriad arteries and pores, with a single passion, even as a complicated watch throbs with the one purpose of telling you the hour and the minute, testified overwhelmingly to the *character* of New York—and the passion of the restless analyst, on his side, is for the extraction of character.

James, p. 377.

Urban affrays are pathological symptoms. Traffic jams resemble blood clots or coronary obstructions, and the tonic of the street life is an overdose of surplus vitamins to keep the frenetic body working.

Conrad, p. 297.

Congested roadways as hardened arteries. [Density]

Ibid., p. 297.

A single organism and its parts should be read in order.

Ibid., p. 185.

Le Corbusier dismisses the Brooklyn Bridge with faint praise, calling it "strong and rugged as a gladiator." He prefers the unornamented, severely exact George Washington Bridge, which is "a young athlete" beautiful but regressive, still trusting in the athletic training of the body. Whenever Le Corbusier employs anatomical imagery for the city, it's mocking or defamatory, characterizing New York as a messy overfed organism. [Bridge]

Ibid., p. 139.

The city feeding on people to fuel its mechanism, an organism is a contraption of fleshly engineering.

Ibid., p. 117.

The city as living organism, an enormous dragon curled up inside the guts of the metropolis, a mysterious and powerful energy to be released in small doses, smoke signals of a people hidden away beneath the sidewalk: fantastic images come to mind.

Maffi, p. 26.

The division of the island by Fifth Avenue reminds him of the spine of a sole (which, in any case, you prize out and discard in order to get at the soft and yielding flesh), and the traffic-clogged avenues are costive digestive tracts, their excretory exits blocked.

Conrad, p. 139.

The ridge of rock running in the general direction of Broadway is the backbone of the island. [cf. Hawes, "Where Broadway stood, a rocky ridge once ran diagonally up across the island like a sash." [Nature]]

Struabenmüller, p. 35.

The markets and the warehouses are not the belly of the city, as Zola has called them in his own Paris. The digestive processes of a great city are worked out later and in a million homes. The markets are the heart of the city, pumping the life fuel to themselves from across the rivers and the seas and pumping them out again by drayloads and cartloads through the streets.

Strunsky, p. 699.

The city mashes, melds, and recomposes substances, as a percolator circulates fluids in its hiccups.

Conrad, p. 125.

For even as your brain, nerves, heart, lungs and stomach are hidden from view, so it is with the City. Its nervous system, the vital organs which provide it with heat, water, light and air, its intestines, which like yours eliminate its wastes, its great arteries of its body, all these and more that ask it possible for eight million to live together, are out of sight under the pavements and the waterways.

But why is this complicated machine buried under tons of concrete and water where it is so hard to get at? Well, do you wear your heart upon your sleeve? No. It beats under the protection of a cage of ribs and muscle. The mechanism

of the City also is too delicate and too vital to be placed out in the open.

Granick, p. 4.

New York City, below its man-piled coverings, is a huge stone lizard sprawled flat on its belly, its head erect at Spuyten-Tuyvel, its arms and legs touching the two Rivers, its tail flopping the Battery.

All along the spine and flanks of this Reptile of Gneiss tormenting men dig and bore and blast: driving tunnels through its vitals; scooping holes for sub-cellars five floors under ground; running water pipes and gas mains; puncturing its skin with hypodermics of steam; weighting it with skyscrapers, the dismal streets below dark as sunless ravines; plastering its sides with grass bordered by asphalt into which scraggly shrubs are stuck—and as a crowning indignity—criss-crossing its backbone with centipedes of steel, highways for endless puffing trains belching heat and gas.

This has been going on in constantly increasing malevolence since the Dutch landed, and will continue to go on until three or four, or perhaps six, brand-new cities, each one exactly above the other, are piled on top of the poor beast. What will happen then, especially if it loses all patience and some fine morning gives an angry shiver, as would an old horse shaking off flies, a lucky survivor near the Golden Gate may know, but no one questions that it would be unpleasant for the flies.

Smith, *Charcoals*, N. pag.

Trucks will appear late at night to plant tall trees surreptitiously, their roots to mingle with the intestines of the town.

White, *Here*, p. 55.

The postal tubes in skyscrapers as ducts traveling through the city's frigid, nonvisceral body. Letters posted on the fiftieth floor would catch fire from static irritation before they reached the ground; to guard against this, the conduits are iced.

Conrad, p. 137.

Burrowing through the innards of a prestigious skyscraper.

Brook, p. 63.

Fresh raw effluence flowing from the city's body.
Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

New York is subject to a kind of alimentary decomposition. In its transit through the body the city has been ingested impressionistically and regurgitated abstractly, consumed as material or sensual food but transformed into an innutritious idea or a conceit.

Conrad, p. 117.

An uncladding of the its orifices, its excretory back door which shunts off the rejected to the river, the asylums, the potter's field.

Ibid., p. 181.

The mouths of our great cities are gigantic hoppers. Into them pour the foods we coax from the earth, the energy we snare from the sun, the metals we disembowel, the men and women we draw from the sampler communities.

Mumford, "Intolerable," pp. 283-93.

What now is the container of multitudes? A gormandizing maw, able to ingest all those edibles; an overstocked store; a groaning garbage truck. The city swells to offer bodily hospitality to all the things which chance to be in it at the moment. The epic motive of the city's founder was to prove the necessity of the place. Now, however, the city is content to seem a product of happenstance.

Conrad, p. 323.

His eyes penetrate the Empire State Building's skin,
"paring / The white shaft stark to its thrusting steel."
Sharpe, p. 240.

The skyscrapers of the city are a collections of hard-
ons zeroing in on Brooklyn.

Flaherty, *Tin Wife*, p. 64.

But [Joseph] Stella, who called the city "she," and who said, "New York is my wife—I always come back to her," refuses phallic skyscraper imagery.

Sharpe, p. 204.

Since the city's architecture is grisly biology, not celibate mechanism, Dalí interprets the skyline priapically. From the ship, he sees Manhattan as the rearing multiple erection of some couchant, many-phallosedinal massage, which caresses the prongs until, Dalí says, they void themselves in the sky's vagina. Traveling on the subway also inserts you, through the door

of a gash into that body. Dali declares that the cars run "not on iron rails" but "on rails of calves" lungs.

Conrad, p. 146.

Suffering from "an edifice complex."

Federal Writers, p. 13.

Christo, suggesting that the outer garments matter more than what's beneath them, has fetishized the skyscrapers. We enjoy them by dressing them up, not by unclothing them. So long as we don't violate their casing, they'll guarantee us that joy forever. Without satiation there can be no wearying. He's reconciled to the consumability of his projects, which he calls temporary monuments.

Conrad, p. 312.

The streets of New York pulse with warm blood and a feeling of animal love, symbolized by the throbbing fountain in Madison Square with its eruptive, ejaculatory spurts.

Ibid., p. 92.

Manhattan, as they neared it from the north, looked like the coda to the urban-erotic, the garter and stocking-top patterning of its loops and bridges now doing service as supports and braces, hernia frames. Above it all, the poised hypodermic of the Empire State. [Drugs]

Kingwell, p. 89.

If skyscrapers get people excited, what kind of bodies do they have?

Sharpe, p. 240.

Longing made concrete.

Kingwell, p. 56.

The reason people look longingly at a sparkling skyscraper is because the beauty of the human form has inspired it.

Sharpe, p. 240.

My City, my beloved,
Thou art a maid with no breasts,
Thou art slender as a silver reed.
Pound, *Personae*, p. 58.

The gaze is likely to be male, and the city as object is likely to be female.

Sharpe, p. 233.

Leaving the East Seventies is like getting squeezed out of a grid-shaped womb into wide-avenued *anarchy*.

Quan, p. 8.

He sees a congested flood of wagons, trucks, cabs, vans and street cars filling the vast space where Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street cross one another as a twenty-six inch maiden fills her twenty-two inch girdle.

Henry, *Four Million*, p. 135.

New York anatomized as a plumply appetizing woman's body.

Conrad, p. 90.

Newspapers referred to New York as a "she" or sometimes as the soldiers' mother.

Jobs, p. 139.

Now the skyscraper, stroked in graphite and color
On the thin whiteness of woven paper
Flamed suddenly like the mounting stillness
Of thighs, loins, breasts, lips,
Not steel but flesh, its straightness softened
By slight curving until it rose
Newly whole, like a woman poised
Meaningless and serene, her feet pressing the earth.
Black, p. 39.

The city is lovingly stripped of the defenses in which it's clad and shown to be a body, warmly comforting and carnally needy.

Conrad, p. 90.

The city has a gaunt look. The buildings are stark; they jab at the heavy skies.

Blandford, p. 148.

It is common in the open spaces of the city to see the skeletal infrastructure on the backside of a building.

Kittler, p. 718.

The city has such big feet and such small hands.
no.cit.

South Street beats time with bony hands.

Conrad, p. 232.

The city's deposit of grime and dust is its membrane of complicity. He is taking New York's fingerprints. [Crime] *Ibid.*, p. 277.

It isn't that New York has no muscle; it has no vision. Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 85.

Subways being carved out of the flesh of the city. Jones, *Modernism*, p. 180.

Dozing on Riverside Drive, the buildings of lower Manhattan trudge uptown. They are the city's ghoulish spirits, departing from the gargantuanly lustful body which has been snuffed out that night. The Statue of Liberty has doused her torch, and the Brooklyn Bridge crawls along, rattling skeletally, its cables making a most unearthly racket. [Statue of Liberty] Conrad, p. 203.

The searchlight from Madison Square Garden scratching the belly of the sky and tickling the buildings. *Ibid.*, p. 92.

The skyscrapers are built of wood, and smeared over with peeling white paint, which gives them the appearance of suffering with the same skin disease. Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

He professed to understand why skyscraper massiveness might have driven others to street level. "There is no question but that a body breaks of its own weight." Peretti, p. 107.

The city relaxes into what Léger calls *la vie mécanique*, freed from the importunings of the perishable human organism. He notes that in New York everyone smokes, even the streets. He couples the human habit with the mechanical exhalation of subterranean steam because smoking, properly understood, chastens the body's cravings. It subdues greedy organism to disciplined machine: a girl tells Léger that it's good to smoke during a meal because it distracts your appetite and saves you from getting fat... The city ought to learn the appetite-suppressing wisdom of Léger's girl with her cigarettes between courses. Conrad, pp. 137-8, 139.

A broad chest usually means healthy lungs. Now, Manhattan Island is notoriously narrow-chested. Her scanty space across is not redeemed by greater length. Crowded with humans and their houses, there is consequently little space for the expansion of her normal breathing powers. Her lungs, i.e., her parks, are contracted and not enough of them; there never will be. But more than some people think.
Huneker, p. 396.

It was Edmund Burke who first coined the famous description of parks as "the lungs of the city."
Rybczynski, p. 50.

The subway mined through a neurotic individual brain.
Conrad, p. 233.

I love this hairy city.
It's wrinkled like a detective story
and noisy and getting fat and smudged
lids hood the sharp hard black eyes.
O'Hara, p. 198.

The Elusive Tenderloin: the cavity that had been drilled in the city's tooth, soon to be filed with the new gold subway.
Conrad, p. 90.

West 42nd Street is the "inflamed appendix" of Broadway, while Bryant Park with its inexplicable excavations is a carious mouth.
Ibid., . 296.

Windows are the eyes of buildings, the outlets of consciousness. If you can see in through them, you live in a city of commonality. [Voyeur]
Ibid., p. 103.

In what part of the body of a Manhattan Islander is the New York located?
Girdner, p. 28.

The economy New York exists to cater to the exigent, opulent body. The streets are loud with advertisements for tattoos, permanent waves, and cosmetic aids.
Conrad, p. 97.

The tribal fetishes of the two cities float into propinquity. El stations and sidewalk cafés are ranked as

interchangeable amenities, and the lean needle of the Chrysler Building, tilted on its side, aims itself in the direction of a shapely Parisian leg.

Ibid., p. 125.

Both the body and the city are intensifying grids for simultaneously social and psychic meanings, produced in the mobile, conflictual fusion of power, desire and disgust.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 169.

His nervous system gets intertwined with that of the Metropolis.

Koolhaas, p. 164.

In a taxi on Lafayette Street, Charley Anderson in U.S.A. travels on a stream of metal, glass, upholstery, overcoats, haberdashery, flesh and blood... moving uptown.

Conrad, p. 195.

I have a fancy that every city has a voice. Each one has something to say to the one who can hear it... Chicago says, unhesitatingly, 'I will;' I Philadelphia says, 'I should;' New Orleans says, 'I used to;' Louisville says, 'Don't care if I do;' St. Louis says, 'Excuse me;' Pittsburg says, 'Smoke up.' Now, New York "

Henry, *Voice*, pp. 4-5.

Now, you can't put New York into a note unless it's better indorsed than that. But give me an idea of what it would say if it should speak. It is bound to be a mighty and far-reaching utterance. To arrive at it we must take the tremendous crash of the chords of the day's traffic, the laughter and music of the night, the solemn tones of Dr. Parkhurst, the rag-time, the weeping, the stealthy bum of cab-wheels, the shout of the press agent, the tinkle of fountains on the roof gardens, the hullabaloo of the strawberry vender and the covers of Everybody's Magazine, the whispers of the lovers in the parks - all these sounds, must go into your Voice - not combined, but mixed, and of the mixture an essence made; and of the essence an extract - an audible extract, of which one drop shall form the thing we seek."

Ibid., p. 8.

The Body in the City

Estimating the nervy, toxic toll of the city on its people, who inhale poisonous air, are squeezed and stifled in the subway, and have their organs nauseously rearranged in elevators.

Conrad, p. 296.

I could feel the soft air blowing from a subway grating on my legs.

Didion, "Goodbye," pp. 168-77.

It shuddered at the vibration of passing trains, and his body shivered with it.

Conrad, p. 239.

The city lunges from boom to crash as one's entrails become tight and metallic. Blood and guts change to ethyl and duralumin.

Ibid., p. 296.

The modern city so discourages our physical existence that improving on your body becomes a fanatical specialism, and once you have labored to perfect it, you're trapped inside it.

Ibid., p. 95.

New Yorkers blink twenty-eight times a minute, but forty when tense.

Talese, p. 2.

Most popcorn chewers at Yankee Stadium stop chewing momentarily just before the first pitch.

Ibid., p. 2.

150,000 walk though the city wearing eyes of glass and plastic.

Ibid., p. 2.

A Park Avenue doorman has parts of three bullets in his head—there since World War I.

Ibid., p. 2.

Each month one hundred pounds of hair is delivered to Louis Feder at 545 Fifth Avenue, where blond hairpieces are made from German women's hair; and brunette hairpieces from French and Italian women's hair.

Ibid., p. 3.

Each weekday over 4,000,000 riders pass these money-changer who seem to have neither heads, faces, nor personalities—only fingers.

Ibid., p. 26.

Gum chewers on Macy's escalators stop chewing momentarily just before they get off—to concentrate on the last step.

Ibid., p. 2.

The male body begets a girder.

Conrad, p. 211.

Unselfconscious New Yorkers stripping in their rooms.

Ibid., p. 95.

Alone

in the empty streets of New York

I am its dirty feet and head

O'Hara, p. 228.

You could hear his toenails scraping along the sidewalk.
[Sound]

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 15.

Punching a keyboard in disgust, or pressing too hard on a pen in our anxiety.

Amin & Thrift, *Cities*, p. 86.

On Edward Hopper: "New York in *dishabille*, its shop windows bulging with corsets and ample brassieres, its inhabitants disheveled in their furnished rooms or sleeping undressed on rooftops during the summer or baring themselves at their windows or cheerily urinating in the gutter or ogling the legs of girls whose skirts flare in the hot drafts on the subway stairs." [Window Display]

[Sexuality] [Desire]

Conrad, p. 89.

The overly angular architect is seated at his desk with rectilinear lighted buildings visible through the window behind him. With a blueprint spread before him, he stares straight ahead; he holds out a T-square in his left hand and makes a right angle of the fingers on his right hand. Reflected in the window glass on the left we can see the object of his measuring gaze: a naked man stands before him in a life-class pose, at once natural and monumental. The skyscraper that rises in the background distance above the

architect's head is the consummation of his vision, the supple proportions of the male body transformed into soaring glass and steel. As an emblem of male-male desire, both its yearning and fulfillment, the homosexual tower avoids the woman question entirely, along with the transgenderings that entangle the heterosexual lover of tall buildings.

Sharpe, p. 240.

The rubbery elasticity of the jazz-dancing body, liquidizing its limbs and curvaceously grooving, corresponds to the fluctuant nature of De Casseres's city. To him New York is a sensorium of fickle migrating pleasures. The centers of nervous or erogenous sensitivity aren't fixed; they float about in quest of new intensities, like Baudelaire's drunken boat... This mobility of pleasure zones suggests to De Casseres a New York whose body is rendered fluid by desire, its internal organs spurning allocation to a single place and function but circulating in a hedonistic flux. The gambling centers are constantly on the move, the outlets for whiskey change once a month, the fashionable social precinct moves steadily north.

Conrad, pp. 205-6.

The understanding of space cannot reduce the lived to the conceived, nor the body to a geometric or optical abstraction. On the contrary: this understanding must begin with the lived and the body, that is, from a space occupied by an organic, living, and thinking being. This being has (is) its space, circumscribed in its immediate surroundings, but threatened or favored by that which is distant. Within the reach of the body, that is, of the hands, it is what is useful or harmful to it; beyond this proximity begins a social space that stretches out without well-defined limits into physical and cosmic space. Three indistinct spheres and zones: the mental, the social, the cosmic—the lived body, the close, the distant.

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 229.

Survival in the city isn't biological engagement with it but a blissful capacity not to hear, see, or smell it.

Conrad, p. 187.

And to be. . . Hereby the River that is East—
Here at the waters' edge the hands drop memory;
Shadowless in that abyss they unaccounting lie.
Crane, "The Bridge," p. 76.

The only bodies the city can supply Reginald Marsh with are, unlike those girls of Sloan who bathe near open windows or lift their skirts to leap over fire hydrants, bulbous and bovine. Or else dead. Sloan understood in advance the miscegenation of the urban body, predicting its mechanization, when in 1908 he paused to watch a crowd on Sixth Avenue admiring a dummy in a shop window. The mannequin sported a sheath gown slit to the knee. Through the slit, however, she extended a wooden leg. [Window Display] [Mannequin]
Conrad, p. 97.

A watercolor of 1944, looking out from [Marsh's] studio window on Union Square at S. Klein's "Fat Men's Shop," derives a political reassurance from the body's sated placidity. The store's banner depicts a leering gourmand, his naked belly and thighs distending his swimming trunks. Underneath is printed his Falstaffian philosophy of pastoral nonaggression: "If everybody was fat there would be no war." [Commodity]
Ibid., p. 97.

Picabia's first act of abstract defiance was his refusal to paint what his eye saw in New York. His city forfeits this anecdotal abundance. Picabia absorbed impressions only to overcome them. He had passed, he explained, "entirely beyond the material, therefore there is nothing materialistic in my studies of New York nor anything sensual." He painted what his brain saw, a conceptual, not an actual, New York, a huddle of jostling oblongs and aspiring triangles plastically corresponding to the élan he felt in the buildings, bridges, and hurrying avenues. As he says in the title of a 1913 watercolor, his is a "New York seen through the body."
Ibid., pp. 115-6.

A week in New York is like being rolled naked in metal filings.
O'Connell, p. 137.

Men and women, if they survived in this environment, did so at the price of some sort of psychical dismemberment or paralysis. They sought to compensate themselves for their withered members by dwelling on the material satisfactions of this metropolitan life: how fresh fruits and vegetables came from California and Africa, thanks to refrigeration, how bathtubs and sanitary plumbing offset the undiminished dirt and the growing tendency toward constipation, how

finally the sun lamps that were bought by the well-to-do overcame the lack of real sunlight in these misplanned domestic quarters. Mechanical apparatus, the refinements of scientific knowledge and of inventive ingenuity, would stay the process of deterioration for a time.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 26.

Exercise from the seventies through the nineties, for a certain class of New Yorkers was what communion and confession were for Italian peasants—not means but ends, not paths to heaven but the Godhead itself. If you “worked out,” you did not need to succeed at it—in fact, no one *did* succeed at it, really, no one seemed much thinner or stronger or (aside from a few gay men and professional athletes) truly altered.

Considering the total number of hours spent in the gym, one would have expected a city of Samsons, a metropolis of Babe Didriksons. Instead, people went on dieting, and the gym existed as the church does in a Sicilian village, as a gathering place, an intermediate institution, where fitness, like grace, would eventually descend on your head just from being there—and if it didn’t, what of it, death was a long way off, and the body, like the Mediterranean God, was forgetful, largely forgiving. [Lisa Lyon]

Gopnik, p. 228.

On a balcony five stories above the street, a man lying on his back with his hips in the air was being put through his morning exercises by a Swedish masseur. The tired middle-aged legs went up and down like pistons. Like pistons, the elevators rose and fell in all the buildings overlooking the park.

Maxwell, p. 402.

Gothamites prefer to eschew extravertical wall climbing, trail biking, or parsailing.

Deák, p. 374.

I’ve just returned from Berlin where my fingernails grew the longest that they’ve ever grown. Now I don’t chew my nails or pick them but they never grow as rapidly as in New York City.

Mueller, p. 240.

I’ve noticed that my hair and nails grow better whenever I leave New York for extended periods.

Ibid., p. 240.

I had come to New York to seduce a girl—but when I got to New York I didn't recognize her, because she'd changed her face. She had gotten plastic surgery.

McNeil & McCain, p. 149.

Monitoring the city's financial health by studying the flailing, thrashing exuberance of the urban body.

Conrad, p. 92.

Bowery skin peckers.

Talese, p. 100.

A forest of hands, picking their way across keyboards, clicking mice, gripping steering wheels.

Amin & Thrift, p. 86.

AIDS

Having this virus and watching guys have sex and ignoring the invitation to join in is like walking in between raindrops.

Wojnarowicz, p. 244.

When I've gone to a movie house periodically to jerk off, there are at times men who approach me and begin to lick my throat or kiss my hands or jerk off next to me or try to kiss me and I sometimes allow a measure of touch and suddenly this guy's head attempts to go further and with the weight of my hand I prevent him. I feel comfortable to take responsibility to prevent him from doing anything that is dangerous to himself, but I also recognize in that moment that he has released himself from responsibility for himself he submits to desire which negates death for him, which negates the possibility of death. The virus is invisible to the eye for both of us in that moment, but the pushing motion of my hand against his forehead even if he struggles with all his might in order to force me to let him do what he wants, my hand is like iron, I won't let him pass this line of desire. If I were to speak and tell him I have this virus in my body, he might flee or he might be angry because he kissed my neck or licked my chest, or he might not care and want to chance doing what he wants, which is to suck my dick. Sometimes a guy will get angry at me for not allowing him to do what he wishes and then go off down the aisle and immediately start blowing someone who will let him do what he wants. Some of these guys stay

all day in the movie house and blow dozens of men. Everything is in motion inside the dark confines of this theater that shows blurry porno flicks on a cheap unfolded screen, and life and death is simultaneously being hatched, structures of life and death, plans of life and death are being made by physical communications and gestures. This guy doesn't trust the idea or concept of death enough to take his own precautions, or else maybe he feels it's too late to worry because of his history and the possibility that he already has the virus and that in the mechanics of sex many people don't believe it is highly possible to transmit the virus orally if they refrain from swallowing semen. I don't know what it is he thinks but I feel safe in what I allow or don't allow in terms of touch by fingers or tongue, all of it confined to the external and the areas free of seminal contact, but it also makes me wonder about the machinations of the world and the fragmentations of social order and disorder, all shifting simultaneously and creating designs and patterns that we call the world, that we call life. And I'm still wondering what that twelve years makes in terms of a difference beyond the frail human structure we call society and the world and personal activities that make up our lives. I guess I'm still trying to understand some concept of life in measurement against the universe and life/death cycles or capsules. What does that twelve years mean? to him? to me? to all whom we interact with? What does it mean outside the time we refer to as life? What does it mean to our selves? What does it mean?

Ibid., pp. 233-4.

For I am quite aware of the chance that I have or will have AIDS. The odds are very great and, in fact, the symptoms already exist. My friends are dropping like flies and I know in my heart that it is only divine intervention that it's kept me alive this long I don't know if I have five months or five years, but I know my days are numbered... I'm not really scared of AIDS. Not for myself. I'm scared of having to watch more people die in front of me... I refuse to die like that. If the time comes, I think suicide is much more dignified and much easier on friends and loved ones. Nobody deserves to watch this kind of slow death... most artists have this understanding of the world that separates them from it, but only some of them are truly special in a way that they can touch other peoples lives and pass through them. I'm sure when I die, I won't really die, because I live in many people.

Haring, pp. 162-3.

Some realized the cruel irony of the obviating ubiquity of "I Will Survive," the disco anthem, at a time when the dancers were already succumbing to amoebiasis and taking every drug there was in the world to go on dancing.

McCourt, p. 327.

"I Will Survive" and "I'm Gonna Live Forever" slow to dirge tempo, as if the DJ were leaning on the needle. Disco dies. A mourner laments in form.

Ibid., p. 435.

"Yeah, but they think AIDS is a new band from England," Price points out.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 34.

On the public response in the early days of the epidemic: the great smear of mortality across the picture, the dirty mark of pain and horror, found in few quarters a surface of spirit or speech consenting to reflect it.

McCourt, p. 435.

Great Moments in Irrational AIDS Fear. Buy a paper at any newsstand in Manhattan, try to give 'em exact change, aim specifically for their hand, and they will not take it.

Meltzer, p. 189.

"On me, not in me" became a mantra of safer sex.

Atkins, p. 238.

A virus has no morals.

McCourt, p. 327.

John was at the dentist and under the hygienist's vigorous scraping, his gums started to bleed and wouldn't stop. The hygienist applied gauze, but nothing seemed to stanch the flow. The dentist became quite perplexed and admitted John to Bellevue for tests.

"It seems my blood has lost the ability to clot," John told me over the phone from the hospital. "They want to check me for all kinds of things. They're testing my blood for platelets, whatever they are."

"Well, I'm sure it's no big deal," I lied, vaguely aware of some disturbing rumors that had been afoot about some gay men who were sick. 'I'll come by later today and visit."

Surely this "gay cancer" could only affect older West Village mustached disco queens who went to the baths every

day, not youthful smooth-faced East Village anarchist performance artists in skinny neckties.

I was wrong about that.

Murphy, "7 New Yorkers" N. pag.

One gentleman, James Johnson, worked in the publicity department at Paramount Pictures and would invite me to movie screenings. By the end of the summer, he and the other two black guys in the building were dead. I would run into each of them frequently enough, but I never saw any of them deteriorate. It was that fast. So fast that the landlord was having trouble turning over the rent-stabilized apartments, so I was able to secure one for another college buddy.

Ibid.

A couple of years later, the *Times* obits section was commonly referred to as the Gay Sports Page, because we would count the number of apparent AIDS-related deaths before checking the other news.

Ibid.

Over scrambled eggs, Rupert casually said, "I guess you've heard about Robert," referring to someone I was fond of and had dated.

I felt a chill. "No, what about Robert?" I asked.

"I heard he's got it," was all Rupert needed to say.

Ibid.

Then my attention fixed on a small oblong purple spot near Patrick's left earlobe. It was about as wide as the tip of a pencil eraser and about the same color... Rupert took a peek, and his face changed. "I don't think that was there a couple of days ago," he said. Patrick, who could be prickly, said belligerently, "What? Now you think I have AIDS? Thanks a lot!"

He left the table to look in the bathroom mirror and returned with an ashen face. I felt guilty, like it was my fault for having noticed the spot.

Ibid.

I actually, by the way, saw five or six "AIDS beggars"—emaciated, scabby guys moaning, "I've got AIDS... feed me."

Ibid.

Everyone designed rituals around AIDS: Rituals for a cure, rituals for understanding, rituals to send energy to

distant Positives, rituals to zap coven members in travail, rituals to build T-helper cells.

McCourt, p. 437.

Demonstrators "died" in front of the 5:33 to Harrison. They "died" on the steps to Vanderbilt Avenue. They formed a human chain to prevent commuters from reaching trains. They skeined red tape across the platform doorways. They splashed bags of blood on the terminal floor.

Trebay, p. 257.

THE THING THAT'S IMPORTANT ABOUT MEMORIALS IS THEY BRING A PRIVATE GRIEF OUT OF THE SELF AND MAKE IT A LITTLE MORE PUBLIC WHICH ALLOWS FOR COMMUNICATIVE TRANSITION, PEELS AWAY ISOLATION, BUT THE MEMORIAL IS IN ITSELF STILL AN ACCEPTANCE OF IMMOBILITY, INACTIVITY. TOO MANY TIMES I'VE SEEN THE COMMUNITY BRUSH OFF ITS MEMORIAL CLOTHES, ITS GREIVING CLOTHES AND GATHER IN THE CONFINES OF AT LEAST FOUR WALLS AND UTTER WORDS OR SONGS OF BEAUTY TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PASSING OF ONE OF ITS CHILDREN / PARENTS / LOVERS BUT AFTER THE MEMORIAL THEY REUTRN HOME AND WAIT FOR THE NEXT PASSING, THE NEXT DEATH. IT'S IMPORTANT TO MARK THAT TIME OR MOMENT OF DEATH. IT'S HEALTY TO MAKE THE PRIVATE PUBLIC, BUT THE WALLS OF THE ROOM OR CHAPEL ARE THIN AND UNNECESSARY. ONE SIMPLE STEP CAN BRING IT OUT INTO A MORE PUBLIC SPACE. DON'T GIVE ME A MEMORIAL IF I DIE. GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION.

Wojnarowicz, p. 206.

I don't want to think of death or virus or illness and that sense of removal that aloneness in illness with everyone as witness of your silent decline that can only be the worst part aside from making oneself accept the burden of making acceptance with the idea of departure of dying of becoming dead.

Ibid., p. 211.

I fight this weariness from drugs and take a glimpse of sunlight as a conducive shot of movement of excitement of living but these drugs make me weary and frustrated.

Ibid., p. 213.

(that's the thing about watching someone die, you turn from the deathbed or the sidewalk and then look out the window or down the street and the world is still in motion and that's both a tragic and beautiful part of it)

Ibid., p. 220.

I thought of the "AIDS Monster" headlines of the *New York Post* a few years ago: some guy on Long Island with AIDS paid a few dollars periodically to suck the dicks of teenagers.

Ibid., p. 232.

The body is a conduit, a receptor of symbols or energy or merely moving forward drifting through the urban scenery waiting for a dozen signals to intersect the right way as to surprise, open the eyes, stir the senses, find me, and unexpected hard-on.

Ibid., p. 235.

All your faces, the faces of those who are not dying have become echoes.

Ibid., p. 263.

I was arrested in clown attire while throwing condoms + confetti in the middle of 5th Avenue.

Bytsura, N. pag.

WHEN I JOINED ACT UP, I WAS A NICE
JEWISH BOY FROM THE SUBURBS, AND I
WAS FORCED TO UNLEARN THE PRETTY LIES
THAT SOCIETY DRILLS INTO US TO KEEP
US IN CHECK: THAT THE POLICEMAN IS
OUR FRIEND, THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL
TAKE CARE OF US, AND THAT "GOOD"
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE STREET AND GET ARRESTED.

Blotcher, N. pag.

AIDS isn't a disease anymore, it's a media event.

Lott, N. pag.

And don't worry about AIDS, for God's sake... if you don't have it now, you won't get it. By now we've all been in some form of contact with it... not everybody gets it, only those predisposed to it. If everyone got it that was introduced to it, half the population would be on death's door by now.

Mueller, p. 242.

Herpes and hepatitis; everybody is getting transfusions, as if indeed Dracula were loose in Gotham.

McCourt, p. 332.

Next year I predict a change in what is considered fashionable as far as body size goes. No longer will people want to be svelte and lean. Fat will be in because where there is fat you can be sure there is no AIDS. People by then will be terrified to align themselves with skinny people. Fashion, as we all know, is based on sexual attractions...

Mueller, p. 245.

You don't get AIDS through the air, or from even looking into the eyes of a victim or even from shaking their hand. You don't have to put yourself in a plastic bag. You could just as easily be hit by a car and die while you're not looking where you're going when feeling a very skinny person you think has it. Everybody now living in this city takes their chances every day.

Ibid., p. 245.

Fortunately I am not the first person to tell you that you will never die. You simply lose your body. You will be the same except you won't have to worry about rent or mortgages or fashionable clothes. You will be released from sexual obsessions. You will not have drug addictions. You will not need alcohol. You will not have to worry about cellulite or cigarettes or cancer or AIDS or venereal disease. You will be free.

Ibid., p. v.

Larry Kramer and I disagree on almost everything, especially on his use of holocaust imagery, but he lost an entire life network. He would say that he had five hundred friends and acquaintances who had died. If you think about it, that's the size of a small town in Germany.

Ingram, N. pag.

All the advertising on the subways in New York was about women taking condoms with them in their purse. It would say "Don't forget these when you go out," as if women wore condoms.

Ibid.

We began to throw around crazy ideas. One woman was absolutely panicked. She had absolutely never had anything to do with sports. But everybody else in the room was taking off on it. Two of the women were baseball nuts, so we finally decided this was the best idea we ever had, and we sat down and really worked out a plan. We were gonna get tickets in blocks. Shea Stadium is U-shaped. We planned to

get seating in blocks in the three different areas of the "U" and that we would do "call-and-response" like you do at college football games. We called up Shea Stadium and found out that in fact there was a ball game that night and that we could get blocks of seats and that if you bought sixty seats, you could even get a message on the message board! And we thought, "Wow, this is fucking amazing!"

When we came to the floor of ACT UP and we presented the Shea Stadium Action as our Nine Days of Action thing, the room became dead silent. Panic was in the air, absolute panic. So people started to stand up and speak. First, we got the "class" stuff. "We're gonna get beaten to death there," and we're standing there very calmly saying, "Do you know who goes to Shea Stadium? We go to Shea Stadium? Kids go to Shea Stadium on Friday nights to pick each other up. Queers go to Shea Stadium." And in the room all of a sudden the closeted baseball queers started standing up. All these gay men who wouldn't tell anyone they were baseball nuts because it's not the "thing to be," and they started saying, "Yeah! I go to Shea Stadium." So we finally got people to go.

We had reconnoitered the Stadium beforehand, found the seats we had just bought, measured them all out. We had rulers so that we could make banners that were exactly the right length. We also went to a night game to check out the lighting and to figure out how big the letters would have to be to be seen.

Word of this got out. In the beginning we could hardly get anybody to buy seats. By the last day, I was getting phone calls from people I hadn't heard from in years from the left because the word had gotten out that this was gonna be the most amazing thing that had ever happened, and people were acting like I was their connection for a seat in the orchestra. They'd say, "Do you have seats at Shea Stadium?" and I'd say, "No, I don't." So it actually turned out to be quite amazing because we ended up selling around 400 tickets.

At Shea Stadium we had people spread in three different actions and there was also a whole big issue about standing outside and handing out these leaflets. Because Shea Stadium is owned by the City of New York, but the Mets rent it, anything that happens in Shea Stadium is in relationship to the Mets. The parking lot is owned by Kinney or was then. That's private property. They can decide what happens in the parking lot. But there's a whole space that is not really either publicly or privately owned or leased—almost like a street or plaza that goes around the entrances to the stadium, that looks like a sidewalk

but a big sidewalk and that is not the parking lot and is not the stadium. We could not find out for weeks who it belonged to. We wanted to know, if we were going to get arrested, what it was we would be getting arrested for. Were we on private property or public property? Who knew? And we kept trying to get in touch with Shea Stadium. We also wanted to get in touch with them because we wanted the Mets to declare this National Woman and AIDS Day, and we left them many messages and they never called us back. And by that time, ACT UP had a reputation for doing things. Especially the women, because we had just done another demonstration in January, and the police nearly went crazy because we did not ask the city and the police for permits.

We had coming up on the LED screen a message that said "Welcome the National Women and AIDS Day Committee," and we did not think we'd have any trouble getting in because we had tickets. But giving out these flyers outside, that we thought we would end up getting arrested for. About a week and a half before this whole thing was going to happen, some guy wrote a story in the *Village Voice* about ACT UP that mentioned we were going to Shea Stadium. A friend of mine who was actually working with Shea Stadium on a totally different thing—she was working with them on a performance art thing that was going to be happening in their parking lot, and they did not know that she had anything to do with ACT UP—was there one day when the guy she was working with was talking to the community/police liaison. The officer was saying, "Did you hear? These crazy people are coming to the ballpark next week—these ACT UP people—and they're going to rip up the turf and they're going to do this and we're going to do that." And we thought, "Holy shit, we're going to show up, and they're going to be in riot gear!" And we weren't even doing anything that provocative, from our point of view. I mean we saw this as an educational action. there was nothing we wanted from Shea Stadium. So we actually thought of this as a lighthearted but hard-hitting educational action because it would be in a place where no one would ever expect us to be.

So we got one of the women to call up the cops—not to ask for a permit. She said, "You know, we've been trying to get in touch with Shea Stadium for three and a half months and nobody has called us back. We just wanted to let you know that we're going to be out there on Wednesday night, and we just did not want you to maybe get freaked that we were coming." And of course, when he started asking questions like "How many?" she just said, "Well, I don't know, but we just wanted you to know." So it wouldn't be

this kind of riot gear kind of thing. When we got there, they had spoken to the people at Shea Stadium, and the head of their public relations department came out and put our leaflets in every one of their press packets, and he made sure that we could stand at every single doorway and give out all of our stuff. It was great, but we hadn't negotiated; we just went.

It was the most amazing thing because we had made these banners with a black background and white lettering. We had six long rows in each area and each row had a set of banners, and we only opened them up when the visiting team was up because we did not want to upset the New York Mets fans. At a certain point, I do not remember what inning it was, the first banners opened up. They started at the top of the group and they were always three lines. And the first one opened up and it said "Don't balk at safe sex." And then across the stadium, opposite them, in the seats above the other field, three banners rolled open and they said "AIDS kills women," and then in the center, behind home plate, the next three opened up and they said "Men! Use condoms."

And then, people from ACT UP got so into having these banners that people started swaying back and forth, up and down, and the visual effect was incredible because it was at night, totally dark, and the lighting from the ballpark totally reflected the white letters of the banners. An inning and a half later, we opened the next set of banners. They said "Strike out AIDS," "No glove, no love," and the final one said "SILENCE=DEATH" and it had a huge triangle and ACT UP! This was on C-Span. We not only got to the twenty thousand people who were in the ballpark, but it was televised around the country and we gave out leaflets. We reached an incredible number of people in an audience that we'd otherwise never have been able to get to. Most of the people came from ACT UP, but many people from other groups got wind of it and thought it was the most exciting thing.

Ibid.

I mean, some people got all decked out and dressed up, and, people were making out in the bleachers of Shea Stadium.

Schulman, "Katz," N. pag.

A friend of mine in New York City has a half-fare transit card, which means that you get on buses and subways for half price. And the other day, when he showed his card to the token attendant, the attendant asked what his disability was and he said, I have AIDS. And the attendant

said, no you don't, if you had AIDS, you'd be home dying. And so, I wanted to speak out today as a person with AIDS who is not dying.

Russo, N. pag.

Thank you for coming to New York City, the epicenter of the AIDS epidemic.

Finkelstein, N. pag.

Gregg, when you go to New York, there will be people who tell you that you can get cancer from certain kinds of gay sex. That's not true. They just want us not to be able to have sex. So you can't get cancer from anal sex. There's no such thing as gay cancer.

Schulman, "Bordowitz," N. pag.

The feeling of ACT UP in its heyday—this was like 1988—when the room was packed, and you could hardly get into the ground floor of the Gay Community Center. If the weather was nice, the meeting spills out into the courtyard. There is business happening all over the place. It's very difficult for the people who are actually running the meeting to get the attention of the group. There is all kinds of sexiness going on, as well. There is all kinds of cruising going on on the sides, and eye catching, and chattiness. There was an energy in the group that was amazing, because it was filled with people who had ideas, filled with people who had energies, filled with a kind of erotic energy. And all that came together. It was in some ways like a bazaar of desires. So it was amazing that anything got done. An enormous amount got done.

Ibid.

You know, you would walk around down on Delancey Street, and if you would see someone—it's like dealing, basically. If you see someone who you think might use needles, you just kind of whispered to them as they passed, "Do you get high?" They would stop, maybe, because they didn't know necessarily what you were offering. [Drugs]

Ibid.

But in ACT UP, you had to kiss everybody, because you couldn't be afraid of people with AIDS. So you had to demonstrate that you were not afraid of people with AIDS. So you had to kiss everyone you met.

Ibid.

It was at Sheridan Square and then we marched down to Sixth Avenue. We stopped traffic and kissed. It was pouring rain.

Ibid.

In Brooklyn, there were problems when my friends' mothers would be crying because funeral parlors would not accept the bodies of those people that died from AIDS. Everybody had to come up to 110th Street or something, because nobody in Brooklyn would do it. So the funeral parlors in Harlem were like, "We know you can't catch it." But there was a time when they didn't want to bury people with AIDS in the ground. They thought once they buried a body with AIDS in the ground, you would grow flowers with AIDS.

Lawrence, p. 64.

How can we forget the clouds of Felix Gonzalez-Torres, the flowers of Nan Goldin or Jack Pierson, the delicate sketches of David Wojnarowicz, profound, simple adherence to the world in the diaries and words of Keith Haring? The illness modifies the body and is accepted by it.

Frisa, p. 404.

"What about AIDS?"

"Passé. Passé."

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 11.

At times I feel like there's nothing to be afraid about dying. I mean, look at how many people have done so before me.

Wojnarowicz, p. 211.

Pathology

The French freighter Wyoming arrives at New York from Casablanca with a cargo consisting of chiefly wine and tobacco. Casablanca and other Moroccan cities have had an outbreak of bubonic plague in December, but the Wyoming's crew is apparently healthy and she is allowed to unload some bags of mail at Brooklyn's Pier 34. When she begins to discharge cargo at Pier 84 on the Hudson River, however, some longshoremen spot rats: health inspectors find rat droppings. 20 rats are promptly autopsied. Indications of plague infection show up, tests with guinea pigs confirm that the ship's crates carried the Black Death, but news of

the incident is kept from public to avoid any panic.
Evidently no rats got ashore.

Trager, p. 540.

1899: a dog show held in the Metropolitan Opera House a few weeks prior to its opening left a major infestation of fleas in the auditorium's plus seats.

Caldwell, p. 209.

The importing of leeches for medicinal use continued in New York City until the mid-1950s.

Berger, *New York*, p. 13.

In 1908 Franz Boas began using "physical anthropology" methods, measuring the skulls of Jewish children in New York, moving on to measuring the heads of new arrivals at the Ellis Island immigration centre in New York. He then recruited assistants and spread out to measure head size in New York's immigrant districts.

Haden, p. 132.

A comparison of individuals born in Europe with those born in America shows that the change of head-form is almost abrupt at the time of immigration. The child born abroad, even if it is less than one year old at the time of arrival, has the head-form of the European-born. The child born in America, even if born only a few months after the arrival of the parents, has the head-form of the American-born.

Boas, pp. 99-103.

Immigrants believed in the medicinal value of blood, and when illness came they went to the abattoirs and bought blood for five cents a glass.

WPA, p. 211.

New York's two medicinal industries cater to the extremities of the longsuffering human body, selling pills for throbbing heads and, on a cross street in the 305 between Fifth and Madison, rectifying fallen arches.

N. cit.

Manhattan is an island of cannibals. Here people feed on other people for all their stimulation, information and satisfaction. The eagerness to expose all to another is also the desire to be allowed in return to creep into the other's skin.

Bladford, p. 93.

Encephalitis in the New York region: twelve million men dedicated to hard labor.

Corbusier, p. 111.

Elevator sickness: "The resulting movement of the organs, and the accompanying pressure of such organs against other parts more rigidly attached to the frame, is the cause of discomfort."

Reisenberg, p. 75.

Getting home, if it's spring or summer, you close the windows to keep out mosquitoes and gnats, you wash out your ears and your nostrils, and cough up the coal dust.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 55.

M - Sex

City as Sex

Things as innocuous as the interior remodeling of houses or traffic jams become polymorphously sexy.
Conrad, p. 200.

A traffic jam catches two vehicles in the act of coupling: on Broadway near 28th Street a heavy truck had become entangled with a taxi-cab in so intimate a manner as to completely obstruct the pavement.
Ibid., p. 200.

The subway is a tunnel of love. Traveling on it inducts you into the city's erotic underground.
Ibid., p. 98.

The subway is New York's id, able to trump the competing elevated railway. The El, being above ground, is less duskily sexy.
Ibid., p. 98.

A romping bacchanal, a feast of blowsy, corpulent, promiscuous gods.
Ibid., p. 98.

It was in the air! It was a wave! Everywhere!
Inescapable! ... Sex! ... There for the taking! ... It walked down the street, as bold as you please!
Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 53.

The skyscrapers, for instance, are places of business. Their height is strictly utilitarian, a device for maximizing space and increasing revenues. It's therefore necessary to deny their dour usefulness and make them a sensual amenity as inducements to sexual delight: a skyscraper is the most exquisite setting for a passionate love affair which has yet been devised by man.
Conrad, p. 200.

Artists persist in describing their infatuation with New York as a courtship or a wedding.
Ibid., p. 208.

Joseph Stella connubially declared, "New York is my wife." His paintings of it were their offspring.

Ibid., p. 208.

New York is not a romantic city. It does not choose to be. Romance is soft; so are Paris, Venice.

Blandford, p. 81.

New York is a zoo of lubricity.

Conrad, p. 213.

The eyes of the lions in front of the library on Fifth Avenue are heavy-lidded with the load of sensual experience granaried inside the building.

Ibid., p. 202.

The Brooklyn Bridge symbolizes a stern determination of restraint. It arrests the deliquescent sexual expenditure of the self, opposing to the fluidity of the river and of urban society its solid piers of stone.

Ibid., p. 226.

A celebration of the physical democracy of New York—its undressing of its inhabitants and of its own lusty, greedy urban body.

Conrad, p. 95.

Laughter, joy, and loneliness / and sex and sex and sex and sex.

Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

The impressionist city renders sex pastoral, absorbing it into the budding fecundity of nature.

Conrad, p. 92.

That he was already projecting a destiny for the two of them as grand as the approaching skyline of Manhattan was an indication of the eagerness and poetic inspiration that he brought to bear almost instantly on this much-longed-for romance.

Gooch, p. 329.

Coming back from the laundry down First Avenue I and two other inmates, as usual, had to step over sleeping bodies in various positions on the sidewalk. About twenty yards from the halfway house, lying on his back in the middle of the sidewalk, someone was masturbating intensely, straight

up to the sky. His eyes were squeezed tightly shut. It should have been amusing, but it was not. None of us could laugh although we tried to see humor in it.

Abbott, "Bowery," p. 84.

The last function of the New York pub is to cater to the needs of a serious drinker.

Petronious, p. 14.

Bell hops and elevator boys were known to be available for paid sex.

Reay, p. 104.

The subway cowboy with a midnight tan.

Roditi, p. 427.

Broads who stroll the boardwalk, while often easy, usually have housemaid's knee.

Mortimer, p. 141.

Now that the days are warm again, sex is back on the streets of New York. Outside is no longer a mere conduit for wooly-bundled travelers scurrying between over-heated boxes hoping to achieve some miraculous arrangement of face and form in trundling elevators at their destination. Street life has resumed with all its buzzing excitement; sex has made its annual reappearance.

Blandford, p. 114.

Body contact with strangers is to be had only with the battery of doctors or nurses to whom one turns over the machine for its biannual check-up.

Ibid., p. 114.

kissproof world of plastic toiletseats tampax taxis
Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 8.

It is dirty
does it look dirty
that's what you think of in the city.

does it just seem dirty
that's what you think of in the city
you don't refuse to breath do you
O'Hara, p. 337.

I remember a rather horsy-looking girl who tried to seduce me on a New York City roof. Although I got it up, I

really didn't want to do anything, so I told her that I had a headache.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

I never think of sex anymore, being wrapped up in work.
Reisenberg, p. 202.

In the burlesques, women with dazzling skin have golden locks, like metal chiseled by a goldsmith, with the vividness of something cut by a chisel. Incisive casques (not vaporous!), clean, curly, dense, lively, full in style. Along with that the woman is a healthy, beautiful animal, a very beautiful animal.

Corbusier, p. 110.

Kinsey spent a lot of time in Ross Bar interviewing some of the boys; I was there the night his assistant came, in 1945. Huncke and Allen were interviewed.

Kerouac, *Road*, p. 242.

Within the past few months, I have slept with an Italian journalist, a Hispanic teenager from Queens, a NYPD detective who investigates terrorist threats, a Jewish philosophy student attending Northwestern, a graphic artist for an advertising firm, a truck driver, a freelance copy editor, an architecture student at Pratt, a construction worker who specializes in concrete floors, an electrician, a vendor of tickets for local rock concerts, a supervisor at a research laboratory, a luggage inspector at an airport, a "male escort" who claimed to have read Housman and Yeats, a dispatcher for a cab company, and a mad Albanian who nearly kissed me when I mentioned that I had read and liked the novels of Ismail Kadare.

Harris, *Diary* p. 10.

Watching some girls on swings in Stuyvesant Square who are themselves being ogled at by a fat man. [Voyeur]

Conrad, p. 92.

There's another female idiosyncrasy peculiar to New York that bears mentioning. Many girls go through periodic withdrawals and isolation. Suddenly extremely prudish, proper, sanctimonious and horrified at their pasts... they take on the responsibility of voluntary self-punishment. They wish to rid themselves of all their old loose living, racy friends and corrupt ways.

Petronious, p. 12.

The woman who churned a man's blood as she leaned all alone on a fence by a country road might not expect even to catch his eye in the City. But if she is clipping quickly down the big-city street in heels, swinging her purse, or sitting on a stoop... dangling her shoe from the toes of her foot, the man, reacting to her posture, to soft skin on stone, the weight of the building stressing the delicate, dangling shoe, is captured. And he'd think it was the woman he wanted, and not some combination of curved stone, and a swinging, high-heeled shoe moving in and out of sunlight. [Body in the City] [Harlem]

Morrison, *Jazz*, p.34.

In one of Sloan's subway etchings, a girl, baring a solid length of leg, sits reading a book. Behind her an advertisement smirkingly recommends "Rub with Sloan's liniment."

Conrad, p. 92.

A city of cheater panties and people who know how to use them, a puritan place some of whose famous prelates have been nicknamed Fanny and Joan, a city where a billboard shows a woman sipping from a bottle of brandy beneath the legend, "I could suck on this all night," a city of fugitive sex on phone lines, an electronic territory of states called raunch-and-sleaze, hardcore, discipline, daddy and span.

Trebay, p. 6.

Woman eating at 2nd Ave Deli (E 10th St) Fri aft at 4. You had small Barnes & Noble bag w/ you. I'm the man you saw getting his check when you turned around. Call 777-5291 anytime after 2 pm," or "11 /11/80, 8:45 PM, Times Sq RR. You were boarding train, we smiled, you seemed interested. Wearing blue jacket, tan pants, brown hair, beard. Tel: 201-648-2306. Mark.

Conrad, p. 306.

Oh for my New York bed full of teenage boys and lost wandering Tibetan / Amphetamine girls of twenty.

Miles, p. 342.

On the street, other than to note that he's probably homeless, you wouldn't give him a second look. In a public rest room, at Penn Station or at Port Authority, however, when he stands before a urinal, slouched a leisurely eight to ten inches back from the porcelain fixture, I've never

seen anyone not at least glance in his direction—astonished, with opened mouth and blinking eyes.

Delany, p. 12.

Suits will stand outside the peep show entrance and give the appearance of casually waiting for someone in a place that just "happens" to be in front of the shop. At other times they may loiter, standing near the curb as if waiting for a cab or bus. The persona will stand in these places until it sees that "the coast is clear" and then quickly enter the shop.

Another technique involves walking by the shop and stopping, appearing to be a curious observer. The customer first looks through the window of the shop and then enters. Hence there is no sense of rushing since, after all, the individual is simply a curious passerby.

McNamara, p. 63.

He was reputed to be the best gay lay in New York.
Hamilton, p. 143.

His eyelashes were long enough now to catch in the boughs should he go for a walk in Washington Square.

Reay, p. 149.

All I have to do is step outdoors alone to have boys drop from the sky and roll under his feet; they look up at one (I am told on reliable authority), flutter their lovely black eyelashes, and the deal is made.

Ibid., p. 11.

In New York nobody paid any attention to you except now and then a man tried to pick you up in the street or brushed against you in the subway, which was disgusting.

[Subway] [Claustrophobia]

Conrad, p. 189.

A woman idling on the street is to be 'consumed' and 'enjoyed' along with the rest of the sights that the city affords. [Flâneur]

Tester, p. 28.

The parks of New York were their boudoir. They planked in them all. They were the only ones who had ever made love under the streetlight in the midpoint of the arching stone bridge near the Central Park Zoo, according to the policeman who broke up their coupling at a most urgent mutual moment of just-before-groinflash oblivion; ears

aware of the approaching footsteps of Eros, but not of gumshoe.

They tried it, lying up against the little jungle gym Park in Washington Square after the park was closed. They playing on the cinder riding track near 72nd St. on the west side of Central Park and were interrupted by police forces—again at a critical moment. They planked sports-car-style on a bench at 72nd on the east side of the park (the same night as the cinder track interruption).

They loved to make it in Inwood Park. One New Year's Eve they climbed high in the rocks above the Columbia University boat basin at the north edge of Inwood, and were lean/lying on a steep icy incline between huge boulders—when, right in the middle, they began to slide, we're unable to break it, but still kept fucking, and her buttocks were treated to fifteen feet of thrillies down the twiggy glaciation.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 6.

"The condom killed romance, but it has made it a lot easier to get laid," said a friend. "There's something about using a condom that, for women, makes it like sex doesn't count. There's no skin-to-skin contact. So they go to bed with you more easily.

Bushnell, N. pag.

The talk turned to the inevitable: What kind of people go to a sex club? I seemed to be the only one who didn't have a clue. Although no one had been to a sex club, everyone at dinner firmly asserted that the clubgoers would generally be "losers from New Jersey."

Ibid., N. pag.

Le Trapeze was located in a white stone building covered with graffiti. The entrance was discreet, with a rounded metal railing, a downmarket version of the entrance to the Royalton Hotel... What did we see? Well, there was a big room with a huge air mattress, upon which a few blobby couples gamely went at it; there was a "sex chair" (unoccupied) that looked like a spider; there was a chubby woman in a robe, sitting next to a Jacuzzi, smoking; there were couples with glazed eyes (Night of the Living Sex Zombies, I thought); and there were many men who appeared to be having trouble keeping up their end of the bargain. But mostly, there were those damn steaming buffet tables (containing what mini hot dogs?), and unfortunately, that's pretty much all you need to know... The problem, in the clubs, anyway, always comes down to the people. They're the

actresses who can never find work; the failed opera singers, painters, and writers; the lower-management men who will never get to the middle. People who, should they corner you in a bar, will keep you hostage with tales of their ex-spouses and their digestive troubles. They're the people who can't negotiate the system. They're on the fringes, sexually and in life. They're not necessarily the people with whom you want to share your intimate fantasies.

Ibid., N. pag.

Or is there a darker side to threesomes: Are they a symptom of all that's wrong with New York, a product of that combination of desperation and desire particular to Manhattan?

Ibid., N. pag.

Lured perhaps by the promise of free drinks, free joints, and free honey-roasted peanuts, seven men joined me on a recent Monday evening in the basement of a SoHo art gallery to talk about threesomes.

Ibid., N. pag.

The most popular place where strangers agree to meet, it seems, are outside the main branch of the New York Public Library, beside the Washington Square Arch, under the clock at the Biltmore and by the information booth in Grand Central Station. At any of these places and many others, says my friend, pretty girls will always be waiting, with at least of few of them waiting for men they've never met.

Coleman, p. 274.

(Incidentally, if you want to invest in a white carnation for your buttonhole, that's fine, but you don't really need it. Research has proved that the most common identification symbol among blind dates is a *New Yorker* magazine tucked under the arm.)

Ibid., p.274.

And in this city, with all the lawyers and all the overcrowded niche structures, you have incredible pressure. Pressure fucks up the hormones; when the hormones are screwed up, there are more homosexuals; and homosexuality is nature's way of cutting down on population. All of these unnatural things we're talking about exponentially expand.

Bushnell, N. pag.

Man meets woman, man fucks woman...again and again and again.

Turner, p. 127.

And you go into the bathroom, and you get a blow job from someone in the fashion industry.

Bushnell, N. pag.

In the Ninety-third Street two-bedroom-Carnegie Hill—he pulled my hair to one side and kissed my neck slowly, with a masterful flourish... Then he took my hand and pulled me gently into... the master bedroom. Sunlight. Space. New marble bathroom. just as promised.

Quan, p. 99.

Gay Bars

I remember queer bars.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

I remember leaning up against walls in queer bars.

Ibid.

I remember standing up straight in queer bars.

Ibid.

I remember suddenly being aware of "how" I am holding my cigarette in queer bars.

Ibid.

I remember not liking myself for not picking up boys I probably could pick up because of the possibility of being rejected.

Ibid.

I remember deciding at a certain point that I would cut through all the bullshit and just go up to boys I liked and say, "Do you want to go home with me?" and so I tried it. But it didn't work. Except once. And he was drunk. The next morning he left a card behind with a picture of Jesus on it signed "with love, Jesus" on the back. He said he was a friend of Allen Ginsberg.

Ibid.

I remember tight white pants. Certain ways of standing. Blond heads of hair. And spotted bleached blue jeans.

Ibid.

I remember "baskets."

Ibid.

I remember "jewels" neatly placed down the left pantleg or the right.

Ibid.

I remember pretty faces that don't move.

Ibid.

I remember loud sexy music. Too much beer. Quick glances. And not liking myself for playing the game too.

Ibid.

I remember a boy I tried to pick up once. As an opener I told him he had a nice nose and he said he was thinking about having it "fixed" and I said no he shouldn't. He said he was busy that night but he took my phone number. (Never did call, though.) Maybe I put him off by saying that I thought psychology was a bit silly. (He was a psychology major.) "Too self indulgent." I remember saying. (I was drunk.) Actually his nose was a bit too big.

Ibid.

I remember coming home from queer bars and bawling myself out for not having more confidence in myself.

Ibid.

After an unsuccessful night, going around to queer bars, I come home, and say to myself, "Art."

Ibid.

14th Street is drunken and credulous,
53rd Street tries to tremble but is too at rest.
O'Hara, p. 182.

He said, "There's a special train. After you've done the third Avenue bars, you take it at Fifty-third and Third and it goes right to West Eighth Street. And then you have all of Eighth Street."

Gooch, p. 194.

Names for Third Avenue: Third Sex, Third Leg, Three-Dollar Bill.

McCourt, p. 6.

The Bird Circuit of gay bars: The Blue Parrot on Fifty-third between Third and Lexington, the Golden Pheasant on Forty-eighth Street, the Swan—all in the neighborhood of

the Third Avenue El. The East Side bars tended to be dressy, and their customers were conservatively dressed in bow ties, blazers, or fluffy sweaters. The "bird bars" usually started coming to life between eleven-thirty and midnight when the plays let out. Often the men in the bar could be found shoulder to shoulder dancing, singing tunes from such Broadway musicals as *South Pacific* or *Kiss Me, Kate* in unison with the jukebox." (cf. Mencken: "Third Avenue still holding on to the grubbiness..." against modernist [Architecture])

Bowes, p. 105.

I'd walk down Third Avenue. In the East Sixties, guys stood casually on street corners, paused significantly in doorways, gave sidelong glances: all very discreet. Eyes tracked me from the windows of the bird bars... In those bars Piaf sang on the jukebox, men in suits sat at the bar... Down the Avenue from the bars at Fifty-Third and Third was a world famous chicken run. Young boys stood in the cold in sneakers and thin jakceks, waited under awnings, stared out the windows of seedy coffee shops and knew just who I was.

Ibid., p. 105-6.

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
Auden, "September" p. 72.

The bars of Third Avenue, where *The Lost Weekend* was filmed.

Delaney, p. 77.

The Ramones' "53rd & 3rd", is a chilling song. It's about this guy standing on the corner of Fifty-third and Third trying to hustle guys, but nobody ever picks him. Then when somebody does, he kills the john to prove that he's not a sissy.

McNeil, p. 175

"The song '53rd & 3rd' speaks for itself," said Dee Dee Ramone. "Everything I write is autobiographical and very real. I can't write any other way."

Van Dorston, N. pag.

I remember driving by Fifty-third Street and Third Avenue and seeing Dee Dee Ramone standing out there. He had a black leather motorcycle jacket on, the one he would

later wear on the first album cover. He was just standing there, so I knew what he was doing, because I knew that was the gay-boy hustler spot. Still, I was kind of shocked to see somebody I knew standing there, like, "Holy shit. That's Doug standing there. He's really doing it."

McNeil, p. 174

If you think you can, well come on man
I was a Green Beret in Viet Nam
No more of your fairy stories
'Cause I got my other worries

53rd and 3rd
Standing on the street
53rd and 3rd
I'm tryin' to turn a trick

53rd and 3rd
You're the one they never pick
53rd and 3rd
Don't it make you feel sick?

Then I took out my razor blade
Then I did what God forbade
Now the cops are after me
But I proved that I'm no sissy
Ramones, "53rd and 3rd."

Eighth Street gay bars of the 50s: Mary's, Main Street, the Eighth Street Bar, the Old Colony.
Kaiser, p. 107.

Regent's Row: "piss-elegant" Upper East Side gay bar.
Little, p. 79.

The Mineshaft, the Anvil, Ramrod, the Spike, Crisco Disco, the Cock Pit, the Toilet, Hellfire, Papicock, Clit Club.

Strausbaugh, p. 517.

Late in the afternoon [Warhol] usually dropped by a new favorite hot spot, Serendipity, to have coffee and pastries. Serendipity... was located in a basement on East 58th Street and specialized in serving ice cream, cakes and coffee and selling fashionable knick-knacks in a tasteful, all-white setting. It was a mecca for celebrities like Gloria Vanderbilt, Cary Grant and Truman Capote.

Bockris, *Warhol*, pp. 104-5.

The Silver Dollar Bar with its selection of wonderful hustlers, the more upmarket possibilities of the Astor Bar (hustlers with ties) and the young white and Puerto Rican men of 42nd Street available for \$5 or \$10. I couldn't believe that these beautiful, magnificent specimens of manly beauty would be so pliable and agreeable in bed.

Hamilton, pp. 19-20.

The Back Room was an arcane practice that has since, apparently, gone out of fashion in Village bars. In its heyday, it was a walled-off area, pitch-black, adjacent to the bar, that served as an arena for any variety of catch-as-catch-can sex. Sometimes two guys would meet at the bar and, after preliminaries, repair to the Back Room to do their thing. In other cases, singles who had not much luck at the bar or pool table would drift into the Back Room and wait for a body—any body—to find them in the darkness... what closed down the Village Back Room was not fastidiousness, but the rumor of a "mad Slasher" who was said to go around from one back room to another playing havoc on penile musculatures with a razor blade. [Mapplethorpe] [Sex]

Ibid., pp. 19-20.

Gay

1910s-1940s

In 1912, agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad cut holes in the ceiling of the men's room at their Cortlandt Ferry house in order to spy on men using the facilities.

Chauncey, p. 198.

East Fourteenth Street between Third Avenue and Union square was a gay cruising area known as the Rialto from the 1890s into the 1920s.

Ibid., p. 190.

The sexual topography of the capital of the homosexual world continually shifted but did so around recurring axes. In the 1920s, the centers had been Riverside Drive, Fifth Avenue, and Battery Park. In the early 1930s, the focus had moved to Bryant Park and Lexington Avenue. In 1940, it was Times Square and lower Central Park.

Reay, p. 85.

Van Vechten's flat in Harlem for his affairs with men was painted black with silver stars on the ceiling for nocturnal trysts.

Barnet, p. 141.

Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler on Harlem's drag balls of the 1920s: "A scene whose celestial flavor and cerulean coloring no angelic painter or nectarish poet has ever conceived."

Lawrence, p. 3.

The elaborate display windows that department stores began installing in the late nineteenth century quickly became the locus of one of the few acceptable street cultures for middle-class women, who could stroll down the street looking at them and conversing with other browsers, their loitering in public space legitimized by its association with consumption. As men, gay men had less need to justify their presence on the streets, but they took advantage of the same legitimizing conventions. One man who had indicated his interest in meeting another might stop before a window and gaze at the display; the second could then join him and strike up a conversation in which they could determine whether they wanted to spend more time together. "Fairies hang out in the saloon opposite Bloomingdale's," a Macy's saleswoman claimed in 1913, and, she added, the blocks of Third Avenue in the East Fifties, a marginal retail strip under the El, were "their favorite beat." A study of arrests for homosexual activity in 1921 provides further evidence of the extent to which cruising was concentrated in retail shopping districts, for it revealed that the subway stations at Lexington and Fifty-ninth Street where Bloomingdale's stood, Union Square (the site of numerous cheap retail outlets), and Herald Square where Macy's, Gimbels, and Saks-34th Street were located, each accounted for more arrests than any other station, all together accounted for three-quarters of the arrests reported for all subway stations. [Commodity] [Shopping] [Display]

Chauncey, p. 190.

A man who expressed interest in another could stop in front of the windows display, and the other, if interested, could begin a conversation without attracting attention.

[Desire] [Commodity]

Ibid., p. 198.

The floating center of hustlers moved from one street corner to another or from the north to the south sides of the street, depending on the popularity of a given bar or the frequency of policing.

Reay, p. 85.

The Fruited Plain, Vaseline Alley, Bitches' Walk.
Chauncey, p. 204.

The senescent, semi-derelict pensioned-off civil servant queer from one of the many residential hotels in the neighborhood is sitting on the bench a mere two blocks south in Madison Square, at six on a summer morning. Sex still rages in the bushes and up against the trees, and particularly significantly in the thicket behind the Saint-Gaudens statue of Admiral Farragut ("Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!") with his flaring long coat, pedestal and chair.

McCourt, p. 199.

There is always some kind of physical barrier—some bushes, a bathroom door, or a car—between the participants of public sex and the outside world. This barrier screens out the uninitiated. If more than two people are present, one of them usually acts as a lookout... People sitting behind the closed door of a bathroom or of a movie booth in an adult bookstore can reasonably assume that they have privacy.

Califia, p. 20.

Clustered in theater and retail shopping districts, where many gay men worked and where heavy pedestrian traffic offered cover, such as Union Square, Herald Square and Harlem's Seventh Avenue and 135th street; along the socially less desirable avenues darkened by elevated trains thundering overhead, particularly Third and Sixth Avenues, where few powerful interests would notice them; close to the parks where men gathered, such as Fifth Avenue in the twenty blocks south of Central Park (and, in later years, Central Park West in the Seventies); along Riverside Drive and other parts of the waterfront, where many seamen and other unmarried or transient workers were to be found; and, in general, in the same "vice" areas where other forms of disreputable sexual behavior, particularly prostitution, were tacitly allowed to flourish, or tat for one reason or another provided a measure of privacy and "cover" to gay men seeking to meet.

Chauncey, p. 189.

In which Central Park becomes a fantasy dancing ground for sailors.

McCourt, p. 31.

Every night after dinner we go walk on Central Park West and we run into all of our friends, the people we work with, and half the West Side gay people—which were thousands—on Central Park West between 59th and 86th. In those days, there was one long bench from corner to corner, solid with gay men. Hundreds and thousands of them walked back-and-forth singularly, in couples, and in groups.

Carter, p. 30.

Where homosexuals gather, hustlers will gather and during the 1920s and early 1930s Riverside Drive at about 96th Street was a hive of homosexual activity every mild evening and even during the winter.

Reay, p. 55.

Riverside Drive was the haunt of Navy and Army men looking for prostitutes.

Ibid., p. 55.

Hart Crane make frequent references to his fondness for sailors in New York: "If it weren't for the Fleet I should scarcely be able to endure it."

Ibid., p. 7.

In the 1930s, painted faggots were to be found on the blocks above and below 72nd Street between Central Park and Broadway—because the end of 72nd Street was where the sailors disembarked.

Ibid., p. 56.

And here on Broadway and 72nd Street *muderpiss beautiful boys grow out of dung*.. They push flesh into eternity and sidestep automobiles. I bemoan them most under sheets at night when their eyes rimmed with masculinity see nothing and their lymphlips are smothered by the iron-domed sky. Poor things, their genitals only peaceful when without visiting cards.

Ibid., p. 40.

Gay male residential and commercial enclaves developed in the Bowery, Greenwich Village, Times Square and Harlem in large part because they were the city's major centers of furnished-room housing for single men.

Chauncey, p. 136.

Opposite the piers, along the entire length of highway, nearly every block houses its quota of cheap lunchrooms, tawdry saloons and waterfront haberdasheries catering to the thousand of polyglot seamen who haunt the "front." Men "on the beach" (out of employment) usually make their headquarters in the barrooms, which are frequented mainly by employees of lines leasing piers in the vicinity.

WPA Guide, p. 69.

In the 1920s and 1930s, the flaming homosexual was a common sight on the streets of mid-town New York. There were blatant, painted, "flaming" young homosexuals (older ones seldom try to flame) with marcelled hair quite long and held into place with innumerable hair pins, with mascaraed eyelashes, powdered cheeks, lipsticked mouths, and riotously colored fingernails, their fingers vulgarly ornamented with large rings, their clothing femininely soft and loudly colored, their shoes suede, their whole appearance and manner calculated to attract the attention of normal men. These were to be seen any night in Times Square.

Reay, pp. 57-8.

In 1930, Fifth Avenue from 42nd Street to Central Park at 59th Street was popular homosexually, not only one side of the street—the west side.

Ibid., p. 85.

Well-dressed, "mannered," and gay-identified hustlers serving a gay-identified clientele generally met their customers as the latter left the theater and walked home on the west side of Fifth Avenue from Forty-second to Fifty-ninth Streets.

Chauncey, p. 191.

1930s hustler tactics: telling a john that he is menstruating so he can have anal or provide oral sex; the use of breast pads and a girdle to hold up tell-tale testicles and penis; the strategy never to strip; the employment of a rubber vagina or the technique of slipping the penis into the anus instead of the non-existent vagina.

Reay, p. 59.

La Guardia began closing Bryant Park at night in 1944 in order to "prevent undesirables from gathering."

Chauncey, p. 183.

One man often served informally as a sentry who could warn the others about the approach of strangers, and, given the possible consequences of approaching the wrong man, even two strangers alone in an isolated washroom usually sought to confirm their mutual interest in an encounter through a series of nonverbal signs before overtly approaching each other. The most popular tearooms had elaborate and noisy entrances, which altered men to the approach of another and gave them time to stop whatever they were doing. To reach one tearoom famous among gay men in the 1940s, located on the eighth floor of the RCA Building at Rockefeller Center, for instance, those arriving had to pass through several doors in a long corridor, thus providing the men in the room ample warning of their approach.

Ibid., p. 197.

Gore Vidal, who had an appetite for trade, recalled the Astor Bar in New York's Times Square in the 1940's as "the city's most exciting meeting place for soldiers, sailors, and marines on the prowl for one another." "I did enjoy my daily meetings with strangers, usually encountered in the streets," he wrote of 1946. "We would then go to one of the Dreiserian hotels around Times Square. Most were poor youths my own age, and often capable of an odd lovingness, odd considering the fact that I did so little to give any of them physical pleasure. But then, even at twenty, I often paid for sex on the ground that it was only fair."

Reay, p. 8.

John Cheever was not above paid sex with young men.

Ibid., p. 7.

Tennessee Williams: "I went out cruising last night and brought home something with a marvelous body it was animated Greek marble and turned over even. It asked for money and I said, dear, would I be living in circumstances like this if I had any money?" [Antiquity]

Ibid., p. 9.

The pansies stared and tightened their grip on their dandies. The dandies tightened their hold on themselves. They looked the favored Jake up and down... Dandies and pansies, chocolate, chestnut, coffee, ebony, cream, yellow, everybody was teased up to the high point of excitement. Brown girls rouged and painted like dark pansies. Brown flesh draped in soft colorful clothes. Brown lips full and

pouted for sweet kissing. Brown breasts throbbing with love.

Ibid., p. 47.

Ima Pansy from Central Park.

Walker, p. 207.

Harvey Milk arrested in a Central Park cruising area sweep in 1947.

Chauncey, p. 183.

1950s

Ginsberg's first sexual experience with Kerouac: They were walking by the waterfront where the elevated West Side Highway passed Christopher Street. The area beneath it was used as a truck park and would later become the center of the New York gay scene. They stopped between two trucks and jacked each other off. "I don't know why there should be some erotic spirit of a place," Ginsberg commented. "I think it was just the industrial isolation, and we were horny." However, the next time they walked through the area they did it again.

Miles, p. 64.

In the 1950s, he described a movie theatre in Spanish Harlem where fellators operated as a cooperative, some keeping watch on the stairs, the others observing the fellating. One was a horrid, campy, swishy, noisy old faggot who irritated hem all; another was a tough, rough, muscular, truck-driverish youth who nonetheless was also a fellator and who said to the faggot, "Thank God I'm just a cocksucker and not queer!"

Reay, p. 20.

The buff boys of the Chelsea nighty, ripped all, like Alpha-male delicatessen, work of Paul Cadmus and Charles Demuth.

McCourt, p. 24.

I remember another early sexual experience. At the Museum of Modern Art. In the movie theater. I don't remember the movie. First there was a knee pressed to mine. Then there was a hand on my knee. Then a hand on my crotch. Then a hand inside my pants. Inside my underwear. It was very exciting but I was afraid to look at him. He left before the movie was over and I thought he would be outside

waiting for me by the print exhibition but I waited around and nobody showed any interest.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

1954 Times Square hustler uniform: T-shirt and turned up jeans.

Reay, p. 80.

Idlewild—gay name, for sure.

McCourt, p. 155.

Eighth Street in the summer of '57. The Eighth Street Bookshop, the Whitney, the Bon Soir, and the Village Barn. The Walgreen's on the northeast corner of Eighth Street and the Avenue of the Americas. The Eighth Street (at Broadway) men's toilet (the uptown side).

Ibid., p. 80.

The Rialto. The waterfront. The Lunts. Cardinal Spellman. Dorothy Kilgallen. Hitchcock. The Old Met, the old Pennsylvania Station. Maria Meneghini Callas. Judy. Merman.

Ibid., p. 39.

Every queer coming of age in America, who developed the ambition to be metropolitan, was instructed in the same way: the goal is the "penthouse" overlooking the river, or the Park, or midway between the two, but uptown, far away from the 14th Street fault line. [Aerie]

Ibid., p. 108.

Washington Square Park hustlers in the late 50s: lined up in close-fitting jeans with a clear emphasis on certain body parts—in Levis, t-shirts, leather jackets (every taste is provided for), and a cigarette dangling from the corner of the mouth.

Reay, p. 112.

One Sunday he circled a block on Greenwich Avenue. He had circled the block twice already and he hadn't met anyone. In the early 60s it could be hard to meet someone, the encounter was so ritualized. The shops were closed on Sundays, but he circled the block looking at the shop windows; then he walked by without looking. Then he went around the block again, passed an attractive man, and stood and feigned a studious interest in the goods displayed in the window. Would the good-looking fellow stop and also stare? Maybe the other man would signal his interest by

tapping his foot as they both window-shopped. Then he could ask the other man if he knew the time or had a light for a cigarette? They started the long, drawn-out procedure of approach. Did you live here? What did he think of the village? And so forth. [Commodity]

Carter, pp. 16-7.

The shadowy parks, subways stations, and ship docks of the city were a libidinal landscape for the young poet, their furtiveness part of a mischievous midsummer night's game.

Gooch, p. 197.

Frank O'Hara's sexual exploits: His regularly making out with a guard at the UN during its construction, right there in there small, temporary station house, always after midnight, or like the time he boarded the subway, blind drunk, missed his stop and ended up in Queens, where he blew the Negro in the change booth before catching his train back to Manhattan.

Lesueur, p. 40.

There are several Puerto Ricans on the avenue today, which makes it beautiful and warm.

O'Hara, p. 257.

1960s

The early years: Eighth Street, Greenwich Avenue, the Cherry Lane, Lenny's Hideaway; Mary's, Julius's, Danny Monk's, The Modern, the Ninth Circle; the St. Marks Baths, the Everad Baths, the Metropolitan Opera standing-room line between 39th and 40th on Broadway, the Astor Bar "Flit" Side—and the infiltrated "Straight" Side at the opposite end—the other side of the mirror. Dozens of subway and Department of Parks mens' toilets, the "tea rooms," the Ramble in Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, MoMA, the Frick Collection, Duff's and the Sea Shack in Cherry Grove, on Fire Island, the Belvedere (the grandest beach house in the Grove), the Cherry Grove Playhouse.

McCourt, p. 24.

If I had sex, say, with an average of three different partners a week from 1962 to 1982 in New York, then that means I fooled around with 3,120 men during my twenty years there. The funny thing is that I always felt deprived, as

though all the other fellows must be getting laid more often. A gay shrink once told me that that was the single most common complaint he heard from his patients, even from the real satyrs: they weren't getting as much tail as the next guy.

Turner, p. 128.

Most people would probably think of the following year, '68, as the time we were getting involved with the drag queens who were around downtown, because it wasn't until then that they first cropped up in our movies, when Paul used Jackie Curtis and Candy in *Flesh*. Of course we'd had Mario Montez in a few of our early films, but since Mario only dressed up as a woman for performances—out in the world, he would never be in drag; he was more like a show business transvestite than the social sexual phenomenon the true drags were.

As late as '67 drag queens still weren't accepted in the mainstream freak circles. They were still hanging around where they'd always hung around—on the fringes, around the big cities, usually in crummy little hotels, sticking to their own circles—outcasts with bad teeth and body odor and cheap makeup and creepy clothes. But then, just like drugs had come into the average person's life, sexual blurs did, too, and people began identifying a little more with drag queens, seeing them more as "sexual radicals" than as depressing losers.

In the sixties, average types started having sex-identity problems, and some people saw a lot of their own questions about themselves being acted out by the drag queens. So then, naturally, people seemed to sort of want them around—almost as if it made them feel better because then they could say to themselves, "I may not know exactly what I am, but at least I know I'm not a drag queen." That's how in '68, after so many years of being repelled by them, people started accepting drag queens even courting them, inviting them everywhere. With the new attitude of mind-before-matter / where-your-head-is-at / do-your own-thing, the drags had the Thing of Things going for them. I mean, it was quite a thing, it took up all of their time. "Does she tuck?" the other queens would ask Jackie about Candy, and Jackie would say something oblique like "Listen, even Garbo has to rearrange her jewels."

Candy herself referred to his penis as "my flaw." There was always that question of what to call the drags—"him" or "her" or a little bit of both. You usually just did it intuitively. Jackie I always called "him" since I'd known him before he went into drag, and Candy Darling and Holly

Woodlawn were "her" because they were already in it when I met up with them.

But if in '68 the drag queens were incorporated into the fun of the general freak scene, in '67 they were still pretty "queer."

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 281-2.

Poet Charles Henri Ford was still paying for sex in the 1960s.

Reay, p. 9.

Hustlers stood on the curb facing inwards on the sidewalk so that they could see those passing by and be seen... In the 1960s, they stood on the opposite side of the sidewalk against the wall or a shop window, easily approached by potential johns who could always say that they were window shopping. [Street Furniture]

Ibid., pp. 84-5.

New York was the gay capital of the US. Things happened here.

Atkins, p. 253.

New York's male homosexuals are the smartest, best-dressed, most glamorous, jaded, wittiest, most attractive, most successful, vicious, shrewd, influential and desirable queens in the world. They are also the sickest, most desperate, most ridiculous and dullest in the world.

Petronious, p. 79.

Ginsberg visiting the Stonewall Inn after the riots:
"The guys there were so beautiful—they've lost that wounded look that fags all had ten years ago."

Caldwell, p. 326.

June 27, 1969: Judy Garland's funeral was held at Frank Campbell's Upper East Side mortuary the day of the Stonewall Riots.

Atkins, 253.

Out of the mass of people on the dance deck, strands of lives reached out in time and place, in anguish or fulfillment or just a quiet gentle drift toward death. Post-Stonewall liberation? What did it mean? How would the people on the dance deck differ in their lives from those quiet gray-haired gay couples who ghosted around the Village and shared their little amusements during genteel evenings at Carr's, a West Village gay bar of antique

vintage, or at home with the television set and two toy poodles?

Hamilton, p. 56.

... their torments in the city and their ecstasies at Cherry Grove... their safe haven in a rent-controlled two-bedroom on Charles Street.

Ibid., p. 56.

1970s

Short of hair, mustaches neatly clipped, T-shirts tight over big muscles, heavy key chains jangling, feet shod in bulky leather workboots.

Blandford, p. 157.

Vaseline, Stevedore, Partouze, Dexamyl, Amyl, Mascara, Revenge, Judy, Balenciaga, Syphilis, Penicillin and Frottage.

McCourt, p. 74.

Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the streets
Looking for soul food and a place to eat
Reed, "Walk."

Over the strains of WKTU 92 FM disco, they sigh for his gleaming black hair, his broad shoulders, the cowboy moustache.

Blandford, p. 78.

Here in Manhattan were a hundred or so men in leather or lumberjack shirts or other varieties of Western gear, though for a certainty no more than one or two had so much as laid eyes on a cow, let alone rounded one up. A shiny saddle hung from the centre of the ceiling and across the middle of the bar a rustic wooden fence had been constructed, the kind of fence Dale Evans sits on while she watches Roy Rogers breaking in a four-legged friend. A few tightly jeaned men in check shirts and bristling moustaches sat on this fence, and there was a little manly smooching going on.

Brook, pp. 160-1.

In the Forty-second Street area's sex theaters specifically, since I started frequenting them in the summer of 1975, I've met playwrights, carpenters, opera singers, telephone repair men, stockbrokers, guys on

welfare, guys with trust funds, guys on crutches, on walkers, in wheelchairs, teachers, warehouse workers, male nurses, fancy chefs, guys who worked at Dunkin' Donuts, guys who gave out flyers on street corners, guys who drove garbage trucks, and guys who washed windows on the Empire State Building.

Delany, 15.

For a dollar forty-nine in the seventies, and for five dollars in the year before they were closed (several less than twelve months ago), from ten in the morning till midnight you could enter and, in the sagging seats, watch a projection of two or three hard-core pornographic videos. A few trips up and down the aisle while your eyes got accustomed to the darkness revealed men sitting off in the shadows—or, sometimes, full out under the occasional wall lights—masturbating . . . if someone hadn't stood up on the seat and unscrewed the bulb. Sit a seat away from one, and you would either be told to go away, usually fairly quietly, or invited to move closer (if only by the guy's feigned indifference). Should he be one of *your* regulars, you might even get a grin of recognition.

Occasionally men expected money—but most often, not. Many encounters were wordless. Now and again, though, one would blossom into a conversation lasting hours, especially with those men less well-off, the out-of-work, or the homeless with nowhere else to go.

Ibid., 15.

Nobody gets what they want, pet, on Fire Island, except the deer. Check the faces on the ferry on the way back: there ought to be a branch of the Department of Welfare with a passport photo apparatus to snap headshots on the Friday afternoon and again on the Sunday evening—before and after, as in the ads for Ayds, the reducing candy. The idea that candy can had to weight reduction is no crazier than canonizing the idea that a weekend in Island Pines can lead to happiness. Never have I seen so much unavailing untold want, such fruitless longing as on the dance floor, along the meat rack and in the drugged hollows of Island Pines.

McCourt, p. 209.

Ayds (pronounced as "aids") was an appetite-suppressant candy which enjoyed strong sales in the 1970s and early 1980s and was originally manufactured by The Campana Company. It was available in chocolate, chocolate mint, butterscotch, and caramel flavors, and later a peanut butter flavor was introduced. The original packaging used

the phrase "Ayds Reducing Plan vitamin and mineral Candy"; a later version used the phrase "appetite suppressant candy". The active ingredient was originally benzocaine, presumably to reduce the sense of taste to reduce eating.

By the mid-1980s, public awareness of the disease AIDS caused problems for the brand due to the phonetic similarity of names. While initially sales were not affected, by 1988 the chair of Dep Corporation announced that the company was seeking a new name because sales had dropped as much as 50% due to publicity about the disease. While the product's name was changed to Diet Ayds (Aydslim in Britain), it was eventually withdrawn from the market.

"Ayds." *Wikipedia*.

There was no fence. The trucks would back right up to the river and it was pitch-dark in there. Every now and then you could see somebody with a cigarette in the back of the truck. There would sometimes be 200 or 300 people in them.

Carter, p. 36.

Christopher Street is sedate and quiet, more like the block I first saw in 1970, when I wondered if the man walking down the street in front of me knew there was a hole in the seat of his jeans.

Holleran, "Anniversary," p. 12.

Later heading back we walked along the highway, the motorheads from the cycle bars spilling out in beery crowd onto the streets. Musclemen packed into tight T-shirts and this one albino kid about nineteen or twenty flirting with some of them as he walked in front of us. A group of ten transvestites sitting on car hoods or standing by the sides of gleaming autos, fixing their faces, powdering noses, rubbing on lipsticks and showing each other their clothes, bending down into car mirrors to work with cosmetics. Couple of more reserved joes hanging out with the staring around and looking a bit faded.

Wojnarowicz, p. 116.

We walked down Christopher Street in the night, crowds of bar characters, homeless cowboys and street sleepers, the roughneck crowds and the junkies on the stoop next to Boots & Saddles and dollah joints ooo-eee good shit here now dollar joints, mesc, etc., etc. Passed the Silver Dollar with the semitransvestites primping in the side mirrors, day-old leather guys lounging in plastic seats and across tables.

Ibid., p. 117.

Turned the corner at Badlands bar and walked uptown, racing night traffic and glitter of lamps and glass broken on the street and the tittering of transvestites in front of Peter Rabbit bar and the ocean roll of traffic and hiss of wheels the shoosh of bypassing autos and the glimmer of the river not too far away—we crossed and took various pisses and sat on the waterfront boardwalk and watched the characters easing in and outta the shadows of the pier warehouses, along the brick walls like rats and emerging into the phosphorescent shine of bathing street lamps along the lapping posted walls through various darkness and passing no one—once inside it was difficult to see, a few dim shapes of white T-shirts or the pale gleam of white skin in the darkness, and standin' still for a while our eyes adjusted and we walked toward the back of the pier warehouse where there was one middle doorway shining with a contained section of river and lights, we passed back, John said it was hard to see the ground, we moved directly in the center of the doorway line, seeing two bright spherical yellow lights like car headlights anchored on Jersey cliffs sending vertical lines of light, gold breathin' light across the surface of the dark roiling river, like two railroad track lines laid out into some hobo's heaven, it's a giant Chevy parked against the Jersey coastline, images come from the river, the solitude and great sense of foreign remote excitement, all road images coming back from distant places and watchin' these ferryboat barge ships drift by with loud echoing rollin' music coming from their stompin' interiors, party people on a latenight drift, we turned and walked back in the deep darkness of the pier warehouse and stood against a side wall talking quietly and watching the movements of anonymous characters driftin' back and forth and up and down staircases against the back wall, occasional voices from upstairs and then we strolled back out and onto the bank street pier and towards the end of the pier, avoiding the large gaping holes that open onto the river, my foot almost disappeared down a large pipe aperture, over to the side materializing in the darkness were two men, one giving the other a desperate blow job, Jesus, I said, and John went, Whew...and further on were two men one bent over getting rammed by another guy, the fucking was brutal and fast and almost violent but both were into it and then at one point the guy getting rammed was rammed so hard he flew over and his palms landed on the surface of the pier boards and he continued in that position and I just recalled that before in the warehouse

we were upstairs walkin' around through hallways and rooms and there was this guy who slid outta the dark and had his shirt removed and positioned himself on the wall and then slid after us as we moved along, he rushin' from door to door and leaning back to caress his chest and crotch and I asked John would he mind waitin' a little bit to the side in the main large room, he did and I went in after the guy, he turned from the wall and ran his tongue over his lips, could feel the dryness of them just by lookin', he whipped out this bottle of amyl and held it under my nose and groped me and I rubbed his chest, his nipples, and he moaned in that hollow darkness, held the amyl under my nose and I placed my hand behind his neck to draw him down to his knees but he turned and slipped away into the darkness and disappeared—I went back to John and we split into a series of rooms windows bordering the river and four perfect diamonds of exterior lamplights laid out on the floor, if ya stand in the middle of the side doorway and walk forward the doorframe empty of door evolves into another room with diamonds of gold light with shadows crossing window frames into another doorway you're still moving forward it's like a film, another set of diamonds on another floor, and the tips of each set of light diamonds appearing less and less in each room, easin' into full view as ya pass forward, eyes on one spot in the unseeing distance, moving like you're on rails —everything relegated to the senses, use of sense like a vehicle, moving forward at regulated pace, something otherwise so unexplainable yet the wounding nature of these visual scenes...we watched on the bankstreet pier the fucking until the guys separated and went their various ways, we sat on the far edge next to lapping water and posts and talked about the sense ya get in these scenes that although it's public sex ya still have the sense that ya should respect their privacy and not go over and watch, though watching from a discreet distance can only be expected as it is an intense visual to be confronted with and then another boat went by with characters milling and shoutin' in the din of music, you could barely make out their voices—and the timeless photographic nature of the scenes way back at the beginning of the pier, the trucks lined up silver and motionless, the numerous autos from Jersey and other parts all filled with motionless drivers waiting for someone of their private dreams to walk along softly and open the side door with a click and slide heavy and climbed into the front seat and the pale flash of belly and the motion of the tongue and the slide of hands and the sleeplessness of it all, the bright lights and lampposts burning

continuously beneath the Westside Highway structures, the trucks barreling downtown and the two smokestacks to the side in a factory building, squealing autos and the light pale rise of smoke.. [Drugs] [Photography]

Ibid., pp. 118-21.

A skein of torsos unravels into the Hudson, with a liner passing and the skyscrapers on parade. The bodies might be boys diving; they might just as well be gods thunderously alighting.

Conrad, p. 100.

I found New York's gay sex scene appealing primarily for the novelty of outdoor sex to be had in Central or Riverside Parks, on Fire Island, or on the piers or trucks of the Village and Meatpacking districts.

Atkins, p. 255.

At Westbeth, gazing down on what remained of the Morton Street Pier, a blackened slab, like an enormous Anselm Kiefer canvas year by year dismantled further, until the blackened surface had been torn away and the pilings had almost completely sunk into the North River, like the Sunken Cathedral and the Kingdom of Y's.

McCourt, p. 328.

Sodom-on-Hudson.

O'Hara, p. 85.

Waterfront fuck pits.

McCourt, p. 328.

Dank black holes, full of creeping murmur and the poring dark.

McCourt, p. 332.

You cross under the rusting stanchions of the old elevated highway and walk out to the pier. The easterly light skims across the broad expanse of the Hudson. You step carefully as you approach the end of the rotting pier. You are none too steady and there are holes through which you can see the black, fetid water underneath.

McInerney, p. 10

The succeeding four nights have proven that New York is still a Babylon and a Sodom—if not more so. [Antiquity]

Reay, p. 67.

I had a copy of William Burroughs's *The Algebra of Need* balanced on the ledge of the closed unloading dock door next to where we stood as we started getting it on we got involved, the situation becoming more and more intense and hot, the idea that if I was ever gonna make it with a guy that I loved and knew previously as a traveling buddy that this place in the predawn hours had to be the one right place in this fuckin' city to do it.

Wojnarowicz, p. 123.

Remembering how when I was younger and was rejected by the sturdy rogue men ten years older than me whom I met within the dark avenues of the river, how I came close to telling them it didn't matter, I had their images, their faces, and bodies and all the associations in my head to go home at leisure and lay down upon the warm sheets of a summer room and lay my hand to myself and have them anyway.

Ibid., pp. 140-1.

And I swung down over him, placed his hard cock in my mouth and immediately he began coming and I heard soft sounds come from his mouth and the darkness in the room moving, stirring with the low breeze over the sill.

Ibid., p. 160.

I'm sitting in the park up on 15th Street, long after the sun's gone down. I'm sitting there in the darkness under some trees on a bench and this seedy red-haired man in a cheap business suit suddenly walks over and slides onto the bench next to me, simultaneously mumbling something.

Ibid., 173.

At some point a couple of bums walked by and I heard one yell, Hey you homos ... get outta there.

Ibid., p. 178.

Early in the morning in a coffee shop on 2nd Avenue and 11th Street, this dive coffeehouse where gunshots occasionally ring out and pimp types are murdered, drug stuff, petty gangsters, I'm sitting there in the fluorescent light watching the dawn come up, this strong sunlight over in the trees of the church on the uppermost parts of buildings yet the asphalt street below, the cool stone walls of the cemetery of St. Mark's Church, everything cool blue like early dawn, a clarity that's unreal, and these drag queens, three of them lifting their skirts up to the traffic, wind billowing up beneath the skirts, their brown slender arms waving, pulling the skirts

almost over their heads, shaking their pantied asses at passing cars, laughing loudly, small shrieks: Oh baby! Lips painted and stretched against white teeth, one guy in the coffee shop, a fat white guy with faded blue tattoos on his huge sagging arms: Lookit them faggots. They get desperate after the sun comes up. One queen comes in assuming this overly feminine posture at the counter, leans towards the fat man: Order me 'a cup of tea, baby. I'll be right back. Pats the place on the counter where she wants her tea and walks out, cuts up in the street laughing, fat man says to the Greek behind the counter: A cup of tea, she'll be right back in... cup of tea, y'hear me? And she comes back in and sips at the tea after pouring a pound of sugar in and a dash of milk and her friend comes in and takes a few sips patting their lips with napkins, first one points to this cute counterman and says, What's he, Puerto Rican? Says something in Spanish. Naw, says the fat man, Egyptian. Oh, says the drag queen. Oh, I've always wanted to take a trip up the Nile.

Ibid., pp. 194-5.

The trucks lined up silver and motionless, the numerous autos from Jersey and other parts all filled with motionless drivers waiting for someone of their private dreams to walk along softly and open the side door with a click and slide heavy and denimed into the front seat and the pale flash of belly and the motion of the tongue and the slide of hands and the sleeplessness of it all, the bright lights and lampposts burning continuously beneath the Westside Highway structures, the trucks barrel.

Ibid., p. 124.

For gay people in the 1970s it was like one person per 50 blocks, north, south, east and west.

Lawrence, p. 63.

Marlboro Man clones, with tattoos, cockrings, tit-clamps, cigars and ritual hot-ash frolics in cavernous back cellar rooms in the Meat Packing District, a program of order and conformity whose power to contain was surpassed only by its ability to define.

McCourt, p. 325.

Gay liberation had really exploded. Homosexual culture had really taken over—Donna Summer, disco, it was so boring. Suddenly in New York, it was cool to be gay, but it just seemed to be about suburbanites who sucked cock and went to discos.

McNeil, p. 275.

He would retire to the arms of a bevy of black drag-queens as some hotel on Eighth Street. The drag-queens would salve his wounds with an ego-satisfying flutter over his lily-white flesh.

Hamilton, p. 19.

Here was this kid with dance training coming out of his ears and he wasn't doing a damn thing about it except running up and down Christopher Street, shrieking it up with other queens.

Ibid., p. 33.

One walked by doorways and saw young men in tight pants with their whole profile on display. And there were the many flagrant queens that used to fly up and down the street, not to mention the more sinister types that could be noticed if one paid attention.

Reay, p. 25.

The street queens did a little better. One I knew spent months working his way through the NYU faculty. It was geology one night, chemistry the next, and English literature for two nights running. He got quite a groove out of it. "They even talk to me once in a while! Of course, I don't know what the hell they're talking about, but it's nice to hear them talk." Too bad. With concentration he might have gone through all the freshman survey courses in the school!

Hamilton, p. 172.

The headquarters of the Gay Activist Alliance was an old firehouse on Wooster Street in SoHo. Dances were held there on Saturday nights as a manifest of "Our Place" as opposed to the Mafia-run gay bars in other parts of the city. For two dollars' admission one could spend an evening immersed in tribal rites, with all the soda or beer one could drink. The street floor of the firehouse was the dance floor, with a circular staircase the Second-floor lounge and soda bar. The basement in Stygian darkness, included chairs, tables, and another soda bar.

The whole building, on Saturday nights, pulsed with the beat of rock music, but the main action was on the dance floor. When Lamont, Vernon, Michael, and I were going over there, it was early June, 1971, and hot, since the Firehouse didn't have air conditioning. The higher the temperature went, the more clothes came off, down to the

briefest of hot pants. The music blasted. The bodies writhed. The sweat poured. And the beat went on. Observing the melee from halfway up the circular staircase left no doubt in my mind about what was happening. It was a war dance. The contrast to the dancing at Christopher's End and other dance bars was obvious. At the bars dancing was, by and large, part of the whole cruising process and had a sense of display about it. People danced for other people to see them and hopefully appreciate what they saw. Although plenty of cruising went on at the Firehouse, the dance floor wasn't the place for peacock displays, but a celebration of post-Stonewall identity. "We are. We are together. And if you don't like it, fuck off."

Ibid., pp. 44-5.

Arms around each other, we wove our way to Christopher Street, steadying the trees and lamp posts as we went. We sang a little, sighed a lot, and exchanged incoherent profundities.

Ibid., p. 165.

On weekend evenings, when there was sometimes a line out in front of Your Father's Mustache and the smell of new-mown hay was in the air, gays I knew would take some pleasure in walking slowly past the place hand-in-hand or arm-in-arm pause at the corner, and go into some deathless swoon of an embrace—just to let the folks know whose territory it was. It was kind of silly in a serious kind of way. [Smell]

Ibid., p. 192.

It started out pleasantly enough, wandering through a Middle Earth poster, but in the middle of a field he had the sudden sensation of falling down through the earth into a vast vaulted cavern, dimly lit with street lamps that he recognized as Central Park West. The floor of the cavern was covered with male bodies, still as they lay there. Still as he had seen them on beds all over New York. young bodies and old, fat and thin, black and white, stretched and huddled, a great, slow-breathing carpet of flesh that extended out until it was lost in the shadows of the chamber. He moved slowly between the bodies, searching. He'd see faces; some of them he'd remember but others were strangers. At least he thought they were strangers. Maybe he'd slept with them once, but he couldn't remember. So many bodies. He could feel the heat of them in the chill of the cavern. He wanted to lie down and warm himself. But he had to keep hunting.

Ibid., pp. 107-8.

You should see this guy's place. Apartment building with a doorman all dressed up. And you go up in the elevator, way up. His pad, it's got a big living room and it looks out over the Park, with rugs all over, and this big stereo, and a bar with all kinds of bottles, and a color television set in the bedroom. He's in some kind of thing down on Wall Street. He's old, maybe even thirty, and he's got it all together. He says like he's bisexual, you know, and he likes guys and girls both. He gave me a drink. Then we smoked some grass and played a lot of his records—he's big on Dionne Warwick—and he told me I had a nice body. After a while I was feeling real good and he let me take a shower. It was one of those crazy showers where the water comes out all around you, and being stoned, I felt like I was all alive—everything—and then we went into the bedroom to watch television, and he talked to me. I never had anybody talk to me like that, I mean, him being older, but talking to me just like I was, you know, his friend. Then he put his arms around me, and I was going to tell him I was straight, but he said he liked girls too, so it didn't matter, and ... after a while I came back home.

Heady stuff for a couple of kids from Queens.

Ibid., pp. 100-1.

The mating habits of gays, as Paul Goodman has pointed out, are highly democratic. A gay who is living with a coterie of addicts on welfare in some far reach of the East Village might move from there to some professional's opulent pad on the Upper West Side. A street freak I knew who was a masochist found heaven-for-two with an industrialist on Park Avenue in the Eighties. "You better know it, he ties me up in velvet every night! It's getting so I come just touching velvet!"

Ibid., p. 38.

The St. Mark's Baths, a plaque outside the door proclaims, is the site of the last townhouse of James Fenimore Cooper.

Holleran, p. 11.

A few recreational facilities were provided for the blasé and the detumescent; the rest of the building was devoted to sex. There were nine floors. The first floor was the entrance, the second contained offices, the third the lockers; the next three floors housed the "rooms" and a TV room and gym; the floor above consisted of a communal

shower and sauna; up more stairs to the Truck Stop, and the top floor contained so-called Fantasy Rooms.

If 'baths' is a misnomer, so is "rooms." They were no more than cubicles, a double row of them encircled by a corridor, at least 30 on each floor. On the outer side of the corridor was blank wall--no windows anywhere, one was boxed in, secluded, secure--and the occasional uninviting lavatory and washroom. A cubicle was only large enough for a mattress and a chair. Most of the doors were closed, either because the tenant was busy elsewhere or because the room was occupied by a couple at work.

But some of the doors were open. In some cubicles the dim light exhibited a man languidly staring out into the corridor while he fondled his penis or otherwise displayed his best features to those who passed by. Some of these men looked battle-weary, but they must have been game for another bout, or else they'd have closed the door and taken a recuperative nap. In others men lay on their stomachs baring their buttocks. I was puzzled by the constant availability of the inmate of one cubicle. He as a lithe creature, with a mop of very dark hair and a shapely bottom--but his door was always open and it was clear no one wanted him. *Chacun à son gout*, of course, but he seemed a good deal more desirable, qua meat, than some of the other morsels that were more readily snapped up. Perhaps the cruisers knew something I didn't: piles or an unattractive disposition.

Although these sexual invitations are transparent enough, they are not of course entirely open. The prospective partner lingers on the threshold and the two men look each other over and decide whether or not to commit unnatural acts. The succession of opening and closing doors implied considerable sexual athleticism, a determination to cram in as many sex acts as your body can take and muster. The silence in the air was punctuated with the grunts and cries of the compatible, but was also filled with the stillness of the undesired, hopelessly exhibiting their negligible charms to a parade of passers-by. In odd recesses stood couples of more exhibitionist inclination. One youth, with an ineffably bored expression, leaned against the wall gazing down onto the mobile head of another man who was energetically sucking him off. It spoke of a vast sexual indifference that was, if anything, more dispiriting than the meat market around the cubicles. Look on, stranger, I'm only making love.

Brook, pp. 96-7.

The streets were deserted and the snow had blanketed the

city. It was a dangerous time to be out alone on the streets but it didn't feel that way. How sweet even the grimy night air of New York seemed, now fresh and pastoral after the sour sweat-heavy atmosphere of the baths. [Smell] [Air]

Ibid., p. 100.

Dark places and groping, almost certainly unsanitary hands.

McCourt, p. 40.

The Continental Baths, where *chanteuse* / gay icon Bette Midler performed poolside.

Atkins, p. 254.

The thing about the Everard is, it was just rooms and beds, tiny rooms and tiny beds. No tile and marble glories, no "fetish rooms." Barebones bodies. A little steam, for tradition's sake. But they made their own heat.

You could imagine boys coming here to bathe—the tub in the kitchen being full of dirty dishes.

There was *no music*—so one could sleep... And the walls of the rooms did not reach the ceiling—you could hear everything—you couldn't not hear everything. Slurping and moaning and everybody's dish about everybody else... The entrance is a dream of cartoons... That a whole culture's mating, food-finding, navigational and social behavior should converge at a single point on West 28th Street in New York City is certainly notable.

McCourt, pp. 189-94.

In reaction to the mustaches, flannel shirts, construction-worker boots, faded Levi's, leather-tongued key rings and color-coded handkerchiefs, they, the old proud, dress in pressed chinos, button-down shirts and striped ties, and in rumpled pebble-weave tweeds, drink bourbon old fashioned, stingers, brandy alexanders and awfully good old vintages. They smoke Lucky Strikes, Chesterfields, Pall Malls and Kents, and play and sing the golden oldies.

Ibid., p. 324.

It was Gay Day parade day. Got in a cab and the driver was a happy faggot, he said, "Hi! Did you go to the parade?" and I just said, "What parade?" and he dropped the subject, talked about the weather (cab \$5). (Sunday, June 30, 1985)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 659.

New York seemed to be a sea of men: all 28, all dark-eyed, all handsome, and all named Luis.

Holleran, p. 10.

Sunday afternoons the mob of men spilling out of the waterfront bars was so huge it left you wondering why, with such umbers available, you still could not detail just one.

Ibid., p. 10.

80s-90s / Drag Balls

1981: Gay is in, didn't you know?

Morrisroe, p. 255.

It was the queens' most baroque fantasies of glamour and stardom, all run on Singer sewing machines in tiny apartments.

Lawrence, p. 4.

One girl, a sexy Puerto Rican pre-op with luscious pouting lips who advertises her self as "DA MOST BEAUTYFULL TS IN DA BRONX."

Harris, *Diary* p. 96.

At one event, Cleopatra arrived on a ceremonial float flanked by six servants waving white, glittering palm leaves; and at another, a 2,000-watt incandescent lamp was lit just as a fashion model flung open her Mylar-lined feathered coat, leaving the front rows momentarily blind.

Lawrence, p. 3.

The negro homosexuals still appear at intervals dressed in a baffling impersonation of their opposite sex. Sometimes a "Drag" (or costume ball) is announced... The raised stubble of chin and neck is pitted with a power that creates a blue bloom. The row of pearls accentuates, rather than camouflages, the Adam's apple. Kid gloves cover the veined hands, but the feet are always a "give-away."

Ibid., p. 3.

Going to the annual Greenwich Village Halloween Parade as Mother Teresa.

McCourt, p. 258.

Holly Woodlawn and Candy Darling; Charles Ludlam, Charles Pierce, and Charles Busch; Ethyl Eichelberger; Dame Edna Everage; Lypsinka.

McCourt, p. 257.

House of Dupree, House of Corey, House of Wong, House of Christian, House of Plenty, House of LaBeija, House of Xtravaganza, House of Omni.

Lawrence, p. 4.

Voguing evolved into a contorted, jerky, slicing style of dance when drag queens incorporated kung fu aesthetics into their routines, having become familiar with the swift, angular movements of Bruce Lee and his co-stars while working trade inside Times Square's porn cinemas, or heading there after a night's work to get some rest.

Ibid., p. 5.

In broad daylight, voguers headed to the abandoned stretches of the West Side piers, where they would hang out and practice moves, or to the clandestine space of gay-driven dance venues such as Better Days, the Paradise Garage and Tracks.

Ibid., p. 6.

Beautiful femme queens and famous voguers, taken in their youth. Founding mothers Dorian Corey, Pepper LaBeija, Avis Pendavis, Angie Xtravaganza, Paris Dupree, Duchess LaWong.

Ibid., p. 11.

In the early 1980s, leaving my house to go to balls at 3:30am was really just a bit too much. My family argued with me about going out, they were like, "Are you crazy? Where you going at this time?" And I would reply, "I'm leaving Brooklyn, riding the west side highway up to Harlem, looking at the sunrise, and then I'm going to a ball." It was like a drug, you had to go, and you had to wait to the end for the grand prize. It was like, "You have to see Miss Avis come out there, honey."

Ibid., p. 61.

Not because I didn't appreciate the Harlem Renaissance or my roots, I just didn't like that 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock in the morning lifestyle. It almost felt to me like it was as if gay people shouldn't be seen, so let's go out in the wee hours of the morning and play around and do our thing, then run home before people can see us. I think it was a

little safer for some of the drag queens back then, because they liked coming out when it was dark. But when they came downtown, I picked an area where people could feel safe, wear their fur coats and didn't have to worry about this, that and the other.

Ibid., p. 61.

I walked in Brooklyn, in the worst neighborhoods, in red leather pants, red leather shoes, beige sheepskin, beige shoes, finger-wave hairstyle and Gazelle glasses.

Ibid., p. 63.

Light versus dark for butch queen face.

Ibid., p. 86.

The top voguers were Ronald LeMay, Jose Xtravaganza, Jason Overness, Aldona Fields, Jerome Pendavis, and Brian Omni.

Ibid., p. 87.

Park Slope in Brooklyn is a nascent "lesbian ghetto."
Califia, p. 221.

The cross-dressers in the Village sniff at the influx of nuclear families as the fleeing nuclear families once sniffed at the cross-dressers. [Gentrificaion]

Gopnik, p. 10.

Late one drunken December night, did I bundle myself up and go to a corner bodega for a beer run in my makeup, wig, and heels, but I have never repeated this foolhardy excursion. In fact, I dread stepping out of my apartment in my getups as much as vampires dread stepping out into sunlight. I live in terror that my neighbors should discover what I am doing, that I should forget that I am made up (a surprisingly simple oversight) and come to the door to take a package they have accepted for me, or, horror of horrors, that I should be caught in the hallway or the elevator when, after the outside doors to the buzzers lock at 10:00 P.M., I am forced to go down to meet a trick in one of my clownish disguises. For these fantastic voyages, I wear sunglasses and hooded sweatshirts pulled tightly over my face, the costumes of a hysterical actress bent on avoiding the attention of her intrusive fans, but only attracting more of it by virtue of her ostentatious stealth. The building's 10:00 curfew, imposed when the neighborhood was at the mercy of drug pushers and crack addicts, instills me with dread on those nights that

I go on a drag bender, drunk and horny. To leave my apartment is to enter a war zone of unexpected encounters, ambushes by astonished families returning late from Grandma's or packs of black teenage boys who smoke pot in the stairwells. I tell my tricks to hurry, to get here before 10:00, to do everything they can to arrive before the building's security timer turns the bolt.

Harris, *Diary*, pp. 53-4.

Cruising [Flâneur]

Let's suppose you are in a real city and you are a man and you are walking down the street, in the thick of the crowd. Glancing up from the pavement, for just a moment, you notice a man walking in your direction and he's staring straight at you. Not every man fixes his stare before his feet at this violet hour, it seems. You don't. His stare hits you right between your eyes. And not for the first time. You recognize him. He has looked at you in this way before—and he has seen you see him do this before. Let's say he is about your age (whatever age that is) and he is wearing a suit, like you. You two could be twins, in the dark.

You don't know why, or rather, you don't at this particular moment ask yourself why, but you hold the gaze of this man who is now walking closer to you and who refuses not to look. Seconds pass, perhaps as many as five or six, but it seems like longer. Time slows down for you, as it always does in situations like these. In an instant, the gaze between you two is broken—you look down, or perhaps he looks away. Maybe someone passes between you, or something else diverts your attention. It's noisy, with the sound of horns and motors, but it could be anything. As quickly as the moment came upon you, it is lost. Almost. You look back, behind you, and see that he, too, is looking back behind him.

You are hurrying... in order to catch a train because you have a family to go home to, a ready-made microwave meal awaits, probably kids, the lot. You don't want to be late, not again, not again this week anyway. You look forward to your train journey, because this is your time, your very own time, the time between two lives, someone might say.

On the train home, settled into your seat, and for reasons you cannot explain to yourself or for reasons you really don't understand, the man on the street—your man on the street, handsome with a nice suit—comes back into your mind. He was never very far out of your mind, if truth be

told. You are going a little red in the cheeks at the thought of it, even now. Did you go red in the cheeks when he was looking at you? Was it the blush of shame or the blush of desire? Do you know the difference between shame and desire? These are questions you could ask yourself, but don't.

Instead, you wonder if one day this man will speak to you. Speak to me, you think. Why do you never speak. What are you thinking? I never know what you are thinking.

Turner, pp. 13-14.

Can we talk about a network of cruisers rather than occasional and seemingly isolated, if not accidental, encounters?

Ibid., p. 123.

While walking the street, my gaze would be riveted on stalwart adolescents, and I would have to look back at the handsomest that passed. If a street-car conductor happened to be youthful and good-looking, I became almost irrational. With a look of despair I would gaze insolently and imploringly into the face of the blue-clad youth as if I would compel him to read my thoughts, since I did not dare give them expression. When in a crowded car he brushed against me in passing, a tremor would pass over my body. Youthful policemen also at this time particularly fascinated me. Blue clothing and brass buttons have always made a young man appear to me as at his best.

Ibid., pp. 129-30.

So we are taking off our masks, are we, and keeping / our mouths shut? As if we'd been pierced by a glance'— that later leads us to 'the merits of each / of the latrines. 14th Street is drunken and credulous, / 53rd tries to tremble but is too at rest

Ibid., p. 148.

What does it mean when two men look at each other in the streets of the modern city?

Ibid., p. 43.

Mere eye contact and an exchange of words.

Ibid., p. 61.

Reciprocal gazes may hold their own pleasures for some, and the dynamics of the gaze may be erotic and stimulating precisely because it does not end in sex.

Ibid., p. 61.

This chance encounter—"the magnetism of our meeting."
Ibid., p. 89.

The cruiser queers the *flâneur*.
Ibid., p. 62.

Cruising is a practice that exploits the ambivalence of the modern city, and in so doing, 'queers' the totalizing narratives of modernity, in particular, *flânerie*.
Ibid., p. 46.

There's an art to cruising and it has a lot to do with timing and with the eyes. Take eyes first. You're walking down the street and you pass a man going in the opposite direction. Your eyes lock but you both keep on moving. After a few paces you glance back and see that the man has stopped and is facing a store window but looking in your direction. If he's not exactly the partner you're searching for you'll probably register the compliment his stare is paying you but leave it at that.

But if he does catch your fancy you may go through the little charade of examining the shop window nearest you. After a bit, the frequency and intensity of exchanged glances will increase and one of you will stroll over to the other. There are a few safe and stock opening lines banal to the point of absurdity... After these preliminaries you may extend your hand, introduce yourself, ask him his name and suggest you have a drink together. [Display]
Ibid., pp. 56-7.

I remember when I lived in a storefront next door to a meat packing house on East Sixth Street. One very fat meat packer who always ate at the same diner on the corner that I ate at followed me home and asked if he could come in and see my paintings. Once inside he instantly unzipped his blood-stained white pants and pulled out an enormous dick. He asked me to touch it and I did. As repulsive as it all was, it was exciting too, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But then I said I had to go out and he said, "Let's get together," and I said, "No' but he was very insistent so I said, "Yes." He was very fat and ugly and really very disgusting, so when the time came for our date I went out for a walk. But who should I run into on the street but him, all dressed up and spanking clean. I felt bad that I had to tell him that I had changed my mind. He offered me money but I said no.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

Port Authority Bus Terminal's "meat rack," near the departure gates.

McNamara, p. 27.

For open secret tea-room ceremonies. Tea ceremonies are properly held in tea *houses*, true, but the tea room at Port Authority was the side of a half-floor in the fabled Dakota Apartments overlooking Central Park West. Two seemingly endless rows of urinals, as many as at Radio City Music hall—with as many semaphoric penises as a full kick line of Rockette's legs... and in the stalls, you might say, apropos tea ceremonies, there was a kind of Zen operation insofar as the mediator was summoned to contemplation of a symmetry without the burden of any attendant meaning.

So he's in the tea room at 59th and Lexington, of course on the uptown side, and he sees scribbled on the stall wall, *For a nice accomodation, [sic] call Regent 4-*, and for the first time in his life is impelled to scribble a reply: *There are two c's and two m's in accomodation, Mary.*

McCourt, p. 92.

To cater to the flood of tourists, dozens of self-consciously picturesque tearooms sprang up, with names that suggested... "a tinted zoology"—the Black Parrot, the Purple Pup, the Green Witch, the Vermillion Hound. (cf. The Bird Circuit of gay bars [Alcohol])

Burns, p. 327.

Old cops always called the tea rooms the nickelodeons.
McCourt, p. 94.

One's social performance in subway toilets.
Ibid., p. 93.

I've never understood how anybody can do business in such places, with express trains roaring by at regular intervals.

Ibid., p. 96.

I get vertigo in the Ramble, dear—all those precipitous declivities. [Central Park]

Ibid., p. 103.

Moving along at warp speed from a single encounter on Eighth Street.

Ibid., p. 106.

Santos measures his success by his earnings. He is sure that he has done as well, if not better, than most of the boys who loiter around Forty-second Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, a street known by homosexuals as the "Meat Market." Here hoodlum homosexuals meet prospective customers and arrange the details of payment, the form of sex play, and the place where it is to occur. Santos says that his usual fee is \$1. On one evening he took in as much as \$6 for three sexual experiences.

A few flagrantly exhibitionistic fairies are able to make a living through the sexual gratification of men who are interested in their type of service. Ordinarily, however, the hustler is the one who is paid by the "queen," "bitch," "fag," or "fairy"—that is, by an effeminate exhibitionist who not only brazenly proclaims his homosexuality to the interested, but attempts to force it on the notice of others. Like the female prostitute, the effeminate male prostitute has a more masculine male prostitute somewhere in the offing to whom he contributes and who serves as his protector. Sometimes these protectors are gangsters. Emotional attachments between fairies of Santos' type and their protectors are ephemeral affairs.

Reay, p. 58-9.

Blue Movie

The big nude theater craze hit in '69. It was only the year before that police had stood by in San Francisco to arrest the Living Theater performers if they so much as started taking their clothes off. Then all of a sudden the new thing was for performers to take all their clothes off and dance around completely naked on stage in long-playing well-advertised shows like *Oh! Calcutta!* and *Dionysus* in '69.

During this period I took thousands of Polaroids of genitals. Whenever somebody came up to the Factory; no matter how straight-looking he was, I'd ask him to take his pants off so I could photograph his cock and balls. It was surprising who'd let me and who wouldn't.

Personally, I loved porno and I bought lots of it all the time—the really dirty, exciting stuff. All you had to do was figure out what turned you on, and then just buy the dirty magazines and movie prints that are right for you, the way you'd go for the right pills or the right cans of food. (I was so avid for porno that on my first time out of the house after the shooting I went straight to 42nd Street

and checked out the peep shows with Vera Cruise and restocked on dirty magazines.)

I'd always wanted to do a movie that was pure fucking, nothing else, the way *Eat* had been just eating and *Sleep* had been just sleeping. So in October '68 I shot a movie of Viva having sex with Louis Waldon. I called it just *Fuck*.

At first we kept it at the Factory; screening it occasionally for friends. Then, when we opened *Lonesome Cowboys* in May and it began to die pretty quickly, we had to think about what to replace it with, and I wondered if it should be *Fuck*.

I was still confused about what was legal in pornography and what wasn't, but at the end of July, what with all sorts of dirty movies playing around town and dirty magazines like *Screw* on every newsstand, we thought, oh, why not, and put *Fuck* into the Garrick Theater after changing the title to *Blue Movie*. It ran a week before getting seized by the cops. They came all the way down to the Village, sat through Viva's speeches about General MacArthur and the Vietnam war, through Louis calling her tits "dried apricots," and through her story about the police harassing her in the Hamptons for not wearing a bra, etc., etc., etc. and then they seized the print of our movie. Why, I wondered, hadn't they gone over to Eighth Avenue and seized things like *Inside Judy's Box* or *Tina's Tongue*? Were they more "socially redeeming," maybe? It all came down to what they wanted to seize and what they didn't, basically. It was ridiculous.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 372-3.

I knew that we were probably going to have more trouble with the censors soon—at least if our movies kept getting attention and I guess I must have known in the back of my mind that it would be a smart idea to have at least one really articulate performer in each movie. The legal definition of "obscenity" had that "without redeeming social value" phrase in it, and it occurred to me that if you found someone who could look beautiful, take off her clothes, step into a bathtub, and talk as intellectually as Viva did ("You know, Churchill spent six hours a day in his tub"), you'd have a better chance with the censors than if you had a giggly teenager saying, "Let me feel your cock." It was all just silly legal strategy, though, because to me they were all great, all just people being their real selves on camera and I liked them all the same.

Ibid., p. 289.

The Factory was dark. It took me a moment to figure out what was going on, and when I did I knew Ondine wasn't there. Andy was torturing several people, several rich people judging by the little gleam of jewelry at everyone's throat and wrist, and by the smell; the rich have a certain smell when they are upset, like good food going bad. I saw little screams for help shine in the ladies' eyes, and heard the soft groans from their husbands as they twisted in their chairs. Oblivious, Andy calmly loaded another reel of his twenty-four hour movie called *Fuck*. He knew they were unhappy, but he always thought if he just showed them a little more they would finally understand or maybe even like it. Tonight he was projecting two separate scenes and soundtracks onto the same screen at the same time. The result was excruciating; the very air was turning black with pressure as the bright flickers of pain shot through it. To make matters worse, one of the uncomfortable women sat very near a famous art critic who was watching this mess with a cigar in his mouth and an anonymous dick in each of his hands, the owners of which lay stoned on either side of him on the silver couch. I was happy to see the rich had to go to hell too, and I would have stayed to enjoy their discomfort but I was more interested in finding Ondine. I told Andy I had to run. [Smell]

Wornov, pp. 89-107.

The Bryant that had featured "Live Sex Shows," which, at five performances a day between ten and ten, were exactly that: a brown or black couple spent twenty minutes on a bare blue-lit stage, first the woman stripping for the man, then fellating him, then his performing cunnilingus on her, and finally the two of them screwing in two or three positions, finishing—with pull-out orgasms for a few of the after-six shows—to polite applause from the largely forty-plus male audience, before the porn film started once more. At the back of the chest-high wall behind the last row of orchestra seats, usually some guy would give you a hand job or sometimes a blow job; there for a couple of weeks (I gave my quota of both) was simply a south-side vacant lot.

Delany, pp. 17-8.

Just as Manhattan liberals of a few years before had sought to rub elbows with student revolutionaries and Black Panthers (a trend satirized by Tom Wolfe as "radical chic"), so now the smart set indulged in "porn chic," joining the raincoat brigade at Times Square theaters to see *Deep Throat* and such films as *The Devil in Miss Jones*

(1972) and *Behind the Green Door* (1972) in order to claim front line credentials in the sexual revolution.

Turner, "Sodom," p. 11.

Prostitution

"The capital of dangerous love."

Berman, *Town*, p. 112.

Where the girls with thirsty eyes go by.

[...]

With the man I love who loves me not

I walked in the street-lamps flare—

But oh, the girls who can ask for love

In the lights of Union Square.

Teasdale, p. 50.

Reformers: think of prostitution not social evil but as an answer to a human need.

Peretti, p. 29.

If

you don't like my gate why did you

swing on it, why *didja*

swing on it

anyhow

Crane, *Complete*, 109.

Crane vows to withdraw from "beckonings and all that draws you into doorways, subways, sympathies, rapports and the City's complicated devastations."

Conrad, p. 226.

Preludes to solicitation: A woman on Times Square acted very suspiciously, but she explained, "The reason I winked at you was that I didn't want anybody else to see me. You have to be somewhat careful around the City of New York."

Peretti, p. 43.

The detectives tried to glean conclusions from the most ambiguous female body language.

Ibid., p. 43.

At the Dreamland dance hall in Harlem in 1931, a hostess exposed her breast to detective "B" and suggested that he kiss it. On his second visit in 1932 to a massage parlor on West 70th Street an investigator disrobed for a session. A

masseuse removed the towel from his loins, put oil on her hands, and tried to "stimulate his private parts," while another offered him a "tongue bath."

Ibid., p. 44.

The girls winked and jeered, made lascivious gestures at passing males. They pulled at coat-tails and cajoled men with fake honeyed words. They called their wares like pushcart peddlers.

Gold, p. 15.

The girls were naked under flowery kimonos. Chunks of breast and belly flashed. Slippers hung from their feet; they were always ready for business.

Ibid., p. 15.

Earth's trees, grass, flowers could not grow on my street; but the rose of syphilis bloomed by night and by day.

Ibid., p. 15.

... old New York hookers rarely retire. They just move to Chicago or Duluth.

Petronious, p. 71.

New York is the hooker melting pot of the world... New York features at least 3,000 hookers. Each grosses an average of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. Mostly tax free...Very few girls come to New York exclusively to pursue hookerdom. In fact, no more than 3% of New York's hookers came here with hustling in mind as their destined career. Most usually land with some more noble aspiration in mind... and then gradually settle down to pursue this most classical and traditional career for as long as possible.

Ibid., p. 72.

The majority of New York's vice girls are *foreign*. They're often superbly shrewd beauties who have maneuvered their way to the United States through various methods. Many of them were war brides, temporarily charming the lonesome GI and dumping him shortly after marriage and citizenship.

It takes a special cunning for the ones who get here... But the foreign girl who was so desirable overseas loses much of that notorious European femininity in the process. The men who rave about those "magnificent European women, so much better, more understanding than U.S. girls" would

swallow those fatuous words if they examined the relocated product once she has settled in New York or points west.

Ibid., p. 76.

Hunter College, New York University and Columbia all contribute their share of educated ladies of leisure to the sexual vortex of the city. There has also been a contingent of college girls who hook for prestige. They actually brag about their sexual adventures as an index of their social emancipation. Paid pros regard them with great distaste.

Ibid., p. 76.

The garment, jewelry, furniture, hardware, fur districts and many other centralized industries abounding in New York all have a need for hookers. For themselves and hundreds of customers from all over the world who pass through for business.

Ibid., p. 77.

... there has been a larger call for colored girls, and shortage of same. The quality of the colored girls who hook has gone down... the top colored hookers in New York are always quite light, unusually beautiful and rarely have dealings with Negro men... except for those in very high and powerful stations.

Ibid., p. 79.

The United Nations is one of the largest users of hookers. They have an assembly of choice prostitutes at their disposal. A girl considers a UN diplomat or any foreign emissary a genuine prize. They are all exceedingly generous with their nation's money and extra gifts; most court the prostitutes extravagantly. They're also all great leads for the wealthier members of their countries who drop in on the States and like to meet a nice girl. Have tons of money, want to swing.

Ibid., p. 85.

Times Square: "There may never have been such a vast variety of women thrown together in any one place before. A small proportion of these women were prostitutes, professionally offering many varieties of sex, and appealing to customers in every class. Other women, sexual amateurs (though often fairly sophisticated), offered themselves to coworkers, bosses, or customers, sometimes in hope of a respectable marriage, other times settling for cruder satisfactions like furs, jewels, and rent money. Some would have died rather than give up their premarital

virginity, yet sought alluring ways to present their sexuality in the ways they dressed and moved and spoke."

Berman, *Town*, p. 110.

On sunshiny days the whores sat on chairs along the sidewalks. They sprawled indolently, their legs taking up half the pavements. People stumbled over a gauntlet of whores' meaty legs.

Gold, p. 15.

Walked along the West Side Highway structure, roaring autos and grainy darkness, filthy streets with the tugboat strike, a few transvestites out hooking in the shadows of the girder stanchions.

Wojnarowicz, p. 115.

I tell the chauffeur to head over to the meat-packing district just west of Nell's, near the bistro Florent, to look for prostitutes.

Ellis, *Psycho*, 168.

Manhattan go-go bars are really sleazy. The owners sometimes want you to go into the back rooms to do hand jobs on the creeps.

Mueller, p. 147.

Tricks at the St. Regis.

Quan, p. 97.

Down on the West Side Highway, a lone hooker totters on heels and tugs at her skirt as if no one had told her that the commuters won't be coming through the tunnels from Jersey today. Coming closer, you see that she is a man in drag.

McInerney, p. 9.

Hookers and office workers do not wear the same kind of high heels, stockings, skirts, foundation garments, wigs, or makeup, and these items do not mean the same things, either.

Califia, p. 219

The Tenderloin was represented by persons who seemed to forget for a moment the trade that brought them there.

Hapgood, pp. 369-71.

They don't start walking the streets until midnight, if that's what you're after.

Spillane, p. 186.

Coda

The only happy people left in New York are the Lesbians and pederasts, and they are so happy they are miserable. Nobody else has anything.

Van Vechten, p. 70.

I was too unnerved by the ominous sounds of distant sirens and the honking horns of cars confused by the failure of the traffic lights to enjoy the sex, which seemed distinctly ill-omened, as if it were out last fuck, the last desperate gropes of a couple doomed to die before sunset, the twilight of Western civilization as we knew it.

Harris, *Diary* p. 99.

N - Coney Island

Coney Island is the dress rehearsal for Manhattan.
Koolhaas, p. 27.

Electric Eden.
Sanders, p. 30.

I, poet without arms, lost
in the vomiting multitude
Lorca, "Landscape," p. 426.

For Lorca, Coney Island becomes "Landscape of the Vomiting Multitude" and Battery Park "Landscape of the Urinating Multitude."

Walton, p. 22.

What would a Jones Beach of the mind be like?
Berman, *Solid*, p. 297.

Reginald Marsh on Coney Island: "I'm nauseated by the smell of stale food, but after that I get so I don't notice it."

Kasson, p. 93.

Unreality is as greedily craved by the mob as alcohol by the dipsomaniac.

Ibid., p. 96.

It attracted people because of the way in which it mocked the established social order. It in effect declared a moral holiday for all who entered its gates. Against the values of thrift, sobriety, industry, and ambition, it encouraged extravagance, gaiety, abandon, revelry. Coney signaled the rise of a new mass culture no longer deferential to genteel tastes and values, which demanded a democratic resort of its own. It served as a Feast of Fools for an urban-industrial society... As a city of festivity and play, Coney Island challenged conventional categories of social description. It appeared to be a new kind of cultural institution, and commentators groped for analogies to describe it: "an almost uninterrupted French *fête*," "a medieval street fair," a "fiesta and mardi-gras," a "charivari," and, again and again, a "carnival."... In Coney's permissive environment customers felt a giddy sense of irresponsibility. Among the most popular attractions... were booths with imitation china dishes, objects to throw

at them, and a sign: "If you can't break up your own home, break up ours!"... Factory "girls" pretended they occupied loftier positions and played the parts of stenographers and private secretaries for a day; and a Brooklyn shopkeeper would don her best clothes and act the part of a *grand dame*. More dramatically, a prim-looking "schoolmarm," accustomed to curbing the childish excesses of others, surrendered to her own at Coney Island and walked fully dressed into the sea.

Ibid., pp. 49-50, 59.

Arriving as separate, isolated figures, they became actors in a vast, collective comedy. The flamboyantly expressive surroundings had the effect of garbing customers in costumes and eliciting their own theatricality. At various moments on rides they might briefly grab the spotlight and attract the attention of the multitude; at other times they might sit in the balconies and watch their fellow revelers. The lines between spectator and performer, between professional entertainer and seeker of amusement, blurred at Luna Park.

Ibid., p. 65.

My analyst says I exaggerate my childhood memories, but I swear I was brought up underneath the roller coaster in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. Maybe that accounts for my personality, which is a little nervous, I think.

Allen, *Annie Hall*, p. 4.

A ferry ride to Coney became for middle- and working-class people a substitute for a steamship cruise abroad and Luna Park a Cook's tour in miniature.

Ibid., p. 70.

Though Luna Park provided benches, the owners hated to see customers sitting on them, for the in effect they were removing themselves as actors in the spectacle and becoming a potentially detached and critical audience. When people sat down, they would immediately dispatch a band of musicians to the scene in attempt to rouse their customer's spirits and thus bring them to their feet. (cf. Monaghan: "Celotex Traffic Top, a "new material that takes the strain out of walking." [World's Fair 1939])

Ibid., p. 82.

The importance of sustaining the illusion of anarchic freedom and heedless release beneath the underlying reality of control underlay all of Luna Park and Coney Island as a

whole. The various rides were based upon the ability to coordinate mass activity through technology, to assemble and disperse crowds at will without making such efforts oppressive.

Ibid., p. 82.

All of Coney Island's intricate machines and amusements were unproductive, promising customers nothing more than the pleasure of the event itself; that was central to their character as play. But the particular forms this play took were significant. In the effort to suggest a dream or nightmare world, Coney abstracted features from the larger society and presented them in intensified, fantastic forms. Instruments of production and efficiency were transformed into objects of amusement, and life around them lifted from dull routine to exhilarating pageantry.

This process is particularly striking in the case of the mechanized rides at Luna and elsewhere in Coney Island. These marked the culmination of a desire, evident throughout the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, not simply to view technology in utilitarian terms but to value it as spectacle. Generations of Americans had thrilled in viewing huge steam engines, thundering locomotives, and other powerful machinery as sublime creatures harnessed to do their bidding. Mechanical amusement rides allowed them to cultivate the delight, awe, and fear of the technological sublime still more intensely.

Ibid., pp. 73-4.

If an embargo were placed on noise at Coney, if silence were required, there would be a lot of people who would lose their jobs. If the transactions of the mongers were carried on in the sign language, there would be money in manicuring. [Sound]

Barnes, *New York*, p. 145.

Luna appealed to popular notions of magnificence. Illusions of extravagance and ostentatious display provided a holiday compensation for the plainness and thrift required of everyday life... Before the mansions of the rich on New York's Fifth Avenue they might feel humbled and excluded, but here they could feel assured. Luna Park, in effect, democratized the hunger for aristocratic splendor that was driving rich industrialists to construct palatial houses at the turn of the century. It provided a Newport for the masses.

Kasson, p. 66.

Luna turned night into day, a feat which symbolized its topsy-turvy order. Its buildings dramatically altered their appearance [via colored lights] to achieve an even more festive air and invited visitors to do the same.

Ibid., p. 66.

Coney Island's nighttime landscape complements the plaster architecture of days: not rectangular signboards propped above modest, boxy, commercial buildings, but a delicate tracery of bulbs, draped like glittering necklaces over the romantic structures of a shimmering fairyland.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, pp. 30-1.

The Infant Incubator exhibit, at Luna Park in Coney Island, among midway attractions like the Streets of Delhi and Trip to the Moon, were a consistently popular attraction from 1903 until the exhibit closed 40 years later. Stranger still is that the exhibit was, by all accounts, medially and ethically sound. Visitors to the exhibit viewed rows of tiny infants dozing in their incubators while a lecturer explained the workings of the life-saving machines. The Incubators closed when the cost of maintaining the exhibit became too great amid the general cheapening of Coney Island entertainments.

Goldenberg, pp. 17-8.

Luna Park's "Human Toboggan."

Kasson, p. 78.

A Luna Park ride in the shape of a huge tobacco pipe, in which patrons entered at the mouthpiece and slid out the bowl.

Ibid., p. 78.

steep mountains for tolling at absurd speeds
Depero, "Coney Island," p. 422.

climb descend climb descend
Abril, p. 432.

Such rides served in effect as powerful hallucinogens, altering visitors' perceptions and transforming their consciousness, dispelling everyday concerns in the intense sensations of the present moment. They allowed customers the exhilaration or whirlwind activity without physical exertion, of thrilling drama without imaginary effort.

Kasson, p. 82.

Coney Island is a problem for interpreters of the city because it can be a lesson in the glad democracy of human fates or in their individual insignificance. It aggravates the psychological problem of the city: are we akin to our neighbors, or do we dis sever ourselves from them in gloating at them?

Conrad, p. 96.

Dreamland contained a Lilliputian village inhabited by 300 midgets.

Kasson, p. 86.

Midgets, giants, fat ladies, and ape-men were both stigmatized and honored as freaks... Their grotesque presences heightened the visitors' sense that they had penetrated a marvelous realm of transformation, subject to laws all its own. The popular distorting mirrors furnished the illusion that the spectators themselves had become freaks. Thus it seemed charged with a magical power to transmute customary appearances into fluid new possibilities.

Ibid., pp. 50-51.

Coney boasted its own "Streets of Cairo." Visitors stared at camels and warily fed elephants, not in a circus setting but as participants in a drama that attempted within its means to suggest the mysteries of the Orient.

Ibid., p. 53.

Showmen vied with one another in re-creating such famous disasters as "The Fall of Pompeii," simulating the eruption of Mount Vesuvius and the death of 40,000 people, the eruption of Mount Pelée and devastation of Martinique in 1902, Pennsylvania's Johnston Flood of 1889, and Texas Galveston Flood of 1900. For the first live disaster spectacle Luna chose a scene closer to home. In 'Fire and Flames' a four-story building was repeatedly set ablaze, the fire battled by heroic firemen while residents leaped from upper windows into safety nets below. [Triangle Shirtwaist Fire] [Apocalypse] [Nature]

Ibid., pp. 71-2.

The day that Luna Park burned to the ground. The year was 1944. There was a sudden stirring on the beach, a movement away from the surf to the boardwalk, and then great clouds of black smoke piling into the cobalt sky. You could hear voices: Luna Park's on fire. People were running then, and we could hear the sirens of the Fire Department

and saw high arcs of water rising in a beautiful way and falling into the flames. We watched for hours, drawn as New Yorkers always are to the unity of disaster, and saw the rides and buildings collapse into black, wet rubble until there was no more Luna Park.

Hamill, "Lost," N. cit.

Following the great fire that destroyed Steeplechase Park, a sign appeared: "Admission to the Burning Ruins - 10 cents."

Kasson, p. 112.

Sex

In the mechanical metropolis, the body is cordoned off from exhibition and discloses itself either tawdrily at burlesque shows or in a wrestling adipose mass on the beach.

Conrad, p. 95.

Sunday, July 28, 1940, Coney Island, 4 p.m. A sweaty compendium of overlapping limbs. Standing or sitting on one another's shoulders, an indiscriminating family of flesh. They're all just meat.

Ibid., p. 252.

There may be a million bodies on the beach, but none of them is much concerned about any of the others.

Ibid., p. 96.

Time was when Coney's transgressions were crimson and its sinners wore silks and sables.

Lait, p. 141.

On the beach: crowd of over a MILLION . . . (I wonder who counts them) has no order except the carnal common denominator. We all have bodies ("undressing is permitted on the beach"), and we're all therefore voyeurs. [Voyeur]

Conrad, p. 252.

Coney as alfresco life class; Reginald Marsh carried anatomy textbooks with him to the beach, where a million near naked bodies could be seen at once, a phenomenon unparalleled in history.

Ibid., p. 96.

Marsh was ambitious to paint murals, reinterpreting the city's public spaces as idylls of surfeit and athletic sensuality. His Coney Island with its wrestling musclemen is a tribute to Michelangelo's bathing soldiers; his Luna Park with its barrage of indiscriminate bodies is an orgiastic heaven based on the hell of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment"; his nocturnal Central Park in a painting of 1932, with patrolling sailors and tempting girls trailing off to couple in leafy alcoves, is a scene of unprotesting ravishment that corrects Rubens's "Abduction of the Daughters of Leucippus." [Central Park]

Ibid., p. 98.

A male beauty contest held at Coney Island's Washington Baths in the summer of 1929 took an unexpected turn. To the surprise of a *Variety* reporter who served as one of the judges, most of the people who gathered to watch the contest were men. Add to her further surprise, most of the men participating in the contest wore paint and powder. On a packed beach on a hot summer afternoon, gay men had taken over a male beauty contest, becoming its audience, its contestants, its stars.

Chauncey, p. 184.

1939-40: "Coney Island has one truly amazing bath... It gives the visitor the impression of being exclusively homosexual. If one visits the roof there is the spectacle of at least a hundred naked males practically all of them homosexuals, with a few hustlers and kept boys about, lying around in the sun. The more direct homosexual expression is reserved for the steam rooms. There, in an atmosphere murky with steam—so murky, indeed, that one cannot see more than a few feet ahead—with benches around the walls, fellation and pedication are not at all uncommon. If one stumbles over a pair in the act, one mutters a hasty apology and goes on quickly in another direction."

Ibid., p. 210.

The body discloses itself at the cost of a licentious vulgarization. Spectators glimpse underwear on the slippery slides at Luna Park with a roar of natural "vulgar mirth," and on the beach the women look like soft sandstone sculptures, full of the real "vulgar" human life.

Conrad, p. 96.

Bert Savoy, famously struck by lightning on that very Coney Island promenade when during a summer storm he talked

back to a thunderbolt, declaring, "That'll be enough out of you, Miss God!"

McCourt, p. 19-20.

Gay men gathered on the city's beaches, which were enormously popular in the decades before air conditioning. A large group of deaf gay men regularly gathered on one of the city's beaches in the 1940s. [Air Conditioning]

Chauncey, p. 197.

Body-builders at Coney Island as pagan gods. [Antiquity]
Conrad, p. 114.

Coney Island has been a Paradise for me that way—as it would be: my type goes there—the rough, tough proletarian; they dress for Coney Island in fetish clothing (to me), and they proceed to reduce that clothing to a fascinating minimum. And on the beach, ah the beach, with its beautiful Italians!

no.cit.

Instead of the burlesque show, he frequented the locker room at the West Side YMCA on 63rd Street and the changing sheds at Jones Beach where, in 1933 and 1935, he watched the boisterous divinities of his agora at play. Those at the Y soap and deodorize their toned-up bodies, erotically fraternizing, as the conventions of that room allow them to do, without suspicion; those at Jones Beach, with the grins of proletarian satyrs, flick each other with wet towels.

n.cit.

Coney

Samuel Gottscho's stunning photograph *Luna Park, Coney Island* (1906) shows hundreds of dazzling lights but only two words—'WILD ANIMALS.' [Nature] [Photography]

Sharpe, p. 191.

This particularly long, thin slice of island-peninsula was so densely populated with rabbits in the seventeenth century that the Dutch called it *Conyné Eylant* (the "island of rabbits").

Maffi, p. 7.

The elephant, Topsy, belonged to the Forepaugh Circus and spent the last years of her life at Coney Island's Luna Park. Because she had killed three men in as many years

(including a severely abusive trainer who attempted to feed her a lit cigarette), Topsy was deemed a threat to people by her owners and killed by electrocution on January 4, 1903, at the age of 28. Inventor Thomas Edison captured the event on film. He would release it later that year under the title *Electrocuting an Elephant*.

A means of execution initially discussed was hanging. However, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals protested and other ways were considered. Edison then suggested electrocution with alternating current, which had been used for the execution of humans since 1890.

To reinforce the execution, Topsy was fed carrots laced with 460 grams of potassium cyanide before the deadly current from a 6,600-volt AC source was sent coursing through her body. She was dead in seconds. The event was witnessed by an estimated 1,500 people and Edison's film of the event was seen by audiences throughout the United States.

When Luna Park burned down in 1944, the fire was referred to as "Topsy's Revenge." [Death] [Nature] [Cinema] [Spectacle]

"Topsy (elephant)." N. cit.

The wires were dragged over. Topsy immediately complied when she was instructed to raise her right foot for the first death sandal.

"Not so vicious," a reporter remarked aloud.

Topsy seemed less a wild animal than a mild one. Another reporter later wrote, "She stood still in the application as quietly as could be asked, obeying all commands of the men even when telling her to get down on her knees."

After the second electrode was fitted on her rear left foot and she was again standing, Topsy did become mildly bothered. She shook off the electrode on her forefoot, but soon it was secured again and there she stood, nearly three decades after being torn from her mother and smuggled into America, where she had traveled tens of thousands of miles in perpetual servitude, endured innumerable beatings, and survived more than a dozen train wrecks. Her big dark eyes with their extravagant elephantine lashes glimmered with what a reporter discerned to be still at her core.

"There was real benevolence in her eyes and kindness in her manner," the Tribune reported.

The amusement park's press agent stepped up to act out the ultimate metaphor for his profession, feeding Topsy three carrots filled with a total of 460 grams of potassium cyanide. She took and gobbled one after another, playfully curling her trunk.

The motion picture camera had been shifted around so that Topsy was in center frame and one of the cloth banners on the platform was in full view over her left shoulder.

If the gobbling of the carrots was filmed, it never made public view. The Edison crew was there to film, and the Luna Park people were there to stage, an electrocution, not a poisoning. The big worry was that the cyanide might cause her to collapse before the electricity brought her down. The third carrot was no sooner swallowed than the Edison plant got the awaited signal on the phone.

"All right!"

The camera was running and recorded Topsy again trying to shake off the electrode on her right forefoot. The electrode stayed in place. She set her foot back down and was standing motionless when the 6,600 volts coursed through the wires and the electrician, Thomas, closed the switch at the park. There were flashes and small blue flames and then smoke began to curl up from where copper met foot. Some would describe the smell as that of burning flesh, others that of burning hoof. The pain must have been excruciating and her huge form shook violently.

"Turn the current off!" a Luna employee cried out.

The smoke rose up around her flanks and she pitched forward into it, tipping to the right as her right foreleg buckled. The chain on her left leg grew taut with the fall, restraining her even in her last instant, drawing the limb straight out, displaying the electrode at the bottom of the foot. The electrode had stopped smoking. The current had been turned off after ten seconds.

Once the motion picture camera stopped filming, the donkey engine was set to work, cinching the noose tight around Topsy's neck and holding it tight for a full ten minutes. Only then, when she had been triply killed and there was not the slightest chance that she was alive, did the three veterinary surgeons approach and pronounce her dead.

Topsy was measured and it was recorded that she was ten feet tall and ten feet, eleven inches long. The autopsy was then performed on the spot. The heart and stomach were removed for the biology department at Princeton University. The taxidermist Hubert Vogelsang began skinning her. Some of the hide would be used to cover Thompson's office chair and two of the legs would be fashioned into umbrella holders. Thompson would tell people that the hide and leg came from the world-famous Jumbo. The head was buried in a remote, unmarked patch behind the stables.

The many witnesses to the electrocution concurred that Topsy had died without making a sound. There is no way of

knowing if, in those final instants, she had made one of those cries below the level of human hearing, which a scientist of the next millennium would term a contact call and explain as a simple message elephants in the wild send to other elephants across great distances of savannah and jungle. Such a cry would have carried past the gawkers and across the grounds and the beach beyond and out over the sea, fading to an unheard whisper over the waves.

"Here I am! Here I am! Where are you?" [Death] [Nature] [Cinema] [Spectacle] [Smell] [Sound]

Daly, N. cit.

Three elephants escaped from Coney Island's Luna Park in June 1904. One swam across the Lower Bay to Staten Island and was captured. The other two elephants, which allegedly had headed for Quogue, on Long Island, never were sighted.

Moscow, p. 95

Elephants were brought to the sands of Long Beach in the 1920s to haul pilings for the boardwalk.

Kornblum, p. 58.

Freedomland opens in the Bronx, June 1960. Billed as the 'world's largest entertainment area' (bigger than Disneyland), but quickly turns dystopian: A fire destroys several buildings before the opening and three gunmen have taken \$28,000 from the amusement park's office, escaping by boat up the Hutchinson River. Displays include replicas of Old New York and a Kansas Cornfield. Freedomland lasts only four years before being demolished to make room for Co-Op City in 1970.

Schiavi, p. 14.

It's not hard, not far to reach
We can hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach
Ramones, "Rockaway Beach."

Under any other conditions the Seaside Hotel would have been a flophouse. Because it had sand around the foundations and sometimes you could smell the ocean over the hot dogs and body odors, they called it a summer hotel. The corridors were cramped and warped, the carpet on the floor worn through in spots. Doors to the rooms hung from tired hinges, eager for the final siege of dry rot, when they could fall and lie there. I went down the hallway, keeping against the wall, the flash spotting the way. To one side a flight of stairs snaked down, the dust tracked with the imprints of countless rat feet. [Smell]

Spillane, p. 337.

Coney Island had several Communist party clubs, collectively known as the Coney Island section. [Marxism] [Unrest]
no.cit.

The problem the Coney Island entrepreneurs faced by the 1920s was that the rest of the culture was catching up. A long-time Coney Island resident would observe, 'Once upon a time Coney Island was the greatest amusement resort in the world. The radio and the movies killed. The movies killed illusions.'" [Cinema] [Dream City]
Kasson, p. 112.

And this is Coney Island on a quiet Sunday afternoon... a crowd of over a MILLION is usual and attracts no attention (I wonder who counts them). [Density]
Weegee, *Naked*, p. 176.

The summer crowd sleeping on the Coney Island beach after the lights went off: A muggy moon shown intermittently over us, its bleached rays painting in ghastly tone, the upturned faces of the sleepers. [Blackout]
Sharpe, pp. 192-3.

It was after midnight and jet black. One of those nights when the moon forgets to come out... but the sweethearts like that. I took my shoes off not to get sand in them and went walking in my stocking feet on the beach, being careful not to bump into any couples. I wouldn't want to disturb them for the world. Once in a while I would hear a giggle or a happy laugh, so I aimed my camera and took a picture in the dark using invisible light.

It was so still. Once in a while there would be a flicker of a match lighting a cigarette. Love making is so exhausting a happy kind of exhaustion... and a cigarette gives one a chance to rest up and hear the heartbeat of one's partner.

I walked nearer to the water's edge and stopped to rest against a Life Guard look-out. I thought I heard a movement from above so I aimed my camera high and took a photo, thinking it was a couple who liked to be exclusive and do their love making nearer the sky. When I developed the picture, I saw that the only occupant on the look-out had been a girl looking dreamily towards the Atlantic Ocean.

What was she doing there alone among all the lovers?
[Photography] [Voyeur]
Weegee, *Naked*, p. 180.

... Came the zero hour, 9 P. M. "Lights Out" and they did go out... In Coney Island the freaks inside the museums got a well-earned rest... what with doing a new show every fifteen minutes inside, and the bally outside... In Steeplechase Park the power was shut off the machine that throws up the girls' skirts as they pass... At the Baby Incubator side-show doctor was glad... he was slowly but surely being driven crazy by lady customers who kept pestering him with questions like "Where do you get the eggs from?" "How can I get a ticket for a premature?" "How can I have intercourse with this machine?" So Coney Island was dark... But the saloons remained open for business as usual. The patrons remained inside in the dark... and kept ordering fresh drinks by lighting matches so the waiters could see them... Someone sat down at the piano and started fooling around with the keys... "Play God Bless America," someone shouted the melody started on the piano and everyone joined in the chorus... but loud... people like to sing loud in the dark...

Ibid., p. 186.

O - Alcohol

New York, I tell you, was drunk to begin with. And man has done little to compensate for this original inebriety. Collins, p. 8.

New York landscapes express an amnesiac fluency, rendering everything liquid so as to carry it into oblivion.

Conrad, p. 232.

Robert Ripley liked to remind his readers that the word "Manhattan" in the language of the Indians who were its original inhabitants means "Place of Drunkenness."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 24

Manhattan *is* the place where we all got drunk.

Collins, pp. 8-9.

Fitzgerald ended an alcoholic rampage of his own on Fifth Avenue early one Sunday morning in 1919, and instigated a giddy parade by rolling empty champagne bottles down the roadway.

Conrad, p. 195.

wine drunkenness over the rooftops

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Oh mixologic cryptogram

It's the Manhattan-Cocktail!

Manhattan! Manhattan! Gechy Manitou!

Meyer, pp. 295-6

The cocktail is the product of a period when drinking is equated with style and art. The purpose remains the brain's annihilation; but the means to that obtuse end must be fantasticated and ritualized. Nature and its thirsty cravings must succumb, as at Van Vechten's Coney Island, to artifice. The same mutation occurs when Fitzgerald says the New York skyline is fabricated not from which is ordure, but from sugar. The cocktail is a liquid symbol of decadence in its contradiction between function (getting drunk) and form (doing so by tipping grenadine or honey or maple syrup). It corresponds to the sexual habits of Firbank's New Yorkers, who administer sadistic slaps with bouquets or with checkbooks. The instinctual urge,

complicated by optional extras and fetishistic detours,
turns toward perversity.

Conrad, p. 203

During Van Vechten's "splendid Drunken Twenties," New
York undergoes an imaginative liquidation.

N. cit.

Once de Kooning and Marisol drank together all night;
and the, about six in the morning, de Kooning thought the
pebbles in the street were floating about.

Stevens & Swan, p. 369.

In New York it is the cocktail hour. You have cocktails
at the homes of various friends after your day's work in
the city. Thirty people, fifty people, even more. You stand
up. It is impossible to carry on a conversation standing
up, for, in the middle of a phrase, a third person
intervenes, taps you on the shoulder and says "Hello!" It
is useless to go on trying, conversation is out of the
question. One cocktail leads to another, your blood warms
up, voices rise; the noise, annoying at first, becomes
intolerable. Everyone shouts and has an alcoholic smile.
Cudgel blows on spirits wearied by hard work in the city.
Decidedly, conversation is impossible.

Corbusier, p. 103.

The bar is the center of their apartments, and in its
shuttered and black-mirrored laboratory they toil over the
invention of new cocktails.

Conrad, p. 204.

Now, admittedly, mixed drinks are not paintings,
sculptures, novels, or poems. They are disposable and,
frankly, not a little bit disreputable, standing roughly in
the same relation to the culinary arts that American motor
sports do to automotive engineering or hot jazz to musical
composition: they smack of improvisation and cheap effects
and even the most august of them lack the cachet accorded
to fine wines, old whiskies, and cognac brandies. They are
easily abused; they can degrade lives and even destroy
them. Even if appreciated in moderation, they are
appreciated in surroundings that rarely lead to detached
meditation on truth and beauty (if those are not the same
thing) or constructive engagement with the great moral and
social questions of the age.

Wondrich, p. 10.

Larry Rivers once said to me, "I've often asked myself, what is a bar? It's a space that has liquor that's usually fairly dark, where you go for a certain kind of social interaction. It's not a dinner party. It's not a dance. It's not an opening. You move in a certain way through this space, over a period of time, and you begin to recognize faces that begin to recognize you. And you may have had experiences with some of these people before which you kind of pick up on in another way in this space."

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 234.

The Angle Bar with one door on Eighth Avenue and the other on 43rd Street.

Reay, p. 269.

The Zero Zero Club was a cellar joint off Sixth Avenue that buried itself among the maze of other night spots with nothing more than two aughts done in red neon to proclaim its location. But it was doing a lively business. It had atmosphere; plenty of it ... that's why they called it the Zero Zero. Both visibility and ceiling were wiped out with cigar smoke... Unlike most joints, there was no tinsel or chromium. The bar was an old solid mahogany job set along one wall and the tables were grouped around a dance floor that actually had room for dancing. The orchestra was set into a niche that could double as a stage for the floor show if necessary. The faces around me weren't those of New Yorkers. At least those of the men. Most could be spotted as out-of-towners looking for a good time... Yeah, the atmosphere was great, what you could see of it. The Zero Zero Club took you right back to the saloons of a Western mining camp and the patrons loved it.

Spillane, p. 215.

I found him in a dirty bar near Canal Street, his one hand cupped around a highball and his other hooked in his belt, in earnest conversation with a couple of kids who couldn't have been more than seventeen. Both of them looked like high-school seniors out to spend a week's allowance.

Spillane, p. 186.

Even from bars, like a Third Avenue bar-4 P.M. the men are all roaring in clink bonk glass brassfoot barrail "where ya goin" excitement.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 105

The British novelist Ford Madox Ford found that in New York, "few people object to your getting far drunker than a

lord at any [European] social gathering," while Lois Long noted Manhattanites' preference for "drinking without interruption in the smokiest place they could find."

Peretti. p. 12.

If you have never before seen a luxurious modern bar, this one of Tony's will interest you. It is a huge oval, occupying almost the entire front portion of the second floor space. Its polished black top, rimmed with stainless steel, rests on a base of contrasting natural woods. Little swivels stools, covered in beige leather, to match the color of the walls, are set all around. In the center, the oval back-bar, also done in beige and black, is a sparkling pyramid of vari-colored bottles. Eight bartenders in the white jackets of tradition are already busy, shaking and mixing. We are lucky to get seats. In a few minutes more customers will be clustered here three deep.

Hilder, p. 596.

Then one night I happened into a strange, equivocal place on Twelfth Street at Second Avenue. It was called the Clock Bar. The Clock had no regular crowd. It was not Bohemian or tough or Bowery. It was a place that anyone could happen in. The place was empty—except for you.

Reay, p. 92.

Crowd with alcoholic eyes
Beauduin, p. 283.

Albee on Julius's: "There was a saloon—it's changed its name now—on Tenth Street between Greenwich Avenue and Waverly Place... and they had a big mirror on the downstairs bar in this saloon where people used to scrawl graffiti. At one point back in about... 1954 I think it was—long before any of us started doing much of anything—I was in there having a beer one night, and I saw "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" scrawled in soap, I suppose, on this mirror." [Literature]

Edmiston, p. 99.

The camera shows the word "Elaine's" drawn on the glass of the restaurant, and moves inside, past patrons being shown to their seats, past the crowded, noisy, smoky tables.

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 182.

Nightlife

By 1920 the term "nightlife" was coined.
Peretti, p. 4.

A museum and a factory, New York in the 1910s and 1920s was a modern scene in action crying for comment, tantalizingly ready to express and be expressed. It was a photo shoot inviting models and masqueraders, a play in the vast business of being cast, a movie set calling those ready to live inside their own movie of New York.

[Simulacra] [Photography]
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 59.

In 1945, only one in fifteen New Yorkers had ever been to a nightclub and 92 percent were in bed by 10:30 p.m.
Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 166.

Five thousand people in New York go out several times a week.

Haden-Guest, p. xii.

An army of tens of thousands were moving through Nightworld.

*Ibid.*p. xii.

Thursday is New York's night out.
Trebay, p. 273.

Life in New York only begins to get really amusing around two-thirty. In Harlem the club Bamville was deserted on Sunday nights until about four A.M. when hordes began arriving for the Monday morning breakfast-dance.

Peretti, p. 7.

The whole mystique of the place was to make a person struggle to find it.

Haden-Guest, p. 5.

The nocturnal behavior centering on the nightclub districts posed a new challenge to the daytime norms of "respectable" New York culture. The presence of homosexuals and prostitutes was the most blatant indication that the night was a culturally alternate, liminal, or "inverted" time. [Bohemia]

Peretti, p. 8.

Fitzgerald: "It was characteristic of the Jazz Age that it had no interest in politics at all."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 18.

In this agitated metropolis nightlife joints sprout like jimsonweeds after a spring rain.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 233.

Most clubs had no windows at all.

Peretti, p. 10.

The nightclub disenchants New York. You pass the portals of a guarded house, leave the throngs in the Avenue, and straightway you are transported to another clime. You are in a village street in Millen, Georgia, with wisps of cotton blowing about. There is dancing in the village square... Old wooden lamp-posts stand round the square, with smoky kerosene lamps in the quaint lanterns above. Lamp-dazzled Emperor moths are on the wing, and float above in the dim light. Men and women sit about at tables, talking or listening or merely existing. Inside all is unreality, sentiment, indulgence and relaxation. New York has been banished. [Simulacra] [Psychogeography]

Peretti, p. 16.

By stepping into one of New York's nightclubs, one could suddenly be transported to an ocean liner, a Hungarian village, a pirate's den, an antebellum plantation, an old-fashioned Parisian café, an ultra-modern European casino, a bohemian tearoom, or a luxurious country club. [Simulacra] [Psychogeography]

Lerner, p. 140.

A smart girl in black with silver flowers on her hips selling dolls, the four strolling guitarists, and Guinan's "near-naked girls" who sang "a song about cherries."

Peretti, p. 12.

The magician at one nightclub "enthralles New Yorkers so sophisticated that they, apparently, have never been to a county fair in Dubuque and seen the shell game put over on the yokels."

Ibid., p. 10.

Ethnic motifs in the decor, personnel, and entertainment of nightclubs reflected the insecurities of native-born white Americans in an increasingly diverse society. These portrayals both fulfilled white customers' taste for exotic escapism and expressed their anxieties about the world outside nightclub walls. [Slumming] [Harlem]

Ibid., p. 17.

The lower type of dance-hall, the closed joint, is a direct lineal descendent of the old mining camp dive. Its main purpose is to give the unattractive man a chance to have a good time. And how unattractive some of them are! Some of the old sourdoughs could pass for Apollos beside them. To these places come the crippled, the outcasts, the pockmarked, and frequently Filipinos, who are extremely fond of the dance.

Walker, *Night Club*, p. 209.

Cool, cruel faces, gray with the night-club pallor, red, bloated faces, indicative of overstrained hearts, brown faces of outdoor men and alabaster faces of indoor ones. Faces of women, young faces and old ones, ugly and beautiful, stupid and daring. Keen, sophisticated faces beside blandly innocent ones.

Lerner, p. 143.

Van Vechten believes that the architectural mutability of New York contradicts the solid stony permanence most cities aim to possess. New York commits itself to a more promiscuous, truant element—"if a city may conceivably be compared to a liquid, it may be reasonably said that New York is a fluid: it flows." ... Pleasures well and gush there in streamy succession, catering to the insatiability of urban appetites. Among the most liquidly unstable sites mentioned by Van Vechten are those which trade in the watery elements, speakeasies and the business places of the bootleggers. [Prohibition]

Conrad, p. 232.

Prohibition

The night of January 16, 1920. Prohibition begins. As midnight approached the weather became terribly cold. A blistery wind swept around the corners. Derelicts huddled in hallways, and tried to sleep under piles of old newspapers. The blanketed horses arched their backs and hobbled along the icy pavements. Snowplows crunched through the streets. After midnight the temperature in the city went down to six degrees above zero.

Walker, *Night Club*, p. 2.

On the last night of legal drinking, New Yorkers crowded into corner saloons, into the cafes and supper rooms of

hotels, into hot spots along Broadway's roaring Forties, joylessly awaiting the midnight hour that would inaugurate a future of deprivation and drought. Prosperous citizens had stocked up on liquor at soaring prices, but even millionaires could not acquire supplies adequate to last a lifetime. As midnight approached, people drank copiously but solemnly. Some shed years over the extinction of all gaiety. Some pleaded for souvenirs of an epoch about to pass into history—a champagne class, an ice bucket.

Morris, Incredible, p. 294.

In New York City, before Prohibition, there had been 15,000 places where a man could get a drink. Shortly after Prohibition began, there were 32,000. Before Prohibition ended, there were more drinking places in the city than there had previously been in all New York State. Office bars appeared. Daytime drinking became the accepted thing in the Wall Street counting rooms. The twenty-four-hour consumption of the average downtown New Yorker rose during Prohibition from four fingers to fifteen.

Collins, p. 301.

Official estimates of the number of speakeasies in New York City as a whole ranged from twenty-two thousand to one hundred thousand.

Peretti, p. 10.

In one week during Prohibition, the Anti-Saloon League claimed, New Yorkers consumed 30 million quarts of draft beer, a million quarts of bottled beer and ale, a half-million quarts of whiskey, 75,000 quarts of gin, 76,000 quarts of brandy, 500 quarts of absinthe, 40,500 quarts of champagne, 60,000 quarts of wine, and nearly 500,000 quarts of other miscellaneous beers and liquors.

Lerner, p. 14.

The Adams Gum Company appealed to New Yorkers to try chewing gum as a replacement for their cocktails. Waving "Good-bye, Old Pal!" to the mixed drink, Adams's advertisements in the New York dailies promised that Chiclets, with their "exhilarating flavor that tingles the taste," would let drinkers forget all about alcohol.

Ibid, p. 50.

Names of alcohol-free "near bears" marketed during Prohibition: Bevo, Famo, Kippo, Yip, Bone Dry.

N. cit.

Saloons were selling alcohol disguised in soda bottles with fictitious names like "Moonland Moss."

Lerner, p. 58.

Prohibition transformed the familiar landscape of the city as bars disappeared from hotel lobbies to be replaced by lunchrooms, bank branches, and shops... Saloons were converted into grocery stores, cigar shops, or dry goods stores.

Ibid., pp. 51, 54.

Many restaurants considered watering down their famous wine selections to legal strength.

Ibid., p. 53.

Liquor was being sold openly from taxicabs.

Ibid., p. 58.

Bartenders were hiding miniature flasks of whiskey in cigar boxes, or concealing it in bottles attached to their belts like holsters.

Lerner, p. 58.

Though many hotels had closed their bars, their lobbies had become very popular with patrons desiring suspicious brews of "coffee" or "tea," curiously served without cream or sugar.

Ibid., p. 58.

In restaurants, patrons were seen drinking liquor out of teacups.

Ibid., p. 58.

Waiters had quickly mastered the art of exchanging flasks under tablecloths.

Ibid., p. 58.

A candy shop on Wythe Avenue in Brooklyn sold chocolate bunnies filled with whiskey.

Ibid., p. 58.

Farm trade journals reported 17,000 trainloads of grapes being shipped to New York, and estimated that only 20 percent were consumed as fruit.

Ibid., p. 58.

Wine-making was so common in the Italian quarters of New York that every fall the gutters in front of tenements and

storefronts would be stained red by the dregs from the process, and the women who worked in the local grocery stores would apologize for their grape-stained hands.

Ibid., p. 107

A Staten Island hearse was stopped carrying 60 cases of liquor.

Ibid., p. 58.

An olive oil dealer on Chrystie Street actually turned out to be selling rye in olive oil tins.

Ibid., p. 58.

Pharmacies, which could legally dispense prescription whiskey.

Ibid., p. 58.

One day in late winter which was so heavenly bright, all of New York with one accord pulled down the shades, illuminated its rooms with artificial light, and manufactured synthetic gin in a thousand bathtubs. [Light]

Van Vechten,, p. 174.

See what Prohibition has done—driven hard working, honest men to drinking wood alcohol.

Lerner, p. 86.

"Dry Americans" and "wet foreigners."... "Most of the aliens are lovers of wine, which they are unable to get under present conditions. As a result, they are changing their minds about America being the free country they thought it was and are going back now where they will be able to get their wine and beer unmolested."

Ibid., pp. 100, 108.

"wet" propaganda

Ibid., p. 152.

The defiance of Prohibition could be seen all over the city. In Little Italy, Greenwich Village, East Harlem, and sections of the Bronx, Italian workers still gathered in cafés to drink wine. In Jewish neighborhoods, cafés and restaurants freely sold wine, beer, and liquor to their patrons. In Harlem, grills and cafés remained open for business, with the traditional walnut or mahogany screens still covering their plate-glass windows to obscure the goings-on inside. One reporter argued that the only discernible difference between these Prohibition-era

saloons and their legal predecessors was that the traditional free pretzels had been replaced by potato chips.

Ibid., p. 101.

According to Manhattan lore, the originator of the interwar nightclub was a tall, sad-faced Irish-American named Larry Fay. A native to the island, Fay was a taxicab driver with a long record of traffic and parking violations who dabbled in controlling his own fleet of cars. In 1920 Prohibition had begun and speakeasies had sprung up to sell illegal liquor. That year, legend has it, Fay took on a bootlegger as a fare. They drove 400 miles to Montreal, where the passenger picked up a crate of liquor. Earning a sizeable wad of bills for his effort, Fay decided to buy his own cache of Canadian whiskey. On his return to Manhattan he sold it to speakeasies and scored a large profit. Fay first poured his liquor earnings into an effort to build the most distinctive taxicab fleet in the city. He outfitted his cabs with blinking lights, tune-playing horns, polished metallic trim, and inlaid black swastikas. His personnel director, a recently paroled thief named Owney Madden, hired tough and aggressive drivers and ran the racket, using threats to scare other cabbies away from railway stations and prestigious hotels. [Crime]

Peretti, p. 1.

Most of all, New Yorkers drank during Prohibition because drinking was a form of cultural rebellion against the heavy-handed moralism of the dry lobby and its insistence that all Americans adhere to the same social mores.

Lerner, p. 130.

Tex Guinan began wearing a charm bracelet made of tiny gold padlocks in a spirited show of defiance.

Ibid., p. 158.

Jimmy Walker called moral reformers, "the side-burned shock troops of reform." [Dandy]

Ibid., p. 163.

Under the initial terms of the Volstead Act, all households in the United States were entitled to an annual allowance of ten gallons of sacramental wine for religious use.

Ibid., p. 117.

Fraudulent rabbis inflated the sizes of their congregations to get more wine; sold wine to saloons; forged wine permits; took kickbacks from wineries; set up elaborate schemes to import wine illegally; or sold wine to gentiles using fake Jewish names.

Ibid., p. 121.

Newspaper headline: "Jews of City without Wine for Passover."

Ibid., p. 121.

The Dearborn Independent, a Michigan newspaper published by Henry Ford, a 1921 article claimed that "bootlegging is a 95 percent controlled Jewish industry in which a certain class of rabbis have been active." Mocking the provisions of the Volstead Act that allowed the use of sacramental wine, the paper insisted that "rabbinical wine" is a euphemism for whiskey, gin, Scotch, champagne, vermouth, absinthe, or any other kind of hard liquor.

Ibid., p. 122.

Robert Benchley had his first cocktail in 1921 in a speakeasy with playwright Robert Sherwood and Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald... Benchley once visited thirty-eight speakeasies and clubs in a single night.

Ibid., pp. 128-9.

Prohibition transformed Dorothy Parker into a drinker as legendary as Benchley.

Ibid., p. 129.

Men would surreptitiously ask for "ginger ale" in bars, hoping the bartender would respond with a wink and the query, "Imported or domestic?" If the customer wants imported ginger ale, and he is the right kind of customer, and he gets a regulation pre-Prohibition highball... When the diners requested two highballs, the waiter asked, "Do you know anybody?" The one guest pointed at his companion and replied with a smile, "I know him, and he knows me." With that, the waiter fetched the drinks for these, unmistakably, were true New Yorkers, qualified to be served.

Ibid., p. 134.

Have you observed, of late, how fastidious everyone has become in the matter of liquor? Not only a particular brand, but a definitive vintage and especially shaped bottle are now almost always demanded.

Ibid., p. 135.

Some speakeasies were tucked away in construction sites, hidden in apartment back rooms, disguised behind receptionists' desks in office buildings, or brazenly situated across from police precinct houses.

Ibid., p. 138.

Six white-coated fellows... lining the shakers up and down lustily to the tune of rattling ice... while the faintly sweet aroma of gin floated back through the crowd pressed against the rail. [Smell]

Ibid., p. 139.

"Gin" was often industrial alcohol mixed with glycerin and oil of juniper, while "scotch" was made from grain alcohol colored with prune juice, creosote, or Moxie.

Ibid., p. 139.

Prohibition song titles: "How Are You Going to Wet Your Whistle (When the Whole Damn World Goes Dry?)," "I Must Have a Little Liquor When I'm Dry," and Irving Berlin's "You Cannot Make Your Shimmy Shake on Tea."

N. cit.

The inlets of Long Island served as ports of call for small boats unloading liquor. Once in a while, bathers at Coney Island heard the boom of small cannon as the Coast Guard fired warning shots across the bows of unregistered speedboats suspected of carrying contraband whisky. Sometimes the whisky was dumped to lighten an unregistered vessel so it could make a fast getaway. To the delight of beachcombers from Coney Island to Montauk Point, 120 miles away from the eastern tip of Long Island, cases of whisky sometimes washed up on the sands. [Sound]

Mitgang, p. 33.

New York will be on a strict "water diet" within sixty days.

Lerner, p. 156.

Ladies' department stores in the district hawked whiskey and gin under code names like "red stockings" and "white stockings."

Ibid., p. 200.

Many African Americans looked to Prohibition as an important opportunity to prove the decency and "respectability" of their race.

Ibid., p. 201.

The community's moral guardians were called "Black Victorians."

Ibid., p. 200.

One African-American politician in neighboring Jersey City went so far as to suggest that if the Eighteenth Amendment were ever repealed, it would open the possibility for a repeal of the Thirteenth Amendment and a return to legal slavery in the United States.

Ibid., pp. 202-3.

Gin was considered the new "African-American national beverage."

Ibid., p. 203.

Open a book or newspaper of a few years ago and you will seek the term "speakeasy" in vain. It was born of Prohibition, but later than Prohibition. The speakeasy (the name suggests a whispered password) is a clandestine refreshment-bar selling spirits or wine. They must be visited to understand present-day New York. One must see a speakeasy, if only to avoid the places for the future—I know nothing so depressing. There are a few in the downtown streets, but they are mainly set up between Fortieth Street and Sixtieth Street; they are usually situated downstairs, and are identifiable by the large number of empty cars standing at their doors. The door is closed, and is only opened after you have been scrutinized through a door-catch or a barred opening. At night an electric torch suddenly gleams through a pink silk curtain. There is a truly New York atmosphere of humbug in the whole thing. The interior is that of a criminal house; shutters are closed in full daylight, and one is caught in the smell of a cremation furnace, for the ventilation is defective and grills are prepared under the mantelpiece of the fireplace. Italians with a too familiar manner, or plump, blue pseudo-bullfighters, carrying bunches of monastic keys, guide you through the deserted rooms of the abandoned house. Facetious inscriptions grimace from the walls. There are a few very flushed diners. At one table some habitués are asleep, their heads sunk on their arms; behind a screen somebody is trying to restore a young woman who has had an attack of hysteria, while an old gentleman with spectacles

is dancing all by himself. The food is almost always poor, the service deplorable; the staff regards you with the eyes of confederates and care not two pins about you. The Sauterne is a sort of glycerine; it has to go with a partridge brought from the refrigerator of a French vessel; the champagne would not be touched at a Vincennes wedding-party.

Yet the speakeasy pervades Manhattan with a fascinating atmosphere of mystery. If only one could drink water there! Some speakeasies are disguised behind florists' shops, or behind undertakers' coffins. I know one, right in Broadway, which is entered through an imitation telephone-box; it has excellent beer; appetizing sausages and Welsh rabbits are sizzling in chafing-dishes and are given to customers without extra charge; drunks are expelled through a side-door which seems to open out into the nether world, as in Chicago Nights. In the poorer quarters many former saloons for the ordinary people have secretly reopened. All these secret shrines are readily accessible, for there are, it is said, 20,000 speakeasies in New York, and it is unlikely that the police do not know them; I think myself that they are only forced to close down when they refuse to make themselves pleasant to persons in authority, or when they sell too much poison. Spirits have their market-quotations in New York, as fluctuating as those of the Stock Exchange; champagne averages forty dollars, cognac and gin twelve dollars, the bottle. The speakeasy is very popular in all classes of society; women go there gladly, even a few young girls, who at least provide a diversion for the Frenchman, who is not accustomed to American habits of drinking.

[Smell]

Morand, pp. 509-17.

It isn't very exciting here? No, it's not supposed to be; in fact, it's supposed not to be. But what sort of excitement did you expect? A shooting? They do have shootings and some speakeasies, not in the best ones; at least, not as a general thing.

Hilder, p. 591.

The Manhattan anchorage of the Brooklyn Bridge was used as a storage place for European liquors. The cellars, entered from 209 William Street, were sealed during Prohibition.

WPA, p. 314.

City records for 1901 show that the 'Luyties Brothers' paid \$5,000 for wine storage in a vault on the Manhattan

side. "A. Smith & Company" paid \$500 a year from 1901 until 1909 for a vault on the Brooklyn side.

Schneider, " N. pag.

The Brooklyn Bridge's arches' interiors are damp, gloomy vaults and are weirdly medieval in appearance, especially the abandoned wine cellars behind the studded heavy steel doors in the arch at North William Street, just off the rear of the old World Building. The arches and the crooked little streets that bend and twist around them give that part of town something of the look of medieval Prague. When you get down into the wine cellars and away from the sound, you're in a "Cast of Amontillado" setting. The damp drips, walls glitter, footfalls echo, shadows distort on ancient vaults.

There's a brief history of the bridge wine cellars on one of the deep inner walls. It's patch and flaked with painted vine trellises all around it crawling up the wet walls. It says: "Legend of Oechs Cellars: These cellars were built in 1876, about seven years prior to the official opening of Brooklyn Bridge in 1883. From their inception they housed the choicest wines in New York City."

[Antiquity] [Medieval]

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 355.

Historic Wine Cellars Reopened After Dry Era
Corks Pop in Vaulted Passageways Far Below Roaring
Traffic as Liquor Firm is Handed Keys in Ceremony.

NEW YORK, July 11—You step off the subway at Brooklyn Bridge, turn sharp left through and underground passageway and pass through a cave-like door into medieval France.

As far ahead as you can see stretch vaulted passageways, dimly glowing in a subdued light, and from floor to ceiling are stacked cases upon cases of champagne, sparkling Burgundies, brandies, liquors, rare vintages of the old world.

These are the wine cellars of Anthony Oechs & Co. under the roaring traffic of Brooklyn bridge, under the trolleys and elevators, the brass-buttoned policemen and shrieking newsboys, the hurrying millions that scuttle back and forth on the surface.

A few hundred lucky citizens were invited to visit the historic cellars today to witness the ceremony in which Aldermanic President Bernard S. Deutch turned over the key to the Oechs company. Since Prohibition the ancient cellars have been used for storing city tools. And before that they were used by the now defunct "Evening World" for storing newsprint.

New Yorkers of another generation remember the cellars, which were built in 1876, 7 years before the erection of Brooklyn Bridge, and which housed the wine stores of Rackey's wine establishment and Luyties & Co.

In a niche at the entrance is a shrine of the Virgin Mary, brought from the Pol Rogers cellars in Epernay. The walls of the vaulted labyrinths are embellished with mottos in French, German, and Italian.

And on the arched entrances to the various wine cellars are titles—Avenue Sichel Bordeaux, Avenue Les Deux Oefs, Avenue Regoud, Avenue Des Chateaux Haut Brion.

Visitors crowded the taproom this afternoon, musicians played Viennese waltzes, champagne corks popped and nobody remembered that above the trolleys and the elevators, the automobiles and the rushing pedestrians still hurried back and forth across Brooklyn Bridge.

Pittsburgh Post, p. 24.

Corner drug-stores will supply bad gin to people who are well enough known to them.

Wilson, "Leaving New York" p. 478.

The hazards of Sumatra are no worse than the poison liquor and the automobiles here in New York.

Conrad, p. 213.

Bootleggers were the real modernists.

Charyn, p. 68.

Names of speakeasies: The Bombay Bicycle Club, The Town and Country Club, Tony's, Michael's, Louis', 300 Club, El Fey Club, Landmark Tavern, Club Intime, Casa Blanca, Connie's Inn, Jack and Charlie's, The Red Head, Club Frontón,

N. cit.

Almost without exception, every house, on both sides of the street, was a speak, and the after-dark traffic on this single block was always more congested than that on any so-called "residential" cross street in Manhattan.

[Congestion] [Traffic]

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 325

The "21" Club: the atmosphere was one of aristocratic elegance, and you would not have surmised that this dignified resort concealed defenses as elaborate as those of a fortress, or electrically controlled devices of such remarkable ingenuity that, in the event of a raid,

strategic sections of wall could be made to turn and disappear.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 326.

At the 21 Club during Prohibition a button was pressed when the premises were raided, and all the bottles in the bar would at once crash through a trapdoor and shatter on rocks. A sandpit absorbed the spillage.

Conrad, p. 288.

One establishment decorated its walls "with a translation of the skyline of New York into terms of bottles." [Panorama]

Peretti. p. 10.

Spy-holes, moving shutters, padlocks, chains, bars, [and] a password might be used. False wall panels, electric dumbwaiters, and drains underneath the bartender's work space allowed for the quick disposal of liquor in case of raids. (cf. Williams and Noël: George Macuinas' elaborate escape labyrinth from his Wooster St. lair. [Downtown])

Ibid. p. 11.

I hope you enjoyed the dinner as much as I did. Considering that it was prepared and served by the out law employees of a pair of outlaws, it seems to me to have been a not uncivilized production. The barbaric feature was the fact that Prohibition, which is supposed to make it impossible, and protection which made it possible combined to make it three times as expensive as it should've been.

Ibid. p. 11.

La Guardia: "I'm making beer."

Patrolman Mennella: "All right."

La Guardia: "Why don't you arrest me?"

Mennella: "I guess that's a job for a Prohibition agent if anybody."

La Guardia: "Well, I'm defying you. I thought you might accommodate me."

Ibid. p. 257.

Sales of beer are legalized after 14 years of Prohibition. Schaefer Brewing company has anticipated Repeal by launching an advertising campaign with the slogan, "Our hand has never lost its skill."

Trager, p. 480.

Parties

I want to give a really bad party. I want to give a party where there's a brawl and seductions and people going home with their feelings hurt and women passing out in the cabinet de toilette.

Fitzgerald, *Tender* p. 30.

Nobody had time to sleep. Everybody had about five careers. What I learned from them was the Dickens Principle—it was the best of times, it was the worst of times, but it was *our* times, and we owned them with our youth, our energy, our good will, our edginess. So let's party. Under the Dickens Principle everything was a party. Poetry was a party. Work was a party. When I put out a new issue of *Fuck You / A magazine of the Arts* and there was a night long collating session at Peace Eye, sitting lotus posture in front of stacks of pages with Peter and Julius Orlovsky and Barbara Rubin—that was a party. Fugs rehearsals were a party. Even demonstrations and long meeting planning the revolution.

Sanders, *Beatnik* p. 365.

It was a good party, you could tell by the part barometer man, Andy Warhol. All the stars were crushing in, bubbly, perfumed, crackling with sparks, but the host was just looking melancholy. And when he wasn't looking wistful he was looking bored and sullen. He even yawned a few times.

Mueller, p. 286.

Rosalie Keith was celebrated for giving the worst parties in New York, but despite this undesirable reputation she never ceased giving them and people continued to go to them. It is impossible to persuade people not to go to a party in New York, particularly if there are uninvited and English.

Van Vechten, p. 63.

Who could tell anymore what was fashionable and what was fun?

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 4.

A swirl of excited nothingness.

Ibid., p. 22

Now it's New York itself which is being consumed-worn, drunk, eaten by a populace of partygoers.

Conrad, p. 193.

Tad's mission in life is to have more fun than anyone else in New York City, and this involves a lot of moving around, since there is always the likelihood that where you aren't is more fun than where you are.

McInerney, p 2.

The trouble with inviting every suspect in New York to a party is that they tend to come.

McCourt, p. 106.

The labor of social supremacy is no longer worth the scant glory.

Irwin, *Highlights*, p. 222.

Is great New York to become the final citadel of an enduring youth, the only creatures strong enough to live in it?

Reisenberg, p. 95.

At a large party, Frank lost his temper when a former friend, an art critic, pursued him all evening in an effort to get back in his good graces. "Listen," Frank finally exploded, his voice loud enough so that half of the party heard him, "there are eight million people in New York and I like about ten of them and you're not one of them."

Lesueur, N. pag.

In an era when parties were a way of life, all I could think of was: "Too bad I missed this one."

Naumann, *New York Dada*, p. 6.

Studio 54

Over the dance floor, tubes studded with light bulbs, Flash Gordon style, were rising and descending and, higher yet, the spoon made its rhythmic journeys to the insatiable nose of the Man in the moon, discharging a fizz of light.

Haden-Guest, p. xiii.

The beat of disco, which is very close to that of the human heartbeat.

Ibid. p. xiii.

Dancers washed in the surf of sound, dappled and splashed by light, shedding the dull gravitational tug of

quotidian life, losing themselves in what is at once a voyeuristic jostle, like a fairground, and a domain of the self-absorbed.

Ibid. p. xiii.

Vladimir Horowitz on the floor of Studio 54, protecting his valuable eardrums with wads of cotton.

Ibid. p. xiv.

Fashion models and demi-señoriatas who could be counted upon to pop a perky nipple as they threw themselves into choreographed frenzies on the dance floor; also those who had painted themselves silver, or gold, or costumed as pharaohs, cucumbers, or Angels of Death; to say nothing of such Studio-famous characters as Rollerena, supposedly a prim Wall Streeter by day, a dreamboat by night in a wedding dress and roller skates; and the man who danced with the lifelike marionette; and Miriam, the woman (by day a substitute teacher) in the see-through wedding-dress; and the septuagenarian pretty girl, Disco Sally. Finally, there would have been, as always, a handful of souls who felt that the sight of their naked genitalia should be a source of wonder and delight.

Ibid. p. xiv.

You would look around and you'd see somebody's back. And then you'd see little toes twinkling behind their ears.

Ibid. p. xiv.

A warm body and a toot of cocaine.

Ibid. p. xii.

To me it was about freeing the body. The girls would take off their tops and dance.

Ibid. p. xii.

I don't know if it was heaven or hell. But it was it was wonderful.

Ibid. p. xii.

Here are Elizabeth Taylor and Betty Ford, each wearing something diaphanous, each with a bodyguard, wearing Truly Bad Hair; here is Michael Jackson with an Afro and Michael Jackson in pale shantung and an ascot; here is Steve Rubell dancing with Margaret Trudeau, her eyes wide and heavy-lidded, like those of a succubus; here are Barry Diller and Rod Stewart in the DJ booth; and here is Christine

Brinkley, with permanently sideswept hair, as though being escorted by her own personal wind tunnel.

Ibid. p. xiii.

They seldom looked happy. They passed one another without a word, in the elevator, like silent shades in hell, hell-bent on their next look from a handsome stranger. Their next rush from a popper. The next song that turned their bones to jelly and left them all on the dance floor with heads back, eyes nearly closed, in the ecstasy of saints receiving the stigmata. They pursued these things with such devotion that they acquired, after a few seasons, a haggard look, a look of deadly seriousness. Some wiped everything they could off their faces and reduced themselves to blanks.

Ibid. p. xiii.

Before it was Studio 54, it was owned by CBS and called Studio 53... The concept of the studio—moveable sets, the actors being the audience, the audience being the actors... A former theater as a club.

Ibid. p. xiii.

It is a Manhattan myth, a chunk of urban folklore, that Studio 54 never had a dull moment after Bianca rode the horse.

Ibid., p. xiii.

Andy Warhol's fashionable silkscreen portraits of the 70s had been widely pooh-poohed by the high art world and he was wistfully aware that he wasn't seen as being in the same league as his fellow popsters like Roy Lichtenstein. In Studio, and he was famous artist. Halston, once a household name at a grandee level, now became a household name in trailer camps and retirement homes. The vehicle for Halston's re-ascent was Studio 54.

Ibid, p. 56.

You would see a little piece of glitter in her hair and you know he had been at Studio 54 the night before.

Ibid., p. 51.

People would say to me, 'Where do you live?' I would say, 'I live at Studio 54.'

Ibid., p. 57

The lords of the door were aware of their might.

Ibid., p. 59.

Barry White, yeah. Isaac Hayes, sure. James Brown, absolutely.

Ibid., p. xx.

With gardenias behind their ears and Tuinal smiles.
[Drugs]

Ibid., p. 4.

A Chinatown Mall is a Chinatown Mall. When you enter the fluorescent lights glare at you and suddenly you're surrounded by hundreds of brightly colored posters of happy Chinese women, children and cartoons. The place smells like musty plastic and everything looks old. There are trinkets everywhere. Up the escalator everything gets darker and the bass is pumping. Even early on everyone is dancing to a familiar beat, and they can't help it. That's what Disco does. [Smell]

"She'll Be," N. pag.

A very Queens-type club The problem was the landing pattern at Kennedy airport. The jet planes would go right the hell over this place and there would be this tremendous noise every fifteen seconds. So they just pumped up the music. [Noise]

Haden-Guest, p. 18.

The sheer look of things was going to be important in the new disco palaces. Some elements would be nostalgic, like the disco balls themselves, and some, like Infinity's neon penis, would be borrowed from the gaudy over-the-topness of burlesque shows, the Vegas aesthetic. Others would be taken from Nightworld's arsenal of special effects, like the strobe, borrowed from fashion photography, which caught dancers in a snowblind dazzle, freezing them, moment by moment, like a Muybridge photo strip, and like the luminescent spermatozoa that used to slip over the walls, ceiling, and revelers during the classic light shows of the sixties. [Photography]

Ibid., pp. 12-13.

The "Translator" coded music into electrical pulses that activated a flashing light system, fulfilling a project of the Decadents of the nineteenth century, who had dreamed of sense swapping—Rimbaud's colored vowels and the scent organ of Huysmans.

Ibid., p. 13.

Paradise Garage was a gigantic warehouse to Varick on King Street. One has to walk awhile before one gets to the entrance, like walking on an airport tarmac during the night. Once inside there would be a blue haze of smoke amidst tons of sweaty people either socializing or dancing. It was a place where our mental state and the music created that tingle that lasts awhile.

Frisa, p. 167.

The elevator door opens directly into the loft, which is roughly the size of a Midwestern state and at least as populous. There are windows on three sides and mirrors on the fourth. A bar and buffet is set up at one end. The dance floor is down at the other end, somewhere near New Jersey.

McInerney, p. 172.

Lots of sniffing going on in the stalls.

Ibid., p. 5.

At four-thirty in the morning, when I played 'Last Dance,' the people were in tears. In tears.

Haden-Guest, p. xxi.

P - Drugs

Junk

Burroughs: "Heroin was \$28 an ounce in the 1920s. Actually there was more morphine on the street rather than heroin. In the 1920s they brought in morphine. Then heroin came in in the late 1920s. Heroin is now about \$9,000 an ounce, so imagine from \$28 an ounce to \$9,000 and junk turns out to be a model for inflation, being the most inflated item. A friend of mine... who did time on Rikers Island in the thirties, told me the guards came in every morning with a shoebox full of heroin decks at fifty cents a deck. On one deck you could stay loaded all day and do the time standing on your head. With junk you are immune to boredom and discomfort... Now there's good heroin on the street again and you can maintain a habit for \$12 a day."

Bockris, *Burroughs*, pp. 111-2.

In the 1930s, the word *smack* for heroin originates on the Lower East Side from *schmecker*, the Yiddish word for taste.

Patterson, *Resistance*, p. 240.

It was in 1948—January—during a siege of severe New York winter weather. It had snowed for several days—stopped—clearing up—growing milder the snow melting into dirty slush then becoming intensely cold—snowing again... At night the city streets became even more deserted with only a few to be seen on Forty-second Street—probably one of the busiest streets of any city in the world—a few like myself living in cafeterias—sleeping in the all-night movies—staying away from the cops on their beats—who were angry to be out... walking through the underground tunnels down toward Penn Station—through the station into the rest rooms—sitting on the toilets sleeping—sometimes writing—looking to pick up someone who had money and wanted sex—and was willing to pay for it—anxious only for a place to sleep take a bath—shave—obtain clean clothing—even food. Maybe steal a suitcase—roll a stray drunk—meet a friend—talk—make it until the morning and a cheap movie. I had been living in this manner since shortly after the beginning of the New Year. I was broke—hungry most of the time—poorly clad for contesting the rage of the elements—staying awake using Benzedrine inhalers—occasionally smoking pot—somehow maintaining a junk habit—just managing to keep straight enough not to collapse completely—stealing—ready to make a

dollar at anything—always looking for a good take—something big enough to allow me a chance for a bed of my own—a place to live or at least die in out of the cold—not to be found crouched—a corpse in the doorway. I wanted to die and I felt I was dying—could observe death feeding on me—see it in the pallor of my skin—the patches of oozing sores on my chin and face—the tiny red flecks in the whites of my eyes—in the way my skull showed through my skin at the temples—and I could smell it from my dirt-coated bleeding feet—from my crotch—from my clothing.

Reay, p. 226.

Smack was in effect the avant-garde of drugs, the ultimate high, the total rejection of the square world and its bustling work ethic... It was no coincidence that jazz and heroin appeared in the same place. The common factor was the Mafia, who both ran the international heroin trade and owned or backed many of the jazz clubs... Heroin's reputation as the coolest complement to the coolest new music would carry through the rock and punk rock decades.

Strausbaugh, p. 285.

The brands of heroin most actively hawked Wednesday afternoon, June 9, 1982, on 3rd Street east of Avenue C were Red Tape and Yellow Tape and Buddha.

Trebay, p. 202.

As the geologist looking for oil is guided by certain outcroppings of rock, so certain signs indicate the near presence of junk. Junk is often found adjacent to ambiguous or transitional districts: East Fourteenth near Third in New York.

Burroughs, p. 227.

There's no night (except for Sunday, when the Street is eerie and dead) when you can't walk from Fourth Avenue to Second Avenue on Fourteenth Street without at least half a dozen ballcap-wearing, pinpoint-eyed junkies asking you if you want downers. The price list fluctuates with supply: Placidyl usually go for 2.50; Valium, 75 cents; Tuinal, \$3; Elavil, \$2 on Fourteenth Streets, with a 25 percent markup for rock show nights.

Jacobson, p. 108.

Avenues of pushers and between 3rd and 2nd Avenues—it's hot like wall-to-wall body tension, like people waiting for a connection somewhere in that wall of sound and flash.

Wojnarowicz, p. 25.

One day when L. went to buy heroin on 3rd Street, as he often did, he was hijacked. That was not unusual either, but this time the thieves maneuvered him into an abandoned building and took not just his money but also every shred of his clothing. He was forced to make his way home naked. Fortunately he only lived about ten blocks away.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 111.

About that time, it was getting very, very popular to be a junkie on the Lower East Side. In the morning you would see people lined up, like for a hit movie—in a line fifty feet deep—with people that sold the dope running up and down the line saying, "Have your money ready, we'll be open in ten minutes." You know, "No singles, you gotta have fives or tens." And they would have a menu, like, "Today we have brown dope, white dope, and cocaine." You know, "Got somethin' special today, you're all gonna be real happy"... Sometimes it was very scary copping at the dope house—you'd go to these abandoned buildings, you'd go in, it was completely dark, and you'd climb a stairway where half the steps were missing. You can't see ANYTHING at all, complete darkness, then you'd get to the landing and there'd be one candle on each floor. You'd climb two or three stories, then suddenly, BAAM, you'd run into someone—there's all these people—there's now a line of two hundred people going up the stairs. So you'd wait in line in complete darkness, while some motherfucker would say, "Stay in line!" Everybody would be real quiet, because they wanted their dope. When you finally got to the top of the stairs, there would be a guy behind the door. There'd just be a little hole in the door. You'd put your money in the hole, and say the initial, C or O, if you wanted either coke or dope. Then you'd get a little bag back, and get the fuck outta there, hoping they'd say, "Green light." That meant you could walk out, there was no cops on the street. If they said, "Red light," then you had to stay in there and that was really scary, but it wasn't until years later I realized that was a big part of the rush.

McNeil, pp. 209, 210.

I'd walk through abandoned buildings where the Stations of the Cross had been set up or where people were having sex, creeping by headless animals, half-humans doing all kinds of drugs, used condoms, used tampons, discarded panties, *Naked Lunch*-sized cockroaches.

Schmitz, pp. 270-4.

The outer chaos was considerable. When I first moved in, a soda joint called The Haven was in full operation in the neighborhood as probably the largest downtown retail distribution center for every known variety of drugs. Sunday mornings, going out to get the paper at nine or ten o'clock, I'd see the flotsam and jetsam of the night before strewn around Sheridan Square and West Fourth Street, kids barely able to walk, kids draped over fenders or nodding out in doorways, blank, lost looks on their faces. I had a sunlit vision of hell.

Hamilton, p. 96.

The junk scene was just like the sex, it was all a lark. I mean, it still had this "nice" taint of the forbidden, yet at the same time nobody really thought of it as dangerous.

McNeil, p. 210.

You could get a bag of dope for three bucks. That's what the standard price was. We'd cop on the corner of Twelfth Street and Avenue A. There was a crowd of about ten or twenty Puerto Rican children, about the age of thirteen, who were the runners. So we'd give them three bucks and they'd bring back a bag.

Ibid., p. 212.

Junkies were always the hungriest, the hurtingest; they almost kind of *defined* New York Despair.

Meltzer, p. 188.

By 1989, heroin had become my sole occupation as well as my one solace in the nonstop clang of a city that clearly had no use for me.

Kopasz, p. 243.

One day something fell out of an old book, the business card of a beauty parlor that had stood on Avenue C near Third Street, probably in the 1920s. I marveled at it, unable to picture something as sedate as a beauty parlor anywhere near that corner, by then a heroin souk.

Sante, "My Lost City," n.pag.

Heroin: "If Alphabet City was a candy store, then Harlem was a supermarket."

Kopasz, p. 250.

Those cold, junk-sick mornings in Alphabet City and East Harlem, crying, crying in the gray rain, begging me to get

my white ass back out on the street and hustle, scratch up some money or back a few bags or get to work, but for Christ's sake, do something... those mornings when every tree was bare even if the air was warm... those sickly mornings of rain and grinding noise held a terrible, immutable, extracting beauty that I cannot accurately describe. It was something close to the pain of pure desire.

Ibid., p. 252.

People were either gay or sharing needles or both.
Schmitz, p. 270.

This particular party was for his birthday, at the apartment he shared with his lovers, Alice and Tom. All his loyal friends were there, the famous, the infamous, the washouts, the successful rogues, and the types who only have fame after they die. They were the representatives of the New York alternative subculture, the people who went to sleep at dawn. And never held a nine to five job because they were too odd looking, or sassy, or over qualified. Because Sam had an MFA degree, he never had any money, but he always gave great parties... never pretentious ones, always wild ones. He wasn't short handed with the food or liquor.

It wasn't even midnight but the party was already jamming and jumping. Alice hadn't even gotten around to lighting the candles on her attempted Cordon Bleu birthday cake when I noticed Sam thanking a rock star for a very small birthday present, one of the many very small presents he'd received all night, yet another glassine bag of heroin, his drug of choice.

Mueller, p. 155.

Heroin makes you real smart, huh?
McNeil, p. 164.

Using heroin was like taking a vacation a few days a week.

Ibid., p. 166.

She was a prostitute, I was a Ramone, and we were both junkies.

Ibid., p. 200.

Up to Lexington, 125 / Feel sick and dirty, more dead than alive

Velvet Underground, "Waiting"

And the worst thing is, the worst thing about junkies, is they are so BORING. They sit around and talk about junk. As if there were anything to say about it.

McNeil, p. 381.

"They call this a light show?" Paul said, looking at the stage during the Airplane's act, where they had projections from the glass with fluid on it. "I'd rather sit and watch a clothes dryer in the laundromat."

A lot of friction developed between Bill Graham and us. It was just the difference between New York and San Francisco attitudes. What was funny was that Graham's business style was New York—the fast, loud-mouth operator kind of thing—but then what he was saying were San Francisco flower child things. The end came when we were all standing around in the back of the Fillmore watching some local band onstage. Paul was continuing the same type of LSD put-down commentary that he'd been making all day—comments that I could see were really rubbing Graham the wrong way.

"Why don't they take heroin?" Paul suggested, pointing to the group on stage. "That's what all the really good musicians take." Graham didn't say anything, he just fumed. Paul knew he was driving him good and crazy so he kept it up. "You know, I think I'm really all for heroin, because if you take care of yourself, it doesn't affect you physically." He took a tangerine out of his pocket and peeled it in one motion, letting the peels fall on the floor. "With heroin you never catch cold—it started in the United States as a cure for the common cold."

Paul was saying everything he could think of to offend Bill Graham's San Francisco sensibility, but in the end it was dropping the tangerine peels on the Fillmore floor—which he had done totally unconsciously—that brought on the showdown. Little things mean a lot. Graham stared down at the peels, and he got livid. I don't remember his exact words, but he started yelling—things like:

"You disgusting germs from New York! Here we are, trying to clean up everything, and you come out here with your disgusting minds and whips!" Things along that line.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 213-14.

Speed

By then he was taking so much amphetamine. He had the classic symptom: intense concentration, but only on minutiae. That's what happens to you on speed—your teeth

might be falling out of your head, the landlord might be evicting you, your brother might be dropping dead right next to you, but, you would have to, say, get your address book recopied and you couldn't let any of that other stuff "distract" you.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 73-73.

We cut across the black underbelly of the Manhattan animal, and wherever we cut, its colorful guts tumbled out: hippies, hustlers, hookers, heroin users, they trickled into the streets collecting in pools at the corners waiting to be pumped through the veins of the city. When we stumbled onto the sidewalk I had no idea where we were. I don't even think we paid the driver, he was so happy to get rid of us. My teeth were banging on my gums—we want out, we hate you. As he pulled me into an expensive brownstone I wondered if Ronnie could hear my teeth yelling.

Inside, all the queens and queers were in one room. It was painted gold, and it was vibrating, humming like a great nest of wasps. Beads of every description were all over the floor, in different-sized containers on the tables, and hanging on the walls in every kind of necklace imaginable. The electric lights were blaring, forcing the occupants of the room to wear sunglasses that only added to their insect-like appearance. Each bug held a big fat needle, and you knew they were shooting up; but every time you looked at them, they pretended to string beads, with smiles that fooled nobody. Rotten Rita grinned, and a rotten tooth fell out of his head. Without missing a beat, he strung it onto his necklace. Orion was wearing jeweled chicken bones about her throat. She also had glued her hand to the arm of a chair and with a smile, she removed it like a glove. [City as Body]

Wornov, p. 93.

"Don't go near the windows," they hummed, laying out two giant lines of white powder that I greedily snorted.

"Beware of the windows, darling," they smiled, laying out two more big fat lines. I couldn't believe my luck.

"No, no, don't touch those windows," they snickered as the drug took hold and stringing beads became my life.

Oh yes, the bead stringing was absolutely fierce, with the necklaces growing in size. Yes, yes, this was a very competitive group—who could make the biggest collar. The buzzing increased, the weak dropped back, pushed into corners where they were relegated to gathering and sorting stray beads. I heard them talking about me out of the corner of my ear.

They were after me, but I just kept stringing. It didn't matter anyway. I wasn't even thinking of them—what I was worried about were my teeth. What happens to them when they come out? Is there much blood? I mean, blood shooting from the empty sockets in my gums, or will they simply drop out with a little dust? I've had dreams about this, where my teeth were loose and I spent all night holding them in place.

I hadn't said anything for four hours, afraid to unclench my jaw. The race to string the biggest necklace intensified. Silverware, records, anything was pounced on and incorporated into the decorative noose we were all weaving for our group suicide. Along with squeals of humming and droning, huge beads were rolled across the floor. Shiny gelatinous encrusted goo hung from the walls in various lengths.

Ibid., p. 97

I stopped drifting. What was it? I had seen something. Everything was still, just the dry bead stringing noises, the scraping needles, the insects were happy; then I saw it again.

Ibid., p. 104.

Ondine, master seamstress that he was, leaned into the mirror before me and shot up right in his eyeball. I almost puked into the sink.

Murmurs fluttered, the word was passed, "Shot up in his eye," and we all took it as an omen that a particularly intense high was ahead of us—all except Andy. He was oblivious, buzzing along on his own little yellow pills. He liked to be next to things, feel the energy, but he didn't want to know what was really going on, and we were very discreet. Yes, to the normal eye it looked as if everybody simply had an extreme bowel disease, but to us a bathroom became a temple of porcelain and tile, the inner sanctum of bodily functions where only the initiated were allowed, where the dealer held communion, and ritual held sway.

Ibid., p. 104.

We called them gray people, unfortunates who had lost their souls to get high. All they wanted was to be the one closest to the door, but one twitch from the animal and they scattered along the ground like wingless birds, scuttling into the corners of the room where they tried to look like furniture so no one would throw them out. We had no sympathy for them. To regain their human form all they had to do was leave, the only thing they could not do.

Instead they hovered, searching our eyes for the flicker of recognition that would turn them from ghosts into people again.

Ibid., p. 150.

"You promised me a shot." No one looked at anyone. No one spoke. "You promised me a shot!" Quickly everyone moved away, leaving Ann's exposed mouth opening and shutting on the floor. It was unheard of for a ghost to speak. "Where's my shot?"

Only Rita moved towards Ann, smiling cordially. "Oh, did I promise you that? Thanks for reminding me." He pulled out a giant horse syringe. I had never seen anything so big—the needle itself must have been nine feet long.

"You're right, I have your shot right here. Shall we?" His other hand pointed to the bathroom.

Most people used only one word to describe Rita, and that word was evil. He was the dealer, and a lousy dealer at that. Trying to cop from Rita was a nightmare. His apartment was a bare room with several glaring sunlamps and one black chair that he would sit in, telling you to make yourself comfortable. In the dead of winter people would be sweating in there. If you didn't have sunglasses it was hard to stay, but he would start insisting that before you score you might like to watch his lover, Birdie, sit on a Coke bottle.

Ibid., p. 156.

The Factory A-men were mostly fags (they knew each other originally from Riis Park in Brooklyn), except for the Duchess, who was a notorious dyke. They were all incredibly skinny, except for the Duchess, who was incredibly fat. And they all mainlined, except for the Duchess, who skin-popped. All this I only found out later, because at the time I was very naïve—I mean, if you don't actually see a person shooting up, you don't believe they could really be doing it. Oh, I'd hear them call someone on the wall pay phone and say, "Can I come over?" and then they'd leave and I'd just assume they were going to pick up some amphetamine. But where they went I never knew. Years later I asked somebody who'd been around a lot then where exactly all the speed had been coming from, and he said, "At first, they got all their speed from Rotten, but then his speed got so bad he wouldn't even touch it himself, and from then on, everybody got it from Won-Ton." That was a name I'd heard a lot, but I'd never laid eyes on him. Won-Ton was really short and barrel-chested and he never left his apartment—he always answered the door in the same shiny

satin latex royal blue Jantzen bathing suit. That was all he ever wore." Was he a fag?" I asked. "Well"—this person laughed—"he was living with a woman, but you got the idea he'd do anything with just about anybody. He worked in construction—he had something to do with the Verrazano Bridge." But where did Won-Ton get the speed? "That was something you just didn't ask."

Amphetamine doesn't give you peace of mind, but it makes not having it very amusing. Billy used to say that amphetamine had been invented by Hitler to keep his Nazis awake and happy in the trenches, but then Silver George would look up from the intricate geometric patterns he was drawing with his Magic Markers—another classic speed compulsion—and insist that it had been invented by the Japanese so they would export more felt-tip pens. Anyway, they both agreed that it hadn't been invented by any Allies.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 79-81.

Generally speaking, girls were still pretty chubby, but with the new slim clothes coming in, they all went on diets. This was the first year I can remember seeing loads of people drink low-calorie sodas. (Amazingly, lots of the people who got thinner looked better and younger ten years later at the end of the sixties than they had at the beginning. And of course, tits and muscles were on the way out along with fat, because they bulged too much in clothes, too). Since diet pills are made out of amphetamine, that was one reason speed was as popular with Society women as it was with street people. And these Society women would pass out the pills to their whole family, too—to their sons and daughters to help them lose weight, and to their husbands to help them work harder or stay out later. There were so many people from every level on amphetamine, and although it sounds strange, I think a lot of it was because of the new fashions—everyone wanted to stay thin and stay up late to show off their new looks at all the new clubs.

Ibid., pp. 87-8.

who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on Benzedrine
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 10.

If you lived on the East Side, and spent much time mixing with the street culture, the A-heads were unavoidable. They roamed the streets, bistros and pads compulsively shooting, snorting or gobbling an earthly

amounts of amphetamine, methedrine, dysoxin, bennies, cocaine, procaine—all of them burning for the flash that would lead to FLASH!

Everybody from Washington Square to Tompkins Square called the streets "the set"—as "I've been looking for you all over the set, man. Where is my amphetamine?" With a generation readily present and future life as on a set, there was no need to hunt too far for actors and actresses. What a cast of characters were roaming the Village streets of 1962!

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 201.

Amphetamine altered sex. Some under A's spell waxed unable in Eros or sublimated their desire beneath the frenzy of endless conversation or art projects. Others with strong natural sensual urges experienced this: that the erogenous areas became extended under A to include every inch of bodily skin. "No piece of skin where you can't cop a riff of flash, man."

Ibid., p. 202.

Within fifteen minutes, the A-heads began to flock, and the sounds of the trilling flute was heard in the hallway of 28 Allen Street, 'phet-freaks banging most urgently upon the door.

Ibid., p. 205.

Huncke was sharing an apartment on East Sixth Street. The occupants and habitués of that apartment were shooting amphetamine on an hour-by-hour basis and had been doing so for six weeks, with disastrous effects. Not only were they dropping like mallards into the jails and looney bins of Manhattan, but Beauty was besmirched, and even Huncke was becoming a nervous wreck.

Reay, p. 269.

Those treks up to Myrtle sometimes took forever as I was loading up on all that good shit the neighborhood had to offer: grass, plantains, Cafe Bustelo, various hot peppers, chorizo, fake opium, those ubiquitous incense bundles, pizza, occasionally some coke.

Kopasz, p. 244.

It was 1983, and between Jay Street and the end of the line at Myrtle and Srteuben, I might have heard Grandmaster Flash's "White Lines" a dozen times: Freeze! Rock!

Ibid., p. 244.

Diane was seventeen—and six months removed from the Bronx—sitting with the others on the mattress and floor of the bedroom, yakkety-yakking. Amphetamine had possessed her. She wore her long black tresses swept back into a vague tangled knot behind her. Her eyes were huge and dark—capable of fixing a baleful glazed gaze upon a partner of shoot-up, art or grope. She wore a black short-sleeved scoop-neck bodystocking. Her shoes and other clothes were in a brown bag on the window ledge between the rooms. There was a hole in the stocking's toe. "See that abscess?" wiggling her white toe which bore a pink sore on the outer tarsal—"Zack shot me up with methedrine. A foot flash!"—breaking into giggles.

Diane drew eyelashes with ink and brush above her lips so that her mouth babbling torrentially had the look of a convulsing cyclops. Next, her twitching Rapidograph pen began to work on her toe. She drew flower petals around her shoot-up sore. Then she ripped at the toe-hole and peeled the stocking up to her thigh and spent the next hour drawing a maze of stick-figures all over the leg. Soon, she had cut a jagged circle out of the stomach of the bodystocking with a razor blade. She studied her stomach, craning her head down, and then began to shave each pale stomach hair with the blade. Sometimes a meth mini-spasm would occur and the steel would nick the skin, leaving a thin red slice. Ouch. She drew an ink sun in the Mayan style rising from the top of her pubic hair. This done, she stood up and said, "Hey, somebody said you were going to bring some amphetamine."

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 206-7.

He said, "Oh, I took a shot of speed and I couldn't stop brushing my hair for three days."

McNeil, p. 14

Dr. Roberts

There were other father figures in New York at that time—the acid doctors. A friend of mine—well, an ex-friend of mine—told me about this terrific doctor where you'd get these vitamin shots—Dr. Charles Roberts. I used to run into Edie there. I went one night, got this shot, and it was the most wonderful shot in the world. I had the answer: I mean, it gives you that rush. There were vitamins in it, and a very strong lacing of methedrine. I'd never heard of methedrine or speed. They never told you what was in the shot anyway. It was a slow evolution. I went there first

and got a shot. I went a week later and got another one. And maybe one week later I was feeling kind of down, and I went twice a week. Eventually I was going there every day, and then I was going two or three times a day. Then I went four times a day. Then I started shooting up myself.

Dr. Roberts was the perfect father image. His office, down on Forty-eighth Street on the East Side, was very reputable-looking, with attractive nurses, and he himself looked like a doctor in a movie. He was always telling me of his wonderful experiments with LSD, delivering babies, curing alcoholics... and he was going to open a health farm and spa where all this was going to go on... and naturally he was stoned all the time, too. He wasn't a viper. I just think he was so crazy, he truly thought he was going to help the world. He wasn't out to kill anyone. We were the ones going in and getting the shots. I mean, anyone can set up a booth on the side of the road reading: I'M GIVING ARSENIC SHOTS HERE, but you have to stop and take them.

Over the years that he was riding high, tons of people went to see Dr. Roberts. But there was a little crowd of favorites. When you were a favorite, it meant that you were allowed special privileges. Even if the waiting room was filled with twenty people, you got right in. When you were addicted, being able to get right in was very important. You got bigger shots; you got shot up more than anybody else, and you became more of an addict. It was wonderful to be part of this special group. Edie fit right in. The minute she hit there, she became a special Dr. Roberts person.

I'll give you a description of what it was like to go to Dr. Roberts. The time is two-thirty in the afternoon. I'm going back for my second shot of the day. I open the door. There are twenty-five people in the waiting room: businessmen, beautiful teenagers on the floor with long hair playing guitars, pregnant women with babies in their arms, designers, actors, models, record people, freaks, non-freaks... waiting. Everyone is waiting for a shot, so the tension in the office is beyond belief.

Lucky you, being a special Dr. Roberts person who can whip right in without waiting. Naturally, there's a terribly resentful, tense moment as you rush by because you're going to get your shot.

You attack one of the nurses. By that I mean you grab her and say, "Listen, Susan! Give me a shot!" You're in the corridor with your pants half off, ready to get the shot in your rear. Meanwhile Dr. Roberts comes floating by. Dr. Roberts has had a few shots already, right? So in the middle of this corridor he decides to tell you his complete

plan to rejuvenate the entire earth. It's a thirteen-part plan, but he has lots of time to tell it to you, and as the shot starts to work—Susan having given it to you—you have a lot of time to listen.

In Dr. Roberts' room would be Edie ... so thin that she cannot be given her shot standing up; she has to be down on her stomach. It was a big shot—all those vitamins, niacin, methedrine, God knows what else—for a little girl, so she had to take it lying down.

Meanwhile everyone who's back in the corridor for the second or third time that day complains that the shots they received that morning haven't worked. Out in the waiting room you can hear the people complaining that they haven't even received their first shot yet.

And Dr. Roberts is still going on. In the middle of his thirteen-part plan he decides to tell you about a movie he saw on television... in detail. You, however, are telling him your ideas for whatever you're going to do. But then Dr. Roberts begins to describe his idea for a plastic Kabuki house. Someone else is showing his sketches for redesigning the Boeing 707 with a psychedelic interior. Big doings at Dr. Roberts' all the time.

Now you decide to go back out through the waiting room, right? Now you have all the time in the world. Life is a breeze. You've used the sun lamp. I mean, you were in a great rush when you came in; now, finally, you decide you'll leave.

But there in the room are all these people who are not Dr. Roberts' special people and who still haven't been serviced. They're there to spend as much money as you have, but they're not part of the "in" crowd. So they're drifting off into craziness because they haven't gotten their shots. A couple of people are wandering around... their poor systems are so riddled with the methedrine they got half an hour ago they feel is not working that they've come back for what Dr. Roberts calls "the booster." The basic Dr. Roberts shot goes from ten dollars to fifteen dollars. As your resistance to the drug gets to the point of diminishing returns, you move on up. There is a big shot for twenty-five dollars, and if it doesn't work, you go right back and get "the booster" for five dollars. That's what some of these poor people are doing—standing out there waiting for the booster. But you... you are flying high, having just had your twenty-five-dollar special, and you walk out into the outer office and say: "Hi. Oh, hi! What a beautiful sweater! Gee, you look wonderful! How are you? Oh, hi! Isn't it wonderful to see you! What's happening?"

Before leaving, I'd often go and find Edie in Dr. Roberts' sauna. If we'd been up all night on drugs, the sauna and steam bath were wonderful things. We'd go out and walk for blocks and blocks... just be together, because we didn't know what we were saying half the time.

The speed thing was so wonderful because everyone was walking around scared to death... scared because they couldn't sustain that pace. And so these shots from Dr. Roberts and all those other speed doctors gave you a false sense of being together. You could face everybody when you went out at night. You could dance all night. It was like "the answer." Nobody knew much about speed in those days.

Once Edie's mother came to Dr. Roberts'. I remember she was on crutches. She looked like Betty Crocker—gray hair with a little hairnet, a blue print dress, and little glasses. She looked like a librarian from the Midwest standing next to Edie with her cut-off blond hair with the dark roots, thigh-high boots, a mini-skirt, and a kind of chubby fur jacket that looked like it was made out of old cocker spaniels. There they were—the two of them. Mrs. Sedgwick had come to see if Dr. Roberts was taking good care of her little girl... and I guess he must have conned her, because Edie kept going there. I guess the parents paid for her treatment: it cost a lot for those shots.

Stein & Plimpton, pp. 260-4.

Ring my friend, I said you call Doctor Robert
Day or night he'll be there any time at all, Doctor
Robert

Doctor Robert, you're a new and better man
He helps you to understand
He does everything he can, Doctor Robert

If you're down he'll pick you up, Doctor Robert
Take a drink from his special cup, Doctor Robert
Doctor Robert, he's a man you must believe
Helping everyone in need
No one can succeed like Doctor Robert

Well, well, well, you're feeling fine
Well, well, well, he'll make you... Doctor Robert

My friend works for the national health, Doctor Robert
Don't pay money just to see yourself with Doctor Robert
Doctor Robert, you're a new and better man
He helps you to understand
He does everything he can, Doctor Robert

Well, well, well, you're feeling fine
Well, well, well, he'll make you... Doctor Robert

Ring my friend, I said you'd call Doctor Robert
Ring my friend, I said you'd call Doctor Robert

Beatles, "Doctor Robert."

Paul McCartney: "We'd hear people say, 'You can get anything off him, any pills you want.' It was a big racket. The song was a joke about this fellow who cured everyone of everything with all these pills and tranquilizers. He just kept New York high. John paid sardonic tribute to an actual New York doctor. His real name was Charles Roberts, whose unorthodox prescriptions had made him a great favorite of Andy Warhol's entourage and, indeed, of The Beatles themselves, whenever they passed through town."

In fact, the name was based on the New York Dr. Feelgood character Dr. Robert Freymann, whose discreet East 78th Street clinic was conveniently located for Jackie Kennedy and other wealthy Upper East Siders from Fifth Avenue and Park to stroll over for their vitamin B-12 shots, which also happened to contain a massive dose of amphetamine. Dr. Robert's reputation spread and it was not long before visiting Americans told John and Paul about him.

German born Robert Freymann, sometimes known as Dr. Robert or "The Great White Father" (reportedly because of having a tuft of white hair), continued his practice in New York for many years administering legal amphetamines in larger than needed doses to mostly well-to-do clients. "I have a clientele that is remarkable, from every sphere of life," he has stated. "I could tell you in ten minutes probably 100 famous names who come here." He continued his practice until he was expelled from the New York State Medical Society in 1975 for malpractice. His book *What's So Bad About Feeling Good?* was published in 1983 He passed away in 1987.

Falter, n.pag.

Often people got introduced to Dr. Roberts as a present. Going to him was the great gift of the time. If you really loved someone, you took him to Dr. Roberts as a gift and let him feel the feeling. Or if you were trying to make somebody, you'd go around to Dr. Roberts, and after the shots you'd get very oversexed and you'd fuck. People used him in that way. His office was a social focal point.

I've forgotten who took me there first. Someone said, "Hey, Cherry Vanilla, let's go over to Dr. Roberts." Cherry

Vanilla is a name I thought up when somebody asked what I'd call myself if I wrote a column for a rock magazine, and I said, "Cherry Vanilla... scoops for you!" Everybody loved it. Anyway, someone said, "Come on, Cherry Vanilla," and we went over to Dr. Roberts. I was fascinated. All these freaky people were sitting around, rapping their brains out in the office, in the middle of the day.

Then Dr. Roberts moved his office. He had a sauna and a big mirrored room with a dance floor. Four floors. Never completed. You'd get your shot in the hallway, sometimes from the nurse. You and your friend could go in together and both get them at once, and even give each other shots. It was all big fun-and-games.

I became like an acid queen. I loved it. My looks got crazier and crazier. I started getting into things like pink wigs, teasing them up to make them real big and like bubbles. I'd wear goggle glasses and real crazy make-up: spidery lashes and white lips, and micro-minis. I saw a micro-mini on Edie and immediately started cutting everything off. Kenneth Jay Lane earrings. Big Robert Indiana LOVE earrings, giant love paintings on my ears. Little bikini undies, a band around the top; and we made these silver dresses that were just silver strings hanging on us. I was surrounded by a lot of gay boys in designing and decorating who would always give me a hand in pulling some look together. I would go out half naked with see-through things. You took a scarf and wrapped it around you and thought you were dressed.

I gave Dr. Roberts a shot once. In the ass, in his office about five o'clock in the morning. I had been playing records at Aux Pucés—I was the disc jockey there—and he had come around to visit and said, "If you come back to my office with me, I'll give you a shot." It was a freebie, which was nice because those shots were not cheap.

I really got into having a needle in the ass. Just the feeling of it. I got into the pain of it. You got the shot, then this taste in your mouth, and you got a rush and you knew you were getting high. It was all very sexual in a way, and very "in" and social and stylish to do it. So I went back to his office with him and I gave him one and he gave me one.

I don't know what he shot me up with, but it was something I had certainly never had before. I was really very numbed. Maybe it was cocaine. Sometimes he would shoot you with LSD. You never knew what he was going to shoot you with. He'd throw a little surprise in every once in a while. So we got involved in a rather heavy sex encounter.

[Fashion]

Stein & Plimpton, p. 260.

Dr. Roberts says, "Hello, girls . . . how are we today? Are you all ready? Okay. Hop up. Put all your weight on this leg. Okay? Ready? My god, this rear end looks like a battlefield."

You want to hear something I wrote about the horror of speed? Well, maybe you don't, but the nearly incommunicable torments of speed, buzzerama, that acrylic high, horrendous, yodeling, repetitious echoes of an infinity so brutally harrowing that words cannot capture the devastation nor the tone of such a vicious nightmare. Yes, I'm even getting paranoid, which is a trip for me. I don't really dig it, but there it is.

It's hard to choose between the climactic ecstasies of speed and cocaine. They're similar. Oh, they are so fabulous. That fantabulous sexual exhilaration. Which is better, coke or speed? It's hard to choose. The purest speed, the purest coke, and sex is a deadlock.

Speeding and booze. That gets funny. You get chattering at about fifty miles an hour over the downdraft, and booze kind of cools it. It can get very funny. Utterly ridiculous. It's a good combination for a party. Not for an orgy, though.

Speedball! Speed and heroin. That was the first time I had a shot in each arm. Closed my eyes. Opened my arms. Closed my fists, and jab, jab. A shot of cocaine and speed, and a shot of heroin. Stripped off all my clothes, leapt downstairs, and ran out on Park Avenue and two blocks down it before my friends caught me. Naked. Naked as a lima bean. A speedball is from another world. It's a little bit dangerous. Pure coke, pure speed, and pure sex. Wow! The ultimate in climax. Once I went over to Dr. Roberts for a shot of cocaine. It was very strange because he wouldn't tell me what it was and I was playing it cool. It was my first intravenous shot, and I said, "Well, I don't feel it." And so he gave me another one, and all of a sudden I went blind. Just flipped out of my skull! I ended up wildly balling him. And flipping him out of his skull. He was probably shot up... he was always shooting up around the corner anyway.

Ibid., p. 267.

The next day, the Duchess told us she'd been in her pill doctor's office on Fifth Avenue when the lights went out. A lot of people used to go to this one particular doctor—he gave them what they wanted.

"I was in Doctor Pill's office and I was thrilled. I thought 'This is it, the big haul.' I stuffed as much as I could get my hands on into my pocketbooks while he went out to see what was happening, and I ran out of there across to the park and sat down by the Met. I couldn't wait to see what I'd gotten. It turned out to be some green iron pills, some PhisoHex, and lots of that green soap doctors use. I didn't get *anything*, my dear. But oh, what a place to be in the dark..."

"Is he a *legal* doctor?" I asked, because I knew all the kids got drugs there and I'd heard that some drag queens were getting hormone shots from him—I mean, it sounded like a big social club there.

"Well, naturally he's not legal when he does abortions, but yes, he's a legal doctor."

"And he's never gotten in trouble with the police?"

"Oh, they *know* about him, but it'll take years to get him. They've got to have proof—they've almost got to catch him doing it..."

"But why would a real doctor take a chance like that?"

"He needs the money, he gambles. He bets on the trotters every day—that's where it all goes. So he has to do abortions and charge a fortune for pills. But if I give him, say, an old invitation to a debutante ball or something—one of those fancy engraved ones—he gives me a bottle of amphetamine for free because he wants to impress his friends"

"Oooo," I said, "he must be creepy. Is he?"

"No. Actually I adore him."

"How much did your abortion cost?" I asked her.

"A lot. Eight hundred dollars. But he followed up on me that night, and they don't usually do that, you know? They usually just dump you afterward. He brought me home and gave me orange juice and tea, and every day for five days he came over to give me penicillin injections. Believe me, it was worth the eight hundred dollars. His office has paintings by movie stars who are too famous to mention." She laughed, and then she mentioned them.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 137-138.

Whatever anyone may have thought, the truth is I never gave Edie a drug, ever. Not even one diet pill. Nothing. She certainly was taking a lot of amphetamine and downs, but she certainly wasn't getting any of them from me. She was getting them from that doctor who was shooting up every Society lady in town.

Ibid., p. 136.

Dr. Bishop's Waiting Room: 420 E. 51st. Diet doctor of the moment! Fashionable party ever-present for daily, nightly treatments. Includes sauna. Good for all contracts. Petronious, p. 46.

Opium

The hands of a clock prominently displayed in the window of a Chatham Square jewelry store point to 2 o'clock in the morning. The boulevard of the East Side is thronged with pedestrians. Night brings them over here when the rest of the city is asleep, recalling the old adage, "One half of this great city knows nothing about the other half." Within half a dozen doors from the shop where the clock hangs is Pell Street a narrow, dark, gruesome, thoroughfare. This portion of the Chinese quarter is given over to the occupancy of loose women and men who are, if anything, on a lower scale morally than their wretched consorts. The houses are old and dilapidated veritable rookeries swarming in the daytime with Mongol-American children who give place, as night draws near, to the frowsy haired and foul-mouthed women who make the dark halls a rendezvous. No. 10 is a house much like the rest, with possibly the exception that an air of quiet pervades it in the daytime. Visitors are few, occasionally a man or woman better dressed than those of the neighborhood. They come from the Tenderloin, and in the early part of the night are frequenters of the Empire the Bijou on Sixth Avenue the Haymarket and similar places. They climb up the steps leading from the cellar and hurry away. These steps lead down to a little square bit of standing room built about with boards nailed firm and strong as if an attack was expected. Little pencils of light sift through cracks made by inequalities in the timber and from a knothole in the door, a single red eye in the forehead of a very watchful demon confronts you. If you would enter, knock, wait and presently you will hear the rattle of a chain the shifting of a bolt and the door is opened by an attendant who peers out into the gloom bringing with him a smell pungent and heavy. If he knows you or concludes that you look all right, the chain is loosened and you enter the opium joint.

Near the door is an apartment very much like a booth at a country fair or like an enclosure in Central Park where the sacred bull or some other animal is kept to be stared at. In the booth is a platform which takes up nearly all the available space. It is two feet from the floor and is covered with Chinese matting. In the center is a square

black walnut tray holding a variety of articles familiar to the opium smoker. By the tray is the pipe itself. This particular pipe is a good one and brought on here from San Francisco by Mo Iling. It is used only by the Celestial proprietor. A piece of bamboo about fifteen inches long so soaked by repeated smokings that it looks like ebony is the stem. Two thirds of the distance from the ivory mouthpiece is the bowl made of red clay and marked around the sides with Chinese characters. The top of the bowl is flat but in the center is a pin hole over which the cooked pill is placed. This particular pipe is worth \$50. The value increases with age. A Chinaman is smoking. He is Sing the proprietor. His lips are fixed against the mouthpiece and he draws steadily. While the smoke is ejected through his nostrils, the pill makes a crackling noise as it turns over the flame and as it is gradually drawn into the little hole.

Pass between the folds of a calico curtain to the joint proper and this is what you will see. It is a room about thirty feet long by about twelve wide. Beginning at a point about three feet from the floor are several separate and distinct strata of smoke which rise and fall like the bosom of the sea disturbed by a swell. The pungent odor which greeted you at the door is intensified a hundredfold and is heavy and sensuous. [A score of little lamps dot the place here and there and are burning bravely as if they were trying to light up the surroundings. Their attempt at illumination is a failure. They were not intended to illuminate, hence their failure in that regard. Vice loves gloom and goes hand in hand with darkness. Here is vice of the vilest kind imported vice. On either side of the room there is a row of board bunks, as habitués say, erected about two feet from the floor and covered like the platform in the outer room with matting and dotted with wooden head rests or little wads of straw covered with green gingham which serve as pillows. This is the hour for the fiends, and there is little unoccupied space on the bunks.

A party of four is the usual company with one lay out and one pipe. Two lie, one on either side of the tray, and use the head rests. The other two lie on their companions so that no space is wasted. One acts as cook and the pipe goes around in turn between choice bits of conversation and morsels of gossip. Hop fiends do not stand on ceremony nor among them is regard paid to personal appearance while in the joint. There is a knock at the door and a party of newcomers is announced. [Smell] [Light]

Beck, pp.154-6.

When the Chinese in 1875 began migrating in numbers from the Pacific coast to this city they brought with them their opium pots well filled and the paraphernalia for its use. But while they settled in an isolated locality by themselves the noxious fumes of their opium pipes pervaded the entire city and rapidly won devotees to its use. And so it happens that to day we are debarred from pointing a finger at Chinatown and saying, "There that degrading disgusting and soul destroying habit of opium smoking is indulged therefore we must drive the Chinese out." Opium is smoked to day in all quarters of the city and by all classes of the community alike. The number of hop fiends as opium smokers are called is far greater in New York than people have any idea of and seems to be growing rapidly.

Ibid., p. 139.

There are about twenty or more places in Chinatown in which opium is sold in twenty-five and fifty cent portions. The gum, which is bought from wholesale druggists, is spread out thin in a baking pan and baked slowly over a mild fire until almost crisp. It is then dissolved in water over night and strained through a piece of fine flannel. Then it is again boiled over a slow fire until the liquid becomes of the consistency of molasses This is known as No. 1 opium.

Ibid., p. 144

The places where opium smoking is provided for and may be indulged for a price by all comers like liquor drinking in a saloon are called "joints." There are a great many of these joints scattered throughout Chinatown the most of them hidden in obscure places and all more or less surrounded with mystery out of deference to or fear of the police... To gain an entrance to it you will have to go along a narrow unlighted dingy alley to a barricaded door. Upon the signal given by your guide the door will be open, leading through a Chinese wood yard, up a narrow rickety stairs, along a narrow creaky porch, to the second flight of stairs, leading down to door No 2. On gaining an entrance there by signal you will find yourself in a dimly lighted underground room where from fifteen to twenty people Chinamen and white women will be found hitting the pipe. Others may be seen sitting at tables gambling away the few pennies they may have.

The place is dark gloomy and filthy. Along the sides of the apartment are ranged a number of slightly raised platforms which serve as bunks for the smokers. They are without furniture save a block of wood which serves as a

head rest or pillow. The paraphernalia or lay out for smoking is brought to the bunk on order by the proprietor or attendant. This lay out consists of the following essential articles:

The *Yen Tsiang* (opium pipe), *Ow* (opium bowl), *Yen Hock* (a thin wire used for dipping out the opium and holding it over the light while cooking), *Yen Hop* (a box containing the opium), *Yen Dong* (opium lamp), *Kiao Tsien* (scissors), *Sui Pow* (a sponge to wipe off the bowl of the pipe when soiled), *Dao* (a cleaning knife), *Yen tau Kar* (a box or bureau used for setting the bowl on), *Yen Shee Hop* (a box for keeping the ashes in).

For all this you make payment and are then at liberty to proceed with your smoking and when satisfied or overcome sleep and dream as long as you please or can survive in the close, fetid atmosphere of the room. The person who smokes opium always does so reclining usually stretched across the hard wooden bunk which is simply carpeted with straw matting a small stool or a beveled block of wood serving as a pillow. Resting on his left side the smoker takes up a little of the treacle-like mass upon the steel needle *yen hock* and holding it about the flame of a lamp watches it bubble and swell to six or seven times its usual size. In doing so it loses its inky hue and becomes a bright golden brown color giving out a pleasant creamy odor much admired by old smokers. Poor opium does not yield so pleasant an odor and is liable to drop from the needle into the flame of the lamp and rarely gives so handsome a color the yellow being here and there streaked with black. This process is known as cooking the hop or opium. Having brought it to a proper consistency the operator, with a rapid twirling motion of the fingers holding the long needle, rolls the mass upon the smooth surface of the bowl submitting it occasionally to the flame and now and then catching it on the edge of the bowl and pulling it out into strings in order to cook it through and more thoroughly. This is called *chyng*—the mass or pill.

Rolling it again upon the surface of the bowl until the opium is formed into a small pea sized mass with the needle as a center the needle is thrust into the small hole in the center of the bowl thus leveling off the bottom. [Odor]

Beck, pp. 146-8.

There are many Chinamen in Chinatown who make a living buying *Yen Shee* or opium ashes. They collect these ashes from all available sources. This refuse is dissolved in water when it is subjected to a process by which whatever of the original drug may be retained in it is recovered and

remanufactured. This is known as No. 2 opium. It is then mixed with No. 1 and becomes what is called *Yen She Cow* or half and half, and is sold at a reduced price to the lower class of joints and to those smokers who cannot command the price of the pure drug. Fortunes or what are esteemed such among the Chinese have been made from this business.

[Garbage]

Ibid., pp. 152-3.

waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steamheat and opium

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 15.

On the wall of the squat at 8th and Avenue C was written, "Opium is the religion of the people."

Kopasz, p. 242.

Various

I was scared now and tripping my brains out. I crawled out the window onto the fire escape, which faced south and offered a perfectly framed view of the World Trade Center, where I'd worked as a foot messenger just a few years earlier. The two towers hovered over me changing color from blue to purple to pink and cycling back through again and again. [World Trade Center]

Kopasz, p. 246

Day-trips
in Washington Sq.
Park, dropping

out-STONED
on SAMO. Two hits
of acid a day

The L.I.E. the B.Q.E
Hippies at the band shell with the L.S.D. [Graffiti]
[Downtown] [Art]

Beastie Boys, "Open Letter."

The Easter Sunday Be-In in Central Park was incredible; thousands of kids handing you flowers, burning incense, smoking grass, taking acid, passing drugs around right out in the open, taking their clothes off and rolling around on the ground, painting their bodies and faces with Day-Glo, doing Far East-type chants, playing with their toys-balloons and pinwheels and sheriff's badges and Frisbees. They could stand there staring at each other for hours without moving. As I said before, that had always fascinated me, the way people could sit by a window or on

a porch all day and look out and never be bored, but then if they went to a movie or a play, they suddenly objected to being bored. I always felt that a very slow film could be just as interesting as a porch-sit if you thought about it the same way. And now all these kids on acid were demonstrating the exact same thing.

[Voyeur] [Boredom]

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 261.

The primary colors of crack vial tops decorated the sidewalks.

Schmitz, p. 270.

I tried to look away politely, but all I could find to stare at were three spent crack vials floating in the puddle of urine that almost inevitably adorns the corners of New York City Housing Authority elevators in El Barrio at 2:00 a.m. on Saturday nights.

Courgois, p. 258.

In 1907, the cost of cocaine on New York City streets, as revealed by newspaper and police accounts after the law's enactment, was typically 25 cents a packet, or "deck."... Packets, commonly glassine envelopes, usually contained one to two grains (65 to 130 milligrams), or about a tenth of a gram. The going rate was roughly 10 times that of the wholesale price, a ratio not unlike recent cocaine street prices, although in the past few years the street price has actually been lower in real value than what it was in 1910.

Musto, pp. 40-7.

"You've got some blow?" she says.

"Is Stevie Wonder blind?" you say.

McInerney, p. 7.

Every time we played New York, this guy would come by our show and give the Stooges a little bottle of coke, completely on his own volition. So we're sitting backstage with Miles Davis, and this guy finally arrives and just throws down a big old pile. We already had the straws ready. Imagine that great scene—Miles Davis's head right next to all the heads of the Stooges going "SNNNORRRRT!"

McNeil, p. 65.

I never really sniffed glue or Carbona. I never got really heavy into the paper bag. I did it, but I didn't get into it like Johnny and Dee Dee did. They used to go up on the roof and sniff Carbona and sniff glue and shit. It was this sensation, like "Bzzzz, bzzz, bzzz."

Ibid., pp. 177-8.

Leave New York at 7:30 PM for Paris. Came to airport in limo with Adolfo Arena. Smoking pot all the way to the airport.

Haring, p. 166.

Quaaludes were great, the Love Drug, they made you real horny. You just wanted to rip off your clothes and scream, "Suck my dick!"

McNeil, p. 269.

A Quaalude nirvana.

Haden-Guest, p. 103.

The original, medicinal form of poppers was amyl nitrate, a "vascular dilator" used by people with angina.

Young, *Stonewall*, p. 104.

In the gay ghettos of the Seventies and early Eighties, poppers were always at the center of the action. On any given night at, say, the Anvil in Manhattan, a large percentage of the men on the dance floor would have poppers in hand, and many of the rest would be helping to pass the bottles around. Some disco clubs would even add to the general euphoria by occasionally spraying the dance floor with poppers fumes... permeated with that particularly inert, greasy odor of poppers. Wherever you went, the musky chemical smell of it was constantly in your nostrils. He found himself heading to the single, small window, in order to gasp a few breaths of "something other than the cold, kerosene smell of amyl. [Smell]

Ibid., pp. 103-4

I was visiting friends in The Pines, and was spending a couple of hours at the disco one night. Across the room, I noticed an acquaintance of mine... dancing up a storm and inhaling liberally from a poppers bottle which he kept in the pocket of his jeans. Somehow in the course of the evening, the bottle broke, and the contents spilled all over [his] leg, giving him a terrible and very unsightly burn. It made me wonder what kind of damage inhaling the stuff must do.

Ibid., pp. 103

A brand of poppers called Cum showed its bottle as a dripping cock and balls.

Ibid., pp. 104.

It was a cold and bitter night. The wind was nearly as exhilarating as the amyl nitrite they were popping in the taxi.

[Air]

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 57.

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clubs would even add to the general euphoria by occasionally spraying the dance floor with poppers fumes. [Smell]
Young, *Stonewall*, pp. 103.

At the Paradise Garage: "In the morning empty poppers and ethyl rags lay strewn about the dance floor. Morning, it is worth noting, was after 7 AM."
"She'll Be Good," n.pag.

At Burroughs' apartment, Ter emptied the bag of drug samples onto Bill's big parlor table, and as I turned on the tape and fired up the bomber, Bill motioned us to fix our drinks, donned his reading glasses, and settled in for a good scrutiny of the dope labels, using a magnifying glass like a jeweler examining precious stones.

BURROUGHS: Now then, what is all this shit, Terry?

TERRY SOUTHERN: Bill, these are pharmaceutical samples, sent by the drug companies to Big Ed Fales, the friendly druggist, and to Doc Tom Adams, the writing croak. Anything that won't cook up, we'll eat. Give them good scrutiny, Bill.

BURROUGHS: Indeed I shall.

SOUTHERN: We'll get them into the old noggin one way or the other! On double alert for Demerol, Dilaudid, and the great Talwin!

BURROUGHS: Pain—I'm on the alert for the word pain... [murmuring, as he examines the label]: Hmm... yes... yes... yes, indeed [reading from a label]: "Fluid-control that can make life livable." Well, that could apply to blood, water... [reading another label].

SOUTHERN: All our precious bodily fluids!

BURROUGHS: I'll just go through these methodically. Anything of interest I'll put to one side... [makes a separate grouping].

SOUTHERN [getting a paper bag]: We'll put rejects in here.

BURROUGHS [gesture of restraint]: I'm just picking out what might be of interest... [examining a label]: Here's a possible [sets it aside].

SOUTHERN: Now a lot of these are new synthetics, Bill—names you may not be familiar with, because they're disguising the heavy drug within! This could warrant some serious research, and a good article for one of the dope mags—on how the pharmaceutical companies connive to beat the FDA—you know, and get Cosonal back on the shelf!

BURROUGHS [scrutinizing a bottle]: I don't really know what this one may be...

SOUTHERN [enthusiastically]: Well then, down the old gullet with it, Bill! Better safe than sorry!

BURROUGHS [dryly]: I think not.

SOUTHERN [picks up a bottle and reads]: "For pimples and acne" [throws it aside in disgust]. Now here... "lcktazinga" [handing it to Bill]: Ring a bell?

BURROUGHS [examining it]: "Chewable." I'm not much interested in anything chewable... [makes a wry face].

Bockris, *Burroughs*, pp. 95-6.

Half the people in this city can't sleep without pills.
Conrad, p. 276.

The down of the day was Darvon. Then Black Beauties, Christmas Trees. The downs were to take the pain away that was always there. The ups were to keep them going so that they could go out on tears all night. They never slept.

Carter, p. 59.

(sotto voce: "Loose joints, Valium, black beauties . . . 'Ludes . . . Sen'similla . . .")

Delany, p. 7.

On Forty-second near Fifth a kid falls into stride beside you.

"Loose joints. Genuine Hawaiian sens. Downers and uppers."

McInerney, p. 108.

In Washington Square Park, a pot dealer walked around holding up notebook pages covered with scribble. "These are testimonials from my satisfied customers!" he crowed.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 108.

Three thousand persons selected at random from the phone book were sent a well-rolled marijuana cigarette with a card saying, "Happy Valentines Day." ... (in case you're curious, Jimi Hendrix financed the entire marijuana mailing.)

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 111.

That summer, for the first time really, pot was all over the place. But acid still wasn't being dropped out of helicopters yet. You still had to "know somebody."

Not that much dope was being handed around on the Village streets yet, although the Duchess had a friend who hung out around Washington Square with the M taken off the M & Ms and told the kids from the boroughs, "It's dynamite dope, only *don't* chew it because if you do you'll die. See, it has to dissolve *after* it gets to your stomach." He'd

deal sugar to little girls from Brooklyn—he wouldn't even bother to mash it up, he'd just take a box of granulated Domino out of his jacket and pour it into something. How did he get away with it? "I'm a spade, man," he'd explain. "They *worship* me. They want to shoot up, I say, 'You girls should sniff it, stay high longer, ask somebody.'"

Kids were so naïve about drugs in '65. Nobody knew how to buy dope yet—but a lot of people sure knew how to sell it.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 147.

Once, while visiting my parents in New Jersey, I ran into a high-school classmate I hadn't seen in years. When he found out where I lived, he told me he visited the neighborhood sometimes in his capacity as freight agent for a large-scale marijuana importer. The outfit rented an apartment a few blocks away from me that was employed as a depot for goods being moved from one distant city to another. Years later, a friend who was a musician and a carpenter, told me he had spent the previous three months refitting a nearby apartment for a pot dealer. The circumstances were different, though. Prices had increased significantly and so, correspondingly, had apprehension. This dealer, a wholesaler for local traffic, had engaged my friend to put in numerous false walls and invisible compartments and sliding panels, as well as a booth by the door for the guard, with a hole through which he could poke the muzzle of his piece. [Maciunas]

Sante, "Commerce," p. 106.

For many years there were numerous commercial establishments that sold marijuana. Summer candy stores, some social clubs, some *bodegas*. But what they had in common was a slot in the rear wall into which you would push her money, generally \$10, and from which you would collect your little manila envelope. The most famous were probably the Black Door and the Blue Door which glared at one another from opposite sides of 10th St. One was an empty room, the other featured a pool table; one marked its bags with the Maltese-cross stamp, the other didn't.

Ibid., p. 105.

Q - Sound

Remarkable, unspeakable New York.
James, p. 527.

A city of people talking, to themselves, to their gods, to dead parents, to errant lovers and doomful doctors, to the friends who come and go. A city of people acting out, folks talking loud to no one or to everyone at once on the IRT—thanking you for your generosity before it's offered, biting your pant leg with their maladies and tales of hard luck. A city of menacing bargains struck by strangers, who ask charity in return for not mugging you or robbing you blind. A city of people speaking in tongues. Some of them are talking to space aliens who control their brains from the antenna atop the World Trade Center. You've heard these people muttering in strange syllables. The aliens may have heard them, too.

Trebay, p. 3.

But what is the voice of New York? Has this voice changed now that the elevated no longer cuts across *all* Manhattan with his fire-breathing steel structures, and the agonizing siren songs of massive ocean liners along the East River and Hudson are no more? Someone, perhaps Walt Whitman in 1842, wondered what had New York—noisy, trembling, bustling, stormy, turbulent New York—to do with silence.

True, there are (though they do exist) very few pockets of silence where sound as a kind of continual comment on everyday life, a genuine leitmotif that sums up the thousand contradictions of the city—strident, aggressive, and violent, or sweet, soothing, and amicable. In certain subway stations, the thunder can be frightening in the extreme, a rolling rumble that almost induces feelings of panic as the train draws near. J.D. Salinger was right when he wrote "New York's terrible when somebody laughs on the street very late at night. You can hear it from miles. It makes you feel lonesome and depressed." With its honkings, sirens, skiddings, and breakings, the traffic is a constantly grating presence. But the streets of New York reverberate with an incessant variety of sounds and noises: the voices—full, high-pitched, and rhythmic—of those with the streets, the witty remark of a young black leaning against the wall, the rustling of squirrels in the grass or among the branches above, the hurried scurrying along the

massive sidewalk stones, the wooden thud of skateboards leaping upstairs, the intermittent whirring of helicopter blades, the metal frizzle a police car radios, the full-throated singing of the passerby... a succession of sounds that demands our attention, that creates a tension all of its own.

Once removed from the fortuitous and fleeting condition—their fluctuating consistency—they are sounds that, like the images we have of New York, tells a great deal about the history and culture of the city. For example, someone whose name escapes me for the moment once said that the sound of the jackhammer typifies New York the same way the chiming of big Ben typifies London: and its resounding centrality—it's sheer physical everyday reality—cannot but remind us (yet again) of the mainsprings hidden away in the depths of the metropolitan mechanism.

But the experience of sound of New York is extremely various in nature. I remember the first night I spent in Queens, many years ago. I was awoken a peculiar hissing sound continually wailing away and changing pitch; sleepless from jet lag, I simply had to satisfy my curiosity. Unable to resist the temptation of discovering where the noise came from, I got up from the sofa bed in the sitting room where I was temporarily being lodged, afraid of turning a light for fear of waking my hosts. Hand stretched out in front of me, I started fumbling about the house in search of where the sound was coming from, and on reaching the kitchen I let out an almighty yell: I had grabbed hold of the massive, boiling-hot pipe of the steam heating system. The sound had given me a sharp—and decidedly palpable!—lesson in the history of the city.

Since that time I have learned to recognize (and live with) the variety of sounds that fill the apartments with an almost physical density and bulk: the vibration of the air as it sneaks its way about the stairways of the high-rises, crying out in the corridors and shaking the doors; the howling of the wind whistling through cracks in the guillotine windows; the deep droning of that air-conditioning system of the supermarket below the house; the sound of a phrase muttered in the narrow streets that echoes all the way up to the top floor... It is difficult not to be reminded of something that Fitzgerald wrote in "My Lost City": "The gentle playing of an oboe mingled with the city noises from this brief outside, which penetrated into the room with difficulty through great barricades of books..." But this sparks off memories of another night in New York (again, after I had just flown then), when a typically frenzied block party lulled me off to sleep at

five in the morning with extremely limited and aggressive next of salsa and merengue being played at a nearby corner turned into a square and dancing hall.

All this music making in the city's public places.. Of course, it is not an exclusively New York experience, but I do not think it is an entirely casual phenomenon either. It has as much to do with a very direct relationship with the metropolis, its spaces and its rhythms.

Maffi, pp. 103-5.

I sit there and listen to every sound: the freight elevator moving in the shaft, the sound of the grate opening and closing when people get in and went out, the steady traffic all the way downstairs on 47th Street, the projector running, a camera shutter clicking, a magazine page turning, somebody lighting a match, the colored sheets of gelatin and sheets of silver paper moving when the fan hits them, the high school typists hitting a key every couple of seconds, the scissors shearing as Paul cuts out E.P.I. clippings and pastes them into scrapbooks, the water running over the prints in Billy's darkroom, the timer going off, the dryer operating, someone trying to make the toilet work, men having sex in the back room, girls closing compacts and makeup cases. The mixture of the mechanical sounds and the people sounds make everything seem unreal and if you hear a projector going while you are watching somebody, you feel that they must be a part of the movie, too.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 172.

Audited correctly, New York can be heard speaking the Esperanto of abstraction.

Conrad, pp. 117-8.

Linguistically, New York's nearest approach to the world language of abstraction's Esperanto is in its bastardizing of tongues. Sometimes more than one language is spoken in a single word. The pidgin English which results comically gestures toward monoglot Babel. Vladimir Mayakofsky, visiting New York in 1925, hears the émigrés on Broadway conversing in mispronounced English catchphrases which he transcribes as Russian neologisms "chuingam" for chewing gum, "Mek monei" for the admonition to get rich.

Conrad, p. 122.

Language as ascetically abstract as the skeletal New York grid.

Ibid., p. 124.

Picabia is delighted by the conflict of tongues in New York because his art wants to reach the plastic or grammatic universals that those clashing tribal dialects have in common.

Ibid., pp. 117-8.

Since Babel, the only language that remains globally (but abstractly) intelligible is music, and this too can be heard in New York, in the mechanical *bruit* of the streets.

Ibid., p. 118.

Has a history of metropolitan sound has ever been written? A study of all the different elements involved, the transformations that take place with each passing epoch, the effects on the life of the city and and the way in which culture recorded and incorporated it.

Maffi, p. 103.

It is almost impossible at any season of the year or in any quarter of the city to escape the sound of blasting, which reminds one that Manhattan, like the church of Rome is built on solid rock, or the sound of riveting, that process by which molten bolts are urged to bind steel girders together. Sometimes these sounds are imminent and ear-splitting, sometimes they are dull rackets in the distance, but their permanence seems fairly secure. So does that of the rumble of the elevated railways, the clanging of bells on the trolley-cars, the shrieking of the taxi sirens, the explosions of exhausted gas from automobiles, the late evening cries of *Extra!* (usually unheeded), proclaiming another edition of the tabloids, the song of the radio, Crying for the Carolines, through so many open windows or through the fragile floors or frail walls of apartment houses, the beating of the steam in cold radiators, Rudy Vallee and Duke Ellington, and in the morning, the hurling of tin trash-receptacles by the refuse man against brick walls or the clatter of milk bottles upon cement floorings. These are a few of the predominant contemporary New York sounds, most of which did not exist twenty years ago and many of which may have departed in favor of newer dins in the 1950.

Van Vechten, p. 141.

Sounds burst forth, they move in the streets, rebound off the walls, build houses. You can almost touch them. The day will be full of them: the intermittent wail a fire trucks rushing by, the scream of police cars, the long,

drawn-out screeching of breaking yellow taxis, the dull thud of cars landing of the huge metal sheets thrown down to cover up the roadworks, the excessive chanting of antitheft devices, the roaring of the subway, the machine gun-like chorus of jackhammers, the rhythmic pounding of drills tearing up the earth to lay the foundations of a new tower block, the guttural shrieking of the poor wretch hobbling along the sidewalk, and the vibrations emanating from a radio sitting on the shoulder of some ghetto boy... A blend of longings and frustrations, tenderness and harshness—less a contemporary babel than a polyphony—a concert of ostensibly discordant sounds that eventually settles and amalgamates, and tells the metropolis.

Hence, when I am at home in the evening, the windows tinged with red and yellow as the city at last catches its breath, I know I will shortly hear the ice-cream truck coming from afar, almost as if in the dream. The sounds of the city continue to clash and overlap even at that hour, but the sweet melody of the approaching truck—like that of an immense music box—is a charm able to dialogue with those sounds, almost reconciling them one to the other. The truck reaches the corner, then it stops for a few minutes down below, filling my house with familiar notes and affectionate melodies, hypnotic in their undulating movement, and folding every other sound—every other noise—of the pulsating city at dark at dusk.

At that moment I stop whatever I'm doing, and smile: that stinky music box melody is my very own private New York "Nocturne."

Ibid., p. 141.

Air, Wind

The slashed canyons of lower Broadway play curious tricks with sounds as with air currents. At some points the echoes seem to collide and burst into a noise like the booming of a great gun.

Irwin, p. 41.

The high walls of the houses also play an important part in producing this symptom, for they reflect the noise and cause the sound-waves to reverberate back and forth many times, thus greatly increasing the evil effects of a single discordant sound on the ears. The capacity of city streets for transmitting and intensifying sounds is shown in the

great distance at which the rap of a policeman's club on the pavement can be heard.

Girdner, p. 128.

One can rigorously control the placement of skyscrapers in such a way that no reflective surfaces are offered to street noises, and thus the desired silence can be secured.

Corbusier, p. 66.

Silence, Quiet

The financial streets are deserted. It is so quiet one can hear, walking through a narrow street, the staccato noise of a typewriter in one of the few offices in which people are still working. No flags fly from the plentiful flagpoles. The jewelers on lower Broadway have removed their prim window displays for the weekend and pulled their shades. All the restaurants are closed. They will not open again until Monday morning. In these narrow streets of corporations and tickertape there is no life.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 196.

In a high wind tenants sometimes hear ghost "typewriters" tapping away like mad in empty offices—but this is only the building's steel skeleton creaking and groaning.

Botkin, p. 257.

On weekends in summer the town empties. I visit my office on a Saturday afternoon. No phone rings, no one feeds the hungry IN-baskets, no one disturbs the papers; it is a building of the dead, a time of awesome suspension. The whole city is honeycombed with abandoned cells—a jail that has been effectively broken. Occasionally from somewhere in the building a night bell rings, summoning the elevator—a special fire-alarm rings. This is the pit of loneliness, in an office on a summer Saturday. I stand at the window and look down at the batteries and batteries of offices across the way, recalling how the thing looks in winter twilight when everything is going full blast, every cell lighted, and how you can see in pantomime the puppets fumbling with their slips of paper (but you don't hear the rustle), see them pick up their phone (but you don't hear the ring), see the noiseless, ceaseless moving about of so many passers of pieces of paper: New York, the capital of

memoranda, in touch with Calcutta, in touch with Reykjavik, and always fooling with something.

White, *Here*, p. 42.

Stores close, the smaller ones with crashes of steel security gates, and the quieter stretches of commercial avenues turn into rows of illuminated grillwork.

Caldwell, p. 2.

At this time of the day, it's almost as if there are no sounds of the city: perhaps they have all been carefully wrapped in the cotton wool of morning, or hidden away somewhere beneath the sidewalk in their very own Pandora's box.

Maffi, pp. 112-3.

All of a sudden it is silent out there on the street. All those damnable millions who come careening into Manhattan all week aren't there. The town is empty.

Wolfe, "Sunday," p. 240.

It was this frightful silence of the streets, and of all the outer world, that terrifies people, cooped up in their houses, and their rooms, by the walls of darkness, more than almost any other circumstance; it gives such an overwhelming sense of the universality of disaster, whatever that disaster is. Except where the voices of neighbors can be heard, one cannot be sure that the whole population, outside of his own family, had not perished.

[Apocalypse]

Serviss, p. 61.

The city is silenced by the softer and richer symphony of the night, its racking noises quelled.

Conrad, p. 73.

Night workers, their footsteps sharp, irregular on the quiet streets, return home.

WPA Guide, p. 49.

In the long, lonely hours of early morning in Times Square, the beggar's tin cup does not rattle; the target guns go silent in the slot-machine parlors; loud speakers do not pour scratchy melodies into the ears of passersby; curbstone evangelists shout final affirmations above the chorus of their hecklers and go home.

Philips, p. 21.

The blanked-out street now ends in a terminal emptiness.
Conrad, p. 112.

Absences begin to ventilate urban narrative.
Ibid., p. 112.

The city has emptied itself in deference to abstraction.
The shop fronts are identical, colleagues in empty-headed
vacancy, windows which resemble moronic faces harboring a
nullity behind their eyes. [Reflection] [Display]
Ibid., p. 105.

Abstraction, entering the city, evacuates and
disassembles it. Its people are sent into retreat, its
buildings are flattened or else sliced in half. It becomes
beautiful by being rendered humanly unintelligible and
uninhabitable.
Ibid., p. 105.

For a moment the summertime city hushed, one of those
pauses and it's roar more imaginary than real.
Reisenberg, p. 50.

No traffic noises penetrate to the court. Its nocturnal
silences have dimension. Lying in their beds under the
ancient rooftops and chimney pots, the tenants get only the
heartbreak wait of groping river traffic on foggy nights.
Berger, *New York*, p. 116.

The automobiles slide through the esophagus of silence.
Seifert, p. 462.

Mrs. Mattie Dechner has three rooms with five windows,
all facing the street. She has a tape recording she made
one day, which she calls, "A Quiet Sunday Afternoon."
Philips, p. 42.

The sounds of traffic are barely audible inside the
great Park Avenue residential palaces.
Hawes, N. pag..

The noise is bad everywhere, but in some of the finer
apartment-houses on the better streets you are as well out
of it as you can be anywhere in the city.
Howells, p. 12.

Boy walks into an Italian social club on Bleecker Street. A moment of dead ominous silence, dominoes frozen in the air.

Burroughs, p. 1566.

The walls of this building are thick; from the outside I never hear any but the loudest sounds, and they are muted. But now I can't hear even these; no horns, air brakes, tire squeals. The silence is absolute.

Finney, p. 115.

Restaurants are devoid of conversation.

Le Corbusier, p. 103.

A thick carpet deadens the footsteps of waiters and busboys.

Hilder, p. 595.

They walk along 86th Street toward Fifth Avenue and, remembering the "avalanche of sound" on Avenue D, he notices that the further they get from Third Avenue, the more aloof grow the houses, the more silent the streets.

Conrad, p. 123.

the breeze is cool
barely a sound filters up
through my confused eyes
O'Hara, p. 327.

City of silent laughter.

Reisenberg, p. 208.

even the sun must rest and air and the noises of Manhattan

O'Hara, p. 332.

You are the refuge of silent people rubbing elbows and afraid to talk.

Reisenberg, p. 202.

The silent elevators unloading passengers.

Le Corbusier, p. 33.

The strange silence of it all. When I first noticed this—as a man will notice suddenly an obvious phenomenon he has been ignoring for years—I wondered if it were not a trick of acoustics; perhaps these depths absorbed sound. Then a pair of truckmen, unloading a safe, laughed; and the

noise came out as clearly as the crying of a child in church. The cause may be that half-light, whether of sun or fire, to draw conversation out of people; or it may be the absorption of brain-workers. This is only the overflow of nearly a million people who cram for seven hours a day in the caves in the great cliffs aloft; and ninety-nine per cent of them work furiously at a thinking job.

Irwin, p. 47.

For most of its history, Chinatown has been silent.
Kinhead, p. 11.

With the first hint of morning, this beautiful quiet comes to an end.

Maxwell, p. 16.

Snow

One morning at the beginning of last month, I stood for a moment at the open window of my room and, except for the very faint wail of a distant police car siren, there was no sound to be heard. I thought it was the snow that had hushed the usually strident city... At last it dawned on me that I had become almost totally deaf... I like the noise of Manhattan.

Crisp, p. 169.

I hear snow shovels hitting the pavement at 6 A.M.
(Thursday, January 17, 1985)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 628.

Sound of snow shoveling in the street.
Donleavy, N. pag..

When day breaks after a heavy snowfall, Manhattan wakes up to the clanging of shovels on sidewalks and the spatter of salt on newly cleared and shiny concrete.

Bladford, pp. 111-12.

Snow white this Monday morning. Began falling in the night. Traffic sounds faint on the avenue the end of the street.

Donleavy, N. pag..

We turned on to a side street, and as the traffic sounds faded, the snow became audible. It was an incredibly delicate sound. Imagine the softest, lightest rain you have

ever heard, and then imagine that the sound is not taking place on an umbrella right over your head, but about 20 feet away. Something like that. In any case, it sounded great, and we just listened to the snow for a block or two.

Later, as I began thinking about the sound of snow, and considering writing about it, I found myself listening to my feet as I walked along snow-packed sidewalks. That sound is familiar to all of us who live in snowy climates, and writers in English even seem to have agreed on a word for it. I haven't taken any surveys, but I'm fairly sure that 'crunch' is by far the most common word to describe the sound of footsteps in the snow. But as I listened, really listened, I began to hear something else. It's something much more gentle than that. 'Crunch,' after all, is something you do when you bite down on a piece of celery, and the word sounds very much like 'crush.' Our feet don't do anything that violent to the snow, they just pack it down a bit. It isn't exactly a crunch, it's a... Well, I guess there isn't any word for it, which explains why writers have made do with the wrong one, and which also shows how linguistic approximations can distort our perceptions. For years I have assumed that my feet really did crunch when I walked in the snow. I trusted language conventions instead of really listening.

Johnson, *New Music*, pp. 269-70.

Rain

He listens for a minute—foolishly as he walks, as if he can distinguish her footsteps from the worlds of sound in the city at the end of a rainy day.

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 285.

It has been raining all day, and he notices how much louder the rain makes the noises of the street.

Ibid., p. 285.

From the sides, numerous minor tones from the narrow side streets howl in accompaniment to the storm, just as evenly cutting their swathes across Manhattan—from one water's edge to the other.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 47.

River

Gone from the upper harbor around Manhattan are the thousands of large and small vessels whose whistles (especially on a foggy day) have always been a reminder to New Yorkers of their maritime past.

Allen, *NY, NY*, p. 295.

Ship's whistle from the river.
Donleavy, *N. pag.*.

The low cry of dark shapes and winking lights that are ships echo and re-echo through the canyons of the avenues.
Spillane, p. 220.

The whistlings of the ferries.
Roche, p. 404.

Ferry blasts shatter and break on the Wall Street skyscraper fronts.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 84.

From under the bridge tugboats moan in pain.
Conrad, p. 239.

There are no steamship blasts but loud now are the hoarse piping of tugs, the yap of ferries with homeward-bound crowds.

WPA Guide, p. 51.

I hear the *Queen Mary* blow at midnight, though, and the sound carries the whole history of departure and longing and loss.

White, *Here*, p. 22.

The broad highway, West Street and its continuations, is during the day, a surging mass of back-firing, horn-blowing, gear-grinding trucks and taxis. All other water-front sounds are submerged in the cacophony of the daily avalanche of freight and passengers in transit.

WPA Guide, p. 69.

Nature

The fat pigeons that roost in the eaves of the Custom House fly down, making ugly noises in their throats.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 196.

They make bubbling noises in their throats as they strut

on windowsills high above the street.

Maxwell, p. 3.

Seagulls screech outside his window and sometimes when he wants to call an important person, he waits until the seagulls come near to supply an authentic background.

Philips, p. 135.

Occasionally, in the morning, the delicate sounds of small birds cut through the aural clutter. For a moment the city becomes the country. It's unsettling, a confusion of contexts.

Brooks, p. 7.

Girls gossip and chirp like a jungle of parrots. Others hum.

Gold, p. 15.

It is cool quiet, the occasional sounds of a faraway city, the wet tips of grass and the warmth of him through his clothes.

Wojnarowicz, p. 178.

As I stand sketching, I hear the lowing of cows, the baaing of sheep, hear pigs squeal, geese honk, and at the same time the distant, familiar, incongruous clatter of the El.

Finney, p. 177.

Skilled construction engineers during the building of the World Trade Center learn to strike the stone with a bar and, as the heavy equipment nearby stands silent, listen to the ring. A sound with a certain muffled overtone means the rock can have faults, or be too soft, or have a gap underneath. A clear melodic ping means the rock is solid. Swinging the rebar and listening, a first violinist searches for a perfect A amid the mighty walls of the excavation. A Stradivarius couldn't have sounded prettier. "Pour the concrete," he barks. [Archaic]

Glanz, p. 185.

El, Train, Subway

Morning clatters with the first L train down Allen Street. Daylight rattles through the windows, shaking the

old brick houses, splatters the girders of the L structure with bright confetti.

Dos Passos, p. 129.

They are walking down Sixth Avenue. An L train roars above their heads leaving a humming rattle to fade among the girders after it passes.

Ibid., p. 39.

Jagged oblongs of harsh sound break one after another as an elevated passes over.

Ibid., p. 158.

The Bowery by day. . . where only the El makes music. Weegee, *Naked*, p. 156.

His laughter develops into a sneer. It grows into an insane cackling that resounds above the noise of the elevated train just passing.

Jolas, p. 474.

Vaguely I hear the purple roar of the torn-down Third Avenue El

it sways slightly but firmly like a hand or a golden-downed thigh

O'Hara, p. 331.

An Elevated Railway train passes. It bounds between two streets like a cannonball filed with quivering flesh, jolting from section to section of this lunatic city. You should see it far away, its carcass trembling as it passes over a torrent of steel girders, which goes on echoing from rampart to rampart long after the train had roars by at seventy miles an hour.

Céline, p. 560.

Elevated train roaring by on its iron trestle at the end of the street.

Donleavy, N. pag..

The click click of the turnstile. Money drops down.

Ibid., N. pag..

Coins-in-cups make a pretty good rattle.

Meltzer, p. 188.

Shout Kools to the man over the crashing rumble of an elevated train and he hands across a pack. Says

mentholated. With a free book of matches. In Europe they make you pay.

Donleavy, N. pag..

I stop for a moment so as to listen to the sounds of the tunnels. We stand very still, and there is silence here, deep under the city. Irregular drops of water reverberate and I also pick out, far off, a faint hum.

Brook, p. 132.

The subway rumbles underneath as man in homburg in vest but coatless executive changes from right to left foot.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 107.

And the all-night girls / they whisper of escapades out on the D train.

Dylan, "Visions."

Now and then, with a long and fading reverberation, a subway train passes under their feet. Perhaps they think momentarily of two green eyes tunneling violently through the earth without apparent propulsion or guidance, as though of their own unparalleled violence creating, like spaced beads on a string, lighted niches in whose wan and fleeting glare human figures like corpses set momentarily on end in a violated grave yard leaned in one streaming and rigid direction and flick away.

Faulkner, p. 613.

A long, dirt-crusting train screeches into the station, running past his nose, stopping with a hundred decibel scream of breaks.

Reisenberg, p. 66.

Uncovered tracks meant a never-ending clanking, from the couplings of railroad cars, and periodic bawling, from the cows and other animals being transported south to the slaughterhouses, unless the people who live in the apartments above keep their windows closed.

Caro, p. 557.

Listen: You might even hear the Pan Am Clipper leaving from Floyd Bennett for Lisbon.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag..

The shrill sulphurous voice of the trolley wires.

Stella, p. 207.

Traffic

It is hardly possible to conceive the appearance of a crowded wholesale street in the day of the automobile vehicle. In the first place, it will be almost as quiet as a country lane—all the crash of horses' hoofs and the rumble of steel tires will be gone.

Ellis, p. 462.

The hymn of the heavy trucks.

Arce, p. 330.

The rumble of speeding trucks, the blasts from near-by steam shovels, and the intermittent whistles from passing river traffic join in crescendos of dissonance.

WPA Guide, p. 81.

I move along the streets in a constant screech of brakes, while a torrent of curses and abuse rain down on me.

Lobas, p. 54.

Only sometimes of an afternoon keen ears detect over the rattle and roar of traffic on Seventh Avenue a humming which is the voice of a hundred thousand sewing machines.

Irwin, p. 315.

One apartment has a picture-window view of the Gowanus Expressway. "Ah, listen," the realtor says as the cars zoom toward the living room. "To me, the sounds of a freeway is like the sound of the ocean. In fact, I like it better."

Bahrampour, N. pag..

We can hear the sound of our own tires on the asphalt, and at Amsterdam Avenue, waiting for a light, I hear someone cough half a block or more away.

Finney, pp. 104-5.

When one is walking down Fifth Avenue, one does not expect to hear string quartet playing a Strauss waltz. What one expects to hear while walking down Fifth Avenue is traffic. When one does indeed hear a string quartet playing a Strauss waltz while one is walking down Fifth Avenue, one is apt to become confused, and imagine that it one is not walking down Fifth Avenue at all but rather that one has somehow wound up an old Vienna. Should one imagine that one is in Old Vienna one is likely to become quite upset when one realizes that in old Vienna there is no sale at Charles

Jourdan. And that is why when I walk down Fifth Avenue I want to hear traffic. [Psychogeography]
Leibowitz, p. 139.

Fifth Avenue, that singing, crystal street.
Dreiser, p. 3.

The noise of the collision had been heard in Fifth Avenue, and its meaning was understood; but amid the universal terror no one thought of trying to aid the victims. Everybody was absorbed in wondering what would become of himself.
Serviss, p. 60.

Auto claxon roars crescendo.
Jolas, p. 473.

We bounce and dance over every pothole on the avenue.
Brook, p. 254.

Thick iron manhole cover clanks and rocks under the passing wheels.
Donleavy, N. pag..

Taxis squeal by as doormen's whistles blow.
Ibid., N. pag..

And right in the middle of my little moment of beauty some crass fucker stops his car to honk his horn.
Ibid., N. pag..

"Taxi!" people wail. "Taxi!" But there are no taxis. Or if one comes along there is somebody in it.
Maxwell, p. 17.

Pedestrian and motor traffic thins and the din slowly fades.
Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 166.

Noise of sliding automobiles and hunger of their eyes.
Galwey, p. 422.

The sound of tireless traffic in the wet streets.
Wojnarowicz, p. 129.

From somewhere off toward Amsterdam Avenue comes the sound of a siren.
Conroy, p. 44.

The siren subsides. Car doors slam outside.
Donleavy, N. pag..

I hear the siren scream, but that is all there is to
that—an eighteen-inch margin again.

White, *Here*, p. 22.

Streets of clanging ambulances.
Reisenberg, p. 203.

Just south of the statue of Father Duffy at 46th Street
between Broadway and Seventh Avenue is a large subway
grating on a pedestrian island. If you walk over it, you
will hear a steady sound, not unlike that of a conch shell
held up to the ear. If you stand still for a long enough
time, you will notice that the sound changes gradually and
subtly... It does not pollute the air nor force itself on
one, the way Muzak does in restaurants and other public
places, but rather steals into one's consciousness, and by
its uniqueness it makes one listen to the sounds—chiefly
traffic noise—with a greater appreciation of special
textures.

Ericson, p. 113.

Garbage

The garbage men come waltzing along. Clanging,
clattering and strewing the sidewalk and gutters with a new
debris.

Donleavy, N. pag..

Muffled sound of the garbage men approaching. Radio says
temperature twenty two degrees. [Winter]

Ibid., N. pag..

The "CHIFF-CHIFF" of hydraulic brakes (like steam
escaping from a narrow fissure), the scrunch of clashing
gears, the thump of wooden boxes being unloaded, the
blaring of a loudspeaker system, the growl of trucks being
jockeyed in and out of position, the slamming shut of metal
doors hardly ever stop... There are two reverse gears. The
second one is the noisy one, but it's faster. VRRRRROM!
they gun the motors to get out, then CHUME! into gear,
CHUME! into the next gear, then they slam on the brakes at
the corner.

Philips, p. 43.

Stopping and starting, making noises like an electric toaster, the Department of Sanitation truck makes its way down Eighty-fourth Street murdering sleep. Crash. Tingle. More grinding. Bump. Thump. Voices. A brief silence and in the whole thing starts up again further down the street. This is followed by other noises—a parked car being warmed up, a maniac in the sports car with no muffler.

Maxwell, p. 18.

The apartments facing the largest express depot in the world are living in acute distress. They have the mercantile equivalent of all-news radio—"all noise, all the time"—the difference being that there's no knob to shut it off with. [Media]

Philips, p. 41.

Radiator

We hear the first paint-roasting thump of the radiator, which tells our conditioned ears that Autumn is here.

Federal Writers, p. i.

Tingling and banging in the pipes along the wall.
Donleavy, N. pag..

City of clanging radiators.
Reisenberg, p. 207.

If the clatter, blast, clang and boom ever quiets.
Donleavy, N. pag..

There is a cracking sound. Strong fumes come up. Someone has dropped a bottle of ammonia at the curb.

Philips, p. 26.

When real winter arrives, the radiators of Manhattan begin to clank and hiss and tenants know that happiness—or, at least, heat—is on the way, but at this time of year while in the street it is still warm, indoors it is cool—occasionally too cool.

Crisp, p. 92.

In this room the heat pipes just cough
Dylan, "Visions."

Construction

A rivet overhead pierces the sultry sky; another shakes the earth.

WPA Guide, p. 50.

The slow lights of barges and the bleak iron giantcy of a crane that in the morning sunrise are pummeling away at the hard earth amidst the clang of hammers and cries of workmen.

Wojnarowicz, p. 133.

Scaffolding down five stories into murky ear splitting darkness. Bed hatted carpenters hammering. Under floodlights. Men bending wire and cutting steel. Huge crane rearing from a truck up into the sky.

Donleavy, N. pag..

Outside there is a prodigious honking of motor-horns and the hammering of a riveter as it flattens the headless ends of bolts in a steel construction across the way. Through the window men, poising perilously at a high altitude on the cross-beams, might be observed catching these blots as they are tossed molten from the furnace.

Van Vechten, p. 77.

Steam riveters rattle incessantly; now and then a donkeyengine whistles and there is a jingle of chains and a fresh girder soared crosswise in the air.

Dos Passos, p. 185.

Looms, shears, jackhammers, trolley cars, voices, add to the din.

WPA Guide, p. 50.

A deep blast rises, drowning the sound of hawkers, children, automobiles.

Ibid., p. 50.

Street repairs and upheavals, buildings being razed and buildings being constructed keep the streets of New York in a constant hell of noise and dirt and inconvenience.

Atkinson, p. 37.

Street

I am sitting in my room one night, listening to the sounds that float vaguely about this curious little unit of metropolitan life.

Dreiser, p. 190.

On a hot summer night, I can measure the lively progress of small boys down Tenth Street by the clanking of sticks on the garbage cans along the way. They charge the air with strident sounds that no symphony would dare to match.

Binzen, N. pag..

The sounds of my street lift like the blast of a great carnival or catastrophe. The noise is always in my ears. Even in sleep I could hear it; I can hear it now.

Gold, p. 14.

From the twenty-first floor, I hear all the noises, precisely and in detail, amplified even! I am stupefied. I cannot sleep with the window barely half open.

Corbusier, p. 65.

Sounds drift up from the street. Honking horns. Squeals of tires. Sirens wailing along the avenues. Drone of an airplane.

Donleavy, N. pag..

I don't even hear any planes except a couple of westbound commercial airliners that habitually use this air shaft to fly over.

White, *Here*, p. 22.

The wail of fire trucks and police sirens is now added to the night.

Lee, p. 85

Off in the distance a fire engine screams, demanding room, behind it another with a harsh, brassy gong backing up the order.

Spillane, p. 318.

Horse cars jingle by. A tinker hammers at brass. Junkbells clang.

Gold, p. 14.

A sound like electric waves cuts into the nerves of the passers-by.

Jolas, p. 472.

I listen to the burbling of water in the fountain, the thunder clapping its way across the skylight, the organ music.

Maffi, p. 72.

Shouting screaming kids fill the streets playing baseball, football, hopscotch, jump-rope, dodging swift-moving trucks and taxis.

WPA Guide, p. 50.

Jackhammers, horns, sirens, breaking glass, recycling trucks, whistles, booming bass from the new Ice Cube, unwanted sound trailing behind me.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 18.

We hear the familiar tune from the Mister Softee truck as it comes down the street.

Lee, p. 60.

Now and again, though, in a quiet moment, the high sound of the iced drink vendor's bell rings across the corner.

Blandford, p. 30.

The clatter of riveting-guns, the sigh of the weary, the shrill warnings of policemen's whistles, the sunny chatter of perambulating nursemaids, the jittery laconisms of waiters, counter-men, cabbies, musicians, busboys on the run, doctors, lawyers, nurses, thieves and radio entertainers.

Federal Writers, p. 152.

The sounds of the city are best heard from without. In the city the screeches of police whistles, the gongs of ambulances, the terrifying sirens of fire engines, balance out, but they swing off together over the pure heads, just as foghorns blare inland up the city streets in thick weather. Off on the stream one notes the cries of children playing games, the sound of whistles at noon, and on Sunday the ringing of church bells. But, for the traveler coming to New York by ferry, the most haunting charm of all is the saucy tinkle of iron pawls merrily spanking the mooring wheels of ferry slips.

Reisenberg, p. 199.

The din of barkers, brass bands, roller coasters, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, and hundreds of other attractions—above all, the shouts and laughter of the crowd itself.

Kasson, p. 49.

But no human voice is heard. The monotonous hissing of the arc lights fills the air, the sounds of music, the cheap notes of the orchestrions, and the thin, continuous sputtering of the sausage-frying counters. All these sounds mingle in an importunate hum, as of some thick, taut chord. And if the human voice breaks into this ceaseless resonance, it is like a frightened whisper. Everything 'round about glitters insolently and reveals its own dismal ugliness.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

Yet the background noise, like the incidental sweetness, is overwhelming: the rumble of buses, the constant whistles, a kind of white hush very different from that in other places. No hushed Sunday-morning moments when church bells ring from a distance... A fight over noise is displaced fight over space. You struggle so hard to claim a few hundred, a bare thousand, square feet that anything intruding—a take-out menu, a neighbor's piano—becomes an affront to your privacy, to your selfhood. The dancing overhead, the barking down below, however harmless, encroach on your dearly bought and long-fought-for solitude. We fight about noise as people in Venice might have fought—did fight—about water rights at the Palazzo. As we do, they blamed the malice of their neighbors for the fact of their circumstances. The annual flooding, the damp mold creeping into your basement, the certain fatality of wet; it all got referred to an argument with your neighbor about where he left his gondola.

Gopnik, p. 91.

Noise is *the* New York issue, yet why should it be so? Surely all cities are equally noisy, but I have never heard anyone in Paris complain about the noise... yet Paris is as loud as it gets: the streets with traffic, the families with dogs; and in San Francisco, they play the stereo all night long. Noise in New York is, must be, a symbol, a referred pain, for something else. It is an issue on which no compromises seem possible. The anger comes from elsewhere, even if (as they claim, and as we refute at length) the noise comes from upstairs ... Is it noisier here than it is elsewhere? I listened on the street and think that, yes, it is noisy here, though I had never really noticed before. The situation can even be said to have improved somewhat, for everything has gone indoors, inside, been internalized.

Ibid., pp. 81, 99.

The 8th Avenue wind from the river blowing the dirty curtains out over the Avenue—street sounds and prostitute clatter of heels mixed with traffic flowing in.

Wojnarowicz, p. 43.

A dissonance comprised of a thousand noises.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 17.

You can see the noise.

Ibid., p. 17.

I can't hear me.

Ibid., p. 17.

And yet the city gives out only a faint sound of fabric being rent: one-half of the mass puling one way and the other half in an opposing direction.

Barnes, p. 294.

This is what you hear along the sidewalks when the sun is shining and when the city's roving bootblacks are lived up like buzzards for business—sometimes lurking in corners, sometimes perched at the curb, sometimes wandering through crowds whispering "*shine, shine*" like a peddler of dirty postcards.

Talese, p. 39.

This strange dim street, still clattering steel against cobble in a blackness relieved by squares, rectangles and cones of vague light whose very color was strange.

Finney, p. 156.

It's hard to lose yourself in the fog of art when you can't afford an air-conditioner, and the erratic thrum of a jackhammer rises up from the street. Through the thin walls comes the sound of the radio played too loudly. Babies and sirens cry. [Artificial Climate]

Leavitt, N. pag..

We live on East Ninth Street, in a second-floor apartment so close to the street that it seems an extension of it, a cacophonous symphony of ugly urban sounds that play fortissimo outside our window, punctuated regularly by the sound of the Ninth Street crosstown bus making its stop next to the downstairs doorway—incredibly, these distractions not only fail to impede but seem to spur the

steady stream of words rushing from his teeming brain to his two nimble index fingers that decisively, at full tilt, strike the keys of his trusty, overburdened Royal portable. It is, then, wide of the mark to say that he is tuning out, doing what I try in vain to do under the same trying circumstances—"I can't hear myself think!" I shout, and toss aside the book I am endeavoring to read, while Frank appears unwilling or unable to shut out the world that engulfs us.

"Is everything grist for your mill?" I ask him, impatiently.

"What?" he asks, as he continues typing.

"The city! The noise outside!"

Lesueur, pp. 82-3.

the life of the city
at all hours
the polyphonic concert of
cables
of rat-a-tats
a "honneger pacific"
of the sewer-pipe
Stern, "Europe," p. 520.

Restless walks filled with coasting images of sight and sound, cars buckling or bucking over cobblestones down quiet side streets, trucks waiting at corners with swarthy drivers leaning back in cool shadowy seats and windows of buildings opening and closing, figures passing within the rooms, faraway sounds of voices and cries and horns that roll up and funnel in like some secret earphone connecting me to the creakings of the city.

Wojnarowicz, p. 145.

On the dropping of the New Years ball: "It's a giant animal mass that heaves and emits this *unbelievable* sound."

Trebay, p. 156.

Music

O city
full of music
built all out of mechanical rhythm.
Arce, p. 19.

There is music everywhere; the activity is intense, relatively violent, and silent (it is not the agitated, theatrical activity you find in Italy).

Baudrillard, *America*, p. 18.

The 'music of the city' that needs to be 'discovered by reflection.'

Amin & Thrift, p. 16.

When the mode of music changes, the walls of the city shake.

McReynolds, p. 346.

Music and the spoken word meet, intermingle, and blend as one here, and the dialogue between the two is continual. Maffi, p. 106.

When I come to Trinity Church I hear organ music rising against the roar of traffic.

Atkinson, p. 80.

Cats singing at night, cornetists wailing by day. Reisenberg, p. 202.

And now a "Jazz-Band"
from New York;
vice blossoms
and engines thrust
in synchronous seaports
Nuthouse of Hertz, Marconi, and Edison!
Arce, p. 333.

A sound of jazz from jug-band.
Jolas, p. 472.

bebop clatter familiar sounds
Wojnarowicz, p. 111.

who sang out of their windows in despair
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 5.

Bessie Smith is singing Jazzbo Brown from a radio in the orange drink stand at the corner. Halfway down Sutton Place a blind man is playing "Make Believe" on a sliding trombone. Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, all threats and revelations, is blowing out of an upstairs window

Cheever, "Moving Out," p. 97.

The sidewalks on 14th Street are empty, devoid of extras, and above the sounds, I can hear someone singing "The Sunny Side of the Street" softly to himself.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 129.

On Christmas Eve, Dorothy Day returns to the Women's House of Detention where she had spent almost a month this summer. With her are fellow members of the catholic Worker Movement, pacifists, individualists—several of whom have also gone to jail for refusing, because of their convictions, to take shelter during an air-raided drill. They have come to Village Square to sing carols to the women inside. They stand in the freeing street opposite the towering building, and sing.

It seems hard for the unknowing, like this reporter, to believe that anyone can reach the girls in that dismal place.

The singing starts with a kind of unsure sincerity. After the first song, they pause. Against the windows, silhouettes of the watching girls can be seen. Then, from behind the heavy windows, they began to shout. "More...sing another one!" One girl yells, in a throaty Puerto Rican accent that seems to make standing in the cold wind worth it: "Please? Please sing another one, you good people...God bless all of you!"

The group really catches fire and sings with such zeal that they sound good enough to be in Saint Patrick's. Every time they pause, the inmates think they are stopping, and plead for more.

The carolers circle the prison, giving each side a chance to hear, and each side responds like the others. Every time a girl calls down, the singers seem to take on a new fervor.

Some passersby approaches with the wry smile of sophistication, but no one sneers when he gets close. In fact a great many stop to join in.

A slightly bald priest who looks very much like Barry Fitzgerald notices that I am standing apart, and smiles in my direction. A few minutes later he smiles again, comes over, and says to me with warmth: "You can join us if you'd like. That is—if you really want to."

So I sing right along with the group. I am singing with Catholic Workers, tourists, sailors, Villagers, actors, and a drunken woman who also feels the magnetism. We sing ourselves to tears to a bunch of tough girls we will never see.

After a long time in the cold the carolers start to split up. "God bless all you girls... we know next Christmas

will be merrier," shouts the drunken woman in a blurred, tipsy voice, while she looks around thinking that perhaps she has made a mistake. Believe me, she hasn't.

Smith, "Postscript," pp. 306-7.

Music is playing from upstairs apartments in this year before air-conditioning silenced the New York night: Symphony Sid or Jazzbo Collins, Alan Freed or Murray Kaufman (*Mee-a-zurry, Mee-a-zurray, all through the night*)... even, in memory, Jack Lacy on WINS before it became an all-news station (*Listen to Lacy, a guy with a style, of spinning a disk with finesse, yes, yes*). [Media] [Artificial Climate]

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag..

The cornetist steps forward for a solo, begins, "Drink to me only with thine eyes..." In the wide, warm night the horn is startlingly pure and magical. Then from the North River another horn solo begins—the Queen Mary announcing her intentions. She is not on key; she is a half tone off. The trumpeter in the bandstand never flinches. The horns quarrel savagely, but no one minds having the intimation of travel injected into the pledge of love. "I leave," sobs Mary. "And I will pledge with mine," sighs the trumpeter.

White, *Here*, p. 41.

The gentle playing of an oboe mingles with city noises from the street outside, which penetrates into the room with difficulty through great barricades of books.

Fitzgerald, "My Lost City," p. 107.

The elevator stops, and we clamber out, blinking at the light and noise. There is a party going on, for sure. Some of the guys are playing a horn duet—I can't tell an oboe from a trumpet from a frog, so I'm not sure exactly what instruments they are using, but they sound like enemy herds of elephants preparing for battle.

Tucker, p. 140.

Deep in the night, I am almost unaware how many people are on the street unless something calls them together, like the bagpipe. Who the piper is and why he favors our street I have no idea. The bagpipe just skirls out in the February night.

Rorem, p. 814.

a grindorgan fills the street with shiny jostling coils of the Blue Danube

Dos Passos, pp. 240-41.

Varèse hears the din of the city as improvised modern music, spurning the assuagement of tone and harmony.
Conrad, p. 118.

The sirens change from scientific hypothesis to urban commonplace when fire engines—which can be heard in Varèse's "Deserts" (1954) and in his "Ameriques" (1926)—shrill by.

Ibid., p. 118.

"Music is made of sound," Varèse insists, and New York's foghorns, piercing police whistles, rattling hammers, percussive El, ground bass of automobiles, and stuttering radios are an organization of sound, mechanically emitted and (in the orchestra) mechanically imitated.

Ibid., p. 118.

American sounds. Varèse hears them from his room on West 14th Street.

Ibid., p. 118.

Mid-1920s, Varèse's *Amériques* is played at Carnegie Hall. An anonymous reviewer of the *Evening World* says, "A pretty little shindig of boos and hisses broke last night... after Edgard Varèse's symphonic genuflection to the Fire Department and the Pneumatic Riverters' Union.

Varèse, p. 246.

Composer George Antheil, the self-styled "bad boy of music," presents the US premiere of his *Ballet mécanique* [at Carnegie Hall] on April 10.

Conducted by Eugène Goossens, the performance featured xylophones, electric bells, anvils, airplane propellers, sirens, assorted percussion instruments, player pianos, and regular pianos, including one played by a 26-year-old Aaron Copland.

According to *The New York Times*, some members of the audience cheered, some hissed, and "one beleaguered man" even tied a white handkerchief to his cane, "hoisted it over his head and waved it from side to side in a token of surrender."

"1927 George," N. pag..

He hears the electric light as the ringing of a "silvery alarm."

Conrad, p. 239.

The music does not melodiously happen through time. Rather it accumulates in and deafeningly congests space as the city does, tiered vertically in layers of battering sound. It is cubism in music, a piling-up of solid masses.

Ibid., p. 118.

The trumpet in a Harlem band is a turbine, a tireless self-repetitive dynamo, and admires tap-dancing for similar reasons, because it's the choreography of the factory, "as mechanical as a sewing machine."

Ibid., p. 138.

Cage: "I'm just crazy about the noise of New York. I consider it musical."

Ibid., p. 119.

When I hear what we call music, it seems to me that someone is talking. And talking about his feelings or about his ideas, of relationships. But when I hear traffic, the sound of traffic here on Sixth Avenue for instance, I don't have the feeling that anyone is talking, I have the feeling that a sound is acting, and I love the activity of sound. What it does, is it gets louder and quieter, and it gets higher and lower. And it gets longer and shorter. I'm completely satisfied with that, I don't need sound to talk to me. And this silence, almost anywhere in the world today, is traffic. If you listen to Beethoven, it's always the same, but if you listen to traffic, it's always different.

Cage, "About Silence," transcription.

I love living on Sixth Avenue. It has more sounds, and totally unpredictable sounds, than any place I've ever lived.

Cage, *Conversing*, p. 25.

I wouldn't dream of getting double glass because I love all the sounds. The traffic never stops, night and day. Every now and then a horn, siren, screeching brakes—extremely interesting and always unpredictable. At first I thought I couldn't sleep through it. Then I found a way of transposing the sounds into images so that they entered into my dreams without waking me up.

Ibid., p. 25.

Now I don't need a piano. I have Sixth Avenue, the sounds. I translate the sounds into images, and so my

dreams aren't disturbed. It just fuses. There was a burglar alarm one night and I was amazed because the pitch went on for two hours, was quite loud. It seemed to me to be going slightly up and slightly down. So what it became in my dreams was a Brancusi-like shape, you know, a subtle curve. And I wasn't annoyed at all.

Ibid., p. 25.

When the weather was good the windows were open, and the airplanes leaving La Guardia flew directly overhead, drowning out from time to time whatever he had to say. He never repeated what had been said during the passage of the airplane. Three lectures I remember in particular. While he was giving them I couldn't for the life of me figure out what he was saying. It was a week or so later, while I was walking in the woods looking for mushrooms, that it all dawned on me.

Cage, *Indeterminacy*, N. pag..

Planes flew over the city around me; I heard them.
Finney, p. 113.

O'Hara working at 326 East Forty-ninth Street between First and Second Avenues, listening to the three or four albums he owned: works by Poulenc, Milhaud and Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony—and an antiquated little radio which he kept tuned to one of the two classical radio stations, WQXR or WNYC.

Gooch, p. 193.

Listening to free concerts under the stars at Lewisohn Stadium.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag..

In 1955 Muzak was tested in the NYC subways.

Basile, *Cool*, p. 217.

On this blue May night, it is music. It is not the Prologue to Pagliacci, which rises ever and anon on hot evenings from an Italian tenement on Thompson Street, with the gasps of the corpulent baritone who gets behind it; nor is it the hurdy-gurdy man, who often plays at the corner in the balmy twilight. No, this is a woman's voice, singing the tempestuous, over-lapping phrases of Signor Puccini, then comparatively new in the world, but already so popular that even he recognized his unmistakable gusts of breath. He looks about over the roofs; all is blue and still, with

the well-built chimneys that were never used now standing up dark and mournful.

Cather, p. 11.

It is Saturday, toward the end of the afternoon. I turn through West 48th Street. From the open windows of the drum and saxophone parlors come the listless sounds of musical instruction, monstrous insect noises in the brooding field of summer. The Cort Theater is disgorging its matinee audience. Suddenly the whole block is filled with the mighty voice of a street singer. He approaches, looking for an audience, a large, cheerful Negro with grand-opera contours, strolling with head thrown back, filling the canyon with uninhibited song. He carries a long cane as his sole prop, and is tidily but casually dressed slacks, seersucker jacket, a book showing in his pocket.

White, *Here*, p. 39.

I craved the memories of the smells and sounds of then-exotic Caribbean vegetables at La Marqueta, the indoor market at 115th Street and Park Avenue, and the salsa jams throbbing from the Casa Latina record store on 116th Street.

Morales, p. 19.

The Beatles' Sgt. Pepper music was the main strain you heard all through the summer; you'd hear it playing absolutely everywhere.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 216.

Sometimes a turntable just gets an urge to walk out the window and down to Eighth Street.

Trebay, p. 67.

In Harlem lanky youths in t-shirts amble past uniform public housing blocks swinging monstrous transistor radios that blare rock and reggae into the air as palpably as the exhaust from the groaning buses.

Brook, p. 4.

It was '76 to 1980
The dreads in Brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go POP
BDP "South Bronx."

One night she came down in a green sweat suit and carrying a boom box on her shoulder blaring "Rapper's

Delight"! We didn't go anywhere. We just walked around the city. It was our playground and her hood.

Frisa & Tonchi, p. 167.

A loudspeaker pulses salsa music from a tenth-story housing project window so that everyone on the street below can step in tune for free.

Courgois, p. 33.

Once there were kids with boom boxes, declaring the strength of their shoulders and their indifference to middle-class opinions by hoisting huge radios to create insulating, almost visible clouds of defiant sound... Now everyone walks with headphones.

Gopnik, p. 81, 99.

This is the only difference between this latest summer and those that have gone before it. The blaring tape decks are fewer. The big black noise machines gave way to Sony Walkmen. Now each person skips and dances along to an unheard, inner tuned. It would be a welcome relief were it not that the thunder of traffic goes on, the blast of exhausts continues.

Blandford, p. 30.

Back in the early 90s, I was working in my studio on Houston St. with the window open. In those days, people were still playing music on the streets from oversized ghetto blasters balanced on their shoulders and, more often than not, playing hip hop. From outside the window came an array of sheer white noise, which quickly morphed into what sounded like the electronic whooshes of *musique concrète*. I was stunned and rushed over to see what was going on. But by the time I got there, the noise had changed again, this time into light Daisy Age beats. It took me a few minutes to realize that what I was hearing was a noisy break in what was a rare and unique moment for experimental hip hop; a moment that passed quickly once gangsta rap took over.

Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag..

Radio

The phonograph and radio have all but exterminated the Italian organ-grinder.

Irwin, p. 38.

At every corner a gramophone shop
in every shop a hundred gramophones
for each gramophone a hundred records
Seferis, pp. 303-4.

City of telephone flirtations, Dictaphones, microphones,
and loud-speakers.
Reisenberg, p. 206.

A gramophone
will play (in-e-luc-ta-bly)
the Afternoon of a Faun;
Léyeles, p. 405.

Radio and victrola shops relay a never-ending programme
of "fanfare" music. Rifle-shots thrash the air with
monotonous explosions as the pageant of ducks floats by in
the side-show, or a ping-pong ball balances precariously on
a water jet. And you can hear music streaming out from
every window. The sound from a grand piano on which some
one is essaying Beethoven's "Appassionata" or Sarasate's
undying and hackneyed "Gypsy Airs," played on a violin to a
very inadequate accompaniment. Song, music, and color,
whichever way you turn.

Bercovici, pp. 53-4.

Somewhere in the quiet, sparsely developed outskirts of
Los Angeles, an artificial New York would arise. It would
be a New York where sound could be controlled, a New York
distant from any unwanted traffic background noises... The
rise of a genuine *mythic* New York on film was the
unexpected consequence of a second revolution brought on by
sound—a consequence, in fact, of the single most crucial
fact about talking pictures. They talked. [Dream City]
Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 275.

The lack of directionality in early microphones ensured
that every background sound—car horns, pneumatic drills,
tugboat whistles, and always, somewhere, the roar of a
distant elevated train—would find its way on to the
recordings track.

Ibid., p. 275.

On the radio district which was replaced by the World
Trade Center: And what an area it was, especially in its
sounds. A walk down the streets presented a constantly
shifting cacophony, as most of the shop owners had mounted
big cone-shaped vibrating speakers over their doorways,

blasting out everything from the teariest opera to big-band orchestral music to step-right-up sales pitches that ran over and over. Piercing through all that noise was the a-ooga of car horns on the street, the whistle of the ferries that docked in the slips right at the foot of Cortlandt Street, and the much deeper bellow from the tugboats plying the river. There was the occasional clop of horses—in the late 1920s there were still a few horse-drawn drays moving small loads of cargo or scrapwood, and they could be seen negotiating the widest of U-turns at the Cortlandt intersections.

Glanz, pp. 74-5.

Radio has introduced many new expressions into the city's language. Easily recognizable are hog the mike, wanna buy a duck?, check and double-check, are ya listenin'? Equally colorful is an inside (professional) lingo which employs killie loo bird for a flighty coloratura, old sexton for a bass with a sepulchral voice, talking in his beard for a muffled voice, fax for facilities, town crier for one who sings too loud, fighting the music for lack of ease in singing, down in the mud for very low reproduction volume, line hits for occasional chirps on transmission circuits, fizzy for an unclear voice, fuzzy for an unclear program, and on the nose for ending a program on schedule to the second. Staples surviving the introduction of microphones include nervous pudding for Jello; burn the British or toasted Wally for a toasted English muffin; smear one, burn it for a toasted cheese sandwich; bottle o' red for catsup; one to go for an order to be taken out; one cow for a glass of milk; stretch it for a large glass; burn one with a feather for a chocolate malted milk with an egg in it; and the strident eighty-six, a warning to the cashier that a customer is trying to leave without paying his check. [Speech]

Federal Writers, p. 159.

Radio jazz-splashing on pavement.
Jolas, p. 471.

The far end of the dial. Move the pointer away from NYC and QXR some night late and start fishing around between the loud local stations at the high-frequency end of the band. Where the static level is high and the living is not easy.

Shepherd, p. 156.

The obliviousness to low sounds, the indifference to cacophony which makes the ideal radio listener of present-day America, was part of the original acquisition of Manhattan in the Brown Decades. This torment of noise-troubled sleep, lowered waking efficiency, depleted vitality; but it was endured as if it were an irremediable fact of nature. In the lull of the elevated's thunder, the occasional tinkle of the cowbells of the ragman on a side street, or the solemn *I-I-I xas' clos's* of the second-hand clothing buyer, would have an almost pastoral touch; while *Carmen*, on an Italian's clanking hand organ, could splash the sky with color.

Mumford, "Metropolitan," p. 22.

If it's warm enough, and the right year, you can hear the ball games too: Ernie Harwell and Russ Hodges bringing us the Giants (with Frankie Frisch the Fordham Flash on the post-game show), or Red Barber and Connie Desmond with the Dodgers, or hear the simulated crack of a bat and the simulated roar of a crowd, and *Today's baseball, with Bert Lee and Marty Glickman, and the absent Ward Wilson, who is ailing...* Ward Wilson was always absent. Ward Wilson was always ailing. And nobody listened to the Yankees.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag..

Radio City as a bloodless cathedral. Inside the studio he sees another room made by muting and insulation: a glass aquarium for spectators, who can chatter at will without being heard because their booth is soundproofed.

Conrad, pp. 137-8.

"What's news from New York?"

"Stocks go up. A baby murdered a gangster."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing. Radios blare in the street."

Fitzgerald, "My Lost City," p. 114.

Speech

The exposure to the din and roar, the screams and yells, which go on in the streets at nearly all hours of the day and night.

Girdner, p. 127.

People talk with their hands, their mouths, their bodies—most of all their hands.

Binzen, N. pag..

Then, all of a sudden, piercing shrieks volley from high office windows.

Reisenberg, p. 50.

But somebody's always screaming.

Brown, *Manchild*, p. 120.

A woman shouts into a pay phone, as if she wants the whole city to hear.

Brooks, p. 59.

Life bubbles, sparkles; chatters bay, incoherent stuff.

Dreiser, p. 3.

In summer, other voices in other rooms spilled out into the street.

McCourt, p. 31.

A voice chants a Congo song.

Jolas, p. 472.

All of a sudden you realize that most of these humans are talking. The sound is like the sound in a theater just before the curtain goes up. Shut your eyes and listen. It is almost overpowering.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 186.

There are now so many stories gabbling simultaneously in New York that none of them can be made audible.

Conrad, p. 278.

The confusion of strange tongues, babbling heedlessly.

Maffi, p. 108.

Noisy cafes and whispering breadlines
Children that scream and yell
Whistles and bells and siren horns blowing
Pistols that crack and roar
Ono "Midsummer."

Survival requires linguistic assimilation.

Conrad, p. 122.

The Voice of the City, implies that the painting is a direct expression of a city that speaks for itself. Stella may have got both his title and idea from O. Henry's book *The Voice of the City* (1908). In the eponymous lead story

the narrator searches all over New York, at night, for "the composite vocal message of massed humanity," to "interpret its meaning" since "it must have a key." New York's voice, O. Henry imagined, would have to be "a mighty and far-reaching utterance... the tremendous crash of the chords of the day's traffic, the laughter and music of the night... the rag-time, the weeping, the stealthy hum of cab-wheels."

Sharpe, p. 201.

The composite vocal message of massed humanity. In other words, of the Voice of a Big City.

Henry, *Voice*, p. 13.

We can compare space to a language and study its dimensions: the paradigmatic (relevant oppositions: inside/outside, above/below, verticality/ horizontality, etc.)—the syntagmatic (sequences and linkages: roads, avenues and boulevards, routes, etc.)—the symbolic (the meaning of monuments, special places, etc.).

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 230.

Words and expressions are whipped off the street only to be deformed or interpreted anew, and linguistic borrowings taking their origins from the provinces and small towns are remolded on (and for) the metropolitan experience.

Maffi, p. 110.

In everyday speech, dominated as it is by its rhythm and speed, this language—"language of the city"—often becomes pure sound continually remodeled and modified by pronunciation, accent, and forever-changing outside influences.

Ibid., p. 110.

While walking around the metropolis, new and hybrid linguistic forms echo all around you, confirming the sensation that this is very much an ongoing process.

[Refraction]

Ibid., p. 111.

It is a world of echoes and ricochets, observed from angles that emphasize the flatness and miscellaneous presences in the urban space. [Reflection]

Kozloff, N. pag..

The familiar utterance of words derived from unfamiliar lexicons. [Distortion]

Federal Writers, p. 292.

The vendors call out their wares in what seems at first a tongue all their own. But a trained ear soon discovers that it is English, or rather that English is the essential component of the chemistry of their language; the rest being words of their own creation, or scraps from a dozen other languages which stuck to the people of woe in their two thousand years' peregrination from land to land.

Bercovici, p. 14.

If you sit in Bronx Park on a Sunday or walk down Sixth Avenue below Twenty-Third Street on almost any evening you will not hear a word of English—but it will be a very New York Yiddish or Italian or German that you will hear.

Ford, *America*, p. 96.

You can sip coffee at the Cafe Royal on 12th Street at Second Avenue and listen to the sound of Yiddish.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag..

Anyone who listens attentively enough on a Friday morning may hear as he strolls down Washington Street an oratorical flow of rhythmic speech piercing the rumble and chatter of the pavements. It is the reading of the Koran.

Irwin, p. 35.

From Houston to Rivington Street ... fruit is sold in the open air by howling venders to bargaining customers, each one yelling his offer on the top of his voice; quarreling disputing, cursing, using what is most spicy in the gutters of the street lingo.

Bercovici, pp. 224-5.

Who rose triumphant out of Brooklyn and the Bronx with that ritzy accent.

Donleavy, N. pag..

At first I made manic efforts to manage to speak English inside a month. Just as my efforts were beginning to make some headway, the near-at-hand (or even near-at-foot, or to boot) shopkeeper, milkman, laundryman, and even the policeman—they all began speaking to me in Russian.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 55.

It's slang. Instead of "thank you," they say "fuck you."
Lobas, p. 70.

In the wintry hush, the babble of the city's languages carries through the clear, biting air—a whisper of English, as often the soft rise and fall of Spanish.

Blandford, p. 148.

The windows are opened and all our neighbors can hear us. We often lay there ourselves listening to the desperate fucking, and the curses in English, but in Spanish too, which was the language of that part of the city. For seven hours the deluge is unceasing.

Abbott. "Bowery," p. 220.

New Yorkese is the common speech of early nineteenth century Cork, transplanted during the mass immigration of the South Irish a hundred years ago.

Maffi, p. 108.

It is not a joke, the great clang of New York. It is the sound of brassy people at the part, at all parties, pimping and doing favors and threatening and making gassy public statements and being modest and blackmailing and having dinner and going on later.

McCourt, p. 106.

The emphasized articulation of the so-called "dental consonants"—"d," "ts," "z," "sh," "ch," and "n."

Federal Writers," p. 153.

Popeye, gnarled knight of the clenched fist and the corncob pipe, speaks Tenth Avenue's indigenous tongue. Betty Boop, epitome of short-skirted innocence in the 1920's, scolds her little dog and sings her copyrighted ditties in exaggerated New Yorkese.

Ibid., p. 284.

So you say to the waiter, 'Gimme the chicken and vegetables but portostat with the chicken with the fustatis on it.' So he says 'What?' and you say 'You know, the portostat, and moonsign the savina on the top, with the vegetables.'

Ibid., p. 157.

"Sure ya got pressed in the third, kid. You done all right, but your trouble is ya fonnastat when you go forward with your left hand. That's a pretty bad fault. All ya have to learn is ya come forward when ya fest 'em up on the referee with the old sedda m'credda."

Ibid., p. 157.

"He's after painting two swans on deh kitchen windes. Wan is facin' wan way and d'oder is facin' d'oder way.—So dat is so help me God dis day you'd tink deh swans was floatin' in a garden! And deh garden was floatin' in through deh winda! And dere was no winda!"

Liebling, p. 17

"Hey, hoo pie, howza clock on 'at stonecrusher?"
"It's the ice-breaker; see you on the show-break."
Federal Writers, p. 158.

kibitzer, shikse, schnorrer, schlemiel, schmegeggie, nebach, chiker, mazuma, meshuggah, kishkes, inazzaltov, shaslik

Ibid., p. 153.

The Dorgans, Conways, Lardners, Winchells, Baers, O'Haras, Kobers, Durantes and Runyons have given the nation scram, lay an egg, palooka, belly-laugh, Reno-vate, yes we have no bananas, twenty-three skiddoo, Alcoholiday, Park Rowgue, wisecrack, applesauce, you said it, hard-boiled, pushover, click, laugh that off, yes-man, middle-aisling it, socko, step on the gas, kiss the canvas, throw in the sponge.

Ibid., p. 155.

New York so worships names that it recites them as free-standing—and thus inane—spells, which no longer need refer to things.

Conrad, p. 120.

In the 1926 Manhattan telephone book "Smith" fell to second place behind "Cohen" as the most common surname.

Peretti, p. 17.

Liang, Lang, Leong. Seto. Soo-hoo, Szu Tu, Yuan, Goon. Moy, Mei, Mui, Hu, Woo. Huie, Huey. Choy, Toy. Tom, Hom. Hoo, He. Fung, Feng. Gee, Chee. Lum, Lin. Chin, Chin, N. pag..

Wellington Koo. Alfred Sze.

Ibid., N. pag..

Thalia Stitch, Iancu Posmantir, Albino Ong, Chidilim Onyiagha, Richard Ooms, Siegmund Kiwi, Brain T. Kivlan, Fleurin Eshghi, Ida Ipp, Oy Turoa, and Babington A. Quame. Brook, p. 147.

Finian, Peyzer, Ladiges, Tahmes, Pinzonas, Freechtermas, Cicarella, Aboutfour, Zugried, Bodnor, Powder, Vdonin, Firker, Fatseas, Yartin, Peskin, Frant, Conconeff; Sanfilippo, Schmidt, Smith, Jones, and Brown.

Reisenberg, p. 207.

Papito, Papi, Papo, Nene, Pops, Negro, Junior Courgois, p. 216.

Pipe the pushover, he thinks he's a click with his doll because she told him she'd lohengrin and bear it, but all she wants is a stand-in to pinch hit for the last heart, who lost all his what-it-takes in an under-the-bridge-at-midnite payoff.

Federal Writers, p. 155.

Somebody Loves Me, Baby Divine, You're in Kentucky fuss Shu' As You're Born, bruised notes of foxtrots go limping out of doors, blues, waltzes (We'd Danced the Whole Night Through) trail gyrating tinsel memories.

Dos Passos, p. 291.

The Rock & Roll for the RR. C for 'Charlie.' The J is Johnny, the M is Mary, N for Nancy. Boy train is the B; A is Apple; E is Echo. Most of the names that would be hard to distinguish on the radio... N and M would be difficult... Nancy, Mary... so that's why they do that. A lot over the radio would be very difficult... And then the number trains are no problem.

Groce, p. 74.

In the 1920s, the introduction to polite society the full spectrum of long-tabooed profanity such as the "lowdown," the "scoop," the "dope," the "dirt," "bunk," "bogus," "baloney," "applesauce," "balls," and "bull[shit]." They tried to eliminate from their lexicon all the words like "sacred," "sacrifice," and "soul" that their Victorian predecessors had disfigured by overuse and misuse. Slang in the 1920s was the speech of bootlegging criminals and fast-talking vaudevillians, people who knew how to "fix" everything from the World Series to bathtub gin.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 54.

Edmund Wilson listed more than a hundred terms for "drunk" in his "Lexicon of Prohibition" (1927): lit, squiffy, oiled, lubricated, owled, edged, jingled, piffed,

piped, sloppy, woozy, happy, half-screwed, half-cocked, half-shot, half seas over, fried, stewed, boiled, zozzled, sprung, scrooched, jazzed, jagged, canned, corked, corned, potted, hooted, slopped, tanked, stinko, blind, stiff, under the table, tight, full, wet, high, horseback, liquored, pickled, ginned, shicker (Yiddish), spifflicated, primed, organized, featured, pie-eyed, cock-eyed, wall-eyed, glassy-eyed, bleary-eyed, hoary-eyed, over the Bay, four sheets in the wind, crocked, loaded, leaping, screeching, lathered, plastered, soused, bloated, polluted, saturated, full as a tick, loaded for bear, loaded to the muzzle, loaded to the plimsoll mark, wapsed down, paralyzed, ossified, out like a light, passed out cold, embalmed, buried, blotto, lit up like the sky, lit up like the Commonwealth, lit up like a Christmas tree, lit up like a store window, lit up like a church, fried to the hat, slopped to the ears, stewed to the gills, boiled as an owl, to have a bun on, to have a slant on, to have a skate on, to have a snootful, to have a skinful, to draw a blank, to pull a shut-eye, to pull a Daniel Boone, to have a rubber drink, to have a hangover, to have a head, to have the jumps, to have the shakes, to have the zings, to have the heeby-jeebies, to have the screaming meemies, to have the whoops and jingles, to burn with a low blue flame.

[Alcohol]

Ibid., p. 101.

Damon Runyan invented the argot of NY streets, calling money *potatoes*, Lindy's restaurant *Mindy's* and complimentary tickets *Chinee* (because they are punched with holes like Chinese coins).

Trager, p. 460.

"Wauf!" "Pow!" "Wham!" "Socko!" "Glug!" "Zowie!" and "Bam!"

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 451.

The first documented use of the following words, terms, and phrases can be attributed to Dorothy Parker: art moderne, ball of fire (said of a person), with bells on, bellyacher, birdbrain, boy-meets-girl, chocolate bar, daisy chain (in the sexual sense), face-lift, high society, mess around (to potter), nostalgic, one-night stand (in the sexual sense), pain in the neck (said of a person), pass (sexual overture), doesn't have a prayer, queer (gay), scaredy-cat, shoot (expletive), the sky's the limit, to twist someone's arm, what the hell, and wisecrack.

Fitzpatrick, p. 9.

They wanted "nuthouse" not "madhouse," "drugstore" not "chemist's shop," "radio" not "wireless," "frame" not "put-up job."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 357.

On the sidewalks of downtown brokers and brokers' clerks are talking strange words and stranger phrases: conscientious objectors, hyphens, camouflage, T.N.T., profiteers, enemy aliens, the bridge of ships, swivel chairs, strafing, gasless Sundays, heatless Mondays, meatless Thursdays, somewhere in France, "Lafayette, we are here!"

Collins, p. 291.

Each precinct has its own idiosyncratic cry, voicing its collective unconsciousness. The Lower East Side gave out a subdued, suffering "Oh-hh, O-h-h. O-h-h," Broadway a shriller "Eeee-eee-eee," Harlem a throaty, ululating "Ooo-ooooo."

Conrad, p. 287.

So we sat darnning socks on Waverly Place and practiced the use of profanity as we stitched. Needle in, shit. Needle out, piss. Needle in, fuck. Needle out, cunt. Until we were very easy with the words.

Charyn, p. 234.

In the gale of brassbands and trampling horses and rumbling clatter of cannon, shadows like the shadows of claws grasp at the taut flags, the flags are hungry tongues licking twisting curling.

Oh it's a long way to Tipperary...Over there! Over there!

The harbor is packed with zebra-striped skunkstriped piebald steamboats, the Narrows are choked with bullion, they're piling gold sovereigns up to the ceilings in the Subtreasury. Dollars whine on the radio, all the cables tap out dollars.

There's a long long trail awinding... Over there! Over there!

In the subway their eyes pop as they spell out APOCALYPSE, typhus, cholera, shrapnel, insurrection, death in fire, death in water, death in hunger, death in mud.

Oh it's a long way to Madymosell from Armenteurs, over there! The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming. Down Fifth Avenue the bands blare for the Liberty Loan drive, for the Red Cross, drive. Hospital ships sneak up the harbor and un load furtively at night in old docks in

Jersey. Up Fifth Avenue the flags of the seventeen nations are flaring curling in the shrill hungry wind.

O the oak and the ash and the weeping willow tree And green grows the grass in God's country.

The great flags flap and tug at their lashings on the creaking goldknobbed poles up Fifth Avenue.

Dos Passos, p. 271.

Chuck's readiness is proverbial on the Bowery. He is always prepared to say something characteristic and original. One day he was in a philosophic mood, and talked to me disjointedly, over his beer, as follows:

"A bloke wat ain't go no money can't git a gal, and if he does git her, den it's all up in de air wid de money wat he's got. But dere are some good gals wat a bloke's a junk if he don't treat right. A bloke ain't go no show wid a gal if he ain't goo-lookin', wid good clothes, with a fence around his neck. I ain't handsome, and I ain't rich, so sometimes a bundle will give me a ticket to go across de ferry wid but she'll give me a ticket to go back see. Now, if I was handsome and rich I'd git a ticket to cross de ferry but I wouldn't git no ticket back, see? Anyway, a gal don't make no difference ter me All coons look alike ter me. Dere's no difference between a gal and a lady except dat de lady has got a fine dress and de gal ain't. De lady has got de boodle, de rocks, see? and de gal ain't, see? Dat's all. Wat's a gent, did yer say? A gent, wat you call a gentleman, is a bloke wat ain't a junk. A gent is a man wat shakes hands wid yer; wat don't wear no fence around his neck, wat don't wear no tall hat, wat don't call yer a bum. When a bloke wat ain't got a nickel asks a junk for a nickel, the junk wat ain't a gent, calls him a bum. You can always tell a junk that way. A junk ain't no gent, that's all, see? A gent is a dammed good man, a good man that ain't looking fer no good advice. A bloke wat takes good advice ain't no gent. I hate a man wat takes good advice. A gent takes no advice, particly no good advice. He's too good a feller, yer know. A chump is a good, good man. A chump is slang for a sucker. If you fetch him a jab in the wizzard, he'll grin, feeble like. an' if you tell him you didn't mean it he'll shake yer hand as friendly as yer like. He's a good, good man, a chump is, which is slang for a sucker, but he ain't no gent tho he is a lot better than a junk. A junk is the worst thing there is. A chump is good to yer, but he's mean to himself. He does himself all the harm he does, and that's why he is a sucker. But a junk is a down bad man, real bad, yer know, wid a fence around his neck. Am I married did yer say? I'd like to see the gal wat

could hitch up ter me. If I ever do hitch up, she might as well hitch up ter a post. But I booze too much and I may hitch up sometime. It's a wonder I ain't dead. I've done it all, yer know, up all night full of booze and fight, yer know, and dey say that when a bloke hitches up it's easy to stop the booze. But I'd like to see the girl wat could hitch up ter me. If I ever do hitch up she'll think I am a post sure. I get into a lot of troubles 'cause of other blokes. I ain't had ten fights fer myself in my life. Some bloke'll come up to me'nd say, Chuck, that fellow wants ter fight me and den I fight. See that scar, and dat? and dat? dey's all got fer other fellows, not fer me, but I am tired of it, and I am going to quit. I wonder I ain't dead. Maybe I'll hitch up. I thot I'd have a sloon of my own, but that would not pay, fer all the old blokes would come in and say: Chuck I'm dead broke, gimme a drink, Chuck, and I'd give em a drink of course, but dat don't pay. I'd be in the air every night, right up in the air, yer know. But I am going to get a place right here in this here bar, and I tell you ther'll be lots old blokes wat'll come and when other men are around p'raps they'll pay, but when I am alone then there ain't no use. Be on the level and watch de play. It's a blue day to-day but de play of life goes on. Some blokes—good fellows too—kill demselves when dey get blue. Why? Why not see de next act? I know a bloke wat cut his throat 'cause his wife ran away from him. Dat's all nonsense. He ought to go and cut a figur' and his wife'd would come back, all right, all right. If she didn't it wouldn't cut no ice, but she would, yer know. Wat's the use of being as blue as dis wedder? I'm always happy. Whenever I have de rocks, I'm all, right an' I'm all right when I ain't got 'em. Some odder feller can cut his throat. Dat's all right, but I won't, Chuck Connors won't. I want ter see de next act. I want ter see de play out. I m me own friend bloke, me best friend, and it's only an easy mark wot'd cut his throat or give a rip wat happens so long as de play goes on."

Hapgood, pp. 36-9.

R - Smell

When I'm walking around New York I'm always aware of the smells around me: the rubber mats in office buildings; upholstered seats in movie theaters; pizza; Orange Julius; espresso-garlic-oregano; burgers; dry cotton tee-shirts; neighborhood grocery stores; chic grocery stores; the hot dogs and sauerkraut carts; hardware store smell; stationery store smell; souvlaki; the leather and rugs at Dunhill, Mark Cross, Gucci; the Moroccan-tanned leather on the street-racks; new magazines, back-issue magazines; typewriter stores; Chinese import stores (the mildew from the freighter); India import stores; Japanese import stores; record stores; health food stores; soda-fountain drugstores; cut-rate drugstores; barber shops; beauty parlors; delicatessens; lumber yards; the wood chairs and tables in the N.Y. Public Library; the donuts, pretzels, gum, and grape soda in the subways; kitchen appliance departments; photo labs; shoe stores; bicycle stores; the paper and printing inks in Scribner's, Brentano's, Doubleday's, Rizzoli, Marboro, Bookmasters, Barnes & Noble; shoe-shine stands; grease-batter; hair pomade; the good cheap candy smell in the front of Woolworth's and the dry-goods smell in the back; the horses by the Plaza Hotel; bus and truck exhaust; architects' blueprints; cumin, fenugreek, soy sauce, cinnamon; fried platanos; the train tracks in Grand Central Station; the banana smell of dry cleaners; exhausts from apartment house laundry rooms; East Side bars (creams); West Side bars (sweat); newspaper stands; record stores; fruit stands in all the different seasons—strawberry, watermelon, plum, peach, kiwi, cherry, Concord grape, tangerine, murcot, pineapple, apple—and I love the way the smell of each fruit gets into the rough wood of the crates and into the tissue-paper wrappings.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 152-4.

I usually know what city I am in by the odors. There are as many smells as there are philosophies. I have never had time to gather and classify my olfactory impressions of different cities, but it would be an interesting subject. I find it quite natural to think of places by their characteristic smells.

Keller, pp. 296-7.

The night is scented with the odor of decaying foliage: it reeks of ambergris, menthol, powder, rouge, and the neoprene smell of slickers and galoshes.

Carco, p. 220.

Its aliveness is certified by the hearty and versatile stench it exudes, an olfactory cloud of hot asphalt, underground caverns, gasoline, patchouli, orange peel, sewer gas, Albany grabs, Egyptian cigarettes, mortar and the undried ink on newspapers drifts across Gramercy Park: the city's body odor. [City as Body]

Conrad, p. 90.

For years it reeked with trapped breaths, the fuming of paper-box scrap fillers, trade-marked cigarettes, blended bottle alcohol, and the fry smell of half-done hot dogs grilled at the downstairs lunch counter. A certain rectification was achieved by bubbling coffee urns, adding a Brooklyn aroma while humidifying the winter cold with jets of steam.

Reisenberg, p. 103.

The faint odour of horse-dung, so prevailing in the nineties, has of course been supplanted by the aroma of gas. The other odours of New York depend upon the locale and the seasons: in the summer, the smell of hot asphalt, a distinct smell of chop suey and occasionally even of cooking opium on Broadway and the adjacent streets; in the winter, the aroma of roasting chestnuts; in the theaters, the churches, and the restaurants the mingled odours of Guerlain, Houbiigant, Hudnut, and stale tobacco.

Van Vechten, pp. 141-2.

Food

Coney Island's greasy air with its confusion of artificial and natural odors: the fishy, salty smell of the sea; the aroma of cooking-oil, steaming clams, sausages, frying pork.

Conrad, p. 199.

The air, despite the good zestful salt sea breeze, reeks with the acrid smoke of potato knishes, garlic and frying frankfurters.

Mortimer, p. 141.

The essential New York smell twenty years ago was still Italian and WASP: tomato and olive oil and oregano, acid and pungent, mingled with the indoor, Bloomingdale's smell of sweet perfumes. Now, inside the giant boxes that have

arrived from America, from the malls (the Gap and Banana Republic and Staples), there is a new, clean pharmacy smell, a disconcerting absence of smells, the American non-smell.

Gopnik, p. 28.

Spice odors came downwind two blocks from the spice mills in the weathered brick plant on Franklin Street. The closer you trod the sharper the odors seemed. The inner brick walls, once white, were a melancholy yellow and coated with fine spice dust, mostly brown and red, something like brick dust.

Mr. Weyer said, "That yellow you see is from volatile spice oils. It has settled on the walls through the years. It's on everything; all six floors."

My sense of smell became, in a manner of speaking, somewhat hysterical. It struggled frantically to identify individual pungent odors but made no headway. Mr. Weyer peered down the length of the gloomy loft as if he could see the odors. His nose wiggled like a rabbit's over a carrot.

"Can't say for sure," he said. "But I'd guess what we're getting right here is mostly caraway. Some kummel, maybe."

He felt his surefooted way between high mounds of enshadowed bales and bags of spices. The place was ill-lit and spice dust hung in the half-light like red fog. We clumped along the rough wooden flooring, past silent gnomish men who toiled at fragrant bales. Their faces seemed inordinately grave, had the rust-and-yellow tint of the walls.

Mr. Weyer stepped into another cavernous loft, darker than the one below. Gyrotrons throbbed and pulsed in the shadows, grinding and sifting red pepper, cayenne, cloves, caraway, cardamom, mace. These ponderous devices, distorted in the weak dust-infiltrated light, ground the crude stuff and dropped it through fine silk mesh. Cloth bags at the bottom bulged and breathed as the spices blew through.

He brought out African ginger, Granada mace, allspice from Jamaica, red pepper from Japan, coriander from Morocco, curry from India, cloves from Madagascar, cardamom from the Malay archipelago. My eyes smarted and I looked wistfully at the clean air beyond the dusty windows.

On the mill floor, below, leather belting slapped at great iron wheels lost in deep upper gloom. Great galvanized pipes and middle-sized pipes ran through the flooring, carrying off milled nutmeg cayenne. A dusty-red miller patiently scooped crushed nutmeg from a mound on the floor and fed it into a hopper.

Berger, *Eight Million*, pp. 205-7.

Walk out of the crush of Gansevoort Market and Greenwich Street and Hudson Street, a good mile and a half south through silent warehouses all crammed with food, a solid square mile of provender. The contents of these grim weather-beaten storehouses are open to appraisal by the mere sense of smell as you pass through successive strata of coffee and sugar and tea and spices and green vegetables and fruits... Discern where the pepper merges into the cloves, and the heavy odor of banana into the acid aroma of the citrus.

Strunsky, p. 699.

As we walked down Greenwich Avenue we stopped to enjoy the smell of hot bread outside of Cushman's bakery.

Cowley, p. 49.

de Kooning could not stand the smell of fresh bread constantly wafting upward from a bakery just beneath him in his loft.

Stevens & Swan, p. 119.

On Bleecker Street you catch the scent of the Italian bakery.

McInerney, p. 9.

As you turn, what is left of your olfactory equipment sends a message to your brain: fresh bread. Somewhere they are baking bread. You can smell it, even through the nose-bleed. You see bakery trucks loading in front of a building on the next block. You watch as bags of rolls are carried out onto the loading dock by a man with tattooed forearms. This man is already at work so that normal people can have fresh bread for their morning tables... As you approach, the smell of bread washes over you like a gentle rain. You inhale deeply, filling your lungs. Tears come to your eyes, and you feel such a rush of tenderness and pity that you stop beside a lamppost and hang on for support.

Ibid., p. 180.

The warm smell of the bakery on the corner of Eighth Street, a blessed repository of doughnuts, cookies, cream-cakes and pies, the slow passing by which, on returns from school, must have had much in common with the experience of the shipmen of old who came, in long voyages, while they tacked and hung back, upon those belts of ocean that are haunted with the balm and spice of tropic islands.

James, p. 91.

At her feet a squirming heap of small boys, dirty torn shirts, slobbering mouths, punching, biting, scratching; a squalid smell like moldy bread comes from them.

Dos Passos, pp. 240-1.

Near Eighth Avenue, before Fortieth Street. The smell of garlic and tomato sauce warns the passer-by that the inhabitants are from Piedmonte, but on the street one hears the Irish brogue. The bales of cotton in front of the warehouses and the smoke from the chimneys reek after Liverpool, but the smell of rope, tar and fried smelts that comes from the wharves near by remind one of Fiume and Marseille, as the swaying masts and the spread out sails outline themselves against the glowing sky.

Bercovici, pp. 209-10.

The aroma of oregano, tomato, and garlic filled the elevator.

Tucker, p. 140.

The smell of garlic in the rear of a Mulberry Street church.

Talese, p. 24.

The hot air is tinged by garlic, by the offensive breath of cigarettes.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

Cheese shops give Fulton Street its racy aroma; second office furniture fills in between the gorgonzola.

Ibid., p. 18.

Close your eyes, take a deep breath. You are on the west side of the street, in the Forties. A smell of rich fried chicken assaults your nose.

Ibid., p. 30.

acrid pungence spreads from a picklestand

Dos Passos, pp. 240-1.

The steam escapes through the little copper pipe on the peanut roaster, making a cheerful sound, and the hot peanuts smell good.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 196.

Beaton on Roseland: "the smell of double-mint gum

permeates the atmosphere of this monstrous paradise of black, orange and pink."

Caldwell, p. 264.

The crooked streets of one of New York's oldest ghettos smell of salt and fish and orange peel... Ice water dripped from the profusion of produce, and among the gagging smells rising front the sidewalk and the gutters, where the food was cleaned, was a whiff of orange peel.

Kinhead, p. 3

The odor of cooked cabbage and burned fats dissolves into the stronger odors of the oiled high boots and the numerous Russian steam baths of the district. Ah, these steam baths! From the looks of them and the smell, one comes to think of them more as sewers than baths.

Bercovici, p. 174.

Neighborhood

Why has Washington Square a meaning, a fragrance, so to speak, while Washington Heights has none?

Barnes, p. 225.

Third Avenue is easily identified by its smells—malt and hops in the Nineties, burning rubber in the Fifties, and ripe hides, when the wind blows from the east under Brooklyn Bridge.

Reisenberg, p. 180.

Fifth Avenue, for example, has a different odor from any other part of New York or elsewhere. Indeed, it is a very odorous street. It may sound like a joke to say that it has an aristocratic smell; but it has, nevertheless. As I walk along its even pavements, I recognize expensive perfumes, powders, creams, choice flowers, and pleasant exhalations from the houses. In the residential section I smell delicate food, silken draperies, and rich tapestries. Sometimes when a door opens as I pass, I know what kind of cosmetics the occupants of the house use. I know if there is an open fire, they burn wood or soft cola, if they roast their coffee, if they use candles, if the house has been shut up for a long time, if it has been painted or newly decorated, and if the cleaners are at work in it.

Keller, pp. 296-7.

the tenacious odors of service and the warm indigenous
smells of Harlem
McKay, p. 30.

There was also a smell: a dampness, a kind of rotting
fecundity. And the stream was very loud: this was the sound
of nature, true, but it was all a bit too incongruous.
Olmsted or not, I knew I was in Harlem.
Buford, p. 185.

Nature

John Muhlhan sniffs hay by the hour, and he is believed
to be one of the nation's top connoisseurs of hay for
hoses. The odd thing is that he has been selling hay in the
heart of Forty-second street for forty-five years.
Talese, p. 98.

We must try to imagine the smells of circus animals.
Kasson, p. 49.

The smell of a dead old horse in the night air was said
to be appalling.
Haden, pp. 57-8.

The smell of raw furs permeating Seventh Avenue and
Thirtieth Street.
Irwin, p. 322.

Salted hides smell under the damp approachment arches of
Brooklyn Bridge.
Reisenberg, p. 18.

And in the summer, when it was too hot to keep windows
close, uncovered tracks meant not only noise but odors, the
stench of the animals.
Caro, p. 557.

Outside the air smells of crowds, is full of noise and
sunlight.
Dos Passos, p. 17.

It smells of the sun.
Lichtenstein, p. 513.

If you want to quit the world for a moment, head east on
Sixth Street and pass through a gate between avenues B and

C. First stand at the threshold and take a breath. The smell—what some people think of as the sweet, fresh-scented essence of summer—is honeysuckle, of course. Its slightly druggy aroma drifts down from a big, bosomy vine that partly conceals a hideous chain-link fence. Covering the vine itself are tiny butter-yellow flowers that look like trumpets with flicking tongues. There are good streets smell in New York (and even more foul ones) but few smells that have the power to take you away from where you are.

Trebay, p. 214.

Snow

When the city air smelled of snow.
Cheever, "Country," p. 147.

Dry snow has that heavenly smell that comes of purity, like the smell of a healthy well-washed baby.

Reisenberg, p. 185.

They seemed to bring with them the smell of the snow falling in Seventh Avenue. Or perhaps the other people who had entered before them had done it, bringing it with them in their lungs and exhaling it, filling the arcade with a stale chill like that which might lie unwinded and spent upon the cold plains of infinity itself. In it the bright and serried shop-windows had a fixed and insomniac glare like the eyes of people drugged with coffee, sitting up with a strange corpse.

Faulkner, p. 609.

In the rotunda, where the people appeared as small and intent as ants, the smell and sense of snow still lingered.

Reisenberg, p. 185.

Perfume

The flask of perfume which brings Fifth Avenue to a hacienda in the Argentine.

Federal Writers, p. 3.

I could smell lilac and garbage and expensive perfume.
Didion, "Goodbye," p. 170.

For a lot of the time I was in New York I used a perfume called *Fleurs de Rocaille*, and then *L'air du Temps*, and now

the slightest trace of either can short-circuit my connections for the rest of the day. Nor can I smell Henri Bendel jasmine soap without falling back into the past, or the particular mixture of spices used for boiling crabs. There were barrels of crab boil in a Czech place in the Eighties where I once shopped. Smells, of course, are notorious memory stimuli.

Ibid., p. 173.

I noticed the aroma and sheen of very rich women, or women with very rich husbands or lovers.

Brook, p. 253.

At 9 A.M. the bus is filled with secretaries and receptionist and the smell of perfume.

Talese, p. 32.

Drugs

Sharp whiffs of marijuana hit the nose.

Brook, 165.

The smell hit me first: dampness, the sharp whiff of amyl nitrate, and the equally pungent aroma of piss.

Ibid., pp. 162-8.

The place smelled of the usual telltale mix of Crisco, poppers, and smoke.

Fritscher, p. 36.

"... the smell of poppers and the sweat off a stranger's body."

Braunstein, N. pag.

Spring had a smell to it too, even in New York. It smelled like just-cooked heroin. It was the exhaust fumes mixed with the wet air that still carried subtle hinted promises of voyage and growth. Sea air and foliage. [Drugs]

Hell, p. 26.

Industrial

The very gasoline contributes a distinct perfume.

Dreiser, p. 3.

Its parks smelled like warm bitumen and gasoline

de Amat, p. 404.

He raised his head and sniffed, hoping for a breath of the sea, and smelled gasoline fumes instead.

Maxwell, p. 5.

Trucks grated by along the avenue raising a dust that smelled of gasoline and trampled horsedung. The dead air stank of stores and lunchrooms. He began walking slowly uptown towards Fourteenth Street. At a corner a crinkly warm smell of cigars stopped him like a hand on his shoulder.

Dos Passos, p. 158.

The acrid fumes of diesel combustion, the flash of wheel sparks, and the chemical-industrial reek of brakes follow the commuter trains out into the suburbs. The later the hour the swanker the passengers: the loud workers peak at four or five, to be followed by the sweet-voiced bourgeois at six, seven, and eight.

Caldwell, p. 2.

symphony of electric aromas

Beaudin, p. 284.

The sneering city curls brown smoke from its chimney censors; the bitter incense carries a faint odor as of burning sacrificial flesh.

Reisenberg, p. 93.

Smells of Moody street exhaust river lunch in road of grime.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 106.

The life of subways, of rebreathed air, of the smell of burnt steel.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 566.

The stony, odorous, metallic, captive air of the subway.
Bellow, "Father," p. 26.

Stink, Sweat, Garbage

The more I know New York the more I think of it.
I like the sight and the sound and even the stink of it.
Porter "I Happen."

He crossed Sixth Avenue and followed the street into the dingy West Side, where there was a smell of stables and the sidewalks were littered with scraps of garbage and crawling children.

Dos Passos, p. 51.

A scent of garbage, patchouli and carbon monoxide drifts across it, making it the lovely, corrupt, wholesome place New York is.

Ashbery, p. 133.

Oldenburg's design for an electric fan for Staten Island to dwarf the Statue of Liberty and disperse the city's odors, and to cope with more solid wastage, a vacuum cleaner for the Battery.

Conrad, p. 320.

The possibility of smelling the humid city's odors of human life and sweat.

Ibid., p. 93.

He smelled of tobacco and sweat.

Ibid., p. 52.

Summertime, all ya can smell is the garbage. Stink overpowers everything, especially soft sweet smells like flowers.

Lee, p. 57.

You just don't know how I love it—how I get up every morning and want to kiss the pavement. . . Hollywood smells like a laundry. The beautiful vegetables taste as if they were raised in trunks, and at those wonderful supermarkets you find that the vegetables are all wax. The flowers out there smell like dirty, old dollar bills.

Fitzpatrick, *Parker*, pp. 109-10.

So the first time I went to CBGB's, the whole place stunk of urine. The whole place smelled like a bathroom.

McNeil, p. 201.

I'd sniff deep and see the *cuchifritos* and hot dogs, stale sweat and dried urine. I'd smell the worn-out mothers with six or seven kids, and the non-patient fathers beating the hell out of them. My nose would get a high-pitch tingling from the gritting wailing and bouncing red light of a squad car passing the scene like a bat out of Harlem, going to cool some trouble, or maybe cause some.

Thomas, *Streets*, p. 106.

Given the heat, people smelled, of course, but some smelled a lot worse than others.

Miller, "Air Conditioning," N. pag.

Something all a piece of dirty rags and stench picked up in the street.

McKay, p. 59.

The city that Sunday morning was quiet and those trapped there gasp in foul humid air that smelled and felt like water in which too many soda-water glasses had been washed.

Conrad, p. 291.

Water

Beyond the Battery, which is the prow of Manhattan, lies the waterfront with its smells of salt, tar, rope, seaweed and decaying fish.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 128.

The smell of the ozone, the ghostly wails of old boats passing down the Island, and the opalescent skies.

Ibid., p. 250.

The smell of the salt air in the rotting planks floating on the green scummy waters of the Hudson.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 678.

The watery floor of the Aquarium that smelled of the eternally wet skins of the seals in the great tank.

Ibid., p. 678.

The rancid smell of the wet gutters and pavings.

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 4.

The rancid smell of the wet dusk outside.

Ibid., p. 5.

Now on summer nights the smell of the city sometimes drifts northward on the waters of the Hudson River, up to the wooded, inland banks where we live. The odor is like the stales from some enormous laundry, although I expect that an incurable evacuee could detect in it Arpège, stone-cold gin, and might perhaps even imagine that he heard music on the water; but this is not for me.

Cheever, "Moving," p. 981.

Hudson's report to his employers must have been an unfavorable one, at least on the practical side, which was the side in which they were interested. They hadn't sent him across the ocean to find out how Staten Island smelled. Collins, *Money*, p. 10.

Interior, Domestic

He ushered me into his West Broadway apartment. It was a steamy, New York summer day, but the apartment was cool. It smelled like straw mats.

Williams and Noël, 1997.

In courtyards smelling of backhouses.
WPA Guide, p. 51.

We went up to the hotel on 44th Street or 45th up the rank rickety swaying leaning staircase paid seven dollars for a room and opened the windows to let the musty smell out.

Wojnarowicz, p. 43.

the smell of the four cats in this apartment
Ibid., p. 111.

There are still books I bought more than thirty years ago which can still, by a single sniff of their pages, transport me instantly over the ocean to New York. Books don't smell like that any more.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 240.

And the Fourth Avenue bookstores! How many hundreds of afternoons they spent in the twenty or so dusty stores with the worn wood floors; noses whiffing that excellent store-air, a mixture of dust and floating minutiae of antique leather bindings and frayed linen.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 5.

S - Food

City as Food

Oldenburg's New York is an indulged infant, gobbling a diet of fast food. He plans to set up at Times Square an overripe, wilting banana, and on Ellis Island a colossal frankfurter with a tomato on top, impaled by a toothpick. A supplementary island of pizza will bob in the bay; the blades of the fan that unseats the Statue of Liberty are made by unpeeling and softly mechanizing the Times Square banana. If the monuments themselves can't be ingested, Oldenburg locates restaurants inside them. Visitors would alight from helicopters on top of the East Side ironing board and eat in a cabin hanging beneath it. He allows his structures to boast of the ravages of appetite. A bite has already been chewed from the Good Humor bar on Park Avenue; through the gap, cars could be driven. The city's catastrophes are to Oldenburg soft tragedies, like the fate of our provender inside us. [Surrealism]

Conrad, p. 140.

As Dalí sees it, the surreal nature of New York is evinced by its maggoty carnality: uncooked meat and cheese. *Ibid*, p. 145.

When Dalí wakes up in the Hotel St. Moritz, the city confirms the bloodthirstiness he has excited in it by the temptation of meat, for the first thing he hears is the roar of hungry lions in the Central Park zoo. [Sound] [Nature]

Ibid, p. 146.

When Dalí sees the skyline from his boat, he likens it to an immense Gothic Roquefort cheese, adding, "I love Roquefort."

Conrad, p. 146.

Dalí perverts New York, dressing one of its skyscrapers in kinky furs and setting a gargantuan lamb chop on its pinnacle.

Ibid, p. 149.

New York as candy or confectionery: a building on West 58th Street as one slice in a long white cake of apartment-houses.

Ibid, p. 201.

New York seen from the Queensboro Bridge rises in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money. Money is smelly, guilty refuse. Amassing it not in cloacal hoards but in an arrangement of sugar lumps sanitizes it, for sugar symbolizes a romantic inutility.

Ibid, p. 201.

The New York skyline first deodorizes wealth, then makes it sweetly edible.

Ibid, p. 202.

The lemon-yellow shades of the lamps on Fifth Avenue give the street and everybody the color of champagne in the evening.

Ibid, p. 202.

The Belly of New York

Every day in New York, they slaughter
four million ducks,
five million hogs,
two thousand pigeons to accommodate the tastes of the
dying,
one million cows,
one million lambs,
and two million roosters
that smash the sky to pieces.
Lorca, "Office," p. 11.

Fried sleeve buttons; a plate of summertime; a band of music with the leader; soaked buns; stack of browns; slaughter in the pan; drop one on the brown; eggs in the dark; white wings, with the sunny side up; two shipwrecked; a sheeny funeral with two on horseback; hot and viscid sinkers.

Grimes, p. 117.

walking lunchrooms

Ibid, p. 118.

Luke, hostage to Parisian food, cannot believe the range of cheap takeout, the empire of menus. You press a button, and all the world's spices come obsequiously to your door: Indian food, Chinese food; the baby loves chicken in

pancakes, the boy loves steak fajitas, and without saying so, I see that he likes the sweetness of New York food, the way that, as I had forgotten, Americans put sugar in everything, in ketchup and mustard and cereal and bread. The incidental sweetness of American life is, to an unaccustomed palate like his, overwhelming and quickly addictive.

Gopnik, pp. 75-6.

I can't walk into a housewares store in Manhattan without feeling myself the victim of a complicated confidence trick, a kind of cynical come-on. We're really going to use a toaster and a coffee-maker every morning?

Ibid, pp. 7-8.

"Egg sandwich, coffee and doughnuts." "Cup of boullion." "Chicken broth." "Chocolate icecream soda." People eat hurriedly without looking at each other, with their eyes on their plates, in their cups. Behind the people sitting on stools those waiting nudge nearer. Some eat standing up. Some turn their backs on the counter and eat looking out through the glass partition and the sign HCNUL ENIL NEERG at the jostling crowds filing in and out the subway through the drabgreen gloom.

Dos Passos, p. 314.

A blast of grey heat hit their faces. They passed the stationary store, the red A. and P., the corner drugstore from which a stale coolness of sodawater and icecream freezers drifted out under the green awning, crossed the street, where their feet sank into the sticky melting asphalt, and stopped at the Sagamore Cafeteria. IT was twelve exactly by the clock in the window that had round its face in old English lettering, TIME TO EAT. Under it was a large rusty fern and a card announcing Chicken Dinner \$1.25.

Ibid, p. 200.

The next morning Andy told Julia to buy one of each of the thirty-two varieties of Campbell's soup at the local A & P and he started to work on his idea. First he did a series of drawings. Then he made color slides of each can, projected them on to a screen and began experimenting with different dimensions and combinations... Finally he hit upon his format for the soup cans. A lot of pop artists used supermarket food images in their work but they crammed their pictures with them. Andy decided to do one portrait of each of the thirty-two cans as exactly as possible alone

against a white background.. "He made us feel that even in the simplest of commodities and the most commonplace of subject there was a great deal of poetry and meaning.."

Bockris, *Warhol*, 144-5

In 1962 you could live in New York on a \$5-a-week food budget. He bought from the discount shelves in the supermarket all the canned foods without labels. At that time labels were printed on paper and wrapped around the items. When those papers got ripped off, the cans came up on the bargain counter and people, poor people, used to buy them as a kind of blind date.

Williams & Noël, p. 187.

Häagen-Dazs Ice Cream is introduced by Polish-born Bronx entrepreneur Reuben Mattus, 47, who since age 17 has been peddling his family's homemade ice cream to small candy stores and neighborhood restaurants, initially with a horse and wagon. Finding that most commercial ice cream has become cheaper, he puts more butterfat in his product than government standards require, use less air filler, comes up with a Danish-sounding name (even though the umlaut does not exist in Danish), packs the ice cream in cartons adorned with maps of Scandinavia, creates a new category that will be called super-premium ice cream, and begins what will become a multimillion-dollar company.

Trager, p. 626.

Mattus invented the "Danish-sounding" "Häagen-Dazs" as a tribute to Denmark's exemplary treatment of its Jews during the Second World War, and included an outline map of Denmark on early labels. The name, however, is not Danish, which has neither an umlaut nor a digraph zs, nor does it have any meaning in any language or etymology before its creation. Mattus felt that Denmark was known for its dairy products and had a positive image in the U.S. His daughter Doris Hurley reported... that her father sat at the kitchen table for hours saying nonsensical words until he came up with a combination he liked. The reason he chose this method was so that the name would be unique and original.

"Häagen-Dazs," N. pag.

Business girls who bought their food in the ubiquitous delicatessen stores and prepared it on electric plates concealed on closet shelves.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 299.

The silk-skirt factory girls who came to eat their lunch in Washington Square.

Cather, p. 17.

Big theatrical men with their mistresses, both shaped like well-stuffed ottomans, are eating sandwiches at sandwich places.

Wilson, "Leaving New York," p. 123.

For the men who labor in the night, primarily for the city's breakfast, must themselves be fed. Clustered around the markets and around the railway-junctions and car-barns or the popular and brilliantly illuminated Delmonico's of the industrial underworld. What places of warm cheer they are, on a winter night, these long rows of Lunches, whose names are a perpetual lesson in the national geography! They all have tiled floors and white walls and spacious arm-chairs... a sirloin steak selling for twenty cents, with bread, butter and coffee, at three in the morning.

Strunsky, p. 702.

A whole section of Elizabeth Street is given up to the sale of stale fish at ten and fifteen cents a pound, and the crowd of Italians, Jews and Bohemians who are taking advantage of these modest prices is swarming over the sidewalk and into the gutters. A four- or five-pound fish at fifteen cents a pound will make an excellent Christmas dinner for four, five or six. A thin, ice-packed and chemically-preserved chicken at fifteen or twenty cents a pound will do as much for another family. Onions, garlic, old cast-off preserves, pickles and condiments that the wholesale houses uptown have seen grow stale and musty on their shelves, can be had here for five, ten and fifteen cents a bottle, and although the combination is unwholesome it will be worked over as Christmas dinners for the morrow. Cheap, unsalable, stale, adulterated these are the words that should be stamped on every bottle, basket and barrel that is here being scrambled over. And yet the purchasers would not be benefited any thereby. They must buy what they can afford. What they can afford is this.

Dreiser, p. 277.

The old men, the ones who have been doing it for years, are too resigned to boast about the wizened bits of meat they sell, too tired to move fast and, anyway, couldn't-hampered as they are by the thick, heavy coats they wear no matter how hot the day.

Bladford, p. 29.

After years of Paris markets, with their abundance and bad faith, I confess that I found the pickings at the Union Square green market on a spring morning a little scrappy.
Gopnik, p. 168.

Take celery. It is monstrous to eat blanched celery with olives as an *hors d'oeuvre*. For God surely meant celery to be eaten along with Stilton cheese at the end of a full meal, just before the port... Yet in New York—*horresco referens*—blanched celery is continually eaten as I have described. I may add that in Paris the idea of eating celery raw at all causes a shudder to run down the French spine.

Ford, *America*, p. 150.

In the winter of 1900 Bernarr MacFadden opened a restaurant, at 487 Pearl Street, where most items sold for one cent.

Ellis, p. 460.

Perplexed by the by the diversity of dietary habits and helpless in the face of grafting food contractors, Ellis Island staff members often fed the immigrants little more than prunes and bread. One employee brought out a big pail filled with prunes. Another walked into the mess hall carrying sliced loaves of rye bread. A third plunged a dipper into the pail, slopped prunes onto a big slice of bread, and cried to the bewildered immigrants, "Here! Now go and eat!"

Ellis, p. 474.

The area was "redolent" of old New York, and equally redolent of garlic and pearly onions, and gleaming with the fresh color of avocados, tomatoes and eggplants. It was filled with the bustle of early dawn activity for a city still stonily asleep. Hopelessly nonfunctional for the 20th century and, we assume, now happily transferred to safe, sanitary and totally sterile in every sense of the word new accommodations in the Bronx, the old market had Hogarthian energy and Georgian style.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 116.

The Automat has a clinical cleanliness—the tables are washed continuously, even the slot through which the nickels pass are polished many times a day. Around the marble wall are rows of dishes, an infinite variety of food, each a still-life framed in chromium.

Beaton, Portrait p. 44.

Around Times Square, and across from Bryant Park, the Horn & Hardart Automats, free from supervision, developed into prime cruising grounds for gay New Yorkers. [Sex] Grimes, p. 193.

The thirty-five-a-week lot go to a huge mechanised eating point. Having shoved in their five cents, they press a knob and exactly measured quantity of coffee splashes out into a cup. And for another two or three nickels they can open one of the little glass doors to the sandwiches on the huge shelves piled with comestibles.

Mayakovsky, America, p. 50.

"Let's go down to the Automat."

"Just a minute, I've got to shine my shoes on top of a fire hydrant."

Kerouac, Lonesome, p. 110.

Shall we go down by the Automat and watch the old ladies eating beans, or the deaf-mutes that stand in front of the window there and you watch 'em and try to figure the invisible language as it flees across the window from face to face and finger to finger.. ?

Ibid., p. 110.

We hear a warlike clash of ten thousand heavy dishes storming washing machines in the energetic Automat.

Reisenberg, p. 153.

But of first importance to the American is the cleanliness of his food. Sugar is hermetically sealed, biscuits are done up in cellophane, sandwiches wrapped in greaseproof paper. The waiters at Childs look like dentists or operating surgeons in their white overalls.

Beaton, Portrait, p. 41.

Around the small cafés, single men start getting their body machinery into gear, cramming the first fuel of their day into their mouths—a hurried cup of rotten coffee and a baked bagel, which works right here, in samples running to hundreds, the bagel making machine is swinging into a cauldron of boiling and spitting fat.

Mayakovsky, Discovery, p. 47.

In the summer a stand is a breakaway soft drink place; in the winter it is a nuttery.

Walker, p. 203.

More than eight hundred hospital patients in New York City had been without sugar for a week.

Ibid., p. 23.

Bodegas sold mysterious little bags of dime-sized cookies decorated with pastel florets of frosting. The bags cost a quarter, and every time I went to a birthday party I would buy one and tape it to my present. As far as I know, nobody ever ate even one, and no wonder: while they looked soft, they had all the resilience of marble.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 108.

Day and night the cash registers ring, frankfurters twirl over hot rollers, orangeade gushes forth into glasses and the air is filled with sizzling pork and tangling tension.

Talese, p. 95.

men are wiping off the marble counters of softdrink stands

Dos Passos, p. 240-1.

It's been estimated that if a customer smoked a cigarette in Nedick's on Thirty-fourth, the store would lose about \$2 in turnover. Nedick's is believed to pay \$95,000 rent annually for the tiny corner stand and, with its salaries and other expenses, it must sell thousands of hot dogs and orange drinks each day to break even. All this food is pushed over a 61-foot-long counter, and only thirty-two customers can be crushed against it at one time. Behind the counter, Nedick's twenty-six employees sidestep each other, collect coins, flip hamburgers, jab hot dogs, and pour orange drink into coolers. The famous drink is 20 per cent orange juice mixed with water, lemon and sugar.

Talese, pp. 95-6.

A tally of the millions of eggs cracked each morning, of the thousands upon thousands of gallons of hot coffee drawn.

Reisenberg, p. 30.

Ten million stomachs eat 15 per cent of the national production of perishable food commodities.

Ibid., p. 30.

As they do little physical labor, the result is stimulated glands or overdeveloped midsections and jowls.
Ibid., p. 30.

This street of large signs and large portions, feeds it fortunates to the point of bursting.
Ibid., p. 30.

Skinless franks, smeared with canary-yellow chemical mustard, pinched in last week's fresh-laid rolls, are doing a moderate forenoon business.
Ibid., p. 142.

Dry ice is being shuffled into milkless jumbo malted-milk containers.
Ibid., p. 142.

A noontime mob refuels in a double-decked commercial cafeteria.
Ibid., p. 153.

Then go to the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen. Order a hot pastrami on rye, use plenty of mustard, a dish of coleslaw, a bottle of beer.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Like Dublin at 4:30 P.M. when the work is done, but this is great New York Third Avenue, free lunch.
Kerouac, *Lonesome* , p. 105.

... the taste of hot dogs, beer, and seafood...
Kasson, p. 49.

Hamburg Heaven was empty. Nevertheless, he took a seat right beside me at the long counter... He ordered a cup of coffee, but when it came he didn't touch it. Instead, he chewed on a toothpick and studied me in the wall mirror facing us.
Capote, p. 52.

I stop for a cheeseburger at JULIET'S CORNER. Giulietta Masina, wife of Federico Fellini, è *bell' attrice*. And chocolate malted. A lady in foxes on such a day puts her poodle in a cab.
O'Hara, p. 258.

I'm just going out to Sarabeth's Kitchen to pick up some more fucking scones, dear.

Quan, p. 97.

The croissant is Manhattan's national dish.

Bladford, p. 120.

The rest of the afternoon we were east and west worming out of reluctant grocers cans of peanut butter, a wartime scarcity; dark came before we'd rounded up a half-dozen jars, the last at a delicatessen on Third Avenue. It was near the antique shop with the palace of a bird cage in its window, so I took her there to see it, and she enjoyed the point, its fantasy: "But still, it's a cage."

Capote, p. 44.

You pass Ottomanelli's Meats, where the corpses of small animals hang in the window: unskinned rabbits, hairless fetal pigs, plucked fowl with yellow feet.

McInerney, p. 134.

Why are all the vegetables in the city sold by Koreans?

Ibid., p. 135.

Passing a vegetable shop, green peppers, bulging red and yellow tomatoes, purple egg plants and fruits stacked out on the pavement. Buy myself an apple. With one nickel. Make a phone call with another.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Dining

Murray's, the city's first theme restaurant. Located on Forty-second Street, its exterior was modeled on the residence of the Cardinal de Rohan in Paris. Electric stars twinkled in the ceiling, while underneath the tables electric lights radiated a romantic pink glow. Extensive use of mirrors compounded the sense of dislocation—gaping patrons often walked straight into their own reflections. Not just a restaurant but a portal to another world... The menu included a porcelain dolphin stuffed with flambéed crabmeat, oysters, and lobster, planked lamb a la Ramses II, and American Beauty roses stuffed with cheese covered in mayonnaise dressing. The centerpiece of the dining room table was a scale model of Peking's imperial gardens, with a miniature railroad that delivered dishes to each place setting. [Simulacra]

Grimes, p. 146.

The Waldorf Hotel was the first dining room where old New York wealth dined on public display.

Ibid., p. 147.

Healy's opened a beefsteak dungeon.

Ibid., p. 151.

Rooftop gardens swelter during the summer. One trick was to heat the elevator so that sweltering guest stepping out on the roof, felt the blessed relief of cooler air.

Ibid., p. 156.

At the Paradise Roof atop the Republic Theater on Forty-second street, Oscar Hammerstein created a mock country village, with a windmill, a ruined castle, bridges, boats, and stone houses to complement an open air farm where swains and milkmaids tended live animals. Fitted with colored electric lights, his spitting windmill through five and colors onto the night sky. [Simulacra]

Ibid., p. 156.

On the Waldorf-Astoria roof-garden, the management installed a giant Victrola. As Caruso recordings played, a twenty-five-piece orchestra provided the accompaniment, creating the illusion of a live operatic performance.

[Sound]

Ibid., p. 172.

The itchy palm of the waiter.

Ibid., p. 161.

Large restaurants: the distance between the kitchen and the tables was so great that the food tended to arrive cold.

Ibid., p. 167.

The restaurant operated by Gustav Stickley on the 12th floor of his retail house furnishings store on 39th street in NYC was a brave but brief experiment in pure food, sanitation, and "progressive living." It opened in May of 1913 and was out of business a few months short of three years later when the entire retail business failed... The Workshop's ambitions were captured in the motto which appeared on furniture labels and the restaurant's china: "Als ik kan." In its quaint Dutch formulation, it was a pledge to do one's very best work. When applied to food

this meant pure and fresh ingredients straight from the source, simply prepared by cooks using modern appliances in a pleasant work environment, and consumed slowly in a restful setting... Provisions such as eggs, dairy products, vegetables, and spring water served for lunch[eon], teatime, and dinner at the Craftsman Restaurant were trucked in daily from Stickley's 600-acre Craftsman Farms in Morris Plains NJ... It was a haven for people of "good taste" wishing to avoid the show-off culture of champagne and loud music exemplified by lobster palaces and cabarets... The dining room was decorated in earth tones: browns, deep reds, oatmeals, and creams. Plates, bowls, and cups were rimmed with a pinecone design. Bread was served in handmade willow baskets. The wood floor was mostly left bare while the tables were covered with criss-crossing Irish linen runners. A focal point of the room was a Germanic-looking hearth covered in Grueby tiles, with a hammered copper hood... The store and restaurant closed early in 1916. In August the entire stock of the Craftsman Workshops store was sold at Gimbels Department Store at reductions of 35% to 50%. [Department Store]

Whitaker, N. pag.

In the teens, the Department of Health ran an experimental lunchroom, where the calorie count and protein content of each dish were printed on the menu.

Ibid., p. 178.

As calorie-counting became widespread in the teens and twenties with the pencil-thin flapper ideal, restaurants suffered.

Ibid., p. 199.

The Volstead Act harmed restaurants, where many sauces could not be made without wine." [Prohibition]

Ibid., p. 198.

First vegetarian restaurant, Vegetarian Restaurant Number One, opens in 1895 on Twenty-third Street.

Ibid., p. 194.

Keene's English Chop House in West Thirty-sixth Street has three-dimensional menus, now-stereoptician color slides showing all available courses, including deserts. The diner studies them through a viewer.

Berger, *New York*, p. 203.

No meat was served in New York on Tuesdays during World War I.

Ellis, p. 506.

If it's very late and you are hungry, you can take a cab to the Belmont Cafeteria downtown or the Garfield on Flatbush Avenue. Better: Wait till tomorrow; there's a 99-cent hot lunch at the Tip Toe Inn on 86th and Broadway. Have the brisket and then drop a nickel in the subway and go downtown and take a walk. The old socialists are still discussing the imminent collapse of capitalism with the writers from the *Forvetz* at the Garden Cafeteria. In Union Square, they are arguing about surplus value, the Spanish Republic, and the true meaning of Marx's *Grundriss*.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

If it's a sultry August evening, you will be able to hurry down to Sheepshead Bay and step up to the Clam Bar at Lundy's. Or you can drive out to Rockaway, get on the rides at Playland, drink cold beer and eat pig's feet at Fennessey's, Gildea's, or Sligo House, McGuire's or the Breakers, and look at the girls outside Curly's Hotel at 116th and the ocean.

Ibid.

In the late 50s and early 60s there was a restaurant on West 50th (or was it 49th?) Street, in New York, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, called Stokholm (without the "c"). As one may guess, it was a Swedish restaurant.

It was George who first told me about it. Actually he was telling all his friends about it. "You pay \$3 and you can eat and eat and eat, as much as you want," George said. And it was true. That was the restaurant's policy. Swedish and Italian dishes.

The funny thing about this was that George used to very carefully prepare himself for the trips to Stokholm. For two or three days prior to going, he practically starved. He ate nothing. I never followed that rule—which he advised—but George followed it religiously. On the subway, up Sixth Avenue, he could barely contain his anticipation of stuffing himself full. And I tell you, he ate and ate and ate, incredible amounts, his belly barely holding all the Swedish and Italian stuff, and he laughed, and had a terrific time, and we all had a terrific time. He never went to Stokholm alone: it was always a Fluxus gorging party. I don't think I will ever forget those trips.

[Downtown]

Williams & Noël, p. 153.

Maciunas's diet consisted of ripe cheese and canned fish. The fish and the cheese were washed down with liberal amounts of Russian vodka... He used to say, that as long as the cheese did not walk away, he would eat it.

Ibid., pp. 150-1.

In 1960, Maciunas decided that one could become a millionaire by importing very special European foods. So he sent hundreds of form letters to European special food exporters and producers, offering to be their agent / salesman; and "Please, send me some samples of your special foods." And samples he got! Thousands of canned food samples began arriving at his home... We were very poor and very very hungry... So he brings and dumps in our place maybe a thousand cans of the most expensive, very very special pates, nightingale tongues, all very very special stuff. So we ate and ate, and we fed all the hungry Lower East side poets for a year or two, and everybody was amazed when we used to pull out these French delicacies that you could get only at the Waldorf-Astoria. I don't have to tell you that George couldn't sell any of it. He ate it all himself, with our help.

Ibid., p. 150.

"Oh, but baby, I want to go to Nobu tonight," she whines from the closet. "I want a baby shrimp tempura roll."

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 26.

Florent: a narrow, bleak 24-hour diner in the meat-packing district and I'm feeling grimy, slumped at a table near the front.

Ibid., p. 191.

The glittering, curvilinear surfaces inside Odeon are reassuring. The place makes you feel reasonable at any hour, often against bad odds, with its good light and clean luncheonette-via-Cartier deco decor. Along the bar are faces familiar under artificial light, belonging to people whose daytime existence is only a tag-designer, writer, artist.

McInerney, p. 44.

New York in 1982 will probably be fed on concentrates—pills at so much per box or bottle. Restaurants, cafés and

dining places generally, will probably be passé. Meals will largely consist of various pellets according to the hunger of the masses. (cf. Beaton: "... products of the synthetic meal mentality..." [Architecture])

Parker, p. 13.

Chinese

Li Hung Chang the last Premier in the Tsing dynasty under the Manchus left China on a good will tour. He sailed first to Europe and then to New York. On the strength of his friendship with the then ex-President U. S. Grant, whom he had met while the latter was touring the Orient, he was heartily welcomed at the dock and escorted by a jubilant throng down to the Astor Hotel where he was stopping.

Socially he was a huge success. He was invited everywhere. Much to his dismay, wherever he dined his meals always consisted of meat in one form or other. The meat was good but it didn't agree with his stomach because he was not used to such a steady diet of it. He was faced with the grave problem of cancelling all of his dinner engagements or bringing his own chef along wherever he went, to personally supervise and prepare his meals. He decided to try the later idea. It was a huge success because of the novelty of it.

Americans looked on with wonder and asked him what the name of the food was that his chef was preparing. His answer was "Chop Suey" which meant that it was a combination of mixed foods. He explained that it was a meal consisting of bean sprouts, celery and Chinese greens plus many more vegetables with a touch of meat, usually pork. The guests begged him to let them taste it. They did. Immediately they clamored for more. Overnight, Chop Suey won widespread popularity.

Chinese residents in New York soon found a new field of endeavor open to them. They opened restaurants and called them "Chop Suey Houses." Many of these original Chop Suey Houses still exist.

Several years later there was a trend in American appetites. The Chinese restaurant owners introduced a new dish to their patrons. They called their concoction, Chow Mein. This dish consisted of a layer of fried noodles smothered with onions, Chinese greens, a touch of chicken or pork, and gravy.

Most Americans, even today, cannot distinguish the difference between Chop Suey and Chow Mein. The easiest way

to remember it is to know the following rule. "Without noodles it is Chop Suey. With noodles it's Chow Mein."
Chin, N. pag.

chow-meineries
Allen, Slang, p. 151

It is a revelation to walk into a real Chinese kitchen and watch the chef prepare a meal. It is plainly evident that he thoroughly enjoys his work and that he would not be happy at any other occupation. Although a chef seldom works less than from 10 to 12 hours a day he is never tired because of the buoyancy his 'songs' give him.

Every stroke of the cleaver is done with perfect rhythmic timing "Chop. Chop. Chop Chop Chop." The beats seem to say over and over, "I am happy. I am cheerful. The food smells very good!"

Even the Chinese diner who partakes of this food smacks his lips in delight at every mouthful to signify his enjoyment and pleasure. To refrain from smacking one's lips and to eat in silence as is the American custom is an insult to the chef because it means that the diner is not enjoying his food.

Chinese family restaurants may seem drab and colourless, to many tourists and visitors but they should keep in mind that when Chinese go into a restaurant they do so to eat, not to look at the scenery. The delicious foods are enough scenery for them.

A chef never talks about his technique in preparing his dishes. A true chef is like the proverbial sailor on a holiday. He spends his spare time in perfecting his "kitchen music."

The Chinese chefs in the Broadway sector or in any other Chinese American restaurants are different from the chefs in Chinatown because they do not specialize in Chinese foods for the Chinese.

Chin, N. pag.

Chinese do not like rare meats. They like to eat hard apples and hard peaches. They eat freshly killed chickens instead of first putting them in an icebox for a few days or a few months like most Americans do. They dislike bread.

Ibid.

Chinese restaurants move into Times Square during Prohibition and open chop suey joints. Low food overhead and cheap labor, they undercut the nightclubs and large restaurants.

Grimes, p. 203.

The jaundiced cooks of Chinatown leer as they slice off the heads of fishes or the snouts of pigs.

Conrad, p. 322.

Sing Wu—Chinese restaurant on Second Avenue everyone went to after art openings.

N. cit.

Food

Food restaurant opened at 127 Prince Street on the corner of Wooster Street in October of 1971 and was run by the original founders for three years.

Morris, *Food*, p. 12.

Matta-Clark held a sculptor's dinner—for sculptors by sculptors. All the utensils were screwdrivers, hammers, chisels.

Ibid., p. 29.

Famous Sunday night guest artist meals at *Food*. One was the serving of live brine shrimp in hollowed out hard-boiled eggs. The other was Matta-Clark's "Bone Meal," consisting of a variety of bone-based dishes such as chicken bones, beef bones stuffed with wild rice and mushrooms, from legs, marrow bones. The meal started with Gordon-made aspic, went on to oxtail soup, and then the bone platter. Richard Peck was in the back scrubbing bones that people had finished eating and Hisachika Tasahashi drilled holes through the bones, which were stung on rope and handed to the customers as necklaces so they could wear their dinners home.

Ibid., p. 29.

You have to realize at that particular time in New York," Mr. Sonnier added, "people did not eat bone marrow." Kennedy, "Meals," N. pag.

The same year, 1971, Alice Waters founded Chez Panisse in Berkeley, Calif., as "a simple little place where we could cook and talk politics," sparking a fresh-and-seasonal-foods revolution in America. In 1973 a collective of artists and communal farmers founded the Moosewood Restaurant, the vegetarian standard-bearer, in Ithaca, N.Y.

Ibid.

Menu items: used car stew, alka seltzer chili, velvet chicken in satin sauce, city chicken, lumberjacks, hobnails.

Morris, *Food*, p. 52.

Food was one of the first places in NYC to serve sushi. It was the idea of Hisachika Tasahashi, assistant to Robert Rauschenberg. One early menu simply described it as raw mackerel with wasabi sauce.

Walrod, p. 57.

Matta-Clark cooked a lovely whole sea bass, but it emerged from the kitchen encased in a block of aspic nearly three feet long. He unmolded it, then gave the table a good kick, so that the aspic wobbled wildly and the bass seemed to fishtail upstream... "All the guests looked at it with this sort of horror and amazement. In the end my mundane chicken stew got eaten and everyone was too afraid to touch the fish."

Kennedy, "Meals," N. pag.

edible flowers were served to guests who came dressed as flowers

Ibid.

"I had the ridiculous idea of serving a glass of milk for 5 cents for pure nostalgic reasons."

Ibid.

At one dinner performance, Matta-Clark served live brine shrimp swimming in broth in the middle of a halved, cooked egg white. "Some nonartist customers were furious and claimed there should be a law against us," she wrote. "We told them guest chef days were no holds barred days and they could leave if they wished. So they did."

Ibid.

About 60 artists are estimated to have worked at the restaurant as cooks, waiters and busboys over the first three years.

Ibid.

the restaurant was becoming an increasingly fashionable scene, a precursor of the SoHo to come. [Gentrification]

Ibid.

T - Advertising

Le Corbusier: "If I were in authority, I would forbid advertising."

Corbusier, p. 101.

This city knows how to advertise.

Irwin, p. 30.

Manhattan is its own best logo.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 10.

Outdoor advertising, where the mere idea of a commodity could shine without any reference to the actual object.

Sharpe, p. 195.

History is forgotten. "Nature, gods, the sea, are replaced by new words that must be mastered. In Paris there is but one which the skies spasmodically teach us—Citroën. In New York there are Lasky, Ziegfeld, Goldwyn, Mayer."

Morand, p. 191.

Innermost, decisive significance of the advertisement: "An electric sign stands up against the sky advertising some brand of chewing gum and beside it the steeple of a church. Great warehouses and grain elevators support flaring advertisements; it looks as though the whole of Manhattan is for sale. And somewhere in all this tangle of lives and tangle of buildings, inland out of sight of the sea and fog, there is my own particular little studio called home."

Barnes, p. 183.

The statue of Christopher Columbus in Columbus Circle has been upstaged by a hotel, the Mayflower, which hoists its plaque into the sky in celebration of another voyage. The new gods the city has installed in its heaven are the theatrical stars named on its billboards: Beatrice Lillie, Ethel Waters, and Eleanor Powell are appearing in *At Home Abroad* just off Columbus Circle.

Conrad, p. 170.

Like so many others, a young woman named Gladys Glover has come to New York to make a name for herself. Unable to do so by dint of talent or determination, she hits upon a simpler expedient, using her hard-earned cash to rent a huge billboard overlooking Columbus Circle, with her name

painted on it in ten-foot-tall letters. Eerily prophetic in its vision of celebrity as a self-fueling phenomenon—Gladys becomes famous for being famous—offering deep insight into the nature of urban spectacle. New York is a city of crowds, of course, but it is also an instrument by which certain individuals distinguish themselves from the crowd, commanding the attention of everyone else. Incapable of activating New York's publicity machine in an institutional way, Gladys taps the city's physical urbanism, which turns out to be shaped along much the same lines: giant signs, placed on buildings facing large public spaces, seek to draw the notice of the thousands of pedestrians below.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 352.

In 1910, the famous Roman Chariot Race sign debuted atop the Hotel Normandie at Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street. The thirty-second show, at seven stories high and ninety feet wide, was astonishing enough to stop traffic. Twenty thousand incandescent bulbs gave the impression of toga'd drivers snapping their whips over galloping horses as the wheels of their chariots spun through the night. Like Oscar Wilde at the New York Customs office, the sign had nothing to declare except its own genius. It sold nothing, but advertisers—up to ten in a minute—could bask in the glory of the spectacle by time-sharing a space for their names on the top of the billboard. Chariots came back to Broadway in 1925 when the first neon tubes were used to advertise the movie *Ben-Hur*. [Antiquity]

Sharpe, p. 197.

A billboard for the new St. Moritz Hotel goes up at Fordham Road and Corona Avenue in the Bronx. Alabama-born sign creator Douglas Leigh, 26, has persuaded the owners to advertise on the site, he is paid \$50 per month and a room at the hotel (the Central Park South address looks good on his letterhead), and by year's end he has sold A&P on the idea of putting up a sign with a steaming cup of coffee, 15 feet wide at the southeast corner of Seventh Avenue and 47th Street. Leigh will soon have a giant penguin blinking its eyes to promote Kool cigarettes, an animated cartoon for Old Gold cigarettes, a clown tossing quoits in the shape of the three-ring Ballantine Beer logotype, and by 1941 will have created 32 large signs with more than 75,000 light bulbs for Times Square, Columbus Circle, and other venues.

Trager, p. 476.

In general, the close connection between advertising and the cosmic awaits analysis: "In a Buick ad of the late 1920s, an athletic larger-than-life young man seems to be rising over the Manhattan skyline; his eyes are raised, his face bathed in light, and he is lifting a Buick in the palm of his hand, as offering it to heaven." [Cosmic]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 68.

Electric billboards are more efficient
than the moon.
Goll," p. 5.

In a city in which the illusion of its advertising is mistaken for its reality, those who muddle along in the unkempt and ordinary way know themselves to be failures.

Bladford, p. 56.

Red, white, green, yellow, blue, orange, purple, they urge, solicit, press, command you to go somewhere or buy something. Bottles of beer appear on the firmament and transform themselves into dwarfs drinking; showers of gold peanuts fall from the skies; dragons breathing smoke become a film title; cigarettes are ignited; automobiles materialize. Mountains, towns, lamaseries, men with top hats, nude women with teeth, spring into existence on the façades and are wiped off into oblivion... dwarfs and dragons, beer and nuts, spiffy men, naked women, and far-off landscapes—this fairy tale hodgepodge.

Sharpe, pp. 210-1.

In New York Asta electrifies, astral
The flickering signals on the rooftops give off sparks.
Behrens, p. 315.

At a yellowpainted drugstore at the corner of Canal, he stops and stares abstractly at a face on a green advertising card. It is a highbrowed cleanshaven distinguished face with arched eyebrows and a bushy neatly trimmed moustache, the face of a man who has money in the bank, poised prosperously above a crisp wing collar and an ample dark cravat. Under it in copybook writing is the signature, "King C. Gillette."

Dos Passos, p. 11

The evenly chiseled windows are like a stenciled advertising poster.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 47.

Grand Central has become honky-tonk, with its extra-dimensional advertising displays and its tendency to adopt the tactics of a travel broker. I practically lived in Grand Central Terminal at one period (it has all the conveniences and I had no other place to stay) and the great hall seemed to me one of the more inspiring interiors in New York, until Lastex and Coca-Cola got into the temple.

White, *Here*, p. 49.

In 1949, Grand Central tries to boost revenues by broadcasting advertising messages over its public address system, stopping only after a vociferous protest led by *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross.

Trager, p. 569.

The Eastman Kodak Colorama unveiled in the main concourse of Grand Central Terminal will remain there for 40 years, presenting spectacular scenic views 18 feet high and 60 feet long. Other commercial displays follow.

Ibid, p. 578.

Marianne Moore delighted in advertising copy as a girl, later appropriating its fast, exact shifts and splices for the collages of her poetic art. "If you fear that you are reading an advertisement," her poem, "The Arctic Ox (or Goat)" concludes, "you are."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 66

Scott Fitzgerald spent only three months in the advertising world but learned how to drop flamboyantly quotable lines such as: "All women over thirty should be shot."

Ibid., p. 67.

Scott had shrewd ideas about pushing his books. In a 1923 essay entitled "How I Would Sell My Book," he urged the dealers to fill an entire store window with nothing but copies of his latest book, then station "a man with large spectacles sitting in the midst of them, frantically engrossed in the perusal of a copy." Brash but incandescent self-promotion was one of the motives springs of young Fitzgerald's art. "I am a fake," he liked to explain in a half-conscious homage to the values of Madison Avenue, "but not a lie."

Ibid., p. 67.

The fascination and familiarity with advertising on the part of New York's leading performers, publishers, and writers did not represent an artistic compromise or sellout on their part.

Ibid., p. 68.

I.M. Pei will never be happy on Route 66.
Venturi, p. 6.

Cocktails
and signs of
"ads"

flashing,
light's waterfalls,

Bacchae
among electric lights

will swarm the crowds
streamers of the lighted

skyscrapers
Meyer, "Cocktail," p. 294.

The electrical sublime in art and literature ultimately threatened to become a form of the advertising that gave it birth—not advertising products, for people knew from the start how fleeting that effect was—but selling light and spectacle in and of themselves.

Sharpe, p. 21.

The spectacle is capital accumulated to the point that it becomes images.

Debord, *Spectacle*, N. pag.

All obsessing electric capitals
Warner's Sugar
And on the Palisade cliff
Surf Bathing
Depero, "Coney," p. 422.

As I look at the great incandescent signs along the Jersey shore, blazing across the night the names of beer and perfumes and corsets, it occurs to me that, after all, that kind of thing could be overdone; a single name, a single question, could be blazed too far.

Sharpe, p. 188

Stuart Davis's paintings treat words like trade names, and his surfaces are, at bottom, a form of prospectus for corporate enterprises. Later, nesting in Pop trade names are figments such as those earlier thought to be hidden in the cache of "poetic" vocables.

no.cit.

Advertising is the art of mass communication, the only art, if it is one, that assumes that all knowledge is transmittable, and takes its audiences to be literally everyone. This is a position shared in one form or another by the artists working in New York in the 1920s; they, too, believe that everything is capable of popularization.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 69.

A year after the Singer Building opened, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building usurped its place as the world's tallest building, the world's largest advertisement.

Sharpe, p. 188.

When Woolworth's designers apologized to him that his building's cost was unlikely to be recuperated by enough income-producing floor space, he confided that it was as an enormous advertisement that the building would pay for itself.

Ibid, p. 234.

It is an office building, not a cathedral, an advertising symbol, a monument to prosperity, an unusable landing place for illusory dirigibles, or a pathological symptom of somebody's repressed desires.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 68.

Symbol dominates space. Architecture is not enough. The sign is more important than the architecture.

Venturi, pp. 8, 13.

An ad campaign for beer features pictures of the New York skyline over the slogan, "The night belongs to Michelob." [Panorama]

Sharpe, p. 323.

Madison Avenue

To be white, male and healthy in New York in the 1950s was to be as blessed as any individual at any time in history.

Cracknell, p. 16.

The well-shined Oxfords of the comfortable WASP account executives paroling the Madison Avenue sidewalks.

Ibid., p. 71

New York is brogan boot shape state
of Madison Ave Negro button-downs
The Last Poets, "New York"

The world of commercial art was high-powered and snobbish—the crowd was the smuggest, meanest, drunkest bunch of people you ever saw.

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 80.

Contrary to popular belief, drinking on agency premises was comparatively rare, although not unknown.

Cracknell, p. 148.

who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits
on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse
& the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments
of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks
of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of
sinis-

ter intelligent editors, or were run down by the
drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 16.

Ghost writing, as in advertising.

Roman, p. 8.

Rosser Reeves: "Originality is the most dangerous word in the advertiser's lexicon."

Ibid. p. 7.

David Ogilvy deplored "creativity," a word he professed not to understand: "When I write an ad, I don't want you to tell me you find it *creative*."

Ibid., pp. 8, 9.

Paper clips are dangerous when they are used to fasten papers together they frequently pick up papers which don't belong. Staples or bulldog clips are much safer and more efficient.

Ibid., p. 104.

Oglivy was English, at a time when an English accent was still rare and hugely prized in New York. Oglivy's was "a particularly well-modulated accent, and with his long, lean figure, foppish hair and ever present pipe, he was every bit Hollywood's idea of the perfect English gentleman, a character he fully exploited... He dressed for his parts. He didn't wear a business suit. Sometimes he dressed as the English country gentleman with his brogues, a tweed jacket and lapels on his vest. Sometimes he wore a kilt, before anyone had seen one. Sometimes, at big state occasions, he put on this kind of purple vest that looked vaguely ecclesiastical. But he never wore a normal business suit, never... In that era in New York, where in the face of the brash, loud, busy new world he retreats into a caricature of his real self and becomes even more English, brittle and refined." [Fashion]

Cracknell, pp. 32-3, 41.

Bill Bernbach on naming Doyle Dane Bernbach: "Nothing will come between us, not even punctuation." [Textuality]

Ibid., p. 52.

In 1935 when Grover Whalen was put in charge of organizing the New York World Fair that was to open in 1939, he took the young Bill Bernbach with him to work in his offices in the Empire State Building and at the site in Flushing Meadows. [World's Fair 1939]

Ibid., p. 53.

Jewish advertising firms were known as "Seventh Avenue" agencies.

Ibid., p. 55.

On DDB's Volkswagen account: "We have to sell a Nazi car in a Jewish town."

Ibid. p. 84.

"You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's real Jewish rye." It was advertised as "Levy's real Jewish Rye," itself a little contrived as there's nothing particularly Jewish about rye bread... Subway passengers became aware of posters with large, engaging pictures of the people you'd least expect chewing through a hunk of Levy's. And if they looked authentic, that's because they were authentic: "We wanted normal looking people, not blonde, perfectly proportioned models. I saw the Indian on the street; he was an engineer

for the New York Central. The Chinese guy worked in a restaurant near my midtown Manhattan office. And the kid we found in Harlem. They have great faces, interesting faces, expressive faces."

It would be easy now to dismiss the whole campaign as stereotypical, even condescending, but not then—far from it. These ads were startling for the simple reason that such people weren't usually seen starring in advertising. New Yorkers reveled in it, demanding copies of the Levy's posters as well as the bread. It reflected and celebrated their contemporary multiculturalism, and for the immigrants it helped "normalize" and quotation their status simply by making them seem an excepted, normal part of society.

Ibid., p. 66.

I Wuv Wevy's.

Ibid., p. 65.

Early in 1965, a beer company launched a major television and radio advertising campaign, in which it pointed out how many different nationalities live in New York City and, of course, how each of them preferred that company's beer.

Gottehrer, p. v.

Charles Gillett created the Big Apple tourism campaign, which was conceived during the 1964-65 World's Fair, and most of the bureau's publications carried "Come to the Fair" or similar slogans in large type. Gillett proposed that after the Fair, the city us The Big Apple, named after jazz musicians' nickname for the city because that's where they'd get the best jobs. [World's Fair 1964]

Cohen, *Apple*, pp. 91, 92.

"I've heard great singing Negroes call it "The Apple!"
Kerouac, *Traveler*, p. 105.

In the mid 1950s an art director at Benton & Bowles asked the name of the hopeful blonde female illustrator who'd just shown her folio to a colleague in the office next to his. "That wasn't a chick," he laughed, "I've got his name somewhere... er... Andy Warhol."

Cracknell, p. 74.

On his second day in New York, Andy went to see the art director of *Glamour* magazine, Tina Fredericks, in the Condé Nast building in the heart of Madison Avenue's "ad alley."

He held himself in a loose way, with his hands hanging limp from his wrists, and talked in a breathless whisper.

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 80.

When shopping his drawings to Madison Avenue, Andy wore a bohemian uniform of chino pants, cotton T-shirts and worn sneakers, which he had appropriated largely from Marlon Brando, and carried his drawings in a brown paper bag, looking, one friend remember, "as if he had written his own part in a play by Truman Capote."

Ibid., p. 81.

A 1994 Gap ad featured black and white photo of Warhol during his illustrator days on Madison Avenue with the tagline: "Andy Warhol wore khakis."

no.cit.

One of the climactic moments in the Raggedy Andy saga occurred when he presented his drawings to the elegant *grande dame* of the fashion magazines, Carmel Snow at *Harper's Bazaar*, and a roach crawled out with the pictures. "She felt so sorry for me," Andy told everyone, "that she gave me a job."

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 82.

In 1953, Andy won his first Art Director's Club gold medal—the Oscar of the advertising industry.

Ibid. p. 88.

On an *Esquire* cover, Warhol falls backward into a can of Campbell's tomato soup to signify the end of pop art. Warhol was excited; he thought they were going to make a giant can and fill it with soup. Fischer shot the picture in two parts, dropping a marble into a can of thinned soup to make the splash and the stripping in a separate shot of Warhol.

Cracknell, p. 176.

Warhol was contributing illustrations to practically all of the fashion magazines, including *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, *Vogue*, and *Harper's Bazaar*, as well as doing covers for *Dance Magazine* and *Interiors*. His work could be seen in many of the city's fanciest stores: he designed greeting cards for Tiffany & Co., stationary for Bergdorf Goodman, and placemats for the Bird Cage restaurant at Lord & Taylor. He whipped up sketches for album covers for RCA Victor and Columbia records and dust jackets for New Directions, including one with a typically Warholian

composition of rows and rows of faces and a suggestively impish cupid with arrow for the cover of *Three More Novels* by Ronald Firbank, the outré English writer and pillar of camp sensibility. Warhol also devised illustrations for the corporate image-building campaigns of the Upjohn and Rexall companies. He drew newspaper ads for the National Broadcast Company and created title cards for the prestigious television show "Studio One." For a while, he was even the "hands" on the Will Rogers Jr. Sunday morning TV show, drawing clouds, raindrops and whatever else the meteorologists predicated.

Art directors showered Warhol with assignments because he worked fast, met deadlines, and displayed a properly submissive attitude when they demanded revisions. "If they told me to draw a shoe," He said, "I'd do it, and if they told me to correct it, I would—I'd do anything they told me to do, correct it and do it right. After all that correction, those commercial drawings would have feelings, they would have a style. The attitude of those who hired me had feeling or something to it; they knew what they wanted, they insisted; sometimes they got very emotional. The process of doing work in commercial art was machine-like, but the attitude had feeling to it."

Andy cleverly ingratiated himself with almost anyone who was in a position to give him work. He made and gave away numerous personalized artworks, including hand-colored wrapping paper, ornately decorated Easter eggs, and whimsical drawings of butterflies. This endeared him to art directors, many of whom treasured every drawing he sent their way.

Bourdon, pp. 33-34.

Warhol brought his clients drawings in paper bags.

Smith, *Warhol*, p. 100.

He wanted to call himself Andy Paperbag.

Koestenbaum, p. 28.

Billboards

The development of electric power in the 1900s made it feasible to install enormous electric signs, sometimes mounted on the roofs of shorter older buildings, sometimes on the façades of big new ones. Years of conflict between Broadway and Fifth Avenue owners' associations led to a plan to restrict electric signs in most of Manhattan, but to concentrate them around Times Square. In 1909, a state

court overturned a city law that limited their size. Nearly overnight, a new generation of huge, bright, kinetic signs came to life.

Berman, *Town*, p. 109.

The phrase, the Great White Way, is supposed to have been coined in 1901 by O.J. Gude, an advertising man, who is also said to have been the first to see the tremendous possibilities of electric display. A modest sign at Broadway and Twenty-third Street advertising an ocean resort was New York's first experience with this phenomenon.

WPA, pp. 170-71.

At Broadway and Twenty-third Street, where later, on this and some other ground, the once famed Flatiron Building was placed, there stood at one time a smaller building, not more than six stories high, the northward looking blank wall of which was completely covered with a huge electric sign which read:

SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES
THE GREAT HOTELS
PAIN'S FIREWORKS
SOUSA'S BAND
SEIDL'S GREAT ORCHESTRA
THE RACES
NOW-MANHATTAN BEACH-NOW

Each line was done in a different color of lights, light green for the ocean breezes, white for Manhattan Beach and the great hotels, red for Pain's fireworks and the races, blue and yellow for the orchestra and band. As one line was illuminated the others were made dark, until all had been flashed separately, when they would again be flashed simultaneously and held thus for a time. Walking up or down Broadway on a hot summer night, this sign was an inspiration and an invitation. It made one long to go to Manhattan Beach. I had heard as much or more about Atlantic City and Coney Island, but this blazing sign lifted Manhattan Beach into rivalry with fairyland.

Dreiser, p. 119.

In 1916, The Broadway Association and the Fifth Avenue Association—collections of combative merchants—battle it out over where projecting signboards can and cannot be placed. Broadway wants unlimited access. But the Fifth Avenue merchants, who are wealthier and more aggressive,

insist that projecting signs be banned from Washington Square to 110th, along Fifth Avenue. Fifth Avenue wins the war. Its long elegant vistas will be unharmed. Broadway fights back. A new zoning law grants the unlimited use of giant billboards, but only on the Main Stem. One of the peculiarities of American capitalism is to concentrate and confine such activity [billboards] to a limited space, while at the same time *liberating* it to an unparalleled degree.

Charyn, p. 51.

BILLBOARDS ARE ALMOST ALRIGHT.

Venturi, p. 6.

Everything about a Times Square sign, from its supporting framework to the image it displays, is big—indeed enormous. But it is not just big. Unlike a dam or aircraft hangar or similarly oversized structure, a Broadway sign is not simply large in the abstract: because its subject is almost always a person's face, or figure, or name, it plainly represents an enlargement, a scaling-up from ordinary human dimensions to something else, something that is distinct from—yet also related to—the individual on which it is based.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 298.

In 1955, James Rosenquist moves to New York to study. The next year he quits school and paints billboards in Times Square.

Rosenquist: "I wanted to paint the Sistine Chapel, and so where do you learn that? So, maybe that's in billboard painting, or outdoor sign painting. So I went to General Outdoor Advertising, and I said, 'I can do that!' It was painting great big macaroni noodles as big as firehouses for Kraft Foods. 'Oh, we don't let anybody do that until they've been here 20 years.' I said, 'Well, I can do that.' So, they gave me a job to paint two heads for Coca-Cola..."

Dickerson, n. pag.

Rosenquistian gigantism into abstraction... But one sign, dead center, especially catches our attention—not least because, seeing it from behind, we have no idea what it is for. It is a giant top hat, outlined in lights and slowly tipping its brim every minute or so. Glamorous, larger than life, ultimately unknowable, it is a symbol not of any particular celebrity, but of celebrity itself, a construct of popular culture that grow from and yet transcends

individual personality in a way that not even the stars themselves fully understand.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 299.

A giant smoker in a Times Square spectacular begins blowing five-foot-wide smoke rings (created by steam from Con Ed) every 4 seconds to promote Camel cigarettes. The sign requires no lighting.

Trager, p. 528.

Harpo Marx enters the signage of Times Square, riding a neon Pegasus across the giant Mobil sign, as if he has himself been somehow transmuted into the evanescent stuff of neon.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 297.

A blank array of electric globes crusting every building's side like the very skin of some immense and glowing thing that has left its shell behind.

Barnes, p. 36.

The allure springs from the totality, the superabundance of signs, rather than from any one.

Berman, *Town*, p. 7.

One important way in which people have always experienced Times Square, and still do, has been to adopt a favorite sign, to be alone with it, to make it part of their inner lives. This means uncoupling the sign from whatever commodity it was meant to promote and placing it in a different system of meaning all our own.

Ibid., p. 7.

Do you remember the lady in an electric rain-storm with her long skirt blowing to show the binding? Do you remember the kitten eternally unrolling a spool of silk thread? Then there was the golfer, making at two-minute intervals a perfectly grooved drive, and the chariot race, with teams of fours galloping all night. [Surrealism]

Irwin, p. 325.

One of Times Square's most arresting early spectacles was the fifty foot-tall Miss Heatherbloom, promoting *Heatherbloom Petticoats, Silk's Only Rival*. The product seems to have been a typical garment-center knockoff of a high-fashion item, marketed to millions of young women of the sort who passed through the Square every day: typists and switchboard operators, schoolteachers and young wives.

The sign was built in the 1900s (different sources give different dates) by O.J. Gude, the Square's first great commercial artist, who painted in bursts and undulations of electric power. It had an elaborately programmed sequence where the heroine walked through a driving rain "depicted by slashing diagonal lines of lamps." The wind whipped at her dress, lifted her skirt, and revealed the petticoat clinging to her legs and her hips and her thighs. The gale receded, her clothes fell into place, she resumed her high-heeled, mincing walk—only to be swept up in the wind and rain again, and again and again.

This sign attracted big crowds, and the crowds included plenty of women—not the most affluent women, who would surely have stuck with silk, a warm and voluptuous material that has been a symbol of class since ancient times—but seamstresses and switchboard operators on their way to work, or schoolteachers and stenographers going to plays. What the ad promised is something that the New York garment industry, just a few blocks south, knew how (and still knows how) to deliver: cheap knockoffs of expensive fabrics and designs; aristocratic fantasies that a plebeian mass public can afford. It was structurally similar to the electrified mass culture embodied in its sign. It sought and found a large body of respectable women who would respond to a public, flamboyant sexual display, and would buy a garment that they hoped would help them change.

Berman, *Town*, pp. 7-8.

The advertisement is the ruse by which the dream forces itself on industry. [Dream City]

Benjamin, p. 171.

The Prince of Wales visits Times Square to just look and admire the electric signs.

Irwin, p. 325.

On the corner is a gargantuan sign, "DRINK THE WIGGIN FAMILY RYE." An acre of blood and green fire shows a huge bottle of the Wiggin Family pouring everlastingly into a glass that never fills. [Alcohol]

Reisenberg, p. 156.

The waterfall, a city block long, had a tremendous seething flow. At night, everything in the Square seemed to flow toward it. If you stood there and looked at it for a while, it could put you in a kind of trance, you could lose track of everything around you. The falls were high off the ground, but was there a way you could fall in? Could kids

fall in? Was there something there that we couldn't see but that could pull us in? On the northern and southern fringes of the waterfall, there were giant bronze statues of a man and a woman. Looking at photos today, I see I was right about them: They were naked! No clothes at all! And yet they were totally unsexy. Not that my cousins and my friends and I knew much about sex, but still we could feel its absence. The compelling thing about these statues was their solemnity... Were the bronze statues so solemn because they were guarding us from the edge, from falling in, from fatal currents and hidden rocks that we couldn't see or even imagine, but that they knew all too well? Did the danger come, in some weird way, from the smart clothes themselves and from the BOND?

The Camel sign just below the waterfall was something else. Here was another giant adult, and a man in uniform, too—which meant, in the 1940s, somebody who was risking his life to protect us all from Hitler... this Camel smoker was ready to take Hitler on. How did he fight? He blew smoke rings in the dictator's face... The smoke rings were collected from the building's heating system; they signified not only American bravery, but American cool.

Berman, *Town*, pp. 9, 10.

This week or next, depending on when the first sharp frost hits Times Square, crews will add 3,000 gallons of anti-freeze to the waterfall display in the square. The anti-freeze goes in every year about the same time. A 1,000 gallon tank of the chemical is kept on the roof behind the waterfall to make up for evaporation loss, which varies from 250 to 500 gallons a week.

Berger, *New York*, p. 281.

A new Times Square sign advertising Bond Stores men's and women's apparel features a waterfall five stories (27 feet) high and 120 feet long. Sign impresario Douglas Leigh... has persuaded Bond Stores to let him put up the most sensational sign ever and it will continue until 1954. Running a full 200 feet from 44th to 45th Street, the \$350,000 sign has 65-foot-tall male and female figures flanking the waterfall, which recycles 50,000 gallons of water while a zipper flashes the news; a circular sign with a digital clock rises above the word "BOND" with a message reading, "Every Day 3,490 People Buy at Bond."

Trager, p. 564.

Most signs are likely to be much smaller and more nuanced. The Square's ecology is such that the smaller

signs are experienced in relation to the big ones. The manager of the Arrow Shirts shop said, "We're just below the waterfall." They make limited claims on the universe, but "Side by side, they're glorified" by the unlimited claims being made just above and around them.

Berman, *Town*, p. 5.

I cannot pass by the luminous advertising on Broadway. Everyone has heard about that incandescent path cutting diagonally across Manhattan in which the mob of idlers and patrons of motion pictures, burlesque shows and theaters moves. Electricity reigns, but it is dynamic here, exploding, moving, sparkling, with lights turning white, blue, red, green, yellow. The things behind it are disappointing. These close-range constellations, this Milky Way in which you are carried along, lead to objects of enjoyment which are often mediocre. So much the worse for advertising! There remains a nocturnal festival characteristic of modern times. I remember that the light filled our hearts, and that the intense, powerful color excited us and gave us pleasure. And on Broadway, divided by feelings of melancholy and lively gaiety, I wander along in a hopeless search for an intelligent burlesque show in which the nude white bodies of beautiful women will spring up in witty flashes under the paradisaic illumination of the spotlight.

Corbusier, p. 102.

Learning from the existing landscape is a way of being revolutionary for an architect. Not the obvious way, which is to tear down Paris and begin again, as Le Corbusier suggested in the 1920s, but another, more way; that is, to question how we look at things.

Venturi, p. 3.

Many American cities, especially in the Sun Belt, developed prosperity based on highways and cars, and created spaces with signs as big and bold as Times Square's. But those spaces tend to be strips (Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Mexico City) where people come in cars and drive straight through. Their signs are laid out in straight lines, meant to be seen one or at most two at a time by drivers or passengers on the road. The deployment of signs in Times Square is far more complex. Here people are on their feet, enveloped by crowds of walkers in a hundred directions, impeded from moving straight ahead even if they want to. The signs come at us from many directions; they color the people next to us in complex blends, and we

become colored, too, all of us overlaid with the moving lights and shadows. We metamorphose as we turn around, and we have to turn around to make any headway in this crowd.

The development of Cubism in the early twentieth century was made for spaces like this, where we occupy many different points of view while standing nearly still. Times Square is a place where Cubism is realism. Being there is like being inside a 1920s Cubist experimental film: *The Man with the Movie Camera* as a home movie. Signs are the essential landmark, yet generally what grips our hearts is less any one sign than the complex, the totality, the superabundance of signs, too many signs, a perfect complement for the Square's too many people.

Since the 1890s, being attuned to Times Square's powerfulness has been one of the basic ways of being at home in New York. Even the most wretched people can feel at home with the Square's signs. "I'll just go down Broadway," Hurstwood says. "When he reached 42nd Street, the fire signs were already blazing bright." This man is starving, freezing, dressed in rags, delirious, one foot in the grave. But he can't stay away from the "fire signs." He is drawn to their warmth and light like a moth to a flame.

Berman, *Town*, pp. 6-7.

A five-story-high plaster and wood arch over Fifth Avenue at Madison Square, built to commemorate the Spanish-American War, featured a garland of electric lights. But it looked stodgy beside a 45-foot-long Heinz pickle blaring out across the square, outlined in rapidly blinking green bulbs with 577 GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE flashing beneath it in a riot of color.

Caldwell. p. 213.

Tibor Kalman's (1949-99) Fire Sign. A spectacular ad for Colors, a glossy magazine put out by the Italian sportswear company United Colors of Benetton. The sign was on display in 1992 and 1993. It was fifty feet high, maybe twice as long; it curved around the corner of 47th Street and Broadway, and it showed full frontal nude photos of six teenagers. Actually, they weren't quite teenagers: Two of them looked closer to twenty-five, another two seemed more like fifteen. And they weren't quite nude; they were holding small signs over their genitals, something like the fig leaves in Renaissance paintings of Adam and Eve. It was hard for a spectator not to enjoy the nakedness of these beautiful kids; but their genital fig leaves forced us also to share their embarrassment.

The color contrasts among the kids were striking: One was clearly Asian, one clearly African (Afro-American? Afro-European?), two clearly Caucasian, and two unclear or mixed; for that matter, it was very likely that all of them were mixed. The contrasts in ideas were striking, too. At the far left, a punklike blond boy with an Axl Rose look held an ATTITUDE placard. Next, a voluptuous Asian girl held RACE. An olive-skinned boy carried a TRUTH sign. A black girl had a POWER sign. A short, compact Asian man signed LIES. At right, the youngest-looking of the six, a girl with a gamine aura, covered herself with FIRST DATE. It was impossible (or let's say very hard) for a spectator not to enjoy the near nakedness of these kids, to feast our eyes on them. At the same time, the way the sign was crafted, it was impossible not to feel guilt and embarrassment. The sudden vision of their bodies was revelatory and shocking. There was something about the way they stood, the ambient light and color, the innocence on their faces when innocence was mixed with defiance—that made them seem vulnerable and overexposed; they looked more like suspects in a police lineup than participants in an orgy. But what was their crime? There was human depth in this sign, it drew us into the action. Before the picture could mean anything, we spectators had to imagine actively, to 'write the book.' My wife and I imagined a strip search after a drug raid on a club. We noticed that at least two of these kids were "underage," but we couldn't tell what the age spread was supposed to mean. Was the point that age meant nothing? (But then, I thought, shouldn't there be some older people with wrinkled or sagging bodies in the scene?) We never figured out their genital signs, fig leaves in print. Were we meant to think of those tags as social labels imposed by the powers that took their clothes and lined them up? Was this a generation of kids caught in the crossfire of adult big words? Yet wasn't 'victim' another adult big word?"

Berman, *Town*, pp. 16-7.

The eighties begin with this story. Photographer Bruce Weber shot a water-polo player lying bare-chested on an unmade bed with his hands playing 'inside-outside' in his long johns, which persuaded Calvin Klein to hire him. Against a backdrop of a whitewashed house on a Greek island, with the muscles and detail of the male anatomy heightened by the low camera angle, the image of the athlete, transformed into a demigod in undershorts was blown up into an immense poster measure twenty by thirty meters on a billboard in Times Square. It was stolen

overnight. In the month following, the sales of Calvin Klein underwear reached record highs.

Frisa, p. 90.

Weber's gaze annulled all vulgarity, all sex-shop temptation, to reveal the aspect of a masculinity wounded by centuries of sexophobic obscurantism, in which heterosexual men can also recognize themselves.

Ibid. p. 90.

In the Whitney Museum of American Art's 1987 Biennial, Weber's work, flanked by Julian Schnabel, Barbara Kruger, Jeff Koons, and others, was described as "the comfort of myths," precisely because his photos reinvented an athletic body whose precedent is still found in the classicism of the myth of Olympus.

Ibid., p. 90.

U - Times Square

Today, on a winter evening, I arrive in Times Square about six o'clock. It is Broadway's finest hour. Here, until midnight, New York takes its bath of light... tumbling, running, turning, zigzagging, rolling, vertical, perpendicular, dancing, epileptic; frames are whirling, letters flash out from the night... In 42nd Street it is a glowing summer afternoon all night, a world of undiscovered prisms, of rainbows squared.

In rain, or when there are mists floating around, it is still more beautiful; the rain becomes golden water; the skyscrapers vanish halfway up, and nothing more can be seen but the haloes of their cupolas suspended in a colored mist... The great searchlight atop the Times Building is sweeping up the remains of the sky.

Here the class war no longer has any meaning. This is victory! The electric lamp is no longer a lighting device, it is a machine for fascinating, a machine for obliterating This weary throng is determined not to go home, determined to spend its money, determined to blind itself with false daylight 42nd Street is a conspiracy of commerce against night... there is only one latitude left, the latitude of pleasure.

Berman, *Town*, p. 124.

The Crossroads of the World were cold and windswept. The subway gratings breathed mustily and strongly when trains came by. Each sudden exhalation scattered cellophane wrappers, cigar bands, and grimy papers on the sidewalk in front of the United Cigar store.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 166.

Depends how high you are by now—assuming you're picked up on one of the corners—say 42nd Street and 8th Avenue, near the great Whelan's drug store, another lonely haunt spot where you can meet people—Negro whores, ladies limping in a Benzedrine psychosis—Across the street you can see the ruins of New York already started—the Globe Hotel being torn down there, an empty tooth hole right on 44th Street—and the green McGraw-Hill building gaping up in the sky, higher than you'd believe—lonely all by itself down towards the Hudson River where freighters wait in the rain for the Montevideo limestone.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 112.

Or bemused drunken businessmen with their hats tipped awry on their graying heads staring catatonically upward at the signs floating by on the *Times Building*, huge sentences about Khrushchev reeling by, the populations of Asia enumerated in flashing lightbulbs, always five hundred periods after each sentence.

Ibid., p. 108.

Times Square is a Catholic anathema.
Conrad, p. 121.

The Times Square Motogram, spelling out the news in its thousand of bulbs. A blind man would know he was in New York from the endless chatter of it.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 238.

Broadway at 42nd Street. Mother has stopped to read the flashes of the latest news on the Times Building... but baby wasn't curious about that and fell asleep... but the girl was interested as she ate an eskimo pie.

Weegee, *Naked* p. 45.

I remember when the Duece was all porno flicks
Beastie Boys, "Open Letter."

Like lost souls emerging from the purgatory of the trains (dark rattling tunnels, smelly pornographic toilets, newsstands futilely splashing the subterranean gray depths with unreal magazine colors), the New York faces push into the air: spilling into 42nd Street and Broadway—a scattered defeated army. And the world of that street bursts like a rocket into a shattered phosphorescent world. Giant signs—Bigger! Than! Life!—blink off and on. And a great hungry sign groping luridly at the darkness screams

F*A*S*C*I*N*A*T*I*O*N.

Reay, pp. 85-6.

Why does Times Square feel like a big room?
Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 111.

Hart Crane: Time squared.
Mariani, p. 233.

Broadway's deliberate ephemerality. For the first time a landscape changed every few seconds.

Sharpe, p. 215.

Right off Broadway where the Rialto is at its intensest, where the American spirit is abroad at night, and where the crude emphasis of the lobster and the rarebit with its chappy accompaniment would excite a stare on the boulevards.

Hapgood, p. 364.

This is the quiet hour; the theaters
Have gathered in their crowds, and steadily
The million light blaze on for few to see,
Robbing the sky of stars that should be hers.
A woman waits with bag and shabby furs,
A somber man drifts by, and only we,
Pass up the street unwearied, warm and free,
For over us the olden magic stirs.
Beneath the liquid splendor of the lights
We live a little ere the charm is spent
This night is ours, of all the golden nights,
The pavement an enchanted palace floor,
And Youth the player on the viol, who sent
A strain of music thru an open door.
Teasdale, p. 50.

The jungle of West Forty-second Street. This inflamed appendix is noisier, more noisome, and more punk than Broadway, exposed at midsummer noon.

Reisenberg, p. 154.

Only forty-five minutes from Broadway,
Think of the changes it brings;
For the short time it takes,
What a diff'rence it makes
In the ways of the people and things.
Oh! What a fine bunch of rubens,
Oh! what a jay atmosphere;
They have whiskers like hay,
And imagine Broadway
Only forty-five minutes from here.
Cohan, "Forty-Five."

We misappropriate Walter Benjamin when we assimilate his arcades to Times Square, either before or after Disney.

Bender, p. 223.

Do we overdraw Times Square history, make it more epic than it ought to be? Picadilly and Soho, in London, and Place de Clichy, in Paris, are similar places, have known similar kinds of decline and similar kinds of pickup, but

without gathering quite the same emotion. We make Times Square do more work than it ought to.

Gopnik, p. 221.

From my office window, as I write, my constant companion is a small Beaux Arts skyscraper directly across on 42nd Street. It is elegantly composed and decorated, with three elongated, vertical bands of round-arched windows dominating a delicate, five-bay arrangement, topped with a crown of carved stone. The street at its feet is porn-country; the neighborhood around it is a disaster area. But the finesse with which the building proposes that sill and order are not only justifiable but desirable is somehow reassuring. I raise my eyes for an architecture break in a city that is as heartbreaking in its beauty as it is in its poverty and decay.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 134.

Times Square, in the 1960s: the place that removed the need for drugs because it was a psychedelic trip in itself.

Berman, *Town*, p. 11.

The X-rated movie houses and porno parlors had yielded to cartoon figures and toy stores.

Sharpe, p. 325.

Signs

Neon in daylight is a great pleasure... as are light bulbs in daylight.

O'Hara, p. 257.

The neon in the streets made its way into the new interiors in the indirect Deco cove lighting, casting a subdued yet emphatic glow across ceilings, walls, and mirrors.

Caldwell, p. 262.

A hundred, a thousand electric signs will blink and wink.

Dreiser, p. 3.

They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway
They say there's always magic in the air
But when you're walkin' down that street
And you ain't had enough to eat
The glitter rubs right off and you're nowhere

Drifters, "On Broadway."

The light that never was on sea or land he sees not and believes only in the lights of Broadway.

Hapgood, p. 76.

The 1920s also saw a tremendous brightening of Times Square: a "bath of light."

Berman, *Town*, p. 124.

Broadway on a clear night--this is the "Great White Way," when coloured lights soar high and a floodlit clock seems to hang in heaven.

Beaton, *Portrait*, p. 80.

the eye-white sky-light
white-light district
of lunar lusts
Loy, p. 509.

Taxis honked and rasped outside the hoarding, the sky shimmered with gold powder from electric signs.

Dos Passos, p. 192.

I drove toward the twilight descending on the city, into a very different New York, beckoning with the evening glow of the streets. But I entered the neon fairyland of Times Square embittered and gloomy.

Lobas, p. 152.

At night the whores come out along with pimps and everyone struts in high-heeled regalia under the glitter of a half-dead moon and fluorescent lights and lamp poles.

Wojnarowicz, p. 25.

Marshall McLuhan will suggest, that this great array of machinery, programmed to "blind people with false daylight," can inadvertently endow them with a second sight, an insight into "the truth of tonight" that is deeper than the truth of the working day.

Berman, *Town*, p. 125.

On
to Times Square, where the sign
blows smoke over my head, and higher
the waterfall pours lightly. A
Negro stands in a doorway with a
toothpick, languorously agitating.

A blonde chorus girl clicks: he smiles and rubs his chin. Everything suddenly honks: it is 12:40 on a Thursday.

Neon in daylight is a great pleasure, as Edwin Denby would write, as are light bulbs in daylight. O'Hara, p. 257.

Broadway, he argued, "is not reality, it is transfiguration" of the mind and body. "Broadway is a great place of health. It is a free electric ray treatment. It is a tonic light-bath. Here voices are clearer, eyes brighter, and the whole body more vivid than anywhere else in New York." "Poe's man in the crowd," he continued, "is walking there every night, back and forth, forward and back again, his eyes lit by some dream." He acknowledged that it all is "the artifice of night." Everyday life in Manhattan "is almost intolerable," so "a great deal of New York night life is purely escape from New York."

Peretti, p. 16.

Glitter was the gaudiness of America, that's what I interpreted it as. And it was pretty. Glitter was makeup. I used it because it was shoving America back into the American faces. It was the gaudiness of Times Square. You know, take away the lights and what do you have in Times Square? Nothing.

McNeil, p. 89.

Like Tristan and Isolde obliterating day, the denizens of Broadway subsist in a permanent dimout.

Conrad, p. 288.

Then they both looked up the ramp and through the arcade, toward the doors on Seventh Avenue. Beyond the doors lay a thick, moribund light that seemed to fill the arcade with the smell of snow and of cold, so that for a while longer they seemed to stand in the grip of a dreadful reluctance and inertia.

Faulkner, p. 624.

the flash lighting of Pizza stand clattering character, dark night over grainy red buildings' rooftops, the glimmer of the chrome in windows

Wojnarowicz, p. 111.

Garcia Márquez, writing of Macondo, manages to see Times Square: "In that state of hallucinated lucidity, not only did they see the images of their own dreams, but some saw the images dreamed by others."

Berman, *Town*, p. 121.

In 1985 the Municipal Art Society helped create a ruling, put into effect in 1987, that developers had to preserve the world-famous signage by making sure that the base of new office buildings would be covered with eye-assaulting advertising. In so doing they ensured a great light show, but also took a decisive step in turning the night city into a museum. With electric signs no longer an essential form of economic communication—the brands and shows are already known from media that travel farther than a flashing light—what counts is status, the fact of having one's product blazoned at the center of light.

[Advertising]

Sharpe, p. 325.

The red neon sign was a blur through the rain, and when I cruised past I could see a bar with a handful of people on stools huddled over their drinks.

Spillane, N. pag.

Attractions

Penny arcades, peepshows, shooting-galleries, flea circuses, and burlesque theaters, shooting galleries, fake doctors... freak-shows and hot-dog stands and Hindu yogis have moved their tents from Coney Island to Broadway. The seaside carnival had decamped on the Great White Way within the shadow of the Empire State Building. Charlatan yogis pretended to mend people and wristwatches in storefront tent theaters, and automatic moving-picture booths allowed the customer to "see herself as she would look on the silver screen."

Peretti, p. 107.

Hubert's Time Square Museum epitomized the presence of Coney Island in Midtown. Famed for its flea circus, in which the insects kicked balls and walked on wires, Hubert's also featured lectures on human conception, transvestitism (delivered by a practitioner), and boxing, the latter given by Jack Johnson, the destitute former world heavyweight boxing champion. A pig and a monkey in a

baby carriage, Siamese twins, Asian dancers, slot-machine films, and freak exhibits including "Doraldina," "half man and half woman" also graced the museum.

Ibid., p. 107.

"The Spanish Inquisition," an exhibit of nineteen oil paintings of torture in Times Square by Franz Vinck (Belgian, 1827-1903), which stayed open until one in the morning.

Caldwell, p. 264.

The Astaires, the most aristocratic act in the history of American popular culture, could fly through the air amid crashes of downward mobility and smells of fast food.

Berman, *Town*, p. 138.

Fantastic postures, such as the Strangler Lewis hold around the neck, are barred from the more tony palaces.

Walker, *Night Club*, p. 209.

Maybe you'll get a sandwich at Reuben's or stroll through Times Square and look at the Camel sign with the guy blowing smoke rings into the night or the two huge nude statues flanking the waterfall of the Bond Clothes sign and then slip into Toffenetti's for coffee or head east to Glennon's for a few final beers.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

Cafeterias, Bars, Hangouts

Bickford's is the greatest stage on Times Square—many people have hung around there for years, man and boy searching God alone knows for what, maybe some angel of Times Square who would make the whole big room home, the old homestead—civilization needs it... What's Times Square doing there anyway? Might as well enjoy it.—Greatest city the world has ever seen.—Have they got a Times Square on Mars? What would the Blob do on Times Square? Or St. Francis? A girl gets off a bus in the Port Authority Terminal and goes into Bickford's, Chinese girl, red shoes, sits down with coffee, looking for daddy. There's a whole floating population around Times Square that has always made Bickford's their headquarters day and night. In the old days of the beat generation some poets used to go in there to meet the famous character "Hunkey" who used to come in and out in an oversized black raincoat and a cigarette holder looking for somebody to lay a pawn ticket

on-Remington typewriter, portable radio, black raincoat—to score for some toast, (get some money) so he can go uptown and get in trouble with the cops or any of his boys. Also a lot of stupid gangsters from 8th Avenue used to cut in—maybe they still do—the ones from the early days are all in jail or dead. Now the poets just go there and smoke a peace pipe, looking for the ghost of Hunkey or his boys, and dream over the fading cups of tea. The beatniks make the point that if you went there in every night and stayed there you could start a whole Dostoevski season on Times Square by yourself and meet all the midnight newspaper peddlers and their involvements and families and woes.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, pp. 111-2.

There's a whole floating population around Times Square that has always made Bickford's their headquarters day and night. Remember how we went to a year of movies on 42nd Street, seeing successions of nothing pictures about nobody people while we waited for our friend to finish work or sat in Bickford's forcing patterns on the table top, our fingers pushing through the spilled sugar, our feet scraping on the tiled floor. We listened to the parade of pushers and passers who stopped at our table or sat there with us, drinking hot water and ketsup?

Sullivan, "Liza," N. pag.

Bickford's Restaurants were a mainstay of early to mid-20th Century New York. It all started in 1902 when Samuel L. Bickford opened his first restaurant. Within two decades later he owned a chain offering quick food at affordable prices. In those pre-Depression days, the company described itself saying "The lunchrooms operated are of the self-service type and serve a limited bill of fare, which makes possible the maximum use of equipment and a rapid turnover. Emphasis is placed on serving meals of high quality at moderate cost.

The little building at 488 8th Avenue made the newspapers in 1932 when Bickford's replaced a glass windows using non-union glaziers. In retaliation union members drove past while a passenger shot out the plate glass with a slingshot.

The appeal of Bickford's, as well as their rival Horn & Hardart, was good food served quickly in a pleasant environment at an affordable cost. The working class of the nearby 34th Street office buildings flocked in at lunchtime for lamb stew or chopped steak, followed by apple pie or rice pudding. The 24 lunchrooms in the 1920s doubled to 48 by 1960.

Ibid.

who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Emerging from the Seventh Avenue subway on 42nd Street,
you pass the john, which is the beatest john in New York—
you never can tell if it's open or not, usually there's a
big chain in front of it saying it's out of order, or else
it's got some white-haired decaying monster slinking
outside, a john which all seven million people in New York
City have at one time passed and taken strange notice of—
past the new charcoal-fried-hamburger stand, Bible booths,
operatic jukeboxes, and a seedy underground used-magazine
store next to a peanut-brittle store smelling of subway
arcades—here and there a used copy of that old bard
Plotinus sneaked in with the remainders of collections of
German high-school textbooks—where they sell long ratty-
looking hotdogs (no, actually they're quite beautiful,
particularly if you haven't got 15 cents and are looking
for someone in Bickford's Cafeteria who can lay some smash
on you) (lend you some change).—

Coming up that stairway, people stand there for hours
and hours drooling in the rain, with soaking wet umbrellas—
lots of boys in dungarees scared to go into the Army
standing halfway up the stairway on the iron steps waiting
for God Who knows what, certainly among them some romantic
heroes just in from Oklahoma with ambitions to end up
yearning in the arms of some unpredictable sexy young
blonde in a penthouse on the Empire State Building—some of
them probably stand there dreaming of owning the Empire
State Building by virtue of a magic spell which they've
dreamed up by a creek in the backwoods of a ratty old house
on the outskirts of Texarkana.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 108.

Still hungry, go out down to the Oriental Cafeteria—
"favored dining spot" also—some night life—cheap—down in
the basement across the street from the Port Authority
monolith bus terminal on 40th Street and eat big oily
lambs' heads with Greek rice for 90¢—Oriental zig-zag tunes
on the jukebox.

Ibid., p. 112.

Hot sooty neon and hotels.
Wojnarowicz, p. 59.

A Saturday night scene in Times Square included young men standing around waiting for something interesting to happen.

Talbot, p. 47.

We were sitting in Ross Bar on Eighth Avenue when he proposed the idea; we'd spent an hour walking Times Square looking for Hunkey. Ross Bar is the hoodlum bar of Times Square; it changes names every year. You walk in there and you don't see a single girl, even in the booths, just a great mob of young men dressed in all varieties of hoodlum cloth—from red shirts to zoot suits: it is also the hustler's bar, the boys who make a living among the sad old homos of the Eighth Avenue night. Neal walked in there with his eyes slitted to see every single face. There were wild Negro queers, sullen guys with guns, shiv-packing seamen, thin non-committal junkies, and an occasional well-dressed middle-aged detective posing as a bookie and hanging around half for interest and half for duty. It was the typical place for Neal to put down his request. All kinds of evil plans are hatched in Ross Bar—you can sense it in the air—and all kinds of mad sexual routines are initiated to go with it. The safecracker not only proposes a certain loft on Fourteenth Street to the hoodlum but that they sleep together.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 108.

Crime

Broadway: the clip street of the world, the slaughter house of Moronia.

Peretti, p. 9.

At no time in the history of the world have there been so many damned morons together in one place as here in New York right now. The town squirms with them.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 253.

The heartland of undesirable New York is the block of Forty-second Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Here is the national cesspool, so bad, New Yorkers can take perverse pride in it, overflowing with pimps, whores, transvestites, male prostitutes and the like. At night, roving bands of toughs appear. Saturdays, they take over the subway station at Eighth Avenue, the most dangerous place in the city.

WPA Guide, p. xxxi.

Broadway supports more low forms of life today than a primordial swamp; it swarms with types beside which the old-school gold-brick peddler, the cutpurse, and the square-rigged streetwalker seem like dimpled cherubim. But the chisellers are not like any of these. They are artists, living by chiseling with no thought of profit, to hear them tell of it, and all the others are sordid mercenaries. While the others prey on small and helpless game, chiefly gullible peasants from Oneonta and Painted Post, the chisellers practice their skullduggery on fair-sized victims: the Telephone Company, subway interests, the Automats, big hotels, and the owners and backers of slot and vending machines. These corporations have spent and are still spending tens of thousands of dollars and no end of corporate wrath in futile attempts to eliminate them, but the chisellers carry on. Private detectives and new automatic safeguarding gadgets only quicken their ingenuity.

Berger, *Eight Million*, pp. 187-8.

In Damon Runyon's stories, Broadway secedes from New York. Although Runyon's people are society's idle or criminal rejects, he punctiliously refers to them as citizens. Their citizenship is their presence on the street: joining its shiftless after-dark world, they have opted out of workaday New York.

Conrad, p. 283.

The beer and alky runner, the junk pusher, the cannon mob and the booster; the hoop dropper, the fire-proofer, the stock-steerer; also the tat-man and the hijacker plied their trades, all targeting the half-smart eggs who thinks he is three jumps ahead of Broadway himself.

Peretti, p. 9.

"morons" and "half-smart eggs"

Ibid., p. 9.

fuckin' nighttime in Times Square waiting for a friend who's scoring some heroin...

Wojnarowicz, p. 151.

Broadway has its moments of glamorous beauty when it shines forth, but for every one of these moments there are long dull hours of the day and night when it is as tawdry as Coney at its worst. At three in the morning the dreary

street sprawls slant-wise across the town in all the ugly
meanness of disuse.

Peretti, p. 26.

"Someday," she says, "I'm going to take a pick-ax and
rip up Broadway from end to end."

Berman, *Town*, p. 198.

This very Broadway,
its astonished melon-mouth smeared
with your explosive fists
and your trendy patent leather shoes ...
is the same Broadway
stretching its chops with a huge wet tongue,
to greedily lick up
all the blood of our cane.
Guillén, p. 466.

Phony acting academies that bilked investors in
nonexistent theatrical shows.

Peretti, p. 9.

Detectives and tarts in collusion are framing victims in
the upper Forties.

Wilson, "Leaving New York," p. 478.

Last night Kenny and I went to Times Square to do
Polaroid photographs after seeing Barbara Buckner's
videotape—Pictures of the Lost—at the Donnell Library. We
watched this incredible black woman in a fluorescent orange
poncho playing an electric organ. She was the best working
player I've heard in a long time. She would go through
these incredible abstract chord changes. She was totally
unaware of the preconceived structures of songs and the
only way you could tell what she was playing was by
listening to the words. She did the most far-out version of
"Blue Suede Shoes" I ever heard. We were the only people
watching except for two other men. [Sound] [Music]

Haring, p. 88.

Sex

If one visits a sex zone at the wrong time of day, it
may be unrecognizable. This type of marketplace is usually
tolerated only between the hours of sunset and dawn... This
gives all other neighborhoods in the city double meaning, a

hidden semiotic, since their relationship to the sex zone remains uncharted.

Califia, p. 218.

I can't give it away on Seventh Avenue
Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

Sex gave the Square its allure; sex was the primal force that leaped across all the color lines and all the national borders, and created the family of man.

Berman, *Town*, p. 18.

Whenever the fleet comes into town, every sailor who wants his d___ licked comes to the Times Square Building. It seems to be common knowledge among the sailors that the Times Square Building is the place to go if they want to meet any fairies.

Chauncey, p. 66.

-Who has the biggest prick on Broadway?

-Fanny Brice.

Charyn, p. 226.

Privacy in public: Times Square subway station washrooms were used so frequently for sexual encounters that they became widely known among gay men as the "Sunken Gardens" (possibly an allusion to the song by Beatrice Lilla about the fairies at the bottom of her garden, a name subsequently sometimes applied to other underground washrooms).

Chauncey, p. 197.

In the Depression the Square swarmed with boys. Poverty put them there. Transient boys went to Times Square to play the queers, forcing the fairy prostitutes to move east of Sixth Avenue to Bryant Park.

Ibid., p. 192.

Tennessee Williams cruising Times Square in the early 40s where he made "very abrupt and candid overtures to groups of sailors or GIs, phrased so bluntly that it's a wonder they didn't slaughter me on the spot... They would stare at me for a moment in astonishment, burst into laughter, huddle for a brief conference, and, as often as not, would accept the solicitation, going to my partner's Village pad or to my room at the 'Y'."

Ibid., p. 421.

"Corner of 42 Street and Broadway," Charles Henri Ford wrote in his diary in 1948, "meatmarket in the rain: a seaman wearing tight light blue jeans and dark knitted cap. If I had gone up to him and said, 'How much' and he'd have said, 'For what?' and I'd have replied, 'You know for what.'"

Reay, pp. 93-4.

At the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway in 1951 to 1952: Like everyone whose life is conditioned by luck they had some brilliant streaks of it and some were dismal. For instance, that first week they operated together in Manhattan. That was really a freak; you couldn't expect a thing like that to happen twice in a lifetime. The trade was running as thick as spawning salmon up those narrow cataracts in the Rockies: head to tail, tail to head, crowding, swarming together, seemingly driven along by some immoderate instinct. It was not a question of catching: it was simply a question of deciding which ones to keep and which ones to throw back in the stream, all glittering, all swift, all flowing one way which was toward you!

Ibid., 93-4.

The world pours into Times Square like lost souls emerging from the purgatory of trains.

Rechy, p. 30.

Ashamed of being seen going into the dirty movie (what's its name?) across the street from the New York Times.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 108.

Strange duos of girls coming out of dirty movies.

Ibid., p. 108.

The diamond-district shop windows on Forty-seventh Street, heaped with gold and precious stones, gave way rapidly to the skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center, followed by the theaters of Broadway. Ten squads of prostitutes, crummy movies houses with Xs on their signs, and cheap joint where, fliers promised, satisfaction was guaranteed for seven dollars. Past houses whose windows were boarded up with plywood, catching occasional glimpses of ruins that looked like bomb sites. The white faces vanished. And then a stunning white girl stands in the middle of the sidewalk, shirt unbuttoned, breast bared. She lifts her elegant skirt, and, squatting down, urinates. Two men bustle around her, one with a camera, the other with a reflector.

[Photography] [Body in the City]

Lobas, p. 44.

There is a broken heart for every light on Broadway.
Miller, "Festive," N. pag.

A street of synthetic romance, of phony titillation.
Walker, *Night Club*, p. 199.

Leaning against that cigar store with a lot of telephone booths on the corner of 42nd and Seventh where you make beautiful telephone calls looking out into the street and it gets real cozy in there when it's raining outside and you like to prolong the conversation, who do you find?

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 108.

Times Square is extinct during the day, and almost so at night.

Petronious, p. 19.

Eighth Avenue

Eighth Avenue is a sad, sick street whose neon lights dangle over the dandruff of bartenders.

Talese, p. 116.

Eighth Avenue begins at a defunct public bathroom off West Twelfth Street.

Ibid., p. 116.

Eighth Avenue is where hoodlums attacked a longshoreman named Clifford Jordan and knocked his glass eye into a sewer.

Ibid., p. 116.

All around Eighth Avenue are cut-rate drugstores, some of which have telephones that are so sticky you hate to press them to your ear.

Ibid., p. 118.

... and in 1925 huge holes were dug into Eighth Avenue.

Ibid., p. 125.

On a June day in 1927, workmen scooped up six coffins on Eighth Avenue about Forty-forth Street—coffins with expensive wood and nails. But the workmen quickly cleared the area of coffins and installed chewing gum machines.

Ibid., p. 126.

V - Dirt

Apollinaire imagined that the New York Public Library was made of white marble and owed its present soiled hue to being washed each day with brown soap.

Conrad, p. 145.

Gay Talese sees the whole city as engaged in this famished consumption and excretion, ridding itself daily of tons of trash, leaving unclaimed umbrellas in the lockers of the Port Authority bus station, and distributing dead animals through the streets.

Ibid., p. 311.

Skimming the fouled streets of Greenwich Village in blacknight the stench of uncollected garbage newly cut wood steamy stinking tar fills the air—New York—filled with influenza rot—expands with Europe desolately warruined.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

Writing in 1961 about a novelty shop on the Lower East Side, Oldenburg equates it with the wealthy museums uptown. The store is a "place full of objects," and thus a demotically livelier version of the art mausoleum. "A refuse lot in the city," he argues, "is worth all the art stores in the world." His dream is to inhabit the street as a studio and to define the pavement as a canvas.

Conrad, p. 314.

Oldenburg in 1966 marveled that "the chief production of New York is garbage."

Ibid., p. 311.

Oldenberg: "Dirt has depth and beauty. I love soot and scorching." He embraced "the city filth, the evils of advertising, the disease of success, popular culture."

Berman, *Solid*, p. 391.

The essential thing, Oldenburg said, was to "look for beauty where it is not supposed to be found."

Ibid., p. 391.

Oldenberg: "I am for an art that tells you the time of day, or where such and such a street is. I am for an art that helps old ladies across the street."

Ibid., p. 320

The ashcan, which had been the emblematic trophy of the realists who scavenge among and rejoice in the city's refuse, undergoes conscription. The waste cans on Fifth Avenue are marked "It's against the law to throw litter into the streets—use this can." Imagine the Anarchist joy in plunging into the can and scattering the waste over the avenue!

Conrad, p. 95.

There is a low door at the back of the sanitation truck and a kind of conveyor belt that bangs away endlessly as it turns. The men hurl the contents of the ash barrels and garbage cans in the general direction of this maw, and a little of it is caught and conveyed into the truck. A wild dense cloud of ash floats out and settles on passers-by and drifts into open windows. Cinders rain down and, bottles smash, and broken glass tumbles crazily to rest under the tires of the parked automobiles. The smell of old, disturbed vegetables and ancient fruit hangs heavy between the buildings, and masses of old fruit and vegetables are ground into slippery paste by the heavy, hurrying boots of the sanitation men.

Atkinson, pp. 17-8.

ashcan rantings
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Ashcan school: a Hester street pushcart is a better subject than a Dutch windmill.

Reitano, p. 111

Realism enables him to tolerate, even to delight in, the physical soiling of New York.

Conrad, p. 92.

Sloan's subway etching sees paint as a sensual lubricant. But it's also dirt. The painter is a licensed mess-maker. Sloan can enjoy the soiled and stained reality of New York because his own profession contributes to that festal grime. When writing his diary, he takes pleasure in his new fountain pen "which is making these marks" and sullyng the paper. With the same comically scatological thrill, he records having taken delivery of an expressed box of printing ink. Part of Robert Henri's teaching was a messy and incontinent liberation of pigment. His students were taught to be unashamed of the filth they dabbled in, just as they were unembarrassed by urban ugliness. At the

New York School of Art on West 57th Street they flung the leftovers from their palettes at a wall, which soon became impasted with an iridescent murk. Sloan concedes the alliance between paint and dirt when, on a walk through the East Side slums in 1906, he comments that the "grimy and greasy door frames" of the tenements look "as though huge hogs covered with filth had worn the paint away and replaced it with matted dirt." Here paint and dirt compete, but they're allies all the same. Paint is the accretion of sentiment, the varnishing of age and affection; dirt too testifies to use, wear, long familiarity. Dirt, like the spot on Yeats's vest, vouches for the reality of things, as paint is trying to do. One of Sloan's pictures—his scrubwoman in the Astor Library in 1910—shows the city being scoured and cleaned. Yet the artist undoes the woman's labor by muddying the scene all over again in paint.

Ibid., p. 94.

Sloan's impish pleasure in the city's uninhibited disorder, which makes him dream of overturning those waste cans, will turn when the surrealists arrive into a calculated assault from beneath on the normality and reality which the official city purports to uphold.

Ibid., p. 95.

"Six O'clock, Winter" (1912) is somberly toned. An E1 train flares against a lurid sky, a compressed and perhaps oppressed mob surges beneath its tracks. On the day Sloan began the painting he had twice been involved in the panic of an agitating mass, first at Grand Central, where some socialists from the west had missed their train and blamed a capitalist plot, then at the Labor Temple.

Ibid., p. 94.

Convinced that city dwellers reveal themselves in what they discard, literally giving themselves away in their garbage, Capote in April 1979 tested his expertise at trash decipherment by accompanying his cleaning lady on her rounds. In the empty apartments she services, he guesses at the character of the occupants. Fatty snacks cram the freezers of the rich Jewish couples. An airline pilot has strewn through his apartment, a flotsam of miniature vodka bottles; between his seamy sheets is impasted a gooey collage of mayonnaise, chocolate, chewing gum, cigarette butts, and lipstick.

Ibid., p. 307.

Once the rubble has been cleared up and the vile smells it gave off have drifted away, its version of the city is benign, for it arrives at ecological peace. Tinquely carried his machine's members back to the dumps of Plainfield and Summit: earth to earth, garbage to garbage.

Ibid., p. 310.

W.B. Yeats, on the pier from which rubbish is shipped, watching the barges being loaded with the offal the city has evacuated.

Ibid., p. 92.

Vincent Scully on the new Penn Station: "One entered the city like a god... one scuttles in now like a rat."

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 132.

Penn Station: the majestic station's pink walls, once sparkling, are now covered with grime.

Trager, p. 628.

Six murals by Jules Guérin, huge topographical maps of Pennsy territory in sky blues, pale browns and yellow, high in the reaches of the massive walls, gradually disappeared under layers of the same soot. Generous deposits turned the exterior Massachusetts granite from warm pink to dingy gray. Now marble pomp has been reduced to rubble; stone to dust.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 49.

Grand Central Station is kept clean constantly by an army of excellent Negroes who are polite, attentive, and never obnoxiously grasping.

Corbusier, p. 78.

A hunk of fetid ham fat from 1984 that remains as disturbingly plump and supple as the day it was trimmed from somebody's dinner; a July 10, 1982, front page from *The Daily News* announcing a jet crash and looking surprisingly crisp, even after seven years of foul entombment; and assorted shards and snippets of plastic and paper, innards and once-edibles, oddments long forgotten by the New Yorkers who bought them, consumed them, then unceremoniously discarded them.

Severo, N. pag.

If you do a core sample of Fresh Kills, which has been done and you pull up these early layers, you can still read the newspapers from that era. I've seen slide shows from

archaeologists who've done this work and the hotdogs look like you could throw them on the grill. But they're from the 1953 layer of Fresh Kills.

Oatman, N. pag.

One of the peculiarities of a place like the city dump is that it makes you realize that New York throws away more in the course of a week probably more manufactured goods than were produced in 18th century France in the course of a year. The motto was replacement, not maintenance, disposability and not durability.

Hughes, "Culture," video.

The garbage thrown away in this city every day—every day—would feed the whole of Europe for a week.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 53.

An investigation conducted in July, 1932, showed that in 50,000,000 cubic feet of New York City air there was one pound of dirt.

n.cit.

Each square mile of Manhattan produces 375,000 pounds of garbage per day, 80% of which is paper.

Weberman, N. pag.

Two thousand people joined in a sweep-in, and one cross street in Manhattan was made to sparkle.

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 97.

Years later Reverend Moon appropriated the tactic, sending out smiling moonies in spotless white coveralls to clean up New York. The sight of them coming down the street with their brooms was chilling.

Ibid., p. 98.

In Colonial days New York City got rid of its garbage by letting pigs roam freely about the streets to eat it. But even an army of starving pigs couldn't digest the six million tons of refuse the city now produces each year—enough to fill the 102-story Empire State Building, the world's tallest, 30 times. In a city where 30 tons of trash is carted out of the cavernous subway system alone each day, 14,000 sanitation workers battle the daily garbage problem.

Thomas, "Brave," N. pag.

Before New Yorkers burned or buried their waste, they

pitched garbage out their windows onto city streets, where it was consumed by scavenging pigs and dogs.

Royte, N. pag.

Sometimes as many as twenty thousand, were the street cleaners. Charles Dickens did not like New York because of them.

Granick, p. 16.

Weegee's photographs define the dead as the city's rubbish. They litter and stain its pavements, or (in one of his crime shots taken in a restaurant) lie under tables on which the chairs have been stacked, waiting to be swept up by the janitor. [Photography]

Conrad, p. 277.

New York is great only while still growing. Of its unending self-revision, the symbol is litter.

Ibid., p. 300.

As the evicted litter blows or rambles down the streets, so people drift through New York, never to return. You daren't pretend to belong there. Urban wisdom demands that you accept the randomness of your apparition in and disappearance from the city.

Ibid., p. 300.

The greasy doorframes of the Lower East Side.
n.cit.

Our thrown-away plastic bags are their suitcases, and the heat we expel from our buildings provides them with hearths: they curl up to sleep over warm outdoor gratings. They're parsimonious feeders on the city's second helpings.

Conrad, p. 311.

Plastic bags twisted around branches of trees become year-round foliage, transforming bare winter oaks into everblues and everreds, technicolor displays that make New England Octobers pale by comparison. Seasonal narratives take on a rouge character: older bags, their shape deformed by sunlight and rough weather, disintegrate into fluttering flaglike shreds before being blown off the trees by gales. Those same gales attach fresh bags to the trees, blossoming anew each day.

Goldsmith, "Displacement," N. pag.

The illusion that there's an "away" to which we can throw things, then it's all sort of magic. It just goes "away."

Oatman. N. pag.

There was a gigantic dung heap somewhere in the '40s on the East River. It created a horrific stench for anybody down wind of it. The pile was illegal, but it had been there for years and years. They owner sold it as fertilizer.

Ibid.

Miss Foley, the Waldorf housekeeper, has over two thousand rooms in her household; with 30,000 face towels and 54,000 sheets in her linen cupboard, her laundry bill must surely be excessive. Each day over 60,000 pieces of linen are sent to the wash. In this vast, modern, efficient hotel, that employs "every possible comfort-bringing, labour-saving device," it would seem that even used razor-blades must find some utilitarian fate. What becomes of them once they are dropped into those accommodating slots in the bathrooms? Perhaps they reach the world again as part of the steel chassis of a motor-car or add just one more steel drop to the ocean that goes to make a girder, forcing the world higher still to the sky? But no, enquiry reveals that Miss Foley allows the blades to lie idle behind the slots, waiting for the day when the cavities have been filled up before finding a use for the discarded relics.

n.cit.

Most family apartments are old and awkward with floors that encourage polishing and windows that have been painted over so often that opening them becomes a mighty feat. Should they open, the dirt that files in is of a character associated with a nineteenth-century mill town. It is a six-hour job vaguely to clean such an apartment.

Blandford, p. 51.

Windows half open or unwashed.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

People who wash their shirts, paint their houses, clean the glass in their windows, have an ethic different from those who cultivate dust and filth.

Le Corbusier, p. 46.

Robert Ripley seemed to live in excrement. Anyone could smell the fact that he seldom bathed; his nails were black with dirt, his gobbled and sucked his huge meals; and he actually ruled a "harem" of girls of every nationality near his private zoo on a Citizen Kane-scale estate in Mamaroneck, New York.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 48.

New York is a dirty city of a dirty present and a dirtier future.

Fritscher, p. 42.

The city was at its ugliest then. The buildings were all covered in soot and in various states of disrepair. Access to the sky was severely restricted by the ludicrous height of these block-shaped edifices.

Hollander, p. 217.

As Manhattan's last elevated line began coming down in 1955, Third Avenue emerged from beneath its tracks and girders like a hungover drunk waking up in the sunlight: it was disheveled, grimy, unsure where it had been or where it was going. The el had been running overhead 24 hours a day since 1878, depressing real estate values but also offering cover to seedy bars and a vital if shady street life. When the rows of dingy brick tenements, their begrimed windows, and their aged storefronts emerged into the harsh Manhattan light, for a time they remained a mocking contrast to the new, clean, and spare International Style skyscrapers that were beginning to rise in midtown. [Subway]

Caldwell, pp. 300-1.

The area was encrusted with the dark and gritty sediment of endless seasons of concentrated use and abuse that no rain or garbage removal ever touches.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 26.

Film by Edwin S. Porter for Edison: *Sorting Refuse at Incinerating Plant, New York City*. (1903) [Cinema]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 27.

Their only means of communication is the service shaft. The flats are united by the mute mediation of the dumbwaiter: doors open into this empty column from every apartment on each floor, so commingling is confined to the chute reserved for the delivery of groceries or the disposal of garbage.

Conrad, p. 185.

Streets littered with papers, bags of garbage, shooting out of windows, lines of pushcarts selling food, neckties, pictures, bric-a-brac.

WPA Guide, p. 51.

I am thinking now about Eighth Street, in particular the stretch off Broadway that's perpetually bathed in the warm greasy breeze of the Riviera Cafe's exhaust fan, a cheeseburger sirocco. It's a short, drab block with truck loading bays on its north side and, on the south, the blank rear wall of a large union building. A nothing street you hurried down on the way to the IRT. Empty, as far back as I can remember, except for the odd drunk, or a dozer in a box.

Then one day—and what would be the timetable on this? Two years ago? More?—the street was full of people unloading onto flattened cartons and unwound bedrolls what looked like their worldly possessions. "Jerks selling junk," a friend called them, although by the time she made the remark the nature of what was offered for sale on Eighth Street had evolved in a quantum way.

Where at first the vendors hawked bric-a-brac and very used clothes, over time other merchandising veins were opened. Not that the stock of mateless plates, ceramic Bambis, and cheap suit jackets dried up. These things exist in inexhaustible supply. They were just joined by other bits of sham and gimcrack in amounts that doubled, quadrupled, multiplied until on a summer afternoon Eighth Street (and, for accuracy's sake, I should mention that the phenomenon leaps Lafayette Street to a patch of parking lot sidewalk and then crosses Fourth to Cooper Union) is littered with profligate quantities of flea-bitten unassimilable junk, all of it for sale. And selling.

Trebay, p. 63.

Usable objects not worth selling could be disposed of easily. You just put them out on the street and they would disappear, within minutes, as if they had been thrown into a river. Depending on the building, a similar result might be obtained by putting the stuff in the lobby or a stairwell. When I finally threw out my old green couch, though, nobody would touch it. I felt personally insulted. It was admittedly a little ragged, but its springs were all present and intact, and it was long enough to serve as a comfortable spare bed. The cushions, of course, were nabbed immediately, but the rest of it lingered on the sidewalk

until someone stuffed it awkwardly through the back door of an abandoned car and set it on fire.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 107.

Everybody's seen them, parked and plateless, belly up or sitting on their rims, hoods propped open, innards gutted. "People think nothing of abandoning a car at curbside, but what we're talking about basically is 3000 pounds of litter in the street." He refers to the picked-over automobiles as an "eyesore condition." In some neighborhoods, car dumping is so popular it creates entire eyesore regions. Riverside Park is one. So is Marine Park near the Belt Parkway. Stretches of Third, Fifth, and Eighth avenues in Harlem. Eighth Street between B and C. The popular reeds and cattails of the Crossbay Boulevard shoulder. Bruckner Boulevard. The Newton Creek. The Gowanus Canal. Any part of the East River with an open pier.

Trebay, pp. 321-2.

Like most dead things in New York, abandoned cars have their own municipal Charons.

Ibid., p. 322.

In Manhattan, the wife of a movie magnate threw two Rolls-Royces and a Hispano-Suiza automobile into the WWII ammunition heap.

Diehl, p. 166.

Coins, paper clips, ballpoint pens, and little girls' pocketbooks are found by workmen when they clean the sea lions' pool at the Bronx Zoo.

Talese, p. 2.

In Rockefeller Center where, after all the wastepaper has been dumped in baskets, it is stored for forty-eight hours in warehouses. Even vacuum cleaners are held for twelve hours before being emptied, a practice that has paid off in the recovery of jeweler's gold dust, diamond rings and many tiny gems.

Ibid., p. 35.

Women leave tissues behind in the subways and think nobody notices.

Talese, p. 102.

I burrow the trashcan in the Square pigeon alighting on my breadcrumb.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 227.

I began giving funny names to the garbage cans. I called them cylindrical restaurants, pot-luck dinners, municipal care packages.

Auster, "Fogg," p. 105.

Bins filled with every kind of garbage stand there, and from these the poverty-stricken pick out any not entirely nibbled bones and pieces. Stinking puddles from today's and the day before yesterday's rain lie there cooling. Litter and putrefaction lie about ankle-deep—not just figuratively ankle-deep, but literally and for real. And this is within a fifteen-minute stroll, or a five-minute ride of sparkling Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 53.

The litter baskets—they look like volcanoes of trash that have just erupted—are overloaded from a Sunday's use. Debris is strewn over the pavement and in the gutters. A wind stirs up scraps and creates a funnel of newspaper that swirls up in a mad ballet.

Philips, p. 23.

When trash containers were first put on street corners, they were stolen.

Atkinson, p. 16.

Barrels of ashes and garbage stand bulging along the sides of the buildings, spilling their contents. Passers-by unwittingly brush against them, and loose papers and rags float on the breeze. Bad little children amuse themselves by kicking the unsavory stuff. The automobiles that stand solidly head to tail at the curbs make find hide-outs for fruit peelings and old vegetable under their wheels.

Ibid., p. 17.

Business buildings clean only the first story of their premises.

Reisenberg, p. 28.

People who clean up, working largely for the love of it, are picking cigarette butts and removing chewing gum from under marquees, dark with turned-off lights.

Ibid., p. 142.

And under the chess tables, at the end of a long day, matches, papers, butts, broken bottles, Vietnam leaflets,

junk galore, all to be swept up by little men in green uniforms at the dawn of a new day.

Binzen, N.p.

Sanitation department truck, grey lumping insect vehicle squirting water and spinning a big brush along the gutter.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Outside, in East Twenty-fifth Street, the wind blew, the cold wind from the dirty river. The wind blew dirty scraps of newspapers along the dirty street. [Air] [Media]

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 136.

Here comes a chip, there goes a wisp of straw. A tomato box comes leisurely bobbing upon the surface of the stream.

Dreiser, p. 10.

Strike

During the Great Garbage Strike, the residents on Tenth between University Place and Fifth Avenue, once their garbage cans were full, put the excess in strangely vulgar-looking see-through plastic bags. But whatever their appearance, they were effective, and the sidewalks remained clean.

Further east on Tenth Street the garbage just piled higher and higher in great smelly pyramids that soon threatened to engulf entire city blocks in as pungent and surrealistic a happening as this city ever held. One night, between Avenues B and C, someone started throwing his slop out of the window. This immediately developed into a block project. Two hours later that section of Tenth Street was ankle-high in wall-to-wall garbage. It proved to be a swift and altogether satisfying solution to the problem, though, for the city saw fit to remove the mess during the night, and the next morning that block was cleaner than it had ever been before.

Binzen, *Tenth Street*, N. pag.

With many once-clean sections of New York looking like a vast slum as mounds of refuse grew higher and strong winds whirled the filth through the streets, Mayor Lindsay made a brief inspection tour and reported grimly that, "the situation is getting very serious. "

"When City," N. pag.

A sanman's annual salary ran from \$6,424 to \$7,956. DeLury wanted a \$600 hike. The city was offering \$400. Ten thousand persons walked off their jobs. Rubbish fires flamed nightly. Storm sewers backed up. Hungry rats swarmed in by the battalion. The grim specter of deadly disease stalked the streets.

Said Health Commissioner Edward O'Rourke, "There's no need to wait until somebody dies, comes down with typhoid fever, breaks his neck falling over a pile of garbage, burns to death in a fire or comes down with dysentery or hepatitis."

Ibid.

A corner is piled with black-bagged garbage, rising in a mound between a lamppost and a mailbox. There are no people on the pavement. The city seems to belong to the trash. At the corner, angled toward the street, sits an abandoned armchair. Some bags of litter repose in it to watch the world go by. Refuse here provides an amenity for its own kind: a park bench for the city's rejects.

Conrad, p. 305.

The city grows its totems, as on this street corner. They accumulate, like garbage, by haphazard accretion.

Ibid., p. 305.

Well, last Sunday I walked after lunch from 36th Street along Sixth Avenue to 16th and I have never imagined that such filth could be found in a city street as there we had to walk on. The paper repositories in all the side streets were piled high with *immondices* of an intimate and unmentionable kind and these with every conceivable other disgusting object overflowed from the side-streets onto the Avenue itself. And the queer thing was that although I was hardly able to desist from retching and wished incontinently to take a taxi, my companion-of a normally more delicate nature-said, no, the exercise would do us good and accepted the garbage as being all in the day's journey.

Ford, *America*, pp. 79-80.

Debris was everywhere in the street and sidewalks. Third Avenue traffic had not yet started. The streets were deserted.

Hollander, p. 79.

Dark, dirty streets littered with trash and garbage, but trash from what usage? And garbage from what foods and what

containers? The smell of death and rot is here, from decay of unfamiliar offal.

Burroughs, p. 1745.

At the end of the 1975 garbage strike: "Today the city had enough garbage to construct two piles the height and width of both towers of the 110-story World Trade Center."

Mauil, p. 2.

Water, River, Beach

The dredging and washing out of the polluted silted rivers. The bottom blanket of rare old vintage germs, if spread by machinery, would fertilize a Desert of Sahara.

Reisenberg, p. 71.

And some day gigantic liners—floating cities—will no longer empty their sanitary waste into our beautiful harbor.

Ibid., p. 71.

If Charles Dickens had been looking for an illustration for an American edition of *Hard Times*, he could have stopped looking when he got to that riverfront. The stretch between Ninety-second and 125th streets was a catalogue of the unlovely by-products of industrialism; scented with raw filth pouring from open sewers into the river below was a long row of small, grimy factories, used-car lots, auto-repair shops, junkyards, coal pockets and oil-storage depots. Hogarth could have found a whole gallery of models I the occupants of the bars, whorehouses and tenements that mingled with them.

Caro, p. 393.

The joke on Hylan Boulevard last week went that if you held a syringe to your ear, you could hear the ocean. Beginning with a high tide over the previous weekend, medical waste had been washing up on Staten Island's shore almost daily. Each new cycle brought fresh harvests of pill bottles, blood vials, and needles. As if that weren't enough, a city sewage treatment plant overflowed on Thursday and added 20 million gallons of bilge to the nightmare soup. [Drugs]

Trebay, p. 332.

During the 1900s, the city was losing its sense of the rivers, despite the extension of Riverside Park. Sewage

pollution had driven the North River shad away and made all other kinds of fish that might be caught noxious; so that the old gaffers with their set-lines and bells had disappeared from the Hudson, along with the groups of happy naked swimmers, and another link with nature was broken, even as later, because of pollution from the oil-burning steamers, the waters of the Lower Bay lost the bluefish and weakfish that had once been so plentiful there. [Nature] [Food]

Mumford, *Empire*, pp. 32-3.

A breeze was blowing up from the water, carrying with it the partially purified atmosphere of a city at work. It was cool and refreshing, but there was still something unclean about it. The river was gray in color, not the rich blue it should have been, and the foam that followed the wake of the ships passing by was too thick. Almost like blood. In close to shore it changed to a dirty brown trying to wash the filth up on the banks. It was pretty if you only stopped to look at it, but when you looked too close and thought enough it made you sick.

Spillane, p. 252

"No way am I going in the ocean and catch AIDS."
Trebay, p. 333.

77 hypodermics plucked from the sand since Saturday afternoon, a number that topped 200 by the end of the week.
Ibid., p. 332.

An unreported truth is that few people swim at Staten Island beaches, they've become so foul: New York harbor meets the Atlantic above the south shore, and the water there is a scientifically diverse and constant scum.
Ibid., pp. 332-3.

Tide-composed still lifes of tampon applicators, fireworks, glass shards, and chicken bones.
Ibid., p. 333.

The hypodermics were easiest to spot. Plungers juttred up from tangles of seaweed... The syringes were pencil-thin, sand-caked, and of a type used to administer insulin or skin-pop illegal drugs.
Ibid., p. 333.

Needles on the beach are part of the ecology of New York, as much as crack vials are part of the ecology of

Washington Square. [Drugs]

Ibid., p. 334.

The surf between the shore and the end of a jetty was glazed with a 40-yard coating of oily filth. Cork, straws, and cigarette butts swirled in meteor shower patterns. Spent condoms waved in the wash.

Ibid., p. 334.

Here at the waterfronts, barges heaped with the city's garbage swayed in the greasy, dark water, great mounds of a city's refuse suspiring in the sun like a glutton lolling after an orgy. One felt that, had one listened sharply enough, one would have caught its thick, throaty breathing; the mounds seemed to move, rising slowly, falling slowly, a great stomach on a couch.

Barnes, p. 290.

An enormous pancake of dirt spread beside the Manhattan Bridge, mostly surrounded by river.

Wojnarowicz, p. 133.

The river was dirty and coming towards me in the wind, a smooth chest trembling with sweat.

Ibid., p. 137.

The Gowanus used to freeze at times in winter and tugs had to break the channel clear. Now, its antagonists suspect, the chemicals in it act as their own antifreeze.

Philips, p. 137.

It's said that you can't judge an ocean by what washes ashore. Or perhaps the proper verb is shouldn't. If the composition of the Atlantic was to be inferred from the myriad pink tampon applicators that adorn Jones Beach, would anyone ever go in? I would not like to venture an opinion. So it is with the tidemark of detritus on Eighth Street. You pick your way along and avoid any sweeping conclusions about the culture.

Trebay, p. 66.

New Yorkers would never drink Hudson water, even if it were made twice as pure as Catskill water (as it could be). The stuff is "psychologically unpalatable."

Perrin, pp. 76-81.

The water used in New York is soft water.

Atkinson, p. 227.

Do not imagine that I scampered around those velvet sewers completely unscathed.

Wornov, p. 169.

Broad St., near Wall St. began as a brook. The Dutch, homesick for Holland, widened it into a canal with a roadway and it became the City's first "common sewer."

Granick, p. 40.

Mid-twentieth century New York still uses some brick sewers put down in the early nineteenth century. They're mostly below Canal Street. Parts of the Canal Street sewer carry their twentieth century load after 145 years.

Berger, *New York*, p. 21.

As late as 1900 there were still thousands of toilets which lead to cesspools.

Granick, p. 40.

In 1902, Mayor Seth Low embarked on what may have been the world's first instance of driving a car through a sewer, causing the *New York Times* to proclaim that "automobiling through sewers is the very latest thing." Two cars were lowered into a 15-foot-wide conduit beneath 64th Street in Bay Ridge, which had been atmospherically lit with candles. The mayor and his entourage climbed down a ladder at Fourth Avenue and drove through the finish stretch of a pipe that, at a length of 300 miles, was intended to be the largest sewer in the world. [Surrealism]

Solis, p. 45.

Open sewers ran alongside Canal St. as late as 1918.

Granick, p. 40.

In 1938, Department of Public Works took over responsibility for sewage treatment in time to service the 1939 World's Fair.

Ibid., p. 42.

First sewer gutter drains made of wood, then of stone, later of brick.

Ibid., p. 40.

The sewage from buildings leaves through six-inch pipes that connect with the street sewer. The street sewer is twelve-inches in diameter, laid eight to twelve feet below

street level. Its sewage flows into a collecting sewer that is usually five feet or more in diameter.

Ibid., p. 43.

Nobody knows how many toilets there are on Manhattan Island. Since it takes five gallons of water to flush a toilet, there's another ocean used up every day.

Atkinson, p. 226.

All the solids in sewage amount to no more than a spoonful in a big barrel of water. NYC's sewage is about a billion gallons a day, containing one thousand tons of solids.

Granick, p. 43.

Five Boroughs, 17 drainage areas, each sloping toward a waterway. Sewers follow the banks of the city. All sewers are built at downgrades.

Ibid., p. 43.

Sewage plant at the extreme western end of Canal St. are completely underground and below water level; remaining sewage flows into the Hudson. Coney Island into the ocean.

Ibid., p. 43.

Large quantities of digested sludge are used as fertilizer in City parks. Sludge dumped ten miles out in the ocean.

Ibid., p. 46.

The city's first sewage treatment plant is constructed on Coney Island. New York has been pouring nearly 1.5 million gallons of raw sewage into the harbor each day.

Trager, p. 506.

Huge naked breast of water
Saturated lead by sewers—
Galwey, p. 421.

Garbology

One day in September, 1970, Ann Duncan and I were on our way to the Cafe Gaslight on MacDougal Street and we happened to pass Bob Dylan's townhouse. For four long years I had been studying Dylan's poetry, trying to crack the code of his symbolism. As I eyed the home of the reclusive poet I wondered what went down behind the door that Dylan

had slammed in my face when I had tried to discuss my work with him. Just then I noticed Dylan's shiny new steel garbage can. My mind flashed back to a Lord Buckley riff from Johanna and Whale: "I ain't outside anymore, I'm inside now." and said to myself, "Now, there's something that was inside and it's outside now." I lifted the lid, I opened Pandora's can, I reached in and the first thing, THE FIRST THING, that I pulled out of Dylan's garbage was a half-finished letter written by Bob Dylan to Johnny Cash. "Holy Moley," I said, "Ann, this is no ordinary garbage-can, this is a gold mine!"

Weberman, N. pag.

After my initial discovery in Dylan's garbage I realized that this method of research had great potential as a clandestine method. The lives of the rich, famous and powerful could be penetrated, great secrets revealed, plain truths brought to light from beneath the glittery facade. Garbology was a new weapon in the war against lies, injustice and faceless bureaucracy. The study and analysis of garbage could possibly alter the course of history! I resolved at once that aided by this valuable science I would leave no stone unturned, no garbage can lid unturned, in my quest for truth.

Ibid.

One night I went over D[ylan]'s garbage just for old time's sake and in an envelope separate from the rest of the trash there were five toothbrushes of various sizes and an unused tube of toothpaste wrapped in a plastic bag. "Tooth" means "electric guitar" in D's symbology..

Eisen, p. 179.

My fantasy was that I would find first drafts of Dylan's poetry (Dylan eventually published some stained fast drafts in his book Poetry & Drawings, published by Knopf) or a Rosetta stone that would unlock the secrets of his symbolism. But the reality, as I began sorting through the bags, was a harsh one, especially when I hit a layer of disposable diapers. It reminded me that Dylan and his wife Sara had just recently had their fourth child. I made my way down through a layer of kitchen refuse vegetable cans, Blimpie wrappers, coffee grounds. His eating habits seemed normal enough. No evidence of "brown rice, seaweed or a dirty hot-dog." Underneath the kitchen stuff a new layer came to light composed of rock-and-roll magazines. There was *Rock, Rolling Stone* and even an issue of *Crawdaddy* which contained an article that I had recently written. I

was deeply hurt by this. Why had Dylan insulted me by throwing it away rather than filing it in his "Weberman" file?

Weberman, N. pag.

After about ten excursions through Dylan's garbage can over a two-week period in September 1970, I began to piece together a very clear picture of the person he really is and the life he was living at that time. Essentially, the mythic Bob Dylan romantic, revolutionary, visionary was dispelled forever by thorough garbanalysis. Instead, he was revealed to be a typically upper middle-class family man with very ordinary day-to-day household concerns. From his pail I gathered bills from the vet concerning treatment of Sasha's upset stomach; invitations to Sara to attend private sales at exclusive department stores; dozens of mail-order cosmetic offers; all the high fashion magazines, addressed to Sara; a package from Bloomingdale's addressed to one of Dylan's many pseudonyms, and charged to Sara Dylan's account. I also found a bill from the Book-of-the-Month Club, and a memo to Bob Dylan regarding the upcoming monthly meeting of the MacDougal Street Garden Association.

The only remotely political piece of trash I was able to find in his garbage was a poster from upstate New York with a personal note on it from a local folksinger in Woodstock, asking Dylan to please vote in the upcoming election for this particular Democratic county committeeman. It was true, though, that despite the fact that he was a millionaire, Dylan's garbage was not extravagant. There were no empty caviar tins, no drained bottles of rare wines. The typical shopping list for the Dylan household included items such as cookie mix, liverwurst and granola.

Ibid.

Jackie Onasis's trash: There were two Brut Champagne bottles (Vintage 1966) and one Cole De Beaune Villages bottle (Vintage 1969). Typically, there were empty perfume bottles Estee Lauder Sport Fragrance Spray, perfumed lavender bath scent, a refillable spray container of Chanel No. 5 and an Avon Fashion Figurine that once held Field Flowers Cologne. There was dental floss, toothpaste and five empty packs of Ambassador cigarettes; Wella Care herbal shampoo, Instant Quaker cereal, Melba toast, etc., etc. I also found one of her famous leather gloves, plastic wrappers from pantyhose, a perfectly good scarf and two pairs of Jackie's pantyhose, one of which I am wearing proudly at this very moment as I type this chapter. I also found some ribbons with "Happy 13th, John" and "Sweet

Sixteen, Caroline" written on them in glitter along with a piece of stationery with John Kennedy, Jr. printed on the bottom of it. There was a wrapper from a famous European jeweler, marked "To Mr. Onassis" and another marked "To John."

Ibid.

Super-picker Robert Loughin once found a Salvador Dalí portrait at the Salvation Army on Spring Street in 1994. He bought the painting for \$40, and later sold it at a Sotheby's auction for \$78,000.

Walrod, p. 51.

Purity, Whiteness, Cleanliness

To purify New York, one must blanch it.
Conrad, p. 137.

Contrasting the crystalline White World of the ideal, therapeutic New York with the befouled Brown World of the past. (c.f. Mumford's *Brown Decades*)

Ibid., p. 137.

The whiteness of New York's mercantile cathedrals signifies their clinical disinfection, free from the soiling patina of age. Glass, with which New York walled its buildings, is a medium of moral superiority, hiding nothing, not straggling back into mud and murk like brick and stone.

Ibid., p. 137.

Appropriately, Le Corbusier's first view of New York was from his liner while it was anchored in quarantine. He sees it from within a sanitary cordon and admires its gelid beauty. Disembarking, he finds it to be carnally real and repellent. Before he can approve of it, it must be pristinely repackaged, insulated from the bacterial atmosphere. He commends the cellophane casing of sandwiches, the polished bar tops, and the trains in Grand Central, which are kept spick and span by legions of black janitors. But the apogee of his cleansed and hermetically sealed New York is Radio City, where he goes with Léger to make a broadcast. As its name proclaims, it's a city within—and immunized against—the city. It's installed "in one of the skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center," safe from the savage, infested outdoors. He likes the claustal hush

of its elevators and corridors and gratefully breathes its filtered and tempered air. Radio City is one of his bloodless cathedrals. Inside the studio he sees another room made by muting and insulation: a glass aquarium for spectators, who can chatter at will without being heard because their booth is soundproofed. [City Under One Roof] [Cosmic] [Silence] [Speech]

Ibid., pp. 137-8.

New York's remade whiteness is fantastically by Léger, who reports that scientists have found a way of making glass from curdled milk and imagines the cows of America laboring for the reification of the city and its conversion to transparency.

Ibid., p. 139.

Cleanliness is a national virtue in America. No filth, no dust.

Corbusier, p. 46.

There is a style, a true style, in American cleanliness.

Ibid., p. 46.

The offices are clean; the bath tubs, the shops, the glistening hotels; the dazzling restaurants and bars. The immaculate personnel, in shirt sleeves, is shining white. Food is wrapped up in bright cellophane. There is no more real dust than there is symbolic dust, everything is new and spotless.

Ibid., p. 46.

In New York you have to clean so much, and when you're finished, it's not-dirty. In Europe people clean so much, and when they're finished, it not just not-dirty, it's clean.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 159.

Tehran, in Iran, is cleaner than New York.

Atkinson, p. 15.

New York is too big to be kept clean.

Ibid., p. 18.

W - Central Park

If the precious ground of Central Park is valued at from two thousand to four thousand dollars per square yard, the commercial value of these granite rocks amounts to anywhere from ten billion to eighteen billion dollars.

Corbusier, p. 72.

If the various persons who have sought to invade Central Park in the last sixty years, for projects in themselves often worthy, oftener grotesque, and frequently purely commercial, had had their way, there would now be nothing left of the park except a few walks and drives, and a lake upon which steamboats and full-rigged ships would be plying.

The Park was a new institution in 1860, but already it had become apparent that there were plenty of people in New York who saw in this large expanse of ground only room for profitable private enterprise. The Board of Commissioners for Central Park reported in that year that "the demands of people who wish to advance their business interest by means of the park are most astounding."

Following are some of the more audacious projects:

— An outdoor theater, proposed in 1911, which would have seated anywhere from 25,000 to 100,000 persons.

— A street railway

— The use of the lake for the voyagings of a full-rigged ship or steamboat.

— It was suggested that the park should be used as a burial ground for the city's distinguished dead

— In 1904, Robert B. Roosevelt wanted to cut the whole park into building lots.

"If Improvement..." N. pag.

Were apartment houses built as thickly and as tall in Central Park as elsewhere on Manhattan Island, the Park could handily domicile the populations of Austin, Texas, or Springfield, Illinois, or all the citizens of the State of Nevada.

Perry, p. 70.

Imagine there's no Central Park.

Buford, p. 215.

This park itself is something of a miracle of survival, too. Right here in the heart of what must be the world's most changeable city are, not just acres, but several

square miles that have been preserved practically unchanged for decades.

Finney, p. 76.

A reminder of what the earth is really like before it is paved, pressed into brick or smelted into metal. [Ancient] [Primitive] [Nature]

Perry, p. 70.

Sous les pavés, la plage!

Tonkiss, p. 131.

A synthetic Arcadian Carpet.

Koolhaas, p. 23.

It was conceived with a very specific function, but it has not been static. It is a historical place, but it is also a place with a history, a changing history. It took a long time before the park was open at night, for example. A hundred years ago letting automobiles use the carriage drives must have seemed like a good idea; today it feels, and sounds, like an imposition.

Rybczynski, p. 53.

Every tree, every rise, every dip, every vista as carefully conceived as a museum show, yet all somehow maintaining the illusion of spontaneity.

Goodman, *Secret*, p. 10.

By 1932, the paths, walks and roadways in New York's parks were miles of broken pavement. The lawns, seldom mowed, sometimes looked more like meadows. So many trees were dying that some of the loveliest tree-bordered walks were bordered mostly by stumps—the result of allowing unskilled and unsupervised workers to prune trees by simply climbing up to the top of their ladders and sawing trees off at that height, since they were reluctant to risk their own limbs by climbing out on trees. According to a Park Avenue Association survey, there was not a single structure in any park in the city that was not in need of immediate repair.

Caro, p. 332.

The faces of statues were masses of bird droppings. Obscenities had been written on—and never erased from—their chests. Their identifying plaques had been torn off. Swords were missing from sheaths, laurel wreaths from brows. Poets plucked at broken harps, saints stood on cracked pedestals.

An Indian hunter had lost his bow. The tiger in Central Park was slipping off his rock. The bayonets had been stolen off the rifles of the soldiers in the Seventh Regiment Memorial on Fifth Avenue.

Ibid., p. 332.

Central Park was not then the barren waste it became in the nineteen-twenties.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 37.

The park's lawns, unseeded, were expanses of bare earth, decorated with scraggly patches of grass and weeds, that became dust holes in dry weather and mud holes in wet. Its walks were broken and potholed. Its bridle paths were covered with dung. The once beautiful Mall looked like the scene of a wild party the morning after. Benches lay on their backs, their legs jabbing at the sky. Trash baskets had been overturned and never righted; their contents lay where they had spilled out. The concrete had been stripped off drinking fountains so completely that only their rusting iron pipes remained. and nine out of every ten trees on the Mall were dead or dying.

Caro, p. 334.

In the zoo, the lion's cages were so flimsy that animal keepers carried shotguns to protect children if the beasts escaped.

Ellis, p. 551.

Around the Arsenal squatted the twenty-two ancient wooden animal houses of the Central Park Menagerie, crumbling away beneath their yellow paint. So rotted were their walls that park department officials feared that a single charge from a large animal, perhaps maddened by fire, might tear the cage bars right out of them. Instead of rebuilding the animal houses, the department had stationed keepers in front of the lion and tiger cages with rifles and had instructed them to shoot the big carnivores if fire broke out.

The Menagerie was filled with surprises. Because it gratefully accepted any gift that would fill a cage, and people therefore donated their unwanted family pets, it was housing in 1932, alongside the hyacinth cockatoos and the vulturine guinea fowl, several dozen canaries, and, in a large cage between the mountain lions and the leopards, an Airedale. Because the Menagerie did not adequately care for its animals or dispose of them when they grew old, its exhibits included such old pensioners as a senile tiger, a

puma with rickets and a semi-paralyzed baboon. Its most fearsome exhibits were rats, which roamed it in herds and had become so bold that they were stealing food from the lions' feeding pans. The most vivid memory carried away by many visitors was of the sickening stench that rose from the dung-heaped Barbary-pen. [Nature]

Caro, p. 335.

Almost directly across the Park, off Central Park West, was Jacob Wrey Mould's sheepfold, considered by some critics the finest existing example of the full-blown architecture of the mid-nineteenth century, and from a distance the sheep who grazed opposite on the Green or Sheep meadow, under the care of a resident shepherd who twice a day held up traffic on the park's West Drive to herd his flock across, made a picture as pretty as Olmsted had envisioned. But a closer look disclosed that, because for generations the sheep had been allowed to inbreed, every one of them was malformed. (cf. Conrad: "In this delicious sweltering fatigue, New York seems almost pastoral. He expects a flock of sheep to turn the corner." [Nature]) [Simulacrum]

Ibid., p. 335.

Moses was getting tired of waiting for the sheep to cross the streets on his drives through Central Park.

Wynn, p. 165.

The aged biddies in charge of park comfort stations were widows of Tammany ward heelers and they understood that no work was required of them. According to one reporter: "Some had curtained off all but, say, two of the eight toilet compartments, had imported chairs, tables and hangings into the cozy space, and frequently had in their friends to afternoon tea." The lady in charge of the comfort station perched on a rocky bluff overlooking the Metropolitan Museum of Art spent her time there removing much of the plumbing and then building herself a cozy little sitting room, in which she had installed a grand piano. The chords of a Chopin nocturne startled more than one woman who entered the comfort station in good faith. [Sound]

Caro, p. 335.

The Depression added its won touches to the parks: the shack towns named, bitterly, "Hooverilles," in which homeless men sought refuge. One of the largest was a collection of more than two hundred hovels of old boards, flattened gasoline tins and pieces of sheet iron and

cardboard in the dried-out bed of the abandoned Central Park Receiving Reservoir behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art; at night its inhabitants ate birds they caught in the park's bird sanctuary.

Ibid., p. 336.

The park is developed by the homeless in the Depression. A twenty-foot-tall building is erected with an inlaid tile roof; it was in front of a boulder, so they called it the Rockside Inn.

Caldwell, p. 253.

22 men are arrested for vagrancy in July, 1930 following complaints by Fifth Avenue residents that 'hobos' are sleeping in Central Park, but a sympathetic judge suspends their sentences, gives each one \$2, and sends them all back to the park, which by autumn has 17 chimneyed shacks, all furnished with chairs and beds.

Trager, p. 457.

Dogs wandered into the playgrounds and urinated and defecated in the sandboxes and the sandboxes had to be removed. Drunks crept into the tunnel segments at night and fell asleep, to be discovered by children the next morning sleeping in their own vomit. The tunnel segments had to be removed. Drunks wandered into the striped guardhouse "play booths" during the day and urinated in them. Perverts used them as hiding places from which they could watch the playing little girls and boys at close range and masturbate. Vandals pried loose the light lumber out of which the play booths were constructed. The play booths had to be removed. Then the drunks slept and the perverts hid in the trees and shrubbery behind the benches, so this landscaping had to be removed. Still drunks kept wandering into the playgrounds at night.

Caro, p. 488.

Park concessions sold substandard food; there were recurring reports of sickness among children who ate the hot dogs they sold.

Ibid., 332.

Municipal parks have degenerated into weed-filled dumps, some of the occupied by squatters. What will be Central Park's Great Lawn is rid of 200,000 rats in one week.

Trager, p. 486.

Bryant Park too: "Six priceless acres of green amid the

concrete masses of midtown, had been allowed to become a haven for drunks and idlers."

Caro, p. 332.

By 1934, under Moses, every structure in every park had been repainted. Every tennis court had been resurfaced. Every lawn had been reseeded. Eight antiqued golf courses had been reshaped, eleven miles of bridle paths rebuilt, thirty-eight miles of walks repaved, 145 comfort stations renovated, 284 statues refurbished, 678 drinking fountains repaired, 7,000 wastepaper baskets replaced, 22,500 benches reslatted, 7,000 dead trees removed, 11,000 new ones planted in their place and 62,000 others pruned.. Generations of New Yorkers had believed that the six miles of granite walls around Central Park were a grimy blackish color. Now they saw that sand blasting had restored them to their original color, a handsome dark cream.. And a thousand plots in the parks, plots which as long as New Yorkers could remember had contained nothing but dirt and weeds, were gay with spring-blooming flowers.

Ibid., pp. 273-3.

While seven hundred men were working day and night to build the Bronx Zoo, another thousand were transforming the dried-up reservoir bed that had been called "Hoover Valley"—Moses had torn down the shanty town there—into a verdant, thirty-acre "Great Lawn," laying flagstone walks around it and planning along them hundreds of Japanese cherry trees.

Ibid., p. 274.

Henry James: "The Park was too narrow, and too short, and was overwhelmed by an obligation to 'do.'"

Buford, p. 181.

On Central Park: "New York itself must have been built to afford some kind of relief from it."

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 217.

Without the intervening park, the Upper East Side would blend into the Upper West Side—unthinkable. Without its enchanted setting, Tavern on the Green would be just another tourist eatery, and the site of the Bethesda Fountain would be simply an ordinary street corner. New York City without Central Park would be like Chicago without the lake, San Francisco without hills or Los Angeles without sunshine.

Rybczynski, p. 49.

Inside Central Park the film's hippies and war resisters could exist in a world of their own, a place wrenched out of time. The park we see in *Hair* is an urban arcadia, an artfully improved nature, dedicated to the renewal of the human spirit. The film's characters celebrate the 'Age of Aquarius' in a grassy meadow where police horses mirror their dance steps; they ride along the park's bridle paths and take a midnight swim in its pond; they move to choreography on the stage-like steps of Bethesda Fountain and eventually gather at the Sheep Meadow for a peace festival.

Sanders, p. 356.

The Easter Sunday Be-In in Central Park was incredible; thousands of kids handing you flowers, burning incense, smoking grass, taking acid, passing drugs around right out in the open, taking their clothes off and rolling around on the ground, painting their bodies and faces with Day-Glo, doing Far East-type chants, playing with their toys—balloons and pinwheels and sheriff's badges and Frisbees. They could stand there staring at each other for hours without moving. As I said before, that had always fascinated me, the way people could sit by a window or on a porch all day and look out and never be bored, but then if they went to a movie or a play, they suddenly objected to being bored. I always felt that a very slow film could be just as interesting as a porch-sit if you thought about it the same way. And now all these kids on acid were demonstrating the exact same thing.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 207.

We giggled, ran, sang along the paths toward the old wooden boathouse, now gone. Leaves floated on the lake; on the shore, a park-man was fanning a bonfire of them, and the smoke, rising like Indian signals, was the only smudge on the quivering air. Aprils have never meant much to me, autumns seem that season of beginning, spring; which is how I felt sitting with Holly on the railings of the boathouse porch.

Capote, p. 43.

No one is buried there.

N. cit.

I slept in the park every night after that. It became a sanctuary for me, a refuge of inwardness against the grinding demands of the streets. There were eight hundred

and forty acres to roam in, and unlike the massive gridwork of buildings and towers that loomed outside the perimeter, the park offered me the possibility of solitude, of separating myself from the rest of the world. By contrast, life in Central Park allowed for a much broader range of variables. No one thought twice if you stretched out on the grass and went to sleep in the middle of the day. No one blinked if you sat under a tree and did nothing, if you played your clarinet, if you howled at the top of your lungs. Except for the office workers who lurked around the fringes of the park at lunch hour, the majority of people who came in there acted as if they were on holiday. The same things that would have alarmed them in the streets were dismissed as casual amusements.

There is no question that the park did me a world of good. It gave me privacy, but more than that, it allowed me to pretend that I was not as bad off as I really was. The grass and the trees were democratic, and as I loafed in the sunshine of a late afternoon, or climbed among the rocks in the early evening to look for a place to sleep, I felt that I was blending into the environment, that even to a practiced eye I could have passed for one of the picnickers or strollers around me. The streets did not allow for such delusions. Whenever I walked out among crowds, I was quickly shamed into an awareness of myself. I felt like a speck, a vagabond, a pox of failure on the skin of mankind. Each day, I became a little dirtier than I had been the day before, a little more ragged and confused, a little more different from everyone else. In the park, I did not have to carry around this burden of self-consciousness. It gave me a threshold, a boundary, a way to distinguish between the inside and the outside. If the streets forced me to see myself as others saw me, the park gave me a chance to return to my inner life, to hold on to myself purely in terms of what was happening inside me. It is possible to survive without a roof over your head, I discovered, but you cannot live without establishing an equilibrium between the inner and outer. The park did that for me. It was not quite a home, perhaps, but for want of any other shelter, it came close. [Flâneur]

Auster, pp. 101-2.

I usually spent some time ambling through the park, exploring areas I had not visited before. I enjoyed the paradox of living in a manmade natural world. This was nature enhanced, so to speak, and it offered a variety of sites and terrains that nature seldom gives in such a condensed area. There were hillocks and fields, stony

outcrops and jungles of foliage, smooth pastures and crowded networks of caves. I liked wandering back and forth among these different sectors, for it allowed me to imagine that I was raveling over great distances, even as I remained within the boundaries of my miniature world.

Ibid., p. 108.

Because night loiterers are excluded from Central Park, I supposed that all its awakening loveliness must go for naught. But if the first impingement of the sun on the massed verdure of the Park, on its lakes, its alpine views, its waterfall, and the fresh, sweet meadows, does find a rare spectator, it must again be one of the homeless who has eluded police regulations to find a night's rest in the great green inclosure. Possibly there may be a poet or two wandering about in Central Park at dawn, but the poets are early risers only in the country. To them the city is only the monstrous, noisy machine of the full day.

Strunsky, p. 705.

I then set off into the park. It is a thick and hilly wood, a forest of century-old trees, an intricate network of roads and trails, rising and falling then meeting before departing again, squirrels poking about the bushes and scattering up the trees. Yet it is in a sorrowful mess: the brush is littered with wizened and branches, leaves, and fallen trees, bottles and wastepaper are scattered here and there, and not one of the streetlamps has been left intact—some of them have even been torn out of the ground, and now lie there like cast-iron trunks uprooted during a storm. There are no signs to tell you where you are, and it's easy to get lost and you just have to trust your luck in finding the odd passerby who can you who can put you back on the right track.

Maffi, pp. 10-11.

Whole sections of the city had grown rather poisonous, but invariably I found a moment of utter peace in riding south through Central Park at dark toward where the façade of 59th Street thrusts its lights through the trees. There again was my lost city, wrapped cool in its mystery and promise.

Fitzgerald, "Lost City," p. 576.

I've been walking Central Park
Singing after dark
People think I'm crazy
Rolling Stones, "Miss You."

The warning, 'Don't go into the Park after dark,' is more than just a simple notice of potential physical danger. It is also an acknowledgment of the shift in the park's function—which takes place when the sun goes down—from a place where nature lovers eat lunch and children feed squirrels, to a place where one can buy drugs or get one's cock sucked.

Califia, p. 216.

For light relief I went up to street level to take a walk in the park. On top of a boulder in the sunshine, eight guys wearing lipstick sitting in a circle jerking off. Waved and invited me to join. As one marked time with a tambourine. And coming along the path in nice linen suit and white spats, an elderly man passing me said welcome to the asylum.

Donleavy, n, pag.

Certainly, homosexuals cruising Central Park for partners must accept the possibility of ending up dismembered in the bushes.

Blandford, p. 156.

One of the most frightening things in the Park at night was a man on his own.

Buford, p. 180.

For all at once, like savage members of a jungle ambush, a band of Negro boys leapt out of the shrubbery along the path. Hooting, cursing, they launched rocks and thrashed at the horse's rumps with switches.

Capote, p. 69.

Two days ago, I was riding through Central Park at ten at night, when I was surrounded by a "wilding" gang on rollerblades. They were almost children. They tried to capture me in a flank maneuver, but I was able to bicycle away even faster.

Bushnell, N. pag.

1,477 Big New Lights for Central Park: Lovers' Lanes Will Be Illuminated and Also the Danger Spots.

Sharpe, p. 170.

It's possible Chambers took Levin to the park because he thought it would be romantic...

Stone, N. pag.

Chambers and Levin entered at 86th Street at around 4:50 A.M. and walked to a grassy area across the park drive from the Metropolitan Museum.. She flew into a rage, he said, yelling at him and hitting him and scratching his face. He retreated and sat down in the grass a short distance away. She then went over to a nearby tree to urinate. When she came back, Chambers continued on the tape, she started being nice to him. He was sitting with his hands behind his back, and she playfully tied her panties loosely around his wrists and pushed him back to the ground. She straddled him, facing away, Chambers said. She undid his shirt and pants, he said, and began to masturbate him. Chambers said he grew tired of her efforts and told her to let go, but she wouldn't. Instead, she squeezed his testicles, hurting him. Freeing his hands, he reached up with his left arm and pulled back on her neck as hard as he could, eventually flipping her over him. Levin is estimated to have died at about 5:30.

Ibid.

On Wednesday, April 19, 1989, at about 9 p.m., reports began filtering into the Central Park precinct that a marauding gang of youths was beating up joggers and bicyclists... The victim was white and middle-class and female, a promising young investment banker at Salomon Brothers with a Wellesley-Yale-Phi Beta Kappa pedigree. The suspects were black and Latino and male and much younger, some with dubious school records, some from fractured homes, all from Harlem. That the crime took place in Central Park, mythologized as the city's verdant, democratic refuge, played right into the theme of middle-class violation.

Smith, "Revisited," N. pag.

The mothers and the nursemaids and the babies and the laughing children who fill the park all the daylight hours were gone now. In their place lurked muggers and thugs, perverts, dope addicts, a twisted world of evil, desperate people.

Atkinson, pp. 41-12.

Looking out the window over the tree tops. The cars snaking on the curving drives through the park. And night when lights sprinkled across the whole grey vista. To put the heavens down below. With the stabbings and stompings. You watch from windows safe and warm.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Over the tops of Fifth Avenue's proud apartment houses, showing exactly how abruptly they rise from the edge of the dark forest at their feet—the very embodiment, in urban terms, of the troubling closeness of "chaos" and "control."
[Panorama]

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 255.

X - Subway

People love about in granite chasms; if not mastered,
they are no longer the masters.

Rock, p. xvi.

Rivering under streets and rivers.

Conrad, p. 232.

The train
hammers its hard rhythm
in the blood.

Parland, p. 346.

A monotone of motion.

Conrad, p. 232.

The new subway system would quickly be characterized in
the press as an antechamber of Hell.

Haden, p. 89.

An underwater ferry, disposing of people in its sluice.

Conrad, p. 232.

unworkable air vents ass aching benches

Last Poets "N.Y, N.Y."

The hottest station in the summer of 1905 was Astor
Place.

Brooks, p. 70.

To cool the subway platforms in 1905, the Interborough
turned off all but a few incandescent lights in each
station.

Ibid., p. 70.

It brought ordinary office fans on to the station
platforms.

Ibid., p. 70.

It takes a subway about seven years after building to
equal the surface temperatures.

Granick, p. 194.

A New York City subway passenger wouldn't be assured of
riding in an air-conditioned train until well into the
1990s.

Basile, p. 218.

Tremulously I stand in the subways, absorbed into the terrible reverberations of exploding energy. Fearful, I touch the forest of steel girders loud with the thunder of oncoming trains that shoot past me like projectiles. Inert I stand, riveted in my place. My limbs, paralyzed, refuse to obey the will insistent on haste to board the train while the lightning steed is leashed and its reeling speed checked for a moment. Before my mind flashes in clairvoyant vision what all this speed portends—the lightning crashing into life, the accidents, railroad wrecks, steam bursting free like geysers from bands of steel, thousands of racing motors and children caught at play, flying heroes diving into the sea, dying for speed—all this because of strange, unsatisfied ambitions. Another train bursts into the station like a volcano, the people crowd me on, on into the chasm—into the dark depths of awful forces and fates. In a few minutes, still trembling, I am spilled into the streets.

Keller, p. 299.

Indescribable scenes of crowding and confusion, never before paralleled in this city, marked the throwing open of the subway to the general public last night. The old 6 o'clock Brooklyn Bridge car crush paled into insignificance when contrasted with the deadly suffocating, rib-smashing subway rush which began at 7 o'clock tonight. Men fought, kicked and pummeled one another in the mad desire to reach the subway ticket offices or to ride on the trains. Women were dragged out, either screaming in hysterics or in a swooning condition; grey haired men pleaded for mercy, boys were knocked down and only escaped by a miracle from being trampled under foot. The presence of the police alone averted what would undoubtedly have been panic after panic, with wholesale loss of life. [Density] [Congestion]

"Birth," N. pag.

Claustrophobia

The controversy over "subway air." Within days of the opening reporters found passengers complaining of headaches, attacks of vertigo, dizziness, and occasional fainting spells. The *New York Times* reported on a woman who fainted on a train. "Foul air and nervousness due to the excitement of the trip" was the judgment of a physician who happened to be in the car. The Interborough responded by

hiring Professor C.F. Chandler of Columbia University to prepare a scientific study. When his report of November 1904 declared The air perfectly safe, the company quickly issued its own pamphlet. Its cover proudly bore the claim, "SUBWAY AIR PURE AS IN YOUR OWN HOME."

Brooks, p. 70.

In 1905, it was proven that there were only half as many microbes per cubic foot in subway air as on the street.

Ibid., p. 70.

I cannot see a well or a subway entrance without shuddering.

Lovecraft, "Lurking," N. pag.

In his letters Lovecraft refers to some types of closed New York buses as "prepayment suffocation chambers," so how much more trepidation might he have felt about suffocation on the subways?

Haden, p. 91.

Hart Crane seems the key progenitor for the future mythologizing of the subway, with his poem "The Tunnel" (the writing of which appears to have been started around late 1925 and with development continuing into 1926) in which the overcrowded and claustrophobic city subways become the nightmare haunt of the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe. Crane presents Poe as a covert symbol of an "underground" queer culture, linking his deathly status with the persecutions that normalcy inflicts upon the artistic..

Ibid., p. 146.

Whose head is swinging from the swollen strap?
Whose body smokes along the bitten rails,
Bursts from a smoldering bundle far behind
In back forks of the chasms of the brain,—
Puffs from a riven stump far out behind
In interborough fissures of the mind . . . ?
And why do I often meet your visage here,
Your eyes like agate lanterns—on and on
Below the toothpaste and the dandruff ads?—
And did their riding eyes right through your side,
And did their eyes like unwashed platters ride?
Crane, "Bridge; Tunnel," p. 95.

Above the swaying heads, near smarting myopic eyes, are bands of clashing color, battering down sales lag. Liquors, cosmetics, legs, vermin exterminators, hair restorers,

depilatories, purges, gums, and swim suits scream their obnoxious messages.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

fell out of the subway window

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 5.

In March 1912, a 27-year-old Irish-American subway engineer went to see Dr. C.P. Oberndorf, an Upper West Side neurologist, complaining of claustrophobia so severe that he had to quit his job because he could no longer enter the subway shaft. He had suffered his first attack of claustrophobia three years earlier while watching vaudeville at the American Theater.

Maloney, p. 109.

There is an actual sickness that affects mass-transit users [...] overcrowding leaves people wedged in place with blood accumulating in their feet, leading to faintness [...] the claustrophobia and dreads combine to push people from unease to panic.

Norwood, pp. 39-41.

who howled on their knees in the subway

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 4.

It is disappointing to hear that travellers on the New York Subway are complaining of imperfect ventilation and other discomforts which were not anticipated.

The Electrician, N. pag.

Somehow, the way life works, people usually wind up either in crowded subways and elevators, or in big rooms all by themselves. Everybody should have a big room they can go to and everybody should also ride the crowded subways.

Usually people are very tired when they ride on a subway, so they can't sing and dance, but I think if they could sing and dance on a subway, they'd really enjoy it.

The kids who spray graffiti all over the subway cars at night have learned how to recycle city space very well. They go back into the subway yards in the middle of the night when the cars are empty and that's when they do their singing and their dancing on the subway. The subways are like palaces at night with all that space just for you.

[Graffiti]

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 155.

Four steps past the turnstiles everybody is already backed up haunch to paunch for the climb up the ramp and the stairs to the surface, a great funnel of flesh, wool, felt, leather, rubber and steaming alumicron, with the blood squeezing through everybody's old sclerotic arteries in hopped-up spurts from too much coffee and the effort of surfacing from the subway at the rush hour.

Wolfe, "Sunday," p. 293.

It is not exactly an inspiring sight, this subway car on the W train—our usual car filled with a look so full of exhaustion that you might think we had been riding on this car forever. But one senses that if you look hard enough, you can see the things that draw people to cities, that drew my grandfather here seventy years ago and drew me here, too: possibility, and plurality, keep us riding still. I suppose that possibility is just as possible in the suburbs of Dallas or Phoenix, in some edge city near Atlanta, some floating island of residence levitating between two malls, but I don't quite believe it. Possibility still, in some significant part, depends on density; hope is the thing in a sweatshirt, riding the W train and reading the *Daily News*, a bird of another feather.

Gopnik, p. 295.

[close together; touching]
Mumford, "Intolerable" pp. 283-93.

Subways below and trains above racing
Packed with humanity
Ono, "Midsummer."

At 96th Street the IRT was jammed. This was not unusual. Quite often New Yorkers at that station indulge fantasies of commutation, pantomimes that to the uninitiated must seem strange.

A train pulls into the station, crowded with people, who then get off. The train, which had been southbound, retreats into the tunnel. Another empty train comes, slowing down as it enters the station, which by now is dangerously crowded, and halts. It pauses, engine humming, while people push to the doors, then accelerates and hurtles away. Perhaps a third train comes and if it does perhaps it is brimful of people. Perhaps, too, these people press closer under the pressure of newcomers who board the train and wait. Ten minutes? On occasion the train moves ahead to another station, 86th street, where the

announcement is made: "This train is going out of service, all passengers please get off."

Trebay, pp. 328-9.

We have had our New York subways for 34 suffocating psychopathic years.

Reisenberg, p. 65.

The subway, Archer thought, was the only place to read today's newspapers. Underground, in a bad light, at an increased fare, with all the passengers fearing the worst about each other. Everyone suspecting the man next to him of preparing to pick a pocket, commit a nuisance, carry a lighted cigar, pinch a girl, ask for a job, run for a vacant seat, block the door at the station at which you wanted to leave the train. Archer put the paper down and looked around at his fellow passengers. They do not look American, he thought; perhaps I shall report them to the proper authorities.

Lefebvre, *Critique*, p. 28.

Once the train doors close, people seemed to sink into their own private worlds, and it was easy to see their concerns played out on their faces.

Leipzig, p. 13.

Always more crowded are the subways, more rusty, more ill-kept, more dense with dull, ox-like throngs winding in the stations, following green, or black, or red stripes to their destinations; dust and papers and dirt swirling on every hand. He has become immune to the filth and orders of subway lavatories; he accepts unseeing the cheap additions to old decoration schemes at station platforms lengthened to accommodate ten-car, two-guard trains. He accepts as normal nuisances the brash crowd herders who act as station guards or pushers-in. His ears are deaf to club turnstiles, clapping around nerve-racking collections. He goes, I'm complaining for machines that count him and take him like meat in a grinder.

Reisenberg, p. 65.

Strap clutching subway stench, screaming "L"

Galwey, p. 421.

Mingled
breath and smell
so close
mingled

black and White House so near
no room for fear.
Hughes, "Subway," p. 68.

Sexuality

The air fuming. A man sitting with a smile staring at a
girl. Then someone vomited on the floor of the train.
Donleavy, N. pag.

The rush hour crush of tired silent faces. Breathing all
over each other. Someone's hands trying to open my fly.
Easing fingers in under the foreskin. All the way to the
Bronx, didn't know who to punch. For borrowing my privates
without permission.

Ibid.

The Swedish Massage of the Subway... the pulping mill of
the subway.
Mumford, "Intolerable," pp. 283-93.

G.W. Bitzer filmed at 2 a.m. in the Subway in June 1905,
showing a lady and gentleman behaving scandalously (she
raises her voluminous skirt above her knees so that he can
tie her shoelace) and being ejected from the train by a
guard. (cf. Susan Strasberg & Marilyn Monroe on Fifth
Avenue. [Power]) [Sex] [Surveillance] [Voyeur] [Timeline]
Brooks, p. 69.

One of the few places where body contact—at least the
unavoidable rush-hour kind—is more acceptable than eye
contact.

Peterix, N. pag.

Relationship is a friction of bodies in passing: a
messenger boy is squeezed against an odorous blonde.
N. cit.

Thoughts very often grow fertile, because of the motion,
the great company, the subtlety of the rider's state as he
rattles under streets and rivers, under the foundations of
great buildings.

Brooks, p. 169.

The city breathes eroticism, from noon on. Even in the
subway you can sense men and women angling, sizing each
other up.

Keillor, p. 298.

In the repellent intimacy of the subway, silence is protection. Strangers right crush together, miles apart in mind.

Reisenberg, p. 67.

The entire island [of Manhattan] will be honeycombed by swiftly running [subways]. . . . The first day I [went down to the subway] it would not have been a difficult task to send me flying upstairs again. I wasn't exactly frightened, rather nervous. ≈ didn't give me much chance for reflection, and I entered the first train that I was shoved into—the magnetism of the mob, as [Gustave] Le Bon would say. . . . New York is full to the brim . . . yes, pretty girls, a bit too rouged, too flimsily attired. . . .

Huneker, pp. 51-2.

I remember my first sexual experience in a subway. Some guy (I was afraid to look at him) got a hard-on and was rubbing it back and forth against my arm. I got very excited and when my stop came I hurried out and home where I tried to do an oil painting using my dick as a brush.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

She took off her clothes at 4:00 in the afternoon in the doorway of the F train at Rockefeller Center at rush hour.

Groce, p. 85.

On crowded subways, where women have had reason to accuse standees of mashing, a man may hold on to a centre post, with both hands fixed to the pole high so everyone can see that, whatever happens, his hands did not do it. And individual moving someone else's parcel from one seat to another when it is not clear who the owner is may feel he must show he has no designs on the other's personal property and is not overruling maliciously the claims of a possession marker; he handles the article very gingerly and at its edge, thus contaminating it minimally.

Goffman, pp. 165-166.

A person walking down the aisle of a subway car, accidentally stepping on the toe of a seated passenger, can maintain his rate of movement, turn his head back and hold out his arm and hand while he verbally excuses himself. The held-out hand, in effect, holds the offender in the remedial encounter even while his body is rapidly leaving it.

Ibid., p. 38

A principle of stranger interaction is "civil inattention." This "sine qua non of city life" is familiar to all of us who have, for example, travelled on the subway. A brief acknowledgement through body language that the other person is there and then, please, no staring or conversation.

Ings, N. pag.

Subway

In the fall of 1902, one Charles F. Allaire, Civil War veteran, accidentally rode his bicycle into an open subway tunnel at Amsterdam Avenue and 65th Street, breaking his right leg. Edward Morris drove a whole car in, at Broadway and 43rd Street.

Kennedy, *Subwayland*, p. 113.

On the subway's second of day of operation, holes had been pounded in the tile walls so that advertising posters could be put up.

Brooks, p. 69.

The el with its rusting potbellied stoves in the waiting rooms.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

Some subway entrances can't even be shut: they have no gates.

Brook, p. 129.

The yellow wicker seats facing each other in the middle of the El car.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 678.

Heaven under the El...
horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams [Cosmic] [Dream City]

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

The elevated rail is more intoxicating
than the heavenly cathedral. [Cosmic]
Goll, p. 5.

El stations abstractly dislocate the city.
Conrad, p. 104.

A system of "impersonal dynamics": not a convocation of people but a continuum of objects, activated by the impatience of the urban eye, as are the fire escapes, cast-iron pillars, barbers' poles, and light fixtures which bounce through the visual field of his "Sixth Avenue El."

Conrad, p. 124.

The Sixth Avenue El ceases operations. After the last northbound train from Rector Street arrives at 53rd Street and Eighth Avenue, revelers strip the cars for souvenirs, taking electric bulbs, destination signs, and straps, throwing seat cushions out of windows, pulling safety cords to bring the train to a series of jolting stops, and smoking in defiance of the No Smoking signs.

Trager, p. 508.

Elevated train platforms, about to be torn down, have a nostalgic glow about them.

Kozloff, n. pag.

"Its lease won't expire 'till 2878; and no doubt by then all the 'Els' will be torn down." In fact, they didn't last much more than a decade, let alone the anticipated thousand years.

Conrad, p. 169.

The horrors of socialism in the subway: Everyone paid the same fare, there were no "first class" tickets, no separate entrances or seating areas. Everyone was dragged down to the same level in the same mundane and deeply uncomfortable "cattle car" experience.

Norwood, pp. 39-41.

After it leaves Manhattan, the number seven train becomes an elevated, and crosses a landscape of abandoned railroad tracks, dilapidated buildings and, later, a conglomerate of ugly factories that blow serpentine plumes of gaudy poisonous smoke. As the train journeys deeper into Queens, the Manhattan skyscrapers in the distance resemble monuments of an enchanted place—ancient Baghdad, or even the Land of Oz. The sun, setting behind the towers of the World Trade Center, burnishes the sky with a warm orange glow and the windows of the towers look like gold-leafed entrances to huge hives bursting with honey. [Antiquity]

[WTC]

Manrique, p. 3

Walk about the subway station
in a grove of steel pillars;
how their knobs, the rivet-heads—
unlike those of oaks—
are regularly placed;
how barren the ground is
except here and there on the platform
a flat black fungus
that was chewing-gum.
Reznikoff, p. 97.

Gum holds subway floors together.
Talese, p. 102.

I-N-D, B-M-T, I-R-T
Last Poets "On The Subway."

I went home, had a good cry and towards nightfall, was collected by an unknown man who had been dragooned by an unknown woman into taking me to her home in Brooklyn. Apart from Mr. Cherry-Garrard's voyage to the South Pole, this was the worst journey in the world. Though we implored eight of them, no taxi driver would take us on such a desperate trek. I couldn't blame them. Brooklyn is a terrible place and all who live there know they have entered an enclosed order. In desperation, we walked to the subway station at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street where we waited for a train that did not come for a long and dangerous time. When it did appear, we forced our way on to it and stood swaying perilously but unable to reach any fixture on which to hold. I have to report that this motley throng of strangers, though pressed into disturbing proximity, remained surprisingly calm—even cheerful. Arriving at our station we still had a long, dark way to walk over pavements that have not been repaired in a hundred years. Had we not been delayed by so many difficulties on our journey, we would have been compelled to stand in the bitter desolation of a Brooklyn street for some time.

Crisp, pp. 160-1.

You wait fifteen minutes on the downtown platform.. An announcement is made that the express is out of service. The tunnel smells of wet clothing and urine. The voice comes over the speaker again to say that the local will be delayed twenty minutes because of a fire on the tracks. You push through the crowd and ascend to the street.

McInerney, p. 86.

At the subway station you wait fifteen minutes on the platform for a train. Finally a local, enervated by graffiti, shuffles into the station.

Ibid., p. 11.

But someone in the back is holding one open for a man who is running up the platform. The doors open again. You step onto the train. The car is full of Hasidim from Brooklyn—gnomes in black with briefcases full of diamonds. You take a seat beside one of them. He is reading from his Talmud, running his finger across the page. The strange script is similar to the graffiti signatures all over the surfaces of the subway car, but the man does not look up at the graffiti, nor does he try to steal a peek at the headlines of your Post.

Ibid., p. 56.

Oh you age when streetcars make elegant spirals curving around City Hall.

N. cit.

I ride the A train out from Manhattan to my summer bungalow in the Rockaways. Crossing Jamaica Bay, I get a little lightheaded. The subway car, which has been chugging along over the bay, plunges downward with a jerk, as if it's headed straight for the bottom. Then abruptly, almost at the waterline, the car seems to skim right across the top of the waves. It's as if a gust of wind could swirl up and tip it over. Hitting open water in a crowded New York City subway car is one of the strangest satisfactions of metropolitan life.

Maloney, p. 109.

The train shudders and pitches toward Fourteenth Street, stopping twice for breathers in the tunnel.

McInerney, p. 12.

At Fourteenth Street three Rastafarians get on, and soon the car reeks of sweat and reefer. [Smell]

Ibid., p. 57.

The doors close with a pneumatic hiss. [Sound]

Ibid., p. 56.

The KK train from Manhattan crosses the Williamsburg Bridge.

Talbot, p. 73.

For Gravesend Manor change at Chambers Street.

[...]

The train rounds, bending to a scream,
Taking the final level for the dive

Under the river—

Crane, "Bridge; Tunnel," p. 110.

We had a full train. Well, the next stop is Fifth Avenue. And this fellow gets on—twenty, twenty-five years old—fit and trim as a marine. In fact, he was in marine fatigue uniform—except the hat that he had on, he had a pacifier hanging down, and a feature in the back. As we were moving out of Fifth Avenue... he took off his jacket, rolled it up very tightly. And then proceeded to get down on the floor of the subway car with this tightly rolled jacket between his elbows, and he starts doing a belly crawl along the floor! You'd think there were live bullets going across—he literally slithered across the floor. And he would go and he would look at people, just like a snake. And, of course New Yorkers, you learn not to make eye contact. And here it is: it's after 12:00 at night and people are getting scared.

Groce, p. 83.

The subway films of G.W. "Billy" Bitzer: *A Rube in the Subway* (1905). A country bumpkin gets off the subway. His pocket is picked. He tries to jump back on the departing subway car, but hits the electrified third rail. [cf. Steve Brodie's Brooklyn Bridge jump [Monument]]

Brooks, p. 69.

The railroad tracks wended their way between the buildings, making several sharp curves, and then emerged on Eleventh Avenue along which, at street level, trains inched their way in a straight line down to the foot of the island. In front of every train, to warn pedestrians and drivers, rode a cowboy on a horse, waving a large red flag. Since the trains came at frequently backed up for blocks. Often, a driver would become impatient and ignore the warning flag. For that reason, Eleventh had become known as "Death Avenue." For years, the city had tried without success to find a solution to the problem by the presence of the railroad along the West Side.

Caro, p. 66.

In a late-night cop raid, after the opera, the ballet and the theater crowd had long gone home, as the pursued

felons dispersed, hurrying down platforms, leaping over turnstiles, jumping down on to the tracks and disappearing in the tunnels full of sewer rats, where they hoped to be spared death by oncoming local trains, one voice calling wildly, "Stay alive—I'll find you!"

McCourt, p. 100.

I saw Batman walking across the tracks. Someone just walking the tracks in a Batman costume! OK, I have a radio. My rule books says I'm supposed to call in anything unusual. I'm going to call control center and say 'Batman just walked across West 4th Street, across three tracks?' So as long as the train was in the station, this man just went across four tracks, flinging his cape back and forth 'til he got tired of it and then he went upstairs.

[Surrealism]

Groce, p. 81.

Bus

If there is a memorable bus scene in literature, or an unforgettable moment in a movie that takes place on a New York City bus, I have not found it. It isn't that buses are intrinsically inimical to symbolism: The London bus has a poetry as rich as the Tube's—there is Mary Poppins, there is Mrs. Dalloway. In Paris, Pascal rides the bus Zazie dreams of riding the Métro. In L.A., Keanu Reeves rides the bus, round and round in desperate Dennis Hopper-driven circles. But as a symbolic repository, the New York City bus does not exist. The only significant symbolic figure that the New York bus has had is Ralph Kramden, and what he symbolizes about the bus is that being stuck in one is one more form of comic frustration and disappointment; the bus is exactly the kind of institution that would have Ralph Kramden as its significant symbolic figure.

Gopnik, p. 145.

Skidaddling crosstown.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Every time I see a groaning bus coughing fumes as it lumbers across three traffic lanes, I long for the trolley cars.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

This bus with a great engine roaring, swaying from stop to stop.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Lumbering, smelly vehicles.

Walker, *Night Club*, p. 203.

The busses totter spilling the jammed shadows.

Galwey, p. 421.

On a bus a simple citizen in search of transportation will find himself often reduced to the shakes.

Atkinson, p. 19.

The bus roaring past a statue of a man on a pedestal.

Donleavy, N. pag.

In the late 70s, the MTA began to notice riders sitting on the back bumpers of city buses. In 1981, all new buses ordered by the authority featured "anti-ride bumpers." Instead of offering a flat surface upon which a person could get a foothold, the new bumpers slanted away from the bus at a 45-degree angle. Also redesigned was the grille on the back of the bus, which the bumper riders held on to. The grille itself was made smaller and the slates were put so close together that a hand cannot fit between them and get a grip.

Boland, N. pag.

Another bus pulls over and disgorges passengers. The sheltered mob clutch umbrellas, purses and briefcases, prepared to fight for seats; but once the bus unloads it's nearly empty. The driver, a massive black man with sweat rings under his arms, says "Take it easy," and his voice commands respect.

McInerney, p. 87.

You sit down up front. The bus lurches into traffic. Below Fortieth Street the signs on the corners change from Seventh Avenue to Fashion Avenue as you enter the garment district.

Ibid., p. 87.

At the Thirty-fourth Street stop there is a commotion at the door. "Zact change," the bus driver says. A young man standing by the change box is trying to work his hand into the pockets of his skin-tight Calvin Kleins. Peach Lacoste shirt, a mustache that looks like a set of plucked

eyebrows. Under one arm he clutches a small portfolio and a bulky Japanese paper umbrella. He rests the umbrella against the change box. "Step aside," the bus driver says. "People getting wet out there."

Ibid., p. 87.

Everyone watching titters and guffaws. The bus hasn't moved.

Ibid., p. 86

Catching a bus by a white stone building.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Seen from a crowded bus on a steamy wet winter's afternoon. As the M3 bus jolts its way along Madison Avenue from the fifties up towards the nineties, each fantasy stares out through the window and fulfills itself.

Blandford, p. 176.

Car, Taxi

The 1908 New York to Paris auto race was by definition over land. The six competing teams rolled up Broadway, then turned their backs on the Atlantic and set off for France on a westerly course. The chosen route crossed the continental United States, Alaska and the frozen Bering Strait, continuing through Siberia, Russia, Poland, Germany, and finally to France. The length of the trip, which took about six months, was 19,877 miles. As the canvas-topped cars set out from the *New York Times* building that uncommonly cold February morning, a crowd of more than 150,000 lined the streets to watch. The eventual winner was George Schuster, an American mechanic. he piloted his Tomas Speedway Flyer into Paris on July 30—and was promptly stopped by a policeman for driving without a headlight.

Schneider, N. pag.

It is not the beauty of the city at night, or the shimmer of its multicolored lights, that enthralls the cab driver. Over twelve bridges and through four tunnels, hundreds of thousands of cars were leaving the island of Manhattan, freeing up the hammed, narrow streets, opening up for me the wide avenues, where the itching of my meter was now much livelier than in the daytime. The fewer the cars remaining in the city, the greater grew the number of people who need a taxi.

Lobas, p. 152.

Or your taxi rolls and rolls through streets made of velvet, what is the feeling, what is the feeling when the radio never ends, but the hour, the swift, the electric, the invisible hour does not stop and does not turn.

Fearing, p. 66.

Fast taxi ride through New York streets when you are drunk: impression that you are plunging through all obstacles at exhilarating giddy speed; nothing can interfere with your progress.

O'Connell, p. 147.

Slam the door shut of this yellow black checkered cab. Donleavy, N. pag.

Through strange doors into strange apartments with intermittent swings along in taxis through the soft nights.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 607.

Even with the meter on there is no pleasure in driving around the city at five miles per hour, and it is even harder to pick your way through the crowds of pedestrians streaming around the cab; but it is unbearable to hang around in traffic jams empty.

Lobas, p. 141.

Kennedy airport! Half of the soul, half of the life of a New York cabbie belongs here, in this inexhaustible well of fabulous driving dollars.

Ibid., p. 53.

Down in the mines of the streets and the avenues, we extracted our nickels and dimes, but we never stopped keeping a lascivious eye out for an airport.

Ibid., p. 132.

Cabbies on crack

I want to get out, out of this yellow shell
I want to get out, crack cabbies straight from hell
Ramonés, "Cabbies on Crack"

All the way down, he muses, are layers upon layers upon layers of tunnels, with no bottom.

Toth, p. 9.

Y – Poetic Empire

Duke Ellington: New York is a dream of a song, A feeling of aliveness, a Russian flow of vitality that Paul says like the giant heart beautiful humanity. The whole world revolves around New York, especially my world. Very little happens anywhere unless someone in New York presses a button!

New York is it's people, and it's people are the city. Among it's crowds, along with streets, and in it's high-piled buildings can be found every mood, sight, and every sound, every custom, thought, and tradition, every color, flavor, religion, and the culture of the entire earth. It is as if each of the world's greatest chefs had sent a pinch of his nations most distinctive flavoring to contribute to the richness of taste of this great savory pot of food called New York.

The miracle of the city is that this concoction, with its multitude of dissimilar ingredients, can sometimes come to the boil, and sometimes simmer away contentedly on the back of the stove. Since it is at the mercy of so many cooks, it is so often stirred up, and, too often, of late, over-seasoned by some heavy-handed pepper wielders. But this gorgeously aromatic pot never burns or sticks to the bottom! Instead, New York presents itself as a proper feast to each human being of healthy appetite who hungers for so food. Whether his needs are nutritional or merely "gourmet," the hungry one is fed, for in New York it is all there on the menu, that something to satisfy every taste: exotic, traditional, or adventuresome. Perhaps it is at this very moment of finding his soul food listed on the menu that the next New Yorker is born. For the "real New Yorker" is not always born in New York, you know. He becomes one at the very instant when he discovers that his own ingredients are completely compatible with the city's soups and salads.

I am that kind of New Yorker, for I was born in Washington, D.C. And if I am asked to describe New York, I must think in musical terms, because New York is people, and that is what music is all about. This incredible city embraces all humanity within its structure, whether resident or visitor, and joins each new heartbeat with her own throbbing pulse. For personified, New York is a woman, and as such she is a little of everything. Certainly, she is a sophisticate. Sometimes she is a lady of the evening. To her cosmopolitan visitors, she is always a gracious

hostess deferential to their differing points of view. And like a true Earth Mother, she rests but never sleeps. She is the last to retire at night and the first to rise with each new day, for she suffers from an exhaustingly active energy called Anticipation!

In his ideal image, the real New Yorker is seen at the newsstand after midnight with the *News* under his arm, but it is also considered extremely prestigious to be seen reading the *Times* on the subway in the morning. On his way home from work in the later afternoon, always with the *Post* in his pocket, the New Yorker looks as though he has been some place, and knows it.

It is impossible to enter New York without feeling that something wonderful is about to happen. Whether you arrive by plane, ship, train, car or bus, bridge or tunnel, you feel the immediate excitement of starshine. For to this great city come the world's Beautiful People; men of wisdom and good intent; people of cultures older than our own, with highly cultivated tastes; creative geniuses in all fields of endeavor; exquisite women of fashion; great ladies of all ages, whose beauty lies in their genuineness; and all are essential parts of the melody line in this dream of a song that is New York. This is a city of talented performance. Everyone in New York is a performer, down to the most casual visitor. Perhaps Shakespeare had a vision of Manhattan in mind when he wrote that "all the world's a stage," for most certainly we all get caught up in the plot!

There is a kind of highly contagious fever of backstage communication about New York. The opportunities to rub elbows with the "stars" are so many and frequent that a little of that glamour dust of starshine clings to everybody. There are almost no "bit players" on Manhattan Island. Everybody is a star. If this statement seems extravagant, then just consider the taxi driver. No greater Solon exists than the New York cabbie. He knows something about everything, and his is the only gossip column worth reading. He is part of the pulse of the people, of the beat and throb of the city, for he knows, he really knows what is happening in New York, from his own point of view and everyone else's. He speaks a "people" wisdom and at the heart of this great cosmopolitan city is a vital, small-town "peopleness." Have you ever been in New York during a disaster or a blizzard? It becomes the friendliest place in the world! That blew fuse, the blackout, was the friendliest of all, because nine months later the stork flew in over the horizon with a bumper crop of babies.

So amid all her tickertape and traffic, New York is the dream of a song. New York is a place where the rich walk, the poor drive Cadillacs, and beggars die of malnutrition with thousands of dollars hidden in their mattresses.

Ellington, pp. 65-7

It was an unusually organic kind of city. Its sewage mostly went into its surrounding waters, to be swept away by the tides. Its garbage mostly went to make landfill. Its corpses were nearly all removed from the island. Its indigent old and its incurably sick were housed on an offshore island, Welfare Island, in the middle of the East River. The daily migration of its commuters, in and out, in and out, over the bridges, on the ferries, through the subaqueous tunnels, was like a great tidal movement, and the ships that were docked all around the shore, fitted so neatly into its multitudinous piers, made the whole island see God-made, rather an man-developed, for its own particular functions.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 69.

There are roughly three New Yorks. There is, first, the New York of the man or woman who was born here, who takes the city for granted and accepts its size and its turbulence as natural and inevitable. Second, there is the New York of the commuter—the city that is devoured by locusts each day and spat out each night. Third, there is the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something. Of these three trembling cities the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal. It is this third city that accounts for New York's high-strung disposition, its poetical deportment, its dedication to the arts, and its incomparable achievements. Commuters give the city its tidal restlessness; natives give it solidity and continuity; but the settlers give it passion. And whether it is a farmer arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbors, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love, each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company.

White, *Here*, p. 25.

There is very little Bohemian atmosphere in New York for it is a very "swift" town. Even the rapid man from Chicago notices that there is a peculiarly strident character to the nervous haste of the metropolis. The rumbling "L," the shrieking trolley, overflowing with people all having an expression of wild eagerness on their faces, these are the most fitting external expressions of the jumping unrest at the heart of our city. We are palpitant, eager in the functions of life. We hurry our business in order to get at our pleasure and hurry our pleasure, in order to get at our business. We all have occasional backaches and headaches, and anything slow, from a thoughtful play to a provincial, brings to our nerves the shock of the unfamiliar. Contemplation is the one thing completely shut out of the life of a New Yorker who is thoroughly saturated with the most American spirit of the town. Thought with him is a nervous impulse, quickly over, having no genial, philosophic fringe, looking not before nor after, but pinned to the exciting moment. To use a rather undignified figure the man who is "in it" in New York is like the nervous system of the frog of the psychological laboratory which the operator, by the application of acid, galvanizes into vivid but unmeaning activity.

One way in which philosophy and art are found is in books, but the nervous New Yorker is too busy to read. Through books, therefore, he comes only very incompletely into contact with the contemplative the eternal, the artistic. The only practicable means of subjecting the typical city American to the contemplative is therefore through some influence which is connected with his daily, practical life and amusements. Now, this element is partly found in what is contributed to our metropolitan existence by the foreigners. [Textuality]

Hapgood, pp. 114-5.

Good old New York! The same old wench of a city. Elevated racketing over you' head. Subway bellowing under you' feet. Me foh wrastling round them piers again. Scratching down to the bottom of them ships and scrambling out. All alongshore for me now. No more fooling with the sea. Same old New York. Everybody dashing around like crazy... Same old New York... But the sun does better than over there. And the sky's so high and dry and blue. And the air it—O Gawd it works in you' flesh and blood like Scotch. O Lawdy, Lawdy! I wants to live to a hundred and finish mah days in New York. [Speech]

McKay, p. 25.

Its isolated faces, its loose fragments and time warps surround us and (with their reserved silences or boisterous chatterings) tell the city; and from these metropolis hypertext windows one can observe important stories and inconsequential events, reasons, and causes lost in time, revelations and unexpected epiphanies. Perhaps it is precisely this alternation of continuity and discontinuity—of the overall picture and the separate parts that go to make up that picture—that makes it difficult to get a grasp and puzzle out what it really is. And so every departure from the city necessarily implies return, for is there not always a niggling unconscious suspicion that something has been omitted? It is at this stage that the sides of the prism become as important or understanding as the in-depth and in-with maps. [Eternal Return] [Incomplete]

Maffi, pp. 115-6.

In a weed-filled vacant lot in Riverdale just north of the Harlem River stood a marble column a hundred feet high with a strangely unfinished look about its top. There was supposed to be a statue up there, a statue of Hendrick Hudson, for the vacant lot had been purchased by the city as the northern bridgehead of a "Hendrick Hudson Bridge" that was supposed to ease the congestion on the Broadway drawbridge, and a statue of the Great Navigator was supposed to look down on the span that bore his name. But although the lot had been purchased, and the column erected, in 1909, in 1932 work had still not started on the statue—or the bridge.

Caro, p. 331.

What I marvel is that the gorgeous, voluptuous color of this greatest of world capitals makes so little showing in the lovely letters of the United States. If only as spectacle, it is superb. It has a glitter like that of the Constantinople of the Comneni. It roars with life like the Bagdad of the Sassanians. These great capitals of antiquity, in fact, were squalid villages compared to it, as Rome was after their kind, and Paris and London are today.

There is little in New York that does not issue out of money. It is not a town of ideas; it is not even a town of causes. But what issues out of money is often extremely brilliant, and I believe that it is more brilliant in New York than it has ever been anywhere else. A truly overwhelming opulence envelops the whole place, even the slums.

The slaves who keep it going may dwell in vile cubicles, but they are hauled to and from their work by machinery that costs hundreds of millions, and when they fare forth to recreate themselves for tomorrow's tasks they are felled and made dumb by a gaudiness that would have floored John Paleologus himself.

Has any one ever figured out, in hard cash, the value of the objects of art stored upon Manhattan Island? I narrow it to painting, and bar out all the good ones. What would it cost to replace even the bad ones? Of all the statuary, bronzes, hangings, pottery, and bogus antiques? Or the tons of bangles, chains of pearls, stomachers, necklaces, and other baubles? Assemble all the diamonds into one colossal stone, and you will have a weapon to slay Behemoth. The crowds pour in daily, bringing the gold wrung from iron and coal, hog and cow. It is invisible, for they carry it in checks, but it is real for all that. Every dollar earned in Kansas or Montana finds its way, soon or late, to New York, and if there is a part of it that goes back, there is also a part of it that sticks.

What I contend is that this spectacle, lush and barbaric in its every detail, offers the material for a great imaginative literature. There is not only gaudiness in it; there is also a hint of strangeness; it has overtones of the fabulous and even of the diabolical.

The thing simply cannot last. If it does not end by catastrophe, then it will end by becoming stale, which is to say, dull. But while it is in full blast it certainly holds out every sort of stimulation that the gifted literatus may plausibly demand. The shocking imbecility of Main Street is there and the macabre touch of Spoon River. But though Main Street and Spoon River have both found their poets, Manhattan is still to be adequately sung. How will the historian of the future get at it, imagining a future and assuming that it will have historians? The story is not written anywhere in the official records. It is not in the files of the newspapers, which reflect only the surface, and not even all of that. It will not go into memoirs, for the actors in the melodramatic comedy have no taste for prose, and moreover they are all afraid to tell what they know. What it needs, obviously, is an imaginative artist. We have them in this bursting, stall-fed land—not many of them, perhaps—not as many as our supply of quacks—but nevertheless we have them. The trouble is that they either hate Manhattan too much to do its portrait, or are so bedazzled by it that their hands are palsied and their parts of speech demoralized. Thus we have the dithyrambs of Manhattan—but no prose.

I hymn the town without loving it. It is immensely amusing, but I see nothing in it to inspire the fragile and shy thing called affection. I can imagine an Iowan loving the black, fecund stretches of his native State, or a New Englander loving the wreck of Boston, or even a Chicagoan loving Chicago, Loop, stockyards and all, but it is hard for me to fancy any rational human being loving New York. Does one love bartenders? Or interior decorators? Or elevator starters? Or the head-waiters of night clubs? No, one delights in such functionaries, and perhaps one respects them and even reveres them, but one does not love them. They are as palpably cold and artificial as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Like it, they are mere functions of solvency. When the sheriff comes in they flutter away. One invests affection in places where it will be safe when the winds blow.

But I am speaking now of spectacles, not love affairs. the spectacle remains—grand and gorgeous, stimulating like the best that comes out of goblets, and none the worse for its sinister smack. The town seizes upon all the more facile and agreeable emotions like band music. It is immensely trashy—but it remains immense. Is it a mere Utopia of rogues, a vast and complicated machine for rooking honest me? I don't think so. The honest man, going to its market, gets value for his money too. It offers him luxury of a kind never dreamed of in the world before—the luxury of being served by perfect and unobtrusive slaves, human and mechanical. It permits him to wallow regally—nay, almost celestially. The Heaven of the Moslems is open to any one who can pay the *couvert* charge and the honorarium of the hat-check girl—and there is a door, too, leading into the Heaven of the Christians, or, at all events, into every part of it save that devoted to praise and prayer. Nor is all this luxury purely physiological. There is entertainment also for the spirit, or for what passes for the spirit when men are happy. There were more orchestral concerts last Winter than anywhere else on earth. The town, as I have said, is loaded with art to the gunwales and is steadily piling more on deck. Is it fecund of ideas? Perhaps. But surely it is not hostile to them. There is far more to the show it offers than watching a pretty gal oscillate her hips; one may also hear some other gal, only a shade less slightly, babble the latest discoveries in antinomianism. All kinds, in brief, come in. There are parts for all in the *Totentanz*, even for moralists to call the figures. But there is, as yet, no recorder to put it on paper. [Antiquity] [Apocalypse] [Power] [Literature] [Suburb]

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, pp. 189-90.

I like to think of all the city microcosms so nicely synchronized though unaware of one another: the worlds of the weight-lifters, yodelers, tugboat captains and sideshow barkers, of the book-dutchers, sparring partners, song pluggers, sporting girls and religious painters, of the dealers in rhesus monkeys and the bishops of churches that they establish themselves under the religious corporations law. It strengthens my hold on reality to know when I awake with a brandy headache in my house which is nine blocks due south of the Chrysler Building and four blocks due east of the Empire State, that Eddie Arcaio, (the jockey, is galloping a horse around the track at Belmont while Ollie Thomas, a colored docker of my acquaintance, is holding a watch on him. I can be sure that Kit Coates, at the Aquarium, is worrying over the liverish deportment of a new tropical fish, that presently Whitey will be laying out the gloves and headguards for the fighters he trains at Stillman's gymnasium, while Miss Ira, the Harlem modiste, will be trying to talk a dark-complexioned girl out of buying herself an orange turban and Hymie the Tumbler ruminates a plan for opening a new night club. It would be easier to predicate the existence of God on such recurrences than on the cracking of ice in ponds, the peeping of spring peepers in their peeperies and the shy green sprigs of poison ivy so well advertised by writers like Thoreau.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 620.

There is something strangely affecting about the last hours of long-lived and famous City institutions. Everything almost exactly as it has always gone on right up to the last minute and then suddenly it stops, never to be again. Whatever such places meant in the lives of many people is only a memory from that moment on. Perhaps it is the sheer ordinariness of such an occasion, observed with the knowledge that it is just about over, that gives it that quality. Or perhaps it is the courage of those who, knowing what is about to happen, go about their jobs almost exactly as they have always gone about them, performing their small functions to the end. [Memory] [Nostalgia]

Philips, p. 223.

Be that as it may the time wasted in New York over waiting for people who are late for their dates, over waiting for elevators, during traffic jams and over answering purely frivolous telephone calls must amount to a

very considerable expenditure if it could be represented in money. Let us put it in another way: If I go to London, or if I go, in Paris, from the South to the North Bank, in both cases on business, I expect to—and I do—get in at least three, but not unusually four, business interviews before lunch and at least two, but quite frequently three, afterwards. In New York if you can manage two before lunch and one afterwards you are lucky, simply because of the difficulty of transit and of synchronization.

Ford, *America*, pp. 76-7.

There is no gauging the time of your arrival at any given point on the ground level of the city. Having an engagement for half-past four in Sixty-fifth Street, I took a taxicab one afternoon at four in Madison Square and arrived at five minutes past five, having traveled at the rate of practically a minute and a half to a block. The same evening I had a date for eight o'clock in the same street. I took a taxi at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Sixth Avenue at seven o'clock and arrived at Sixty-fifth Street at seven-twenty—having to cool my feet for forty minutes outside the house where I was dining and having covered the ground at the rate of practically fifty blocks in twenty minutes.

And this goes millionwise: there must be at present thousands of millions of business hours lost in the city of New York ever year, on the surface of the ground alone.

Ford, *America*, pp. 70-1.

Manhattan demographic dislocations: fluctuating populations from night to night and week to week as the servicemen tided through on their way abroad.

Caldwell, p. 279.

Like all big cities, it consisted of irregularity, change, sliding forward, not keeping in step, collisions of things and affairs, and fathomless points of silence in between, of paved ways and wilderness, of one great rhythmic throb and the perpetual discord and dislocation of all opposing rhythms, and as a whole resembled seething, bubbling fluid in a vessel consisting of the solid materials of buildings, laws, regulations, and historical traditions.

Donleavy, N. pag.

By the end of the nineteenth century, New York was too big and too diverse to be measured in traditional ways. It was impossible to cover its length in a walk, to keep up

with the shops and the social events, to follow all the threads of its daily life.

Hawes, N. pag.

What will finish New York in the end, I suppose, will be an onslaught from without, not from within. The city is the least defensible of great capitals. Give an enemy command of the sea, and he will be able to take it almost as easily as he could take Copenhagen. The strategists of the General Staff at Washington seem to be well aware of this fact, for their preparations to defend the city from a foe afloat have always been half-hearted and lacking in confidence. Captain Stuart Godfrey, U.S.A., is at pains to warn his lay reader that the existing forts protect only the narrow spaces in front of them that "they cannot be expected to prevent the enemy from landing elsewhere." *e.g.*, anywhere along the reaches of the Long Island coast. Once such a landing were effected, the fact that the city stands upon an island, with deep water behind it, would be a handicap rather than a benefit. If it could not be taken and held, it could at least be battered to pieces, and made so untenable. The guns of its own forts, indeed, might be turned upon it, once those forts were open to attack from the rear. After that, the best defenders could do would be to retire to the natural bombproofs in the cellars of Union Hill, N.J., breweries, and there wait for God to deliver them. They might, of course, be able to throw down enough metal from the Jersey heights to prevent the enemy from occupying the city and reopening its theaters and bordellos, but the more successful they were in this enterprise the more cruelly Manhattan would be used.

Altogether, an assault from the sea promises to give the New Yorkers something to think about. Any invader who emptied New York and took the line of the Hudson would have Uncle Sam by the tail, and could enter upon peace negotiations with every prospect of getting very polite attention. The American people, of course, could go on living without New York, but they could not go on living as a great and puissant nation. Steadily, year by year, they have made New York more and more essential to the orderly functioning of the American state. If it were cut off from the rest of the country the United States would be in the hopeless position of a man relieved of his medulla oblongata—that is to say, of a man without even enough equipment left to be a father, a patriot and a Christian.

Nevertheless, it is highly probable that the predestined enemy, when he comes at last, will direct his first and hardest efforts to cutting off New York, and then make some

attempt to keep it detached afterward. This, in fact, is an essential part of the new higher strategy, which is based upon economic considerations, as the old strategy was based upon dynastic considerations. In the Middle Ages, the object of war was to capture and hamstring a king; at present it is to dismember a great state, and so make it impotent. The Germans, had they won, would have broken up the British Empire, and probably detached important territories from France, Italy and Russia, besides gobbling Belgium *in toto*. The French, tantalized by a precarious and incomplete victory, attempted to break up Germany, as they broke up Austria. The chances are that an enemy capable of taking and holding New York would never give it back wholly—that is, would never consent to its restoration to the Union on the old terms. What would be proposed, I venture, would be its conversion into a sort of free state—a new Danzig, perhaps functioning, as now, as the financial and commercial capital of the country, but nevertheless lying outside the bounds politically. This would solve the problem of the city's subsistence, and still enable the conqueror to keep his hold upon it.

It is my belief that the New Yorkers, after the first blush of horror, would agree to the new arrangement and even welcome it. Their patriotism, as things stand, is next to nothing. I have never heard, indeed, of a single honest patriot in the whole town; every last man who pretends to kiss the flag is simply a swindler with something to sell. The indifference to the great heartthrobs of the hinterland is not to be dismissed as mere criminality; it is founded upon the plain and harsh fact that New York is alien to the rest of the country, not only in blood and tastes, but also in fundamental interests—that the sort of life that New Yorkers lead differs radically from the sort of life that the rest of the American people lead, and that their deepest instincts vary with it. The city in truth, already constitutes an independent free state in all save the same. the ordinary American law does not run there, save when it has been specifically ratified, and the ordinary American *mores* are quite unknown there. What passes as virtue in Kansas is regarded as intolerable vice in New York, and *vice versa*. The town is already powerful enough to swing the whole country when it wants to, as it did on the war issue in 1917, but the country is quite impotent to swing the town. Every great wave of popular passion that rolls up on the prairies is dashed to spray when it strikes the hard rocks of Manhattan.

As a free state, licensed to pretty upon the hinterland but unharassed by its Cro-Magnon prejudices and delusions,

New York would probably rise to great heights to very genuine greatness, and perhaps become the most splendid city known to history. For one thing, it would be able, once it had cut the painter, to erect barriers and conditions around the privilege of citizenship, and so save itself from the double flood that now swamps it—first, of broken-down peasants from Europe, and secondly and more important, of fugitive rogues from all the land West and South of the Hudson. Citizenship in New York is now worth no more than citizenship in Arkansas, for it is open to any applicant from Arkansas. The great city-states of history have been far more fastidious. Venice, Antwerp, London, the Hansa towns, Carthage, Tyre, Cnossus, Alexandria—they were all very sniffish. Rome began to wobble when the Roman franchise was extended to immigrants from the Italian hill country, *i.e.*, the Arkansas of that time. The Hansa towns, under the democracy that has been forced upon them, are rapidly sinking to the level of Chicago and Philadelphia. New York, free to put an end to this invasion, and to drive out thousands of the gorillas who now infest it—more, free from the eternal blackmail of laws made at Albany and the Methodist tyranny of laws made at Washington—could face the future with resolution and security, and in the course of a few generations it might conceivably become genuinely civilized. It would still stand as toll-taker on the chief highway of American commerce; it would still remain the premier banker and usurer of the Republic. But it would be loosed from the bonds which now tend to strenuously to drag it down to the level of the rest of the country. Free at last, it could cease to be the auction-room and bawdy-house that it is now, and so devote its brains and energy to the building up of a civilization. [Apocalypse] [Autonomy] [Suburb] [Antiquity] [Power]

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, pp. 185-6

Z - 1939 World's Fair

The decade lost to Scott Fitzgerald's hero—that period of architectural reconstruction between 1929 and 1939—is the one when New York most irrevocably transforms itself. The raising of the Chrysler Building (1930), the Empire State (1931), and Rockefeller Center (completed in 1940) demanded that the city conceive of itself anew. Its heights are the lookouts of scientific prediction, from where it can espy a future designed in its own image. The decade ended with the provisional building of that future, at the New York World's Fair of 1939-40. Going there was time-travel. The Pennsylvania Railroad undertook to speed you "From the World of Today to the World of Tomorrow in ten minutes for ten cents." The route stretched from actual to envisioned New York: the Fair was the city's perfected dream of itself.

Conrad, p. 248.

This Fair, more than had any previous effort, promoted as a major purpose the availability of consumer goods and services. It was a Fair that from the very start viewed the people not only as observers but as potential customers of the products it displayed. Thus, the advertising potential of the Fair and its promotion of the growing consumer culture of the time marked a subtle change in the role of the Fair.

Queens, p. 181.

There was no cynicism. There was no black humor. The human condition, or one's awareness of its problems and inequities, had not reached the point where a sense of the absurd became salvation. It was an absurd world, in its own way, but we loved its flashy, streamlined promises of better things... And so there is more to the sudden passion for the memorabilia of the recent past than mere nostalgia. Nostalgia is a sadly desperate game, an instinctive gut reaction to the fact that we have gone through, and are still going through, a period of shattering change, a destructive, antiheroic, anti-beautiful phase of smashing beliefs, idols and ideals, in a world that offers none of the certainties and standards that kept earlier generations stable in adversity.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, pp. 140-1.

The Fair was one of the conceptual crucibles in which the socio-spatial ideology of post-WWII American urbanism was forged... Probing beneath the Fair's clean, shiny, streamlined lined surfaces, many cultural representations of the Fair exposed various cultural and political contradictions in the Fair's socio-spatial ideology... its techno-rational designs promoted an evolution of democracy that excluded both ethnic minorities and the economically disenfranchised... its streamlined, machine-age aesthetics functioned as an ideological mask for the economic and political interests of corporate capitalism... the Fair's own complex, marginal spaces—such as Salvador Dalí's Dream of Venus exhibit or the Amusement Area—were models for developing alternative counter-hegemonic spatial, political, and urban agendas... Through its numerous, elaborate urban displays, the Fair exposed fairgoers to many trends in architecture and urban planning that would subsequently play a dominant role in the post-WWII restructuring of American cities. It also attempted to endow this new urban ideology with a brilliant utopian aura, fascinated with New York City's newly emerging role as an international capital.

Ibid., p. 30.

The assertion of New York City's importance as a global city. As one advertisement for the exhibit explained, New York City itself was an expression of the future because "no other city had advanced nearly so far along the road that leads to the world of tomorrow." Convinced that both New York City would play a prominent role in defining the world civilization of the future and that the Fair would help design the new urban practices that would make this new world civilization possible, the Fair's designers envisioned the Fair as a place where New York architects and urban planners could "as members of a great metropolis... think for the world at large" and "lay the foundation for a pattern of life which would have an enormous impact and times to come." Thus the Fair's designers endowed the Fair's urban ideology, the ideology that would dominate the spatial restructuring of post-WW II New York City, with the bold utopian significance. In addition to exalting New York City as a paradigmatic city of the future, the Fair also developed bold, futuristic, techno-rational urban utopias that would eventually serve as models for restructuring post WW-II New York City itself. [Empire]

Ibid., p. 30.

The 1939 Fair's urban utopias expressed a deep strain of optimism among fairgoers themselves.

Ibid., p. 35.

Aside from building an enormous amount of tearing down, these last forty-five years have added stylish and mechanical complications to our hysterical society: motion pictures, silent and sound; photoelectric cells; electron beams; radio direction beams; wire photos and electronic television; oil cracking; internal combustion engines, gas, gasoline, and Diesel; automobiles; airplanes; X-rays, gamma rays; radioactivity; the gyrocompass; turbine engine; steam boilers carrying pressures of over 2000 pounds to the square inch; high speed steel and a thousand new and marvelous alloys; vast improvements in the generation and distribution of electricity; synthetic rubber and silk. The colloids and the vitamins have arrived, and we have set foot on a new continent of discoveries in medicine and in the art of surgery. Fantastic inventions have been made in the design and the use of automatic machinery, of gang drills and precision jigs. The breaking down and the synthesis of matter become an accomplished fact. We see the crystal structure of the atom. Also, the site cyclotron has arrived, two hundred and fifty tons of power set to stretch the spectrum, to beat the speed of light. The atom is smashed, and its parts fly to the ends of the universe; an idea thrown into the machine will explode with the kick of a lightning bolt. Many of these things will be shown at the New York World's Fair.

Reisenberg, p. 52.

Jack Womack's *Terraplane: A Futuristic Novel of New York, 1939* sends twenty-first century African American and Russian time travelers back to New York City in 1939. Representing different racial and political ideologies than those of the Fair's designers, these characters frequently point out late-1930s American's racist and exploitative practices, such as its xenophobia, ethnic violence, legalized segregation, and prejudiced legal system. Womack's dehumanized, violent, futuristic characters—who kill people as if they were just “fixing breakfast”—also critique late-1930s America's techno-rational metanarratives... By plotting an alternative, dystopic history of twentieth-century America that extends from the racially segregated streets of 1939 New York City to futuristic, dehumanized extensions of twentieth-century America's military-industrial complex, Womack challenges the Fair's utopian ideology.

Bennett, *Urban*, pp. 65-6.

Construction

Originally known, in popular parlance, as the "Corona Dumps"—1216 ½ acres of primeval bog, spongy marshland, and the accumulated debris and ashes of many years ... The appearance of the site was enough to daunt many of the most optimistic of the officials who fought their way to the ceremonies through the accumulated junk of many decades. It once presented a scene of stagnant pools and muddy runlets, a source of evil odors that threatened asphyxiation to the distressed inhabitants for miles around. Mountains of ashes rose to a height of 100 feet; the topmost peak, waggishly named "Mount Corona," dominated the dismal panorama. A creek called Flushing River meandered through the bog, virtually undisturbed since President Washington crossed it in 1790 to Flushing Bay. The preparation of the site was the largest single reclamation project ever undertaken in the eastern United States. The mountains were leveled and the bogs filled in with almost six million cubic yards of ashes. Over the marshes thus filled in, hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of top soil were deposited and leveled... A massive tide gate and dam were built to regulate water levels of the Fair-created lakes and the lagoon and to control the tide waters of Flushing Bay. By the end of March 1937 the area was leveled, filled and graded, ready for construction and planting. "From dump to glory."

Monaghan, p. 18.

For the landscaping of the Fair grounds, a forest of trees began moving toward the site. Experts, equipped with large books giving the sizes, shapes, and kinds of trees required, had been scouring the country for hundreds of miles around. They had catalogued upward of 10,000 available trees. In the largest mass movement of the kind on record, railroad flat cars and motor trucks began rolling toward New York bearing a wide variety of full-grown trees, some weighing as much as twenty-five tons and having a height of more than fifty feet. Following one-way streets and guided by police cars, most of the trucks passed through New York City in the early hours of the morning, reaching their destination before daylight.

[Nature]

Teale, pp. 35-8

Trylon and Perisphere

The *needle* and the *globe* represent the two extremes of Manhattan's formal vocabulary and describe the outer limits of its architectural choices. The needle is the thinnest, least voluminous structure to mark a location within the Grid. It combines maximum physical impact with a negligible consumption of ground. It is, essentially, a building without an interior. The globe is, mathematically, the form that encloses the maximum interior volume with the least external skin. It has a promiscuous capacity to absorb objects, people, iconographies, symbolisms; it relates them through the mere fact of their coexistence in its interior. In many ways, the history of Manhattanism as a separate, identifiable architecture is a dialectic between these two forms, with the needle wanting to become a globe and the globe trying, from time to time, to turn into a needle—a cross-fertilization that results in a series of successful hybrids in which the needle's capacity for attracting attention and its territorial modesty are matched with the consummate receptivity of the sphere. [Grid]

Koolhaas, p. 27.

The Perisphere has hollowed out Hood's globe and made it habitable. Now people can enter it and travel within it into the future. Implantation makes the globe an egg. The Perisphere is the womb of time, engendering the future. Its ovoid shape offers us, when we enter it, the safety of regression and the comfort of going round in circles. Everything in it was constructed circularly. Democracy was laid out in concentric rings, its outer edges expanding from a downtown area called Centerton, and visitors saw it from cradling, revolving balconies. The Perisphere has, however, interrupted the present in order to give it rebirth as the future.

Conrad, p. 264.

A sphere and a pylon like a cock and balls. An erection in Flushing Meadow Park. Imagined it so green with milk and honey and all the people of the world walked around with white angels landing on their arms and sticking lollypops of any flavour they wanted right in their mouths.

Donleavy, *N. pag.*.

The Trylon and Perisphere: based on a pair of gas storage tanks at the corner of York Avenue and 62nd Street.
N. cit.

The Trylon: 700 feet high; The Perisphere 200 feet in diameter, 18 stories high, broad as a city block, its interior more than twice the size of Radio City Music Hall. Monaghan, p. 43.

Trylon: from "tri," the three sides of the structure, and "pylon," indicating its use as the monumental gateway to the Theme Building. Perisphere: from "peri," meaning "beyond, all around."
Ibid., p. 43.

Inside the Perisphere: "Democracity," a panorama. Daylight bustling city, broad highways traverse expansive areas of vivid green countryside, connecting outlying industrial towns with the city's heart. After two minutes, night comes; workers march to the strains of a symphony and grow larger. The workers symbolize a group which makes the creation of a city possible. [Robert Moses]
Ibid., p. 43.

The Perisphere's theme music is composed by William Grant Still—jazzy, tonic, light. The selection committee, in searching for a composer, listened to recordings on file at CBS radio without knowing who the composer was. The judges narrowed their choices to two works, "Lenox Avenue" and "A Deserted Plantation," which turned out to be by the same composer, William Grant Still. The theme song, "Rising Tide," was played continually in the Perisphere by an orchestra that was assembled and directed by André Kostelanetz.

Ibid., p. 65.

William Grant Still (May 11, 1895 – December 3, 1978) was an African-American classical composer who wrote more than 150 compositions. He was the first African-American to conduct a major American symphony orchestra, the first to have a symphony (his first symphony) performed by a leading orchestra, the first to have an opera performed by a major opera company, and the first to have an opera performed on national television. He is often referred to as "the Dean" of African-American composers.

"William Grant Still," N. pag..

Color and Light

Only the Perisphere and Tryon, at the center of the

Fair, are in pure white.
Monaghan, p. 24.

From almost any point of entrance, the New York World's Fair assaults the beholder as a carnival of color in architecture. Great stretches of eye-filling hues, canary yellow, orange, blue, green, and rose, carry the eye along unbroken wall surfaces, set among fountains and lawns, and softened by long vistas of tree-lined avenues. From the central axis, dominated by the pearl-white Perisphere and the slender, sky-piercing Trylon, more than five hundred tints and shades contribute to the palette which the Fair has devised to depict the World of Tomorrow.
Harding, p. 193.

Fourteen buildings, including the flood-lighted Perisphere in the Fair's theme center, were thrown into partial darkness and several lost the service of their air-conditioning equipment when a main feed line supplying the power failed. Democracy, the exhibition in the Perisphere, was unaffected but the globe's exterior lost a good part of its purple glow.
N. cit.

In the Fair's color scheme, an unstained whiteness was reserved for the Trylon and Perisphere. The rest of the Theme Center had dimmed into off-white. From there, the white radiance of this eternity was fractured into the variegation of the world. Each of the red, gold, and blue avenues that set out from the Theme Center, like rays from a white-hot but also lucidly cool sun, had its own color. At their ends these thoroughfares converged in the prism of Rainbow Avenue. The Fair's layout follows the career of light from white immanence on high at its center to the polychrome hues of this world around the edges. This white city prohibited fear, anxiety, and mystery, the incubi of the dark. The Con Ed diorama boasted of their abolition: "This is / The City of Light, / Where night never comes." This confidence was soon daunted. Even before the Fair had been dismantled, New York was subscribing to another image of itself—as a defiled and enshrouded place, a guilty city of immitigable night.
Conrad, p. 270.

Visual restrictions: "There shall be no signs in neon lights, no red lighting on any part of the building, and no names of exhibitors more than fifteen feet off the ground." The result is that the Fair controls absolutely the

integral effect of its own night-lighting and its own skyline as the designers conceived it. The crude glare of the average American city by night and the blatant hodgepodge of the skyline by day are, therefore, entirely subordinated as to civilized an effect of power and beauty, of significantly emphasized highlights, as any American has ever seen in any city in United States.

Harding, pp. 193-200.

The first general exposure to fluorescent lights. Throughout the grounds, white fluorescent tubes lit pathways. Colored fluorescent light backlit murals, illuminated signs, and highlighted walls. Whether concealed recessed, or ghosting structural details, they created sleek, striking effects.

Brox, p. 212.

Throughout the Fair, gas is used extensively in the form of open flames to secure that lambent movement and ruddy softness obtainable in no other way.

Monaghan, p. 39.

Preeminent among all the satisfying beauties to the average beholder is the lavish use of color. Under its spell great areas of wall surface lose their monotony and the flatness of buildings seldom more than fifty feet high is enlivened vitality and beauty. At night capillary mercury tubes and mercury vapor lamps are used on a scale that revolutionizes all our ideas of the use of light. A softened but brilliant radiance, with no glare or concentrated intensity, diffuses light over color in a way that makes the color produce its own life. The beauty of the central Ballet of the Fountains, where living flames play among the water jets, and streams of water fifty feet into the air as a hidden symphony orchestra players, color adds the final touch—one of the most superlatively beautiful sites we shall ever see. The fountains, played like a great organ, change from rose to amber to a rainbow of all colors to purest white again, in forms of dramatic and indescribable beauty.

Harding, p. 199.

Architecture / City

On the day the World's Fair opened, Mayor La Guardia nominated New York itself as one of the exhibits.

Kriendler, p. 119.

In view of the proximity of the Fair site to New York City with its towering skyscrapers, it was deemed absurd to build a "skyscraper" Fair. By way of contrast a "flat" exposition, consisting largely of one-story structures, was constructed.

Monaghan, p. 20.

There as an absolute conviction that buildings must be made to look what they are—temporary exhibit structures. No imitations either of historic architecture or imitations of permanent materials were permitted.

Ibid., p. 20.

Since it was decided to emphasize the frankly temporary nature of the buildings, they were constructed with large blank wall surfaces and without the superposition of meaningless architectural forms. The barren aspect of the blank surfaces was overcome through the application of sculpture, murals, and shadows cast by vines and tree groups arranged near the buildings... The Board of Design wished to achieve "unity without uniformity."

Ibid., p. 21.

There are no windows in Fair-built buildings... because of the great amount of space that would be "lost" as exhibit space in the buildings if windows were installed. Another factor to be considered that the huge areas of glass in buildings in this climate would render them insufferably hot in summertime. Virtually all Fair-erected buildings are artificially illuminated and ventilated. (cf. Hawes: "Sutton Place building code: no windows north are allowed." [Architecture])

Ibid., p. 20.

Both New York's combustible summer and its libidinal night are laboratories for metamorphosis—of staid daytime citizens into savages of uncontrollable id; of the city, which the World's Fair promised would be an electronic heaven, into our mutual hell, where the dark is aglow with flame, not light.

Conrad, p. 295.

Here a Glass House under a microscope shows how plumbing fixtures operate, how heat is created and conveyed through the house, and how you get water from faucets. The relationship of valves, fittings and piping to modern living.

Ibid., pp. 74-5.

Coming in, let us say, from the Interborough gate, on the northwest side, you get a breath-taking first impression of the amazing uses to which the architects of the Fair have put the tools of the present in projecting, on these once flat and dreary marshes, their ideals of the city of the future. Tall pylons carry the eye over the flat roofs of the exhibition buildings. Great domelike structures, bisected and connected on the flat side with huge ramps to the ground, invite you to the massive buildings of the big exhibitors. Arclike roofs resembling huge railway stations loom in the transportation section. Bold masses of color catch the light everywhere. Dominating the skyline, as you look from the adjacent Perisphere toward the massive bulk of the United States Government Building far down the central axis of the Fair, protrude the heroic statue of star-bearing young Russia, Italia seated on a pyramid throne, the bronze-hued glass tower of Poland, and the solid, superbly located mass of the British building. To the far left rises, like a rococo mausoleum, the beautifully proportioned little turret of the League of Nations building; on the far right, across Fountain Lake, are the gemlike roofs and tortured ironwork of the Amusement Zone.

Harding, p. 193.

Politics

Palestine Exhibits, Inc.: Because of its significance as an answer to the charge of unproductiveness leveled against the Jew, the Palestine Exhibit has received the united support of the Jews of America.

Monaghan, p. 84.

In his dedication of the Palestine Pavilion at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair, Albert Einstein criticized how the Fair "projected the world of men like a wishful dream" by exhibiting modern civilization's "creative forces" while hiding its "sinister and destructive ones which today more than ever jeopardize the happiness, the very existence of civilized humanity."

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 38.

La Guardia proposed a Chamber of Horrors be built for the 1939 World's Fair, depicting all that was evil in Nazi Germany.

Diehl, p. 19.

Mayor La Guardia announces that he will not allow Germany to mount an exhibit at the World's Fair next year, and if somehow Germany is able to have an exhibit that he will put a wax effigy of Adolf Hitler in a Museum of Horrors; he calls Hermann Goering a "perverted maniac." Goering vows to bomb New York from Governors Island to Rockefeller Center "to stop somewhat the mouths of the arrogant people over there." The German consulate in Manhattan demands police protection against possible attacks from angered Jews, and La Guardia sends Jewish cops to stand guard.

Trager, p. 506.

Conspicuously missing from the Hall of Nations is Germany. USSR, Italy and Japan are included.

Monaghan, p. 67.

A bomb that had been taken from the British Pavilion at the World's Fair exploded in the faces of four detectives, killing two of them. Bundists, Fascists or members of the Christian Front were suspected.

Duffy, *Double Agent*, p. 172.

Virtually all of the new urban and suburban spaces, from Levittown to Stuyvesant Town were racially segregated. Futurama and Democracy neither acknowledged nor attempted to redress these kinds of racial issues. Just as the Fair presented a brave new vision of the world of tomorrow, but only to those who could afford its steep admission fees and concession charges, post-WWII American urbanism also enabled the predominantly white middle-class to escape a little farther from the city while trapping other lower-class and racial minorities within embattled inner-city ghettos. Thus the Fair's utopian promises were both selectively made and selectively fulfilled.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, pp. 36-7.

Seminole Village Indians recognize no authority other than that vested in their chiefs, and consequently are permitted to have their own police force and jail at the Fair.

Monaghan, p. 50.

The American religion paraded its eschatological predictions and deep utopian faith most memorably and definitively at the 1939 New York World's Fair. The Fair

was a credo in stucco and steel... as such that World's Fair is important to any credible effort at deciphering modern America... it is essential that we understand Democracy city if we are to understand the Fair... Democracy's utopian world of tomorrow amounts, in essence, to the modern suburbs.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 27.

La Guardia's pre-World's Fair crackdown on gay bars in the 1930s.

Chauncey, *Gay New York*, 1994.

Exhibit

Here are strange people from remote lands which you have read about: pygmies, for instance, from the dark forests of central Africa, where mysterious rivers flow in the eternal shadow of impenetrable foliage; Ubangi tribesmen from French Equatorial Africa, strange black beings with enormous distended lips; headhunters, too... fierce savages from Masambo and the Congo; and here you may stare in awe at the giraffe-necked women from Padeung, in the mysterious north of India.

Monaghan, p. 33.

Frank (Bring 'em Back Alive) Buck has made his greatest capture. He has brought the whole jungle back alive to the Fair. Here are thousands of rare specimens of wild life from the jungles... 1,000 rhesus monkey living on a miniature mountain... Apart from the jungle camp inhabited by native hunters there is a special feature exhibit of trained animals where it is shown to what extent savage beasts can be "educated."

Ibid., p. 41.

Nature's Mistakes: An assemblage of animal freaks from all corners of the world... housed in an auditorium with a maze-like pit area where the freaks move about in seeming freedom. There you see a hog without any ham, a bull with elephant feet, a steer with its heart in its neck, a cat with 28 toes and 28 claws, a bull with human skin (so transparent that veins are visible, insured by Lloyd's of London for \$15,000)... None of these animals have been mutilated to make freaks.

Ibid., p. 46.

Strange As It Seems: Founded on the familiar

publications of John Hix in newspapers throughout the country, the show comprises thirty-two acts featuring the strange people depicted in the cartoons by Mr. Hix. Here also are showcases filled with curious objects obtained from all over the world. The show includes genuine Igerots, savage natives from North Luzon, Philippine Islands; pygmies from Batwa, Central Africa (the smallest human beings known); genuine Duckbill Ubangis from Shari country, French Equatorial Africa; headhunters from Congo and Masambo; the Jivaro and Phantom Indians of Ecuador; two genuine natives of the Cameroons, their faces covered with tribal makings; six Icelandic albinos, with white hair and pink eyes; giraffe-necked women from Padeung, north-eastern section of India; and two Romanian sister giantesses, the tallest women in the world.

Ibid., pp. 51-2.

The Infant Incubator Company Building (Skidmore and Owings, John Moss) was a structure designed to take care of premature babies. 8,000 babies are brought into the World's Fair to live for the first few weeks of their lives.

Ibid., p. 57.

We Humans: This is neither a mystery show nor one offering gruesome thrills, but its nature is such that it mustn't be divulged ahead of time. This much may be said, however: you'll enjoy We Humans, a biological surprise exhibit.

Ibid., p. 64.

A galaxy of midget stars dressed in immaculate white costumes... offering a variety of entertainment. Between performances they are kept busy packing giant cartons of "Krispy Crackers" and other Sunshine products.

Ibid., p. 82.

Living Magazine Covers: Jack Sheridan's eight-minute show presents beautiful girls in person whom the artists for magazine covers have made nationally famous. The show is accompanied by music and trick lighting. Titles identify the magazines represented.

Ibid., p. 44.

In a block of ice appears a living model who tells the story of refrigeration of tomorrow.

Ibid., p. 82.

Clad in an abbreviated bathing suit, a beautiful girl is entombed in a solid cake of crystal-clear ice weighing 1,400 pounds. Without resorting to legerdemain or any special preparations this young woman is able to remain for long periods at a time in her frigid person. Special lighting and the clearness of the ice enable you to observe the Arctic Girl closely, and by means of a microphone and amplifiers you may converse with her. Only her ability to produce self-hypnosis makes possible this seeming, icy contradiction.

Ibid., p. 35.

True enough, stalwart Amazons do not stalk militantly over a gigantic, legendary country but pursue arts and sports... young athletic women whose sole purpose is to display the harmony and beauty of the perfect feminine physique in action. Dressed as gladiators they perform.

Ibid., p. 34.

Famous industrial designer Norman Bel Geddes uses one-way mirrors in a circular room thirty feet in diameter. A single dancing girl appears to be a whole chorus of World's Fairettes. Six hundred people are able to see the show from three levels through the transparent-reflecting glass walls, which repeat the image at least sixty times.

[Reflection] [Mirror]

Ibid., p. 35.

The Consumers Building is, indeed, the most nearly empty shell of all.

Harding, p. 196.

The nickel is a coin no one recognizes at the Fair.

Ibid., p. 197.

The Fair pipes in city water free and charges what the concessionaires consider a stiff price for it.

Ibid., p. 198.

For the first time the salesman is subordinate to the industrial designer, engineer, the architect, scientist, and the research man.

Ibid., p. 195.

Celotex Traffic Top, a "new material that takes the strain out of walking" covers the Fair. "It is safe to say that this innovation has done its part to reverse the familiar expression often heard at previous fairs—"I'm too

tired, let's go home" to "Let's stay and see the show."
(cf. Kasson on Luna Park's disdain for seated customers:
"When people sat down, they would immediately dispatch a
band of musicians to the scene in attempt to rouse their
customer's spirits and thus bring them to their feet."
[Coney Island])

Ibid., p. 56.

The Borden exhibit sells Mel-o-rols, highly engineered
ice cream cones, flat on the bottom, designed to accept a
horizontal cylinder of vanilla, chocolate or strawberry ice
cream on top.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 28.

Simulacra

The Fair's urban dioramas simply expressed an already
existent, widespread, popular desire for their utopian
urbanism without adequately considering how the Fair's
spectacular urban simulacra also helped construct and
produce that desire.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 37.

The predominance of nostalgia in 1939: "The tintype
photographer is on hand to portray visitors as they would
have looked in 1853, 1876, 1893 and 1915. The mustachioed
soda fountain clerk dispenses the soda delights of bygone
eras."

Monaghan, p. 41.

Under the supervision of George Jessel, famous actor,
Old New York presents an entertainment program staged and
styled in the manner of The Gay Nineties. Here is New York
of a bygone era, its streets lighted by gas; horsecars,
hansom cabs, and patrol wagons clatter over its
cobblestones... In the ghetto restaurant, short orders of
food are relayed to the cook in the most amusing manner,
while "Nigger" Mike features a score of singing waiter.
Other attractions include... a police station and night court
where rowdies and petty offenders are tried.

Ibid., p. 48.

Jessel sometimes appeared in blackface in his Vaudeville
shows. By the late 1960s he had gained a reputation as
being overly indulgent in reminiscing about former
companions who were little known by a younger audiences.
Walter Winchell once said of him, "That son of a bitch

started to reminisce when he was eight years old."

"George Jessel (actor)." *Wikipedia*.

Morris Gest's Little Miracle Town, occupying 36,000 square feet was brought over from Europe by a specially chartered ship. A miniature community, complete in every detail even to the diminutive organ in the church, its one hundred and twenty-five midget inhabitants have their own tiny restaurant, their city hall, their own theatre, art gallery, and railroad station. Other features include a midget circus, motion picture studio, garage, radio station, ballroom, guard barracks, Punch and Judy show, and toy and doll factory. Morris Gest toured all Europe to secure the greatest "little people" for Little Miracle Town.

Ibid., p. 44.

In February of 1921, Gest filed a \$5,000,000 damage suit against Henry Ford for an article, "How Jews Capitalized a Protest Against Jews," which had referred to him as "a Russian Jew who has produced the most salacious spectacles ever shown in America," and which accused him of abandoning his Russian parents. Mr. Gest was livid, saying to the press, "I'll make that Peace Ship Henry pay dearly for what he said, and more, I'll make him eat his own words." In an official response, Liebhold responded simply, "Mr. Gest will be ignored." The suit was eventually abandoned. [Unrest] [Anti-Semitism]

Ford, "How Jews," N. pag..

Located in the rear of a Fair building is the only wheat field sown and cultivated in New York City in 68 years.

Monaghan, p. 86.

Sun Valley: Here, throughout the summer, a snowstorm is realistically depicted every evening.

Ibid., p. 66.

The road to Tomorrow leads through the chimney pots of Queens. It's a long familiar journey, through Mulsified Shampoo and Mobilgas, through Bliss Street, Kix, Astring-O-Sol, and the Majestic Auto Seat Covers... through Musterole and the delicate pink blossoms on the fruit trees in the ever-hopeful back yards of the populous borough, past Zemo, Alka-Seltzer... and the clothes that fly bravely on the line under the trees with the new little green leaves in Queens' incomparable springtime.

Brox, p. 211.

For E.B. White, the Fair seemed to be "merely Heinz jousting with Beech-Nut—the same old contest on a somewhat larger field with accommodations for more spectators, and rather better facilities all around."

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 39.

Art

The New York cultural avant-garde almost unanimously opposes International Style modernist corporate skyscrapers on both aesthetic and political grounds. What others see as a brave, new utopian city—the rationalized, radiant, rectilinear city of tomorrow promised by the World's Fair—the avant-garde attacks as a brutal inscription of the political economy of post World War II corporate America.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 54.

1939 marks the appearance of William de Kooning and Arshele Gorky [*sic*] as muralists at The Fair.

Monaghan, N. pag..

de Kooning receives a commission to design one of three murals for the Hall of Pharmacy at the World's Fair... The Hall of Pharmacy is allotted an auspicious location just off the Long Island Expressway, which skirts the fairgrounds.

Stevens & Swan, pp. 149, 151.

Salvador Dalí's Living Pictures: A series of living pictures, executed in three dimensions... In front of the spectator is a long animated panorama that includes a thirty-foot glass and steel tank filled with water, at the bottom of which is a room from a "Dream House." (c.f. La Monte Young's years'-long light and sound installation of the same name, begun 1994). Lovely diving girls plunge into the tank and by their actions seem to reveal the secrets of some dreams. The representations includes Dalí's famous "Soft Watches," "Piano Women," "Anthropomorphic Seaweed," Exploding Giraffes," a cow at the bottom of the sea, a couch in the shape of Garbo's lips, and of course his "Living Liquid Ladies."

Monaghan, p. 49.

Dalí's "Dream of Venus" provides a prototype for the complex aesthetic strategies that the post-WWII New York avant-garde developed to deconstruct the neo-Corbusian

restricting of. The opposition between the Fair's techno-rational urban dioramas and Dalí's surrealist architecture not only illustrates an incipient form of the cultural antagonisms that subsequently emerged in, but it also helps demonstrate how the historical evolution of the post-WWII New York avant-garde was intimately connected to an on-going intellectual discussion about the nature of both space in general and urban space in particular.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 48.

Replica of Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. Performers include Chick Webb, Erskine Hawkins, Duke Ellington and Johnny [sic] Lunceford.

Monaghan, p. 49.

Conducted by The Academy of American Poets, the contest for the Official Poems of the New York World's Fair closed on March 15, 1939. 6,175 manuscripts were received. These came from every state and from American citizens living in Great Britain, Italy, France, Finland and Peru... The poem was judged by William Rose Benét, Theodore Roosevelt and Louis Untermeyer.

Academy, N. pag..

The names of the final poems: "World of Tomorrow," "The World of Tomorrow," "The World of Tomorrow," "Tomorrow," and "Tomorrow, America."

Ibid.

The official poems was "World of Tomorrow" by Pearl E. Levison (P. Earl), later known as Pearl London. The poem was read on the radio by Orson Welles, with whom she was photographed.

Ibid.

"World of Tomorrow" by Pearl E. Levison
Here on island (*O connect here for all points of your travel*)

With many bridges extending: Triborough, Queensboro
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Whitestone, iron harps suspended:
Here at hub of island with many spokes converging:
Radio, cable, wire bearing more than sparrow;
Train, bus, tug, trawler, clipper with bellied sail,
This is the achievement: this is tomorrow.

Ibid.

Probably more kinds of beauty were concentrated in the World of Tomorrow (1939-40) than had ever been seen by mortal eyes.

Rodgers, p. 345.

Coda

Sometimes at night I lie awake in the dark and try to recapture the vision and sound of The World of Tomorrow. I try to remember how the pastel lighting glowed on Mad Meadow in Flushing: soft greens, orange, yellow, and red; blue moonglow on the great Perisphere and on the ghostly soaring Trylon. I think with a sense of sweetened pain of nights when I sat by Flushing River and saw The World of Tomorrow reflected on its onyx surface, in full color, and upside down. I try to recall the sounds, the carillon from the Garden of the Netherlands, chimes from Belgium's Tower. I know now that under the white carnation won by Grover Whalen, Great White Feather of The Fen, beat the heart of a major poet. I muse, sometimes, on the distant day when archeologists shall dig up the Time Capsule where the Westinghouse Building stood on the Fair Grounds. I wonder if they will be able to reconstruct the Great White Father's World as it really was, if they will be able to picture it swarming with pilgrims awed by his handiwork, if they will realize it was a place somewhat more astonishing than the world into which Alice stepped on the far side of the looking glass.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 247.

Externally, the Grand Central Terminal resembled a Palace of Industry in some nonexistent World's Fair. But was not New York itself becoming the universal expositions, the world's international playground?

N. cit.

It is possible that the final city, the City of Tomorrow only faintly visible in the embryo of New York, will be so constructed that the cost, in energy, to maintain life, will be less than at an outside point? On an average, people assembled in cities eat too much, if statistics are true. In the future city this may be changed. Ideal air and temperature balances will reduce the desire for caloric feeding. There will be less close eating and more idealistic drinking, not necessarily alcoholic; maybe a matter of skin absorption through gaseous as well as liquid painting. The common plate of ham and beans will eventually

go into the garbage can, to the delight of billions of unborn hogs and the abolition of our reeking slaughterhouses.

Reisenberg, p. 64.

Within a few days after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese Pavilion at the World's Fair was dismantled ... The famous Japanese Garden in Brooklyn's Botanical Garden would be renamed the Oriental Garden ... A Japanese garden, one of the twelve that made up Rockefeller Center's "Gardens of the Nations" located on a setback on the eleventh floor of the RCA Building, was shorn of its chrysanthemums and replaced by a Chinese garden dedicated to Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Diehl, pp. 67-8.

Con Edison's "Edison Man," a quarter-ton brass, copper and aluminum sculpture that was a part of the "City of Light" exhibit at the 1939 World's Fair was sacrificed during WWII.

Diehl, p. 165.

The Trylon and Perisphere were demolished and melted down to make weapons during World War II.

Samuel, p. 18.

At dawn, now, night herons flap over the marshes to feed in the waters on Grover Whalen's vanished World of Tomorrow on Flushing Meadow. Pheasants light in tall, swaying meadow grasses to hunt for weed seeds and for insects. Cottontails break from brush and hedge; show their white flags in hoppity flight. Beside the rustic summer house on the edge of the old Gardens on Parade—the Queens Botanic Gardens now—a wild duck has laid seven large eggs in ground ivy. A few weeks ago majestic swans sailed down from April skies to light in Flushing Creek. Wee things creep in the grass. Wild birds whistle and flute in old Fair-ground trees. Fishermen plod to the meadow to dangle bait in the creek, in old Fountain Lake and in Willow Lake just beyond the stretch where the Amusement Center made brazen clamor nineteen years ago. The anglers catch carp, catfish and sunnies. In twilight, frogs swell their throats in batrachian chorus. From early morning into early evening, from fifty to sixty old men and women come each day to the Meadow with burlap bags slung from their shoulders to search in dandelion-starred greensward for dandelion greens and for button mushrooms. They look like Millet's rustics-figures in "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus." Park Department foresters prune the Meadow's pin oaks, red

maples and weeping willows on the 1,200 odd acres where Mr. Whalen's gardener-army planted them nineteen years ago. The paved roads that ran between glowing World Fair pavilions are carefully patched, but weeds grow in the cracks as in a ghost city. The new World's Fair in Brussels seems to have made people think of yesterday's World of Tomorrow. They wander on the Meadow in vain search for the buildings that wrote lambent loveliness against the sky there in 1939 and 1940. Only two structures still stand: the Building of the City of New York and Billy Rose's Aquacade. The city operates roller- and ice skating rinks in the New York building at night and police rookies study there by day. On summer nights, water shows are staged in the Aquacade and children use the pool up to noon. But of the dream houses that stood in the meadow—the Futurama, the pallid Trylon and Perisphere, all the pastel pavilions—there is no sign. Local hausfraus set up easels and paint the gardens and the lakes. Amateur botanists, including women deep in the winter years, look after the rock-garden plantings. One great patch near the old Gardens on Parade throbs with the color of 12,000 enormous tulips, a gift of Louis Dupuy, a greenhouse man in Whitestone. Azaleas flame at wide intervals over the whole meadow. No other green spot so close to granite-towered Manhattan has quite the sylvan lure of the old Fair grounds. It is a place to dream on a spring or summer day among the grasses, beside the creek or on the lake banks, with bird music pulsing all about. El train rumble comes in like mild thunder from the Roosevelt Avenue trestle, but only after wide silences. By-and-by you come upon a dark marble cylinder that reaches up out of the meadow. Its inscription says: "This Time Capsule deposited fifty feet beneath this spot by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company on September 23, 1938. Preserving for The Future a record of the History, Faiths, Arts, Sciences and Customs of the People then alive... Scientists and Engineers designed it, Scholars chose its contents... to endure for 5,000 years."

Berger, *New York*, pp. 263-4.

1960 not only seemed like a brilliant, glittering, dream from the perspective of 1939, but looking back, 1960 was a brilliant glittering dream. The Fair kept its promises. So many of its predictions came true.

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 36.

Postscript

And the "Rhapsody in Blue" orchestration swells. The film cuts to a magnificent skyline of Manhattan, the early-morning sun casting it almost in silhouette; the sun sets in another, a different, skyline, and, finally, Manhattan is shown at night, its buildings and bridges illuminated with thousands of lights. "Rhapsody in Blue" reaches a crescendo as the film cuts to a black background, white credits popping on and off the screen.

Allen & Brickman, *Manhattan*, p. 271.

Part 2

Interlude

At 5 A.M. Manhattan is a town of tired trumpet players and homeward-bound bartenders. Pigeons control Park Avenue and strut unchallenged in the middle of the street. Most *night* people are out of sight—but the *day* people have not yet appeared.

Talese, pp. 9-11.

At 5 A.M. the Broadway regulars have gone home or to all-night coffee shops where, under the glaring light, you see their whiskers and wear... You also see cleaning lades going home, always wearing kerchiefs.

Ibid., pp. 9-11.

We would watch the sky lighten and have a last drink with no ice and then go home in the early morning light, when the streets were clean and wet (had it rained in the night? we never knew) and the few cruising taxis still had their headlights on and the only color was the red and green of the traffic signals... I liked the bleak branches above Washington Square at dawn, and the monochromatic flatness of Second Avenue, the fire escapes and the grilled storefronts peculiar and empty in their perspective.

Didion, "Goodbye," p. 174.

Toward dawn, as if released at the rasp of iron hinges, succubae and incubi fly out: nightmare thoughts, in check during the day, point with skeletal fingers to remorse, death, and vanity, their victims everywhere—tossing alone in bed, staring at the ceiling beside a snoring stranger, or plodding home after the bartender jerks on the lights and watched the deflated customers file out.

Caldwell, p. 2.

As late as even five o'clock the milk man in the quiet streets is a symbol and mystery. By six o'clock he is a common purveyor.

Strunsky, p. 706.

Down below, there flows the stream of humanity. At first, before dawn, there is a blackish-purplish mass of Negroes, who carry out the most arduous and dismal tasks.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 47.

At 5 A.M. it is mostly quiet. New York is an entirely different city at 5 A.M.

Talese, pp. 9-11.

It is five a.m. Something of the burden of the city has been lifted. The air is light. The heart seems freed. I feel happy to be walking. I love the space and the quietness. I have got rid of the idea of going to bed, got rid of the routine of daily life. New York and its millions, its wealth, its mysteries, are mine. There is a sense of conquest. The bustle has died down and I am still walking. The majority of people are asleep—but I am not the least sleepy. It seems as if life has just begun. I am dancing on a sprunged floor.

Graham, pp. 36-52.

Five A.M. and waiting for the light at Times Square, a black guy runs up to my window.

Weideman, p. 9.

Open Air Canteen at Broadway and 47th Street at five in the morning. Bryant Park... same time.

Weegee, *Naked*, pp. 30-1.

5:23 A.M. The sky is gray-blue now. Empty buildings stand like cardboard cutouts against the slowly brightening day. A sleeper on one of the benches stretches slowly. The day is at hand.

Philips, p. 28.

The sun has barely come up even with the rooftops.

Ibid., p. 111.

Few city residents awake to see the sunrise. Almost no one notices the daily rise and fall of the tides on the Hudson River.

Mittlebach, p. 1.

The sunrises (I saw them) are admirable: in a violet fog or dull atmosphere the solar fanfare bursts forth like a salvo, raw and clean, on the surface of one tower, then another, then many others. An Alpine spectacle which lights up the vast horizon of the city. Rose crystals, rose stone. There are tiaras over it, sometimes gold-colored, and not at all comic in effect but often beautiful.

Corbusier, p. 66.

It is about five-thirty in the morning. We drive down lower Broadway. There are two black doors at 653. We go in the door. It was Infinity. There are two thousand guys.

Haden-Guest, p. 16.

Creatures of the night, they cower and dissolve the incoming of the light. The yellow glare of their oil-torches and the ghastly violet-blue of their vacuum tubes pale, flicker, and go out before the onrush of dawn.

Strunsky, p. 697.

When the long attended hour of sunrise approaches, they are appalled by the absence of even the slightest indication of the reappearance of the orb of day. There is no lightening of the dense cloak of darkness, and the great city seems dead.

Serviss, p. 60.

Dawn in New York groans
on enormous fire escapes
Reznikoff, p. 97.

At 6 A.M. the early workers begin to push up from the subways. The traffic begins to move down Broadway like a river.

Talese, pp. 9-11.

Have you ever arisen at dawn or earlier in New York and watched the outpouring in the meaner side-streets or avenues? It is a wondrous thing. It seems to have so little to do with the later, showier, brisker life of the day, and yet it has so very much. It is in the main so drab or shabby-smart at best, poor copies of what you see done more efficiently later in the day. Typewriter girls in almost stage or society costumes entering shabby offices; boys and men made up to look like actors and millionaires turning into the humblest institutions,

where they are clerks or managers. These might be called the machinery of the city, after the elevators and street cars and wagons are excluded, the implements by which things are made to go.

Dreiser, p. 5.

Six in the morning. Thunder and rain. It's dark, and it'll stay dark until midday.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 46.

The gray of dawn overtakes the armies from the markets, the car-barns, and the excavation pits in full retreat from the ferries, the bridges, and along the main arteries to the crowded sections where the early risers live. They scatter in every direction, weary, heavy-eyed, with no sense of defeat in their souls. They throng to the ferries to lose themselves in the mysterious wilds of Jersey. Their cavalry and train rumbles down empty Broadway to South Ferry. They pour eastward toward the bridges where they lose themselves in the sellers and ramshackle corner booths of the East Side. They plunge into the subway and, stretched out at full length in the illuminated spaciousness of the Interborough's cars, they pass off into the sleep which falls alike upon the just and unjust, contrary to general supposition... The beauty of New York rising to meet a new day is for these lowly workers, and for the unfortunates who stay out in the night not to work but to sleep, because night in the open are their refuge.

Strunsky, pp. 704-5.

As daylight begins to fall on the city, their buckets will clatter in the halls, and downstairs their hollow voices will echo through the marble corridors.

Talese, pp. 33-35.

He says, I wonder what the red sky means. I look up and the sky has a red pale glow on the bellies of clouds. It is getting towards dawn.

Wojnarowicz, p. 175.

The tremulous milky gray of the firmament followed by the red flush of daylight is reserved in New York for the truck-farmer from the suburbs, the drayman, the food-vendors, and the early factory hands. For them only is the beauty of New York as it heaves up out of the shadows.

Strunsky, p. 704.

The first light of the morning outlines the towers of the World Trade Center at the tip of the island. You turn in the other direction and start uptown. There are cobbles on the street where the asphalt has worn through. You think of the wooden shoes of the first Dutch settlers on these same stones. Before that, Algonquin braves stalking game along silent trails.

McInerney, p. 180.

The slow dawn is beginning to be apparent on the outer traces of horizon, I am thinking mass energy, white fields of light, protective energy, the voices get closer, feel claustrophobic on the edge of the great river on the edge of the great city, massive distances come and gone, the great endless sky and feels claustrophobic like, no place to run.

Wojnarowicz, p. 123.

It is now almost six in the morning... it is still dark... but the church is open... and the early morning worshippers find solace inside... except for this tired Sunday traveler who, a few blocks away, finds a resting place under the canopy at number 711 Amsterdam Avenue... This avenue is full of saloons, and they are called just that... no fancy foreign names like Cocktail Lounges... So sleep on stranger... no one will bother you... not even the cops... Sunday is a good day for sleeping—so is any other day—when one is tired.

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 19.

The dawn is on its way up with lightening colors of sky, a rusty tinge of red-orange coming up behind the factory across the way, the one past the next pier, the two simultaneous stacks almost merged with one another in the perspective of sight and growing a brown brick color, emerging from the darkness into the coming dawn, shadows slowly easing away, the water with small almost indiscernible flickering lines, like schools of fish just beneath the surface racing along and surging but not yet moving further but where they are, turmoils of water.

Wojnarowicz, p. 124.

What moves me most, I guess
of a sunlit morning
is being alone
with everyone I love
crossing 6th and 1st
at ice-cold 6 a.m.
from where I come home
with two French donuts, Pepsi and
the New York Times.
Berrigan, p. 149.

Watch the intense visuals of dawn, the elevated structure of the Westside Highway and the burning lampposts, the incineration of the dawn, the backdrop domelike sky over the city lightening and the water turning to an azure blue, to turquoises and silvers, the merging of blood rust reds into the surfaces as if dawn were a flaming vehicle come rolling down across the plains and highways to step slowly into the river of time, the Indian giver of moments, the pulling in and the pushing forward, the continuance of senses, the changes that have rolled up and in and pulled me along since my return from the quiet city of Paris, the lonesome city and the darkness that shuts off my sense of abandonment in that faraway place.

Wojnarowicz, p. 124.

The sun heaves up from its sleeping-place somewhere in the vicinity of Flatbush, an extremely early riser.

Strunsky, p. 697.

Across Times Square while the sky shows its first real signs of light, I see the clock on the *New York Times* building: 6:16.

Goodman, *Secret*, p. 9.

Already at six and six-thirty in the morning they have begun to trickle small streams of human beings Manhattan or city-ward.

Dreiser, p. 7.

dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for
an angry fix
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

In the now gathering dawn and somewhere out there are two huge
metal barges filled with stuff I can't make out, bobbing and drifting
in the river as huge waves pulled in from passing tugs and barges and
small ships and the moon long gone and the open doorways of the
warehouse across the way revealing orange.
Wojnarowicz, pp. 124-5.

Maybe it is the dark light of dawn just as the sun is rising in the
east but buried behind buildings, maybe it's midnight, the light
qualities fluctuate.

Ibid., p. 223.

Cold rosy dawn in New York City
Berrigan, p. 127.

We lay there for some slow minutes with our hands beneath our heads
staring up: large mobile clouds with reddish tinge to their bellies and
the jigsaw sections of turquoise sky behind them, shuttering for
moments until they were once again covered, one spire way up catching
the gradually warming light of dawn way east of the river and
tenements. The yard was still filled with a descending night, like some
old Magritte scene.

Wojnarowicz, p. 177.

A new day dawns living.
Donleavy, *N. pag.*

Toward seven, it's an uninterrupted flow of lights. On they go, in
the direction of their hundreds of thousands, to their places of work.
But their resinated yellow waterproofs sizzle and glitter like
innumerable samovars in the electric light—running wet, yet
inextinguishable, even under this rain.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 47.

Look at them flowing into the city's lower parts in the morning
rush. The downtown region sops them up as dry bread lifts the gravy
from a platter.

Reisenberg, p. 28.

By seven and seven-fifteen these streams have become sizable
affairs.

Dreiser, p. 7.

Movement of the city regiments and the commuting storm troopers, in
and out of the business citadels takes a fifth of the "working" day.

Reisenberg, p. 70.

Alternating magnet and ejector of commuters.

Ibid., p. 207.

Great silent weeping stream of people in the canyon streets.

Donleavy, *N. pag.*

No rush, no hurry. Only slow movement. Yet all are surely and gradually slipping away.

Dreiser, p. 10.

By seven-thirty and eight they have changed into heavy, turbulent rivers.

Ibid., p. 7.

With the morning sun on them, the apartment buildings far to the west, on Lexington Avenue, look like an orange mesa.

Maxwell, p. 3.

It is 7:53 Friday morning in the Universe
New York City to be somewhat exact
I'm in my room wife gone working Gallup
fucking in the room below
had 17½ milligrams desoxyn
Berrigan, p. 116.

A Scarsdale commuter station where the passengers, reading newspapers to use the time in waiting, line up at the spots on the platform where they know the doors of their train will open; once aboard, they return to their papers, and each car becomes an informal study-group in current events.

Conrad, p. 249.

At eight-thirty they are raging torrents, no less. They overflow all the streets and avenues and every available means of conveyance. They are pouring into all available doorways, shops, factories, office-buildings—those huge affairs towering so significantly above them.

Dreiser, p. 7.

It's 8:54 a.m. in Brooklyn it's the 28th of July and
it's probably 8:54 in Manhattan but I'm
in Brooklyn I'm eating English muffins and drinking
pepsi and I'm thinking of how Brooklyn is New
York city too how odd I usually think of it as
something all its own like Bellows Falls like Little
Chute like Uijongbu
Berrigan, p. 117.

Wall Street and Broadway, shortly before nine o'clock in the morning. The empty streets fill suddenly with swift-moving clerks, tellers, stenographers, and office boys pouring from subways, ferries, and elevated trains; while bankers and brokers arrive almost as promptly in chauffeured automobiles or by planes landing at a ramp near the foot of Wall Street.

WPA Guide, p. 86.

By 9:30, the crowd flows along, inundating the apertures to the underground protruding into the covered thoroughfares to the airborne trains, and racing through the air at a height in double- and triple-decker parallel overhead trains.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 48.

Here they stay all day long, causing those great hives and their adjacent streets to flush with a softness of color not indigenous to them.

Dreiser, p. 7.

It's ten-fifty when you get to Times Square. You come up on Seventh Avenue blinking. The sunlight is excessive. You grope for your shades. Down Forty-second Street, through the meat district. Every day the same spiel from the same old man: "Girls, girls, girls—check 'em out, check 'em out. Take a free look, gentlemen. Check it out, check it out." The words and rhythm never vary. Kinky Karla, Naughty Lola, Sexsational Live Revue—girls, girls, girls.

McInerney, p. 14.

If your eyes could penetrate the opaque masses of the façades at 11 a.m., they would see an incredible spectacle: three hundred thousand, five hundred thousand men and women—perhaps more—at work in a pool of space at the same time. A humanity having broken its millenary destiny which was to be attached to the ground, which is suspended between heaven and earth, going up and down at high speed in clusters of twenty and in sheaves of two hundred. Is it a new scene in purgatory?

Conrad, p. 110.

At the hour of noon light suddenly broke overhead. Beginning in a round patch enclosed in an iridescent halo, it spread swiftly, seeming to melt its way down through the thick, dark mass that choked the air, and in less than fifteen minutes New York and all its surroundings emerged into the golden light of noonday.

Serviss, p. 63.

It is 12:10 in New York. In Houston
it is 2 p.m. It is time to steal books.
Berrigan, p. 114.

The lunchtime crowd churns Park Avenue.
McInerney, p. 126.

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday
three days after Bastille day, yes
it is 1959 and I go get a shoeshine
because I will get off the 4:19 in Easthampton
at 7:15 and then go straight to dinner
and I don't know the people who will feed me
O'Hara, p. 325.

From twelve noon until about two-thirty, there is a carnival. Since the place has an appetite like a hundred anacondas, food is eaten by the carload; beauty shops and barber shops seethe; merchandise is purchased and sold in staggering amounts and the sound of money changing hands can be heard all over the place.

Atkinson, p. 95.

Standing in the waterfront bar, having stopped for a beer in midafternoon, smoky sunlight fading in through the large plate-glass windows and a thumping roll of music beating invisibly in the air...

Wojnarowicz, p. 138.

The city traffic in the afternoon, people standing on street corners, streets filled with cars and buses humming, and even through it was overcast there was some startling nature to the light, everything graphic in detail, a heavy sense of rain in the cool air.

Ibid., p. 179.

After two-thirty the restaurants gradually become empty, the shops are vacant, the streets sparsely filled.

Atkinson, p. 95.

At three o'clock, an air of suspended animation between the morning and evening rush hours.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 299.

in the warm New York 4 o'clock light we are drifting back and forth between each other like a tree breathing through its spectacles
O'Hara, p. 360.

I remember "four o'clocks." (A flower that closes at four.)
Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

Already, at four o'clock, the somber hues of night are over all. A heavy snow is falling, a fine, picking, whipping snow, borne forward by a swift wind in long, thin lines. The street is bedded with it, six inches of cold, soft carpet, churned brown by the crush of teams that the feet of men. Along the Bowery men slouch through it with collars up and hats pulled over their ears.

Dreiser, p. 228.

And of an early winter afternoon—the time for which I most lovingly remember the El, for the color of the sky as it fell through those painted windows, and the beauty of the snow on the black cars and iron rails and tar roofs we saw somewhere off Brooklyn Bridge—when the country stove next to the change booth blazed and blazed as some crusty old woman with a pince-nez gave out change, and the heavy turnstiles crashed with a roar inside the wooden shed—then, among the darkly huddled crowds waiting to go out to the train, looking out on Brooklyn Bridge all dark sweeping cable lines under the drifts of snow, I pretended those were gaslights I saw in the streets below.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 678.

Late one afternoon, while waiting for a Fifth Avenue bus, I noticed a taxi stop across the street to let out a girl who ran up the steps of the Forty-second Street public library.

Capote, p. 45.

At five p.m., the foot of the buildings the revolving doors are whirling like crazy wheels, each fan blowing out human beings on to the sidewalk. In Europe there are no crowds. One must go to Asia or come here to get the feel of that air-current, that unsubstantial monster, impersonal and cowardly and tender, calling for the death of a black boxer, writhing for love before the coffin of Valentino, mourning a father before the bier of Lincoln, welcoming a bridegroom in Lindbergh.

Morand, p. 509-17.

It is growing dark. Great white lights are throwing a magic glare over streets and buildings. All the windows of the palaces and great buildings glow with light. Mysterious shadows come and go. Nothing seems real. Am I awake or am I dreaming?

Sharpe, p. 229.

It's a Wednesday but outside feels Mondayish and the city looks vaguely unreal, there's a sky like from October 1973 or something hanging over it and right now at 5:30.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 18.

The flood streams up Broadway, washes over Brooklyn Bridge, invades the "L"—as the Elevated Railroad is called—and swamps the subway stations. Then an individual order follows this momentary chaos; some stop before the newspaper display windows where the fleeting newsstrips announce that Trotsky is going to settle at Monte Carlo, or congregate round the special editions which pile up at the street-crossings, or make for suburban repose, for the cottage or bungalow with its aerial on the roof and its artificial flowers, or for supper at the Y.M.C.A., while others seek their aspirations in the great luminous halo of the cinemas and theaters of Times Square and the Forties.

Morand, p. 509-17.

From five until seven is the most boisterous, the most congested time. To those who have finished work, there can also be added the shoppers, male and female, and simply the *flâneur*.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 51.

I have seen it in the sunset from a bridge, majestic above its waters, its incredible peaks and pyramids rising flowerlike and delicate from pools of violet mist to play with the flaming clouds and the first stars of evening. Then it lights up window by window above the shimmering tides where lanterns nod and glide and deep horns bay weird harmonies, and has itself become a starry firmament of dream, redolent of faery music, and one with the marvels of Carcassonne and Samarcand and El Dorado and all glorious and half-fabulous cities.

Lovecraft, p. 295.

One more slight spasm of trade after five o'clock when the commuters begin passing on their way to the suburbs. But after that everywhere is as dark and silent as the grave.

Atkinson, p. 95.

The sun's moved to Jersey, the sun's behind Hoboken.

Covers are clicking on typewriters, rolltop desks are closing; elevators go up empty, come down jammed. It's ebbside in the downtown district, flood in Flatbush, Woodlawn, Dyckman Street, Sheepshead Bay, New Lot Avenue, Canarsie.

Pink sheets, green sheets, gray sheets, *FULL MARKET REPORTS, FINALS ON HAVERE DE GRACE*. Print squirms among the shopworn officeworn sagging faces, sore fingertips aching insteps, strongarm men cram into subway expresses. *SENATORS 8, GIANTS 2, DIVA RECOVERS PEARLS, \$800,000 ROBBERY*.

It's ebbside on Wall Street, floodtide in the Bronx.

The sun's gone down in Jersey.

Dos Passos, p. 169.

That most magical moment of the day when the buildings around Central Park are still visible in a blue mist, the lights simultaneously shining at every window.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 53.

Evening falls. The skyscrapers, these great presses of humanity, disgorge their exhausted contents. The vertical arrangement of individuals will now give way to the new, horizontal arrangement for night-time.

Morand, p. 509-17.

At six, they are going, pouring forth over the bridges and through the subways and across the ferries and out on the trains, until the last drop of them appears to have been exuded, and they are pocketed in some outlying side-street or village or metropolitan hall-room-and the great, turbulent night of the city is on once more.

Dreiser, p. 7.

Near sunset, the clouds, the long bridges, the tops of some of the structures on the Queens shore, and the bridges of the ships are brushed with rose, while the grayish water turns slowly to ink.

Philips, p. 136.

The sky is bleeding now
onto 57th Street
of the 20th Century &
HORN & HARDART'S
Berrigan, p. 157.

A setting sun sending shadows east.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Tonite I walked out of my red apartment door on East Tenth Street's
dusk-
Walked out of my home ten years, walked out in my honking
neighborhood
Tonite at seven walked out past garbage cans chained to concrete
anchors
Walked under black painted fire escapes, giant castiron plate
covering a hole in ground
-Crossed the street, traffic lite red, thirteen bus roaring by
liquor
store,
part corner pharmacy iron grated, past Coca Cola & Mylai posters
fading scraped on brick
Past Chinese Laundry wood door'd, & broken cement stoop steps
For Rent hall painted green & purple Puerto Rican style
Along E. 10 's glass spattered pavement, kid blacks & Spanish oiled
hair adolescents' crowded house fronts-
Ah, tonite I walked out on my block NY City under humid summer
sky Halloween
Ginsberg, p. 633.

Outside a premature dusk is settling over the city as the gray haze of rain clouds blow in from the southeast. I cross the street and walk north to a subway kiosk. Before I reach it the rain starts again. A train pulls out of the station, giving me five minutes to six to wait.

Spillane, p. 288.

Early in the evening, as thousands of New York secretaries go heel-clacking and swishing out of office buildings, another large army of women prepare to move in. And from twilight to sunrise these women will seemingly control New York... They will keep skyscraper lights burning

all night, and along the windows their silhouettes and brooms will be reaching and touching like a ballet of witches.

Talese, pp. 33-5.

Darkling perfumed city of fair women passing closely in the dusk; crowds hurrying away and returning.

Reisenberg, p. 209.

The streets are pouring with them at six o'clock. They are a great tide in the gray and dark.

Dreiser, p. 82.

Sultry July dusk.

Jolas, p. 472.

dusky sash across Manhattan

Hughes, p. 426.

There is a certain yellow, white and green complexion that can be seen every night around 6 o'clock, swaying and faint on the Madison Avenue bus. It is the face of a physically and emotionally overheated society.

Bladford, p. 111.

Twilight over terrible Manhattan. The New York sky that had been a twanging blue when I entered the hotel is now a tender violet. The street lights are golden bubbles, golden fruits, hanging from their wrought-iron trees. From the doorway where I am standing I can see a forest of jeweled towers rising serene and magical against the lovely sky. They are the hotels and apartment houses that light their windows against the coming dark. To the west a varicolored mist hangs low—that is Columbus Circle with its neon signs and its whirligig of traffic lanes. And everywhere the people hurry through the gloom.

Atkinson, p. 42.

Hart Crane arranges a landscape of impressionist imprecision inside the frame of his window: "At twilight on a foggy evening . . . it is beyond description," he says of the harbor—beyond description because beyond perception, atmospherically smudged, the top of the Woolworth Building swallowed by a cloud.

Conrad, p. 234.

When they emerge from the thunder and foul air of the subway, the last dregs of the day are mixed with the street lights.

Nabokov, p. 226.

Across the way in the twilight stretches the dark jungle of Central Park.

Atkinson, p. 41.

It is 6:30 when I leave my room. I walk slowly down Broadway. The lights are twinkling, and the hurrying crowds tell of universal impatience for the pleasures of the evening. How many of these people are going to the theater? How many are hastening home to domestic comforts? Many a man is going to meet an old friend for a long sweet dinner and a longer and sweeter talk. Many a girl is hurrying to meet the man she has known for so long that meeting him after hours has

become a pleasant habit. Others, like myself are merely vaguely looking forward for something amusing or affecting to happen.

Hapgood, p. 189.

A twilight hour in early spring—it is March—when, starting from the Brooklyn end, I face into the west wind sweeping over the rivers from New Jersey. The ragged, slate-blue cumulus clouds that gather over the horizon leave open patches for the light of the waning sun to shine through, and finally, as I reach the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, the sunlight spreads across the sky, forming a halo around the jagged mountain of skyscrapers, with the darkened loft buildings and warehouses huddling below in the foreground. The towers, topped by the golden pinnacles of the new Woolworth Building, still catch the light even as it begins to ebb away. Three-quarters of the way across the Bridge I see the skyscrapers in the deepening darkness become slowly honeycombed with lights until, before I reach the Manhattan end, these buildings pile up in a dazzling mass against the indigo sky.

Mumford, *Sketches*, p. 129.

The early part of the night on Broadway, which is but the bedraggled fringe of day.

Strunsky, p. 698.

Workdays repeat themselves: night reinvents itself with every sunset. After the commute, and as full darkness is accomplished, first restaurants come to life, then theaters, bars, and clubs, then after-hours dives—all of them venues for drama, rewritten every second it plays. Glamour, lust, license, and crime emerge from the shadows and parade under the lights, high life and low life, polished veneer and sweaty beastliness.

Caldwell, p. 2.

When I finish eating and climb behind the wheel of the car it is almost eight. The evening shadows have dissolved into night, glossy and wet, the splatter of the rain on the steel roof an impatient drumming that lulls thoughts away. I switch on the radio to a news program, change my mind and find some music instead.

Spillane, p. 318.

The foreground is thickly dark, obfuscated by the looming stump of a building. There are some lights below, like gems in a mine, but they don't help, since you can't tell to what they belong.

Conrad, pp. 85.

Dark between these buildings.

Donleavy, *N. pag.*

That's part of the magic of the night, the way that the moon and the stars, though invisible, smothered in the contaminated skies of big cities, nonetheless manage to charm silver and gold out of the pockets that are zippered shut in the daylight.

Haden-Guest, p. 4.

Men and women who work in New York skyscrapers by day never meet the men and women cleaners who take over at night. They form independent tides that never rip or cross.

Berger, *New York*, p. 42.

The sempiternal New York night.
McCourt, p. 21.

After dark, consciousness is no longer on sentry duty. Sleep is the city's restitution. At night the body is consigned to its own metabolic devices. No longer required to do things for its demanding mental employer, it fantasizes about its longed-for liberty.
Conrad, p. 272.

Below Canal Street, night covers a dark blot, except for the scrubbers' dim lights.
Reisenberg, p. 29.

It's 8:30 p.m. in New York and I've been running around all day
old come-all-ye's streel into the streets.
Berrigan, p. 28.

It's 8:30 p.m. in New York and I've been running
Wind giving presence to fragments.
Ibid.

The dealers of the night are concerned with bread, flesh, milk,
butter, cheese, fruits, and the green offerings of the fields.
Strunsky, p. 698.

Outside the broad office windows the night is gray and foggy. Here
and there a few lights make up dim horizontals and perpendiculars of
asterisks.
Dos Passos, p. 326.

Night... a black velvet curtain has dropped over the white sky... a few
mothers went looking for their kids... found them here... dragged them home
for supper... but they are back again... but that's the same Empire State
Building in the Background...
Weegee, *Naked*, p. 37.

It is nine o'clock of a summer's night. The great city all about is
still astir, active, interested, apparently comfortable. Lights gleam
out from stores lazily. The cars go rumbling by only partially filled,
as is usual at this time of night. People stroll in parks in a score of
places throughout the city, enjoying the cool of the night, such as it
is.
Dreiser, p. 217.

It's a wintry night and the clouds are low. Walking through the
midtown streets my chin is thrust into my coat, my hands are chilled
inside my fur-lined gloves.
Brook, p. 17.

On the way up Broadway we passed the church around 11th Street,
which has a front yard with a large urn the size of four men side by
side and dark green lawns and some trees and flowers that had recently
lost their petals. The entire yard is bathed in night shadows but over
the roofs and spires the sky is turning a deep cobalt. I turn to him
and say, I haven't lain down on grass in ages... We stopped and rest our
hands on the wrought-iron fence, white against gleaming back. Then, I
say, There's too much dog shit in the parks to lay down.
Wojnarowicz, p. 177.

The city at night is taken from those who think they run it and handed over to its amoral aborigines—the sexually hungry, the larcenous, the violent, all of them agents of somnambulistic id.

Conrad, p. 272.

A couple resting from dancing in the Mall in Central Park some starry summer night.

Atkinson, p. 40.

It is maybe ten-thirty of a Wednesday night, and I am standing at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue.

Conrad, p. 284.

Who roams Manhattan's midnight range

From neonrise to neonset?

Depero, "24th Street," p. 428.

At midnight, those coming out of the theatres drink a last soda, eat a last ice cream, and crawl home at one, or at three, should they hang about for a couple of hours foxtrotting, or in the final yelling of "Charleston." But life does not come to a stop. In the same way, shops of all sorts are open, the subway and the elevated are still running, you can still find a cinema which will stay open all night, and sleep there as long as you like for your twenty-five cents.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 55.

A clock chimes midnight. The last few news watchers leave. The lights go out. Then, of a sudden, the sign flashes again, you stand transfixed. What now? Words trip before you. THE NEW YORK TIMES WISHES YOU GOOD NIGHT. The pavement seems a little less hard. Somewhere, up behind the screen, is a dash of kindness. A strictly practical sign would just shut off its light and save that extra watt of current.

Reisenberg, p. 158.

The hands of the lighted city clock
Climb one on top of the other
Like a street dog on his accidental mate—
Twelve.

Now the hoarse song of blood rises
To the night ears of the city.
Now the whole city sings the song of two.
Now the whole city cries the cry of one to one.
And the lighted city clock replies:
Twelve.

Glashteyn, p. 498.

Behind Midnight's screen on St. Mark's Place
Berrigan, p. 594.

At midnight New York is dead-deadd-deadd. It is won-derr-ful.
Conrad, p. 288.

At midnight Jack raises his window and sits close to it. He catches his breath at what he sees, though he has seen and felt it a hundred times.

Far below and around lies the city like a ragged purple dream. The irregular houses are like the broken exteriors of cliffs lining deep

gulches and winding streams. Some are mountainous; some lie in long, monotonous rows like the basalt precipices hanging over desert canons. Such is the background of the wonderful, cruel, enchanting, bewildering, fatal, great city. But into this background are cut myriads of brilliant parallelograms and circles and squares through which glow many colored lights. And out of the violet and purple depths ascend like the city's soul sounds and odors and thrills that make up the civic body. There arise the breath of gaiety unrestrained, of love, of hate, of all the passions that man can know. There below him lies all things, good or bad, that can be brought from the four corners of the earth to instruct, please, thrill, enrich, despoil, elevate, cast down, nurture or kill. Thus the flavor of it comes up to him and goes into his blood.

Henry, "Duel," p. 386.

On the subway, a girl who has fallen asleep, her head lolling, her mouth slightly agape.

Conrad, p. 174.

We need urgently a vindication of the Night, and especially of night in the city.

Strunsky, p. 697.

The streets at one A.M. are very very dark up in the 30's, as if all the lights are concentrated in 42nd Street. Everything else dims in the radius spreading out from that street. Everything, each surface has a glittering quality. There is so little light that touched anything directly, as signs of life, little granules of glass in the asphalt, the sidewalks, pools of wet stuff, occasional faraway streetlights, pools of black darkness where it's hard to discern grates and barricades and doorways and burglar gates and occasionally the dim light of what seems like a fifty-foot-high streetlamp illuminating a sphere of sidewalk, piles of large cardboard boxes from factories and sweatshops hidden behind the fashion/garment district facades and showrooms. Nothing but the sound of skittering newspapers, pieces of cardboard dragging down the street, garbage spread everywhere, rotten produce in the gutter, sounds of traffic on the main avenue, occasional side street cabs bumping potholes, indiscernible click of traffic lights on empty streets, vague silhouettes of mannequins behind dark windows and solder gates, poor versions of American fashions for overseas. On 8th Avenue there's rarely a living being below 40th Street—it's maybe too dangerous or the pickings too slim to draw any interest.

Suddenly darkness moves and a human is sliding along the storefronts close to the windows and doors moving bent over with intent or with loss—something in the body language or the clothing, broke, in pain, weary, hopelessness. Cars come in twos or threes burning up the Avenue with foot pushing the gas springing from a red light that's finally changed, charging uptown giving the impression there's nothing here to stop for, people rushing from one location to another and I wish at times I could read the entire history and intentions and structure of a person to know what sad destinations they have before them in that moment.

On 37th Street on the west corner of 8th Avenue, there was an illuminated window, gates half down, a donut shop, and the apparition of a man naked above the waist mopping the floor around the horseshoe counters. I stood on the opposite corner—the image was kind of beautiful, in the periphery of sight it was just six-story buildings

and empty streets, everything buried in black shadows and gritty low-level light, newspapers lifting gently in the warm breeze, the skip of occasional car wheels over manhole covers, the metallic hum of circuitry in the traffic lights and the sky that weird charcoal blur gray where night is softly illuminated from the city below. And in the midst of all this desolation a bright rectangle ten feet by twenty feet fluorescent unreality and thousands of fresh donuts stacked into the racks and a sexy Puerto Rican man, his muscular body just beginning to fade from youth softening up at the edges sweeping motions of the mop from side to side, white kitchen pants and athletic shoes and he's totally unaware of being watched.

Wojnarowicz, pp. 236-7.

One A.M. on the corner of Sheridan Square—across from the unlit triangle of park benches streaming in the night, neons as far as you can see, then the shell of darkness beyond, and back there over that indiscernible line drawn by lack of lights is the whole pocket of memory and a sense of the past few hours, past days, seeds of weariness brought on by the crashings of black beauties.

Ibid., p. 148.

At two A.M. the Spearmint sign blacked out and plunged Times Square into sudden darkness. One by one the neons died: the Cadillac, the bars and grills in the deeper Forties. Store windows darkened and theater lights drained off. The Square huddled in ever-deepening shadow.

Berger, *Eight Million*, pp. 166-167.

The streets of Harlem make an unreal scene of frightened silence at 2 A.M.

Gamble p. 391.

2 AM it was the hour for "taking you home," "going home," and the teenagers and sailors walked arm in arm with their "women," and the women giggled. At 2 AM in the morning, it seemed, to me, one of the lonely souls, that everybody was walking in pairs, and every smart woman had found her man, and any man worth his pants had managed to hook up with a woman... Only the poets are free.

Carpenter, p. 341.

In a few minutes the lights on the marquees start going off and by 2:00 A.M. the street is dark. The moving news sign on the tower a block away is out, and the big advertising signs in the Square are switched off, too.

Philips, p. 26.

The night has already turned on that imperceptible pivot where two A.M. changes to six A.M.

McInerney, p. 1

For sheer beauty— don't miss the breaking of dawn across the East River—or a full moon—bathing Avenue C in magic light at two or three in the morning.

Reay, p. 271.

And the great city sleeps, its pulse scarcely disturbed by the feverish activity of the hosts of darkness. Or if the city catches a rumble of their movements and stirs in its slumber, it is only to turn over and go to sleep again. No hypnotic spell will account for this

indifference of a city of five million to the presence of an army in its gas-lit streets. It is merely habit. If here and there in the cubical hives where New York takes its rest an unquiet sleeper tosses in his bed and resents the disturbance, it is not to wish of his prowlers of the night were caught and sent to jail, but only to wish that they went about their business more discreetly— this great host of market-men, groceries, butchers, milkmen, push-cart engineers, and news-vendors would've engaged since soon after midnight on the enormous task of preparing the cities breakfast.

For this, of course, is the real nightlife of New York—the life that beats at rapid pace the great water-front markets, and the newspaper press-rooms around Brooklyn Bridge, Under the acetylene glare over excavations for the new subways, and in the thousands of bake shops that line the avenues and streets.

Strunsky, p. 697.

At three in the morning the dreary street sprawls slant-wise across the town in all the ugly meanness of disuse.

Peretti, p. 26.

The markets on the water-front are the heart of the city's night life, but in all five boroughs there are local centers of concentrated vitality—the milk-depots, the street-railway junctions, the car-barns. Where elevated or subway meets cross-town and longitudinal surface lines you will find at three in the morning as active and garishly illuminated a civic center as many a city of the hinterland would boast at nine o'clock in the evening. Groups of switchmen, car-despatchers, conductors, motormen, and the casual onlooker whom New York supplies from its inexhaustible womb even at three in the morning, stand in the middle of the road and discuss the most wonderful mysteries—so it seems, at least, in the hush before dawn. And because the cars which they switch and side-track and despatch on their way depart empty of passengers and lose themselves in the shadows, their business, too, seems one of impressive mystery.

Strunsky, p. 700.

A car-conductor at 3 o'clock in the morning is the most delightful of people to meet. His hands are grimy with the dirt of alien nickels and dimes. His temper isn't as yet unworn by the days traffic.

Ibid., p. 700.

A trip down Amsterdam Avenue in a surface car at 3 A.M.

Ibid., p. 703.

The night is primarily the time of the innocent industries, employing simple, innocent, primitive men—slow-speaking truck-farmers; brawny slaughterers in the abattoirs; stolid German bakers; apathetic milkmen.

Ibid., p. 698.

Rise at three in the morning and walk a mile between the rows of wagons and stalls in Gansevoort or Wallabout Market, drawing strength from the piles of sweet, green produce, dewy under the lamplight and learning patience from the farmers' horses... When you stroll through the markets, between lines of wagons, stalls, crates, baskets, and squads of perspiring men, you need not force the imagination to call up the solid square miles of brick and stone barracks in which New York's five

million, minus some thousands, are asleep, outside the glare of the arc-lights and kerosene-torches.

Strunsky, pp. 698-9.

Little girl... what are you doing out at three in the morning... you should be home asleep.

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 28.

There is a point past 3 a.m. when the loudest noise a stray visitor hears in Times Square is the click-click of the inner workings of a traffic signal, switching lights.

Philips, p. 23.

3:10 A.M. You can walk a block in Times Square and not see a soul.

Ibid., p. 27.

There it sleeps, the big, dark brute, and in another three hours it will yawn and sit up and blink its eyes and roar for its food.

Strunsky, p. 699.

Night creeps into the cellars, musty and dull.
Tuxedos totter through the rubble of the street.
Faces are moldy and worn out.
The blue morning burns coolly in the city.
Lichtenstein, p. 513.

When street traffic dwindles and most people are sleeping, some New York neighborhoods begin to crawl with cats.

Talese, p. 5.

it is 3:17 a.m. in New York city, yes, it is 1962, it is the year of parrot fever.

Berrigan, p. 70.

Then I walk out in the bleak village
in my dreams, for they are present! I wake up
aching from soft bed Back to books. It is 3:17 a.m. in
New York city

Berrigan, p. 68.

I remember the clock from three to three-thirty.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

Take your place on Williamsburg Bridge some morning, for instance, at say three or four o'clock, and watch the long, the quite unbroken line of Jews trundling pushcarts eastward to the great Wallabout Market over the bridge. A procession out of Assyria or Egypt or Chaldea, you might suppose, Biblical in quality; or, better yet, a huge chorus in some operatic dawn scene laid in Paris or Petrograd or here. A vast, silent mass it is, marching to the music of necessity. They are so grimy, so mechanistic, so elemental in their movements and needs.

Dreiser, p. 5.

It is amazing how a great city can snore with equanimity while entire regiments and squadrons carry on operations in the streets, quietly, but with no attempt concealment.

Strunsky, p. 697.

The Square, north of the Crossroads, is a black pit now. It is almost four o'clock. Only one or two neon signs glow redly through the dark.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 169.

Rewarding myself with a hustler at 4 am.

Reay, p. 12.

the last door closed at 4. A.M.

Ginsberg, "Howl," p. 19.

Crossing Park Avenue

South; 4:14 a.m.; going West at

23rd; September 1st, 1971

Berrigan, p. 493.

The milkman alone is enough to redeem the night from its undeserved evil reputation. A cartload of pasteurized milk for nurslings at four o'clock in the morning represents more service to civilization than a truckload of bullion on its way from Sub-treasury to the vaults of a national bank five hours later.

Strunsky, p. 698.

Part 2

Preface

J. Pierpont Morgan dealt himself another hand of solitaire and listened for the twentieth century. It was the night of December 31, 1899, and Morgan sat in the library of his Madison Avenue mansion. Logs crackled in the fireplace. To the left of the hearth stood a bookcase holding two metal statues of knights in armor, a clock perched between them. From time to time Morgan may have lifted his dark-hazel eyes to glance at the clock.

The hulking six-foot financier sat at his desk in his usual flat-footed position, toes turned out. With strong and well-formed fingers, he laid out the cards, playing almost automatically, as he did when he had something on his mind. A long cigar protruded from the paper cigar holder clenched in his teeth under his mustache.

Although it was almost midnight in Morgan's mahogany study, it was the high noon of capitalism in America, and no American stood out so starkly as he. Morgan was centralizing the control of industry and credit. He was the capitalist's capitalist. President William McKinley of the large head and barrel torso sat in the White House; but businessmen guided the nation's destiny and Morgan guided the businessmen. Indifferent to social reform and defiant of public opinion, Morgan felt that the public owed nothing.

The clock began tolling the hour of midnight. Morgan may have raised his massive head at the very first ding. So the twentieth century had arrived? Very well. Within a little more than a year Morgan was to create the first billion-dollar corporation in history, the United States Steel Corporation. Bong!

Ellis, pp. 456-7

a - Bohemia

Uptown is uptown is downtown. It's sort of a voluntary apartheid.
Haden-Guest, p. 273.

There were not many *ideas* uptown.
Ibid., p. 108.

I found out the main difference between uptown and downtown was people are more for real up there. They got to be, I guess. Uptown a whore was a whore; a was a pimp; a thief was a thief; a faggot was a faggot; a dike was a dike; a mother-hugger was a mother-hugger.

Downtown it was different—more complicated. A whore was sometimes a socialite; a pimp could be a man about town; a thief could be an executive; a faggot could be a playboy; a dike might be called a deb; a mother-hugger was somebody who wasn't adjusted and had problems.

Holiday, p. 77.

It's always surprising to me to think how small the downtown New York City avant-garde scene was in relation to how much influence it eventually had. A generous estimate would be five hundred people, and that would include friends of friends—the audience as well as the performers. If you got an audience of more than fifty, it was considered large. South of 14th Street things were always informal.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 69.

Greenwich Village girls move to the East Side when they get more money; the East Side girls move downtown when they get more money.

Bower, "Village Girl," p. 19.

Somewhere above Fourteenth TAKE THE EXPRESS

Crane, "The Tunnel," p. 60.

All of uptown seems to be headed downtown for Saturday night.

McInerney, p. 160.

Dwellings

The first apartment dwellers were artists, and their needs had shaped early apartment buildings, sometimes quite directly and explicitly.

Hawes, N. pag.

Artists were responsible for large, light-drenched double-height rooms.

Ibid.

A typical uptown artists' apartment was hung with tapestries and Turkish drapery, which provided atmospheric background for portraiture.

Ibid.

An artist carving out an appropriate space to activate his life was not unlike the wealthy industrialist demanding chandeliered reception rooms and paneled libraries to achieve his own social ends. It was a

sound urban idea and a particularly sane solution to a particularly exotic style of living.

Ibid.

The first New York co-op was formed by a group of ten well-known artists, led by the landscape painter Henry Ward Ranger and including Childe Hassam, who banded together to finance a fourteen-story apartment house on West 67th Street. The block quickly became known as a bohemian enclave. It conveyed its sense of fraternity physically, for a passerby was drawn in by the similarity of the facades on the front, the banks of double-height windows on the back. Its ingenious use of space was appealing. In volume alone, its studios were sumptuous. And to a populace who had only recently been swept off its feet by the premiere of Puccini's *La Bohème*, its very *raison d'être* was romantic.

Ibid.

Anyone with an eye for fashion in 1908 might have predicted that the souston Street at the time I noticed in certain upper-story windows houseplants or interior lights shining into the night, signifying that someone might be residing there.

Kostelanetz, p. 5.

Plants are to SoHo what lawns are to suburbia.

Ibid., p. 140.

The development of SoHo is often sited as a Maciunas legacy, contributing on a smaller scale, as a gardener, to the greening of SoHo. A beautiful potted forest of very healthy rubber trees flourished under his vigilance, as well as the baby trees he planted—illegally—in front of the building at 80 Wooster Street that are over two stories high today. [Nature]

Williams & Noël, p. 194-5.

He was interested in revealing the cast-iron detailing in the structure and cleaned off a lot of old paint. In the front of the building he worked on restoring the cast-iron sidewalk panels with lenses that let light down into the basement, and he took delight in finding a large quantity of these lenses at bargain prices. In front he planted some *Ailanthus* trees (the Tree of Heaven), to cover up some illegal electrical work.

Ibid., p. 177.

In my twenties, when I passed through SoHo late at night after some party, I would detour by his block to see the light shining in his window. I would feel oddly secure in the thought that he was up in his loft working, revolving like a planet through his self-created cosmology of painted shapes and plaster structures.

Pinchbeck, N. pag.

Over many an artist's loft, one can still hear the machines banging away, slamming out their products.

Anderson & Archer, p. 13.

de Kooning's studio: "The loft was just too large; it wasn't good for an apartment. There was heat until five or six p.m. each day provided by the large radiators in the front and back, an amenity that many rough lofts of the time lacked. And there was a hot-water boiler in the kitchen. But there was no stove and no tub, and the overall

condition of the loft was poor. There was no flooring, only subflooring. It was a wooden floor, but it was unfinished and gray. " Stevens & Swan, p. 195.

In those studios, the heat used to go off after five o'clock because they were commercial buildings. de Kooning would be painting with his hat and coat on. Painting away, and whistling. *Ibid.*, p. 198.

As long as he lived on there friends said, de Kooning would knock off work early on Saturdays in order to scrub down his loft. *Ibid.*, p. 147.

Westbeth nicknamed Deathbeth and Westdeath. Strausbaugh, p. 499.

SoHo has good and bad artists, brilliant and dull minds, saints and frauds. Still, the collective life is there, and that it should so much resemble, well, anybody's life, strikes me as worth mentioning. For a very long time, the life of the artist has served as an emblem in the middle-class conundrum of how to live authentically. If SoHo taken as a community, has any meaning, it is that this myth—of the artist's emblematic, sanctified, ridiculed struggle—has passed out of its heroic phase. Of course, the myth, if it is a myth, not only has reality, but also vast power, and that power is installed in the minds of almost everyone. It is institutionalized in SoHo. Yet actual life there seems to demonstrate something slightly different: the thirst for community itself—and that despite the ferocious rivalries, the intensely high-powered ambitions at work there, despite its grand and often arcane intellectual tradition. SoHo has become a major community, not only a community in which art is being made, but also (and not quite the same thing) a place where the notion of what it means to be an artist is being tested and enacted. What happens there will one day be important not merely because of the art that has been produced by artists living there, but also for the version of the artist's identity which it creates. Any community creates its own pressures and promises. For an entire generation of art students now pouring into it. SoHo has become the place to be, a place where the heroic, heady task of self-creation is to be performed.

Anderson & Archer, p. 17.

One does not live well or badly in SoHo; one *works* well or badly. Doing work—one's "own," of course—over coming obstacles to work, living with work, and one's partner's work, these are the insignia of authentic living. At moments, even routine banalities like "How have you been?" seem replaced by "How's your work been going?" or, more politely, "What have you been doing?" "What have you been doing?" it being understood that the only thing really done is work. What's happening in SoHo is that the artist's identity—his social definition of himself—has become completely saturated with the idea of work, while romantic visions of free spirits fall into desuetude. The ethos clamps its defining power over the very layout of the lofts. Those immense rectangular spaces would be ruined by subdivision into lots of little rooms. And so the space is organized, instead. The principle of organization is that of "work space" as distinguished from "living space." Almost invariably, the work space arrogantly overwhelms the living space, which is scrunched into some small corner where one sits feeling primarily the irrelevance of whatever amenities are supposed to

take place there. Not that SoHo lacks its amenities—but one glances up from a serenely appointed dinner table to look directly into an environment replete with drafting tables and power tools.

SoHo's impulse to wed the space of work and living, like its impulse to live where no life was ever intended to be lived, is a variety of elegance. That elegance is of course connected to the taste for incongruity which is among the oldest modernist principles of style. But a deeper logic reveals itself here, for adopting the identity of an artist almost always means adopting a special set of attitudes toward the middle class. It remains the great alternative identity. In SoHo, those of America's children who have chosen that identity reveal themselves. Childhood's hated suburban distinction between home (i.e., life) and work (located not only in a different place but a different city) is resolutely eliminated. In a single stroke all the mortifying pettiness of the American "home" is ripped away; everything about making art that feels possibly tainted by that cozy triviality is demolished. One lives in work—that's what's wanted. The inevitable, and unnatural, sexual resonances of having been raised in Mom's town (where real life is lived), remote from work in Dad's town (the unseen, meaningless, uninhabitable city) are also dramatically refused. Suburbia and its wall-to-wall alienations have led to a new image for the ancient one of the artist as androgyne, and after the misadventures of the 60s, it finds itself taking a social, rather than specifically sexual, expression. True enough, an industrial look has been important to the image of the modern artist's virility. But the style's stronger aim is to resolve the sexually laden contradictions of a recent American childhood. In SoHo, working and living are at last reunited, and work becomes real. [Labor]

Ibid., pp. 16-17.

This was a place where hard work was done and respected. Artistic production requires intensive labor, and there was a recognition by the blue-collar workers that artists did work hard, even if they worked odd hours. There were no distinctions made by those who worked in SoHo based upon social status or occupation—at least among those who "toiled." [Labor]

Hudson, p. 49.

Until the mid-seventies, the answer to the question "What do you do?" would refer to an actual job, such as "I'm a teacher, lawyer, worker," etc., but by the end of the seventies (and especially from 1977 onwards), the replies became "I work in cinema, music, writing, art..." One replied, in other words, by citing one's "hobby" or, better, one's elective affinity. This was a sign of changing times that saw the shift from a culture based on the Marxist idea of work—an idea linked to the industrial era—to the post-Ford one, in which work and the factor receded to the background, to the benefit of the theory of the needs and desires of postindustrial society. [Labor]

Frisa, p. 382.

A performance is the word used when referring to any event in SoHo in which people do things in front of an audience. Whether a performance is good or bad, interesting or not, it is always a major SoHo social event. For some reason, one must always climb stairs to reach a performance. The ascent is the same to reach the most modest dump, with battered floors and grimy windows, or the cool sanctum of the Castelli Gallery. And when you've gotten to the top of whatever stairs you climbed, you will find yourself not in a theater, but in a

'space.' (*Space*, like *work* is one of SoHo's cherished words. For example, the correct compliment for a new loft is 'What a beautiful space.')

The space will be crowded with people milling around the pieces of electronic equipment, which generally have been arranged in the most conspicuous manner possible. While edging around the video monitors and stepping over cables, the waiting audience begins to spin the web of acquaintance with the customary small nods, waves, smiles, flashes and raised eyebrows. There is likely to be a great deal of sitting on the floors along with perching on windowsills and leaning against pillars.

Anderson & Archer, p. 77.

They want to climb those vertiginous loft building stairs on Howard Street that go up five flights without a single turn or bend—*straight up!* like something out of a casebook dream—to wind up with their hearts ricocheting around in their rib cages with tachycardia from the exertion.

Wolfe, *Painted*, p. 17.

It's a rainy Thursday evening when I step out of a cab at the corner of Broadway and Franklin streets in lower Manhattan on my way to dinner with William Burroughs.

I gaze down a line of warehouses with a haphazard mixture of small trucks and old cars parked in front of them, spot Burroughs' four story building, hurry diagonally across the street, push open the door and step into the foyer. The hall light is out and I feel cautiously for the banisters as two bottles of cold white wine clink in the crook of my arm. Warped wooden stairs lead to the top floor past a series of wall paintings.

The loft is impeccably clean. the old wooden floors beam with polish, the bed is neatly made, all surfaces are devoid of other than essentials... I notice an efficient looking brand new kitchen has been installed. The loft feels warm and lived in whilst remaining concisely organized.

Bockris, *Burroughs*, p. 83.

Not in SoHo. The naïve but powerful doctrine of art as self-expression and therefore self-discovery swings precious little weight in those elegant lofts. It is dismissed as a trivial adolescent fantasy.

Anderson & Archer, p. 15.

SoHo on Saturdays resembles an enormous, floating party which begins in the galleries and ends up in local bars, restaurants and lofts.

Ibid., p. 21.

SoHo fashion: "Flamboyance is out: the standard uniform consists of work clothes, jeans and a T-shirt or sweatshirt are usually considered best (and they should be worn, by preference, without any asinine inscriptions or decals)." [Labor] [Fashion]

Ibid., p. 16.

They probably sit around on the floor with wine and cheese and mispronounce "allegorical" and "didacticism."

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 197.

Oh, to be young and come to New York and move into your first loft and look at the world with eyes that light up even the rotting fire-escape railings, even the buckling pressed-tin squares on the ceiling, even the sheet-metal shower stall with its belly dents and rusting seams, the soot granules embedded like blackheads in the dry rot of the window frames, the basin with the copper-green dripping-spigot stains in the cracks at the bottom, the door with its crowbar-notch history of twenty-five years of break-ins, the canvas-bottom chairs that cut off the circulation in the sural arteries of the leg, the indomitable roach that appears every morning in silhouette on the cord of the hot plate, the doomed yucca straining for light on the windowsill, the two cats nobody ever housebroke, the garbage trucks with the grinder whine, the leather freaks and health-shoe geeks, the punkers with chopped hair and Korean warm-up jackets, the herds of Uptown Boutique bohemians who arrive every weekend by radio-call cab, the bag ladies who sit on the standpipes swabbing the lesions on their ankles.

Wolfe, *Purple*, pp. 325-6.

Canal Street: "For generations, it has served as an immense, ten-block-long hardware store and junk shop for the surrounding industry. For the artists of SoHo, it has become a vast luxurious, tangled garden of the real. Through its pathways, one strolls in the cool of the evening. There are crates of poser tools, barrels of pliers, rack upon rack of Plexiglass, whole floors crammed with cheap office furniture. Here on Canal Street, lofts are furnished, works and careers are conceived, souls are soothed. From Canal Street and its like, the improbable elegance of the place has been assembled."

Anderson & Archer, p. 14.

I first found Canal Street in the late 50s, early 60s. You see, at that time, the small business people were moving out of the lofts, going to New Jersey or Philadelphia because New York all of a sudden had a very high tax rate for them. So they moved out. That left a lot of empty lofts in the Canal Street area. So, we artists started moving in. The rents were cheap, about \$65 per thousand square feet. Naturally, we were living illegally because we could not pass the fire inspection laws or the housing department laws. So during the day, we would stay locked in our lofts, fearing to answer the doorbell, that it might be a housing inspector or a fire inspector, but after six o'clock when we knew that would be no more inspectors, we would all come out like, just coming all of the lofts and going to a nice restaurant that was called Canal Street Bar—it's other name was Dave's Place, because Dave owned it—and there we would meet, and talk over about what we were doing, or what we planned to do, or what shows we hoped to get, or what shows were planned for us. And this was a good period. Everyone felt like comrades. We were fighting everybody. This was the Canal Street I loved.

And there were so many beautiful stores on that street, so many beautiful stores. There were junk stores, electronic stores—you could find anything there. And this is how Pop Art really got going, because all the material was right there on the street: you didn't have to go anywhere. That's where I started making my music machines with sound motors for 25 cents apiece. There was a toy store that only sold broken toys so I got all the cheapest guitars I could find. It was a good time. That was my Canal Street.

Then came what I call the Canal Street Blues. You see, we had a mayor—a Burgomaster—called Mr. John Lindsay, who decided to make living in lofts legal. Now, what really happened was the real estate

speculators bought the buildings, so now if you wanted a legal loft—the same loft that used to cost you \$65 a month—you had to buy it. So that meant that you had to pay at least, at that time, \$25,000 for the loft and then \$2000 a month for maintenance fees. Yes, that was Canal Street Blues, and what hurts more is—you know what really happened?—artists could not afford it. They moved out, they couldn't pay that kind of money. Many went to Brooklyn, some to Staten Island, some just left New York completely. And guess who moved into these beautiful lofts? Lawyers, doctors, Wall Street brokers. Oh yeah, yeah, yeah. It became so chic, this Canal Street: fancy boutiques, French restaurants, even had its own newspaper. This is when I left Canal Street. A long, long time ago.

I got the Canal Street Blues. Canal Street Blues. I got the Canal Street Blues. Canal Street, I still think of it. Can't help it. I remember the good times on Canal Street and I want to keep on remembering it, but it's not the same, not the same at all. In fact, I never want to see Canal Street again. It's gone. There is no more Canal Street for me. Sorry about that but... let's face it, there is no Canal Street anymore. [Gentrification]

Jones, "Canal Street," N. pag.

Bars

Cedar, San Remo

A list of their names, when I reel them off, is for me like a mantra that magically evokes the essence, spirit, and soul of the downtown New York I knew in 1949 and on into the early fifties: Julian Beck, Judith Malina, Parker Tyler, John Ashbery, Willard Maas, Marie Menken, Dorothy Van Ghent, Edouard Roditi, John Bernard Myers, Harold Norse, David Sachs, John Button, Alvin Novak, Jean Garrigue, Marguerite Young, Oscar Williams, Gene Derwood, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, Lou Harrison, Irving Feldman, José Garcia Villa, Anaïs Nm, Ned Rorem, Edwin Denby, Harold and May Rosenberg, Percival Goodman, Irving Howe, Dwight Macdonald, George Dennison, Fritz and Laura Pens, Isadore From, I. Rice Pereira, Robert Motherwell, Jackson Pollock, and, if we forget that prior meeting through John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara. Some of these names are now forgotten and will be recognized only by readers who were on the scene at that time.

Lesueur, p. 18.

Regulars at the Cedar Tavern: David Smith, Philip Guston, Mark Rothko, Isamu Noguchi, Barnett Newman, Norman Bluhm, Howard Kanovitz, Aristodemis Kaldis, Michael Goldberg, Herman Cherry, Jack Tworkov, John Cage, Edwin Denby, John Gruen, Morton Feldman, Harold Rosenberg, Clement Greenberg, Alfred Leslie, Arnold Weinstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Irving Sandier, and Milton Resnick; among the few women in the classic "men's bar" were Helen Frankenthaler, Grace Hartigan, Joan Mitchell, Jane Wilson, Barbara Guest, Elaine Mercedes Matter, and Ruth Kligman.

Gooch, p. 203.

Clement Greenberg: "At the Cedar, everybody looked unattractive." *Ibid.*, p. 203.

The Cedar smelled of spilled beer and tobacco smoke. The air was thick, the light a "bilous yellow-green," said one Cedar regular, "that made everyone look worse than they already looked." In the low light,

you could not be sure, at first, who was sitting in the booths along the wall. The Cedar... was a working-class bar entirely without distinction. And that, in the New York of the of the 1950s, was precisely its distinction. It appealed to the downtown painters because it was not French, not tasteful, not smooth, not witty, not, that is, a Parisian café where artists chatted and sipped. These were important "nots" to painters determined to declare their independence from Paris: the Americans were hard drinkers at a dive whose existential aura owed more to Brando on the docks than to Sartre at Deux Magots. The Cedar represented a perfect blend of high and low, of proletarian circumstance and intellectual aspiration. English hunting prints in elegant black frames hung, absurdly, on the dingy walls.

Stevens & Swan, p. 361.

The Cedar, which Rivers described as a "verbal news shop," was nondescript, with flaking green plaster walls bare except for a few Hogarth prints, glaring white ceiling lamps dangling overhead, a long bar in the front and a honeycomb of brass-studded leatherette booths in the rear. Looming from its back wall was a round industrial clock whose hands sometimes turned backward like a prop in a Cocteau movie.

Goch, p. 202.

The notable absence of collectors at the Cedar Bar.
N. cit.

Helen Frankenthaler posts a sign, "No Beatniks" in the Cedar Tavern, then rats out Kerouac for urinating in a sink outside the men's room.

Goch, p. 203.

Pollock was celebrated for ripping the men's-room door off its hinges at the Cedar. He would glower into his drink, greet men with "Fuck you" and women with "Wanna fuck?" and often pick fights... In the middle-fifties, the New York art world... was still in the two-drink stage of its party. Pollock was regarded as the pioneer, the man who broke the limits of conventional European practice not only in his painting but also in his cowboy-on-a-spree drunks.

Stevens & Swan, p. 365.

At the Cedar, de Kooning and another painter once took turns slapping each other as hard as they could across the cheek, the idea being to take the hit without flinching.

Ibid., p. 365.

The atmosphere of the Cedar was very much that of a saloon, its Wild West rowdiness only increased by the presence of Pollock, who usually appeared on Tuesday nights after coming in from the Hamptons for his weekly psychiatric session. Pollock tried to overcome his extreme shyness by drinking inordinate amounts of whiskey, which then allowed him to release his Cody, Wyoming, cowboy persona. Pollock's two-fisted swagger set the bar's somewhat paradoxical tone, filled as it was mostly with macho men who were in truth hypersensitive artists who sometimes had trouble relating to the women in the bar with their black stockings, black eyeliner, and very long hair. "Most of those guys you couldn't even sit and have a cup of coffee with because they could barely socialize with anyone, men or women," recalls Al Leslie.

The din of the Cedar regularly hit a high note with Pollock's explosions of fist-fighting or shouting. Once when he and Kline had a

brawl he tore the door off the men's room and smashed a few chairs. Pollock thrived on such angry confrontations. To a black man he said, "How do you like your skin color?" To a lady painter, "You may be a great lay, but you can't paint worth a damn." He made licking motions with his tongue at John Myers whom he leeringly asked, "Sucked any good cock lately?" To Larry Rivers, who was then in a phase of using heroin, he pantomimed shooting-up. On at least one occasion he called O'Hara a "fag" to his face and was enough of a menace that O'Hara fled the Cedar one night when he heard that Pollock was on a drunken rampage. But this unpleasantness was always forgiven in the name of genius and art. As O'Hara later wrote, "If Jackson Pollock tore the door off the men's room in the Cedar it was something he just did and was interesting, not an annoyance. You couldn't see into it anyway, and besides there was then a sense of genius. Or what Kline used to call *the dream*."

Ibid., p. 204.

In a way, Jackson Pollock had to die the way he did, crashing his car up, and even Barnett Newman, who was so elegant, always in a suit and monocle, was tough enough to get into politics when he made a kind of symbolic run for mayor of New York in the thirties. The toughness was part of a tradition, it went with their agonized, anguished art. They were always exploding and having fist fights about their work and their love lives. This went on all through the fifties when I was just new in town, doing whatever jobs I could get in advertising and spending my nights at home drawing to meet deadlines or going out with a few friends.

I often asked Larry Rivers, after we got to be friends, what it had really been like down there then. Larry's painting style was unique—it wasn't Abstract Expressionist and it wasn't Pop, it fell into the period in between. But his personality was very Pop. He rode around on a motorcycle and he had a sense of humor about himself as well as everybody else. I used to see him mostly at parties. I remember a very crowded opening at the Janis Gallery where we stood wedged in a corner at right angles to each other and I got Larry talking about the Cedar. I'd heard that when he was about to go on "The \$64,000 Question" on TV, he passed the word around that if he won, you could find him at the Cedar Bar, and if he lost, he'd head straight for the Five-Spot, where he played jazz saxophone. He did win—\$49,000—and he went straight to the Cedar and bought drinks for around three hundred people.

I asked Larry about Jackson Pollock. "Pollock? Socially, he was a real jerk," Larry said. "Very unpleasant to be around. Very stupid. He was always at the Cedar on Tuesdays—that was the day he came into town to see his analyst—and he always got completely drunk, and he made a point of behaving badly to everyone. I knew him a little from the Hamptons. I used to play saxophone in the taverns out there and he'd drop in occasionally. He was the kind of drunk who'd insist you play 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby' or some other songs the musicians thought were way beneath them, so you'd have to see if you could play it in some way that you wouldn't be putting yourself down too much... He was a star painter all right, but that's no reason to pretend he was a pleasant person. Some people at the Cedar took him very seriously; they would announce what he was doing every single second —'There's Jackson' or 'Jackson just went to the john!'... I remember he once went over to Milton Resnick and said, 'You de Kooning imitator!' and Resnick said, 'Step outside.' Really." Larry laughed. "You have to have known these people to believe the things they'd fight over." I could tell from Larry's smile that he still had a lot of affection for that whole scene.

"What about the other painters?" I asked him. "Well," he said, "Franz Kline would certainly be at the Cedar every night. He was one of those people who always got there before you did and was still there after you left. While he was talking to you, he had this way of turning to someone else as you were leaving, and you got the feeling of automatic continuity—sort of, 'So long... So this guy comes over to me and...' and while you may have flinched at his indiscriminate friendliness, he did have the virtue of smiling and wanting to talk all the time. There were always great discussions going on, and there was always some guy pulling out his poem and reading it to you. It was a very heavy scene." Larry sighed. "You wouldn't have liked it at all, Andy."

He was right. It was exactly the kind of atmosphere I'd pay to get out of. But it was fascinating to hear about, especially from Larry.

"You didn't go to the Cedar 'to see the stars,' though," Larry added. "Oh, sure, you may have liked being in their aura, but what you came back for night after night was to see your friends... Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery."

The art world sure was different in those days. I tried to imagine myself in a bar striding over to, say, Roy Lichtenstein and asking him to "step outside" because I'd heard he'd insulted my soup cans. I mean, how corny. I was glad those slug-it-out routines had been retired. They weren't my style, let alone my capability.

Larry had mentioned that Pollock came in from the country every Tuesday. That was part of the big out-of-the-city-and-into-the-country trend that the Abstract Expressionist painters had started in the late fifties when they were beginning to make money and could afford country places. Right in the middle of the twentieth century, artists were still following the tradition of wanting to get out there alone in the woods and do their stuff. Even Larry had moved to Southampton in '53—and stayed out there for five years. The tradition was really ingrained. But the sixties changed all that back again—from country to city.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 15-18.

O'Hara might get himself started in the morning with a filterless cigarette and a glass of bourbon and orange juice. Arriving at the office in the late morning, he worked and talked on the phone for an hour or so before heading off for lunch, which often began with a martini or a negroni at Larré's French restaurant on West Fifty-sixth Street. In the evening O'Hara could drink several vodkas or bourbons without falling down or losing control.

Gooch, p. 378.

Like the San Remo a few years earlier, the Cedar had been picked up by the media and was now overcrowded with tourists on the lookout for Pollock-like painters and young guys cruising for loose art girls.

Ibid., p. 327.

At the Cedar Tavern, suddenly it seemed that every art student in America was arriving at the bar to get drunk with Bill and Franz. Slumming uptown celebrities and Hollywood stars—including Elizabeth Taylor—passing through dropped in regularly.

Stevens & Swan, p. 423

Two major feeders of personalities and ideas into the early Factory were the San Remo / Judson Church crowd and the Harvard / Cambridge crowd. The San Remo Coffee Shop on the corner of MacDougal and Bleeker

streets in the Village was where I met Billy Name and Freddy Herko. I'd been going there since '61, when it was a lot artier—a few poets and a lot of fags coming down from the 53rd Street and Third Avenue area. It was a big thing in those days to "go to the Village," to places like the Gaslight and the Kettle of Fish. But around '63 when you walked into the San Remo through the frosted glass doors with flower designs, past the long bar and the booths, it was all full of hustlers who usually sat on the railing of Washington Square Park who'd been taken to the San Remo for one-draft beer. All the amphetamine men—"A-men"—fags on speed who would howl laughing at the very thought of going to a "gay bar," loved the San Remo because it wasn't really a gay bar, there were very few gay-world clichés there.

Not everyone at the San Remo was gay, of course, but the stars of the place certainly were. Most of the customers were just there to watch the performance. A lot of the San Remo boys used to write for a mimeographed sheet called *The Sinking Bear* (named after a poetry magazine that was around then called *The Floating Bear*), which was one of the first underground newsletter papers. One of these was Ondine—or "Pope Ondine," as he was occasionally called. Ondine would sit in a booth with his Magic Markers and write replies to people with sex queries / problems for his column, "Beloved Ondine's Advice to the Shopworn," and the "problems" would be coming to him on notes passed from the other booths as fast as he could reply. One afternoon Ondine rushed in with an "appalled" look on his face, and as he put his flight bag down on the table, he pointed back toward Washington Square Park and said, incredulously, "A guy just said to me, 'Would you like to go to a gay bar?'" Ondine shook his head, laughing in disbelief, "Horrible experience."

The San Remo was almost entirely A-men. I say "almost entirely," because I remember being introduced to the Duchess for the first time there, and a few minutes later, the owner came over and asked me, "Do you know her?" and when I said yes, he told me, "Then take your friend and get out." I never did find out what she'd done, she was such a terror. She was a well-known New York post-deb, a part-time lesbian on speed who could put even the A-men in their places. I hung around the San Remo a lot and got to know some faces and bodies I'd be seeing drift in and out of the 47th Street Factory day and night during the next few years.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 69-70.

The San Remo's success was founded upon, like that of so many Parisian cafés, the discomfort of the tiny apartments in which many of its patrons were living. Among those who could regularly be found drinking its fifteen-cent beers, or martinis, were Tennessee Williams, John Cage, Paul Goodman, Dylan Thomas, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Judith Malina and Julian Beck, Miles Davis, Merce Cunningham, Dorothy Day, and James Agee.

Goch, p. 202.

On the San Remo: "The place is an ordinary has house during the day, serving truckers, garage men, postal clerks, and others who work in the area. At night, the place goes into outer space. By two or three in the morning, there usually isn't a customer in there who isn't on something, more likely a combination of somethings, nodding out, speeding, tipping, and, in the case of the reactionaries, just plain drunk.

On entering, it looked ordinary enough, with groups clustered in booths and others hunched over the counter. Only when I looked at the

groups closely did I realize that it was a drug-induced caricature of every other hash house in the country. People were speaking, but they weren't talking. They were looking at each other, but they weren't seeing. Their hands and bodies moved, but their selves were motionless. At the core was solitude." [Speed] [Drugs]

Hamilton, p. 96.

At the San Remo we argued and gossiped: in the Cedar we often wrote poems while listening to the painters argue and gossip. So far as I know nobody painted in the San Remo while they listened to the writers argue.

Gooch, p. 202.

Stanley's Bar at 12th and Avenue B. was *the* bar of the time; as through its doors passed a steady stream of artists, poets, filmmakers, musicians, and every type of radical publisher and nuclear-disarmament peaceworker. Avenue B between 10th and 12th, in those days, was a sacred road. In addition to Stanley's, there were several other artists' bars, and above the bars were cheap pads, and there was the Charles Theater where there were regular showings of underground films. The filmmakers met at Stanley's after the screenings and there was a great sense of energy and excitement.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 198

Greenwich Village folk scene bars: Gaslight, Gerde's Folk City, the Kettle of Fish, Izzy Young's Folklore Center, the Village Gate, Café Figaro, Rienzi's, the Tin Angel, Café Reggio, the Wha, the Night Owl, San Remo, the Bizarre, the Derby, Mills Tavern, Minetta Tavern, the Borgia, the Other End.

N. cit.

The most popular meeting place for local artists was Stewart's at Twenty-third Street and Seventh Avenue... There were also two additional artist meeting places in the otherwise dark and deserted neighborhood. One was the Oasis Bar, across the street from Stewart's. The other was a Horn & Hardart Automat. Together, said Milton Resnick, the three places constituted "the center of the art world at that time."

For artists who painted alone all day, the late evenings at Stewart's offered a kind of vigorous release, a lively and ever-changing round of debate, jokes, and discovery. Hunched over in their chairs, cigarettes in hand, the regulars at Stewart's would pick apart the history of modern art, trying to understand what worked... Often, after the cafeteria closed around one or two in the morning, the debaters would return to de Kooning's loft "and talk some more and make coffee," said Denby.

Stevens & Swan, pp. 148-9.

As an artist's hangout, the elegant cream-lacquered interior of Mr. Chow's is light-years away from the Cedar Tavern, that grubby Greenwich Village haunt of the artists of the New York School 30 years ago.

McGuigan, "New Art, New Money" N. pag.

The crypto-queer San Remo, the macho Cedar Street Tavern, and the blustering White Horse.

Lesueur, p. 128.

Max's

The businessmen who came to Max's Kansas City in the afternoon.
McCourt, p. 244.

Why was Max's never raided for much the same activity they went after at the Stonewall? Because of those front room businessmen.
Ibid., p. 246.

As Five Points make a star in the American flag, so was Max's that American.
Ibid., p. 244.

Adversity on spindly legs, creatures at Max's might have been renamed Maxine.
Ibid., p. 245.

Forrest "Frosty" Myers' laser sculpture, which he called "From My Place To Max's a/k/a Good Vibrations," in which he ran a laser beam from his studio two diagonal blocks to Max's, where it hit a mirror attached to a speaker wired to the jukebox. When the jukebox played, the mirror vibrated and created a light show on the back room wall.
Huffa, N. pag.

Mickey Ruskin co-owned Les Deux Mégots, but by 1962 had had enough of the business... "He wanted to make more money. We used to walk in there, bring our bottle of wine, buy a cup of coffee, drink the coffee, and then pour the wine in. So we weren't even buying the coffee... they weren't making any money. It was a poetry hangout." At that point, the coffee shop had been robbed twice. Ruskin quit to open what would turn out to be a very successful restaurant, the Ninth Circle; he would ultimately open the legendary Max's Kansas City.
Kane, p. 39.

In September we started going regularly to a two-story bar / restaurant on Park Avenue South off Union Square that Mickey Ruskin had opened in late '65. It was called Max's Kansas City and it became the ultimate hangout. Max's was the farthest uptown of any of the restaurants Mickey had ever operated. He'd had a place on East 7th Street called Deux Mégots that later became the Paradox, and then he'd had the Ninth Circle, a Village bar with a format similar to what Max's would have, and then an Avenue B bar called the Annex. Mickey had always been attracted to the downtown art atmosphere—at Deux Mégots, he'd held poetry readings—and now painters and poets were starting to drift into Max's. The art heavies would group around the bar and the kids would be in the back room, basically.

Max's Kansas City was the exact place where Pop Art and pop life came together in New York in the sixties—teeny boppers and sculptors, rock stars and poets from St. Mark's Place, Hollywood actors checking out what the underground actors were all about, boutique owners and models, modern dancers and go-go dancers—everybody went to Max's and everything got homogenized there.
Warhol, *POPism*, p. 234.

When I wasn't getting laid elsewhere I went to Max's Kansas City every night. It was a bar and restaurant two blocks away from where I lived and you could sit there all night and bring yourself coffee. It was free. And you always signed the check and never paid the bill. I felt so guilty, I had an unpaid bill of about two or three thousand

dollars. I guess that was a lot in the sixties. I had friends that would sign the check "Donald Duck" and "Fatty Arbuckle." It was just so wonderful and all the waitresses were beautiful . . . and all the busboys . . . You could have sex with all the busboys. I mean, not right there, but later. And anybody who walked into the room, you could fuck, because they all wanted to be in the back room. And you would say, "You'll have to fuck me and I'll let you sit at a good table." So it was wide open, but it wasn't gay, thank god. We hated gay bars. Gay bars? Oh please, who wanted to go to gay bars? At Max's you could fuck anyone in the room, and that was what was sweet about it. [Sex]

McNeil, p. 27.

It was fabulous! It was very *Satyricon*. There was a lot of acid being taken, and everyone would... I would just run around in rags. At one point, I had a purse that was a suitcase, and, you know, just the way people would dress. Oh! They were just very, very crazy. Very "up." And Mick Jagger and Bianca... people would just walk in. I mean Salvador Dali and Veruschka and her sisters would be at the round table. It was... You see, I started going there towards the end of '69-'68. /69. I mean, Max's was in its heyday in '66, '67, '65, and so I was going there. Andy very seldom went there. At one point, he would go there every night to eat.

Smith, *Warhol*, p. 244.

I went to Max's every night. Every single night. At first it was full of Warhol people. During that period you'd see Andy Warhol there with his entourage: Viva, Jane Forth, Joe Dallesandro. Taylor Mead would be hanging out in the corner, drinking. Or some crazy girl with dreadlocks, holding a baby doll, talking to herself. Warhol's Factory had been up on Forty-seventh Street, but then they moved it to Seventeenth Street, right off of Union Square Park, a few blocks away from Max's. So you could just walk across the park and hang out at the Factory when Max's closed. And that was usually the place where everybody had video cameras following them. It was pretty much like that scene in the *Doors* movie where they meet Nico and go off and do heroin... The back room was vicious. Vicious. Everyone was on a different drug, and if you got up to use the bathroom you didn't dare turn your back. The bathroom was on your left, and you had to back out of the back room to get there, because if you turned your back, people would talk about you. People would say horrible things about you the minute you got up.

McNeil, p. 96, 98.

In a way you could feel the generations change at Max's... the Warhol crowd who helped invent Max's... but as the seventies progressed, the rockers took it over, and the order changed.

Ibid., p. 106.

All those girls that hung around those glitter bands at Max's were evil. All those girls worked in massage parlors—which were a thriving industry in New York at that time. You'd go in, supposedly to get a massage, but it was really for a hand job or a blow job. And all your girlfriends worked in massage parlors, "massaging" all day. All these girls lived in fantasy worlds. And they could afford to not work because they were whores or strippers and made a lot of money. And the way they got these guys interested in them was by being so weird, paying for all their drugs, and paying their rent. And once one of these guys had one of these girls on his tail, he couldn't get away

from her. Because that was their profession, to follow you. If they were interested in a guy in a band, they had to make sure that they gave blow jobs to the security guards at every concert they played, and spent three hundred dollars on cab rides to follow the tour bus, and got plane tickets to California. [Prostitution] [Drugs]

Ibid., p. 148.

Mudd Club

The Mudd Club: the antithesis of fabulous.
Haden-Guest, p. 99.

The Mudd Club's original name was supposed to be the Molotov Cocktail but ultimately was named after a comment a critic made about Amos Poe's films, that they looked like mud.

Ibid., p. 99.

The ugliest, nerdiest people, like people wearing plaid, would get free passes to the Mudd Club. On weekends, no fat people were allowed in because they could only fit four hundred people in.

Ibid., p. 100.

Where Studio was disco, coke, glam, multicolored, and polymorphous perversity, the Mudd was punk, heroin, glum, black leather, and—if a couple should actually manage to get it on—straight. If the body parts on display at Studio were the cute ass, the exposed nipple, the serrated nostril, the Mudd anatomy featured the sunken cheekbone, the unseeing eyeball, the perforated upper arm.

Ibid., p. 101.

This ain't no party, this ain't no disco,
This ain't no fooling around
This ain't no Mudd Club, or CBGB,
I ain't got time for that now.
Talking Heads, "Wartime."

Bohemia

They were a Depression generation. Poverty in those days wasn't sad. They had enough to eat and it didn't matter to have a beautiful loft. It represented a kind of honesty.

Comenas, "Ab Ex," N. pag.

A Bohemian and a successful person, who was once a Bohemian, sat in the café together. The successful man was well drest, with a look of assurance and of well meaning benevolence. He was cheerful and talked loudly altho not in an ill-bred manner. It was merely the exuberance of health and of worldly success. He was as definite as his bank account and his standing in the community—a fortune and a reputation which he owed to his own ability. The overcoat which hung on a peg near by was of rich material and bagged in the back that sign of the well-to-do, the quintessence of generous fashion. He was a man of about thirty years of age. His hair grew a little thin at the temples, and his live eyes toned with the vigor of his speech.

His companion was of about the same age. His voice was low, and his coat, tho well-brushed, shone in the much used parts and was frayed

about the edges. His patent leather shoes were badly cracked, and his overcoat, as it hung by that of his friend, looked like a younger brother, tho evidently much older. In his well-cut features there was the melancholy of thought, and about the lips only partly closed something of the irresolution of will often married to intellectual delicacy. Instead of buoyant optimism there was in this face refined fatigue, which lent a kind of distinction to his manner.

"Old fellow, you have lost the feeling for the imperceptible. I have to hit you on the head now to convey and idea. You are so definite. You are so energetic that nothing but a bellows or a hammer can make any impression on you... You have learned to think that there is nothing real that isn't prominent, nothing beautiful that isn't effective."

Hapgood, pp. 212-3.

The American even when he is a Bohemian is seldom the "real thing": he always retains an element of strenuousness. He not only occasionally works hard, but it is his common practise to "talk hard." He even talks extremely; a real Bohemian, however, does nothing in excess; he avoids stress of any kind. Then again the American Bohemian is not entirely careless and disreputable and the foreign Bohemian generally is.

Ibid., p. 120.

The supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Never had I seen a dwelling of its kind before. With a sinking sensation, I wondered if this was what lay in my future. There was no refrigerator, I remember, and only the barest necessities—a pinched, woebegone scene, to be sure. But because of the presence of books, hundreds of them, and an upright piano, it was inevitable that I would romanticize the whole thing, and that I'd do it in hackneyed, bohemian terms: the struggling artist, his humble garret, a life of high-principled sacrifice.

Lesueur, N. pag.

His pad on East 4th Street was a three-room citadel of verminous grime.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 143.

Must watch for police—tombs stay avoided by leap from trolleyback, running back with dogs to huddle safely—home? heartfilled wandering, more like it—apartment is dirthole with rats, mice, and other friends—they at least don't talk back.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 228.

He located an apartment at 28 Allen Street, a few blocks south of Houston. It was a typical two-room tub-in-the-kitchen slum apartment painted dogtongue green. The human who had previously lived there had somehow caused the walls to become streaked with long lines of gray brown grease furry to the touch because of the trapped soot. The plaster was tumbling from the ceiling and the front window, opening on Allen Street, had been based in and replaced with the door of a cigarette vending machine. What a crummy apartment.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 205.

Outside the door of her loft are steep threatening steps and total ugliness.

Blandford, p. 175.

In recollections of the 1950s, in films, and in photographs, perhaps the most striking feature of Manhattan that emerges again and again is its emptiness—the abandoned look of even its most important arteries. Third and Sixth Avenues had the excuse of sudden exposure after decades under the shadow, soot, and screech of their elevated lines. But much of the rest of New York looked similar—beaten up and exhausted by hard use. This comes out most poignantly in photographic records of Greenwich Village. The streets are void of traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian: parking spaces abound; the signs are handmade and amateurish. Café and restaurant interiors resemble grammar school classrooms, a clutter of junk and a creativity more childish than avant-garde. Exteriors seem forgotten, embalmed: in a 1960 photo of the White Horse Tavern on Hudson Street, now a sidewalk café overrun by models and stockbrokers, looks like what it then really was: a seedy bar on the corner of fire escapes and walkup apartments. [Desolation] [Pollution] [Sound]

Caldwell, pp. 300-1.

Allen Ginsberg denounces the city's robot apartments, invisible suburbs, and sphinxes of cement and aluminum not simply for the pure machinery of their homogenous spatial aesthetics but also for the psycho-social damage that they inflict upon urban subjects by bashing open the skulls, eating up the brains and imagination, and destroying the best minds of his generation.

Bennett, p. 6.

Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations! invincible madhouses!

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 7.

All young, all poor, all sloppy, all artists, and all interesting, smart, and fun to be around. Hooray for us, and fuck the doctors, lawyers, dentists, and accountants our parents wanted for us!

Tucker, p. 140.

Eccentric urban experiences that exist beneath the surface, on the margins, or along the interstices of the city's more homogenous urban center. They explore aberrant spatio-temporal dimensions, heterogeneous urban topographies, and deviant urban paradigms, but they explicitly associate these anomalous urban spaces with some kind of alternative, counter-hegemonic city-within-city or some marginalized urban space that is dominated, opposed, stalked, haunted, or repressed by the corporate city that surrounds it. [Psychogeography]

Bennett, p. 9.

When you went over to La Monte and Marian's place, you were there for a minimum of seven hours—probably end up to be two or three days. It was a very Turkish type scene. It was a pad with everything on the floor and beads and great hashish and street people coming and scoring—and this droning music going on. La Monte had this whole thing where he would do a performance that would go on for days and he would have people droning with him. Droning is holding a single note for a whole

long time. People would just come in and then be assigned to drone.
[Sound] [Music] [World City]
McNeil, p. 4.

La Monte Young was the best drug connection in New York. He had the best drugs—the best! Great big acid pills, and opium, and grass too.
Ibid., p. 4.

La Monte Young: "I was—so to speak—the darling of the avant-garde. Yoko Ono was always saying to me, 'If only I could be as famous as you.'"
Ibid., p. 4.

James Schulyer: "It's a remarkably dreary day out here and I think I'll soon be staying more at my New York pad, on East 35th—a nice blah sort of neighborhood, unostentatious middle class, my dish exactly. I admire my friends who have the courage to live on the Lower East side; I certainly haven't. [Class]
Kane, p. 18.

As I hovered ghost-like in the Plaza Red Room of a Saturday afternoon, or went to lush and liquid garden parties in the East Sixties or tippled with Princetonians in the Biltmore Bar I was haunted always by my other life—my drab room in the Bronx, my square foot of the subway, my fixation upon the day's letter from Alabama—would it come and what would it say?—my shabby suits, my poverty, and love. While my friends were launching decently into life I had muscled my inadequate bark into midstream.
Fitzgerald, *Crack-up*, p. 25.

In our century, nostalgia not for displaced immigrants but for displaced bohemians.
Waterman, p. 12.

The Village

If you want to get out of America, go to Greenwich Village.
Dylan, *Chronicles*, p. 55.

Let's make the Village or go to the Lower East Side and play Symphony Sid on the radio—or play our Indian records—and eat big dead Puerto Rican steaks—or lung stew—see if Bruno has slashed any more car roofs in Brooklyn—though Bruno's gentled now, maybe he's written a new poem.

Or look at Television. Night life—Oscar Levant talking about his melancholia on the Jack Paar show.

The Five Spot on 5th Street and Bowery sometimes features Thelonious Monk on the piano and you go on there. If you know the proprietor you sit down at the table free with a beer, but if you don't know him you can sneak in and stand by the ventilator and listen. Always crowded weekends. Monk cogitates with deadly abstraction, clonk, and makes a statement, huge foot beating delicately on the floor, head turned to one side listening, entering the piano.

Lester Young played there just before he died and used to sit in the back kitchen between sets. My buddy poet Allen Ginsberg went back and got on his knees and asked him what he would do if an atom bomb

fell on New York. Lester said he would break the window in Tiffany's and get some jewels anyway. He also said, "What you doin' on your knees?" not realizing he is a great hero of the beat generation and now enshrined. The Five Spot is darkly lit, has weird waiters, good music always, sometimes John "Train" Coltrane showers his rough notes from his big tenor horn all over the place. On weekends parties of well-dressed up-towners jam-pack the place talking continuously—nobody minds.

O for a couple of hours, though, in the Egyptian Gardens in the lower West Side Chelsea district of Greek restaurants.—Glasses of ouzo, Greek liqueur, and beautiful girls dancing the belly dance in spangles and beaded bras, the incomparable Zara on the floor and weaving like mystery to the flutes and tingtang beats of Greece—when she's not dancing she sits in the orchestra with the men plapping a drum against her belly, dreams in her eyes.—Huge crowds of what appear to be Suburbia couples sit at the tables clapping to the swaying Oriental idea.—If you're late you have to stand along the wall.

Wanta dance? The Garden Bar on Third Avenue where you can do fantastic sprawling dances in the dim back room to a jukebox, cheap, the waiter doesn't care. Wanta just talk? The Cedar Bar on University Place where all the painters hang out and a 16-year-old kid who was there one afternoon squirting red wine out of a Spanish wine skin into his friends' mouths and kept missing...

The night clubs of Greenwich Village known as the Half Note, the Village Vanguard, the Cafe Bohemia, the Village Gate also feature jazz (Lee Konitz, J. J. Johnson, Miles Davis), but you've got to have mucho money and it's not so much that you've got to have mucho money but the sad commercial atmosphere is killing jazz and jazz is killing itself there, because jazz belongs to open joyful ten-cent beer joints, as in the beginning.

There's a big party at some painter's loft, wild loud flamenco on the phonograph, the girls suddenly become all hips and heels and people try to dance between their flying hair.—Men go mad and start tackling people, flying wedges hurtle across the room, men grab men around the knees and lift them nine feet from the floor and lose their balance and nobody gets hurt, blonk.—Girls are balanced hands on men's knees, their skirts falling and revealing frills on their thighs.—Finally everybody dresses to go home and the host says dazedly.—"You all look so respectable."

Or somebody just had an opening, or there's a poetry reading at the Living Theater, or at the Gaslight Cafe, or at the Seven Arts Coffee Gallery, up around Times Square (9th Avenue and 43rd Street, amazing spot) (begins at midnight Fridays), where afterward everybody rushes out to the old wild bar.—Or else a huge party at Leroi Jones's—he's got a new issue of Yugen Magazine which he printed himself on a little cranky machine and everybody's poems are in it, from San Francisco to Gloucester Mass., and costs only 50 cents.—Historic publisher, secret hipster of the trade.—Leroi's getting sick of parties, everyone's always taking off his shirt and dancing, three sentimental girls are crooning over poet Raymond Bremser, my buddy Gregory Corso is arguing with a New York Post reporter saying, "But you dont understand Kangarooonian weep! Forsake thy trade! Flee to the Enchenedian Islands!"

Let's get out of here, it's too literary.—Let's go get drunk on the Bowery or eat those long noodles and tea in glasses at Hong Pat's in Chinatown.—What are we always eating for? Let's walk over the Brooklyn Bridge and build up another appetite.—How about some okra on Sands Street?

Shades of Hart Crane.

[...]

"LET'S GO SEE if we can find Don Joseph!"

"Who's Don Joseph?"

Don Joseph is a terrific cornet player who wanders around the Village with his little mustache and his arms hangin at the sides with the cornet, which creaks when he plays softly, nay whispers, the greatest sweetest cornet since Bix and more.—He stands at the jukebox in the bar and plays with the music for a beer.—He looks like a handsome movie actor.—He's the great super glamorous secret Bobby Hackett of the jazz world. What about that guy Tony Fruscella who sits cross-legged on the rug and plays Bach on his trumpet, by ear, and later on at night there he is blowing with the guys at a session, modern jazz—

Or George Jones the secret Bowery shroud who plays great tenor in parks at dawn with Charley Mariano, for kicks, because they love jazz, and that time on the waterfront at dawn they played a whole session as the guy beat on the dock with a stick for the beat. Talkin of Bowery shrouds, what about Charley Mills walkin down the street with bums drinkin his bottle of wine singing in twelve tone scale.

"Let's go see the strange great secret painters of America and discuss their paintings and their visions with them—Iris Brodie with her delicate fawn Byzantine filigree of Virgins —"

"Or Miles Forst and his black bull in the orange cave."

"Or Franz Klein and his spiderwebs."

"His bloody spiderwebs!"

"Or Willem de Kooning and his White."

"Or Robert De Niro."

"Or Dody Muller and her Annunciations in seven feet tall flowers."

"Or Al Leslie and his giant feet canvases."

"Al Leslie's giant is sleeping in the Paramount building."

There's another great painter, his name is Bill Heine, he's a really secret subterranean painter who sits with all those weird new cats in the East Tenth street coffeeshops that dont look coffeeshops at all but like sorta Henry Street basement secondhand clothes stores except you see an African sculpture or maybe a Mary Frank sculpture over the door and inside they play Frescobaldi on the hi fi.

AH, LET'S GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE and stand on the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue and watch the intellectuals go by.—AP reporters lurching home to their basement apartments on Washington Square, lady editorialists with huge German police dogs breaking their chains, lonely dikes melting by, unknown experts on Sherlock Holmes with blue fingernails going up to their rooms to take scopolamine, a muscle-bound young man in a cheap gray German suit explaining something weird to his fat girl friend, great editors leaning politely, at the newsstand buying the early edition of the *Times*; great fat furniture movers out of 1910 Charlie Chaplin films coming home with great bags full of chop suey (feeding everybody), Picasso's melancholy harlequin now owner of a print and frame shop musing on his wife and newborn child lifting up his finger for a taxi, rolypoly recording engineers rush in fur hats, girl artists down from Columbia with D. H. Lawrence problems picking up 50-year-old men, old men in the Kettle of Fish, and the melancholy spectre of New York Women's prison that looms high and is folded in silence as the night itself—at sunset their windows look like oranges—poet e. e. cummings buying a package of cough drops in the shade of that monstrosity.—If it's raining you can stand under the awning in front of Howard Johnson's and watch the street from the other side.

Beatnik Angel Peter Orlovsky in the supermarket five doors away buying Uneda Biscuits (late Friday night), ice cream, caviar, bacon,

pretzels, sodapop, TV Guide, Vaseline, three toothbrushes, chocolate milk (dreaming of roast suckling pig), buying whole Idaho potatoes, raisin bread, wormy cabbage by mistake, and fresh-felt tomatoes and collecting purple stamps.—Then he goes home broke and dumps it all on the table, takes out a big book of Mayakovsky poems, turns on the 1949 television set to the horror movie, and goes to sleep.

And this is the beat night life of New York.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, pp. 112-7.

The monkish Mondrian took up jazz dancing while in New York as a tribute to the spirit of the place.

Conrad, p. 121.

All here is intimidation, if you are young and recently arrived in the Village: Kafka and Brecht, Artaud and Ionesco glower from book jackets; the clerks look through you; Eli Willentz, the owner, sighs when you mispronounce a writer's name. But look: There is James Baldwin, home from Europe, talking near the counter to Eli—a man like any man, not a statue in the park; Robert Creeley is in from Black Mountain College; the small, dark man looking at the book of drawings by Heinrich Kley is Alfred Andriola, who draws "Kerry Drake" in the *Mirror*; the thick-bodied man with the face of a disappointed stevedore is Franz Kline; and walking past the store, waving diffidently, is Harold Rosenberg. To make this a perfect New York evening, the next strolling New Yorker would have to be Sal Maglie.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

There, wandering up from MacDougal Street: That's Joe Gould, who has translated Rimbaud into the language of seagulls and is writing the oral history of the world.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

You have come up out of the subway from Brooklyn or Queens or the Bronx and are engulfed by swarming crowds, lining up for Bergman or Fellini at the 8th Street or the Art, and the very air seems thick with sensuality.

Ibid., N. pag.

You are once again at the bar of the Five Spot on St. Marks Place. You are listening to Monk, of course, and working hard at being hip.

Ibid., N. pag.

You could sit on a bar stool and look out the windows to the snowy streets and see heavy people going by, David Amram bundled up, Gregory Corso, Ted Joans, Fred Hellerman.

Dylan, *Chronicles*, p. 47.

I remember when Ron Padgett and I first arrived in New York City we told a cab driver to take us to the Village. He said, "Where?" And we said, "To the Village." He said, "But where in the Village?" And we said, "Anywhere." He took us to Sixth Avenue and 8th Street. I was pretty disappointed. I thought that the Village would be like a real village. Like my vision of Europe.

Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

This is an unexposed film of Greenwich Village because nothing ever happens there... The artists have all gone in for still life... because the models are working in defense plants and eating regular... A girl who

doesn't wear moccasins and slacks is considered anti-social... the favorite meeting place is at the "Cercle de la Paix"—the circle of peace—that's Washington Square Park... When it gets colder the rendezvous is at the Waldorf Cafeteria at 6th Avenue and 8th Street... You can tell the artists by their berets and beards... and frustrated looks.

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 229.

I love the Village... the most sensitive spot in town... the soul of the city, where people are friendly, understanding, and approving—there are no lonely-hearts clubs there. Up to the time this book went to press I continually photographed the Village... compiling a memento of a place that seemed to be fast disappearing. New York University is tearing down all the old buildings and putting up more classrooms so they can teach Ceramics, Square Dancing, and primitive Painting à la Grandma Moses. (Where do they get all the money?) The old landmarks are going the way of all brick—threatening a severe shortage of cold water flats. But there is a counter movement to tear down all the modern half-room apartment houses... and a petition is making the rounds in the better bars and espresso coffee houses to move N.Y.U. out to the Yucca Flats in the Arizona Desert so the soldier boys can practice dropping H-bombs. On the site of N.Y.U. will be erected cold water flats, the greatest blessing to modern civilization.

People flock to the Village to escape... to be different... or even just to be themselves and to meet kindred souls. A weekly visit to your analyst is a must (an analyst can be seen toting a collapsible couch through Washington Square Park, on his way to a house call). Freud is the favorite author. The Village is full of creative talent: painters, actors, dancers, writers, waiting to be recognized. However, if you meet a guy who composes songs, flies a plane, reads *The New Yorker*, cooks spaghetti, wears a bow tie and a goatee, and smokes a pipe... he's no genius.

There's plenty of nightlife in the Village. Broadway is now called "Cinderella Land" because everything shuts off at midnight. But that's the hour things start humming in the Village.

The best time to start on a tour of Bohemia is 10 o'clock at night (stay away Saturday night—that's when the tourists from the Bronx flock to the Village, and the Villagers flee to the Bronx). Sheridan Square is the place to start—you can tell it's Sheridan Square because that's where you'll find the couples kissing hello and goodnight at the subway station. At Sheridan Square look into the window of the Limelight, maybe two or three times an evening. Then across the Square and into the Riviera—the friendliest spot in town . . . then go to Louis's for a beer—very crowded, and on to the Montmartre for another beer—only 15¢ a glass, and refreshing and the exercise is good for you. But don't stay in any one spot too long... travel ... move...

The shops on West 4th Street have good windows to look into: handmade leather goods, jewelry, paintings, sculpture, etc. Stop in at Jon's Scandinavian Shop for wine on the house. Take a look at the people around you too... the men with beards, the girls sans makeup and ponytails—both in dark jerseys, blue jeans and sandals.

Walk along MacDougal Street and peek into the window of the Caricature Coffee House—just peek, you don't want to mix coffee and beer. Drop in at the Kettle of Fish Bar... then up to Rienzi's for a quick look at the bulletin board, where you see that you can get to model to pose in the nude for \$2 an hour, in case you want to take up art... People advertise for room-mates, soul-mates, helicopter pilots (probably for the girls who found a cold-water flat on the sixth

floor). Then you can stop in, say, at the San Remo bar—see what's going on there.

If by 4 o'clock, the witching hour, you have not met anybody, something is wrong with you—maybe you should go to the nearest analyst. But don't give up hope—last stop is Lenny's Hideaway, on West 10th Street. But be careful... a lonely ponytail all by herself is okay... stick close to her... in the Village it's all right to talk to a stranger without an introduction from Emily Post. But beware of the girl tourists from the Bronx and Brooklyn... they make the rounds of the Village in wolfpacks, tightly corseted and copiously petticoated, flashily dressed in tailor-made suits from the Thrift Shoppe, and \$20 Shoes. You can tell the immigrants by their orange pancake makeup and purple lipstick... they usually chew chlorophyll gum and carry a copy of *Confidential*. These are the career girls looking for Johns (Suckers) to wine and dine them and take them home in cabs... they offer nothing in return... they refuse to give... These are the liberated females who have sold their souls for a weekly paycheck . . . they hold on to stupid, dopey, uninteresting jobs, and dine at Chock Full O' Nuts. Their real career begins when they leave their jobs at 5 to attend evening courses at N.Y.U.—where they hope to meet a Jocko who will marry them and free them from the monotony of 9 to 5.

Monday nights they take courses in BALLET... SKIING... HEAD SHRINKING and SKIN DIVING... Wednesdays: PLUMBING... INTERIOR DECORATING and HOW TO BE A DISC JOCKEY... Thursdays: HOW TO BE A HOSTESS AT SCHRAFFTS TEA SHOPPE... HOW TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN & HOW TO MEET YOUR ANALYST... Friday, Saturday & Sunday nights they hang around outside Louis's Bar on West 4th Street waiting for someone to buy them a drink, their favorite being Scotch with Ginger Ale, mixed.

At least once a week someone throws a part in the Village—a rent party... admission usually 50¢... probably in a loft where everybody sits on the floor, with dark circles under their eyes and listens to bongo drums. Bring your own liquor and your own girl, if possible... Guys go to parties to find girls, but usually they're all taken. Village girls don't dress up for parties... just the usual pony tail, dungarees, black jersey... no bra, no makeup. The Village girl seems to be from another planet... she could walk through walls... she seems to have an inexhaustible capacity for beer—sometimes she round trips to all the places... You never see anyone eat in the Village—the steady diet is beer.

Sunday is a big day in the Village. In the afternoon everyone meets at the fountain at Washington Square Park—you can tell it's a fountain because there's no running water... Kids come with their banjos and harmonicas and sing folksongs... and folks wander about—maybe looking at the outdoor art show... People sit in the sun and look put for friends.

Evening falls, and in ones, twos and threes, lamplit figures drift away, leaving the park almost deserted... except for a couple here and there sitting close together. The solitary lonely ones, startled put of their reveries by the silence, awake to the reality of the evening meal and the approaching Monday morning... and to postpone lonely reality, they start their weary rounds... looking... searching.

Weegee, *The Village*, N. pag.

Q. Do you think Greenwich Village girls come to a good end?

No they don't. The ones that came here were very sick in the first place. After staying here, they're either sicker or not so sick. If they're sicker, they're interesting, but not all right. If they're not sick, they're not interesting.

Q. What do you mean by sick?

Neurotic.

Bower, "Village Girl," p. 20.

Toreador pants, flat ballet slippers (if she isn't wearing Murray Space Shoes), a pony tail or a short man-styled hair cut. [Fashion]
Ibid., p. 19.

A penchant for woolen knee-socks. [Fashion]
Ibid., p. 23.

Properly faded blue jeans that are reasonably tight; a fashionable seedy white sweatshirt; a Paisley scarf, moccasin-type shoes. [Fashion]
Bower, "Village Men," p. 29.

Listens to Bob and Ray, to music on NYC and QXR, and hates Dorothy and Dick. She faithfully reads *Time*, the *New Yorker*, the *Village Voice*, occasionally the *Reporter*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Partisan Review*. For hours she gloats over *Vogue's* fashion pictures. She can write, paint, decorate, make pottery, make strange earrings and even dance to tom-tom music. There is at least one philodendron plant in her apartment.

Her job is less creative that she would like. Her office associates talk about her as if she were a cultured prostitute.

She smokes Pall Malls or Marlboros, is a moderate drinker, prefers Scotch, likes gin, but settles for beer.

McDarragh, "Letter," p. 33.

"There is no room for youth and vitality in New York," said Gregory Corso. "It is a city full of guilty academicians."

"Too big, too multiple, too jaded," chanted Jack Kerouac.
Balaban, p. 40.

At once time in the past it was said that they danced on the Arch and spoke and swung from trees and stumbled round the Square over grass, into grass, and ran and fell on top of each other on the grass, and once too the grass was full with not too many dirt spots, brown and lifeless with bits of grey showing through where the earth had been worn right down to the rock on which everything stood.

Coleman, p. 206.

I flutter down the jocund aisles, the plaintively-garish corridors of New York, bumping into solemn-eyed, three-fourths happy poets, drained, humorous futurist-artists, wives of poets who have short strings to which their husbands are attached, enormous-bearded, bubbling sculptors, prostitutes who are not prostitutes, and Emma Goldman... Goldman: marriage enslaves women; schools stifle children; prisons breed crime; private property perpetuates wars; and religion lulls people into passivity.

Reitano, p. 128.

The greater part of New York is as soulless as a department store; but Greenwich Village has recollections like ears filled with muted music and hopes like sightless eyes straining to catch a glimpse of the beatific vision.

Barnes, p. 225.

Greenwich Village dark and shining and hands reach my way as I traipse thinking they are worse off than I.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

Perhaps it would be wise, the night before the General Strike, to have small beat groups scatter throughout the city, pasting up manifestos. Then, on the appointed day, events can begin with a motorcycle corps roaring in from the far reaches of the Bronx, from Long Island, from New Jersey, and by ferry from Staten Island, scattering leaflets on their way. Harlem, which was born hip, would swing down in a night march, augmented by roving bands of boppers from Spanish Harlem who would have sheathed their weapons in honor of the occasion. I would suggest that a skiffle group start at 59th Street and jazz its way down Madison Avenue, preaching great New Orleans truth into every door and window of that sad tense street.

Meanwhile, special contingents would be gathering at every coffee shop in the city, each such contingent to be led by a poet and two bongo drummers. Man, in my mind's most inner eye I dig that sound as it rocks down the great tenement avenues! These groups would all converge on Washington Square, picking up thousands of curious citizens as they bopped along, singing and dancing in the streets. It would be a dramatic sight as the column of Harlem hipsters was joined constantly by new coffee-shop contingents. The folk singers would have already met at Washington Square, where a fantastic morale-building hootenanny would be in full swing. Special hip agents who for months had worked on Madison Avenue under the cover of shaven faces and Dacron suits (and who had even written advertising copy to prove they were square) would be seizing control of the TV and radio stations in order to broadcast good jazz during the daytime, thus alerting the city to the Revolution at hand.

By this time I assume the hipsters would have assembled a crowd of vast proportions. The poets, strange angels of death and of life: improbable possessors of such impossible insane hallucinations as brotherhood, compassion, God—they would lead the line of march. I can see that wonderful assemblage now—folk-singers and dancers bongo-drummers and poets—the whole mighty column marching joyous through the streets, past the Tishman project, right down to City Hall. And there, finally, sustained and inspired by magic horns of jazz, the hip population of our city would march seven times around the City Hall while we stand by the hundreds of thousands to watch. Perhaps—just perhaps—the walls of indifference would crumble, injustice fall broken to the ground. Perhaps Wagner dressed in his usual confusion, would flee. Perhaps Moses would agree to be sheathed in concrete and set in Central Park as a monument of some kind or for pigeons to breathe on. DeSapio, being a shrewd man, would doubtless take off his dark glasses and join the line of march. And thus at last the back of the Tammany Tiger would be broken.

Alas and unfortunately, this is all nothing but fantasy. I'm sure the beats would be no more effective with their General Strike than we have politicians have been with our General Elections. Still—they might be more interesting.

In any event, having spoken my piece, I am now waiting for the first warm day of spring. [Robert Moses] [Madison Ave.] [Robert Moses] Reynolds, pp. 345-9.

Great things are still being said and done in Greenwich Village today, if you'll have the patience to wait until some aged scribe sets them to music in the year 1989.

Reisenberg, p. 114.

East Village

Tompkins Square Park: in those pre-hippie days it was a bleak and forbidding place frequented by disgruntled old people.

Waldman, p. 295.

Suppose, just for a moment, that everything physical and tangible was an art trend. Everything: food, clothing, shelter, water, trees, animals, sex. This is a wild thing to imagine. But if it were so, the sun, which normally hatches hot from the East River and falls at dusk into the Hudson, would come to an abrupt stop right above Tompkins Square Park. Geographically, this is the dead center of the little hamlet known as the East Village.

Mueller, p. 256.

I loved the slums, my slums, the sweet slums of Bohemia and beatnikdom, where sunflowers and morning glories would bloom on fire escapes in the summer and old ladies weigh down by breasts leaned on goosedown pillows in windows, self-appointed guardians of the street, and Tompkins Square with its onion-topped church had the greyness of photos of Moscow.

Johnson, p. 973.

He rented two-room apartment at 521 East 11th Street in December of 1961 for fifty-six dollars a month. It was on the third floor. One room was a combined kitchen and living room. The other was supposed to be a bedroom. There were no closets, only a five-pronged clothes rack nailed to the wall in the bedroom. The rooms were tiny and both had lumpy metal ceilings stamped with leaf-like patterns in six-inch squares.

The two living-room windows opened onto a fire escape which protruded rustily upon a back courtyard crisscrossed with clotheslines and wet clothes getting gritty from the anus of Satan, otherwise known as the Consolidated Edison smokestacks belching a few blocks away. Some mornings he would awaken with the inside of his nose black-caked with fallout.

Spanish music floated in from the courtyard by day by night by dawn. Someone close by had a rooster and occasionally he heard a faint baaaa. On the roof of the building directly opposite his fire escape there was a five-tiered pigeon warren which was used ostensibly to supply food for a family in the building. The super, however, swore up and down that the birds were shipped downtown to a Chinese restaurant for squab gobble.

The backroom or bedroom had a single window to the outside which was sealed shut, its panes painted lightless with many coats. When he pried the window open he saw why. The vista was of a gray-streaked solid brick wall about five feet away and a sheer drop to the rubble of the alley dotted with dropped garbage bags, a common disposal method on the East Side.

Like many dinky New York apartments, there was a window between the kitchen and the so-called bedroom. This too was completely covered with years of paint, the newest being avocado green. The icebox was strictly early American and rattled as the motor struggled to propel the refrigerant. The door was almost as cold as the interior and a piece of rubber insulation hung down from the top and prevented it from closing properly. Next to the icebox was a large, low sink which apparently had been originally intended also for use as a washtub. Next to the sink was the bathtub with a removable porcelain-glazed metal covering. Above

the bathtub were the kitchen cabinets whose crooked doors could never quite be shut and whose interiors were a sour-smelling barrenness of decayed oilcloths, cockroach egg cases, kernels of roach-chewed rice, coffee grounds, and greasy dust.

The watercloset was jammed into a small booth in the hallway. There was something wrong with the light fixture so he placed a candle on the ledge. Either the user left the hall door open, or lit the candle, or voided in darkness. The toilet gurgled with spilling water twenty-four hours a day. Roaches loved the watercloset. There were hundreds of them. He gave up at once trying to maintain the watercloset with the result that his friends, even the funkiest among them, were loath to lower any exposed skin upon the seat.

There were eight layers of linoleum on the floor. These he chopped up and carted away by the armload. The bare floor itself had never been painted or varnished. It was raw wood. He wondered if he should leave it the way it was. Enough paint splashed on it when he was working on the ceiling and walls, however, that he decided to make it black also.

He wound up painting the entire apartment, floor, ceiling, walls, door, black except for one wall which he painted white intending to cover it with murals. The living room was red orange when he rented the place. There were many buckles, cracks and ridges in the plaster. When painting, he left the cracks and ridges red orange so that there were these groovy abstract red lines and patterns running through the black expanses, man. As for the long white wall, he spent the next few months carefully painting it with multi-colored cuneiform stanzas of Sumerian poetry which he had studied in college.

In those days the Lower East Side on Wednesday nights was a free department store. For it was then that residents would place upon the pavement old furniture, kitchen cabinets, smashed TVs, mattresses tied up with cord, etc., for the refuse department to cart away. Sometimes, as when an elderly person without family would die, the sidewalk outside an apartment would be jammed with trunks full of old clothes, boxes of books, lamps, utensils, and the debris of fifty years. This produced a grab scene almost as if someone had thrown money on the ground. Citizens were thrilled to seize from an old trunk a sport shirt from Honolulu or a photo album dated 1923.

The very first Wednesday he forayed and found a large, lidded packing crate from Japan which he lugged home, painted black, and added to the pad as a table. Some things he had to purchase. One such item was a ten-foot-by-ten-foot bamboo mat edged with black cloth. This was the living room fun-rug. Floor pillows he obtained from old sofas found on the streets. He hung another smaller bamboo mat in the doorway between the two rooms. He rigged a string from the bottom up over a nail at the top of the doorjamb so that the bamboo curtain could be raised or lowered by a tug on the string.

He walked the side streets looking for a throwaway mattress. It was a poor day for freebies. Finally he spotted an old mattress tied up into the shape of a jelly roll with rope and leaning against garbage cans at 9th and Avenue C.

The first thing to ascertain, when checking out a free street mattress, was why it was that the owner had discarded it. He regarded the mattress. Even as a throwaway, it was rather a pitiful specimen. In the first place, the prior owners had not been the most continent of humans as evinced by several widespread spills, so to speak, all over the middle of it. But, when given the firmness and bounce tests, it seemed very substantial. To the nose it was not particularly offensive and he could find no indication thereon and therein of cootie, tick,

crab or roach. Therefore, all considered, he grabbed the mattress upon his back and staggered toward 11th Street to his apartment.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, pp. 186-90.

Sally is loosing her face
she lives on St. Marks Place
In a rent-controlled apartment, eighty dollars a month
she has lots of fun, she has lots of fun, but
Sally can't dance no more

She was the first girl in the neighborhood
to wear tied-dyed pants, ah, like she should
She was the first girl that I ever seen
that had flowers painted on her jeans
She was the first girl in her neighborhood
who got raped on Tompkins Square, real good
Now she wears a sword, like Napoleon
and she kills the boys and acts like a son
Reed, "Sally Can't Dance."

I do remember that everything in the East Village begins and ends on street level. It was like that in the misty, idealistic '60s, when I first moved here and sat with thousands of hippies right where the homeless now sleep. We listened to Jefferson Airplane playing from the bandshell. And through all the fires and muggings and the heroin of the '70s to the present —our empty, deadly '80s.

Kapralov, p. 88.

I remember Second Avenue and strawberry shortcake at "Ratner's."
Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

I remember the St. Mark's movie theatre until six. The red popcorn machine. And lots of old men.

Ibid.

I remember "Le Metro." (A coffeehouse on Second Avenue that had poetry readings.) Paul Blackburn. And Diane di Prima sitting on top of a piano reading her poems.

Ibid.

I remember how beautiful snow made the Lower East Side look.
[Weather]

Ibid.

I remember "Folk City." "Man Power." And selling books at "The Strand."

Ibid.

I sat at the bar with some middle-aged accountant-looking type: glasses, thinning hair, business suit, the works. He just didn't look right on Avenue A.

Hamilton, p. 17.

Slum Goddess from the Lower East Side
Slum Goddess gonna make her my bride
Not a chick in the world who's happy to be she
My swinging little goddess from Avenue B
Fugs "Slum Goddess."

He spent nothing until he passed Gem Spa at St. Mark's and Second Avenue where he plunked down fifteen cents for a chocolate egg cream and ten cents for the Village Voice.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 480.

Jimmy made all his own costumes out of beads and feathers, just putting the materials together as he went along. He lived on Tompkins Square on the Lower East Side where you could still rent whole floors of rooms for just thirty or forty dollars a month. I'd lived in that part of town myself when I first got to New York, on Avenue A and St. Mark's Place. Even just a little bit of work a month could pay your rent down there. Right up till the summer of '67, before drugs came in, the East Village was, in a way, a very peaceful place, full of European immigrants, artists, jazzy blacks, Puerto Ricans—everybody all hanging around door stoops and out the windows. The creative people there weren't hustling work, they weren't "upwardly mobile," they were happy just to drift around the streets looking at everything, enjoying everything: Ratner's, Gem's Spa, Polish restaurants, junk stores, dry goods stores—maybe go home and write in a diary about what they'd enjoyed that day or choreograph something they'd gotten an idea about. They used to say that the East Village was the bedroom of the West Village, that the West Village was the action and the East Village was the place you rested up in.

By the early sixties the Judson dance concerts were a fulltime dance theater. They could stage a whole ballet for no more than fifty dollars—the kids in the company would ransack friends' apartments for props and go down to Orchard Street and pick through materials for costumes. The same went for the plays done at places like the Café La Mama and the Caffè Cino, where a lot of the Judson dancers performed when they weren't waiting on tables.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 66-7.

Back in the 1970s, an urban eccentric named Adam Purple (born David Wilkie), built the Garden of Eden on Manhattan's Lower East Side. An oasis of agriculture amidst a sea of bricks and steel, the garden was a stunning design of plants and flowers, brilliantly organized into concentric circles around a central Yin-Yang symbol. Purple had miraculously transformed five abandoned city lots into a wonderland of raspberry bushes and roses. Dressed entirely in purple, he would bicycle up to Central Park to collect horse manure and then ride back downtown with fertilizer in tow...For eighteen years Purple lived an astonishingly ascetic life with no heat, no electricity, and no plumbing. He spent his days scavenging for wood (a wood-burning stove cooked his only food, a tofu-based vegetarian stew), collecting cans (an income of \$2,000 a year from recycling sustained him) and tending to the dilapidated building.

Segal, p. 76.

Long after midtown office towers have been deserted for the day, as many New Yorkers snuggle into bed in their high-rise apartments, another world comes to life in the seedier districts of Lower Manhattan. From 11 p.m. to 5 a.m., Monday through Sunday, the young and the active pack into musty East Village basement bars, cavernous lofts in warehouse districts, or short-lived speakeasies that, because they lack liquor licenses, tend to fall prey to police raids. Disdaining the laser lights and droning beat of '70s discos, these clubs offer an '80s alternative: riotous after-hours vaudeville complete with drag shows,

art auctions, raunchy comedy revues and theme parties celebrating such diverse topics as sexual obsession and Tupperware. The purpose, believe it or not, is art. For many of the city's thousands of working artists and countless aspiring actors, shunned by conventional artistic outlets like uptown galleries and Broadway, the clubs offer a congenial, supportive alternative—a brave new world wilder than the dreams of the sleeping city. This outlandish scene has its own celebrities (John Sex and Gracie Mansion), fashions (spike cuts and crew cuts) and rules for conduct (regulars rarely dance, even in clubs with constant rock music). Says one club-hopper, "It encompasses Berlin before and after the war—the decadence of before, the look of after." Weekend tourists from the 9-to-5 world, unlike in-crowd members, wait in lines at club doors, pay \$3 to \$15 cover charges and rarely get free drinks. All in all, a small price to pay for an eccentric evening out.

Small, N. pag.

One Wednesday around midnight a woman named Philly and her friend Stephen Tashjian, both in their 20s, scuttle around the basement of a onetime Ukrainian blue-collar bar revamped in 1982 as the Pyramid Cocktail Lounge. Philly, who dropped her given name when she moved to the East Village from Philadelphia, smears on the same apple-red lipstick that Stephen wears. He is draping himself with plastic oranges and cherries for his Carmen Miranda act; she is stuffing tiny rotten bananas under layers of shawls and rags that transform her into a "monkey/woman/creature." Finally, clad to fruitarian perfection, they climb up a wooden stairway and emerge into a tiny, windowless room where a solid mass of sweaty kids flail to the beat. A spotlight hits the stage, where a sign bears the name of tonight's extravaganza, Flying Down to Rio. Shaking his hips to a calypso beat, Stephen takes center stage carrying a trombone. Combining the best of Tiny Tim and Shecky Green, he sings in falsetto, toots his horn, treats his fans to a few raunchy jokes and exits. Philly comes on next to the tune of the Belafonte hit Day-O. "I love bananas, big yellow bananas," she screeches as she spits some on the cat-calling audience. Five minutes later she curtsies primly and exits.

"That was sort of a throwaway performance," Philly admits afterward. She and Stephen, who play the clubs as often as four times a week, usually perform in more literate skits—such as I Love Ruthie, their version of I Love Lucy '80s-style and In Praise of Java, a show for coffee believers. That's as legit as they get. "Boy George is interesting but he's too polished. You need a bit more slime and a bit more trash than that," says Philly. Mark Phred, who appears with Philly in some of her other performances, details the logistical realities of their profession: "They call us up and say, 'Can you be South American sun gods showing a synthesis of Egyptian and Polynesian cultures and the space theory in a sort of go-go dance?' And we do it—because that's how we pay our rent."

On the downtown nightclub circuit, where most performers earn about \$50 a night—with occasional gusts up to \$1,000—Philly and her partners are far from unique. As actor Kestutis Nakas puts it, "Working the clubs is much more exciting and vital than hustling your resume to get a bit part on a soap opera." John Sex agrees. Best known for his straight-up hairdo and slimy nightclub act, John, a former male stripper, now supports himself singing hits like his R-rated version of That's Life. "I've been a hustler, a hooker, a honcho, a hero, a dike and a queen," John sings to the classic Sinatra tune. Sex, who has been 24 for years, just landed a recording deal with Island Records. "I'm a

nice Catholic boy from Long Island and everything my mother didn't want me to be," he admits.

Joe Bernard, alias Zette, earns \$110 a night acting out Area's regularly changing themes, often behind glass in an enclosed stage resembling a department store window. For the theme of Confinement, Zette, 25, impersonated Rapunzel, Quasimodo, Anne Frank and various women under hair dryers. (Area nixed his crucifixion act because he wanted to do it during Easter week.)

In 1979, seasoned pro Ann Magnuson, 27, ran the now-defunct Club 57, a low-budget, high-energy cabaret where almost all of today's scene makers first displayed their talents. Now Ann presents 25 or so characters, including an evangelist named Alice Tully Hall, "a combination of Loretta Lynn and Lotte Lenya," in comic half-hour vignettes. About the growing club circuit, Ann says, "Most of the people here are trying to make sense of what they grew up with in the '60s and '70s. We take all those elements and put them back together in different configurations and try to make people laugh. And we make them think."

Gracie Mansion, who named herself after the New York mayor's residence, used to show her friends' artwork in her bathroom. Now she owns one of the East Village's most successful galleries. To stay in touch, she regularly attends clubs whose walls are covered with the work of artists she represents. Who first thought of showing art in nightclubs is a point of endless contention, but the best guess is now-well-known artist Keith Haring, who curated a show in 1979 at Club 57 during its heyday. Anyway, all the right places now do it—and some even specialize in it. Haoui (pronounced Howie) Montaug, 32, a veteran clubgoer who helps run Danceteria, explains the phenomenon: "Everybody who used to be a musician in a band is now a painter. For the locals, art is a bigger draw than anything else, including music. And the clubs have to go with what people want." Neophyte fashion designer Michael Wylde, 23, praises the clubs for the same reason most painters do: "Showing there makes my clothes more accessible to the people who buy them. Nobody I know would go to a fashion show at noon."

Kamikaze, in a warehouse next to the Hudson River, runs the most elaborate art shows. Every other Thursday curator Stacie Teele, 23—or one of her friends—opens a new exhibit with an average of 20 contributors. During the past nine months about 1,000 young artists have hung their works for as many as 1,500 art lovers per opening. Says Stacie, "In a gallery you look at a painting for two seconds. In a club, you look at it several times a night." It was probably Limbo, a two-year-old art bar now closed for a move to a larger space that ran the first club art auctions. Once 80 works were sold in a single night for \$40 to \$575 apiece. Moreover, the benefits are not merely monetary. "The first go-round you look at the paintings," says one faithful viewer, "the second go-round you look at the people."

On any given night the four floors of Danceteria might house an art exhibit, a live band, a dinner party and a fashion show. Across town, 8 B.C.—located in a deteriorating 1850s farmhouse with a large stage (and a slight cockroach problem) on a burned-out street—sometimes presents five short theater pieces a night. Area, an immaculate space in New York's old Pony Express building, celebrates its complete redecoration every six weeks with a special Wednesday bash. On Mondays exotic performers invade the Area dance floor for Obsession nights to act out such compulsions as "pets" and "body oddities." Limelight, a traditional disco on many nights, despite its location in a former Episcopal church, also sponsors wild theme parties. Recently art director Malcolm Kelso, 34, recreated scenes from different Fellini

movies there; another night he threw a pajama party for 1,600 people. Meanwhile, the Limbo crew runs a production company called? Anonymous? Productions that books about 100 acts (including the Pop Tarts) into various clubs.

All this activity does not go unappreciated. Desirable patrons are under steady—though imaginative—emotional siege. Stephen Saban, 38, who writes a column about the clubs for *Details*, a fashion and nightlife magazine, jokes that they send him invitations every 15 minutes. Danceteria and the Pyramid print newsletters every two weeks, Area invitations come with a dog bone, a beach thong or other prizes. Of course, the hippest club-hoppers—like Saban and Dianne Brill—don't need invitations to know which way the wind is blowing. Dubbed the Queen of the Scene, fashion designer Brill, 25, goes out midweek—weekends are too crowded—but this Florida native knows New York's nightlife better than most. "A 'scene person' has to be involved in art, fashion and music and have a pretty good understanding of what's fresh in these mediums," says Dianne of the hundreds of club-goers she sees nightly. "You also have to be active—at least go to the key parties once a week. It takes discipline to know when to go out and when to stay in. Believe me, having fun is work." Then, with an appropriately dramatic sigh, she adds, "What a life."

Ibid.

The Pyramid on Avenue A was the haven and birthplace of a whole new breed of drag queens: Ethel Eichelberger, Hapi Phace, John Kelly, RuPaul, Lypsinka, Lady Bunny, Taboo!

Frisa, p. 167.

The Palladium: "What I was most interested in was that the discotheque as a building type almost extends beyond the conventional idea of architecture and that even substance is lost in its space. Needless to say, however, its space is naturally built and affected by forms and their material composition as in a usual traditional building, nevertheless, these greatly lose their importance in a disco space, and, instead, momentarily passing lights, sounds and visionary images come to the fore. Although lighting, video and music are elements of an architectural space, they come to play the main roles in a discotheque. Each of these elements is the material and media of a new type brought forth by the technology of this age. If it is confirmed that space can be transformed by such elements, it will be quite a rare case in the sphere of contemporary architecture where a field of experiment has been lost. Above all. in a discotheque, such technologies pour over the whole body of a person like a shower and stimulate all the senses. It is as if hidden desire is evoked. Rather it would be better to say that a shower of technologies gives birth to successive desires."

Ibid., p. 178.

Tinkerbelle, an underground celebrity who had written for *Interview* and had starred on cable TV. Her whole life revolved around nightclubs. The worst was when she couldn't get into the Palladium. That was such an enormous blow to her. She talked about it for weeks and weeks and weeks, and didn't let up, and went back to it, and niggled away. It just devastated her. It blew her ego away. On January 22, 1986, she leapt to her death from a fifth-story window.

Haden-Guest, p. 277.

We couldn't wait for it to open. It was going to be the most sophisticated club in New York: the one with space done by an architect and the decor done by artists. It was going to have more speakers, more video screens, more lights, more DJs, more space than any other club in New York. It does. It has more speakers and video screens and lights and DJs and space than any other club in New York. But who has more than one perfect body to take it all in? Who has more than one pair of eyes to see it all? Who has more than one pair of ears to hear it all? Who has more than one brain to sift through it all? Who can see another's face in that kind of machine gun light? Who can talk to another in that kind of industrial noise? Who can find a friend in that dark smoky factory of entertainment?

Are the seventies already being revived? Who's heard your joke? Who touches your elbow? Who can see you dancing? Who knows it's you? Who is the man sitting at the bar? Where is the man who was sitting at the bar a minute ago? Look at that green hair. Look at the scenery going up. Look at the video screens coming down. Look at the tiny people swarming up and down the stairs. Look at those people like fluttering confetti on the dance floor. Who are you here? A feverish molecule in a disco dictatorship trying to catch desire by the tail. But dictatorships think only of the masses (consisting of all those who think more is better and that it's the only place to be if you have to line up outside to get in). It's like a large department store: they have everything but you can't find what you are looking for. It's like an airport, or a train station (without planes or trains to take you places): a space so huge you become anonymous in it. It's like the first day at school, only at night, and in a class of 3000. That's entertainment in the post-Orwell metropolis. Rumor has it that Big Brother furtively swings at the old El Morocco.

Ibid., p. 178.

At Area: "The silver bar is where worlds collide. Andy Warhol might be brushing up against Malcolm Forbes, Keith Haring and Jean Michel Basquiat against David Byrne or Giorgio Armani, Scavullo and Joan Rivers against Phoebe Cates or Henry Geldzahler. And if no one's mixing, Stephen Saban, the Boswell of the night, will push them together, later to remind them what happened in his column in *Details*." Kornbluth, "Area," p.34.

I can't exactly remember when the world stepped out of the underground and entered the unceasing flux of consensus. It happened, I guess, around 11 o'clock on the evening of December 8, 1980, uptown New York, on the sidewalk in front of the Dakota building. David Mark Chapman, twenty-five years old, from Hawaii, popped out from the underground of his mind and fired five shots at John Lennon. When Lennon died at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center, the underground ended and the eighties began. The seventies were the subsoil of our culture, maybe not really the sub-soil but only a sad basement, one of those with windows at sidewalk level, from where you can see people's ankles passing by. The ankle is that part of the body that more than any other reveals how unsexy the seventies were. From the basement the world was seeking out for some form of deliverance. From their ankles the seventies wanted to climb up as far as to the shoulders.

Honestly the true underground was finished by the end of the sixties, with the livid turmoil of the 68's movement making mincemeat of it. The seventies, by contrast, were a pimple on the face of Western society. The underground was the smell of cigarette smoke, unmade beds, bodies naked, not bundled up, dark glasses even at night, speed not

thrift, personal not collective risk, vulgarity not malaise, personality not insecurity. The bullets that smacked into John Lennon's body arrived from the seventies' awkwardness, shattering what was left over from the sixties. Those bullets made a breach in the sewers of the Western world's underground, from which it poured out the excessive effluvia of a decade in which success and excess swapped places continually, softening even the hardest dwellers of sewers, cellars and miserable basements.

The eighties were a blaze of fireworks in the sky of the history of our still 100% pure Western world... The third world, the real underground of our civilization, appeared in the streets of New York ennobled by the collarless shirt of Francesco Clemente, the forerunner of all the rebels who since then have been splashed on the covers of the best reviews, flushed out of their cellars and hosted on cozy couches of Soho's lofts. The eighties wiped off the sweat of India, blew away the dust of Mali, sweetened Mexican chilies. The apartheid society of success and consensus was born.

Underground dwellers were no longer allowed into restaurants, clubs, bars, exhibitions, everything was now reserved for "the people" of the rowdy eighties. To be against meant simply and solely being lonely on the outside, devolution was no longer sexy but simply the "ankle" of society. AIDS began to devour excess but not success, and strikingly even illness became mainstream. As the eighties wore on, the difference between the opening of a gallery and a funeral service became increasingly slender. Dying is better, when all's said and done, than sliding downstairs into the basement. Basquiat was the dark side of Warhol, Mapplethorpe of Haring. The damned no longer existed or at least no one really wanted to meet them. Everyone who used to be part of the culture of the underground simply became losers in the eighties. The underground disappeared because it had lost its charm and the eighties were the time when defeat was no longer an alternative but an antisocial gesture, a time when the individual no longer offered any energy to the flux and hence had to be isolated, forgotten, abandoned and eventually terminated.

Those who died as losers died twice over in the society of the eighties. While the seventies brought about the genocide of individual ideas and identities, the eighties saw the genocide of those who were "different," not sexually or racially different but economically different and marginal. The eighties saw the extermination of those who failed to enter the flux of consensus, of success and excess. The eighties saw the massacre of those who for one reason or other survived the final demolition of the underground. The eighties poured layers of concrete into the subsoil and it's still hard to see what survived underneath. In an imaginary world of sci-fi archeology, when someone will dare to dig into the crust of the twentieth century, they'll reach a point in which a void will appear, like an air chamber: they will have uncovered the civilization of the eighties, an era when a whole society was erected on top of a void surface. Religion, politics and rebellion arrived drained by the violence of the seventies and, passing the border of the new decade, let themselves be disarmed by a generation that no longer saw in the night a darkness where to disappear into, but the light shining off a perverse but unrotten hedonism. Shooting up unknown substances, the eighties' society no longer rotted, it exploded. As in Antonioni's final film, *Zabriskie Point*, the explosion of the eighties still continues today, though increasingly in slow motion and with less and less energy. Work has resumed again on rebuilding basements, cellars, undergrounds, where a new generation seems to have holed up, once again to rediscover the

stimuli, ideas, and reactions to hide from a bulimic world, which seeks to digest everything and immediately in the juice of consensus. The true underground, however, is holed up there, in those societies still desperately in quest of their modernity. The eighties projected a corrupt image of the West onto the world: they unwittingly caused gangrene in the wounds of those worlds where the underground does not simply conceal the desire for an alternative transformation but also hide the violence of a barbarism that is trying to sink the whole world into an abyss of darkness, where no mainstream will ever succeed in welling up again. The five bullets that hit John Lennon in the darkness opened the terrible, dazzling and unavoidable, necessary eighties.

Frisa, pp. 274-6.

b - Art

New York Dada

Dada cannot live in New York because all New York is dada, and will not tolerate a rival.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 3.

Picabia called it a Cubist city in 1913, and on his return in 1915 credited it with his conversion to the mechanomorphic style, for America shows that 'the genius of the modern world' resides in machinery. The Cubist Albert Gleizes told a reporter, "New York inspires me tremendously." Duchamp declared, "I adore New York."

Conrad, p. 115.

In Duchamp's America, art had been supplanted by engineering. The country's creativity, he thought, went into its plumbing and its bridges; all art had to do was make selections from its utilitarian stock, as he did when he tagged the Woolworth Building as a ready-made. Because New York was already 'a complete work of art,' it absolved Duchamp from the necessity of creating new works of art. Its gift to him was that it silenced him. "I have not painted a single picture since coming over," he boasted.

Ibid., p. 115.

New York itself is a work of art, a complete work of art. Its growth is harmonious, like the growth of ripples that come on the water when a stone has been thrown into it. And I believe that your idea of demolishing old buildings, old souvenirs, is fine. It is in line with that so much misunderstood manifesto issued by the Italian Futurists which demanded... the destruction of museums and libraries. The dead should not be permitted to be so much stronger than the living. We must learn to forget the past, to live our lives in our own time. [Death]

"Duchamp Iconoclast," p. 5.

Duchamp suggests the Woolworth Building as a monumental readymade, merely awaiting the proper title. [Commodity]

Marquis, p. 127

One day I ask Marcel Duchamp how many people he thinks *really* liked avant-garde art and he replies, "Oh, maybe ten in New York and one or two in New Jersey."

Myers, 33.

There were around two hundred artists in New York in 1960 and one could meet them all in a relatively short period of time.

Yau, p. 278.

"I came over here not because I couldn't paint at home, but because I hadn't had anyone to talk with." [Singularity]

"French Artists," pp. 2-3.

Duchamp himself remains completely elusive. One day I meet him at the elevator of the View office. He arrives a bit earlier than I and is waiting for me. I notice he has in his hand a pocket chess set, the black and white men arrayed against each other. I ask him whom he might be playing against and he answers, "Marcel versus Duchamp."

Myers, 34.

Marcel Duchamp perfectly adapts to the violent rhythm of New York. He is the hero of the artists and intellectuals, and of the young ladies who frequent these circles. Leaving his almost monastic isolation, he flings himself into orgies of drunkenness and every other excess. [Alcohol] [Sex]

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 58.

Duchamp's relationship to masculinity in his New York Dada period parallels the "Warren Beatty effect in *Shampoo*"—the less macho man adopting feminine attributes in order to seduce women. [Sex]

Ibid., p. 9.

Arriving at 7:30, we find Duchamp sitting in a corner of the small living room by a window overlooking University Place there he remains—serene, utterly at ease, seldom speaking although in no way aloof—until nearly three o'clock in the morning. His participation in the evening's social intercourse takes the form of a twinkle in his eye and a barely perceptible hint of a smile, and yet his presence charges the room.

Brown, *Chance*, p. 269.

He has the presence of a "smiling corrupter."

Marquis, p. 110

Duchamp tells a reporter that he had tried to obtain a studio in a skyscraper, "one of the highest," but was dismayed to learn that "people are not allowed to live in them." [Architecture] [Real Estate]

Ibid., p. 113

Duchamp calls America a one-class country and marvels that people who can afford chauffeurs go to the theater by subway. [Class] [Structure]

Ibid., p. 113

His occupation of the Washington Square arch ratifies Washington Square as a monument of the avant-garde. [Psychogeography]

Banes, p. 15.

The Republic of Washington Square takeover of the arch, Gerturde Drick aka Woe reads her Declaration, which consists of the word "Whereas" repeated over and over, and nothing else.

Miller, *Greenwich Village*, p. 59.

A rumor that Duchamp's original Bottle Rack has been found complete with signature, date, and forgotten inscription, on a New York junkman's truck. [Garbage]

Marquis, p. 127

One evening in January 1916, during dinner with the Arensbergs at the Cafe des Artistes at 1 West 67th Street, Duchamp leaps up and impulsively signs his own name to a huge old-fashioned battle scene painted on the wall behind him. The gesture, he explains, makes the mural his own readymade; it has "everything except taste."

Ibid., p. 128

"My capital is time, not money."

Ibid. p. 246

In the 1940s Duchamp was so poor that he traveled all the way to Brooklyn for some dental work at a free clinic. The dentist pulled a whole group of teeth, and on the way home Duchamp collapsed on a street curb... He paid for treatment by his dentist, Daniel Tzanck, with a beautifully hand-lettered check for \$115, drawn on 'The Teeth's Loan and Trust Co., Consolidated, 2 Wall St., New York.' [Body in the City] *Ibid.* p. 143

Jimmy Ernst, the son of Max Ernst, dined with him one evening in 1967 at "a swank New York restaurant" He asked Marcel, "as a connoisseur who had dined all over the world," to pick the wine. While the wine steward waited patiently, Duchamp perused each item on the extensive wine list, occasionally asking details about a particular year or cru. Then he ordered "a little white and a little red." Somehow, this incident found its way into a popular newspaper column. He was also deliberately unpretentious in his choice of favorite foods: pastrami and French fries. [Alcohol] *Ibid.* p. 289

threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 18.

William Carlos Williams describes Duchamp during the 1940s as "idling in a telephoneless 14th Street garret." [Technology] Marquis, p. 246

From the Baroness's point of view, Duchamp and Williams exemplify the tendency among male avant-gardists to make radical art in their free time, while living more or less bourgeois lives, driven by neurasthenic fears of the modern challenges to their coherence as male subjects.
Jones, *Modernism*, p. 8.

William Carlos Williams on The Baroness's apartment: "The most unspeakably filthy tenement in the city. Romantically, mystically dirty, of grimy walls, dark, gaslit halls and narrow stairs, it smelt of black water closets, one to a floor, with low gasflame always burning and torn newspapers trodden in the wet. Waves of stench thickened on each landing as one moved up . . . I saw them [her dogs] at it on her dirty bed." [Real Estate] *Ibid.*, p. 8.

Paris has had Dada for five years, and we have had Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven for quite two years. But great minds think alike and great natural truths force themselves into cognition at vastly separated spots.
Ibid. p. 2.

In Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven Paris is mystically united [with] New York. [Psychogeography] [Empire] *Ibid.* p. 2.

The Baroness is the first American dada; she is the only one living anywhere who dresses dada, loves dada, lives dada.
Ibid. p. 3.

The Baroness used detritus she found on the street as well as items stolen from department stores to craft elaborate costumes which she would then wear, complete with black lipstick, shaved head or brightly dyed hair, and other body adornments, to the legendary Greenwich Village balls or (notoriously, and surely far more noticeably) through the streets of New York. [Crime] [Garbage] [Body in the City]

Ibid. pp. 3-4.

Djuna Barnes, writing c. 1933: "Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven... was one of the terrors of the district which cuts below Minetta Lane and above eighteenth street to the west. The lip of a burnished coal scuttle for a helmet strapped to her head with a scarlet belt which buckled under the chin, Christmas tree balls of yellow and red as ear rings, a tea strainer about her neck, a short yellow skirt barely covering her legs, and over the precision of her breasts a single length of black lace she would walk the city... She made a great plaster cast of a penis once, & showed it to all the 'old maids' she came in contact with." [Surrealism]

Ibid. p. 208.

The Baroness, with her leaky, smelly, grotesque body and flamboyant costumes cobbled together from urban detritus and stolen commodities, performed an irrational, antimasculinist, and radically queer subjectivity against the grain of New York's abstracting spaces and phallic skyline. [Body in the City]

Ibid. p. 222.

audacious modernity

Ibid. p. 180.

How do we construct a legitimate or convincing history when we only have a pile of disconnected anecdotes (anecdote being, as Djuna Barnes put it, 'the skeleton of life')?

Ibid. p. 30.

"My uncle's garage, that Frank Lloyd Wright thing on Fifth Avenue," said Peggy Guggenheim. [Architecture]

Trager, p. 623.

One would never expect to see another "Guggenheim" aped somewhere down the Avenue. [Simulacra]

Monson, p. 31.

No one can now deny the uniqueness of the plain apartment blocks behind the Guggenheim, for it was the Museum building which gave them a reality which themselves they had not had until its construction.

[Mundane] [Banal]

Ibid., p. 31.

For the Mexican muralist J. C. Orozco in 1929, New York constituted a challenge to the modernizing artist. Its architecture stood as a rebuke to the inequity and fatuity of ancestral Europe, and where the buildings had boldly led, Orozco proclaimed, "painting and sculpture must certainly follow." Mondrian too saluted the city's overthrow of a tyrannical past, a liberation symbolized by its engineering, its electricity, its jazz, and the displays in its shop windows.

[Commodity] [Window Display]

Conrad, p. 115.

Joseph Cornell, who located the oddments he reverently boxed in the shabby arcades of Times Square, the musty bookstores of Fourth Avenue, the flower stalls on West 28th Street, and the curiosity shops above Madison Square.

Ibid., p. 311.

Cornell remembered passing a shop window displaying compasses, then, two blocks farther, a window full of boxes. 'It occurred to me to put the two together.' He is the *bricoleur* as an elegiac wanderer in memory, a votary of the souvenir. [Flâneur] [Commodity]

Ibid., p. 311.

Presently we went through the kitchen, where Cornell's mother was sitting reading the Sunday paper. It could have been any kitchen on Utopia Parkway—ruffled curtains on the windows, some plant cuttings on a sill. I glimpsed the pantry, which seemed to be filled with bags of birdseed, for the good reason that Joseph had in his backyard a birdbath, birdhouses, bird feeders. He explained that he enjoyed the visits of sparrows, pigeons, robins or any other bird that came by. There was a wire fence in the rear of the yard. Other backyards stretched to the left and right, all fenced off, each with a garage. It was to the Cornell garage that I was led, and when the doors were swung open, I felt as though I were entering Aladdin's cave. There were shelves and more shelves lining the garage on which were stored objects, constructions, materials for new boxes, dolls. I cannot say which boxes I liked the most. I cannot say if I understood the meaning of them. I only knew that these creations were among the most beautiful and mysterious things I had ever seen, the total embodiments of *le merveilleux*.

After a light lunch of cottage cheese, toast, bologna, jello and milk (Joseph picked at his food as though eating were a nuisance), I was invited to go for a bicycle ride. There were two bikes in the garage and off we went on a tour of the neighborhood. But the sights most memorable were pure Cornell. 'Stand here,' he said at one spot, 'and hold your hands to the right and left of your eyes so that you see only what is in front of you.' In the distance was a small old-fashioned brick building, probably a pump house. By cutting off the surrounding environment, it became a Swiss chalet nestling among trees. It looked like the kind of romantic vista one sees in an old engraving. The next spot provided a spectacular view of New York, the whole of it stretched out and illuminated by the silvery gray light of the afternoon. I had never seen New York from such a vantage point. Its skyscrapers became minarets, it seemed to float on a low-lying mist. It was Baghdad. When we got back to the house, I was not shown the attic, where more treasures were stored, or his cellar, which serves as a studio. Instead, we went upstairs to Joseph's room—as austere as a monk's cell—where there was a large collection of Victrola records and a wind-up Victrola. I was shown a portfolio devoted to an early nineteenth-century opera singer called Malibran. In it were programs, engravings, sheet music, reproductions of letters, a host of memorabilia through which Cornell could summon the presence of the celebrated diva. (Cornell had already put his vast collection of this sort of visual material, plus several thousand silent movie stills, to practical use. He conducted an archives service rather like the huge-scale Bettmann Archive; commercial art directors who needed a picture of, let us say, a kitchen stove circa 1846 would call Cornell and invariably he would have the sought-after image.)

While I was looking through this sheaf of material, selections on various recordings were played on the wind-up Victrola. These were not necessarily operatic arias or overtures. Some of the music evoked a Malibran who might have lived in another period—music by Erik Satie and Debussy, for instance. It became clear, however, from glancing at the covers of many of the record albums, that Joseph's passion was for the Romantic composers—Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz, Chopin.

It was time for me to leave, but Mrs. Cornell insisted I have a cup of tea and some Lorna Doone cookies. Her deafness prevented much conversation, and I felt I had stayed too long, although Joseph assured me I hadn't. I said goodbye to his brother, Robert. [Nature] [Psychogeography] [Antiquity] [Technology] [Sound] [Panorama] [Food] Myers, pp. 73-4.

Suppose the greatest artist in the history of the world, impoverished and unknown at the time, had been sitting at a table in the old Automat at Union Square, cadging some free water and hoping to cop a leftover crust of toasted corn muffin or a few abandoned translucent chartreuse waxed beans or some other item of that amazing range of Yellow Food the Automat went in for—and suddenly he got the inspiration for the greatest work of art in the history of the world. Possessing not even so much as a pencil or a burnt match, he dipped his forefinger into the glass of water and began recording this greatest of all inspirations, this high point in the history of man as a sentient being, on a paper napkin, with New York tap water as his paint. In a matter of seconds, of course, the water had diffused through the paper and the grand design vanished, whereupon the greatest artist in the history of the world slumped to the table and died of a broken heart, and the manager came over, and he thought that here was nothing more than a dead wino with a wet napkin. Now, the question is: Would that have been the greatest work of art in the history of the world or not? [Food] [Water]

Wolfe, *Painted*, pp. 86-7.

When an equestrian statue of a general has both front hoofs off the ground, it means the general died in battle; if one hoof is off the ground, he died of wounds received in battle. [Nature]

Talese, p. 19.

New York Schools

As 1950 approached, a feeling akin to manifest destiny began to course through the art world. This was 'the American century,' the Luce magazines constantly trumpeted, and Americans had a heroic role to play in resisting totalitarianism and celebrating Western values. Buoyed by the new optimism, the downtown artists decided to stage a Christmas part at the Club. Most of the charter members spent several evenings creating one or two huge collages apiece. In the end, the collages—"daring and dazzling" to look at—covered almost every inch of the Club's walls and ceilings. The partying mood did not end after Christmas. The biggest day of all, New Year's 1950, was approaching. Bridge tables were covered in paper tablecloths and lined up in a long row for a communal dinner. After dinner the dancing began.

[...]

And then it was midnight and 1950. And then it was morning, and still no one went home. Many artists simply broke for breakfast and a new bottle. The partying lasted for three days. Sometime during the

marathon, Philip Pavia stood up and delivered a ringing proclamation. "This is the beginning of the next half century," he announced. "The first half of the century belonged to Paris. The next half century will be ours." [Empire]

Stevens & Swan, p. 292.

De Kooning's "Excavation" had none of the monkish reserve of Parisian cubism, but seemed brash and pulsing, like a blinking sign in New York. A black and white city that glinted with occasional color, New York was itself a kind of synthesis of cubism and surrealism, a combination of strict grids and liberating gestures in which order and chaos, reserve and craziness, appeared locked in a tense balance. New York in 1950 was not the bland caricature later known as 'the fifties.' It celebrated the exaggerated self and the strut of personality. And yet, the city could also be cold and detached, a place of gritty grays and inhuman scale... No other American painting—not even Stuart Davis's pictures—conveyed with comparable force the jazzy syncopation of the city. [Grid] [Surrealism] [Jazz]

Ibid., p. 296.

New York School art works with titles about New York: Jane Freilicher, *Early New York Evening*, Larry Rivers, *Second Avenue*, Grace Hartigan, *Grand Street Bridges*, Allan Kaprow, *George Washington Bridge (with Cars)*, Franz Kline, *Third Avenue*.

no.cit.

De Kooning joked that he thought of the fiercely totemic *Woman* of his 1950-52 series as 'living' on Fourteenth Street. [Body in the City] Gooch, p. 191.

Publicity had not been an issue with artists in the Forties and Fifties. It might come as a bolt from the philistine blue, as when *Life* made Jackson Pollock famous; but such events were rare enough to be freakish, not merely unusual. By today's standards, the art world was virginally naive about the mass media and what they could do. Television and the press, in return, were indifferent to what could still be called the avant-garde. "Publicity" meant a notice in the *New York Times*, a paragraph or two long, followed eventually by an article in *Art News* which perhaps five thousand people would read. Anything else was regarded as extrinsic to the work—something to view with suspicion, at best an accident, at worst a gratuitous distraction. One might woo a critic, but not a fashion correspondent, a TV producer, or the editor of *Vogue*. To be one's own PR outfit was, in the eyes of the New York artists of the Forties or Fifties, nearly unthinkable—hence the contempt they felt for Salvador Dalí. [Advertising] [Media]

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 116-7.

Splatters of paint from the brushes of Arshile Gorky can be found on the floor of a 14th Street studio still occupied by a painter. [Death] [Gentrification] [Bohemia] [Real Estate]

McDarrah, p. 15

Harold Rosenberg and Dwight Macdonald for twenty-five years lived in the same four-story whitestone on East Tenth Street in the Village and rarely spoke to one another, often barely grunting hello.

Jumonville, p. 140.

The ultimate dream of any Painting and Design person was to go to New York and get a studio. That word "studio" was enormously charged, it was much more charged than "sex" or "fuck," because it implied this whole life, I mean, this was it! The most talented and independent people would come to New York in the summer and sublet somebody's studio with an outdoor toilet for \$18 a month. [Real Estate]

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 78.

I remember the first time I met Frank O'Hara. He was walking down Second Avenue. It was a cool early Spring evening but he was wearing only a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. And blue jeans. And moccasins. I remember that he seemed very sissy to me. Very theatrical. Decadent. I remember that I liked him instantly. [Street]

Brainard, N. pag.

I remember Frank O'Hara's walk. Light and sassy. With a slight bounce and a slight twist. It was a beautiful walk. Confident. "I don't care" and sometimes "I know you are looking." [Flâneur]

Ibid.

I remember one very cold and black night on the beach alone with Frank O'Hara. He ran into the ocean naked and it scared me to death.

Ibid.

O'Hara matched the spirit of his new artist friends by trying to create a poetic city of New York. Other poets had certainly written about Manhattan—Whitman, Crane, Lorca, Auden. But over the next fifteen years, O'Hara composed a fragmented epic of the city, focusing particularly on the humor and chaos of the growing metropolis and using his experiences as a trail through an ever-changing urban labyrinth rather than on the scale of Joyce's Dublin or William Carlos Williams's Paterson.

Gooch, p. 191.

From the moment Frank O'Hara arrived in New York, the twenty-five-year-old poet began absorbing the images, smells, and sounds that appeared in his work—newspaper headlines, subway bathrooms, yellow construction helmets, taxi honkings, funeral home signs, painters' lofts, instant coffee, negronis, abandoned storefronts, lunchroom tables, smoke-filled bars, liquor stores, and tobacconists.

Ibid., p. 191.

O'Hara was vexed by Warhol's rise. They had both arrived in New York at about the same time. But Warhol's acceptance by the art world in which O'Hara was so celebrated was peripheral at best. Of Warhol's first show at the Hugo Gallery in 1952, an unimpressed *Art News* reviewer had written that his drawings of young boys' heads and women dressed in the style of the twenties were "airily" reminiscent of the novels of Truman Capote. As a curator, O'Hara had visited Warhol's studio in 1959. "He was very unkind to Andy," says the poet John Giorno. "This was when Andy was still drawing shoe ads and making all that money. Frank O'Hara and two other people came to visit Andy in that house on Eighty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue. It was very chicly decorated at the time—black vinyl walls, a horse from a carousel. I remember Andy saying that Frank walked into that front room and just started laughing and putting him down for being chi-chi. That's not what they wanted to see or what they thought was important. He told me, 'Frank was so meeeean.' That carried through when he became

a famous artist. But then at some point Frank made a change and thought that what Andy was doing was valid."

Warhol had begun doing drawings of feet long before the shoe as an expression of his fetish. Introduced to O'Hara by Willard Maas at Charles Henri Ford's, Warhol asked O'Hara if he could draw his feet. Well aware of the eroticism in the suggestion, O'Hara refused. "But you let Larry Rivers draw your feet," complained Warhol, who had early on bought a Rivers drawing from John Bernard Myers on an installment plan of five dollars a month for five months. "Well that's Larry Rivers!" O'Hara exclaimed. O'Hara was not nearly so difficult with Jasper Johns, who made a sculpture of wood, lead, metal, brass, and sand in 1961 titled "Memory Piece (Frank O'Hara)," in which a rubber cast of a foot in the sand was taken from a plaster mold of O'Hara's foot. "I remember casting his foot on Front Street in my studio," says Johns. "I cast his foot and did a drawing for the piece, which included a cabinet with the drawers full of sand. At that time I had a house in South Carolina. I needed a carpenter but could never find anyone to do it. I think it was done after his death. But I gave Frank the drawing for it." This was the piece referred to in O'Hara's letter-poem to Johns, written in 1963: "Dear Jap, when I think of you in South Carolina I think of my foot in the sand."

Masterful at the art of manipulation and careerism, Warhol had targeted O'Hara at first as someone who could open doors for him. "Andy wanted Frank's respect, I think," says Gerard Malanga. "But Andy was not getting it, so he was kind of two-faced about the situation. He actually was not that impressed by Frank. But he would get hurt by these negative reactions from people he thought he could look up to. Soon enough, of course, doors opened without O'Hara. Warhol's one-man show in November at the Stable Gallery, which included his Marilyn diptych, 100 Soup Cans, 100 Coke Bottles, and 100 Dollar Bills, set him at the head of the pack, which O'Hara would rather have seen him trailing. Bill Seitz, the chief curator of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, bought a Marilyn for himself for \$250. Philip Johnson bought the Gold Marilyn for \$800. Yet when Warhol gave him one of the Marylins, O'Hara instantly put it in his closet. Jim Brodey, a poet from O'Hara's New School class, recalls a cocktail party at O'Hara's at which Warhol gave O'Hara an imaginary drawing of the poet's penis, which he crumpled up and threw away in annoyance.

O'Hara's antagonism toward Warhol was mixed with art politics and sexual politics. Warhol was relegating the Abstract Expressionists to the past. By threatening O'Hara's allies, he was threatening O'Hara's own vanguard status, a position he had enjoyed since he was a teenager. He offended O'Hara as well by rejecting the brushstroke, with its touching, personal, humanistic implications, in favor of silkscreening and mechanical reproduction. Larry Rivers's commissioned billboard for the first New York Film Festival in 1963 included a camera, strips of celluloid, a Rudolph Valentino cameo, a leopard, a figure of Jane Russell in her briefest costume from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and stenciled letters. When it was mounted at the corner of Broadway and Sixty-fifth Street, O'Hara wrote to Joan Mitchell, "You can make out what the message is through a few well-placed letters here and there, but mostly it is pure Rivers—no Andy Warhol he. It's quite funny that they do all those paintings that look like billboards, and when a billboard is finally commissioned it looks like a painting, or rather is one."

"In his love of objects in his poetry and in his association with Larry Rivers he certainly wasn't antirealist," says the painter Wynn Chamberlain. "On the other hand he was very much anti-Death, which is

what Warhol signified to him I think. And to all of us at that point. He was the prophet of doom. There was a complete division between the Warhol-Geldzahler camp and the O'Hara-Rivers-de Kooning camp. Frank was at the Museum of Modern Art, and that Museum was the thing to be overcome by the younger Pop painters." Among his fellow curators at the Museum, O'Hara was actually relatively open to some of the "New Realists," if not always to Warhol. "Like a lot of people who were involved with Abstract Expressionism I was very resistant to Pop," says Waldo Rasmussen. "It really seemed trivializing to me. And in some aspects of it he was too. But he was much more open to it than I. He became very quickly a good friend of Claes Oldenburg. He liked Lichtenstein's work." (The painter Al Leslie recalls a panel discussion at the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture in Maine at which O'Hara savagely "devastated" an art historian who criticized Lichtenstein, beginning his tirade with his trademark insult, "You big sack of shit!")

Some of O'Hara's peeves with Warhol were personal. Paramount was a friendship of Warhol's with Freddy Herko—the young dancer who had roomed with Vincent Warren after rooming with Diane DiPrima. Warhol had filmed the struggling dancer roller-skating all over New York on one bleeding foot in a sixteen-millimeter film titled *Dance Movie* in September 1963. In October 1964, Herko killed himself tripping on LSD by dancing out the fifth-floor window of a friend's Greenwich Village apartment while Mozart's *Coronation Mass* played on the record player. When he heard the news, Warhol reportedly said, "Why didn't he tell me he was going to do it? We could have gone down there and filmed it!" O'Hara, who attended the memorial service organized by Diane DiPrima at Judson Church, reacted to Herko's death with his usual overblown mourning and sorrow. Warhol's response cinched O'Hara's opinion of him as cold-blooded. As he wrote to Mike Goldberg, "How did you know incidentally about my being so depressed about Freddie? I was, very, but when this girl told me that Andy Warhol and Alan Marlowe had found it 'beautiful' and I said that I hoped they would both be locked into a Ben Hecht movie and left to starve, I felt greatly relieved."

O'Hara was first brought to Warhol's "Factory," which was then located in a warehouse and factory building at 231 East Forty-seventh Street, by Joe LeSueur in 1964. (LeSueur had appeared eating a banana that year in *Couch*, a lightly pornographic movie filmed in July on an old red couch in the middle of the Forty-seventh Street Factory with cameo appearances by Malanga, Ginsberg, Corso, Orlovsky, Kerouac, Mark Lancaster, and Baby Jane Hoizer.) O'Hara half-heartedly agreed to write, with LeSueur, a segment for a plotted movie (conspicuously missing until then in the Warhol canon) to be called *Messy Lives*, but he never did it. His only contribution was an episode written with Frank Lima called "Love on the Hook." "Frank left the Factory that day not very impressed with what Andy was doing," says Malanga of O'Hara's only visit. "But there was a weird homosexual climate there at that point. Maybe he felt Andy was too sissified for his tastes."

Warhol's style of homosexuality was counter to O'Hara's, who preferred the artist cowboys of the Cedar. Warhol felt alienated by such aesthetic roughhousing. As he later wrote of the Cedar, "I tried to imagine myself in a bar striding over to, say, Roy Lichtenstein and asking him to "step outside" because I'd heard he'd insulted my soup cans. I mean, how corny. I was glad those slug-it-out routines had been retired—they weren't my style, let alone my capability." The Factory was Warhol's attempt at a party he could control, and the scene's infiltration of Max's Kansas City in 1966 changed the life of artists at least as much as the Janis show. Max's—with its red velvet booths

and black vinyl walls covered with works by Frank Stella, Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, and Richard Bernstein—became the new Cedar. The dividing line O'Hara had described as so "New York" in his letter to Warren from Madrid, between the heterosexual painters who liked him and the effete homosexuals who didn't, had been erased.

Eventually O'Hara, like the rest of the art world, made room for Warhol. As the painter Joe Brainard wrote, "I remember Frank O'Hara putting down Andy Warhol and then a week or so later defending him with his life." In 1964 Warhol, using his Bolex, shot movie footage of O'Hara giving a poetry reading at Café Le Metro—a subbasement coffee shop and antique furniture store on Second Avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets that was the hangout of the East Village poets until the founding of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery in 1966. In an interview with a British Journalist in October 1965, O'Hara found kind words to say about Warhol: "I went to Boston recently and saw the full mounting of the picture of Mrs. Kennedy... It was never shown in New York full scale. And it's absolutely moving and beautiful. Not sarcastic, and it's not some sort of stunt. It really is compelling work when shown in the way he wanted it to be shown. When it's as big as it's supposed to be and there are that many images of her and the color somehow works from image to image. And I think that he—you know, just as one knows that Duchamp's serious—I think Andy is a terribly serious artist rather than an agent to make everything lively, which he sometimes is taken for in the United States. The European evaluation of him is much more exact." In a memo written shortly before his death, on a Pollock retrospective he was organizing, he proposed a panel of five critics and artists he thought would be "pentagonally opposed"—Harold Rosenberg, Clement Greenberg, Barnett Newman, Alfonso Ossorio, and Andy Warhol.

Ibid., pp. 395-9.

To Capote himself, New York was "like living inside an electric lightbulb."

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 78.

Warhol wrote fan letters to Truman Capote and Judy Garland... Throughout his first year in New York, he had written Capote almost daily fan letters, announcing he was in town and asking if he might draw Truman's portrait.

"I never answer fan letters," Capote would later recall, "but not answering these Warhol letters didn't seem to faze him at all. I became Andy's Shirley Temple. After a while I began getting letters from him every day! Until I became terrifically conscious of this person. Also he began sending along drawings. They certainly weren't like his later things. They were rather literally illustrations from stories of mine... at least that's what they were supposed to be. Not only that, but apparently Andy Warhol used to stand outside waiting to see me come in or go out of the building."

Ibid., pp. 86, 91.

Capote on Warhol: "He seemed one of those helpless people that you just know nothing's ever going to happen to. Just a hopeless born loser, the loneliest, most friendless person I'd ever seen in my life."

Ibid., *Warhol*, p. 91.

The city was changing. De Kooning's New York was hot and fervent, now a more iconic and cool city, which Andy Warhol would soon symbolize was developing around him. The contemporary art world was becoming

increasingly remote from his inner life as an artist. The constant parties, the bright young faces, and the air of fashion took him far from his own roots. There seemed to be no center any longer.

Stevens & Swan, p. 422.

The multiplicity of learned traditions, the diverse institutional bases of learning, popularization, and vernacular cultures, make it no easy task to identify either elite or popular culture. A simple "high" / "low" scheme is utterly inadequate. The cultural life of the modern city, of New York City in particular, has been divided and subdivided along both historical and vertical axes—with no universally recognized principle of hierarchy or priority. [Grid]

Bender, p. 61.

If anybody wants to know what those summer days of '66 were like in New York with us, all I can say is go see *Chelsea Girls*. I've never seen it without feeling in the pit of my stomach that I was right back there all over again. It may have looked like a horror show—"cubicles in hell"—to some outside people, but to us it was more like a comfort—after all, we were a group of people who understood each other's problems. [Cinema]

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 233.

I remember the day Frank O'Hara died. I tried to do a painting somehow especially for him. (Especially good.) And it turned out awful. Brainard, N. pag.

Warhol: "One night I happened to be at Max's when Larry came in. That afternoon Frank O'Hara had been buried in Springs, Long Island, with Jackson Pollock's grave in the distance, and half the art world had gone out there for the funeral. Larry came over to my table holding a drink and sat down. He looked terrible. He'd been really close friends with Frank. After he was hit by a car, they took him to the nearest hospital, Larry told me, where they didn't realize he was bleeding internally until the next morning, and by then he'd been losing blood for eight hours. Frank's best friends, Larry and Kenneth Koch and Joe LeSueur and Bill de Kooning, were all called to the hospital, and de Kooning and Larry went up to his room to see him. 'He thought he was at a cocktail party,' Larry said. 'It was a dream conversation. And three hours later he was dead. I made this speech at the funeral today—I was practically in tears. I just thought I'd describe what Frank looked like that afternoon, the marks on his body, the stitches, the tubes coming out of him. But I didn't get to finish because everyone was screaming at me to shut up.' Larry shook his head. It sounded like a very Pop eulogy to me—just the surface things. It was just what I hoped people would do for me if I died. But evidently death wasn't something the people out there in Springs that afternoon wanted to be Pop about.

'Its very selfish of me, I know,' Larry said, 'but all I can think is that there'll never be anybody who likes my work as much as Frank did. It's like that poem of Kenneth's—'He Likes My Work.''

It was scary to think that you could lose your life if you were taken to the wrong hospital or if you happened to get the wrong doctor at the right hospital. It sounded to me like Frank wouldn't have died if they'd realized in time that he was bleeding.

I'd known Frank, too. He was kind of small, and he always wore tennis shoes, and he talked a little like Truman Capote, and even though he was Irish, he had a face like a Roman senator. He'd say

things like 'Listen, Circe, just because you've turned us all into pigs, don't think we're going to forget you're still our queen!'"
Warhol, *POPism*, p. 234-5.

Frank O'Hara's dead & we are not. [Death]
Berrigan, p. 620

It's hard to imagine what N.Y. will be like without Andy. How will anybody know where to go or what is "cool?" [Death] [Parties]
Haring, *Journals*, p. 156.

Literature

W. H. Auden himself may be seen fumbling by in the rain—Paul Bowles, natty in a Dacron suit, passing through on a trip from Morocco, the ghost of Herman Melville himself followed by Bartleby the Wall Street Scrivener and Pierre the ambiguous hipster of 1848 out on a walk—to see what's up in the news flashes of the *Times*. [Dandy]
[Mapplethorpe] [Flâneur]
Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 109.

Wystan Auden could probably be considered one of the first modern poets to homestead the East Village.
Malanga, pp. 23-4.

W.H. Auden's parties in his apartment in the Village, attended by an incongruous mix of high-powered literary figures and street scum boys, who Auden and his partner had picked up.
Reay, p. 11.

I was living in New York when my early poems were written, and the thing then was to be experimental. We thought that using slashes and "wd" instead of "would" was experimental writing. I finally asked Joel Oppenheimer, who was well known for this, why he used slashes instead of apostrophes and he told me that it was because he was a typesetter and the typesetting machines had no apostrophes. So I guess it wasn't all that avant-garde after all. [Textuality]
Kane, p. 8.

The cowboy look extended into the poetry and writing coming out of the Lower East Side scene. [Fashion]
Ibid., p. 19.

"Edited, published & printed by Ed Sanders at a secret location on the Lower East Side, New York City."
no.cit.

The New York poets seem to be nourished by a reservoir of attributes including, mainly, wild, improbable juxtaposition, diction that turns corners sharply, put-ons, very mock ingenuousness and urbane faggotry.
Kane, p. 175.

John Giorno's benefit for Ron Gold at the Poetry Project in January of 1970 included setting up a guerilla pirate radio station called Radio Free Poetry that could reach a radius of ten blocks, a light and

sound show, perfumed air, fog machines and a bowl of LSD punch that was distributed at the church's altar. [Technology] [Smell] [Air] [Drugs]
Ibid., pp. 184-5.

The St. Mark's Poetry Project
is closed for the summer. But
all over the world, poets
are writing poems. Why?
Berrigan, p. 592.

On January 10, 1968, Kenneth Koch read at the Poetry Project. His reading was interrupted by the poet Allen Van Newkirk yelling out "Stop!" followed immediately by the sound of a pistol. Newkirk had quietly walked from the rear exit of the parish hall up to the front of the stage, pulled out a pistol, and fired two blanks directly at Koch. Rod Padgett remembers: "A tall, somewhat scraggly white man, in his mid-to-late 20s and wearing Dostoveskian overcoat, emerged from the door behind the podium and took a few steps store Kenneth, on Kenneth left side, and he aimed a small revolver at Kenneth and from close range fired several shots. It was quite loud and stunning. Kenneth cringed and lurched. The audience jumped. I jumped too, but I kept my eye on Kenneth and saw that he was not shot. Around this time there were a lot of Happenings, and other unusual art events with pranks set up to fool the audience, so you never knew. But it was very unlikely that Kenneth was going to set up a thing like this. When I saw Kenneth wasn't in fact hurt, and I realized that this must be some kind of a stunt, I was mightily relieved. Meanwhile, the assailant walked down the center aisle toward a cohort who was distributing leaflets from the back—it turned out to be on Andrei Codrescu, who had recently arrived in this country. The two were told to leave —by Ted Berrigan, I think—and they did, shouting slogans."

Koch sounds a little shaken as he states, "that was a benefit shooting." This comment elicited what seemed like relieved laughter from the audience, and Koch resumed reading his poem. He stopped his reading to say in a sardonic tone, "poetry is revolution." Then Koch is heard to sigh, "well, "as he looked at one of the flyers Newkirk and his cohorts was circulating throughout the parish hall. After some period of silence, Koch stated, "Well, now, I don't want the congregation to get upset by these hijinks. These young people have a fine cause that they're working for, and this seems to be about Leroi. Now, I don't think the judge should've put Leroi in jail because he wrote a poem. If that's the point these people wanted to make they could've made it in a better way it seems to me. So why don't you stop interrupting the reading." At this point Newkirk heckled Koch again, to which Koch responded by shouting, "Scram!" In response to Koch, Newkirk shouted, "Fuck you! "Koch again yelled out, "Get out! "The heckler then intoned, "Revolution—the only solution! "Some audience members could be heard laughing rather contemptuously in response to the slogan. Koch said, "Grow up! "And then, in an indignant if amused tone, muttered "revolution." [Unrest]

Kane, pp. 171-3.

What happened with the "assassination" of the poet Ken Koch in 1968?

Ben Morea: Koch was a symbol to us of this totally bourgeois, dandy world. Myself, Dan Georgakas, Alan Van Newkirk and some of the other Black Mask people went to one of his readings at St. Marks Church. I think I came up with idea to shoot him with a blank pistol. Alan looked

like the classic image of the bomb throwing anarchist. He was about six foot three, long and thin with a gaunt face and always dressed in black—the anarchist incarnate. So we decided "You're the one, you're going to shoot him." (laughter) We printed a leaflet and all it had on it was a picture of Leroi Jones with the words "Poetry is revolution." On the night when Alan shot the blank Koch fainted and everyone in the audience assumed he was dead and started screaming. Some people threw the leaflets from the balcony into the crowd and then we all left.

Reactions after the event were split between people who thought it was the greatest thing they'd ever heard and those that thought we were a bunch of sophomoric assholes. Which was great because so much of what Black Mask and The Family was about was pushing people to decide "Do I belong with this group of people or this one?" We were determined to be outrageous in order to force people to decide where they stood on things. We wanted to push people, force them to think. "Why shoot Koch? He's just a nice poet." [Unrest]

McIntyre, N. pag.

On an average day in New York, William S. Burroughs gets up between 9:00 and 10:00 and shaves. In a dream note made on 13th August 1975 he wrote: "Things needed. Shaving mirror. Anyone used to shave feels deterioration if he cannot." From Retreat Diaries. Burroughs associates shaving with civilization and throughout his travels has never grown a beard or mustache.

Then he takes a 100 milligram capsule of vitamin B1 because he believes it replaces the B1 that alcohol removes from the system. He dresses, washes last night's dishes, and eats breakfast. He likes coffee with a donut, English muffin, or angel food cake.

Around 11:00 he goes down four long flights of stairs to get his mail (5-10 pieces daily). Between 11:30 and 12:30 he putters around the loft looking at notes, writing notes, and checking through various books.

Between 12:30 and 1:00 Bill often goes out shopping for groceries or, lately, new clothes. He's usually back by 1:00, eats no lunch and writes between 1:00 and 4:00 in the afternoon.

If James Grauerholz is working with him on a manuscript or a reading, James will arrive around 4:00 in the afternoon and will stay through dinner. This happens, on the average, three times a week. They go over the work between 4:00 and 6:00 when Burroughs often relaxes, sitting in a rocking chair by the window. "It's a very beautiful sight," James says. "I'll be working at the other end of the loft. I'll look up, and there will be William just sitting perfectly still in his chair looking kind of serene."

At 6:00 P.M. Burroughs pours himself a drink. Dinner is between 7:30 and 8:30.

All his life Burroughs has eaten in restaurants. Today, he shops and cooks for himself, often having friends over, or going to their places nearby for dinner. After dinner, conversation continues until 11:00 or 12:00 and then usually home or to bed. Occasionally he stays up talking till dawn.

An average Burroughs day produces six pages. Sometimes he'll write as many as fifteen. When he started *Cities of the Red Night* he produced 120 pages in two weeks. "William's very good at knowing when to leave things alone and when to go back to them. He knows when enough is enough," James reports. "Sometimes I may try to push him on something—looking at a manuscript when 600 pages have been written and saying, 'We should begin editing that'—and he'll say, 'No... that'll take another

couple of years.' He's seen enough time pass that he knows how to pace himself."

[...]

Burroughs currently lives on the Bowery in a large three-room apartment which used to be the locker room of a gymnasium. He calls it the Bunker. Going to the Bunker can be a hazardous experience, and in fact William personifies more than any other man I have ever met a person aware of the hazards surrounding him. He has recently equipped me with a cane, a tube of tear gas, and a blackjack. "I would never go out of the house without all three on me," he says pointedly.

In fact, walking down the street in a dark blue chesterfield, his homburg pulled down over one eye, a cane swinging alertly from his right hand, Bill steps right out of a Kerouac novel... I was constantly struck by the similarity of Kerouac's portraits of Bill to the William who was slowly becoming revealed to me during the time I was constructing this portrait.

It wasn't until late 1975 that Burroughs found what would become his HQ New York City. The Bunker is an elegant old red brick building. One of the first people I ever brought over to visit him was the British writer Christopher Isherwood, whose novels and travel books Burroughs had read and admired as well as used, and his companion the artist Don Bachardy. I turned on my tape recorder just as the cab pulled up in front of the locked iron gate of the Bunker on the chilly, deserted, windswept Bowery.

BOCKRIS [on the street]: A foreboding entrance. It's rather hard to get in here sometimes; it depends on whether the gate's open or not. Bill will come down and unlock the gate.

DON BACHARDY: Is that because it's a bad part of town?

BOCKRIS I don't think that's the reason. It's a big building and they lock the gate. Bill doesn't personally lock it. [We walk across the street to a bar half a block away. Icy wind. People wrapped in blankets leer out of doorways.] Now this bar's perfectly safe, we'll call Bill and he'll come down. [Open door, go into bar, loud noises of laughing, shouting, breaking glass, screams. Christopher and Don run very close behind. Voices from various conversations appear on tape: 'That's my two dollars' etc.] Is there a telephone in the bar?

BARTENDER: Nope. There's one right across the street.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD [gleefully]: It's so Eugene O'Neill! [Open door into second bar. Repeat of above atmosphere. Voices drift in and out of the tape: 'You and me are gonna meet tomorrow, you better believe it! When your friend ain't around. I've had enough of your shit! All your goddam friends!']

BOCKRIS: This is part of visiting William Burroughs though, isn't it?

[On phone]: Hi! James! We're down on the corner here... [Hangs up.] They're coming down. [Walks out into street.] Is it worse to be a drug addict or an alcoholic do you think?

ISHERWOOD: God, I don't know. I never tried either.

BOCKRIS: You do see more alcoholics in the world. It seems that drug addicts either die or else they don't get in such bad shape.

ISHERWOOD: I've drunk rather a lot during my life, but I never came anywhere near to being an alcoholic.

BOCKRIS: [Burroughs' secretary, James Grauerholz, appears behind the iron door with a key. We walk up a flight of stone steps.] I'll lead the way. [They walk into William Burroughs' spacious apartment.] I'll introduce everyone. [They shake hands, nod, smile.]

BURROUGHS: Why don't you take off your coats, gentlemen. [All put coats in Bill's room next to his pyjamas, which are lying neatly folded

on his bed, come back into living room and sit in a series of office-style orange armchairs around a large conference table that Burroughs has in the kitchen section of his apartment.]

GRAUERHOLZ: Can I get you a drink?

EVERYBODY: YES!

ISHERWOOD [looking around]: This is a marvelous place.

BURROUGHS: There are no windows. On the other hand, there's no noise. This whole building was a YMCA. This used to be the locker room. The man upstairs has the gymnasium and downstairs is the swimming pool. It's a furniture shop now.

BOCKRIS: Why did you move from Franklin Street to the Bunker?

BURROUGHS: I was very dissatisfied with walking up those stairs in Franklin Street; also they were putting up the rent. The "in" was John Giorno, who has a place upstairs. The landlord showed me this place. No one wanted it because it didn't have any windows. It was used for storage then. The sink was already in and the shower and toilet. I decided to take it. It was originally one space so we put up these partitions. James moved in first for about six months, and then I moved out of Franklin Street. I was trying to sell it because I'd spent a good deal of money on Franklin Street. It was in a pretty bad state when I moved in and by the time I had bought a refrigerator and put in a sink and a set of cabinets and some reflooring, it cost me \$7,000. But nobody would give me anything for it, so I finally gave it to Malcolm McNeil, who lives there now. I happened to hit the market at the wrong time. Also, nobody wanted it because it was a three-story walkup. Now it's a hell of a thing to have a refrigerator brought up three flights. It costs you a lot extra.

BOCKRIS: What gave you the idea to paint the Bunker's floors white?

BURROUGHS: When I first moved in it was battleship gray and it looked dingy. It's obvious you need all the light you can get in here since there isn't any natural light and I was very pleased with the results. There is of course no view, but what kind of view did I have at Franklin Street? I had some buildings to look at. Also I have four doors between me and the outside and I have people down there in the daytime. It's pretty impregnable.

BOCKRIS: This entry via telephone system is good. No one can come knock at the door unexpectedly and bother you.

BURROUGHS: I think it's better this way. I am very comfortable here.

[Neighborhood] [Real Estate] [Gentrification] [Bohemia] [Mundane]
[Drugs]

Bockris, *Burroughs*, pp. 85-7, 89-91.

Have you ever noticed that no American writer of any consequence lives in Manhattan? Dreiser tried it, but finally fled to California. White, *Physical*, p. xxvi.

There arises sporadically and from time to time in American literary circles a sort of patriotic fervor which is not so much a Xenophobia as a sort of determination that all matter printed in America shall be marked: *Written and manufactured in the United States*. Ford, *America*, p. 155.

So far no "Elegy Written in a High-Speed Elevator" has appeared among modern masterpieces. [Technology]

Reisenberg, p. 75.

Whitman the housebuilder and (as a newspaperman) manufacturer of literature works to construct an epic city. After him, no one seems to work there. At best they have careers.

Conrad, p. 193.

"He who touches the soil of Manhattan and the pavement of New York," said Lewis Mumford, "touches, whether he knows it or not, Walt Whitman."

Federal Writers, p. 15.

The ghost of Whitman still presides. He sits naked, bearded, wearing a sun hat, and watches the gymnastic revels of a crowd he might have invented. A female bather—his muse perhaps—studies him from her deck chair.

Conrad, pp. 108-9.

Whitman's commonplace sighting of eagles, horses, and boats "sparkling" on the Hudson "as thick as stars in the sky"—cannot be remembered by anyone still alive.

Stettner, p. 11.

Serious reading was the order of the day. Downy-haired flappers tucked up their bobs and rolled down their stockings and went to it.

Collins, *Money*, p. 297.

O. Henry was forty years old before he ever saw New York and he lived there only eight years (1902-10).

The City of NY, p. 207.

Pepys was better off when he lived than if he had lived to day. He was an artist in life, but if he had tried to shape his way in this world of Manhattan his artistic job would have been a bigger one.

Hapgood, p. 259.

Waverly Place is a writing street; no other spot in America produces so much real literature. [Street]

Irwin, p. 123.

Willa Cather wrote her greatest novels of the prairie and the Southwest in a small house on Bank Street in Greenwich Village.

[Psychogeography]

Lopate, *Writing*, p. 194.

Asked to recite her poetry at a party, Edna St. Vincent Millay would toss back her hair, bare her long white neck—she speculated in an early poem that she would someday be "strangled"—and launch into full declamation. [Death]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 55.

Gertrude Stein is long dead but under cover rides the torn down El. Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 18.

James Thurber, drunk and legally blind, kept setting himself on fire with his cigarettes in the Algonquin Hotel. [Alcohol]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 23.

The Four Seasons restaurant. Joseph Baum will claim to have been inspired by reading haiku poetry in planning the new restaurant. [Food]

Trager, p. 626.

Mark Rothko was engaged to paint a series of works for the restaurant in 1958. Accepting the commission, he secretly resolved to create "something that will ruin the appetite of every son-of-a-bitch who ever eats in that room."

"Four Seasons," N. pag.

There are several totally uneducated men on the east side of New York who write literature of a high order. They present simple truth in misspelled and almost illegible manuscripts.

Hapgood, pp. 18-19.

One night J. and I were walking along when we saw, carefully lined up in the glow of the spots, the complete works of Wilhelm Reich, in chronological order of publication. We each took two books, feeling a bit guilty about it, since they seemed intended for some purpose. We joked that they were meant to greet visiting flying saucers. [Garbage]

Berman, *NY Calling*, p. 27.

Among the peddlers on Astor Place, the same set of the works of Khrushchev (Foreign Language Press, Moscow) circulated from hand to hand for at least a year. Nobody ever bought it, but every day it would appear in someone else's stock. [Unrest]

Sante, "Commerce," p. 111.

Imagine, if you will, a rainy Sunday afternoon in New York. All over town, writers are lying in bed, their heads under their respective pillows. They are a of varying heights and builds, races, religions, and creates, but they are as one: whining. Some of them are whining to themselves. Some to companions. It matters not in the least. Simultaneously they all turn over and reach for the phone. In a matter of seconds every writer in New York is speaking to another writer in New York. They're not talking about writing.

Leibowitz, p. 174.

Now on this particular Sunday afternoon a phenomenon has occurred. Every single writer in the city of New York is not writing. [Idleness]

Ibid., p. 175.

My father was writing stories for *The New Yorker* magazine and hoping that one day he would be able to write a novel. He was an artist, but he liked to keep up appearances. In the morning he got dressed in a business suit from Brooks Brothers with a rep tie and felt hat with a grosgrain band and rode down in our building elevator with all the other men dressed the same way on their way to work. They got off at the first floor and left the building through the lobby on their way to Wall Street and midtown. My father crossed the lobby and walked down the back stairs to the basement, where he wrote all day in a windowless storage room in his boxer shorts, with his suit carefully hung against the wall. [Real Estate]

Cheever, "Country," p. 146.

The parts of New York are as the pages of a money's-worth best seller.

Reisenberg, p. 101.

The notorious mutual masturbation of that Manhattan clique called "The Violet Quill."

Fritscher, p. 284.

This poem was wrote by Kim Carsons after a shoot-out on Bleecker Street, October 23, 1920.

Burroughs, p. 1489.

You can spend an entire Saturday among the used bookshops along Fourth Avenue.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

And the Fourth Avenue bookstores! How many hundreds of afternoons they spent in the twenty or so dusty stores with the worn wood floors; noses whiffing that excellent store-air, a mixture of dust and floating minutiae of antique leather bindings and frayed linen. What a heaven of data, to stand on a rickety ladder at the top of a fourteen-foot wall of out-of-print verse!

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 5.

In 1969 there were just twenty-one bookstores in five blocks in a rather quaint sector south of Union Square, running from Ninth to Fourteenth Streets. In 1947 there had been thirty stores. There is a fear among dealers that the book center may become just a footnote in the City's history.

Some dealers think that the grip of the electronic media on young people has hurt the book business and may eventually do it in. "Young people have been so conditioned by the lighted box that their attention span is oriented to it. They are not very friendly to the book. While the printed book has lasted 500 years, there's no guarantee it will last another 500. It will last the century. Someday you'll have a telephone with a screen and you'll be able to dial a book. They'll put you in instant contact with thousands and thousands of books."

[Technology]

Philips, pp. 78-84.

On occasion they gathered their first editions of poetry and novels and sold them to rare-book dealers. They were always getting writers to sign their books. At poetry readings at the 92 Street Y, they usually managed to hang out backstage grabbing the 'graphs, man. A signed first edition, ahhh that was a pleasure.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 5.

Ted Berrigan stole books by famous authors and forged their autographs. He then sold them back to the dealers he stole them from at greatly increased prices. [Crime]

Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag.

An intense intellectual from the Upper West Side, earnestly reading the *New York Review of Books* on the train, just to make sure I knew what everyone was talking about that week. [Media]

Hamilton, p. 6.

The House of Mirth - Edith Wharton (1905), *The Melting Pot* - Israel Zangwill (1908), *Ashes of Roses* - Mary Jane Auch (1911), *The Custom of the Country* - Edith Wharton (1913), *The Rise of David Levinsky* - Abraham Cahan (1917), *The Age of Innocence* - Edith Wharton (1920), *The Beautiful and Damned* - F. Scott Fitzgerald (1922), *Old New York* - Edith

Wharton (1924), *Bread Givers* - Anzia Yezierska (1925), *The Great Gatsby* - F. Scott Fitzgerald (1925), *Manhattan Transfer* - John Dos Passos (1925), *The Island Within* - Ludwig Lewisohn (1928), *Plum Bun* - Jessie Redmon Fauset (1929), *Jews Without Money* - Michael Gold (1930), *Doc Savage* pulp fiction series - Kenneth Robeson (1933-1949), *Miss Lonelyhearts* - Nathaniel West (1933), *Call It Sleep* - Henry Roth (1934), *The Thin Man* - Dashiell Hammett (1934), *Turn, Magic Wheel* - Dawn Powell (1936), *Laura* - Vera Caspary (1943), *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* - Betty Smith (1943), *The Fountainhead* - Ayn Rand (1943), *The Big Clock* - Kenneth Fearing (1946), *The Deadly Percheron* - John Franklin Bardin (1946), *The Street* - Ann Petry (1946), *Three Bedrooms in Manhattan* - Georges Simenon (1946), *I, the Jury* - Mickey Spillane (1947), *Invisible Man* - Ralph Ellison (1947), *The Last of Phillip Banter* - John Franklin Barden (1947), *The Victim* - Saul Bellow (1947), *Consider Her Ways* - Frederick Philip Grove (1948), *East Side, West Side* - Marcia Davenport (1947), *A Walker in the City* - Alfred Kazin (1951), *The Caine Mutiny* - Herman Wouk (1951), *The Catcher in the Rye* - J. D. Salinger (1951), *Go* - John Clellon Holmes (1952), *The Caves of Steel* - Isaac Asimov (1953), *Marjorie Morningstar* - Herman Wouk (1955), *Cities in Flight* (series) - James Blish (1955-1962), *Bunny Lake Is Missing* - Merriam Modell (writing as Evelyn Piper) (1957), *Atlas Shrugged* - Ayn Rand (1957), *Breakfast at Tiffany's* - Truman Capote (1958), *Brown Girl, Brownstones* - Paule Marshall (1959), *Franny and Zooey* - J.D. Salinger (1961), *Another Country* - James Baldwin (1962), *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction* - J.D. Salinger (1963), *The Group* - Mary McCarthy (1963), *Joy in the Morning* - Betty Smith (1963), *The Bell Jar* - Sylvia Plath (1963), *New York* - Brendan Behan (1964), *Joe Gould's Secret* - Joseph Mitchell (1964), *A Singular Man* - J. P. Donleavy (1964), *Last Exit to Brooklyn* - Hubert Selby (1964), *The Doorbell Rang* - Rex Stout (1965), *Make Room! Make Room!* - Harry Harrison (1966), *A Queer Kind of Death* - George Baxt (1966), *The Butterfly Kid* - Chester Anderson (1967), *The Chosen* - Chaim Potok (1967), *Rosemary's Baby* - Ira Levin (1967), *Swing Low, Sweet Harriet* - George Baxt (1967), *My Sister Eileen* - Ruth McKenney (1968), *The Godfather* - Mario Puzo (1969), *Topsy and Evil* - George Baxt (1969), *Mr. Sammler's Planet* - Saul Bellow (1970), *Time and Again* - Jack Finney (1970), *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* - Morton Freedgood (1973), *Enemies* - Isaac Bashevis Singer (1972), *Umbrella Steps* - Julie Goldsmith Gilbert (1972), *A Bomb Built in Hell* - Andrew Vachss (1973), *A Fairytale of New York* - J. P. Donleavy (1973), *Great Jones Street* - Don DeLillo (1973), *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* - Gail Parent (1973), *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* - Judith Rossner (1975), *Sophie's Choice* - William Styron (1976), *Players* - Don DeLillo (1977), *An Armful of Warm Girl* - W.M. Spackman (1978), *A Contract with God* - Will Eisner (1978), *Dancer from the Dance* - Andrew Holleran (1978), *Faggots* - Larry Kramer (1978), *Happy All the Time* - Laurie Colwin (1978), *The Stand* - Stephen King (1978), *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger* - Stephen King (1982), *A Brother's Touch* - Owen Levy (1982), *Last Angry Man* - Gerald Green (1983), *Winter's Tale* - Mark Helprin (1983), *Bright Lights, Big City* - Jay McInerney (1984), *Duplicate Keys* - Jane Smiley (1984), *Neuromancer* - William Ford Gibson (1984), *Blood Music* - Greg Bear (1985), *Flood* - Andrew Vachss (1985), *The Hyde Park Murder* - Elliott Roosevelt (1985), *The New York Trilogy* - Paul Auster (1985-86), *Banana Fish* (manga series) - Akimi Yoshida (1985-1994), *The Bachelor's Bride* - Stephen Koch (1986), *Dreams of an Average Man* - Dyan Sheldon (1986), *Money* - Martin Amis (1986), *Social Disease* - Paul Rudnick (1986), *War Cries Over Avenue C* - Jerome Charyn (1986), *The Bonfire of the Vanities* - Tom Wolfe (1987), *The Dark Tower II: The Drawing of the*

Three - Stephen King (1987), *Ice and Fire* - Andrea Dworkin (1987), *Knight Life* - Peter David (1987), *Paradise Man* - Jerome Charyn (1987), *Stars and Bars* - William Boyd (1987), *Strega* - Andrew Vachss (1987), *The Year of Silence* - Madison Smartt Bell (1987), *Blue Belle* - Andrew Vachss (1988), *Little Odessa* - Joseph Koenig (1988), *People Like Us* - Dominick Dunne (1988), *The Crazy Kill* - Chester Himes (1989), *Emma Who Saved My Life* - Wilton Barnhardt (1989), *A Fairy Tale of New York* - J.P. Donleavy (1989), *Hard Candy* - Andrew Vachss (1989), *I Pass Like Night* - Jonathan Ames (1989), *Billy Bathgate* - E.L. Doctorow (1990), *Children of the Night* - Mercedes Lackey (1990), *A Home at the End of the World* - Michael Cunningham (1990), *The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love* - Oscar Hijuelos (1990), *Moon Palace* - Paul Auster (1990), *Our House in the Last World* - Oscar Hijuelos (1990), *Skinny Legs and All* - Tom Robbins (1990), *Sniper's Moon* - Carsten Stroud (1990), *American Psycho* - Bret Easton Ellis (1991), *Aftershock* - Chuck Scarborough, *Day of Atonement* - Faye Kellerman (*Sacrifice* 1991), - Andrew Vachss (1991), *Sliver* - Ira Levin (1991), *The First Wives Club* - Olivia Goldsmith (1992), *The Blindfold* - Siri Hustvedt (1992), *Good Fairies of New York* - Martin Millar (1992), *Sweet Liar* - Jude Deveraux (1992), *The Kaisho* - Eric Lustbader (1993), *A Mother's Love* - Mary Morris (1993), *Nude Men* - Amanda Filipacchi (1993), *Banished Children of Eve* - Peter Quinn (1994), *Closing Time* - Joseph Heller (1994), *Down in the Zero* - Andrew Vachss (1994), *A Feather on the Breath of God* - Sigrid Nunez (1994), *Just Like That* - Lily Brett (1994), *The Alienist* - Caleb Carr (1995), *The Lady Who Liked Clean Restrooms* - J. P. Donleavy (1995), *Footsteps of the Hawk* - Andrew Vachss (1995), *Full Stop* - Joan Smith (1995), *One Coffee With* - Margaret Maron (1995), *Winter's Tale* - Mark Helprin (1995), *World's Fair* - E.L. Doctorow (1996), *The Book of Night with Moon* - Diane Duane (1997), *A History of Violence* - John Wagner (1997), *Martin Dressler: The Tale of an American Dreamer* - Steven Millhauser (1997), *Off Season* - Naomi Holoch (1997), *Sewer, Gas and Electric* - Matt Ruff (1997), *Sex and the City* - Candace Bushnell (1997), *Lives of the Monster Dogs* - Kirsten Bakis (1997), *Snow in August* - Pete Hamill (1997), *The Waterworks* - E.L. Doctorow (1997), *Underworld* - Don DeLillo (1997), *Always Hiding* - Sophia G. Romero (1998), *Wrong Information is being Given Out at Princeton* - J. P. Donleavy (1998), *Bringing Out The Dead* - Joe Connelly (1998), *Eating Chinese Food Naked* - Mei Ng (1998), *The Extra Man* - Jonathan Ames (1998), *Herb's Pajamas* - Abigail Thomas (1998), *The Hours* - Michael Cunningham (1998), *Last Days of Summer* - Steve Kluger (1998), *New York Graphic* - Adam Lloyd Baker (1998), *Of Kings and Planets* - Ethan Canin (1998), *Safe House* - Andrew Vachss (1998), *Solo Variations* - Cassandra Garbus (1998), *The Willow Tree* - Hubert Selby, Jr. (1998), *The Broken Hearts Club* - Ethan Black (1999), *Choice of Evil* - Andrew Vachss (1999), *Downsiders* - Neal Shusterman (1999), *Glamorama* - Bret Easton Ellis (1999), *Liberty Falling* - Nevada Barr (1999), *Morningside Heights* - Cheryl Mendelson (1999), *Motherless Brooklyn* - Jonathan Lethem (1999), *The Silk Code* - Paul Levinson (1999), *Vapor* - Amanda Filipacchi (1999).

"List of Books Set in NYC," npag.

You examine the wares in the window of the Gotham Book Mart, and take note of the sign: WISE MEN FISH HERE.

McInerney, p. 68.

Gould called this book "An Oral History," sometimes adding "of Our Time." As he described it, the Oral History consisted of talk he had heard and had considered meaningful and had taken down, either verbatim or summarized—everything from a remark overheard in the street to the

conversations of a roomful of people lasting for hours—and of essays commenting on this talk. Some talk has an obvious meaning and nothing more, he said, and some, often unbeknownst to the talker, has at least one other meaning and sometimes several other meanings lurking around inside its obvious meaning. He professed to believe that such talk might have great hidden historical significance... He told people he met in Village joints that the Oral History was already millions upon millions of words long and beyond any doubt the lengthiest unpublished literary work in existence but that it was nowhere near finished... "As soon after my demise as is convenient for all concerned," he specified in the will, "my manuscript books shall be collected from the various and sundry places in which they are stored and put on the scales and weighted, and two-thirds of the by weight shall be given to the Harvard Library and the other third shall be given to the library of the Smithsonian Institution." ... One evening in June, 1942, for example, he told an acquaintance that at the moment the Oral History was "approximately nine million two hundred and fifty-five thousand words long, or," he added, throwing his head back proudly, "about a dozen times as long as the Bible." (cf. Columbia University's "The Oral History Research Office" [Media])

Mitchell, *Hotel*, pp. 624-5.

Henry Miller declared it the most horrible place on earth.
Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 23.

Martha Graham developed her savage choreography by walking up and down back and forth in the Central Park Zoo before the lion's cage, studying his potential for violence. [Nature]
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 51.

Crane confessed to having to stitch together for 'The Tunnel' the hundreds of notes he'd written while swinging on the subway straps as he passed under the East River, the wheels screeching against the rails, the agate lights blinking in the midnight tunnel, the car deserted, as he rode back to his apartment after a night in Manhattan.
Mariani, p. 233.

Hart Crane was financed by banker Otto Kahn.
Trager, p. 450.

Driving down a Los Angeles boulevard, a billboard was legible from a half-mile away. It said one or two words. In Los Angeles, people are used to reading single words, very large at far distances, and passing by them very quickly. It's totally the opposite in New York where we get our information by reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder in the subway. [Voyeur]
Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag.

During his first trip to New York City in 1964, Samuel Beckett went to a doubleheader at Shea Stadium with his friend Dick Seaver, who explained the game of baseball to the Irish writer. Halfway through the second game, Seaver asked, "Would you like to go now?" To which Beckett replied, "Is the game over, then?" "Not yet," said Seaver. Beckett concluded, "We don't want to go then before it's finished." The Mets won both games, unlike their double loss two months earlier in what had been the longest doubleheader in Major League history, clocking in at nine hours and fifty-two minutes.

"Beckett Doubleheader," N. pag.

Music

The afternoon following Pearl Harbor, the Metropolitan Opera announced that it would not perform *Madame Butterfly* until Japan was defeated.

Diehl, p. 67.

The antique shops of Madison Avenue are selling even to this day those Jennie Lind rum-bottles out of which our rustic chivalry used to drink to her health.

Irwin, p. 9.

Tin Pan Alley: "In Twenty-seventh or Twenty-eighth Street, or anywhere along Broadway from Madison to Greeley Squares, are the parlors of a score of publishers, gentlemen who coordinate this divided world for song publishing purposes. There is an office and a reception room; a music-chamber, where songs are tried, and a stock room. Perhaps, in the case of the larger publishers, the music-rooms are two or three, but the air of each is much the same. Rugs, divans, imitation palms make this publishing house more bower than office. Three or four pianos give to each chamber a parlor-like appearance. The walls are hung with the photos of celebrities, neatly framed, celebrities of the kind described. In the private music-rooms, rocking-chairs. A boy or two waits to bring professional copies at a word. A salaried pianist or two wait to run over pieces which the singer may desire to hear. Arrangers wait to make orchestrations or take down newly schemed out melodies which the popular composer himself cannot play. He has evolved the melody by a process of whistling and must have its fleeting beauty registered before it escapes him forever. Hence the salaried arranger.

Into these parlors then, come the mixed company of this distinctive world: authors who have or have not succeeded, variety artists who have some word from touring fellows or know the firm, masters of small bands throughout the city or the country, of which the name is legion, orchestra-leaders of Bowery theaters and uptown variety halls, and singers.

Dreiser, p. 245.

The name is attributed to a newspaper writer named Monroe Rosenfeld who while staying in New York, coined the term to symbolize the cacophony of the many pianos being pounded in publisher's demo rooms which he characterized as sounding as though hundreds of people were pounding on tin pans.

Reublin, N. pag.

The persistent image of the "Gay Nineties" as one of the happiest and least troubled times in American history has been derived largely from these songs... Regardless of the happy times the music connotes, we cannot forget that Tin Pan Alley was not about love peace and happiness, it was about selling songs... There were no altruistic desires on the part of the publishers to solve the problems of society nor were they attempting to create a happy world. They were simply about trying to create and sell music that people bought.

"Tin Pan Alley," n. pag.

Tin Pan Alley composers and lyricists: Milton Ager, Thomas S. Allen, Harold Arlen, Ernest Ball, Irving Berlin, Bernard Bierman, George Botsford, Shelton Brooks, Nacio Herb Brown, Irving Caesar, Sammy

Cahn, Hoagy Carmichael, George M. Cohan, Con Conrad, J. Fred Coots, Buddy DeSylva, Walter Donaldson, Paul Dresser, Dave Dreyer, Al Dubin, Dorothy Fields, Ted Fio Rito, Max Freedman, Cliff Friend, George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin, E. Y. Yip Harburg, Charles K. Harris, James P. Johnson, Isham Jones, Scott Joplin, Gus Kahn, Bert Kalmar, Jerome Kern, Al Lewis, Sam M. Lewis, F. W. Meacham, Johnny Mercer, Theodora Morse, Ethelbert Nevin, Bernice Petkere, Maceo Pinkard, Lew Pollack, Cole Porter, Andy Razaf, Harry Ruby, Al Sherman, Lou Singer[8], Sunny Skylar, Ted Snyder, Kay Swift, Albert Von Tilzer, Harry Von Tilzer, Fats Waller, Harry Warren, Richard A. Whiting, Harry M. Woods, Jack Yellen, Vincent Youmans, Joe Young, Hy Zaret.

Ibid.

Tin Pan Alley hits: "After the Ball" (Charles K. Harris, 1892), "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" (Charles Coborn, 1892), "The Little Lost Child" (Marks & Stern, 1894), "The Sidewalks of New York" (Lawlor & Blake, 1894), "The Band Played On" (Charles B. Ward & John F. Palmer, 1895), "Mister Johnson, Turn Me Loose" (Ben Harney, 1896), "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" (Joe Hayden & Theodore Mertz, 1896), "Warmest Baby in the Bunch" (George M. Cohan, 1896), "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away" (Paul Dresser 1897), "At a Georgia Campmeeting" (Kerry Mills, 1897), "Hearts and Flowers" (Theodore Moses Tobani, 1899), "Hello! Ma Baby (Hello Ma Ragtime Gal), " (Emerson, Howard, & Sterling, 1899), "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" (Harry Von Tilzer, 1900), "Mighty Lak' a Rose" (Ethelbert Nevin & Frank L. Stanton, 1901), "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home" (Huey Cannon, 1902), "In the Good Old Summer Time" (Ren Shields & George Evans, 1902), "Give My Regards to Broadway" (George M. Cohan, 1904), "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" (Harry Williams & Egbert van Alstyne, 1905), "Shine Little Glow Worm" (Paul Lincke & Lilla Cayley Robinson, 1907), "Shine on Harvest Moon" (Nora Bayes & Jack Norworth, 1908), "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (Albert Von Tilzer, 1908), "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" (Gus Edwards & Edward Madden, 1909), "Down by the Old Mill Stream" (Tell Taylor, 1910), "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine" (Fred Fisher & Alfred Bryan, 1910), "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" (Beth Slater Whitson & Leo Friedman, 1910), "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (Irving Berlin, 1911), "Some of These Days" (Shelton Brooks, 1911), "Peg o' My Heart" (Fred Fisher & Alfred Bryan, 1913), "The Darktown Strutters Ball" (Shelton Brooks, 1917), "K-K-K-Katy" (Geoffrey O'Hara, 1918), "God Bless America" (Irving Berlin, 1918; revised 1938), "Oh by Jingo!" (Albert Von Tilzer, 1919), "Swanee" (George Gershwin, 1919), "Whispering" (1920), "The Japanese Sandman" (1920), "Carolina in the Morning" (Gus Kahn & Walter Donaldson, 1922), "Lovesick Blues" (Cliff Friend & Irving Mills, 1922), "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" (Creamer & Turner Layton, 1922), "Yes, We Have No Bananas" (Frank Silver & Irving Cohn, 1923), "I Cried for You" (Arthur Freed & Nacio Herb Brown, 1923), "Everybody Loves My Baby" (Spencer Williams, 1924), "All Alone" (Irving Berlin, 1924), "Sweet Georgia Brown" (Maceo Pinkard, 1925), "Baby Face" (Benny Davis & Harry Akst, 1926), "Ain't She Sweet" (Jack Yellen & Milton Ager, 1927), "My Blue Heaven" (Walter Donaldson & George Whiting, 1927), "Happy Days Are Here Again" (Jack Yellen & Milton Ager, 1930).

Ibid.

The popular conception of Tin Pan Alley, a conception aided by Hollywood and its talent for hyperbole, is still that of an uninhibited madhouse, with composers and their lyricists in the role of zanies who nail the reluctant publisher to a chair while he listens to the year's

(unpublished) smash hit. A sober tour of the district, however, is enough to convince anyone that the glamor-and-screwball atmosphere has long been concealed behind polite but firm secretaries; executives who, aside from their Broadway tastes in haberdashery, might as well be in the cream separator business; mahogany desks and, more often than not, photo-murals in place of the old-time collection of autographed pictures of stars who plugged the firm's songs. Here and there, of course, an office typical of the Alley in its halcyon youth can still be found. Here the telephone girl reads *Variety* as she hums one of the firm's numbers; zanies scramble hither and thither; and from innumerable cubbyholes fitted out with antiquated uprights come (with or without words) the unpublished and, alas, often never-to-be-published smash hits of the season.

Statistically, the shorter-lived hits of today are written by fewer songwriters as the new century's downbeat sounds its accent. A closer concentration of the music business, the decline of the sheet music and phonograph record industry, and the rise of radio and moving pictures—these factors augured ill for the many. The lucky few among the nation's songwriters were rewarded with air-conditioned bungalows in the glamour City of Celluloid. The less lucky stay-at-homes obligingly ground out "You Ought to Be in Pictures" and continued to take schnapps with their schmaltz (cheaply sentimental sweet music) in the depths of the Fifty-Second Street underground.

Federal Writers, p. 244.

'I never read Shakespeare in the original.' —Irving Berlin.
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 430.

Vaudeville puts together what does not fit... The charm of vaudeville lies in its health and naturalness, the result of being determined by that healthy autocrat, the common man. Only the "real thing" is represented, and consequently the average man and the philosopher find in the vaudeville stage their common account... Everything is calculated to cradle the mind to please by an appeal to what is always present in human nature. All the senses are taken care of. Tobacco throws a thin blue veil about the hall, which lends an easy grace to the movements on the stage... The attractive side of vaudeville is well brought out by a comparison with the artificial farce of the day—the senseless mechanical performance which has a strong hold on some legitimate theaters on Broadway... In this farcical swirl of artificial complications all the easy genuine humorous quality of less compactly constructed vaudeville is lost. Pleasant unctious droll characterization, sentimental appeal, is shut out of the swiftly moving farce. Farce is artistic for its own sake. Vaudeville, nothing as form, presents the real stuff of life.

Hapgood, p. 86-9.

Maciunas described Fluxus as striving "for the monostructural and nontheatrical qualities of a simple natural event, a game or a gag. It is the fusion of Spike Jones, Vaudeville, gag, children's games and Duchamp." [Downtown]

Huxley, p. 330.

The Old Met: the Yellow Brick Brewery on Broadway.
McCourt, p. 111.

Modernist refugee composer Paul Dessau worked on a New Jersey chicken farm upon arriving in the US.

Diehl, p. 28.

the jerky automata of jazz
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 567.

What better acoustic chamber could jazz musicians have had than a city built of solid stone and on solid stone? (Chicago rests on mud, not stone.) [Nature]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 451.

If the blues were the roots of American's modern sensibility, jazz was its oxygen; if blues were buried treasure under the ocean's floor, jazz was the deep-sea diver bursting back up into the air. The generation that invented jazz was the first "to get our feet off of the ground!," as the expatriate poet Harry Crosby put it, the first to defy gravity and colonize space. It coined the word "airmindedness" and advertised its day as "the Aerial Age." Radio shows were "on the air," planes toured the heavens, and buildings competed with clouds. Everywhere people were netting the sky and finding in the air what seemed an androgynous free-for-all of spiritual energy. [Skyscraper] [Air] [Radio] [Technology] [Cosmic]

Ibid., p. 434.

"I spent the rest of the war on 52nd Street and a few other streets. I had the white gowns and the white shoes. And every night they'd bring me the white gardenias and the white junk." [Fashion] [Drugs]

Holiday, p. xiv.

Holiday's overview of the working conditions for musicians in New York: "You can be up to your boobies in white satin, with gardenias in your hair and no sugar cane for miles, but you can still be working on a plantation."

Ibid., p. xiv

But another time, on 52nd Street, I finished a set with "Strange Fruit" and headed, as usual, for the bathroom. I always do. When I sing it, it affects me so much I get sick. It takes all the strength out of me.

Ibid., p. xiv

Take 52nd Street in the late thirties and early forties. It was supposed to be a big deal. "Swing Street," they called it. Joint after joint was jumping. It was this "new" kind of music. They could get away with calling it new because millions of squares hadn't taken a trip to 131st Street. If they had they could have dug swing for twenty years.

By the time the ofays got around to copping "swing" a new-style music was already breaking out all over uptown. Ten years later that became the newest thing when the white boys downtown figured out how to cop it.

Anyway, white musicians were 'swinging' from one end of 52nd Street to the other, but there wasn't a black face in sight on the street except Teddy Wilson and me.

[...]

But 52nd Street couldn't hold the line against Negroes forever. Something had to give. And eventually it was the plantation owners. They found they could make money off Negro artists and they couldn't afford their old prejudices. So the barriers went down, and it gave jobs to a lot of great musicians.

Ibid., p. 110.

As I write I still have no New York police card, and this keeps me from singing in clubs in New York.

Ibid., p. 194.

"... and Leroi comes in
and tells me Miles Davis was clubbed 12
times last night outside BIRDLAND by a cop"
O'Hara, p. 335.

On the evening of September 7, 1964, Frank O'Hara held a small party to watch the arrival of the Beatles at Kennedy Airport where they were met by a screaming crowd of ten thousand. [Media]

Gooch, p. 420.

The thing that gave me hope for the future of poetry was this Rolling Stones concert at Madison Square Garden that I saw in 1974. Jagger was real tired and fucked-up. It was a Tuesday, he had done two concerts and was really on the brink of collapse—but the kind of collapse that transcends into magic.

Jagger was so tired that he needed the energy of the audience. He was not a rock & roller that Tuesday night. He was closer to a poet than he ever has been, because he was so tired, he could hardly sing. I love the music of the Rolling Stones, but what was foremost was not the music but the performance, the naked performance. It was his naked performance, his rhythm, his movement, his talk—he was so tired, he was saying things like, "Very warm here / warm warm warm / it's very hot here / hot, hot / New York, New York, New York / bang, bang, bang."

McNeil, p. 159.

Downtown

It started with JOHN GIORNO and BURROUGHS at the Nova Convention in December 1978. It's reading CAGE and starting my first recording with four cassettes at SVA in February. It's the poetries of video-tape and BARBARA BUCKNER. It's BURROUGHS and GINSBERG and GIORNO upstairs at the MUDD CLUB. It's living with DREW B. STRAUB, who was reading BURROUGHS thoroughly. It's VIDEO CLONES with MOLISSA FENLEY. It's ART SIN BOY and CLUB 57 POETRY READINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT THIS SUMMER. It's reading SAINT GENET by SARTRE on the subway going to work in QUEENS. It's books from SVA library all summer and tape recorders from SVA for most of the summer. It's BOOKS THAT YOU JUST FIND IN A LIBRARY... BOOKS THAT FIND YOU. It's PATTI SMITH ON THE BIG EGO ALBUM with GIORNO, MEREDITH MONK, GLASS, etc. It's reading RIMBAUD, KEATS, JEAN COCTEAU, JOHN CAGE, HEGEL, JEAN GENET, TALKING POETICS FROM NAROPA INSTITUTE. It's meeting another like you and sharing everything including your body but mostly your ideas. It's POETIC UNDERSTANDING AND JUSTIFIABLE HATE. It's July 4 on the top of the Empire State Building after reading an ART SIN BOY mimeograph at Club 57 watching fireworks and thinking about the smile exchanged on the street and nothing but a second glance and lots of dreaming. It's KLAUS NOMI at Xenon. READING GINSBERG'S JOURNALS, READING SEMIOTEXT, READING GERTRUDE STEIN, READING "HOWL" FOR THE FIRST TIME. It's NOW-NOW-NOW and paintings I did in the fall of 1978. It's Chinese pattern paintings in KERMIT'S HOUSE. BARBARA SCHWARTZ ON 22ND STREET AND DREW AT JOHN WEBER GALLERY BUILDING A ROBERT SMITHSON. DREW'S RAIN DANCE IN LITTLE ITALY. It's listening to JOHN GIORNO read GRASPING AT

EMPTINESS for the 27th time. It's letting records skip for ten minutes and thinking it's beautiful. IT'S HAVING DINNER ON AVENUE C WITH DINA, DOZO, AND FUGACHAN (A MAN). It's thinking about SEX as ART and ART as SEX. It's continued situations and controlled environments, B-52s, BATHS, AND SEX WITH FRIENDS. IT'S PAPA AND JOHN MCLAUGHLIN AND OUTER SPACE AND JET SET AND DELTAS AND THE ASTRO TWIST AND KENNY SCHARF AND LARRY LEVAN. It's being heckled reading what may be my favorite mimeograph piece with two tape recorders and being called a FAGGOT. IT'S LISTENING TO OTHER POETS AT CLUB 57. TALKING TO POETS. BEING A POET AT CLUB 57. It's painting on ST. MARKS outside of STROMBOLI PIZZA. It's having one night at Club 57 when everyone in the open reading was in top form and everyone knows it and everyone is smiling. It's HAL SIROWITZ READING. IT'S BEING QUOTED IN HIS POEM AS SAYING, "I CONSIDER MYSELF MORE OF AN ARTIST THAN A POET," SAID KEITH." IT'S MAKING XEROXES and mimeographs. IT'S MEETING CHARLES STANLEY AND BEING APPREHENSIVE. IT'S TAPING UP XEROXES WALKING HOME DRUNK. It's looking in the window at BUDDHA. It's seeing a TRUCK THAT SAYS "BETTER METHODS." IT'S BUYING JEROME ROTHENBERG'S BOOK TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED that BARBARA BUCKNER had lent to me in spring and now TIM MILLER has it out of the library and now I'm reading references to it in a new book I bought. IT'S ALL THOSE THINGS THAT FIT TOGETHER SO PERFECTLY THAT IT APPEARS PREDETERMINED. IT'S DREAMS OF FALLING INTO WARM WATER HOLE WITH EXOTIC FISH CREATURE AND ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE EVERYTHING. It's finding HANDBILLS ABOUT SIN that are poems in themselves. It's painting on walls in the suburbs. It's the bridge in LONG ISLAND WITH 1958 AND 1980 on parallel poles. IT'S FINDING OUT THE SPACE AGE BEGAN IN 1958. It's STEVE PAXTON dancing in the sculpture garden at MOMA. It's CARL ANDRE POEMS IN THE MOMA SUMMER SCULPTURE SHOW. It's JONES BEACH ON SUNDAYS. It's MATISSE. IT'S MATISSE. It's listening to old cassettes I made in winter and under standing them for the first time. A NOTION OF PROPHECY. IT'S DOUGLAS DAVIS'S ARTICLE IN THE VILLAGE VOICE about postmodern art. "POST-ART." It's pornographic pictures and black feathers. It's GERMANY. It's JAPAN. It's hearing DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS. It's loose joints and conversations. IT'S THE SAME THING, THE SAME THING. It's understanding painting. IT'S SOMEONE YELLING "LICK FAT BOYS." IT'S CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ALL ART BEING PRETENTIOUS. It's not going to look at ART in the galleries all summer. It's seeing drawings by KEVIN CRAWFORD AND DREW B. STRAUB and thinking about the relationship. IT'S THINKING ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SEEMINGLY UNRELATED OBJECTS AND EVENTS. It's an art "context." It's thinking about poetry on as many different levels as I can. It's thinking about myself. It's companions and ratios and mathematical principles. IT'S THE POETRY OF NUMBERS. Language, culture, time, spirit, universe. IT'S THE PAST PRESENT FUTURE ALL TIME NO TIME SAME THING. It's systems within systems that evoke systems. ORDER-FORM-STRUCTURE-MATTER. It's seeing TRISHA BROWN DANCE. IT'S ITALIAN FILMS FROM 1967. IT'S LAURIE ANDERSON AT MUDD CLUB. It's NEW MUSIC, NEW YORK at the KITCHEN for a week. IT'S CHARLIE MORROW'S PIECE FOR 60 CLARINETS AT BATTERY PARK IN CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER AT SUNSET. It's the BRONX ZOO. Reading RIMBAUD'S LETTERS. Reading RIMBAUD'S ILLUMINATIONS ON THE SUBWAY AND IN A CAFE EATIN' CREMOLATA AND DRINKING PER RIER. IT'S FELLINI FILMS WITH TSENG KWONG CHI. It's finding things on the street. IT'S CONVERSATION WITH LYNN UMLAUF ABOUT THE NOW NOW NOW TAPES A.J. WEBER GALLERY SHOW. IT'S XEROXES PUT UP IN the West Village for Gay Pride week end and hearing people that had seen them months later. IT'S THE NINTH CIRCLE AFTER THE GAY PRIDE MARCH TALKING ABOUT APATHY AND MILITANCY. It's wearing and distributing red-and-white stripes for one evening. IT'S READING AT CLUB 57 WHILE THIS WOMAN who I later found out

was GLORIE TROPP is saying things like AHHH and DO IT and YEAH while I'm reading and it feels good. IT'S XEROXES at GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN A HURRY. It's the poetics of chance. IT'S GOING TO THE POETRY SECTION INSTEAD OF THE ART SECTION WHEN YOU GO INTO A BOOKSTORE. It's a panel about performance art with MEREDITH MONK, LAURIE ANDERSON, JULIE HEYWARD, CONNIE BECKLEY, AND ROSELEE GOLDBERG. IT'S GRAFFITI IN THE SUBWAY. It's riding the BUS FROM KUTZTOWN TO N.Y.C. WITH CONNIE BECKLEY. It's BRIAN WARREN'S NEW PIECES. It's reading BRIAN'S journal and feeling close to it. IT'S A SHORT POEM CALLED "ART BOY." It's feeling real good about being an artist. It's depression that can kill. It's telling other people that depression can be productive and talking to yourself. IT'S KOZO'S BIRTHDAY PARTY AND SPANISH AND JAPANESE AND HEBREW. It's "Running on Empty." It's delivering tropical plants in Manhattan. IT'S MANHATTAN IN THE SUMMER. It's reading NAKED LUNCH. IT'S DISEASE XEROXES. It's JOSEPH KOSUTH AT CASTELLI ON CONCEPT AND CONTEXT. IT'S JOAN JONAS'S "JUNIPER TREE." It's CONNIE BECKLEY'S INSTALLATION in the VIDEO ROOM AT MOMA. IT'S KERMIT'S NEW DRAWINGS. It's playing CROQUET in Kutztown. It's talking about epileptic fits in an art context. It's suicide. It's ART AS SIN AS IF NO ART AS ART. It's MOHOLY-NAGY. It's JEAN COCTEAU WRITING ON "THE ORIGINAL SIN OF ART." IT'S ANONYMOUS SEX. IT'S RE-READING DREW STRAUB'S "UNI-VERSE" WHILE LISTENING TO THE "UNI-VERSE" cut-up tapes we did in February or March IN AUGUST. IT'S READING BURROUGHS'S TALK ABOUT WORK WITH CUT-UPS ON TAPE IN AUGUST MONTHS AFTER WE HAD READ THE THIRD MIND AND DID THE SAME THING. It's the most logical step. LOGICAL DOESN'T MEAN RATIONAL. It's science-fiction films. It's reading SARTRE'S SAINT GENET ALL SUMMER with much else in between. It's 40 postcards sent to KERMIT OSWALD 172 W. MAIN ST. KUTZTOWN PA. 19530. It's not painting all summer except maybe once or twice. IT'S UNDERSTANDING WHY I SHOULDN'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND. IT'S "NEGATIVE CAPABILITY"—AS SAID KEATS. DIANE DI PRIMA ON "LIGHT AND KEATS." It's wanting to know more. It's an accumulation of information. IT'S AN IDEA FOR TOTAL THEATRE. It's a new understanding. IT'S A BEGINNING A SEED A GARDEN IT'S THE BIG CHUNK CALLED POETRY.

Haring, pp. 62-6.

New York art styles of the eighties: Julian Schnabel, whose surfaces were covered with broken plates and fragmented images, David Salle, whose works emphasized collages of images related to film editing, Eric Fischl with his film-like realism, Jean-Michel Basquiat and his tribal expressionism, Robert Longo with his *Men in the Cities*, the so-called "graffiti artists," such as Keith Haring with his electric radiating line, or Rammelzee of "iconoclastic futurism."

Frisa, p. 383.

Who shall paint New York? Who?

Sharpe, p. 200.

The first graffiti writer: In 1971, a young Greek-American began writing his nickname, Taki, followed by 183, for the street he lived on in upper Manhattan, on subway cars and station walls all over the city.

Freeman, p. 275.

LOOKING AT
JEAN (SAMO)'S
WINDOW AT
PATRICIA FIELD'S.

PAINTED BOXES

PAINTED CLOTHES

LOOKING AT PAINTINGS
HANGING ON A RACK

I like looking at paintings in a clothing store.
SAMO in Patricia Field's. [Fashion]

Haring, p. 87.

In a 1974 essay Mailer cheers the existential pluck of the graffiti daubers in the subway. Defacement is their faith, and Mailer finds in their slapdash virtuosity the same idolatry of gesture that excited the critics of Abstract Expressionism. The angry adolescents with their spray cans are mute, inglorious Pollocks, whose dribbles, flicks, and whorls of paint scribble psychic signatures. They willfully affront the blank theater of the canvas or the impersonal metal of the city's surface. They're prepared to risk their lives to make art. They climb along a cliff above the Harlem River to get to the A train yard at 207th Street, paint through the winter with frostbitten fingers, and triumphantly decorate inaccessible areas of wall on the wrong side of the electrified rail.

Conrad, p. 308.

When the wild-style cars came roaring into a station, they were as exciting and shimmering as Frank Stella birds.

Gopnik, p. 192.

A city undefiled by scabby walls!

Fillia, p. 48.

New York is becoming the New El Dorado, but instead of streets paved in gold, the streets are paved in art. On black paper on subway platforms people look for new Keith Harings to tear off and take home.

Mueller, p. 247.

80 percent of all East Village art looked the same; 70 percent of it was inspired by money; 60 percent of it was rendered by impostors; and 50 percent of it was expendable.

Ibid., p. 257.

Yes, our host, Jean-Michel Basquait, the bright graffiti artist turned suddenly wildly successful genius painter, was in a ho-hum kinda mood.

Watching him, I filled in the blanks myself. Maybe he was, for the first time, thinking what a sham this success nonsense was. Maybe he was asking himself if this was all there was. Where was the joy that's supposed to come with fame and money? Wasn't life supposed to be fun and glamorous and fulfilling after one was successful and rich and had a beautiful home, famous friends, lovers, esteem, respect? When was the real deal going to start? When came the Fun at the Top stuff? When was the panorama up there going to look better than any other vista? When was it going to mean something?

It was later in the evening, around 3 A.M., after people had eaten and drunk and were whipped up and sweating in samba frenzies, when I looked up from my dancing partner's face and saw Jean quietly slipping out the door. No one noticed that the host himself was leaving. No one noticed because the party was that good, it was ripping, one of the

year's best. No one noticed and half the crowd, the hollow party people, the ones that appear uninvited at every party not even knowing who the host might be, didn't care an iota.

The host had had enough of his own party. Let them eat cake, the guests, let them laugh and dance and slop drinks all over the floor, whatever. The host was going out into the night. A guest of wind bearing a few gold and red leaves and a stray piece of newspaper blew in after him and that was all.

Young, gifted, and black, it was clearly destined for the history books. Already his paintings were selling furiously, even still wet and oily. Fresh from his studio he was making hotcakes. His name was on all the buyers, gallerists, and arts students' lips. Already he was considered an old master, soaring to the ranks of a Constable. He was dancing in the dizzying heights of fast becoming a great 20th-century artist. It was a school of basement imitators, but no one could top the master, no one could paint this prolifically or beautifully with such incredibly shocking ease. He even outdistanced himself by being so prolific. He turned out a few canvases a day sometimes.

He was becoming internationally famous, he was having shows all over the world. A photograph of him sitting in a chair with his sweet eyes and luscious café au lait coloring graced the cover of the *New York Times Magazine*, and he was doing collaborative work, sharing canvases with Andy Warhol. Warhol had become a close friend. They phoned each other every day. [Parties] [Ambition] [Fame] [Fashion] [Media]

Ibid. pp. 286-7.

When asked how Warhol has influenced him, Basquiat says, "I wear clean pants all the time now."

McGuigan, N. pag.

Five years ago, he didn't have a place to live. He slept on the couch of one friend after another. He lacked money to buy art supplies. Now, at 24, he is making paintings that sell for \$10,000 to \$25,000. They are reproduced in art magazines and also as part of fashion layouts, or in photographs of chic private homes in *House & Garden*. They are in the collections of the publisher S. I. Newhouse, Richard Gere, Paul Simon and the Whitney Museum of American Art. [Celebrity]

Ibid.

Eugene Schwartz, for example, who, along with his wife, Barbara, amassed an important collection including Frank Stella, Morris Louis and David Smith, stopped collecting altogether in 1969. One day in 1980, he saw a painting by the artist Julian Schnabel in a dealer's gallery. "It brought us from the 60's to the 80's in about 14 seconds," he said.

Ibid.

One dealer, visiting his loft and noting his fondness for health food, went away and came back with a big jar of fruits and nuts. "But what she really wanted were my paintings," he says. "She tried to tell me that her chauffeur, who was black, worked with her in her gallery, not that he was her driver." As she walked out of his door in defeat, Basquiat leaned out his window and dumped the contents of the jar on her head.

Ibid.

"The black person is the protagonist in most of my paintings," he says. "I realized that I didn't see many paintings with black people in them."

Ibid.

Once when he was trying to sell his photocopied postcards on a SoHo streetcorner, he followed Andy Warhol and Henry Geldzahler into a restaurant. Warhol bought one of the cards for \$1. Later, when Basquiat had graduated to painting sweatshirts, he went to Warhol's Factory one day. "I just wanted to meet him, he was an art hero of mine," he recalls. Warhol looked at his sweatshirts and gave him some money to buy more.

Ibid.

"He'll run in here in an \$800 suit and paint all night," says his friend Shenge. "In the morning, he'll be standing in front of a picture with his suit just covered in paint." [Fashion] [Luxury]

Ibid.

Paige stayed overnight with Jean Michel in his dirty smelly loft downtown. How I know it smells is because Chris was there and said (laughs) it was like a nigger's loft, that there were crumpled-up hundred-dollar bills in the corner and bad b.o. all over and you step on paintings. [Smell] [Body in the City]

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 519.

Miguel Algarín: "The poet sees his function as troubadour. He tells the tale of the streets... The voice of the street poet must amplify itself... A poem described the neighborhood of the writer for the reader. ... The Nuyorican poets have worked to establish the commonplace because they have wanted to locate their position on earth, the ground, the neighborhood, the environment."

Abu-Lughod, p. 144.

I'M FUCKIN ALIVE is the name of Revs's book, which consists of a series of autobiographical pages written on the walls of subway tunnels, and it was down here that I first encountered them. On large, light-colored panels, he would write dated entries on subjects ranging from childhood episodes to personal commentaries. Initially, he planned to write a page in every subway tunnel in the city; 235 were finished before he was arrested in 2000.

Solis, p. 88.

In the 1970s a New York artist persuaded two street gangs to hold a rumble inside the Museum of Modern Art. Without warning, the gangs turned on the audience and beat and robbed them.

Fritscher, p. 287.

A group of women artists staged a feminist protest at the Whitney, leaving used tampons and smashed eggs in the stairwells.

Tucker, p. 93.

We'd just come out, shoot up, lift weights, put flashlights in their eyes, whip giant bullwhips across their faces, sort of simulate fucking each other onstage, have Andy's films blaring in the background, and the Velvets would have their backs to the audience.

McNeil, p. 16

c - Text

Reading the City

Reading the city as one would a text—from a distance.
Tester, p. 31.

The city is a sentence, harsh, staccato, in an alien tongue.
Frank, p. 133

The city is a language, its people entries in a vocabulary.
Conrad, p. 123.

The city rises in high hard words. Each building is a word.
Ibid., p. 123.

The difficulty of reading a city that has made itself abstractly illegible. New York's readability has always been in doubt. It is too vast, too diverse for easy comprehension.

Ibid., p. 122.

"New York, New York" designates the city of New York in the state of New York but has other meanings for those interested in the city as text. "New York, New York" suggests the repetitiveness of New York, its doubleness and its excessive, hyperbolic character. It is such an extraordinary city—from the top of the World Trade Center Michel de Certeau called it "the most immoderate of human texts"—that saying its name just once, simply would not do. "New York" is almost the only proper adjective for New York. [Simulacrum]

Tallack, N. pag.

The most salient characteristic of the city in modern literature is precisely its illegibility.

Brooks, p. 2.

The act of walking is to the city what the speech act is to language.

Ibid., p. 2.

Walking is a speech act.

Jacks, p. 44.

They walk—an elementary form of this experience of the city; they are walkers, *Wandersmänner*, whose bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban "text" they write without being able to read it. These practitioners make use of spaces that cannot be seen; their knowledge of them is as blind as that of lovers in each other's arms. The paths that correspond in this intertwining, unrecognized poems in which each body is an element signed by many others, elude legibility. It is as though the practices organizing a bustling city were characterized by their blindness. The networks of these moving, intersecting writings compose a manifold story that has neither author nor spectator, shaped out of fragments of trajectories and alterations of spaces: in relation to representations, it remains daily and indefinitely other.

de Certeau, pp. 91-4.

The long poems of walking manipulates spatial organization, no matter how panoptic they may be: it is neither foreign to them (it can take place only within them) nor in conformity with them (it does not receive its identity from them.) It creates shadows and ambiguities within them.

Blomley, p. 26

Interpreting the city as a politically charged work of art or a species of ideologically laden poetry written in glass, steel, and concrete on texts twenty blocks wide and fifty stories high.

Bennett, *Deconstructing*, p. 18.

Urban stories, it is clear, can be told only by those immune to the stress and the seductions of the city, who can turn those seductions to good account, that is, into a text that will exercise its own seductions.

Tester, p. 28

A kind of reading of the street, in which faces, shop fronts, shop windows, café terraces, street cars, automobiles and trees become a wealth of equally valid letters of the alphabet and together result in words, sentences and pages of an ever-new book.

Ibid., p. 81

To what erotics of knowledge does the ecstasy of reading such a cosmos belong? Having taken a voluptuous pleasure in it, I wonder what is the source of this pleasure of "seeing the whole," of looming down on, totalizing the most immoderate of human texts.

Szeman, p. 264.

The 1370 foot high tower that serves as a prow for Manhattan continues to construct the fiction that creates readers, makes the complexity of the city readable, and immobilizes its opaque mobility in a transparent text.

de Certeau, pp. 91-4.

In 1928 a visitor said of Times Square: "Here the eye does not read any writing, it cannot pick out any shapes, it is simply dazzled by a profusion of scintillating lights, by a plethora of elements of light that cancel out each other's effect." Visual incapacitation.

Sharpe, p. 211

Trivial as commercial lighting instantly became, the messages were so crude and powerful that legibility was unavoidable, even if, as Loti noted, their legibility was tied to their evanescence: "Everywhere multicolored lights change and sparkle, forming letters, and then dissolving them again. They fall in cascades from top to bottom of the houses, or in the distance seem to stretch in banners across the street."

Ibid., p. 211

In Forty-second Street there are no more windows in the buildings—nothing but letters. It is a kindled alphabet, a conspiracy of commerce against night; in the sky, an advertising airplane.

Morand, p 192.

G. K. Chesterton visited New York in 1922, observing, "What a glorious garden of wonders this would be, to any one who was lucky enough to be unable to read."

Sharpe, p. 211

"Let us suppose that there does walk down this flaming avenue a peasant, who is as innocent as Adam before the Fall. He would see sights almost as fine as the flaming sword or the purple and peacock plumage of the seraphim; so long as he did not go near the Tree of Knowledge." For Chesterton, reading was a fall from Edenic grace into a sorry understanding. The signs of the great republic do not, alas, say "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" but rather "Tang Tonic To-day; Tang Tonic Tomorrow; Tang Tonic All the Time."

Ibid., p. 211

Intensifying the color, lights, and excitement of Broadway by translating the commercial message into form and color, a wordless interpretation of New York.

Ibid., pp. 210-1

But even if the signs cancel each other out, this apparent Babel is not meaningless.

Ibid., p. 211

As we read the text of the city—so extravagant in its tropes, so intense and varied in its rhythms, so bold in its presence, so encompassing in its reach, so firm in its grasp—it also reads us, or rather shows us how to reach ourselves.

Connell, p. xiv

And everywhere I looked, there were signs, the names of firms occupying the buildings on which the signs hung. Most were black letters on white, or gold letters on black, and they hung out over the sidewalks or were wired to building ledges just below rows of windows, slanting slightly downward so they could be read from the street.

Finney, pp. 228-9.

The city was and remains object, but not in the way of particular, pliable and instrumental object: such as a pencil or a sheet of paper.

Lefebvre, *Cities*, p. 102.

When we walk the city we are quoting the walkers who have come before us, and performing communal turns on each quotation.

Jacks, p. 44.

No women were involved in designing NYC's skyscrapers of the 1920s; if the decade was engaged in "reading the phallus," Manhattan might supply the text. Storming the sky, the skyscrapers substantiated Freud's worst fears about a fatherless world, a paradoxical homage to a feminine principle that "blurred the issue of paternity."

[Psychoanalysis]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 442.

The structure of the loft space is understood piece by piece as one glimpses fragments of the integrating text. The entire space has the effect of being a rare, isolated glimpse of some larger usually invisible context of vectors, currents and coded messages.

Liotard, p. 281

On the city street, hundreds of motor cars, electric trams and bicycles flash before my eyes every moment, yet I retain all of these in my mind at once; why, then, is the view commonly held that such disorder and speed in poetry makes it meaningless for the reader?
Shershenevich, p. 31.

Reading in the City

A city of subway readers.
Mahler, p. 43.

Her eyes never leave the pages of the book no matter how the train pitches and rolls as it thunders on.
Brooks, p. 10.

A person who picks up the crumpled sections of newspaper in the subway and reads haphazardly until the next step.
Ibid., p. 2.

New Yorkers carry their solitude around with them and employ it as their protection, which is why it's improper—tantamount almost to trespassing—to read the newspaper over your neighbor's shoulder in the subway.
Conrad, p. 104.

Driving down a Los Angeles boulevard, a billboard was legible from a half-mile away. It said one or two words. In Los Angeles, people are used to reading single words, very large at far distances, and passing by them very quickly. It's totally the opposite in New York where we get our information by reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder in the subway.
Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag.

I was on a subway somewhere in Brooklyn when I saw that headline. The paper that bannered it belonged to another passenger.
Capote, p. 59.

Does the city read anything besides newspapers?
Brooks, p. 8.

Tom Wolfe: 'To me the idea of writing a novel about this astonishing metropolis, a big novel, cramming as much of New York City between covers as you could, was the most tempting, the most challenging, and the most obvious idea an American writer could possibly have.'
Bloom, p. 151.

There are so many stenographers and typists in the city that if they joined in copying *Anthony Adverse* they would finish the job in ten seconds.
Conrad, pp. 249-50.

Take a scenic boat ride around the island, but read *The Notebooks of Henry James* during the entire trip, never once looking up.
Rich, p. 4.

In the winter of 1962 to 1963, they attempted access and libraries and museums. He liked to station himself in the neuropsychology section of the New York Public Library's Main Reading Room and observe what books people were browsing, and wandering about, noting which books were being read. Upon finding a person involved in the book imagined to be "cosmic" in concern (books on psychology, religion or world affairs), he would stay close by the person, waiting for an occurrence that could bring about a conversation. He did much looking but he rarely found an opportunity to talk and often complained about the difficulties of striking up a conversation with strangers. Access was equally difficult to museums. While walking around looking at the exhibits at MoMA, his ploy was to station himself next to a co-patronizer and hope for a likely opening. He complained that it was difficult to make such an opening. If you looked at work while standing beside a stranger and said, "That is an interesting abstraction" (or whatever), they tended to "look at you as if you were some kind of nut" and walk away.

Lofland, p. 172

Movie stars who have led adventure-packed lives are often too egocentric to discover patterns, too inarticulate to express intentions, too restless to record or remember events. Ghostwriters do it for them. In this way *I was Manhattan's ghostwriter*.

Koolhaas, p. 10.

Is there a key that opens the cultural meaning of the modern metropolis? The proliferation of difference that characterizes metropolitan modernity is so great that it seems unlikely that there is a single "text of the city," the explication of which would reveal the city's cultural script. New York is particularly difficult; there are no equivalents of Balzac or Dickens who reached very far toward incorporating into their narratives the vast kaleidoscope of Paris and London. Whether it results from a deficiency in New York's literary culture or because of the peculiar difficulty of capturing the complexity of New York, the city has not had its Balzac. Whitman, who captured so much, relied upon his famous lists. Even he was unable to bring the many fascinations he found in the city into narrative form.

[Literature]

Bender, p. 57.

d - Grid

Le Corbusier: The streets are at right angles to each other and the mind is liberated.

Fyfe, p. 3.

Your mind is free instead of being given over every minute to the complicated game imposed on it by the puzzle of our European cities.

Corbusier, p. 47.

New York lives by its clear checkerboard. Millions of beings act simply and easily within it. Freedom of mind. From the first hour, the stranger is oriented, sure of his course.

Ibid., p. 91.

The streets and avenues never empty, but the neat, spacious geometry of the city is far removed from the thronging intimacy of the narrow streets of Europe.

Baudrillard, *Simulacra*, p. 61.

The individuality of objects is heir to the formal possibilities of the grid, and it is the delineation of this orthogonality—its mathematics—which in turn elucidates the ideal of the road in Manhattan's placemaking. Movement is both parent and progeny in the process of making equality into form.

Monson, p. 32.

Everything is determined with a Euclidean clearness. Thus you know instantly whether to walk, whether to take a taxi, or whether to catch the bus on the avenue or use the subway. I say that it is an immense and beneficent freedom for the mind.

Corbusier, pp. 47-8.

Straight lines everywhere."

Still, p. 298.

The grid—in its peculiarly intense New York manifestation—influenced a mode of seeing, an urban imagination which eventually rivaled that which we associate with Paris, "capital of the nineteenth century," as Walter Benjamin called it. [Empire]

Tallack, Douglas, N. pag.

Thanks to the grid, New York disposes itself as a diagram. The tenements, however, mar this regularity, with dozens of rear houses huddled at odd angles on a single block.

Conrad, p. 71.

The grid reproaches the flâneur.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 406.

The Grid is, above all, a conceptual speculation.

In spite of its apparent neutrality, it implies an intellectual program for the island: in its indifference to topography, to what exists, it claims the superiority of mental construction over reality.

The plotting of its streets and blocks announces that the subjugation, if not obliteration, of nature is its true ambition.

All blocks are the same; their equivalence invalidates, at once, all the systems of articulation and differentiation that have guided the design of traditional cities. The Grid makes the history of architecture and all previous lessons of urbanism irrelevant. It forces Manhattan's builders to develop a new system of formal values, to invent strategies for the distinction of one block from another.

The Grid's two-dimensional discipline also creates undreamt-of freedom for three-dimensional anarchy. The Grid defines a new balance between control and de-control in which the city can be at the same time ordered and fluid, a metropolis of rigid chaos."

With its imposition, Manhattan is forever immunized against any (further) totalitarian intervention. In the single block—the largest possible area that can fall under architectural control—it develops a maximum unit of urbanistic Ego.

Since there is no hope that larger parts of the island can ever be dominated by a single client or architect, each intention—each architectural ideology—has to be realized fully within the limitations of the block. Since Manhattan is finite and the number of its blocks forever fixed, the city cannot grow in any conventional manner.

Its planning therefore can never describe a specific built configuration that is to remain static through the ages; it can only predict that whatever happens, it will have to happen somewhere within the 2,028 blocks of the Grid.

It follows that one form of human occupancy can only be established at the expense of another. The city becomes a mosaic of episodes, each with its own particular life span, that contest each other through the medium of the Grid. [Nature]

Koolhaas, p. 20-1.

Frank Lloyd Wright on Manhattan's grid: "An affected riot."
Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 23.

Rather than to speak of urban order as opposed to disorder or chaos, it is more appropriate to speak of different urban orders... That definition of order to which the opposite notion of chaos or disorder can be applied is the order of the world, a "categorical order" the opposite of which is an undifferentiated state of things. Chaos is thus a negation of such an order and is only a hypothetical state.

Rapoport, pp. 51, 52

Rockefeller Center as the "center in the grid," and the Guggenheim as the "thing illuminating the grid.

Monson, p. 30

Joseph Stella: "The depth of night tempers and renders mysterious the geometrical severity of the city."

Sharpe, p. 199.

Feininger believed that curves were a rarity in cities.
Conrad, p. 255.

Its will to silence, its hostility to literature, to narrative, to discourse. As such, the grid has done its job with striking efficiency.
Krauss, p. 50.

As a straight line, Fifth Avenue can be a social arbiter. Fifth and Sixth avenues are the uprights of a gigantic ladder stretching from Washington Square to Central Park.

Conrad, p. 195.

The avenues may be ladders of ascent, but the cross streets at right angles to them are exits to dalliance, resorts of indolence.

Ibid., p. 196.

The flavor of any street is spiced by those streets that bisect it along the way."

Binzen, N. pag.

If the grid is to be converted to the purposes of the epicurean, its numerical regularity must be confounded, because its plan presumes a linear rectitude in one's conduct.

Conrad, p. 196.

The uniform grid has often energized New York by liberating the deviant.

Bender, p. xvi.

The territory is simply the surface effect of its own topicality.

Kittler, p. 719.

The city's giddy radiance is chastened by its steely rectilinear geometry.

Conrad, p. 135.

Geometry and anguish.

Sharpe, p. 207.

Geometry in this city maintains an inflexible civic discipline.

Conrad, p. 130.

The circle can be squared.

Amin, p. 56.

The city survives in its relentless grid.

White, *Physical*, p. xxiii.

A city is not a flattenable graph. In a city, networks overlap upon other networks. Every traffic light, every subway transfer, and every post office, as well as all the bars and bordellos, speak for this fact.

Kittler, p. 719

Flattened, geometricized, ordered, it is antinatural, antimimetic, antireal. It is what art looks like when it turns its back on nature. In the flatness that results from its coordinates, the grid is the means of crowding out the dimensions of the real and replacing them with the lateral spread of a single surface. In the overall regularity of its organization, it is the result not of imitation, but of aesthetic decree. Insofar as its order is that of pure relationship, the grid is a way of abrogating the claims of natural objects to have an order particular to themselves.

Krauss, p. 50.

City walls are pulled down and filled in; once rational grids are slowly obscured; a slashing diagonal boulevard is run through close-

grained residential neighborhoods; railroad tracks usurp cemeteries and waterfronts; and wars, fires, and highways annihilate city cores.

Inam, p. 18

The grid's mythic power is that it makes us able to think we are dealing with materialism (or sometimes science, or logic) while at the same time it provides us with a release into belief (or illusion, or fiction).

Krauss, p. 55.

The intersection of everything.

McCourt, p. 244.

In the temporal dimension, the grid is an emblem of modernity by being just that: the form that is ubiquitous in the art of our century, while appearing nowhere, nowhere at all, in the art of the last one.

Krauss, p. 53.

What matters most in the long run is not the mystique of the grid geometry, but the luck of first ownership.

Inam, p. 18.

Urbanism itself, this checkerboard of nameless streets, is the price that has to be paid in order that the streets be useful and no longer picturesque, in order that men and objects circulate, adapt themselves to the distances, rule effectively over this enormous urban nature: the biggest city in the world (with Tokyo) is also the one we possess in an afternoon, by the most exciting of operations, since here to *possess is to understand*: New York exposes itself to intellection, and our familiarity with it comes very quickly. This is the purpose of these numbered streets, inflexibly distributed according to regular distances: not to make the city into a huge machine and man into an automaton, as we are repeatedly and stupidly told by those for whom tortuosity and dirt are the gauges of spirituality, but on the contrary to master the distances and orientations by the mind, to put at one man's disposal the space of these twelve million, this fabulous reservoir, this world emporium in which *all* goods exist except the metaphysical variety. This is the purpose of New York's geometry: that each individual should be *poetically* the owner of the capital of the world. It is not up, toward the sky, that you must look in New York; it is down, toward men and merchandise: by an admirable static paradox, the skyscraper establishes the block, the block creates the street, the street offers itself to man. New York is an anti-city.

Barthes, *Eiffel*, p. 151.

Americans would as readily number their cities as they do their streets.

Monson, pp. 31-2.

It will be noted that the "squares" of the city are seldom parallelograms. The city's little alterations and fictions are part of its charm.

Reisenberg, p. 21.

Rotary thrills, the violent circuitry of pleasure as opposed to the utilitarian drill of those lines, vertical and horizontal, diagonal and perpendicular, from which the workaday city is constructed... Urban people spend their lives traveling purposefully in straight lines. They

come to Coney to enjoy the inane exhilaration of going around in circles. Elsewhere they trudge and plod; here they can whirl and rotate.

Conrad, p. 256.

New York is overwhelmingly square, regular, and right-angled, so why not take advantage of those rare oblique views where roads seem to diverge almost on the spur of the moment, affording you glimpses of an unwonted three-dimensional nature—unconventional cut-and-thrusts indeed.

Ibid., p. 256.

Most of all for its vast dimensions—the straight avenues ending in the sky, as they pursue some ultimately significant horizon.

Maffi, p. 18.

The grid lands one in the present, and everything else is declared to be the past.

Krauss, p. 53.

Grids are not only spatial to start with, they are visual structures that explicitly reject a narrative or sequential reading of any kind.

Ibid., p. 56.

The gridded street plan is a plastic representation of pure equilibrium.

Conrad, p. 120.

The grid is a transfer in which nothing changes place.

Krauss, p. 53.

The block becomes a "park" in the tradition of Coney Island: it offers an aggressive alternative reality, intent on discrediting and replacing all "natural" reality.

The area of these interior parks can never exceed the size of a block: that is the maximum increment of conquest by a single "planner" or a single "vision."

Since all Manhattan's blocks are identical and emphatically equivalent in the unstated philosophy of the Grid, a mutation in a single one affects all others as a latent possibility: theoretically, each block can now turn into a self-contained enclave of the Irresistible Synthetic.

That potential also implies an essential isolation: no longer does the city consist of a more or less homogeneous texture—a mosaic of complementary urban fragments—but each block is now alone like an island, fundamentally on its own.

Manhattan turns into a dry archipelago of blocks.

Koolhaas, p. 97.

On a chess-board, imagine a line cutting the squares it traverses, into obtuse and sharp angles, all equally geometrically to right angles, doubtless, but in reality, so different: this is Broadway crossing New York.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 436.

In straight New York, Broadway runs riot.

Ibid., p. 436.

Broadway is deleterious because it is diagonal, straying across Manhattan from east to west, and because it is nocturnal. Winchell called it New York's hardened artery.

Conrad, p. 283.

"Broadway's on the diagonal!" somebody cuts in. So was he. The diagonal, they'd been taught in geometry, is in relation to the straight sides of irrational incommensurate, as is the square root of two.

McCourt, p. 80.

Nothing is more tiresome than an infinite number of perfectly straight streets and avenues running on and on until they lose themselves in the sky. One goes along them without ever seeing an edifice closing the vista. There is a terrible monotony about a city each street of which is the counterpart of its neighbors. The idea for a city to aim at is not that the newly arrived stranger shall be able to dispense with map and find his road unaided.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 438.

This relentless set of right angles was like a brand on the wilderness of Manhattan's forests, hills, springs, and streams, ignoring them so that inevitably the forests were cut, the hills leveled, and the streams seduced into the underground pipery that bore them invisibly from source to sea. [Nature]

White, *Physical*, pp. 112-3.

It is like a general introduction to the whole surface of life. Every point of it is worth investigation, for every point leads far into ultimate meaning.

Hapgood, p. 100.

Until medieval times European cities were circular structures arranged centers, while American cities are mostly linear structures built along axes. European cities tend to be closed, while American cities tend toward a more open structure. This is true at least in the sense that city roads in Europe are centripetal / centrifugal while in the United States, they tend to run and cut across. The European city is dominated by the square, but in America this role is taken by the "main street" that begins in the no-man's land preceding the city, runs its course through the city, and peters out in the no -man's land at the other end. In this way, instead of widening out in concentric circles, American cities "rise" from their original nucleus. Hence the reasoning between the" divisions of downtown, midtown, and uptown.

Maffi, p. 15.

The grid acts as a reassuring compass, always ready to orient you. It pulls your eye straight up the avenue, to those long, unimpeded vistas... and so your gaze keeps adjusting astigmatically between long distance and middle range, and all the while there is so much coming at you that you have to attend to the immediate surround, dodging bodies and seizing openings.

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 202.

The RCA Building's sheer number of its windows, its system of multiplication; the United Nations Secretariat is a decapitated pyramid

with its edges chiseled against a darker sky, depthless and unornamented. [Antiquity]

Conrad, p. 110.

The grid appears in the form of windows, the material presence of their panes expressed by the geometrical intervention of the window's mullions. [Reflection]

Krauss, p. 59.

There is no necessary connection between good art and change, no matter how conditioned we may be to think that there is. Indeed, as we have a more and more extended experience of the grid, we have discovered that one of the most modernist things about it is its capacity to serve as a paradigm or model for the antidevelopmental, the antinarrative, the antihistorical. This has occurred in the temporal as well as the visual arts: in music, for example, and in dance. It is no surprise then, that as we contemplate this subject, there should have been announced for next season a performance project based on the combined efforts of Phil Glass, Lucinda Childs, and Sol LeWitt: music, dance, and sculpture, projected as the mutually accessible space of the grid.

Ibid., p. 64,

Dance by Lucinda Childs, Philip Glass and Sol LeWitt, was performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in December 1979. The collaboration was unusual because it brought together three individuals who since the '60s have been working with similar modular structures in their separate disciplines. Characteristic of this production (and in contrast to the discontinuity which characterizes the collaborations between Cunningham and Cage, Tudor, et al.) was the fact that its three parts—film, dance and music—were designed to synchronize with each other. The presence of the grid substantially changed the appearance and the meaning of Childs's dances. Though Childs has used geometric configurations as the basis of her choreography in the past, the existence of those structures—straight lines, triangles, arcs—often had to be intuited. When her dances were placed on a grid in the filmed segments of *Dance*, however, their mathematical foundation became immediately evident. The combination of dancers and grid had exactly the opposite effect for LeWitt's work: the figures served to humanize it. In the visual arts the inclusion of figures within a grid has been relatively rare. For LeWitt, the placement of figures in / on the grid stresses the underlying physical / anthropomorphic quality of his own structures. The dancers thus appeared to be dancing both within and on top of one of LeWitt's own sculptural grids, their movements transformed into a three-dimensional tic-tac-toe. They, in turn, completely revolutionized the meaning of the grid—changing its usual abstract, symbolic character to the more functional role of a high-tech piece of furniture. Together, the figures and grid seemed absorbed into the realm of painterly, illusionistic space and the move in some dimension beyond the reality of the stage on which we know they danced.

Sargent-Wooster, p. 143-7.

Abstraction

The city of realism is congested. Abstracted New York is empty. Human life has been expelled from it and its perimeters are blank walls, the screens for invisible vistas.

Conrad, p. 110.

Whitewashed handball walls are the infinitudes of a negative sublimity, a pallor that appalls, like the incomprehensible whiteness of *Moby Dick* or the uncharted extent of American geography, which weary human beings have to trudge across and fill up.

Ibid., p. 110-11.

A geometer's New York of sharpened edges and extreme angles, a city which, in the process of rebuilding, can be seen recomposing itself abstractly, purged now of Whitman's organic ferment. Even the city's mobility is belied.

Conrad, p. 109.

Abstract space reveals its oppressive and repressive capacities in relation to time. It rejects time as an abstraction—except when it concerns work, the producer of things and of surplus value. Time is reduced to constraints of space: schedules, runs, crossings, loads.

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 187.

Whitman is co-opted by the abstractors of New York.

Conrad, p. 109.

New York invites re-formation because it's a world city. Abstraction is the universal regime of structure beneath the variety of local appearance; it confounds and then rationally rearranges the visible world just as New York draws from and then resynthesizes the old political world of quarrelsome nationalities.

Ibid., p. 117.

The first task of the American painter is repletion of this emptiness; but his way of colonizing it is simply to color it white. Tom Sawyer has been sentenced to whitewash "thirty yards of board-fence nine feet high." He pauses, dismayed, to compare the few streaks he has accomplished with "the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence" yet to be conquered. Tom's canvas, like the unsettled continent or the white paintings (fleetingly colored and inhabited by the shadows of viewers, travelers through this vacant infinity) made by Robert Rauschenberg in 1951, is a void. So too is the city once it has been abstracted: a clean, well-lighted place, its walls are as wide and as depressingly open as the continent they're meant to occlude.

Ibid., p. 111.

The distanced rather than the proximate, the displaced rather than the placed, the intransitive rather than the reflexive.

Amin, p. 5

Socially, politically, and ethnically, New York performs a benign reduction resembling that of the cubists, who see within all objects those ideal, ideational forms—the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder. It takes immigrants from every country and recomposes them as Americans. At the same time, New York devises an international language to accompany the visual universality of abstraction.

Conrad, p. 117.

Constance Rourke saw all New York culture, past and present — politics, religion, advertising, *everything* — as "doubled"; "Everything doubled." (*c.f.* *New York, New York*)

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 55.

The sticky & slack human / nonhuman, inorganic / incorporeal,
phenomena / phenomenal, banal / intense everydayness.

Amin, p. 9.

The tension between the similarities and differences among the
façades along a block, and the repetition of such blocks along streets
which themselves subtly differ in dimension.

Conrad, p. 123.

e - Loneliness

New York's terrible when somebody laughs on the street very late at night. You can hear it from miles. It makes you feel lonesome and depressed.

Salinger, p. 81.

Occasionally, a single shoe is marooned in the city.
Brooks, *City*, p. 15.

A single human figure, equally isolated in a crowd, proceeds through the chill, bleak anonymity of the 20th-century transit catacombs (ancient catacombs softened even death with frescoes) in a setting of impersonal, ordinary sterility that could just as well be a clean, functional gas chamber. The human spirit and human environment have reached absolute zero. [Antiquity]

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 52.

The hours of depression that I have passed in New York.
Ford, *America*, p. 178.

Of the cities I know New York / wins the paranoia award
Lehman, *Selected*, p. 157.

The solitary are obsessed. Apartments furnish little solitude.
Oppen, *Collected Poems*, p. 43.

There is no agoraphobia any more, there is, simply no reason to go out.

Blandford, p. 95.

Riding the subway escalator at 14th Street, each eye downcast, avoiding direct contact with anyone, each staring intently at his shoes.

Mariani, p. 234.

One is still alone; among people who are alone, scattered like seed or pebbles strewn.

Rosenfeld, p. 470.

For months, I roamed the streets, trying to find people who would talk to me.

Kinhead, p. 5.

delirium of empty streets

Roche, p. 404.

Perhaps because so many here are lonely, there is a sense of depression.

Blandford, p. 120.

Summertime is a good time to reexamine New York and to receive again the gift of privacy, the jewel of loneliness.

White, *Here*, p. 37.

how sad the lower East side is on Sunday morning in May
eating yellow eggs

O'Hara, p. 405.

I am a bit of a man with a seven-syllabled name in the vastness New York. [Names]

Frank, p. 177.

I am unfit for this puffed city of gray dust and lost soldiers drinking lost battles in the chasms between buildings making artwar to assuage rather than fight.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 226.

The crypts of loneliness,
The dreams and immundicities of the crowd.
Depero, "Coney Island," p. 422.

Later I realized that behind much of the entertainment that the city poured forth into the nation there were only a lot of rather lost and lonely people. The world of the picture actors was like our own in that it was in New York and not of it.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 110.

At first, the symbolic gesture of the novel in New York is its closure of a door.

Conrad, p. 178.

Mingling is out; privacy is in.

Bladford, p. 95.

Once it has disallowed character, New York must rule out any narrative that grows from voluntary affinities. Its dwellings are constructed to enforce this denial.

Conrad, p. 185.

For in the city, things were definitely outside you, apart from you; you were alien to them, it seemed, and for your part you could not move closer to them, no more than to the people who moved amongst them; even to those of the people you were supposed to know the best of all and with whom you had spent years. It was as useless trying to feel yourself through the crowding towers of the lower town, and feel a whole, as it was trying to feel yourself through the forbidding people in the streets. The towers were not a whit less hard, less mutually exclusive, less eager to crowd each other out, than the people who had made them. They snatched the light from each other; rough-shouldered each other; were loud, anarchical, showy... unfriendly; flaunting money; calling for money. Edges stood, knife after knife. Nothing ever came with the warmth of heaven to do the work of the sun and melt the many antagonistic particles.

Rosenfeld, p. 467.

In the seventies, we used to dream of escaping to downtown New York to escape the draft. The labyrinth of forgotten streets made it seem like the perfect place to disappear into. We figured we'd go undercover for a few years there, and emerge later unnoticed by the draft authorities. [Unrest]

N. cit.

Only in a great city could an introvert give his overwhelming yearning free rein incognito and thus keep the respect of his every-day

circle. In New York one can live as Nature demands without setting every one's tongue wagging.

Chauncey, p. 131.

I began to cherish the loneliness of it, the sense that at any given time no one need know where I was or what I was doing.

Didion, "Goodbye," p. 174.

New York. A walking exile here I will always be-alone.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 227.

It was a beautiful day. No one was around. So I was all by myself, but I had courage enough to go down to the office. I take a sharp stick with me in case the elevator doors stick, so I can pry myself out. And if I go over there alone on the weekend I always tell someone I'm going... No one was available to accompany me to the office, and I was afraid the elevator would get stuck, so I didn't go down.

Warhol, *Diaries*, 521-2.

The dark was coming quickly down, the dark of a February Sunday evening, and that vaguely perturbed him. He didn't want to go "home," though, and get out of it. It would be gloomy and close in his hotel room, and his soiled shirts would be piled on the floor of the closet where he had been flinging them for weeks.

He sits in the lobby drinking brandy and asking again if he's received any messages (he hasn't). Restless, he wanders out again. Finally after moping from bar to bar, he shuffles, drunk and maudlin, back to his hotel. It's three o'clock Monday morning; nothing awaits him but the night clerk and an absence of messages.

Caldwell, p. 261.

I wonder if one person out of the 8,000,000 is thinking of me as I shake hands with LeRoi
O'Hara, p. 336.

Lovers still become radiant and breathless; honest workers shave wood, rivet steel beams, dig in the earth, or set type with sure hands and quiet satisfaction; scholars incubate ideas, and now and again a poet or an artist broods by himself in some half-shaded city square.

Mumford, p. 24.

Out there, beyond the world of the box, and the security of the hermit's shell, is sensed a gallery of losers.

Blandford, p. 95.

Three Hundred Thousand People in Coney Island Yesterday. Twenty-three Children Lost.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 310.

The movies, the White Ways, and the Coney Islands, which almost every American city boasts in some form or other, are means of giving jaded and throttled people the sensations of living without the direct experience of life—a sort of spiritual masturbation.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 176.

New York of the teens is as soulless as a department store.

[Commodity]

Ibid., p. 208.

The city as a confraternity of minds, each of which illuminates a window with a sign of its sentience, sinister in their lidded blankness.

Conrad, p. 103.

She stares out the window, across the freezing black river and into the bleakness of Queens.

Leibowitz, p. 200.

A room without a window is a life denied consciousness of itself and contact with others... 300,000 inhabited, windowless rooms in New York.

Conrad, p. 103.

And then he said to himself that this fair but pitiless city of Manhattan was without a soul; that its inhabitants were manikins moved by wires and springs, and that he was alone in a great wilderness.

[Display]

Henry, "Making" p. 108

City of ardent spinsters and impotent Galahads.

Reisenberg, p. 204.

A dialectic of incognito observations.

Tester, p. 11.

A sociability of Ones.

Ibid., p. 77.

An atomized form of association where individuals congregate in an anonymous crowd of randomly strolling people. Despite their proximity they keep their social distance from each other and preserve a discrete estrangement. This is the life of watching the world go by, not ever exchanging a word acknowledging the presence of an Other.

Ibid., p. 77.

To experience the city is, among many other things, to experience anonymity.

Lofland, p. ix.

To cope with the city is, among many other things, to cope with strangers.

Ibid., p. x.

Strangers in the midst of strangers.

Ibid., p. 19.

A situation of pure anonymity would be intolerable.

Ibid., p. x.

A collection of relatively large numbers of people in a relatively small space.

Ibid., p. 3.

There is nothing peculiar in the situation of living out one's life amid persons one does not know.

Ibid., p. 4.

Pre-urban condition: the absence of anonymity.

Ibid., p. 4.

There would appear to be a sheer biophysical limitation on the capacity of human beings to recognize, either by name or by face an infinite number of their fellowmen.

Ibid., p. 10.

Keep one's facial expression impassive. Look neither happy nor sad, angry nor peaceful.

Ibid., p. 151.

Keep oneself to oneself. Avoid bumping into, brushing past, stepping on, or colliding with any strange persons. Keep alert to the speed with which, and direction in which these persons are moving, so as to guide one's own actions appropriately. Follow the rule of generally staying to the right but do not assume that others will do the same.

Ibid., p. 151.

Keep oneself apart. Avoid seating oneself in such a way as to suggest to a strange author that one wishes to interact.

Ibid., p. 153.

Keep one's eyes to oneself. Avoid even accidental contact. Concentrate one's glances on inanimate objects. If one wishes to gaze about, glance at surrounding persons only below the neck.

Ibid., p. 154.

Wear sunglasses. One can then look people right in the eye without there being aware that one is doing so.

Ibid., p. 154.

Keep oneself protected. Avoid coming close to anyone who either looks or behaves "oddly." Such persons are unpredictable, may accost one despite one's precautions, and may involve one in conspicuous interaction. (cf. Auster: "Odd gestures of any kind are automatically taken as a threat." [Flâneur])

Ibid., p. 154.

Keep oneself aloof.

Ibid., p. 155.

People born and bred to life within earshot and eye glance of a score of neighbors have learned to preserve their own private worlds by uniformly ignoring each other, except on direct invitation.

Hayes, p. 1.

Street empty. Save for a solitary trudging head down shielding a big brown envelope.

Donleavy, N. pag.

A stormy morning is the best time of all in New York—when there isn't a single loafer, not a spare person about. There are only the toilers of the great army of labour of the city of ten million.

Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 48.

Really it's this lawlessness and anonymity simultaneously that I desire.

Wojnarowicz, p. 128.

Inhabited by 4,000,000 mysterious strangers.

Jackson & Dunbar, pp. 497-98.

theme for an immense poem – collecting, in running list, all the things done in secret.

Turner, p. 110.

Streets already emptied at night by television.

Freeman, p. 275.

If he is dressed superbly well—there are a half a million people dressed equally well.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 671.

If he is in rags—there are a million ragged people.

Ibid., p. 671.

If he is tall, it is a city of tall people.

Ibid., p. 671.

If he is short, the streets are full of dwarfs.

Ibid., p. 671.

If ugly, ten perfect horrors pass him in one block.

Ibid., p. 671.

If beautiful, the competition is overwhelming.

Ibid., p. 671.

If he is talented, talent is a dime a dozen.

Ibid., p. 671.

If he tries to make an impression by wearing a toga—there's a man down the street is a leopard skin.

Ibid., p. 671.

Whatever he does or says or wears or thinks he is not unique. Once accepted this gives him perfect freedom to be himself, but unaccepted it horrifies him.

Ibid., p. 671.

It is truly the city that nobody knows.

Atkinson, p. 261.

The most desired yet least beloved of cities.

Ibid., p. 261.

Whoever wishes company can find company; whoever wishes to be alone will not be disturbed.

Ibid., p. 264.

"Ladies of the Corridor"—widows with money and no inner resources who sit all day in hotel lobbies sadly watching life pass them by.

Ibid., p. 264.

Elderly men, somehow alone in the world, or unwanted, sitting on park benches staring into the past.

Ibid., p. 264.

A man I heard of whose sole social contact was going to the hat-and-shoe cleaners to have his hat cleaned. He had his hat cleaned a couple of times a week, just to sit waiting in the warm, bright shop, listening to the chatter of the proprietor and other customers.

Ibid., p. 264.

New York blends the gift of privacy with the excitement of participation; and better than most dense communities it succeeds in insulating the individual (if he wants it, and almost everybody wants or needs it) against all enormous and violent and wonderful events that are taking place every minute.

White, *Here*, p. 22.

On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largess that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the population; for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky.

Ibid., p. 19.

The main external check upon a man's conduct, the opinion of his neighbours, which has such a powerful influence in the country or small town, tends to disappear. In a great city one has no neighbours. No man knows the doings of even his close friends; few men care what the secret life of their friends may be. The young man is left free to follow his own inclinations.

Chauncey, p. 131.

Any taxi driver is a symbol of urban disengagement, a man who moves, works, walks and talks and yet somehow is invisible to the eyes of his fellow men. He is acknowledged briefly when the passenger enters the cab and then consigned to limbo, to nonexistence.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 395.

New York's bus driver remains largely anonymous and goes through life with only half of his face showing in the rear-view mirror.

Talese, p. 31.

People who have no terraces and no gardens long to escape from their own four walls, but not to wander far. They only want to step outside for a minute. They stand outside their apartment houses on summer nights and during summer days. They stand around in groups or they sit together on the front steps of their buildings, taking the air and looking around at the street. Sometimes they carry a chair out, so that an old person can have a little outing. They lean out of their windows, with their elbows on the sills, and look into the faces of their neighborhoods at their windows on the other side of the street, all of the escaping from the rooms they live in and that they are glad

to have but not to be closed up in. It should not be a problem, to have shelter without being shut away. The window sills are safety hatches into the open, and so are the fire escapes and the roofs and the front stoops.

Brennan, p. 32.

A city for eccentrics and a center for odd bits of information.
Talese, p. 1.

Yeah if those floorboards could talk, if those streets could talk, if the whole huge path this body has traveled—roads, motel rooms, hillsides, cliffs, subways, rivers, planes, tracks—if any of them could speak, what would they remember most about me? What motions would they unravel within their words, or would they turn away faceless like the turn of this whole river and waterfront street, all of its people, its wanderers, its silences beneath the wheels of traffic and industry and sleep, would it turn away speechless like faces in dreams, in warehouses, pale wordless faces containing whole histories and geographies and adventures?

Wojnarowicz, p. 147.

Love in Manhattan? I Don't Think So.
Bushnell, N. pag.

"Relationships in New York are about detachment," she said.
Ibid.

When it comes to finding a marriage partner, New York has its own particularly cruel mating rituals, as complicated and sophisticated as those in an Edith Wharton novel. Everyone knows the rules but no one wants to talk about them. The result is that New York has bred a particular type of single woman: smart, attractive, successful, and never married. She is in her late thirties or early forties, and, if empirical knowledge is good for anything, she probably never will get married.

Ibid.

What if, on the other hand, you're forty and pretty and you're a television producer or have your own PR company, but you still live in a studio and sleep on a foldout couch the nineties equivalent of Mary Tyler Moore? Except, unlike Mary Tyler Moore, you've actually gone to bed with all those guys instead of demurely kicking them out at 12:02 a.m.? What happens to those women?

There are thousands, maybe tens of thousands of women like this in the city. We all know lots of them, and we all agree they're great. They travel, they pay taxes, they'll spend four hundred dollars on a pair of Manolo Blahnik strappy sandals. [Commodity]

Ibid.

"Here's the deal," Jerry said. "There's a window of opportunity for women to get married in New York. Somewhere between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-five. Or maybe thirty-six." We agreed that if a woman's been married once, she can always get married again; there's something about knowing how to close the deal.

Ibid.

"But all of a sudden, when women get to be thirty-seven or thirty-eight, there's all this... stuff," he said. "Baggage. They've been around too long. Their history works against them.

Ibid.

"There's a list of toxic bachelors in New York," said Jerry, "and they're deadly."

Ibid.

Because if you're a successful single woman in this city, you have two choices: You can beat your head against the wall trying to find a relationship, or you can say "screw it" and just go out and have sex like a man.

Ibid.

The Bicycle Boy actually has a long literary-social tradition in New York. The patron saints of Bicycle Boys are white-haired writer George Plimpton, whose bike used to hang upside down above his employees' heads at the Paris Review offices, and white haired Newsday columnist Murray Kempton. They've been riding for years and are the inspiration for the next generation of Bicycle Boys, like the aforementioned Mr. New Yorker and scores of young book, magazine, and newspaper editors and writers who insist on traversing Manhattan's physical and romantic landscape as solitary peddelers. Bicycle Boys are a particular breed of New York bachelor: Smart, funny, romantic, lean, quite attractive, they are the stuff that grownup coed dreams are made of. There's something incredibly, er, charming about a tweedy guy on a bike especially if he's wearing goofy glasses.

Ibid.

John F. Kennedy Jr. is certainly New York 's most famous and sought-after bike-riding bachelor.

Ibid.

On a recent afternoon, four women met at an Upper East Side restaurant to discuss what it's like to be an extremely beautiful young woman in New York City. About what it's like to be sought after, paid for, bothered, envied, misunderstood, and just plain gorgeous: all before the age of twenty-five.

Ibid.

He lives in a tiny studio that has white everything: white curtains, white sheets, white comforter, white chaise. When you're in the bathroom, you look to see if he uses special cosmetics. He doesn't. [Interior] [Commodity]

Ibid.

Probably met by answering an ad in the *New York Review of Books*. "Thirtyish academic wishes to meet woman who's interested in Mozart, James Joyce and sodomy."

Allen, *Annie Hall*, N. pag.

Sometimes you feel like the only man in the city without group affiliation.

McInerney, p. 57.

He slipped his hand into mine and my reaction to that was almost bewilderment insofar as people rarely do that in this city, much less

when they hardly know you, and I really dug it. We left each other after an embrace on the corner of Christopher and Hudson Streets. After walking half a block I turned to look back, and he was standing there, hand in pocket, the other hand up waving. I waved back and turned towards the subway and home.

Wojnarowicz, p. 156.

Memory, Nostalgia, Amnesia, Change

New York is a city that eats its history.
Solis, p. 9.

Crowned not only with no history, but with no credible possibility of time for history, and consecrated by no uses save the commercial at any cost, they are simply the most piercing notes in that concert of the expensively provisional into which your supreme sense of New York resolves itself.

Brook, p. 284.

In it seems to me that those days before I knew the names of all the bridges were happier than the ones that came later.

Didion, "Goodbye," p. 169.

As speedily forgetful as the RR subway.
Conrad, p. 307.

The lot is now a place of pictorial memory, a chimerical souvenir of the city before abstraction: on its blank wall is the imprint of a demolished house.

Ibid., p. 112.

It is both novelty and recognition that pleases him: the novelty of its actual and amazing encompassment, the recognition of great shafts and crowds and thoroughfares remembered from a hunched motion pictures, rotogravures and advertisements.

Federal Writers, p.5.

In these matters human psychology is very queer. I suppose that everybody who knows anything about them laments the decay of the ancient glories of ... well, say Spain. It is sad to think that never again will the great galleons trail away into the golden sunsets. London to me to-day is nothing—or next to nothing. I know nobody of its seventeen or so millions—five people perhaps outside my own family. New York really means a great deal more: my memories of her are nearly all pleasant—full of clean air and white Flatirons.

Ford, *America*, p. 81.

Everything's changed. I couldn't stand it here. I'd die. I belong to the Delmonico period. Ah, a table at the window, looking out on Fifth Avenue. Boxes with flowers, pink lampshades, string orchestras, and, yes, willow plumes. Inverness cape, dry champagne, and snow on the ground. Say, they don't even have snow anymore!

Sanders, *Skyline*, p. 400.

The tempo of the city had changed sharply. The uncertainties of 1920 were drowned in a steady golden roar and many of our friends had grown wealthy. But the restlessness of New York in 1927 approached

hysteria. The parties were bigger—those of Condé Nast, for example, rivaled in their way the fabled balls of the nineties; the pace was faster—the catering to dissipation set an example to Paris; the shows were broader, the buildings were higher, the morals were looser and the liquor was cheaper... Everything there was to say about the boom days in New York that couldn't be said by a jazz band.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 112.

To a New Yorker the city is both changeless and changing. In many respects it neither looks nor feels the way it did twenty-five years ago. The elevated railways have been pulled down, all but the Third Avenue. An old-timer walking up Sixth past the Jefferson Market jail misses the railroad, misses its sound, its spotted shade, its little aerial stations, and the tremor of the thing. Broadway has changed in aspect. It used to have a discernible bony structure beneath its loud bright surface; but the signs are so enormous now, the buildings and shops and hotels have largely disappeared under the neon lights and letters and the frozen custard façade. Broadway is a custard street with no frame supporting it. In Greenwich Village the light is thinning: big apartments have come in, bordering the Square, and the bars are mirrored and chromed. But there are still in the Village the lingering traces of poesy, Mexican glass, hammered brass, batik, lamps made of whisky bottles, first novels made of fresh memories—the old Village with its alleys and ratty one-room rents catering to the erratic needs of those whose hearts are young and gay.

White, *Here*, p. 49.

Police now ride in radio prowl cars instead of gumshoeing around the block swinging their sticks. A ride in the subway costs ten cents, and the seats are apt to be dark green instead of straw yellow. Men go to saloons to gaze at televised events instead of to think long thoughts. It is all very disconcerting. Even parades have changed some. The last triumphal military procession in Manhattan simply filled the city with an ominous and terrible rumble of heavy tanks. The slums are gradually giving way to the lofty housing projects—high in stature, high in purpose, low in rent. There are a couple of dozens of these new developments scattered around; each is a city in itself (one of them in the Bronx accommodates twelve thousand families), sky acreage hitherto untilled, lifting people far above the street, standardizing their sanitary life, giving them some place to sit other than an orange crate. Federal money, state money, city money and private money have flowed into these projects. Banks and insurance companies are in back of some of them. Architects have turned the buildings slightly on their bases, to catch more light. In some of them, rents are as low as eight dollars a room. Thousands of new units are still needed and will eventually be built, but New York never quite catches up with itself, is never in equilibrium. In flush times the population mushrooms and the new dwellings sprout from the rock. Come bad times and the population scatters and the lofts are abandoned and the landlord withers and dies. [Robert Moses]

Ibid., p. 50.

Jules Romains visits NYC in 1924. An expert in the human resonance of great cities, he noted its equivocal ethics, at home in the guarded half-light of the speakeasy, its neurotic drive to make each moment pay in full, its violent emulation of the machine... He returns in 1936. There had been some extraordinary change in the face and character of the city. Its very streets were fresher, the sky had opened, there was

a luster on the flanks of great clay shafts, the intimation of an unbelievable tranquility. True, it was summer; but the deeper signs were plain. They appeared in the faces of the people in every turn and feature. The old, abrasive will-to-action for its own sake was gone. These men and women were freer, more open, casually good-natured, even happy. They had time for a new and more relaxed gaiety. He felt in them a profound reinvigoration of the democratic spirit.

Federal Writers, pp. 421-2.

This great city of perpetual change doesn't encourage nostalgia. Much that is precious in the memory will have vanished months or years later, and the returning traveler must rediscover the city each time. The scale of New York scorns the indulgences of personal sentiment. The towers of Manhattan are an embodiment of overachievement, a defiantly artificial megalopolis in which glass and stone and concrete overwhelm the human element. The lifelong sport of being a New Yorker is to overcome these extraordinary self-created obstacles. The art of doing so, which New Yorkers by definition have had to perfect, is urban living at its most extreme, most rhapsodic. Defying all the laws that sociologists lay down, impossibly overcrowded Manhattan functions as well, if not better, than most cities of the same size. Though individual buildings, even neighbourhoods, decay and disappear, the city as a whole is inextinguishable. It is more than an agglomeration; it is an idea, an assertion. Because it is self-renewing it can never, superpowers permitting, be destroyed.

Brook, p. 284.

Publicity is, in essence, nostalgic. It has to sell the past to the future. Nostalgia is no simple longing for the past, however, not least because we can be made to feel it for experiences we did not, and could not, have ourselves enjoyed. Nostalgia literally means—from the Greek *nostalgos*—a painful longing for one's home harbor, and Odysseus may be considered by this token the most celebrated nostalgic in history or literature. It is a paradoxical pain even in its simplest form, since there is the pain of return as well as the pain felt as return is successively thwarted: you really can't go home again, because when you get there it is not the same as when you left.

Kingwell, p. 182.

Seen from the ferry boat in the early morning, it no longer whispers of fantastic success and eternal youth. The whoopee mamas who prance before its empty parquets do not suggest to me the ineffable beauty of my dream girls of 1914.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 115.

All over town the great mansions are in decline. Schwab's house facing the Hudson on Riverside is gone. Gould's house on Fifth Avenue is an antique shop. Morgan's house on Madison Avenue is a church administration office. What was once the Fahnstock house is now Random House. Rich men nowadays don't live in houses; they live in the attics of big apartment buildings and plant trees on the setbacks, hundreds of feet above the street. [Decay] [Demolition]

White, *Here* p. 49.

From the confusion of the year 1920 I remember riding on top of a taxi-cab along deserted Fifth Avenue on a hot Sunday night, and a luncheon in the cool Japanese gardens at the Ritz, and paying too much for minute apartments, and buying magnificent but broken-down cars.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 110.

The past is the only real thing. You can brood on the past, reflect about it, enjoy it. The present is mere activity and the future is nothing.

Hapgood, p. 215.

History written in scratches and scars onto streets and houses.
[Graffiti]

Maffi, p. 56.

The first New York I knew well, SoHo's art world of twenty years ago, is no less vanished now than Carthage; the New York where my wife and I first set up housekeeping, the old Yorkville of German restaurants and sallow Eastern European families, is still more submerged, Atlantis; and the New York of our older friends—where the light came in from the river and people wore hats and on hot nights slept in Central Park—is not just lost but by now essentially fictional, like Narnia.

Gopnik, p. 4.

On the rare occasions when Old New York surfaces, the public is generally uninvited to the viewing.

Trebay, p. 130.

The leaden twilight weighs on the dry limbs of an old man walking towards Broadway. Round the Nedick's stand at the corner something clicks in his eyes. Broken doll in the ranks of varnished articulated dolls he plods up with drooping head into the seethe and throb into the furnace of beaded lettercut light. "I remember when it was all meadows," he grumbles to the little boy. [Nature]

Dos Passos, p. 249.

She changes so fast that you cannot at any moment say: "This is my New York." And yet your New York it remains. The tobacco-store at the corner of Fourteenth Street vanished in next to no time after I had begun to use it as a means of communication with the outside world but it collected an extraordinary crop of associations and became part of the Past with a rapidity such as could have been equaled in surely no other city. And you may say the same of all New York. Impressions are all there so vivid that what, in another place, would leave next to no impress on the mind becomes between the Battery and Central Park of almost epoch-making importance. So New York clothes herself.

Ford, *America*, p. 180.

It is a city of silent movie stars and old fans who rarely recognize them. Although sometimes on Broadway an elderly man will swing around, stare at a passing figure and exclaim:

"Why, you're Nita Naldi!" [Fame] [Celebrity]

Talese, p. 129.

Confusion is in the city, and so is pure simplicity. One hour is like a minute, and the day wanes, for the more you see, smell, and hear, the less you know.

Reisenberg, p. 156.

In a city like New York it is easy to relive the past ten years by walking to the Laundromat.

Holleran "Anniversary," p. 11.

The city has become a tissue of memories. I can't walk down any street after having lived here for thirty years without remembering a lover who lived on such-and-such a street or a long-vanished store that occupied a corner. The city can never be new again.

N. cit.

It's so odd trying to write about the past based on memory: the landscape and human particulars fall to the odd logic of time and emotional impression. The landscape of memory is as affected by time and personal structure as is landscape affected by light or darkness. At night when sources of light are curtailed, shaped, bent, deflected, erased, the distances can suddenly be elongated or shortened, physicality of self or landscape expands or contracts in the dark. 8th Avenue in memory can be a location or landscape no one else has ever raveled.

Wojnarowicz, p. 244.

We walk the streets with a thousand legs and eyes, with furry antennae picking up the slightest clue and memory of the past. In the aimless to and fro we pause now and then, like long, sticky plants, and we swallow whole the live morsels of the past. [Flâneur]

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 598.

And in spite of all the indistinguishable glass boxes and of monstrosities like the Pan Am Building and other crimes against nature and the people, there are fragments of still earlier days. Single buildings. Sometimes several together. And once you get away from midtown, there are entire city blocks that have been where they still stand for fifty, seventy, even eighty and ninety years. There are scattered places a century or more old, and a very few which actually knew the presence of Washington.

Finney, p. 66.

In the 1920s, nostalgia for the Gay 90s appeared. New Yorkers began to fight to preserve old buildings and to slow the pace of "creative destruction" in Manhattan. "Sentimental. Unjazzed. Jolly."

Peretti, p. 26.

And the New York of the eighties was dead.

Finney, p. 113.

I suppose that 30 years from now (as close to us as we are to 1958), when I've been safely tucked into the turf at the Green-Wood, someone will write in these pages about a Lost New York that includes Area and the Mudd Club and Nell's, David's Cookies and Aca Joe and Steve's ice cream. Someone might mourn Lever House or Trump Tower or the current version of Madison Square Garden.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

I confess to a feeling akin to sadness about the nineties. They record, in one sense, the last days of another Pompeii—the last days of little Old New York. The proud name which she had gallantly borne for three centuries was to be torn from her grasp. The last link that connected her with her days of romance, her Indians, her Pirates, her valiant struggle for freedom, her Raines Law sandwich was to be a thing of the past. No more was the little seaport at the mouth of the lordly

Hudson to be called by the name which navigators, explorers mariners had made known to the Seven Seas. In order to realize her manifest destiny—to become still greater—it became necessary to ally herself with Hunter's Point, Far Rockaway, Long Island City and the Bronx! The mantle of her shining greatness fell upon these benighted communities and now the traveller from Brooklyn is no longer ashamed to register from his home town, but gaily and at last truthfully inscribes himself from New York. The Borough of Manhattan may in time come to mean something. For the present it is a mouthing—a cymbal of brass. To the old New Yorker the name New York will always mean the city on Manhattan Island at the mouth of the Hudson River and will never mean anything else. All the consolidations, annexations, combinations, etc., to the contrary notwithstanding. And now to the burden of my discourse. It is yet the early nineties and I am still in real old New York. Not till almost the closing years of this decade am I obliged to record this lamentable change. So till almost the last page I am speaking of New York and not of the contraption of five upstart Boroughs strutting around in unmerited splendor as part of that ancient and honorable commonwealth, the Empire City, little old New York... [Empire]

Brown, *Valentine*, pp. 19,

Here is D. W. Griffith, whose old Biograph Studio building still stands, solid but battered and neglected, at the Expressway's edge; here is Sholem Aleichem, seeing the New World and saying that it was good, and dying on Kelly Street (the block where Bella Abzug was born); and there is Trotsky on East 164th Street, waiting for his revolution (did he really play a Russian in obscure silent films? we will never know). Now we see a modest but energetic and confident bourgeoisie, springing up in the 1920s near the new Yankee Stadium, promenading on the Grand Concourse for a brief moment in the sun, finding romance in the swan boats in Crotona Park; and not far away, "the coops," a great network of workers' housing settlements, cooperatively building a new world beside Bronx and Van Cortlandt parks. We move on to the bleak adversity of the 1930s, unemployment lines, home relief, the WPA (whose splendid monument, the Bronx County Courthouse, stands just above the Yankee Stadium), radical passions and energies exploding, street-corner fights between Trotskyites and Stalinists, candy stores and cafeterias ablaze with talk all through the night; then to the excitement and anxiety of the postwar years, new affluence, neighborhoods more vibrant than ever, even as new worlds beyond the neighborhoods begin to open up, people buy cars, start to move; to the Bronx's new immigrants from Puerto Rico, South Carolina, Trinidad, new shades of skin and clothes on the street, new music and rhythms, new tensions and intensities; and finally, to Robert Moses and his dread road, smashing through the Bronx's inner life, transforming evolution into devolution, entropy into catastrophe, and creating the ruin on which this work of art is built.

Berman, *Solid*, p. 342.

In the nineteenth century the nostalgic was an urban dweller who dreamed of escape from the city into the unspoiled landscape. At the end of the twentieth century the urban dweller feels that the city itself is an endangered landscape.

Lopate, *Waterfront*, p. 208

I came to the city as a stranger, and although I became a New Yorker, I left it finally as a stranger, too.

O'Connell, p. 304.

f - Mundane

Friday, July 15, 1960 was a typical day in New York City. Seven new "Littering Prohibited" signs were added in Central Park. John T. Jackson became Vice-President in Charge of Management Planning at Remington Rand and got his picture on page 26 of the *Times*. The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews of New York announced that it received \$2,000,000 under the will of Solomon Friedman, a cotton merchant. John's Bargain Stores leased a building at 184 West 213th Street, near Broadway from one Louis Cella. The Fifth Avenue Coach Lines, Inc., brought a \$500,000 damage suit against Michael J. Quill's union for an unauthorized bus strike. At 11:15 A.M., Joseph J. Marinello, 77, whizzed into Times Square on his bicycle, asked for a tomato juice, and remarked, "I just knocked off 671 miles on this bike." (A sleepy-eyed counter clerk was very impressed.) Nitrous oxide seeped through gas masks and overcame twenty firemen at a blaze in the twelve-story loft at 107-109 West Thirty-eighth Street. At 8 P.M. it was 79 degrees. Eleanor Steber sang *Il Trovatore* at Lewisohn Stadium and everybody liked it. A Polish cleaning lady was stuck for five minutes in a Wall Street elevator on the 37th floor. A car plunged 40 feet down into the East River with a man and woman after speeding over the Tiffany Street pier shortly before midnight. Nobody saw either of them again until Saturday night, July 16, when a stocky deep-sea diver, wading through the slippery slime, felt the bodies, attached a hook to the car's rear bumper, and then sent it up toward the surface again.

Talese, *Serendipiter's*, p. 81.

Capture a piece of the street and make a history of the commonplace.

Rock, p. 287.

Somewhere, everywhere over there in that would that we had been around, actresses were getting their beauty sleep or were at school learning an arduous new dance. Somewhere a man was killing a gnat and somewhere else a man building a bomb. Someone was kissing, and someone was being born, and someone was dying. Some were eating and drinking and laughing, and others were starving. Some were thinking, and others were not. Waiters moved about in their great hotels, dragging their servility with them like trains. Pompous gentlemen in fat rings discuss politics amid spittoons, and handsome women read yellow-backed novels and gave their hands to be kissed by gallants. And there were some walking about, looking over at us as we looked back at them. The tall buildings threw their shadows down on little buildings, great men on small men, joy on sorrow.

Barnes, p. 294.

A man invited us to dinner. We went to his apartment. We looks at his paintings for a long time. He had painted them. We looked at each painting and said different things about them. We said nothing negative about any painting. Then the man said it was time for dinner. He offered us herbal tea. We sat down at the table. It was just the three of us. The man set the table and brought out a salad. It was a fairly large green salad. He gave us each some salad and we ate it. Then he asked if we would like some more. After a while we decided o have some more salad. Then a long time passed and we said we would have a bit more salad. Then the man brought out the herbal tea.

After a while longer we realized the meal was over and we went home.

Janowitz, p. 167.

Yawning, stretching, any number of people got up and started the business of the day. Turning on the shower, Dressing. Putting their hair up in plastic curlers. Squeezing the toothpaste out of tubes that were all but empty. Squeezing orange juice. Separating strips of bacon.

Maxwell, p. 392.

Across the way a guy in a leather jacket scooped frost off the windshield of a snow-packed black Mercury Montclair. Behind him, a priest in a purple cloak was slipping through the courtyard of the church through an opened gate on his way to perform some sacred duty. Nearby, a bareheaded woman in boots tried to manage a laundry bag up the street. There were a million stories, just everyday New York things if you wanted to focus in on them. It was always right out in front of you, blended together, but you'd have to pull it apart to make any sense of it.

Dylan, *Chronicles*, p. 32.

I used to get up in the mornings, shower, check the weather, dress accordingly, make sure the windows by the fire escape were closed, lock up, wait for the elevator, check whether the mail had arrived, say hello to the doorman. By the time I actually hit the street, the day was over and it was time to go home again.

Brook, p. 45.

Why do I feel so happy when I take the Madison Avenue bus past Grand Central Station and down Park Avenue? I would get off at East Thirty-eighth Street and each time I descended from the bus, and stepped on the curb, I felt this inexpressible happiness. Every time. Was it Murray Hill? The station? The pretty trees on Thirty-eighth Street? Was it the sunset in winter, the skyscrapers in the strange cold air of autumn? Was it the elegant, parcel-laden ladies dashing out of cabs? Was it the light cast into the sky? I would walk across Thirty-eighth Street to Third Avenue, usually stopping at the Italian grocery store. I would climb the stairs to my third-floor apartment, put the food in the Frigidaire, sit down in a chair—and wait. The Third Avenue El rushed by. Silence for a while—and then I would wait again. What, I asked myself, am I waiting for?

Myers, p. 95.

Time: the passage of time, the endlessness of time, the patter of repetition, of daily actions, the patterns of traffic; (going to work, shopping, deliveries, children play in the street, coming home from work, the closing stores, etc.). the feeling of the day as a unit of time—awareness of time.

Turner, p. 101.

He learns to tell the striking in utterly conventional form.
Hagood, p. 99.

The brooding emotional impact of what might have been ordinary evening occurrences: a trip to the corner store, a subway ride, a look at the newspaper on a park bench.

Sharpe, p. 282.

Life is never free and easy in New York. One has too little to do or much too much. In no other city must existence be planned so carefully. Not to go out is to be forgotten, but one invitation leads to a dozen more. New York has too many cocktail acquaintances, and half the time people go out against their will and overtired.

Yet one has the impression of being in much closer contact with everyday events in New York. The daily routine is more easily dispensed with. Everyone is more available and on hand. Somehow or other, everybody knows where and how the other person is spending his day and, without instructions having been left, you are successfully tracked down by the telephone, even in the most obscure restaurant that has been chosen for lunch. In Paris, to make a telephone call is an event. Here, telephoning is as easy as breathing... Not only is it unwise, and even dangerous, to be listed in the telephone book, it has come to be considered inelegant.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 249

Do you have your name in the telephone book?

Cage: No, I don't, but that's not my wish. That's Merce's wish because he's involved with a large company of dancers and a school, so if his name were in the telephone book, it would be awful. Anyway, people find out what your number is whether it's in the book or not.

[Technology]

Cage, *Conversing*, p. 19.

I stood looking around for a moment at New York in the second half of the twentieth century. But there wasn't much to see besides the walls of the buildings around me, a long stretch of asphalt on which only a single cab was moving and a fragment of gray-black sky directly overhead too hazed for any stars to be visible. The day's car-exhaust seemed to have settled down here and was making my eyes smart; it had turned cold; and half a block down the cross street, on the corner of which I was standing, a group of young Negroes was walking toward Lex, so I didn't hang around to encounter them and explain how fond I'd always been of Martin Luther King. I walked on, up Lexington and then across town toward the warehouse; I felt tired, a little sleepy, yet so excited I was conscious of the beat of my heart.

Finney, p. 104.

For most people on the street—including, we liked to think, us—New York City was the only imaginable home, the only place that posted no outer limit on appearance or behavior.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

Is the city the sum of indices and facts, of variables and parameters, of correlations, this collection of facts, of descriptions, a fragmented tree analyses, because it is fragmentary?

Lefebvre, *Cities*, p. 94-5.

Mr. Brown is proud of the fact that he keeps books or sells insurance on the eighteenth story of a skyscraper; but so much of the ground was used to build those splendid offices that Mr. Brown works most of the day under artificial light; and in spite of the slick system of ventilation, the middle of the afternoon finds him dull.

The journey home undoubtedly calls forth physical effort; unhappily it is not invigorating. The Swedish massage he receives at the hand of the subway guard does not improve his appetite; nor is it helped by the thick fumes of gasoline when he walks out upon the street. Eventually

Mr. Brown sits down at his dinner table and looks out on an airshaft or a court where a dozen other kitchens have been busily preparing a dozen other meals; it never varies. No change in color, no hint of sunset or moonlight, no variation from season to season as the vegetation flourishes or shrivels: only the smells that creep through the windows tell the difference between Thursday and Friday.

Once upon a time Mr. Brown used to stretch his legs and play with the children; the six-room flat apartment was common in Boston and New York; the seven-room house flourished in Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis. Now the walls of the rooms have contracted: Mr. Brown pays so much for his four cubicles he is perhaps forced to harbor an ancient aunt or his wife's parents in the same narrow quarters; and, as likely as not, there are no children. When the Browns have put by a little they will have either a baby or a cheap car: it is hard to decide which, for the upkeep is high in both cases; but the car has this advantage—it would enable the whole family to get out into God's own country on Sundays.

This pursuit of God's own country would make the angels themselves weep: it means a ride through endless dusty streets, and along an equally straight and endless concrete road, breathing the dust and exhaust of the car ahead, and furnishing an equal quantum of exhaust and dust to the car behind; a ride with intervals spent at hot-dog stands, and long hours wasted at ferry houses and bridges and main junctions and similar bottlenecks, where the honking of impatient horns reminds Mr. Brown in the spring of the frog ponds he was not quite able to reach. As the main city grows, the country around becomes more suburban and the fields and hills and lakes are more difficult to reach. A generation ago Mr. Brown's father used to catch shad in the Hudson, or he might have spent the Sunday rambling with his youngsters along the bays and inlets of Long Island Sound. Today a vast load of sewage has driven away the fish; and the expansion of great country estates for the lords of the metropolis has blocked and fenced off the ramblers. Nor does New York alone suffer. Buffalo was forced to jump sixteen miles from the city line the other day to recover a paltry thousand feet of lake front for its citizens. By the time open spaces are set aside, however, the population has multiplied so furiously that, on a summer Sunday, the great parks are as congested as the city's streets—so much for solitude and natural beauty!

When dinner is over neither Mr. Brown nor his wife is in condition to listen to great music or to attend the theater. First of all, they are not in financial condition to do this because ground rents are high in the amusement district, and the price of seats has risen steadily to meet the increase in rents. Unless the occasion is important or Mr. Brown is willing to scrimp on the week's lunches, he cannot afford to go. Again, he is in no mental condition to participate in play that demands mental activity or emotional response above the spinal cord; and if this were not enough, the prospect of another hour in the subway kills most of the impinging [close together; touching] joys. The seventy theaters that exist in sophisticated New York are, really, only one to a hundred thousand people; there are a score of little towns in continental Europe that are far better provided with drama and music. The fact is that, with all New York's wealth, its cultural facilities are relatively limited: they would be insufficient were it not for the fact that only a minority can afford to enjoy them regularly.

But Mr. and Mrs. Brown have their amusements? Oh yes, they have the movies, that is to say, the same entertainment, served in almost the same form, as it comes in Peoria or Tuscaloosa or Danbury—no more and no less. If they are too tired to "drop around the corner" they have

another consolation, the radio: this, too, works no better than it does in the despised, backward villages of the hinterland, and if the Browns happen to be situated in one of the mysterious "dead areas" it does not work nearly so well! In short, Mr. Brown travels through the pulping mill of the subway, endures the tawdry monotony of his flat, divorces himself from the natural environments he can never quite recover on Sunday—for what? For an occasional visit to the museum or the opera? He could have as much if he lived a hundred miles away. His sacrifices are in reality made for a much more mystical purpose: his presence increases the "greatness" of his city. By adding to its population, he raises the capitalizable value of its real estate; and so he increases rents; and so he makes parks and playgrounds and decent homes more difficult to obtain; and so he increases his own difficulties and burdens; and his flat gets smaller, his streets bleaker, and his annual tribute to the deities who build roads and subways and bridges and tunnels becomes more immense.

Mr. Brown grumbles; sometimes he complains; but he is only just beginning to doubt. His newspaper tells him that he is fortunate; and he believes it. He fancies that when another subway is built he will find room for his feet—if he leaves the office promptly.

Mumford, "Intolerable" p. 283-93.

A quiet couple sitting rapt and remote at a free concert at Yankee Stadium.

Atkinson, p. 39.

Young things in the cheapest seats at the Metropolitan.

Ibid., p. 40.

And so the Madison Avenue car carries thousands past doors and gates that are marvels of loveliness in wrought iron, in perfect glass, in priceless bronze, and not an eye is lifted from the daily paper.

Arnett, 97-105.

The oft-quoted thumbnail sketch of New York is, of course: "It's a wonderful place, but I'd hate to live there." I have an idea that people from villages and small towns, people accustomed to the convenience and the friendliness of neighborhood over-the-fence living, are unaware that life in New York follows the neighborhood pattern. The city is literally a composite of tens of thousands of tiny neighborhood units. There are, of course, the big districts and big units: Chelsea and Murray Hill and Gramercy (which are residential units), Harlem (a racial unit), Greenwich Village (a unit dedicated to the arts and other matters), and there is Radio City (a commercial development), Peter Cooper Village (a housing unit), the Medical Center (a sickness unit) and many other sections each of which has some distinguishing characteristic. But the curious thing about New York is that each large geographical unit is composed of countless small neighborhoods. Each neighborhood is virtually self-sufficient. Usually it is no more than two or three blocks long and a couple of blocks wide. Each area is a city within a city within a city. Thus, no matter where you live in New York, you will find within a block or two a grocery store, a barbershop, a newsstand and shoeshine shack, an ice-coal-and-wood cellar (where you write your order on a pad outside as you walk by), a dry cleaner, a laundry, a delicatessen (beer and sandwiches delivered at any hour to your door), a flower shop, an undertaker's parlor, a movie house, a radio-repair shop, a stationer, a haberdasher, a tailor, a drugstore, a garage, a tearoom, a saloon, a hardware store, a liquor

store, a shoe-repair shop. Every block or two, in most residential sections of New York, is a little main street. A man starts for work in the morning and before he has gone two hundred yards he has completed half a dozen missions: bought a paper, left a pair of shoes to be soled, picked up a pack of cigarettes, ordered a bottle of whiskey to be dispatched in the opposite direction against his home-coming, written a message to the unseen forces of the wood cellar, and notified the dry cleaner that a pair of trousers awaits call. Homeward bound eight hours later, he buys a bunch of pussy willows, a Mazda bulb, a drink, a shine—all between the corner where he steps off the bus and his apartment. So complete is each neighborhood, and so strong the sense of neighborhood, that many a New Yorker spends a lifetime within the confines of an area smaller than a country village. Let him walk two blocks from his corner and he is in a strange land and will feel uneasy till he gets back.

White, *Here*, pp. 35-6.

New York as an assembly of cells or cadres which he must syndicalize, a hive of separate neighborhoods, each with its own economic specialism.

Conrad, p. 189.

Storekeepers are particularly conscious of neighborhood boundary lines. A woman friend of mine moved recently from one apartment to another, a distance of three blocks. When she turned up, the day after the move, at the same grocer's that she had patronized for years, the proprietor was in ecstasy—almost in tears—at seeing her. "I was afraid," he said, "now that you've moved away I wouldn't be seeing you any more." To him, away was three blocks, or about seven hundred and fifty feet.

Berger, *New York*, p. 4.

The city's microcosms, synchronized but unaware of one another.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 620.

Weekend

Sunday morning in Manhattan. This is the most peaceful time of the whole week. Everything is so quiet... no traffic noises... and no crime either. People are just too exhausted for anything. The Sunday papers, all bundled up, are thrown on the sidewalk in front of the still-closed candy stores and newspaper stands. New Yorkers like their Sunday papers, especially the lonely men and women who live in furnished rooms. They leave early to get the papers... they get two. One of the standard-size papers, either the Times or Tribune... they're thick and heavy, plenty of reading in them, and then also the tabloid Mirror... to read Winchell and learn all about Cafe Society and the Broadway playboys and their Glamour Girl Friends. Then back to the room ... to read and read... to drive away loneliness ... but one tires of reading. One wants someone to talk to, to argue with, and yes, someone to make love to. How about a movie—NO—too damn much talking on the screen. "But Darling I do love you... RAHLLY I do,"... then the final clinch with the lovers in each others arms... then it's even worse, to go back alone to the furnished room... to look up at the ceiling and cry oneself to sleep.

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 14.

Sunday morning is the only time these cuties get a chance to get cleaned up... while the store is closed... they are taken from the store window... their garments with price tags removed... and given a thorough scrubbing... the mannequins are patterned after the current Hollywood movie glamour stars... and are worth their weight in gold, each one costing a few hundred dollars. [Window Display]

Ibid, p. 15.

The weekend is not so much longed for as tumbled across by accident.

Bladford, p. 119.

Weekends are but a hiatus in money-making.

Ibid., p. 183.

There is Saturday, but Saturday is not much better than Monday through Friday. Saturday is the day for errands in New York. More millions of shoppers are pouring in to keep the place jammed up. Everybody is bobbing around, running up to Yorkville to pick up those arty cheeses for this evening, or down to Fourth Avenue to try to find the Van Vechten book, *Parties*, to complete the set for somebody, or off to the cleaner's, the dentist's, the hairdresser's.

Wolfe, *Kandy*, p. 295.

I hate Sundays: there's nothing open except plant stores and bookstores.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 133.

On Sunday the city ceases to be anything, the streets being empty and the buildings deprived of their meaning... Sunday is an astonishing touchstone which, for twenty-four hours, can cause the collapse of this magnificent city which, in its essence, is still a Babel.

Corbusier, p. xv.

Sunday has come and with it creeps into the empty street all the life that for the other six days bides its time till night and gives no sign of existence.

Campbell, Knox, p. 50.

The grey depression of a musical Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 566.

Chronicle

George Bellows, just before his death, patiently expounding his defense of an alleged indecent picture: "Art strives for form and hopes for beauty."... Jed Harris, sitting at a prizefight and undergoing more intense agony than either man in the ring... . Dr. John Roach Straton, of the sepulchral voice, pointing to the rude chairs which he had made for his bride years before and declaiming, "You know, the Master was a carpenter."... Owney Madden, turning to Walter Winchell and snarling, "You louse! You think you know so much about Broadway and you never heard of Doody Broderick!"... Charles Francis Potter, the Humanist, and his admiring tales of the great deeds of Oom the Omnipotent... . William J. Guard, looking more like Robert Louis Stevenson than Stevenson looked, lying in his coffin... . Frederic MacMonflies, the sculptor of "Civic Virtue" in City Hall Park, defending his private opinion that it

was the best of his works... . My first meeting with Edwin C. Hill, the great reporter, who mistook me for an office boy... . A last train ride with James J. Corbett, obviously dying but able to growl in his rich barytone, "I'll be all right, boys."... Whit Burnett and the amazing brown beard which he brought back from Majorca. . . Texas Guinan, one afternoon in the old Stork Club, whispering to a friend, "I hear they snatched Big Frenchy last night."... J. Frank Dobie, the "Pancho" of the brush country in the Southwest, patiently enduring a literary tea... . Walter Davenport the night in Jimmy Kelly's, when he believed the Apache dance was real and chivalrously rose to the defense of the girl... . The old San Quentin graduate who gave me the friendly smile as I picked him out of a line-up at the Tombs for misdeeds that sent him on a long stretch to Sing Sing... . Keats Speed, most understanding of managing editors, walking seventy feet to say a kind word to a reporter. . . Frederic F. Van de Water, tall and white-haired, and his formal greeting, "Good evening, Commissioner."... Joel Sayre, former bodyguard to Admiral Koichak, giving the supreme rendition of "Frankie and Johnny."... Captain Stephen Norton Bobo, leaping from his automobile to paint a landscape that had attracted him... . Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, reading in a dull monotone a speech he had written for a small gathering at the old Waldorf... . Senator Huey Long, king of the canebrakes, sitting up in bed in the New Yorker Hotel eating peanuts. . . Don Skene's definition of an old cow-country word: A maverick is a lamister dogey." . . Dashiell Hammett's old assignment when he worked for the Pinkertons—to find a Ferris wheel which had been stolen in Sacramento, California... . Cameron Rogers, in top hat, morning coat and striped trousers, touring the countryside on New Year's Day in a rented Rolls-Royce... . A memory of Richard A. Knight, now the most amusing of New York lawyers: a little boy with a large head riding a bicycle down Guadalupe Street, Austin, Texas, and reciting Byron aloud... . Henry L. Mencken, barging down Fifth Avenue during the dull days of the Coolidge administration and wishing for another war... . Ruth Hale, wife of Heywood Broun and most articulate of the Lucy Stoners, denouncing me in Barney Gallant's for some ancient injustice... . John Nance Garner, Vice-President of the United States, and his friend, Edward Angly, newspaper man and author of "Oh, Yeah!", taking a drink, which they called striking a blow for Liberty."... James W. Elliott, of the old Business Builders, sitting at a table at the Algonquin and expounding the technique of selling cemeteries... . James J. Montague's stories of his long service with the quixotic William Randolph Hearst... . Alice Roosevelt Longworth giving her dinner-table parody of her cousin, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking over the radio, a great bit of mimicry. . . The deadly, close-clipped command of Captain Patrick McVeigh of New York Police Headquarters as he turned to his strong-arm squad during a raid on a clip": Toss this joint in the street."... The gentle Adolph, who cultivated tobacco plants on the rooftop speakeasy, now closed, where Dudley Field Malone once had had his pent house... . The proud terror of Herbert Asbury the week he thought he had been threatened by gangsters... . The pathetic incredulity of Geoffrey Parsons when he was told that, in many parts of the country, cemeteries are the most popular spots of assignation. . . Ring W. Lardner, coming in drenched after the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia and announcing that Tunney would be the most popular champion since Tommy Burns."... Gene Buck, sentimental old song writer, propounding his belief that when love is weighed against duty and all else, "one woman's hair is stronger than the Atlantic cable."... Gene Fowler joining me one Sunday afternoon in hiring an open hansom cab to convey us to a meeting of hoboes on the East Side, where James Eads How

presided... . William Muldoon, the Solid Man, sitting in his 'hygienic institute" in Westchester and showing his sentimental sidehis deep affection for Kid McCoy, the bad boy of pugilism... . Owen Oliver, who, when past sixty, smoked twelve cigars a day and walked from his office at 280 Broadway to his home in Yonkers... . Robert Livingstone, New York's first bluestocking reporter, and his memories of Paddy the Pig, once-famous dive keeper. . . Martin W. Littleton, lawyer, eating at the Lunch Club of Wall Street and pointing to another lawyer with the remark that "there goes an astrident zither."... Owen P. White, the grizzled plainsman, and his tales of the feuds and tangled politics of New Mexico... . Hector Fuller, who was Jimmy Walker's writer of scrolls for distinguished guests during the years of the Great Madness, and his embarrassment when he erroneously referred to Queen Marie of Roumania as "Your Imperial Highness."... John Francis Curry, close-mouthed leader of Tammany Hall, in the days when he was a district leader and a writer of eloquent and bitter letters... . William J. Fallon, criminal lawyer, putting on one of the greatest shows of his life conducting the defense in the Bronx of a little chauffeur named Fritz, on trial for killing his sweetheart, and getting an acquittal... . Louis Bromfield, in the days when he worked for the Associated Press and toured the newspaper offices late at night checking up on dull items... . Frank Sullivan, fresh from Saratoga Springs, in the precarious days when he and I were cubs under William A. Willis on the old Herald at Herald Square... . Silliman Evans, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General under the New Deal, and the time he was almost fired from a paper for spelling "sergeant" correctly because his boss thought it was spelled "sargent."... The astonishingly pointed nose of Felix, major-domo at Madame Mon's place in Bleecker Street... . Griffo, once the most scientific of fighters, sitting in his later days, bloated and coarse, catching live flies with his lightning-like paws and releasing them unhurt for the amusement of street gamins. . . William O. McGeehan, the old Sheriff, explaining to a young man who had been drinking too much that one particular specter, a sinister fellow with hip boots, dinner jacket and fireman's helmet, was a harmless fellow once you got to know him... . The curious belief of many persons that Edward P. Mulrooney, former Police Commissioner and now in control of New York State's beer, is a heavy drinker, while the truth is that he never drank, not even 3.2% beer.... Harry Staton, former circus press agent, singing hymns from o'clock in the afternoon until 3 o'clock in the morning and getting them all perfect... . Bob Clifford, managing genius of society funerals, arguing that William Jennings Bryan should not be buried in Arlington Cemetery. . .Leo Newman, the ticket broker, who, when meeting a new acquaintance, likely as not will pull out a new necktie and give it to him... . Georges Carpentier and the beautiful women who lolled about him on the porch of his training camp at Manhasset the day after he was beaten by Dempsey in 19 21... . Julius Tannen, the monologist, coming back to New York in 1933 with an iron-gray toupee making him almost unrecognizable Abner Rubien, the great mouthpiece, telling about what a whale of a wrestler he was at Cornell... . Nunnally Johnson, deeply moved at the funeral of Zip, the circus freak. . . Percy Hammond, quivering with fright the day after he had been gypped in a fly-by-night speakeasy, and his relief when the place was broken up. . . Chester T. Crowell, who can eat three heaping plates of tripe in an Italian restaurant, and who, though highly literate, pronounces it clen'th and stren'th."... E. E. Paramore, author of the immortal "Ballad of Yukon Jake," sitting in a corner at the Brevoort... . Beverly Smith, the old quarter-miler of Johns Hopkins, who, though the most cynical of men, writes success stories for a magazine... . Armstead R. Holcombe, the good gray editor, at whose behest I once

had the prostitutes chased off Riverside Drive... . William Archer Sholto Douglas, author of 'The End of Oofy-Goofty," who made himself an expert on the dialect and folkways of many parts of America... . Clare Briggs, in the days before his last illness, when he wore a yellow coat, wing collar and stick, hat cocked on one side and was the life of the party... . Richard Reagan, who covers the New York waterfront, and his practically interminable recollection of the time when he almost became a Trappist monk. . . Enrico Caruso, the day he was able to leave the Vanderbilt after his long illness... . Reginald A. Wilson, the Canadian, handsomest of all reporters, who dropped dead on the station platform in Albany. . . Charles B. Falls, proud of his lithograph of the old Everleigh Club in Chicago as it looks today. . . John F. Hyland, former Mayor, and his splendid denunciations of what he called "art artists." . . Herbert Bayard Swope in a poker game with Gerhard M. Dahi, a battle to the death between the two greatest extraverts of the Western World... . James Stephens, the Irish writer, drinking Irish whisky in the home of the late Cornelius J. Sullivan, New York lawyer... . Nicholas Murray Butler, and his anger when it was called to his attention following a speech at the Metropolitan Opera House that he had said "neutrality don't."... Julian Starkweather Mason and his elegant long cigarette holders... . Lucius Beebe and his Tattersall waistcoats... . The touching grief of Thyra Samter Winslow at the death of her pet dog, Lobo, a superannuated Pomeranian. . . The explanation of Joab H. Banton, former District Attorney of New York County, that the initial RH." didn't stand for anything but was there merely because he liked it... . Col. Oscar H. Fogg refusing to acknowledge the greetings of a man he didn't like at a dinner at the Astor, and remarking to no one in particular, I like clean things." . . James W. Barrett's lengthy song which he developed from a limerick based upon the doings of the late Chile Mapocha Acuna, stool pigeon of the vice squad... . Silas Bent and his patronizing greeting of Young man."... Julian Street Jr. being bawled out by his father-in-law, Frank A. Vanderlip, for being late at a lunch at the Union League Club. . . Laurence Stallings, before the days of What Price Glory," expounding his theories of literature over a table at the Newspaper Club... . Eddie Jackson, the photographer, and his almost reverential love for the memory of Woodrow Wilson... . The jokes cracked by the late Harry Reichenbach, press agent, when District Attorney Edward Swann summoned him in connection with a fake drowning in the Central Park lake... . Detective Edward T. V. Fitzgerald of Headquarters, who, when pressed, will exhibit a bullet imbedded just below the skin in the calf of his leg... . Bruce Gould, sitting at the Rhinelander annulment trial in 1925, barely able to control his amusement at the fantastic evidence... . Frank W. Wozencraft, once the boy Mayor of Dallas, Texas, learning the ropes of New York, from the University Club bar to Madison Square Garden... . Earl Carroll, pale-faced, long-haired and smiling wanly, lunching at the Lambs. . . Joe Cook and his fabulous place at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, where, in the living room, are suspended every imaginable object that is no larger than a man's hand... . Dexter Fellows, the great circus press agent, who, when told that the show was stupendous and dazzling, waved his hand deprecatingly and said, 'I wouldn't go that far.'"... An afternoon in a New York apartment listening to the greatest tale of adventure of the twenties, the story of J. Frank Norfleet, the Texas rancher who lost his life's savings to a gang of confidence men and who trailed them to the ends of the earth and caught them all... . Al Smith, on his way to a Democratic picnic in Chicago in 1925, sitting up most of the night on the train singing old songs... . Walter Howey, drinking brandy in a drawing room on a Pennsylvania Railroad train and telling

of the old days in Chicago newspaperdom, the days of The Front Page." . . The yachting parties of Larry Schwab and the fast set of the North Shore of Long Island... . Steve Hannegan's tale of his wild, lonely drive through the Middle West to find his favorite surgeon and have his appendix removed... . Kent Watson, who, in the early days of prohibition in New York, accompanied the agents on most of their liquor raids... . Phil Stong, who once hung around the Criminal Courts Building but who later made money and had Young Otto come to his apartment to give him boxing lessons... . Freddie Wildman, now planning to import wine from France in large quantities, engaged in long conversation with John Perrona, proprietor of the old Bath Club in West Fifty-third street. . . Father Wilfrid Parsons, one of the most articulate, engaging and realistic of priests... . Whitney Bolton, the most Broadway-struck young man who ever came from South Carolina... . Larry Smits, the bald lion of the tea parties... . B. O. McAnney and his realistic imitations of tree frogs, best performed late at night... . Stuart P. Sherman, who came to New York a shy professor from the Middle West and had begun to like the place before he was drowned... . Gene Tunney, delivering a lecture to a panhandler who had poked his head into Tunney's cab, and then giving the bum a quarter... . The late Harriette Underhil, motion picture critic, who came back to Broadway from Saranac to work and die... . The Rev. J. H. Randolph Ray of the Little Church Around the Corner and the ex-convict forger whom he sought to befriend, to no purpose. . . Harold Ross and his almost pathological fear of crossing bridges in a cab... . Dan Williams, the crusading editor, and his gestures as he inveighs against evil. . . Lulu Volimer, when she lived in Eighth Street before she wrote the play, "Sun-Up."... The exciting wedding of Morris Gilbert in the old church in Hudson Street... . George Gray Barnard, hair waving, discoursing in organ tones in an apartment in West Seventy-second Street... . Holger Lundberg, the Swedish poet, who can say "Thank you" in more different ways than any man in New York. . . Justice Peter Schmuck of the New York Supreme Court, explaining that he drew upon Carlyle for his amazing prose style, which is the marvel of the New York bar... . James Thurber, very tired, sitting quietly fondling a French poodle... . Ross Santee, the artist, as gentle a soul as ever came out of the desert... . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who, as a cub reporter on the old Herald, used to come to work in his automobile, a strange sight in those days. . . Oliver H. P. Garrett, who is now wealthy in Hollywood, and his consuming fear the night before he left New York that he would not make good... . The spectacle of David Belasco and Benny Leonard in earnest conversation at a prizefight. . . The Hahn girls from Chicago—Helen, Emily and Josephine and how they captured New York. . . Isabel Ross, who suffers dreadfully from seasickness but who passes most of her spare time on the ocean... . Dorothy Parker, the night she set out fessional sports, and his identification of a popular character, "Just a con man, but a nice guy." . . The night in the Park Avenue Club where I saw Bill Corum for the first time since 1920... . The night in 1920 when Tris Speaker, then manager of the Cleveland Indians, came into Moore's restaurant with his ballplayers and all shucked off their coats because it was so hot. . . The curious truth, probably of little importance, that there are two Tony Weirs; one Tony Weir, a big fellow, used to be a bartender at the Knickerbocker, while the other, a short man, has looked out for the public welfare both before and during prohibition... . Tim Shine, old saloonkeeper and the yarns of how he kept every cent he ever made. . . Paul Mellon, son of Andrew W. Mellon, sitting in a café and planning to go to work for a bank. . . Tony Muto, who got the "bends" by going down with the sand-hogs under the Hudson to write a story about it... . John Stewart Bryan, the tall, gray,

Virginia publisher, and the night he was charged with being head of the Confederate Army... . William Macbeth and Wilbert Robinson, rotund and Rabelaisian, and great friends... . Sam Untermyer, Mephisto, flower-lover, great lawyer, riding through the Bronx in his Mercedes late at night and quoting Tennyson's Locksley Hall."... Lawrence Tibbett, fresh from one of his early triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House, dropping in at a near-by oasis... . Larry Fay at 4 o'clock in the morning sitting with a beautiful woman in Reuben's. . . Joseph Shalleck, criminal lawyer, reeling into a political headquarters in the old Hotel Marlboro one night, bleeding from a beating suffered at the polls. . . Franklin D. Roosevelt, tall, lean, dark, amazingly alert and eloquent, captivating a group of women in an uptown club with a speech just before he was stricken with infantile paralysis... . Marquis (Gimpy) Curtis, one of the smartest of criminals, being captured by Detectives under Inspector John D. Coughlin in an apartment on the West Side.. . . Dr. Francis Carter Wood, the cancer specialist, and his lifetime work of exposing fake cancer cures. . . David Hirshfield, later a Magistrate, trying to joke with a waitress at the lunch counter of the Hotel Pennsylvania... . Mike Haggerty's terse description of a garment worn by one of the women involved in the murder of Joseph Bowne Elwell... . Artie Hitchman, the little ticket hawker, the freshest kid on Broadway... . John McHugh Stuart, the mysterious journalist who brought about the conference which resulted in the forming of the Irish Free State... . Richard Maney's first remark on recovering consciousness after having been knocked out by a Jew whom he had been chaffing in a barroom: Custer in the Ghetto."... Donald Henderson Clarke, returns come in on the night of the Roosevelt landslide... . Jack Johnson, the big smoke, giving an afternoon sermon on clean living in a Harlem Negro church... . William Travers Jerome, in his last fling in support of reform in the municipal election of 1921, smoking innumerable cigarettes and snarling his scorn of loose public officials... . Inspector John J. Sullivan, in charge of New York detectives, presiding at the line-up of criminals at Headquarters and tearing into each prisoner with a savagery that suggested that he must have done something to Sullivan personally... . An unfortunate brawl at Reuben's old place on Broadway, which ended with two beautiful women carrying out a battered and unconscious actor head first... . Morris Tremaine, Comptroller of the State of New York, having a glass of legal beer with the boys and discoursing upon the excellent quality of a forthcoming bond issue. . . Detective Hugh Sheridan, gray-haired, probably the most suave and gentlemanly of all of New York's thug-hunters... . Harry Bengé Crozier telling everybody that he had just rediscovered O. Henry and found him great... . The amazing energy of Grantland Rice, probably due to clean living. . . Louis Fehr, heftiest of New York journalists, who can, and does, toss off a Scotch highball in one gulp, which is no mean trick. . . The unimportant but rather curious fact that I have never met, or seen, or talked over the telephone with O.O. McIntyre.... The unbelievable face and the scrambled vocabulary of Phily Lewis (born Luigi Filippi) as he attempted, in Duffy's Tavern, to conceal the fact that he couldn't read... . The handsome mustaches of Stanley Sackett, manager of the Madison, who looks and acts like an improvement on the visions of Peter Arno. . . Ned McIntosh, the misanthrope, and his insistence that he must live in a pent-house... . Eddie McBride, the veteran artist, and his high-pitched, complaining voice. . . Dr. John C. Moorhead, great surgeon, and his tales of the broken bones of men from war time on. . . John D. Rockefeller, Jr., walking with his boys down Fifth Avenue on an Easter morning... . Alva Johnston, best of all reporters, doing more work over the telephone in an hour than a dozen

leg men could do in a month... . Burton Rascoe, stammering in his excitement, recalling the rough old days in Chicago... . Ward Greene, and his willingness to forget that he had been reported dead and his obituary printed in full. . . Jimmy Walker on a Staten Island ferryboat giving advice to a consumptive who was about to go away: "'Don't stand up if you can sit down; don't sit down if you can lie down.'"... The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, at eighty-five, sitting in a hotel room just off Broadway and chuckling about how he could hold abiding cynicism of Joseph Mulvaney, Hearst's great rewrite man... . Mildred Paxton, the week before she went back to Texas to become the bride of Dan Moody, who later became Governor... . Earl Reeves, perfect householder, who can cook, do interior decorating and chop trees... . The infinite poses and the essential soundness of Franklin Pierce Adams. . . Will James, the cowboy artist, puzzled and sick on his first trip to New York... . John Bleeck, club owner, and his diatribes against crooked prohibition agents... . Robert Barton Peck, who, though busy in New York for more than twenty years, still has his chief interest in the early Indian troubles in Western Pennsylvania... . The blush of Joseph Phillips, who, excepting Irvin S. Cobb, is the only man ever to come from Paducah, Kentucky... . Heywood Broun trying to disguise himself so he could pass the night in the Municipal Lodging House without being recognized, a palpably impossible feat... . John W. Goff, New York's last Recorder, at the reception for Eamonn de Valera in 1920... . The dinner table banter of Alexander Woollcott... . An evening with Frank E. Campbell, the undertaker, at Janssen's old place, and his straightfaced, blood-chilling jocosity... . The girl who used to smuggle notes out of prison for her sweetheart, in the belief that, somehow, he might get out in less than ten years. . . Jack Sharkey, in his hotel room, yelling to a waiter to throw a raw steak through the transom instead of bringing in an ordinary dinner. . . A murderous appetite, and a breakfast of bacon and eggs near the water at Fire Island... . A little island in Lake George, amid the clear water, where there are neither bucket shops nor clip joints nor traffic jams... . A roof on Central Park South, very late at night, with no noise except distant music and the low hum of far-off motor cars... . A walk along the Palisades at dawn, and the sight of New York's skyline unfolding and the city coming to life... . The unforgettable sound of a human head hitting a concrete floor... . Time for one more before we catch the train.

Walker, pp. 298-321.

g - Mapplethorpe

Robert Mapplethorpe was the 1970s leather-clad equivalent of the great dandies and decadents of the nineteenth century—Beardsley, Oscar Wilde, Huysmans, Baudelaire. What made his personality so intriguing were the same qualities found in his work—the chilling contrast between the viciousness of his sexuality and the grace and finesse of his personal style. Mapplethorpe embodied both Dionysian and Apollonian qualities—Dionysus being the “god of frenzy” and Apollo “the god of proportion and form.”

Morrisroe, p. 181.

Verlaine, Rimbaud, Smith, Mapplethorpe; we are dealing here with a network of homage and swapped destinies, like Piaf and Cocteau, people who would die within minutes of each other.

Ibid., p. 209.

A Rimbaud of the baths.

Didion, *Some Women*, N. pag.

A perverse Oscar Wilde-meets-Duchamp reworking of the highly charged imagery of church and state.

Morrisroe, p. 272.

Of his childhood he said, “I come from suburban America. It was a very safe environment and it was a good place to come from in that it was a good place to leave.”

Mapplethorpe Foundation, “Bio,” N. pag.

Robert will always be a figure of bizarre fascination. He’s no Oscar Wilde. He never produced in photography, no matter how much his “perfect moments” are touted, anything as good as *The Importance of Being Ernest*, which is the perfect symbol of comedy.

Fritscher, p. 78.

Mapplethorpe is virtually a retroversion of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Certainly, in court and controversy, Mapplethorpe is this *fin de siècle’s* Wilde with a Hasselblad.

Ibid., p. 78.

He was as fated as Byron, Shelley, and Keats to die prematurely, the same as James Byron Dean, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and his famous look-alike, the poet-singer of the perverse, Jim Morrison of The Doors.

Ibid., p. 6.

Half in love with mournful death, Robert particularly worshipped rock star Jim Morrison, the pouty Botticelli lead singer of The Doors. Robert physically resembled Morrison and, after the singer’s mysterious death in Paris, in July 1971, Robert, three years younger than Morrison, began to assume the dead singer’s look, attitude, and doomed-angel leather-style straight out of auto-cide James Dean.

Ibid., p. 171.

An androgynous Burton and Taylor.

Ibid., p. 25.

The Diaghilev milieu would have suited Robert very well.
Ibid., p. 72.

Patti Smith may have been his Mona Lisa odalisque, but Isadora Duncan is the woman most inherently presage of Mapplethorpe.
Ibid., p. 101.

Mapplethorpe was typical of those deliberately artificial artists, somewhat like Gustav Moreau, who helped begat Art Nouveau. Moreau and that group admired in Michelangelo's figures what they took to be the "ideal somnambulism" of Michelangelo's figures.
Ibid., p. 130.

Derivations: works reference the Bible, Baudelaire, Beardsley, Rimbaud, George Platt Lynes, and George Dureau, but all reimagined through the identifiable Mapplethorpe Spin—that confrontational edge to render his sources more controversial and commercial.
Ibid., p. 184.

He aspired to a code of conduct hardly typical of his times, somewhere between dandyism and gentlemanliness.
Danto, p. 24.

He is fascinated by the satanic and confronts his night-based world with the elegant and melancholic stance of the dandy. He stumbles through the day like a sleepwalker, but comes alive and charged with energy after dark. He uses the photographer's lamp as though it were an artificial moon.
Chatwin, p. 9.

His classic narcissism was perfect for the seventies.
Fritscher, p. 102.

Ezra Pound once wrote that "the age demanded an image of its accelerated grimace," and Mapplethorpe provided his age with the very image it required.
White, *Altars*, p. 129.

That crucial "moment," not yet a "perfect moment," was that nano-second when Robert "came out" from heterosexuality into the which homosexuality that would certify him as genuinely avant-garde.
Fritscher, p. 70.

He was his own greatest object.
Ibid., p. 99.

Mapplethorpe seemed incapable of handling even the most basic tasks: he couldn't compose business letters, couldn't be bothered to eat lunch.
Morrisroe, p. 255.

Robert complains about people who say the word *apple* in Mapplethorpe; he hates it worse when I call him "Nipplethorpe."
Fritscher, p. 59.

Robert is so urbane and cool and classic.
Ibid., p. 62.

Mapplethorpe would stamp his foot to get people to pay attention.
Ibid., p. 92.

He likes cameras, Coke, kooks, and Crisco.
Ibid., p. 93.

He was five feet ten inches and 150 pounds, hung about six inches and virtually without body hair.
Ibid., p. 92.

Robert's wafer-thin, drug-waif body, adroitly abstracted by black leather, was unimportant, really, compared with his head. More specifically, his face, especially his eyes, and, despite his androgynous inability to grow a real beard, his triumph of black faun-hair and aggressive Pan-teeth captured people's attention.
Ibid., p. 92.

Robert hated bodybuilding the way he hated blacks; he couldn't get enough.
Ibid., p. 220.

He is, in fact, his Hasselblad. His camera eye peels faces, bodies, and trips.
Ibid., pp. 93-4.

He rearranges reality in his SoHo loft in Manhattan. His studio is his space for living, balling, and shooting. He lunches afternoons at One Fifth Avenue. He maneuvers after midnight at the Mineshaft. He photographs princesses like Margaret, bodybuilders like Arnold, rockstars like his best friend Patti Smith, and night trippers nameless in leather, rubber, and ropes. He's famous for his photographs of faces, flowers, and fetishes.
Ibid., pp. 93-4.

Never in his wildest imagination did he think his own son would embrace the holy trinity of parental nightmares: he was an artist, a homosexual, and a pornographer.
Morrisroe, p. 186.

My life began in the summer of 1969. Before that I didn't exist.
White, *Altars*, p. 129.

1964 - Mapplethorpe works at the World's Fair, where he operated the games of chance at the Belgian Pavilion. Sees Warhol's *Ten Most Wanted Men*.
Morrisroe, p. 32.

Mapplethorpe on Warhol in 1964: "Someone who knew what he was doing."
Ibid., p. 32.

In Mapplethorpe's loft, looming over the sitting room adjacent to his bedroom was the ultimate symbol of his success—a Warhol silkscreen portrait of Mapplethorpe himself.
Ibid., p. 297.

The then-editor of *Interview* did indeed have a crush on Mapplethorpe. "He's so dirty," Warhol complained. "His feet smell. He

has no money. And that horrible Patti Smith..." Mapplethorpe worried that Warhol was going to steal his ideas and viewed him, perhaps rightfully so, as someone who had sucked the life out of people.

Ibid., p. 140.

January 16, 1978 Mapplethorpe attended a dinner for the artist David Salle at Mr. Chow's. Andy Warhol refused to sit next to him because, as he later recorded in his diary, "he's sick."

Ibid., p. 317.

Warhol longed to be a machine; Mapplethorpe found comfort behind one.

Ibid., p. 359.

Robert charged into the scene and opened it up. He was young, fresh, and coyly abrasive. His bold condescension, his icy coldness to anyone who challenged him, was excitingly assaultive in a decade when theater loved cruelty. He broke the perceived taste of the avant-garde obeying Warhol's pontifications.

Fritscher, p. 72.

Warhol wrote the sort of book that was *Popism*, ghost-written, really. Mapplethorpe wrote only letters. Maybe he hadn't enough intellectual mass to write. He wasn't well educated. He was great at small talk: deflecting, derailing, trivializing, humoring. I remember him saying that primitive tribes who believed the camera sees the soul were right. Maybe that says everything he had to say about his photography.

Ibid., p. 74.

Like Warhol, who let other people do his work, Mapplethorpe sometimes seemed more into product than art.

Ibid., p. 77.

Andy's taste ran to the fashionable. Robert tilted more toward the arcane.

Ibid., p. 91.

Robert's own messy life and formal art, enhanced by drugs and the rags-to-riches mystique of Warhol, defined itself to seesawing through fashion and society, and from art to commerce. Mapplethorpe threw himself headfirst into this trendy world for his rites of passage.

Ibid., p. 97.

At the beginning of 1994, Warhol's estate was block-priced at \$220 million; Mapplethorpe's \$228 million.

Ibid., p. 118.

Mapplethorpe received no substantial cash from Warhol for his photographic work in *Interview*. He traded his photographs for Andy's endorsement.

Ibid., p. 196.

Candy Darling, whom Robert shot in 1973, once complained to Robert that it was so dreadfully boring and difficult to find something famous to do everyday.

Ibid., p. 196.

Andy and Robert would have loved fax.
Ibid., p. 196.

Early Mapplethorpe collage of Warhol, found portrait. A tear bisects the right eye and a layer of spray paint delineates a ghostlike finger shape that seems to point to this torn area, emphasizing the fact that what Mapplethorpe selected, painted, and claimed as his own was a photograph of a damaged photograph. His recognition of a photograph as object.

Marshall, p. 8.

Mapplethorpe codged drugs, sex, leather, superstars, and ideas from the underground movies of Warhol and Anger.

Fritscher, p. 274

I mean the fact that Warhol says, "anything can be art," and then I can make pornography art.

Kardon, p. 28.

He smiled and introduced himself as "Robert Mapplethorpe, the pornographic photographer."

Fritscher, p. 181.

I'm a male nymphomaniac.

Ibid., p. 30.

The idea of the homomasculine man.

Morrisroe, p. 164.

Mapplethorpe once joked that he was just a "fag decorator."

Ibid., p. 179.

Sex is the only thing worth living for.

Ibid., p. 127.

I had many affairs during that period, but I was never into quickie sex. I've only slept with maybe a thousand men.

Ibid., p. 189.

Near the bed hung a "masturbation machine," which he had designed by surrounding a mirror with dozens of white lights that blinked off and on, like a carnival roulette wheel.

Morrisroe, p. 126.

No sex tonight? Then how about some photographs?

Fritscher, p. 177.

Few admit to bedding him. Some who do, say it didn't work, usually because of the drugs. He was very affectionate, but he wasn't emotional sex; he was intellectual sex. Accepted for that novelty, he was a stimulating partner, if one likes to have rational sex, which to some is not as torrid as passionate sex. Mapplethorpe used every sexual fetish and gimmick he could find to try to ignite real heat and passion in himself and his work. That's why he turned to leather, and that's why he turned to black men, in his quest of the passion's soul.

Ibid., p. 180.

Art and sex in the seventies are inextricably linked.

Ibid., p. 102.

Mapplethorpe: "You're afraid to go as far into nasty sex as I want to take you."

Ibid., p. 28.

S&M not as sadism and masochism, but as "sex and magic."
Morrisroe, p. 145.

Sex *is* magic. If you channel it right, there's more energy in sex than there is in art.

Ibid., p. 145.

Sadomasochism was practiced by only a small percentage of the gay population, yet the uniforms and equipment were everywhere in the West Village. S&M accessories, such as studded cuffs, ropes, chains, and bondage masks, were sold at places like the Marquis de Sade and the Pleasure Chest. Artist Robert Morris publicized his April exhibit at the Castelli-Sonabend Gallery by designing a poster that featured him in a Nazi helmet, his hands manacled to a thick chain attached to his neck. Susan Sontag in her 1974 essay "Fascinating Facism" quotes Morris as saying he considered the picture to be "the only image that still has any power to shock." Six months later, Italian film director Liliana Cavani brought out *The Night Porter*, the story of an SS officer who carries on an S&M love affair with one of his former concentration victims. The following year S&M had so infiltrated American consumer culture that it was being used to sell everything from clothes to records.

Ibid., p. 146.

What was so different about Mapplethorpe's work, and consequently more unsettling, was that instead of a woman being tied up in ropes—a standard pose in straight photography—he had the audacity to turn the tables and reveal a whole universe of submissive men. Helmut Newton could photograph a woman tethered to a bed by a chain around her neck, or another crouched on all fours, with a saddle on her back, and the images were vied as kinky and decadent, for the conjured up a privileged world of *Vogue* fashion shoots and jet-set society. In comparison, Mapplethorpe's S&M photographs made no reference to the outside world at all; his men were defined exclusively by their sexual predilections.

Ibid., p. 147.

Mapplethorpe's signature colors, in his art, were red (blood), purple (the Church), and black (Satanism and the leather culture).

Ibid., p. 153.

He's a man who knows night territory.
Fritscher, pp. 93-4.

From his observations at the leather bars, he realized he was in a position to become the documentarian of the 1970's gay S&M scene, but unlike photojournalism, this was a niche that allowed his own sexual compulsions to flourish. He did not approach it as a voyeur, but as an active participant.

Morrisroe, pp. 163-4.

Mapplethorpe's loft had become a port-of-call for men with every conceivable sexual perversion, and they arrived with suitcases, and sometimes doctor's bags, filled with catheters, scalpels, syringes, needles, laxatives, hot water bottles, rope, handcuffs, and pills. They dressed up as women, SS troopers, and pigs. One wore baby clothes and a bonnet, drank from a bottle, and defecated in his diapers. "Joe" appeared at the loft in a rubber body suit and Mapplethorpe took a picture of him kneeling on a bench; the tube inserted in his mouth was later connected to an enema bag.

Up until now Mapplethorpe had attempted to steer clear of the "crazies"—men whose sexual proclivities included bodily mutilation—but he had already documented most forms of gay S&M, and since he didn't want to keep repeating himself, he was open to meeting people with extreme tastes. "Ken," for example, enjoyed having people carve their initials into his skin. "I think he's probably dead now," said Mapplethorpe. "He was totally scarred, like a tree trunk, with initials. He'd just lay there like a piece of beef, and you could do anything you wanted to him. But there was no real energy there. He was a down trip."

At the time Mapplethorpe photographed "Ken," he received a call from an art critic who offered to introduce him to someone who derived sexual satisfaction by having someone slash his penis with a razor. Stoned on MDA, Mapplethorpe arrived at the appointed apartment with his camera and met "Richard"—a "mathematician and computer person"—whose penis was strapped into a stock-like device, with a hole in the center and bolts on the side. "Then the scalpel came out. I was told I could be a participant or an observer. I managed to do both. It was hard to focus on the camera, but I found I really got off on this thing. Holding a scalpel in my hand and grazing a cock was a real turn-on. You could feel the energy in your fingers. Another guy went through his number. He came out of a bathroom with a wig, garish makeup, and leotards, but that wasn't my scene."

When he had finished taking pictures of Richard's "crucifixion," he waited for the other man to strap himself into the contraption so he, too, could submit to the ritual. "Then all of a sudden it was my turn. The other guys were older, and certainly as intelligent as I, and I had certainly been an active participant. But I thought, how am I going to deal with this?" He placed the device over his genitals and tried to divorce himself of the reality of the situation, which was that a man in a curly wig and tights, who was flying high on LSD, was holding a scalpel in his hands. "Okay," he said, panicking. "I'm not getting off on this. It's not my thing."

"I had exhausted the S&M thing. I had gone through it all both photographically and physically, and I was meeting too many guys like Richard. It was getting a little too crazy."

Ibid., pp. 201-2.

Mapplethorpe's "Censored" show drew the most colorful opening night crowd, with a cavalcade of leather men, in addition to the local chapter of the Hell's Angels, who roared up to the gallery on their motorcycles.

Ibid., p. 206.

Initially, he was intimidated by Mapplethorpe's hardcore reputation and by his sinister loft—"I had never seen a black leather bedspread before."

Ibid., p. 398.

His Morris chairs and Stickley settee had been upholstered in black leather, which, he believed, reflected an "amorous, masculine quality."
Ibid., p. 212.

Chaps were held together on the inside seam by leather thongs. He had tied the thongs of the left leg to that of the right leg, so he could only walk a few inches. A cross-gartered figure hopping around the room. The two of them were as dandified and foppish as anything.
Ibid., p. 219.

Tuxedo elegance and leather attitude.
Fritscher, p. 24.

A mob scene of white ties, pearls, black leather, and New Wave funk.
Ibid., p. 25.

Perhaps perversity, that last urban frontier, is avant-garde and retro-garde.
Ibid., p. 40.

I want you to meet the most polymorphously perverse person I have ever met in my life.
Ibid., p. 67.

He was not threatening to women or gay men in a decade in which "threat" meant "sexy."
Ibid., p. 92.

Leather fetishists found his documentation fresh because he brought the leather world out of the closet. While S&M leathermen lionized his work for a time, they did not buy it. They themselves took hotter pictures of their own sex style. Perhaps his inability to achieve real eros, personally or on film, was the price fate charged him for his careerism.
Ibid., p. 180.

A dirty jockstrap frames the buttocks.
Ibid., p. 185.

The leather scene in the seventies was so wild that Mapplethorpe's work looks like still-life studies when compared to such classic period films as *Erotic Hands* (three-way handballing), *Sebastiane* (Derek Jarman's S&M version of the homoerotic martyrdom of St. Sebastian; a British film, dialogue in Latin, with English subtitles), Wakefield Poole's *Bijou* and *Moving*, and Dave Masur's *Skulls of Akron Fisting Ballet*, which was shot at the Mineshaft in New York.
Ibid., p. 188.

Robert deliberately tried to clean the leather scene up to acceptability to push his avant-garde following. He thought the genre legitimate. In fact, he envied director/porn star Fred Halsted, whose films *Sextool* and *L.A. Plays Itself* (with the S&M and fisting sequences intact) were purchased for the permanent collection at the Museum of Modern Art.

Ibid., pp. 188-9.

Robert could not sell the gristly reality of leather.

The reality of leather would be too radical.
He had to formalize leather to sell it.
Ibid., pp. 188-9.

When it came to real sex, Robert didn't have a clue about leather, fisting or fetish sex. He sometimes seemed like a scared heterosexual posing as a homosexual, putting on his alternate sexuality the way he pulled on his leather pants.

Ibid., p. 218.

He pulled from his leather jeans pocket one of those little plastic MDA bags he was always dipping his finger into and shoving up my nose.

Ibid., p. 29.

We do not for the most part live our fantasies out, and so they never evolve. But the form of life Mapplethorpe had entered had made of sex a public practice, and this enabled it to evolve in ways quite beyond the power of private fantasy to anticipate. Whatever one might think of it, sex was probably lived more creatively in those years when the barriers to its enactment had fallen than at any other time in history. It had become as public as a language.

Danto, p. 8.

Yes, venerated and tongue washed—every limb and crevice of him.
McCourt, p. 342.

Before going out at night, he made sure he put on his clothes in exactly the same order; he was careful not to wash beneath his underarms because he believed perspiration odor was vital to his sex appeal. He picked up men in bars by staring at them to see if he could detect "something" in their eyes; those who passed the eyeball test came home with him, but then he had difficulty maintaining an erection unless his partner stared into his own eyes. Sight, he believed, was the most important of all the five senses. If his partner reached a premature climax, Mapplethorpe considered the evening a failure, and no matter what time it was, he would put on his clothes—jeans or leather pants, sometimes a codpiece, shirt, vest, studded leather cuffs, black leather jacket—and return to the West Village.

Morrisroe, pp. 145-6.

The scene at the Mineshaft was not about conversation. In fact, you'd be told to leave if you were standing around too long talking about the opera or something. It was a stalking animal thing. I think what happened was that in one concentrated period of our history a whole group of people became addicted to this concept of going out every night and getting laid. It wasn't even a question of having an orgasm. Some of the ways one would end up doing that might seem tragic if viewed from the outside, but it was just to experience that feeling—like the release one gets from exercise—and then you could go home, go to sleep, and move on.

Mapplethorpe had a lifetime pass to the Mineshaft and was there so often he inspired the running joke "Who did you see out last night besides Robert?" Yet he rarely participated in any of the public orgies; he spent most of his time roaming the dimly lit passageways that led to rooms where men were being whipped and chained. There was a bathtub for "watersports" and a jail where "prisoners" were handcuffed or strapped to chairs, and leather slings to facilitate fisting. Mapplethorpe was constantly on the lookout for someone to take home,

and the Mineshaft provided him with an opportunity to connect with other men who also venerated sexual excess. "If the average person had ever gone there," said an art critic and biographer, "they would have been horrified. You'd see these incredible models with these great bodies in a sling. They'd be completely drugged, their eyes rolled up in their heads... it would be two fists, three fists. In sexual terms, they saw themselves as Olympic athletes. The next day I'd see some of my female friends, and they'd tease me and say, 'I'm sure you were up to something terrible last night,' and I used to think, 'God, if they only knew, they would faint in horror at the extremities of it.'"

Ibid., p. 190.

Most humans would fail miserably in this environment, designed for bats, hanging stark naked from the ceiling in caves cluttered with dung, catching insects in one's open mouth while flying at high speeds through the night. Not *them* however – they glory in it.

McCourt, p. 332.

The Mineshaft is in the heart of the meat-packing district, an eerie and fascinating corner of the city sandwiched between Greenwich Street and the Hudson, a strip of warehouses that only comes to life at night, as at most wholesale markets. The pavements are narrow here, as half the area next to the warehouses is raised to form a loading dock, so that when the huge trucks back towards the warehouse entrances, it's easy to send the carcasses swinging off the trucks and into the storage area. These loading docks are sheltered by rusty iron canopies. Metal rails are suspended from the canopies, and to them are attached evil-looking hooks from which dangle immense sides of beef that then rattle their way into the arctic depths of the warehouses.

The street lighting is dim but illumination is provided by the warm glow beaming out of the warehouses, and by flaring fires lit in oil drums by the bums sleeping under the disused canopies—for even though the weather was unseasonably warm, a chill set in if one remained motionless for too long. The roughly paved streets are full of potholes; almost the only traffic here is that of heavy, multi-axled trucks that churn up the paving with their huge tyres. Rows of trucks were parked along the streets, their powerful engines and refrigeration units throbbing away.

This is the meeting place of meat.

We passed a burly driver unloading a bleeding carcass and wiping his scarlet hands on a dingy apron. We stepped gingerly to avoid the blood and grease underfoot; the smell rising from stacked garbage bags awaiting collection was rancid and sharp, pricking the nostrils. And then at the end of the journey, more meat, hunky men in leather and rough denim, their bodies taut with sexual anticipation.

We saw ahead of us a narrow doorway, its yellow welcome surprisingly warm against the blank walls of the deserted warehouses.

We sauntered into the back room. Near the entrance was a cloakroom where you can check your clothes, some or all, and here in the back and down in the basement there were quite a few men naked or wearing jockstraps. It was much darker back here and it took a while for my eyes to adjust. Cubicles lined the rear wall; they didn't have doors, but they did surround occupants with three low walls so that their exertions wouldn't be in full view of the entire room. Slings and straps hung from the ceiling, but weren't in use. The night was still young.

Next to me was a man in black leather, in his 40s, heavy set. Facing him stood another piano mover, a bit younger, wearing a grubby

white T-shirt (but then it's hard to keep your clothes whiter than white down the Mineshaft). They were tweaking each other's nipples and absentmindedly groping each other as they talked. The younger man was trying to date Mr. Leather. Why they didn't head for a cubicle and have it off, I didn't know, and they were talking so quietly that I couldn't catch all the sub clauses of their negotiation. But I did notice that every sentence uttered by the younger man ended with 'sir': 'Can I call you tomorrow, sir?' 'I would like that very much, sir.' Voluntary enslavement before my very eyes.

My attention was diverted by some activity on a curious wooden construction in front of us. It was not unlike an easel: two ladders at 45 degrees met at the top to form an apex, and two men were about to demonstrate its uses. A naked man leaned face down against the ladder, so that the length of his body was within easy reach. Behind him stood a Nazi. I use that term as shorthand for a standardized brute wearing jacket, trousers, boots, and a peaked cap, all in black leather; optional extras include studded gauntlets, bikers' insignia, and a chain or two. This Nazi was wielding a crop with which he was slowly whacking the buttocks before him. The slow beating went on for some time, after which the naked man heaved himself off the wooden frame. His place was taken by the Nazi.

We crossed the room, where there was a good deal of coming and going, coming and blowing, and descended a rickety staircase to what felt like a basement, but was in fact the street level. Down there were three or four rooms and passageways. I found it hard to keep my bearings. The smell hit me first: dampness, the sharp whiff of amyl nitrate, and the equally pungent aroma of piss. Sanitary facilities at the baths and bars leave much to be desired, and in the Mineshaft, or at least down at the coalface, bodily functions too are tendered as sexual coinage.

Here in this dank hole there were fewer clothes than upstairs, partly because of the warmth of the fetid atmosphere and partly because the sexual activity was in full spate. There were more cubicles, more slings, more leather thongs hanging on chains from the roof, and from dark corners came the sounds of slurping and the thwack of callused palm or leather strap coming down hard on undulating buttocks.

I had to sidestep deftly to avoid another Nazi going at it hammer and tongs. This thug was stocky and orange-bearded, and his jacket seemed to be delightfully decorated with ball bearings he'd probably split with his teeth. He was standing over a younger man, similarly attired, and with teeth clenched and head thrown back the Nazi was masturbating.

This, however, was harmless fun compared to what was going on in the next room. The smell alerted me, as did the slipperiness of the concrete floor. The room contained two deep metal bathtubs. In one of them crouched a plump and sodden man. Encircled by other men who were pissing on him, he kept shifting his position to catch the full steamy force of these arcs of urine. To my astonishment he was clothed, and his wringing wet T-shirt, by now blotchy yellow in colour, was kneaded and pressed by many eager hands. So, never shake hands with anyone at the Mineshaft; you never know where they've been. Later on we passed the bathtub again and this time there were two men in it sharing the golden shower. Piss and sweat, piss and sweat.

It was four in the morning by the time we stepped out onto the pavement. I'd expected the street to be deserted here in the belly of the night, but not a bit of it: there was a queue of cabs waiting by the kerb. It was odd to think of those sweaty, pissy, fucked-out men in

uniform stumbling out of the Mineshaft in the wee hours and falling into waiting cabs that would take them back home.

I thought we'd try the Spike and so we headed up Eleventh Avenue along the river's edge. The street was full of men, some just walking to and fro, others plainly hustling as they leaned against parked cars or stood in doorways. A small group of what could have been mistaken for Hell's Angels without their bikes loitered outside the Spike. It had just closed. So we walked back down Eleventh and then down West Street as far as The Ramrod, probably the most notorious of the Village leather bars, since it was here that some years ago a trigger-happy goon who hated gays opened fire on a crowd similar to the one now gathered outside its door. Most of these men, it appeared, were simply hanging about nurturing the hope of finding a body and a bed for the night.

It was 5:15 Like a number of similar establishments in the West Village, it has a back room. As we walked into the shop I could hear a sound I had learned to recognize: leather against flesh, followed by the groans of the happy whackee. But I no longer wanted to look at more bodies in sexual travail. I wasn't tired, but I had decidedly had enough, and said so.

Brook, pp. 162-8.

Are we talking, darling, about what is coming or came down at the Mineshaft? What flecks of gold in the sluice of the experience?

McCourt, p. 322.

Wally Wallace was founding owner of the Mineshaft, which was to male sex and drugs what CBGB was to punk music and drugs and what Studio 54 was to celebrity schmoozing and drugs. The three clubs' name lists overlapped. Not everyone went to CBGB or Studio 54, but sooner or later everyone came to the Mineshaft, where sex, not status, ruled.

Fritscher, p. 209.

The Mineshaft was opened in October 1976 and was closed on November 7, 1985, by the New York City Department of Health.

Ibid., p. 209.

Between 1979 and 1980, Robert was the "official" Mineshaft photographer. Wally Wallace asked Robert to shoot a party at the club. Robert worked dutifully but he was unable to shoot in the paparazzi style required so he hid or destroyed the party negatives. Robert, in an uncontrolled environment, could not shoot from the hip. In October 1979, he shot David O'Brien, that year's Mr. Mineshaft, at the bootblack's stand where inferiors shined the shoes and worshipped the boots of superiors.

Ibid., p. 190.

The place smelled of the usual telltale mix of Crisco, poppers, and smoke. The lights were low, throbbing disco pounded out from the large-reel tape deck. Candles, maybe a hundred of them, all different shapes and sizes, flickered across the room.

Ibid., p. 36.

One night, Robert, quite thrilled, said he had seen Mick Jagger turned away at the door, not because he was Mick Jagger, which counted for nothing once inside, but because he was with a woman. Women, disguised as men, often made it into the Mineshaft. In fact, more than

one woman, aided in disguise by her escort Mapplethorpe, spent a splendid night of active orality and fisting at the Mineshaft.

Ibid., p. 209.

Mapplethorpe sometimes became so desperate for sexual contact that he prowled the Bowery picking up homeless black men. When asked about getting diseases, Mapplethorpe answered, "They're okay if you give them a bath. And besides, they're the least likely people to have diseases because nobody else wants them."

Morrisroe, p. 243.

On Max's: "I hated going there, but I had to."

Fritscher, p. 68.

Ogle the fist-fuckers and the Glory Holes, and then return to Xanadu.

Haden-Guest, p. 105.

Cruising was completed, and, despite the "politically correct" changes, gave the best *cinéma vérité* take on the real seventies leather subculture of masculine-identified men ever seen in a commercial Hollywood film.

Anyone wanting to know the texture of all-male leather nightlife in the seventies will witness in *Cruising* the pop-sex world that Mapplethorpe cleaned up for museum consumption.

Available on video, the film can be scanned slowly, the VCR put on pause, and surviving denizens of that wonderfully decadent decade can recognize the faces of once-familiar friends and famous "Sex Stars of the NY Night" whom Friedkin hired as atmosphere extras.

Cruising is a virtual documentary of a night in the life of Robert.

Fritscher, p. 284.

He boldly advertised his own coprophiliac tendencies by wearing a belt that spelled the word "SHIT" in metal studs, yet he was evasive with people he thought might be repulsed by his activities, and coyly referred to his own fetish as "dirty." He hinted at the origins of his fixations, in a 1978 self-portrait that was taken at the prompting of a German art director named Helmut, who, after agreeing to reveal his "secret," pressed the photographer to divulge his own. Mapplethorpe inserted the handle of a bullwhip into his anus and glared defiantly at the camera.

He developed a worldwide network of coprophiliacs who visited Bond Street whenever they were in town, and who spoke of excrement as the "ultimate sacrament." He often boasted of his sexual prowess and believed he had cultivated his senses to a far greater degree than anyone else he knew. Yet to reach a point where one can eroticize excrement involves a certain shutting down of the senses, and while Mapplethorpe proudly maintained he was not a voyeur, he derived his greatest pleasure from watching others consume his excrement—an act of perverse voyeurism. Perhaps his chilly detachment explains why many men found him to be utterly devoid of sensuality, a cold-blooded angel figure, curiously unisexual for someone who was supposed to be so sexual.

Morrisroe, p. 193.

Dr. Larry Downs, Mapplethorpe's physician, repeatedly advised him to stop his coprophiliac obsession with feces, but since he failed to follow the doctor's advice, he was continually battling parasites and

spreading them to his sexual partners. Worn down by stomach cramps and diarrhea.

Ibid., p. 269.

On May 21, 1978, he wrote: "It's midnight... I almost forgot to tell you. I let some creep stick his hand up my ass. I've been fisted—even came—but I think I prefer being the giver. I can't help but to give preferential treatment to the feeding process. I want to see the devil in us all. that's my real turn on. The MDS is coming on stronger. I have to take a dump but I'll save it. I'm sure somebody out there is hungry. It's time to get myself together, pack my skin in leather. The package is always important. goodnight for now. I feel the pull to the West Side. The night is getting older. Love, Robert."

Fritscher, p. 31.

Fisting, many think, is the last taboo to be incorporated into male sportfucking. They better think again. Scatology, from ritual to anointing to communion, is the latest rage among sexual sophisticates who pay Robert court.

Ibid., p. 41.

"With scat, I make myself invulnerable. I build up my resistance to everything."

Ibid., p. 172.

Rear nudes, which have long been socially acceptable, were made very shocking by Mapplethorpe, esp. when one knows the existence of the scatological photographs.

Ibid., p. 186.

Mapplethorpe had recently seen Pasolini's *Salo* and found it a brilliant piece of filmmaking.

Morrisroe, p. 192.

What Mapplethorpe (and Pasolini) found in sadism and scatology was a practice, a world, so revolting that even (or especially) other homosexuals were horrified by it.

White, *Altars*, p. 132.

Robert is quite frank about everything, even though he never really had sex in groups. he stated explicitly that the orgy would be scatologically satanic sadomasochism.

Fritscher, p. 40.

"I feel like a vampire," Robert said. "I am a vampire."

Ibid., p. 194.

"Blood is in the air. Love, Robert."

Ibid., p. 31.

He became totally infatuated with the man he called "the serpent in Eden."

Morrisroe, p. 164.

Mapplethorpe was fully aware that he was breaking taboos, and the act of transgression was central to his work. He pushed his sexual partners to transgress their own boundaries by repeating the phrase "Do it for Satan." He wanted to bring to light previously hidden sexual

secrets, and often taunted the various men by telling them, "You know you're dirty." Once he had succeeded in breaking down their reserve, he often photographed the "secrets" and made them public. He was careful not to reveal anyone's identity, and while he never dreamed of blackmailing his subjects, the pictures gave him the sense of control he craved. "Robert was really interested in photographing people's private desires," explained a model whose picture appears in the "X Portfolio." "He'd always tell you, 'Do it for Satan.' When he found out that I was into smells and odors, dirty jockstraps, and being submissive, he convinced me to wrap two jockstraps around my head for the picture. Actually, my photograph should have been the piss one, but he'd already done that."

Ibid., p. 192.

"You can tell," he says, "who's interesting, who's sick by the way they say uh huh. You can tell who's dirty by their eyes. I look for dark circles. Interesting people have dark circles."

Fritscher, pp. 93-4.

"You've got what I want. You've got perfect dark circles under your eyes. You know that's what I look for."

"Robert Mapplethorpe's famous raccoon effect."

"Actually, right now, your soul is outside your skin where I can shoot it."

Ibid., p. 45.

When I have sex with someone I forget who I am. For a minute I even forget I'm human. It's the same thing when I'm behind a camera. I forget I exist.

Morrisroe, p. 193.

Robert was a creature of the night. Talk a walk down Greenwich after midnight. Peer in the windows of shops where we browsed for antiques. Robert was an offhand collector. He wrote impulsive, enormous checks for small bronze sculptures of the goat-footed devil.

Fritscher, p. 33.

Whenever you make love with someone, there should be three people involved—you, the other person, and the devil.

Morrisroe, p. 211.

Robert was one of the most tortured, tormented individuals I've ever met. He was a bundle of insecurities and always seemed ready to snap.

Ibid., p. 212.

In *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Freud talks about artists who descend into what he calls the maelstrom, meaning the unconscious and they come back and tell us what was there. Robert went into the maelstrom, no question about it, but he came back with an elegant picture postcard—"Having a wonderful time, wish you were here. Love, Robert."

Ibid., p. 220.

He likes to set people up to shock them into admitting to their own repressed desires.

Fritscher, p. 40.

Ultimately he treated people the way he treated a statue or his collection of pottery. People were either subjects for his photographs, or they were in his life the way his collections were in his life.

Morrisroe, p. 282.

Robert clobbered anyone and everyone. He used money, fame, drugs, or whatever he needed to exert his will. Life was easy. Everyone was caving in to Mapplethorpe. How could he create a "perfect moment" without resistance? By the early Eighties, Robert was disdainful of everything and everyone, because whatever Mapplethorpe wanted Mapplethorpe got. He wanted people to resist him.

Fritscher, p. 217.

In his studio, a loft on Bond Street in lower Manhattan, there is a condition of perpetual night: the floor gray and grainy, mission-style furniture upholstered in black leather, the reflections of mirror or fauceted glass, a black bedroom behind a white wire-netting cage, and, ranged around, the paraphernalia of an irreverent perversity (a scorpion in a case, a bronze of Mephistopheles, and a much smaller bronze of the Devil with his toasting-fork).

Chatwin, p. 10.

People who remember the apartment remember a murky room full of Robert's sculptures—fetishes, rather—sexual, frontal, and, for the most part, black.

Ibid., p. 10.

"There's one particular person I photographed any number of times; as a person, he's horrible, but I couldn't take a bad picture of him. There was a sympathy in the studio, but outside I couldn't talk to him. He was disgusting."

Kardon, N. pag.

They were powerful and cruel, and though on the scale of suffering one witnesses every evening on cable news, the actual pain depicted was slight and of the imagination, the fact that it was voluntary and strange, that it was an exercise of spirit, gave it an edge of meaning that had to be dealt with in a different way from the meaningless, pointless, unwanted suffering of Rwanda or Bosnia. White,

Danto, p. 24.

That romantic agony should have been revived as the downtown style in the greatest bourgeois city in the modern world at the moment of its decline way, in any historical sense, predictable, and yet Robert Mapplethorpe's work has often been seen as an aesthetic sport, so entirely outside any historical or social context and so "new," as to resist interpretation. This "newness" has in fact become so fixed an idea about Mapplethorpe that we tend to over look the source of his strength, which derived, from the beginning, less from the shock of the new than from the shock of the old, from the rather unnerving novelty of exposure to a fixed moral universe. There was always in his work the tension, even the struggle, between dark and light. There was the exaltation of powerlessness. There was the seductiveness of death, the fantasy of crucifixion.

Didion, *Women*, N. pag.

Robert Mapplethorpe was no more shocking than his times.

Fritscher, p. 197.

Shock was Robert's medium in the seventies: the shock of burning bras, the shock of abortion, the shock of sexual liberation, the shock of losing Vietnam, the shock of terrorist Olympics, the shock of Watergate, the shock of Americans hostage in Iran, the cumulative culture shock that led to the aftershocks in the eighties' shock of AIDS, IranContra, the Republican deficit, the destruction of the middle class, the meltdown of the nuclear family, the epidemic of drugs, the homeless, the savings-and-loan scandals, the blasphemy of television evangelists, the rise of shock-rock music, shock-trash television, and shocking US. policies in the Mideast.

Ibid., pp. 196-7.

"I don't like that particular word, 'shocking'." Robert Mapplethorpe told *ArtNews* in late 1988, when he was struggling with illness and asked one more time to discuss the famous leather photographs. "I'm looking for the unexpected. I'm looking for things I've never seen before. But I have trouble with the word 'shocking' because I'm not really shocked by anything... I was in a position to take those pictures. I felt an obligation to do them."

Didion, *Women*, N. pag.

Imagine the young Robert in the late sixties, early seventies, deliberately setting up avant-garde savants by showing them his fresh, shocking images. They had to lie about his work, because if they blinked in shock, they immediately lost their avant-garde status. His assault on them was an "invitation to a mugging" he could not lose. Robert wanted status and he achieved it by threatening their status. If they thought themselves far out, he presented himself as farther out.

Fritscher, p. 66.

"All Robert wanted to do was to fuck his models, then photograph them," Baril said. "He was documenting his life and sticking it in front of everybody's faces, daring them to say something about it." Perhaps sensing Baril's hostility, Mapplethorpe confined him to the darkroom, but Baril knowing his employer was too intimidated to confront him directly, delighted in disobeying him. Mapplethorpe, then, would send 2 message through a third party directing Baril to "stay in the darkroom." From Mapplethorpe's perspective, it was the ultimate putdown, as he derived great pleasure from having made a name for himself as a photographer without ever making a print.

Morrisroe, p. 239.

Mapplethorpe had confided to several friends that he blamed a black man for infecting him with the AIDS virus, but given his boast of having had sex with an estimated thousand men, he couldn't possibly know for sure. Still, he approached his task like an avenging angel, picking up one black man after another with the word "nigger." One man screamed at him to stop, but when Mapplethorpe still kept repeating the word, the man grabbed his clothes and ran out the door. "You're evil," the man shouted, in parting. "Evil!"

Ibid., p. 318.

Mapplethorpe's "neo-fascist politics."

Ibid., p. 204.

He often referred to Jews as being money-hungry and vulgar.

Ibid., p. 204.

I think Robert liked me but he despised Jews, and I happened to be Jewish. We both felt uncomfortable with each other. I believed his pictures had to be shown.

Ibid., p. 204.

Taking a cue from classical sculpture, he expected white skin to approximate marble and black skin the color of bronze. His printers were to selectively lighten the white faces to obscure any imperfections and selectively darken the blacks.

Ibid., p. 240.

Only sexually was Mapplethorpe multicultural.

Fritscher, p. 249.

Lesbian black women deemed him acceptable, because he at least made black people visible.

Ibid., p. 212.

How can a biographer build him up as a modern hero and then tell the world that one of his turn-ons was to force his black sex partners to say, "I'm your nigger?"

Ibid., p. 92.

Robert asked Wally, the source of all New York sexual information, about, in Robert's term, "nigger" bars.

"I told him about the black bars," Wally said, "but he was scared. He kept after me, so I took him there myself. I'd never seen Bob so nervous. He had shot a few black men previously, but they had been gay black men, some of them professional models. I knew Bob. He wanted the danger of the real thing.

Ibid., p. 210.

Mapplethorpe: "I'm still into Niggers. I even have a button on my leather jacket that spells it out when I hit the bars. It seems to attract them."

Ibid., p. 210.

He asked if she knew how stimulating the word "nigger" was during sexual foreplay. "Let me get this straight," she said, dumbfounded. "You're looking for an intelligent, successful black millionaire who wants you—a white man—to call him 'nigger'?" Mapplethorpe patiently explained that he hadn't grasped the whole concept. "I wouldn't call him 'nigger' all the time," he said, offended. "Only during sex."

Morrisroe, p. 28.

People who walked through the Miller Gallery to see such beautiful black bodies as "Ajitto" had no idea the man who took the pictures referred to his subjects as "niggers" or that he subscribed to racist ideas.

Ibid., p. 252.

Mapplethorpe's meeting with Leni Reifenstahl in Manhattan to discuss the mystique of blacks.

Fritscher, p. 214.

Reifenstahl's exotic forays to Sudan and East Africa. Piling guilt upon guilt, she brought back her naked-warrior images, thinking—and she

was not alone—that they shone with the truth of her subjects' nobility. Instead, her theatrics, her kitschy choices and angles betrayed the fact that she saw these people through those Aryan glasses that seem to have only one end in sight—the creation of an *Übermensch*. Her reduction of the Nuba people or the Masai to picturesque members of an animal kingdom—there for the snapping of the paparazzi who want them in their "natural habitat."

Marshall, p. 15.

Blacks are only sporadically visible in the history of photography: Louise Dahl-Wolfe, Edward Weston, Eikoh Hosoe, George Dureau, Miles Everett.

Fritscher, p. 218.

There was something about the pictures, even the commercial ones, that did not lend itself well to American consumer culture.

Morrisroe, p. 287.

The unfortunate shift today away from an emphasis on sexual freedom to gay identity has made the explicit sexual content of Mapplethorpe's photos look sleazy, politically incorrect, even racist.

White, *Altars*, p. 129.

He coveted Butler's photographs of black body builders like Serge Nubret, Leon Brown, and Gordon Babb, displayed next to antique photographs of strongmen, including 1951 Mr. Universe, the black Monotosh Roy, who posed for fantasy photographs, not nude, but suggestive of the "Young Physique" magazines Robert had come out on in the adult bookstores on Forty-second Street.

Fritscher, p. 221.

Mapplethorpe: "Black guys are hung bigger, except for the ones who date white chicks."

Ibid., p. 215.

He hoped in the perfect moment of sex to find the perfect moment of death. He hoped someday a black would kill him.

Ibid., p. 218.

By 1980, Mapplethorpe claimed that white men no longer interested him sexually.

Morrisroe, p. 233.

Mapplethorpe: "Once you go black, you can never go back."

Ibid., p. 233.

Mapplethorpe's racism intensified with the progression of his disease, and Kelly Edey, who had presumably heard everything, was so startled by Mapplethorpe's venomous comments that he noted one incident in his diary. Mapplethorpe was standing outside Keller's on the evening of August 2 when he suddenly began to shout, "This is the sleaziest corner in New York. How can it be that I'm standing here in the midst of all this human garbage? They're so stupid, every last one of them is so unbelievably stupid." And yet he kept returning to Keller's, hoping his demigod might rise from the debris. "A lot of people yelled at him for continuing to go to the bars," Mark Isaacson explained. "But he looked at it, like, well, that's their problem—if they're not protecting themselves, why should I worry about it? When Robert first

got sick, I said to him, 'You've got to stop your old lifestyle,' and he said to me, 'If I have to change my lifestyle I don't want to live.'"

Ibid., p. 325.

Keller's Bar—West St., pickup spot for biracial sex. The whites had money; the blacks did not. What the blacks had, however—or so went the myth—was an exotic, "primitive" sexuality that lured the white men to Keller's the way affluent whites were once drawn to Harlem's Cotton Club. Mapplethorpe went at least four times a week.

Ibid., p. 233.

Keller's on the waterfront was pure theater in the tradition of Genêt's *The Balcony*. At the bar, and around the edges of the room were the plumbing supply salesmen, electricians, furniture movers, and parking-lot attendants who were playing the sadist for the evening. They were in black leather caps, dark glasses, black leather jackets with a plethora of chains, studs, and emblems, black leather pants and boots, with heavy key rings hanging from their belts. They lounged around like lethargic tigers, drinking their beer and licking their chops as they observed the center-stage activity around the pool table. There were gathered the chemists, hairdressers, junior accountants, and college students who were playing the masochists for the evening, attired in black plastic jump suits, fetchingly unzipped. To watch one of those masochist take a stance with a pool cue was to know the full eloquence of body language, right down to the twitch of the buttocks as the shot was made. The tigers would stir languidly.

Hamilton, p. 23.

Mapplethorpe's favorite subject: the physical superiority of the black male. Once Mapplethorpe began photographing blacks, he found to his delight that he could extract a greater richness from the color of their skin. "For one thing, the texture of a black man's skin is different. The most beautiful black bodies have a thin layer of fat all over them which gives an amazing consistency to the musculature and to the surface of the body. Another thing about black bodies at their best is the broadness of shoulders in proportion to the narrowness of the hips. Then, of course, there's the size of the cock. The average black cock is bigger." I don't think people realize how hard Robert worked to find the perfect one. He examined thousands and thousands of them.

George Stambolian once heard Mapplethorpe describe the perfect black phallus in such detail that he had even worked out the ideal measurement of the tiny opening at the tip of the glans through which the urethra carries urine and semen. "Robert had drawn a picture of a penis on a chart," Stambolian recalled, "and he was like a surgeon, using medical terms like 'corpus spongiosum.' I was impressed by his dedication." But in those rare instances when Mapplethorpe found the ideal phallus, he was usually dissatisfied with another part of the man's anatomy. Perhaps he had too much of a "prison build"—the upper body too large for the hips—or perhaps his skin color was too muddy, or his legs too short. "When the ancients did a painting or a sculpture of a god," Edey explained, "they often took parts from different models—a hand, or a leg, or a face. Robert couldn't do that as a photographer, so he needed to find everything in one person. He was searching for the Platonic ideal."

Mapplethorpe's method of seduction varied little from night to night; since black leather was not standard attire among black gays, he dressed in jeans and a simple shirt, then, arriving at Keller's after

midnight, he would order a beer and stake out a position in front of the bar so he could watch the men walk in the door. He had nicknames for all the regulars—"Pail and Shovel," "Mutton Chops," "Pigeon." After twenty minutes of gossiping with Kelly Edey and John Abbott, he would saunter to the far end of the bar, light a cigarette, and fix his eyes on the most desirable person in the room, staring so intently the chosen man was compelled to approach him. "Robert's eyes just blazed whenever he saw a person whom he thought was spectacularly beautiful," Edey said. "I was trying to find a word for that intense look on Robert's face, and I finally realized it was the same word they used to describe Michelangelo's eyes-*terribilità*."

Mapplethorpe's charisma was enhanced considerably by the vial of cocaine he kept in his back pocket and waved at the appropriate moment. Some of the men at Keller's were there for the sole purpose of procuring drugs, and even if they weren't homosexual, they were amenable to trading sex for coke. Others went home with Mapplethorpe because they knew he was a photographer and they hoped they might be able to make some money modeling for him. Curiously, while Edey maintained that both he and Mapplethorpe longed to be "swept away by a black superstud," the men Mapplethorpe wound up with were often small and slightly built.

Morrisroe, pp. 234-5.

The photographer's repeated assertion that it is the bodies of black men which will take the light, and the darkness, with the most resolute formal determination.

Marshall, p. 10.

What happened when black men ceased to be "form" was a different matter entirely. Mapplethorpe referred to his Platonic ideal as "Super Nigger," and told John Abbott he longed to find a black man who was "free enough" to allow him to repeat the pejorative word in bed. "I've always liked to talk dirty," he explained. "It's like magic words, forbidden words. The idea that someone white would call them 'nigger' worked consistently with blacks. It made their cocks jump." When he discussed his work with art critics and journalists, he addressed the aesthetics of dark skin, but with friends at Keller's he talked about the way blacks smelled different from whites; the size of their lips and genitals; how he could always "catch a nigger with coke"; and which blacks were "gorillas." He and his friends weren't interested in middle-class blacks, because then, according to Abbott, "they weren't black anymore." Consequently it was nearly impossible for Mapplethorpe to find someone who could fit comfortably into his social world. "Robert's leitmotif was how unbelievably and impossibly stupid they all were," said Edey. "We called it 'the curse of beauty.' There was an inverse proportion between mental development and cock size. The most beautiful ones didn't seem to develop their brains much. Robert came to just accept it as a fact of life that the ones he was attracted to sexually and as a photographer weren't going to have much upstairs. So we did a lot of sitting around wringing our hands. And then somebody would walk through the door, and we'd say, 'My God, did you see that?' There was a sense of obligation. If somebody is that beautiful you have to capture them on film, like catching a total solar eclipse."

From the time Mapplethorpe entered his "black period," he made a concerted effort to study the work of other photographers who had taken pictures of black male nudes. He didn't regard this as "stealing" other photographers' ideas or techniques, but rather as creating a library of images in his subconscious from which he could occasionally borrow. "I

like to look at pictures, all kinds," he said in *Portrait: Theory*. "And all those things you absorb come out subconsciously one way or another. You'll be taking photographs and suddenly know that you have resources from having looked at a lot of them before. There is no way you can avoid this. But this kind of subconscious influence is good, and it certainly can work for one. In fact, the more pictures you see, the better you are as a photographer." Photographic images of the black male nude, however, were relatively rare. Of the 134 images in Constance Sullivan's *Nude: Photographs 1850-1980*, the black male is not represented at all. Given the taboo against male nudity in general, white heterosexuals were not inclined to celebrate the erotic properties of the black male body. And since blacks rarely had the financial resources to become art photographers, it was left to gay white men to present their vision of the black male nude.

F. Holland Day, who had shocked nineteenth-century Boston with his staged crucifixion scenes, was one of the first Americans to photograph the black male nude. Day's fascination with male beauty was evident in the highly stylized portraits of black models that comprised the "Nubian series." His photograph of a black man dressed as an Ethiopian chief in a striped African robe and feathered headdress was featured by Alfred Stieglitz in the October 1897 issue of *Camera Notes*; Day's biographer, Estelle Jussim, cited the picture as "one of the first photographic embodiments of the idea that 'Black is beautiful.'" In his photograph "Ebony and Ivory," Day further explored the erotic properties of the black body by contrasting the model's dark skin with the white figurine he holds in his hand. Allen Ellenzweig, in *The Homoerotic Photograph*, emphasizes Mapplethorpe's debt to Day: "Certainly Day proffered the black male as a desirable sexual object, aesthetic in himself, worthy of admiration, and, to those open to the possibility, likely to spur sexual longing. What we have here is a forerunner of Robert Mapplethorpe."

In the years between Day and Mapplethorpe, the black male nude was largely invisible, and the pictures that existed were usually done in secret. George Platt Lynes took photographs of black nudes in the early 1950s, but these didn't surface until several decades later.

Morrisroe, pp. 236-8.

In most instances, Mapplethorpe's images of the nude male are isolated, solitary.

Marshall, p. 10.

Mapplethorpe eventually began to photograph his black models against black backdrop paper instead of gray, to enhance the skin's highlights.

Morrisroe, p. 238.

The world of inorganic form is absent save as it is defined by the organic.

Marshall, p. 11.

Black men perceived as physiognomies so symmetrical as not to admit those "accidentals" which for most of us constitute the recognizable self.

Ibid., p. 11.

Black lover / model Milton Moore wouldn't allow Mapplethorpe to take pictures of him until the photographer agreed that he would never show his face and genitals together in the same photograph.

Disappearing into the bedroom, Mapplethorpe returned with a pillowcase, which he then placed over Moore's head before proceeding to shoot several rolls of film.

Morrisroe, p. 246.

[Moore] was afraid family members would see the pictures and figure out he was gay.

White, *Altars*, p. 130.

Robert kept complaining that Milton would only eat "nigger food" and that he couldn't stand it anymore. Robert's relationships with blacks were all terribly sexual, but he didn't actually like them. He constantly called them "niggers," and said they were stupid.

Morrisroe, p. 254.

Mapplethorpe encouraged Moore to take advantage of his "natural rhythm" by presenting him with a pair of tap shoes.

Ibid., p. 248.

Robert had this poor black kid from the South cooped up in what looked like a showroom for a glass company. It was like keeping a tiger on a leash in your apartment.

Ibid., p. 257.

We drove to the beach and everyone was in bathing suits except for Robert and Milton, who were still dressed in black leather. This was not exactly a normal sight for the Hamptons...

Ibid., p. 254.

Asked to photograph a pair of high heels for the German magazine *Stern*, for example, he balanced a shoe on the buttocks of a naked black man; for *Vogue Italia*, he accessorized a black model's body with diamond jewelry; later for a Japanese department store, he photographed the same black model bound by leather belts. The real message of the picture wasn't about fashion, but power and submission, especially as it related to black men, whom Mapplethorpe regarded as the ultimate accessory—a fetish equal to a high-heel shoe, or a diamond elephant pin.

Ibid., p. 287.

Mapplethorpe preferred models, both leather and black, who posed for little or nothing.

Fritscher, p. 172.

George Butler and Charles Gaines' *Pumping Iron: The Art and Sport of Bodybuilding*—Arnold Schwarzenegger and black musclemen.

Ibid., p. 219.

Mapplethorpe's evident parodies of muscleman poses and *House Beautiful* arrangements.

Marshall, p. 14.

I can remember that when I was interviewing black gay men in Atlanta in 1978 several told me that Mapplethorpe was virtually the only photographer who was giving them exciting and beautiful images of their race.

White, *Altars*, p. 129.

Blacks crossed over the same way gays crossed over. Race and sex: blacks and gays. To the mix, Robert carried camera and checkbook.
Fritscher, p. 211.

In the gay seventies, women who were poets, singers, and performance artists were considered chic ornaments for gay men. They were not unlike straight men's trophy wives.

Masculine-identified gay men, particularly, matched up with female partners who were not like female-identified gay men's sisters.
Ibid., p. 119.

Robert, in the final analysis, spotlighted a primal masculinity contrapuntal to the seventies' emerging feminist consciousness.
Ibid., p. 276.

Mapplethorpe's work gives some internal evidence that he clung to Smith as symbolic of some possibility he had lost.
Ibid., p. 75.

Patti Smith: the grieving, about-to-be-widowed Mrs. Robert Mapplethorpe.
Ibid., p. 75.

She was his alter ego. She was the light to his dark. I suspect his photographs of her are his best work.
Ibid., p. 75.

Mapplethorpe's photos are always beautiful, but a Mapplethorpe's photos of Patti Smith is, well, history.
Morrisroe, p. 209.

Patti Smith: Mapplethorpe's twin, his divining androgyne.
n.cit

Robert Having His Nipple Pierced. The scene was pure Warhol. Miss Daley's screening of her film took place in the very room where it had been shot. Some of the silver plastic pillows, their helium depleted, flitted through the film. Robert was there with Patti.
Fritscher, p. 69.

"I just thought it would be an interesting idea, having a ring through your tit," he told the BBC about the early film "Robert Having His Nipple Pierced," the romance of the edge.
Didion, *Women*, N. pag.

In the film Robert and Patti were very like each other, outsiders, pretty, but hungry and skinny, and deathly intense. Patti had a slightly hysterical edge, which I think probably has to do with something in her childhood. She did the soundtrack of the movie. She spoke live; it was an improvised poem. Patti watches while Robert, having his nipple pierced, lies in the arms of a male lover. I think the film was supposed to be about the tensions in Robert's nature, about his attraction to Patti and his attraction to men. They seem to have come to some terms with the ambiguity, perhaps through the film. It encapsulated the moment from which they were all moving away.
Fritscher, p. 70.

Rock music's merchandizing of androgyny.

Morrisroe, p. 215.

Literally, as well as metaphorically, pop culture success depends on who fucks whom.

Fritscher, p. 95.

Pop art faces are generally blank.

Ibid., p. 132.

The Pop couple, Robert Pop and Patti Pop, moved through their Pop Adolescence in the Pop Art World, influenced by the invitation of British Pop. In the Pop Speak of the sixties and seventies, Pop People often played "What movie am I in now?" Pop Urchins living at the Popularly Priced Chelsea hotel, Robert Pop and Patti Pop Popped Pills and listened to Pop Music (to make Pop Music) and watched Pop Movies (to make Pop Movies). Imagine Robert Pop and Patti Pop at a rock horror triple-feature picture show. Consider that the Pops are tropes turning in tandem periodicity to the light of the movie screen.

Ibid., p. 114.

Robert, essentially, was a one-woman man and that woman was his mirror, Patti Smith, whose very existence fueled Robert's introspection.

Ibid., p. 127.

If Mapplethorpe had lived longer, would he have come to his senses after a misspent youth, married Patti Smith (thus redeeming them both from sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll)?

Ibid., p. 136.

Lisa and Patti represent in body type the Mapplethorpe female who is not in the tradition of the fecund female figure. Mapplethorpe's women straddle androgyny by their very slender builds.

Ibid., p. 128.

Lisa Lyon was 5'3", 102 lbs.

Ibid., p. 128.

The plot thickens when Lisa Lyon is cast "as the other woman" who comes between Mapplethorpe and Smith.

Ibid., p. 136.

Edie leaves the stage to be replaced by an inferior version of herself in Ingrid Superstar. Smith replaced by Lyon.

Morrisroe, p. 231.

Although Lisa Lyon had won the 1979 First World's Women's Bodybuilding Championship, she was hardly a stereotypical athlete and regularly took angel dust, quoted Carlos Castaneda, R.D. Laing, and William Blake; she counted among her friends Henry Miller and former Black Panther leader Huey Newton.

Ibid., p. 231.

Lyon was a gifted child who suffered from hallucinations. She developed compulsive rituals such as running around the house counterclockwise and tapping on furniture hundreds of times.

Ibid., p. 231.

She was hurtled into the limelight by winning, in Los Angeles in 1979, the First World Women's Bodybuilding Championship. She had then enraged the new crop of women body builders by declining to defend her title at the Second World Championship, considering herself not so much an athlete as a "performance artist"—a sculptor whose raw material was her own body. Since this material was, in the long run, ephemeral, she was on the lookout for the right photographer to document it. "A mirror," she says, "is not an objective witness."

Chatwin, p. 11.

Driven by her compulsive behavior, she began rigorously counting bicep curls and leg lifts, and when she was too wired to fall asleep at night, she exercised on the trapeze hanging from the ceiling of her apartment. Instead of steroids, she used LSD, which she claimed help reprogram her cellular structure and made it possible for her to lift 265 pounds and squat 285. "I was using LSD to resculpt myself," she said. "Not only was I leaping forward in my body, but I was having visionary experiences. I was going into zones you can't talk about to people."

Ibid., p. 232.

Lyon's drug problems and emotional difficulties.

Ibid., p. 279.

Lyon was a potential marketing goldmine, and plans were underway for an exercise book and a new perfume. Lyon, however, was unwilling to play the game for even a short time. She never dreamed of being an athlete in the first place. She saw herself as a sculptor who used her own body as raw material. Her meeting with Mapplethorpe, then, was serendipitous, for she was searching for a photographer to document her "work-in-progress." Mapplethorpe, coincidentally, was searching for ways to change his gay S&M image.

Ibid., p. 232.

Mapplethorpe complained that Lyon hadn't capitalized on her bodybuilding career, and he couldn't understand why she persisted in labeling herself a "performance artist" when she could have been a female Conan the Barbarian.

Ibid., p. 279.

On Wednesday, February 25, 1976, Schwarzenegger appeared live, as a performance artist, posing, one night only, at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Presenting Schwarzenegger with the bodybuilders Frank Zane and Ed Corney were Pumping Iron authors, Charles Gaines and George Butler.

They were all "Exhibit A" for the panelists debating a kind of pop culture wrestling chautauqua of "Mind versus Body." The panel included professors of fine arts from NYU, of English and comparative literature from Richmond College, and of the Art Department at Rutgers. They were all male and made legitimate by the gender of the assertive moderator, Vicki Goldberg.

That night at the Whitney was historical for itself and for its directly quoted reference of the night nearly 170 years before when Lord Elgin brought the Parthenon marbles to London.

"In June 1808," Goldberg said, "the famous prizefighter Gregson was induced to stand naked in the museum and pose for two hours in various attitudes so that his anatomy could be compared with that of the statues."

At the Whitney that night, Schwarzenegger and Ed Corney and Frank Zane posed on a revolving platform. The SRO crowd went wild. The scene was a gladiator-slave show "straight" out of a Fellini coliseum in ancient, decadent Rome.

As the symposium concluded, Robert worked his way to the green room, where the musclemen were holding court and signing autographs. He invited them to pose for him at his Bond Street studio. Schwarzenegger, the most self-promoting of the three, recognized a kindred soul in Robert Mapplethorpe.

Fritscher, p. 221.

Mapplethorpe confided that the female pubic region was so unattractive to him that he couldn't imagine photographing full-frontal nudes. Instead, he arrived at homoerotic aesthetic: a book entitled *Small-Breasted Women*. How to define small-breasted? Mapplethorpe wondered if women who wore bras should be automatically disqualified, or if "small" meant totally flat. He even worked out on a piece of paper the exact nipple-to-breast ratio of the ideal candidate.

Morrisroe, p. 232.

Lisa Lyon: "These pictures are a little hard, like us."
Chatwin, p. 12.

Lisa Lyon: "I like weapons. They are a part of my reality."
Ibid., p. 12.

She might explain her concept of the prototype for the woman of the eighties: The concept of a woman's body ("neither masculine nor feminine but feline"), her conceptual of body building as ritual, and her concept of the ritual as Art. She might tell how awkward it is to be a white woman in "a port meant for black men"; how she learned to highlight her muscles by darkening her skin with liquid graphite; how she just ordered a further ten tubes of it from the Ace Lock and Key Store in Santa Monica ("graphite's a lock lubricant, you know"); how once, at a performance at a museum in California, anointed with this ceremonial patina, she drew a crowd of thousands to watch her perform a three-minute ritual in front of a chalk wall.

Ibid., p. 12.

In his studies of the bodybuilder Lisa Lyon, it is of course a reversal of stereotypes which Mapplethorpe effects. Precisely the kind of lyric stasis so lovingly studied in male bodies traditionally granted movement and power (in other words, a paradoxical anti-phallicism, if we take our lead from the culture's interpretation of the phallic as dominance, as inflexibility, as denial of the other's response) is withheld in the Lisa Lyon series: Lyon repeatedly subverts, in images of sleek force and definition, the conventions of female iconography she is made to criticize, to parody, to transform.

Marshall, N. pag.

In session after session, Lisa posed as bride, broad, doll, moll, playgirl, beach-girl, bike-girl, gym-girl, and boy-girl; as frog-person, mud-person, flamenco dancer, spiritist medium, archetypal huntress, circus artiste, snake-woman, society woman, young Christian, and kink. She posed in Jamaica. She posed, naked on an arctic day, in Joshua Tree National Monument. One afternoon in New York, she posed flat out on a masseur's bench. "I think there is something of the slab

in this one, don't you? The anatomy table? I don't find it morbid, though. I find it calm."

Chatwin, p. 14.

In the seventies, Patty Hearst, everybody's Pop Debutante of the Decade, was Robert's favorite society child.

Deconstructed as a debutante and reconstructed as a revolutionary, Patty Hearst switched identities with an ease Robert envied. He referenced Hearst as Tonya, Queen of the SLA in his photograph of himself with a machine gun.

Robert loved the pop culture concept of Patty the Deb having her consciousness raised when kidnapped by the Big Black Buck, Cinque, leader of the Symbionese Liberation Army... She was Mapplethorpe's dream girl: the rich bitch who is kidnapped and through force becomes the white sex slave of a dangerous black revolutionary who makes her betray her family and rob banks.

He wanted Patty to be his wild WASP heiress the way the doomed superstar Edie Sedgwick was Warhol's, so he could shoot his own underground movie.

In his black-and-white dreams of race, gender, and money, Robert's fantasy, because of Patty Hearst's mythic pop culture past, was to photograph the rescued heiress as a lacquered Bay Area society matron who had been forced into romance-novel adventures beyond her will to resist.

Fritscher, p. 95.

In the seventies, the decade of black music, black magic, Black power, Black Panthers, and the Symbionese Liberation Army, black males' inherent defiance was Robert's way of realigning hot spin on the cold axis of his formal work.

Ibid., p. 216.

Robert Mapplethorpe has been a society photographer in the largest sense.

Marshall, N. pag.

He wanted to sell photographs to his target market, the radical chic, who had attended Leonard Bernstein's fund-raising party for the Black Panthers in 1970. Agnès Varda had made her films, *Black Panthers* and *Lion's Love* (1969), back to back. *Lion's Love* starred Warhol superstar Viva, the authors of *Hair*, Gerome Ragni and James Rado, and filmmaker Shirley Clarke.

Fritscher, p. 210.

Tom of Finland meets Mapplethorpe in SF in the 70s. In the 80s in NYC.

Pfanner & Khoury," transcription.

Derek Jarman was Mapplethorpe's *bête noire*.

Fritscher, p. 63.

Jarman was the British Mapplethorpe and then some.

Ibid., p. 105.

British film director Derek Jarman remembered that one night in the 1980s, at a party at Heaven, the disco, he was going down one stairway as Robert Mapplethorpe was climbing up another and Robert shouted out, "I have everything I want, Derek. Have you got everything you want?"

Ibid., p. 92.

He assaulted the New York avant-garde with his camera. Robert Mapplethorpe was a cultural terrorist.

Ibid., p. 78.

Love was impossible with him, because the only people he wanted in his life were the rich people, famous people, and people he could have sex with.

Morrisroe, p. 134.

He hated the murder of the rich and famous because it cut into his model and client list.

Fritscher, p. 112.

He was conspicuously apolitical and obsessed with his own career, with a degree of self-absorption friends might have called anarchic individualism and enemies might have labeled narcissism.

Ibid., p. 114.

He was the man who removed Yoko Ono's shades and presented her eyes to the world.

Ibid., p. 127.

He liked dropping the names of Tom Wolfe and Joan Didion before he knew them.

Ibid., p. 99.

He equated publicity with life itself. Following the show, when his name receded from the newspapers, he glumly said, "Well, I guess that's it."

Morrisroe, p. 351.

He appeared in 1987 in an ad selling Roses Lime Juice for Schweppes.

Fritscher, p. 194.

His surname became an answer on the TV game show *Jeopardy* in September 1990.

Ibid., p. 66.

I had to sell a lot of photographs to make the kind of money a painter made from selling just one painting.

Morrisroe, p. 251.

His real thrill was the kill, the sale.

Fritscher, p. 183.

Mapplethorpe: "My theory about creativity is that the more money one has, the more creative one can be."

Morrisroe, p. 286.

He was an aerobic shopper.

Fritscher, p. 79.

Mapplethorpe ran himself like a department store.

Ibid., p. 80.

He loved the surfaceness of haute couture.

Ibid., p. 97.

Their chic glossy-magazine ambience heightens the drama. We've all turned the pages of these magazines, ogled the luxury goods, envied the rich and famous, and then closed them, newly conscious of our own mortality. *Vanitas vanitatum*.

Ashbery, p. 255.

The term "marketable" is an index to the transformation in attitude from formalism to a certain "smooth, stylish, and [academically] marketable Marxism, which had come to replace it.

Danto, p. 19.

Mapplethorpe demonstrated his talent for being a quick-change artist when he flew to London to do portraits of his English friends, From S&M call boys, he was now a photographer of Isabel and Rose Lambton, daughters of a former cabinet minister; Guy Nevill in his riding gear; Lady Astor's granddaughter, Stella; Colin Tennant's son, Charlie; John Paul Getty III; and beer heiress Catherine Guinness. This might indicate some schizoid nature in his work, a meretricious split approach and interest. In fact, although these subjects come from a universe of extravagant contrasts, Mapplethorpe casts them from the same mold. The polished world of high fashion and country-house living seems as hard and brittle as the underworld of burnished chains and studded leather.

Morrisroe, p. 165.

The familiar face of Grace Jones, as photographed by Mapplethorpe, suggests not the androgynous future for which it has come to stand but the nineteenth-century passion for the exotic, the romance with Africa, with Egypt.

Didion, *Women*, N. pag.

I wonder, do Richard Gere and Princess Margaret and Arnold Schwarzenegger feel somehow changed? Robert's tongue never licked their eyeball. Robert's lean body never made love to them.

Fritscher, p. 33.

Aren't many of the other works that complete his oeuvre a hairbreadth away from classy commercial photography?

Ashbery, p. 256.

Basically a commercial photographer with fine art aspirations. He gave good product.

Fritscher, p. 175.

So many gay photographers don't take portraits of nude men. They just shoot pictures of a cock which happens to have an appendage, a person attached to it.

Ibid., p. 74.

The penis, in all the images by Mapplethorpe, is never shown erect. Marshall, N. pag.

Actually, I know no one, at least in California, who thought that Robert would be any more talented, famous, or controversial than the thousand other gay photographers.

Fritscher, p. 95.

Amazingly, Robert never received a really bad review from straight critics.

The gays avoided comment.

"I'm beyond them," Robert said.

Ibid., 80.

Ingrid Sischy once tried to interest a publisher of pornography in Mapplethorpe's work, only to have him refuse to look at it. "I know these pictures," she reports him as saying. "I've never liked them. They're so personal."

Ashbery, p. 255.

Patti Smith, Robert's girlfriend, would show his work to gay dealers who'd reject it; as he recalled, "Several of them told me, 'I think the work is really interesting, but how can I exhibit it without making a statement about who I am?'"

White, *Altars*, p. 129.

Paradoxically, Robert Mapplethorpe is both a link in a long photographic tradition and someone who was startlingly original, without precursors.

Ibid., p. 128.

"If I were a movie, I'd be *I Am a Camera*."

Fritscher, p. 181.

Every Mapplethorpe photograph is a single frame in a movie, which, if it existed, would be a series of dissolves:

the lily dissolves to the genitalia,

the face to the skull,

the skull to the lily.

Ibid., p. 129.

A cover shot is always a signature shot.

Ibid., p. 132.

Mapplethorpe often X-rayed subjects who interested him.

Ibid., p. 73.

It [photography] was the perfect medium, or so it seemed, for the seventies and eighties, when everything was so fast. If I were to make something that took two weeks to do, I'd lose my enthusiasm. It would become an act of labor and the love would be gone. With photography, you zero in; you put a lot of energy into short moments, and then you go on to the next thing. It seems to allow you to function in a very contemporary way and still produce the material.

Morrisroe, p. 133.

If I had been born one hundred or two hundred years ago, I might have been a sculptor, but photography is a very quick way to see, to make sculpture.

Kardon, p. 27.

People don't have time to wait for somebody to paint their portraits anymore, so the money is in photography. It's the perfect medium for our times, because it's of the instant.

Morrisroe, p. 142.

I went into photography because it seemed like the perfect vehicle for commenting on the madness of today's existence.

Ibid., p. 142.

Portraits, flowers, and sex pictures.

Ibid., p. 130.

He described a disconcerting image of a man inserting a finger in his penis as "a perfect picture, because the hand gestures are beautiful. I know most people couldn't see the hand gestures, but compositionally I think it works. I think the hand gesture is beautiful. What it happens to be doing, it happens to be doing, but that's an aside."

Ibid., p. 192.

Mapplethorpe was not an intrusive photographer; he barely raised his voice above a whisper and gave directions by just flicking his hands.

Ibid., p. 211.

The only way Mapplethorpe was able to discuss and evaluate his work; it was whether or not he liked the people, not the pictures.

Ibid., p. 279.

He purposely wore a loose-fitting Katharine Hamnett jacket to the photo session, and while Mapplethorpe smoked a joint, the curator projected a mental image of himself as someone relaxed and friendly. When they moved from the sitting room into the studio area, however, Narine noticed that Mapplethorpe no longer seemed stoned, and that his blurry eyes had assumed an expression steely intensity. He began firing instructions at Narine in a soft but commanding voice: "Move your hands before your lapel... turn your head to the left... shift your eyes to the right." Before Narine had time to think about what was happening to him, he had abdicated control of his own body. "I was suddenly part of the process," he explained, "and I felt myself becoming stiff and formalized. Robert was sculpting me into a Mapplethorpe photograph as surely as I had been a piece of stone."

Ibid., p. 279.

Mapplethorpe, Sontag observes, could never become a photographer of accidents. He wants to photograph whatever can be made to pose.

Marshall, N. pag.

In fact, I was genuinely curious to see how Robert had Mapplethorped me. I'd seen his interpretations of other people I know and how their real faces were transformed into Mapplethorpe masks.

Fritscher, p. 55.

When Robert sent me a package with a print of his photo of me, or perhaps not-me, or, more, what I was then, I hesitated. I wanted to see what this magnificent visionary photographer had found in me. I had to see if I looked dirty: not from the inside out—that id I had always known—but from the outside in. I had to know if I had a gay face: the haunted, hunted, distorted, stereotypical kind. I had to find out if my face had become like the Fellini faces in the bars and baths: a dead

giveaway of whatever night hunger it was that made us terminally different from other men. Had Robert exposed my soul?

Ibid., p. 30.

F. Holland Day - photographer who dieted himself down to emaciation to play the Christ in his own 1898 self-portrait hanging on the cross, *Crucifixion*.

Ibid., p. 184.

Joel-Peter Witkin, 1982 crucifixion photograph, *Penitent*.

Ibid., p. 184.

Mapplethorpe's influences: Edwin Weston's vegetables, Cecil Beaton's fashion studies, Julia Margaret Cameron's portraits, the African-American work by George Dureau and Miles Everett, and male physique work by Eadweard Muybridge, Baron Wilhelm von Gloeden, Fred Holland Day, George Platt Lynes, and Leni Riefenstahl.

Ibid., p. 185.

George Platt Lynes's pictures of erect penises, of black and white male couples, of a suffering man in bondage; he paired nude men with classical sculptures. In all these ways Lynes set an important precedent for Mapplethorpe. Lynes, too, isolated body parts and fetishized sexual organs.

White, Altars, p. 132.

However modern its content, its severe classicism seemed to consign it to another age.

Danto, p. 24.

The photographs seem scarcely to belong to his own time at all. They are controlled, composed exercises in a classical mode. They fit, aesthetically, with the photographs of the nineteenth century, which Mapplethorpe admired and collected, far more than they do with the work of his contemporaries.

Ibid., p. 23.

There were whiffs of Neoclassicism in the air: already, the orthodoxies of Modern Art were grating on people's nerves. No longer was it quite so retrograde for artists to shun the body beautiful; and photographers seemed to be showing the way. It was symptomatic of Robert's approach that he used the Hasselblad as though it were a nineteenth-century plate-camera, slowing down the shutter speeds for greater penetration of the subject.

Chatwin, p. 10.

In 1972, he took a long hard look at the history of photography; although some "great" photographs were anonymous and accidental (just as an *objet trouvé* can be called a "great" object), there were a few photographers with all the attributes of genius. To these pioneers he looked for inspiration; and when he took up portraiture, he turned to one of the greatest portraits of all time—Baudelaire's friend Gaspard-Félix Tournachon, better known as Nadar.

It was Nadar—the photographer of Liszt and of Sarah Bernhardt, of Delacroix and of Rossini—who, marveling at the variety of human expression, perfected the techniques of studio lighting and left a series of character studies unseen in Western art since the realistic portraits of the Roman Republic. And it was Nadar who, in a suit

against his brother, explained to a French law court why his own pictures were inimitable, thus disposing of the theory, still held in some quarters by the ignorant, that the camera is an objective apparatus; that photography is not an art.

Ibid., p. 10.

I think the greatest portrait photographer of all time was Nadar, and he was probably one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting, photographers ever. You can tell by the way the subjects are giving themselves to the camera that they're not sitting in the company of anyone other than their equal. They're not just doing something for a picture; they respect the photographer. Of course, in Nadar's time, it was often the first time they were being photographed, so that the whole experience was not just another photo session, which unfortunately is the case today, because everybody is so oversaturated with photography.

Kardon, p. 27.

Partial views of bent-over nudes may bring to mind Edward Weston's still lifes of single peppers.

Marshall, N. pag.

However wide his subject matter, he could never become a war photographer or a photographer of accidents in the street.

Ibid., N. pag.

He is not really an outlaw; he is a preservationist.

Ibid., N. pag.

He condensed whole feature-length films into single-frame elegance.

Fritscher, p. 45.

Mapplethorpe differs perhaps from other artists in photography by this insistence upon the darkness: if other photographers are artists precisely insofar as they *see the light* and register its capacity to seize and transform our response to the world, Mapplethorpe would be the photographer who sees the darkness.

I have presumed to say that he sees a particular darkness through three subjects: through flowers, through faces, through figures, discarding the prolixity, then, of the real and discarding the prolixity of the unreal. When we are not prolix (which means when we are not liquid), then we are concise (which means we are crystalline), and this indeed is Mapplethorpe's quality and goal: to restore potency to flowers, to restore aesthetic dignity to the genitals, and to restore form to identity—and in so doing to set his images before us in such a way that we realize that what might never have been seen at all can never be seen as anything but what it appears. What is, as Paul Valéry used to say, the realization of the beautiful.

Marshall, N. pag.

Valéry, speaking of the effect of light upon the sea, calls it "a mass of calm and visible reserve."

Ibid., N. pag.

His friend Lynn Davis recalls him asking for stronger and stronger light, to the point where you felt boxed in by power packs if you sat for a portrait.

Ashbery, p. 255 .

Not for him the shadow-stealing of the unauthorized snapshot.
White, *Altars*, p. 30.

Sometimes their bodies are oiled, although Mapplethorpe himself disliked this look, believing it to be reminiscent of corny physique photography of the 1950s, and shot oiled bodies only when the subjects insisted.

Ibid., p. 130.

Mapplethorpe was an adept of the cult of beauty and rejected the freakish photo à la Diane Arbus or the unmasked-celebrity photo à la Avedon.

Ibid., p. 130.

Perfection means you don't question anything about the photograph. I often have trouble with contemporary art because I find it's not perfect.

Kardon, p. 28.

"I'm not after imperfections."

Ashbery, p. 253.

Objectify: the French word for "lens" is *objectif*.

White, *Altars*, p. 130.

Mapplethorpe usually gives us his subject's names, or at least, depending on the model's preference, his first name.

Ibid., p. 131.

... the way the images from the X portfolio were segregated off in specially marked precincts into which one could not possibly wander by accident, so that one had to make a moral decision whether or not to look at them.

White, *Altars*, p. 130.

I confess to being a great deal more excited by Larry Clark's pictures, partly because of their heterosexual content, partly because I imagine the sexual fantasies of most of us are teenage formations that never especially change.

Danto, p. 5.

It is Dionysiac and Apollonian at once.

Ibid., p. 23.

[uninhibited and austere, dirty and pure, wild and disciplined]

Ibid., p. 24.

The book must enter into the very fiber of its reader, whereas the photograph can be glanced at without being assimilated.

White, *Altars*, p. 132.

"Let's face it, most photographers are living their lives vicariously by taking pictures. When they get into sex or pornography it's often a sort of cover-up for their own sexual inactivity or inadequacy. They'd rather do it through the camera and sublimate their desires in order to take pictures.

Ibid., p. 132.

If Mapplethorpe was linked to earlier photographers and painters, he was also genuinely original, especially in his simplicity, his directness, his unapologetic curiosity, the unwavering force of his regard. As any look at gay art, whether literary or plastic, reveals, nothing is so difficult, so recent, so evolved as the simplicity of unmediated vision. Early gay fiction, for instance, is set in ancient Greece or in another country or occurs between innocent schoolboys or touches on the subject of forbidden sexuality only on the last page or takes place between an aristocrat and a lord on a fog-swept island or involves a doomed couple living far from other gay people. Madness or suicide or accidental death is usually the conclusion. Similarly, the alibi of early gay photography is the classical world or ballet or mythology or "scientific" studies of motion or degeneration. Sleeping boys or the dead Christ or the martyred Saint Sebastian or mudlarks fishing coins out of the Thames or naked wrestlers or exotic Arab dancing boys dressed as girls—these are just a few of the pretexts for earlier gay photography.

What is extraordinary about Mapplethorpe is his abandonment of all these contexts, this window dressing for, if you will, the naked fact of sexual curiosity and erotic intensity.

Ibid., p. 132-133.

Homosexuality has always been in a visual ghetto.
Marshall, N. pag.

The artificial atmosphere is often claustrophobic, which, subject matter aside, is even more shocking than that of the erotic pictures.
Ashbery, p. 255.

Pornography ordinarily represents the sexual organs, making them into a motionless object (a fetish), a flattered like an idol that does not leave its niche; for me, there is no *punctum* in the pornographic image; at most it amuses me (and even then, boredom follows quickly). The erotic photograph, on the contrary (and this is its very condition), does not make the sexual organs into a central object; it may very well not show them at all; it takes the spectator outside its frame, and it is there that I animate this photograph and that it animates me. The *punctum*, then, is a kind of subtle *beyond* — as if the image launched desire beyond what it permits us to see: not only "the rest" of the nakedness, not only toward "the rest" of the nakedness, not only toward the fantasy of a *praxis*, but toward the absolute excellence of a being, body and soul together.

Barthes, *Camera*, p. 59.

"I am obsessed with beauty. I want everything to be perfect and, of course, it isn't. And that's a tough place to be because you're never really satisfied."

Morrisroe, p. 182.

George Dureau was another photographer whose work attracted Mapplethorpe's attention; Dureau, a resident of New Orleans, had a curious relationship to his models, many of whom were dwarves and amputees. "I ran a little kingdom where I was an esteemed patriarch," he said, "and the blacks were like natives of my village." Dureau often met his models by driving through the city in his pickup truck and offering to give them a ride; his photographs were strategically placed in the backseat. "They'd look at them and say, 'What a coincidence! I

have a missing leg, too,' "Dureau explained. "Then I'd offer to photograph them. Almost everyone on earth wants to be remembered." When Mapplethorpe saw a picture of Dureau's longtime lover, Wilbert Hines, nicknamed "Wing Ding," whose left arm had been amputated at the elbow, he wrote to the photographer and asked if he could buy the photograph. He then invited Dureau to New York, where the two men discussed their approach to the subject of black men. Dureau explained that he viewed his models' handicaps as visual metaphors, and that despite their disabilities, he saw them as vibrant, sexual creatures. Dureau spent only a short time taking pictures; most of his efforts, he said, were directed at understanding the model as a human being. "Okay," Mapplethorpe interrupted, "but what's your feeling about their armpits?" Dureau was appalled by his single-minded focus on sex. "I was searching for the greatest universal truths," he said, "and Robert was searching for pungent armpits."

Ibid., p. 238.

He almost always used coke during a shooting and frequently offered it to his sitters. The wide-eyed stare that became a distinguishing characteristic of his portraits was often the result of cocaine, and when it wasn't, he seemed to be aiming for a sharp "coke look."

Ibid., p. 267.

As early as 1971, he made the astonishing confession – or was it a challenge, even a defiance? – about his work as a portrait-maker: "I often don't know who these people are. It's not that important to me. I never had heroes."

Marshall, N. pag.

In Mapplethorpe's portraits, almost no one is smiling.

Ibid., N. pag.

A remarkable exception to this general solemnity of regard is the portrait of Louise Bourgeois (one of three superb effigies of old women artists in *Certain People*, the others, Alice Neel and Lee Krasner, revealed as flaunting the damages of a lifetime like a shield before them, stoically endured). Sometimes exhibited or reproduced in a cropped version, the Louise Bourgeois portrait then seems no more than a rictus of mysterious complicity. Seen in the version Mapplethorpe prints in the book, the complicity is accounted for: under her arm (and she is wearing a shaggy monkey fur jacket which accentuates the spooky side of things), she carries like a sidearm her own sculpture of a two-foot phallus-and-testicles, lighted and held in such a way as to form the base of a sinister – castrational? – pyramid. The livid light on Bourgeois' face, explicitly tracing the seamed and wrinkled flesh, pronounces sentence on the entire composition: like some sibyl out of Petronius, the sculptor is on her way to a ceremony of puzzling erotic nature; she knows what she is about to do, as the shocking hand makes explicit: fingers can be taught, but that thumb was born knowing.

Ibid., N. pag.

The portrait of Roy Cohn made in 1981 is precisely the portrait of everything that name has come to signify, and the portrait is not so much a proleptic death mask as a Veronica's Veil of ill-omen, floating in a black void, bodiless and therefore soulless.

Ibid., N. pag.

Susan Sontag asked Mapplethorpe what he does with himself when he poses, to which he answered, 'try to find that part of the subject which is self-confident.'

Ibid., N. pag.

A Mapplethorpe portrait represents a power of the flesh as a Mapplethorpe flower constitutes an effigy of sacred assertion: it figures Being taken – posed, beguiled, inveigled by all the sortileges of darkness – to the very limits of itself, all that flesh is heir to without the connivance of circumstance.

Ibid., N. pag.

What we call the facial mask has momentarily triumphed over individuality, over the personal, the human, and all that the merely human hides. Indeed, in the face of such an image, I no longer know why we must praise an artist, a photographer, for being "human," when as Mapplethorpe shows us, all that fulfills and completes humanity is inhuman.

Ibid., N. pag.

Nothing of Diane Arbus' fascinated repulsion in Mapplethorpe's exploration of drastic erotic identities.

Ibid., N. pag.

Faces are transpicuous with energy, with appetite, yet there is always the gravity of the features, of the flesh which pulls, which ponderates, in the sense of bearing down what aspires to rise, to mount to expression, to identity.

Ibid., N. pag.

I've tried to juxtapose a flower, then a picture of a cock, then a portrait, so that you could see they were the same thing.

Kardon, p 25.

Robert gave people permission to be avant-gardistes with photographs of lilies in the dining room, because, as soon as everyone knew about his fisting photographs, his lilies gained an edge. The flowers opened up whispered avant conversations about his forbidden photographs, which, at first, not too many had been granted favor to see.

Edward Steichen said in 1963 that the custom in New York since the 1920s was to hang nude art, especially photographs, discreetly away in the bedroom.

"So the subtext of the flower photographs' popularity is the existence of the nude and leathersex photographs?"

"The forbidden photographs," Edward replied, "made the flowers desirable, salable."

"Did that same sexual subtext cause his celebrity portraits to succeed?"

"He definitely benefited from his private history. Of course, it was sexy to be shot by such a naughty boy."

Fritscher, p. 72.

Sam Wagstaff: "As an old-fashioned gesture I once sent Mapplethorpe some flowers at Easter which, to my chagrin were greeted with snarls. 'I hate flowers,' he said and pretended to spit on them. Now, if you will, he still spits on them but with his Hasselblad, or he does

something perverse to them that nobody else seems to have thought of before."

Morrisroe, p. 182.

Many of Mapplethorpe's flowers appear to have lost their virginity, as though the photographer himself had defiled them in some exotic and unspeakable way. There was an air of the kidnapper about him as he rushed home from Gifts of Nature, a florist shop on Sixth Avenue, his arms laded with orchids, irises, and tuberose. By the time he had finished photographing his "gifts of nature" he had no connection to nature at all and had become, in Mapplethorpe's words, "New York flowers"—hard edged and decadent. Like the hero of Joris-Karl Huysman's novel *Against Nature*, Mapplethorpe despised "bourgeois blooms" and preferred orchids and lilies—the "princesses of the vegetable kingdom," or in his case, the "princes."

Flowers being the sex organs of plants, Mapplethorpe's view of botanical reproduction was colored by his own sexual interests; he transformed protruding pistils and stamens into male genitalia. "My approach to photographing a flower is not much different than photographing a cock. Basically it's the same thing."

Mapplethorpe treated his flowers no differently than the men who modeled for him. He didn't know what to do with the flowers once he had taken their picture, and since he didn't want the responsibility of watering them, he tossed them in his garbage bin before they wilted and died.

Ibid., p. 182.

He always saved Robert his filthiest jockstraps and his best blooms for Robert's Baudelairean flowers-of-evil still lives.

Fritscher, p. 27.

Janet Kardon: Do you think they're threatening?

Robert Mapplethorpe: That's not the exact word. But they're not fun flowers.

Kardon, p. 25.

The "expression" of the uncircumcised glans and the "assertion" of the cut flower.

Marshall, N. pag.

In the heat of ardor, you might think, "That's an elegant cock." Normally, it's not a subject you would consider elegant. But you think of flowers as possessing an elegance, or refinement, and I think you treat the flowers like the cocks and the cocks like the flowers.

Ibid., N. pag.

These frozen bouquets are so exquisite that they might almost have us forget the fact that hours or days after they have posed here they will end up on the street waiting for the garbage trucks. S

Sischy, "Robert Mapplethorpe: a Society Artist," N. pag.

Flowers spring up against their own weight; engorged with juice, they are never shown attached to the cycle which would make their momentary victory more than just that.

Marshall, N. pag.

Mapplethorpe: I don't love flowers and I don't like having them.

Q: What don't you like about living with them... the bother of watering them?

A: Watering them and dripping on the floor.

Q: And watching them die?

A: And watching them die and feeling guilty about them. I can't have part of my life devoted to flowers. But I can photograph them and get excited about photographing them... I'll sort of force myself to photograph them before they die because I know I can get a good picture of them.

Ibid., N. pag.

His concern for the flowers is almost touching.
Ashbery, p. 253.

Flowers – just think of Emily Dickinson, of Georgia O'Keeffe, with their patient explorations of bloom – which have so traditionally been associated with female art and female organs, are here, in their engorged, erectile, anti-chthonic forms, identified with that "male" principle we so clumsily (and often so reductively) decry as "phallic."

Marshall, N. pag.

Taking revenge on the flowers for the transience of their perfection.

Ashbery, p. 253.

"I think flowers have a certain edge... I don't know if 'nasty' is the right word—if you look at the picture of the orchid, to me it is a kind of scorpion—it has a sharp edge to it. I get something out of flowers that other people don't get.. I love the pictures of flowers more than I love real flowers."

Ibid., p. 253.

What is spoken, Heidegger says, is never – and in no language – what is said. I might add: not even in the language of flowers.

Marshall, N. pag.

On bright days, when the rest of Manhattan scintillates in the sunshine, he will emerge onto the sidewalk, screw up his face, and say, "I hate the sun."

Chatwin, p. 10.

Can one feel sympathy for an artist who hates not only flowers but sunlight too?

Ashbery, p. 253.

Because he is fashionable, because there is tremendous demand for his work, and because so much of it cannot be shown in public, these presumably innocent photographs of flowers have been summoned to stand in for the others. It is impossible to look at them and ignore their context, and so they have taken on a further ambiguity: They are, in effect, calling attention to the pictures that are hidden from view. Like fig leaves for absent genitalia, they point to the scandal of what is not there.

Ashbery, p. 254.

Yeats: "the mystery which touches the genitals, a blurred touch through a curtain." Marshall, N. pag.

This wasn't in the original plan: at most Mapplethorpe was trying to make some money with the flowers to finance other work that mattered more to him.

Ashbery, p. 255.

A vase of tulips, more disheveled and past their prime than he usually allows his subjects to get, is perched perilously on the edge of a table; one tulip at far left is about to swan-dive into the abyss.

Ibid., p. 256.

The great white calla lily whose horizontal lines serve as a foil to its proud gold erection, strikes an uncharacteristic jubilant note. It is an invitation to pleasure that will not be rebuffed.

N. Cit.

"Nulle fleur du jardin n'égale ma splendeur, / Mais la nature, hélas! n'a pas versé d'odeur / dans mon calice fait comme un vase de Chine." ("No other flower of the garden equals me in splendor, But nature, alas! poured no scent into my calyx, shaped like a Chinese vase.")

N. Cit.

AIDS was too popular a form for Mapplethorpe to be excluded.

Fritscher, p. 216.

Several photographers who have AIDS all said they'd speeded up their production.

Ibid., p. 77.

Mapplethorpe, unlike Rock Hudson, wasn't a sympathetic AIDS victim.

N. Cit.

You know, faggots are dying.

Morrisroe, p. 270.

Contrary to his fears that rumors of AIDS would ruin his career, the disease only served to increase his sales potential. He was already one of the most visible photographers in the world, and during the past decade his work had been the subject of sixty-nine one-person shows, five books, and fifteen catalogues. But AIDS would soon catapult him into another realm of celebrityhood; unfortunately, nothing enhanced his life more than the prospect of his leaving it. "I don't think it's impossible to sell a million dollars' worth of Robert's pictures," Howard Read boasted to dealer Peter MacGill. "He's ill."

Prices often escalate after an artist's death—"the deader, the better" goes the art world saying—so Mapplethorpe's terminal illness had, according to Read, created a "built-in market condition," whereby people purchased Mapplethorpe photographs in anticipation of his demise. "AIDS," Read said, "had a terrific influence."

Lisa Lyon recalled a photography dealer calling her up to see if she'd sell some of her Mapplethorpe photographs from *Lady*. "The dealer said, 'You know, Robert's dead,' " she explained, "so I immediately got crazy and said, 'What do you mean he's dead?' Then the dealer told me, 'Well, he's dead... in terms of the market.'"

Ibid., p. 323.

Mapplethorpe's ability to discuss his work in terms of "just starting" was an example of how he truly believed in the magic power of

his own creativity, and how, despite his deteriorating body, he was still capable of expanding the boundaries of his vision. Physically, however, he was like the photograph of Thomas Williams trapped in the circle. The neuropathy was spreading from his feet to his legs, and from his fingers to his hands. Since Mapplethorpe had long defined his identity in terms of sex, it must have terrified him to imagine a nerve disorder traveling to his genitals, and he obsessed on the idea that when it struck the center of his body, it meant he would no longer exist.

Yet AIDS had already diminished his sexual desire, and in response, he wasn't focusing on black nudes anymore. "I'm over that phase," he told Janet Kardon. "I'm not photographing anything naked these days. That isn't to say I won't again, but I haven't been concentrating on bodies recently." Instead, he turned his attention to marble statues—"chilly white icons of desire," as art critic Kay Larson described them.

In doing so, Mapplethorpe had come full circle, for having once excelled at transforming his models into pieces of sculpture, he was now attempting to breathe life into stone. Most of the statues he photographed were nineteenth and twentieth-century reproductions of classical gods, which Dimitri Levas bought for him at Malmaison. Mapplethorpe purposely sought the reproductions because the ancient classical figures were rarely in perfect condition, and he did not want to own them if they were missing "noses and things." Yet even his reproduction gods failed to measure up to his exacting standards, and discovering a slight mark on the bridge of Apollo's nose, he sent the statue out to be professionally cleaned. He then began sending all his statues out for cleaning until Levas finally put a stop to it. "This is ridiculous," he said. "You're ruining the beautiful patina and making them look like brand-new statues. It doesn't make any sense."

Ibid., p. 334.

To legitimize itself from stigmas, bodybuilding often referenced classic statuary. Gaines's pop-seminal *Pumping Iron* called bodybuilders "living sculpture."

Fritscher, pp. 221-2.

John Russell Taylor, in a review of the show for *The Times*, attributed the sudden surge of interest in Mapplethorpe not to his talent, which he found to be on the level "of the average photographic graduate from art school," but to the elaborate myths surrounding his career: "Certainly no photographer of recent times—perhaps no photographer ever—has been so ruthlessly hyped, so skillfully merchandised." The issue of Mapplethorpe's impending death from AIDS only served to enhance the myth.

Morrisroe, p. 232.

A late exhibition of Mapplethorpe's busts and religious icons. Gallery-goers meditated on his photograph of a crucified Christ figure as if they were studying the Pietà. One man swore he could see a real tear in the eye of an African bronze.

Ibid., p. 356.

Mapplethorpe's Whitney retrospective, summer 1988. People poured into the exhibit by the dozens, until Mapplethorpe was nearly engulfed by a crowd that numbered sixteen hundred. The museum's air conditioning was malfunctioning, so the rooms were sweltering, and the fashionably attired guests were soon complaining that the museum felt like a sauna.

Meanwhile, paparazzi encircled the couch hoping to capture what was fast becoming a new genre of celebrity portraiture—the AIDS shot.

Ibid., p. 345.

Mapplethorpe's eyes were one of the few parts of his body relatively unaffected by the disease, and his compulsion to weed the ugly from the beautiful was the only way he could still exert control over his life. Fittingly, his last self-portrait was a picture of his eyes only.

Ibid., p. 354.

Among the last images was a faint self-portrait, followed by his signature—"Robert Mapplethorpe... Robert Mapplethorpe... Robert Mapplethorpe"—until his name was reduced to a blur.

Ibid., p. 359.

I used to think Mapplethorpe's photography was grim with the restrictive occasions of obsession and fetishism; but after a certain meditation, pondering their reasons and their realizations, I discern these pictures — a good share of them — to be emblems of contested mortality, grave with the contradictions of organic life in their aspiration to ecstasy, as crystalline in terms of their own art as the sonatas of Scarlatti or the last paintings of Mondrian, but as problematic, as imprecatory as any representation of the body I know, fond enemy and ally.

Marshall, N. pag.

Mapplethorpe's final photo-sort profiles the homage he paid to photographers, historical or personal friends, who influenced him or whom he admired: F. Holland Day (*Orpheus Series, Return to Earth*), Adolph de Meyer (*The Opium Smoker and Portrait of Robert Stowitz in a Diaghilev Ballet*), Harold Edgerton (*30 Cal. Bullet through an Apple*), George Dureau (assorted male nude studies), Peter Hujar (selected images), Clarence Kennedy (fashion and society sculpture studies), Angus McBean (male face portrait and reclining male nude), George Platt Lynes, Julia Margaret Cameron (*The Shadow of the Cross*), Edward Curtis (*Native American Portraits: Crow-Chief White Swan and The Potter, Hopi*), Edward Steichen (*Fashion Portrait*), Alfred Stieglitz (*Portrait of Marie Rapp*), three from Diane Arbus, two from Bruce Weber, seven from Joel-Peter Witkin (Lisa Lyon as Hercules, bearded, and Mandan, depicting the sun dance ritual enacted by Fakir Musafar), five from longtime friend and Mapplethorpe Foundation board member Lynn Davis (*Iceberg and Selected Images*), and two from Annie Leibovitz (*John Lennon and Yoko Ono, 1980: Lennon nude, curled fetally across the reclining Ono whose hair flows across the floor; this photograph was taken the afternoon of the evening Lennon was shot*).

Fritscher, p. 89.

Drawings, photographs and screens of Mapplethorpe, sold on the auction block: Patti Smith, *Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith Go to Coney Island Together*, graphite and crayons, \$400; David Hockney, *Portrait of Robert Mapplethorpe*, pen and black ink on paper, New York, June 1, 1971, \$75,000; Francesco Clemente, *Untitled (Robert Mapplethorpe)*, watercolor on paper, March 1976, \$15,000; Don Bacardy, *Portrait of Robert Mapplethorpe*, pen and black ink wash on paper, February 2, 1979, \$1,500; Tom of Finland, *Portrait of Robert Mapplethorpe*, 1979, \$600; Andy Warhol, *Portrait of Robert Mapplethorpe*, synthetic polymer silkscreen on canvas - unframed. 1983, \$120,000.

Ibid., p. 90.

After Mapplethorpe's death, magazine mail-order advertisements offered an edition of collectible "dinner" plates printed with his signature calla lily. T-shirts are sold in museum shops along with posters and greeting cards. His photographs appear on refrigerator magnets manufactured in places where copyright means nothing.

Fritscher, p. 192.

Three Mapplethorpe photographs were found, trashed in a dumpster in San Rafael. At the time vintage Mapplethorpe sold for \$10,000. The photographs, all signed, were dated 1977.

Ibid., p. 187.

The Vatican's art collection is rumored to have more than one "forbidden" Mapplethorpe.

Ibid., p. 185.

Mapplethorpe's memorial service at the Whitney Museum was a "guests only" affair, and several of the photographer's friends who wanted to pay their respects had to sneak past the Mapplethorpe sentinels at the door. Music executive Danny Fields, who had been the first person to befriend Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith at Max's Kansas City, was confronted by a woman demanding "Where's your ticket?" When he confessed he didn't have one. "It's a memorial service," he said, "not a rock concert"—he was informed that without a ticket he couldn't have a seat, although standing room was still available in the back. "One of the ushers was a friend of mine," Fields recalled, "so I told him, 'This is embarrassing ... get me a seat.' Then I looked around me, and I couldn't figure out what any of the people had to do with Robert's life. There were no black men, and I didn't see any of the gay crowd from the Eagle's Nest or the Mineshaft. It was mostly art dealers in suits and leaders of fashion society, and you could almost see prices climbing in everybody's heads. It was like an auction at Christie's."

Photographer Sheila Metzner was overheard saying, "I feel bad that Robert's dead, but I'm just glad to be alive." A photographer from *British Vogue* was trying to get pictures of the memorial for the magazine, and the celebrity count was on the low side.

Morrisroe, p. 368.

He lovingly photographed his things in the glamorous, pricey style suited for beautiful commercial print ads for magazines to up their resale value.

When finally his precious objects were auctioned, he had, in addition, his beautiful photographs of them: sale objects selling themselves. The physical collectible might be sold, but he maintained ownership of the negatives of their photographs. Because he photographed the objects, they were worth even more, endorsed by his selection and enhanced by his take.

Every perfect object served double duty.

Through his camera, he multiplied his loot.

He not only sold the stuff.

He sold photographs of the stuff.

The Christie's auction was a collection of the relics of St. Mapplethorpe.

He endorsed his collection the way athletes endorse Wheaties. He upped the value. A George Sakier glass vase became even more important when collected, photographed, and signed by Mapplethorpe.

Fritscher, p. 79.

When Arthur C. Danto's overwhelming *Mapplethorpe*, created with the cooperation of Robert's estate, appeared with 280 duotones, London's Harrods, one of the world's largest departments stores, declared the book pornographic. The same week in November 1992, Harrods sold out, in one hour, their entire allotment of Madonna's book, *Sex*, with heterosexual and lesbian photographs by Stephen Meisel.

Ibid., p. 91.

Actually, the Mapplethorpe Truth is not going to match the Mapplethorpe Legend. And people will always prefer the legend.

Ibid., p. 92.

Mapplethorpe would love the contretemps of corporate biography competing with personal reminiscence.

Ibid., p. 92.

Mapplethorpe had excluded his parents from his multimillion-dollar will.

Morrisroe, p. 368.

No one claimed Mapplethorpe's ashes.

Ibid., p. 369.

h - Glass

"New York," Zelda said, "is more full of reflections than of itself."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 59.

The reflecting surfaces, of the ironic, of the epic order, suspended in the New York atmosphere, have yet to show symptoms of shining out, and the monstrous phenomena themselves, meanwhile, strike me as having, with their immense momentum, got the start, got ahead of, in proper parlance, any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture.

James, p. 83.

City of a million mirrors, actual and unseen.

Reisenberg, p. 207.

Self-consciousness has come to suggest a beam of light thrown back upon itself after impact with a reflecting surface.

Gasche, p. 16.

Reflections and mirrorings, transparent and translucent building materials are carefully calculated and organized to focus divergent spatial vistas in one visual grasp.

Friedberg, p. 120.

The reflecting surfaces, of the ironic, of the epic order, suspended in the atmosphere, have yet to show symptoms of shining out, and the monstrous phenomena themselves, meanwhile, strike me as having, with their immense momentum, got the start, got ahead of, in proper parlance, any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture.

James, p. 378.

The vertical reflections on the sidewalk.

Sharpe, p. 125.

A window-ledge refraction, where the curved surface of a brandy glass capsizes the skyline of Washington Square South, holding it afloat and inverted: the city acquiescently melts in the transparent *chambre claire* of the glass.

Conrad, p. 175.

A viewer can't tell whether a pane of glass acts like a mirror or a cloth.

Kozloff, n. pag.

The street dies in the mirror.

Garfias, p. 305.

The city rights and assigns, that is, it signifies, orders, stipulates. What? That is to be discovered by reflection.

Lefebvre, p. 102.

Reflection is the structure and the process of an operation that, in addition to designating the action of a mirror reproducing an object, implies that mirror's mirroring itself, by which process the mirror is made to see itself.

Gasche, pp. 16-7.

The metaphor of the mirror—producing substitutive, deceptive, illusory vision—and the metaphor of the window—producing direct, veridical, unmediated vision—imply very different epistemological consequences.

Friedberg, p. 15.

New York was more full of reflection than of itself—the only concrete things in town were the abstractions.

Fitzgerald, *Waltz*, p. 68.

Is there any other place where an entire cloud bank can be completely reflected in the windows of one wall of only one building, and with room to spare?

Finney, p. 10.

Glass, in hues of plum to bronze to charcoal, that mirror their towering neighbors.

N. cit.

The blackness somewhere gouged glass on a sky.

Crane, "The Tunnel," p. 63.

In the large plate glass, he saw a clear reflection of himself and the crowds that were passing, like shadows at his back.

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 285.

Imagine a city iridescent by day, luminous by night, imperishable! Buildings—shimmering fabrics—woven of rich glass—glass all clear or part opaque and part clear—patterned in color or stamped... Such a city would clean itself in the rain, would know no fire alarms nor any glooms. [Purity] [Weather]

Friedberg, p. 116.

I start to stalk the dark, cold streets off Central Park West and I catch sight of my face reflected in the tinted windows of a limousine that's parked in front of Café des Artistes.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 163.

Stopping on the corner of East Fourth I catch my reflection superimposed in the glass covering of an Armani Exchange ad.

[Advertisting]

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 107.

If you're left alone, you cheer up yourself by becoming an amusing stranger to yourself in the mirror, relying on it to supply you with company.

Conrad, p. 102.

Reflection shows itself to mean primarily self-reflection, self-relation, self-mirroring.

Gasche, p. 13.

We don't think about it. The girls keep looking in the mirror... which is all right by me. I loathe narcissism, but I approve of vanity.

Vreeland Papers, NYPL.

The sides of tall buildings on Forty-second Street reflect the lightnings and amplify the crashes.
Reisenberg, pp. 189-190.

Boxes of various products, bottles, cars, always cellophaned and supplied with reflections. [Commodity]
Corbusier, p. 101.

... the shattered glass glittered in the street like the water of a flooded river upon the surface of which I ran as in a dream...
Ellison, p. 546.

Warhol suggested that the Velvet Underground's LP have a built-in skip so that the line "I'll be your mirror" would repeat infinitely.
"I'll Be Your Mirror," N. pag.

With the inordinate length of the buildings, and the winking colors of the traffic controls, all the motions are doubled, tripled and magnified tenfold by the asphalt—which has been licked as clean as a mirror by the rain.
Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 47.

When glass architecture comes in, there will not be much more talk of windows either; the word "window" will disappear from the dictionaries... The window will effectively become the wall.
Scheerbart, p. 55

Windows are much more expensive to build than blank walls; they occupy valuable wall space; they increase heating costs; their washing is a big item of expense; and the light they admit fades most kinds of hangings and decorations more rapidly than does artificial light.
American Meteorological, p. 88.

As a transparent vehicle, the window is that which admits light—or spirit—into the initial darkness of the room. But if glass transmits, it also reflects. And so the window is experienced by the symbolist as a mirror as well—something that freezes and locks the self into the space of its own reduplicated being. Flowing and freezing; *glace* in French means glass, mirror, and ice; transparency, opacity, and water.
Krauss, pp. 59-60.

The metaphors of windows and mirrors fall into a slippery discursive tumble of synecdoche and displacement.
Friedberg, p. 18.

Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows!
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 6.

Brick culture does us only harm.
Friedberg, p. 115.

The 1920s had delighted in hard surfaces.
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 470.

The concept of transparency takes on a new set of meanings in the utopian turns of architectural modernism.
Friedberg, p. 117.

Transparency has an odd effect on the discursive "materiality" of glass.

Ibid., p. 117.

Transparency means simultaneous perception of different spatial locations.

Ibid., p. 119.

dematerializing the corners

Ibid., p. 119.

Thermopane, a type of double glazed window with two pieces of glass separated by a sealed air space invented in 1930s, reduces the degree of air-conditioning ordinarily needed to counter the effect of the sun on so much skyscraper glass, thus making it possible for glass curtained buildings. [Climate]

Trager, p. 578.

A complete visibility without exposure of the other senses.

Friedberg, p. 117.

All around you is a building unchanged from the day it was built, including the room you stand in and very possibly even the glass pane you look through. And this is what's unique in New York: *Everything you see outside the window is also unchanged.* [Memory] [Nostalgia] [Stasis] Finney, pp. 74-5.

The condition of the window implies a *boundary* between the perceiver and the perceived. It establishes as a condition for perception a formal *separation* between a subject who sees the world and the world that is seen, and in so doing it sets the stage, as it were, for that retreat or withdrawal of the self from the world which characterizes the dawn of the modern age. Ensclosed behind the window the self becomes an observing *subject*, a *spectator*, as against a world which becomes a *spectacle*, an *object* of vision.

Friedberg, p. 16.

One gloomy afternoon, millions were won and lost in bets over which raindrop would first reach the bottom of a window.

Culbertson & Randall, p. 150.

One window was streaked with something that looked like soy sauce.

Kinhead, p. 18.

Window cleaners charge very high prices and do a smeary, slovenly job of window cleaning.

Atkinson, p. 30.

Lever House: a traveling gondola suspended from its roof enables window cleaners to wash its 1,404 panes of heat-resistant blue-green glass, but the windows are sealed, the centrally air-conditioned building makes profligate use of energy, and it will be a model for energy wasting architectural extravaganzas that will be constructed throughout most of the world.

Trager, p. 590.

I looked out the windows, and they were dirty, very much the tonality of Rauschenberg's pictures. They were very much New York Lower Broadway windows.

Kostelanetz, p. 5.

Although New York has more windows than any other city in the world, it has no window life. In Italy, a large part of the day is happily spent leaning on the windowsill. When Spain was a land of peace, much of her social life was carried on from the balcony. A dance in a London square brings neighbouring footmen, housemaids and passersby to see the waltzing figures pass lighted windows. Tweenies in curl papers gaze dreamily down into lamplit squares before going to bed. Yet here, in New York, never a face is to be seen at the numberless windows. Only when one passes them in a train do these illuminated frames show any life at all—a family in shirt-sleeves, eating its evening meal in full view of the plumbing fixtures; a couple dancing halfheartedly to an unheard radio; a man, like a wax figure, studying an unseen mirror as he shaves his latherless face with an electric razor. [Voyeur]

Beaton, *Portrait*, p. 30.

Rosario Candela: designer of irregular fenestration. [Candela]
[Architecture]

Hawes, N. pag.

Windows split the city's great hell
into tiny hellets—vamps with lamps.
Mayakovsky, "Hell" p. 505.

Tall office buildings closed up for the night with drawn curtains, so that the faces of the buildings looked hard and cruel and lifeless.
Stevens, *Letters*, pp. 67-8

Windows rather sinister in their lidded blankness.
Conrad, p. 103.

Blank windows gargle signals through the roar. [Sound]
Crane, "Tunnel," p. 95.

Voyeur, Exhibitionism

Darkness whirls
streaks of light, shadows
against people's windows:
are you in?
Parland, p. 346.

The odd idea that New Yorkers abhor shades or window treatment, content with the knowledge that everyone can (and does) see each other.
Sharpe, p. 274.

When we moved in, I acquired a pair of binoculars. Now, I stand in the kitchen, binoculars trained on the twenty-storey building next door. Any neighbors who don't like it, I reasoned at first, could simply draw their nets. Not one window opposite has net curtains; not one has any curtains that close for that matter.

No one knows or apparently cares that I am watching. If you assume the world outside is hostile, you try to shut it out. If you assume that it's merely impersonal, that it doesn't give a damn about you either way, there's no point in bothering.

Blandford, p. 11.

Voyeurism rests on a kind of *fiction*, more or less justified in the order of the real, a fiction that stipulates that the object "agrees," that it is therefore exhibitionist.

Metz, p. 62.

One night window offers the man sexual fantasy, the other domestic drudgery.

Sharpe, p. 274.

How much undressing will the girl do by the window? Will she turn out the light or discover our presence before she is naked?

Ibid., p. 274.

All voyeuristic desire depends on the infinite pursuit of its absent object.

Metz, p. 60.

Town of snoopers, peepers, keyhole astronomers.

Reisenberg, p. 208.

The voyeur is very careful to maintain a gulf, an empty space, between the object and the eye, the object and his own body... the voyeur represents in space the fracture which forever separates him from the object.

Metz, p. 60.

Edward Hopper, tireless street prowler and elevated snooper.

Sharpe, p. 277.

Hopper used the vantage point of the nighttime elevated train to encourage viewers to fantasize about people never to be seen again—except in the picture frame, where they are frozen forever in the instant when their unknowability hovers on the edge of a giveaway act.

Ibid., p. 277.

Racing up Third Avenue on the el, gazing into living rooms out of John Sloan or Edward Hopper.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

"Nighthawks," he once said, "seems to be the way I think of a night street."

Levin, *Hopper*, p. 349.

Bare interiors starkly lit by electric light spotlight the invisible desperation of motionless people in their supposed leisure hours.

Conrad, p. 102.

From a position above the street, he looks in to an upper-story apartment. Three windows glow; the middle one reveals, in a patch of interior light, the buttocks, bare legs, and bare back of a slip-clad woman who bends forward into her room, away from the window. Her head

and feet are cut off by the heavy masonry of her apartment building's walls. Her vulnerability—or is it availability?—to the implied male viewer is signaled by the open window on the left, whose thin curtain, echoing the curve of her torso, flutters out in the breeze. Meanwhile, the window on the right glares flame-like through a backlit red curtain... The central window and the provocative posterior beckon at the cusp of the curve, open to the night air, while an exterior ledge wide enough to support a bold criminal or lover accentuates the rounding of the corner, the broachable interior, and the soft fall of light from inside outward.

Sharpe, pp. 278-9.

The couple on the El have turned away, twisting awkwardly together in their desire to guard themselves from observation.

Conrad, p. 104.

Hopper recalled that the picture "was probably first suggested by many rides on the 'L' train in New York City after dark and glimpses of office interiors that were so fleeting as to leave fresh and vivid impressions on my mind."

Sharpe, p. 281.

He commented that his "East Side Interior" (1922) derives from "memories of glimpses of rooms seen from the streets in the eastside in my walks." (cf. Haden: "Lovecraft and his circle spent several years, on and off, exploring the city by night..." [Flâneur])

Conrad, p. 101.

A Hopper interior is never a shelter. Seeing into his rooms, you see through them, as with that glass box which contains, as if in a cage or an aquarium, his "Nighthawks." No blinds mask the scenes of depression or sexual discontent he looks in on because the emotional lives of his people are as unfurnished as their rooms or the streets they frequent in the small hours.

Ibid., p. 105.

The painter's surest way of knowing his fellow citizens is to spy on them.

Ibid., p. 101.

[John Sloan] was offended when, in his new studio on West 4th Street, some Italians salaciously bored holes through the wall to peek at the artist closeted with his models.

Ibid., p. 101.

Sloan's looking is a speculative sympathy, a guessing fascination with the lives of others, like the couple he observes across the backyards on West 24th Street. The woman has bleached hair, the man lacks a hand. "I have rather fancied," Sloan records, "the notion that he is something of an outlaw."

Ibid., p. 101.

Sloan thinks of New York as a landscape populated by chubby healthy female nudes, who sun themselves on rooftops. [Body in City]

Ibid., p. 91

From his studio on West 23rd Street Sloan could spy on such women bathing in rooms across the backyard or sunning themselves on the roof,

and he would often walk east to the Flatiron, where the impudent air currents between the buildings caused the skirts of passersby to blow around their knees. In adjacent Madison Square he would "soak up a little sunlight," his own urban body luxuriantly roasting itself.

Ibid., p. 90.

In these trailing skirt days it was nothing unusual to see a crowd of boys and young men and men not so young, congregate around the sheltered doorways of the Flatiron Building. The gusts that were created by the peculiar position of this particular building were the cause of much embarrassment to the ladies caught unaware in a mall-sized hurricane. The resultant effect—sometimes you could actually see a glimpse of hosiery—was the cause of much merriment among the cloistered group in the doorways. (c.f. *At the Foot of the Flatiron*. American Mutoscope and Biograph Co., November 2, 1903; Susan Strasberg & Marilyn Monroe on Fifth Avenue [Power]; Straw Hat Riots [Fashion])
Brown, Valentine, p. 23.

The afternoon shot full of windows.
Arce, p. 20.

On West 26th Street he sees "eyes between the slats of shutters" and hears soft voices inviting him.
Conrad, p. 101.

In June 1906 he watches a baby die in a neighboring room and is as helplessly concerned as the men who can only clumsily force a drink on the distraught mother.
Ibid., p. 101.

King Vidor, making *The Crowd* in New York in 1928, hides the camera inside a barricade of packing crates on a corner or mounted it on the back of a truck from where it peers out through a hole in the flap. Vidor loiters alongside, posing as an idler on the street, and mutters his instructions to the cameraman under cover. [Cinema]
Ibid., p. 158.

Voyeurism rests on a kind of *fiction*, more or less justified in the order of the real, a fiction that stipulates that the object "agrees," that it is therefore exhibitionist.
Metz, p. 62.

The filming of Dassin's "The Naked City" is organized with a devious skill worthy of the criminals whose activity it investigates. To allay the suspicions of passersby, diversions are staged: a juggler performs and a man propped on a thirty-foot ladder waves the American flag. Street smart imps relish the way the camera picks the pockets of the citizens by cheating them of their fees as extras. A shoeshine boy remarks to the producer, Mark Hellinger, that the crowd distracted by the juggler "should be getting twenty-five a day for being in the movies and they don't know it." Sometimes, while conducting surveillance, the camera unintentionally sees things it shouldn't—not breaches of the law but incriminating social details which Dassin is forced to cut from the release print, such as Bowery bums selling off their last possessions outside the Diamond Exchange. [Cinema]
Conrad, p. 159.

The Naked City (1948): Two hundred thousand New Yorkers turned out to watch the camera crews; at one point the producers turned to a professional juggler to help distract the crowds while the actual shooting was completed.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 330.

Pleasure derived as much from the witnessing of lovely images as from any sexual embrace.

Wojnarowicz, p. 140.

This is the city self, looking from window to lighted window / It is the city consciousness / Which sees and says: more: more and more: always more.

Schwartz, p. 4.

After the day's work I climb up these stairs into the distant company of strange yet friendly windows burning over the roofs. I read a few hours, catch glimpses of my neighbors in their nightgowns, watch their lights disappear and then am swallowed up in the huge velvet October night.

Stevens, pp. 67-8

The fleeting intimacy you form with people in second- and third-floor interiors, while all the usual street life goes on underneath, has a domestic intensity mixed with a perfect repose that is the last effect of good society with all its security and exclusiveness. It is better than the theater, seeing those people through their windows: a family party of workfolk at a late tea, some of the men in their shirt sleeves; a woman sewing by a lamp; a mother laying her child in its cradle; a man with his head fallen on his hands upon a table; a girl and her lover leaning over the window-sill together. What suggestion! What drama! What infinite interest!

Sharpe, p. 271.

Like spotlights, streetlamps create pools of light to direct the viewer's gaze; like stage sets, lit interiors framed glimpses of intimate life for strangers watching in the dark.

Ibid., p. 267.

hazy brilliance of windows

Khlebnikov, p. 47.

Hers is the only light in the apartment building, and I see her shadow pass the drawn curtains twice, then recede back into the room.

Spillane, p. 268.

You stand at the corner of Bleecker and Cornelia and gaze at the windows on the fourth floor of a tenement.

McInerney, p. 9.

This evening, on my way to supper, I see the man again. He is standing across the street, leaning against a tree and staring up at Holly's windows. Sinister speculations rush through my head. Is he a detective? Or some underworld agent connected with her Sing Sing friend, Sally Tomato? The situation revives my tenderer feelings for Holly; it is only fair to interrupt our feud long enough to warn her that she is being watched. As I walk to the corner, heading east toward the Hamburg Heaven at Seventy-ninth and Madison, I can feel the man's

attention focused on me. Presently, without turning my head, I know that he is following me. Because I can hear him whistling. Not any ordinary tune, but the plaintive, prairie melody Holly sometimes plays on her guitar: *Don't wanna sleep, don't wanna die, just wanna go a-travelin' through the pastures of the sky*. The whistling continues across Park Avenue and up Madison. While waiting for a traffic light to change, I watch him out of the corner of my eye as he stops to pet a sleazy Pomeranian. "That's a fine animal you got there," he tells the owner in a hoarse, countrified drawl.

Capote, p. 52.

It's been a year since anyone occupied the apartment on the top floor of the little building tucked into a small street in the financial district. Its windows are empty, pools of darkness in an area that is beginning to brighten as the neon sheen of night arises.

Brooks, p. 53.

The windows of a large studio apartment on Greenwich Avenue were flung open with a flourish last Thursday afternoon and a girl dressed in a black sweater and what looked like black tights peered out. There is nothing significant in either this item or any of the information that follows, and the only reason I mention it is that the apartment windows are across the street from this office, thereby catching my eye several times a day.

For the past two or three weeks, the apartment has been empty, its windows closed and blinds drawn. I went to have a look at it myself one day and though it would've been just the right location and size for me, its \$80 rent was beyond my budget. I'm sure the new tenant will like it, however; apart from the big windows, it has a fireplace, an excellent view, and a fire escape suitable for a kitten.

The new girl, still in black, was pottering around most of Thursday evening—probably unpacking—but the light from three table lamps kept most of her face in shadow. From what I could see of her, she looked like a Shirley or possibly a Jennifer. I doubt if she has had the time to reach any conclusions about us.

Wilcock, p. 155.

The girl in the apartment across the street is a blonde called Kay. Born in Minneapolis, she works in a public-relations office uptown, and just got back from a Paris vacation. This information isn't from observation—a man in her office called me. In fact, since my peeping-john note of last week, my new neighbor has kept her blinds drawn.

Ibid., p. 169.

Intrigue was largely an indoor business, an *acquis communautaire* negotiated behind the windows in the skyline's million slits.

McCourt, p. 31.

While he is continuing his phone conversation, we see the object of his look. Two pretty girls have appeared on the distant roof. They are smiling and talking, although we cannot hear their dialogue. Each wears a terrycloth robe. With their backs to the CAMERA, they take off the robes, slipping them down over their shoulders slowly. Then, seductively, they turn—revealing the full beauty of their tanned and bathing-suited bodies. It is almost as if they want to be noticed, the center of neighborhood attention. They at least have all of Jeff's attention. Then they spread the robes in front of them, and lie down on the roof, and out of sight. He seems a little disappointed.

Hayes, p. 6.

I can smell trouble right in this apartment. You broke your leg. You look out the window. You see things you shouldn't.

Hayes, p. 16.

There is a slight, but warm, smile on his face as he looks at the drawn shade. His eyes move away from the newlyweds' apartment, and slowly explore the neighborhood to his right. He finds something of interest, and stops to stare at it. His face sobers at what he sees. He becomes completely absorbed with he sees. He leans forward a little.

Ibid., p. 35.

He returns to the window. He lights a cigarette and smokes it peacefully, as he contemplates the neighborhood.

Ibid., p. 45.

From his viewpoint we see the first few drops of rain starting to fall. It is sort, gentle rain, not a downpour. There are still some windows lit in the neighborhood. The apartment house corridors all have small night lights burning.

Ibid., p. 46.

The couple who sleep on the fire escape. The increasing rain cause them to hastily gather their things to retreat inside.

Ibid., p. 46.

He lowers the binoculars and there is an expression of exasperation on his face. He throws the binoculars down, and then looks about him. He backs his chair up quickly toward the main cabinet on his left. He leans down, opens a cupboard door and takes out a long-focus lens. Then from a shelf above he takes a small Exacta camera. He quickly takes off the existing lens and puts on the telephoto lens in its place. He wheels himself back to the window and raises the camera to his eye. He lowers the camera for a moment, and watches tensely. Suddenly he puts it up to his eye again.

Ibid., p. 57.

We have been able to see all this because it has transpired in front of open windows, or on fire escapes or terraces. No one has bothered to shut themselves off from view by closing blinds, or using interior rooms, or avoiding outdoor areas. And these are clearly rituals, performed everyday in a casual, unthinking manner, without a trace of self-consciousness. If we really were a "race of Peeping Toms," would not people regularly try to hide themselves behind solid walls and shuttered windows? Instead, they reveal themselves to an astounding degree. It is no trivial point; in fact, it is an important lesson on how cities work.

Some of their behavior can be traced to the heat; in the days before residential air-conditioning became common, summer life in the city naturally gravitated toward open windows, or to outdoor spaces like fire escapes. But some of their behavior, it is fair to speculate, is encouraged by the space itself. Many of these people might feel far less comfortable performing the same actions on the street side of their buildings, in full view of strangers. Is there something about this courtyard that encourages them to feel comfortable treating it as an extension of their homes?

There is. The courtyard, as Hitchcock shows us, is a place of perceived privacy—a subtle yet enormously valuable quality for an urban space. Real privacy comes from actual isolation, from placing oneself behind closed doors and solid walls. Perceived privacy grows from the sense that, while others might be looking, it is reasonable to act as if they are not. Perceived privacy allows urban dwellers to go about their lives without the tiresome effort of constantly closing blinds and shades and shutting themselves off from the light, view, and air of windows, doors, terraces, and yards.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 233.

Privacy is undermined by the complexity of the sewer network... Sewers, like gas and electricity, involve the intrusion of an external institution into the private home.

Dennis, p. 326.

Photography

The camera seemed made to record the velocity of urban existence: one machine competitively raced another.

Conrad, p. 154.

People seen in New York appear as acute, as carelessly and permanently vivid as only images of themselves could be. New York is the camera town. Always the sharp but unnoticed click: the face caught in the store window, the short sounds struck from the pavements, the air broken by buildings, the quick discarded moment, the disconnected continuous opportunities for defining and defining without the solace or the dullness of meaning.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 59.

The camera's presence in the city offends against that urban pact whereby we abide the congestion which has denied us privacy by politely ignoring one another. To be photographed is to be stared at, which urban etiquette forbids (except to out-of-towners, who have come to gape). The photographic image knows that it's accosting and perhaps defrauding its subject because its purpose in the city is to create visibility, to coerce reality out of hiding. Thus the photographic act becomes that rudest and (in a city) most perilous of denotations, a pointing of the finger. It's a visual citation: an image is compelled, maybe against its will, to bear witness.

Conrad, p. 155.

The photographer who "clicks" the avenue "into being" with his shutter.

Sharpe, p. 125.

Over \$40,000,000 worth of property has been compressed by the camera eye into one visual record.

Abbott, *Thirties*, p. 69.

Cinematic / photographic spectacle: Electric lights beamed down upon the boxers with such intense clarity that spectators in the galleries could see every move of their slick and gleaming bodies.

Aycock, p. 169.

For work in New York Paul Strand fixed a dummy lens to his camera and pretended to aim it while the real lens jutted out from under his arm. (cf. King Vidor, filming *The Crowd*, above)
Conrad, p. 158.

Using a camera to heal the city's "brokenness."
Ibid., p. 235.

For a decade, the first cameramen carried their cameras all around this remarkable setting—from street corners to rooftops to boats in the rivermaking a special kind of documentary-like film that they called "actualities." Usually only a few minutes long, actualities were merely views of actual events, people, or places. They had no plots. They had no stories. They had no characters. Filmmakers still didn't know how to tell a story; they hadn't yet discovered editing, the bringing together of two pieces of film to contract time. So these actualities could last only as long as the real event they showed: the cameraman just pointed his camera at something interesting and started cranking. They were simply glimpses, in what today might be called "real time," of the city and its life.

Their deadpan titles suggested just that. *Skating on Lake, Central Park, or Excavation for Subway*, these films were called. *East Side Urchins Bathing in a Fountain, or Panoramic View of Brooklyn Bridge, or New York City in a Blizzard*. One was named *At the Foot of the Flatiron*, and that is exactly what it shows: a stretch of sidewalk in front of the Flatiron Building, on a very windy day. During the course of the film, only two minutes and nineteen seconds long, pedestrians—ordinary, turn-of-the-century New Yorkers—simply walk down the street and past the camera, unaware for the most part that they are being photographed. The men grapple with their coats. The women clutch their long skirts. A well-dressed black man stares into the lens with curiosity and suspicion—until his hat flies off. (He disappears offscreen to retrieve it; the camera never moves from its position.) A streetcar can be noticed on the far right, crossing 23rd Street. Then two young women pass by, struggling gleefully against the strong wind. One of them turns and breaks into a wide, joyful smile. The film ends. [Cinema] Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 26.

In the 50s... Saul Leiter used the camera as a thermometer just as much as an optical instrument... record[ing] the city through screens of evidently disparate temperature zones. From where he stands, often in the shade, to what he sees, the centigrade level is not the same.
Kozloff, n. pag.

On Leiter: "He's fond of antique lamp-posts, balustrades, pawn shop windows, and vendor's carts. When revealed in color, they seem dusted with a tender recognition of their age. Just as there are after-images in his oeuvre, these are remainders from an earlier metropolitan scene. Here, the low-keyed chromaticism has a symbolic function, for it overlays a feeling for the past upon an urban environment that is otherwise contemporary. Not only do we have the weight of atmosphere in these image, but the weight of memory."
Ibid.

Coburn photographed industrial New York at the same time as the sublime nature of Yosemite, and for him the city and the landscape were equivalent in their demonstration that "nothing is really 'ordinary,' for every fragment of the world is crowned with wonder and mystery."

Conrad, p. 114.

On 22 February 1893 he stood for hours in a blizzard on Fifth Avenue, awaiting "the proper moment" for photography. As soon as that moment arrived, he made it into ancient history. His snow scene doesn't look like an anecdotal instant: it seems to represent an arctic world, prior to human society. [Weather]

Ibid., p. 166.

"My dream," V. told me more than once, "is to come upon a parked truck transporting Kodak film. Think about it: film is small, light, untraceable, easy to dispose of, and proportionately expensive. It's the ideal score. A find like that could set you up for years to come? I lost track of V., so I don't know whether he ever fulfilled his dream.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 111.

Man with a camera stopping another man with a small girl. As she stands with a flowered umbrella and raincoat. Just as it begins to rain. All delighted with smiles as the flash bulb pops. And people turn to look. A tiny moment like that.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Early photographers developed a pictorial mis-seeing of New York into a tricky smudging of sight. In their eagerness to render the city impressionistically molten, they'd jolt their cameras during exposure so the image trembled, or they'd grease their lens. Atmosphere was applied from without, as a shock or a lubricant smear. [Voyeur] [Sex]

Conrad, p. 74.

The rise of rain-slicked night photographs of New York streets: Exposure time could be cut by a third if the pavement was covered with rainwater.

Caldwell, p. 274.

Asking a friend to "[k]eep photographing the instant when you "go down West / Fourteenth Street." O'Hara explains that this way "I will know what / it is like there," and "I will now you are at least all right" even if "my eyes seem incapable of the images I'd / hoped."

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 19.

The El as an early form of the movies: the lighted windows flicker past in a tantalizing montage, while the dramatic-seeming tableaux have the advantage of being real, not staged. The proprieties of ordinary social life—not to mention the class barriers between spectators and spectacle—would never permit such access. [Voyeur]

Sharpe, p. 272.

The sensory roughage of New York life is softened and appears miraculously more coordinated than it is in reality.

Kozloff, N. pag.

Stieglitz / O'Keeffe

Stieglitz reverts to a natural order by making it a rule never to work with artificial light.

Conrad, p. 77.

Beauty may not belong to the skyscrapers; Stieglitz, however, can award it to them.

Conrad, p. 83.

Modern photography began in America in the 1890s, when Alfred Stieglitz started taking pictures of New York's streets, parks, people, and buildings. Stieglitz had been living in Berlin, and when he came home at the age of twenty-six in 1890, he initially thought New York uninspiring, even photo-resistant. But Stieglitz underwent something like a conversion experience in the next year or two; he realized that New York was not so much inimical to photography as insistent on a new approach to it. He needed to stop imposing on the American metropolis photographic techniques and ideas worked out in the various very different circumstances of European cities, and to let New York itself call the shots. The way one perceives things when looking at New York was, then, the impetus and precondition of Stieglitz's art; New York was as important to photography as photography was to New York. The city changed forever the history of perception and the ways of recording it.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 60.

Stieglitz urged his students to move in a little closer, to crop their scene a little tighter, after they composed a shot.

Krieger, pp. 64-71.

Stieglitz moves to the Shelton; Margaret Bourke-White establishes herself in the Chrysler Building; Lewis Hine, suspended in a derrick lift a quarter of a mile above the streets, records the construction of the Empire State.

Conrad, p. 210.

Both Steichen and Stieglitz express their qualms about and hopes for New York by photographing it from their studio windows.

Ibid., p. 81.

Alfred Stieglitz to Sherwood Anderson in 1925: "New York is madder than ever. The pace is ever increasing. But Georgia and I somehow don't seem to be of New York—nor of anywhere. We live high up in the Shelton... All is so quiet except the wind—and the trembling shaking hulk of steel in which we live."

Greenough, p. 214.

Stieglitz was probably put off by Duchamp's aloofness from any kind of commitment, political or personal, though later he "repeatedly expressed regret" for not having exhibited the man's work."

Marquis, p. 116

In the 1900s, Alfred Stieglitz took picture after picture of New York's audacious new Flatiron Building... a breathtakingly unbroken and slender wedge of matter slipping gravity's laws. Stieglitz thought that the Flatiron was "to the States what the Parthenon was to Greece," and during one snowstorm he had something like a vision: "The Flat Iron impressed me as never before. It appeared to be moving toward me like the bow of a monster ocean steamer—a picture of new America in the making." The Flatiron, like the nation it emblemized, was to Stieglitz both a wonder of civilization and a "monster" whose course could not be known. [Antiquity]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 155.

Stieglitz's father called the Flatiron Building hideous, and when he saw the photograph said, "I do not see how you could have produced such a beautiful thing from such an ugly building." The wonder that irradiated the structure during that first winter faded for Stieglitz. Later, he admitted, he found it gloomy, no longer beautiful. Is the photographic imagination therefore only a capacity, like the picturesque, to deceive yourself about the incorrigible reality of things.

Conrad, p. 80.

Ford Madox Ford sensed a meaning in the Flatiron: it symbolized the staid, genteel city's renovation of itself. He professes to find the Flatiron beautiful because to do so is to offend the pieties of old New York. "Very beautiful it used to look," he comments, "towering up, slim and ivory white when you saw it from the Fifth Avenue stage or from on top of a trolley descending Broadway."

N. cit.

Ford: "New York, I think, has lost a little in impressiveness, if not in beauty. To-day the Flatiron is gray and the skyline along Fifth Avenue where it goes along Central Park is too uniform in height with the rest of the city to let you have any feeling either of entrance or of plunging down. "

Ford, *America*, p. 55.

shiny flatiron, pleating their inhabitants
into crisp, unwrinkled folds of symmetry
Khlebnikov, p. 48.

The angled point of the Flatiron parts the traffic as if cleaving the ocean: the Mauretania stalked like a skyscraper through the harbor.
Dos Passos, p. 734.

As used by Steichen, the soft-focus lens dims and smoothes objects into images. His *Brooklyn Bridge* (1903) is a dark wedge inset with jewels against a furry gray sky. Structure is befuddled, and the span is pattern, not engineering. His dusky *Flatiron* (1909) withdraws into the sky, belying its own solidity and angularity, vanishing as we watch.

Conrad, p. 80.

Steichen's portrait of J.P. Morgan: The only thing that J. Pierpont Morgan could not control was Steichen's camera: the essence of a man called Jupiter because he was an omnipotent as an ancient Roman god... His left hand tightly clutched the arm of his chair as if symbolizing the intensity of his grip on the American economy. Morgan so hated the picture that he tore the print to shreds.

Reitano, p. 105.

Stieglitz helped create night photography; Weegee almost bumped it off. Stieglitz wanted to show how beautiful the night city could be; Weegee tried to prove how wrong he was.

N. cit.

Alfred Stieglitz became famous both in Europe and America as the master of the camera, and what did his fame get him?

On Madison Avenue in the fifties... morning... noon... and night a lone man walks the streets. He wears a black cape (Loden cape bought in Tyrol, Austria), white shirt, black tie (not bow), black hat. No one pays any attention to him. A few kids turn around. Just another character. I've noticed him many times... walking as if in a trance. I was afraid to disturb him... finally I walked up to him and said...

'You Stieglitz? I'm Weegee. You may have read about me in magazines, or seen my pictures in PM.'

He stared at me as if I had waked him from a dream and told me that he never read about other people or himself. I apologized for the intrusion and told him that for a long time I had wanted to meet him. He became gracious and invited me to come up to his studio but first he stopped at a drug store, where he left a prescription to be filled... then up to No. 509 Madison Avenue where we took the elevator to the seventeenth floor. We stopped at a door. On the glass was painted AN AMERICAN PLACE. It wasn't locked and we walked in. The place was fitted up as a gallery, with paintings hung on the walls... there was a smell of disinfectant like in a sick room.

In the back of the gallery, in a cubbyhole, Stieglitz slumped on the cot, half sitting and half lying, too exhausted to take his cape off. That was his home. We started to talk. I was at last talking not only to the most famous photographer in the world, but one who had also sponsored painters and sculptors ... unknown once, but famous now.

I had so many questions to ask..... hours went by fast... (I was wondering if I was going to find a ticket on my jallopy parked at the door.) Stieglitz pointed to the phone near the cot... "It never rings... I have been deserted... the paintings on the wall are orphans... no one comes up to see them." I switched the talk back to photography. Was he a success? No, he was a failure. What about the photographers he had known and started and helped? They were successful...why?... because they had wanted money and were now working for the slick-paper magazines... because they were politicians and showmen who knew how to sell themselves. As for himself... he hadn't made a photograph for the past ten years... had never used the products of one company, because they had advertised, 'You push the button. We'll do the rest...' ... that slogan was a bad influence on photographers because a picture needed careful planning and thinking and could only be captured on film at a certain fleeting fraction of a second... and that once that passed, that fraction of time was dead and could never be brought back to life again... that he had never compromised with his photography, for money or to please an editor. One had to be free to do creative work.

What about his influence on American photographers? Could he teach or influence them to do the same things he had accomplished? The answer was a firm no... I thought of a lecture which I recently gave at the Museum of Modern Art... and the questions which were asked of me there. I thought perhaps Stieglitz would have the answers.

He also told me that he was eighty-one years old. That the happiest time of his life was spent in Berlin at the turn of the century... it was free then and that when he returned to America he used to cry himself to sleep every night for two years thinking of the dirty streets here.

I asked Stieglitz how he lived and paid the rent. He told me that he had a private income of eighteen hundred dollars a year. That three hundred and fifty dollars went for income tax. (Not that he had to pay it but he felt that the government needed the money worse than he did), that the rent money and expenses, about four thousand dollars a year for the studio, was contributed by the artists when they sold the paintings which were on exhibit... That few paintings were being sold

now... that the rent was not going to be ready and he was afraid he was going to be dispossessed.

Suddenly he slumped over in pain. "My heart, it's bad," he said in a whisper as he slumped over on the cot. I waited till he recovered then left quietly... wondering if that elusive fame I was after was worth while.

Weegee, *Naked*, pp. 233-4.

Marking an age, the essence of perfection, the faces of Garbo and O'Keeffe were like giant skyscrapers: cold, gleaming, and modern... Garbo's face, elusive and yet available, private yet consumable, like the images of the city, white framed by black.

Rabinowitz, p. 164.

At the very moment Walter Benjamin was cruising the "one way streets" of Berlin and noticing the intrusion of signs like those that had caught the eye of Hart Crane as he crossed "the bridge" from Brooklyn, O'Keeffe's images—her portraits of flowers—grabbed the attention of gallery-goers as movie posters called forth movie-goers. After all, she had worked first in advertising and commercial art.

Ibid., p. 165.

Changing from evocative / erotic abstractions and gigantic flowers to skyscrapers suggests new symbols for modernity—from interiorized attempts to depict states of mind and emotion and sexuality, or to reveal details of interior spaces secreted within flowers, the city paintings marvel at "something bigger, grander, more complex than ever before in history." Modernity has been exteriorized onto steel and concrete, industry and power, attributes of national pride.

Ibid., pp. 165-6.

It was the scale of New York's buildings that had stimulated O'Keeffe in 1924 to begin painting her famous blowups of flowers: "I thought I'll make them big like the huge buildings going up. People will be startled; they'll have to look at them—and they did."

Sharpe, p. 249.

In O'Keeffe's mural design *Manhattan* (1932) she paints flowers superimposed on skyscrapers.

Ibid., p. 250.

"Lexington Avenue looked, in the night," Georgia O'Keeffe wrote, "like a very tall thin bottle with colored things going up and down inside it."

Ibid., p. 255.

For these sons of well-off assimilated Jews, the avant-garde offered a new country; it was called Am/bition/erica and it was located in one city. In Europe, modernism was a territory deterritorialized—not tied to national identity as artists migrated to cosmopolitan cities like Paris or Berlin or Prague. This was especially true for Jews, especially after the rise of Fascism and National Socialism sent them into exile. In American, however, an urban nationalism located in New York, the city of ambition, as a "unit," its panorama, found on one page of the daily tabloid, might include a Jewish baseball player at the Polo Grounds and a prim ex-country schoolmistress in her Midtown skyscraper, or anything else in between.

Rabinowitz, p. 167.

When Stieglitz and O'Keeffe moved into Room 3003 of the Shelton Hotel, the city's first skyscraper hotel on Lexington Avenue, they also became the first artists in America to live and work in that icon of the modern city, the skyscraper.

Ibid., p. 153.

Contrary to the usual association of the Steiglitz group with Greenwich Village bohemianism, I would argue that the artists associated with the 291 Gallery, located above Madison Square, faced north, toward midtown. Few of that group lived in the Village. In the 1920s, for example, Stieglitz and Georgia O'Keeffe lived in midtown. The Sloan group, by contrast, lived mostly in the "extended Village." Each group depicted its own neighborhood.

Bender, pp. 119-20.

Mumford, writing on Stieglitz's photograph, "Wall Street": "Stieglitz ironically shows the skyscraper—the mock city of the future—in the last state of mechanical perfection and human insignificance, devoid at last of even the possibility of earning money; financial liabilities, as well as the social liabilities their reckless misuse had already made them... These skyscrapers of Stieglitz's last photographs might be the cold exhalations of a depopulated world."

Rabinowitz, p. 154.

The structure of the city's architectural space had been the subject of Atget's Paris photographs, images Walter Benjamin likened to the scene of a crime: the cityscape, a dead landscape poised in anticipation of corruption and danger, of commerce and seduction. Yet Stieglitz only worked with natural light so his images reflect the harshness of daily life, rather than the dreadful fears accumulating at night.

Ibid., p. 154.

The same year Henry James published his impressions of "New York Revisited," nineteen-year-old O'Keeffe had come to New York in 1907-8 to study art in what was just beginning to be America's art center.

Ibid., p. 156.

If Stieglitz's skyscrapers captured the ebullient commercialism of the early twentieth century, the New York of the thirties and forties was a city of "libraries and parks."

Williams, *Ambition*, p. xi.

Riis

In 1887, Jacob Riis read of magnesium flash powder: "There it was, the thing I had been looking for all those years... The darkest corner might be photographed that way."

Sharpe, p. 149.

Riis saw photography as a form of war. His "raiding party... invaded the East Side by night."

Ibid., p. 149.

Riis or an assistant fired an explosive round of magnesium-based "lightning powder" from a revolver, jolting the subjects, garishly illuminating every speck of dirt and every crack in the wall, and

occasionally setting the room on fire. Once he accidentally ignited the wallpaper in a room full of blind men, up several flights of stairs—and he was painfully burned in putting out the blaze with his hands. Using military metaphors and flash pistols, Riis perfected his own form of the new art: photography as blitzkrieg. "It was not too much to say," recalled Riis, "that our party carried terror wherever it went."

Ibid., p. 150.

The poor became anthropological specimens, to be "shot" in their hovels by the crusading photojournalist... His flash functions like the police officer's bull's-eye lantern, but like the photographer, it remains concealed. We see only the target that the light hits.

Ibid., p. 150.

His determination to photograph "the darkest corner" involved a fundamental shift in nocturnal art. That is, he did not seek either to capture the elusive aesthetic qualities of darkness, as did Whistler and his photographic followers, or register the new look of an artificially lit cityscape, as did Hassam or Steichen. Rather, he wanted to bring to light—or bring light to—what usually dwelled in darkness. He was on the side of Light with a capital L. His aim was not to record but to alter. His photographs were literally exposures—exposures of greasy wallpaper and grimy skin, filthy bedding and soot-caked stoves that never saw the light of day. It was a vision created only for an instant by the flash camera. Displaying what even the poor themselves were unable to see, the full degradation of their environment, Riis hoped to destroy the world his flash fell on. Photography is often thought of as a form of preservation; for Riis it was an agent of demolition.

Ibid., p. 150.

In the darkness, the magnesium flash ensured a certain spontaneity, since the photographer could not see his subject until he took the picture, and human subjects were surely unprepared for the violence of the flash powder's explosion. And then there was the element of surprise, as Riis and his assistants burst into the room with their "weird and uncanny movements," and then fired off "the blinding flash" before beating a hasty retreat.

Ibid., p. 152.

Photography is by nature ill-suited to night: it needs light, hence has to destroy darkness in order to represent it. Technology has over the course of modern history transformed, even to some extent created the possibility of life at night, and has repeatedly reinvented our perceptions of it.

Caldwell, p. 275.

What they saw was a ghostly tripod, three or four figures in the gloom, some weird and uncanny movements, the blinding flash, and they heard the patter of retreating footsteps and the mysterious visitors were gone.

Sharpe, p. 150.

Presenting the photographs in the form of a guided tour, Riis asked his spectators if they had the courage to follow him into the worst slums. When they assented, he conducted them into various tenements, his commentary accentuating the dirt, stench, and atmospheric poison through which the visitor had to move. Out of the darkness, in

unprecedented detail, came a sooty man in a coal cellar, a gang of thugs in bowler hats lining an alley, a withered hag with clawlike hands in a decrepit room. Viewers seemed to be thrust up against these people; the encounter was brutal, repulsive, claustrophobic. Some of the audience wept, others fainted—such are contemporary accounts of Riis's lectures.

Ibid., p. 151.

The sleepers indistinguishable from the piles of bedding and washing piled around them in a ramshackle room in *Midnight in Ludlow Street Tenement*.

Ibid., p. 135.

The camera and flash trespass on their privacy and ingloriously turn them into lumps under blankets, legless bare feet (there are at least four pair in *Men's Lodging Room*), and greasy heads with scarlike parts on the scalp.

Ibid., p. 154.

Riis eventually shifted the ignition of his flash powder from a revolver to a frying pan because "it seemed more homelike."

Ibid., p. 154.

Riis's invasive photographs fling back the cover of night, claiming intimacy without any kind of human engagement. By dispelling darkness, the flash deprives the sleepers not only of privacy but also of a reason for sleeping in the first place. The night has been dissolved, abolished.

Ibid., p. 154.

These are the first night pictures without any trace of night—a moon, stars, darkness, or any evidence of blazing lights. Nothing in the picture suggests the hour, a reason for revelry or repose.

Ibid., p. 155.

Why do the boys (who seem to be outdoors, in the daylight) sleep while the grown-ups awake? Are the boys—or both groups—posing? These pictures disturb partly because of their voyeuristic quality—photographer and viewers glimpse something meant to be hidden—but partly because we can't tell if those unseeing faces are pretending to act unseen. Through this uncertainty, the night's mystery sneaks back into Riis's photographs. Someone is being manipulated but we don't know whom.

Ibid., pp. 155-6.

A step into the side streets and you felt set back by centuries.

Ibid., pp. 155-6.

In the 1930s and 1940s, the perfection of the flashbulb and fast film enabled Weegee to bring Jacob Riis's nocturnal lowlife a few steps closer to the rest of us. While Riis had to struggle to place his photos in front of the public, Weegee's aim was to see his night's work in the papers the next morning. For him, night was an exploitable frontier, the fertile soil from which he could harvest a crop of corpses, evidence of his boldness and food for the sensation-hungry urbanite.

Sharpe, p. 292.

The flash explodes in the dark street, and its flare lights up a huge revolver suspended over the pavement to advertise the gunsmith's wares. The camera shoots on behalf of the gun, which will also emit light along with its missile when the trigger is pressed.

Conrad, p. 155.

Le Corbusier, upon seeing NYC's skyscrapers in the 1930s: "In New York, then, I learned to appreciate the Italian Renaissance. It is so well done that you could believe it to be genuine."

Corbusier, p. 60.

This is all from another place, I thought, shocked by the derivativeness of Fifth Avenue architecture. I felt, I saw, for the first time ever, the adolescent absurdity of so many Manhattan monuments—the sad, wilderness, opera-house-in-the-Arctic and Amazon pathos of copying old European styles in a New World city. *This isn't a true Gothic cathedral*, I thought, staring at St. Patrick's. *There are such things, I've seen them, and this is just a... copy, a raw inflated thing thrown up in emulation of a far-off and distant thing! That Renaissance palazzo on Fifty-fourth Street is no Renaissance palazzo—it's a cheap stage-set imitation!*

This perception—of New York as a blown-up Inflato city, aspirational rather than achieved, gawkily imitating its models, the proper cities of Europe—which was once so obvious and embarrassing (to Henry James, much less to Tocqueville), has faded away now, and I no longer see it that way. For that single early morning, though, it seemed that the architecture of New York was not quite real, not organic, coming from elsewhere and imposed, a delirium of old styles and other people's European visions: the Gothic vision of sublime verticality, or, for that matter, the Bauhaus vision of the glass tower. For a moment New York seemed unnatural, the anti-matter city. "You're not real!" I wanted to cry out, to the city. "Yes, we are," the buildings cried back blankly. "It is the old thing that is the lie; the true thing is our re-creation of it." But the moment passed quickly, and now New York just looks like New York: old as time, worn as Rome, mysterious as life.

Gopnik, p. 74.

Between 1890 and 1940 a new culture (the Machine Age?) selected Manhattan as laboratory: a mythical island where the invention and testing of a metropolitan lifestyle and its attendant architecture could be pursued as a collective experiment in which the entire city became a factory of man-made experience, where the real and the natural ceased to exist... Manhattan as the product of an unformulated theory, *Manhattanism*, whose program—to exist in a world totally fabricated by man, i.e., to live *inside* fantasy—was so ambitious that to be realized, it could never be openly stated.

Koolhaas, p. 10.

Every great law firm in New York moves without a sputter of protest into a glass-box office building with concrete slab floors and seven-foot-ten-inch-high concrete slab ceilings and plasterboard walls and pygmy corridors—and then hires a decorator and gives him a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars to turn these mean cubes and grids into a horizontal fantasy of a Restoration townhouse. I have seen the carpenters and cabinetmakers and search-and-acquire girls hauling in more cornices, covings, pilasters, carved moldings, and recessed domes, more linenfold paneling, more (fireless) fireplaces with festoons of fruit carved in mahogany on the mantels, more chandeliers, sconces, girandoles, chestnut leather sofas, and chiming clocks than Wren, Inigo

Jones, the brothers Adam, Lord Burlington, and the Dilettanti working in concert, could have dreamed of.

Wolfe, *Bauhaus*, pp. 7-8.

In your offices, however high they may be, these cottage windows are annoying.

Le Corbusier, p. 67.

A 345-year-old Jacobean room on the thirty-seventh floor of the Empire State Building. Linked by ancient doors with a Gascon chamber originally put together in a château near Dax in southwest France and a Georgian room made for the Guildhall in London in 1730. Installed by the Schenley Distillers Company. The Jacobean room has green mullioned windows threaded with lead and stained glass images of Louis II of Hungary and his Queen, Maria of Austria.

Berger, *New York*, p. 171.

The custom of assigning descriptive labels to domestic architecture was borrowed from the rural English, who named their manor houses and country estates to expedite the delivery of mail through uncharted countryside. In New York, no one used the Melba, the Sophomore, the Altoona, the Greylock, or the Pamlico as a mailing address. Nor did names necessarily have anything to do with physical realities: Les Chateaux was not castlelike; the courts of the Georgian Court, the Columbia Court, and the Chatham Court were aggrandized air shafts, and no one knew that the "arms" of the Washington Arms or the Clarendon Arms, among dozens of arms buildings, referred to a family coat of arms. They were used the way Beaux-Arts style was—to project an image of importance to the outside. Names, however preposterous, were yet another ornament, and tantalizing in that.

Hawes, N. pag.

Hearst's apartment included tapestries, suits of armor, mummies, figurines, bronzes, and bibelots. It measured three-quarters of an acre of living space, excluding the roof garden, to which Hearst soon added two more floors, eventually purchasing the entire building. Within these walls, he fashioned a Georgian dining room, an Empire bedroom, a three-story galleria modeled on a vaulted Gothic cathedral, a two-story display room for his collection of silver salvers, and an office suite; he continued to redecorate, adding carved ceilings, choir stalls, stained glass from French cathedrals, redesigning to incorporate new possessions from his warehouse full of art treasures, until he left New York for his castle at San Simeon. Hearst, like other apartment dwellers, was engaging in a bit of make-believe, creating the illusion that he was living elsewhere than in a large new apartment house.

Ibid.

It's sad and funny to see it done again by the Franklin National Bank at Madison Avenue and 48th Street. Watching this building being transformed from 20th century to 18th century was one of the top midtown acts of last season's Follies. First, there was the steel frame, strong, severe, handsomely rectilinear (the bones are best in most buildings), suggesting the logical shape and design that its covering surface might take, subject only to the architect's talent, imagination and respect for the inspiration of the structure. Painstakingly, brick by brick, the façade was laid up for anyone to observe.

Eighteenth-century arches were hung on the façade like theatrical scrim. Originally, of course, arches like these were carefully built up

to be wedge-shaped, locking keystones to make openings in a brick wall without having the wall fall down. They were as natural and beautiful for masonry construction as the thin curtain wall is for the metal-framed building today.

Presto change. The hand is quicker than the eye. The arches aren't arches because the masonry is non-supporting. It's all backed by steel. Fooled you. What we have here is a kind of large architectural practical joke. It is tiresome, like most practical jokes.

But the undertaking was carried out in consistent comic spirit to the end. The opening luncheon, which featured authentic colonial cooking, was served by waiters in knee breeches. (Authentic Madison Avenue.)

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 20.

To heighten the impression that they patrons were part of the world of wealth and opulence, the Broadway restaurants borrowed their décor from aristocratic Fifth Avenue and foreign homes. From the elaborate exteriors to the gilded interiors, the restaurants removed their patrons from the humdrum business activity of Broadway and brought them the fantasies of Europe and the past... Murray's Roman Gardens, which opened on Forty-second Street in 1906: Once leaving the busy street the visitor was "transported as though on the famous carpet of Mahomet, back into ancient Rome." There, in this American-created world foreign world, the guest would "feast his eyes on artistically and authentically beautiful features of Rome's most ornate homes, of the palaces, villas and pleasure resort of her wealthiest and most cultured citizens." While the interior was Roman, the exterior was French, reproducing for the lower two stories the ancient hotel of Cardinal de Rohan of Paris in Caen stone. A huge doorway marked the entrance, over which rested a copy of "Les chevaux du soliel" from the cardinal's stables. This regal imagery was not limited to Murray's. The Rectors decorated their restaurant in green and gold furnishings of the Sun King. The Hotel Martinique on Broadway and Thirty-second Street featured a main dining room modeled after the Apollo Room of the Louvre, with panels depicting Maurice de Saxe, Rosnard, Voltaire, Louis XV, the ladies of the court, and other great figures of the eighteenth century. Up two streets, the Hotel McAlpin had a Sun King Room while the Knickerbocker bar on Forty-second Street sported a Louis XIV design. [Food]

Erenberg, pp. 44-5.

The elevator, going up and down like the mercury in a typhoid's thermometer, decorated with French *boiseries*, Renaissance brocades and an El Greco.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 218.

Please, gentleman, no horse-drawn cars, no costumes, no wigs, no stage sets, no cute-old-stores, no "re-creations" that never were, no phone little-old-New York. There is a tendency in American restoration for corn to conquer all. In Europe old buildings are used naturally and normally, not reduced to cultural kitsch. That is perversion, not preservation. The past becomes real by its legitimate and handsome contrasts with the present.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. D25.

If the authentic city exists, it is as a mere shadow of itself, one that serves only to underline what has been lost.

Amin, p. 32.

A second New York is being built a little west of the old one. Each man works on the replica of the apartment building he lived in, adding new touches.

Berman, "NY, NY," p. 277.

It is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture... Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of old walls within it... but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay.

Lowenthal, p. 249.

For every Brooklyn Heights, which preserves a historical continuity of real buildings of the real past, there are numerous projects that will put up brand-new "aged" imitations mixed with a few dislocated victims of throughways or urban renewal for spuriously quaint little groups of instant history in sterile isolation. Across the country the genuine heritage of the 19th century is still being razed to be replaced by elaborately built synthetic 18th-century stage sets more pleasing to 20th century tastes.

This disease, which we have previously called galloping restorationitis, evades the sticky problem of saving the real thing by letting it be bulldozed and putting up a copy at a more convenient time or place... The result is a lot of sham history and sham art.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 171.

One can find a cast-iron-fronted building, shipped in sections from New York City, on a street in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. xiv

The contents of Magoos, the famous 70s Tribeca artist bar, ended up in Japan, perfectly preserved.

Yau, p. 277.

In the South Bronx, the Charlotte Street pastel-colored houses, which sit in the center of green lawns and are bordered by white picket fences, stand in splendid isolation from one another as abandoned tenements loom in all directions.

Rooney, p. 159-60.

You go through a thin-barred iron gate down a long flagged corridor till you're midway between the north side of Forty-ninth Street, but perhaps forty feet short of Fiftieth, and you're in a cool, ailanthus-shaded garden restored to look much as it was, say, 150 years ago. White and gray cottages face each other across the court. The ground's neatly laid out in squares and oblongs that smell of rain and dew through lush fern growth and pachysandra. Lotus bowls and wrought-iron benches are cunningly placed in it and a wall sign reads "Boston Post Road, 1673."

Berger, *New York*, p. 29.

New York is not [Colonial] Williamsburg.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 5.

I felt that no actuality could live up to my conception of New York's splendor.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 107

How do you finish an anachronism? How do you complete a cathedral begun too late, beset by conflicts in symbolism, construction, art and costs, overshadowed by skyscrapers, clinging to obsolete crafts, mismeasured for glory and miscalculated for meaning in the modern world?

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, was conceived in 1891 as the world's largest and latest of the great medieval line that ran from Arles to Amiens. There was only one thing wrong. It was not the product of a cathedral-building age. The medieval cathedral was a superb structure, the creative flowering of a special confluence of forces at a particular moment in time. Its synthesis of technology, necessity, timeliness and expression is the basic formula of all great architectural art.

Out of context, the formula is not reproducible. The same moment and the same results never come twice. Archeological copying will not make it so. This is an ineluctable reality of art and life. Until it is understood, we will continue to have the pious reproductions, the dead reconstructions, the vacuum-packed imitations and the false, nostalgic standards that, at best, evoke only the second-hand suggestion of the artistic glories of some other age, or at worst, throttle creativity and subvert values in our own.

When the design for St. John the Divine was projected, the church spire was already losing out to the commercial tower—a kind of symbolism, if one wished to look for it, that the cathedral was no longer the physical capstone of the city or of society and could no longer offer the comforting assurances of an older, more familiar symbolism merely by increasing the size of its traditional forms. The medieval cathedral already belonged to history.

And so the cathedral sits unfinished, not through the inexorable process of the evolutionary architectural change of the Middle Ages, but through conflicts over aims, objectives, symbolism and commitment of church funds in the 20th century.

What all this leads up to is the simple fact that it doesn't really matter now the cathedral isn't finished now—a subject that has been the cause of some little rarefied furor. It is merely, again, a matter of taste. The forms and meanings of the building are so totally removed from the social, spiritual and aesthetic mainstream of the 20th century that the result, whatever the decision, will inevitably be cold, thin stuff.

A careful and conscientious effort has been made by the firm of Adams and Woodbridge to solve the problems that exist. The cost of the central tower planned for the crossing and of the completion of the west towers would be prohibitive today, even if stonemasons were available for the work, which they are not. The "temporary" Guastavino dome, guaranteed for 10 years and going for half a century a testament to that fascinating and now equally historic form of tile construction—is to be replaced.

The architects have been forced, ironically enough, by that same evolutionary process of art and history that the cathedral ignored, to go to modern concrete construction in the name of cost and practicality. They are providing elevators in the piers that will support the beams for a "modern Gothic" glass and concrete lantern to substitute for the unbuildable crossing tower, because labor to change an electric light bulb, for example, is too costly today to permit the

bulb changer the inefficiency of toiling up stone steps. Count the anachronisms, architectural and otherwise, in that sentence. You can only finish a superanachronism like St. John the Divine with more of the same, and there is not much to be said in praise or blame.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, pp. 191-3.

If an impassable wall were built around this island which would prevent any one of its present inhabitants from leaving it, and would prevent any one from the outside from coming on it, it is only a matter of a few hundred years until its human inhabitants would become extinct, or be reduced to an insignificant remnant. In other words, the population of Manhattan Island is not self-supporting in the matter of reproducing itself, and but for the continual accessions from without, the race could not continue to exist here indefinitely.

That physical conditions have something to do with bringing about this state of affairs there can be no question, but the principal cause is to be found in the habits and character of the inhabitants themselves, and in the artificial life they lead. By artificial life is meant the continual violation of those mental, moral, and physical laws which nature has imposed on mankind everywhere, and the observance of which is essential to its existence and continued well-being.

Girdner, pp. 17-19.

Psychoanalysis

New York is less a place than an idea or perhaps a neurosis.
Conrad, p. 107.

A new agenda for geography, where geographers would explore the *terra incognitae* of the simultaneously real, experiential and imaginary, and profoundly personal world.

Pile, p. 14.

For the moment, our unconscious architecture has gone *Surrealiste*: indecent and extravagant, like the dreams a dutiful patient prepares for a psychoanalyst.

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 69.

A psychoanalysis of space.

Pile, p. 15.

Psychoanalysis is, after all, a spatial discipline.

Ibid., p. 77.

Freud, on his one visit to New York in 1909, showed no interest in the city... No metropolis anywhere took up psychoanalysis so eagerly as New York. By the early 1920s, there were about 500 Freudian analysts in the city. Translations and articles popularizing his ideas poured from New York presses.

Greenwich Villagers were gripped by *mania psychological* and spent their time in "Freuding parties," "psyching" and probing each other's motives and dreams... Vachel Lindsay found the New York enthusiasm for psychoanalytic ways torture: "I do not," he asserted, have a matriarchal complex!"

John Barrymore's 1922 *Hamlet* with its self-consciously Freudian interpretation of the role. He prepared for the role by having extensive conversations with an analyst, Smith Ely Jelliffe, who later

published three lengthy psychoanalytic critiques of Barrymore's pre-Hamlet roles in the *New York Medical Journal*.

The Freudian discourse, no matter how simplified or distorted, had by the mid-1920s eclipsed the Protestant pieties sovereign in America's official life until then. It had become the explanatory discourse, if not of America, then of New York.

For his part, Freud always acknowledged that America had been the first country to welcome psychoanalysis: "ex-communicated" in Europe, he had been "received [in America] by the best as equal," and American recognition had removed psychoanalysis from the realm of "delusion" and made it a valuable part of reality. Despite numerous invitations, however, Freud refused to go back to the United States; indeed, he developed a vehement, even obsessional, hatred for all things American. Americans might not put their seal of approval on psychoanalysis, but they did not and could not understand it, he insisted. Psychoanalysis, he wrote a friend in 1924, "suits Americans [only] as a white shirt suits a raven." America was a "gigantic mistake"; his suspicion of its aims was "unconquerable." At the end of his life in great peril as a Jew in Nazi Vienna, he refused to go to America for refuge, as most of his friends wished him to do. Stubbornly, predictably, he elected to finish his days in England, where his work had been far less influential and he himself far less revered, and he continued to hope that America would secede or be expelled, from the ranks of psychoanalysis.

Freud saw only the simplification and distortions Americans wreaked his science. In his view, American versions of psychoanalysis were to the Viennese original what mass culture was to elite art, and he was a bitter enemy of the democratic tendencies endemic in the mass arts that America in general and New York in particular hosted. Further, as attached as he was to modes of temporal sequence in his science and his art, Freud gave his allegiance to the print culture which the mass media with threatening to succeed. Where James had responded eagerly to New York's promise that "there was nothing that was not easy," whereas Stein loved the effortlessness and abundance created by the new technology of consumer-oriented mass production and saw her own art as its ally and analog, Freud prized the arts, not of consuming or absorbing, but of mastering the world. He reified productivity and hard, unrelenting work; "*Travailler sans raisonner*" (Don't debate' work!) was his motto. The flow of curiosity by which James and Stein oriented themselves in a fast-modernizing culture was foreign to him. He rebuffed not only Sam Goldwyn's Hollywood offer to write a scripts, but several others like it, avoided the telephone, seldom listen to the radio, and never, so far as we know, went to a movie.

Throughout his studies of what he called the "pathology of cultural communities" and his voluminous correspondence, Freud seldom missed a chance to jab at the values, or lack of values, and popular American culture. He hated the "uncultivated public" that put "quantity" above "quality," intellectuals in capable of "living in opposition to the public opinion as we [Europeans] are prepared to do," the insane "rush of American life" with its worship of the "almighty dollar," its "cheap" and "manic" promises of instant gratification, and its prudish middlebrow moralizings. Most of all, he detested the blind "optimism," the "noble intentions" and the utter disregard of "facts," of those he took to be America's political and religious spokespersons.

Freud's disciples, including Otto Rank, Alfred Adler, Theodor Reik, Hans Sachs, Franz Alexander, Helene Deutsch, Erik Erikson, Fritz Wittels, Sandor Rado, and Karen Horney all visited America and New York and most of them love with they found. Deutsch thought the new

skyscrapers "The most beautiful architecture that one can imagine" and telegraphed her son: "AMERICA IMPOSING REALLY NEW WORLD EVERYTHING GIGANTIC MAD TEMPO." What Freud hated as cheap commercialism she saw as the prosperity and energy of a people "striving forward," exciting evidence of "hope" and "sheer life!"

Some of the émigrés lingered in this "really new world" for months, years, decades, even life. Both Ferenczi and Rank used trips to New York to signal their attempt break from Freud. Rank, who fell in love with Harlem dancing and occasionally signed his letters "Huck [Finn]," expatriated for good in the 1930s. Jung stayed in Switzerland, but visited America often and found his biggest following and surest funding there. If there were, as Freud claimed, irreparable differences between the new discourse of psychoanalysis and America, most of his followers refused, if not to see them, to condemn them. Freud charged his American patients higher fees than he asked from European patients and gave them last time and attention; Americans have no value, he insisted, except their "dollarei." But these "dollarei" were critical to his still-fledgling discipline. Psychoanalysis might've originated in Vienna, but it was copied and Americanized, then marketed, and marketed on a scale immeasurably greater than Europe could offer, in New York. [Harlem Clubs]

Douglas, *Honesty*, pp. 124-9.

The Village's chief psychoanalysts: A.A. Brill, Smith Ely Jelliffe, and Samuel Tannenbaum.
Humphrey, p. 227.

Freud was attractive to Villagers because of the special status he assigned to those who transformed primitive impulses into artistic creations. The artists' gifts, originating deep within the unconscious, emerged only after a terrific inner struggle. For some Villagers the presence of psychological problems seemed to verify the existence of unmined talent. Failure to develop and produce meant that repression had dammed up creativity.

The Village popularized psychoanalytic theories and supplied American psychiatrists with patients to treat. Seeing a psychiatrist was considered avant-garde. While the rest of society ignorantly confessed their sins to clerics, the modern Villager explored the psychic forces at work in the world. Floyd Dell remembered:

"There must have been... a half dozen or more people in the Liberal Club who knew a great deal about psychoanalysis, and a score more who were familiar enough with the terms to use them in badinage... Everyone... who knew about psychoanalysis was a sort of missionary on the subject, and nobody could be around Greenwich Village without hearing a lot about it."

Psychoanalysis was fascinating, Dell admitted, because "it [dealt] with ourselves, a subject in which we are all deeply interested." While psychoanalysis was embraced as a method of self-exploration, it enhanced and expanded the practice of mutual evaluation. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap spent their evenings searching for "the Achilles hell of everybody's psychic set-up." With its "recondite technical vocabulary" psychoanalysis permitted "talk about morbid states of health without seeming to indulge in a vulgar predilection." Psychoanalysis provided new topics of discussion and a new form of entertainment. Liberal Club members played parlor games of "associating" their thoughts to lists of words and tried to unravel dreams by following "the Freudian formula." Plain, everyday gossip was

elevated to scientific analysis, and commonplace dreams were assigned intellectual and sexual significance.

Ibid., pp. 227-8.

Freud read his nephew Edward Bernays's book *Propaganda* and praised it as "clear, clever, and comprehensible," and Bernays in turn devoted considerable time and money to publicizing Freud's work in America. In 1920, Freud had asked him to peddle among New York publishers the idea of a popular book to be written by himself. For a title, he suggested the catchy "Scraps of Popular Psychoanalysis." *Cosmopolitan* was interested but Freud wanted more authorial freedom and money than *Cosmopolitan* was willing to give, so the project was dropped.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 144.

He was connected to modern white urban America less because American read him, though they did, than because they did not have to read him. Freud and America in the modern era were not just conversationalists on a common theme, critics working within the same interpretative project, but mutual mind readers at work in an age fascinated with all forms of mind reading and mental telepathy.

Ibid., p. 147.

As powerful arrivistes, Freud and New York shared in its most acute form the adrenaline rush that was modernism.

Ibid., p. 148.

The unholy alliance of the hardline New York Freudians and the McCarthy-Army State Department.

McCourt, p. 106.

Each day people go to a Fifty-eighth Street psychodrama studio to scream and curse at two masked dummies.

Talese, p. 48.

I, or rather it was "we" now, did not know exactly what New York expected of us and found it rather confusing.

Fitzgerald, *Lost City*, p. 110

For all that they are supposed to be "crisis-oriented" and boast of living under perilous conditions, New Yorkers actually fall apart under the slightest strain that has not been planned for.

Blandford, p. 112.

On weekends psychotherapists are not available (there is a Manhattan condition known as Saturday anxiety).

Ibid., p. 120.

bone-drunk on starry metaphysics

Buzzi, p. 56.

It is part of the character of Manhattan that interior and exterior realities mingle recklessly.

McCourt, p. 243.

When its fixative won't hold, collage cobbles together a schizophrenic, self-torturing machine. If you can entertain at once all those impossible contradictions, the machine may work. If not, it won't

heed your efforts to restrain and order it and will fly derangedly apart.

Conrad, p. 309.

Manhattan's children learn early that life here is but a series of fragments.

Blandford, p. 69.

Your opponent is the City.

Jackson & Dunbar, pp. 497-8.

Hart Crane begins to complain of a dejected exhaustion. The manic city depresses him. "The N.Y. life is too taxing," he admits in 1923, and has left him insomniac and irritable. The summer heat sucks away his vitality and brings him near collapse. "New York takes such a lot from you that you have to save all you can of yourself or you simply give out."

Conrad, p. 227.

Look at me, I'm in tatters

I'm a shattered

My brain's been battered, splattered all over Manhattan

Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

I may be one of Manhattans therapized elite, I'm still coming to terms with some aspects of the process—like having my recently blown-out hair savagely reblown by the punishing wind off the Hudson. [Wind] [Air]

Quan, p. 8.

What are you depressed about?

I missed my therapy. I overslept.

Allen, *Annie Hall*, p. 17.

Jesus, last night it was some guy honking his car horn. I mean, the city can't close down. You know, what-whatta yuh gonna do, h-have 'em shut down the airport, too? No more fights so we can have sex?

I'm too tense. I need a Valium. My analyst says I should live in the country and not in New York.

Well, I can't li- We can't have this discussion all the time. The country makes me nervous. There's... You got crickets and it-it's quiet... there's no place to walk after dinner, and... uh, there's the screens with the dead moths behind them, and... uh, yuh got the-the Manson family possibly, yuh got Dick and Terry-

Okay, okay, my analyst just thinks I'm too tense. Where's the goddamn Valium? [Nature]

Ibid., p. 38.

Alvy, you're incapable of enjoying life, you know that? I mean, your life is New York City. You're just this person. You're like this island unto yourself.

I can't enjoy anything unless I... unless everybody is. I-you know, if one guy is starving someplace, that's... you know, I-I... it puts a crimp in my evening.

Ibid., p. 143.

What's so great about New York? I mean, it's a dying city. You read "Death in Venice."

You didn't read "Death in Venice" till I gave it to you!
Well, you only give me books with the word "death" in the title.
Alvy, you are totally incapable of enjoying life.
Ibid., pp. 148-9.

j - Media

Newspaper

Behold this paper city, buried in its newspapers in the morning, intent through the day on its journals and ledgers and briefs and Dear-sir-in-reply-to-yours-of-even-date, picking at its newly invented typewriters and mimeographs and adding machines, manifolding and filing, watching the ticker tape flow from the glib automatons in Broad Street, piling its soiled paper into deep baskets, burying its dead paper in dusty alphabetical cemeteries, binding fat little docketts with red tape, counting the crisp rolls and bank notes, cutting the coupons of the gilt-edged bonds, redeemable twenty years hence, forty years hence, in paper that might be even more dubious than the original loan issue. At night, when the paper day is over, the city buries itself in paper once more: the Wall Street closing prices, the Five Star Sporting Extra, with the ninth inning scores, the Special Extra, All-about-the-big-fight, all about the anarchist assassination in St. Petersburg—or Pittsburgh.

The cult of paper brings with it indifference to sight and sound: print and arithmetic are the Bible and the incense of this religious ritual. Realities of the world not included in this religion become dim and unreal to both the priests and the worshipers: these pious New Yorkers live in a world of Nature and human tradition, as indifferent to the round of the seasons and to the delights of the awakened senses and the deeper stores of social memory as an early Christian ascetic, occupied with his devotions amid the splendid temples of a Greek Acropolis. They collect pictures as they collect securities; their patronage of learning is merely a premature engraving of their own tombstones. It is not the images or the thoughts, but the reports of their munificence in the newspaper, that justifies their gifts. The whole social fabric is built on a foundation of printed paper; it is cemented together by paper; it is crowned with paper. No wonder the anarchists, with more generous modes of life in mind, have invented the ominous phrase: "Incinerate the documents!" That would wreck this world worse than an earthquake.

Mumford, "Metropolitan," pp. 24-5.

The huge bundles of newspapers which at night and in bulk have the merit of a really great commodity—the dignity almost of a bag of meal or a crate of eggs—are now resolved into units on the stationers' stands, and if the new day be Sunday the newsman is busy sorting out the different sections of the Sunday paper and putting the comics section on top. Nor can I think of anything human affairs which must be more futile in the eyes of the Creator than a stationer sorting out comic supplements in the full glory of early sunrise. With the newspaper waiting for it, New York of the ordinary life is ready to get out of bed.

Strunsky, p. 706.

On Sunday, with breakfast, comes a huge and sphinx-like bundle of papers, neatly folded, layer on wad. Breakfast waits the investigation... Reading this gigantic newspaper becomes a sort of game or endurance test, a task a Spartan mother might well assign her son if she lived in New York today... The bed is lost in the avalanche of paper... the bed, the breakfast tray, myself, utterly submerged by the Sunday Times... I

contemplate helplessly the vast paper tent that envelopes me. The room is newspaper, the newspaper is room.

Beaton, Portrait p. 49.

I leaped swiftly out of the car and presented her with the seven pounds of Sunday Times as if it were a basket of flowers.

Lobas, p. 25.

Imagine being in New York City on the morning of Sunday, April 28, 1974, like I was, slipping into that great public bath, that vat, that spa, that regional physiotherapy tank, that White Sulphur Springs, that Marienbad, that Ganges, that River Jordan for a million souls which is the Sunday New York Times. Soon I was submerged, weightless, suspended in the tepid depths of the thing, in Arts & Leisure, Section 2, page 19, in a state of perfect sensory deprivation.

Wolfe, Painted, p. 1.

To see a family reading the Sunday paper gratifies. The sections have been separated. Papa is earnestly scanning the pages that pictures the young lady exercising before an open window, and bending—but there, there! Mamma is interested in trying to guess the missing letters in the word N—w Yo—k. The oldest girls are eagerly pursuing the financial reports, for a certain young man remarked last Sunday night that he had taken a flyer in Q., X. & Z. [Textuality]

Henry, Complete, p. 28.

I hate New York on a Sunday. At about ten o'clock, some office worker opposite, dressed only in lilac underwear, raises his blinds. Without, it would seem, putting on his trousers, he sits down at the window with his hundred-page edition of either the World or the Times, weighing two pounds. He'll read for an hour first the poetic and colourful section of big-store publicity (which forms the basis of the average American world outlook), and after the adverts he'll have a glance at the burglary and murder pages. [Voyeur]

Mayakovsky, Discovery, p. 56.

The radio, the Sunday New York Times, Pullman cars, fill up the voids and empty spaces.

Corbusier, p. 213.

That Sunday, I'm reading the New York Times real estate ads—comparing my worth to everybody else's on the Upper West Side.

Braly, p. 399.

In today's thirty-two page Times's news section, twenty-one of them were taken up with advertisements of a life of looking gorgeous.

Bladford, p. 58.

Rubbing shoulders with New York Times advertisements.

Ibid., p. 13.

A copy of the New York Times was spread out, unread, at her feet.

Van Vechten, p. 77.

Hurrying to the subway, Rip is reminded to pick up his copy of the daily Times. He's an imp who flourishes in the remissness of time.

Conrad, p. 232.

His daily paper must be highly spiced.
Girdner, p. 40.

He prefers news to romance.
Hapgood, p. 78.

Instead of making the commonplace interesting, the newspaper makes the exceptional commonplace. The striking becomes the daily thing.
Ibid., p. 96.

Those bundled Sunday newspapers strewn on the sidewalk at the beginning of Naked City could just as well be corpses, bagged in neat rows after a tenement fire. They contain corpses and will soon be corpses, or refuse. Sleepers in a mission use them for mattresses, and, in Weegee's photographs of a car crash, they double as a shroud: the dead man is sheeted with newspaper until the ambulance arrives. [City as Body]

Conrad, p. 274.

A newspaper truck went from building to building dropping off heavy bundles of, for the most part, bad news, which little boys carried inside on their shoulders.

Maxwell, p. 391.

One woman kneels at the still-closed church on the way to work, while another girl checks off jobs in the help-wanted section of the New York Times.

Weegee, Naked, p. 43.

LaGuardia coatless, his eyeglasses pushed over his head, as he read the comics to children during a newspaper strike.

Heckscher, p. 10.

This is the way it is in New York, where 250 people die each day, and where the living dash for empty apartments. This is the way it is in a big, impersonal, departmentalized city—where on page 29 of this morning's newspaper are pictures of the dead; on page 31 are the pictures of the engaged; on page 1 are pictures of those who are running the world, enjoying the lush years before they land back on page 29.

Talese, p. 134.

Baseball players with AIDS, more Mafia shit, gridlock, the homeless, various maniacs, faggots dropping like flies in the streets, surrogate mothers, the cancellation of a soap opera, kids who broke into a zoo and tortured and burned various animals alive, more Nazis... and the joke is, the punch line is, it's all in this city — nowhere else, just here, it sucks, whoa wait, more Nazis, gridlock, gridlock, baby-sellers, black-market babies, AIDS babies, baby junkies, building collapses on baby, maniac baby, gridlock, bridge collapses — "

Ellis, Psycho, p. 4.

NYC Left-wing newspapers, including at least five dailies: the Daily Worker, the Forward, Morgen Freiheit, the China Daily News (Meizhou Huaqiao Ribao), and PM.

Freeman, p. 57.

We can see three daily newspapers: the Journal-American, the World-Telegram, and PM; the magazines are Liberty, Air News, Argosy, Song Parade, American, Judy's, Crack Detective, Phantom Detective, Cartoon Digest, American Astrology, White's Radio, Magazine Digest, Popular Science, Mechanix Illustrated, Die Hausfrau, and Die Welt (must've been a Yorkville newsstand). We cannot see some other New York dailies that were publishing that year: the Herald Tribune and the Mirror, and in the outer boroughs, the Brooklyn Eagle, the Brooklyn Times-Union, the Bronx Home-News, the Long Island Press, the Long Island Star-Journal.
Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

The News, the Tribune, and the American
Between the Evening Mail and the Morning Telegraph
Between the Morning Journal and the Evening Telegraph
From the Times to the World
Behrens, p. 315.

Let's go back to the corner newsstand. — SPACE BLAST... POPE WASHES FEET OF POOR...
Kerouac, Traveler, p. 109.

Yesterday's newspaper is a synonym for waste and the city's amnesia; and they too, like the streets, can only be read nonhierarchically, since their columns adjoin stories without relating them, which is how the city randomly orders the lives entrusted to it. Those lives are in turn diminished, consumed and wasted by the paper.
Conrad, p. 302.

This page, an experiment in newspaper format, was largely a rearrangement of phrases from the front page of The New York Times, September 17, 1899, cast in the form of code messages.
Burroughs, p. 920.

Typography opens shouting at the crowd hungry for the future.
newspaper-poetry, a mass of feelings and colors, dedicated to the miraculous new LIGHT.
Fillia, p. 49.

Five floors down, a sheet of newspaper flutters across the cement at the bottom of the airshaft.
Eisenberg, p. 26.

Newspapers wing, revolve and wing.
Lehman, Oxford, p. 443.

Newsies that shout sensational headlines.
Ono, "Midsummer."

In hundredstreet multithousand cities
every day thousands of newspapers come out,
long, black columns of words,
are announced loudly in all the boulevards
they are written by little middle-aged men in spectacles
wrong
they are written by the City
in the shorthand of thousands of accidents
in its rhythm, pulse, blood
long forty-column poems

ticked out by multithousand machines
which feel the pulse of the world millions of miles away.
[...]
all this the city writes in its forty-column poems
this is true gigantic poetry
the only one ever new, every twenty-four hours
one that affects me as a strong electric current
how ridiculous is all other poetry in front of it
poets you are superfluous. [City as Body] [Textuality]
Mehring, p. 34.

He's as disposable as the daily paper.
Conrad, p. 232.

In the smoking car, whose etiquette is that you keep quiet and let men read the morning paper, it occurs to the student that future historians might value a casual abstract of one day's marginalia on the book of life. I take a New York morning newspaper, on a Monday in August, 1928, and quote some of its minor items. It is not for me to offer comment; I leave that to the historian of 2028.
Morley, Morley's, p. 185.

Perhaps grown-ups get somewhat that same feeling of reality-though not always of safe care and protection-by reading the newspaper. Once every two or three years I take a copy of the New York Times and sit down with it to study it intensively. The last time I did so was in 1928 when things were riding high. And now, cleaning up in my study in hope of a small vacation, I find the issue of May 29, 1931.
Ibid., p. 194

By purchasing a ragpaper copy of the New York Times, of which a limited edition is printed each day, "records of births, deaths, engagements may be preserved indefinitely." This special perdurable edition costs 75 cents on weekdays, \$1.25 on Sundays.
Ibid., p. 198.

The paper before me is the New York Times of Thursday, July 20. Giving ourselves the privilege of detachment, what can we deduce of the state of the world?
Ibid., p. 206.

The transcontinental air mail left New York at 11 A.M., arrived Chicago 7 P.M., arrived Omaha 20 minutes after midnight, arrived Cheyenne 4:30 A.M., arrived Salt Lake City 10 A.M., arrived San Francisco 4:30 P.M.
Ibid., p. 206.

An "overnight bag" containing a black coolie coat, a navy blue dress, and a typewritten manuscript was lost in a taxicab outside a restaurant on 58th Street.
Ibid., p. 208.

Marathon dancers, the biological oddities of the year 1928, were still going strong. A pair of them had just reached the outskirts of New York after having danced down the Post Road all the way from Bridgeport.
Ibid., p. 208.

Electric refrigeration was highly spoken of in the ads.
Ibid., p. 208.

People in the Chrysler Building elevators were stalled for 41 minutes, suspended between floors.
Ibid., p. 208.

Six circus lions housed in a barn on East 221st Street kept the neighbors awake.
Ibid., p. 208.

Babe Ruth muffed a fly and the Yankees lost, ending their winning streak of 9 games.
Ibid., p. 208.

Gimbel's has a few openings for elevator girls of good appearance; must be at least feet 5 inches tall and under 25 years.
Ibid., p. 208.

With an atlas, an encyclopaedia, and a shelf of histories one might adequately absorb one issue of a newspaper.
Ibid., p. 209.

As one moves deeper into this fascinating maze of printed paradox we realize that only the merciful opium of habit makes it possible for the pensive citizen to skim all this every morning and not go haywire. Everywhere he turns is the perfection of astonishment.
Ibid., p. 211.

Here's a letter to the New York Post
The worst piece of paper on the east coast
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents
In New York City fifty cents elsewhere
It makes no goddamn sense at all
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money

Ain't worth the paper it's printed on
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news
Public Enemy, "Letter."

You get a seat and hoist a copy of the New York Post. The Post is the most shameful of your several addictions.
McInerney, p. 11.

The Post confirms your sense of impending disaster. There's a Fiery Nightmare on page three—an apartment blaze in Queens; and on page four a Killer Tornado that ravaged Nebraska. In the heartland of the country, carnage is usually the result of acts of God. In the city it's man-made—arson, rape, murder.
Ibid., p. 57.

There are people out there from The New Yorker magazine. My God! What would they think?
Allen, Annie Hall, N. pag.

I proceed to various newsstands in desperate need of a New York Post or a New York News to check out what course my life is taking back in Manhattan, but I can't find any foreign papers anywhere.

Ellis, Glamorama, p. 274.

Radio / TV (see also [Sound / Radio])

The time—7:15 A.M., WOR, New York. The temperature, outside, 84—
Friends—is your life worth one dollar?

Hayes, p. 1.

The decline of the street may be blamed upon several causes—the
growth of radio and the motion picture.

Walker, p. 202.

Television killed the supper and nightclubs. The movie houses began
closing, too.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

As the evening slowly falls upon us living here in Brooklyn, New
York, this is ya Love Daddy rappin' to you. Right now we're gonna open
up the Love Lines.

Lee, p. 64.

New York's multitudes became acutely aware of a new miracle in the
fall of 1947, on the eve of the World Series baseball games. In a
remarkably short time practically every tavern in town displayed signs
bearing the single word "Television."

Rodgers, p. 311.

In anticipation of the imminent application of TV technology, NBC
conceives of the entire block (insofar as it is not punctured by RCA's
columns) as a single electronic arena that can transmit itself via
airwaves into the home of every citizen of the world—the nerve center
of an electronic community that would congregate at Rockefeller Center
without actually being there. Rockefeller Center is the first
architecture that can be broadcast.

This part of the Center is an anti-Dream Factory; radio and TV, the
new instruments of pervasive culture, will simply broadcast life,
"realism," as it is organized at the NBC studios.

By absorbing radio and TV, Rockefeller Center adds to its levels of
congestion electronics—the very medium that denies the need for
congestion as condition for desirable human interaction. [Dream City]

Koolhaas, p. 200.

The majority of chalk sidewalk art of Chelsea children in 1954 was
identified s either television sets or characters and / or objects from
popular television shows. None of the children's interpretations of
their drawings included references to personal or group associations.

Arter, p. 26.

Theater of protest expanded from the streets to the television
studio. [Unrest]

Hoffman, Autobiography, p. 113.

To claim that the city is defined as a network of circulation
communication, as a center of information and decision-making, is an

absolute ideology; this ideology proceeding from a particular arbitrary and dangerous reduction – extrapolation and using terraced means, sees itself as total truth and dogma.

Lefebvre, *Cities*, p. 98.

The Waldorf-Astoria (1931) had a web of radio antennae strung between its towers as a means of universalizing itself.

Conrad, p. 257.

I get the news I need on the weather report.

Simon & Garfunkel, "Living Boy."

Sunshine still with us and temperature still climbing, and it should get to sixty, and even into the sixties today. It'll be coolest on the south shore of Long Island and the Connecticut coast with a southerly breeze coming in off the water. Then it clouds up tonight, could start to drizzle. We get drizzle and rain at times tomorrow, especially tomorrow night on into Sunday morning, could be some heavy rain and maybe a thunderstorm. The rain, um, er, probably at least the steady rain, ends Sunday morning, but there still may be some rain showers around Sunday afternoon, and it will be noticeably colder with temperatures no higher than the forties. Right now, though, uh, it is fifty-six degrees and sunny in Central Park, and the temperature today going up to, uh, about sixty.

Goldsmith, *Weather*, p. 41.

I paid \$258 for that durned TV set. I was sitting there watching a program on the thing went blooey. I got so doggone mad, I just picked up the set and threw it out the window. When it hit the pavement, the picture tube exploded.

Greenburg, p. 115.

Why are you so hostile?

'Cause I wanna watch the Knicks on television.

Allen, Annie Hall, N. pag.

WBAI is kind of obscure, but you hear it from time to time if you take a lot of cabs.

Quan, p. 93.

From 1010 WINS to Live At Five

Beastie Boys "Open Letter."

Radio traffic reports and local TV news are in a frenzy.

Caldwell, p. 2.

Well, we've been telling you how bad the rush hour's been in Midtown and through Manhattan and it's only getting worse right now. We've been, uh, checking out the FDR Drive just south of the Triboro. This delay goes straight on down to the Brooklyn Bridge. And the northbound side, there was a crash in the 40's with delays right off the Brooklyn Bridge going north. And the West Side, I'm telling you, it can take you upwards to two and a half to three hours to sit in this mess from the 120's all the way down to the Battery Tunnel. I'm not seeing any movement at all right now around the Chelsea Piers area, around the 40's, up in the 90's. It's just horrible on the West Side. Eighth Avenue's gonna be bad, Teens all the way up to Columbus Circle. You got a ton of traffic right now on Seventh Avenue out of, uh, the

area of Central Park, all the way down, going past Times Square. Broadway's being impacted by that too. On the East Side steer clear of Second Avenue. Because of the dump-off off the 59th Street Bridge and coming out of the Midtown Tunnel, you've got delays on Second Avenue from the 80's all the way down to the Teens. And the East Side side streets through the 40's and 50's are an absolute mess. Big problems right now across the East River. The only thing south of the Triboro that's moving is the Manhattan-bound Manhattan Bridge. Other than that, forget it. And right now off the Verrazano we've got troubles, Brooklyn-bound lower level there's an accident. It's a flipped over car, the Brooklyn-bound lower level of the Verrazano on the ramp to the Belt. This will impact the upper roadway too. So right now coming out of Staten Island coming off the Verrazano, it'll be very slow.

Goldsmith, Traffic, p. 87.

Technology

New York is Senegal with machines.

Lorca, Poet in NY, p. xi.

Entire cities are made of silicon, silicon oxide, and gold wire.
Kittler, p. 721.

The vernacular of the machine.

Mumford, Sidewalk, p. 65.

The Machine Age equals jazz equals triangles equals modernism.

Ibid., p. 82.

We need the new urban landscape,

the dance of turbines,

the oily atoms of machines

Goll, p. 5.

Pneumatic mail-1897. Tube system built from General Post Office to Grand Central and Brooklyn, from Battery to 125th St.

Tubes are cast iron. Cylinders are twenty-four inches long, with a 7-inch diameter. Pressure provided by rotary blowers and air compressors.

Fifty-four miles of tube to 23 post offices, traveling at a speed of 30 and 40 m.p.h.

Operated weekdays between 5am and 10pm, carrying 6 to 7 million letters a day. By 1947 the U.S. Post Office had stopped using pneumatic tubes in all cities except Boston and NYC.

Tubes displaced by teleprinters.

Reasons for blockage: messengers drop chewing gum, rubber bands and erasers into inlets. If a carrier jams, pressure is doubled and sometimes reversed. If that doesn't dislodge it, a heavy carrier may be shot against it, or it may have to be poked out with a steel rod.

New York office of The Associated Press snapped its dispatches to local offices by air chute.

Newspapers were delivered in chutes.

The streets of a city are alive in more ways than people usually imagine: as we walk the streets millions of letters and thousands of telegrams are shooting every which way under our very feet.

Granick, pp. 96-9.

Instantaneous landscapes flit
through systems of pneumatic tubes.
Arce, p. 18.

Telegrams sorted at 60 Hudson Street (The Western Union Building)
by girls on roller skates.
Granick, p. 105.

the street is my electric lyre,
I walk in its midst, like string above me are wires
Młodożeniec, p. 324.

1889 protest where a crew of men climbed 90 foot poles at the
corner of Broadway and 14th St. and sheared the lines to the ground.
Granick, p. 134.

Overhead wires, dense as jungle vines began disappearing in the
1890s, and sky, both by day and night, returned to the landscape.
Caldwell, p. 209.

wireless subways vacuum
cleaners pianolas funnygraphs skyscrapers an safetyrazors
Cummings, p. 85.

The great forests of cedar and chestnut poles that once carried the
telegraph wires are now forgotten. [Nature]
Granick, p. 105.

Metro, metronome, mechanical, constructive: nickel,
express, radium, telephone, radio, cable,
elevator, thermometer, petroleum, integral
calculus, vermouth, speed, passport,
radiator, voltaic arc, pneumatic, motor,
alcohol, turbine.
Vinea, p. 54.

The living units or houses in cities must be measured in terms of
molecules whose total reproduced millions of times, technologic media
miniaturize surface area, even after having been barely fill a square
millimeter.

Kittler, p. 721.

In a shockproof vault below 60 Hudson are two pendulum clocks each
six feet in diameter. These huge mater clocks are regulated to tick off
every sixtieth of a second in perfect unison with the clock at the
Naval Observatory. If anything were to happen to the Observatory clock,
the nation's radio station, railroads, air fields, business houses and
research laboratories would be able to get the correct time during the
emergency from the Western Union clocks.

Granick, p. 105.

Everything whirls
towards its mechanical destiny.
Sánchez, p. 306.

Is not the click of the telegraph, telephones, arc lights,
elevators, cranes, trains, airplanes not a blossoming of terrestrial
monotony?

Bonnelycke, p. 10.

They get scattered through all the floors of the downtown skyscrapers, around the side corridors fed by the main entrance of dozens of lifts. There are dozens of lifts for local connections, stopping at every floor, and dozens of express lifts, going up without a stop until the seventeenth, the twentieth, or the thirtieth. Special clocks show you what floor the lift is now on, lights indicating, in red and white, descent or ascent. And if you have two calls to make—one on the seventh floor and another on the twenty-fourth—you take the local up to the seventh, and then, so as not to waste six whole minutes, you change to the express.

Mayakovsky, Discovery, p. 49.

We are caught up... on a great wave whether we will or not, a great wave of expansion and progress. A great deal is going to happen in the next few years. All these mechanical inventions—telephones, electricity, steel bridges, horseless vehicles—they are leading somewhere. It's up to us to be on the inside, in the forefront of progress...My God! I cant begin to tell you what it will mean..." Poking amid the dry grass and the burdock leaves he had moved something with his stick. He stooped and picked up a triangular skull with a pair of spiralfluted horns. "By gad!" he said. "That must have been a fine ram." [Primitive] [Nature]

Dos Passos,, p. 15.

You my century!
electrical gears,
speedway racer to the sun,
headlights on the stars,
I'm yours!
Goll, p. 5.

All the electricity belongs to the bourgeoisie, yet they eat by candle-end. They have an unconscious fear of their own electricity. They are embarrassed, like the sorcerer who has called up spirits he is unable to control. [Cosmic]

Mayakovsky, Discovery, p. 59.

To support the alibi of "business," the incipient tradition of Fantastic Technology is disguised as pragmatic technology. The paraphernalia of illusion that have just subverted Coney Island's nature into an artificial paradise—electricity, air-conditioning, tubes, telegraphs, tracks and elevators—reappear in Manhattan as paraphernalia of efficiency to convert raw space into office suites.

Koolhaas, p. 87.

Canal Street, the city's graveyard of industrial mechanism.
Conrad, p. 309.

In 1879 there were only 17 residence telephones in New York and 5 in Brooklyn. The names of the owners were:

Barney, A. H.-----101 E. 38th Street.
Barricklo, A. ----- 52 Sedgwick St., Bklyn.
Borden, Wm. -----411 W. 23rd Street.
Boncicault, D. ----- 6 E. 15th Street.
Brown, Robert -----280 Carlton Ave., Bklyn.

Buss, Geo. ----- 54 W. 39th Street.
 Byrne, C. A. -----829 Seventh Ave.
 Cheseborough, R. A. - 17 E. 45th Street.
 Dean, John H. ----- 53 W. 54th Street.
 Dickenson, E. N.----- 64 E. 34th Street.
 Duryea, Miss A. A.-----188 Washington St., Bklyn.
 Duryea, S. B. ----- 46 Remsen St., Bklyn.
 Earle F. P. ----- 48 E. 53rd Street.
 Elkins, S. B. ----- 46 W. 58th Street.
 Gorden, A. D. -----210 E. 41st Street.
 Hallgarten, Mrs. ----- 5 W. 49th Street.
 Hart, J. ----- 71 Lexington Avenue.
 Hays', A. N. -----144 W. 47th Street.
 How, R. W. -----134 Columbia Heights, Bklyn.
 Parke T. W. ----- Buckingham Hotel.
 Post, L. W. ----- 247 W. 25th Street.
 Sargent, H. J. -----665 Bway (Tremont House).
 Brown, Valentine, p. 183.

Boys operated the first switchboards. They were succeeded by girls in the eighties.

Ibid., p. 184.

1877--The first telephone subscriber in New York was Mr. J.H. Haigh, 81 John Street. His line, five miles in length, was laid across the then half-finished Brooklyn Bridge to his steel plant in South Brooklyn. Mr. Haigh had the distinction of being the first paid line in New York City. [Loneliness]

Ibid., p. 184.

22 million
 telephone calls
 a day that weave
 the most intense
 human electricity
 Depero, "24th Street," p. 428.

New York Telephone Co. installs outdoor telephone booths in 1960. The disappearance of candy and cigar stores since the 1940s has created a need for public phones, and the company sees an opportunity to profit from calls made on impulse by pedestrians, but the new booths will be vandalized, used as urinals, turned into shelters, and employed as offices by drug dealers; directories will be stole and beginning in the 1970s the company will replace the booths with simpler, doorless enclosures.

Trager, p. 629.

In the telephone booth passing a finger up and down the names. Write the number on the back of a business card. Pop in the coin, hear it go clink and bing down into the black box.

Donleavy, N. pag.

And how quiet the telephone operator's office is! It is like a strange library where the librarians sit before their shelves and silently reach for the conversations which their invisible public desires.

Granick, p. 129.

Telephone billing—the practice of making monthly photographs of the phone meter.

N. cit.

Each day in New York 90,000 people dial WE6-1212 for the latest weather report; 70,000 dial ME7-1212 for the correct time.

Talese, p. 37.

555-1212 for information wasn't introduced until 1959.

Lapsley, endnote 53.

The energy, time and money that go into preparing temporary political headquarters is astonishing. Early in September, on Republican order, Roosevelt Hotel housemen stripped the seventh floor of everything except the carpets, draperies and television sets. The sets were kept because Mr. Rockefeller wanted his staff to keep up with campaign developments.

When the floor was cleared, brand-new office equipment was carried in by the carload. Countless reams of stationery were piled up. Three hundred telephones were hooked up with a special three-position headquarters switchboard. Forty more telephones will be installed in the Roosevelt's Grand Ballroom tomorrow. So will extra circuits for radio commentators and television men.

The Rockefeller men tried something new with good results. They set thirty telephones aside to carry Mr. Rockefeller's stand on major issues. His voice was recorded on tape. The numbers of the special telephones were advertised so that any voter who wanted to brush up on Mr. Rockefeller's platform could hear it in his own words, in his own voice.

Trager, p. 509.

"The Herald announces: 'Residents of New York City and the country around will be able to read in the skies the result of the battle of the ballots to-morrow.' A searchlight, placed atop the Madison Square Garden Tower, beamed out the results as soon as they came in, pointing southward to announce that the Democrats had won.

Caldwell, p. 210.

La Guardia passes a bill describing slot machines as gambling devices that can be seized on sight, whether or not they are in use, and dumped into the Atlantic Ocean. Makers of the machines try to evade the law by placing an obscure knob that releases a cheap (and almost inedible) candy bar, claiming that their devices are vending machines. [Prohibition]

Trager, p. 485.

May 26, 1950: Mayor O'Dwyer says that he will not approve parking meters until he has proof that their manufacturers are not linked to slot machines.

Ibid., p. 575.

Ballpoint pens go on sale in 1945 at Gimbels for the price of \$12.50 with the promise that the pens will write underwater. Some banks suggest that ballpoint pen signatures may not be legal. (cf. Cage's malfunctioning pen & Revlon's destroying [Window Displays] [Commodity])

Ibid., p. 549.

Ten years ago, in the early 1940s, the historian Allan Nevins of Columbia University saw a stumbling block ahead for historians of generations yet to be. Before the twentieth century, men had relied chiefly on letters to keep them in touch with associates in their calling, or in government. They wrote when they were on holiday; kept diaries.

When the telephone came into wider use and radio communications developed, the letter and the diary came to figure less and less in the daily scheme. Men could speak to one another though whole oceans lay between. Fast planes swept them in brief time to friends or kinsmen and that cut down a lot more on use of the written word.

Professor Nevins finally figured a way to build a source-material stockpile for tomorrow's historians: get competent researchers to make tape-recordings of interviews with men and women notable in law, medicine, the arts, government, journalism, industry, advertising in all fields.

The Oral History Research Office was created. It operates out of Columbia University's Butler Library. Finished tapes are transcribed there in triplicate—one copy for the subject, two for the files. The tapes are used over and over again, but small sections are cut off from time to time so the historian may hear the actual sound of the subject's voice.

In ten years Oral History Research has accumulated 100,000 pages of manuscript in interviews with some 450 persons. All are stored in the Butler Library. Some will not be available to historians while the subjects still live, some will stay closed to from fifty to eighty years after a subject passes; one or two are not to be opened to historians until the Year 2001.

Columbia University does not own the manuscripts; it merely has them in custody. Ownership, it is explained, might make the university liable if any libel action resulted from a historian's use of the material; mere custodianship would not. Each subject owns his own manuscript. At his death ownership passes to his estate. Closed items are locked away with rare books in the library's fireproof vaults. Open manuscripts may be scanned by qualified scholars.

Researchers and transcribers are carefully chosen. They must be persons who would not be likely to disclose restricted material. Only the other day a girl transcriber resigned. She was working on an almost legendary police case, which is still unsolved. She told Oral History Research executives, "I'm afraid I couldn't go on listening to this material without blurting some of it out somewhere." Her resignation was accepted.

The project owns seven tape-recorders. Their newest models will take up to twelve interview hours on a single reel. Wherever they're available, researchers pick up any diaries, pertinent documents, photographs or drawings and put them in with the Mss. Several open biographies already have gone into books, or into parts of books -- J. M. Burns' "The Lion and the Fox," A. M. Schlesinger's "The Crisis of the Old Order," among others.

Columbia has hired its project researchers out for special projects to Book-of-the-Month Club, to the Ford Motor Company, Radio Pioneers, Weyerhauser Timber Company, McGraw-Hill. The material will probably be used for corporate or institutional histories. The fee comes to around \$90 an hour, which leaves a small profit margin. The margin is applied to other projects, although most of the work is done on special grants.

Not all subjects want their names made public now, but among those who have left their material open are Sir Norman Angell, Nobel prize winner; John W. Davis, the barrister; Senator William J. Fulbright;

Edward J. Flynn, the late Democratic leader; John R. Gregg, the shorthand man; James W. Gerard, the diplomat; Mrs. Fiorello H. La Guardia, the former Mayor's widow; Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth; Geoffrey Parsons, the late journalist; Keats Speed, the journalist; Norman Thomas; Henry A. Wallace; the Rev. George Barry Ward, parish priest. Frances Perkins' manuscript, more than 5,000 pages, is to stay closed until five years after her death.

One of the subjects, a minister, is 100 years old. Close to fifty of the persons interviewed since the project started have died since. "Some of us," one of the project people said the other day, "keep thinking of it, in some cases, as a race with death." (cf. Joseph Mitchell on Joe Gould's Oral History of Our Time [Art])

Berger, New York, pp. 245-7.

In early 1965, Norelco came out with the first affordable video recorder. "Andy called me up and said he had been making these underground movies and asked for a loaner on this Norelco video recorder for both a black & white and a color camera," recalled Ekstract. "I thought it would be good publicity for Norelco to lend him one and have a world premiere underground party for him."

Ekstract had heard that there was an unused train tunnel beneath the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and thought the location would be an ideal setting for the premiere of Warhol's videos made with the new equipment. The party was held on Friday, October 29, 1965. Entering through a hole in the street, denizens of the New York underground mixed with Park Avenue housewives, all dodging rats and roaches. The party was a success but the exact content of the tapes, recorded on an obsolete one-inch format which makes playback virtually impossible today, remains unknown. (cf. Trager: "Waldorf-Astoria Hotel built with a private railroad siding..." [Commodity])

Ekstract, p. 71.

The party for the machine was held underground, on the abandoned New York Central Railroad track on Park Avenue under the Waldorf-Astoria. You went in through a hole in the street. There was a band and Edie came in shorts, but there were people all dressed up in gowns who were screaming and dodging the rats and roaches and everything—it was the real thing all right.

Warhol, POPism, p. 19.

The purist refrigerators of New York.
Conrad, p. 136.

The intent escalator lifts a serenade.
Lehman, Oxford, p. 443.

I'm now living the way all outsiders think all New Yorkers live, i.e. under siege conditions, alleviated only a little by the shower with tension-soothing massage attachment, commercial meat slicer, automatic lettuce dryer and similar aids to lie. At least there's a sense of other human beings being nearby.

Blandford, p. 11.

Cold War Radar-guided Nike missiles that once surrounded the city like a ballistic "ring of steel" were removed by the mid-1970s. Most of the missile batteries were positioned near sleepy towns on Long Island and in New Jersey and Westchester, but a couple were placed in now-abandoned military installations on the outskirts of the city itself.

(cf. Diehl: "U-boat Commander Reinhard Hardegen drove his submarine past the carnival lights of Coney Island's Wonder Wheel..." [Unrest])
Goldenberg, 19.

The first true Xerox image appears October 22 at Astoria, Queens. The electrophotographic image "10-22-38 Astoria" is imprinted on wax paper which has been pressed against an electrostatically charged two-by-three inch sulfur-coated zinc plate that has been dusted with lycopodium powder.

Trager, p. 59.

"I could stay living in this city if they just installed Blaupunkt's in the cabs. Maybe the ODM III or ORC II dynamic tuning systems?" His voice softens here. "Either one. Hip my friend, very hip."

Ellis, Psycho, p.4.

New York in the late 1990s, a seamless citywide transition from nicotine culture to cellular culture. One day the lump in the shirt pocket was Marlboros, the next day it was Motorola. One day the vulnerably unaccompanied pretty girl was occupying her hands and mouth and attention with a cigarette, the next day she was occupying them with a very important conversation with a person who wasn't you. One day a crowd gathered around the first kid on the playground with a pack of Kools, the next day around the first kid with a color screen. One day travelers were clicking lighters the second they were off an airplane, the next day they were speed-dialing. Pack-a-day habits became hundred-dollar monthly Verizon bills. Smoke pollution became sonic pollution. Although the irritant changed overnight, the suffering of a self-restrained majority at the hands of a compulsive minority, in restaurants and airports and other public spaces, remained eerily constant. Back in 1998, not long after I'd quit cigarettes, I would sit on the subway and watch other riders nervously folding and unfolding phones, or nibbling on the teatlike antennae that all the phones then had, or just quietly clutching their devices like a mother's hand, and I would feel something close to sorry for them. It still seemed to me an open question how far the trend would go: whether New York truly wanted to become a city of phone addicts sleepwalking down the sidewalks in icky little clouds of private life, or whether the notion of a more restrained public self might somehow prevail.

Franzen. "I Just Called," pp. 88-97.

"I mean, this is the Internet," he said, standing among the chattering switches. "You're looking at it. It smells like an old Lionel train set. It weighs a ton. It sits on the floor on Hudson street. Virtual reality depends on the strength of this floor."

Gopnik, p. 107.

k - Monument

Fitzgerald in *The Beautiful and the Damned* describes New York "struggling to approach the tremendous and impressive urbanity ascribed to it," in competition with its own publicity. Having already grandly imagined itself, it confronts the artistic imagination with a rebuff. The city promulgates values of its own: how can it then be made to speak for the different values of the artist? New York's monuments—the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn Bridge—defy the symbolizing faculty because they are already symbols, prepackaged and self-expounding. They therefore provoke in the artist a mischievous revisionism. If he is to capture the city, he must reinterpret them.

Conrad, p. 207.

Statue of Liberty

The Statue of Liberty: she is an image alarmingly disproportionate to the idea she's meant to serve. Why is she so menacingly gigantic, and if she's Liberty, why does she frown so illiberally? Instead of a mother, is she another mechanized bogey? Those who are made uncomfortable by her rewrite the allegory and reassign the image. Her torch, for instance, is meant to enlighten the world. Yet she seems to be raising it as a weapon, in hostility or at least admonishment.

Conrad, p. 215.

The torch is in reality a threatening club: "Get to work," it commands.

Ibid., p. 215.

I am sorry to say that whenever I have returned from Europe, the first peep of lower Manhattan, with its craggy battlements, its spires splintering the very firmament, and the horrid Statue of Liberty, all these do so work on my spirit that I feel like repining. Not because I am home again—not, my friend, because the spectacle is an uplifting one, but, shame that I must confess the truth, because my return means back to toil, back to the newspaper forge, there to resume my old job of wordsmith. Why, the very symbol of liberty, that stupid giant female, with her illuminating torch, becomes a monster of hated mien, her torch a club that ominously threatens us: Get to work! Get to work!

Huneker, p. 22.

The torch: the blackened hilt of a broken sword.

Conrad, p. 215.

Statue of Bigotry

Reed, "Hold On."

Christopher Isherwood remembers the Statue as "the Giantess," an overbearing and unnurturing mother.

Conrad, p. 215.

Because the Statue is a woman, she's more the victim of interpretative impertinences than her male architectural colleagues.

Ibid., p. 215.

Her cast-ironical welcome to the oppressed of other lands.
Ibid., p. 215.

Max Beerbohm renamed her the Statue of Vulgarity. For Cecil Beaton in 1938 she appeared as a frumpish matron in last year's ball gown; for Beerbohm she is an overeager hostess.

Ibid., p. 216.

Beerbohm told Robert Ross that the Statue must come down.

Ibid., p. 216.

Shaw once said that his reason for not going to the United States was that he couldn't bear to see the Statue, and when he did go, he denounced her as a Statue of Anarchy.

Ibid., p. 216.

that empire outhouse
that receptacle for all varieties of puke
then there's queen liberty tin shit
standing in the middle of pee green water
[...]
(the statue of liberty is a prostitute)
The Last Poets, "New York New York."

A monstrous idol which you call Liberty.
Conrad, p. 216.

Czech Dadaist Jindrich Styrsky, who in 1939 drew the Statue in construction. For a torso she has girders and pulleys, but she flaunts a swollen human mammary.

Ibid., p. 217.

Lady Liberty resembles a disturbed sleepwalker, wearing a bronze dressing gown and carrying a huge candlestick.

Ibid., p. 217.

If you ponder the inner life of the Statue of Liberty, you discover a head empty of thought.

Ibid., p. 223.

Why, Morand asks, is she turning her torch in the direction of Europe? Does she want to light her homeland first? Why has she been stranded on that islet? Are they afraid of her setting fire to things with her torch in the wind?

Ibid., p. 217.

She's a symbol you can enter. But this erotic decipherment—reading the allegory by trespassing inside the body—ends in fear and frustration, as Liberty traps him within her. "From near by, the towering, green, abstract figure terrified me," Morand reports. He valiantly thrusts himself into the abstraction: "I penetrated her skirts by fortress casements." Once inside, he discovers a disquieting truth about her. Though she professes to be Liberty, her interior resembles a prison, and though she claims to be the impersonation of an idea he finds, when he climbs to the top of her, that her head is empty.

Ibid., p. 217.

Does Liberty have to be encircled by water because it's too incendiary a notion and may need a cautionary quenching?

Ibid., p. 217.

When Mae West slinks into her garments in 1934, the Statue of Liberty is redefined as a statue of ignited libido. She earned the right to pose as the Statue because she's a superwoman contemptuous of the official morality. Kong on the Empire State characterized the city's mechanical monstrosity; if Mae West, mounting the Statue's pedestal, is a monster, she's at least a sacred one. Kong is the city's nightmare of itself, Mae West its lubricious daydreaming.

Ibid., p. 217.

In 1950 Weegee photographed the Statue through one of his distorting lenses and warped her strict uprightness. She bends lewdly at the waist, vampily redistributing her weight and acquiring a disheveled femaleness. The spikes of her crown, elongated and blurred by the lens, fly out of control like unraveled braids of hair. Though she's no longer an allegorical mentor, the new liveness of her body bestows a more up-to-date iconic status on her. She's as sinuous in her wreathings as a Coca-Cola bottle, and her torch, also squeezed out of shape by the lens, resembles a hot dog. Weegee has made her a deity for the age of advertising, the logo of a product, not the emblem of an idea. And her visual association with fast food—with Coke and frankfurters—revises her monumental meaning. Her virtue is her infinite reproducibility, like the commodities of junk food. She forfeits heroic singularity but gains in recompense repeatability and ubiquity, which augment her power: Coke and hot dogs are themselves symbols of the consumer economy, that great boon of American liberty.

Ibid., pp. 218-20.

What's great about this country is that America started the tradition where the richest consumers buy essentially the same things as the poorest. You can be watching TV and see Coca-Cola, and you know that the President drinks Coke, Liz Taylor drinks Coke, and just think, you can drink Coke, too. A Coke is a Coke and no amount of money can get you a better Coke than the one the bum on the corner is drinking. All the Cokes are the same and all the Cokes are good. Liz Taylor knows it, the President knows it, the bum knows it, and you know it.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, pp. 100-01.

In Rauschenberg's "Die Hard" (1963) she floats sideways, bobbing in the ocean with splashed-down space capsules, or lumbers like a dirigible across the sky above the water towers on the New York rooftops. Horizontality at once changes her meaning. It's a more democratic posture than standing up straight, though it also allies her with the cruising weaponry—submarines and planes—which supposedly exist to defend her. Tilted sideways, she's both an odalisque and a missile.

Conrad, p. 220.

In the poster Rauschenberg designed for the exhibition of his work in 1977 at the Museum of Modern Art, she stands next to the Flatiron and is dwarfed by it—a crude figurine, one of the clichés the city merchandizes as a remembrance. Inherited symbols we consign to the junk heap; the only objects which are authentically symbolic for us are the tacky castoffs of the city's gutters or its dime stores. A cheap replica of Liberty is to him more truly iconic than the Statue itself.

Ibid., p. 220.

Rauschenberg does a jokey version of a *Time* magazine cover, where she's ranked among the paraphernalia of patriotism, like the American flag and other symbols of a putative reference as cosmic as her own: the see-through globe from the 1964 New York World's Fair and an aerial map of the fair grounds. [World's Fair 1964]

Ibid., p. 220.

Rauschenberg dreams of liberating Liberty from the arbitrary task of having to represent liberty, inviting her to step down from her pedestal. He delights in the city's free-for-all. Iconography shackles its helter-skelter, blown-about things to a system and chains each one to a meaning. Rauschenberg protests that art should consist, as do the streets of New York, of happenings with no particular order or significance. Deposed as a statue, Liberty is reclaimed as litter.

Ibid., p. 221.

Rauschenberg at exactly 12:18 am of a Sunday morning, balanced himself atop a ten-foot ladder, unscrewed a 500-watt light bulb, held his arm outstretched momentarily, and descended—thus completing his rarely performed Statue of Liberty happening.

Malanga, *Archiving*, p. 49.

If you ponder the inner life of the Statue of Liberty, you discover a head empty of thought.

Conrad, p. 223.

It used to be that the Statue of Liberty was the signpost that proclaimed New York and translated it for all the world. Today Liberty shares the role with Death.

White, *Here*, p. 55.

The Liberty statue used to *épater les bourgeois* on the grounds of its height, many times eclipsed by the towering skyscrapers invented since.

Henderson, p. 21.

The inside of the Statue of Liberty has been coated in Teflon.
[Surrealism]

Moorhouse, p. 25.

A 1920 memorial at Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn called the Altar to Liberty includes a bronze statute of the goddess Minerva in full regalia. She is positioned facing west with her left arm raised in perpetual salute to the Statue of Liberty, visible across the bay.

[Death]

Goldenberg, pp. 11-12.

The second Statue of Liberty—the obscure almost unnoticed statue that stands on top of the Liberty-Pac warehouse at 43 West Sixty-fourth Street. This reasonable facsimile, erected in 1902, at the request of William H. Flattau, a patriotic warehouse owner, stands 55 feet high above its pedestal as compared with Bartholdi's 151-footer on Liberty Island. The smaller Liberty also had a lighted torch, a spiral staircase, and a hole in the head through which Broadway could be seen. But in 1912 the staircase became weakened and the torch blew off in a storm. [Simulacra]

Talese, p. 21.

When Port Authority Chairman Austin Tobin opened a new arrival terminal at Idlewild (later Kennedy International) Airport, he had it inscribed with four of the five lines from the Emma Lazarus poem immortalized on the Statue of Liberty. He had ordered the "wretched refuse" line expunged, presumably because he thought it sounded gauche at a modern airport terminal. "That line had meaning during the mass migrations of the nineteenth century," Tobin said when the criticism inevitably burst in his face, "but it has no meaning now. It might be offensive to the fine people of Europe—they might not regard themselves as 'wretched refuse.'" What really incensed Tobin, however, was the allegation that his omission had harmed the metrical pattern of the poem. "I didn't think I'd be criticized for *that*," he snapped. (cf. Berger: "The slogan on the General Post Office on Eighth Avenue is a mistranslation of Herodotus." [Antiquity]) [Textuality] Glanz, p. 45.

Liberty Island is now a tourist attraction, but in the 1930s, when it was called Bedloes Island—its official name until 1956—the section open to those visiting the statue was a comparatively small piece. Most of the island's dozen acres were occupied by Fort Wood.

The island was relatively isolated, with no stores or cars. There was a recreation center with two bowling alleys. Food had to be bought at the commissary at Fort Jay. The sole vehicle on Bedloes Island was an Army truck that delivered coal and ice to homes.

Their children recall having free run of the statue, often all the way up to the torch, 305 feet in the air. "We would get up to the torch, and we could actually rock it back and forth. We would walk around the torch—it was frightening but quite an experience."

Kilgannon, N. pag.

That statue of a woman holding aloft a torch over the grey green harbour of New York. Two flat ferries pass, one to and one fro.
Donleavy, N. pag.

A garbage scow burning in the upper bay just under Liberty's right arm.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 677.

Beatrice pointed out the fact that no longer Liberty held her bronze torch aloft. Save for a black, misshapen mass protruding through the tree-tops, the huge gift of France was no more.
England, p. 20.

She sits like a great witch at the gate of the country, showing her alluring white face, and hiding her crooked hands and feet under the folds of her wide garments, constantly enticing thousands from far within, and tempting those who come from across the seas to go no farther. And all these become the victims of her caprice. Some she at once crushes beneath her cruel feet; others she condemns to a fate like that of galley slaves; a few she favors and fondles, riding them high on the bubbles of fortune; then with a sudden breath she blows the bubbles out and laughs mockingly as she watches them fall.

Johnson, *Autobiography*, pp. 387-8.

Bridge

By the late nineteenth century, the Brooklyn Bridge had become clogged with traffic.

Hawes, N. pag.

A bridge exists to pave water.

Conrad, p. 231.

The skyline Stella observed from the bridge at night was a rain of meteors, a planetary holocaust. The lights resembled "suspended falls of astral bodies or fantastic splendors of remote rites." The bridge's structural responsibility is to cage light, to imprison an explosion.

Ibid., p. 239.

Whitman's primary act of naming is followed by a series of impudent or insurgent renamings which announce a take-over. His biologically continuous Brooklyn Ferry becomes the tense, distraught Brooklyn Bridge of Hart Crane.

Ibid., p. 207.

Crane hears the bridge harmonically singing, Stella transcribes its outcry as the high-pitched complaint of color. Both oracularly implant a voice in mechanism.

Ibid., p. 245.

Crane writes of "the ecstasy of walking hand in hand across the most beautiful bridge of the world, the cables enclosing us and pulling us upward in such a dance..."

Ibid., p. 228.

In 1924 Crane removed himself to Columbia Heights, where he could be at a meditative distance from the city. Now, instead of living in it and being spent by it, he could look at it and understand it from afar. Across the river, it has receded into an image; between himself and it he has placed the Brooklyn Bridge, "the most superb piece of construction in the modern world," as he called it, which engenders or engineers that image. The bridge suggests a reconstruction of himself. The valor of structural steel is its resilient preparedness for stress and tension, the inner ailments (as Crane discovered when abraded by New York) of modernity. In its combination of stone piers and steel cables, the bridge dramatizes a change in architectural physiology. There's a difference in building materials between strength and stress, between plastic and elastic deformation. Iron is strong but breaks easily and can't be pulled about. It has to be cast or molded, fixed into a solid shape. But if you add carbon, you change the properties of iron and make steel, which is tensile and abides stress. Engineering is the calculated application of stress to a material. Steel is manipulable, and if you know it must withstand a certain stress, you can ensure that it will do so. It copes by flexing, by giving slightly, like the upper tiers of the Empire State swaying in a gale. The cables on the bridge are examples of those contrary 'pull forces' that John Mann saw as the dynamics of cubism. Under pressure from both ends at once, they're stressed to maintain form despite that tug-of-war. Rather than snapping, they bend, because the big cords are woven of smaller ones which cooperate in the chore. When in 1930 Crane was commissioned by Fortune magazine to write about the construction of the George Washington Bridge, it was the plaiting of these cables which most impressed him.

Ibid., p. 227.

The bridge posed a series of technical challenges to Bernice Abbott, who in 1943 lamented that "we cannot yet take a satisfactory photograph from the Brooklyn Bridge" because no film was fast enough to catch detail from the requisite distance, and the bridge's lateral swaying disrupted the exposure. [Photography]

Ibid., p. 244.

Comparing the Brooklyn Bridge with the noblest achievements of European architecture.

Ibid., p. 241.

The bridge's roadway is gloomy too in the afternoon, but in the evening aglow with aureoles.

Ibid., p. 242.

There is a Brooklyn Bridge sound, such as a million swarming bees might make, and it can be heard a mile away downwind for months on end, after which it is extinguished for a year or two before becoming audible again. It is caused by the tarmac on the bridge's roads having worn away to expose metal strips, which produce the high-pitched hum in the endless contact with tyres revolving at high speed; until workmen come to lay fresh tarmac again. [Sound]

Moorhouse, p. 23.

To play the harp of great cables strung sweeping the gothic arches of Brooklyn Bridge. Trembling a music solemn and sad. For all those down deep and listening in their street walking sorrow. [Sound]

Donleavy, N. pag.

Derelict after an air raid, the Brooklyn Bridge roadway still serves as a concert platform for an unheeding harpist. While the strings he plays on are taut and tuned, the bridge's cables have buckled, drooped, and twisted out of shape. The bricks crumble, the girders sag sickly. [Sound]

Conrad, pp. 246-7.

One walks the street at night with the bridge against the sky like a harp. [Sound]

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 599.

The bridge's roadway is effaced by a row of featureless warehouses. No one travels across it, for like Hopper's exterminating railway tunnel it's a route to nowhere.

Conrad, p. 245.

The Brooklyn Bridge vanishes in a fog in 1943, and the blizzard of 1947 immobilizes the city, icing up the riggings of the fishing boats and obstructing Fifth Avenue with the mounds of buried cars. [Weather] [Snow]

Ibid., p. 257.

Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money.

Fitzgerald, *Gatsby*, p. 54-5.

For Mayakovsky the Brooklyn Bridge prophesies the advent of dialectical materialism, for its own constructive means, advancing beyond the stolidity of stone and suspending masses in the air by the agency of tense steel, take matter and raise it to spirit, as poetic imagery does. It's not a weighted, completed, obstructive thing, but a field of forces distributed through space. Not planted in earth, it unfolds in air, and the logic of its design suggests a similar engineering of society and history: man would be released from his servitude to material forces if only those forces could be operated on, directed, articulated. The bridge is built in time as much as in space. It's a passage into the future as well as a conduit across a river. Mayakovsky sees it as a prehensile predator, standing with one steel leg in Manhattan while extending a paw to grip Brooklyn.

He adopts the bridge's own method of segmenting in his poetic punctuation. Mayakovsky experimented with a punctuation that would array sentences in space, rather than hastening them through time toward a dying fall, with every comma an expression of reserve or hesitancy, every full stop an obsequy; and this new punctuation, stepped or tiered or zigzagging, works like the bridge, whose cables divide New York in order to rule it.

If the Eiffel Tower stays too long in wanton Paris, it will, he fears, get flabby and sell out to the frivolous values of Montmartre. Traveling home across the Atlantic in 1925, he worries about the same mechanical disfunction in himself. He has been estranged from his activist purpose while abroad and feels himself to be tarnished, corroded: 'steel words rust, blacken copper brass. why is it, under foreign rain, I get wet, and rot and rust?'

Conrad, p. 224.

so I,
 in graying evening
 haze,
humbly set foot
 on Brooklyn Bridge.
As a conqueror presses
 into a city
 all shattered,

so, I
 from the near skies
 bestrewn with stars,
gaze
 at New York
 through the Brooklyn Bridge.
New York,
 heavy and stifling
 till night,
has forgotten
 its hardships
 and height;
and only
 the household ghosts
ascend
 in the lucid glow of its windows.

Here
 the elevateds

drone softly.
And only
 their gentle
 droning
tell us:
 here trains
 are crawling and rattling
like dishes
 being cleared in a cupboard.

Mayakovsky, "Brooklyn Bridge," p. 479.

Mayakovsky's poem about the making of the bridge takes the bridge to pieces—unraveling its muscular wires, capsizing its building blocks—in order to refabricate it as a poem.
Conrad, pp. 225-6.

Many nights, I stood on the bridge—and in the middle alone—lost—a defenseless prey to the surrounding swarming darkness—crushed by the mountainous black impenetrability of the skyscrapers—here and there lights resembling the suspended falls of astral bodies or fantastic splendors of remote rites—shaken by the underground tumult of the trains in perpetual motion, like the blood in the arteries. [City as Body]
Sharpe, p. 207.

The Brooklyn Bridge is still to be observed, but the Hudson Tube is a more modern wonder.
Ibid., p. 206.

The skyscrapers are the children of the bridges.
Federal Writers, p. 215.

The Brooklyn Bridge conjoins two worlds, fusing earth and heaven; the skyscrapers are a collective cathedral; New York is an angry cyclops, gesticulating with steel girders in defiance of the gods.
Conrad, p. 136.

With every step the lines of those cables shift, so that you are glimpsing the city through a constantly changing geometric design.
[Grid]
Brook, p. 15.

Picking his teeth he walked through the grimydark entrance to Brooklyn Bridge. A man in a derby hat was smoking a cigar in the middle of the broad tunnel. The arching footwalk was empty except for a single policeman who stood yawning, looking up at the sky. It was like walking among the stars. Below in either direction streets tapered into dotted lines of lights between square blackwindowed buildings. The river glimmered underneath like the Milky Way above. Silently smoothly the bunch of lights of a tug slipped through the moist darkness. A car whirred across the bridge making the girders rattle and the spiderwork of cables thrum like a shaken banjo. [Sound]
Dos Passos, p. 124.

On Brooklyn Bridge, color glowers from an inferno. The green and red glare of the traffic lights signals seething of the pit. [Light]
Conrad, p. 239.

The central arch of the Brooklyn Bridge is cloven.
Ibid., p. 133.

The object in New York which most keenly attunes itself to the subject is a bridge. If you anthropomorphize the skyscrapers, you get either an overweening ego or an ape; if you ponder the inner life of the Statue of Liberty, you discover a head empty of thought; but the Brooklyn Bridge seems to take on naturally the attributes of a human body. It's as vibrant as a body, receiving from and transmitting to your body as you walk across it the hum and clatter of the traffic using it, and it's a lucid mental apparatus as well. Being transparent, it segments the city with its cables and instructs you—if you look at New York through it—in a way of seeing it. The bridge's engineering is the effortful but gracious enforcement of synthesis, holding contraries together with the violence of spun steel. And its bravest feat of this kind is visual, not architectonic. It analyzes the city, proposing itself to the artist as a mediator between his subjective retreat and the throng of clamoring objects which is downtown Manhattan.

Ibid., p. 223.

One looks down from the Brooklyn Bridge on a spot of foam or a little lake of gasoline or a broken splinter or an empty scow.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 599.

And high upon the Brooklyn Bridge alone,
An ugly ogre masturbates by ear
Berrigan, "Traditional Manner," p. 32.

Steve Brodie was an American from New York City who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge and survived on July 23, 1886. The resulting publicity from the supposed jump, whose veracity was disputed, gave Brodie publicity, a thriving saloon and a career as an actor.

"Steve Brodie (bridge Jumper).," N. pag..

Brodie swung to and fro in the breeze, and steadied himself as well as he could. When he hung perpendicularly over the river he let go his hold, and shot down like an arrow. It was but a few seconds before he struck the water. His body inclined a little to the right, and his legs were parted. He, however, struck with his feet and then on his side, disappearing from view as the water splashed up around and then closed over him. He was under water four seconds. When he came up he began floundering about, as though bewildered by the shock he had received... Dr. White proceeded to examine him all over. He found a small contusion on the right breast, just below the shoulder, and another below the right nipple. He finally pronounced him in excellent condition, only suffering somewhat from shock. He could not find anything the matter with his internal organs. They were as sound as they could be, and, in his opinion, Brodie was only shamming a little. Then Brodie called for more whisky... The only other person who succeeded in jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge was Emmett Odlum, a Washington swimming teacher, who lost his life in his attempt in 1885.

"A Leap," *NYTimes*, N. pag.

"Steve Brodie" jumping nightly off a reproduction of the Brooklyn Bridge, 100 feet high at the Fair. [World's Fair] [Simulacrum]
Conrad, p. 265.

who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge
this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten
into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alley
ways & firetrucks, not even one free beer
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 5.

Ginsberg's description in *Howl* is fictional... Tuli Kupferberg did jump from the Manhattan Bridge in 1944, after which he was picked up by a passing tugboat and taken to Gouvernor Hospital. Severely injured, he had broken the transverse process of his spine and spent time in a body cast. He told Thelma Blitz he feels it's important that people don't think they can emulate this leap and walk away unscathed as the poetic accounts suggest he did.

"Tuli Kupferberg," N. pag.

I asked Tuli Kupferberg once, 'Did you really jump off of The Manhattan Bridge?' "Yeah," he said, "I really did." "How come?" I said. "I thought that I had lost the ability to love," Tuli said. "So, I figured I might as well be dead. So, I went one night to the top of The Manhattan Bridge, & after a few minutes, I jumped off." "That's amazing," I said. "Yeah," Tuli said, "but nothing happened. I landed in the water, & I wasn't dead. So I swam ashore, & went home, & took a bath, & went to bed. Nobody even noticed."

Ibid.,

The bridge, he said, "emerges victorious," subjugating the hellish "fluvial abyss" of the torrent beneath.

Ibid., p. 239.

As the New York City municipal bridge worker said to Ms. Sontag when, to mark a significant birthday, she once, with a companion, scaled the pylons of the Brooklyn Bridge, "You can do it, Sue!"
McCourt, p. 250.

G.W. Bridge

No bridge has yet been built across the Hudson at New York.
Stokes, p. 815.

Corbusier: "The George Washington Bridge over the Hudson is the most beautiful bridge in the world. Made of cables and steel beams, it gleams in the sky like a reversed arch. It is blessed. It is the only seat of grace in the disordered city."

Miller, p. 479.

The anonymity of the G.W. Bridge shares its status with the Empire State Building, The Chrysler Building, and Rockefeller Center. New York's major landmarks are faceless: "The George Washington Bridge now marks high water in current architecture. How many people know that this bridge was designed and built by Mr. Othmar Ammann for the Port of New York Authority?"

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 60.

If all the wires in all the cables wrapped into the George Washington Bridge were stretched out lengthwise, they'd circumnavigate the world four times over.

Conrad, p. 249.

In intense cold, the metal framework of the George Washington Bridge contracts, creating a rise of three feet in the roadway, at the centre of its span. In hot weather, due to the expansion of its giant cables, the centre is twelve feet closer to the Hudson than in mid-winter. With its grey lines and trellises, its silver spokes and curving girders, this bridge is like an exquisitely complicated cat's-cradle of steel that leaps into the immensity. Connecting Manhattan Island with New Jersey, it is one of the most beautiful of man-made objects. To defray the cost of building, fifty cents is charged for crossing the bridge by car, and it cannot but be fortunate that funds ran out before the intended decorations could be added. Its extreme and unpretentious functionalism makes it a supreme example of modern engineering.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 39.

From dawn to dusk to dawn, day after day, you can hear the steady rumble of tires against the concrete span of the George Washington Bridge.

Talese, p. 19.

The boat passed under the massive darkness of the George Washington Bridge, turned around, and started back down the river. I was on the top deck, alone, while the kids were whooping it up on the dance deck. After the pack of people, it was good to be alone. The couples on the top deck kept very much to themselves. I watched the bridge, and played time games with myself. I could remember when the bridge was built, remember when I used to walk back and forth across it, remember seeing it from the Cloisters, remember the loom of it coming back from weekends in New Jersey. I was twelve. I was twenty. I was thirty-two. Things that had happened on the bridge were checkpoints through the years. Passing under it was another checkpoint; I'd never done that before.

Hamilton, p. 52.

As the boat passed under the George Washington Bridge, I began to play time games again. Every two minutes a year passed: that was the game. Ten minutes was five years. Twenty minutes ten years. Forty minutes, twenty. What was going to happen to those people on the dance floor as the minutes rolled by? Where would they be? What would they be doing? What would they look like? How would they feel? What would they think about themselves?

Ibid., p. 53.

Many people opposed the name Verrazano because they could not spell it. Others, many of them Irish, did not want a bridge named after an Italian, and they took to calling it the "Guinea Gangplank." Still others advocated simpler names—"The Gateway Bridge," "Freedom Bridge," "Neptune Bridge," "The New World Bridge," and "The Narrows Bridge." One of the last things ever written by Ludwig Bemelmans was a letter to the *New York Times* expressing the hope that the name "Verrazano" be dropped in favor of a more "romantic" and "tremendous" name, and he suggested calling it the "Commissioner Moses Bridge."

Talese, pp. 268-9.

1 - Robert Moses

Empire

Moses built the infrastructure that secured New York's place among the greatest cities in the history of the world. Alexander Garvin has said it succinctly: "Nobody, not even Baron Haussmann in 19th century Paris, has ever done more to improve a city."

Moses himself once said of the man who rebuilt the French capital in the 1850s and 1860s : "Baron Haussmann has been described as a talker, an ogre for work, despotic, insolvent, full of initiative and daring, and carrying not a straw for legality." Moses might have been describing himself. And so also Moses's conclusion about Haussmann: "Everything about him was on a grand scale, both good qualities and faults. His dictatorial talents enabled him to accomplish a vast amount of work in an incredibly short time, but they also made him many enemies, for he was in the habit of running roughshod over all opposition." Baron Haussmann operated under the tutelage of Napoleon III. Moses also operated in a special time, when most people thought that government could and should do grand things for ordinary families. Ballou, p. 71.

He had "the energy and enthusiasm of a Haussmann." This made him "uniquely equal, as Haussmann himself had been equal, to the opportunities and needs of the period," and uniquely qualified to build "the city of the future" in our time.

Berman, *Solid*, p. 302.

He appeared as the latest in a long line of titanic builders and destroyers, in history and in cultural mythology: Louis XIV, Peter the Great, Baron Haussmann, Joseph Stalin (although fanatically anti-communist, Moses loved to quote the Stalinist maxim "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs"), Bugsy Siegel (master builder of the mob, creator of Las Vegas), "Kingfish" Huey Long; Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Goethe's Faust, Captain Ahab, Mr. Kurtz, Citizen Kane. Moses did his best to raise himself to gigantic stature, and even came to enjoy his increasing reputation as a monster, which he believed would intimidate the public and keep potential opponents out of the way.

Ibid., p. 294.

The greatest intracity road development of modern times before Robert Moses was the boulevarding of Paris envisioned by Emperor Napoleon III and carried out by his Prefect of the Seine, the "brawny Alsatian" George-Eugène Haussmann, between 1852 and 1870. But the roads of Haussmann impressive though they were, were nonetheless still roads designed for the carriage rather than the car.

Caro, p. 838.

Moses made land.

Ibid., p. 392.

Moses would be the man, who patching together the rent torn in the earth millennia before by the glaciers rumbling down from Hudson Bay, reunited Long Island with the mainland of the United States.

Ibid., p. 387.

Great roads of the twentieth century: Mussolini's *autostrade*, Hitler's *Autobahn*, and Moses' Long Island parkways.

Ibid., p. 838.

From the pyramids of Egypt, the rebuilding of Rome after Nero's fire, to the creation of the great medieval cathedrals... all great public works have been somehow associated with autocratic power. It was no accident that most of the world's great roads—ancient and modern alike—had been associated with totalitarian regimes, that it took a great Khan to build the great roads of Asia, a Darius to build the Royal Road across Asia Minor, a Hitler and a Mussolini to build the *Autobahnen* and *autostrade* of Europe.

Ibid., p. 874.

"He was a man of vision... a giant... He saw Nature as a whole... He was a hero of old, always rushing into battle with Excalibur waving above his head. I always thought of the Park Association as Aaron and Hur... They were the soldiers in the Bible who stood behind Moses and held up his arms when he got tired (at the battle of Rephidim, at which 'Israel prevailed' so long as Moses held up his hands). Well, that's how I thought of the Park Association, as upholding the arms of Bob Moses."

Ibid., p. 4259.

Moses commented upon the building of Shea Stadium, "When the Emperor Titus opened the Colosseum in 80 A.D. he could have felt no happier."

Ibid., p. 6.

[A] measure of his career is immortality. Men strive for a sliver of it; Robert Moses had it heaped upon him. Not only is there a Robert Moses State Park on Long Island, there is a Robert Moses State Park on Long Island, there is another Robert Moses State Park at Massena. there is a Robert Moses Causeway on Long Island, a Robert Moses Parkway at Niagara. The great dam at Niagara is named for him. And over the entrance to the dam at Massena, in letters of stainless steel each three feet height, gleaming the words "Robert Moses Power Dam."

Ibid., p. 9.

To compare the works of Robert Moses to the works of man, one has to compare them not to the works of individual meant but to the combined total work of an era. The yardstick by which his public housing and Title 1 feats can best be measured, for example, is the Age of Skyscrapers, which reared up the great masses of stone and steel and concrete over Manhattan in quality comparable to his. The yardstick by which the influence of his highways can be gauged is the Age of Railroads. But Robert Moses did not build only housing projects and highways. Robert Moses built parks and playgrounds and beaches and parking lots and cultural centers and civic centers and a United Nations Building and a Shea Stadium and a Lincoln Center and the mid-city campuses of four separate universities. He was a shaper not of sections of a city but of a city. He was, for the greatest city in the Western world, the city shaper, the only city shaper. In sheer physical impact on New York and the entire metropolitan region, he is comparable not to the works of any man or group of men or even generations of men. In the shaping of New York, Robert Moses was comparable only to some elemental force of nature.

But if in the shaping of New York, Robert Moses was an elemental force, he was also a blind force: blind and deaf to reason, to argument, to new ideas, to any ideas except his own.

Ibid., p. 830.

The life of a suspension bridge, engineers tell us, is measureless. Atomic attack or natural catastrophe could render all New York shapeless. Barring such monumental calamity in centuries to come discerning historical will, if they look for it, be able to see writ plain throughout the great city and its suburbs evidence of the shaping hand of Robert Moses. [Apocalypse]

Ibid., p. 830.

Roads

The major roads in Rome, the widest paved highways in any ancient city, were, only sixty-five and a half feet wide; the highways Moses was preparing to build were two hundred feet wide.

Caro, p. 838.

Moses: "What will people see in the year 1999? The long arteries of travel will stand out."

Ibid., p. 829.

The roads of Rome stood for two thousand years and more; who would predict less for the roads of Moses? Who would predict less for his Shea Stadium, a structure consciously shaped to resemble Rome's Colosseum because he was afraid that his convention center-office tower "Coliseum" didn't make the comparison clear enough?

Ibid., p. 829.

During the 1930s, Robert Moses had announced a program—of New York Bridge and arterial highway construction and park reconstruction—which, taken as a whole, as the single coordinated system it was, dwarfed any public work or coordinated system of public works built in any modern city, and, perhaps in any ancient city as well. The program Robert Moses was announcing now—during the 1940s— would, if completed, dwarf those earlier programs. And, he said, there was no reason why it shouldn't be completed; it was, he said, no mere visionary dream; "The postwar highway era is here."

Ibid., p. 897.

Moses' Northern and Southern State parkways, leading from Queens out to Jones Beach and beyond, opened up another dimension of modern pastoral. These gently flowing, artfully landscaped roads, although a little frayed after half a century, are still among the world's most beautiful. But their beauty does not (like that of, say, California's Coast Highway or the Appalachian Trail) emanate from the natural environment around the roads: it springs from the artificially created environment of the roads themselves. Even if these parkways adjoined nothing and led nowhere, they would still constitute an adventure in their own right.

Berman, *Solid*, p. 298.

Blueprints were ready for widening the city's old boulevards—Horace Harding, Queens, Conduit, Northern, Eastern—and his old parkways—the Belt, the Gowanus, the Cross Island, the Laurelton—and for building

close to a hundred miles of new, broader roads, "expressways"... Soon New York's newspapers began to be filled with names like "Bruckner," "Van Wyck" "Major Deegan," "Cross-Bronx," "Brooklyn-Queens," "Harlem River," "New England," "Richmond," "Willowbrook," "Clove Lakes." [Street Names] Caro, p. 896.

To build his highways, Moses threw out of their homes 250,000 persons—more people than lived in Albany or Chattanooga, or in Spokane, Tacoma, Duluth, Akron, Baton Rouge, Mobile, Nashville or Sacramento. *Ibid.*, p. 19.

His highways and bridges and tunnels were awesome—taken as a whole the most awesome urban improvement in the history of mankind—but no aspect of those highways and bridges and tunnels was as awesome as the congestion on them. *Ibid.*, p. 20.

Moses: "Cities are created by and for traffic." Ballon, p. 125.

Before they existed, four bridges had connected Long Island with the rest of the world, and they all had been jammed. Now six bridges connected Long Island with the rest of the world. And they were jammed. Caro, p. 519.

On August 17, 1936, A little more than a month after the Triborough Bridge opened, Long Islands parkways where the scene of what some observers called the greatest traffic tie-up in the history of the metropolitan area. Referring to it as a "cross-country traffic jam," "the Herald Tribune was forced to conclude that the bridge had, at least indirectly caused it. Apparently, the "motoring residents of the Bronx" had all discovered at the same moment that the Triborough "brought them with an easy time of Jones Beach and other cool and pleasant resorts on the south shore of Long Island" and had decided "at the same moment to head for the ocean by way of the new bridge and the Grand Central Parkway. And nearly all of them got stuck—as did countless other motorists going to and from Long Island." [Congestion] [Density] *Ibid.*, p. 516.

Within weeks of the opening of the Van Wyck Expressway, the road was jammed. The four miles of roadway which Moses had hacked across Queens looked like a four-mile-long parking lot. "Traffic will flow freely," Moses had promised... Drivers were chained to the Van Wyck; men who, commuting daily had taken twenty minutes to cover the four miles had looked forward to the opening of the publicized new road; now, clocking their first trips on it, they could hardly believe their watches; where it had taken twenty minutes on local streets, it now took thirty minutes on the expressway—if conditions were good. And, so often, they were bad. The new road had not freed them from the trap of daily travel; it had closed the trap on them more firmly than ever, for new traffic, generated by the new road, was also jamming the local streets. With every passing year, congestion on the expressway worsened. *Ibid.*, pp. 910-11.

The *Times*, clocking travel time to the Lincoln Tunnel found on one evening that it took a truck twenty-seven minutes to make a one-block-

square circuit to the entrance plaza. Within the city, it seemed that there was no a crevice into which cars did not cram; traffic was piling up everywhere; on the crosstown side streets in midtown Manhattan, the *Times* found, motorists frequently spent forty minutes traversing the two and a half miles from one side of the island to the other.

Ibid., p. 912

And it wasn't only the bridges and highways that were jammed. As seen from the air, at rush hours, every street in the neighborhoods near the approaches to the East River crossings was a crawling mass of cars.

Ibid., p. 912.

In 1955, you would have had to build sixty lanes of new highway just to keep up with the increase in traffic.

Ibid., p. 943.

He had condemned *all* Long Islanders—for generations to come.

Ibid., p. 954.

We learn to tolerate intolerable conditions.

Ibid., p. 912

People caught in intolerable traffic jams twice a day, day after day, week after week, month after month, began after some months to accept traffic jams as a part of their lives, to become hardened to them, to suffer through them in dull and listless apathy.

Ibid., p. 913

Traffic was "normal," which meant jammed.

Ibid., p. 911.

New bridges jammed up without easing the jams on the old, as every lane of gleaming white concrete was filled with cars as soon as it was opened to traffic.

Ibid., p. 913

How to come grips in one's imagination with a situation in which a mighty expressway, a gigantic superhighway of dimensions literally almost unknown to history could be opened one month—and be filled to absolute capacity the next.

Ibid., p. 914.

He wanted to plow a 48-foot wide highway through the middle of Washington Square Park in a trench below grade, crossed only by a few pedestrian bridges.

Ballon, p. 126.

On the opposition to his road through Washington Square Park:
"There is nobody against this—NOBODY, NOBODY, NOBODY, but a bunch of, a bunch of MOTHERS!"

Ibid., p. 125.

Greenwich Village is sound. It needs no broad highways, no great projects, no straightening out of streets.

Abrams, p. 205.

Stuart Constable, aide to Robert Moses: "I don't care how those people in Greenwich Village feel. They can't agree on what should be done. They're a nuisance. They're an awful bunch of artists down there." To which community activists responded, "Not only do we applaud Mr. Constable's outspokenness in this matter, but we feel he is right when he says that Villagers are a nuisance. Anyone who joins in community action to preserve local traditions and resources is always a terrible nuisance to The Authorities. We hope there are thousands of nuisances like that within a stone's throw of his office."

Ballon, p. 126.

Jane Jacobs was just a housewife.
Grantz, p. 20.

Moses called people of tiny neighborhoods and small-scale streetscapes "little schnooks."

Glanz, p. 73.

It was in transportation, the area in which Robert Moses was most active after the war, that his isolation from reality was most complete: because he never participated in the activity for which he was creating his highways—driving—at all. Insulated in the comfortable rear seat of his limousine, unable to experience even once the frustration of a traffic jam, unable, unless he made an effort and put his work side and leaned forward to look out the window, even to look at a traffic jam, Robert Moses did not know what driving in the modern era was. He did not know that the sheer weight of numbers of new cars changed the very nature of the activity for which he was creating facilities, had introduced... He was making transportation plans based on beliefs that were not true anymore. He was making plans that had no basis in reality.

Caro, p. 836

His car, the most luxurious Detroit could provide (the richness of its leather upholstery gave one guessed the feeling that he was not in a motor vehicle but the library of a fine men's club, an illusion reinforced by the placement of the limousine's side windows so far forward that the occupants of its deeper rear seat could see out only by leaning forward—there was a feeling of isolation; normally when you ride in the back of a car people are able to look in and you're able to look out, but here it was as if you were isolated from the outside world"), rushed to him by Detroit at his command, stood at his call day and night; to ensure that it would, he had not one but three personal chauffeurs.

Of the tens of thousands of cars that passed daily through the empire's toll booths, that car alone did not stop. And when the big black limousine with the row of shields on its bumper and the license plate "2000" roared through a booth, not even slowing down, the uniformed officer inside jumping to salute and then staring after it, straining vainly to catch a glimpse of the living legend riding in the rear seat, the lieutenant or captain in charge at the toll plaza would hastily pick up his telephone—as hastily as the commission trooper, miles down the road, seeing the long black limousine looming out of the distance, would reach for his radio microphone—to keep the empire's capital on Randall's Island appraised, minute by minute and mile by mile of its ruler's progress, so that urgent messages could be delivered to him at the next toll plaza. If, in reply, he wanted to make a call—he would not allow a telephone in his car so that he could

work in it uninterrupted—his chauffeur would pull in to the next police barracks, troopers springing up to escort him to a phone.

[...]

When the calls from the toll booths and the troopers out on the parkways indicated that Moses was headed toward one of his offices, that office would erupt into frenzied excitement. Grown men—men who were themselves in positions of authority over hundreds of men—Which out to each other: "RM is twenty-four minutes away!" "He's 12 minutes away!" "The boss will be here in one minute!"

Ibid., pp. 813, 815.

Moses had never, aside from a few driving lessons 30 years before, driven a car. He didn't know what driving was. His chauffeured limousine was in office, to him a particularly pleasant office... Traveling by car have been pleasant for him in the 1920's; it was still pleasant for him in the 1950's. The nature of driving might've changed immensely for the people of the metropolitan area; it had not changed for him at all.

Ibid., p. 834

I wish that Robert Moses had been in charge of the subways instead of the highways.

Ballon, p. 71.

At rush hour, the scenes at subway stations in the greatest city in history's richest and technologically most advanced civilization were incredible. At hundreds of stations, the traveler arrived each morning at the head of the stairs leading down onto the loading platforms to beneath him, overflowing them, lapping precariously full to their very edges, a sea of humanity—a sea into which the traveler had no choice but to hurl himself.

To get inside the trains, men and women pushed and shoved like irritable animals, rushing proceeds as animals rush for a food trough, for without a seat they would have to stand—body crushed against body, strangers smells in their nostrils, strangers breaths in their faces—in a press so dense that there could exist in it neither comfort nor dignity nor manners. Writers called subway cars "cattle cars"; they said people were crammed into them "like sardines"; and such nonhuman images were apt. For the crowding in New York subways—crowding to which hundreds of thousands of human beings were subjected after day, year after year, for all the years of their working lives—was inhuman. Although most office workers were not due until 9 o'clock, on any weekday morning one could see around the subway stations in outlying areas of the cities—past the chain-link fences of the giant parking lots on Woodhaven Boulevard near the giant new Lefrak City housing development in Queens, for example—long lines of men and women, during the fall and winter huddling in their coats against the too early morning chill, hurrying for the stations at 7:45 for even 7:30, willing to forgo a half hour or more of sleep, willing to cope down the coffee and danish at the office instead of breakfasting at home, to avoid the worst of that degrading ordeal. By 8 o'clock, it was already too late. [Density] [Subway] [Body in the City]

Caro, p. 931.

When Moses came to power in New York in 1934, the city's mass transportation system was probably the best in the world. When he left power in 1968, it was quite probably the worst.

Ibid., p. 933.

With money, you could buy almost anything in mid-twentieth-century New York. But you couldn't buy a decent trip to and from work.

Ibid., p. 933.

Modernism

To oppose his bridges, tunnels, expressways, housing developments, power dams, stadia, cultural centers, was—or so it seemed—to oppose history, progress, modernity itself.

Berman, *Solid*, p. 294.

The public works that Moses organized from the 1920s onward expressed a vision—or rather a series of visions—of what modern life could and should be.

Ibid., p. 296

Thanks to Robert Moses, the modernity of the urban boulevard was being condemned as obsolete, and blown to pieces, by the modernity of the interstate highway.

Ibid., p. 295

Its most striking feature as a landscape is its amazing clarity of space and form: absolutely flat, blindingly white expanses of sand, stretching forth to the horizon in a straight wide band, cut on one side by the clear, pure, endless blue of the sea, and on the other by the boardwalk's sharp unbroken line of brown. The great horizontal sweep of the whole is punctuated by two elegant Art Deco bathhouses of wood, brick and stone, and halfway between them at the park's dead center by a monumental columnar water tower, visible from everywhere, rising up like a skyscraper, evoking the grandeur of the twentieth-century urban forms that this park at once complements and denies. Jones Beach offers a spectacular display of the primary forms of nature—earth, sun, water, sky—but nature here appears with an abstract horizontal purity and a luminous clarity that only culture can create.

Ibid., p. 296.

Giedion compared Moses' parkways to cubist paintings, to abstract sculptures and mobiles, and to the movies. "As with many of the creations born out of the spirit of this age, the meaning and beauty of the parkway cannot be grasped from a single point of observation, as was possible from a window of the château at Versailles. It can be revealed only by movement, by going along in a steady flow, as the rules of traffic prescribe. The space-time feeling of our period can seldom be felt so keenly as when driving."

Ibid., 302.

Culture

It was always Moses's ambition to write "cheap pulp" fiction. Caro, p. 811.

In the mid-1950's, short on cash as usual, [Moses] announced to aides that he was going to write "a trashy piece of pulp" that he was sure to sell. Ironically, when he finished it—a reportedly sex-filled

novel titled *From Palms to Pines*—and sent it to various publishing houses under a pseudonym, not one would publish it.

Ibid., p. 811.

Moses's own court musicians were Guy Lombardo's red-coated Royal Canadians, an orchestra whose banal rigidly traditional arrangements complemented his personal philosophy.

Ibid., p. 819.

Regarded in Russia as our greatest builder, was how he characterized Frank Lloyd Wright.

Ibid., p. 471.

Walter Gropius, he said, was seeking to change the American system by advocating a "philosophy which doesn't belong here."

Ibid., p. 471.

Planners, in general, he said, are "socialists" and "revolutionaries."

Ibid., p. 471.

Moses: "I am in the position of an artist or a sculptor... I can see New York as it should be and as it can be... But now I am like the man who has a conception that he wishes to carve or to paint, who has the model before him, but hasn't a chisel or a brush." In certain respects, Robert Moses became La Guardia's "chisel."

Peretti, p. 153.

You could see avenues being widened as if a giant chisel was being rammed between them.

Caro, p. 397.

Moses hated Isamu Noguchi. In 1952, the artist was commissioned to create a privately-funded, sculptured playground for the United Nations building on city property which was given a special international diplomatic designation. All parties were a go until Moses stepped in and criticized the design as little more than a "rabbit warren." He went so far as to threaten to not install the guard rail facing the East River to force the project's abandonment.

Walrod, p. 61.

When I heard Allen Ginsberg ask at the end of the 1950s, "Who was that sphinx of cement and aluminum?," I felt sure at once that, even if the poet didn't know it, Moses was his man.

Berman, *Soild*, p. 291.

Moses contended that a few writers knew intimately the New York of today so as to be able to appreciate it, and he criticized even the best writers for merely representing only "a quarter, a corner, phrase or facet, certainly not the essence of today of the city's totality."

Bennett, *Post-WWI*, p. 55.

Warhol / World's Fair

During the spring of 1964, the incestuous fevered party of the art world was forced to contend, if only in passing, with the more institutionalized global festival of the World's Fair. O'Hara reacted

to the event with a mixture of bemusement and anger. His irritation was partly due to the public glorification of the art of the Pop artists rather than the Abstract Expressionists. As the architect of the New York Pavilion at the Fair, Philip Johnson had commissioned murals for the outside wall of its concrete theatre almost exclusively from the New Realists contingent—Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, Indiana, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Warhol. Allan D'Arcangelo executed a Pop Art mural for the outside of the Transportation and Travel Building.

Gooch, pp. 423-4.

In 1964, architect Johnson invited the edgy up-and-coming artist Andy Warhol to produce one of ten commissions for the facade of the New York State Pavilion—Warhol's first and ultimately last public-art project. Working in the midst of his "Death and Disaster" depictions of car crashes and race riots, while taking his initial photobooth strips of socialites, friends, and, of course, himself, Warhol devised a work for the pavilion that would merge the profane and the portrait: blown-up silk-screened mug shots of the thirteen most-wanted men taken straight from the City of New York's police department. As the story goes, someone in power had objections, perhaps to its coarse aesthetics, thinly veiled homoeroticism, or simply the banal subject material. By the time the World's Fair opened on April 22, 1964, the *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* was covered in a thick coat of silver paint (a proposal to replace the work with twenty-five identical panels of a beaming World's Fair President Robert Moses was, alas, rejected out of hand).

Haines, N. pag.

Warhol contributed *Thirteen Most Wanted Men*, a silkscreened mural of mugshots appropriated from the files of the New York City Police Department. A week before the grand opening of the Fair on April 22, 1964, *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* was installed on the exterior façade of the Pavilion's "Theaterama," a large, cylindrical movie theater. Within a few days of the murals installation, a work crew covered it with aluminum house paint, thereby muffling it under a monochrome of silver. Warhol's mural, now a visible absence on the New York State Pavilion, was left to stand in this state throughout the opening festivities of the Fair and for several months thereafter. Years later, Philip Johnson would claim that Governor Nelson Rockefeller had insisted on the murals removal. Other sources, including Warhol himself, would hold World's Fair president Robert Moses responsible for the mural censorship.

Meyer, *Outlaw*, p. 130.

By April 17, Warhol had already written to the New York State Department of Public Works authorizing them to paint over the mural "in a color suitable to the architect." On April 18, both the *Journal-American* and Emily Genauer in the *New York Herald Tribune* reported that Warhol had asked to have the work removed because, as the *Journal-American* put it, "He did not feel his work achieved the effect he had in mind, and asked that it be removed so he could replace it with another painting." Philip Johnson was quoted as follows, "He [Warhol] thought we hung it wrong. He didn't like it the moment he saw it."

Frei, p. 26.

An aerial view in *Newsday*, dated April 21, shows Warhol's mural covered by a dark tarp.

Ibid., p. 26.

The World's Fair was out in Flushing Meadow that summer with my mural of the *Ten Most Wanted Men* on the outside of the building that Philip Johnson designed. Philip gave me the assignment, but because of some political thing I never understood, the officials had it whitewashed out. A bunch of us went out to Flushing Meadow to have a look at it, but by the time we got there, you could only see the images faintly coming through the paint they'd just put over them. In one way I was glad the mural was gone: now I wouldn't have to feel responsible if one of the criminals ever got turned in to the FBI because someone had recognized him from my pictures. So then I did a picture of Robert Moses instead, who was running the Fair—a few dozen four-foot squares of Masonite panels—but that got rejected, too. But since I had the *Ten Most Wanted* screens already made up, I decided to go ahead and do paintings of them anyway. (The ten certainly weren't going to get caught from the kind of exposure they'd get at the Factory.) The thing I most of all remember about the World's Fair was sitting in a car with the sound coming from speakers behind me. As I sat there hearing the words rush past me from behind, I got the same sensation I always got when I gave an interview—that the words weren't coming out of me, that they were coming from someplace else, someplace behind me.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 90-1.

At a World's Fair devoted to the achievements of tomorrow, Warhol chose to look backward by recovering criminal mugshots from the New York City Police Department. Far from celebrating the promise of America's future, *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* stood as a darkly sardonic commentary on its past. The updated status of "most wanted men" would later be offered as a defense of the mural's overpainting. Recall Johnson's comment that "it was an old list, and a lot of them had been proven not guilty. And to label them, we would have been subject to lawsuits from here to the end of the world." The visible gap between the original context of the "most wanted men" as police photography and Warhol's recycling of them as Pop art here serves to justify the censorship of *Thirteen Most Wanted Men*.

Meyer, *Outlaw*, p. 136.

"One of the men labeled 'wanted' had been pardoned, you see," said Mr. Warhol the other day, "so the mural wasn't valid anymore. I'm still waiting for another inspiration."

Ibid., p. 133.

Prior to its overpainting, the mural had been reproduced by both the *New York Times* and the *New York Journal American*, the latter on page one... The three New York newspapers that covered the incident each inform the readers that *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* had been overpainted at Warhol's own request.

Ibid., p. 130

More forcefully than any other painting from this period, the World's Fair mural bridges Warhol's interest in celebrity, death, and criminality. Each of the men pictured in the mural was a kind of low-level star, one whose image was reproduced across the nation, albeit in post offices and police stations rather than films and fan magazines. By endowing the mug shot but the grandeur he typically reserved for Elvis Presley or Marilyn Monroe, Warhol insisted on the most wanted man as mass-cultural icons and, by implication, as objects of desire for a mass audience.

Ibid., p.136

Warhol himself would later write of the alignment of criminal" and "star" within the space of popular culture: "Nowadays if you're a crook you're still considered up there. You can write books, going TV, give interviews—you're a big celebrity and nobody even looks down on you because you're a crook. You're still really up there. This is because more than anything people just want stars."

Ibid., p. 136

In portraying the criminal as iconic American antihero, Warhol acidly mocked the official ethos of the Fair.

Ibid., p. 135

Warhol posed the following question to his viewers: If the police is no longer pursuing the outlaws pictured here, by whom are these men most wanted now? One answer is, by Warhol himself; another is, by the viewer of the mural; the third is that the men are now wanted by one another.

Ibid., p. 137.

Although most visitors to the World's Fair did not know that a set of mug shots lay underneath the silver monochrome, Warhol and the officials who censored his mural certainly did. Through this knowledge the mug shots continued to haunt the scene of representation after their evacuation from it, dismaying Fair officials even when muted under aluminum house paint.

Ibid., pp. 145-6.

Mark Lancaster remembered stretching a series of canvases printed with the faces of the *Most Wanted Men* in early July. This indicates that Warhol probably produced the series of paintings some time between late April and the end of June, in the aftermath of the mural. The same screens were used for the paintings and the panels of the mural... In late September 1964, when Warhol joined the Leo Castelli Gallery, eight canvases were recorded in the gallery registry... According to the registry, these canvases were consigned to Ileana Sonnabend in May 1966, a year before they were exhibited at her Paris gallery... The catalogue of the Sonnabend exhibition in Paris is not dated, but contemporary reviews place it between February 26 and May 7, 1967... The Sonnabend exhibition traveled to Galerie Rudolf Zwirner, Cologne, where it was on view in September and October, and to the Rowan Gallery, London, in March 1968.

Frei, p. 26.

Andy asked me if I could stretch a canvas, which I could, and he brought out a stack of unstretched canvases of the *Most Wanted Men*, versions on canvas of the big panels he had made for the World's Fair. Those paintings were around for a long time. They were shown at the Sonnabend Gallery in Paris and even at the Rowan gallery in London, where I also showed my work, in 1968. It was the first ever Warhol show in London. It opened March 7th 1968. He didn't come. There were ten or twelve *Wanted Men*, some paired as front and profile views, and in the same show a set of the recently made big silkscreen prints of Marilyn Monroe. I think they were about \$500 for the set of 10, and I always wish I had bought one. One of the *Wanted Men* canvases was still at the Union Square Factory in 1984 or 85. I had been there for lunch, and Andy had retreated afterwards into his "painting area" in the back, as he always did. I went in to say goodbye and one of those paintings was

leaning against the wall. I said "Gee, Andy, we made that painting in 1964" and he gave me a sly look and a little smile, as if to say, without saying it, "Well I made it, you just stretched it."

Comenas, "Lancaster," N. pag.

Several months after completing *Thirteen Most Wanted Men*, Warhol shot a silent 16mm film entitled *Thirteen Most Beautiful Boys*, a film that extends and renders explicit, the homoeroticism of the World's Fair mural. The *Thirteen Most Beautiful Boys* were in fact young men variously associated with the Factory.

Meyer, *Outlaw*, p. 140.

After the Fair, he began making the *Screen Tests*, which were inspired both by the *Thirteen Most Wanted* mug shots and the photobooth pictures Warhol began using in 1963.

Allen, "World's Fairs," N. pag.

Philip Johnson rejected Warhol's proposal for a Robert Moses mural. As Johnson would later recall, "I forbade that, because I just don't think it made any sense to thumb our noses... I don't like Mr. Moses, but inviting more lawsuits by taking pot shots at the head of the Fair would seem to me very, very bad taste. Andy and I had a little battle at the time, though he is one of my favorite artists."

Meyer, *Outlaw*, p. 146.

Warhol's painting, *Robert Moses Twenty-five Times* consisted of 25 panels with Robert Moses' headshot, taken from Life magazine.

Allen, "World's Fairs," N. pag.

The Moses panels were lost or destroyed.

Frei, p. 26.

Racism

Moses despised the animal warmth and the decadent, multiethnic, walled-in artifice of urban leisure of the 1920s. During the opening of his new West Side Manhattan / Riverside Drive project in 1935 he mused, "I wonder sometimes whether people, so obsessed with the seamy interior of Manhattan, deserve the Hudson."

Peretti, p. 146.

It's a great amorphous mass to him: it needs to be bathed, it needs to be aired, it needs recreation.

Ibid., p. 147.

He kept the swimming pool in Harlem unheated because he believed that blacks avoided cold water.

Ibid., p. 162.

"Don't you have this problem with the Negroes overrunning you?"

"Well, they don't like cold water and we've found that helps."

Caro, p. 514.

Priests blessed the waters of the Astoria Pool before its opened.

Ibid., p. 457.

How to force swimmers to wash their feet before entering the pool.

Ibid., p. 513.

Fears of the new public pools: prospects of racial intimacy as well as being associated with racist ideas of unclean bodies.

Ballon, p. 82.

Believing that what Negroes liked most to do was dance and sing, he arranged that the opening ceremonies for the Colonial Park Pool in Harlem include an exhibition by Bojangles Bill Robinson (identified by the *Times* as a "negro tap dancer"), a rendition of the Battle Hymn of the Republic by "negro tenor" Roland Hayes... and community singing.

Caro, p. 457.

He built one pool in Harlem, in Colonial Park, at 146th Street, and he was determined that that was going to be the only pool that Negroes—or Puerto Ricans, whom he classed with Negroes as "colored people"—were going to use. He didn't want them "mixing" with white people in other pools, in part because he was afraid, probably with cause, that "trouble"—fights and riots—would result; in part because, as one of his aides puts it, "Well, you know how RM felt about colored people."

Ibid., p. 513.

In some pools, the parks department staff tolerated black and white bodies coming in close contact with one another.

Ballon, p. 83.

He had always displayed a genius for adorning his creations with little details that made them fit in with their setting, that made the people who used them feel at home in them. There was a little detail on the playhouse-comfort station in the Harlem section of Riverside Park that is found nowhere else in the park. The wrought-iron trellises of the park's other playhouses and comfort stations are decorated with designs like curling waves.

The wrought-iron trellises of the Harlem playhouse-comfort station is decorated with monkeys.

Caro, p. 560.

"We have, it is true," a Negro problem," Moses announced.

Ballon, p. 116.

As Moses responded early in 1968 to a question about the concentration of low income people in a few neighborhoods. "There's only one answer. That is to tear down every building in the slums and put new ones unless land, then bring the people back."

Ibid., p. 69.

"I was coming up to one bridge across the parkway and just as I was about to go under it, I noticed how low it seemed to be. I took a good look at the next bridge, and goddammit, it was low! I pulled over and measured it with my arm at the curb, and I could see that it wasn't any fourteen feet high. At the next exit I got off and found a store and bought a yardstick and got back on the parkway and measured the next bridge. At the curb it was eleven feet high. and I didn't have to go and measure all the other bridge. I knew right then what I was going to find. I knew right then what the old son of a gun had done. He had built the bridges so low that buses *couldn't* use the parkways!"

Caro, p. 951.

Most buses were about twelve feet high.
Ibid., p. 951

Underlying his strikingly strict policy for cleanliness in his parks was the deep distaste for the public that was using them. "He doesn't love the people," he used to say... "It used to shocked me because he was doing all these things for the welfare of people... He'd denounce the common people terribly. To him they were lousy, dirty people, throwing bottles all over Jones Beach. 'I'll get them! I'll teach them!'"... Now he began taking measures to limit the use of his parks. He had restricted the use of state parks by poor and lower-middle-class families in the first place, by limiting access to the parks by rapid transit; he had vetoed the Long Island Rail Road's proposed construction of a branch to spur Jones Beach for the this reason.

Now he began to limit access by buses; he instructed Schapiro to build the bridges across his new parkways low—too low for buses to pass. Bus trips therefore had to be made on local roads, making the trips discouragingly long and arduous. For Negroes, whom he considered inherently "dirty," there were further measures. Buses needed permits to enter state parks; buses chartered by Negro groups found it very difficult to obtain permits, particularly to Moses his beloved Jones Beach; most were shunted to parks many miles further out on Long Island. And even in these parks, buses carrying Negro groups were shunted to the furthest reaches of the parking areas. The Negroes were discouraged from using "white" beach areas—the best beaches—by a system Schapiro calls "flagging"; the handful of Negro lifeguards (there were only a handful of Negro employees among the thousands employed at the Long Island State Commission) were all stationed at distant, less developed beaches.

Moses was convinced that Negroes did not like cold water; the temperature at the pool at Jones Beach was deliberately icy to keep Negroes out. When Negro civic groups from the hot New York City slums began to complain about this treatment, Roosevelt ordered an investigation and an eight confirmed that "Bob Moses is seeking to discourage large Negro parties from picnicking at Jones Beach, attempting to divert them to some other of the state parks." Roosevelt gingerly raise the matter with Moses, who denied the charge violently—and the governor never raised the matter again.

Ibid., pp. 318–9.

By banning public transportation, he had barred the poor from the state parks.

Ibid., p. 492.

In building his state parks, he had been uninterested in building for the "lower classes," who didn't "respect" or "appreciate" what was done for them, in particular the Negroes who were "dirty" and wouldn't keep his beautiful creations clean... The protests about this policy from the slums themselves were faint and few; slum dwellers—particularly slum dwellers with black skins—weren't making many protests in the 1930's.

Ibid., p. 489–90.

Robert Moses spent millions of dollars enlarging Riverside Park through landfill, but he did not spend a dime for that purpose between 125th and 135th Streets. He added 132 acres to the parts of the park most

likely to be used by white people—but not one acre to the part of the park most likely to be used by black people.

Ibid., p. 557.

Moses' arrogance was first of all intellectual; he had consciously compared his mental capacity with other men's and had concluded that its superiority was so great that it was a waste of time for him to discuss, to try to understand or even listen to their opinions... For not only could Robert Moses not help showing his contempt for others, he seemed actually to take pleasure in showing this contempt—a deep, genuine pleasure, a pleasure whose intensity leads to the suspicion that, in a way, he needed to display his superiority, with a need so great that he simply could not dissemble it.

Ibid., pp. 424-5.

The public is a great amorphous mass to him; it needs to be bathed, it needs to be aired, it needs recreation, but not for personal reason just to make it a better public.

Ballou, p. 73.

FDR on Moses: "I don't trust him. I don't like him."

Caro, p. 426.

La Guardia on Moses: "Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Seven million people in the city and I had to pick the one Roosevelt can't stand!"

Ibid., p. 426.

"That dago son of a bitch," "that wop son of a bitch" and "that guinea son of a bitch" were three of Moses' favorite private descriptions of La Guardia... he referred to him a "the little organ grinder."

Ibid., p. 447.

If Robert Moses was a pioneer in the fields of parks and highways, he was also a pioneer in McCarthyism, twenty years before McCarthy.

Ibid., p. 472.

Comparisons of Moses to Hitler: "He is the original smear artist, like Hitler." ... "He is a liar. And he is a liar in the way Hitler was a liar. He doesn't lie because he can't help it. He lies as a matter of policy."

Ibid., p. 688.

Moses was known as Cardinal Spellman's "pet Jew."

Ibid., p. 741.

There are people who like things as they are. I can't hold out any hope to them. They have to keep moving further away. This is a great big state, and there are other states. Let them go to the Rockies.

Berman, *Solid*, pp. 294-5

Beach

The final conquest and definitive eradication of Coney's original urbanism are assured in 1938 when Commissioner Robert Moses brings beach and boardwalk under the jurisdiction of the Parks Department, ultimate vehicle of the Urbanism of Good Intentions. For Moses, Coney

becomes—again—a testing ground for strategies intended ultimately for Manhattan.

"Engrossed in dreams of lawn-flanked parkways and trim tennis courts," he considers the thin strip of oceanfront under his control as merely the base for an offensive that will gradually replace Coney's street grid with innocuous vegetation. The first block to fall is the site of Dreamland, where he establishes the new New York Aquarium in 1957.

It is a modern structure, an incarnation of the "whitewashed barracks," painfully cheerful in the upward sweep of its concrete roofline, implanted in a vast lawn.

"Its lines are trim and clean."

The aquarium is a Modernist revenge of the conscious upon the unconscious: its fish—"inhabitants of the deep"—are forced to spend the rest of their lives in a sanatorium.

When he is finished, Moses has turned 50 percent of Coney's surface into parks.

Mother island to the bitter end, Coney Island has become the model for a modern Manhattan of Grass.

Koolhaas, p. 79.

The WWII scrap metal drive dovetailed with Robert Moses' urban renewal schemes. Buildings were pulled down to make way for Moses' ideas, even stripping the old Aquarium—the circular structure that was once Castle Garden—of its metal was okay, since the structure was being threatened with demolition to make way for the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel.

Diehl, p. 165.

"The Battery is no place for an aquarium," I once heard Mr. Moses say angrily.

Atkinson, p. 79.

The demolition of the old aquarium in Battery Park. Moses threatens to dump the fish into the sea. He also suggests that the fish be made into a chowder.

Caro, pp. 681, 682.

The sand he imported for Jones Beach blew away because it was not anchored. He sent teams of men out on their hands and knees illegally yanking out grass from private homes. The next weekend, when people arrived at the summer homes, they found men yanking out the grass on their beach.

Ibid., p. 832.

He dispatched landscape architects to other Long Island beaches to find out why the sand on older, natural dunes was more stable. They reported that it was because of the presence on these dunes of a form of beach grass whose roots, seeking water in the dry sand, spread horizontally rather than vertically and thus held sand around it in place. But to be effective, they reported, the grass had to be planted thickly—hundreds of thousands, even millions, of clumps would be required to hold down the new dunes on Jones Beach—and it could be planted only by hand. In the summer of 1928, on the desolate sand bar on the edge of the ocean, amid half-completed building skeletons that looked like ancient ruins, was a panorama out of the dynasties of the Pharaohs: hundreds, thousands, of men, spread out over miles of sand, kneeling on the ground digging little holes and planting in them tiny bundles of grass. [Antiquity] [Egypt]

Ibid., p. 233.

On weekends a continuous procession of small planes cruise just above the shoreline, skywriting or bearing banners to proclaim the glories of various brands of soda or vodka, or roller discos and sex clubs, of local politicians and propositions. Not even Moses has devised ways to zone business and politics out of the sky.

Berman, *Solid*, p. 297.

Terrain

In 1949 Robert Moses answered the question: "What Will New York City Look Like in the Year 1999?": "Nature, not man, will still be predominant... a fourth of The Bronx will remain field, forest, and stream... Staten Island will be largely rural... Traffic will flow freely in 95 per cent of the city... There will be no sign of decrepitude, decay or resignation." [Nature] [Primeval]

Caro, pp. 909-10.

Inwood Hill Park was not a park at all, but a wilderness, a wonderful wilderness, a last reminder, crowded into the craggy hills in the northwestern most corner of Manhattan Island by the relentless spread of concrete, that once almost all of the island had been covered with lush green forests. To the east, the hills sloped down into a valley that opened on a beautiful, peaceful cove formed by a U-curve in the Harlem River. In the valley, the site of the old Algonquin village of Shora-Kap-Kock ("in between the hills"), was a little museum operated by an Indian woman and a pottery studio, complete with kilns capable of the most delicate ceramics. In the cove, the last bit of natural waterfront on Manhattan Island and the reputed site of the landing of a longboat from Henry Hudson's *Half Moon* 300 years before end of a battle between the longboat crew and the Algonquins, stood a giant tulip tree under which Hudson had held a powwow with the Indians. On the opposite, or Hudson River, side of the parks hills, 200 feet below the steep escarpment that formed their western edge, was a narrow strip of landfill that held a New York Central roadbed. But in the 300 acres covered by the hills themselves, there was hardly a sign of the hand of man. The Lords of Lord & Taylor had once lived in two mansions on the escarpment, but these had burned to the ground decades before. When Exton turned off the city's asphalt streets and wandered up the steep slopes—it was their steepness that had saved them from development—he found himself in a different world, a world of wild underbrush and towering trees. Hiking up to their crest, under foliage so thick that it all but blotted out the sun, he could pick wild blackberries and blueberries or, in spring and early summer, could stop and look for a while at the fragrant purple-or white-blossomed lilac bushes, some of them three times as tall as he. At the crest, out on the escarpment, was a view that guidebooks marveled over—"perhaps the finest Manhattan offers," said one: the broad sweep of the Hudson below and, looming above the river on its far shore, the endless miles of the Palisades, unmarked north of the George Washington Bridge by a single man-made structure. If Exton sat so that he couldn't see the bridge, there was nothing to remind him of what he had left behind at the foot of the hills except for the occasional passage, far below him, of a little toy New York Central train.

"It was the only real woodland left on Manhattan, "he would recall years later. "It was the last unique hunk of primeval forest and the whole metropolitan area. It was unique. It was irreplaceable. "

And to alter it with a *highway!* "When you were upon top there, you were away from the roar of cars in the smell of gasoline. It was the only place a Manhattan where you could still say that." Moses' proposed Henry Hudson Parkway would bring the roar and the smell right into that beautiful spot. In fact, it would, to a large extent, eradicate it, bury it under six lanes—140 feet in width—of concrete, since Moses' plan was to run the highway right along the escarpment. Moses was saying that running the roads with the park with only "destroy only a few trees."

Ibid., pp. 541-2.

Moses was more than satisfied with his handiwork. The sheer cliffs of the forest-topped Palisades, opposite the sheer cliffs of Manhattan's apartment houses, were "the most magnificent river wall anywhere," he felt, and the wall he created was its match. Now that it was complete, the Hudson vista was the greatest river vista in the world. The Rhine? The Rhine with its "silly, quaint, Wagnerian castles"? Thanks to the West Side Improvement, the Hudson absolutely dwarfed the Rhine. [Europe] [Empire]

Ibid., p. 553.

All sweeping curves and spacious straightaways, lined with woods, underbrushy and shadowy and deep, that drenched them in autumn colors, and with clearings in which black boulders sat dramatically in the center of sun-dappled grass.

Ibid., p. 554.

Robert Moses: a practiced nighttime marcher.
Kinkead, *Central Park*, p. 110.

In April of 1956, a new parking lot was to be made for Tavern on the Green. The spot selected was a greasy hollow shaded by maple trees, barely to the northwest at 68th Street. Neighborhood mothers, however, habitually frequented it with their children. It was a small, secluded amphitheater, ideal for rest and recreation, safe for youngsters, and soothing for adults. Learning of the plan through observation of an exposed blueprint left on the grass by Park engineers, twenty-three mothers signed a petition to Moses asking that the parking lot idea be abandoned and their children's play area left as it was.

Without public notice, Moses dispatched a bulldozer to the site to take off the turf and topple the trees. Seeing this, a few indignant mothers quickly assembled and stood in front of the machine. Whereat the operator stopped work.

Within a week Moses struck back under the cover of darkness, shortly after midnight, when the watchful eyes of the mothers were closed. And elite task force composed of gardeners, laborers, a bulldozer, its operator, and more than thirty police officers under the command of an inspector went to work. A fence was erected, ringed by the police. Inside, the bulldozer started up and axmen attacked the trees.

Ibid., pp. 110-11.

Power

Moses' fingers drummed impatiently on a table when someone dared to disagree with him.

Caro, p. 241.

Power is being able to laugh at people who oppose you and to laugh at them with impunity, to antagonize them without fear of reprisal. Now Robert Moses seemed to be going out of his way to laugh at people... Power is being able to ruin people, to ruin their careers and their reputations and their personal relationships. Moses had this power, and he seemed to use it even when there was no need to, going out of his way to use it, so that it is difficult to escape the conclusion that he enjoyed using it.

Ibid., p. 499.

The City Builder must have an odd mixture of qualities. He must have a basic affection for his community, he must hate what is ugly, barren and useless. He must have an instinctive dislike of things which are built or run wrong. He must have a healthy contempt for the parasite, the grafter, the carpetbagger, the itinerant expert, the ivory tower planner, the academic reformer and the revolutionary. He must have the barge captain's knowledge of the waterfront, the engineer's itch to build, the architect's flair for design, the merchant's knowledge of the market, the local acquaintance of a political district leader.

Ibid., p. 832.

As he was above the rules, he was above the law.

Ibid., p. 831.

Once you did something physically, it was very hard for even a judge to undo it.

Ibid., p. 218.

Once you sink that first stake, they'll never make you pull it up.

Ibid., p. 218.

Misleading and underestimating, in fact, might be the only way to get a project started.

Ibid., p. 219.

Once they had authorized that small initial expenditure and you had spent it, they would not be able to avoid giving you the rest when you asked for it. How could they? If they refused to give you the rest of the money, what they had given you would be wasted, and that would make them look bad in the eyes of the public. And if they said you had misled them, well, they were not supposed to be misled. If they had been misled, that would mean that they hadn't investigated the projects thoroughly, and therefore had been derelict in their own duty. The possibilities for a polite but effective form of political blackmail were endless.

Ibid., p. 219.

You can draw any kind of picture you like on a clean slate and indulge your every whim in the wilderness in laying out a New Delhi, Canberra or Brasília, but when you operate in an overbuilt metropolis, you have to hack your way with a meat ax.

Ibid., p. 849.

For the rest of his life, when a friend, an enemy—or one of his own lawyers—would protest that something he was doing or was proposing to do was illegal, Moses would throw back his head and say, with a broad grin, a touch of exaggeration and much more than a touch of bravado: "Nothing I have ever done has been tinged with illegality."

Ibid., p. 220.

Would dreams—dreams of real size and significance and scope—the accomplishment his mother had taught him was so important, ever be realized by the methods of the men in whose ranks he had once marched, the reformers and idealists? He asked the question of himself and he answered it himself. No.

Ibid., p. 220.

The Port Authority: "an unconquerable Frankenstein... no one has successfully opposed it in the past."

Glanz, p. 137.

Waiting to lunch with Robert Moses, a guest would be ushered at Randall's Island into an anteroom lined with pictures of Robert Moses' bridges, Robert Moses' parks, Robert Moses' parkways, of Robert Moses posing with Hoover, of Robert Moses posing with Roosevelt, of Robert Moses posing with Truman, with Eisenhower... with Kennedy, Johnson—and Pope John.

Caro, p. 814.

For decades, to advance his own purposes, he systematically defeated every attempt to create the master plan that might have enabled the city to develop on a rational, logical, unified pattern—defeated it until, when it was finally adopted, it was too late for it to do much good.

Ibid., p. 20.

Decline

Moses had no hobbies or relaxations. He did not golf, play bridge, attend sporting events or theater... Guests at his home can recall no single day that he spent with his family, on which he did not disappear for hours into his study and shut the door behind him. He still refused to allow any of the chores that consume chunks of other men's lives—buying clothes and getting haircuts, for example—to consume chunks of his. As she had been doing since the day she married him, Mary still ordered his socks and underwear, bought his suits, carried them home, if they weren't the correct size took them back and brought home others, and when she got ones that fit, arranged for a tailor to come to his office and make minimum alterations, out to dine, placed money in his pocket. (If she forgot, he would have to ask his companion for a dollar or two for the waiter.)

Caro, p. 807.

Moses had a table in his office, never a desk.

Ibid., p. 268.

Moses claimed that golf was not a game in which the masses were interested; it was, he said, played only by the "privileged few." Golf was now a game played by millions in all walks of life. But Moses

didn't know this. His statement would have been true in the Twenties and he thought it was still true in the Fifties.

Because he didn't know anything had changed.

Ibid., p. 836.

No longer the face of a poet, it was the face of a man accustomed to command.

Ibid., p. 269.

His lieutenants first noticed about 1950 that the boss was having difficulty understanding what people were saying to him. His hearing deteriorated rather rapidly thereafter, and doctors told him there was nothing to be done for the condition, a simple result of age—Moses was, after all in his 60s—except for him to wear hearing aid. Robert Moses wearing a hearing aid?!? He refused to even consider the suggestion. The condition grew worse. More and more frequently, if he was asked a question at the big conference table, his reply would not be responsive—he would be answering the question he *thought* he had been asked... In a way, of course, Moses' deafness was symbolic. He had, in a way, been deaf all his life—unwilling to listen to anyone, public, Mayor, Governor, deaf to all opinion save his own... Now, thanks to the deafness, he was unable to hear the views, of others.

Ibid., pp. 835-6.

Reality had changed; the reality of the 1920s was not the reality of the 1950s. The metropolitan area that Moses was now attempting to shape was not the metropolitan area that he had begun shaping; there were more people in it, so many more that the very fact of their numbers alone changed all the dimensions of life in the area; they covered so much more of its land surface with their homes; they were, moreover, a different people: the population of the area had been transformed; to mention just one change, there have been fewer than 200,000 nonwhites in the area when Moses had begun his public career, there were more than 2 million now; embarking on a recreational policy that deliberately excluded nonwhites from most parks may have had in Moses' mind some sort of rationale in 1923; it is difficult to believe that that mind would formulate the same policy in 1953; Moses was nothing if not realistic, and excluding so large a part of an areas population from parks was not realistic. Quality, Hegel said, changes with quantity. Automobiles had meant weekend excursions to the country, leisurely drives, pleasure, freedom, in the 1920's when there had been relatively few automobiles. Automobiles meant something very different now.

But Robert Moses did not see those changes. He did not see that reality had changed. Not only the sycophancy with which he had surrounded himself but also three hard physical facts of his existence insured this.

Ibid., p. 834

The scenery amid which the New Yorker traveled around his city was a vast mosaic of FUCK and SUCK and COCK and CUNT. [Graffiti]

Ibid., p. 933.

When he died in 1981, Robert Moses's estate was valued at \$50,000, less than many individuals who were born with nothing and worked for a salary all their lives.

Ballon, p. 70.

Would New York have been a better place to live if Robert Moses had never built anything? ... It is only possible to say that it would have been a different city.

Caro, p. 21.

m - Power

Before him, then, the slope stretched upward, and above it the brilliant sky, and beyond it, cloudy and far away, he saw the skyline of New York. He did not know why, but there arose in him an exultation and a sense of power, and he ran up the hill like an engine, or a madman, willing to throw himself headlong into the city that glowed before him.

Baldwin, p. 30.

A city burning with the itch to Grab It Now.

O'Connell, p. 291.

The city's love of excess is replicated in its very name: New York, New York.

Sharpe, p. 277.

The possibilities were endless.

McNeil, p. 163.

It was really all about Me! Me! Me! Me!

Haden-Guest, p. xxi.

The eternal question of the ambitious: "Why not me?"

Stevens & Swan, p. 301.

The city: its weird gravitational pull, extending in all directions; the way, even if you have never been here before, it seems to exist in order to make all things seem possible. Even or especially.

Kingwell, p. 17.

Our whole scheme of life and progress and profit was perpendicular. There was nothing for us but height. We were whipped up the ladder. We depended upon the ever-growing possibilities of girders and rivets as Holland depends on her dikes.

Sharpe, p. 186.

It should be tall, every inch of it tall.

Ibid., p. 233.

Its brash, self-confident love of newness, and its dollar-driven, accelerated pace of life.

Ibid., p. 6.

Historically, it has been to an exceptional degree a city of accumulation: its methods promotion and commerce, its principle aggrandizement.

Federal Writers, p. 4.

Make it now! That motto burned in every heart like myocarditis.

O'Connell, p. 293.

On his first night in New York in 1924, the German filmmaker Fritz Lang suddenly had a vision of a looming, overbuilt, power-hungry city: "I looked into the streets—the glaring lights and the tall buildings—and there I conceived *Metropolis*."

Sharpe, p. 198.

On November 14, 1925, *The New Yorker* described the city as a "gymnasium of celebrities" and would-be celebrities; there are always "more non-entitles trying to attract attention and failing than celebrities trying to avoid attention and succeeding." New York attracted those who wanted, sometimes desperately, to find out not so much who they were as who they could appear to be, those who needed the gaze of others to come alive, exhibitionists and attention addicts who possessed, in Fitzgerald's words, "theatrical innocence," the preference of the "role of the observed to that of the observer." Cynical Thomas Beer thought the "whole "Lost Generation" movement... as coldly commercial as a burlesque show"; if this was a "lost generation," it was lost in plain sight of all the spectators America could summon... As Al Jolson put it in an ad he placed in *Variety* in the 1910s: "Watch me—I'm a Wow!"

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 64.

In New York, the space between what you want and what you've got creates a civic itchiness: I don't know a content New Yorker. Complacency and self-satisfaction, the Parisian vices, are not present here, except in the hollow form of competitive boasting about misfortune. (Even the very rich want another townhouse but move into an apartment, while an exclusive subset of the creative class devotes itself to dreaming up things for the super-rich to want, if only so they alone will not be left without desire.)

Gopnik, p. 6.

New York is the concentrate of art and commerce and sport and religion and entertainment and finance, bringing to a single compact arena the gladiator, the evangelist, the promoter, the actor, the trader and the merchant. It carries on its lapel the unexpungeable odor of the long past, so that no matter where you sit in New York you feel the vibrations of great times and tall deeds, of queer people and events and undertakings.

White, *Here*, p. 19.

"Insincerity is a necessary element of material progress."
Hapgood, p. 126.

It's a drama that is monumentally present, dwarfing, bullying, pounding into submission.

Brook, p. 15.

Years before, he'd moved to New York believing himself to be penetrating to the center of the world, and all of the time he lived there the illusion of a center had held: the sense of there always being a door behind which further mysteries were available, a ballroom at the top of the sky from which the irresistible music wafted, a secret power source from which the made energy of the metropolis emanated.

O'Connell, p. 299.

Babe Ruth: our national exaggeration.
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 65.

You have to fight the city constantly, carving out your own space. When you're feeling jaunty and high, full of zest, Manhattan will back you up, opening the door to pleasure and wonder. But when your sprits

are low, or you're caught in a tangle of sadness and heartache, the city won't offer you any relief as it asserts that the race goes unwaveringly on even if you choose to stand aside for a while.

Brook, p. 16.

I always marvel at those who are willing, seemingly, to pay any price, the price, whatever it may be—for one sip of this poison cup. What a stinging, quivering zest they display. How beauty is willing to sell its bloom, virtue its last rag, strength an almost usurious portion of that which it controls, youth its very best years, its hope or dream of fame, fame and power their dignity and presence, age its weary hours, to secure but a minor part of all this, a taste of its vibrating presence and the picture that it makes. Can you not hear them almost, singing its praises?

Dreiser, p. 4.

The original necessity of enduring noise, dirt, conflict, confusion as symptoms of a transitional phase developed into a taste for the mindless intoxicant of sensation.

Joseph, p. 41.

I was a failure—mediocre at advertising work and unable to get started as a writer. Hating the city, I got roaring, weeping drunk on my last penny and went home. Incalculable city. What ensued was only one of a thousand success stories of those gaudy days, but it plays a part in my own movie of New York.

Fitzgerald, "My Lost City," p. 108.

But sometimes in New York you run across the *disillusioned*— a young couple who are obviously visitors, newlyweds perhaps, for whom the bright dream has vanished. The place has been too much for them; they sit languishing in a cheap restaurant over a speechless meal.

White, *Here*, p. 33.

Its exhilaration is also a kind of terror.

Brook, p. 16.

It strews in your path every dreamed-of gratification.

Ibid., p. 40.

While the many consume, a few are consumed.

Ibid., p. 42.

To be intelligent here is the equivalent of being a starlet in Los Angeles.

Blandford, p. 81.

I remember daydreams of being a big success in New York City. (Penthouse and all!)

Brainard, "I Remember," n.pag.

I remember fantasies of all of a sudden out of the blue announcing "An evening with Joe Brainard" at Carnegie Hall and surprising everybody that I can sing and dance too, but only for one performance. (Though I'm a smash hit and people want more.) But I say "no": I give up stardom for art. And this one performance becomes a legend. And people who missed it could shoot themselves. But I stick to my guns.

Ibid.

Getting out of the taxi next to the famous fountain, you seemed to be arriving at the premiere of the movie which was to be your life. A doorman greeted you at the steps. A string quartet played in the Palm Court. Your tenth-floor room was tiny and overlooked an airshaft; though you could not see the city out the window, you believed that it was spread out at your feet. The limousines around the entrances seemed like carriages, and you felt that someday one would wait for you. Today they put you in mind of carrion birds, and you cannot believe your dreams were so shallow.

McInerney, p. 151.

Warhol: "Success is a job in New York."

Wolf, *Gossip*, p. 95.

Here, on drab Tenth Avenue, was a definition of an inexhaustible city, a place where even at 4:30 on a winter's morning you have to queue for a table at a restaurant.

Brook, p. 255.

Indeed I am being driven out of New York by the ceaseless ringing that goes on on my telephone all the morning when I ought to be working.

Ford, pp. 78-9.

I am not defending New York in this regard. Many of its settlers are probably here merely to escape, not face, reality. But whatever it means, it is a rather rare gift, and I believe it has a positive effect on the creative capacities of New Yorkers—for creation is in part merely the business of forgoing the great and small distractions... Although New York often imparts a feeling of great forlornness or forsakenness, it seldom seems dead or unresourceful; and you always feel that either by shifting your location ten blocks or by reducing your fortune by five dollars you can experience rejuvenation. Many people who have no real independence of spirit depend on the city's tremendous variety and sources of excitement for spiritual sustenance and maintenance of morale. In the country there are a few chances of sudden rejuvenation — a shift in weather, perhaps, or something arriving in the mail. But in New York the chances are endless. I think that although many persons are here from some excess of spirit (which caused them to break away from their small town), some, too, are here from a deficiency of spirit, who find in New York a protection, or an easy substitution.

White, *Here*, p. 25.

The great pitfalls of young artists coming to New York is the lure of the social. Every evening there are more openings, readings, performances, dinners and parties than one could ever attend. In order to succeed as an artist, one must decline most of these invitations and stay in the studio working, attending the very few which will truly open doors. I have seen more artists fall by the wayside in this way, pulled by the allure of glamorous distraction.

Goldsmith, *Theory*, n.pag.

It is astonishing how little New York figures in American literature. Think of the best dozen American novels of the last generation. No matter which way your taste and prejudice carry you, you will find, I believe, that Manhattan Island is completely missing from

at least ten of them, and that in the other two it is little more than a passing scene, unimportant to the main action. Perhaps the explanation is to be sought in the fact that very few authors of any capacity live in the town. It attracts all the young aspirants powerfully, and hundreds of them, lingering on, develop into very proficient hacks and quacks, and eventually adorn the Authors' League and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. But not many remain who have anything worth hearing to say. They may keep quarters on the island, but they do their writing somewhere else.

Primarily, I suppose, it is too expensive for them: in order to live decently they must grind through so much hack work that there is no time left for their serious concerns. But there is also something else. The town is too full of distractions to be comfortable to artists; it is comfortable only to performers. Its machinery of dissipation is so vastly developed that no man can escape it—not even an author laboring in his lonely room, the blinds down and chewing gum plugging his ears. He hears the swish of skirts through the key-hole; down the area-way comes the clink of ice in tall glasses; some one sends him a pair of tickets to a show which whisper promises will be the dirtiest seen since the time of the Twelve Apostles. It is a sheer impossibility in New York to escape such appeals to the ductless glands. They are in the very air. The town is no longer a place of work; it is a place of pleasure. Even the up-State Christian must feel the pull of temptation, though he has been warned by his pastor. He wanders along Broadway to shiver dutifully before the Metropolitan Opera House, with its black record of lascivious music dramas and adulterous tenors, but before he knows what has struck him he is lured into a movie house even gaudier and wickeder, to sweat before a film of carnal love with lewd music dinning in his ears, or into a grind-shop auction house to buy an ormolu clock disgraceful to a Christian, or into an eating-house to debauch himself with such victuals as are seen in Herkimer county only on days of great ceremonial.

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, pp. 186-7.

No time for consciousness.
Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 452.

No place for the working hours of the contemplative.
Ford, p. 142.

"A peaceful Sunday on Long Island takes years off my life," he confessed.

Caldwell, pp. 300-1.

There are more frauds and scoundrels, more quacks and cony-catchers, more suckers and visionaries in New York than in all the country west of the Union Hill, N.J., breweries. In other words, there are more interesting people. They pour in from all four points of the compass, and on the hard rocks of Manhattan they do their incomparable stuff, day and night, year in and year out, ever hopeful and ever hot for more. Is it drama if Jens Jensen, out in Nebraska, pauses in his furrow to yearn heavily that he were a chiropractor? Then why isn't it drama if John Doe, prancing in a New York night club, pauses to wonder who the fellow was who just left in a taxi with Mrs. Doe? Is it tragedy that Nils Nilsen, in South Dakota, wastes his substance trying to horn into a mythical Heaven? Then why isn't it tragedy when J. Eustace Garfunkel, after years of effort, fails to make the steep grade of St. Bartholomew's Church?

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 8.

The Present tantalizingly sublimated.
Ibid., p. 8.

New York has made up its mind. New York won't wait.
Ibid., p. 8.

City of actions first, and thoughts afterwards.
Reisenberg, p. 202.

Teeth sparkling for stardom.
Donleavy, n.pag..

"Do I pick you up or do I meet you there or shall we let it go?"
"Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain."
"Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?"
"Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will explain."
Sondheim, "Another Hundred People."

The promise of glorious fulfillment, of love, wealth, fame—or unimaginable joy—is always impending in the air. He is torn with a thousand desires and he is unable to articulate one of them, but he is sure that he will grasp joy to his heart, that he will hold love and glory in his arms, that the intangible will be touched, the inarticulate spoken, the inapprehensible apprehended; and that this may happen at any moment.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 569.

And lastly from that period I remember riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky; I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again.

Ibid., p. 607.

"We're leading sensory-saturated lives," Peter said. "High density. Intensity. Millions of appointments. Millions of lawyer appointments. A simple thing is no longer fun. Now you have to have two or three girls, or exotic strippers at Pure Platinum."

Bushnell, n.pag.

Or maybe it's proof that the sex drive is stronger than ambition, even for New Yorkers.

Ibid., n.pag.

Ten years ago I left home to go to the city and strike it big. But the only that was striking was the clock as it quickly ticked away my life.

Brainard, "Short Story," n.pag.

New York should be their oyster. But is it?
Bushnell, n.pag.

Would he end up lionized on Fifty-seventh Street, or bleeding to death in some West Street gutter? Or maybe both, plus a tactfully phrased obituary in *The New York Times*. [Media] [Death]

Hamilton, p. 55.

To find I'm a number one, head of the list,
Cream of the crop at the top of the heap.
Frank Sinatra "NY, NY".

Ambition

New York is a place where people come to fulfill their fantasies.
Money. Power. A spot on the David Letterman show. And while you're at
it, why not two women? (And why not ask?) Maybe everyone should try it
at least once.

Bushnell, n.pag.

Pride and joy and greed and sex
That's what makes our town the best
Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

Power beats sex anytime.
Haden-Guest, p. 164.

Another option in a city of options.
Bushnell, n.pag.

"But enough about me, let's talk about you...how do you really feel
about me?" is a New York joke that is wearing thin.
Blandford, p. 43.

Like everything else in New York, sharing is about power.
Blandford, p. 49.

Charged with power—the double meaning of the Battery.
Sharpe, p. 203.

Money and power are everywhere, and the sense of a bubble, a
perfect glass dome that extends over the city, is palpable—one can
almost see its highlight, its gleam.
Gopnik, p. 88.

We will discover and uncover this new Imperial City of Today,
celebrating its peak of arrogance.
Riesenberg, p. 56.

In a city where success and power are prized so highly, the velvet
glove means nothing without the iron first.
Blandford, p. 81.

This is not about statistics. Or exceptions. We all know about the
successful playwright who married the beautiful fashion designer a
couple of years older than he is. But when you're beautiful and
successful and rich and "know everyone," the normal rules don't apply.
Bushnell, n.pag.

Welcome to the Age of Un-Innocence. The glittering lights of
Manhattan that served as backdrops for Edith Wharton's bodice-heaving
trysts are still glowing but the stage is empty. No one has breakfast
at Tiffany's, and no one has affairs to remember instead, we have
breakfast at seven a.m. and affairs we try to forget as quickly as
possible. How did we get into this mess?

Ibid.

Truman Capote understood our nineties dilemma: the dilemma of Love vs. the Deal all too well. In *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, Holly Golightly and Paul Varjak were faced with restriction she was a kept man, she was a kept woman but in the end they surmounted them and chose love over money. That doesn't happen much in Manhattan these days. We are all kept men and women by our jobs, by our apartments, and then some of us by the pecking order at Mortimers and the Royalton, by Hamptons beachfront, by front-row Garden tickets and we like it that way. Self-protection and closing the deal are paramount. Cupid has flown the coop.

Ibid.

There's still plenty of sex in Manhattan but the kind of sex that results in friendship and business deals, not romance. These days, everyone has friends and colleagues; no one really has lovers even if they have slept together.

Ibid.

This is a real question for women in New York these days. For the first time in Manhattan history, many women in their thirties to early forties have as much money and power as men or at least enough to feel like they don't need a man, except for sex.

Ibid.

Fame, Celebrity

I was famous! But for all the wrong reasons.
Haden-Guest, p. 277.

The puddle of limelight.
Ibid., p. 103.

No matter where you walk, you are likely to pass people who were once the toast of the town.
Talese, p. 130.

Susan Strasberg once said that she and her friend Marilyn Monroe were walking down Fifth Avenue and no one noticed them.

Marilyn, who was studying at Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio, said to Susan, "Do you want them to see me do *her*?"

The private Norma Jean, standing on the street, adjusted her posture, her walk, and her face.

Suddenly she was mobbed.
Fritscher, p. 182.

In 1944 Cornell briefly captured—with his eye only—Marlene Dietrich, who was waiting for a cab at the curb of Jay Thorpe's.
Conrad, pp. 311-2.

Margot Channing returning from time to time, stalking the old locations, sitting alone in winter, a shopping-bag lady in a sable coat, in the pocket park where the Stork Club once stood, and skulking through decrepit Broadway byways where she had swaggered not all that long ago, then quietly boarding the Brewster train at Grand Central for "that little place just two hours from New York."

McCourt, p. 32.

Diana Ross stopped traffic on Sheridan Square Wednesday night. Teetering in black patent pumps, she hiked her skirt, tossed her head back for the wind to catch her man, and let out a patented diva whoop. Trebay, p. 29.

It was such a beautiful day. The whole town came out of the woodwork. Walked toward the park and a woman lunged at me and said, "I'm Mary Rosenberg, you gave me my best advice, you told me, 'Hang in there,'" but I didn't know who she was. I just closed my eyes and headed through the park with people pointing at me all the way—"That's that famous artist."

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 561.

The next day as I walked along 57th Street I realized how powerful television is, because so many of the Christmas shoppers were pointing at me and saying, "It's him," and "No, it's not, look at the hair," and "Yes, but the sunglasses," and "Yes... no," etc. Up until then I'd been in *Time* and *Life* and all the newspapers a lot and nothing had ever made me be recognized this much, but now just a few minutes on TV had really done it.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 175.

I've been remembering what it felt like as a young man to live in the same town with giants. When I first arrived in New York my personal giants were a dozen or so columnists and critics and poets whose names appeared regularly in the papers. I burned with a low steady fever just because I was on the same island with Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Franklin P. Adams, Robert C. Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Ring Lardner and Stephen Vincent Benet. I would hang around the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, thinking: "Somewhere in that building is the typewriter that Archy The Cockroach jumps on at night." New York hardly gave me a living at that period, but it sustained me. I used to walk quickly past the house in West 13th Street between Sixth and Seventh where F. P. A. lived, and the block seemed to tremble under my feet—the way Park Avenue trembles when a train leaves Grand Central. This excitation (nearness of giants) is a continuing thing. The city is always full of young worshipful beginners—young actors, young aspiring poets, ballerinas, painters, reporters, singers search depending on his own brand of tonic to stay alive, each with his own stable of giants.

White, *Here*, p. 38.

A dive into a civic fountain, a casual brush with the law, was enough to get us into the gossip columns, and we were quoted on a variety of subjects we knew nothing about.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 110.

Camera bait.

Haden-Guest, p. xiv.

Gossip is the new pornography. We have it in the daily newspapers. [Media]

Allen, *Manhattan*, p. 184.

I was walking down Eighth Street and I heard these two girls behind me say, "Isn't that Jim Morrison?" Ha ha ha. I felt like saying, "No, my jaw is a bit more angular."

McNeil, p. 31.

A bunch of us were on Oprah Winfrey. Oprah asked, "What do you do in your spare time?" We said, "Oh, we sit around and read articles about ourselves."

Haden-Guest, p. 116.

Jolie Bernard used to be an agent who handled rock bands at International Creative Management. Five years ago, when she wasn't stomping the globe in her cowboy boots, hanging out with rock stars and sometimes sleeping with them, she lived in New York, in a one-bedroom apartment decorated with black leather couches and a giant stereo system. She had long blond hair and a tight little body with big tits, and when she came home she had a million messages on her answering machine, and when she went out, she had money and drugs in her purse. She was kind of famous.

Bushnell, n.pag.

There are only a half-million big men in New York.
Conrad, p. 278.

I'm getting my M.A. in fame, and I'll be getting my Ph.D. in money.

Haden-Guest, p. 277.

The line in front of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway starts forming at midnight, By four in the morning there are over five hundred girls... they wear bobby sox (of course), bow ties (the some as Frankie wears) and photos of Sinatra pinned to their dresses... They bring their lunches... sandwiches wrapped in paper bags... and thermos bottles full of hot coffee... with paper cups... By seven in the morning when daylight breaks, some of the girls read movie fan magazines, others play cards, a favorite game being "Old Maid." While still others proudly show their scrap books of Sinatra photos clipped from newspapers and magazines to the others in line...

By eight in the morning there are over ten thousand trying to get in line... that's the time the box office opens up... The opening day there was a riot. The next day the cops were prepared. There were:

- 5 policewomen
- 5 cops with their horses
- 41 temporary cops in civilian clothes with P. D. arm bands
- 60 cops
- 200 detectives
- 2 emergency trucks
- 20 radio cars
- and an unannounced number of truant officers
- and also...
- Reporters
- Photographers
- and curious bystanders, etc.

The line moves slowly towards the box office... Policewomen yank out of the line those that appear to be under sixteen years... some of the girls cry, offer to show their Social Security cards as proof of age, and plead to be allowed to go inside the theatre as they had come all the way from Brooklyn and Long Island... Meanwhile big trucks loaded with rolls of newsprint arrive at the Times Building which adjoins the theatre, unable to back up and unload, the Times guards clear the entrances and act as ushers, keeping the mob behind the ropes. (The

next day an editorial appeared in the *New York Times* on the Sinatra menace.)

A big blow-up picture of Sinatra in front of the theatre is marked red with lipstick impressions of kisses, endearing messages of love, and even telephone numbers. The theatre is soon filled. The show starts with the feature (*Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*). This is the most heckled movie of all times... not that its a bad movie... just the opposite... but the girls simply didn't come to see that... as far as they are concerned they could be showing lantern slides on the screen.

Then the great moment arrives. Sinatra appears on the stage... hysterical shouts of Frankie... Frankie... you've heard the squeals on the radio when he sings... multiply that by about a thousand times and you get an idea of the deafening noise... as there is no radio control man to keep the noise within ear level. Sinatra does a few numbers and leaves the stage hurriedly. Now the whole theatre is a bedlam of noises with the audience refusing to quiet down. Shouts of Frankie!... Frankie!... don't leave us... but the orchestra starts playing *The Star Spangled Banner*... they all get up .the noises cease... and then slump into their seats...

Inside the lobby a big crowd is waiting patiently for seats... with the management wondering where to put them... as those inside are going to remain all day and night in the theatre for the full five shows... and that goes for Frankie too... a big mob is waiting at the stage door entrance... he dares not leave... so he's marooned inside the theatre... with a steady stream of messengers bringing him his lunch... laundry... and even a barber arriving in a taxi...

At two in the morning the theatre closes up... the porters come in to clean up... some of the girls having been in all day and night and having seen all the five shows refuse to leave... and try to hide in the ladies room... but the matrons chase them out ... so those having had some sleep during the picture, go outside and wait in line again... others take the subway home... will they get Hell when they get home! They are a clannish bunch, the Bobby Soxers... and they among themselves that Frankie should be in the White House as President. One of the girls remarks sadly that that couldn't be... because Frankie is too skinny. [Media] [Sound]

Weegee, *Naked*, pp. 112-5.

NOVEMBER 4, 1987

Back in New York. But had to write this down. It's almost a full moon.

Today Claude and Sydney and Jasmine Picasso stopped in to visit. Tina Chow called to say hello.

Called George Condo about Julian Schnabel's opening at the Whitney tomorrow.

I bought a piece of mine at auction for \$10,000.

Stephen Sprouse fashion show is tomorrow, but I can't even bring a date.

Allen Ginsberg called to invite me to be his date to a dinner at the American Academy of Arts & Letters but I can't go because I already promised to go see my friend Molissa Fenley dance at Dia Foundation.

Yves and Debbie Arman are in New York and tried to buy my piece at auction, but stopped at \$8,000.

Grace Jones invited me to dinner.

Larry Levan stopped in to see me.

What a day! Is this New York on a full moon in 1987, or what?

Haring, *Journals*, p. 266.

There's always a car waiting.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, n.pag.

There's always a Steven Meisel photo shoot.
Ibid.

It's Friday night at the Bowery Bar. It's snowing outside and buzzing inside. There's the actress from Los Angeles, looking delightfully out of place in her vinyl gray jacket and miniskirt, with her gold-medallioned, too-tanned escort. There's the actor, singer, and party boy Donovan Leitch in a green down jacket and a fuzzy beige hat with earflaps. There's Francis Ford Coppola at a table with his wife. There's an empty chair at Francis Ford Coppola's table. It's not just empty: It's alluringly, temptingly, tauntingly, provocatively empty. It's so empty that it's more full than any other chair in the place. And then, just when the chair's emptiness threatens to cause a scene, Donovan Leitch sits down for a chat. Everyone in the room is immediately jealous. Pissed off. The energy of the room lurches violently. This is romance in New York.

Bushnell, n.pag.

It's so diabolically crowded outside Bowery Bar that I have to climb over a stalled limo parked crookedly at the curb to even start pushing through the crowd while paparazzi who couldn't get in try desperately to snap my photo, calling out my name... Candy Bushnell suddenly pushes through the crowd screaming "Richard," and then when she sees me her voice goes up eighty octaves and she screams "Pony!" and places an enormous kiss on my face while slipping me a half and Richard finds Jenny Shimizu but not Scott Bakula and Chloe is surrounded by Roy Lieberthal, Eric Goode, Quentin Tarantino, Kato Kaelin and Baxter Priestly, who is sitting way too close to her in the giant aquamarine booth and I have to put a stop to this or else deal with an unbelievably painful headache. Waving over at John Cusack, who's sharing calamari with Julien Temple, I move through the crowd toward the booth where Chloe, pretending to be engaged, is nervously smoking a Marlboro Light... Naomi Campbell, Helena Christensen, Cindy Crawford, Sheryl Crow, David Charvet, Courteney Cox, Harry Connick, Jr., Francesco Clemente, Nick Constantine, Zoe Cassavetes, Nicolas Cage, Thomas Calabro, Cristi Conway, Bob Collacello, Whitfield Crane, John Cusack, Dean Cain, Jim Courier, Roger Clemens, Russell Crowe, Tia Carrere and Helena Bonham Carter—but I'm not sure if she should be under B or C. ... We sit there sort of looking out over the rest of the room, my eyes fixed on the big table in the center, beneath a chandelier made of toilet floats and recycled refrigerator wire, where Eric Bogosian, Jim Jarmusch, Larry Gagosian, Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, and oddly enough, Ricki Lake are all having salads... Um, table one is you and Alison and Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger and Tim Hutton and Uma Thurman and Jimmy and Jane Buffett and Ted Field and Christy Turlington and David Geffen and Calvin and Kelly Klein and Julian Schnabel and Ian Schrager and Russell Simmons, along with assorted dates and wives... Nodding as Russell Simmons walks past me and out onto Fourth Street.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, n.pag.

In fact, the guy was so into the place that he didn't want me to write about it because he was afraid that, like most decent places in New York, it would be ruined by publicity.

Bushnell, n.pag.

Money

I wasn't there to become famous. I was there to make as much money as I possibly could.

Haden-Guest, p. 6.

F. Scott Fitzgerald to Edmund Wilson: "Culture follows money. New York, not London will soon be the 'capital of culture.'" [World City]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 4.

Money and power are everywhere, and the sense of a bubble, a perfect glass dome that extends over the city, is palpable—one can almost see its highlight, its gleam.

Gopnik, p. 88.

Does money ever sleep? Do the machines in a factory ever need rest? Conrad, p. 275.

Irreverent ravishing city of dollar signs.

Reisenberg, p. 205.

The bull's eye of wealth in this town. Makes me so nervous I need to take another pee.

Donleavy, n.pag.

Financial miners had discovered fat veins of money coursing beneath the cliffs and canyons of the southern tip of Manhattan. As geological and meteorological forces conspire to deposit diamonds at the top of one continent and to expose gold at the edge of another; so a variety of manmade conditions intersected more or less at the beginning of the new decade to create a newly rich class based in New York, with a radical new scale of financial well-being. The electronic buzz of fast money hummed beneath the wired streets, affecting all the inhabitants, making some of them crazy with lust and ambition, others angrily impoverished, and making the comfortable majority feel poorer. [Nature] [Prehistoric]

O'Connell, p. 298.

Sidewalk and curb alike flaunt super-refined wealth.

Irwin, p. 186.

A place of business, not a nursery.

Bladford, p. 56.

Crowned not only with no history, but with no credible possibility of time for history, and consecrated by no uses save the commercial at any cost.

James, p. 373.

Such a tight mecca of mechanized, commercial efficiency that every throb and whistle sounds prerecorded or piped, every flirtatious come-on is reduced to a paid announcement, hand-holding seems unsanitary, a fleeting hump the only practical reality.

Petronious, p. 6.

Space as a whole enters into the modernized mode of capitalist production: it is utilized to produce surplus value. The ground, the underground, the air, and even the light enter into both the

productive forces and the products. The urban fabric, with its multiple networks of communication and exchange, is part of the means of production. The city and its various installations (ports, train stations, etc.) are part of capital.

Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 98.

I have a fantasy about money: I'm walking down the street and I hear somebody say—in a whisper—"There goes the richest person in the world."

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p. 135.

When world realization of its unlimited wealth has been established there as yet will be room for the whole of humanity to stand indoors in greater New York City, with more room for each human than at an average cocktail party.

Kolbert, n.pag.

Transaction

Money in New York has oddly different values. A gardenia may cost ten cents, but an orchid five dollars. A nickel is charged for a forty-eight mile ride on the subway. Twenty-five cents will buy an excellent lunch at an automat, but, at more expensive restaurants, as much as \$2.50 is charged for one dish.

Glickman, p. 20.

American money is very well-designed, really. I like it better than any other kind of money. I've thrown it in the East River down by the Staten Island Ferry just to see it float.

Warhol, *Philosophy*, p.137.

thousands-millions-trillions
of probabilities of percents
of accounts-credits-debits
provisions-customs-tariffs
Depero, "24th Street," p. 428.

The plastic credit card is pioneered by Brooklyn-born Long Island banker William Boyle, who has devised the Franklin Charge Account Plan for Franklin National Bank. Franklin markets its plan with the slogan, "Just charge it." The Franklin Charge Account Plan will play a major role in fueling the rise of Long Island suburbs.

Trager, p. 581.

Only one out of ten cash machines seems to have any cash in it.
Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 18.

Transactions fluctuate like thermometer mercury
Voronca, p. 463.

On the sidewalks, braving the weather, stand Bowery diamond dealers whose whole stock in trade may consist of one diamond, wrapped in tissue paper and carried in the vest pocket.

WPA Guide, p. 120.

The city, the urban space, and the urban reality cannot be conceived simply as the sum of the places of the consumption of goods (commodities) and the places of production (enterprises).
Lefebvre, *Stage*, p. 188.

Max Weber argued that the emergence of the modern city is distinguished by the market. The market, so much less heroic in the traditional sense and apparently so formless and morally empty as a public phenomenon, symbolically represents—and on occasion creates—the public culture of modern cities. In the market—as in the modern city generally—there is an “incomplete integration” of participants. People enter and withdraw from the market of public life without relinquishing other structural attachments.

Bender, pp. 58-9.

The sociology of a service economy.
Sassen, p. 9.

The very richness of life in New York creates a spectacular undertow.

Berman, *On The Town*, p. xxxvi.

The divinity of engineering is summed up by the doors of safes, “so extremely well made,” in a bank he visits. Léger too was impressed by the steel vaults of the Irving Bank. In this impregnable tabernacle resides, perhaps, the posthuman genius of the city.

Conrad, p. 138.

Irving Trust Building’s vault has a chemical coating designed to emit a paralyzing gas should it be attacked by a safecracker’s blowtorch.

Trager, p. 471.

A determined misreading of money-making structures as religious fanes.

Conrad, p. 73.

Deep in New York’s downtown financial district, with its odd collection of illuminated architectural styles—Corinthian columns cheek by jowl with neo-Baroque doorways, Gothic towers loftily disdaining mid-Victorian embellishments—lies an innocuous building that houses the Stock Exchange. The twin green domes of this place, where a nation’s fortunes may be jeopardised, are ironically reminiscent of Monte Carlo’s Casino, where fortunes are won and lost for pleasure.

Looking down, they are bewilderingly like ants, their every movement accelerated as in old-time movies, when even a funeral was a breathless business. These human ants swarm wildly, weaving in and out, chewing gum, snatching at newspapers, hurling them down, scribbling fanatically on pocketpads, never attempting to do less than three things at a time. Paper lies thick on the floor like giant confetti, and we see a sudden white fountain as a cloud of it shoots into the air, settling down again gently like snow.

To the strange underworld of the Counting House. Neat little ants here, with immaculate creases in sober suits, hair unruffled, eyes impersonal but bright as buttons. They sit behind tall desks, in front of them long books in which they write without respite. All day this has gone on, yet they remain unruffled, neat, methodical, efficient.

Into their long books go strings of figures, chronicling in mathematics the rise and fall of family fortunes.

These rooms are bare, severe; so lacking adornment of any kind that the telephones, in regular rows, become decorative rather than functional, the only decorative feature in them. "We're geared up to high speed and big business, eh?" winks an ant with a cigar in his mouth.

Each of these rooms has eight or more of these inhumanly neat little men human adding, machines, tabulating the gains and losses of others' financial bets, in perfect running order always. Do they ever break down? And if so what fate befalls them? Unimaginable that they could break down, but one day, perhaps.

The President of the Exchange mounts a marble balcony and strikes the three o'clock gong. The horseplay is suddenly halted. The men reach for bowler hats, their eyes turn to stone, their mouths become grim as they leave for respectable homes in Long Island, Westchester, Park Avenue and Riverside Drive. With the striking of the gong life changes utterly. The feckless boys have become alarmingly transformed into heads of families, dignified, intimidating pillars of New York society.

When later you meet these same schoolboys away from the Exchange it is difficult to believe your recollections of tooth-paste and wet pockets, and unthinkable to remind them of such things.

Beaton, *Portrait*, pp. 76-7.

Men and women may have created Wall Street, but it has lost any human scale.

Rock, p. xvi.

Your Empire State creation may presage an apotheosis of the dying profit bug.

Reisenberg, p. 95.

One story is only good till another is told, and sky-scrapers are the last word of economic ingenuity only till another word be written. This shall be possibly a word of still uglier meaning, but the vocabulary of thrift at any price shows boundless resources, and the consciousness of that truth, the consciousness of the finite, the menaced, the essentially *invented* state, twinkles ever, to my perception, in the thousand glassy eyes of these giants of the mere market.

James, p. 373.

Until the World War II blackout, a perpetual oil flame burned at the Standard Oil Building in the Financial district and could be seen for miles around.

Glickman, p. 202.

An empty pedestal in the lobby of the Standard Oil Building where a statue of John D. Rockefeller used to stand.

Ibid., p. 20.

Before the salt air damaged it, the entire ceiling in the lobby of the Standard Oil Building was gilded.

Ibid., p. 20.

On the original Black Tuesday in 1929, Lorca, the Andalusian poet wandered through the canyons of Wall Street, watching in amazement as ruined investors flung themselves from windows of monstrous buildings.

"The ambulances collected suicides", he wrote, "whose hands were full of rings." Amidst the "merciless silence of money," Lorca "felt the sensation of real death, death without hope, death that is nothing but rottenness." It was easy, then, for him to visualize the inevitable destruction of lower Manhattan by "hurricanes of gold" and "tumults of windows."

Davis, "Flames," p. 12.

Lorca was on Wall Street on the day of the stock market crash and afterward claimed to have seen six people commit suicide during Black Tuesday.

Lorca, *Poet*, p. xii.

Time for the cobras to hiss on the uppermost levels, / for the nettle to jostle the patios and roof-gardens, / for the Market to crash in a pyramid of moss. / Time for the jungle lianas that follow the rifles— / soon, soon enough, ever so soon. / Woe to you,

Wall Street!''

Lorca, *Collected*, p. 667.

December 1929

PAISAJE DE LA MULTITUD QUE VOMITA

(Anochecer de Coney Island)

LANDSCAPE OF THE VOMITING CROWD

(Twilight at Coney Island)

New York, 29 de diciembre de 1929.

New York, December 29, 1929

PAISAJE DE LA MULTITUD QUE ORINA

(Nocturno de Battery Place)

LANDSCAPE OF THE URINATING CROWD

(Nocturne of Battery Place)

Lorca, *Poet*, p. 53.

But it is necessary to make money, and in the commodious corners of the bright city, as everywhere in the world, depravity laughs disdainfully at hypocrisy and falsehood. Of course the depravity is hidden, and, of course, it's a wearying, tiresome depravity, but it also is "for the people." It is organized as a paying business, as a means to extract their earnings from the pockets of the people. Fed by the passion for gold it appears in a form vile and despicable indeed in this marsh of glittering boredom.

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 314.

I regard all bankers with distrust as being the root of most of the evil of the world; all financiers outside bankers I would export, as was done with the dogs of Constantinople, to a small desert island where they might subsist on each other's flesh.

Ford, p. 82.

More than a film, almost a period documentary. The unbridled luxury of the coastal home of the broker Gordon Gekko, crammed with artworks from Picasso to Louise Nevelson; the "uniform" of the powerful, impeccable suits, elegant suspenders silhouetted against immaculate shirts, the hair slicked back and the brand-named cigarillo always lit, the décor of the office, white and aseptic for the lower echelons, sumptuously post-déco and with a view over Manhattan for those who really count. *Wall Street* depicted the lifestyle of excess even in seemingly ordinary yet revealing details, such as the sequence showing

the "rewards" for young Fox in the form of a limousine, cocaine and a high-class call girl, or the total refurbishment of his apartment, transformed into an orgy of faux marble stucco, rich rapes, and hi-tech furniture.

Frisa p. 112.

The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be survival of the unfittest. Well, in my book you either do it right or you get eliminated. In the last seven deals that I've been involved with, there were 2.5 million stockholders who have made a pretax profit of 12 billion dollars. Thank you. I am not a destroyer of companies. I am a liberator of them! The point is, ladies and gentleman, that greed—for lack of a better word—is good. Greed is right. Greed works. Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed, in all of its forms—greed for life, for money, for love, knowledge—has marked the upward surge of mankind.

"Wall Street" *American Rhetoric*, n.pag.

"What we need is a teensy-weensy depression," somebody said. "We have too much prosperity. It makes for greed."

Atkinson, p. 132.

n - Commodity

The city as an antic consumerism, a big store supplying fantasies for free.

Conrad, p. 310.

In the city of consumerism, art is a search for the recondite treasures New York has randomly buried.

Ibid., p. 311.

In commodity society all of us are prostitutes, selling ourselves to strangers.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 185.

I am truly withering in the sordid materialism of New York.

Ibid., p. 229.

The objects purchased are devalued by the act of purchasing.

Buse, p. 18.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Gatsby*, lavishing wealth on clothes, entertainment, and the purchase of a dream, is a latter-day version of the Jamesian New Yorker, except that the superstitious Jamesian reticence about wealth has changed to the alternative policy of apologetic splurging. *Gatsby*'s extravagant consumerism uses wealth for the satiation of appetites and the requisitioning of visions. He desolidifies possessions. He'll never wear all the shirts he owns; he seldom attends his own parties. He spends to expend, disperse, dissipate himself. The orgy is an experiment in controlled self-destruction, and New York is the emporium catering to such exorbitant and drastic whims as these.

Conrad, p. 193.

Window Display, Mannequin

The question of shop windows

To undergo the interrogation of shop windows

The exigency of the shop window

The shop window proof of the existence of the outside world

Duchamp, *A L'Infinitif*, N. pag.

In 1939 Dalí was commissioned to design a shop window for Bonwit Teller on Fifth Avenue. He began from a detestation of those mannequins. Dalí dislikes them because they're immune to decay and refuse to be consumed: "so hard, so inedible," as he calls them, they have defeated surrealism. He revenges himself by surreally aging them. In the window he placed some musty, cobwebbed models exhumed from an attic. They extruded—as corpses continue to do, and as Lorca surreally chooses to do when deciding, on arrival in New York, to let his hair grow—"long natural dead women's hair." For Kiesler and the purists the shop window had been a laboratory exhibiting the abstract future; Dalí makes it a charnel house of surreal memory. At Bonwit Teller his elderly mannequins bathed in a tub with a hirsute lining of astrakhan and slept on charred sheets under a canopy from which trickled the blood of a pigeon. The management of the store, aghast, dismantled the display. Dalí insisted on its restoration and, when the management

refused, clambered into the window to upset the furry bathtub. His intention was only to embarrass Bonwit Teller by spilling the water, but as he dislodged the tub it slid across the floor, smashed the plate glass, and deluged the sidewalk. Dalí followed it through the gaping pane to join the crowd on Fifth Avenue. In doing so, he was acting out the forced entry into consciousness which he wanted his irrational images to make. They too crave to splinter the glass that flattens and suppresses them, to rebel into a third dimension. They are the interior which vomitously insists on exteriorizing itself. Dalí was arrested for his pains and remarked that the affair did more for his glory than if he'd devoured Fifth Avenue entire. This constitutes his triumph: a parabolic digestion of the city; a surreal conquest by cannibalism.
[Body in the City]

Conrad, pp. 148-9.

The window-dressing is one of the city's chief features. Each new fashion lives brilliantly, but dies an early death, in the shop windows, as the seasons of the year pass prematurely. In this clean, new world Christ is born in November, and Bergdorf Goodman have robbed surrealism of its novelty before Dalí's new exhibition.

Lowe, p. 78.

Parallel infinities into the improbable kaleidoscope of its shop windows, its transparent towers... its windows lit all through the long nights of winter.

de Chirico, p. 401.

Mayakovsky sees a model demonstrating shaving gear in a Woolworth window. Through the plate glass he tells her in Russian that she's being a fool. She lip-reads him and imagines he's asking her in English to open the door. You've been made an idiot, he rails; she translates his fulmination into a declaration of love.

Conrad, p. 122.

Fashionable women examining shop windows at night—to buy a painting.

Sharpe, p. 195.

Her eye is caught by something in the window; sexual adventure and drugstore accessories gently rub shoulders in the warm night air.

Ibid., p. 283.

By this time Fifth Avenue is deserted by all but a few strolling insomniacs, some cruising cab drivers, and a group of sophisticated females who stand in store windows all night and day wearing cold, perfect smiles—smiles formed by lips of clay, eyes of glass, and cheeks that will glow until the paint wears off. Like sentries they line Fifth Avenue—these window mannequins who gaze onto the quiet street with tilted heads and pointed toes and long, rubber fingers reaching for cigarettes that aren't there. At 4 A.M., some store windows become a strange fairyland of gangling goddesses, all of them frozen in the act of dashing to a party, diving into a swimming pool, or sashaying skyward in a billowy blue negligee.

While this wild illusion is partly due to the runaway imagination, it is also partly due to the incredible skill of mannequin makers, who have endowed mannequins with certain individual characteristics—the theory being that no two females, not even plastic or plaster females, are quite alike. As a result, the mannequins at Peck & Peck are made to

look young and prim, while at Lord & Taylor they seem wiser and wind-blown. At Saks they are demure but mature, while at Bergdorf's they look agelessly elegant and quietly rich. The profiles of Fifth Avenue's mannequins have been fashioned after some of the world's most alluring women—women like Suzy Parker, who posed for the Best & Co. mannequins, and Brigitte Bardot, who inspired some mannequins at Saks. The preoccupation with making mannequins almost human, and equipping them with curves, is perhaps responsible for the rather strange fascination so many New Yorkers have for these synthetic virgins. This is why some window decorators frequently talk to mannequins and give them pet names, and why naked mannequins in windows inevitably attract men, disgust women, and are banned in New York City. This is why some mannequins are attacked by perverts, and why the svelte mannequin in a White Plains shop was discovered in the basement not long ago with her clothes torn off, her make-up smeared and her body possessing evidence of attempted rape. The police laid a trap one night and caught the attacker—a shy, little man: the porter.

Talese, pp. 4-5.

Some years back, a lot of manikins looked like Greta Garbo, or the Duchess of Windsor, A few years later, they looked like Greer Garson. Manikins with broad shoulders often resembled Joan Crawford. And when the sloped shoulder came in, the looked like Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire.

Early, p. .59.

Window shopping is a delightful pastime, because manikins on Fifth Avenue are even more glamorous than models. For a woman is only a woman, but a manikin is a creature with hair of spun gold and silvered glass, with breasts so high she can rest her chin on them, and eyelashes so long you can hang your hat on them.

Ibid., p. .58.

There's nothing more boring than narcissism—the tragedy of being totally... me. We're all capable of it. And we all know examples of it—these beautiful tragedies. Many of them, of course, are mannequins. Mannequins are either divine—or they're the most boring girls in the world.

Vreeland Papers, NYPL.

Mannequins, immaculately outfitted and attitudinizing in a shop window at night or nude and virginally sheeted in cellophane. Their robust sensuality defeats the city's attempts to douse or chill it.

Conrad, p. 174.

Legs,
what do you know about legs?
you who think about skirts
when you pass the windows of the department store.
What do you know
about the legs
of the twentieth century?

Parland, p. 345.

In the bleakly radiant, renovated New York foreseen by Le Corbusier, the ideal citizens would be the effigies of femininity he admires in the window displays on Fifth Avenue.

Conrad, p. 140.

The wax manikins in the windows of the smart dress shops on Fifth Avenue make women masters, with conquering smiles. Square shoulders, incisive features, sharp coiffure—red hair and green dress, metallic blonde hair and ultramarine blue dress, black hair and red dress.

The Greek coiffure, the Doric and Ionic of Asia Minor, predominates. The face, with its strong features, stands out. The casque is gold, platinum, auburn, sandy, even white.

The manikins in the windows have the heads of Delphic goddesses. Green, lamp-black, red hair. Antique-like heads, here one as if from a tragedy, there one like a Caryatid, Athenas from the Acropolis Museum. Polychromy. When polychromy appears it means that life is breaking out. [Antiquity]

Corbusier, p. 165.

In the window of the GAP a young man and woman froze in mannequin poses. "They do it for about an hour and a half at a time," the store guard said. The "mannequins" had Astor Place haircuts and bright cotton clothes.

Trebay, p. 77.

The shop windows are dressed with a few dispirited dummies. Atkinson, p. 144.

You stand in front of Saks Fifth Avenue and stare at the mannequin. Sometime last week, when you started shouting at it, a policeman came over and told you to move along. This is just how she looked at the end, the blank stare, the lips tight and reticent.

McInerney, p. 78.

Two men and a woman were dressing a shop window. From the middle of the upper legs down the manikins were all wire. Empty shoe boxes lay banked against the window like last year's snow.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 600.

Gene Moore was the head of Tiffany & Co. design team when he hired two young artists, Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, in 1956 to create memorable window design inspired by a book on famous still lifes and nature.

While the artists pursued careers in galleries, they took on window design work. Moore said, "Although I was not showcasing their serious work, the window design was serious work to me. One influenced the other it can't help it. What you are comes out, whether you are doing windows or a painting."

Rauschenberg met Johns on a winter night in 1954 walking home on the corner of 57th and Madison Avenue in New York. The two would become friends and, at times, collaborators. Rauschenberg was full of conceptual ideas and Johns had the precise craftsmanship to execute them.

Under their fictitious name Matson Jones Custom Display, a name created for all their commercial work to not confuse them with their art careers, Johns and Rauschenberg got steady work for their ability to create striking theatrics within windows.

To create these natural settings, fruits and flowers were cast in plaster, while actual moss, rocks and dirt were used. Their miniature environments ranged from highways with telephone poles, swamp scenes, and winter landscapes after an ice storm. They would split open

pomegranates and cassata melons, cast them, and spill out Tiffany diamonds and jewels from inside.

Accompanied with dramatic lighting, they really did appear like actual paintings.

After their careers took off, window design at both Tiffany & Co. and Bonwit Teller wasn't needed to pay the rent. And they proceeded to preserve their own places in art history with target paintings and taxidermy sheep.

Gaboriault, N. pag.

The filmmaker and impresario Emilio de Antonio had, as "an artists' agent," been involved in arranging commissions from Moore for Rauschenberg, Johns, and Andy Warhol. One project Matson Jones executed for Moore client I. Miller involved "a kind of three-dimensional window display" interpretation of Andy Warhol's shoe drawings, which were featured in the company's ads at the time.

Another display for a Moore client [and Tiffany neighbor] Bonwit Teller included Johns' 1957 painting, *Flag on Orange Field*. After *Construction with J.J. Flag / Short Circuit's* inclusion at the Stable Gallery Annual in 1955, this may have been the second public exhibition of Johns' *Flag* paintings; neither was credited to him.

Despite this professional overlap, and their mutual friendship with de Antonio, Johns told Paul Taylor in 1990 that he only met Warhol for the first time in 1961, when Andy bought a drawing out of Johns' second solo show at Castelli. Soon after that, Warhol's own comic strip-based paintings were shown in a Bonwit Teller window display, where they were likely seen by Roy Lichtenstein.

Allen, "Melons," N. pag.

In April 1961 Andy Warhol exhibited five large paintings in the window of Bonwit Teller, a New York department store where he had been working for some time producing window displays. The paintings, which were based on comic strips and black-and-white newspaper advertisements and positioned behind mannequins wearing the latest fashions, marked a turning point in Warhol's transition from a highly successful commercial illustrator to an iconic figure in the New York avant-garde. Through the lowbrow subject matter of his canvases and its collapsing of the distinction between the space of art and the space of commerce, Warhol's Bonwit Teller window display in many ways announced the artist's forthcoming assault on the form, content and production of mainstream art and on how we look at and understand art in the context of popular and consumerist culture.

Weintraub, N. pag.

Andy was doing ad sketches for Bonwit's, and I decided that he should do some windows... I remember on thing that was very exciting: he painted directly onto the glass [of the show window].

Smith, *Warhol*, p. 111.

Blake stopped opposite here and looked into a store window. It was a decorator's or an auctioneer's. The window was arranged like a room in which people live and entertain their friends. There were cups on the coffee table, magazines to read, and flowers in the vases, but the flowers were dead and the cups were empty and the guests had not come. [Nature] [Death]

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 4.

A shopkeeper in 1957 arranges a street display of frilly crinoline petticoats which, hung above his doorway, seem to be floating through the air to the pavement like angels with parachutes.

Conrad, pp. 173-4.

Splendid city of dream within dream, city of Plate Glass, Plate Glass City, Shop Window City.

de Chirico, p. 401.

If the store window with the scribble on it were washed, she'd be unable to find her way home.

Conrad, p. 122.

I stopped and looked in the window of a stationery shop. A mechanized pen was suspended in space in such a way that, as a mechanized roll of paper passed by it, the pen went through the motions of the same penmanship exercises I had learned as a child in the third grade.

Centrally placed in the window was an advertisement explaining the mechanical reasons for the perfection of the operation of the suspended mechanical pen.

I was fascinated, for everything was going wrong. The pen was tearing the paper to shreds and splattering ink all over the window and on the advertisement, which,

nevertheless, remained legible.

Cage, *Indeterminacy*, N. pag.

Revlon cosmetic salesmen "accidentally" destroy displays set up by the competition in urban drugstores. As a result, Revlon will have a virtual monopoly on beauty salon sales by 1941. (cf. Trager: "Ballpoint pens go on sale in 1945 at Gimbels..." [Media])

Trager, p. 471.

Angels in samite descended from white cloud in the Lord & Taylor windows. The Tree of Light that reaches from roof to sidewalk was radiant on massed, upturned faces. [Cosmic]

Berger, *New York*, pp. 241-2.

Ghouls look into brilliant restaurant windows. [Voyeur]

Reisenberg, p. 205.

Department Store

All life in a mercantile society, one sometimes feels, is dedicated to the disguises of wanting. The sin of capitalism, perhaps, is to make wants feel like needs, to give to simple silly stuff the urgency of near-physical necessity: I must have it. The grace of capitalism is to

make wants feel like hopes, so that material objects and stuff can feel like the possibility of something heroic and civic. The urge of the great department stores was to hide acquisition as sociability, to disguise acquisitiveness as membership, so that one entered them not as one entered a store—with one eye on the beseeching salesgirl, one hand on the knob of the door, just looking—but as one entered a library or a club: striding in with pleasure. The department store was the cathedral of that material aspiration, and its diminishment leaves us with one less place to go and hope in.

Gopnik, p. 209.

You can shop at the Hester Street market or at Wanamaker's, at Namm's or Loeser's or Mays or Martin's in Brooklyn, at Gertz in Jamaica, at Best and Company or Ohrbach's, at Masters or Korvette's. You can still go to Gimbel's.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

The great department stores of New York now lie on the avenues like luxury liners becalmed in a lagoon, big shops in shallow water. Saks and Bergdorf's and Bloomingdale's, immense and slow, look down at them and try to continue on a stately course, but the water is ebbing from around their keels.

Gopnik, p. 201.

For over half a century, in New York particularly, department stores presided over everything from Thanksgiving Day parades and patriotic lectures to Cubist exhibitions.

Ibid., p. 204.

In 1942, Gimbel's and Macy's begins selling old master paintings. Gimbel's offers one of its Rembrandts at \$9,999.99.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 255.

One window on Sixth Avenue was apparently reserved for fascinating displays of *objets d'art* for which Benjamin Altman had a decided predilection.

Marcuse, p. 293.

John Wanamaker at Astor Place and Broadway had an entrance hall and an art gallery and was said to have more windows than the Empire State Building. The model and master of the department store as a civic-seeming institution.

Gopnik, p. 204.

If you are poor, you can go to S. Klein on Union Square and battle for bargains with the toughest women in the history of New York.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

S. Klein's policy of never advertising.

Trager, p. 459.

Women cram their purses down the fronts of their blouses to free both hands to pluck dresses off the racks.

Ibid., p. 459.

If a shoplifter is apprehended she is immediately placed on display in one of the store's glass-enclosed "crying rooms."

Ibid., p. 459.

Sign at S. Klein: "Honesty is its own reward. The penalty of dishonesty is JAIL."
Atkinson, p. 145.

Traffic sweeps around the square. Long before the doors of Klein's Dress Shop opens, crowds of women and girls have gathered. Private policemen in gray uniforms try to keep order at about nine-thirty, because at that time all the doors are unlocked and the women sweep forward in a powerful surge, grabbing at the dresses on the racks, searching and clawing for bargains. It is cash down here, "on the Square," each woman holds her money in her fist.
Trager, p. 476.

It looks at first sight like an accident or a riot; then you perceive that the units are women—all young, mostly pretty. Intently, expectantly, they are tilting up their chins to peer at the doors of two or three large bargain-sale stores whose windows display presentable but frail-looking dresses, priced as low as \$4, and hats, in which a man sees no fault, going for less than \$2. Suddenly there is a massed rush forward. Two policemen have opened the doors to let out a store full of sated shoppers; are admitting the shoving, struggling, laughing, squealing replacements. The floor jammed to capacity, the police close the doors again. So it goes; shops emptying and refilling at half-hour intervals all Saturday afternoon long.
Irwin, p. 164.

Thongs charging through the doors of the department store.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Women with set faces were charging in all directions, pawing at whatever is displayed on the counters.
Atkinson, p. 145.

When the noontime crowds are surging through it—the girls and women in their bright dresses, their eager eyes darting from window to window and their voices raised in never-ending chatter, the men, less colorful, but very alert and vigorous and full of plans for spending money.
Ibid., p. 95.

New York women are the most beautiful in the world. They have their teeth straightened in early youth. They get their notions of chic from S. Klein's windows instead of the movies.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 623.

I remember Klein's at Christmas time.
Brainard, "I Remember," N. pag.

Noon on Union Square. Selling out. Must vacate. WE HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE... Noon sunlight spirals dimly into the chopsuey joint. Muted music spirals Hindustan. He eats fooyong, she eats chowmein... Highest value, lowest price. Must vacate. WE HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. Must vacate.
Dos Passos, p. 144.

In order to appease protesting residents, B. Altman erects a building whose mundane function is decorously hidden by a façade

resembling a Florentine palace; until recently not even the owner's name appears on the exterior. As commerce—having thus crept in disguise into Fifth Avenue—appropriates most of the district, residents move farther up the avenue. [Simulacra] [Antiquity]

WPA, p. 217.

Betty Isaacs went shopping at Altman's. She spent all her money except her last dime, which she kept in her hand so that she'd have it ready when she got on the bus to go home and wouldn't have to fumble around in her purse since her arms were full of parcels and she was also carrying a shopping bag. Waiting for the bus, she decided to make sure she still had the coin. When she opened her hand, there was nothing there. She mentally retraced her steps trying to figure out where she'd lost the dime. Her mind made up, she went straight to the glove department, and sure enough there it was on the floor where she'd been standing. As she stooped to pick it up, another shopper said, "I wish I knew where to go to pick money up off the floor." Relieved, Betty Isaacs took the bus home to the Village. Unpacking her parcels, she discovered the dime in the bottom of the shopping bag.

Cage, *Indeterminacy*, N. pag.

Lovely expensive laces, rugs, furniture and tapestries make Altman's a kind of rare merchandising museum constantly replenished by buyers who travel all over the world and brave war, bandits and pestilence in line of duty.

An Altman rug buyer was held up by bandits in Persia and robbed not only of his rugs but his clothes. A lace buyer was three times blown up during the war and once was locked in a military prison. He also sailed the Bay of Biscay when it was a sea of mines and went into Switzerland on a diplomatic passport when the border was closed.

That's what laces mean to Altman's—and no wonder since customers sometimes order \$50,000 worth of them at a time.

Perhaps it ought to be explained that one can't just drop in and buy these special laces over the counter. The must first be ordered and the order must be transmitted to Europe by a buyer who will, more likely than not, go down on his knees on the mud floor of a lacemaker's hut to plan the pattern. In two years or maybe three, the order will be finished and the buyer will go back and collect it.

Josephy, pp. 148-9.

The seventh floor of Bergdorf Goodman hums, the eighth floor of Saks sings, and there are few places that seem more entirely of Manhattan than Fred's at Barneys on a Saturday at noon.

Gopnik, p. 202.

And there are apartments in stores—the Goodmans live on the top floor of Bergdorf Goodman, opposite The Plaza. Many banks and business houses also have penthouses. [Aerie]

Josephy, pp. 224-5.

The origin of the name Bloomingdale's goes back to a lovely spot on the Upper West Side called "blooming dale" (*Bloemendael* in Dutch).

Maffi, p. 7.

My favorite thing here is the parties they give in the different sections. The last party was in the rug room. That was for Martha Graham and Halston. I was a model in that show. It was my longest

modeling assignment, eight hours. The other great party was at the hardware room.

Brobston. p. 302.

Warhol: In Bloomingdale's. As soon you give them cash they don't know what to do with it. You have to have a card. I don't believe in credit cards. (*To salesgirl*) Do you, have anything good to say about Altman's, I mean, Bloomingdale's?

Salesgirl: It's a beautiful place to work.

Warhol: Oh really? Oh. Well, that's good. Thanks a lot. 'Bye. Now we're going to the perfume department.

Ibid., pp. 305-6.

If the Gestapo would take away your Bloomingdale's charge card, you'd tell 'em everything.

Allen, *Annie Hall*, N. pag.

I don't know how to shop in America... Bloomingdale's is the end of shopping because there isn't anyone to wait on you; you just sort of *admire* things.

Vreeland, *DV*, p. 135.

Some kind of existential chasm opens before me while I'm browsing in Bloomingdale's.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 179.

The face that launched a thousand trips to Bloomingdale's.

McInerney, p. 173.

As recently as the early nineties, when Bloomies almost fell and women wept, department stores still mattered.

Gopnik, p. 202.

But we miss the big stores, because they defined a world, little duchies of commerce, with their faith in literal display: the things themselves shown as the things themselves, these shirts, these ties—the wooden escalators and crowded elevators, and the ghosts of elevator operators wearing small hats and announcing, "Notions."

Lord & Taylor still gives one a sense of the department store as it once was, a last lingering resonance of the old dispensation. It is not a very distant world. The first floor of the store, at Thirty-eighth and Fifth, is laid out sweetly and expectantly, all mirrors and cosmetics; the salespeople in the Clinique department look serious in their white coats, as though actually about to attempt something clinical. There are no divisions, no urgency, no one spraying perfume—it is a ground floor seemingly arranged by the hand of God for displaying goods. There are striped men's ties placed like salmon fillets and men's shirts hanging like partridge. There are hats. The store plays the national anthem at ten o'clock every morning. The old Lord & Taylor implies a rhythm of time, of women's time, in particular, a pace not slowed but purposeful and expansive: It takes a morning and lunch, or tea and an afternoon, to make a survey of the place, shopping as a setting out rather than a dropping in.

At last, up on the tenth floor, in the men's department, one can find an awe-inspiring demonstration of the sheer numbing stasis that capitalism can achieve—for it is insensitivity to the immediate pressure of the market that separates big-ticket capitalism from the rug bazaar and the vegetable stall. Capital slows down the market and

places it within the shell of The Firm, firm in every sense, so that things can linger after their appeal to the market has passed. The brand names are Jack Victor and Grant Thomas, name brands that are neither really names nor really brands, and seem to set off the commercial logic of brand-naming in a twilight zone of pure performance: No one wants to wear Jack Victor slacks, but there they are, hanging in poignant rows, their creases abjectly offered. It is a kind of installation piece: the department store as an abstract exercise in naming and branding and display, without commercial urgency and, mostly, without customers.

Gopnik, pp. 202-3.

When it begins to get dark, and all the shoppers have left Macy's, ten black Doberman pinschers begin to tip-tap up and down the aisles sniffing for prowlers who may be hiding behind counters or lurking in clothes racks. They wander through all twenty floors of the big store, and are trained to climb ladders, jump through window frames, leap over hurdles, and bark at anything unusual—a leaky radiator, a broken steamline, smoke, or a thief. Should a thief try to escape, the dogs can easily overtake him, run between his legs—and trip him. Their barks have alerted Macy's guards to many minor hazards, but never to a thief—none has dared to remain in the store after closing hours since the dogs arrived in 1952.

Talese, p. 25.

Upon her arrival in New York, Macy's, charmed by the brash ring of Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, was advertising its fall collection as "Four Suits in Three Acts" and the electric message running around the *New York Times* building in Times Square read: "Gertrude Stein has arrived in New York, Gertrude Stein has arrived in New York," *ad infinitum*.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 121.

There are no skillets in any Fifth Avenue department store! And Macy's have no goldfish.

Josephy, p. 145.

Alexander Woollcott claimed to have been born in Macy's show window.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 48.

Not long ago, I made my first pilgrimage to the MAC counter at Macy's, a minute "boutique" crowded with a throng of hungry women, their hands extended like starving refugees at a camp kitchen where they beseeched the Red Cross cosmeticians for a little eye shadow, a smidgen of brow gel or bronzer, a lip gloss to save a ding child. They stood there three and four deep, milling about impatiently, craning their necks, their eyes fixed greedily on elegant pyramids of eye shadows and ziggurats of compacts and black velvet powder puffs.

Harris, *Diary*, p. 16.

What I've found does the most good is just to get into a taxi and go to Tiffany's. It calms me down right away, the quietness and the proud look of it; nothing very bad could happen to you there, not with those kind men in their nice suits, and that lovely smell of silver and alligator wallets. If I could find a real-life place that made me feel like Tiffany's, then I'd buy some furniture and give the cat a name.

Capote, p. 40.

The city no longer needs to be constructed, which was Whitman's self-appointed task. On the contrary it flirts, as Saks's naming of the Metropolis shoe indicates, with its own teetering imbalance.

Conrad, p. 201.

Or I go into, say, Saks Fifth Avenue, and there on a rack on wheels are two dozen five-thousand-dollar dresses. On a rack! It shocks me. I mean, first of all, to get *through* Saks is quite a performance. You get off the elevator; you're in the wrong department; you turn and get back on the elevator. Then you get off again, past the lingerie, past the cosmetics, and on for miles through the shoe department, and then finally you get to the five-thousand-dollar dresses, dangling there, Oscar de la Rentas, Bill Blass, each next to the others on a rack. Of course, lots of people enjoy the variety. They go home empty-handed. But they've shopped. In Paris it's a serious interval in one's life—perhaps twice a year. It's a pilgrimage. [Map]

Vreeland, *DV*, p. 135.

She was very fast, very efficient, and had never been caught. She was an expert at confusion—she would affix a Bendel tag, say, to an garment from Saks, then dispose of the Saks tags with a twist of the wrist quicker than a pit stop at the Grand Prix. [Crime]

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 366.

Kmart on Astor Place—an occupying space—with an irony harder than iron, in the original Wanamaker's. It is a grim place to visit, with its fluorescent glare, its vast area marked but undivided, as though made for surveillance, its antitheatrical insistences: The stuff is here, and the stuff is as cheap as we can make it, or so these orchestrations suggest. The choice is now between Kmart and Prada, and the institutions that joined them together are finished. We've gone from shopping through trust to a culture of discounting and edge, and edge is the one thing that seems to baffle the department store.

Gopnik, p. 206.

I stopped in at a Woolworth store when I was walking down Nassau Street the other day. It was about two-thirty and the place looked as though a typhoon had been through it. The noon hour had been active and profitable. Paper lay ankle deep all over the floor—discarded paper bags, tattered labels, wrappings of one kind and another. A couple of men were attacking the wreckage with brooms. The salesclerks looked weary and pale. They were languidly trying to put their stock in order. The store still seemed to quiver with noise, and a few belated shoppers stood at the jewelry and cosmetic counters. At the belt counter (largest size carried, twenty-six) two young saleswomen were straightening out some black velvet, rhinestone-studded belts.

Atkinson, p. 97.

Shopping

For a long time everybody walked on the west side of Fifth Avenue and business houses scrambled to build there. Then, apparently because the east side of town became fashionable, the east side of Fifth Avenue began to thrive and now pedestrians prefer to do their window shopping there. Merchants actually count the walkers, so anybody from this time forth who seems to have to wedge his way along the west side of Fifth

will know he is suffering from the delusion. Practically *nobody* walks there; the statisticians say so! [Street] [Flâneur]
Joseph, p. 61.

Archer walked down Fifth Avenue, past the shops with their windows full of dresses, coats and furs, and the women rushing in and out of the doors, their faces lit with the light of purchase. It is the new profession of the female sex, he thought—buying. If you wanted to set up an exhibition to show modern American women in their natural habitat, engaged in their most characteristic function, he thought, like the tableaux in the Museum of Natural History in which stuffed bears are shown against a background of caves, opening up honeycombs, you would have a set of stuffed women, slender, high-heeled, rouged, waved, hot-eyed, buying a cocktail dress in a department store. In the background, behind the salesgirls and the racks and shelves, there would be bombs bursting, cities crumbling, scientists measuring the half-life of tritium and radioactive cobalt. The garment would be democratically medium-priced and the salesgirl would be just as pretty as the customer and, to the naked eye at least, just as well dressed, to show that the benefits of a free society extended from one end of the economic spectrum to the other. One goes into the room—but the resources of the English language would be much put to the stretch, and whole flights of words would need to wing their way illegitimately into existence before a woman could say what happens when she goes into a room. The rooms differ so completely; they are calm or thunderous; open on to the sea, or, on the contrary, give on to a prison yard; are hung with washing; or alive with opals and silks; are hard as horsehair or soft as feathers. [Textuality] [Apocalypse] [Mannequin]
Lefebvre, *Critique*, p. 28.

What was once a living is now an empty routine. Memories and hopes are buried among the jumble. Wives have passed on. Sitting outside the doorway, looking back over fifty, maybe sixty, summers passed this way, the old shopkeepers remember another age as the young go by in their satin shorts.
Blandford, p. 118.

Shop-girl "refinement" is based upon a clever imitation of genuine refinement. To imitate the "real thing" exaggeration is necessary; so that the "swell" shop-girl is refined in head-lines, so to speak. The subtle refinement, which is the real thing, would have no effect in the store. It must be sharp and screaming to be noticed in the crowd. Shop girl refinement is like stage scenery—unreal, but prominent and obvious. It *must* be seen. It can not escape the crowd.
Haggood, p. 127.

There is hardly a single weird store left on Broadway from Forty-second Street to Forty-sixth Street—hardly a single place in which a peculiar passion seems to have committed itself to a peculiar product. [Gentrification]
Gopnik, p. 220.

All buildings used by diamond merchants in Forty-seventh Street between Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas are single-ended. Diamond men will not operate in a structure that might give thieves easy run-through from one street to another. [Crime]
Berger, *New York*, p. 20.

Madison Square as a giddy havoc of shoppers engaged in sportive contest with the wind. [Air]
Conrad, p. 87.

Along the traditional shopping roads from Broadway on the Upper West Side to the narrow lanes of the Lower East Side.
Blandford, p. 117.

Your grandmother, middle-aged madame, bought her crinolines and basques in Canal Street; your mother her shirt-waists and brush braid in the Ladies' Mile between Union Square and Madison Square; you purchase your transparent hose and your sport sweaters in the Woman's City above Thirty-fourth Street. And it is not unlikely that your great-granddaughter will shop for her synthetic diamonds and her Tibetan sandals in this identical spot.
Irwin, p. 183-4.

The department-store nearest the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, very fashionable once, then exceedingly cheap and "common"; and now, with the recrudescence of the district, growing smart again.
Ibid., p. 122.

But reason doesn't animate the retail trade, impulse does, and on Broadway from 14th Street south to Houston there may be more unchecked impulse than in any location outside the Pentagon. There are several latitudes here and several economies at work. For present purposes Broadway begins at Mays, the world capital of nylon tricot shells, and ends at Getty's gas station on Houston, where Don Henry stores his squeegee when he's not in traffic smearing windshields for a quarter. The northern reach of this stretch is given over to the wholesale antiquarians and the limousine trade. On any given afternoon rafts of decorators pilot clients from Biedermeier chair to Georgian fall-front secretary to (if they're hip and under 40) 1905 Venetian glass vases. Piped Belgian loafer shoes line up outside Hyde Park, the smartest of the antiquarians, docilely waiting to be buzzed in. You hear a lot of Texan spoken, although rarely to the one-legged mendicant who works the corner of 13th... It's Broadway south of 8th that's changed most radically and developed headlong into a boutique strip whose hip graphics and pop colorations seem like the latest gleeful ripple of retailing fashion, but are in fact an emblem of political cynicism in a city whose social fabric is threadbare. Between 8th Street and Houston you can fling your disposable income at spin-art T-shirts, parachute pants, Bermuda shorts, short shorts, droll "modernist" postcards, prewashed button-fly jeans, modishly tattered corselets, then stop off for a tuna-stuffed avocado or perhaps a serving of thinnest carpaccio drizzled with virgin olive oil and flaked with aged Parmesan. While you're at it, you can mentally or morally or visually engage one of the people intended by the graffitist who stenciled "People Starve on this Block" outside Caramba!! Or you can just turn your chair to the window and order another blue margarita.
Trebay, p. 75.

In my neighborhood, traffic was in chaos this week because some kind of street fair was in full swing. Someone explained that the same objects are offered for sale at all New York's open-air markets. The vendors simply pretend that they and their wares are Italian one week, Ukrainian the next, and so on all summer long.

Crisp, p. 133.

Its gutters are emporia, where the trinkets don't have price tags. It's a place where commodities, surfacing again after death, have their second coming in the bazaars of Canal Street.

Conrad, p. 310.

Red Devil paint, Cat's Paw soles and heels, Griffin All-Black might still exist, but I don't see them anymore. Nor do I see beers called Trommers White Label, Ruppert's, and Rheingold, candies called Sky Bars, Houten's, and B-B Bats. And for young men going out on dates, a repulsively flavored package of licorice microchips called Sen-Sen that is guaranteed to keep your breath sweet while kissing.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

The men are smoking Fatimas and Wings.

Ibid., "Lost," N. pag.

In the candy stores, they are selling loosies (2 cents apiece, two for 3), mel-o-rolls, Nibs, hard car'mels, Bonomo Turkish taffy, long pretzels, Mission Bell grape and Frank's orange soda, twists, egg creams, lime rickeys, and a nice 2-cents plain.

Ibid., "Lost," N. pag.

And here you always have spaldeens. An endless supply. Pink and fresh and beautiful.

Ibid., "Lost," N. pag.

Midtown takes up only one square mile, not much more space than many a regional shopping mall.

WPA, p. xxiii.

The place where the greatest numbers of choices are available in the smallest geographical area.

Krieger, p. 8.

and I don't see anything that I want

Pere Ubu, "Heart."

False choice in spectacular abundance.

Debord, *Spectacle*, n.p

City that orders without looking at the prices.

Reisenberg, p. 203.

clothes of a thousand fabrics;

meats; booksellers; machines

Depero, "24th Street," p. 429.

An index of consumption: How many millionaires are there in the city? How much does land cost per square inch on Wall Street? What's the lucrative length of Fifth Avenue.

Conrad, p. 65.

Shouters, sales boosters, sales executives, sales girls, sales bodies, sales women, sales scientists, sales resistance, sales softening, sales campaigns, sales organizations, sales philosophy, sales religions, sales happiness, sales ecstasy, sale singing, sale

stories, sales poetry, sales plugs, and no sales; all are in and of our city of the cash.

Reisenberg, p. 203.

On August 6, 1979, I hit the street clutching a \$10 bill. With that sum (\$9.98, to be precise) I bought three slices of pizza, a can of Welch's Strawberry Soda, a pack of Viceroy's, six joints, two quarts of orange juice, two containers of yogurt, and a pint of milk. For some reason I was moved to enter those details in my notebook. I often revisited the entry. On May 29, 1981, I noted that the shopping list would cost around \$12 at current prices. On March 24, 1983, the sum had risen to \$13.50, and a year later to \$15. On August 2, 1986, I calculated the cost as \$39-35—loose joints were rare on the street, and by then a dime bag of marijuana yielded about two joints. On December 1, 1990, the cost had reached \$72—\$12 minus the marijuana. On March 28, 1993, I figured it had attained \$92.75, or \$22.75 for everything but the pot.

Sante, "Commerce," p. 111.

Thus it runs, mostly, throughout the entire region on this joyous occasion, a wealth of feeling and desire expressing itself through the thinnest and most meager material forms. About the shops and stores where the windows are filled with cheap displays of all that is considered luxury, are hosts of other children scarcely so satisfactorily supplied, peering earnestly into the world of make-believe and illusion, the wonder of it not yet eradicated from their unsophisticated hearts.

Dreiser, p. 282.

In talking about a social setting such as a fashionable New York store, it is possible to speak of someone present as being properly or improperly dressed for the time and place.

Goffman, p. 23.

About June our stores begin to mention autumn merchandise. Then, about September, they begin to nag about Christmas. As soon as Christmas is past, they sing the praises of spring. Seldom does anybody settle down to endure winter. "Once Christmas is past, spring is nearly here," New Yorkers tell one another. It's nothing of the kind, of course, but we have a blind spot for winter. Only the most beat-up kind of winter merchandise is available in the stores, even in January. "Spring stocks, of course," say the haughty salesgirls. It's a New York mania.

Atkinson, p. 23.

A world of retailing rather than a world of production.

Buse, p. 26.

Every street is dotted and spangled with shops to lure the office workers' salary.

Atkinson, p. 95.

Necktie bargains, the razor-blade transformers, the empty non-pickable purses, the blood tonic and iron cement and manhood pills, are offered for a mere pittance, together with wonderful devices that improve the radio set and purify the air.

Reisenberg, p. 154.

It was characteristic that the vast railroad terminals suggested neither arrivals nor departures, that the trains which justified their erection were buried far underground. Immense public concourses with labyrinthine arcades of shops.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 289.

The precincts of New York retailing, Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Soho, became, as many people noted, mall-like themselves, with a predictable range of national boutiques and a predictable effect on the department stores, which continued to "make" the neighborhoods and continued to lose market share.

Gopnik, p. 205.

In his [Harvey Wiley Corbett] scheme for elevated and arcades walkways (first proposed 1923), the entire ground plane of the city—now a chaos of all modes of transportation—would gradually be surrendered solely to automotive traffic. Trenches in this plane would allow fast traffic to rush through the metropolis even faster. If cars needed more room again, the edges of existing buildings could be set back to create still larger areas for circulation.

On the second story pedestrians walk along arcades carved out of the buildings. The arcades form a continuous network on both sides of streets and avenues; bridges provide its continuity. Along the arcades, shops and other public facilities are embedded in the buildings.

[Architecture] [Ferriss]

Koolhaas, p. 120.

Someday I'm going to take a big shopping bag and five dollars and set myself adrift on Park Place.

Atkinson, p. 98.

Warm, desultory, idle, pleasure-grabbing, but also clean and safe.
Buse, p. 26.

Street

Posing for the sidewalk as if the plate glass were a proscenium.
Conrad, p. 107.

Has there ever been a designer's runway that produced better fashion than a city sidewalk?

Frisa, p. 271.

"Everything in fashion begins in the street," Diane von Fürstenberg once observed.

Ibid., p. 271

Avenues of lovely women and clean-cut men.
Reisenberg, p. 205.

City of shirt fronts and backless vests.

Ibid., p. 206.

City of anklets, bracelets, slave chains, solitaires, tiaras.

Ibid., p. 208.

It is not nature that decrees the seasons in Manhattan but the wardrobe of its inhabitants.

Bladford, p. 28.

In summer, people do not dress for those whom they are off to meet but for those whom they might get to know along the way. It becomes a city of bright plumage, of exotic creatures dipping and diving along the sidewalks, each flashing colour and consciousness. If there are any drab, mousy relics of good taste, garbed in discreet and sensible cottons, they vanish into concrete undergrowth. Summer in Manhattan is a neon moment that dazzles and delights.

Ibid., p. 114.

In summer they dress too warmly, in winter they wear too little.

Ibid., p. 139.

Raincoats are IN . . . even if it's sunny.

"Fashion at the Top," N. pag.

People dressed in plastic bags

Directing traffic

Some kind of fashion

Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

Cruising up Madison, stopping at a light in front of Barneys, and Bill Cunningham snaps my picture, yelling out, "Is that a Vespa?" and I give him thumbs-up.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 20.

I go to work in sensible heels, a conservative pleated skirt, and a white blouse with a floppy bow but I walk around my apartment wearing my wigs and panties.

Harris, *Diaryp*. 54.

Lovecraft's sartorial tastes and epic pursuit of the best suit at the lowest price deserves an essay all of their own. He put an enormous amount of effort into the presentation of his public personality, but it was only in small details of dress that this was manifest. He refused to change the style of his suits to accommodate fashion, and felt that sloppy dressing was heralding a new distinctly American style that would presage the decline of the West.

Haden, p. 49.

And finally there was the matter of Vernon's pants. They were worn out when I met him. Now, a year later they are still worn out. In the course of the year they have been sewn together, patched, studded, and, for all I know, lithographed, into a veritable harlequinade of fabric and leather improvisation. Other people might work on a diary, Vernon worked on his pants, and like artists before him, he went through various periods. During the time that he and I were lovers, he was in his leather and silver-stud period. From there, under the influence of a horde of Puerto Ricans, he went into a flowered print period. He's now back on solid colors, like late Matisse.

Hamilton, pp. 30-1.

For here comes one whose clothes are good but tasteless, or dirty; and I would not have his taste or his dirt.

Dreiser, p. 78.

A pair of sleek shoes with buttoned spats on the subway: these are not proletarian feet.

Collins, p. 296.

Raymond Loewy designs an advertisement in 1927 for a new shoe called Metropolis. An athletic female nude holds a sample in the air on top of a pyramidal pile of skyscrapers, the sky behind her raked with searchlights. The shoe's a metonym for the buildings, and the comparison associates architectural vertigo with the stratagems of sexual enticement, since the high heel is the female's signal to the male that she won't be able to outrun him. [Advertising]

Conrad, p. 201.

A dedicated observer could pause at a Manhattan corner—say, Eighth Street and Broadway—and snap a mental picture later to be diagrammed for the unconscious influences on parade—of social currents and movements, from hippies to Black Panthers to feminists and homosexuals.

Frisa, p. 271

There is the athletic sock. For quite a long time, this striped tube of white stretch cotton has signified not just the dregs of unfashionable dressing, but also a pretty intractable marker of class. Tube socks have always conjured images of clothes sold from binds to people not likely to have heard of Coco Chanel, much less the darlings of style cognoscenti like Alexander McQueen or Nicholas Ghesquière. That was before a group of young urbanites got hold of the tube sock and subjected it to what in theoretical circles might be called a critique. Deciding that its lack of cool was in itself a kind of cool, and not altogether an ironic one, they put the tube sock back into fashionable circulation.

Ibid., p. 271.

His suit would have been snappy in Harlem, edged with sharp pleats and creases.

Spillane, p. 157.

Off the train, I'd go through that Grand Central Station afternoon rush-hour crowd, and many white people simply stopped in their tracks to watch me pass. The drape and the cut of a zoot suit showed to the best advantage if you were tall—and I was over six feet. My conk was fire-red. I was really a clown, but my ignorance made me think I was "sharp." My knob-toed, orange-colored "kick-up" shoes were nothing but Florsheims, the ghetto's Cadillac of shoes in those days.

X, p. 78.

Over all these fur coats of fox, sable, mink, beaver, leopard, and maybe even chipmunk and polar bear. Pull mine out. Woven from sheep on the outer Hebrides.

Donleavy, N. pag.

One night, I found a beautiful Russian sable coat neatly folded over a railing outside a brownstone in the Village. Someone was probably getting in a cab to go to the airport or somewhere and forgot it. It fit me like a glove, and it looked fantastic. It was one of those magic things, like it was meant to be mine.

Highberger, p. 53.

On Fordham Road, a 200 pound woman clutches a Fendi bag to her bosom like Alberich's gold. Three pairs of door-knocker earrings just from her small ears beneath a rich crop of Senegalese corkscrews. The woman peers at the window of a discount appliance shop where a bank of televisions show 18 Tina Turners strutting by gas-guzzling Plymouth automobiles. The woman cackles, tosses her head back, addresses the strangers who happen at that moment to be sharing her air. "Tina Turner is my girl! Don't have to talk. Don't have to sing. Don't have to dance, do nothing. All she has to do is get out there and walk that mad, mad walk!"

Trebay, p. 8.

Just before nine and just after five, the very pavement runs brimful with office people, hurrying between the ferry and their jobs. And on any late afternoon, you are likely to encounter a group in peasant costumes of Italy or Hungary or the Tyrol, making their way northward with a chattering escort in stiffly worn American clothes.

Irwin, p. 24.

New Yorkers wear the softest lambswool and silken fur as though they were breastplates.

Bladford, p. 81.

The new ideology was Jane Jacobs dressed in latex and leather.

Gopnik, p. 217.

Lingerie sold in sex shops seems constructed to fall apart within the first half hour. Yet it costs many times the price of lingerie sold in department stores. It is ironic that a pair of crotchless pants winds up being so much more expensive than cotton briefs.

Califia, p. 221.

Trousers with one leg rolled the way Rikers Island inmates used to wear them.

Frisa, p. 270.

Model

Modeling Todd's new '70s-influenced punk/New Wave/Asia-meets-East-Village line are Kate Moss paired with Marky Mark, David Boals with Bernadette Peters, Jason Priestley with Anjanette, Adam Clayton with Naomi Campbell, Kyle MacLachlan with Linda Evangelista, Christian Slater with Christy Turlington, a recently slimmed-down Simon Le Bon with Yasmin Le Bon, Kirsty Hume with Donovan Leitch, plus a mix of new models—Shalom Harlow (paired with Baxter fucking Priestly), Stella Tennant, Amber Valletta—and some older ones including Chloe, Kristen McMenamy, Beverly Peele, Patricia Hartman, Eva Herzigova, along with the prerequisite male models: Scott Benoit, Rick Dean, Craig Palmer, Markus Schenkenberg, Nikitas, Tyson... In the audience I'm able to spot Anna Wintour, Carrie Donovan, Holly Brubach, Catherine Deneuve, Faye Dunaway, Barry Diller, David Geffen, Ian Schrager, Peter Gallagher, Wim Wenders, Andre Leon Talley, Brad Pitt, Polly Mellon, Kal Ruttenstein, Katia Sassoon, Carré Otis, RuPaul, Fran Lebowitz, Winona Ryder (who doesn't applaud as we walk by), René Russo, Sylvester Stallone, Patrick McCarthy, Sharon Stone, James Truman, Fern Mallis. Music selections include Sonic Youth, Cypress Hill, Go-Go's, Stone Temple Pilots, Swing Out Sister, Dionne Warwick, Psychic TV and Wu-Tang Clan... It's freezing

backstage even with all the lights from the video crews, and huge clouds of secondhand smoke are billowing over the crowd. A long table is covered with white roses and Skyy martinis and bottles of Moët and shrimp and cheese straws and hot dogs and bowls of jumbo strawberries. Old B-52 records blare, followed by Happy Mondays and then Pet Shop Boys, and Boris Beynet and Mickey Hardt are dancing. Hairstylists, makeup artists, mid-level transvestites, department store presidents, florists, buyers from London or Asia or Europe, are all running around, being chased by Susan Sarandon's kids. Spike Lee shows up along with Julian Schnabel, Yasmeen Ghauri Nadege, LL Cool J, Isabella Rossellini and Richard Tyler. [Celebrity] [Fame]

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 139.

Modelizers inhabit a sort of parallel universe, with its own planets (Nobu, Bowery Bar, Tabac, Flowers, Tunnel, Expo, Metropolis) and satellites (the various apartments, many near Union Square, that the big modeling agencies rent for the models) and goddesses (Linda, Naomi, Christy, Elle, Bridget).

Bushnell, N. pag.

On the Tuesday before he died, Warhol still wasn't well, so Paige Powell canceled a lunch for potential advertisers. That night, however, Warhol and Miles Davis were scheduled to model Koshin Satoh's clothes at the Tunnel. And there was no way Andy Warhol could have tolerated an announcement that he was indisposed.

"Andy stood in a cold dressing room for hours, waiting to model," says Stuart Pivar, a trustee of the New York Academy of Art and, for the past five years, Warhol's best friend. "He was in terrible pain. You could see it in his face." Still, Warhol went out and clowning his way through the show. Then he rushed backstage.

"Stuart, help. Get me out of here," he gasped. "I feel like I'm gonna die."

Kornbluth, "Warhol," N. pag.

One of those long, lean, languid people who might've led me into the world of fashion, theater, decoration, and the outer reaches of High Culture.

Hamilton, p. 6.

He imagines that the young woman who walks Sixth Avenue, unkempt, and dressed in cheap, ill-fitting clothes, is an entirely different creature when he sees her powdered and perfumed, and dressed in the height of fashion, walking on Fifth Avenue, or lolling in the scented atmosphere of the Turkish room of a modern hotel.

Girdner, p. 38.

Flow, Circulation

An imitation from New York
You're made in Japan
From cheese and chalk
Sex Pistols, "New York."

Before the war there may have been some excuse for a woman's going to Europe for the purpose of adorning her person or her house. But since New York became a capricious gift of the gods financial capital of the world, her only excuse is the excitement of the trip. The most

cunningly fabricate silks of Lyons come to our Woman's City, either in the bolt or in the finished product of the Parisian *modistes*; the rarest furs of the Siberian steppes and the Hudson Bay forests; the filmiest laces of Brussels, Dublin, Le Puy, Venice; the bonanza discoveries of the South Sea pearl divers; the most cunning creation of the Quimper and Limoges potters. [Empire]

Irwin, p. 190.

The stories behind Wanamaker's Oriental House would fill a book—the indefatigable buyers have been through innumerable plagues, civil wars, bandit raids. A woman brought back one of Wanamaker's great treasures—a carved and painted Chinese screen from the Imperial Palace in Pekin, obtained after a six-month's journey of 50,000 miles by train, steamer, camel-back and bullock cart through an area torn by civil war. The route list of such a buyer sounds like something from the voyages of Marco Polo—Seven Fountains in the Vale of Kashmir, Holy City of Benares, Pink City of Jaipur and golden road to Samarkand are stop-overs.

Joseph, p. 154-5.

Many a happy traveler, returning laden with treasure from the bazaars of Teheran or the street booths of Cairo, from the sidewalk displays of Java or the evil little cubbyholes of Pekin, from any foreign place at all, has found to his chagrin and astonishment that whatever was purchased so eagerly abroad could have been had in New York for less than the price paid elsewhere and with none of the nuisance of lugging the stuff home and easing it through the customs.

Atkinson, p. 125.

During many a single week, I daresay, more money is spent in New York on useless and evil things that would suffice to run the kingdom of Denmark for a year. New York, indeed, is the heaven of every variety of man with something useless and expensive to sell. There come the merchants with their bales of Persian prayer-rugs, of silk pajamas, of yellow girls, of strange jugs and carboys, of hand-painted oil-paintings, of old books, of gim-cracks and tinsel from all the four corners of the world, and there they find customers waiting in swarms, their checkbooks open and ready. What town in Christendom has ever supported so many houses of entertainment, so many mimes and mountebanks, so many sharper's and coney-catchers, so many bawds and pimps, so many hat-holders and door-openers, so many miscellaneous servants to idleness and debauchery? One must go back to the oriental capitals of antiquity to find anything even remotely resembling it. Compared to the revels that go on in New York every night, the carnalities of the West End of Berlin are trivial and childish, and those of Paris and the Côte d'Azur take on the harmless aspect of a Sunday-school picnic.

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, p. 181.

The late afternoon sun glitters on windshields, chauffeurs' caps, on Parisian gowns, Chinese ivories, ebony from Africa, Mexican pottery, and furs from Siberia.

WPA, p. 50-51.

New York takes its place among the fabled cities of ancient times, treasure laden, filled to overflowing with gold, frankincense and myrrh, with jewels and costly raiment.

Atkinson, p. 142.

Jimmy Walker

Jimmy Walker as dandy: His tailor created unique clothes for his slight frame in which shirttails never became visible and "his clothes seemed to cling to him perfectly, no matter what his posture." Walker's single-button suit jackets (pinched at the waist), "toothpick"-pointed shoes, fedoras and derbys, narrow cravats, and garish colors received much notice. On a 1927 European vacation he toured Venice in "purple striped trousers and a green sweater" and arrived in Paris wearing a brown hat, "a tie of emerald and brown stripes, a blue shirt, a blue-striped suit, low black shoes, a beige sport coat, and, completing the picture, a lavender handkerchief with dashes of purple and brown protruding from his only coat pocket."

The real mayor's widely publicized short workdays were built around nocturnal activity. Usually rising at midday, Walker dispatched official business quickly. At sunset he presided at political conferences and public hearings and then began long nights at the theater, restaurants, and nightclubs. Walker did not frolic in public to make himself available to the populace. He was a claustrophobe who feared crowds and elevators; in nightclubs he specialized in grand entrances and exits, but otherwise isolated himself in private booths and hidden tables. Like the gambler Arnold Rothstein, another Broadway habitué, Walker was a hypochondriac who inhabited his body uncomfortably.

He was also strikingly passive. He went to baseball games, he confessed in a revealing interview, "because there I found the thing I liked best—a game, the drama, the spectacle, the emotions of human-beings." "When I go to the theatre I do not go to criticize. I go to be entertained. I give myself over to the player, and I do not want to see the inconsistency in the plot. I want to live in that make-believe world, the theatre ... Broadway is nothing but the world passing in review."

Walker was a 1920s New York version of a flâneur. He loved public display and artifice; he disdained personal intimacy. Walker's individuality was bound up in the generally passive consumption ethic of the era of Broadway shows and the cinema. The passivity of spectatorship militated against the nightclubs' encouragement of customer participation, but it also suggested that even in clubs, individuals might retreat into their own private subjectivities. Mayor Walker, for his part, reveled in keeping a safe physical distance from other people in order to gain the most pleasure from their social and artistic performances. [Flâneur]

Peretti, pp. 53-4.

Just turned forty-five, but with the appearance of a man still in his early thirties. His hair is black, thick and unruly. His eyes are dark and restless. He has the slim build of a cabaret dancer, of a gigolo of the Montmartre. He dresses in the ultra advanced fashion redolent of the tenderloin. He is a native New Yorker, smokes cigarettes continuously, has a vast contempt for the Volstead Act, and reads nothing but the sporting pages. He knows the speakeasies, the hotels and the nightclubs. If Alfred E. Smith comes from the sidewalks of New York, Jimmy Walker comes from the dance floors. [Prohibition]

Lerner, p. 161.

Walker blended public and private business in a new and theatrical way.

Peretti, p. 55.

The nightclub mayor.

Ibid., p. 55.

He claimed it was a sin to go to bed on the same day you got up.

Sharpe, p. 6.

He gained fame for rising regularly at noon.

Peretti, p. 8.

Walker confessed, "I've read not more than fifteen books cover to cover."

Ellis, *Darkness*, p. 525.

When Republicans in the Senate proposed a Clean Books Bill in 1923, Walker famously ridiculed it, telling his fellow Senators, "I have never yet heard of a girl being ruined by a book."

Lerner, p. 163.

Walker vacationed extensively, missed work frequently, and raised his own salary from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

Ibid., p. 168.

Walker was caught in a gambling raid at the Montauk Island Club, mistress at his side, and unsuccessfully tried to sneak out disguised as a waiter.

Ibid., p. 168.

Diana Vreeland

I can't stand the vulgarity of a woman who makes a noise when she walks—it's o.k. for soldiers, but, when I was growing up, the quintessence of breeding in a lady was a quiet footstep.

Vreeland Papers, NYPL.

Maintenance is so essential. I mean that is what we are lacking today. Nobody maintains anything—not the insides of cabs or beautiful floors and walls. Beautiful buildings are torn down; there are potholes in the streets; people don't maintain their clothes so they have to go out and buy something new.

Ibid.

And whatever you do, *don't* try to make it grammatical! Don't forget the dots and dashes! As this is *entirely a visual age*... [Textuality]

Ibid.

I never wore clothes from Seventh Avenue myself, you understand. I always kept a totally European view of things. Maybe that's why I was so appreciated there. I was independent. In those days, don't forget, fashion traveled very slowly. When I arrived back in this country after the war started, I couldn't believe what I saw. In the summer, every woman wore diamond clips on crêpe de chine dresses. And they all wore silk stockings—this was before nylons—under these hideous strappy high heels. This is in the summer, you understand—in the country. It was *unbelievable*.

Ibid.

Vulgarity is a very important ingredient in life. I'm a great believer in vulgarity—if it's got vitality. A little bad taste is like a nice splash of paprika. We all need a splash of bad taste—it's hearty, it's healthy, it's physical. I think we could use *more* of it. No taste is what I'm against.

Vreeland, *DV*, p. 122.

What catches my eye in a window is the hideous stuff—the *junk*. Plastic ducks! [Window Display]

Vreeland, *DV*, p. 163.

Unshined shoes are the *end* of civilization.

Vreeland Papers, NYPL.

I'm mad about her nose. A nose without strength is a *pretty poor* performance. It's the one thing you hold against someone today. If you're born with too small a nose, the one thing you want to do is build it up.

Ibid.

The girl's legs in the picture were superb, but she was quite thick around the middle and her face was ghastly. So I said, "The legs are great but as for the face—forget it! Let's use just the legs and combine them with this torso and that..."

Ibid.

I *approve* of plastic surgery. None of my friends can understand why I haven't done it myself. I have my own reasons. But the only point is, now it's as normal as taking an aspirin. Whereas only fifteen years ago. [Body in the City]

Ibid.

Then, at *Vogue*... I *really* went to town! I put *legs* and *arms* and *heads* and everything *else* together... to give the perfect whole. And I was the world's greatest retoucher. A girl moving looked the way I'd retouch her standing still. I never took out fewer than two ribs.

[Media]

Ibid.

They couldn't publish half the things I did on *Vogue*. I remember Elliott Erwitt did some pictures for us of an eye-lift operation. *That* was a scene. The pictures were shown to various members of the staff. One left immediately to throw up, others were gagging and carrying on, others... these were *professional* women working on a *woman's* magazine, you understand—not a gaggle of housewives. It was *un-believable!*

Now most of what looked like blood was Mercurochrome, because it's a special operation where the knife almost heals the blood flow, and the pictures were *marvelous*. [Photography]

Ibid.

Fashion

The late Forties were the golden years of the fashion magazines when they were among the liveliest publications in America and provided a haven for the new and daring. A handful of powerful European-born art

directors and designers developed a new, sophisticated, Bauhaus-influenced commercial art that was strikingly graphic and visually alive.

Bockris, *Warhol*, p. 81.

Like artichokes, women were covered by layer after layer of clothing—chemise, drawers, corset, corset cover, and one or more petticoats. Skirts were so long that they merely showed the tip of the shoe. Ladies exposed much more of their bosoms for a formal evening on the town, but during the day they wore shirtwaists with high collars. It was considered fashionable for well-dressed women to walk in such a forward-sloping position that they seemed to be falling forward. Gentlemen wore blue serge suits most of the time, and only dudes put on garters. Men's shoes had tips as sharp as toothpicks. In hot weather, men might remove their jackets in their offices, but never, never were they allowed to take off their vests. To appear hatless, whatever the season, was unthinkable. Men wore derby hats in winter and hard straw hats in the summer.

Ellis, *Darkness*, p. 459.

The raising of hemlines, rooflines, and consciousness proceeded in concert.

Hawes, N. pag.

By mid-November 1929, women's hemlines, which had risen dramatically in the early 1920s and fluctuated nervously throughout the decade somewhere around the knee, dropped conclusively to the lower calf. Breasts and waists reappeared. Recently mandatory "bobs" seemed to grow out overnight; the back of the neck was once again a secret. Young women no longer looked freightless, no longer seemed designed for the possibilities of sudden and violent motion. They aspired to "glamour" (a word that came in big in the early 1930s); they had reacquired mass... Langston Hughes now denounced as "Bunk!" the notion on which the Harlem Renaissance had been founded, that "art could break down color lines and prevent lynching." "There is no cure... in poetry or art ... for unemployment... civic, neglect, and capitalistic exploitation."

Douglas, *Honesty*, pp. 464-6.

Early one afternoon in 1913, a young New York debutante named Mary Phelps Jacob sat quietly in her boudoir trying to decide which dress she would wear to a dance that evening. Exasperated at the thought of once again being harnessed into her stiff, heavily starched whalebone corset, she decided to give some more consideration to a more comfortable alternative. Apparently, she understood the important role necessity plays in the process of invention and set about devising a replacement for this constricting undergarment. With two handkerchiefs, some baby ribbon, and the assistance of her French maid, Miss Jacob invented the prototype of today's modern brassiere.

This new method of support not only left the midriff free for the important requirement of breathing, but also eliminated the rounded artificial look of the low-fronted bosom, popular since Edwardian times, and gave the breasts a more natural separation. The new Backless Bra, as Miss Jacob called her invention was an overnight success. In November, 1914 she was granted a patent.

Naumann, p. 8

Dorothy Parker writing ad copy for women's underwear at *Vogue*:
"Brevity is the soul of lingerie."

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 66.

The Straw Hat Riot of 1922 spread due to people wearing straw hats past the unofficial date that was deemed socially acceptable, September 15th. In the early 20th century, there was an unwritten rule that one was not supposed to wear straw hats past September 15th. This date was arbitrary; it had earlier been September 1st, but it eventually shifted to mid-month. If someone was seen wearing a straw hat, they were, at minimum, subjecting themselves to ridicule, and it was a tradition for youths to knock straw hats off of wearers' heads and stomp on them. This tradition was well established, and newspapers of the day would often warn people of the impending approach of the fifteenth, when people would have to switch to felt hats. The riot itself began on September 13th of 1922, two days before the supposed unspoken date, when a group of youths decided to get an early jump on the tradition. This group began in the former "Mulberry Bend" area of Manhattan by removing and stomping hats worn by factory workers who were employed in the area. The more innocuous stomping turned into a brawl when the youths tried to stomp a group of dock workers' hats, and the dock workers fought back. The brawl soon stopped traffic on the Manhattan Bridge and was eventually broken up by police, leading to some arrests. Although the initial brawl was broken up by police, the fights continued to escalate the next evening. Gangs of teenagers prowled the streets wielding large sticks, sometimes with a nail driven through the top, looking for pedestrians wearing straw hats and beating those who resisted. Several men were hospitalized from the beatings they received after resisting having their hats taken, and many arrests were made. The tradition of hat smashing continued for some time after the riots of 1922, although they marked the worst occurrence of hat smashing. In 1924, one man was murdered for wearing a straw hat. 1925 saw similar arrests made in New York. The tradition died out along with the tradition of the seasonal switch from straw to felt hats. [Unrest] "Straw Hat Riot." N. pag.

City Has Wild Night of Straw Hat Riots

Gangs of young hoodlums ran while in various parts of the city last night, smashing unseasonable straw hats and trampling them in the street. In some cases, mobs of hundreds of boys and young men terrorized whole blocks. Complaints poured in upon the police from men whose hats were stolen and destroyed but as soon as the police broke up the gangs in one district, the hoodlums resumed their activities elsewhere.

A favorite practice of the gangsters was to arm themselves with sticks, some with nails at the tip, and compel men wearing straw hats to run a gauntlet. Sometimes the hoodlums would hide in doorways and dash out, ten or twelve strong to attack one or two men. Along Christopher Street, on the lower west side, the attackers lined up along the surface car tracks and yanked straw hats off the passengers as the cars passed.

The streets where such incidents occurred were strewn with broken hats. Hat stores which kept open last night were crowded with purchasers of fall hats.

The complaint was made of a gang swarming on an open street car and attacking the passengers to get their hats. A man who said he was E.C. Jones, a promoter of 70 West Ninety-third Street, telephoned to THE TIMES that this happened when he was riding uptown on an Amsterdam Avenue car between 135th and 136th Street about 9 o'clock last night. He said the car was attacked by a group of boys who later disappeared in a

mob of about 1,000 who were destroying straw hats along Amsterdam Avenue. Jones said he complained at the West 152nd Street Station and the mob was dispersed.

[...]

At Madison and Thompson Streets a boy knocked off a man's hat with a long stick. Then other boys kicked the hat along the street until it reached another boy, waiting to jump on it...

"City Has Wild," N. pag.

The clerks and stenographers of lower New York were among the first to show the metamorphosis. The postwar male shaved early and often; he wore white collars or even more fashionable blue ones; he looked more like the clothing advertisements than would seem to be humanely possible. The postwar female was engaged in an epochal struggle for youth. The result, of course was a good deal of ridiculousness: old faces on young bodies, young faces on old bodies, fat legs in thin stockings, wide hips in narrow skirts, nobody old, nobody young, more grotesqueness than beauty; but withal a modicum of sense.

Ironically, as fashions became "more revealing", the "fevered conjecture" that so "fired the imagination" of the City's sidewalk "ankle connoisseurs", undoubtedly lost some of its former "heat". Today's styles are more "in your face", but all these 8-inch heeled 6'3" women with anatomically enhanced "nearly everything", barely constrained or covered, while "thrilling at a distance", seem somehow "less approachable" as they get closer.

It took quite a time to allure the dandies of the Seventies and Eighties away from the cast-iron "shield" bosom shirt that would deflect a bullet. It opened only at the back and had a tab on it with a button-hole for some mysterious purpose connected with underwear... Once freed from the yoke of this armorial garment we swing to the other extreme and men's shirtwaists appeared in the shop windows with no sign of mob violence. the shirtwaist brought the belt in place of suspenders and removed this unsightly blot on the landscape, to the further advancement in popularity of the shirtwaist.

Brown, *Valentine's*, pp. 24-5.

60s-80s

Paraphernalia opened late in '65, and another trend started—stores opening late in the morning, even noontime, and staying open till maybe ten at night. Paraphernalia sometimes stayed open till maybe ten at night. Paraphernalia sometimes stayed open till two in the morning. You'd go in and try on things and "Get Off My Cloud" would be playing—and you'd be buying the clothes in the same atmosphere you'd probably be wearing them in. And the salespeople in the little boutiques were always so hip and relaxed, as if the stores were just another room in their apartment—they'd sit around, read magazines, watch TV, smoke dope.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 73.

Boutiques started opening up around St. Mark's Place, and used fur coat places and, of course, Limbo. Limbo was the most popular place in the area, because it was basically army-navy surplus (at first) and all the kids had started wearing military clothes. I recall an item in Howard Smith's *Voice* column about Limbo's selling strategy / psychology—it said a lot about the way kids were thinking: the store couldn't sell a bunch of funny-looking black hats, so one morning they

made a sign that said, "Polish Rabbis' Hats" and they were sold out by that afternoon.

Ibid., p. 206.

Tiger Morse opened her tiny new boutique called Teeny Weeny on upper Madison Avenue at the end of August. Her policy there was man-made materials only—vinyl, Mylar, sequins. There were mirror bricks all over the walls. Wherever I saw fragmented mirrors like that around a place, I'd take the hint that there was amphetamine not too far away—every A-head's apartment always had broken mirrors, smoky, chipped, fractured, whatever—just like the Factory did. And Tiger did take a lot of amphetamine. She always boasted, "I am living proof that speed does not kill."

A little bit later Tiger got the backing of some big company to design a line of pajamas and nightgowns for them, and to launch that, she gave a big party at the Henry Hudson Baths on West 57th Street that was sort of a fashion show "happening" around the pool, with models walking out onto the diving board, sometimes diving in, sometimes just turning around and walking back. As I said, it was Tiger who made happenings pop, turning them from something artistic into big parties. She'd stand around in her silver jeans and huge sunglasses, having a ball herself. People got so drunk they jumped into the pool with all their clothes on and then later tried to dive to the bottom for things like wallets that had fallen out of their pockets.

I'd done a few movie sequences with Tiger at her old boutique, Kaleidoscope, on East 58th Street, above Reuben's Restaurant, where she had about six seamstresses sewing for her and hundreds of jars of beads and sequins all around. Before that she'd sold her clothes out of a house on 63rd Street near Madison. In those days she did very expensive, chic, silk-and-satin brocade-and-lamé-type designs for women who wanted nicely made couture-type dresses—a little froufrou sometimes—the kind of outfits that would have a hand-stitched lining that was more elaborate than the dress itself. Then Tiger went off to England, and after she came back she went plastic and started to make dresses out of shower curtains. Eventually she took over the Cheetah boutique on Broadway, right outside the club—it stayed open as late as Cheetah did, and people would just pop in and buy new disco clothes on their way in to dance.

Tiger designed that famous dress that said "Love" on the front and "Hate" on the back. And she did dresses that lit up on the dance floor, only there would always be some problem with the technology—the lights wouldn't work or the batteries would be dead, etc. Women used to have old-fashioned problems like slips hanging and bra straps showing, but now there was this whole new slew of problems.

I've heard people say, "Tiger Morse was a fraud." Well, of course she was, but she was a *real* fraud. She'd make up more stories about herself for the newspapers than I did. Nobody knew where she came from, really, but who cared? She was an original, and she showed a lot of people how to have fun. [Amphetamine]

Ibid., p. 223.

An editor was describing to me how when you were sent clothes from a designer's showroom, you were usually sent the clothes neatly wrapped—period. When Tiger sent something over, you got the dress as well as the misplaced cotton ball or syringe cap.

Brandes, N. pag.

Morse took a native African cloth, Kanga, put it in a tank of vinyl, and made unique clothes out of it.

Ibid.

Morse said, "I'm making dresses that make noises, I'm making dresses that whisper, dresses that smell."

"Tiger Morse," N. pag.

One of Tiger's sayings, "I am living proof that speed does not kill" came to be sadly ironic in 1972. She passed away from an overdose of sleeping pills. [Drugs]

Ibid.

Max's became the showcase for all the fashion changes that had been taking place at the art openings and shows: now people weren't going to the art openings to show off their new looks—they just skipped all the preliminaries and went straight to Max's. Fashion wasn't what you wore someplace anymore; it was the whole reason for going. The event itself was optional—the way Max's functioned as a fashion gallery proved that. Kids would crowd around the security mirror over the night deposit slot in the bank next door ("Last mirror before Max's") to check themselves out for the long walk from the front door, past the bar, past all the fringe tables in the middle, and finally into the club room in the back. [Downtown/Max's]

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 236.

Pop fashion really peaked about now—a glance around the Gymnasium could tell you that. It was the year of the electric dress—vinyl with a hip-belt battery pack—and there were lopsided hemlines everywhere, silver-quilted minidresses, "microminiskirts" with kneesocks, Paco Rabanne's dresses of plastic squares linked together with little metal rings, lots and lots of Nehru collars, crocheted skirts over tights—to give just the idea of a skirt. There were big hats and high boots and short furs, psychedelic prints, 3-D appliqués, still lots of colored, textured tights and bright-colored patent leather shoes. The next big fashion influence—nostalgia—wouldn't come till August, when Bonnie and Clyde came out, but right now everything mod-mini-madcap that had been building up since '64 was full-blown.

Something extremely interesting was happening in men's fashions, too—they were starting to compete in glamour and marketing with women's fashions, and this signaled big social changes that went beyond fashion into the question of sex roles. Now a lot of the men with fashion awareness who'd been frustrated for the last couple of years telling their girl friends what to wear could start dressing themselves up instead. It was all so healthy, people finally doing what they really wanted, not having to fake it by having an opposite-sex person around to act out their fantasies for them—now they could get right out there and be their own fantasies.

Skirts were getting so short and dresses so cut-out and see-through that if girls had still been the sexy Playboy or Russ Meyer types, there might have been attacks all over the streets. But instead, to counteract all these super-sexy clothes, to cool down the effect of, say, microminis, the kids had new take-it-or-leave-it attitudes about sex. The new-style girl in '67 was Twiggy or Mia Farrow-boyishly feminine.

Ibid., p. 263.

And the *Sgt. Pepper* was the general uniform for the boys at this point—the high-collar military jacket with red epaulets and piping that they wore with stovepipes pants—nobody was wearing bell-bottoms anymore. As for hair, lots of the boys had theirs Keith Richard-style—spiky and all different lengths.

Ibid., p. 216.

The girls in California were probably prettier in a standard sense than the New York girls—blonder and in better health, I guess; but I still preferred the way the girls in New York looked—stranger and more neurotic (a girl always looked more beautiful and fragile when she was about to have a nervous breakdown).

Ibid., p. 294.

One hot August afternoon during that Love Summer of '67, Fred and I were out walking around the West Village on our way to pick up some pants I was having made up at the Leather Man. There were lots of flower children tripping and lots of tourists watching them trip. Eighth Street was a total carnival. Every store had purple trip books and psychedelic posters and plastic flowers and beads and incense and candles, and there were SpinArt places where you squeezed paint onto a spinning wheel and made your own Op Art painting (which the kids loved to do on acid), and pizza parlors and ice cream stands—just like an amusement park.

Ibid., pp. 282-3.

By the time the Museum's big Op Art show opened in the fall, two out of every three women entering the glass doors on West Fifty-third Street for the opening-night hoopla were wearing print dresses that were knockoffs of the paintings that were waiting on the walls inside. In between the time the show had been announced and the time it opened, the Seventh Avenue garment industry had cranked up and slapped the avant-garde into mass production before the Museum could even officially discover it. (They liked knocking off Bridget Riley's fields of vibrating lines best of all.)

Wolfe, *Painted*, pp. 77-8.

When paint-it-yourself dress kits were introduced onto the market in spring 1967, the Brooklyn department store Abraham & Straus commissioned Andy Warhol to paint a dress during an in-store "happening." Warhol stenciled "FRAGILE" onto a dress while it was being worn by a model, and then signed the dress "Dalí."

Walford, p. 117.

In the eighties, Madonna wanted to dress you up in her love.

Frisa, p. 412.

East Village street fashion of the eighties: mohawks, brothel creepers, knee-belted bondage trousers, septum piercings and shredded schoolgirl uniforms.

Ibid., , p. 273.

On 80s fashion: The body begins to define its own structure with aerobics and the gym. The garment is designed to give personality and power to individuals. Padding builds up the shoulders and lends an imposing and authoritative touch to the female figure... The female superboby is at its ease in the uniform of the career woman as well as in the costume of the sexy heroine. The male superboby is sculpture and

has no fear of turning into a neoclassical gay icon. [Lisa Lyons]
[Mapplethorpe] [Body in the City]

Ibid., p. 15.

On Mike Nichols's *Working Girl* (1988): "Melanie Griffith smiles with satisfaction in the office she has won at such a high price, while the lens frames her from outside the building and zooms back. To show her buried in a skyscraper filled with thousands of offices like her own, among a myriad of skyscrapers filled with other offices, just one ant in the anthill... If you're a woman in world of men you have to adopt their uniform.

Sigourney Weaver: assertive and confident in her Donna Karan suits, sure of her upper-class accent, a successful female executive, an insincere feminist and therefore a real bitch... To do it, they need to attitude, but above all the right clothes and well-padded shoulders."

Ibid., p. 64.

Rei Kawakubo opened her first American shop on Wooster Street in 1983. It looked absolutely nothing like the traditional idea of a shop. There was no merchandise in the window, and not much in the store itself. Instead of broadcasting its wares to passersby, the store acted as a filter. Its character demanded a certain confidence from the customer—those who would not feel comfortable with the clothes would be unlikely to brave the front door.

Ibid., p. 399.

Luxury

Yuppie culture: a cityscape of chrome mirrors, Ermenegildo Zenga suits, Salvatore Ferragamo shoes, portable scanners, compact disk players, mobile telephones, keyboards with incorporated telephones for transmitting stock exchange orders with electronic displays showing constantly moving market prices. Rooms fitted out with saunas, gyms, and squash facilities. Paintings by Julian Schnabel, Mimmo Paladino, Sandro Chia, Francesco Clementa and Enzo Cucchi; brie-fragranced popcorn and Chardonnay wine.

Frisa, p. 451.

In the early light of a May dawn this is what the living room of my apartment looks like: Over the white marble and granite gas-log fireplace hangs an original David Onica. It's a six-foot-by-four-foot portrait of a naked woman, mostly done in muted grays and olives, sitting on a chaise longue watching MTV, the backdrop a Martian landscape, a gleaming mauve desert scattered with dead, gutted fish, smashed plates rising like a sunburst above the woman's yellow head, and the whole thing is framed in black aluminum steel. The painting overlooks a long white down-filled sofa and a thirty-inch digital TV set from Toshiba; it's a high-contrast highly defined model plus it has a four-corner video stand with a high-tech tube combination from NEC with a picture-in-picture digital effects system (plus freeze-frame); the audio includes built-in MTS and a five-watt-per-channel on-board amp. A Toshiba VCR sits in a glass case beneath the TV set; it's a super-high-band Beta unit and has built-in editing function including a character generator with eight-page memory, a high-band record and playback, and three-week, eight-event timer. A hurricane halogen lamp is placed in each corner of the living room. Thin white venetian blinds cover all eight floor-to-ceiling windows. A glass-top coffee table with

oak legs by Turchin sits in front of the sofa, with Steuben glass animals placed strategically around expensive crystal ashtrays from Fortunoff, though I don't smoke. Next to the Wurlitzer jukebox is a black ebony Baldwin concert grand piano. A polished white oak floor runs throughout the apartment. On the other side of the room, next to a desk and a magazine rack by Gio Ponti, is a complete stereo system (CD player, tape deck, tuner, amplifier) by Sansui with six-foot Duntech Sovereign 2001 speakers in Brazilian rosewood. A downfilled futon lies on an oakwood frame in the center of the bedroom. Against the wall is a Panasonic thirty-one-inch set with a direct-view screen and stereo sound and beneath it in a glass case is a Toshiba VCR. I'm not sure if the time on the Sony digital alarm clock is correct so I have to sit up then look down at the time flashing on and off on the VCR, then pick up the Ettore Sottsass push-button phone that rests on the steel and glass nightstand next to the bed and dial the time number. A cream leather, steel and wood chair designed by Eric Marcus is in one corner of the room, a molded plywood chair in the other. A black-dotted beige and white Maud Sienna carpet covers most of the floor. One wall is hidden by four chests of immense bleached mahogany drawers. In bed I'm wearing Ralph Lauren silk pajamas and when I get up I slip on a paisley ancient madder robe and walk to the bathroom. I urinate while trying to make out the puffiness of my reflection in the glass that encases a baseball poster hung above the toilet. After I change into Ralph Lauren monogrammed boxer shorts and a Fair Isle sweater and slide into silk polka-dot Enrico Hidolin slippers I tie a plastic ice pack around my face and commence with the morning's stretching exercises. Afterwards I stand in front of a chrome and acrylic Washmobile bathroom sink—with soap dish, cup holder, and railings that serve as towel bars, which I bought at Hastings Tile to use while the marble sinks I ordered from Finland are being sanded—and stare at my reflection with the ice pack still on. I pour some Plax antiplaque formula into a stainless-steel tumbler and swish it around my mouth for thirty seconds. Then I squeeze Rembrandt onto a faux-tortoiseshell toothbrush and start brushing my teeth (too hung over to floss properly—but maybe I flossed before bed last night?) and rinse with Listerine. Then I inspect my hands and use a nailbrush. I take the ice-pack mask off and use a deep-pore cleanser lotion, then an herb-mint facial masque which I leave on for ten minutes while I check my toenails. Then I use the Probright tooth polisher and next the Interplak tooth polisher (this in addition to the toothbrush) which has a speed of 4200 rpm and reverses direction forty-six times per second; the larger tufts clean between teeth and massage the gums while the short ones scrub the tooth surfaces. I rinse again, with Cepacol. I wash the facial massage off with a spearmint face scrub. The shower has a universal all-directional shower head that adjusts within a thirty-inch vertical range. It's made from Australian gold-black brass and covered with a white enamel finish. In the shower I use first a water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Vidal Sassoon shampoo is especially good at getting rid of the coating of dried perspiration, salts, oils, airborne pollutants and dirt that can weigh down hair and flatten it to the scalp which can make you look older. The conditioner is also good—silicone technology permits conditioning benefits without weighing down the hair which can also make you look older. On weekends or before a date I prefer to use the Greune Natural Revitalizing Shampoo, the conditioner and the Nutrient Complex. These are formulas that contain D-panthenol, a vitamin-B-complex factor; polysorbate 80, a cleansing agent for the scalp; and natural herbs. Over the weekend I plan to go to Bloomingdale's or Bergdorf's and on Evelyn's advice pick

up a Foltene European Supplement and Shampoo for thinning hair which contains complex carbohydrates that penetrate the hair shafts for improved strength and shine. Also the Vivagen Hair Enrichment Treatment, a new Redken product that prevents mineral deposits and prolongs the life cycle of hair. Luis Carruthers recommended the Aramis Nutriplexx system, a nutrient complex that helps increase circulation. Once out of the shower and toweled dry I put the Ralph Lauren boxers back on and before applying the Mousse A Raiser, a shaving cream by Pour Hommes, I press a hot towel against my face for two minutes to soften abrasive beard hair. Then I always slather on a moisturizer (to my taste, Clinique) and let it soak in for a minute. You can rinse it off or keep it on and apply a shaving cream over it—preferably with a brush, which softens the beard as it lifts the whiskers—which I've found makes removing the hair easier. It also helps prevent water from evaporating and reduces friction between your skin and the blade. Always wet the razor with warm water before shaving and shave in the direction the beard grows, pressing gently on the skin. Leave the sideburns and chin for last, since these whiskers are tougher and need more time to soften. Rinse the razor and shake off any excess water before starting. Afterwards splash cool water on the face to remove any trace of lather. You should use an aftershave lotion with little or no alcohol. Never use cologne on your face, since the high alcohol content dries your face out and makes you look older. One should use an alcohol-free antibacterial toner with a water-moistened cotton ball to normalize the skin. Applying a moisturizer is the final step. Splash on water before applying an emollient lotion to soften the skin and seal in the moisture. Next apply Gel Appaisant, also made by Pour Hommes, which is an excellent, soothing skin lotion. If the face seems dry and flaky—which makes it look dull and older - use a clarifying lotion that removes flakes and uncovers fine skin (it can also make your tan look darker). Then apply an anti-aging eye balm (Baume Des Yeux) followed by a final moisturizing "protective" lotion. A scalp-programming lotion is used after I towel my hair dry. I also lightly blow-dry the hair to give it body and control (but without stickiness) and then add more of the lotion, shaping it with a Kent natural-bristle brush, and finally slick it back with a wide-tooth comb. I pull the Fair Isle sweater back on and reslip my feet into the polka-dot silk slippers, then head into the living room and put the new Talking Heads in the CD player, but it starts to digitally skip so I take it out and put in a CD laser lens cleaner. The laser lens is very sensitive, and subject to interference from dust or dirt or smoke or pollutants or moisture, and a dirty one can inaccurately read CDs, making for false starts, inaudible passages, digital skipping, speed changes and general distortion; the lens cleaner has a cleaning brush that automatically aligns with the lens then the disk spins to remove residue and particles. When I put the Talking Heads CD back in it plays smoothly. I retrieve the copy of USA Today that lies in front of my door in the hallway and bring it with me into the kitchen where I take two Advil, a multivitamin and a potassium tablet, washing them down with a large bottle of Evian water since the maid, an elderly Chinese woman, forgot to turn the dishwasher on when she left yesterday, and then I have to pour the grapefruit-lemon juice into a St. Rémy wineglass I got from Baccarat. I check the neon clock that hangs over the refrigerator to make sure I have enough time to eat breakfast unhurriedly. Standing at the island in the kitchen I eat kiwifruit and a sliced Japanese apple-pear (they cost four dollars each at Gristede's) out of aluminum storage boxes that were designed in West Germany. I take a bran muffin, a decaffeinated herbal tea bag and a box of oat-bran cereal from one of the large glass-front cabinets that make

up most of an entire wall in the kitchen; complete with stainless-steel shelves and sandblasted wire glass, it is framed in a metallic dark gray-blue. I eat half of the bran muffin after it's been microwaved and lightly covered with a small helping of apple butter. A bowl of oat-bran cereal with wheat germ and soy milk follows; another bottle of Evian water and a small cup of decaf tea after that. Next to the Panasonic bread baker and the Salton Pop-Up coffee maker is the Cremina sterling silver espresso maker (which is, oddly, still warm) that I got at Hammacher Schlemmer (the thermal-insulated stainless-steel espresso cup and the saucer and spoon are sitting by the sink, stained) and the Sharp Model R-1810A Carousel II microwave oven with revolving turntable which I use when I heat up the other half of the bran muffin. Next to the Salton Sonata toaster and the Cuisinart Little Pro food processor and the Acme Supreme Juicerator and the Cordially Yours liqueur maker stands the heavy-gauge stainless-steel two-and-one-half-quart teakettle, which whistles "Tea for Two" when the water is boiling, and with it I make another small cup of the decaffeinated apple-cinnamon tea. For what seems like a long time I stare at the Black & Decker Handy Knife that lies on the counter next to the sink, plugged into the wall: it's a sliver/peeler with several attachments, a serrated blade, a scalloped blade and a rechargeable handle. The suit I wear today is from Alan Flusser. It's an eighties drape suit, which is an updated version of the thirties style. The favored version has extended natural shoulders, a full chest and a bladed back. The soft-rolled lapels should be about four inches wide with the peak finishing three quarters of the way across the shoulders. Properly used on double-breasted suits, peaked lapels are considered more elegant than notched ones. Low-slung pockets have a flapped double-besom design—above the flap there's a slit trimmed on either side with a flat narrow strip of cloth. Four buttons form a low-slung square; above it, about where the lapels cross, there are two more buttons. The trousers are deeply pleated and cut full in order to continue the flow of the wide jacket. An extended waist is cut slightly higher in the front. Tabs make the suspenders fit well at the center back. The tie is a dotted silk design by Valentino Couture. The shoes are crocodile loafers by A. Testoni. While I'm dressing the TV is kept on to The Patty Winters Show. Today's guests are women with multiple personalities. A nondescript overweight older woman is on the screen and Patty's voice is heard asking, "Well, is it schizophrenia or what's the deal? Tell us."

Ellis, *Psycho*, pp. 24-9.

DIE YUPPIE SCUM

EAT THE RICH

McInerney, "Yuppies" N. pag.

Who are all those upwardly mobile folk with designer water, running shoes, pickled parquet floors, and \$450,000 condos in semi-slum buildings?"

Ibid.

Dhurrie rugs, potted ferns, pickled parquet floors, European automobiles, gourmet kitchens, computer literacy, designer clothing, sushi.

Ibid.

You see yourself as the kind of guy who wakes up early on Sunday morning and steps out to cop the *Times* and croissants. Who might take a cue from the Arts and Leisure section and decide to check out an

exhibition—costumes of the Hapsburg Court at the Met, say, or Japanese lacquerware of the Muromachi period at the Asia Society.

McInerney, "Yuppies," p. 4.

Vicky stops in front of an antique shop window on Bleecker and points to a wooden carousel horse, painted red and white, mounted on a pedestal. "I'd like to have the kind of house someday where a carousel horse wouldn't be out of place in the living room."

Ibid., p. 94.

James Bryce: The rich could be divided neatly into "best men" and "capitalists."

Hammack, p. 104.

In mysterious New York luxury and wealth create, in an apotheosis of fireworks, those strange paradises in the very center of this antique, mechanical and polymorphous city, those paradises that transport us with a gentle and imperceptible speed.

de Chirico, p. 401.

Smoking cigars wrapped in \$100 bills or ordering gold-plated and gem-encrusted bicycles from Tiffany's.

Conrad, p. 65.

If you could go breezing down the FDR Drive in a taxi, then why file into the trenches of the urban wars?

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 54.

McKim, Mead and White shaped a new city in which the luxury apartment could find a natural place.

Hawes, N. pag.

On Park Avenue, above Grand Central, many people—at a very high cost—believe they are living in style.

Wilson, "Leaving New York," p. 477.

Let's go slumming, take me slumming
Let's go slumming on Park Avenue
Let us hide behind a pair of fancy glasses
And make faces when a member of the classes passes.

Let's go smelling where they're dwelling
Sniffing everything the way they do
Let us go to it, they do it, why can't we do it too?
Let's go slumming, nose thumbing at Park Avenue
Berlin, "Slumming."

Lower Park Avenue, with its smoking open cut and clangor of steam engines, its fringe of disused breweries, livery stables and ancient factories, was roofed over and transformed into an esplanade bordered by luxury hotels and splendid apartment houses. Gradually Park Avenue extended its arrogant magnificence, its costly, pampered residential exclusiveness for nearly three miles northward, to sink at last into the misery of East Harlem slums.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 289.

Park Avenue offered a new and revised version of well-to-do urbanity; it spelled out how the modern aristocracy intended to live

now: lavishly, privately, but also cooperatively and efficiently, well served and well serviced, "near 'business' (and yet not actually, in their homes, on a business street)." From a Park Avenue address, it was walking distance to the new "Little Wall Street" of Madison Avenue, to the theaters and clubs of the West 40s, to Grand Central and points north and west. The city encircled, but it did not encroach.

Hawes, N. pag.

200 bronze dolphins from the Juilliard mansion on 57th St. are sold to a decorator who used them for lamp bases.

Berger, *New York*, p. 55.

Eight-twenty Fifth Avenue is a vortex of desire in Manhattan residential real estate. Stand on the corner of East Sixty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, it looks like money.

Gaines, p. 22.

A 24-hour-a-day population... being replaced by a 7-hour-a-day population for a period of only a 5-day week. We therefore have to look at this expensive machine—Park Avenue—being developed for usage only 30 hours per week.

Trager, p. 43.

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel built with a private railroad siding, which enables guests with their own railcars to have them routed to the hotel's special elevator on Track 61, whence they can be whisked directly to their suites or to the lobby. Two subbasement levels extend far below the tracks to accommodate service facilities. (cf. Ekstract: Warhol's video recorder party in the Waldorf tunnel [Media])

Ibid., p. 465.

The Waldorf-Astoria has its wine cellars on the fifth floor. The hotel is built on steel and concrete stilts over the New York Central tracks. A stabilizer keeps the wine from being rocked by passing trains.

Berger, *New York*, p. 8.

The first and only parlor car on New York's subways was built in 1904 for August Belmont, the financier who organized the Interborough Rapid Transit Construction Company, which built the IRT. The only known private subway car in the world, it was named *Mineola* and contained a bar, a washroom with stained-glass windows, full-length windows for observation, an arched Empire ceiling tinted green, and such amenities as pads against which strikers could strike their matches. Besides its motorman—*Mineola* had its own motor—the car's staff included a white-coated waiter who served caviar and drinks to guests. It was sold for scrap in 1973.

Moscow, p. 102.

Sally became a big model
she moved up to eighties and park
She had a studio apartment
and that's where she used to ball, folk singers
and that's where she used to ball, folk singers, but
Sally, she can't dance no more
[...]
She knew all the really right people
she went to Le Jardin

She danced with Picasso's illegitimate mistress
and wore Kenneth Lane jewels, really it's trash, but
Sally can't dance no more
Reed, "Sally Can't Dance."

Roger was sitting in a restaurant on the Upper East Side, feeling good and drinking red wine. He's thirty-nine, and he runs his own fund and lives on Park Avenue in a classic-six apartment.
Bushnell, N. pag.

He's sitting in his junior loft in SoHo, which is paid for by his parents, as are all the rest of his expenses, his father being a coat-hanger magnate in Minneapolis. [Downtown]
Ibid.

In my case, it's about leaving my cozy East Side cocoon for the shopless tree-lined wasteland that is Riverside Drive.
Quan, p. 7.

The conversion of a slum into New York's most fashionable quarter: on the edge of the East River and overshadowed by noisy Queensboro Bridge, several blocks of ancient, decaying brownstone dwellings lined the deserted continuation of Avenue A. It was here that Mrs. W.K. Vanderbilt chose to erect a handsome Georgian residence when she abandoned her Fifth Avenue chateau. Her friends bought and rebuilt adjoining houses. Old dwellings were remodeled as small, expensive apartments. Great apartment houses soon encroached on this exclusive precinct: "A Sutton Place address." A colony of millionaires, people of the theater, highly paid artists and writers. [Bohemia]
Morris, *Incredible*, p. 298.

Mrs. Astor's social quota of four hundred had been multiplied by O. Henry into four million. [Literature]
Conrad, p. 278.

The crime teletype machine was quiet at police headquarters... so I decided to sneak away and go to the opening of the opera. I watched the last minute rehearsal. I had no invitation but my press card was enough. War or no war, the Rolls Royces, big and shiny, kept arriving. Some had two chauffeurs with the usual gas ration sticker in the windshield. I guess if they ran out of gas one would steer while the other one would push.

I took stock of the situation. It was a cold night. Inside the warm lobby about two dozen photographers were lined up Wolf Gang Fashion. If one flashed a bulb all the others did too. It was like a game of "follow the leader." This is a big night for the cameramen, with the papers and syndicates sending only high class photographers who know society to cover because before a paper will publish a photo of the opening night the subject's name must be listed in the Social Register.

I like to get different shots and don't like to make the same shots the other dopes do... so I went outside into the street. I started talking to a cop. On stories I always make friends with cops... gangsters... prostitutes, etc. A nice Rolls Royce pulled up... I waited 'till the occupants got out and snapped the picture. I couldn't see what I was snapping but could almost smell the smugness. I followed the women into the lobby, where the other photographers then snapped their picture too. I knew then that I had photographed real society so I asked the two women their names and made them spell them out too.

Reporters gathered around them and asked them, if, in these critical times, it was appropriate to wear so much jewelry. The older woman first apologized for wearing last year's jewels and added the reason she did it was to help morale.

P. S. N. W. Ayer & Son, the big advertising agency who has the account of De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., that's the diamond trust, bought this picture for their files. They examined the photograph with a magnifying glass and said the diamonds were real...

The theatre was jammed so I went into the grand tier where the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have their private boxes and picked myself a nice private box. There was another occupant, a director who kept his high silk hat on. I gave him a couple of dirty looks but he paid no attention to me or to the usher, who was evidently afraid to go near him.

During the intermission I went into the packed salon to watch what was going on. Cameramen were shooting fast and furious. Press agents, seeing my camera, pointed out notables to me but I refused to waste film or bulbs as I don't photograph society unless they have a fight and get arrested or they stand on their heads.

One woman dressed in ermine was pleading with her escort for a ham sandwich. Another couple was saying it was "well done." I don't know whether they were talking about their Thanksgiving turkey or the opera. [Photography]

Weegee, *Naked*, pp. 124-5.

There are women who have charge accounts, plenty of leisure, poodle dogs, chauffeurs, a box at the opera and the right to sit in Gramercy Park. They have regular appointments with hairdressers.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 260.

The wife perhaps of a Wall Street plunger; a woman who, in her startling clothes, and soaring hat, is the target in her box at the Broadway theater for all the bourgeois, vulgar eyes in the audience. If you talk to such a person you will find her, as you know, inconceivably empty with her few ideas distorted perversely from anything important or universal.

Hapgood, pp. 377-8.

It is a well-known fact among those with access to a broad spectrum of bank statements that the widows of Manhattan are in possession of its money.

Blandford, pp. 89-90.

He said he'd rather paint an old suit of clothes than a new one because things used and frayed have "character, reality is exposed and not disguised." The wealthy, he thought, "spend money to disguise themselves."

Conrad, p. 97.

Why did they all come to New York? "These kids from Cambridge in their early twenties," Danny said, "represented inherited wealth, inherited beauty, and inherited intelligence. These were the most glamorous young people in all America. I mean, they were so rich and so beautiful and so so smart. And so crazy. But up in Cambridge, all together, all they could think was, 'Oh, God, we're so bored, we're so tired of going to classes. We want to move out into the real world.' Moving out into the real world meant getting their picture in the papers and getting written up in the magazines."

I've always been fascinated by the assumptions that rich kids make. A lot of them think it's normal, the way they live—because it's all they've ever known. I love to watch their minds operate. There are two kinds of rich kids—the ones who're always trying to act poor and prove that they're just like everybody else and who secretly worry that people only like them for their money, and the ones who relax and have fun with it, who even play it up. The second kind are fun.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 123.

The higher your class, the less patient you are. Class determines intervals between cars, and also the length of time you can be caged in a car.

Reisenberg, p. 73.

Smartness, nowadays, is a relative term; and society and the last one. It is possible to be smart without being in the social register and to be in the social register without being smart, in the present-Day sense. These people lunching about us are of mixed origins.

Hilder, p. 595.

The New Yorker of foreign white stock, having made tremendous contributions to the city for 300 years, is now in the process of becoming socially invisible.

Federal Writers, p. 84.

The society of the so-called WASPs... continued until World War II to dominate certain institutions: private schools, subscription dances for teenagers, debutante parties, and clubs, but the city's well-to-do had become too numerous and heterogeneous to be rallied under any single group, and the charm of a closed society had largely collapsed... Ancestry now counts for nothing; family for little. Looks are far more important than a century ago, when they hardly counted at all. Society today cares very much about appearance and clothes. It likes to make an attractive picture, which is part of the immense role that public relations plays in modern life.

Auchincloss, p. 35.

In order to be a *real* New Yorker, one must have been *born* in New York, or else have lived in New York *ten full years!*... It is permissible for newcomers to mention the fact that they *reside* in New York, and when they travel they may register at hotels as *from* New York, but under no circumstances may they claim to *be* New Yorkers, until they have served their full ten years of apprenticeship. New Yorkers are proud of New York. they are unwilling to permit strangers who merely *move* to the city, to declare themselves New Yorkers until they have lived here sufficiently long to have achieved something or done their bit in adding to New York's prestige.

Parker, *New York, the Wonder City*, p. 4.

The problem with Manhattan is that there is no acceptable way of going to seed.

Bladford, p. 57.

o - Gentrification

This is not an account of the city's changes but of the changes in this writer's feeling for the city.

Fitzgerald, *My Lost City*, p. 110

SoHo

The neighborhood around us transformed like a slowly developing photograph. The factories and loading platforms vanished one by one. Galleries and restaurants and boutiques proliferated like new life-forms escaped from some laboratory experiment. Once SoHo was declared chic, the rich descended on the area. They bought out the lofts that the artists vacated or were forced to leave. "The zombies," my father called them.

Pinchbeck, N. pag.

A few years earlier, when I'd first moved to Sullivan Street, I'd run into Dick Serra on the corner of West Broadway and Spring. After a muttered hello, he fixed me with a fierce scowl, flung his arm out, and snarled, "Some day all this will be fucking boutiques!" I laughed.

Tucker, p.140.

One can now climb long flights of wooden stairs to a loft, there to be greeted by a woman in a hostess gown. In the huge space, the furniture is chromium and black leather. The floors shine. The walls are white-on-white. The paintings hang splendidly. Over drinks, conversation is smart and knowing, and from the "kitchen space" (all stainless steel with a *fantastic* restaurant stove) wafts the odor of a bubbling *boeuf bourguignon*.

Anderson & Archer, p. 11.

One day a big artist realized that if he took all of the sewing machines and bales of rags out of a three-thousand-square-foot loft and put in a bathroom and kitchen he would be able to live and make big art in the same place. He was quickly followed by other big artists and they by big lawyers, big boutique owners, and big rich kids. Soon there was a Soho and it was positively awash in hardwood floors, talked-to plants, indoor swings, enormous record collections, hiking boots, conceptual artists, video communes, art bookstores, art grocery stores, art restaurants, art bars, art galleries, and boutiques selling tie-dyed raincoats, macramé flowerpots, and Art Deco salad plates... Scores of nine-by-twelve photo-realist renderings of gas stations, refrigerators, pieces of cherry pie, art collectors, diners, '59 Chevys, and Mediterranean-style dining room sets.

Leibowitz, pp. 131, 133.

Making homes of the factory lofts of SoHo produced a new interior design for living. Loft space was not divided into a series of rooms, specialized areas, and personal territories. There was a great deal of variation in how lofts were converted for residential use; the common denominator, however, was the emphasis on large open areas. Lofts, with the same number of square feet as many American homes, are frequently entirely free of interior walls; a usual exception is the bathroom, but even that is open in some lofts. All lofts have high ceilings ranging up to fifteen feet. Areas for eating, sleeping, entertaining, and other

routine functions are widely scattered. The following cases are extreme, in that they represent some of the most dramatic examples of loft living and life-style; however, since they are taken from the mass media, they indicate how the style of loft living was being presented to the public.

A flatbed elevator opens onto polished hardwood and hanging greenery. The whole vista is partitioned by track-lighting into living, working and dining space. There are modular couches and Breuer chairs; a work in monumental burlap covers an entire wall. The owner greets you with cashews and Perrier. She's a buyer in the garment center. Her boss doesn't understand why she won't live on Third Avenue. But what good is the East Side if you can't get into Regine's? And besides her shrink lives down the block.

\$1,200 king-size bathtubs and enough hot water to fill them, acres of exotic plants, uniformed housekeepers, children in private schools, Chinese chefs, Touch-tone phones, closed-circuit TV surveillance, light dimmers, ice makers, trash compactors, industrial vacuum cleaners, Steinway pianos, antique pool tables, imported eighteenth-century beams, 24-foot-long leather sofas, original Rietveld chairs, Directoire settees, foundations, fireplaces, and more Bloomingdales. And the most middle-class hang-up of all—good housekeeping, and I don't mean the magazine.

Most people have to go outdoors to jog. Neils Diffrient and his wife, Helena Hernmarck, do their jogging in their loft, running past her looms and his drawing board, around the Ping Pong table, the open kitchen area, the free standing fireplace and the open bedroom, while Thomas, the ginger cat, gets out of the way by bedding down on a table full of yam... However, for all its high ceilings, white walls, and vast space, the Diffrients' loft hasn't the barren look of a gymnasium. The tools of their separate crafts form some of the furniture and certainly most of the decorative aspects of the loft.

These examples illustrate loft living and life-style at its most complete and polished. Their variety demonstrates the creative uses the tenants made of such spaces. Large numbers of loft dwellers, however, made only modest changes to handle the necessities of living: e.g., repairing broken windows, installing toilets that worked, and covering up holes in the floor. A few created museums of modernity.

The methods of dividing living and work space varied, as the quotations above indicate. Living and work spaces often overlapped. In other lofts there were clear separations. One loft owner installed three overhead garage doors to separate his work space from his family's living space. These could be opened at the end of the work day so that the spaciousness of the entire loft could be enjoyed by all. A printmaker kept his nineteenth-century press at the back of the loft: because of his very neat work habits, there was no jarring contrast between the living and work areas. In part, it was this variety of styles that led to the public attention and popularity enjoyed by loft living. In 1977, the Village Voice made the following assessment: "The presence of unified avant-garde within a single neighborhood has profoundly altered the New York style, from the way we furnish our homes (high tech) to the way we envision public space. Even the decision to wear a solid T-shirt over painter's pants, reflects the SoHo aesthetic—combining the minimal with the found."

Loft living as a style became a recurrent subject for the media. A sampling of titles from contemporary magazine articles gives some of the flavor of this coverage: "Living Big in a Loft" (*Life*); "SoHo: Brave New Bohemia" (*Art News*); "SoHo: The Most Exciting Place to Live in the City" (*New York Magazine*); "Still Funky but oh so chic SoHo"

(*Art News*); "Loft Living: Can You Make it on the Urban Frontier?" (*Apartment Life*). SoHo was even chosen as the locale for the film *An Unmarried Woman*.

Hudson, pp. 56-60.

Said one woman tourist to another standing on the corner of Prince and Wooster: "And this is where she threw up after he told her that he was leaving her."

Anderson & Archer, p. 67.

Within easy memory, you couldn't eat out in SoHo except in hero sandwich shops for the factory workers. It is now a place where limousines line up and idle in the evening darkness while rock stars as rich as they are dumb (to-wit preposterously) vie for tables in little bistros with pretensions that are grand indeed. (cf. Matta-Clark's [Food])

Ibid., p. 14.

"Art" as both lifestyle and commodity is the basis of transformation. The actual form is the loft.

Byrne, p. 135

So the outcome of these combined developments was at least understandable, if not inevitable: SoHo became one of the major New York tourist attractions. By 1978, a 274-page SoHo guidebook had been published, complete with street maps, suggested walking tours, and a directory of eighty-five art galleries, twenty-five restaurants, and sixty-five shops and boutiques. In the huckster style of such books, Seigfried and Seeman provided the eager tourist with this opening description: "You are now about to enter SoHo, one of the most exciting 'new' neighborhoods in New York City." SoHo was in. In 1981, a novel entitled *SoHo* (Byrd) appeared, further enhancing the romantic image of the area. In 1984, the *New York Review of Books* published *The SoHoiad: or the Masque of Art: A Satire in Heroic Couplets*, by the pseudonymous Junius Secundus, which satirized many of SoHo's pretensions and mythological history. This work did not diminish SoHo's luster, but rather added to its notoriety.

Hudson, p. 60.

Close by the Hudson, in MANHATTAN'S town,
The iron palaces of Art glare down
On such as, wandering in the streets below,
Perambulate in glamorous SoHo,
A spot acclaimed by savant and by bard
As forcing-chamber of the Avant-Garde.
Secundus, n.pag

The district between Houston and Canal Streets in which all the buildings contain huge rooms—not just on the ground floor, where they are art galleried, but at all levels. These huge salons have ceilings as high as churches, and beautiful dance floors, all of laths of wood the same width, polished to the same colour, and all installed on the same day. They have never been walked on.

Crisp, p. 217.

Ever since there has been a SoHo, people have been grimly pronouncing it to be "over." It isn't "over": It wasn't over when the epitaph was first delivered: it is not "over" now.

Anderson & Archer, p. 14.

By that fall, SoHo was getting very trendy. People were already talking about this new urban frontier: Tribeca.

Dray, p. 225.

Frank O'Hara angrily lamented one night, "Jane [Freilicher] cares more about her new refrigerator than she does about her painting"—this, after spending a perfectly decent evening at the Hazan's new place, an apartment he apparently found alarmingly comfortable and middle class.

Lesueur, p. 128.

Kitchens are becoming less like kitchens and more like works of art.

Lefebvre, *Critique*, p. 8.

The "Juddian" Kitchen.

N. cit.

Stills from Chloe's loft in a space that looks like it was designed by Dan Flavin: two Toshiyuki Kita hop sofas, an expanse of white-maple floor, six Baccarat Tastevin wineglasses—a gift from Bruce and Nan Weber—dozens of white French tulips, a StairMaster and a free-weight set, photography books—Matthew Rolston, Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts—all signed, a Fabergé Imperial egg—a gift from Bruce Willis (pre-Demi)—a large plain portrait of Chloe by Richard Avedon, sunglasses scattered all over the place, a Helmut Newton photo of Chloe walking seminude through the lobby of the Malperisa in Milan while nobody notices, a large William Wegman and giant posters for the movies *Butterfield 8*, *The Bachelor Party* with Carolyn Jones, Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. A giant fax sheet taped above Chloe's makeup table lists Monday 9am Byron Lars, 11am Mark Eisen, 2pm Nicole Miller, 6pm Ghost, Tuesday 10am Ralph Lauren, Wednesday 11am Anna Sui, 2pm Calvin Klein, 4pm Bill Blass, 7pm Isaac Mizrahi, Thursday 9am Donna Karan, 5pm Todd Oldham and on and on until Sunday. Piles of foreign currency and empty Glacier bottles litter tables and countertops everywhere. In her refrigerator the breakfast Luna has already prepared: ruby-red grapefruit, Evian, iced herbal tea, nonfat plain yogurt with blackberries, a quarter of a poppy-seed bagel, sometimes toasted, sometimes not, Beluga if it's a "special day." Gilles Bensimon, Juliette Lewis, Patrick Demarchelier, Ron Galotti, Peter Lindbergh and Baxter Priestly have all left messages. [Fame] [Celebrity]

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 45.

While walking through the streets of Soho with Alison Knowles, where she has lived for decades, I asked her how she dealt with the drastic changes in the neighborhood. She smiled and said, "When I walk down the streets, I just look up at the tops of the buildings. And it's the same as it always was."

Goldsmith, *Theory*, N. pag.

General

This was your neighborhood. These shops were your shops. You possessed these streets as securely as if you held title. Now the vista is skewed slightly, someone has tilted the ground a few degrees, and everything is the same and not the same. [Psychogeography]

McInerney, p. 134.

New York had become more like the rest of the country, the rest of the country, in some respects, had become more like New York.

Freeman, p. 336.

It's no accident that New York, as Paris did twenty years ago, is becoming a tourist spot (a tourist trap). People come to see the streets where bohemians once roamed. The city is dead, killed by the growth of the edge cities where suburban sprawl meets the semi-urban mall; by the final triumph of the car; by the need for schools and lawns and cheap shopping. Flight from the city, which seemed, in the past twenty years, to have been stemmed by the property tycoon's child-bearing revolution, the late-arriving baby is really (the argument goes) a force as inevitable as continental drift or evolution itself. All of life will soon be an exchange of pixels from seated positions in secure rooms. [Empire]

Gopnik, p. 293.

By "city" we mean more than an urban amusement park; we mean a collection of classes, trades, purposes, and functions that become a whole, giving us something more than rich people in their co-ops and condos staring at other rich people in their co-ops and condos.

Ibid., p. 11.

So cities are dying, though their death will not be, as we long through, slow and violent. They are just being strangled. Cities will die sighing, not screaming, but they will die. They will be inherited not by feral gangs and rampaging hordes but by again yuppies, professions, like ourselves, who will linger to remember the Last Bohemia, Soho and the Village, after their children have fled to the edge or to the Sunbelt, as they age and their apartments drip value, like coffee filters, year after year. If the city remains intact at all, it will be as a relic, just as Venice is now, which people will visit for "culture" (rather than for the life or art) and for recreation (meaning sex in a hotel room, for people who can afford it.) London is already nearly Londonland, Paris already a city of the rich and retired, and there is no more Venice at all, really, is just a kind of simulacra of itself, drained of inhabitants, if not of floodwater, and all in the past twenty-five years. Ten years ago New York seemed as much a city as Dickensian London was a city—a great grim lamp shining with greed and need, drawing people, like insects, to a doom they didn't quite mind. Now New York is sinking beneath our feet.

I have an interest in this, as someone whose entire wealth, or, rather, whose entire weight of optimistic debt, is sunk into the city, and as one who has learned that he will never be able to drive (or sail or swim or do anything save walk), and so I do not want it to be true. But when I walk the streets, I don't feel something coming to an end, as one did in the early seventies, when the previous New York of immigrant manufacture was dying and no new thing was yet clearly being born. What I feel instead is a thing coming into being through common need, which is a all a city is. The immigrant stories of this generation will be epic when the immigrant children come to write them.

Ibid., pp. 293-4.

Picture a city with polite taxi drives and children in strollers crowding the avenues, where everyone is addicted to strong, milky coffee.

Ibid., p. 29.

One might have the impression that it is the Upper West Side atheist and the Lancaster County Amish who dispute the prize for who can be most obsessive about having the children around the table at six p.m. for a homemade dinner from farm-raised food.

Ibid., p. 19.

As for the LES, the forces of McDisneyfication began a new assault around 1995—or at least that's when I began to notice it. Squats were attacked with tanks. Rents began to skyrocket. Bohemia was holding on by the skin of its teeth. Precious gardens were bulldozed and cheap shitty yuppie housing was jacked up in the old sad vacant lots.

There was an old Dominican guy who had a tiny garden next to my building, with flowers, Virgin Mary, chairs, strange white "Chinese" chickens, and afternoons of rum and dominoes. He got swept away. After a few months of hideous pile-driving construction, a big new apartment building appeared. In the lobby I saw arty b&w photos of picturesque LES people like crusty-punk girls and old Dominican guys—the very people displaced to raise this deluxe lazarette-like trophies in some rod 'n' gun club of bourgeois splendor. "Everything that once was real moves away into representation."

Wilson, "Tar," p. 103.

The new office buildings and lofts are flanked by apartment houses as stupidly planned, as extravagantly designed, as crazily and as dishonestly financed as the business buildings themselves. The megalopolitan architects who designed these puerile structures gloated over the prospect of a whole city composed of skyscrapers, with aerial drives for the rich, and in the murky canyons below the working and living quarters for the poor—artificially lighted! artificially ventilated!—a city in which sunlight would be supplied by sunlamps, grass by green tiles, and babies, presumably, by mechanical incubation. [Penthouse]

Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 34.

The concert of the expensively provisional.
Nordenson, p. 15.

What do you want to live in a Black neighborhood for? Motherfuck gentrification.

Lee, p. 31.

It briefly seems as though the hour of reckoning has arrived, when all those outsiders will seize control.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

In 1914, the government of New York City took ownership of a Manhattan apartment building belonging to David Hess. The city used a legal power called eminent domain, which allows a government to seize private property for public use—in this case New York City wanted to expand the subway system. Hess fought them and lost, and when all was said and done, his building was torn down, and he was left with a triangle-shaped piece of property. It was about the size of a large slice of pizza.

Later, the city tried to get him to donate his pizza-shaped property so that they could build a sidewalk. He refused again. They

built the sidewalk anyway, and in the middle of the sidewalk is Hess' triangle, with a tile mosaic that reads:

PROPERTY OF THE
HESS ESTATE
WHICH HAS NEVER
BEEN DEDICATED
FOR PUBLIC
PURPOSES

(cf. Matta-Clark's *Fake Estates*: "At auction in 1973, Matta-Clark bought some small pieces of land..." [Psychogeography])
Mars, N. pag.

The water and soil, as the prime environment of life, were becoming "immaterial," that is to say, they were of no use to the canny minds that were promoting the metropolis, unless they could be described in a legal document, appraised quantitatively, and converted ultimately into cash. A farm became for the speculator a place that might be converted into building lots... There was always the chance that some negligible patch of earth might become, in the course of the city's growth, a gold mine. That was magic. In atmosphere of magic, the desire to get something for nothing, a whole population hoped and breathed and lived.
Mumford, *Sidewalk* p. 43.

The ordinary lives caught in the spectacle of Manhattan.
N. cit.

Set plumb down in the midst of slums, antique warehouses, discarded breweries, slaughter houses, electrical works, gas tanks, loading cranes, coal-chutes, the very wealthy have begun to establish their city residence in huge, new palatial apartments.
Hawes, N. pag.

The denial of the tenement as a tenement and insisting upon it as "a charming place" once it had been stripped to its core, taken back virtually to its prehistory as a dwelling. Plaster was laboriously scraped off brick that that had always been plastered; windowsills and lintels were sanded raw; decades of linoleum were ripped up to reveal floorboards underneath, even parquet, sometimes, perfectly preserved by generations of housewives who always put a covering on anything "good."
[Palimpsest]
Johnson, "Minor," p. 972.

If authenticity has a schizoid quality, it can also be deliberately made up of bits and pieces of cultural references: artfully painted graffiti on a shop window, sawdust on the floor of a music bar, an address in a gritty but not too thoroughly crime-ridden part of town.
[Simulacra]
Zukin, p. xii-iii.

Every building seemed to be of the very highest type, of the very best construction, have the latest conveniences, be blessed with the most exclusive neighborhood. Quite ordinary buildings were described as monuments or ornaments, their addresses as breeze-swept or panoramic, even if they happened to be set back in the middle of the island.
Hawes, N. pag.

Like many young people, I'd assumed the world—the physical reality of stores, restaurant locations, apartment buildings, and movie theaters and the kinds of people who lived in this or that neighborhood—was far more stable than it was.

Delany, p. xiv.

Essex St. ... Where Jewish People Used To Be
Fosyth St. ... Where Puerto Ricans Used To Be
"Little Italy" ... Where Italians Used To Be
Maffi, p. 13.

Apartment buildings are being torn down and replaced by offices... This is the real estate man's answer to a need for additional income. Space, which as apartments, is returning \$3 a square foot, is being replaced by space, which as offices, is returning \$8 a square foot—a very simple arithmetic improvement.

Ibid., p. 13.

There will always be some corner of this city the developers can't reach. Some run-down parcel full of garbage that can pass for a backyard.

Trebay, p. 314.

There is, in fact, a kind of creeping bank disease laying a cold, dead hand on New York wherever the shiny new construction appears.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 23.

A century ago, this vibrant city neighborhood made a kind of quantum leap and became a hyper-city neighborhood.

Berman, *Town*, p. xxi.

When the city is totally renovated, when gays have restored all the tenements, garden restaurants have sprouted on the Lower East Side, and the meatpacking district is given over entirely to boutiques and card shops—then we'll build an island in New York Harbor composed entirely of rotting piers, blocks of collapsed walls, and litter-strewn lots. Ruins become décor, nostalgia for the mud. [Nature] [Antiquity]

Holleran, "Nostalgia," p. 69.

The cult of change, of substitution, pretends that new locations are best.

Reisenberg, p. 20.

The coffee bar in the television show *Friends*, ostensibly in New York, could be in any American city, unlike the coffee shop in the slightly earlier *Seinfeld*, which had a distinctly New York ambience. [Television]

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 22.

A commissioner of Cobb County, in Gingrich's congressional district outside of Atlanta, told a *New York* magazine reporter, "We're the power now. These suburbs, built on white flight, are only going to become more conservative and more powerful. New York has been deposed."

Freeman, p. 336.

So many neighborhoods in New York are recent inventions.

Brook, p. 236.

Transition

The cult of change, of substitution, pretends that new locations are best.

Reisenberg, p. 20.

Leave town for a week and you will notice changes when you return. It is quite possible to pay a visit to your lawyer or your bank only to discover that the erstwhile building in which their business was formerly transacted has disappeared in favor of a deep hole in the ground. Contrariwise, a new and glittering tower, fifty or more stories in height, may rise in another direction before you are aware of the preparatory excavations. It is quite possible in New York to lease an apartment on the thirty-fourth floor with a splendid and uninterrupted view and a great deal of sunlight only to find before a year has passed that both view and sunlight have been blocked out by taller neighbour. It is even possible to live on a short, narrow street which suddenly, through an aldermanic whim, becomes longer and broader. Elevated and street-car lines, traditional for a quarter of a century or longer, have been known to disappear in a week. Even a New York taxi driver—and New York taxi drivers are celebrated for their charm, wit, and intelligence—cannot hope to keep himself informed in regard to the hotels, theaters, and restaurants. In Victorian days such landmarks as Delmonico's and Martin's moved northward every decade, the Hartigan Theater became the Mansfield, and later the Garrick. Now, the changes are accomplished more swiftly. Almost before the last stone had been removed from the old Waldorf-Astoria, a new Waldorf-Astoria was rising on Park Avenue. Stanford White's Madison Square Garden, with its celebrated replica of the Giralda Tower, in *Madison Square*, has been supplanted by a Madison Square Garden on Eighth Avenue. Maxfield Parrish's mural decoration representing Old King Cole which so recently graced the Knickerbocker Hotel bar has been transformed to the Racket Club, but what has become of Saint-Gauden's Diana nobody seems to know. Famous old theaters devoted to the drama become movie picture houses overnight, and new theaters arise on every corner. Only exceptionally does a hotel hold its prestige or its clientele over long periods, and when a friend telephones that he is stopping at the New Neptune, although one has never heard of it before, he knows that it is the latest thing in hostelries. You must ask its location so you can inform your taxi driver, for you probably will not be acquainted with it. Probably even the telephone company is ignorant of the telephone number and by the time it learns it, the number will have changed. Once Bryant, Gramercy, Riverside, Columbus, Stuyvesant, Chelsea, and a few other simple names, suggestive of New York families and localities, designated the exchanges. Now scarcely a day passes but what some fantastic appellation like Lifeguard, Volunteer, Caledonia, El Dorado, Medallion, Galsworthy, or Nightingale is added to the list. It is not beyond possibility that there are more telephones in New York and there are people.

Like the restaurants—and many speakeasies are restaurants—this or that speakeasy or bootlegger goes in or out of fashion. It is one man's gin this month, another's next. A bootlegger must have unusual qualities to retain his custom over a long period of time. It is not that New Yorkers are more fickle than the citizens of another town, it is perhaps that they do not exist homogeneously. If they applaud this concert artist in 1927, and neglect him in 1928, if they buy their Corton 1915 on Sixth Avenue in 1929 and on Lexington Avenue in 1930, it

is not so much because they are forgetful as because for the most part they are entirely different people who have moved in from London and Chicago while the New Yorkers of the twelve months earlier have gone to Africa, Palm Beach, and China. It is also quite certain, as Paul Morand has repeatedly pointed out, that what is new in New York is always more beautiful and better than what is old. This statement may not be comprehensible to the inhabitants of Bruges or Segovia, but nevertheless it is quite true. [Panorama] [Prohibition]

Van Vechten, pp. 137-40.

The "sights" of New York change perpetually: McGowan's Pass Tavern, Jack's, Shanley's, Rectors, have all disappeared while the new Casino in Central Park would not be on speaking terms with the old. The Brooklyn Bridge is still to be observed, but the Hudson tube is a more modern wonder. Negro Harlem has supplanted Chinatown and the Bowery in the affections of those who seek diversion at night. The Woolworth Building, once the eighth wonder of the world, is no longer solitary or even paramount. Towers have sprung up on every hand—and continue to rise—until New York begins to resemble in the twilight a greater and more glimmering glittering San Gimignano in which the machine-gun battles of the gangsters and racketeers remind one of the medieval conflicts between the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Ibid., p. 142.

If the Chanin Building were to be torn down next week, nobody in New York would realize it was gone.

"The Chanin Building? It's all right with me. Let 'em tear it down!"

"The Chanin Building? A very good idea!"

"The Chanin Building? Jeez, miss, they tore that down years ago!"
Atkinson, p. 38.

The vanished ornaments of our city: the beautiful Produce Exchange at Beaver and Bowling Green, destroyed in the mid-fifties; the three Brokaw mansions at 79th and Fifth, two of which were smashed into rubble in 1965, to be replaced by an ugly high rise; Rhinelander Gardens on 11th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, with their cast-iron filigreed balconies and deep front gardens, demolished in the late fifties; the splendid Studio Building at 51-55 West 10th Street, designed by Richard Morris Hunt, inhabited by a string of artists, including John La Farge and Winslow Homer, until it was demolished in 1954; the elegant, high-ceilinged cast-iron buildings on Worth Street between Church and Broadway, torn down in 1963 to make way for a parking lot; the old Ziegfeld Theater at 54th and Sixth; the Astor Hotel on Broadway between 44th and 45th; dozens of others. A city is always more than its architecture, but to destroy the past that is expressed by enduring architecture is an assault on history itself. Growing up here, you learned one bitter lesson: Whenever something was destroyed for the crime of being old, what replaced it was infinitely worse.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

Steaming machines and riveters grating
Motors instead of men
Buildings go up with wrecking crews waiting
To tear them down again
Ono, "Midsummer."

Luxury apartment buildings rose up, and French flats, family brownstones, and historic mansions were carted off in pieces to the dump.

Hawes, N. pag.

The records show that the streets were always in a state of disrepair; the city was always being torn down and rebuilt.

Atkinson, p. 262.

There is a geometric progression of chaos. [Grid]
Corbusier, p. 111.

The latest skyscraper is always the best.

Federal Writers, p.13.

A metropolis forever in the making, New York is a constant reminder of the mutability of urban landscapes and the radical impermanence of the city.

Lindner, "Trash," p. 197.

On January 1, 1898, New York had become Greater New York, verified the passing of Old New York, and relegated the old ways and the old cityscape to the history books.

Hawes, N. pag.

Looking back on the splendid relaxation of 1945, it seems that just for a spell the city was finished, was staying the same, as it contemplated its new status in the world and breathed the long sigh of victory.

Morris, *Manhattan '45*, p. 11.

New York is not a finished or completed city. It gushes up. On my next trip it will be different.

Corbusier, p. 45.

He visited again in 1928.

Hawes, N. pag.

When Henry James returned to New York in 1904, he saw gold dust in the air. New York looked like a boom town, he said, and surmised that the changes were mere tokens of those yet to come. Describing the twenty-story triangulated Fuller Building, which had just risen on a strange and stingy little pie-shaped piece of real estate pointed uptown at the southern end of Madison Square, Saltus pointed out, like a clairvoyant, that "Its front is lifted to the future. On the past its back is turned." [Stieglitz]

Ibid., N. pag.

It scarcely seems possible that this vertical island, as frail as skittles, as solid as trees, could exist. And yet you know it's not just a fantasy of form but a living city. It changes not just because its permutation of relationships, one building to another, is close to infinite, but because the city itself is dedicated to change. With cannibalistic delight New York consumes itself, tearing down the old and then creating, and not always for the worse, a new structure in its place. New York, constantly surprising you, constantly tightening the screws of its own intensity, is the ultimate city of the world, the last word in urban existence; around the clock it will make its demands

of you, never letting you go, rarely allowing you to relax, repeatedly assaulting the senses.

Brook, p. 15.

As a whole section of the city like the Upper West Side changed its contours, it was like a great geological event—the collision of continents or the birth of mountain ranges. The territory literally erupted. Dynamite blasts rocked the neighborhood, shaking houses and scaring horses in the street. Broadway opened up like a fault. In almost every block of the grid, there were yawning pits in the bedrock, created by the vast excavations necessary for the foundations of the new, oversized buildings. [Psychogeography] [Grid]

Hawes, N. pag.

To define a building is to tell its history. Originally a row house, built for a single family in the nineteenth or early twentieth century, it has since been converted into apartments, usually one to a floor. Kitchens have been added on the upper stories, and bathrooms, too, to make each floor a self-contained unit. The old house's staircase has become a common area, giving access to each apartment's door. There are thousands of such buildings, all across the city.

Sanders, p. 207.

For Frank O'Hara, New York was the New Jerusalem. I remember just going down the street with him when they were tearing down some brownstones. I said, in the usual clichéd way, "Oh what a pity they're tearing down those brownstones." Frank said, "Oh no, that's the way New York is. You have to just keep tearing it down and building it up. Whatever they're building they'll tear that down in a few years."

Gooch, p. 218.

As usual in New York, everything is torn down
Before you have had time to care for it.
Head bowed, at the shrine of noise, let me try to recall
What building stood here. Was there a building at all?
I have lived on this same street for a decade.
Merrill, p. 21.

Throughout the 1920s, new buildings appeared every fifty-one minutes.

Hawes, N. pag.

Midtown, since shortly after 1900 the city's nighttime center, looked more threadbare and tired every year, with decades-old institutions like the Stork Club, Lindy's, or Toots Shor's aging and moribund. Yet by the 1960s the suburbs were beginning to show unmistakable hints of senescence as well... full of passive human livestock who lumbered unseeingly through mindless workdays, then sat out their evenings, faces gaping and gray-blue in the light from television sets. To the baby boom children dangerous or not, New York started to seem desirable, even its decrepitude romantic and alive with opportunity. [Media]

Caldwell, p. 313.

Early in the twentieth century, every city had its "Great White Way." Most of these went dark after World War Two, when the Federal Highway System engineered the destruction of downtowns all over the country; New York alone survived to tell the tale.

Berman, *Town*, p. 6.

Yesterday's solution became today's problem.
Feininger, *Face*, unpaginated.

At present, [New York] is like a house-moving, all the furniture in confusion, scattered about, unkempt. But order will come.
Corbusier, p. 45.

What follows demolition is preordained by the divine right of development. There will be the same new buildings out of the same old mold, sleekly commercial or shoddily residential; and in the ground floor store space of all, as if by some holy decree, there will be banks.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 23.

Neighborhoods fall like dominoes.
Ibid., p. 17.

Every building shown here has since been demolished.
Laredo, p. 22.

I've begun work on the west side, and in Washington Market I have somewhat a jump on the demo men. The Trade Center site is practically impossible to work in. PATH has the ruins guarded, and the wrecking is going so fast that buildings have disappeared overnight. As I see it now I might weave a kind of song of destruction. The base of it would be a documentary record of buildings and blocks soon to be demolished, and a record of demolition work... The market, located in the area since the War of 1812, was moved one day to a new quarters in Hunts Point, the Bronx. the silence left in the streets was startling. As one wanderer put it, everyone left one night, even the dogs and the rats.
Lyon, p. 12.

There's nothing quite like a good house wrecking. Come one, come all. You are cordially invited to a demolition watching. It's a great performance of a kind being given with increasing frequency in Manhattan, one that could replace the "happening" as the most chic of avant-garde architectural event... Free demolition watchings will be offered in all of New York's best styles and periods: High Victorian, Early Skyscraper, Cast Iron Commercial in Lower Manhattan, Greek Revival on the waterfront.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 20.

Last call for anyone who wants to see the wonders of old New York, the real, live, genuine, remaining bits of the old city in Lower Manhattan, sitting at the feet of the most famous skyscrapers in the worlds. The biggest buildings on the smallest streets, the newest next to the oldest, the soaring present and the small-scale past. There is no doubt about it, this jam-packed mass of spectacular stone and steel with its dash of historical seasoning is the most spontaneously romantic and shatteringly magnificent cityscape ever know.

Ibid., p. 20.

Fate probably never meant Lower Manhattan to attain any semblance of hoary antiquity anyway. Almost every vestige of the original Dutch village was burned away by great fires in 1776 and 1778. The area was leveled to ash again in 1835.

Berger, *New York*, pp. 279-80.

The splendor of the necessary acts of destruction are almost magnificent in themselves—small wonder that some planners find ruthless change fascinating.

Silver, p. 12.

The esteemed cobbled slips and lanes, the Greek Revival coffee and spice houses just about the Battery that are rapidly disappearing and taking with them the sense of the harbor's historic sailing age, the shabby Georgian-Federal structures redolent of fish in the old Fulton Market; dormered and pitch-roof brick houses against the Gothic stone and spiderweb steel of the Brooklyn Bridge; the granite blocks and Greek lintels that still face ropeworks and casual bars and beaneries in the old city; the 19th-century breaks in the 20th-century skyscraper-lined canyons that let in the sleety New York sky and the ghosts of New York history. It is all going, going, gone.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 116.

Remember Brooklyn Bridge South? The city crushed the life and color out of it and handed the wreckage to developers for urban renewal superblocks. We won't bore you with the losses again; they are recorded in New York histories and architectural textbooks. They are also preserved on hundreds of feet of underground movies and uncounted photographs by artists, historians and observers of the New York scene who roamed the rosy brick rubble—there is no brick quite as handsome as that of the 18th and early 19th centuries—while recording film and grim despair. (You meet some of the most interesting people on demolition sites.)

Ibid., pp 115-6.

For several years the *Times* carried a box that contained addresses of buildings destroyed the previously day or night.

Berman, *Calling*, p. 19.

And then, instantly, as if by magic, *the fires stopped*. In the last year of fire insurance, the Bronx lost about thirteen hundred buildings; in the first year of no fire insurance, it lost twelve.

Ibid., p. 25.

I got used to seeing large fires in that direction every night, usually set by arsonists hired by landlords of empty buildings who found it an easy choice to make, between paying property taxes and collecting insurance. Avenue C was a lunar landscape of vacant blocks and hollow tenement shells.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

Without giving much thought to it, New Yorkers naturally consider that they are living in the most modern and most luxurious city in the world. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, most of this city is tumble-down, old-fashioned, battered and crumbling. Walking about the streets and observing the state of dwelling houses in general, you get the uncomfortable feeling that this is a doomed city. [Apocalypse]

Atkinson, p. 28.

The illustrations of Joseph Pennell wishfully ruin the city in order to make it pictorially appealing. Thus, while the engineers are building New York, Pennell is picturesquely demolishing it.

Conrad, p. 79.

A splayed lintel or the double keystone of an eighteenth-century survival rates with the spotting of a pileated woodpecker. [Nature]

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, pp. 32-3.

Abbott's images are obituaries. These houses no longer exist, she noted in 1943 of a Cherry Street row she had photographed in 1931.

[Photography] [Reproduction] [Media]

Conrad, p. 169.

We could tear the Chrysler building down in nine months. The Woolworth Building would take my army eight months to reduce to dust.

Abelli, "Tricks," N. pag.

Modern demolition is truly wonderful. As a spectacle it is the opposite of a rocket launch. The twenty-storey block remains perfectly vertical as it slides towards the centre of the earth. It falls straight, with no loss of its upright bearing, like a tailor's dummy falling through a trap-door, and its own surface area absorbs the rubble.

Baudrillard, *America*, p. 17.

In an unusual challenge for demolition experts, contractors are planning to lop off the top 12 floors of a 31-story tower at 108 East 96th Street, just east of Park Avenue.

Kaplan, p. 40.

Workers strip the Ansonia Hotel of four 100-pound cornices during the wartime scrap metal drive.

Diehl, p. 148.

Of course the Woolworth is nothing but yesterday's little old skyscraper, and nobody pays attention to it any more.

Atkinson, p. 93.

The commuter is the queerest bird of all. The suburb he inhabits has no essential vitality of its own and is a mere roost where he comes at day's end to go to sleep. Except in rare cases, the man who lives in Mamaroneck or Little Neck or Teaneck, and works in New York, discovers nothing much about the city except the time of arrival and departure of trains and buses, and the path to a quick lunch. He is desk-bound, and has never, idly roaming in the gloaming, stumbled suddenly on Belvedere Tower in the Park, seen the ramparts rise sheer from the water of the pond, and the boys along the shore fishing for minnows, girls stretched out negligently on the shelves of the rocks; he has never come suddenly on anything at all in New York as a loiterer, because he has had no time between trains. He has fished in Manhattan's wallet and dug out coins, but has never listened to Manhattan's breathing, never awakened to its morning, never dropped off to sleep in its night. About 400,000 men and women come charging onto the Island each weekday morning, out of the mouths of tubes and tunnels. Not many among them have ever spent a drowsy afternoon in the great rustling oaken silence of the reading room of the Public Library, with the book elevator (like an old water wheel) spewing out books onto the trays. They tend their furnaces in Westchester and in Jersey, but have never seen the furnaces of the Bowery, the fires that burn in oil drums on zero winter nights. They may work in the financial district downtown and never see the extravagant plantings of Rockefeller Center, the daffodils and grape hyacinths and birches and the flags trimmed to the wind on a fine morning in spring. Or they may work in a midtown office and may let a whole year swing round without sighting Governors Island from the sea wall. The commuter dies with tremendous mileage to his credit, but he is no rover. His entrances and exits are more devious than those in a prairie-dog village; and he calmly plays bridge while buried in the mud at the bottom of the East River. The Long Island Rail Road alone carried forty million commuters last year; but many of them were the same fellow retracing his steps.

The terrain of New York is such that a resident sometimes travels farther, in the end, than a commuter. Irving Berlin's journey from Cherry Street in the lower East Side to an apartment uptown was through an alley and was only three or four miles in length; but it was like going three times around the world.

White, *Here*, pp. 27-8.

The Connecticut contingent of Wall Street and Park Avenue arrived in waves of cologne. they were bond traders and advertising executives, lawyers and radio personalities, the blue bloods and blue shirts. The men wore tasseled loafers, suede loafers, wing tips. They sported gold watches and legal briefs. The woman wore a power suit.

LeDuff, p. 114.

The place was crowded with commuters putting down a drink before the ride home. They had brought in on their clothes—on their shoes and umbrellas—the rancid smell of the wet dusk outside.

Cheever, "Five-Forty-Eight," p. 287.

And then something happened. No one thought it would, but it did, which just goes to show that you can never tell about these things. She turned thirty-five and she met this investment banker who worked for

Salomon Brothers, and before you knew it, they were married, she was pregnant, and they were moving to Greenwich. [Suburbs]
Bushnell, N. pag.

"Nothing will change," she said. "We'll still get together all the time and you can come to visit us and we'll have barbecues in the summer."

We all said, Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Bushnell, N. pag.

The suburbanite is merely an intelligent heretic who has discovered that the mass of New York or Chicago or Zenith is a mean environment. Mumford, "Intolerable," pp. 283-93.

A substitute hometown in which everyone lives and no one is at home.
Federal Writers, p.5.

Long Island as a gigantic cul-de-sac, a dead end.
Caro, p. 942.

You can't think east; it's got to be west. Your raw materials have to come in from the west; your finished products have to go out to the west. And the west is New York, and New York is congestion.
Ibid., p. 942.

you will split the heavens of Long Island
and resurrect your living human Jesus from the
superhuman tomb
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 7.

Wantagh, Seaford, Massapequa, Massapequa Park, Amityville, Copiague, Lindenhurst, Babylon.
Trebay, p. 312.

Onto Long Island's potato fields was going to be dumped a population the size of Philadelphia.
Caro, p. 943.

Last Sunday afternoon I took a trip to Hackensack,
But after I gave Hackensack the once over, I took the next train back.
Porter, "I Happen to Like N.Y"

Girls coming to live in New York, like any out-of-towner here for a spree, are often grotesque caricatures of the well-turned-out New York Girl. Their hair is too high, teased, pampered or dated. Their clothes too short, bizarre or tight. Their make-up too extreme... Not yet aware that even models don't appear in public as they do in the ads, the new girls imitate them and wind up looking like animated cartoons. Depending on whose hands they fall into... or through... or are influenced by... they may eventually acquire the New York polish.
Petronius, p. 8.

A giant orphanage. Many of those who come here have lost or, purposely, mislaid those parents they once had. At Thanksgiving they gather friends and talk of having a real "family" holiday, meaning the peer group of the moment.

Bladford, p. 56.

New York is a prerequisite to America
a disguised sin
The Last Poets, "N.Y. N.Y."

I knew I couldn't live in America and I wasn't ready to move to
Europe so I moved to an island off the coast of America—New York City .
Gray, *Quote*, N. pag.

A mysterious island in the *mare tenebrosum*.
Stokes, p. i.

So that the one thing I am certain of is what I set out with... that
New York Is Not America...and of that I am certain—certain sure—because
all, all the rest, the inhabitants of Terre Haute, of Seattle, of Los
Angeles, of St. Augustine, of Norfolk, Va., or Boston, Mass... all, all
the rest of the inhabitants of the Republic of the United States of
North America will assure you that New York is not that.

Ford, *America*, p. 233.

America collapses inside New York.
Maffi, p. 76.

The American who settles in New York becomes at once an ex-
American.

Ford, *America*, p. 95.

The sense of not being a part of America.
Freeman, p. 26.

I don't like New York. It's just another foreign country.
Ibid., p. 26.

I would remain physically in Harlem and psychologically in Alabama.
Ellison, "NY, 1936," p. 1000.

Somewhere in the grainy, indivisible out-there: area code 718, and
what did that signify—the Bronx, Queens?
Hardwick, "Shot," p. 103.

Siting here in Queens
Eating refried beans
We're in all the magazines
Gulpin' down thorazines
Ramones, "Happy Family."

The Bronx/No Thonx
Moorhouse, p. 58.

No sleep 'til—Brooklyn
Beastie Boys, "No Sleep."

I-I-I mean, I'm comparatively normal for a guy raised in Brooklyn.
Allen, *Annie Hall*, N. pag.

Brooklyn has all the luck.
Mumford, *Sidewalk*, p. 134.

Staten Island is the Australia of New York City.
Sullivan, 1001 p. 201.

Three kinds of New Yorkers move to the country—the small-salaried family man, the Bohemian, real or pseudo, who now finds it smart to commune with nature and the very rich cosmopolitan who automatically has a home in Long Island or Westchester just as he does in Paris or Palm Beach, and stays in none.

Josephy, pp. 235-6.

I hereby prophesy that in 1900 A.D. Brooklyn will be the city and New York will be the suburb.

Templeton, p. 565.

To Manhattanites, Brooklyn remained a vague region lying between the East River and the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, a human reservoir that released its floods into the subway during the early morning rush-hour and drew them back during the evening one.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 291.

Speaking for myself, I know I'm very tired of this city.
Atkinson, p. 266.

Let's not delay,
Make Mother Nature our Messiah,
New York is not for us,
Let's fly away!
Porter, "Let's Fly Away."

I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough
Dylan, "Tom Thumb."

Commuter Train

Living standards on affluent Long Island were high even for America. The homes of many Long Island Rail Road commuters were large, luxurious, thickly carpeted, richly draperied, crammed with the most modern appliances for cleanliness and cooking. The vicissitudes of climate were eliminated for them not only in their homes—no county in America had so many centrally air-conditioned homes as Nassau—but in their automobiles, all of them heated, most of them air-conditioned. These automobiles—the automobiles out of which Long Islanders stepped every weekday morning to board the Long Island Rail Road—symbolized the degree to which the affluence and technological genius of America had given its people a life cushioned against physical discomfort.

Then the train arrived, and the Long Islanders climbed aboard.

The linoleum on the floors of the coaches into which they stepped was cracked and split, impacted with layers of grime. Paint was flaking off grimy walls. The windows, so thickly smeared with grime that you could hardly see through some of them, were filled with spider webs, and with the lacy spread of thin cracks radiating out from holes smashed in them and never repaired. Some of the holes were covered with bits of cardboard held on with tape; others gaped jaggedly.

The seats were ripped and humped. Their springs were sprung. Their backs sagged limply backwards. Sitting in those seats meant sitting in

dirt. If you rested your arm on a windowsill, your coat sleeve came away covered with dust. You sat with your feet among wads of chewed-up gum on which the spittle had long since dried, among gum and candy wrappers, sheets of newspapers, fragments of ice-cream cones and, occasionally, discarded hunks of food. It was a good idea not to let your eyes focus on the floor. You might see drobs of spittle, or fat bugs scuttling by your bright and shiny shoes. Yet men pushed and shoved for those seats, for those who didn't get them had to stand, and standing on the Long Island's swaying, lurching coaches wasn't easy.

Particularly because one might have to stand for quite a long time. Even when it was running on time, the Long Island Rail Road was slow—
incredibly slow. And the railroad seemed almost never to be running on time. There were days, in fact, on which, because of equipment malfunction in the LIRR's main Pennsylvania Station terminal, every Long Island train was late. There were days on which every Long Island train was hours late; some commuters couldn't remember when last they had been on time.

Getting a seat was not total victory. Getting an end seat was what counted. Many of the LIRR seats had been designed for three people—but they had been designed half a century before, when people were smaller. There wasn't enough room for three people. Sitting in even an end seat was indignity; it was sitting with your shoulder and thigh tight against a stranger's shoulder and thigh, pressing into him at every lurch, pushing against him while opening a newspaper or reaching into a pocket for your train ticket, surreptitiously taking advantage of shifts in his position to gain an extra quarter inch of room for your leg or arm. But sitting in the middle was indignity doubled. The person sitting there was crushed from both sides, leaned into from both sides, without room to make an unrestricted movement of any kind. "Of all the things I hated about the Long Island Rail Road," says one woman, "the worst was sitting in the middle on those seats. You'd have men pressing against you on both sides. They didn't mean anything by it. Some of them were sleeping and lying all over you. But it made me feel dirty. Standing at rush hour—it was the same thing. There'd be men leaning all over you. But being stuck in the middle on those seats was worse. There was never a time it happened that I didn't get off the train feeling dirty." It was no wonder that the first two persons to reach the three-man seats took the two end positions, and that when a third arrived, invariably the one sitting on the outside, closest to the aisle, would, instead of politely sliding over to make room for the new man on the outside, stand up and let him by to take the middle seat, careful not to look him in the eye.

In winter, the trips were cold. Heating equipment half a century old and haphazardly maintained could not be expected to work well. Not that even modern, well-maintained equipment could have kept heated a coach in which it seemed that every other window either had a hole in it or could not be shut tightly. A reporter who took a thermometer onto a LIRR train one winter day—not by any means the coldest day of the winter—found that the temperature aboard was 29 degrees. Men who in home and office enjoyed temperature controlled to the precise degree, had to travel between home and office huddled shivering in their coats.

And winter was, perhaps, better than summer. The crush in the cars kept the temperature up, and in winter that was a help. In summer, it was not, and help was needed, since 70 percent of the LIRR's ancient rolling stock did not have air-conditioning equipment. Men who tried frantically to open windows—one could watch them tug on them furiously every few minutes on a long summer ride home—found them stuck fast. A reporter who took a thermometer onto a jam-packed LIRR train one summer

day—not by any means the hottest day of the summer—found that the temperature aboard was 98 degrees. Men who would not have dreamed of living in a home or working in an office that was not air-conditioned, rode each day between home and office sweltering, the sweat forming in their armpits and crotches and running down their backs and legs.

Long Island Rail Road trains did not always run late. Sometimes they did not run at all. Year by year, as already old equipment grew older, the number of trains that simply broke down on the track increased. It was no longer unusual to see a train arrive in Jamaica being pushed along by another train. The number of trains that didn't even make it out onto a track increased. By 1964, it was not unusual for the railroad to cancel ten trains per day. One train, the 7:45 a.m. from Babylon to Brooklyn, did not appear for 102 consecutive days; would-be passengers named it "the Phantom."

Long Islanders' lives were cushioned—approximately twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four—by all the material wonders the twentieth century could provide. For those other two hours—two hours that could with accuracy have been called "Robert Moses' Two Hours," for he had made them what they were—they lived like nineteenth-century Russian peasants.

There comes a time, H. L. Mencken said, when every normal man is tempted "to spit on his hands, haul up the black flag and begin slitting throats." The LIRR's conductors were not responsible for conditions on the railroad. The commuters knew that—rationally. But the conductors were a visible symbol of the railroad's management on which the commuters could vent their frustration. Men normally rational found themselves snarling and cursing conductors, refusing to show them their tickets; as a result, men who would not have been able to conceive of themselves being arrested suddenly found themselves in that state. "Arrested!" as one reporter put it: "Portly, balding, mild-mannered, 53-year-old Seymour Cummins, district sales manager, commuter, family man. Seymour Cummins, of all people, being led off the train by two policemen, one on each arm, as his wife watched in disbelief." By 1968, the year Robert Moses left power, commuters were, as one writer put it, "so . . . surly that the conductors occasionally choose, like prudent lion tamers, not to enter the cage." One freezing evening, at Jamaica, while commuters huddled in downstairs waiting rooms because the waiting rooms near the tracks upstairs were unheated, a malfunctioning public-address system prevented them from hearing announcements of incoming trains. Storming upstairs in sudden senseless fury, 250 commuters began pounding on the glass walls of the announcer's booth, trying to get at the terrified occupant—they had broken the glass when police arrived to pull them away. On another freezing night, a train broke down some miles from the nearest station. Its passengers got off and began throwing rocks at it. Similar incidents occurred again and again. One evening in Penn Station—with 150 rush-hour trains running late—a fifty-eight-year-old bank employee from Bayside, enraged because a conductor would not open the doors to let him on a train that had loaded but had been standing for close to half an hour on the platform, reached through the window to the engineer's booth, grabbed something and refused to let go. And when the railroad police rushed up to pull him away, suddenly, as one police sergeant put it, "this place was wall-to-wall people, thousands of people"—pulling at the policemen, punching them. "It was a riot down there," the sergeant said. "It was actually a riot." And it was testimony to the rage to which conditions on New York's railroads could drive men.

Actual physical violence was, of course, unusual, and therefore it is not in violence that the true toll of commuting on the Long Island

Rail Road should be computed. It is in the norm—to which the violence is only occasional, violent punctuation—the norm that endures day after day, week after week, year after year, for tens of thousands of commuters (the LIRR carried 80,000 daily), that the toll of commuting should be computed. The true extent of this toll can perhaps be described in psychiatric terms. The chairman of the Nassau County Mental Health Board, in one of the first detailed studies of the subject, discovered a “commuter syndrome,” “a mild state of chronic stress resulting from internalized rage and frustration due to the uncertainty of disrupted schedules.” It was most serious in commuters who were “business executives, overly worrying, driving, ambitious and aggressive types... Such a person, who preserves his valuable time by living to a tight schedule, is tremendously vulnerable, psychologically speaking, to transportation failures.” But the commuter syndrome, the study found, was not present only in executives. Three out of every four commuters tested suffered from its symptoms.

Chronically.

But it did not take a psychiatrist to compute the toll. A layman could do it—by asking commuters in a relaxed setting—a cocktail party, perhaps—about commuting and then taking note of the contrast between the answers he gets from young men—or men recently moved to a new home on Long Island—and those he gets from older men.

A young man might say, as twenty-six-year-old Michael Liberman of Dix Hills did one evening, “People’s lives revolve around the railroad. You can spend five hours a day on it, and then you’re just too tired to work.” He might say, as thirty-six-year-old Allen Siegal of Roslyn did one evening, “I think we’re out of our minds to do this. The trip home is worse than eight or nine hours at the office.” Men who have been commuting for years, however, generally do not go into detail. Nor do they complain much. Their standard reply—one so standard that the questioner can hear it a dozen times in a dozen conversations—apparently sincere, is: “Oh, you get used to it after a while.”

The implications of that reply should be considered.

“Get used to it!” Accept as part of your daily existence two or three—or more—hours sitting amid dirt, crammed against strangers, breathing foul air, sweating in summer, shivering in winter. Accept that you will be doing this for a substantial portion of every working day of your life, until you are old. “Get used to it!” One has to think about what those words, so casually uttered, really mean. One has to realize that the man uttering those words has accepted discomfort and exhaustion as a part—a substantial part—of the fabric of his life. Accepted them so completely that he no longer really thinks about them—or about the amount of his life of which they are, day by day, robbing him. We learn to tolerate intolerable conditions. The numbness that is the defense against intolerable pain has set in—so firmly that many of the victims no longer even realize that the pain is pain.

Caro, pp. 935-9.

In Grand Central Station nearly took a train on track twenty eight for Boston because it was called the Puritan. Needed to go where there’s that kind of beauty.

Donleavy, N. pag.

You can go to Grand Central and pick up the *20th Century Limited* for Chicago on Track 34.

Hamill, “Lost,” N. pag.

Or you can meet that girl in the polo coat who is arriving at Penn Station from college in Vermont or Ohio or Philadelphia.

Ibid.

q - Crime

There's more wickedness in one block of New York City than there was in a square mile of Nineveh.

Lees, p. 291.

You can walk in the Native Quarter of Tangier with less danger than on Third Avenue of New York City on a Saturday night.

Burroughs, p. 475.

People start putting "no radio" signs on their car windows. It begins as a hopeful deterrent to theft and vandalism, but quickly degenerates into a shameless advertisement for self-pity. The first signs that appeared were professionally printed stickers by manufacturers of security devices. *No Radio. I take it with me!* was the logo of Benzi Box, one of the first such designs. Soon, though, the signs became homemade, personalized, and increasingly desperate. *No radio* gave way to *No radio, you already got it* and ultimately, *Window broken three times, radio and spare gone. You got it all.*

McLoughlin, pp. 196-7.

People coming home late at night in the upper East Eighties and Nineties are compelled to struggle with three Yale locks in order to get into apartments which they will subsequently find have been robbed. (1926)

Wilson, *Earthquake*, p. 122.

I have calculated that if the average New Yorker makes three excursions each day, then 3.3% of his or her waking existence is spent getting in and out of an apartment. There are not too many doors in New York with fewer than four locks. To add to the difficulty, American locks turn n the opposite way from European ones, and the reflexes of a lifetime have to be reversed.

Brook, p. 45.

A lockable chain welded to the door frame so it could also be locked from the outside. To do so, two fingers had to be inserted between door and frame and the what's-it at the end of the chain inserted into the bit on—in other words, unless you have fingers the width of knitting needles, you can't get the damn thing to work.

Ibid., p. 45.

Funny, isn't it, how the life possessions of a man could vanish in Manhattan, just like that.

Barry, p. xiv.

The thief attempts to look "swell," the tough glories in careless dirt. The thief is, in his way, an artist with his hands he can do something The tough can do nothing but talk and glories in his inactivity. The thief, on the other hand, is proud of his skill at the graft. Both the thief and the tough are unsentimental and hard; they both, however, believe in being "on the level" but in different ways. The thief, if he is a good thief, is "on the level" with his pals, and is consistent and honest in his attempt "to do" the respectable world. There is, as is so often said, honor among thieves. The tough, on the other hand, if he is a good tough, obeys the law; he is "on the level" in the ordinary sense. He thinks the grafter is a brute with low taste

who violently attempts to get more out of the world than is necessary. What, asked the bum, is necessary further than a little booze and a lodging house in which to sleep? And you can get that much easy; and have all the rest of your time free for philosophy and sociability at the corner saloon. The thief, therefore, is ambitious and the tough is not, except as an artist in words.

[...]

One night I was walking down the Bowery with my friend, the ex-thief, when I met my friend, the tough. We all had a drink together, and it was amusing to see them eye each other, and watch to take the other at a disadvantage. There was a kind of hostile equality between them; but when a broken down grafter, who is now a bum, entered, he received the cold shoulder from both the thief and the *bona fide bum*. He had fallen away from one society and was only tolerated in the society into which he had dropped.

Hapgood, p. 49-50, 50-1.

Our imagination can no longer take refuge in the unknown. The disagreeable has become a cosmopolitan fact, and the transient dream of possible good nature in others has become quite a vanishing quantity, like the receding smile of the Cheshire cat.

Ibid., p. 193.

In the course of its imperialistic expansion the metropolis, as Patrick Geddes put it, becomes a megalopolis, concentrating upon bigness and abstract magnitude and the numerical fictions of finance; megalopolis becomes parasitopolis, dominated by those secondary pecuniary processes that live on the living; and parasitopolis gives way to pathopolis, the city that ceases effectively to function and so becomes the prey of all manner of diseases, physical, social, moral. Within such a town, graft and corruption are normal processes; the greater part of the population shares the animus of the criminal, applauds him when he "gets away with it," and condones his crime when he is caught red-handed.

So every profession has its racket; every man his price. The tonsil snatcher and the ambulance chaser and the insurance fixer and the testimonial writer have their counterparts in the higher reaches of the professions. The more universal forms of dishonor become honorable, and graft and shakedowns, like the private toll exacted for automobile and marriage licenses, become so common that they even escape notice. Those who actively oppose these customary injustices and these systematic perversions of law and decency are looked upon as disappointed men who have set their own price too high. Force, fraud, lying, chicane, become commonplaces; the law is enforced by illegal methods, the constitution protected by unconstitutional practices; vast businesses are conducted in "peace" by judicious connivance with armed thugs—now passive blackmailers, now active strikebreakers—whose work proceeds under the amiable eyes of the very agents supposed to combat it. No one believes that the alternative to living with honor is to die with honor: it is easier, it is more comfortable, to live sordidly, accepting dishonor. In such a city, an honest man looms high. He is a lighthouse on a low and treacherous coast. To attain even a human level becomes, in this megalopolitan environment, an arduous, almost a superhuman, task.

Mumford, *Modern*, p. 46.

The more grim the subways became, the more graffiti those people scrawled on the cars, the more gold chains they snatched off girls'

necks, the more old men they mugged, the more women they pushed in front of the trains.

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 54.

They pushed that girl in front of the train
Took her to the doctor, sewed her arm on again
Grandmaster Flash, "Message."

If you fall asleep and travel to the end of the line, you will still have your wallet and your life.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

Fluctuations in currency and all the balderdash about gold and silver standards amuse the chiselers. They explain that you can live in New York, and live pretty well, without money. You use slugs instead.

Slug manufacturing is an organized industry now, employing agents to peddle the disks from the Battery to 181st Street. The best markets are in midtown Manhattan along Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Avenues, and, of course Broadway. The chiselers pay ten cents for fifteen nickel-size slugs, and slightly more for the dime and quarter sizes. Sometimes the agents get into a trade war and the chiselers get bargain rates.

The Telephone Company is more heavily beslugged than any of the other corporations, because the chiselers spend the equivalent of hundreds of dollars a week on out-of-town telephones. No profit in it, but most chiselers are not native New Yorkers and it is a cheap way to keep in touch with the folks back home. It isn't sentiment so much; they just do it for the fun of the thing. This winter one of the Telephone Company operatives caught a chiseler in an Eighth Avenue telephone booth passing the time of day with some of his pals in Sacramento, and it got into the newspapers. They found five pounds of assorted slugs on him. Once in a while the chiselers make local calls with a cent dipped in damp salt. The salt, it seems, makes the coin as thick as a nickel and, being a good conductor, established the necessary electrical contact. The chiseling guild claims credit for that discovery.

Berger, *Eight Million*, p. 187-8.

The life of a slug-manufacturer: Alan Campbell worked on a scale of dizzying, historic proportion manufacturing slugs by the millions over years and years, but remained a phantom, hidden behind layers of distributors. Unable to hunt him down, the transit system struggled to mount a defense. It deployed an army of police officers. It tinkered with turnstile mechanisms. Even the design of the token was changed over and over.

Living rent-controlled on Clinton Street in Brooklyn Heights, he read a pamphlet on how the ordinary, cheap No. 14 brass washer could be used to make dime phone calls. It was an epiphany. "You had to Scotch-tape over one side of the hole," he said. "The phone could defend itself against the washer if the hole went all the way through. The tape blocked the hole."

He discovered a supply house in a loft near Chambers Street that sold fasteners, nuts and bolts, and, eureka, No. 14 washers. He bought loads. Around 1970—the year the fare increased from 20 to 30 cents, triggering a mad run on all available slug supplies—he was introduced to the reciprocating press, an industrial-strength hole puncher.

In the 70s, 2,000, 8,000, 10,000 slugs a day were being collected from turnstiles. By 1985, the turnstiles were collecting 13,000 slugs

per day, roughly the equivalent of all public transit ridership in Kansas City.

Campbell sent his crew to peddle token slugs by the tens of thousands, churning them out from a new factory in Paterson, N.J., and depositing bags of slugs at self-storage places around Brooklyn.

In 1986, around the time the fare went to a dollar, the transit system took its boldest anti-slug action by switching to the bull's-eye token, with an alloy center. The slug take in the turnstiles quickly dropped to about 400 per day, a 97 percent decrease, then gradually climbed back up.

Dwyer, pp. 226-8.

DANISH 25 ORE PIECE: works in 95% of all subway turnstiles. A very safe coin to use since it will not jam the turnstile. It is 5/1000th of an inch bigger than a token.

PORTUGUESE 50 CENTAVO PIECE: the average Portuguese Centavo Piece is 2/1000th of an inch smaller than a token.

JAMAICAN HALF PENNY, BAHAMA PENNY and AUSTRALIAN SCHILLING: these coins are 12/1000th to 15/1000th of an inch smaller than token. They work in about 80% of all turnstiles. We have also had good success with FRENCH FRANC PIECE (WWII issue), SPANISH 10 CENTAVO PIECE, NICARAGUAN 25 CENTAVO PIECE.

Hoffman, *Steal Yourself*, p. 92.

The thief routinely puts a slug in the slot so that your token cannot be inserted. With a deft motion of his sleek metal plunger he removes the slug and your token and pulls the turnstile back so that you can slide around the barrier onto the station. He can be found selling these tokens he steals when commuters are frustrated by the rush hour line at the one toll booth on the uptown side.

London, p. 141.

In 1969 alone the phone company estimated that over 10 million dollars worth of free calls were placed from New York City.

[Technology]

Hoffman, *Steal Yourself*, p 75.

By April 1971 Abbie Hoffman was being interviewed on New York City's WNET-TV, channel 13, promoting *Steal This Book*. He read directly from his book into the camera: "This is going to be a public disservice announcement," he told his viewers. "To make your own credit card numbers, the 1971 credit card consists of ten digits and a letter. The first seven digits comprise any New York City telephone number. The phone company will bill this number, so make sure the number you use is nonexistent or the number of a large corporation. The next three digits are the credit card code. For New York City it's 021. The letter is based on the sixth digit of the phone number. If the sixth digit is one, then the letter is Q. If it's a two, it's A . . ." Hoffman went through the complete list and concluded, "For example, for New York, you would dial 581-6000-021-Z and Channel Thirteen would pick up the bill." The host of the TV show quickly disclaimed responsibility for this idea. [Unrest]

Lapsley, N. pag.

Hoffman: "Until AT&T and the other corporations really become public services rather than power and profit gobblers, we'll continue to rip them off every chance we get. If you want to discuss this further, call me up some time. Because of all the agencies claiming to

have me under surveillance, it's one of the fastest ways to speak directly to your government."

Ibid.

The World's First Phone Phreak Convention took place in New York City on July 29, 1972. The phreaks congregated in the basement ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat, a Times Square hotel that was developing a reputation for hosting rock 'n' roll shows and fringe political gatherings—Yippies, Communists, and Libertarians all had held conventions there. Alan Fierstein ("Al Bell") of YIPL was the master of ceremonies, presiding over attractions that included a black-and-white film showing three simple ways to make free phone calls from pay telephones, a presentation on the black box for receiving free calls, and breakout sessions on building answering machines and blue boxes. Yippie founder Abbie Hoffman led a workshop on the legality of phone phreaking and exhorted the attendees to support the Captain Crunch defense fund. A spy from New York Telephone later reported to the FBI that some seventy-five people were in attendance. [Technology]

Ibid.

ON JUNE 21, 1975, John Draper did something a little bit stupid.

That day he entered a telephone booth in New York City and dialed an 800 number in Oakland, California. While the call was going through he held a blue box up to the phone and pressed a button, sending a burst of 2,600 Hz down the line.

"Bleep!" said the blue box. "Kerchink!" responded the telephone network.

Draper pressed more buttons. Key pulse. 127 552 2155. Start. A few seconds later the telephone network rewarded him with what sounded like a bad imitation of Donald Duck talking to one of his nephews. If you squinted your ears and used your imagination you might think it sounded almost—almost—like two people talking.

Draper pressed another button and sent another quick blip of 2,600 Hz down the line. Donald Duck was replaced by the clear voices of two people talking about a work-related matter. Draper was now in the middle of their conversation, listening quietly. He eavesdropped for a few minutes and then hung up.

Draper had just used his blue box to hack into an internal telephone company service called verification.

Ibid.

It went, dee de de de de de de dup and then the operator came on and said, 'New York.

Ibid.

Artist Ray Johnson used to walk around New York City clogging pay phones by inserting dimes covered in mustard. (cf. Warhol: "Ray Johnson, the artist, kept dipping dimes into the mustard we were using on our German frankfurters, then going out to drop the mustard-covered dimes into the telephone slot..") [Death]

Walrod, *I Knew Jim Knew*, p. 45.

Don't you know the crime rate is going up, up, up, up, up
To live in this town you must be tough, tough, tough, tough, tough!
The Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

Daniel Rakowitz, who cut up his girlfriend and ground her bones into soup that he fed to homeless people in Tompkins Square Park.

Berrigan, E., p. 235.

Rakowitz, 31 roamed the East Village selling marijuana, carrying a live rooster and quoting Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf."
"Man Held..." N. pag.

At his subsequent sanity trials, like the repeated cannibalism charge, the district attorney went on about "the Rakowitz stare." There is no Rakowitz stare—just a dull expression.

Patterson, "Butcher," N. pag.

There was, clearly, blood on the moon hovering over the East Village. Something ominous was in the air.

Walker, p. 14.

The stabbings and stompings.

Donleavy, N. pag.

listening to the Terror through the wall

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Cut through the tip of the park. Where the evening marauders are lurking. Swiftly to get you in headlocks or at knifepoint across the throat. If they don't smash you first to the ground from behind. Look back.

Donleavy, N. pag.

His wife intends to keep his ashes in an urn and scatter them, a handful a day, from her tenth-floor balcony over the East River Drive; after he kills her, he considers feeding her into the kitchen disposal and packaging the long bones to hurl across the highway into the river, but instead he simply throws her out of the window onto the traffic.

Conrad, p. 308.

Since returning to New York William S. Burroughs has gradually equipped himself with a small arsenal of weapons that includes a cane, a tube of teargas, which can be released in an assailant's face by depression of a plunger and is particularly effective in subway situations, and a blackjack. "I never go out of the house without all three on me," he says pointedly. "I don't feel dressed without them."

It was a bitterly cold, icy December night as I ran up the Bowery from the phone box on the corner of Canal Street to the gates of the Bunker where William was waiting concernedly.

"If I'd known it was like this I wouldn't have asked you out," were his first words as he opened the metal gates. He was wearing a jaunty tweed jacket, brown suede shoes, light brown pants, shirt, tie and sweater. "I went out today," he said on the way upstairs. "It's on days like this that you really [*opening the front door and ushering me in*] get to appreciate the Bunker. All the heat you can use." [Weather] [Winter]

Bockris, *Burroughs*, p. 155.

BURROUGHS: Did you read about those young scoundrels who terrorized a train? We must get our cane brigade organized.

BOCKRIS: Bill and I have organized a cane fighters group. Everyone has a cane like this and we're going to go on the subways. Three or four of us in the evening.

GINSBERG: New York City, 1980—the Cane Brigade! On my block everyone is armed with a staff or cane.

BURROUGHS: These are great, terrifically effective weapons.

BOCKRIS: There are many things you can do.

BURROUGHS: I'm ordering a blackjack for you. [Subway]

Ibid., p. 158.

My eyes travel to the spectacle of Burroughs as he turns and says, "Guns are a part of my life. I was brought up around them." Suddenly in the middle of the meal, he walks calmly over to a storage area behind a small walk-in closet and re-emerges carrying a toy M-16. Posting himself in the middle of the room, some six feet away from the table, he snaps the thing up to his shoulder and carefully aims at the other end of the loft. "Yep! This is what they use," he states flatly—and for a moment I get a frozen flash of him, a close-up that knocks me out of my seat.

Ibid., p. 85.

The last few days have been hectic and contained much violence. Hanging around a restaurant on the corner of the Bowery, I have participated in adventures one might expect of scenes from a Hollywood movie. Hoodlums and shady characters—Drug addicts, prostitutes, pimps, nickel and dim hustlers, Brooklyn mobsters, goof-ball addicts, odd types and Bowery bums.

Reay, p. 269.

Surely, Walt Whitman would have reveled in the scene: for here were human beings as lacking in misery and respectability as even the great poet could desire.

Hapgood, p. 137.

In a set of "Bad, Worse & Worst" jokes in a Betty comic hook, one entry read: "Bad: lost tooth; Worse: lost homework; Worst: lost in New York."

Freeman, p. 336.

I don't even know why they have human police officers. They should just put animals out there patrolling the streets. Word up! Cause they're worse than animals. It's like they're animals with a mind.

[Unrest]

Courgois, p. 37.

Gangs in northern Brooklyn in the 70s: Sinners, Mad Caps, Sons of Devils, Young Survivors, Driggs Boys of Justice, Dirty Ones, Spanish Kings, Justice of Brooklyn, Phantom Lords, Satan Souls, Screaming Pharaohs, Unknown Savages, Spanish Knights, Devils Rebels, Latin Tops, Black Slabbers, Savage Nomads, Homoside Laws, Devil Rebels, Imperial Survivors, Soul Latineers, Pure Hell, Bachelors, T & T Bachelors, Latin Secret Bachelors, Warlords, Brooklyn Hell Devils, Outlaws, Black Attacks, Vanguard, Black Hands, Rasta Farians, Wicked Ones, Trouble Bros., Tikwando Bros, Excons, Organization, Unknown Outlaws, Egyptian Warriors, B'nai Zaken, Inc., Tomahawks, Unknown Riders, Young Barons, Blacks Bulls, Pure Hells.

"Brooklyn Youth..." p. 33.

The Gophers (Goofers) in Hell's Kitchen: Such names as Newburgh Gallagher, Marty Brenna, Stumpy Mallarkey, Happy Jack Mullraney.

O'Connor, p. 164.

A murdered man lies below a target shape painted in the O of a gang's name, ROYALS. [Textuality]
Sharpe, p. 294.

For six dollars a night, plus expenses, the detective agreed to show Reverend Parkhurst the seamy side of New York life. Naturally, they would need disguises.

The first night out on the town the three men stopped at Tom Summers' Saloon at 33 Cherry Street, where they drank whiskey that tasted like embalming fluid and watched little girls buy booze at ten cents a pint to take home to their fathers. Next, they headed for a whorehouse at 342 Water Street, where painted women stood in the doorway soliciting trade. The next stop was another red-light house, where a young prostitute asked Parkhurst to dance.

On their next nocturnal trip the explorers headed for the Bowery and visited several brassy cabarets, known as concert gardens. Then they saw "tight houses," where all women wore tights. Brothels were then classified by the nationalities of their inmates, so on Forsyth Street the three men visited a "German house." Feeling better physically, Parkhurst demanded that Gardner "show me something worse."

In Chinatown, northeast of what it now Foley Square, they watched a game of fan-tan and then padded into the murky room of a nearby building, where they found a Chinese man, his Caucasian wife, and their eight-year-old son smoking opium. Next came a visit to the Negro district around Sullivan and West Houston Streets, called Coontown. Then Frenchtown on the southern fringe of Washington Square in Greenwich Village. Entire blocks consisted of houses of prostitution—of all kinds. Worst of all, to the sensitive Parkhurst, was a four-story brick house on West Third Street, called the Golden Rule Pleasure Club. There they were greeted by "Scotch Ann," who bade them enter the basement. This was partitioned into small dens, each containing a table and a couple of chairs.

As Gardner described it: "In each room sat a youth, whose face was painted, eyebrows blackened, and whose airs were those of a young girl. Each person talked in a high falsetto voice, and called the others by women's names." [Sex] [Opium]

Ellis, *Darkness*, pp. 425-7.

The gangster is the man of the city, with the city's language and knowledge, with its queer and dishonest skills and its terrible daring. He's a creature embroidered with myth, who inhabits "that dangerous and sad city of the imagination... He is under the obligation to succeed not because the means he employs are unlawful. In the deeper layers of modern consciousness *all* means are unlawful... one is *punished* for success.

Charyn, pp. 69- 70.

Like girlfriends, bikes are always getting stolen in New York. "If you go into a bookstore for ten minutes, you come out and your bike is gone," said Mr. Eccles... "The bike pays for itself in three months if you compare it to subway fare," he said. "One month, if you take taxis."

Bushnell, N. pag.

Wear a casual fur on Avenue C and you'll be totally misunderstood, maybe even assaulted—what was I thinking? ... As the cab rolled up in front of a run-down redbrick walk-up, I was glad I had changed into my

quilted black jacket, the perfect transitional outfit for traveling below 14th and back. A coat for all zip codes. You can't tell what it costs unless you look carefully—at the inside.

Quan, p. 58.

Passing a Woolworth's, she gripped my arm: "Let's steal something," she said, pulling me into the store, where at once there seemed a pressure of eyes, as though we were already under suspicion. "Come on. Don't be chicken."

Capote, p. 44.

You consider performing an act of inspired madcappery at her behest: stealing the hat from a policeman, or the handcuffs from one of the gay caballeros of Christopher Street. Maybe climb a lamppost and wave her scarf from the top.

McInerney, p. 67.

Then Richie, Richie said:
"Hey man let's dress up like cops
Think of what we could do!"
But something, something said "you better not"
Television, "Venus."

They would shoplift from the local A&P grocery, or sometimes they would steal from Smilers.

Carter, p. 59.

Booster: a shoplifter who carries stuff out of stores between her legs.

Lyford, p. 71.

In 1999 Tom Sachs got his gallerist, Mary Boone, arrested for unlawful distribution of ammunition, possession of unlawful weapons, and resisting arrest. Sachs landed her in trouble with his Alvar Aalto glass vase filled with live bullets, which were given away as party favors in Hermès-style airsick baggies, and a gun cabinet, called *Ace Boone Coon*, stocked with his signature homemade handguns.

Walrod, p. 78.

Early one summer evening, there was a loud altercation directly across the street in the doorway of the Russian-Turkish Baths. Suddenly, one man picked up a chair and brought it down with tremendous force on the head of another man. The latter toppled and rolled down a dozen steps to the foot of the stoop, where he lay dead on the sidewalk in a great puddle of blood.

The three old ladies observed all this with aplomb and very little dismay, and long before the corpse was lugged away they had returned to their evening chat.

Later, after the handyman at the baths had hosed down the steps and sidewalks, the kids pre-empted the location for a rousing game of cops and robbers.

Binzen, N. pag.

Naked City

A loner married to his job, sleeping in his clothes next to a police radio, Weegee tacitly accepts the dadaist coupling of man and

mechanism: Picabia's mechanical portraits and Duchamp's erotics of the machine.

Sharpe, p. 292.

When he goes to bed in his room across the street from police headquarters, the city murmurs to him from the police-approved shortwave radio beside his bed. Even in slumber he is responsive to her. He will sleep through fifteen unpromising police calls and leap out of bed at the promising sixteenth. In sickness and in health he will take his camera and ride off in search of new evidence that his city, even in her most drunken and disorderly and pathetic moments, is beautiful. [Sex] [Body] [Technology]

Weegee, *Naked* p. 6.

Loving the city, Weegee has been able to live with her in the utmost intimacy. When he goes to bed in his room across the street from police headquarters, the city murmurs to him from the police-approved shortwave radio beside his bed. Even in slumber he is responsive to her.

Ibid., p. 292.

From midnight to one o'clock, I listen to calls to the station houses about peeping Toms on the rooftops and fire escapes of nurses' dormitories. [Voyeur]

Ibid., p. 292.

Naked City: Weegee's title suggests that he uses his lens to strip bare the behavior and emotions of New Yorkers, but it also alludes to the erotic appeal of looking at anything proposed as naked—a city, a street, or even a sidewalk, never mind naked violence, naked suffering, and naked truth. [Voyeur]

Ibid., pp. 292-3.

Wet, shimmering pavements, round-fendered cars reflect the light, misty halos around the lampposts.

Ibid., p. 293.

The city surrenders itself to Weegee at night because sleep relaxes its guard.

Conrad, p. 271.

Weegee understood the night to be an exact inversion of the working day. Rather than an uneventful intermission in consciousness, it has an agenda of its own. He dutifully audited its schedule on his police radio. Its crimes were a punctilious mimicry of diurnal routine.

Ibid., p. 271.

Between midnight and 1 a.m., the peeping toms would be out snooping.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

Between 1 and 2, late-night delis would be held up.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

Between 2 and 3 came the auto accidents and fires.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

At 4 the bars closed, so the police would round up drunkards.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

From 4 to 5 was the hour sacred to burglaries.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

After 5 came the suicides of insomniac despairers.

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

Weegee adjusted himself to this nocturnal regime by starting his day at midnight. If he slept, he would leave the police radio playing by his bed. Its babble of accident and mayhem could then insert itself into his subconscious, transmitting directly from the city's dream-life to his own. [Dream City]

Ibid., pp. 272-3.

He deglamorizes the night, cheapens its charm, using his flash to blast away shadows and eliminate subtle gradations of tone. In fact, in Weegee's world of black and white, it's often hard to tell if it even *is* night.

Sharpe, p. 294.

In his crime and accident scenes, detail litters the street like an old newspaper: gum spots, cigarette butts, awnings, railings, moldings, trash, and above all signs, letters, and words, rendered both trivial and oracular by the disasters occurring beneath them.

Ibid., p. 294.

Weegee reglamorizes the night as a place of danger and bizarre coincidence, the Grim Reaper working from a script by O. Henry.

Ibid., p. 294.

He is the Matthew Brady of the New York night.

Ibid., p. 294.

There are no gray areas in Weegee's photos.

Ibid., p. 294.

Things are black and white, or more accurately, alive and dead, though it is sometimes hard to tell the difference.

Ibid., p. 294.

Weegee opens *Naked* with a series of shots of people sleeping outdoors in the summer—we see the soles of their shoes, their outflung arms, their heads thrown toward us flat on the pavement. They resemble Riis's sleepers and Weegee's own corpses. There's even one man who bridges the gap, stretched on the sidewalk in front of a funeral parlor.

Ibid., p. 294.

Weegee likes his subjects to have "nice white, chalky faces."

Ibid., p. 294.

I catch New Yorkers with their masks off.

Weegee, *Naked* p. 11.

Bleached out by the flash, the flesh of his subjects seems like it has been soaking in the river for a few days; at its best it has that artificially lit whiteness we find in Hopper's women.

Sharpe, p. 294.

It was Weegee's genius to make ordinary crime seem both exceptional and pervasive.

Ibid., p. 294.

If O. Henry killed off the refined literary flâneur, Weegee resurrects the figure in vulgar tabloid form.

Ibid., p. 295.

If we compare Weegee to his great contemporaries in London and Paris, Bill Brandt and Georges Brassai, he makes the former look static and stuffy, and the latter seem overly artistic and contrived.

Ibid., p. 296.

A 1942 photo shows cops covering up a body underneath a movie marquee that advertises the Irene Dunne film *The Joy of Living*.

Ibid., p. 297.

Nocturnal urban theater at its finest, a good view of a bad thing.

Ibid., p. 297.

Face down on the sidewalk "the deceased," as the cops say, has hardly ceased bleeding, but the manhole cover just behind him reminds us where he is headed.

Ibid., p. 301.

There was a sudden drop in Murders and Fires (my two best sellers, my bread and butter).

Weegee, *Naked*, p. 11.

These are the men, women, and children on the sidewalks of New York... always rushing by... as if life itself depended on their reaching their destination... but always finding time to stop and look at a fire... murder... a woman about to jump off a ledge... also to look at the latest news is on the electric sign on the Times Building in Times Square... the latest baseball results pasted in windows of stores... and to listen to music coming out of phonograph stores.

They always want to know what paper I'm from and if the person is dead. They seem to be disappointed if they see a sign of life as the stretcher with the injured is carried before them.

The cops have their hands full at fires with the spectators, and have to watch out that they don't get injured by falling debris... high pressure hose lines break! When they have had their fill of the scene, they disappear as quickly as they came... in a terrific hurry...

Ibid., *Naked* p. 34.

The surprising thing about New York families, living as they do in such crowded conditions, is that they still manage to crowd in pets like dogs, cats, parrots, which they always try to save at fires. At one fire, I saw a woman running out holding a cardboard box with a couple of snakes inside. I questioned her. (It was none of my business, but I'm curious about people)... she told me she was a dancer who used the snakes in her act. At fires in which persons are burned to death... the bodies are brought out wrapped in canvass bags... by firemen... while a police radio car will go to the nearest church, wake up the priest, who will rush to the scene in the cop's radio car and give the last rites. This always makes me cry... but what can I do... taking pictures is my job...

and besides I'd rather take a picture of someone being rescued alive it makes a better picture. At fires I also make shots of the crowds watching the fires for the detectives and fire marshals who are always on the scene... on the look out for pyromaniacs ... jealous lovers ... thrill seekers ... disappointed would-be firemen who having failed in their examinations will start fires... Also at fires where there are rescues... different firemen will take credit for such rescues... my photos decide who did make the rescue and end all disputes.

Ibid., p. 52.

Someone rushed in and saved the Torah (Holy Scroll) from the synagogue... strange at fires holy objects seem to be immune to flames... God must watch over them. [Cosmics]

Ibid., p. 67.

A couple driven out from the burning tenement... I don't know their names... but I did hear someone call him "Pincus"... so here they are right across the street from their burning tenement... it looks like Pincus had time to grab a woman's dress... his best coat... but minus the pants.

Ibid., p. 71.

These are dead bodies... wrapped by firemen in "bodybags" The priest is giving the last rites to all that's left of a mother and her two babies... besides the firemen... there are no spectators... it's early morning... people are rushing to work... and can't stop to look... they'd be late... and the boss will holler like hell...

Ibid., p. 72.

I cried when I took this picture. Mother and daughter cry and look up hopelessly as another daughter and her young baby are burning to death in the top floor of the tenement... firemen couldn't reach them in time... on account of the stairway collapsing.

Ibid., p. 74.

People get bumped off... on the sidewalks of New York. The only unusual thing about these killings is that they are never solved. The guys are always neatly dressed... fall face up... with their pearl gray hats alongside of them. Some day I'll follow one of these guys with a "pearl gray hat," have my camera all set and get the actual killing... could be... I got the above statement with check from Life magazine. Twenty-five dollars was for the murder picture on the right... the other picture they bought was only a cheap murder, with not many bullets... so they only paid ten dollars for that.

Ibid., p. 78.

This happened in Little Italy. Detectives tried to question the people in the neighborhood... but they were all deaf... dumb... and blind... not having seen or heard anything.

Ibid., p. 79.

One looks out of the windows... talks about the weather with neighbor... or looks at a murder.

Ibid., p. 80.

This happened at eight o'clock on a Sunday night... People were rushing to the movies... there was a good double feature at Lowe's Delancey Street... one being a gangster picture... a few blocks away... in the Essex Diner... a busy boy was pasting a sign in the window, "Chef's

Special." A man walked in... he wasn't looking for any specials, he had a gun. And this was a stickup. He grabbed the money from the cash register and ran out. A cop saw him and gave chase. The holdup man hid behind a parked car and started firing at the cop. The policeman fired back and killed the bandit. Here's the cop after the shooting... very nervous, for he might have hit some innocent passers by, giving the gun to the sergeant. The cop got a medal... the gunman got the bullets.

Ibid., p. 83.

This was a friendly game of Bocci, an Italian game very popular on the East Side and played on empty lots. An argument started and one of the players was shot and killed. The dead man's wife arrived... and then she collapsed.

Ibid., p. 84.

A woman relative cried... but neighborhood dead-end kids enjoyed the show when a small-time racketeer was shot and killed... Here he is... as he was left in the gutter. He's got a D.O.A. tied to his arm... that means Dead On Arrival.

Ibid., pp. 86-7.

It's a lovely evening... the full moon is out. A car somehow or other drives off the pier into the river. The couples in the parked cars in "Lovers' Lane," as the pier is called, run out of the cars dressed in pajamas. Police boats arrive with powerful searchlights which illuminate the waters as other cops try to get a "bite" on the car. It is a long, trying job to locate the car in the river.

Ibid., p.88.

This man covered up with newspapers was killed in an auto accident. The driver of the car was arrested, but he put up such a terrific battle... cops had to put handcuffs on him.

Ibid., p. 89.

Bread delivery truck
... in collision with woman driver.

Ibid., p. 90.

Sudden death for one
... sudden shock for the other.

Ibid., p. 91.

This was a fashionable society funeral. The obituary had received almost a whole column in the New York Times. It was just like opening night at the opera. The cute Rolls Royces arrived with their invited guests. A mob of spectators stood on the sidewalk, watching and listening to the beautiful organ music coming from the church. The uniformed chauffeurs and the professional pallbearers were grouped in a huddle on the steps of the church... they were bored and kept asking what time it was... hoping that they would get it over with, as they had some bets to place on the day's races with their bookies. The talk drifted on which tipster was best to follow in the papers. One of the pallbearers started cursing the *New York Daily Mirror* and their tipsters Joe and Asbestos, who daily give out tips in their comic strip, saying he was out over sixty dollars by following them, and that they were nothing but a couple of bastards who must be working for the bookies instead of the players. Across the street from the church, delivery men were bringing in baskets of chopped meat to the Hamburger

Heaven for the dinner rush; the group on the steps broke up with the pallbearers and the chauffeurs hiding their racing forms and scratch sheets inside their coats. Then the casket came down the steps and was placed hurriedly inside the hearse. An auto driving by stopped to watch... "Oh, what a beautiful morning" was coming out of the radio, sung by a tenor with a pansy voice. Somehow the car got sandwiched in with the funeral procession and they all made a turn up Fifth Avenue.

[Sound] [Technology]

Ibid., p. 92.

Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. A gay time was had by all except the guy whose shoelaces became untied... and at the United Mine Workers' Ball in the Hotel Diplomat on west 43rd street. The young miners... liked the blues singer "Oh so much."

Ibid., p. 97.

At No. 267 Bowery, sandwiched in between Missions and quarter-a-night flop houses, is "Sammy's," the poor man's Stork Club. There is no cover charge nor cigarette girl, and a vending machine dispenses cigarettes. Neither is there a hat check girl. Patrons prefer to dance with their hats and coats on. But there is a lively floor show... the only saloon on the Bowery with a cabaret license.

As the customers arrive from uptown in cabs, they are greeted by a bunch of panhandlers who don't ask for the usual "got a nickel for a cup of coffee mister," but instead for a dime for a glass of beer... and get it too. Inside, the place is jammed with the uptown crowd mingling with the Bowery crowd and enjoying it. But towards midnight some odd types drop in for a quick one. There is a woman called "Pruneface," a man called "Horseface" ... "Ethel" the queen of the Bowery who generally sports a pair of black eyes that nature did not give her, a man with a long white beard, who old timers say is looking all over the Bowery for the man who forty years ago stole his wife... they wonder when the two meet whether the wife-stealer will get beat up or thanked.

While I was there absorbing the atmosphere and drinks, a midget walked in... he was about three and a half feet. I invited him for a drink. He told me that he had just arrived from Los Angeles, where he had been working for a Brown & Williams Tobacco Co., walking the streets dressed as a penguin. The midget was flush and started buying me drinks. He proudly showed me his social security card, told me that he was thirty-seven years old, was single as the girls were only after money, that once in a while he got some affection, but had to pay for it... . After the seventh round he got boisterous and offered to fight any man his size in the house. Sammy grabbed the midget and threw him out through the doorway which has a red neon sign saying "Thank you, call again," hollering at him not to ever come back again. Sammy's has a blacklist just like Billingsley's Stork Club uptown.

Sammy greets all his patrons at the door. I noticed he frisked some of the Bowery ones. He told me that they were the "bottle" babies and he could spot them by the bulge in their hip pockets. They would try to smuggle in a bottle of "smoke" into Sammy's place to drink in the washroom because if they drank out in the street or hallways the cruising patrol wagons would pick them up. Sammy is wise to all the tricks of the Bowery chisellers, but he is also a friend and always ready to lend a helping hand... lending money so a man can get cleaned up, food and a room while he is getting over a hangover. I know Sammy gave \$100 without being asked for it for a woman in the neighborhood who died and there was no money for the funeral. He also takes care of his customers' valuables. I saw one woman at the bar give Sammy her

wrist watch and thirty dollars to save for her till the following day, and I also saw him turn men away from his bar, telling them not to drink till their day off.

Sammy is known as the "Mayor of the Bowery" and his ambition is to become Mayor of New York City. And when that happy day arrives Sammy promises free drinks in every gin mill in town.

Ibid., pp. 138-9.

Introducing Norma, the star of Sammy's Foolish Follies...shaking everything that nature gave her. . . and not getting much response from the Bowery playboy, on left. . . Norma's ambition is to understudy Mae West. . . but that will be a sorry day on the Bowery. . . because who will understudy Norma?

Ibid., p. 147.

But there is beauty along this street of forgotten men. . . it lies in the patterned black and gold along the trolley tracks where the morning sun breaks through.

Ibid., p. 157.

Not so long ago I, too, used to walk on the Bowery, broke, "carrying the banner." The sight of a bed with white sheets in a furniture store window, almost drove me crazy. God... a bed was the most desirable thing in world. In the summer I would sleep in Bryant Park. . . But when it got colder I transferred over to the Municipal Lodging House. . . I saw this sign on wall there. A Sadist must have put it up. I laughed to myself. . . what Cash and Valuables. . . I didn't have a nickel to my name. But I was a Free Soul. . . with no responsibilities.

. . .

Ibid., p. 158.

Every morning the night's "catch" of persons arrested is brought down from the different police stations to Manhattan Police Headquarters where they are booked for their various crimes, fingerprinted, "mugged," in the rogues gallery and then paraded in the police line where they are questioned by police officials on a platform with a strong light on their faces . . . as detectives in the darkened room study them... and make mental notes for future reference...The parade never ceases as the "Pie" wagons unload. I've photographed every one of importance from gangsters, deflated big shot racketeers, a President of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, a leader of Tammany Hall and even Father Divine, who kept muttering as he was booked, "Peace, brother, peace." The men, women and children who commit murders always fascinate me... .and I always ask them why they killed... the men claim self defense, the women seem to be in a daze... but as a rule frustrated love and jealousy are the cause... the kids are worried for fear the picture might not make the papers... I will say one thing for the men and women who kill... they are Ladies and Gentlemen cooperating with me so I will get a good shot of them... the ones that "cover" up their faces are the Fences... Fagins and jewel thieves... who start crying and pleading with me not to take their picture...as their poor mothers will see it in the newspapers and it will break their hearts...they should have thought of that before they went into the crime business...I disregard their pleas and crocodile tears...

Ibid., p. 160.

The scum of the underworld arrives for the line-up... handcuffed to cops and detectives... These are a couple of hoodlums who went around

holding up small store keepers... from the line-up the next stop is the court... then Sing Sing prison...

Ibid., p. 161.

The dead lie still... while the living cry...

Ibid., pp. 202-3.

Life's problems become too complicated for some people... so they jump into the river. Cops in cruising cars hear more than just what comes their radios... this cop hears a splash... he jumps out, takes off, his coat, his shoes, then his pants which he rolls up in a bundle to hide and also to protect his gun... places all of them on the edge of the pier... and jumps into the icy water in his shirt and underwear, cursing. After a rescue the cop always has to take the trip to the hospital along with the would-be suicide to get thawed out... they have equally good chances of catching pneumonia.

The radio cars cruising the water-front are well stocked for rescue work... they carry ropes... life preservers... everything except K-rations and a Bible.

Ibid., p. 216.

And fight... The best fights in town are on the sidewalks... they are free for the spectators to enjoy... that is till a cop arrives to break it up... but the cops always arrive when the fights are over. This was a little argument outside Madison Square Garden. It was a much better fight than one sees inside on Friday nights... I don't know what they were fighting about but I guess it was nothing trivial.

Ibid., p. 222.

A man was killed by a falling cornice. I was not a party to the tragedy, and again the inches counted heavily.

White, Here, p. 22.

A joint under the el on Third Avenue. I came off the bridge and ran down Third and stopped at this joint along the way. I don't remember the street because I was too tired to look, but I'll go back and check up again and find it. There's probably a thousand places like it, but I'll find it.

Spillane, p. 165.

I tucked the paper in my pocket and walked down to my car. The taxis and commuters were jamming traffic all the way downtown, and by the time I had crossed over to Third Avenue, it was nearly six o'clock. I didn't have a bit of trouble finding that hash house again. There was even a place to park right outside it. I went in and climbed on a stool and laid the paper down in front of me with the picture up. Down at the end Shorty was pushing crackers and soup over to another bum. He hadn't seen me yet.

Ibid., p. 169.

Somehow, I worked the heap across town without killing anybody and cut up Fifty-sixth Street.

Ibid., p. 223.

A lot of people like to run down the cops. They begin to think of them as human traffic lights, or two faces in a patrol car cruising down the street hoping some citizen will start some trouble. They forget that a cop has eyes and ears and can think. They forget that

sometimes a cop on a beat likes it that way. The street is his. He knows everyone on it. He knows who and what they are and where they spend their time. He doesn't want to get pulled off it even for a promotion, because then he loses his friends and becomes chained to a desk or an impersonal case.

Ibid., p. 62

Twice a radio car screamed its way south, the siren opening a swath down the center of the avenue.

Ibid., p. 317.

A cop went by, whistling under his slicker, his night club slapping his leg in rhythm to his step. It was ten minutes after ten then.

Ibid., p. 319.

From the roof there was a volley of shots that smashed into stone and ricocheted across the sky. Some didn't ricochet. A shrill scream testified to that.

Ibid., p. 321.

r - Poverty

Search a city's slums or shabbiest streets and you will find its fashionable beginnings.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 20

Those who love a city, in its profoundest sense, become the shame of that city, the *détraqués*, the paupers.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 185.

People on the streets of New York who give money to beggars are often people who have very little themselves.

Haring, *Journals*, p. 134.

Ten-cent men sleep under thousand-dollar trees.

Ellis, p. 532.

New York in 1932 was half-completed skyscrapers, work on them long since halted for the lack of funds, that glared down on the city from glassless windows. It was housewives scavenging for vegetables under pushcarts. It was crowds gathering at garbage dumps in Riverside Park and swarming onto them every time a new load was deposited, digging through the piles with sticks or hands and hope of finding bits of food. New York was the soup kitchens operated from the back of army trucks in Times Square. It was the men, some of them wearing chesterfield coats and Hamburg's, who lined up at soup kitchens with drooping shoulders and eyes that never looked up from the sidewalk. New York was the breadline, "the worm that walks like a man."

Caro, p. 323.

Subways were truly for sleeping, and when patrolmen walked along station platforms rapping on souls, the men lying there arose without a protest, carefully gathering their pallets of newspapers, shuffled onto a train and rode to the next station, with a spread their papers down again.

Ibid., p. 323.

His hair is long, his feet are hard and gritty
He spends his love walking the streets of New York City
He's almost dead from breathing on air pollution
He tried to vote but to him there's no solution
Living just enough, just enough for the city
Wonder, "Living for the City."

Groucho Marx said he knew things were bad when the pigeons started feeding the people in Central Park.

Ellis, p. 533.

Louis Mumford on the Gashouse District: "Their tracery of iron, against an occasional clear lemon-green sky at sunrise was one of the most pleasant aesthetic elements in the new order." [Color]

WPA Guide, p. 187.

Thomas Wolfe on the Gashouse District: "As they walked away through the powerful ugliness and devastation of that district, with its wasteland rusts and rubbish, its slim-like streets of rickety tenement and shabby brick, its vast raw thrust of tank, glazed glass and factory

building, and at length its clean, cold, flashing strength and joy of waters—a district scarred by that horror of unutterable desolation and ugliness and at the same time lifted by a powerful rude exultancy of light and sky and sweep and water, such as is found only in America, and for which there is yet no language—as they walked away along a street, the blue wicked shells of empty bottles began to explode on the pavements all around them.”

Wolfe, *River*, p. 495.

Gas, leaking from the tanks, made the neighborhood a pesthole.
WPA Guide, p. 187.

A vital component of New York’s modernity, its heterogeneous, polyglot immigrant population, did not sparkle at night; for many, it furnished the darkness against which the lights were lit.

Sharpe, p. 156.

If by day poor or unsightly sections called out for social reform, by night the city was a purified world of light, simplified into a spectacular pattern, interspersed with now-unimportant blanks. [Light]
Ibid., p. 156.

What a mélange in the starlight. Mothers, graybeards, lively young girls, exhausted sweatshop fathers, young consumptive coughers and spitters, all of us snored and groaned there side by side, on newspapers or mattresses. We slept in pants and undershirt, heaped like corpses. The city reared about us.

Sharpe, p. 162.

Broken glass everywhere

People pissin’ on the stairs, you know they just don’t care
I can’t take the smell, can’t take the noise
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice
Rats in the front room, roaches in the back
Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat
I tried to get away but I couldn’t get far
Cause a man with a tow truck repossessed my car

Don’t push me cause I’m close to the edge
I’m trying not to lose my head
It’s like a jungle sometimes
It makes me wonder how I keep from going under
Grandmaster Flash, “The Message”

That street was like a dismal gash, endless, with us at the bottom of it filling it from side to side, advancing from sorrow to sorrow, toward an end that is never in sight, the end of all the streets in the world.

There were no cars or carriages, only people and more people.
Céline, p. 554.

I never saw a child anywhere on the Bowery, which must have been an indication of something.

Abbott, “Bowery,” p. 83.

The dark and infamous “Lung Block” stood as late as 1933. Of one of its buildings, known as the “Ink Pot,” Ernest Poole wrote: “Rooms here have held death ready and waiting for years. Upon the third floor,

looking down into the court, is a room with two little closets behind it. In one of these a blind Scotchman slept and took the Plague in '94. His wife and his fifteen-year-old son both drank, and the home grew as squalid as the tenement itself. He died in the hospital. Only a few months later the Plague fastened again. Slowly his little daughter grew used to the fever, the coughing, the long sleepless nights... At last she, too died. The mother and son then moved away. But in this room the germs lived on... they can live tow years in darkness. Then one year later, in October, a Jew rented this same room. He was taken ill and died in the summer. The room was rented again in the Autumn by a German and his wife. She had the Plague already, and died. Then an Irish family came in. The father was a hard, steady worker... But six months later he took the Plague. He died in 1901. This is only the record of one room in seven years."

Federal Writers, pp. 425-6.

But the city for me, in my time, has been flecked with these shadows of disaster in the guise of decayed mortals who stared at me out of hollow eyes in the midst of the utmost gayety. You turn a corner laughing amid scenes of enthusiasm and activity, perhaps, and here comes despair along, hooded and hollow-eyed, accusing you of undue levity. You dine at your table, serene in your moderate prosperity, and in looks wan, thin-lipped, and pale, asking how can you eat when she is as she is. You feel the health and vigor of your body, warmly clad, and lo, here comes illness or weakness, thin and pining, and with cough or sigh or halting step, cries: "See how I suffer—and you—you have health!" Weakness confronts strength, poverty wealth, health sickness, courage cowardice, fortune the very depths of misfortune, and they know each other not—or defy each other. Of a truth, they either despise or fear, the one the other.

Dreiser, p. 167.

I remember seeing once, in the rush of the Christmas trade in New York City a few years ago, a score of these decidedly shabby and broken brethren carrying signs for the edification, allurements and information of the Christmas trade. They were strung out along Sixth Avenue from Twenty-third to Fourteenth Streets, and the messages which their billboards carried were various. I noticed that in the budding gayety of the time these men were practically hopeless, dull and gray. The air was fairly crackling with the suggestion of interest and happiness for some. People were hurrying hither and thither, eager about their purchases. There were great van-loads of toys and fineries constantly being moved and transferred. Life seemed to say: "This is the season of gifts and affection," but obviously meant nothing to these men.

Ibid., p. 264.

You should have seen that Brooklyn Broadway! Instead of sky, above us thundered the elevated subway. The pavement was pitted with such potholes that if a wheel had done down into one of them it would have stayed there forever. Lots of slums, with boarded-up windows, alternated with blocks of burned-out buildings.

Lobos, p. 166.

He used to panhandle on the corner. Sometimes I take the train myself. I'd give him a quarter. A year before he was a company vice president down on Wall Street. But deep down in the back of his eyes you could see that he was from Michigan, just a poor lost kid in the big city.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Lonely dignified ragpickers from Hudson Street supping soup without a word to anybody, with black fingers, woe.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 109.

The scene is the side door of a bakery, once located at Ninth Street and Broadway, and now moved to Tenth and Broadway, the line extending toward the west and Fifth Avenue, where it was formerly to the east and Fourth Avenue. It is composed of the usual shabby figures, men of all ages, from fifteen or younger to seventy. The line is not allowed to form before eleven o'clock, and at this hour perhaps a single figure will shamle around the corner and halt on the edge of the sidewalk. Then others, for though they appear to come slowly, some dubiously, they all arrive one at a time. Haste is seldom manifest in the approach. Figures appear from every direction, limping slowly, slouching stupidly, or standing with assumed or real indifference, until the end of the line is reached when they take their places and wait.

Dreiser, p. 130.

I'm in a cold wet city that is gasping for water in the worst way in its history and yet water makes some people miserable, the ones huddled in the barely recessed doors around City Hall under wet sleeping bags. It recently became illegal to be homeless in this area after the civic center and stock exchange and department stores close up at night.

Wojnarowicz, p. 243.

Panning down to the sidewalk there's an ugly old homeless bag lady holding a whip and she cracks it at the pigeons who ignore it as they continue to peck and fight hungrily over the remains of the hot dogs and the police car disappears into an underground parking lot.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 5.

When the curtain of night rises on Riverside and reveals Grant's Tomb in misty vagueness at the end of a green vista, the site is rarely for those who sleep in the expensive caravansaries along the Drive, and most often for the sleepers on the benches. It is the men who sleep on the benches in Morningside Park that are the first to wonder at the dark front of poplars holding desperate defense against the charging line of daylight, and over the poplars the huge, squat octagon of St. John's buttressed chapels. [Timeline]

Strunsky, p. 705.

The panhandler is a telephone pole in the eyes of the law.
Blomley, p. 88.

The winter of 1948 was a harsh one for me. At night the city streets became even more deserted with only a few to be seen on 42nd Street. Shoulder lunched against the cold. I went from doorway to doorway, to restaurants and subway entrances, and along the sides of great gray stone buildings seeking shelter from the cold. I lived in cafeterias and slept in all-night movie theaters, trying to say away from the cops on their beats who were angry at being out in the cold and were looking for any excuse to pick up a man and hurry him to the nearest station house. I'd walk the underground tunnels down around Penn Station, into the station restrooms, nodding on toilet seats,

sometimes writing. I was looking to pick up someone who had money or wanted sex and was willing to pay for it, anxious only for a place to sleep and take a bath, shave, obtain clean clothing and food.

Sometimes I'd roll a stray drunk, maybe steal a suitcase, always looking for a good take and ready to make a dollar at anything so I could make it till morning and a cheap movie. I was staying awake on Benzedrine and somehow maintaining a junk habit, just managing to keep straight enough so as not to collapse completely. I only wanted a place to live or die in out of the cold; not found to be a corpse crouched in a doorway. I did want to die and felt like I was dying—could observe death feeding on me. I saw it in the pallor of my skin and the patches of oozing sores on my face; in the tiny red flecks in the whites of my eyes; in the way my skull showed through at the temples; in the smell from my crotch and from my dirty bleeding feet.

Huncke, pp. 97-98.

He abandoned soap, abandoned the seasons, lived upon the concrete tracks of lower New York as if they were the props of a stage production.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 81.

He has fallen asleep sitting on his stoop. His hands loosely hold a brown paper bag that is tightly twisted around a beer can.

Lee, p. 49.

An image of yourself curled up on the sidewalk next to a heat vent with the other bums.

McInerney, p. 89.

At Sheridan Square a ragged figure is tearing posters off the utility poles. He claws at the paper with his fingernails and then stomps it under his feet.

Ibid., p. 160.

By the time you reach Canal Street, you think that you will never make it home. You look for taxis. A bum is sleeping under the awning of a shuttered shop. As you pass he raises his head and says, "God bless you and forgive your sins." You wait for the cadge but it doesn't come. You wish he hadn't said anything.

Ibid., p. 180.

A typical airshaft. As usual, it is closed at both ends. It is two feet ten inches wide, forty-eight feet long, and seventy-two feet high. Forty-two windows open upon it, the sole source of light and air to the rooms... The baby's bathtub is hung outside of the window because the room are so small that there is no place to keep it inside. The shaft is only a little wider than the tub... The sunlight seldom penetrates below the fifth floor in these shafts. There is never a circulation of air.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 424.

Plaster constantly sifts down in all the rooms of the place... I feel cold inside as I think of the next tomorrow.

Reay, p. 269.

Others like her are being pushed and jostled the whole length of this crowded section. They are being nudged and admired as well as sought and schemed for. Whatever affections or attachments they have

will be manifesting themselves to-night, as may be seen by the little expenditures they themselves are making. A goldfish of transparent paste or a half pound of candy, a cheap gold-plated stickpin, brooch or ring, or a handkerchief, collar or necktie bought of one of the many pushcart men, tell the story plainly enough. Sympathy, love, affection and passion are running their errant ways among this vast unspoken horde no less than among the more pretentious and well-remembered of the world.

And the homes to which they are hurrying, the places which are dignified by that title, but which here should have another name! Thousands upon thousands of them are turning into entry ways, the gloom or dirtiness or poverty of which should bar them from the steps of any human being. Up the dark stairways they are pouring into tier upon tier of human hives, in some instances not less than seven stories high and, of course, without an elevator, and by grimy landings they are sorted out and at last distributed each into his own cranny. Small, dark one-, two- and three-room apartments, where yet on this Christmas evening, one, and sometimes three, four and five are still at work sewing pants, making flowers, curling feathers, or doing any other of a hundred tenement tasks to help out the income supplied by the one or two who work out. Miserable one-and two-room spaces where ignorance and poverty and sickness, rather than greed or immorality, have made veritable pens out of what would ordinarily be bad enough. Many hundreds or thousands of others there are where thrift and shrewdness are making the best of very unfortunate conditions, and a hundred or two where actual abundance prevails. These are the homes. Let us enter.

Dreiser, p. 280.

Eleventh Avenue is dirty and desolate... On the west side of the avenue and lining the cross streets are machine sops, gas tanks, abattoirs, breweries, warehouses, piano factories, and coal and lumber yards whose barges cluster around the nearby piers. Sixty years ago this avenue, in contrast to the fair farm land upon which the rest of the district grew up, was a stretch of barren and rocky shore, ending in the flat unhealthy desolation of the Great Kill Swamp. Land in such a deserted neighborhood was cheap and little sought for, and permission to use it was reality given to the Hudson River Railroad. Today the franchise, still continued under its old conditions, is an anomaly. All day and night, to and from the Central's yard at Thirtieth Street, long freight trains pass hourly through the heterogeneous mass of trucks, pedestrians, and playing children; and though they now go slowly and a flagman stands at every corner, "Death Avenue" undoubtedly deserves its name. [Nature]

Goldmark, p. 4.

No, it is terrible to be poor in New York.
Ford, *America*, p. 181.

s - Unrest

Anger was the real zeitgeist in New York. Everyone was angry.
Schmitz, pp. 270-1.

The streets
reverberating, empty
are rivers of darkness
pouring into the sea
and the sky
threadbare
is the new
flag
that flares
over the city.
Arce, p. 24.

If there was a production of the city, and social relations it is a production and reproduction of human beings by human beings, rather than the production of objects. The city has a history; it is the work of the history, that is, of clearly defined people and groups to accomplish this oeuvre, in historical conditions.

Lefebvre, *Cities*, p. 101.

Gigantic chaos.
Reitano, p. 131.

Full of subtle, and not-so-subtle, acts of brutality.
Amin, p. 105.

Ethnic foment in NYC: Not a whirlpool but a perpetual thunderstorm.
Reitano, p. 131.

The unguarded back is as primitive an invitation as a bared throat.
Bladford, p. 156.

A social collage where the conjoining glue is mainly the knife and mutual exploitation and hatred.
Conrad, p. 307.

Army tanks crack Fifth Avenue's manhole covers. Now tanks and canons must detour around them.
Berger, *New York*, p. 10.

The great city is thoroughly fed up with soldiers unless they are nicely massed into pretty formations.
Conrad, p. 194.

The Dewey Arch at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth street, erected in 1899 was aligned with the Washington Arch, thus converting the lower stretch of Fifth Avenue into a "triumphal" thoroughfare of a type frequently found in Europe.
Black, N. pag.

Riots, vandalism of seats and throwing of debris became forms of reaction to unpopular fight decisions.
Talbot, p. 58.

For many generations New York had taken no heed of war, save as a thing that happened far away, that affected prices and supplied the newspapers with exciting headlines and pictures. The New Yorkers felt that war in their own land was an impossible thing... They saw war as they saw history, through an iridescent mist, deodorized, scented indeed, with all its essential cruelties tactfully hidden away. They cheered the flag by habit and tradition, they despised other nations, and whenever there was an international difficulty they were intensely patriotic, that is to say, they were ardently against any native politician who did not say, threaten, and do harsh and uncompromising things to the antagonist people.

Wells, pp. 181-2.

Wall St. Bombing

Before the Wall Street bombing, flyers were found in a nearby mailbox with hand-stamped red lettering reading:

REMEMBER
WE WILL NOT TOLERATE
ANY LONGER
FREE THE POLITICAL
PRISONERS OR IT WILL BE
SURE DEATH FOR ALL OF YOU.
AMERICAN ANARCHIST FIGHTERS

Greenburg, p. 9.

You have shown no pity to us! We will do likewise. We will dynamite you! — Anarchist warning, 1919.

Davis, Buda, p. 1.

On a warm September day in 1920, a few months after the arrest of his comrades Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti ("the best friends I have in America"), a vengeful Italian immigrant anarchist named Mario Buda parked his horse-drawn wagon near the corner of Wall and Broad streets, next to the new federal Assay Office and directly across from J.P. Morgan and Company. The Morgan partners, including the great Thomas Lamont and Dwight Morrow (Charles Lindbergh's future father-in-law), were discussing weighty financial matters in a lower-floor conference room. Perhaps Buda tipped his cap in the direction of the unsuspecting robber barons before he nonchalantly climbed down and disappeared unnoticed into the lunchtime crowd. A few blocks away, a startled letter-carrier found strange, crudely printed leaflets warning: "Free the Political Prisoners or it Will Be Sure Death for All of You!" They were signed: "American Anarchist Fighters."

Buda, aka "Mike Boda," was a veteran supporter of Luigi Galleani, anarchist theorist and editor of *Cronaca Sovversiva* ("Subversive Chronicle") which the Department of Justice in 1918 had condemned as "the most dangerous newspaper in this country." The Galleanisti (probably never more than 50 or 60 hardcore activists) were chief suspects in various dynamite plots, including the notorious Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco in 1916 (for which union organizers Tom Mooney and Warren Billings were framed) and the letter bombs sent to prominent members of the Wilson administration as well as J.P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller in June 1919. The *Cronaca Sovversiva*

reading circles that met in the shadows of Paterson silk factories and Youngstown steel mills—not unlike certain contemporary Quran study groups in gritty neighborhoods of Brooklyn and south London—were lightning rods for immigrant alienation; an alienation that grew into rage in the face of wartime anti-foreign hysteria, which resulted in the so-called Palmer Raids in 1919 against radicals of all denominations. When Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer signed Galleani's deportation order in February 1919, anonymous flyers appeared in New England factories promising to "annihilate" the deporters "in blood and fire."

As Buda, who had appointed himself the avenging angel of the imprisoned and deported anarchists, made his escape from Wall Street, the bells of nearby Trinity Church began to toll noon. Before they had stopped, the wagon packed with high explosive (probably blasting gelatin stolen from a tunnel construction site) and iron slugs erupted in a huge ball of fire, leaving a large crater in Wall Street. Windows exploded in the faces of office workers, pedestrians were mowed down by metal shrapnel or scythed by shards of glass, building awnings and parked cars caught fire, and a suffocating cloud of smoke and debris enshrouded Wall Street. Skyscrapers quickly emptied. Panicked crowds fled past crumpled bodies on the sidewalks, some of them writhing in agony. On the treeless street, green leaves bearing presidents' portraits—some of the estimated \$80,000 in cash abandoned by terrified or wounded bank messengers—fluttered with each choking gust of wind and ash. No one knew whether more explosions would follow, and frightened authorities suspended trading at the Stock Exchange for the first time in history.

An attack on Wall Street, of course, was immediately construed as a national emergency. One hundred regular soldiers, rifles loaded and bayonets fixed, were sent quickly from Governor's Island to guard the badly damaged Assay Office and adjacent Sub treasury, while America's chief sleuth, William Flynn, the head of the (federal) Bureau of Investigation, was dispatched from Washington on the first available train. Over the next few days, the NYPD's Detective Bureau assembled the grotesque remains of an "infernal machine": a horse's head, some severed hoofs, and the twisted metal of a wagon axle. Anarchists, the IWW, and the new-fangled Bolsheviki all automatically became suspect and the *New York Times* soon screamed "Red Plot Seen in Blast." While police and federal investigators focused on 'celebrity' Reds such as labor-organizer Carlo Tresca, Buda quietly made his way home to Italy. (It is unknown whether other Galleanisti participated in the organization of the bombing or whether Buda was an astonishing one-man show.)

Meanwhile, the coroner was counting 40 dead (some mangled beyond recognition), with more than 200 injured including Equitable Trust's president Alvin Krech and J. P. Morgan Jr's son Junius. Joseph P. Kennedy, walking in the street, was badly shaken but unharmed. Buda was undoubtedly disappointed when he learned that "Jack" Morgan himself was away in Scotland at his hunting lodge, and that his partners Lamont and Morrow were unscathed. Nonetheless, a poor immigrant with some stolen dynamite, a pile of scrap metal, and an old horse had managed to bring unprecedented terror to the inner sanctum of American capitalism.

Ibid., pp. 1-3.

Thirty of the noonday crowd were killed and one hundred wounded. Scars of the explosion are still visible on near-by buildings. Occurring during a period of anti-radical hysteria, the disaster was said by some to have been a protest dynamiting of this important

financial corner. Others held that the wagon had belonged to an explosives company and had been using a prohibited route when its load of dynamite was accidentally discharged. Neither theory was ever proved.

WPA Guide, p. 88.

Some said the Wall Street blast gave off a bluish white glare. Others described it as a white ball of fire emitting acrid yellow flames that changed color, spat tongues of green flame, and soared skyward in a pillar of thick brown smoke. Higher and higher soared the smoke, darkening from brown to black and flattening mushroom-like above the nearby skyscrapers.

Ellis, p. 516.

The philosophy of survival acquired by the hardened inmates of New York who, unconsciously, where ever they be, seem to be preparing themselves for that inevitable shock, never long and coming: it may be a Wall Street explosion, a mere fire at a subway, filled with smoke, screens, and terror, or a cast-iron manhole lid hurtling into the ether.

Reisenberg, p. 77.

The roar of the explosion bounced from building to building like a cannonball rolling free in the hold of a foundering ship.

Ellis, p. 516.

Like the eye of a hurricane, an ominous hush followed the first roar. Then people screamed.

Ibid., p. 516.

Iron fragments zinged through the air. They gashed pedestrian's arms and smashed legs and crushed skulls. The shower of metal was followed by a shower of glass, cascading onto the pavement. The blast knocked out windowpanes within a half-mile radius. A man walking along John Street, five blocks north, was felled by a four-inch length of pipe crashing on the base of his neck. Fatally stricken girls stiffened, sagged, and slumped to the pavement. Blood seeped from them and spread fanlike over the concrete. Up from the street leaped a fountain of flame that clawed the facades of buildings on both sides of Wall Street. Desks caught fire. Office workers suddenly found their hair flaming torches. People in offices as high the sixth floor were badly burned.

Ibid., p. 516.

Human bodies will all at last be torn apart by the city's stresses. Conrad, p. 308.

On June 10, 1910, J..J. Gallagher, a disgruntled dock worker, attempted to assassinate William Jay Gaynor, New York's mayor, as he boarded a German ocean liner in Hoboken, for a planned trip to Europe. Gallagher shot him through the neck. Gaynor survived, but the bullet stayed in his throat, slowly robbing him of the ability to speak. He died just a few days later on his trip to Europe—one that was meant to let him rest and get stronger. He became the second mayor of New York to die in office.

DeArment, p. 124.

On October 3, 1914, a bomb exploded in St. Patrick's Cathedral. On November 11, the anniversary of the Haymarket executions, the Bronx Courthouse was bombed.

Fronc, p. 145.

In the early morning hours of Sunday, July 30, 1916, a massive explosion shattered thousands of windows throughout Lower Manhattan, and some as far north as Times Square. The rumble was felt as close as Jersey City and as far away as Philadelphia. Millions of tons of war materials and explosives, stored on Black Tom Island in New York harbor, exploded. Investigators initially blamed spontaneous combustion; the search, however, conducted in large measure by the New York City Police Department's bomb squad, eventually zeroed in on Michael Kristoff, a citizen of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Ibid., pp. 145-6.

1933: a tear gas bomb is dropped into the ventilating system of the New York Stock Exchange.

WPA Guide, p. 84.

Communism, Old Left

Radio station WEVD, founded in 1927 as a memorial to Socialist leader, Eugene V. Debs.

Federal Writers, p. 298.

The Daily Worker, official organ of the Communist Party of the United States, occupies an important place among New York's labor newspapers. Many well-informed persons outside the labor movement now find it necessary or desirable to supplement their reading of the regulation newspapers with a perusal of the *Daily Worker* in order to obtain a balanced and comprehensive view of current affairs. [Media]

Ibid., p. 308.

Children were devoted newspaper readers, including the Communist *Daily Worker*.

Freeman, p. 55.

The real-life Mafia connections of Teamsters Union President Jimmy Hoffa, and the cinematic portrayal of longshoremen's union corruption by the Mafia in the movie adaptation of Budd Schulberg's novel *On The Waterfront*, helped bring this aspect of organized crime most sharply into the public consciousness. In an era when private-sector labor unions enrolled many more Americans than they do now, and America's obsessive fear of illegal drugs had not yet taken hold, people cared more about the corruption of unions than they did about gangsters merely killing gangsters, or supplying prostitution or gambling opportunities to those who wanted them.

Ibid., 118.

Some Bowery Men were Wobblies who organized as they roamed, who talked and fought for the world of 'one big union' with no bosses or cops, the world of the "big rock-candy mountain."

Bendiner, pp. 83-4.

I remember down-and-out parties of cheese and crackers, and jug wine. At one such gathering I was asked, quite seriously, if I was a

Stalinist or a Trotskyite. I guessed right and claimed allegiance to the Trotsky camp.

Lesueur, N. pag.

And in a grim and industrial loft on the Bowery, Anarchist Club meetings were held on Saturday afternoons; they were solemn, earnest, somehow touching to me—it was as though its downtrodden members believed that their utopian flights of fancy may someday materialize.

Ibid.

Fitzgerald dated the beginning of this "most expensive orgy in history" from the May Day riots in 1919, when the police charged demonstrators in Madison Square; its end was the stock-market crash of October 1929.

Conrad, pp. 193-4.

"May Day" begins by disestablishing New York as a place of work and consecrating the city to pleasure. Provincial capitalists gather there "to buy for their women furs . . . and bags of golden mesh and varicolored slippers." Those who can't afford such trinkets dream of them: working girls spend their lunch hours window-shopping on Fifth Avenue, fancying themselves the purchasers of jewelry, feather fans, silk gowns, and strings of pearls. A floral triumph greets the troops returning from the war. Merchants and clerks forget "their bickerings and figurings" to watch the parade. As well as this welcome to the carousing troops, the city houses other festivities—a fraternity dance at Delmonico's or the sordid revels at which Gordon Sterrett meets Jewel Hudson (who'd made a career for herself out of showing a good time to the soldiers back from France). Political outrage, when the mob besieges the offices of a left-wing paper, is, like pleasure, fueled by drink.

Ibid., p. 194.

Machine guns mounted on the roof of S. Klein on Union Square and pointed into the crowd of 5,000 for the demonstration of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. [Commodity] [Department Store]

WPA Guide, p. 199.

Alfred Kazin described a typical night at Union Square this way: "The place boiling as usual, with crowds lined up at the frankfurter stands and gawking at the fur models who in a lighted corner window perched above the square walked round and round like burlesque queens... There was always a crowd in Union Square; the place itself felt like a crowd through which you had to keep pushing to get anywhere." Often Gorky and de Kooning, after a late night spent talking about painting, would stroll through the square and observe the scene—what Kazin described as an "eternally milling circle of radicals in argument."

Stevens & Swan, pp. 111-2.

As they dived back into the massed throng in the Square, a Soviet flag was run up on a flagpole over the Stars and Stripes. Police told the Communists to reverse the sequence, declaring that no one would be allowed to speak until Old Glory fluttered over the Soviet banner.

Ellis, p. 538.

1930 Union Square Communist riot: 35,000 gather for jobs and housing. Police brutality ensued. The Communists were pleased. To them,

the riot was "a great success" because it showed how oppressive capitalist governments really were.

Reitano, p. 143.

An array of leftist rallies held at Madison Square Garden in the 1940s.

Freeman, p. 55.

The Communist Party was active in Harlem where a major rent strike was waged in 1934.

Reitano, p. 143.

Forty thousand people came out on May 1, 1946 to support the first May Day parade since before Pearl Harbor. It took the marchers four hours to enter Union Square.

Freeman, p. 56.

At the end of World War II, in the New York-area CIO the Communists and their allies dominated the leadership of the UE, TWU, NMU, Furriers, American Communications Association, UOPWA, UPW, Shoe Workers, and Furniture Workers, and controlled Local 65 and most of the department store locals of the RWDSU. In the AFL they led locals of bakers, building service workers, and jewelry workers, the painters union district council, and Local 6 of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees (which had well over twenty thousand members). Also some leaders of the unaffiliated International Association of Machinists worked with the Communists.

Ibid., pp. 60-1.

The Meat Cutters began to "decommunize" the Furriers.

Ibid., p. 89.

The motley rabble of soldiers, marines, and hangers-on which hunts the Bolsheviks down Sixth Avenue is ironically called a "procession."

Conrad, p. 194.

The Communist Party still had their offices on the eighth floor of 33 Union Square West in 1967-1968 when Andy Warhol moved his Factory to the building. The Factory was on the sixth floor, where Warhol was shot.

Pomerance, p. 159

In 1913 the illuminati of the Village addressed their fellows as "Comrade," by 1927 they were more likely to go round giving each other the Fascist salute.

Irwin, p. 120.

A Moscow paper published pictures of holes dug in Broadway by repairmen, the captions declaring that the pits were caused by "bombings" and "riots."

Ellis, p. 536.

He noticed that many an idealistic socialist ceased to be a socialist as soon as he became rich. All the prophets about him became business men, and left the poor man alone.

Hapgood, p. 284.

The so called "intellectual" Jews of Canal and Grand Streets are, as a rule, very happy. They sit around and drink tea and emit large and important ideas. They react vigorously—otherwise kick—against American conditions, sometimes wisely, but always amusingly. And they enjoy it.

Ibid., p. 298.

Inside the dream factory, the torment continued. Up close, the lights in the windows were not diamonds or dollar signs but electric meters measuring the human cost of the inhuman spectacle.

Sharpe, p. 230.

The 1920s were at least as post-Marxist as anti-Marxist. Remember this was the first age of the media, of book clubs, best-sellers, and record charts, of radios and talking pictures; by the end of the decade, one in every three Americans owned a radio and record player, three out of four went to the movies at least once a week, and virtually no one was out of reach of advertising's voice. Whatever the moderns' apathy toward conventional politics, they were altogether alert to the bewildering array of cultural artifacts and phenomena that a full-blown consumer society throws into the hustling stakes of history. This was the first generation to grasp the supremacy to see that mass culture would acquire, to realize that, in the late-capitalist or consumer society America was becoming, there might not be distant classes as Marx had explicated them in his studies of early capitalism a half-century earlier; instead of a clear distinction or face-off between the oppressor and the oppressed, there might be only a handy-dandy exchange between the metropolitans termed "suckers" and "racketeers." And a consumer society, this generation sought everyone, willingly or unwittingly gets to play the "sucker" one moment and the "racketeer" the next. There are no classes in the shrewdly apolitical political vision, just people more or less deceived. Tricksters and impersonators appeared nightly as top Broadway entertainment; in mongrel Manhattan, con games were culture. [Commodity] [Media] [Technology] [Crime]

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 20.

Even among those [artists] who were not card-carrying communists, the prevailing sentiment was left-wing. According to Isamu Noguchi, artists were such pariahs in American society that they instinctively sided with anyone else perceived as an underdog. Communism had the added appeal of defining artists as workers, thus providing them the legitimacy that they sought but could not attain in American society.

Stevens & Swan, p. 111.

Labor, Work

Manhattan Island, with deep rivers all around it, seems an almost ideal scene for a great city revolution, but I doubt very much that there is any revolutionary spirit in its proletariat. Some mysterious enchantment holds its workers to their extraordinary uncomfortable life; they apparently get a vague sort of delight out of the great spectacle that they are no party of. The New York workman patronizes fellow workmen from the provinces even more heavily than the Wall Street magnate patronizes country mortgage-sharks. He is excessively proud of his citizenship in the great metropolis, through it all brings him is an upper berth in a dog kennel. Riding along the elevated on the East Side and gazing into the windows of the so-called human

habitations that stretch on either hand, I often wonder what process of reasoning impels, say, a bricklayer or a truck driver to spend his days in such vile hutches. True enough, he is paid a few dollars more a week in New York than he would receive anywhere else, but he gets little more use out of them than an honest bank teller. In almost any other large American city he would have a much better house to live in, and better food; in the smaller towns his advantage would be very considerable. Moreover, his chance of lifting himself out of slavery to some measure of economic independence and autonomy would be greater anywhere else; if it is hard for the American workman everywhere to establish a business of his own, it is triply hard in New York, where rents are killingly high and only so much capital is required to launch a business that only Jews can raise it. Nevertheless, the poor idiot hangs on to his coop, dazzled by the wealth and splendor on display all around him. His susceptibility to this lure makes me question his capacity for revolution. He is too stupid and poltroonish for it, and he has too much respect for money. It is this respect for money in the proletariat, in fact, that chiefly safeguards and buttresses capitalism in America. It is secure among us because Americans venerate it too much to attack it.

Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, p. 182.

The poor syndicalist city
scaffolded all over
with cries and hurrahing.

Workmen
are red
and yellow.
Arce, pp. 20-1.

A visitor wandering the streets of mid-twentieth-century New York would have had no trouble discerning the social centrality of its working class.

Freeman, p. xiii.

On September 24, 1945, barely three weeks after the end of World War II, the main business districts of New York City ground to a halt. For a week over a million-and-a-half workers milled around the streets or stayed home. Mail and railway express delivery halted, and federal tax collections fell by eight million dollars a day. This estimated one hundred million dollar loss to the economy stemmed from a strike by fifteen thousand elevator operators, doormen, porters, firemen, and maintenance workers employed in commercial buildings.

Ibid., p. 3.

Hundreds of thousands of blue-collar workers, executives, clerical workers, mailmen, deliverymen, and tax collectors could not or would not walk up dozens of flights of steps to reach their shops or offices.

Ibid., p. 3.

New York strikes during the year after the war included a weeklong walkout by ten thousand painters; a four-week strike by seven thousand members of the American Communications Association that disrupted telegraph communication into and out of the city; a 14-day strike against the Brooklyn-based Mergenthaler Co., the largest maker of linotype equipment in the country; and a series of trucking strikes culminating in a September 1946 walkout by twelve thousand Teamsters

that led to empty grocery store shelves and factory closings... Sprinkled among these clashes were a myriad of smaller confrontations: a strike of Times Square motion picture projectionists, a lockout of thirty Newspaper Guild members at *Billboard* magazine, a walkout by eight hundred Brooklyn and Manhattan bakers.

Ibid., p. 4.

An air of unreality hung over the city. Incidents took on a staccato, dream quality; sharply etched, touched with hysteria, cockeyed.

Ibid., pp. 5-6.

All the signs were that it would be the supreme city of the Western world, or even the world as a whole.

Ibid., p. 7.

In a city where the largest, most advanced warships and passenger liners in the world regularly docked, fish still got delivered to the Fulton Fish Market in sail-powered boats. In a city where sophisticated defense electronics got designed and built, St. Patrick's Cathedral and Bellevue Hospital still operated on DC current. In a city where preliminary work for atomic fission had been done, potbellied stoves were being sold for home heating, and ice blocks were delivered for home refrigeration.

Ibid., p. 7.

A visitor to Manhattan seeing the tall office buildings dwarfing all other structures, and passing no huge steel mills with blast furnaces belching fire and smoke as in Chicago or Pittsburgh, or giant automobile factories as in Detroit, or long cotton mills as in New England or the South, might easily conclude that New York was mainly a region of white-collar workers supported by wholesale trade and banking.

Ibid., p. 8.

New York was a non-Fordist city during the age of Ford.

Ibid., p. 15.

To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two-week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of the next fella.

Ibid., p. 19.

The images of the emergence of mass society in New York were not of workers on an assembly line but of rows and rows of clerical workers engaged in seemingly mindless, interchangeable, soul-deadening labor.

Ibid., p. 21.

In the 1940s it was almost impossible to look out of a skyscraper window and not see men engaged in physical labor, be it pushing racks of clothes in the garment district, floating railroad cars across the harbor, or maneuvering trucks full of printed material, toys, or machine tools through the congested streets of Manhattan. When financiers and lawyers and marketing men left their offices they rubbed shoulders in the streets and subways with the secretaries and clerks and elevator operators with whom they shared their buildings and the

furriers and typographers and waitresses and warehousemen who worked nearby.

Ibid., pp. 21-2.

Even in these gloomy ravines of sweaty armpits pushing trolleys of pink and blue dresses through this dingy garment district.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Just blocks from Wall Street, where paper symbols of property-securities, bonds, and commodity futures-were traded, there were wholesale markets for butter, eggs, cheese, tea, coffee, and spices where not just the ownership of those goods but the goods themselves were exchanged. As the postwar era dawned, the sounds of tugboats and the smell of freshly-roasted coffee beans still penetrated the corridors where bankers and businessmen accumulated money and power on a scale unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

Freeman, p. 22.

In some respects the Kramdens and Nortons were distinctly New Yorkers. Where else did neighbors visit one another via the fire escape?

Ibid., p. 23.

A secret route, a private connection between two floors and two souls. The fire escape is theirs; others use the building's staircase. Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 211.

The roster of New York unions has a Whitmanesque quality to it: there are four locals of Airline Dispatchers; eleven of Barbers and Beauty Culturists; eleven of Boilermakers; forty-two of Carpenters; one of Commercial Artists and three of Coopers; one each of Dental Technicians, Diamond Workers, Firemen, Foremen, and Funeral Chauffeurs; thirty-eight of Hod Carriers, Building and Common Laborers (including the Hose Wreckers and the Curb Setters); twenty-five of Machinists; fifty-three of Railway and Steamship Clerks; one each of Screen Publicists, Seltzer Water Workers, Sightseeing Guides, and Theater Ushers; six of Upholsterers; and one of Vending Machine Service Workers.

Freeman, p. 35.

When members of the International Association of Machinists voted to strike against the E.W. Bliss Projectile Company in Brooklyn at the end of April 1911, every union member wand all but one non-union worker joined the walkout. The issue was the company's refusal to adopt the eight-hour workday. The lone holdout was Harry Gorrie, a thirty-years old machinist who lived not far from the Bliss plant on 53rd Street. Gorrie's decision enraged his fellow workers. For several days the strikers merely argued with him, but after about a week he was surrounded by a jeering, threatening mob, on his walks to and from work. He sought and was granted police protection.

By May 10, Gorrie's slow treks from his home to the factory and back, accompanied by mounted police and patrolmen, attracted crowds of men and women who pelted the group with bits of street rubble and refuse. Gorrie seemed nonplussed as he walked along, calmly smoking a pipe and occasionally chatting with the patrolmen by his side, which naturally further inflamed the crowd. The air was thick with hurled projectiles and invective.

Carlebach, p. 5.

The city is peculiarly constructed to absorb almost anything that comes along without inflicting the event on its inhabitants; so that every event is, in a sense, optional, and the inhabitant is in the happy position of being able to choose his spectacle and so conserve his soul.

White, Here, p. 22.

Kipling in 1892: "We lingered in New York till the city felt so homelike that it seemed wrong to leave it. And further, the more we studied it, the more grotesquely bad it grew—bad in its paving, bad in its streets, bad in its street-police."

Javits, p. 111.

A woman in a fur coat lying on the sidewalk, daring the police to attack her.

Freeman, p. 51.

Burly, white-capped sailors battling policemen before an audience of hundreds.

Ibid., p. 51.

Police wagons inching their way forward through crowds of financial workers trying to get to work.

Ibid., p. 51.

Co-op City was the Vietnam of the nonprofit cooperative housing movement.

Ibid., p. 119.

The move in the 1950s from manual unloading of ships to containerization: "Clean it may be, interesting it isn't," said one longshoreman.

Ibid., p. 164.

When ships began docking at New Jersey piers far from Manhattan, and staying only a day instead of the better part of a week, many sailors stopped going into the city at all, depriving it of a presence that went back to colonial days. The ships chandlers, rope works, and saloons that had lined the shores of Brooklyn and Manhattan since the days of Melville disappeared.

Ibid., p. 164.

An I. M. Pei-designed convention center, a palace of meeting and selling filled with men and women in smart suits, replaced what had been a major freight handling center, where longshoremen, teamsters, and railroad men held sway.

Ibid., p. 293.

Almost completely missing were ordinary working people.

Ibid., p. 304.

On September 7, 1981, some 200,000 New Yorkers marched in the city's first Labor Day parade in thirteen years. Four thousand air traffic controllers led a seven-hour procession up Fifth Avenue.

Ibid., p. 306.

On June 30, 1998, 40,000 construction workers, protesting the use of a non-union firm to build a subway communications center, blocked Madison Avenue... To many mid-town regulars, the construction workers seemed an alien presence. A *New York* magazine editor, commissioning an article about the demonstration, described them as "an invading army," an odd description for a group which probably had a higher proportion of native New Yorkers and in-city residents than the advertising, media, and corporate executives working along Madison Avenue whose lives they momentarily disrupted. A full-page article in the *New York Post*, headlined "Hunk Heaven," treated the protesters as sexual exotica. "In a neighborhood dominated by men in suits who usually confine themselves to loosening their tie at the end of the day," the paper commented, "the sight of guys ripping off wet muscle shirts or stuffing flannel shirts in torn jean pockets was something of a revelation."

Ibid., p. 326.

The white light of new money, radiating from Wall Street, made other economic groupings look pale, difficult to discern. New York financiers did not have to have any relationship with working-class New York to exert economic and political power. Economically, they depended on global markets, not local production. Politically, their national influence rested not, as in the past, on political parties or coalitions that required attention to the interests of varied bases, but on direct ties to the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Bank.

Ibid., p. 328.

When World War II ended, New Yorkers took for granted the sight of manual workers and labor protests in the heaven if they opposed what labor stood for and how it acted. By the late 1990s, many Manhattanites were startled by the mere presence of protesting workers.

Ibid., p. 336.

By the 1990s, the tenor and trajectory of New York increasingly derived from its position as a global city connected to markets and tastemakers throughout the world, while its own toiling majority receded into the background.

Ibid., p. xiii.

I am returning one day from a serious inspection of the small stores and shops of the neighborhood. As I near my door I am preceded up the street by three grimly coal-heavers, evidently returning from work in an immense coal-yard in Eleventh Avenue.

Dreiser, p. 189.

The street, with its mass of life, lingers in this condition until six o'clock, when the great shops and factories turn loose their horde of workers. Then into the glare of these electric-lighted streets the army of shop girls and boys begins to pour. Here is a spectacle interesting and provocative of thought at all seasons, but trebly so on this particular evening. It is a shabby throng at best, commonplace in garb and physical appearance, but rich in the qualities of youth and enthusiasm, than which the world holds nothing more valuable.

Ibid., p. 278.

Office workers were darting into delicatessens to pick up groceries or prepared foods for their suppers before returning to the tall

characterless white-brick apartment buildings where they occupy a room or two.

Brook, p. 4.

The dark, oppressive underworld that supported these towers was to be found not so much in their basements as in grimy industrial town across the United States, where ten and twelve hour days of toil sustained the extravagance of a Chrysler Building or a Rockefeller Center.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 107.

Uprising of the 20,000 in September 1909; precursor to Triangle Shirtwaist fire.

Reitano, p. 122.

In the wake of the Triangle fire, angry cries were heard to blow up City Hall.

Ibid., p. 123.

On one block I see the windows through which scores of young women once leapt to their deaths, fire driving them from factory floor to the cool of the open air; their hair held in place with ribbons of flame as they fell. I knew their names: *Jennie, Rose, Essie, Annie*... How quiet this place seems now, the screams of that hour followed by years of silence. College students run by without thinking. Sometimes, someone else who remembers places white roses on the sidewalk.

Brooks, p. 5.

Small girls jumping out windows from the Triangle Waist Factory. "Life nets? What good were life nets? The little ones went right through the life nets and the pavement, too. Nobody could hold a life net when those girls from the ninth floor came down." A trio of girls landed on one net, it broke, and the firemen holding its edges were jerked in on the mangled bodies. The sky seemed to rain flesh. Spectators winced at the sound of bodies hitting the ground. Now fire trucks dared not move closer for fear of running over the dying. People standing on the sidewalk twisted damp fingers together as they watched the death of a pair of lovers. Suddenly silhouetted against the glare in a ninth-story window stood a man and girl. Their clothing was stitched with flames. They kissed. Then, entwining their arms about each other, they stepped into eternity. [Apocalypse]

Ellis, p. 492.

"The screams were getting worse. I looked up and saw the whole elevator shaft getting red with fire... It was horrible. They kept coming down from the flaming floors above. Some of their clothing was burning as they fell. I could see streaks of fire coming down like flaming rockets."

Drehle, p. 154.

One girl tried to keep her body upright. Until the very instance she touched the sidewalk, she was trying to balance herself.

Ibid., p. 157.

When two young women jumped together, they tore the life net like "a dog jumping through a paper hoop." Before the firemen could move the ruined device, another girl's body flashed on to it.

Ibid., p. 157.

When they came down one at a time we could have helped. When they came down entwined with one another, it was impossible.

Ibid., p. 157.

When the first jumper lurched into the thin air, a net was ordered open to catch the others. They caught one girl: "She was tipped out onto the sidewalk... I lifted her up when they tipped it, and I said, 'Now, go right across the street.' She walked ten feet, but it was liken an automatic motion. Probably six feet—and dropped."

Ibid., p. 156.

An ambulance driver ran his vehicle up on the sidewalk, hoping that the jumpers might land on the roof of the ambulance and thus break their falls.

Ibid., p. 156-7.

Bodies fell with such force that at least one crashed through the glass bricks of a basement skylight set in the sidewalk.

Ibid., p. 157.

The first ten shocked me.

Ibid., p. 157.

The last body fell at 4:57 P.M. he dress snagged on a steel hook on the sixth floor. For a moment she hung there grotesquely until her clothing burned and tore away and she dropped to the sidewalk.

Ibid., p. 159.

Referring to the queue outside the morgue after the Triangle fire, an angry police officer ordered his men to purge the line of ghouls and thrill seekers. "What do they think this is," he grumbled, "the Eden Musée?" That was the city's most popular silent movie house. [Cinema] [Spectacle]

Ibid., p. 1.

Often some executives will deliberately leave scraps tottering temptingly on the edge of desks to test the charwomen's adherence to rules.

Talese, p. 35.

Up until one o'clock, typewriters chatter, jacketless people sweat, columns of figures lengthen on paper.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 49.

There is in it, in its enormity, a disproportion of effort. Too much energy, too much money.

Corbusier, p. 100.

All that money represents hours of work, work turned into noise and wind. Those sterile labors eat into the economy of the country. Those fruitless labors are the hours of daily work devoted to paying for that noise and wind. [Sound] [Air]

Ibid., p. 101.

The fabulous machinery of skyscrapers, telephones, the press, all of that is used to produce wind and to chain men to a hard destiny.

Ibid., p. 100.

Leon Trotsky: "New York, a city of capitalist automatism."
Goldenberg, p. 7.

Trotsky wanted to live in a "workers district," so he moved his family into an \$18-per-month apartment in the Bronx at 1522 Vyse Avenue, near 172nd Street, just east of Crotona Park. But in his autobiography Trotsky gave 164th Street as the location (he made no distinction between East and West).

Ibid., p. 7.

During these ten years New York raised itself into the sky; but the Soviets in Moscow denounced the skyscraper as "capitalist." A denaturing of the objects in question.

Corbusier, p. 58.

The Liberal Press at 80 Fourth Avenue. The printers were all of the anarchist-pacifist persuasion and fond of anything involving poetry and art.

Myers, p. 27.

The Algonquin Hotel has labor troubles; when waiters walk off the job at 1 o'clock as the three dining rooms are filling up with luncheon patrons, men at the Algonquin's Round Table, including playwright George S. Kaufman, don waiters' white jackets, the women (including actress Ina Claire) put on frilly aprons, and they all go to work serving lunch to the other patrons.

Trager, p. 472.

Mad Bomber

Terror in the Age of Eisenhower.
Greenburg, p. 81.

At 7:55 on the evening of December 2, 1956, as the epic narrative of *War and Peace* begins to unfold on the screen of Brooklyn's Paramount Theater, there is no mistaking the sudden and violent explosion that rips through the rear of the auditorium for anything remotely connected to the evening's movie presentation. In a blinding moment of fierce light, smoke, and fire, a powerful device has detonated at precisely the moment determined by a simple timing mechanism within. Panic begins to envelop the room, and, as *War and Peace* continues without pause, patrons begin rushing for the exits.

Ibid., p. xi.

Shortly after noon on November 18, 1940, an employee of the Consolidated Edison Company, in one of a maze of Con Ed buildings located within the West Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Street city blocks, has come across a curious sight while on break from one of his duties. A small wooden toolbox has been left on a second-story windowsill, containing a length of iron pipe about 4½ inches long, neatly capped on each side. There is a sheet of paper wrapped around the pipe that reads, "CON EDISON CROOKS. THIS IS FOR YOU. THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF POWDER BOYS." In the pipe is a Parke-Davis throat lozenge.

Ibid., pp. 1-3.

On July 4, 1940, a suitcase containing sixteen sticks of dynamite has been found at the British Pavilion of the World's Fair. While being examined on the outskirts of the fairgrounds, the container explodes, killing two bomb squad detectives and critically injuring two other police officers on the scene. Though the explosion is felt throughout the 1,260-acre park, most of the holiday throng mistakes the blast for a rather raucous feature of the patriotic celebration. [World's Fair 1939]

Ibid., p. 2.

On September 24, 1941, traffic in and around the area of Nineteenth Street between Fourth Avenue and Irving Place is disrupted by the discovery of a strange object in the roadway. Crammed into a red wool sock is a contraption similar in construction and appearance to the pipe bomb found the previous November on the Con Ed windowsill. Once again, there is an inexplicable throat lozenge included.

Ibid., p. 9.

Metesky uses throat lozenges in his bombs as timing devices. By applying varying amounts of water to a disc that has been meticulously filed down to a prescribed thickness, he can predict, with some accuracy, the time it takes for the disc to melt. A spoonful of water, for example, will disintegrate the disc in half an hour, while two to three drops will take several days. As the lozenge dissolves, it brings the fusing wires into contact, thus detonating the bomb.

Ibid., p. 41.

On March 29, 1951 at 5:25 in the afternoon, at the peak of rush hour, Metesky detonates a bomb in Grand Central outside of the Oyster Bar in the Whispering Gallery.

Ibid., pp. 39-40.

At 6:10 in the evening of April 24, 1951, Metesky's bomb in a telephone booth at the New York Public Library on Forth-second Street and Fifth Avenue goes off.

Ibid., p. 42.

On August 27, 1951 at 9pm he sets off another bomb in Grand Central, this time in a telephone booth.

Ibid., p. 43.

On November 28, 1951 a small explosion rips through several coin-operated parcel lockers on the southbound mezzanine of the IRT subway station located at Union Square on Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

Ibid., p. 40.

An explosive device found in the 15th row at the Paramount theater at Broadway and 43rd St. after a showing of Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man*, is taken from the theater in a steel mesh envelope to a waiting transport vehicle, where it is whisked, under motorcycle escort, through the streets of Manhattan to the beachfront of Fort Tilden, where the device is placed in a hole dug in the sand and detonated.

Ibid., p. 118.

In 1952, Metesky strikes three more times: once at a telephone booth in the Forty-first Street Port Authority Bus Terminal, twice at the Lexington Theater on Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue.

Ibid., p. 50.

He buys an admission ticket shortly after the theater opens in the morning, about 10:00 a.m., possibly the fiftieth patron. He has nothing in his hands, for his bomb is in one pocket of his coat and an ordinary cheap jackknife in another.

This shadowy figure sits in an empty section of the orchestra, away from other persons. In the darkness of the show, he reaches to the seat next to him, slits the bottom with his knife, and slides in both the bomb and the knife (presumably so if anything goes wrong and he is searched before he leaves the theater, the knife will not be found on him).

Then he moves to another section of the theater and watches the show. As the theater fills up, and the early customers begin to leave—and the time for the explosion draws near—the machinist gets up, tags along behind someone who is leaving, and vanishes.

Ibid., pp. 50-1.

On December 8, 1952, Metesky's second bomb at the Lexington Theater explodes and, for the first time, a patron is injured. A woman, innocently watching MGM's song and dance film production of *Everything I Have Is Yours*, is struck with shards of metal and debris that causes several deep lacerations on her feet and legs.

Ibid., p. 51.

By the start of 1953, Metesky begins to experiment with flashlight bulbs and batteries. He discontinues the use of throat lozenge discs as timing devices.

Ibid., p. 51.

The afternoon of March 10, 1953, Metesky sneaks into Radio City Music Hall. At a voluble moment of the movie presentation, *The Story of Three Loves*, when he is certain that all eyes will be fixed on the screen, he removes a pocketknife from his overcoat and rips a hole into the undercushion of the seat next to him. At an awkward slant, he reaches underneath and, with a dexterous backhanded scoop, thrusts the bomb and the knife into the gap, where he leaves both. A few moments later he is headed out of the auditorium and toward the lobby.

As Metesky reached the exit doors of the Radio City auditorium, his bomb explodes much earlier than planned. The blast—a "funny" sound—echoes off the eighty-four-foot ceilings and through the hall. "It sounded like a rocket. It went zzzzz—BANG!" recalled Metesky. Realizing what had happened and beginning to hear the harried sounds of confusion, if not panic, behind him, he rushes from the theater. As he passes through the lobby, Metesky is detained by the sudden grasp of an usher who catches hold of his arm. He freezes in near panic.

"We're sorry about this sir. We regret the inconvenience."

Eyes squinting with quizzical amazement, Metesky frees himself from the usher's grip and nervously informs him that he is fine but that he still wishes to leave. Foisting a free movie pass into his hand, the man urges him to please come back at a later date and promises that it will never happen again. As Metesky exits Radio City Music Hall, the wailing sound of police cars converging on the building has already begun. He smiles and whispers to himself, *If I come back, it'll happen again alright.*

Ibid., p. 53.

Metesky returns to Radio City Music Hall—this time with injurious results. During a 1954 preholiday viewing of Bing Crosby's *White*

Christmas, a "crude, homemade time bomb" rips through a seat cushion in row 14 of the orchestra level, sending a concussive sound through the auditorium, "as if a big electric bulb had been broken." The capacity of audience of 6,200 that has crammed into the orchestra level as well as three balconies of the theater are confused and panicked by the commotion, and four patrons receive an array of puncture wounds and contusions that require a trip to the hospital for treatment. "All seats were taken and there were a number of standees in the auditorium, while a line numbering about a thousand stretched through the lobby and into the street," wrote the *Herald Tribune*.

Ibid., pp. 57-8.

Weeks after the second Radio City bombing, thirty New York police officers and bomb squad detectives again rush to the 8th Avenue Port Authority bus terminal, where a bomb has detonated in a telephone booth, driving metal fragments and debris through a pedestrian corridor, startling throngs of weekend bus travelers. A Port Authority attendant and Navy veteran, in the process of checking the lights in the "suburban concourse" telephone booths, throws himself facedown on the ground. Upon hearing the blast, he regains his composure, rises, and contacts the authorities.

Ibid., p. 58.

A blast in the lower level men's washroom of Grand Central terminal on March 16, 1953, timed precisely for the start of the heavily traveled rush-hour, slams fragments of iron and debris into several porcelain fixtures, causing extensive damage, sending three commuters to the hospital for treatment of shock and bruises. The explosion echoes throughout the depot, causing hundreds to rush toward the sound in a "fervor of excitement," prompting the washroom attendant to complain, "My ears are still deaf."

Ibid., p. 57.

On January 11, 1955, he strikes Penn Station during the evening rush hour, blowing a 2-inch gouge into a concrete wall, sending clouds of smoke billowing from the lower-level of the terminal. As detectives cordon off the surrounding area and conduct a detailed search for fragments and additional devices, he places a telephone call to the switchboard operator of Grand Central Station, warning that a bomb has been placed in a coin-operated locker on the south side of the building and that it will detonate in 15 minutes. A frenzied team of 30 additional officers rush to the scene and conduct a painstaking search, turning up nothing.

Ibid., p. 60.

In October, a man is slightly injured as a bomb explodes in the 12th row of the Paramount theater in Times Square during an evening showing of *Blind Alley*, and in December, emergency crews disperse a large crowd of rush-hour commuters in Grand Central terminal who gather for a look after an explosion rips through the upper level in the main men's lavatory.

Ibid., p. 64.

On February 21, 1956, a 74-year-old porter named Lloyd Hill, who is working on the lower-level of Penn Station, is informed by a young man that there is a clog in the toilet in the men's washroom. Shortly before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as he applies a plunger to the

obstruction, the fixture explodes, firing shards of metal and porcelain in every direction—and into Hill's head and legs. "The whole inside of the booth was wrecked. People were running in every direction, scared. So was I," reported one witness. "The porter must've been seriously hurt. He was bleeding all over. I could see blood on his face, hands, arms and legs as police arrived."

Ibid., p. 65.

By the end of the summer 1956, Metesky strikes an IRT subway train, a telephone booth at Macy's in Herald Square, and the RCA building in Rockefeller Center. He will later admit to planting several other bombs in 1956 that apparently failed to detonate and were ultimately on accounted for—including one in the Empire State building—which, as far as anyone knows, could still be unceremoniously launched into a little noticed cranny of the 37-million cubic foot structure a half-century later. [Empire State Building]

Ibid., p. 66.

On the afternoon of August 4th, a security guard at The RCA Building stumbles upon what he thinks to be a harmless length of pipe that could be put to good use. He gives the pipe to another guard who is near the end of his shift. That guard carries the pipe with him all that evening throughout his guard duties and during the bus ride home after work. Upon arriving at his house in New Jersey, he removes from his pocket the length of pipe, puts it on the kitchen table and goes to bed. At precisely 6:00 AM, he is awakened by what he describes as a sound "like two cars coming together." Rushing into the kitchen, fighting the pungent smoke, he witnesses what his wife would later describe as "a mess... like an atomic bomb hit it."

Ibid., p. 67.

In newspapers around the city, words such as "GHOULS," "JUSTICE," "YELLOW PRESS," and "CON. EDISON CO," appear in obtrusive stories beneath headlines such as "DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS WRITING?" [Textuality]

Ibid., p. 77.

A faceless man driven by a desire to have the power of life and death over others.

Ibid., p. 77.

What this man really needs is love.

Ibid., p. 77.

The public begins to withdraw into a cocoon of fear.

Ibid., p. 80.

Train stations, bus terminals, and movie theaters, all favorite targets of the Bomber, report dramatic reductions in patronage, and a comparable drop in local retail activity marks an overall sense that people have begun to avoid the city.

Ibid., p. 80.

He seems like a ghost, but he has to be made of flesh and blood. He has been born, he has a mother and father, he eats and sleeps and walks and talks. He lives somewhere. Somewhere people know him, see his face, hear his voice... he has a name. Probably thousands of people in and around New York have had some fleeting contact with him at one time or another. He sits next to people on subways and buses. He strolls past

them on sidewalks. He rubs elbows with them in stores... he patently does exist.

Ibid., p. 90.

Beginning in early December, a flood of anonymous and malicious telephone calls forward into theaters, department stores, air terminals, office buildings, schools, newspapers, subway stations, police precincts, and even an army base. The calls are placed by a variety of deep-voiced males, harsh-sounding women, and squeaky-pitched teenagers, each informing bewildered call recipients of planted bombs and pending explosions... In the final weeks of 1956, the targets of the hoax calls and imitation pipe bombs include such locations as a crowded-to-capacity Madison Square Garden, a bustling Grand Central terminal, Yankee Stadium, the Coliseum, the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, and even the Egyptian consulate on Park Avenue.

Ibid., pp. 114-5.

The face might have be that of a successful political candidate or winner of a Nobel Prize... smiling... no, not smiling: *beaming*... He shouts cheerful greetings to the crowds who gather... Under one arm he carries a neatly wrapped brown-paper parcel containing a change of underwear. It is as though he is going on a vacation. He seems to be enjoying every minute of it.

Ibid., p. 161.

The notorious and often quoted phrase "remanded to Bellevue for observation" is decreed by New York judges more than 1,500 times each year by the late 1950s.

Ibid., 185.

Abbie Hoffman begins adopting the name "George Metesky" as a public front to his various theatrics. In August 1967, Hoffman organizes a demonstration at the New York Stock Exchange, where he and a group of others throw fistfuls of dollar bills onto the trading room floor in an effort to disrupt the flow of business and to make a comment on the futility of capitalism. When apprehended and cited for the act, Hoffman and each of his accomplices identify themselves as "George Metesky," to the puzzlement of police and Exchange security.

Hoffman offers several "how to live free in New York" handbooks and one, *Fuck The System*, is published under the Metsky pseudonym. It isn't until 1971, when Hoffman's *Steal This Book* comes out with very similar style and content, that conjecture over the authorship of the first booklet is settled.

Abbie Hoffman attempts to make contact with Metsky at Matteawan at various times in the late 1960s in an effort to identify with and take up the cause of mental health abuses. Conservative in his political views and sharing nothing in common with Hoffman's leftist antics, Metsky wants no part of the man and rebuffs his attempts at communication. "He is known as the Eisenhower of psychotics," says a lawyer who works on the Metsky case. Metsky's traditional beliefs could not have been more diametrically opposed to those of Hoffman's, and the possibility of either successfully working with the other is remote.

Ibid., pp. 241-2.

The first time you may have seen me was in the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange, hurling money on the brokers below. Of course, you didn't actually see me because no photographs of the incident exist: newsmen are not allowed to enter the sacred temple of commerce.

It all began with a simple telephone call to the Stock Exchange. I arranged for a tour, giving one of my favorite pseudonyms, George Metesky, the notorious Mad Bomber of Manhattan. Then I scraped together three hundred dollars which I changed into crispy one-dollar bills, rounded up fifteen free spirits, which in those days just took a few phone calls, and off we went to Wall Street.

We didn't call the press; at that time we really had no notion of anything called a media event... We just took our places in line with the tourists, although our manner of dress did make us a little conspicuous. ...We started clowning, kissing and hugging, and eating money... I passed out money to freaks and tourists alike, then all at once we ran to the railing and began tossing out the bills. Pandemonium. The sacred electronic ticker tape, the heartbeat of the Western world, stopped cold. Stockbrokers scrambled over the floor like worried mice, scurrying after the money. Greed had burst through the business-as-usual façade.

It lasted five minutes as most. The guards quickly ushered us out with a stern warning and the ticker tape started up again. [Media] Hoffman, *Autobiography*, pp. 100-1.

On a steamy summer morning—Aug. 24, 1967—about a dozen young men and women led by James Fourrat and Abbie Hoffman entered the visitors' entrance to the New York Stock Exchange at 20 Broad Street. (The trading floor gallery had been open to visitors since 1939.) They waited while a member of the security staff approached; the group had previously phoned the exchange and asked for a tour, but the guards became nervous about the way that some in the group were dressed.

Still, the group went up to the visitors' gallery, two stories above the busy trading floor. They snaked their way past exhibits showing the virtues of the industrial revolution and the development of modern capitalism. As they turned the corner, they encountered a horde of reporters and cameras.

This made exchange officials nervous. John Whighton, the captain of the exchange's security force, told the group that no demonstration of any kind would be tolerated. Whighton asked the group for a name, and Fourrat said: "George Metesky," and identified his group as ESSO, the East Side Service Organization (the first a reference to New York's "Mad Bomber" from the 1950s, the second to the successor to Rockefeller's Standard Oil). The guard wrote "George Metesky and friends" on a pad, and escorted the group up to the railing directly above the trading floor.

Immediately, the group of pranksters began throwing handfuls of one-dollar bills over the railing, laughing the entire time. (The exact number of bills is a matter of dispute; Hoffman later wrote that it was 300, while others said no more than 30 or 40 were thrown.)

Some of the brokers, clerks and stock runners below laughed and waved; others jeered angrily and shook their fists. The bills barely had time to land on the ground before guards began removing the group from the building, but news photos had been taken and the Stock Exchange "happening" quickly slid into iconic status.

Once outside, the activists formed a circle, holding hands and chanting "Free! Free!" At one point, Hoffman stood in the center of the circle and lit the edge of a \$5 bill while grinning madly, but an NYSE runner grabbed it from him, stamped on it, and said: "You're disgusting."

If the prank accomplished nothing else, it helped cement Hoffman's reputation as one of America's most outlandish and creative protesters. Along with Jerry Rubin and others, Hoffman had founded the Youth

International Party earlier that year, and the "Yippie" movement quickly became a prominent part of America's counterculture.

The event was not the first political assault on Wall Street, and certainly not the most violent. At noon on Sept. 16, 1920, a bomb in a horse-drawn carriage exploded near the Wall Street office of J.P. Morgan & Co., ultimately killing 38 people and wounding hundreds. Trading at the NYSE stopped for the rest of the day; although no one was ever charged with the crime, authorities suspected Italian anarchists as having been responsible.

The Yippie prank obviously had less impact. Don Charles, a photographer who shot the event for The New York Times, today has no particular recollection of the event, and says that in his mind, the Yippie demonstrations at the following year's Democratic convention in Chicago stood out more.

Still, Hoffman would later boast of his NYSE exploit: "In the minds of millions of teenagers the stock market had just crashed."

Perhaps. Although Hoffman was speaking largely of a symbolic crash, the Dow Jones industrial average did in fact finish that week down 24.97 points, at 894.07. And in 1967 the market began one of the most sustained bear periods in its history.

Of course, no one would attribute that bear market directly to the Yippies' intervention. The U.S. economy began to suffer under the weight of spending on the Vietnam War and Great Society programs, and the stock market's lackluster performance reflected that economic stagnation.

The event did appear to have one direct effect: officials moved to insure that nothing like it could occur again. Some three months later, the NYSE installed bulletproof glass panels, 1-3/16 inches thick, around the visitors' gallery, as well as a metal grillwork ceiling. An exchange spokesman told the *New York Times* at the time that it was for "reasons of security."

"The Day," N. pag.

Showering money on the Wall Street brokers was the TV-age version of driving the money changers from the temple.

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 102.

Metesky could be seen as a precursor to the 1960s militant, neo-anarchist organizations and finally, to the Unabomber.

Greenburg, p. 243.

Motherfuckers / Weather Underground

A common local political chant was, "U.S. out of the Lower East Side."

Miller, "Habitation," p. 137.

The Motherfuckers described themselves as a kind of politicized street gang, but in the media they were known only as "a group with a certain unprintable name."

McMillan, pp. 532-41.

"We are the ultimate Horror Show," read one. "Hideous Hair & Dangerous Drugs . . . Armed Love striking terror into the vacant hearts of the plastic Mother & pig-faced Father."

Ibid., pp. 532-41.

The Motherfuckers were the downright dirtiest, skuzziest, and loudest group of people I'd ever laid eyes on.
Stern, p. 22.

"They lived like gutter rats," Abbie Hoffman once recalled." Journalist Thai Jones ... quipped that although the Motherfuckers "referred to themselves as 'a street gang with analysis' . . . they seemed to emphasize the street gang part." Yippie Stewart Albert... put the difference between the Diggers and the Motherfuckers this way: "In the West Coast, there were flower children. In the East Coast, there were weed children. They just grew out of the sidewalk." [Street] [Nature]
McMillan, pp. 532-41.

In 1967, during a New York City garbage strike, they carried piles of stinking, festering trash uptown on the subway and dumped it on the steps and in the fountain of Lincoln Center. "WE PROPOSE A CULTURAL EXCHANGE," they declared in an accompanying leaflet: "garbage for garbage." (cf. "Upon learning that the Spanish Pavilion had hired some nonunion workers, the Teamsters prevented garbage collectors from picking up the pavilion's trash. The Spaniards threatened to dump the trash into the Unisphere's fountain if it was not collected, with the Teamsters saying they would then retrieve the garbage from the fountain and throw it back into the pavilion." [World's Fair 1964])
Ibid., pp. 532-41.

In 1969, the Motherfuckers cut the fences at Woodstock, helping to turn it into a free concert for hundreds of thousands.
Ibid., pp. 532-41.

Postbeat, postbiker, would-be Hells Angels with manifestos . . . deploying direct action against strategy, extravagance against tedium.
Ibid., pp. 532-41.

After Solanas shot Andy Warhol in June 1968, the Motherfuckers staged a street performance on her behalf in Washington Square Park. Morea drew up an accompanying leaflet, wherein he described Warhol as a "nonman shot by the reality of his dreams," and lionized Solanas as a "cultural assassin—a tough chick with a bop cap and a thirty-eight." "America's white plastic cathedral is ready to burn," Morea concluded. "Valerie is ours and the Sweet Assassin lives. SCUM in exile."

I put the question bluntly: How could you rationalize supporting Valerie Solanas?

"Rationalize? I didn't rationalize anything," Ben says. "I Loved Valerie and I loathed Andy Warhol, so that's all there was to it." A few seconds later he shrugs and adds, "I mean, I didn't want to shoot him." But then he doubles back again. "Andy Warhol ruined art."

Ibid., pp. 532-41.

Our idea was, if you're gonna pick up a machine gun, it shouldn't be plastic.

Ibid., pp. 532-41.

Against the vapid spaciness of "flower power" we proclaimed the need for "Armed Love." Our rhetoric was inflammatory and often violent.
Neumann, pp. 104-12.

In becoming a Motherfucker I renounced my commitment to ordered discourse, the traffic in abstractions, respect for explanations, the demand for coherence, and the subordination of impulse and emotion—all of which I thought of as characteristic of a life committed to reason. I grew fierce in my scorn for theory. I felt most alive when running in the streets with no thoughts in my head but where the cops were and how to avoid them. But my apostasy was never complete. As the Mafia don longs for respectability, as the dealer in prostitutes and drugs can be the staunchest proponent of family values, so I, the rebellious child of reason, longed for the respectable cloak of rationality and pledged allegiance to reason even as I plunged headlong into the irrational.

Ibid., pp. 141-6.

Down Fifty-ninth Street, revolutionary banners... black flags. The crowd of eight to ten thousand breaks into a mad stampede—they realize they have the streets! Fearful drivers roll up their windows. Traffic is halted on the busiest street in the city!

Hahne, pp. 37-8.

When Secretary of State Dean Rusk came to town to speak to some war hawk assemblage at the Waldorf-Astoria, we rallied at 57th Street and Seventh Avenue, ready to "bring the war home." Plastic bags filled with cow's blood flew through the night air. Tape recordings of battle sounds screamed above the crowds.

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 110.

Abbie Hoffman: "Typically American, we had no ideology."

Ibid., p. 100.

The Army recruiting center in Times Square was plastered with stickers: SEE CANADA NOW.

Ibid., p. 109

Stop signs on street corners now read STOP WAR.

Ibid., p. 109.

Hundreds crowded the lobby of the *Daily News* smoking grass and passing out leaflets to employees that began, "Dear Fellow Members of the Communist Conspiracy."

Ibid., p. 109

A tree was planted in the center of St. Marx Place while 5,000 celebrators danced to rock music.

Ibid., p. 109.

Midnight artists snuck into subway stations and painted huge murals on the walls.

Ibid., 109.

Naked people ran through churches.

Ibid., p. 109.

Panhandlers worked the streets for hours, took the change they collected to the nearest bank and scattered it on the floor.

Ibid., p. 109.

A giant yellow Submarine mysteriously kept appearing in tow-away zones.

Ibid., p. 109.

The house at 18 West 11th Street exploded on March 6, 1970 at 11:55 a.m. when it was used as a bomb factory for the Weather Underground. Three bomb makers, Theodore Gold, Diana Oughton and Terry Robbins were killed. Two others, Kathy Boudin and Cathlyn Wilkerson, escaped and remained fugitives for more than a decade. The first was the daughter of the civil liberties lawyer Leonard Boudin, the second the daughter of James P. Wilkerson, the owner of the house at No. 18.

The house... and those surrounding it, beautifully matched four-story town houses of Federal design, were built in the 1840's by Henry Brevoort Jr. and were known as the Brevoort Row. Early in the 20th century, No. 18 was owned by Charles Merrill, a founder of Merrill Lynch & Company. His son, the poet James Merrill, was born there.

In 1930, Charles Merrill sold the building to Howard Dietz, a successful Broadway lyricist and a movie executive. Merrill followed up with a note saying that he hoped the new owner would enjoy "the little house on heaven street." Dietz lived there lavishly with each of his three wives. When he gave a party, sometimes for as many as 250, all the furniture was placed in a van, which was parked on the street until the guests finished "dancing in the dark," as Dietz phrased it in his most famous song.

James Wilkerson, an advertising executive, bought the house in 1963 and moved in with his second wife, Audrey. He continued the high style of living to which the house had become accustomed. The dwelling had 10 rooms, including a double-size drawing room, a paneled library, where the owner kept his valuable collection of sculptured birds, and a sauna. He restored antique furniture in the subbasement workroom. The house still had the original mantles on its fireplaces and was filled with Hepplewhite furniture. In the garden was a fountain with a mirror behind it.

In 1964, Mr. Wilkerson celebrated his 50th birthday with a masked ball for 90 people, dancing to an orchestra until 2 a.m. Among the guests were two daughters from his first marriage, Ann and Cathy.

Gussow, N. pag.

Further down the street, Susan Wager, a neighbor, was in her kitchen. "I felt my house tremble," she said. "It was like an earthquake."

She rushed to No. 18 and saw two grime-covered young women coming out of the downstairs door. One, Cathy Wilkerson, was naked. The other, Kathy Boudin, was partly clad in jeans. The assumption was that their clothes were torn off in the blast.

Mrs. Wager took them back to her house, gave them fresh clothes and offered them the use of a shower. Then she went back into the street to see what was happening. By the time she returned home, the two women had left, one wearing Mrs. Wager's favorite boots and coat. She never saw the women again. "I thought they were in an accident," Ms. Wager said. "I never thought they could have been responsible."

By the time I arrived, the street was swarming with firemen, policemen and sightseers. Seeing the smoke pour out of No. 18, we felt that our house would also be destroyed. That afternoon, each tenant in our building was allowed to make one quick trip inside and rescue items of property. In our apartment, the walls creaked, as if a ship had been torpedoed and was about to sink beneath the sea. None of the tenants of No. 16 ever spent a night in that house again.

On the evening news, there was a picture of a red tricycle and the suggestion that a child might be missing in the explosion. It was

Ethan's tricycle. It had been in the lobby of the building and the fireman had put it outside. Our upstairs neighbor, a playwright, rescued his tax forms, a Picasso drawing and a tin of truffles. His top hat and tails, worn for openings at the opera, were never recovered.

Devastated by the explosion, the splendid house at No. 18 had been reduced to shattered walls and windows. Mr. Hoffman's living room wall had a huge hole torn in it. His desk had fallen into the rubble next door.

Ibid.

Eventually, Hugh Hardy, the architect, and Francis Mason, then an executive at Steuben Glass, bought the land. Mr. Hardy designed a startlingly modern structure. After considerable debate, the radical design was finally approved by the Landmarks Commission. The Hardys and the Masons planned to turn the new house into a two-family dwelling. But as time passed, the two couples changed their minds and put the property back on the market.

For eight years, the plot remained vacant. Then, in 1978, it was sold to David and Norma Langworthy, a wealthy Philadelphia couple. They used Mr. Hardy's design for the exterior, with a facade jutting out toward the street. They moved in the following year, and Mrs. Langworthy remained after her husband's death in 1994.

Inside, the new one-family house has two levels, with perspective-distorting angles and open spaces allowing for dramatic views. The former bomb factory is now a laundry room. Nowhere is there a hint of the building's past.

The signature touch is a Paddington bear in the jutting window. Its costume is changed according to the weather. On rainy days, Paddington wears a raincoat. During a storm, he switches to snow wear. For the first day of school, he is decked out in his schoolboy outfit. By special request, one day two bears appeared in the window dressed as a bride and groom; on cue, a neighborhood doctor fell to his knees on the sidewalk and proposed to his girlfriend.

Every March 6, people place flowers around the tree in front of the building.

Ibid.

It took nine days of collecting body parts to determine how many persons had died in the blast. Fingerprint records were required to identify the corpses of Theodore Gold, a leader of the 1968 Columbia University student protests, and Diana Oughton, the organizer of the 1969 SDS national convention.

"Weather Underground," N. pag.

The problem with the hippies was that there developed a hostility within the counterculture itself, between those who had, like, the equivalent of a trust fund versus those who had to live by their wits. It's true, for instance, that blacks were somewhat resentful of the hippies by the Summer of Love, 1967, because their perception was that these kids were drawing paisley swirls on their Sam Flax writing pads, burning incense, and taking acid, but those kids could get out of there any time they wanted to.

They could go back home. They could call their mom and say, "Get me outta here." Whereas someone who was raised in a project on Columbia Street and was hanging out on the edge of Tompkins Square Park can't escape. Those kids don't have anyplace to go. They can't go back to Great Neck, they can't go back to Connecticut. They can't go back to boarding school in Baltimore. They're trapped. [Suburbs]

McNeil, pp. 21-2.

We have marched on Wall Street (Feb. 10). We have changed it to War Street.

Hahne, p. 26.

"DIE YUPPIE SCUM" was everywhere, as was the upside-down, cocktail glass graffiti of the anarchist band Missing Foundation.

Schmitz pp. 270-1.

Anti-Semitism, Nazi

Mayor La Guardia receives a small package December 8 containing a live .22-caliber long cartridge and a note, signed with a crayoned swastika, reading, "You will get this if you continue to attack the German Nazi Party." The mayor is punched in the face and knocked down on the steps of City Hall.

Trager, p. 506.

When the mayor visits the White House to keep an appointment, President Roosevelt extends his right arm and says, "Heil Fiorello;" La Guardia, also extending his right arm, replies, "Heil, Franklin."

Ibid., 506.

City garment workers jeer at Jewish communists with shouts of "Heil, Hitler!"

Trager, p. 513.

"Restricted building" and "good building," both euphemisms for a building that does not allow Jews.

Gross, p. 10.

Did you ever notice...what a Jewy-looking thing the Singer Tower is when it's lit up?

Sharpe, p. 187.

Public interest in New York Hospital found expression in an unusual way in 1938 when more than one hundred donors of all denominations contributed a total of one thousand dollars for the removal of swastika designs from the 325-foot chimney. The ancient symbol that had been given a new significance by Chancellor Hitler's rise to power in Germany was replaced by Greek crosses.

WPA Guide, p. 248.

With "Don't buy meat" as their watchword and "Don't sell meat" as their battle-cry, the indignant housewives succeeded last week in putting out of business for the time being some 1,500 of the 2,000 Jewish butcher-shops in the greater city. Armed with milk-bottles of kerosene, bands of women and children would descend upon such shops as had the temerity to keep open, maul the proprietor, drench his stock with oil, and often, if the police did not appear in time, wreck his place. Sometimes a courageous butcher armed his family with horsewhips to repel the invaders, while others, possessed of finer generalship, met the combination of kerosene and femininity with streams of water from the hose.

"Topics," p. 798

A Jewish butcher was accused of selling meat to Italians.

"1,500," N. pag.

Police who were trying to rescue the butchers were assaulted by slabs of liver.

Reitano, p. 119.

The kosher meat riots were followed by American's most extensive episode of anti-Semitic violence. Irish factory workers threw water, wood, nails, and iron bolts from windows.

Ibid., p. 120.

Several Nazi propaganda agencies maintained headquarters in Yorkville. The German-American Bund and its official paper, *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*, which under the leadership of Fritz Kuhn directed Nazi work throughout the country, had their national offices at 178 East Eighty-fifth Street. The German-American Business league, in the same building, published directories of firms to be patronized by Nazi adherents. The Nazis occasionally paraded through Yorkville in their uniforms, which were of three kinds: black trousers, white shirts with swastika armbands, and black caps, for the rank and file members; olive-drab military uniforms, for the guards; and imported regulation German uniforms for the storm troops. In the spring of 1938 the Yorkville Casino was the arena of a bloody fight between Nazi sympathizers and a group of people who were members of the American Legion.

WPA Guide, p. 251.

Nazi propaganda was disseminated by a Nazi agent, whose luxurious apartment at 305 Riverside Drive was decorated with a portrait of Hitler.

Ellis, p. 559.

The German Central Book Store, 218 East Eighty-fourth Street, was stocked with German books banned by Hitler.

WPA Guide, p. 252.

February 1934, Second Avenue: "The room about fifteen feet by twenty, was a detailed reproduction of a Berlin Storm Troop cellar... I counted twenty-two uniformed men. Brown shirts, breeches, boots, Sam Browne belts with pistol holsters. Their Troop Fuehrer faced them. He lifted his harm half-way, elbow close to his side, palm out and clipped "Heil Hitler."

Diehl, p. 4.

A huge swastika sewn atop of an America flag: "This is the flag we shall carry through the streets of New York when we wipe them clean of the Jewish scum."

Ibid., 4.

309 E. 92nd St.: Headquarters for Paul Manger's Gau-USA, a precursor to the American Bund. Meetings were held in a back room and Nazi paraphernalia could be seen in the window.

Ibid., 5.

Heinz Spanknoebel invited his fellow Nazis for an evening cruise around Manhattan Island on the German steamer SS Resolute. Decked out in full uniform, they hoisted their steins and belted out "Deutschland,

Deutschland über Alles" with the New York skyline and Statue of Liberty serving as background. [Monument]

Ibid., 8.

In October 1939, a Nazi flag made its way across East 86th Street during the German Day Parade.

Ibid., 9.

During the 1930s, if you went into a tavern in Yorkville and weren't pro-Hitler, you'd be given a hard time.

Ibid., 10.

Fritz Kuhn, the president of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund aka The Bund: "Like the German Führer, he regarded himself as a great man, a man chosen to unify his racial brothers in America. He was rarely out of uniform. His black leather jack boots apparently glued to his six-foot frame, his thinning hair slicked back over his broad head, his legs, apart, and his thumbs fixed in his Sam Browne belt, Kuhn loudly proclaimed himself the American Führer."

Ibid., 13.

The Bund had their own tailor in Queens who custom made Nazi uniforms.

Ibid., 13.

Camp Siegfried in Yaphank, Long Island. A forty-four acre Nazi recruiting and training center. At the Yaphank station, a small army of uniformed children greeted hundreds of Bundists coming from Penn Station; together they marched through the town of Brookhaven, swastikas waving as an eighteen-piece tuba-led band played *Die Spielmannszug*. Strains of Wagner drifted through the air. On the lawn grew a giant swastika made of bright red salvia and boxwood.

Ibid., 14.

At Camp Siegfried: On more than one Sunday parading with the Brown Shirts were a group of Black Shirts, pro-Italian Fascists.

Neuss, N. pag.

February 20, 1939: more than 20,000 Nazi sympathizers attended a rally at Madison Square Garden.

Diehl, p. 20.

Yorkville temporarily closed its movie houses lest people think they were showing German movies.

Ibid., 78.

In December of 1941, an underwater anti-submarine net was strung two miles below the Narrows, from Norton's Pont on the western edge of Coney Island to Hoffman Island, a merchant marine training center off Staten Island, in hopes of preventing U-boats from entering the harbor.

Ibid., 86.

German U-boat subs were grounded on Rockaway beach.

Ibid., 87.

U-boat Commander Reinhard Hardegen drove his submarine past the carnival lights of Coney Island's Wonder Wheel and the Parachute Jump, keeping clear of land as it neared lower New York Bay. He pressed on,

urged by the need to reach New York City. It was 10 o'clock when the U-boat approached the area south of Manhattan just beyond the Narrows. Hartigan wrote "I cannot describe the feeling with words but it was unbelievably beautiful and great... and for the first time in this war a German soldier looked upon the coast of the USA."

Hartigan wondered, "What form the life of the city was taking at that hour... Were the Broadway shows just getting out? Were the jazz clubs just getting started? Were the newsboys hocking the last editions—or the first?" In his imagination he fantasize how clever would it be to walk around Times Square and tip his hat to passersby. (cf. Goldenberg: "Cold War Radar-guided Nike missiles that once surrounded the city..." [Media]) [Coney Island]

Ibid, 87-8.

German submarines sowed mines around Sandy Hook in the path of outbound ships, so 16 tugs were outfitted as minesweepers. Working in pairs, they found exploded floating mines.

Ellis, p. 505.

A statue symbolizing Germany was one of twelve figures decorating the sixth-floor façade of the Customhouse just south of Bowling Green. A sculptor was hired to chip the imperial eagle from the breastplate of this Valkyrie.

Ibid., 505.

Dachshunds, a breed of dogs well liked by Germans, were kicked on the sidewalks of New York and renamed liberty pups. Sauerkraut became liberty cabbage. German measles were liberty measles. The Bank of Germany at First Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street changed its name to the Bank of Europe.

Ibid., 505.

At Rockefeller Center, the entrance to the Palazzo D'Italia was deprived of its coat of arms, and Italian sculptor Attilio Piccirilli's cartouche depicting commerce and industry above the entrance to 636 Fifth Avenue was covered with wooden planks. The work had the misfortune of being cast in 1936, when Mussolini came into power.

Ibid., 78.

Romano Mussolini, son of Benito, sang "Over The Rainbow" and "Summertime" with his jazz quartet at Town Hall.

N. cit.

Meir Kahane: "A .22 for every Jew."
Moorhouse, p. 116.

Many "Russian" entrepreneurs were Jewish immigrants who chose not to broadcast their religious affiliation.

Peretti, p. 17.

Jew merchants will give away matzoh balls and gefilte fish to anyone they see with afros
Last Poets, "Revolution."

GUARD: Sorry, hippies are not allowed in the Stock Exchange.
ACTOR: But we're not hippies, we're Jewish. Should we tell the press you kept Jews out of Wall Street?

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 107.

I distinctly heard it. He muttered under his breath, "Jew." ... Wh- How am I a paran-? Well, I pick up on those kind o' things. You know, I was having lunch with some guys from NBC, so I said... uh, "Did you eat yet or what?" and Tom Christie said, "No, didchoo?" Not, did you, didchoo eat? Jew? No, not did you eat, but Jew eat? Jew. You get it? Jew eat?

Allen, *Annie Hall*, p. 9.

Right, right, so g-get back to what we were discussing, the failure of the country to get behind New York City is-is anti-Semitism.

Max, the city is terribly worried.

But the-I'm not discussing politics or economics. This is foreskin.

No, no, no, Max, that's a very convenient out. Every time some group disagrees with you it's because of anti-Semitism.

Don't you see? The rest of the country looks upon New York like we're-we're left-wing Communist, Jewish, homosexual, pornographers. I think of us that way, sometimes, and I-I live here.

Max, if we lived in California, we could play outdoors every day, in the sun.

Sun is bad for yuh. Everything our parents said was good is bad. Sun, milk, red meat, college...

Ibid., p. 40.

You're what Grammy Hall would call a real Jew.

Yeah, well... you- She hates Jews. She thinks that they just make money, but let me tell yuh, I mean, she's the one yeah, is she ever. I'm tellin' yuh.

Ibid., p. 53.

This intellectual vividness New York owes partly to the presence of an immense Jewish population, partly to the absence of a Governing Middle Class. I don't like Jews. I make the statement quite advisedly and not without tact-for, if I don't like Jews and still make the statement that the arts flourish in New York largely because of its Jewish population, the assertion may be regarded as more accurate than if I were dealing with people whom I liked and to whom in consequence I might be suspected of handing out large spoonfuls of apple-sauce. Apart from that whether I like Jews or not can be of no importance to any one.

And the fact of their artistic helpfulness is incontestable... at any rate as regards the plastic arts and the art of the Theatre. Jews in New York buy a great many pictures; they buy probably the greater part of the sculpture that is sold and the more recondite theatre-the less recondite also I daresay-exists solely by the suffrage, the subsidy or the attendance, of the rich or the poor Jew. The present theatrical season has not been a good one: one might indeed say that it has been pretty rotten. I at least have seen only one play that I have not been slightly ashamed of having gone to. But that is merely temporary. Two years ago I saw here more interesting plays in one month than in either London or Paris during two years and no doubt when I get forcibly taken to the play in New York this autumn the balance will again have redressed itself in favor of New York.

I don't indeed profess to be a haunter of playhouses; I never, indeed, go to one unless I am more or less forcibly taken-but that makes me a fair judge of the state of the more "advanced" theatre in any place in which I happen to be: The people who say to me: "Oh, you must go to So-and-So" and who take tickets and lead me to it are of a

class whose enthusiasms are not roused by the theatre of commerce. Thus on the whole the Dybbuk in Hebrew was about the only play in New York last season that was incontestably worth being dragged to, and I was duly dragged to it by an enthusiastic young lady, not a Jewess.

That may stand as a symbol for certain sides of the artistic life of New York. There you have an amazing new art—or, if you prefer it, an amazing development of an old art; it is subsidized by richish Jews, supported amazingly by the poorer Jewish population, and produces the only play to which a young Christian enthusiast can drag an elderly and case-hardened, foreign non-enthusiast with some chance of finding her choice approved.

How it may be with literature I do not so exactly know. At any rate the only people I have found in New York—and I have not found them anywhere else at all who really loved books with a real, passionate, yearning love that transcended their attention to all other terrestrial manifestations were Jews—and the only people who subsidized young writers during their early non-lucrative years. But rich Jews seem to do this automatically all the world over. Rich Christians never will, though poor ones will be found to do so.

Obviously this Israelite support of the arts would not suffice in itself to make New York the art center that it is or is becoming; the majority of the support that the arts here receives is Gentile enough all right . . . but that support would hardly suffice to maintain a very vigorous artistic life in this city without the Jewish addition. It makes the difference between hardly supportable indigence and just bearable comfort.

Ford, *America*, pp. 127-30.

Prison

For beneath its futuristic trappings, *Escape from New York* embodied a notion dating back to the mid-nineteenth century, when New York City was limited to Manhattan, isolated by wide rivers from mainland United States and even from its sister city, Brooklyn. It was easy for Americans of the time to consider the city as a place apart, a narrow, confined island whose strange and different ways were often unfathomable to the rest of the country. The notion was diluted somewhat in the twentieth century, when Manhattan was laced to the larger world by dozens of rail and road crossings, and the city itself redefined as an enormous, five-borough metropolis but it has retained a residual power in the American imagination. *Escape from New York* would bring the old vision back to life with a vengeance: Manhattan as nothing less, literally or figuratively, than America's Devil's Island.

The film's prologue describes the city's conversion into the federal government's penal colony in the late 1980s, conveniently eliding all social or economic detail to focus instead on topography: the distinctive shape of Manhattan now outlined by a bright green line indicating a high "containment wall" that, as if quarantining a virus, has finally rid the nation of its offshore anomaly. The great river crossings, the bridges and tunnels that allowed the metropolis to transcend its geography, have literally been subverted—mined with explosives—in order to restore the city to its nineteenth-century boundaries.

The film then surveys the dark jungle that the city has become: its buildings vandalized and burned, its nighttime streets filled with "crazies" who come up from the subway, and its population a throng of criminal gangs, wreaking havoc under the supremely violent Duke of New

York (Isaac Hayes). At times, the place portrayed hardly resembles New York at all: the climactic escape takes place on the "69th Street Bridge"; power is provided by pumping crude oil from deposits beneath the island; and the exterior scenes take place on ruined blocks that look nothing like Manhattan—for the good reason that they were shot in downtown St. Louis, in an area that had been recently ravaged by fire. Yet at other times the film plays off the audience's shivery recognition of the city's landmarks: the World Trade Center, now a hulking ruin toward which Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell) glides his sailplane; Central Park, now a jungle clearing where inmates gather for monthly food drop-offs; the Statue of Liberty, now the island's security post. In its way, the film offers a kind of inverted tribute to the sheer iconic status of New York. As Carpenter surely appreciated, a film titled "Escape from St. Louis" would hardly draw much of a crowd.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 379.

A sort of apotheosis appeared in John Carpenter's *Escape from New York* (1981), in which the city has become a maximum-security prison by default. The last honest folk having abandoned the place, the authorities have merely locked it up, permitting the scum within to rule themselves, with the understanding that they will before long kill one another off. The story may have been a futuristic action-adventure, but for most Americans the premise was strict naturalism, with the sole exception of the locks, which ought by rights to have been in place. Aside from the matter of actual violence, drugs, and squalor, there was the fact that in the 1970s New York City was not a part of the United States at all. It was an offshore interzone with no shopping malls, few major chains, very few born-again Christians who had not been sent there on a mission, no golf courses, no subdivisions.

Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

Whereas the spaces of the elderly, childish New York are gardens, even if they're rubble-strewn vacant lots or tenement courtyards bedecked with dripping laundry, those of the new New York are jails. The shadows cast by the El in the streets beneath construct a caging lattice of light; the steel tiers of Rockefeller Center as it rises are a penitentiary. The girders trap the steelworkers inside a system of endless repetition, allotting to each a see-through cell in which to labor. The El projects an illusory prison of barred shadows; Rockefeller Center rearing in the air is a diagrammatic, conceptual prison.

Conrad, p. 172.

But the street has been killed and the city made into a madhouse. Le Corbusier, p. 188.

Women's prison that looms high and is folded in silence as the night itself—at sunset their windows look like oranges.

Kerouac, *Lonesome*, pp. 116-17.

Anxiety flavors the coffee at Riker's.

McDarragh, p. 10.

Riker's Island out there on the grey East River. Charlie said three quarters of it was made from subway excavations.

Donleavy, N. pag.

They don't tape niggas in the bullpen no more 'cause a' AIDS. You don't even get raped on Riker's no more.
Courgois, p. 38.

East chilling wind bursting out of the crosstown streets. Blown over Brooklyn. Through the bars of all the institutions. Where the imprisoned troubled eyes stare.
Donleavy, N. pag.

In 1970, inmates mounted protests against horrific prison conditions in five jails in three boroughs involving thirty-two hostages. The first riot occurred in August at the Tombs, where inmates held three guards hostage for seven hours and controlled the facilities. The riots were organized by two radical groups—the Black Panther Party and the Puerto Rican Lords. As they ignited mattresses, clothing, and furniture, the prisoners declared their intention “to burn ourselves out of here.”
Reitano, p. 184.

The Tombs, a decaying dungeon in its early forties, a structure suffering from every ill known to the building trades, a shaky keep about to be added to the city's memories.
Reisenberg, p. 102.

I would not get arrested in New York. I try not to get arrested in New York because Puerto Ricans disappear in the system in New York.
N. cit.

Stonewall

The Stonewall Inn takes its name from the autobiography of “Mary Casal,” *The Stone Wall*, published in 1930, a rare American book to depict lesbian love at that time.
Carter, p. 8.

The bar's first name, in the 1930s, was Bonnie's Stone Wall, which soon gained a reputation as one “of the more notorious tearooms in the Village. By the 1940s, its name had been changed to the more bucolic-sounding Bonnie's Stonewall Inn, and by the 1960s it had been changed again to the Stonewall Inn Restaurant. it was the former stonewall Inn Restaurant that, in 1967, having sat vacant for some time after a fire gutted it, metamorphosed into the gay club the Stonewall Inn.
Ibid., p. 8.

The Stonewall is reopened after the fire by mobsters.
Ibid., p. 67.

Most of the men are wearing outer jackets. They aren't wearing so much leather or denim ... some men wear top hats.
Ibid., p. 70.

The lighting is dim throughout... the darkness creates a cavern-like feel. Smoky air fills the bar.
Ibid., p. 72.

The men like to wear perfumes, such as Tabu and Ambush, both marketed to women, whose aromas give the place a rich, saturated atmosphere.

Ibid., p. 72.

If the Tenth of Always is like a little parish church, the Stonewall is like St. Peter's in Rome... It is big in its scope...

Ibid., p. 77.

It is possible to buy any known substance available in capsule form. All the hairdressers are into Desbutols, Desoxyn mixed with Nembutol.

Ibid., p. 81.

Music playing at the Stonewall: Shangri-Las, Diana Ross, "Let It Be Me," Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, "Third Finger, Left Hand," "Forget Me Not," Dionne Warwick.

Ibid., pp. 85-7.

The raid begins at 1:00 A.M. on a summer Saturday morning.

Ibid., p. 143.

The arrival of the cops and the blare of the lights transforms the scene from one of festivity to sadness. The jukeboxes fall silent, and the shimmering go-go boys leave their cages to put on their street clothes.

Ibid., p. 139.

The transvestites put up a great resistance, refusing to go into the Stonewall's bathrooms to be "examined."

Ibid., p. 140.

A couple of drag queens dance by themselves to a Stevie Wonder tune on the jukebox.

Ibid., p. 141.

When did you ever see a fag fight back?

Ibid., p. 143.

Grumbling could be heard among the limp wristed set.

Ibid., p. 143.

More and more people start to mill around the front.

Ibid., p. 144.

Ostentatious drag queens walking in twos and threes down Christopher towards the bar, shrieking little sentences.

Ibid., p. 144.

It is a hot, seething night. A real New York summer night.

Ibid., p. 144.

What's going on? Is something going to happen? Why is this taking so long?

Ibid., p. 144.

The drag queens kind of chant and skitter along. It's entertaining.

Ibid., p. 144.

The crowd on Christopher Street continues to grow as the club's ejected patrons reach the pavement where they are joined by a considerable number of tourists who, having come to the Village on a Friday night looking for excitement, find it for free on the street
Ibid., p. 145.

We all figured that the Black Panthers were going to start the revolution.
Ibid., p. 145.

One young man swishes by the detective posted at the door. "Hello there, fella!"
Ibid., p. 145.

Wrists are limp, hair is primped.
Ibid., p. 145.

No one knows this is going to turn into a riot.
Ibid., p. 146.

Some of the men ejected from the bar throw their arms up and out in a V shape as if they are performers making a grand entrance on a stage.
Ibid., p. 146.

Noticing the crowd's skittish hilarity, he pauses to peer up at the moon. It's full.
Ibid., p. 146.

The first prisoners to be loaded inside the paddy wagon are members of the Mafia, who are brought out of the club one by one.
Ibid., p. 147.

Everyone hears the cry that reverberates through the night air "Gay Power!"
Ibid., p. 147.

The idea seems too unreal, too radical, to be taken seriously, and the newly heard slogan soon dissolves into giggles.
Ibid., p. 147.

Someone begins to sing "We Shall Overcome" and a few in the crowd start singing along. But after a few verses this, too, seems too dignified to be taken seriously by a bunch of homosexuals, who begin to camp on the solemn lyrics.
Ibid., p. 148.

A police officer shoves one of the transvestites, who turns and smacks the officer over the head with her purse.
Ibid., p. 148.

"Nobody's going to fuck around with me. I ain't going to take this shit," a guy in a dark red t-shirt shouts, dancing in and out of the crowd.
Ibid., p. 148.

A "beefy, good-sized, typical New York butch" loses her mind in the streets of the West Village—kicking, cursing, screaming, and fighting. It is the moment when the scene becomes explosive.

Ibid., p. 151.

All four tires of a police car are slashed.

Ibid., p. 152.

A cobblestone is hauled, landing on the trunk of a police car with a terrible screech.

Ibid., p. 152.

The gay throng makes a useful discovery: a large stack of new bricks at a construction site on Seventh Avenue South.

Ibid., p. 155.

Coins are thrown at the policemen, making ping-pong sounds as they hit the pavement and the Stonewall Inn's windows.

Ibid., p. 156.

Shouts of "Pigs!" and "Faggot cops!" fill the night air.

Ibid., p. 156.

Pennies and dimes. Nickels were the next thing to be thrown. Followed by quarters.

Ibid., p. 156.

A glass bottle was lobbed.

Ibid., p. 156

And then another one came flying through the dark air. And another.

Ibid., p. 156.

On the ground, a worm's eye view. Looking at legs.

Ibid., p. 157.

Inside the Stonewall, the cops barricade themselves using the club's tables against the doors.

Ibid., p. 159.

It is silent and dark and dank and strongly smells of beer.

Ibid., p. 159.

The fey beings have suddenly and inexplicably metamorphosed into raging tigers.

Ibid., p. 160.

The officers, who fought in Africa and Sicily in World War II are still shaking an hour later. "Believe me, I've never seen anything like it."

Ibid., p. 160.

I'm sick of being told I'm sick.

Ibid., p. 161.

Inside the Stonewall, bricks are felt pounding the door. The floor shudders at each blow.

Ibid., p. 162.

The police trapped inside peer through peepholes into the street. "Where are the reinforcements?" "I don't know. There must be some mix-up."

Ibid., p. 163.

Pieces of paper are stuff into cracks at the bottom of the plywood inside the Stonewall's window and cigarette lighters are held up to them.

Ibid., p. 164.

A parking meter is dug up out of the ground and is used as battering ram on the Inn's doors.

Ibid., p. 165.

The attack on the police creates as cacophony as the sounds of glass shattering up and down the street is mixed with the pounding of the parking meter on the doors, while cries of "Liberate bar!" fill the air.

Ibid., p. 165.

Breaking bottles are thrown at demonstrators from apartment dwellers along Grove Street who want to get some sleep.

Ibid., p. 165.

We're the pink panthers!

Ibid., p. 165.

A mad Negro queen whirls like a dervish with a twisted piece of metal in her hand and breaks the remaining windows.

Ibid., p. 165.

The doors begin to give.

Ibid., p. 165.

The night reverberates again with the boom of the parking meter on the Stonewall's doors.

Ibid., p. 166.

In the park across the street, several people quietly and methodically pour liquid into empty Coke bottles.

Ibid., p. 167.

The flames are blue and have little yellow tips.

Ibid., p. 168.

Everybody is really perspiring—I mean *really* sweating.

Ibid., p. 169.

People are crying. People are cut up.

Ibid., p. 171.

A policewoman escapes through a vent up to the roof.

Ibid., p. 171.

The detectives locate a fire hose, but can't see where to aim it, wedging the hose through a crack in the door. It sends out a weak stream.

Ibid., p. 171.

One of the kids shouts, "Grab it! Grab his cock!"

Ibid., p. 171

The door is broken down, and the kids systematically dump refuse from waste cans into the Wall, squirt it with lighter fluid, and ignite it. Huge flashes of flame and billows of smoke.

Ibid., p. 172.

Kids line up in a Rockette lines, kicking their legs up at the police.

Ibid., p. 177.

"The girls in blue" and "Lily Law."

Ibid., p. 177.

The protests continue into the night. Angry gay men set fires in trash cans and break store windows, screaming "Gay power! Gay power!"

Ibid., p. 178.

Well, this is boring. All we're doing is running around the block, here. We've done it ten times now and it's dull. Let's do something else.

Ibid., p. 178.

So we sort of vanished.

Ibid., p. 179.

Christopher Street is empty. The sky is very dark, there is a terrific moon, and the Village is eerily quiet.

Ibid., p. 181.

Morning comes to Christopher Street, diamondlike glass all over.

Ibid., p. 181.

Incredible. The fucking queens rioted.

Ibid., p. 182.

After the Stonewall riots, the Mafia owners were doing their best to attract customers back inside by giving away free soft drinks.

Ibid., p. 185.

The day after the riots was the hottest June 28th in New York City history.

Ibid., p. 185.

He looked up and saw red sparks falling from on high, through the night air, as in a gentle rainfall.

Ibid., p. 188.

Lesbian black and Latina prisoners at the Women's House of Detention were setting toilet paper on fire and dropping it from their cell windows in support of the rioters.

Ibid., p. 188.

Harlem Riot

The gathering of crowds, the rise of looting and its relapse.
Orlansky, *The Harlem Riot*, p. 20.

Sunday night is an ordinary one in Harlem, but hot: windows are wide open, the sidewalks are full of men and women, strolling or idling; children play on the streets, mothers wheel their babies.
Ibid., 4.

Soldiers, respectably dressed men with jackets and ties, men and boys with open collars or polo shirts, youths in zoot suits, women, girls, and children. Young men and boys predominate.
Ibid., 5.

Many persons smile when their pictures are taken.
Ibid., 5.

A bottle is thrown toward the hospital and falls on the sidewalk. Other bottles follow.
Ibid., 5.

Of 40 liquor stores in the district, 30 are cleaned out completely with not a bottle left in place.
Ibid., 5.

Favorite articles of loot are: food-groceries, meats, fruits, vegetables; clothing-fur coats, sweaters, suits, corsets, dresses; furnishings, rugs, linoleums, lamps, mattresses radios, second-hand chairs and coffee tables; and liquor and jewelry.
Ibid., 6.

Every piece of furniture, even cheap pictures hanging on the wall, is carried off (except for a torn sofa left standing on the sidewalk).
Ibid., 6.

The cellar is emptied, office files upset, and the telephone ripped from the wall.
Ibid., 6.

Refrigeration systems of meat shops are ripped out.
Ibid., 6.

Bread is stamped on in the street.
Ibid., 6.

When the riot begins, Negro store-owners place signs reading "Colored" in their windows. These stores are left intact, although others nearby, owned by whites, are totally destroyed. Negro stores without signs in the window are also generally not molested.

"Wherever somebody had told the mob this was a Negro place, they leave it alone. Sometimes a brick is thrown into the window before the word got around, but that is as far as it went. Despite the broken window, not a thing is touched, not a box out of place."
Ibid., 8.

Negro families peacefully sleeping through the night.
Ibid., 9.

Lights are on in all the apartment houses. People sit in windows watching.

Ibid., 9.

Better-dressed members of the middle class.

Ibid., 9.

More *substantial* residents.

Ibid., 9.

Children do much of the food looting. Three boys about 10 years old load their arms with shoes from the shelves of a store. Other children take clothing, cheap candies, and toys.

Ibid., 10.

At 6 a. m. the kids come out to search within the rubble. I see one little boy with a handful of candy bars and a penny whistle.

Ibid., 10.

Women take: dresses, hats, sweaters, fur coats, corsets, jewelry, small pieces of furniture, mattresses, blankets, linen, children's clothes, milk, groceries, meat, fruit, vegetables, and household furnishings such as lamps and electric bulbs.

Boys and older men take: food, meat, suits, hats, shoes, luggage, jewelry, carpets, furniture, typewriters, radios, musical instruments, liquors, and goods from pawnshops; some boys try to make off with automobiles.

The fact that electric light bulbs are listed under women and girls does not mean men or children did not take any, but that the only instances mentioned in the press were of women.

Ibid., 10.

Children do not take cases of liquor.

Ibid., pp. 10-11.

Women do not take penny whistles.

Ibid., 11.

Girls do not take men's suits.

Ibid., 11.

One man is arrested for stealing two pairs of ladies' silk hose.

Ibid., 11.

In looting, each person takes what he or she had wants but is denied or limited in obtaining. The poorer classes protest against property because they have been denied it, and against authority because that is the constant and palpable instrument of denial and suppression; and, of course, the Negroes protest against whites because the most pervasive and omnipresent fact of Negro life is a denial of the status and privileges of whites.

Ibid., 11.

A person wants something, say, grapes. Assume the grapes are denied him. But he still wants them. What can he do?

Ibid., 11.

"The grapes are sour anyway, I don't really want them."
Ibid., 12.

There is every reason for believing that young Negro girls are as frustrated racially and sexually as young Negro boys.
Ibid., 12.

If we have exact measures of the bitterness, and know the strength or weakness of inhibiting factors, we will be able to predict just when another riot will occur.
Ibid., 12.

Frustration is fairly common in normal times, and the resentment accumulates.
Ibid., 14.

For the most part, people are stealing food, for they were hungry.
Ibid., 15.

The increased distance between the Negro's goal and reality induced by wartime conditions.
Ibid., 16.

He is a servant in the Navy.
Ibid., 16.

And, a crowning indignity, he is not even allowed to give his blood.
Ibid., 16.

He must wait until all the white passengers are accommodated before he can get transportation. He may even hold his tongue when he is forced to get out of the bus in which he is seated in order to make room for white passengers.
Ibid., 17.

Violent and unreasoning reprisals.
Ibid., 17.

Rumor will not spread in Harlem that penguins have killed an Eskimo thief, because no one is concerned with the matter.
Ibid., 19.

Older women taking armfuls of loot and come back for more.
Ibid., 22.

Unless police are around, there is often no rush about looting.
Ibid., 22.

Women while ransacking a clothing store, stopping to judge the size of dresses.
Ibid., 22.

In one grocery a teen-aged boy stands behind the counter passing out articles of food to a small crowd of people waiting almost as if they had been customers.
Ibid., 22.

The riot as a colored man's New Year. As on any holiday, people got drunk, made noises, and had a good time.

Ibid., 22.

After the looting, many new suits, hats and shoes were in evidence.

Ibid., 22.

Negro boys who put on stolen dress coats, silk hats, and blond wigs, dancing in the street.

Ibid., 22.

One old man says, "It's a disgrace. We should pay for the goods."

Ibid., 22.

Homosexual or effeminate factors are also involved.

Ibid., 22.

Some boys even make threats at stores that had escaped the damage: "You'll get yours yet" is often hurled at these storekeepers.

Ibid., 23.

I'm glad they got that highway robber. You can go in to buy a container of milk and one time it's 14 cents and a few minutes later it's 18.

Ibid., 23.

The rioters' excessive mutilation of manikins: Clothing store dummies are stripped naked and thrown onto the sidewalk, arms, legs and heads are sometimes broken off, and the body is often kicked around (*The Amsterdam News*, catching something of this meaning, referring in a picture caption to the "raped" dummies).

Ibid., 27.

Most of the white merchants in Harlem are Jews. Although most of the land is owned by white Christians—banks, insurance companies, estates and churches the fact is that the landlord agents are, for the most part, Jews. It is they who have the unpleasant task of collecting rents, refusing repairs, keeping expenses down for the landlords, and even bringing about evictions. Similarly, the Jews predominate among the principals of the public schools in Harlem. On them is the onus of having to discipline children.

Ibid., 28.

Men and women in Harlem wait for garbage trucks to arrive at city dumps and scavenge for food; they compete with dogs and cats for the contents of garbage cans.

Trager, p. 458.

The mantle of being sub-human savages unworthy of being treated as human beings.

Orlansky, p. 4.

The gathering of crowds, the rise of looting and its relapse.

Ibid., p. 4.

Ota Benga

Ota Benga was brought from the Belgian Congo in 1904 by noted African explorer Samuel Verner Phillip along with other pygmies and displayed in an exhibit in the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair. Ota Benga (or "Bi", which means "friend" in his language) was born in 1881... Although he was referred to as a boy he had been married twice. His first wife had been captured by a hostile tribe and his second wife died by a snake bite.

Bradford, p. 208.

Phillips described Ota as "an extremely interesting little fellow."
Ibid., p. xix.

For two miserable, tumultuous weeks in 1906, Ota Benga, a 23-year-old pygmy from the Belgian Congo, was put on display at what was then called the New York Zoological Society in the Bronx. The public, appalled and entertained in equal measure, flocked to the primate house, where Benga could be observed playing with Dahong, the zoo's orangutan, beneath a sign that read in part, "Height 4 feet 11 inches. Weight 103 pounds. Exhibited each afternoon during September."

It was agreed that Benga would live and hunt in a forest of several hundred acres, apart from the exhibit area. He was displayed before as many as 40,000 spectators a day. Facing protests from newspapers and black clergymen, the zoo's director allowed Benga to leave his cage and wander freely around the zoo during the day, then return to the primate house at night.

Goldenberg, pp. 21-2.

At one point, he got hold of a knife and flourished it around the park, another time he produced a fracas after being denied a soda from the soda fountain. Finally, after fabricating a small bow and arrows and shooting at obnoxious park visitors he had to leave the park for good.

Ibid., pp. 21-2.

After his park experience, several institutions tried to help him. He was placed in Virginia Theological Seminary and College but quit school to work in a tobacco factory. According to Hornaday (who probably had evolutionary racist views) "he did not possess the power of learning."... Moving to Lynchburg, Virginia, he changed his name to Otto Bingo and presented himself as a gentleman from New York... Growing homesick, hostile, and despondent Benga borrowed a revolver, and shot himself in the heart, ending his life in 1916.

Bradford, pp. 208.

Ota did nothing particularly unusual that first day on exhibit at New York Zoological Park. Still, it was more interesting to watch him drink soda than to see Hannibal the lion tear raw steak. It was so engrossing to see him shoot his arrows—he rarely missed—the crowds forgot all about the hour when the seals were scheduled to be fed.

How did the pygmy like sleeping in the Monkey House, people wondered? How did he feel about living at the zoo? Next day the *Times* editorialized: "It is probably a good thing that Benga does not think very deeply. If he did it isn't likely that he was very proud of himself when he woke in the morning and found himself under the same roof with the orangutans and the monkeys, for that is really where he is."

Ota, that first day, was locked into his enclosure, except when his keepers let him out. When he was let out of the Monkey House the crowd stayed glued to him, and a keeper stayed close by.

After wandering, Ota settled back indoors into his hammock. The crowd loved it. He resumed weaving his mats and caps, then shot his arrows again. If he missed the children made faces at him. Ota made faces back, and the crowd loved that. Day one, and he was already a sensation.

Overnight Director Hornaday made a few last minute additions and refinements. Saturday had been dress rehearsal. The real show was about to begin.

On Sunday, September 9, thousands "took the Subway, the elevated, and the surface cars to the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx..." according to the *Times*.

There was always a crowd before the cage, most of the time roaring with laughter, and from almost every corner of the garden could be heard the question: "Where is the pygmy?" And the answer was, "In the monkey house."

There was a more elaborate setting in the Monkey House than had been prepared the day before. Bones were now scattered around the cage to increase the impression of savagery and danger. In addition, Director Hornaday had posted a sign on the enclosure:

The African Pygmy, "Ota Benga." Age, 28 years. Height, 4 feet 11 inches. Weight 103 pounds. Brought from the Kasai River, Congo Free State, South Central Africa, by Dr. Samuel P. Verner, Exhibited each afternoon during September.

Dohong [an orangutan], was admitted into the enclosure. The orangutan imitated the man. The man imitated the monkey. They hugged, let go, flopped into each other's arms. Dohong snatched the woven straw cap off Ota's head and placed it on his own. Ota snatched it back. He picked the monkey up and let him drop, then turned his back to walk away. Dohong jumped up on his shoulders to hold him back. Ota shrugged him off, turned again to walk away. Dohong grabbed an ankle with one arm. Ota took big, limping steps around the cage, shackled to the ape. The crowd hooted and applauded. Dohong and Ota hugged. If Hornaday had thought to supply them with canes and Derby hats, they might have obliged with an old soft-shoe.

Children squealed with delight. To adults there was a more serious side to the display. Something about the boundary condition of being human was exemplified in that cage. Somewhere man shaded into non-man. Perhaps if they looked hard enough the moment of transition might be seen.

If Saturday's exhibit had somehow been too subtle, Sunday's entertainment compensated. To a generation raised on talk of that absentee star of evolution, the Missing Link, the point of Dohong and Ota disporting in the Monkey House was obvious. ". . . the pygmy was not much taller than the orangutan," reported the *Times*, "and one had a good opportunity to study their points of resemblance. Their heads are much alike, and both grin in the same way when pleased."

Day two of the Pygmy at the Zoo already contained the first whisper of controversy. In response to a *Times* reporter, Director Hornaday admitted men were not, as a rule, exhibited.

in European zoos, but saw no reason to apologize: the pygmy was completely comfortable in the Monkey House. Hornaday claimed he had the full support of the Zoological Society in what he was doing.

The press in general seemed willing to indulge Hornaday, asking a few easily deflected questions now and then to maintain a semblance of balance and fair play. The entrance of the black community into the matter of the pygmy in the zoo lent it an entirely new dimension.

Rev. R. S. MacArthur of the Calvary Baptist Church was an unsmiling face in the light-hearted crowd at the zoo on September 9. "The person responsible for this exhibition," he said, "degrades himself as much as he does the African. Instead of making a beast of this little fellow we should be putting him in school for the development of such powers as God gave him... We send our missionaries to Africa to Christianize the people and then we bring one here to brutalize him." Dr. Gilbert of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church vowed that "he and other pastors would join with Dr. MacArthur in seeing to it that the Bushman was released from the monkey cage and put elsewhere."

Meanwhile Ota Benga was given what the crowd was led to think of as his first pair of shoes. According to the *Times*, "He seemed to like the shoes very much. Over and over again the crowd laughed at him as he sat in mute admiration of them." Did he object to the crowd laughing at him? "He has grown used to the crowd laughing, has discovered that they laugh at everything he does. If he wonders why he does not show it."

On Sunday, September 16, forty thousand visitors roamed the New York Zoological Park. The zoo was becoming a draw on the order of magnitude of Coney Island. The sudden surge in interest, as the *Times* attested, was entirely attributable to Ota Benga:

"Nearly every man, woman, and child of this crowd made for the monkey house to see the star attraction in the park—the wild man from Africa. They chased him about the grounds all day, howling, jeering and yelling. Some of them poked him in the ribs, others tripped him up, all laughed at him."

When the crowds cornered Ota, the reporter added, "they asked him how he liked America," to which he was heard to answer, "Me no like America; me like St. Louis."

Ibid., pp. 170-88.

The zoo routinely filed photographs of all its animals, but there was no filing category for human beings. Filing the pictures of Ota Benga posed a problem; as in the matter of racial identity Ota defied prevailing labels. The solution was to photograph him holding a baby chimpanzee. Archivists then filed the picture under the label reserved for monkeys; the pretense was that the chimp was the subject, the pygmy nothing more than background.

The chimp averts its gaze, content to be cradled in Ota's right arm. Ota's expression remains constant through all the pictures taken in what was probably a single sitting. He is calm—almost too calm. There is the suggestion of sadness, a hint of resignation, and something more: Ota, who had been the object of so much scrutiny, is not merely being seen in these photos, he is seeing. He is seeing back, seeing the camera, the cameraman, and the whole civilization that seems, in his gaze, to be arrayed directly behind them. [Photography]

Ibid., p. 188.

African American

The 1900 riot: "On a hot August night, an African American woman waited for her boyfriend, Arthur Harris, at 41st Street and Eighth Avenue, in a racially mixed, rough neighborhood. When a plainclothes

policeman accused her of soliciting, Harris, unaware that the white man was a cop. rushed to her defense. In the ensuing fight, the policeman was mortally wounded with Harris' penknife. Word quickly spread that a black man, newly arrived from the South had killed a white cop... Mobs of whites surged through the streets of the West Side, from the 20s to the 30s, attacking any blacks in sight, dragging them off streetcars and pulling them out of their homes... Only one white youth was arrested."

Reitano, p. 114

1905 San Juan Hill riot was sparked by the rare conviction of an Irish policeman for killing a black night-watchman.

Ibid., p. 115

On July 4, 1910, after Jack Johnson defeated Jim Jeffries (the "Great White Hope"), angry white gangs roamed the city seeking revenge. All along the West Side, blacks were assaulted and their homes set afire... Calls went out for a lurching.

Ibid., pp. 116-7.

Marcus Garvey demanded that a capital "N" be sued for the word Negro. In 1929, this spelling revision was accepted by the NYC Board of Education and the *New York Times* " in recognition of racial self-respect for those who have been for generations in the lower case."

Ibid., p. 138.

Adam Clayton Powell took on Con Ed by threatening to have all Harlemites turn off the electricity one night a week. Next his followers flooded the New York Telephone Company with phone calls that tied up all the lines. Both companies quickly capitulated and slowly started hiring blacks.

Ibid., p. 149.

In 1939 Powell's group descended upon the World's Fair offices at the Empire State Building where Broadway chorus girls, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, and other prominent figures joined the picket lines and won blacks six hundred World's Fair jobs. [World's Fair 1939] [Empire State Building]

Ibid., p. 149.

In 1968, Columbia's few African American students formed a Students Afro-American Society (SAS) who opposed Moses' building of a gym on public land on Morningside Heights. They took over a college building, holding three administrators hostage. Police swarmed, attacking students with nightsticks and blackjacks, beating injured persons already on stretchers, and dragging people on the ground or down concrete stairs by their hair. Students in dorms retaliated by throwing down bottles and plants. The confrontation was one of the worst in U.S. history and "The Battle for Morningside Heights" became symbolic of student protests nationwide. [Robert Moses]

Ibid., p. 175.

In April of 1969, two hundred minority students seize CCNY's south campus, proclaiming it the "University of Harlem."

Ibid., p. 176.

The Brooklyn slum of Brownsville went up in flames in 1970 and again in 1971. Fires of garbage piled high in the streets and fires set in local stores reflected desperation turned to rage. The riot of May

7, 1971 logged one hundred fires, fifty burned-out buildings, and scores of injuries.

Ibid., p. 187.

During the 1977 Worlds Series, the camera in the Goodyear Blimp showed a night panorama of Yankee Stadium and, maybe half a mile away, an anonymous building on fire. Head announcer Howard Cosell started shouting, "What's wrong with these people? Why are they doing this to themselves?"

Berman, *N.Y. Calling*, p. 19.

On September 15, 1980, sixty people occupied Harlem's Sydenham Hospital, renamed it Fort Sydenham, and hung Mayor Koch in effigy.

Reitano, p. 194.

On a freezing January 21, 1987 (MLK's birthday), Sharpton and five thousand people marched down Fifth Avenue for a "Day of Outrage."

Ibid., p. 196.

In August 1987, Yusef Hawkins, a sixteen-year-old African American male, was shot dead when attacked by a gang of ten to thirty youths in the predominantly Italian American community of Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. Accompanying friends to view a secondhand car, Hawkins was mistaken for another black male who was purportedly dating a local white female... Bensonhurst residents greeted marchers with cries of "Niggers go home," pointed obscenities, mocking renditions of calypso songs, and watermelons held up as symbols of contempt. Taunts of "Central Park" were met with counter-taunts of "Howard Beach." Conflict continued for weeks as Sharpton organized more "Days of Outrage." An attempt by seventy-five hundred protestors to cross the Brooklyn Bridge ended in a major confrontation with the police. Shapton warned that the city would "Burn" if the defendants were set free and, during one march, he was stabbed in the chest.

Ibid., p. 198.

July 1992 Washington Heights riots in response to a 24 year old Dominican immigrant was killed by a policeman in the lobby of a building where he had sought refuge from pursuit. For six days, young men set fire to cars and looted stores. They were met by police in riot gear who made many arrests and foiled an attempt to stop traffic on the George Washington Bridge.

Ibid., p. 202

On September 16, 1992, ten thousand off-duty police officers rallied at City Hall and stopped traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge for an hour. They stomped on cars, jumped barricades and used offensive language regarding Dinkins, including "nigger" and other epithets and profanity.

Ibid., p. 203.

A West Indian woman who had lived in Gotham for decades decided to spend her weekends seeing what it was like to "be some other ethnicity..." Accordingly, she attended as many ethnic events as she could—the Puerto Rican and the St. Patrick's Day parades on Fifth Avenue, the Dominican Day parade in Washington Heights, and African American festival in Harlem, an Asian celebration in Flushing, Queens, a Russian event in Brighton Beach and the West Indian American Carnival Day parade on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn. Proud of her adventures, she

asked, "Where else are you going to be able to do all that but in New York?" [World City]

Ibid., pp. 206-7.

Giuliani's Street Crime Unit (SCU) became the police department's "commandos," their slogan, "We own the night," acquired loaded implications for communities of color.

Ibid., p. 217.

The men from the tactical patrol force sent to the scene are members of a group of about 200 handpicked men, all over six feet tall, all trained in judo and all under 30 years of age. The force was organized in 1958 as a roving unit that could be dispatched to danger areas.

Furer, p. 133.

In 1906, a so-called Italian squad, the first incarnation of the bomb squad, had been formed as an arm of the New York City Police Department for the sole purpose of protecting the Italian immigrants of the city from the extortionist methods of a clandestine underworld cartel calling itself the Black Hand, a group of ex-cons and outlaws that preyed on immigrant populations.

Greenburg, p. 6.

A Haitian immigrant, Abner Louima, was brutally sodomized with a toilet plunger handle by a cop in a Brooklyn police station on August 9, 1997. In response, 7,000 people marched across the Brooklyn Bridge in another Sharpton "Day of Outrage." Signs depicted Giuliani as "Ghouliani," "Crueliani," and "Brutaliani." The *Times* called the Louima case "a civic trauma."

Reitano, p. 218.

On February 4, 1999, an unarmed West African immigrant named Amadou Diallo was killed in the entrance to his Bronx apartment house. Mistaking him for a rapist and his wallet for a gun, four SCU cops fired forty-one bullets at Diallo, nineteen of which met their mark. 1200 people were arrested at protests in March of 1999. Giuliani dismissed the protests as "silly" and the protestors as the "worst elements of society."

Ibid., pp. 219-20.

The slums are the easiest to destroy, while the thick-walled armories, prisons, banks and churches are the hardest.

Talese, p. 114.

The high-rise complex called Morningside Gardens in Morningside Heights was built by David Rockefeller whose central strategy was to create a barricade to shield the Acropolis of America—as it was envisioned—from Harlem.

Glanz, p. 18.

The hot summer of '89 when *Do The Right Thing* came out and people were in the mood to kill.

Schmitz p. 272.

It's time for them to go to work at Sal's Famous Pizzeria in the heart of Black Brooklyn.

Lee, p. 2.

Mookie stares at the gold "brass knuckles" rings Radio Raheem wears on each hand. Spelled out across the rings are the words "LOVE" on the right hand and "HATE" on the left hand.

Ibid., p. 45.

Either dem Koreans are geniuses or we Blacks are dumb.

Ibid., p. 36.

The infamous Michael Stewart choke hold.

Ibid., p. 80

VOICES OF MOB

THEY KILLED HIM

THEY KILLED RADIO RAHEEM

IT'S MURDER

DID IT AGAIN

JUST LIKE THEY DID MICHAEL STEWART

MURDER

ELEANOR BUMPERS

MURDER

IT'S NOT SAFE

NOT EVEN IN OUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

IT'S NOT SAFE

NEVER WAS

NEVER WILL BE

Ibid., p. 81.

All hell breaks loose. The dam has been unplugged, broke. The rage of a people has been unleashed, a fury. A lone garbage can thrown through the air has released a tidal wave of frustration.

Ibid., p. 82.

Look at those Korean motherfuckers across the street. I betcha they haven't been a year off da motherfucking boat before they opened up their own place. A motherfucking year off the motherfucking boat and got a good business in our neighborhood occupying a building that had been boarded up for longer than I care to remember and I've been here a long time.

Ibid., p. 35.

I don't wanna be here, they don't want us here. We should stay in our own neighborhood, stay in Bensonhurst.

Ibid., p 50.

Dago, wop, garlic-breath, guinea, pizza-slinging, spaghetti-bending, Vic Damone, Perry Como, Luciano Pavarotti, Sole Mio, nonsinging motherfucker.

You gold-teeth, gold-chain-wearing, fried-chicken-and-biscuit-eatin', monkey, ape, baboon, big thigh, fast-running, three-hundred-sixty-degree-basketball-dunking spade Moulan Yan.

You slant-eyed, me-no-speak- American, own every fruit and vegetable stand in New York, Reverend Moon, Summer Olympics '88, Korean kick-boxing bastard.

Goya bean-eating, fifteen in a car, thirty in an apartment, pointed shoes, red-wearing, Menudo, meda-meda Puerto Rican cocksucker.

It's cheap, I got a good price for you, Mayor Koch, "How I'm doing," chocolate-egg-cream-drinking, bagel and lox, B'nai B'rith asshole. [Speech]

Ibid., pp. 43-4.

When you come in Sal's Famous Pizzeria, no music. No rap, no music. Capisce? Understand?... This is a place of business. Extra cheese is two dollars.

Ibid., p. 47.

1991 Crown Heights riots, when a car driven by a Hasidic Jew jumped the curb and killed a seven-year-old Guyanese boy. The rioting continued for two days and nights. Only blacks were arrested.

Reitano, p. 203.

It was that deep worry that lives in the base of the skull of every resident of Park Avenue south of Ninety-sixth Street—a black youth, tall, rangy, wearing white sneakers.

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 16.

Riot

1900-18, Tongs waged three lethal wars against each other in Chinatown.

Reitano, p. 117.

1932 rent riot in the Bronx.

Ibid., p. 143.

1943 taxi strike: drivers swooped through the streets around Times Square, the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal, and lower Broadway, attacking scabs, vandalizing their cabs, setting vehicles afire. 500 young Communists staged a sympathy march.

Ibid., p. 145.

July 7, 1967, as reported in the *New York Times*: "At times, amidst the scenes of riot and destruction that made parts of the city look like a battlefield, there was an almost carnival atmosphere."

Hahne, p. 43

1968 Transit Worker's Union strike, lasting twelve days: 35,000 bus and subway workers. Thousands of New Yorkers walked to work, but hundreds of thousands more could not get to work at all, including 65 percent of garment district workers. The *Times* deemed it the biggest disruption since the 1863 draft riots. A effigy of Lindsay was burned.

Reitano, p. 171.

Dropped thousands of cardboard cluster bombs on the Park Avenue headquarters of the company that made the real ones,

Berman, *Solid*, p. 320.

People from the area run up and down the streets from group to group. Refuse baskets are set afire and Molotov cocktail bombs, bottles filled with gasoline, are thrown into the streets.

Furer, p. 132.

The shooting death of four antiwar protestors by National Guardsmen at Ohio's Kent State University inspired a Wall Street antiwar rally by a thousand college and high school students on May 8, 1970. In a counterdemonstration, two hundred construction workers attacked the students with fists, pipes, tools, and hard hats. On what became known as "Blood Friday," ten thousand spectators witnessed construction workers taking over the steps of Federal Hall while waving U.S. flags and singing "God Bless America." Descending on City Hall, the men demanded that officials raise the flag, which was flying at half-mast in memory of the students killed at Kent State. Lindsay was burned in effigy and vilified as the "Red Mayor."

Reitano, p. 185.

Newsday headline, Friday, February 7, 1964: "Beatles Flying In: Riot Squad Ready."

Samuel, p. 23.

u - 1964 World's Fair

In the eighteen months from the beginning of season one in April 1964 and end of season two in October 1965, a bevy of key events related to the two major sources of conflict in the mid-1960s—civil rights and the Vietnam War—took place. While fairgoers munched on their Bel-Gem waffles and rode Avis's Antique Car Ride at a top speed of six miles per hour, thousands were marching (and a few dying) in Mississippi to register black voters during the Freedom Summer of 1964. Other seminal milestones of the civil rights movement—the assassination of Malcolm X in February 1965, the Selma to Montgomery marches the following month, and the Watts riots in August—were also happening as “peace through understanding” reigned in Flushing Meadows. Similarly, the amazing string of civil rights laws that were signed by LBJ during the run of the Fair—the Civil Rights Act in July 1964, the Voting Rights Act in August 1965, and affirmative action the next month—stood in stark contrast to Moses's city-state in Queens where America's “Negro problem” did not exist and time appeared to stand still. The Vietnam problem too was rapidly becoming a nightmare as global harmony, or at least Moses's version of it, ruled at the Fair. From the Tonkin Gulf Resolution in August 1964 to Operation Rolling Thunder in March 1965 and the start of “search and destroy” missions in June of that year, Vietnam was top of mind for most Americans exactly at the time when millions were gathering in Flushing Meadows in celebration of international brotherhood. As more troops were sent to Southeast Asia throughout 1964 and 1965, students and organizations such as the Students for a Democratic Society marched and “sat-in” in protest of the escalation of the war. Against the backdrop of all this conflict and social unrest, Robert Moses created a space that was essentially free from the turmoil of the mid-1960s.

Samuel, p. xvi.

While change, uncertainty, and angst reigned outside the fairgrounds, the world inside Robert Moses's tightly controlled universe (patrolled by thousands of Pinkerton guards) remained known and safe. A few groups tried to use the Fair as a stage to voice their concerns, most successfully on opening day, but Moses and his World's Fair Corporation [WFC] adeptly used the law and, when that failed, good old muscle to keep protesters at bay. For the overwhelming majority of visitors, the Fair's conservative tone was thus not a liability, as critics have argued, but a key asset, contributing heavily to its tremendous popularity. Rattled by immense cultural upheaval—racial unrest; an escalating, unpopular war; increasingly fuzzy gender roles; and a growing, unprecedented divide along generational lines—American visitors in particular found the Fair's postwar swagger and bravado to be a welcome anchor providing stability and ballast. The Fair's imaginary universe looked backward as much as forward, offering visitors a bridge over the troubled waters of the times. (Guy Lombardo, a personal favorite of Robert Moses, headed the unofficial house band at the Fair.)

The postwar world may have had its anxieties, but, after twenty years, they were known, familiar, and contained, the Fair told visitors, whereas the post-postwar world represented completely uncharted territory that the nation appeared unprepared to navigate. And by bypassing the uninviting near future for a more palatable far-distant one, the Fair offered its millions of visitors hope and

confidence that utopia or something like it was not an entirely lost cause.

In short, the American Dream was still very much alive in these 646 acres of land in Queens, an oasis of faith and optimism. Heavily inspired by Walt Disney, whose theme park in Anaheim had been open for a decade by 1964 (and who wanted to open his second park on the Fair's site after its run), Moses thus sought and succeeded in creating a safe bubble that was virtually free from worldly concerns in order to make the event a popular success. As the quintessential fantasy world that offered visitors refuge from the often less-than-magical realities of everyday life, the Magic Kingdom provided an ideal blueprint for Moses to follow in building his own interpretation of the happiest place on earth.

Chaos may have reigned in the WFC's boardrooms and in the offices of elected officials, but precious little of it could be detected on the fairgrounds. "Any hint of inequality, conflict, or injustice was excluded from the social purview of the Fair," observes Morris Dickstein, an accurate assessment of the protective cocoon that was Flushing Meadows. Within its grounds, foreign nations sang in harmony, corporations existed to produce things that made life better, and, most important, the future looked brighter than ever. The same formula of success that had proved so reliable the past couple of decades—science and technology—would lead America to an even more abundant promised land, this one made up of limitless energy, computerized efficiency, and push-button convenience. The make-believe universe of the 1964-65 New York World's Fair was, in short, the final gasp of American innocence, the last time and place in which the harsh realities of the mid-1960s could be ignored on such a large scale.

Ibid., pp. xvii-iii.

Moses rages at the press, the "assorted dyspeptics, grouches, grumblers, hit-and-run writers and talkers who hit broadly that our Fair will be artless, boycotted, funless, foodless, constipated, strangled and tasteless."

Caro, p. 1101.

Opening day, five months after the JFK assassination, would be the only one in which the contained universe of the Fair would be disrupted by the outside world in any significant way. Hundreds of sit-ins were scattered about the Fair. Groups of demonstrators—chanting slogans, singing songs, and sitting in front of pavilion entrances—had gathered at dozens of different locations on the grounds... Opening day was a day in which President Johnson came to the world of fantasy and encountered the world of fact.

Samuel, p. 33.

Dialing the numbers 1-9-6-4 on a special telephone, the president gave the go-ahead for a clock to begin the year's countdown to the Fair's opening. In typical Fair fashion, however, the publicity stunt did not go smoothly when a bus ran over a cable and the five hundred guests at the fairgrounds to hear the president's message had to wait for it to be retransmitted, this time on tape. "It's reassuring... that this is not the hot line to Moscow," an official said. Two days before the Fair opened, people realized that the clock had miscalculated the countdown.

Ibid., p. 28.

Moses said that he would not consider the Fair to be a success unless the three most powerful organizations in the world—the U.S. government, the Vatican, and General Motors—took part.

Ibid., p. xx.

"Into the gap left by the departing Communists," Moses said in 1962 after the Soviets announced they would not make a return to Flushing Meadow, "the saints have come marching in." Eight pavilions on seven acres was devoted to religion. All major Christian faiths invited to participate: There would be a Protestant and Orthodox Center, a Christian Science Pavilion, a Greek Orthodox Church exhibit, a Christian Life Convention pavilion, and of course the Vatican Pavilion. (The 1939 Fair had just one faith-based pavilion, the Temple of Religion)

Ibid., p. 22.

Everyone one of the major religions was represented at the Fair, save one, and Jewish leaders were increasingly perturbed by the absence of any representation of their faith.

Caro, p. 1101.

A federal judge ruled that although the WFC could maintain its ban on picketing, it would be legal for handbills to be passed out on the grounds. The WTC protested saying it would "convert the fairgrounds into an ideological battlefield."

Samuel, p. 36.

Groups of demonstrators—chanting slogans, singing songs, and sitting in front of pavilion entrances—had gathered at dozens of different locations on the grounds. "Bearded and untidy, the seats of their pants muddied from sitting on the soggy ground, the pickets repelled and fascinated the fairgoers," a *New York Times* reporter wrote.

Ibid., p. 34.

James Farmer, National Director of CORE, stopped at the Louisiana Pavilion, to which he carried a three-foot electric cattle prod and a sign saying that such a device was used on Negroes in that state... Farmer and Bayard Rustin were arrested at the New York State pavilion, the latter having led a march of about 300 people in front of the building and barricading it.

Ibid., p. 34.

Farmer's goal at the Fair was to publicize what he referred to as "the melancholy contrast between the idealized, fantasy world of the Fair and the real world of brutality, prejudice, and violence in which the American Negro is forced to live."

Ibid., p. 34.

The beer company / did not hire Blacks or Puerto Ricans, / so my father joined the picket line / at the Schaefer Beer Pavilion, New York World's Fair, / amid the crowds glaring with canine hostility.

Espada, N. pag.

A worker at the Wisconsin Pavilion, nineteen-year-old Michael Cohen arrived at the Fair's gates with a bunch of signs with slogans like "All Hands Off Vietnam." Cohen was stopped by Pinkerton guards and his

Dem nuts, dem bolts, dem pistons;
Dem rings, dem rods, dem gaskets;
Dem plugs, dem lugs, dem clutch plates
All of dem made of steel.

Chrysler insisted that the number was color free. "There's no reference at all to human beings or race," a company spokesman insisted, but the NAACP disagreed, threatening demonstrations at the pavilion and a boycott against Chrysler dealerships in the NYC area if the song was not changed or dropped. Just two days later, Chrysler not only agreed to change all mentions of "dem" to "them" and any "de" to "the" but also agreed to change the color of the puppets from purple to yellow.

Samuel, p. 77.

The Society for the Prevention of Negroes Getting Everything (SPONGE) showed up. SPONGE consisted of high school students who wore Confederate caps and carried signs of support for Alabama governor George Wallace.

Ibid., p. 76.

Pickers carried signs saying "End Apartheid at the Fair" and "African Pavilions Built with Lily White Labor."

Ibid., p. 27.

GM's Futurama: 19 of 38 hosts and hostesses were black. Ford was pleased as punch to claim that 26 of its 200 greeters were black, and Du Pont was equally happy that visitors would notice that 8 of its 45 hosts and hostesses were black. GE considered its hiring of 10 black hostesses out of a total of 110 at its Progressland exhibit such a progressive step that the company proudly made it known in its in-house magazine for employees and shareholders.

Ibid., p. 37.

There was, of course, not a single Negro or Puerto Rican on the Fair's 200-person administrative staff.

Caro, p. 1101.

Right before opening day, the owner of an employment agency, Mrs. Claire Gaber, had placed a newspaper ad seeking "blue-eyed blondes" to work at the Fair.

Ibid., p. 77.

Wanting to maximize the Fair's profits in order to build his dream park after the event (and probably dreading the scenario of thousands of poor African American and Puerto Rico children invading Flushing Meadows), Moses was determined to make kids in groups pay the full price.

Ibid., p. 23.

Upon learning that the Spanish Pavilion had hired some nonunion workers, the Teamsters prevented garbage collectors from picking up the pavilion's trash. The Spaniards threatened to dump the trash into the Unisphere's fountain if it was not collected, with the Teamsters saying they would then retrieve the garbage from the fountain and throw it back into the pavilion. (cf. Motherfuckers dumping trash into Lincoln Center fountain: "garbage for garbage." [Unrest])

Ibid., p. 19.

The Malaysians were spending more on just window washing in 1964 than their entire maintenance budget, making them wonder if they would be able to afford to be back in 1965. Huge pavilion lawns in the International Area were going unmowed, untrimmed, unwatered, and unweeded, the costs of landscaping upkeep simply too dear. Run-ins with unions were making it difficult for the Moroccans to keep their air conditioning running properly, and the Spaniards' garbage situation was even worse.

Ibid., p. 160.

The Japanese artisans—the only foreign group of construction workers at the Fair—could not understand why they had to stop working at 3:30 in the afternoon as well as collaborate with an American team, as labor rules mandated. To get ready for their visit, the artisans had spent six months learning English, eating American food, and getting familiar with New York City by reading *The New York Times* every day, but nothing could prepare them for the city's very un-Zen-like union regulations. The American workmen were equally thrown by the Japanese' more improvisational approach to construction. Stones for the pavilion were pre-numbered for easy assembly on the site, and the Japanese foreman's sudden decision to interchange number 7 with number 43 did not go over well with union workers trained to think of architectural plans as the gospel. It took two hours and much persuasion for the Americans to agree to swap the two stones.

Ibid., p. 159.

Rather than "peace through understanding," the tit-for-tat gamesmanship between the Jews and the Arabs was resulting in violence, a small-scale foreshadowing of the Six-Day War just two years away. In response to the Arabs' handing out of leaflets urging visitors to not buy "Israel war bonds," the Jews one day set up a table near them offering kosher bologna sandwiches and Israeli beer." The Arabs did not take the Jews up on the free lunch.

Ibid., p. 76.

The WFC made it clear that the clause of a 1864 land deed between NYC and the Mohawk Indians stating that the latter had unfettered access to the area "to cut bulrushes," the tribe could get into the Fair anytime free of charge:

"Ye Indians hath reserved Liberty to cut bulrushes for them and their heyers for ever in any place within ye Tract," the deed said, the tract being "all Meadows, feeding marshes, woodes, underwoodes, waters and ponds... scittuate upon ye North Shore of Long Island known by ye name of fflushing within Queenes County."

Even this deal, written a couple of centuries before the area became a valley of ashes, caused dissent however. One Princess Sun Tamo of the Matinnecoaks promptly came forth to argue that it was her tribe, not the Mohawks, who had the legal right for free admission to the Fair. Experts in Indian history supported her claim, and it was agreed that the Mohawks, like everyone else except the Matinnecoaks would have to fork over two bucks if they wanted to experience the greatest event in history. Would any aspect of the Fair reflect its theme of "peace through understanding"?

Ibid., p. 26.

Feeling guilty about the Indians was a sixties thing in New York.

Schulman, "Pacheco," N. pag.

A number of efforts were made to turn the entire Fair into much more of a multilingual event in order to turn it into a true "global holiday." A year before the Fair opened, a New York-based group, the International Committee for Breaking the Language Barrier, called for some sort of system to assist non-English-speaking visitors "to facilitate and promote communication among people speaking different languages." Through signs and language, the group imagined, the upcoming world's Fair would be the perfect opportunity to break down some of the barriers that unnecessarily separated citizens of the world. Esperanto associations too urged speakers of the world language to visit the Fair in order to put a "non-native tongue" in greater circulation. "*Vizitu la Novjorkan Mond Foiron!*" exclaimed Esperantists in a pamphlet sent to fellow speakers of the artificial language, urging them, "Come to the Fair!" The state railways of Germany and Austria as well as the Netherlands' tourism information service were already promoting themselves in Esperanto, giving its proponents hope that the language was beginning to become a legitimate option for millions of travelers around the world.

Samuel, p. 162.

Peter Lyle, a nineteen-year-old cashier at one of the Brass Rail snack stands was spending his downtime reading four volumes of Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

Ibid., p. 50.

Seven people were injured when a Glide-a-Ride bus hit the General Foods arch near the ground's entrance. The hospital on the fairground was unfinished at the time.

Ibid., p. 45.

A Pinkerton guard was run over by one of Ford's 144 automatic convertibles.

Ibid., p. 45.

A few of Times Square's most visible panhandlers had moved their operations to Flushing Meadows, working the gates near the main entrance and the boardwalk that visitors had to cross after pouring out of or into the IRT subway. A blind man who had been raising money for an "eye transplant" for more than a decade in midtown Manhattan was doing gangbusters business at the Fair finding happy visitors heading back to the city relatively easy picking. Not too surprisingly, pickpockets and confidence men were active at the Fair, moving to where the action was.

Ibid., p. 39.

Even before opening day, things were disappearing from some of the buildings. Sudan had lost a large, decorated ostrich egg, while Hong Kong was losing twelve foot-long spears. Most puzzling was the disappearance of a stuffed, seven-foot, fifty-four pound white marlin from the Long Island Rail Road exhibit.

Ibid., p. 44.

In the 1930s, with capitalism in crisis, world's fairs were assigned the grander cultural role to shore up Americans' faith in a consumer-based society. The 1934 Century of Progress exposition in Chicago not only reminded Americans of our past accomplishments but

also sent a strong message that the popular value of thrift was not in the best long-term interests of either the nation or the individual. Although President Roosevelt backed the Century of Progress as a form of economic (and psychological) recovery, private corporations, most notably General Motors and Ford, championed the somewhat damaged idea that spending money was the essence of the American way. Other American fairs of the 1930s, that is, San Diego (1935-36), Dallas (1936), Cleveland (1936-37), and San Francisco (1939-40), carried similar ideological themes, but it was the 1939-40 New York World's Fair that most enthusiastically celebrated the American way of life steeped in consumerism and rebutted the pessimism of the Great Depression. Tubular chairs, nylon, and television all made their debut in 1939 in New York, just a few of the "products of tomorrow" that would lead us to a better, happier future.

With a board of directors dominated by business leaders and an all-star team of industrial designers including Walter Dorwin Teague, Norman Bel Geddes, Raymond Loewy, and Henry Dreyfus, commerce was clearly at the core of the 1939-40 Fair. All the major carmakers and an assortment of other large companies, including AT&T, Kodak, RCA, U.S. Steel, and Westinghouse, exhibited at the Fair, a re-coming out of sorts for big business that had been largely blamed for the Depression. GM's Futurama ride, designed by Geddes, not only offered visitors a peek into a utopian world of 1960 but also correctly predicted that much of tomorrow would be brought to us by corporate America. It was thus virtually inevitable that the 1964-65 New York World's Fair would not just continue along this trajectory of consumerism but, given the postwar American experience, exponentially advance it. The Fair was grounded in commerce from the get-go, dependent on the blessings of local businessmen for it to move from idea to reality. This Fair, even more than previous ones, would embrace the promise of science and technology to make our lives easier and more fulfilling.

The commercial nature of the Fair trickled down from its leader, Robert Moses, who, viewing the event as a business opportunity for the city, filled his board of directors with men of industry. From Moses's perspective, it was also essential that the Fair itself be profitable in order for the WFC to pay back the bonds it had borrowed, to silence the many critics, and, most important, to pave the way for the realization of his ultimate dream—a world-class park in Queens, perhaps even carrying his name.

Business, not political differences or social inequities, would define the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, offering both visitors and exhibitors a strong sense of comfort surrounded by the familiar and friendly ideology of American free enterprise and the fruits of the marketplace. Long before opening day, it was already apparent that commerce at the Fair would crush almost everything else in its path. As soon as the WFC moved into its headquarters in the Empire State Building, in fact, critics came out of the journalistic woodwork to voice their concerns about the Fair becoming a yearlong advertisement for exhibitors and for the idea of business itself. Some were simply concerned that the commercial aspects of the Fair would make the event less than an entertaining affair.

A full four years before opening day, for example, Robert Fontaine of *Atlantic Monthly* predicted, "The place will be cluttered with the latest color TV sets, the newest in prefabricated houses, the finest dynamos available, and, quite possibly, a machine that can take all the available statistics and come out with an answer to the effect that these are precisely the things the Fair should have exhibited." Fontaine also anticipated that the typical fairgoer would be exiting

the grounds "haggard and bored, his arms weighed down with pamphlets and brightly printed books of statistics." By late 1963, it was quite clear that the type of scenario Fontaine imagined was not too much of an exaggeration. Even some Fair officials had been taken aback by the overt commercialism of the event as it took shape. "We have to crack down on this," one staffer observed as it became clear that corporate pavilions would dominate the Fair's landscape. "It's beginning to look like a bazaar."

Writing for *The Nation* in November of that year, C. Gervin Hayden described the Fair that was rapidly taking shape as "646 acres of mammoth ads, corporate images and soft-sell" and "the biggest array of wallet-tempting sales messages of the decade." Hayden added, "U.S. industry has seized upon the New York Fair as a rare marketing opportunity, masquerading as a public-service endeavor [but] becom[ing] a hard-nosed, profit-oriented business operation." Other journalists were struck by the Fair's evolution as a pure, unadulterated exercise in marketing. "The Fair offers an unmatched opportunity for on-the-spot consumer research and product exposure, and the business exhibitors are making the most of it," a writer for *Business Week* observed a month before opening day. True to form, Ford was doing consumer research at the Fair even before it opened, hiring four hundred people to try out its Magic Skyway to make sure it was up to snuff.

Hard proof that business ruled the Fair roost were the swank, exclusive executive lounges hidden in most of the corporate pavilions. Filled with wall-to-wall deep-pile carpet, recessed lighting, station wagon-size stereophonic cabinetry, and more martinis than in a James Bond movie, executive lounges at the Fair resembled bachelor pads for men in gray flannel suits. Ford had three such hideaways, including one ultra-plush lounge just for company officers and directors and their guests featuring Ford vinyl-coated fabrics on the furnishings and a chef imported from the Four Seasons in New York. The Tower of Light Pavilion, which represented 150 private utility companies, had two lounges that separated employees like military clubs did for officers and noncoms. For company brass and VIPs there was the Kite and Key Club, equipped with rosewood paneling, dining and bar facilities, and a one-way mirror to view the hoi polloi on the outside. In their lounge, however, utility-company worker bees were treated to not much more than a soft-drink vending machine. Although they ranged in amenities and appointments, companies kept hush-hush about these rooms because they contradicted the democratic spirit of the Fair, symbols of the vast inequalities and discrimination across class, racial, and gender lines in business and virtually every other sphere of life around the world. Interestingly, executive lounges at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair were even bigger and more ornate, as there was no central private club for entertaining as there was at the 1964-65 Fair. Corporate members and individuals gained access to the exclusive Terrace Club for \$3,750 to \$12,500 and \$1,250, respectively, a pricey but affordable option for those sponsors wanting to do some private entertaining at the Fair.

Ibid., pp. 92-4.

Not as beautiful as the Columbia Exposition's White City in Chicago in 1893, not as progressive as the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, and not as optimistic as the 1939-40 New York World's Fair, the 1964-65 Fair is considered, in short, the ugly ducking (or perhaps Ugly American) of global expositions. Overshadowed by its financial losses, European no-shows, heavy commercial orientation, and, above all, the looming and rather sinister presence of its president, Robert Moses,

the Fair has been summarily dismissed by critics as the world's Fair that permanently put an end to major world's fairs.

Ibid., p. xiv.

This new Fair, executives believed, represented an unprecedented opportunity to build goodwill among tens of millions of consumers from all around the world, a promotional vehicle that promised to pay dividends for decades.

Ibid., p. xx.

With corporate America more powerful than ever in the mid-1960s and consumer culture at an all-time high, the 1964-65 New York World's Fair would make all previous expositions pale in comparison in terms of their commercial nature.

Ibid., p. xx.

Although the Fair was officially about "peace through understanding," it was really mostly about dollars and cents.

Ibid., p. 11.

Corporate America was committed to protecting its huge investment, and was not about to let this great opportunity to make a favorable impression among a global audience of consumers slip away.

Ibid., p. 64.

In fairs on the scale of the present one at Flushing Meadows, the free-enterprise system mirrors itself as flatteringly and seductively as it knows how. Neither permanence nor restraint hobbles a project whose aim is an artful fantasy in which individual products are not nearly so important as the spectacular packaging of the business idea itself.

Ibid., p. 94.

From the moment you enter Flushing Meadows, you become a fetus in the bulging womb of commerce, suspended in an amniotic fluid of ballyhoo and gimmickry. You are disoriented and cushioned, and thus made porous to the seepage of advertising copy which is the sole reason for the Fair... The Fair is only nominally a gathering of nations. In fact it is a promotional orgy for American business.

Ibid., p. 95.

America indeed appears to have turned a corner, with large corporations taking the charge in defining our national identity and social values as charismatic visionary political leadership waned.

Ibid., p. 96.

This Fair, like virtually all past ones would be almost entirely disposable.

Ibid., p. 96.

One visitor from Albany, New York, however, was more critical, considering the Fair to be steeped in "crass commercialism." "The pretty showcases containing overpriced products and hack commercials in the form of vapid ditties and sterile exhibits do not, I hope, portray our future for the next 25 years," he griped. Another observer simply thought it was odd and a little disturbing that the Fair "omitted Russia, all central Europe and most of Asia, while including Clairol, General Cigar, Mastro Pizza, Johnson's Wax and Seven-Up."

Ibid., p. 97.

With commerce the common denominator or Esperanto of the Fair, national pavilions tended to take on the appearance of corporations and vice versa. Because the exhibits of the Big 3 automakers dwarfed the displays of many nations, in fact, *Time* referred to their pavilions as "the sovereign republics of Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors."

Ibid., p. 97.

Ironically, religious and state exhibits had been actively sought to lessen the grounds' resemblance to the world's largest shopping center, but, as some noted at the time, these exhibitors too were much about selling.

Ibid., p. 97.

Some foreign pavilions did not represent the character of the nations whose names they take and that they are, in fact, little more than merchandise bazaars.

Ibid., p. 104.

The Lake Amusement Area was also intended to serve as a way to balance out the heavy representation of industry at the Fair. Because little actual amusement could be found in the area, however, a result of Moses's insistence that everything at the Fair be as inoffensive as his billboard-free parkways, corporations took on the role as lead entertainer.

Ibid., p. 97.

As the Fair took shape as the ultimate trade show, American businesses spent a huge amount of money—a total of three hundred million dollars—on their exhibits. "We couldn't afford not to spend," one executive remarked. "You can't look cheap." Cheap was the last thing some corporations looked. GM's exhibit cost more than fifty million dollars, Ford's thirty million, GE's fifteen million, AT&T's fifteen million, Chrysler's twelve million, NCR's three million, and Singer's two million.

Ibid., p. 98.

Having a presence at the Fair not only suggested that a company was forward thinking, research oriented, and public minded but also represented a rare chance to relate to consumers when they were in a festive mood. "Where else could we get the undivided attention of a captive audience of 74 million people?" asked Steven Van Voorbis, manager of GE's Progressland.

Ibid., p. 99.

In the "Fair within the Fair," some 175 exhibitors displayed fashions, furnishings and foods, and the center's hyperconsumerism, over the top even for the Fair, was not lost on critics. *Time*, one of the pavilion's harsher critics, considered the Better Living Center a "trap," where "predator salesmen claw for the jugular." [Commodity]

Ibid., p. 114.

If this is Futurama architecture, many a sensitive youth of today may flatly refuse to take the trip into the twenty-first century.

Ibid., p. 99.

It was no coincidence then that industry's most powerful marketing tool—television—would heavily shape fairgoers' experience. Almost twenty years of television had forever changed how entertainment, and thus world's fairs, would be presented and consumed.

Ibid., p. 98.

The public no longer had the wide-eyed wonder when it came to world's fairs. "They've seen it all on television," explained one exhibit manager.

Ibid., p. 123.

In his 1980 essay "Within the Context of No Context," George W.S. Trow, who had worked at the Fair, wrote: 'What was the Fair? It was the world of television but taken seriously... At the Fair, one could see the world of television impersonating the world of history. It was the world of television, but they wouldn't let you in on the joke.'

Davidson, N. pag.

"Once he commences a ride or tour, he is systematically fed an entertaining, and hopefully convincing, sales message," *The Nation* observed, with visitors traveling through time and space by conveyor belts and hydraulic lifts and then deposited near the exit, cogs in a literal entertainment machine. The impact of television—arguably the most important technological innovation of the second half of the twentieth century—on the Fair experience could be rivaled only by the most important technological innovation of the first half of the century: Henry Ford's assembly line.

Samuel, p. 98.

Futuramas took a trip to the moon, relaxed under the ocean at an aquatic resort, visited a jungle in which trees were knocked down like toothpicks, and cruised through a desert where crops thrived in soil irrigated by desalted seawater and machines planted and harvested crops by remote control.

Ibid., p. 107.

Its City of Tomorrow, which channeled Le Corbusier's Radiant City, was all about transportation (midtown airports amid super skyscrapers, high-speed bus-trains, moving sidewalks, underground freight-conveyor belts), a utopian metropolis with no slums or parking problems.

Ibid., p. 108.

Curved, finned, corporate Tomorrowland, as presented at the 1964 World's Fair was over before it began.

N. cit.

The Cab of Tomorrow driver said he would keep the meter running just to find out how much it would cost to take a taxi around the world.

Samuel, p. 30.

At the Coca-Cola Pavilion, an employee had started to pose as a Disney animatronic, amazing crowds as a colleague pressed a button to supposedly make her smile and another to get her to take a drink from a bottle of Coke. "That's the most lifelike figure I've seen at any of the exhibits," one delighted visitor exclaimed.

Samuel, p. 51.

GE asked Walt Disney to go back to his workshop to make the figures in the Carousel of Progress more realistic, not wanting last year's model of animatronic figures for its Magic Skyway ride.

Ibid., p. 65.

Walt Disney was sixty-three when the Fair opened and would die a year after the exposition closed.

Ibid., p. xv.

It was "Plastics Day" at the Fair, when the construction material in all its chemical splendor was honored, as were the men who made it possible.

Ibid., p. 164.

Eight Fiberglas dinosaurs floated down the Hudson River on a barge in October, headed to their ultimate destination in the Sinclair Oil exhibit.

Ibid., p. 29.

A 12-year-old boy who had been reported missing for nine days from his home on Long Island, was discovered on the grounds, having spent the entire time there quite happily living off change he plucked out of the Fair's numerous fountains. "I slept in the Gas Pavilion for three nights, four nights in the Continental Insurance Pavilion, one night at Coca-Cola and one night in the Johnson's Wax Theater."

Ibid., p. 39.

The theaters themselves were a tribute to the versatility of chemistry, made up of a bevy of Du Pont-branded materials including a Tedlar roof, Delrin doorknobs, Antron and Fabrilite seats, Dacron fire hoses, Zytel hinges, Mylar stage curtains, Hylene foam undercoating, and Nylon carpets.

Ibid., p. 168.

The piece de résistance was when the Du Pont chorus sang "The Happy Plastics Family," something that occurred, rather amazingly, forty cheery times a day.

Ibid., pp. 168-9.

Inside the next room, we watched as one of the craftsmen manipulated the shop's huge Vac-u-Form machine. Originally specially built for the 1964 World's Fair, the room-sized contraption turns large sheets of anonymous plastic in three-dimensional walls, columns, carriages, trees, statues, or anything else that can be imagined and sculpted.

Groce, p. 47.

For twelve months Flushing Meadows was turned into what may very well have been the most culturally diverse place on earth.

Samuel, p. 162.

At the Belgian Village, a visitor might have mistaken twentieth-century Flushing Meadows for eighteenth-century Antwerp. The village was actually designed in 1930 and shown in Antwerp, constructed for the 1933-34 Chicago World's Fair and then again in Brussels in 1958 for its Fair, described as "a meticulous copy of a walled Flemish village as it might have appeared in 1800." "Picturesque Belgium," as it was also called, consisted of no less than a hundred houses, a replica of the

fifteenth-century Gothic church of saint Nicolas in Antwerp, a town hall with an underground rathskeller, forty shops, a canal, and an arched stone bridge. The owner, taking a loss of two million dollars on the project had been talking with Hugh Hefner about putting a Playboy Club in the town hall, planning to dress up the Bunnies in medieval Flemish costumes à la Breughel.

Ibid., pp. 43-4.

At the Hong Kong Pavilion, one could have a custom-made tweed or brocade suit jacket, or dress measured, sewn, and delivered in twenty-four hours, something Macy's or Gimbels sure couldn't do. [Department Store] [Commodity] [Fashion]

Ibid., p. 105.

Immediately upon their arrival at JFK Airport, the Burundis promptly laid down on the escalator, having no familiarity with stairs at all much less moving ones. [Technology]

Ibid., p. 160.

The Africans were particularly intrigued by Jack LaLanne's exercise show on television. [Body in the City]

Ibid., p. 160.

All twenty-two of the Burundis slept in a single room just as they would have back at home.

Ibid., p. 160.

The Africans insisted on maintaining their habit of drinking a quart of beer with every meal—including breakfast—although they found the American version weak compared with their own banana-based brew.

Ibid., p. 160.

Ethnic food at the Fair: the pineapple turnovers at Hawaii's pavilion were more Betty Crocker than King Kamehameha. [Food]

Ibid., p. 153.

Walter Carlson in *The New York Times*: "What is a World's Fair? It's being able to sit in the Caribbean outdoor restaurant sipping a tall mai tai while listening to a calypso singer on the stage, while outside a bagpipe band skirls by and across the street Mexican Indians swing upside down from a 114-foot pole in a prayer for rain."

Ibid., p. 163.

The Lowenbrau Gardens brought over eleven young, titled women to work as barmaids in its replica of an eighteenth-century Bavarian hamlet complete with Alpine chalets. The nine baronesses and two countesses from Munich, some of whose families had dated back to the ninth century, hauled beer steins to thirsty commoners in the open-air café, proud to serve as cultural ambassadors before returning home to their privileged lives.

Ibid., p. 51.

Many of the African women dancers could be seen continually tugging at their halter tops, not used to wearing such an article of clothing back home.

Ibid., p. 154.

As for Korea and Japan, much attention was paid to the selection of the "girls" who worked in the Indonesian pavilion's restaurant, with President Sukarno personally choosing them and even advising them on their behavior ("I do not want you to wiggle around with tight skirts," the president made perfectly clear).

Ibid., p. 153.

All or virtually all of the major expositions of the past had offered entertainment charged with sexuality appropriate to the time. At Chicago's World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, for example, Little Egypt did her *danse du ventre* in the Streets of Cairo Area of that Fair, the first time belly dancing was so widely seen in the United States. Dancing girls appeared at the racy Streets of Seville exhibit of the 1904 St. Louis Fair, Sally Rand did her famous fan dance at Chicago's 1933 Century of Progress, and six years later, Gypsy Rose Lee performed her "Streets of Paris" burlesque at the 1939-40 New York Fair.

Such naughty doings, however, would have no place at all at Moses's Fair. Despite the youth-driven revolutions in both entertainment and sexuality that lay just around the cultural corner, and the fact that strip clubs were a very popular form of entertainment for men at the time, Moses insisted that amusements at the Fair be "free of honky-tonk," reflecting his clear bias toward middle-class, family-oriented values and his distaste for any form of grit." Like his highways and this former ash dump, it appeared, Moses wanted his Fair clean and pure, to minimize the effects of actual human occupancy and physicality. A bemused writer for *Atlantic Monthly* poked fun at Moses's insistence that there be "no strip-teasers, no razzle-dazzle and whoop-dee-do" and that "a husband will not have to leave his wife and children for ten minutes to see any of the features." (The rumor was that Moses even made the puppets in the "Les Poupees de Paris" show wear bras.) Poletti reinforced the WFC's official position, telling the media that the Fair would have "plenty of amusement ... but no belly dancers," referring to Little Egypt's scandalous (and very popular) performance. Not wanting to be seen as a prude or party pooper, Moses argued that he simply wanted to raise the bar of entertainment at the Fair. "We are not against gaiety," he said in March 1962. "We shall inaugurate many new inventions infinitely more diverting than whiskered women, tattooed giants and nudes on ice—such as worldwide color television. Spotting an opportunity, some Manhattan nightclub operators began talking about adding stripteasers to close what *Newsweek*, mocking the "gap"-drenched rhetoric of the cold war, referred to as the Fair's "nudity gap."

In the place of such a gap, what gradually emerged was a genre of entertainment that was highly theatrical and sensational yet decidedly free from eroticism or even sensuality. With Flushing Meadows on the shore, much of the entertainment was planned to be watery, just like at the 1939-40 Fair. In addition to commissioning a "Dancing Waters" show, the WFC hired the folks from Radio City Music Hall to produce "Wonderworld," a musical extravaganza in the amphitheater on Flushing Meadows Lake. Other amusements included "Ice-Travaganza" (an ice show created and performed by Olympic skating star Dick Button in the New York City Pavilion), a Ringling Brothers circus, and a wax museum, which included not only the figures of Cleopatra, Dr. Kildare, Lady Godiva, the Beatles, Superman, and Jesus but also another cultural icon—Robert Moses. Moses had another idea of how to make the Fair squeaky clean and wholesome as apple pie, free from the sinful trappings of the carnival: old-time religion. Moses ensured that

considerable space—eight pavilions on seven acres—was devoted to religion, covering his bases by inviting all major Christian faiths to participate. The decision to make religion a significant presence at the Fair was in some ways a curious one, as the Supreme Court had just banned official prayer in public schools, deeming it a violation of the First Amendment's guarantee to separate church and state. With the Fair a public event (but run by a private corporation), a strong religious and specifically Christian orientation could have been construed as somewhat inappropriate. Regardless of the way the cultural winds were blowing, religion would be heavily represented at the Fair, contributing to its overall conservative tone.

Ibid., pp. 20-2.

A film of a passion play at the Protestant and Orthodox Center, was set in a circus where Christ, as a mime or clown, was crucified in a Punch and Judy show. "It's fine, but I can't understand it," said one viewer.

Ibid., p. 52.

Moses occasionally referred to the Fair as "Flushing Meadow [sic] University," once claiming that visitors would "get a well-rounded education for the entrance price of second rate movies." As he argued to critics who thought the Fair was low-brow and pure fluff, "This is the opportunity of millions to obtain wisdom without pain." It was obvious to all that the Fair desperately needed more business in the evening if it was going to turn a profit, but nearly naked women was apparently not the answer.

Ibid., p. 75.

Mid-1960s hipsters considered the event in Queens totally Squaresville.

Ibid., p. 62.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, a personal favorite of Robert Moses, symbolized the decidedly "square" entertainment offerings at the Fair.

Ibid., p. 67.

In preparation for its visitors—twenty-seven million finally attended, less than anticipated—there had been months of crackdowns, cleanups, and security measures anticipating political demonstrations. A campaign to control gay bars had already begun in January when the Fawn in Greenwich Village was closed by the police. Reacting to this closing by police department undercover agents, known as "actors," the *New York Times* on January 17 ran a front-page story headed "Growth of Overt Homosexuality in City Provokes Wide Concern," which addressed "the city's most sensitive open secret—the presence of what is probably the greatest homosexual population in the world and its increasing openness."

Frank O'Hara was quick to report to John Ashbery in Paris on the article / debate about which was keeping dinner parties in Manhattan animated that winter: "You may be interested to know that the *New York Times* had a front page (and a full page continuation inside) story on how New York is the world center of homosexuality, with somewhere between 100,000 and 600,000 of THEM prowling the areaways of Fair Gotham. Kind of exciting, isn't it? It also explains how they identify one another by a fraction of a second longer look than normal people give. I'll keep you informed. I think it was all triggered by the

closing of The Fawn, a charming little dancing *boite* on Christopher Street near the Hudson River which the police used to like to visit even more than the fags (three times a night, and with blinders on) until obviously someone wouldn't pay them off anymore. *Adieu, petit faune!*"

By mid-April repressive measures were stepped up. O'Hara wrote irately to Rivers, who was in London as an informal artist-in-residence at the Slade School of Fine Arts: "In preparation for the World's Fair New York has been undergoing a horrible cleanup (I wonder what they think people are *really* coming to NYC for, anyway?). All the queer bars except one are already closed, four movie theatres have been closed (small ones) for showing unlicensed films like Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* and Genet's *Chant d'amour* (Jonas Mekas has been arrested twice, once for each)... Lots of committees are springing up to protest all this, everything from a lawyers committee, a free speech committee to protest the closing of coffee houses which have non-profit poetry readings (Allen and I read for this one), and one Diane has started to protest all this plus the new zoning laws which are driving artists out of their lofts... The Fair itself, or its preparations are too ridiculous and boring to go into, except for the amusing fact that [Robert] Moses flies over it in a helicopter every day to inspect progress. And CORE has promised to totally stop traffic the first day by lying down on the highway. I hope they do."

Goch, pp. 423-4.

The Better Living Center: Juxtaposed against works by John Singer Sargent, Edward Hopper, and Jackson Pollock, was an actual tractor-trailer truck filled with groceries, a ninety-day supply of food for the average family, to be precise.

Samuel, pp. 113-4.

Spain's world-class art collection, much of it from the Prado Museum in Madrid, was immensely popular, all the more so because of the pavilion's sixty female guides, all wearing Balenciaga.

Ibid., p. 147.

A design critic saw the architectural grab bag of the Fair as a metaphor for something much bigger and more important, believing that "its inability to send me home exploding with ideas is a real indication of the decline of the nation."

Ibid., p. 42.

The Panorama of the City of New York, the world's largest (a half acre) three-dimensional model that featured every structure, bridge, highway, and park of the city." One could (and still can in what is now the Queens Museum of Art) pick out one's home, school, or workplace, with binoculars for rent to make it a little easier. Besides the narration by announcer deluxe Lowell Thomas and the ability for the scale (one inch to one hundred feet) model to go from day to night and back again, one could take a seven-minute helicopter ride over the mini-city, skimming over the panorama by just two feet. The model, which had taken Richard Lester of Lester Associates two years and the city six hundred thousand dollars to create, was not just an amazing piece of design but also without question a monument to Robert Moses's career. One could not look more than a few feet without bumping into something Moses had built, a fact that surely did not go unnoticed by the seventy-five-year-old man.

Ibid., p. 137.

In March 1962, it became clear that the Vatican would go all out for the New York Fair when, after the pope met with Francis Cardinal Spellman, the archbishop of New York and future president of the pavilion, it agreed to exhibit two of its most prized statues, Michelangelo's Pietà and the Good Shepherd. The Carrara marble Pietà, which depicts the body of the dead Jesus in the arms of the Virgin Mary after the Crucifixion, had never left the Basilica of St. Peter in Vatican City in the 465 years since its completion, whereas the Good Shepherd, residing in the Lateran Museum, was believed to be the earliest representation of a beardless Christ. Although the coup made WFC staffers jump for joy (the corporation immediately predicted the Pietà would be the single largest draw at the Fair), the pope's rather bold decision did not go over well with the Italian artistic community, who feared the three thousand-pound statue might get damaged and resented their cultural icons even temporarily leaving the country.

A few days after the announcement, a group of Florentine artists drove a truck carrying a plaster cast of the Pietà through their city, claiming it was the real thing that they had hijacked to keep it in the country. The clever hoax fooled more than a few Florentines and served as the start of a long global debate over whether the statue should be brought to New York. Many people, including the director of the Fogg Art Museum in Boston, were firmly against it leaving its native turf, agreeing with many Italians that the masterpiece should not be treated like an animatronic Abe Lincoln.

Ignoring the party poopers, the WFC tried to parlay their winnings by beginning negotiations with the Louvre to bring over Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, while a Greek newspaper proposed that Praxiteles's Hermes Carrying the Infant Dionysius, a prized statue standing in south Greece's Olympia Museum, be sent to the Fair. (A reader of the newspaper agreed, thinking that the average American would be much more impressed by Hermes than "the chick-peas of Santorini or the prunes from Skopelos.") Although Greek archaeologists made it clear that the risk of shipping the twenty-three hundred-year-old statue overseas was too great, Fair officials would not give up on the piece, urging the Greek ministry to bring it over and sweetening the deal by not only guaranteeing its safety but also offering four million dollars in shared revenues. Neither the Mona Lisa or Hermes would make it to Flushing Meadows, however, turning the Pietà into that much more of the crown jewel of the Fair.

Ibid., pp. 144-5.

Insured for six million dollars, the fragile Pietà arrived at the Vatican Pavilion on loan from St. Peter's in a special waterproof, floatable crate designed to free itself from a sinking ship. *Art News* published an editorial protesting the transport in February 1964. O'Hara, always slightly more amused than hysterical on most public issues, wrote in "Poem": "when the cartoon / of a pietà / begins to resemble Ava Gardner / in Mexico / you know you're here."

Gooch, p. 425.

Fair officials decided not to accept the offer from a wealthy Catholic Manhattanite to keep the Pietà in his Fifth Avenue apartment before heading to Flushing.

Samuel, p. 144.

A new base was designed for better visibility and Broadway stage designer Jo Mielziner was hired to build, in effect, a set for the star

of the Fair. Mielziner, whose credits included *Annie Get Your Gun* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, sprinkled hundreds of dark-blue flickering votive candles around the Pietà and had Gregorian chants played over the speakers, attempts perhaps to make the bulletproof glass in front of it and armed guards around it a little less obtrusive. Most visitors rode past the sculpture on a conveyer belt moving at two miles per hour and then were invited to purchase Pietà souvenirs—medals, rosaries, charms, and miniatures—from the Vatican's gift shop.

Ibid., p. 146.

The Fair exposed Michelangelo's Pietà to millions and popularized the Belgian waffle.

Ibid., p. xvi.

Robert Moses had an idea how to increase traffic at the Fair: have the Weather Bureau take a more "positive" approach in its forecasts for the area. Rather than saying there was a "20 per cent chance of precipitation," Moses asked Anthony F. Tancreto, head of the New York division of the bureau, in a letter, why not say there was an "80 per cent chance of Fair weather." Amazingly, and as a testament to the power Moses wielded, the bureau agreed to use the phrase "variable sunshine" in place of "variable cloudiness." The God-like Moses could, it appeared, even change the weather.

Ibid., p. 76.

Like all architectural symbols of world's fairs since 1889, the Unisphere aspired to match the grandeur of Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel's tower, a losing proposition but one that Fair presidents, including Moses, could not resist. The grandson of Eiffel was even invited to attend the Unisphere's pedestal ceremony, an attempt to try to link the two icons, but few then or now likely confused the one in Paris for the one in Queens, despite the latter's use of the most advanced technology available. [Simulacrum]

Ibid., p. 100.

Roger M. Blough is credited with determining the Unisphere's height, this decision made by less than scientific methods. Looking out his window one day, he saw a twelve-story redbrick building and decided on the spot that that was how tall the globe should be.

Ibid., p. 100.

NYC appropriated the Unisphere as a universal code to let visitors know how to get to the Fair. "Orange-and-blue Unisphere directional signs have broken out like German measles all over town."

Ibid., p. 19.

The Unisphere, was, appropriately enough, also a 140-foot corporate logo. A two million-dollar "gift" to the Fair, U.S. Steel insisted that anytime the Unisphere was depicted, a line saying "Presented by United States Steel" had to be included.

Ibid., p. 99.

Although it was without a doubt a marketing coup, the Unisphere too was less than warmly received by architectural critics, especially when compared to the Atomium of the 1958 Brussels Fair, the Space Needle at Seattle in 1961, or, for that matter, Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace in London in 1851 or Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel's tower in Paris

in 1889. "The Unisphere is a bore," said Horace Sutton, "and a commercial bore at that."

Ibid., p. 100.

The Unisphere was described by *Newsweek* as "the world's biggest birdcage."

Ibid., p. 18.

Moses said that the Unisphere was "certainly distasteful to lovers of abstract art."

Ibid., p. 18.

The first season was a financial disaster. Because of its disappointing numbers and the cloud of conflict that continually hovered over the grounds, it would have been easy to judge the first season (and the enterprise as a whole) a dismal failure.

Ibid., p. 59.

On the last day of the Fair's first season in October, the crowd scooped up bargains galore, as exhibitors slashed their prices on merchandise.

Ibid., p. 57.

Despite the hundreds of extra security personnel assigned to the grounds on the final day, a significant number of visitors were determined to take home a literal piece of the Fair. Flowers and shrubbery—including the chrysanthemums that had just been planted for the new park—were ripped up and countless souvenirs taken, even the black plastic "You Are Here" tags on the outdoor maps. Vandals too struck the fairgrounds, with signs torn down from buildings and trash cans dumped into fountains. More than a few tipsy men wandered into the Unisphere pool, too good of a photo op to miss out on as anarchy reigned. Flags were taken from the United Nations Pavilion and, somehow, a few twenty-foot flagpoles. Booty accumulated at the Fair's gates, as guards took away visitors' pickins. Adding to the chaos of the last day was when two cars of a train ride at the Long Island Rail Road Pavilion toppled over, sending three adults and four children to the ground's Atomedic hospital. *Time* described the last day's happenings as a "scene straight out of a Federico Fellini film," bookending the chaos of the first day. The Fair was going out just like it came in."

Ibid., pp. 88.

On October 16, 1965, the day before the exposition closed, VIPs gathered in Flushing Meadows to put the 1964-65 New York World's Fair into their own time machine. Just ten feet south of where a similar ceremony occurred a quarter century earlier, guests signed their names in a special book that was then put into a time capsule to be opened in five thousand years. The capsule was a replica of the one buried in 1940, when officials of that Fair along with executives from the Westinghouse Electric Corporation buried circa 1930s artifacts and microfilmed records to document their time and place for the benefit of those individuals finding themselves in Queens in the seventieth century. Such things as a woman's hat, a slide rule, and an assortment of newspaper and magazine articles describing the (mostly sorry) state of world affairs at the turn of the decade were sunk into a fifty-foot steel shaft, not to be opened until the year 6939. Dozens of experts also deemed that the Lord's Prayer (in three hundred languages), a

newsreel of a Miami fashion show, and a copy of the book *Gone with the Wind* were worth preserving for five thousand years. The location (in longitude and latitude) and a description of the time capsule's contents were recorded in a Book of Records, hundreds of copies of which were scattered around the world to help humans (or others) in five millennia find the thing and decipher what was inside.

Time Capsule II, also sponsored by Westinghouse, included twice as much material as the first, reflecting how much had occurred over the past twenty-five years. "In a quarter of a century," stated Westinghouse in its brochure for Time Capsule II, "man split the atom, danced the twist, ran the four-minute mile, scaled Mt. Everest, fought another World War and began to probe space and the seas." The eighty-plus items were selected by a fourteen-person committee led by Dr. Leonard Carmichael, vice president of research and exploration for the National Geographic Society, with input solicited from fairgoers.

Included in the seven-and-a-half-foot-long, torpedo-shaped, three hundred-pound metal (a new "super" alloy called Kromarc) capsule were such recent innovations as a few credit cards, a bikini, contact lenses, birth control pills, tranquilizers, a plastic heart valve, a pack of filter cigarettes, an electric toothbrush, and a heat shield from Apollo 7. The arts too were represented, with such items as photographs of an Andrew Wyeth painting (Wyeth was a member of the selection committee) and Henry Moore sculpture, a microfilmed book by Ernest Hemingway and poetry by Dylan Thomas and Robert Frost, and a tape of a Danny Kaye television show. Records by the Beatles, Joan Baez, and Thelonious Monk were also part of the capsule—progressive music by artists that the WFC never considered inviting to the Fair because they were, ironically, a bit too ahead of their time. Photographs of important cultural figures of the 1940s and 1950s, including the rather odd triumvirate of Joe DiMaggio, Errol Flynn, and Adolf Hitler, were also tossed in the airtight glass envelope within the capsule. A photo of Robert Moses, who would definitely qualify as an important cultural figure of the last generation (or two), was, interestingly, not slipped into the capsule, an indication perhaps of his sullied reputation or, conversely, a sign that he and others knew that his legacy was already ensured.

Ibid., pp. 190-1.

As the committee and others pondered which buildings to save, a colossal yard sale was soon under way, with pavilion managers unloading everything they could not or did not want to carry out with them come mid-October. The sell-off, taking place via both auctions and set prices and listed in an eighty-page catalog, was nothing less than the largest sale of surplus goods since the end of World War II when huge supplies of military equipment were auctioned off. The variety of things (and creatures) for sale was startling, reflecting the almost psychedelic experience that was the Fair.

The New York Roman Catholic Archdiocese, a little oddly, got dibs on the RCA color TVs scattered around the Fair. Borden, the dairy company, was pleased as punch to score the world's largest cheese (cheddar, weighing it at 34,591 pounds and 14.5 feet long), from the Wisconsin Pavilion, which would soon be the star of a traveling "cheesemobile" show. The Spaniards were hawking a sixteenth-century painted wood sculpture of the Virgin Mary for \$11,590, while the Filipinos were auctioning twelve hand-carved acacia-wood panels depicting the history of their country, something that had taken thirty workers more than a year to construct. Guinea was looking to unload its voodoo tom-toms, native spears, and, somewhat anachronistically, a

forty-ton air conditioner, while Florida was asking \$50,000 for its trained porpoise, Smokey, who could not only play basketball but also extinguish fires by spitting. Montana had some interesting items up for grabs—a 300-foot-long boardwalk, 56-foot-long bathroom, and three live elk (\$500 per, corral extra), as did Mississippi, which was trying to find a new home for its \$7,000 paddle wheeler. A Beatles fan in Cleveland had grabbed the Fab Four replicas from the Fair's wax museum for \$6,000, with the equally lifelike Charles de Gaulle headed to the big-time, *Ripley's Believe It or Not* on Broadway. Caroline Kennedy, who adored the Fair on both of her two visits, was going to be the lucky recipient of Coca-Cola's electronically croaking bullfrog courtesy of the company. Walt Disney's robotic dog from GE's Carousel of Progress, which Caroline also loved, was going to—where else? Disneyland, along with its animatronic kin: Illinois's Abe Lincoln, Ford's cavemen, and, of course, Pepsi's "It's a Small World" puppets.

With costs to demolish larger buildings running from \$100,000 to \$300,000, most exhibitors were offering their buildings to anyone who would pay for the cost of moving them and restoring the grounds they sat on. U.S. Rubber offered its giant tire Ferris wheel to the city, adding that it would give it away to the first taker if the city did not want it. By August, some inquiries had been made for specific items, but no one seemed to be in the market for a whole building, except for the Spanish Pavilion, the crown jewel of the architecture at the Fair. Mobile, Alabama, was interested in the pavilion, as was the New York State Arts Council and the New York Trade Board, the latter wanting to keep the building on the present site. No one really knew what to do with AMF's seven-car, dual-track Monorail that had carried so many happy (and air-conditioned) fairgoers over the grounds. Clearly, the most innovative proposal for it came from Councilman O'Dwyer, who suggested that the city take the thing and use it as a form of mass transit running crosstown at both Forty-second and Thirty-fourth Streets. Rumor was that the Monorail, which had cost \$5.5 million to build, could be scooped up by the first taker for just a million bucks.

Ibid., pp. 81-2.

One day after the Fair locked its gates, wreckers had already started taking down the Ford and RCA Pavilions, a vivid reminder that the clock was ticking on all the other buildings on the grounds. Pavilion operators had ninety days after the Fair closed to get their buildings off the site one way or another, their contracts with the WFC specified. With at least a baker's dozen exhibitors having gone belly up, however, it looked like the WFC or the city was going to have to pick up some of the demolition tab.

There was no doubt the much praised Spanish Pavilion would survive, with St. Louis mayor A. J. Cervantes keen on locating it on a bank of the Mississippi River near the recently completed Gateway Arch and sports stadium. The \$2.7 million needed to move the building was being raised from private sources, although Mobile (like St. Louis ruled by Spain for a time in the late eighteenth century, hence its interest in it) was not giving up on its bid. St. Louis, partly because it had hosted the 1904 World's Fair, won the prize, however. Mayor Cervantes, whose Hispanic heritage certainly didn't hurt in swaying the Spaniards, toured the pavilion with a delegation of no fewer than ninety-two people in January 1966 before it was dismantled, shipped, and reconstructed in the Gateway City, where it remains today as the lobby of the Marriott Pavilion Hotel.

Councilman O'Dwyer's proposal to move the Monorail to midtown Manhattan was apparently a little too ahead of its time, with the airborne people mover purchased by a wrecking company that was now trying to unload the thing, noting in its advertising that it was "used just two summer seasons." Some other pavilions were able to avoid the wrecking ball by finding a good home somewhere in the world. A ski resort in Jamestown, New York, bought the Austrian Pavilion for use as a lodge for just \$3,000, whereas Japan's Pavilion, stone wall and all, was given to Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in Purchase, New York, for use as an Asian studies center.

Indonesia was packing up its pagoda-style building and taking it back to Jakarta, whereas the Danish Pavilion's next home would be in a Westport, Connecticut, shopping center as the "Danish House," a Danish-themed store and restaurant. Although the price of the pavilion was a bargain at \$40,000 given that the building originally cost more than \$1 million, it cost another \$500,000 to dismantle, truck, and rebuild it.

The Christian Science Pavilion was headed to Poway, California, via the Panama Canal, to be born again as a church, a real steal at \$79,000, and the Mormon Pavilion still serves the faithful as a church in Plainview, Long Island. Wreckers took down the Vatican Pavilion but not before the Pietà and Good Shepherd statues were carefully packed up and shipped back to Rome. Thankfully, there was no need to cash in the \$6 million insurance policy on the Pietà, which arrived safely back home at St. Peter's Basilica in November, unlikely to ever leave again.

Some corporate pavilions or parts of them made it out of Flushing Meadows in one piece. After the city approved the acquisition of the New York State Pavilion but rejected the U.S. Rubber Ferris wheel, the company planned to move the giant tire to its Allen Park, Michigan, headquarters, but it ended up being bought by a Lake George, New York, amusement park operator (who also snagged a few of the fifty-four-passenger Greyhound Glide-a-Ride trams). The Johnson Wax Pavilion did return to its corporate headquarters in Racine, Wisconsin, where it now functions as S. C. Johnson's Golden Rondelle Theater, whereas Coca-Cola's carillon now chimes for visitors to Stone Mountain Park near Atlanta. Thailand's eighteenth-century Buddhist shrine was taken apart for reassembly in Montreal at Expo 67, and in March, U.S. Steel donated \$100,000 to make its Unisphere a permanent part of Flushing Meadows Park.

The Unisphere lives on not just as the primary architectural symbol of the Fair but, along with the Brooklyn Bridge, Guggenheim Museum, and Washington Square Arch, as one of what can be considered second-tier New York City icons. It may be less recognizable than the city's Big 3—the Empire State Building, Chrysler Building, and Statue of Liberty—but it is at least as durable, ensuring its long-term survival as a cultural icon.

A couple of other corporate pavilions were converted into mobile exhibits after the Fair by marketers wanting to get more bang from their promotional buck. Clairol put a smaller, transportable version of its Color Carousel on the road in March 1966, wanting to leverage the popularity of the pavilion that had drawn two million women over the two seasons. Retrofitted into two huge vans, the Carousel stopped at shopping centers in eighteen cities across the country, where four thousand women a day got personal consultations from the company's color advisers. Knowing the publicity mileage it got when its huge plastic dinosaurs floated to the fairgrounds on a barge down the Hudson River, Sinclair also sent a scaled-down version of its exhibit on a shopping center tour from New York that ended with a five-day prehistoric stand in Miami.

Wrecking of the grounds and salvage operations continued throughout 1966, with Moses hoping to turn the refurbished park over to the city by the end of that year. Although his Fair had lost versus made millions, Moses still had designs to, as he put it in March, "make the post-Fair park the greatest park in the center of the greatest city." Moses was now going to use \$3 million in TBTA funds—less than half of what he had originally planned—to convert the grounds for public use, justifying the controversial expenditure by claiming that the Fair was leaving a legacy of \$225 million in permanent improvements, including roads, remaining structures, and park amenities.

The physical legacy of the Fair would indeed stretch significantly beyond the 646-acre site itself because of the new and improved highways that Moses had built to handle the expected traffic. Just as following the 1939-40 Fair, in fact, there was an increased demand for housing in Queens, as residents of both the city and Long Island "discovered" the borough and its great roads. Knowing many commuters would love the location, location, location, builders again rushed to construct new housing near the grounds, with homes and apartment complexes squeezed into already fairly dense bedroom communities like Bayside and Douglaston. "Say what you will about the Fair," gushed one builder, Skee Taubin of the aptly named Trylon Realty Corporation, "it left us with a terrific highway system."

Ibid., pp. 85-6.

Disney made a stab at turning Flushing Meadows into a permanent theme park after the Fair, but naturally Moses refused to give up the site as the planned future home of his great public park. Disney packed up his ride along with his animatronic Lincoln and Carousel of Progress and shipped them to Anaheim, his company ultimately creating replicas of all three for Disney World, which opened in 1971.

Ibid., p. 110.

Moses consistently and freely admitted that the "main attraction" would actually come after the Fair, when Flushing Meadows Park would be considered the most important park in the city, or as he described it, "a new sort of super Central Park."

Ibid., p. 11.

Isaac Asimov, the famous writer of science fiction (and "science fact," he liked to make clear), too mused about what both life and a world's Fair in the year 2014 might be like. In fifty years, Asimov predicted, underground homes like the one at the 1964-65 Fair would be common, "free from the vicissitudes of weather." And with most of us living beneath the surface of the earth, the scientist happily concluded, "less space [would be] wasted on actual human occupancy." Asimov went even further by proposing that people would be living not only underground in 2014 but underwater as well. "The 2014 World's Fair will have exhibits in the deep sea with bathyscaphe liners carrying men and supplies across and into the abyss," he prophesied. And just as living underground would make weather irrelevant, living under the sea would have its side benefits as well. "Underwater housing will have its attractions to those who like water sports," the esteemed scientist wrote in all seriousness."

Ibid., p. 189.

Robert Moses: "We rivaled the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. We evolved Renaissance, Louis XIV, Tudor, Jacobian, Jeffersonian, Victorian, General Grant, Bogart, Sanford White, Nervi, Bauhaus, Lloyd

Wright, Baroque, Rococo, Igloor, Ankhor Wat, Animated Typewriters,
Frozen Music and the ecstasies of Viennese pastry cook."

Ibid., p. 87.

One day during the winter of 1964-65, the mayor of New York City found himself driving along the Long Island Expressway. Passing the deserted fairgrounds, Mayor Wagner found the site depressing, as debris swirled around what he later likened to "some ghost town on Mars." The Unisphere was capped with ice.

Ibid., p. 61.

Beneath the haze stirred up by the winds stirred up by the winds, the urban island, a sea in the middle of the sea, lifts up the skyscrapers over Wall Street, sinks down at Greenwich, then rises again to the crests of Midtown, quietly passes over Central Park and finally undulates off into the distance beyond Harlem. A wave of verticals. Its agitation is momentarily arrested by vision. The gigantic mass is immobilized before the eyes. It is transformed into a texturology in which extremes coincide—extremes of ambition and degradation, brutal oppositions of races and styles, contrasts between yesterday's buildings, already transformed into trash cans, and today's urban irruptions that block out its space. Unlike Rome, New York has never learned the art of growing old by playing on all its pasts. Its present invents itself, from hour to hour, in the act of throwing away its previous accomplishments and challenging the future. A city composed of paroxysmal places in monumental reliefs. The spectator can read in it a universe that is constantly exploding. In it are inscribed the architectural figures of the *coincidatio oppositorum* formerly drawn in miniatures and mystical textures. On this stage of concrete, steel and glass, cut out between two oceans (the Atlantic and the American) by a frigid body of water, the tallest letters in the world compose a gigantic rhetoric of excess in both expenditure and production.

To what erotics of knowledge does the ecstasy of reading such a cosmos belong? Having taken a voluptuous pleasure in it, I wonder what is the source of this pleasure of "seeing the whole," of looking down on, totalizing the most immoderate of human texts. To be lifted to the summit of the World Trade Center is to be lifted out of the city's grasp. One's body is no longer clasped by the streets that turn and return it according to an anonymous law; nor is it possessed, whether as player or played, by the rumble of so many differences and by the nervousness of New York traffic. When one goes up there, he leaves behind the mass that carries off and mixes up in itself any identity of authors or spectators. An Icarus flying above these waters, he can ignore the devices of Daedalus in mobile and endless labyrinths far below. His elevation transfigures him into a voyeur. It puts him at a distance. It transforms the bewitching world by which one was "possessed" into a text that lies before one's eyes. It allows one to read it, to be a solar Eye, looking down like a god. The exaltation of a scopic and gnostic drive: the fiction of knowledge is related to this lust to be a viewpoint and nothing more.

Must one finally fall back into the dark space where crowds move back and forth, crowds that, though visible from on high, are themselves unable to see down below? An Icarian fall. On the 110th floor, a poster, sphinx-like, addresses an enigmatic message to the pedestrian who is for an instant transformed into a visionary: It's hard to be down when you're up.

The desire to see the city preceded the means of satisfying it. Medieval or Renaissance painters represented the city as seen in a perspective that no eye had yet enjoyed. This fiction already made the medieval spectator into a celestial eye. It created gods. Have things changed since technical procedures have organized an "all-seeing power"? The totalizing eye imagined by the painters of earlier times lives on in our achievements. The same scopic drive haunts users of architectural productions by materializing today the utopia that yesterday was only painted. The 1370 foot high tower that serves as a prow for Manhattan continues to construct the fiction that creates

readers, makes the complexity of the city readable, and immobilizes its opaque mobility in a transparent text.

Is the immense texturology spread out before one's eyes anything more than a representation, an optical artifact? It is the analogue of the facsimile produced, through a projection that is a way of keeping aloof, by the space planner urbanist, city planner or cartographer. The panorama-city is a "theoretical" (that is, visual) simulacrum, in short a picture, whose condition of possibility is an oblivion and a misunderstanding of practices. The voyeur-god created by this fiction, who, like Schreber's God, knows only cadavers, must disentangle himself from the murky intertwining daily behaviors and make himself alien to them.

The ordinary practitioners of the city live "down below," below the thresholds at which visibility begins. They walk—an elementary form of this experience of the city; they are walkers, *Wandersmänner*, whose bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban "text" they write without being able to read it. These practitioners make use of spaces that cannot be seen; their knowledge of them is as blind as that of lovers in each other's arms. The paths that correspond in this intertwining, unrecognized poems in which each body is an element signed by many others, elude legibility. It is as though the practices organizing a bustling city were characterized by their blindness. The networks of these moving, intersecting writings compose a manifold story that has neither author nor spectator, shaped out of fragments of trajectories and alterations of spaces: in relation to representations, it remains daily and indefinitely other.

Escaping the imaginary totalizations produced by the eye, the everyday has a certain strangeness that does not surface, or whose surface is only its upper limit, outlining itself against the visible. Within this ensemble, I shall try to locate the practices that are foreign to the "geometrical" or "geographical" space of visual, panoptic, or theoretical constructions. These practices of space refer to a specific form of operations ("ways of operating"), to "another spatiality (an anthropological, poetic, and mythic experience of space), and to an opaque and blind mobility characteristic of the bustling city. A migrational, or metaphorical, city thus slips into the clear text of the planned and readable city. [Panorama] [Antiquity] [Textuality] [Voyeur] [Simulacrum] [Grid]

de Certeau, pp. 91-4.

Immortality is conferred in devious and unexpected ways. If you're an architect, there's always hope. The latest switch in architectural immortality has come with the remake of King Kong. The producers have been running a full-page ad announcing that their first full-page ad was so popular—with 25,000 requests for full-color reprints—that they are working around the clock to fill orders. The ad shows King Kong breaking up airplanes with his right hand and clutching whoever plays Fay Wray in his left hand, standing astride—and this is the point—not the Empire State Building, as in the original film, but the World Trade Center towers.

The Empire State Building, of course, is a star in its own right, with an enduring romantic charisma. Somehow it implies every cherished legend of New York glamour, from the glittering speakeasy era to the suave luxe of the 1970s. It is genuinely immortal. By contrast, and as a symbol of the city, the World Trade Center towers are consummately uninspiring. And whether the producers of the film are aware of it or not, the change they have made is fraught with cultural and aesthetic implications.

Today's tall buildings are not stars. They are impersonally impressive at best, giant nonentities at worst. Another movie, *The Towering Inferno*, for example, was not about a building you could recognize or cherish. This was simply a large object to which catastrophe happened.

I could offer an intellectually seductive explanation of the change, with dithyrambs about the antihero and the anti-symbol and how our vision of men and monuments has been altered. This is a populist age in the arts, led, of course, by the elite, and we are tearing down symbols (symbolically) and elevating the ordinary with determined reversals of good and bad and beautiful and ugly. It is a vision that can be hopelessly counterproductive, or it can provide some rich dividends in much more complex and sophisticated ways of seeing life and the world. Anti-art is true to our times.

But the real reason for the change in the tall building is far more down to earth. It is just as rooted in culture and history, but it is less an act of philosophy than an expression of profitable pragmatism. It is a truism that today's tall building is strictly the product of economic calculations, tempered by codes and the law. Those boxy flattops that have replaced slender spires to jar the skyline and the viewer (architects and city fathers would be surprised at the amount of public concern over a city's skyline) represent the best buy in structural space.

Corporate growth and computerizing are also prime contributing factors. Today's huge corporations require huge floor areas in stacks; no builder is going to offer them a tapered tower. And no one could care less about a skyscraper version of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus a favorite conceit of the 1920s. Status is conferred by sheer size and the comparative quality and solidity of materials and fittings. The business of America may be business, as Coolidge said, but it has also become its art.

This phenomenon has been reinforced uncannily by the modernist architectural aesthetic. The 20th-century architectural revolution claimed the higher beauty of utility over ornament; it endorsed the look of the machine product as an artistic end. It enshrined the functional aesthetic. But it is an awfully short and dangerous step from the kind of expert and delicate adjustments that turn utility into art, and from the recognition of those adjustments to the most ordinary solution, or the least design for the money.

This deterioration is sanctioned, in a sense, by the modernist "less is more" philosophy. At its finest, less is more, and the finest is limited to a few men, such as Mies van der Rohe. Mies's work is magnificent, with a stripped, subtle, hard-edged and demanding beauty that is going to symbolize the 20th century for the rest of time. It is also poorly understood and badly knocked off. Even so, the glass box vernacular that grew out of his style is some of the best "background" architecture in history.

But this is an arcane and specialized aesthetic—it was undoubtedly easier for the popes to buy the overt grandeur of Borromini. Business clients rarely understand or want it. They are pursuing sleek space-profit formulas and effective technological solutions that no longer aspire to the kind of moving artistic greatness in the timeless and spiritual sense that architecture, and particularly the big building, has always held a primary concern. (Try standing in front of a Hawksmoor building in London without this visceral hit.) Objectively, the skyscraper's immense, efficient and impersonal blandness is a perfectly accurate picture of much of the architectural art of our age.

So dull, so prosaic, in fact, are most of today's ambitious big buildings that New Yorkers now value, for their quite accidental aesthetics, the staggered shapes of the setback buildings required by law until the early 1960s. The zoning code was changed then to encourage straight-sided towers, something architects had pushed for in the name of both architectural and civic art. Now the "wedding cakes" add the interest of eccentric form, at least, to the speculative norm. Their outlines also define a style and a time and a place, a combination of which art and culture are made.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, pp. 155-8.

Smoothing their new buildings into sheer, boxy slabs; giving them flat, sheared-off tops instead of spires or pinnacles; and setting them on broad, plaza-like open spaces would convert the old, thickly carved city into an airy, enlightened landscape. We need not speculate on how the mighty Kong would have reacted to this rationalized city; we have explicit evidence in the 1976 remake of *King Kong*, produced by Dino De Laurentiis.

From the start, the new Kong failed to establish Cooper's imaginative parallel between Manhattan and Skull Island: it begins not on the New York waterfront, but aboard an oil-exploration vessel off Indonesia. And no sooner has the film reached New York than it commits the crucial error that Cooper wisely avoided: it exhibits Kong in a stadium, whose wide open space instantly destroys any sense of crowding or oppression that might motivate a thousand-foot climb. In fact, the entire city that this Kong passes through is virtually deserted, having been conveniently "evacuated." Nothing could be farther from the first film's feeling of intense, panicky compression as Kong moved through the crowded city streets. Palpably devoid of urban excitement, the updated "adventure" comes to its dreary climax when Kong finally reaches the twin towers of the World Trade Center. These buildings had, of course, supplanted the Empire State as tallest in the world (only to be supplanted themselves by Chicago's Sears Tower), and thus formed the likeliest Manhattan site for the new Kong's climactic climb. But what an uninspiring sight greets the big ape upon his arrival! The cold, empty plaza at the base of the towers—thin, desolate, vast—actually dwarfs the creature, intended to seem so ferociously large. Worse still, it offers no motivation at all for his formidable ascent. 'Where are the madding crowds and canyon-like streets that might propel him to the airier, more kingly precincts above? What lonely grandeur will he achieve up there that he cannot find below?

When Kong actually does start climbing (if only to fulfill expectations established forty-three years before), the sheer, unbroken shape of the World Trade Center's tower makes his effort seem almost absurd. The sight of the original Kong rising up the side of the Empire State, for all its spirit of fantasy, struck a deeply plausible note: the building's stepped-back shape was, at heart, made for ascent—if not by humans, then by something like a three-story ape. But in place of the Empire State's mountain-like, masonry surface, Kong now faces a smooth, metal-sheathed slab, unbroken from top to bottom, endlessly vertical. After watching Kong's attempt to somehow shimmy up this thousand-foot pole, we face a sight no less silly at its top. In the original film, Kong clung precariously to the Empire State's mooring mast, a narrow, vertiginous perch piercing the clouds and sky, where one false step meant doom. The flat tops of the twin towers, by contrast, offer nothing to grab on to—almost nothing to do at all, in fact, except jump from one tower to another, which the great creature inevitably proceeds to do. Atop the second identically large, flat

surface, he is forced to stand like a dummy while helicopter gunships open fire. Some effort has to be made, in fact, to ensure that Kong actually falls over the side, rather than simply plops down on this football field of a roof. (In the original film, by contrast, it felt like a sheer act of will, a scary balancing act, for Kong to remain on his narrow roost, reaching out in vain at the circling planes.)

But fall he does, to a final indignity. The huge plaza below swallows up Kong's body and again makes him seem almost puny; the crowd that has gathered for this most remarkable of sights scarcely fills half the space. Kong's body sits like the centerpiece of a party whose guests mill about aimlessly; how different from the original film's rushing crowds and traffic on 34th Street, the dead Kong interrupting the massive urban superflux with his even more massive presence! Even in death, the original implied, Kong belonged up in the sky, not among the thick crowds below from whom he sought so hard to escape. In this last shot of the remake, on the other hand, neither "Beauty" nor aerial gunships seem to have done in the Beast so much as the cool, rational planning of postwar architecture.

Neither the Empire State Building nor the World Trade Center, needless to say, were designed to have a giant ape climb their sides; both were simply large commercial structures, filled with rentable office space. But there is something revealing in the way that the shape of the Empire State lent itself to the film—in fact, in some ineffable way, became itself, found its essential identity—through the story of King Kong. The shape of the Trade Center, in contrast, fought the story all the way. The producers of the remake turned inevitably to the World Trade Center as the tallest building in New York, but the Trade Center itself seemed to have forgotten why it was tallest. The whole significance of height, its power to impress in more than an abstract, statistical sense—number of stories, distance from sidewalk to roof—had been lost in the interim. The placement of an open plaza at the base of the buildings, meanwhile, removed the extremes of density (at their bottom) and openness (at their top) that gave the old towers their drama, making them, in Vincent Scully's words, "not salubrious but sublime." It was hardly surprising that New York's newer office buildings offered so little to the fantasies of the movie city—or to fantasies of any sort.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, pp. 100-2.

In 1986, lawyers for Turner Broadcasting, which had acquired the rights to the original film, along with scores of other classics soon to be violated by "colorization," tried to stop the Empire State from using any Kong imagery in their promotions without first paying a permission fee—a move the building's lawyers countered by employing nameless gorillas in promotions whose taglines went conspicuously Kongless. The building's owners knew they could not lose in such a battle of icons, confident that tourists and consumers would reliably supply the suppressed premise of this media enthymeme: if there is a gorilla (or, rather, man in a gorilla suit) in or around the Empire State Building, then, name or no name—trademark or no trademark—that gorilla must be King Kong. It was as if Turner had tried to trademark the name of a bearded fat man in a red suit between Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve.

Kingwell, p. 166.

The towers of the mammoth World Trade Center rise aggressively over everything else, gleaming like new-minted money—the architecture of power.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 169.

The World Trade Center, the very top of it emerging into a dim sunlight of rising dawn, it was framed by crossbars of metal on top of the far warehouse roof and it was like some kinda vision in all of this.

Wojnarowicz, p. 125.

The initial scheme for the World Trade Center was located along the East River, extending from the financial district to the South Street Seaport.

Goldenberg, 28.

Why has the World Trade Center in New York got two towers? All Manhattan's great buildings are always content to confront each other in a competitive verticality, from which there results an architectural panorama that is the image of the capitalist system: a pyramidal jungle, every building on the offensive against every other. The system itself can be spotted in the famous image we have of New York on arriving by sea. This image has changed completely in a few years. The effigy of the capitalist system has passed from the pyramid to the punch card. The buildings are no longer obelisks, but trustingly stand next to one another like the columns of a statistical graph. This new architecture no longer embodies a competitive system, but a countable one where competition has disappeared in favour of correlation. (New York is the only city in the world to have retraced, throughout the entire length and breadth of its history, the contemporary form of the capitalist system in this way, instantaneously changing according to this system. No European city has ever done this.) This architectural graphism belongs to the monopoly: the World Trade Center's two towers are perfect parallelepipeds, four hundred metres high on a square base; they are perfectly balanced and blind communicating vessels. The fact that there are two identical towers signifies the end of all competition, the end of every original reference. Paradoxically, if there were only one, the WTC would not embody the monopoly, since we have seen that it becomes stable in a dual form. For the sign to remain pure it must become its own double: this doubling of the sign really put an end to what it designated. Every Andy Warhol does this: the multiple replicas of Marilyn Monroe's face are of course at the same time the death of the original and the end of representation. The two towers of the WTC are the visible sign of the closure of a system in the vertigo of doubling, while the other skyscrapers are each the original moment of a system—continually surpassing itself in the crisis and the challenge.

This doubling, this replication, inspires a particular fascination. However high they are and however much higher than all the others, the two towers nevertheless signify an arrested verticality. They ignore the other buildings, they are not of the same race, they no longer challenge them nor compare themselves to them; the two towers reflect one another and reach their highest point in the prestige of similitude. They echo the idea of the model they are for one another, and their semi-detached altitude no longer has a transcendent value, but only signifies that the commutative strategy of the model will now historically prevail over the heart of the system itself (as New York truly is), over the traditional strategy of competition. The buildings of the Rockefeller Center also mirror their glass and steel façades in one another, in the city's infinite specularly. The towers are themselves blind and no longer have a façade. Every reference to

habitat, to the façade as 'face', to the interior and exterior, that we still find even in the Chase Manhattan Bank or in the most daring mirror buildings from the sixties has been erased. At the same moment that the rhetoric of verticality is disappearing, so too is the rhetoric of the mirror. There now remains only a series based on the binary code, as if architecture, in the image of the system, proceeded only by means of an unchanging genetic code, a definitive model.

Baudrillard, *Symbolic*, pp. 69-70.

The "bathtub": The rows of the stubby snouts were noticeably wavy, reflecting great irregularities in the wall. It had been constructed as the foundation wall in 1967 and 1968, the first part of the World Trade Center to be built, using what was then a fancy new method that involved squirting concrete into a deep trench with no wooden planks inside to smooth up the sides. When the concrete hardened and the soil was scoured away from what would be the Trade Center's basement, the huge wall looked as if it had been born ancient. The soil and stones of Lower Manhattan clung to it, and had left it with an imprint of the island's subsurface textures, a crude version of casting bronze with wax. Some of the bumps were as big as a kitchen table. Men with jackhammers had to stand on them and chip them away. Most of the textures remained, and they didn't matter much: the wall's main function was to seal the basement against the terrific pressure of soil soaked with groundwater fed by the Hudson River. And if the wall was not especially pretty, it would soon be covered up with more elegant structures and never seen.

Glanz, p. 3.

At the 1939 World's Fair, the International Chamber of Commerce built a new exhibit dedicated to "world peace through trade" and called it the World Trade Center... In 1946, a new state agency initiated by the head of the International Chamber of Commerce was named the World Trade Corporation slated with expanding international trade. Governor Dewey said that the assignment now was to build a permanent World Trade Center in New York. [World's Fair 1939]

Ibid., p. 30

New York Times headline, November 1946: "PLANS ARE TABLED FOR TRADE CENTER," a project that would have covered ten blocks in Manhattan, with twenty-one buildings and plenty of underground parking, and would have been loosely modeled on the seven-hundred-year-old Leipzig Fair in Germany.

Ibid., p. 30

The first written mention of the World Trade and Finance Center appears in May of 1959, nearly two decades since the concept had made its debut at the New York World's Fair.

Ibid., p. 33

In its inception, The World Trade Center was measured against The Pentagon as a metric of immensity.

Ibid., p. 60.

When the proposal to move the WTC from the East Side to the lower West Side became public in 1962, the shop owners at Radio Row could possibly not imagine what lay ahead of them. Radio Row was not merely business for the shop merchants who owned stores, it was their livelihoods—for some, generations of a past stretching back to the

1920s—and the WTC took that away from these small businessmen and their families.

Oscar Nadel, came from a family of Eastern European Jews and lived in the Lower East Side. He opened his first shop, "Oscars Radio Shop", in 1925, a year before TV was invented. He was known as the king of Cortlandt Street and the whole area of Radio Row meant everything to him. He refused to give in to the political powers behind the WTC and there was no way he would allow his shop to be demolished. The Port Authority planned to raze the whole area especially Washington, West Broadway, Fulton, Dey, Cortlandt and Greenwich street, and that meant the end of Radio Row. Therefore, to oppose this proposal, Nadel with the other merchants formed a Downtown West Small Business Survival Committee, which stood up to Tobin for its rights... In 1962, Tobin offered Nadel a spot for a radio shop in the World Trade Center, but Nadel turned the offer down. He wanted Radio Row, not the World Trade Center... Why did the Port Authority need to wipe them out and create an artificial version of the same thing? It might not prime the international trading markets, but Nadel himself was already selling Sonys and Blaupunkts alongside his RCA Victors and Sylvanias; places like World Happiness and American Machine Tool Export, inside the north terminal building, were moving products around the world; and Walter Nussbaum, one of the original merchants on Radio Row, was selling cut-rate German wine at \$1.09 a bottle. ("When Low in Spirits" was the slogan at Nussbaum's.)

Ibid., p. 71

Courtesy Sandwich Shop vs. Port of New York Authority

Ibid., p. 71.

Yamasaki was a Japanese-American who grew up in a slum two miles from the Seattle fairgrounds... In his application to be the architect for the World Trade Center, he said it would be big and unmistakable, yet intimate and humane.

Ibid., pp. 89, 101.

Early sketches for WTC: There was a triplet of slim towers slightly staggered, reaching just above the height of the nearby Woolworth Building. The team tried a cluster of four identical towers erected face-to-face in a tight square, like the legs of a stool. Then two long, thick, slablike buildings, running parallel to the shoreline and enclosing, like hedgerows, a modest-size duo of towers. There was even a single, monstrous, bulky tower of a huge raised pedestal that may have represented the ultimate parking garage.

Ibid., p. 105.

"A whole bunch of little buildings," Tozzoli would say. "Bullshit. That'll never get anywhere." Now here was an interesting predicament for an architect whose reputation had been built on jewel box-size buildings that celebrated the human scale. No one had previously mentioned that Yamasaki was supposed to design the world's tallest building.

Ibid., p. 106.

The model shop constructed mockups of the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the city's other tallest towers, so whatever Yamasaki and his team now came up with, it could be compared directly to what Tozzoli and Levy made clear was the competition... "Yama, I have something to tell you. President Kennedy is going to put a man on the

moon. You're going to figure out a way to build me the tallest buildings in the world."... No one had even contemplated this possibility: a model so tall that it could not stand upright in the drafting room. Jerry Karn tried to lower the plywood base. That didn't work. The architects started looking up at the tiles of the drop ceiling. Herman grabbed a small ladder and, struggling to control his laughter, he punched out two of the tiles. Karn moved the base so that the twins did not bump into the metal braces that held the tiles. Then the behemoths were finally moved into place. "It fits," Herman announced, to a rousing round of applause.

Ibid., pp. 107, 109.

Yamasaki was afraid of heights... Narrow windows meant Yamasaki, and the office workers in the towers, could approach a window and have the security of being able to rest arms against two vertical barriers. "The narrow windows, they give me none, if any, sense of acrophobia." The result of these compulsions was a façade of extraordinary monotony.

Ibid., pp. 109-10.

Its two towers are scheduled to be 1350 feet high. But at that height they will so thoroughly foul up TV reception that the Port Authority has agreed to top them out with new TV broadcasting facilities. By the time antennas are added, the North Tower, according to one TV expert, will be close to 1700 feet high... 800 feet taller than anything else in the immediate area. This means, according to the Federal Aviation Administration, that air traffic patterns will have to change, landing approaches will have to be altered, minimum altitudes in the area will be affected. The total potential hazard is staggering. No wonder airline pilots feel the risk is unjustified. Unfortunately, we rarely recognize how serious these problems are until it's too late to do anything. But in this case, there's still time. The problem can be solved by keeping the height of the Trade Center at 900 feet.

Valenti, p. 21.

The most famous and distinguishing feature about New York City's landmark skyscrapers had been their most visible spot: their tops. The decorative turrets atop the Woolworth Building; the floodlit stainless steel spire that caps the Chrysler Building. But Yamasaki wanted a flat, square top to his flat, square tower.

Glanz, p. 110.

January 18, 1964 headlines: "BIGGEST BUILDINGS IN WORLD TO RISE AT TRADE CENTER." "Trade Center to Be Colossus." "New Trade Center Towers to Be Taller Than Empire State." "BIGGEST BUILDINGS HERALD NEW ERA." "Going Up—World's Two Tallest Buildings." "THE TALLEST. THE NEWEST. THE MOST."

Ibid., p. 113.

"Empire State Building Jealous? Trade Center says, Yes," bellowed the *Sunday Journal-American*, as realtors feared the \$350 million World Trade Center would cause the Empire State Building to lose prestige.

Ibid., p. 137.

The design for the plaza and walkway was inspired by Piazza San Marco. [Rome]

Ibid., p. 114.

Five thousand years stand between the World Trade Center, now rising in lower Manhattan, and the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Giza in Egypt. [Antiquity]

Ibid., p. 176.

Critics of WTC's design: so plain that they could have been the shipping boxes for the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings.

Ibid., p. 116.

"You don't need to make them that big."

Ibid., p. 120.

WTC's pinstripes: Wall Street meets the Yankees.

Ibid., p. 120.

WTC's engineering akin to stiff tubes. Even after all the masonry and cross-bracing was stripped away, the structure would be ten times stiffer than a traditional structure.

Ibid., p. 121.

The Port Authority appropriates a line from Walt Whitman for the WTC press release: "high growth of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies..." They then added: "...captured with succinct eloquence the structural characteristics and spirit of the twin 110-story towers."

Ibid., p. 123.

The dirt taken out of the foundation for WTC was used as landfill to make Battery Park City.

Ibid., p. 170.

Battery Park City was not much more than a weed-and-gravel-filled plot where pools of rainwater would freeze over in the winter.

Ibid., p. 216.

Even in an 80-mile-per-hour gale, the very top of the Empire State Building swayed less than four inches. The flexible, lightweight design of the twin towers would allow them to sway several feet at the top, and possibly much more.

Ibid., p. 141.

The WTC's ability to sway in wind was tested in a simulated room on wheels in Eugene, Oregon. The room shifted back and forth with extraordinary gracefulness, almost as if it really swaying in a breeze off the Atlantic Ocean. The testing took two weeks. Each eight-hour day, the participants would become seasick. They would recover at home, come in the next morning, and get sick again.

Ibid., pp. 142-3.

The Port Authority was not ready to accept the Eugene results so they redid the experiment by swinging a huge packing crate—made to look like an office inside—from cables inside one of the Lincoln Tunnel's ventilation towers.

Ibid., p. 144.

Wind vortices that gave the structure a rhythmic, side-to-side shove as they spun away, one after the other, like eddies around a blade of grass in a stream.

Ibid., p. 163.

Imagine a giant finger reaching down from the sky and pushing the top of the Empire State Building sideways a foot or so, and then letting go. The building would spring back and sway from side to side in about eight seconds. But the swaying would quickly stop, because all that brickwork and old concrete and tile and the masonry walls inside would creak and rub together like arthritic joints and put a brake on the motion... If there was one thing the sleek twin towers were not, it was creaky—a push from the giant finger, and one of those towers would spring back and forth again and again and again.

Ibid., p. 163.

But how were they going to make steel towers creaky?

Ibid., p. 164.

No longer true twins, the north tower's core would run east-west, and the south tower's north-south. The change would discourage the towers from dancing in unison.

Ibid., p. 164.

Who's afraid of big, bad buildings? Everyone, because there are so many things about gigantism that we just don't know. The gamble of triumph or tragedy at this scale—and ultimately it is a gamble—demands an extraordinary payoff. The Trade Center towers could be the start of a new skyscraper age or the biggest tombstones in the world.

Huxtable, *On Architecture*, p. 377.

Petit walked across the void. Eight times.

Glanz, p. 219

George "Human Fly" Willig's mother was in the Empire State Building when it was struck by the B-52 bomber in July 1945.

Ibid., p. 220.

All of a sudden—after Willig and Petit—the towers were not looking like mere aluminum boxes anymore. They had become supersized toys to go with New York's supersized ego. Like the Eiffel Tower—which at first had been condemned as a "gigantic black factory chimney, its barbarous mass overwhelming and humiliating all our monuments," and then was printed on the 200-franc bank note—something fundamental had changed.

[Situationism]

Ibid., p. 220.

I do know that from my standpoint, it seems that without proper supervision, without being accountable to anybody in the city of New York, to build the largest buildings in the world the method of construction which has not been tested and tried and proved appropriate, subjects the city of New York to the possibility of a major physical disaster. It may never happen; it probably will never happen. But that there should be such—the remotest possibility of such a thing is, in my opinion, ridiculous. And the city should insist that there be no such risk.

Ibid., p. 153.

This type of building has never been tried on the scale before, and there is a chance, he alluded that it might collapse or fall.

Ibid., p. 153.

$$\frac{(\text{amplitude})_{\text{WTC}}}{(\text{amplitude})_{\text{ESB}}} = 2.67$$

Ibid., p. 167.

Simply the effort to manufacture the hundreds of thousands of pieces for the World Trade Center, before they were assembled in Lower Manhattan, would take years and involve dozens of factories across the country. This mammoth scale was beyond anything ever attempted in a high-rise project. It would be likened, at one time or another, to the Pyramids, the Panama Canal, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Apollo space program, and the effort to build an atomic bomb in World War II. More than 200,000 pieces of steel for the Trade Center were already being fabricated in more than a dozen cities around the country, from Seattle to Gainesville, Virginia. The Trade Center would call for 3,000 miles of electrical wiring, 425,000 cubic yards of concrete for the floors, 2.2 million square feet of aluminum cladding for the tower facades, seven thousand plumbing fixtures, 170 miles of connecting pipe, forty thousand doors, and 43,600 windows. There would be almost six acres of marble and a \$1,547,800 tandem of automated window washers designed to crawl up and down the face of the towers.

Ibid., p. 177.

It seemed that an entire nation had been mobilized to build the World Trade Center.

Ibid., p. 187.

One panel, for instance, was marked: PONYA A-251-92-95. Decoded, that meant the panel would span three floors, from the ninety-second to the ninety-fifth, in the north tower, also called tower A. The faces of each building were numbered from 1 through 4, clockwise starting with the north, so the first digit of 251 meant that this one would go on the east face. Finally, there were a total of fifty-nine columns per side, and this was number 51. Because the numbers on the east face started on the northern edge and went south (once again in the clockwise sense), the designated column would end up about thirty feet from the tower's southeast corner. PONYA, of course, stood for Port of New York Authority. (cf. Koolhaas and Kingswell's Mechanized construction of the [Empire State Building].)

Ibid., p. 189.

The astonishing attempt to suspend the long-buried Hudson Tubes in the air as the dig went right past them and commuter trains continued to rumble inside. The tubes had not seen the light of day since they were completed in 1909.

Ibid., p. 177.

Nonelective intestinal surgery on a cosmic scale.

Ibid., p. 184

The biggest ditch in Manhattan.

Ibid., p. 177.

The top twenty or thirty feet of the soil held ballast from the European ships that would jettison stones before picking up cargo from the trip back.

Ibid., p. 179.

Workers dug up cannonballs, animal carcasses, a goat's horn, clay pipes, oyster shells, the muzzle of a cannon, a Portuguese fishing gaffe, a century-old bedroom slipper, ancient bottles, and a time capsule from the cornerstone of the Washington market containing some old newspapers and the cards of some of the produce sellers at the market. [Palimpsest]

Ibid., p. 185

For the entire construction, a Port Authority helicopter hovered at 1,350 feet, the height of the Tower Buildings.

Ibid., p. 193.

During the construction, studies showed that exposure to asbestos was linked to cancer. In April 1979, a CBS crew showed up and used the rising north tower as the backdrop for a news report on the dangers of loose asbestos. Tobin ordered an abrupt switch to a non-asbestos-containing material, an untested new product. Wind-driven rains stripped the material from the steel, rust flaked off and took the fireproofing with it. The building was built without proper fire protection on the steel girders.

Ibid., pp. 200-1.

"In this great project of yours, how do you propose to fight a fire on the high floors?"

"If your fire chief was really good, he would simply drive up the steps into the plaza and put the ladders up there."

Ibid., p. 125.

Point number three on the list of WTC design features (1964):

3. THE BUILDING HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATED AND FOUND TO BE SAFE IN AN ASSUMED COLLISION WITH A LARGE JET AIRLINER TRAVELING AT 600 MILES PER HOUR. ANALYSIS INDICATED THAT SUCH COLLISION WOULD RESULT IN ONLY LOCAL DAMAGE WHICH COULD NOT CAUSE COLLAPSE OR SUBSTANTIAL DAMAGE TO THE BUILDING AND WOULD NOT ENDANGER THE LIVES AND SAFETY OF OCCUPANTS NOT IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA OF IMPACT.

Ibid., p. 136.

Transforming the towers from high-rise innovations to experiments-in-the-sky.

Ibid., p. 167.

New Yorker cartoon just after WTC opened: "For once," said a disgruntled-looking man in a hard hat to a coworker as they stood atop the north tower during its construction, "let's start the say without you telling me there's a taller one going up in Chicago." The World Trade Center remained the tallest building in the world for only two and a half years. The Sears Tower took the crown a month after the Port Authority held its formal dedication ceremony.

Ibid., p. 216.

"The Untied Nations of Commerce"

Ibid., p. 172.

Record-setting parking garages.

Ibid., p. 67.

Gleaming metal.
Ibid., p. 113.

Steel balloons.
Ibid., p. 118.

General Motors Gothic.
Ibid., p. 116.

A port without water.
Ibid., p. 40

Others blamed the twin towers for killing migrating birds.
Ibid., p. 216.

The tenant list now had almost nothing to do with the importing and exporting of goods—financial firms dominated... The Twin Towers were just enormous office buildings with sweeping views, and they did not pretend to be anything else.

Ibid., pp. 233-4.

In the 1970s, The Port Authority teamed up with the United Nations for an exhibit of goods manufactured in Third World countries, with the intention of kicking off the World Trade Mart, the showplace that had been proposed in 1961—a throwback modeled after the first World Trade Center at the 1939 World's Fair.

Ibid., p. 216.

The construction site became plagued with bomb threats, and just 30 minutes after one of them was phoned in, a huge explosion at the foot of the south tower blowout windows along Liberty Street and sent flames shooting 100 feet into the air. Men scattered and some jumped from the steel.

Ibid., p. 203.

More than forty fires had been reported at the Trade Center. Most have been small affairs, but often times the towers acted like chimneys, as the smoke rose through ducts and shelves dozens of floors above the spot where the fire was taking place. Fire experts called the phenomenon the stack effect.

Ibid., p. 208.

A list of fire weaknesses: the lightweight floors, the large open spaces across which a fire could quickly spread, the substandard fireproofing on the steel, and, worst of all, no automated sprinklers. "The bottom line is that it is not a place I would want to be in a fire," he told her.

Ibid., p. 209.

The Port Authority is exempt from city building codes.

Ibid., p. 209.

The coat hooks on the bathroom stall doors were installed a tad lower than usual to prevent thieves from reaching over the top and grabbing coats or handbags.

Ibid., p. 209.

On the 95th floor Huntington thought the views were superb. On the most routine day, he could sit at his desk and watch the land and sea mutate as the light from the sky turned from noontime intensity to dusk. In the summer, each approaching thunderstorm was a marvel, the angry gray clouds and sheets of rain moving ever so slowly across the horizon. In the winter, Huntington watched snowfall upward, carried by the wind. On some days he could see giant ice flows moving slowly down the Hudson. When the fog or low cloud cover had settled over New York, Huntington and his staff would be left there alone, towering over an infinite meadow of soft, gray cotton spread out below his deck. The only evidence that they were a top one of the world's greatest concentrations of humanity came from the silvery spires of the Empire State and Chrysler buildings and the suspension towers of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, glinting above the clouds.

Ibid., pp. 210-1.

Irene Humphries, a file clerk, was at her desk one windy spring day, feeling a bit nauseated, Humphries stood up and walked to the bathroom, hoping to gain her composure once there, she heard a creaking noise, as if from the hold of the ship that was being thrown around and rough sea. The building was making noise. Water was sloshing back-and-forth in the toilets. The twin towers, as these early tenants learned, we're so tall that wind the wind in the New York Harper started to blow, it whipped up whitecaps—and not just in the harbor.

Ibid., p. 211.

Candice Tevere came into the World Trade Center to apply for a job at Fiduciary, but she never made it to the interview. As soon as she stepped into the cattle-car-size express elevators, she felt uneasy. The doors closed, and with fifty or so people standing around her, she could not lean against any wall. Then the elevator started to move. It was impossible to tell just how fast, but it felt to Tevere as if she were on a supersonic jet. As soon as she reached the seventy-eighth-floor sky lobby, Tevere said to herself, "That's it. This is nuts." She rode back down and then went home. Two days later, a staff member at Fiduciary called, urging her to give it another try. Tevere did go back. And she did take a job. But she could never step into one of those express elevators without a friend or colleague by her side. While the elevator was moving, she would keep her mind occupied by looking through her purse. She never left the building for lunch.

The strategy worked fine until one Friday morning. As usual, she had a girlfriend by her side, ready for that uncomfortable ride into the sky. But then, midway up, the elevator just stopped. It sat there for one hour and fifty-five minutes. "How many people are in the elevator?" the security guards kept asking through the intercom. "Why? So that the papers will know that twenty-two of us in here died on Friday the thirteenth?" one man yelled back.

Tevere stayed calm until the firefighters arrived, took the side wall off the elevator, set up a plank, and then told everyone there to walk across the plank to the next elevator. "I am not going over," Tevere said, convinced she would fall. "Just look at me, just walk to me," the firefighter replied. "Just don't look down."

It was not long before Huntington started to hear about his employees' fears. So, with his usual panache, he decided to show them how unconcerned he was. One day, as dozens of people on the ninety-fourth floor watched with puzzlement, Huntington turned toward the nearest window and started running across the floor. He finally turned his shoulder, pushed himself off the ground like a football player

throwing a flying block, and slammed his side into the window glass. Thankfully, he bounced back. (cf. "Elevator sickness: "The resulting movement of the organs, and the accompanying pressure of such organs against other parts more rigidly attached to the frame, is the cause of discomfort." [Body in the City])

Ibid., pp. 211-2.

Death by compression of the riders in the elevator at the World Trade Center.

Conrad, p. 322.

In 1974 and 1975, events that seemed to step from movie screens into reality began turning the World Trade Center into a famously scary place to work. It began with *The Towering Inferno*. Late in 1974, advertisements for the movie, starring McQueen as a grimy-faced Fire Department battalion chief, starting running across the nation: "One minute you're attending a party atop the world's tallest skyscraper. The next, you're trapped with 294 other guests in the middle of a fiery hell... No way down. No way out."

The plot: a fire starts in a utility closet on the eighty-first floor of a 138-story skyscraper and then quickly spreads upward. The automated fire alarm fails and the security staff does not respond quickly to hints that something might be wrong. By the time firefighters arrive, hundreds of partygoers, including the mayor, the building's developer, the architect, and many other dignitaries, are trapped in an opulent penthouse ballroom. Shoddy fireproofing-duct holes did not have proper "fire-stopping" components-the lack of a working sprinkler system, and a blocked fire stair combine to doom many of the people in the tower. The building's developer repeatedly assures anyone who will listen that no fire could threaten his tower. "I don't believe you are familiar with the many modern safety systems we have designed into this building. We have got them all," William Holden, playing the developer, says. But the message of the movie was clear: "If you had to cut costs," Paul Newman as the architect asks the developer, "why didn't you cut floors instead of corners?"

Although the acting was mediocre, the special effects were nothing short of thrilling. Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* called it "this year's best end-of-the-world movie." Among the many truly awful scenes were burning victims tumbling from windows, an elevator filled with panicked partiers that caught fire and then fell, a helicopter crashing and exploding as it attempted a rooftop rescue. In other words, it was a World Trade Center tenant's worst nightmare.

The New York City Fire Department loved the film so much so that Fire Commissioner John T. O'Hagan was there for the gala Times Square screening in December 1974, with six fire engines outside as his escort. McQueen ended the film by looking over at victims laid out in body bags and telling the architect, "One of these days, they are going to kill ten thousand in one of these fire traps. And I am going to keep eating smoke and bringing out bodies until somebody asks us how to build them." The firefighters cheered. [Apocalypse]

Ibid., pp. 212-3.

Oswald Adorno, a tall, somewhat chubby nineteen-year-old kid from the Bronx who held a nighttime job as a World Trade Center custodian—his unenviable assignment was washing the buildings' ceilings and walls—decided to become an arsonist. Angry that he had too many floors to clean, Adorno started by setting a fire on the eleventh floor of the north tower, down the hall from Rick Boody's office. He lit it just

before midnight on February 13, 1975, inside a closet filled with telephone switching equipment and filing cabinets filled with paper. Another custodian happened to pass by and hear a crackling sound as the fire burned.

New York City Fire Department captain Harold Kull soon led his men into what could only be described as a towering inferno. As it happened, the room also held a large supply of alcohol-based duplicating fluid for mimeograph machines; feeding on all the combustibles in the room, the blaze was already out of control. There was another reason the fire spread so quickly. For anyone who knew nothing of the longstanding problems with fireproofing at the Trade Center, this unexpected factor would be shocking: just as in the make-believe tower where Steve McQueen did the firefighting, the "firestopping" at the World Trade Center was missing. A foot-wide hole between the floors allowed hot gases to snake upward, sending fires all the way to the seventeenth floor, while burning embers dropped down the hole, igniting fires all the way to the ninth floor. Kull concentrated on the eleventh floor, which he said "was like fighting a blowtorch," so hot that all of his men got their necks and ears burned. A second and then a third alarm had to be called, ultimately drawing 132 firefighters to the north tower.

It would be three hours before the last of the fire was out. The damage would take weeks to repair—the southeast corner of the eleventh floor was little more than a charred shell—but the impact of the fire would be permanent. After assuring the New York City Fire Department that the fire-protection systems in the twin towers were first rate, the Port Authority now had to contend with clear evidence to the contrary. "Had the building been occupied, and given the stack action that exists in this 110-story building," Fire Commissioner O'Hagan later wrote, "the rescue problem would have been tremendous."

Adorno was not finished with his mischief. "More fires," a man said in an anonymous call to the Port Authority security desk, unless the maintenance workers received a promised raise. Adorno then waited three months. Over the night of Monday, May 19, 1975, he set seven fires, this time in the south tower, on the twenty-fifth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, thirty-second, and thirty-sixth floors. He was arrested one day later.

Ibid., pp. 213-4.

When O'Sullivan looked at security at the Trade Center, he found one vulnerability after another. Explosive charges could be placed at key locations in the power system. Chemical or biological agents could be dropped into the coolant system. The Hudson River water intake could be blown up. Someone might even try to infiltrate the large and vulnerable subterranean realms of the World Trade Center site, he said. One threat in particular was troubling to him. There was no control at all over access to the underground, two-thousand-car parking garage. "A time bomb-laden vehicle could be driven into the WTC and parked in the public parking area," O'Sullivan wrote. "The driver could then exit via elevator into the WTC and proceed with his business unnoticed. At a predetermined time, the bomb could be exploded in the basement. The Assistant Deputy Director of the FBI thinks this is a very likely scenario for the WTC and has described it graphically in conversations with OSP staff." Many groups might try such an attack, the report continued, but "extremist Muslims pose an especially disturbing threat to the Trade Center. They are not deterred by typical security measures and they have little regard for inflicting large numbers of innocent

casualties, as evidenced by their heinous attacks on American and French installations overseas."

Ibid., p. 227.

On Friday, February 26, 1993, Ramzi Yousef and a Jordanian friend, Eyad Ismoil, drove a yellow Ryder van into Lower Manhattan, and pulled into the public parking garage beneath the World Trade Center around noon. They parked on the underground B-2 level. Yousef ignited the 20-foot fuse, and fled. Twelve minutes later, at 12:17:37 pm, the bomb exploded in the underground garage. The bomb opened a 98-foot wide hole through four sublevels of concrete. Initial news reports indicated a main transformer may have blown, not realizing a bomb had exploded in the basement.

The bomb instantly cut off the World Trade Center's main electrical power line, knocking out the emergency lighting system. The bomb caused smoke to rise up to the 93rd floor of both towers, including through the stairwells which were not pressurized. With thick smoke filling the stairwells, evacuation was difficult for building occupants and led to many smoke inhalation injuries. Hundreds were trapped in elevators in the towers when the power was cut, including a group of 17 kindergartners, on their way down from the South Tower observation deck, who were trapped between the 35th and 36th floors for five hours.

Also as a result of the loss of power most of New York City's radio and television stations lost their over-the-air broadcast signal for almost a week, with television stations only being able to broadcast via cable and satellite via a microwave hookup between the stations. Telephone service for much of Lower Manhattan was also disrupted.

[Unrest]

"1993 WTC," N. pag.

In a notebook, handwritten in Arabic: the idea was not just to bomb the World Trade Center, but to knock it down. "Break and destroy the enemies of Allah," Nosair wrote. "And this by means of destroying [and] exploding the structure of their civilized pillars such as the touristic infrastructure which they are proud of and their high world buildings.

Ibid., p. 228.

A rocket ship flies between the Twin Towers.
Valenti, p. 31.

Against the backdrop of the 1980s New York City sky an airplane flies ostensibly through two buildings that resemble the Twin Towers.

Ibid., p. 32.

A squadron of military aircraft fly by the Twin Towers and bomb the main theater district of Broadway.

Ibid., p. 36.

On May 2, 1968, one of the radio merchants who was displaced by the World Trade Center ran a nearly full page ad showing an artist rendering of a large commercial airliner, flying due south, a fraction of a second before it rammed the offices in the upper stories of the north tower, which stood directly in its path. The ad, titled "The Mountain comes to Manhattan," suggested the towers posed a danger for commercial aviation and pointed out that the north tower's proposed television mast, for example, would be some 800 feet taller than

anything else in the immediate vicinity. "The total potential hazard is staggering," said the ad.

Glanz, p. 175

"We built these towers," he said once to me, deliriously tramping around Washington Square charging Japanese tourists a buck or two to take his picture. "Me and Bird, and Jimi Hendrix built these fucking towers," pointing up over SoHo at World Trade. [Downtown]

Kopasz, p. 245.

w - Light

Blackout

No colors, no neon, nothing to read, just a vast blackness pricked with lights.

Finney, p. 162.

Countless people were trapped in elevators like hamsters in cages.
Brox, p. 239.

Those riding on escalators glided down more and more slowly, until, at last, they were scarcely moving at all.

Ibid., p. 239.

All the stoplights failed.

Ibid., p. 239.

Some native New Yorkers walked across the bridges—flashlights and transistors in hand—for the first time in their lives.

Ibid., p. 239.

It was possible to have a quiet drink and walk through imaginary red lights.

Talese, p. 43.

It was a dark town of stopped clocks, warm beer, soft butter and intimate candlelit conversations in saloons without television.

Ibid., p. 43.

It would be said of that night that it was easier to cross the Atlantic to Cairo than to get from Manhattan to Brooklyn.

Brox, p. 239.

200 blind workers, who knew every inch of the place by touch, led seventy sighted workers down the steps and safely onto Broadway.

Talese, p. 43.

High above the city, airplanes lost their ground orientation and were unable to land. "It was a beautiful night," recalled one pilot. "You could see a million miles."

Brox, p. 240.

The true quiet of the world felt strange, as if the darkness had somehow smudged away the horns and the other noises of the traffic.

Ibid., p. 241.

If the city's skies were entirely dark, about 2,000 stars would be visible to the naked eye. But such a complete view of the heavens has been visible only once in recent years.

Mittlebach, p. 3.

Stacked up in the right order, carving light and space in a bold new way, a few million office lights were worth far more than a bunch of stars, any night of the week—especially when the innumerable lights had made the paltry stars invisible.

Sharpe, p. 231.

The moonlight broke upon the city's domes.
McKay, "Song," p. 46.

The borrowed light of the moon is enough for sissy.
McCourt, p. 210.

Maybe the moon was, as Charles Reznikoff said, "only another street-light."
Sharpe, p. 217.

Night was truly night again, just as in the Middle Ages, and, also as in the Middle Ages, light became precious once more. People struck match after match to light their way down flights of stairs: two matches, carefully tended, we're enough to light the distance between one floor and the next. "Walking down 18 flights to the lobby, we used exactly 36 matches."
Brox, p. 242.

There was a general increase in light pollution and this must have meant that street name signs were more visible at night. The "thick veil of night" that had lain over the English-speaking cities of the world in the 19th century, and which had given rise to potently grotesque English literature from Dickens to the "city mystery" novels to the early urban detective novel, had been largely dispelled by the 1920s.
Haden, p. 61.

The moonlight lay on the streets like thick snow, and we had a curious, persistent feeling that we were leaving footprints in it. Something was odd about buildings and corners in this beautiful light. The city presented a tilted aspect, and even our fellow pedestrians, chattering with implacable cheerfulness, appeared foreshortened as they passed; they made us think of people running downhill. It was a block more before we understood: The shadows, for once, all fell in the same direction—away from the easterly, all-illuminating moon... We were in a night forest, and, for a change, home lay not merely uptown but north.
Brox, p. 242.

Without that moon, the night would've been very different. Air tragedy, it was said, have been averted because its light, along with that made possible by auxiliary power in the main control towers at the airports, was enough for pilots to already in descent to see by. The previous night, rainstorms had soaked the region, and clouds had covered the moon and stars. Had the lights gone out then, there surely would have been more than one disaster.
Ibid., pp. 242-3.

In the writing of it later, no one waxed poetic about the moon on the buildings.
Ibid., p. 248.

The lost hours eventually faded into a strange dream full of quirky things, though there were moments that would be intensely remembered afterward—of lighting grease pencils to see by, or being given coffee and pastries by transit workers while waiting in a darkened subway car, of the sheen of the moonlight on the side of a skyscraper.

Ibid., p. 246.

Here, above,
cracks in the buildings are filled with battered moonlight.
Jackson & Dunbar, p. 582.

All the way back to New York, we kept hoping the blackout would still be going on when we got there. We couldn't go through any tunnels—the radio was saying they couldn't ventilate them without electricity—and when we got to the bridge, we couldn't see any lights on the whole Manhattan skyline, just car headlights. The moon was full and it was all like a big party somehow—we drove through the Village and everybody was dancing around, lighting candles. There were no traffic lights on, so of course everything moved very slowly—the buses were just creeping. People in suits and briefcases were sleeping in doorways, because all the hotels were booked solid, and Governor Rockefeller had to open the armories up.

There were cute National Guard soldiers around helping people up out of the stuck subways and I thought that down there must be the worst place to be—the only thing that could ruin a beautiful idea like this. It was the biggest, most Pop happening of the sixties, really—it involved everybody.

After driving around a little, we went over to Ondine and then on to Le Club where we stayed until the lights started going on around four. Then all around the city things started coming to life like the Sleeping Beauty castle.

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 173.

There were no lights all the way up Fifth Avenue, throughout Greenwich Village, in the fog and rain of Harlem, or along the crooked, narrow streets of Chinatown. On the East Side, shades were drawn over the seventh candles and the windows. Millions breathed in the dark, sitting in living rooms or standing at the sink or an entry halls, on the dance floor or by their workstations. Although there was no order for quiet, few spoke above a whisper.

Brox, p. 224.

In the relative hush, suddenly a million little things were in danger of perishing. Damp glass greenhouses were beginning to cool down. At the Bronx and Central Park zoos, the men, working without sleep, stuffed blankets between the bars in the small-mammals house, where diminutive, heat-sensitive lemurs, flying squirrels, and small monkeys began their nocturnal peregrinations. The reptile house presented a different problem, since no one was willing to try to wrap a cobra in a blanket. Small particle propane gas heaters were taken into warm the cold-blooded vipers, anacondas, iguanas, caymans, crocodiles and their ilk. It may have been too cold for iguanas, but the temperature outside was just perfect for storing blood.

Ibid., p. 241.

Time and task were both disorienting, for if you were to remove everything from our lives that depends on electricity to function, homes and offices would become no more than the chambers and passages of limestone caves—simple shelter from wind and rain, far less useful than the first homes at Plymouth Plantation or a wigwam. No way to keep out the cold, or heat, for long. No way to preserve food, or to cook it. The things that define us, quiet as rock outcrops—the dumb screens and dials, the senseless clicks of on-off switches—without their

purpose, they lose the measure of their beauty, and we are left alone in the dark with countless useless things. Skyscrapers take on a geological sheen, and the stars resemble those of ancient times.

Yet unlike in ancient times, people were accustomed to giving into long night. For most, the dark wasn't restful; it simply felt as if the world had stopped and everyone and everything were suspended in amber, especially after the novelty of the first hour wore off. For as long as no one had any idea at all how long the helplessness would go on, there was no future, and no knowing the future. After a few hours, theaters canceled their scheduled performances, and people ran out of pocket money. They were lined up outside phone booths waiting to call home, but what could they say other than they were somewhere? This night became known as "the night of the long night," and it was particularly long for those trying to sleep in hotel lobbies or on office floors; in barber chairs or on cots in banquet rooms; curled up in hallways or sprawled on subway stairs or benches in train stations.

Ibid., pp. 243-4.

The pale sliver of the new moon set before the lights went out at 9:34 PM, so there was no consoling light reflecting off the skyscrapers, nothing but the torch on the Statue of Liberty to relieve the blackness.

Ibid., p. 247.

Midtown Manhattan was divided for a while last night—half-blaze, half-black—as the island's vital center became an odd patchwork of darkness and light. The contrasts were everywhere and sometimes they seemed inexplicable: at points there was light east but none west, or light north but none south, or light low but none high. Either you had it or you didn't, and there was a world of difference to be traversed from one curbstone to the next. Like the moon, Broadway had a light side and a dark side for a while. A man moving down the main stem from upper Manhattan had a margin of light to his right but he glanced eastward into thick blackness, like the blackness of a rainforest on a moonless night. Whiplash winds and driving rain with hail made it a rather eerie scene. Pedestrians huddled under movie marquees for semi-shelter, dashing out in clusters for the few taxis that came along. The march of lighted street lamps on Forty-second Street from the Hudson River ended abruptly on the west side of Fifth Avenue and there were no more lighted posts along the street to the East River. The Chrysler Building, all dark, was a silent silhouette stabbing the cloud cover and its top was snuffed from sight by rolling mists.

At Turtle Bay, the United Nations glass secretariat was a slab of ghostly gray, except for a spine of yellow emergency lights running up the middle.

The zone of light and the zone of darkness fell in eccentric patterns over the broad waist of mid-Manhattan. In spots, where the blackness was almost palpable, a man felt he could reach out and scoop in handfuls of it. The north face of the City at the end of Central Park was alight. Nearer Times Square, a hotel's swinging door swung into darkness. A moving sign wrote in the night. The silhouette of a basketball player went right on dribbling across the animated electric board on Seventh Avenue at Forty-sixth Street. Hurrying pedestrians below stamped boot prints on the hail-speckled pavement.

The Great White Way suffered a kind of electrical schizophrenia. On the east side of Times Square, film shows failed in the Criterion Theater. Hundreds of patrons sat in darkness for half an hour before

leaving and getting their money back. The Victoria Theater's patrons on the west side of Broadway did not know that anything unusual had happened. A film called *Brewster McCloud* continued to unreel there.

The blackout left the wax museum on the west side alight, but it hit the marquee and screen at Lowe's State I and II, stopping *Love Story*.

The spiral of light on the "Pure Wool" sign in Times Square cast its glow throughout the emergency, but opposite it the swirl of neon smoke curling from the yards-long Kent cigarette blacked out—no smoking.

Power is distributed to the city on a checkerboard grid, and many people and places found that they were sitting on the black squares. At first, dwellers untouched by the failure gazed out at buildings a few yards away, where the only light was the occasional gleam of a match or a cigarette lighter. The contrasts softened later. Instead chunks of brightness and blackness in the moonless night, there were towers of light next to others emitting only the warm, dim glow of candlelight.

The temperature-weather beacon atop the Mutual of New York Tower functioned during the power-out but it seemed to be subject to mild electrical fits. At 9:50 p.m. it flashed the right time, but it gave the temperature as 3:30 (instead of 30 degrees).

Above Fiftieth Street, places that didn't need any were prodigal with light. A deserted Daitch-Shopwell supermarket was day-bright with fluorescent candles. In a store nearby, sun lamps kept bagels hot. The first word continued to chase the last word around the electric sign that spins along the brim of the hatbox entrance to the Paramount Theater at Columbus Circle.

An M104 bus moving along East Forty-second Street, headlights slicing the darkness, seemed a fitting symbol of the crisis. The fluorescent tubes in its front half were on but others were out and the rear of the bus was shadowed. Rain fell in twisting sheets in the light-cones of auto headlamps.

A curious and especially inconvenient combination of dark and light affected the Commodore Hotel. The closed and empty shops along its street level were ablaze, but the hotel's face was otherwise entirely dark, from lobby to roof. Guests were stranded high in their hotel rooms. Some could look down and see cops with flashlights directing traffic, the rapid motions creating quick-fading coils of light.

Tad's on Forty-second Street was all dark inside, but steaks were kept sizzling over the charcoal pit. Plumes of fire sent big orange streaks flashing across the frosted window, making the place look from the outside as if it were being gutted by fire.

The façade of Grand Central Terminal was lighted, including the red and blue face of its clock, but across the street a Horn and Hardart Automat, with an "Open All Night" sign in its window, closed during the blackout.

Across the way, in the terminal, blackness prevailed for a time in the passages. As some newsmen groped to interview bemused passengers, the lights for television cameras pierced the dark interior. To cover a blackout for television, you've got to have plenty of light. [Grid]

Philips, pp. 45-8.

During the blackout, aboard one train, a man who called himself Lord Echo got everybody to join him in calypso songs; two hours later astonished rescuers found 50 passengers dancing in the aisles.

Lofland, p. 170.

Sometime after three in the morning, in section after section of the city, signs of a world coming to life again registered in little whirrings and tickings, faint and then full.

Brox, p. 245.

The police blamed widespread use of air-conditioners for the 1965 blackout. The New York Times: "The heavy drain of air-conditioners was said to be a major cause of these local failures."

Basile, p. 228.

The following day, the headline of an Italian newspaper read: "New York Cancelled by Darkness."

Brox, p. 245.

WWII Blackout, Brownout, Eclipse

Christmas tree sans lights in Madison Square 1942: carolers sang out beneath it in a forestlike darkness.

Caldwell, p. 279.

In Foley Square the thirty-two story Federal Building had a pyramidal roof covered with gold leaf; because this glistened on moonlit nights, black paint was daubed onto it.

Ellis, *Darkness*, p. 559.

At the Navy's request, Times Square signs, including the news 'Zipper' on the Times Tower, are extinguished at night above street level (although the man in the Camel cigarette sign will continue throughout the war to emit rings of Con Ed steam as the man dons a uniform, changed periodically to vary his service). People have drawn blackout curtains to minimize the light that silhouettes merchant ships leaving the port of New York for Europe.

Trager, p. 532.

At 10:33, air-raid sirens pierce through the chaotic drone of Times Square, bringing the usual tangle of traffic to a complete stop and sending drivers, passengers, and pedestrians alike for the cover of designated bomb shelters. "With horns silenced and other noises stilled, an eerie quiet settles on the streets, deserted except for policemen and a few defense workers," says the *New York Times*. "It lasts until the first wailing note of the all-clear was heard at 10:43 A.M. and then within seconds the city bustles back to life and New Yorkers go about their affairs as if nothing unusual had happened."

Greenburg, pp. 48-9.

The cloud of manmade darkness that has hovered over various parts of the metropolitan area during the last few weeks settled last night upon eight square miles of the lower Bronx, where 935,000 persons cooperated in the latest blackout drill. In a night so bright that the moon coated countless apartment house windows with silvery luster, nearly one-fifth of the borough showed what it could do in case the dread drone of enemy planes sounded overhead.

Trager, p. 532.

Blackout precautions: any lamp visible from outdoors had to beam downward. Anyone living above the fifteenth floor of a skyscraper with lights visible from the sea had to douse them or hide them behind

blackout curtains. Streetlights had crews daubing their globes with black paint to block light.

Caldwell, p. 278.

People don't realize it but, when they move around in the dark their speech is softer. The roar of traffic had dulled: a third of the city's cabs were off the streets, grounded when their drivers volunteered or drafted. [Sound]

Ibid., p. 278.

Traffic lights were covered in metal masks with narrow slits for the red and green signals to show through... Car and taxi headlights wore hoods or "eyelids" so that the light they cast would shine down... Light bulbs in trolleys and subways were dipped in black paint with just their necks exposed.

Diehl, p. 121.

Dimout unlit signs appeared, made of quarter-sized sequins stitched onto painted block letters (these made their debut and survived into the 1980s, reaching their tawdry best when the sequins began falling off).

Caldwell, p. 6.

When the all clear was sounded at 9:50 P.M. and the lights came on, they had been doused long enough to give people's eyes time to adjust to the dark. Chemical changes in the retina had not yet occurred. In Time Square, almost immediately after the drill, voices rose above the noise of traffic starting up, and dance music leaked out of nightclubs. Crowds poured out of the entryways and up the subway stairs and moved steadily along the streets once more. As the lights came on in hotels and shop windows in traffic lamps winked red and green through the rain, the crowd cheered.

Brox, p. 225.

It left the Empire State Building girdled with two thin belts of light.

Conrad, p. 257.

In 1973, Richard Nixon called for the dimming of nonessential lighting such as advertisements and all decorative Christmas lights, both public and private, including the lights in New York City's Times Square. "It's very sad to be a party to darkening a city so renowned for its lights—it's just heartbreaking," the municipal service administrator for New York City commented. "But it has a psychological effect, because it's difficult to get someone to turn down his thermostat if he sees lights blazing in a public space."

Brox, p. 252.

After the 1973 oil embargo, American industry crashed; giant firms like GM, whose names had always defined the Square, lowered their profiles and put their fire signs out. Huge billboard niches went dark, and empty spaces opened up in the Square that no one had ever seen... In Times Square: the swimming fish in the Wrigley sign, the peanuts that endlessly tumbled from a Planters bag, and the glowing Sunkist sunburst all froze into stillness and went dark. The Camel billboard, now unlit, nevertheless still puffed out his five-foot smoke rings (actually heating steam), which floated out over the darkened square. Outside,

the hulking buildings shouldered themselves broodingly into a space once made airy and ebullient by moving lights. [Advertisiting]
Caldwell. p. 278.

In the city's diurnal power tide comes a low, after the main factory motors have slowed and thousands of machines are off. With daylight saving there is a longer slump before the normal nighttime current is turned on. The giant power units idle for a while.
Reisenberg, p. 99.

The physical paraphernalia of light, from the lamppost to the gasworks or the power plant, became permanent daytime reminders that a visual newfound land was being charted every evening.
Sharpe, p. 2.

The external change in the city itself was profound. Within the darkened alleyways of the financial district, people lost their sense of day and night; just as they lost the occasional glimpse of the sky which makes the worst routine bearable. In the new subways they lost even the sight of the sun over the roof tops of Manhattan, which had once been theirs from the ramshackle elevated roads. Nature in its most simple form, the wonder of the morning and the night, was missing from the metropolitan routine.
Mumford, *Empire*, p. 32.

This great crucible of modernity was plunged into darkness by a total eclipse of the sun in January 1925. Some 10 million people in New York and New England saw the eclipse on that day. Lovecraft recalled the eclipse in a letter of 1932: "In 1925 (when I was in New York) some of us tramped up into the cold of northern Yonkers to see the January eclipse."
Haden, p. 150.

ECLIPSE PUTS CITY IN DARK AND MILLIONS WATCH IN AWE... WIPING OUT OF SUN STRIKES GAZERS AS THREAT FROM SKIES
NY Evening News, N. pag.

January 1925 looking across at the city's towering black monolith-like skyscrapers, from the height of a raised aqueduct, and seeing New York as if it were a sunken city risen from the bottom of the ocean, with semi-darkness all around and the brightest stars shining suddenly above.
Haden, p. 153.

Night

The city after dark is a snare, a canvas, a foreign land, a fantasy, a stage.
Sharpe, p. 32.

City often entered by night.
Reisenberg, p. 205.

I have been one acquainted with the night.
Sharpe, p. 29.

Now the nights of one period are not the nights of another.

Neither are the nights of one city the nights of another.
Ibid., p. 1.

To banish night so that artifice could reign supreme.
Ibid., p. 2.

The moral laxities of the dark.
Strunsky, p. 698.

The decked-out city of night ostentatiously burned its candle at both ends.
Sharpe, p. 2.

In the country the darkness of night is friendly and familiar, but in a city, with its blaze of lights, it is unnatural, hostile and menacing. It is like a monstrous vulture that hovers, biding its time.
Ibid., p. 277.

"Daytime" activities—the constant construction and demolition; the influx of immigrants, industries, and capital.
Ibid., p. 5.

A nocturnal semiotic arsenal that no other city could match.
Ibid., p. 5.

The proliferation of skyscrapers began to change the topography of the city itself, as their lights broke the ceiling of darkness that in cities had hovered at the five-story level since the Middle Ages.
Ibid., p. 5.

Public and private experiences shade into each other; even the most dreamy nocturne hints at the brassy world it renounces, while even the brightest lights may become mirrors to the secret desires of anonymous crowds or hidden observers.
Ibid., p. 27.

Names of paintings with nocturnal themes: *Sunday Night on 40th Street*; *Stars on Sixth Avenue*; *3 a.m. in the Sun Office*; *Police Station Lodgers—Madison Street*; *Easter Eve, Washington Square*; *Sunset On West 23rd Street* *Night on the El Train*; *Night Windows*; *Nocturne in Grey and Gold*; *Chelsea Snow*.
Ibid., pp. 277, 278, 290.

The light-driven editing of the nocturnal landscape after 1900 effectively dematerialized the night city, destroying any sense of depth or perspective. It became a self-canceling concatenation of messages, an "ethereal abstraction" that in its sheer size and complexity transcended the human capacity for comprehension. Whereas the natural sublime dwarfed and chastened human spectators, and the technological sublime exalted the human mastery of natural forces, this "unintended" electrical sublime of commercial light managed to tear viewers in both directions at once. In so doing, it created a "disembodied spectacle with an alluring promise of personal transformation" that "urged the viewer to merge the scintillating landscape into the self."
Ibid., p. 214.

You have traveled in the course of the night from the meticulous to the slime.

McInerney, p. 3.

Streetlight

Night is abolished.

Still, p. 297.

I raise my head and look at the deserted street below—the pools of light under the street lamps, the tops of the parked cars, the square patterns of the cracks in the sidewalk—and there is a cleanliness and orderliness to things.

Conroy, p. 175.

Everything is stripped naked by the dispassionate glare. The glare is everywhere, and nowhere a shadow. Each building stands there like a dumbfounded fool with wide-open mouth, and sends forth the glare of brass trumpets and the whining rumble of orchestrations. Inside is a cloud of smoke and the dark figures of the people. The people eat, drink and smoke. [Reflection] [Glass]

Gorky, "Boredom," p. 311.

In its glare, my shadow is vividly cast on the wet pavement.

Ellis, *Psycho*, p 163.

Although the rectangles of light on the cobblestones are far from regular, their repetition invokes a kind of urban talisman.

Rock, p. 287.

And the lamps of the city prick my eyes.

Lowell, p. 36.

Second Avenue, south of 14th Street, was deserted after sundown. One of the few sources of illumination, was the row of spotlights shining down on the sidewalk from the East River Savings Bank branch between 6th and 7th streets.

Berman, *Calling*, p. 27.

Nights, after the lighting-fixture and restaurant-supply stores have rolled down their metal sliding doors, the avenue is deserted, lit only by the thin yellow glow of streetlights and of traffic slowly making its way downtown.

Lawson, N. pag.

Watching the illumination of the streetlamps progress up Fifth Avenue, he commented, "Probably there is a man at a switchboard somewhere, but the effect is like destiny, and regularly each night, like the stars, we have the lighting up of the Avenue."

Sharpe, p. 130.

Appearances are deceptive—and Fifth Avenue is so imperfectly lighted.

Ibid., p. 164.

The glow of street lights punctuates the growing darkness, and the city seems to flat in silence in the shimmer of light reflected on the wet pavement.

Rock, p. xix.

Blue light from outside angles through the large windows to spill on the waxed wooden floor.

Conroy, p. 44.

just a faint light over the sill coming in through the curtains from a streetlamp

Wojnarowicz, p. 185.

The Caddy floats over the downtown streets. You can tell you are moving only by the passage of lights across the tinted windows. Some of the lights have dim halos and others spill crystalline shards into the night.

McInerney, p. 172.

Looking up through the limo's sunroof, spacing on the sweeping patterns spotlights are making on the black buildings above and around us.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 164.

Electricity

The old 19th century gaslight had made everything at night seem as if lit by a gauzy and romantic twilight.

Haden, p. 62.

Straight scream of electric arcs.

Galwey, p. 420.

The dirty night gay light height and rope.

Lorca, "Landscape," p. 226.

Electric light in screeching maze. A spell.

Roche p. 405.

Electric lights glare against a huge zodiac sketched upon a poster.

Jolas, p. 473.

Electrification is a symptom of violent mobility.

Conrad, p. 131.

Electricity is New York's protest against the demoded restrictions of night.

Ibid., p. 132.

The electrified city abolishes the difference between day and night.

Ibid., p. 77.

The city's electrification is explained by the pornography and pathology of metaphor: lust, Dalí exclaims, keeps the buildings alight and warm. [City as Body]

Ibid., p. 146.

You get dressed thanks to electricity, on the streets there is electricity, the buildings are bathed in electricity.
Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 47.

manufactured light
Sharpe, p. 9.

Lights flicker from the opposite loft
Dylan, "Visions."

*near the base of this
building there
appears a semi-
circular assortment
of lights:
"pneumatics of lights"
"chains red light"
"rack of lamps"
— adjoining a sign for
— an "American dish"*
Depero, "24th Street," p. 429.

Unlike sunlight, limelight has, more or less, the qualities of neon. Sunlight has been around for at least a few billion years, while a neon light lasts a few months or, used sparingly, a few years.
Mueller, p. 256.

I remember walking at night in Chelsea with Bill during the depression, and his pointing out to me on the pavement the dispersed compositions—spots and cracks and bits of wrappers and reflections of neon-light—neon-signs were few then.
Denby, p. 2.

the sins of streets are hidden in a mist / Pale yellow, shot with topaz, amethyst.
Hall, p. 622.

the neon shapes / that float and swell and glare / down the gray avenue between the eyes
Auden, "Watchers," p. 63.

The secrets of the night are simultaneously pried open and clamped shut by the tireless ubiquity of electric light. As the light renders public everything it touches, it confers on it an unsought stage presence, indifferently bestowing significance in all directions.
Sharpe, p. 282.

The city was one long banner of light that sparkled and scintillated in the crisp night air, paling even to insignificance a moon of harvest splendor.
Ibid., p. 153.

Objects that are dark by day incandesce at night. In the afternoon the Singer tower is a gray smudge; in the evening it wears a cap of electricity.
Conrad, p. 243.

The incandescence of its lights, its fancied liquidity.
Ibid., p. 74.

The harsh jazz of the jagged skylines is muted by a velvet curtain of darkness painted with a silver river and bespangled with innumerable points of lights.

Sharpe, p. 201.

Little dots and glimmers of light in the tall buildings ahead.
Donleavy, N. pag.

The rain in Lola's hair reflected a thousand lights, each one shimmering separately on its deep-toned background.

Spillane, p. 311.

the glimmer of a young girl's platinum blonde hair
Federal Writers, p. 292.

Spurning the grimy pavements with their feet, the sun making rainbows on their vigorous hair.

Atkinson, p. 40.

The symbolic instant of light coming up in a face as the coin is dropped in the subway slot and the turnstile jerks.

Federal Writers, p. 422.

Sit looking through this polished window at the lights changing. In this cathedral of a city. Where the skyscraper organ pipes trumpet.

Donleavy, N. pag.

In the dim light of one bare bulb hanging from a rusted tin ceiling, the old Mee Heung Chow main Corporation, on Mott Street, was quiet.

Kinhead, p. 17.

New York's subway cars and subway stations use left-hand threads in the electric-light bases. This discourages bulb snatchers from going after them for home use.

Berger, *New York*, p. 9.

In that fleeting moment when the road cut out of the rock opens mirage-like onto the New York skyline before disappearing into the neon unreality of the Lincoln Tunnel.

Maffi, p. 19.

Androgynous girls manipulate electrical switches of morning stars!
de Torre, "Upon Landing," p. 58.

The night was dark, the air dry and cold. The whole city was lighted up. If you have not seen it, you cannot know or imagine what it is like. You must have had it sweep over you. Then you begin to understand why Americans have become proud of themselves in the last twenty years... The sky is decked out. It is a Milky Way come down to earth; you are in it. Each window, each person, is a light in the sky. At the same time a perspective is established by the arrangement of the thousand lights of each skyscraper; it forms itself more in your mind than in the darkness perforated by illimitable fires. The stars are part of it also—the real stars—but sparkling quietly in the distance.

Corbusier, p. 90.

It really is white, and there really is a feeling that it's brighter than day on it, since it's light all day, but this road is as bright as day and, what's more, it's against the background of darkest night. The light of the street lamps, the light of the darting advertisements, the light of the glowing window displays and the window panes of the never-closing shops, the light from lamps illuminating the huge daubed posters, the light bursting out from the doors of cinemas and theatres as they open, the racing light from the cars and elevated transport, the light from underground trains flashing under your feet in the window panes along the pavements, the light of publicity messages in the sky.

Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 52.

On each floor a single bare 22-watt circular fluorescent tube, known as the Landlord's Halo, radiated a feeble tubercular-blue glow upon the walls, which were Rental Unit Green.

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 17.

It's so cold in Tower that everything—the air, the sounds revolving around us, the racks of CDs—feels white, snowed in. People pass by, moving on to the next register, and the high-set fluorescent lighting that renders everyone flat and pale and washed out.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 98.

The Astor Library closed at sundown because it had no artificial light.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 90.

Thousands work there under artificial light.

Reisenberg, p. 17.

The sliver of artificial light on Broadway, deep down among the cold, blank, moonlit buildings, is an electric sunrise, proceeding in the opposite direction from the actual dawn, which first catches the peaks of the buildings and only later—if at all—reaches the gouged crevasses of the streets.

Conrad, p. 81.

My hole is warm and full of light, Yes, *full* of light. I doubt if there is a brighter spot in all New York than this hole of mine, and I do not exclude Broadway. Or the Empire State Building on a photographer's dream night...

Sharpe, pp. 304-5.

Outside, more light, some of it artificial, opens up the city.

Ellis, *Glamorama*, p. 193.

Light, light and light. You can read a newspaper, and what's more you can read your neighbour's—and in a foreign language, too. It's bright in the restaurants and in the theatre centre. It's clean on the main streets and in the places where the bosses or the aspiring bosses live.

Mayakovsky, *Discovery*, p. 52.

The trip to New York only took thirty minutes, and as they flew around the glazed fluorescent curves of the Holland Tunnel, a false promise of daylight around each bend drew them on.

O'Connell, p. 295.

The gleam of the overhead bulbs is as steady as the sun in a cloudless sky.

Philips, p. 6.

The city's light is votive offering, not commercial enticement.

Conrad, p. 73.

The lighting-up of cities boldly advertised their advance into the future.

Ibid., p. 131.

The light burns out at the foot of 23rd Street, 22nd Street, 21st, 20th, 19th.

WPA Guide, p. 51.

The slow lights of barges.

Wojnarowicz, p. 133.

The lights on the bridges went off, and so did the red light in the lantern of the lighthouse at the north end of Welfare Island.

Maxwell, p. 3.

Shadows, Sun, Daylight

Seeing things from such a steep height that faces are obscured and objects supplanted by the shadows they cast.

Conrad, p. 105.

Buildings sliced across, sometimes half eliminated by the disposition of light.

Ibid., p. 83.

The "second life" of shadow and vagrant movement.

Kozloff, n. pag.

He sat on the line where the sun and the shade met.

Hapgood, p. 151.

During the day if it got too hot in the sun he would go to the shady side of the street and though it was warm he was still able to wear his coat.

Hollander, p. 164.

All afternoon the shadows have been building

A city of their own within the streets

Tomlinson, p. 137.

The shadows on the mirror-like streets, the dark mass of the overhanging buildings, overpowered perhaps, their imminent imagination and moved it for the first time with a touch of the sublime which makes the whole world forgetful.

Hapgood, pp. 369-71.

The vicinity of Broadway and Manhattan Street, where the enormous Black iron arch of the Subway viaduct casts its shadow all over the cars that run west to Fort Lee Ferry and north to Fort George and south into the deserted regions of lower Broadway.

Strunsky, p. 703.

Look back and see a thin shaft of light, ethereal, tremulous, almost of faery, and that pillar of light will be Broadway canon between its brick walls still clad in shadow.

Ibid., p. 705.

Festoons of sun pulverizing shadows.

Przybos, p. 328.

The utilitarian imperative which covers blocks with sunless tenements and no less sunless apartment houses, makes night and day indistinguishable under the overhanging scarps of lower Manhattan.

Federal Writers, p. 12.

Sunlight drifts over New Jersey cliffs illuminates sparse architecture and great warehouses and piers and ships all shapeless from the blinding show making it all look like India with orange postal card skies and you expect a huge herd of cows to be flat-walking over the river surface—where's the Taj Mahal!?

Wojnarowicz, p. 33.

The sunlight, dazzling and beautiful, almost unreal against the shady streets of Brooklyn Heights.

Ibid., p. 28.

A man can live a fairly complete life in New York without having to go out into God's clean sunlight at all.

Walker, p. 41.

Sunlit yearnings of Ultraist Lucifers crystallize electric charges!
de Torre, "Upon Landing," p. 58.

The slanting yellow light on 125th Street.

Hamill, "Lost," N. pag.

The sun rose behind the Gowanus Parkway lighting the oil filmed water of the Gowanus Canal and the red bricks of the Project.

O'Connell, p. 294.

ozone stalagmites / deposits of light

O'Hara, p. 340.

A dim light came from windows crusted with dirt.

Campbell, *Darkness*, p. 93.

Gray light and sense of tension.

McDarragh, *Artist's*, p. 10.

That part of the loft always held a kind of awe for me. Plus it being a kind of underworld sort of light with an enormous shaftway window that always appeared like an aquarium. I was never sure what

time of the day it was, although after a while one could tell the time according to the subtle and soothing tranquil light in the space.

Tucker, p. 194.

dim lights from tree-filled building, grainy light like a film made of New York traffic Expressway sounds

Wojnarowicz, p. 111.

the dim light from the courtyard windows easing across the surface of the wall

Ibid., p. 160.

The light leaves the flat roofs of the ghetto along the river.

WPA Guide, p. 51.

When black clouds cap the city and light blazes along its canyons, a daytime lighting load is suddenly superimposed on the industrial demand.

Reisenberg, p. 98.

Traffic Lights

The traffic lights cause vertigo.

Corbusier, p. 101.

Wait for the red light to change.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Uselessly clicking from green to red, red to green.

Finney, p. 115.

Green yellow and red. And a breeze blows my dreams abandoned down the street.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Red lights are now seen as street ornaments, a year-round extension of Christmas decorations, rather than as instruction.

Brook, p. 144.

Color is the scream emitted by expiring light.

Conrad, p. 239.

neon blinking traffic light

Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 3.

Guessing the rhythm of the changing traffic lights correctly, catching the crest of the "green wave."

Lobas, *Taxi From Hell*, p. 32.

Traffic signals in New York are rough guidelines.

Hamann, p. 35.

They set down their feet, they walk

green, red; green, red

Every two minutes, the green lights of the numerous traffic signals go off, and the red lights come on. Within two minutes, the green

signal again lights up on the traffic lights, while the side roads are barred by the red lights on the street corners.

Sharpe, p. 336.

Red light. Bell.

A block deep four ranks of cars wait at the grade crossing, fenders in taillights, mudguards scraping mudguards, motors purring hot, exhausts reeking, cars from Babylon and Jamaica, cars from Montauk, Port Jefferson, Patchogue, limousines from Long Beach, Far Rockaway, roadsters from Great Neck... cars full of asters and wet bathingsuits, sunsinged necks, mouths sticky from sodas and hotdawgs... cars dusted with pollen of ragweed and goldenrod.

Green light. Motors race, gears screech into first. The cars space out, flow in a long ribbon along the ghostly cement road, between blackwindowded blocks of concrete factories, between bright slabbed colors of signboards towards the glow over the city that stands up incredibly into the night sky like the glow of a great lit tent, like the yellow tall bulk of a tentshow.

Dos Passos, p. 217.

The electric lights on lampposts come on at night and go off during the day: thus they mark and regulate night and day. The attached traffic and pedestrian light signals likewise regulate traffic, telling one to go, or to wait before going. These signals consist of two colors, red (dark) and green (light), with the transitional blinking yellow. "Without rigid adherence to predictable routines a large compact society would scarcely be able to maintain itself. The clock and the traffic signal are symbolic of the basis of the social order in the urban world."

Wirth, p. 74.

The taxis and private cars fluttering about like jeweled flies.

Dreiser, p. 3.

Varied, layered tones mount gradually from traffic-torn streaks of light at street level.

Sharpe, p. 125.

seeing two bright spherical yellow lights like car headlights anchored on jersey cliffs sending vertical lines of light, gold breathin' light across the surface of the dark rolling river, like two railroad track lines laid out into some hobo's heaven

Wojnarowicz, p. 118.

Three colored lights passed overhead, very high up and in the cluster, blinking. There were also lights strung through the park at intervals, and on East End Avenue, where taxicabs cruise up and down with their roof lights on. Nobody wanted them. As if they had never in their life shot through a red light, the taxis stopped at Eighty-third Street, and again at Eighty-fourth, and went on when the light turned green. East End Ave. was as quiet as the grave. So were the side streets.

Joseph, pp. 400-1.

Any New Yorker fairly sound in mind and limb will step without a tremor into the most frightening whirlpool of traffic rather than wait a few seconds for the lights to change in his favor. At the three or four intersections where pedestrian lights have been installed, and the

lights flash out Walk or Don't Walk, the crossers-over wriggle under the restraining arms of the policemen stationed there to save their lives, and dart like snakes between the onrushing cars. A movie short taken at any busy corner would show how deep-rooted is this particular form of our madness. It seems to be considered a little shameful to wait till it's legal to cross.

Atkinson, p. 22.

I don't want to live in a city where the only cultural advantage is that you can make a right turn on a red light.

Allen, *Annie Hall*, N. pag.

Color

The frenetic vermilion or vitriolic yellow of Coney Island, the silvery alarm of electricity shining from the Brooklyn Bridge, or the sulphurous effulgence which burns inside skyscrapers.

Conrad, p. 133.

Coney Island is carnal vermilion and acidulous neon lemon: colors are the siren's blandishments.

Ibid., p. 239.

"I used the intact purity of the vermillion," Stella said, "to accentuate the carnal frenzy of the new bacchanal and all the acidity of the lemon yellow for the dazzling lights storming all around."

Sharpe, p. 193.

Behind the red crosses that mark the hospitals and the green globes of the police stations, shifts change.

Caldwell, p. 2.

Great gold and scarlet streets.

Dreiser, p. 7.

The pavement is white, the figures black.

Conrad, p. 105.

I Saw the Figure Five in Gold (1928)

Charles Demuth

Among the rain
and lights
I saw the figure 5
in gold
on a red
firetruck
moving
tense
unheeded
to gong clangs
siren howls
and wheels rumbling
through the dark city.

Williams, "Great Figure," p. 174.

The river was smooth, sleek as a bluesteel gunbarrel. The shadows between the wharves and the buildings were powdery like washingblue. Masts fringed the river; smoke purple chocolatecolor fleshpink climbed into light.

Dos Passos, p. 125.

Color enters in violently whenever money is involved. To call, you cry out; to cry out effectively in the uproar of the crowd, you use signs colored red, yellow, green, and blue. Magic incantation on Broadway.

Corbusier, p. 110.

Oranges blazed on the carts; calico was for sale, clocks, sweet potatoes, herrings, poetted geraniums and galoshes.

Gold, p. 16.

Tool & Die Works red and Subway 1-Beam green and Restaurant Exhaust-Fan Duct Lint gray.

Wolfe, *Painted*, p. 82.

hum-colored cabs

Bennett, *Post-WWII*, p. 8.

On a particularly deformed strip of the low Sixties around Second Avenue there is a building that's constructed of a material which cannot be identified. It's a color between that of a dead salmon and a dead rat.

Remick, p. 320.

The colors of the neighborhood lighten as limestone replaces brownstone.

Hawes, N. pag.

The Hell Gate section of the Triborough Bridge was a necklace of sickly-green incandescent pearls.

Davis-Goff, p. 175.

A bright green spot moved swiftly down the East River late yesterday afternoon. The spot—a light, minty green—covered an area much larger than a tennis court. Borne along by ebb-tide currents, it slid under the Queensboro Bridge, swirled past the United Nations and Bellevue Hospital on its course to Wall Street and the harbor.

Philips, p. 41.

In the spring morning it seemed that every ash barrel was green-wreathed with spinach. [Garbage]

Cowley, p. 49.

New York's landscape is red, brick red or brownstone red. Manhattan spring is red.

Jones, *Dynamite*, p. 176.

The rose-red of sunrise, of infant day, the fiery blood-shot red of the setting sun, flushing towers spires with crimson. But this rose glow soon fades to gray. To me this is a gray city, massively gray, abstruse, elusive. At moments it is a clear gray, understandable, friendly. It has one mood today and another tomorrow. The one who seeks its colors may walk from an avenue into a side street and find the

spectrum swiftly change. New York is a palette on which all colors appear sharply by turns and then they go. But it's dominant note, at least, at last, is gray.

Reisenberg, p. 189.

The tints of color in the passing throngs. Fanning themselves with the cool riches on sale.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Screen changes suddenly into luminous colors of every description. The new moon tumbles down. A planet burns rose against a poster for United States Rubber.

Jolas, p. 472.

x - Air

Air Conditioning

Summer of 1948—last summer before air conditioning.
Caldwell, p. 279.

The introduction of residential air-conditioners tended to close up windows, especially in summer; television offered spectacles more distracting than any real sidewalk view; and automobiles, rather than subways, buses, or walking, became an increasingly common means of transport, even in much of New York. Life moved away from the window, away from the stoop, away from the street, as middle-class city dwellers withdrew into secure, climate-controlled interiors.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 233.

We shall have to change the habits of a lifetime when domestic air-conditioning arrives... And how blessedly silent the interior will be! It may vibrate as a ten-ton truck rumbles by, but of the clatter of garbage cans, the backfire of a passing car, the din and bustle of the street—not a vestige. Like dirt amid germs, the din and bustle of the street will be filtered out. [Sound]

"Air Conditioning," p. 11.

In terms of the way it changed the ecology of the city, the invention of the air conditioner is to the twentieth century what the elevator was to the nineteenth.

N. cit.

In the days before residential air-conditioning became common, summer life in the city naturally gravitated toward open windows, or to outdoor spaces like fire escapes.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 233.

The 1950s idea of *cool*: "The demise of city night life, done in by television and suburbanism: a bland affront to unrestrained human nature, a nature stripped of the 'heat'" of natural passion. The wan gentility of an East Side art movie theater had replaced late, hot nights of dancing. In 1955 Gilbert Millstein writes: 'Maybe it's all these new buildings breeding more of these cool Brooks Brothers cats. They're too cool'" He refers to the totally air-conditioned skyscrapers then turning Manhattan's grubby Sixth Avenue into a gentrified Avenue of the Americas where businessmen in suits could fancy that they were hip.

Ackerman, p. 150.

The air shaft: a primitive attempt at air conditioning.
Reisenberg, p. 139.

The city's first centrally air-conditioned apartment house is completed at 23 East 83rd Street. Air is drawn in at the roof and circulated through the interior ductwork.

Trager, p. 512.

In 1936, 400 Park Avenue becomes the city's (and the nation's) first apartment house to have every room air conditioned.

Ibid., p. 499.

Tiffany & Co.'s store on the southeast corner is the first fully air-conditioned store of any kind.

Ibid, p. 521.

Macy's installs air-conditioning in 1929.

Whitaker, p. 102.

New York's ice age is brought to a close not by reformers but by inventors. In the spring of 1916, the city's newspapers began carrying large ads for the Domelre electric refrigerator. Promoted as "The Electric Iceman," it promised to deliver "no ice—just cold." Domelre and its successors would not become a basic feature of most New York homes for several decades, but by 1950 the iceman had become as much a relic of a long-ago age as the blacksmith and the lamplighter.

O'Donnell, N. pag.

Air conditioning and soundproofing guarantee that nothing that smells of earth remains to destroy your illusion of flight.

Conrad, p. 264.

In May of 1925, the Rivoli movie theater just north of Times Square becomes the first air conditioned theater, refrigerated with "mountains of ozone."

Ackerman, p. 48.

The Rivoli had "a novel feature... 'olfactory music,' or a system of atomizers which spray perfume—oriental, clover, new-mown hay—and in accord with the orchestra, the screen and the stage settings literally imbue one's senses with the atmosphere of the play."

Basile, p. 111

Roxy's understanding of Fantastic Technology inspires a further intensification of his metaphor: questioning the conventional use of the air-conditioning system—ventilation and cooling—he realizes that this would only add chill to the sunset. With the same maniacal logic that characterized his earlier visions, Roxy then considers adding hallucinogenic gases to the atmosphere of his theater, so that synthetic ecstasy can reinforce the fabricated sunset. A small dose of laughing gas would put the 6,200 visitors in a euphoric mood, hyper-receptive to the activity on the stage. His lawyers dissuade him, but for a short period Roxy actually injects ozone—the therapeutic O₃ molecule with its "pungent refreshing odor" and "exhilarating influence"—into the air-conditioning system of his theater. Combining super-time with super-health, Roxy defines the definitive formula of the metropolitan resort with his slogan, "A visit to Radio City Music Hall is as good as a month in the Country." [Cinema]

Koolhaas, pp. 210-1.

A long foyer led to six sets of bronze-trimmed doors. Passing through them, patrons entered a grand rotunda. (Roxy threatened to fire any of his ushers who referred to it as "the lobby.") [Cinema]

Miller, *Supreme*, p. 272.

"Fifteen degrees cooler inside," said a sign in letters encrusted in icicles.

N. cit.

The air-cooling requires a careful and scientific arrangement of all pipes and ducts so that drafts along the floor may not discomfort ankles in sheer silk stockings or other drafts be felt by sensitive heads and throats.

N. cit.

Instead of offering melodramas and air-conditioning, let the theatres sell air-conditioning alone. For a price, a hot and weary pedestrian would be permitted to sit comfortably in the cool darkness. If this appears too unexciting, the theatre could introduce sound effects such as the splashing of a fountain or the trilling of a mountain stream. There might even be a musical accompaniment and, even, if the theatre was generous and enterprising, appropriate pictures: an ice-breaker at work, Niagara Falls in midwinter, last year's blizzard, yesterday's mob at Coney Island.

Milo,. N. pag.

Spent air conditioning fluid from Rockefeller Center is used to build bombs during WWII.

N. cit.

Carrier's "Igloo of Tomorrow" at the 1939 World's Fair. Scantly clad women ("snow bunnies") shoveled manufactured slush in 90 degree heat. Carrier closed the igloo for the season with the arrival by dog-sled of the fur-clad Mayokok family, who ostensibly planned to "hibernate" there until the Fair reopened in 1940... The exhibition received its greatest publicity on August 23, 1939, when the company gathered seven hundred hay fever sufferers in the igloo to demonstrate the therapeutic value of air-conditioning. As reported in the August 24 New York Times, allergists selected eighteen sneezers for a demonstration of how to enhance the "air-conditioning function" of their noses. Said the Times: "The contestants could not sneeze in the Carrier Building, so the contest took place outdoors."

Ackerman, p. 101.

Haven't we accomplished air-conditioning indoors? All we have to do is to accomplish the same thing on a larger scale outdoors. What are we waiting for?

N. cit.

The outline of a far-reaching plan for a gigantic artificial climate center that would assemble in one spot all the mineral and thermal waters of the world, and would enable the people of New York to enjoy the advantages of all the world's exclusive Summer resorts and spas... The artificial climate center would also contain medical baths of all kinds-hot air, electrical vapor, etc... It also was proposed "to create an artificial beach of fine sand n the verge of a vast pool, warmed by an artificial sun and atmosphere, the whole establishment to be situated in the city itself, close to the main thoroughfare and open all the year around."

In this "climate paradise for the millions" the visitor would be able to bask in the sunshine of an "artificial Florida," or breathe the dry air of Arizona and New Mexico, or enjoy the benefits of the seashore or mountain tops of Carlsbad, Saratoga Springs or other famous spas in various parts of the world. While the climate would be manufactured artificially, with the proper requirements of humidity, air pressure, ultra-violet radiation and temperature, the natural mineral waters of the world's spas would be available in bottles.

An igloo far greater than any ever built by Eskimos, with a temperature cooler inside than out and with the "aurora borealis" glowing on schedule on the ceiling of the dome, while outside the sun beats down on a simulated snow exterior, will squat as part of the exhibit of the Carrier Corporation, maker of air-conditioning equipment... Two 80-foot thermometers, one reminding the World's Fair visitors of the temperature out of doors and the other indicating the comfort afforded in the air-conditioned interior, will flank the igloo. "70-Foot Igloo," p. 25.

A refrigerating engineer invents the phrase "weather manufacturing" for this process; technically, it is "air conditioning."
Curci, n, pag.

Making climate to order was begun originally as a means of assuring quality of goods, not for the Summer comfort of humanity. Then it occurred to industrialists that if employee had the atmosphere of a perfect day about them always they would have clearer minds, be affected less by fatigue during the afternoon, make fewer mistakes and reduce accidents. So in the last five years the theatrical interests, taking up the idea, have been remaking climate Indoors both Summer and Winter, to their own great advantage and the comfort of the public. They have been paid in increased attendance. It is an open secret that one large New York motion picture theatre which last year installed a \$50,000 air-cooling plant charged it off as paid for at the end of the Summer season through the increased attendance.

Ibid.

To manufacture weather at home, in the office or on a train, there must be a way of handling the atmosphere as if it were a tangible fabric.

N. cit.

A revolutionary possibility is suggested by the fact that efficient operation of an air-conditioning system in a building implies the permanently closed window.

Talman, p. 4.

The finial-towered profile of Lower Manhattan, crowned with the aeries of corporate chairmen, was obliterated by the advent of air conditioning: thick, fat buildings, harboring vast interior reaches for the bulk corporate population, were possible. In contrast, the RCA Building was planned on the notion that no occupant should sit more than twenty-seven feet from a window and that air conditioning was provided by opening the window.

White, *Physical*, p. 74.

The slenderness that made these towers so elegant necessitated their smallish office floors, limited in size by the requirement (in those pre-air-conditioning days) to have every desk no more than twenty-eight feet from an operable window.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 133.

In 1902... air conditioning was in operation, making one Brooklyn printing plant owner very happy. Fluctuations in heat and humidity in his plant had caused the dimensions of the printing paper to keep altering slightly, enough to ensure a misalignment of the colored inks. The new air conditioning machine created a stable environment and

aligned four-color printing became possible. All thanks to the new employee, Willis Carrier, at the Buffalo Forge Company, who started on a salary of only \$10.00 per week.

Bellis, p. 12

Minetta Brook, Minetta Lane. NYU thought to put Minetta Brook to work for air-conditioning but the stream was found to be temperamental, not to be counted on in rainless periods.

Berger, *New York*, p. 7.

The air-conditioning is spotty. Sometimes the windows are open, driving the stale and fetid air around in an illusion of cooling. When the air-conditioning works, it is worse. You walk from steambath to refrigerator, as if changing continents, and your perspiration seems to freeze within your shirt, a phenomenon previously known only to Antarctic explorers.

Gopnik, p. 192.

A rush of cool air greeted me; and though the day was one of the hottest of late June, I shivered as I crossed the threshold into a large apartment whose rich and tasteful decoration surprised me in this nest of squalor and seediness.

Lovecraft, *Magic*, pp. 29-34.

Last weekend, the Long Island Expressway smouldered with traffic jams and anyone who couldn't talk about "going out to the beach" crawled into some Manhattan corner and turned on the air conditioner.

Bladford, p. 12.

Breathed with air conditioning and jammed with heat-producing machines.

Talbot, p. 17.

My first direct contact with an air-conditioner came only in the sixties, when I was living in the Chelsea Hotel. The so-called management sent up a machine on casters which rather aimlessly cooled and sometimes heated the air, relying, as it did, on pitchers of water that one had to pour into it. On the initial filling, it would spray water all over the room, so one had to face it toward the bathroom rather than the bed.

Miller, "Before," p. 26.

On any given summer afternoon, you can stroll down any residential street and be dripped upon by someone's condensation (A/C Pee).

Ibid., p. 2.

Look up; most of the windows are occupied by droning metal posteriors. Surrounding you is an unmistakable, comforting hum that issues from battalions of compressors.

Ibid., p. 2.

In the cool September nights, the noise of air conditioners extinguished for another year, windows thrown open to catch the breeze from the Hudson River.

Blandford, p. 32.

Air, Wind, Atmosphere

The air around us, the atmosphere that just sits here, is filled with us. Intimacy and anonymity, the two New York poles between which our lives endlessly oscillate, continue to produce their own kind of field. We live in it. We can't ride the light. There isn't really any light to ride. But we can share the air.

Gopnik, p. 314.

New York restaurants now have a new thing—they don't sell their food, they sell their atmosphere. They say, "How dare you say we don't have good food, when we never said we had good food. We have good atmosphere." They caught on that what people really care about is changing their atmosphere for a couple of hours. That's why they can get away with just selling their atmosphere with a minimum of actual food. Pretty soon when food prices go really up, they'll be selling only atmosphere. If people are really all that hungry, they can bring food with them when they go out to dinner, but otherwise, instead of "going out to dinner" they'll just be "going out to atmosphere." [Food] *Ibid.*, p. 159.

The air in our shop and luncheon room is changed every eight minutes; in our kitchen it is changed ever four minutes.

Grimes, p. 215.

That solid gold air is there to stay, and if its superheated values continue to rise as anticipated in the coming half century Manhattan could someday replace Fort Knox.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 55.

In some parts of New York City the air is worth nearly a dollar a whiff.

Talese, p. 86.

"Everybody is buying light and air these days," Mr. Kyle said.

Ibid., p. 91.

William James's perception of "the air [as] itself an object" was translated in the 1920s into the commodification of the air as a marketable product, as radio frequencies, airplanes, and skyscrapers.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 434.

For once the air has been cold but scrubbed clean.

Bladford, p. 11.

Matisse said, "New York has the clear, saline air of Venice."

McDarragh, p. 9.

The night paints inhaling smoke and semen.

Goch, p. 195.

Hot, full of tinkle and perfume and smoke.

Dos Passos, p. 28.

Does he breathe as yet the intoxicating, perfumed vapor, or only the common outer air?

Irwin, p. 226.

Savoring the airy weight of the environment itself, and not least, its variable influences on the body.

Kozloff, n. pag.

Manhattan's heavy air... shadowing the explicit acts, daring desires, and unconscious mediations of a multitude of night wanderers.

Peretti, p. 6.

The air in the air shaft lies dead, a column of vitiated gas, dank below, but slightly less poisonous than its upper, richer strata. Dull gray calcimine, chipping off, falls to the bottom like last year's unmeltable snow.

Reisenberg, p. 139.

I happen to like New York, I happen to like this town / I like the city air, I like to drink of it

Porter, "I Happen to Like New York."

We think as little about air as we do about water.

Atkinson, p. 227.

Moving slowly sweating a lot
I am pushed by a gentle breeze
outside the Paradise Bar on
St. Marks Place
O'Hara, *Collected*, p. 336.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt still lives in vast splendour low down on Fifth Avenue, though the surrounding skyscrapers blow such draughts down her chimneys that many of her sitting-rooms have become impossible.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 291.

New York buses have sliding windows that do not open in summer because of air conditioning and cannot be opened in winter because of heating.

Bladford, p. 111.

At every intersection a fresh breeze from Twelfth Avenue, a concrete bank of the Hudson River, refreshed horse and rider, cooled the hot black engine that gave warning hoots behind them.

Puzo, p. 4.

The gorge above Broadway is spotted with gigantic, glittering snowflakes, laced with white streamers that weave and intertwine as though moved by the invisible hands of the People of the Air.

Irwin, p. 41.

"I didn't want to paint anymore, so I thought that the way to finish off painting for me would be to have a painting that floats," Warhol said to his friends. "So I invented the floating silver rectangle that you fill up with helium and let out of your window."

Warhol had been interested in weightlessness since 1964, when he approached Billy Klüver about designing a floating light bulb, perhaps in homage to the Jasper Johns's drawing of a light bulb that Warhol bought in 1960. Klüver was the ideal person to think about weightlessness, for he was trained as an engineer, worked in collaboration with artists, and understood what was technologically possible.

Klüver determined that it would be impossible to create a light bulb that floated, but he came up with an alternative plan, using a material called ScotchPak that had been recently developed by Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing. An extremely thin silver material, it could be sealed with the use of an inexpensive heat machine. The interior could be filled with helium. Andy loved the idea. It reminded him of a balloon, and ScotchPak was inexpensive (50 cents for 20 inches, and in bulk he could get 700 yards for \$400). He bought a secondhand heat machine and was ready to produce his farewell work.

On October 4, 1965, while Pontus Hulten was visiting New York to plan the Warhol retrospective in Stockholm, a group of people gathered at the Factory and played with the possibilities of creating a huge silver balloon. Warhol thought of it as a farewell to art. Equipped with his omnipresent tape recorder, Andy interviewed Billy Klüver, who said, "I'm an engineer in the daytime, making Infinite Sculpture for Stockholm using land design." Pontus Hulten held the ScotchPak while Billy Klüver cut it and helped seal it. Then they took the freight elevator to the roof and filled the silver tube with helium. Warhol asked what the floating sculptures should be called. Pontus Hulten suggested calling them "superstar," and Andy said the sculpture should be as big as the roof, "as big as Elvis?"

The first Silver Cloud was a forty-foot tubular balloon that looked like a snake. Andy grew excited about the process, peppering the conversation with exclamations about its beauty. "Oh, look at it, it's right out of a movie. With the movies everything is called Up-Up movies, Up art."

The wind was light that day, Billy Linich shot several photographs, and then with bells ringing in the background, Warhol released the silver form into the air. As it floated up, Warhol wondered if people might take it as a delegation for Pope Paul VI, who was arriving down the street at the United Nations that afternoon at 3:40 to declare, "No more war, never again war!" Then as a helicopter went overhead, Warhol grew afraid it would cause a wreck. Most of all he was afraid the police were going to come and investigate. Maybe, he suggested, it would be wise to have a remote control for the silver balloon. Far outweighing his anxiety was the sheer exhilaration of the event. "It is the first art sent into space," Pontus Hulten said to him. Of all the Happenings that Hulten had seen, he added, "I think this is the only thing that ever really happened."

Andy returned to the Factory and telephoned Genevieve Charbon to tell her that the launching was "one of the most exciting things that ever happened. Up to God, all the way up."

Watson, *Factory*, pp. 244-5.

Tying down loose space.

Franck and Stevens, p. 1.

Ceremonies for the opening of Jones Beach State Park are disrupted by a sudden windstorm that drives sand into Robert Moses and Governor Al Smith's eyes. Temperatures on that day—August 4—are well below normal at 70 degrees.

Trager, p. 779.

The wind was out of the southeast and smelled of the sea, fifteen miles away on the other side of Long Beach and Far Rockaway.

Maxwell, p. 15.

I take a look to see how the trees of Central Park are coping with all these violent gusts... By now the wind is furious, bending the trees backward and sending whirlwinds of leaves in the air. A sight to behold.

Maffi, p. 60.

City stir-wind on eardrum-
Gammel, p. 232.

The river wind lifts yesterday's paper the length of a block.
WPA, p. 52.

Newspapers revolving and winging in corners of carriages.
Conrad, p. 232.

In the narrow chasms between the buildings, a kind of adventurist wind hums through the chimneys, tears down signs and grumbles about them, attempts to knock you off your feet, and then flees, unpunished and uncaught, for miles through the ten avenues that slice across Manhattan from the ocean to the Hudson.

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 47.

Walk east crosstown. Wind biting and raising whorls of grit and paper scraps. See the sky blown blue somewhere far out over Flushing. As a little boy I thought it was some strange big toilet bowl. Where giants took their craps.

Donleavy, N. pag.

East chilling wind bursting out of the crosstown streets. Blown over Brooklyn.

Ibid.

The shrill mountain wind, moaning outside the windows of a skyscraper room.

N. cit.

Suddenly it's warm out, and there's a big wind blowing. The wind is soft. It makes the Bronx feel like a Caribbean island.

Trebay, p. 158.

Breezes blow in the little park when no breezes seem to stir in the hot streets.

Atkinson, p. 215.

New York's sometime fierce crosstown winds are emblematic of the world city as a cyclonic zone, drawing in so many different currents.

McCourt, p. 75.

A sunny, windy day on the lower East Side of New York. The year is 1942.

Conroy, p. 167.

The river was dirty and coming towards me in the wind, a smooth chest trembling with sweat.

Wojnarowicz, p. 137.

Now just windy noise clashing with silence of night, big tin sheets banging in the wind and dense burnt breezes flowing from shattered

windows and twisted roofs, the stars above, the winter still riding over the mouth of the structure, ships still passing ominously in the darkness, lights of the Jersey cliffs burning and winking, a huge cigar-like cloud of steam tilting from the lip of a factory smokestack, the neon red cup of coffee dripping continuously there against the snow-covered rocks of the coast.

Ibid., p. 136.

Things change when the air changes.

Ibid., p. 170.

In the very middle of the city, we can feel the fluid of life to be present. We know the space beyond Staten Island hill is no more filled with the elixir than the air about the buildings.

Rosenfeld, p. 471.

If you've got a scratch, deluge yourself in iodine: the New York air is chock full of all kinds of muck that will make sties grow, and cause any scratches to swell up and fester. It's the air that is lived off by millions who have nothing and are unable to go away anywhere.

[Body in the City]

Mayakovsky, *America*, p. 56.

Breathing fetid air I whiff boozy bourbon emanating from the Brevoort's riotously noisy basement room behind a window opened.

[Smell]

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

Later, we wandered toward Fifth Avenue, where there was a parade. The flags in the wind, the thump of military bands and military feet, seemed to have nothing to do with war, but to be, rather, a fanfare arranged in my personal honor.

Capote, p. 43.

The air above ground wasn't very clean, but it smelled like a million bucks after the fog in the Zero Zero.

Spillane, p. 220.

Dirt, Soot, Dust

When Mount Pinatubo erupted in the Philippines in 1991, the volcano spewed particles into the atmosphere, causing unusually red sunsets in NYC for more than a year.

Mittlebach, p. 6.

Much of the dust around New York has come from volcanoes and may stay in the air under suspension for as long as three to six years. New Yorkers, without realizing it, have been breathing dust from the Krakatoa volcano in the East Indies in the form of minute crystals carried in the upper currents of air.

Ibid., p. 6.

Besides humidity there is a great amount of dust in the atmosphere of the city, and since each drop of rain contains a speck of dust as its core, it is best to photograph the city right after a rain.

[Photography]

Reisenberg, p. 213.

The air is filled with a pungent smoke, and crowds of black specks whirl in the sudden gusts of wind as the waif create a blaze from the bonfire of wooden boxes on which matting and newspapers are piled.

N. cit.

Soot and smoke that spread a coat of gritty grime, confined to windowsills in the winter, over walls and furniture.

Caro, p. 557.

After crossing Lafayette Street roaring with trucks and delivery wagons there is a taste of dust in her mouth, particles of grit crunch between her teeth.

Dos Passos, pp. 240-41.

Dull daily labor cloaks the people in dust.

Lichtenstein, p. 513.

The blackface disguise of city soot.

Huxtable, *Architecture of NY*, p. 16

I have noticed that others object to a slight quaver of air, when I have a perfectly clear and rational conviction that the air is foul.

Hapgood, p. 192.

Anxiety floats in the mote-filled air of the lofts.

McDarrah, *Artist's World*, p. 10.

New world. Soot lies smearing the soles of my feet.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Smoke into the metallic mauve metropolis.

Depero, "Subway," p. 409.

intersecting spirals of

"clear smoke" and

"dark smoke"

Depero, "24th Street," p. 429.

The deluging rains appeared to be confined to the Middle West and the Northwest, while at New York the sky simply grew thicker and seemed to squeeze out moisture in the form of watery dust.

Serviss, p. 96.

Moisture that condenses by heat changes on windows, which smear the contours of object and people.

Kozloff, n. pag.

The dirt and grime of the train windows.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Smoke from garbage dumps.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Up Fifth Avenue. Through the flood of yellow cabs. Folk waiting. Doormen's whistles blowing. People stepping in under the canopies. In thunder wind and lightning. Flashing up the underside of the leaves in

the park. The whole city washed clean. Dust and grime down the sewers.
All ready for a brand new layer.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Cyclones
of ecstatic dust
and ashes whirl
crusaders
from hallucinatory citadels
of shattered glass
and evacuate craters
Loy, p. 509.

There is, I suppose, a good deal of soft coal still being used, and what has been used during past times of stress seems indelibly to have left a film over the white buildings and even to have taken the edge off the very clearness of the air. The buildings round the Woolworth Tower, seen even from the distance towards Sandy Hook, have no longer their pristine whiteness; they have rather the gray bones that have been long exposed to the air.

Ford, *America*, p. 52.

Future indoor environments will exclude outdoor noises as well as outdoor dust.

N. cit.

The murk of Queens, the smoky, sullen air interferes with sight and the sun's nimbus is smoggily discolored.

Conrad, p. 82.

During the heavy smog of 1953, schools closed, flights were cancelled at La Guardia, two ferryboats collided in the harbor; the Yonkers ferry service was suspended; and a rash of rear-end collisions littered the city's highways. Hospitals were deluged with New Yorkers suffering from respiratory illnesses.

Javits, pp. 111-12.

Private cars, jalopies, Rolls-Royces, and ten-ton trucks, cover the city with carbon monoxide gas. Thousands of taxi cabs records and from their exhaust.

Reisenberg, p. 69.

I'm immortalizing your exhaust, Avenue A bus.

Ginsberg, *Collected*, p. 744.

Lest we leave back conclusions and weighing this phase of transportation in our process city, the daily dose of carbon monoxide is slight. People, now and then, get a rarefied spiritual as they passed behind a bus; they only gasping cough. It may be, and the wisdom of a divine providence, that's just occasional gassing of the civilians is beneficial, if not preparatory; a gratis germicidal immunizing treatment, abating bad breath, relieving, and maybe even curing, dangerous deep-seeded complaints. We know that medicine employs lethal drugs, and proper doses for curative ends. Carbon monoxide, given in just the right New York proportions, maybe a great unappreciated blessing bestowed upon us citizens by the age of internal combustion. Auto clotting is now known as "motor play, "tomorrow the disease maybe called "motor and Jesus, "with recommended bleeding into mechanical

parks. In another month the traffic doctors made declare it "power paralysis, "calling for amputation before the new production jobs plug the city's arteries, bringing it to a stop.

Reisenberg, pp. 69-70.

Whirlwinds of dust and newspaper.

Gold, p. 14.

The value of polluted Manhattan air is another curiosity that will go down in history.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 53.

The Chrysler Building's one-time stainless steel begins to dull under coatings of city soot, its tin gargoyles, taken from some mythical five-and-ten, mellow to a bluish hue.

Reisenberg, p. 95.

Sky, Fog, Clouds

I have learned to love its sky. In the low-roofed cities of Europe, the sky crawls along the ground and seems tamed. The beauty of the New Yorksky comes from its being raised so far about our heads by the skyscrapers. Pure and lonely as a wild beast, it stands guard and watches over the city. And it isn't just a local protection: you feel that it stretches right out over the whole of America; it is the whole world's sky.

Sartre, *We Have Only This Life to Live*, p. 123.

Today the sky is so blue it burns.

Brainard, p. 414.

The sky is still above, breathing heaving Washington Square. The city bounces—horizontals and verticals—vertiginously.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

Across Park Avenue the flameblue sky is barred with the red girder cage of a new building.

Dos Passos, p. 185.

"Am absolute pip of a day. Look at that blue sky! The clouds! Seventh Street! Look how vivid the colors are!"

Conroy, p. 167.

East Fortieth Street is filled with gigantic, new gray-and-black buildings—if the sky is blue on any day, there is no way to see it.

Hecht, p. 320.

Underlit by the city, the sky is an eerie muddy purple.

O'Connell, p. 295.

Triangles press against the sky, carving it into a dramatic vault.

Rock, p. 370.

The Statue of Liberty was unveiled in thick fog in 1886.

Hawes, N. pag.

Fog in February 1925 embroils the harbor again in sick and guilty fantasy. It blots out the view (nothing can be seen more than "six feet from the window") and makes of it a phantasmagoria. Crane is kept awake by an assembling orchestra of tormentors, a bedlam of "bells, grunts, whistles, screams and groans of all the river and harbor buoys," which persuade him that he's at "the mouth of hell."

Conrad, p. 234.

Fog's rollin' in off the East River bank / Like a shroud it covers
Bleecker Street / Fills the alleys where men sleep
Simon & Garfunkel, "Bleecker Street."

This impenetrable cloudiness settles over New York City like a Grand Bank fog. It imposes ignorance, invites fantasy. That is why there is less information and more misinformation about the history of America's largest city than about any other important place in the so-called civilized world.

Collins, *Money*, pp. 284-7.

New York has a special interest for me when it is wrapped in fog. Then it behaves very much like a blind person. I once crossed from Jersey City to Manhattan in a dense fog. The ferry-boat felt its way cautiously through the river traffic. More timid than a blind man, its horn brayed incessantly. Fog-bound, surrounded by menacing, unseen craft and dangers, it halted every now and then as a blind man halts at a crowded thoroughfare crossing, tapping his cane, tense and anxious.

Keller, p. 296.

The tan fog of particulate dooky lay low 'tween the high clouds and barren skyline cenotaphs of New York City.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 135.

Clouds spoil our European skies. Compared with the immense skies of America and their thick clouds, our little fleecy skies and little fleecy clouds resemble our fleecy thoughts, which are never thoughts of wide open spaces... In Paris, the sky never takes off. It doesn't soar above us. It remains caught up in the backdrop of sickly buildings, all living in each other's shade, as though it were a little piece of private property. It is not, as here in the great capital New York, the vertiginous glass façade reflecting each building to the others. Europe has never been a continent. You can see that by its skies. As soon as you set foot in America, you feel the presence of an entire continent—space there is the very form of thought.

Baudrillard, *Simulcra*, pp. 61-74.

As long cigar shaped clouds sneak over from Hoboken. The storm heading north east across Patchogue, the Hamptons and Sag Harbour.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Cigar of land sitting in the East River.

Donleavy, N. pag.

The sun rose somewhere in the middle of Queens, the exact moment of its appearance shrouded in uncertainty because of a cloud bank.

Maxwell, "Over the River," p. 3.

On a cloudy morning the sky-scraper district becomes a pattern of slate-colored silhouettes of an ashes-of-roses background.

Irwin, p. 17.

The afternoon was gorgeous, with a sky clarified and starkened by white clouds. The 19th century cast-iron buildings were thrown into handsome relief.

Trebay, p. 78.

A dark April afternoon in Washington Square, pulling New York after us over every portal into strange apartments, through the soft nights.

Douglas, *Honesty*, p. 58.

A gray, grainy vista onto an unmade bed in a room in Queens.
Harris, *Diary*, p. 63.

Rain

New York in the rain is an extraordinary place.
Wolitzer, N. pag.

There are fewer suicides in New York when it rains.
Talese, p. 16.

A street full of thunder smells of lightening.
ve Poljanski, p. 365.

At Broadway and 110th, the windshield wipers screech as they toss the rain from the glass.

Cook, p. 25.

The cheap rain
swings the tinfoil leaves
against the bensonhurst wind
Fearing, "Blues," p. 529.

Beyond to the northwest a shining head of clouds soared blooming compactly like a cauliflower. Oh if it would only rain. As the thought came to her there was a low growl of thunder above the din of building and traffic. Oh if it would only rain.

Dos Passos, p. 185.

Rain smears the light and washes the long straight lines of the buildings into streaky tears.

Conrad, p. 81.

Alone at night
in the wet city
O'Hara, "1951," p. 33.

Imagine a day on Centre Street, overcast and threatening rain; a day though which shuffles flickering tramps like wicks that are dying.

Barnes, p. 305.

the cheap rain
lacquers the pavement
Dahlberg, p. 529.

There were black spots of rain on the sidewalk and I saw him walking briskly through the crowd wearing a tan raincoat over his

inevitable brown get-up; I noted with a shock that he was carrying a light cane. This was his afternoon walk, this hurry along with his stick through the gathering rain, and as I was not to meet him for an hour it seemed an intrusion to happen upon him engrossed in his private life.

Fitzgerald, *Lost*, p. 106.

As soon as a little rain drizzles down, the lifeless street suddenly turns into a forest of waving hands.

Lobas, p. 132.

Gentleman with high-piled turban in Times Square cutting through wind-blown rain yesterday with plastic cover protecting the turban.

Berger, *New York*, p. 284.

The rain that came down about 10 o'clock temporarily scattered the ravenous crowd but by midnight they had returned... Fifth Avenue was wet and like a mirror of reflections and shadows. It was chilly and unfriendly.

Haggood, pp. 369-71.

A slate sky sagging between the tall buildings was spitting the pavements with fiftycent pieces. Men were running to cover with their straw hats under their coats. Two girls had made hoods of newspaper over their summer bonnets. The rain advanced down the street in a solid sheet glimmering, swishing, beating newspapers flat, prancing in silver nipples along the asphalt, striping windows, putting shine on the paint of streetcars and taxicabs. Above Fourteenth there was no rain, the air was sultry.

Dos Passos, p. 207.

Lightning flickered along the staring rows of dead windows. The rain seethed along the pavements, against storewindows, on brownstone steps... He walked on through Brooklyn. Obsession of all the bed in all the pigeonhole bedrooms, tangled sleepers twisted and strangled like the roots of potbound plants. Obsession of feet creaking on the stairs of lodginghouses, hands fumbling at doorknobs. Obsession of pounding temples and solitary bodies rigid on their beds ...

"Golly I'm wet," Jimmy Herf said aloud. As far as he could see the street stretched empty in the rain between ranks of dead windows studded here and there with violet knobs of arclights. Desperately he walked on.

Ibid., pp. 235-6.

A metallic cock against a rain-bleared window, with the stormy sky and the smudged downtown towers outside.

Conrad, p. 175.

Rain could fall onto the stage through perforated pipes and would then be siphoned into a trough and disposed of; steam, fog, and clouds could be exhaled from nozzles in the floor.

Ibid., p. 262.

The falling water serves to give the entire landscape a certain allure that it doesn't have when the pavement is dry and the umbrellas are rolled tight in closets. Flowers planted on the meridians of Park Avenue open up and drink, their color ratcheted up to new brightness. Central Park starts to look pastoral, and the water flooding along the

gutters on Fifth Avenue creates a Joycean "riverrun past Eve and Adam" effect, or a very least, a pleasing gurgling noise. The rain is like a cleansing sorbet between courses, those courses being spring and summer.

Wolitzer, N. pag.

New York in the rain gives a sense of limited possibilities. New York is largely about limitlessness, and that's why we live here, but it can also be exhausting. When the weather in the city is good, you're expected to partake of all the urban delights available... However, when the weather is bad, you are left within the confines of a sub-city, a smaller, wetter version of New York.

Ibid.

New York in the rain: the vision of blurry taxi lights up and down Lexington Avenue at rush hour, the view of lightning flaring up over Midtown at night, the kind of manageable drizzle that isn't quite umbrella-worthy, but also can't quite be ignored.

Ibid.

A heavy summer rainstorm had emptied the sidewalks of Greenwich Village. Shortly after 8:00 p.m., the dark rain clouds gave way to a faint image of the twin towers of the World Trade Center.

Duneier, p. 100.

The storm never quite seems to break, and it's unsettling. I fiddle about with the papers and books on my desk, try to get some reading done while sitting on the couch, and peer down the street from my fifth-floor window "a New York State of mind," as Billy Joel would say. I finally decide to go up onto the roof and watch the battle being waged between the wind and a mass of black clouds (how fascinating, these New York roofs, early in the morning or late in the evening or, at moments like this, when the city skyline takes on the semblance of a storm-tossed sailing ship).

Maffi, p. 60.

The rain began at nine in the morning. Most New Yorkers welcomed it. It had been a dry spring, warm for May, and the big drops splattered down on the pavements and cobblestone streets like some harsh benediction. It was the season's first thunderstorm. It came from the north, down the funnel of the Hudson Valley, announcing itself in the city with a low rumbling and quick flashes of light... Gutters backed up and made miniature lakes at the curbs.

Bales, p. 1.

The light is fading now beneath a curtain of rain and cloud.

Maffi, p. 71.

In 1950 during a drought, municipal authorities, abreast of scientific developments, hired a rain-maker to seed clouds above the upstate watershed. A large Park Avenue hotel, built on a site where years earlier a brewery had stood with a spring-fed well, brought in a dowser from rural New England, who located the well with his divining-rod. As a result, the hotel was able to restore air-conditioning to the residents whose baths continued to be rationed.

Morris, *Incredible*, p. 355.

During the long drought in the summer of 1953 I was in the city on a broiling August day. As I walked through the streets I saw fire hydrants pouring forth great streams of precious water. Not giving showers to children, not giving a cooling bath or drink to tired or exhausted people. Just flowing, and the water running in rivers into the sewers. Nobody seemed to notice, much less be indignant or try to turn off the water. Along Broadway at about seven o'clock one evening the water from an open hydrant was up to the hub caps of the parked cars. People looked at the rushing stream at the curb and smiled. It looked so nice and cool.

Atkinson, p. 228.

Divining rods won't find leaks through twenty inches of pavement. Berger, *New York*, p. 77.

When it rains in Manhattan, automobile traffic is slow, dates are broken and, in hotel lobbies, people slump behind newspapers or walk aimlessly about with no place to sit, nobody to talk to, nothing to do. Talese, p. 15.

Rain ruins the mascara on the eyes of fashion models who cannot find cabs.

Ibid., p. 16.

The only recorded instance of rain on Sutton Place occurred when a scene from a big budget movie was being shot in the vicinity and the script called for inclement weather. The moment the powerful Hollywood director yelled "Cut!" the rain stopped. [Technology]

Leibowitz, p. 102.

The moisture collected on all exposed surfaces—on the roofs, the walls, the pavements—until its quantity became sufficient to form little rills, which sought the gutters, and there gathered force and volume. Presently the streams became large enough to create a noise of flowing water that attracted the attention of the anxious watchers at the open windows. Then cries of dismay arose. If the water had been visible it would not have been terrible.

Serviss, p. 62

And, in the rain, the theme is blue, the blue of gray thunderclouds, the metallic nimbus of rain, and the stamp of white. Usually after a hot spell, late in a midsummer afternoon, blue smoke-like threatening clouds, split by flashes of purple fire punctuated by hard salvos, roll over the dark and lit-up city. The sides of tall buildings on Forty-second Street reflect the lightnings and amplify the crashes. The heat grows momentarily more oppressive. Winds gratefully cool, then eddy through the chasms. People run, and when New Yorkers run *en masse*, the site is terrifying. Comes the refreshing deluge, and close and terrifying the bolts, amid sheets of pelting water splashing noisily against glistening walls, cascading into streets far down the overflowing sidewalks, washing out choked sewers, flooding basements.

Reisenberg, pp. 189-90.

I pass out again into gleaming streets after spit rain—what a whirlpool I am—they want my corpse to shave and dangle forth.

Jones, *Modernism*, p. 224.

In the summer it rains—sudden summer rain that hammers against the windowpanes and causes the ailanthus to stagger and shiver in gratitude for having enough water for once in its life. What a change in the weather, as the heavy breathless summer lifts to reveal a new world of freedom—free air, free movement, clean streets and clean roofs and easy sleep. Bianca stares at the rain as it streams down the glass of the window. One drop survives the battering and rolls, all in one place, down the pane.

Brennan, "Bianca," p. 32.

Certain strong winds cause the rain to sweep up the side of a skyscraper from bottom to top instead of from the top down. Windows designed for the natural fall of rain were found to be insufficient. It was necessary to modify them.

Corbusier, *Cathedral*, p. 66.

Rain streaking through the spheres of lampposts, making the sidewalks and streets and especially the curbsides boil and foam while taxis sail through it all.

Wojnarowicz, p. 147.

The first thing is that no New Yorker wants to pay any attention to rain. We consider rain a nuisance and something to be ignored as much as possible. Most New Yorkers refuse to carry umbrellas, except in a real downpour. Whereas an Englishman considers an umbrella a part of his sartorial make-up and takes one along daily with the pessimistic certainty that there will be rain, the New Yorker will leap into the street while the first drops are already falling and dodge from doorway to doorway in the hope that it is all a mistake. New Yorkers never say, "Well, after all, we need rain." Need rain? What for? The reservoirs may be showing mud at the bottom of their storage beds, crops all over the country may be wilting on stalk and vine, but if rain falls in the City, the New Yorker considers it a personal insult and complains about the dreadful weather.

Atkinson, p. 21.

It's a scary thought that the entire rainfall of New York for a year is not enough to supply New York City with water for one day.

Ibid., p. 225.

A rainy city below. See the Hudson River and the stony steep ridge of the Palisades. And north past a peek of Central Park and over all the Harlem crazy streets. To the sad unsung gothic splendours of the Bronx.

Donleavy, N. pag.

In rain, or when there are mists floating around, it is still more beautiful; the rain becomes golden water; the skyscrapers vanish halfway up, and nothing more can be seen but the haloes of their cupolas suspended in a colored mist...

Berman, *Town*, p. 124.

The rain starts coming down harder. You wonder if you own an umbrella. You've left so many in taxis. Usually, by the time the first raindrop hits the street, there are men on every corner selling umbrellas. Where do they come from, you have often wondered, and where do they go when it's not raining? You imagine these umbrella peddlers huddled around powerful radios waiting for the very latest from the

National Weather Service, or maybe sleeping in dingy hotel rooms with their arms hanging out the windows, ready to wake at the first touch of precipitation. Maybe they have a deal with the taxi companies, you think, to pick up all the left-behind umbrellas for next to nothing. The city's economy is made up of strange, subterranean circuits that are as mysterious to you as the grids of wire and pipe under the streets. At the moment, though, you see no umbrella vendors whatsoever.
McInerney, p. 86.

It is still raining. Getting a cab is a long shot. Knots of people on every corner wave their arms at the passing traffic. You walk down Seventh to the bus stop, where some twenty souls huddle in the shelter. A bus packed with grim faces goes by and doesn't stop.
Ibid., p. 86.

I hit New York in the middle of a rainstorm and drove straight to my apartment to change my clothes and down a bottle of beer. As soon as I finished I grabbed a quick bite in a luncheonette and headed back toward the office. The rain was still coming down when I found a parking space two blocks away, so I hopped a cab to save my only remaining suit.
Spillane, p. 182.

It was raining harder than before, slanting down against the sidewalk, driving people into the welcome shelter of the buildings. Cars were going past, their windshield wipers moving like agitated bugs, the drivers crouched forward over the wheels peering ahead intently. I backed out of the garage, turned around and cut over to Broadway, following the main stem downtown. The Village should have been crammed with tourists and regulars, but the curbs were empty and even the taxis were backed up behind their hack stands. Once in a while someone would make a dash for another saloon or run to the subway kiosk with a newspaper over his head, but if life was to be found in the Village this night, it would be found under a roof somewhere.
Ibid. p. 182.

The wind picked up and began throwing the rain around. The few pedestrians left on the sidewalks were huddled under marquees or bellowing for cabs that didn't stop. Every time I stopped for a red light I could see the pale blur of the faces behind the glass store fronts, the water running down making them waver eerily. All with that same blank look of the trapped when nothing can be done to help.
Ibid. 295.

The rain had turned into a steady drizzle that left a slick on the pavement and deadened the evening crowd.
Ibid. 185.

There was still a threat of rain in the air. Overhead the clouds were gray and ruffled, a thick, damp blanket that cut the tops off the bigger buildings and promised to squat down on the smaller ones. From the river a chill wind drove in a wave of mist that covered everything with tiny wet globules. Umbrellas were furled, ready to be opened any instant; passengers waiting for buses or standing along the curb whistling at taxis carried raincoats or else eyed the weather apprehensively.
Ibid. 186.

Winter

Every winter there's a subversive theoretical cyclone
de Torre, "Mental," p. 460.

Wintertime in New York town / The wind blowing snow around / Walk
around with nowhere to go / Somebody could freeze right to the bone / I
froze right to the bone / New York Times said it was the coldest winter
in seventeen years / I didn't feel so cold then.

Dylan, "Talkin' New York."

Bob Dylan: "You could sit on a bar stool and look out the windows
to the snowy streets and see heavy people going by, David Amram bundled
up."

Strausbaugh, p. vii

In midwinter in New York Mei-Lan-Fang introduced his traditional
Oriental art to large groups of delighted Occidentals; ten thousand
fish, including an eel four feet long, were removed from the Central
Park reservoir; Babe Ruth signed a contract with Col. Ruppert to play
ball with the Yankees for two more years at a salary of \$160,000; the
Europa came into port with an ocean record; Webster Hall, on East
Eleventh Street, the scene of so many radical balls, burned down; Mrs.
Patrick Campbell lectured on Beautiful Speech and the Art of Acting;
Anthony Mortelito stabbed the head keeper at Auburn Prison seven times
with crude, improvised knife; William Howard Taft died; La Argentinita
presented the authentic beauty of Spanish dancing to an unappreciative
Broadway audience; Charles Schwab's historic Riverside Drive chateau
was sold to an apartment-house builder; the Havemeyer collection of
paintings and art objects was opened to the public at the Metropolitan
Museum; four thousand persons, trying to get into the Natural History
Museum to see a showing of a film developing the Einstein theory of
relativity, overturned cases, broke windows and doors, and injured one
another; a "modernistic" Childs restaurant was opened on Lexington
Avenue; Maurice Chevalier sang Dits-moi, ma mere; the news-reel at the
Embassy, a moving picture theater, informed the public pictorially that
Sydney Franklin, a Brooklyn boy turned matador, had been gored by a
savage bull in the Plaza de Toros at Madrid; the planet Pluto was
discovered; Toscanini conducted the Philharmonic Society in the
Bacchanale from Tannhäuser, the Ride of the Valkyries, and the
Trauermarsch from Götterdämmerung (this last in commemoration of the
death of Frau Cosima Wagner) in so superb a manner that hoary-headed
music lovers searched their memories in vain for comparisons; Marc
Connelly gave God back to the world in The Green Pastures; forty
thousand communists, gathered peaceably in Union Square, were trampled
down in Cossack fashion by the horses of the mounted police, while
children were knocked over the head with clubs; a jury of twelve men
was unable to agree concerning the pornographic aspects of a play
entitled The Pleasure Man by the ebullient Mae West and as a
consequence the defendant regained her precarious liberty; and in an
Italian restaurant on Macdougall Street ten canaries, accompanying a
performance over the radio, sang in lusty unison the Overture to
William Tell and negotiated the high notes in the sextet from Lucia.

The social life of the metropolis also continued. In mid-winter in
New York, as in other capitals of the world, a great many dinner,
theater, and luncheon parties were given. Guests were invited to formal
and informal dances to observe prize-fighting, wrestling, dance
marathons, and six-day bicycle races. There were musical entertainments

Dos Passos, p. 255.

The sky above the cardboard buildings is a vault of beatenlead. It would be less raw if it would snow.

Ibid., p. 262.

It was a snowy night on the Staten Island ferry as O'Hara traveled in the wintry dark to the reading.

Gooch, p. 386.

I remember seeing Auden that winter, on Second Avenue, near St. Mark's Place, shuffling through the snow in his bedroom slippers.

Lesueur, N. pag.

Men in the snow who profit from nature's inclemency by signing on to clear the streets.

Conrad, p. 182.

When day breaks after a heavy snowfall, Manhattan wakes up to the clanging of shovels on sidewalks and the spatter of salt on newly cleared and shiny concrete. By 11 o'clock as luminous snowbanks line the roads, the neighborhood creeps out to inspect the wonder left behind by the dark night.

Bladford, pp. 111-2.

A taxi driver, inspired by the first snowfall brushing its gleaming strands along the lamppost and lighted windows, says, "Let's make believe we're in a gondola—I'll sing to you." He does, in full Sicilian voice and olive-oil quavers.

Feininger, *New York*, p. 72.

There is nothing like a good snowfall to make a New Yorker feel pleased with life. Nothing cheers like the thought of all those wheels turning helplessly out in the suburbs, that land of watered lawns and summer pools. Here in the white, hushed city, everything the heart desires is but a shuffle away along those sidewalks which shopkeepers and doormen are required by law to keep spanking clean.

Bladford, p. 112.

A glimmer appears through the transom overhead, where someone is lighting the night. It sends a thrill of possibility through the watchers. On the old hats and peaked shoulders snow is piling. It gathers in little heaps and curves, and no one brushes it off. In the center of the crowd the warmth and steam melt it and water trickles off hat-rims and down noses, which the owners cannot reach to scratch. On the outer rim the piles remain unmelted. Those who cannot get in the center, lower their heads to the weather and bend their forms.

Dreiser, p. 229.

Winter days in a great city bring some peculiar sights. If it snows, the streets are at once a slushy mess, and the transaction of business is, to a certain extent, a hardship. In its first flakes it is picturesque; the air is filled with flying feathers and the sky lowery with somber clouds. Later comes the slush and dirt, and not infrequently bitter cold. The city rings with the grind and squeak of cold-bitten vehicles, and men and women, the vast tide of humanity which fills its streets, hurry to and fro so as to be through with the work or need that keeps them out of doors.

Ibid., p. 231.

But these men are a bit of dramatic color in the city's life, whatever their sufferings. To seem them following in droves through the bitter winter streets the great wagons which haul the snow away is fascinating, at times pitiful. I have seen old men with white beards and uncut snowy hair shoveling snow into a truck. I have seen long, lean, red hands protruding from undersized coat sleeves, doing the same thing. I have seen anemic benchers and consumptives following along illy clad but shoveling weakly in the snow and cold.

Dreiser, p. 233.

Snow had fallen and the city was transformed. The bumps and excrescences of the streets—cars, skips, trash-cans, dogs—had been evened out. The white blanket was the great unifier, obliterating all distinctions of color and putting the brakes on the pace of the city. Traffic did move, but slowly, with headlights picking out the fat white flakes that continued to fall.

Brook, p. 93.

Blizzards are an invitation to anarchy. When the city breaks down, and a blizzard inevitably shreds all the routines of getting about, it's a joy to see it with its guard down. The mechanisms of bustle and traffic are snagged. The webs of communication fray or snap as buses break down, stations are closed, and the airports shut down for two days. The inhabitants of the city gleefully take possession once again, stepping onto the quiet streets, walking unchallenged down the middle of a road that would normally be clotted with traffic. On the cross streets cars are stuck, and there's a whirring of tyres skating ineffectually over hard-packed snow that turns to ice as the rubber compresses it. Fluffy clouds of breath rise from the scarved heads of helpers trying to push a recalcitrant car away from the kerb. A gust of wind drives a few flakes onto the tongue as one opens one's mouth to speak or breath, and a delicious freshness invades the moist caverns of mouth and throat. There's laughter too at the prospect of the disruption to come. Offices will close early or not open at all; the radio waves the next morning will be thick with lists of school closures.

Ibid., pp. 93-4.

Gray snow, which matches the sky, is falling.
The gray snow, as soon as it has fallen, begins rising in exhalations.

Wilson, "Thoughts," p. 476.

Don't forget that a *low-ceilinged* town is quite different from a high-ceilinged city like New York, all cluttered up with bricks and mortar and hideous glass skyscrapers. New York is really quite meager in a snowstorm.

Vreeland, *DV*, p. 171.

A snowfall sparks sudden crackling flashes from the third rail of the El tracks.

Conrad, p. 132.

Snow on the elevated train roaring past down the street. Enter here. Warm and comforting. Snow melting inside my shoe.

Donleavy, N. pag.

New York's lovely weather hurts my forehead
here where clean snow is sitting, wetly
round my ears.
Berrigan, p. 740.

It was the night of the great snowstorm. The streets of New York, even in the dark, were vaguely white, but there was nothing vague about the depth of the snow for those persons unfortunate enough to wade about in it, nor was there any doubt in the minds of the three men in the café of a little hotel near Washington Square that it was comfortable to be where they were.

Haggood, p. 205.

Space heaters in the Chrysler Building's steeply sloping roof to stop the formation of mid-winter ice which could slide off into Lexington Avenue with lethal results.

Moorhouse, p. 52.

Pennsylvania Station: "They seemed to bring with them the smell of the snow falling in Seventh Avenue. Or perhaps the other people who had entered before them had done it, bringing it with them in their lungs and exhaling it, filling the arcade with a stale chill like that which might lie unwinded and spent upon the cold plains of infinity itself. In it the bright and serried shop windows had a fixed and insomniac glare like the eyes of people drugged with coffee, sitting up with a strange corpse.

In the rotunda, where the people appeared as small and intent as ants, the smell and sense of snow still lingered, though high now among the steel girders, spent and vitiated too and filled here with a weary and ceaseless murmuring, like the voices of pilgrims upon the infinite plain, like the voices of all the travelers who had ever passed through it quiring and ceaseless as lost children."

Faulkner, p. 609.

A freezing wind descends upon the city from the north. A change in the weather. Maybe even snow. I realize it has gotten late and start walking faster. The north wind blows its way along the streets and the odd snowflake drifts groundward: the evening is beginning to take on a spectral note. Over the next few days the city will change face. It will be bathed in a new light, in new tonalities, sounds and scenarios. It will be bewitching and cruel. The whiteness of the snow and ice will make outlines and volumes stand out, and it will cover and erase. But in the freeze it will also expose men and things...

Maffi, p. 86.

My first snowfall. I kind of liked it. The first day the snow's very pretty, a blanket of coconut flakes sprinkled over awnings and cars. But then it gets all grimy and hardens to ice on curbs, in puddles, on stoops.

Barnet, p. 226.

With this snow cleansed air and a fresh change of people.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Traffic crawling through the deepening snow. Abandoned cars little mounds of white.

Ibid.

Snow had been falling. After the snow came rain, then frost. I stood at my window and looked out at Broadway. The passersby half walked, half slipped. Cars moved slowly. The sky above the roofs shone violet without a moon, without stars, and even though it was eight o'clock in the evening, the light and emptiness reminded me of dawn. The stores were deserted. For a moment, I had the feeling I was in Warsaw.

Singer, p. 279.

I stood at the window for what must have been half an hour, watching the big flakes whirl past the glass, watching Central Park turn into an etching as the black branches loaded up with white, watching the humps and depressions that marked paths and streets level off and disappear.

Finney, pp. 115-6.

Nothing moved outside now but the snow in the wind, and the silence was complete. Staring down into Central Park, I wondered suddenly if it had also snowed in January 1882.

Ibid, p. 116.

The air was sharp in my lungs, and snowflakes occasionally caught in my lashes, momentarily blurring the streetlamps just ahead, already misty in the swirls of snow around them.

Ibid, p. 121.

well if Mayor Wagner won't allow private cars on Manhattan because of the snow, I will probably never see her again.

O'Hara, p. 393.

The blizzard wind made the banner flap over sidewalks so thick with snow that pants legs were whitened to the middle of the shins. It was sieving downward on East 10th near Avenue B, obliterating footprints in a few seconds, and one's attention was turned from the mystery of the city to the mystery above the city.

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 485.

For hours John walked the snow, crisscrossing all the streets from Houston to 12th and First Avenue to C. He who never felt down was feeling a rare gulch of total depression.

Ibid., p. 497.

East Side snow slush. Brown rivulets of frosty-freeze surge over the curbs, wherefrom strange bubbles slowly rise amidst a flotage of straws, dog dook, can lids, wrappers, plus, sunken as in quicksand, a slashed chair of wettened plaid, its stuffing the color of a dirty old football, covered with sooty white, and at the curb's edge: rows of dingy tan tire tracks like zippers on a vast spattered cloth.

Ibid., p. 498.

The ground is white with snow.
It's morning, of New Year's Eve, 1968, & clean
City air is alive with snow, its quiet
Driving. I am 33.
Berrigan, p. 163.

When it first starts to snow, the round tops of the garbage cans become dramatically white before anything else gets the notion. If you look down on the sidewalks from above, the tops appear to be white holes punched out of the still-dark pavement.

Binzen, N. pag.

Cold

Battling the city's itchy flames, which rage even during winter, Weegee's firemen change into anthropoid icicles. As they aim their hoses, stalactites harden on their helmets and the collars of their uniforms.

Conrad, p. 291.

This happens in January on a brilliant, cold afternoon.
Trebay, p. 5.

I walked on Madison and it was cold in the shade and warm in the sun. (Tuesday, October 29, 1985)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 688.

He covers his fields like a fine mist, he's in his home in New York City, he's behind me, it's wet and cold but I like it, like the way it numbs my fingers, makes them white and red at the knuckles.

Wojnarowicz, p. 200.

Shivering the air has crept
behind the next street corner.
Parland, p. 346.

Rawness, sunshiny rawness down the end streets of the city.
Jackson, *Empire*, p. 679.

crossing Saint Mark's Place
face cold in air
tonight
when
that girlish someone waving
from a bicycle
turned me back on.
Berrigan, p. 148.

Heating, Radiator

It is wonderfully hot in New York in winter. Temperatures of 75 and 80°F are not uncommon. Outside, of course, it is miserably cold. But after November, the outdoors is merely something one crosses en route to some other indoors.

Bladford, p. 111.

It is divisive, this heat. People who work in warm offices and go home to warm apartments meet only those who exist in similarly warm boxes. In winter, the middle classes hibernate.

Ibid., p. 111.

It's freezing and the heat's not coming up.
Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 536.

The boiler was broken and it was freezing in there. And I want to take the key away from those two bathrooms outside my office because every other minute somebody's going in and out and I can't stand it, the constant production of peeing all day. (Wednesday, November 7, 1984)

Ibid., p. 613.

And there's a radiologist in the building next door to me. He just bought a million-dollar machine and they had to knock a wall out to get it in, and I keep wondering if the radium stuff can get to me, because we share steam heat. Everybody says the machines are "foolproof." (Thursday, April 11, 1985)

Ibid., p. 641.

Spring

Spring excited us. The sky was blue over our ghetto. The sidewalks sparkled, the air was fresh.

Gold, p. 16.

It's showing signs of spring. A heavy rain the like of that washes the winter away. Won't be long now till we're scalding fried eggs on every street corner.

Donleavy, N. pag.

It's just another April almost morning, St. Mark's Place
Berrigan, p. 488.

This morning, as predicted by the WQXR weather bulletins, there was precipitation and the wind chill factor eased. In short, it has been wet and warm. With the last vestiges of yellow-stained snow and grime encrusted ice washed away some weeks ago now, the denizens of West 86th Street have emerged from hiding to greet their corner of the world.

[Radio]

Bladford, p. 28.

Spring in New York is as attractive as spring anywhere else, but her appearance has a peculiar effect on the inhabitants of Manhattan Island. Every true Englishman returns to England to enjoy the English spring, but when the buds begin to burst and the birds begin to warble and trill in New York parks every real New Yorker longs to travel. Hamish then was quite within the tradition when, strolling up Madison Avenue on a heavenly spring day, he was filled with nostalgia for the countries he did not belong in. The Sheffield plate and Georgian silver in one window, the Venetian glass in a second, the Russian samovars in a third, and the Czechoslovakian peasant blouses in a fourth, made him sign in turn for Mayfair, the Grand Canal, the Kremlin, and the Moldau, and it occurred to him that he should immediately book his passage to one of these places.

Van Vechten, p. 237.

It was in the spring and there was a heady, vernal fragrance from Central Park, for in New York the advance of the seasons is not forgotten but intensified. Autumn thunderstorms, leaf fires, the primeval stillness that comes after a heavy snowfall and the randy smells of April all seem magnified by the paving's of the greatest city in the world.

Cheever, "Moving," p. 805.

As I watched Frank and Larry heading toward Broadway and Tenth Street, with Frank resolutely leading the way, I suddenly became aware of the weather. It was especially beautiful, almost balmy, and since it was still the shank of the evening and I felt horny—nice weather always had that effect on me when I was younger—I saw no reason why I shouldn't go cruising.

Lesueur, p. 298.

Walking uptown in the mauve eight o'clocks of early summer evenings and looking at things, Lowestoft tureens in Fifty-seventh Street windows, people in evening clothes trying to get taxis, the trees just coming into full leaf, the lambent air all the sweet promises of money and summer.

Didion, "Goodbye," pp. 168-77.

And so this year there was no spring. One moment it was chilly and then over night the limp, humid heat of summer sank into the city.

Bladford, p. 28.

Summer

Summer in New York is a season passed in hell.
Conrad, p. 291.

On the first hot, humid day of summer, when the air is so wet that it almost is impossible to breathe and the sun turns tinted hair a faint shade of orange, the ladies of New York vanish from its streets. They linger in air-conditioned apartments and scurry between icy stores where they do battle over skimpy T-shirts in which they will later freeze. The sound of their summer greeting is of high-heeled shoes clicking impatiently across marble floors and white patent bags snapping shut.

Bladford, p. 181.

With daylight saving, daylight dining begins, and an orchestra plays the March from *Aida* at night in the Lewisohn Stadium. Everybody is sunburnt. Those who must remain in the city think only of trying to keep cool. Sweat pours from the forehead, neck, waist, temples and arms, as in a steam-room; and several times a day the shirt must be changed. Children lie naked in the streets, waiting for the watercarts to come past and spray them. Journalists fry eggs on the pavement. People go to the cinema not so much to see the film as to feel the violent chill of the air-conditioned movie-houses (and very likely to come out with pneumonia). Another cold bath is drawn; even the ice-cream no longer tastes cool, and there is nothing for it but to leap from the window. Every Saturday and Sunday, eight hundred thousand people come to bathe at Coney Island, reached by subway in half an hour.

I went to Coney Island with Jean Cocteau one night. It was as if we had arrived at Constantinople—the electric bulbs silhouetting the minarets, domes and turrets, illuminating the skeletons of the scenic railways and Eiffel Towers. The passengers on the roller-coasters, rending the air with their concerted screams, were so many muezzins calling the azan. Cocteau, like many great personalities, manages to create a world of his own wherever he goes, so vivid and personal that

those with him can share the surprises of his impressions; and one wondered why the popcorn had never been put to use as confetti before, and why one had not realised that it must have been he who designed the waxwork booths of magic and squalour combined, the backgrounds of the "quicktime" photographers and the unique architecture of the "Haunted House."

Beaton, *New York*, p. 41.

It is a hot day. The citizens of the biggest city in the world suffer with the heat-jitters. In tenement windows tired wives rest their stout elbows on pillows and stare blankly at the raucous elevated trains. High-priced blossoms in the show-windows of Fifth Avenue florists are shriveled. Subway guards, sweating in their heavy blue coats, mutter surly curses and push people into the hot cars.

It takes ten beers to quench one's thirst. The damp, insistent heat has placed blue lines beneath the eyes of subway passengers. The flags on the skyscrapers are slack; there is no breeze.

Drowsy citizens stand in wet garments beneath the most popular thermometer in town—the giant in front of the Pulitzer Building on Park Row—and watch, fascinated, while the mercury climbs inexorably into the nineties. The asphalt in the streets is so soft that heels leave their marks in it. When two people meet one is almost certain to inquire, inanely, "Is it hot enough for you?"

Summer has the city in a stranglehold.

Mitchell, p. 183.

High heat creates irrational solutions: linen suits that collapse into deep wrinkles when one bends an arm or a knee, and men's straw hats as stiff as matzohs, which, like some kind of hard yellow flower, bloom annually all over the city on a certain sacred date—June 1st or so. Those hats dig deep pink creases around men's foreheads, and the wrinkled suits, which are supposedly cooler, have to be pulled down and up and sidewise to make room for the body within.

Miller, "Before" p. 26.

For the first time in the recorded history of the Temperate Zone, architects began erecting buildings without chimneys. It is cheaper to buy steam than to make it.

Granick, p. 58.

Mean rooftops, fire escapes, and untenanted windows. The most that can be hoped for from outside is a cooling breeze to make one's imprisonment more bearable.

Conrad, p. 103.

They sit on a fire escape, trying to keep still, trying to find a cool spot in the shade. No one says a word.

Lee, N. pag.

Summer malaise in deserted neighborhoods.

Roche, p. 404.

In the heat, the residents take their lives outdoors. Washing is strung on fire escapes or across the courtyard between buildings. A fat woman uses her windowsill as a patio. The window is equipped with a sagging grate, into which one of her pudgy arms just fits. Its purpose is to repel intruders, but she's pressing against it from inside, employing it as an alfresco room for socializing, as she's seen doing

with a neighbor who pauses on the stoop. She's an adipose overflow from inside the house, as are the plants in window boxes in another of these photographs. The room within seems to be a summer garden, a seething hothouse where things grow so riotously that they spread across the sill and send roots trailing into the street to tease the pavement. The people clustered round the stoop have annexed the street as a gregarious sitting room. The children playing with dolls and comic books domesticate the pavement, erecting there a fantasy house which, to accommodate the camera, is transparent. One of the girls wears a toy stethoscope and is supplying medical services to the dolls.

Conrad, p. 161.

Sunshine makes him restless.
Bladford, p. 28.

New York was exceedingly hot that summer of 1943. The heat had settled down over the city in a huge blanket. The days were long and humid, and nobody was any more active than was absolutely necessary.
Huncke, p. 60.

and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of
leaning on the john door in the 5 SPOT
while she whispered a song along the keyboard
to Mal Waldron and everyone and I stopped breathing
O'Hara, p. 325.

By three o'clock when the hot and smoggy air hangs over the corner,
his ices starts to melt, running down his boots and into the road.
Bladford, p. 29.

And tell me what street / Compares with Mott Street / In July?
Rodgers & Hart, "Manhattan."

The old, now defunct Greyhound terminal off Times Square, the acme,
the crown jewel, of all the vile bus stations, and especially hellish
now because of the foul air and stultifying heat of the city in
midsummer.

Lesueur, p. 13.

Pausing to check the temperature at Hudnut's giant thermometer.
Finney, p. 267.

Midsummer New Yorks waiting for the rain / The window, the trees,
the park, the building / The whole world's shaking, shaking, shaking
Ono, "Midsummer."

The sun already hot simmers slantily on the pavements, on
plateglass, on dustmarbled enameled signs. Men's and women's faces as
they pass her are rumpled and gray like pillows that have been too much
slept on.

Dos Passos, pp. 240-1.

I am sitting at the moment in a stifling hotel room in 90-degree
heat, halfway down an air shaft, in midtown. No air moves in or out of
the room, yet I am curiously affected by emanations from the immediate
surroundings.

White, Here, p. 19.

He finds New York alluring on summer Sunday afternoons, over-ripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands.
Conrad, p. 197.

"New York has been like a blazing furnace for the last two days," Crane reports in June 1923. Yet the temperature vouchsafes him "the intense and interesting spectacle of the streets."
Conrad, p. 228.

A hot sun shining in slits along the crosstown streets.
Donleavy, N. pag.

In the dead of this stifling June night in the back of the taxi it hits me that I'm still wearing the bloody raincoat.
Ellis, *Psycho*, p. 218.

A burning Broadway movie house happens to be playing *The Heat's On*, a 1943 Mae West musical.
N. cit.

Weegee sought out people being treated for sunburn or heat exhaustion under the boardwalk at Coney Island-casualties of the city's grilling.
Conrad, p. 291.

The heat hit us like a blast from a furnace. The air was dead... The town smelled like rotten eggs. [Smell]
Ibid., p. 291.

The heat afflicting New York sours and rots it. At the same time, it's an agency of benefit. It cauterizes, immunizes, insures the city. Heat disintegrates but also disinfects. Cooking its inhabitants, the sweltering city leaves them with that unfeeling rind which is the existential bravado of the 1940s: they become, as New York already is, hard-boiled. Hard-boiling is a torture of matter, a chemical inducement of molecular disorder, altering a physical state from liquid to solid. It's an experiment that can preserve by a calculated self-extermination.
Conrad, p. 294.

On August 13, 1975, at 3:00 PM, the temperature on Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue was ninety-four degrees—the humidity 85 percent. On the exact same date and same time the temperature on Seventy-third Street and Fifth Avenue was a balmy seventy-one degrees—the humidity a comfortable 40 percent. I know, because I was there.
Leibowitz, p. 102

The heat jiggles along every street,
Reverberates from the scorching pavement,
Hot brick walls, stone walls and side walks—
Runs everywhere
With licking-hot, laughing tongues
Driven by the sun.
Harris, L., p. 532.

Summer is the great equalizer; there is no way to buy stage presence or a sense of theatre and that, after all, is what street life is about—it's a gigantic theater without walls.

Bladford, p. 115.

The Block begins to awake from its slumber, ready to deal once again with the heat of the hottest day of the year.

Lee, N. pag.

In summer the magic people come out to play on the streets. The worthy ones, bankers, businessmen, middle-aged sturdies, are shut away behind the throb of air-conditioning, off in the country, gone to Europe or Colorado. This is the special time that young and old come out of hiding to live out their fantasies on hot, hard sidewalks from which they have no escape.

Bladford, p. 117.

This morning's sunshine came down the street bright and fresh.
Donleavy, N. pag.

Suddenly the city is covered in chairs.

Bladford, p. 117.

And as the life of the summer streets hums and bustles through the image of dusk, it is possible to pretend, just for a second, that Manhattan is indeed some far away island where all is harmony.

Ibid., p. 119.

Even though the white-hot sun is gone, nonetheless the heat is still stifling. And in a peculiar, funny sort of way, it's worse. You expect it to be hot during the light of day when the sun is beating down on the cement and tar, but at night it should be considerably cooler; well, not tonight, it's hot. WE'VE SEEN throughout the day are now coping with the night-time heat, plus it's humid as shit. Everyone is outside, sitting on stoops, on cars and you know the kids are playing, running up and down the block. Now it's the hottest night of the year.

Lee, N. pag.

The plentiful inhabitants of the Lower East Side sit on the shady side of their disheveled streets and make no unessential motions. No breezes stir.

Mitchell, *Ears*, p. 189.

Watch the New York ladies when forced momentarily into the stifling air. Feet swell in ungiving shoes that were bought in another of those icy stores. Hair sags, faces draw. Linen skirts crumpled from damp taxi rides, they still try to maintain a perfection that is beyond reason. Steps never slacken, bodies rigidly deny the very existence of languor. They run the obstacle course in full dress. All is armour. Ungracious anger becomes a shield.

Bladford, p. 182.

A May or June moon will be hanging like a burnished sliver disc between the high walls aloft.

Dreiser, p. 3.

The windows were rolled down to air out the sweltering cab. It was 80 degrees and the heat bounced off the concrete and mingled lushly with the exhaust fumes.

N. cit.

New York can render you invisible, it can seem oppressive beyond endurance. In the summer especially, with the heat, already in the 90s, amplified by high humidity and the stifling air trapped by the buildings and the street tarmac softening underfoot.

Brook, p. 16.

He cantered through the hot summer night, his desert a city of stone.

Puzo, p. 3.

perfect in the hot humid morning on my way to work
O'Hara, p. 325.

Oh, yes, today the streets are also melting.
Kapralov, p. 88.

It was the close of summer. The great mountain and lake areas to the north of New York were pouring down their thousands into the hot, sun-parched city.

Dreiser, p. 100.

Oh boy, it's now ninety-six degrees and still rising. Not a single leaf moves above us, not one pigeon, not one squirrel. The dogs lie ominously quiet, perhaps they are already boiled. Even the concrete of our chess tables is hot. The tall cans of Rolling Rock which we buy at the Arab bodega on Avenue A become undrinkable in exactly seven minutes.

Kapralov, p. 87.

At the corner of Third Avenue he stopped and stood shivering in the hot afternoon sunlight, sweat running down behind his ears.

Dos Passos, p. 158.

A South African gentleman once told me that New York in August was hotter than any place he knew in Africa, yet people here dressed for a northern city. He had wanted to wear shorts but feared that he would be arrested for indecent exposure.

Miller, "Air Conditioning" p. 26.

It is widely believed that in the summer rich people leave New York to go to Southampton because the weather is cooler there. This is not true. What actually happens is that in the summer the cooler weather leaves New York and goes to Southampton because it doesn't want to stay in New York with a lot of underpaid writers and Puerto Ricans.

Leibowitz, p. 102.

apartments all heat-roached and sticky with summer weather
Wojnarowicz, p. 25.

Anybody can insult New York with complete impunity. No New Yorker ever resents it. "We have no local pride. Say to us, "You have, without doubt, the vilest climate on earth," and New Yorkers will eagerly agree. "You just can't believe how hot it was here last summer," we will tell you. "It broke all records. We were all gasping like grounded fish. It was terrible!"

Atkinson, p. 18.

Visibility and climate affect each other in ratios of loveliness.
Kozloff, n. pag.

In the summer, there is somehow a lightening of earnestness.
Atkinson, p. 214.

On some nights New York is as hot as Bangkok. The whole continent seems to have moved from its place and slid nearer the equator, the bitter gray Atlantic to have become green and tropical, and the people, thronging the streets, barbaric fellahin.
Bellow, *Victim*, N. pag.

The summer of 1912 in Brooklyn: serene.
N. cit.

Right now, folks, we're gonna suspend the narrative and show how people are coping with the oppressive heat.
People are taking cold showers.
Sticking faces in ice-cold, water-filled sinks.
Heads stuck in refrigerators.
A wife tells her husband, "Hell no, I'm not cooking. It's too hot. The kitchen is closed."
Men downing six-packs of ice-cold brew.
Faces stuck directly in front of fans.
A young kid cracks an egg on Sal's Cadillac. The moment the egg hits the car hood it starts to cook.
And how can I forget the papers, the newspaper headlines.
New York Post: "A SCORCHER"
New York Daily News: "2 HOT 4 U?"
New York Newsday: "OH BOY! BAKED APPLE"
New York Times: "RECORD HEATWAVE HITS CITY"
Lee, N. pag.

Entering New York Harbor for the first time, Duchamp recalled being dumbfounded by the heat: "I thought there must be a fire somewhere."
Marquis, p. 109

I walk though the luminous humidity
O'Hara, "Personal Poem," p. 335.

Humidifiers go day and night to counter the effect of tropical central heating.
Bladford, p. 11.

It is a trite but true observation of the weatherman that humidity makes more difference to humanity than does torridity. The high percentage of moisture in the air induces a depressed and languid feeling in Summer. There can be no satisfactory lowering of a room's temperature for human comfort unless this humid factor is considered.
N. cit.

The night was oppressive... one of those New York summer evening when even the walls seem to sweat...
Sullivan, *1001*, p. 64.

How slow the city is in summer.
Barnes, *New York*, p. 22.

Soughing swamp breathings
In the pestilential city.
Harris "City Heat," p. 532.

I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun
and have a hamburger and a malted and buy
an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what the poets
in Ghana are doing these days
O'Hara, p. 325.

The city perspires through opened hydrants.
Conrad, p. 291.

Escape from the heat... these tenement people opened up the water
hydrant... placed a barrel over it... and got cooled off. But a cop came
around and shut the hydrant off... As soon as the cop leaves... the hydrant
will be opened up again.

Weegee, *Naked*, pp. 110-1.

Fetid heat of August with fecundity at play.
Depero, "Coney Island," p. 422.

The first "heat wave" of the season had arrived and everyone was
thinking of the Decoration Day week-end. The thermometer in New York
City went to 85 the preceding afternoon and there were one death and
one prostration.

Morley, *Morley's NY*, p. 208.

Everybody had noticed the excessive humidity of the dense air.
Every solid object that the hands came in contact with in the darkness
was wet, as if a thick fog had condensed upon it. This supersaturation
of the air (a principal cause of the difficulty experienced in
breathing) led to a result which would quickly have been foreseen if
people could have had the use of their eyes, but which, coming on
invisibly, produced a panic fear when at last its presence was
strikingly forced upon the attention.

Serviss, p. 61.

Double parked. In the humid afternoon. Taxis squeal by as doormen's
whistles blow. A haze covering the sky. To make more thunder clouds
collect in the west.

Donleavy, N. pag.

From out the city
Oozes forth
A sticky, cloying, stinking thickness,
Sucked to the surface
By the sun.
Harris "City Heat," p. 533.

Things are hot. It's summer on the streets of New York.
Bladford, p. 117.

Fall

It is a street with trees that in the summer make cool patterns on
the pavement; but now the leaves were yellowed and mostly down, and the
rain had made them slippery, they skidded underfoot.

Capote, p. 9.

Autumn in New York, why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York, it spells the thrill of first knighting
Glittering crowds and shimmering clouds in canyons of steel
They're making me feel, I'm home

Its autumn in New York that brings the promise of new love
Autumn in New York is often mingled with pain
Dreamers with empty hands, may sigh for exotic lands
Its autumn in New York, its good to live it again

Autumn in New York, the gleaming rooftops at sundown
Autumn in New York, it lifts you up when you're run down
Jaded rous and gay divorces who lunch at the Ritz
Will tell you that its divine

This autumn in New York transforms the slums into Mayfair
Autumn in New York, you'll need no castle in Spain
Lovers that bless the dark on benches in Central Park
Greet autumn in New York, its good to live it again
Duke, "Autumn in NY."

"April in Paris" is a fiction, but "Autumn in New York," by the same songwriter, is a glorious fact.
Gopnik, p. 73.

River-watching along the eastern edge of Manhattan can be a desultory pleasure these autumn days, especially toward evening when the sky is changing and the wind coming off the water is often strong and cool.

Philips, p. 125.

October's in the air, in the Indian Summer sun of door.
Kerouac, *Lonesome*, p. 105.

this October sixth, in New York City
during the nineteen eighties
Joseph, "Postcapitalism," p. 191.

Weather

In New York there are certain wonderful seasons in which this feeling grows to a lyrical intensity. One of these are those first tender days of Spring when lovely girls and women seem suddenly to burst out of the pavements like flowers: all at once the street is peopled with them, walking along with a proud, undulant rhythm of breasts and buttocks and a look of passionate tenderness on their faces. Another season is early Autumn, in October, when the city begins to take on a magnificent flash and sparkle: there are swift whippings of bright wind, a flare of bitter leaves, the smell of frost and harvest in the air; after the enervation of Summer, the place awakens to an electric vitality, the beautiful women have come back from Europe or from the summer resorts, and the air is charged with exultancy and joy.

Finally, there is a wonderful, secret thrill of some impending ecstasy on a frozen Winter's night. On one of these nights of frozen silence when the cold is so intense that it numbs one's flesh, and the

sky above the city flashes with one deep jewelry of cold stars, the whole city, no matter how ugly its parts may be, becomes a proud, passionate, Northern place: everything about it seems to soar up with an aspirant, vertical, glittering magnificence to meet the stars. One hears the hoarse notes of the great ships in the river, and one remembers suddenly the princely girdle of proud, potent tides that bind the city, and suddenly New York blazes like a magnificent jewel in its fit setting of sea, and earth, and stars.

Jackson & Dunbar, p. 569.

Above all, there is the sky; pervading all these activities is the weather. The sharp crystalline days of early autumn, with intense blue sky and a few curls of cloud, drifting through space like the little jets of steam that were once such characteristic outlets of the older skyscrapers: the splendors of sunset on the waters, over the Palisades, crossing the Brooklyn Ferry, looking toward the Jersey shore from the Brooklyn Bridge; the swift, whiplike changes from heat to cold, from fog to clarity, from the sharp jeweled contours of Bellini to the soft tones of Whistler and Fuller. Occasionally, too, the sulphurous hell of the dog days, to whip up appetite for the dank clouds in the west and the brave crackle of lightning and the drenching showers. At the other extreme the benignity and quiet of a city quenched by snow: the jingle of sleighbells in the 1890's, the cold flash of electricity on the elevated tracks twenty years later.

No matter how great the confusion on the surface, beneath it all, in the rocks themselves is order: no matter how shifty man's top layer, the foundations are solid. If the streets are dingy, there is the dazzle of the sky itself: if the alleys and yards are foul, heavy with ancient dirt, with the effluvia of the sewers or the factories, there is the sanative taste of salt in the first wind that blows from the Atlantic. The cold sea fog in spring, sweeping inland in the mid-afternoon, calls one to the ocean as imperatively as the proud, deep-throated roar of the steamer, claiming the channel as she passes out to sea. So the ocean and the sky and the rivers hold the city in their grip, even while the people, like busy ants in the cracks and crevices, are unconscious of these more primal presences, save when they read a report in the morning paper, and reach for an umbrella, an overcoat, a fan.

Mumford, *Empire*, pp. 28-9.

The city of New York is difficult to describe her understand save in terms of paradox, and so, perhaps, it is more satisfactory, for those who may, to instinctively feel the metropolis rather than to attempt to comprehend her. Not infrequently some of the balmiest days of the year there fall in January and February. Buds are nearly ready to burst on the boughs of the trees in the Park, and the birds are tempted to return from the south. The temperature become so impressive that electric fans and filmy garments are sought from store-closets, but no sooner have they been discovered than a passing and perverse breeze ushers in another week of winter. Snow or rain or sun may follow: there is no means of determining by precedent. Some of the coldest days in the year are likely to happen in June or July. It is strange that Americans have never adopted the English habit of carrying umbrellas, for New York is quite able to produce a cloud-burst out of the sky on the most clement day. When, however, the sun shines in New York, be it warm or cold, the heart is happy, and it is probable that the sun shines more often there than in any other capital of the world.

Van Vechten, p. 137.

In all weathers, in all seasons, at all times of day or night, the island from whatever point of observation, is a thing of wonder and delight. In the early morning it shines and glistens in the dazzling sun; its walls giving back white effulgence in marvelous contrast to the blueness of an habitually cloudless sky, and the deeper note of constantly agitated waters.

Henderson, pp. 17-8.

And the weather—hot or cold, stormy or clear—is viewed askance, not as a meteorological phenomenon, but as a hindrance to the morning commute.

Mittlebach, p. 1.

We shall have perfect control of the atmosphere, so that there will be no need of going to Florida in the winter or to Canada in the summer. We shall have all varieties to order in our big buildings of Manhattan.

Koolhaas, p. 91.

The city manufactures its own alternative seasons indoors.

Conrad, p. 77.

New York City is on the track of almost every major weather system in North America. We are blasted by frigid winter air from Canada, struck by coastal storms from North Carolina, parched by heat waves from the Midwest, and even bombarded by hurricanes that start off of the coast of Africa.

Mittlebach, p. 7.

Watched Hurricane Gloria all morning on TV because there was nothing else to watch. For some reason they decided to cancel the Today Show and everything to bring constant storm updates and they made it sound so horrible. But then it never really hit New York. (Friday, September 27, 1985)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 681.

As an unseasonably warm day became evening, a wind blew in from the north carrying spooky gray clouds across the hangnail moon. The temperature dropped with the barometer, and the sudden change made people giddy.

Trebay, p. 291.

Awnings begin to disappear from city apartment houses as building managers find it hard to find men to put them up in the spring and take them down in the fall.

Trager, p. 537.

David Tudor and I took a taxi down town. He was going to Macy's; I was going on to West Broadway and Prince where I get my hair cut. After David Tudor got out, I began talking with the driver about the weather. The relative merits of the Old Farmers' Almanac and the newspapers came up. The driver said they were developing rockets that would raise the weather man's predictions from 50 to 55 per cent accuracy. I said I thought the Almanac starting from a consideration of planets and their movements, rather than from winds and theirs, got a better start since the x-quantities involved were not so physically close to the results being predicted. The driver said he'd had an operation some years

before and that while his flesh was dead and numb, before the wound healed, he was able to predict weather changes by the pain he felt in the scar, that when the flesh lost its numbness and was, so to speak, back to normal, he could no longer know in advance anything about changes in weather.

Cage, *Indeterminacy*, N. pag.

The pace of this city is forged in its chilled seasons—rushing and bustling, invigorated by the challenge of a harsh climate and harsher people. It would make sense for New York to live on two time clocks—one for the urgency of its winter months, another for the stupor of its heat. It is, however, part of its tradition to make no allowances for weather. For those who can afford heat and air-conditioning, protection from its reality, weather simply does not happen. It is a rude noise made at a polite dinner table.

Bladford, p. 182.

Its climate is a scandal.

Maffi, p. 75.

The blind were forgotten in this big city of Conversation about The Weather.

Talese, p. 43.

There was an earthquake Sunday night at 8:40 in New York. And we had one last year, too. It's really scary. I thought Manhattan was built on the stuff that wouldn't have it. (Monday, April 23, 1984)

Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 568.

Generally speaking, the weather is better on the East Side than on the West Side. All in all, the weather is considered this arrangement satisfactory except for the problem posed by the better buildings on Central Park West. The problem was solved by means of a trade-off with certain buildings in the East Seventies that are largely populated by beyond-their-means airline stewardesses and the proprietors of leather boutiques. Thus the San Remo and the Dakota receive weather appropriate to their architecture and airline stewardesses and the proprietors of leather boutiques are perhaps among those who most fully understand the meaning of the term "fair weather friend."

Leibowitz, p. 102.

This city, with its quivering prismatic lights, changes face, as the hours change with the sun and stars; snow, rain, smoke, and the pluming of steam waved by the wind.

Reisenberg, p. 28.

A significant change in our climate to one of a very different rainfall or temperature would have a dramatic effect on all our social structures.

Crosby, p. 9.

It is neither hot nor cold nor damp, there is only one latitude left, the latitude of pleasure.

Morand, p. 192.

y - Death

I once stood within a few feet of one of the city's most tragic suicides. I was walking through East Forty-sixth Street, having crossed Vanderbilt from Madison. It was high tide in the wave of self-destruction; 1,595 was the official tally for that year of 1932. A noon-hour crowd filled the Midtown streets. The copper-red sun shone through the blue humid air. For a moment the summertime city hushed, one of those pauses and its roar more imaginary than real. Then, all of a sudden, piercing shrieks volleyed from high office windows. I jerked upward. The cries came from the blanched faces of a great gallery of office girls, sitting at open windows. A gray figure, arms and legs waving, were involved in grotesque somersaults. I jumped backward. The body missed me and cleared two young women, a matter of inches—they fell from fright. A worn-thin suit hit the sidewalk near the curb, landing with a bone cracking thud. It flattened as if filled with a huge lump of subsiding putty. A stream of sluggish blood oozed from under its matted gray hair. The cries stopped; a crowd pressed close, whistle screeched. Then, ghastly afterthought, his raffish hat, an old straw skimmer, circled gaily to the street, landing near the bleeding head.

Reisenberg, p. 50.

In May 1947, LIFE magazine devoted a full page to a picture taken by a photography student named Robert Wiles. The photograph is extraordinary in several ways—not least because it remains, seven decades later, one of the most famous portraits of suicide ever made... The woman in the photo was 23-year-old Evelyn McHale. Not much is known of her life, or of her final hours, although countless people have put enormous effort into uncovering as much about the troubled, attractive California native as they possibly could... In Wiles' photo, Evelyn (it doesn't feel right to refer to her as "Ms. McHale") looks for all the world as if she's resting, or napping, rather than lying dead amid shattered glass and twisted steel. Everything about her pose—her gloved hand clutching her necklace; her gently crossed ankles; her right hand with its gracefully curved fingers—suggests that she is momentarily quiet, perhaps thinking of her plans for later in the day, or daydreaming of her beau.

For its part, LIFE magazine captioned the picture with language that veers strikingly from the poetic to the elemental: "At the bottom of Empire State Building the body of Evelyn McHale reposes calmly in grotesque bier her falling body punched into the top of a car."

A single paragraph, meanwhile, describing how the scene came about is at-once unsentimental and elegiac:

On May Day, just after leaving her fiancé, 23-year-old Evelyn McHale wrote a note. "He is much better off without me. . . . I wouldn't make a good wife for anybody," she wrote. Then she crossed it out. She went to the observation platform of the Empire State Building. Through the mist she gazed at the street, 86 floors below. Then she jumped. In her desperate determination she leaped clear of the setbacks and hit a United Nations limousine parked at the curb. Across the street photography student Robert Wiles heard an explosive crash. Just four minutes after Evelyn McHale's death Wiles got this picture of death's violence and its composure. [Photography]

Cosgrove, N. pag.

Death by suicide was another morbid theme that haunted Warhol, who now sought photographs of people in the act of or shortly after killing

themselves. His friends scoured magazines and newspapers for him and came up with pictures that led to paintings such as *1947 White*. The image derives from a 1947 photograph of a young model who had jumped from the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State building, landing on a car. (The artists' source was a tearsheet from the January 18, 1963, New York regional edition of *Life*, which featured a brief history of the Empire State Building the photograph first appeared in the April 12, 1947, issue of the magazine.) She lies as if in repose atop the crumpled roof of the automobile, her gloved hands raised gracefully toward her unblemished face. Only the bunched stockings at her ankles provide a clue to the violence of her demise.

Bourdon, p. 154.

One day, a woman bustling off to a meeting in midtown is struck by the errant arm of an elderly man who has jumped from the building above her. She crumples to the ground but survives. *You hear stories about debris falling*, she notes, *but you never hear about people falling*.

Brooks, p. 58.

And my short wave says there's someone ready to jump down on Fifth and Fiftieth. If the snow stays and gets any deeper they'll be a lot more. They go out the windows like pop corn off a red hot pan. Happens everytime there's a blizzard.

Donleavy, N. pag.

There was much talk of suicide. A favorite joke concerned a hotel clerk who asked guests if they wanted a room for sleeping or jumping.

Ellis, pp. 533-4.

This jumper could be a prospective customer. Who may have to be cleaned off the street. Unless he's on the sixteenth floor of a doll's house. Might get embedded in the roof of a car. Or land on five pedestrians.

Donleavy, N. pag.

Consumption by one of these oblivious elements can seem a mercy: the purpose of the city's rivers is to wash away the biologically unequal despairers who drown themselves there.

Conrad, p. 182.

Final Exit is a handbook for anyone wishing to commit suicide. This was sent to me by a Mr. Hofsess who, some years ago, came to New York, like the rest of us, in the hope of ruling the world.

Crisp, p. 122.

One week a visitor sets out to claim a world record, scaling five city bridges in four hours. He's climbed in public before in other places, he's famous for it. He chooses to begin his challenge here with the most celebrated of the group, an elegant but unforgiving structure that claimed its own designer before the last stone was set in place a hundred or some years earlier. this time, it's no contest, the climber loses his footing soon after he starts up and slips downward, his glide impossible to arrest.

No one records the fall itself, but there's a picture in the paper of the empty alleyway where he landed. [Bridge]

Brooks, pp. 59-60.

A million strangled deaths of trapped souls.

Depero, "Coney Island," p. 422.

Barbara Stanwyck lay strangled on her bed on Sutton Place while the BMT rumbled over the Queensboro Bridge.

McCourt, p. 21.

Sauntering down Broadway in the spring, he feels death near and, knowing it's not good to lie dead in the street, hurriedly buys a ticket for a movie and quietly seats himself inside to await his fatal seizure.

Conrad, p. 285.

Come and get it before it is too late. This seems like a death-wish city.

Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 18.

Here, even the sky is dead.

Sharpe, p. 335.

The skyscrapers seem like tall gravestones.

Torres-Padilla, p. 44.

Go ahead, bite the Big Apple, don't mind the maggots.

Rolling Stones, "Shattered."

It was an amazing city, so far-flung, so beautiful, so dead.

Dreiser, p. 1.

Do corpses walk around on Broadway?

Singer, p. 283.

Interviewer: When did you start with the "Death" series?

Andy Warhol: ... I realized that everything I was doing must have been Death. It was Christmas or Labor Day, a holiday, and every time you turned on the radio they said something like, "Four million are going to die." That started it. But when you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect.

Swenson, p. 19.

When President Kennedy was shot that fall, I heard the news over the radio while I was alone painting in my studio. I don't think I missed a stroke. I wanted to know what was going on out there, but that was the extent of my reaction.

It seemed like no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't get away from the thing. I rounded up a bunch of people and got them to come over and we all went out to one of the Berlin bars on 86th Street for dinner. But it didn't work, everyone was acting too depressed. David Bourdon was sitting across from Susi Gablik, the art critic, and John Quinn, the playwright, and he was moaning over and over, "But Jackie was the most glamorous First lady we'll ever get..." Sam Wagstaff, down from the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, tried to console him, and Ray Johnson, the artist, kept dipping dimes into the mustard we were using on our German frankfurters, then going out to drop the mustard-covered dimes into the telephone slot. (cf. Walrod: "Artist Ray Johnson used to walk around New York City clogging pay phones by inserting dimes covered in mustard." [Crime])

Warhol, *POPism*, p. 78.

The assassination of J.F.K: At Stuyvesant Station on 14th Street taxis were beginning to stop in the middle of the street. People stepped from the sidewalks to crowd around them, demanding the drivers turn up their radios. Pay phone circuits went dead. There was shouting, there was weeping, there was anger, there was disbelief. [Technology] [Crime]

Sanders, *Beatnik*, p. 411.

Lee Harvey Oswald lived in New York—first on East 92 Street in Manhattan, later on Sheridan Avenue and then East 179th Street in the Bronx—from August 1952 to January 1954, leaving for New Orleans almost a decade before the Kennedy assassination.

Goldenberg, pp. 25-6.

In 1899, America's first auto fatality occurred when a sixty-eight-year-old real estate broker, named Henry H. Bliss, was knocked down as he stepped off a southbound streetcar at Central Park West and Seventy-fourth Street.

Ellis, p. 461.

On December 13, 1931, Winston Churchill was hit by a taxi and kept at Lenox Hill Hospital for nearly a month with a sprained shoulder and cuts to his nose and forehead.

Ashton, p. 95.

The 1962 Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Sprawled in the street, undergoing inflation from the helium cylinders, Father Christmas could be an accident victim in need of artificial resuscitation. [Surrealism] Conrad, p. 274.

Run one of the buses into a clothes shed, keep the motor going for little while, and all of the passengers, and anyone else remaining within, will croak, as we call it. The shiny conveyances powered by heavy motors—"See the Wonder City of New York" —spill toxic fumes among us people.

Reisenberg, p. 69.

Architect Louis Kahn died of a heart attack in a men's bathroom at Penn Station in 1974.

Walrod, p. 46.

First

Bunny died, then John Latouche, then Jackson Pollock. But is the earth as full as life was full, of them? O'Hara, p. 257.

The old man lay dead, and in dying he had bequeathed a problem. For he was not only an old man but an excessively fat man and, try as they might, his undertakers saw no way to get him out of the door of his tiny Gay Street apartment.

They might have taken him out the window and down the fire escape, but the landlord refused to allow such an undignified exit. "The old man," he said, "always came in and out like a gentleman in the 30 years he lived here. He'll go out for the last time, too, like a gentleman." And a mason was ordered to cut a hole in the wall.

Wilcock, p. 142.

A salesman dies after plunging thirteen stories through a floor-to-ceiling plate-glass window. He had just signed off on a multi-million-dollar business deal. *The last time we saw him, someone on the scene noted, he was laughing.*

Brooks, p. 61.

The city resurrects its dead as authoritarian bogies on pedestals. Conrad, p. 318.

City of expectant undertakers open all night. Reisenberg, p. 203.

All the undertakers we know live on Park Avenue. Donleavy, N. pag.

Manhattan's Charities Pier was known as Misery Lane because that was where the bodies were put whenever disaster struck. Drehle, p. 1.

In a city which is constantly devouring itself, it was oddly satisfying to be standing about in a place that had been deliberately entombed, yet preserved. It had the stillness and dignity of a crypt, and the tree of us wandered slowly around, letting its anachronistic charm seep in.

Brook, p. 138.

There is quite a market for granite, much in demand by stone-cutters and monument dealers who buy granite for graveyard markers. When we made room for the Standard Oil Building at 26 Broadway, we found a stone weighing nineteen tons at a height of 250 feet. I could never understand why any man ever wanted a stone like that way up there. That stone went to a number of graves.

"Smashing Down," N. pag.

lunch on the tombs of the Trinity churchyard Asch, p. 406.

In Woodlawn Cemetery, not far from the water lies a teenager, George Spence Millet (1894-1909) who, as his monument explains, "Lost life by stab in falling on ink eraser, evading six young women trying to give him birthday kisses in office of Metropolitan Life Building." Culbertson, p. 193.

The urban dead in a Jewish cemetery in Queens. The only irregularity in this silent city must be ascribed to wayward nature: the wintry trees branch at random, in contrast with the mapped placement of the graves.

Conrad, p. 252.

Damon Runyon's son hired a plane and decanted Runyon's remains above Times Square.

Ibid., p. 285.

Yesterday afternoon, while laborers were engaged in uprooting trees at the new entrance to Central Park, corner of Eighty-fifth street and Eighth avenue, they discovered, fourteen inches beneath the surface, a black rosewood coffin, richly mounted and in a state of good preservation. On the lid was a plate with the engraving, "Margaret

McIntay, died February, 1852, aged sixteen years, three months and fourteen days." Within the coffin was the body of a woman, decayed almost to a skeleton. At a short distance from the spot another coffin was found, enclosing the body of a negro, decomposed beyond recognition. This land was dug up five years ago, when the trees were planted there, and no such coffins were there at the time.

Maffi, pp. 24-5.

Chase National Bank maintains a crematory at 11 Broad St. for burning bond issues. A single burning may see a single bond issue of, say, \$200,000,000 go into a sub-basement gas furnace in a single day. Special chimneys that carry off the smoke and charred ends of the bond and coupon burning are covered with wire, but there are cases where bonds only slightly charred have worked through, lifted by heat, and have been offered for payment by people who found them.

Bank customers who know about the crematories sometimes ask--and get-- permission to burn diaries or other possessions in them. Chase even burned a whole batch of custom shirt bands once for a rich patron who didn't want them to get into circulation after he died.

Conrad, p. 223.

Wall Street is a pyramidal burial ground, exhibiting the monuments which the millionaires have erected as their cenotaphs. [Ancient] [Classical]

Diehl, p. 161.

Grant's Tomb is less indispensable to New York than the West Side Highway. [Robert Moses]

Conrad, pp. 137-8.

Funereal entrances of the Empire State Building (the largest skyscraper, which has since been dethroned by Rockefeller Center)... The black of polished stones, the walls faced with dark, gleaming slabs.

Corbusier, p. 155.

Cemeteries were not off-limits, as owners were urged to give up the heavy metal chains and bronze posts surrounding their family plots during WWII for ammunition.

Ibid., p. 155.

St. Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie, whose Stones hold in tight grip one wooden leg & all of Peter Stuyvesant's bones?

Berrigan, p. 537.

Rows of caskets bearing the bodies of fallen American soldiers have become an all too familiar sight beneath the high vaulted ceilings of the Forty-third Street entrance to Grand Central during World War II. The terminal has been used by the military as a stop-over point from which grieving families can retrieve their loved ones and then continue the final journey home.

Greenburg, pp. 39-40.

Drone of cars along Astoria Boulevard. Barren landscape of headstones. Patches of grey dead grass. A single mausoleum on a rise of hill. Die slowly so I can see where my own life is going to end. Drop suddenly in your tracks and no telling where they might shove you.

Donleavy, N. pag.

... grabbing, giving, sighing, dying, just so they could be buried in one of those awful cemetery cities beyond Long Island City.

McDarrah, *Beat*, p. 3.

You don't have to practice parapsychology; or even be especially imaginative, to feel the presence of the dead in New York. For all the development this city has sustained over the last several hundred years, much of New York remains old, by American standards anyway. Half our compatriots live in homes built since 1970, but 90 percent of New Yorkers live in homes built before that year, according to the Census Bureau's New York housing survey. More remarkable, more than 40 percent of us live in homes constructed before 1930, and nearly 18 percent in homes built before 1920.

Wherever we live, others have probably lived before us. They ate their dinners in our dining rooms, slept in our bedrooms, read the newspaper in our living rooms. They gave parties, listened to the radio on winter evenings, worried about the latest stock market crash, or war. They invented strange new candies and tallied their inheritances and celebrated their anniversaries.

Our relationship to these people is complicated. On one hand, we share intimate space with them, trespassing where their most private moments occurred, removed from them by a few thin coats of paint. On the other hand, they are dead strangers. [Supernatural] [Metaphysical] [Ghost]

Rasenberger, p. 26.

Ghosts. There are ghosts in New York. Someday I'll be one of them. Goodman, *Secret City*, p. 9.

Subterranean

Rumors of Manhattan's subterranean network surface occasionally like vapors: I've heard tales of Central Park caverns large enough to hold platoons, of tunnels beneath the West Side Highway where people engage in strange sexual acts.

N. cit.

Con Edison workers rising up out of the sewer at Forty-fifth Street.

Goodman, *Secret*, p. 9.

I think of the construction workers as undertakers, digging down beneath the temporary holes in the skyline where buildings, like people, have departed. [Death]

N. cit.

The plumes of steam from the city's heating plant, spouting at varying intervals from the underworld, are the only signs, on a Sunday, that Wall Street is not part of a long forgotten, dead city.

Beaton, *New York*, p. 17.

The catacombed city in exile even burrows beneath the foundation of its upper half: thieves use the vaulted sewers as a runway for speedy escapes.

Reisenberg, p. 85.

He emerges from an opening under the edge of one of the sidewalks and nervously begins to scale the faces of the buildings.
ncit.

The *underneath* of New York, the American metropolis par excellence, is the most disconcerting of all. Much the same has already been said of London and Paris, as the works of Dickens and Gissing, and Sue, Hugo, and Zola testify—and Walter Benjamin consider the Parisian passages and Métro stations as places providing access to the collective unconscious. But Europe, steeped in its past as it is, really holds no surprises, what with its archaeological remains, its ruins, crypts, and vaults, its underground canals and sewers, the whole repertoire of gothic and romantic, realist and surrealist. What does surprise is the singular and often unappreciated fact that the underneath of the city like New York is overwhelmingly present, too.
Maffi, p. 25.

The further down you go, the weirder people get, and I mean real weird. There are people down there, man, I swear they have webbed feet... Can't hardly see them at times, they're so sneaky. They make strange noises and sounds, like trains, but they are not trains; they are communicating with each other. They said I could stay but that I could only be allowed to go back up with their permission. I ran from that place man, and I ain't never going back. They're the *mole people*.
Toth, p. 21.

Underground, they live often in groups, as if huddled like prehistoric man against the elements—as well as against the rats, human creditors, and the dark... there are communities of families, runaways, homosexuals, and diverse independent individuals.
Ibid., p. 38.

The best feature of this time was the freshwater. The "Tears of Allah," as Bernard named them, pulsed from a broken pipe twenty feet overhead and fell in one seamless curtain to the floor. The pipe went unrepaired for five years, during which time they provided an away oasis for the tunnel dwellers.
Ibid., p. 99.

You notice that it is never totally black in his tunnel during daylight hours. Grates allow light through, always enough to see something ... "And there is peace in the dark," he says." I sit here at night at the fire with a pot of tea and just the solitude of the tunnel. I think what I've discovered down here is that what one really seeks in life is peace of mind."
Ibid., p. 105.

Flimsy little saplings growing spontaneously where light filters down from above, lovingly look after cats and dogs, moving furnished rooms, tunnel-born children who reach adulthood already at the age of five or six, group set of organize themselves for survival and resistance to attacks, individuals who spend the whole day anxiously looking for and preparing food, a mysterious population living in the darkest depths of these labyrinthian tunnels that now communicates solely, and cries and grunts, and the voluntary network of information and mutual assistance.
Maffi, p. 33.

It so happened that just to one side of my bench there was a big hole in the sidewalk, something like the Métro at home. That hole seemed propitious, so vast, with a stairway all of pink marble inside it. I'd seen quite a few people from the street disappear into it and come out again. It was in that underground vault that they answered the call of nature. I caught on right away. The hall where the business was done was likewise of marble. A kind of swimming pool, filled only with filtered, moribund light, which fell on the forms of unbuttoned men surrounded by their smells, red in the face from the effect of expelling their stinking feces with barbarous noises in front of everybody.

Céline, p. 168.

The obsession with what lies underneath the surface is peculiarly American, on a par with the obsession with what lies outside. Yet while the outside represents everything that is extraneous to the American way of life (the "alien," the "foreigner," and the "menace from outer space," to use the terminology of mass cultural products, often so effective at unveiling the hidden dynamics of the society), the underneath is a far more disturbing dimension. This is because it acknowledges and openly declares that the threat (or, putting it more mildly, the sense of unease) comes from within — from something that is inside, buried in the labyrinthian tunnels of the past or the compressed layers of the present.

Maffi, p. 25.

The cavernous stations, dark, dirty, some desolate, some uncomfortably crowded, go by monotonously. The haunted quality of the neglected streets above reaches down into this long, seemingly never-ending tunnel.

Bladford, p. 178.

Town moles seem to be a little slow in trying the new gray-tiled and generously lighted tunnel that leads out of the new Socony-Mobil Tower to Grand Central terminal, to the Commodore, the Chanin and Chrysler Buildings, to the crosstown shuttle the Graybar, the Post Office, the Biltmore and—if you know the old route—clear up to the Roosevelt and Forty-sixth Street.

On a rainy day, a knowing mole might work his way from Forty-first Street and Third Avenue all the way to Forty-sixth and Madison without feeling a drop. The first leg would take him through the Socony-Mobil concourse. The warren to Grand Central was dug primarily to drain off the thousands who will work in that building; to keep them from flooding into Forty-second Street rush-hour traffic.

Berger, *New York*, p. 205.

Another time I walked through an underground section of the New York Public Library on Forty-second Street that carried steam pipes and was sufficiently remote from the rest of the library that employees who lived in boardinghouses and did their laundry in sinks in the library basement hung it in the tunnel to dry.

Wilkinson, p. 137.

Depths of disconcerting extent, tunnels, pipes and subway tangles lie under Bryant Park. The immense holes, as in lower row of drilled-out teeth, are filled with concreted steel, and are wired with copper nerves of enormous power.

Reisenberg, p. 183.

However high above the city we may rise, we can only see the above-ground levels of that logic. The guts and wires, the piping and phone lines and electric cables—also the subways and tunnels and underground passages—that make the city work, the hidden veins and arteries of urban life, remain concealed. The skin of concrete is largely unbroken, and so the essence of the city's genius invisible... Attempts to read the world from above always fail, then, and not least because we must, at some point, return to the ground. More important, our desires for transcendence cannot ever completely outstrip the material circumstances of their arousal. The tall building points up, inviting us to the sublimity of its summit. But it always stops at some point in the sky, cannot actually reach the heavens it indicates. Moreover, human desire being what it is, every tall building is also an invitation for another taller one to supplant it at this other summit, the abstract title of "world's tallest building." Tallness strains and collapses in the same moment.

Kingwell, p. 53.

Cosmic

Ginsberg's vision while reading Blake in East Harlem, summer 1948: "The afternoon sunlight through the window takes on an extraordinary clarity. Silhouetted against the bright living light of the sky he sees the grimy rooftops of Harlem." It is the first time he looks carefully at the pressed metal cornices with their ornamental consoles and entablatures; he understand what human intelligence has gone into their creation, five decades before so that they can stand there "like buttresses in eternity!"

Everywhere he notices evidence of a living hand, even in the arrangement of bricks, and he is aware that each brick has been placed there by someone, that people build the entire vast city placing each stone and manufacturing each cornice and window-frame."

Miles, p. 99.

Holy New York
Ginsberg, p. 134.

Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated
Ginsberg, *Howl*, p. 9.

the skyscrapers standing in the long streets like endless Jehovahs
Ibid., p. 84.

Perhaps those aren't pushful cabs jockeying and tooting in the streets beneath us on the earth but angels silently going about their salvific business above us in the sky, logically revolving within the orbits fixed for them by the celestial grid.

Conrad, p. 121.

He imagines himself roller-skating down the streets into the sky, using the buildings as a launching pad, up the Flatiron Building, scooting across the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Ibid., p. 187.

The lights on the Brooklyn Bridge at night resemble galaxies of falling stars, and the tops of the skyscrapers, stranded in the air by

fog beneath, are like flaming meteorites held momentarily motionless in their tracks. A new DIVINITY makes itself immanent on the bridge, and a form of worship artists for it: a cult of fire and of the dynamo which is a demiurge, a tireless manufacturer of life.

Ibid., p. 133.

Four ballerinas in leap in concert from the dingy sidewalk against a discolored wall, watched by amazed children. They are visions in orbit through the city.

Ibid., p. 174.

The nymphs who once fluttered down onto the city from the sky have returned to midair and live there in celibate claustration.

Ibid., p. 175.

Once the city is geared for and goaded to transport itself into the future, its buildings begin to resent their anchorage to the earth.

Ibid., p. 257.

Firbank calls a skyscraper under construction on Fifth Avenue "a fifty-five story clouds' rest."

Ibid., p. 204.

The terrestrial city is a sunless underworld, impounding the condemned; the aerial city celestially abandons earth and the curse of materiality. The anti-gravitational city, whirling off into regions of scientific surmise, is no longer a mere city. It's an alternative world, a small planet.

Ibid., p. 260.

What Freddy did when he got inside was go and take a bath. The apartment was stuffed with stage props and collage things—gold fabric covering bare brick walls, a Tintoretto-like eighteenth-century baroque heaven scene on the ceiling, a picture of some ballerinas framed with a toilet seat, a photograph of Orion the Witch of Bleecker Street, a portable wall of postage stamps, and so forth. After his bath, Freddy put Mozart's *Coronation Mass* on the hi-fi. He said he had a new ballet to do and he needed to be alone. He herded the people there out of the room. As the record got to the 'Sanctus,' he danced out the open window with a leap so huge he was carried halfway down the block onto Cornelia Street five stories below.

Warhol, *POPism*, pp. 107-8.

One night, I was walking with Billy Name and Freddy on the Lower East Side. There was no wind, but it was very cold, it was winter. We came to a group of buildings that were being razed. One of them was a church. There was sort of an altar place you could just make out in the rubble. Freddy rushed across the street into a store that was still open and bought a penny candle, came back and took all his clothes off, lit the candle, and danced through the set for the life of the candle.

Ibid., pp. 74-5.

On some winter afternoon, cross to the New Jersey Shore and between five and six take the Cortlandt Street Ferry back to Manhattan. At that hour and season it is already dark, but the offices are not yet closed; every window blazes with electric lights from which the mists have filtered our of the garishness. The distinction between buildings has disappeared now; only the sky-line wavers faintly against the glare

beyond. The rest is just windows—by thousand and thousands. It all seems one enormous structure, a palace beyond human imagination for splendor and height and extent. A primitive man, magicked onto the Cortlandt Street Ferry at this hour would fall on his knees, believing that he saw the Heavenly City.

Irwin, p. 20.

From the Staten Island Ferry, Manhattan gleams like a mystic fantasy, the ideal image of a religious dream, the white fingers of the slender towers stretching in supplication towards the sky.

Conrad, p. 73.

One ship brings a group of thirty whirling dervishes to Ellis Island. Their religion forbids them to eat any food over which the shadow of an infidel had passed. To them all the cooks, waiters, and helpers on Ellis Island are infidels, so the dervishes refuse to eat.

Ellis, p. 34.

Two drunks in "May Day" stagger into the Biltmore and are sped skyward by the elevator. When they arrive at the top floor, they instruct the operator to have another story built on. One urges him "Higher," the other calls out "Heaven."

Conrad, p. 195.

Probably by 1982, transportation lines will operate hourly air ships between New York and Heaven itself.

Chase, p. 13.

Ronald Firbank was writing a novel set there at the time of his death in 1926, though he had never visited the city. His ignorance of it seemed to him a positive qualification, and he assured his publisher that New York would "be the New Jerusalem before I have done with it!"

Conrad, p. 198.

New Jersey is next door to the New Jerusalem.

Sharpe, p. 228.

An Arab entrepreneur on the Lower West Side who peddles "holy earth" from the Battery as a direct importation from Jerusalem.

Conrad, p. 69.

Heaven on Earth Bldg
near the Williamsburg Bridge

O'Hara, p. 371.

Streetlights explode into stars, and Sixth Avenue becomes galactic.

Conrad, p. 81.

23rd Street runs into heaven.

Patchen, p. 53.

The philosopher H. B. Alexander devises a thematic scheme for the buildings that interpret the setback tiers as the stages by which man remounts to godliness. The steps induct the eye through the successive phases which Alexander calls "experience, understanding, magnanimity, prophecy."

Conrad, p. 261.

The cosmological aspiration of the elevator shaft, where man's vertical strife aims to free himself from want, from subjugation to material necessity, and from ethical ignorance.

N. cit.

Climbing the staircase in Radio City Music Hall also re-enacts an ascent to paradise, which the movies have made electrically recoverable.

Conrad, p. 261.

Up close, the skyscrapers are crass and hectoring. From afar they undergo a picturesque death as bodies to be reborn as spirits: their material fabrication melted into a thing unreal.

Ibid., p. 73.

It was something which was completely new and nearly fairy-tale-like for a European in those days.

Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 106.

Pervading ill, suspended between the layers of the skin, like the distillate of ruddy smoke, is the secondary sexual sweat—public, Orphic, mammalian—a heavy incense smuggled in by night on velvet pads of musk. No one is immune, not even the Mongoloid idiot. It washed over you like the brush and passage of camisoled breasts. In a light rain it makes an invisible ethereal mud. It is of every hour, even when rabbits are boiled to a stew. It glistens in the tubes, the follicles, the papillaries. As the earth slowly wheels, the stoops and banisters turn and the children with them; in the murky haze of sultry nights all that is terrene, volupt and fatidical hums like a zither. A heavy wheel plated with fodder and feather-beds, with little sweet-oil lamps and drops of pure animal sweat. All goes round and round, creaking, wobbling, lumbering, whimpering sometimes, but round and round and round. Then, if you become very still, standing on a stoop, for instance, and carefully think no thoughts, a myopic, bestial clarity besets your vision. There is a wheel, there are spokes, and there is a hub. And in the center of the hub there is—exactly nothing. It is where the great goes, and the axle. And you are there, in the center of nothingness, sentient, fully expanded, whirring with the whir of planetary wheels. Everything becomes alive and meaningful, even yesterday's snot which clings to the door knob. Everything sags and droops, is mossed with wear and care; everything has been looked at thousands of times, rubbed and caressed by the occipital eye.

Miller, *Sexus*, pp. 535-7.

In 1908 he sets out on a hopeful religious quest in the streets, but is disappointed. He has been asked by a newspaper to provide a drawing of the head of Christ. He goes for a walk, scrutinizing "the face of each Jew I met to see some Christlike traits," searching for divinity in the crowd. He finds no one who qualifies for the role.

Conrad, p. 94.

We put out an anonymous leaflet telling people to ether at St. Marks's Place at 9 P.M., to wait for a signal from God.

Hoffman, *Autobiography*, p. 104

We bought two pounds of magnesium which we packed in coffee tins and put on the roofs around St. Mark's Place. Then we rigged the cans with delay fuses by shoving lighted cigarettes in match packs. Once

done, we raced down to the streets where people were milling around, waiting for God. All of a sudden the whole sky lit up with a huge blast of exploding magnesium.

Ibid., p. 104.

New York builds apartments even in its churches. Thus, Broadway Temple at 174th Street and Broadway is an apartment house-church or church-apartment house, whichever you please, and so is the Calvary Baptist on 57th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Josephy, pp. 224-25.

Next to the steeple of St. Mark's Church a skywriting plane traces an arabesque of smoke. Of course, the plane is far above and beyond the church, but they share the same two-dimensional space, and contest it. The elegant tapering spire is contradicted by the writhing coil of smoke. The tower is mottled and spotted by age; in contrast with its endurance, the smoke wraps itself into the shape of a spring, a device for storing energy, which is doomed to exhaustion and will, when emitted, soon evaporate. Both building and machine have proclamations to make: the age of faith here meets the age of advertising.

Conrad, pp. 167-8.

In the pre-dawn of Manhattan the doormen and night watchmen—hovering in front of their buildings, sitting on the loading docks, leaning against alley gates, wispy cigarette smoke curling from their mouths into an ink sky—could be spectral sentinels of another world.

[Timeline]

Goodman, *Secret*, p. 9.

It is impossible to measure the miraculous; comets cannot be calipered. Try to stretch a sentence so as to turn a fourth dimension, attempt to make a stubborn paragraph reflect the things you feel but cannot see. All such speculations lead to bedlam. But the subject, the city, is here, and so are the people and the times.

In a city where sphinxes occupy the information booths, where secrets of the future are sold with a cup of tea, where guides get lost, where policemen commit murders and padres put out fires, nothing, however fantastical, is beyond the reach of being.

Reisenberg, p. 97.

And, in the last hour of night, not a moonlit night, but a blue-black night clear as the road to eternity, showing nonillions of suns, mighty stars that marked the infinite directions, I am is the brain-defying question: what lies beyond the end, the final star? On such a night, cold, hard, when pavements ring and the city sleeps, I think if New York is being no more real than is the pattern overhead.

Ibid., p. 190.

Darkness to mute harsh actuality: observing the Brooklyn Bridge at dusk when the "bold outlines" of the buildings will be softened. If you adopt the right point of vantage and if the weather concurs, the headquarters of Mammon can be seen evanescing into a New Jerusalem, purging itself of cupidity, casting off solidity. The Woolworth Building, thus atmospherically gilded and pardoned, becomes a "Cathedral of Commerce," soaring "like a battlement of the paradise of a God which St. John beheld." [Commodity] [Bridge]

Conrad, p. 72.

The Lincoln Tunnel: hell with tiled walls.
Roth, p. 98.

A metropolis forever in the making,
Lindner, p. 107.

The illuminated numerals 666 appear atop 666 Fifth Ave. in 1958.
Trager, p. 620.

Lewis Mumford called New York his Walden Pond.
Miller, *Supreme*, p. 443.

To return to New York is to repossess it.
Brook, p. 16.

It is a good city to leave, for in your absence it will continue to live and breathe and grow, and, in its altered state, like a body in which most of the cells have been replaced, it will be ready for you when, as you surely will, you return.

Ibid., p. 285.

A sense of still-here pervades even the bits that are long-standing. To stand in Fairway on a Saturday afternoon, where the olive-oil tasting goes on alongside the search for monster boxes of All, or to walk through the meatpacking district, now decarcassed, where the twenty-somethings send each other—what, exactly, I don't know—billets-doux of the newer kind, is to see a world of engagement, of brief exchanges, of bumping into, something that certainly feels necessary and urgent, not indulgent and nostalgic. Every time I take a taxi home from La Guardia, I don't feel anything like nostalgia (as I must admit I do when the cab from the airport turns toward Paris) but rather wonder, relief—relief that it's still there, that I will be there soon, delivered from the netherworld of other places, my flat feet solidly on the flat ground.

Gopnik, pp. 294-5.

McKim, Mead and White instilling a sense of permanence to New York, the desire to endure.

Hawes, N. pag.

z - Apocalypse

New York replaced by another city.
Sante, "My Lost City," N. pag.

"What a ruin it will make!," H.G. Wells is reported to have said upon first seeing the skyline of Manhattan.
Sanders, *Celluloid*, p. 388

In this ruined city, there are only landmarks.
Ibid., p. 388.

New York is scenic only in an emergency.
Conrad, p. 257.

Manhattan is an accumulation of disasters that never happen.
Koolhaas, p. 27.

The city as magnificent catastrophe.
Huxtable, *Goodbye*, p. 7.

Le Corbusier: "A hundred times I have thought, New York is a catastrophe, and fifty times: it is a beautiful catastrophe."
Corbusier, p. 90.

What will be the end of this carnival? If historical precedent counts for anything, it will go on to catastrophe. But what sort of catastrophe? I hesitate to venture a prophecy... The thing simply cannot last. If it does not end by catastrophe, then it will end by becoming stale, which is to say, dull.
Mencken, *Chrestomathy*, p. 189.

The apocalypse Oldenburg imagines for New York is an appetitive luxury. The intersection of Canal Street and Broadway—which is the putative site where the atom bomb will be dropped—is a premature funeral pile of concrete. The block would be so crushingly heavy that it would subside through the pavement and crush the subway tunnels underneath. But for Oldenburg this disaster is a soft, edible expiry, a delicious molten death. He first thought of the concrete slab as a pat of butter. Its sinking through the street, foreknowing the end of New York, would be the butter's trickling and seeping into the crevices of a hot baked potato.
Conrad, p. 320.

Films in which New York City is damaged, destroyed, or otherwise devastated: *King Kong* (1933) — destroyed by a giant monster rampage; *Five* (1951) — destroyed by nuclear weapons; *When Worlds Collide* (1951) — destroyed by multiple natural disasters; *Invasion U.S.A.* (1952) — destroyed by a nuclear war; *Captive Women* (1952) — unknown cause of destruction of the city; *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (1953) — destroyed by a giant monster rampage; *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* (1956) — destroyed by an alien invasion; *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* (1959) — the city was not destroyed, but it was abandoned from a "radioactive disease"; *The Day the Sky Exploded* (1961) — destroyed by multiple natural disasters; *Fail-Safe* (1964) — destroyed by nuclear war and plane crashes; *Destroy All Monsters* (1968) — destroyed by Godzilla

and a giant monster rampage; *Planet of the Apes* (1968) – unknown cause of destruction of the city; *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970) – unknown cause of destruction of the city; *End of the World* (1977) – destroyed by multiple natural disasters; *Meteor* (1979) – destroyed by a meteor strike; *Zombi 2* (1979) – destroyed by a zombie apocalypse; *Escape from New York* (1981) – the city was partially destroyed by prison riots, but it is converted to a large prison; *Q* (1982) – destroyed by a giant monster rampage, 2019; *After the Fall of New York* (1983) – unknown cause of destruction of the city; *Ghostbusters* (1984) – parts of the city are destroyed by a giant monster known as the “Stay Pufft Marshmallow Man”; *Solar Crisis* (1990) – destroyed by a solar flare and a solar storm; *A Troll in Central Park* (1994) – parts of the city are destroyed by a tornado; *The Stand* (1994) – the city is overcome by mass anarchy and a worldwide plague before being abandoned.; *Daylight* (1996) – only the Holland Tunnel is destroyed by terrorists; *Independence Day* (1996) – destroyed by an alien invasion; *Armageddon* (1998) – destroyed by a meteor shower; *Deep Impact* (1998) – destroyed by a mega-tsunami resulting from an asteroid impact; *Godzilla* (1998) – destroyed by a giant monster rampage; *Aftershock: Earthquake in New York* (1999) – destroyed by an earthquake.

“List of Films Set in NYC,” N. pag.

Film in which New York is destroyed by an alien invasion, set in the future: *Captive Women* (1952); *Planet of the Apes* (1968) – set in 3978; *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970) – set in 3955; *Soylent Green* (1973) – set in 2022, 2019; *After the Fall of New York* (1983) – set in 2019; *The Fifth Element* (1997) – set in 2263; *Bicentennial Man* (1999) – set from 2005 to 2205.

Ibid.

All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm.

White, *Here*, p. 54.

Mass hysteria is a terrible force, yet New Yorkers seem always to escape it by some tiny margin: they sit in stalled subways without claustrophobia, they extricate themselves from panic situations by some lucky wisecrack, they meet confusion and congestion with patience and grit—a sort of perpetual muddling through. Every facility is inadequate—the hospitals and schools and playgrounds are overcrowded, the express highways are feverish, the unimproved highways and bridges are bottlenecks; there is not enough air and not enough light, and there is usually either too much heat or too little. But the city makes up for its hazards and its deficiencies by supplying its citizens with massive doses of a supplementary vitamin—the sense of belonging to something unique, cosmopolitan, mighty and unparalleled.

Ibid., p. 32.

The subtlest change is something people don't speak much about but that is in everyone's mind. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible.

Ibid., p. 54.

Nothing's worked, so let's get right to Armageddon.

McNeil, p. 256.

This is not hell, but the street.
Lorca, *Collected*, p. 123.

Tongues of flame crackle from Broadway, and the theater district is a scorching hell.
Conrad, p. 73.

To plunge into the streets is like Dante's descent into Hades.
Ibid., p. 260.

Brooklyn is a seething cauldron which fuels the war machine.
Ibid., p. 136

Futurism makes an inferno of New York.
Ibid., p. 136.

Lower Manhattan is a furnace of crimson flames, from which there is no escape. Cars, railways, ferries, all have ceased, and never a light lights the way of the distracted fugitives in the dusky confusion but the light of burning... Dust and black smoke come pouring into the street, and are presently shot with red flame.
Wells, pp. 210-1.

Utterly empty, a vast open terrain. Block after block—how many?—six? eight? a dozen?—entire blocks of the city without a building left standing. There are streets and curbing and sidewalks and light poles and nothing else. The eerie grid of a city is spread out before him, lit by the chemical yellow of the street lamps. Here and there are traces of rubble and slag. The earth looks like concrete, except that it rolls down this way... and up that way... the hills and dales of the Bronx... reduced to asphalt, concrete, and cinders ... in a ghastly yellow gloaming.

Wolfe, *Bonfire*, p. 83.

Many of the buildings appear deserted or semi-deserted. Many have stained marble facades and steps. The streets are narrow. A park...is a twisted tangle of roots and vines and misshapen trees.
Burroughs, p. 1745.

He sees smoky air, smells the gassy fumes, sees the harried thousands charging through the narrow streets.
Atkinson, p. 263.

At a corner they look up Broadway, narrow and scorched as if a fire has gutted it.
O'Connell, p. 141.

Skyscrapers shake in laughter and fall down
Mayakovsky, "Great," p. 506.

The tower of St. Paul's in lower Manhattan looks as if its vertebral column has snapped, leaving its separate levels knocking about independently of each other; the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge tilt giddily to one side; the Municipal Building seems about to teeter forward into the crevasse of a street; and the structures flanking the Telephone Building dash themselves insensible on its sides.

Conrad, p. 128.

She grips my arm, whispering, "The Plaza Hotel is gone!"
Finney, p. 141.

We dream through the saffron glow of a contaminated sunset,
fearsomely prescient in our imaginings, seeing red-beaked cormorants
and green-clawed vultures with jagged wings wheeling over a spread of
ragged ruins.

Reisenberg, p. 101.

A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese ends this
island fantasy, burns the towers, crumbles the bridges, turns the
underground passages into lethal chambers, cremates the millions. The
intimation of mortality is part of New York now: in the sound of jets
overhead, in the black headlines of the latest edition.

White, *Here*, p. 54.

Airships sail along, smashing up the city as a child will shatter
its cities of brick and card. Below, they leave ruins and blazing
conflagrations and heaped and scattered dead: men, women and children
mix together as though they are no more than Moors, or Zulus, or
Chinese.

Ibid., pp. 182-3.

In the gaps between skyscrapers, full of blazing ore,
where the steel of trains came clattering by,
an aeroplane falls with a final roar
into the fluid oozing from the sun's hurt eye.
Mayakovsky, "Great Big," p. 505.

An avaricious dragon coils round the Woolworth Building flaps its
scaly wings, while albino alligators frolic in the sewers beneath
Rector Street.

Conrad, pp. 321-322.

A pencil sketch of the Woolworth Building traces the course of the
apparently foundering skyscraper as it crumples through the air.

Ibid., p. 128.

When daybreak comes we zoom through New Jersey with the great cloud
of Metropolitan New York rising before us in the snowy distance. Dean
has a sweater wrapped around his ears to keep warm. He says we are a
band of Arabs coming to blow up New York.

Kerouac, *Road*, p. 117.

It is hard to believe the enormity of these ruins. They go on and
on, block after block, mile after mile, year after year. Some blocks
seem almost intact, with live people—but the look around the corner,
and there is no corner.

Berman, *Calling*, p. 19.

Buildings disappear overnight in the city, like black rhinos from
the African savanna. In the morning only a smoking pile of brick and
mortar is left, the skin and bones.

O'Connell, p. 299.

Upon waking, New York is startled by seeing, in huge red letters, on every blank wall, on the bare flanks of towering sky-scrappers, on the lofty stations of aeroplane lines, on bill-boards, fences, advertising-boards along suburban roads, in the Subway stations, and fluttering from strings of kites over the city, the following announcement:

THE WORLD IS TO BE DROWNED!
Save Yourselves While It Is Yet Time!
Drop Your Business: It Is of No Consequence!
Build Arks: It Is Your Only Salvation!
The Earth Is Going To Plunge into a Watery
Nebula: There Is No Escape!
Hundreds of Millions Will Be Drowned: You Have
Only a Few Months To Get Ready!

When New York recovers from its first astonishment over the extraordinary posters, it indulges in a loud laugh. New York laughs a whole day and night at the warning red letters. They are the talk of the town. People joke about them in cafés, clubs, at home, in the streets, in the offices, in the exchanges, in the street-cars, on the Elevated, in the Subways. Crowds gather on corners to watch the flapping posters aloft on the kite lines. The afternoon newspapers issue specials which are all about the coming flood, and everywhere one hears the cry of the newsboys: *"Extra-a-a! Drowning of a Thousand Million people! Predicts the End of the World!"* On their editorial pages the papers are careful to discount the scare lines, and terrific pictures, that cover the front sheets, with humorous jibes at the author of the formidable prediction.

Serviss, p. 18.

It begins with the skeleton tower itself, which has only once or twice been exceeded in height by the famous structures of the era of skyscrapers. In some places the granite skin is in situ, but almost everywhere it has been stripped off, probably by the tremendous waves which sweep over it as the flood attains its first thousand feet of elevation. There are no living forms, except a few curiously shaped phosphorescent creatures of no great size, which scurry away out of the beam of the search-light. There is no trace of the millions of beings who have been swallowed up in this vast grave. The soil of Madison Square has evidently been washed away, for no signs of the trees which have once shaded it are seen, and a reddish ooze has begun to collect upon the exposed rocks. All around are the shattered ruins of other great buildings, some, like the Metropolitan tower, retain their steel skeletons, while others tumble down, lying half-buried in the ooze.

Finding nothing of great interest in this neighborhood they turn the course of the bell northward, passing everywhere over interminable ruins, and as soon as they begin to skirt the ridge of Morningside Heights, the huge form of the cathedral of St. John falls within the circle of projected light. It is unroofed, and some of the walls have fallen, but some of the immense arches retain their upright position. Here, for the first time, they encounter the real giants of the submarine depths. One creature, which seems to be the unresisted master of this kingdom of phosphorescent life, appears to have exceeded in strangeness the utmost descriptive powers of all those who look upon it, for their written accounts are filled with jaculations, and are more or less inconsistent with one another. The reader gathers from

them, however, the general impression that it makes upon their astonished minds.

Avoiding the neighborhood of the cathedral, they steer the bell down the former course of the Hudson, but afterward venture once more over the drowned city until they arrive at the site of the great station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which they find completely unroofed. They sink the bell into the vast space where the tunnels enter from underneath the old river bed, and again they have a startling experience. Something huge, elongated, spotted, and provided with expanding claw-like limbs, slowly withdraws as their light streams upon the reddish ooze covering the great station floor. This nondescript animal retreats backward into the mouth of a tunnel. They endeavor, cautiously, to follow it, turning a magnifying window in its direction, and obtain a startling view of its glaring eyes, but the creature hastens its retreat, and the last glimpse they have is of a grotesque head, which throws out piercing rays of green fire as it passes deeper into the tunnel.

They are terror-stricken now, and pushing the propellers to their utmost, they flee toward the site of the Metropolitan Tower. On their way, although for a time they pass over the course of the East River, they see no signs of the great bridges except the partly demolished but yet beautiful towers of the oldest of them, which had been constructed of heavy granite blocks.

Ibid., pp. 369-70.

The actual drowning of New York cannot happen until the Hudson and the East River should become so swollen that the water will stand above the level of the highest buildings, and turn the whole region round about, as far as the Orange hills, the Ramapo Mountains, the Highlands, and the Housatonic hills, into an inland sea.

Ibid., p. 116.

In this unearthly light, many tall structures of the metropolis, which had as yet escaped the effects of undermining by the rushing torrents in the streets, tower dimly toward the sky, shedding streams of water from every cornice. Most of the buildings of only six or eight stories have already been submerged, with the exception of those that stand on the high grounds in the upper part of the island, and about Spuyten Duyvil.

In the towers and upper stories of the lofty buildings still standing in the hecrowds of unfortunates assemble, gazing with horror at the spectacles around them, and wringing their hands in helpless despair. When the light brightens they can see below them the angry water, creeping every instant closer to their places of refuge, beaten into foam by the terrible downpour, and sometimes, moved by a mysterious impulse, rising in sweeping waves which threaten to carry everything before them. Every few minutes one of the great structures sways, cracks, crumbles, and goes down into the seething flood, the cries of the lost souls being swallowed up in the thunder of the fall. And when this occurs within sight of neighboring towers yet intact, men and women can be seen, some with children in their arms, madly throwing themselves from windows and ledges, seeking quick death now that hope is no more!

Strange and terrible scenes are enacted in the neighborhood of what had been the water-fronts. Most of the vessels moored there have been virtually wrecked by the earlier invasion of the sea. Some have been driven upon the shore, others have careened and been swamped at their wharves. But a few have succeeded in cutting loose in time to get

fairly afloat. Some try to go out to sea, but are wrecked by running against obstacles, or by being swept over the Jersey flats. Some meet their end by crashing into the submerged pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. Others steer up the course of the Hudson River, which has become a narrow sea, filled with floating and tossing debris of every sort, and all landmarks being invisible, the luckless navigators lose their way, and perish, either through collisions with other vessels, or by driving upon a rocky shore.

The fate of the gigantic building containing the offices of the municipal government, which stand near the ancient City Hall, and which have been the culminating achievement of the famous epoch of "skyscrapers," is a thing so singular, and at the same time dramatic, that in a narrative dealing with less extraordinary events than we are obliged to record, it would appear altogether incredible. With its twoscore lofty stories, and its massive base, this wonderful structure rises above the lower quarter of the city, and dominates it, like a veritable Tower of Babel, made to defy the flood. Many thousands of people evidently regard it in that very light, and they have fled from all quarters, as soon as the great downpour begins, to find refuge within its mountainous flanks. There are men—clerks, merchants, brokers from the downtown offices—and women and children from neighboring tenements.

Ibid., pp. 133-4.

In the middle of the night, at New York, hundreds of thousands simultaneously awake with a feeling of suffocation.

They struggle for breath as if they have suddenly been plunged into a steam bath.

The air is hot, heavy, and terribly oppressive.

The throwing open of windows brings no relief. The outer air is as stifling as that within.

It is so dark that, on looking out, one cannot see his own doorsteps. The arc-lamps in the street flicker with an ineffective blue gleam which sheds no illumination round about.

House lights, when turned on, look like tiny candles inclosed in thick blue globes.

Frightened men and women stumble around in the gloom of their chambers trying to dress themselves.

Cries and exclamations ring from room to room; children wail; hysterical mothers run wildly hither and thither, seeking their little ones. Many faint, partly through terror and partly from the difficulty of breathing. Sick persons, seized with a terrible oppression of the chest, gasping, never rising from their beds.

At every window, and in every doorway, throughout the vast city, invisible heads and forms are crowded, making their presence known by their voices—distracted householders strive to peer through the strange darkness, and to find out the cause of these terrifying phenomena.

Some manage to get a faint glimpse of their watches by holding them close against lamps, and thus note the time. It is two o'clock in the morning.

Neighbors, unseen, call to one another, but get little comfort from the replies.

Ibid., pp. 57-8.

Just at the time when the waters have mounted to the eighteenth story of the beleaguered Municipal Building, a sudden change occurs in these currents. They sweep westward with resistless force, and the *Uncle Sam* is carried directly over the drowned city. First she

encounters the cables of the Manhattan Bridge, strikes them near the western tower, and, swinging round, wrenches the tower itself from its foundations and hurls it beneath the waters.

Then she rushes on, riding with the turbid flood high above the buried roofs, finding no other obstruction in her way until she approaches the Municipal Building, which is stoutly resisting the push of the waves.

Those who are near the windows and on the balconies, on the eastern side of the building, see the great battleship coming out of the gray gloom like some diluvian monster, and before they can comprehend what it is, it crashes, prow on, into the steel-ribbed walls, driving them in as if they had been the armored sides of an enemy. So tremendous is the momentum of the striking mass that the huge vessel passes, like a projectile, through walls and floors and partitions. But as she emerges in the central court the whole vast structure comes thundering down upon her, and ship and building together sink beneath the boiling waves. But out of the awful tangle of steel girders, that whips the air and the water as if some terrible spidery life yet clings to them, by one of those miracles of chance which defy all the laws of probability and reason, a small boat of levium, that belongs to the *Uncle Sam*, is cast forth, and floats away, half submerged but unsinkable; and clinging to its thwart, struggles for breath, insane with terror, are two men, the sole survivors of all those thousands.

Ibid., pp 204-5.

Night is now beginning once more to drop an obscuring curtain over the scene, and under that curtain the last throes of drowning New York are hidden. When the sun again faintly illuminates the western hemisphere, the whole Atlantic seaboard is buried under the sea.

Ibid., p. 141.

As the light becomes stronger, he says, "Steer toward New York. I wish to see if the last of the tall buildings on the upper heights have gone under."

Ibid., p. 143.

Where New York had stood nothing is visible but an expanse of turbid and rushing water.

Ibid., p. 144..

A tremendous bolt, which seems to have entered the Pennsylvania tunnel on the Jersey side, follows the rails under the river, throwing two trains from the track, and, emerging in the great station in the heexpands into a rose-colored sphere, which explodes with an awful report, and blows the great roof to pieces. And yet, although the fragments are scattered a dozen blocks away, hundreds of persons who are in the stations suffer no other injury than such as resulted from being flung violently to the floor, or against the walls.

Ibid., p. 45.

Others make their way to the roofs, persuaded that the flood is already inundating the basements and the lower stories of their dwellings.

Ibid., p. 62.

Alarm deepens into terror when the time for the tide to ebb arrives and there is no ebbing. On the contrary, the water continues to rise. The government observer at the Highlands telephones that Sandy Hook is

submerged. Soon it is known that Coney Island, Rockaway, and all the seaside places along the south shore of Long Island are under water. The mighty current pours in through the Narrows with the velocity of a mill-race. The Hudson, set backward on its course, rushes northward with a raging bore at its head that swells higher until it licks the feet of the rock chimneys of the Palisades.

Ibid., p. 67.

Out over the incredible mausoleum of civilization they peer. Now and again they fortify their vision by recourse to the telescope. Nowhere, as he says, is any slightest sign of life to be discerned. Nowhere a thread of smoke rises; nowhere a sound echoes upward. Dead lies the city, between its rivers, whereon now no sail glints in the sunlight, no tug puffs vehemently with plummy jets of steam, no liner idles at anchor or noses its slow course out to sea. The Jersey shore, the Palisades, the Bronx and Long Island all lay buried in dense forests of conifers and oak, with only here and there some skeleton mockery of a steel structure jutting through. The islands in the harbor, too, are thickly overgrown. On Ellis, no sign of the immigrant station remains. Castle William is quite gone. And with a gasp of dismay and pain, she points out the fact that no longer Liberty holds her bronze torch aloft. Save for a black, misshapen mass protruding through the tree-tops, the huge gift of France is no more. Fringing the water-front, all the way round, the mournful remains of the docks and piers lie in a mere sodden jumble of decay, with an occasional hulk sunk alongside. Even over these wrecks of liners, vegetation is growing rank and green. All the wooden ships, barges and schooners have utterly vanished... The sun, declining, shoots a broad glory all across the sky. Purple and gold and crimson lie the light-bands over the breast of the Hudson. Dark blue the shadows stream across the ruined city with its crowding forests, its blank-staring windows and sagging walls, its thousands of gaping vacancies, where wood and stone and brick have crumbled down—the city where once the tides of human life had ebbed and flowed, roaring restlessly. High overhead drifts a few rosy clouds, part of that changeless nature which alone does not repel or mystify these two beleaguered waifs, these chance survivors, this man, this woman, left alone together by the hand of fate.

England, p. 19.

People who expected at any moment to feel the water pitilessly rising about them look out of their windows, and are astonished to see only tiny rivulets which are already shriveling out of sight in the gutters. In a few minutes there is no running water left, although the dampness on the walls and walks show how great the humidity of the air has been.

Serviss, p 63.

"The Titanic was unsinkable—yet she went down; our skyscrapers are unburnable—yet we shall have a skyscraper disaster that will stagger humanity."—Alfred Ludwig, NYC Chief Buildings Inspector, 1911.

Glanz, pp. 129-30.

For the first time in its history, it could not be seen; it could not be heard; it made no sign. As far as any outward indication of its existence was concerned the mighty capital had ceased to be.

Ibid., p. 60.

That's how all New York anecdotes seem to end: "It was a nightmare."

Klosterman, p. 39.

Postscript

It is a miracle that New York works at all. The whole thing is implausible. Every time the residents brush their teeth, millions of gallons of water must be drawn from the Catskills and the hills of Westchester. When a young man in Manhattan writes a letter to his girl in Brooklyn, the love message gets blown to her through a pneumatic tube—pfft—just like that. The subterranean system of telephone cables, power lines, steam pipes, gas mains and sewer pipes is reason enough to abandon the island to the gods and the weevils. Every time an incision is made in the pavement, the noisy surgeons expose ganglia that are tangled beyond belief. By rights New York should have destroyed itself long ago, from panic or fire or rioting or failure of some vital supply line in its circulatory system or from some deep labyrinthine short circuit. Long ago the city should have experienced an insoluble traffic snarl at some impossible bottleneck. It should have perished of hunger when food lines failed for a few days. It should have been wiped out by a plague starting in its slums or carried in by ships' rats. It should have been overwhelmed by the sea that licks at it on every side. The workers in its myriad cells should have succumbed to nerves, from the fearful pall of smoke-fog that drifts over every few days from Jersey, blotting out all light at noon and leaving the high offices suspended, men groping and depressed, and the sense of world's end. It should have been touched in the head by the August heat and gone off its rocker.

White, *Here is New York*, p. 31.

THEORY

I look to theory when I realize that somebody has dedicated their entire life to a question I have only fleetingly considered.

I used to be an artist; then I became a poet; then a writer. Now when asked, I simply refer to myself as a word processor.

Writing should be as effortless as washing the dishes -- and as interesting.

Hunter S. Thompson retyped Hemingway & Fitzgerald novels. He said, "I just want to know what it feels like to write these words."

Obama regularly copies his speechwriter's work out in longhand on legal pads in pencil: "It helps organize my thoughts."

If you're not making art with the intention of having it copied, you're not really making art for the twenty-first century.

From producer to reproducer.

The internet is destroying literature (and it's a good thing).

"Plagiarism is necessary," Lautréamont insisted. "Progress implies it."

Authenticity is another form of artifice.

It is possible to be both inauthentic and sincere.

The moment you stand up in front of people, you are no longer authentic.

The telling of a true story is an unnatural act.

My writing is political writing; it just prefers to use someone else's politics.

I always had mixed feelings about being considered a poet. If Robert Lowell was a poet, I don't want to be a poet. If Robert Frost was a poet, I don't want to be a poet. If Socrates was a poet, I'll consider it.

Art dealer to Captain Beefheart: "You'll never be respected as an artist -- you'll always be a musician that paints. If you really want to be a painter, you have to stop doing music." Not long after, Captain Beefheart began referring to himself as a painter named Don Van Vliet.

A child could do what I do, but wouldn't dare to for fear of being called stupid.

Futurism made flesh, Barry Bonds is a lovechild of William S. Burroughs ("We ourselves are machines") and Andy Warhol ("I want to be a machine").

Reporter: How do you feel when you are greeted by a resounding chorus of boos when you step on the field?

Barry Bonds: I turn it into a symphony.

Gravitas is obsolete.

Boring & long-winded writings encourage a kind of effortless nonunderstanding, a language in which reading itself seems perfectly redundant.

"The internet is of no relevance at all to writing fiction, which expresses verities only found through observation & introspection," said Will Self.

Jonathan Franzen famously wrote portions of *The Corrections* wearing blinders and earplugs to reduce disruptions.

Jonathan Franzen is America's greatest novelist. . . of the 1950s.

The new memoir is our browser history.

Writers are becoming curators of language, a move similar to the emergence of the curator as artist in the visual arts.

Sampling and citation are but boutique forms of appropriation.

Remixing is often mistaken for appropriation.

Our poetry has eerily begun to resemble data trails.

Poetry is an evacuated and orphaned space, begging to be repurposed.
The new poetry will look nothing like the old.

The internet is the greatest poem ever written, unreadable mostly because of its size.

An article in *China Daily* refers to a young worker who copied a dozen novels, signed his name, and published a collection of "his works."

Alphanumeric code, indistinguishable from writing, is the medium by which the internet has solidified its grip on literature.

Richard Prince recently took America's most valuable literary property, *The Catcher in the Rye*, and made drop-dead facsimiles of the first edition. Everywhere Salinger's name appeared, Prince substituted his. He sells a signed copy bearing the signature of "Richard Prince" for whatever Salinger's signed first edition is going for that day.

Contemporary writing is the evacuation of content.

The future of writing is the managing of emptiness.

The future of writing is pointing.

The future of writing is not writing.

The future of reading is not reading.

The human entity formerly known as "the reader."

John Cage and Morton Feldman in 1967. Feldman was complaining about being at the beach, annoyed by transistor radios "blaring out rock and roll," and Cage responded, "You know how I adjusted to that problem of the radio in the environment? Very much as the primitive people adjusted to the animals which frightened them, and which, probably as you say, were intrusions. They drew pictures of them on their caves. And so I simply made a piece using radios. Now whenever I hear radios - even a single one, not just twelve at a time, as you must have heard on the beach -- I think, well, they're just playing my piece."

Andy Warhol said, "My style was always to spread out, anyway, rather than move up. To me, the ladder of success was much more sideways than vertical."

Stasis is the new movement.

The writers' desk is beginning to resemble a laboratory or small business office rather than the contemplative study it once was.

A good poem is very boring. In a perfect world all sentences would have an overall sameness.

Start copying what you love. Copying, copying, copying. And at the end of the copy, you will find yourself.

On copying: It's not a bug. It's a feature.

Bob Dylan on appropriation: wussies & pussies complain about it.

The regulation of intellectual property is a euphemized form of corporate control -- and a futile one at that.

They spoke of the idea that in China, additional books are written and inserted into extant canons. There are ten Harry Potter books in the Chinese series as opposed to the seven penned by J.K. Rowling.

Individual creativity is a dogma of contemporary soft capitalism,
rather than the domain of non-conformist artists: fiction is
everywhere.

Toward the end of his life, Alexander Trocchi rewrote his early manuscripts in longhand and sold them to collectors as originals.

Ted Berrigan stole books by famous authors and forged their autographs. He then sold them back to the dealers he stole them from at greatly increased prices.

We don't need the new sentence. The old sentence reframed is good enough.

Today's plagiarism and copyright battles are to the 21st century what the obscenity trials were to the 20th.

At Tony Oursler's retrospective at the Williams College Museum of Art, upstairs, buried deep within the galleries, the artist had set up a microphone into which anyone could step up and speak. What they said would be broadcast into the entrance atrium of the museum. There were no restrictions on what you could say, only a small note reminding the speaker to be sensitive of others and a gentle suggestion to refrain from swearing. When it was my turn, I said in my clearest and most radio-like voice, "May I have your attention. May I have your attention. The museum is now closing. Please make your way to the exit. Thank you for visiting." Although it was hours away from closing time, I repeated the announcement again and saw in the video monitor that was provided, people streaming toward the exit. Again, I made my announcement. At once, a frantic, elderly guard came running up to me, grabbed my arm and said, "You're not allowed to say that!" When I told him that there was nothing prohibiting me from saying it, he again told me that I wasn't allowed. "Why?" I asked. "Because it's not true," he replied. "You must stop saying that right now." Of course I repeated my announcement once again. This poor man was really struggling with what to do with me. He knew that while I wasn't breaking any real laws, by questioning the institution's authority I was breaking an unwritten social contract.

There are no 'correct' readings. Only reproductions and possibilities.

Q: Why do you think practices of appropriation are much less acceptable to people in terms of the written word? Why is it a much bigger deal to plagiarize writing?

Jonathan Lethem: Literary criticism is too closely intertwined with newspaper journalism. So whereas other fields of art reception are successfully partitioned from the ethos of journalists, book reviewers are usually newspapermen who fancy themselves book reviewers. The field of book reviewing so totally overwhelms academic literary criticism in terms of influence, and journalists are of course obsessed with journalistic notions of plagiarism, sources, and inaccuracy. These standards migrate far too much in the realm of literary writing.

The problem isn't piracy. The problem is obscurity.

Being well-enough known to be pirated is a crowning achievement. Most artists want first and foremost to be loved and secondly to make history; money is a distant third.

Information is like a bank. Our job is to rob that bank.

I find the idea of recycling language to be politically and ecologically sustainable, one which promotes reuse and reconditioning as opposed to the manufacture and consumption of the new. It's an attitude that counteracts rampant global capitalist consumption by admitting that language is not able to be owned or possessed -- that it is a shared resource. So in this way, these ideas are more ideologically in line with marxist thought than anything else. Also, because of the sheer volume of language -- an ecosystem yielding limitless resources -- there's never a chance of scarcity; it's a landscape of abundance. Yet -- and this is where it gets interesting -- conceptual writing's obsession with the latest technology, the hoarding of language, its celebration of baroque excess and so forth, aligns it with often nefarious global capitalist tendencies. In addition, there's an imperialistic aspect of the movement; in terms of its internationalism, it's the first worldwide poetry movement since concrete poetry since both are predicated upon transnational uses of language (concrete poetry being visual, conceptual being unreadable). As a result, the movement is spreading rapidly around the globe, threatening to take on characteristics of a huge multinational monsters. All of these contradictions, I feel, are part of the discourse of conceptualism, which is an ideologically fluid movement embracing impurity and guilty pleasures, shunning received notions of purity, authenticity, or absolute claims of truth.

I'm not really a poet, but poetry was the only field open enough to accept my ideas, so I became a poet by default.

The poet as anti-hero.

Soliloquy was a book of every word I spoke for a week, from the moment I woke up on a Monday morning until the moment I went to sleep Sunday night. It was horrible, turning out to be 600 pages of gossip and pettiness. I lost many friends as a result. While some forgave me, many still will not speak to me some two decades later.

Listening to music has become literary, requiring typing and sorting;
we select what we hear based on keywords.

We skim, parse, bookmark, copy, paste, forward, share, and spam.
Reading is the last thing we do with language.

We spend much more time acquiring, cataloging and archiving our artifacts these days than we do actually engaging with them. The ways in which culture is distributed and archived has become profoundly more intriguing than the cultural artifact itself. As a result, we've experienced an inversion of consumption, preferring the bottles to the wine.

Interest has shifted from the object to the information.

People insist upon self-expression. I really am opposed to it. I don't think people should express themselves in that kind of way.

Shortly before he died, we were invited to dinner at Merce Cunningham's loft on Sixth Avenue. Upon entering, we were astonished to see numerous priceless works of art lining the walls. When we inquired "Is that...?" we were unceremoniously cut off and told that everything here is what you think it is. There were works by Johns, Rauschenberg, and even a little Duchamp *Czech Check* framed in a 70s plexiglass frame close the floor, covered in cooking grease, dust and cat piss. Over many valuable works of art were leaky skylights. During dinner we asked Merce what would happen if one of these works were damaged. He smiled and said, "But of course our friends would just make us another."

If you do something wrong for long enough people will eventually think of it as right.

Art is a license to do things wrong. The rest of the world tries to get it right. We revel in doing it wrong, not knowing, breaking things.

The necessity of bad transcription: working to make sure that the pages in the book matched the way the high-school typist had transcribed them, right down to the last spelling mistake. I wanted to do a "bad book," just the way I'd done "bad movies" and "bad art," because when you do something exactly wrong, you always turn up something, said Andy Warhol.

Exactly wrong.

The act of moving information from one place to another constitutes a significant cultural act in and of itself. Some of us call this poetry.

Toward a disengaged poetics: writing books without the need to have any relationship with the subject that we're writing about.

Paint-by-numbers writing: filling in the blanks.

Leaving the White House after the reading, Joe Reinstein, the deputy social security to the president, slung his arm around me, smiled, and said, "Well, we got the avant-garde into the White House."

Our writings are now identical to those which already exist. The only thing we do is claim them as our own. With that simple gesture, they become brand new.

I am a dumb writer, perhaps one of the dumbest that's ever lived. Whenever I have an idea, I question myself whether it is sufficiently dumb. I ask myself, is it possible that this, in any way, could be considered smart? If the answer is no, I proceed. I don't write anything new or original. I copy pre-existing texts and move information from one place to another.

Quantity, not quality. With larger numbers of things, judgment decreases & curiosity increases.

Words now function less for people than for expediting the interaction and concatenation of machines.

In China after I had finished giving a lengthy talk about appropriation, plagiarism, and writing in the digital age, an elderly woman in the audience raised her hand and asked, "But Professor Goldsmith. You didn't discuss your relationship to Longfellow."

Translation is the ultimate humanist gesture. Polite and reasonable, it is an overly cautious bridge builder. Always asking for permission, it begs understanding and friendship. It is optimistic yet provisional, pinning all hopes on a harmonious outcome. In the end, it always fails, for the discourse it sets forth is inevitably off-register; translation is an approximation of discourse.

Displacement is rude and insistent, an unwashed party crasher: uninvited and poorly behaved, refusing to leave. Displacement revels in disjunction, imposing its meaning, agenda, and mores on whatever situation it encounters. Not wishing to placate, it is uncompromising, knowing full well that through stubborn insistence, it will ultimately prevail. Displacement has all the time in the world. Beyond morals, self-appointed, and taking possession because it must, displacement acts simply -- and simply acts.

Unfortunately creative writing is very much alive. I'm doing my best to kill it.

Choice is authorship. Legitimate authorship.

The beauty of misfiling.

There is no museum or bookstore in the world better than our local
Staples.

As Vanessa Place recently commented on the reported death of conceptual writing, "You know that it's on when it's declared over."

A new ecstasy of language has emerged, one of algorithmic rationality and machine worship; one intent on flattening difference: meaning and nonsense, code and poetry, ethics and morality, the necessary and the frivolous. Literature is now approaching the zero degree of blunt expediency -- a thrilling, almost Darwinian opportunism in action. Writing it appears, at this scale at least, is dead.

If I look at a Coca Cola bottle and then look at another Coca Cola bottle, I want to forget the first Coca Cola bottle in order to see the second Coca Cola bottle as being original. And it is original because it's in a different position in space and time. And light is shining on it differently so that no two Coca Cola bottles are the same.

Easy is the new difficult. It is difficult to be difficult, but it is even more difficult to be easy.

The reconception of art as networked power, not content, is the true death of the author.

At this point in time, it's hard to verify authenticity, singularity, or proper sources for anything. Instead, in our digital world all forms of culture have assumed the characteristics of dance music and versioning, where so many hands have touched and refined these products that we no longer know, nor care, who the author is -- or was.

At the Iowa Writer's Workshop recently, they were experiencing a crisis. The remoteness of the location traditionally offered the writer two choices: either look into thy heart or look to nature. But once they had the internet, they began looking into the screen, thereby able to escape the confines of their binaries.

Contemporary writing requires the expertise of a secretary crossed with the attitude of a pirate.

The idea of celebrities adopting art strategies. They are so bored with their "creative" acts that they're ready to be uncreative.

The recent durational performance pieces by Jay-Z, Tilda Swinton, and The National are making boring mainstream. Soon, we'll have to find another line of work.

Earlier this year I encouraged Shia LaBeouf to declare his retirement from public life and #stopcreating. It's true.

I had never heard of Shia LaBeouf until the he started quoting the me extensively on the web, claiming my words as his own, naming me as his collaborator.

Normally when these kind of scandals break what we see is a James Frey -- going out and apologizing; he's shamed and everybody's shamed. LaBeouf plagiarized and instead of apologizing, he decided to tap into the vast body of strategies around free culture that have been developed really over the last hundred years, and used that as a defense instead of a typical apology.

Today, we face what I will call the LaBeoufian moment: the limiting point at which all art based on questioning authorship is pointless.

In which Shia LaBeouf blames me for his breakdown. "I took [Clowes's] work and tried to adapt it into a film out of insecurity, a fear of my own ideas. I thought, 'Well, I have a right to do it because this postmodernist, Kenneth Goldsmith's idea of uncreative writing says so.'" I ran with that and found that it put me in a fucking corner."

But what must it become? What is art post-LaBeouf?

Just before the reading at the White House, Obama passed through the Green Room where we were sitting. He stopped, looked at us, pointed a finger and said smilingly, "You guys behave." Suddenly, the voice of god boomed, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States." As he was about to take the stage, he turned heel, popped his head back into the room, stared at us, and said, "No. You guys are artists. Misbehave."

Nam June Paik said once that the internet is for everybody who doesn't live in New York City.

I always joke with my students that poetry couldn't possibly be as hard as they think it is, because if it were as hard as they thought it was, poets wouldn't do it. Really, they're the laziest, stupidest people I know. They became poets in part because they were demoted to that job, right? You should never tell your students to write what they know because, of course, they know nothing: they're poets! If they knew something, they'd be in that discipline actually doing it: they'd be in history or physics or math or business or whatever it is where they could excel, said Christian Bök.

Getting it wrong is a privilege that happens only after you get it right.

There is freedom on the margins. We've become interested in practices that exist on the edges of culture where there is little light, those which revel in the unpoliced freedom of what's permitted to happen in the shadows, where few people bother to look. Why would artists rush to the hot white center?

Auto-tune your next book of poems.

Two back-to-back readings. The first in Chicago. Met at the airport by limousine which drives me to a glamorous and crowded art venue where no one listens; chauffeured back to airport, all in one day. Superb pay. The next night, a reading at a tiny bar in the East Village. Took the subway there, ten engaged people in the audience. No pay. Turns out to be the best reading I've ever done.

Overwhelmed by so many requests to blurb books, I began a system of conceptual blurbing. I say to an author, write or steal the blurb of your dreams and sign my name to it. I don't wish to see it until I receive the book. That way, I can be surprised just like anyone else by what I've "written."

Love art. Hate the art world.

The art world is cleaved between the market and the academy. A third way: become your own self-invented institution.

When the art world can produce something as compelling as Twitter,
we'll start paying attention to it again.

The gallery and museum world feels too slow, out of touch with the rest of culture, like an antiques market: highly priced, unique objects at a time when value is in the multiple, the many, the distributed, the democratic. In this way, the art world is quickly making itself irrelevant. Soon, no one will care.

To construct a career based on the ephemerality of the meme is at once thrilling and terrifying.

What if the poetic has left the poem in the same way that Elvis has left the building? Long after the limo pulled away, the audience was still in the arena, screaming for more, but poetry escaped out the back door and onto the internet, where it is taking on new forms that look nothing like poetry. Poetry as we know it -- the penning of sonnets or free verse on a printed page -- feels more akin to the practice of throwing pottery or weaving quilts, artisanal activities that continue in spite of their marginality and cultural irrelevance. Instead, meme culture is producing more extreme forms of modernism than modernism ever dreamed of.

Artists may be crazy or terribly uninformed about their practices, but they are never wrong.

When artists become accountable for ethics in their practice, they fall under the same scrutiny -- and are held to the same moral standards -- as politicians and bankers, a regrettable situation.

If I raised my kids the way I write my books, I'd have been thrown in jail long ago.

The moral weightlessness of art.

In the digital age, how odd that many prefer to still act like original geniuses instead of unoriginal geniuses.

Before going on the show, Stephen Colbert stopped into the green room to chat. His mother had recently passed away, and the night before, he went on the air and became so overwhelmed with emotion, that he couldn't speak. So he just sat there in complete silence for what seemed like an eternity. When I mentioned how moving and how unusual his use of silence was, he stated how important it was to employ dead air in media. He recalled hearing an innovative radio show when he was child that aired a full hour of dead silence, most likely as a prank. But it changed his life, he claimed, and he became dedicated to using silence in mainstream media. He then told me how much he enjoyed my book and the uncreative writing that was used to construct it. He paused for a moment, cocked his head, and said, referring to himself, "But that guy out there on the set is going to hate it."

Short attention span is the new silence.

Every word I say is stupid and false. All in all, I am a pseudo, said
Marcel Duchamp

Beckett in 1984 on Duchamp's readymades: "A writer could not do that."

I recently was in a public conversation with my dear friend Christian Bök. If I am the dumbest poet that's ever lived, then Christian is the smartest. His projects are very complicated, taking years to complete. During our talk, Christian went on at length about a project he's been working on for the past decade, one which involved basically giving himself a PhD in genetics. In order to compose two little poems, he had to learn to write computer programs which went through something like eight million combinations of possible letters before hitting on the right ones. And then he injected these poems into a strand of DNA, which was ultimately designed to outlive the extinguishing of the sun. The whole thing involves working with laboratories and has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Christian is super-articulate -- really more like a robot than a person -- and had the audience's head spinning. When it came my turn to speak, all I could muster was: "...and I transcribe traffic reports."

There's nothing that cannot be called "writing" no matter how much it might not look like "writing."

No matter how many times you say something, there's always someone hearing it for the first time.

What would a non-expressive poetry look like? A poetry of intellect rather than emotion?

All text is used, soiled, and worn. All language presenting itself as new is recycled. No word is virginal; no word is innocent.

Expressive, but not expressionistic.

Bertolt Brecht said, "I wish that they would graft an additional device onto the radio -- one that would make it possible to record and archive for all time, everything that can be communicated by radio. Later generations would then have the chance of seeing with amazement how an entire population -- by making it possible to say what they had to say to the whole world -- simultaneously made it possible for the whole world to see that they had absolutely nothing to say."

Any newspaper today is a collective work of art, a daily book of industrial man, an Arabian Night's entertainment in which a thousand and one astonishing tales are being told by an anonymous narrator to an equally anonymous audience, said Marshall McLuhan over a half-century ago.

My muse is the fluorescent tube. It is cold and affectless; it is unflattering and functional; it is bland and neutral; it flattens all it touches; it is harsh, ugly, and unflattering; it is industrial and efficient; it is cheap and economical; it is ubiquitous, universal, and global; it is amoral; it has no agenda; it is past and it is present.

Like morality, politics seems an unavoidable condition when engaging in the reframing of language and discourse.

I was on the air on the morning after Obama was elected in 2008, from 9am to noon. I played Parliament's 1976 five-minute long "Chocolate City" over and over again for an entire three hours without interruption.

Innovate only as a last resort.

In the digital world, the noun is obsolete. The noun is a relic of a predigital time when, if something could sit still for long enough, it would be granted taxonomical status: an apple wasn't an Apple, it was an apple. Digitally, nouns are often metaphors: a desktop is not a desktop; a folder is not a folder; a cloud is not a cloud; spam is not Spam. Nor are they stable. A page used to live on a shelf bound between covers. Today, that page is restless, morphing from one state to another: it is scanned, which is then inserted into a MS Word document, which is then PDF'd, which is then uploaded to file-sharing, which is then placed on mirrored servers, which is then downloaded, archived, or read -- sometimes printed out on paper, other times on an electronic platforms. That same file is shared, sold, bootlegged, and resold as faceless commodities, or ultimately stockpiled as click-bait. What do we call this artifact? I think we can only call it a verb. Since we can no longer name the product (noun), we can only articulate the process (verb). In a time of radical dematerialization, the verb does twice the work: text is both noun (text) and verb (to text). The noun is like a photograph and the verb is like a film; one is static, while the other able to capture the dynamism of today's cultural artifacts.

I love the idea of the cloud, but I hate the reality of it. The reality of it is nothing like what's been promised to us. Trusting the cloud is a mistake: it's too centralized, too easily blocked, too easily controlled. And it's privatized, owned, and administrated by someone other than you. There there's the issue of politics. When I recently attended a conference in China, many of the presenters left their papers on the cloud -- Google Docs, to be specific. You know how this story ends: they got to China and there was no Google. Shit out of luck. Their cloud-based Gmail was also unavailable, as were the cloud lockers on which they had stored their rich media presentations. Don't trust the cloud. Use it, enjoy it, exploit it, but don't believe in it.

Writers try too hard to express themselves. We're working with loaded material. How can language -- any language -- be anything but expressive?

In a time when cultural materials are abundantly available on our networks, there is no turning back. Appropriation and plagiarism are here to stay. Our job is to do it smarter.

Choosing to be a poet is like choosing to have cancer. Why would anyone ever choose to be a poet?

I had gotten in the door when no one was looking. I was in there now and, there was nothing anybody from then on could do ever about it, said Bob Dylan.

INTERVIEWER: In an interview with Michael Palmer, he testifies that he prefers writing by hand over typing because the former is more intimate physical experience. How do you feel about doing everything by computer?

GOLDSMITH: I honestly think Palmer's statement is the most idiotic thing I've ever heard. He must be living in a cave.

Writing on an electronic platform is not only writing, but also doubles as archiving; the two processes are inseparable.

Against improvisation.

Writing without failure.

Against expression.

If the machine is built well, the resultant texts will sparkle.

Linearity is prescriptive; lineage is subjective.

After giving a reading in Los Angeles, another reader on the bill came up to me and exclaimed, "But you didn't write a word you spoke tonight!" It was true.

The author's biography, the back jacket copy, the publisher's list, the acknowledgments, the dedications, and the Library of Congress information -- are all more interesting than the part of the book that's supposed to be read.

Somehow during Christmastime in a small house crammed with extended family, reading the Sunday paper is acceptable, but reading a book is considered antisocial and rude. Many times I've been asked while reading, "Is everything alright?"

We have houses in America that are bereft of books, an appealing idea, if one assumes that all culture has migrated to the web and one need nothing more than a laptop to access everything that used to clutter up a living space. Yet most empty houses are just that: enormous echoey spaces where the main feature is an oversized television set surrounded by oversized furniture, inhabited by generally oversized people. Books were never removed because books never existed.

Driving down a Los Angeles boulevard, a billboard was legible from a half-mile away. It said one or two words. In Los Angeles, people are used to reading single words, very large at far distances, and passing by them very quickly. It's totally the opposite in New York where we get our information by reading a newspaper over somebody's shoulder in the subway.

Pointing at the best information trumps creating the best information.

Pre-loading -- constructing a flawless writing machine before the writing starts -- alleviates the burden of success or failure, mitigates the ego, and annuls the small-mindedness of authorship that invariably comes with more conventional modes of writing.

Many years ago, on the way to England to work on a museum project, I was seated in the plane next to a young man who was a classical lute player. We got to talking and I asked him what he was listening to on his Discman. He showed me the CD and began to talk about the music. It was a collection of a minor composer's music played from transcriptions of broadsides that were sold on the street for pennies in the Middle Ages. The composer, however, was clever and included beautifully hand drawn images on his scores. Over the ages, they were framed and preserved, not so much because of the music, but because of how beautiful and distinctive they were as objects. While his peer's music -- printed and distributed in the same form without decoration -- vanished, this composer's scores remain as the only examples of the genre. By default, they are now considered classics.

The internet makes us see how large the world really is. No matter how many times you say something, there's always someone hearing it for the first time. Sometimes we become self-conscious that we're saying the same thing over and over, repeating ourselves endlessly. But we need not worry. There's always a new audience.

When I began doing radio, I was told by the station manager that my on-air voice was too smooth, too professional sounding. He suggested that I add some "ums" and "uhs" during my mic breaks to sound more like an average person.

We don't really seem to believe that copyright exists, nor do we particularly care.

W.G. Sebald's advice to creative writing students: I encourage you to steal as much as you can. No one will ever notice.

Text by the square inch.

Not the line, sonnet, paragraph, or chapter, but the database.

Not the object, but the oeuvre.

How much did you say that paragraph weighed?

Contemporary writing is a practice that lies somewhere between constructing a Duchampian readymade and downloading an MP3.

Poetry is an underutilized resource waiting to be exploited. Because it has no remunerative value, it's liberated from the orthodoxies that constrain just about every other art form. It's one of the great liberties of our field -- perhaps one of the last artistic fields with this privilege. Poetry is akin to the position that conceptual art once held: radical in its production, distribution and democratization. As such, it is obliged to take chances, to be as experimental as it can be. Since it's got nothing to lose, it stirs up passions and emotions that, say, visual art hasn't in half a century. There's still a fight. Why would anyone play it safe in poetry?

Life can only imitate the web, and the web itself is only a tissue of signs, a lost, infinitely remote imitation.

If you printed the internet, reading it would take 57,000 years, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week non-stop and if you read it for 10 minutes a night before bed, it would take 8,219,088 years.

If you printed the internet, it would be a book weighing 1.2 billion pounds, 10,000 feet tall.

If you printed the internet, it would require 45 million ink cartridges and a half a million liters of ink. If those liters were fuel, it would power a 747 for 18,000 miles -- a flight from New York to Tokyo, the long way around the globe.

If you printed the internet, you would need enough paper to cover half of Long Island (about 700 square miles).

If you printed the internet, you would have to sacrifice 40,000 trees, almost twice as many trees as there are in Central Park.

If you printed the internet from a single ink jet printer, it would take 3,805 years.

If everyone in the U.S. printed out a portion of the internet, it would take 6 minutes and 36 seconds.

If the ancient Babylonians started printing the internet in 1800 BCE, they would be done right about now.

We printed the entire fucking internet.

Secretly, what people hated most about Printing out the Internet was its democracy, that anyone could be an artist with a simple command + p.

When asked at the end of his life how it was being an artist, Jean Dubuffet said, "I feel like I've been on vacation for the past forty years."

When the machines takes control, we passively -- and happily --
acquiesce.

The world is full of texts, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more.

When you challenge someone not to listen, they listen harder.

When you challenge someone not to read, they read closer.

When you say a text is unreadable, you guarantee yourself a readership.

When you claim to have a thinkership, you gain a readership.

Archiving is the new forgetting.

Archiving is the new publishing.

Archiving is the new folk art.

Self-plagiarism is the new plagiarism.

post-plagiarism = self-plagiarism.

Now that we've plagiarized everyone else, all that's left is to plagiarize ourselves.

There was no postmodernism. There was modernism. Then there was digital.

The pre-digital and post-digital. Those who got stuck on the wrong side of the wall.

There are things of great beauty in the world that are unique. I'm just not certain of their relevance.

Attribution is not a requirement of fair use.

No dear, poems will never play a direct role in popular revolution.

The new oppositionality is radical capitulation.

The avant-garde is strengthened, not self-annihilated, by incorporating the formulae of popular culture, fool. #21CENTURYSKILLS

The avant-garde is the new 1 percent.

Abundance is the new disjunction.

Copyright is so 20th century.

Captain Beefheart's response (1970/71) when a journalist asked what his music had to do with "the revolution". "Well, when the record goes around once, that's one revolution. When the record goes around twice, that's two revolutions..."

If you want to make something new, don't too far beyond one simple idea.

The genius in Christian's Bök's "Xenotext" isn't in the text --
formally it's not a remarkable poem -- but in the process he used to
construct it.

The voice hydrates the driest of texts.

All material is, in principle, usable by everyone, even without acknowledgement, without the preoccupations of literary property.

People buy more records than they can listen to. They stockpile what they want to find the time to hear. Use-time and exchange-time destroy one another, said Jacques Attali in 1985.

A poet has no recourse other than to write their own discourse.

Let us judge our literature by the machines we build, not by the products they make.

For poetry, there is no life outside the academy.

If everyone drinks the Kool Aid, it becomes real.

It's a mistake to mistake content for content.

No quality judgments. Things just are.

The Borgesian metric of infinity now seems hopelessly dated, a quaint relic of the 20th century, wedded to an equally dated idea of omniscience.

Whenever I have an idea, I question myself whether it is sufficiently dumb. I ask myself, is it possible that this, in any way, could be considered smart? If the answer is no, I proceed.

Dumb doesn't go out of fashion because it is never in fashion. Dumb is stalled and irredeemable. It's too twisted, too weird, too contradictory and takes too many turns of thought to be reduced to a slogan or ad campaign. No matter how dumb they may appear, ad campaigns are invested in being smart; at the end of the day, you need to communicate smartly in order to get someone to buy something. Dumb muddies the waters.

You get to dumb after going through smart. Smart is stupid because it stops at smart. Smart is a phase. Dumb is post-smart. Smart is finite, well-trod, formulaic, known. The world runs on smart. It's clearly not working.

I want to live in a world where the smartest thing you can do is the dumbest.

I want to live in a world where a fluorescent tube leaned up against wall is worth a million dollars.

Poetry is an occupational hazard.

Toward an authorless literature.

Transcription is hardly passive recycling.

Sometimes I feel that guys sitting in cubicles understand contemporary culture better than most curators and critics do.

Boredom, appropriation & repetition, are the new frontiers of creativity; they are creativity's last hope for reviving its tired self.

Words truly are cheap.

There is no necessity in poetry. There is no reason for it to be. It has no objective or goal. It's a hobby, it's a fake. It's nothing.

Ignore all inner voices. Instead, adopt voices and opinions that are not your own, thereby making them your own.

The Death of the Author. Finally killed by the internet.

Acting is plagiarism.

A contemporary poet is someone who doesn't write poems.

Originality is the most dangerous word in the advertiser's lexicon,
said Rosser Reeves.

When I write an ad, I don't want you to tell me you find it creative,
said David Ogilvy.

Oglivy deplored creativity, a word he professed not to understand.

We're reading more now than ever, but differently, in ways that we previously weren't able to recognize as "reading."

A radical statement used to be a beginning, middle, and end, but not necessarily in that order. Now there are only fragments.

At the end of a concert at Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch asked Rachmaninoff what sublime thoughts had passed through his head as he stared out into the audience during the playing of his concerto. "I was counting the house," said Rachmaninoff.

Cy Twombly practiced drawing in the dark to make his lines less purposeful.

Mangle it, manhandle it, wrestle it. The more you process texts, the more they becomes yours.

At the radio interview, the host began reading something that was long and tedious. When he was done, he looked up at me and said, "Do you recognize that?" I paused for a moment and said, "No." He then stared at me and said, "It's from your book 'Day.'"

Subjectivity is over.

Organic is a artificial construct.

My dear Degas, one makes poetry not out of ideas but out of words, said Mallarmé.

My conceptual aesthetic does not serve my affect: it does not convey my feelings about this or that to the world.

The poet's role now is finding how best to absorb, recharge, & redistribute language that is already present.

John Cage used to say this his audience was perpetually students. He felt that as students, people have the time to engage with and try out ideas that, for a lack of a better word, we would term "countercultural." But when they "grow up" and enter the "adult" world, such idealism is left behind when one is forced to deal with more practical matters.

I discovered that those who seldom dwell on their emotions know better than anyone else, just what an emotion is.

Most ideas that are successful are ludicrously simple. Successful ideas generally have the appearance of simplicity because they seem inevitable.

When he was sought out by a budding aesthete a few years later, Duchamp memorably described his artistic goal: "To grasp things with the mind the way the penis is grasped by the vagina."

Creativity is about the most worn-out, abused concept that used to mean something remarkable, something that differentiated someone, something that made them special. It's a term that's been usurped and reduced to a base concept that has come to stand for the opposite of creativity: mediocre, middle-of-the-road, acceptable, unadventurous, and so forth - - so that creativity is no longer creative. What was once creative is now uncreative.

Calling a practice uncreative is to reenergize it, opening creativity up to a whole slew of strategies that are in no way acceptable to creativity as it's now known. These strategies include theft, plagiarism, mechanical processes, repetition. By employing these methods, uncreativity can actually breathe life into the moribund notion of creativity as we know it.

The effectiveness of a work is measured by the number of people who see it.

The beauty of radio is its off-switch. No matter what comes across the airwaves -- no matter how annoying, absurd, or incongruous -- you can always turn it off. The off-switch is a tool of empowerment for both broadcaster and listener. It allows the broadcaster to take chances; and it allows the listener to opt-out.

Andy Warhol said, when asked how he feels about his reviews: "I don't read them. I just measure the column inches."

I keep a poor sound system so I can simply hear music, not fidelity. I can't tell the difference between LPs, CDs, or MP3s.

One afternoon, UbuWeb received an email from the estate of John Cage with a cryptic note saying, "We know what you're doing." Wondering if this was a pre-cess & desist, I became perplexed and wondered how UbuWeb might continue to exist without the guiding light of Cage. I opened the Sound page and began scanning the endless lists of artists' names for his. I couldn't find it. I ran my eyes up and down & back and forth, still not able to find it. Finally, I did a search on the page and, at last, his name appeared. It was there the entire time, but surrounded by so many other stellar names, his seemed to fade into the texture of the page. It was then that I realized that if Cage's name was, indeed, removed, nobody would ever notice he was missing.

Later, I got to know the author of the cryptic note. When I asked her about it, she smiled and said, "We were just letting you know we were watching." When I asked her if she ever had any plans to sue UbuWeb, she shook her head and said, "No. Of course not. We don't have that kind of money."

One Friday afternoon, we received a proper DMCA takedown notice from a well-known literary agency acting on behalf of the estate of William S. Burroughs. In proper legal parlance, the agency claimed that UbuWeb was breaking copyright on the materials of William S. Burroughs and insisted that we remove the following materials. What followed was a list, pages and pages long, of every place where the name William S. Burroughs appeared on the site. Cited were everything from academic papers, which mentioned his name, to liner notes of a pop artist who claimed that one of his songs was composed using the Burroughs cut-up method. In short, what the agency had done was plug the words "William S. Burroughs" into the search engine and cut-and-pasted the entire list, claiming every instance as their property. The pièce de résistance was the final line on the takedown notice that, "Under penalty of perjury in a United States court of law, I state that the information contained in this notification is accurate."

As it turns out, all the materials of Burroughs we hosted did not belong to his estate, rather the copyrights were all held by various record companies and presses that published the works.

I replied to the email saying that, while I understood their intentions, they were going about it in the wrong way. I received a meek reply from an intern telling me that she was very sorry, that she was just acting under orders from a higher-up, and that come Monday morning, she would resend a revised list.

On Monday morning the revised list came and it was pretty much the same. I wrote back, saying, please send this note to the Burroughs estate: "William wrote, 'Tristan Tzara said: 'Poetry is for everyone.' And André Breton called him a cop and expelled him from the movement. Say it again: 'Poetry is for everyone.'"

We never heard from the literary agency nor the estate again. To this day, the works of William S. Burroughs are represented on UbuWeb in their full glory.

Many years ago, we were given a digitized version of the legendary avant-garde magazine from the 1960s, Aspen. It's a magnificent collection. In it are represented all the major figures of the 1960s in various forms: films, postcards, broadsides, tabletop sculptures, flexidisks, and so forth.

The New York Times wrote up Ubu's acquisition of it glowingly and asked Merce Cunningham how he felt about having his works on the site without his permission. Merce, addressing two MP3s of his on the site -- one interview and another spoken statement -- said that he was delighted. He claimed that the value of having his words available for educational purposes far outweighed any monetary value that the works would ever generate.

Several years later, after his death, I received a terribly nasty note from the Cunningham Foundation telling me that if I didn't remove those MP3s they would move to take legal action against us. I politely emailed them back, telling them of how Merce publically stated his delight of their inclusion on the site and sending them the press clip as evidence. They wrote back an even angrier note threatening me, this time even more strongly. I then wrote to the fellow who digitized the collection and asked him to check the copyright on the flexidisks from which the MP3s were ripped. He did, telling me that in no uncertain terms, the copyright was, indeed, held by Aspen, not by Merce Cunningham. I sent the foundation the scans as evidence and never heard from them again.

A few months later, I had a similar complaint from Yoko Ono's people about her Aspen flexidisc MP3s. Cheekily, I asked my man to check the copyrights on her, figuring I'd have my second victory in a row. He wrote back saying that the copyright was, in fact, held by Yoko Ono & John Lennon and not by Aspen. I wrote back to Ono's people asking for permission to keep the MP3s up on the site, as they were an important part of an historical collection. They politely said they would ask Yoko. A day later they wrote back that she was delighted to have her work represented on UbuWeb. A second victory, achieved in a different way.

For many years, we have been collecting the works of Michael Snow -- his audio works, his writings and his films. At one point, we had about six or eight of his films up. One day we received an email from Michael Snow simply asking us to remove two of his films from the site but that it was okay to keep the rest. We saw this as a victory. Having four films of Michael Snow's with his permission beats a dozen without.

If we had to ask for permission, we wouldn't exist.

UbuWeb can be construed as the Robin Hood of the avant-garde, but instead of taking from one and giving to the other, we feel that in the end, we're giving to all.

UbuWeb is as much about the legal and social ramifications of its self-created distribution and archiving system as it is about the content hosted on the site. In a sense, the content takes care of itself; but keeping it up there has proved to be a trickier proposition. The socio-political maintenance of keeping free server space with unlimited bandwidth is a complicated dance, often interfered with by darts thrown at us by individuals calling foul-play on copyright infringement. Undeterred, we keep on: after nearly two decades years, we're still going strong.

But by the time you read this, UbuWeb may be gone.

Never meant to be a permanent archive, Ubu could vanish for any number of reasons: our ISP pulls the plug, our university support dries up, or we simply grow tired of it.

Acquisition by a larger entity is impossible: nothing is for sale.

You might remember the climax of the film *24 Hour Party People* (2002) where a large record conglomerate swoops in to buy the stubbornly independent Factory Records for millions of pounds. Factory head Tony Wilson produces a document sworn in blood stating that the bands own the rights to all their material; the record execs grin madly as they walk away with the Factory's catalog for free. Wilson muses in the coda that, although it was financially worthless, Factory Records was a great success, a fantastic conceptual art project, full of integrity, one that never had to make a single compromise. UbuWeb is similar except unlike pop music, what we host has never made money.

The music of Jean Dubuffet. It's wonderful stuff: *musique brut* meets electronic music. Users of UbuWeb love the music of Jean Dubuffet. Later they find out that he's also a painter.

On UbuWeb, we host Julian Schnabel's little known country music album. It seems that while casting around for his next move after his brilliant career as a painter and before his even more brilliant career as a film director, he considered becoming a musician. It's a good thing he thought better of it.

While you won't find reproductions of Dalí's paintings on UbuWeb, you will find a 1967 recording of an advertisement he made for a bank.

UbuWeb stumbled into the avant-garde. We began as a repository for visual and concrete poetry. When sound came along, we began hosting files of sound poetry as well. But once we encoded the works of John Cage, we stumbled. Cage often read his poetry accompanied by aleatoric orchestral works, making it both sound poetry & twentieth-century classical. Throwing our hands up in the air, we had no choice but to simply call it "avant-garde," and we proceeded forward from there.

We really don't know what the avant-garde is. It changes every day.

When we began using the word "avant-garde," it was still verboten, having been dropped during the 70s and 80s for its patriarchal and militaristic connotations. As time went on, it became an orphaned term, open for reinvestigation and reinterpretation. We picked it up, soiled it, made it impure.

On UbuWeb's film section we feature the works of Samuel Beckett and Captain Beefheart. It's hard to imagine any other place where both names appear -- certainly not in the music, literary, or art worlds -- but somehow it makes sense. You can't imagine Captain Beefheart ever having existed if it weren't for the influence of Samuel Beckett. This is the secret history of the avant-garde.

One day in the mail, I received the most wonderful book of visual poems. They were the most intricate and detailed pieces I'd ever seen: dense weavings of words that all added up to striking images. And as if that weren't enough, all of the poems doubled as autobiography, embedded with strange stories from the author's life. But perhaps the most incredible thing was that they were all made in an early version of Microsoft Word.

I corresponded with the poet, a man named David Daniels and was later lucky enough to meet him -- by then a craggy old man with a long, white beard -- and hear his story.

In the 1950s, he was an up-and-coming New York School Abstract Expressionist painter. Bound for stardom, one night at a party he said the wrong thing to de Kooning -- he wouldn't tell me any more details -- and was expelled from the group. Shattered, he dutifully obeyed and left New York, landing in Boston.

Lost and miserable, he drifted aimlessly through the streets of Boston, looking for a direction. Unable to find one, he decided to cast his life to the wind by simply saying "yes" to anything that anyone asked him. It turns out at that moment he was walking through Cambridge, when a young panhandler asked him, "Can you spare a dime?" David answered "Yes" and gave him the money. The panhandler looked at him again and asked, "Can you spare a quarter?" to which David responded in kind. This was followed by a request for a dollar and then five -- all which David handed over -- whereupon the fellow asked him if he could spend the night at his house. David acquiesced. Before long, David had a roommate. As word got out among the young panhandlers, dropouts, acid-heads, and hippies, David's house became a commune and remained one of the largest in Cambridge throughout the 1960s. Whoever needed a place to crash asked David, who always, true to his promise, responded "yes."

The house became a hub of activity, much of it illegal. When a prostitute asked him if she could turn tricks there, David said yes. Later, one of the many prostitutes who became fond of David asked her to marry him, he said yes. He also said yes when she asked him whether she could have his children.

Over the years, David found himself in the position of being a counselor to these young people, many of whom were MIT and Harvard dropouts. He would hold group therapy sessions, giving sage advice. He became a sort of a guru.

And over the years, he simply forgot about his art.

By the late 70s, the commune was breaking up. Drugs had taken their toll and at the dawn of the 80s, with the appearance of AIDS, there was further devastation. One day David got a call from one of the earliest members of the commune who, at this time, was residing on the West Coast, and was involved in computers. He suggested that David relocate to the Bay Area. It turns out that many of the communards, shaking off their 60s bohemianism, had migrated West and were evolving into Silicon Valley moguls. To express their gratitude to David for saying "yes," they purchased him a modest house in Oakland and gave him a life-long stipend. The only thing they required was that David restart his legendary group therapy sessions in the Bay Area, which he did. For nearly twenty years, he held these sessions in a East Bay warehouse for some of the most successful entrepreneurs in America.

But the silver lining was that, as a gift, they gave David a PC and Microsoft Word. While he had never touched a computer, he began intuitively experimenting with Word as way to write visual poetry. It was in this way that, decades later, David reconnected with being an artist. Ultimately, he mastered the Word program, turning it into a way to create visual poems. Over the years they evolved into baroque bodies of work that he worked on every day until his death just after the turn of the millennium.

UbuWeb hosts something called The 365 Days Project, a year's worth of outrageous MP3s that can be best described as celebrity gaffs, recordings of children screeching, how-to records, song-poems, propagandistic religious ditties, spoken word pieces, even ventriloquist acts. However, buried deep within The 365 Days Project are rare tracks by the legendary avant-gardist Nicolas Slonimsky, an early-twentieth ultra-modernist century conductor, performer, and composer belting out advertisements and children's ditties on the piano in an off-key voice. UbuWeb had already been hosting historical recordings from the 1920s he conducted of Charles Ives, Carl Ruggles, and Edgard Varèse in our Sound section, yet nestled in amongst oddballs like Louis Farrakhan singing calypso or high school choir's renditions of "Fox On The Run," Slominsky fit into both categories -- high and low -- equally well.

I'd rather shutter UbuWeb than ask for donations.

And yet . . . it could vanish any day. Beggars can't be choosers and we gladly take whatever is offered to us. We don't run on the most stable of servers or on the swiftest of machines; crashes eat into the archive on a periodic basis; sometimes the site as a whole goes down for days; occasionally the army of volunteers dwindles to a team of one.

A few years ago, UbuWeb's server was hacked. Although we never found out who did it or why, much damage was done and the site went dark for six months. During that time, some people thought that the site was gone forever, and as word got out about the hacking, some people began celebrating, particularly one listserv that was dedicated to avant-garde film (old-fashioned celluloid film, that is), where some members were relieved to see the site gone, perhaps indicating that the previous order of things had been miraculously restored. My attention was directed to their hostilities, which I read with great interest.

After reading their responses, I penned an open letter to the group, explaining, "Ubu is a provocation to your community to go ahead and do it right, do it better, to render Ubu obsolete. You have the tools, the resources, the artwork and the knowledge base to do it so much better than I'm doing it. I fell into this as Ubu has grown and am clearly not the best person to be representing experimental cinema. Ubu would love you to step in. Help to make it better. Or put us out of business by doing it the way it should be done."

The response was dead silence. No new site was built and the criticisms stopped; since that day, no further mention of UbuWeb has ever appeared on their list.

Over the course of the next few weeks, several of Ubu's worst critics on the listserv wrote asking whether their films could be included on our site.

If it doesn't exist on the internet, it doesn't exist.

If it isn't free, it doesn't exist.

Copyright is over. If you want it.

Breaking the law.

If you think you shouldn't do it, you must do it.

Creative Commons is another form of copyright.

While UbuWeb may be legally wrong, it is morally right.

Plagiarism is the sincerest form of flattery.

Adorno was so wrong in so many ways that it's fascinating. He's a relic of a sort of romantic modernism that has absolutely no bearing in today's world. Of course, I'm a devoted modernist, but my modernism is an impure one, a messy one, a revisionist one. Adorno would've hated that.

Internet es el poema más grande jamás escrito. Ilegible, debido a su tamaño.

In the 80s, when I began transitioning from the visual art world to poetry, I was listening to a lot of rap. And when I started looking into poetry, I was sort of shocked that none of it rhymed at a time when rhyming and word play was slathered all over culture. The tradition of text art, too, looked staid and uptight, dry and philosophical. Rhyme seemed to be a way out of all that.

Back in the early 90s, I was working in my studio on Houston St. with the window open. In those days, people were still playing music on the streets from oversized ghetto blasters balanced on their shoulders and, more often than not, playing hip hop. From outside the window came an array of sheer white noise, which quickly morphed into what sounded like the electronic whooshes of *musique concrète*. I was stunned and rushed over to see what was going on. But by the time I got there, the noise had changed again, this time into light Daisy Age beats. It took me a few minutes to realize that what I was hearing was a noisy break in what was a rare and unique moment for experimental hip hop; a moment that passed quickly once gangsta rap took over.

Radio is background, not foreground. You are always doing something while listening -- with one ear -- to the radio. With the exception of drivers, nobody sits by the radio and just listens. Along with drivers, artists are the best listeners. Artists' hands and eyes are busy, but their ears are wide open. As a result, visual artists know more about music than anyone else on the planet.

After a drawing class, nothing was ever the same again. A car was no longer simply a car; instead it was a complex amalgamation of line, color, and form.

After reading Gertrude Stein, language was never the same again. Words were no longer simply words; instead they were complex amalgamations of meaning, sound, and shape.

Every time we read Gertrude Stein, we have to learn to read all over again.

The sheer scope, variety, and seeming endlessness of Napster was mind-boggling: you never knew what you were going to find and how much of it was going to be there. It was as if every record store, flea market, and charity shop in the world had been connected by a searchable database and had flung their doors open, begging you to walk away with as much as you could carry for free.

One of the first things that struck me about Napster was how damn impure (read: eclectic) people's tastes were. Whilst browsing another user's files, I was stunned find John Cage MP3s alphabetically snuggled up next to, say, Mariah Carey files in the same directory. Everyone has guilty pleasures, however, never before have they been so exposed -- and celebrated -- this publically. While such impure impulses have always existed in the avant-garde, they've pretty much remained hidden.

We find that many people downloading MP3s from UbuWeb have no interest in the historical context; instead, the site is seen as a vast resource of "cool" and "weird" sounds to remix or throw into dance mixes. It's been reported that samples from Bruce Nauman's mantric chant, "Get Out of My Mind, Get Out of This Room" on Ubu has been recently mixed with beats and is somewhat the rage with unwitting partiers on dance floors in São Paulo.

A few nights ago at home, after putting the kids to bed, I was parked in front of the computer sipping bourbon. My wife asked me what I was doing. I told her I was going record shopping. As I glanced at my screen, ten discs I would've killed for way back when were streaming down to my living room for free.

If it can't be shared, it doesn't exist.

écriture mécanique

A few summers ago, we went to see Pietro Sparta, a very successful art dealer living in the tiny French town of Chagny. He had a beautiful industrial space and a stable comprised of internationally known conceptual artists. After seeing his shows, we went to a cafe for drinks and he told us how he ended up in this unique situation. His father, a communist sympathizer, was thrown out of Sicily for his politics and he found factory work in Chagny. While there, one of his sons died and was buried in the town. According to Sicilian tradition, a family can never leave the place where the son is buried, hence Chagny became the Sparta's new home. Pietro got interested in contemporary art by reading glossy art magazines procured from the newsstand in Chagny. He became obsessed and started corresponding with the artists. Before long, when in France, the artists came to see Sparta. He soon won their trust and began holding modest exhibitions. The artists were so impressed by his sincerity and devotion for art that they began showing their best work with him. Little by little his reputation grew until he was able to buy the factory that his father worked in when he first came to town and convert it into a spacious and gorgeous gallery. Today, he still lives in Chagny and his father, now retired, maintains the numerous and luscious plantings on the former factory's grounds.

That same summer we met a French filmmaker who proclaimed that the paradigm was no longer "make it new," suggesting instead that we need to focus on the ways that artifacts are distributed. In a time of pluralism where all activities hold equal interest, he said, what's distinctive is how works find their way to out into the world.

Like quilting, archiving employs the obsessive stitching together of many small found pieces into a larger vision, a personal attempt at ordering a chaotic world.

When I was invited to read at the White House -- and pondering the downsides of the invitation -- I wondered aloud to a colleague whether if, asked by the G.W. Bush administration to read, would I have accepted? To which my colleague responded, "Kenny, you never would've been asked to read at the G.W. Bush White House."

Not only is writing melting into everything, but everything is melting into writing.

Recently, I witnessed a harrowing sight: the selling off piecemeal of Jackson Mac Low's library at a flea market near my house in New York City. One Sunday afternoon, while rambling through the market, I saw a bookstall and, leafing through the stacks of books, I saw incredible things: every book by Dick Higgins's legendary Something Else Press, yellowed flyers for early 1960s productions of The Living Theater, dozens of rare chapbooks by prominent avant-garde writers, delectable pieces of ephemera related to John Cage & Merce Cunningham, odd 45 rpm records of electronic music, and so forth. The entire history of New York's underground, it seemed, was there for sale. Curious, I asked the seller what was the story behind this trove and he told me that it belonged to a famous poet; evidently the poet's widow wanted to get rid of it all and he personally hauled 75 boxes of stuff down six flights of stairs from a Tribeca loft. Everything was insanely expensive, too dear for me to even consider buying. When I asked him where he arrived at such prices, he said he looked on the internet and priced them accordingly: he had no relationship to or knowledge of what he was selling. I could've bought Jackson's personal copy of *Stanzas for Iris Lezak* for \$150. I demurred.

Well, I let it play itself as much as I can, but if it doesn't, then I interfere, said David Tudor.

Non-interventionist writing. The need to do less.

Write as if you were dying. At the same time, assume you write for an audience consisting solely of terminal patients. That is, after all, the case, said Anne Dillard.

There's something delectable about taking a dense book and turning it into bite-sized chunks.

When one selects parts of a text, one non-narrativizes it. When one removes context and explanatory notes, the text morphs from the utilitarian into the poetic.

In the *Arcades Project*, Benjamin didn't respect paragraphs. Every entry runs justified across the page in a block, regardless of its length.

Without knowing, I reread a book and took new notes. When I went to file the notes, I discovered that I had already read this book four years ago, but selected entirely different sections this time around. It's just that today, for whatever reasons, I was struck by an entirely different set of texts.

I cannot let doubt enter this project at this stage.

Undistinguished Speaker Series

My favorite books on my shelf are the ones that I can't read straight through like *Finnegans Wake*, *The Making of Americans*, *The Arcades Project*, or *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. I love how I can pick them up, open them at random and always be surprised -- I'll never know them. I love the idea that these books exist: their scale, scope, and ambition; the fact that they'll never go out of style, that they're timeless. They're always new to me. I wanted to write books just like these.

The graduate students in the reading group could only reference the page; time and again, they were unable to make the leap into life.

Often -- mostly unconsciously -- I'll model my identity of myself on some image that I've been pitched to by an advertisement. When I'm trying on clothes in a store, I will bring forth that image that I've seen in an ad and mentally insert myself and my image into it. It's all fantasy. I would say that an enormous part of my identity has been adopted from advertising. I very much live in this culture; how could I possibly ignore such powerful forces? Is it ideal? Probably not. Would I like not to be so swayed by the forces of advertising and consumerism? Of course, but I would be kidding myself if I didn't admit that this was a huge part of who I am as a member of this culture.

If my identity is really up for grabs and changeable by the minute -- as I believe it is -- it's important that my writing reflect this state of ever-shifting identity and subjectivity. That can mean adopting voices that aren't "mine," subjectivities that aren't "mine," political positions that aren't "mine," opinions that aren't "mine," words that aren't "mine," because in the end, I don't think that I can possibly define what's "mine" and what isn't.

At the afternoon poetry workshop with Michelle Obama. She was wearing a gorgeous beaded and sequined skirt, a skin-tight mauve tank top, and shiny, pea-green pumps when she got up on stage. The room was fraught with tension. After giving a very stiff, formal introduction, suddenly her entire body posture changed. She slumped her shoulders, puckered her lips, tousled her hair and said in a slangy, homegirl sort of voice, "Aw, c'mon, everybody! What are you so uptight about? Relax! This is poetry, after all!"

That evening, with the President sitting five feet away from me, I read appropriated texts. Nobody flinched. I put together a short set featuring The Brooklyn Bridge, and presented three takes on it, including Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," Hart Crane's "To Brooklyn Bridge," finally finishing with an excerpt from my book *Traffic*, which is 24-hours worth of transcribed traffic reports from a local New York news radio station. The crowd, comprised of arts administrators, Democratic party donors, and various senators and mayors, respectfully sat through the "real" poetry -- the Whitman and Crane -- but when the uncreative texts appeared, the audience was noticeably more attentive, seemingly stunned that the quotidian language and familiar metaphors from their world -- congestion, infrastructure, gridlock -- could be framed somehow as poetry. It was a strange meeting of the avant-garde with the everyday, resulting in a realist poetry -- or should I say hyperrealist poetry -- that was instantly understood by all in the room; let's call it radical populism.

In the future, the best information managers will be the best poets.

I recall once having seen a restaging of an early Robert Wilson piece from the 1970s. It took four hours for two people to cross the stage; when they met in the middle, one of them raised their arm and stabbed the other. The actual stabbing itself took a good hour to complete. Because I volunteered to be bored, it was the most exciting thing I've ever seen.

I was taken aback by the rudeness of students who felt compelled to throw things at me -- wads of paper and ballpoint pens -- while I was reading appropriated texts. It's hard to imagine the other poets who were reading, say, Amiri Baraka or Thurston Moore being treated similarly. In fact, the thought of any of those poets being interrupted during their readings is simply inconceivable.

The feelings lingered: I was later chided and mocked by students, who called me "rude" and "sassy." In response to them, I patiently explained that my practice is concerned with the equality of all words and is particularly focused upon the peripheral or paratextual parts of normative language. The reframing of regular speech as literature strips it of all its functionality and usefulness. By stressing its concrete and opaque qualities, we are able to alchemically transform unloved speech into valuable poetry. The utopian social, political, and spiritual dimension to my work is embodied in this radically democratic possibility.

Now you know what I do without ever having to have read a word of it.

I have a pet theory that in the twentieth century, writing adopted visual arts' crisis of representation as its own, hence precipitating modernist writing. I'm skeptical that writing went through a crisis of equal or even parallel magnitude to what happened to painting upon the invention of photography. As a technological determinist, I'm convinced that painting's crisis was authentic and necessary; but while the invention of the telegraph or typewriter altered writing in smaller and very interesting ways, it didn't challenge the essential nature of the project. So that's my justification as to why there have been two streams of writing -- mainstream and experimental -- whereas the art world since impressionism has been mostly focused on innovation, embracing experimentation. That said, for writing, the digital has forced a crisis of representation all of its own. When the predominant technology of our time is driven by and comprised entirely of alphanumeric language, the writer is forced to change direction and find new ways to use language.

But understanding could be achieved, perhaps, on a different level --
one of willful ignorance.

Trolling books glassy-eyed, head nodding, starting to fall asleep when some chunk of text jumps out of the page, shocking you into awakesness.

After transcribing *Soliloquy* I've never heard language in quite the same way. Sometimes, when someone is speaking to me, I'll stop understanding what they're saying and instead begin to hear the formal qualities of their speech -- utterances, stumbling, and glottal sounds.

Words are no longer just for telling stories. Now language is digital and physical. It can be poured into any conceivable container: text typed into a Microsoft Word document can be parsed into a database, visually morphed in Photoshop, animated in Flash, pumped into online text-mangling engines, spammed to thousands of email addresses and imported into a sound editing program and spit out as music; the possibilities are endless.

Literature's insatiable thirst for authenticity and the self-centred lyric, qualities which are valued above others. Any work which challenges these presumptions is still outright dismissed.

After the reading, a young woman came up to me and told me that she had seen me lecture in a large MFA fiction writing class at Columbia. She said that everything I told the class went in one ear and out the other. All they cared about, including herself she said, was getting a half-million book contract when they graduated.

The idea of whether the book will survive is an uninteresting one, perhaps best left to the industry. What is crucial, though, is the idea that the effects of the digital are apparent in the writing, whether on paper or in pixels.

An emerging poet just put out what I feel to be perhaps the most important book of his generation. In the old days, this one book alone would've put him on the map. Now it's just another in a sea of Lulu publications and Facebook likes.

The translated cultural experience is skeletal at best and is always crass, a cartoon of an idea. Of course the best translations are always inferior to the original, and yet the act of translating can sometimes outweigh the translation itself. Think *La Disparition* into English, still sans the letter "e." Adair's role as translator of *A Void* is, in my opinion, an act of authorship equal to Perec's.

One night I found myself at a small dinner, surrounded by million-dollar novelists, their editors, publishers, and publicists. The conversation was mostly polite and forgettable. Toward the end of the evening, the conversation came around to me. "So you're the guy who does the uncreative writing, right? What's that all about?" As I began to answer, I noticed their attention flagging. An editor began checking his cellphone, one novelist glanced at her watch, the PR guy started yawning. Before long, my explanation was drowned out by, "Got an early morning meeting" and "Oh, it's really been fun." A few minutes later, I was alone at the table.

Upon returning home, I was dismayed, to say the least. Cheryl sympathetically listened and said, "Look at it this way. It's as if Adam Sandler and a bunch of guys who produce his movies were at the dinner table with Godard and conversation came around to him, '. . . and what do you do again?' . . . 'Oh yeah. Right. Gotta go.'"

John Cage said that his audience was always made up of students. He claimed that only students had the time to indulge in his utopian ideas, before graduating and having to wrestle with the "real world," leaving no more time for such indulgences. But, he said, not to worry. There were always a fresh supply of students coming up who would be interested in what he was doing.

Misunderstanding as understanding.

Misinterpretation as interpretation.

Vija Celmins's love of duplication. The way she considered copying a kind of spiritual act.

Sighting language by stringing together words according to their audio and/or phonetic combinations rather than by meaning.

A post-aesthetic writing, with increasingly non-literary emphases.

It is speculation to say that *Fidget* describes *my body*; instead it describes a *body*. That body is decidedly male but beyond that, it's a universalized body, one without emotion or feeling, a realm of pure description, which exists in no specific space. When I wrote the book, I wanted to create an anti-Beckettian idea of the body. In Beckett, the tramp in a ditch on the side of a road that struggles to turn over from his back to his belly is a metaphor for all of humanity's struggles. With *Fidget*, I wished to simply describe the body itself, to formalize it, making it closer to the motion studies of Muybridge; the body as a site of non-symbolic, pure movement.

Over the past ten years, my practice today has boiled down to simply retyping existing texts. I've thought about my practice in relation to Borges's Pierre Menard, but even Menard was more original than I am: he, independent of any knowledge of *Don Quixote*, reinvented Cervantes' masterpiece word for word. By contrast, I don't invent anything. I just keep rewriting the same book.

The act of transcription can't help but be personal and unique. One exercise I do with my students is to give them a short radio piece to transcribe. I make sure it's never anything too interesting, perhaps something about a budget or tax battle in Congress. The next week, fifteen students each bring in fifteen unique pieces of writing. It's amazing how different they are: what you hear as a pause and annotate as a comma, I hear as the end of a sentence and annotate as a period. Some students transcribe in the format of a script -- properly set in courier font -- others choose to transcribe the clip as a run-on paragraph. But even within those that go with the run-on paragraph format, while many use punctuation and capital letters, many don't, producing documents that feel more like Molly Bloom's soliloquy than hard transcription. Several students include glottal stops and stumbles, while others ignore them entirely. Others try to score cadences and volume using graphical notation. The varieties are endless.

Hard transcription.

Conceptual writing promises to live in the negative space of ordinary literature: to expose the conventionality of ordinary literature's form and language, and incorporate both into its own peculiar superstructure.

Relinquishing the burden of reading -- and thereby a readership -- we can begin to think of conceptual writing as a new Esperanto, a body of literature able to be understood by anyone without having to be saddled with the act of translation.

Even with a thousand different voices, the author becomes singular by their *choice* of material.

I want an art that offers no resistance, an art of pure pleasure, an art that is completely understandable by anyone viewing it, an art that doesn't leave you puzzled, an art that ties up every loose end, dots every *i* and crosses every *t*, an art that leaves nothing to chance, ensuring that the experience of engaging with this art will be the one that is wholly desired by the artist. I want an art that leaves no nagging questions, is insanely simple in its goals, and meets everyone of them unequivocally. I want an art where the philosophical questions posed in the work are answered in the experience of the work itself. I want an art that my mother can love.

As an artist, I was always suspect of the pressure placed upon the artist to be a genius. I wanted to find a way to be that would allow me to work without the onus of genius, hence I found writing, a space for unoriginality, normality. With the lower stakes, came the freedom not to be great.

The moment we shake our addiction to narrative and give up our strong-headed intent that language must say something "meaningful," we open ourselves up to different types of linguistic experience.

The world is transformed: suddenly, the newspaper is *détourned* into a novel; the stock tables become list poems.

Over lunch, Sheila Heti asked me, if I really wanted to, whether I could write a narrative short story or traditional book of fiction. I had to admit that, no, I could not.

Being empty of any meaning or intention other than fulfilling the instructions that it's a fulfillment of, the work is perfect by default.

It's a favorite method of encryption: chunking revolutionary documents inside a mess of JPEG or MP3 code and emailing it off as an "image" or a "song."

After a semester of studying uncreative writing, I never want to hear a student say that they have writer's block again.

In 2010 at Columbia University's "Rethinking Poetics" conference, the Mexican-American poet Mónica de la Torre, in the middle of her presentation, broke out, full on, for ten minutes entirely in Spanish, leaving all those who pay lip service to multilingualism and diversity angry because they couldn't understand what she was saying. De la Torre thereafter resumed her talk in English, never mentioning her intervention.

The conceptual work is grotesquely impregnable to skeptical attacks or deconstructive questioning.

I never wanted my books to be mistaken for poetry or fiction books; I wanted to write reference books. But instead of referring to something, they refer to nothing. I think of them as 'pataphysical reference books.

Don't bookmark. Download.

Why I don't trust the cloud.

Like role-playing in an S&M club, conceptual writing is consensual.

A poet's career is rarely made on a single book, rather it's the long and slow accrual of publications, activities, community service, and so forth that firmly establish one's reputation.

These words might be mine. Or they might not. After living with them for so long, I can no longer tell the difference.

Copying-and-pasting words from elsewhere into my Word document: the moment I view them in my default font on my computer, they're suddenly "mine."

When artists are held to the sort of ethical and moral standards that politicians are, it's a very dangerous situation for art.

If I have to stop to ponder whether what I'm working on can be construed as literature, I know I'm on the right track.

If collections of language are truly records of existence, one could argue that they are absolutely necessary demonstrations of culture.

I've always thought that *No. 111* would age poorly, that the pop references would date very quickly. Thus far, that's been the case. But in 50 years, it'll be seen as a linguistic document of its time -- hazed with nostalgia for long-vanished culture -- and as such, very valuable.

The embrace of impurity permits second generations to freely reconcile opposites and break down binaries while maintaining the rigors & structures of first generations.

I made a recording of Wittgenstein's *Zettel* in German, a language I neither read nor understood. I so horribly mispronounced the words that even native German speakers who it heard it couldn't recognize it as German. In this way, I was able to concretely demonstrate Wittgenstein's language games.

Everyone, absolutely everyone, was tape-recording everyone else. Machinery had already taken over people's sex lives -- dildos and all kinds of vibrators -- and now it was taking over their social lives, too, with tape recorders and Polaroids. Since I wasn't going out much and was home a lot on the mornings and evenings, I put in a lot of time on the phone gossiping and making trouble and getting ideas from people and trying to figure out what was happening -- and taping it all.

Soliloquy was more of an attempt at describing the difficulties of speech and the impossibility of communication, hence it's an anti-humanist statement. In it, we discover that one's normative babble is every bit as disjunctive as any modern or postmodern attempts to deconstruct language. By stripping speech of its non-referential elements, it permits us to isolate speech from its functionality, thus formalizing and defamiliarizing it. Best to admit that we will never understand one another, because *how* we say amounts to little more than white noise.

Misuses of language like homophonic translations and mondegreens as models of playful anarchy.

Question linguistic structures, question political structures.

Modernist purity had a peculiar shelf life. The only extant legacy of twelve-tone music is horror film soundtracks.

Writing in English gives you a great advantage in that everyone around the world can read your work, where as the downside is that you generally can't read theirs. Many of my Scandinavian writer friends can't read the work of their peers in other Scandinavian countries, yet they can read my work. But I suppose that the good thing about conceptual writing is that it's not supposed to be read anyway. If you get the idea of what they're trying to do, you understand the book, regardless of the language in which it is written, thus circumventing problems of translation.

In my work, I try to use standard grammar and syntax wherever possible. I want my basic unit of writing to be deliberately uninteresting, pre-fabricated, or pre-determined so that it may more easily become an intrinsic part of the entire work. Using a common or readymade form repeatedly narrows the field of my works and limits the amount of choices that I need to make. In this way, the work writes and constructs itself with less of my authorial intervention.

I prefer email to handshakes, culture to nature, air-conditioning to gentle breezes, fluorescents to incandescents, and value artifice more than life itself.

We've needed to acquire a whole new skill set: we've become a master typists, exacting cut-and-pasters, and OCR demons. There's nothing we love more than transcription; we find few things more satisfying than collation.

It's a fact that in the United States, the primary reception of innovative literature happens in the university; there really is very little readership outside of the academy.

One of the great advantages I've had as a writer is the fact that I was schooled as a visual artist. When I became a writer, I didn't know the rules of writing, which made it easy for me to pursue my own vision as a writer. I see many of my peers, schooled for many years in the history & techniques of writing, struggling to unfetter themselves from this knowledge in order to be able to pursue a more innovative path. In this way, I consider my lack of education to be very fortunate.

I'm interested in ideas of writing that are so simple that they verge on stupidity and absurdity.

It's often been said that a writer writes the books that she wishes were in the world, but are not.

Displacement is modernism for the 21st century, a child of montage, psychogeography, and the *objet trouvé*.

I thought back to that child who could sight-read words backwards. I became obsessed with this idea and, with great effort, I began to do this constantly.

As I sit here writing this, just an arm's reach from where I'm sitting is the pantheon of writers I'm conversing with. I don't often reach for those books, but I constantly run my eyes over their spines, as if to seek permission or consolation during my own practice. These sorts of conversations are perhaps the most private and subjective moments of what I do. But they happen. All the time. In fact, I can't make a move without thinking how that move might fit into the narrative of my own work, as well as how it fits into the discourse I'm having with my artistic lineage which, in my case, stretches back 150 years.

I considered the idea of working for twenty years entirely in languages that I didn't know.

The writer's solitary lair is transformed into a networked alchemical laboratory, dedicated to the brute physicality of textual transference. The sensuality of copying gigabytes from one drive to another: the whirr of the drive, intellectual matter manifested as sound. The carnal excitement from supercomputing heat generated in the service of poetry.

The most resistant student always becomes the most devoted.

A pre-programmed automaton, the mirror employs no judgment or morals, indiscriminately displaying all that passes before it. Reflect something emotional, the mirror becomes emotional. Reflect something political, the mirror becomes political. Reflect something erotic, the mirror becomes erotic.

Displaced authorship solely consists of determining what the text will reflect. Reflect something emotional, you have written an emotional text. Reflect something political, you have written a political text. Reflect something erotic, you have written an erotic text. Mirrored writing is not writing: it is copying, moving, and reflecting. Editing is moving. Want to alter your text? Move it elsewhere.

The choice of machine that makes the poem sets the political agenda in motion, which is often times morally or politically reprehensible to the author. In retyping the every word of a day's copy of *The New York Times*, am I to exclude an unsavory editorial?

The weight of holding a book's worth of language in the clipboard
waiting to be dumped: the magic is in the suspension.

I began to obsess on the amount of language being produced by individuals. What would happen if all that language were somehow materialized? I thought of the largest snowstorm we ever had in New York a few years ago. The sanitation department came around with a machine that transferred all the snow into dump trucks. The dump trucks then drove to the river and dumped the snow in the water, dissolving it. Would the dump trucks dump our language in the river too? Perhaps, in the same way that snow melts when put in water, they would find a way to liquidate our language, storing it in water towers atop loft buildings for future use.

If every word spoken daily in New York City were somehow to materialize as a snowflake, each day there would be a blizzard.

I dedicated myself to working four years exclusively on one project -- I did nothing else. Instead of becoming bored with the project, I became ever more fascinated by it. As a matter of fact, I was miserable for months after it ended.

We sympathize with the protagonist of a cartoon claiming to have transferred x amount of gigabytes, physically exhausted after a day of downloading. The simple act of moving information from one place to another today constitutes a significant cultural act in and of itself. I think it's fair to say that most of us spend hours each day shifting content into different containers. Some of us call this writing.

The act of listening has now become the act of archiving. We're more interested in accumulation and preservation than we are in what is being collected.

Real speech, when paid close attention to, forces us to realize how little one needs to do in order to write. Just paying attention to what is right under our noses is enough.

How fortunate we are to exist in the moneyless economy of poetry!

Now I've been working on a project for ten years. It only gets more fascinating as time goes on.

How to proceed after the deconstruction and pulverization of language that is the 20th century's legacy? Should we continue to pound language into ever smaller bits or should we take some other approach? The need to view language again as a whole -- syntactically and grammatically intact -- but to acknowledge the cracks in the surface of the reconstructed linguistic vessel. Therefore, in order to proceed, we need to employ a strategy of opposites -- unborning boring, uncreative creativity, unoriginal genius -- all methods of disorientation used in order to re-imagine our normative relationship to language.

I wanted to write a book that I would never be able to know. The approach I took was that of quantity. I'd collect so many words that each time I'd open my book, I'd be surprised by something that I had forgotten was there. What constitutes a big book? I looked on my bookshelf for clues. I found that any dictionary worth it's salt was at least 600 pages, so with that in mind, I decided that I would write a 600 page book. I did. And in the end, the project was a failure. I got to know every word so well over the four years that it took to write it that I became bored by the book. I can't open a page and be surprised. Perhaps quantity was the wrong approach.

Some twenty years later, I now open the book and I can't remember a word of it.

Writing, like the new American business cycle, is unfolding today according to the logic of short-term efficiencies: agility, turnover, scale. Ever more scientific in means and pragmatic in its ends, the new writing seeks no other gradient but the one of least resistance: either the continuous predatory-stopgap activity of "efficient market theory" or the "fast cheap and out of control" breeder logic of self-regulating capital. In both cases, writers have discovered that they can fill niches far more quickly if their field of activity is cleared of any of the obstacles or drag associated with precious interiority or self-expression.

Theater and movies after *Soliloquy* are inevitably disappointing. I now hear the studied and stilted way that the actors speak. It's always too clean. Their thought and speech patterns are too directional, streamlined, and less complex than everyday speech. I find it increasingly hard to suspend disbelief.

If you listen to Beethoven, it's always the same, but if you listen to traffic, it's always different, said John Cage.

While waiting for the opera to begin, I had a heated discussion with Bruce Andrews. Bruce insisted that editing is the most important job of an poet. I disagreed and said that if the writer's parameters are "not editing," then different standards apply. We invent our own parameters to fit our own agendas.

Conceptual writing is the Switzerland of poetry. We're stuck in neutral.

Disposability, fluidity, and recycling: there's a sense that these words aren't meant for forever.

entartete sprache

When the machine takes control, we passively, and happily, acquiesce.

April 11, 1954. The most boring day of the twentieth century.

What we used to think was history -- kings and queens, treaties, inventions, big battles, beheadings, Caesar, Napoleon, Pontius Pilate, Columbus, William Jennings Bryan -- is only formal history and largely false. I'll put down the informal history of the shirt-sleeved multitude -- what they had to say about their jobs, love affairs, vittles, sprees, scrapes, and sorrows -- or I'll perish in the attempt.

When I started writing poetry, I realized how dull it was. I decided that instead of trying to make it more interesting, I would try to make it duller. And now that it's so dull, it's become interesting.

The grind of the scanner as it peels language off the page, thawing it,
liberating it.

The endless cycle of textual fluidity: from imprisonment to emancipation, back to imprisonment, then freed once more. The balance between dormant text warehoused locally and active text in play on the web. Language in play. Language out of play. Language frozen. Language melted.

Art used to make me see the world differently, think about things in a new way -- it rarely does that for me anymore, but technology does that for me on a daily basis.

We now favor the slogan, while eschewing the paragraph.

Short attention span is the new avant-garde. Everyone complains that we can no longer intake huge chunks of text. I find that a reason to celebrate. Twitter is the revenge of modernism.

Poets think in short lines. Unless you're Samuel Beckett, Twitter might be more difficult for novelists.

SHEILA HETI: People maybe steer clear of Twitter and social media because they don't want to be influenced by it. What do you think of these people?

KENNETH GOLDSMITH: I think they're idiots.

If you just ignore it, the internet will go away.

If you have nothing to write about turn on the TV and start transcribing.

This week's assignment: Please transcribe the internet.

It doesn't mean anything until it becomes a meme.

It's art that's irrelevant, not the avant-garde.

Plagiarist, trouble-maker, saboteur. Charges leveled against Brecht,
all of which he considered titles of honor.

Humanism is really problematic on about a thousand levels.

Art is something that makes nothing happen

If you don't want it copied, don't put it on the web.

Where technology leads, literature follows.

Most ideas that are successful are ludicrously simple. Successful ideas have the appearance of simplicity because they seem inevitable.

Make something useful useless.

The Chicago Manual of Style doesn't offer guidelines for footnoting sources that are acknowledged to be plagiarized and yet cannot be traced.

Only an amateur answers his critics.

If you work on something a little bit every day, you end up with something that is massive.

Dare to be naive.

An intellectual says a simple thing in a hard way. An artist says a hard thing in a simple way.

The copyright and plagiarism battles are to the twenty-first century what the obscenity trials were to the twentieth.

Anyone who is interested in poetry is interested in it for the right reasons. Otherwise, they'd be out of their minds to stick around.

I am a fake. But not a lie.

Artists ask questions, and they don't give answers.

Artists make messes & leave it for others to clean up.

Do we really need another poem that describes the way light falls on
your writing desk as a metaphor for your mother's cancer operation?

¡ABAJO LAS GALERÍAS, VIVAN LAS PAPELERÍAS!

If you admit plagiarism, it's fine. If you try to sneak it by, you get caught.

I am unoriginal; I just keep stealing, plundering, and robbing myself.

Drag is plagiarism.

Decriminalize plagiarism.

Plagiarism is, indeed, hip.

**Christian Marclay on not clearing any permissions for The Clock:
"Technically it's illegal, but most would consider it fair use."**

The Clock is both illegal and illegal, outlaw & legit.

If you make it good & interesting & not ridiculing or offensive, the creators of the original material will like it, said Christian Marclay about not clearing any permissions for The Clock.

Theorize your digital existence.

If it isn't self-conscious, don't trust it.

If it isn't pretentious, don't trust it.

If it isn't false, don't trust it.

When Picasso learned of Duchamp's death, he was heard to simply mutter,
"He was wrong."

All the money in the world can't make a better book of poetry.

You have no idea how hard it is to be unoriginal.

I am not interested in good; I am interested in new -- even if this includes the possibility of its being evil.

Democracy is fine for YouTube, but it's generally a recipe for disaster when it comes to art.

The text of a newspaper is released from its paper prison of fonts and columns, its thousands of designs, corporate, political decisions, now flattened into an nonhierarchical expanse of sheer potentiality as a generic text document begging to be repurposed, dumped into a reconditioning machine and cast into a new form.

To be disappointed in government is to believe in government.

Syntax is the arrangement of the army.

The limits of the network are the limits of my world.

I'm everything you fear I am. And worse.

Far from being 'authorless and nameless', our texts are timestamped and indexed by the technology that created them.

Cruising the web for new language. The sexiness of the cursor as it sucks up words from anonymous web pages, like a stealth encounter. The dumping of those words, sticky with residual junk, back into the local environment; scrubbed with text soap, returned to their virginal state, filed away, ready to be reemployed.

Sculpting with text.

Data mining.

Sucking on words.

Our task is to simply mind the machines.

Barthes' "Death of the Author" revealed that authorship is a capitalist construct. It didn't stop authorship; it only showed its hollowness. Our consciousness is saturated by social media's fountain of text. Because of Barthes we are trained to read without regard to authorial intent. Meanwhile, new technology driven by capitalist logic again and again proves the postmodern tradition absurd.

Yes you can be copied but you can't be imitated.

Being distracted is the new paying attention.

There's a shitload of internet out there.

There are no more writings and no more writers because in the 21st century these have become data and metadata.

I began tire of the everyday. After all, the job of retyping the entire internet could go on forever.

A used discourse is better than a new one.

Plagiarize your plagiarizers. Bootleg your bootleggers. Pirate your pirates.

We fret too much over originality. Even if we do the same project as another artist, it can never be the same.

I really don't think that there's a stable or essential "me." I am an amalgamation of so many things: books I've read, movies I've seen, television shows I've watched, conversations I've had, songs I've sung, lovers I've loved. In fact, I'm a creation of so many people and so many ideas to the point where I feel that I've actually had very few original thoughts and ideas; to think that any of this was original would be blindingly egotistical. Sometimes I'll think that I've had an original thought or feeling and then, at 2 a.m. while watching an old movie on TV that I hadn't seen in many years, the protagonist will spout something that I had previously claimed as my own. In other words, I took his words (which, of course, weren't really "his words" at all), internalized them and made them my own. This happens all the time.

Changing a period to a comma in Wikipedia registers on the page's history with the same magnitude as if you've deleted or added a paragraph. In this way -- through micro-maneuvers -- writing subtly, but definitely changes the world.

The gradual accumulation of words; a blizzard of the evanescent.

Over lunch at MoMA with Stephen Burt, I learned the difference between a lyrical and a conceptual approach to writing. The conversation came around to music and I expressed my preference for the LP, while he said he preferred the single. He said that he admired the idea of perfect craftsmanship that went into a single, the crisp lyrical quality, and the high stakes involved in compressing everything into an explosively compact format. I responded that I preferred the concept album and the idea that while there might be some dead moments, the brilliance of conceiving of a complete work outweighed the quality of its parts. Stephen preferred a Beatles song like "Taxman," while I'd take the mess that is The White Album. Our different approaches to poetry have never been made so clear to me as they were that day.

When retyping a book, I often stop and ask myself if what I am doing is really writing. As I sit there, in front of the computer screen, punching keys, the answer is invariably yes.

Everything I'm saying has been said before by others. There is nothing new here, just remixes and rehashes of soiled ideas and well-worn theories.

I've stolen things that weren't mine and have made a career out of forgery and dishonesty. I'm proudly fraudulent. And it's served me well -- I highly recommend it as an artistic strategy. But really, don't take my word for it.

Screw

SCREW

ONE DOLLAR THE SEX REVIEW NUMBER 298

One Horny day

In the

Life of

America

WARNING: Sexual material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or place orders for the merchandise offered herein.

JOIN FLESH GORDON
AND HIS FRIENDS!!
Andrew Sarris, Village Voice VULGAR "
"DELIGHTFUL" Howard Kissell,
Women's Wear Daily
"QUITE AN ADVENTURE
Archer Winsten,
New York Post
NOVEL & INGENIOUS
Kevin Sanders, ABC-TV
"MOVIE OF
THE MOMENT"
Ralph Sepulveda, Soho News
"DIRTY"
Vincent Canby,
New York Times
"A FRISKY,
FEISTY
TAKEOFF"
Bob Salmaggi, WINS Radio
"FLESH
GORDON
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Prince Precious, Planet Porno
Peter Locke & Jim Buckley Present
A MAMMOTH FILMS RELEASE

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AN OUTRAGEOUS PARADOY
OF YESTERYEARS' SUPER HEROES!
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WITH THE ORIGINAL
"FLASH GORDON"

Starring: JASON WILLIAMS, SUZANNE EIELDS, JOSEPH HUDGINS, and
WILLIAM HUNT Produced by HOWARD ZIEHM
and WILLIAM OSCO Directed by HOWARD ZIEHM and MICHAEL BENVENISTE
Associate producer WALTER R.CICHY

Music by RALPH EERRARO and PETER TEVIS
Edited by ABBAS AMIN in METRO COLOR Rated X
FLESH GORDON BLASTS OFF WEDNESDAY
AT A MAMMOTH SHOWCASE THEATER NEAR YOU

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APOLLO
42ST. BET 7&8tTH
ACADEMY
14 ST.
ALPINE
DYCKMAN ST. & BWAY
QUAD #3
13 ST. BET. 5 & 6
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BROOKLYN
NOSTRAND
OASIS

RUGBY #1
SEAVIEW
QUEEENS
BOULEVARD
JACKSON HEIGHTS
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VALLEY STREAM
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OCEANSIDE
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ART CINEMA
PORT JEFFERSON
CORAM
CORAM
GREENPORT
GREENPORT
HAMPTON ARTS
WESTHAMPTON
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HAUPPAUGE
ISUP
ISLIP
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LINDENHURST
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NEW ROCHELLE
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MT. VERNON
UPSTATE
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NEW PALTZ
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NEWBURGH
CINEMA 55
LA GRANGE
MONTECO MALL #2
MONTICELLO
ORPHEUM

SAUGERTIES
NEW JERSEY
BAKER
DOVER
BERGEN MALL
PARAMUS
CIRCLE TWIN #2
BRICKTOWN
FIVE POINTS
UNION
HOLLYWOOD
EAST ORANGE
K CINEMA
RANDOLPH TOWNSHIP
MADISON
MADISON
NEW PLAZA
LINDEN
PIX
JERSEY CITY
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ASBURY PARK
SAYREWOOD
PARLIN
STRAND
HACKETTSTOWN
TOWN
LAKEWOOD
WAYNE MALL
WAYNE
WEST END
LONG BRANCH
*STARTS
FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 18, 1974 PAGE 3

SCREW

YOU

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Election year 1974 was a total joy for all those who favor freedom of the body and opposition to authoritarianism. I think voting is generally a wasted effort, since it's the usual Tweedledum and Tweedledee routine, and has as little significance as the person who belts you into the electric chair, and, as he tightens the strappings around your wrists, asks, "Are you comfortable?"

But Tweedledum and Tweedledee were different. From different fingerprints to the arch of their piss there were some differences. And that's true with the democratic process. After all the electoral sweep by the Democrats means that most of the law-and-order hypocrites have been dealt a severe blow. The Democrats are just as hypocritical, but on occasion are salvaged by some semblance of civility.

The biggest excitement of all was that SCREWs most hated man in the whole political process, Bill Cahn, the District Attorney for Nassau County, New York, was defeated.

It's doubtful if this shell of a shit will ever be resurrected. Of course he's been cracked long before he fell from his high position, but even his pretentious constituency on Long Island finally grabbed hold of their sanity and threw this torn scumbag out. Bill Cahn is the calculatedly cunning and despotically dangerous barnacle on the hull of democracy who tied me into some alleged pedophilia ring on Long Island three years ago. The charges against me personally were dropped the year after I was handcuffed, but Bill Cahn tried to use me for political fodder in the same way that Joe McCarthy used Alger Hiss.

Bill Cahn's hatred of sex, in spite of his own grovelling and snivelling attempts at seducing 11- and 12-year-olds, was self-evident to every law enforcer. King Cahn, just like the King Kong who was shot off the heights of the Empire State Building, has now found his own worm's eye level. Cahn in fact used anti-SCREW TV spots to try to generate support for his sagging campaign. He held a copy of SCREW in his sweating palms (which are also hairy from excessive masturbation) and spewed forth anti-sex messages as the spittle drooled over his fat lower lip. Cahn also is a nocturnal pisser, and his underwear (which is rubber) is constantly filled with anal and penile deposits. Cahn, the darling of Morality in Media and baboon Father Hill's brigades of stupidity, was swept out of office and there was no joy in Mudville. As an example of this man's "integrity," of the 100 assistant D.A.'s who served in his office, 99 of them are registered Republicans. This Cro-Magnon man tried to keep his bailiwick safe against the inroads of sexual health and, instead, really only managed to keep it safe for the sexual puritans and the yahoo mentality. Bill Cahn's defeat is the victory of the democratic process.

SCREW, which has outlasted Nixon and killed J. Edgar Hoover, has done its ultimate final superior deed by cleansing the hemorrhoids of democracy, Bill Cahn, out of this nation's asshole.

The other great moments of this election include the victory of the new District Attorney, Robert Morgenthau, who bested Richard Kuh. Kuh, as you all know, is the man who harassed and finally persecuted Lenny Bruce in 1964 and, in a desperate effort to get some political support, busted three porn theatres six days before election time. His huge defeat indicates that the public has grown tired of this kind of obvious Machiavellian operation. In addition to Kuh's political

castration, we applaud the defeat of Vito Battista, a man who gives the rodent family a proper spokesman. Battista is to elective government what athlete's foot is to the shoe industry. His defeat, plus the election of lesbian and gay rights activist Elaine Nobel to the Massachusetts State House, indicates that even retarded and retrogressive America may finally be coming of age.

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The most inviting classified
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COMING NEXT WEEK
BONDAGE AND DISCI-
PLINE SPECIAL: Classic
illustrations of "Sweet Gwen-
doline," the 1940's S&M
pin-up. Plus an exclusive
report on the Joy of Small
Cocks.

SCREW

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One horny day
in the life of America
LIFE Special Report

Or
SCREW

September 6, 1974
Mr. John Loengard
Picture Editor
Time-Life Building
New York, N.Y. 10020

Dear Mr. Loengard:

The enclosed photos are an unsolicited contribution to the Life magazine special, On day in the life of America. All of the pictures were taken by our staff and free-lance photographers on September 5, 1974. We certainly hope you can use them and anxiously await your replay.

Sincerely,
Peter Brennan
Managing Editor
PB/st

cc: Simon Nathan
Michael Clayton
Joel Ponzan

Thursday, September 5, 1974 At 12:01 a.m., Eastern Daylight Time, just like the day before and the day after, about 2,078,000 Americans engaged in some form of sexual activity. Before the day would play itself out, another 17,536,000 Americans would find themselves on one end or the other of the sexual schtick. This was the 24-hour period that Life magazine had chosen in which "to show the essence of one day in the enormously complex life of America." On this day hundreds of crack photographers were working all over the country, "not on the coverage of stories, as such, but on finding ways to show the texture of the day—in both its ordinariness and its individuality." In an effort to help Life "catch ordinary people in the midst of their normal lives," SCREW sent out its own crack photographers. When the pictures came in, we sent them to Life with the above cover letter. They were summarily rejected. What follows on these pages is just a fragment of what Life left out of their special issue on September 5, 1974. Although on that day more than 15 million photographs were taken around America, Life chose to completely ignore America's favorite and most pervasive activity—sex. Once again SCREW stands erect to correct the prudish purview of our pap pandering press.

NOVEMBER 18, 1974 PAGE 5

America

awakes

Bare bottoms rub against bed partners. In 10,000 bedrooms, a lone woman fingers herself. A commuter train rolls into Grand Central Station, a winsome secretary giving head to a nameless stock broker in the last seat of the last car. In the pre-dawn stillness of suburban homes, housewives, up to put on the coffee, look longingly at their sleeping husband's unusable hard-on. Time to get it on. This is September 5, 1974, the first day of the rest of your life.

Floyd Hunker and Joey

Patino, roommates for

the. last six months, are

awakened suddenly in

their Washington, D.C.

apartment by the sound

of a thousand poppers

exploding in the

refrigerator.

Nunzio Carlucci

In Kansas City, dawn

comes a little earlier

than expected for Mr.

and Mrs. John Smith in

the Golden Crest Motel,

who were "just looking

for the ice machine."

In suburban Santa

Ana, California, Eric

Peterson, all night

engineer for radio sta-

tion KXFU, returns

home at dawn to find

his old army buddy has

dropped in for an

unexpected visit.

Enzo diBona

Peter Dvarackas

As the sun rises out of the Atlantic Ocean at 6:14,

the first rays of light find Honeysuckle Divine in the

process of checking out of her Manhattan hotel room.

Ezio Pasquaie

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America

In the bustling offices of SCREW magazine, managing editor Peter Brennan (foreground) conducts a high-pressure planning session as publisher Jim Buckley and editor Al Goldstein concentrate on material for upcoming consumer tests.

Porno star Marc Stevens runs through a full dress rehearsal for a crucial scene from his latest epic, "Back Door Baby."

Simon Nathan
Carlo Fongool

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works

As the long day drags on, not many of us find much satisfaction in what we do—as

salaried pawns, people, peons, puppets. Some have dumb, even demeaning jobs, others are so

bored they don't even know they're bored. But some, the lucky few, are able to indulge

their libido with their livelihood. Sex is their business, what yanks them out of bed in the

morn with a lecherous grin on their faces.

Steve Wickersman

At Spider Webb's sStat-

too Studio in Mt.

Vernon, N.Y., a young

artist by the name of

"Shadow" inks a popular design on a customer's cock. "That's

routine," says the lady tattooist, "you should

see the guys who want a swastika on their

prostate gland."

In Galveston, Texas,

Jennifer Jawoski serv-

ices one of the many

afternoon admirals who

have made her plush

apartment a regular

port of call.

Don Angelo Firoe

Peter Brennan

Jimmy and Janeene run

through one of the 36 live

sex shows that they per-

form daily at Onon's Oasis

in downtown Detroit.

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America eats

Americans refuel themselves at least three times a day, but this fetish for oral fulfillment is the least of our means of nourishment. Americans will eat more than 35 tons of hamburger and hot dogs today, but they'll also "eat" more than 11,536,000 genital organs.

Domenico Managgia

Natural food enthusiasts

Judy Kaplan and Marv

Mendelson take time out

from their studies at

Boston University for a

snack of organic belly

button lint.

Salvatore Gazzangool

Over-the-road trucker Gary

Cramford always stops at

Buddy's Diner in Gainville,

Georgia, when he gets the

chance for his favorite

breakfast of two scrambled,

coffee, and a piece of tit.

Members of the Ladies

Auxiliary of the Oak Park

Rotary Club in the affluent

Chicago suburb get together

for their regular Thursday

afternoon luncheon.

Newlyweds Paul and Ginger

Barnett of Albuquerque, New

Mexico, were going out to eat

dinner tonight but

decided to stay home and eat

each other instead.

Franco Morano

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America plays

As the sun crept across the country, countless millions pursued craven courses without heed to any higher purpose than to have good ol' American fun. And as the bat of Night covered us with the wings of darkness, the tempo of the sexual tempest broke out from shore to shore like the gradual flare of the billion stars overhead.

Jimmy Connor and Vicki Rechin take a little motorcycle trip around their farm in Greenspoint, Vermont.

Tito Lazzara

Howard (2nd from left) and Samantha (right rear) Nesbitt of Cincinnati, Ohio, invited over a few close friends to help celebrate their seventh wedding anniversary.

Rodney Masterson, a pre-med student at Tennessee State, passed up a freshman mixer to do some quiet research at home.

Vito Mannacchino

One Night Stand with God

BY PATRICIA BREEN-BOND

Most of us have been drenched with the idea that God is omniscient, omnipresent, omni-perfect, all-good, all-wonderful, all-everything. If He has all these divine attributes, God would have to be all-good in the sack because He would be omni-sexual, right?

If God did so deem to lay a mortal maiden, it would have to be a heavenly hump. One imagines that God would mix the omnipotent drink and choose the omni-perfect moment and whisper the omniscient words. All the woman would have to do is simply let it happen. She would not have to expend any energy, because God is self-sacrificing. After all, He redeemed mankind solely for the benefit of mankind, didn't He? Just imagine God, with His nimble fingers, miraculously and magically undressing the woman, and both of them throwing themselves on the crisp, spotless linens (God, of course, being all-clean), and the woman breathlessly awaiting the pleasure of an omni-perfect orgasm.

The woman that God gets right with would surely not have to concern herself with trying to arouse Him, since He is all-powerful. Once God got an erection, it would never diminish or cease—His Erection

If the Deity deigned to
deposit His Divine Dick
in a dame, it might go
something like this...

was, is and always will be. God would literally be omnipotent.

Going down on a woman, God would place His rigid penis into her and breathe heavily in her ear, murmuring all the while. Who knows to what incredible extent that would add to the woman's sensational orgasm, since the last time God breathed like that, He created the universe. Then, God would begin His pelvic thrust, aware of the precise timing and pressure. As the climax would erupt, God, in His omniscience, would recognize the exact moment and simultaneously come. Happily, though, God would not be weary, being omnipotent and all. The persistence of God's all-powerful, ever-erect penis would afford multitudinous orgasms for the woman.

God, of course, could go on for eternity, but unfortunately would have to stop, because of the woman's all too human exhaustion. When finished, the woman would not have to boost God's ego, mainly because He would already know how good He was/is. Besides, 2000 years of Christian adulation and adoration have taken care of all His ego needs.

All in all, the woman would be well-satisfied, being able to luxuriate in the knowledge that she had had the omni-perfect lay.

But how could such a holy roll in the hay come to be? It could happen like this:

GOD FUCKS GIRL

[Scene opens in a small bar. People are milling around. The music isn't too loud. The talk is a sonorous murmur. Front door of bar opens. A man comes in. He's wearing a black cape, sandals, an unevenly cut cardboard crown, has long hair and is carrying what appears to be a branch from a palm tree. Everyone in the small bar turns to watch, as he mumbles something to the bartender.]

THE BOSS [who we really know is God]: Sant Gria on the rocks, please. [Holds glass above his head, blesses it, genuflects and then leisurely sips. Notices

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a woman sitting alone, contentedly nursing her drink. After a moment's reluctance, The Boss strides over.] Are you alone, my child?

WOMAN [feeling a little drunk and sarcastic]: What do you think, my son?

THE BOSS [euphoric, believing that the woman has spontaneously recognized him as God the Son]: How did you know?

WOMAN [with no idea who The Boss is, continues with sarcasm]: A little birdy told me.

THE BOSS [yelling excitedly]: Was he a dove? If he was, it was the Holy Spirit. [His excitement attracts the attention of the people at the bar. Becomes calm.] You know, of course, there are three of us [pause] or should I say there is three of us, since there's only one God and that's singular, but then there are three people and that should take a plural verb, but...

WOMAN: What are you doing in a get-up like that. Are you a contestant for "Let's Make a Deal"?

[The Boss looks bewildered.]

A WOMAN: Some people sure get their rocks off in strange ways.

THE BOSS [changing subject]: Can I buy you a drink?

WOMAN: I'll have a Bloody Mary. Thanks.

THE BOSS: Hey, watch who you're insulting.

WOMAN: It's a drink, idiot.

THE BOSS: Really? I didn't know she was getting into the act, too.

WOMAN: Are you going to buy it or are you going to keep prattling?

THE BOSS [rising]: Well, it is a surprise.

[Woman sneezes.]

THE BOSS [calling from bar]: God bless you, and I really mean that. [Comes back.]

WOMAN: Seriously, why the outfit?

THE BOSS: It's part of my cult.

WOMAN: Have anything to do with the Alice Cooper Band?

THE BOSS: Huh?

WOMAN: Forget it. [Buys next round and is getting progressively drunk. Lights up a J.] Want a toke?

THE BOSS: No, thanks. I have more insights than I can handle.

WOMAN [spitting out smoke]: Where are you

WOMAN [finally]: I'm not so sure.

THE BOSS: Come on. Don't tell me you're a prude. Besides, my mother has the copyright on virginity.

WOMAN: Man, you've got a set on you.

THE BOSS: Yeah, that's what I want you to see.

WOMAN [figures maybe he's a super-sleuth. Curiosity has the best of her.]: Where is your place?

THE BOSS: All over. Do you like Gothic or Modern?

WOMAN: Are you strung out?

THE BOSS: Naw. I went through that scene a while back. Come on. Let's go.

WOMAN [reluctantly]: I don't even know your name.

THE BOSS: The Boss... [starts to explain the meaning, but woman hurries off to the bathroom.]

WOMAN [returning]: Sorry.. .dry heaves. [They leave bar. The Boss takes the end of his cape and dramatically flings it over his shoulder. Readjusts crown.]

WOMAN: Which way?

THE BOSS: I'm a traditionalist. Let's try Gothic. [They walk for about 15 minutes. The Boss stops at an imposing building.]

WOMAN [horrified]: This is a church. THE BOSS: No sweat. Peter returned the key.

WOMAN: But...

[The Boss takes her hand and leads her inside. It is dimly lit and reeks of burning candles.]

WOMAN: I'm splitting. This isn't for me. THE BOSS [soothingly]: Relax. Nobody will bother us.

WOMAN: That's what I'm afraid of. You're beginning to bother me.

THE BOSS: I'll show you my room. [Both tiptoe behind altar. The Boss swivels Bible and a slat in the altar opens.]

THE BOSS: Follow me, but be careful. The steps are narrow.

WOMAN [threading her way down slowly]: This is almost blasphemy.

THE BOSS: Hardly. This is my house.

WOMAN [earnestly]: Are you sure this isn't "Candid Camera"?

[They enter a room. It is unusually decorated.]

WOMAN [approaching picture of The Boss with candles blazing around it]: Are you that much in love with yourself?

THE BOSS [modestly]: It was a gift. Have a seat.

WOMAN [gingerly sits on velvet studio couch]: Got anything to drink?

THE BOSS: Water and wine.

WOMAN [grimacing]: No Scotch?

THE BOSS: Now that would be blasphemy.

WOMAN: All right. Wine, then. [Lights, up another joint.] You're the strangest person I've ever met. THE BOSS: That's the same thing they said in Jerusalem.

WOMAN: What's your problem? THE BOSS: I was hung up, but once is enough. Want a bite? [Offers her what looks like a circular piece of cardboard.]

WOMAN: What is it?

THE BOSS: It was unleavened bread. Now, it's me.

WOMAN [frightened, starts to get up]: I think I'd better get going.

THE BOSS: Come on. I've been desecrated enough.

WOMAN [almost hysterically]: You have a persecution complex, too?

THE BOSS [defensively]: No wonder.

WOMAN [finishing the roach of her J]: Got any more wine?

[The Boss gets her another glass.]

WOMAN: These are interesting goblets. [Capriciously] Want to roll in the hay?

THE BOSS: I had enough of that in the stall.

WOMAN [rubbing his belly]: I mean you want to get

Illustrations: Tom Hatchman

f o h
laid?

[The Boss kisses woman on the mouth with great passion. She responds vigorously.]

WOMAN: Let's get undressed. [Suddenly, she is stark naked. Frantically] What the hell's going on!

THE BOSS: Expedience. [He has slipped out of his clothes easily enough, but seems to be having some difficulty with a contraction around his loins.] This damn chastity belt is always getting tangled.

[Manages to pry it loose.]

[Woman readies herself on couch. The Boss leaves and returns with a glass of water. Begins to sprinkle water on her, chanting in Latin.]

WOMAN [unnerved]: Don't tell me you're one of those.

THE BOSS [begins drying water from her body with his hair]: Just a habit I picked up from a friend. She had this fixation with feet, though.

[He finally lies next to woman. Much to her surprise, The Boss seems to know what he's doing and does not need to be encouraged. Her breathing becomes hard and strained. He's very busy on her body.]

WOMAN [with a wide grin on her face, she is about to have an orgasm, when The Boss abruptly stops. Moaning]: I was just about to come.

THE BOSS [with complete control over the situation]: Trust me.

WOMAN [willing to trust him, seeing how good the preliminaries were, thinking that she would give the Boss a little foreplay, but he stops her]: Don't you like it?

THE BOSS: Don't worry about me. You just relax and enjoy yourself.

WOMAN [unable to believe this is the same guy she was with before]: Are you sure?

THE BOSS: Really. I'm fine.

[Woman doesn't need much coaxing. Lies back waiting for more.]

THE BOSS [getting on top of woman with his hips riding back and forth]: Om.

WOMAN [panting, her mouth hanging open]: Oh.

THE BOSS [putting his super-inflated penis into woman]: Om.

WOMAN [moaning loudly, gripping His back]: Oh.

THE BOSS [begins thrusting his penis in and out, in and out]: Om.

WOMAN [comes immediately]: Oh, God.

THE BOSS [keeps thrusting]: Om.

WOMAN [comes again and again and again and again]: Oh God, oh God, oh God.

THE BOSS [keeps thrusting]: Om.

WOMAN [comes again and again and again and again]: Oh, oh, oh.

THE BOSS [keeps thrusting]: Om.

WOMAN [comes again and again and finally lets out a scream]: Stop! Stop!

THE BOSS: What's the matter?

WOMAN [lies motionless, breathing hard]: Oh Jeeesus....

THE BOSS: Right.

[Woman is silent, the Boss begins thrusting again.]

WOMAN: [comes again and again, at last is able to

scream]: I can't take it any more.
THE BOSS [offended]: What's up?
WOMAN [extremely grateful, but without the energy to go into it]: Thank you.
THE BOSS [magnanimously]: You're welcome. It's part of my philanthropic project.
WOMAN [mumbling]: Sounds heavenly. THE BOSS: Naturally.
[Woman becomes drowsy. The Boss gets restless.]
THE BOSS: We'd better get going. The ceremony will be starting.
WOMAN: Christ, so soon. [The Boss pulls her off the couch. They dress hurriedly.]
WOMAN [as they climb up the steps]: I'd like to see you again.
THE BOSS: It's a matter of faith. You gotta believe.
WOMAN: Anything you say. THE BOSS [pondering to himself]: Maybe this approach would work better. Sure beats those stupid loaves and fishes.
WOMAN: When can we get together? [They are walking outside church. It is near dawn.] THE BOSS: Don't worry. I'll find you. You have to want to search me out, too.
WOMAN: Sure. Sure.
THE BOSS: We'll meet once more, either now or in your reward.
WOMAN: Anything. Just promise me. THE BOSS [gripping her shoulders emphatically]: I must be about my business.
WOMAN: You have to use the John now?
THE BOSS [hastening away]: Amen. [Next scene: Woman is standing on a soap box at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 50th Street. Crowd gathers.]
WOMAN [sermonizing]: Jesus is love. Jesus is beauty. Come with Jesus. I did. Oh, did I. Jesus knows... Jesus... gives... Jesus....

SEXSCENE

Edited By Bruce David

Windy City Wickedness

BOURBON STRET

DREAM

WAY

EXOTIC

606 THEATER

CLUB

WEIRD HAROLD'S WA Y: He lets his best customers try out the products on his cashier.

What's the worst thing that could happen to you short of death?

Answer: getting sent to Chicago. Nobody ever wants to go to Chicago. If forced to make a

decision, Cleveland, Des Moines, Dubuque, and even Fargo, North Dakota, all come ahead of Chicago as a preferred place of residence. Only Chicago, of all

the American cities, strikes a chord of universal rejection among our populace because, although it is as boring a city as Boise, Idaho, it is as big and ugly as New

York. Some call Chicago the citadel of ennui. Others simply refer to it as the stupid city. Whatever your own opinion of this city might happen to be, one thing is sure: nobody has ever voluntarily gone to Chicago.

But is this bad P.R. really deserved? In response to a deep-rooted conviction that Chicago has been unfairly bad-mouthed, SCREW initiated a five-week in-depth survey of that city's night life. To our pleasant surprise we found that contrary to popular misconceptions, the sidewalks are not rolled up at nine o'clock. The sidewalks are made of concrete and could not possibly be rolled up. Also, after consulting a publication called Night Life in Chicago (free, except for postage, from 5418 W. Keeney Ave., Morton Grove, III. 60053), we discovered that there are a number of massage parlors (such as Weird Harold's shown here with Al and lovely masseuses), topless and bottomless bars, strip shows and what have you. If you ever are sent to Chicago, or if you live there now, Night Life in Chicago might serve as an excellent information guide.

Chicago, according to the guide, is not all that bad. We note, however, that Night Life in Chicago is produced out of town.

Giving Head

Robert Delford Brown, a pioneering erotic artist whose "happenings" during the 1960's kept him embroiled in hassles with the police, is currently holding a retrospective of his work at The Great Building Crack-Up (Gallery), 251 W. 13th Street. Included in the display, which Mr. Brown characterizes as a "burlesque of the linear view of life championed by western society for the past 600 years," are such extraordinary works as "Meat Show," "Out of Order Please Use the Toilet Down the Hall Across the Lobby," and "Orgasm Event." As with the photo seen here, "Giving Head," Robert Delford Brown's curious events tend to be whimsical concept pieces which tilt toward the visual pun.

More recently Mr. Brown has demonstrated the versatility of his particular vision and sense of the absurd with his First Annual Mr. Jesus Christ Contest (whose winners receive a one-way ticket to Jerusalem on Lufthansa Airlines via Frankfurt, Germany, six beautiful

rose bushes to grow your own crown of thorns, and a lovely set of hammer and nails), as well as his continuing Great Building Crack-Up piece which involves the gallery itself. This latter piece, according to the artist, features the collision between a 19th century building "GIVING HEAD": If you laughed at this, go see the one at the gallery called "Out of Order Please Use the Toilet Down the Hall Across the Lobby."

and a 20th century building. In case you're wondering, the 13th Street art gallery received its name from the fact that it has a crack running through it as the result of pressure from an adjoining structure.

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Beating a Dead Horse

Even a casual glance reveals what is unique about this young man. Obviously, he is standing there with his fingers shoved up his ass. But, as usual, the folks at Hustler magazine, from which this pic was taken (November 1974 issue) got it all wrong, writing that this man possessed an unusually large cock: "Consider for a minute the changes in your daily routine in order to sport around a 15" dong . . . first an additional ten minutes would have to be added to your shower time in order to give it the TLC and proper cleansing it needed. The increased length in shorts and swimming trunks to perhaps mid-calf should be considered. To say nothing of the danger involved in turning over in bed and possibly knocking out your bedmate." You can see, however, that the man's cock is about normal in length. Anything smaller would, indeed, be an acute embarrassment to its owner.

FAINT PRAISE: When

this guy gets an erection it
drains so much blood from
his head he passes out
every time.

Pedophilia for Podiatrists

BLONDES HA VE MORE FUN: Even in an ad for kids shoes, a fair-haired Fraulein stands out.

This is an ad for children's shoes taken from the German magazine Brigitte 101. The ad says that Elefanten T3 shoes for children now come in three widths. To demonstrate this they ran this photo of

nude children also coming in three widths: thick, medium, and thin. You can order the shoes from the Elefanten Shoe Company. The ad does not mention where you can order the children.

Fuckably Forty

Recently Brigitte Bardot celebrated her 40th birthday and, as this photo from the September 26 issue of Stem clearly demonstrates, the sex goddess is holding together remarkably well. No noticeable sagging of the breasts, her belly as flat as you'll find on most women at 20, and a face that still exudes the passion of

teenage lust. At 40, when most women have had their figures blitzed by degenerating cellular tissue, Bardot appears almost as if she had been preserved in wax. One point of curiosity: does anybody know if this photo marks the first time Bardot's muff has ever been published in a magazine?

BRIGITTE BARDOT: And God created this woman to stay firm and fuckable even unto forty.

Petty Gewirtz, who was referred to in an article entitled, "Sweet Savior Gets Nailed Again," which appeared in SCREW no. 133, dated September 20, 1971, has denied the commission of the act attributed to him in that article. The editors regret having printed such statements.

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A Real Game Pussy

Will it never end? Here is yet another entry in the slick girlie magazine sweepstakes, this one entitled, enigmatically, Game. Like its predecessors, Game is unable to compete editorially with such established quality tit magazines as Playboy, Penthouse and Out, but, unlike most of the other rags, it is able to compete with these prestigious leaders pictorially. The first issue of Game is cram-packed with five different photo spreads of five extremely lovely women, for a total of 33 pages of full-color pussy. Even at their inflationary \$1.50 cover price, readers are likely to feel that this new publication is a bargain.

Considering the number and quality of the photos, it is a shame that the rest of the magazine is so uneven, with illustrations and articles ranging from good to pure shit. The cartoons, which can often serve as the real barometer of a publication's commitment to quality, are, unfortunately, very poor indeed. The success or failure of Game should answer the question of whether muff alone can sell a national magazine.

Sexcitem

LONDON—"It's all a mistake," said Sir Keith Joseph, dismayed by the furor he had created when he advocated a birth plan for Britain's poor. Sir Keith had urged greater birth control for the poor, charging that they in large measure were the cause of England's economic problems. But he now adds, "It is because the children to whom I was referring are bom to unmarried or single parent teenage households, not because they are in socio-economic classes 4 and 5, that the children are at risk of becoming tragedies to themselves and society," Even so, the response among politicians, social workers, trade union leaders, and newspapers continued to be bitter, forcing Joseph's Conservative Party to back away from publicly supporting his sentiments. Previous to his statements Sir Keith Joseph was considered a serious contender for leadership of the Conservative Party but now, because of his plummeting public esteem, Heath seems likely to stay in command.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—According to state law, men are not entitled to alimony. That was the unanimous decision of five male judges of the Brooklyn Appellate Division, in response to a suit filed by Bertram Steinberg, 45, against his wife Dolores. A attorneys for Steinberg say that their client, now working a \$100-a-week job for the Board of Education, lived with his wife and two children in a \$125,000 mansion in Woodmere, Long Island. But, when his wife's affections began to cool toward him, Steinberg found himself pushed out of the family business and into the street. Steinberg's attorney, Gerald J. Tucker, says that Dolores admits to being worth more than \$300,000 and that she and the two children are still living in the mansion. However, the appellate judges found that they had no legal right to award alimony tog man although a "court may direct the husband to provide suitably for the support of the wife." The judges added, "We note that the Legislature has declined... to amend the

law to permit the court to award alimony and counsel fees to a husband."

LOS ANGELES—Here's the follow-up on David Carradine's midnight Kung Fu raid on a lady's dress: Marie Kilty, in a \$1.1 million suit filed in Superior Court, has charged that she is unable to sleep and is emotionally upset by her alleged encounter with the television Kung Fu star. It has been reported Carradine called Miss Kilty a "witch" when he jumped at her from his car last Sept. 15. Kilty charges that Carradine asked her to take her clothes off and, when she refused, he

tried to take them off himself. The incident is alleged to have occurred on the same day Carradine smashed windows in a neighbor's house, leaving a trail of blood which was later followed to the actor's home in Laurel Canyon. According to the civil suit Miss Kilty refused Carradine's promise to pay her \$100,000.

MONTEREY, CALIF.-A crowd of about 190 supporters hissed and shouted "Free Inez," when Inez Garcia was sentenced to serve five years to life by State Superior Court Judge Stanley Lawson. Mrs. Garcia, 30, and the mother of an 11-year-old son, was found guilty of shooting and killing the companion of a man who allegedly raped her last March 19 in Soledad, California. Mrs. Garcia had admitted searching for the two men who attacked her with a loaded rifle and shooting Miguel Jimenez, but defended her action on the theory that she was defending her virtue. During the course of the trial, Mrs. Garcia shocked the filled courtroom by announcing from the witness stand, "I killed the son of a bitch and I wish I had killed the other." Judge Lawson, taking note of Mrs. Garcia's supporters, said the U.S. is a "government by law and not a government by men." He also noted that Mrs. Garcia's victim had not had the opportunity to stand trial.

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SMUT FROM THE PAST

By J. J. Kane

"Madre de Dios! Pero, I am only come to feex you telebeesion!"

So exclaims our latest "lucky" Pierre, and who are we to doubt his word? Sure, a cynical view of the matter might maintain that this swarthy, moustachioed stud knew perfectly well what he was getting into, that in fact all the erotic incidents seen in these photos were staged and that the participants were even paid for their lewd labors. Maybe so, but we at SCREW know only too well that such shameless scenes of sexual exploitation unfold every day, and in real life, mind you. The news media, of course, usually black out reports of such wanton acts of unpremeditated abandon, which goes a long way in explaining why you probably aren't aware that such things go on. We at SCREW have, over the years, received countless letters, phone calls and personal visits from repairmen, salesmen, mailmen, phone company workers, delivery boys, messengers and even Avon ladies who've related strange but true accounts of mad, horny housewives who prey upon unsuspecting callers. Often, the unwitting victims are drugged against their will and led to participate in acts of depravity as unbridled and senseless as the ones depicted here. It's a jungle out there, believe us, and anyone who thinks it isn't had

better not go ringing any strange suburban doorbells—or he might find himself in the same plight as this reluctant Latin lover.

SCREW extends muchas gracias and ten smackers to Dick Young of Holly-

wood, California, for sending these scandalous shots our way. If you'd like to do your part in helping to make this column at least a modest success, send any old smut photos you may have in your possession to Nostalgia Dept, Milky Way

Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY. 10011. If we run them here, you'll get ten bucks there, much to our mutual satisfactions. Just be sure to include your name and address, unless you're into giving smut away.

"A NEW WAVE IN

POLISHED
EROTICA."

-- Variety

"A VOYEUR'S

FANTASY

COME TRUE..."

STARK SEXUALITY OF
IMPRESSIVE QUALITY...

AND YES, QUANTITY...

PERHAPS THE MOST SEN-

SUOUS TREATMENT OF
ON-SCREEN SEX TO DATE...

VALERIE MARRON GETS
IT ON, TOGETHER, AND

ALL WAYS... A SEX KIT-
TEN WITH CLAWS, WHO

GOES AT HER WORK OR
PLEASURE WITH A DE-

TERMINATION SO FIERCE
AND EFFECTIVE THAT

THE BOYS IN THE FRONT
ROW WILL SIT UP AND

HOLLER 'B I N G O''

Bob Salmaggil WINS

Starring GEORGINA SPELVIN,
HARRY REEMS and introducing

VALERIE MARRON

ON THE EAST SIDE

CINE MALIBU

59TH STREET & 2ND AVE

Wet

Rainbow

X

ON THE WEST SIDE

CAMEO

8TH AVE AT 44 STREET

10:30 • 12 • 1:30 • 3 • 4:30 • 6 • 7:30 • 9 • 10:30 :

IN THE VILLAGE

CINEMA VILLAGE

12TH STREET, EAST OF 5TH AVE

"THE FIRST SEX

FILM ABOUT

LOVE"

-- Gay Talese

"EUREKA! THE

REST AND MOST

IMPORTANT

EROTIC FILM

I'VE EVER SEEN!

IF IT DOESN'T TURN YOU ON, YOU'VE

BEEN EMBALMED AND DON'T

KNOW IT. IT'S THE SEX FILM I'VE

BEEN WAITING TO SEE!

THE MEMORABLE SCENES ARE

SO MANY THAT I INTEND TO

SEE THIS MOVIE A SECOND

AND THIRD TIME.

Al Goldstein

"SPARKLES IN ALL THE

COLORS OF LOVE AND DESIRE.

SIZZLES WITH EXCITEMENT

AND GOOD ACTING."

Lise Hoffmman / SWANK

100%

SCREW'S HIGHEST RATING

100 90 80 70 60 50 40 30 20 10

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DIARY OF A DIRTY BROAD

By Honeysuckle Divine

The Garbage Girl

North of the border, Honeysuckle's pussy tricks move the guys to cheers and the gals to tears.

June 19, 1973

Dear Diary:

Well, I'm settled in Toronto. Canada seems so European. I just love it here. I'm at the hotel near the bus depot that I stayed at last time I was here. I've been resting up and I'll see about a job tomorrow. There's an ad in the newspaper for exotic dancers. I'll go and check it out tomorrow. In the meantime, I'm just going to relax and watch TV.

June 20, 1973

I got the job that was advertised in the newspaper. I start to work on Friday. It's a very nice theatre on Yonge Street. There's a day and a night shift. I'll be working the night shift from 6:00 p.m. to 12 midnight. Not bad. The place is packed day and night. They really do a good business. The girls even get to take off their g-strings. I should cool it. I'll take it slow and not do too many pussy tricks at first. I don't think they're ready for me in Canada, yet.

June 22, 1973

After my show today, I went into my dressing room and one girl was sobbing her heart out. All the girls were in an uproar because I blew out a match with my pussy and put powder in it and blew puffs of smoke into the air. The audience roared, of course, because it's something new for Canada. I knew that I shouldn't have done it. But I also knew that the audience would love it and I couldn't resist doing it. I never realized it would cause that girl to sob her heart out. A customer told me that the girl who was crying did a lot of leg spreading and showed more pussy than anyone else. I was the only one who did her act better than she did. I guess that's enough to bring on the tears. I felt so sorry for her. What a rotten business! I said that I wouldn't do it any more. All the girls were going to quit. They told the boss that I was disgusting. What a mess!

The only way to get along with these girls is to do a sweet, innocent act on stage and disappoint the audience. Then they'd like me much better but the poor audience has to suffer. Oh well, I should've known better. I'll get the old routine here, too. I can see that.

June 27, 1973

I calmed my act down and the girls are acting much nicer. The audience seems content to just look at a naked girl and see a few spreads. My pussy tricks aren't

PUSSY WUSSY PUDDING TV' PIE: Honeysuckle showed them her cunt tricks and made them cry.

really needed, anyway. Why spoil them? Let them think it's a great treat just to see a girl spread her legs now and then.

There's a girl here from England who worked the Soho district there. The way she described it, it sounded like Baltimore. I'd like to go there and check it out sometime. She gave me her address over there. She's a very pretty, brown-eyed blonde. Judith is her name. I like her real well. She wants to go to New York to work so I gave her some names and addresses there. These girls are pretty nice up here. I think my first act was just too much of a shock for them.

June 29, 1973

The boss told me that since this is the weekend, I should do some pussy tricks. I brought in a candelabra that holds three candles and at the end of my act, I blew them out with my pussy. Of course, the audience loves it. But alas, one of the girls in the dressing room told me if I did it again, she was going to mash my face in with a ball bat. I told her that the boss

told me I could do it for the weekend and she told me she didn't care what the boss said. She said that I was nothing but garbage. Oh, brother! Well, that was the end of that. After the boss saw how upset it got the girls again, he told me not to do it.

June 30, 1973

The boss wanted me to work here another week but I told him there was no way. It's really a strain working around those girls. They just aren't ready for pussy tricks. It's not worth the aggravation. So, the boss said he could book me in Windsor, Ontario, at a friend's place. He said that he told the guy about my act and I would have no problems there.

It's really a shame. I like these girls but they just aren't conditioned enough for my type of act. It's simply beyond their emotional grasp. They're probably from nice families and haven't been around much. I don't really get angry at them because I understand them. But maybe Windsor is more progressive. It's right across the river from Detroit, Michigan, and I heard that the girls from Detroit let the audience eat their pussies on stage.

July 2, 1973

Well. Windsor is a surprise to say the least. I did my act tonight and the audience loved it but the boss is playing games with me. He was already told ahead of time about it so he knew what to expect. He told me he didn't like it and if I didn't tone it down, I couldn't work. I need the money so I decided to tone it down. I just get on stage and act like a virgin and the audience seems to understand. I hate to disappoint them but that's show biz. The worst part is that the boss has me advertised in the paper and has my picture in the lobby. I would feel terrible if anyone who knows me comes in and sees my virgin act. If I knew that I was going to have to act like a virgin, I would've never let them advertise me. It's false advertising to draw people in expecting to see my pussy tricks and they won't even let me spread my legs!

I have a room at the YWCA for only \$12 a week. My salary will be \$200 after the agent's fee so I can save some much needed money here. I think the boss is just keeping me here to torment me. But I have to put up with it. It'll be the same story anywhere else I go.

One of the strippers here is married to the guy who works the lights and music. Needless to say, she gets beautiful lights and music and I get lousy lights. If I even bend over, the guy will shut the lights off. They won't let me do a thing on stage except dance around. The boss told me the audio man's wife is hard to get along with but she treats me real nice. I think he was hoping I'd get into a fight with her. She's a very pretty girl and does a good act. She really has no reason to be jealous of me. She's a Scorpio and I get along with Scorpio women. They're sexy and they know it. They don't worry about me. They sense that I'm not as sexy as I appear on stage. My act is more comedy than sex, anyway. They know they're way ahead of me in the sex department.

There's a female impersonator here who does a body painting act. She even lets the audience paint her tits during her act. But I can't even bend over and show my pussy or they cut the lights on me. It's all very unfair but the audience seems to know what's going on.

The boss likes the female impersonator real well. I suspect he's a little on the homosexual side. He has a house way out somewhere and the girls can have free rooms there if they want. The only one who stays there is the female impersonator. The boss is a real weirdo at times.

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MY SCENE

By Vikki Brecha

Masochistic Ms.

MY SCENE is the column that gives SCREW readers a chance to expose themselves in print. If you've got some wild sexual adventures, or unusual erotic tastes, why not share them with the world? Your anonymity can be protected, if that's your bag. But we would like a few details of your biography: your age, occupation, dirty habits— that kind of thing. Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) and at least 1,000 words in length. Writers will be paid upon publication. Send your tale to MY SCENE, Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

I've been laid by several ruthlessly aggressive men who have made fun of me and debased me in every way—men who have wanted to assert their dominance and who have treated me as simply their mindless slave. And I've loved every minute of it!

Now, I'm not really a pervert. At least, I don't consider myself a pervert. I'm just a girl with what you might call a double identity, a sexual schizophrenic.

At college, other students respected me for being intelligent, independent, and good-looking at the same time. I was also known as sort of a resident feminist because I believed that women should be treated as equals to men in every way. I hated being outdone by men in classes, which is why, I guess, I tried to beat them all the time. Everyone thought I had a terrific body, which was true, but the men also knew they couldn't lay any funny machismo lines on me because I am than just a dumb blonde. And I believed they respected me a hell of a lot more than they did dumb blondes. Besides, I'd learned karate and they knew it.

I had a big ego and it was being fed quite well. In short, I was perfectly satisfied with my life at school except for one very important thing: my deprived sexual appetite. You might also call it my depraved sexual appetite because, you see, sexually I'm a masochist. Sure, I balled a few guys on campus, but it was always as two equals. The guys were nice and well-built, but I always felt something was missing when they screwed me. It just wasn't exciting enough.

Nightly, I would fantasize about being raped, about being part of a harem, and about being treated roughly and even cruelly by sexy, muscular studs. Although these fantasies thrilled me like you wouldn't believe, I never thought I could actually carry any of them out because, of course, I thought women should be on an equal footing with men in all respects including sex. Mentally, I hated the idea of women always having to assume the passive role in sexual encounters, and I absolutely deplored*the idea of men taking advantage of women—the Slam-Bam-Thank-you-Ma'am routine. My ego was too swollen to tolerate anything which might put me in an even slightly degrading or humiliating situation.

So there was my enigma: just as Germaine Greer had the hots for her literary opponent, Norman Mailer, so I loved my enemies. My sexual and mental needs were in such direct conflict that I even thought about seeing a psychiatrist a few times to find out if he could alter my masochistic tendencies. But fortunately, I found a simple way out.

While I was downtown with some friends one day, we came upon a local underground newspaper. In the back

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were ads from people seeking partners for all types of sexual activities. We all laughed and joked about the ads, but I felt a secret thrill from reading them. In fact, I bought a copy of the newspaper later on when I was downtown by myself.

I never thought I'd have the guts to answer any of the ads until one evening when a group of us went out to dinner. I drank three glasses of wine and had smoked some dope earlier, so by the time I got home, I was the horniest motherfucking bitch in town.

Being so stoned and drunk gave me the nerve to call an ad that read: "I am looking for slaves who enjoy doing what they are told. Call Big Peter (phone number)."

Later that very night, I found myself at "Big Peter's" house. He was a very sexy, massively built man who I thought out-studded everyone on the college football team. After one drink together, Peter ordered, "Take off your blouse and show me your tits." I obeyed with pleasure. "Now you just act like my own little slave and do everything I say. And you let me do anything I want to do to you, you just have to take it! Understand?"

"Yes," I gulped, feeling a wildly sensuous tingle along my spine.

Peter cruelly ripped off my bra and bounced my tits around with his hands, laughing while I just stood there obediently.

Then Peter removed my skirt and slowly took down my panties until my pussy was exposed. His next order surprised me. He told me to go to the kitchen and get him a carrot! Well, I sort of had to hobble on my way since my panties were resting on my thighs, and Peter laughed again at the way he was humiliating me. I felt at once degraded and very sexually aroused. But as time went on, my lustful desires took over, and I enjoyed every sadistic thing Peter did to me.

After I retrieved the carrot, Peter threw me on the couch, spread my legs, and rammed the goddam carrot up my cunt! My whole body flushed with ecstasy!

My next "punishment" was a spanking. Peter said to me, "You bad*little slave! I'm going to teach you a lesson!" and then took me over his knee and whacked me a few times on my bare ass with his large hand.

Finally, Peter made me get on all fours on the floor

(doggy style). He took off his pants and briefs and then planted his huge prick into my cunt. My hips gyrated with crazy, flaming pleasure while Peter grunted animalistically as he fucked and fucked until his warm, creamy fluid shot into my hole.

Well, that night I had the best and finest orgasm I'd ever had. Since then. I've seen Peter quite frequently as well as many other sexy and domineering men whose ads I've answered.

Everything's great now. My horniness gets fantastically satisfied, and my ego is still preserved at school. No body on campus knows about my "extra-curricular" activities. However, I'm not quite the same feminist I used to be. Oh, I still believe in equal pay for equal work and all, but as far as sexual equality goes—well, it's a nice, decent idea, but so is being a nun. Sometimes I think all that hard-core feminists really need is just a good hot fuck.

Vikki Brecha is a dialectical materialism major at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. She writes, "The story is true, and I'm not the least bit ashamed of it."

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FUCKBOOKS

By Michael Perkins

Hard Hearted Hookers

Ladies of the Night by Susan Hall. With photographs by Bob Adelman. Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. \$1.50.

Susan Hall is a romantic. At the close of an author's note introducing this book, she bops us with a point of view no different from that of a thousand other outsiders who have written about prostitution: "What follows is life among the condemned."

It's as if she refuses to see the facts of her research, which she says involved extensive conversations with prostitutes and candid observations of their lives. The subjects we have selected are representative of crucial aspects of the life. "Most of the conversations were held in the girls' working environment—the street, massage parlors, hotels, apartments and madams' houses. While we have chosen to structure the book in a hierarchy from the street girl to the high class girl, a prostitute's work is, in fact, fluid. In one day, a girl might work the street, a massage parlor and from a phone in her own apartment. An ambitious girl works when there is work. We have tried, in both the photographs and the text, to establish the girls as they live and to present them as they see themselves. The text is in the girls' own language, but shaped by our preoccupation with the costs and satisfactions of their way of life.

Despite their efforts to shape the text, they have achieved a remarkable authenticity with their method. The women who are their subjects speak with their own voices, and for the first time in such a book, actually come to life—bringing with them a vivid picture of the world of prostitution. Bob Adelman's photographs of the women aid enormously in this regard. There are dozens of photos, and many of them are nude shots—a few of them even action shots—of the women at work.

Cindy is a black streetwalker connected with a pimp and his "family" of girls. Her attitude toward her profession contradicts Susan Hall's assertion that she is among the condemned. "I like my work. It's not an ordinary office job. This business is exciting and it pays well." Excitement seems to run a close second to money and laziness as a motivation for being in the life.

Naturally a streetwalker's point of view about her work is going to be more negative than a call girl's. She's on the front lines, with no more protection against cops, disease, freaks, weather, or her pimp than her own mother wit. Natu-

rally too, her attitude about sex is different. Kitty might turn 20 to 50 tricks a night from her stand on Lexington around 49th.

It's sex with tricks that I hate. Sex is horrible. Just horrible. I used to be able to stand it, but now I close my eyes and keep thinking it's a dog fucking me. It's just disgusting. If I didn't have a strong mind, I would go off-crazy. I guess with girls sex is emotional and with men it's physical. A man can put it in a coke bottle and push in and out and come.

My guys have pretty straight tastes. If they want something stupid, I won't do it. Anything other than fucking is stupid. I'll suck them and they can get on me. If a guy says "Get on top of me," I say no. If I'm on top, he might be getting ready to come. I might stop and then have to start all over again. I won't let men touch me. I won't let them suck my titties. Hell, no.

Kitty passes on a lot of the tricks of her trade: Usually when I get a guy up to the apartment, I get the money and then I light a cigarette and put it in the ash-

tray. When the cigarette burns out, I know the time is up.

I see about 50 guys a night—the price depends. One might spend 75, two might spend 25, and another 40. You don't always fuck. Sometimes you just french. But that makes your teeth rotten. If it drips and gets in your gums, your mouth rots.

Yet despite her feeling of revulsion for her tricks, when Kitty goes to her pimp "Daddy," it's sex she needs: Daddy is important to me, because I have to prove I can have a healthy sexual relationship. It's particularly important for a prostitute —after you've been with the animals.

In addition to tape-recording stories like Kitty's, Susan Hall bugged a massage parlor while a black girl named Sherry was working it, and recorded a typical dialogue between Sherry and her customers. A house was also bugged, and the conversations between prostitutes and customers (one of them a judge) are funny.

As the women rise higher in the echelons

of the life, they seem less desperate, more like career women anywhere. There's Foxy, who works solely for a garment manufacturer, and takes a great deal of pride in pleasing her clients. There are madams like Diane and Pamela, who talk about their businesses in detail, and their stable of girls. (Included in Ladies of the Night is a Madam's Book—pictures of the girls a madam shows her customers.)

Hall and Adelman collaborated last year on the successful book about pimping, Gentleman of Leisure. Ladies of the Night is just as successful in rendering the language, business details, thoughts, feelings, motivations and sexuality of prostitutes on all levels. And Susan Hall's tendency toward romanticism is compensated for by the honesty of women like Amanda: Being in the business has improved my sex life. Anyone who says no is stupid. I'm hot-blooded and my life fulfills me. This certainly doesn't hold true for all prostitutes, but if lousy working conditions were separated from the act of fucking for money, it would be true for the majority.

CALDWELL

"You're dripping all over! Hurry up and eat it!"

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DIRTY DIVERSIONS

By Al Goldstein

Blood and Gore Galore

Most concepts of pornography contain the term "prurience." Prurience means causing an itch, and, in most cases, it's the sexual excitation that the laws are trying to prohibit. It's always struck me as strange that on one hand it's all right to whet and indulge our appetite for a McDonald's hamburger or a Baskin-Robbins ice cream, but if our genitalia become firm and moist and desirous of activation, society says, "No-no!"

THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE

This past week I've gone to several films, all containing R or GP ratings that permit them to be seen by most people. Once more the old self-evident duplicity—that in this country it's legal to fuck but illegal to show movies of people fucking and that it's illegal to kill but legal to show people killing—is given dramatic import by the films I viewed. None of them contained one iota of sperm or body sweat derived from coupling, but they do contain gobs of blood and remnants of brain tissue and generally resemble a butcher shop. The ugliest of these films, one brought to you by those people who brought you Frankenstein, is a lesson in mayhem called The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. When I got the press release for this garishly bloody movie, I should have been warned that this would be a film that evolved from the mentalities that turn out many of our porn films, where the human body is exploited for an espoused objective. Whether a fuck film is exploitive or not has never really concerned me, since I consider the objective of turning someone on acceptable. But when the exploitation deals with making us cower with fear or, as we walk home, check over our back, then I wonder what purpose the film serves. In no way do I want to censor any kind of film, but I personally find this kind frightening and even more demoralizing, in the fact that so many people find their needs served by this kind of gore:

A Volkswagen bus filled with five people traverses the Texas countryside. Two very delicious women, two wise guys, and a paraplegic in his chair. We don't know where they're going, where they've been, or why they're together. This is the usual mise-en-scene in porn movies introducing the people who'll soon be into mindless fucking. But this is a film that got an R rating because there is no sex. It just has brutality—brutality unlike any I've ever seen. Even a cultish film like Blood Feast does not contain the gallons of blood and guts that this one does. The moviemakers' lofty attempt to simulate a slaughter—

CHAIN SAW MISTAKE: When his pa told him to get rid of all the limbs around the place, he did.

house is so foppishly self-serving and without merit as to make even a slow public school class giggle to themselves. I watched about 40 minutes of the film and finally left when the executioner knocked down one of the guys with a mallet three times and started dismembering his body with a chain saw. Before that, he was interrupted by the guy's girlfriend, whom he impaled on a meat hook. Sickening as the film was, I found myself opening my frozen-closed eyes to peer at the screen and wonder "what will they show and how far will they go?" Walt Whitman's famous statement, "I contain multitudes," is surely operative for all of us because some dark side of our personality's needs are served by this kind of shit. What is irritating to me and to anyone with their head screwed on is the fact that society condones this kind of film and nobody will take a bust, while society would look askance if the people

caressed, grabbed nipples and maybe went down on each other. To hit your buddy with a mallet and work him over with various sharp instruments are acts indicative of what make our military and patriotic gears grind our citizenry into increasingly small pieces.

THE NIGHT PORTER

The film which has been a controversial cause celebre in the sadistic sweepstakes is the AVCO-Embassy movie *The Night Porter*. Even trying to get to see the movie turned into an exercise in masochism. After weeks of trying, the PR head finally told my secretary that I'd be al-

lowed in if I appeared at the Baronet Theatre the next Monday night. That was not so, since my name was not at the box office. Not wishing to pay, I decided to try again. This time I was promised admittance on Thursday night, but, once more, I was greeted with indifference. When a new red color came into my cheeks, a very nice manager at the theatre, feeling that I was either a sincere phony or a trampled bona fide critic, let me in. By the time I got into the theatre, 15 minutes late, the movie was into its Nazi re-creations. The theatre was packed with hip, chic East Side Bloomingdale's refugees looking into the action with hungry anticipation of more outrages. Had they but known that the true epitome of their wants would be satisfied by *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, they would have fled from the heavily drenched symbolism and intellectual pretentiousness of *Night Porter*. The night before I'd gone into the Baronet, I had spent many hours trying to organize my records for the annual Internal Revenue audit, one more manifestation of society's attempt to put me out of business. So, I was sleepy and the action on the screen induced slumber. When my neighbor woke me with an elbow, because I snore, I realized I was doomed never to see *The Night Porter*. So I fled into the night, wondering what AVCO-Embassy press agent mogul Ted Spiegel has reserved for me in the perilous future.

YET MORE VIOLENCE

During last week's movie-jammed sched-

ule, I saw three other films that dealt with violence. The first one, *Murder on the Orient Express*, is about a wretched scumbag who kidnaps the young daughter of a rich scion and then executes the helpless child. Many years later he gets his comeuppance, when 12 people comprising an informal jury methodically wreak havoc upon his body. It is not bloody, but rather intellectual, and a cast starring such heavies as Albert Finney, Lauren Bacall, Martin Balsam, Ingrid Bergman, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, John Gielgud, Anthony Perkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Widmark, and Michael York is substantial. The problem is that it's so substantial and so stagey that it's boring.

Boredom is carried to an almost obscene level in *The Odessa File*, a film that does violence to the audience. It tries to devein the totality of the Nazi menace and how, even in the Germany of today, Hitler's madmen continue working their cunning ways. The film on every level is so incredibly inept and pathetic that I'm amazed that Peter Locke didn't shoot it and that Jim Buckley isn't distributing it. What really made me squirm was not the film's sub-basement level of ability, but the critics' gentle tolerance of it. Only Rex Reed, whom I find more and more is my favorite movie critic, really went for -that film's jutting jugular.

I've always been against book-burning, but I'm starting to arouse my tired energies to support film-burning, and this would be the first fuel to save artistry in America. Never have so many people toiled for such a little flick, and never have so many people had their time

wasted. Do not see this movie unless you think The Beverly Hillbillies are highbrow.

The last film I saw was Nada Gang, which is Claude Chabrol's exploration into the motivations of violence in our weird society.

The Nada Gang is one of these precious pieces of pap that purveyors of pomp love imposing on the philosophically naive public. It's very much like the film Z, which was so elementary in its delineation of good and bad guys that all you needed was the mustachioed villain to know who to boo. The Nada Gang at least attempts to comprehend some of the violence it shows and so is leagues ahead of such low-class manure as The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. But, because of the commitment to preordained points of view, the film is no more interesting than a Chinese agrarian play explaining the advantages of early plantings and the wisdom of Chairman Mao.

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Edited By Rocco Bonelli

The purpose of this column is to offer our readers an honest and complete guide to sex entertainment in New York. Besides porno movies, we regularly review burlesque shows, topless bars, and massage parlors. Our rating system is based on quality for your dollar. If you have any comments or complaints about any place listed here, please write to: Bonelli, Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY. 10011.

As we go to press news has reached us of what must be the first major New York City porno film bust in two years, since Deep Throat got confiscated at the World Theatre. Details are, as of yet, scarce, but this much we do know: on Wednesday, October 30th, the police raided and confiscated prints of films at three different theatres. The World, showing The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander, the Capri, showing Love Bus, and the Lincoln Art, currently screening Lick-ity Split, were all hit by the guardians of civic decency. However, we wish to note that all three theatres—repeat, all three of the porno houses busted—report that business will continue as usual. Although prints were confiscated in the raid, all three theatres rushed in new copies of the same film. Still, in a fluid situation like this, it will be a good ideato call theatres to verify all programs.

What, exactly, is behind this massive bust? That's the question being asked by most porno theatre owners, who were surprised by this act of repression because of a prolonged period of relative quiet. It doesn't make sense to bust movies like Xaviera when a trip to the Times Square peep shows will reveal films of pedophilia and bestiality. So what gives?

The answer being given by the theatre owners is Manhattan District Attorney Kuh. This scumbag, the guy who busted Lenny Bruce ten years ago, is running scared for election this November. Originally, Kuh tried to win votes by playing down his previous role as an anti-smut crusader. But as polls continue to show him running behind his opponent, Kuh reverted to type with this last-minute gambit to get the votes. In the past Kuh has found that making obscenity busts has helped his career and it is believed he is hoping it will help him again. We hope his ploy fails but, whatever the case, the election will be settled by the time you read this.

Meanwhile, check these pages next issue for an update on the bust.

NEW PORN

WET RAINBOW is the most important sex film made to date, marking yet another breakthrough in the porn film genre. Featuring the acting talents of Harry Reems and Georgina Spelvin, this movie fuses a fine script with well-fleshed-out characters, direction, and camera work to transcend the limitations previously ascribed to the porn film genre.

The story is of a married couple that seeks to escape from the highly codified world of suburbia through sexual experimentation. But rather than presenting this situation in a superficial and simplistic way, we are shown real human beings floundering in areas they do not completely understand. Spelvin, as the wife, finds

FLESH GORDON: The sci-fi sex spoof is dropping into neighborhood theatres all around town.

RATING KEY

Not recommended—you get
the least for your money
Reliable—you get what you
pay for

Recommended—you won't go
wrong here

Highly Recommended—the
best of its kind available

herself turned on by the idea of a threesome and Reems, who has never turned in a better acting performance, suddenly finds himself threatened by his wife's enthusiasm, thus giving us a layered movie of depth and texture.

But with all of the attention to story line, acting and what have you, the movie still manages to keep a sharp focus on the sex action, rating 100% on the Peter-Meter. Playing at the Cinema Village, 12th St. east of 5th Ave. (WA 4-3363), Cine Malibu, 59th St. at 2nd Ave. (759-4630), and the Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th St. (246-9550). Admission \$5.

THE FILTHIEST SHOW IN TOWN is a fairly well made hard-core sex spoof of TV's Dating Game which features some quick paced directing, a reasonable script, some nice parodies, excellent acting, but,

alas, a minimum of sexual activity. Although there are some nicely done hardcore sex scenes (especially the one with Harry Reems and Tina Russell, porn's most beautiful starlet), they comprise a very short part of the overall movie. And they are additionally burdened by the fact that none of the couples appears to reach orgasm—there are no come scenes whatsoever in this flick.

The attempt of the director is clearly to go beyond the boundaries of the porno genre, but this has been done better by others. Goldstein not only hated the film, but moreover believes that it's a re-release of a four-year-old movie under a new name. Playing at the Rialto I, 42nd St. at 7th Ave. (LO 5-9795). Admission \$5.

PORTRAIT, the new Gerard Damiano movie, is a disappointment to those of us who look to Damiano for something more than a fuck and suck movie. But that is, in fact, what the old master has delivered, pure unadulterated hard-core screwing with little, if any, artistic pretensions and no attempt at story line. As such, we agree that it is well-handled and delivers the goods but, after Damiano's past triumphs, we're not sure that is enough.

The only really notable aspect of this film is the leading lady, Jody Maxwell, who will undoubtedly prove to be the most original cocksucker since Linda Lovelace. Jody Maxwell's talent is that she can sing "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window" while giving head . . . She can also bark at the same time. We're not sure that's enough either and found this film very difficult to rate. It just missed getting two cocks, and Goldstein gave it only 70% on the Peter-Meter. Playing at the Circus Cinema, B'way at 49th St. (489-9290). Admission \$5.

THE MINOR'S WIFE is actually the story of a number of extremely attractive wives living in a small mining town in West Germany, who spend most of their time cheating on their hard-working husbands. But, aside from the numerous attractive European women featured in this movie and some reasonably fast-paced editing and directing, the film fails to win its audience.

The main problem with this film seems to be that it was apparently shot with a soft-core market in mind and most of the hard-core looks like it was tacked on as an afterthought. Consequently the action during the sex scenes is disjointed, unconvincing, and never allows the audience enough time to identify with what is happening on the screen. Basically the sex scenes take too long to get started, end too quickly, and show too little. Indeed, the only sexual aspect of note in this drama are the female "splash scenes"—and that's only because they are so unbelievable. "Splash scenes" are those parts of a porno movie that show a guy coming. For the female "splash scenes," the women apparently

douched with milk so that they could create the illusion of a female ejaculation. Peter-Metered at 52%. Playing at the Rialto II, corner of 42nd St. and 7th Ave. (565-8733). Admission \$3.

LOVE BUS is a new and exciting film that offers solid acting performances with solid fuck and suck action, and a bevy of new and beautiful bodies. The story, which is not as implausible as most, is of an oversexed shrink who gets all his clients together for a trip up to the Gross hotel where they will spend a weekend of fun and games. But, along the way the bus breaks down and the sex takes place on and around the bus itself. Good photography combined with kinky sex (as in the scene where new porno star Rita Davis gets fist-fucked in the cunt up to the elbow by Jamie Gillis) make this movie an excellent dollar value. 90% on the Peter-Meter. Playing at the Capri Cinema,- 8th Ave. at 45th St. (581-4444). Admission \$5.

LICKITY SPLIT is another bus ride movie and a good one at that. Although the directing is uneven and there are times midway through the movie that might put you to sleep, the overall film, especially the final orgy on the bus, make this one of the better porno features of the season. And Linda Lovemore, the film's star, who gives deep throat (even better than Linda Lovelace, since she takes big cocks up to and including the balls), has to be counted as one of the best new cocksuckers on the sex horizon. Combined with good directing, acting and editing, this movie merits your attention

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and patronage. There has never been an orgy scene as well done as
the bus orgy at this film's conclusion. Goldstein gave it 90% on the
Peter-Meter. Playing at the Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th St. (JU 2-2333).
Admission \$5.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF XAVIERA HOLLANDER, starring former Playboy
bunny Samantha McLaren along with super cock stud John Holmes, is a
movie that supposedly recounts the famous hooker's life in the trade.
Directed by Larry Spangler (who also did The Soul of Nigger Charly for
Paramount), this hardcore sex epic falls short of being the masterful
kind of flick you might expect with such star billing. On the other
hand, it still comes across as superior raunch entertainment and
features a number of erotic and kinky sex scenes. But the beautiful
Samantha McLaren should be reason enough for you to put this film on
your "must-see" list. She handles her sex scenes well enough to help
win this film 90% on the Peter-Meter. Playing at the World, 49th St.
off 7th Ave. (CI 7-5747). Admission \$5

HOLDOVER AND REVIVALS

These are the best of the long running or revival hard-core films
now playing in New York.

FLESH GORDON is an outrageous sexual parody of the space adventurer
of yesteryear. Produced by Howard Ziehm, the film is a hilarious blend
of sex and science fiction. While the sexual action is strictly
simulated, the X-rated extravaganza is loaded with bouncing tits, bare
asses, and great looking chicks. The story, in brief, concerns the
sexual misadventures of Flesh on the planet Porno. The Earth, it seems,
is being attacked by erotic rays sent out by oversexed aliens that make
it impossible for humans to do anything but fuck. A pleasant fantasy if
there ever was one. Goldstein Peter-Metered it at 82%. Showing at 47
Showcase Theatres in the greater New York metropolitan area. In
Manhattan playing at the Apollo 42nd St., 42nd St. bet. 7th & 8th Aves.
(565-2326), Alpine, Dyckman St. and B'way (LO 7-3587), Quad Cinema 3,
13th St. bet. 5th and 6th Aves. (255-8800), and the Thalia, 95th St.
and B'way (AC 2-3370). Admission \$3.

DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES are both total rip-offs
because they have been optically censored. Despite the fact that both
movies originally received SCREWS top rating, we cannot recommend these
censored softcore versions. There is absolutely no sex action to be
found in either film. Playing at the Love Theatre, 125 W. 42nd St. (no
phone), Avon 7, 7th Ave. and 48th St. (586-8355), and the Kips Bay, 2nd
Ave. betw. 31st and 32nd Sts. (684-9361). Admission \$5.

RECOMMENDED FOR COUPLES

Regardless of what we may think of their current offerings from week
to week, these are the cleanest, most comfortable movie theatres in New
York which regularly show hard-core sex films. They're all suitable
places to take a chick, and the program is always reliable.

CAPRI CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 45th St.

(581-4444), admission \$5.

CINE LIDO, 48th St. & B'way (757-

4228), admission \$5.

ORLEANS THEATRE, 241 W. 47th St. (757-3503), admission \$5.

WORLD THEATRE, 49th St. off 7th Ave. (CI 7-5747), admission \$5.

STAG MOVIES

These are the porno movie theatres that change their program every week or two. Hard-core films are widespread but not universal, so check the listings before you

spend your cash.

AVON 7, 7th Ave. at 48th St. (586-8355), shows hard-core double features after they've played at the Hudson. The quality is usually dependable and there's always a program of loops too. Admission \$5.

BRYANT, 138 W. 42nd St. (LO 5-8277), shows only soft-core films with simulated sex. And the quality of this soft-core is usually terrible. Admission \$3.

CAMEO, 8th Ave. at 44th St. (246-9550), is a comfortable theatre that usually shows high quality hard-core movies. This is one of the better show places for 16mm entertainment. Admission \$5.

CINEMA LUNA, 202 Canal St. at Mulberry (732-1344), is the only porn theatre in the Chinatown area. It usually offers a double feature of 16mm hard-core films of reliable quality. Admission \$3.50.

DOLL, 7th Ave. at 48th St. (no phone), is a small theatre that shows crummy 16mm hard-core films. The program usually runs close to two hours. Admission \$3.

EROS II, 8th Ave. at 45th St. (246-6696), usually shows a double feature of hard-core porn. It's a clean, comfortable theatre, and it's had some big name porno films on their second run. Admission \$5.

HAREM, 249 W. 42nd St. (868-5585), is a dingy little theatre that tries to make up in quantity what it lacks in quality. The program usually includes three or four second-rate hard-core features. This theatre is open 24 hours a day. Admission \$3 days, \$5 nights.

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA, 775 8th Ave. at 47th St. (no phone), is a brand new theatre that's being completely mismanaged. No phone, no air conditioning, and the films are terrible old prints of 16mm hard-core. Admission \$3.

HUDSON, 141 W. 44th St. (757-4198), is a huge old theatre that shows two hours of first-run fuck films and shorts. The coming attractions alone are enough to usually satisfy your appetite for sex. Admission \$5.

INTIMATE MOVIES, 660 8th Ave. at 42nd St. (244-9317), is a small, uncomfortable theatre that shows low-quality hard-core 16mm sound movies. But the theatre is open 24 hours and the price is right: \$1.50 mornings, \$2 afternoons, \$3 after 12 at night.

JOY 42nd ST., 224 W. 42nd St. (695-3885), is a new theatre that shows old films. Most of the stuff consists of crummy 16mm hard-core. Admission \$2 days, \$4 evenings.

LOVE THEATRE, 42nd St. between 6th & 7th Aves. (no phone), usually shows hard-core second-run features after they have played at the Hudson. They also occasionally show soft-core versions of movies that have previously been released as hard-core. This is a clean, comfortable theatre but the quality is erratic. Prices vary with the program. Admission \$5.

MET CINEMA, 14th St. at 3rd Ave. (673-4004), is a sleazy place, but it's the only hard-core porno theatre for straights in downtown Manhattan. Its two-hour program consists of 35mm shorts. No plot, no fancy productions. Admission \$3.

MIDTOWN CINEMA, B'way at 99th St. (AC 2-1200), usually shows two big-name hard-core features on their second run. In addition, the clean, comfortable surroundings make this theatre a good value for the money. Admission \$3.

ODD THEATRE, 670 8th Ave. at 42nd St. (221-0985), is a small theatre that shows low quality 16mm hard-core sound movies. However, they are open 24 hours. Admission \$2 days, \$3 after 12 at night.

OLYMPIA THEATRE, 2515 Steinway St, Astoria, Queens (RA 6-2710), is a clean, comfortable theatre that usually shows a double feature of good quality second-run hard-core. Admission \$4.

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PENN GARDEN CINEMA, 412 8th Ave. at 31st St (868-7072), shows a double rill of hard-core fuck films. It's a clean, dependable theatre. Admission \$3.-1. j. RIALTO II, 205 W. 42nd St. at 7th Ave. 656-8733), is part of the Brandt soft-core main. The program usually includes two soft-core features with lots of fondling and female nudity, but no real sex. Admission \$3.

RIVOLI, 8th Ave. at 50th St. (CI 5-3920), is a big old theatre that has seen better days. The program usually consists of two second-rate fuck films and shorts. Admission \$5.

VICTORY, 42nd St. bet. 7th & 8th Aves. (565-2330), is a small theatre that shows soft-core exclusively. The quality of the films is low but the real problem with this theatre is that they occasionally sucker in tourists by showing movies that sound like high-quality hard-core films. Admission \$2.

THEATRE

This is a listing of live theatres that feature a heavy emphasis on sex content. LET MY PEOPLE COME, written by Earl Wilson, Jr., offers insight into the sexual problems of our time, total nudity and excellent scripting. Although the sex action is soft-core, most of the play is a heavy turn-on. Especially the blowjob scene which celebrates the joys of a guy coming in his girlfriend's mouth. We urge you to see this show at the Village Gate, Bleecker St. at the corner of Thompson St. (473-7270). Admission varies according to day of performance and choice of seats. The minimum during the week is \$5.50.

GAY MOVIES

As the gay capital of the western world, New York has a number of theatres that offer all male hard-core porn.

DAVID CINEMA, 238 W. 55th St. (247-9800), usually has a two-hour program that consists of a 16mm hard-core feature plus shorts. Admission \$4.

EROS I, 732 8th Ave. near 46th St. (581-4594), is a small theatre that shows two 16mm hard-core features plus shorts. It's a two-hour program, but the feature films are usually on their second run. Admission \$5.

55th ST. PLAYHOUSE, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves. (JU 6-4590), is a clean and comfortable theatre which usually shows hard-core films of good quality. The features are 16mm movies. Admission \$5.

MINI-CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 48th St. (581-5988), is the only gay all-night theatre in town. Under new management, the theatre has had new and comfortable seats put in and currently shows two hour-and-a-half features. Admission \$5.

JEWEL THEATRE, 3rd Ave. at 12th St. (260-1090), usually presents a two-hour program of first-run hard-core features and shorts. It's the only gay theatre in downtown Manhattan. Admission \$3.

PARK-MILLER, 124 W. 43rd St. (279-3970), is the oldest, largest and most reliable of the gay porno theatres. Its two-hour program consists of a first-run hardcore feature and shorts. Admission \$5.

KING'S CINEMA, 236 W. 50th St. (247-9785), is a sleazy theatre that usually shows a 16mm hard-core feature on its second run plus a program of shorts. Admission \$5.

BURLESQUE

The art of stripping is alive and well in New York. At the moment you have your choice of several good shows.

BROADWAY BURLESK, 49th St. between B'way & 7th Ave. (765-3326), is a clean, comfortable place where every spectator gets a good view. The continuous show has its dull moments, but the girls are consistently sexy and show all. Admission \$5.

FOLLIES BURLESQUE, B'way at 46th St (265-3929), has the best produced show in town, with a good selection of professional strippers and live bouncy music. The girls shed every stitch, although they spend a lot of time on the traditional teasing. The theatre itself is clean and comfortable. Note: do not be confused by the signs out front. The **FOLLIES** is upstairs, while, in the downstairs portion of the building, the **GAIETY BURLESQUE** has a homosexual show. Admission \$5.

FUN CITY THEATRE, 113 W. 42nd St. at 6th Ave. (no phone), is actually a combination porno book shop, peep show, and strip joint. The burlesque takes place upstairs where two drab girls spend 15 minutes apiece entertaining the customers. The half-hour burlesque is followed by a half-hour of hard-core 16mm movies. Admission \$4.

PSYCHEDELIC BURLESK, 670 8th Ave. at 42nd St. (565-8794), is not a comfortable place, but it's kind of fun. The lively show includes a mixed bag of strippers plus a male-female couple who perform a simulated sex act. Admission \$5. j, j,

ROXY BURLESK, 244 W. 42nd St. (695-3885), is a big theatre with a small runway, so you sit up close if you want a good view. The two-hour show is slick and professional, although the girls may not be the greatest. Admission \$5.

42nd ST. PLAYHOUSE, 417 W. 42nd St. (563-3135), is a big old theatre that has continuous burlesque from noon till 1 a.m. The girls are a real mixed bag, but you see a dozen of them in every show. Admission \$4.

49th ST. BURLESK, 49th St. off B'way (245-9382), is a dingy little theatre with a cheaply produced show. Unless you sit in the very front, you can't see a thing. The girls are usually second-rate and the atmosphere is nil. In between live shows they present old loops on a tiny screen. Admission \$4.50.

TOPLESS BARS

These bars are usually open from noon til 4 a.m. and the minimum price for a drink at the bars runs around \$2. By city law the girls have to wear pasties and g-strings, but that's pretty minimal coverage.

ADAM & EVE BAR, 371 Lex. corner E. 41st St., is a small bar that features a continuous show from 12 noon to 4 a.m. The girls are generally attractive and on Saturday and Sunday nights the go-go dancers are replaced by strippers. In the evening hours the place tends to get jammed but afternoons are quiet, pleasant and intimate.

ANVIL BAR, 500 W. 14th St. off 10th Ave. (no phone), features topless go-go girls dancing on the bar—usually two or three at a time. The girls wear g-strings and often stick their pussies right up to your face. The bar's hours are from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. weekdays only. Weekends and late evenings the bar turns gay.»

CARNIVAL BAR, 146 W. 45th St., is nothing fancy, with one go-go dancer behind the bar. She may not be a cover girl, but she's usually

raunchy and there's a lot of chatter back and forth between the dancer and the customers. CLUB 45, 150 W. 45th St., is a small place with only one dancer who performs right on the bar. Only problem—they don't have continuous performances.

49'er CAFE, 148 W. 49th St., has only one go-go dancer, but a whole flock of young girls serving up drinks behind the bar.

METROPOLE CAFE, 725 7th Ave. at 48th St., usually has two girls dancing and a third reclining languidly on a couch

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behind the bar. The girls encourage the bar customers to hand them a buck or two in return for some special attention.

M&M LUNCH BAR, Little West 12th St. two blocks south of the ANVIL (no phone), is a small bar that has a counter in the back where a topless, g-string clad girl will poke her pussy in your face. Bar hours are from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. during the week, closed weekends. ROBBIE'S MARDI GRAS, 731 7th Ave. at 48th St., is a more expensive place, with three girls dancing inside a circular bar. Their go-go dancers are the best looking anywhere, but they don't have much contact with the audience.

SHOWTIME BAR, 711 7th Ave. at 47th St., has two girls dancing and several others loitering around the bar waiting for you to buy them an

overpriced drink. Heavy on the Spanish types. This place has a bad reputation as a clip joint.

SWINGERS BARS

This is a listing of bars that cater to devotees of group sex in the greater New York area. The bars mentioned here are usually rented for an evening by a swingers group and seldom open their doors before 9 p.m. Drinks usually cost \$1.50 and none of the bars listed here will permit you to enter if you are not with a member of the opposite sex. Since the location of these bars and the days they are open are subject to change, you are advised to call before going.

MANIE O'ROURKE'S, 120 Raritan Ave. (Route 27), Highland Park, N.J. (201-791-1647), is a central Jersey bar (just outside of New Brunswick) that is being run by the folks at Our Gang. Open on Fridays only, beginning at 9 p.m. Dancing, four free drinks, buffet, enjoyed by 60 to 100 couples. Dress is casual and admission is \$12 per couple.

THE CLIQUE LOUNGE, 1397 Jerusalem Ave., Merrick, L.I. (516-481-0220), is open only on Sunday night. Admission is \$3 per couple and includes music, dancing, a buffet and parking,

R.J.N. CLUB LOUNGE, 5000 Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-785-5562), is a nice private club which is open only on Saturday nights, after 9.

The club features about 35 couples who range in age from 25 to 50. Admission is \$5 per couple and includes music, dancing and buffet.

TIFFANY LOUNGE, Rt. 110 and Great Neck Road, Farmingdale, L.I. (516-298-0679), is open exclusively on Saturday nights and features live music and free buffet. This pleasant place attracts about 35 to 45 swinging couples with an average age of 30. Admission is \$4 per couple.

YELLOW FRONT SALOON, 126 Main St., Fort Lee, N.J. (201-791-2256), is sponsored by Our Gang. Open on Saturday only, this bar features pleasant decor and dancing in the back room. Generally there are some 60 to 100 people present in an evening. Dress is casual and the admission, including four drinks and buffet, is \$12 per couple.

GAY BATHS

This is a listing of the gay bath houses in New York City. At the moment there are no bath houses for straight couples.

BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322), used to be cleaner and livelier but is becoming increasingly gloomy, attracting a primarily morose middle-aged clientele. The orgy room is pitch black, if you're into that sort of thing, and facilities are minimal. Prices start at \$5.75.

CLUB BATHS, 24 1st Ave. bet. 1st and 2nd Sts. (673-3283), is in a shitty neighborhood but it's one of the better bath houses in fun city. Clean with a fancy decorative scheme, it occupies four floors and includes sauna, steam room, comfortable lounge and back yard patio for sun bathing. Prices start at \$4.75.

EVERARD, 28 W. 28th St. (684-8935), the original one-and-only bath house in New York for many years, fell into disrepair and was gutted by a fire some time ago. It has since been nicely remodeled, is well-kept and reasonably clean, attracting a kinky cross-sectional clientele from every age group. It has three floors, includes a large sauna, steam room, and pool. Prices start at \$4.75.

MAN'S COUNTRY, 28 W. 15th St. off Union Square (929-2220), is a spacious, well-equipped and clean bath house that occupies six full floors. It features a free disco, snack bar, steam room, sauna, dormitory, gym and pool table. The staff is friendly and the clientele horny and attractive. Lots of action on weekends. Lockers start at \$4.75, private rooms \$8.85. Major credit cards accepted.

SAUNA BATHS, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880), is a small place popular with the middle-aged after-work crowd on weekdays from 4 to 7 p.m. The main attraction is a cozy dormitory where "togetherness" is encouraged and can usually be counted on. Clean and well-attended, it has a few private rooms and mini-sauna. Lockers are \$4.75

ST. MARK'S BATHS, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929), is seedy, run-down and patronized mostly by flies. This is the last surviving relic of what the baths used to be like before gay consciousness. Prices are low because they wouldn't dare charge any higher.

MODEL STUDIOS

NOTICE: OUR RATINGS OF "MODEL STUDIOS" AND "HEALTH SPAS" ARE BASED ON PHYSICAL FACILITIES, COMFORT AND AMBIANCE ONLY-NOT ON THE AVAILABILITY OF SEX.

Model studios are not licensed to offer massage or body rubs, but many do. Basically, all these studios provide you with is a model of your choice and a private room. What you and the model do in the room is your own business. Prices range from \$15 to \$25 for a half-hour session, and the model expects a substantial tip for any extra favors.

HOUSE OF RELAXATION, 737 8th Ave. (no phone), is a hole in the wall that offers the bare minimums. All you get is a body rub in drab, unattractive surroundings. A minimum half-hour session is \$12.

PINK PUSSY CAT, 200 E. 14th St. at 3rd Ave. (533-5719), is a small studio with three rooms that offer a reasonable amount of privacy and comfort. Black, white, Spanish and dominant models usually available. And the price is right at \$15, with repeating customers being offered bonus sessions for free.

STUDIO ONE, 100 W. 43rd St. corner 6th Ave. (no phone), is a neat, clean and attractive place which features a racially mixed group of good-looking models. There are three rooms on the premises where you can get a body rub. A minimum 20-minute session is \$10.

THE CATHOUSE, 200 W. 49th St., 2nd floor (581-7779), is a well-kept, comfortable studio. Its four session rooms are clean and offer excellent privacy. Sketching, body rubs and photography are available. The girls are usually polite and attractive. \$20 a session

VELVET TOUCH, 113 W. 42nd St., between 6th and 7th Aves. (221-6888), is an attractive studio which usually has seven girls on duty. The facilities include five nice, clean rooms, and a spacious, nicely kept lounge where customers can usually find free drinks (although this is not guaranteed because of the casual attitude of the management). Sessions start at \$ 10 for half an hour.

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HEALTH & LEISURE SPAS

All the places listed here are licensed by the city to offer either massage or baths. Generally, but not always, they are bigger and better-equipped than the model studios. The girls work mainly on tips and a generous tip is required for any special favors.

BEAVER STREET SPA, 18 Beaver St., over Fusco's Restaurant (943-2909), is a small but extremely well decorated spa located in the Wall Street area. Each of the four private rooms has been fully sound-proofed, contains a mirror, and is kept clean at all times. Showers, a sauna and a private locker room are also available on the Premises, as is a lounge in which patrons can sip free champagne. The girls, who are courteous, pleasant and attractive, cater mostly to businessmen. A half-hour session costs \$15.

CAESAR'S RETREAT, 219 E. 46th St. (758-6885), the first spa to win SCREW's four cock rating, is a plush, comfortable club with a Roman bath house theme. It offers a large sauna room, needle showers and nine large rooms which feature sunken whirlpool baths. Free liquid refreshments are served in an elegant and comfortable lounge. The toga-clad girls are very good-looking and well-trained to pamper you in every way possible. Elegant, friendly and reliable, they offer five different programs to suit your whims and your pocketbook. Prices start at \$20 per session. Extras cost more.

8th AVENUE LEISURE SPA, 672 8th Ave. off 42nd St. (765-4660), is a small but clean spa that features attractive black models. Included on the premises are two semi-private whirlpool baths, a hot rock sauna, a steam bath and high pressure shower. A 30-minute minimum session costs \$10..L j. EROS LEISURE & HEALTH SPA, 36 W. 34th St., 5th floor (564-2186), is a nice comfortable spa that features attractive girls, a sauna, two showers and free wine. There are six private rooms available, all of which are kept neat and clean. \$23 a session.

FRENCH QUARTER, 737 8th Ave. between 46th & 47th Sts. (765-4661), specializes in attractive black models. They have a nice, clean lounge with a color TV, a steam room, whirlpool bath, sauna and shower. A minimum session is \$10 for 30 minutes. A.

GALAXY 1, 127 E. 47th St., off Lex. Ave. (759-4792), is a drab and unappealing place. They feature four rooms, a sauna and a shower. The models are generally unappealing and the surroundings ill-kept. \$15 a session.

KING OF CLUBS, 237 E. 53rd St. betw. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (421-2402), is a new club still in the process of being remodeled. At the moment, however, there are four clean private rooms ready for your pleasure, as well as a needle point shower and pleasant lounge, where free sangria and soda is served. This club also has a wide array of extremely attractive young women. Sessions start at \$20.

LEXINGTON AVENUE SPA, 714 Lex. Ave. betw. 57th & 58th Sts. (355-8547), features a small sauna, shower and two clean rooms. The models are generally attractive and a \$15 minimum session includes use of all facilities.

MALE CHAUVINIST CLUB, 140 E. 39th St. (689-7050), occupies two floors of a private East Side brownstone. Facilities include a lounge, recreation room, sauna, showers, baths and seven private massage rooms. However, lately this spa has been remiss in paying its bills for ads in SCREW and, consequently, we no longer feel that they can be considered reliable. Since they are functioning in an erratic manner we are unable to give an accurate review and are therefore pulling their rating. Let the SCREW reader beware.

MAN'S WORLD, 141 E. 45th St. betw. Lex. & 3rd Aves. (661-8690), is an attractive little club which offers four private rooms, a shower, sauna, and good-looking girls. The sauna is available to anyone for as long as they want, after they've had a minimum \$20 session.

MIDDLE EARTH, 835 3rd Ave. at 51st St. (752-4644), has five private massage rooms, showers, and complimentary refreshments in a small but pleasant lounge. This is a clean and cozy studio that has a reputation for being reliable when dealing with their customers. The girls are generally attractive and the sessions, which start ?* \$20, are a good dollar value.

MURRAY HILL HEALTH STUDIO, 154 E. 33rd St. betw. 3rd and Lex. Aves. (532- 2334), is a homey and attractive spa situated in four floors of a brownstone. It features five private carpeted rooms with mirrors, a sauna, showers, and free drinks in the reception room. But the nicest thing about this place are the extremely pleasant and attractive interracial girls who attend the customers. Sessions start at \$25.

OASIS HEALTH SPA, 1595 B'way, between 48th & 49th Sts. (582-5335), is a super posh leisure spa. They feature a large sauna, showers, pool table, a bar with free drinks and a large comfortable lounge with color TV, cigarette machine and jukebox. The centerpiece of this leisure spa is the ultra swank mirrored room which allows the customer to view the action from every conceivable direction. The mirrored room also features thick, lush carpeting and a private sauna and whirlpool bath. The price varies in accordance with what you want. A minimum session is \$20 for a half-hour.

RELAXATION PLUS, 42nd St. & Lex. Ave. on the Mezzanine of the Commodore Hotel (686-4345), is an ultra-chic, elegant, clean establishment that is open 24 hours a day. Facilities include the Tiger's Den Lounge (where free refreshments are served), a sauna, showers, a sun room, whirlpool baths, private air-conditioned massage rooms and free valet service. Of special interest is their magnificent new Infinity Room, which is covered with mirrors to give you the maximum in viewing pleasure. This spa supplies a special list of carefully constructed fantasies that you can act out with the girl of your choice. Prices start at \$20. The best costs more but is worth it.

SPARTACUS SPA, 243 E. 53rd St. (759-1910), is a Grecian bath house that occupies two floors of an East Side brown-stone. Its facilities include bath, showers, sauna and complimentary refreshments in the comfortable lounge. A wide range of services is offered: hot oil body rubs, body shampoos and lemon facials. The girls are always attractive, so you can't go wrong at this leisure spa. Prices start at \$20 a session.

SPARTACUS II, 8 E. 36th St. (725-5650), is a well-equipped two-story spa with a large sauna, showers, private whirlpool baths, and a small room with exercise equipment. In addition there is a posh lounge which offers a pool table and computer ping pong. There is also a spacious men's dressing room with lockers. The studio is licensed to offer massage and the lovely girls will also pamper you with hot oil rubs and lemon facials. Prices range from \$20 to \$100 per session, depending on your choice of luxury services,

VENUS TOUCH, 200 E. 59th St. off 3rd Ave. (751-8870), is a small but attractive club that offers a hot rock sauna, a needlepoint shower, four private rooms, and free liquid refreshment. There are usually five or six girls for you to choose from and they are all attractive and attentive. Sessions start at \$15 for a half-hour.

VICTORIAN SPA, 463 Lexington Ave. at 45th St. (687-1730), offers sauna, showers and licensed massage. Its five private rooms are clean,

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NOVEMBER 18,1974 PAGE 33

MAILORDER MADNESS

By John Milton

John Milton covers the mail-order field as a service to SCREW readers. Companies wishing their products reviewed in his column should send merchandise and information to John Milton, Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY. 10011. Milton also edits SEXSENSE, a consumer sex newsletter which is available through Milky Way Productions, Inc., same address. Subscription rates: 24 issues, \$18.50; trial subscription, 11 issues, \$9.95.

VIDEO CASSETTES

A few readers have written to ask about sources for video cassettes of feature length film productions. We said we'd look around, and then up popped a source right under our noses: Dunn Management.

Dunn has a catalog listing 392 feature films, both straight and porno. The catalog is for sale for \$3, and can be obtained by writing to Dunn Management, Inc., 516 Fifth Ave., Suite 507, New York, N. Y. 10036. Among the porno films available are Dark Dreams, Flossie, Mona, Behind the Green Door, and Memories Within Miss Aggie. The majority of cassettes offered are straight, however, and include such blockbusters as Love Story, The Godfather, Billy Jack, Psycho, and many films from Hollywood's past. As for prices, Mona goes for \$175, and The Godfather for \$300—just to give you an idea of what you're getting into. Prices include postage and handling, and two weeks should be allowed for delivery.

According to Fred Leslie, president of Dunn, "All video cassettes are shipped on the 3/4" SONY cassette, standard. Other formats are available, at a slight additional cost. All video cassettes are guaranteed to be free from defects for a period of 30 days from purchase. All tapes are complete in every detail, and our prices are lower for this merchandise than any other outlet in the United States."

Unfortunately, we must add that we've had almost a dozen complaints about Dunn. Not enough yet to put him on our Dirty Dealers list (we also get recommendations for Dunn) but enough to advise: proceed with caution, and at your own risk. It might help if, when you order, you mention M.O.M. sent you.

HOT TAPES

No, we're not talking about Watergate (M.O.M. never bores you with politics, unless the subject is pornography) but about what we can only call "dirty talk" tapes. A company called Betty Adams, P.O. Box 1119, Fremont, Calif. 94538, offers reels, cassettes, and 8-track tapes for \$10 each, or three for \$25. Betty Adams also rents porno films, books and magazines.

Betty sent us a tape, but we don't have a recorder for it, so we can't tell about quality. All we can do is mention a few of Betty's selections. X-5, for instance, is described as "Sex Life of a Nympho Housewife—this is just a knock down drag out hard-core tale about two girls and the men they seduce just by accident." Betty also claims to have tapes (made with hidden microphones) of the Don Rickles Roasting at the Friars Club in Hollywood—not the clean television version, but one in which Johnny Carson, Ed Sullivan, Flip Wilson and so on get together to crack dirty jokes. Although we have no information on Betty Adams, her brochure goes to great length to insist on her honesty, even so far as pointing out that she needs customers, they don't need her.

MEDICINE SHOW

Step right up, suckers. A company in Florida called Medi-Chem, Inc. is waiting to take your money if you believe in pills and sprays to

either revive your sexual vigor or keep your cock hard. W.C. Fields would have a field day with products like "Hard Time" which is hustled this way: "The secret, amazing formula of natural herbs that keeps males sexually potent into their late 80's." "Hard Time" sells for \$10 per 20 capsules. "S-T-A Hard"-an aerosol spray made of Benzocaine-

MEMORIES WITHIN HER MAMMARY: Now you can watch Miss Aggie dig her tit on your own TV.

=goes on the head of your cock before intercourse, and costs \$6 for a half-ounce can. You may ask, if we're so skeptical about such products, why mention them here? Because we're serving the public, and there are a lot of people who believe in this gunk. If you're one of them, write to Medi-Chem, Inc., P.O. Box EG835, Melbourne, Fla. 32925.

WHERE IS MONA?

Mona was the first good feature-length hardcore porno film. When it came out in New York back in 1970, it caused a sensation. It was made by the team of Ziehm and Osco, responsible for the current hit. Flesh Gordon, played New York for about a year, and then disappeared. We believe this is one of the classic porno films, and would like to find it in 8mm. If you know a source, write to M.O.M. as a public service.

HOT BOOKS

Miss Jane Todd is a spinster school teacher of 45 when she comes to teach at Hillcrest Academy, an all-boys school. She is frightened of men and frigid sexually, but being the only female in school gives her an education she'd never dreamed of getting. Her first sexual experience had been when she was raped by a college professor at the age of 20. Even then she had

heavy, melon-like tits which caused men to go mad with lust.

Jane felt his brutally thick penis entering her dry, untried cunt. The pain was so awful that she fainted for a moment, and when she came to, he was all the way inside her. It was too late to resist now. The damage was done, her hymen broken. All she could do was lie there sobbing, praying that it wouldn't last long.

"You frigid little bitch," he said, panting as he humped her.

"You're dry. You don't even enjoy it. I pity you. "

Jane watched in horror as Professor Graves fucked her. . . . She saw his enormously thick milky-white cock hammering in and out of her tiny passage. The pale shaft was stained with blood. . . .

Jane's adventures are recorded in Teacher's Three-Way Lessons by Erika Norman, Surrey House, Inc., 6314 River-dale St., San Diego, Calif. 92120. \$1.95.

READERS' DEPARTMENT

Dear John,

Here's another outfit that should be on your Dirty Dealers list. Apex Productions, Box 136, S-80103 Gavle 1, Sweden. About six months ago I responded to their ad and sent them a buck for brochures. I never heard from them so I sent them another dollar two months ago, explaining this was the second time, and still nothing. They've been advertising in SCREW and several other publications for some time.

Here's a dealer I'd like to recommend being put on your Safe Sellers list. D&G Book Service, Box 744, Albany, N.Y. 12201. I've placed several orders with him and his films are very good quality with quick service and very reasonable prices. I highly recommend him.

I'd like to make a suggestion concerning your reviews of porno films. How about a half page, similar to Consumer Reports magazine, where the current films are listed and readers can write in and give their rating. Not only would this be a good guide for your readers but it would let the filmmakers know what we like.

Very truly yours, R.S. Riverside, Calif. We like your last idea. If readers want to send in their votes for best porno series, best film in the series, etc., we'll be happy to run the results. As for your complaint about the Swedish company, those brochures get seized by the U:S. Customs all the time, so it's not necessarily the firm's fault. As for D&G: we're putting them on our Safe Sellers list.

Good news? Bad news? Information about Monal Write to M.O.M., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

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NOVEMBER 18, 1974 PAGE 35

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EROS

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We do not provide any box numbers, nor do we forward mail.

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SCREW is still not accepting telephone numbers in personal ads.

It is impossible to investigate either these products or services as advertised in this newspaper.

Consequently, we are unable to vouch for the bona fide of an ad carried in our paper.

AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1974, SCREW Classified ad rates will be as follows: Personal 15 cents per word (\$3.50 minimum), Commercial 35 cents per word (\$7.00 minimum). Dramatic increase in SCREW circulation makes this the best ad bargain ever!

STRAIGHT? BI? GAY? Perfect blowjob for you! By a young guy who worships your cock. Cum, be done. J.J., Box 31, East Lansing, Mich. 48823.

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS! "Thicken" & "lengthen" it! New scientifically proven method. Information & sample s-t-r-e-t-c-h photos, \$1. Therapeutic Products, 1619-S Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, NY 11233.

LOADS OF GALS want loads of guys, all areas! Pictures, names & addresses in introductory issue, only \$1.40 pages plus special! Metrapala-S, Box 460, Cooper Sta., NYC 10003. Sexational!

WHITE MALE, 51, due to wife's long illness would like to meet woman, couples in same situation, where male is incapable & understand problem. Will be generous if desired, sincere reply only, up to 60. Send phone. Box 399, Times Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10036.

MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER has nude 4x5 of top NY models. Sample, descriptive brochure. \$2. S.A.S.E. F&R, PO Box 32, Mad. Sq. Sta., NYC 10010.

PHONEFUN Acquaintance Opportunities. "All" interests; national, monthly "Index." Codads, Box31332-C, San Fran (Grooviness) Calif. 94131.

CAN'T RECEIVE MAIL or phone calls at home? Use our address/phone # as your own. Mail service \$4 month. 24 hour phone service \$10 month.

Inquire: Discreet Service, 152 W. 42 St., #504, NYC, NY 10036.
Recommended by SCREW.

LIFESIZE LATEX squirting prick, \$5.00. 12 socially redeeming come shots, sperm dripping from mouth, etc., \$4.00. Five different sets, \$15. 1975 porno calendar, \$3. All items, \$20. State age. Marathon Sales, Box 470, Gracie Sta., NY, NY 10028.

METROPOLITAN NYC: Male, gay, 50, 6'2'/j", 230#, loves hairy truck drivers, dig to make mad love, kiss & suck. Danny Tyler, 215 E. 29th St., NYC 10016.

LADIES ONE OR MORE: Young submissive male exhibitionist, professional masseur, 29, loves to be French slave to group of 4 or 5 horny gals. King, Box 266, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, white rabbit, seeks bunnies who enjoy hippety-hop or lickety-split, pink-eye or cotton tail. Pen pals, too. Come one, come all. Box 397, Kenmore Sta., Boston, Mass.

GENUINE 13 1/2" COCK PHOTO. All-time biggest prick. 8x10" clear glossy print of handsome go-go kid's super huge cock, 7" around. Comes sealed, 1st class, with valuable brochure. \$3 from Mort Sloan, Box 714, NYC, NY 10022.

SHY MALE DESIRES meeting friendly couple during week days, 9-5 your apt. to share pleasures of French culture, photos, movies, etc. Box 387, Midtown Sta., NY, NY 10018.

MALE, WHITE, 29, married, looking for female, white, 18-40 to have an extra affair with. Telephone #. Write: J.P., Box 199, Brooklyn, NY 11227.

WATER SPORTS! Attractive young male traveler, Colorado-based, wishes to meet attractive females for enemas, either give or take. Letters, too: I like to exchange information, stories, ideas, photographs. Whether enemas are your "thing" or just curious, write! Will send my name & photo by return mail. PO Box 2194, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901.

VERY HANDSOME WHITE GUY, 34 yrs., sincere, discreet, serious, would like to meet woman over 50 (big tap pref) but will answer all. Write, send phone #. Paul, c/o Box 43, Bklyn, NY 11234.

HANDSOME, MUSCULAR Manhattan doctor, appearing younger than his 40 yrs., seeks very attractive female or couple to play doctor & nurse. Realize the ultimate in sexual ecstasy. Discretion assured. PO Box 166, Washington Br. Sta., NY, NY 10033.

WRITER SEEKS TALENTED representational cartoonists to illus. far-out sex stories. Must enjoy sex comics & be shockproof. Will pay reasonable fee, or swap stories, films: Occupant, PO Box 1330, NY, NY 10019.

MASCULINE MALE WANTED by same. Must be 30 to 55, over 5T0", over 200 lbs., but not grossly obese. May be married or single, bisexual or homosexual, but if the lat-

ter you must feel that you simply prefer the company of another male rather than feeling homosexual per se; absolutely no fag types. I'm 29, a professional photographer, profoundly discreet, am 5T0", approximately 180 lbs., white, & live in Manhattan's East 60s. Albeit not poor, I'm the type who would rather be poor & live happily with someone in a Depression Era railroad shack than be wealthy & live alone in a penthouse on Sutton Place. The type of guy I'm seeking may be an executive on Wall St. or a ditch digger; a policeman or an ex-con. I've known them all. While not out to put a rope around a guy's neck, neither am I looking for a one-night stand. My only demand in answering this ad is that you enclose a snapshot with your letter—even if you must resort to one of those dreadful 25c machines—which I vow faithfully to return upon request. No photo, no reply. Boxholder, Box 326, NY, NY 10017.

SEEK FEMALES to service group of cleancut, young, professional men at their leisure home in beautiful Adirondack mts. Year round; boating, skimobiling, parties. Reply with photo if possible to Box 6, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423.

VERY BLACK YOUNG WOMEN available for personal service. Mail \$15 to: James, PO Box 7225, Phila., Pa. 19101. (Money orders only.)

MIAMI: DOMINANT MISTRESS needed, to train & discipline this docile slave boy. All natural, unnatural & erotic arts. Mild B&D, water sports, ponyboy, TV, OA, spanking, Fr., Gr., etc. Have available quarters with implements. I'm waiting to satisfy your personal fantasies. Please be my superior.

VIRGIN: I'VE NEVER HAD a shaved pussy. I am blond, handsome, very male & anxious to please the verticle lips. Photo. Box 397, Southport, Conn. 06490.

HANDSOME GUY, 30, seeks girl age 18-30 to share bed & board in 5-room apt. by Prospect Park. The address is 11-11 8th Ave., Bklyn, NY. Please write & send photo if possible. If calling, 9 to 2 pm is best on weekdays.

FOR MALES WITH GUSTO! (1) The "How To" of S&M. Specify light, medium, heavy. . (2) "How To" Blow. (3) "How To" Shoot the Tube. (4) "How To" at the Tubs. Each meaty dialogue is priced at \$2.00 You MUST state age with signature. The Cellar, PO Box 8572, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

BUSINESSMEN, EXECUTIVES, drop a line to Betty Cee & tell her what you want. Betty Cee can arrange it, if you are sincere. Couples, first timers welcomed. 152 W. 42 St., #504, NYC, NY 10036.

WE ARE TWO MALES seeking willing male to serve & service us together. We require sexual obedience, but no physical S&M. Also looking for gay friendship with right person. PO Box 436, Little Neck, NY 11363.

GOOD LOOKING GREEK MALE, 38, 5'8", 180, love French, with strong 8x2. Seeking white female, 20-40, single or housewife. Photo & phone please. P. Currie, The Vandervelt, 224 E. 47th St. NY, NY.

KEEP YOUR PENPALS privates private today! Keep penpals from your door! Avoid unwanted visits & confrontations! Secure re-mailing assures privacy! Details from General, Box 867, Teaneck, NJ 07666.

SENSUAL HOUSEKEEPER WANTED! Experienced woman 21-50 to live in. Excellent salary, beautiful quarters. Cooking required. Must also sexually service (mutual) extremely good looking, well built "husband," late30s, mostly when "wife" is travelling. Photo, phone please. Box 662, FDR Sta., NY 10022.

DEAR MARRIED LADY, some straight talk. I'm Italian, tall, early 30s & good looking. After 7 years of marriage, frankly I'm bored& looking for a woman with a similar situation. Discretion a must. Daytime perfect. Write PO Box 8, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

BIZARRE & ESOTERIC wood working. B&D apparatus designed & finely hand-crafter to your specifications. Carpenter Shop, 1044 Beach 21st St., Far Rockaway, NY.

LONELY FEMALES. No need to be lonely any longer. Young attractive male wants to fulfill your dreams, whether it be passionate loving or just being treated like a woman. Send phone # to: PO Box 249, Wall St. Sta., NYC 10005.

VIRILE, MUSCULAR BI MALE available for 3somes. Have car & place. Adam, PO Box 39, Nanuet, NY 10954.

AS OF DECEMBER 1,1974, SCREW Classified ad rates will be as follows: Personal 15 cents per word (\$3.50 minimum), Commercial 35 cents per word (\$7.00 minimum). Dramatic increase in SCREW circulation makes this the best ad bargain ever!

W/M, 28, 6'4", 190. Looking for well built guys, musclemen, bodybuilders. If you would enjoy having your body appreciated & given a free full body massage then write me. Muscles turn me on. Send photo & phone to R. Martinelli, Box 555, Wall St. Sta., NYC 10005.

THE NEW ISSUE OF MATURE is about to appear. Over 2,000 exciting ads, mostly of single swinging women, in every state of the USA & Canada. Great couples too! Send \$4 for your copy. (The photos alone are worth the money.) Write: Mature, PO Box 352, Free-port, NY 11520.

WHITE MALE, 21, goodlooking, husky, hot mouth & ass need a strong, dominant man, 27-40, gay, straight or bi, who knows what he wants & how to take it. Please send descriptive letter & phone # if possible. PO Box 94, Fleetwood Sta., Mt Vernon, NY 10552.

TICKLISH FEMALES, any race, status, passive, write this nice-looking executive, youthful 41, excellent grooming, considerate, appreciative. Expert at French, massage, foot culture, erotic tickling, mild bondage games. Genuine companionship. Travel Buffalo, Detroit, N.E. States. M.J. Woods of Detroit please write. R. White, Box 321, West Hill, Ontario, Canada.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME you came & really enjoyed it? I love making older men really satisfied. If your generous & want to meet a young white bi buy write soon. Older men say when. Box 221, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG (27) white male, novice oral slave for males, females, groups. Write Rick Dubin, 26 7th Ave. So., NYC 10014.

SUBMISSIVE MASCULINE STUD would enjoy meeting wit male, female & couples. I'm always looking for new & exiting people to meet with. Am discrete & sincere. Tel # & mailing address please. Coming to NY soon.

SUPER DISCREET EXECUTIVE, young 28, handsome, Irish-Cherokee, well-traveled, well-educated. Interests include travel, outdoors, politics, music, writers, & people who have heads on their shoulders. Wish to meet straight appearing gay, straight or bi males with good personalities, looks, & who know what being discreet means for private get-togethers. Can travel. Your photo & phone gets mine. You won't be disappointed. Box 31104, Temple Hill, Maryland 20031.

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STAY DOWNTOWN

No need to leave the Wall Street area because now, Beaver St. Spa can satisfy your every desire. We offer new European sauna and invigorating high pressure shower. Enjoy being catered to by our beautiful young hostesses. They can bring you up when the Dow Jones has you down. Call and ask about our special introductory rates.

Beaver St. Spa
18 Beaver Street
943-2909/open from 10AM to 8PM

\$EX \$ENSE

Saves You Money

COME

AND GET

IT...

New York's loveliest hostesses are waiting to pamper & please you. Come and enjoy a re-vitalizing needlepoint shower followed by a supremely satisfying rubdown in complete air conditioned privacy.

MIDDLE EARTH

835 Third Ave. Between 50th & 51st Streets (212) 752-4644

OPEN 24 HOURS 7 DAYS A WEEK

MAILING ADDRESS use your name our address to receive your mail—\$4 per rho. Rm. 1104, 150 5th Ave., NYC 10011.

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS needing American boy-friends. Details: free. Mexico, Box 3876, EE, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

FREE FOLDER about sure fire swinging! 10 hottest questions! 68 subjects! How single guys score! Free! But dime stamp gets first class delivery. Living Institute, Box 3ER, Raritan, NJ 08876.

KODACOLOR PROCESSING. 12 Ex. \$3.90, 20 Ex. \$5.90. Ektachrome slides 20 Ex. \$2, 36 Ex. \$3. 8mm movies \$4. Polaroid copies. Unbeatable quality. See the difference. S. Photo, Box 258-M, Syracuse, NY 13201.

WOMENS GROUP for gals who want to meet men, couples & other gals. National membership, no obligation. Write for free folder to Pam Mercer, Womans Group, Box 202SR, Flagtown, NJ 08821.

GROPESUITS, "JELLY-POUCH" training bags, "Ben-Wa's," Vulva Vibrators, Suction Breast Cups, "Rubberized Consolateurs," Jaculating Supporters. Comprehensive listings: \$3 (refundable). Tectonics, 210 Fifth Ave., NYC.

INSTANT ACTION: Tired of hasseling with your chick to suck you off? Check out heavy throat action with experienced head master. He guarantees a fantastic climax. Box 2381, NYC 10001.

RECENTLY DIVORCED ATTRACTIVE 23 yr. old woman wishes sincere friendship & love relationship with other women. Write Box 1037, GPO, Brooklyn, NY 11202. Send resume, phone #, & photo if possible. I will send same. Positively no men.

YOUNG MALE, 23, built to please, seeks woman of any age, couples possible. Let me know your desires. Phone & photo appreciated but not necessary. Tom, Box 150, Stratford, Conn. 06497.

YOUNG PHILA. HOUSEWIFE (separated, slim, 22yrs., white) wants to please outside of Pa. Males, females, couples (21 to 40 yrs.). Send revealing photo. "Janita," Box 2482, Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa.

MIAMI: ALL PASSIVE FEMALES with unnatural fantasies who enjoy being a subject to the stable of a most successful, tallented, gentle & understanding master, to rellease your frustrations & satisfy all personal, senseous, passionate fantasies of all arts & cultures, who enjoy mild disciplin, exhibitionist, fr., Gr., ponygirl, Photography, masturbation, water sports, TV, spanking, etc. Exiting impliments, private sessions & very discrete. This ad is for you honey. You'll be so exited & thrilled, you'll be back for more as others have. Send detailedd letter & photo. Let me train you. You'll enjoy every minute. Shy, novie, flat chested pussycats verry welcome. Don't delay, write for details. You'll be glad you did. Chuck R., PO Box 470812, Miami, Fla.

LEATHERMEN: I'm 21, goodlooking, husky, hot & hung & very interested in leather. I don't know anything about it, only that it turns me on. Any dominant leatherman, 27-39, please write & show me the way. Please send letter & phone if possible to: PO Box 94, Fleetwood Sta., Mt. Vernon, NY 10552.

SUPER STUD, 27, extremely good looking, very muscular, beautifully built, hung big & super thick, will completely satisfy any female. PO Box 661, NY, NY 10019.

DIGS FRAGRANT SMELLING PUSSY! Latin male, handsome, endowed, 26, loves to make love to & French & drink the nectar of all races of females. Box 442, Mahwah, NJ 07430.

LIKE TO RECEIVE unusual exotic photos & films? Featuring beautiful women being spanked on bare ass, humiliated, dominated, golden showered, etc. Write: Mature, PO Box 1959, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

WELL HUNG YOUNG MAN needs female who enjoys sucking a beautifully curved cock or who enjoys being teased by a talented tongue. Photo, phone appreciated. All ages, all races welcome. PO Box 109, East Elmhurst, Queens, NY 11369.

ATT: FAT LADIES. Brooklyn guy, 30, looking for heavy set lady for dates & possible marriage. Must love sex. Photo & phone will receive first considerations. This ad is no phony. Write: Tony Andreacchio, 1122 Blake Court, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

PISCES MALE, 29, handsome, aware, intelligent, seeks a lady to share some spaces with. Live free in my Cape Cod house for weekend? year? who knows? Call information or write Neil Hickey, 467 West Fal. Hwy. Falmouth, Mass. 02540.

SICK OF HUSTLERS? Forwarding fees? Phonies? A new interracial group of warm, intelligent people is forming, and we need single females & couples who care more about personality than looks. PO Box 9614, Sta. "F", Columbus, Ohio 43206.

MY PRETTY YOUNG FACE & enormous jugs are waiting for you. Send SASE & \$2. for cost of photo if you want one. A friend of mine has consented to my using his PO Box, so please use the following address: Boxholder, PO Box 193, GPO, NYC, NY 10001.

28, SLIM, ATTRACTIVE MALE, interested in meeting same getting into S/M. Prefer hippie, hung, leather. Photo, letter. 3-P, 495 West End, NYC 10024.

GIRLS 18 TO 40: Single, married, widowed, divorced. Attractive, well-endowed, uninhibited but still frustrated. Problems solved, discreet & confidential, by 29 yr. old handsome, white, single male. Into all cultures. Write: Bob Becker, 40-06 Ocean Ave., Apt. R-1, East Rockaway, NY 11518. Photo & phone speeds reply.

TOLEDO, OHIO W/M, 36, seeks intimate but j casual relationship with women 18-45. j DiscreSSION assured. Picture desired. Send j phone & address to Danny, PO Box 2555, j Toledo, Ohio 43606.

HELP IVY LEAGUE STUD celebrate 19th birthday! Seeks women to blow out his candle. Write Andy, 411A Carmen Hall, Columbia U., NYC 10027.

OHIO: SWINGING BACHELOR desires to meet swinging bachelorette to explore the swinging scene, & make new contacts. This bachelor is 34 years old & participates in most phases, & will investigate the rest, discretion assured & expected. Send revealing photo (if possible) & phone ft. All answered. Write Occupant, PO Box 6142. Toledo, Ohio 43614.

COME SWING WITH US: Attractive bisexual swinging couple, 29 & 27, always horny. Couples & singles OK. All races. Sincere ad. PO Box 234, NY, NY 10036.

USE OUR ADDRESS for your "private" mail. Remailing & pick-up. Code names. Most recommended. Third year with SCREW. Evening hours. Write for free details. Downstairs Mail, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

BONDAGE ENTHUSIAST: Free literature on books, bondage devices, pictures, photos, movies, & correspondence with other bondage enthusiast: Write Castlegate, Box 1517, Charlotte, NC 28232.

DIRTIEST & SEXIEST ITEMS for sale by young actress. Send \$3 for my color photograph, personal letter, price list: Tessa Singleton, 152 W. 42nd St., #504, NYC 10036.

FOOT AND SHOE FETISH: Desires girl with pretty feet. Goodlooking 26 yr. old male wishes to caress & pamper your feet & shoes in my erotic fantasy. Very generous to the right girl. Short term or long term interlude. Write Eddie, PO Box 46, Hartsdale, NY 10530.

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GET SCREWED—Get names & addresses of close by hot gals & gays who want your meat on a sheet. Stamped, self addressed business envelope gets you a free sample. Exchange, PO Box 912R, Azusa, Calif. 91702.

I AM LOOKING for a submissive female who wishes to be the sexual slave of a dominant but understanding young master. If you are she, write to PO Box 270, Gracie Sta. E. 85 St., NYC. (We may never meet upon the street.)

SUPER EROTIC SCREWS & thrills, massage, French, etc. offered by tan skinned, handsome, Ivy League educated, clean, good humored executive, 26, to attractive females interested in dating &/or sex. Also seek swinging partner. Write Occupant, Box 1846, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

"PHONE A GAL." Women eager for action, waiting for your call. Phone #s with names, addresses, descriptions \$2. Fazekas, Dept. SP, Box 54, NYC, NY 10038.

A MORE FULFILLING SEX LIFE thru reading profusely illustrated books on lovemaking. The Joy of Sex, over 120 illustrations, \$12.95. The Encyclopedia of Love & Sex, 265 vivid illustrations, \$10.95. The Kama Sutra, original uncut 1833 version, authentic Kama Sutra lovemaking positions, \$12.95. Dynamic Intercourse, with 185 rare & exciting sexual positions, \$4.95. Mattsons, Box 73, Detroit, Mich. 48221.

MALE, 21, SEEKS FEMALE for intimate contact. Any race or age acceptable. Straight only. Send photo & phone # to: PO Box 21042, Woodhaven, NY 11421.

FATTIES WANTED: W/MALE, 49 yrs. old, 6' tall, 175 lbs., nice looking, wishes to meet fat females, 200to400lbs. The bigger the better, for daytime dates. French & Greek cultures. Send phone #. Discretion assured. Prefer Long Island or nearby. Write: PO Box 253, Uniondale, NY 11553.

ENEMA LOVER, professional man, handsome, discreet, seeks women sharing this passion. Let me administer to you lovingly over my knees, or other erotic postures. Reply Box 81, Flushing. NY 11367.

GENEROUS BUSINESSMAN wants black or Spanish girl to entertain me weekday evenings at my NY hotel. Prefer quiet, pleasant girl, steady relationship. N.B. Freeman, 152 W. 42nd St., #504, NY, NY 10036.

SINCERE WHITE NYC LOVER wants mistress for fun, sex, pleasure. His age, 40, hers any age. Write so we can arrange date to meet. Marty Flamm, Room 918, 225 W. 34th St., NYC, NY 10001.

BORED? FRUSTRATED? Adventurous? Sincere? Consider a non-demanding, uncomplicated but meaningful casual affair or stimulating relationship. Male college graduate, 29, mature, fun-loving, discreet, seeks a romantic, passionate sexy female (age & marital status unimportant) to share unselfish lovemaking & prolonged intimacy. Why not escape & find release while satisfying sensual, uninhibited pleasures to achieve mutual fulfillment? Let's talk about erotic desires, suppressed fantasies, conventional or unusual experiences. Write, giving interests, full description & phone & to Don, Box 1068, NYC 10009.

FIREY CRAVING SOLOMA converses erotically, intellectually, problems, etc. on phone. Excitingly odd, phone me, cha! 1 cha!! boom!! boom!! \$25 - 14 half hours, 10:30-12 pm. Money orders only, inquiries GPO Box 2995, NYC 10001.

NOVICE SUBMISSIVE W/MALE, 22, seeks dominant attractive females 18-40. Interested in all forms of B/D, spankings, humiliation & anything you command me to do. All sexual desires & whims obeyed. All races & attractive lesbians welcome. No pros please. Force me to grovel at your

command. Discretion expected & assured. Serious replies only please.
Contact Tomn, Box 815, Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

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Personal 15 cents per word (\$3.50 minimum), Commercial 35 cents per
word (\$7.00 minimum). Dramatic increase in SCREW circulation makes this
the best ad bargain ever!

SEE YOUR FANTASIES on film. Super 8 color with sound. We "shoot to
order" Urscript. For info: U-Script, 324 So. 1st St. DP 1, Alhambra,
Calif. 91802.

MY MOD-BOD MASTER: Your humble slave begs Your pardon! Sorry that my
lowly ad displeased You, Sir! Does this retraction satisfy You, Sir, so
that i may have the honour of kissing Your feet?!?! Hoping to hear from
You with absolute & positive vibes, Sir! Anxiously awaiting-F.O.C.S.!

YOUNG MAN, 35, needs money desperately! Willing to do almost
anything for good pay. NYC area only. Discreet! Write Marc Andrews,
Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

HANDSOME, GENEROUS GUY, 38, seeks servicemen in uniform, especially
USN. Give age, brief description. You will be pleased. J. Hightower,
152 W. 42nd St., rm. 504, NY, NY 10036.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, white male, 46, seeks woman for mutually enjoyable
encounters. Discreet, understand, let's meet, talk-you decide. For fast
reply give phone. Box 151, Ozone Park, NY 11417.

CONFIDENTIAL FILM developing. No restrictions, complete photo
service. B&W film \$2 + 15c ea. print. Color film \$2.50 + 40c ea. print.
Movies, slides, copies, mailers, price list. Check, M.O.: Foto-Magic,
Box 93, E. Yonkers, NY 10704.

FIRST TIME EVER. Caucasian male, 34, attractive & personable,
sincere & discreet. Wanting to learn to serve discreet mistress in a
beautiful slave relationship. No rip offs! Phone or address & photo.
Write L. Bruce, Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NY, NY 10011.

SWINGERS ONLY! Couples, singles. Parties held weekly. Many out-of-
towners. Socials Inc., Box 828, Dept. E., NYC 10019.

INSTRUCTION, TRAINING, correction. I am a skilled, 23-yr.-dld white
mistress seeking docile males, females, couples & TC.Vs for strict yet
understanding discipline. Your needs will be met with experienced
precision. Write: Tracy Clark, 152 W. 42nd St., rm. 504, NYC 10036.
Include return postage for reply.

WHITE MALE, age 48, looking for females of all ages. I love to suck
cunt for hours. Please write Occupant, IBB, 2422 Prospect Ave., Bronx,
NY 10458.

"WORSHIP LADIES FEET." Let me serve at your stocking feet. Free
service, any age, race. Single white male age 26 is waiting. PO Box
695, Canal St. Sta., NYC 10013.

RUBBERS—Revolutionary designed, natural penis contour, tight
fitting, tolerates vigorous action! Lubricated for instant use. 50
cents each. Mattsons, Box 73, Detroit, Mich. 48221.

MAN SEEKS SEX with women having large tits. Include photo & phone #.
Write to PO Box 80, Island Park, LI, NY 11558.

EXCLUSIVE ADULT SOCIETY of Black Masters, Dominant Black Mistresses,
Swingers. We have 'straight' black studs ready to swing with single
females & couples who are looking for the Black Experience! Straight
ahead screwing & chewing. Reach the 'highs' of eroticism. Single
females free membership. Free info from: Absolute Productions, Box 987,
Newark, NJ 07101.

SWINGING FRENCH Stewardess, 36-23-35, seeks discreet men for
pleasure oriented dates in NY or other cities. Michelle Renee, Box 433,
Lindenhurst, NY 11757.

FILTHY, DIRTY & RAUNCHY writing pads available from American Mother Phucker

Cards. What's on your mind? Say it with one of our pads. Four different styles in color. Homosexual, Perverted, Over-Sexed or Nasty? Just \$2.35 each (includes postage), all 4 for \$8. Box 635, Tiburon, Calif. 94920.

LIBERATION FROM IMPOTENCY. Regain sexual potency, virility, & sensuality. Adults Only. Send name, age, address, & \$4 to Sag. Poplar, PO Box 129, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

MEET NEW SWINGERS before the holidays. Gals who swing with men! We are America's #1 personal-introduction swinging service. Stamp for free application: Jill Kane, Box 822-ZR, Manville, NJ 08835.

GOOD LOOKING, 35-yr.-old male, masculine, sincere, warm, understanding, wishes to hear from well-endowed straight or bi males & those who are thoroughly masculine & can lend a good presence to a relaxing evening. R.N.J., Box 421, Mad. Sq. Sta., NYC 10010.

SENSE, written, edited & produced by John Milton, the mail order sex industry's most knowledgeable & honest reporter. Sex-Sense tells you where the hottest thing are & how to get them in a pungent newsletter format which gives you the info you need right at your fingertips. SexSense costs only \$18.50 for a full 24-issue subscription. Or for a starter, \$9.95 will get you into 11 issues. Send check or M.O. to: SexSense, PO Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC NY 10011.

A NEW & UNIQUE Correspondence Club has been formed for SM/BD-oriented aficionados! Straight, gay, bi, female, male, couples! Send free 25-50 word ad (10c per word over limit) plus self-addressed stamped #10 envelope (sase) for complimentary copy of The Rigid Bondage Roster. \$1 plus 4"x9" sase for non-advertisers. Mail to PO Box 411, Dept. W, Church St. Sta., NY, NY 10008. State age-over 21 only. Code #s issued; first name confidential if requested.

PASSIONATE MAN, 25, lives & loves to beautifully make love to nice ladies endowed with full, voluptuous, kissable, caressable breasts. Send photo. Full details meeting your first letter. Box 847, NYC 10013.

WELL-TO-DO 49-YEAR-OLD guy seeks 18- to 26-year-91d Manhattan girl who would like rent paid on her apartment or 18- to 26-year-old out-of-town gal who would like, exciting all-expense-paid weekends in NY- in return for friendly, intimate companionship. Recent photo a must! Box 564, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10022.

SEXSENSE—the most informative newsletter in the sex industry. Tells you what to buy, who the gyms are, the deliverers, the hottest stuff, the phonies. In other words, everything you ever wanted to buy in sex but were afraid of getting screwed out of. All that for only \$18.50 for 24 info-packed issues. If you're short of cash, \$9.95 will get you 11 copies to get your feet wet. Send check or M.O. to: Sex-Sense, PO Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

ATTENTION: Slim & slender studs!!! Why don't you groovy guys come out of your closets & submit your Mod-Bod to this delicious diet of restraint? Guaranteed equipment to turn you on to your wildest desires. How about it?—Chains galore! Wrist clamps, ankle straps, neck braces, tit snaps, ball belts, etc., etc. Cum & be very secure with a knowledgeable topman, 31, 6'1" tall, 150 thin lbs. Try out my bed of bondage or spread-eagled suspension! Young, serious & sincere studs only considered! Photo (not nude but tight Levis preferable) required for reply, plus personal statistics & desires! Write to: Mister B, Box 5M, 101 E. 16th St., NYC 10003! Your Master waits impatiently for your prompt reply—so write right now!!!

MALE, 30, seeks uninhibited female. I would like to improve my French & I need a good teacher. If you are a free-living female & enjoy

lip service, then drop me a line & let's get together. Manhattan only. Photo requested. N.T., Box 501, NY, NY 10016.

IF YOU ARE A YOUNG WOMAN discipline devotee who might like to marry the right partner, please write to me. I want straight sex with plenty of give & take punishment. No smokers or pet lovers, please. Photo. Joe, PO Box 153, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.

MERRY SYPHILIS & HAPPY GONORRHEA says the American Mother Phucker Card Co. We've got the funniest, raunchiest Xmas greeting cards for you to send to your friends & enemies. 20 cards for \$5 + 52c postage + 30c sales tax (Calif, residents) = \$5.82. Box 635, Tiburon, Calif. 94920.

BLACK SWINGER, well hung, discreet, wants to meet white females & swinging couples for swinging sessions. No single males. Photo, phone gets reply. Occupant, PO Box 2968, GPO, NY, NY 10001.

SWINGING IS A BALL! Meet swingers, broadminded men, women & couples in every area who share your interests & desires. Free details & ads. The Barbaron, Box 57, Dunmore. Pa. 18512.

AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1974, SCREW Classified ad rates will be as follows: Personal 15 cents per word (\$3.50 minimum), Commercial 35 cents per word (\$7.00 minimum). Dramatic increase in SCREW circulation makes this the best ad bargain ever!

POLICEMEN, other uniformed men interested in dynamite massages, films, etc. Must be white, good looking, under 30. I am white male, 35, very discreet, generous. PO Box 953, Radio City Sta., NYC 10019.

WOMEN: WHITE MAN in 20s, very lonely, will fondle & suck your breasts. Other activities considered. Stamped envelope for reply. Send measurements & phone to: Box 847, Canal St. Sta., NYC.

BORED? LONELY? FRUSTRATED? Affair wanted by exciting, sincere, dynamic young handsome male fashion model & college student!! Seeking company of older man for wonderful & fun times! Also, for the purpose of exchanging ideas & wisdom! Also, for Security!! Only a long lasting relation considered. Financial aid a must!! Kind & gentle only please. Write Steve Honeywell, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

GREATEST ENEMA PUBLICATION. 50% off all issues. Info & brochure send \$1 & SASE, F&R, Box 32, Dept. ES, Mad. Squ. Sta., NYC, NY 10010.

WISH TO MEET mature lady over 50 to share occasional pleasant, happy hours with retired gentleman. Must be intelligent refined, sincere. Box 212, Woodside, NY 11377.

PHILADELPHIA'S OWN B&D publication, with directory of dominant & docile ads concentrating on Phila. & nearby areas. Current issues now available. Write for free brochure. PO Box 2146, Phila., Pa. 19103.

RENT A DATE from 1 hr. anytown America. Date singles, couples, threesomes, straight, bi, gay & the unusuals, as per your unique needs. Send S.A.S.E. to Trustworthy, Box 1018, Flushing, NY 11352. (New P/T Renta-dates: send photo & resume.)

HORNY, YOUNG, HANDSOME male with beautiful shaped rod & lovely rounded rear seeks males for mutual pleasure. Looks & age are not as important as character. I'm financially well off & can travel anywhere at any time. Fred A., Box 232, Babylon, NY 11702.

MEN: REMEMBER your first hand job? Researcher needs your written account—age, circumstances, fantasies, techniques, reactions. Setting down the details can be a stimulating experience. Research Design, Box 2124, Loop Sta., Minneapolis, Minn. 55402.

RETIRED NAVY MAN, wholly discreet, well educated, seeking a lady, 35-50, preferably from Brooklyn, object: afternoon sex, since my wife is now sexless. Can't promise vintage champagne but other material goodies assured. Phone & photo please? Barry, Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NYC 10011.

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MALE, 21, 6'4", 210 lbs., good looking. Seeks ladies only, 21-40 yrs. old. Will cater to absolutely any fetish. Lesbians preferred. Phone helps, all answered. Occupant, Box 161, Queens Village, NY 11429.

SUCCESSFUL NEW JERSEY business executive, 37 yrs. old, wants to meet young men 18-36 yrs. for any & all kinds of sex & friendship can be straight, married, athletes or students, you must be hung & goodlooking. I am very willing to help the right person. I am discreet & sincere, I am willing to learn all kinds of sex. Please write details, photo & phone for immed. reply. Write Boxholder, PO Box 59, Millburn, NJ 07041.

YORKVILLE. Bi male, 30, digs upper East Side. Looking for a male, under 30, to put me up, keep me warm Saturday nights. Mutual pleasure desired. No fats, queens or nuts. Am sincere. Send descriptive letter. Box 357, Bowling Green Sta., NYC 10004.

ADVANCED BONDAGE: W/M, 28, into advancee. Only serious female & males wanted with equipment & knowledge who can create my fantasy of total submission & restraining bondage. Occupant, PO Box 121, West Hempstead, NY 11552.

SEXY POLAROIDS of my wife, will exchange 1 for 1. No rip-off. J. Shepherd, 406 S. 2nd St., Alhambra, Calif. 91802.

WILLING WIDOWER, 42, attractive, docile, affectionate, well built, secure. Seeks sensuous, imaginative couples, women & select men for uninhibited prolonged pleasures, erotic games. Please send phone, photo & describe interests. Radio City Sta., Box 324, NYC 10019.

WHITE MALE SEEKING bosomy gal(s), shy or exhibitionistic, interested in masturbation, voyeurism. No obligations other than passive watching. Prefer phone. Box 528, Central Sta., Jamaica, NY 11435.

BUSINESS MAN, 58 (no bald, no pot belly) seeks attractive working girl for a few hours of love weekly. Free rent furnished apt. available. Write: Occupant, 226 E. 29, 5G, NY, NY 10016.

MALE, WHITE, 29, 5'10", 160 lbs., sincere & fun loving. Wants to meet same with no hangups. Object mutual enjoyment while you vacation in the Florida Keys. Write: J.A., PO Box 1194, Marathon, Fla. 33050.

SENSUALITY SEEKER, attractive widower, cauc, 42, personable, built, seeks meetings with shapely women divorcees, marrieds & couples who crave sensual satisfaction of every variety. Radio City Sta. Box 324, NYC 10019.

JOCK STRAP LOVERS. If you're hung up on bulging jock straps, are masculine, with a good build, maybe a body exhibitionist, 20s to 40s, NYC area, why not groove with another trim jock fiend who's into them 24 hours a day. Think of your wildest jock fantasy & let's make that far our scene a reality together. No femmes or phonies. If you're into the scene as I am you'll know it. Letter describing your fantasies with photo & phone answered in kind promptly, hamilton, Box 774, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10010.

WHITE MAN, 6'3", 185 lbs., wishes to correspond with single & married women. Frank sexy letters with photo & phone. Want to move to NY if any woman wants me for companion. Write Kenneth Strebbs, 042016 A-17, PO Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

AM NOT THE BEST conversationalist, nor the prettiest female, but have rather pretty figure, however all is not gold that glitters. I am simple, sincere, 40, discreet, seeking generous men for pleasure. Ms. Drake, Rm 504, 152 W. 42 St. NY, NY 10036.

NYC BEAUTY, 24, 5'6", 120, 37-24-36, former college beauty queen, seeks bi girls, couples & nice guys for fun dates. Practically anything goes. Love it all! Write: Occupant, PO Box 1959, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

TATTOOED COCK & BALLS, & I love to have them sucked by anyone. I lvoe to perform Greek to anyone. I love threesomes & I love to watch, especially lesbians. I can be photographed, & have photographs for sale. Send photo & phone # to: PO Box 271, Darby, Pa. 19023. (Outside Phila.).

ASPIRING YOUNG MALE filmmaker seeks young woman to model in short porno film. Good pay. Send photo & phone. PO Box 32380, Jamaica. NY 11431.

FUN & FRIENDSHIP? Would like to hear from white males, 18-32. Have movies, magazines. Like French. Am sincere white male, 35. Occupant, Box 431251, So. Miami, Fla. 33143.

SINGLES, MARRIEDS: Horny? Find out how a handsome, athletic bi white male can groove with his talented tongue. Thrills guaranteed. Open to all suggestions, but no hustlers. Wayne White, 152 W. 42nd St., Room 504, NYC, NY 10036.

METROPOLITAN N.Y.C.: Danny Tyler, gay, 50, 6'2,/i", 235#, like to tongue kiss, make mad love & suck; wants to meet truck drivers & gay people East coast. Danny Tyler, 215 E. 29th St., NYC 10016.

Films

HOMEMADE MOVIES & Polaroids! My response has be overwhelming! No restrictions! 200' b/w \$25, color \$45 (Preferred), pics 6-8.00, 16-\$20. We specialize in the unusual! Over 21. J.M.R., Box 791, Maitland, Fla.

STOP PAYING \$25-\$30! We have the very best color series on the market at \$17.50! Catalogs \$1. Inquiries welcome. Over 21 only. D&G Book Service, Box 744, Albanv, NY 12201.

REAL FUCK & SUCK FILMS. Real action that will suit the most particular erotic adult. All full length. Send \$1 for brochure. We sell what we tell. Cut-Rate Service, 103 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.

REAL FUCK & SUCK FILMS. Real action that will suit the most particular erotic adult. All full length. Send \$1 for brochure. We sell what we tell. Cut-Rate Service, 103 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.

NAUGHTY SLAVE GIRL receives punishment. Super 8mm color film of a real spanking. Send \$15 money order to: A. Birnbaum, Box 246, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NY, NY 10009. This film is definitely real.

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WAKEFIELD POOLE'S "MOVING!'' 8mm. Pre-theatre release. Available now. New all male feature with Casey Donovan to enjoy at home. Uncensored! Outstanding quality & superb color. Guaranteed. Each \$45 (400'). Complete3, \$115. Also available "Boys in the Sand" & "Bijou." Free illustrated brochure. Over 21 only. Irving, Inc., 850 7th Ave., Rm. 204, NYC 10019.

Prisoner Exchange

5'9", 150LBS., WHITE, 27 yrs. and bi. Could really dig some mail. Moving to East Coast when I get out. Michael Ede, PO Box 530, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

LONESOME, SEXY LADIES. Want to talk about your secret desires? I'll understand & fulfill your dreams. John Deaton, #88133, PO Box 128, Stringtown, Ok. 74569.

I AM 34 YEARS OLD, and an inmate at the Correctional Institute at Somers, Conn. I would like to correspond with open minded people. Our mail is uncensored & unlimited. Photo exchange is possible. My appreciation & thanks. Daniel Harris, Jr., Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

VERY HIP, OPEN MINDED, white, 26 yrs.

old, Sagittarian, doing time in Ohio for pot, would really dig to hear from together, open minded chicks. Let's get it on. Now. Timothy Kalinowski, #82801, PO Box 56, Lebanon. Ohio 45036.

MARIJUANA SMUGGLER from San Francisco. Fifth year in Mexican prison for toting tons. 29 yrs old, 6'2", It. brown hair, blue eyes. 4 yrs. college in US & Europe. Many interests. Mail not read. Michael Creamer, Carcel Municipal La Loma, Calles Mina y Monterrey, Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

Help Wanted

WANTED: GIRLS, nonprofessional for adult films. Good pay. Send resume & photo to: PO Box 18112, Cincinnati, Ohio 45218.

Travel

NUDE BEACHES!!! Enjoy the exhilarating experience of public nudity. Rush only \$10 for a copy of our new 1975 guide to public nude beaches in America, complete directions & full information—Maps included. Also available for only \$10, our famous copyrighted guide to over 150 wide-open swinging nudist camps & clubs in 40 states plus Canada! Both guides only \$15. We guarantee that your order will be shipped immediately within 24 hours of receipt in a plain wrapper, via Air Mail Special Delivery! Personal checks OK, we trust you! Our 2nd year as an honest advertiser in SCREW, the world's greatest newspaper! Esalarr International, Box 2122, Dept. S-22, Carbondale, 111. 62901.

Couples

TALL, ATTRACTIVE Caucasian male, 46, oral expert, will treat your woman while you're present. No reciprocation necessary. No bi's. For fast reply give phone #. A.S., Box 151, Ozone Park, NY 11417.

SWINGER'S HEAVEN: Club Aquarius, Long Island's most beautiful clubroom invites you to have the time of your life every Sunday nite at the Clique Lounge, 1397 Jerusalem Ave., N. Merrick. Where new couples meet & make new friends. Music, dancing, hot buffet. Free parking & more. You have tried the rest, now try the very best. PO Box 363, Alden Manor, Floral Park, NY 11003.

DETROIT, CLEVELAND, Atlanta truck driver will meet white couples & singles for sex or conversation. Also interested in movies, photos, books, etc. PO Box 4602, Macon, Ga. 31208.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WHITE COUPLE desire to meet only young slim attractive couples to share present experiences. No heavy couples need reply. Photo, phone. PO Box 306, Kearney, NJ 07032.

PETITE 21 YRS. BI blond hair girl seeks a female 18-35 for threesomes with my boyfriend, 40 yrs., and me, or me alone. We are very discreet & expect same. No kooks or way outs. Phone # a must. Photo if possible. D.B., Box 209, Brooklyn, NY 11228.

CALLING ALL GIRLS, Attractive couple, 29 & 30, seeking bisexual female for a mutually enjoyable threesome experience. Phone & photo a must. If interested reply immediately. Occupant, PO Box 348, Keyport, NJ 0775.

SEXY, ADORABLE, Married couple, white, late 20s, seeking erotic couples & bi ladies. Sensuality more important than your age. Photo, phone please. G. West, Box 90, 161 E. Houston St., NY, NY 10002.

WHITE COUPLE, 38-44, desire single girls weekend or longer. Colored welcomed. Temporary home possible. Also white couples for oral pleasure only. Occupant, PO Box 412, Albany, NY 12201.

DISCREET, CLEAN CUT, YOUNG, good-looking oriental male desires 3somes with cleancut couples as catalyst or active participant. Can be bi with right people. Males must be 35-50 over 200 solid pounds, preferably hairy. Phone # for fast connection. Only sincere people, no weirdos please. D. Cabal, Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St. NYC 10011.

INDIAN SWINGER forming swingers co-op limited to 10-15 couples & sincere females only, up to 45; straight, bi only. No S/M & B/D. Prospective members must be attractive, educated, cultures & discreet. International ethnic background preferred. No fees involved. Genuine ad. Send personal information, phone & photo to Box 2915, GPO, NYC 10001.

DISCREET SWINGING couples in Queens, Nassau, Suffolk. The new place to meet many other swinging couples is the intimate Tiffany Lounge, Route 110 & Great Neck Rd., Farm-ingdale, exit 32N on the Southern State Pkwy. Live music, free hot & cold buffet. Write PO Box 6, Commack, NY 11725 for info.

YOUNG EXPERIENCED MALE wants clean females especially over 40 & couples for swinging times. Send phone & photo. Ray, PO Box 557, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10010.

ATTRACTIVE CAUCASIAN COUPLE, she 25, 5'9" tall, 130 lbs., he 28, 6'0" tall, 165 lbs. We enjoy photo fun & especially French loving. We seek attractive females to join us for 3somes & possibly introduce wife to bi. Like-minded couples please write also. Frank letter, revealing photo, phone receive same day response. Write: Occupant, PO Box 139, Brooklyn, NY 11222.

SPECTACULAR NEWS for swinging couples. Club Aquarius, Long Island's most exciting Sunday-nite spot, will be opened on Friday nites also. Starting Fri. nite Nov. 22 we will be opened each & every Friday & Sunday nites. Live music, hot & cold buffet, free parking & fun loving people. Grand opening nite will be Friday Nov. 22. To be invited, write PO Box 363, Alden Manor, Floral Park, NY 11003. Include phone # for fast response.

EXPERIENCED WHITE COUPLE, both AC/ DC, 41, unprejudiced, interested in couples & bi girls over 30. More interested in sincerity & intimacy than dimensions or size. Couples need not be bi to respond. Evening phone # necessary for prompt reply. No closet swingers please! Would like hearing from group party givers, promise to carry our share. Box 76, Brooklyn, NY 11208.

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE COUPLE seeks good looking bi female, for mutual enjoyment. She 20 & he 24. Phone & photo please. PO Box 221, 106B Nassau Ave., Bklyn, NY 11222.

WOMEN, 20 to 45. How about making it with two or three hip young Italian guys. Any scene OK. Any race, smokers welcome. Write: Brothers, Box 1386, LIC, NY 11101.

IT'S A REALLY GREAT FEELING when I meet another couple & we hit it off. Besides enjoying each other in bed we become friends'. I'm a young white bi guy who wants to break in some new couples to the great feeling of a threesome. You can be sure that I will be discreet & I expect the same. Box 221, Grand Cent. Sta., NYC, NY 10017.

WELL BUILT MALE, 6'2", 200 lbs., 28 yrs. old, has afternoons & evenings free, would like to meet with couples for threesomes. Also ladies who are bored with daytime housework & would like a well built male over to add a little something to that coffee brake, will meet to suit you, disgression assured, sincere ad. Write Occupant, Box 101, Howard Beach Sta., NY, NY 11414.

MARRIED COUPLE, 26 & 24, looking for other married couples for swinging good times. Photo & phone for quick reply. Can entertain any night. Box 62, Northport, LI, NY 11768.

ATTRACTIVE W/M, warm, sensuous, 5'8", 160 lbs., bisexual, wishes contacts with white

PAGE 40 NOVEMBER 18, 1974

married couples. I'm 45 yrs. young, intelligent, clean, like music, books, nudism, sexy conversation. No B&D or S&M, drugs or pain. Box 272, Yorktown Hghts., NY 10598.

COUPLES & GALS, congenial gentleman gets pleasure out of pleasing you. Well endowed, clean, discrete, photo appreciated, phone expedites. Will travel to NYC & Capital District evenings or weekends. Occupant, Box 1721, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601. No single men or commercial gals.

BOB, CAROL,
TED & ALICE

Are alive and well, hiding at
N.Y.C.'s swingingest couples
only nite spot. Music, Dancing,
Buffet, Parking.

INFO:

Box 527, NY, NY 10010

CALL:

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(212) 761-6641

SWINGING COUPLES ONLY

"OUR GANG," New Jersey's swing-
ingest couples club, invites you to
meet, mix and match at our delight-
ful weekly cocktail parties.
Serving sophisticated couples
since 1971

Please call (201) 791-2256

Models

AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1974, SCREW Class!-fled ad rates will be as follows: Personal 15 cents per word (\$3.50 minimum), Commercial 35 cents per word (\$7.00 minimum). Dramatic increase in SCREW circulation makes this the best ad bargain ever!

ON FIFTH AVENUE, in the heart of Fun City to relax in complete privacy is not a dream. It is a reality at the "Quiet Corner Salon" on 595 5th Avenue, entrance at 48th St., 5th floor.

HOT, SENSUOUS ITALIAN STUD. Name your pleasure. Call Manhattan info for Steven Callenti.

GIRLS! LOOKING for a job? Try us! Customers are guaranteed. 113-25 Queens Blvd. at 76th Rd., Forest Hills, NY, suite 108.

GRAND OPENING

\$5 discount with this ad
Personal attention and United Na-
tion-cultures offering the apex of re-
laxation and satisfaction, to make
you feel brand new.

Phone for appointment

(212) 581-7876

(212) 724-8591

RUB DOWNS

by

ATTRACTIVE STUDENT OF MASSAGE

(212) 989-3014

TED & ALICE ARE LONELY

Bob & Carol Went Away

So why don't you come & spend
an hour (or 2) with T&A. They say
memories last forever & this one

definitely will. They're both young
& eager to satisfy you so give us a
whirl & see if you don't agree.
Call CH 9-9818 or LT 1-0789

GENTLEMEN

Enjoy a sensational
new experience today
with a beautiful model.

CALL LINDA

(212) 889-6993

Private East Side Apt.

MITCHELL

VERSATILE YOUNG MALE

TOP LEATHER MODEL

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FEMALES COUPLES FEMALES

MASCULINE MODEL

Young-Versatile

Enjoy a true experience

Your place or mine!

Call (212) 366-5084

Ask for MIKE

Brooklyn-Queens

L.I.-Staten Island

MARK IS BACK!!

Nude male modeling

at its best

Young, attractive & hung

(hot, eager & hard)

Had any lately?

Have some with me!

(You'll love it)

Call after 3pm

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Your place or mine

IF YOU'RE LOOKING . . .

. . . for a most attractive model
with the softest curves in town,
please call me. My green eyes and
blonde hair will delight you.

(212) PL 9-1912

Yvette

My place only

YOUNG MASCULINE

MODEL

Well Built Body

6'3" 200 lbs.

18" arms

48" chest

31" waist

CALL VINCE

(212) 977-9499

ENJOY

DOMINANT - PASSIVE

Enjoy the dominant hand and

demands of Dominatrix,

or you have the dominant hand

for passive females. All types of

massages given and received.

(212) 799-0459

A CUT ABOVE

THE AVERAGE

Young Rugged Male

Powerful Build

6'2" 44" chest

BOB GANT (212) 831-8390

TIRED of the

"BIG RIP OFF"

Come spend one full hour with me in my private E. Side (50's) apt. (absolute privacy, not a studio or parlor, no tipping necessary.) I'm pretty, sexy, white, 24 yrs old with a voluptuous "37-23-36" figure (5'6")

Also available as Escort for lunch, dinner or parties.

My place or yours 11 a. m.- 1 a.m.

7 days

Barbara (212) 355-2279

HUNGRY HILDA

I'm 5'4" tall with strawberry blond hair and green eyes and a body to make a hard-hat cream in his pants. I'm young and fresh and full of love. I'm new at this game but I'm quick to learn. Young studs are fun, but I'm especially fond of older men. Like wine, a good man improves with age. So if you're a "dirty old man" (or would like to be), call me at home. I'm waiting for you.

HILDA (212) 685-7972

Rare

Pleasure

With

Paul

LT1-0789

BROOKLYN

OR STATEN ISLAND

Your residence or models' private apartment. Sensitivity and tender loving are our specialties. Call from your home or office.

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No English Lessons

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FOR LADIES EXCLUSIVELY

Tense?

For the Ultimate
in Relaxation With
a Man...

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From 9AM On
TRY IT!
YOU'LL LIKE IT!
Ask for T.C.
Residential/Hotel
ELDORADO

Are you a lonely soul who longs for a
little bit of love? Or just a man who
dreams to leave the world behind?
Then come to me. My name is
Candy, and I'll take you to the rain-
bow's end. I'm young and beautiful,
tall, with long blond hair and a gor-
geous body, and I'm bursting at the
seams with an uncontrollable desire
to be loved. So, unlock your chains,
and find the key to your dreams,
with me in my sky-high apartment.

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Mon.-Fri. Appt. only
FOR THE FAIR SEX ONLY
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Escort Service &
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KITTENS

From 9 AM On
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7 Days

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QUEENS AREA
YOUNG ITALIAN MODEL
Satisfaction Guaranteed
John (212) 268-7866

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"I can't believe I ate the whole thing!"

TERRY

WITH THE HAIRLESS PUSSY

(212) 679-7373

WHAT YOU SEE

IS WHAT YOU GET

CALL AMELIA

(212) OR 9-7373

GREEK AND OLD FASHIONED

RELAX

Start or end your day with an old-fashion treatment. Two operators on duty

(212) Call Betty (212)

489-0465 265-3820

Hours: Monday to Friday 8am to 11 pm.

Saturdays 8am to 6pm. No Sundays.

Candlelight Massage &

Electrolysis Studio

120 W. 44th St. suite 1512

15th floor (betw. 6th & 7th Aves.)

Phones frequently out of order. If you can't reach us by phone just come up.

ANGELA IS ROUND AND SOFT

...just like a girl should be. I have long light brown hair and green cat eyes, and lots of curves to hold. But don't come to see me unless you ENJOY women. I kiss and cuddle, shake it and make it with so much lust—some men find me TOO sexy. I'm only 18 but I move and please like a grown up woman. I'm bilingual, and bisexual. If you'd like to meet me, all me. My private phone no....

(212) 685-7972

GIRLS WANTED NOW!

! you're hip and attractive, we need you now! Excellent, private environment with top executive clientele...for and with mellow people.

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NUDE MALE MODELS

GENO

(212) 677-7684

ERIC

(212) 691-2313

I'm living with my Aunt; she's shy but willing. Come join us for play and games.

CALL PATTI

(212) OV 9-3915

FOXY CHICKS

Entertain out-of-town exec-

utives in plush penthouse suite.

Top Pay

CALL SANDY

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YOUR SATISFACTION

IS OUR CONCERN

FLIGHT 1 SPA

ATTRACTIVE

INSTRUCTRESSES

WILL HOST YOU

AND RELAX YOU

WITH PLEASURE

MUSIC AND

ATMOSPHERE

Maria,

Kathy,

Zina,

Juliette,

Cindy,

and

Diana

are

anxious

to please

you.

113-25 Queens Blvd at 76th Rd.

Forest Hills, 2nd Flr, 783-2265

HANDSOME YOUNG

MASSEUR

available for private session

5'8" 22 yrs. old

150 lbs. waist 29"

beautiful trim build

versatile

Call ALEX

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anytime

Studio & Residential

THE EXECUTIVE PLACE

for the discriminating gentleman

Let us make you forget your business

worries. We will pamper you with

our sensuous techniques so that you

will enjoy the most delightful and

gratifying experience you will ever

have.

Phone for app't 11 am to 10pm

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Free Refreshments Served

Attractive Models Wanted

NICOLE

I am cute, 19, waiting for your

every whim. If you're naughty I

will punish or spank you...

But Definitely Please You.

Call me at my chambers:

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SEX

is for sale anywhere.

But where can you

lease

love?

I'll show you.

Judy

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FLY BOB!!

non-stop pleasure

in the company of

a young, very hand-

some, well endowed

versatile, friendly

guy

S81-0789

(flighttime is

anytime!)

YOUNG NUDE

ATHLETE

HANDSOME MALE STUDENT

6'1", 175lbs.

44" chest, 31" waist

POSES BARE-ASSED

(versatile)

Jess Nichols (212) 988-4268

HOW'S YOUR

LOVE LIFE?

CALL JOY for

TOTAL SATISFACTION

LUSTY...BUSTY...SEXY

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TEENAGE SEDUCTRESS

Don't let my giggling fool you, I'm really

19, and not the 15 I look. My name is

Annie, and I love to use my innocent

looks to blow the minds of older guys. I

get off on the fantasy of making it with

my father, and know that guys dig the trip

too. Truthfully, I get off an just about any

fantasy with older men. I know how my

youth affects them. Just thinking about it

gets me so hot I could close my eyes, rub

my nipples and touch myself between my

legs till I feel I'm melting. That's fun, but

nothing compared to how it feels with a

guy who can appreciate innocent little me.

Right, daddy? P.S. I have permission to

stay up late.

ANNIE (212)532-8224

MAMA'S STEPPIN' OUT

My name is Alice and I'm 23. Until

last month I was just another house

wife with two small children. Then

came the divorce. Now it's me and

my boys and an empty king size bed.

Sure I've got to be mother and father

to my kids—but what I miss most is
the good sex our marriage had. I sure
need a lot to keep me happy. If
you'd like to help out a pretty blond
mommy, call me at my private num-
ber

(212) 685-7971

DOMINEERING BITCH

COMMANDS

YOU

TO CALL

NOW!!!

PAULA

(212) 689-8414

BEAUTIFUL STARLET

Talented in the ARTS of pleas-
ure, would like to delight you
with her EROTIC WONDER.

There's always an "Encore"

Call Electra at

(212) MU 9-8420

If you would like a delightful,
discerning modeling appoint-
ment with a beautiful, sophisti-
cated white model discriminat-
ing to your taste:

DIANA

(212)734-3087

Hotel Exclusively

Appropriate in Appearance

As Well As Service

"BOY NEXT DOOR"

I am 24, have blue eyes, brown hair, am
5' 11" and weigh 147 pounds. My body
is lean, hard and well defined from
hours in the gym and on a surf board.
Because of my good clean wholesome
looks I have been billed as the "boy
next door" in several underground flicks
and have appeared in several publica-
tions. I am versatile and cooperative.

BRIAN - (212) 724-6689

You will be pleased!

PUZZLE

on who to

come with?

Let's play with it-

together.

(212) MU 9-3915

Ask for Miriam

PAGE 42 NOVEMBER 18, 1974

HI, I'M NILA

If you like a girl who is very petite with small pointy breasts, a tiny, tiny waist and long, slender legs, then I'm for you. I am S'4" tall and have long blonde hair and measure 34-21-34. Although I'm 19 yrs. old I look more like 15 yrs. old. The one thing that I require of a man is that he is gentle and loving. I don't like to rush. I like to be loved slowly and gently with tenderness and feeling. So if you are that kind of man that enjoys the slow, sensuous, more gratifying experience, then call me in my luxurious air-conditioned private apartment.

My private apt.

(212) 734-4288

Mori.-Sat.

11am-1 1pm

TONI

From Playgirl Studios
of Florida

From Scandia and
Resort Spa in

New York City

can now be reached at

(212) 889-4748

It doesn't

have to be

hard to

enjoy yourself

with

me.

Call Milly

(212)683-8182

HI, I'M WENDY

I am a young, 19-year-old Norwegian girl new in the big city. I am 5'6" tall & measure 38-24-36 & weigh a slim 118 pounds all perfectly proportioned. My great pleasure is to hold a man in my arms & press my large but firm breasts into his chest & savor the sensation of warm skin on warm skin. I yearn to be loved, to be kissed, to be caressed, to be completely consumed in passion & in turn reciprocate every pleasure twofold. In this modern world women seem to be ashamed of being a woman. I am different in that I love to be a woman & give pleasure to men that only a truly feminine woman can give. Doing this with no inhibitions & complete abandon fulfills a basic need in me. One thing you must know is that I love compliments, especially about my long, beautiful legs. It won't take you too long to convince me to wear my black, sheer stockings & sexy garter

belt. They make me feel very sexy. So
please call me in my private apartment &
let me prove to you the way I am.

Air Conditioned

My Private Phone

(212) 861-2373

Mon. thru Sat.

11 am to 11pm

Private Lessons In

Obedience & Dominance

Newest Leather Equipment

For Your Enjoyment

CALL IRMA

(212) 689-3915

MY NAME IS

ORPHAN ANNIE

My sister and I need a daddy to
take care of us. Come be our
daddy for an hour.

Afternoon or evening

(212) VO 7-1393

MOTHER

&

19-YEAR-OLD

DAUGHTER

WILL PERFORM

Call Mrs. Russell

for appointment at

(212) MU 3-0979

The Girl Next Door

My name is Nancy & I'm just like the girl
next door. I dress like her & talk like her,
but I sure don't act like her. I'm very
young & sweet with the most perfect body
you have ever seen. My breasts are very
large & so firm that I don't even need a
bra. But even more important than my
beauty is my personality. I am by nature
very gentle & loving & I enjoy being fon-
dled & kissed all over my body, but it
must be done lovingly & gently. So, if you
are gentle & would like to meet the girl
next door, call me in my very private luxu-
rious air conditioned apartment,
my private no.

(212) 734-4288

Mon. thru Sat.

11am to 11pm

SUBSCRIBE TO

SCREW

RANDY

A beautiful masculine body &
handsome face, available for
modeling.

Versatile & cooperative

(212) 874-5046

PASSIONATE GYPSY GIRL

My name is Mara and I am a beautiful young

Hungarian girl. I have wild gypsy blood in me that courses thru my veins like molten lava igniting uncontrollable passions that only a man can satisfy. Whenever a man is near me my large breasts quiver with excitement and a moistness pervades my most intimate recesses. After a man has known my love no ordinary girl could ever suffice again. Call me in my private air-conditioned apartment and experience the absolute heights of eroticism.

My private apt.

(212) 734-4288

Mon.-Sat.

11am-11pm

BREAST MASSAGE

42-24-36

A super endowed, young, beautiful brunette would like to give you an "EXCITING & EROTIC" breast massage.

Call Judy for appointment

(212) MU 9-8102

THE

NIGHT

OWL

Come to my place

for a late night

interlude.

My place never closes.

You won't be disappointed.

Call Marie

(212) 752-4173

GENTLEMEN

Let us pamper you with our sensuous techniques, so that every inch of you becomes a burning fire of anticipation and you will enjoy the ultimate delight that only our experienced hands and bodies can bestow upon you. We take pride in giving you the most gratifying experience you will ever have.

Phone us for appointment

11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

(212) 685-3908

(212)685-0192

Free Refreshments

Models Wanted

MALE MODEL

YOUNG ATHLETIC

STUDENT

6'0" 165 Lbs.

Italian

Well Built

(212) MU 3-8646

EXCEPTIONAL

MALE MODEL

I'm an exceptionally groovy
Scandinavian guy with a great
physique and a warm smile
you'll dig. Call me anytime.

CHRISTIAN

(212) TR 3-2307

ATTRACTIVE, VOLUPTUOUS

LONG-HAIRED BRUNETTE

to model at your
studio, residence
or hotel.

For refined,
discriminating
gentlemen only. (212)

Call Yvonne Adams 873-1141

ALL HAIL

THE COLONIC

ARTIST

Enemas 8t Golden Showers
for a truly pleasing

TRIUMPH!

Mara (212) TN 7-1393

\$9.00

LOVE ENCOUNTER

THE PINK PUSSY CAT

200 EAST 14th ST 533-5719

WITH THIS COUPON

EVER WAKE UP

FEELING LIKE

A TIGER?

Just call Cleo for the
purr-feet encounter
between a man & a woman.

COMPLETE PRIVACY

249-9818

ARE YOU FED UP...

... with being rushed out and
would like to stay in longer?

Call

BARBARA

at

(212) MU 3-8182

Two handsome, sensuous,
freaky dudes into creative,
imaginative scenes. Leather, dis-
cipline, water sports, fantasy
exhibitionism.

Available together or separately

BRAD & BART

(212) 691-2529

NOVEMBER 18, 1974 PAGE 43

BEAUTIFUL, SENSUOUS
& EXOTIC

Dark-Skinned Model

Available as

1 your private hostess

2 your escort

3 your companion

Call (212) 765-7754

BARBARA

by appointment only

hotels & residential

THE WHIP BITCH

"Different strokes

for different folks"

Your desire is MY COMMAND!

CALL ZELDA

(212) OR 9-4120

If getting there is half the fun -

then being there can be ALL

the fun. Let's get together to

have some fun.

Call STARR at

(212) TO 7-1366

TORTUROUS

TEACHER

is now in town!

A MUST

at my place

Call me Mistress

(212) UN 7-1366

WHY GO OUT

HEN I CAN COME IN?

And climax your day with a com-

plete and sensuous relaxation serv-

ice. Ask about the various cul-

tures.

Your Home or

Hotel Exclusively

call MICHELLE

(212) 992-6756

Beautiful, responsive, intelligent

Black model would like the

pleasure of your company.

Husband travels weekly, but

generously approves my extra-

curricular activities. Call Wed-

nesdays through Fridays, 11

a.m. to 4 p.m.

(212) 889-6563

ABBY

I NEED A MAN

A man to hold in my arms and feel his

strength throughout my whole body. This

is my only wish in life. Living in the

city is rough and sometimes when I see all the

lonely people walking the street, I wish

they were in my arms holding my warm back and caressing my firm buttocks. I want to help complete your night and never let you forget that there is a woman in the world that needs you. Call me, I'm waiting. My name is ECHO, and you can hear me calling you in your ear if you listen hard enough.

(212) MU 9-8420

SEXY SAMANTHA

I grew up in the West among rodeos and ranches... All that rough living just made me all the more determined to show men the joys of the other side of life...the sensuous and subtle pleasures of woman. Come relax with me. I can soothe away all your cares.

Call Mon-Sat., 11 AM - 11 PM.

(212)490-1206

GREENWICH VILLAGE GIRL

Things are different down in the Village. The pace is slower, success is less important than sensuality. And "Love" is a way of life. The kind of love I enjoy most is when I get together with a guy, get naked, and get down with him between the sheets. My boobs are large and firm, and my sensitive nipples come to life when you touch them. And my bush flames at contact with a hard, aroused man. I love to give pleasure, and share and excite. And to have all my openings explored and filled, to have my lust ignited, and to do the same. If you can dig where I'm at, and think we can groove together, call me at my pad. My name is Eva, and my number

(212) JE 2-8225

ELIZABETH ISA HORNY HOUSEWIFE

Women's Lib? Who needs it? Women were born to please men—so how could a real woman ever be unwilling to love? I've got a fire between my legs that just won't quit. Now don't get me wrong, my husband's great!

In fact he taught me EVERYTHING—but he travels a lot and leaves me alone, hot, and frustrated. So while he's away—let's play. My name is Elizabeth, my number is

(212)691-7803

WHY BE ALONE?

We have attractive girls available to be your escort for a fun night on the town. Why not make an appointment to see pictures of our girls. Also available: hostesses, strippers, belly

dancers; for private parties.

PARTY TALENT

(212) 684-6590

5:30-10:30 PM

ADAM CRAIG

Young & Boyish

Versatile—Good Looking

Smooth Swimmer's Body

25, 5'8", 130 lbs.

Greek & French Nude

Modeling

Your Place or Mine

(212) 522-7427

SOUTH AMERICAN TEMPTRESS

My name is Laurita and I am a very sexy young girl from Venezuela. I am only 19 years old and stand 5'3" tall with a very petite figure of 34-21-34 and weigh 105 lbs. I have an exquisitely beautiful face with large, dreamy brown eyes set off by long, dark lashes. My figure is a work of art. My breasts are firmly rounded and up-thrusting as if asking to be loved and aroused. My waist is so small that a man can span it with his hands and my flat stomach only accentuates my femininely rounded hips. My tropical, Latin blood is hot with desire that needs satisfying continuously. Please call me in my luxurious East Side apartment and you will come again and again.

My private no. Mon.—Sat.

(212) 734-4258 11am-11pm

IRISH COLLEEN

Hi, my name is Maureen and I'm a little pixie from the Old Sod. I'm cute as a bug with a gorgeous, petite figure. I am 18 years old and have red hair, small pointy breasts tipped with ruby red nipples, a real tiny waist and long, exquisitely shaped legs. I really know how to please men. I'm very gentle and cuddly and if you are gentle and refined please call me in my private apartment and I'll show you what really made Ireland famous. Air conditioned.

My private apt. Mon.—Sat.

(212)734-4288 11am-11pm

Queens

Manhattan

CALL

JUDY & JO-ANN

They will!!! And they can. Can

« YOU??? Hotels, homes, offices.

Call (212) 249-9888

4PM till ?

Seven days

Japanese

Swedish
French
RECEPTIONIST
AND
ATTRACTIVE GIRLS
FOR NEW
LEISURE SPA
Fantastic opportunity
Call

(212) 661-3217
days 10-12

FOR THE MOST VALUE

Visit us, Andrea and Judy. It will cost you less than most other places, and we're even worth more than some of our most expensive competition. Our love to please sets us apart from the others. We admit that if you make enough phone calls you'll find other places just as inexpensive as us. But nobody realizes better than we do that you visit us to feel good. We care, and enjoy using our attractive bodies to make YOU feel as good as you are capable of. That's more than we can say for the hardened bitches. We're not going to make any claims we can't deliver on. You see enough of that in some of the other ads.

(212)532-8225

Andrea & Judy Absolute Privacy

AROUND

THE

CLOCK

SERVICE

Call ME when everyone else is sleeping. I love working late and you'll love my work.

ASK FOR RENEE

(212) 752-4173

IF IT FEELS GOOD ...

... then do it! Once if it overwhelms you, or twice if you're in the mood. What's important, though, is that you live for enjoyment, and enjoy to your potential. Sensual fulfillment is the last remaining barrier to total liberation. If you've got the urge to be with an uninhibited and truly alive young lady who enjoys her own pleasures so much that she can help YOU reach new heights, call me.

DORRIS

(212) 532-8224

Mon.-Sat. 11am to 10pm

YOUNG

NUDE MODELS

WANTED

... to service discerning executives. Must be beautiful and

have a sweet disposition. Intelligence is also a requirement. Five-day week, six-hour day. \$500 a week minimum guaranteed. Excellent working conditions.

Air Conditioned

Call (212) 734-4258

Mon. thru Sat. 11am - 11pm

GROOVY YOUNG GAL

39-24-37

I'm a singer with a Rock Group and into interpretive dancing. Can you imagine the poses I can create? While we groove together.

For app't. call

CAROL at (212) PL 1-7737

PAGE 44 NOVEMBER 18. 1974

HI, I'M TRICIA

I'm a gorgeous 19-year-old blue-eyed blonde with a body Venus herself would envy. I have a very petite figure with perfectly shaped pointed breasts that are tipped with erect ruby nipples. I have a very small waist and beautifully shaped hips and a flat stomach that leads to a pair of long, shapely legs. Between these legs lie the most intimate possession that a woman can give to a man. Beneath a covering of silky fur, two pink moist lips enclose my grotto of ecstasy. It has an aching need to be kissed, to be explored, to be entered, to be filled; and in return I would like to engulf your manhood and raise both of us to infinite heights of orgasmic delight. Please call me in my air-conditioned private apartment so that we can both enjoy a true sensual experience.

My private apt. Mon.-Sat.

(212) 734-4288 11am-11pm

Girls Wanted

FOR

HIGH CLASS

EAST SIDE

STUDIO

Part Time / Full Time

Earn up to \$1000 per week

Call Carl (212) 687-1730

or

J. R. (212) 752-4644

HI, I'M CHRISTINA

I come from Finland, the land of the mid-night sun, where we have 6 months of daylight & 6 months of night. You can guess what we do on those long, long nights. Men who have tried a Finnish girl will swear that we are the best lovers in the world. We should be, we sure have enough time to practice. I'm a very beautiful, slim 19-year-old with natural red hair & silky, ivory colored skin that is a sensuous delight just to touch. Please call me in my very luxurious, air-conditioned apartment & I guarantee you that you will be a confirmed devotee of Finnish girls for the rest of your life.

Mon. thru Sat. 11am to 11pm

my private number (212) 734-4258

GOLDEN DREAMS

BECOME

GOLDEN SHOWERS

as your fantasies
come to life

CALL CONNIE

VO 7-1393

GENTLEMEN

Anything you do in life should be **FIRST CLASS**. For die best looking
faces and services in town,

Call **MS. CASTLE**

(212) RH 1-2494

7 Days

We will accept hotel, residential and
office calls in Manhattan exclusively.

GENTLEMEN

Anything you do in life should be
FIRST CLASS. For die best looking
faces and services in town,

Call **MS. CASTLE**

(212) RH 1-2494

7 Days

We will accept hotel, residential and
office calls in Manhattan exclusively.

I'M A YOUNG

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

39-24-37

A teacher in the arts of **KAMA**

SUTRA looking for eager stu-
dents. For a **COMPLETELY**

satisfying lesson,

CALL DARLENE

(212) 679-4904

I'M JUST A SUCKER

When it comes to loving men, I go all soft
inside. Maybe it's because my large breasts
are oversensitive, and a man's touch just
thrills me so. Or because my soft woman's
mound moistens exquisitely just thinking
of lying naked with a passionate man in
me. Or my mouth, which feels empty
without something hard and strong inside,
pressing warmly as I surround it with
knowing tongue and moist lips. There is
one thing I dislike, though, and that's be-
ing alone. So why not keep me company?
You won't be sorry.

Call Betty (212) 255-9121

FLO

Where **EVERYTHING** and

ANYTHING goes!

at your place...or mine

11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

(212)582-4428

ORIENTAL FLOWER

I'm tiny and gentle, with large
bouncy breasts, very unusual for an
oriental girl. In China where I was
born, women respect men and are

taught to serve and please. If a shy
oriental flower appeals to you, call
me at

(212) 691-7803

I AM CALLED YOSHI

Do you have an extra hour with nothing to do?

My Name is Jenny

And you can do it with me. My number is

(212) MU 8-5074

I'M TWILA

of the "anything that feels that good can't
be bad" generation. My generation is also
called by the name of natural-soft &
downy hair, everywhere, that's all I wear;
unhurried-the faster things move, the
slower I like to take it; honest-when I
come I really come & when I go I go free
-I'm supple & omnipresent all over; far
out-not very, a phone call away.

Absolute Privacy Mon.-Sat.

(212) 421-3758 11am-11pm

LIBERAL ARTS STUDENT

Who is working her way
through college, seeks
the pleasure of your
company.

DEBBIE

(212) 689-8102

BE NURSED INTO

SUBMISSION

While shamefully
imprisoned in my
luxurious dungeon

Call Sultry

(212) 867-1366

ON YOUR KNEES

and worship

this

DEMANDING

goddess-

Or suffer humility as

ONLY I

can give it!

Sabrina

(212) 867-1393

DOMINANT

& DEGRADING

Enemas for pleasure

Golden showers for fun

CALL WANDA

NOW

7 days

(212) OR 9-4904

SCOTT

versatile young male

french or greek poses

evenings

(212) 249-8607

WANTED HIGH CLASS MODELS

For luxury clientele. Must be hip & intellectual. No experience required, will train. Excellent pay & working conditions.

(212) 421-3758

(212) 421-3719

(212) 421-3766

Mon.-Sat. 12-8

MEN

Young man available
for your type of massage
Come get it on

(212) 889-6252 (212) 889-6252

GROWING UP JEWISH

(in the Bronx) Listen, in my neighborhood, the mothers were all full of advice on how to make the boys like you.

"Smile," they told me. "Dress nice, be sexy, but always a lady. And, always do your best to please." When I discovered sex, I added a few tricks of my own, in the back seats of Buicks before going home after high school dances. "What a wonderful girl, she's so good," the yentas would whisper as I walked past them. They should only know the half of it. Now I'm 20, living on Manhattan's East Side, and want to show the world that a full-bodied Jewish girl from the Bronx is the best there is.

Molly, till 11pm

(212) LE 2-8224

PASSIONATE PRINCESS...

I'm really not a princess,
but I was a Homecoming Queen.
I'd like to show you how I consoled football players when they were down. Visit my private apartment every day from 11 AM to 2 AM

(212) 889-0879

VERY HANDSOME

YOUNG STUDENT

I'm 20, have a 29" waist, dark hair, trim build and very well hung. I love to please and am versatile. Ultra luxurious studio, midtown.

RON

My Private Phone (212) 541-5559

JULIE'S SCHOOL

FOR

EROTIC

ENGLISH

ENJOYMENT

(212) 683-8182

LIBERAL YOUNG

COLLEGE GIRL

available for modeling

in her private apartment
call SUZY at
(212) 679-4120

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SMILE WHEN YOU THINK OF ME

I'm the one who liked you. I remembered your name, even noticed when you changed your cologne, and all the "special" little things you like to do. I know you're not in love with me, however often you love me, but do you mind if I pretend? My name is Betty and I speak ALL the Romance languages.

My Number Is

(212) 691-7803

WEST SIDE STORY

Have you had the feeling a miracle would happen? Well, now it has. A private apartment for you to relax in and unwind your weary day with a host of beautiful models to please and pamper you. Our prices are the lowest around, and our location? Right in the heart of the garment center, one short block from Penn Station. So now, you can have East Side elegance with West Side convenience. Call us, and you'll be glad you did.

(212) 279-7223

Mon.-Fri. Appt. only

PRETTY BLACK MS.

will model in

complete privacy

of her residence

6 days 11 am to 9 pm

(No Sundays)

(212) 369-6595

CANDY

DOMINANT

\$9.00 encounter

THE PINK PUSSY CAT

200 E. 14 St. 533-5719 (with ad)

SUSAN

New York State Licensed

40th & Madison

Attractive European masseuse, will relax you with a soothing reliable massage. Moderate prices. Respectable building. Also available for hotel guests of excellent standing.

(212) MU 4-3309

(212)274-1749

11:30-7:30 Mon.-Sat.

EDDIE

Fabulous French Model

Athletic Body

5'9" - 155 - 30" waist - 42" chest

Complete Satisfaction

Midtown 1pm-1am

(212)

565-5829

GROOVY RUGGED GUY

poses nude. Masculine, athletic physique. Versatile & cooperative. Phone evenings after 6 p.m.

BRAD

(212) 838-9054

ROB

(formerly of 24th & 2nd; recently of Boston)

RETURNS!

Friendly, easy-going guy, adaptable, experienced, receptive, offers complete sessions to "nice-type" men. Am good-looking male student, age 23, 150 lbs., cooperative and versatile. Yes, I have, out of necessity, set competitive rates, but I don't have \$\$ dollar signs \$\$ in my eyes and am not a robot.

MEN ONLY-CALL ANYTIME

ROB (212) 924-1632

HANDSOME,

ATHLETIC,

Well-Endowed

NUDE MODEL TIM

(212) PL 2-7914

"HONEYSUCKLE'S

MONTHLY"

by mail \$2. each

HI, I'M CINDY

I am a young, extremely beautiful 18-year-old girl new in the city. I have very long silky natural blonde hair that cascades over my firm pointy breasts. I have a face like a: angel with beautiful big green eyes and a look of innocence and sweetness that would completely mislead you as to how sensuous I really am. I weigh a petite 110 lbs. and stand 5'5" tall with the perfect proportions of 35-22-35. As you can tell by my measurements I have a very small waist with flaring feminine hips. My real pride, however, is my long sexy legs and the silky golden down that nestles between them. I love to explore the ways of love, to savor the sensation of my nipples rubbing on a man's chest and his gentle caresses on every intimate part of my body. In this day and age women try to be something different from what they were born, but I am different. I revel in being a woman, I love feminine clothes, I love to be cuddled, I love to be told that I am beautiful, and I love to be protected. I think being a woman is the most wonderful thing in the world. So let me prove it to you by calling me in my private East Side apartment and making a date to visit

me.

My private phone Mon.-Sat.

(212) 861-2373 11am-11pm

I specialize in pleasing

THE BUSY EXEC

One sensual hour of charisma with
me will send your spirits soaring and
leave you with a glowing sensation.

Call and discover the magic of charisma.

Lilli (212) PL9-5432

Out of Towner, Welcome.

Luxurious East 50's privacy.

Call Early or Late • Weekends too.

24 hour doorman service.

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SCREW

WELL

ENDOWED

GUY

WILL POSE NUDE

Versatile

RYDER

(212) 249-0733

WANTED

ATTRACTIVE MODELS

... for high-class clientele. Must
also be intelligent and friendly.

Excellent working conditions

Call (212) 675-0779

18 YEARS OLD

GOING ON 16

We are in the age of youth & wholesome-
ness & it is my youth that makes my su-
per thick bush seem so outrageous when
laid out against a body so young &
fair & it is my wholesomeness that makes my
budding breasts divinely raised rings of red
flesh I'm sure you don't want a 19-year-
old going on 40, ex-street walker, held to-
gether by a black girdle & garter belt, but
do desire someone who is so pure & tender
that nobody believes she's a day over 16,
even though she's 18. If I seem to be what
you're looking for, call.

Mon.-Sat. 11am - 11pm

WAITING FOR YOU

In the bath, when the slippery hard
soap bar slips through my hand and
falls through my legs, I feel sensa-
tions that probably you could give
me. After the shower I look in the
mirror at my dripping breasts and
wet curly hair and await your call. If
you want not to be alone tonight-
even for a little while-call me. I'm
waiting for a man to love. My name
is AQUA, and I'm dripping wet,
waiting.

Call me at
(212) 679-4120
WOMEN ONLY PLEASE!
Sexy, athletic male, ready and
willing to pose for you. I'm 24
years old, 6'2", and very eager to
please. I've just the touch for a
discriminating woman.

Call Paul
(212) 929-3839
WOMEN ONLY PLEASE!
11 a.m. - 11 p.m.
CRISTIAN

Versatile Young Male
Handsome, Trim Build
(212) 362-7526
"DYNAMIC DUO"

Two young and beautiful bisex-
ual gals looking to please you,
while they please each other.

SHARON & KAREN
For appointment call
(212) 679-4055
STOP!!!

YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER
If it's the best your money can buy it's
waiting for you right here. You will enjoy
the ultimate delight that only our tender
but experienced hands and bodies can be-
stow upon you. Total satisfaction and re-
laxation are assured in beautiful private
surroundings. Free refreshments served.
Phone for Appointment

11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
(212) 685-3908
(212)685-0192

Models Wanted
NAUGHTY LADY

A hundred years ago I would have been
called a "wicked woman," a "piece of bag-
gage," a "tramp." Why? Because I love sex
and I show it. I move and dress to please a
man and I delight in bodily sensations.
The sensuous warmth of skin on skin, hot
breath panting, horny bodies pushing and
straining, melding and fusing into one. I'm
tall and slender, with perfect breasts and
long blond hair and the sense to know
where I belong. Right here, Loving You.

My name is Peg
My number is (212) 691-7803
I'M JUST A

LONELY GIRL
COME
fill my
hour of need.
Make me your doll.
Call me Barbie

(212) 867-1366

PAGE 46 NOVEMBER 18, 1974

Just like Mommy used to do -
over my knee for a warm gratifying
enema.

Call NURSE NANCY

(212) OV 8-5074

EX-PLAYBOY BUNNY

tired of waiting
on tables
would like
to wait on
you.

Call JENNY

(212) MU 3-0979

LUST FOR LIFE

Does your body desire a vacation? Well
I'm the ticket that will get you there.
Cindy is my name and I'm just waiting to
be explored, just yearning to be discovered.
I'm a young woman, sweet and gentle,
and in this cold world I've learned to
love the ones who please me. Call me in
my private East Side apt. and remember,
my talents are only exceeded by my
potential.

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Golden showers, colonic and enemas,
5" spike heels, leather, bondage. Sub-
missive gals, mirrors, TV fetish
clothes.

The range is immense

Call (212) 725-1803

Attractive ladies needed for work
"HURRY BACK"

All this

What do

whips, belts,
collars, mask,
boots, leashes,
undies, wigs,
paddles, enemas
bondage
and more.

What do

I mean?

Call

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PA 5-

2389

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for

THE MAN OF

DISTINCTION

Beautiful young models to serve you in complete
privacy. Phone for appointment 11 am

to 11 pm. (212) MU 5-0192

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Wigs and Sundries

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ESCORT

SERVICE

for the Executive

11AMto11PM.

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Beautiful

Young French Girl

Hi, my name is Gigi & I enjoy being French & I enjoy it even more doing it.

My warm, full, soft lips love to kiss, caress & engulf, while my pink, velvety tongue explores & probes every jnch of hardness, until its loving ministrations are rewarded.

Of course, while I'm doing this I would like to have the same loving care bestowed upon me. Feelings that are reciprocated are multiplied more than twofold. So if you want to enjoy an ultimate delight with an absolutely beautiful 19-yr.-old girl, call me in my luxurious air conditioned townhouse.

Mon. thru Sat. 11am to 11pm

my private no. (212) 734-4288

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FEMALES

Help 111718 out your innermost fantasies. Have fun in our daring, modern, fabulous female costumes. Enema experience, leather and all latest' paraphernalia. Professionals, blue collar workers, actors, businessmen, etc.

Enjoy our services by unleashing pent-up tensions and anxieties in the privacy of our fantasy land. Exclusive Manhattan location.

Appt.

only

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Special Treatment for our Regulars

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Call after 11 AM.

(212) TV 9-0879

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YOUNG GIRL

WANTED

for position in private apartment. Must be liberal and friendly. High earnings for a special girl. Call for

interview-11 to 11.

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"GENTLEMEN"

Take time to enjoy a little diversion with me, Terri, a very pretty & lovely ex-airline hostess with the mostess.

My private residence or your hotel.

(212) 595-4103

VIVA

of Beverly Hills

I have the finest front lawn in Southern California. It's all embracing, dazzling, appetizing, and penetrating;

Encircling you, alluring you, electrifying you, and melting you into unspeakable rapture and actions.

But even this is but Dessert when compared to the rest of my repast.

Mon.-Sat. 11AM-11PM

(212) 421-3758

By appointment only

Models ad section closes Thursday at 6:00. Have your ads in early!

SEX MACHINE

Hi! I'm Liz, and I'm a real Manhattan doll, a satin doll. I love the good life and adore the good men. To get what

I want, I've got to use what I've got.

I ooze with sensuality and burn with passion. I'm a lady of the night, filled with unforsaken habits—a sex machine.

Call me in my private luxury apartment. Come to me and I'll make you forget the rest.

(212) 279-7222

Mon.-Fri. Appt. only

ARE YOU NEW IN TOWN?

Don't go to the United Nations, come to me. I know all the cultures, in my private apartment.

LISA

(212) OR 9-4120

YOUNG

HIGH SCHOOL

TEACHER

Can't make out with students — available for extra-curricular activities after 3 p.m.

Call Miss Barton at

(212) MU 9-8414

MY NAME IS ALEXIS

... and I was born in romantic Greece. I don't understand how American girls can say "it hurts" when a lusty man wants to cuddle her fanny "in that special way." To me it's very exciting. If you think it's exciting too, call me at my private

number. Mon.-Sat. 11 am-11pm
(212) 685-7972

**TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
COLLEGE GIRLS**

we are eager to
please you—
alone or together.
Call (212) PL 1-7737
and ask for
SANDEE or CANDEE
HI, I'M SHERRY

I'm a very sexy 18-yr.-old girl with the
cutest face and figure you have ever seen.
My petite figure is accentuated by my
breasts which are so perfectly shaped and
firm that they look like they were sculpt-
ed out of the finest white marble. Their
ruby tips stand out in anticipation of a
man's soft caresses. My whole body was
made for loving. Just the thought of a
man's gentle hands touching my most inti-
mate parts sends a tingling sensation up
my spine until I can not wait any longer
for the ultimate release. Please call me in
my luxurious East Side apartment and we
can explore heaven's delights together.
My private apt. Mon.-Sat.

(212) 861-2373 11am-11pm

DOUBLE EXCITEMENT

Turn on by watching Dianne
and Melissa excite each other.
And for a real double treat-
join them!

For an appointment, call

(212) 688-5074

IS IT TRUE?

What they say about Southern girls?
That they really ENJOY loving a
man? Any man can tell, it's how she
kisses, and the way her breasts quiv-
er, the sweet sigh when you touch
her. And afterwards, how she lingers
to talk and touch and maybe love
again. Too good to be true? Try me,
I'll make you a believer. For some
down-home eatin' call

Terry at

(212) MU 5-7971

MONICA SWEET

(212) 759-8816 (212)759-8411

NOVEMBER 18, 1974 PAGE 47

Screw
Your
Friend
For
Xmas
SCREW

You may think you're unique in your depravity and decadence, but most of your friends are probably just as foul. So this is the time to share with them the most personal and unique gift of all. No, not a dose of the clap, but a subscription to SCREW!

Why? "Misery loves company" is one reason, but the real truth is that SCREW is the most emulated, loved, hated, and widely discussed newspaper since Christ first saw sunlight in the manure-filled stable in which he was born.

Send all your friends a SCREW subscription and we'll include a very clever card saying that you thought low enough of them to give this truly unique gift. This is as personalized a memento of your affection as an embossed contraceptive.

Your friends will thrive on SCREW in the same way you do because they will learn (1) where the action is, (2) how to get into the action, (3) if the action is worthwhile, (4) if the action is meaningful, and (5) if the action is contagious.

In addition to getting your rocks off from these activities, you'll also be reading the most irreverent and Rabelaisian newspaper permitted to be published in the world.

The most up-to-date sex paper your money can buy. On-the-spot coverage of every important sex event and happening.

Every issue of SCREW contains Mail Order Madness, the best known and most widely read sexual mail-order column in the business. Dirty Diversions, the revolutionary film review column by Al Goldstein, who developed the notorious Peter-Meter.

SCREW offers the most varied and talked-about personal column—Baubles and Balls—of any newspaper.

Rush your money for your own SCREW subscription and/or renewal, and for the most benevolent gift you can bestow upon your friends and enemies.

SCREW YOURSELF

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: 11 issues for \$9.95...

26 issues for...\$17 via 3rd class mail or...\$25 via 1st class mail.

52 issues for...\$32 via 3rd class mail or...\$47 via 1st class mail.

As a new subscriber, I am enclosing one buck extra (\$1) for the following 25

word (10¢ per additional word) ad to appear in Baubles and Balls.

I certify by my signature that I am over 18

Make check or money order payable to: Milky Way Productions, Inc.

Mail to:

Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Name

Address Apt. No.

City State & Zip

All subscriptions mailed in plain brown envelope. Please allow several weeks

for subscription to be processed. We cannot guarantee 3rd class delivery.

SCREW A FRIEND

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: 11 issues for \$9.95...

26 issues for...\$17 via 3rd class mail or...\$25 via 1st class mail.

52 issues for...\$32 via 3rd class mail or...\$47 via 1st class mail.

Please send a gift subscription of SCREW to my friend:

Address Apt. No.

City State & Zip

I certify by my signature that

The person receiving the gift is over 18

Make check or money order payable to: Milky Way Productions, Inc.

Mail to:

**Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York,
N.Y. 10011.**

**All subscriptions mailed in plain brown envelope. Please allow
several weeks**

**for subscription to be processed. We cannot guarantee 3rd class
delivery.**

SPECIAL OFFER FOR SCREW READERS

Starting this week, for a limited time only, you now can enjoy some of the World's Greatest Skin Flicks absolutely FREE during your Session at SPARTACUS SPA's.

Imagine, You and Your Spartacus Girl alone in your Private Room—You're watching Fantastic Flicks while she's caressing You and anointing your body with precious Oils from the Orient.

Don't miss out! Come in today, and ask for the Special Film Offer you read about in SCREW.

NEEDLE-ACTION SHOWERS

SATISFYING BODY RUBS

MINERAL ROCK SAUNA RELAX IN COMPLETE PRIVACY

THE MOST

FANTASTIC

PLACES

IN TOWN!

Come do your thing at the Spartacus Spa that suits your mood. Slip back into the past at Spartacus I, where our Victorian Town House awaits you. The Girls at Spartacus I will make you feel as if you were Diamond Jim himself. Escape into the future with the modern luxury of Spartacus II. Relax, and enjoy beautiful Girls that could turn-on James Bond. And, you don't have to be Diamond Jim or Goldfinger to enjoy the Total Spartacus Experience. You'll find that the cost is surprisingly low. The atmosphere at Spartacus I & II may be different, but, you'll find that both are totally dedicated to serving your every need. If you're tired of chasing all over Town, and going to bed with a Magazine; If you're tired of being ripped-off; If you want total safety and complete privacy ; If you're looking for Girls whose only desire is to serve you—not castrate you! Spartacus is the place for you!
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(Between Madison & 5th Aves.)

725-5650

II

The Idea Lecture (In Memory of David Antin)

There are a hundred of you just sitting here watching me type as I set up my laptop for this lecture.

Is there anything worse than watching somebody stare at their computer?

It's not that much different when, often these days, you go to a concert and watch somebody mix on their laptop, which is as exciting as watching somebody check their email, which can be pretty exciting, except that they're not checking their email—they're staring at their laptop, and all you can see is the screen's glow on their face.

But think of how much better it would be if that performer were actually checking their email while the music was streaming, and you could watch the whole thing on a screen projected behind them, how intimate and embarrassing and revealing it could be.

I remember when laptops were introduced as the only instrument on the stage in the concert hall.

It was around 1995 and I went to see a classical electronic music composer at a proper concert hall on Manhattan's upper West Side and I swear, for nearly two hours, we stared at him staring at his laptop.

Perhaps the sounds were great—I can't remember—but I do recall thinking that there was no need to have a human onstage for this music.

He was nothing great to look at either, a balding, middle-aged, overweight guy dressed in a tacky Hawaiian shirt.

That's why it's so important to realize that when you get up in front of people, you are always performing.

You need to be in costume, completely self-conscious and hyperaware of

your presence.

There's a feeling that one's
onstage presence should
be truly authentic, but of
course it's anything but.

It's an act.

If I was being authentic right now,
you'd see me bitching at my kids,
or paying my electric bill, and you
certainly didn't come here for that.

You came here to see me do my
act—yes, poets do have acts—
which is in some ways authentic,
and in other ways completely artificial.

You are seeing me
giving an ideal lecture
by my ideal self.

I wish I could always be like this.

Rock musicians are really good at this.

Watch some videos of, say, Led
Zeppelin or The Rolling Stones
from the early seventies and
you'll see what I mean.

They're so authentically inauthentic
that they spawned legions of fans
who imitated the authenticity of
their style, resulting in an
astonishingly convincing
inauthentic authenticity.

And later on, even when it goes
unauthentically authentic,
it shifts, becoming newly
authentically inauthentic.

I'm thinking of Nirvana's grunge
style, which reclaimed the dregs
of Led Zeppelin's artifice and
turned it inside out,
making it insincerely authentic.

But the grunge fans found no
insincerity in it; by de-glamming,
they reclaimed authenticity.

It's terribly complicated.

But most poets, somehow,
don't bother with these gymnastics.

They feel the need to present an unchecked 'real' or 'authentic' self, so they get up in front of people in a stained t-shirt, ill-fitting jeans, and bad shoes, and mumble through their poems.

Perhaps you might think that they were being grunge devotees, or maybe anti-performative, but what they're really doing is being lazy.

They're neither authentic nor artificial; they're just flat and unconsidered.

This is why I feel that if it's not pretentious or self-conscious I don't trust it.

But getting back to my sitting here and typing in front of you, it reminds me of my book Soliloquy, which consisted of every word I spoke for a week in 1997 from the moment I woke up on a Monday morning, until the moment I went to sleep the following Sunday night.

I transcribed it, completely unedited.

It was about four or five hundred pages long, and I said almost nothing of value.

It was really an exercise in humiliation.

The way I did it was with just with a little microcassette recorder tucked into my pocket, that was connected to a voice-activated microphone, which I wore hidden in my shirt.

When I spoke, it recorded.

Around that same time, I had a related idea.

I wanted to connect my laptop to a screen in Times Square, so that everything I typed or did on my it for an entire year would be publicly displayed—emails I wrote, online banking statements I viewed, porn I watched, every time I self-Googleed —although Google was not yet around, but you know

what I mean—manuscripts
I was working on, and so forth.

That would've been the most
intimate, revealing, humiliating,
and risqué thing I could've done.

It never worked out.

I don't think that it was technically
possible at that time, and beyond that,
no one in Times Square had any interest
in some unknown, young poet livestreaming
their life on the crossroads of the world.

Looking back on it, I was inspired by Felix Gonzalez-
Torres's poignant public art piece from around 1990,
which was nothing more than a static black and white
billboard-sized photograph of a bed that had just been
slept in by two people, reputedly Gonzalez-Torres
and his lover, both of whom later died of AIDS.

You could literally see the
imprints of their heads on the pillows.

The idea was to bring the most intimate space,
the bedroom, into the most public space, the street.

There are some great documentary
photographs of that piece.

One that sticks in my mind is what
appears to be a crowded on-ramp to a
bridge in the middle of rush hour.

Cars are stalled, the smog is dense,
and there is this billboard of a just
slept-in bed presiding over the whole affair.

It's a better version of one of
those billboards that you see on
crowded highways that say, 'If you
lived here, you'd be home by now.'

So twenty years passed and
in 2016, I decided to do Soliloquy
again for its twentieth anniversary.

What would my regular speech
look like twenty years down the line?

So much has changed in my life that would
make for a completely new type of book.

So I tried and I failed.

First of all, the technology
still had not yet arrived where you

could just speak and everything you said would be automatically turned into text and posted on the web in real time, which was my dream.

Even today, when I speak to my phone, it kind of gets it right, but it mostly gets it wrong.

And because of the sensitive touch screen, it clicked off and much of what I said wasn't actually recorded.

Finally, about five days into it, I realized that I had accidentally deleted all but one day.

The one day that was left was Tuesday, the day I see my therapist.

I secretly taped my therapy session.

Listening back to that day, the most interesting part was that one hour.

So after the project failed, I decided that I would go into my therapy session every Tuesday afternoon, secretly tape it, and transcribe exactly what I said as a new project.

I did that for about eight weeks, after which I thought it would be a good part of therapy to tell my therapist about what I had been doing.

As might be expected, he freaked out and accused me of treason, of exploiting an intimate and ephemeral space, all for an artwork.

But, I responded, that is exactly what I do in my artwork, to which he replied, yes, that is exactly your problem.

Writing on a mobile device is in some ways more, and in other ways less work than traditional transcription.

I can't stand typing on a mobile keyboard because my fingers are too big and clumsy.

But it's not much better when I speak into voice recognition, because I've got to go back in and correct it.

And beyond that, even if I'm speaking voice to text, I have to say the word 'period' when I want

to end a sentence, the word 'comma,'
when I want to put in a pause, and
'new paragraph,' when I want a line break.

Moreover, sometimes the phone
understands 'comma' and 'period' and
'question mark,' but just as often it doesn't.

So, if I'm asking a question
like, 'What time do you want to
have lunch today question mark,' I
actually get a sentence back that says
'What time do you want to have lunch
today question mark' and then I feel
stupid when I've got to go back in and
make the words 'question mark' into an
actual question mark, to which my son,
who is eleven, says to me: 'But Dad,
why do you use question marks when
you type texts?' which is a good question.

I find it very strange when
people on social media post
questions as statements, without
question marks, and you know it's
a question but it appears to be a
statement, which is very disconcerting.

In the future, people will simply
stop using punctuation altogether.

Punctuation was one of the first
things to be attacked by the modernists.

John Cage, who was an
anarchist, saw syntax as the
government of language, with
the punctuation marks as policemen.

Adorno claimed that all sorts of
authoritarian structures like traffic
signals, were modeled on punctuation.

He felt exclamation points to be red
lights; colons, green; and dashes yellow.

And Gertrude Stein felt that
possessive apostrophes were,
well, too possessive, strangling
the letters they were attached to.

But the most extreme punctuation I
ever encountered was by an American
ultra-modernist writer—his name
escapes me now—who, in the 1920s,
wrote an entire novel where he inserted
exclamation points in between each and every letter.

I remember that it was impossible to read.

I suspect that if you removed the exclamation points you'd find a conventional narrative, but of course nobody was going to do that.

I have no idea what he was trying to do, but I like to fantasize.

Wouldn't it have been great if he took, say, a boring novel by a boring writer and simply inserted exclamation points in between each and every letter and published it under his own name?

There's a great idea.

Somebody should actually do that with, say, a Jonathan Franzen novel.

That would make it so much more exciting—and so much more boring.

It reminds me of a piece by a composer I once knew who took a really thorny atonal Schoenberg composition, erased the notation for sharps and flats, then signed his own name to it.

When he played it back, it sounded exactly like new age music, blandly tonal and stupidly melodic.

With one simple gesture, he completely defanged Schoenberg.

I think that the guy who wrote the exclamation point book wanted to make people aware that language is material, that words have physical qualities as well as semantic ones—something we tend forget in day-to-day life.

He might've also been listening to the sound of technology—perhaps the noise of telegrams—and trying to track it onto literature.

In those days, when you wrote a telegram, all punctuation marks cost extra money except for STOP, which for some reason was free.

Telegrams became unpunctuated except for the STOP, which became a catchall punctuation mark: a comma, colon, semi-colon, dash, em dash, question mark, and period all in one.

It might've even become an exclamation point too.

People just wanted to save
money and had no problem
bending language in order to do so.

Maybe the guy who wrote
the exclamation point book was
saying fuck you to the telegram
and fuck you to the cost of punctuation.

Remember, back then,
words cost a lot of money to print.

Inadvertently, though, he
triggered another expensive situation.

At a time when many books
were hand-set with lead type, I'm
sure that the shop setting the book
didn't have enough exclamation points
to insert between each and every letter.

If you took, say, Ernest Hemingway's
A Farewell to Arms and inserted
exclamation points in between each and every
letter, you'd need 494,177 exclamation points.

And nobody had that many exclamation points.

What did they do? Did they buy more?

That would've been a shitload of money.

And then, what would they possibly do
with them after they finished setting the book?

I imagine that they'd be hard to sell en masse.

Who needs nearly half
a million lead exclamation points?

Maybe they sold them as
scrap metal and melted them
down and made new letters from
them, the ones that everyone
wanted instead of a bunch of
exclamation points that no one wanted.

Which reminds me of when,
a few years ago in the U.S., when gas
prices hit the \$5 mark and they didn't have
enough 5's for their plastic price displays, so they
started using S's instead, which they had plenty of.

And when things got really desperate,
they turned 2's upside down and used them.

It always strikes me as strange
that, still today, in most American
gas stations, they have plastic letters
for prices, not LED screens, where
all letters and numbers are in perpetual supply.

Nobody ever runs out of LED letters.

Which reminds me of when ISIS
destroyed the ancient city of Palmyra.

While the world watched in
horror, one local guy, when asked
about the devastation just shrugged
and said, these stones have been
knocked down so many times before.

We'll just put them back
together like they always have been.

It reminds me of letters and words.

All our words are used—
ancient, and worn, stacked
and demolished—then reassembled
in both very new and very old ways.

There's no need to create more;
a giant freely circulating stockpile
exists, so we really don't need to worry
about either paying outrageous prices
for them or running out of words any time soon.

Today we have an endless
supply of letters and numbers—we're
drowning in language—which can start
to feel like an embarrassment of riches.

Sometimes, I feel guilty
about how much language I
consume, so guilty that I sometimes
actually reuse notes in my notes app
on my iPhone instead of making new ones.

I'll just erase everything that's on my
current note and write new text into it.

Not because it's easy—it takes a lot
more work to delete old text; it would be
much easier just tossing it out and cracking
a new one—but because it feels more, what—ecological.

This is hard wired into me.

I was a kid during the energy
crisis of the seventies, when we were
not permitted to leave a room with a light on.

To this day, when I brush my teeth,
I turn the water on and off between rinses.

I know.

It's crazy.

But it all somehow relates
back to my need to cherish
resources rather than to waste them,
which is one of the reasons I prefer to
use other people's words rather than my own.

I'd rather recycle them.

Appropriation feels more
ecologically sound than having
to invent your own words anew each time.

And then when you're done,
you can toss them back into
the recycle bin so someone
else can use them once again.

Like the exclamation point guy
who was listening to telegrams, I'm
listening to the connections between modernism
and the digital, between Twitter and the telegram.

So while the average bro
trolling around on Twitter probably
knows nor cares very little about
modernism, he's unconsciously hard-wired to it.

That's funny to think about,
but just think of the way that URLs
or hashtags look exactly like all those
compound words in James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

Reading has always been a sort of
parsing but hashtags take it to a new level.

Reading hashtags is a two-step process.

Because they have no spaces, you first have
to mentally add them before you can read them.

When I see a hashtag, I parse it,
breaking down an unfathomable-
looking beast of a word into its
constituent parts until it becomes
legible, which is exactly the way
Joyce challenged us read his book.

We've learned to read long
hashtags so well that at this point,
we don't even bother to capitalize the
words in them anymore the way we once did.

Now small letters just run into one another.

It's so strange to think that
on the internet, in the twenty-
first century, we're reading the way
James Joyce predicted we would eighty years ago.

While URLs and hashtags are airless,
the web itself is full of gaps, riddled with holes.

We like to think that the web
is instantaneous—and in some
cases, such as fiber optics, I'm told
it is—but for most of us, it's really not.

Think of the interval between
the time you dial someone on your
phone and the time it takes to start ringing.

Or the interval between
sending a text and getting a response.

Or the interval between
clicking on a link, and when
your web page actually loads.

Or the interval it takes for a video to buffer.

There's even an ecology of interval
signs: the loading symbol that looks
like a white clock dial which ticks away in
a circle, or that spinning beach ball of death
when your browser is hung, or that little
wristwatch, with its hands ticking away the time.

But my very favorite is those
three bouncing dots you see when you
text someone and someone is typing back at you.

It's really creepy.

You're actually feeling another person's presence.

And you hang in that interval,
trying to anticipate what is coming,
already forming your own response
to a text you haven't even read yet.

It's superanticipatory and very nineteenth-century.

We've all become mind-readers, soothsayers, and psychics.

The web has really become a giant electronic Ouija board.

Who knew that in the 21st century, the occult would be back?

But the web is just a mirror of what happens in real life.

Look at what's happening here.

I'm feeling bad about speaking English to a hundred people for whom English is not their first language.

I'm really self-conscious of this so I'm trying my hardest to speak simply, slowly, and clearly so that you'll be able to understand what I'm saying, but still, I'm not entirely sure you're really understanding me.

There's no way of knowing.

You appear to be understanding what I'm saying: you're nodding your heads, and laughing at my bad jokes, so I think you're getting some of it, but I'm not sure you're getting all of it—at least the way I intend it.

But then again, even when I'm talking to other native English speakers, I sense that they're not getting all of it exactly the way I intended it either.

In English, I constantly get embroiled in all sorts of fuck-ups, miscommunications, and misunderstandings.

I mean, you would think that the people I love most in the world—my family and my friends—would understand me.

In some ways they do, but in most ways they don't.

Sometimes, they're the ones that have the most trouble understanding me, and yet they speak the same language that I do.

If we don't understand each other, how can I expect a roomful of strangers—for whom English is not their first language—to understand me as I intend it?

In fact, understanding exactly as I intend it never happens.

We're better on the web in that anticipatory interval, but in real life, we still seem to be saddled with misunderstanding.

Can we see this as being good?

Can we see this moment—
a poetry reading—as being a way of
embracing our mutual misunderstanding?

After all, hasn't misunderstanding or
ambiguity been the hinge upon which art has swung?

There is no consensus,
just interpretation, a conversation
that takes disagreement, conflict,
and misunderstanding as its basis,
one in which we agree to disagree.

Can we extend this lesson into our lives, like this moment?

Could our lack of understanding be a
demonstration of the power of poetry?

Instead of trying to solve it, can we
learn to accept it and even embrace it?

Then misunderstanding ceases to be a
problem and begins to be an opportunity.

This is what I've been trying to do
with my work for many years, to
misunderstand the language that it's written in.

For years I would begin my readings
in non-English speaking countries
with a pre-prepared statement that
had been translated into the language
of the country in which I was reading.

It would start: 'I am an American poet, and
like many Americans, I speak only one language.

When asked to speak to you here,
I figured that the last thing that your
country (or the rest of the world)
needed was more imported American culture
(remember the Clash's I'm So Bored With The U.S.A.?).

So, I've decided to start my reading in your
language, a language that I have never spoken or written.'

And then I would continue to
read this longish statement in the
worst Spanish or French or Norwegian
that anyone's ever heard, so that even the
native speakers of that language couldn't
understand what was supposedly their own language.

I would finish the talk—still in
their language—with: 'I could
continue and do the whole reading in
your language but I think you get the point.

After this rough beginning, you
can better understand what I'm trying
to do with my work: to approximate the
utopian situation we find ourselves
in at the moment, one of willful ignorance.'

Sometimes, when I do a talk in a
non-English speaking country, they
hire a translator for simultaneous translation,
which attempts to reduce the noise and mitigate
the ambiguity, but in reality, translation
inadvertently adds another sort of noise—
the noise of approximation,
which is another form of misunderstanding.

No matter how hard we try, we can't win.

Yet here we are pretending that nothing is wrong.

But nothing is wrong.

When you appropriate someone else's
words, you intentionally misunderstand them.

For one early book, I appropriated
the entire short story, "The Rocking Horse
Winner," by D.H. Lawrence, and published it
as the last chapter of my book, only because
the last syllable of the last word of the
story fit in with my conceptual scheme.

To this day, I still haven't
read the story, and I have no plan to.

I took his story and did
something he hadn't intended with it.

It worked—at least, for me it did—
and in this way, his story became my story.

Could we see appropriation
as literary communism, an
acknowledgment that no one owns
words, that they are a shared resource?

When I copy other people's words,
I write in English as if it's foreign
to me, with ideas that I don't
invent and sentiments that I don't share.

I often write things I disagree with, things that disgust me.

It's really liberating.

No matter what you do with
words, whether you write them
or find them or steal them—
they always mean something.

And depending on what you
do with them—where you put
them or how you frame them—
they have different meanings.

As writers, we try too hard to
make meaning, when the
material we use is saturated with it.

Even the most abstract uses of language—
phonemes and single letters—mean something.
No matter how much we hack them or remix
them, they still resonate with profound meaning.

Our job as writers is much easier than we think.

Soliloquy had a postscript that
went: 'If every word spoken in New York
City daily were somehow to materialize
as a snowflake, each day there would be a blizzard.'

I just love the idea of language accumulating, like snow.

Just before I wrote Soliloquy,
there was a huge blizzard in
New York, one of the worst ever,
and when it snows in New York,
what they do is they scoop up the snow,
load it onto trucks and dump it into the river,
where it dissolves, flowing back into the ocean.

And I thought, if speech was
materialized as snow, at the end of every day,
they would have to do a similar thing with
language: they'd collect it, shovel it onto big
trucks, and dump it into the river in order to make
it melt away into the ocean, and start again the next day.

Which reminds me of Rabelais,
and a story he told about a battlefield
that was so cold that on the day of the battle,
even the sounds of the battle froze and fell to the ground.

And there they lay all winter long until
spring, when the frozen sounds began to melt.

And as they melted, the sounds
were replayed, not in the order in
which they were originally made,
but in the order in which they melted.

It was a cacophony.

But certain people on this
battlefield picked up these sounds
before they melted and brought them into
an ice cellar, where they remained frozen for centuries.

When they finally thawed, sounds were
heard from six or seven hundred years ago.

Which reminds me of a very dear friend of mine
who is a very successful painter and a very wealthy man.

When you make that kind of
money, you trade paintings for wine.

But the problem is that he loves
wine but his wife doesn't drink, so his
greatest joy is to invite friends over to his
house where he starts taking out these
incredible bottles, simply because he is
just dying to share them with someone.

It's just the most amazing thing.

And I remember him taking out a
bottle of port from the early 1800s.

And it wasn't the best port
that I ever drank, but the idea
that I was drinking a liquid from
over 200 years ago was really incredible.

I find all of these things very fluid, rife with history.

I find the materiality of liquid, or the
materiality of sound, or the materiality of language
to be interchangeable, with words taking many forms.

Maybe this is why I love digital language so much.

I love the ways that the digital has liquidated language.

I've often thought that the
metaphor of the water cycle describes
the ways in which language moves through the
digital ecosystem, from frozen, solid artifacts
like AVIs, to flowing liquid states like torrents.

Sometimes they are slushy, partially
frozen and partially melted, like when
you're simultaneously playing an MP3
while it's seeding a torrent up to the
cloud (even the metaphors we use to
describe the digital ecosystem are
atmospheric and weather-inspired).

I love the idea that like urine, we stream our media.

Like Dali's watches, when an MP3 plays, it
unfurls, melts, loosens, lessens, deflates, and softens.

But no matter how hot my computer gets, it
never actually softens, nor does it sweat or wet itself.

I sometimes half expect to pick
up my laptop after a long session
and find a pool of liquid beneath it.

I'm disappointed to find that it's bone dry.

It hates water and it hates grease.

Yet its surfaces are slathered with both:
morsels of a croissant drop into the crevasses
of my keyboard, ground into smaller crumbs each
time I punch my keys; specks of saliva fling from
my lips and land on my screen, drying there,
waiting until I pick them off with my fingernails;
desiccated sweat from the heels of my hands
create ghostlike washes on either side of my
trackpad; stray eyelashes fall between my
arrow keys, devoured by my machine's innards.

If you hold my Android up to the
light in just the right way, you can see my
swipe pattern, created by the grease from my
finger that's been run in the same shape so many
times that it might as well have been channeled into stone.

From time to time, I wipe my pattern
away but it reappears moments later,
when I run my finger
back over it to unlock my phone.

My device's oleophobic layer sits atop gorilla glass.

Like my skin, it wears thin and
dries out, losing its lubrication.

Buckled and cracked, brittle with age,
and eaten away by the acidity of my sweat,
my Android is in an eternally semi-nude state.

My finger no longer glides, it skitters,
resisting my touch rather than courting it.

I reach for a tube of grease and a Q-tip,
and with a circular motion, caress its surface.

Newly moistened, my finger glides across
its surface like an ice dancer traversing the ice.

On hot summer evenings,
dribbles of sweat plunge from my
brow onto my screen and slither over
its rounded edges, saturating its ports.

Lifting my device, I notice my desk is wet.

I wipe it up, then wipe my brow.

My device and I are one.

I paw my keyboard until
the letters wear off—
always a's, d's, s's, e's, and t's
—never p's u's, c's or v's.

If I continue pounding my machine at this rate,
I won't have any letters at all, just bare, unadorned keys.

Desperate, I purchase a skin
impregnated with a silky smooth
lubricant for comfort and sensitivity,
so thin, they say, that I won't even know it's there.

I unbox it.

Using both hands, I unfurl it
over my keyboard, form fitting.

It is powdery and smells like latex.

The next day, I return it to Amazon.

When they ask me why, I tell them
that typing feels like having safe sex.

Rust never sleeps.

Flesh to machine,

Pixel to paper, and back again.

I'll never forget how astonished
my grandfather was in the 1970s was
when he first saw a fax, which he received
from my grandmother who was traveling abroad.

He was stunned: how could someone's
handwriting he knew intimately—had received
love letters from—dematerialize, get sent
over the phone lines, then reappear as an
identical facsimile of what used to arrive in
the post in the morning, or on his pillow at night?

People say that technology
makes us cold and separates us,
but if my grandfather is any
example, it's anything but that.

His reaction to that primitive machine was hyperemotional.

Just think of all the invisible
language, rife with emotion, flowing
through this room right now—WIFI signals,
text messages, radio waves, TV transmissions.

With every breath we take, the air is thick with language.

It's a wonder we don't choke on it.

There's this great moment in the original Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory—the one with Gene Wilder—where Mike Teevee gets teleported from one side of the room to the other.

Willy Wonka explains it like this:

'You photograph something and the photograph is split up into of millions tiny pieces, and they go whizzing through the air, and down to your TV set where they're all put together again in the right order. If they can do it with a photograph, why can't I do it with a bar of chocolate?'

Mike Teevee forces his way in front of the camera as his body disintegrates into millions of pieces—visualized as television static floating through the air—only to rematerialize in miniature on the other side.

I was trained as a sculptor and learned about transformative materiality in foundries and ceramics studios, where masses of liquids were alchemically transformed into imagistic solids.

Sometimes people ask me if I miss making sculpture and I tell them that the digital has the same physical qualities as stone.

When I'm hammering away on my keyboard all day, I might as well be chipping away at marble or pounding a piano.

When I'm really typing, judging by the flourishes my hands are making, I could be playing a Liszt sonata.

When I code HTML, with a mere keystroke, all that language somehow becomes image, exactly as it does when I post to Facebook.

It's no different really than taking a pot out of a kiln.

Today, technology and writing are inseparable.

But while almost everybody writes on a computer, the effects of technology rarely show up in the actual writing itself.

Word processing programs crash all the time: you're writing in mid-sentence and the machine hangs.

You force quit the program and then

resume as though nothing had ever happened.

I'm always curious why hiccups like
'recovered documents' and
'temporary files' don't make it into books.

Why doesn't the bug become the literature?

How come you can't buy paperback
books at the airport that have glitches in them?

Most of our textual environment is
glitch: wads of spam, miles of quoted
text, or infinitely mirrored retweets, all
born of the refractive platform upon
which they are composed and distributed.

When we read and write on
the network, they're everywhere,
but in our books, they're nowhere.

It's so different in other fields like music where
technological errors are the basis for entire aesthetics.

I'm thinking of musique concrete, where tapes were
manipulated, warped, and stretched to create new sounds.

It reminds me of one musician I knew who,
back in the 70s, accidentally left her 8-Track
copy of Led Zeppelin's Zoso on his car's
dashboard, where it melted on a hot summer day.

Knowing it could only be played once,
she made a recording of it, capturing
a glorious wobbly version of 'Black Dog,' and
an elongated 'Stairway to Heaven,' before it died.

Today, nobody would argue with
the terms industrial or noise music.

But for some reason, we
don't have industrial writing.

Imagine hip hop without scratches,
sampled music without samples,
or autotuned pop without autotuning.

Then you have some idea of
how literature sounds today.

So why the hesitation in writing?

I think it's fear of language itself.

After all, unlike, say, an atonal piece
of music or an abstract painting, writing
is comprised entirely of language, the very
material we use to communicate with one another.

Language is what makes up everything from
business proposals to recipes to love letters.

We have so much trouble
understanding each other
using our own, normal language—
why would we want to make it
that much more difficult by
purposely adding more noise?

Language is delicate and people
get touchy when you fuck with it.

I think that's why people err
on the side of caution with
words—even in literature, which
is arguably a safer and less loaded
linguistic realm than business, law, or love.

Interfering with language is breaking a societal taboo.

From childhood, everybody learned to write,
and we all learned to write in the same way.

There were rules: there were right
ways to spell, and wrong ways to spell.

There were proper uses of grammar
and improper uses of grammar.

And there wasn't a whole lot of room for leeway.

For most people, it never changed.
Language stayed strictly functional.

But the strange thing is that
the web has forced writing and
books to change in unexpected ways.

Ten years ago, we heard that
the web was going to kill books,
but that turned out not to be true.

Now there are more books than ever
and they're more beautiful than ever.

I think people got tired of shitty PDFs.

I think people got tired of piles of pixels.

So, like painting did when the camera arrived,
books had to take a turn in order to survive.

Their move was to become
completely gorgeous, the sort
of things that you have to have.

I go into a bookstore today and everything is unbelievably designed, printed on thick paper, and bound in the most luscious covers.

Even poetry books.

I mean, for years, poetry books were the ugliest things on the planet because they had to be made cheaply.

Their ugliness signified an anti-consumerism, a claim to a certain truth, a resistance which rebutted the idea of glossy culture.

But today, even philosophy books have been repackaged to be beautiful.

I'm thinking of a recent series of the selected works of Walter Benjamin, which are a rainbow-colored books with grainy, romantic black-and-white photos from the period on the cover—images of stainless steel fans, old fashioned cameras, and wet city streets shot at night.

The content is of course is the same.

But because of the web, the packaging is over the top.

And the weird thing is, that in spite of their good design, Benjamin doesn't mean anything less than he did when he was swathed in ugly covers.

Good design didn't hurt him one bit.

You wonder why this didn't happen long ago?

Because the worst designed thing in the whole world—the web—made good design possible.

Paradoxically, the web has given us back the artifact.

So instead of asking what the web can do, it might be better to ask what it can't do.

The web cannot produce a beautiful book.

The web cannot produce a thick piece of vinyl.

The web cannot produce a delicious locavore meal.

The web cannot produce a glazed piece of ceramics.

The web cannot produce a
soft woven sweater.

And the web cannot produce a
unique oil painting.

Yet.

And this is why painting
continues to live.

The web keeps painting relevant for the
exact reason that the web cannot make a painting.

Everyone says, 'Oh, the web is
destroying this, the web is destroying
that...' but for all it's destroying,
it's also rekindling and reviving an
entirely other set of cultural artifacts,
making them more valuable precisely
because the web can't do them.

Just when we were supposed
to be liberated from our objects, we're
drowning in them, getting swept away by the flow.

The web is flow; artifacts are islands in that stream.

There's something sort of Zen about
living in the flow, but there's something,
well, drifty and meaningless about it also.

The web is liquid; it flows through
our fingers; there are no handles.

Amnesiac and ludic, the twenty-four
hour cycle renders traditional markers of
time obsolete; one day flows into the next;
things float downstream—current events,
catastrophes, deaths, obituaries, photos, politics, videos—
only to be displaced by the next thing
barreling down from upstream.

I'm often asked why
I still publish books.

I think the reason is to stop the flow.

In order to make an argument,
you need to freeze that flow for a
moment, where you draw upon the
past and speculate upon the future,
in one crystalized present—a book.

Books become markers in that stream,
which continues to flow about them.

But they feel solid,

like totems to which
discourse can cling.

The idea that literature could
be flow came from the surrealists.

I love their idea of automatic writing.

I want all writing to be automatic.

I want writing to be
as easy as speaking.

I want writing to be as
easy as washing the dishes.

I want writing to be as
easy as looking at a web page.

I want writing to be as
easy as thinking.

But the downside of flow is that it's
not that interesting.

But the best surrealist
literature was not flow at all.

They went back and fine-tuned
everything to produce very high-end literature.

They cheated in a lovely way.

I like the idea that you can actually
go back in and make it a little bit better.

You need to adjust the signal-to-noise
ratio in order to get decent literature.

So much literature is being
produced by bots and algorithms these days.

One of the great mistakes that
the new automatic writers make is to
accept exactly what the machine produces.

Machines produce too many good
ideas, which need be teased out and sorted.

Otherwise, you're just reproducing flow.

So let's talk about flow.

Speech is flow, but as a book,
Soliloquy was a marker in that stream.

I wrote that book in the third week of April of 1996.

Can anybody in this room
remember exactly what they said,
in the third week of April of 1996,
or third week of April of 2006,
or third week of April of 2016?

Even if you knew what you did,
you have no idea of what you said.

But I remember everything that I did during that week.

Of course I don't remember
what happened the week before,
and I don't remember what happened
the week after, but I remember everything
from that one week because of what I said.

It was remarkable that through those
words, today I can precisely conjure up
events and emotions from over twenty years ago.

I think it was the most meaningful week
of my entire life precisely because I captured it.

There have been traumatic weeks,
and there have been great weeks,
yet none of those have any meaning
compared with that one week
when I captured everything I spoke.

Which reminds me of a man
I met a few years back in Berlin.

We were both at a conference
speculating about the future of literature.

He was a university scientist
working on building actual automatic
writing programs, programs that
could take sets of statistics and
transform them into natural language.

So he would take things like the
stats of a football game and write
a program that churned it into a
report for the newspaper, so believably
written that you couldn't tell that
whole thing had been done by machine.

It was pretty amazing.

Then I spoke about my
practice of automatic writing.

He listened and
was completely puzzled.

Why would I want to do the

opposite of what he was doing?

Why in the world would I want
to write more like a machine?

As a scientist,
he was trying to solve a problem.

As an artist,
I was trying to create a problem.

And to him, that was
just unbelievably weird.

Afterword

In early 2017, I was invited to be an artist in residence for a week at a small art school in Belgium. It was the 20th anniversary of my book *Soliloquy*, where I recorded everything I said for a week from the moment I woke up on Monday morning until the moment I went to sleep on Sunday night in 1996. The idea was for me to come to Belgium and for them to record everything I said during my week there. They intended to produce a book of it.

Early one morning, I stumbled off a plane—jetlagged and bleary—into a classroom filled with 100 students, where I was to give my keynote lecture. I hadn't prepared a thing, and for the next hour or so, I just improvised, rambling about whatever came to me off the top of my head. It wasn't bad, it wasn't great; it was just sort of my standard act. The rest of the week continued on in this fashion. True to their word, they taped everything I said. And true to their word, they made a book of everything I spoke that week.

The resultant book was a lovely disaster. They got everything wrong. Because English was their second language, my words appeared completely unrecognizable to me, full of misspellings, errors, and invented language. It was an object lesson in the difficulties of translation, and it was made clear to me how, in spite of best intentions, mutual understanding across languages is nearly impossible.

The book was published by Het Balanseer. When I saw what they had produced, I got an idea: what would happen if I took the book and corrected it? Then they could publish another version of the book—a corrected edition, so to speak. So I spent this past summer correcting everything. But as I was doing that, I realized that much of what I had actually said, even in English, was less than perfect, full of overstatements, conjecture, and in some cases, plain lies. Then it hit me: here was that rare chance to correct the past, to perfect my words, to say what I had meant to say, rather than what I had actually said.

What you have in your hands is an idealized version of that bleary keynote I gave upon my arrival, hence the title "The Idea Lecture (In Memory of David Antin)."

As I was correcting my talk, it occurred to me that this process was similar to the way the poet and art critic David Antin (1932–2016) constructed his 'talk poems.' Antin, a great talker, would stand up before a crowd and just speak. He taped those talks, then went home and transcribed them, tweaking them slightly, arranging them on the page, and publishing them as poems. David felt that the simple act of speech constituted an act of poetry, a lesson I took to heart and into my own practice.

This lecture premiered at The Lovure auditorium as part of FIAC's public programs in October, 2017. To give it, I loaded the talk into a teleprompter program on my laptop. The linebreaks in the piece are a result of the way the teleprompter program broke them up in order to facilitate the reading of the work. Although I have never written lineated verse, I love the idea that a computer lineated the verse for me.

This lecture, then, reads an awful lot like the way I talk, but it is truly nothing like the way I talk. As I said—or didn't say—on that foggy morning in Belgium:

You are seeing me giving an
ideal lecture by my ideal self.

I wish I could always be like this.

Kenneth Goldsmith
New York City, January 2018

Uncreative Writing

Introduction

In 1969, the conceptual artist Douglas Huebler wrote, "The world is full of objects, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more." I've come to embrace Huebler's ideas, though it might be retooled as: "The world is full of texts, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more." It seems an appropriate response to a new condition in writing today: faced with an unprecedented amount of available text, the problem is not needing to write more of it; instead, we must learn to negotiate the vast quantity that exists. How I make my way through this thicket of information -- how I manage it, how I parse it, how I organize and distribute it -- is what distinguishes my writing from yours.

The prominent literary critic Marjorie Perloff has recently begun using the term "unoriginal genius" to describe this tendency emerging in literature. Her idea is that due to changes brought on by technology and the internet, our notion of genius -- a romantic isolated figure -- is outdated. An updated notion of genius would have to center around one's mastery of information and its dissemination. Perloff has coined a term, "moving information," to signify both the act of pushing language around as well as the act of being emotionally moved by that process. She posits that today's writer resembles more a programmer than a tortured genius, brilliantly conceptualizing, constructing, executing and maintaining a writing machine.

Perloff's notion of "unoriginal genius" should not be seen merely as a theoretical conceit but rather as a realized writing practice, one that dates back to the early part of the twentieth century, embodying an ethos where the construction or conception of a text is as important as what the text says or does: Think, for example, of the collated, note-taking practice of Walter Benjamin's Arcades Project or the mathematically-driven constraint-based works by the Oulipo. Today, technology has exacerbated these mechanistic tendencies in writing (there are, for instance, several web-based versions of Raymond Queneau's 1961 laboriously hand-constructed Hundred Thousand Billion Poems), inciting younger writers to take their cues from the workings of technology and the web as ways of constructing literature. As a result, writers are exploring ways of writing that traditionally have been thought to be outside the scope of literary practice: word processing, databasing, recycling, appropriation, intentional plagiarism, identity ciphering, and intensive programming, but to name a few.

In 2007, Jonathan Lethem published a pro-plagiarism, plagiarized essay in Harper's entitled, "The Ecstasy of Influence: A Plagiarism." It's a lengthy defense and history of how ideas in literature have been shared, riffed, culled, reused, recycled, swiped, stolen, quoted, lifted, duplicated, gifted, appropriated, mimicked and pirated as for as long as literature has existed. In it, he reminds us of how gift-economies, open source cultures, and public commons have been vital for the creation of new works, with themes from older works forming the basis for new ones. Echoing the cries of free culture advocates such as Lawrence Lessig and Cory Doctorow, he eloquently rails against current copyright law as a threat to the lifeblood of creativity. From Martin Luther King Jr.'s sermons to Muddy Waters blues tunes, he showcases the rich fruits of shared culture. He even cites examples of what he had assumed were his own "original" thoughts, only later to realize -- usually by Googling -- that he had unconsciously absorbed someone else's ideas, which he then claimed as his own.

It's a great essay. Too bad he didn't "write" it. The punchline? Every word and idea was borrowed from somewhere else -- either appropriated in its entirety or rewritten by Lethem. Lethem's essay is an example of patchwriting, a way of weaving together various shards of other people's words into a tonally cohesive whole and presenting it as one's own. It's a trick that students use all the time rephrasing, say, a Wikipedia entry into their own words. And if they're caught, it's trouble: In academia, patchwriting is considered an offense equal to that of plagiarism. If Lethem submitted this as a senior thesis or dissertation chapter, he'd be shown the door. Yet few would argue that he hasn't constructed a brilliant work of art -- as well as writing a pointed essay -- entirely by using the words of others. It's the way in which he conceptualized and executed his writing machine -- surgically choosing what to borrow, arranging those words in a skillful way -- that wins us over. Lethem's piece is a self-reflexive, demonstrative work of unoriginal genius.

Lethem's provocation belies a trend amongst younger writers who take his exercise one step further by boldly appropriating the work of others without citation, disposing of the artful and seamless integration of Lethem's patchwriting. For them, the act of writing is literally moving language from one place to another, boldly proclaiming that context is the new content. While pastiche and collage have long been part and parcel of writing, with the rise of the internet, plagiaristic intensity has been raised to extreme levels. Over the past five years, we seen works such a retyping of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road* in its entirety, a page a day, every day on a blog for a year; an appropriation of the complete text of a day's copy of *The New York Times* published as a 900-page book; a list poem that is nothing more than reframing a listing of stores from a shopping mall directory into a poetic form; an impoverished writer who has taken every credit card application sent to him and bound them into an 800-page print-on-demand book so costly that even he can't afford a copy; a poet who has parsed the text of an entire 19th century book on grammar according to its own methods, even down to the book's index; a lawyer who re-presents the legal briefs of her day job as poetry in their entirety without changing a word; another writer who spends her days at the British Library copying down the first verse of Dante's *Inferno* from every English translation that the library possesses, one after another, page after page until she's exhausted the library's supply; a writing team who scoops status updates off of social networking sites and assigns them to names of deceased writers ("Jonathan Swift has got tix to the Wranglers game tonight"), creating an epic, never-ending work of poetry that rewrites itself as frequently as Facebook pages are updated; and an entire movement of writing called *Flarf*, that is based on grabbing the worst of Google search results: The more offensive, the more ridiculous, the more outrageous the better.

These writers are language hoarders; their projects are epic, mirroring the gargantuan scale of textuality on the internet. While the works often take an electronic form, there is always a paper version which is circulated in journals and zines, purchased by libraries and are received by, written about, and studied by readers of literature. While this new writing has an electronic gleam in its eyes, its results are distinctly analog, taking inspiration from radical modernist ideas and juicing them with twenty-first century technology.

Far from this "uncreative" literature being a nihilistic, begrudging acceptance -- or even an outright rejection -- of a presumed "technological enslavement," it is a writing imbued with celebration, its eyes ablaze with enthusiasm for the future, embracing this moment

as one pregnant with possibility. This joy is evident in the writing itself, in which there are moments of unanticipated beauty, sometimes grammatical, some structural, many philosophical: The wonderful rhythms of repetition, the spectacle of the mundane reframed as literature, a reorientation to the poetics of time, and fresh perspectives on readerliness, but to name a few. And then there's emotion: yes, emotion. But far from being coercive or persuasive, this writing delivers emotion obliquely and unpredictably, with sentiments expressed as a result of the writing process rather than by authorial intention.

These writers function more like programmers than traditional writers, taking Sol Lewitt's famous dictum to heart: "When an artist uses a conceptual form of art, it means that all of the planning and decisions are made beforehand and the execution is a perfunctory affair. The idea becomes a machine that makes the art," raising new possibilities of what writing can be. Poet Craig Dworkin posits:

What would a non-expressive poetry look like? A poetry of intellect rather than emotion? One in which the substitutions at the heart of metaphor and image were replaced by the direct presentation of language itself, with "spontaneous overflow" supplanted by meticulous procedure and exhaustively logical process? In which the self-regard of the poet's ego were turned back onto the self-reflexive language of the poem itself? So that the test of poetry were no longer whether it could have been done better (the question of the workshop), but whether it could conceivably have been done otherwise.

There's been an explosion of writers employing strategies of copying and appropriation over the past few years with the computer encouraging writers to mimic its workings. When cutting and pasting are integral to the writing process, it'd be mad to imagine that writers wouldn't exploit these functions in extreme ways that weren't intended by their creators.

If we look back at the history of video art -- the last time mainstream technology collided with art practices -- we'll find several precedents for such gestures. One that stands out is Nam June Paik's 1965 "Magnet TV," where the artist placed a huge horseshoe magnet atop a black and white television, eloquently turning a space previously reserved for Jack Benny and Ed Sullivan into loopy, organic abstractions. The gesture questioned the one-way flow of information: in Paik's version of TV, you could control what you saw: Spin the magnet and the image changes with it. Up to that point, television's mission was a delivery vehicle for entertainment and crystal clear communication. Yet a simple artist's gesture upended television in ways that both users and producers were unaware, opening up entirely new vocabularies for the medium while deconstructing myths of power, politics and distribution which were embedded -- but hitherto invisible -- in the technology. The cut-and-paste function in computing is being exploited by writers like Paik's magnet was for TV.

While home computers have been around for three decades and people have been cutting and pasting all that time, it's the sheer penetration and saturation of broadband that makes the harvesting of masses of language easy and tempting. On a dialup, although it was possible to copy and paste words, in the beginning (gopherspace), texts were doled out one screen at a time. And even though it was text, the load time was still considerable. With broadband, the spigot runs 24/7.

By comparison, there was nothing native to the system of typewriting that encouraged the replication of texts. It was incredibly slow and laborious to do so. Later, after you finished writing, then

you could make all the copies you wanted on a Xerox machine. As a result, there was a tremendous amount of twentieth-century post-writing print-based detournement: William S. Burroughs' cut-ups and fold-ins and Bob Cobbing's distressed mimeographed poems are prominent examples. The previous forms of borrowing in literature, collage and pastiche -- taking a word from here, a sentence from there -- were developed based on the amount of labor involved. Having to manually retype or hand-copy an entire book on a typewriter is one thing; cutting and pasting an entire book with three keystrokes -- select all / copy / paste -- is another.

These changes are now so ingrained in the ways that we think and act that science has a name for it: the third replicator. Susan Blackmore, a genetics historian who coined the term, claims that, "The first replicator was the gene -- the basis of biological evolution. The second was memes -- the basis of cultural evolution. I believe that what we are now seeing, in a vast technological explosion, is the birth of a third evolutionary process... There is a new kind of information: electronically processed binary information rather than memes. There is also a new kind of copying machinery: computers and servers rather than brains." Blackmore's statement brings to mind Christian Bök's prediction for the literary future:

We are probably the first generation of poets who can reasonably expect to write literature for a machinic audience of artificially intellectual peers. Is it not already evident by our presence at conferences on digital poetics that the poets of tomorrow are likely to resemble programmers, exalted, not because they can write great poems, but because they can build a small drone out of words to write great poems for us? If poetry already lacks any meaningful readership among our own anthropoid population, what have we to lose by writing poetry for a robotic culture that must inevitably succeed our own? If we want to commit an act of poetic innovation in an era of formal exhaustion, we may have to consider this heretofore unimagined, but nevertheless prohibited, option: writing poetry for inhuman readers, who do not yet exist, because such aliens, clones, or robots have not yet evolved to read it.

Clearly this is setting the stage for a literary revolution.

Or is it? From the looks of it, most writing proceeds as if the internet had never happened. The literary world still gets regularly scandalized by age-old bouts of fraudulence, plagiarism and hoaxes in ways that would make, say, the art, music, computing, or science worlds chuckle with disbelief. It's hard to imagine the James Frey or J.T. Leroy scandals upsetting anybody familiar with the sophisticated, purposely fraudulent provocations of Jeff Koons or the re-photographing of advertisements by Richard Prince, who was awarded with a Guggenheim Museum retrospective for his plagiaristic tendencies. Koons and Prince began their careers by stating upfront that they were appropriating and intentionally "unoriginal," where as Frey and Leroy -- even after they were caught -- were still passing their works off as authentic, sincere and personal statements to an audience clearly craving such qualities in literature. The ensuing dance that always follows is comical. In Frey's case, Random House was sued and forced to pay out millions of dollars to readers who felt deceived. Subsequent printings of the book now include a disclaimer informing readers that what they are about to read is, in fact, a work of fiction.

Imagine all the pains that could have been avoided had Frey or Leroy taken a Koonsian tact from the outset and admitted that their

strategy was one of embellishment, with a dashes of inauthenticity, falseness, and unoriginality thrown in. But, no. Nearly a century ago, the art world put to rest conventional notions of originality and replication with the gestures of Marcel Duchamp's readymades, Francis Picabia's mechanical drawings, and Walter Benjamin's oft-quoted essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction." Since then, a parade of blue chip artists from Andy Warhol to Matthew Barney have taken these ideas to new levels, resulting in terribly complex ideas about identity, media, and culture. These, of course, have become part and parcel of mainstream art world discourse to the point where counter-reactions based on sincerity and representation have emerged. Similarly, in music, sampling -- entire tracks constructed from other tracks -- has become commonplace. From Napster to gaming, from karaoke to torrent files, the culture appears to be embracing the digital and all the complexity it entails -- with the exception of writing, which is still mostly wedded to promoting an authentic and stable identity at all costs.

I'm not saying that such writing should be discarded: Who hasn't been moved by a great memoir? Far from it. But I'm sensing is that literature -- infinite in its potential of ranges and expressions -- is in a rut, tending to hit the same note again and again, confining itself to the narrowest of spectrums, resulting in a practice that has fallen out of step and unable to take part in arguably the most vital and exciting cultural discourses of our time. I find this to be a profoundly sad moment -- and a great lost opportunity for literary creativity to revitalize itself in ways it hasn't imagined.

Perhaps one of the reasons writing is stuck might be the way creative writing is taught. In regard to the many sophisticated ideas concerning media, identity and sampling developed over the past century, books about how to be a creative writer have completely missed the boat, relying instead on wildly clichéd notions of what it means to be "creative." These books are peppered with advice like, "A creative writer is an explorer, a ground-breaker. Creative writing allows you to chart your own course and boldly go where no one has gone before." Or, ignoring giants like de Certeau, Cage, and Warhol, they suggest that "Creative writing is liberation from the constraints of everyday life." In the early part of the twentieth century, Duchamp and composer Erik Satie both professed the desire to live without memory. For them, it was a way of being present to the wonders of the every day. Yet, it seems every book on creative writing insists that "Memory is often the primary source of imaginative experience." The how-to sections of these books strikes me as terribly unsophisticated, generally coercing us to prioritize the theatrical over the mundane as the basis for our writings: "Using the first-person point of view, explain how a 55-year old man feels on his wedding day. It is his first marriage." I prefer the ideas of Gertrude Stein who, writing in the third person, tells of her dissatisfaction with such techniques: "She experimented with everything in trying to describe. She tried a bit inventing words but she soon gave that up. The english language was her medium and with the english language the task was to be achieved, the problem solved. The use of fabricated words offended her, it was an escape into imitative emotionalism."

For the past several years, I've taught a class at the University of Pennsylvania called "Uncreative Writing." In it, students are penalized for showing any shred of originality and creativity. Instead, they are rewarded for plagiarism, identity theft, repurposing papers, patchwriting, sampling, plundering, and stealing. Not surprisingly, they thrive. Suddenly, what they've surreptitiously become expert at is

brought out into the open and explored in a safe environment, reframed in terms of responsibility instead of recklessness.

We retype documents and transcribe audio clips. We make small changes Wikipedia pages (changing an "a" to an "an" or inserting an extra space between words). We hold classes in chatrooms and entire semesters are spent exclusively in Second Life. Each semester, for their final paper, I have them purchase a term paper from an online paper mill and sign their name to it, surely the most forbidden action in all of academia. Each student then must get up and present the paper to the class as if they wrote it themselves, defending it from attacks by the other students. What paper did they choose? Is it possible to defend something you didn't write? Something, perhaps, you don't agree with? Convince us. All of this, of course, is technology-driven. When the students arrive in class, they are told that they must have their laptops open and connected. You are smarter with a laptop connected to the internet than you are without one. Not surprisingly, they never don't know an answer.

And so we have a glimpse into the future. And after seeing what the spectacular results of this are, how completely engaged and democratic the classroom is, I am more convinced that I can never go back to a traditional classroom pedagogy. I learn more from them than they can ever learn from me. The role of the professor now is part party host, part traffic cop, full time enabler.

The secret: the suppression of self-expression is impossible. Even when we do something as seemingly "uncreative" as retyping a few pages, we express ourselves in a variety of ways. The act of choosing and reframing tells us as much about ourselves as our story about our mother's cancer operation. It's just that we've never been taught to value such choices. After a semester of forcibly suppressing a student's "creativity" by making them plagiarize and transcribe, she will approach me with a sad face at the end of the semester, telling me how disappointed she was because, in fact, what we had accomplished was not uncreative at all; by not being "creative" she produced the most creative body of work writing in her life. By taking an opposite approach to creativity -- the most trite, overused, and ill-defined concept in a writer's training -- she had emerged renewed and rejuvenated, on fire and in love again with writing.

Having worked in advertising for many years as a "creative director," I can tell you that, despite what cultural pundits might say, creativity -- as its been defined by our culture with its endless parade of formulaic novels, memoirs and films -- is the thing to flee from, not only as a member of the "creative class" but also as a member of the "artistic class." Living in a time where technology is changing the rules of the game in every aspect of our lives, it's time to question and tear down such clichés and lay them out of the floor in front of us, then reconstruct these smoldering embers into something new, something contemporary, something -- finally -- relevant.

Clearly, not everyone agrees. Recently after I finished giving a lecture at an Ivy League university, an elderly, well-known poet stood up in the back of the auditorium and, wagging his finger at me, accused me of nihilism and of robbing poetry of its joy. He upbraided me for knocking out the foundation from under the most hallowed of grounds, then tore into me with a line of questioning I've heard many times before: If everything can be transcribed and then presented as literature, then what makes one work better than another? If it's a matter of simply cutting and pasting the entire internet into a Microsoft Word document, where does it end? Once we begin to accept all language as poetry by mere reframing, don't we risk throwing any

semblance of judgment and quality out the window? What happens to notions of authorship? How are careers and canons established and subsequently, how are they to be evaluated? Are we simply reenacting the death of the author, a figure such theories failed to kill the first time around? Will all texts in the future be authorless and nameless, written by machines for machines? Is the future of literature reducible to mere code?

Valid concerns, I think, for a man who emerged from the battles of the twentieth century victorious. The challenges to his generation were just as formidable. How did they convince traditionalists that disjunctive uses of language conveyed by exploded syntax and compound words could be equally expressive of human emotion as time-tested methods? Or that a story need not be told as strict narrative in order to convey its own logic and sense? And yet, against all odds, they persevered.

The twenty-first century, with its queries so different than that of the last, finds me responding from another angle. If it's a matter of simply cutting and pasting the entire internet into a Microsoft Word document, then what becomes important is what you -- the author -- decides to choose. Success lies in knowing what to include and -- more important -- what to leave out. If all language can be transformed into poetry by merely reframing -- an exciting possibility -- then s/he who reframes words in the most charged and convincing way will be judged as the best. I agree that the moment we throw judgment and quality out the window, we're in trouble. Democracy is fine for YouTube, but it's generally a recipe for disaster when it comes to art. While all words may be created equal -- and treated thusly -- the way in which they're assembled isn't; it's impossible to suspend judgment and folly to dismiss quality. Mimesis and replication doesn't eradicate authorship, rather it simply places new demands on authors who must take these new conditions into account as part and parcel of the landscape when conceiving of a work of art: if you don't want it copied, don't put it online.

Careers and canons won't be established in traditional ways. I'm not so sure that we'll still have careers in the same way we used to. Literary works might function the same way that memes do today on the web, spreading like wildfire for a short period, often unsigned and unauthored, only to be supplanted by the next ripple. While the author won't die, we might begin to view authorship in a more conceptual way: perhaps the best authors of the future will be ones who can write the best programs with which to manipulate, parse and distribute language-based practices. Even if, as Bök claims, poetry in the future will be written by machines for other machines to read, there will be, for the foreseeable future, someone behind the curtain inventing those drones; so that even if literature is reducible to mere code -- an intriguing idea -- the smartest minds behind them will be considered our greatest authors.

But wait. Here I am, hammering out original thoughts on unoriginality to convey to you, another human, about the future of literature. Although this book might be available electronically, I can't wait to wrap my hands around the paper version, making it "real" for me. Ironies abound. We're early in this game and I don't need to tell you how fast it's evolving. I'm part of a bridge generation, raised on old media yet in love with and immersed in the new. A younger generation accepts these conditions as just another part of the world: they mix oil paint while Photoshopping and scour flea markets for vintage vinyl while listening their iPods. They don't feel the need to distinguish the way I do. I'm still blinded by the web. I can hardly

believe it exists. At worst, my cyber-utopianism will sound as dated in a few years as jargon from the Summer of Love does today. Still, it's impossible to predict where it's all headed. But one thing is for certain: it's not going away. The arguments set forth in these pages will inevitably contain references to soon-to-be-obsolete software, discarded operating systems, and abandoned social networking empires, but the change in thinking and in doing from an analog way of writing has been made and there's no turning back.

This book is a loose collection of essays that attempts to map those territories, define terminologies, and create contexts -- both historic and contemporary -- in which these works can be situated and discussed. The first few chapters are more technically oriented, laying the groundwork, the how's, where's, and why's of uncreative writing. "Revenge of the Text," focuses on the rise of the web and the effect digital language has had upon the act of writing itself. The new conditions of abundance and quantity of words are noted and an ecosystem by which to manage it is proposed. "Language as Material" sets the stage for viewing words not only as semantically transparent vehicles of communication, but also emphasizes their formal and material properties, a transformation which is essential when writing in a digital environment. Two mid-twentieth century movements, Situationism and Concrete Poetry, are discussed in relation to contemporary ways of writing on the screen, on the page, and out on the streets. "Anticipating Instability" focuses on issues of contextualization in the digital environment and comments upon the fluidity and interchangeability between words and images. "Identity: An Expanded View" grapples with how the always-slippery subject of defining oneself has become even more complicated in the online environment, setting the stage for a post-identity literature in our global consumerist milieu. Finally, "Why Appropriation?" questions why collage and pastiche have long been acceptable methods of writing while appropriation has rarely been tested. It explores the rich history of appropriation in the visual arts and proposes ways to apply these precedents to literature.

Two essays read the work of two visual artists, Sol LeWitt and Andy Warhol, through the lens of uncreative writing. "Against Failure: The Infallible Processes of Sol LeWitt" maintains that uncreative writing can learn all it needs to know by studying the career of this master conceptual artist. Everything he did and the way he went about doing it can be elegantly applied to writing in the digital age. "The Unoriginal Genius of Andy Warhol" examines the work and life of Warhol as the single most important influence on uncreative writing, viewing his mechanistic tendencies and maniacal production as similar to the way we push digital words around today.

The next several essays show how uncreative writing can be put into practice. Generally focused around a single author or work, the essays demonstrate how that work is representative of a specific tendency in uncreative writing. "Toward An a-Ethics," for example, discusses a work by Vanessa Place, "Statement of Facts," which radically casts uncreative writing as an ethically weightless space, where transgressive and mechanistic impulses may be explored without consequence. Place enacts a documentary poetics, one that subjugates its own moral impulses to pre-inscribed ethical DNA that comes embedded in appropriated language. "Retyping On The Road" claims that the simple act of retyping a text is enough to constitute a work of literature, thereby raising the craft of the copyist to the same level as the author. It's a utopian critique of labor and value in the valueless space of poetic production. "Parsing the New Illegibility" says that the new writing might be best not read

at all: it might be better to think about. Moving away from modernist notions of disjunction and deconstruction, difficulty is now defined by quantity (too much to read) rather than fragmentation (too shattered to read). "Seeding the Data Cloud" examines how short forms -- the telegraph, the newspaper headline and the bold-faced name -- have always gone hand-in-hand with media-based writing, and remarks upon how this impulse continues in the age of Twitter and social networking. "The Inventory and The Ambient" highlights the new and prominent role that archiving has taken on in the creation of literary works in an era where the way in which one manages information impacts upon the quality of one's writing.

"Uncreative Writing in the Classroom" is a short treatise on pedagogy and how the digital environment impacts the way we teach and learn writing in a university setting.

Finally, two short polemical manifesto-like pieces finish the book. "Provisional Language" articulates the new condition of language's debasement and temporality in the age of the web. It focuses on the way commercialization and commoditization of language have leveled words in an unprecedented way. "In Barry Bonds I See the Future of Poetry" accepts the inevitability that, soon, writing will become as chemically enhanced and altered as professional sports, acting and modeling are, to the point of being recognizable -- and thereby readable -- only to machines.

In 1959, the poet and artist Brion Gysin claimed that writing was fifty years behind painting. And he might still be right: in the art world since Impressionism, the avant-garde has been the mainstream. Innovation and risk-taking have been consistently rewarded. But in spite of the successes of modernism, literature has remained on two parallel tracks, the mainstream and the avant-garde, with the two rarely intersecting. Yet the conditions of digital culture have unexpectedly forced a collision, scrambling the once-sure footing of both camps. Suddenly, we all find ourselves in the same boat grappling with new questions concerning authorship, originality, and the way meaning is forged.

Revenge of the Text

There is a room in the Musée d'Orsay that I call the "room of possibilities." The museum is roughly set up chronologically, happily wending its way through the nineteenth century, until you hit this one room which is a group of painterly responses to the invention of the camera. In this room are about half a dozen proposals for the way painting could respond. One that sticks in my mind is a tromp o'eil solution where a figure is painted literally reaching out of the frame into the "viewer's space." Another incorporates three-dimensional objects atop the canvas. Great attempts, but as we all know, Impressionism -- and hence modernism -- won out. Writing is at such a juncture today.

With the rise of the web, writing has met its photography. By that I mean, writing has encountered a situation similar to what happened to painting upon the invention of photography, a technology so much better at doing what the art form had been trying to do, that in order to survive, the field had to alter its course radically. If photography was striving for sharp focus, painting was forced to go soft, hence Impressionism. It was a perfect analog to analog correspondence, for nowhere lurking beneath the surface of either painting, photography or

film was a speck of language. Instead, it was image to image, thus setting the stage for an imagistic revolution.

Today, digital media has set the stage for a literary revolution. In 1974, Peter Bürger was still able to make the claim that "[B]ecause the advent of photography makes possible the precise mechanical reproduction of reality, the mimetic function of the fine arts withers. But the limits of this explanatory model become clear when one calls to mind that it cannot be transferred to literature. For in literature, there is no technical innovation that could have produced an effect comparable to that of photography in the fine arts." Now there is.

If painting reacted to photography by going abstract, it seems unlikely that writing is doing the same in relation to the internet. It appears that writing's response is mimetic and replicative, primarily involving methods of distribution, while proposing new platforms of receivership and readership. Words very well might not be written to be read but rather to be shared, moved and manipulated.

I'm on my way back to New York from Europe and am gazing wearily at the map charting our plodding progress on the screen sunk into the seatback in front of me. The slick topographic world map is rendered three-dimensionally, showing the entire earth, half in darkness, half in light, with us -- represented as a small white aircraft -- making our way west. The screens change frequently, from graphical maps to a series of blue textual screens announcing our distance to destination, the time, the aircraft's speed, the outside air temperature, and so forth, all rendered in elegant white sans-serif type. Watching the plane chart its progress is ambient and relaxing as the beautiful renderings of oceanic plates and exotic names of small towns off the North Atlantic -- Gander, Glace Bay, Carbonear -- stream by.

Suddenly, as we approach landfall near Grand Banks off the coast of Newfoundland, my screen flickers and goes black. It stays that way for some time until it illuminates again, this time displaying generic white type on a black screen: the computer is rebooting and all those gorgeous graphics have been replaced by lines of DOS startup text. For a full five minutes, I watch line command descriptions of systems unfurling, fonts loading, and graphic packages decompressing. Finally, the screen goes blue and a progress bar and hourglass appear as the GUI loads, returning me back to the live map just as we hit landfall.

What we take to be graphics, sounds and motion in our screen world is merely a thin skin under which resides miles and miles of language. Occasionally, like on my flight, the skin is punctured and, like getting a glimpse under the hood, we see that our digital world -- our images, our film and video, our sound, our words, our information -- is powered by language. And all this binary information -- music, video, photographs, to name a few -- are completely comprised of language, miles and miles of alphanumeric code. If you need evidence of this, think of when you've mistakenly received a .jpg attachment in an email that has been rendered not as image, but as code that seems to go on forever. It's all words (though perhaps not in any order that we can understand): The basic material that has propelled writing since its stabilized form is now also what all media is created from.

Besides functionality, code also possesses literary value. If we frame that code and read it through the lens of literary criticism, we will find that the past hundred years of modernist and postmodernist writing has demonstrated the artistic value of similar seemingly arbitrary arrangements of letters.

Here's a three lines of a .jpg opened in a text editor:

```
^?Îjε=ÔIØfl¥d4`#À,†ΩÑÎó=jËqsōëY"Δ~/å)lÍ.šIÄ@`'JCGOn aâ$ë¶æQÍ~5ô'5â  
p#n,=ÅWmÃñÓäüú*Êëi"),_šIÛμ}TB(æ´["ò*ä≠` $s}€éΔ{_  
Í=äÖΩ;Í'≠Ö çø¥}è&fS`Ëπ.ëÉk@₁=/Á~/`'ûöÈ>ωad_ïÉúö`€Ì-éÉΛ'aø6@ÿ-
```

Of course a close reading of the text reveals very little, semantically or narratively. Instead, a conventional glance at the piece reveals a nonsensical collection of letters and symbols, literally a code that might be deciphered into something sensible.

Yet, what happens when sense is not foregrounded as being of primary importance? Instead, we need to ask other questions of the text. Below are three lines from a poem by Charles Bernstein called "Lift Off," written in 1979:

```
HH/ ie,s obVrsxr;atjrn dugh seineocpcy i iibalfmgmMw  
er,,me"ius ieigorcyçjeuvine+pee.)a/nat" ihl"n,s  
ortnsihclldseløøpitemoBruce-oOiwvewaa39osoanfJ++,r"P
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Intentionally bereft of literary tropes and conveyances of human emotion, Bernstein chooses to foreground the workings of a machine, rather than the sentiments of a human. In fact, the piece is what its titlesays it is: a transcription of everything lifted off a page with a correction tape from a manual typewriter. Bernstein's poem is, in some sense, code posing as a poem: a careful reading of it will reveal bits of words and the occasional full word that was erased. For example, you can see the word "Bruce" on the last line, possibly referring to Bruce Andrews, Bernstein's co-editor of journal L=A=N=G=U=G=A=G=E. But such attempts at reassembling won't get us too far: what we're left with are shards of language, comprised of errors from several unknown documents. In this way, Bernstein foregrounds the fragmentary nature of language, reminding us that even in this shattered state, all morphemes are prescribed with any number of references and contexts; in this case, the resultant text is a tissue of quotations drawn from a series of ghost writings.

Bernstein's poem comes at the end of a long line of modernist poetry and prose that sought to foreground the materiality of language while allowing varying levels of emotion or sense to come through while, throwing into question traditional notions of authorship. Stephane Mallarmé's 1897 poem "Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard (A throw of the dice will never abolish chance)," is a poem whose words -- and their placement on the page -- have been subjected to chance, scattering stability, controlled authorship and prescribed ways of reading to the winds. Words are no longer primarily transparent content carriers but now their material quality must be considered as well. The page becomes a canvas, with the negative spaces between the words taking on as much import as the letters themselves. The text becomes active, begging us to perform it, employing the spaces as silences. Indeed, the author himself reiterates this by claiming that "The paper intervenes each time as an image." Mallarmé asks us to consider the act of reading -- whether silent or aloud -- as an act of decoding by actualizing and materializing the symbols (in this case letters) on a page.

Mallarmé's letteristic materiality that inspires others to explore the same: whether it's Gertrude Stein's columns eye-tickling repetitions or Ezra Pound's later Cantos, writers continued to treat words materially as the century progressed. Parts of Pound's epic are filled with barely decipherable words, comprised of dozens of languages

jammed together with annotations and references to non-existent footnotes:

chih, chih!
wo chih3 chih3
wo4-5 wo4-5 ch'o4-5 ch'o4-5
paltry yatter.

It's a sound poem, a concrete poem and a lyrical poem all rolled into one. It's both multilingual -- bits of Chinese mingle with the "patter" of English -- and non-lingual. Pound's constellations hold the page like calligraphic strokes begging to be spoken aloud. This is active language, reminiscent of the sorts of tag clouds that you see today on web pages, language that begs to be interacted with, to be clicked on, to be highlighted and copied.

James Joyce's thunderclaps are the ten one-hundred letter words scattered throughout Finnegans Wake, a 600 page book of compound words and neologisms, all of which look to the uninitiated like reams of nonsensical code:

bababadalgharaghtakamminaronnonnbronntonneronnuonnthunntrobarrhoun
awnskawntoohooorderenthurknuk

Spoken aloud, it's the sound of thunder. This, of course, goes for the rest of The Wake, which upon first sight is one of the most disorienting books ever written in English. But hearing Joyce read / decode a portion of The Wake, most famously his own recording of the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" section is a revelation: it all makes sense, coming close to standard English, yet on the page it remains "code." Reading aloud is an act of decoding; taken one step further, the act of reading itself is an act of decoding, deciphering and unencryption.

Computer code, made up of numbers -- 1's and 0's -- is just code. It can't possibly have any literary value. Or can it? The 20th century was brimming with number poems. Take this transcribed excerpt from a series called "Seven Numbers Poems" by British poet Neil Mills, published in 1971:

1,9
1,1,9
1,1,1,9
9
1,1,1,1,9
8,4
1,1,1,1,1,9
8,4
8,4

If you read it aloud, you'll find it transformed from a seemingly random bunch of numbers into a complex and beautiful rhythmic poem. Mills states, "I believed that the meaning which emerged in the reading of poetry lay primarily in intonation and rhythm, and only secondarily in semantic content i.e. that what was important was how something was read, rather than what was said -- the human voice functioning as musical instrument."

The contemporary Japanese poet Shigeru Matsui, writes what he calls, "Pure Poems" and are closest to the alphanumeric binaries that we find in computer code. Begun in early 2001 and currently numbering in the hundreds, they are based on the 20x20 grid of a standard

Japanese writing paper. Every "Pure Poem" consists of 400 characters, each a number from one to three. Originally written in Chinese script, which indicates the numbers 1, 2 and 3 with a single, a double, and triple dash accordingly, later poems are written with roman numerals.

1007-1103

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III III I III I III I III III II II I II I I II II II I III
II II III II III II III II II I I III I III III I I I III II
III III II I I I II III I II I II I II II III I III II III
II II I III III III I II III I III I III I I II III II I II
I I III II II II III I II III II III II III III I II I III I
III I II I III III II II I II III II I I II I III III II I
II III I III II II I I III I II I III III I III II II I III
I II III II I I III III II III I III II II III II I I III II
I III II I I III II II III II I I I III II I II III II III
III II I III III II I I II I III III III II I III I II I II
II I III II II I III III I III II II II I III II III I III I
I I II I III I II II III II III III III I II I II III I II
III III I III II III I I II I II II II III I III I II III I
II II III II I II III III I III I I I II III II III I II III
I III II I I I II II I II II I III III I III II III III II
III II I III III III I I III I I III II II III II I II II I
II I III II II II III III II III III II I I II I III I I III
III II II I III I I II I II II III I I III III II III I II
II I I III II III III I III I I II III III II II I II III I
I III III II I II II III II III III I II II I I III I II III

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When Matsui reads these poems aloud, they're absolutely precise and hypnotic to listen to.

Read through the lens of the above examples, a translation of a common computer icon graphic into its hex code, has literary value. Below is the code that's rendered into the "W" that you see in your web browser's address bar every time you load a Wikipedia page, called a "favicon":

```

0000000 0000 0001 0001 1010 0010 0001 0004 0128
0000010 0000 0016 0000 0028 0000 0010 0000 0020
0000020 0000 0001 0004 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000
0000030 0000 0000 0000 0010 0000 0000 0000 0204
0000040 0004 8384 0084 c7c8 00c8 4748 0048 e8e9
0000050 00e9 6a69 0069 a8a9 00a9 2828 0028 fdfc
0000060 00fc 1819 0019 9898 0098 d9d8 00d8 5857
0000070 0057 7b7a 007a bab9 00b9 3a3c 003c 8888
0000080 8888 8888 8888 8888 288e be88 8888 8888
0000090 3b83 5788 8888 8888 7667 778e 8828 8888
00000a0 d61f 7abd 8818 8888 467c 585f 8814 8188
00000b0 8b06 e8f7 88aa 8388 8b3b 88f3 88bd e988
00000c0 8a18 880c e841 c988 b328 6871 688e 958b
00000d0 a948 5862 5884 7e81 3788 1ab4 5a84 3eec
00000e0 3d86 dcb8 5cbb 8888 8888 8888 8888 8888
00000f0 8888 8888 8888 8888 8888 8888 8888 8888
0000100 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000
*
0000130 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000 0000
000013e

```

A close reading of the favicon reveals an enormous amount of literary value rhythmically, visually and structurally, unfolding like a piece of minimalist music. The first column of numbers logically progresses in steps from 0000000 to 0000090 then takes a short derivation into 00000a0 - 00000f0 before picking back up to 0000100. Patterns occur in the horizontal lines as well, with minute variations on 1's, 0's 2's, 8's and 4's in the first four lines, before shifting over to combinations of numbers and letters in the middle section, only to be broken up by several 8888's in the mid to lower portion. Squint your eyes and you can almost discern the "W" embedded within the square of the code. Of course, this isn't poetry nor was it meant to be, rather it shows us that even seemingly meaningless and random sets of alphanumeric are infused with poetic qualities. While this language is primarily concerned with transforming from one state to another (from code to an icon), those same transformative qualities -- language acting upon more language -- is the foundation for much of the new writing.

There's a Flickr pool called "The Public Computer Errors Pool" which documents what I experienced on my flight times a hundred. It's a fascinating set of photos. You see a digital elevator button displaying a question mark instead of a number, ATMs in reboot mode, subway advertisement signs with "out of memory" error messages and flight arrival boards punctured by Windows desktops. My favorite is a larger-than-life size Mrs. Potato Head figurine at an amusement park holding a display with a blue DOS screen filled with cold white letters where clearly something more child-friendly should have been. This photo pool documents the puncturing of the interface covering language.

But don't take my word for it. You can easily create these textual ruptures on your computer. Take any MP3 file -- we'll use the prelude from Bach's "Cello Suite No. 1" -- and change the filename extension from .mp3 to .txt. Open the document in a text editor, you'll see gobs of nonsensical alphanumeric code / language. Now, take any text -- let's say for the sake of consistency, we take Bach's whole Wikipedia entry -- and paste it into the middle of that code. Then save it and rename the file with the .mp3 extension. If you double click it and open it your MP3 player, it'll play the file as usual, but when it hits the Wikipedia text, it coughs, glitches and spits for the duration of time it takes for the player to decode that bit of language before going back to the prelude. With these sorts of manipulations, we find ourselves in new territory: While many types of analog mash-ups were created in the pre-digital age -- such as the cutting up and gluing together of two separate LP halves or splicing magnetic tapes into collages -- there was no language acting upon other language to form such ruptures. With digital media, we're in squarely in the world of textual manipulation which not too long ago was almost the exclusive province of "writing" and "literature."

We can do the same thing with images. Let's take a .jpg of famous engraving from the title page of the 1623 First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays and change the extension from .jpg to .txt. When we open it in a text editor, we'll see garbled code. Now let's insert his 93rd Sonnet into it, three times at somewhat equal intervals, and save the file and change the extension back to .jpg.

When we reopen it as an image, the effect that language had upon the image is clear: What we're experiencing for the first time is the ability of language to alter all media, be it images, video, music or text, something that represents a break with tradition and charts the path for new uses of language. Words are active and affective in concrete ways. You could say that this isn't writing and in the

traditional sense, you'd be right. But this is where things get interesting: we aren't hammering away on typewriters; instead, focused all day on powerful machines with infinite possibilities, connected to networks with a number of equally infinite possibilities, the writer's role is being significantly challenged, expanded, and updated.

Quantity is the New Quality

Faced with an unprecedented amount of digital text, writing needs to redefine itself in order to adapt to the new environment of textual abundance. What do I mean by textual abundance? A recent study showed that "in 2008, the average American consumed 100,000 words of information in a single day. (By comparison, Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* was only 460,000 words long.) This doesn't mean we read 100,000 words a day — it means that 100,000 words cross our eyes and ears in a single 24-hour period."

I'm inspired by how these studies treat words materially. They're not concerned with what words mean but with how much they weigh. In fact, when media studies wanted to first quantify language, they used words as their metric, a practice which continues to this day:

In 1960, digital sources of information were non-existent. Broadcast television was analog, electronic technology used vacuum tubes rather than microchips, computers barely existed and were mainly used by the government and a few very large companies... The concept that we now know as bytes barely existed. Early efforts to size up the information economy therefore used words as the best barometer for understanding consumption of information.

Using words as a metric... [it is] estimated that 4,500 trillion words were "consumed" in 1980. We calculate that words consumed grew to 10,845 trillion words in 2008, which works out to about 100,000 words per American per day.

Of course, one can never know what all those words mean or if they have any use whatsoever, but for writers and artists -- who often specialize in seeing value in things that most people overlook -- this glut of language signifies a dramatic shift in their relationship to words. Since the dawn of media, we've had more on our plates than we could ever consume, but something has radically changed: never before has language had so much materiality -- fluidity, plasticity, malleability -- begging to be actively managed by the writer. Before digital language, words were almost always found imprisoned on a page. How different today when digitized language can be poured into any conceivable container: text typed into a Microsoft Word document can be parsed into a database, visually morphed in Photoshop, animated in Flash, pumped into online text-mangling engines, spammed to thousands of email addresses and imported into a sound editing program and spit out as music; the possibilities are endless.

In 1990, the Whitney Museum mounted a show called *Image World*, which speculated that due to television's complete rule and saturation that words would disappear from media, replaced by images. It seemed plausible at the time, with the rise of cable and satellite concurrent with the demise of print. The catalog decried the ubiquity and subsequent victory of images:

Every day... the average person is exposed to 1,600 ads.... the atmosphere is thick with messages. Every hour, every day, news, weather, traffic, business, consumer, cultural, and religious programming is broadcast on more than 1,200 network, cable, and public-access television channels. Television shows (*60 Minutes*) are constructed by like magazines, and newspapers (*USA Today*) emulate the structure of television. Successful magazine articles provide the plots

for movies that manufacture related merchandise and then spin-off television series which, in turn, are novelized.

Similarly, in 1998 Mitchell Stevens published a book called *The Rise of the Image, the Fall of the Word*, which charts the fall of the printed word, beginning with Plato's distrust of writing. Stevens, a great lover of print, saw the future as video: "Moving images use our senses more effectively than do black lines of types stacked on white pages." Stevens is right, but what he couldn't see was that in the future video would be comprised entirely of black lines of type.

The curators of Image World and Mitchell Stevens were blindsided by the web, a then-emerging text-based technology that would soon grow to challenge -- and overwhelm -- their claims of imagistic dominance. Even as the digital revolution grows more imagistic and motion-based (propelled by language), there's been a huge increase in text-based forms from typing emails to writing blog posts, text-messaging, social networking status updates and Twitter blasts: we're deeper in words than we've ever been.

Even Marshall McLuhan, who was so right about so many things predicting our digital world, got this one wrong. He, too, saw the coming of Image World and railed against the linearity of Gutenberg, predicting that we were headed to a return of an orally-based, sensual, tactile, multimedia world that would eradicate the narrow centuries of the textual prison. And in that, he was right: as the web grows, it becomes richer, more tactile, more intermediary. But McLuhan would still have to reckon the fact that these riches are ultimately driven by language in neat rows, programmed by even stricter bonds than any rhetorical form which preceded it.

But far from McLuhan's prison of words in straight lines, the flip side of digital language is its malleability, language as putty, language to wrap your hands around, to caress, mold, strangle. The result is that digital language foregrounds its material aspect in ways that were hidden before.

A Textual Ecosystem

If we think of words as both carriers of semantic meaning and as material objects, it becomes clear that we need a way to manage it all, an ecosystem that can encompass language in its myriad forms. I'd like to propose such a system, taking as inspiration James Joyce's famous meditation on the universal properties of water in the Ithaca episode of *Ulysses*.

When Joyce writes about the different forms that water can take, it reminds me of different forms that digital language can take. Speaking of the way water puddles and collects in "its variety of forms in loughs and bays and gulfs," I am reminded of the process whereby data rains down from the network in small pieces when I use a bittorrent client, pooling in my download folder. When my download is complete, the data finds its "solidity in glaciers, icebergs, icefloes," as a movie or music file. When Joyce speaks of water's mutability from its liquid state into "vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow, hail," I am reminded of what happens when I join a network of torrents and I begin "seeding" and uploading to the data cloud, the file simultaneously constructing and deconstructing itself at the same time. The utopian rhetoric surrounding data flows -- "information wants to be free," for example -- is echoed by Joyce when he notes water's democratic properties, how it is always "seeking its own level." He acknowledges

water's double economic status in both "its climatic and commercial significance," just as we know that data is bought and sold, as well as given away. When Joyce speaks of water's "weight and volume and density," I'm thrown back to the way in which words are used as quantifiers of information and activity, entities to be weighed and sorted. When he writes about the potential for water's drama and catastrophe "its violence in seaquakes, waterspouts, artesian wells, eruptions, torrents, eddies, freshets, spates, groundswells, watersheds, waterpartings, geysers, cataracts, whirlpools, maelstroms, inundations, deluges, cloudbursts," I think of electrical spikes that wipe out hard drives, wildly spreading viruses, or what happens to my data when I bring a strong magnet too close to my laptop, disasterously scrambling my data in every direction. Joyce speaks of water the way data flows through our networks with "its vehicular ramifications in continental lakecontained streams and confluent oceanflowing rivers with their tributaries and transoceanic currents: gulfstream, north and south equatorial courses," while speaking of its upsides, "its properties for cleansing, quenching thirst and fire, nourishing vegetation: its infallibility as paradigm and paragon."

While writers have traditionally taken great pains to ensure that their texts "flow," in the context of our Joyce-inspired language / data ecosystem, this takes on a whole new meaning, as writers are the custodians of this ecology. Having moved from the traditional position of being solely generative entities to information managers with organizational capacities, writers are embodying tasks once thought to belong only to programmers, database minders, and librarians, thus eradicating the distinction between archivists, writers, producers and consumers.

Using methods similar to Lethem, Joyce composed this passage by patchwriting an encyclopedia entry on water. By doing so, he actively demonstrates the fluidity of language, moving language from one place to another. Joyce presages uncreative writing by the act of sorting words, weighing which are "signal" and which are "noise," what's worth keeping and what's worth leaving. Identifying -- weighing -- language in its various states of "data" and "information" are crucial to the health of the ecosystem:

Data in the 21st century is largely ephemeral, because it is so easily produced: a machine creates it, uses it for a few seconds and overwrites it as new data arrives. Some data is never examined at all, such as scientific experiments that collect so much raw data that scientists never look at most of it. Only a fraction ever gets stored on a medium such as a hard drive, tape or sheet of paper. yet even ephemeral data often has 'descendents' -- new data based on the old. Think of data as oil and information as gasoline: a tanker of crude oil is not useful until it arrives, its cargo unladed and refined into gasoline that is distributed to service stations. Data is not information until it becomes available to potential consumers of that information. On the other hand, data, like crude oil, contains potential value.

How can we discard something that might in another configuration be extremely valuable? As a result, we've become hoarders of data, hoping that at some point we'll have a "use" for it. Look at what's on your hard drive in reserve (pooled, as Joyce would say) as compared to what you actually use. On my laptop, I have hundreds fully indexable PDFs of e-books. Do I use them? Not in any regular way. I store them for future use. Like those PDFs, all of the data that's stored on my hard

drive is part of my local textual ecosystem. My computer indexes what's on my hard drive and makes it easier for me to search what I need by keyword. The local ecosystem is pretty stable; when new textual material is generated, my computer indexes it as data as soon as it's created. On the other hand, my computer doesn't index information: if I'm looking for a specific scene in a movie on my drive, my computer will not be able to find that unless I have, say, a script of the film on my system. Even though digitized films are made of language, my computer's search function only, in Joycean terms, the skims the surface of the water, recognizing only one state of language. What happens on my local ecosystem is prescribed, limited to its routine, striving to function harmoniously. I have software to protect against any viruses that might destabilize or contaminate it, allowing my computer to run as it's supposed to.

Things get more complicated when I connect my computer to a network, suddenly transforming my local ecosystem into a node on a global one. All I need to do is to send and receive an email to show the linguistic effects of the networked ecosystem. If I take a plain text version of the nursery rhyme Edison used to test the phonograph with, "Mary Had A Little Lamb":

```
Mary had a little lamb,  
little lamb, little lamb,  
Mary had a little lamb,  
whose fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
Mary went, Mary went,  
and everywhere that Mary went,  
the lamb was sure to go.
```

and email it to myself, it comes back:

```
Received: from [10.10.0.28] (unverified [212.17.152.146])  
  by zarcrom.net (SurgeMail 4.0j) with ESMTMP id 58966155-1863875  
  for <xxx@ubu.com>; Sun, 26 Apr 2009 18:17:50 -0500  
Return-Path: <xxx@ubu.com>  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Message-Id: <p06210214c61a9c1ef20d@[10.10.0.28]>  
Date: Mon, 27 Apr 2009 01:17:55 +0200  
To: xxx@ubu.com  
From: Kenneth Goldsmith <xxx@ubu.com>  
Subject: Mary Had A Little Lamb  
Content-Type: multipart/alternative; boundary="===== _-  
971334617==_ma======"  
X-Authenticated-User: xxx@ubu.com  
X-Rcpt-To: <xxx@ubu.com>  
X-IP-stats: Incoming Last 0, First 3, in=57, out=0, spam=0  
ip=212.17.152.146  
Status: RO  
X-UIDL: 1685  
<x-html><!x-stuff-for-pete base="" src="" id="0"  
charset=""><!doctype html public "-//W3C//DTD W3 HTML//EN">  
<html><head><style type="text/css"><!--  
blockquote, dl, ul, ol, li { padding-top: 0 ; padding-bottom: 0 }  
--></style><title>Mary Had A Little Lamb</title></head><body>  
<div><font size="+1" color="#000000">Mary had a little lamb,<br>  
little lamb, little lamb,<br>  
Mary had a little lamb,<br>
```

```
whose fleece was white as snow.<br>
And everywhere that Mary went,<br>
Mary went, Mary went,<br>
and everywhere that Mary went,<br>
the lamb was sure to go.</font></div>
</body>
</html>
</x-html>
```

While I haven't written a word, my simple email comes back to me a much more complex document than I sent out. The nursery rhyme, front and center when it left me, returns buried amongst reams of language, to the point where I almost can't find it, padded out by many varieties of language. A remarkable amount of it is normal English words: Status, style, head, boundary; there's also odd, poetic compounding of words: X-Authenticated-User, padding-bottom, SurgeMail); then there's html tags:
, , </div>; and strange stringings together of equal signs: =====; and finally, there's lots of long numbers 58966155-1863875; and hybrid compounds: <p06210214c61a9clef20d@[10.10.0.28]>. What we're seeing are the linguistic marks left by the network ecology on my text, all of which is a result of the journey the rhyme made by leaving my machine to interact with other machines. A paratextual reading of my email would claim all of the new texts as being of equal importance to the nursery rhyme. Identifying the sources of those texts and noting their subsequent impact is a part of the reading and writing experience. The new text is a demonstration of local and networked ecologies acting together to create a new piece of writing.

We can create or enter into textual microclimates on a large scale -- such as chat rooms or tweets -- or more intimately with one-on-one instant messaging. Swarms of users on social networking sites around a keyword / trending topic can also create intensely focused microclimates of textuality.

I can take the transcript of an IM session and, stripping it of its networked context, it's immediately indexed by my machine and entered back into the safe stasis of my local ecology. Now let's say I take that same transcript and upload a copy of it to a publicly accessible server where it can be downloaded, while keeping a copy on my PC. I have the identical text in two places, operating in two distinct ecosystems, like twins, one who spends their life close to home, and the other who adventures out into the world: each textual life is marked accordingly. The text document on my PC sits untouched in a folder, remaining unchanged, while the text in play on the network is subject to untold changes: it can be cracked, password protected, stripped of its textual character, converted into plain text, remixed, written into, translated, deleted, eradicated, converted to sound, image or video, and so forth. If a version of that text were somehow to find its way back to me, it might very well be more unrecognizable than my nursery rhyme.

The editing process that occurs between two people via email of a word processing document is an example of a microclimate where the variables are extremely limited and controlled. The tracked editorial changes are extra-linguistic and purposeful. Opening up the variables a little more, think of what that happens when an mp3 is passed around from one user to another, each slightly remixing it, defying any definitive version. In these ecologies, final versions do not exist. Unlike the result of a printed book or pressed LP, there is no endgame, rather flux is the inherent to the digital.

The text cycle is primarily additive, spawning new texts continuously. If a hosting directory is made public, language is siphoned off like water from a well, replicating it infinitely. There is no need to assume that -- notwithstanding any of the above mentioned catastrophes -- that a textual drought will occur. The morass of language does not deplete, rather it creates a wider, rhizomatic ecology, leading to a continuous and infinite variety of textual occurrences and interactions across both the network and the local environment.

The uncreative writer constantly cruises the web for new language, the cursor sucking up words from untold pages like a stealth encounter. Those words, sticky with residual junky code and formatting are transferred back into the local environment and scrubbed with TextSoap, which restores them back to their virginal states by removing extra spaces, repairing broken paragraphs, deleting email forwarding marks, straightening curly quotation marks, even extracting text from the morass of html. With one click of a button, these soiled texts are cleaned and ready to be redeployed for future use.

Language as Material

There's been a lot of talk the past few years about net neutrality, a concept which argues either for or against assigning different values to the various types of data that flows through our networks. Net neutrality advocates claim that all data on the network be treated as equal, whether it be a piece of spam or a Nobel Laureate's speech. Their advocacy reminds me of the post office which charges by the pound, not by what's inside the package: you can't charge more to send a couture dress than you can for a book of poetry just because it's more valuable.

Uncreative writing mirrors the ethos of net neutral advocates, claiming that one way of treating language is materially, foregrounding its formal qualities over its communicative ones, viewing it as substance which moves and morphs through its various states and ecosystems. Yet like data, language works on several levels, endlessly flipping back and forth between the meaningful and the material: we can choose to weigh it and we can choose to read it. There's nothing stable about it: even in their most abstracted form, letters are embedded with semantic, semiotic, historical, cultural and associative DNA. Think of the letter a and it's anything but neutral. Associations for me include *The Scarlet Letter*, a top grade, the title of Louis Zukofsky's life poem, Andy Warhol's novel, and so forth. When non-objectivist painters tried to rid painting of illusion and metaphor, you can see why they chose geometric forms, not letters to do so.

Right now, I am writing transparently: how I'm using words is supposed to be invisible to you so can follow what I'm saying. If, instead, I WAS TO WRITE IN ALL CAPS, I move into the material or oblique. You'd first notice the way it looked then -- noting that CAPS generally connote SHOUTING -- its tone, and lastly, its message. In day-to-day life we rarely notice the material properties of language except for when, say, we encounter a stutterer or a person with a heavy accent, we first notice how they say, secondly we decode what are they saying. When we listen to an opera sung in a language that we don't understand, we push language's formal properties to the front -- its cadences and rhythms -- choosing sound over sense. If we further choose to invert the transparency of words, we can hear them as sound or see them as shapes. One of modernism's great aspirations was to skew

language in this way, but the backlash it produced was equally strong: foregrounding its materiality disrupts normative flows of communication. Human beings have trouble enough understanding each other, critics complained. Why would we purposely want to make it more difficult?

In most literature, most writers strive to strike a balance between these two states. A way to think of this is similar to the way the transparency slider bar in Photoshop functions: slide the bar far to the right and your image is 100% opaque; all the way to the left renders it barely visible, a ghost of its former self. In literature, if the slider is skewed towards complete transparency then language becomes functional discourse, the sort of language used to write a newspaper editorial or caption a photograph. Slide it back a little bit and it becomes prose: Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta. Nabokov's opening hits a perfect note between sound and sense, signal and noise, poetry and narrative. After this dynamic opener, Nabokov moves the slider back towards sense, swapping it for a more transparent style in order to tell a story.

Two movements in the middle of the twentieth century, Concrete Poetry and Situationism, experimented with sliding the slider all the way up at 100% opacity. In uncreative writing, new meaning is created by repurposing pre-existing texts. In order to work with text this way, words must first be rendered opaque and material. Both of these movements viewed materiality as primary goals, the Situationists through *détournement* and the Concretists by literally treating letters as building blocks. The Situationists worked in a variety of mediums, realizing their vision of the city as canvas whereas the Concretists took more traditional tack, mostly publishing books. By envisioning the page as a screen, the Concretists' were able to predict the way we would work with language in the digital world half a century later.

1. The Situationists: Out in the Streets

In the mid 50s, a group of artists and philosophers who called themselves The Situationist International proposed three concepts designed to infuse magic and excitement into the dull routine of everyday life: the *dérive*, *détournement*, and *psychogeography*. Their idea, not unlike that of uncreative writing, was not the need to reinvent life but to reframe it, reclaiming dead zones as alive. A slight shift of perspective could lead to fresh takes on tired subject matter: renaming a symphony without altering the music, drifting through a city with no goal in mind, or putting new subtitles on an old movie. By creating new situations, such interventions were intended as a catalyst for social change filtered through a reorientation of normal life.

If we were to map out our daily movements, we'd find that we tend to stick to what we know with little deviation. We move from our house, to our job, to the gym, to the supermarket, back to the house and get up the next day and do it all again. Guy Debord, one of the key figures in Situationism, proposed taking a holiday from those routines in the form of the *dérive* or drift, which was meant to renew the urban experience by intentionally moving through our urban spaces without intention, opening up ourselves to the spectacle and theater that is the city. Debord claimed that our urban spaces are rich places -- full of untold encounters, wondrous architecture, complex human interaction -- which we've grown too numb to experience. His remedy was to take a day or two out and disorient ourselves (often with the aid of drugs or

alcohol) by stumbling about our city, tempering the grid of urbanity with the organic quality of not knowing, being pulled by intuition and desire, not by obligation and necessity. We might want to spend a night in a house that's in the process of being torn down; or hitchhike without destination through Paris during a transportation strike -- just to add more confusion; or break into graveyards and catacombs, wandering aimlessly through the bones.

By taking our city's physical geography and overlaying it with psychogeography -- a technique of mapping the psychic and emotional flows of a city instead of by its rational grids of streets -- we become more sensitive to our surroundings: "The sudden change of ambiance in a street within the space of a few meters; the evident division of a city into zones of distinct psychic atmospheres; the path of least resistance that is automatically followed in aimless strolls (and which has no relation to the physical contour of the terrain); the appealing or repelling character of certain places." Geography, then, that most concrete of propositions to which we are bound, is reconfigurable and customizable through the imagination. Psychogeography can take many forms: One could create an alternate map of a city according to specific emotions, for example, mapping Paris not by arrondissement, but by every place you've shed a tear. Or you could create a psychogeographic map of a city's language by a making a *dérive* from point A to point B, writing down every word your eyes encounter on buildings, signage, parking meters, flyers and so forth. You'd end up with a trove of rich language, myriad in its tones and directives, comprised of peripheral words you'd most likely never paid attention to such as the fine print on a parking meter.

Guy Debord tells of a friend who wandered "through the Harz region of Germany while blindly following the directions of a map of London," *détournant* that map by assigning it a purpose for which it was not intended; it still functioned as a map, but yielded unpredictable results. *Détournement* is a way of taking existing objects, words, ideas, artworks, media, etc. and using them differently so that they become entirely new experiences. For example, Debord proposed that we take Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" and simply rename it "Lenin Symphony." After having dedicated his symphony to Napoleon when he was First Consul, Beethoven reneged his dedication when Bonaparte proclaimed himself Emperor. From that time on the symphony had no dedication and Beethoven changed the title to the generic "Heroic Symphony, Composed To Celebrate The Memory Of A Great Man." Debord, sensing that this was a free space, ripe for *détournement*, decided to fill the vacancy with his great man: Lenin.

There's a series of wonderful films by René Viénet that takes B-grade foreign exploitation flicks and re-subtitles them with political rhetoric: a sexist Japanese porn film is *détourné* into a protest statement about the oppression of women and the exploitation of workers. Similarly, a cheap kung-fu flick, in which the master teaches disciples the secrets of martial arts, is subtitled so that the master schools the students in the finer points of Marxism and is re-titled *Can Dialectics Break Bricks?* "Anyway, most films only merit being cut up to compose other works," Debord says.

Nor are the plastic arts immune to *détournement*. The Danish Situationist painter Asger Jorn took old thrift shop paintings and painted new images over them. In an essay entitled "*Détourned Painting*," he wrote:

Be modern,
collectors, museums.

If you have old paintings,
do not despair.
Retain your memories
but détourn them
so that they correspond with your era.
Why reject the old
if one can modernize it
with a few strokes of the brush?
This casts a bit of contemporaneity
on your old culture.
Be up to date,
and distinguished
at the same time.
Painting is over.
You might as well finish it off.
Detourn.
Long live painting.

In 1959, Jorn and Debord collaborated on a book, *Mémoires*, that had a sandpaper cover: when slid in and out of the shelf, it destroys its neighbors. Titles, too, of books could be détourned: "We believe it would be possible to produce an instructive psychogeographical détournement of George Sand's *Consuelo*, which thus decked out could be relaunched on the literary market disguised under some innocuous title like *Life in the Suburbs*, or even under a title itself détourned, such as *The Lost Patrol*."

Low culture was subject to détournement. In 1951, The Situationists envisioned "a pinball machine arranged in such a way that the play of the lights and the more or less predictable trajectories of the balls would form a metagraphic-spatial composition entitled *Thermal Sensations and Desires of People Passing by the Gates of the Cluny Museum Around an Hour after Sunset in November*." Comic strip speech bubbles were replaced with new texts to create the most politically-charge funnies ever written.

Debord saw these cultural efforts as first steps towards an ultimate goal of the complete transformation of daily life: "Finally, when we have got to the stage of constructing situations – the ultimate goal of all our activity – everyone will be free to détourn entire situations by deliberately changing this or that determinant condition of them." Such situations were regularly enacted in the *Happenings* of the early 60s and found their fullest flowering on the streets of Paris in May '68, when the walls of the city were sprayed with Situationist slogans. Punk rock, too, claims Situationism as its roots: On numerous occasions Malcolm McLaren has said that the Sex Pistols grew directly out of Situationist theories.

For Debord, the city is an ecology, a series of networks, each replete with its own potential for meaningful exchanges and encounters:

The ecological analysis of the absolute or relative character of fissures in the urban network, of the role of microclimates, of distinct neighborhoods with no relation to administrative boundaries, and above all of the dominating action of centers of attraction, must be utilized and completed by psychogeographical methods. The objective passional terrain of the *dérive* must be defined in accordance both with its own logic and with its relations with social morphology.

Our digital ecology is a virtual corollary to Debord's urbanism and many of the same gestures he proposed in meatspace can be enacted on

the screen. As familiar as our urban movements are, our cyber-ramblings tend to be equally prescribed: we visit the same webpages, blogs and social networking sites again and again. We could break out by randomly clicking from one link to another, viewing a web surfing session as *dérive*. Or we could take the source code and graphics from a major news site and populate it with text of our choosing, like the poet Brian Kim Stefans did by repopulating the contents of The New York Times website with the Situationist writings of Raoul Vaneigem.

When peer-to-peer file-sharing began, widespread *détournement* of MP3s took a form referred to as a "dinosaur egg," wrongly titling a song for the purposes of promotion. A young unknown band would take a song of theirs, re-titled it "Like A Virgin," and throw it out onto the networks with the hopes that the zillions of Madonna fans would download it and hear their music. The "dinosaur egg" was the cultural artifact as Trojan horse, flowing without direction, its author not knowing who would be receiving it nor what the response would be. On our networks, displaced objects are far more common than translated ones. Like a meteor crashing to earth, there's no time for translation, rather the appearance of the object and its displacement are a new cultural condition, creating a climate of widespread disjunction; we can't understand it, yet we must accommodate it without having to know what it is or where it came from. Disjunction and displacement are the new translation.

Variants of Situationist *détournement* can be found in the visual arts involving the eradication of texts. In 1978, the conceptual artist Sara Charlesworth took the front pages from 45 newspapers from around the world and, with the exception of the newspaper's title header, erased all of the text, leaving only the photographs in place. Charlesworth describes her process:

[The work] Follows photo of Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro held in captivity by the Red Brigade as photo is dispersed in newspapers worldwide on April 21, 1978. This photo was released by the Red Brigade to "prove" Moro was alive following their previous day's announcement of his assassination. All text deleted. All photos remain in place on front pages of world newspapers revealing import of event in relation to "local" news priorities.

Why is Moro's image the only photograph on the front page of *Il Messaggero* and yet only one of four on *The New York Times*? What does this tell us about local versus international news? About the editorial decisions that were made? About the politics of the newspaper? A simple gesture of removal reveals a lot about the visual thinking, politics and editorial decisions behind what is presented as stable and objective information, elegantly revealing the structures of power and subjectivity behind the news. In these pieces, language is displaced in the cloak of erasure, leaving behind only structure and image.

The photographer Matt Siber removes language as well. He shoots mundane scenes of streetscapes and interiors -- parking lots, drug stores, subway stations, freeways -- then systematically eradicates every trace of language in them. He then lifts the all removed text intact that he took from the photograph and drops it *situ* -- fonts and all -- onto a blank white panel next to the photograph. The two are presented as one piece: a world devoid of language and a map the removal.

By removing the language, we become aware of its layout as well as its prevalence and ubiquity, a fact we are blind to in our daily lives. We see how language in the city is ruled as much by the grid of architecture as the streets are: When the words are displaced on to a

blank sheet of paper, the ghosts of architecture remain visible, enforcing its structure onto the words. Architecture, generally front and center, is demoted to a secondary role as a page for words; the buildings feel empty and forlorn without them. If we examine the types of language on the white panels, we become aware of its varieties and microclimates, its tonalities and clusterings. We also see how bland and banal most of the public language is surrounding us. One could easily imagine laying Siber's maps of words over any number of gridded buildings in any number of cities with the same effect. Surely every city has a building that is inscribed with the words "SELL BUY / LOANS CASH / SELL LOANS."

In "Untitled #21" we're presented with language as branding. From the text adorning the car, to the dealership, to the logos on the sneakers of the figure, it's all commercial, a veritable landscape of consumerism. The ghost panel is a visual poem, a linguistic schema of logos describing forms: a ghost car, with the forms of its wheels described by logos. Looking at the text panel, the imperatives in advertising are absurd when decontextualized: who in America hasn't seen a Ford lately? Why would anyone want to look again? In fact, this photograph is nothing but Ford.

In the denser urban environment of "Untitled #13," the ad language and branding is just as present, yet less homogenous. The text panel, which looks like it could be a minimalist spread from a fashion magazine -- it's hard to imagine a fashion magazine denuded of its images -- is spatialized, its elegant fonts strewn across the page in a dashing manner. But on closer examination, there's an intersection of tonalities and brands that would never be found on the pages of Vogue. Through the uncanny placement of the delivery van, the cosmetic brand Bliss dialogues with Lay's potato chips. Siber's accomplishment is remarkable since, had we been walking down the street and seen the van parked in front of the billboard, it is unlikely that we would have seen the intersection of chips and makeup the same way. Similarly, the Dior billboard text is neatly bisected by a line of words taken from the bar of the cherry picker. And the "bliss" text, beginning with "wise" (an serendipitous coincidence with the "Lay's" below it) is itself truncated by the fold in the billboard being installed. Two hours later, with the delivery truck gone and the billboard installation finished, Siber would've mapped a very different landscape. Words are temporary, moveable and changeable in the city's commercial microclimates.

Moved indoors, branding has its own psychogeographic topography. "Untitled #3" shows a drug store display, scrubbed of its texts. Here packaging, with an slant toward natural beauty, sets the structure and tone of the work. It's no coincidence that the textual placement mirrors the forms of stems and flowers upon which they're placed. And when removed to the blank page, in fact, the words form a garden of language -- which could easily be titled, "The Healing Garden" -- not unlike Mary Ellen Solt's word-flower concrete poems of the 1960s.

Siber's words are derived from consumer notions of "organics": even the roots of the flowers are price tags. Warhol pioneered these notions with his détournment of Brillo Boxes and Campbells soup cans fifty years ago. More recently the photographer Andreas Gursky's monumental consumerist landscapes -- such as his well-known image, "99 Cent," of an endlessly mirrored discount store -- shows us an infinite landscape of consumption, a modern-day bumper crop, a bounty of abundance. What Siber show us is the hyperreality and simulacra of modern retail display, which has both learned from and ultimately surpassed Warhol as it's become part of our everyday landscape.

The anti-corporate film *Food Inc.* begins: "When you go through the supermarket, there is an illusion of diversity. So much of our industrial food turns out to be rearrangements of corn." A similar sentiment could be made about the types of public language surrounding us. When we look closely at what types of words splatter across our environment, we'll find it's mostly prescriptive and directive: either the language of authority (parking signs, license plates) or the language consumerism (advertising, product, display). While we have the illusion of abundance and variety, in our language-steeped cities, the varieties are shockingly small.

The audio equivalent to Siber's and Charlesworth's practices is a shadowy group of anonymous artists who call themselves Language Removal Services, which literally describes what they do: they remove all language from celebrities' recorded speech. Legend has it that they began as Hollywood sound editors, whose job it was to clean up the stars' speech, removing all their um's, ah's, and stutters from the day's rushes. After work, they'd surreptitiously scoop up all the bits of tape left on the cutting room floor and reassemble them into non-verbal portraits of famous actors as artworks. What began as a joke became serious as their practice extended to all forms of pre-recorded speech. Before long, they were making portrait of politicians, sports stars, and poets, leaving only the extra-linguistic traces: stumbles, ums, ughs, sighs, sneezes, coughs, breaths, swallows. Whether it's Marilyn Monroe, Malcolm X or Noam Chomsky, the intonation and rhythms distinctly belong to the speaker. William S. Burroughs' breathing and stutters contain his unmistakable nasal quality and even his grunts sound famously Burroughsian.

My own book *Soliloquy* -- a 600-page unedited record of every word I spoke for a week, from the moment I work up on Monday morning until the moment I went to bed the following Sunday -- was an investigation into how much one average person spoke over the course of a normal week. The book's postscript was: "If every word spoken in New York City daily were somehow to materialize as a snowflake, each day there would be a blizzard." There was a great snowstorm that year, and as the trucks and backhoes moved up and down Broadway, I imagined this mass as language. Daily, such collections would happen, backhoes shoveling language into the back of trucks, which in turn, like the snow, would be dumped in the Hudson River and floated out to sea. I was reminded of Rabelais, who tells of a winter battle when it was so cold that the sounds created during the battle instantly froze upon hitting the air, falling to the ground, never reaching the ears of the combatants. When springtime arrived, these long inaudible sounds began to melt randomly, creating a racket by skewing their original temporal sequences of action. It was suggested that some of the frozen sounds be preserved for later use by packing them in oil and straw.

The mathematician Charles Babbage was correct when he speculated that the air had great capacities for carrying information. In 1837, he predicted our impossibly packed, but invisible airwaves:

The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest, as well as with the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will."

The thought of all that invisible language racing through the very air we breath is overwhelming: television, terrestrial radio,

shortwave, satellite radio, citizen band, text messages, wireless data, satellite television, and cell phone signals but to name a few. Our air is now chokingly thick with language posing as silence. Nowhere is it as thick as in New York City, with its density of population and architecture: language is both silent and screamingly loud. The New York street is a place of public language. From signage to chatter, traces of language are inscribed on nearly every surface: t-shirts, sides of trucks, manhole covers, watch faces, baseball caps, license plates, food packages, parking meters, newspapers, candy wrappers, mailboxes, buses, posters, billboards and bicycles. It's the density of population in New York that gives the illusion of anonymity, the sense that there are so many people around me that no one can possibly be listening to what I'm saying. In much of the world, talk goes on behind closed doors or sealed in climate-controlled cars, but on the streets of New York, words are out there for all to hear. One of my favorite things to do is to walk a few steps behind two people engaged in conversation for several blocks, listening to their conversation progress, punctuated by red lights, giving the speech a certain pace and rhythm. There's a marvelous voyeuristic quality to hearing the most intimate of private conversations in the most public of places. In 1969, Vito Acconci created a work he called "Following Piece," whereby he simply followed the first person he saw, walking a few paces behind them, until they disappeared into a private space. As soon as they did, he would begin to follow the first person he saw until they went into a private space and so on. By mapping the city according to voyeurism, Acconci was enacting a Debordian derive, a psychogeographical cartography, a human chain of hypertext.

The modern city has added the complication of the mobile phone, yet another layer of language. A *dérive* -- the desire to get lost -- is hard when everyone either has a GPS embedded in their device or is broadcasting their coordinates to the public at large: "I'm walking north on Sixth Avenue, just past 23rd Street." The mobile phone has collapsed the space between private and public language. All language is public now. It's as if the illusion of public anonymity of the private conversation has been amped up. Everyone is intensely aware of the phenomenon of public cell phone use, most viewing it as inconsiderate, a nuisance. But I like to think of it as a release, a new level of textual richness, a reimagining of public discourse, half conversations resulting in a breakdown of narrative, a city full of mad people spewing remarkable soliloquies. It used to be this type of talk was limited to the insane and the drunken; today everyone shadow boxes language.

Public language on the streets used to include a physical embodiment of psychogeography: graffiti tagging. Ever changing due to the cat-and-mouse game played by taggers and the authorities, it was a physical model of textual instability. Subway cars tagged in the morning would be scrubbed clean by that night. Documentation was a must: the constant movement of the cars demanded specific times and locations for viewing the surviving works. Language traveled at high speeds, coming and going very quickly. When the city rid the subways of graffiti, there were changes in textual tactics. Exterior spray paint application was replaced by interior glass etching and plastic scratching, leaving ghost-like traces of the full-blown markings that once covered the cars. Today, the train exteriors are covered once again in another sort of temporary language, this time official language: paid advertising. The MTA learned from graffiti culture and détourned its tactics and methodology into a revenue-producing stream by covering the subway cars with paid advertising. The language itself

is computer-generated and removable; next week, another series of advertisements will be stuck on the exterior of trains.

Impermanent language; moveable type; fluid language; language that refuses to be stuck in one form; sentiments expressed in language that can be swapped in a whim, a change of mind, a change of heart. A few years ago, shortly after the invasion of Iraq, I remember the widespread phenomenon of magnetic ribbons festooning the backs of cars. These ribbons were preceded by the bumper sticker, a committed gesture: once a bumper sticker is adhered, it's nearly impossible to remove. The magnet, however, is a tentative move, subject to whim. And sure enough, as popular sentiment turned against the war, the magnetic ribbon disappeared.

Soviet agitprop precipitated today's use of flexible language. Overnight, cathedrals would be turned into canons, trains into heroic revolutionary depictions, factory walls into a monumental works of propaganda, all quickly erected and just as quickly dismantled. In Flushing Meadows Park, the 1939 and 1964 World's Fairs took on similar characteristics: The erection of a spectacular city, only to be entirely dismantled just a few months later. Prescient and inspiring. John Cage said that music is all around us if only we had ears to hear it. I would extend that to say that particularly in New York, poetry is all around us, if only we had the eyes to see it and the ears to hear it.

2. Concrete Poetry and the Future of the Screen

Concrete Poetry, a little, somewhat forgotten movement in the middle of the last century, produced poems that didn't look like poems: nothing was versified or lineated, there was no meter and very little metric rhythm. They looked more like corporate logos than they did poems: clusters of letters atop one another, sitting in the middle of a page. These were poems that bore more relation to the visual arts or to graphic design which, in fact, they were often mistaken for. Yet, sometimes a form is so ahead of its time -- so predictive -- that it takes many years to catch up to it. That's what happened here.

Concrete poetry was an international movement that began in the early 50s and faded from view by the end of the 60s. It had a utopian agenda of creating a transnational, pan-linguistic way of writing that anyone -- regardless of where they lived or what their mother tongue was -- could understand. Think of it as a graphical Esperanto, taking language and rendering it as symbols and icons. Like most utopias, it never really got off the ground, yet scattered about in the ashes of its manifestoes are several kernels anticipating how we would think about language in the future. Like many other efforts in the twentieth century, the thrust of the movement was to force poetry into the modern age, away from the long-winded prosaic sentences of, say, Henry James, towards the headline-inspired compactness of Ernest Hemmingway. Concrete poetry's twist was to align the history of literature with the history of design and technology. By applying a Bauhaus sensibility to language, they invented new forms of poetry. Readability was the key: like a logo, a poem should be instantly recognizable. It just so happened that computing was moving in an identical direction, from the command line prompt to the graphical icon.

The poems themselves sometimes looked like gaggles of letters coming together to form a constellation. Sometimes they would deconstruct and look like leaves blown across a page willy-nilly. Other times, letters would form images -- a trophy or a face -- taking their cue from George Herbert's 1633 poem "Easter Wings," in which a prayer is constructed visually, with lines getting successively longer and shorter, finally forming the images of a pair of wings.

The content of the poem -- humankind's expanding and contracting fortunes -- is embodied in the image of the words. One glance at the poem and you get it's message. "Easter Wings" is an icon, boiling down complex ideas into a single, easily-digested image. Concrete poetry aimed to render all language into poetic icons, similar to the way that everyone can understand the meaning of the folder icon on the computer screen.

The poems' visual simplicity belied an informed sense of history and intellectual weight behind them. Anchored in the tradition of medieval illuminated manuscripts and religious tracts, concrete poetry's modernist roots date back to Stéphane Mallarmé's "Un coup de des" (1897) where words were splayed across the page in defiance of traditional notions of versification, opening up the page as a material space, proposing it as a canvas for letters. Equally important was Guillaume Apollinaire's Calligrammes (1912-18) in which letters were used visually to reinforce a poem's content: The letters of the poem "Il Pleut" pour down the page in lines, looking like streams of rain. Later, extending the practice of both Mallarmé and Apollinaire, E.E. Cummings' stacks of atomized words proposed the page as a space where reading and seeing were mutually entangled. Ezra Pound's use of Chinese ideograms and Joyce's compound neologisms wrought from many languages gave concrete poetry ideas on how to carry out a transnational agenda.

Music, as well, played a part. The concrete poets borrowed Webern's notion of Klangfarbenmelodie -- a musical technique that involves distributing a musical line or melody to several instruments, rather than assigning it to just one instrument, thereby adding color (timbre) and texture to the melodic line. A poem could enact a multi-dimensional space, being visual, musical and verbal at once: they called it verbivocovisual.

But for all its smarts, concrete poetry was often dismissed as being little more than commercial one-liners -- akin to Robert Indiana's concrete poetry-inspired LOVE logo -- easily usurped by commercial culture into blacklight posters, t-shirts, or baubles. Even as conceptual artists began to use language as their primary material, the art world distanced itself. In 1969 Joseph Kosuth wrote "Concrete poetry was a formalization of the poet's material. And when the poets become materialistic, the state is in trouble." These sorts of dismissals resonate today. In a recent book about language and visual art from a top-notch academic press, a young art historian writes:

Understood in its most general sense, as 'language art,' poetry is a form that explores the aesthetics, structures, and operations of language as much as any specific content. In the postwar era, various types of concrete and visual poetry, in particular, promised to probe the space of the typographic page and link contemporary literature with the visual arts. Yet a reliance on rather quaint illustrational or pictorial modes -- as in poems that take on the shape of their subjects -- left much concrete poetry out of touch with changing paradigms in the visual arts and the wider conditions of language in modernity.

By focusing on concrete poetry's relationship to the art world, she misses the point: it turns out that the link was not so much with the visual arts but with the multimedia space of the screen. Had she gone back and read a 1963 tract written by the Swiss concretist Eugen Gomringer, she would've found much more than merely "quaint illustrational or pictorial modes":

Our languages are on the road to formal simplification, abbreviated, restricted forms of language are emerging. The content of a sentence is often conveyed in a single word. Moreover, there is a tendency among languages for the many to be replaced by a few which are generally valid. So the new poem is simple and can be perceived visually as a whole as well as in its parts... its concern is with brevity and conciseness.

A few years later, the concrete poet and theorist Mary Ellen Solt critiqued poetry's inability to keep up with the rest of culture, which she saw racing by:

Uses of language in poetry of the traditional type are not keeping pace with live processes of language and rapid methods of communication at work in our contemporary world. Contemporary languages exhibit the following tendencies: ... abbreviated statement on all levels of communication from the headline, the advertising slogan, to the scientific formula -- the quick, concentrated visual message.

The rise of global computer networks and their intensive use of language, both natural and computative, fueled these statements. As computing progressed from command line to icon, concrete poetry's parallel claim was that poetry, in order to remain relevant, needed to

move from the verse and stanza to the condensed forms of the constellation, cluster, ideogram, and icon.

In 1958, a group of Brazilian concrete poets calling themselves the Noigandres group (after a word from Pound's Cantos), made a laundry list of physical attributes that they wanted their poetry to embody. When we read it, we see the graphical web described nearly four decades ahead of its time:

...space ("blancs") and typographical devices as substantive elements of composition... organic interpenetration of time and space... atomization of words, physiognomical typography; expressionistic emphasis on space... the vision, rather than the praxis... direct speech, economy and functional architecture...

All graphical user interfaces gives us "typographical devices as substantive elements of composition" in a dynamic setting of "time and space." Click on this word and watch it "atomize" in a "physiognomical" way. Without "functional architecture" -- the coding beneath the graphics and sounds -- the web would cease to work.

As modernists, they adored clean lines, sans-serif fonts and good design. Pulling theory from the plastic arts, they adhered closely to Greenbergian modernist tenets such as non-illusionistic space and autonomy of the artwork. Looking at early concrete poems, you can almost hear Greenberg saying "look how these 'shapes flatten and spread in the dense, two-dimensional atmosphere.'" In spite of ongoing attempts to prove otherwise, the screen and interface are, in essence, flat mediums. They generally employed sans-serif fonts such as Helvetica, for their classic design tropes. It's the same reason that Arial and Verdana have become the standard screen fonts: cleanness, readability and clarity.

The emotional temperature of their poems is intentionally kept process-oriented, controlled and rational:

Concrete poetry: total responsibility before language. Through realism. Against a poetry of expression, subjective and hedonistic. To create precise problems and to solve them in terms of sensible language. A general art of the word. The poem-product: useful object.

Against expression: such statements, with their need to create "precise problems" and to solve them with "sensible language," emerging with "a poem-product," and a "useful object" read more like a scientific journal than a literary manifesto. And it's that sort of mathematical level-headedness which makes their poetry so relevant to today's computing. Cool words for a cool environment.

Informed by Pop Art, the concretists engaged in the dialectics of language and advertising. As early as 1962, Decio Pignitari's poem "Beba Coca Cola" fuses the red and white colors of Coke with clean design to make an alliterative visual pun on the hazards of junk food and globalism. Over the course of a mere seven lines using only six words, the slogan "Drink Coca Cola" is transformed into "drool," "glue," "coca(ine)," "shard," and finally into "cloaca / cesspool," a sewer or the intestinal digestive cavity where bodily waste is produced. Pignitari's poem is a testament to the powers of the icon, yet also works as a social, economic and political critique.

The international orientation of concrete poetry could be as celebratory as it could be critical. In 1965, poet Max Bense declared "... concrete poetry does not separate languages; it unites them; it combines them. It is this part of its linguistic intention that makes

concrete poetry the first international poetical movement." Bense's insistence on a combinatory universally readable language predicts the types of distributive systems that the web enables. It's a poetics of pan-internationality, finding its ultimate expression in the de-centered, constellation-oriented global networks where no one geographic entity has sole possession of content.

By 1968, the idea of reader as passive receiver is called into question. The reader must distance herself from poetry's long yoke and simply perceive the poem's reality as structure and material:

[T]he old grammatical-syntactical structures are no longer adequate to advanced processes of thought and communication in our time. In other words the concrete poet seeks to relieve the poem of its centuries-old burden of ideas, symbolic reference, allusion, and repetitious emotional content; of its servitude to disciplines outside itself as an object in its own right for its own sake. This, of course, asks a great deal of what used to be called the reader. He must now perceive the poem as object and participate in the poet's act of creating it, for the concrete poem communicates first and foremost its structure.

But it works both ways. Concrete poetry has framed the discourse of the web, but the web has, in effect, given a second life to concrete poetry. Backlit by the screen, dusty, half-century old concrete poems look amazingly bright, fresh and contemporary. Like de Kooning's famous statement: "History doesn't influence me. I influence it," it's taken the web to make us see just how prescient concrete poetics was in predicting its own lively reception half a century later. What had been missing from concrete poetry was an appropriate environment in which it could flourish. For many years, concrete poetry has been in limbo, a displaced genre in search of a new medium. And now it's found one.

Anticipating Instability

1. Blurred: Parsing Thinking and Seeing

In 1970, the conceptual artist Peter Hutchinson proposed a work he called Dissolving Clouds which consisted of two parts, a written proposition and photographic documentation. The proposition states: "Using Hatha yoga techniques of intense concentration and pranic energy it is claimed that clouds can be dissolved. I tried it on the cloud (in square) in photographs. This is what happened. This piece happens almost entirely in the mind." The work is a humorous send-up of new age practices -- all clouds dissolve on their own without any help from us. It's also a piece that anyone can do: As I type this, I'm dissolving clouds in my mind.

Hutchinson's piece demonstrates one of the fundamental tenets of conceptual art: the difference between seeing and thinking.

Ludwig Wittgenstein used the optical illusion of the duck-rabbit to demonstrate the concept of visual instability. Like all optional illusions, it keeps flipping back and forth between being a duck and a rabbit. The way to stabilize it, at least momentarily, is to name what you see: "If you are looking at the object, you need not think of it; but if you are having the visual experience by the exclamation [I exclaim "A rabbit!"], you are also thinking of what you see." In Hutchinson's documentation, we are looking; in his linguistic proposition, we must think of what we see.

In 1960s and 70s conceptual art, the tension between materiality and proposition were continually tested to varying effects: how visual should an artwork be? In 1968, Lawrence Weiner began an ongoing series that he called Statements which permitted the works to take on any number of manifestations:

- (1) The artist may construct the piece.
- (2) The piece may be fabricated.
- (3) The piece need not be built.

A piece could remain as a statement or it could be realized. Taking a classic work of Weiner's from this period, it's curious what happens when it's enacted. The proposition reads:

Two minutes of spray paint directly upon the floor from a standard aerosol spray can.

This statement left propositional form -- as language -- is open-ended. If two of us conceive of a mental image of Two minutes of spray paint directly upon the floor from a standard aerosol spray can, we're sure to have different ideas of what that might look like. You might think it was fire-engine red paint on a wooden floor; I might think it was Kelly green on a concrete floor. And we'd both be right.

The realization of the piece most frequently reproduced is the image above from the catalogue January 5-31, 1969, which is very much a fixed image visually, historically and circumstantially. It's got a great bloodline, hailing from the collection of famed conceptual artist, Sol Le Witt, lending this particular realization a lineage of provenance and authenticity.

That authenticity is reinforced by the black and white photo -- something that hardly exists any more -- endowing it with historicity. Further credibility is bestowed by the material fact that there is an actual photographic print in existence, a negative from which copies

were made. Yet for the better part of the twentieth century, the photograph was suspect as not being capable of authenticity. Walter Benjamin, writing in 1935, states, "From a photographic negative, for example, one can make any number of prints; to ask for the 'authentic' print makes no sense." With the explosion of digital photography, Benjamin's proposition is exploded billions of times over. Suddenly we find analog photos -- particularly black and white -- reproduction recast as being unique and authentic.

In the photograph, the floor itself is not a neutral space, but an indicator of time and place: an old, rough, original industrial floor that was common in artists' lofts in lower Manhattan during this period. The realization as documented above was from Weiner's own loft on Bleecker Street. After decades of gentrification, such floors have been routinely ripped out and replaced as real estate values have climbed. In fact, after Weiner was displaced from that loft due to rising real estate prices, the purchaser of the loft, while in the midst of ripping out the floor and replacing them with new wooden floors, had Weiner's piece cut out intact -- old floorboards and all -- and sent to him as a gift. The piece resides in Weiner's storage vault to this day. What this photograph is, then, is not simply a realization of a proposition, but a coded, historic period piece, which evokes nostalgia for a Manhattan that has long ceased to exist in a form that signifies authenticity. We could refer to this documentation as the "classic" version of the work. In any case, it's a far cry from the neutral proposition Two minutes of spray paint directly upon the floor from a standard aerosol spray can. Although wildly specific and pinned to a certain place and time it shows, in this case, how much more limiting the realization of a work is as opposed to the simple proposition of it.

Is it possible to make a proposition and have it realized in a stable and neutral environment? Let's make a proposition: "A red circle with a two-inch diameter, drawn on the computer." When I do that, this is the result:

Yet, from the outset, we're plagued by language. This is what my computer calls "red," but the name "red" on the computer is merely shorthand for more language. "Red" is more accurately code: a hexadecimal code: "#FF0000"; or an RGB code: "R: 255, G:0, B:0"; or an HSB code: "H: 0, S: 0, B: 100". Even if you realize the identical proposition on your computer, due to your monitor's settings, age, manufacturer and so forth, you're bound to come up with a different color than what's displayed on my monitor. What, then, is "red"? We're thrown into a digital version of a Wittgensteinian loop:

Does it make sense to say that people generally agree in their judgments of colour? What would it be like for them not to? -- One man would say a flower was red which another called blue, and so on. -- But what right should we have to call these people's words "red" and "blue" our colour-words?

Then there is the problem of scale and realization: while it might be created on the computer, should it be printed out? By a two-inch diameter, do we mean a two-inch diameter when it is printed or when it is on the screen? According to the directions, "drawn on the computer," I'll take that to mean that it should be viewed on the computer. But that's problematic because I didn't specify a screen resolution. I could take the a digital ruler and measure a 2" diameter circle in 640

x 480 resolution but if I change it to 1024 x 768 resolution, although it still says two inches, it's considerably smaller on my screen.

If I email you my red circle and you view it on your computer at an identical resolution, the circle will still be a different size, due to wide variances in monitors and their resolutions. When displayed on the web, the variables are compounded: not only do we have screen resolution and monitor difference to reconcile, but there's the question of browsers and the way they each display information differently. My browser, for example, often scales images to fit on what it calls a "page." Only when you click on the image does it expand to its "actual" size in pixels. While the printed version will be able to stabilize the scale problem, we're left with the variables of printer output: contingent upon your ink and paper stock, what your printer outputs as "red" will certainly be a different shade and tone than mine.

Moving beyond the formal problems of instability, then there's the slippage of meaning. When I look at my red circle and think of what it could mean, my associations include a stop light, a ball, the Japanese flag, the planet Mars or the sun setting. In art, I am reminded of the geometries found in Russian Constructivism. Sitting on my screen, shimmering against the white of my "page," its primarily retinal quality reminds me of an Adolph Gottlieb Abstract Expressionist painting minus the expression, now a red circle reduced to a geometric icon.

Turning away from the bright red spot on my screen, I see that the image has been burned into my retina so much so that when I gaze at the white wall over my desk, I see an afterimage, but it's not red at all: it's green, the opposite and complimentary color of red. And if I try to really examine it, it disappears, leaving a hovering ghost of its former self. What our eyes see is as restless and as unstable as trying to nail exactly what a digital red circle is.

Thinking makes it no better. If I turn away from the computer and think of the words "red circle," I conjure a very different sort of "red circle" in my mind. The image I'm thinking of is a round shape with a red outline, the interior is white. Now, if I think of a filled red circle, the hues vary. Concentrating, I see the red as a fire-engine red. Now it's changing to a maroon. In my mind, the image is restless, morphing and changing its properties. Just like the duck-rabbit optical illusion, I can't seem to make it sit still. Size, too, in my mind is variable from cosmically huge (Mars) to a microscopic (a red blood cell).

When I type the words, I get all of the above associations and more:

red circle

I see that these two words consist of ten elements: nine letters and a space. There are two r's and two e's, one in each word. The d of red is echoed in the cl of circle. There are also several instances of visual echoing in the letter forms: two repeated instances of c and e. The cl appears to be a split variation of the letter d as the i could be read as the l with the top severed and floated above its stem.

The words "red circle" have three syllables. I can pronounce the words with the stress on both the first or second words with a significant change in meaning. red circle brings forth the color; red circle emphasizes the shape over the color. If I say the words "red circle" aloud, I can alter my intonation up and down in a sing-song-y way, or speak them flat and monotone. The way I choose to speak them

makes for an entirely different reception of them. In speaking the words, I also invoke the semiotic and emblematic properties of the Japanese flag or Mars.

Taking it one step further, if I perform an internet search on the phrase "red circle," it takes me places far outside what I, as an individual, can conjure. There are several businesses named Red Circle: a lounge called Red Circle in San Diego, an advertising agency in Minneapolis, a project that provides resources about HIV and AIDS for Native American gay men, and a company that runs tea tours in San Francisco. There are two films called Red Circle, one directed by Jean-Pierre Melville from 1970 and a forthcoming film starring Liam Neeson and Orlando Bloom. There is an imprint of Archie comics starring non-Archie characters called Red Circle. In literature, there is "The Adventure of the Red Circle," a Sherlock Holmes story, where the mark of a red circle means certain death. And that's just the first page of results.

When dropped into a semantically-driven image search, the words "red circle" throw us back to the visual, but it's far from my simple red circle shown above. Instead I find wide varieties of red circles. The first image is of the universal symbol for not permitted, an outlined red circle with a diagonal slash through it. The next is a sloppy spray painted red circle outline on a concrete wall which looks like it could be a variation of the Weiner proposition. Following that is what looks to be a Photoshopped outline of a red circle floating in a blue sky intersecting a cloud. Next is a veritable blizzard of red circles: painterly red circles, expressive Kandinsky-like red circles, a Swatch watch with a red circle around its face, a three-dimensional red circular piece of foam that holds test tubes and an image of a bonsai tree encapsulated within a red circle.

In fact, the results do not return a filled solid red circle until the several pages deep which, in the thumbnail image, looks very much like my red circle. Yet when viewed full size, to my surprise, it's not a red circle at all, but an image of red shag rug, textured and modeled. And it's not really perfectly round: its perimeter is broken on the right side by some stray shag pieces. The color is different as well. This circle is overall more purplish than my red circle. And it's got a great deal of variety in its shading, getting darker in the bottom left quadrant and growing lighter toward the top. Overall, there are dozens of shades of red, with plays of light and shadows. If you're reading a paper copy of this book, it's going to be another shade of red; if you're reading the digital version of this, there's no way that the color is going to match what's on my screen, a "red" as the "author" intended it. Which is the correct version? Clearly this a very complex and instable "red circle."

But we can complicate it further: When I download the shag rug to my computer and change its file extension from .jpg to .txt, and open it in a text-editor, I get this, which looks nothing like a red circle. Naturally, neither the word "red," nor the word "circle," nor the image of a red circle is anywhere to be found. We're thrown back into semantic language, but an entirely different one from the search term that lead me to this carpet or the hexadecimal color schemes. (If I perform the same experiment with my simple computer-generated "red circle," I get a similar results: just because it's computer-generated or "flat" doesn't make the underlying code any simpler.)

Where do we go from here? We could take this text and attempt to find patterns that would aid an investigation into the plasticity and mutability of language posing as image. Or we could do a close reading on this text alone, commenting, for example, how curious the row of

fifty-one 7's is in the third line; or on the random but somewhat even spatial distribution of graphical apples on the page. Metaphorically we could even say that those apples are pictographic metaphors for the abstraction we find ourselves in now, after all, apples should be red... If we were visual or concrete poets, we could scoop up all of this language into a text-editing program, shade the letters "red" and line them up to create an ascii image of a red apple or a red circle. But once we get into a digital image of an apple, it's no longer an "apple", it's an "Apple." Enough.

All of this is to point out how slippery and complex the play between materiality and concept, word and image, proposition and realization, and thinking and seeing has become. What used to be a binary play between Weiner's proposition: "the artist may [or may not] construct the piece," today, language is suspect to so many variables - - linguistic, imagistic, digital and contextual -- that words seem to have become possessed by some spirit, an ever-changing cipher, sometimes manifesting itself as image, then changing into words, sounds, or video. Writing must take into account the multiple, these fluid and ever-shifting states, from the very conceptual to the very material. And writing that can mimic, reflect and morph itself in similar ways seems to be pointed in the right direction.

2. Nude Media: Tony Curtis Defrocked

These sorts of slippages take place across all forms of media and can be best described by a phenomenon I call nude media. What I mean by this is that once a digital file is downloaded from the context of a site, it's free or naked, stripped bare of the normative external signifiers that tend to give as much meaning to an artwork as the contents of the artwork itself. Unadorned with branding or scholarly liner notes, emanating from no authoritative source, these objects are nude, not clothed. Thrown into open peer-to-peer distribution systems, nude media files often lose even their historical significance and blur into free-floating sound works, traveling in circles that they would not normally reach if clad in their conventional clothing. Branding, logos, layout, and context all create meaning, but when thrown into the digital environment, such attributes are destabilized, stripping a fully-clothed document into nakedness as the more variables are thrown into the mix.

All forms of traditional media that are morphed onto the web are in some way defrocked. An article about Tony Curtis, for example, which appeared in the Sunday Arts & Leisure section of The New York Times, is fully clothed in the authoritative conventions of The New York Times. Everything from the typeface to the pull quote to the photo layout bespeaks the authority of the paper of record. There's something comforting about reading the Arts & Leisure section on Sunday which the visual presentation of the paper both produces and reinforces. The New York Times represents stability in every way [fig.].

If we look at that same article on the New York Times website, however, we find that much of what gave the piece its rock steadiness in the traditional print version is gone. For starters, there's a big red sans-serif "W" for Washington instead of the classic black serifed "T" for Tony. Thus, the message is that the place in which the interview happened has greater significance than the subject of the article. Other things have changed as well, most notably the size and character of the typeface. The default typeface on any browser is Times Roman, but if we look at the newspaper compared to the screen, we'll see that Times Roman is not New York Times Roman.

The image of Mr. Curtis, too, is different. It's shoved over to the side and shrunken, reminding us of Sarah Charlesworth's newspaper détournements. The Starbucks banner -- which appears nowhere in the print edition -- almost functions as a caption. I could go on and on but I think the point is obvious. The web version of the article might be termed scantily clad.

In the upper right hand corner of the web page is an option to email the article. When we do that, what arrives in our inbox is extremely stripped down compared to the web page. [fig.] It's just a text. The only indication that it comes from The New York Times is a line at the top that says "This article from NYTimes.com has been sent to you by...." The Times font has vanished, to be replaced -- at least in my inbox -- by Microsoft's proprietary sans-serif screen font Verdana. There are no images, no pull quotes, and no typographical treatments, save the capitalization of the words "WASHINGTON" and "TONY CURTIS'S." How easy it would be to strip out the words "NYTimes.com." If we do that, this file becomes detached from any authority, completely naked. In fact, it is entirely indistinguishable from any number of text-based attachments that arrive in my inbox daily.

To go one step further, if we cut and paste the text -- and it is a text and no longer an "article" -- into Microsoft Word and run a primitive altering function on it, for example the auto summarize

feature [fig.], we end up with something bearing minimal resemblance to the original article as printed in the paper or on the web. Now the lead line is "SUMMARY OF ARTICLE," followed by its provenance and then the headline. Curiously, the word "Washington," which figured so prominently in prior versions, is nowhere to be found. The body text, too, now becomes radically unhinged and stripped down.

If I were to take this text and either email it to a number of people or enter it into an online text-mangling machine, the nude media game could continue ad-indefinitum. Think of it as an ever-evolving game of telephone. Free-floating media files around the Net are subject to continuous morphing and manipulation as they become further removed from their sources.

When destabilized texts are recontextualized and reclothed back into "authoritative" structures, the results can be jarring. Examples of this include the Pornolizer (pornolize.com) machine [fig.], which turns all web pages into smutty, potty-mouthed documents while retaining their authoritative clothing, sporting the architecture of The New York Times site.

Sound also goes through various states of instability, with increasing variables once digital. Over the course of the last half century, Henri Chopin's sound poem "Rouge" has been subjected to various mutations, both clothed and unclothed. Chopin began his tape recorder experiments in the mid-50s, and "Rouge," recorded in 1956, was one of his first pieces. It's a literal sound painting, with the word red repeated with different emphasis, almost like varying brushstrokes. Manipulated audio techniques and track layering build up an increasingly dense surface. The piece reflects its time: think of it as an abstract expressionist canvas. It, too, is Greenbergian: its form is its content:

rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge

rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge

choc choc choc
dur & rouge dur & rouge
rouge rouge rouge

bruit bruit bruit
rouge rouge rouge
choc choc choc

rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge

nu nu nu
nu nu nu
rouge rouge rouge
rouge nu nu nu nu

il n'est que veine il n'est que veine
il n'est que sang il n'est que sang
il n'est que chair

rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge

rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge

rouge rouge rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge rouge rouge
rouge rouge rouge rouge rouge

il n'est que veine il n'est que veine
il n'est que sang il n'est que sang
il n'est que chair

rouGE
rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE rouGE

choc choc choc

ROUge
ROUge ROUge ROUge ROUge ROUge ROUge

The piece describes the intersection between the body and the voice, a main concern for Chopin who became well-known later for his audio pieces that were derived entirely from the sounds of his body. Chopin would amplify the sound of his blood circulation system, heartbeat, digestive tract and so forth which would form the basis for his works. This early work still uses language to describe the body instead of using the body itself.

In its day, "Rouge" never made it to LP as an "official" release by a record label. It was born naked and remained that way, unreleased and without a publisher until 24 years later when it was put out by a German gallery. Thanks to Chopin's highly visible work as a promoter and publisher of sound poetry, however, tapes of his work were making the rounds in advanced musical circles of the day.

A decade after "Rouge's" recording, it curiously appears in the first "Region" of Karlehinz Stockhausen's 1966 composition Hymnen, an electronic mélange of national anthems from around the globe. Although truncated, "Rouge" forms the basis for a short spoken-word section based around varieties of the color "red." Chopin's voice alternates with German-inflected voices reading a portion of a list of Windsor Newton paints. To listen to this excerpt alone and decontextualized, it sounds like an extension of Chopin's sound painting. But squeezed between magnetic tape deconstructions of "The Internationale" and "The Marseillaise," its meaning becomes very different. The nude poem is now clothed in the garments of leftist politics.

Twenty-one years later, in 1997, the sample-based group called Stock, Hausen & Walkman (note the group's name) brought "Rouge" back into its original context when it was sampled into an ironic pop track "Flagging" (flagging means dwindling, weak, fatigued, or drooping; a condition that occurs with the loss of blood). Amidst the cheesy vocals, snappy drumbeats and appropriated mathematical recitations from children's records, Chopin's piece is snatched away from Stockhausen's

political agenda and returned closer to its bodily origins. But it's an emptying gesture: finally "Rouge" is just one sample of many, part of a noisy landscape, in which sounds are easily obtained and just as easily manipulated. In such a landscape, no sound appears to have more meaning than any other. The corporeal and brutal image of Chopin's red is now clothed in kitsch, more akin to Betty Page than to Antonin Artaud.

Stock, Hausen & Walkman are known for their graphical sense. They understand how to create a package that visually approximates their musical practice. Packaging -- or, in our terms, dressing -- creates a context of value. Stockhausen and Walkman's redressing of "Rouge" places Chopin's poem back into circulation fully clothed.

In the clothed realm, popular culture's fetishization of the historical avant-garde reached a plateau when the enormously successful rock band Sonic Youth released a CD called Goodbye 20th Century (1999). On it, the rockers rattled their way through cover versions of some of the more difficult works by John Cage and George Maciunas, among others. Through a curious confluence of Downtown sensibility and mass marketing, thousands of rock-loving, Lollapalooza-attending Sonic Youth fans bought the disc and were exposed to what until very recently has resided on the fringes of the historical avant-garde.

Through gestures like these, the avant-garde becomes hip and well-marketed. Stroll through any good record store or museum gift shop and you'll notice hundreds of artifacts of the historical avant-garde gorgeously repackaged to be snapped up by consumers. As soon as these items are purchased, however they can be recruited as nude media, via peer-to-peer file sharing. In the case of some of this material, what was originally created as an anti-authoritarian gesture has, thanks to the internet, been restored to its original radical intentions. Due to the manipulative properties of digital media, such artworks are susceptible to remixing and mangling on a mass scale, hence never having the one authoritative version bestowed upon these objects in traditional media. They are ever-changing works-in-progress operating in the most widespread gift economy yet known.

Such circumstances raise many questions: How does having a variety of contexts influence the cultural reception of such objects? Who or what determines an artifact's value, both commercially and intellectually? How does this in turn impact the artist's reputation, both commercially and intellectually? If artifacts are always in flux, when is an historical work determined to be "finished"?

It is little too early to answer such questions. Brought up on books and records -- media in a clothed and stable form -- it's hard for us to accept cultural artifacts in constant flux as "genuine." Once Ulysses arrived on our shelves, the only new versions of the book that came along were typesetters' corrections and annotated editions, which only reified our sense that Joyce was a singular genius. With the exception of Xeroxing and collaging, remixing texts on the scale of Ulysses was difficult. When it comes to text, we haven't seen anything nearly like the bootlegging phenomenon, but sites freely circulating unauthorized books with copyable and searchable text -- in particular, academic and theory texts -- are burgeoning. And as e-readers capable of reading open-source files emerge, we'll begin to see more textual remixes. While nude Microsoft Word documents or .rtf's of texts have been floating around the web forever, curiously, the lack of provenance and branding has discouraged these sorts of gestures. Now, with fully clothed, and gorgeously formatted PDFs, emanating from university presses in illicitly-distributed circulation, the texts themselves are being more carefully catalogued and archived as potentially useful objects on one's local computer. Although they're free, an

authoritative version of a text signifies that it's ripe for deconstruction. As early as 1983, John Cage predicted and embraced the idea of unstable electronic texts as potential source texts for remixing:

Technology essentially is a way of getting more done with less effort. And it's a good thing rather than a bad thing... The publishers, my music publisher, my book publisher – they know that Xerox is a real threat to their continuing; however, they continue. What must be done eventually is the elimination not only of the publication but of the need for Xeroxing, and to connect it with the telephone so that anyone can have anything he wishes at any time. And erase it – so that your copy of Homer, I mean, can become a copy of Shakespeare, mmm? By quick erasure and quick printing, mmm?... Because that's the – electronic immediacy is what we're moving toward.11

Identity and Ethics: An Expanded View

The identity politics battles of the past twenty years have done wonders and have given voice to many that have been denied. And there is still so much work to be done: so many voices are still marginalized and ignored. It's a long road ahead and every effort must be made to be made to ensure that those who have something to say have a place to say it and an audience to hear it. The importance of this work cannot be underestimated.

Still, identity is a slippery thing and no single approach can nail it. Also, citing the need for difference, we're never going to feel the same way on anything -- a good thing. We all come from different places and circumstances, which is something to be celebrated. To be prescriptive or to make generalizations regarding circumstances of economies, classes, religions and races is counterproductive.

I really don't think that there's a stable or essential "me." I am an amalgamation of so many things: books I've read, movies I've seen, televisions shows I've watched, conversations I've had, songs I've sung, lovers I've loved. In fact, I'm a creation of so many people and so many ideas to the point where I feel that I've actually had very few original thoughts and ideas; to think that any of this was original would be blindingly egotistical. Sometimes I'll think that I've had an original thought or feeling and then, at 2 a.m. while watching an old movie on TV that I hadn't seen in many years, the protagonist will spout something that I had previously claimed as my own. In other words, I took his words (which, of course, weren't really "his words" at all), internalized them and made them my own. This happens all the time.

Often -- mostly unconsciously -- I'll model my identity of myself on some image that I've been pitched to by an advertisement. When I'm trying on clothes in a store, I will bring forth that image that I've seen in an ad and mentally insert myself and my image into it. It's all fantasy. I would say that an enormous part of my identity has been adopted from advertising. I very much live in this culture; how could I possibly ignore such powerful forces? Is it ideal? Probably not. Would I like not to be so swayed by the forces of advertising and consumerism? Of course, but I would be kidding myself if I didn't admit that this was a huge part of who I am as a member of this culture.

Transgendered persons are trying to become the people who they are, not the ones they were born as. Transsexual persons too are in a constant state of remaking themselves, courageously laboring their whole lives to adopt new and fluid identities. I feel inspired by such fluid and changeable notions of identity.

On the internet, these tendencies move in different directions. With much less commitment than it takes in meatspace, we can project various personas with mere stokes of a keyboard. In this chat room, I'm a woman; on this blog, I'm a political conservative; in this forum, I'm a middle-aged golfer. And I never get called out for not being authentic or real. On the contrary, I am addressed as "madam" or "you right-wing asshole." I've come to expect that the person I think I'm addressing on the internet isn't really "that person."

If my identity is really up for grabs and changeable by the minute -- as I believe it is -- it's important that my writing reflect this state of ever-shifting identity and subjectivity. That can mean adopting voices that aren't "mine," subjectivities that aren't "mine," political positions that aren't "mine," opinions that aren't "mine," words that aren't "mine," because in the end, I don't think that I can possibly define what's "mine" and what isn't.

Sometimes, by reproducing texts in a non-interventionist way, we can shed light on political issues in a more profound and illuminating way than we can by conventional critique. If we wished to critique globalism, for example, uncreative writing's response would be to replicate and reframe the transcript from a G8 summit meeting where they refused to ratify climate control threats as is, revealing much more truth than one could ever editorialize. Let the text speak for itself: in the case of the G8, they'll hang themselves with their own stupidity. I call this poetry.

No matter what we do with language, it will be expressive. How could it be otherwise? In fact, I feel it is impossible working with language not to express oneself. If we back off and let the material do it's work, we might even in the end be able to surprise and delight ourselves with the results.

Uncreative writing is a post-identity literature. With digital fragmentation, any sense of unified authenticity and coherence has long been shelved. Walter Ong claims that writing is a technology and is therefore an artificial act: "Technologies are not mere exterior aids but also interior transformations of consciousness, and never more than when they affect the word... Technologies are artificial, but -- paradox again -- artificiality is natural to the human being. Technology, properly interiorized, does not degrade human life but on the contrary enhances it." Robert Fitterman, whose works embrace our shifting identities shaped by the forces of consumerism, posits:

Can we express subjectivity, even personal experience, without necessarily using our own personal experience?... There has clearly been a desire to engage or re-claim the personal. I am interested in the inclusion of subjectivity and personal experience; I just prefer if it isn't my own. Today I have access to an unlimited number of personal utterances and expressions from the gut, or the heart. Why listen to my gut when I could listen to thousands of guts?... For writers coming of age in the 70s and 80s, the notion of multiple identities and appropriated identities is a sort of native language, a natural outgrowth of the multiple personas that have been engineered and then targeted by market strategists.

Fitterman cites the visual artist Mike Kelley, who also frames the identity discourse in terms of consumerism: "Glam rock was a music that fully understood the commercial music world and accepted its arena of façade and emptiness, using the image of the drag queen as a sign of its status... David Bowie adopts personas, throws them away at whim, and constantly reinvents himself for the market. He mirrors our culture of planned obsolescence. For consumer culture, it has been suggested, the constantly changing, chameleon persona represents empowerment." Writing needs to move in this direction.

And yet, who isn't moved by an authentic story? Surely one of the most inspiring identity-based narratives in recent history is that of Barack Obama. In a speech he gave at his family's ancestral village in Kenya, he speaks of pride from whence he came and also of how that country imbued his grandfather with the values that would propel the Obama family to stupendous achievements in the United States:

"He grew up around here. He was taking care of goats for my grandfather, and, maybe, sometimes, he would go to a school not so different from the Senator Barack Obama School," he said. "Except, maybe, it was smaller, and had even less in terms of equipment and books, the teachers were paid even less, and, sometimes, there wasn't

enough money to go to school full time. Yet, despite all that, the community lifted him up, and gave him the opportunity to go to secondary school, then go to university in America, then get a Ph. D. in Harvard..."

America is full of such incredible stories. Another comes from the Armenian-American writer Ara Shirinayn. He was born in the Armenian Socialist Republic in the USSR into a family that was dispersed all over the Middle East by the Ottoman hostilities toward the Armenian population, sometimes known as the Armenian Genocide. In 1987, his family moved to the United States with \$1500 and a few suitcases. His father went to work the second day after they arrived as a jeweler. His mother did the same, but as an antique rug restorer. They worked seven days a week and bought a house a year after they had arrived. His father's business grew when he began manufacturing jewelry, selling tons of kilos of it. By the time he retired, his business occupied an entire floor of a large building in downtown L.A. Ara, a product of public and state schools now has an international reputation and thriving career as a writer. As a member of the Armenian-American community in Los Angeles, he's very much involved with this close-knit community.

It's moving story. Why, then, would he choose to not to write about it when he penned an award winning book about nationalities? In his book *Your Country Is Great*, he's taken the names of every country in the world, organized them A to Z and Googled the phrase "[country name] is great" -- coming up with mostly user-reviewed travel sites -- and has hand-selected and sorted the results by nation. He then lined the comments, with each stanza representing another opinion. The result is a multinational Baedeker of user-driven content and opinion. Unsourced and unsigned, the piece is by turns ugly and gorgeous, helpful and harmful, truthful and misleading, vital and completely irrelevant. By bringing a cool and rational methodology to these inherently hysterical forms, Shinyan lets the words speak for themselves, permitting the reader process the opinions expressed as they need to.

In his book, his home-country Armenia is treated no differently than Aruba, the next country that appears alphabetically:

Armenia is Great

armenia is great country
famous for its christianity!

Armenia is great, and Yerevan is a city
where people live their lifes to the maximum
I love you Yerevan,
I love your streets,
your sidewalks,

Armenia is great
everyone should go back
at least once

the new information on Armenia is great -
lots of good information -
I'll have to remember not to give
anyone 2 flowers!

I also do not speak our language
Armenia is great though.
I have been there
and made good friends,
even though I could not
speak a word to them.

Tour to Armenia is a great success!
To Understand Our
Past,
Is To Understand
Ourselves.

renovated sidewalks, roads, and
unprecedented High Rise buildings
going up
the future of Armenia is great.

With such warm summers
and very cold winters
you will learn a great deal
about the history of Yerevan

Armenia is great
I love it, but I dont think
it is for me.

Aruba is Great

aruba is great
its beaches are beautiful
and the people are great

Aruba is great for diving
and seeing marine life
with visibility up to 90 ft.
You will see sponge tubes,
gliding manta rays, sea turtles, lobsters,

The taxi service on Aruba is great,
but we like to pick up and go wherever
and whenever we want,
so the rental is great for us.

Aruba is great for sightseeing, shopping,
and a variety of water sports.
You should plan on renting a car
to explore the island.

Aruba is great,
not a drop of rain,
barely a cloud and yet
never felt too hot

Aruba is great,
that is where i went
on my honeymoon last year.

I love it!
There are many places to stay.
The Marriott is nice,
the Wyndham is nice.

Aruba is great for singles,
couples and families. Probably
the best miniature golf courses
in the world are in Aruba

Aruba is great for a honeymoon
for the following reasons:

1. No hurricanes
2. Predictable weather
3. Tons to do

Aruba is great.
If you bust out early,
be sure to go snorkelling.
They have a party bus
for bar hopping

What does this tell us about Armenia or Aruba? Not much. Shirinyan foregoes his personal narrative in place of demonstrating a much larger point: the deadening effects of globalization on language. Collapsing the space between the "real world" and the world wide web, this book calls into question: What is local? What is national? What is multicultural? Instead of accepting current notions of language as a medium of differentiation, Shirinyan persuasively demonstrates its leveling quality, demolishing meaning into a puddle of platitudes in a time when everything is great, yet nothing is great. It's great if I've been there: global tourism as authority. Or as the Sex Pistols put it over three decades ago: "A cheap holiday / in other people's misery."

Shirinyan's careful selection and juxtaposition of phrases makes this work a textbook example of how a writer might go about carve out a technology-fueled, post-identity writing practice, one that makes the reader wonder whether the author's identity actually had anything to do with the person who wrote it. Yet it doesn't shy away from using the first person subjective, strategically using it liberally, but non-specifically, producing a work that is at once fiercely nationalistic and is, at the same time, surprisingly bland.

The French artist Claude Closky, in his book *Mon Catalog*, takes a different, but equally cool tack. It's a listing of every possession he owns accompanied by the actual catalog or ad copy which advertised that possession. For the piece, he simply swapped the tense, substituting the directive "you" or "yours" for a subjective "I" or "mine."

An excerpt reads:

My refrigerator

The usable volume of my refrigerator is far superior to conventional capacities, and allows me to store my fresh and frozen products. The meat compartment with adjustable temperature and the crisper with humidity control assure me a perfect preservation of my food. Furthermore, the fan-cooling makes and dispenses my ice to me as well as fresh water. Moreover, my refrigerator is equipped with an anti-bacterial coating that helps me maintain it.

My Cleansing Gel

To gradually mattify the shiny appearance of my skin, tighten my dilated pores and clean my blackheads, I have a solution: clean my face every night with my purifying gel with zinc – known to be an active controller of sebum that eliminates, without chafing, the impurities accumulated during the day. My skin is no longer shiny. The soothing power of zinc, reinforced by a moisturizing agent, softens and relaxes the dry areas of my face. My skin no longer pulls.

My one-piece glasses

I tame the sun's rays with my one-piece glasses. True shields against harmful UV radiation and too-bright light, I can also appreciate them as glasses, as they surround my face perfectly. I benefit from the panoramic vision of the enveloping impact-resistant Lexan glass. Filtering ultraviolet rays on all sides, they protect my eyes not only from the sun, but also wind, sand, and dust. The ultimate refinement: a small foam band contours perfectly to my face, assuring comfort and a perfect fit. Extremely lightweight, I enjoy wearing them in all circumstances. With their removable cord, I also appreciate them while playing my favorite sports.

Closky creates a consumer-frenzied overload of language, a contemporary form of self-portraiture, voluntarily defining oneself not only by what one owns, but professing to let oneself be completely possessed by one's possessions. Refusing to moralize, editorialize, or emote in any way, he's propping himself up as the ultimate consumer, an uber-consumer. He doesn't need to be won over, he's already sold. If I tell you that I will not only buy everything you're trying to sell me, but that I will embrace your products to the point of strangulation, what good are your pitches? An impasse is erected, resulting in a total collapse to a system based on a troika of resistance, persuasion, and capitulation.

In S/Z Roland Barthes performs an exhaustive structuralist deconstruction of Honoré de Balzac's short story "Sarrasine." In it, he reveals how signifiers of class are expressed in seemingly innocuous statements about parties, furnishings, or gardens. His book gives you the tools to tease out these codes from any work of art. But what we see happening in uncreative writing is an inversion of Barthes' project, a situation in which those normally hidden codes are brought front and center, comprising the entire art work. Like so much advertising, music, film and visual art, the discourse has been moved to the next level, finding ourselves in a hall of mirrors with all the complexity that ensues.

What do we do with a work like Alexandra Nemerov's "First My Motorola," which is a list of every brand she touched over the course of a day in chronological order, from the moment she woke up until the moment she went to sleep? The piece begins:

First, my Motorola
Then my Frette
Then my Sonia Rykiel
Then my Bvulgari
Then my Asprey
Then my Cartier
Then my Kohler
Then my Brightsmile

Then my Cetaphil
Then my Braun
Then my Brightsmile
Then my Kohler
Then my Cetaphil
Then my Bliss
Then my Apple
Then my Kashi
Then my Maytag
Then my Silk
Then my Pom

and ends:

Then my Ralph Lauren
Then my La Perla
Then my H&M
Then my Anthropology
Then my Motorola
Then my Bvulgari
Then my Asprey
Then my Cartier
Then my Frette
Then my Sonia Rykiel
And finally, my Motorola

Nemerov doesn't situate these brands in terms of likes and dislikes as opposed to Closky who "cheerfully" professes to "like" his humidity controlled refrigerator. There's nothing here but brands. Nemerov is a cipher, a shell, a pure robotic consumer. Enacting Barbara Kruger's famous slogan, "I shop therefore I am," she boldly creates a new type of self-portraiture: a complicit demographic, a marketer's dream. In the Baudrillardian sense, she's dead on: everyone is Ali Nemerov.

In 2007, Time Magazine questioned whether the \$200 million gift that pharmaceutical heiress Ruth Lilly gave to The Poetry Foundation could really change the way people feel about poetry:

The \$200 million won't change that; nothing, not even money, can get people to enjoy something against their will. What poetry really needs is a writer who can do for it what Andy Warhol did for avant-garde visual art: make it sexy and cool and accessible without making it stupid or patronizing. When that writer arrives, cultural change will come swiftly, and relatively effortlessly.

While there are a number of problems with this statement -- by choosing Warhol, he's hoping for a return to a specific cultural moment that permitted Warhol to become Warhol: the Sixties, a time that isn't coming back anytime soon -- his challenge does however make me wonder why there hasn't been an Andy Warhol for poetry.

You might think that during the boom years of the George W. Bush administration, pro-consumerist poets would have come out of the woodwork. But no. Instead Bush's Poet Laureates wrote about fishing on the Susquehanna in July, or porch swings in September, or ox-cart men, hopelessly out of touch with what was obsessing most Americans (and most of the world): buying things. Again in the Baudrillardian sense,

it's not surprising that a Bush poet laureate hearkens back to a form of nostalgic poetry, insantly unaware that they were performing a simulacra for a time when poets genuinely wrote about "true" American values.

The poetry world has yet to experience its version of Pop Art -- and Pop Art happened over 50 years ago. While the New York School fondled consumerism sweetly, using pop as a portal to subjectivity -- (O'Hara: "Having a Coke with you /is even more fun than going to San Sebastian, Irú, Hendaye, Biarritz, Bayonne") -- it never came close to the cold objectivity, naked, prophetic words of Warhol: "A Coke is a Coke and no amount of money can get you a better Coke than the one the bum on the corner is drinking. All the Cokes are the same and all the Cokes are good. Liz Taylor knows it, the president knows it, the bum knows it and you know it."

A recent issue of Poetry magazine, published by the Poetry Foundation, kicks off with a short poem by Tony Hoagland called "At the Galleria Shopping Mall," warning us of the pitfalls of consumerism:

Just past the bin of pastel baby socks and underwear,
there are some 49-dollar Chinese-made TVs;

one of them singing news about a far-off war,
one comparing the breast size from Hollywood

to the breast size of an actress from Bollywood.
And here is my niece Lucinda,

who is nine and a true daughter of Texas,
who has developed the flounce of a pedigreed blonde

And declares that her favorite sport is shopping.
Today is the day she embarks upon her journey,

swinging a credit card like a scythe
through the meadows of golden merchandise.

Today is the day she stops looking at faces,
and starts assessing the labels of purses;

So let it begin. Let her be dipped in the dazzling bounty
and raised and wrung out again and again.

And let us watch.
As the gods in olden stories

turned mortals into laurel trees and crows
to teach them some kind of lesson,

so we were turned into Americans
to learn something about loneliness.

Poor Lucinda is taken in by the oldest adage in the book -- all that glitters is not gold -- losing her humanity in the process: "Today is the day she stops looking at faces / and starts assessing the labels of purses." The only way this young girl can learn her lesson is the way we elders / gods have learned ours: only after succumbing to the temptations, did we come to realize the folly of our pursuits. Ah, youth! The telescopic nature of the piece in the last stanza widens to

give us -- as a culture, as a nation -- pause to think how alienated, lonely and how disconnected from humanity such encounters have made us. It's a poem that has something specific to teach us; one that imparts true and wise values, wagging its knowing finger at the folly of youth.

By giving us snapshots of specific moments -- pastel baby socks, underwear, Chinese-made TVs -- Hoagland attempts to express in shorthand what Rem Koolhaas calls "Junkspace": a type of provisional architecture that has given us malls, casinos, airports and so forth. But trying to specify or stabilize anything in Junkspace works against the nature of Junkspace: "Because it cannot be grasped, Junkspace cannot be remembered. It is flamboyant yet unmemorable, like a screensaver; its refusal to freeze insures instant amnesia. Junkspace does not pretend to create perfection, only interest... Brands in Junkspace perform the same role as black holes in the universe: essences through which meaning disappears..." Like an easel painter setting up outside the mezzanine-level entrance of J.C. Penney and trying to render the mall experience in oils, Hoagland chooses the wrong approach using the wrong materials: deep image doesn't fly in this weightless space.

In the same issue of Poetry is a poem by Robert Fitterman called "Directory," which is simply a directory from an unnamed mall, looped with poetic concerns for form, meter, and sound. Koolhaas tells us that Junkspace is a labyrinth of reflection: "It promotes disorientation by any means (mirror, polish, echo)." Fitterman's listing of a mall directory purports to be as numbing, dead, and dull as the mall experience itself, purposely encouraging linguistic disorientation by reflecting rather than expressing:

Macy's
Circuit City
Payless Shoes
Sears
Kay Jewelers
GNC
LensCrafters
Coach
H & M
RadioShack
Gymboree

The Body Shop
Eddie Bauer
Crabtree & Evelyn
Gymboree
Foot Locker
Land's End
GNC
LensCrafters
Coach
Famous Footwear
H & M

LensCrafters
Foot Locker
GNC
Macy's
Crabtree & Evelyn
H & M

Cinnabon
Kay Jewelers
Land's End

Hickory Farms
GNC
The Body Shop
Eddie Bauer
Payless Shoes
Circuit City
Kay Jewelers
Gymboree

The Body Shop
Hickory Farms
Coach
Macy's
GNC
Circuit City
Sears

H & M
Kay Jewelers
Land's End
LensCrafters
Eddie Bauer
Cinnabon

RadioShack
GNC
Sears
Crabtree & Evelyn

Fitterman's list is reminiscent of Koolhaas, speaking about the Junkspace of the Dallas / Fort Worth airport: "DFW is composed of three elements only, repeated ad infinitum, nothing else: one kind of beam, one kind of brick, one kind of tile, all coated in the same color - is it teal? rust? tobacco? ... Its drop-off is the seemingly harmless beginning of a journey to the heart of unmitigated nothingness, beyond animation by Pizza Hut, Dairy Queen..." Fitterman's repeated non-specificity mirrors the nature of global capitalism by giving us instantly recognizable name brands in a numbing stream. It's as if RadioShack is interchangeable with Circuit City -- and aren't they really? The effect of Fitterman's poem is like the looping background of The Flintstones, where the same tree and mountain keep scrolling by again and again: H&M, Kay's Jewelers and The Body Shop keep repeating. And as alienated / invigorated as Hoagland's niece is purported to feel, running our eyes down this Fitterman's list of deadening stores gives us the reader -- first hand -- the feeling of being in a mall. By doing very little, Fitterman has actually given us a more realistic experience than Hoagland, without having to resort to sermonizing to convince us of his point. The lesson of the poem is the experience of the poem.

The former United States Poet Laureate Donald Hall in his poem "Ox Cart Man," writes of a different kind of market experience:

In October of the year,
he counts potatoes dug from the brown field,

counting the seed, counting
the cellar's portion out,
and bags the rest on the cart's floor.

He packs wool sheared in April, honey
in combs, linen, leather
tanned from deerhide,
and vinegar in a barrel
hoped by hand at the forge's fire.

He walks by his ox's head, ten days
to Portsmouth Market, and sells potatoes,
and the bag that carried potatoes,
flaxseed, birch brooms, maple sugar, goose
feathers, yarn.

When the cart is empty he sells the cart.
When the cart is sold he sells the ox,
harness and yoke, and walks
home, his pockets heavy
with the year's coin for salt and taxes,

and at home by fire's light in November cold
stitches new harness
for next year's ox in the barn,
and carves the yoke, and saws planks
building the cart again.

Unlike Hoagland's niece, who produces nothing and is, at this stage of her life, only capable of blind consumption or Fitterman's objectified view of consumerism, Hall presents us with a idealized, nostalgic picture which feels like something out of a Currier and Ives lithograph. This was a time when men were honest and did honest work; when a man not only grew, harvested, packed, transported nature's bounty, but he also sold them. (Where are the women?) From October to November, he works hard, at once depleting and replenishing for the next season, in tune with nature's cycle.

In a review of Hall's Selected Poems, Billy Collins wrote in the Washington Post: "Hall has long been placed in the Frostian tradition of the plainspoken rural poet. His reliance on simple, concrete diction and the no-nonsense sequence of the declarative sentence gives his poems steadiness and imbues them with a tone of sincere authority. It is a kind of simplicity that succeeds in engaging the reader in the first few lines." I'd argue that the "simplicity" of Fitterman expresses truths much closer to the everyday experience of most people than the morality-fueled sentiments of Hoagland or the nostalgic rustic rural vignettes of Donald Hall. And in that, I think these are truly populist expressions: what could be easier to understand than a list of mall stores, reflecting most American's daily commutes past and common interactions with our endless strip malls?

A common accusation hurled at the avant-garde is that it is elitist and out of touch, toiling away in its ivory tower, appealing to the few who are in-the-know. And I'd agree that a lot of "difficult" work has been made under the mantle of populism only to be rejected by their intended audience as indecipherable, or worse, irrelevant. But uncreative writing is truly populist. Because Fitterman's writing makes its intentions clear from the outset, telling you exactly what it is before you read it, there's no way you can't understand it. But then

the real question emerges: why? And with that question, we move into conceptual territory that moves us away from the object and into the realm of speculation. At that point, we could easily throw the book away and carry on with a discussion, a move conceptual writing applauds: the book as a platform to leap off into thought. We move from assuming a readership to embracing a thinkership. By relinquishing the burden of reading -- and thereby a readership -- we can begin to think of uncreative writing as a new Esperanto, a body of literature able to be understood by anyone without having to be saddled with the act of translation. If you get the concept (and the concepts are blindingly simple) -- regardless of your geographic location, income level, education or social status -- you can engage with this writing. It's open to all.

This is a poetics of realism, reminiscent of the documentary impulse behind Zola's *Les Rougon-Macquart* series where in the guise of dime-store potboilers, Zola took on a massive project on how best to fully describe in full French life during the Second French Empire. From the farmer to the priest to the food markets to the department store, Zola claimed that these books transcended mere fiction; his intention was "strictly naturalist, strictly physiologist," a claim closer to de Certeau than to Balzac. Inspired by Zola, the new writing is a realism beyond realism: it's hyperrealist, a literary photorealism, an embodied and enacted simulacrum.

It's commonly said that you can only teach the avant-garde in advanced courses, but Craig Dworkin, a professor at the University of Utah, feels differently. He thinks that a text like Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons* works well at any level because you don't need to know any Greek myths, literary allusions, old British royal history, literary tropes, or even have a good vocabulary. You know all the words, and there they are. Christian Bök's students seem to object to works like *Tender Buttons* at first because they dislike familiar language being rendered unfamiliar to them since they feel that the whole point of their education is to make unfamiliar things readily understandable (not the other way around). He spends much of his time in class trying to show the students the wonders of the strange enigma that is Stein showcasing, for example, that when Stein describes a pinbox as 'full of points,' all of which we find 'disappointing,' she is in fact making a very simple, but subtle, point about the thorniness of something so 'pointless' as poetry itself."

In the self-reflexive use of appropriated language, uncreative writing embraces the inherent and inherited politics of the borrowed words: far be it for conceptual writers to morally or politically dictate words that aren't theirs. The choice or machine that makes the poem sets the political agenda in motion, which is often times morally or politically reprehensible to the author (in retyping the every word of a day's copy of the *New York Times*, am I to exclude an unsavory editorial?). Vanessa Place is a writer who re-presents ethically challenging and unsavory legal documents as literature. She doesn't alter them one bit, instead she simply transfers them from the legal framework to the literary, leaving it to the reader to pass moral judgment on them.

There's a touch of *Bartelby* in the work of Vanessa Place. As a beacon of stillness and silence in a frenzied workplace, *Bartelby's* composure and strict sense of self-imposed ethics exposed the hollowness and habitualness of the busy routine that surrounded him.

Like a black hole, he sucked everyone into him, finally causing a total implosion. Place is a lawyer and, like Bartelby, much of her work involves scribing appellate briefs, that task of copying and editing, rendering complex lives and dirty deeds into "neutral" language to be presented before a court. That is her day job. Her poetry is an appropriation of the documents she writes during her day job, flipping her briefs after hours into literature. And like most literature, they're chock full of high drama, pathos, horror and humanity. But unlike most literature, she hasn't written a word of it. Or has she? Here's where it gets interesting. She both has written them and, at the same time, she's wholly appropriated them -- rescuing them from the dreary world of court filings and bureaucracy -- and, by mere reframing, turns them into compelling literature.

Place represents indigent sex offenders on appeal, no easy job. As she puts it:

All my clients have been convicted of a felony sex offense and are in state prison at the time I am appointed to their case. Because of my experience/expertise, many of my clients have been convicted of multiple offenses, and sentenced to hundreds of years and numerous life terms. I primarily represent rapists and child molesters, though I have also represented a few pimps and sexually violent predators (those who, after having served their sentences, have been involuntarily committed to state hospitals: I appeal their commitments).

After having published two fine successive experimental novels -- one that is a 130-page single sentence -- her literary production these days consists of republishing Statements of Facts from her courtroom cases. An Appellate Brief is composed of three parts: a Statement of the Case, which sets forth the procedural history of the case; a Statement of Facts, which sets forth, in narrative form, the evidence of the crime as presented at trial; and an Argument, which are the claims of error and (for the defense) the arguments for reversing the judgment. For her literary production, she only uses the Statement of Facts -- the coolest, most objective and most narrative part of the brief.

Place does not alter the original document in any way other than to remove specific witness/victim information as necessary to protect those people's identities. By re-presenting the Statements as literature, she does not violate any formal ethical standards or professional codes of conduct: all her briefs are matters of public record and could be found or read by anyone. But it seems like she is violating some sort of unwritten rules of her profession in order to critique and expose the language in Bartelby-like ways. Place claims, "All of my clients are legally guilty. Most are morally guilty. As their advocate, I may be morally guilty, though I am not legally guilty." By shifting the context from law to art and by stripping the language of any purpose, we suddenly see these documents in ways impossible to see them before. The types of questions that this gesture provokes is at the heart of Place's practice.

Language is never neutral, never stable, and can never be truly objective, thus the Statement of Facts is actually an argument in the disguise as factual documentation. Even the basic rules for writing a Statement of Facts acknowledges this bias:

In the Statement of Facts...we are not allowed to argue explicitly. So what do we do? We argue implicitly.

What is an implicit argument? Just as an explicit argument is one that explicitly states the because, an implicit argument is one that does not explicitly state a because in answer to the question "Why?" Rather, an implicit argument arranges and emphasizes the facts to lead the recipient of the argument to the desired conclusion.

For her day job, Place is intentionally writing an implicit argument; yet for her art, she is exposing that fallacy.

A published section of her 400-page work Statement of Facts -- which is comprised of the documents from 25 cases -- tells the lurid tale of Chavelo, a child-molesting uncle, and Sara, his niece. It wends its way for ten pages with graphic descriptions of sex interspersed with psychological impasses and heart-rending struggles to cope. In spite of the Clerk's transcript notes -- the log of matters heard in court in the form of summary notations that continually interrupt the textual flow -- a clear narrative written emerges, written in plain English. An excerpt reads:

Once, Sara's mother noticed Sara's underwear was wet and smelled of semen. She asked Sara about it, but Sara said she didn't know how it got there, and walked away. So her mother put Sara's underwear in the wash and told herself not to think about "this evil of what's happening."

The last time appellant touched Sara was at her house. (RT 1303) Sara's private hurt when appellant touched her: it felt like "poking." It also hurt later when she went to the bathroom. (RT 1302) Sara went to the doctor because her private was bothering her, "Like, when you put alcohol on your cut, but kind of worse than that." (3) Sara's mother saw blisters "like blisters that you get when you get on the monkey bars." The blisters itched. The doctor asked Sara what happened, but Sara didn't want to say. The doctor gave Sara pills to take every day for a month, and the blisters went away. They returned; Sara had to take the medicine again. The blisters again went away, and again returned. Sara went back to the doctor, and saw Dr. Kaufman. (RT 1306-1309, 1311-1313, 1318, 2197)

(3) Sara complained to her mother about pain during urination; her mother gave her medicinal tea for three days. When the pain didn't abate, her mother checked her vagina, saw a blister, and took Sara to the doctor. (RT 2196-2197, 2218-2221) Sara had never had blisters on her vagina before. (RT 2199)

In reframing the work as literature, the first thing Place does is to remove the profession-required serif font ("those little epaulets of authority," as she calls them), thus casting the document as something other than that which belongs in a courtroom. But outside of that, the Statement is identical to the original with everything from footnotes to the Clerk's notations left intact. Place says "My job is information 'processing.' That is the job of all rhetoric, all language." It's strange to think of someone with so much power -- one who makes her living and upon whom lives are affected -- as a lawyer claiming herself as a mere "information processor." Yet, it's not such a leap to hear a poet make such a claim.

It is the artists' right to make such a claim, in fact, one of the most beautiful, free and expansive ideas about art is that it -- unlike just about everything else in our culture -- doesn't have to partake in an ethical discourse. Artists, after all, needn't be held to the same standards of politicians. And when they are, something very precious is

lost. It's important to note that this freedom is very much a Western freedom, for there are many places in the world where such investigations and actions could lead to severe actions, with real lives, family, property, etc. at stake. Which is why it seems even more pressing for someone like Place to be able to explore such outré notions. And yet even in our Western culture, where we are able to take such liberties, it's surprising that more artists don't. I find this to be enormously powerful, liberating and worth fighting for. Where else can this exist in our culture?

Yet Place plays both angles -- this is both real life and art -- clouding my rosy picture of art and ethics. While Statement of Facts might strike many as merely lurid and sensationalist, to linger on the content is to miss the greater conceptual point of the work: it's the matrix of apparatuses surrounding it -- social, moral, political, ethical -- that give the work its real legs. And when you hear Place read these works, you realize that the vile content of the works is just the tip of the iceberg. What happens to you, the listener, during the reading that makes what she's doing so important.

But it's hard to listen to her read these works. I recently sat through a reading of Statement of Facts which lasted forty-five minutes. Onstage, Place dons the same outfit she does when appearing before a judge and reads in a low monotone, tamping down the wildly heated subject matter with a cool and mechanical delivery. Upon hearing the work, the first reaction is of shock and horror. How can people be so terrible? But you keep listening. It's hard to stop. The narrative draws you in and you find yourself listening to the small incidents pile up: doctor's examination of the victim, the victim's slow and painful admittance that a criminal act has been perpetrated upon her, leading to the climax, where the appellant is finally arrested and it appears that justice, after all, will be served. After some time, this begins to feel like a Hollywood movie, replete with tragedy and redemption.

Andy Warhol said that "when you see a gruesome picture over and over again, it doesn't really have any effect" and the longer Place read for, the more immune I became to the horrors of what she was saying. Like a detective, I began to divorcing my emotional response from the Facts, scratching my chin, logically trying to poke holes in her argument, passing judgments on each incident. Like Bartelby's workmates, I found myself shifting my position to accommodate Place's narrative. Unconsciously, I had been transformed from passive listener to active juror. She actually transformed my position as receiver of the work, spinning me around in ways that were very much against my will. I didn't want to objectify my experience but I did. Place used a passive coercion, a sort of courtroom logic, to enact a change in me, the reader, as she does to jurors every day. What I was experiencing was the legal system; to my horror, I was caught up in its machinations. As I listened to the litany of crimes, I found my circuits overloaded. As Place puts it:

I am considering information -- even of a most disturbing variety -- as linguistic compost. There is too much to consider, too many words, of both thin and thick content. It is too much to bear, and so we don't. And still, I am asking the reader to bear witness, or to choose not to. Either way, they become complicit. There's no such thing as an unbiased witness. There's no such thing as an innocent bystander. Not after they've listened for a while. Never after they've stopped listening.

In the 1930s, the Objectivist poet Charles Reznikoff began an epic called *Testimony: The United States (1885-1915) Recitative*. It consists of hundreds of courtroom witness statements, which have then been lineated and versified. They're short pieces, each one telling a story:

Amelia was just fourteen and out of the orphan asylum; at her first job -- in the bindery, and yes sir, yes ma'am, oh, so anxious to please.

She stood at the table, her blonde hair hanging about her shoulders,

"knocking up" for Mary and Sadie, the stitchers

("knocking up" is counting books and stacking them in piles to be taken

away).

There were twenty wire-stitching machines on the floor, worked by a shaft that ran under the table;

as each stitcher put her work through the machine, she threw it on the table. The books were piling up fast and some slid to the floor

(the forelady had said, Keep the work off the floor!);

and Amelia stooped to pick up the books --

three or four had fallen under the table between the boards nailed against the legs.

She felt her hair caught gently;

put her and up and felt the shaft going round and round

and her hair caught on it, wound and winding around it,

until the scalp was jerked from her head,

and the blood was coming down all over her face and waist.

Reznikoff's tale feels like a folk song, a blues recitation, or a Dickensian tale, metaphorically intoning a timeless rite of passage. The short passage is ripe with sexual metaphor: the pubescent girl with long "blond hair hanging around her shoulders," "oh, so anxious to please," whose job is "knocking up." The inevitable dénouement happens when she feels the "shaft going round and round," its symbolic deflowering, replete with the flow of blood "coming down all over her face and waist." It's a complex play of eros and thanatos, poetic and nuanced, expressed in surgically selected lineation and enjambment. It's remarkably economical, painting a picture of an entire world in just a few lines, while packing a wallop of an emotional punch.

Place, conversely, doesn't deal in metaphor. There's nothing subtle about what she does, ardently adhering to Beckett's motto, "no symbols where none intended." We are horrified by Reznikoff's tales, but they're only a stanza or two and we quickly move on to the next encapsulated tragedy. Unlike Place's durational onslaught, Reznikoff permits us to keep our objectivity intact: we're still the reader -- safe and distanced -- witnessing tragedy. But we're never forced to alter our readerly position as in the way that Place forces us to. Reznikoff's work reeks of a world passed; to it's easy to separate from the content as opposed to Place whose lurid tales are being acted out every day in our time. In fact, Reznikoff's poem lives up to its moniker as Objectivist, keeping reader and author outside in ways that Place refuses to. Hers is a poetics of realism, ratcheting up a Duchampian gesture until it's too much to bear.

Labor, value, surplus, expenditure, context, recontext: uncompromising realism. These works have a lot on their plate. Place's gesture recalls a legend of the Warhol years. When Warhol first showed

his Brillo boxes in New York to great acclaim in the early 60s, during the opening, an intoxicated angry man approached Warhol and expressed his disgust at what he felt to be a one-trick, cheap shot gesture. He violently accused Andy of ripping off somebody else's hard work. As it turns out, this man was a failed, yet earnest Abstract Expressionist painter whose day job was a graphic designer for Brillo: he designed the box. He was doubly felled by Warhol, once on account of his day job and in a larger sense on account of Warhol's Pop Art rendering his "art" obsolete. Place complicates the already-complicated Warhol tale by playing both the victim and the victor, outsmarting herself by taking her alienated labor and détourning it into a satisfying, self-rewarded practice.

I recall a holiday dinner with my curious and bright but very bored cousin who is a lawyer. He was complaining about the drudgery of his job, having to write endlessly dull legal briefs day in and day out. Prodding him, I would say, why don't you think of what you do all day as art? If you reframe those documents, they don't look too far from many conceptual art documents I've seen. In fact, part of the practice of certain artists such as Christo is to include all the legal briefs that he had to file in order to, say, run a fence across miles of California wilderness. There's a certain fascination with documentation and a the dry authoritativeness of legalese that runs through much conceptual art and writing. You could be a part of that tradition. I could've told him about the work of Vanessa Place. My cousin, although intrigued, demurred and continued being bored for many years henceforth. I always saw it as a great lost opportunity.

Why Appropriation?

The greatest book of uncreative writing has already been written. From 1927 to 1940, Walter Benjamin summed up all of his thinking into a singular work of literature that came to be called *The Arcades Project*. Many have argued that it's nothing more than hundreds of pages of notes for an unrealized work of coherent thought, merely a pile of shards and sketches. But others have claimed it as a groundbreaking 1000-page work of appropriation and citation, so radical in its undigested form that it's impossible to think of another work in the history of literature that takes such an approach. It's a massive effort: most of what is in the book was not written by Benjamin, rather he simply copied texts written by others from stack of library books, with some passages spanning several pages. Yet conventions remain: each entry is properly cited and Benjamin's own "voice" inserts itself with brilliant gloss and commentary on what's being copied.

With all of the twentieth century's twisting and pulverizing of language and the hundreds of new forms proposed for fiction and poetry, it never occurred to anybody to grab somebody else's words and present them as their own. Borges proposed it in the form of Pierre Menard, but even Menard didn't copy -- he just happened to write the same book that Cervantes did without any prior knowledge of it. It was sheer coincidence, a fantastic stroke of genius combined with a tragically bad sense of timing.

Benjamin's gesture raises many questions about the nature of authorship and ways of constructing literature: isn't all cultural material shared, with new works built upon preexisting ones, whether acknowledged or not? Haven't writers been appropriating from time eternal? What about those well-digested strategies of collage and pastiche? Hasn't it all been done before? And if so, is it necessary to do it again? What is the difference between appropriation and collage?

A good place to start looking for answers is in the visual arts, where appropriative practices have a tested and digested for the past century, particularly in the approaches of Duchamp and Picasso, both of which were reacting to the previous century's shifts in industrial production and its subsequent technologies, particularly the camera. A useful analogy is Picasso as a candle and Duchamp as a mirror. The light of the candle draws us into its warm glow, holding us spellbound by its beauty. The cool reflectivity of the mirror pushes us away from the object, throwing us back on to ourselves.

Picasso's *Still Life with Chair Caning* (1911-12) incorporates an industrially-produced piece of oilcloth printed with an image of chair caning into its composition and an actual rope is wrapped around the painting, framing the picture. Other elements include the letters J, O, U, presumably referencing the word journal. These elements intermingle with various painted human and still life forms in the painting, all done in the typical browns, grays and whites of the synthetic style. Picasso's painting is an example of what a painter generally does: like a bird constructing a nest, discreet elements are gathered and stitched together to create a harmonious whole. The fact that the collaged elements are not rendered by hand does not serve to disrupt the composition in any way; rather they reinforce the strength of it. Picasso struts his mastery over several mediums and methods and we are justifiably wowed by his skill. Like a candle, *Still Life with Chair Caning* is a picture that draws you into its composition; clearly, you could spend an awful lot of time absorbed in this picture and basking in its warm glow.

Conversely, Duchamp's Fountain form just a few years later in 1917, is a urinal turned on its side, signed and put on a pedestal. Here, as opposed to Picasso, Duchamp appropriated an entire object, thus defamiliarizing and rendering this industrially-produced functionless. Unlike Picasso's constructive method, Duchamp didn't use collage to create a harmonious, compelling composition, rather he eschewed "the retinal" qualities to create an object that really doesn't require a viewership as much as it does a thinkership; no one has ever stood wide-eyed before Duchamp's urinal admiring the quality and application of the glaze. Instead, Duchamp invokes the mirror, creating a repellent and reflective object, one which forces us to turn away into other directions. Where it sends us has been exhaustively documented. Broadly speaking, we could say that Duchamp's action is generative while Picasso's is absorptive.

In literature, a similar comparison can be made in the constructive methodology of Ezra Pound's Cantos and the scrivener-like process of Walter Benjamin's The Arcades Projects. The assemblage and collage quality of The Cantos stitches together thousands of lines, drawn from a number other sources, literary and non-literary, all held in place with the glue of Pound's own language to create a unified whole. Like a gleaner of history, he collects heaps of ephemera from the ages and sorts through it looking for the gems out of which he will construct his epic; sound, sight and meaning all coalesce, frozen into shimmering verse. Everything seems to have come from somewhere else, but it's been chosen with the best of taste; his genius is in synthesizing found material into a cohesive whole. The flotsam and jetsam include offhanded notes, price lists, shards of language, erratic typography and odd spacing, chunks of correspondence, arcane legalese, slabs of dialogue, a dozen languages, and numerous unreferenced footnotes just to name a few, all bound together into a life's work. Written not according to system or constraint, this rambling mess is remarkably sensuous. The result is an exquisitely built construction cobbled together by a master craftsman. We could say that like Picasso, Pound's practice is synthetic, one which draws us in to tease out its puzzles and bask in the light of its sheer beauty.

Benjamin, on the other hand, taking his cues from cinema, creates a work of literary montage, a disjunctive, rapid-fire juxtaposition of 'small fleeting pictures.' With some 850 sources crashed up against each other, Benjamin makes no attempt at unification, other than by loosely organizing his citations by category. The scholar Richard Sieburth tells us that "of a quarter of a million words that comprise [this] edition, at least 75 percent are direct transcriptions of texts." As opposed to Pound, there is no attempt to blend the shards into a whole; instead there is an accumulation of language, most of it not belonging to Benjamin. Instead of admiring the author's synthetic skills, we are made to think about the exquisite quality of Benjamin's choices, his taste. It's what he selects to copy that makes this work successful. Benjamin's insistent use of fragmentary wholes does not make the text the final destination rather, like Duchamp, we are thrown away from the object by the power of the mirror.

The general consensus amongst scholars is that the Arcades was sheaves of notes for a great, unrealized project that he planned to call Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century. And there are chapters and sketches for such a book which boil the notes into a well-argued, logical essay. But the book can also be read (or misread, depending upon how you wish to frame it) as a stand-alone work in and of itself. It is a book made up of refuse and detritus, writing history by paying attention to the margins and the peripheries rather than the center:

bits of newspaper articles, arcane passages of forgotten histories, ephemeral sensations, weather conditions, political tracts, advertisements, literary quips, stray verse, accounts of dreams, descriptions of architecture, arcane theories of knowledge, and hundreds of other offbeat topics.

The book was constructed by reading through the corpus of literature about Paris in the nineteenth century. Benjamin simply copied down the passages onto to cards that caught his attention, which were then organized into general categories. Anticipating the instability of language in the later part of the twentieth century, there was no fixed forms. Benjamin would endlessly shuffle his note cards, transferring them from one folder to another. In the end, realizing that no passage could only live forever in one category, he cross-referenced many entries and those notations have traveled with the printed edition, making The Arcades Project an enormous proto-hypertextual work. With the inevitable printing of the book, the words were forced to settle down, as an editor pinned them to fixed entities on the page forever. What Benjamin intended as a final version was never made clear; instead, posterity has nailed his words down for him in the form a 1000 page tome. Yet it's that mystery -- was this the form he intended for his life's work? -- that gives the book so much energy, so much life and play, some 60 years after it was written. In that time, all sorts of experiments in unfixing pages have occurred. Today, in places like Printed Matter and book arts exhibitions, it's not uncommon to find books comprised entirely of unbound sheets that the purchaser may arrange according to their will. The catalogue to John Cage's retrospective Rolywholyover was one such book, with nearly fifty pieces of printed ephemera laid in, with no hierarchical order. The book self-reflexively embodies Cage's chance operations, a book without fixity or finality, a work in progress.

Even in its final form, The Arcades Project is a great to book bounce around in, flitting from page to page, like to window-shopping, pausing briefly to admire a display which catches your eye without feeling the need to go into the store. Quickly you move on to the next window. Because the book is about the Parisian arcades, an early incarnation of the shopping mall, Benjamin encourages the reader to be a consumer of language the way we would allow ourselves to be seduced by any other commodity. The book's unknowability is not denied by its fixity, rather it's the sense of sheer bulk and abundance, that makes it impossible to ever finish; it's so rich and so dense that trying to read it induces amnesia -- you're not sure whether you've already read this or that passage. It's really a text without end.

Benjamin's texts are multi-dimensional, just like his sense of history. In order for history to be studied he says, we've got to be able to freeze a moment. When this happens, he calls it a constellation: "It's not that what is past casts its light on what is present, or what is present its light on what is past; rather what has been comes together in a flash with the now to form a constellation." Like the web, the constellation is a temporary condition, a momentary fusion which will turn on a dime. But it all comes back to language: "the place where one encounters [the dialectical image] is language."

So we have a literary roadmap for appropriation, one that is picked up across the twentieth century by writers as such as Gysin, Burroughs, and Acker, to name but a few, and one that points toward the more radically appropriative texts being produced today. Yet, contrary to Benjamin's forays, the twentieth century embraced and ran with the fragmentary, not the whole, playing itself out into smaller and smaller bits of shattered language. But even The Arcades is still dealing in

fragments -- although large ones -- rather than in wholes. And for all his love of copying, there is still a great deal of authorial intervention. Isn't appropriation supposed to be free of intervention?

I'm not so sure. As a matter of fact, my own appropriated work Day might be a good test case. The recipe for my appropriation seems direct and simple enough: "On Friday, September 1, 2000, I began retyping the day's New York Times, word for word, letter for letter, from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner, page by page." But in order for me to simply "appropriate" the newspaper and turn it into a work of literature, it involved dozens of decisions. First came lifting the text off the page of the newspaper and getting it into my computer. But what to do with the font, font sizes and formatting? If I remove the images (while grabbing the texts embedded in the images, such as the numbers on the license plate in a car ad), I still must keep the captions. Where do the line breaks occur? Do I remain faithful to the slim columns or do I flow each article into one long paragraph? What about the pull quotes: where do those lines break? And how do I make my way around a page? I know I have a rough rule to move from the upper left corner to the lower right, but where do I go when I reach the end of a column and it says "continued on page 26"? Do I go to page 26 and finish the article or do I jump to the adjacent column and start another article? And when I make those jumps, do I add another line break or do I flow the text continuously? How do I treat the advertisements which often have playful text elements of varying fonts and styles? Where do line breaks occur in an ad where words float about a page? And what about the movie timetables, the sports statistics, the classified ads? In order to proceed, I have to build a machine. I have to answer each question, and set up a number of rules, which I must then strictly follow.

And once the text is into my computer, what font do I choose to reset the piece in? And finally, there are dozens of paratextual decisions: what size is the book going to be? What paper stock will the book be printed on? What will the cover look like? How much should be book sell for?

Once those formal decisions are made, there are ethics to parse. If I am to truly appropriate this work, then I must faithfully copy/write every word of the newspaper, whether I agree with the sentiments expressed or not. No matter how tempted I might be to alter the words of a disagreeable politician or film critic, I cannot for to do so would be to undermine the strict "wholes" that appropriation trucks in. My aim was to be as uncreative as possible; this was the hardest part of the task, for with every keystroke came the "creative" urge to fudge, skew, intervene. So, for a simple appropriation, it's not so simple. There were as many decisions, moral quandaries, linguistic preferences, and philosophical dilemmas as there are in an original or collaged work.

And yet I still trumpet the work's "valuelessness," its "nutritionlessness," its lack of creativity and originality when clearly the opposite is true. In truth, I'm not doing much more than trying to catch literature up with appropriative fads the art world moved past decades ago. There may, in fact, be a lot of truth when my detractors claim that I'm not that radical, that my name is still on these objects and all those decisions are so much in the service of upholding notions of my own genius. For an ego-less project, there sure is a lot of investment in me here. One prominent blogger acutely commented, "Kenny Goldsmith's actual art project is the projection of Kenny Goldsmith."

So how could I practice a more pure and radical form of appropriation, one that really moves a whole from one place to another with minimal intervention from the author? I could, for example, take Stephen King's *The Shining*, replace his name with mine and call it my own. As a gesture, it's too facile, a bit too easy, untied to any sustained practice. Perhaps that could be remedied if I were to engage the mechanics of the literary world into my appropriation. I could go on a book tour with my new book, *The Shining*, do readings, radio shows and book signings with it. I would send review copies to critics and in treat it exactly as I would any of my own "authored" books. Taking it a step further, I would go on to appropriate Stephen King's entire oeuvre as my own, making a full-blown career of literary appropriation. In the best case, Mr. King would sue me for impersonation, something that would surely give my career a great boost. I'd make the rounds of the talk shows, delivering the gospel of appropriation to all.

But during the twentieth century, the art world was full of such gestures -- people remaking other people's works -- that its long been absorbed into a legitimized practice.

How could younger writers proceed in an entirely new way, using current technologies and modes of distribution? Perhaps a glimmer into the battlegrounds of the future was glimpsed when three young, anonymous writers edited the now infamous Issue 1, a 3,785-page unauthorized and unpermissioned anthology, "written" by 3,164 poets, whose poems were actually authored not by the poets to whom they were attributed. Instead, the poems were generated by computer which randomly synced each author with a poem. Stylistically, it made no sense: a well-known traditional poet was paired with a radically disjunctive poem penned by a computer and vice versa.

Yet it wasn't so much the stylistics that raised eyebrows, it was the mechanics of it -- the distribution and the notification -- which riled the contributors. The work was stitched into a massive PDF, which was placed on a media server late one evening. Many people found about their inclusion the first thing in the morning, when finding that the Google Alert they had set for their name had notified them that they were included in a major new anthology. Clicking on the link brought them to the anthology where upon downloading it, they found their name attached to a poem they didn't write. Like wildfire, reaction spread through the community: Why was I in it? Why wasn't I in it? Why was my name matched with that poem? Who was responsible for this act? Half the "contributors" delighted to be included and the other half wildly angered. Several of the poets included said that they would include the poem ascribed to them in their next collection. Speaking on behalf of the disgruntled authors whose reputations of genius and authenticity were sullied was blogger and poet Ron Silliman, who said "Issue 1 is what I would call an act of anarcho-flarf vandalism... Play with other people's reps at your own risk" and went on to cite a lawsuit in which he and a group of authors won on a great sum of money for involving copyright infringement back in the 70s, suggesting that such a gesture might be a good idea for those scammed by Issue 1. Strikes an ominous tone, he stated, "As I certainly did not write the text associated with my name on page 1849... I don't think you wrote your work either."

As there really wasn't much to discuss about the poems -- in regard to everything else going on about this gesture, they seemed pretty irrelevant -- we were forced to consider the conceptual apparatus that the anonymous authors had set into motion. With one gesture, they had swapped the focus from content to context showing us what it might mean to be a poet in the digital age.

At the center of it all is appropriation. The twentieth century's fuss over authorial authenticity seems tame compared to what is going on here. Not only are the texts themselves appropriated, but it is compounded by the appropriation of names and reputations, randomly synced up with poems that were written not written by them. It's the largest anthology of poetry ever compiled and it was distributed to thousands one weekend from a blog and then commented upon endlessly on other blogs and subsequently in the comments streams of those blogs.

The candle has blown out and we're left with a hall of mirrors. In fact, the web has become a mirror for the ego of the absent but very present author. With the abundance of texts and the sheer numbers of words that fly back and forth daily on our screens, it's clear that textuality has a new focus and function in this environment. What mattered more than what poem you were represented by in the anthology was whether or not you were or were not included. Issue 1 pulled back to the veil on what it means to be an author now. If it doesn't exist on the internet, it doesn't exist. If you don't exist on the internet, you don't exist. As always, Andy Warhol -- a ghostly absent ubiquitous presence who functioned as a mirror to the world -- gets the last word. When asked how he felt when he got a bad review, he replied that he never read his reviews; instead, he just added up the column inches.

Against Failure: The Infallible Processes of Sol LeWitt and Andy Warhol

The visual arts have long embraced uncreativity as creative practice. Beginning with Marcel Duchamp's readymades, the twentieth century was awash with art works that challenged the primacy of the artist and questioned received notions of authorship. Particularly in the 1960s, with the advent of conceptual art, Duchampian tendencies were tested to the extreme, producing important bodies of often ephemeral and propositional work by towering artists. What they made was often secondary to the idea of how it was made.

There's a lot that writers can learn from by examining how they went about eradicating traditional notions of genius, labor and process. These ideas seem particularly relevant in today's digital climate, since the basis of much conceptual art was systematic, logical language. Like the Concrete Poets and Situationists, there's a direct tie-in to the use of language materially. In fact, many conceptual artists used words as their primary medium in the form of proposition and / or as a gallery-based expression.

There's a lot, too, that a contemporary readership can learn from the precedent of conceptual art. While no one flinches today upon walking into an gallery and seeing a few lines drawn on a wall according to a recipe (Sol LeWitt) or entering a theater or gallery showing a film of a man sleeping for 8-hours (Andy Warhol's *Sleep* [1963]), parallel acts bound between the pages of a book and published as writing still raises many red flags and cries of "That's not literature!" In the 1960s, gallery viewers quickly learned -- as in the case of Warhol's films -- how not to watch them but to think about them, write about them and discuss them without being burdened by the need to watch it in full. Similarly, art lovers when looking at a drawing by LeWitt, learned the futility of demanding an emotional kick where there wouldn't be any. Instead, they learned to ask different questions, learning that mechanical expressions can be equally -- but differently -- beautiful and moving. Any resistance to such approaches in art quickly collapsed: I don't need to tell you how mainstream and canonized both artists are today.

While the history of conceptual art is widely known, the overlaps and connections between it, contemporary writing, and digital culture are seldom made. What follows is an examination of Sol LeWitt and Andy Warhol's practice in ways that are applicable to uncreative writing. While both work on freeing the artist from the burden of "genius," each goes about it differently: LeWitt by mathematics and systems, Warhol by contraction, falsification and ambiguity.

One of my favorite descriptions of procrastination is this portrait of John Ashbery written for the *New Yorker* in 2005:

It's late already, five or five-thirty. John Ashbery is sitting at his typewriter but not typing. He picks up his cup of tea and takes two small sips because it's still quite hot. He puts it down. He's supposed to write some poetry today. He woke up pretty late this morning and has been futzing around ever since. He had some coffee. He read the newspaper. He dipped into a couple of books: a Proust biography that he bought five years ago but just started reading because it suddenly occurred to him to do so, a novel by Jean Rhys that he recently came

across in a secondhand bookstore--he's not a systematic reader. He flipped on the television and watched half of something dumb. He didn't feel up to leaving the apartment--it was muggy and putrid out, even for New York in the summer. He was aware of a low-level but continuous feeling of anxiety connected with the fact that he hadn't started writing yet and didn't have an idea. His mind flitted about. He thought about a Jean Helion painting that he'd seen recently at a show. He considered whether he should order in dinner again from a newish Indian restaurant on Ninth Avenue that he likes. (He won't go out. He's seventy-eight. He doesn't often go out these days.) On a trip to the bathroom he noticed that he needed a haircut. He talked on the phone to a poet friend who was sick. By five o'clock, though, there was no avoiding the fact that he had only an hour or so left before the working day would be over, so he put a CD in the stereo and sat down at his desk. He sees that there's a tiny spot on the wall that he's never noticed before. It's only going to take him half an hour or forty minutes to whip out something short once he gets going, but getting going, that's the hard part.

No need to worry, Mr. Ashbery: there's plenty of people out there to help you. There are dozens of books offering up antidotes for people like you. For instance, you might want to change your clothes ("to get a truly fresh start, John"); or try stretching a bit; it's a good idea to get up and get a glass of water every twenty minutes; you really should try freewriting -- just let your mind relax and let it flow, John; or you could try writing "badly"; it might be a "good idea to turn off the internet"; and perhaps it would help if you got up from your writing desk and did just one chore. But there's one solution that each and every book on writer's block offers: write five words. Any five words. Follow this advice, Mr. Ashbery, and you'll never have writer's block again.

The irony is that that last suggestion was actually realized as an artwork twice in the past century: once by Gertrude Stein who, in 1930, wrote a one-sentence poem, that simply went Five words in a line. and by Joseph Kosuth who, in 1965, realized the Stein piece in red neon by writing in capital letters FIVE WORDS IN RED NEON, of course, in red neon. If only writers had paid more attention to the smarter and self-referential strategies of Kosuth or Stein, surely they would have found a way to think their way out of their dilemma.

The poet Kwame Dawes tells us that, "On NPR a few years ago Derek Walcott confessed to feeling terror at the blank page -- the terror of someone wondering whether he can do it again, whether he can make a successful poem again. The interviewer laughed with some disbelief remarking that even the great Nobel laureate could feel such terror. Walcott insisted, 'Anyone [meaning any poet] who tells you otherwise is lying.'"

I'm not so sure about that. This sort of writer's block is something you don't hear too much about in the contemporary art world. While some might get stuck -- those clinging to older ideas of "originality" -- there's a well-honed tradition of adopting mechanical, process-based methods that makes the decisions for you. Beginning with Duchamp, who used the world as his art supply store -- if you come up with a good recipe, add the right ingredients and follow the directions and you're bound to come up with a good art work. Particularly in the 1960s, scores of artists swapped perspiration for procedure, thus expiating the struggle to create. I'm reminded of the sculptor Jonathan Borofsky running out of juice in graduate school in the mid-1960s. Sitting alone in his Yale studio, he simply began counting and kept

counting for weeks until the numbers moved from his mind to his mouth to the page, and from there into three dimensions, until insane figurative worlds grew out of this practice. But he never gave up his counting: to this day, each subsequent piece of sculpture or drawing still has a sequential number inscribed upon them.

The implications for writing are profound: imagine us adopting these ways of working so that we'd never have writer's block again. That's what Sol LeWitt did when he wrote two remarkable documents, "Paragraphs on Conceptual Art" (1967) and "Sentences on Conceptual Art" (1969), which were manifestoes that spoke for a generation more interested in ideas than in objects. The ideas are so good that once he embraced them, he never looked back; by virtue of a rigorous series of self-imposed constraints, his subsequent production blossomed in every fruitful direction for decades. There was never again any sort of blocks. The example of LeWitt offers writers several permissions to do the same. If we look closely at his thinking and methodology, we'll find a model for uncreative writing all the way through, from its inception to execution right up to its distribution and programmed reception. By swapping LeWitt's visual concerns for literary ones, we can adopt "Paragraphs" and "Sentences" as roadmaps and guidebooks for conceptual writing.

In these documents, LeWitt calls for a recipe-based art. Like shopping for ingredients and then cooking a meal, he says that all of the decisions for making an artwork should be made beforehand; and that the actual execution of the work is a merely a matter of duty, an action which shouldn't require too much thought, improvisation, or even genuine feeling. He felt that art shouldn't be based on skill: anyone can realize the work. In fact, throughout his career, LeWitt never made his work himself; instead he hired teams of draftsmen and fabricators to execute his works, a gesture that goes back to the Renaissance painters' workshops and their schools of disciples. He got the idea when working a day job in an architect's office and it dawned on him that "an architect doesn't go off with a shovel and dig his foundation and lay every brick" he conceived of the idea and contracted it out to others to realize. Why shouldn't a writer operate in the same way? In this way, he's close to Marcel Duchamp, who claimed to give up making art, instead becoming a respirator. Duchamp said, "I like living, breathing, better than working (...) if you wish, my art would be that of living: each second, each breath is a work which is inscribed nowhere, which is neither visual nor cerebral. It's a sort of constant euphoria." (But of course Duchamp never gave up making art, he just worked for decades in secrecy. And it's this sort of contradiction between what is claimed and what actually happens which really ties LeWitt to Duchamp as we'll see later.) Imagine writer's feigning silence or having others write their books for them the way Andy Warhol did.

I'm inspired by the idea that writing need not be based on skill. John Cage, famous for his works based on chance via a throw of the dice, I Ching, or randomizing computer programs, was often asked why he did what he did. Couldn't anyone do what he did? Cage replied, yes, but nobody did. What if we followed LeWitt's lead and devised the recipe as an open invitation for anyone to realize the work? I could take any one of my books, say, Day and devise a recipe: "Retype a day's edition of the New York Times from beginning to end, working your way across the page, left to right. Retype every letter in the paper, making no distinction between editorial or advertising." Surely your choices -- the way you make your way through the paper, how you choose

to break your lines, etc -- will be different than mine, making for a completely different work.

LeWitt echoed Duchamp's claim that art need not be exclusively retinal and goes further by stating that a work of art should be made with the minimum of decisions, choices, and whimsy. It's better if the artist makes deliberately uninteresting choices so that a viewer won't lose sight of the concepts behind the work, a sentiment close to the ideas of uncreative writing. And sometimes, the final product shouldn't be judged as the artwork; instead, all of the background documentation of how the work was made, conceived of, and executed might actually prove to be more interesting than the art itself. Gather up that documentation and present it instead in lieu of you thought was going to be the art work. He begs the artist to stop worrying about trying to be original and clever every time, saying that all aesthetic decisions can be resolved mathematically and rationally. If you're in a bind, just space everything equidistant which, like dance music, gives the work a pre-determined, hypnotic beat. You can't lose. Finally, he warns us: Don't get blinded by new materials and technology, for new materials do not necessarily make for new ideas, something that is still a pitfall for artists and writers in our technologically-infatuated age.

Now, there are some problems with the stated intent of LeWitt and the gorgeous results which were the hallmark of his career. When I look at a wall drawing of LeWitt's, regardless of how conceptually based it might be, it's about the most eye-poppingly beautiful art work ever made: uber-retinal. How can such sterile rhetoric and process produce such sensual and perfect results? When LeWitt claimed that the resultant work of art may be unappealing, he certainly couldn't have been referring to his practice. I've seen many LeWitts in my lifetime and I can't think of a single one that could be termed anything but gorgeous and successful. So something is happening here that makes me wonder if LeWitt is pulling our leg. As far as I can see, he's a singular genius with a exquisitely refined sense of the visual, a perfectionist who would stand for nothing less than finely-honed, crafted products that give a maximal bang for the buck, intellectually, visually and emotionally.

Perhaps we can find some clues to this discrepancy if we take a closer look at how these works were actually made. First off, each of LeWitt's works are dictated by short single recipes.

Here's one from 1969:

On a wall, using a hard pencil, parallel lines about 1/8" apart and 12" long are drawn for one minute. Under this row of lines, another row of lines are drawn for ten minutes. Under this row of lines another row of lines are drawn for one hour.

and another from 1970:

On a wall (smooth and white if possible) a draftsman draws 500 yellow, 500 gray, 500 red and 500 blue lines, within an area of 1 square meter. All lines must be between 10 cm. and 20 cm. long.

Lewitt himself never executed these pieces; he conceived of them and then had someone else realize them. Now, why would a conceptual artist need to realize anything, particularly one who had an aversion to the retinal? Isn't he contradicting himself when he states, "The conceptual artist would want to ameliorate this emphasis on materiality

as much as possible or to use it in a paradoxical way (to convert it into an idea)."? Why not just present them as ideas like Yoko Ono:

TIME PAINTING

Make a painting in which the color comes out only under a certain light at a certain time of the day. Make it a very short time.

1961 summer

We have no evidence that Ono's time painting was ever executed. And if it was, the variables for success are elusive, non-specific and subjective. It's not entirely clear where this piece should be performed. One might assume that since she's referring to a "certain time of day," then it's to be done outdoors. Assuming that's true, how are we to know which "certain light" she is specifically referring to as light over the course of the day changes infinitely? And how are we to know what time is a "certain time?" And furthermore, what does a "very short time" mean: one second? five minutes? short in relation to what? the course of day? of a lifetime? Conversely, if we attempt to make the time painting indoors, what type of light is the "certain light"? incandescent? fluorescent? candlelight? blacklight? If we are exposing the color indoors, then surely the "certain time of day" would have to be night so the light could act on the color. And finally, if we are somehow able to get all the coordinates right, how are we to know if we got the right color? There's mystical implications here as well: if we can somehow figure out how to align up all the coordinates -- like Indiana Jones does in order to move a rock that's sealing a hidden cave -- we, too, be rewarded with a fleeting cosmic vision.

LeWitt would agree. Art should exist exclusively in the mind. He states: "Ideas can be works of art; they are in a chain of development that may eventually find some form. All ideas need not be made physical." Yet he insists that they may eventually realized, a claim that Ono never makes. In fact, over the course of his career, LeWitt becomes famous for enacting those instructions, making them gorgeously visible, explicitly stating that "The plan exists as an idea but needs to be put into its optimum form. Ideas of wall drawings alone are contradictions of the idea of wall drawings."

Contradiction is a state that LeWitt, for all his posturing and hyperbole, seems to embrace. His "Sentences on Conceptual Art" begins with the New-agey statement, "Conceptual artists are mystics rather than rationalists. They leap to conclusions that logic cannot reach," and makes wacky Mad Hatter-like pronouncements such as: "Irrational thoughts should be followed absolutely and logically."

His instructions, too, could be just as vague and elusive as Ono's. Take, for example, this recipe for his 1971 wall drawing which was executed at the Guggenheim Museum:

Lines, not short, not straight, crossing and touching, drawn at random, using four colors (yellow, black, red and blue), uniformly dispersed with maximum density covering the entire surface of the wall.

Someone had to interpret and execute this drawing and I'm glad it wasn't me. What does "not short" and "not straight" mean? And what does "random" mean? A few summers ago, when I was redoing a bathroom, I told the contractor that I wanted the colors of the tiles to be random. I

figured that he'd place them about, willy-nilly, making them appear random. Each night when I came home from work, I'd pop my head into the bathroom and wonder why the work was proceeding so slowly. The next day, when I stopped in during lunchtime to find out, I saw Joe sitting there, rolling a die to insure that, in fact, each tile was put in completely randomly. Would I have to roll dice or throw I-Ching sticks every time I needed to draw a line? That would take forever.

Other questions: how is "maximum density" achieved? I might interpret that to mean that not one speck of the white wall should be seen by the time the piece is finished. This seems to me like an awful lot of work, and combined with having to make it really random, I could spend the rest of my life doing this.

And then, let's say I spent ten years doing it the way I thought it should be done, what if it wasn't "successful?" What if Sol wasn't pleased with my work? What if my "not short" lines were too long and my "not straight lines" were too wavy? In some Sisyphean nightmare, would he make me start all over again?

Fortunately we have documentation from a draftsman named David Schulman who took notes during the time he executed the aforementioned 1971 Guggenheim piece:

[Lines, not short, not straight, crossing and touching, drawn at random, using four colors (yellow, black, red and blue), uniformly dispersed with maximum density covering the entire surface of the wall.]

Started Jan. 26, having no idea how long it would take to reach a point of maximum density (a very ambiguous point at that). Being paid \$3.00 per hour, trying to let my financial needs have little effect on the amount of time I worked ... I was exhausted after 3 days of working without the slightest intimation of density. Having only one mechanical pencil, even the energy expended changing leads had an accumulative tiring effect ... I pushed to get the lines down faster while keeping them as not short as not straight and as crossing, touching and random as possible. I decided to use one color at a time, and use that color until it reached a point I considered one quarter "Maximum Density" ... Signals of discomfort became an unconscious time clock determining when I would stop and step back from the drawing. Walking up the ramp to look at the drawing from a distance provided momentary relief from the physical strain of the drawing. From a distance, each color had a swarming effect as it slowly worked its way across a portion of the wall ... The drawing in ways was paradoxical. The even density and disbursement of the lines took on a very systematic effect. Once the individual difficulties of each color were determined, any thought as to how the lines were going down in relation to lines previously drawn gradually diminished until there was no conscious thought given to the lines being drawn. Doing the drawing I realized that totally relaxing my body was only one way of reaching a deep level of concentration. Another was in the mindless activity of doing the drawing. Keeping my body totally active in an almost involuntary way -- in a sense, totally relaxed my mind. When my mind became relaxed, thoughts would flow at a smoother and faster pace.

While Schulman gives us some answers, surprisingly his take is as foggy as ours. He doesn't know what density means either and he's very vague about what "not short," "not straight" means or what exactly "random" is. And by the end of it, he's no longer talking about making a work of art; he's rambling on about mind / body splits. The whole

thing starts to feel oddly spiritual, more like yoga than conceptual art.

It's curious how the work begins to make itself, answering Schulman's questions, by following its own orders and rules. LeWitt had prescribed -- almost predicted -- this state when he said, "The draftsman and the wall enter a dialogue. The draftsman becomes bored but later through this meaningless activity finds peace or misery." How could he possibly know? At this point, he's getting very close to the mystical vagaries of Ono. And yet, Schulman's experience confirms LeWitt's hunches.

John Cage, who took an explicitly mystical Zen Buddhist attitude toward his work, said something similar: "If something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, then eight. Then sixteen. Then thirty-two. Eventually one discovers that it is not boring at all," which was something Cage said to soothe baffled musicians who were hired to play his music. In a way, a contract musician is similar to a fabricator like David Schulman, an anonymous craftsman who is paid to execute works of art in the service of someone else's name. Unlike a novelist who, with the exception of an editor, labors in a state of solitary creation, music and sometimes visual art -- like in the case of LeWitt -- is an enactment of a social contract. If the laborer feels s/he is being mistreated, s/he can subvert the success of the art, which is what frequently happened to Cage.

There are many stories of John Cage storming out of rehearsal sessions in anger after contract musicians of orchestras refused to take his music seriously. Cage, like LeWitt, gave musicians a lot of leeway with his scores, providing only vague instructions but was often frustrated with the results. In the middle of an abstract chance operations piece, for instance, a trombonist would slip in a few notes from "Camptown Races" which angered Cage to no end. Speaking about an incident in New York, he said, "Faced with a music such as I had given them, they simply sabotaged it. The New York Philharmonic is a bad orchestra. They're like a group of gangsters. They have no shame -- when I came off the stage after one of those performances, one of them who had played badly shook my hand and said, 'Come back in ten years; we'll treat you better.' They turn things away from music, and from any professional attitude toward music, to some kind of a social situation that is not very beautiful."

For Cage, music was a place to practice a utopian politics: An orchestra -- a social unit which he felt to be as regulated and controlled as the military -- could each be given the freedom not to act as a unit, instead permitting each member to be an individual within a social body. By undermining the structure of the orchestra -- one of the most established and codified institutions in Western culture -- he felt that in theory, the whole of Western culture could work within a system of what he termed "cheerful anarchy." Cage said, "The reason we know we could have nonviolent social change is because we have nonviolent art change."

LeWitt took pains to avoid such awkward situations. (He was working with a smaller group of craftsmen as opposed to Cage who was sometimes dealing with a 120 piece orchestra. Also, the draftsmen were generally sympathetic to the project, some whom he trained, with the expectation that they would train others, who would, in turn, train, Renaissance workshop style, still others, stretching on through generations.) To this end, in 1971, the same year that Schulman worked on the Guggenheim piece, LeWitt wrote a detailed contract to clear up any ambiguity regarding the social and professional relationship between artist and draftsman, allowing the draftsman a great deal of freedom:

The artist conceives and plans the wall drawing. It is realized by draftsmen. (The artist can act as his own draftsman.) The plan written, spoken or a drawing, is interpreted by the draftsman.

There are decisions which the draftsman makes, within the plan, as part of the plan. Each individual, being unique, given the same instructions would carry them out differently. He would understand them differently.

The artist must allow various interpretations of his plan. The draftsman perceives the artist's plan, the reorders it to his own experience and understanding.

The draftsman's contributions are unforeseen by the artist, even if he, the artist, is the draftsman. Even if the same draftsman followed the same plan twice, there would be two different works of art. No one can do the same thing twice.

The artist and the draftsman are collaborators in making the art.

Each person draws a line differently and each person understands the words differently.

Neither lines nor words are ideas. They are the means by which ideas are conveyed.

The wall drawing is the artist's art, as long as the plan is not violated. If it is, then the draftsman becomes the artist and the drawing would be his work of art, but art that is a parody of the original concept.

The draftsman may make errors in following the plan without compromising the plan. All wall drawings contain errors. They are part of the work.

Yet although LeWitt claimed that the artist and draftsman are collaborators, all of his collaborators went -- and continue to go -- unnamed, as compared with the very generous method of Scottish concrete poet and sculptor Ian Hamilton Finlay who never released a work of art without the fabricator's name given in the title of the work: A Rock Rose (with Richard Demarco) or Kite Estuary Mode (with Ian Gardner).

LeWitt held a remarkably lax and forward-looking concept of copyright, permitting, up until the mid-eighties, anyone to freely copy his works as long as they strictly adhered to the recipe, something he viewed as a compliment. In this way, he presages the 2006 sentiments of the science-fiction writer Cory Doctorow who makes his books freely available on the internet, as well as in print. Doctorow says: "Being well-enough known to be pirated is a crowning achievement. I'd rather stake my future on a literature that people care about enough to steal than devote my life to a form that has no home in the dominant medium of the century." Unlike digital material which can be replicated infinitely without any quality loss, LeWitt eventually reneged this stance due to the sheer number of bad copies that unskilled draftsmen made in spite of his utopian notion that "anyone with a pencil, a hand, and clear verbal directions" could make copies of his drawings. He put his foot down and turned the tide: the later works became better. There is evidence that as time has gone on, "the quality of the LeWitt drawings have improved as many of LeWitt's draftsmen have specialized in particular techniques, becoming 'samurai warriors' in their crafts. A LeWitt skillfully executed today dwarfs the quality of what the artist himself regularly produced."

In the early 80s, LeWitt left New York and moved to Italy. While there, living amongst Italian Renaissance frescos, his work went through enormous changes: suddenly it became wildly sensual, organic, and playful. Gone were the austere lines and measurements and in its

place came in colorful and whimsical works that seemed to owe more to the 1970s Pattern and Decoration movement than it did to recipe-based procedural conceptual art. And yet, these works were created by the identical methods as the early works, it's just that he swapped out different ingredients. So while the early works might only permit the four primary colors adhering to strict geometry, the new works could be eye-poppingly psychedelic with day-glo apple greens alternating with fluorescent oranges in wavy patterns. Often times, they were garish in taste, looking out of place in the white box of a museum. "When he was asked about the switch he made in the 1980's -- adding ink washes, which permitted him new colors, along with curves and free forms -- Mr. LeWitt responded, 'Why not?'"

To the untrained eye, these works were a complete betrayal of everything he had stood for up until that point. They seemed whimsical and overtly retinal, lacking any kind of formal rigor. But upon closer examination, they were as recipe-based as ever. These pieces from 1998, have the instructions:

Wall Drawing 853: A wall bordered and divided vertically into two parts by a flat black band. Left party: a square is divided vertically by a curvy line. Left: glossy red; right: glossy green; Right part: a square is divided horizontally by a curvy line. Top: glossy blue; bottom: glossy orange.

Wall Drawing 852: A wall divided from the upper left to the lower right by a curvy line; left: glossy yellow; right: glossy purple.

But that, to me, is the beauty of it all. These are works that, no matter what you did to them, really could not fail. The works, all done exactly to plan, were executed perfectly and were therefore successful.

There's a classic trajectory of an artist that I love: think of Duchamp, Philip Guston, John Cage or James Joyce. After an early academic career, they fall in with the styles of the day, very much making their mark as it is defined by their day. They become famous for that period: we need only think of Guston's Abstract Expressionist phase, Joyce's Ulysses or Cage's prepared piano sonatas. But then, something happens and they need to push what they're doing beyond the realm of acceptance. They rebel and revolt and make a move that appears so outrageous that even their staunchest of supporters turn against them. This happened at Cage's 25th anniversary concert at Town Hall in New York in 1958 when, after the first half which featured Cage's sweet and tonal prepared piano works, the entire second half was dedicated to his then-recent aleatory pieces. The audience started hissing and by the time the show was over, the house was pretty much cleared.

A similar story happens when Guston showed his cartoonish figurative works in a New York gallery for the first time in 1970 -- the Klansmen riding around in jeeps and hairy paws holding cigarettes. Hilton Kramer, writing for The New York Times famously dismissed Guston as "a mandarin pretending to be a stumblebum," calling him a second-rate Dubuffet and accusing him of feigning the role of "urban primitivist." After the opening, a core group of Abstract Expressionists in the elevator ride down were heard to say with relief, something to the tune of, "Well, thank god we'll never have to think about that again."

But it's these moves that, historically speaking, makes these figures the towering figures that they became. If Cage hadn't relinquished his tonal works and went aleatory, he'd be another curious composer -- important and historical -- perhaps someone more along the

lines of a Lou Harrison or Alan Hovhaness than a John Cage. Or imagine if Joyce hadn't pushed beyond the limits of known taste and never wrote *Finnegans Wake*. The consequences, in the short term at least, are brutal. After Joyce had published *Ulysses*, he was driving a Rolls Royce; seventeen years later, upon finishing *Finnegans Wake*, he was impoverished. But had he not written *Finnegans Wake*, he would never have risen to the status of James Joyce. What would've happened if Duchamp had accepted his moderate success as an oil painter if he had stopped at the scandal surrounding "Nude Descending a Staircase?" In turning their backs on what made them successful, they made themselves monumental, giving tools and methods to artists far in the future. I always say that I'd consider myself a success if I could bestow one new permission to future writers. These artists bestowed entire worlds.

When LeWitt makes his turn in the 80s against austerity, he makes his pivotal move and it's clear that it all comes down to taste. In the twentieth century, any avantist who made a point of killing art did it with impeccable taste, hence its ultimate absorption into the canon of art. Yet contrary to my own claims, I'm always banging my head against the realization that no matter how hard you try, you can never remove the individual from art. I have made arguments for ego-less art, found art, art driven by chance operations and many other strains, but in fact there's always someone behind the curtain, manning the machines. Again, take Duchamp. Every objet trouvé of his reeked of his taste. What if, for example, Duchamp had chosen a light bulb (as Johns did later with impeccable taste) instead of a urinal? a shoe (as Warhol did later with impeccable taste) instead of a bicycle wheel? What made these anti-art objects essentially Duchampian was his great taste.

There's a lot to take away from LeWitt: the idea of the authorless art, the socially enlightened dance between the author and the fabricator, the debunking of the Romantic impulse, the usefulness of well-spun rhetoric and precise logic -- not to mention the freedom that it brings, the elegance of primary form and structure, overcoming the fear of the white page, the triumph of good taste, the embrace of contradiction. But there's one thing above all the others that I get: We're always bending over backwards trying to express ourselves, yet LeWitt makes us realize how impossible it is not to express ourselves. I think that writers try too hard, hitting huge impassés by always trying to say something original, new, important, profound. LeWitt offers us several way out of our jams. Construct the machine and set it in motion and let the work create itself.

Andy Warhol is perhaps the single most important figure for uncreative writing. Warhol's entire oeuvre was based on the idea of uncreativity: the seemingly effortless production of mechanical paintings and unwatchable films where literally nothing happens. In terms of literary output, too, Warhol pushed the envelope by having other people write his books for him, yet the covers bore his name as author. He invented new genres of literature: a: a novel was the mere transcription of dozens of cassette tapes, spelling errors, stumbles, and stutters left exactly as they were mistyped. His *Diaries*, an enormous tome, were spoken over the phone to an assistant and transcribed, charting the minute, yet mostly mundane, movements of one person's life. In Perloffian terms, Andy Warhol was an unoriginal genius, one who was able to create a profoundly original body of work by isolating, reframing, recycling, regurgitating, and endlessly reproducing ideas and images that weren't his -- yet by the time he was

finished with them, they were completely Warholian. By mastering the manipulation of information (the media, his own image, or his Superstar coterie, to name a few), Warhol understood that he could master culture. Warhol reminds us that to be the originator of something widely memed (the word meme comes from the Greek word mimema: "something imitated") can match being the originator of the trigger event. These re-gestures -- such as reblogging and retweeting -- have become cultural rites of cache in and of themselves. Sorting and filtering -- moving information -- has become a site of cultural capital. Filtering is taste. And good taste rules the day: Warhol's exquisite sensibility combined with his finely-tuned taste challenged the locus of artistic production from creator to mediator.

In a 1966 black and white television interview, Warhol reluctantly answered questions fired at him by an aggressive and skeptical off-screen interlocutor. Picture in your mind, a tight-lipped Warhol sitting on a stool in front of a silver Elvis painting. The camera frequently zooms close-up on Warhol's face, framed by a broken pair of dark sunglasses; his fingers cover his lips, causing him to mumble hesitant and barely audible responses:

WARHOL: I mean, you should just tell me the words and I can just repeat them because I can't, uh..... I can't... I'm so empty today. I can't think of anything. Why don't you just tell me the words and they'll just come out of my mouth.

Q: No, don't worry about it because...

WARHOL: ...no, no... I think it would be so nice.

Q: You'll loosen up after a while.

WARHOL: Well, no. It's not that. It's just that I can't, ummm... I have a cold and I can't, uh, think of anything. It would be so nice if you told me a sentence and I just could repeat it.

Q: Well, let me just ask you a question you could answer...

WARHOL: No, no. But you repeat the answers too.

A few years earlier, in a 1963 interview, he says, "But why should I be original? Why can't I be non-original?" He sees no need to make create anything new: "I just like to see things used and re-used." Echoing then-current notions of eradicating the division between art and life, he says, "I just happen to like ordinary things. When I paint them, I don't try to make them extraordinary. I just try to paint them ordinary-ordinary... That's why I've had to resort to silk screens, stencils and other kinds of automatic reproduction. And still the human element creeps in!... I'm anti-smudge. It's too human. I'm for mechanical art... If somebody faked my art, I couldn't identify it."

Warhol himself was a series of contradictions: He was poorest who became the richest; the ugliest who became the most beautiful (at the end of his life he was a runway model); he could barely speak, but what he did say became cultural truisms; he was the lowest of the low (the most commercial) and the highest of the high (creating some of the most difficult and challenging art of the twentieth century); the kindest and the cruelest; the most profane yet the most religious (Warhol attended church every Sunday); the dullest man who surrounded himself with the most exciting men. The list could go on forever.

His artwork embodied the same tensions which lead us into a query regarding ethics and morality along the lines of Vanessa Place. What happens when one's artistic practice is programmatically predicated upon deceit, dishonesty, lying, fraudulence, impersonation, identity theft, plagiarism, market manipulation, psychological warfare, and consensual abuse? When humanism is tossed out the window and the

machine is prioritized over flesh and bone? When a practice adamantly denies emotion, promoting style over substance, vapidness over genius, mechanical process over touch, boredom over entertainment, surface over depth? When art is made with alienation as a goal, art which intentionally disconnects from what we normally ascribe to as having cultural and social value?

The plot thickens. Warhol embraced a flexible morality, one that is almost impossible for most of us to conceive of either in theory or in practice. Warhol spent his career testing these waters in his life and in his art and, in his life specifically, the consequences were often devastating. In Andy's world, there were no happy endings; the ride was fast and glamorous but there was always doom ahead. With the notable exception of Lou Reed, few Factory denizens went on to a substantial life or career outside of the moment. For several, the results were deadly. Wayne Koestenbaum, in his biography of Warhol comments that, "Many of the people I've interviewed, who knew or worked with Warhol, seemed damaged or traumatized by the experience. Or so I surmise: they might have been damaged before Warhol got to them. But he had a way of casting light on the ruin -- a way of making it spectacular, visible, audible. He didn't consciously harm people, but his presence became the proscenium for traumatic theater."

This is the most often-told side of Warhol, the train-wreck narrative we are all familiar with. But there is another way to look at it. I'd like to propose that we use his example of ambiguity and contradiction as a utopian experiment in artistic practices as a way of testing the limits of morality and ethics, in a positive sense. If we are able to separate the man from the work, we may see that in this series of negative dialectics, Warhol was actually proposing a free space of play within the safe confines of art. Art as a free space to say "what if...?"; art as one of the only spaces available in our culture that would allow such experiments. But first, we need to get out of the path of the emotional train wreck that was Warhol's life. If we refuse to move, we are bound to be held to the destructive myth of the Factory and dragged down with it.

We're back in contradictory territory again: how can we separate Warhol's life from his art or any artists' life from their art for that matter? To answer that question, I think we need to invoke a bit of theory in order to connect the dots, using Roland Barthes' seminal essay, "The Death of the Author." In it, he made a distinction between literature and autobiography saying that, for instance, "if we were to discover that, after admiring a series of books extolling courage and moral fidelity, that the man who wrote them was a coward and a lecher, this would not have the slightest effect on their literary quality. We might regret this insincerity, but we should not be able to withhold our admiration for his skill as writer." Barthes referred to the idea of an authorless work as text rather than literature.

The Barthesian premise was demonstrated most powerfully in the vast body of literary works that Warhol produced. Take, for example, *The Andy Warhol Diaries* which spent four months on the New York Times bestseller list. It's hard to imagine a less-engaging narrative: over 800 pages of Andy's diary entries recording every cent spent on taxis and documenting each phone call he made. The idea of autobiography falsely permeates the book: on the front cover *The Boston Globe* exclaims, "The ultimate self-portrait." The book in its accumulation of minute and insignificant detail is nearly identical to *Boswell* except for the fact that it's presented as an autobiography. Take the entry from Monday, August 2, 1982:

Mark Ginsburg was bringing Indira Gandhi's daughter down and he was calling and Ina was calling and Bob was calling saying how important this was, so I gave up my exercise class and it turned out just to be the daughter-in-law, who's Italian, she doesn't even look Indian.

Went to 25 East 39th Street to Michael Vollbracht's (cab \$4.50). Ran into Mary McFadden on the way in and I told her she looked beautiful with no makeup and she said she'd never worn more. I told her that in that case, as one made-up person to another, it looked like she didn't have any on. Giorgio Sant'Angelo was there. The food looked really chic but I didn't have any.

Went to Diane Von Furstenberg's party for the launching of her new cosmetics (cab \$4). and all the boys at the party were the same ones who had been on Fire Island. It was fun seeing Diane, she was hustling perfume. Her clothes are so ugly though, they're like plastic or something. And she had all the high-fashion girls there wearing them. Barbara Allen was there and even she looked awful in the clothes. I did get an idea for decorating though -- big boxes of color that you can put in a room and move around and change your decorating scheme.

What a life! Warhol's workout is cancelled so he can meet presumed royalty. Then it's off to meet Vollbracht -- a designer for Geoffrey Beene -- where he runs into a fashion editor and hangs out with yet another fashion designer. Next is a party for, yes, another fashion designer, this one replete with fabulous gay boys from Fire Island and beautiful models. He snubs rich people and gets inspired by interior design.

Is this really autobiography? No. It's a highly edited work of fantasy fiction based on Warhol's life. Where is the author? It was Warhol who dictated and shaped his unreal image; no trips to the grocery store or the dry cleaners, no traffic jams, no self-reflection, no doubt, no friction. Warhol, as he portrayed his life, was one whirl of glamour. It's unabashedly autobiography as fiction which, of course, all autobiographies are. Warhol meticulously reported the edited version of his life every morning for the last twelve years of his life, calling his secretary / ghost writer Pat Hackett and telling her what happened the day before. The daily phone calls began innocently enough as log of Andy's personal expenses for keeping the IRS at bay, but soon developed into a full-blown record of his life. Hackett acted as gatekeeper and editor for the book becoming as much of an author and shaper of Warhol's life as was Boswell. In fact, she boiled the book down from the original manuscript of 20,000 pages, choosing what she felt to be "the best material and most representative of Andy." Hackett ruthlessly edited the material: "On a day when Andy went to five parties, I may have included only a single one. I applied the same editing principle to names to give the diary a narrative flow and to deep it from reading like the social columns... I've cut many names. If Andy mentioned, say, ten people, I may have chosen to include only the three he had conversations with or spoke of in the most detail. Such omissions are not noted in the text since the effect would serve only to distract, and slow the reader down."

But isn't the reader slowed down enough? Hackett is mistaken to think that anybody would actually "read" the Diaries straight through. The way to ingest the work is to skim it and even that, after a while, becomes exhausting due to the sheer amount of trivial data. In fact, to lift the onus of having to read the book at all, later editions included an index of names and places to make ego-surfing easier for those in the club; and to make those with their noses pressed up against the window envious. It was a book not to read but to reference.

Warhol would have been delighted by this. He claimed, "I don't read much about myself, anyway, I just look at the pictures in the articles, it doesn't matter what they say about me; I just read the textures of the words."

Warhol, a man who claimed not to read, naturally published what is largely considered to be an unreadable book, a, A Novel. Yet, as a work of literature, it has all the marks of a Warhol: mechanical processes, off-register marks (spelling errors) and a good deal of modernist difficulty and a plot that was arguably Joycean in its complexity and attention to quotidian detail. If there is a story, it's so buried in literal transcription and typographical inconsistency that the signal-to-noise ratio makes a conventional reading nearly impossible which, of course, was Warhol's intention. Warhol conquered the experimental film world in the early 60s by a similar tactic. The prevalent trend was the quick edit and jump cut, but Warhol did the opposite: he plunked the camera on a tripod and let it run... and run.... and run... There were no edits, no pans. When asked about the slowness of his films, he said that he was not interested in moving forward, but moving backward to the very beginning of filmmaking when the camera was fixed to a tripod, capturing whatever happened to be in front of it. If you've seen his 3-minute screen tests, where the camera is fixed on a face, you can't but be persuaded by Warhol's point of view: they're amongst the most striking and gorgeous portraits ever made. Sleep, six hours of a man sleeping and Empire, a still, 8-hour shot of The Empire State Building, are incredible time-based portraits.

a purported to be a 24-hour tape recorded portrait of Factory superstar Ondine but turned out to be a mix of over 100 characters recorded over a two-year period. Each section of the book has a different typographical layout due to the idiosyncrasies of the various typists that worked on the tapes. Warhol decided to leave these as they were given to him as well as maintaining all misspellings. What ends up as is approaching the idea of a literary vérité that is a multi-authored text, riddled with the formal subjectivity of several transcribers, radically questioning the notions of singular authorial genius. Like all of Warhol's production, his role was that of conceptualist or as he saw it, factory boss making sure that his legions executed his concepts with enough latitude to make it feel like they had some stake in it, when in actuality they had none.

His other books, The Philosophy of Andy Warhol, POPism, America and Exposures were ghost written affairs by his assistants who channeled the voice of Andy Warhol. Their voice became his public voice while Warhol largely remained silent. Those famous Warholian soundbites you hear -- famous for fifteen minutes, etc. -- often weren't written by him.

While mid-century modernism dipped a toe into what William Carlos Williams called "the speech of Polish mothers," the actual speech of Polish mothers was too ugly, too unrefined, for the likes of poetry. Frank O'Hara, father of the "talk" poem, approaches in his late works, what Marjorie Perloff calls, "the vagaries of everyday conversation":

"thank you for the dark and the shoulders"
"oh thank you"

okay I'll meet you at the weather station at 5
we'll take a helicopter into the "eye" of the storm
we'll be so happy in the center of things at last
now the wind rushes up nothing happens and departs

This late work, "Biotherm (for Bill Berkson)" written in 1961, yet it still hung on to privileged vernacular (the "eye of the storm") and the polite space between "oh" and "thank you." And although it's an everyday sort of poem, the piece is full of meaningful and heightened moments that make it, undoubtedly, a great poem.

Yet a mere five years later a blasts apart the New York School's claims to speech-based realism by publishing nearly five hundred pages of real speech. The book has its roots in another attempt at real speech -- Molly Bloom's soliloquy-- yet Molly's banter looks stiff and contrived by comparison. a is ugly. And difficult:

O--I gave him amphetamine, I gave him amphetamine one night, when when D--Recently?... O--I first met him. D-- No no, a long time ago. O--and he was a frightening poetry D--Yeah. O-He wrote poetry, he wrote poetry D--It scared him very much. O--It scared him,... D--He's been on LSDand uh, pills and uh every O--Baby, it doesn't matter. D--It doesn't matter, well well- O--Why why why don't yo have to take pills D--Huh? O--Wht don't you have to t-t-t-ake drugs? Why isn't it a necessity for you to take drugs? D--Oh. O--Why, because you D--Well, no, I O--You're as high as you are... Hello? WhO's caluing? Buchess oh, Duchess lover, it's Ondine.

Warhol took the 20th century's quest for natural speech to its logical conclusion proving, contrary to Robert Grenier ("I HATE SPEECH") that blather, in its untouched state, is just as disjunctive as other fragmentary modernist strategies.

Surrounding Warhol was an entire cult of people constantly engaged in translating ephemeral speech into text:

Everyone, absolutely everyone, was tape-recording everyone else. Machinery had already taken over people's sex lives--dildos and all kinds of vibrators--and now it was taking over their social lives, too, with tape recorders and Polaroids. The running joke between Brigid and me was that all our phone calls started with whoever'd been called by the other saying, "Hello, wait a minute," and running to plug in and hook up... I'd provoke any kind of hysteria I could think of on the phone just to get myself a good tape. Since I wasn't going out much and was home a lot on the mornings and evenings, I put in a lot of time on the phone gossiping and making trouble and getting ideas from people and trying to figure out what was happening--and taping it all.

The trouble was, it took so long to get a tape transcribed, even when you had somebody working at it full-time. In those days even the typists were making their own tapes--as I said everybody was into it.

At the Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh while researching my book of Warhol interviews, the curator rolled out a cart with enormous stacks of paper on it. He told me that here were the complete transcriptions of Warhol's tapes from over the years. Apparently, each night out on the town, Warhol would take his tape recorder (which he referred to as his "wife") and let the machine roll for the duration of the evening. People eventually became so used to its presence that they ignored it and went on speaking without any self-consciousness at all. The next morning, Warhol would then take the previous night's catch of tapes into the Factory, drop them on a desk and have an assistant transcribe them. Upon seeing these documents -- raw, unedited transcriptions of lost, ephemeral conversation that had transpired decades ago between some of the most famous people in the world -- I proposed to the curator that this would make a great next book. He shook his head and

said that due to the threat of libel, the tapes could not be published until 2037, fifty years after Warhol's death.

Also at the museum were Warhol's time capsules stacked on shelves in the library. For the better part of his career as an artist, Warhol always kept an open cardboard box in his studio into which was thrown both the detritus and gems that drifted through the Factory. Warhol made no distinction as to what was saved -- from hamburger wrappers to celebrity-autographed photos; full runs of his magazine Interview; even his wigs -- it all went in. When the box was full, it was sealed, numbered, and signed by Warhol, each a work of art. After his death, the museum was given the boxes, totaling over 8,000 cubic feet of material. When I visited the museum, I noticed that only a few dozen of the seemingly hundreds of boxes were opened. When I asked why, the curator informed me that each time a box is opened, every object in that box must be extensively documented and catalogued, assigned a catalog number, described, photographed and so forth, to the point where opening a single box entailed a month's worth of work for two people laboring full time. The implications of not only the act of archiving but the process of decoding -- cataloguing, sorting, preserving -- makes Warhol's oeuvre particularly prescient for web-driven literary practices today.

Warhol's oeuvre, then, should be read as text instead of literature, echoing Barthes' idea that that "the text is a tissue of citations, resulting from the thousand sources of culture," which is a shorthand defense for the waves of appropriative, "unoriginal," and "uncreative" artworks that would follow after Warhol for decades. It also explains why Warhol could take a newspaper photo of Jackie Kennedy and turn it into an icon. Warhol understood that the "tissue of citations" around the image of Jackie would only accrue over time, growing more complex with each passing historic event or era. Warhol had a keen eye for choosing the right image, the image with the most accumulative potential. As a result, it's possible for us to see Warhol's Jackie without knowing a thing about the Warholian soap opera environs from which it sprung. Warhol's ongoing strategic removal of himself as Author lets the works live on after all the day's drama is done with. As Barthes says, "Once the Author is gone, the claim to 'decipher' a text becomes quite useless." What on the surface appears to be a web of lies in Warhol's life is actually a smokescreen of purposeful disinformation in order to deflate the figure of the Author.

By invoking the normally anti-social, criminal acts of impersonation, fraudulence and identity fraud he was able to gradually eradicate himself from his work, realizing that dependence on autobiography would limit the shelf-life of his art works. Contradictorily, he also realized that through absence, what was lost becomes more ever-present and ubiquitous, morphing into the iconic.

Let's look at the ways in which he set about accomplishing this. In interviews, Warhol lied all the time. When, for instance, he was asked where he was born, he gave a different answer each time. Warhol's career leaves a legacy of authorized impersonations, most famously when, in the fall of 1967, Factory denizen and seasoned actor Allen Midgette was hired by Warhol to do a series of college lectures impersonating Andy Warhol. Warhol himself found these engagements difficult and tedious. The students, expecting someone dynamic and glamorous, were often disappointed when the tight-lipped, shy Warhol appeared. Midgette on the other hand -- charismatically donning his silver wig and dark sunglasses -- was a smash hit with the students. The stunt went off without a hitch for some time, but the gig finally ended when a suspicious newspaper reporter (a keeper of logos) called

the Factory and Warhol was forced to spill the beans. Andy Warhol -- as himself -- subsequently had to return to the colleges to make up for the impersonations.

Another tactic was to move a conversation off-subject, normally one which forced the conversation away from him. In the Spring of 2002 I was leafing through a compilation of essays about Warhol released by October magazine and the last piece in the book was an interview with Andy by the art critic Benjamin Buchloh from 1985. It seemed that the more pointed Buchloh's questions became, the more elusive Andy's answers were. Buchloh would hit harder and Warhol would get slipperier, repeating things he'd said many times before as if Buchloh's questions were irrelevant. Buchloh got more and more agitated by Warhol's lack of response and in turn began talking at length while Warhol kept his mouth shut. In the end, I realized that by saying so little, Warhol was inverting the traditional form of the interview; I ended up knowing much more about Buchloh than I did about Warhol. Really, although Buchloh set out to interview Warhol, Warhol ended up interviewing Buchloh. From the beginning of his painting career in 1962 to his death in 1987, every interview was treated as an opportunity to for him to disappear.

Throughout his interviews, Warhol is nothing if not consistent. The art critic Reva Wolf, tells of a collection of artists' statements gathered for the 1980 MoMA Picasso retrospective catalog. She tells us that painter Paul Jenkins was of the opinion that "the dominant feature of his work is the distortion of the classical which eventually became the classical itself." Romare Bearden explained that Picasso "remained a very Spanish painter." And Roy Lichtenstein said, "I think of Picasso as the most important artist of the twentieth century." Warhol, avoiding such weighty art-historical pronouncements, offered this observation: "Ah, the only thing I can really relate to is his daughter Paloma. She's wonderful. Do you know her at all? She comes to town. You should maybe interview her sometime. She comes here every other week. I'm just glad he had a wonderful daughter like Paloma."

Likewise, when, in a 1971 documentary film, art critic Barbara Rose asked him what he thought of the artist Jasper Johns (whose work is often noted as a strong early influence on Warhol), he responded with a simple and characteristic "I think he's great." When pressed to say why, Warhol explained, "Ohhh, uh, he makes such great lunches. He does this great thing with chicken. He puts parsley inside the chicken." While it very well may have been true that Johns was a terrific cook, Warhol's description of his chicken recipe was, needless to say, not the kind of information Rose was seeking, and was clearly meant to rile her. Wolf goes on to speculate that it is likely Warhol found a way to "out" Johns by focusing on a stereotypically female activity.

Warhol was the king of passive aggressiveness. By moving himself away, he only became more forceful, throwing a focus onto the margins, the peripheral. He proposes new ways of thinking: Wait. What if stuffing the chicken with parsley means more than a flag painting?

Even his management of his career fell under this spell. In regard to his fame, he said, "Being famous isn't all that important. If I weren't famous, I wouldn't have been shot for being Andy Warhol." [cit.] Often, when asked for an interview, he would ask a Factory denizen to write it for him in its entirety. In two cases, "important" interviews with Andy (from which oft-repeated truisms were attributed to him) were written entirely by assistant Gerard Malanga. It wasn't until decades later that it was revealed that these words weren't Andy's.

In another 1964 interview penned by Malanga, "Interview With Andy Warhol on EMPIRE," the majority of the questions and answers were appropriated directly from an Empire State Building publicity brochure.

GM: Can you tell me about the exterior of the Empire State?

AW: Not only the highest building in the world, Empire State is also one of the most beautiful. The exterior is of Indiana limestone trimmed with sparkling strips of stainless steel which run from the sixth floor all the way to the top. Whether seen in sunlight or moonlight, the effect is magnificent. Marble in the Cathedral-like lobby was imported from four different countries, France, Italy, Belgium and Germany. Experts combed these countries to get the most beautiful marble, and in one case, the contents of an entire quarry were exhausted to insure matching blocks of exactly the right color and graining.

GM: Who are some of Empire State's celebrated visitors?

AW: Each year the Empire State Building plays host to many Heads of State or dignitaries and celebrities. Had you been here on the right days in the past, you might have seen Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip of England, or the King and Queen of Thailand, or Princess Birgitta and Desiree of Sweden, or Queen Frederika of Greece or even your favorite movie actor.

[...]

GM: Oh, by the way, that reminds me, who is your favorite movie actor?

AW: My favorite movie actor is Troy Donahue.

In the 1966 black and white interview which I quoted from at the beginning of this chapter, Warhol shares a bill with Roy Lichtenstein and the difference between the two artists couldn't be more striking. The first fifteen minutes of the half-hour documentary feature a cheerful, articulate normal-looking Lichtenstein in his studio talking about the pop landscape of billboards and advertising. He says, "I'm working in a style which parodies the style of everyday art and everyday society. I'm interested in portraying an anti-sensibility that pervades the society and a kind of gross oversimplification. I use that more as style than as actuality. I really don't think that things can be gross and oversimplified and remain art. I mean, it must have subtleties and it must appeal to a kind of aesthetic unity, otherwise it's not in the realm of art, it's something else." For Lichtenstein, Pop couldn't be confused with life. It was something to play with during work hours but then left behind.

By contrast Warhol stumbles through his portion:

Q: A lot of people might be inclined, it seems to me, to put you down because they could say that your work has a certain distance: it's mechanical and you don't really make it and all of those things. And yet, like anyone else, when you start to talk about it, the things you say are about really caring, I mean, you want people's lives to be better.

WARHOL: Uh... Uhhhhhh... Yeah, well I guess I really don't, uhhh... It's too hard to care and I guess I... Well, I care... I still care but it would be so much easier not to care.

Q: In other words, are you saying that you are involved in this idea of making people more conscious of their lives but you don't really want to get into their lives deeply...

WARHOL: Uh... Oh, yes... yeah. I don't want to get too involved.

Q: I think that this is a very important thing about all of your work: The idea of your own distance that you keep from it. Is this because of this feeling that you don't want to get that close to it?

WARHOL: Uh... yes. I don't want to get too close to it.

Q: You never, in any of your work have ever really said anything that tells anyone anything about you. You don't want that to happen, do you?

WARHOL: Uh... well, there's not very much to say, you know, about me.

When Lichtenstein left his studio, he left Pop behind. Warhol, on the other hand, lived pop. Warhol's entire career as a response to the question: What does it mean to really be Pop? His whole life was an ongoing performance dedicated to answering that question. Like a snake shedding skins, the different phases of his work are all an attempt to get ever closer to the ideal of Pop.

And it worked. In the 1960s, when he painted his famous portrait of Elizabeth Taylor, he was a gushing fan, and to paint her was the only way to get close to her. By contrast, by the end of the 1970s, it was Elizabeth Taylor who needed to stand next to Andy Warhol in order to bask in the glow of his reflected light. While Lichtenstein, Johns, Rauschenberg and others largely kept out of the spotlight, keeping Pop at bay, Warhol never looked back. He embodied Pop. And like Pop, living life as Pop was ugly, brutal, cheap, shallow, depressing and hollow. As much as Warhol got out of it, that's how much was taken out of him: suicides, drug casualties, two assassination attempts, numerous jealousies, death threats. Just like a pop star. In the end, it was a tremendous sacrifice to make for a set of complex philosophical propositions that could perhaps only be wrapped in the guise of Pop. By stepping outside of the logocentric culture into a weightless world, one devoid of any consequences, everything was possible. Only art would permit him to play out these ideas with 100% commitment on a journey that was truly lifelong.

By all rights, I should be done with Warhol. I've written books and articles about him, lectured endlessly on him, taught him year after year, quote him ceaselessly, and still he continues to have a grip on me. Warhol was a 360 degree artist: no matter what angle you hit him from you're both right and wrong. He's like a greased spinning cylinder, there are simply no handles to grab on to; there are no sides, no angles, no surety. Every way is the right way, particularly if it involves a seemingly contradictory stance.

In his last interview just before he died in 1987 with the Australian art critic Paul Taylor, Warhol repeated what he had said dozens of times throughout his life but this time it had a weight, a prescient and a nod and a wink, so strong as to convince the most skeptical of us:

Taylor: If you were starting out now, would you do anything differently?

Warhol: I don't know. I just worked hard. It's all fantasy.

Taylor: Life is fantasy?

Warhol: Yeah, it is.

Taylor: What's real?

Warhol: Don't know.

Taylor: Some people would.

Warhol: Would they?

Taylor: Do you really believe it, or tomorrow will you say the opposite?

Warhol: I don't know. I like this idea that you can say the opposite.

Taylor: But you wouldn't in this case?

Warhol: No.

Retyping On The Road

A few years ago I was lecturing to a class at Princeton. After the class, a small group of students came up to me to tell me about a workshop that they were taking with one of the most well-known fiction writers in America. They were complaining about her lack of pedagogical imagination, assigning them the types of creative writing exercises that they had been doing since junior high school. For example, she had them pick their favorite writer and come in next week with an "original" work in the style of that author. I asked one of the students which author they chose. She answered Jack Kerouac. She then added that the assignment felt meaningless to her because the night before she tried to "get into Kerouac's head" and scribbled a piece in "his style" to fulfill the assignment. It occurred to me that for this student to actually write in the style of Kerouac, she would have been better off taking a road trip across the country in a '48 Buick with the convertible roof down, gulping Benzedrine by the fistful, washing 'em down with bourbon, all the while typing furiously away on a manual typewriter, going 85 miles per hour down a ribbon of desert highway. And even then, it would've been a completely different experience, not to mention a very different piece of writing, than Kerouac's.

Instead, my mind drifted to those aspiring painters who fill up the Metropolitan Museum of Art every day, spending hours learning by copying the Old Masters. If it's good enough for them, why isn't it good enough for us? The power and usefulness of the act of retyping is invoked by Walter Benjamin, a master copyist himself, in the following passage where he extols the virtue of copying, coincidentally invoking the metaphor of the road:

The power of a country road is different when one is walking along it from when one is flying over it by airplane. In the same way, the power of a text is different when it is read from when it is copied out. The airplane passenger sees only how the road pushes through the landscape, how it unfolds according to the same laws as the terrain surrounding it. Only he who walks the road on foot learns of the power it commands... Only the copied text commands the soul of him who is occupied with it, whereas the mere reader never discovers the new aspects of his inner self that are opened by the text, the road cut through the interior jungle forever closing behind it: because the reader follows the movement of his mind in the free flight of day-dreaming, whereas the copier submits to its command.

The idea of being able to physically get inside a text through the act of copying is an appealing one for pedagogy: I would think that should this student have retyped a chunk — or if she was ambitious, the entirety — of *On The Road*. Wouldn't she have really understood Kerouac's style in a profound way that was bound to stick with her?

After having learned of my proposition, Simon Morris, a British artist, decided to actually retype *On The Road*, one page a day on a blog called "Getting Inside Kerouac's Head." In his introductory post, he wrote, "It's an amusing anecdote and it occurred to me that it would make an interesting work. It would be interesting to realize this proposition as a work in its own right and in the process to see what I would learn through re-typing Kerouac's prose." And so on May 31, 2008, he began: "I first met Neal not long after my father died..." filling up the page with Kerouac's first page and ending the blog-entry mid-sentence, corresponding with the printed page of *On The Road*: "...which

reminded me of my jail problem it is absolutely necessary now to postpone all". The blog entry, published June 1 picks up mid-sentence from the preceding day: "those leftover things concerning our personal lovethings and at once begin thinking of specific worklife plans..." He reached page 408 on March 22 2009, thereby completing the project.

Morris had never read the book before and as he retyped it, he enjoyed the watching the narrative unravel. It took him twenty minutes each day, hunting-and-pecking, to type the 400-word pages. And, true to my hunch, he's had a relationship to the book far different from if he had merely read it: "I have told several people in an excited manner that 'this is the most thrilling read/ride of my life.' Certainly, I have never paid any single book this much attention and having never read Kerouac's book, the unfolding story is certainly a pleasurable experience -- it's a great read. Not only do I type it up, word for word, each day but I then proofread each page, checking for mistakes before posting it on the blog... so each page is being re-typed and read several times... But the level of scrutiny that the daily activity has opened up to me in my reading has drawn my attention to certain characteristics in Kerouac's prose which in my normal reading style I'm fairly certain I wouldn't have noticed." Morris echoes Gertrude Stein who says, "I always say that you cannot tell what a picture really is or what an object really is until you dust it every day and you cannot tell what a book is until you type it or proof-read it. It then does something to you that only reading never can do."

For example, Morris takes note of Kerouac's use of hyphens in the text, which he discovered gives the story its flow, drawing parallels with lines on the highway. He also calculated how many times the title phrase "on the road" is used (24 times in the first 104 pages). Morris muses, "In Kerouac's book, the words 'on the road' are chanted like a mantra and their repetition keeps you moving through the text, along the asphalt from East to West." He's also gained insight into the way in which Kerouac's shorthand allows the reader to complete sentences in their head, which has led Morris to chuck in a few words of his own: "When re-typing the following words by Kerouac: 'The counterman -- it was three A.M. -- heard us talk about money and offered to give us the hamburgers for free.' I notice I had added the word 'for free' to the end of the sentence and then had to delete my addition. This has happened on more than one occasion. And there is, of course, the possibility that I haven't caught all my additions and have left some extra words imbedded in Kerouac's text." One wonders, then, if this is really a copy or if it in some way couldn't be construed as an entirely different text, one based on the original. Taking it one step further, one could always write a new text simply by tossing words in as one feels the need to, the way Morris inserted "for free."

Morris wants to show us that reading no longer need be a passive act, with the almighty word of the author going directly to the passive receptor of the reader. In the 1970s, the experimentally-inclined Language poets proposed a way that the reader could, in fact, become the writer. By atomizing words across a page coupled with disrupting normative modes of syntax (putting the words of a sentence in the "wrong" order), they felt that a non-hierarchical linguistic landscape would encourage a reader to reconstruct the text as they saw fit. Fueled by French theoreticians such as Jacques Derrida, they wanted to demonstrate that the textual field is an unstable field of ever-shifting signs and signifiers, thereby unable to be claimed by either author or reader as stable and authoritative. If the reader were able to reconstruct the open text, it would be as (un)stable and as (un)meaningful as the author's. The end result would be a level playing

field for all, debunking the twin myths of both the all-powerful author and the passive reader.

I think that Morris would agree with the Language poets about the need to challenge this traditional power dynamic, but he's going about it in a completely different way, based in mimesis and replication instead of disjunction and deconstruction. It's about moving information from one place to another completely intact. With very little intervention, the entire reading / writing experience is challenged; no words need to be scrambled.

Morris' uptake of my provocation potentially puts into play a game of telephone of fluid concepts and interchanges abetted by technology, fueled by the raging cultural practice of the remix. While Kerouac remains iconic, dozens of parasitic and paratextual versions could inevitably appear. This is what happened to Elizabeth Alexander's Obama inaugural poem days after her reading of it, on a blog where I asked readers to remix her words. An MP3 of her reading was available to be used as a source and within a week, over fifty wildly disparate versions of the poem appeared, each using her words and voice. One remixer cut up each word of Alexander's reading and strung them back together alphabetically. Others looped and twisted her poems, making her say the opposite of what she intended; some set them to music; others recited them verbatim but in highly unusual voices; a pair of beat-boxing schoolchildren even took a stab at it. Like Kerouac, Alexander's status remains iconic but instead of an all-powerful author intoning to a sea of passive receivers, an instantaneous outpouring of artistic responses was created as an active response. The most uncreative response was entitled, "I Am A Robot" and was simply an unaltered recording of Alexander reading her poem. Is this anything new? Haven't there always been parodies, written or spoken, of events large and small? (Nixon's "I am not a crook" speech spawned dozens of satires.) Yes, but never this quickly, democratically nor this technologically engaged. And the highly mimetic qualities of the many responses -- some of which just barely nudged Alexander's words -- showed how deeply ideas of reframing have seeped into the way we think; many of these responses didn't aim to be wildly "creative" and "original." Instead, the uncreative and untouched re-presentation of an iconic artifact placed into a new context proved to be creative enough.

Likewise, Morris' retyping would have been a different project altogether before the web. It's hard to think of a precedent for such an act. Certainly there were untold numbers of bootlegged and pirated editions of books of which hours and hours were spent exactly retyping preexisting texts, as well as medieval scribes and scriveners of all stripes throughout history. But the fluidity of the digital environment has encouraged and incubated these dormant ideas to fruition as creative / uncreative acts. As I stated in my Introduction, the computer encourages the author to mimic its workings, where cutting and pasting are integral to the writing process.

One could imagine a novelist's entire oeuvre dedicated to the recopying of classic novels much in the way that artists like Sherrie Levine, Elaine Sturtevant, or Richard Pettibon have made careers of copying existing works, reframed as their original creation. But it didn't happen; and the only time it was bandied about was in the realm of magical realism, as an odd coincidence or a private obsession.

Morris asks, "If Kerouac were alive today, would he publishing on paper, or blogging or tweeting his way across America?" Perhaps the answer to that can be found in an interview Jackson Pollock conducted in 1951, responding to a question about his controversial method of painting: "My opinion is that new needs need new techniques. And the

modern artists have found new ways and new means of making their statements. It seems to me that the modern painter cannot express this age, the airplane, the atom bomb, the radio, in the old forms of the Renaissance or of any past culture. Each age finds its own technique." For Morris, it's the blog: "I've probably shifted into reverse -- the further forwards I progress on his road from East to West, by the nature of blogs, the further backwards 'my' story goes, disjointed, broken up as a daily bulletin." He likened his readers to passengers joining him on the trip.

Traffic -- in this context, web traffic -- has been light, in spite of common wisdom that says by consistently blogging for hundreds of days in a row, you will generate interest. For the duration of the project and its afterlife as an artifactual blog, Morris has only had a handful commenters / passengers, curiously, none of them have been Kerouac's estate or his business representatives calling foul play for freely republishing a very lucrative artwork. Morris' work, then, is an anomaly -- not a pirated edition worth legally pursuing -- and as such, becoming functionless and aestheticized, it can only be a work of art.

Morris doesn't see himself as replicating Kerouac's practice, only his words: "I'm more interested in tracing, pressing myself up against the existing text, hitting the same letters in the same order (give or take a few slippages), reconstructing the same words, sentences, paragraphs and chapters." In some ways, although he is using a fast technology, the daily ritual of blogging is a plodding, deliberate practice. Unlike Philip Whalen, who said of Kerouac, "He could type faster than any human being you ever saw, supposedly 100 words per minute," Morris is the opposite: "There was no real problem there as I'm a fairly poor typist," he admits, debunking any notion of craft in his practice.

Morris eloquently sums up the project by claiming: "There's more differences than similarities which makes it challenging that the same piece of writing, typed up in a different context, is an entirely new piece of writing." Yet when asked how the re-typing makes him feel, Morris hesitates: "One would hope for some truly profound response but really there is none. I don't feel anything at all. A bit like Jack Kerouac's own journey on the road and into himself in search of something that he never really finds." And then, haltingly, he asks "Am I losing myself as I 'uncreatively' type words that have already been typed in one of literature's most celebrated acts of spontaneous prose?" and answers, "All I can really say with any certainty is I've never spent such a long time with a book or thought about any book as much. When you read a book you are often simultaneously inside and outside of the text. But in this case, I have reflected much more on the process of reading than I would normally when I engage with a text. It's not only about hitting the same keys as Kerouac in the same order, give or take a few slippages but it's also about the process of the project." In the end, he doesn't know if he's succeeded in getting inside Kerouac's head, but it's clear that he's succeeded in getting far inside his own head, garnering a great deal of self awareness as both reader and writer, act which, after this experience, he will never be able to take for granted again.

Parsing the New Illegibility

Twentieth century notions of illegibility were commonly bound up with a shattering of syntax and disjunction, but the twenty first century's challenge to textual convention may be that of density and weight. Appropriative writing specializes in moving information resulting in books that are often written not to be read, but to be thought about. How does this, then, impact on the reception of such works? Uncreative writing upends the tradition relationship between writer and reader, opening up new strategies for reading -- or not reading. The web functions both as the site of reading and site of writing: for writers, it's a vast supply text from which to construct literature; readers function in the same way, hacking a path through the morass of information, working as much at filtering as reading.

The internet is mostly unreadable not because of the way it is written (mostly normative expository syntax at the top-level), but because of its enormous size. Just as new reading strategies had to be developed in order to read difficult modernist works of literature, so new reading strategies are emerging on the web: skimming, data aggregating, the employment of intelligent agents to name a few. Our reading habits seem to be imitating the way machines work. We could even say that online, by an inordinate amount of skimming in order to comprehend all the information passing before our eyes, we parse text -- a binary process of sorting language -- more than we read it. And there is an increasing number of texts being written by machines to be read specifically by other machines rather than people, as evidenced by the untold number of spoof pages set up for page views or ad clickthroughs, lexicons of password code cracks, and so forth. While there is still a tremendous amount of human intervention, the future will be mechanical. Geneticist Susan Blackmore affirms this: "Think of programs that write original poetry or cobble together new student essays, or programs that store information about your shopping preferences and suggest books or clothes you might like next. They may be limited in scope, dependent on human input and send their output to human brains, but they copy, select and recombine the information they handle." The twentieth century's challenge was to decode the illegible in a sea of legibility; better yet -- cutting across the cultural grain -- was to scribe the illegible. The twenty-first's challenge is to mime the structures of illegibility in a sea of illegibility: not to read, not to write, but to manage.

Trying to linearly read Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans* is like trying to linearly read the web. It's mostly possible in small doses, dipped in and out of. At nearly 1,000 pages, its heft is intimidating but the biggest deterrent to reading the book is its scope, having begun small as "a history of a family to being a history of everybody the family knew and then it became the history of every kind and of every individual human being," thus rendering it a conceptual work, a beautiful proposal that's hard to fulfill. "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better." says Beckett, a sentiment which could easily apply to uncreative writing.

The Making of Americans is one in a long line of impossibly scoped projects. The anonymously penned *My Secret Life*, a 2500 page of non-stop Victorian work of pornography is another. No matter how titillating any given page may be -- and every single page is -- there's no way of ingesting it straight through. It's a concept as much as anything, a mad work of language on steroids to counter the moral

repression of the day both by means of content and sheer bulk. It had to be big: It's surplus text at its most erotic.

Or take Douglas Huebler's impossible to fulfill Variable Piece #70 (1971), where he attempts: "Throughout the artist's lifetime he will photographically document, to the extent of his capacity, the existence of everyone alive in order to produce the most authentic and inclusive representation of the human species that may be assembled in that manner." Like Stein, Huebler began locally, photographing everyone he passed by on the street. Later, he would go to huge rallies and sporting events, photographing the crowds. Finally, realizing the futility of his efforts, he began rephotographing existing photos of large gatherings of people in order to attempt to accomplish his goal. Of course, he too, failed better.

Another instance is Joe Gould's An Oral History of Our Time, which was purported in June of 1942 to be "approximately nine million two hundred and fifty-five thousand words long, or about a dozen times as long as the Bible," written out in longhand on both sides of the page written so illegibly that only Gould could read it:

Gould puts into the Oral History only things he has seen or heard. At least half of it is made up on conversations taken down verbatim or summarized; hence the title. "What people say is history," Gould says. "What we used to think was history -- kings and queens, treaties, inventions, big battles, beheadings, Caesar, Napoleon, Pontius Pilate, Columbus, William Jennings Bryan -- is only formal history and largely false. I'll put down the informal history of the shirt-sleeved multitude--what they had to say about their jobs, love affairs, vittles, sprees, scrapes, and sorrows--or I'll perish in the attempt."

The scope was enormous: included are everything from transcriptions of soliloquies of park-bench bums to rhymes transcribed from restroom stalls:

Hundred of thousands of words are devoted to the drunken behavior and sexual adventures of various professional Greenwich Villagers, in the twenties. There are hundreds of reports of ginny Village parties, including gossip about the guests and faithful reports of their arguments on subjects such as reincarnation, birth control, free love, psychoanalysis, Christian Science, Swedenborgianism, vegetarianism, alcoholism, and different political and art isms. "I have fully covered what might be termed the intellectual underworld of my time," Gould says.

Gould's project, too, ended in failure: No manuscript was ever written. It was an enormous hoax, so convincing that it fooled Joseph Mitchell, a reporter writer for The New Yorker, who wrote a small book about him, ending up as Gould's de facto biographer.

Although there was no Oral History, there is a The Making of Americans. What, then, are we supposed to do with it if not read it? The scholar Ulla Dydo proposes a radical solution: don't read it at all. She remarked that much of Stein's work was never meant to be read closely, rather she was deploying visual means of reading. What appeared to be densely unreadable and repetitive was, in fact, designed to be skimmed, and to delight the eye, in a visual sense, while holding the book: "These constructions have an astonishing visual result. The limited vocabulary, parallel phrasing, and equivalent sentences create a visual pattern that fills the page... We read this page until the words no longer cumulatively build meanings but make a visual pattern

that does not require understanding, like a decorative wallpaper that we see not as details but only as design." Here's an excerpt from the "Mrs. Hersland and the Hersland Children" chapter:

There are then always many millions being made of women who have in them servant girl nature always in them, there are always then there are always being made then many millions who have a little attacking and mostly scared dependent weakness in them, there are always being made then many millions of them who have a scared timid submission in them with a resisting somewhere sometime in them. There are always some then of the many millions of this first kind of them the independent dependent kind of them who never have it in them to have any such attacking in them, there are more of them of the many millions of this first kind of them, who have very little in them of the scared weekness in them, there are some of them who have in them such a weakness as meekness in them, some of them have this in them as gentle pretty young innocence inside them, there are all kinds of mixtures in them then in the many millions of this kind of them in the many kinds of living they have in them.

The above passage proves Dydo's thesis to be correct. It's an extremely visual text with the rhythm being propelled by the roundness of the letter m and the verticality of the architectural letter formation "illi" of million. The word million is the driving semantic unit with the visual correlatives -- m and on -- framing the illi, in an almost palindromatic way, as the on visually glues the two round humps into another m. The negative spaces of the o and n echo the negative spaces of the m. The result is the visual construction of a new word, millim, a gorgeously rhythmic, palindromic unit. The m's lead the eye up a step to the i's, which then step you up to the twin l's, the apogee of the unit and then step back down the way you came. This visual sequence is echoed by the words sometimes and them. The connective tissue is the repeated use of the conjunctions more of them / little in them / have in them / some of them / kind of them / many of them which permeate the passage, giving it its basic rhythm and flow.

Stein's words, then, when viewed this way, don't really function the way words normally do. We can read them as transparent or visual entities, or we can read them as signifiers of language constructed entirely of language. This is the approach Craig Dworkin has taken in his book Parse, where he's parsed an entire grammar book by it's own rules, resulting in a 284-page book. The writing is almost an abstraction -- a schema -- of Stein's repetitions:

Preparatory Subject third person singular intransitive present tense verb adjective of negation Noun conjunction of alternation Noun locative relative pronoun auxiliary infinitive and incomplete participle used together in a passive verbal phrase definite article Noun genitive preposition relative pronoun period Relative Pronoun third person singular indicative present tense verb and required adverb forming a transitive verbal phrase marks of quotation definite article singular possessive noun verbal noun preposition of the infinitive intransitive infinitive verb comma marks of quotation all taken as a direct object conjunction marks of quotation definite article verbal noun genitive preposition definite article singular noun comma marks of quotation all taken as a direct object conjunction adjective adjective plural direct objective case noun preposition of the infinitive intransitive infinitive verb and passive incomplete participle used as a complex compound passive verbal construction adverb definite article

adjective noun period Preposition active participle relative pronoun
second person subjective case pronoun modal auxiliary second person
transitive verb comma marks of quotation relative pronoun third person
third person singular indicative present tense verb and required adverb
forming a transitive verbal phrase indefinite article Noun preposition
of the infinitive intransitive infinitive verb and passive incomplete
participle used as a complex compound passive verbal construction comma
abbreviation of an old french imperative period single quotation mark
definite article verbal noun genitive preposition definite article noun
period single quotation mark marks of quotation

The source text, Edwin A. Abbott's *How To Parse: An Attempt to Apply the Principles of Scholarship to English Grammar*, was first published in 1874 and played a leading role in the pedagogic debate over whether English should be analyzed as if it were Latin. Thousands of copies were printed as textbooks in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Dworkin says, "When I first came across the book I was reminded of a confession by Gertrude Stein (another product of 1874): 'I really do not know that anything has ever been more exciting than diagramming sentences.' And so, of course, I parsed Abbott's book into its own idiosyncratic system of analysis." The process was slow, taking over five years to complete. Dworkin called it "EXCRUCIATINGLY slow" when he started, but by the end, he could sit down with the source text and parse-type at "full speed." But parse-typing at full speed requires little inspiration, tons of perspiration, and an acute knowledge of the rules of grammar. This couldn't be more different compared to the famously hypnotic all-night writing sessions of Gertrude Stein, where inspiration was inseparable from process: "When you write a thing it is perfectly clear and then you begin to be doubtful about it, but then you read it again and you lose yourself in it again as when you wrote it." What Dworkin gives us is structure as literature, plain and simple. It's purposely lacking is the play of rhythmic visuality and orality that Stein worked so hard to achieve. This is not to say that there's not visual interest in Dworkin's text, rather it's asking different questions of us.

What does it mean "to parse"? The verb "to parse" comes from the Latin *pars*, referring to parts of speech. In vernacular, to parse means to understand or comprehend. In literature, it's a method of breaking a sentence down into its component parts of speech, analyzing the form, function, and syntactical relationship of each part to the whole. In computing, the meaning is similar, meaning to analyze or separate parts of code so that the computer can process it more efficiently. In computing, parsing is done by a parser, a program which assembles all the bits of code so it can build fluid data structures. But here's where it gets interesting: computational parsing language was based on the rules of English as set forth by the likes of Abbott. Now, the rules English are notoriously complicated, idiosyncratic, and ambiguous -- just ask anyone trying to learn it -- and those vagaries have been carried over into computing. In other words, the compiler can get pretty confused pretty easily. It likes repetition and predictable structures; every ambiguity it must parse will ultimately result in slowing down the program. At his most programmatic, the most logical and least ambiguous part of Dworkin's book is when he parsed the complete index of Abbott's book. It's so simple that even I can parse it. Here's the index entry for the word colon:

Colon, 309.

which Dworkin parses as:

Noun comma compound arabic numeral period

or the entry for the word "clause":

Clause, defined, 239.

which is:

Noun comma compound arabic numeral comma Noun period

A column of the index looks like this:

Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral comma Noun period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral dash compound arabic numeral
comma compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral comma
compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral
period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral
comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral period
Noun comma compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral
comma compound arabic numeral comma compound arabic numeral period

This simple and repetitive structure is nearly identical to any number of returns I get when I use the UNIX command `ls` to view the contents of a directory. Here's a portion of a log written by a compiler that notes every time a program on my computer crashes:

```
Kenny-G-MacBook-Air-2:Logs irwinchusid$ cd CrashReporter
Kenny-G-MacBook-Air-2:CrashReporter irwinchusid$ ls
Eudora_2009-07-24-133316_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air-2.crash
Eudora_2009-08-05-133008_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air-2.crash
KDXClient_2009-04-05-030158_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-23-183439_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-23-184134_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-24-030404_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-27-233001_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-27-233203_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-27-233206_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-27-233416_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft AU Daemon_2009-04-27-233425_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air.crash
Microsoft Database Daemon_2009-01-28-141602_irwin-chusids-macbook-
air.crash
```

Microsoft Database Daemon_2009-06-10-103522_Kenny-G-MacBook-Air-2.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-06-09-163010_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-11-11-133150_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-11-11-133206_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-11-11-133258_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-11-11-133316_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash
Microsoft Entourage_2008-11-21-131722_irwin-chusids-macbook-air.crash

Note the cleanliness consistency of the data structures: subject / date / hard drive / crash, a streamlined way of writing that spans more than a century from Abbott to Dworkin to my MacBook Air -- rhetoric, literature, computing -- each employing the identical rules and processes. When it comes to language, there's been a general leveling of labor, with everyone -- and each machine -- essentially performing the same tasks. Digital theorist Matthew Fuller sums it up best when he says, "The work of literary writing and the task of data-entry share the same conceptual and performative environment, as do the journalist and the HTML coder."

Dworkin's index alone goes on for nearly ten pages and is reminiscent of the index of Louis Zukofsky's own index of his life-poem, A. He calls the index, "Index of Names & Objects," but unlike a typical index where nouns or concepts are indexed, Zukofsky also indexes a few articles of speech. Here are the indexes for a and the:

a, 1, 103, 130, 131, 138, 161, 168, 173-175, 177, 185, 186, 196, 199, 203, 212, 226-228, 232, 234, 235, 239, 241, 243, 245-248, 260, 270, 281, 282, 288, 291, 296, 297, 299, 302, 323, 327, 328, 351, 353, 377, 380382, 385, 391-394, 397, 402, 404407, 416, 418, 426, 433, 434, 435, 436, 438, 448, 457, 461, 463, 465, 470, 473, 474, 477-481, 491, 493497, 499, 500, 505, 507, 508-511, 536-539, 560-563

the, 175, 179, 181, 182, 184, 187, 191193, 196, 199, 202, 203, 205, 206, 208, 211, 215, 217, 221, 224-226. 228, 231, 232, 234, 238, 239, 241, 243, 245-248, 260, 270, 285, 288, 290, 291, 296, 297, 302, 316, 321324, 327, 328, 336, 338, 342, 368, 375, 379, 380, 383-387, 390-397, 402, 404, 406, 407, 412, 416, 426428, 434-436, 440, 441, 463, 465, 468, 470, 473, 474, 476-479, 494, 496, 497, 499, 506-511, 536-539, 560-563

Yet there are major flaws in Zukofsky's index. a appears hundreds of times between the pages of 1 and 103, yet they're not indexed. Same thing with the, which appears on almost every page of the book yet the index states that the word doesn't make an appearance until page 175! If, in fact, he had adopted such a constraint -- "no use of the word the from pages 1-175" -- it would've been Oulipian.

It turns out that when The University of California approached Zukofsky wanting to do a complete volume of A, his initial idea was to do an index only containing a, an and the, words he felt were key to understanding to his life's work (a subjective constraint-based way of writing). He was delighted with the idea of a conceptual index and his wife Cecilia set to work, amassing thousands of index cards, many of which Zukofsky would eliminate what he thought unnecessary for his own

idiosyncratic reasons, hence the gaps. Clearly Zukofsky thought of the index as another poem, a conceptual one at that, one ridiculing the idea that an artificially formal device such an index could ever truly control, categorize, domesticate, and stabilize such a wild and uncontrollable beast as language, particularly poetic language.

I've found that the way to deal with the most perplexing of texts is not to try to figure out what they are but instead to ask what they're not, applying a sort of negative dialectics to literary criticism. If we say, for example, that Parse is not a book of poetry, it is not a narrative, it is not a work of fiction, it is not melodic, it has no pathos, it has no emotion, yet it's not a phone book, nor is it a reference book, and so on, it gradually begins to dawn on us that this is a material investigation of a philosophical enquiry, a concept in the guise of literature. We then begin to ask questions of it: What does it mean to parse a grammar book by it's own rules? What does this tell us about language and the way we process it, its codes, its hierarchies, its complexities, its consistencies? Who made these rules? How flexible are they? Why are they not more flexible? How would this book be different if it were based on a book about how to parse, say, Chinese sentences? Is Dworkin exacting a schoolboy's revenge on Abbott by turning the tables on him, by taking an obsessive "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" approach? Is he turning Abbott inside out? Or is Dworkin echoing Abbott's call in Flatland to go beyond the page, giving us a portal through which we may truly see the dimensionality of language? As curious as the material text is, it's when don't read it that we really begin to understand it.

But just when we think we've figured it out, we get fooled again. In the midst of all of this parsing, you stumble across a sentence in full, normal syntax. This is the entire text on page 217:

NOUN CARDINAL ROMAN
NUMERAL PERIOD

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

The answer is, that we desire here to speak of the fact, not as definite facts, but as possibilities.

It's a beautiful and certainly relevant sentence, but why? Dworkin is simply translating into normative English the skeletal examples that Abbott used to show how sentences should be parsed.

Dworkin's sentence as parsed -- the way it appears in Abbott's book -- is:

Definite article noun singular present continuous verb of
definition comma preparatory pronoun first person plural subjective
case pronoun first person plural present tense transitive verb
preposition of the infinitive infinitive verb genitive preposition
definite article objective case singular noun comma adverb of
counterfact syncategorematic adjective plural noun comma conjunction
syncategorematic plural noun period

So Dworkin did do some "creative" writing: He had to come up with several sentences comprised of groups of original words that would be meaningful and sensible, which also cleverly reflect on the text. While he could've filled those words with anything -- about the weather or

plumbing or dancing -- he chose to use those instances as philosophical insertions, ones which comment on both his own process and on Abbott's text. Another reads "with the entire illustrative sentence meant to suggest an intimately impersonal cast of characters in a reductive permutational drama in the mode of Dick and Jane or Beckett." These small exercises gave Dworkin practice for the next version of the book where he plans to write a narrative novel -- completely of his own words -- using Abbott's grammatical structure as a template. He'll follow the book to the letter dropping in nouns where they're supposed to go and present tense transitive verbs where they're supposed to go, until he's retranslated the entire book according to its own rules, a doubly Herculean task.

While Dworkin could've merely proposed the work -- as could have Zukofsky or Stein -- the realization of it, the fact of it, gives us something to base our philosophical inquiries on. Had he merely proposed the work: "Parse a grammar book according to its own rules," we'd have had no conception of what it would feel like to read it, to hold it, to examine it. We would've been denied the sheer pleasure and curiosity of it, the workmanship and craftsmanship, the precision of his execution, the beauty of its language, and the beauty of its concept. It's a wonderful and very powerful object. Can you imagine how much less an interesting a world it would be without *The Making of Americans* on your bookshelf?

The spectre of Edwin A. Abbott haunts uncreative writing. For his 2007 book *Flatland* Derek Beaulieu removed all of the letters of Abbott's book of the same title, creating a work of asemic literature, a way of writing without using letters. While based entirely on *Flatland*, there's not a word to be found: page after page reveals a series of tangled lines. Like Dworkin, Beaulieu empties Abbott of content to reveal the skeleton of the work. Abbott's *Flatland*, written in 1884, chronicles the adventures of a two-dimensional square who meets a three-dimensional cube, challenging his assumptions and demonstrating his inherent limitations. Abbott wrote the book both as a satire about the rigidity of Victorian class structure and as a tract that ignited the notion of a fourth-dimension in popular imagination.

Beaulieu's tangles of lines represents every letter's placement in Abbott's text, from start to finish. He accomplishes this by taking a ruler and beginning with the first letter on each page, traces a line to the next occurrence of that letter on the page, then the next and so forth until he reaches the end of the page. He then takes the second letter of the first word on the page and traces that in the same manner. He does this until all letters of the alphabet are accounted for.

The result is a unique graphical rendering of each page. No two pages in Beaulieu's book are identical as each page contains words and letters in unique sequences. It's a translation or a write-through in the Cagean tradition, based upon letteristic occurrence instead of semantic content. By performing a conceptual statistical analysis on the text, Beaulieu reveals a hidden dimension in Abbott's work which concretely demonstrate Abbott's principles. Even colder and more clinical than Dworkin, minus the sensuality of Stein, we're left with a completely unreadable work, yet one based entirely on language.

Perhaps the most unreadable text of all is Christian Bök's *Xenotext Experiment*, which involves infusing an amoeba with an encrypted poem, illegible to the human eye, but meant to be read far into the future, most likely by an alien race after human beings have long since perished. It's also the most far-fetched of the works, with a scope of

six million years, making the propositions of Stein, Gould, or Huebler seem humble and earthbound by comparison.

Christian Bök's earlier project, *Eunoia* -- consisting of five chapters, each one of which uses only one vowel to tell a story -- was the result of seven years labor. To accomplish such a staggering feat, he read through Webster's Third New International Dictionary -- a three-volume tome that contains about a million and a half entries -- doing so five times, once for each of the vowels. When Bök describes his writing process, he sounds like a computational parser, making clear the idiosyncrasies of the English language speak for themselves, and thereby having to do the work that the computer can't do. "I proceeded then to sort them into parts of speech (nouns, verbs, adjectives, etc.), and then I sorted each of those parts of speech into topical categories (food, animals, professions, etc.) in order to determine what it might be possible to recount using this very fixed lexicon. It was a very difficult task to abide by these rules, but in the end I demonstrated, I think, that it was possible to write something beautiful and interesting even under such conditions of extreme duress."

While the book is immensely pleasurable to engage with, it's a difficult read because, in spite of all its musical and narrative qualities, what is foregrounded is the structure of the constraint itself, which quickly gets so thick and intrusive that whacking it back to uncover the tale beneath is nearly impossible. Instead of being able to transparently enjoy the text, you're drawn into the quicksand of the physicality of language. You also continually snap back to the labor that it must've taken to construct this monument, so that the question How did he do this? becomes more pressing than trying to make sense of what the author is saying.

The constraints inevitably force the words into some very stiff prose: "Folks who do not follow God's norms word for word woo God's scorn, for God frowns on fools who do not conform to orthodox protocol. Whoso honors no cross of dolors nor crown of thorn doth go on, forsooth, to sow worlds of sorrow. Lo!" But the style couldn't be otherwise if Bök was to abide by the constraint, making it an accountable and realized work of literature.

But far from the drudgery of alienated labor, Bök's lengthy engagement afforded him -- and by extension the reader -- an intimacy with language that otherwise couldn't be gleaned if he had merely proposed the work: "I discovered that each of the five vowels seems to have its own idiosyncratic personality. A and E, for example, seem to be very elegiac and courtly by comparison to the letters O and U, which are very jocular and obscene. It seems to me that the emotional connotations of words may be contingent upon these vowel distributions, which somehow govern our emotional response to words themselves." In order to explore his idea thoroughly, he kept arbitrary decisions to a minimum, an oblique strategy which paid off. Bök's deep ontological engagement helped him -- and once again, by extension, the reader -- discover the richness of language just as much as a conventionally expressive "creative" work could. He says, "The project also underlined the versatility of language itself, showing that despite any set of constraints upon it, despite censorship, for example, language can always find a way to prevail against these obstacles. Language really is a living thing with a robust vitality. Language is like a weed that cannot only endure but also thrive under all kinds of difficult conditions." What emerges, then, is not arid nihilism or negativity, but the reverse: by not expressing himself, he's cleared the way to let the language fully express itself.

The Xenotext Experiment involves infusing a bacterium with a poem that will last so long that it will outlive the eventual destruction of the Earth itself. While it sounds like something out of a science fiction story, it's for real: Bök has received hundreds of thousands of dollars in funding from the Canadian government and he's working with a prominent scientist to make it happen.

He's found a species of bacterium which is the most resilient on the planet in which to implement his poem, one that can withstand extremes of cold, heat and radiation, hence capable of surviving a nuclear holocaust. He's got high aspirations: "I am hoping, in effect, to write a book that would still be on the planet earth when the sun explodes. I guess that this project is a kind of ambitious attempt to think about art, quite literally, as an eternal endeavor."

The process of writing this one poem is insanely difficult and has already eaten up several years of his life:

I'd write a poem, and then I would arbitrarily assign, to each letter of the alphabet, a "triplet" of genetic nucleotides. There are four genetic nucleotides in DNA: they consist of adenine, cytosine, guanine, and thymine, and they are represented typically by the letters A, C, G, T, respectively. I could, for example, say that the triplet of letters ACT might represent the letter A, while the triplet of letters AGT might represent the letter B, etc. By assigning, say, a triplet of such letters to any arbitrary letter of the alphabet, I would construct a cipher that could be embodied in the genetic sequence of this organism. I'm ideally trying to design the code in such a way that the gene sequence I implant in the bacterium would actually cause it to produce a protein in response. I would not only be storing my poem in the organism, in its genetic matrix, but I would also be hijacking the organism and turning it into a machine for writing a poem in response. Because these two poems are chemically correlated, they are actually biochemically constrained by each other. It's tantamount to writing two poems that mutually encipher each other—that are correlated in a very rigorous way... Imagine there are about 8 trillion different ways of enciphering the alphabet so that the letters are mutually encoded. Pick one of those 8 trillion ciphers. Now write a poem that is beautiful, that makes sense, in such a way that if you were to swap out every single letter of that poem and replace it with its counterpart from the mutual cipher, you'd produce a new poem that still remains just as beautiful and that still makes sense. So I'm trying to write two such poems. One of these poems is the one that I implant in the bacterium. The other poem is the one that the organism writes in response.

It's fascinating how Bök still uses the word "poem"; the new poems might well be written on computer chips or, in this case, inscribed upon life itself. By referring to the work as a poem, he keeps the project squarely in the realm of the literary as opposed to the scientific or the world of visual art. Although the project will take various forms -- the final realization will include a sample of the organism on a slide and a gallery show with images and models of the genetic sequence as support materials for the poem itself -- Bök's greatest challenge is to write a good poem, one that will speak to civilizations far into the future. And so Bök notches us the trope of unreability. This poem is not meant to be read by us and by doing so, he's enacting one of his long-held precepts that the future of literature will be written by machines for other machines to read or, better yet, parse.

Seeding the Data Cloud

As I write this, the Iranian election is being challenged by 140-character blasts. As data moves faster and we need to manage more, we are drawn to smaller chunks. Social network status updates -- which succinctly describes your current circumstance or mood -- seems to do an adequate job of reducing complicated circumstances down to a sentence. And the popularity of mood-blasting services like Twitter -- which allows no more than 140 characters per post -- compress language even further. These short bursts of language are the latest in a long line of linguistic reductions: Chinese ideograms, haikus, telegrams, newspaper headlines, the Times Square news zipper, advertising slogans, concrete poems, and desktop icons. There's a sense of urgency that compression brings: even the most mundane tweets -- what someone is eating for breakfast -- feel like breaking news, demonstrating once more, that the medium is still the message.

Social networking updates, which are fast and ephemeral, do not occur in isolation, rather their value is in rapid succession; the more blasts you broadcast with greater frequency, the more effective they are until, like so many little shards, they accumulate into a grand narrative of life. Yet as soon as they appear, they're pushed off the screen and evaporate even faster than what used to be referred to as yesterday's news. In parsing all this information, there's an urge to act, to respond, to click, to hoard, to archive... to manage it all. Or don't. Tweets scroll in real time across the screen the way the tickertape used to spew stock quotes. As I type, the topic #iranelection is backed up with so many tweets and retweets that the interface cannot keep up: there are currently 20,000 blasts in the queue, an echo chamber, packed to the gills with information and disinformation, all expressed in alpha-numeric language. Most of us tuning in will try to make sense of validity of the ephemera before it slides off the screen, but there are some writers lurking who are harvesting it all as the basis for future works of literature.

We've witnessed this many times in the last century. The compressed three-line "novels" of Félix Fénéon, which appeared anonymously in a French paper over the course of 1906, read like a mix of telegrams, zen koans, newspaper headlines and social network updates:

The bread in Bordeaux will not be bloodied at this time; the trucker's passage provoked only a minor brawl.

Love. In Mirecourt, the weaver Colas lodged a bullet in the brain of Mlle Fleckenger, and treated himself with equal severity.

"Why don't we migrate to Les Palaiseaux?" Yes, but M. Lencre, while enroute by cabriolet, was assaulted and robbed.

Hemingway famously wrote a short story in just six words:

For sale: baby shoes, never worn.

Or we end up with the wildly reduced language of later Beckett, fusing the terse compression of telegrams with an innate hesitancy to explicate:

Nothing to show a child and yet a child. A man and yet a man. Old and yet young. Nothing but ooze how nothing and yet. One bowed back yet an old man's. The other yet a child's. A small child's.

Somehow again and all in stare again. All at once as once. Better worse all. The three bowed down. The stare. The whole narrow void. No blurs. All clear. Dim clear. Black hole agape on all. Inletting all. Outletting all.

David Markson, in a remarkable series of late novels, merges the reportage of Fénelon with the compact prose of Beckett, dropping in subjective sentiments of unnamed narrators into the midst of hundreds of shards of art history, most no longer than a line or two:

Delmore Schwartz died of a heart attack in a seedy Times Square hotel. Three days passed before anyone could be found to claim is body.

James Baldwin was an anti-Semite.

Not sorting book and phonograph records merely, but the narrowing residue of an entire life? Papers, files of correspondence?

Like a Twitter stream, it's the slow accumulation of tiny shards which cohere into a fractured narrative by the book's end. Markson is a compulsive cataloguer: One can imagine him combing through the annals of art history, boiling down long and complicated lives into essential quips. He uses names often. Names are shorthand -- tiny two-word headlines -- that stand in for a life. Running your eyes down a page of a Markson at random produces an incredible list of well-known artists and thinkers: Brett Ashley, Anna Wickham, Stephen Foster, Jacques Derrida, Roland Barthes, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Roman Jakobson, Michel Leiris, Jullia Kristeva, Phillipe Sollers, Louis Althusser, Paul Ricoeur, Jacques Lacan, Yannis Ritsos, Iannis Xenakis, Jeanne Hébuterne, Amadeo Modigliani, David Smith, James Russell, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Markson's lists evoke the way gossip columns function, with where names printed in boldface signify importance.

The essayist Gilbert Adair articulates the explosive power of names printed on a page:

What an alluring entity is the printed name! Consider the following: Steffi Graf, Bill Clinton, Woody Allen, Vanessa Redgrave, Salman Rushdie, Yves Saint Laurent, Umberto Eco, Elizabeth Hurley, Martin Scorsese, Gary Lineker, Anita Brookner. Practically the only thing they have in common is that this essay happens not to be about any of them. Yet how their capital letters glitter on the page -- so much so, it is not inconceivable that more than one reader, scanning the essay to see whether it contains anything worth reading, will have been arrested not by its opening paragraph, which is how these things are supposed to work, but by this fourth paragraph, merely on the strength of the names above. It scarcely matters that nothing at all has been made of them, that nothing new, interesting or juicy has been said about them, that the cumulative effect is akin to that produced by some trompe l'oeil portrait by Gainsborough in which what seems from a distance to be an intricately, even finickily, rendered satin gown turns out, on closer inspection, to be nothing but a fuzzy, meaningless blur of brushstrokes - it is, nevertheless, just such a bundle of names that is calculated to attract the lazy, unprimed eye. And it has now reached the point where a newspaper or magazine page without its statutory quota of proper, and preferably household, names is as dispiriting to behold as a bridge hand with nothing in it but threes

and fives and eights. Household names are, in short, the face-cards of journalism.

In 1929, an outside writer named John Barton Wolgamot privately published a book in a tiny edition consisting almost entirely of names called *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*. The book is nearly impossible to read linearly: it's best skimmed, your eye darting across the names, resting on the occasional familiar one, similar to the way Adair shows us how scanning the gossip, society, or obituary columns of a newspaper work.

The text was begun in 1929. While listening to a live performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* in New York's Lincoln Center, Wolgamot had a synaesthetic response to the music and heard within "the rhythms themselves, names -- names that meant nothing to him, foreign names." A few days after the concert, he checked out a biography of Beethoven from the library and in that tome, he found, oddly enough, one after another, all the names he had heard ringing throughout the symphony. And it dawned on him that, "as rhythm is the basis of all things, names are the basis of rhythm," hence deciding to write his book. The entire text consists of 128 paragraphs, an example of which is:

In her very truly great manners of Johannes Brahms very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very allegorically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Clarence Day, Jr., John Donne, Ruggiero Leoncavallo, James Owen Hannay, Gustav Frenssen, Thomas Beer, Joris Karl Huysmans and Franz Peter Schubert very titanically.

When questioned about Sara, Mencken, Wolgamot said that he had spent a year or two composing names for the book, but that the connective sentence -- the framework in which the names exist -- took him ten years to write. Wolgamot described to composer Robert Ashley (who later used the text as a libretto) how he constructed the 60th page of the book, which lists the names of George Meredith, Paul Gauguin, Margaret Kennedy, Oland Russell, Harley Granville-Barker, Pieter Breughel, Benedetto Croce and William Somerset Maugham: "Somerset has both summer and set as in sun-set, and Maugham sounds like the name of a South Pacific Island, and Maugham wrote a biography of Gauguin, which name has both 'go' and 'again' in it, and Oland could be 'Oh, land,' a sailor's cry, and Granville sounds French for a big city, which Gauguin left to go to the South Pacific..."

In 1934, five years after Wolgamot began *Sara, Mencken*, Gertrude Stein described way in which she wrote the name-laden *The Making of Americans*: "... from the beginning until now and always in the future poetry will concern itself with the names of things. The names may be repeated in different ways... but now and always poetry is created by naming names the names of something the names of somebody the names of anything... Think what you do when you do that when you love the name of anything really love its name..."

Fully aware of this history, two Canadian writers, Darren Wershler and Bill Kennedy, have recently fused compressed forms with the power of proper names, giving it a digital spin in their ongoing work called *Status Update*. They've built a data-mining program which combs social networking sites, collecting all users' status updates. The engine then strips out the user's name and replaces it randomly with the name of a dead writer. The result reads like a mashup of Fénéon, Beckett, Markson and Wolgamot, all filtered through the inconsequential vagaries of social networking feeds:

Kurt Tucholsky Is on snow day number two....what to do, what to do? Shel Silverstein is gettin' in a little Tomb Raiding before going into work. Lorine Niedecker is currently enjoying her very short break. Jonathan Swift has got tix to the Wranglers game tonight. Arthur Rimbaud found a way to use the word 'buttress' as well.

The program authors the poem non-stop, constantly grabbing status updates as fast as they are written and then automatically posts it to the homepage every two minutes. Each proper name on the page is clickable, which brings you to an archives of that author's status updates. If I click, for example, on Arthur Rimbaud's name, I'm brought to the Rimbaud page, an excerpt of which reads:

Arthur Rimbaud is on a goofy musical nostalgia trip. Arthur Rimbaud just picked up a sweet old studio convertible table for 10 bucks at a yard sale round the corner. Arthur Rimbaud is at the shop and assembling a window display with huge budding branches found at the side of the road! Arthur Rimbaud can finally listen to the wonderfulness of vinyl! Arthur Rimbaud would like to learn to read while sleeping. Arthur Rimbaud is so sleepy! Arthur Rimbaud is realizing if not now then when? Arthur Rimbaud is kinda drunk and preparing for his accountant.

At the bottom of the page is another feature, something that might have dreamed up by Madame Blavatsky had she the technology: "Arthur Rimbaud has an RSS feed. Subscribe now!" In a deliciously ironic gesture, Wershler and Henry make these legends participate in the flotsam and jetsam of today's online life, pulling them down from their pedestals, forcing them against their will to join in the ruckus. In Benjaminian terms, today's geniuses lack the aura of the titans of the past for the simple reason that today, cameras and recorders are everywhere which, are then instantly posted to an openly accessible archive without end. Had Brecht been alive today, there is no way he could have shaped his aura in the way that he did, permitting only a handful of photographs of himself to be reproduced. What Status Update does is sully the aura of these legends, reminding us that in their own day, they too would've been left wondering why "the cubicle gods are mocking his cleaned-up desk."

On their own, status updates are the most ephemeral wisps of language, but when hitched to immortal names and archived as an ongoing work of literature, the results are rich and serendipitous, similar to stumbling across a trash-laden Rauschenberg combine sitting in the middle a room of a pristine museum.

An earlier electronic writing project of theirs has similar concerns. The Apostrophe Engine also culls, organizes, and preserves chunks of language from the internet, yet this program unleashes smaller programs to go out an harvest language en masse, creating what could be the largest poem ever written, and it will keep on being written until someone pulls the plug on the hosting server.

The homepage of the piece is deceptively simple. It reproduces a list poem written by Bill Kennedy in 1993, in which each line begins with the directive "you are." Every line, it turns out, is clickable. Kennedy and Wershler explain what happens next:

When a reader/writer clicks on a line, it is submitted to a search engine, which then returns a list of Web pages, as in any search. The Apostrophe Engine then spawns five virtual robots that work their way through the list, collecting phrases beginning with "you are" and

ending in a period. The robots stop after collecting a set number of phrases or working through a limited number of pages, whichever happens first.

Next, The Apostrophe Engine records and spruces up the phrases that the robots have collected, stripping away most HTML tags and other anomalies, then compiles the results and presents them as a new poem, with the original line as its title ... and each new line as another hyperlink.

At any given time, the online version of "apostrophe" is potentially as large as the Web itself. The reader/writer can continue to burrow further into the poem by clicking any line on any page, sliding metonymically through the ever-changing contents. Moreover, because the contents of the Web is always changing, so is the contents of the poem. The page it returns today will not be the page that it returns next week, next month, or next year.

The result is a living poem, being written as the internet is being written; completely parsed by robots which continues to grow even if no one is reading it. Like Status Update, it's an epic of language writ in short bursts, a Marksonian compendium, the nature of which is exactly what Wershler and Kennedy are exploiting:

The catalogue is a form that struggles with excess. Its job is to be reductive, to squeeze all the possibilities that a world of information has to offer into a definitive set... Its poetic effect, however, is the exact opposite. A catalogue opens up a poem to the threat of a surfeit of information, felt most keenly when the reader wonders, politely, "How long can this go on?" It can, in fact, go on for a very long time. In 1993, when the full implications of the nascent World Wide Web were only beginning to occur to us, the catalogue and its paradoxical struggles were already becoming the forum for addressing the fear that we are producing text at a rate beyond our collective ability to read it.

But what happens when this dynamically generated text is bound and frozen between the covers of a book? Wershler and Kennedy published a selection of 279 pages and the result is a very different project. In book's afterword, the authors make a disclaimer that they have massaged the texts for maximum effect in print: "The Apostrophe Engine has meddled with the writing of others, and we in turn have done the same with its writing... The engine provided us with an embarrassment of riches, an abundance of raw material, beautiful and banal at once and by turns."

Raw material is right. Here's an excerpt of what The Apostrophe Engine on the web returns to me when I click on the line, "you are so beautiful to me," taken from Joe Cocker's hit pop song:

you are so beautiful (to me) hello, you either have javascript turned off or an old version of adobe's flash player • you are so beautiful to me 306,638 views txml added1:43 kathie lee is a creep 628,573 views everythingisterrible added2:39 you are so beautiful 1,441,432 views caiyixian added0:37 reptile eyes • you are so beautiful (to me) 0 • you are so beautiful 79,971 views konasdad added0:49 before • you are so beautiful to me 19,318 views walalain added2:45 escape the fate - you are so beautiful 469,552 views darknearhome added2:46 sad slow songs: joe cocker - you are so beautif • you are already a member • you are so beautiful (nearly unplugged) hello, you either have javascript turned off or an old version of adobe's flash player • you

are so beautiful 1,443,749 views caiyixian featured video added4:48 joe
cocker-you are so beautiful (live at montre • you are so beautiful
331,136 views jozy90 added2:32 zuccherio canta "you are so beautiful"
196,481 views lavocedinarciso added3:50 joe cocker mad dogs - cry me a
river 1970 777,970 views scampi99 added5:18 joe cocker - whiter shade
of pale live 389,420 views dookofoils added4:49 joe cocker - n'oubliez
jamais 755,731 views neoandrea added5:22 patti labelle & joe cocker-you
are so beautiful • you are the best thit was very exiting> akirasovan
(5 days ago) show hide 0 marked as spam reply mad brain damage

It's a rambling mess: the signal to noise ratio is very low. Yet in
print, an excerpt from the same passage is a very different animal:

you are so beautiful • you are so beautiful • you are so beautiful
• you are so beautiful artist: Babyface • you are so beautiful • you
are so beautiful, yes you are to me you are so beautiful you are to me
can't you see? • you are so beautiful the lyrics are the property of
their respective authors, artists and labels • you are so beautiful •
you are so beautiful artist: Ray Charles • you are so beautiful • you
are so beautiful • you are so beautiful to me • you are so beautiful •
you are so beautiful • you are so beautiful • you are so beautiful • you
are so beautiful to meee • you are so beautiful, would you please

The spacing has been normalized, the numbers have been taken out,
the dead lines have been removed; it's been heavily edited to good
effect. The printed edition reads gorgeously, full of jagged musical
repetitions rhythms, like Gertrude Stein or Christopher Knowles's
libretto for the opera Einstein on the Beach. And there's careful
placement of different types of content such as the copyright warning
which comes crashing down just as you are lulled by the rhythms of the
repeating phrases. The two "boldfaced" proper names, Babyface and Ray
Charles, each with an identical precessional phrase -- "you are so
beautiful artist" -- are placed far enough apart so as not to interfere
with one another, resulting in a perfectly balanced text.

While the computer has harvested the raw material for the poem,
it's the authorial hand of Wersher and Kennedy that wrangles the beauty
out of the surplus text, making for a more conventional rendition of
the work, one predicated upon a skilled editorial hand. Yet the page-
bound version lacks the ability to surprise, grow and continually
reinvent itself the same way the rougher web version does. What
emerges, then, in these two versions is a balance that embraces both
the machine and the printed book; the raw text and the manipulated; the
infinite and the known, showing us two ways of expressing contemporary
language neither one can be crowned definitive.

Having a computer write poems for you is old hat. What's new is
that, like Wersher and Kennedy, writers are now exploiting the
language-based search engines and social networking sites as source
text. Having a stand-alone program that can generate whimsical poems on
your computer feels quaint compared to the spew of the massive word
generators out there on the web, tapping into our collective mind.

Sometimes that mind isn't so pretty. The Flarf Collective has been
intentionally scouring Google for the worst results and reframing it as
poetry. What began as a group of people submitting poems to a
poetry.com online contest -- they created the absolutely worst poems
they could and were naturally rejected -- snowballed into an aesthetic,
which co-founder Gary Sullivan describes as "A kind of corrosive,
cute, or cloying awfulness. Wrong. Un-P.C. Out of control. 'Not

okay.'" Typical of a Flarf poem is Nada Gordon's "Unicorn Believers Don't Declare Fatwas":

Oddly enough, there is a
"Unicorn Pleasure Ring" in existence.
Research reveals that Hitler lifted
the infamous swastika from a unicorn
emerging from a colorful rainbow.

Nazi to unicorn: "You're not coming
out with me dressed in that ridiculous
outfit." You can finally tell your daughter
that unicorns are real. One ripped the head off
a waxwork of Adolf Hitler, police said.

April 22 is a nice day. I really like it.
I mean it's not as fantastic as that hitler
unicorn ass but it's pretty special to me.
CREAMING bald eagle there is a tiny Abe
Lincoln boxing a tiny Hitler. MAGIC UNICORNS

"You're really a unicorn?" "Yes. Now
kiss my feet." Hitler as a great man.
Hitler... mm yeah, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler,
Hitler, Hitler, Hitler. ... German food is so bad,
even Hitler was a vegetarian, just like a unicorn.

I was sort of doodling Hitler at my friend's
house and we couldn't stop watching
unicorn Hard core soft porn abortion e-cards
containing scenes in which the baby angora unicorn
and Hitler stay warm on a cold night.

This blog is dedicated to the individual
mystery of Hitler's mustache and my book of poems
to becoming a unicorn. That unicorn is worse than Hitler.
The unicorn has always been a mythological animal:
Flossy Unicorn Puppet Show Cats That Look Like Hitler Pez
dispensers

Unicorn believers don't declare fatwas.
So worry about something more important
like getting hit in a collision between
a comet being ridden by Elvis, and Hitler
riding a Unicorn. It's a psychedelic unicorn light show

and you know that's groovy baby!

Gordon dug deep and selected expertly to grab the very worst of the web. But in order to make something great out of horrible materials, you've got to choose well. Flarf's co-founder, K. Silem Mohammad, dubbed Flarf a kind of "sought" poetry, as opposed to "found" poetry, because its makers are actively and constantly engaged in the act of text mining. Every hot button is purposely pushed here from the using the cheesy image to the cliché: fatwas, abortions and Hitler's birthday; nothing is off-limits. Postmodern painting went through similar spasms in the mid-70s when trying to figure a way out of conceptual and minimal art by inventing a movement called "Bad

Painting," where the idea was to paint as primitively and as inappropriately as you could. Artists like Neil Jenney and William Wegman, who took inspiration from the mechanical drawings, freely employing images of kitsch which were painted as crudely as possible. These sorts of explorations were partly responsible for the re-emergence of figuration in the late 70s and early 80s, continuing today.

Flarf takes its historical cues from the coterie-based poetics of the New York School, whose poems were filled with in-jokes intended for their friends. In Flarf's case, many of its poems are posted onto its private listserv. But the New York School -- for all their ideas of "low" and "kitsch" -- never went this far. Flarf, by using disingenuous subjectivity, it never really believes in what it's saying, but it's saying it anyway, acutely scraping the bottom of the cultural barrel with such prescience, precision and sensitivity, that we are forced to reevaluate the nature of language engulfing us. Our first impulse is to flee, to deny its worth, to turn away from it, to write it off as a big joke; but like Warhol's "Car Crashes" or "Electric Chairs," we are equally entranced, entertained and repulsed. It's a double-edged sword that Flarf holds to our necks, forcing us look at ourselves in the blade's reflection with equal doses of swooning narcissism and white-knuckled fear.

The Inventory and the Ambient

Some stories are so profoundly moving as they are, that any sort of creative gloss or fictive enhancement serves to lessen their impact. Take the bestselling novel, *Angel at the Fence*, written by Herman Rosenblat where he tells of meeting his future wife when he was imprisoned as a child in a concentration camp she tossed him apples over the fence, helping him to survive. According to Rosenblat, they met by happenstance years later in Coney Island, realized their history and married happily ever after. Rosenblat's memoir made the usual rounds, was included in a volume of *Chicken Soup for the Soul* and he appeared twice on Oprah, who called the book "the single greatest love story" she had encountered in her 22 years on the show. However, the truth sleuths smelled a rat and the whole thing quickly unraveled. After he was busted he wrote, with remorse, "In my dreams, Roma will always throw me an apple, but I now know it is only a dream." The book was remarketed as a work of fiction instead of a memoir. Deborah E. Lipstadt, a professor of Jewish and Holocaust studies at Emory University upon hearing that yet another Holocaust memoir was recently falsified said, "There's no need to embellish, no need to aggrandize. The facts are horrible, and when you're teaching about horrible stuff you just have to lay out the facts."

Lipstadt's sentiments echo -- in a very different way and context -- something that many artists have proposed over the past century: that unembellished life is more profoundly moving and complex than most fiction can conjure. Popular culture gives us the same message from a different angle: over the past decade, witness the rise and relentless domination of reality television over the constructed sitcom. And from the looks of it, our online lives are headed in the same direction through obsessive documentation of our terrestrial lives. From the early days of webcams to today's rapid-fire Twitter blasts, we've constructed and projected certain notions of who we are through a process of accumulating seemingly insignificant and ephemeral gestures, fashioning identities which might or might not have anything to do with who we actually are. We've become autobiographers of an obsessive nature, but just as much, we've also become biographers of others, collecting scores of minute facts and impressions on whomever we choose to focus our lens. Tribute pages, fan sites and Wikipedia entries on even the most marginal persons or endeavors continually accumulate, line by line, all adding up to an obsession with detail and biography which rivals Boswell.

Boswell in many ways both mirrors and predicts our contemporary linguistic condition. His massive tome is an accumulation of bits and pieces of the quotidian ephemera: letters, observations, patches of dialogue, and descriptions of daily life. The text is an unstable one due to Boswell's excessive footnoting and to Mrs. Thrale's marginalia rebutting and correcting Boswell's subjectively flawed observations. And Thrale's comments are not just appended to the main body of the text, but she also annotates Boswell's minutiae-laden footnotes, some of which take up three-quarters of the page. The book feels Talmudic in its multi-threaded conversations and glosses. It's a dynamic textual space, reminiscent of today's web with built-in feedback and response systems. It also has some of the same cacophonous dilemmas of online space. The spectator sport of Johnson's life in some ways trumps the subject.

Boswell's Johnson can be read cover-to-cover, but it's just as good taken in small chunks, by bouncing around skimming, grazing or parsing.

I recall in the early days of the web a friend lamenting that he reads so "carelessly" online, that he's more curious to get to the next click than he is engaging in a deeper way with the text. It's a common cry: we do tend to read more horizontally online. But *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, LL.D. is a reminder from over two centuries ago that not all text demand a strictly linear reading. Once Boswell actually meets up with his subject, there's no real narrative thrust other than chronological, ending with Johnson's death. You can dip in and out without worrying about losing the thread the way you might in a more conventionally written biography. Running your eyes across the pages -- skimming -- you haul in gems of knowledge while experience fleeting ephemeral moments that have been rendered timeless. Yet there's a lot of chaff such as this frivolous instance which Boswell pens deep into Johnson's 74th year:

I never shall forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, (a) lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. (b)

Like a commenter on a blog, Hester Thrale in the margins, chimes in:

(a) I used to joke him for getting Valerian to amuse Hodge in his last Hours.

(b) no, it was lest they should consider him as degrading Humanity by setting a Man to wait upon a beast.

This is a not-particularly-profound conversation about wine that feels like the meandering improvised dialogue from an Andy Warhol film:

SPOTTISWOODE. So, Sir, wine is a key which opens a box; but this box may be either full or empty? JOHNSON. Nay, Sir, conversation is the key: wine is a pick-lock, which forces open the box and inures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine, which wine gives. BOSWELL. The great difficulty of resisting wine is from benevolence. For instance, a good worthy man asks you to taste his wine, which he has had twenty years in his cellar. JOHNSON. Sir, all this notion about benevolence arises from a man's imagining himself to be of more importance to others, than he really is. They don't care a farthing whether he drinks wine or not. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Yes, they do for the time. JOHNSON. For the time! -- If they care this minute, they forget it the next...

It's through these small and seemingly insignificant details that Boswell is able to build a convincing portrait of Johnson's life and genius. Boswell's strength is information management. He's got a great sense balance, mixing toss-aways with keepers. The text has a leveling quality -- profound with insignificant, eternal with quotidian -- which is very much the way our attention (and lives) tend to be: divided and multi-threaded. Just as I'm writing this text now, with one eye on Samuel Johnson and the other on the score of the Mets game playing live in another window on my screen.

In 1938, *The Monthly Letter of The Limited Editions Club*, asked of Boswell, "What, however, has the *Life* to offer a twentieth century reader?" And in the parlance of the day, it goes on to ascribe conventional value to the presumed profundity of the book, saying that "the *Life* has an apt word or phrase for everything" and that it is "at

once intimately personal and classically universal." Over seventy years later, I think we can ask the same question: "What has the Life to offer a twenty-first century reader?" and get a completely different answer, one intimately connected to the way we live today.

There's something about inventory that feels contemporary. When the graphical user interface emerged, I remember there was a common sense that "now everybody is a graphic designer." With the ever-increasing push of information and material flowing through our networks, we've become like kids in a candy store: we want it all. And since it's mostly free, we grab it. As a result, we've had to learn how to store things, organize them and tag them for quick recall. And we've become very good at it. This ethos has seeped into every aspect of our lives; offline, too, we find ourselves meticulously gathering and organizing information as a way of being in the world. Caroline Bergvall, a trilingual poet living in London, recently decided to inventory the opening lines of all the British Library's translations of Dante's *Inferno*. She claims that the act of translating Dante has become "something of a cultural industry." In fact, by the time she finished collecting her versions -- there were forty-eight in all -- two new translations had reached the library's shelves. Bergvall explains her process: "My task was mostly and rather simply, or so it seemed at first, to copy each first tercet as it appeared in each published version of the *Inferno*. To copy it accurately. Surprisingly, more than once, I had to go back to the books to double-check and amend an entry, publication data, a spelling. Checking each line, each variation, once, twice. Increasingly, the project was about keeping count and making sure. That what I was copying was what was there. Not to inadvertently change what had be printed. To reproduce each translative gesture. To add my voice to this chorus, to this recitation, only by way of this task. Making copy explicit as an act of copy."

Here's an excerpt from Bergvall's "Via: 48 Dante Variations":

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
che la diritta via era smarrita

The Divine Comedy- Pt. 1 *Inferno* - Canto I -
1.

Along the journey of our life halfway
I found myself again in a dark wood
wherein the straight road no longer lay
(Dale, 1996)

2.

At the midpoint in the journey of our life
I found myself astray in a dark wood
For the straight path had vanished.
(Creagh and Hollander, 1989)

3.

HALF over the wayfaring of our life,
Since missed the right way, through a night-dark-wood
Struggling, I found myself.
(Musgrave, 1893)

4.

Halfway along the road we have to go,
I found myself obscured in a great forest,
Bewildered, and I knew I had lost the way.
(Sisson, 1980)

5.

Halfway along the journey of our life
I woke in wonder in a sunless wood
For I had wandered from the narrow way
(Zappulla, 1998)

A simple act of inventory belies the subjectivity of translation as the immortal words of Dante are up for grabs. Through re-presentation, Bergvall détourns the tercet into a permutational poem or an Oulipian N+7 style exercise. We move from a "dark wood" to a "night-dark-wood" to a "great forest" to a "sunless wood"; or "journey of our life halfway" to "midpoint in the journey of our life" to "HALF over the wayfaring of our life" to "Halfway along the road we have to go" and "Halfway along the journey of our life." Each phrase uses metaphor, allusion, sentence structure, and wordiness in entirely different ways. By doing very little, Bergvall reveals so very much.

The poet Tan Lin compiles information into what he calls "ambient stylistics," which can be likened to the "non-listening" of Erik Satie's "Furniture Music." In the midst of an art opening at a Paris gallery in 1902, Erik Satie and his cronies, after begging everyone in the gallery to ignore them, broke out into what they called "Furniture Music" -- that is, background music -- music as wallpaper, music to be purposely not listened to. The patrons of the gallery, thrilled to see musicians performing in their midst, ceased talking and politely watched, despite Satie's frantic efforts to get them to pay no attention. Satie's gesture was picked up by Brian Eno some seventy-five years later when he described his concept of ambient music: "An ambience is defined as an atmosphere, or a surrounding influence: a tint. My intention is to produce original pieces ostensibly (but not exclusively) for particular times and situations with a view to building up a small but versatile catalogue of environmental music suited to a wide variety of moods and atmospheres."

Lin wants to create a space for create a space for innovative writing that is relaxing, not demanding, to the point where he envisions a writing environment where literature exists without having to be read at all:

A good poem is very boring... In a perfect world all sentences, even the ones we write to our loved ones, the mailman or our interoffice memos, would have that overall sameness, that sense of an average background, a fluid structure in spite of the surface disturbances and the immediate incomprehension. The best sentences should lose information at a relatively constant rate. There should be no ecstatic moments of recognition... The canon is an idealistic maze and should ideally prefigure a range of meaningless mood musics, from elevator Muzak to New Age music, to ambient sound construction by Brian Eno, Soundlab and others, to endless TV soap operas and, most of all, to mid- to late-'70s disco with its emphasis on monotonous rhythms, its superficiality, and its blatantly unsubtle sexual innuendoes. The best way to listen to prerecorded voices and background music is to listen carelessly and accidentally, as if one were reading a poem by John Ashbery, T.S. Eliot or Charles Bernstein. Rod McKuen makes you care, unfortunately, and the last thing one wants to do while reading a poem is to care. Reading is too selfish for that. That is why the most boring and long-winded writings encourage a kind of effortless non-understanding, a language in which reading itself seems perfectly (I say this in a positive way) redundant. One needn't read through great novels anymore like one did in the nineteenth century with Balzac or now with someone like Tom Wolfe whose works are basically dull

repetitions (realism) that function like a nineteenth-century version of the Nynex Yellow Pages or Page Six of the New York Post.

The idea of making a text intentionally flat and boring flies in the face about everything we've come to expect from "good" literature. His project Ambient Fiction Reading System 01: A List of Things I Read Didn't Read and Hardly Read for Exactly One Year took the form of a blog documenting each day's intake or textual grazing. Here's an excerpt from Tuesday, August 22, 2006, which begins:

10:08-15 HOME OFFICE NYT From Their Own Online World, Pedophiles Extend Their Reach
10:15-23 Pakistanis Find US an Easier Fit than Britain
10:24-26 nytimes.com Editorial Observer; The Television Has Disintegrated. All that's Left is the Viewer
10:28-31 A Police Car with Plenty of Muscle
10:31-4 Now the Music Industry wants Guitarists to Stop Sharing
10:50-6 Code Promotions, A Madison Ave Staple, are Going Online
10:57-07 The Tragic Drama of a Broken City, Complete with Heros and Villains When the Levees Broke
11:09-15 Helping Fledgling Poets Soar with Confidence
11:15-12:16 AOL Acts on Release of Data
11:59 wikipedia "abdur chowdhury"
12:16-23 Rohaytn Will Take Lehman Post "I remember the first time I cam into contact with them. I was carrying Adren Meyer's briefcase into a meeting with Bobby Lehman in the mid-1950's. They had six desks. I 've always had a yen for them."
12:23-5 wikipedia "rohatyn" "greenberg"
12:25 style.com "greenberg"
12:25-33 What Organizations Don't Want to Know Can Hurt
12:34 Tower Records will Auction its Assets
12:34-57 Web Surfing in Public Places is a Way to Court Trouble

What appears to be a banal list of things he read -- or didn't read -- with some investigation reveals a wealth of autobiographical narrativity and sheds light on the act of consuming, archiving and moving information. Lin begins his day at 10:08 in his home office, where he skims the day's news. The first thing he reads is a story about how pedophiles are colonizing the online space. The story says that "They swap stories about day-to-day encounters with minors. And they make use of technology to help take their arguments to others..." We have no way of knowing if Lin is reading this in the paper version or online, but since he's blogging about it or entering his meanderings into a word processing document, we can pretty much assume that one hand is on the computer. In a sense -- without the pedophilia, of course -- this article describes Lin's situation. Sitting at his computer, he is simultaneously reading and writing, consuming and redistributing, creating and disseminating information, "mak[ing] use of technology to help take [his] arguments to others." Minus the lurid connotations, we could easily reimagine the title of this excerpt to be "From His Online World, Tan Lin Extends His Reach."

By 10:24, he is definitely online: "The Television Has Disintegrated. All that's Left is the Viewer," is a folksy mediation on how our digital technology has supplanted the functional simplicity of the old analog television set. With one window cracked to nytimes.com and another open for blog entries, Lin is enacting the dilemma put forth in the article (which was published in the shrinking

New York Times but read online by Lin at nytimes.com, thereby self-reflexively further contributing to the disintegration of old media).

Immersed in the screen, Lin continues to read about the erosion of old media distribution from 10:31-10:34 in "Now the Music Industry wants Guitarists to Stop Sharing." The article, which is still online at The New York Times site, is 1500 words long. Quickly reading or skimming, it's entirely plausible that Lin did read this article during the time he said he did. Yet a much shorter article of only 920 words, which takes six minutes to read, "Helping Fledgling Poets Soar with Confidence," is a book review where the author claims "poetry is a primal impulse within us all," which again, Lin is also enacting.

As much of Lin's work is about identity and the slippages therein, he naturally is drawn toward an article which he spends 65 minutes with, from 11:15-12:16. "AOL Acts on Release of Data," is about a data scandal at AOL where the identities of many users were exposed. Coincidentally, that same AOL leak forms the basis of Thomas Claburn's book-length piece, i feel better after i type to you, where he republished all the data of one users. As Claburn explains:

Within the third of the ten files of user search queries AOL mistakenly released (user-ct-test-collection-03), there's a poem of sorts. Between May 7 and May 31 of this year, AOL user 23187425 submitted a series of more than 8,200 queries with no evident intention of finding anything—only a handful of the entries are paired with a search results URL. Rather, the author's series of queries forms a stream-of-consciousness soliloquy.

Whether it's fact or fiction, confession or invention, the search monologue is strangely compelling. It's a uniquely temporal literary form in that the server time stamps make the passage of time integral to the storytelling. It could be the beginning of a new genre of writing, or simply an aberration. But it does beg further explanation. What circumstances prompted the author to converse thus with AOL's search engine?

Claburn's poem looks eerily like Lin's:

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Tuesday 1:25 am
2006-05-09 01:25:15 break in
2006-05-09 01:26:00 joseph i have a question
2006-05-09 01:27:27 all the years why did you work out of delphi
2006-05-09 01:28:36 could have gone to detriot
2006-05-09 01:29:40 why you make delphi kettering your base
2006-05-09 01:30:09 your base
2006-05-09 01:31:13 joe why
2006-05-09 01:31:56 you choose kettering
2006-05-09 01:33:01 had opportunity
2006-05-09 01:33:26 to leave
2006-05-09 01:34:19 start there but could have left
2006-05-09 01:34:54 know you started there but could have left
2006-05-09 01:35:28 why did you stay
2006-05-09 01:36:14 but why
2006-05-09 01:37:46 cause of me
2006-05-09 01:38:48 last saw you bicycle
2006-05-09 01:39:31 why didn't you tell me who you were
2006-05-09 01:41:07 was not to tell me
2006-05-09 01:41:47 orders
2006-05-09 01:42:38 jt order
2006-05-09 01:43:59 was thinking
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2006-05-09 01:44:38 on line to ask
2006-05-09 01:45:17 no one would tell me
2006-05-09 01:46:11 mean no
2006-05-09 01:47:45 told of everyone else
2006-05-09 01:48:20 keller like you
2006-05-09 01:48:44 all thrash
2006-05-09 01:49:24 told of them
2006-05-09 01:50:27 wasn't my type
2006-05-09 01:50:49 was not my type
2006-05-09 01:51:32 my type is rare
2006-05-09 01:52:06 hard to find
2006-05-09 01:53:10 pay no attention to every man
2006-05-09 01:54:24 find one who treat me good an stay
2006-05-09 01:55:22 look toward you
2006-05-09 01:56:07 time will depart us
2006-05-09 01:56:43 of not seeing
2006-05-09 01:57:39 will depart us
2006-05-09 01:58:57 on to ask
2006-05-09 01:59:49 music will not help me work
2006-05-09 02:00:24 take hands
2006-05-09 02:00:56 together
2006-05-09 02:01:47 my suit come tommorrow
2006-05-09 02:02:25 purse that match was gone

In the same way that Lin tracks his reading habits and, by association, his mental patterns, Clauburn tracks "AOL User 23187425." Our digital footprint, when rendered visible by data trails, makes for compelling narrative, psychological and autobiographical literature, proving once again that, incisively framed, "mere data" is anything but banal.

When Tan Lin reads about the AOL leak, he comes across the name Abdur Chowdhury, a professor who was the source of the leak. At 11:59, he most likely cracks another browser window and looks up the Wikipedia entry for "Abdur Chowdhury" for which no page is found. The Times article claims that "Nearly 20 million discrete search queries, representing the personal Internet hunting habits of more than 650,000 AOL customers gathered over a three-month period last spring, were posted by a company researcher, Abdur Chowdhury, on a publicly accessible Web site late last month." One presumes that such a figure would be of interest to Lin who claims, "[R]eading, in a web-based environment, crosses into writing, publication, distribution, and marketing. Is a Twitter feed a form of publication? or is it writing? or is it distribution that is 'pulled' by readers who 'subscribe'? It would seem to be a combination and the lines between these practices is less rigid than with a book where writing and publication are distinct temporally and as entities. Even tags used by Twitterers don't necessarily identify the author by name."

Lin moves on at 12:16 and finds an article about the financier Felix Rohaytn's new job at Lehman Brothers. Strangely enough, Lin includes a paragraph from the article, the original which reads: "'I remember the first time I came into contact with them,' he said. 'I was carrying Andre Meyer's briefcase into a meeting with Bobby Lehman in the mid-1950's. They had six desks. I've always had a yen for them.'" In Lin's piece, he combines the two sentences and removes a pair of quotation marks and the connective phrase "he said." Here one wonders if he wasn't reading the paper edition of the newspaper simultaneously; perhaps that was a pull-quote, but in an article about a prominent financier's promotion, a pull-quote would hardly focus on his passion

for furniture. But for Lin, who is a part-time furniture dealer, this particular sentence might have had a particular meaning. Perhaps it's a note to himself to get in touch with Mr. Rohaytn, who might be interested in some of Lin's pieces. The next entry, a Wikipedia search for the terms "Rohatyn" "Greenberg" doesn't turn up anything. But a Google search for those same terms turns up a style.com page featuring benefit and party pictures of the rich and fashionable art dealer Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn, who it is well-known, is married to Nicolas Rohatyn, son of Felix Rohaytn. Lin, who moves in art world circles, might see this as a way of getting in touch with the elder Rohaytn.

So what does this all add up to? What looks at first glance to be a mass of random information is, in fact, multi-dimensional and autobiographical. And it's also mostly verifiable. Those articles do exist and the correspondent times generally make sense. In short, we must conclude that this is not a work of fiction and that Lin really did read what he did and when he did over the course of a year. Taken cumulatively, this is a fairly accurate portrait of Tan Lin, a different type of autobiography, accurately describing himself and his circumstances, without once ever having used the pronoun "I."

In 1974, George Perec, the Oulipian writer, wrote a work that asked similar questions. He compiled a massive Rabelaisian piece, "Attempt at an Inventory of the Liquid and Solid Foodstuffs Ingurgitated by Me in the Course of the Year Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Four" which begins:

Nine beef consommé, one iced cucumber soup, one mussel soup.

Two Guëndouilles, one jellied andouillette, one Italian charcuterie, one cervelas sausage, four assorted charcuteries, one coppa, three pork platters, one figatelli, one foie gras, one fromage de tête, one boar's head, five Parma hams, eight pâté, one duck pâté one pâtée foie with truffles, one pâté croûe, one pâtérand-mèe, one thrush pâté six pâté des Landes, four brawns, one foie gras mousse, one pig's trotters, seven rillettes, one salami, two saucissons, one hot saucisson, one duck terrine, one chicken liver terrine.

and ends five pages later:

Fifty-six Armagnacs, one Bourbon, eight Calvadoses, one cherries in brandy, six Green Chartreuses, one Chivas, four cognacs, one Delamain cognac, two Grand Marniers, one pink-gin, one Irish coffee, one Jack Daniel's, four marcs, three Bugey marcs, one marc de Provence, one plum liqueur, nine Souillac plums, one plums in brandy, two Williams pears, one port, one slivovitz, one Suz, thirty-six vodkas, four whiskies.

N coffees

one tisane

three Vichy waters

Perec's inventory is a massive indulgence in the pleasure principle, literally creating a portrait based on the cliché you are what you eat. Or perhaps not. Taken as autobiography, if food and drink can be immense carriers of class and economic status, then we can glean a lot from this list about the author. But the problem is that even though its stated that this is what Perec himself ate, we have no verification of it. And if you think about it, quantifying exactly what you ate over the course of a year is almost impossible. In the text, he claims to have consumed "one milk-fed lamb." How much of that lamb did he actually eat? Class status might become more traceable when wines are mentioned, for instance, "one Saint-Emilion '61." There's no vintner mentioned and if we look up the price of that wine today, it

goes anywhere from \$220 to \$10,000. While it would've been considerably less in 1974, how are we to know that this isn't just fantasy, an impoverished writer dreaming of great luxuries? It's entirely conceivable that Perec sat down and invented this inventory in one drunken evening at his desk in his modest flat. We'll never know. Would the real Georges Perec please stand up?

Uncreative writing allows for a new type of writing about ourselves: call it oblique autobiography. By inventorying the mundane -- what we eat and what we read -- we leave a trail that can say as much about ourselves as a more traditional diaristic approach, leaving room enough for the reader to connect-the-dots and construct narratives in a plethora of ways.

Uncreative Writing in the Classroom: A Disorientation

In 2004, I began teaching a class called "Uncreative Writing" at the University of Pennsylvania. I sensed that the textual changes that I was noticing in the digital landscape as a result of intensive online engagement was going to be echoed by a younger generation who had never known anything but this environment. This is the course description:

It's clear that long-cherished notions of creativity are under attack, eroded by file-sharing, media culture, widespread sampling, and digital replication. How does writing respond to this new environment? This workshop will rise to that challenge by employing strategies of appropriation, replication, plagiarism, piracy, sampling, plundering, as compositional methods. Along the way, we'll trace the rich history of forgery, frauds, hoaxes, avatars, and impersonations spanning the arts, with a particular emphasis on how they employ language. We'll see how the modernist notions of chance, procedure, repetition, and the aesthetics of boredom dovetail with popular culture to usurp conventional notions of time, place, and identity, all as expressed linguistically.

My hunch proved to be correct. Not only did the students take to the curriculum, but they ended up teaching me much more than I knew. Every week, they'd come into class and show me the latest language meme raging across the networks or some new remix engine that was more capable of mangling texts than I had ever dreamed of. The classroom took on the characteristics of an online community, more of a dynamic place for sharing and exchanging ideas than a traditional professor-lectures-students college course.

But as time went on, I realized that although they could show me cool new things, they didn't know how to contextualize these artifacts, historically, culturally, or artistically. If, for example, they showed me "The Hitler Meme," where the infamous scene from Oliver Hirschbiegel's film *Downfall* was re-subtitled so that Hitler was screaming about everything from Windows Vista problems to the collapse of the real estate bubble, I had to inform them that in the 1970s, Situationist filmmaker René Viénet used the resubtitling technique to détourn genre films like porn or kung fu into scathing artworks of social and political critique. It also dawned on me that they were much more oriented to consuming online culture than seeing it as something to create new works from. Although we were engaging in a meaningful two-way conversation, I felt there was a real pedagogical need to be filled, one that centered around issues of contextualization. And there were big gaps of knowledge. It was as if all the pieces were there but they needed someone to help put them together in the right place and in the right order, a situation that called for a conceptual reorientation of what already came very naturally to them. In this chapter, I want to give three case studies of basic exercises I give my students to in order to acclimate them to the ideas of uncreative writing and to make them aware of the language and its riches that is -- and has always been -- around them.

I. Retyping Five Pages

The first thing I want to do is to get them to think about the act of writing itself, so I give them a simple assignment: retype five pages with no further explanation. To my surprise, the next week they arrive in the class, each with a unique piece of writing. Their responses are varied and full of revelations. Although some predictably

find the task unbearable and can't wait to get it over with, others discover that it is relaxing and Zen-like, saying it's the first time they've been able to focus on the act of typing, as opposed to struggling to find "inspiration." As a result, they find themselves happily ensconced in an amnesia-like state, with words and their meanings drifting in and out of their consciousness. Many become aware of the role that their body plays in writing, from their posture, to the cramps in their hands, to the movement of their fingers, they become aware of the performative nature of writing. One woman says that she finds the exercise closer to dancing than to writing, entranced by her rhythmic tapping on the keys. Another says it's most intense reading experience she's ever had; when retyping her favorite high school short story, she discovers to her amazement just how poorly written it is. For many students, they began to view texts not only as transparent carriers of meaning, but also as opaque objects to be moved around the white space of the page.

In the act of retyping, another thing that differentiates one student from another is their choice of what to retype. For example, one student retypes a story about a man's repeated inability to complete a sexual act. When I asked him why he chose this text to retype, he replies that he finds it the perfect metaphor for this assignment, frustrated as he is by not being permitted to be "creative." One woman, who has a day job as a waitress, decides to mnemonically retype her restaurant's menu in order to learn it better for work. The odd thing is that it fails: she detests the assignment and is enraged that it didn't help her at all on the job. It's a nice reminder that, often, the value of art is that it has no practical value at all.

The critique proceeds through a rigorous examination of paratextual devices, those which are normally considered outside of the scope of writing but, in fact, have everything to do with writing. Questions arise: What kind of paper did you use? Why was it on generic white computer paper when the original edition was on thick, yellowed, pulpy stock? What did your choice of paper stock say about you: your aesthetic, economic, social, political and environmental circumstances? Did you reproduce exactly the original text's layout page by page or did you simply flow the words from one page to another, the way your word processing program does? Will your text be read differently if it is in Times Roman or Verdana?

Even the way the students discuss their work is closely examined. One student, for example, without thinking, prefaces a presentation of her work to the class by claiming her piece "isn't going to change the world," which is normally shorthand for "this piece isn't all that great." But in this environment, her pronouncement leads to a heated half-hour-long discussion about writing's ability or inability to affect change in the world, its political ramifications and its social consequences, all on account of an innocently -- but sloppily -- spoken platitude.

II. Transcribe a short piece of audio

I give the class the instructions to transcribe a piece of audio. I try to pick something with little excitement or interest so as to keep the focus on the language, a straight-forward news report or something seemingly dry and dull so as not to "inspire" any student. If I give ten people the same audio file to transcribe, we end up with ten completely unique transcriptions. How we hear -- and how, in turn, we process that hearing into written language -- is riddled with subjectivity. What you hear as a brief pause and transcribe as a comma,

I hear as the end of a sentence and transcribe as a period. The act of transcription, then, is a complex one involving translation, displacement and détournement. No matter how hard we try, we can't objectify this seemingly simple and mechanical process.

And yet, perhaps mere transcription is not enough. What we end up with is a text, but upon reading it over, we are still missing one key element: the physical qualities of the voice -- the lulls, the stresses, the accents and pauses. Once we allowed those vagaries in, we open Pandora's box: How to transcribe the messiness of speech, say, when two people are talking atop one another? Or what to do when words are mumbled or indecipherable? Or how do we connote someone laughing or coughing while speaking? What to do about foreign accents or multi-language texts? For such a seemingly simple task, the questions kept piling up.

On an internet search, one student comes up with a standard set of transcription conventions, one used in courtrooms and in witness statements which we immediately adopt as our guide. In them, we discover a world of orthographic symbols designed to bring the voice out of the text. We set to work, peppering our dry texts with extra-lingual symbols. We listen over and over again, each time parsing with more minute focused intensity -- was that pause (.10) seconds or was it (1.75) seconds? No, it was somewhere in between, noted as (.), a micro pause, usually less than a quarter of a second. By the time we are through, the voices literally jump off the page, shouting and singing as if a recording of them were playing in the room. The results look more like computer code than "writing," and it produces a dozen unique works, in spite of the uniform standards we impose upon them, so that, for example, a transcription of a snippet of dialogue would go from this:

He comes for conversation. I comfort him sometimes. Comfort and consultation. He knows that's what he'll find.

ends up looking like this:

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\He comes for/ *cONverAstion--* I cOMfort him sometimes (2.0)
COMfort and >cONsultAtion< (.) He knows (.) that's what >HE'll find--<
(2.0) He knows that's <whAT--> >he'll fi--nd< (6.0)
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The passage was coded using the following transcriptional conventions:

Underlining of the syllable nucleus denotes that the word is stressed with a syntactically focused accent

UPPERCASE indicates words which are spoken in a louder volume and/or with emphatic stress

(2.0) marks a timed pause of about 2 seconds

(.) denotes a micro-pause, usually less than a quarter of a second

- (single dash sign) in the middle of a word denotes that the speaker interrupts himself

-- (double dash signs) at the end of an utterance indicates that the speaker leaves his utterance incomplete, often with an intonation which invites the addressee to complete the utterance

\ / inward slashes denotes speech in a low volume ('sotto voce')

> < (arrows) denotes speech (between the arrows which is spoken at a faster rate than the surrounding talk

< > denotes speech (between the arrows) which is spoken at a slower rate than the surrounding talk

* * (asterisks) indicate laughter in the speaker's voice while pronouncing the words enclosed

Read the two passages aloud and you'll hear the difference.

Is this writing or is it mere transcription? It depends on who you ask. To a stenographer, it's a job; to a fiction writer focused on telling a compelling narrative, it's a clogged storyline; to a screenwriter, it's the actor's job; to a linguist, it's analytical data; yet to an uncreative writer -- one who finds unexpected richness by subtly shifting frames of reference -- it's art.

III. Transcribing Project Runway

As the semester progresses, the class begins to take on a life of its own and the students begin to act as a group. The class virtually assembles to watch, say, the season's finale of Project Runway at 10:00 on a Tuesday evening. We'll each be at our separate homes, scattered up and down the East Coast yet all connected by a chat room. Once the show starts, no conversation is allowed except for us to all type what we're hearing on the television as we're hearing it. Subjective commentary, gloss and opinion -- original thoughts and words -- are prohibited. From the moment the show's opening credits roll, a blizzard of repeated words are looped onto the screen by all fifteen participants. We don't stop for ads, rather texts are spawned continuously until 11pm, at which time over 75 pages worth of raw text is generated which looks like this:

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ChouOnTHISSS (10:19:37 PM): really really happy
beansdear (10:19:37 PM): all the models are dress
ChouOnTHISSS (10:19:37 PM): show the world what I can do
WretskyMustDie (10:19:38 PM): Michael's parents
ChouOnTHISSS (10:19:38 PM): Michael's parents
customary black (10:19:38 PM): ready to show the world
Kerbear1122 (10:19:38 PM): weally weally happy
sunglassaholic (10:19:38 PM): ready to show the world
ChouOnTHISSS (10:19:38 PM): I really like it.
ChouOnTHISSS (10:19:38 PM): do or die
tweek90901 (10:19:40 PM): I really like it
EP1813 (10:19:40 PM): coming to life I like it
shoegall229 (10:19:40 PM): I do or die
WretskyMustDie (10:19:40 PM): do or die now or never
beansdear (10:19:40 PM): i really lke it
tweek90901 (10:19:40 PM): one shot
shoegall229 (10:19:40 PM): now or never
sunglassaholic (10:19:40 PM): one shot
beansdear (10:19:40 PM): do or die
shoegall229 (10:19:40 PM): one shot
WretskyMustDie (10:19:40 PM): Jeffrey's girlfriend and son
beansdear (10:19:40 PM): I'm giving it
tweek90901 (10:19:40 PM): all of the looks
tweek90901 (10:19:40 PM): on all of the girls
sunglassaholic (10:19:40 PM): all of the looks
customary black (10:19:40 PM): all the looks all the girls
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The class then constructs an editing process. They decide to remove language that they feel interrupts the rhythmic flow ("Michael's parents" and "Jeffrey's girlfriend and son" were extricated). After much argument, the userids and timestamps are removed (some felt that their documentary function was essential to understanding the piece),

all punctuation is excised, typos are fixed, and all lower case "i"s are changed to upper, leaving the final text looking like this:

really really happy
all the models are dressed
show the world what I can do
ready to show the world
weally weally happy
ready to show the world
I really like it
do or die
I really like it
coming to life I like it
I do or die
do or die now or never
I really like it
one shot
now or never
one shot
do or die
one shot
I'm giving it
all of the looks
on all of the girls
all of the looks
all the looks all the girls

It's streamlined and rhythmic, none of which was generated by doing anything other than repeating what was heard. But it's a powerful echo chamber, feeling like a minimalistic cross between E.E. Cummings and Gertrude Stein, all generated by a group listening closely to the spew of a popular television show. If the text wasn't convincing enough, the students give a group reading of the piece, each speaking the lines that they "wrote," reanimating this media-saturated text with a bodily presence in a physical space. If we listen closely to the everyday language spoken around us, we'll be sure to find poetry in it. When Project Runway is aired, you'd be hard-pressed to find a group of viewers paying attention to the way words are spoken instead of how they carry the narrative. Yet all media using language is multifaceted, at once transparent and opaque; by reframing, recontextualizing and repurposing the found language around us, we'll find that all the inspiration we need is right under our noses. As John Cage said, "Music is all around us. If only we had ears. There would be no need for concert halls."

The uncreative classroom is transformed into a wired laboratory, in which students hypertext off the ideas of the instructor and their classmates in a digital frenzy. This was proven during a recent visit by a writer to my classroom. The writer began his lecture with a PowerPoint presentation about his work. While he was speaking, he noticed that the class -- all of whom had their laptops open and connected to the internet -- were furiously typing away. He flattered himself that, in the traditional manner, the students were taking copious notes on his lecture, devouring every word he spoke. But what he was not aware of was that the students were engaged in a simultaneous electronic dialogue with each other about what the writer

was saying, all played out over the class listserv, which they had instant access to. During the course of the writer's lecture, dozens of emails, links and photos were blazing back and forth to each other; each email elicited yet more commentary and gloss on the prior emails to the point where what the artist was saying was merely a jumping off point to an investigation of such depth and complexity, that the visiting writer, let alone a professor's lecture -- would never have achieved. It was an unsurpassed form of active and participatory engagement, but went far astray from what the speaker had in mind. The top-down model had collapsed, leveled with a broad, horizontal student-driven initiative, one where the professor and visiting lecturer were reduced to bystanders on the sidelines.

But what of the sustained classroom discussion or the art of carefully listening to another person's point of view? From time to time, I make them close their laptops and switch off their cell phones and we reconnect face-to-face in meatspace. My students seem to be equally comfortable with both modes, moving in and out of them with as much ease as they do in their day-to-day lives, texting their friends during day, and going out dancing with them that evening.

But I do wish to raise a red flag: I work at a privileged university, perhaps one of the most privileged in the world. The classrooms are crammed with the latest technology and top-speed wireless flows like water from the tap. The students, as a whole, come from economically empowered backgrounds and those who aren't, are well-subsidized by the university. They arrive in class with the latest laptops and smart phones and seem to have every imaginable piece of the latest software on their machines. They are adept at file-sharing and gaming, instant messaging and blogging; they tweet non-stop while updating their Facebook status. In short, it's an ideal environment in which to practice the sort of techno-utopianism I preach with enabled students ready willing and able to jump right in.

Needless to say, the situation at an ivy league institution is not in any way normal. While many institutions in the West have ramped up their technological infrastructures in similar -- if not quite as elaborate ways -- at most universities, students struggle to get by with older laptops, earlier versions of software and slower connections; smart phones, for now, are the exception, not the rule; and vast numbers of students must balance the demands of school with equally demanding jobs. In many parts of the West and throughout the Third World, the situation is much worse to the point of technology being non-existent. The data cloud is a fiction, with open and accessible wireless connections few and far between. If you've ever tried to find an unlocked or open wireless network anywhere in the USA, you'll know what I mean. This won't be changing any time soon.

My students know how to express themselves in conventional ways; they've been honing those skills since grade school. They know how to write convincing narratives and tell compelling stories. Yet, as a result, their understanding of language is often one-dimensional. To them, language is a transparent tool used to express logical, coherent and conclusive thoughts according to a strict set of rules that, by the time they've entered college, they've pretty much mastered. As an educator, I can refine it, but I prefer to challenge it in order to demonstrate the flexibility, potentiality and riches of language's multidimensionality. As I've discussed throughout this book, there are many ways to use language, why limit it to one? A well-rounded education consists introducing a multiplicity of approaches. A law student can't only study a case from the side of the prosecution; what the defense does is equally important. The Socratic method of legal

education emphasizes the importance of knowing both sides of an argument in order to win it. Like a chess match, a skilled Socratic lawyer must anticipate her opponent's next move by embodying the contrary stance. A legal education also stresses objectivity and dispassion in order to represent a client's interests. I think writers can learn a lot from such ways.

Why shouldn't a literary education adopt a similar approach? If we can manage language / information, we can manage ideas and thus the world. Most tasks in the world are oriented around these processes, be it the gathering of legal facts for an appellate brief, the collating of statistics for a business report, fact-finding and drawing conclusions in the science lab, and so forth. Taking it one step further, by employing similar strategies, we can create great and lasting works of literature.

At the start of each semester, I ask my students to simply suspend their disbelief for the duration of the class and to fully buy into uncreative writing. I tell them that one good thing that can come out of the class is that they completely reject this way of working. At least their own conservative positions become fortified and accountable. Another fine result is that the uncreative writing exercises become yet another tool in their writing toolbox, upon which they will draw from for the rest of their careers. But the big surprise, even for my most skeptical students, is that being exposed to this "uncreative" way of thinking forever alters the way they see the world. They can no longer take for granted the definition of writing the way they were taught. The change is as much philosophical as it is practical; they leave the class more sophisticated and complex thinkers. I, in fact, train them to be "unoriginal geniuses."

Uncreative Writing in the Classroom

Students have now been immersed in the digital world from childhood and their adaptation to these ideas is native; they've been weaving together words and images into new creations since they learned how to cut-and-paste. Yet, in my experience, I've found that this skill set has never been valued in the classroom as a potential way of constructing serious written works. On the contrary, when asked, students tell me that it's universally criminalized in universities, resulting in students pretending to "research" in old fashioned ways. One student of mine told me that instead of citing the The New York Times website in a thesis, she cited the paper version instead, trying to "fool" the teacher into thinking that she had broader sources other than the web for her research, even when the content is identical in both places.

Simply put, pedagogy has not adapted itself to contemporary conditions in culture. And we are reaping what we sew, breeding a culture of deception, converting a natural enthusiasm for research and learning into a surreptitious practice to the point where outsmarting the professor becomes more pressing than what the student is engaged with. The irony is that this is exactly what the academy claims happens to students when they rely too much on digital media. It's a lose-lose situation: the students do twice the work to prove that they've done "twice the work" to the authorities, and the professors do twice the work to "catch" the students. If we could learn to accept the student's infatuation with the digital as a natural, normal, even healthy way of

proceeding, thus bridging the gap of mutual distrust that has grown between student and teacher. The truth is that things are not going back to the way they were and the longer we condemn and ignore the realities of web and digitally-based research -- with all the complexities they invoke -- the further out of touch we will become. Academia is bound to lose this one.

But really, the game hasn't really changed; it just happens faster. Just like book-based research, digitally-spun academic research is a mixture of hunch, stumble, hypertexting, patchwriting and amalgamation, fusing other people's thoughts into something that is your own. Was your research sprung completely from your own genius? Most likely not. You sourced it from dozens of places. What is original -- and genius -- is the way you wove those sources together.

My students live in a world of file-sharing and open-source culture. As a result, their attitude toward research is a collective one. Upon completing an academic paper, their first impulse is to post it on blogs, social networks and file-sharing sites. Just like MP3s, they tend to view the grand sum of learning as a collective pool into which they may freely dip, remixing, reconfiguring and regurgitating it as their own before letting someone else take a turn with it. Naturally, they tend to trust sources that are just as collaborative and fluid, like Wikipedia, rather than ones that are walled-off and top-down like JSTOR. (One student of mine has claimed to fool many a professor by "taking a JSTOR article, rearranging the words, then writing a few lines into it so that it isn't verifiable through search engines.) When asked, my students tell me that the greatest factor in their college education has been Wikipedia, yet they are not allowed to cite Wikipedia as a valid source. One student informed me that his professor demotes one grade for every Wikipedia entry cited in a paper. So what do they do? They use Wikipedia anyway and patchwrite without any citation, resulting in truly sloppy scholarship.

This won't go on much longer. The classroom will inevitably transform from a site of mutual suspicion into a place for experimentation, where both parties can openly investigate these cultural conditions without fear of suspicion or reprisal. Once that happens, a fascinating and complex dialogue will ensue, one where students are actually encouraged to indulge their proclivities in a formal, rigid and structured environment. I've seen this happen. While the results are striking, what's equally important is the discourse that emerges, one that focuses as much on process as it does on product. An entirely new conversation ensues: How do you choose what to use? Or more important, what don't you take? What is the way to digest all this material, transforming surplus text (which is what most of the web is) into smart, concise and pointed research or literature? What steps and processes are invoked to massage these raw texts into something meaningful? What can we trust on the web? And what is best to stay away from? New ideas of distribution emerge: if we're going to share our work, how and where and with whom do we do it? What does context mean on the web, a space the innately resists contextualization? These questions are new, but endlessly engaging -- and highly valuable -- ones.

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manner, the students were taking copious notes on his lecture, devouring every word he spoke. But what he was not aware of was that the students were engaged in a simultaneous electronic dialogue with each other about what the writer was saying, all played out over the class listserv, which they had instant access to. During the course of the writer's lecture, dozens of emails, links and photos were blazing back and forth to each other; each email elicited yet more commentary and gloss on the prior emails to the point where what the artist was saying was merely a jumping off point to an investigation of such depth and complexity, that the visiting writer, let alone a professor's lecture -- would never have achieved. It was an unsurpassed form of active and participatory engagement, but went far astray from what the speaker had in mind. The top-down model had collapsed, leveled with a broad, horizontal student-driven initiative, one where the professor and visiting lecturer were reduced to bystanders on the sidelines.

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Let's not for a minute think this normal in any way. While many institutions in the West have ramped up their technological infrastructures in similar -- if not quite as elaborate ways -- at most universities, students are struggling to get by on older laptops, earlier versions of software and slower connections; smartphones are the exception, not the rule; and vast numbers of students must balance the demands of school with equally demanding jobs. In many parts of the West and throughout the Third World, the situation is much worse to the point of technology being non-existent. The data cloud is a fiction, with open and accessible wireless connections few and far between. If you've ever tried to find an unlocked or open wireless network anywhere in the USA, you'll know what I mean. This won't be changing any time soon.

But enormous public institutions serving the widest array of backgrounds and classes are moving in toward digitization. At the University of California, the Digital Textbook Initiative mandates that all textbooks be electronic by 2020. The ease with which one can manipulate and master information in this format changes the way learning happens. Of course these files will be cracked and when the temptation to copy and paste is right in front of a student's nose, don't think for a moment that they won't. The idea, instead, is to acclimatize the student to the digital environment, making them aware, accountable and responsible for what they do copy, thus mitigating the knee-jerk impulse to mindlessly cheat.

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educator, I can refine it, but I prefer to challenge it in order to demonstrate the flexibility, potentiality and riches of language's multidimensionality. As I've discussed throughout this book, there are many ways to use language, why limit it to one? A well-rounded education consists introducing a multiplicity of approaches. A law student can't only study a case from the side of the prosecution; what the defense does is equally important. The Socratic method of legal education emphasizes the importance of knowing both sides of an argument in order to win it. Like a chess match, a skilled Socratic lawyer must anticipate her opponent's next move by embodying the contrary stance. A legal education also stresses objectivity and dispassion in order to represent a client's interests. A great deal of falsification and insincerity wrapped in the cloak of utter conviction wins the day. I think writers can learn a lot from such ways.

Why shouldn't a literary education adopt a similar approach? If we can manage language / information, we can manage ideas and thus the world. Most tasks in the world are oriented around these processes, be it the gathering of legal facts for an appellate brief, the collating of statistics for a business report, fact-finding and drawing conclusions in the science lab, and so forth. Taking it one step further, by employing similar strategies, we can create great and lasting works of literature.

This is a writing of surgical precision; in uncreative writing, it's the small gestures that make all the difference. That's why in the classroom, we take great pains to workshop the plans for the work, knowing that the ideas are what drives the writing machine. If the ideas are solid, chances are that the writing will be as well. Sloppy decisions make for unsuccessful writing. Front-loading solid ideas will make for swift and mechanical writing, one that rarely fails. Even the way we discuss works can influence their reception. Articulating a precise framing for each work in conversation makes the results all the more effective. As a result, casual conversation and classroom discourse are raised to new heights of awareness. One student, for example, without thinking, prefaced a presentation of her work to the class by claiming her piece "isn't going to change the world," which is normally shorthand for "this piece isn't all that great." But in this environment, her pronouncement led to a heated half-hour discussion about writing's ability or inability to affect change in the world, its political ramifications and its social consequences, all on account of an innocently -- but sloppily -- spoken platitude. All training in the uncreative writing classroom is rigorous. We try to eradicate all whim and fancy during the writing of a work, instead relegating all inspiration and "creativity" to happen before the writing actually starts; once in motion, nothing should sway it.

One exercise I give the students is the simple instructions to transcribe a short audio file. I try to pick something with little excitement or interest so as to keep the focus on the language, a news report or something so dry and dull as not to "inspire" any student. If I give ten people the same audio file to transcribe, we end up with ten completely unique transcriptions. How we hear -- and how, in turn, we process that hearing into written language -- is riddled with subjectivity. What you hear as a brief pause and transcribe as a comma, I hear as the end of a sentence and transcribe as a period. The act of transcription, then, is a complex one involving translation, displacement and détournement. No matter how hard we try, we can't objectify this seemingly simple and mechanical process.

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element: the physical qualities of the voice -- the lulls, the stresses, the accents and pauses. Once we allowed those vagaries in, we open Pandora's box: How to transcribe the messiness of speech, say, when two people are talking atop one another? Or what to do when words are mumbled or indecipherable? Or how do we connote someone laughing or coughing while speaking? What to do about foreign accents or multi-language texts? For a such a seemingly simple task, the questions kept piling up.

By Googling, one student comes up with a standard set of transcription conventions, one used in courtrooms and in witness statements which we immediately adopt as our guide. In them, we discover a world of orthographic symbols designed to bring the voice out of the text. We set to work, peppering our dry texts with extralingual symbols. We listen over and over again, each time parsing with more minute focused intensity -- was that pause (.10) seconds or was it (1.75) seconds? No, it was somewhere in between, noted as (.), a micro pause, usually less than a quarter of a second. By the time we are through, the voices literally jump off the page, shouting and singing as if a recording of them were playing in the room. The results look more like computer code than "writing," and it produces a dozen unique works, in spite of the uniform standards we impose upon them.

Similarly, I ask my students to simply retype five pages with no further instruction. Each student arrives in class with a unique piece of writing. Their responses are varied and full of revelations: some find it enlightening to become a machine (without ever having known Warhol's famous dictum "I want to be a machine"). Others say that it was the most intense reading experience they ever had, with many actually embodying the characters they were retyping. Several students become aware that the act of typing or writing is actually an act of performance, involving their whole body in a physically durational act (even down to noticing the cramps in their hands). Some of the students become intensely aware of the text's formal properties and for the first time in their lives began to think of texts not only as transparent, but as opaque objects to be moved around a white space. Others find the task Zen-like and amnesia-inducing (without ever having known Erik Satie's "Memoirs of an Amnesiac" or Duchamp's desire to live without memory), alternately having the text lose and then regain meaning. What universally emerges is an awareness of the act of typing (we could say the act of writing); what has become a rote, habitual and automatic process is now rendered visible.

In the act of retyping, what differentiates each student is their choice of what to retype. One student retypes a story about a man's inability to complete the sexual act, finding the perfect metaphor for this assignment. Another student retypes her favorite high school short story, only to discover during the act of retyping it, just how poorly written it was. Yet another is a waitress who takes it upon herself to retype her restaurant's menu in order to learn it better for work. She ends up hating the task and even hating her job more. The spell is broken when purposefulness and goal-orientation enters into the process. She learns that what works for art doesn't always translate when applied towards practical tasks in the "real" world.

The critique proceeds through a rigorous examination of paratextual devices, those which are normally considered outside of the scope of writing but, in fact, have everything to do with writing. Questions arise, among them: What kind of paper did you use? Why is it on generic white computer paper when the original edition was on thick, yellowed, pulpy stock? What does your choice of paper stock say about you: your aesthetic, economic, social, political and environmental circumstances?

Do you reproduce exactly the original text's layout page by page or do you simply flow the words from one page to another, the way your word processing program does? Will your text be read differently if it is in Times Roman or Verdana? For a task so seemingly simple, the questions never end.

I ask them to create a film script for an unscripted film. One student takes a short pornographic clip and writes an incredibly detailed 20-page screenplay after it, complete with camera angles, set descriptions, dialogue and body movements. The screenplay is now available for re-enactment according to the script. Another student takes a home video of an emotional family trip to Poland to visit their ancestral villages where thousands were slaughtered during WWII. She then creates a precise screenplay, by transcribing the video -- the action, the scenery, the emotions, the dialogue -- and presents bound copies to her family during the holiday season as gifts. Someone else decides to create screenplays for several notoriously unscripted Andy Warhol films: six hours of a man sleeping, eight hours of the Empire State Building, a man getting a blow job. Nuanced and detailed, this uncreative exercise requires careful watching and precise writing skills. It's absurd, but someone now can remake these films according to a script.

The students must buy into inauthenticity by a creating false and misleading self-portraits written in first-person singular. They must inhabit another's subjectivity, presenting it convincingly in front of their peers as if it were their own words. In most cases, the sentiments are simply cut-and-pasted from blogs. A rigorous examination of each student ensues around why and how the inauthentic persona was chosen. In defending their choice, it is always revealed that what they chose was, in fact, very personal: Googling a location near where they grew up, ripping the words off of a high-school enemy's Facebook page in an act of belated revenge or reading their step-mother's autobiography aloud speaking every "I" -- even the intimate love scenes with her husband -- with total conviction. Although every exercise begins with the inauthentic, it ends with sincere subjectivity. How could it be otherwise?

But sill, we try to be as shallow as we can. Cast yourself in terms of what you buy: create a consumerist self-portrait. Can you define yourself as a statistic, a demographic? Of course you can, it's what you do every day. Let's extend that into writing. One student plugs last month's spending habits into an online machine, resulting in a generic series of statistics and pie-charts, revealing as much about the machine as it does about the student. Another student, by inventorying every CD, LP and MP3 they own, chooses to define himself by a list of these purchased or procured consumer goods. How could that not be true? One girl meticulously notes the location and brand of every piece of clothing strewn about her apartment, resulting in a label-driven psychogeographic GPS mapping of her apartment as read through her clothing addiction. It's very intimate: taste, proclivity, class, fashion and autobiography are on display for all to see.

Every piece must be able to take several forms. Writing's materiality and fluidity needs to be proven by successive iterations which unfold over the course of several weeks. When we work with language on the streets, for example, we make sure to domesticate those texts by repurposing them on the computer in class next week. Graffiti your environment. But just don't use current language. Take outmoded slogans, propaganda or advertisements and spray paint a wall, sticker a window, chalk a sidewalk, lipstick a mirror. Warp time and space, passion and politics into a poetic, nonsensical situation by creating

an absurd reading experience for the passerby. Make them do a double take: "Impeach Nixon" spraypainted on a new condo wall? Then take those slogans and print a series of greeting cards emblazoned with them on their fronts. Recreate them to look exactly like the ones you buy at the pharmacy, down to the bar-codes and envelopes. Now take them down to the local card shop and droplift them in and amongst the greeting cards. "Burn Your Bra," "MVRTIS BENJI. FELAS." ("Murtis, you suck well" - graffiti from Pompeii) and "Is It Always Illegal to Kill A Woman?" (text from a 1953 postage meter ad) sit alongside Mother's Day and First Communion cards in the racks.

We convene after class, virtually assembling to watch, say, the season's finale of Project Runway at 10:00 on a Tuesday evening. We'll each be at our separate homes, scattered up and down the East Coast yet all connected by a chatroom. Once the show starts, no conversation is allowed except for us to all type what we're hearing on the television as we're hearing it. Subjective commentary, gloss and opinion -- original thoughts and words -- are prohibited. From the moment the show's opening credits roll, a blizzard of repeated words are looped onto the screen by all fifteen participants. We don't stop for ads, rather texts are spawned continuously until 11pm, at which time over 75 pages worth of text is generated. What emerges is a remarkable piece of writing, written, really, very little effort or any "creative input." Over the next several weeks, the texts are massaged and finally, a public performance of the text is read by the students, each giving body to the coolly generated language by vocalizing the texts they "wrote."

Entire semesters are spent in Second Life, listservs are the class's lifeblood, and the clatter of keyboards fills the room in place of words. Some classes are completely silent; even though we're all in the same room, the only class communication takes place in chat rooms. The transcript is saved, parsed by each member of the class and presented as works of literature the next week. It's all writing.

At the start of each semester, I ask my students to simply suspend their disbelief for the duration of the class and to fully buy into uncreative writing. I tell them that one good thing that can come out of the class is that they completely reject this way of working. At least their own conservative positions become fortified and accountable. Another fine result is that the uncreative writing exercises become yet another tool in their writing toolbox, upon which they will draw from for the rest of their careers. But the big surprise, even for my most skeptical students, is that being exposed to this "uncreative" way of thinking forever alters the way they see the world. They can no longer take for granted the definition of writing the way they were taught. The change is as much philosophical as it is practical; they leave the class more sophisticated and complex thinkers. I, in fact, train them to be "unoriginal geniuses."

Provisional Language

Language has become a provisional space, temporary and debased, mere material to be shoveled, reshaped, hoarded and molded into whatever form is convenient, only to be discarded just as quickly. Because words today are cheap and infinitely produced, they are detritus, signifying little, meaning less. Disorientation by replication, mirroring, and spam is the norm. Any notion of the authentic or original is untraceable. French theorists who anticipated the destabilizing of language could never have foreseen the extent that these words refuse to stand still; restlessness is all they know. Words today are bubbles, shape shifters, empty signifiers, floating on the invisibility of the network, that great leveler of language, from which we greedily and indiscriminately siphon, stuffing hard drives only to replace them with bigger and cheaper ones.

Digital text is the body-double of print, the ghost in the machine. The ghost has become more useful than the real; if we can't download it, it doesn't exist. Words are additive, they pile up endlessly, become undifferentiated, shattered into shards now, words reform into language-constellations later, only to be blown apart once more.

The blizzard of language is amnesia-inducing; these are not words to be remembered. Stasis is the new movement. A simultaneous condition of ubiquitous obsolescence and presence, dynamic yet stable. An ecosystem: recyclable, repurposed, reclaimed. Regurgitation is the new uncreativity; instead of creation, we honor, cherish and embrace manipulation and repurposing.

Letters are undifferentiated building blocks -- with no one meaning more or less than another; vowels and consonants are reduced to decimal code, temporarily constellating into a word processing document; then a video; then an image; perhaps back to text. Both irregularity and uniqueness are provisionally constructed from identical textual elements. Instead of trying to wrest order from chaos, the picturesque now is wrested from the homogenized, the singular liberated from the standardized. All materialization is conditional: cut, pasted, skimmed, forwarded, spammed.

Where once the craft of writing suggested the coming together -- possibly forever -- of words and thoughts, it is now a transient coupling, waiting to be undone; a temporary embrace with a high probability of separation.

The industrialization of language: because it is so intensely consumed, words are fanatically produced and just as fervently maintained and stored. Words never sleep; torrents and spiders are hoovering language 24-7.

Traditionally, typology implies demarcation, the definition of a singular model that excludes other arrangements. Provisional language represents a reverse typology of cumulative, less about kind than about quantity.

Language is draining and is drained in return; writing has become a space of collision, a container of atoms.

There is a special way of wandering the web, at the same time aimless and purposeful. Where once narrative promised to deliver you to where you wanted to be, the web's blizzard of language now obfuscates and entangles you in a thicket of words that forces you past unwanted detours, turns you back when you're lost: a *dérive* on overdrive, a fast *flâneur*.

Language has been leveled to a mode of sameness, blandness. Can the bland be differentiated? The featureless be exaggerated? Through length? amplification? variation? repetition? Would it make a

difference? Words exist to for the purpose of détournement: take the most hateful language you can find and neuter it; take the sweetest and make it ugly.

Restore, rearrange, reassemble, revamp, renovate, revise, recover, redesign, return, redo: verbs that start with re- produce provisional language.

Half of mankind pollutes to produce, the other pollutes to consume. The combined pollution of all Third World cars, motorbikes, trucks, buses, sweatshops, pales into insignificance compared to the heat generated by digital language. Entire authorial oeuvres now adopt provisional language, establishing regimes of engineered disorientation to instigate a politics of systematic disarray.

Babel has been misunderstood; language is not the problem, just the new frontier.

Provisional language pretends to unite, but it actually splinters. It creates communities not of shared interest or of free association, but of identical statistics and unavoidable demographics, an opportunistic weave of vested interests.

Kill your masters. A shortage of masters has not stopped a proliferation of masterpieces. Everything is a masterpiece; nothing is a masterpiece. It's a masterpiece if I say it is. Inevitably, the death the author has spawned orphaned space; provisional language is authorless, yet surprisingly authoritarian, indiscriminately assuming the cloak of whomever it snatched it from.

The office is the next frontier of writing. Now that you can work at home, the office aspires to the domestic. Provisional writing features the office as the urban home: desks become sculptures; an electronic Post-It universe imbues the new writing, adopting corporate-speak as its lingo: "team memory" and "information management."

Contemporary writing requires the expertise of a secretary crossed with the attitude of a pirate: replicating, organizing, mirroring, archiving, and reprinting, along with a more clandestine proclivity for bootlegging, plundering, hoarding, and file-sharing. We've needed to acquire a whole new skill set: we've become master typists, exacting cut-and-pasters, and OCR demons. There's nothing we love more than transcription; we find few things more satisfying than collation.

There is no museum or bookstore in the world better than our local Staples, crammed with raw writing materials: gigantic hard drives, spindles of blank discs, toners & inks, memory-jammed printers and reams of cheap paper. The writer is now producer, publisher and distributor. Paragraphs are ripped, burned, copied, printed, bound, zapped and beamed simultaneously. The traditional writer's solitary lair is transformed into a socially networked alchemical laboratory, dedicated to the brute physicality of textual transference. The sensuality of copying gigabytes from one drive to another: the whirr of the drive, the churn of intellectual matter manifested as sound. The carnal excitement from supercomputing heat generated in the service of literature. The grind of the scanner as it peels language off the page, thawing it, liberating it. Language in play. Language out of play. Language frozen. Language melted.

Sculpting with text.

Data mining.

Sucking on words.

Our task is to simply mind the machines.

Globalization turns all language into provisional language. The ubiquity of English: now that we all speak it, nobody remembers its use. The collective bastardization of English is our most impressive achievement; we have broken its back with ignorance, accent, slang,

jargon, tourism and multitasking. We can make it say anything we want, like a speech dummy.

Narrative reflexes that have enabled us from the beginning of time to connect dots, fill in blanks, are now turned against us. We cannot stop noticing: no sequence too absurd, trivial, meaningless, insulting, we helplessly register, provide sense, squeeze meaning, and read intention out of the most atomized of words. Modernism showed that we cannot stop making sense out of the utterly senseless. The only legitimate discourse is loss; we used to renew what was depleted, now we try to resurrect what is gone.

Afterword

In 1726, Jonathan Swift imagined a writing machine whereby "the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He described a primitive grid-based machine with every word in the English language inscribed upon it. By cranking a few handles, the grid would shift slightly and random groups of half-sensible words would fall into place. Crank it again and the device would spit out another set of non-sequiturs. These resulting broken sentences were jotted down by scribes into folios which, like pieces of a giant jigsaw puzzle, were intended to be fit together in an effort to rebuild the English language from scratch, albeit written by machine. The Swiftian punchline, of course, is that the English language was fine as it was and the novelty of reconstructing it by machine wasn't going to make it any better. It's a pointed satire of our blinding belief in the transformative potential of technology, even if in many cases it's sheer folly. Yet it's also possible to view Swift's proposition as an act of uncreative writing, particularly when placed in the context of Pierre Menard's rewriting of Don Quixote or Simon Morris's retyping of *On The Road*.

I can imagine someone today reconstructing Swift's machine, rebuilding the English language from scratch, and publishing the book as a work of uncreative writing. It would be a rich project, something along the lines of an Oulipian exercise: "Reconstruct the English language from scratch using the 26 letters on a hand-cranked 20 x 20 grid..." Yet the lesson wouldn't be that much different from Swift's; in 2010, the English language still functions quite well as is. Would reconstructing it by hand really make it any better or would this be an exercise in nostalgia, hearkening back to the time when reproduction and mimesis was labor intensive? But in the end, we'd probably say, why bother when a computer can do it better?

In 1984, a computer programmer named Bill Chamberlain did try to do it better when he published *The Policeman's Beard is Half Constructed*, the first book in English that was penned entirely by a computer named RACTER. Like Swift's machine, RACTER reinvented a perfectly good wheel with less than impressive results. The rudimentary sentences RACTER came up with were stiff, fragmented and surrealist-tinged: "Many enraged psychiatrists are inciting a weary butcher. The butcher is weary and tired because he has cut meat and steak and lamb for hours and weeks." Or it spewed some light romantic cyber-doggerel: "I was thinking as you entered the room just now how slyly your requirements are manifested. Here we find ourselves, nose to nose as it were, considering things in spectacular ways, ways untold even by my private managers." In his introduction to the book, Chamberlain, sounding rather Swiftian, states, "The fact that a computer must somehow communicate its activities to us, and that frequently it does so by means of programmed directives in English, does suggest the possibility that we might be able to compose programming that would enable the computer to find its way around a common language 'on its own' as it were. The specifics of the communication in this instance would prove of less importance than the fact that the computer was in fact communicating something. In other words, what the computer says would be secondary to the fact that it says it correctly."

RACTER's biggest problem was that it operated in a vacuum without any interaction or feedback. Chamberlain fed it punch cards and it spewed semi-coherent nonsense. RACTER is what Marcel Duchamp would call

a "bachelor machine," a singular onanistic entity speaking only to itself, incapable of the reciprocal, reproductive, or even mimetic interaction with other users or machines that might help improve its literary output. Such was the state of the non-networked computer and the primitive science of programming in 1984. Today, of course, computers continually query and respond to each other over the internet, assisting one another to become ever more intelligent and efficient. Although we tend to focus on the vast amount of human-to-human social networking being produced, much of the conversation across the networks is machines talking to other machines, spewing "dark data," code that we never see. In August of 2010, a watershed occurred when more non-human objects came online registered with AT&T and Verizon in greater numbers than did new human subscribers in the previous quarter. This long-predicted situation sets the stage for the next phase of the web called "the internet of things," where machinic interaction far outpaces human-driven activity on the networks. For example, if your dryer is slightly off-tilt, it wirelessly sends data to a server, which sends back a remedy and the dryer fixes itself accordingly. Such data queries are being sent every few seconds and as a result, we're about to experience yet another data explosion as billions of sensors and other data input and output devices upload exabytes of new data to the Web.

At first glance, armies of refrigerators and dishwashers sending messages back and forth to servers might not have much bearing on literature, but when viewed through the lens of information management and uncreative writing -- remember that those miles and miles of code are actually alphanumeric language, the identical material that Shakespeare used to write with -- these machines are only steps away from being programmed for literary production, writing a type of literature readable only by other bots. And as a result of networking with each other, their feedback mechanism will create an ever-evolving, sophisticated literary discourse, one will be not only invisible to human eyes, but one that will bypass humans altogether. Christian Bök calls this Robopoetics, a condition where "the involvement of an author in the production of literature has henceforth become discretionary." He asks, "Why hire a poet to write a poem when the poem can in fact write itself?" Science fiction is poised to become reality, enacting Bök's prediction for the literary future:

We are probably the first generation of poets who can reasonably expect to write literature for a machinic audience of artificially intellectual peers. Is it not already evident by our presence at conferences on digital poetics that the poets of tomorrow are likely to resemble programmers, exalted, not because they can write great poems, but because they can build a small drone out of words to write great poems for us? If poetry already lacks any meaningful readership among our own anthropoid population, what have we to lose by writing poetry for a robotic culture that must inevitably succeed our own? If we want to commit an act of poetic innovation in an era of formal exhaustion, we may have to consider this heretofore unimagined, but nevertheless prohibited, option: writing poetry for inhuman readers, who do not yet exist, because such aliens, clones, or robots have not yet evolved to read it.

It's not just Bök who is decrying an end to human-produced literature. Susan Blackmore, the genetics historian, paints an evolutionary scenario, telling us we've already been sidelined by machines and their ability to move information. She calls this new stage the third replicator, claiming that, "The first replicator was the gene -- the basis of biological evolution. The second was memes --

the basis of cultural evolution. I believe that what we are now seeing, in a vast technological explosion, is the birth of a third evolutionary process... There is a new kind of information: electronically processed binary information rather than memes. There is also a new kind of copying machinery: computers and servers rather than brains." She calls these memes (technological memes), digital information that is stored, copied and selected by machines. The future doesn't look promising for us as creative entities. Blackmore says, "We humans like to think we are the designers, creators and controllers of this newly emerging world but really we are stepping stones from one replicator to the next." Listening to these scenarios, every direction we turn, it seems, has already been co-opted by machines, pushing us humans to the sidelines.

But wait. Here I am, hammering out original thoughts on unoriginality to convey to you, another human, about the future of literature. Although this book might be available electronically, I can't wait to wrap my hands around the paper version, making it "real" for me. Ironies abound. Much of what I've discussed in these pages, by comparison to Blackmore, Bök, or "the internet of things," seem folksy and human-driven (humans retyping books, humans parsing grammar books, humans writing down everything they read for a year, etc.). Their predictions make me feel old-fashioned. I'm part of a bridge generation, raised on old media yet in love with and immersed in the new. A younger generation accepts these conditions as just another part of the world: they mix oil paint while Photoshopping and scour flea markets for vintage vinyl while listening their iPods. They don't feel the need to distinguish the way I do. I'm still blinded by the web. I can hardly believe it exists. At worst, my cyber-utopianism will sound as dated in a few years as jargon from the Summer of Love does today. We're early in this game and I don't need to tell you how fast its evolving. Still, it's impossible to predict where it's all headed. But one thing is for certain: it's not going away. The references I've made in these pages will inevitably contain references to soon-to-be-obsolete software, discarded operating systems, and abandoned social networking empires, but the change in thinking and in doing from an analog way of writing has been made and there's no turning back.

Wasting Time on the Internet

Introduction: Let's Get Lost

I'm wasting time on the Internet. I click to the New York Times front page to see the latest headlines and today a major nuclear deal with Iran was signed. The banner headline screams HISTORY and even though I haven't really been following the story, I click on it. I'm taken to a page with an embedded video that features Thomas Friedman asking Obama to explain what he thinks the United States gained from the nuclear deal with Iran. I check the time on the video—three and a half minutes—and figure that's not too long to listen to the president speak. He speaks; I watch. He continues to speak; I scroll through my Twitter feed but I still listen. I click back on the Times window and watch again. Somewhere about the three-minute mark, I start to think, Am I really wasting time on the Internet? This is important stuff that I've stumbled on to. I'm struggling to see what's so shameful about this. The video ends and, impressed by what the president was saying, I start to read Friedman's lengthy article about this beneath the video. I read the first few paragraphs carefully, then scroll down and read some more. It's starting to get too granular for me. But my interest is piqued. Although I'm not going to read this piece to the end, I'm going to start following this story as it unfurls over the next few days. I stumbled on it and got hooked. Is my engagement deep? Not right now. But judging by the way these things tend to go, as I start to follow the story, my appetite for the topic will most likely become voracious. I can't see this event—one that happens several times a day—as being anything other than good. Because of it, I'm better informed, more engaged, and perhaps even a bit smarter.

After I finish with this article, I click over to Facebook and find myself watching a video of Keith Richards discussing how he gets ideas for his songs. He says that when he's in restaurants and overhears conversation coming from the next table, he simply writes down what they're saying. "Give me a napkin and a pen," he says, smiling. "You feel that one phrase could be a song." Although the video is only a minute long, it's packed with wisdom. Really? Could his process be that simple, that pure? After listening to Keith, I feel inspired. After all, I feel like I spend tons of time eavesdropping on Facebook conversations. Might I be able to wring a song or a poem out of those as well?

I'm back on Facebook, and the next thing I know I'm looking at this incredible black-and-white photo from 1917 of a full-size battleship being built in New York's Union Square. The picture is huge and brimming with details. I click on it and I'm taken to a website. As I scroll down, there's a short explanatory text about how this came to be, followed by a dozen more giant, rich photos of the ship being built in progress. It's fascinating. I just wrote a book about New York City and I'm floored that I somehow missed this but grateful to know about it. I bookmark the page and move on.

What is wasting time on the Internet? It's not so easy to say. It strikes me that it can't be simply defined. When I was clicking around, was I wasting time because I should've been working instead? But I had spent hours working—in front of the same screen—and quite frankly I needed a break. I needed to stop thinking about work and do a bit of drifting. But, unlike the common perception of what we do when we waste time on the Internet, I wasn't watching cat videos—well, maybe one or two. I was actually interested in the things that I stumbled on: the president, the rock star, and the battleship. I had the choice not to

click on these things, but I chose to do so. They seemed to me to be genuinely interesting. There were many more things that I didn't click on.

Listening to Internet pundits tell it, you'd think we stare for three hours at clickbait—those webpages with hyper-sensational headlines that beg you to click on them—the way we once sat down and watched three hours of cartoons on Saturday morning TV. But the truth is most of us don't do any one thing on the Internet for three hours. Instead, we do many things during that time, some of it frivolous, some of it heavy. Our time spent in front of the computer is a mixed time, a time that reflects our desires—as opposed to the glazed-eyed stare we got from sitting in front of the television where we were fed something we ultimately weren't much interested in. TV gave us few choices. Naturally, we became “couch potatoes” and many of us truly did feel like we wasted our time—as our parents so often chided us—“rotting away” in front of the TV.

I'm reading these days—ironically, on the web—that we don't read anymore. People often confess this same thing to me when they hear I'm a poet. The other day, I was opening up a bank account and the associate working at the bank, when he found out what I did, sighed and admitted that he doesn't read as much as he used to. I asked him whether he had a Facebook account, which he did, and a Twitter, which he also did. I asked him whether he sent and received e-mails. Yes, he said, many every day. I told him that he was, in fact, reading and writing a lot. We're reading and writing more than we have in a generation, but we are doing it differently—skimming, parsing, grazing, bookmarking, forwarding, and spamming language—in ways that aren't yet recognized as literary, but with a panoply of writers using the raw material of the web as the basis for their works it's only a matter of time until it is.

I keep reading that in the age of screens we've lost our ability to concentrate, that we've become distracted, unable to focus. But when I look around me and see people riveted to their devices, I've never seen such a great wealth of concentration, focus, and engagement. I find it ironic that those who say we have no concentration are most bothered by how addicted people are to their devices. I find it equally ironic that most of the places I read about how addicted we are to the web is on the web itself, scattered across numerous websites, blog posts, tweets, and Facebook pages.

On those blogs, I read how the Internet has made us antisocial, how we've lost the ability to have a conversation. But when I see people with their devices, all I see is people communicating with one another: texting, chatting, IM'ing. And I have to wonder, In what way is this not social? A conversation broken up into short bursts and quick emoticons is still a conversation. Watch someone's face while they're in the midst of a rapid-fire text message exchange: it's full of human emotion and expression—anticipation, laughter, affect. Critics claim that even having a device present acts to inhibit conversation, and that the best antidote to our technological addiction is a return to good old-fashioned face-to-face conversation. They say, “Conversation is there for us to reclaim. For the failing connections of our digital world, it is the talking cure.” But this seems to ignore the fact that smartphones are indeed phones: two-way devices for human-to-human conversations, replete with expressive vocal cadence and warmth. Is conversation over the telephone still—140 years after the phone was invented—somehow not considered “intimate” enough, lessened because it is mediated by technology?

But beyond that, life is still full of attentive, engaged face-to-face conversations and close listening, be it at the many conferences, lectures, or readings I attend where large audiences hang on every word the speakers say, or my own therapy sessions—nothing more than two people in a room—the tenor and intensity of which hasn't changed in decades despite several technological revolutions. When a student comes and finds me during office hours, that student—normally tethered to her device—can still go deep without one. Even my seventeen-year-old son, awash in social media, still demands that we “talk” in the darkness of his bedroom each night before he goes to sleep, just as we have done his entire life. It's a ritual that neither of us are willing to forego in spite of our love of gadgets. Everywhere I look—on the street, in restaurants and cafés, in classrooms, or waiting in line for a movie—in spite of dire predications, people still seem to know how to converse.

Our devices, if anything, tend to amplify our sociability. Sometimes we converse face-to-face, other times over our devices, but often, it's a combination of the two. I'm in a hotel lobby and I'm watching two fashionable women in their twenties sitting next to each other on a modernist sofa. They are parallel with one another: their shoulders are touching; their legs are extended with their feet are resting on a table in front of them. They're both cradling their devices, each in their own world. From time to time, they hold their phones up and share something on-screen before retreating into their respective zones. While they peck away at their keyboards, shards of conversation pass between them, accompanied by laughter, head nods, and pointing. Then, at once, they put their phones in their purses, straighten up their bodies, angle toward one another, and launch into a fully attentive face-to-face conversation. They're now very animated, gesticulating with their hands; you can feel the words being absorbed into their bodies, which are vehicles for augmenting what they're saying. It's fascinating: just a moment ago it was parallel play; now it's fully interactive. They continue this way for several more minutes until, as if again on cue, they both reach into their purses, take out their phones, and resume their previous postures, shoulders once again touching and legs outstretched. They're no longer conversing with each other, but are now conversing with someone unseen. Our devices might be changing us, but to say that they're dehumanizing us is simply wrong.

The internet has been accused of making us shallow. We're skimming, not reading. We lack the ability to engage deeply with a subject anymore. That's both true and not true: we skim and browse certain types of content, and read others carefully. Oftentimes, we'll save a long form journalism article and read it later offline, perhaps on the train home from work. Accusations like those tend to assume we're all using our devices the same way. But looking over the shoulders of people absorbed in their devices on the subway, I see many people reading newspapers and books on their phones and many others playing Candy Crush Saga. Sometimes someone will be glancing at a newspaper one moment and playing a game the next. There's a slew of blogs I've seen recently which exhaustively document photos of people reading paper books on the subway. One photographer nostalgically claims that he wanted to capture a fading moment when “books are vanishing and are being replaced by characterless iPads and Kindles.” But that's too simple, literally judging a book by it's cover. Who's to say what they're reading? Often we assume that just because someone is reading a book on a device that it's trashy. Sometimes it is; sometimes it isn't. Last night I walked into the living room and my wife was glued to her iPad, reading the Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass. Hours later, when I headed to bed she hadn't moved an inch, still transfixed

by this 171-year-old narrative on her twenty-first-century device. When I said good night, she didn't even look up.

And while these critics tell us time and again that our brains are being rewired, I'm not so sure that's all bad. Every new media requires new ways of thinking. How strange it would be if in the midst of this digital revolution we were still expected to use our brains in the same way we read books or watched TV? The resistance to the Internet shouldn't surprise us: cultural reactionaries defending the status quo have been around as long as media has. Marshall McLuhan tells us that television was written off by people invested in literature as merely "mass entertainment" just as the printed book was met with the same skepticism in the sixteenth century by scholastic philosophers. McLuhan says that "the vested interests of acquired knowledge and conventional wisdom have always been by-passed and engulfed by new media . . . The student of media soon comes to expect the new media of any period whatever to be classed as pseudo by those who have acquired the patterns of earlier media, whatever they may happen to be."

I'm told that our children are most at risk, that the excessive use of computers has led our kids to view the real world as fake. But I'm not so sure that even I can distinguish "real" from "fake" in my own life. How is my life on Facebook any less "real" than what happens in my day-to-day life? In fact, much of what does happen in my day-to-day life comes through Facebook—work opportunities, invitations to dinner parties, and even the topics I discuss at those dinner parties often comes from stuff I've found out about on Facebook. It's also likely that I met more than a few of my dinner companions via social media.

I'm reading that screen time makes kids antisocial and withdrawn, but when I see my kids in front of screens, they remind me of those women on the couch, fading in and out, as they deftly negotiate the space of the room with the space of the web. And when they're, say, gaming, they tend to get along beautifully, deeply engaged with what is happening on the screen while being highly sensitive to each other; not a move of their body or expression of emotion gets overlooked. Gaming ripples through their entire bodies: they kick their feet, jump for joy, and scream in anger. It's hard for me to see in what way this could be considered disconnected. It's when they leave the screens that trouble starts: they start fighting over food or who gets to sit where in the car. And, honestly, after a while they get bored of screens. There's nothing like a media-soaked Sunday morning to make them beg me to take them out to the park to throw a football or to go on a bike ride.

* * *

It's Friday night and my teenage son has invited about a dozen of his buddies—boys and girls—over to the house. They're sprawled out on the couch, mostly separated by gender, glued to their smartphones. Over by the TV, a few kids are playing video games that along with their yelps and whoops are providing the soundtrack for the evening. The group on the couch are close, emotionally and physically; they form a long human chain, shoulders snuggled up against their neighbor's. Some of the girls are leaning into the other girls, using them as pillows. The boys are physical with each other, but differently: they reach out occasionally to fist bump or high-five. One couple, a boyfriend and girlfriend, are clumped in the middle of the couch, draped on top of one another, while at the same time pressed up against the others.

There's an electric teenage energy to the group. They're functioning as a group, yet they're all independent. They spend long periods in silence; the only noises emanating from the gang are the occasional sounds that are emitted from their devices—pings, plonks, chimes, and

tinny songs from YouTube pages. Bursts of laughter are frequent, starting with one person and spreading like wildfire to the others. As they turn their devices toward one another, I hear them saying, "Have you seen this?" and shrieking, "Oh my god!" Laughter ripples again, dying out quickly. Then they plunge back into concentrated silence. Out of the blue, one of the kids on the couch playfully says to the other, "You jerk! I can't believe you just sent me that!" And it's then that I realize that as much as they're texting and status updating elsewhere on the web, a large part of their digital communication is happening between these kids seated on the same couch.

They're constantly taking pictures of themselves and of each other. Some are shooting videos, directing their friends to make faces, to say outrageous things to the camera, or to wave hello. And then, it's right back to the devices, where those images are uploaded to social media and shared among the group, as links are blasted out—all within a minute. Suddenly, the girls shriek, "I look so ugly!" or "You look so pretty!" and "We need to take this one again." I hear someone say, "That was so funny! Let's watch it again." They count likes and favorites as they pile up and read comments that are instantly appearing from both inside and outside the room. This goes on for hours. In a sense, this is as much about creativity as it is about communication. Each photo, posed and styled, is considered with a public response in mind. They are excited by the idea of themselves as images. But why wouldn't they be? From before the moment they were born, my kids have been awash in images of themselves, beginning with the fuzzy in utero sonograms that they now have pinned to their bedroom walls. Since then, our cameras—first clumsy digital cameras and now smartphones—have been a constant presence in their life, documenting their every move. We never took just one picture of them but took dozens in rapid-fire fashion, off-loaded them to the computer, and never deleted a single one. Now, when I open my iPhoto album to show them their baby pictures, the albums look like Andy Warhol paintings, with the same images in slight variations repeated over and over, as we documented them second by second. Clearly we have created this situation.

There is no road map for this territory. They are making it up as they go along. But there's no way that this evening could be considered asocial or antisocial. Their imaginations are on full throttle and are wildly engaged in what they're doing. They are highly connected and interacting with each other, but in ways that are pretty much unrecognizable to me. I'm struggling to figure out what's so bad about this. I'm reading that screen addiction is taking a terrible toll on our children, but in their world it's not so much an addiction as a necessity. Many key aspects of our children's lives are in some way funneled through their devices. From online homework assignments to research prompts, right on down to where and when soccer practice is going to be held, the information comes to them via their devices. (And yes, my kids love their screens and love soccer.)

After reading one of these hysterical "devices are ruining your child" articles, my sister-in-law decided to take action. She imposed a system whereby, after dinner, the children were to "turn in" their devices—computers, smartphones, and tablets—to her. They could "check them out" over the course the evening, but only if they could explain exactly what they needed them for, which had to be for "educational purposes." But if there was no reason to check them out, the devices stayed with my sister-in-law until they were given back the next day for their allotted after-school screen time, which she also monitors. Upon confiscating my nephew's cell phone one Friday night, she asked

him on Saturday morning, "What plans do you have with your friends today?" "None," he responded. "You took away my phone."

On a family vacation, after a full day of outdoor activities that included seeing the Grand Canyon and hiking, my friend and her family settled into the hotel for the evening. Her twelve-year-old daughter is a fan of preteen goth girl crafting videos on YouTube, where she learns how to bedazzle black skull T-shirts and make perfectly ripped punk leggings and home-brewed perfumes. That evening, the girl selected some of her favorite videos to share with her mother. After agreeing to watch a few, her mother grew impatient. "This is nice, but I don't want to spend the whole night clicking around." The daughter indignantly responded that she wasn't just "clicking around." She was connecting with a community of girls her own age who shared similar interests. Her mother was forced to reconsider her premise that her daughter wasn't just wasting time on the Internet; instead, she was fully engaged, fostering an aesthetic, feeding her imagination, indulging in her creative proclivities, and hanging out with her friends, all from the comfort of a remote hotel room perched on the edge of the Grand Canyon.

In theorizing or discussing our time spent online, we tend to oversimplify what is an extraordinarily nuanced experience, full of complexity and contradiction. The way we speak about technology belies our monolithic thinking about it. During his recent run for president, a number of Donald Trump's legal depositions were scrutinized by the New York Times, which intended to show how Trump spoke when he wasn't in the spotlight. During a series of questions about the ways he used technology, he was asked about television, to which he replied, "I don't have a lot of time for listening to television." I was struck by the phrase "listening to television." You don't really listen to television; you watch it. You listen exclusively to radio. Born in 1946, it's safe to assume that Trump spent his formative years listening to radio. My father, roughly the same age as Trump, says similar things. Growing up, he used to berate us kids for watching TV, saying that it took no imagination. Waxing nostalgic, he'd say, "When I was a boy listening to radio, you had to make up everything in your mind. You kids have it all there for you." For my father—and I can imagine Trump, too—although they watched television, I don't think they really understood it. Certainly, Trump's statement belies a basic misapprehension of the medium.

Trump's comment is a textbook example of Marshall McLuhan's theory which states that the content of any medium is always another medium: "The content of writing is speech, just as the written word is the content of print, and print is the content of the telegraph." For Trump, the content of TV is radio. It's common for people to pick up everything they know about a previous medium and throw it at a newer one. I'm often reminded of Trump's comment when I hear complaints about how we're wasting time on the Internet. To them, television is the content of the web. What they seem to be missing is that the web is not monolithic, but instead is multiple, diverse, fractured, contradictory, high, and low, all at the same time in ways that television rarely was.

* * *

It's a Sunday morning and I go downstairs to get the New York Times. In the travel section is a piece entitled "Going Off the Grid on a Swedish Island." It's about a woman who takes a digital detox on a remote island as a reminder that she is not, in fact, "merely the sum of my posts and tweets and filter-enhanced iPhone photos." She checks herself into a "hermit hut"—an isolated cabin without electricity or

running water—and gives her phone to her husband who locks it with a pass code. As she settles into the hut, bereft of her technology, she suddenly discovers herself connected to nature, listening to the sound of waves folding by the nearby shore. She also rediscovers the pleasure of reading books. She becomes introspective, remarking, "Now, disconnected from the imposed (or imagined) pressures from followers and friends loitering unseen in the ether of the Web, I found myself reaching for a more authentic, balanced existence for myself, online and off."

She takes long walks. But each natural experience she has is filtered through the lens of technology. While listening to the sounds of nature, she muses, "Without a Spotify playlist to lose myself in . . . What else had I been blind to while distracted by electronics, I wondered?" She sees marvelous things: towering wind turbines, whose "graceful blades whoosh audibly overhead," and congratulates herself when she resists the urge to record and share the scene on social media. She conveniently forgets the fact that these turbines are wholly designed and driven by digital interfaces. She nostalgically finds older, predigital technologies—ironically littering the landscape—charming. Seeing an upturned rotting car that "looks like a bug," she can't resist: "I pulled out my camera and took a photo, one that I knew would never get a single 'like' from anyone but me. And that was just fine." On these sojourns, she mechanizes nature, describing it with tech metaphors: "Along the way, the only tweets I encountered were from birds." On her final evening on the island, she has a cosmic epiphany whilst musing on the stars in the night sky, one that is served with a dose self-flagellation for her previous misdeeds: "Those spellbinding heavens are always hiding in plain sight above us, if only we would unplug long enough to notice."

Even in such lighthearted Sunday morning fare, her words are laced with an all-too-pervasive, unquestioning guilt about technology. Try as she might, the writer is enmeshed with technology to the point that she is unable to experience nature without technological mediation. She may have left her devices at home, but she's still seeing the world entirely through them. Her brain, indeed, has become differently wired and all the nature in the world on a weekend digital detox won't change that. What was accomplished by this trip? Not much. Far away from her devices, all she did was think obsessively about them. Returning from her trip, it's hard to imagine that much changed. I can't imagine that in the spirit of her adventure she wrote her piece out longhand in number 2 pencils on legal pads by candlelight, only to sit down at a Remington typewriter bashing out the final draft, and filing it via carrier pigeon. No. Instead, the morning her piece appeared, she retweeted a link to the article: ".@ingridkwilliams goes off the grid on a charming Swedish island."

What these types of articles tend to ignore is the fact that technology has been entwined with nature for as long as humans have been depicting it. French landscape painters such as Claude Lorrain (1600–1682) often painted what they called ideal landscapes, which rendered nature in pitch-perfect states that never existed. So you get classical ruins nestled in dense, thick jungles that couldn't possibly grow in the rocky Greek soil. These painters claimed that architecture was a kind of technology, one that either represented the spoiling of nature or its conquest by man. Even Thoreau's cabin on Walden Pond was within earshot of the rattle and hum of a busy East Coast railroad line that ran about a kilometer away from his "hermit hut."

Another article in this morning's newspaper—this time in the business section—sends an identical message. It's called "Put Down the

Phone." The piece focuses on various types of software and apps that monitor and restrict the time you spend on social media. These technologies include wearable clothing—with a sweep of an arm you can silence your phone—and suggests twelve-step-style parlor games you can play with your friends: the winner is the one who looks at their phone the least. There's also a review of an app that turns your smartphone back into a "dumb phone" circa 1999 that does nothing more than make and receive calls.

But the highlight of the article is a plastic facsimile of a smartphone that is a piece of plastic that does absolutely nothing. It's touted as "a security blanket for people who want to curb their phone addiction but are afraid to leave home without something to hold on to." And yet in psychoanalytic theory, a security blanket is known as a transitional object, one that represents "me" and "not me" simultaneously. That definition—me and not me simultaneously—seems to be a more realistic assessment of our online lives than the tirade of pleas for a return to some long-lost, unified "authentic" self. Online, I am me and not me at the same time. Surely, the way I portray myself on Facebook isn't really me; it's an image of myself as I wish to project it to the world. Sometimes that image is true. Other times it's a complete lie.

The article concludes with a quote from a psychology professor at the University of Kansas, who disparagingly says, "Smartphones are a potent delivery mechanism for two fundamental human impulses: our quest to find new and interesting distractions, and our desire to feel that we have checked off a task." But I find that to be positive. That quote sums up the complex balancing act we perform with our devices. We're productive—we're checking off tasks—and we're distracted in new and interesting ways. (Since when are new and interesting pejorative?) It's that frisson of opposites—sweet and sour pork or salted caramel ice cream—that make it zing. The professor goes on to bemoan the fact that "with these devices you can get that sense of accomplishment multiple times a minute. The brain gets literally rewired to switch—to constantly seek out novelty, which makes putting the phone down difficult." It sounds great to me. Novelty and accomplishment. They work together.

* * *

When I used to watch TV, "likes" weren't really part of the game. Sure, I liked one show better than another, but I was forced to choose from a tiny set of options, seven channels, to be specific. Today, "like" has come to mean something very different. We can support something, expressing ourselves by clicking like or we can download something we like. In this way, we build a rich ecosystem of artifacts around us based on our proclivities and desires. What sits in my download folder—piles of books to be read, dozens of movies to be watched, and hundreds of albums to be heard—constitutes a sort of self-portrait of both who I am in this particular point in time, and who I was in earlier parts of my life. In fact, you'll find nestled among the Truffaut films several episodes of *The Brady Bunch*, a show I really "liked" back in the day. Sometimes I'm in the mood to watch Truffaut; other times I'm in the mood to watch *The Brady Bunch*. Somehow those impulses don't contradict one another; instead, they illuminate the complexities of being me. I'm rarely just one way: I like high art sometimes and crap others.

While I could discuss any number of musical epiphanies I've personally experienced over the past half century, all of them would pale in comparison to the epiphany of seeing Napster for the first time in 1999. Although prior to Napster I had been a member of several file-

sharing communities, the sheer scope, variety, and seeming endlessness of Napster was mind-boggling: you never knew what you were going to find and how much of it was going to be there. It was as if every record store, flea market, and charity shop in the world had been connected by a searchable database and flung their doors open, begging you to walk away with as much as you could carry for free. But it was even better because the supply never exhausted; the coolest record you've ever dug up could now be shared with all your friends. Of course this has been exacerbated many times over with the advent of torrents and MP3 blogs.

But the most eye-opening thing about Napster was the idea that you could browse other people's shared files. It was as if a little private corner of everyone's world was now publically available for all to see. It was fascinating—perhaps even a bit voyeuristic—to see what music other people had in their folders and how they organized it. One of the first things that struck me about Napster was how impure and eclectic people's tastes were. Whilst browsing another user's files, I was stunned to find John Cage MP3s alphabetically snuggled up next to, say, Mariah Carey files in the same directory. It boggled the mind: how could a fan of thorny avant-garde music also like the sugary pop of Mariah Carey? And yet it's true. Everyone has guilty pleasures. But never before have they been so exposed—and celebrated—this publically. To me, this was a great relief. It showed that online—and by extension in real life—we never have been just one way, all the time. That's too simple. Instead, we're a complex mix, full of contradictions.

The web is what Stanford professor Sianne Ngai calls "stuplime," a combination of the stupid and the sublime. That cat video on BuzzFeed is so stupid, but its delivery mechanism—Facebook—is so mind-bogglingly sublime. Inversely, that dashboard cam of the meteor striking Russia is so cosmically sublime, but its delivery mechanism—Facebook—is so mind-bogglingly stupid. It's this tension that keeps us glued to the web. Were it entirely stupid or were it entirely sublime, we would've gotten bored long ago. A befuddling mix of logic and nonsense, the web by its nature is surrealist: a shattered, contradictory, and fragmented medium. What if, instead, of furiously trying to stitch together these various shards into something unified and coherent—something many have been desperately trying to do—we explore the opposite: embracing the disjunctive as a more organic way of framing what is, in essence, a medium that defies singularity?

Shattered by technology, modernism embraced the jagged twentieth-century media landscape and the fragmentation it brought, claiming it to be emblematic of its time. Not to overstretch the analogy—it's a new century with new technologies—but there are bits and pieces salvageable from the smoldering wreckage of modernism from which we might extract clues on to how to proceed in the digital age. In retrospect, the modernist experiment was akin to a number of planes barreling down runways—cubist planes, surrealist planes, abstract expressionist planes, and so forth—each taking off, and then crashing immediately, only to be followed by another aborted takeoff, one after another. What if, instead, we imagine that these planes didn't crash at all, but sailed into the twenty-first century, and found full flight in the digital age? What if the cubist airplane gave us the tools to theorize the shattered surfaces of our interfaces or the surrealist airplane gave us the framework through which to theorize our distraction and waking dream states or the abstract expressionist airplane provided us with a metaphor for our all-over, skein-like networks? Our twenty-first-century aesthetics are fueled by the blazing speed of the

networks, just as futurist poems a century ago were founded on the pounding of industry and the sirens of war.

Literary modernism provides insights as well. Could we theorize our furious file sharing through Freud's ideas about the archive, our ROM and RAM through his perception-consciousness system? Could we imagine the web as the actualization of Jorge Luis Borges's infinite library of babel, as described in his famous 1941 short story of the same name? Could we envision Twitter's 140-character constraint as being a direct descendent of Hemingway's brilliant one-line novel: "For sale: baby shoes, never worn." Are Joseph Cornell's boxes palm-sized, handheld pre-Internet devices, replete with icons and navigational systems? Is Finnegans Wake a wellspring of hashtags? Postmodernism's sampling and remixing—so predominant in mainstream culture from karaoke to gaming to hip-hop—are also foundational to the mechanics of the web. If the Internet is one big replication device, then every artifact flowing through it is subject to its bouncy reverberatory gestures (the retweet, for example), a situation where an artifact's primary characteristic, to quote Roland Barthes, is "a tissue of quotations drawn from the innumerable centers of culture," while at the same time remaining a container of content.

When futurist poet F. T. Marinetti famously wrote in a 1909 manifesto that "we will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind," he could not have foreseen the double-edged sword of web-based structures. On one hand, artists are embracing the meme's infinitesimal life span as a new metric (think: short attention span as a new avant-garde), constructing works not for eternity but only for long enough to ripple across the networks, vanishing as quickly as they appear, replaced by new ones tomorrow. On the other hand, our every gesture is archived by search engines and cemented into eternally recallable databases. Unlike Marinetti's call to erase history, on the web everything is forever. The Internet itself is a giant museum, library, and academy all in one, comprised of everything from wispy status updates to repositories of dense classical texts. And every moment you spend wasting time on the Internet contributes to the pile—even your clicks, favorites, and likes. Read through a literary lens, could we think of our web sojourns as epic tales effortlessly and unconsciously written, etched into our browser histories as a sort of new memoir? Beyond that, in all its glory and hideousness, Facebook is the greatest collective autobiography that a culture has ever produced, a boon to future sociologists, historians, and artists.

This accretion of data is turning us into curators, librarians, and amateur archivists, custodians of our own vast collections. The web's complex ecosystem of economies—both paid and pirated—offer us more cultural artifacts than we can consume: There are more movies on Netflix than I will ever be able to see, not to mention all the movies I've simultaneously downloaded from file-sharing which languish unwatched on my hard drive. The fruits of what's known as "free culture"—the idea that the web should be a place for an open exchange of ideas and intellectual materials, bereft of over-restrictive copyright laws—create a double-edged sword. Abundance is a lovely problem to have, but it produces a condition whereby the management of my cultural artifacts—their acquisition, filing, redundancy, archiving, and redistribution—is overwhelming their actual content. I tend to shift my artifacts around more than I tend to use them. And all of those artifacts—jaggy AVIs, fuzzy PDFs, lossy MP3s—are decidedly lo-res. I've happily swapped quality for quantity, uniqueness for reproduction, strength for weakness, and high resolution for super compression in order to participate in the global cornucopia of file

sharing and social media. And what of consumption? I've outsourced much of it. While I might only be able to read a fraction of what I've downloaded, web spiders—indexing automatons—have read it all. While part of me laments this, another part is thrilled at the rare opportunity to live in one's own time, able to reimagine the status of the cultural object in the twenty-first century where context is the new content.

The web ecology runs on quantity. Quantity is what drove the vast data leaks of Julian Assange, Aaron Swartz, Chelsea Manning, and Edward Snowden, leaks so absurdly large they could never be read in their entirety, only parsed, leaks so frighteningly huge they were derided by the mainstream media as "information vandalism," a critique that mistook the leak's form for function—or malfunction—as if to say the gesture of liberating information is as important as what's actually being moved. To Assange, Swartz, Manning, and Snowden, what was being moved was important—a matter of life and death. But then again to many of us, our devices are a matter of life and death. The ubiquity of smartphones and dashboard and body cams, combined with the ability to distribute these images virally, have shed light on injustices that previously went unnoticed. When critics insist we put down our devices because they are making us less connected to one another, I have to wonder how the families of Tamir Rice or Laquan McDonald might react to that.

This book attempts to reconcile these contradictions and embrace these multiplicities as a means of reenriching, reenlivening, recuperating, and reclaiming the time we spend in front of screens—time that is almost always dismissed as being wasted. Scrawled across the walls of Paris in May 1968, the slogan "live without dead time" became a rallying cry for a way of reclaiming spaces and bureaucracies that suck the life from you. I'd like to think our web experience can be nearly bereft of dead time if only we had the lens through which to see it that way. I don't mean to paint too rosy a picture. The downsides of the web are well known: trolling, hate, flame wars, spam, and rampant stupidity. Still, there's something perverse about how well we use the web yet how poorly we theorize our time spent on it. I'm hearing a lot of complaints, but I'm not getting too many answers, which makes me think perhaps our one-dimensional approach has been wrongheaded. Befitting a complex medium, one that is resistant to singularities, let's consider a panoply of ideas, methods, and inspirations. The word "rhizomatic" has been used to describe the web to the point of cliché, but I still find it useful. The rhizome, a root form that grows unpredictably in all directions, offers many paths rather than one. The genie will not be put back in the bottle. Walking away is not an option. We are not unplugging anytime soon. Digital detoxes last as long as grapefruit diets do; transitional objects are just that. I'm convinced that learning, interaction, conversation, and engagement continues as it always has, but it's taking new and different forms. I think it's time to drop the simplistic guilt about wasting time on the Internet and instead begin to explore—and perhaps even celebrate—the complex possibilities that lay before us.

Chapter 1: The Social Network

One crisp Saturday morning in the fall of 2014, I announced a new course on my modest Twitter feed: "My class, called 'Wasting Time on the Internet,' will be offered @Penn next semester," along with a link to the course description:

We spend our lives in front of screens, mostly wasting time: checking social media, watching cat videos, chatting, and shopping. What if these activities—clicking, SMSing, status updating, and random surfing—were used as raw material for creating compelling and emotional works of literature? Could we reconstruct our autobiography using only Facebook? Could we write a great novella by plundering our Twitter feed? Could we reframe the Internet as the greatest poem ever written? Using our laptops and a Wi-Fi connection as our only materials, this class will focus on the alchemical recuperation of aimless surfing into substantial works of literature. Students will be required to stare at the screen for three hours, only interacting through chat rooms, bots, social media, and LISTSERVs. To bolster our practice, we'll explore the long history of the recuperation of boredom and time wasting through critical texts. Distraction, multitasking, and aimless drifting is mandatory.

A few hours later, when I checked back, the tweet had gone viral, accompanied by comments like: "Wait I believe I already have a PhD in that" and "I'd ace it." In my feed was a request from Vice for an interview, which I gave a day later. Shortly afterward, I found a message in my inbox from the Washington Post also requesting an interview, which I gave. From then on, I was inundated daily with interview requests, all of which—with the exception of some mainstream television shows—I declined. With a shortage of new chum in the waters from me, what ensued was a media feeding frenzy, which ultimately ended up consuming itself.

After the two interviews in Vice and the Washington Post, I noticed a spate of second-tier news sites that basically reprinted the Vice and Post pieces in their entirety, slapped on new opening and concluding sentences, gave it a new title, and added a byline. A few days later, a bunch of third-tier sites did the same thing to the text of the second-tier sites. It was a massive game of copy and paste, far from what we consider to be upholding standards of original journalism. It was an object lesson not only on how information travels in a world of cut and paste but also how quickly it can devolve into distorted disinformation.

With the torrents of press—good and bad—the waiting list for the class had swelled to more than three hundred students for only fifteen seats. After much anticipation, the class finally convened in January 2015 in an oak-paneled Ivy League room. The surroundings—which included a huge oval antique wooden table around which the class gathered—were incongruous with the task at hand. Yet this distinguished room was equipped with racks of audio, video, and Internet equipment, as well as a flat-screen monitor that adorned an otherwise empty wall above the colonial wainscoting. An antique chandelier hovered over the table. Because of its location on the university backbone of the Internet, the Wi-Fi in the room was industrial strength. The students filtered into the room, opened their laptops, and—without a word—began wasting time on the Internet. Few instructions were given other than the fact that "something" needed to be written and submitted, culled from these sessions.

From the start, it was a disaster. The students drifted aimlessly for three hours barely using the social media and LISTSERVs that had been set up for them. With no one to guide or critique them, the writing they produced at the end of each session was dreadful, reflecting the unfocused experience they were having in this class. During cigarette breaks, the students looked isolated, exhausted, and irritated. I wasn't sure what to do. In my decade of teaching at Penn, I had never seen a group of students as demoralized as these. Clearly, my experiment was failing.

After one of those breaks, I was sitting at a table outside the room trying to figure out how to solve this mess with my TA when, from out of nowhere, music started blasting from behind the closed doors in the classroom. When we got up to see what was going on, we found all fifteen students, up out of their chairs, dancing madly to Khia's X-rated rap song "My Neck, My Back," which was blaring from all fifteen laptops streaming the identical YouTube video. One student commandeered the huge screen on the wall by jacking his computer into it, playing the video on the monitor, and pumping the sound through the room's speakers. The room resembled a cross between a television showroom—where all the TVs are lined up in a row playing the same show—and a disco. I wasn't sure what happened, but something had changed.

As it turns out, one of the students sent a request to the LISTSERV in silence, asking everyone to participate in a writing exercise she needed help with. Her idea was for everyone in the room to pick a song and play it aloud. She would then listen to the cacophony of lyrics and write down snippets from random lyrics she heard, coming up with an audio portrait in words. The students obliged, but the cacophony of fifteen computers each playing a different song proved to be too overwhelming for her to extract anything worthwhile. Instead, breaking the rules, the class began a lively discussion, brainstorming on how they could help make her project better. They decided to see what would happen if they all played the same song at the same time, which was, in short, how they stopped writing and started dancing. As soon as that song ended, they began debating the next song to play. The video was queued, and on the count of three, everyone pushed Start. The next song began, and the dancing resumed. For the next two hours, until the class ended, all they did was dance.

The next week in class, fully energized and working as a group, they began to throw around other ideas for wasting time on the Internet that they could do together. Gone was the lethargy; gone was the silence. In their place, dozens of ideas flew around the room, which were debated and tested. Some were great; many failed.

One particularly provocative idea was for everybody to open their laptops and pass them to the person seated to their left. For the next minute, that person could open anything on the laptop—any document, folder, or file. The only rules were that nothing could be altered or deleted and, for transparency's sake, no windows that had been opened could be closed. At the end of a minute, the laptops would be passed again to the person sitting to the left of them, and so forth, until every machine had traveled around the table and fifteen different people had a turn with everybody's computer. Upon hearing this proposition, my students' faces went white. I could feel the fear rippling through the room. There was hesitation. Some expressed reservations: "My whole life is on that laptop!" or "I've never allowed anyone to touch my laptop before." But once they realized that everyone was in the same position of radical vulnerability, they agreed to cautiously proceed.

What transpired was both fascinating and a bit anticlimactic. I saw one woman hesitantly eyeing someone's laptop, which had landed in front of her. She pecked at a few keys, opened a couple of windows, and passed it on. I watched another student as he dug a few levels deep into a directory, found a Word document, opened it, glanced quickly at it, and proceeded to dig around some more. Finally, when your laptop made its way back to you, you saw exactly what everyone had looked at. My laptop returned with my iPhoto open, several of my downloaded videos playing, and a bunch of financial spreadsheets cracked. Someone had gone through my e-mails; someone searched for the word "porn"; someone else took a peek at my book in progress. Upon inspecting their computers, they had a variety of responses, mostly of amusement. As it turns out, even if, for example, somebody's diaries were found, there hadn't been enough time to uncover the juicy parts. After all, there wasn't much to see in a minute's time, and revenge awaited: they'd have a turn with your laptop soon enough.

The exercise was demystifying. It began to dawn on everybody that what we have on our laptops is, by and large, the same as what everyone else has on their laptops—a jumble of documents and files that mean a lot to us—but unless someone was looking for something very specific, our stuff didn't matter much to anybody else. Afterward, I could feel a palpable sense of relief in the room. I could see my students' bodies relaxing and the tension draining from their faces as they began connecting with their neighbors, sharing what other people opened, and laughing about it. What they feared—a massive invasion of privacy—didn't happen in the ways they feared it would. Instead, the opposite happened: the room felt deeply connected, physically and emotionally, through those interactions with machines. They took a risk and as a result found themselves having crossed a certain threshold, one that allowed new levels of trust and intimacy and permitted them to move forward as a group into uncharted waters.

The stakes got higher: they began doing "data duels," in which two people would get up in front of the class, exchange laptops, stand back-to-back, walk ten paces, turn around, face each other, and, at the count of three, each would delete one document from the other's computer and empty the trash. Before handing the laptops back, all windows were closed so they'd never know which document was deleted. A year later, I still have no idea which documents I lost, which reminds me that maybe my data isn't as precious as I thought it was.

Over the months, the class evolved into an idea generator on how a group of people in a room could waste time on the Internet together:

 Venmo \$1,000 to the person to your right. They must then Venmo \$1,000 to the person to their right and so on until your money goes full circle and returns to you.

 Work in a group to invent a rumor. Spread the rumor on as many social media sites as possible.

 Do a background check on the person to your left. Find every detail about them: addresses, schools, e-mail, hobbies, groups, publications, work, criminal record, family members, etc. Find everything you can by any means necessary. Hack into their accounts if necessary. Save what you find in a document. Send it to them.

 In a group, have everyone put their addresses in a bowl in the middle and each person draws one at random. Go to eBay and buy that person a present for less than one dollar.

 As a group, choose a popular album of music. Find the worst possible versions of each song on the web, be it a terrible cover on YouTube, a bad-quality download, a virus-laden download, a misheard lyrics

version, or a horrible remix. Reconstruct the album out of these new versions.

One week, a challenge was made to see who, after fifteen minutes, could tally the largest dollar amount by adding things to their Amazon shopping cart. When it was finished, the winner tallied \$23,475,104.18 by clicking on vintage postage stamps, sports memorabilia, and expensive jewelry. Most people quickly emptied everything in their cart, fearing that they'd mistakenly hit a Buy button, putting them into debt for thousands or even millions of dollars. I forgot to empty mine, whereupon the next day at work, I got a panicked call from my wife, freaked out that someone had hacked our Amazon account to the tune of \$2.5 million. I had some explaining to do. After each exercise, everyone in the room would restart their computer—a ceremonial cleansing that became a ritual. As computer start-up chimes tolled throughout the room, it was a sign that it was time to begin a new activity.

And so it went, week after week. I soon dropped the writing requirement, for the experience of wasting time on the Internet together in the same room far surpassed any artifact that would result from it. We came to the conclusion that when we waste time on the Internet, we usually do it alone or as a parallel activity—like in a dorm or a library—which is why the first few classes failed. By inserting the network and machine into the midst of physically based social interaction, new forms of communal activity were possible. The class was remarkably close to the experience of playing Twister, in which physical commands are decreed by an apparatus—the spinner—which tells you where to put your hands and feet. Because you must follow the edicts of the machine (the spinner is a primitive machine) your body ends up in places it normally wouldn't. Even when those positions are awkward—your nose ends up in somebody's crotch—no offense is taken because it's the machine that dictates where the body goes. Arguably, that's what makes it fun. (It's been said that Twister was the first board game to ever use human beings as pieces.) We all agreed to play together and play by the rules, whatever the outcome may be. The presence of machines at the center of our social interactions seemed to temper whatever emotional responses we had to what were, at times, some white-knuckle moments. Like Twister, if things got too uncomfortable, we could always blame it on the machine rather than on a fellow student. Emotionally, the tone stayed cool, often verging on flat and mechanical, even when they were having fun. The dancing was wild, but wholly self-conscious; after all, this was an Ivy League university not a nightclub. There was no catharsis; we never had a group hug. Instead, there was a lot of affect flying around the room.

Affect is the powerful but often invisible emotional temperature in any given social situation, for instance, when you walk into a room that feels so tense you could "cut it with a knife," although there are no visible signs of that tension. It's similar to being afraid and noticing your palms are sweating, a palpable reaction that—with the exception of a handshake—is mostly invisible to others. Sweaty palms are an affective pre-emotion, as opposed to the full-blown emotions of screaming, laughing, or crying. Perhaps the most famous instance of affect is Pavlov's dog salivating. Affect is an inventory of shimmers, nuances, and states. Contagious, leaping from one body to another, affect infects those nearby with microemotions and microfeelings, pulsating extensions of our bodies' nervous systems. Our online lives are saturated with affect, our sensations amplified and projected by the network. Our Wi-Fi networks—carriers of affect—are invisible but ubiquitous, transmitting pulses and sensations through the air that

have the potential to convert to emotions when displayed on our screens. This goes a long way to explain how hyperemotional social networking is, even on such a cold platform. Affect accounts for why things go viral on the networks. An invisible force, affect makes everything contagious.

When I e-mail a resume to apply for a job, my affectual state flickers somewhere between nervousness and hope. When I receive a response from that query, my affect is anticipation that will undoubtedly convert to emotion once I open the mail. Because of the time lag—an interval of even microseconds—online communications are affective in every way; most likely the receiver of that e-mail is also in an affective state. Watching someone await a response to a text message is a demonstration of anticipatory affect in that interval. In this way, the web is telepathic: we send an e-mail, post a status update, send a Facebook message, and then we wait, anticipating the nature of the response. Web communication is like fishing; dropping a pole in the water and hoping that something will bite. But because we are addressing the entire world—an unprecedented situation—we don't really know to whom we are speaking, which sometimes results in tragic misunderstanding and miscommunication: we thought we were doing one thing but it turns out we were doing something else. Still, it is telepathy that makes the vast connections possible—between writers and readers, coders and viewers, followers and friends, not to mention members of online communities—all of which is transmitted by affect.

The content of Wi-Fi is radio, an earlier affectual wireless transmission technology. Ezra Pound, writing in 1934, famously called the artist "the antennae of the race." Pound used a new technological metaphor—the radio antenna—in order to propose a visionary occult use for it. As few artists were exclusively using radio as their medium, Pound was using new technology to describe very old media: sculpture, painting, and poetry. In this way, Pound was referring to what has become known as "hauntology," a term invented by Jacques Derrida to describe "the figure of the ghost as that which is neither present, nor absent, neither dead nor alive," which also describes the way newer media is haunted by the old. In the nineteenth century, séances used machines such as the Ouija board through which voices and ideas, many of them long dead, were transmitted to the living—literally as "ghosts in the machine"; our twenty-first-century Wi-Fi transmissions bear eerie similarities.

Like the occult, affect works against narrative: it isn't conclusive or curative; instead, it's static, continual, hovering, and conditional. As a result, my class had no denouement or dramatic conclusion. In a room full of machines and gadgets it was, ironically, the body and its small human gestures—the affective gestures—that drove the class. People say that technology creates distance between people, but we found it to be just the opposite: our physical and emotive experiences were intensified through our devices. By merging our bodies with the network, we became highly attuned and acutely sensitive to everyone in the room. The class's success was predicated on our bodies being together in the same space. Telecommuting or a MOOC (massive online open course) would simply have reified typically distanced ways of being online; our experience was, to put it mildly, rather atypical. In that room, every action was a transmission. Something as simple as students turning their laptops around to share with the class what they discovered while wasting time on the Internet triggered a series of electric responses, ones that pierced every body and mind in the room. It was, literally, a meatspace social network.

* * *

I'm in a large room in Berlin—where I've been brought to lead a four-hour workshop—on a gray, rainy Saturday afternoon wasting time on the Internet with a hundred people. They've all been required to bring their laptops and devices, which are connected to a lightning-speed Wi-Fi connection. I start by telling the group a story about how I once had a student who did a project in which he took his bank PIN code, blew it up huge on a flag, and ran it up a flagpole in the center of campus in the middle of the night when no one was looking. The next day, his PIN—his most private information—was there for all to see. Of course, nobody knew the meaning of this strange string of numbers, and even if someone could figure out that it was a PIN, they'd have no idea to which account it was attached. Within a few hours, the flag was removed. His finances were untouched.

Extending the laptop data-invasion exercise I did with my class, I proposed the following: might we be able to go a step further and share our passwords with one another? I ask if anyone wants to share their password with the group. My request is met with dead silence. I can see I'm not going to get too far with this one. So instead, I demonstrate the way I construct my passwords. I crack open a Word document and make the font really big, which is projected on a screen behind me. I explain to one hundred total strangers the formula I use to create my passwords. I show them how every password I make begins with the names of the site beginning with a capital letter—Yahoo, for instance—which is then followed by a scientist's first and last name, trailed by the last four digits of one my old landline numbers, ending with two exclamation points. So, a typical password of mine would be YahooStephenHawking6830!! or AmazonMaxPlanck2448!! The elements I chose are indicative of who I am, including my nerdy fascination for science and nostalgia for the many phone numbers I've had throughout my life, each one evoking a flood of memories every time I type them.

I ask anyone else if they would like to come up in front of the workshop and demonstrate how they make their passwords. A woman volunteers, showing us her technique, which always includes the number 410. When asked why, she said that when she was a child growing up in Denmark, 4:10 was the time her favorite television show aired. Suddenly, the room lights up with conversation. It turns out that this particular show was aired all over Europe at that identical time and many of these international participants have deep connections to this show as well. The animated memories and chatter go on for quite a while before another gentleman steps up and proceeds to walk us through his passwords. It's very confusing and no one in the room can understand it at all, which is his intention. As he explains it to us, he is a trained cryptographer, a lover of puzzles. His passwords are completely logical, but it's a different type of logic. What's beginning to emerge among the participants is that passwords are much more than something we use to get into locked rooms: they are tiny self-portraits constructed with fragments of autobiographical data that unwittingly convey who we are and how we think. Even those generic security questions you get asked are steeped in awkwardly intimate autobiography: "What is the first name of the person you first kissed?" or "What is the last name of the teacher who gave you your first failing grade?"

Next, taking a page from my Penn class, I ask everyone to cue up one song on YouTube, then full-screen it. At the same moment, everyone hits Play. The room fills up with a cacophony of one hundred different songs played from tinny speakers. Afterward, people get up to speak about

what song they chose, why they chose it, and by doing so, what sort of message they were trying to project about themselves to the others. As it turns out, everyone has a reason for choosing the song they did. One man played a rap video from Tyler the Creator that his sixteen-year-old son had showed him that morning over breakfast; another woman played a current earworm, one she claimed to be her soundtrack for the summer, already laden with memories on this early mid-June day; an older gentleman played an alternative British national anthem, one he said expressed his strong political sentiments.

One song rises above the din. It's Taylor Swift's "Shake It Off," the one song everyone in the room seems to know, and because of its iconic pop hooks the one song ringing in everyone's ears long after all the other videos have been turned off. I have everyone cue up the same YouTube video of "Shake It Off." Again, at the count of three, everyone hits Play at the identical instant. One hundred laptops are displaying the first moment of the video, a row of ballet dancers at a barre doing stretches to the heavy drumbeat that begins the song. The row of dancers in the video extends to infinity across this large room like an endless Rockettes kick line. On a hundred screens, a hundred Taylor Swifts emerge from the clusters of dancers, turn toward the camera, and sing, "I stay up too late, got nothing in my brain, that's what people say." But then a lovely computer glitch happens. Due to the various laptop processing speeds and the way they connect differently to the Internet, the videos begin to play off-kilter, with some laptops ten seconds ahead and others ten seconds behind. The room becomes a large echo chamber and as the four-minute video unfurls, the asynchronization becomes more and more pronounced. The pop song is starting to sound like one of Steve Reich's early tape-loop pieces, in which two reel-to-reel recorders play an identical tape loop simultaneously. As they play, they gradually fall out of sync with one another due to microscopic differences in the machines' playback speeds, resulting in psychedelic echoes and overlays, which is what's happened to poor Taylor Swift. Gradually, the room grows quieter as each video winds down at a different speed, then ends. Finally, the slowest laptop in the room finishes—a solo performance that mimics the final shot of the video, with Taylor Swift dropping to the ground among a troupe of perfectly poised ballerinas. It's simply poetic.

Next, I have everyone open their laptops and log on to Facebook, then walk away from their computers. For the next fifteen minutes, anyone can approach any laptop and enter whatever they like in the status update windows. There's great trepidation as the participants gingerly eyeball the laptops. I see them think for a moment, then timidly type something in the window and move on to another computer. But within a few minutes, they're fully engaged, banging words into other people's lives. Some enter benign comments: "Have a nice day!" Others are more self-reflective: "You know this is not me." "I am wasting time on the Internet." "Kenneth Goldsmith made me do this." Others yet are laden with moral sentiment: "This feels so wrong to be typing into someone else's Facebook page." Several people type surrealistic sentences, nonsensical words, and spontaneous poems in the boxes. Like graffiti taggers, a few participants enter the identical cryptic phrase into each and every computer, marking their territory. When it's over, I ask several people to read what other people wrote. The room is tense. Some people smile knowingly when they hear their words read aloud; others are horrified as they read what's been scrawled on their walls. The room becomes an emotive echo chamber, with feelings zooming around the room, bouncing off Facebook pages, and back into the room again. The affect also extends outside of the room: sure

enough, phones start buzzing with friends and family contacting the participants to ask if everything is alright, and if they know their Facebook accounts have been hacked. Everyone has a lot of explaining to do.

Next I ask for volunteers to come to the front of the room and waste time on the Internet publically for all to see on the computer, which is projected on a large screen behind them. A young man approaches, his hands trembling as he logs on to Facebook. His cursor jitters, a digital manifestation of his physical condition. He hesitates, then checks his e-mail, looks at his work schedule, and deletes a wad of spam. He scrolls through Facebook, zooming past many items, slowing down to play each and every video for a split second. His web activity is an extension of his mind: we can almost see what he is thinking when he zooms past certain items on his feed or when he lingers on others.

He's been silent the entire time, but increasingly looks out at us to gauge our reaction. The more he looks at us, the more self-conscious of his actions we feel him become. He goes to YouTube and searches through a comedy feed he subscribes to and clicks on a long video by the Canadian comedian Russell Peters, which he expands to full screen. Leaning back in his chair, he folds his arms and watches the video along with us. We titter; he smiles. The video is mildly funny and sort of entertaining; he's just letting it roll. It's going on for a little too long. I can feel the affect in the form of impatience rising in our room; after all, we were here to watch him waste time on the Internet—to see how he, specifically, wastes time—but now we're stuck watching an interminable mediocre video. While he is indeed wasting time on the Internet, he's not playing along to some set of invisible rules the group seems to have invented on the spot. People begin grumbling. Finally, affect converts to full-blown emotion when a woman in the audience challenges him: "You're not wasting time on the Internet! You're just trying to entertain us. We came here to watch the way you waste time!" The young man appears to feel her words deeply. He bows his head and apologizes: "This is pretty nerve wracking. I'm sorry but I thought you'd be bored if I wasted time on the Internet the way I normally do. I feel guilty that I wasn't being entertaining enough, so I thought you'd enjoy this video." Defeated, he heads back to his seat.

A nerdy hipster dude in black thick-rimmed glasses struts up to the podium. He sits down with confidence—perhaps even with a bit of smugness—cracks a browser and goes to a password-protected academic site where he downloads an essay by Heidegger. Next he opens Spotify, where he starts streaming some atonal string quartets by Schoenberg. You can feel the eyes beginning to roll in the room. Could this guy be more pretentious? He goes further by streaming a clip of a Godard interview with the sound turned off, at which point people start begging him to sit down. He's been caught in his performance, which, while it might not have been exactly how he wastes time on the Internet—doesn't he check his Facebook like the rest of us?—belies some grain of truth. He knew his stuff and probably chose to perform a certain curated aspect of his personality. In its own way, what he did was take the opportunity to create a performance by curating a set of cultural artifacts that spoke perhaps of who he was, who he wasn't, or who he wanted us to think he was. Chances are it was a combination of all three.

The final time waster is a graduate student who begins admitting her nervousness by stating: "My pulse is jumping." She settles in and logs on to Facebook. Scrolling through her feed, she pauses and says, "I feel guilty, like I'm exposing my friends on Facebook by doing this in front of one hundred strangers." I make a mental note about how much

guilt is inscribed in these exercises. She then cracks another tab, checks her Yahoo e-mail, and begins streaming Mumford and Sons' "Little Lion Man" (radio edit) on Pandora, which resembles a soundtrack for a spaghetti Western and gives her performance a cinematic quality; we now feel like we're watching a movie. Her browsing style is restless and jumpy. Quickly, she is back on Facebook, where she full-screens a clip from Ellen DeGeneres for a brief moment, then closes it. By now, she's losing her self-consciousness and her surfing becomes rhythmic: first she checks her e-mail, then Facebook, then back to YouTube, over and over. Both structured and restless, this cycle continually repeats with slight variations over the next ten minutes. Her ease and lack of self-consciousness is infectious: I can see the other participants' body postures change; some have stretched out on the carpeted floor as they watch, their faces open and relaxed. Her online habits have a regularity, which remind me of breathing—drawing breath in, holding it, and expelling it in regular intervals—as she rhythmically circulates from one site to another. As she has gotten into her groove, her time wasting has become organic; everyone's become nearly silent. We're in a trance. This banal room, housed in the bowels of a brutalist concrete room in Berlin has now been transformed into something resembling a yoga studio, with one hundred strangers harmoniously enraptured, swaying together in a state of buzzing electronic tranquility.

Chapter 2: The Walking Dead

A few weeks after returning from Berlin, I'm walking down Park Avenue on a beautiful midsummer evening. Armies of people are streaming out of their offices, most with their smartphones in hand. I am reminded of US Supreme Court chief justice John G. Roberts Jr.'s comment on the central role our devices play in the contemporary world: "They are such a pervasive and insistent part of daily life that the proverbial visitor from Mars might conclude they were an important feature of human anatomy." Part human, part machine, these masses peck away at their smartphones, deftly navigating the packed sidewalk the way colonies of bats traverse the night sky.

Gazing out on this technology-soaked urban landscape, I am reminded of how fond the surrealists were of sleeping in public. Inspired by Freud, they wanted to bring dreams out of the bedroom and onto the streets. While most of us deem sleep to be a necessary remedy, a state of repair and restoration, the surrealists felt that having to be awake was an unwelcome interruption to sleep. Their greatest wish was to exist in a continual dream state. "I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality," wrote Breton, "which are seemingly so contradictory, into a kind of absolute reality, a surreality."

In his never-ending search to join these two disparate states, Breton started attending séances, which became required attendance for all aspiring surrealists. During the séances, Breton noticed several of his acolytes nodding off. One in particular, the poet René Crevel, revealed himself as a sleep talker, babbling nonsense in the twilight of consciousness. In Crevel's dozing, Breton discovered a sort of portable séance, one that could be whisked out of the tomb-like silence of the parlor and dropped into noisy public spaces, inserting the dreamer into the midst of the crowd. From then on, he convinced Crevel to start falling asleep in cafés where, once he was presumed to be fast asleep—there was always some doubt that this was just theater—he was peppered with questions by a circle of awake poets, who transcribed these conversations as the basis for future poems. Breton was delighted with the results: Crevel's answers were perfectly surreal; his responses never quite matched up with the questions, which he took as direct manifestations culled from the subconscious, a balancing act between wakefulness and sleep.

Rivalries grew among the surrealist poets as to who could be the best public sleeper. Commenting on this, Breton wrote: "Every day they want to spend more time sleeping. Their words, recorded, intoxicate them. Everywhere, anywhere, they fall asleep . . . In the cafés, and amid the beer-glasses, the saucers." One aspiring sleeper posted a note on his door each night before going to bed that read: **THE POET IS WORKING.**

Proposing sleepwalking as an optimal widespread societal condition, André Breton once asked, "When will we have sleeping logicians, sleeping philosophers?" It seems the surrealist vision of a dream culture has been fully realized in today's technologies. We are awash in a new electronic collective unconscious; strapped to several devices, we're half-awake, half-asleep. We speak on the phone while surfing the web, partially hearing what's being said to us while simultaneously answering e-mails and checking status updates. I can't help notice that we've become very good at being distracted. Breton would be delighted.

* * *

I decide to go for a run. I throw on some shorts and sneakers, strap on some headphones, grab my iPhone, and I'm out the door. When I run I generally don't set out with a plan. Instead, I let the city take me: the traffic flows and crowds of Manhattan determine where I go. Getting going is always tough at first, but about ten minutes into it, I feel a breakthrough. Some seventies dub—King Tubby, streaming over Spotify—is rolling through my headphones, and I'm starting to get my groove.

As I start to feel the rhythm of the music and the rhythm of the run, good thoughts about the structure of a book I'm working on start to emerge. Wanting to catch them during my run, I take my iPhone out of my pocket, open up the Notes app, click on Siri's voice recognition, and begin to dictate. My speech is sent over the cell network to a server, where it's shot back to my phone in the form of text. To most people passing by on the street, I look like any other jerk multitasking. They grimace at me and shake their heads as if to say, "Why can't you just run? Must you always be tethered to that device, gossiping?" Little do they know that I am actually writing a book.

I'm in a semiconscious state: my feet are moving and my body is sweating. The thoughts are really flowing now, so much so that I almost forget I'm running as I float effortlessly above the pavement on a runner's high. In addition to the rhythms of the city, my run is determined by my interactions with technology. Every time I click voice recognition, King Tubby is paused. I change the way I speak to accommodate Siri. I want her to be able to recognize everything I'm saying, so I slow down my speech and tend to overpronounce words. I say the word "comma" every time I want to insert a comma and the word "period" every time I want to end a sentence. I say "new paragraph" when I wish to start a new thought. I happily adjust my speech to the constraints of the machine, which is now enmeshed with my heavy breathing and the system of traffic lights on Manhattan's grid. I pause self-consciously for a moment as I'm describing the way I'm speaking and am embarrassed when I recall a voice message that I left for a friend recently, where I said the words "comma" and "period" just as if I were speaking to Siri.

As I'm running, I'm also throwing off data to the cloud even though I don't wear a smartwatch or a fitness band. Instead, my phone is tracking every move my body makes and where I am. My Health app shows that I ran 4.49 miles today. In fact, my phone shows me every move I make in five-minute intervals all day long, every day. Today, for instance, from 5:05 to 5:10 P.M., I ran 0.5687 miles, whereas in the next five minutes, I ran 0.4918 miles. The app also shows me that I've taken 8,306 steps so far today and that on a typical day in 2015, I took 10,129 steps. And all of this information is stored deep in my privacy settings in the form of maps, which shows me gorgeously rendered visual representations of every single place I've been around the world over the past few years, along with the date and time I was there. On top of that, my phone's GPS is tracking every move I've made on this run and how fast I've been going. Since I've been running mostly in the streets, my data will be fed into the traffic reports on Google Maps. Since Google Maps can't tell whether I am in a car or running on the streets—to them, I'm just another pulsing GPS—my pathetic running speed will probably skew the results toward gridlock. Of course I am free to turn off these features but they're so buried I haven't bothered. I can assume that most of this data, if not all of it, is being sold to marketers and scooped up by government agencies like the NSA.

So my run, which I took to clear my head, is much more complicated than I thought. I'm not just running; I'm throwing off an enormous amount of data, navigating the physical urban landscape, while structuring and writing my book. If I thought I was only doing one thing—running—I would be naïve. Even in my leisure, when strapped to a web-enabled device, I'm furiously multitasking and, in a very positive way, highly distracted.

* * *

Could we say that the act of running or walking in the city is what the act of speech is to language? Could we think of our feet as our mouth, articulating stories as we journey through the urban jungle? And in what ways are these stories written and communicated? When we walk, we tread upon a dense palimpsest of those who have traveled these same sidewalks before us, each inscribing on those pavements their own narratives. In this way, when we walk in the city, we are at once telling our own stories and retelling tales of those who came before us.

Walking the city invokes a text, one that is instantaneously written and read at once. The urbanist philosopher Michel de Certeau says, "They walk—an elementary form of this experience of the city; they are walkers, Wandersmänner, whose bodies follow the thick and thin of an urban 'text' they write without being able to read it." Walking, then, is an act of reading the city with our feet. The city itself is an epic novel: each building a word, each street a sentence, and each block a paragraph. De Certeau's claim for unreadability is hinged on three facts: the blur of motion, the speed at which the tale is unwinding, and the sheer of immensity of the text. When we speak of hypertexts, we usually mean those that exist online, but we might think of the city as the ur-hypertext, a dynamic, analog, predigital model of complex intertextuality.

In the twenty-first century, the story has entered a fourth dimension of data. As we walk, we emit streams of data, tracking where we're walking and how we're walking: how far, how fast, how many calories burned, and so forth. The air above the streets is thick with our narrative transmissions uploading to far-flung server farms where, parsed and analyzed, they reappear on our devices. We walk and we think; we read and we write. The rhythm of our walking influences the pace of our thinking. In a rush, we run/walk/think/read/write frantically and obsessively; at our leisure, casting aside logic, we let our feet instinctually caress the sidewalk's urban braille. Inspired by the surrealists, the situationists had a technique for urban sleepwalking that they called *derive*, which literally translates as "drifting." Their idea was for the *dériviste* to completely give themselves up to the tugs and flows of the urban street, letting the crowds take them where they will, revealing regions of the city that, in their more "conscious" or "waking" moments, would most likely not have been exposed to. Similarly, when beset by his demons, the painter Willem de Kooning would wander the dark streets of New York for most of the night, walking as far south as Battery Park at the southern tip of the island and then back. Often he went on these prowls alone, but friends occasionally accompanied him. The critic Edwin Denby said, "I can hear his light, tense voice saying as we walked at night, 'I'm struggling with my picture, I'm beating my brains out, I'm stuck.'" Relieving ourselves of intention, we get unstuck; drifting through the streets with a purposeful aimlessness, we find ourselves reading the city for pleasure.

When we drift through the city device-bound, we are enveloped in our own data storm, similar to the Peanuts cartoon character Pig-Pen, an embodiment of cloud-based computing. As a completely quantified being, each motion he makes—every step and every shake of the head—generates more visible dust. He doesn't traffic in clods of turf or thick mud. Instead, his dust is atmospheric and crystalline, melding with the air. Like snow, it gently falls on whatever it touches, only to be whisked away just as quickly. He's a machine; his cloud functions 24/7, continuously spewing billows of dust. Regardless of the weather, his condition remains unaffected; even rainstorms can't rinse him clean. His is a networked cloud, affecting those who come into contact with him; he himself is a living social network, always eliciting a strong interactive response from those in close proximity to him. Like a Wi-Fi signal in search of a smartphone, dirt finds Pig-Pen. Stepping outside after a bath, in clean clothes, he is immediately coated in dirt, declaring to Charlie Brown: "You know what I am? I'm a dust magnet!"

Wherever Pig-Pen walks, he is met with repulsion. His critics—the entire cast of Peanuts—often accuse him of wallowing in his dirt, of taking a hedonistic pleasure in his condition. They say he's as self-absorbed and insensitive to others as he is a bastion of filth. But he sees it differently, claiming that he has affixed to him the "dust of countless ages." Deftly assuaging his critics, he turns the tables on them, forcing them to see value where before they saw none: "Don't think of it as dust," he says. "Just think of it as the dirt and dust of far-off lands blowing over here and settling on Pig-Pen! It staggers the imagination! I may be carrying the soil that was trod upon by Solomon or Nebuchadnezzar or Genghis Khan!"

As he moves through the world, he inscribes the contemporary into his cloud, adding the dirt of the day to his already thickly layered historical record. In this, he at once performs the roles geologist, archeologist, and archivist. Like Homer, who transmitted his sagas orally, Pig-Pen is the bearer of a certain historical record, told in his own specific tongue. As an outcast, he assumes the role of the trickster, a figure who, defying normative community-based behavioral standards, is the keeper of a database of deep and secret knowledge. He is at once physical and ephemeral, omnipresent and local, site specific and distributed, time based and atemporal. His cloud is a haze, an ambience, a network that can't be defined by specific boundaries. It is without beginning and without end: a pulse, a stasis, a skein, a caliphate.

Going against the grain, his self-image is strong. Violet shows him a mirror and tries to humiliate him by asking, "Aren't you ashamed?" Pig-Pen replies, "On the contrary. I didn't think I looked this good."

* * *

A few months later, on a cool autumn evening after work, I'm sauntering down Madison Avenue. I walk lockstep a few paces behind a woman who is thumbing her Facebook page as she languidly ambles. She is oblivious to anything else going on around her, including my shadowing her and looking over her shoulder. Like many of us, she has honed and fine-tuned her peripheral vision to animal strength, stopping with the crowds at corners, waiting for red lights, never looking up. When the lights change, she crosses the street, neither crashing into anyone nor stumbling on a curb. We walk together for about five or six blocks, at which point my attention is drawn to a man stopped dead still in the middle of the sidewalk texting. As a sea of pedestrians flow around him, he doesn't budge. He just stands there still as a stone. He's a

human piece of street furniture, a public impediment to others—many of whom are also glued to their devices.

Everyone is in their own world, but it would be unfair to say that just because they aren't interacting with people on the street they're antisocial. In fact, they're aggressively social, but their interrelations are geographically distributed. Like sleepwalkers, they're both present and absent. I'm reminded of how the surrealists' ideal state for making art was the twilight between wakefulness and sleep, when they would dredge up images from the murky subconscious and poetically juxtapose them on the page or canvas. A few days later, I'm walking down Sixth Avenue with a buddy who almost collides with a digital sleepwalker. "Fucking zombies," he says, something I often hear used to describe them. He's right: "zombie" is an accurate way to depict our digital somnambulists. Zombies seem self-motivated, even purposeful, but it's an illusion. Completely lacking in awareness, zombies don't make choices. They're preprogrammed by drive, similar to the way consumers are. In fact, by nature, zombies are insatiable consumers. As reactivated corpses, zombies are living bodies rendered soulless, lobotomized by sorcery (which is itself a kind of programming), automated to consume living flesh.

It's been said that social media has turned us into ravenous consumerist zombies. Nothing has voracious brand loyalty the way social media does, which keeps us refreshing our feeds the way zombies crave flesh. On August 27, 2015, Facebook reported for the first time that one billion users logged on in a single day—and many of us compulsively log on several times a day. Each time we click like on a status update we add to an already shockingly accurate profile of our consumerist selves—highly valuable information that's eagerly harvested by the network. Edward Snowden said that if we want to protect ourselves against government agencies scraping our data, we should get off Dropbox, Facebook, and Google and that we should "search for encrypted communication services" because they "enforce your rights." Few have taken his advice. Zombies can't be deprogrammed. The social media apparatus beckons us and we become addicted, joining the billion-plus strong for whom a life without social media is an impossibility. Social contacts, dating prospects, job opportunities, communications with loved ones—just about every interaction we have—flows through social media. For most of us it isn't a choice; it's a necessity. Even Snowden couldn't resist: on October 6, 2015, he joined Twitter.

Much of the web itself has been colonized by zombies that automatically churn pages, entice us to click on them, sometimes phishing for passwords, other times accumulating page views to generate ad revenue. At the same time, spiders—another type of zombie—crawl the web and consume all they can, indiscriminately sucking up files. Casting the widest net possible, they trawl data, passwords, and media that are warehoused in distant servers with the hopes of salvaging something of value, ultimately to be resold by yet more zombies. Every move we make on the web is tracked, transforming our digital peregrinations into data sets. Truly, our online lives—intersections of flesh and machine—are daily feasts of extreme digital consumption.

The zombies in George Romero's 1978 film *Dawn of the Dead*, were also hyperconsumers. Descending on a suburban shopping mall, they're doing all the things shoppers normally do—wandering aimlessly through the aisles, pushing their brimming carts to the piped-in strains of Muzak. A swarm of individuals who are unaware of each other, they act entirely out of self-interest. They are driven by the fierce desire to consume, in this case, the flesh of the living humans who have barricaded themselves inside the mall and who have also fallen prey to

the dazzling array of products in this depopulated mall, all free for the taking. As much as the zombies have no real use for the consumer goods overflowing their shopping carts, neither do the humans. Trapped indoors, they can't play golf with their new shiny clubs or go anywhere fabulous in their recently liberated couture. Yet both—the humans and the zombies—are consumed by the act of consumption. And the human consumers may themselves ultimately be consumed—literally eaten—by the hyperzombie consumers.

Zombies replicate virally. Similar to the metrics of our social media accounts—your number of Twitter followers moves strongly in one direction—their numbers are always gaining in strength. Their power is in numbers: the more of them there are, the more powerful they are. Our power is also in numbers: the more followers we have, the more powerful we are. When we gain a follower, we don't gain a person; we gain a metric. And yet, many of our followers might in fact truly be zombies or bots—programs on a network that often appear to act and interact like humans—who follow us so we'll follow them back. A trick to swell our ranks is to buy followers, acquiring legions of zombies who will do our consuming on our behalf. Romero's zombie shoppers may have filled their shopping carts with stuff but they can't use it the same way you can't use all the data you download. However, someone else can: our computers are invaded by agents that turn them into zombies as part of a botnet—a swarm of bots—performing nefarious deeds without us even knowing it.

We are the walking dead, passive-aggressive, human-machine hybrids who are under the illusion that we're in control. But it's not that simple. We are collaborators with the zombies: sometimes wittingly, other times coercively, but always codependently. We are at once identified and self-identified with them, which might not be such a bad thing because the apparatus through which all of this flows—the network—is the ultimate zombie. The network appears to be more resilient than the waves of global epidemics and terrorism that continually engulf us. In spite of extremism, wars, mass migration, climate change, and market meltdowns in which fragile human bodies are decimated, our robust networks remain unbreakable in ways that bodies aren't.

* * *

A great inspiration for the dreamy surrealists was the nineteenth-century flaneur, an idle man-about-town who was the opposite of the zombie. Like a *dériviste* (the situationists also claimed the flaneur as a predecessor), he roamed the city alone, allowing himself to be pulled by the flows of the crowds on the grand boulevards. With no goal in mind, he was a spectator of the urban landscape, viewing the goings-on from the shadowy sidelines. Whereas the zombie was obsessed with consuming, the flaneur assiduously avoided it, feeling that to buy something would be too participatory. Instead, he was a world-class window-shopper, haunting enclosed arcades and narrow winding streets, browsing the displays. His was a stance of studied ambivalence. When asked about a certain topic of the day, he would feign indifference and recuse himself by simply saying, "I don't know" or "I don't care." The flaneur exemplified a position that Roland Barthes called "the neutral," wherein one intentionally places oneself in a state of uncertainty or indecision—living in a state between states—like sleepwalkers, ghosts, vampires, androids, and androgynous persons. (He was always conceptualized as a "he," since during the nineteenth century, women were not able to walk around the city with the same

freedom as men.) Neutrality was at the heart of the flaneur's resistance; fiercely individualistic, he resisted any attempts to be programmed or enlisted to join movements or groups. Uninterested in power, he was bereft of the kind of hungry desire that drives consumers and zombies.

The flaneur is hardwired into the ethos of the Internet: we "browse" the web with our "browsers," "surfing" from site to site, voyeuristically "lurking" from the sidelines. The digital flaneur obsessively frequents comments streams but doesn't dare leave a comment; he browses the great online shops and bazaars but doesn't buy anything; he googles strangers but his online profile is studiously all but invisible. He is a peripatetic digital wanderer, pulled by the tugs and flows of his feeds, carelessly clicking from one spectacle to the next. Instagram is his Louvre, YouTube his Ziegfeld.

The flaneur has a buzzing, hovering presence, at once visible and unnoticed, not unlike the dozens of Wi-Fi networks crowded into the air we breathe. He is an embodiment of Marcel Duchamp's concept of the infrathin—a state between states. When asked to define the infrathin, Duchamp claimed it couldn't be defined, only described: "the warmth of a seat (which has just been left)" or "Velvet trousers / their whistling sound (in walking) by / brushing of the 2 legs is an / infrathin separation signaled / by sound." The infrathin is the lingering warmth of piece of paper just after it emerges from the laser printer or the chiming start-up sound the computer makes, signifying its transition from death to life. When composer Brian Eno was commissioned to compose the Windows 95 start-up sound, he had to fulfill the requirements that it be "optimistic, futuristic, sentimental, emotional." He did that and more, coming up with a three-and-a-quarter-second pocket symphony. Eno, an artist familiar with Duchamp, invented an infrathin genre, "ambient music"—a hovering static music that is barely noticeable—which he intended to act as little more than an atmospheric perfume or tint to a room. The whooshing sound my e-mail program makes when I hit Send or the click of the shutter my smartphone makes when I take a picture are similarly displaced infrathin moments. These noises are signifiers of an event that in some ways happened and in other ways didn't happen. My mail was sent, silently and invisibly, and my photo was taken, but not in the way that I heard it. These series of contradictory events happening simultaneously—compatible and disjunctive, logical and absurd, present and absent, real and artificial—are evidence of ways in which the infrathin permeates our online lives.

The flaneur died with the birth of the department store. A creature of the boutiques, arcades, and streets, he felt unwelcome in the controlled confines of the big-box shops. His stage taken from him, the flaneur ceased to be. As the web becomes more commercial, I find I do less wandering than I used to. The web is now so riddled with zombies and their foul culture—clickbait, spam, ads—that I tend to return again and again to the few sites I know and trust. And even when I do, say, click to a site from a Facebook link, I find myself closing that window and returning to Facebook to seek another for fear that I, too, might become contaminated. Years ago, I might've hung around, exploring that site, drilling down to see what else was there, but today, the lure of social media draws me in over and over again, filling me with nostalgic sadness to witness my digital flaneur hovering on the verge of extinction.

* * *

Many lament the passing of the book's physicality. They are nostalgic for its smell, the sound of flipping pages, or the habit of dog-earing a page. But reading the web has a different type of physicality than reading on the printed page. When I click on a link, I literally press down on language, something that never happens when I'm reading a book. I find that when I read a web page, I tend to nervously mouse over the words I'm reading, highlighting them, pawing and dragging them around them as I read. Sometimes when I read a book, if I'm reading really carefully, I'll run a finger over the words I'm reading; it's a surface engagement, which never actually transforms the words I'm reading, unlike when I highlight those same words with a yellow highlighter pen, physically altering them. Yet now when I highlight words on my iPad, I do so with the tip of my index finger. Same when I sign a tablet for a credit card charge with my finger. Relieving the need for an intermediary utensil, my flesh directly creates or alters words. In what way is this not physical? Even the resizing of images, which I do with my forefinger and thumb, physicalizes the way I interact with visual media, bringing to mind a popular YouTube video of a young child crying with frustration as she tries to enlarge a photograph in a print magazine by frantically moving her fingers back and forth.

We create the digital world in our own image. In this way, we can think of the web as a body double. With every click, we penetrate its flesh; with every bit of text we "cut," we incise its corpus. Page views are, after all, sometimes referred to as "impressions" or "hits" marking this body. The data trails we leave on it are inscribed, marked, and tracked, engraved in browser histories, clouds, and databases, like tattoos on that body. Attempts to cleanse that body range from plastic surgery for surface blemishes to invasive surgery to root out virally spreading cancers by companies such as reputation.com, whose slogan is: "We believe individuals and businesses have the right to control how they look online". In the European Union, one may exercise one's right to be forgotten, which allows you to have documents, recordings, or images of yourself scrubbed from the web so search engines don't index you, making you physically present and virtually absent, in essence, rendering you infrathin.

This sense of being in-between-being at once digital and physical—has spawned a reassessment of the relationship of our bodies to meatspace, the earthbound equivalent of cyberspace. There was a time when the divide between being online and off was clear. It used to be that when I was online, I was sitting at my desk, tied to a computer. During that time, I was clearly online. When I was done, I'd shut down my computer and take a walk around the block, being clearly offline. Today, I don't leave my house without a device; I'm still online when I take my walk around the block, smartphone in hand, at once straddling the physical and the virtual. In those days, the future appeared to be either/or. Either you were going to be spending time in sealed-off worlds like Second Life or Virtual Reality or you'd be offline. Now wearable computing, mobile media, and Augmented Reality have reinscribed our bodies back into our physical settings, while we remain, at the same time, online. This intersection of the digital world and the physical has been driving the new aesthetic, a catchphrase cum art movement that was coined by the British designer James Bridle in 2011. No longer content to live exclusively on the screen, memes, images, and ideas born of digital culture are infiltrating and expressing themselves in meatspace. Think of digital pixelated camouflage as an example or a T-shirt with the dancing baby meme printed on it. This slight warping of reality, at once familiar

and disconcerting, represents a shift in the ways we might process aesthetics much the same way Warhol's soup cans did, prompting author Bruce Sterling to comment: "Look at those images objectively. Scarcely one of the real things in there would have made any sense to anyone in 1982, or even in 1992. People of those times would not have known what they were seeing with those New Aesthetic images."

With technologies like augmented reality, geography itself has become unhinged from any singular verifiable, stable state, instead subjected to remixes and whimsical interpretations, overwhelmed with data-hazed layers of subjectivity, proposing the landscape itself as a series of collage elements to be repurposed and reconfigured. Standing in front of my apartment building on West Twenty-Sixth Street in New York City and looking at it through an AR app, I view not only the history of the building, a biography of the architect who built it, and the city records attached to it, but also a wealth of unofficial crowdsourced data lobbed on top of it: personal stories of births, deaths, breakups, love affairs, and memories. I can view photographs of these ghostly protagonists as readily as I can call up old pictures of the building. On top of this—if I'm using the unpaid version of the app—I'm seeing a stream of geogenerated advertising associated with my neighborhood: "Hill Country at 30 West Twenty-Sixth Street serves the best Texas-style ribs in the city" and "Duane Reade at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-Seventh Street is having a sale on shaving supplies today."

In this way, the twenty-first century itself feels both visible and invisible; the surface of things alone might be the wrong place to look. Instead, the physical mixed with the unseen—the infrathin—as expressed by those tiny devices in our hands or the thick data haze that permeates the air we breathe, is what locates us in the present. And in this way, the collapse of online and physical space functions as a marker, a moment that informs us that culture—along with its means of production and reception—has radically shifted beneath our feet while we were looking elsewhere.

* * *

The city streets, with their complex interplay of wakefulness and sleep, are rife with surrealism. Sometimes we barrel down the sidewalks apace, clinging to our devices; other times we meander slowly weaving in and out of the traffic flow as we stare down at our screens in a waking dream state. And yet, in the midst of the hustle and bustle, there are people actually sleeping in the teeming urban landscape around us. It's late at night, I'm walking down Broadway, and there, in a huge plateglass window facing the street, is a night watchman sound asleep. I stand directly in front of him—there's literally only a few millimeters of glass separating us—which is making my wife very uncomfortable. I ask her why and she responds, "You might wake him." I reply, "But he's sleeping, on display in public." Encased in glass, and looking very peaceful, he feels unawakable. It strikes me that the proportions of the glass, similar to a computer screen, have rendered him two-dimensional. Backlit, he looks like he's been flattened into a JPEG. The reflective surface of the glass and the flatness of the guard is creating a buzzy cognitive dissonance, making me feel as if I'm in the stylized world of Grand Theft Auto rather than on the gritty streets of New York. I snap a photo of him on my device. Gazing at the JPEG I just took, I see that he is now literally flattened into an image. I walk away from the scene with him in my pocket.

My wife's anxiety arises from the delicate play of public and private that happens on the streets of a crowded city. Walking down Fifth Avenue with a friend, we speak openly and loudly as if we were ambling down an isolated country lane. Yet many of us love to eavesdrop on these conversations, walking two steps in front or behind listening to these strangers' narratives unwind block after block. We do the same with people shouting into hands-free headsets. Once, the only people who spoke to themselves were drunks; today, armies of people spout great soliloquies whilst traversing the sidewalks.

Sleeping in public is an odd gesture. "Odd gestures of any kind are automatically taken as a threat," writes Paul Auster of urban life. "Talking out loud to yourself, scratching your body, looking someone directly in the eye: these deviations can trigger off hostile and sometimes violent reactions from those around you. You must not swagger or swoon, you must not clutch the walls, you must not sing, for all forms of spontaneous or involuntary behavior are sure to elicit stares, caustic remarks, and even an occasional shove or kick in the shins." Or else they're met with indifference, marking a person as crazy and dangerous; any interaction with them is a potentially unpredictable. Our sprawling homeless population exudes a mixture of passivity and aggression: they sleep, sprawled out on curbs, in our midst; yet they panhandle those same corners. With the combination of these gestures, they pose a double threat, causing us to walk by them as if they're invisible. Addressing a packed house at Madison Square Garden, Pope Francis said, "In big cities, beneath the roar of traffic, beneath the rapid pace of change, so many faces pass by unnoticed because they have no 'right' to be there, no right to be part of the city . . . These people stand at the edges of our great avenues, in our streets in deafening anonymity." The oxymoronic term "deafening anonymity" has echoes of Eno's ambient music (unheard music) and Duchamp's infrathin (unnoticed phenomena), which accurately describes the homeless as flickering between two states, at once painfully visible and conveniently invisible.

I enter a subway car and see a man who is sound asleep. He's not laying down, but is sprawled across a few seats. He is emitting no odor and is dressed in reasonably clean clothes. He's neither sleep talking nor mumbling; he's just laying perfectly still, with the exception of his head, which sways in tandem with the jerks of the subway car. This is not a dangerous man; it is a sleeping man. Although the car is crowded, nobody will get near him. Oddly enough, almost everyone is huddled in the opposite end of the car, glued to their devices, replete with earbuds, in a state Breton would certify as being properly asleep (surrealistically speaking). While there are many seats available next to where the guy who is actually sleeping, the walking dead appear to have no desire to be anywhere near the authentic sleeper. I look at both parties and feel that in their own ways they each dreamily navigate the city in "deafening anonymity."

Sometimes I go to a big Korean spa in Queens. It's a wonderful lively place, filled with various pools and saunas. On weekends, it's particularly crowded, packed with families: noisy children shriek with joy as they run from one water feature to another. Amid the noise and chaos is a public sleeping area that is separated from the cafeteria only by a low sheetrock barrier. It's a large area, strewn with dozens of bodies of all sexes and ages, mostly clad in shorts, T-shirts, and bathing suits, all sound asleep. It's always very crowded, with sleepers cheek to jowl, lying perfectly still. In the midst of life, it's always surreal and lovely to see those in lost in dream space among the waking.

It's past midnight, on our way home after seeing the sleeping guard in the window display, when I decide to invade someone's personal space. A woman is standing outside a bar texting. The street is empty and I slowly approach, staring down at my phone. I zombie walk slowly toward her. I can feel her spying me out of her peripheral vision but she doesn't budge. I move closer. She stays where she is until I'm almost literally shoulder to shoulder with this total stranger. In times past, she might've been scared, or moved away, or called the cops. But now, with our devices in hands, she senses that I am no threat; zombies don't fear other zombies. She knows I am one of her own, much more interested in consuming my device than I am in consuming her.

Chapter 3: Our Browser History Is the New Memoir

The surrealists' had a technique of constructing literature that they called "automatic writing," in which the poet or novelist sat down and, without conscious thought, put pen to paper and just started writing. The hand wrote, with the writer unaware of the meaning of what was being written. The hand continued to write on its own. Soon enough, if the writer were truly able to let go, the words would flow from deep within the subconscious to the page. Words always have meaning, the surrealists reasoned, so if you could give up intention, meaning would remain, but perhaps differently than you intended.

They borrowed the term from nineteenth century spiritualists who, channeling voices of the dead, transcribed words they received. The most famous automatic writer was an American named Pearl Curran, who in 1913, began receiving messages on her Ouija board from a seventeenth century British spirit named Patience Worth. Curran would sit in front of her Ouija board and, letter by letter, receive Worth's thoughts, which she would then set forth on paper. The missives began coming so quickly that Curran could no longer keep up. Moving away from the board, she found she was able to summon Worth all the same without the apparatus and, from that time on, she would simply sit and copy out Worth's words—first with pencil and later with a typewriter—which spontaneously appeared in her mind. By the time she concluded her channeling, she produced a body of literature of over 400,000 words.

Echoes of both the surrealists and spiritualists can be found in the frozen sounds episode of Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1532), where a battle takes place in a setting so cold that the sounds themselves freeze and fall to the ground. There they lay silently until the springtime when they begin to thaw. As the sun heats them, they melt willy-nilly out of order, creating a cacophony of nonsensical sounds. Most of the words and ideas on the Web, too, are frozen into deep storage awaiting use, thawed when called upon by search engine queries. The mathematician Charles Babbage (1791-1871) theorized the air itself as a huge remote storage device, not unlike the way we think of the cloud, as "one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or man whispered." The problem with Babbage's model is that those words weren't downloadable. Tapping a query into a Google search is like tapping a query into Babbage's air except that all words and ideas imprinted upon it are not only stored but instantaneously recallable on demand.

A fusion of human and machine, we could even think of the Ouija board itself as an analog Internet, with the board as interface, the planchette as mouse, and the spirit world as the network, interfacing through the user's body. The Ouija board works by amplifying mental thoughts and tiny movements of the human muscular system through the planchette. Known as the ideomotor phenomenon, it's the sort of thing that happens when you extend your arm with a weighted string dangling from your finger. Just thinking of circles will cause your hand to move slightly in a circular fashion which, in turn, will cause the weight to circle in an exaggerated, visible way. Similarly, when we use a mouse, our micro-movements are amplified, both on the screen (the movements of the mouse) and through the network (when we use that mouse to hit send). Texts and emails similarly materialize on our screens out of thin air, as does, say, the downloading and printing out of a PDF into a stack of paper.

Could we think of our web browsing as another type of automatic writing? As we drift from site to site, our peregrinations are

literally inscribed in our browser history. This is purely automatic writing, writing that writes itself. Let's say, I'm doing research for an article I've been writing for the past week or so. It's been a struggle to find just the right bits and pieces that will make the article really fly. Suddenly, I remember a line from something I read on the web a few days ago that just might be the thing I'm looking for. I try to google it, but the idea is rather germane and the words used to describe it are ordinary. The search gives me pages of results that aren't getting me anywhere. Suddenly, I have an idea: check my browser history. I crack it open, and after much scrolling, I locate exactly the page I was looking for. But as I'm scrolling through my history, I'm seeing my entire week flash before my eyes. It's a little bit embarrassing but there's my entire life—everything I was thinking about, curious about, angry about, desiring of—laid out before me. I had forgotten about most of this stuff—recipes for dinners that were never made, a pair of shoes that turned out to be too expensive, and a subsequent search to try to find them cheaper. I see the people who I stalked on Facebook, the videos I watched on Vimeo, and was embarrassed by how many times over the course of a week I self-googled. Since I spend so much of my time online, I was able to reconstruct pretty much my entire week in the most granular way. Can we think of our browser history as the new memoir, one that is being written automatically, effortlessly, unconsciously? If you want to know anything about me, what I was thinking, what I was interested in, exactly what I did or was going to do, check out my browser history: my passions, my hatreds, my crushes, my hopes—my intellectual and emotional life—all there before me, going back years and years, in all its embarrassment and all its riches.

My search history is astonishingly detailed: last Friday, between 11:00 A.M. and noon, for instance, it shows that I looked at forty-two different pages. And if I strung them together, I could literally reconstruct exactly what I was doing, what I was thinking about, and the associative patterns that my thoughts took during that hour. And that's just the time I was at my laptop. Chrome shows me my mobile browsing history from my phone and iPad as well, so not a click is missing. Gmail keeps an exact record of every correspondence I've had and social media tracks everything I've said, liked, or commented on. If I add the dozens of SMS messages I sent during that hour, then taken as a whole, I could reconstruct a fairly accurate self-portrait. And even if there were gaps, just glancing at a web page inscribed in my history can spark a chain of memories, enabling me to recollect thought patterns and reconstruct memories.

Buddhist meditators use a technique that they call mental noting. As each emotion arises, they give it a name: fear, excitement, sadness. They also assign names to sensations: coolness, warmth, pressure. They feel that naming things anchors the emotions, keeping the meditator in the present. It also helps distance themselves from the pull of those emotions so that they don't take on too much power, overwhelming the placidness of meditation. Noting is a way of making visible what is normally invisible, making something ephemeral concrete. Our browser history is doing exactly that and going further by not only naming, but also time-stamping and archiving these fleeting traces of data.

Our browser history could also be seen as a scrapbook, a textual and visual travelogue. Fifty years ago, William S. Burroughs began using scrapbooks as mnemonic devices for his writing. When he read something in the newspaper that reminded him of something he'd written, he'd clip it and paste it into a scrapbook alongside the words from his book. Sometimes, when he'd be walking down the street and see a scene that

reminded him of something he wrote, he'd take a picture of it, scrapbooking the photo alongside his text. He said, "I do a lot of exercises in what I call time travel, in taking coordinates, such as what I photographed on the train, what I was thinking about at the time, what I was reading and what I wrote; all of this to see how completely I can project myself back to that one point in time." Like surrealist techniques, the juxtaposition of related but disparate items were enough to kick off chains of richly associative thoughts and memories in Burroughs's mind.

Echoes of these ideas—digital and analog—can be found in two famous books written between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that are, in form and content, uncannily reminiscent of obsessive blogs or on active social media streams. One is the Diary of Samuel Pepys which was composed while Pepys was living in London, where he spent nine years—from 1660 to 1669—writing down every detail of his life and times. The diary totaled more than a million words and it's the best account of what it was like to live day to day in the seventeenth century; reading it can transport you back three centuries. While it gives firsthand accounts of historical events such as the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, it's also rife with juicy illicit personal details—many of which were enciphered using a shorthand mashup of several foreign languages—such as gossiping about friends and chasing women. The other book that gives us similarly granular details of the life and times in which he lived is James Boswell's biography, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, a massive tome that is an accumulation of bits and pieces of the quotidian ephemera: letters, observations, patches of dialogue, and descriptions of daily life. Begun in 1763, when Johnson was fifty-four years old, it's not really a complete life of Johnson, but rather an intimate portrait of him over his final twenty-one years.

During that period, Johnson became great friends with a woman named Hester Thrale, who was half his age and had an intelligence to match his own. Though their relationship stayed platonic, Boswell became jealous of their friendship. Seven years after Johnson died, Boswell published his massive biography—my edition is more than 1,500 pages long—and when Thrale got her hands on the book, she was shocked by just how wrong Boswell got it. In her copy of the book, she started scribbling corrections and comments in the margins, such as [absurd!] or [I don't recollect that] and [Johnson would not have liked to hear this of himself]. By the time it was over, there were thousands of comments and annotations by Thrale in her copies of the book, which she turned into a small handmade edition, by obsessively scribbling marginal notes in one copy of a book after another, never changing her annotations from one copy to the next. Upon her death, her many copies were disbursed. One of them made its way to Boston and into the hands of poet Amy Lowell who, along with her pals, would spend nights howling with laughter at Thrale's bitchy comments. Thrale's trolling of Boswell is reminiscent, both in tone and combativeness, of the flame wars that erupt in web comment streams, and her self-publishing of her annotated editions was analog print on demand.

Can you imagine, were it possible, seeing Johnson's or Pepys's browser history? The weaving of small details into an account of a life was based on selective memory and subjective bias—as was pointed out by Mrs. Thrale—yet it's these exact qualities that give these works their eccentric literary charm. I excitedly think of the potential of a modern-day Boswell or Pepys scraping browser histories into a literary biography or memoir. Similarly, might we imagine Facebook as a grand experiment in collective cultural autobiography? For future

sociologists, historians, and artists, social networking provides in detail a portrait of a civilization at a moment in time on a scale previously unimaginable in all its glory, and, truth be told, in all its ugliness.

In the early days of the Internet before social media, one of my students e-mailed himself things he wanted to remember. It could've been anything as mundane as a pair of sneakers he liked to a profound philosophical insight. Over the years, he never looked at these e-mails but he kept sending them to himself nonetheless. For his final project in my class, he went back to the first year he had done this and scraped all those e-mails, laid them out in a page-design program, and had a print-on-demand book made of them. He called it Notes to Myself after the best-selling self-help book from the 1970s by Hugh Prather. While the book wasn't interesting to anyone but himself, he cherished it as a diary, a physical embodiment of a time gone by, created with little effort or intention. His plan is to print out every year of those e-mails and collect them into a master set, one volume per year, a massive work of automatic autobiography. This furious accumulation of detail and data, from a creative point of view, is reason to celebrate. The vast amount of the web's language is perfect raw material for literature. Disjunctive, compressed, decontextualized, cut and pastable, and, most important, archivable, it's easily reassembled into works of art.

* * *

It's a beautiful early summer evening and a group of us are sipping wine on a terrace with a dramatic view overlooking the Adriatic Sea on the Dalmatian Coast. It's dark and I can see the outline of the town below us hugging the rocky coastline, articulated by strings of streetlights. In the distance I can make out the dark shapes of mountains that melt into the sea as thousands of stars dot the ink-black sky. The various members of our group are chatting, drinking, and texting when suddenly, a giant peachy-yellow moon crests over the mountains in the distance. It's stunning and the group goes silent as the moon quickly starts to rise—except for one guy, who is glued to his phone, deep in a text conversation with his girlfriend. Our eyes keep moving from the moon and then back to this guy. We can't believe he's absorbed in his phone instead of being absorbed in the spectacular scene unfolding before our eyes. We're taking the ancient poet Basho's stance: "A haiku is like a finger pointing to the moon / If the finger is bejeweled, we no longer see the moon." And he's taking Marinetti's stance: "Let's murder the moonshine." Finally, someone calls him out on it, to which he responds, "I can see the moon anytime, but this is the only time I can be having this conversation."

His remark gives me pause. He's right. Why is looking at the moon somehow perceived to be more "present" than looking at your phone? A specific text conversation happens only once, whereas natural phenomena, while they don't always happen in such an extraordinary way as that moon, are recurrent; wait around long enough and you'll see another spectacular moonrise. It struck me that as much as we were in the moment, so was he. Our moment wasn't better because it was natural; it was simply different. It brings to mind an article I read about the practice of mindfulness, which stated, "Mindfulness in its original Buddhist tradition is not about being able to stare comfortably at your computer for hours on end, or get 'in the zone' . . . it's about gaining insight into the human condition." But don't programmers get in the "flow state" all the time, spending hours in the hyperpresent?

One stray thought can lead to a wrong keystroke, botching a program. I know typesetters, graphic designers, painters, musicians, and illustrators who are similarly mindful. In fact, it's hard to think of anyone deeply involved in work in front of a computer who isn't starting at a screen and completely in the moment. In regard to our texting friend, how is using a piece of technology to have a deep conversation with someone you love not insightful to the human condition?

Being fully present in the moment is what happens every time you load a web page. Web pages don't exist: they are spontaneously assembled at a split second's notice upon a click. They appear for a moment, then dissipate once that window is closed until called on again. A web page is comprised of a series of disparate codes from various places—sometimes on the same server, other times pulled from distant geographic locations—which pull images, RSS feeds, CSS, style sheets, and other bits of code to form a temporary constellation, which appears in your browser as a unified page. On dynamic sites—such as social media or news sites—those constellations are refreshed often, becoming fully new sometimes within seconds. The idea of a “dialectical constellation” comes from Walter Benjamin, who theorized that in order to study history we've got to be able to freeze a complex and dynamic stream of systems into a still moment. When this happens, he calls it a “constellation”: “It's not that what is past casts its light on what is present, or what is present its light on what is past; rather what has been comes together in a flash with the now to form a constellation” — which is a pretty good description of what happens when you click on a link, causing a web page to be spontaneously assembled. Similarly the Dada poet Raoul Hausmann wrote in his 1920 “Manifesto of PREsentism”: “To compress all the possibilities, all the givens of every second into a tangible energy. Wisdom. Eternity is nothing. Let's seize each second today!”

Benjamin also wrote that “memory is not an instrument for exploring the past but its theater.” If memory is but a stage set for events that once happened but can never be accurately and realistically recalled, then those props populating the stage must be stored somewhere after the play has ended. That space, in the twenty-first century, is the web. Ceding vast tracts of our memory to the web in the form of photographs, videos, and status updates that never vanish, we've created memory banks in finer detail than our brains are capable of conjuring. With the birth of hyperrealistic memory (a version of total recall through documentation) comes the death of poetic license and selective memory, upon which some of the greatest works of Western civilization—Proust and Nabokov come to mind—are built. Instead, in a time of information surplus, we find ourselves in a condition of “directed forgetting,” the selective forgetting of outdated or irrelevant information in order to clear space for encoding new information on our brain's hard drive. Like a surveillance cam, information is being scrubbed as quickly as it is being written, keeping us in an eternal state of Hausmannian presentism.

Many decry the loss of “real time” to capturing moments on-screen, claiming that the recording of memories as they happen threatens to replace the actual memories you have of that moment. I've read many articles in which parents bemoan the fact their kids were seeing family vacations through GoPro cameras, rather than actually living them. After a day on the ski slopes, they edit their raw footage into action-packed greatest moments and post it to social media, where it's shared and commented on by their friends, hyperextending their time on the mountain. For a generation raised on reality TV to be able to replay

those moments over and over through a mediated interface is a way of reliving an eternal present, loved for a moment then replaced by the next day's upload. In this way, we're simultaneously archiving and forgetting: archiving because we continuously upload media, and forgetting because we rarely go back to visit what we have uploaded. Today's upload is the best upload and keeps us very much present and mindful in the here and now.

The fear of outsourcing our memory to the web—known as “digital amnesia”—has ancient echoes. Plato was apprehensive about the transition from spoken language to the written word. He was fearful that those who wrote would stop exercising their memory and become forgetful; they'd rely on externalized graphical notation instead of their innate capacity to remember things. He derided writing as a *pharmakon* or substitute, a cheap imitation of speaking. As a result of writing, he feared knowledge would become information. Since there was no individual there to speak it—and speak for it—writing would literally dehumanize wisdom. Speech, Plato felt, was high resolution and required full presence, whereas writing was low resolution and depended on absence. Memory was internal, writing external; speech carried the essence of knowledge, writing its appearance; spoken words were living, written marks were lifeless. We see similar fears in the digital age. Studies show that most people happily use the web as an online extension of their brains, and of those surveyed, half admit their smartphones are stand-ins for their memory. \

Freud theorized rewritable memory when in 1925 he used a child's toy he called the “Mystic Writing Pad” as a metaphor for the way human consciousness is structured. The pad consists of three layers: on the top there is a sheet of plastic, beneath there is a sheet of paper, and finally at the bottom there is a layer of wax. When you write on the plastic with a stylus, an impression is made both on the paper and on the waxy tablet. When you lift the paper up, the writing vanishes from it, but an impression is permanently embedded in the wax. Freud used this schema as a metaphor for how memory works: the stylus is the stimuli from the outside world, the two layers of plastic and paper are layers of consciousness, and the waxy bottom is the unconscious, where impressions are stored. Taken as an allegory for the digital age, the stylus is a metaphor for the material we're downloading (data), the paper and plastic are our data being currently used (random access memory or RAM), and the wax layer is the deep storage (read-only memory or ROM) of our hard drives or cloud computing, invisible but able to be recalled on command. The paper and plastic memories are dynamic and rewritable, while the wax is accumulative.

There are two seemingly contradictory temporal metrics happening on the web: the archival and the hyperpresent. How many times have we cynically noted that someone has shared something we'd already seen posted a month, a week, a day, or even an hour ago? Social media's architecture insists that everything always stays new. Facebook's web interface turns every link, literally, into a newspaper headline. A feature photograph is captioned by a headline in large serif type, reminiscent of Times Roman, underneath which is a line of descriptive text in a smaller sans serif font. Below that, in all caps, but with a lighter font, is the name of the website. The entire link is bounded by a thin, one-pixel rule, making it feel just like an item in a newspaper. The result of this is that every link posted to Facebook, no matter how big or small, trivial or important, gives the sense that it's breaking news: Bored Panda has the identical visual weight and import as the Washington Post online. Social media's genius is its leveling quality: every voice has the same volume and every link is an

urgent call to action. It keeps us glued: blink for a moment and you might miss something important.

The faster things get, the slower they become. In the midst of this dynamism, we are simultaneously archiving elements of each page in our browser's cache. Similarly, when I'm reading on a device, every move I make—from my "page turns" to the speed at which I'm reading—is tracked and sent to a database, converting the fleeting experience of reading into something quantified. Automated spiders are also reading the web, silently and continuously. For them—the most voracious readers in history—reading is literally archiving as they indiscriminately index every word without ever "reading" any of it. The ecology of the web teeters on cusp of the hyperpresent and the eternal: Just think of the legions of sites built for now-expired academic conference or weddings that long ago ended in divorce that linger, visited only by the occasional spider

While we have the illusion that things are speeding up, they've actually reached a point of stasis, of stillness. The technology theorist Paul Virilio claims that "there is a definite relationship between inertia and absolute speed which is based on the stasis which results from absolute speed. Absolute stasis leads—potentially—to absolute stasis." When the speed of information moves at the speed of light, as it has with our fiber optic networks, accelerationism has bumped up against its speed limit, thereby ceasing to be accelerationist. Instead, it is static, signifying the end of the technological narrative of speed and the inevitable beginning of another: entropy.

Chapter 4: Archiving Is the New Folk Art

Of all the things known about Andy Warhol, the fact that he curated a show called *Raid the Icebox 1* at the Rhode Island School of Design Museum in Providence in 1969 is one of the more obscure. In fact, combing my shelf of books by and about Warhol (twenty-eight in total), there's not a single mention of it. It's strange because, living his life as a celebrity under the glare of the media, not a moment was otherwise missed.

Back in the 1960s, Warhol traveled in wealthy circles and his great patrons John and Dominique de Menil had strong connections to the RISD Museum's young director, Daniel Robbins. While trying to raise some funds for the museum, Robbins gave the de Menils a tour of the museum's vast storage spaces, where they were wowed by the treasures that were languishing far from the public's view. Many of the objects were in poor condition and so they hatched a fund-raising scheme, which involved inviting a hip artist into the storerooms to curate a show. The artist they chose was Andy Warhol. They had no idea what they were getting into. In short, it was a total disaster.

Warhol treated the museum as if he were on a shopping spree at a flea market, grabbing everything he could—shoes, umbrellas, blankets, baskets, chairs, paintings, pottery—and then casually displaying them in the museum. The paintings were stacked on top of each other the way they are in a thrift shop; the antique shoes were crammed into cabinets, vaguely resembling Imelda Marcos's closet; the nineteenth-century parasols were hung from the ceiling, looking like a cross between slumbering bats and a surrealist assemblage; gorgeous colonial chairs were piled atop each other like in a cafeteria about to be cleaned; colorful Navajo blankets were stacked on top of a cheap table as if they were in a department store, with the cardboard boxes they came in shoved beneath the table. And that's just the beginning.

The museum's curatorial staff was offended by what they perceived to be Warhol's irreverence in handling their treasures. They saw his choices as indiscriminately lazy and his presentation as preposterous. What's more, Warhol demanded that only fake paintings be shown. "If that's real," he said, pointing to a Cézanne still life, "we won't take it." They thought Warhol was truly the ignoramus his public persona pretended to be. Hindsight is twenty-twenty. Over the next forty-five years, the art world would mold itself to Warhol's vision, celebrating commodities, the market, and consumer excess. His own studio work also explored excess: Why make only one Brillo box when the supermarket has a stack? Why paint only one portrait of Ethel Scull when you can charge her for thirty-six? To a poor kid from the Pittsburgh slums, more was always better. And after Warhol's death, more was what they found in his Upper East Side townhouse, which was crammed to the gills with unopened boxes of coats, watches, diamonds, rugs—you name it—piled up in rooms so stuffed you could barely enter them. In 1988, a year after he died, all of Warhol's possessions were laid out for all to see on huge tables at Sotheby's in New York: the whole thing—ten thousand items, from cookie jars to precious gems—eerily resembled *Raid the Icebox 1*.

But why should we care now? There's something about Warhol's obsessive cataloging and collecting, his archiving and displaying, that resonates in the digital age. Many of us raid the digital icebox every day, downloading more cultural artifacts than we know what to do with. I think it's fair to say that most of us have more MP3s sitting on our hard drives than we'll ever be able to listen to, and yet we keep acquiring more, not so different from the way Warhol hoarded cookie jars or delighted in displaying the dozens of pairs of shoes he found at the RISD Museum. In some ways, Warhol seems to be saying that quantity is more important than quality; it doesn't matter what you have as long as you have a lot of it.

You could say that in the digital age, with its free flow and circulation of cultural artifacts, that the act of acquisition—raiding the digital icebox—has turned many of us into amateur curators and archivists. And now the reader is thinking of the results of his curation, the digital things he chooses and uploads and archives, all the while with Warhol in the RISD Museum in the back of his mind. We dig into the deep reserves of the web and arrange them, sometimes for a public (file sharing, MP3 blogs) and sometimes for oneself (the joys of collecting), and like Warhol, often for the sake of gathering itself. In this way, older arts of compiling such as commonplace books and scrapbooking have reemerged, inverting the predominant form of top-down cultural consumption of the twentieth century, when collections would consist as often of things bought—an LP or book—as things found. On the web, circulation has surpassed ownership: someone owns a material artifact, but who owns a JPEG? Commonplace books and scrapbooks combined democratic-based practices such as crafts, folk arts, and hobbies with the avant-garde tradition of the *objet trouvé*—found objects admired for their aesthetic qualities—which resonates with our current obsessions of archiving, arranging, hoarding, and sorting of digital readymades.

When asked, "How do you choose a readymade?" Duchamp replied, "It chooses you, so to speak." One can imagine Duchamp drifting into the plumbing supply and letting the urinal choose him, one object among many lodged in a protosurrealist *wunderkammer*, unbelievably rich in its limited offerings. I think we can relate. How many times have we wandered into a record store, boutique, or bookstore and let objects choose us? In this way, Duchamp collapsed the distinction between

artist and shopper and added a dash of surrealism. Yet if we really gave ourselves over to Duchamp's procedure and let objects choose us as we browsed the web, surely we'd be overwhelmed by the sheer number of artifacts. To manage the vastness, we employ guided chance via search engines. Let's say I'm looking for a specific image. To wait until it found me—in Duchampian terms—would be ludicrous. Instead, I plunk my term into Google Images search and then let one of them choose me. In this way, the web is a push and pull of opposites: intuition and intention, conscious and unconscious, drift and determination.

The play of conscious and unconscious is extended into the structure of the web itself. We could say that the mechanics that runs the web—from the code to the server farms—are the web's subconscious, while the software—the graphical user interface and all the activities that happen there, on the surface—is the web's consciousness. The unconscious, which is pure apparatus, is all hung on a grid, starting with binary code, moving to the pixel, and resulting in GUIs (graphical user interfaces). In this way, the web is an extension of modernism, reiterating a stasis that Rosalind Krauss claimed to be the hallmark of modernity: "The grid announces, among other things, modern art's will to silence, its hostility to literature, to narrative, to discourse." As an apparatus, the web is grid-like: static and even-keeled, a state more than a thing. On top lies a thin layer, the web's "content," which Krauss refers to as "literature, narrative, and discourse." All of the image archiving interfaces—Pinterest, Flickr, Instagram, Google Images—are gridded, from the rectangular format of the images to the lattices on which they are hung. While the images themselves may proffer organic subject matter, the interface and apparatus is entirely industrial. When we use an apparatus extensively, it becomes invisible, as we become completely subsumed by content. In 2000, the media theorist Matthew Fuller wrote an essay addressing the dangers of this exact blind spot; the title of his essay was "It Looks Like You're Writing a Letter: Microsoft Word." A decade and a half later, we still take apparatus for granted, the way we might take breathing or our body's circulatory system for granted; clearly, it's what makes everything function, but when I look in the mirror, all I can think about is how I need a haircut.

* * *

Pinterest is a human-driven image-harvesting engine, one that is fast becoming the largest single-source image repository on the web. When you pin an image from the web for one of your boards, Pinterest copies it to its own servers, providing you with a thumbnail and a link back to its original source. Therefore, should an image disappear from, say, a shuttered blog, it will remain on your Pinterest board. In this way, Pinterest is acting as an image redundancy and archive service, while at the same time building a vast proprietary image library. Because each image archived is pinned by human librarians, the signal-to-noise ratio is high as compared to Google Images, which are culled algorithmically. The darker side is that every user is ultimately working for Pinterest; with each pin, the company's image database grows richer—as does the corporation's bottom line.

Pinterest is Duchampian in that users don't generate any original content; instead, all images are drawn from elsewhere on the web. As opposed to Flickr or Instagram, every photo on Pinterest is a ready-made or a collage of preexisting images. To achieve this, the site uses a data compression algorithm called deduplication, which is a way of reducing the size of images by outsourcing redundant chunks of data to

a single file that can be inserted into an image on demand. So, let's say that I've pinned an image of a dog with brown eyes. Housed in the Pinterest database is an untold number of photos of dogs with brown eyes. The algorithm scans all of those eyes and determines that in many cases portions of the pixel configurations are identical. So when I load my dog, the algorithm shoots a reference with that exact pixel set and inserts it where my dog's eye is. My dog, then, is not a photograph of a dog in the traditional sense but instead is patched together from a database of preexisting elements on the fly. Each image is at once both unique and cloned, reverberating with modernism's constructivist methods of collage and assemblage, as well as postmodernism's mimetic strategies of appropriation and sampling.

But Pinterest's emphasis on found and assembled materials also leads right back to the premodern notions of collecting and scrapbooking, which is no coincidence since the company claims that the platform is "built by hobbyists, for hobbyists" and that one of the partners' "boyhood bug collection is the touchstone inspiration and the company's founding myth." Walter Benjamin, an obsessive collector himself, wrote about the close connection between collecting and making when he said, "Among children, collecting is only one process of renewal; other processes are the painting of objects, the cutting out of figures, the application of decals—the whole range of childlike modes of acquisition, from touching things to giving them names." Pinterest's CEO has described the site as "catalog of ideas," which echoes Benjamin's idea that "if there is a counterpart to the confusion of a library, it is the order of its catalog." Pinterest's apparatus converts the confusion of an image library into an order of a searchable catalog. While the users of Pinterest curate photo albums, the algorithms are the librarians, bots that sort the profusion of content.

The alt-librarian Rick Prelinger has proclaimed archiving as a new folk art, something that is widely practiced and has unconsciously become integrated into a great many people's lives, potentially transforming a necessity into a work of art. Now, at first thought it seems wrong: how can the storing and categorizing of data be folk art? Isn't folk art the opposite, something predicated on the subjective handcrafting of an object into a unique and personal statement, oftentimes one that expresses a larger community ethos? One need think of, say, the magnificent quilts of Gee's Bend produced over many generations by a group of African American women who live in an isolated Alabama town. Each quilt is unique, while bearing the mark of that specific community. Or the spectacular cosmic visions of someone like Rev. Howard Finster, whose obsessive, emotional, hand-rendered religious paintings and sculptures could only be sprung from the unique genius of Finster himself.

Like quilting, archiving employs the obsessive stitching together of many small pieces into a larger vision, a personal attempt at ordering a chaotic world. It's not such a far leap from the quilt maker to the stamp or book collector. In the digital age, our relentless "pinning" of images on Pinterest, curating of Instagram feeds, or compiling of Spotify playlists are contemporary expressions of folk archiving, ones that hearken back to predigital technologies. Pinterest's main metaphor is the cork-lined bulletin board, itself a site of folk archiving, which John Berger wrote about in his 1972 book *Ways of Seeing*:

Adults and children sometimes have boards in their bedrooms or living-rooms on which they pin pieces of paper: letters, snapshots, reproductions of paintings, newspaper cuttings, original drawings, postcards. On each board all the images belong to the same language and

are all more or less equal within it, because they have been chosen in a highly personal way to match and express the experience of the room's inhabitant. Logically, these boards should replace museums.

In this passage, Berger positions the folk art of scrapbooking as high art, but the two have long been intertwined. Many artists in their studios have inspiration boards, not too different from what Berger is describing, pinned with postcards, inspirational notes, photographs, and so forth. And in the twentieth century, many libraries had "clipping libraries," where cabinets were bursting full of photographs clipped from magazines, glued to cardboard backings, and arranged by subject. Berger's deduction regarding the obsolescence of museums rings true for many; Pinterest's images are more integrated into their daily lives than the occasional visit to the museum is. For many, the postcard or JPEG, in essence, has become the painting.

The founder of Whole Earth Catalog, Stewart Brand, has stated that "like everything else, [curating] has been democratized by the Net, in one sense, everybody is curating: whether you are writing a blog, it is curating . . . So we are becoming editors, and curators, and those two are blending online." Even something as simple as bookmarking kicks off a chain of curation. When I instapaper a long-form article so I can read it later, it is added to my archive of articles. Oftentimes, due to the fact that things disappear from the web, if it's an article I think is particularly worthwhile, I'll convert it to a PDF and save a copy of it in my articles archive on my computer, creating my own personal library. As many users of MP3 blogs, file locker services, and streaming services know all too well, things vanish all the time. Sometimes users kill their blogs; other times, as in the case of Netflix, studio contracts expire, resulting in the disappearance of specific films, or regional geographical differences make their service unavailable in various countries. I went to a conference in China a few years ago where several of the conferees "brought" their papers on Google Docs, only to find out that once they arrived in mainland China, Google was blocked. Same with their Gmail, Twitter, Facebook, and YouTube. And as much as Wi-Fi is ballyhooed, it's still locked down in many places, making it less than reliable. Creating a robust local archive of digital artifacts is perhaps the most effective means by which to protect yourself against cloud-based instability.

Our archiving impulse arises as a way to ward off the chaos of overabundance. And yet even in the predigital age, the collector could never actually consume the sheer volume of cultural artifacts that could be collected. Anatole France (1844–1924), for instance, when asked of his vast library, "You have read all these books, Monsieur France?" answered, "Not one-tenth of them. I don't suppose you use your *Sèvres china* every day?" The condition of too much far precedes the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first centuries. René Descartes (1596–1650) claimed that "even if all knowledge could be found in books, where it is mixed in with so many useless things and confusingly heaped in such large volumes, it would take longer to read those books than we have to live in this life." The Harvard historian Ann Blair relates how Kant (1724–1804) and Wordsworth (1770–1850) were among the earliest authors who described an experience of temporary mental blockage due to "sheer cognitive exhaustion . . . whether triggered by sensory or mental overload." Blair charts the rise of various indexing systems—as well as the invention of commonplace and reference books—as a way to order the impending chaos of overproduction and underconsumption. And like today, the ever-accumulating knowledge and the various attempts to manage it was felt globally across the

centuries, from medieval/early modern Europe to the Islamic world and China.

The managing and sorting of information became an industry hinged on the illusion of control, which grew alongside increasingly codified systems of knowledge and rhetoric. Eventually, it evolved into a booming and lucrative industry, with the rise of everything from Johnson's Dictionary—for which he was paid roughly the equivalent of \$350,000 in today's money—to the current crop of paywalled archives such as LexisNexis, ProQuest, and JSTOR, for which academic institutions spend between \$10 billion and \$20 billion annually. Information—who produces it, who consumes it, who distributes it, and, in short, who controls it—has been a contested space for centuries. While this is nothing new, when placed in the replicating digital ecosystem of the Internet—with its array of pirate and legitimate venues—these tendencies go into overdrive, creating new and unintended consequences in a variety of related areas such as copyright, intellectual property, historical contextualization, free culture, archiving, taxonomies, distribution, artistic practices, and curating, but to name but a few.

Prior to the digital age, a common metric for expressing the infinite was the Argentinian writer Jorge Luis Borges's short story "The Library of Babel" (1941), which imagines a vast library that contains every book that could be written about every subject known to mankind. But one problem with Borges's library was information management—finding anything was nearly impossible. In his story, such drudgery was ceded to teams of weary human librarians who perished in their lifelong efforts to locate specific books in the labyrinthine library. And yet Borges was an optimist: with the right combination of fortitude and luck, there was a chance that a librarian could overcome the greatest odds; even though it's vast, his library is not infinite. And there are no duplicate copies of any books; every book is unique. But the problem is that many books are nearly identical, differing only in a single letter or a comma. Somewhere in that library, still yet to be found, would be one book that could contain all the world's knowledge between its covers printed in miniscule type and on an infinite number of infinitely thin leaves. That book of books—the Library of Babel—turned out to be the Internet.

A twenty-first-century version of Borges might resemble an author named Philip M. Parker, who, with the help of computers, has churned out more than a million books on a wide range of arcane subjects. When someone wants to buy a book of his, an army of spiders is sent out to crawl the web for content. Upon being hauled in, algorithms determine and sequence the most relevant information. They are then assembled into books (slightly shifting the semantic order to avoid direct plagiarism), chunked into predetermined print-on-demand formats, and automatically posted to Amazon, where titles are fabricated only if someone wants to buy the book. The process is so automated that titles are listed that haven't yet been written; if someone desires to have a book written on any subject, it is produced for them on demand. Parker's is but one of many such projects, where perfectly semantic accounts of sporting events and financial transactions are generated from generic data sets and published in newspapers all over the world; no one has any idea that there isn't a human writing these things. Both Parker and Borges play down content and quality, choosing instead to focus on quantity and the challenge of wrangling meaning—and in the case of Parker, money—out of such vastness.

Today we're confronted with the abstraction of big data—large data sets, expressed in equally large and equally abstract numbers—and it's

assumed somehow that we can comprehend these. For instance, the WikiLeaks site contained 1.2 million documents a year after it was launched; and in 2010, it released almost 400,000 documents related to the Iraq War alone. The United States diplomatic cable leaks totaled 251,287 documents consisting of 261,276,536 words. A common complaint was that WikiLeaks released too damn much, prompting the journal Foreign Policy to call the release of such a vast amount of data "information vandalism":

There's a principle that says it's OK to publish one-off scoops, but not 250,000—or for that matter 2.7 million—of them all at once? The former feels like journalism; the latter seems grotesque and irresponsible, more like 'information vandalism' . . . And even if responsible papers like the New York Times have a chance to review and contextualize them, there's no way they can dot every i and cross every t in the time allotted. There's just too much.

And with every new leak, comes a new metric of immensity: it is said that Edward Snowden initially leaked between 1.5 and 1.7 million documents.

To give an idea of how much this is, in 1969, the conceptual artist On Kawara (1933–2014) embarked on a project entitled One Million Years, which was a twenty-volume set of books that printed the name of each year in closely typeset columns (1856 AD 1857 AD 1858 AD, etc.). Each page contains five hundred years, and each book contains 2,068 pages. As an absurdist gesture, live readings of the work are occasionally given; the complete reading of the years could never be finished in one's lifetime. If recorded, 2,700 CDs would be needed to complete the readings; if read aloud, it would take a hundred years to enumerate aloud the names of one million years.

Too much was the same accusation that drove the young hacktivist Aaron Swartz to take his life after being hounded by the United States Department of Justice for attempting to liberate approximately 4.8 million articles (or seventy gigabytes) from JSTOR, the paywalled academic database. It's hard to imagine exactly what constitutes, say, 10,000 documents let alone 250,000 or 5 million. And yet it's this metric that is propelling public discourse, not to mention legal policy. The immensity of the digital is hard to imagine. I shudder to think what my apartment would look like if every MP3 and PDF on my drives were to manifest itself as an album or a book, or if every video on my hard drive were somehow converted to film stock, wound on reels. I wouldn't be able to move. Each day, as we shuffle our data from one place to another, we have the illusion of mastery, when in fact we are drowning in our own riches. Our data—the management, storage, organizing, and moving of it—owns us. Ask anyone who's had to maintain a blog, Facebook page, or Twitter account: it's a second job. In effect, many of us have unwittingly become both the authors of Borges's "Library of Babel" and its lowly librarians.

I began to get curious about what immensity might look like and went in search of Swartz's cache, which—predictably locked down by the Department of Justice—was nowhere to be found. However, a tribute action dedicated to Swartz the day after his arrest in 2011 appeared on the Pirate Bay in the form of a thirty-three gigabyte torrent that consisted of 18,592 PDFs from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," a prestigious scientific journal with a history extending back to the 1600s that was illegally downloaded from JSTOR and posted publicly by a user named Greg Maxwell. The torrent was accompanied by a free culture statement, which, in part, read: "This archive . . . should be available to everyone at no cost, but most have previously only been made available at high prices through paywall

gatekeepers like JSTOR. Limited access to the documents here is typically sold for \$19 USD per article, though some of the older ones are as low as \$8. Purchasing access to this collection one article at a time would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars."

A day later, upon unzipping one of the many files, I was faced with an overwhelming number of PDFs, ranging from 1 to 254 pages long. I couldn't absorb more than the smallest fraction of what I had just downloaded—and what I had just downloaded was but a fraction of the 4.8 million documents that Swartz had liberated. The sheer size of this smallest corner of the Internet verged on a cosmic scale. This scale itself is an abstraction: certainly we can't conceive of what Swartz's 4.8 million "articles" might look like, never mind what we would do with them were we to actually have them in our possession. It seems that all we know for sure is that Swartz downloaded a lot. Maxwell's gesture is at once a ghost of, and at the same time the only concrete realization of Swartz's vision, one that is both symbolic and instructive. No one will ever read Maxwell's trove (same with Swartz's), but the fact of this material—and, in Maxwell's case, its ever-present availability—competes with what practical applications we might render from it. Many media critics feel that content might be the wrong place to look for meaning:

It feels like the end of the modernist notion of "information." Modernity brought with it the idea that there was this thing that could be extracted that represented the most valuable part of a text. Swartz's gesture suggests that there's no "information" in places like JSTOR and Elsevier. Any paper is as good as any other for a gesture like his, because individually these papers literally have NO audience—an average academic paper is read by maybe two or three people. So the gesture only matters when it's done in bulk and it doesn't matter of what the bulk consists. The offense is a corporate one; it has relatively little to do with individual authors because it assumes from the outset that the individual author isn't all that important.

Aaron Swartz's gesture was a conceptual one, focused on the power of making available sealed-off information. He wasn't concerned with what he was liberating; he was interested in using the model of moving masses of information as a political tool, as if to say that the gesture of furiously pushing, moving, gathering, sharing, parsing, storing, and liberating information is as important as what's actually being moved.

* * *

In 2010, Pamela Echeverria, owner of the LABOR gallery in Mexico City, held a conference called Who Owns the Image? that focused on the way images and their reception have been changed by digital culture. Echeverria, like so many of us, was living a double life: on one hand, she dealt in unique fine art objects at the gallery; on the other hand, she was downloading scads of infinitely reproducible artifacts from file sharing. The conference sparked numerous heated conversations, many of which Echeverria and I continued to discuss long after the conference ended.

In early 2013, shortly after Aaron Swartz passed away, Pamela asked me to curate a show dedicated to his memory at her gallery. When I began working on the show, I pondered the sort of immensity that Swartz and Assange (and later Snowden) were dealing in. What would it look like if their leaks were somehow materialized? And how would it make us think differently about them if we could physically comprehend their magnitude? With a more conventional exhibition in mind, I began by

seeking artworks that explicitly sought to concretize digital data into physical objects. For instance, I discovered a huge book that consisted of every photograph of Natalie Portman on the Internet. I also found a series of twelve books that recorded all changes made to the Wikipedia article on the Iraq War; the volumes covered a five-year period from December 2004 to November 2009, with a total of twelve thousand changes. The set of books was nearly seven thousand pages long. Along similar lines, I came across a piece by an Iraqi American artist that was a collection of every article published on the Internet about the Iraq War, bound into a set of seventy-two books, each a thousand pages long. Displayed on long tables, they made a stunning materialization of the quantity of digital culture.

But somehow these gestures, although big, were not big enough. They were too precious, too boutique, and too small to get at the magnitude of huge data sets that I was seeking to replicate. I wondered how I could up the ante. The Iraq War books showed that printing out even a small corner of the Internet was an insane proposition. My mind made a poetic leap: what if I were somehow able to crowdsource printing out the entire Internet?

I leapt on social media and put out a call:

LABOR, UbuWeb, and Kenneth Goldsmith invite you to participate in the first-ever attempt to print out the entire Internet.

The idea is simple: Print out as much as of the web as you want—be it one sheet or a truckload—send it to Mexico City, and we'll display it in the gallery for the duration of the exhibition, which runs from July 26 to August 31, 2013.

The process is entirely open: If it exists online and is printed out, it will be accepted. Every contributor will be listed as a participating artist in the show.

What you decide to print out is up to you: As long as it exists somewhere online, it's in. We're not looking for creative interpretations of the project. We don't want objects. We just want shitloads of paper. We're literally looking for folks to print out the entire Internet. We have over 500 square meters of space to fill, with ceilings that are over six meters high.

There are many ways to go about this: You can act alone (print out your own blog, Gmail inbox, or spam folder) or you could organize a group of friends to print out a particular corner of the Internet, say, all of Wikipedia, the entire New York Times archive, every dossier leaked by WikiLeaks for starters. The more the better.

Print out the Internet. Post it to Mexico City.

At the conclusion of the show, the entire archive will be recycled.

The response was overwhelming. More than twenty thousand submissions poured in from every corner of the globe, manifesting themselves in a ten-ton heap of paper that was nearly five meters high. The pile looked a lot like the Internet itself, crammed with spam, credit card reports, memes, in-boxes, news sites, and porn—lots and lots of porn. Overnight, countless blogs and international media outlets ricocheted the idea across the globe, sparking intensely negative reactions, accusing me of everything from igniting an arboreal holocaust to cynical careerism. An online petition sprung up pleading: "Kenneth Goldsmith, please don't print the Internet," which petered out at less than five hundred signatures. The project grew so furiously that in July 2013, it was made an official meme on the website Know Your Meme. By the time it was over, more than a thousand pages of commentary had been generated—ironically, making a thousand more pages of the web that needed to be printed and thrown onto the pile. As most people never made it to Mexico City to see the actual show, the idea itself and the

conversation it generated became a stand-in. Fueled by rumor and hearsay, the pile of papers grew to monumental proportions in the public's mind. It's fair to say that the conversation around the show was more real than the show itself.

As speculation about the project grew, I couldn't help but wonder what made people actually take something so ridiculously impossible so seriously? If you stopped even for a moment to think about it, printing the entire Internet is simply impossible. How can one even define the Internet, never mind freeze it for a moment to be able to print it? In the time it took me to write this sentence, an untold number of new web pages were generated, never mind the gajillions of photos, videos, and music that were just uploaded—each expandable to miles of source code, which in alphanumeric terms would mean oodles and oodles more pages. Trying to print out the entire Internet sounds like punishment meted out on a Promethean scale. The alarms tipped to near hysteria, resembling a twenty-first-century version of Dutch tulip mania more than the supposedly logical, levelheaded, contemporary world we imagine we live in.

Printing out the Internet was a physical manifestation of every skeleton in our digital closet, tumbled out, and splayed across the floor, pushing us out of house and home, forcing us to confront the fact that we are hoarders of the worst sort, even if that hoarding is now invisible. Printing the Internet was a grade-B zombie film, a cheap version of War of the Worlds, the return of the repressed, a physical expression of the irrational fear that all this stuff will one day come back to haunt us. I'd like to believe that Printing Out the Internet was an unarticulated fear of abundance, of too much, of trying to comprehend a scale so large that no human brain could process it. Instead, we needed to invent, imagine, and enact the smallest slice of this problem in order to even contemplate purging ourselves of it.

The project was a slanted and swerved tribute to Aaron Swartz, filtered through the poetic lens of Jorge Luis Borges. It was a fleeting "dialectical constellation" of the Internet, materialized and frozen for a moment in a gallery in Mexico City, only to be blown apart, pulped, recycled, and reconstituted into some other form. The outcry from the public was misplaced, having demanded real solutions to what was an imaginary problem—imaginary because it never really happened. What happened instead was a global conversation about a proposition—a tear in the curtain—one of those strange moments when strands of magical realism, 'pataphysics (the science of imaginary solutions to imaginary problems), and meme culture collided, fleetingly materialized, and just as quickly vanished from the face of the earth.

* * *

In his introduction to his short story collection *Ficciones* (1941), Borges wrote: "The composition of vast books is a laborious and impoverishing extravagance. To go on for five hundred pages developing an idea whose perfect oral exposition is possible in a few minutes! A better course of procedure is to pretend that these books already exist, and then to offer a résumé, a commentary . . . I have preferred to write notes upon imaginary books." It's no surprise that both "The Library of Babel" and "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote"—in which an author spontaneously re-creates Don Quixote word for word, having had no prior knowledge of the book—appear in this collection. Textuality is objectified, not to be tampered with, frozen into baubles to be handled either by librarians or duplicate authors. The last thing on Borges's mind is the text itself and what it means; what it means is

implicit in the managing of it. In "The Library of Babel," we never know what books the librarians are searching for and why, rather they're concerned with how to locate, extract, and manage preexisting knowledge. Similarly, it's taken for granted that Quixote is a classic text and therefore unassailable; instead, the emphasis is on the hermeneutics of how such a perfect replica came into being in the first place. As early as 1941, Borges is proposing that content is no longer king; instead context and reception are the new sites of meaning, an idea that was explored in the theoretically authorless practices of 1960s conceptual art.

There's a Borgesian slant on artist Lawrence Weiner's famous 1969 declaration: "THE ARTIST MAY CONSTRUCT THE WORK / THE WORK MAY BE FABRICATED / THE WORK NEED NOT BE BUILT." There's a Borgesian slant as well as in Sol LeWitt's 1966 notion that "in conceptual art the idea or concept is the most important aspect of the work. When an artist uses a conceptual form of art, it means that all of the planning and decisions are made beforehand and the execution is a perfunctory affair." As if to say that if all fictions are, in fact, fiction, then perhaps it's just as good to propose them as to realize them. Borges questions labor and value in a realm where perspiration is plentiful and remuneration is scarce. Why bother? Borges echoes the Parisian radical May '68 sloganeers, when they scrawled across city walls: "NEVER WORK" and "PEOPLE WHO WORK GET BORED WHEN THEY DON'T WORK. PEOPLE WHO DON'T WORK NEVER GET BORED." Perhaps, then, in a Borgesian sense, it's best not to write but to propose: propositions are gateways to utopias.

All of this is a far cry from the activism of Aaron Swartz, Chelsea Manning, Julian Assange, and Edward Snowden, where theoretical propositions are not an option. These four individuals enacted Michel Foucault's notion of parrhesia—the impulse to speak the truth at whatever cost—and they paid dearly for it: Manning in prison, Snowden in exile, Assange in limbo, and Swartz with his life. And it's here where the distinctions between activism and art, politics and poetry, fact and fiction become clear. I am reminded of Ludwig Wittgenstein's admonition: "Do not forget that a poem, although it is composed in the language of information, it is not used in the language-game of giving information." Such is the freedom and beauty of poetry. Politics, however, is another matter.

Chapter 5: Dream Machines and Eternidays

A figure is staring intently at a device cradled in his hands. His shoulders are rounded, his back is hunched, and his head is bowed at the neck. Both elbows are flat against his body, bent at forty-five-degree angles. His fingers are moving about the surface of the device. While the world goes on with its business around him, he is completely oblivious; he can't stop staring at the device. This is a magical device, for it has the ability to transport him to exotic and faraway places: exciting sea adventures, lumbering hippopotamuses wading in rivers, colorful rice fields halfway around the world. The device completely engulfs every inch of his being, when suddenly, in an instant, he raises his head, pauses for a moment, and places the device—a small book—on top of a jumble of other books in a cramped bookstall on the Seine. The camera zooms out, showing us rows of men in the same exact posture, all of them, heads bowed, deeply absorbed in small books they're reading, oblivious to the world around them. These men, in formation, posture, countenance, and absorption bear a striking resemblance to the lines of people I see hunched over their devices on the platform of the West Fourth Street station waiting for their rush hour trains home.

This film, *Bookstalls*, is by Joseph Cornell, the American surrealist, and was cobbled together at his kitchen table on Utopia Parkway in Queens, New York, in the late 1930s. Like most of Cornell's films, he didn't shoot a thing; this silent film was assembled from found footage taken from his vast collection of early cinema reels that he kept in his basement. What Cornell shows us in this film is that dreaming in public is nothing new. Be it books or smartphones, these wondrous devices have the capability of lifting us out of our everyday circumstances and transporting us elsewhere without our ever having to move an inch. Although Cornell rarely traveled—in his lifetime, he never journeyed farther than New England—he was able to span the globe and time travel across centuries through his artworks: films, boxes, assemblages, and collages. Peer into a tiny Cornell box and you'll be magically transported to some other world created entirely from scavenged flotsam and jetsam—old prints, maps, Ping-Pong balls, shattered wineglasses, sand—that Cornell salvaged from his ramblings in junk shops and bookstores, which he then assembled into his famous dream machines.

There's much about Joseph Cornell's life and work that anticipates our digital age. The origins of our computer interfaces and operating systems, with their delicate balance of logic and absurdity, mirror the surrealist aesthetics of Cornell's boxes. The Internet's grassroots ethos of sharing, open source, and free culture were in full swing on Utopia Parkway. His varied artistic output could be called multimedia some seventy-five years before it became the digital norm. An early adapter of indie culture, his living room became a pop-up cinema for like-minded film buffs in the 1930s who had no access to already-forgotten silent classics from the turn of the century. Even after he became world famous, Cornell was a one-man gift economy, giving many of his boxes away to neighborhood children as toys. He was self-educated before it became common. Although he became one of the most famous artists of the twentieth century, he didn't attend art school or have any other formal training. In fact, he never even finished high school, preferring instead to teach himself philosophy, poetry, history, and aesthetics by devouring books from libraries, the way we harvest web-based educational resources from the comfort of our couches. Our

relentless management of information—downloading, cataloging, tagging, duplicating, and archiving—was expressed in this early modernist's working and collecting habits. By the time he died, his little house had become his own library—his private Wikipedia—prompting one observer to quip that he was "a kind of curator of culture, and his house on Utopia Parkway a bureau of which he was trustee, director and staff." And, like many Internet fanboys, he was a geeky loner, more comfortable with distant correspondence than he was with face-to-face encounters; although his meatspace social network was wide, he died a virgin.

Born in 1903 into an upper-middle-class family, his father, a traveling salesman, died young, sending Cornell, his handicapped brother, and mother into a downward spiral of poverty. They ended up in a modest working-class house on Utopia Parkway where Cornell spent the rest of his life. Devoted to his mother and acting as a caretaker for his brother, Cornell eked out a living for the family by working a series of low-level jobs during the day and working on his art at night. Due to his familial and financial burdens, he didn't travel much farther than Manhattan—a twenty-minute train ride from his home—so he invented a series of self-sustaining measures that made it possible for him to create and live in a world of his own.

Cornell was a massive collector, verging on hoarder, who stockpiled all types of ephemera and meticulously organized them by arcane but precise systems so that anything could be retrieved at a moment's notice. By the time he died in 1972, his tiny house was jammed with cultural artifacts: "three thousand books and magazines, a comparable number of record albums and vintage films, enough diaries and letters to now fill more than thirty reels of microfilm, and tens of thousands of examples of ephemera—from postage stamps to clay pipes, from theatrical handbills to birds' nests." When he wasn't working his job, he was out gathering materials for his boxes, trolling the vast used bookstores of Manhattan's Fourth Avenue, hunting for illustrations that might be incorporated into his work. He became an ardent collector of media—films, in particular—making trips to New Jersey warehouses where Dumpsters' full of reels were being unceremoniously tossed, regarded as artistically worthless, salvageable only for the silver nitrate they contained. In this way, Cornell was able to assemble one of the largest collections of early cinema in America. The steady stream of cinephiles who passed through his house trading films with him in the 1930s hadn't a clue that Cornell was an artist. To them, he was an eccentric homegrown archivist.

He was most famous for his box constructions. Made of wood, they're often no wider than a laptop, and no deeper than a few inches. Often they are divided with wooden slats into multiple compartments. Each compartment contains an element, object, or image: in one section is an image of bird clipped from a Victorian lithograph, in another is a collection of small seashells, in a third a few strands of ribbon. Depending on the theme of the box, the images tangentially relate to one another. In one box, most of the elements are naturally themed, in another they are celestial, in yet another they are classical. But not always. There are always odd things thrown in—compasses, clay pipes, marbles—that gently disrupt the overarching themes, nudging the box into the realm of dreams.

The same way our devices are launching pads for web voyages, Cornell's boxes are launching pads for interior voyages. Each box has an interface, its own operating and navigational systems through which we may experience it. It's no coincidence that Cornell extensively used maps and globes in his work. From the repeated rows of iconic imagery to the way the space is divided into small windows, they are

structurally reminiscent of the way our desktops are ordered. In a way, they seem like primitive computers. The names of web browsers—Navigator, Safari, and Explorer—could equally be applied to Cornell's boxes.

My desktop resembles a Joseph Cornell box. It's at once a coherent space and a fractured one. My operating system unifies everything, but each window has its own agenda, shattering any real sense of accord. Like Cornell's boxes, I never have just one window open, I always have many. And like his compartments, each window represents its own world. Sometimes those windows contain related content—right now my Facebook page and Twitter app are showing much of the same stuff—and other times, they're really disjunctive: in one window is a dull spreadsheet, while another is streaming a slick music video.

My screen is cluttered with graphic images, from the icon-festooned dock at the bottom to the pull-down menus at the top, where various icons show me the time, weather, my battery life, Wi-Fi strength, and so forth. The windows on my screen are piled on top of each other so thickly that I can only see fragments of each. Yet, there's nothing confusing about this. Somehow, I understand where everything is and what each window does, even in this chaotic, cluttered, and shattered environment. And then there are worlds within worlds. In one of my windows, I'm streaming CNBC's Squawk Box, whose video stream itself is divided into no fewer than fourteen windows all going at once, each showing something different. The main window has an image of the three hosts sitting around a table in a studio that itself has dozens of screens, computer monitors, and whose physical stage set is crowded with reflective surfaces. The hosts' window is ringed by more boxes showing various stock charts and numbers; there's a clock, a logo, and a title box. Along the bottom are two crawls, one with news, the other with market numbers, one on top of the other. On the right side of the window are stacked boxes with market numbers and charts. The entire landscape is moving and fluid: new words and numbers continue to appear and just as quickly disappear. A network logo and HD+ symbol reside in the lower-right corner. There's a strong visual connection between both Cornell's boxes and what my computer screen looks like at this very moment. My screen and the many windows contained therein feeling like an M. C. Escher drawing—worlds within worlds within worlds.

Cornell predicted this. Boxes and screens are everywhere, from guys that work on Wall Street literally enveloped in flat-screen monitors to sports bars where every surface is showing a different game. In 1969 Andy Warhol said, "Everybody should have two television sets. So you can watch two at a time. Every time you see the President, he has three." Sometimes I feel like all this distraction is life training for a distracted world—which is not always a bad thing. Running contrary to popular opinion that we're losing our ability to concentrate, the Princeton historian Michael Wood calls distraction another kind of concentration: "The distracted person is not just absent or daydreaming, he/she is attracted, however fitfully, by a rival interest." Wood says that distraction contains certain elements of concentration, but not enough to make it respectable. When we concentrate, we're no longer curious—we're concentrated, after all—foreclosing on surprises that distraction can bring. True, distraction might mean missing the main event. But what if nobody knows anymore what or where the main event is?

* * *

Seeing ourselves and our lives reflected in our interfaces is a key part of the reason we stay so attached to them. Cornell thought it was important to include his viewers in his boxes, which is why they often contain mirrors. Glimpse into his boxes and in one or two of his "windows" you'll find an image of yourself. The myth of Narcissus, who mistook his own reflection in the water for another person, underlies the success of social media. The psychologist Jacques Lacan had a name for this, the "mirror stage," which says that when an infant sees him- or herself in a mirror for the first time, there is an immediate identification with that image. Up until that point, the baby has no knowledge of itself as an individual, unified being; instead, wholly dependent on others, it has only a fractured sense of self. From that time on, according to Lacan, the image of oneself as a whole person is intoxicating; we become hooked on external representations of ourselves, which goes a long way toward explaining why we love to find ourselves tagged in Facebook photos or have our tweets retweeted. If the Internet is a giant copying machine, then every time we see ourselves reflected in it, we are more drawn to it. It's no surprise that we can't stop self-googling or try as we might, we can't leave Facebook. There's too much of us reflected in it to walk away from.

Interface designers know this well. Each time I open my Twitter feed, I see an image of myself—a flattering one, after all, I chose it—in the navigation bar. And on Facebook, my little avatar shows up next to every comment box at the end of every single thread. Scrolling down my Facebook feed on my computer, I see me—rendered as an icon—repeatedly and endlessly. It's no wonder I feel I have a vested interest in every conversation happening there. Every time I open a social media app, the first thing it shows me is how I am reflected in it: how many times I'm mentioned in comments, how many likes I got, how many retweets and favorites I have amassed. This accumulation is social media's capital, a symbolic currency for which "I" is the metric of valuation.

McLuhan theorized that the insertion of one's self into media was a basic precept of electronic media. Commenting on the myth of Narcissus, he claimed that "this extension of [Narcissus] by mirror numbed his perceptions until he became the servomechanism of his own extended or repeated image. The nymph Echo tried to win his love with fragments of his own speech, but in vain. He was numb. He had adapted to his extension of himself and had become a closed system. Now the point of this myth is the fact that men at once become fascinated by any extension of themselves in any material other than themselves." If there's a better description of the mechanics of social media, I don't know it.

Cornell spent an enormous amount of time drifting around the streets of Manhattan, where he would see his reflection in the glass of shop windows. Like social media, when we see ourselves reflected in a window display, we become entwined—literally overlaid—with what is being sold to us. Shop window displays invoke Renaissance scholar Leon Battista Alberti's dictate that the proportions of the spectator and the display figure should be nearly the same, creating a symbiosis between the consumer and the desired object. In 1435, Alberti wrote a treatise about perspective and painting called *De pictura*. In it, he positioned the human figure as the basis for the division of the canvas into proportional parts. He was among the first to imagine the canvas as being a transparent window on to the world—like a plate of glass—upon which an image could be literally traced, resulting in accurate representations of reality. In doing so, he theorized the idea of perspective: if the canvas was indeed a transparent glass or window, we

could look into it toward a vanishing point far in the distance. For Alberti, the canvas/window was a twofold surface that was both opaque (canvas) and transparent (illusionistic).

Alberti's ideas percolated throughout Europe over the centuries. In the 1680s, for instance, when Versailles was built, the vertical casement window—which still reflected Alberti's human proportion as a standard—was extensively employed, resulting in a national idiom called the French window. This type of window remained the standard in classical French architecture for the next 250 years until the early 1920s when Le Corbusier introduced the horizontal window, a concept that was widely attacked as being unpatriotic. Le Corbusier, of course, was part of modernism's thrust toward "flatness," which reached its zenith in the 1950s when Clement Greenberg insisted that the surface of a painting was not a space of depiction for anything other than the act of painting itself. His hard-core anti-illusionism was exemplified by the abstract expressionists, for whom flatness was the gospel.

As consumer technology evolved, it also adopted an ethos of flatness. Similar to modernism, it strived to strip away vestiges of cumbersome apparatuses. When televisions first appeared, they were encased in wood, posing as pieces of furniture, an attempt to seamlessly integrate the cold, mechanical technology into cozy domestic environments. By the 1970s, led by the smart design of Sony's Trinitron, TV sets were freed from their furniture function, and like modernist painting, were able to become what they were, leading the way for today's floating flat screens and plasmas. Similarly, each subsequent release of smartphones and tablets is thinner. Yet contradictorily, there is a drive to render believably illusionistic depths of field on these flat surfaces: video games and virtual reality interfaces seek to literally move you through "worlds" in hyperdimensional detail.

It's been said that as interface design has progressed, it's grown more childlike with each passing iteration. The first computers were unquestionably made for adults. Their command lines required you to know how to read and how to type. But with the introduction of graphical user interfaces, operating systems migrated to large and overly simple iconic representations of complex phenomenon—so simple that children could operate them. When interfaces were strictly linguistic, their languages tended to be logical, with a one-to-one correspondence between command and functionality: the "ls" command in Unix or "dir" in DOS listed your directories—and that's all it did. But once GUIs appeared, the visually expressed commands became interpretative and vague. Every icon set is drawn by a graphic artist and is therefore interpretative, with each operating system attempting to visually distinguish itself from the others: think of Windows' recycling bin as opposed to Mac's trash can. But neither is accurate: computer documents are not permanently deleted. In truth, they are partially overwritten.

The idea that the content of any medium is always another medium is expressed in the metaphor of the desktop. From the very beginning of GUIs—screen interfaces displaying icons and folders, etc. which mask the lines of code that actually run your computer—it's as if the entire contents of a mid-twentieth-century office had been dumped on your computer. There are stacks of "paper" you can click on, "notepads" you can write on, "folders" where you can store your "documents," "calculators" that have "buttons" you can "push." To this day, I still edit my documents in the program "Office" while browsing web "pages." (I often ask myself what exactly constitutes a web page. I still haven't found the answer.) The office DNA is so embedded in our

computing operating systems that even our mobile devices, bereft of desktops, still bear its predigital iconography. On my iPhone, my Notes app depicts a square legal pad, my camera icon looks like a 1950s Nikon, my Mail app is a standard number 10 white envelope, and my Phone app shows an outline of a mid-twentieth-century telephone receiver.

Early graphical icons were flat, nondimensional representations. A folder—based on a classic manila folder—was a simply drawn outline of a tabbed folder. With successive iterations folders became dimensional, modeled with drop shadows. Later on, when you'd click on that 3-D folder, it would animate, literally opening itself up to show its paper contents before spinning off into a new window. (And now, on Apple products at least, everything's flattened back out again in the latest OS.) While these animations and heavy graphics slowed systems down, they also opened up the role of the interface and graphic designer to inject playful surrealist elements into the once-dry textual environment. It's hard to imagine an interface designer not wanting to reference Dalí's melting watches when creating desktop icons (even the clock icon on my iPhone is depicted by a clock with hands). The title of his famous painting *The Persistence of Memory* has echoes of RAM (temporary data such as files that can be easily deleted, altered, or overwritten) and ROM (permanent data such as your operating system, that can't be easily deleted, altered, or overwritten), the foundation of our computers. About his painting Dalí wrote: "I am the first to be surprised and often terrified by the images I see appear upon my canvas. I register without choice and with all possible exactitude the dictates of my subconscious, my dreams." Substitute the words "upon my canvas" for "in my browser," and it becomes clear how surrealism and its ethos are hardwired into the very core of our computing experience.

* * *

Floating in the middle of my screen is a series of vertical blocky gray images, one atop another, on a jet-black background: a birdhouse with two holes in it, a bell that tilts to the right, an envelope that has the stem of a speech bubble protruding from its bottom-left corner, a series of three vertical dots next to a series of three vertical lines, a head without a neck, and a magnifying glass tilted to the left. All are the same size and all are rendered in the identical style. Like a rebus, I could assemble them into some sort of a narrative or simply enjoy their playful visuality, their randomness, their absurdity. They hang in the space of my screen the way a moon and stars poetically dangle in a Joan Miró painting or how vaguely abstract figures hauntingly populate a desolate Yves Tanguy landscape. But there's very little that's artistic or poetic about it; it's a description of the navigation bar on my Twitter app.

The icons in the dock that runs along the bottom of my screen are equally surreal. If I turn on the magnification function and enlarge them, I'm surprised at what I find. Several times a day I use my Preview app to view PDFs and images. As an icon no larger than a cufflink, nestled in my dock with all my other icons, I think of it as "the blue one with a few lines through it." I click on it, it does its job, and I never think about it again. But if I scale it up, a bizarre and rather incomprehensible series of images reveals itself. The icon consists of two photographs printed on "paper" with a white border, each skewed, laid atop one another. The photo on the bottom appears to be picture of an old yellow stone wall and the photo on top, the most prominent image, is of a child standing on a beach, framed by a crisp blue sky. As the waves crash behind him, he's got his hands clasped in

what could be interpreted as a quasi-religious salutation, the sort of thing you always see the Dalai Lama doing. He's got a sort of beatific half smile and his hair, in cowlicks, is soaked as if he just got out of the water. He's clothed in a gray garment that is open at the chest, which could either be a raincoat (why would anyone wear a raincoat on the beach on a sunny day?) or a drenched gray karate gi (a gi is a strange choice for a beachwear). On top of the photos sits a magnifying spyglass, the type used to examine photographs or media spreads while editing them. It strikes me as odd that that the imagery in this icon refers to dead media: printed photographs and a spyglass. After all, Preview examines only digital imagery and if you wanted to zoom in on what you're looking at, you'd click a button, not gaze through a lens. A similar nostalgia permeates contemporary art as well. "Today, no exhibition is complete without some form of bulky, obsolete technology," observes the art historian Claire Bishop. "The gently clunking carousel of a slide projector or the whirring of an 8-mm or 16-mm film reel . . . Today, film's soft warmth feels intimate compared with the cold, hard digital image, with its excess of visual information (each still contains far more detail than the human eye could ever need)."

While these Preview app images tell a certain story, they also refuse to tell a story, a textbook example of the nineteenth-century poet Comte de Lautréamont's definition of surrealistic absurdity: "a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissection table." Like a Cornell box, they're suggestive: of place, ethos, nature, environment, corporate values, positivism, world peace, and religion, while deftly avoiding taking an explicit position on any one of them. The icon is evocative, not narrative; and its style of evocation is grounded in the disjunctive surrealist tradition. The icon gives two conflicting messages: functionality (it reads documents really well) and non sequitur (I can't figure out why these images represent a functional program). They're not really in conflict with one another—they seem to work quite well together, if bizarrely—but it points to the fact that underlying the strict surface "logic" of our operating systems is a subconscious irrationality or sentimentality.

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Your computer's ROM is the basement, attic, or toolshed of your computer, where stuff goes into deep storage. Cornell's house was one big hard drive, particularly his basement, where he stored his vast collection of ephemera, much of which went into making his boxes. Down in the basement was also where he kept dossiers stuffed with scads of flotsam and jetsam on various starlets like Greta Garbo and Hedy Lamarr, with whom he was obsessed. When he attended film premieres or spent evenings at the ballet, he'd return home to his basement media collection to pore over his archived images of the stars he'd seen, ultimately incorporating their images into his boxes.

Joseph Cornell was the ultimate fanboy. In the mid-1950s, for instance, Cornell became obsessed with Allegra Kent, a gorgeous young ballerina he had read about in Newsweek. Finally, he got the courage up to meet her by writing and asking her to appear in one of his films. She agreed to see him at her home in Manhattan, but the meeting didn't go well. "He was terribly thin, a strange, gaunt, intense-looking creature," Kent recalled. "I noticed his hands which were discolored from perhaps shellac or varnish. I immediately sensed that he really liked me, which was a little scary. Fans can be crazy. You don't know

what to expect from a fan." On the spot, Kent told him that she wasn't interested in appearing in his film and sent him on his way.

Cornell's crushes remind me of Internet fanboy culture, in particular, of Harry Knowles, the founder of the influential website *Ain't It Cool News*, a vast repository of geek culture, comics, as well as information on sci-fi, fantasy, horror and action movies and TV shows. Like Cornell, Knowles built his site from his bedroom, where in 1994 he started posting to newsgroups, swapping rumors about upcoming films. He ended up writing film reviews on the newsgroups, which formed the basis for his website, which he launched in 1996. Quickly, the site drew hundreds of collaborators, many of whom leaked scandalous insider information about Hollywood—rumors, secret film scripts, advance screening reviews—much to the chagrin of the Hollywood studios, who up until that time were able to keep a tight rein on the publicity surrounding films before they were released.

A 1997 *New York Times* profile on Knowles sounds like it could almost be describing Cornell: "Harry Jay Knowles is sprawled on the edge of his bed, clicking at the keyboard of his Packard Bell computer. It's 10 A.M., and he is just starting his day in a tiny airless room crammed with videos, unread film scripts, movie posters ("Bride of Frankenstein," "King Kong," etc.) and 8-by-10 glossies of Marilyn Monroe, Britt Ekland, Ray Milland and the original Superman, Kirk Alyn. A grinning Vincent Price shrunken head lies in a box on the floor." Knowles's parents ran a movie memorabilia shop in Austin, Texas, where he grew up, that was crammed with pulp fiction, fanzines, and comics. They would set up shop on weekends at comics conventions and film festivals. "I was their experiment," Knowles said in an interview. "They unleashed everything on me. I saw porn, all the Universal monster movies, all the Charlie Chan films, all the Sherlock Holmes things, all the Fred and Ginger movies. Film for me became how I related to everything else." Like Cornell toiling in his cramped basement, Knowles created his empire from the confines of his bedroom, at the helm of a vast correspondence network that was done mostly from afar.

A 2012 pilot for a YouTube show, *Ain't It Cool with Harry Knowles*, is shot in his father's Austin, Texas, basement (these guys love basements) and features Knowles—a heavyset man in a loud Hawaiian shirt, goatee, and chunky black-framed glasses—seated behind a desk talking to a camera, surrounded by piles of ephemera. Aping the style of *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, Knowles shows old movie clips, opens a mailbox where he finds a catalog for a Captain America auction filled with props for sale, converses about comics with an animated cardboard boiler, and browses through a leaked film script. Information flies at him from all directions, all without him ever having to leave his chair. It's a meatspace enactment of the vaporous networks that made Knowles famous, while forwarding Cornell's methodology into the heart of the digital age—accumulating and organizing vast amounts of information, not into the art economy of boxes, but into websites, hits, and likes.

As "free culture" geeks, both Cornell and Knowles share an elastic sense of copyright. In Knowles's case, he leaked once-private information, posting documents in full. Cornell, too, subscribed to the idea of "borrower's rights," or, as his friend the poet Mina Loy put it, "A contemporary brain wielding a prior brain is a more potent implement than a paintbrush." Stuck in Queens, Cornell never got to go to Paris or Florence to see the masterpieces he loved so much. Instead, he surrounded himself with reproductions of them, which came to stand in for the originals, similar to how our crummy AVI rips become more beloved than the "real" 35-millimeter version of a film that we'll

probably never see in a theater. In the early twentieth century, the networks that fed Cornell's proclivities were the United States Postal Service; his exposure to much of the world's great art came to him through printed reproductions in books and magazines. When he wished to incorporate an image into one of his boxes, he would photostat it, preserving the original in his archive. To him, the copy was a natural thing, more real than the original. While remix culture is commonplace today, it was much rarer when Cornell began his artistic life. He had one rule about his art—that no element in it could be original. Everything he used had to be found or reproduced.

Cornell might've been the only filmmaker in the history of film who never learned to operate a camera. Instead, his early films, like *Bookstalls*, were all recomposed from found footage. His 1936 film *Rose Hobart* is an ancestor of the Internet supercut—those fast-paced montages that compile, say, every swear word uttered in *Deadwood* or every scene in *Talladega Nights* in which the phrase "shake and bake" is roared with an accompanying fist bump. To make *Rose Hobart*, Cornell took a trashy grade-B jungle flick and, with scissors and Scotch tape, cut it up and put it back together out of order. The clichéd story line was happily disposed of and in its place appeared a series of disconnected fantasy sequences. When Cornell screened it, he projected it through a pane of deep-blue glass, imparting a dreamlike quality to it. The film was accompanied by a campy soundtrack from warbly 78 rpm discs that Cornell would hand crank.

Rose Hobart was an influential film that spawned genres of "cut up" films, the best known of which is Christian Marclay's *The Clock* (2010), a twenty-four-hour film that is literally a clock, displaying in real time the passing minutes of a day. Comprised of thousands of recycled film clips, *The Clock* is an epic work of montage. To create it, Marclay and his assistants watched thousands of DVDs and extracted scenes that had clocks somewhere in them. They collected them until every minute of the day was accounted for, then strung them together chronologically. Narrative, genre, or style were of no concern; the only thing that mattered was the presence of a clock in the shot. These scenes were edited down to exactly one-minute lengths and synced to real time so that if you, for example, entered the theater at 4:34 P.M. and looked up at the screen, the clock in the background of the film at that moment would read 4:34. Walk into the cinema at noon, a clock would read 12:00; the following minute the clip changed and another clock would show 12:01. The entire project was mellifluously sequenced by Marclay, so that one scene seamlessly melded into another, binding the entire enterprise into a smooth, sensual, and riveting experience. In one way, it's a giant work of montage; in another, it's actually a clock that tells the correct time.

Befittingly, the film has been widely celebrated and crowds around the globe continue to this day to queue up to view the piece in person. Critical praise has been superlatively lavish: Roberta Smith, writing in the *New York Times*, called *The Clock* the "ultimate work of appropriation art." What's more, *The Clock* manages to bridge the art world with popular culture, which might account, in part, for its popularity. While Marclay contemplated crowdsourcing the project on the web, he felt that the supercut's jagged and rough editing style would be at odds with the seamless quality he was after.

So far, so good: a massively popular work constructed in the style of broad-based web trends, which is also acclaimed, valorized, funded, exhibited, and collected by the most powerful art world institutions. And yet, the elephant in the room is copyright: few have mentioned that Marclay hasn't cleared any permissions with Hollywood for his work.

Marclay explained his idea of copyright in an interview with the New Yorker: "If you make something good and interesting and not ridiculing someone or being offensive, the creators of the original material will like it." It's something he's stood by for the past three decades, weaving a career out of sampling, appropriation, remixing, and plunderphonics; clearly, for Marclay, it appears to be working.

Yet there seems to be a schism between popular culture and the museum. While Marclay's actions are hailed, media policing agencies like the MPAA (Motion Picture Association of America) and RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) have been waging an ongoing campaign against file sharers who create remixes out of copyrighted material not unlike what Marclay does. The Clock is a product of the digital age—it's hard to imagine it being constructed out of celluloid—but, for a work borne of preexisting material and exuding free culture frisson, The Clock is tightly controlled: a full-length version can't be found on YouTube or on the Pirate Bay. Instead, like a conventional market-based work of art, there is only an expensive, limited edition available to a select few institutions that can afford its half-million-dollar price tag. More so, at a time when much cultural power is based on multiplicity, nongeographical specificity, and wide dissemination, The Clock can only be viewed during special times under pristine conditions—often for a steep museum admission price—which sends mixed signals to the Internet-savvy public. Although the work is predicated on a complex computer program that syncs the film with the actual time in any given location, one assumes that a web version that does the same thing wouldn't be too hard to create, a move that would satisfy both worlds.

Time is an obsession that both Marclay and Cornell share. There's something both temporal and atemporal about The Clock: it tells the exact time of day, but as an artwork it has no expiration date. Since it's comprised of used and mostly classic materials, the work has a timeless feel, riding an edge between the momentary and the eternal. Furthermore, its site specificity ensures that it's always current: when it shows at noon, there are usually big crowds in the theater, but at 4:00 A.M.—if the museum is open—just a few diehard fans are scattered about. Those quiet moments in the middle of the night belonged to Cornell, who was an insomniac. To him, every day was—as he called it—an eterniday. He came up with this idea by working all day at a crummy job, and then coming home to take care of his mother and brother. Then, when the house quieted down, he would stay up all night doing his work in a sleep-deprived dream state—a state between states—half-asleep, half-awake. Like his antecedents the sleeping surrealists poets, he came to prefer being in that twilight zone and later, when he was able to quit his job, would nap sporadically throughout the day so that he could work all night.

Cornell was 24/7 before we were 24/7. When I address a global audience late at night on social media, I am acutely aware that the people I am addressing may be on the other side of the world, wide awake in the middle of their day. I sometimes tailor the content of my posts to appeal directly to that audience across the planet, forsaking my local community because I assume them to be sleeping. The digital age has ushered in atemporality; the hum of the computer and the grinding of the network exists outside of subjective, personal, local, traditional, and even communitarian, traditions of time, a condition explored in Jonathan Crary's book 24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep. Crary gives a Cornelian example of where labor, technology, sleeplessness, and the cosmos meet. He tells of an effort in the 1990s by a space consortium to build and launch satellites to reflect

sunlight back on the earth with the intention of creating, literally, an eterniday. (The company's slogan was "Daylight all night long.") Outfitted with paper-thin reflective material two hundred meters in diameter, it would have the capacity to illuminate a ten-mile-square area of the earth in the middle of the night. Originally intended so that miners working in Siberia would have more "daylight" hours under which to toil, it was quickly embraced as a way of extending office hours in cities. There were protests, however, from groups who argued that the night sky was "a commons to which all humanity is entitled to have access, and the ability to experience the darkness of night and observe the stars is a basic human right that no corporation can nullify." The project was killed, but that didn't stop us, our machines, and our networks from working eternidays.

In the winter of 1955 through 1956, Cornell held an exhibition of boxes in a New York City gallery entitled Winter Night Skies, which incorporated star charts of constellations. The series was stark: white boxes with deep-blue images of night skies, framed in architecture he called Hôtel de l'Etoile. Joseph Cornell loved the winter stars at night. Gazing out his kitchen window at 4:00 A.M. at the bright stars embedded in the pitch-black sky over a silent Queens, half-asleep, half-awake, he was an armchair voyager traveling the cosmos basking in—as he called it—"light from other days."

Chapter 6: I Shoot Therefore I Am

Like Joseph Cornell's basement, my many hard drives are packed with downloaded books, movies, images, and music. While I spend a lot of time downloading them, copying them, renaming them, and organizing them into their respective folders. But once they're neatly filed away, I tend to forget about them because there's so many of them. Rummaging through them, I'm often surprised at what I find, as was the case when I was recently in the mood to listen to the music of the American midcentury composer Morton Feldman. I dug in to my MP3 drive, found my Feldman folder, and opened it up. Among the various folders in the directory was one labeled the Complete Works of Morton Feldman. I was surprised to see it there; I didn't remember downloading it. Curious, I looked at its date—2009—and realized that I must've grabbed it during the heyday of MP3 sharity blogs. I opened it to find seventy-nine albums as zipped files. I unzipped three of them, listened to part of one, closed the folder, and haven't opened it since. In the digital ecosystem, the apparatuses surrounding the cultural artifacts are often more engaging than the artifacts themselves. In an unanticipated twist to John Perry Barlow's 1994 prediction that in the digital age we'd be able to enjoy wine without the bottles, we've now come to prefer the bottles to the wine.

Back in 1983, the media critic and philosopher Vilém Flusser (1920–1991) described this exact phenomenon in a little book called *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*. Flusser claimed that the content of any given photograph is actually the camera that produced it. He continued with a series of nested apparatuses: the content of the camera is the programming that makes it function; the content of the programming is the photographic industry that produces it; and the content of the photographic industry is the military-industrial complex in which it is situated, and so forth. He viewed photography from a completely technical standpoint. In Flusser's view, the traditional content of the cultural artifact is completely subsumed by the apparatuses—technical, political, social, and industrial—surrounding, and thereby defining, it.

Although he was writing about analog, print-based photography, Flusser's ideas go a long way to explain our changing relationship to the cultural artifact in the digital age, reminding us of Moholy-Nagy's prediction that "those who are ignorant in matters of photography will be the illiterates of tomorrow."

The mistake most make in reading Flusser is to assume he's talking about analog photography. Yes, he is, but that's the least relevant part. Imagine, instead, that everything he's saying about photography he's saying about the digital. This requires an act of imaginative translation on our part, but once you make that leap, you realize that this 1983 text astonishingly directly addresses our situation some three and a half decades later. For instance, Flusser claimed that the camera was the ancestor of apparatuses that are in the process of "robotizing all aspects of our lives, from one's most public acts to one's innermost thoughts, feelings, and desires." And when we look at social media—from blogs, to Twitter, to Facebook, and to Instagram—we can see he was correct. Like the camera, the Twitter apparatus coerces us, seducing us to tweet, and we dutifully obey. Once we're hooked in to the game, we become compulsive: the more we tweet, the more we enrich the program, thereby increasing its standing within the larger social media apparatus and ultimately boosting Twitter's share price. In Flusserian terms, it doesn't really matter what we tweet (content);

it just matters that we keep tweeting (apparatus). For Flusser, the content of any medium is always the series of apparatuses that produced it.

In fact, content plays little role in Flusser's writing. A photograph is not a carrier of memories—your baby pictures are interchangeable with a million other baby pictures—but a predetermined artifact spit out by the camera apparatus. The camera is a voracious, greedy device, programmed to stalk images the way an animal stalks prey: the camera smells blood and (literally) snaps. On Instagram, the more you shoot, the more you become addicted to the photographic apparatus, which Flusser likens to opium addiction or being on a "photograph-trip." In the end, you end up working for the camera and the industry that produced it. The more people who use an apparatus, the more feedback the company receives about its camera, the smarter it becomes, and the more users it draws to its base, thereby increasing the manufacturer's bottom line. For this reason, Instagram keeps adding new filter sets and features in order to retain and broaden its users. To Instagram, what people are photographing is beside the point; the real point is that they keep posting.

Photography is easy. Anyone can push a button and produce a good photograph without having a clue as to the inner workings of a camera. A recent Apple ad underscores this: "Every day, millions of amazing photos and videos are shot with iPhone. That's because the iPhone makes it easy—for everyone—to shoot amazing photos and video." If taking good photos were difficult—once upon a time it took a great deal of mastery to take a good photograph (f-stops, light meters, shutter speeds)—Instagram would never be as popular as it is today. The programmers of cameras also strive to keep their interfaces as simple as possible, to discourage experimentation outside of its parameters. The simple interface keeps the photographer pushing the button so they can produce, in Flusser's words, "more and more redundant images." The free cost of digital photography keeps the photographer playing the photographic game. (How many people snapping photos with a smartphone only take one shot of any given scene?) Those photos are uploaded to the cloud, where ever-more-redundant photos are stored. Your photo of the Eiffel Tower on Flickr is identically redundant to the millions already stored on Flickr, yet you keep on snapping them (just as I keep downloading MP3s).

I shoot therefore I am. The camera doesn't work for us. We work for the camera. Our compulsive behavior leaves no scene undocumented. When we take a holiday to a foreign country, the photos don't show the sights we saw, they show us the places where the camera has been and what it's done there. We think we're documenting our own memories, but what we're actually producing is memories for the apparatus. The digital photograph's metadata—geotagging, likes, shares, user connectivity, and so forth—proves much more valuable to Instagram than any subject matter it captures. The image is irrelevant in comparison to the apparatuses surrounding it.

Once we buy into a specific apparatus, it's awfully hard to leave it. Your cultural artifact is locked within that system, constrained by its programming. Notice how an Instagram photo can't be resized, e-mailed, or downloaded to your hard drive. It can't exist within any ecosystem other than Instagram's. Notice how easily Instagram can be integrated into the interface of its parent company, Facebook, but how difficult it is to share on Twitter, a competitor's platform. While we play the Instagram game by liking and reposting photos, the apparatus knows otherwise: a like is a way for the shareholder to verify that

there are consumers populating the program; the greater and more verifiable the user base, the more valuable the apparatus.

Unless the market determines otherwise, the physical value of most printed photographs are negligible: they're just pieces of paper with information on them—cheap, ubiquitous, unstable, and infinitely reproducible. As opposed to paintings, where the value of the objects resides in their singularity, the value of photographs lies in the information on their surface. Their surface is ephemeral and, in the digital age, rewritable. The photograph is a pivotal artifact, bridging the industrial and postindustrial, embodying the transition from the physical to the purely informational. How that information is distributed determines much of its meaning.

When an image was printed on paper, its ubiquity in physical space was its distributive metric. But even then, the content in a poster or handbill was somewhere other than its image. Flusser writes, "The poster is without value; nobody owns it, it flaps torn in the wind yet the power of the advertising agency remains undiminished . . ." Depending on context and distribution, an image printed on paper could take on different meanings. Unlike, say, an image displayed on a TV screen, a photograph published in a newspaper could be clipped, stuffed into an envelope, and sent to a friend. Passed hand to hand, the movable photographic artifact anticipated our image-sharing networks.

The camera resembles a game of chess. It contains what appears to be an infinite number of possibilities, but in the end those possibilities are prescribed by its programming. Just as every possible move and permutation of a chess game has long been exhausted, every program of the camera too has long been exhausted. In the case of Instagram, with a user base approaching half a million users, its programs are instantly exhausted, resulting in updates that include new features in order to retain users. Although finite, the apparatus must always give the illusion of infinity in order to make each user feel they can never exhaust the program. Or as Flusser says, "Photographs permanently displacing one another according to a program are redundant precisely because they are always 'new' . . ." Your cell phone still makes calls, but you'd be foolish to think that it is about being a telephone in the same way you'd be foolish to think Instagram is about expressive photography. But criticize Instagram, says Flusser, and that critique becomes absorbed in its apparatus: "A number of human beings are struggling against this automatic programming . . . attempting to create a space for human intention in a world dominated by apparatuses. However, the apparatuses themselves automatically assimilate these attempts at liberation and enrich their programs with them."

The only hope? Those who attempt to break the system by doing something with the camera that was never intended by industry: taking intentionally boring photos (Instagram is full of boring photos, but how many of them are made to be intentionally boring?) or blurring images beyond recognition. Twitter is trickier to break. Attempts at self-reflexive critique within the Twitter apparatus are instantly absorbed by the apparatus and celebrated by the corporation to highlight the diversity and playfulness of its expanded user base (once again making the company a more valuable entity).

Flusser's forays into media have framed, theorized, and unpacked the new complexities of our digital world. By empirically questioning received knowledge and recasting it within crisp lines of history and logic, he's made the digital legible in a time when its theorization is occluded and murky to say the least. When Willem de Koonig said, "The past does not influence me. I influence it," I am reminded me of

Flusser and how prescient his twentieth-century investigations proved to be for our digitally-soaked twenty-first.

* * *

A precursor to Flusser's ideas about apparatus was the Soviet avant-garde filmmaker Dziga Vertov's 1924 concept of the Kino-Eye. Vertov's argument revolves around the idea that the camera's eye has a neutrality that the unaided human eye lacks. It's the difference between you walking down a city street and you looking at an image of that same city street. The image can be contemplated in ways that your eye on the street can't. On the street, the hyperactive and restless human eye is connected to an equally active brain, one that is instructed to see and process images in very specific ways, whereas the camera lens—a superhuman eye—is connected to a machine, one that records with cool precision what it is programmed to capture. Like Flusser's apparatus, Kino-Eye democratizes every image it sees—one image is as good as another—cataloging a visually chaotic world by transforming it into information and creating a stockpile of images for later use, exactly what Google Street View does today. On a darker note, Kino-Eye predicted the rise of the surveillance camera, which restlessly and indiscriminately devours all that passes before its lens. London's ring of steel is Kino-Eye at its most dystopian.

In 1971, the conceptual artist Douglas Huebler set out to make a pre-Internet work of art based on Kino-Eye. His proposition, a cross between sociology and visual art, read: "Throughout the remainder of the artist's lifetime he will photographically document, to the extent of his capacity, the existence of everyone alive in order to produce the most authentic and inclusive representation of the human species that may be assembled in that manner." Understanding the futility of the project—naturally, it remained incomplete at the time of his death—Huebler attempted it anyway, roaming the streets of cities around the world with a film-loaded camera, photographing random passersby. He shot the multitudes from the roofs of buildings and rephotographed pictures of crowds from the day's newspaper. On the web, absurdly totalizing projects like Huebler's are common: one could imagine crowdsourcing digital photos of "everyone alive" on a Tumblr, yet oddly enough, it hasn't yet happened.

The photographer Penelope Umbrico creates huge photo sets from preexisting images she finds on the web. In 2006, she began an ongoing series of collecting images of sunsets posted to Flickr, where she crops out everything but the image of the sun itself, prints them out as 4x6 prints, and arranges them in galleries in massive grids. The variety and subtlety of images are stunning. What could be more banal and clichéd than an image of a sunset? Yet Umbrico's suns are all completely different: some are purplish, some are blue, and others are green. Some suns are tiny dots and others fill the picture frame entirely. Some have halos around them, while others are poetically obscured by wispy clouds. In many, the lens pointed at a bright object creates dramatic solar flares, making them look more like meteorites than suns. A search on Flickr for "sunset" reveals that there are more than twelve million of them housed there, a fact that isn't lost on Umbrico. Echoing Flusser, she states, "Perhaps part of the beauty of taking a picture of a sunset is that while you are doing it it's likely that a million other people are doing it as well—at exactly the same time . . . While the intent of photographing a sunset may be to capture something ephemeral or to assert an individual subjective point of view—the result is quite the opposite—through the technology of our

common cameras we experience the power of millions of synoptic views, all shared the same way, at the same moment. To claim individual authorship while photographing a sunset is to disengage from this collective practice and therefore negate a large part of why capturing a sunset is so irresistible in the first place."

The artist Eric Oglander has an ongoing Tumblr called *Craigslistmirrors*, which features only images of mirrors that are for sale. On first glance, it's a bit perplexing why he'd want to post a bunch of banal, crappy snapshots of mostly ugly mirrors, but it quickly becomes clear that folks selling their mirrors haven't always stopped to consider what those mirrors are reflecting. Some reflect vast landscapes and clear blue skies; others reflect curious pets and, in many, the photographers themselves unwittingly appear, oftentimes in various states of undress. "Either the photographer is going to be reflected in the mirror or the inside of their home will be," says Oglander. "It's like an invasion of privacy almost, and I think that's why people bring the mirrors outside."

Oglander's work references the seminal 1960s mirror constructions by artist Robert Smithson, which he called displacements. Robert Smithson didn't make paintings of the sky; instead, by simply placing a mirror in a grassy field faceup, Smithson literally displaced an image of the sky, dropping a square of blue into a sea of green. Blazing azure one day, smoggy grayish-yellow the next, Smithson's gestures were at once formal color studies, quiet mediations on nature, and political statements on ecology. The mirror is a displacement machine that appropriates all that passes before it. A preprogrammed automaton, the mirror employs no judgment or morals; it indiscriminately displays all in the most democratic manner possible. The mirror works around the clock, reflecting a dark room all night long when its inhabitants are sleeping, or an empty apartment all day long when its inhabitants are at work. Like its cousin the surveillance camera, the mirror displays scads of dark data, but unlike the CCTV, the mirror has no memory: every image passing across its surface is ephemeral. Great crimes are committed before mirrors; no one is ever the wiser. The mirror, then, is closer to a movie screen than CCTV, a surface upon which images are projected—and then reflected in reverse. Like the CCTV camera, the mirror never goes dark. Smash the mirror; disperse the image. Toss the pieces in the trash; they continue to dumbly reflect.

Since 1996, a group of actors/activists called the Surveillance Camera Players have been staging subversive plays adapted from books such as George Orwell's 1984 and Wilhelm Reich's *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* in front of CCTV cameras. While it's not known if anyone is watching them, their performances—often interrupted by the police—are exhaustively documented by their own cameras in addition to being documented by the surveillance cameras. The Players' message is a political one: "We protest against the use of surveillance cameras in public places because the cameras violate our constitutionally protected right to privacy. We manifest our opposition by performing specially adapted plays directly in front of these cameras . . . Down with Big Brother!"

The cars festooned with cameras that capture Google Street View drive around the world sucking up images. Meant to provide panoramic views of neighborhoods and buildings to accompany their maps, the cameras often capture unexpected and bizarre occurrences, such as women giving birth on the sides of roads, drug deals in progress, or tigers caught prowling suburban parking lots. One artist, Mishka Henner, scoured online forums where people share the whereabouts of sex workers. He then put those map coordinates into Street View, and

indeed, on some of those corners, found images of scantily clad women standing by the sides of the road in isolated areas. He collected these images as a series of photographs that he calls No Man's Land. While one might presume these women are sex workers, there's no definite evidence to support that claim. Instead, it's a mix of conjecture culled from the forums with the visual evidence compiled from Street View that gives the story credibility, one that could easily be misconstrued by legal authorities to arrest these women on charges of prostitution. Henner's project underlines the Promethean social and political circumstances that arise when nearly every inch of the planet has been surveyed and posted online and acts as a warning for its potential abuses.

Other artists stage performances for the Street View car as it drives through their neighborhoods. Ben Kinsley and Robin Hewlett have staged seventeenth-century sword fights, hired marching bands, and dressed people up in giant chicken costumes, all for the sake of creating strange images that will be incorporated into Google's official map culture. One online video shows a Street View car approaching on a narrow, rain-slicked Pittsburgh street. The car is forced to drive through a parade with brass bands and baton-spinning majorettes. As the car approaches the parade, it is showered with confetti. Leaving the parade, the car encounters a group of absurdly dressed joggers who animatedly approach it from the opposite direction. Undeterred, the car drives through the spectacle, continuing its recording, seemingly oblivious to the exotic circumstances. Until the car passes this street again, those staged happenings will be preserved on the Google Street View record.

* * *

The first popular photoshopped image was of a dark-haired topless woman in white bikini bottoms sitting on a sandy beach in a tropical paradise with her back to the camera. Her name was Jennifer and on that day in 1987 she was photographed gazing out on a picture-perfect landscape, replete with pale turquoise water and a lush tropical island floating to her left on the horizon line. Puffs of clouds hang in a blazing azure sky. This photo came to be known as Jennifer in Paradise, and was taken by a software developer named John Knoll of his fiancée while they were on vacation in Bora Bora. Shortly afterward, Knoll went on to create Photoshop and this image was distributed with early versions of the program. For many people using Photoshop, Jennifer in Paradise was the first digital image they ever manipulated.

Jennifer's inclusion in Photoshop was casual, even serendipitous. When the demo package was coming together and sample images were needed to digitize, Knoll just grabbed the nearest photo at hand—a 4x6 photograph on paper that happened to be his fiancée in Bora Bora—and tossed it on a scanner. Spontaneously and unwittingly, an icon was born. An online video from 2010 shows Knoll reenacting the Photoshop demonstrations he used to give in order to show the power of his photo-editing suite. Knoll fires up an ancient Mac and pulls up the image of Jennifer. He runs some primitive functions on Jennifer: first he clones her; then he copies, resizes, and pastes a duplicate image of the island and drops it on the horizon. It's kind of creepy: you're watching a reenactment of the future of the image unfurl before your eyes at the site of its inception. And he's not cloning just anything: he's cloning his topless wife, who would be cloned endlessly by the first generation of geeks to get their hands on Photoshop.

Constant Dullaart is an Internet artist who has mounted exhibitions based on the photograph. "Given its cultural significance just from an anthropological point of view I thought it would be interesting to examine what values the image contains," he says. "The fact that it's a white lady, topless, anonymous, facing away from the camera. [Knoll] offers her, objectifying her, in his creation for the reproduction of reality." Dullaart suggests that the negative of that photo should be given to the Smithsonian, to celebrate the time when "the world was young, as it still naïvely believed in the authenticity of the photograph."

As late as 1973 Susan Sontag could still state: "A fake painting (one whose attribution is false) falsifies the history of art. A fake photograph (one which has been retouched or tampered with, or whose caption is false) falsifies reality." A decade later, Samuel Beckett said the same thing for literature, regarding Duchamp's ready-mades: "A writer could not do that." Thirty or forty years ago, fakeness was still the exception, not the rule that it is in today's digital world. The binary of true/false art/reality bespeaks a less complicated time, before appropriation in the visual arts, digital sampling in music, Internet avatars, and reality TV was the norm. A photographic print was just that: an emulsified surface that clung to a piece of paper. Once out in the world, these physical artifacts tended to be stable objects like newspapers, photographic prints, and bound books. The only way to reconfigure them was with a razor blade and a pot of glue. But even then, they remained paper-bound stable artifacts. These copies often bore signs of their original context: a Xerox of a newspaper photograph, for instance, still carried benday dots and signature typefaces like Imperial in the New York Times. Photographs appearing on the pages of a newspaper had proper authorial accreditations and captions that made their sources readily identifiable and verifiable. Today, photographs emanating from newspaper websites are regularly reblogged without attribution or context; oftentimes the caption doesn't travel with the photograph, nor does authorial accreditation. These are free-floating artifacts, detached from the anchored signifiers and contexts that first birthed their meaning. A thousand new contexts and meanings emerge from the viral nature of photographic distribution in the digital age.

In Jennifer in Paradise, Dullaart sees embodied a more innocent and hopeful time: a time before the Internet was steeped in surveillance, when few worried about the politics behind software design, the digital divide, the colonizing of the digital commons, and the invasion of privacy; a time before social media and all the venom that came with it. It's a complicated image. While there's something touching and pure about it in an idealistic web 1.0 way, it's also filled with blind spots in terms of race, class, gender, and colonization.

In his artwork, Dullaart often warps Jennifer beyond recognition, radically applying Photoshop's own tools to her until the iconic image becomes an abstraction. His 2014 online video "Jennifer in Photoshop" is a loop of step-by-step Photoshop filters applied to the image until she is nothing more than a blur, then in reverse until she reappears in full resolution, set to the strains of Bobby Sherman's 1971 easy-listening song "Jennifer." In his artworks, Dullaart uses the image of Jennifer in Paradise without Knoll's permission, something that angered the developer when he found out about it. Knoll claimed, "I don't even understand what he's doing." But it seems like Knoll is the one who is lost, seemingly unable to grasp the full complexity of the forces his software package has unleashed, which is exactly the subject of Dullaart's work. When Jennifer was asked about Dullaart's art, she was

sympathetic, offering a more realistic assessment: "The beauty of the Internet is that people can take things, and do what they want with them, to project what they want or feel."

A decade before Jennifer, a group of artists known as the Pictures Generation critiqued the ways mass media images were reproduced and circulated. One of their primary tactics was to rephotograph preexisting photographs and claim them as their own. Inspired by the pop artists, who painted images of mass-produced consumer goods, the Pictures group wielded a camera instead of a paintbrush, entirely removing the hand of the artist. They called into question the nature of originality: can we say there is an original when it comes to an infinitely reproducible medium like photography? Their work was as much critique as it was practice. Long before the Internet, they questioned traditional ideas of authorship, setting the stage for today's image macros and memes. So you had Jeff Koons rephotographing billboards of brands like Hennessy and Nike and re-presenting them unaltered on the walls of galleries. Sherrie Levine rephotographed reproductions of Walker Evans's iconic black-and-white photos of Depression-era sharecroppers, then claimed she was the author of those images. Richard Prince did the same with Marlboro ads of leathery-skinned men on horseback in glorious natural settings of the American West. Simply by removing all ad copy and logos, and titling his series *Cowboys*, they were a sly reference to the dawn of the Reagan era, when the photos were made. All of these works asked the same question: if artists photograph an image—any image—aren't they the authors of that image? Certainly they pushed the button that created it. If blame is to be ascribed, perhaps the apparatus is guiltier than the artist.

Building on these earlier strategies, Richard Prince recently turned his eye to the Internet when he began appropriating other people's Instagram photos in a series entitled *New Portraits*. He downloaded them without permission, printed them out on large canvases, and hung them on gallery walls, adding only a few comments in the comment stream, which he printed along with the images. Each carried a price tag of \$90,000. Upon hearing this, the Instagram community went nuts, accusing Prince of exploiting regular people's photographs for his own financial benefit. One Instagrammer whose work was reproduced by Prince said, "What Prince is doing is colonizing and profiting off a territory of the Internet that was created by a community of young girls," referring to the Instagram account of *SuicideGirls*, the alt-erotica stream with more than three million followers, from which Prince liberally poached. Yet what Prince did was perfectly legal. Instagram's privacy policy states: "Once you have shared User Content or made it public, that User Content may be re-shared by others." Those offended might have been wise to read Flusser. They were fooled into thinking that their Instagram feeds are private photo albums of their most beloved and cherished images, rather than a façade that feeds a series of voracious apparatuses. What was as remarkable as the amount of money he made from appropriating other people's photos was the fact that with this one small gesture, our naiveté about the apparatus was so sharply critiqued and exposed.

In 2008, Prince made the series of paintings *Canal Zone*, which incorporated black-and-white photographs of Rastafarians that were taken by a little-known photographer named Patrick Cariou nearly a decade earlier. Prince took Cariou's photos and, like the Instagram pieces, blew them up large and printed them on canvas. But instead of just straight appropriations, he added and subtracted elements, at times cutting and pasting images on top of each other, other times isolating Cariou's images so that they floated in empty fields. Prince

also painted heavily on top of some of the photos. In one of the most reproduced images from the series, Prince took a photo of a shirtless Rasta standing in a forest with dreadlocks draping down to the ground, and pasted a blue electric guitar in his hands. He also blotted out the Rasta's eyes and mouth with blue circles. The paintings generated more than \$10 million worth of sales. Cariou, who made about \$8,000, from his book, sued. The case went back and forth in court for several years, with the art world hoping for vindication of its long-standing tactics of appropriation, and the photography world hoping to regain control of their medium in a time of ubiquitous digital imagery. In 2013, the court decided in favor of Prince, saying he had transformed Cariou's photos and it was therefore considered fair use. The irony is that this battle was being played out during the digital age on two analog mediums: paintings stretched on canvas and photographs printed in books. At the heart of the case was neither painting nor money; it was photography, which Flusser presciently called "the mother of all reproducible apparatuses."

A few months ago, a friend pulled a book off of her bookshelf that was a new appropriation work by Prince, one as radical and daring as anything he'd done. The premise of the book was achingly simple: it was a reproduction of the first edition of *The Catcher in the Rye*, identical in every way to the iconic first edition, except that everywhere Salinger's name appeared, it was swapped for Prince's. The production value of the book was astonishingly high, a perfect facsimile of the original, right down to the thick, creamy paper stock; even the typeface on the book's pages was identical. The text on the dust jacket—replete with the familiar line drawing of the angry red horse—begins: "Anyone who has read Richard Prince's *New Yorker* stories, particularly *A Perfect Day for Bananafish*, *Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut*, *The Laughing Man*, and *For Esmé—with Love and Squalor*, will not be surprised by the fact that his first novel is full of children." It's a dead ringer through and through with the exception of the following disclaimer on the colophon page: "This is an artwork by Richard Prince. Any similarity to a book is coincidental and not intended by the artist." The colophon concludes with: ©Richard Prince.

For Prince, the book was modestly priced: a few hundred bucks for a limited unsigned edition, with a copy signed by Prince selling for several thousand, matching the identical price of what the signed first edition by Salinger goes for on that day. Remarkably, Prince took a bunch of copies of his pirated edition, spread them out on a blanket on the sidewalk in front of Central Park, and sold them for forty dollars each. It's unknown how many—if any—he sold or how a presumably befuddled public might have responded to this performance.

Prince is openly pirating what is rather valuable literary property—American literature—practically begging the estate of Salinger to sue him. One imagines that if Salinger's estate went after him, he'd have the money to settle with them. And, yet—probably because this is a low-profile, low-income-generating project—nothing ever happened. But this gesture, played out on a relatively small scale, on paper, is not really as much about Salinger as it is about the status of the cultural artifact in the digital age, its infinite reproducibility, and our changing notion of authorship and authenticity in the twenty-first century.

* * *

Images on the web take on a Wittgenstein-like character, flickering back and forth between the semantic and the visual, being both at once.

We search for images based on key words that summon images, yet it's in this interval—between typing and clicking—that the correspondence between the two begins to slip. I enter the word "red" into Google Images and the first result is of a red square from Wikipedia. I assume that the image is from the Wikipedia entry to the color "red" but when I go to the page, I find that it is, in fact, the entry for "Red flag (politics)," which reminds me of Wittgenstein's claim that "the two propositions, 'Red is a primary color' and 'Red is a color in many flags,' wear the same linguistic dress." The tension between language and image on the web is the subject of a recent project by the London-based artists King Zog (Felix Heyes and Benjamin West) called *Google, Volume 1*, which takes the entire Oxford English Dictionary and replaces every word with the first image displayed when searched on Google Images. The result is a 1,328-page tome that begins, obviously enough, with an image of an aardvark and ends with mysterious scientific-looking diagram, which the book's index tells me is zymase, an enzyme that catalyzes sugars into ethanol and carbon dioxide.

When I search the book for the image "red" trying to find the r's I flip through the pages and stumble across an image of a red flag—a Nazi flag, to be specific—and think that I have found the entry for "red." It is only until I look to one side of it and see an image of a "sweater," which is followed by a broom "sweeping" that I realize I'm looking at the entry for "swastika." I flip backward, then, trying to find the r's and when I do, I land on the page with a poster for the movie *The Recruit*, followed by a medical illustration of a "rectum." Nearby, I see an image of an open book with the words "verso" and "recto" on it and I know I must be getting close. Sure enough, I turn the page and there is the image for "red," which is not a solid square of red referencing a red flag, as Google Images today tells me it is, but instead is a movie poster for film called *Red*. Evidently back in 2013, the day the authors sought the first entry for "red" in Google Images, the movie poster was the top hit. Today, things have changed. Tomorrow—or even later this afternoon—the top hit on Google Images for "red" might very well change again. Printed in an edition of only three hundred copies, each subsequent edition will scoop the top images search terms from that printing date, resulting in an entirely different book each time it's published.

Baltimore-based artist Dina Kelberman produced a similar project called *I'm Google*, which is a collection of images she finds on the web and meticulously organizes according to their formal and lyrical properties. Displayed in a seemingly endless scroll, the project visually resembles both Google Images and Pinterest, which, according to her artist statement, "results visually in a colorful grid that slowly changes as the viewer scrolls through it. Images of houses being demolished transition into images of buildings on fire, to forest fires, to billowing smoke, to geysers, to bursting fire hydrants, to fire hoses, to spools of thread. The site is constantly updated week after week, batch by batch, sometimes in bursts, sometimes very slowly." At first glance, Kelberman's project feels like she created the most perfect algorithm, one that is able to match perfectly the semantic and visual qualities of images in the most poetic fashion. Yet the truth is that she's meticulously picking and arranging these images by hand, one after the next. In this way, she's closer to Christian Marclay's *The Clock* than she is Google's search function that allows you to find images that are visually similar images. Google is a smart formal algorithm but it misses the nuances of what only a human can bring to a project: humor, subtlety, irony, perversity, playfulness, and poetry. It's not enough to simply "raid the icebox," and display

the treasures because they are there. Instead, it's Kelberman's artistic sensibility—her "order of the catalogue," as Walter Benjamin would put it—that makes a striking counterpoint to the "confusion of a library."

* * *

Over the course of the year when I was named MoMA's first poet laureate in 2013, I was fortunate enough to spend a lot of time in the museum among great works of art. Prior to my appointment, as a visitor, I would stand in front of certain paintings, lost for what seemed to be an eternity, completely oblivious of my surroundings. For me, the content of MoMA was its glorious collection; the apparatus surrounding the collection was something I barely noticed. But once I was there every week, I began to see how MoMA itself—its history and its narrative of modern art, the fact that it was MoMA—was influencing what I was looking at and the ways in which I was seeing it.

I found myself filtering my experiences through the lens of "institutional critique," an art practice that like Flusser's apparatus takes as its subject matter the way institutions frame and control discourses surrounding the works of art they exhibit rather than focusing on the content of the works themselves. A more traditional approach would be to isolate a work of art and to appreciate its aesthetic values, while ignoring the context in which it is being displayed and the factors that brought it there. Like Flusser, institutional critique claims that the structures surrounding the works are actually what gives the work much of its meaning, oftentimes controlling the reception of a work in ways we as viewers are unaware of. While institutional critique began in the museum, the practice evolved over time to include everything from the production and distribution of art to an examination of the corporate offices or collectors' homes where the art was hung. By the 1980s, it roped in art criticism, academic lectures, and art's reception in the popular press. Around the same time, art schools began offering classes in poststudio practice, where the study of institutional critique became an act of making art in and of itself.

So you get works like Hans Haacke's 1970 MoMA Poll, which was literally a poll that asked viewers: "Would the fact that Governor Rockefeller has not denounced President Nixon's Indochina Policy be a reason for your not voting for him in November?" Haacke then provided two Plexiglas boxes into which the YES or NO ballots were cast. While, aesthetically, the piece fit into the information-based art of the period, Haacke meant to shed light on the fact that Nelson Rockefeller was a member of MoMA's board, thereby making visible the normally hidden play of money, power, and politics behind the institution. Another tactic is to take objects from a museum's collection and rearrange them in ways that highlight the biases of the collection. For instance, in 1993 the African American artist Fred Wilson critiqued the Maryland Historical Society's collection in relationship to Maryland's history of slavery. For this show, he regrouped specific objects from the museum in order to speak of, in Wilson's words, "a history which the museum and the community wouldn't talk about: the history of the exclusion and abuse that African-American people experienced in that area." Other works have focused on the physical institution itself. Andrea Fraser, a performance artist, often acts as a docent, leading groups at museums on false tours, not of the works on the walls, but of the security systems, water fountains, and cafeterias. In 2003, Fraser performed what was perhaps the ultimate work of institutional critique

in which a collector paid twenty thousand dollars to sleep with her, "not for sex," according to Fraser, but "to make an artwork."

What I witnessed at MoMA was institutional critique, being performed not by artists, but by the museum's visitors. While I was there, I noticed something odd happening in front of *Les Femmes d'Alger* and other paintings in the museum, something that signified radical shifts in the nature and structure of the museum itself brought on by technology. Instead of reverently standing there in front of Picasso's masterpiece, scads of visitors were turning their backs on the painting, snapping selfies, and uploading them to social media. I noticed that more visitors were paying attention to their devices than to the artwork on the walls. In every gallery, benches intended for the quiet contemplation of modernist masterpieces were co-opted by smartphone users hunched over their devices. While technology originally claimed to enhance the viewer's museum experience with one-way audio guides—those high-toned narrators walking you through the collection instructing you how to view the art—today technology works to destabilize the work on the walls. Instead of the official voice of the museum on people's headphones, now it's Beyoncé, NPR, Spotify, or any number of different podcasts.

This shift, driven by technology, is happening everywhere in culture now, from the massive open online courses (MOOCs) in higher education to crowdsourced knowledge bases like Wikipedia. In the museum, the artwork—along with the museum's once unassailable top-down museum narrative—for most visitors has become secondary to the experience of actually being there. The art on the walls is the pretense that draws people to the museum, but once they get there, they're elsewhere: on their smartphones, facebooking, instagramming, vineing, tweeting, periscoping, texting, facetimeing—everything, really, except for paying full attention to the art on the walls. The artwork now often acts as a backdrop, evidence that proves to the world you were, in fact, there. Museums in general are alive and well—the Metropolitan Museum of Art reported a record 6.3 million visitors in 2014—but the function of the space has been transformed into a social rather than artistic one: a town square, a place to gather, a place to party, a place to dance, a place to hear music, a place to eat, a place to drink, a place to network, a place to be seen on First Wednesdays and Free Fridays.

Chapter 7: Lossy and Jaggy

Back in college in the late 1970s, I was never the kind of person who brought high-end audiophile equipment into the dorm. In those days, kids would show up to school with speakers the size of refrigerators, chunky solid-state receivers, and turntables that resembled chrome-plated turbine engines. They would set this stuff up to be blown away—literally—hoping to re-create the iconic 1978 Memorex ad in which a shaggy-haired dude in dark shades holds on to his chair for dear life as a hurricane of sound coming out of the speakers threatens to blow him straight back. Inevitably, these people had mediocre taste in music; they were more concerned with how their music sounded than with the music itself. Being a bit of a punk rocker, I tended to go in the opposite direction, listening to crummy lo-fi umpteenth-generation cassette tapes and scratched vinyl, which I played on a cheap all-in-one console that had a turntable, cassette player, radio, and two bottom-end speakers the size of Pop-Tarts boxes. It suited me just fine. I was raised on the trebly sound of AM radio squawking out of transistor radios: for me, if the music couldn't sound great coming out of tiny speakers, then it wasn't worth listening to. Later, when CDs came out, I plugged a Discman into that system and the CDs sounded no different than my LPs and cassettes, which sounded no different than the radio. All I heard was the music.

Little did I know that in the digital age, my listening habits would win out. In an era when music went portable, music went lo-fi. In order for it to soar across our networks and quickly settle on our devices, music had to lose a good chunk of its sound due to digital compression. While most of us can't really tell the difference between an MP3 and a CD—particularly when played over a portable device through tinny white earbuds—not everyone is thrilled about this. For years, Neil Young has grumbled about our digitally degraded audio experience, complaining that even our CDs are compromised. According to Young, they contain only 15 percent of the recording information found on the original analog master tracks. MP3s take that down to 5 percent. He even went so far as to make it the theme of a recent roaring half-hour jam called "Driftin' Back," which, like many Neil Young songs, is a paean to how much better things were in the past. "We live in the digital age," Young moans, "and unfortunately it's degrading our music, not improving,"

What happened to the other 95 percent? It was knocked out by the compression it took to make MP3s tiny enough to fly across the networks. Uncompressed digital formats were full resolution: you got 100 percent of the sound but they were unwieldy and huge. In the 1990s scientists witnessing the explosive growth of the web began working on a solution that would create listenable audio files that would be small enough to be streamed or downloaded quickly. They used a technique they called lossy compression, in which redundant or unnecessary information was eliminated (hence the technological etymology: "loss"). When you rip a CD to MP3s, the encoder that converts your disc is a lossy one, removing all the sounds that are either humanly inaudible or are so close together the human ear can't discern one from another. The compression is a sleight of hand, resulting in a venetian blind version of the song: the missing pieces are then bridged by your ear and brain's natural ability to fill in the missing gaps, resulting in the illusion of full and continuous sound. In lossless compression formats like FLAC (Free Lossless Audio Codec)—good for downloading but not for

streaming—the original, uncompressed data is re-created from the compressed version.

When MP3s were in development, the lossy technique was being tested on big, bombastic tracks like late 1950s Nelson Riddle—arranged Sinatra tunes. And they were sounding pretty good: there was so much going on in them that the missing information was unnoticeable. But one day, a scientist working on the compression algorithm was walking down a corridor in the lab and the radio was playing “Tom’s Diner,” Suzanne Vega’s sparse 1981 a cappella song. He stopped and wondered how compression technology would sound on something this stripped down. He saw it as a litmus test for the technology: if an unadorned and unaccompanied human voice like Vega’s was not noticeably altered when compressed, then anything else it was applied to would also pass. After some tinkering, it worked and as a result, the song earned Suzanne Vega the awkward title Mother of the MP3, presumably an appellation she never asked for.

Recently a doctoral music student named Ryan Maguire did a project called “The Ghost in the MP3” in which he took all of the audio that was removed from the MP3 compression on “Tom’s Diner” and re-presented it as his own composition. Apropos of its title, it’s an eerie thing. It’s as if Vega’s song was chopped into small pieces and then flung into outer space. You can still vaguely discern the structure of Vega’s song but it’s been disassembled and scattered, awash in faint echoes and lots of reverb. Shards of Vega’s voice, interspersed with random digital glitches, come through loud and clear, then suddenly vanish without explanation. The overall feeling of Maguire’s piece is indeed ghostly, like listening to the inverse of Vega’s song or perhaps an avant-garde ambient remix of it.

Still, Neil Young is right: we’re missing most of the richness from our listening experiences. But the surprise is that many people don’t seem to mind. The marks technology leaves on our cultural artifacts—as ugly as they may be to some ears—become Proustian madeleines that plunge us down involuntary memory tunnels. From Phil Spector’s 1960s Wall of Sound, to the chunky Fairlight synthesizers in eighties pop music, to the recent blur of Auto-Tune, entire generations get hooked on these musical tropes. Jonathan Berger, a music professor at Stanford, has noted that his students actually prefer the sound of MP3s to higher quality formats because they signified the sound—they call it the MP3’s “sizzle”—of their generation. This particular sound of MP3 compression is as much the hallmark of their youthful audio experience as the cracks and pop of vinyl were mine. When CDs came out, the sounds of LPs—skips and pops—were often dropped in as both nostalgic and ironic gestures, warming up the icy digital format. Sometimes, CDs began with the sound of a needle dropping onto a vinyl record, a reminder that new technologies are haunted by the ones that proceed them.

The MP3 is the latest in a long line of compressed artifacts and technologies. For most people, the pleasures of portability—remember Apple’s enticing tagline for the first-generation of iPods, “1,000 songs in your pocket”—have outweighed the full-spectrum listening experience we’ve lost. Meanwhile, Neil Young tried to remedy his 5 percent problem by developing his own audio format and player called Pono, which restored the full spectrum of missing audio in a semiportable way. It was met with mixed reviews at best: one focus group in a blindfold test couldn’t tell the difference between the Pono and the iPhone, and when used with headphones, the sound of the MP3-based iPhone actually won out. Streaming music services aren’t much better. In order to deliver their music swiftly, they have to compress

it. Neil Young recently pulled his music from services like Spotify, claiming that "streaming has ended for me . . . It's about sound quality. I don't need my music to be devalued by the worst quality in the history of broadcasting or any other form of distribution . . . When the quality is back, I'll give it another look. Never say never."

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In the late nineteenth century, visual art set out to shatter romantic preindustrial notions of coherence. In an age when industrial products were being spit out piecemeal on an assembly line, how could one ever again depict the world as unified? So, in his still lifes, Cézanne painted all sides of an apple at once, putting an end to the idea that the world can be seen from our—and only our—point of view. Instead, all objects and ideas are open to multiple interpretations, a Pandora's box of possibilities. The ante was upped by the cubists who, taking Cézanne one step further, went from one individual seeing an object from many angles, to the many eyes of a crowd seeing many objects from many angles. Their shattered picture planes represented a fourth-dimensional way of seeing, with all perspectives represented simultaneously. There was a networked vision, harnessing the power of the crowd as opposed to the isolation of the individual. In this way, cubism anticipated common computing ideas from crowdsourcing to "hive minds" and "swarm intelligences." They also were inspired by cinema, in both its experiments with rapid-fire montage and its mechanical mass distribution of imagery. In his book *The Language of New Media*, the historian Lev Manovich has eloquently written about how cinema is hardwired into the DNA of computing. Alan Turing's Universal Turing Machine, for instance, was operated by reading and writing numbers on an endless tape, similar to the way a projector reads data from celluloid film. It's no coincidence that one of the earliest computers, built in 1936 by the German engineer Konrad Zuse, was run off of discarded 35 mm movie film.

Similar to the cubists, the Italian futurists began incorporating primitive forms of animation in their paintings. Giacomo Balla's painting *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash* (1912) shows a dachshund's feet blurred in a whirl of motion. In fact, everything in the picture that is moving is depicted as such: the leash is like a series of ghostly threads waving multiple times through the air; the person's feet walking the dog consists of dozens of flying shoes; even the dachshund's tail is spinning out of control. Futurism celebrated motion-based technology, depicting frame by frame the speed of the motor car, the rhythmic pounding of the assembly line, and the rat-a-tat of the machine gun.

It's not a far cry from Balla's early twentieth-century oil on canvas depiction of motion to today's animated GIFs. The GIF, like the lossy MP3, is a low-resolution format, known in computing terms as jaggy, named for the jagged-edged pixels you see when you zoom in on a lo-res image. Like flipbooks, animated GIFs are made by sequencing a series of still images, hearkening back to the earliest days of cinematic animation technologies like magic lanterns or zoetropes. The best animated GIFs are like pocket cinema, with narratives and punch lines, all unfurling in a matter of seconds, then infinitely looping. And because they have no sound, they have to express strong ideas entirely through visual images, the way silent films did in the early part of the twentieth century. Their brevity, too, has echoes of Edison and the Lumière Brothers, whose reels were often no longer than thirty seconds.

The animated GIF is haunted by earlier technologies like painting, cartoons, and cinema. Yet creating animated GIFs is a modern-day craft. Even today, there is no real shortcut to making a dazzling animated GIF, which still must be constructed more or less in a hands-on way. They're meticulously woven, frame by frame, much as they were two decades ago, which might help to explain why they're still cherished: the collaboration between human and machine has kept animated GIFs alive as a sort of technological folk art.

There's a theory that the moment something verges on obsolescence, it's also on the cusp of revival, ready to reincarnate itself into new forms and uses. For example, when the horse was rendered obsolete as a mode of transportation, it found a new role in recreation. Or, in a cellular age, when everyone carries a clock in their pocket, the wristwatch evolved from timekeeper to luxury status object. And while magazines were once a source of information, today they've come to resemble highly produced coffee-table books, more to be browsed than read. In a similar way, just as the GIF was on the verge of being rendered obsolete by streaming video, it was taken up as an artisanal craft by a small community of GIF builders, who quietly refined them from a jaggy way of communicating information into an art form. Their jumpy lo-res frames had been transformed into lushly looping image streams, depicting a tremendous amount of rich information in an insanely compressed form. Whereas in the beginning they were used to convey actual messages, that task had been usurped by streaming video and Flash, so they were free to become playful and artistic, functioning very much the way that image macros do—visual devices for quick and punchy commentary.

It was at this point that they caught the attention of Tumblr founder David Karp, who was so dazzled by the new generation of animated GIFs, that he opened up his platform to them, spurring an explosion of them. Today, Tumblr claims to have twenty-three million animated GIFs uploaded to it each day, and Facebook, which recently started supporting the format, says that five million animations daily are sent through its messaging app. Like emojis, they can convey a great deal of information in a compressed format, the proverbial picture worth a thousand words.

An animated GIF is what McLuhan termed cool media. All forms of low-resolution imagery are cool; all forms of high-resolution imagery are hot. Hollywood is hot; animated GIFs are cool. A hot medium does a lot of the work for you. In the cinema, you're presented with gigantic images in the highest resolution available. McLuhan claimed that as a result cinemagoers are passive spectators; with hi-res there's not much left to the sensual imagination. All the blanks are filled in for you; you just have to sit back and enjoy. Narrative complexities are carried particularly well in hot media. A sweeping story coupled with beautiful cinematography displayed on a gigantic screen is what we think of as an optimal film-going experience.

Low-resolution, or cool media, requires you to do some work, as in the case of MP3s, where your ear has to fill in the blanks in order to give you the illusion that you're hearing it in higher resolution. Visual forms of cool media include comic strips, in which your mind is forced to make the connections between sequential frames, or television in which your eye must patch the mosaic of benday dots in order to give the illusion of a coherent and rich visual experience. We could say that the entire Internet—a huge compression machine—is a cool medium, one that demands an endless amount of participation. In this way, cool media has a web-based DIY ethos, one that invites you to customize, tinker with, and remix its artifacts.

We could say that hot media is "strong" and that cool media is "weak." But in this case, strong doesn't mean good and weak doesn't mean bad; it's actually just the opposite. For the past decade, art historians Hito Steyerl and Boris Groys have written in favor of "weak images," claiming that in the digital age, a weak or cool artifact is more democratic than a strong or hot one. The Internet and the artifacts that circulate through it—MP3s, GIFs, JPEGs, AVIs—are all, relatively speaking, low-resolution or weak artifacts. What makes the weak artifact powerful is not its resolution or quality but its abundance and availability—the fact that everyone can possess it, whenever one pleases, often for little or no cost. Think of clicking on a freely available but weak lo-res YouTube video from the comfort of your home versus going out to a cinema to pay for a strong visual experience. Obviously they're completely different experiences, but Steyerl and Groys argue that the weak experience is stronger because of its low-impact economics and the sheer fact of its availability. Due to its high compression rates, even HD streaming video is weak as compared to broadcast HD or DVD video.

Of course this is nothing new: bootleg VHSs and street-stall DVDs have long been a part of the democratic nature of weak images, trading hands for a few dollars and shown under less-than-optimal conditions. Taking cues from both street culture and the counterculture, Steyerl frames the so-called weak image as a type of resistance against consumerism: "In the class society of images, cinema takes on the role of a flagship store. In flagship stores high-end products are marketed in an upscale environment. More affordable derivatives of the same images circulate as DVDs, on broadcast television, or online as poor images." Politically, she says, the strong image is on the side of "official" culture: capital and corporations. The "poor" image is on the side of "unofficial" culture: file sharing and individuals. Her classification of image quality takes a political turn: "The poor image is a rag or a rip; an AVI or a JPEG, a lumpen proletariat in the class society of appearances, ranked and valued according to its resolution. The poor image has been uploaded, downloaded, shared, reformatted, and reedited."

There's a humanistic strain to Steyerl's logic. File-sharing networks create communities, bridging people from all over the world through the exchange of cultural artifacts. And every time a film is ripped, reformatted, remixed, shared, subtitled, and resubtitled, that artifact bears a human trace, marked by human intention. In this way, these altered weak images are palimpsests, containing records of human experience in ways that official out-of-the-box culture, sealed and protected, can only bear one mark—that of the corporation.

Because weak artifacts are in circulation, they're useful and dynamic, as opposed to the moldering reels of 35 mm films that languish in the dark archives of institutions, trotted out on occasion as part of a film festival that few will see. The bootleg is distributed with use-value in mind. In the late 1960s, the Cuban director and screenwriter Julio García Espinosa wrote a manifesto called "For an Imperfect Cinema," in which he went so far as to claim that "perfect cinema—technically and artistically masterful—is almost always reactionary cinema." Perfect cinema was made by Hollywood; imperfect cinema could be made by anybody. "Film today," he complained, "no matter where, is made by a small minority for the masses." That would change with the advent of Super 8 cameras and escalate in the 1970s and '80s with the widespread availability of video recorders. But Espinosa was prophetic: in the YouTube age everybody—in the famous words of German conceptual artist Joseph Beuys—is an artist. Weak images, then,

are popular images in that they can be made and viewed by the many. Because compression makes it possible for weak images to travel long distances efficiently, they lose information and gain speed. Steyerl claims that "this is precisely why they end up being perfectly integrated into an information capitalism thriving on compressed attention spans, on impression rather than immersion, on intensity rather than contemplation, on previews rather than screenings."

So the problem becomes one of quantity. Who has the time to consume all of these artifacts? It's all well and good that "everybody is an artist," but what use is it if no one will ever see your works? Boris Groys puts a twenty-first-century spin on Espinosa: "Whereas before, a chosen few produced images and texts for millions of readers and spectators, millions of producers now produce texts and images for a spectator who has little to no time to read or see them. Earlier . . . one was expected to compete for public attention. One was expected to invent an image or text that would be so strong, so surprising, and so shocking that it could capture the attention of the masses, even if only for a short span of time."

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The GIF was succeeded by the JPEG, a compressed format that is able to render images with much greater finesse than its predecessor. The jaggy compression works similarly to the way lossy MP3s do, relying on human psychovisual systems to fill in missing information. When these images are printed, most of the information that makes them look good on the screen is lost, resulting in blocky pixelation, which is why our photographs don't look as good on paper as they do on our devices. But for some artists, the distortion of low resolution (a cool or weak image) is a gateway to twenty-first-century abstraction.

Since 2007, the German photographer Thomas Ruff has taken jaggy low-resolution JPEGs from the web and blown them up to monumental proportions, exhibiting them as framed megaphotographs. His process is one of devaluation: he takes JPEGs from the web and renders them even lower resolution than he found them, compressing them further so that they are, in his words: "worst possible quality JPEGs. Then I get my image." The dramatic change in scale—from a thumbnail to more than seven feet tall—is shocking, as is his subject matter, which runs the gamut from porn to images of disaster from news sites, such as the burning Twin Towers or Baghdad during the shock and awe siege. Like Steyerl's weak AVIs or Professor Berger's students who love the sizzle of MP3s, Ruff's photographs are a play of human intervention and technology's fingerprint. When blown up so large, you can really see the compression algorithm at work, as any semblance of visual cohesion is overwhelmed by the complex shades of pixelation at play. One thing these photos reveal is that the underlying structure of our digital images is the grid, a rather basic system of binaries, which when run through an algorithm trick the eye into patching together a seamless image. Because of the play between an iconic image like 9/11 and the blocky pixelation, Ruff's photographs flicker back and forth between realism and abstraction, being both and yet neither.

For his *Nudes* (1999), giant blowups of porn JPEGs dissolve objects of desire into pixelated nightmares. Ruff seems to be saying that on the web, porn—up close and enlarged—is nothing more than a pile of pixels, an illusion. What fuels your fantasies is technology, not flesh. When you see works from *Nudes* from across the room you see a coherent image of eroticism, but the closer you get, the more they fall apart. By the time you're standing in front of them you feel like Austin Powers when he realizes that the beautiful women surrounding him are not women at all, but are actually fembots.

Ruff's work reifies compression technology as the basis for an artistic investigation, one that is at the heart of our daily experience. He asks, "How much visual information is needed for image recognition? A pretty small quantity of data will go a long way for the brain and the computer, both of which take shortcuts for the sake of speedy comprehension . . . Our brain is very brilliant at interpreting even the lowest resolution, it creates images."

Chapter 8: The Writer as Meme Machine

"It was while looking at Google's scan of the Dewey Decimal Classification system that I saw my first one—the hand of the scanner operator completely obscuring the book's table of contents," writes the artist Benjamin Shaykin. What he saw disturbed him: it was a brown hand resting on a page of a beautiful old book, its index finger wrapped in a hot-pink condom-like covering. In the page's lower corner, a watermark bore the words "Digitized by Google."

Shaykin was an MFA student in graphic design at the Rhode Island School of Design when he was given an assignment to choose a book from Brown University's library that would serve as the basis for a series of projects. Even though he had the physical books readily available, he found it easier, as many people do, to access them through Google Books. Once he came across the first hand, he was hooked, and started digging deeper into Brown's Special Collections library, which was digitized by Google. He came upon many more anomalies. "In addition to hands and fingers, I found pages scanned through tissue paper, pages scanned while midturn, and foldout maps and diagrams scanned while folded," he explained. "The examples were everywhere. I quickly became obsessed, and filled my hard drive with gigabytes of downloaded PDFs." He collected his strangest findings in a book called *Google Hands*, which ended up as one in a series of a dozen small hand-sewn books, each focused on a different type of glitch. Through social media, he came into contact with like-minded collectors, and they began swapping artifacts.

There are several collections of Google hands around the web, each one as creepy as the one Shaykin saw. A small but thriving subculture is documenting Google Books' scanning process in the form of Tumblrs, printed books, photographs, online videos, and gallery-based installations. Something new is happening here that brings together widespread nostalgia for paperbound books with our concerns about mass digitization. Scavengers obsessively comb through page after page of Google Books, hoping to stumble on some glitch that hasn't yet been unearthed. This phenomenon is most thoroughly documented on a Tumblr called "The Art of Google Books," which collects two types of images: analog stains that are emblems of a paper book's history and digital glitches that result from the scanning. On the site, the analog images show scads of marginalia written in antique script, library DATE DUE stamps from the midcentury, tobacco stains, wormholes, dust motes, and ghosts of flowers pressed between pages. On the digital side are pages photographed while being turned, resulting in radical warping and distortion; the solarizing of woodcuts owing to low-resolution imaging; sonnets transformed by software bugs into pixelated psychedelic patterns; and the ubiquitous images of workers' hands.

The obsession with digital errors in Google Books arises from the sense that these mistakes are permanent, on the record. In 2013, Judge Denny Chin ruled that Google's scanning, en masse, of millions of books to make them searchable is legal. In the future, more and more people will consult Google's scans. Because of the speed and volume with which Google is executing the project, the company can't possibly identify and correct all of the disturbances in what is supposed to be a seamless interface. There's little doubt that generations to come will be stuck with both these antique stains and workers' hands.

One of those was Paul Soulellis, the proprietor of the Library of the Printed Web, which is housed in a pristine industrial space in Long Island City. Soulellis, a graphic designer turned book artist, has

built a library that consists entirely of stuff pulled off the web and bound into paper books. One book is nothing more than dozens of images of highways rendered flat by flaws in Google Earth's mapping algorithm. There are grubby, stapled zines consisting of printed Twitter feeds, books of CAPTCHAs (an acronym for "Completely Automated Public Turing test to tell Computers and Humans Apart") presented as visual poetry, collections of photos of dogs with glowing eyes culled from Flickr, and lots of books where "photographers" like Mishka Henner have selected uncanny moments from Google Street View. While most of them are cheap, print-on-demand editions, a few are highly produced art books. One of the most beautiful books in the library is a collection of hundreds of crummy JPEGs of variations on the Mona Lisa (think the Mona Lisa morphed with E. T., made by a fourteen-year-old), printed on thick, handmade paper, and accordion folded into an expensive slipcase; the combination of the crappy and the crafted is weirdly effective. Then there are absurdly large projects, such as a ninety-six-volume set called *Other People's Photographs*, which scoops up material from random Flickr pages.

Amusing and titillating as these images are, it's easy to forget that they're the work of an army of invisible laborers—the Google hands. This is the subject of an art work by the Brooklyn-based artist Andrew Norman Wilson called *ScanOps*. The project began in 2007, when Wilson was contracted by a video-production company to work on the Google campus. He noted sharp divisions between the workers; one group, known as *ScanOps*, were sequestered in their own building. These were data-entry workers, the people to whom those mysterious hands belonged. Wilson became intrigued by them, and began filming them walking to and from their ten-hour shifts in silence. He was able to capture a few minutes of footage before Google security busted him. In a letter to his boss explaining his motives, Wilson remarked that most of the *ScanOps* workers were people of color. He wrote, "I'm interested in issues of class, race and labor, and so out of general curiosity, I wanted to ask these workers about their jobs." In short order, he was fired.

His video later became an art installation called *Workers Leaving the Googleplex*, a play on the title of the first film ever shown in public, the Lumière brothers' *Workers Leaving the Lumière Factory* (1895), as well as a remake by the German filmmaker Harun Farocki with the same name. Wilson's Google experiences have also resulted in a series of beautiful gallery installations, with large, saturated color photos of those same workers' hands. Wilson reminds us that we, too, are contributing our own labor to the company's bottom line. He writes, "Everyone who uses the free Google perks—Gmail, cloud-storage, Google Books, Blogger, YouTube—becomes a knowledge worker for the company. We're performing freestyle data entry. Where knowledge is perceived as a public good, Google gathers its income from the exchange of information and knowledge, creating additional value in this process. Google, as we know it and use it, is a factory."

Soulellis calls the *Library of the Printed Web* "an accumulation of accumulations," much of it printed on demand. In fact, he says that "I could sell the *Library of the Printed Web* and then order it again and have it delivered to me in a matter of days." Since the advent of electronic readers, there's been a lot of hand-wringing about the demise of the printed page. And for a while, it looked like things were headed in one direction as bookstores folded and e-book sales soared. In an unanticipated twist, in 2015 e-book sales began slowing and print sales began climbing again. It turns out that people read both formats—the Kindle on the train and the paper version at home. In addition,

cheap print-on-demand services like Lulu, which offer free PDFs along with physical copies for sale of any given title, have made it possible for people to publish and to buy the kinds of books Soulellis traffics in and proves once again that we're neither one way nor the other. Straddling the physical and the digital, we're inhabiting many spaces at the same time in ways that were unthinkable just a decade ago.

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What if the poetic has left the poem in the same way Elvis has left the building? Long after the limo pulled away, the audience was still in the arena screaming for more, but poetry escaped out the back door and onto the Internet, where it is taking on new forms that look nothing like poetry. Poetry as we know it—sonnets or free verse on a printed page—feels akin to throwing pottery or weaving quilts, activities that continue in spite of their cultural marginality. But the Internet, with its swift proliferation of memes, is producing more extreme forms of modernism than modernism ever dreamed of.

These are the ideas of the Canadian media scholar Darren Wershler, who has been making some unexpected connections between meme culture and contemporary poetry. "These artifacts," Wershler claims, "aren't conceived of as poems; they aren't produced by people who identify as poets; they circulate promiscuously, sometimes under anonymous conditions; and they aren't encountered by interpretive communities that identify them as literary." Examples include a Nigerian e-mail scammer who writes out the entire Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets in longhand, a data engineer who renders the entire text of Moby Dick into emoticons, and a library scientist who converts Ulysses into QR codes.

Wershler calls these activities "conceptualism in the wild," referring to the aspect of 1960s conceptual art that concerned reframing, and thereby redefining, the idea of artistic genius (think of Duchamp's urinal). Conceptual projects of the period were generated by a kind of pre-Internet OCD, such as Sol LeWitt's exhaustive photographic documentation of every object, nook, and cranny in his Manhattan loft, or Tehching Hsieh's yearlong practice of taking a photo of himself every hour, on the hour. Today's conceptualists in the wild make those guys look tame. It's not uncommon to see blogs that recount someone's every sneeze since 2007, or of a man who shoots exactly one second of video every day and strings the clips together in time-lapse mashups. There is guy who secretly taped all his conversations for three years and a woman who documents every morsel of food she puts into her mouth. While some of these people aren't consciously framing their activities as works of art, Wershler argues that what they're doing is so close to the practices of sixties conceptualism that the connection between the two can't be ignored.

And he's right. Younger writers find it stimulating: they are reclaiming this "found" poetry and uploading it to the self-publishing platform Lulu. They create print-on-demand books that most likely will never be printed but will live as PDFs on Lulu—their de facto publisher and distributor. These are big, ridiculous books, like a 528-page book that reprints every single tweet that contains the word "McNugget"; or a book that appropriates more than 400 pages' worth of Discogs listings of small-bit session players from long-forgotten 1970s LPs; or a project that converts Gertrude Stein's difficult modernist text Tender Buttons into illegible computer code; or a fifty-eight-page list poem of poets' names followed by their presumed economic status: "John Ashbery is a rich poet." "Amiri Baraka is comfortable."

Quality is beside the point. This type of content is about the quantity of language that surrounds us, and about how difficult it is to render meaning from such excesses. In the past decade, writers have been culling the Internet for material and making books that are more focused on collecting than on reading. It's not clear who, if anyone, actually reads these, although they are often cited by other writers working in the same mode. There are few critical systems in place to identify which books are better than others. For now, these authors function on a flat, horizontal field creating a communitarian body of work in which one idea or one author is interchangeable with another.

This ethos is evident on the smart art blog the Jogging, where artworks in the form of JPEGs are posted semi-anonymously and, like all blogs, last only until they are pushed off the page by newer works. It is an ephemeral amnesiac data flow, one that swaps the art world's market-driven frenzy for networked global visibility. On the Jogging, it isn't really the individual posts that count: the blog's *métier* lies in its ceaseless and restless stream of information. The best images on the Jogging are the ones that walk a fine line between sharp humor and weird ambiguity, such as a hacked black-and-white iconic photo of Fidel Castro chomping on his famous cigar. The only alteration the artist made to the found image is a photoshopped blue dot at the end of his cigar. The title is the reveal: Che Guevara Smoking an E-Cig. Not obviously funny enough to be a meme, it's a sly twenty-first-century mutation of a twentieth-century icon, one that welds critiques of power, commodity, history, advertising, and technology into an Internet ready-made. Another image is entitled wlan router under water, which shows exactly that: two wireless routers photoshopped onto the floor of a swimming pool while the legs of swimmers dangle nearby. It looks like something out of *Jaws*, ciphered through the digital age. The surreal warping of entertainment and technology—hallmarks of the Jogging—conflate leisure with danger: Wouldn't plugged-in routers electrocute everyone in the water, killing them faster than sharks would? Or is this a new technology that allows Wi-Fi underwater so that the swimmers could tweet while diving? For now, it's a sci-fi idea, but in the forthcoming "Internet of things"—where intelligent everyday objects such as appliances communicate with one another over the web—we'll surely be able to tweet underwater while swimming via a network that's hardwired into the architecture of a pool.

These works are meant to be quickly favorited, reblogged, and forgotten. They embrace the blips and flickers of the screen, celebrating the life span of a meme as a metric for artistic legacy. Yet the irony is that because the blog ended in 2014, they are now preserved for eternity—or at least until somebody pulls the plug on Tumblr. By then the images hosted there will have been indexed, spidered, and mirrored so many times that their eradication will be virtually impossible, ensuring them a place in a virtual pantheon. In the twentieth century, many artists who claimed to want to burn down museums ended up enshrined in them. The same remains true for the twenty-first: young artists wishing to skirt conventional valorization by the art establishment have, by posting their works on the web, inadvertently become preserved for posterity by the search engine.

Fifty years ago, when Andy Warhol said things like "I want to be a machine" and "It's easier not to care," he was romanticizing the formal and emotional cleanliness of machine-based production. Humans, after all, court messiness. Warhol's salvo is extended by today's Internet poets, who resemble zombies more than inspired bards, gathering and shoveling hoards of inert linguistic matter into programs, flipping switches, letting it rip, and producing poetry on the scale of

WikiLeaks cables. Imagine the writer as a meme machine, writing works with the intention for them to ripple rapidly across networks only to evaporate as quickly as they appear. Imagine poetry that is vast, instantaneous, horizontal, globally distributed, paper thin, and, ultimately, disposable.

* * *

R. Sikoryak is a fifty-one-year-old graphic novelist who has been drawing unoriginal comics for more than a quarter of a century. Inspired by a mix of Raw magazine (to which he contributed) and John Cage (he once drew a strip version of Cage's aleatory work *Indeterminacy*), Sikoryak meticulously redraws well-known historical comics and mashes them up with classic works of literature. His book *Masterpiece Comics* includes strange works like Dante's *Inferno* drawn as a series of Bazooka Joe bubblegum comics, and Camus's *The Stranger* as the story line for a Superman strip.

His most recent project takes a more conceptual twist. This time, instead of classic literature, he's matched appropriated comics with the complete text of the iTunes Terms and Conditions for a total of seventy pages, published in three comic books. "Instead of taking an important book that no one has read," Sikoryak says, "I've taken an agreement that none of us have read and have made an unreadable book out of it." All of the classic comics protagonists—Charlie Brown, Dilbert, Spider-Man, Richie Rich—have been redrawn to resemble Steve Jobs, replete with scraggly beard and round glasses. Each page presents a different cartoon style; every source is cited in a bibliography in the back of the book. There are lovely details: Snoopy's doghouse is branded with an Apple logo; Hellboy, posing as Jobs, is battling a monster listening to an iPod with white earbud cords dangling from his head.

Why would someone want to do this? Sikoryak, when I asked him, had an avant-garde response: "What would be the most absurd text to put into a comic, the least likely thing to do?" He also selected the legal code because—somewhat surprisingly, given the nature of his work—he's never had any legal problems. This got him wondering whether those miles of tiny legal print ever really amount to anything.

Sikoryak's book also speaks to how, after decades of scanning, file sharing, and cutting and pasting, notions of copyright and authorship in the comics world have relaxed. Bill Kartalopoulos, a comics historian and series editor of the *Best American Comics* series, told me that pirating, copying, bootlegging, and plagiarism have been around since the beginning of modern comics history. "The foundational nineteenth-century graphic novels of Swiss cartoonist Rodolphe Töpffer were pirated in France, England, and elsewhere," Kartalopoulos says. "At that time, if the French wanted to produce a pirated edition of Töpffer's Swiss book, someone would literally have to redraw and re-engage his images onto wood blocks. Later, in the nineteen-thirties and forties, small bootleg comic books called 'Tijuana Bibles'—also referred to at the time as 'Fuck Books'—were sold under the table, featuring famous cartoon characters like Popeye and Little Orphan Annie in explicit sexual situations that didn't normally present themselves on the daily newspaper page."

By the sixties and seventies, with the counterculture in full swing, everyone from the situationists—who whited out speech balloons and filled them with political text—to the Air Pirates, a collective of Bay Area hippies, were copying and repurposing famous comic strips. The Air Pirates adopted the styles of an array of historical cartoonists as

their own (including Krazy Kat artist George Herriman and turn-of-the-century cartoonist Frederick Burr Opper). In *Air Pirates Funnies*, they took on the Disney entertainment empire and redrew Mickey, Minnie, and company Tijuana Bible-style: smuggling drugs and having orgies. Wanting to stick it to the man, they made sure Disney was aware of their activities. Disney, predictably, sued. They later settled with Air Pirate Dan O'Neill and made him promise never to draw Mickey Mouse again.

Thirty-year-old Blaise Larmee may best exemplify that stick-it-to-the-man attitude. Mostly, he uses web platforms to mess with the comics establishment. Modeling his practice on the situationists, he adores misattribution, altering other people's comics by inserting his own texts into speech balloons, which end up getting reblogged as authentic artifacts. He once pretended he was named editor for *Best American Comics* and posted his announcement on a bogus Chris Ware Tumblr he created. He added a note that promised: "If you reblog this Tumblr image, your work will be included in the book." Asked why he does these things, he answers, "Because I can."

His most perplexing work may be *Labor Day Comic* a series of screenshots of mundane tasks that he performed on his computer over the course of one Labor Day. He strung these images, one after another, onto a blog, and called it a comic strip. Frame by frame, we watch him download a Vangelis album from MediaFire-taking screen caps every step of the way-then uploading these images to Flickr, and finally posting the whole process to Blogger. The title suggests a political edge: is this what labor looks like now?

The Greek artist Ilan Manouach takes a more directly political stance in his work. He's most famous for his book *Katz*, which is a reinterpretation of Art Spiegelman's *Maus* except that all the characters-Nazis, Jews, Poles-are drawn with cats' heads. (In the original, Jews are drawn as mice, while non-Jewish Germans and Poles are drawn as cats and pigs, respectively.) Besides this, not a single word or image was added or removed. The book caught the legal ire of Spiegelman's French publisher, Flammarion, and the entire run of one thousand copies was pulped. He did something similar with *Les Schtroumpfs noirs* (*The Black Smurfs*), a comic originally published in 1963. In the story, a Smurf village is infected by a black fly that bites all the villagers, turning them from their natural blue color to black, and making them go mad. A cure is finally found and every Smurf is restored to blue. When the book was later turned into an animation, the Smurfs were changed from black to purple to avoid the racial subtexts. Manouach made a facsimile of the original, but transposed each of the book's four colors onto the cyan plate, resulting in a book that is entirely blue.

For his most recent project, *Tintin Akei Kongo*, Manouach took the most popular Tintin adventure in Francophone Africa, *Tintin au Congo* (1931), and had it translated for the first time into Lingala, the official Congolese dialect, without the permission of the publisher. The pirated book will never officially be distributed in the Democratic Republic of the Congo-only one hundred copies have been brought to Kinshasa so far-but for Manouach: "It's the idea, the provocation, the critique, that is important." Manouach sees himself as an agitator, a sort of Hans Haacke of the comics world. Trained as a conventional comic book artist, he grew restless by what he perceived to be the limits of the comics world. "There's not much critical discourse in comics and not much questioning of convention," he says. "Instead, there's a lot of nostalgia, which has kept comics politically and aesthetically conservative."

"Certainly there are many issues connected to fair use that are still in flux, and these artists are all troubling those waters in interesting ways," says Kartalopoulos. "Comics have historically been considered part of commercial popular culture, and existed to the side of modernist developments for much of the twentieth century. What's most exciting to me is that now there is a growing critical mass of well-rounded comics artists who are comfortably bringing their avant-garde legacy to the form." There is also, these days, a renewed sense of the political power of cartooning, in the wake of the attack on Charlie Hebdo and the debates that have followed. These artists' strategies—Sikoryak's remixings, Manouach's recontextualizations, Larmee's provocations—bring a contemporary set of conceptual tools to the making of comics, tools that could prove helpful in navigating the swift-moving waters of the Internet age.

The Internet is indeed changing our ways of reading and writing. Few want to read War and Peace sitting in front of a computer screen; it's the wrong place for in-depth, lengthy reading, which is better done offline, either on paper or on our devices. When we are in front of a computer hitched to a fast web connection, the last thing we want to do is stop, slow down, and do only one thing. Idling on a highway is antithetical to the medium. Instead, our time in front of a machine is active time: we're clicking and seeking, harvesting and communicating. Our ways of reading and writing, then, while on the web, reflect this active state. Offering coping strategies, any number of articles tell us to keep our e-mails short, that lengthy e-mails will most likely go unread. They offer suggestions like "commit to making every message five sentences long—or less" and "treat all email responses like SMS text messages, using a set number of letters per response." The migration to short forms of writing and reading that we're witnessing—shorter e-mails, tweets, SMS messages—are the latest in a long line of compressed language: hieroglyphs, ideograms, haiku, Morse code, telegrams, newspaper headlines, the old Times Square news zipper, advertising slogans, concrete poems, and desktop icons.

Writing on electronic platforms is transforming aspects of our daily communication into constraint-based writing, a method of writing according to preordained rules initially explored in the 1960s and '70s by a group of French writers who called themselves the Oulipo (Ouvroir de littérature potentielle / Workshop of Potential Literature). They devised formulas for writing that were more akin to mathematics than they were to literature. A famous Oulipian constraint is called n+7, which involves replacing each noun in a text with the seventh one following it in a dictionary, so that the Declaration of Independence run through an n+7 operation, as the poet Rosmarie Waldrop did in her poem "Shorter American Memory of the Declaration of Independence" begins: "We holler these trysts to be self-exiled that all manatees are credited equi-distant, that they are endured by their Creditor with cervical unanswerable rims." The writer, bound by the constraints, accepts the results, regardless of how unappealing they may be to one's own literary sensibilities. Perhaps the most well known work of Oulipo writing is Georges Perec's *La disparition*, a 300-page novel that never uses the letter e. (The English translation of the book, *A Void*, which also doesn't contain the letter e, is an equally stunning feat.) Other methods used by the group include anagrams, palindromes, and Fibonacci sequences.

By swapping more traditional compositional methods for mechanically inspired ones, the Oulipo anticipated some of the ways we'd use language in the digital age. Every time we tweet, using a 140-character

constraint, we could be said to be composing an Oulipian poem. When Twitter gives us a constraint, we agree to comply with it, bending our language suit to its agenda. Few people throw up their arms and say, "I'm refusing to write in 140 characters. I will only write in 190 characters." Instead, by adapting ourselves to its platform, we find it a perfectly adequate way to express ourselves under a tight constraint. The parameters of Twitter are far from arbitrary: the 140-character constraint emerged from SMS culture, in which the standard character limit is 160 characters, minus 20 characters for the username. (There is talk of Twitter increasing the character limit to 10,000 characters. The preview tweet will show 140 characters with a Read More button. Should this happen, the constraint will be changed from "make the most of what little you've got" to the craft of writing journalistic headlines, as the 140 characters will be an enticement to read more. In any event, the nature of the writing will still be determined by the rules set by the apparatus.)

People often grumble that on the web we've lost the craftsmanship of writing. But on Twitter, I often see a great deal of craft going into the composition of tweets. The constraint alone brings craft to the fore: how can I say something with such limited real estate? And then there is the game of the compositional method itself: watching the character count dwindle, then precisely editing and revising the tweet so it will fit into its allotted space. We substitute ampersands for "ands," delete commas, double spaces, and redundant words, use hashtags, and employ URL shorteners to craft the most compressed language possible. Many of our tweets go through this highly edited process, finally arriving at a perfect tweet, one in which a punchy statement is made with no characters left. Sometimes at the end of this process when we hit Send, we feel like we've posted a small literary jewel.

Twitter doesn't come with a how-to manual. We learn it by playing it. We tailor our writing to the game: be pithy, be clever, be polemical, and there's a chance you'll be read and retweeted; be mundane, be dull, only retweet others, and you'll most likely be on the lower end of the game. As novelist Sheila Heti put it, "You know within a matter of seconds if your tweet was successful." Twitter is reminiscent of Wittgenstein's concept of language games, in which he tried to tease out the unwritten rules of how we use language. Wittgenstein conceived of language as a board game involving, at the minimum, two players: a sender and a receiver. Speaking a sentence, he said, is like moving a piece on a board; the other player's response is the next move. What ensues is a conversation, an elaborate demonstration of the rules, structures—and inevitably, the faults and failings—of human language. Almost like an alien discovering language for the first time—William S. Burroughs referred to language as "a virus from outer space"—Wittgenstein questioned basic linguistic tenets: how our rules were developed, acquired, accepted, their various uses, and importantly, how they can be broken. A language game, Wittgenstein informs us, is a delicate one: failure to play well will result in potentially tragic misunderstanding.

Social media sets up the game board, gives you the structure, pieces, and a stage on which to play, but outside of some underlying rules—edicts prohibiting impersonation, violence, threats, violation of copyright, etc.—it comes with no instructions. Like language itself, its norms evolve through community engagement; trial and error shows what works (what people respond to well) and what doesn't. The rules of the game continually change with the platform, which is constantly tweaked to accommodate those ever-evolving rules, along with user

feedback and investor concerns. The language itself inscribed into the interface is determinative of the platform's tenor. The word "follower" on Twitter or Instagram means something very different than Facebook's "friend." Followers imply that there are leaders—a vertically quantifiable power dynamic—whereas the concept of friendship is more ambiguous and horizontal. On Twitter and Instagram, there's always someone with more followers than you, making them more powerful than you, as opposed to Facebook's limit of five thousand friends, an accomplishment attainable by many, therefore roughly democratic at heart. While we often use Twitter followers as a metric of power, we rarely do the same with Facebook friends. Followers, a synonym for sycophants, are endlessly expansive, emphasizing the underlying cutthroat power dynamic in play.

These same power dynamics are expressed throughout some of the most popular forums in digital culture. Take the tech blog Boing Boing, for instance. They're one of the most visible blogs on the web, but they create very little original content. Rather they act as a filter for the morass of information, pulling up the best stuff. The fact of Boing Boing linking to something far outweighs the thing they're linking to. The culture of citation and name-checking on the web has resulted in a cascade of "re-" gestures: retweeting, reblogging, regramming, and reposting. Good citation determines the worth of, say, your blog or your Twitter feed, warping the once-disdained idea of name-dropping into a widespread, powerful practice.

Social media is an economy of citation rather than engagement. For instance, on the UbuWeb Twitter feed—which is connected to the site of avant-garde artifacts I've run for the past two decades—we'll tweet out something very obscure, lengthy, or difficult. Within a matter of moments, it's been retweeted hundreds of times. No one had the time to actually engage with what we've tweeted, rather it's something they've heard or knew about—name-checking—and were eager to pass along to their followers. Twitter's tweet activity dashboard shows this to be true. On a tweet that had 31,861 impressions, was retweeted 151 times, and liked 245 times, there was only 66 actual engagement with the content I was linking to. And from that one tweet, the feed only garnered one new follower. This point is made in an even more direct way when I mistweet a broken link. No matter. Broken link and all, it's still retweeted ad infinitum.

While word of mouth has always been the way certain types of information have been passed along, in the digital world, strong cultural capital is accumulated being the originator of something that is widely retweeted or regrammed. As social media evolves, it gets twitchier, charting micromovements in ever-subtler ways—I now see who has retweeted a tweet I have retweeted—which keeps us in the game tallying up the likes and glued to the screen.

* * *

Twitter's linguistic roots lie deep in modernism. James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, perhaps the most unreadable book ever written has, uncannily, set the stage for hashtags. Joyce's book, published in 1939, was written as a linguistic dreamscape (it was labeled by one critic as "dreamspeak"), one that sought to bring the language of dreams and sleep to the page. To write *Wake*, Joyce crammed notebooks with random thoughts and snippets of language he heard spoken on the street, on the radio, or read in newspapers, which became so dense and thick that even Joyce himself, with his notoriously bad eyesight, couldn't decipher them. Instead, he began transcribing exactly what he saw in its messy

state to a typewritten page. He then further mangled the language by splitting up some words and recombining others, forming complex compound words, not dissimilar to the way the German language works. So you get compound neologisms like supershillelagh, happygogusty, soundhearing, smellsniffing, and neverheedthemhorseluggarsandlistletomine. They're all readable; you just have to be patient and read them closely, carefully deciphering each word. Because hashtags and URLs allow no spaces, compound words became necessary. Some examples of long, Joycean domains are:

<http://www.thelongestdomainnameintheworldandthensomeandthensomemoreandmore.com/>

<http://www.abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopghijk.com/>

<http://llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch.co.uk/> (named after a Welsh village)

<http://3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197169399375105820974944592.com/> (the first sixty-five numbers of pi)

Throughout *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce punctuated the text with ten one-hundred-letter words that he called thunderclaps, which are comprised of words in various languages etymologically, visually, and aurally that relate to the theme of thunder. He uses these words to break up the book into several chapters, referring to various periods of cultural history, from the fall of Adam and Eve:

bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrho unawnskawntoohooorderenthurnuk

. . . to Thor, the Norse god of thunder . . .

Ullhodturdenweirmudgaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimando drrerinsurtkrinmgernrackinarockar

. . . which has 101 letters, and is thus able to fit in a 140-character tweet with thirty-nine characters left to spare.

The first Twitter hashtag, published by the former Google designer Chris Messina in 2007, was #barcamp, referring to a technology conference called BarCamp. Notice, though, how Messina dropped the capital letters, making it less readable and more perplexing; by stripping out the capitals, he landed himself squarely in Joycean territory. Today, Twitter and Instagram are flooded with words that could be straight out of the *Wake*: #photooftheday, #follow4follow, #iphoneonly, #dylanobrienfanpage, or #themazerunnermovie.

Aping the speed of technology, linguistic compression was at the heart of modernism. In 1906, the anarchist art critic Félix Fénéon published anonymously composed three-line novellas as filler in the Paris daily newspaper *Le Matin*. They were intended as sidebars or distractions to the bigger stories of the day, compressed as digestible sound bites of the day's news:

Responding to a call at night, M. Sirvent, café owner of Caissargues, Gard, opened his window; a rifle shot destroyed his face.

On the stake where they tied him up, four amateur policemen beat with sticks the young thief Dutoit, of Malakoff, whom they caught.

As her train was slowing down, Mme. Parlucy, of Nanterre opened up and leaned out. A passing express cracked both her skull and the door.

Fénéon's faits divers were much more than newspaper filler. Delicately meshing form with function, they were tiny poems in the guise of compressed Zolaesque potboilers, meant to quietly explode on the newspaper page snuggled among more "important" stories. Intended to fly under the radar, they were subversive and, like well-honed tweets, gorgeously crafted. It's no wonder that a century later they'd be recognized as poetry. Predictably, Fénéon's "novellas" today have their own Twitter feed.

Perhaps inspired by gestures like Fénéon's, a group of Italian futurists in 1915 claimed: "It's stupid to write one hundred pages where one would do." It was advice that Ernest Hemingway would heed when he composed the shortest novel ever, consisting of six words—a mere thirty-three characters (spaces and punctuation included)—which he penned in the 1920s:

For sale: baby shoes, never worn.

Allegedly written on a lark as a bet among a group of drunken writers in a New York restaurant as to who could write a six-word novel, Papa scribbled his quickly down on a cocktail napkin and won. While it displays all of Hemingway's characteristic wit and brilliance, research has shown the story to be apocryphal. These words had been kicking around in various forms in newspapers and advertisements before Hemingway snagged them. In 1906, an ad read: "For sale, baby carriage; never been used. Apply at this office." And in 1912, another ad, perhaps inspired by the first, said: "Baby's hand made trousseau and baby's bed for sale. Never been used." Like a game of telephone, variations on this theme continued throughout the early twentieth century. Clearly, Hem—a newspaperman—dug into his vast mental knowledge of the field and, on the spot, reframed preworn ad copy, claiming it as an original—and brilliant—novel story. Hemingway's gesture is a reminder that all language is preexisting and that smart recontextualization can often make used words new. On the web—an environment where language is cut and pastable—claiming originality is a tricky game. If you can think of it, it already exists on the Internet, which is why people often come up with the identical concept at the same time, a phenomenon known as multiple discovery. As the mathematician Farkas Bolyai noted: "When the time is ripe, these things appear in different places in the manner of violets coming to light in early spring."

Since 2010, Steve Roggenbuck has been producing poetry that is made, distributed, and viewed almost exclusively on the web, taking the form of Facebook posts, YouTube videos, and image macros. He became best known for a series of videos that show Roggenbuck either in bare apartments or out in the forest, manically improvising poems that celebrate the cosmos and our place in it. In one video, he screams at a gray sky: "Make something beautiful before you are dead . . . Maybe you should stand in the rain! You're alive right now!" But this ain't no tree hugger or Iron John. There's an intensity and an edge to his work verging on violence, which is at once terrifying, hypnotic, and completely moving. Roggenbuck uses shaky handheld cameras, hazy inspirational background music, and rough jump cuts. Purposely aping the look of amateur videos strewn across YouTube, they are meticulously crafted infomercials for poetry. In another video, Roggenbuck, with his

boyish acned face, thick eyebrows, and scruffy hair, stares intensely into the camera and asks: "I'm interested in marketing, but I'm mainly interested in marketing the moon. Do you love the light of the moon, sir? And if you don't, can I convince you?"

Along with Tao Lin, Roggenbuck is one of the bright stars of Alt Lit, an online writing community that emerged in 2011 and harnesses the casual affect and jagged stylistics of social media as the basis of their works—poems, stories, novels, tweets, and status updates. Its members have produced a body of distinctive literature marked by direct speech, expressions of aching desire, and wide-eyed sincerity. ("language is so cool. i can type out these shapes and you can understand me," or "Yay! Dolphins are beautiful creatures and will always have a wild spirit. I have been very lucky because I have had the awesome experience of swimming with dolphins twice.") The poems and stories, published on blogs and Twitter feeds, are usually written in the Internet vernacular of lowercase letters, inverted punctuation, abundant typos, and bad grammar. While other web-based poetry movements exploit appropriated text—cutting and pasting or scooping vast amounts of preexisting data—Alt Lit tends to use emo-heavy, homespun language that bears the urgency and candor of a status update; no sentiment is too trite to be repurposed as poetry.

This type of writing has deep roots, extending back to the cosmological visions of William Blake, through the direct observation poems of the imagists, the anti-art absurdities of Dada, and the nutty playfulness of surrealism. In the second half of the twentieth century, a major touchstone is the beats, particularly Allen Ginsberg's spontaneous mind poems, Jack Kerouac's unfiltered spew, and Gary Snyder's environmental consciousness. The concrete poet Aram Saroyan's purposely misspelled single-word poem "lighght" is a model for much of the wordplay that occurs here (gorgeous moments like the reimagining of the words "can,t" and "youuuuu"). But there's a punk-inspired outlaw energy rippling through much of the work here.

Alt Lit and its siblings Weird Twitter (a group of writers who abuse the platform's 140-character conventions) and Flarf (an early Internet poetry movement), cull poems that feel like the Internet itself, jammed with screen caps of Twitter updates, image macros, and photoshopped collages that appear between lineated verse, short stories, and blog entries.

One prominent Weird Twitter poet is Jacob Bakkila, then a BuzzFeed employee who between 2011 and 2013 wrote under the pseudonym of @Horse_ebooks, a feed that was widely presumed to have been written by a spambot. The feed was widely followed; people were charmed that a bot could've come up with lines like: "Their negativity only served to push me deeper into the realms of soap making" or "HOLY COW!! . . . DOG TOYS ARE GETTING EXPENSIVE WHY NOT." In 2013, Bakkila announced that the feed was indeed authored by him and that the project was finished. When @Horse_ebooks was thought to be a machine, the misspellings, non sequiturs, and fractured sentences were charming, the by-products of an inferior literary "mind" whose struggle to get it right humanized it.

In his video "'AN INTERNET BARD AT LAST!!!' (ARS POETICA)," Roggenbuck talks about his debt to the past. "Five and a half years ago, I read Walt Whitman and it changed my life," he says. "Walt Whitman had made me appreciate my life more actively than I had ever appreciated it before. Walt makes you step back and say, the world is wonderful, this whole thing that is going on is wonderful. Pay attention to what is going on." Technology is the key. "The purpose of the Bard is my purpose," he says. "This is the dream for poets, to be a poet when the Internet exists. Man! We got an opportunity!" The video

concludes with Roggenbuck connecting the past and present: "You know that Walt Whitman would die for this, that Walt Whitman would be on a TweetDeck, kicking his legs up, and going ha-a-a-ard."

In 2014, the visual artist Cory Arcangel published a book about procrastination called *Working On My Novel*, which was repurposed from his Twitter feed, which only retweeted tweets that contained the phrase "working on my novel." He then culled the best of them into a paperbound book. Each page contains one tweet:

Currently working on my novel
and listen to really nice music.
Yeah I'm a writer deal with it.
Sierra Brown -1:25 AM -1 Dec 12
I'm working on my novel again,
and it feels good, you guys. I love
my mind.
Stephen Mangol -11:44 PM -23 Sep 12

As Arcangel explains, "Part of the fun was that if you're twittering about how you're working on your novel, you're probably not working on your novel! I love these situations." What were they doing instead of writing? Wasting time on the Internet—which is exactly what Arcangel was doing when he wrote this book, though artists routinely waste time as part of their creative process, thereby cleverly and self-reflexively conflating procrastination with production.

In 2010, the Pulitzer Prize-winning fiction writer Jennifer Egan published an 8,500-word story consisting of tweets—one tweet a minute, in one-hour-daily bursts—over nine days on the *New Yorker* website. Although the text was written beforehand, Egan's story was as much about critiquing distribution—isn't Twitter supposed to be spontaneous?—as it was about what she was writing. But what she was writing was good: each tweet stands alone as a self-contained tweet, yet builds, tweet by tweet, into a narrative. Her Twitter novel begins: People rarely look the way you expect them to, even when you've seen pictures.

The first thirty seconds in a person's presence are the most important.

If you're having trouble perceiving and projecting, focus on projecting.

Necessary ingredients for a successful projection: giggles; bare legs; shyness.

The goal is to be both irresistible and invisible.

It ends 607 tweets later with:

You won't know for sure until you see them crouching above you, their faces taut with hope, ready to jump.

Egan's twitter novel is a lovely rebuttal to Arcangel's book. She had actually been working on her novel for over a year, but then distributed it quickly and "spontaneously," blasted out in crystalline perfection over social media.

Coda: The Revolution Will Be Mobilized

AT&T recently ran a series of ads promoting its merger with DirecTV that had the tagline: "The revolution will not only be televised, the revolution will be mobilized." One ad opens by showing various nighttime locations in New York City with lots of screens—places like Times Square and sports bars. At the same time the denizens of those locations are all glued to their mobile devices. It's a hyperconnected,

superdistracted world; everyone is furiously multitasking, keeping one eye on their device and the other on the huge public screens. Suddenly, without warning, the screens glitch and go black. In the silent darkness, the camera pans across legions of bewildered and frightened faces that look up from their devices hoping for some explanation. Then, in another instant, the screens blink and flash back to life. The camera pans across the crowd, visibly relieved. Their smiling faces are now glued to the reactivated screens, which display clips from films like *The Matrix*, with Morpheus saying, "After this, there is no turning back." A user picks up his smartphone to find Mr. Spock proclaiming, "History is replete with turning points." A woman swipes a giant touch screen that displays a jubilant fist-pumping A-Rod, as a voice-over screams, "When fantasy becomes reality!" The ad ends with the final scene of *Casablanca*, projected on the skyscrapers of Wall Street: "Louie, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship," ballyhooing the convergence of TV and mobile media. The future has arrived and it's better than we expected. In that one glitch, it's as if the entire world got a huge reboot into the future.

The ad, with its mix of hope, fear, and redemption, brought to mind the Y2K hysteria. Just past midnight in 2000 on that New Year's Eve when the world didn't end, my sister-in-law, a historian at Berkley, explained to us that traditionally a moment of doubt occurs right before cultures fully embrace new circumstances. She compared the Y2K crisis to previous millennial frenzies, suggesting that our thousand-years' fears this time around were being displaced not on God, but on technology. She added that cycles of guilt, repentance, and grace often accompany such trials, which always turn out to be nothing more than fear-fueled mirages. The Y2K introspection was the final barrier to our full embrace of technology, which was collectively vanquished that evening. With the dawn of the new millennium, we were poised to move into—in the words spouted by a cartoon character on the AT&T ad—"The future, to the glorious future!"

The theorist Paul Virilio has a concept he calls the "integral accident," which says that every time a technology is invented, an accident is invented with it. So, when the ship is invented, you get a shipwreck; the train, a train wreck; the airplane, the plane crash. These early technological accidents impacted a geographically specific area: the woods where the plane went down was affected in isolation. But when it comes to electromagnetic waves, such as radiation from a nuclear accident, the results of that accident are no longer felt locally but have networked implications. When the Fukushima reactor melted down, the radiation traveling through the Pacific Ocean food chain endangered fish on the West Coast of America. Similarly, market meltdowns in China crash Western economies. A virus in an electronic network can act with devastating results, infecting many, not just one. The integral or whole accident moves from local to general.

Little did we know that a mere year and a half later, an older technology—airplanes—would engender an integral accident in ways that Y2K could not. On 9/11 in New York City, overloaded cell phone networks went dead and overtaxed sites like CNN.com and NYTimes.com refused to load. Subways, buses, and commuter trains—many of them controlled by computers—stopped running. The island was sealed off from the rest of the world, thrown back to the darkness of earlier times. Broadcast television for much of Manhattan was unavailable as the giant TV antennas atop the Twin Towers were no more. Like those screen-addled citizens in the AT&T ad, we sat there in the dark bereft of our devices, huddled close to our transistor radios trying to get the latest news as if it were the great New York City blackout of 1965. For

the next week or two, our technology barely worked; even our data-driven stock markets went dark. Lower Manhattan, closed to vehicular traffic, resembled a cross between a nineteenth-century village and post-WWII Berlin. We languidly ambled down the great avenues as if they were country lanes, while in the background great plumes of acrid smoke spewed from the Lower West Side.

Without distraction from our technology, we rediscovered each other, looking into faces rather than screens, slowing down for person-to-person chats while we sat in silent parks, soaking in the glorious mid-September sunshine. There was an eerie silence in the city, one that was punctuated only by the frequent wailing of sirens. It was an escape from the stress of recent events, an enforced return to a lost time, but one that could not last. As the networks sprang back to life and the transportation began running again, we picked up right where we had left off, roaming the streets with Blackberrys glued to our palms, each in our own bubble. Over the next few years, crises like blackouts and hurricanes would plunge us back into darkness for short periods. These enforced digital detoxes became more harrowing than refreshing. During Hurricane Sandy, impromptu charging stations powered by generators sprung up on the streets, as groups of New Yorkers huddled together in the cold, waiting an eternity for their devices to charge before they headed back to their primitive dark caves.

AT&T's ads of course were riffs on Gil Scott-Heron's 1970 song "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised," which proclaimed that media would play absolutely no role in the forthcoming social and political revolutions that had begun in the 1960s. Forty-five years ago, Scott-Heron had seen how all experience had been influenced, framed, and saturated by media, robbing us, he felt, of our human experience. We had been turned into zombies, bent on consumerism and stripped of our political import. He was pleading for deprogramming, hoping we might reject media spectacles and instead take to the streets, where the revolution would happen away from the cameras, in "real time," where there would be no "instant replay." After all, if the urban riots of the 1960s showed anything, they demonstrated that highly technological civilizations could be plunged into darkness and chaos with basic means: the striking of a single match or the throwing of a Molotov cocktail. AT&T's snarky usurping of Scott-Heron's political message proclaimed total victory; corporate-sponsored technology was now a foregone conclusion and there would be no turning back. Ever. The future had arrived, and it looked an awful lot like Big Brother.

But the truth is more complex than that. AT&T's ads showed us a one-sided, oversimplistic, skewed vision of the "revolution." At a Black Lives Matter panel I attended recently called "The Fire This Time," an audience member asked why and how the movement emerged when it did. One of the panelists responded by simply reaching into his pocket and holding up his smartphone. In an unanticipated twist to both AT&T and Scott-Heron, the revolution is, in fact, both televised—uploaded to social media and replayed endlessly—and mobilized (people mobilized by mobile media) in the service of justice. The corporate technological apparatuses that Scott-Heron had so rightly feared had now been distributed among the citizenry to record trespasses that not long ago went unnoticed, able to bring light to the darkest and most unjust corners of the world. The fire this time is a digital flame, capable of illuminating darkness and torching unjust systems.

Many articles I read yearn for a return to solitude and introspection, quiet places far removed from the noises of our devices. But those places, away from the rabble of the street, are starting to remind me of gated communities: highly patrolled spaces where discourse

is circumscribed and vetted. What they are ignoring is that for many communities, the presence of cameras to record and distribute events that entrenched powers that be would rather not have anyone see, are tools of social justice, crucial to pointing out abuses of power. I read that our devices are removing us from life, but when a device records an injustice, it's an indicator of presence, not absence.

In another one of those AT&T ads, the line between presence and absence is obliterated as image after image is shown of people watching their devices while they are doing something else. A guy in a stuffy concert hall sneaks a peek at his smartphone while a voice-over decries: "Flip between the fight, the game, and the ballet you didn't want to go to!"; or someone sweating it out on a treadmill, phone in his hand: "Binge while you lose weight!"; a surfer in the curl of a wave: "Channel-surf while you surf!"; or a mountain climber dangling in midair: "Enjoy a good cliffhanger while you hang from a cliff!"

Like many, AT&T would like you to think we use our devices in one way only: to indulge in frivolous media while we are doing things we don't want to be doing. However, the truth is more complicated. Our use of media mimics our circadian rhythms, as we cycle through periods of being awake and being asleep. We are neither complete zombies, nor completely present: usually it's a mix of the two. The smartphone that captured the police shooting death of Walter Scott might have been, just a moment before, playing Candy Crush Saga, and right afterward, wasting time on the Internet.

Appendix: 101 Ways to Waste Time on the Internet

What follows is a set of ideas on how to waste time on the Internet. They were authored by my class in the initial offering of Wasting Time on the Internet at the University of Pennsylvania, January–April 2015.

1. Have one person browse the Internet while connected to a big monitor. A group stands behind that person loudly screaming what to click on. It would begin by one person at a time yelling commands: Click that link! Type this into the status update window! Then it gradually increases to a polyphonic cacophony of unbearable intensity.

2. Instagram something with the intention of it being taken down by Instagram. Take a screenshot of it; keep a record of it. Instagram the screenshot. Screenshot that Instagram. If it is taken down again, repeat the process until all you're posting is a screenshot of a screenshot of a screenshot . . . of the original photo.

3. Pass your laptop to the person next to you. For one minute, they can open anything on your computer. Once something is opened, it must be left opened. You may not alter or delete anything, just expose. At the end of one minute, you pass that laptop to the person on your left and they get one minute with it. By the time it arrives back to you, everyone will have had their turn with your laptop. Everything that people have opened will remain open on your screen for you to see.

4. Delete as much as you can from Facebook. Avoid deleting friends, and avoid deleting your account. Keep a tally and see among your friends who can delete the most.

5. In a group, skype a person not in the group. Refuse to answer any questions about why you did this.

6. In a partner's Facebook account, find their oldest message and who it was sent to or by. On your own account, message that person and have a conversation.

7. Go on Netflix, and look at the first suggestion for your Top Picks. If you've already seen it, then pick the next suggestion. Read a generic Wikipedia article about the show/movie, and write a Facebook status using what you've learned (develop an opinion or a question or a statement). The status should not mention that you haven't seen the show/movie. Tag at least one person in the status.

8. For a period of hours, record your face with your webcam as you use your computer. Choose a long enough time span that you will forget the camera is on.

9. Delete your Facebook profile picture and leave it blank for as long as you can.

10. Attend a lecture, meeting, performance, meal, or movie and be on your smartphone the entire time.

11. Sit in a circle with a group and open your laptops. Plug your headphones into the computer to your right. Play music for your partner with this goal: Make the listening environment as annoying as possible. Play music the person hates. Play several songs at once.

12. Browse only using the earliest version of Internet Explorer you can find, for as long as you can. You may not close any pop-ups or tabs that appear.

13. In a group, sit in a circle with laptops. Plug your headphones into the laptop of the person to your left and play music for your partner. Let the vibes of the music your partner plays determine the next song you play for your partner. Try to get the circle to reach an equilibrium.

14. In a public place, have a partner receive instructions on their cell phone from the other partner sending them. Have the receiver

do whatever the instructions say while the sender watches from the side.

15. Find a music mashup online and write a serious review of it as though you are a New York Times theater critic.

16. Post something to a friend's Facebook wall as if you were talking to someone else. Be as specific as you can.

17. Find a piece of audio you believe summarizes and represents the entire Internet.

18. Find a social media profile of someone you know or do not know and re-create their profile on your own page.

19. Make a dating profile for a partner and get them as many dates as you can.

20. On an online shopping website, attempt to fully re-create what you are wearing. Then find photos of other people wearing those clothes and collect them in a folder. In a group, compare to see who can find the most photos of their current outfit.

21. Take a resume from LinkedIn or an online resume sample site and apply for several jobs using this resume, as well as an online sample cover letter if one is required. Apply to these same jobs with your own resume and cover letter.

22. Display provocative captions on a projector and cycle through them quickly. Have a group post a Facebook status impulsively to each one.

23. Take a screenshot of as many viral YouTube videos as you can. Make a slideshow that displays the images as rapidly as possible.

24. Place a camera in a heavily used room. Make sure everyone who goes through the room is aware that the camera could record them, but that it may not. Covertly turn on and off the camera during the period of time.

25. Find a very public space, sit in a closed circle with your laptops. One person selects a video from Pornhub. At the count of three, everyone clicks on the video and watches it together.

26. Find your biggest fear on the Internet and send it to a friend.

27. Think of ten friends who have different ideas about the Internet than you. Send a message to each of them asking what there is to do on the Internet. See what they tell you to do. Do nothing until one of them responds, then do it as quickly as you can, and ask another. While waiting for responses, think about what you asked them, how you phrased it, and why some did and did not respond.

28. Watch people in a public area and write down their physical attributes as if you were writing a crime report. Then look online at public police postings to find a crime with a suspect description that matches yours. Determine if they committed the crime or not.

29. Take an article you vehemently disagree with, post it as your Facebook status, and then say how you align yourself with everything it's saying. Like this status. Share it. Post it on other people's walls. Do the same thing on Twitter.

30. Interview a person for six seconds using Vine. Do not tell them the interview will last six seconds.

31. In a group, play different songs from as many devices as you can. Try to write down what you can discern from the noise.

32. With a partner, watch a short video in turns with one both recording the other with a camera as well as taking notes on the other's affective response. Put the original video, and the two reaction videos side by side in a new video.

33. Find a room or space that is reserved by someone else. Convince them there was a booking error with the online system and that it is actually yours.

34. Collaboratively take turns reading from each member's Facebook feed. Write the lines into a document as a poem.

35. Spend hours writing a document with a group however you like, but delete it when anyone leaves or enters the room.

36. Find sites of relaxation on the Internet. Spend some time on these sites and relax. When you are done, find rain sound audio on YouTube and listen to it while you write about drowning. Keep writing and writing until you cannot write more. Then delete everything you have written and move on with your life.

37. Using Google Maps satellite view, stitch together a new city. Give it a name, and invent laws for it.

38. Use a screen recorder like QuickTime to record your computer screen as you browse the Internet for eight minutes. Call a friend on Skype and make sure that's included in there.

39. Using their publically available online profile, create a fake obituary for someone you know.

40. In public, open a laptop and surf the Internet. Have a partner watch you and the way people respond to you and the way you respond to others.

41. Ask each other about passwords. Talk about how you picked your password. Ask how other people picked their passwords. Share your password if you want and explain what you like and don't like about it.

42. Venmo \$1,000 to the person to your right. They must then Venmo \$1,000 to the person to their right and so on until your money goes full circle and returns to you.

43. Find a database of scary stories generated on the Internet. In a group, collaboratively write a new story by each taking deliberate lines from the database and stitching them together.

44. Ask as many people in a public place how happy they are, and graph happiness relative to location on Google Maps.

45. Find a Facebook friend and message as many of their friends as you can asking them what they think of your person.

46. Take a compatibility quiz online with a partner. Then, check your answers by comparing your compatibility to whether your zodiac signs are compatible.

47. Create an Instagram account and use whatever means necessary to get followers.

48. Find a YouTube video and make it viral.

49. Work in a group to invent a rumor. Spread the rumor on as many social media sites as possible.

50. Go on a video chat website like Omegle and ask people to put a shoe on their head. Share the screenshots.

51. Check out as many books as you can from a library. Compare how the information differs from a commonly used websites on the same subjects.

52. Create a Twitter account that only posts lyrics from a specific lyricist. Do this for as many lyricists as you would like to get to know. Have each account follow each other, plus some other accounts of your choosing.

53. Open a text document and raid a partner's computer with as much text as you can from their personal files. Send your text document to your friends.

54. Clog as much as you can. Clog online forums for your school or work. Post a series of blank posts on your Facebook feed, send a bunch of blank e-mails to everyone you know, open a bunch of blank

tabs, and just clog everything. CLOG. What does it feel like to apply force to the Internet?

55. Within the constraint of two hundred words, try to offend as many people as possible in a Facebook post.

56. Narrate the life story of the person across a table from you using only GIFs. Make it as long or short as you want but make sure to highlight what you think might have been key moments in that person's life or even better, make something up. Do not caption your work.

57. Snapchat your surroundings to a partner with the timer on one second. Send only one Snapchat each minute. Try to guess where the other person is.

58. Find the first friend you made on Facebook and have a conversation with them.

59. In a library, find someone who is wasting time on the Internet. Ask them what they are doing and what they would be doing if they were being productive.

60. Go to a random urban location on Google Street View. Share this with another person and see how long it takes them to determine the location. Consider what factored into the time and ultimate guess the person made.

61. Cross arms with people in a group and use your hands to type on the laptops in front of your left and right partners as they type on your own. Try to navigate.

62. Send a Snapchat to buddies of a partner but not to them.

63. Like twenty posts on a single person's Facebook wall from that person's account.

64. Plan the most expensive three-day vacation in the world to the dollar amount using travel websites.

65. Watch a video and consciously misinterpret it. Spread your misinterpretation as far as you can.

66. In a group, attempt to find the shortest route from one Wikipedia article to another by clicking on links in the page.

67. Generate a random phrase using an online generator. For every letter in the phrase, find a song that begins with that letter. Compile the results into a playlist named after your phrase.

68. Write a travel review for a trip you didn't take. Post it, then delete it and reflect on the memory of your trip.

69. In a group, have one person choose two behavior rules. Distribute one rule to all but one of the other members of the group, and the other to only one. Make it discreet so you do not know who got the majority rule and who got the minority. In a chat room, have everyone type and act according to the rule they were given. See if the majority can identify the minority and vice versa, and if they can determine each other's rules.

70. Take as many pictures of the room you are in as possible. Upload the pictures to social media. Consider new ways to capture a space to re-create it elsewhere.

71. Pick a genre of music you don't usually listen to or that you dislike. Listen to five minutes of it without doing anything else. Once you pick a song, you have to listen to the whole thing. Don't touch the computer as you listen. After the five minutes, write about what you felt/were thinking about. How did it feel to do nothing but listen to something you don't like?

72. Charge fifteen people publicly on Venmo for \$0.01-\$3,000 for reasons you make up.

73. Exchange phones with a partner and text someone from that phone whatever you feel like.

74. In a group, choose one person to be the "gimp," so to speak. This person must have every avenue (social media, e-mail, different chat programs such as Skype, Google Chat, Canvas, etc.) Flood this person with as much spam as possible. Do what you will. The victim must copy and paste every message into a Word document.

75. Give your Facebook password to a partner and have them delete your account.

76. Open three video chat platforms at once and talk to three separate people.

77. Skype a buddy during one class for the whole class. Have the video chat muted but talk to them through text the entire class.

78. Sit down in the middle of a crowded walkway and open your laptop to surf the Internet.

79. Click on a spam advertisement and try to claim whatever promotion it's offering. Get yourself that iPhone for \$20 or a free \$100 Walmart gift card.

80. Look through your Facebook messages and go back as far as you can. Find the oldest message to which you never responded. Write back. Make the responses really long and detailed. Make it super awkward. Don't explain why you're writing back now or apologize for not writing back earlier.

81. Open an image on a screen and use as many devices as you can to iteratively take a picture of that image. Use as many people and as many cameras as you can, but plan it so that it takes the shortest amount of time for the image to travel from the first screen to the last. Configure the cameras and screen in physical space cleverly to do this.

82. Send as many people as you can lyrics from a song. Keep sending them even if people ask you to stop.

83. Using TV Trope, describe the people around you as tropes from the website.

84. Graffiti the Facebook wall of the person to your left. Post anything you want and everything you want. Vandalize it. Make it so their grandmas on Facebook call them asking what's wrong.

85. As a group, choose a popular album of music. Find the worst possible versions of each song on the web, be it a terrible cover on YouTube, a bad quality download, a virus-laden download, a misheard lyrics version, or a horrible remix. Reconstruct the album out of these new versions.

86. Choose a partner and flood their social media accounts with the phrase "I love you" as many times and in as many specific places as possible. The partner must respond to each instance with the phrase "I love you too" as quickly as they can. Repeat with "I hate you."

87. Go onto ChatRoulette or Omegle and try to get people to tell you a secret. Post it to YouTube.

88. Find an interesting person in a different country and completely re-create their social media profile through your own Facebook. Proceed to comment on ten posts on your newsfeed only in that person's native language. If you don't know their language, that's even better: use Google Translate.

89. Join a chat room anonymously and admit as many secrets as you can.

90. Ask everyone around you to send you a picture of themselves they haven't posted online.

91. In a group, have everyone put their addresses in a bowl in the middle and each person draws one at random. Go on eBay and buy that person a present for less than one dollar.

92. In a public place, record the noise you hear with your phone. Then go to a silent private place and listen to it. Send the noise to a partner and ask them where they think it is from.
93. Using Google Patent Search, find schematics of interesting devices. Post them to Instagram with a description in which you hashtag every other word.
94. In a group, select a person to take notes on the emotions, facial tics, and affects of a group of users surfing the Internet.
95. Find a niche piece of media that you love and find a place on the Internet where people are discussing it as recently as a month ago.
96. Delete a photo from the phone of a partner and do not tell them which you deleted.
97. Do a background check on the person to your left. Find every detail about them: addresses, schools, e-mail, hobbies, groups, publications, work, criminal record, family members, etc. Find everything you can by any means necessary. Hack into their accounts if necessary. Save what you find in a document. Send it to them.
98. For fifteen minutes, see who can tally the largest dollar amount by putting things in their Amazon shopping cart. The one with the most at the end of the time wins. Delete everything in your cart. Or don't.
99. Delete any document on your partner's computer. Don't tell them which one you erased. Then give them your laptop and have them do the same to you.
100. Make a website and fill it with spam.
101. Make a BuzzFeed account and post lists of how you waste time on the Internet.